

A SPIRIT WARNING.

The amicable relationships existing between France and Russia are of no recent origin. Toward the end of the eighteenth century Paul, the son of Catherine II., was accorded the most cordial reception at the court of Marie Antoinette and at the palace of Versailles, as well as at the charming rural village of Trianon (that elegant rural conception of the ill-fated queen, with its model farm and parkage). The most brilliant fetes and balls were given in honor of the young "Comte de Comtesse du Nord, this being the adopted title of the august traveler and visitor to the French court.

One evening, at the "appartements" of the late Princesse de Lambelle, he was afterwards to reign under the title of Paul I. and his young wife, Marie Feodore, la baronne d'Oberkirch (a childhood's friend of the grande duchesse, and educated with her in a little German court) the nonchalante Septimanie d'Edmont, daughter of the Marshal de Richelieu; the handsome Vaudreuil, Kourakir, l'aidede-camp of Paul; the Prince de Ligne, who so well personified the frivolous spirit of the age, and some other personages of "le grande monde," were seated together at a recherche supper, such as only the cooks of the "petits appartements de Versailles" were capable of creating. An immense chandelier of rock crystal hung from the ceiling, and threw its thousand brilliant reflections on the powdered heads, flashing jewels and shining silken robes of lovely women and distinguished men who composed this assembly of the "creme de la creme" of the French court.

In exquisite Bohemian glass sparkled the clear, ruby and topaz wines, while the table itself was a dream of artistic confectionery and luscious fruits. It was the convivial hour when, the cares and anxieties of the day being over, conversation flowed in one exuberant stream of wit, humor and hilarity, which the august presence of the heir to the Russian throne seemed rather to enhance than to diminish. Every one was at his ease, while low-breathed vows of love and courtly compliments mingled with the pithy anecdote, the racy witticism and the occasional elegant philosophy of that brilliant era. Ghost stories were much in vogue at the time, and M. de Vaudreuil had just been relating one to which the ladies had listened with breathless interest, when the Grand Duke Paul said, "I, too, have had a similar experience, and if you like, I will relate it to you."

"Ah, Monseigneur," exclaimed the aide-de-camp, "I pray you refrain, for whenever Your Highness relates that experience your true friends do not recover from its effects for days."

"I do not want your advice on the subject Kourakir," replied the Grand Duke shortly. "When it pleases me to speak I will do so." Then, turning toward the company, whose expression and attitude showed the interest they felt, he began: "On a lovely night, such as we are sometimes favored with during the pale spring of the North, a fancy seized me to take a walk through St. Petersburg. My good aide-de-camp here accompanied me, together with two stout Cossacks of the Don, ready to defend their master and to enter the lists against all comers and all odds. Thus you see the heir of Catherine II. was well guarded."

"The aide-de-camp and myself walked ahead laughing and joking about our expedition, and certainly in no visionary or spiritual frame of mind. It was a pleasant walk through the sleeping town on that sweet night. The moon shone so brightly that one could easily have read a letter by her soft silvery light, and every object could be as distinctly seen as by daylight. "On turning a street corner I perceived in the portal of an ancient hotel the tall figure of a man enveloped in a mantle, his face partially hidden by a hat or covering pulled low over the forehead. It was the first person we had encountered during our midnight peregrination, and as I passed, the man emerged from his retreat, and took his place by my side, keeping step with me as I proceeded. I softly touched my aide-de-camp and whispered, "Don't you think we have met with a strange companion?"

"What do you mean, Monseigneur?" "Why the man on my left. Surely he makes noise enough for you to hear his footsteps."

proached the large square situated between the bridge of the Neva and the Senators' palace, my companion halted. "Paul," said he, "there we must part; but we shall meet again more than once. I give you a rendezvous. Au revoir." And raising his hat to salute me I recognized the dark complexion, eagle eye and determined mouth of my grandfather, Peter the Great, who had been in his grave for more than half a century.

