PROGRESS, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

THE LITTLE BLUE CAP.

16

I was paying a visit to my friends the Durands. They were a simple, honest couple who lived near the banks of the river in a tiny house, a mere bird's nest, almost hidden by the wisteria and Virginia creeper. Durands' hands bore the marks of honest toil, for he had been a locksmith in his youth, and had by industry and economy raised himself steadily until he became the proprietor of a large business, and secured a competency for his old age. His wife, a quiet, gentle creature, worship-ped her husband, and both of them wore on their faces on expression of serenity, which betokened ease of conscience and a life of peace. Durand was passed sixty years of age and his wife must have been filty, yet in spite of their wrinkles and gray hairs, these two treated each other with an affectionate deterence which was a pleasure to behold. They were Philemon and Baucises ruscitated.

While we were engaged in conversation just before dinner, Durand rose and opened a drawer to take out some trifle which he wished to show to me. While he was turning over the contents of the drawer, it chanced that a little cap, such as might have been worn by a doll or an intant, tell to the floor. I picked it up, and noticed that it was made of coarse blue linen, with two bits of twine instead of ribbons. As I handed it to him, I said, gaily :

"Are you preparing a baby basket, Papa Durand ?

I had no sooner spoken than I regretted it, for I recollected at that moment having heard that the only shadow on my friends' lives, was the fact of their union being a childless one. For a minute Durand made no reply, but looked at the little cap affec-tionately, then as he laid it carefully away again, he said in a tone of seriousness: " That is a souvenir."

Then we all three sat down to dinner and talked of other matters, but as soon as the repast was finished, and the little maid of all work had put cigars and liquors upon the table, my friend said, suddenly:

"How much that baby cap reminds me of!" It was evident that he wanted to explain to me his remark and I begged him to do so.

"It was a great many years ago," he said, after a slight pause, " for I was about twelve years old. I was working in a large factory and I had a companion of the same age as myself, whom, on account of his ugly features, we nicknamed Zizi Monkeyface. He was a sly, thieving, mischievous urchin, very much given to filching tarts from the pastry cook's counter, but a jolly little chap and full of pluck. He was so lazy that he would have been turned out of

turned her back to cook the soup for dinner, the boy slipped out of the house and did not return.

The factory overseer having been in-formed of the state of affairs, make up his mind to settle the matter at once, by find-ing out where Monkey-tace spent his nights, and for this purpose watched the lad as he left the factory. Mr. George, in company with one of the workman, followed the wanderer at a short distance, and observed him enter a bakery and buy a small loaf of him enter a bakery and buy a small loar of bread; next he went to a dairy and came out carrying a bottle of milk, and then turned his steps towards a lonely deserted quarter near the river. Suddenly his fol-lowers saw him plunge into a muddy alley, the place having no lamps was as dark as an oven, but Monkey-face was dimly visible as he stopped before a broad fence. visible as he stopped before a broad fence. The next minute he scaled it with the agility of the animal that was his namesake, and was lost to sight.

The two men, determined to discover his hiding place, climbed over the wall and and, besides, he could have no reason for found themselves in a large vacant lot, sur- this. rounded with weeds and rubbish, but of Monkey-face there was not a sign !

At last they espied in the farthest corner, a low wooden shed which had evi-

dently once served as a fowl house, and through the cracks of which a faint light was shining. They approached it noise-lessly and peered through a crack. Great was their astonishment. In the middle of the wretched hut, in which a man would not have been able to stand upright, sat the young runaway, a candle end stuck in the ground beside him; he was gradually pouring milk into a feeding bottle, and, in a corner on a bed of dried leaves, a baby was

Zizi Monkey-face transformed into a nurse

"What the deuce are you doing here?" asked the overseer, throwing open the door of the cabin suddenly, and the boy startled

at first by the intrusion, soon recovered himself and answered slowly :

Haven't I got a right to have a little sister ?"

Then after a pause he added grandly, "] for us both, and we don't ask anyone for anything !"

The narrator paused, smiled softly and added

"The next day the owner of the factory being informed of the matter, raised my pay to forty cents-just double."

