HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"My dear Rose," Mrs. Buchanan had said to her son's bride-elect, when the young people were in the first flush of their happiness as an engaged couple, wou are sure you will not mind my continuing to reside with William after your marriage.

What could the girl say but "yes"? She was only twenty, and the great question of the mother-in-law had never entered her head. As an orphan, living with an old bachelor uncle, she was not likely to know much about the posible

trials in store for her. To be sure, her uncle litted his eyebrows and looked very wise when he heard about it; but he did not say anything: the matter had been settled. Rose would gain little by disagreeing with her beloved's mother before such disagreement became unavoidable. To the bachelor uncle it seemed well that even young women should fight their own battles, especially when the antagonists were women like themselves.

Mrs. Buchanan's son was not half so strong-minded as his mother. The old lady had ruled him as a bachelor with a rod of steel. She meant to continue her reign, and, of course, extend it to Rose an went blue and red and yellow in the herself, the domestic (they could only afford to start with one little ignoramus of a damsel), and even the babies, with which, no doubt, Providence would bless the establishment.

Still, young Buchanan looked a little shy when he heard of the contract so subtly gained by his mamma.

"Are you sure it will be for the best, sweetheart?" he enquired of Rose. It was scarcely a time for judicious

thought or action. "She is your mother, dear William," was

the admirable reply. "That is enough for me. I will be as good a daughter to her as you have been a son

William said "Hum!" to this; but the fond caress with which he acknowledged the confiding girl's avowal of her entire affection for him, and eagerness to devote herself to his and his mother's interests, gave no chance to any scruples about her conduct to take root in Rose's innocent young

And so the marriage duly took place, and Mrs. Buchanan raised her voice in loud lamentation as the carriage drove away to the railway station.

No one knew why she made such a fuss

Mr. Cartrex, the old bachelor uncle, shrugged his shoulders, and, on pretence of his health, withdrew, as did the other guests, leaving the curious lady alone with her pocket-handkerchief on the doorstep. She speedily re-entered after them, and showed signs of fainting, which were with came plaintive. difficulty checkmated by three glasses of sherry in quick succession. Eventually trying in vain to enjoy a very tough fowl, she went to her home, the expense of which still rose tinted as to its flesh; "I cannot she was now to be spared.

The fact was that Mrs. Buchanan enjoyed an income of £200 a year, and yearned to save the greater part of it. If she could do this and also ke p her mind in a state of activity by controlling the young couple over whom she meant to exercise an efficient sway, she decided that she still had some chance of remaining a happy woman.

With characteristic wisdom she had arranged the pecuniary terms of her residence with her son and his wife before their

"I have the poorest appetite in the world, child," she had said to Rose. "Would it seem to you enough if I paid one pound weekly for my board with you? I suppose I shall eat a third of the value in

Rose had promptly said that any monetary consideration that satisfied Mrs. Buchan would, of course, satisfy her and

"Very well, child; then it is settled," was the rejoinder, with a heartfelt sigh.

When William heard of this he did not positively demur; but he hinted that, though his mamma had a poor appetite (according to her own admission), she usually made the most of it; and further, that she was not very easily pleased by ordinary cooking.

"I don't know, darling, how you and Anna Maria will manage it; but she sent two of our maids away in brisk succession last year for spoiling the day's dinner."

This was close upon their wedding-day. Rose could afford then to laugh at this possible picture of discord in their own little house. She laughed so heartily and made so light of her impending trials that William was fain to fancy he took too serious a view of the future.

He was less sure, however, when, upon their return from the honeymoon, they found Mrs. Buchanan's own arm-chair in the place of honour in their little drawingroom, and were greeted in the hall by the querulous moanings of her favorite cat, which had submitted to a change of residence with a very ill grace.

However for a week matters went on with fair smoothness.

Mrs. Buchanan openly praised Anna Maria's endeavors for her comfort.

"What you would do without her, my love," she confided to Rose, "I cannot conceive; for naturally you yourself are entirely ignorant of domestic concerns."

She made remarks like this three or four times in the week-in the presence of Anna Maria, thereby winning the most cordial regard of the little handmaid, who had not very much sense in her eighteen-

year-old cranium. ialities. She and she alone was responsible for most of the "comforts" which seemed to kindle her mother-in-law into amiability. She had not taken her lessons in cookery to no purpose.