"Before I had recovered from the shock, the vision had disappeared. The day began to dawn as I entered the palace, my left side as cold as ice, and Kourakir will tell you that they had great difficulty in restoring circulation by means of hot bricks and thick blankets.

The moral of my tale is that a walk with a phantom is not particularly conducive to physical health. Nevertheless I am none the less grateful to my ancestors for having taken sufficient interest in my unworthy self to give me the salutary warning that my life on earth will not be a long one. In consideration of which I have taken as my motto, 'short and sweet,' and have determined to enjoy to the full those pleasures which must be so evanescent. Friends, let us now cast dull care away. Princess, pledge me in a cup of Hungarian wine, and let us forget the story, which I am sorry to see has cast a gloom over your charming and proverbial French gaiety."

We give the narrative without comment. It is a story taken from the "Memoirs of the Baronne d'Oberkirch." Is this dramatic meeting a vision (of which history furnishes some rare examples) or simply a dream, the hallucination of a diseased brain? We can only say that the predictions of the phantom were realized to the letter; for, although Paul had nothing to do with the choice of the locality, Catherine afterward caused a statue to Peter the Great to be erected on the spot where he had given "rendezvous" to his grandson, and we may add also, that the prophecy was literally fulfilled by the assassination of Paul, at an early age, by conspirators led on and headed by the corrupt Comte de Pahlen, the military governor of St. Petersburg.

HE HAD A CONSCIENCE.

"I do not suppose," said Ivison, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and looking straight into the other man's eyes, "that you knew exactly what you were doing; but I say again, that is no excuse for you. We have been friends long enough to warrant your taking sides with me in almost everything, and even to—lying for me if it were necessary."

The other man shifted his position and wet his lips with his tongue. "You did not remember, did you," Ivison went on, gripping and ungrudging the back of the chair behind which he was standing, "that it was I who put you on your feet, not only this last time, but once or twice before? I am going to believe you forgot this—forgot that to me you owe even what little you have; for I don't want to think of you as an ungrateful man. No, you are not ungrateful, you are simply a fool. You say that when he asked you, you were so taken by surprise that you could only acknowledge I had been wild and wild, and mixed up in one or two affairs, not greatly to my credit as a gentleman. And yet you ought to have known and remembered that your words were my death warrant with Her father. You did know it, but why didn't you remember it? What have you to say for yourself?"

The other man swallowed once or twice, but he did not speak. Ivison, growing paler, ever moment, turned the chair aside and moved toward the door. "I am going," he said, "because I do not care to trust myself with you longer. If I did, I might forget, and if I forgot, I would try to kill you. When you get your senses again, you will understand just what you have done for me. You have ruined my life and Hers, for she loves me through it all—and I am the man who made you. I am going South tonight, and it will probably be for a long time. My only wish is that, in the years to come—until you are dead you will think at least once a day that it was you who wrecked the lives of two people—who broke Her heart and brought the old bell back into mine; and it is you who will pay for it in the end."

At last the other man found his tongue. "My God, Ivison!" he cried, hoarsely, "don't leave me now—let me think! I—I—how could I know what he wanted? He only asked me if you had been wild, years ago, and I said—"passing his hand quickly over his eyes—"what did I say? It could not have been much, for he was here but a minute. But I can fix it, somehow! How could I know it was Her father?"

"You couldn't know," answered Ivison, in the same clear, even tones, though the other man knew that back of that forced calmness the devil himself raged in the other's soul. "because as I told you, you were a fool. Until then you had been patient, and it would seem that you ought to have known enough to keep your mouth shut, but you didn't. On the contrary, you told him more than he asked for. You said that I was a friend of yours but you thought—no you knew—I had sown my wild oats—and then you told him what they were, and what sort of a crop they were yielding. You told of the other woman—and all the rest. Could any man alive have given his daughter to me hearing that? And yet, all the time you were talking, you knew I had changed; that I had buried the past in a straight, upward present and had kept it in its grave for years. But you weren't content to let it stay there; you dragged it out and showed it to him—enjoyed doing it doubtless. And I made you."

than I do of myself. If putting an end to my unhappy life will make reparation for what I have done, I say do it! Don't stand there and review the whole cursed thing, though, for what is passed cannot be helped. In God's name," he cried, fiercely throwing his arms above his head in his wild, dramatic way, "what can I do now?"