"What ?" I cried, "it was you ?" "Ah, I have betrayed myself," said Durand. "Yes, I was the young rascal who was in a fair way to come to the gallows, and thanks to the blue eyes of that little girl, I became a good workman, and afterwards set up for myself. Now you understand why I keep that little blue cap; she had it on when we found her." "And what has become of her ?" I asked

it, and what was his motive?

after he had been remanded, doing my utmost to arouse him to a sense of his danger. "I know you loved her, Jack," I said, and she would wish you to clear yourself. For her sake, you must help me. Think !

Had you or she any enemy who-"No," he interrupted dully, "none." "Is it possible," I urged quietly, "that

the same hand has committed both these crimes - that you have some revengeful enemy who-

"No," he cried, impatiently, " no." Then, with a start, he added-

"At least, there was somebody ---- " " Yes?"

"Yes," he rejoined, lapsing into his former lethargy; "but I told the police before, and they could not trace him. It went against me. They said I had concocted the story to divert suspicion from myself. They would say so again now;

"But who is this man ?" I asked. And, little by little, I got the whole story

from him. "We will say nothing to the police at present," I said at last; "but that man

must be found. His name is ____?" "Don Jose Emanuel."

"A Spaniard ?"

"Yes.

I wrote the name in my pocket-book, and went away, resolved to lose no time in commencing my search.

If Don Jose was the criminal, and still remained in London, he would certainly watch the newspapers closely; and, theresleeping soundly, wrapped up in an old fore, after rejecting many schemes, I re-blanket. sorted to an advertisment in all the London "I wil

dailies : WANTED immediately, clerk for coaling-station at Monte Video. No special experience. Knowledge of Spanish essential. Spaniard with knowledge of English preferred. Address, etc. I used the name of an acquaintance, who arranged also to let me utilize his office for this purpose.

My hope was that the man I was seeking would see the advertisement, and think it a Then after a pause he added grandly, "I safe and profitable opportunity of getting earn twenty cents a day. That is enough discreetly out of the country before any suspicion was a-foot concerning him.

Within the next two days I received scores of replies, and weeded out a dozen from Spanish applicants, none of which, however, was signed with the name I want-ed; but then the man might have adopted an alias.

Steele could not identify Don Jose's handwriting, and, having only met him twice, had no recollection of his appearance, except that he had a scar on his left cheek, Relving on this slender clue, I wrote to my twelve Spanish candidates, asking them to call upon me. One after the other, they came next morning at their appointed times, and went; and I was beginning to despair, when Carlos Corveda was shown into the room. He was a tall, swarthy man, with a somewhat haughty bearing, and a keen, watchful look in his dark eyes. I put the customary questions as to references and former employment; then repeating a ruse I had adopted with all the others, as it afforded a better opportunity of scrutinising their faces. I asked him to write down his name and address. as I had mislaid his letter. Standing by him while he was writing, I scanned his left cheek narrowly, and could hardly conceal my excitement when I descried through his scanty whiskers a slight scar upon which no hair was growing. I dismissed him as casually as I could, and directly he was gone, cautiously followed him out. I kept him in sight until I was satisfied he was not going home, then hailed a hansom and drove to the address he had given.

him home in spite of his struggles, admin-istering a thrashing on the way. But it was no use: as soon as the old woman for Steele came in—perhaps, even having upon the husband himself. See, now! When he marries again, ex-actly the same thing is repeated. It is the rejected lover wreaking his insatiable pon the husband himself. But what man or fiend could have done rejected lover wreaking his insatiable vengance upon his successful rival. Each t, and what was his motive? I was with my poor friend in his cell fter he had been remanded, doing my uthe will fail again. I ventured a side glance at my visitor.

His face had gone grey and ghastly to the lips, and his hands were clutched nervously; but he was desperately striving to maintain his self-control.

"You seem positive," remarked the detecctive.

"I am, for I know who the scoundrel is, and where he is," I resumed. "He is a Spaniard. His name is Don Jose Emanuel. I could see the man start and move uneasily, and could suppress my excitement no longer.

"But," I added with sudden haste, " he goes by the name of Don Carlos Cordeva, and that is the man?'

