There'll be," said the Honourable Grant Angus, "the deuce to pay if I can't get

He banged his stick hard against the massive oak door and glanced about him at the dim shapes of the cathedral pitlars and tombs. It was eight o'clock of an October

Echo answered, but no one else. "A pretty mess, I must say," growled the young man. "It looks jolly like being

booked here for the night. Well here goes for another whack." The next moment he turned round hast-

ily and tried to pierce the gloom eastward. It was certainly a footstep. "Who's there?" he cried. Look sharp,

and let me out, can't you?" he added. It was a singularly soft little footstep. Then he heard a low cry, and immediately afterwards he discerned a girlish form.

"Oh," gasped the owner of the form, "we're not locked in, are we?" "Looks like it. How did you manage

"I was in the Beauchamp Chapel. wanted to see the light-and-shade effect. It is lovely when it is nearly dark. But please knock again. I am frightened,"

"It's not a bit of good." Nevertheless he knocked, this time very loud indeed. The sound of his blows made strange noises in the great aisle.

Then they kept perfectly still and list-"Well!" ejaculated Mr. Angus, "this

is pleasant-for both of us," he added. The girl said nothing. A minute later he heard a sobbing sound.

"You're never crying, are you?" he asked. "My mother," was the reply, somewhat

brokenly, "will expect me. She will be so frightened."

It was a sweet, plantive voice.

"My dear girl," responded young Angus, "if there is anything to be done, we will do it. Do you know the other doors of this place?

"Oh, yes; but they are all fast. And no one can possibly hear us, because, you see, they will have locked the close gates as well.

Another sob. Angus forced a laugh. "Oh, come now," he exclaimed, "there's nothing really serious about it, you know. I shan't burt you; and if there are ghosts we'll face 'em in company. But there are no such things, you know.'

"I know there are not." In the gloom he saw the girl move from him towards the extreme west of the aisle. "Don't lose yourself," he added. "If you'll stay where you are I'll see if I can find some cushions and things. Thank goodness the nights aren't very cold yet, and I guess I've got some matches some where. Are you still there ?"

"Yes," was the answer, timidly. He felt the tears would come soon. After one more thump upon the door, Angus struck a match. He saw a quick vision of an oval face with great eager eyes to it, parted lips and a fair dimpled chinthen all was dark again.

"By Jove !" he exclaimed involuntarily, "what a pretty little creature !" One, two! chimed the clock bell. It

was half past eight. Angus struck another match, and went up the aisle in search of cushions. He came to an exceedingly snug pew under the alabaster pulpit, with red upholstering and hassocks. It was the very place for

And so he returned, and holding her by one hand, with another match in the other hand he lighted his companion to the pew. "There," he said, "what do you think of that? By the way," he added, "what made you fancy lights and shades at this

"I am trying to be an artist, sir." "Oh, only trying. Is it so difficult? You must be eighteen at least."

"I am nineteen; but I find it very diffi-"I suppose everything is difficult if you have to make money by it. Hope you don't have to?"

"I am trying to. Oh! what was that!" Angus struck yet another match. He was in doubt about the color of his companion's eyes. This light settled it. They were

grey. You mustn't be nervous," he said. "I shall not stir from here till it is daylight, and if anything comes to hurt you, I'll kill it. You aren't atraid of me, I hope, are

you?" "I think not," was the reply. "But what would poor mamma say if-"And I don't know, I'm sure, what my father would say, let alone my sisters and

cousins and aunts. We can't help ourselves, though, can we?" "I suppose not, sir." "I say, you needn't call me 'sir,' if

you'll oblige me so far, you know. My name's Angus. What shall I call you? "Elsie Grant," was the low reply.

"Yes; my mother was born there. I have heard her speak of cousins of hers, Auguses, but they are rich people. I believe ---

"What do you believe?" "I believe my mother's marriage vexed them. My father and mother were cousins too."

"Was he something in wool, I wonder?" "He was a linendraper, but he failed, and the sorrow of it killed him. Oh, must we spend the night like this?"

"Do you know, my girl," said Angus seriously, and quite disregarding the appeal in Elsie's last cry, "I believe you and I are kin to each other? It's an awfully queer thing we should find it out like this, but I've precious little doubt of it from what you tell me. What's your mother's first name?"