A month passed. William was now convinced that some-

thing was wrong somewhere. His little wife had developed a horizontal wrinkle on her brow, and at times there was a look in her eyes that worried him. It was odd, however, that, coinciphysician's lap, with both arms twined dent with this change in Rose, had come a about his neck, while her nephew was change both in Mrs. Buchanan and Anna groping about the room with his eyes

The former now held her head high, as she had been wont in the old days, and her voice rang in the house like no other voice. Her face, too, was wreathed in bland smiles, which told of the satisfaction she felt in this

assurance of her new sway. As for Anna Maria, when she gossiped with the milkman, the butcher's boy, and nice ?"-New York Herald. others, if she mentioned her "missus," she referred to Mrs. Buchanan and not to

But Rose said nothing. Only in her "It was. He put up three stove pipes in sighs of gladness, when she could lay her one day without swearing.

head on her husband's shoulder without being immediately scrutinized through her mother-in-law's gold-rimmed glasses, was there aught to declare even interentially that a screw was loose in the household. When another month had passed the

scales tell from the eyes of husband and wife simultaneously. "We must do something," said William. 'It isn't as it mamma was destitute. She

could live comfortably anywhere." The young wife acknowledged these delightful words with a caress that embold-

ened William yet further. "And it isn't a bit of good trying to argue her out of her determinations. I know my mother-the best of women (bar one)

but dreadfully resolute." "What can we do then, dear?" inquired the girl pathetically. "I do love her, more in a house of her own.'

"Quite so, Rose; that is just how I look at it. We must think. As one result of their subsequent conferdenly dismissed with a month's wage in her pockets.

A frightful storm ensued. Mrs. Buchanface, all in five minutes. Then she pretended to faint, but Rose had learned what She put the smelling-salts into her mother-

soon over after that. "I shall do the work myself in future," said Rose, when she was ironically questioned about her intentions.

"In tuture!"

"Yes, if I can, I wish to become practised housekeeper under the best of spurs (as you, dear mamma, have called it) - necessity."

"Really— that is very interesting. And your poor husband—how will he survive it, do you suppose?" "William will dine at the club a little

more often, until I have gained experience-that is the only difference it will After this passage of arms, in which Rose by her honest ingenuousness, came off much the better, there was a truce

for two or three days. But Mrs. Buchanan's manner (of which Rose took no notice, which made it worse) showed how rage smouldered in her. The dinners were really very discredit-

able to Rose. She could hardly have cooked them worse. In fact, she tried to serve them up as shockingly as possible, and the teeble words of apology with which she set the blackened or half-roasted joints upon the table were like quassia root to Mrs Buchanan. This lady at length be-

"I cannot," she exclaimed one day, after bear this much longer.

Her tavorite cat mewed piteously in responsive agreement with her mistress's

It was wonderful how well William carried himself during this crisis. Of course, Mrs. Buchanan complained to him about her sufferings, but he bravely confessed that he could find no fault with his wife for her plucky wrestle with the problems of do-

The end soon came.

Mrs. Buchanan daily ate farinaceous food at her dinner in one form or another, and her cat was wont to share it with her-

It was Wednesday. The three days earlier in the week had been devoted to a dismal piece of beef, for the final departure of | fore him. which Mrs. Buchanan was truely thankful. "Do, my dear," she had said almost tenderly to her daughter-in-law, "try and give us something nice to-day.'

Rose smiled sweetly, and went about her

But at dinner time a red leg of aged mutton appeared. It was pitiable to see Mrs. Buchanan's agony as she tackled it. "Have you quite finished, dear?" asked

was removed, to be succeeded by a prettylooking pudding of rice, or something of the kind, very nicely browned.

"I hope you will like this," said Rose; but I can't think why it has not thickened." Mrs. Buchanan helped herself bounti-

"Hominy, I see," she remarked; "and you know how I dislike it."

"Indeed I did not," was the quick reply. "I tound it in a can of your own, and thought it a pity to waste it." A scream from Mrs. Buchanan at this

moment sent the cat bounding away in alarm. She dropped her spoon "Whatever is it, you wicked girl?" she cried, spluttering shamefully. "Oh-ugh!" "Good gracious, mamma, is it not hom-

iny? I will run and fetch the tin." "Plaster of Paris!" moaned Mrs. Buchanan, when she recognized her property. "This is the end. I shall leave the house tomorrow. Send for the doctor at

The doctor only laughed. Mrs. Buchanan was as good as her word, and Rose and her husband began the felicity of their married life in earnest.

