

## CONVICT NO. 4,820.

Convict No. 4,820 was down on the prison register as Charles F. Johnson, aged 38 years, single, native born, and by occupation a public lecturer. He was a professor of phrenology, a spiritualist, a mesmerist, and a queer, strange man. He has been sentenced for fifteen years for assaulting a woman, but it finally came about that even the jury who brought in the verdict believed him an innocent man. Indeed the woman partly confessed that it was a put up job to blackmail the man, and before he had served two years she was in prison herself. From the first day that No. 4,820 entered the prison he exerted a peculiar influence over officials and prisoners alike. The latter nicknamed him "The Mystery," and the title was well bestowed. He was a quiet gentleman, with a voice as soft as a woman's, but when he looked you square in the eyes you felt that he was a mystery with a strange power behind him. He had large blue eyes, with long lashes, and if you look into them for ten seconds you forgot where you were and felt confused.

There is very little sentiment to be found in a prison, and yet the idea in most of them is to control the prisoners entirely by moral suasion. We looked upon No. 4,820 as a harmless man, and one who could shortly be made use of as a "trustee," and he got a place as a waiter in the dining room. He did his work quietly and well, as reported at the warden's office, but at the end of a week all the help in the kitchen and dining room submitted a protest against his being kept in his place. The reason alleged was the queer happenings for the week. There were some twelve or fourteen men in the two departments, and all of them told the same general story. Three or four of them had felt a queer feeling come over them and lost all recollection of time and place. Cooking utensils had been moved about without the aid of human hands, and eight men solemnly declared that a batch of bread, consisting of fifty or more loaves, just taken from the oven, moved at least fifteen feet along a table while all were looking.

We laughed at their stories, but took "The Mystery" out of the dining room and put him in the tailor shop. He made no objections, and after a couple of days the man in charge of that department reported that he was an adept with both shears and needle. In the course of a week, however, we had a different report. There were seven or eight men in the shop, and every one of them wanted No. 4,820 removed to some other department. The foreman was a free man and a very intelligent one, and I could neither ridicule nor contradict him. He said that several of his men had fallen asleep while at work, while all of them had acted strangely and spoiled more or less work. Needles, thread and pieces of cloth had taken flight, and in one instance a coat which was lying on the table before him suddenly disappeared and was found on the floor twenty feet away. If I had not personally experienced the fact that No. 4,820 possessed of a strange power, I should have laughed these stories to scorn. But as it was I changed him to the storeroom as an assistant to the official there.

A curious thing happened when this change was made. After breakfast "The Mystery" was returned to his cell to wait for the transfer. The cells were three tiers in height and thirty-two cells in a tier. The man had the first cell from the entrance on the ground floor and was in plain sight of the officer having charge of the corridor. The corridor was being cleaned as usual, and No. 4,820 was not locked in. Ten minutes after the prisoner's arrival in the corridor and two minutes after the officer had glanced at him the man was missing. There was the cell, with the door wide open, but it was empty. The officer was not alarmed, as it would be impossible for the man to get out of the corridor, but he was surprised and mystified, and called up all the men at work. Not one of them had seen him leave his cell. The stairway leading to the upper tiers was right there, and the officer was sure No. 4,820 could not have passed up.

A search was made, and he was found seated in the last cell on the upper tier. There were six or seven men to affirm this, and though I was skeptical, it wouldn't have been just to declare that their imaginations had played them a trick. The official in charge of the storeroom was a young man of strong character and had heard nothing whatever about the strange prisoner. The assistant warden took No. 4,820 over there and turned him over with a few brief remarks. He was to act as an under clerk in the office. The entrance and exit of the storeroom were in the main yard, within the walls.