"Nothing; you couldn't convince him that you had wronged me, and I cannot deny what you said. All I can say to him is, the past is dead and buried; and he shrugs his shoulders and says it is a very life-like corpse. You did not lie; no, you did what is sometimes much worse and a good deal harder to do—you told the truth. When—but their is no use in saying anything else. Good-night; and Ivison closed the door softly behind him.

The other man stood still until he heard him pass into the street. Then with a groan he sank into his chair and buried his head on his arm. From his earliest boyhood he had been a sensitive, painstaking creature; careful and conscientious to such a degree that he became a by-word in his own family; of high-strung and intensely nervous organization; and with a temperance as changeable as the weather and often affected by it. He was not a handsome man; he was tall and thin—giving one the idea of a cool streak in the man which he in nowise possessed.

All his life he had had to fight his way slowly from one position to another—so slowly that even he became impatient at times; and when Ivison, taking pity on him one day as he bent over the books at his father's office, recommended him for an easier place and a larger salary, the poor fellow was so overcome that he quite lost his head and nearly tumbled where he sat with astonishment. As nervous and as given to details as a sick woman, he magnified every small thing which came to him, and jumped at conclusions with a rapidity which would have put to shame any member of the opposite sex. But in a moment of forgetfulness he had spoken; and in two minutes he had ruined the life of almost his only friend.

For while as he lay there after Ivison has gone, he could hardly understand it all, but gradually through the distorted lenses of his scrupulous nature he saw what he had done, and he wondered dimly how God would punish him. Not for a moment did he think of blaming Ivison or asking himself why the man had not made his life purer, so that he would have had nothing to disclose to Her father; with characteristic unselfishness, he told himself the fault was entirely his and that the sin he had committed was unpardonable—unpardonable; and hardly knowing what he was doing, he pulled the little Bible which lay before him under the light, and turned to the Commandments to see if it was there. But before he found the place he came to a passage which seemed to burn itself into his brain: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." A life for a life! He started to his feet as if some one had spoken his name, and turned to his desk. There he drew a sheet of paper to him and wrote: **RETRIBUTION.**

What I told you of Ivison yesterday is a lie from beginning to end. I had a purpose then in bearing false witness against him, for I love your daughter, and in a moment of wild hope that I might win her, I said what I did. It is a lie, I repeat; it is as pure as yourself, and his record is free from stain. That you take him back again, is the prayer—the command—the man who tried to ruin his life. Show this to him, and remember that these are the last words of one who, before you read them, shall be expiating his crime in the other world.

To this strange note he signed his name and put it in an envelope. "It will convince him; it must," he said, turning to a small drawer and opening it. "Ivison shall be restored, but I—"

He took from the drawer a tiny, pearl-handled revolver, and, going to the fireplace again, stood looking thoughtfully into the blaze. "I have lied," he whispered to himself—"I lied about her. 'A life for a life!' 'A life for a life!'"

Then he pulled the hammer of the revolver slowly back and cocked it. As Ivison started home from the theatre that night, he hesitated at the corner of the street, and turned back and walked slowly towards the other man's rooms. A curious feeling had come over him while he sat watching the play—a feeling as if he had done something terribly wrong and something for which he could never make reparation. As the performance went on, the feeling became stronger, until he found himself restless, and distracted, and wishing he were out of the place, in the cool night air. Why he should feel so, he could not think, and he stopped trying to, after a few minutes of mental inquiry. When he had got through the crowd and into the street, the strange sensation left him somewhat; but when he reached the corner, instead of going home or to the club, as he had intended doing he found himself hurrying toward the other man's little bachelor apartments, with no plausible reason. Perhaps it was curiosity to see him once more before he left the city; perhaps only the desire to look upon him and think what a pleasure it would be to choke the miserable wretch's life from his body; perhaps—and this was the true reason, as he felt later on—his own trouble had made him compassionate for the man, and he would speak kindly to him and try to forgive him. He soon came to the little street on which the other man lived, and down this street he turned.