Such a Nice Game.

A young physician of this city is engaged to a very estimable young lady and is permitted to visit her three times a week. The mother of the young lady is possessed Rose could afford to smile at these triv- of a very strongly developed sense of propriety and does not believe in familiarity, particularly kissing before marriage. She therefore arranged to have her little nephew with her on these visiting days to keep guard over the decorum of the young people in the drawing room while she at-

tended to her household duties. Now, it happened during one of these visits that mamma desired to speak to her daughter and entered the room abruptly. She was amazed to see her seated on the tightly bandaged with the young man's

"Doctor !" the angry woman exclaimed, 'what does this mean ?" But before the embarrassed couple could

reply her nephew answered: Why, auntie, he's teaching me to play

blind man's bluff. Don't you think it's

"It must have been settled very suddenly that he should study for the ministry."

GEN. ROSSER'S ROMANCE.

How a Rival in Love and War Outwitted the Gallant Raiders.

Gen. Thos. L. Rosser, who made such a gallant fight against Col. O'Ferrall, was one of the bravest and most dashing cavalry officers in the Confederate service, as handsome as he was brave, and as adept in the art of flirtation as he was skilled in the tactics of war. Among his numerous engagements his raid on Beverly, W. Va., has lingered the longest in his memory, not so much because of the raid itself as of its denouement.

In the wee sma' hours of a certain night in January, 1862, a party of Union officers were indulging in the pleasures of a ball in the little town all unaware that the dashing Rosser with his cavalry was riding fast up-William; but I should love her so much on them. As they entered the town they made straight for the hall, which was the only lighted building at that time of night, and they went, too, with the din of exploding firearms and the blood-curdling Conences on the subject, Anna Maria was sud- tederate yell. Gen. Rosser was riding at the head of his column and just before they reached the hall, where consternation reigned equal to that that Byron tells about in 'Belgium's Capital," he saw a lady and gentleman run across the street in tront of his advancing column and disthe good lady's swooning fits meant. appear in a house, but in the excitement of the capture and the confiscation of such in-law's hand and left her. The fit was stores as he could not take with him they were not pursued.

About 9 o'clock that morning a mulatto boy brought him a note from Mrs. Blank asking the favor of his company to breakfast. He knew that meant a rebel sympathizer, so he wrote a courtly acceptance, although he was suffering from a slight wound which he had received during the melee. Mrs. Blank was a lovely white-haired old lady of the Southern type, while her daughter-ab!-was simply exquisite, and captivated without delay the heart of the young cavalryman, Girls were not different then than they are now, and given these romatic surroundings what more natural than a very pronounced flirtation.

But the orderlies kept running in for instructions, and as Gen. Rosser's annoyance was noticeable, the young lady suggested that they go upstairs to "mother's room" and leave the mulatto boy to say he was engaged. Well the time of his stay was short; Union forces were gathering and the Confederates must leave that night. Vows of love and undying constancy were exchanged, and it was with a sadly shattered heart that the doughty young General Halifax, Nov. 30, by Rev. Father Forbes, James M. marched away a few hours later.

At the close of the war he went to Baltimore, where he was made Superintendent of the Water Works. One night at the hotel a friend introduced him to a Captain Brown, who on hearing his name laughed outright. General Rosser is at all times a gentleman, and naturally he resented such treatment. He could not smiling at him, and finally he burst out

"Well, sir, may I ask you what there is in my appearance to cause your laughter?" "Certainly, General," was the friendly reply. "If you will step away from these gentlemen I will tell you .

When they were beyond ear shot he "Did you lead a raid on Beverly, W.

Va., in January, 1862?"

"You took breakfast with Mrs. Blank that "Yes," was General Rosser's astonished reply, for he could not place the man be-

"Well, didn't you go up into 'mother's room' with Miss Blank, and didn't you

make desperate love to her? "I did, but how in thunder do you happen to know all about it. ?" "Oh, I was under the bed."

He was the officer who had crossed the street with Miss Blank, and after seeing her to a place of safety, found his own escape cut off. So, unknown to the family, he returned to the house, and by a rear en-Silence gave consent; and the horror trance gained her mother's room and hid under the bed, where he staid until the Union reinforcements came - [Washington Post.

How Plants Travel.