" Adelaide." "Then, my pretty Elsie, that settles it. You are my father's first cousin's little daughter. I must strike one more match. Look your best at me, you know, for I'm the first time you have had beauty and your cousin, Grant. I shan't spare you, innocence under your protection in this though he were the glass of fashion and little cousin Elsie, so you may as well prepare for it."

For thirty seconds they gazed at each other. Then the girl's eyes fell.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Angus. But Elsie did not reply. She was won-dering why her heart should beat as it did. The situation, too, alone with this handsome young man with the long drooping peer's granddaughter? What was there Ah, it we only had you to sit to us for the moustache, seemed to give her new cause odd about that?

for agitation.

ed mole on her left temple. I've heard my

"Yes," cried Elsie. "It's like as can be to an old stage coach, mother says." "That's it. Well, I'll be hanged if this world isn't droll. To think that-but you are convinced now, cousin Elsie, I hope?" "I think so," murmured the girl.

"There are," said Angus, "only five girl's tranquil breathing. more matches. I propose to squander another one at once, all the same. May I?"

"Of course you may." had brightened her eyes very greatly and put fair color into her smooth oval cheeks. There was something very attractive in the wistful look at him which she stole just

when the match exploded. "One, two! one, two! one, two; one, two!" Then nine resonant strokes. "That's ha'f an hour gone, El-good-

ness, what in nature's that?" Something above them, seemingly from the north-west corner of the cathedral, had cried, "Ha, ha, ha! Ha. ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" with an eerie screech after each trio ot "ha's."

Angus tancied he heard a gentle laugh from his companion. "It is," murmured the girl, only the Nuremberg cuckoo. It is a very old clock

indeed, with funry little figures that perform every hour.' "A nice sort of nightmare the Nuremberg cuckoo would have been to me, Elsie, if I

had been alone. You won't mind your cousin calling you Elsie?

"N-o. I suppose I ought not."
"And you shall call me Grant, then. Shall you mind doing that?" "If you are quite sure we are consins, I suppose I ought not, ought I?"

"Of course not. Are you cold, Elsie? " No." "No what! Come now, do give me my

name." "No-Grant. Oh, please, there can't be any mistake, can there?"

"Why should there be?" belonged to a better class of people than

we do. "Stuff! We belong to the same lot, really. Elsie, do you know I have heard my tather talk about our meanness in not trying harder to find you out-or your mother, at least. Folks do get into such grooves. Anyway, you're found now. I'll take care you're not lost again in a hurry."

To this the girl said nothing. "What," she asked herself, "could she say to it?" She wished it was morning, and yet some-(except about her mother) or anxious. On the contrary, indeed, a secret sort of elation had got hold of her. No doubt this had been so handy in the good old days vigorously within her.

"Good-night, Elsie. Oh, but I must tuck you up; see that you are snug and all

And so he struck another match. "Your eyes," he remarked with a smile, falling asleep. Oh, dash the match! I you think it was?

"Not very." "Cousin Grant." "Not very, Cousin Grant," repeated left Jobinard's severely alone. Elsie, smiling to herself.

"That's capital. Some girls, Elsie, are afraid of mice; are you?

"Think! Why, certainly there arelots. The church mouse, you know, is a proverb. I expect the cathedral ones are

braver it I held your hand?" "It might."

hand it is! Which have I got?" "The left."

"And no ring on it?" "Of course not. I am only just nine-

"I accept the omen. A minute ago was fumbling with this old cushion, and I clock. counted thirteen buttons on it. That, too, is a first-rate sign. I'm chokeful of superstition." "So is my mother," exclaimed Elsie.

'She says it is in the family." "I haven't a doubt she's right. What's that? Half-past nine. Time's getting on. But you are not half comtortable." ("Indeed I am," from Elsie.) "No, you are he were a circus rider; then he would take

not. Please hold this match while I make up your berth for the night." The girl had no alternative but to obey, and while she held the light so that it beamed on the red cushions and Angus's dark mark, in a patronizing manner; then he hair, the young man quickly arranged a

bower for her. out; but the nook was soon ready for its | Comes" playing as you saw him do it. He occupant.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he drew "By George! That's queer! I'm Grant too. Suppose you're not from Dunferm- please, I must hold your hand, or else how shall I know when the mice have stolen | magnificent and condescending manner; you away? And then, what would your then he would strike a ridiculous attitude mother say?"