What a Clearing House Is.

A Clearing House is a place where banks and bankers meet and settle differences in the amounts of their balances, one against another, so that cash does not have to be used to any great extent. The plan of the Clearing House is this: If there were no Clearing House, bank A, on casting up his day's balances, would have to send money to bank B, because B had paid more of A's checks than A had paid of B's; C would have to pay A for the same reason, and B would have to pay C, and so on. Thus money would have to be sent from one bank to another at a great expense of time and at great danger of loss. With the Clearing House at work, each bank reports early in the morning that it owes all the other banks so much, and is owed so much by them, on the balances of the day before; then all the balances are compared, and it is seen that all the accounts may be settled by the payment of comparatively small sums of money. For instance: A owes B \$1,000 and C \$2,000; B owes A \$800 and C \$1,200; C owes A \$1,200 and B \$1,000. On comparing balances we find that A owes B \$200 more than B owes A; that A owes C \$800 more than C owes A; and that C owes B \$800. Then it is evident that if A will pay B \$1,000 all balances will be settled and that \$1,000 will pay off \$8,000 of debts. Two or three per cent. of the face value of the balances is the average amount of money that will settle them after the Clearing House has examined them.

Akin to the Ape.

Strange stories are told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa, in Africa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits. They let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear to pieces their favorite snakes.

The Dokos used to be invaluable as slaves, and they were taken in large numbers. The slave hunters used to hold up bright colored clothes as they came to the moist, warm bamboo woods, where these human monkeys still live, and the poor Dokos could not resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowded round them, and were taken in thousands. In slavery they were docile, obedient, with few wants and excellent health.

These queer people have only one fault—a love for ants, mice and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical nature when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos seem to come nearest of all people yet discovered, to that terrible cousin of humanity, the ape.

Perhaps the Groom Was Sold Too.

First Citizen—Old Johnson's daughter was married in church today. Second Citizen—Did the old man give her away? First Citizen—I hardly think he did. I was told that his son-in-law has just paid up the mortgage on his house. Some will always be above others. Destroy the inequality to-day and it will appear again to-morrow.—Emerson.

BORN.