The manner in which some plants travel is peculiar. A certain weed was transferred to an Antarctic island in the mound clinging to a spade, and soon became common. Birds carry seeds in the clay which sticks to their feet; sheep and other | Middlefield, Nov. 26, Charles Demon. animals in their hair; and few things are more common than the dispersion of edible plants by birds and beasts. The struggle for existence between the native and the alien flora is, on a small scale, as remarkable as the same process in the case of men. In the end the struggling tends to right itself, for the prolific growth of the alien species on favorable ground leads to severe internal competition, and after the earth is drained of the substances which they specially require, they die a natural death, while the native plants, which were temporarily banished, recover their position. Many instances are quoted of heavy crops of foreign weeds one year, being followed by total disappearance the next.

BORN.

Sackville, Nov. 19, to the wife of John H. Carter, Halifax, Nov. 27, to the wife of Frederick O'Neil,

Parrsboro, Nov. 17, to the wife of Henry Morse, a Fredericton, Nov. 29, to the wife of P. C. Manzer, a Rockport, Nov. 29, to the wife of Luther King, a

Paradise, Nov. 26, to the wife of John Salsarian, a

Halifax, Nov. 24, to the wife of Nicholas Rhuder, a Sackville, Nov. 29, to the wife of Pacifique Cormier' Sackville, Nov. 25, to the wife of William Wry, a

DeBert, Nov. 21, to the wife of W. B. Johnson, a Sussex, Nov. 23, to the wife of Robert Morrison, a

Halifax, Nov. 20, to the wife of Owen P. Hill, a daughter. Truro, Nov. 19, to the wife of C. W. Kelly, a

Halifax, Nov. 26, to the wife of Thomas R. Hyland, Beach Hill, Nov. 21, to the wife of Robert Henry Ogden, a daughter.

West Bay, N. S., Nov. 18, to the wife of William Russell, a daughter. Paradise West, Nov. 26, to the wife of Robert Sabeans, a daughter.

Moose River, N. S., Nov. 28, to the wife of Ben-jamin Roberts, a son. St Peter's Bay, P. E. I , Nov. 12, to the wife of Dr. McLauchlan, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Maron, Nov. 21, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, A. L. West Nictaux, Nov. 29, by Rev. C. E. Pineo, Albert Mor

Oxford, Nov. 29, by Rav. C. Munroe, George Brown-ell to Jennie Dunbac. Wolfville, Nov. 17, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Arthur Crowell to Ida E. Best. Shelburne, Nov. 29, by Rev. D. Farquhar, O. T. Daniels to Mary Muir.

St. John, Nov. 23, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, Thomas Bain to Josephine Otty. Halifax, Nov. 29, by Rev. Father Daly, John F. Walsh to Maggie James Sackville, Nov. 27, by Rev. Father L'Abbe, Mac Boudreau to Celia Allen St. John, Nov. 22, by Rev. I. E. Ingram, Robert

Beers to Margaret Haley. Wolfville, Nov. 10, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, David Carver to Esther Shaver. Springhill, Nov. 29, by Rev. E. E. England, Angus Fraser to Clara L. Moss.

Truro, Nov. 27, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Frederick A. Casson to Fannie Parsons. Rockville, Nov. 29, by Rev. A. M. Hubley, W. H. McFarland to Delia Dole. Woodstock, Nov. 23, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Walter Windser, Nov. 22, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Philip Knowles to Amy Redden.

Halifax, Nev. 30, by Rev. John McMillan, Isaiah Mosher to Mary J. Noller. Yatmouth, Nov. 28, by Rev. S. K. West, Norman Sweeney o Mabel Lorrey. Moncton, Nov. 28, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Arthur Elliott to Lavania Steeves. Napan, Nov. 22, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, Alexander Cameron to Ella Galloway.

Chatham, Nov. 16, by Rev. D. Forsyth, Charles Walker to Carrie Cherry. . John, Nov. 20, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Harry A Macaulay to Ida McKnight. St. John, Nov. 29, by Rev. G. Bruce, William W. Patterson to Ada I. Bennett. Milford, Nov. 29, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Burton Lawson to Annie C. Annand. St. John, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. J. Walsh, George T. Magee to Katherine Hanlon.

Gay's River, Nov. 29, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Andrew Killough to Emma J. Ogilvie. Oxford, Nov. 22, by Rev. E. C. Corey, Ralph Thompson to Margaret Kelly. Truro, Nov. 29, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Archibald Mc. Cullough to Fannie McMull Charlottetown, Nov. 27, by Rev. D. B. Reid, Thomas B. Riley to Annie Koughan.