"You are very kind," said Elsie unteignedly.

"First time I've been called so. Are you snug?"

"Very. But you-"Cousin Grant." "But you, Cousin Grant, are far from comfortable, I'm afraid?"

"Nothing of the kind. Good-night, Elsie. I'll tell you tales now. You'll soon journey into the land of Nod under their

soothing influence." Though she protested, this was what sound Angus did. He had travelled a good Daburon. deal and had much to say about the world, and Elsie on her part, though very unwilling to sleep, was soon actually unconscious man has once come to this conclusion,

of her surroundings. The cuckoo upstairs screeched its ten

"Wasn't that a queer affair, Elsie-eh, wasn't it? Poor little lass, bless her! It's female, invariably stared appreciatively at way, Grant."

urged him to strike his last match but one, and take yet another peep at his little long and then we began to make it rather cousin, thus so strangely introduced to him. Odd that she had so suddenly endeared herself to him; he, a peer's son, and she a poor man, what a thing it would be for Art!

Spite of all his efforts to be quiet, the the lightening next week. What an Ajax "Tell me, has your mother an odd-shap- noise awoke Elsie. She opened her eyes | you would make, Jobinard !"

dreamily, smiled and parted her lips to say 'Good-night," then as the light fell, her eyelids tell again.

Angus did not sleep for an hour or more yet. He sat thinking, listening to the cathedral clock and the Nuremberg cuckoo, and holding Elsie's little hand between his two hands. It did him good to hear the

He was not much above the average young man of his kind in disposition. But he was susceptible, and of an un-This time Angus was satisfied. The girl commonly equitable mind. The thought was more than pretty. Either the excite- of his easy circumstances and this ment of the situation or of the discovery little hand in his, striving for dear life, affected him as if he had been charged (and charged justly) with a dastardly deed. With these ideas still strong in his brain,

at length he also slept. Elsie woke first. It was then six o'clock. They got up and warmed their blood, pacing the wan aisle. Gradually daylight stole definitely through the lancet-windows; then the sun danced in and bespread the pavement with patines of jewelled light. At this spectacle Elsie clapped her hands with rapture and gazed up at the window, with its radiance suffusing her face also.

The Hon. Grant Angus looked at her. "This," he said to himself, "settles it." They were released shortly before eight o'clock. Three months from that day they were married. It seemed to some a strange business; but many stranger events happen daily under stress of the changes and chances of this mortal life.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

It's twenty years since that time; I was a light-hearted boy then—a boy of twenty. I lived in Paris, and I studied Art. Being an artist, I always spelt Art with a capital A. I have other things to think of besides Art now. I have to think of painting what the public will buy. I have to make it pay

-I have made it pay. But it is not about myself I want to talk, it is of Orson—of Orson the Hirsute, Orson the Unrelenting, Orson the Hater of Art. Of course, his name wasn't Orson. His "Because—because you look as if you real name was Jobinard, and he lived at the corner of the Rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, did this uncompromising grocer, this wellto-do Esau of the quartier Latin, this man who hated Art, artists, and, above all, Art students, with a peculiar ferocity.

Alcibiade Jobinard had reason to dislike Art students. They had a nasty way of getting into his debt; but Jobinard took the bull by the horns-he gave no more credit.

"Ma foi!" he would say, with a supercilious sneer, "Credit is dead, my good young how she was not at heart the least unhappy | sir; he don't live here any longer; he is dead and buried.'

And then one had to go empty away. It explained why her heart throbbed so just to run into Jobinard's for whatever one wanted, and-well, "stick it up." You see, you could get an entire meal at Jobinard's one of those little sham boneless hamsthey've quite enough on them for four; tinned provisions in inexhaustible variety wines from seventy-five centimes upwards as he looked at them, "don't appear like liqueurs; dessert, even in the shape of cheeses of all sorts, almonds, and raisins, hope that wasn't an irreverent ejaculation grapes and peaches. It was excessively to utter in a church at such an hour. Do convenient. When one was hard up, one dealt with Jobinard, and it was put down to the account; when one was in funds, one dined and breakfasted at a restaurant, and