It was about 10 o'clock when "The Mystery" was left at the storeroom. An hour later a report was made to the assistant warden that a prisoner which did not belong to the gang in the harness shop had entered the place and disturbed the workmen. When sent for he proved to be No. 4,820. A visit was at once made to the storeroom, and the official in charge was found asleep in his chair. It was more like a stupor than a sleep, and he could not be aroused until water had been thrown in his face and he had been roughly pulled about. If his breath had smelled of whiskey I should have said he was drunk. It was noon before he recovered his wits, and then all the explanation he could make was:

"After Mr. Phelps left I began to question the prisoner, and the instant his eyes looked fairly into mine I felt very queerly. I couldn't look away from him, and the longer I looked the more strangely I felt; and after a bit I knew I was going to sleep. For heaven's sake don't ask me to take him. I'd rather resign than have him about the office a single day."

was going to sleep. I thought I felt the man's fingers on my temples, but I might have been mistaken about that. I had arranged with the assistant warden to come into the room in case the prisoner did not reappear in fifteen minutes.

At the end of a quarter of an hour he entered to find me sitting in my chair at the desk in what seemed to be a deep sleep, while No. 4,820 stood looking out the window on the opposite side of the room. I felt insulted and indignant, but what could I say to the prisoner? He had exercised a strange power over me, but that was no fault of his. After a talk with the prison physician I sent the man to the hospital to assist in waiting upon the half dozen patients in the place. The idea was that the doctor might study him. At the end of a fortnight it was demonstrated that the doctor was the only official around the prison who could not be mesmerized, hypnotized, or whatever you may call it, by No. 4,820. One or two of the patients were soothed by his presence, but the others betrayed fright and distress. The doctor was satisfied that the man had the power of mesmerism to an almost unlimited degree, but scoffed at the idea of his disappearing from his cell as related. It was decided that No. 4,820 was a dangerous man, and that the only safe place for him was in the hospital. From there he had no show to escape. I called him to the office again, and after admitting that he exercised a strange power over most of us, I added:

"You were sent here to serve out a sentence. I am responsible for your safe keeping, and I will prevent your escape if I have to chain you to the floor of solitary. There must be no further cases of mesmerism if you want a fair show here."

He quietly promised to make as little trouble as possible, and I noticed that he avoided meeting my eye. From thence on for several weeks the doctor and others noted the same thing. I have mentioned that the doctor refused to believe in anything beyond the mesmeric part, but after awhile a circumstance occurred to upset him badly. One afternoon he sat by an open window in the hospital inspecting a package of herbs brought from the storeroom. No. 4,820 sat beside the cot of a patient ten feet away.

The doctor laid the package on the window-sill while he turned his head for a moment to speak to a nurse, and during that minute the package was transferred to a vacant chair ten feet away. He sprang up and accused No. 4,820 of trickery, and the only excuse the man made was that he couldn't help it. He was very pale, and evidently laboring under considerable mental excitement, and he begged the doctor to say nothing to me of the incident. It was reported in a semi-official way, and I confess that I was secretly pleased over it. For the next ten days the doctor was trying to figure out how that package could have been transferred from the window to the chair by natural causes, but he didn't hit it in a way to even satisfy himself.

I am now going to tell you of a still stranger incident, and one which somehow got into the papers and created no end of discussion and considerable trouble. Our prison was visited by a committee of three doctors, selected by the State legislature as sanitary inspectors of public buildings. Nothing was said about No. 4,820 until they saw him in the hospital, when two of three recognized him as a travelling professor of mesmerism. One of them had been mesmerized at one of his public exhibitions. Most of the incidents related above were then detailed to the visitors, and their curiosity being aroused, they were anxious for an exhibition of the man's mysterious power. I sent for him and told him what was wanted, and after some hesitation he expressed his willingness to comply. His mesmeric powers were not questioned, but my visitors wanted to see something like the corridor mystery.

After our noon lunch we entered the west corridor and sent all the cleaners out, and saw that every cell was tenanted and the doors wide open. Including No. 4,820, there were seven of us present. This was not the corridor where the other incident had taken place, but the cells were situated just the same. There was but one stairway, and we took positions within ten feet of it; and some of us could also look down the corridor, and see every cell door on each side. No. 4,820 was pale and somewhat excited, and we all noticed that his eyelids dropped as if he was sleepy. He stood before us for a minute or two and then went down the corridor asking us not to follow for five minutes. He entered a cell half way down and closed the door after him. At the end of five minutes we walked down there to find the cell empty. On calling to No. 4,820 to show himself he appeared from the upper cell exactly above.