- Acadia Mines, to the wife of James Torr, a son. Windsor, July 13, to the wife of John Cox, a son. Trenton, July 8, to the wife of H. B. Torey, a son. Amherst, Aug. 2, to the wife of Martin Evans, a son. Halifax, July 29, to the wife of Charles Evans, a son. Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of H. C. Powell, a son. Springhill, July 27, to the wife of W. W. Bond, a son. St. John, Aug. 1, to the wife of C. H. Holding, a son. Windsor, Aug. 1, to the wife of I. Fred Carver, two girls. Springhill, July 24, to the wife of G. H. Gass, a daughter. Canton, July 24, to the wife of D. C. Clark, a daughter. Lunenburg, Aug. 2, to the wife of A. R. Morash, a daughter. Lunenburg, July 30, to the wife of E. Corkum, a daughter. St. John, Aug. 3, to the wife of W. A. Cathers, a daughter. Amherst, Aug. 7, to the wife of Geo. S. Dorman, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 8, to the wife of W. H. Bannister, a daughter. Amherst, Aug. 4, to the wife of R. H. Tremaine, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of Chas. S. Hoisterman, a daughter. North Sydney, July 31, to the wife of J. N. Armstrong, a son. Indian Point, N. S., July 27, to the wife of Charles Mosher, a son. Fox Cove, July 16, to the wife of David Surette, a son. West Brook, N. S., July 26, to the wife of Carson Atkinson, a son. Buctouche, Aug. 1, to the wife of Michael McLaughlin, a son. New Horton, N. S., July 23, to the wife of Sanford Copp, a daughter. Lower Economy, N. S., July 23, to the wife of Wm. M. Sanford, a son. Economy, N. S., Aug. 1, to the wife of Royal P. Stanton, a daughter. Fredericton, Aug. 1, to the wife of F. B. Edgecombe, a daughter. Port Maitland, Aug. 1, to the wife of Birwell Gouley, a daughter. Liverpool, N. S., Aug. 4, to the wife of Rev. Leander Daniel, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. Canon Roberts, James Lowry to Susan Kay. Yarmouth, Aug. 1, by Rev. G. R. White, H. B. Hoag to Mabel Cain. Halifax, July 29, by Rev. R. A. Daniel, Louis L. Grant to Mary E. Cole. Shag Harbor, July 31, by Rev. W. Miller, Frank Wood to Ina Nickerson. St. John, Aug. 2, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, John Akerley to Jane Lyman. Onslow, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Patrick Delaney to Nancy Crowe. St. John, Aug. 3, by Rev. Father Donohue, Joseph Roberts to Sophia Morrell. St. John, Aug. 5, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, Mark Shannon to Lizzie DeWolf. Amherst, Aug. 3, by Rev. R. Williams, Fred R. Brownell to Maud Black. Halifax, Aug. 7, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, George F. Wood to Millie E. Findley. Hantsport, July 29, by Rev. William Phillips, Clarence O'Neill to Jessie Wiles. Truro, July 28, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Bruce M. Glasgow to Elsie D. Ulrich.

- Bairdsville, July 28, by Rev. H. B. Morris, Francis L. Tappin to Annie Rogers. St. Stephen, July 29, by Rev. John Anderson, Sandy M. Gould to Bertha Wiman. Weymouth, July 29, by Rev. John Williams, George W. Manzer to Mary Spavold. Tusket Widge, Aug. 1, by Rev. Father Gay, Isaac Cotreau to Elizabeth Doucette. Hantsport, N. S., July 31, by Rev. W. Phillips, Joseph Chaudier to Rosie Wiles. Yarmouth, July 29, by Rev. A. B. Parker, Jean Schelein to Catherine Elshieban. Clark's Harbor, Aug. 1, by Rev. W. Miller, Jeremiah Swin to Emma Nickerson. Greenvale, N. S., Aug. 3, by Rev. D. Henderson, J. T. Fraser to Letitia Macintosh. Barton, July 30, by Rev. J. W. Sheppardson, J. C. W. Yanbarcom to Lizzie Gayon. Kentville, July 29, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Frank S. Cogswell to Nellie I. Cogswell. Shag Harbor, N. S., July 31, by Rev. W. Miller, Herman Nickerson to Della Wood. Greenwood, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Corinna to Warner to Ella Spinney. Charlottetown, N. B., Aug. 1, by Rev. E. O. Taylor, Abram L. Dalley to Annie Blair. Dorchester, Aug. 2, by Rev. Hilbert B. Baker, Chas. A. Mitchell to Emma G. Mitton. Greenwood, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Marcelle Cotreau to Fannie Cotreau. Fredericton, Aug. 2, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, William H. Hoyt to Sarah Lawrence. Little Bras d'Or, Aug. 2, by Rev. D. McMillan, Douglas R. Wilkins to Sarah Ann Spencer. Taylor Village, N. B., by Rev. G. F. Currie, Edward Taylor to Sarah L. Newcombe. Central Cariboo, N. S. July 29, by Rev. W. G. Lane, James Dobson to Janet Campbell. Fredericton, July 29, by Rev. W. L. Weddall, Alfred W. Wilkins to Sarah Ann Spencer. West New Glasgow, Aug. 2, by Rev. James Caruthers, Daniel G. Machon to Jennett Marshall. Petpiswick, East, N. S., July 31, by Rev. J. Rossborough, Henry James Bayers to Mary Ella Bayers. Folly Village, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. Mr. McNeil, Edmund B. Smith to Melinda L. Faulkner. Springville, N. S., Aug. 5, by Rev. A. McLean, assisted by Rev. James Sinclair, J. Albert Grant to Margaret A. Holmes. Hebron, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. F. H. Beals, assisted by Rev. J. H. Saunders, John C. Redding to W. Inogene Patten. Yarmouth, July 29, by Rev. J. H. Fosby, assisted by Revs. G. R. White and J. E. Goucher, Rev. M. Edward Fletcher to Annette M. Gridley.