But now all was changed. Mlle. Amenaide was an uncommonly pretty girl, and we were all desperately head over heels in "I'm not exactly afraid, but I dislike love with her. By "we" I mean the Art them very much. Are there any here, do students; but of all the Art students who were desperately in love with Mlle. Amenaide, Daburon, the sculptor, was the most demonstrative. Jobinard hated Daburon with a deadly hatred, because Daburon worse. Do you think it would make you never expended more than ten centimes at a time. It was the society of Mlle Amenaide that Daburon hungered for, and he "Very well, then, Elsie. What a small got it because he was entitled to it, being a

> Mlle. Amenaide was Jobinard's cashier. It was a large shop, and there were several assistants; but all moneys were paid to Mlle. Amenaide, the cashier, who sat in a glass box underneath the great chiming

> Daburon, the sculptor, would enter the shop, nod in a cavalier manner to Jobinard, as though he were the very dust beneath his feet; then he would look at Mlle. Amenaide, raise his hat with his right hand, place his left upon his heart, and make her a low bow; then he would pretend to blow her a kiss from the tips of his fingers, as though up a box of matches or some other peculiarly inexpensive article.

"Have the kindness to wrap that up carefully for me in paper," he would rewould march up to Mile. Amenaide with the air of an Alexander-you could almost He had not finished when the match was hear the tune of "See the Conquering Hero would pay his ten centimes, and whisper some compliment into the ear of Mile. Amenaide; then he would receive his purchase from the hand of M. Jobinard in a of exaggerated admiration, and stare at the unhappy grocer as though he were one of the seven wonders of the world.

"What a bust !" or, "What arms !" or, 'What muscularity !" he would say, and then he would heave a sigh and swagger

out of the shop. Jobinard, who was a particularly ugly, thick-set, hairy little man, used at first rather to resent these references to his personal advantages; his four assistants and his cashier would titter, and Jobinard used to blush; but at length the poor fellow fell into the snare laid for him by the villain

He got to believe himself the perfect type of manly beauty. When a Frenchthere is no folly of which he is not ready

The fact is, Daburon had passed the word round. The Art students, male and the mould of form. Jobinard now began He listened to her breathing for several to give himself airs; he swaggered about minutes. Then an overmastering curiosity | the shop, he exhibited himself in the doorway, he posed and attitudinized all day

> warm for Jobinard. "Ah, M. Jobinard, if you were only nude. We are going to do Ajax defying

"You really ought to sacrifice yourself in the interests of Art," another would remark. You'd ruin the professional model,

you would, indeed." "Gentlemen, gentlemen," Jobinard would reply his hairy, baboon-like face grinning with delight, "a too benevolent Heaven has made me the man I am," and then he struck an attitude.

"What legs !" we all cried in a sort of "Ah, M. Jobinard," I said, pleadingly, 'if you would only permit us to photograph

your lower extremities." "Never, gentlemen, never!" replied the infatuated Jobinard "I care nothing for Art. Besides, it would be almost indecent: I could never look into a print shop without coming face to face with the evidences of my too tatal beauty. From that day Jobinard ceased to wear

his professional apron. It was about a week after this that Daburon, I, and another man presented ourselves at Jobinard's establishment. We raised our hats to Jobinard as one man, we smiled, and then we bowed.

The hairy little grocer seemed considerably astonished at our performance.
"M. Jobinard," said Daburon, who was our spokesman, "you see before you a deputation of three, representing the Art Students of Paris, some five hundred in number. We have come to beg a favor. We know, alas! too well, that it would be absolutely impossible to induce a man of your position in society to help us; but M. Jobinard, a man possessing the lower extremities of a Hercules, a Farnese Hercules, M. Jobinard-and I need hardly remind you that Hercules was a demi-godhas his duties as well as his privileges. Those magnificent lower extremities of his are not his own-they belong to the public. Such lower extremities as yours, monsieur, are not for an age, but for all time; they must be handed down in marble to posterity; the legs of Jobinard must become a household word in Art-to refuse our request, monsieur, would be a crime. You would retain the copyright of your own legs, of course. They would be multiplied in plaster of Paris, and become a marketable commodity over the whole civilized world. Such muscles as these," said

"what a magnificent development of the sternoclidomastoideus!" The wretched Jobinard, blown out with pride, seemed, like the trog in the fable, ready to burst. And then he proudly drew up the leg of his nether garment to the knee and exhibited a muscular brown limb

the unfortunate Jobinard, "must not be

what a deltoid, my friends," he continued;

as hairy as that of an ape. "You will not refuse us?" we cried, in chorus.