There was a mystery about it, and yet there was not. One of our visitors and the prison doctor were not "susceptible" while the other four of us were. The four of us were ready to make affidavit that the prisoner did not leave the cell. We plainly saw him enter. The two doctors were just as sure that he did not enter at all, but simply closed the door and returned and mounted the stairway. They were no doubt correct about this. As I told you, the affair got into the papers, was taken up by some over-zealous members of the legislature, and I narrowly escaped being bounced.

At this time we had about 500 prisoners in the institution, and No. 4,820 gave us more trouble than all the rest combined—that is, no shop or department would have him, and turnkeys, guards, watchmen, and nearly all other officials were afraid of him. Many of the prisoners threatened him with violence, and such a row was raised at night that he had to be removed from the corridor. As a matter of fact I had to fit up a room for him and let him play the gentleman. To have forced him upon his fellow convicts would have been to put his life in peril. As he had always declared his innocence I assisted him in various ways to secure proofs, and after he had been incarcerated for about a year and a half he was pardoned by the Governor.

It is next to impossible to keep news from circulation through a prison. It came to be known somehow that No. 4,820's case had been reopened, and later on a pardon had arrived, and the rejoicing came near degenerating into a riot. The prisoner was to leave after dinner. He stood in one of the open windows of the hospital as the shoe shop gang came marching up. There were forty-four men in the gang, and all began yelling at him. He began making passes with his hands and muttering some jargon, and the line was instantly and curi-

ously affected. The marching was stopped, every face turned up to his, and for half a minute there was dead silence. The guards then drove the mesmerist away and the gang continued its marching to the dining room. When the convicts rose up after the meal they demanded to know if No. 4,820 had been pardoned. When informed that he had been, the whole crowd began cheering and yelling and it was five minutes before order could be restored. It was always a pleasant thing for me to open the doors to a prisoner restored to the world, but I never felt so glad and relieved as when "The Mystery" shook hands with me, whispered his thanks, and passed out to be heard of no more.

## SHE MARRIED FOR LOVE.

Dr. Monk had just gone to bed, at midnight, in the little room assigned him in the great hotel, when a knock sounded smartly on his door.

"Are you a doctor?"

"I am."

"Please come to Room 20 as quickly as possible. Lady sick—very sick," and the porter shuffled off again.

The doctor was very tired, but he jumped up cheerfully, dressed, and made his way through the dimly-lighted hall to the number designated, where he found an elderly lady, in her dressing-gown, very much agitated at the condition of another and younger lady in bed in the sleeping room adjoining.

"Oh, doctor, I am afraid she is very ill! She was in the water too long to-day, took a chill, and now she is scarcely able to breathe."

The physician, entering the inner room, saw before him a young lady struggling with congestion of the lungs. Having ordered mustard plasters to her chest, hot-water bottles to her feet, and administered the proper stimulants, he sat down by the window to await the result, not being willing to leave her until he saw an improvement.

The doctor was young, poor, talented. No one but himself knew the privations by which he attained his profession.

Since graduation he had been serving in an hospital to gain experience, with the purpose in the autumn of going to some growing town. He had worked so hard all the summer that now, late in August, one of the doctors in the hospital had insisted on his going to the sea-side for a few days to recuperate: and Monk, although ill able to afford it, had felt the necessity of it and had gone. This was his first twenty-four hours away, and he had a patient.

"Providential," he muttered to himself, sitting there vaguely listening to the deep-toned music of the sea. "I can remain here a little longer, if I am paid for my services."

It was two o'clock before he left the sick girl, with the dreadful oppression almost gone from her chest, and her pulse quieted down. She was able to thank him with a very sweet smile when he left her for the night. After breakfast he returned to No. 20. The elderly lady received him graciously, introducing herself as Mrs. Chirburg.

"The young lady, Miss Colwell, whose life, I believe you have saved, is a companion to me, but I am almost as much attached to her as if she were a relative. I shall pay her bill, of course, and wish you to continue to attend upon her as long as there is the slightest need of your services, doctor."

The smile of gratitude with which the patient welcomed her physician thrilled him as no smile had ever done before.