I pointed at the terrified villian, who sprang from the chair as if I had struck

He dashed at the door but it was locked ; the officer outside had seen to that the and a long knite glittered in his hand; but before he could stir a step the detective had covered him with his covered to him with his covered him with him with his covered him with his covered him with his covered him with his covered him with him covered him covered him with him covered him cov had covered him with his own revolver. He paused, and his drawn features relaxing

into a shuddering grip, snarled— "Fool! I have walked into the trap. Curse you! Twice I have brought him to shame, and near to the gallows, and now when my revenge is almost complete ----- " He suddenly seemed to remember him-self, and stopped short in what he was

While he spoke, I noticed the door behind him had been gradually, noiseleesly

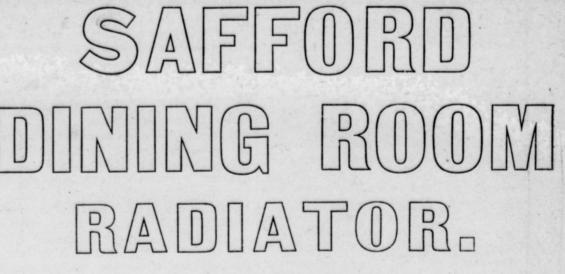
"I will sell my life dearly. Shoot if you will," he screamed wildly; better that than

the other.' He whirled the knife above his head and made a movement to spring upon us; but at the same instant the door was wide open two strong arms had seized him, and his weapon was dashed from his hand.

There was a mad, brief struggle, a click of handcuffs, and my friend's enemy lay a prisoner at my feet.

His First Diary.

He was only a little boy, and this was his first diary. It had been given him as a birthday present, and was bound in a red cover with a highly-colored picture adorning the front. Strict injunctions were issued as to how he should use it, and where he should write. Then he was left to himself. He meant to begin well and early, so he very carefully wrote : "Got





No home is complete without one.

The exterior of this radiator is finished in such handsome designs as to make it an ornament to

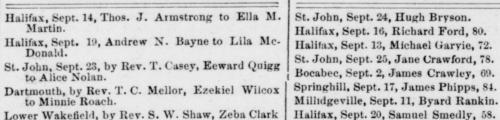
any dining room.

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56 Dock St. - - St. John, N. B. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

MARRIED.



the factory had it not been for the indulgence of the overseer, who had been a friend of his father's, and who took an interest in the boy for the sake of his dead comrade. Monkey-face was an orphan. and the only relative be had ever known was the woman who had brought him up, a cousin of his mother's. This woman was a fish peddler, a brawling, brutal creature, whose affection for her young charge was manifested only by blows. Perhaps if he had known a parent's love he would have been less perverse.

One afternoon, the lad took it into his head to run away from the factory, and go vagabonding about with a gang of young ruffians like himself. As they were coming slowly home after nightfall, they heard to their astonishment the cry of an infant. The sound seemed to issue from a long, narrow, dirty alley which opened on the street, and at the other end of which hung a flickering lamp. After a short consultation, the street boys ventured softly into the passage, and one of them espied, behind the door, a bundle of rags which struggled and wailed. He seized hold of it, and the whole party ran into the street, triumphant, stopping under a lamp to examine their capture. It proved to be a baby girl a few weeks old, wrapped up in a series of dirty clothes, a poor little innocent whom a wretched, perhaps desper- an agony of grief. ate mother, had abandoned to the charity of strangers.

A council was held to decide what should be done with the booty, and the young captors gave free play to their mischievous imaginations. One said to put the baby back where they found it; another said to hide it in a half empty prune box which stood at the grocer's door, a third proposed to climb up to a second story balcony and leave the youngster there and how astonished the people would be next day ! But Zizi Monkey-face scouted all these ideas and declared that the baby must be given to the gypsies There was a band of these were by no means rare.

Monkey-face's decision was hailed with enthusiasm, and he claimed the right to carry the treasure-trove in consideration of his having made the plan.

"Give us the kid," he said. The baby had, all this time, been screaming piteously, but it stopped suddenly when Monkey-tace took hold of it, and while he walked along with an air of triumph, it fixed its great blue eyes upon his ugly face, and smiled, at | to whom it was easy to see he was passion- the following atternoon. the same time stretching its tiny hands out | ately devoted. as if to caress him.

