#### THE LOST BRIDE.

There was a great crowd in the hall. Everybody was talking in a high key, and the orchestra in the back parlor was fairly convulsing itself in the throes of a pot-

At the top of the stairs was the bride. She was a symphony in lavender. She was not a conventional girl, perhaps, but in the matter of wedding garments she had felt bound to tollow precedent, and she had looked so irresistibly charming that nobody who saw her could believe for a moment that a "going away" gown should be anything but lavender.

They made way for her on the stairs, and for the groom, with a tan colored overcoat on his arm, behind her. The women began kissing the bride, who submitted with flushed cheeks and dancing eyes. One or two elderly men near the door came in for a kiss, too. The groom was shaking hands with everybody, the young men all yelling "Good-by, old fellow!" as it the groom were 60 instead of 24.

For a time it was almost impossible to get the front door open in the crush, and when at last they got the couple out on the steps twenty handfuls of rice haled upon the retreating figures. A fresh chorus of giggling and shouts of "Good-by," and the coach door slammed and the Watterson wedding had begun to be a matter

They reached the station at 10:45. In tilteen minutes they were rolling away in a the station master. drawing-room car. The bride could still teel the sting of the rice on her neck-a grains tell to the floor, and the groom | cency to notify the time-table covertly scanned the car to see whether the tell-tale sign had been detected.

Charming innocence! As if rice grains were required to advertise the obviously just-married condition of this radiant pair!

different. But the bride had 500 things | cab of a snorting locomotive. she wished to say, and so they got to talkjacketed porter came along.

groem in an inexplicable way.

else, and went back into his den. sort of harmony with the solemn rumble devil.' of the wheels. Her gloved hand had fallen into the nearest of his. The pressure | Merrill. he gave it contained the essense of a mighty embrace. There was nobody to see if their heads came very close together. Suddenly the groom sat upright and darted at the inside pocket of his sack coat.
Great Scott!" he gasped; "I torgo, to tell the baggageman about that satchel."

She said no more, but there was a world

of distress in the tone. I shall telegraph for it in the morning,"

you know that we can't go anywhere with-

out the satchel." Charlie. The train slowed up at a station. "I will step off and get the station man to telegraph back, and we can have it by the midnight train.'

She did not object in words, but she half grasped his arm as he started for the door. In a moment she could see him crossing the dim platform. It came into if he should get left at the station. Her impatience developed into agony when it began to appear that the train would soon start again. She knew it was silly, but she got up and went to the door. One or two passengers were getting on. Then he asked. the porter climbed up with the stool used as a mounting step. Plainly, she thought, Charlie was going to be left behind. She stepped out on the platform and caught added. the vestibule door.

"Excuse, me, madam," said the porter, "but the train is going."

husband is over there."

to her. With no satchel and husband it at a walk-a pace that made the sweat seemed simply absurd to stay on the train. start on Merrill's temples. She would not stay on the train.

The wheels were already moving when she eluded the porter and sprang to the platform. As she ran across the platform to where the stationmaster's light was glaring | tion of the author. It began to be a comher Lusband, who had hurriedly mounted fort that the Gibbs contract only extended into the room and sitting on its haunches the steps at the other end of the car, was to Mandy's. At the sickening rate of the in their midst. wandering in some perplexity through the Gibbs horse the bridegroom calculated aisle. Could he be in the wrong car? No, that he would reach the bride at about 6. here was her little traveling fan.

The porter came over. "Did you see the lady, sir? She was horse at Mandy's. afraid you would get left, sir.'

Charlie Merril rushed for the platform. But the vestibule doors were locked and the train was under good headway. At a still slower pace Merrill concluded that that moment life began to seem a melodrama to poor Merril.

"When do we reach the next station?"

he asked of the porter.

"At twelve, sir," was the answer. Hill seemed longer than to wait at a table horse. The sky had become overcast. d'hote. Merril occupied the time with more or less torturing speculation as to what the Gibbs. Merrill mentally remarked that not been left behind, and that they had him been separated by another and ridiculous cessary arrangements at the station from the horse and buggy in the barn back of Moncton, Nov. 3), to the wife of Fred LeBlanc, a which they had started. He pictured her the village store. "Giles," said Gibbs to despair at the separation, and then he tried the head that appeared at a window, "this Charlottetown. P.E. I.. Nov. 30, to the wife of J. T. to think that the whole thing was comic, gentleman wants to get to Pittston. Have but did not succeed very well in the effort. you got a horse y' can let him have?" He could come to no conclusion as to what | "Wasl, I dunno," responded Giles. she would do. She might have taken the "Got to go south with the mare at 6."

midnight train and followed him if she had been supplied with money to buy a ticket. As it was he did not see that she could do anything more than wait for him to come back for her, as she must know that he

Merril found that there was a train from Silver Hill back to the station of the mishap a few minutes after 12. He could reach the girl, he calculated, soon atter Hill in a fever of impatience. The north- splintered the shaft of the buggy. ern train was due in a quarter of an hour. Merrill hunted up the station master, without thinking it necessary to say anything the soft clay. But when he heard a proabout a wedding; yet he fancied that the testing snort from Giles he turned about the matter that might look as if he suspect- man's hand. For an hour he struggled on ed a sentimental side to the case.

thing. He did not wish to delay for the gave him instructions to keep to the left it there should be one.

midnight, and put her on that train." of relief that was adruptly terminated by something in the look of the station master