How beautiful she was! Nineteen, perhaps. A marvellous mass of dusky hair was thrown back upon her pillow; her forehead had the creamy whiteness of jasmine blossoms; long, languid lashes half-veiled the splendor of bright, dark eyes; her cheeks were too crimson for health, but her flush made her the lovelier; the little hand tossed out upon the counterpane was white as a snowflake and soft as satin; he could not but notice the exquisite dimple at the wrist as he felt for the hurried pulse.

There was fever, of course; and it must take some days and great care to recover from so sudden and severe an attack; but present danger was over, the young doctor assured them.

Mrs. Chirburg learned that he was from London; she knew two or three of the great physicians, and would talk about them; she took the liberty of asking two or three questions about himself, and was polite enough to say she thought there was no place like the city for the medical man of talent.

In fact this rich old elegant had taken a fancy to the handsome, modest young doctor, and was pleased to show her interest in him. It even came into her scheming head that here was a good match for her favourite, Rosa Cowell. What a romantic thing it would be to bring about a marriage between these two!

Rosa was accomplished—sang finely—played, read beautifully—would make a delightful wife. It was true they were both poor, but Rosa could be a help to him; could give lessons, and so add to their income. Mrs. Chirburg became so enthusiastic that she resolved to make the pair a wedding present of a house, if they only would do as she wished, and fall in love with each other. Well, it all came about as she wished.

Dr. Monk, who had come for a week, remained three. What did it matter, so long as his fees paid his expenses? Yet, as he admitted to his conscience, Miss Cowell was no longer ill; he could no longer accept pay for visits which had changed into hours of keenest happiness.

He would not leave the hotel so long as she remained. She might be careless and expose herself to a second attack. Most of the visitors had departed; it was September; he ought to go; what was to be done?

"What a miserable thing it is to be poor!"

He was taking Rosa Cowell out for her first walk on the beach.

As he spoke he set down on the sands the camp-stool he was carrying, and placed her on it.

"Why?" she asked, looking up with those laughing, lovely eyes. "I have never been very miserable."

"Perhaps you are willing always to be poor, then?" he said, with a gaze so intent that, although she tried bravely to face it, the silken fringes would sink lower.

"The girl who marries me will have many hardships to encounter. Dare you be that girl?"

She sat silent a moment, while he stood by her side, the image of despair. He had not meant to be betrayed into such a question for a long time yet, but his passion had played him a sudden trick, and the question was asked.

"I could dare the very worst of poverty if I were certain you loved me," she answered him at length.

"Love you, Rosa? You may know how I love you when you see how you have made me break my good resolutions. I had planned for years of work and struggle before I could hope to ask for anything so sweet as a wife's love; but you, with your bewildering eyes, your tempting lips, and your glorious soul—oh, Rosa, to have a friend, a companion, a sweet partner such as you would be, dearest!"

As he bent to look into her drooping face a rude hand came down on her delicate shoulder like a blow—a voice, frightful with the ring of a dozen evil passions, said:—

"I have found you, Mrs. Clare, at last! Just as I expected to find you, with a man dangling after you. Are you aware, sir, that you are making love to another man's wife?"

"Another man's wife!" repeated Dr. Monk; and he reeled as if the insolent stranger had struck him in the face, while Rosa, with a faint cry, sank down insensible at his feet.

It was the evening following on the afternoon of that scene on the beach. Dr. Monk had sought Mrs. Chirburg, who was talking on, trying to exonerate herself.

"Of course, I had not the least idea that she was a married woman. She came to me last February in reply to my advertisement for a companion; her references were of the best—one of them from the Rev. Mr. Reville, and I had no reason to suspect her of being an adventuress. I liked her at first sight; the longer she remained with me the fonder I grew of her—so sweet, so modest, so well-bred, so affectionate, so lovely! I cannot believe I am wrong in my estimate of her. She is not the wrong-doer, whoever else may be."

"But the deceit, Mrs. Chirburg! Surely she is responsible for that? To pass for a single woman—to draw me on to make love to her—why, she had accepted me when that man appeared upon the scene! She has just simply ruined my life, that is all! What is it to her that she has ruined a man's life?"

"Have I ruined your life?" asked a clear, silver-sweet voice that made him turn and stare at the beautiful girl who had stolen to his side.

He was about to speak, but she motioned him to remain silent.