"She is laughing!" cried the boy in delight, "see how she looks at me."

Then a new impulse seized him. "I will not give her away," he said, "I

will keep her myself." His companions protested indignantly,

but in vain, for as they well knew Zizi Monkey-face had at the end of each arm an argument so strong that it would be useless as well as unsafe to oppose his wishes.

When he reached home with his burden the fish peddler exclaimed furiously :

"Do you think I have not enough to do to fill your mouth, you lazy imp? Take that brat to the police-quick now!" Pit, pif! A box on each ear showed the boy that she was in earnest, and he fled from the house.

That night he did not return, and the ing he was in the testow as

eagerly. The old man answered, "We have never parted.' then smiling, looking at his wife and added, "Have we, my dear ?"

She smiled in return, but her eyes were moist as she looked at him, and under her eyelids I saw a tear drop glistening.

MY FRIEND'S ENEMY.

"I am as certain of your innoceece," repeated warmly, "as of my own." But he sat with a listless, hopeless look upon his face, and made no answer.

"The thing is," I continued, "to prove

"I care very little whether it is proved or not," he said wearily.

Then after a momentary pause, he added with sudden fierceness-

"As it I-as if I-who loved her so-"

His voice trailed off into a hoarse, sobbing whisper, and, covering his face with his hands, he swayed himself to and fro in

I had known John Steele for upwards of five years, and had grown to love and admire the man's earnest and gentle nature. writing until she uneasily excused herself When I first made his acquaintance, though to go, to give an eye to some culinary I was not aware of it at the time, he was operations, which I could smell were in under the shadow of a terrible suspicion. He had been charged with the wilful murder of his wite in circumstances which seemed to leave very little doubt of his only one of them locked. A hasty search guilt; but the evidence against him had failed, and he had been set at liberty. Finding, however, that many still be-

lieved-as, in such cases, many always will believe-that he was guilty, and that that four of its six chambers were still the lack of proof only showed a want of loaded. I had no time for speculation, people near by, who practiced jugglery and vigilance on the part of the police, he lett but thrust it into my pocket, and hearing fortune telling, and instances of kidnapping his native town and came to London, where no sound of the landlady's approach, a few months later, I became acquainted hastily crossed the room to a row of books with him.

He never alluded to his past, and, though he had been too proud to adopt an alias, his name was so common that it never once occurred to me to identity him with the notorious "Steele Mystery" that had pervaded the newspapers a short time before. Well, after he had been four years in

And now, one year after his marriage, his second wife had been murdered in pre-

cisely the same manner as his first. I was a young solicitor, just commencing

practice, and zealously undertook his detence, though even I was somewhat appalled when the story of his first wife's tragic and mysterious death was raked up against clerk in the outer room. him ; for I could adduce no evidence in his favour.

He told me he had left the city at six, and walked home to Clapham as usual, arriving there about seven. He might have gone by train and arrived earlier for all I could prove to the contrary; and, it he was detective, in a chatty manner, as he enterguilty. he must have done so; for when the doctor was fetched at ten minutes past seven he found the woman had been shot know the prisoner personally, and I tell dead some twenty minutes before.

ached the house it was in darkness. Go- down?"

On being told he was out, I asked permission to write a note for him, and the landlady obligingly showed me into his room, which opened on the hall.

While she stood their watching me I could not profit by my success; so I kept progress downstairs.

The moment I was alone I tried the drawers of the table I was using, and tound revealed nothing but unimportant papers bearing the name of Carlos Cordeva, until from the back of one of them I drew out a revolver. A cursory glance showed me on a small cupboard by the fireplace.

The fly-leaves of most of these gave me only the name of Carlos Cordeva; but, at last, I found two bearing that of Jose Emanuel, over dates just prior to the first of the two murders.

I stayed to investigate no further. When the landlady returned, I handed her London, he married again-married a girl a note asking him to call on me at two on

I went at once to the detective who had charge of the case, and when he had heard my story and found the two bullets taken from the dead body fitted the two empty chambers of the revolver, he was inclined to think my theory worth investigation.