Digby, Nov. 23, by Rev. Mr. Prestwood, Boyd McNeil to Annie VanBlarcom. Preston, N. S., Nov. 29, by Rev. H. H. Johnson, Peter Clayton to Sarah Thomas. Kentville, Nov. 21, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, William H. Fuller to Mrs. Grace Munro Antigonish, Nov. 30, by Rev. Dr. McDonald, Alex McNeil to Marcella McDonald. Florenceville, Nov. 24, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Elias Ketch to Mamaree Banks.

St. John, Nov. 29, by Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, G. S. Cosman to Theresa Wanamake.

Dartmouth. Nov. 21, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Benjamin Penny to Bridget Purcell. Cunningham to Susie M. Fidler. Maugerville, Nov. 27, by Rev. Mr. Kierman, Thomas J. Cafferty to Blanche Mahoney. Fairville, Nov. 29, by Rev. Father Collins, Law-rence O'Neill to Mary O'Connor. Fredericton, Nov. 22, by Rev. O. P. Rees, William Rainsford Boone to Alma Haines. Fredericton, Nov. 22, by Rev. William McDonald, John B. Moore to Emily J. Boone. Hartland, Nov. 22, by Rev. Geo. M. Young, Web-

ster L. Keith to Emma D. Matheson look at the man but what he caught him | Hantsport, Nov. 22, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, William F. Corben to Maud Wilson. Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 29, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Samuel McFetridge to Agnes J. Cox. Et, John, Nov. 29, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, John N. Golding, Jr., to Georgia R. Rootes mmerside, P. E I., Nov. 22, by Rev. W. Maggs, H. J. McGowan to Mary A. Simmons. North Sydney, Nov. 26, by Rev. D. J. McIntosh, Francis Gouthro to Mary A. McMillan. Amherst, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Jeremiah Embree to Mrs. Lizzie Allen.

St. John, Nov. 29, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, William H. Sullivan to Lizzie A. Rennick. Yarmouth, Nov. 23, by Rev. Trueman Bishop, Frank D. Crosby to Jennie N. Wyman. Herring Cove, N. S., Nov. 28, by Rev. Father Grace, Sylvester Beazley to Lydia Reno. Fredericton, Nov. 22, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Margeson Mesereau to Annie B. Adams.

Debec, N. B., Nov. 28, by Rev. F. L. Carney, George Carvill to Margaret Frances Fogarty. Lower Onslow, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. H. Chase, John Austin Campbell to Mary Eva Hamilton. Windsor, Nov. 28, by the venerable Archdeacon Weston-Jones, George J. Troop to Mabel Jean

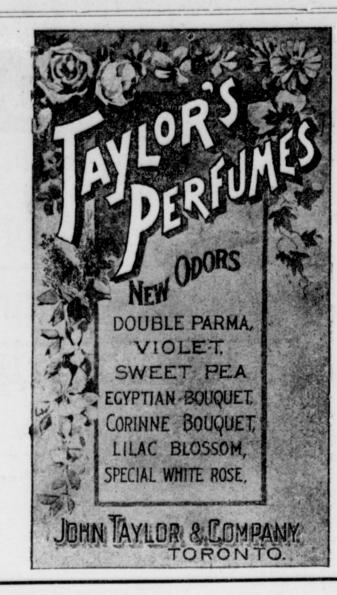
Ship Harbor, N. S., Nov. 23, by Rev. Jas. Rosborough, Edward Lewis Pycpe to Alice E.

Stellarton, N. S., Nov. 23. by Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, Clarence H. McPherson to Elizabeth elburne, Nov. 29, by Rev. D. White, assisted by Rev. W. S. H. Morris, Hersert H. Banks to Mary Alice Muir.

Hampton, Nov. 27, by Rev. Father Bryne, assisted by Rev. Fathers McMurray and Collerette, John Bryne to Delia W. Desmond. Charlottetown. Nov. 27, by his Lordship Bishop McDonald, assisted by the Rev. D. B. Reid, James Handrahan to Adeline Hunter.

DIED.