"Listen to me! The man who interrupted us I confess I once thought I loved. I was only a school-girl, sixteen years old, when he laid his plans to entangle my affections."

I became engaged to him secretly. He wished me to marry him secretly, but that I refused.

"He was obliged to ask my parents for me; he moved in high society, but he was known to have bad habits and to be a gambler, and this they explained to me, desiring me to break off my engagement."

I would believe nothing against Charley Clare, so that, after months of opposition, they yielded and began preparations for our marriage to prevent my being tempted into running away.

"Everything was ready—the day of the wedding had arrived. I was actually dressed for the ceremony, when I chanced to overhear Charley—who supposed himself alone with one of my friends, a bridesmaid, in a curtained recess of the music-room—swearing to her that he had never loved anyone but her, would always love her, and was going to marry me because his gambling debts compelled him to choose the girl with the most money."

"My shame, my distress, and horror were overwhelming. My only thoughts were to escape from one I had so nearly bound myself to."

"I used a little discretion in the way I took, as I had before; going to my room, I hastily exchanged my bridal robes for a travelling dress, and left the house whilst the guests were assembling to see me married. I was afraid if I remained he might find some means of compelling me to keep my promise."

"My love for him had changed to scorn and dislike. I went to the house of a former servant that night; and next day I went to London, and there I answered Mrs. Chirburg's advertisement. In a few weeks I wrote to my mother where I was and what I was doing, begging her to allow me to remain for a year. I did not care to meet my old friends nor him. Mamma has known and approved of all my movements since. She has even been written to about you, Dr. Monk."

"You see," and here, for the first time, the sweet story-teller smiled, "I had learned to distrust the world—had come to the wise resolve that if I ever again were won I would make sure of a disinterested lover," and she glanced up at the tall doctor with a gleam of mischief in her beautiful eyes.

"But he called you his wife!" stammered he.

"That was just like his impertinence! He wanted to frighten you away. He hoped he could work upon my girlish fancy and still win the heiress whose fortune he courted."

"The heiress?"

"Why, yes, certainly! The Cowells are a very rich family, as you may have heard, and I am the little girl to whom two maiden aunts have willed their wealth, to say nothing of expectations of a bachelor uncle and my own parents. You see, we shall be able to set up housekeeping after all!"—with a merry laugh that set his heart bounding—"that is if you conclude to have anything more to do with a girl guilty of such an escapade," and she grew serious again.

"I cannot marry you now," said the proud doctor. It is worse for me to have you rich than poor. I am not a fortune-hunter," and he sighed.

"Of course not. That is one reason I am determined to have you. It will be my only chance to marry a man who loves me for myself alone and I'm not disposed to give it up."

A Rare Compliment.

"Physician (with ear to patient's chest)—"There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once."

Patient (anxiously)—"That swelling is my pocketbook, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much."