DIED.

- Simonds, Aug. 6, John Collins, 95. Arcadia, July 29, George Ring, 69. Windsor, July 30, James Haley, 84. Gaspereau, July 28, Lucy Davis, 35. Springhill, July 29, Sylvia Gozga, 38. Lockeport, July 26, William Brice, 34. Halifax, Aug. 6, Joseph E. Tanner, 27. Dorchester, Aug. 4, R. A. Palmer, 25. Deerfield, Aug. 3, Moses S. Porter, 68. Halifax, Aug. 7, E. R. Harrington, 69. Port Elgin, Aug. 4, William Grant, 78. Dorchester, Aug. 5, Thomas Gentes, jr., 60. Windsor, July 31, Mary Rolfe, of Cheverie. Waterford, N. B., July 31, Robert Leach, 66. Granville Ferry, Aug. 2, John E. Hagerly, 28. Charlottetown, Aug. 2, Alexander Murray, 47. Halifax, Aug. 5, Mary, wife of John Flawn, 40. St. John, Aug. 5, Ellen, wife of James Forbes, 80. Truro, Aug. 6, of consumption, John Edwards, 56. Halifax, Aug. 1, Ann, wife of Hiram Andrews, 28. Maitland, Aug. 2, Lewis B. son of David Pratt, 16. Folly Mountain, N. S., July 31, John B. Fletcher, 75. Windsor, July 30, John, son of George Greenough, 2. Halifax, Aug. 5, Mary, widow of late John Walsh, 85. Sussex, Aug. 2, Sibyl, widow of late John Ryan, 82. St. Stephen, July 28, Ellen, wife of William Middlemas, 35. Gavelton, N. S., July 30, Mary, wife of Abram S. Hatfield. St. John, Aug. 7, Stuart T., son of Neil and Annie Scott, 13. St. John, Aug. 7, Catherine, daughter of Frederic Scott, 13. New Glasgow, August 7, Mary, wife of J. A. Cameron. Tanook, N. S., July 28, Caroline, wife of Albert Peart, 72. Barney's River, July 28, Jane, daughter of John Inglis, 15. Windsor, July 30, John, son of George Greenough, 2 months. Torrey River, N. S., July 30, Thomas, son of William Fraser, 19. Beach Meadows, N. B., July 30, Mrs. Hannah Gaetz, 89. Nauvewick, Aug. 3, Elizabeth Kennedy, of Robesary. Debe Junction, July 27, of consumption, John H. Craigg, 34. St. John, Aug. 8, Frederick John, son of James H. Pallen, 25. Fredericton, July 24, Harriet, widow of late Alex. McCleay, 66. St. John, July 23, Joseph, son of Michael and Annie Mahoney, 6. Lawrence, Mass., July 2, Charles R. Walsh, of Amherst, 42. Newfoundland, N. S., July 26, Elizabeth, wife of James T. Miller, 99. Halifax, Aug. 4, Rachel C., widow of late I. M. Sockume, 84. Moose River, July 29, Garvin A., son of Robert Gagetown, July 7, Harry Edmund, son of H. J. DuVernet, 13. St. John, Aug. 5, Annie Chandler, daughter of late Robert Foulis. St. John, Aug. 5, Willie B., son of Cornelius and Maggie Dever. Fort Lee, New Jersey, Aug. 1, Henry L. Mitchell, of Sackville, 52. New Glasgow, N. S., Aug. 4, John T., son of Robert Grant, 9 months. West Berlin, N. B., July 28, Maud, daughter of William Colp, 11. St. John, Aug. 7, William Guy, son of late Rev. Canon Harrison, 57. Boston, July 30, Frederick C., son of Frederick Biggs of Halifax, 36. Parrsboro, July 27, Elmo E., son of Thos. and Annie Livingston, 4 months. Margaret Harbor, C. B., Annie J., daughter of Roderick McLeish, 3 weeks. Dartmouth, Aug. 2, Nellie E., daughter of Peter and Margaret Kennedy. Lot 16, P. E. I., July 22, Agnes Sinclair, widow of late Hector McLean, 99. Halifax, Aug. 4, Winnie, daughter of C. S., and Annie Blakely, 6 weeks. St. John, Aug. 7, Hannah, daughter of Cornelius and Mary Heffernan, 26. Halifax, Aug. 6, Bertha May, daughter of William and Johanna Scanlan, 1 month. Halifax, Aug. 3, Evelyn Royal, son of William and Harriet Harcourt, 3 months. Goshen, N. B., June 29, Lulu Olive, daughter of Odour S. and Belvia DeMille, 1. Chatham, Aug. 1, Josephine, daughter of Warren C. and Mary J. Winslow, 5 months. Newcastle Creek, Aug. 6, Minnie E., daughter of Robert A. and Eliza L. Smith, 6. Halifax, Aug. 1, Geraldine M., daughter of Capt. East and Mary J. Pye, 2 months. East Dover, July 28, Vickie Blanche, daughter of Theresia and late Mary McGrath, 3. Halifax, Aug. 4, Annie Elizabeth, daughter of James M. and Bertha M. Donovan, 3 months. Fredericton, Aug. 1, Mrs. Thomas Peppers, 94. St. John, July 21, of diphtheritic croup, Mary Theresa, daughter of George and Alice Beazanson.