Halifax, Nov. 25, Robert Fox, 44. St. John, Nov. 26, Katie Irvine, 33. Grand Pre, Dec. 1, John S. Simon, 46. Sackville, Nov. 27, Fred McConnell, 8. Moneton, Nov. 29, Mrs. Jane Ward, 53. Midgic, Nov. 22, William Anderson, 72 Charlottetown, Nov. 21, Mary Power, 80. St. Stephen, Nov. 27, John R. Crocker, 72. Shelburne, Dec. 1, Mrs. H. B. Hallett, 81. Bridgetown, Nov 26, Herbert J. Banks, 33. Charlottetown, Nov. 26, George Lawson, 77. Halifax, Nov. 30, Mrs. Maria Thompson, 82. Millstream, Nov. 26, Annie M. Patterson, 30. St. Stephen, Nov. 23, Archibald McBride, 73. Bridgeport, Nov. 23, Vincent McCormick, 19. Albert, Nov. 29, Mrs. William Williamson, 48. Dalhousie, Dec. 1, Sheriff William Phillips, 50. Pictou, Nov. 26, Andrew McG. Barton, of Halifax. Macknaquack, N. B , Nov. 27, Mrs. Frederick Long. New Horton, N, B., Nov. 24, Charles S. Turner, 51. St. John, Nov. 28, of heart disease, Moses Ramsey, Berwick, Nov. 26, Victor, son of Isaiah J. Shaw Steam Mill Village, N. S., Dec. 1, Andrew Webster,





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Halifax, Nov. 27, Annie, wife of Alfred G. Cunning-Halifax, Nov. 26, Nettie Phillips, wife of William

Bathurst, Nov. 23, John, son of the late Robert St. John, Nov. 26, Mar, daughter of Edward Farren, 21. Chatham, Nov. 26, Sarah, widow of the late Simon Nowlan, 79.

Halifax, Nov. 23, Eliza, widow of the late Edward Halifax, Nov. 28, Ann, widow of the late William Crouchville, Dec. 1, John Thomas, son of Henry

Upham, Nov. 29, Michael, son of Andrew and Kate Truro, Nov. 23, of consumption, Frank, son of Sam Blue Mountain, Nov. 26, Laura McLean, wife of D. P. McPhee, 19.

St. John, Nov. 26, Henry Urbin, son of Thomas and Mary Carroll, 6. Amberst Hill, Nov. 29, Job Coates, son of the late Charlottetown, Nov. 26, Harold Herbert, son of

St. John, Nov. 27, Mildred, daughter of Samuel and St. John, Nov. 18, Harry Y., son of Samuel H. and Bessie C. Clark, 2. South Berwick, N. S., Nov. 24, of consumption, Nathan Taylor, 47.

Dartmouth, Nov. 23, Isabel, widow of the late Joseph Ogilvie, 64. St. John, Dec. 2, Edna, daughter of Rev. J. W. and Emma A. Clarke, 14. Nashwaaksis, Nov. 26, Milne, son of Lorenzo and

Mary Yerza, 4 months.

Hopewell, Nov. 20. Jessie McKay, widow of the late Donald McLean, 19. Halifax, Nov. 25, of heart disease, Frank, son of the Northfield, N. S., Nov. 26, George Francis, son of John and Alice Caddell, 3.

St. John, Dec. 4, the Hon. John Boyd, Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, 68. St. John, Nov. 27, of dipthevia, James Walter, son of James and Lillie Gillin, 5. St. John, Nov. 19. of diphtheria, Leo Harold, son of James and Lillie Gillin, Rusiagornis. Nov. 22, of consumption, Elizabeth, wife of William Whittaker, 27.

St. John, Nov. 29, of consumption, Euzabeth, widow of the late Nathaniel Frizel, 48. St. John, Nov. 28. Ida B., daughter of G. B. and Amanda F. Wallace, 7 months. Silver Falls, Nov. 27, Berton Samuel, son of Samuel and Mary Creighton, 21.

St. John, Dec. 4, Joseph Harold, infant son of Capt. P. M. and Tilly R. James, 5 days. Central Royalty, P. E. I., Nov. 26, Isabella Mc-Laren, wife of Andrew Duncan, 72. St. John, Dec. 3, of whooping cough, Elvah, daughter of Thomas and Bertha McMurray, 2.

Charlottetown, Nov. 23, Alberta Jane, daughter of William and Lavinia Anderson, 2 months. Fairville, Dec. 3, Melissa P., daughter of Leonard Woodworth, and wife of A. W. Ferris, 53. St. George, Nov. 27, of whooping cough, Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of Captain Alexander and Elia Mahany, 1.

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