## BORN.

Digby, Sept. 7, to the wife of H. Vantassel, a son.  
Belleisle, N. B. Sept. 11, James Comber, 86.  
Brooklyn, N. B. Sept. 5, Isabella McGoldrick, 73.  
St. Stephen, Sept. 3, Isabella McGoldrick, 73.  
Avondale, N. B. Sept. 1, James L. Mosher, 74.  
Springhill, Sept. 5, Mary L. Cormier, 2 months.  
Liverpool, N. B. Sept. 2, George Jennings, 48.  
St. John, Sept. 10, Rev. James Rowe Narraway, 74.  
Halifax, Sept. 8, Bridget, wife of William Reddy, 48.  
St. John, N. B. Sept. 2, Matthew Murphy, 65.  
Bristol, Aug. 27, Ruth, wife of Charles Whitney, 62.  
St. John, Sept. 7, Fanny, wife of Gilbert Parry, 27.  
Five Islands, N. B. Sept. 4, Leonard Wadman, 80.  
Halifax, Annie, widow of late Thomas Lambert, 62.  
Garden of Eden, N. B. Sept. 1, Libbie Sutherland, 20.  
McAdam, N. B. Sept. 3, Mary, wife of Geo. Moffat, 51.  
Five Islands, N. B. Sept. 2, Capt. William Wadman, 83.  
Jolly Mountain, N. S. Aug. 7, wife of Geo. Bonnell, 32.  
Overton, N. S. Sept. 2, Annie M., wife of Oscar Sims, 23.  
McGrath's Mountain, N. S. Aug. 31, Mrs. Mary Reid, 77.  
St. John, Sept. 7, Ellen J., wife of Edward L. Small, 28.  
Africville, N. S. Sept. 6, Mary, wife of Frederick Byers, 46.  
Windsor, Sept. 2, Flossie, daughter of Lewis E. Dumock, 2.  
Country Harbor, N. S. Sept. 1, infant daughter of E. S. Sweet.  
Johnston, N. B. Aug. 24, of paralysis, Medea Starker, 68.  
Campbellton, Aug. 30, Jane Fair, wife of Alex. R. Chamberlain.  
Upper Wicklow, N. B. Aug. 2, wife of Richard Demerchut, 66.  
Lyndville, N. S. Aug. 28, Bella N., wife of William Denmore, 46.  
St. John, Sept. 11, Thos. J., son of Thos. and Alice Alexander, 1.  
Bathurst, Aug. 31, Margaret, wife of D. Gustus MacLachlan.  
Salt Springs, N. S. Maggie Jane, daughter of late Geo. Mackay.  
Newcastle, Aug. 29, Mary M., wife of Lawrence McDonald, 28.  
Truro, Sept. 9, Douglas Hickman, son of W. H. Buck, 2 months.  
Port Moulton, N. S. Aug. 23, Hannah, daughter of late Daniel Smith.  
Campbellton, Sept. 5, Gladys, daughter of David and Jane Harper.  
Richibucto, Sept. 5, Irene, daughter of Geo. V. McInerney, M. P.  
Sand Point Road, N. B. Sept. 6, Margaret D., wife of Byron E. Wood.  
Moncton, Sept. 10, Thos. R., son of T. R. Stackhouse of St. John, 5.  
St. John, Sept. 11, Julia, infant daughter of J. N. and Annie Wetmore.  
Elmfield, Sept. 6, of neuralgia, Tena, daughter of Rudolph Lindberg, 7.  
St. John, Sept. 6, James F., son of Joseph and Mary E. O'Donnell, 14 days.  
Yarmouth, Sept. 5, Loran M., son of N. C. and Mary R. Hopkins, 9 months.  
St. John, Sept. 16, of paralysis, Catherine, widow of late C. C. Vaughan, 82.  
Centreville, N. S. Sept. 1, of typhoid fever, Charles, son of Alfred Ward, 17.  
Moncton, Sept. 6, Henry Joseph, son of T. E. and Mary Babine, 10 months.  
Coronation, N. S. Sept. 3, Cassie L., daughter of William Campbell, 21.  
Alma, N. B. Sept. 1, Harold B., son of Edgar P. and Lizzie McQuade, 1.  
Barrington, N. S. Sept. 4, Annie, daughter of Frederick C. Wilson, 4 months.  
Carleton, Sept. 6, Maggie M., daughter of James and Aggie Kane, 4 months.  
Halifax, Sept. 7, William A., son of Alfred and Mary A. Westlake, 4 weeks.  
Fredericton, Sept. 5, Gladys, daughter of Henry and Achsah McDonald, 4 months.  
Little Ridge, Sept. 6, Kenneth, son of J. C. and Mary E. McDonald, 9 months.  
Woodstock, Aug. 30, William G., son of Frank L. and Olivia Atherton, 3 months.  
Halifax, Sept. 2, Jessie Blanche, daughter of Douglas and Fannie Stevens, 5 months.  
St. John, Sept. 8, of convulsions, Charlotte B., daughter of Robert and Sarah Murray, 2.  
Mahon, N. S. Aug. 28, Sarah M., daughter of Ezekiah and Margaret Murray, 3 months.