"You will not dare to refuse us," added Daburon. "Gentlemen, I yield! I see that Art cannot get on without me. When would

you like to begin?" said poor Jobinard. "Tomorrow at noon," answered Daburon, as he shook hands with the little grocer reverentially, and then we took our leave. Next day a long procession filed into the

"This way, gentlemen, this way, if you please," said M. Jobinard, as he indicated

the way to his back-yard. We must have been at least thirty. Everybody brought something; there were four sacks of plaster, some paving-stones, bits of broken iron, bricks, and enough material to have walled up Jobinard alive. A great mass of moist plaster was prepared, the limbs that had become necessary to the world of Art were denuded of their covering and placed in the moist mass; then large quantities of the liquid plaster were poured on them; then the scraps of old iron, the bars, the paving-stones, and the bricks were carefully inserted and built up into the still soft mass, which was at least a yard

high and a vard thick. "Don't move, dear M. Jobinard," cried Daburon; "the plaster is about to set. We shall return in half an hour, by which time the moulds will be complete.

M. Jobinard, seated in the centre of his back yard, bolt upright, bowed to each of us as we passed out. In about a quarter of an hour Jobinard began to feel distinctly uncomfortable.

The moulds seem getting terribly heavy," he said to one of his assistants, who kept him company; "they seem on fire, and I can't move. At that moment the procession, headed

by Daburon, filed once more into the court-yard. "It's getting painful, gentlemen," said Jobinard; "I feel as though I were being

turned to stone.' "Try and bear it bravely. Nothing is attained in this world, dear monsieur, without a certain amount of physical suffering. It will be set as hard as marble in a few minutes. We will obtain the necessary appliances for your release at once, Jobinard. Remain perfectly quiet till our re-

turn, said Daburon, rather suavely. And then we each of us kissed our finger-tips solemnly to poor Jobinard, and we filed out once more. It was the last day of the term at the Art school, and we were all off for our holidays.

For two hours Jobinard waited for us in an agony of fear; then he sent for a stone mason, who dug him out. They had to get the plaster off with a hammer. We had, by the direction of the Demon Daburon, omitted to oil the shapely limbs of Poor Jobinard!

BORN.

Truro, June 18, to the wife of J. W.. Webster, a son. Fredericton, June 17, to the wife of Thomas Troop, Weymouth, June 18, to the wife of C. II. Butler, a daughter.

St. John, June 25, to the wife of John B. Jones, a Halifax, N. S., to the wife of Charles F. Holland, a Alma, June 15, to the wife of John G. Leare, a

St. John, June 19, to the wife of Howard I. Hamil Milton, N. S., June 17, to the wife of G. M. Ewan, Truro, N. S., June 15, to the wife of James Langell,

Gibson, N. B., June 21, to the wife of John Babbit, Amherst, N. S., June 15, to the wife of George E. Wolfville, N. S., June 20, to the wife of Aubrey Brown, a son.

Pictou, N. S., June 20, to the wife of A. C. L. Oliver, a son. Granville, N. S., June 12, to the wife of W. A. Gilliatt, a son. West Bay, C. B., June 17, to the wife of Capt. John Alma, N. B., June 11, to the wife of Philip McLeod, Parrsboro, N.S., June 15, to the wife of Andrew

Salmon River, N. S., June 19, to the wife of Samuel Hartling, a so

Salmon River, N. S., June 19, to the wife of Walter H. Buck, a son St. Andrews, June 16, to the wife of Thomas Bentle bury, a daughter.

Diligent River, N. S., June 20, to the wife of R. D Salter, a daughter. Weymouth, N. S., June 18, to the wife of H. Butler, a daughter. Florenceville, N. B., June 15, to the wife of Rev. D.

Parrsboro, N. S., June 12, to the wife of L. D. Rockingham, N. S., June 18, to the wife of Dr. F. W. Stevens, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Dartmouth, N. S , June 21, E. E. Ramsdell to Annie St. John, June 26, by Rev. T. Casey, P. J. Gorman to M. Crowley. St. John, June 20, by Rev. T. Casey, Michael Sullivan to Mary Lane.

St. John, June 22, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Harden Condon to Mary Scott. Halifax, June 20, by Rev. W. McKenzie, George Lough to Ellen Umiah. Moncton, June 21, by Rev. W. H. Warren, William Hicks to Luthera Sears. Marysville, F. B., by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Abner Gordon to Jennie Love.