He met me next day, at the office I was using, leaving an assistant, seated like a

"When he comes," I said, "I will be gossiping to you of this murder, and you can see if he betrays himself at all. It may lead to something that will help us." Punctually at two Don Carlos was shown into the room, and I was saying to the

"I am interested because I happen to you he is perfectly innocent .-- I won't de-Steele's own story was, that when he | tain you a moment, senor. Will you sit

Then, according to instrucup at seven." tions, he took it to his governess for approval. The way her eyes dilated and her mouth opened made him feel rather uncomfortable, and he wondered whether anyone had been tampering with his literary productions.

"Got up !" she screamed, "got up ! You wretched boy ! Does the sun get up? No ! it rises." Very neatly she scratched out the barbarous words and made him write "rose at seven."

This settled Master Tom; no more mistakes of that kind for him again ! He spent the remainder of the day in semimisery thinking over his disgrace, and longing for the time to wipe it out by careful obedience to his governess's instructions. So on retiring for the night he wrote, with the air of a man who knew his business well, "Set at eight."

Where Knowledge is Power.

Dr. A .- What do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis?

Dr. B.-Not that, but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.

Some Consolation to Him.

Irate Passenger (who has managed to board a 'bus that didn't stop) ;- Suppose I'd slipped and lost a leg, then what? Conductor (kindly) :- You wouldn't have to do any more jumpin' then. We always stops for a man with a crutch.

BORN.

Woltville, Sept. 19, to the wife of M. W. Pick, a son. St. Marys, Sept. 18, to the wife of Thos. D. Parent, a Windsor, Sept. 11, to the wife of John Mattheson, a Truro, Sept. 18, to the wife of Rev. A. L. Geggie, Brenton, Aug. 23, to the wife of Edward Winter, Springhill, Sept. 8, to the wife of Philip Brine, Sussex, Sept. 16, to the wife of Albert Bonnell, Carleton, Sept. 25, to the wife of W. L. Harding, Springhill, Sept. 15, to the wife of H. A. McKnight, a son Sussex, Sept. 16, to the wife of Rupert Hunter, two Wolfville, Sept. 21, to the wife of Frank A. Dixon, Lunenburg, Sept. 15, to the wife of Chas. Schnare, Moncton, Sept. 19, to the wife of Clarence Estano, daughter Windsor, Sept. 13, to the wife of William Wilson, daughter Windsor, Sept. 14, to the wife of David Cochran, daughter Springhill, Sept. 9, to the wife of Rev. D. Wright, daughter Halifax, Sept. 17, to the wife of D. McMullen, daughter. Shediac, Sept. 14, to the wife of Albert Doiron, daughter. Shediac, Sept. 15, to the wife of Solomon Lavoie, daughter. Andrews, Sept. 18, to the wife of G. H. Lamb, daughter. Amherst, Sept. 17, to the wife of Daniel Teed, daughter. Wolfville, Sept. 15, to the wife of J. S. Dodd, a daughter. Fox River, N.S. Sept. 13, to the wife of George Allen, a daughter. Beaver Brook, Sept. 17, to the wife of John Mansfield, a daughter.

to Deliah Dickinson Carleion, Sept. 25, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Albert

Currie to Annie Dake Marvsville, Sept. 16, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, George Eno to Mary McIntyre.

Springhill, Sept. 15, by Rev. David Wright, Henry Rea to Rosa McCullum.

St. John, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Daniel Owens to Flora Maskel.

Harlem, Sept. 7, by Rev. G. D. Weaver, Charles Mullen to Myra Wagnor. Carleton, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. Sampson, William Gealet to Emma Gordon

St. John, Sept. 20, by Rev. T. Casey, Patrick Mc Meniman to Mary Collins. Keswick, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. K. King, William

Gallaheur to Minnie White.

St. John, Sept. 16, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Capt. J H. Myers to Maggie Welsh. Rawdon, N. S. Sept. 15, by Rev. J. Spencer, Jacob

Wellwood to Hattie Wilson Hillsboro, Sept. 7, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, W. H. Rogers to Mary M. Steeves.

Truro, Sept. 14, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, John S. Boomer to Lavinia Williams.