## MARRIED.

St. John, Sept. 7, Thomas Price to Emma McShane.  
Annapolis, Sept. 6, Alexander Ritchie to Ada A. Buckler.  
St. John, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, William Foster to Julia Johnson.  
St. John, Sept. 12, by Rev. Geo. Bruce, Robert Reid to Maggie Willett.  
Windsor, Sept. 5, by Rev. J. K. McClure, David D. Dill to Mary E. Ariz.  
Lunenburg, Sept. 5, by Rev. J. L. Batty, George H. Fluck to Harriet Smith.  
Carleton, Sept. 13, by Rev. Mr. Gordon, Brazil McLean to Lizzie Harnet.  
Halifax, Sept. 5, by Rev. Mr. Carmody, William E. Leary to Alice M. Folin.  
Campbellton, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Stephen W. Turner to Jane Skene.  
St. John, Sept. 7, by Rev. Canon DeVeber, Samuel Lord to Mary H. Walker.  
Newport, Aug. 31, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, James Harvey to Bessie Harvey.  
St. John, Sept. 6, by Rev. Father Weigel, Samuel A. Corkery to Maggie Lloyd.  
St. John, Sept. 6, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Samuel A. Northup to Sarah J. Cronk.  
Fredericton, Sept. 6, by Rev. Canon Roberts, Thos. Dyer to Fanny K. Maxwell.  
Tower Hill, Sept. 6, by Rev. F. C. Wright, Joseph Nixon to Mary Waldron.  
Bear Point, N. S. by Rev. Wm. Halliday, Ezra Brannen to Cynthia Swain.  
Truro, Sept. 6, by Rev. T. Cummings, Charles A. Campbell to Alice B. Smith.  
Dalhousie, N. B. by Rev. H. B. Morris, Thomas Williams to Mary E. Good.  
Halifax, Sept. 6, by Rev. C. H. Paisley, Frank M. Griffiths to Minnie Warren.  
St. John, Sept. 6, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, J. E. Ratcliffe to Mary L. Lowell.  
Halifax, Sept. 6, by Rev. A. C. Chute, Reuben B. Durling to Carrie A. Payson.  
Halifax, Sept. 6, by Rev. M. D. Gordon, Robert Schwartz to Annie McDonald.  
Halifax, Sept. 5, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Alex. P. Tupper to Bessie Waterman.  
Brooklyn, N. S. Sept. 7, by Rev. G. W. F. Bill, William McDonald to Fanny A. Neville.  
Chatham, Aug. 29, by Rev. John Robertson, George Johnson to Mary J. Cameron.  
Middleton, N. S. Aug. 30, by Rev. J. Beal, Evan McDougal to Fanny A. Neville.  
St. Martins, Sept. 6, by Rev. Jas. Gray, Archibald Baskin to Mary E. Armstrong.  
St. John, Sept. 6, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Geo. D. Pope to Ethelwyn E. Cathoun.  
Liverpool, Aug. 25, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendenning, Solomon Lovies to Jane Wolfe.  
Fredericton, Sept. 6, by Rev. F. D. Crawley, Herbert McDonald to Jessie Renouf.  
Petitcodiac, Aug. 21, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Charles Marshall to Clara Graves.  
Fredericton, Aug. 28, by Rev. J. S. McDevitt, Thos. E. Tracey to Helen Driscoll.  
Liverpool, N. S. Sept. 4, by Rev. Perez Murray, Franklin Martin to Annie Winot.  
Milton, N. S. Sept. 2, by Rev. J. E. Goucher, Ellsworth A. Crosby to Edith Dunlop.  
Aurora, N. S. Sept. 5, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Capt. Calvin Morrell to Lillian Cavanah.  
Leamington, Sept. 6, by Rev. H. B. Smith, William W. McDonald to Evelyn J. Hunter.  
Annapolis, Sept. 6, by Rev. Jas. Strothard, Wilbert W. Clarke to Leticia L. Harwood.  
Richibucto, Sept. 5, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, William E. Forbes to Jane B. Jardine.  
New Glasgow, Sept. 5, by Rev. A. Robertson, James Cavanagh to Susan Stewart.  
Cape Breton, N. B. Sept. 5, by Rev. C. H. Manson, J. A. McDougal to Maggie Miller.  
Springhill, N. S. Sept. 6, by Rev. E. E. England, Howard E. Coon to Lizzie Cargee.  
Kewscup Ridge, N. B. Sept. 8, by Rev. S. Sykes, Joseph Albright to Ella M. Pickard.  
Churchville, N. S. Sept. 4, by Rev. W. Stewart, Andrew Stewart to Agnes S. Morton.  
Stellarton, N. S. Sept. 5, by Rev. J. H. Turnbull, Henry J. Townsend to Maud Moore.  
New Salem, N. S. Aug. 5, by Rev. E. K. Ganong, Oregon Marsh to Alice McPherson.  
Yarmouth, Sept. 6, by Rev. J. E. Goucher, Harry H. Annis to Sarah S. Ryerson.  
Young's Cove, N. B. Aug. 31, by Rev. R. W. J. Clements, Geo. Lewis to Maud Gilbert.  
Moncton, Sept. 6, by Rev. Robt. Crisp, David Steeves to Mrs. Phoebe M. Humphrey.  
Chipman, N. B. Sept. 6, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Robert Ackerman to Rebecca Davidson.  
St. John, Sept. 7, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, M. A. John W. Low to Grace V. McDougall.  
Stellarton, N. S. Sept. 6, by Rev. W. Nightingale, James W. Murray to Charlotte Cameron.  
Bonaventure, C. B. Sept. 5, by Rev. D. Drummer, Murdoch McDairland to Annie McAulay.  
Point de Bute, N. B. Sept. 5, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, Willie E. Jones to Eliza Dickson.  
New Richmond, N. B. Aug. 30, by Rev. G. F. Kinnew, Wilbert E. McWhirter to Edna Medie.  
Annapolis Royal, Sept. 6, by Rev. Henry How, Arthur Handfield Whitman to Nellie E. Gates.  
Advocate, N. S. Aug. 10, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, Rev. Douglas T. Porter to Mrs. Maria Cogswell.  
Truro, N. S. Aug. 31, by Rev. Mr. Adams, assisted by Rev. J. Robbins, Harry Allen Weeks to Annie Gordon.  
Wolville, N. S. Sept. 6, by Rev. Canon Brock, assisted by Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Walter Brown to Belle Morrison.  
Richibucto, Sept. 7, by Rev. J. S. Allen, assisted by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, A. J. H. Stewart to Belle Morrison.  
St. John, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, assisted by Rev. Dr. McRae, Geo. McArthur to Mary McKinney.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sept. 4, by Bishop MacDonald, assisted by Rev. John McKelly and Rev. D. B. Reid, Dr. Frederick P. Kelly to Ellie Hickey.