St. John, June 21, by Rev. J. J. Baker, David Brown to Ella Davidson. Truro, N. S., June 20, by Rev. G. J. Bond, Henry Theakston to Nellie Lowe. Sackville, N. B., June 21, by Rev. T. D. Hart, Alice Wills to James R. Trenholn

Halifax, June 21, by Rev. Francis Partridge, Samuel Withers to Alma Johnson. St. John, June 22, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, James A. Brittain to Frances Campbell Havelock, N. S., June 15, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, William Grant to Effic Nowlan.

Halifax, June 22, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Capt. Herbert Martin to Jessie Reid. Linnwood, N. S., June 19, by Rev. T. R. Gwillam, Thomas Pushee to Eila Kinney. Rosette, N. S., June 18, by Rev. Henry deBlois, Charles Harnish to Avard Orde. Middleton, N. S., June 17, by Rev. J. Gee, Govenier Young to Marie Gow.

Truro, N. S., June 20, by W. F. Parker, William Campbell to Mrs. Allie McCrae. Rockland, N. B., June 20, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Malcolm Sewell to Carrie Smith Halifax, N. S., June 22, by Rev. Mr. Dawson, Jesse Page to Edith Carmichael. Clarke's Harbor, N.S., June 17, by Rev.T.H. Siddall

Joshua Stoddart to Clara Dixon.

Hopewell Cape, N. B., by Rev. B. N. Hughes, John Sargeant to Minnie Steeves. Daburon, respectfully prodding and patting Shelburne, N. S., June 19, by Rev. W Norris, Dean Ryer to Nora Bower. lost to the artistic world. What a biceps, St. John, North End, June 20, by Rev. W. Tippet, Nelson Burnes to Caroline McLong. Upper Woodstock, June 21 by Rev. A. H. Hayward, William Chute to Annie True.

Springhill, N. S., June 14, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Daniel Beaton to Louisa Campbell. Salisbury, N. B., June 14, by Rev. Milton Addison, F. K. Evans to Rebecca F. O'Neil. Pembroke, N. S., June 21, by Rev. Chas. McKay, James McDonald to Bessie Fulton. Carleton, N. B., June 21, by Rev. Mr. Paisley, Leslie Wetmore to Hannah Kindred.

Conneil, Car. Co., N. B., June 21, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Oliver Miller to Annie Turner. Rockland, N. B., June 20, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Malcolm B. Sewell to Carrie C. Smith Upper Brookfield, N. S., June 21, by Rev. Chas. McKay, George Bell to Jessie Watson. Irishtown, N. B., June 21, by Rev. John Prince, Jas. McKinnon to Elizabeth Matthews.

Woodstock, June 14, by Rev. J. H. Coy and Rev. Robert Crisp, Frank Shea to Mabel Coy. Upper Woodstock, N. B., June 21, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, William Chute to Annie True. Lower Argyle, June 14, by Rev. J. L. Smith, Sylvannus Ricker to Mrs. Mary Everett. New Glasgow, N. S., June 17, by Rev. Logan Geggie, Alex. Graham to Bella Matheson. Beaver Brook, N. B., June 17, by Rev. Father Carson, Gertie McAnulty to William Durning. Antigonish, N. S., June 20, by Rev. Father Gillis, Alexander McPherson to Louise McDonald.

Woodstock, N. B., June 14, by Rev. J. H. Coy and Rev. Robert Crisp, Frank Shea to Mabel Coy. Beaver Brook, N. B., June 17, by Rev. Father Carson, William Durning to Gertie McAnulty. North End, St. John, June 21, by Rev. E. W. Sibbald, Fred Cunningham to Jessie Hazelwood. Woodstock, June 17, by Rev. B. Colpitts and A. H. Trafton, Arlington Wright to Blanche Ketchum. Middleton, N. S., June 15, by Rev. J. Gee and Rev. E Locke, W. M. Bartlett to Martha Hilton. t. John, June 21, by Canon Brigstocke and Rev. Mr. Eatough, Charles Coster to Laura Keturah

Warner. Fredericton, N. B., June 21, by Bishop Kingdon, and Rev. F. Alexander, Harrison Kinnear to Bessie Hunt. Mapleton, N. S., June 14, by Rev. John Astbury and Rev. D. H. Lodge, Fred B. Johnston to Mary Lodge.