Carleton, Sept. 13, by Rev. J. J. O'Donovan, John Ward to Jennie J. Lenahan.

Black Brook, Sept. 19, by Rev. N. McKay, James N. Gillis to Trusilla O'Heron. Avondale, Sept. 14, by Rev. A. Campbell, Chas. P Kenny to Marietta McDonald.

Jacksonton, Sept. 20, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, David F. Alexander to Hattie Estey.

Truro, Sept. 19, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Amos B. Elliott to Stella B. McLauglin. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Jas. F. Mee-han to Elizabeth M. Rodgers.

New Glasgow, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. Raven, John H. Noiles to Clara E. Charman.

Fairville, Sept. 22, by Rev. D. Chapman, Walter Cooper to Sarah L. Townshend. Dartmouth, Sept. 20, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, George A. Sterns to Annie M. Wilson.

New Germany, N. S. Sept. 9, by Rev. Edward Parry Chas. W. Silver to Maria Kelly.

Halifax, Sept. 14, by Rev. H. B. Brown, Saul W Lambert to Rebecca J. Skinner.

St. John, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Thos. Hanlon to Emma S. Williamson.

St. John, Sept. 18, by Rev. James Burgess, Geo. R. Windsor, Sept. 15, to the wife of G. B. Dakin, a son. Jackson to Frances A. Whipple.

Dartmouth, Sept. 21, by Rev. Chas. Underwood, Geo. Morash to Matilda Naugle.

Kentville, N. S. Sept. 20, by Rev. W. P. Begg, Joshua Chase to Fannie Borden. Mount Pleasant, N. S. Sept. 20, by Rev. C. Munro,

George Hunter to Lucy A. King. Oak Bay, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Alex-

ander Blakeney to Annie M. Ross. Runnymede, Sept. 19, by Rev. Geo. Millar, Sherman M. Adams to Maggie R. Wheeler.

Dartmouth, Sept. 17, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, Geo-Himmelman to Mary Dunsworth.

Nictaux, N. S. Sep'. 13, by Rev. C. E. Pineo, War ren E. Roop to Mary A. Barteaux.

Bear River, Sept. 16, by Rev. Joseph Hale, William Winchester to Almira J. Blackford.

St Patrick, N. B. Sept. 12, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Albert Boyd to Hannah J. Johnson.

St. John, Sept, 20, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, H. K. T. Bartsch to Carrie M. Chamberlain. Hopewell Hill, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. H. Hughes, Thomas Dobson to Carrie J. Smith.

New Glasgow, Sept. 18. by Rev. Arch Bowman, Porter M. Brown to Kate Murphy.

Port Mulgrave, Sept. 22, by Rev. T. R. Gwillin, Thos. C. Irwin to Sarab M. Kinney.

Windsor, Sept. 20. by Rev. P. A. MacEwen, D. Welton Greenough to Florence Ells.

Springhhill, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. Chas. Wilson, Arthur Webster to Emily J. Parish.

Fredericton, Sept. 12, by Rev. W. H. Sherwood, Woodford Harper to Jennie Carleon.

Milltown, N. B. Sept. 9, by Rev. C. S. Wilder, Adoniram Johnson to Bella McLain.

Paradise West, N. S. Sept. 19, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, John I. Daniels to Eva Ruth Daniels. Woodstock, Sept. 6, by Rev. J. G. Harvey, Alex-

ander Rockwell to Jane Crandlemin

New Glasgow, Sept. 20, by Rev. Jas. Carruthers, T. Fred J. Armstrong to Angie Sullivan. Round Hil', Sept. 13, by Rev. Henry D. DeBlois, Eliezer Gillis to Minnie E. Medicraft.

Hartford, N. S. Sept. 14. by Rev. F. E. Beals, David V. Landers to Mrs. Ann Pierce. Young's Cove. Sept. 18, by Rev. R. W. J. Clements, Ansley W. Smith to Isabella Snodgrass.

Eight Island Lake, N. S. Aug. 19, Margaret Suther-land, wife of Hugh Polson, 64. Lakeville Corner, N. B. Sept. 12, by Rev. A. D.