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO THE World's Fair! AT \$26 EACH. Excursion Tickets good for continuous passage in each direction. To leave St. John on any 27th and 28th; returning to leave Chicago at any time up to Aug. 7th, 1893.— Further particulars of Ticket Agents.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m. 11.55 a.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4.45 p.m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m. arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p.m. 4.45 p.m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m. arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a.m. LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m. CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello with St. John daily (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRUNELL, Yarmouth, N.S. General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway. 1893-SUMMER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run daily --Sunday excepted--as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 10.10 Express for Halifax..... 13.10 Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, 16.25 Express for Halifax..... 22.20 A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from the locomotive and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 21st June, 1893.

STEAMERS. THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea voyage from 15 to 17 hours. Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evening after arrival of Express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer City of St. John will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a.m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear) Shelburne, Lockeport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p.m. for Yarmouth, affording intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p.m. for Yarmouth. L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent. July 13, 1893.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Daily Line (Sunday excepted) For Boston, With Connections to all parts of the United States. COMMENCING July 3rd and continuing to Sept. 13th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 7.25 standard for Eastport and Boston. TUESDAY and FRIDAY mornings for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 14.00 a.m. Connections at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. For further information apply to C. E. LAECHLER, Agent. ST. JOHN. SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE Hopewell, Salisbury Norton, Marysville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanceboro Upper Woodstock, Presque, St. George, Fort Fanny field, Weymouth and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Phonographs, Spool, thread and little work. Address for information, Circulation Department PROGRESS St. John N. B.

Thos. Dean. BEEF, LAMB, VEAL, MUTTON, FOWLS, CHICKENS, and all Vegetables.