## DIED.

Truro, Sept. 7, Storey Thorpe, 31.  
Halifax, Sept. 8, W. E. Hyde, 63.  
St. John, Sept. 13, Benj. Lowe, 85.  
Sackville, Sept. 1, Robert Cook, 69.  
Moncton, Sept. 7, Mrs. Joseph Farrell.  
Halifax, Sept. 7, Adolphus Payson, 90.  
Bayside, Aug. 30, John McFarlane, 56.  
Springhill, Sept. 6, Mary C. Taylor, 15.  
Flume Ridge, Sept. 9, Luke Murphy, 81.  
Kentville, N. S. Sept. 7, Henry Terry, 73.  
New Glasgow, Sept. 3, Harry Bradley, 67.  
St. John, Sept. 11, Arthur W. Cunningham.  
Springhill, Aug. 31, Rebecca Matthews, 75.  
Base River, Sept. 2, Isaac Logan Mahon, 57.  
Hilburne, N. S. Sept. 6, Isaac Anderson, 48.  
Shediac, N. B. Sept. 9, Donald McAdam, 75.

Beechwood, Aug. 19, Leonard Paingburn, 86.  
Belleisle, N. B. Sept. 11, James Comber, 86.  
Brooklyn, N. B. Sept. 5, Isabella McGoldrick, 73.  
St. Stephen, Sept. 3, Isabella McGoldrick, 73.  
Avondale, N. B. Sept. 1, James L. Mosher, 74.  
Springhill, Sept. 5, Mary L. Cormier, 2 months.  
Liverpool, N. B. Sept. 2, George Jennings, 48.  
St. John, Sept. 10, Rev. James Rowe Narraway, 74.  
Halifax, Sept. 8, Bridget, wife of William Reddy, 48.  
St. John, N. B. Sept. 2, Matthew Murphy, 65.<