Halifax, Sept. 19, Timothy Hayes, 90. Halifax, Sept. 18, Felix Belfontain, 22. Dufferin, Sept. 15, Michael Toomev, 49. Moncton, Sept. 16, Andrew Mitton, 73. Halifax, Sept. 20, William Grumley, 24. Fairville, Sept. 25, David A. Reed, 60. Rollingdam, Sept. 16, James Hewitt, 64. Golden Grove, Sept. 23, Sarah Scott, 79. Dufferin, Sept. 9, G. Osborne Young, 17, St. Stephen, Sept. 15, Eliza Kennedy, 76. Dartmouth, Sept. 20, Moses Johnson, 81. New Glasgow, Sept. 20, John McKay, 76. Newcastle, Sept. 19, Rupert Crocker, 32. Moncton, Sept. 23, Harvey A. Black, 30. Springhill, Sept. 16, Nancy C. Coleman, 59. Gage own, Sept. 13, Edward McMulkin, 79. Halifax, Sept. 19, Rev. E. E. B. Nichols, 72. Chatham, Sept. 15, Mrs. Catherine Lane, 65. Springhill, Sept. 2', Edgar Adams, 7 weeks. Rosette, N. S. Aug. 18, Thomas Menchin, 78. Westfield, N. B. Sept. 22, Geo. W. Elston, 49. Coldstream, Sept. 14, James H. Broderick, 83. Kouchibouguac, Sept. 11, Michael Grogan, 62. Economy, N.S. Sept. 14, Theodore Durning, 37. South Brook, N. S. Sept. 16, Luke W. Smith, 29. Truro, Nancy, widow of late William McKay, 79. Williamston, Sept. 17, wife of Sidney Crockett, 93. West La Have, N. S. Sept. 19, Joseph Pernette, 79. Port Hastings, C. B. Aug. 27, Willie Campbell, 17. Rockingham, N. S. Sept. 2, William G. Bower, 88. St. John, Sept. 25, Ann Jane, wife of John Day, 76. Halifax, Aug. 23, Lieut. General Jas. R. Gibbon, 72. Halifax, Sept. 10, Elizabeth, wife of Arthur Bailey. St. John, Sept. 25, Mary S., wife of W. C. Godsoe,

DIED.

St. John, Sept. 26, Martha, wife of Henry E. Dal-

Halifax, Sept. 20, Marie, widow of late Benj. Campbell. 73

Liverpool, Sept. 20, Margaret R., wife of John Put-

Milton, Sept. 15, Gussie, daughter of Mark LeBlane, 3 months

Halifax, Sept. 13, Russell, son of Jas. McLean, of

Barker's Point, N. B. Sept. 18, Capt. William A.

Melvern Square, N. S. Sept. 16, Rev. Nathaniel

Halifax, Sept. 20, Margaret, widow of late Patrick

Newport, Sept. 17, Mary A., daughter of Nelson

Weston, Sept. 7, Maria, widow of late Adonijah

Simonds, Sept. 20, Mary, widow of late Richard

Halifax, Sept. 19, Mary J, daughter of George and

Midgic, Sept. 18, Esther, widow of late Joseph

Parrsboro, Sept. 12, Mary Matilda, wife of William

Yarmouth, Sept. 11, Edith, daughter of Freeman and

Sydney Mines, C. B. Sept. 15, Alice, widow of late

St. David, Sept. 8, Elizabeth C., widow of late James Murphy, 62.

Chamcook, N. B. Sept. 20, Julia A., widow of late

Fredericton, Sept. 15. John A., son of John and Maggie Hughes, 18.

Fredericton, Sept. 18, Agnes M., daughter of Jos. S. and Linda L. Milligan.

Halifax, Sept. 22, Garret, son of late Thomas and

St. John, Sept. 21, George, son of John and late

Derby, N. B. Sept. 10, Willie, son of Christopher and

Wolfville, Sept. 14, Clarence, son of Thompson and

Silver Falls, Sept. 21, Mabel L., daughter of Samuel

St. John, Sept. 24, Lena S., daughter of Theodore

Windsor, Aug. 29, Florence, daughter of D. F. and

Little Ridgetown, Sept. 8, Lilla May, daughter of

Barker, 62

Vidito, 88

Barry, 76

Woolaver.