DIED.

Truro, Jennie McDonald, 19. Halifax, William Jakeman, 80. Halifax, June 19, Johanna Gray, 39. Thorborn, N. S., John O'Hanley, 24. Halifax, June 15, Simon R. Sleep, 54. St. John, June 23, Peter McQuillin, 78. Halifax, June 20, Jane B. Sturmey, 73. St. John, June 19, John Henderson, 75. Moncton, N. B., June 20, Hugh Boyd, 68. Westport, N. S., June 21, Rice Coggins, 85. South River, N. S., June 15, John McInnis, 58. Napan, N. S., June 16, Archibald Campbell, 73. St. John, June 23, Hetty, wife of Henry P. Otty. Shubenacadie, N. S., June 20, David Gilbert, 41.

Middle Sackville, N. B., June 18, Josiah Tingley, Milltown, N. B., June 20, Annie, wife of R. J. Porter, 32. Halifax, June 22, George, son of Patrick and Lizzie Centreville, N. S., June 16, Margaret, wife of Frank Kentville, N. S., June 16, of paralysis, James Lyons, 74. Lunenburg, N. S., June 14, Mrs. James A. Mc Glenwood, N. S., June 16, Lydia Ann, wife of Paul

Ricker, £3. Arcadia. N. S., June 12, Mary, wife of late John Milford, St. John Co., N. B., June 21, Geo. H. Waring, 29. St. John, June 21, Rachael, wife of late John Moncton, N. B., June 22, Wm, son of late Wm. Waterville, N. S., June 22, Annie, daughter of S Halifax, June 20, Bessie, daughter of Geo. and

Anagance Ridge, N. B., June 21, Mrs. Roseanna St. John, June 25, of cougestion of the lungs, James John, June 21, Lizzie, wife of Joseph Kirkpatrick, 27. River John, N. S., June 14, Woodbury, son of

Halifax, June 17, Ernest, son of Edward and Emma Central Argyle, N. S., June 14, Jennie, wife of Campbellton, N. B., June 16, Mary, wife of late Tiverton, N. S., June 18, Mabel, daughter of Burto

George Murray, 4.

Outhouse, 3 months. Halifax, N. S., June 21, Kathleen, daughter of Thos. and Mary Walsh, 5. Yarmouth, June 21, Margaret, wife of late Capt. Tweedside, York Co., N. B., June 18, Sarah, wife of William Messer, 28.

Margaree, N. S., June 12, Sophia, daughter of Farquhar McRae, 18. Barrington Passage, N.S., June 14, Ella, wife of Gabriel Robertson, 33. Westport, N. S., June 15, Mary, infant daughter of Evan and Delila Frost. Wood Point, N. B., June 15, Jemima, wife of late Capt. Seth Campbell, 62.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.

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 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p.

4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth day and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.13 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for 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 Windson and Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL, J. BRIGNELL, Yarmouth, N.S. General Superinter

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 Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, Express for Halifax..... A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mon-treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Halifax (Monday excepted).. 600 Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.30 Express from Moneton (daily)..... 8,30 Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.55 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.30 Express from Halifax and Sydney...... 22.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moneton, N. B., 21st June, 1893.

PICNICS SHORE LINE RY.

Lepreaux. Dates are being rapidly billed. Send at once for

our Circular, showing rates, &c., or call at 3 Pugsley Building, - - City.



Tourist Sleeping Cars as follows: Every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY

and SATURDAY at 8.25 a. m.

DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every TUESDAY at 8 50 p. m. Via the "SOO LINE" to

Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Every WEDNESDAY at 8 50 p. m. NEW WHATCOM, WASH.,

> and points on the PACIFIC COAST.

Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
MONTREAL. St. JOHN, N. B.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week, For Boston. N AND AFTER APRIL 17th, and until further notice, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRI-

DAY morning at 7.25 stan-Returning, will leave Boston same days, at 8 30 a. m. for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip the steamer will at call at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St.

Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent. DAVID CONNELL,

Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-out at short notice.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Progress. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE Hopewell, Salisbury Norton, Marysville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanceboro, Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, Caribou, Fort Fairfield, Wey mouth and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Progress. Splendid profit and little work. Address for information, Circulation Department Progress St. John N. B.