Crocker, 85

Beamish, 88.

Sarah O'Neill

Patterson,

Kirkpatrick

Isabella Trefry, 5

H. M. Lawlor, 7

William Wren, 79.

Catherine Kennedy, 24.

Catherine Beamish, 20

Ella Crocker, 3 months.

Frances Foot, 13 month

and Mary Creighton, 19.

and Elizabeth Nilsson, 21

Florence Esplin, 4 months.

John and Martha Bamford, 7

| as it opened for the first time in his life ing into the parlor, which was on the ground "It he is innocent," returned the detect- Fredericton, Sept. 19, to the wife of W. C. Crockett, McCully, Branilla Nash to Flora Holmes. Port La | La Tour, Sept. 12, Carrie, daughter of late |
|--|---|
| as it opened, for the mot interim the mot in the mot it has been the mot it has been the mot it has been the be | lbert and Sarah McGray, 15. |
| "Mr. George," he said timidly to the floor, he stumbled over something, and, ive, "I should like to know who is guilty." overseer, "how much will you pay me if I striking a match, saw it was the dead body "I'll tell you. The girl that Steele W. Brown, a son." | polis, Sept. 16, of consumption, Gennevieve, |
| find the most and had hear nestered in the to the the start of the sta | aughter of late Bernard Dowling. |
| martled nye years ago had been ported of his wife in Malcolm McPherson to Isabella McPhe | ton Settlement, N. B. Aug. 20, Myrtle, daugh- |
| "I have already told you, twenty cents," He had kept no servant, being a man of by a disappointed lover, who, when he T. Bulmer, a son. | er of W. D. and Annie Murray, 19. |
| and marriage, threat- North Sydney, C. B. Sept. 9, to the whe of D. W. Onslow, by Ray. J. H. Chase, assisted by Rev. Shelburn | urne, Sept. 18, of consumption, Elizabeth Mc- |
| tace worked indefatigably until night. The wife was alone in the house. The criminal, ened her with all sorts of mad and horrible Hoyt, a daughter. Homer Putnam, Edmund Lewis to Bessie Put- nam. Kenz | enzie, wife of Judson Gardner, 34. |
| and a later of the | ton, Sept. 20, of diphtheretic croup, Albert V. |
| change, paid the boy for his work and even and, known too, at what hour Steele himself, and dared him to marry the girl. Change, paid the boy for his work and even and, known too, at what hour Steele himself, and dared him to marry the girl. Loraville, Sept. 17, to the wife of William Brown, Loraville, Sept. 17, to the wife of William Brown, Rev. Canon Carmody, John P. Foley to M. Marysvil | |
| change, paid the boy for his work and even and, known too, at what hou botton He mas a passionate vindictive man: but a son and daughter. | sville, Sept. 6, Nettie May, adopted daughter f Lettie and Thos. Morrison, 5 months. |
| gave him twenty cents in advance, in order reached nome of an evening. It's the wild of Walter S. Dawson Settlement N. B. Sept. 6, by Rev. I. B. | hn, Sept. 26, Mary, wife of Jas. E. Stanton, and |
| to encourage him. bably gone to the door, and entered imme- they treated his threats as jealous ravings, Rossway, N. S. Sept. 12, to the whe of the o | angehter of John and late Mary A Bardelay |
| That night Monkey-face was again diately it was opened to him, taking his and even before they were married he Dorchester, Sept. 7, to the wife of Hon. H. R. Dawson. | leton, Sent. 11. Marcia, wife of Whitman |
| I Nictany, N. S. Sept. 10, DV Rev. U. D. Fillou assister in a manage of torong her helplessive in a manage of torong her | uggles, and daughter of Emerson Illsley, of |
| fish noddler want to the factory the next before him into the narior where he had "A year later side was in storiously show Diligent River, N. S. Sept. 20, 10 the wile of 9. At | akevile, N. S., 28. |
| evening, lay in wait for hum, and dragged shot her, quitting the house but shortly be- dead, and suspicion fell on the husband. McPherson, a daughter. | |