"The midnight does not stop here!" said

Merrill was ready to faint. His bride would be carried through to Pittston with- tive. It was the train he might have comvery pretty neck, encircled by a narrow out him. "How soon can I follow that fortably taken if he had kept out of the ribbon of lavender velvet. When the train?" he said, as if with some expectation Gibbs contract. groom took off his silk hat several white that the station master might have the de-

The station master looked commiseratingly at him as he replied:

"The next train stopping at Pittston is

Merrill sat down on the nearest bench. Most of the car had been made up as a He could not think. The situation had be- boy said pointing through a side road. sleeper, and only three human beings were come absolutely stupefying. He would visible in unmade up sections. These not be able to reach his wife for over six not so easy to find. The bob-tail charitably feigned to regard the new pass- hours. What would become of her in car with a sad horse hove in sight engers as in no wise exceptional, and did that dreadful interval? And how could at the end of seven minutes. That not appear to be taking very much notice he live during such a ghastly period of this could be going direct to the station waiting? Merrill made up his mind that seemed to Merrill too good to be true. When the train conductor, and after he simply could not stand the torture of He twice asked the driver about the station, him the Pullman conductor had been around such protracted uncertainty. He would and was twice assured that the station was to collect the tickets, and the groom had have liked to hire a special train. Prople at the end of the route. for the first time performed that interesting | had done such things. Perhaps all of his | Merrill was on the platform of the car function of introducing to the world, as it | honeymoon money would hire an engine to | when the station became visible. He were, himself and wite, the pair tried to carry him to Pittston. He fancied him- rushed madly into the waiting-room. No settle back in the soft seat and appear in- self riding madly across the country in the bride was in sight. Nor could be see any

Pretty soon he abandoned this thought "Make up the section, sir?" said the but Gibbs, and were very uncertain of him ing to him. porter, with what might be called an invis- at that hour. After fifteen minutes delay Gibbs was found in a bar-room half a mile "N-no,' said the groom, trying not to from the station. At first Gibbs wouldn't that is looking for the lady who-who was appear startled, "we are only going as far drive anybody anywhere for anything. Then he compromised by saying that he The porter looked for a moment as if wouldn't drive anybody to Pittston, at he disapproved of Pittston or of something | which Merrill took hope. "The fact is," said Gibbs, "that I haven't a horse that'll Her eyelids were red. As the bridegroom, For half an hour their low talk kept in a stand it. You want to be driven like the

Gibbs shook his head. Then he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll drive you to Mandy's that's twenty miles, and you can get something at Mandy's for the other ten miles. I'll do that for \$25."

"It's a bargain," said Merrill, "it you'll

hump yourself and hump that horse.' The "midnight" went shricking by them as the horse was getting down to a stiff trot. Merrill stared gloomily at the muffled "sleepers," knowing that the heroine was being carried away from him by the thun-"But, Charlie," she protested, "don't dering train. Gibb's horse was a good stepper, but Gibbs did not seem to be pressing him. After they were fairly start-A deep gloom began to settle about ed Gibbs admitted that the horse had been driven rather bard the day before, and that he eouldn't afford to be harsh with him. As it was, he did not intend to bring him

back from Mandy's until daylight. When about half the distance had been

accomplished, Gibbs suddenly said: "I guess you had better let me have some of that money. Of course I don't know you her thought that it would be a real tragedy | and this is a pretty job. The horse is acting mighty queer, and I'm not sure this racket won't do him up.'

To Merrill there dia'nt seem to be much "Are you afraid you won't get me there?

"I'll get you there," returned Gibbs.

Merrill gave him ten dollars. "The fitteen when we get there," he

Then the horse began to get lame. Gibbs muttered an oath, stopped the horse, and got out. Merrill saw that he was looking "I know it," gasped the girl, "and my at the hoofs for a stone. Evidently he didn't find nothing of the kind. The The situation was grotesquely terrible limp continued, and Gibbs kept the beast Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn.

Merrill wondered it ever a bridegroom was in such a plight before. If he had read of such a thing in a book he would have impatiently condemned the exaggera-A. M., which seemed like a preposterous thought. There could not be a worse

Merrill twice asked Gibbs how much further they had to go, but as Gibbs each time seemed to allow the horse to walk at | Halifax, Dec. 5, to the wife of George Jackson, a it would be unsafe to say another word.

stopped. It was 2:45 o'clock "I guess we'll have to leg this," said Gibbs, "it we ever want to get there." At the top of the Merrill dropped into a seat in grotesque | hill Gibbs told Merrill to get in, but himdespair. The twenty-five minutes to Silver | self continued walking at the head of the "Going to be a bad night," growled

girl would do when she found that he had the night had already been pretty bad for They reached Mandy's at 4 o'clock, the mistake. He did not blame her for her rain was falling. Gibbs called up a man Parrsboro, Nov. 27, to the wife of Henry Morse, a blunder, for this had been the result of a who lived in a white house, after having Plymptor, Nov. 27, to the wife of Dilbert Trefry, a blunder of his own in forgetting certain ne- made Merrill wait until he had bestowed

"Hain't got that bay?" "Th' bay ain't fit," said Giles. He added: "What's it wuth?" "Ten," said Merrill, "if you'll drive me

over in a hurry.' Gibbs disappeared after getting the balance of his money. It was twenty-eight minutes later by Merrill's watch when the second start was made, and it was at the Folly Lake, N. S., Dec. 4, to the wife of C. tW end of the first mile that the second horse

morning!" he shouted, striding off through station master took a degree of interest in for a moment and shoved a \$5 bill into the through the dim road, which grew but little Presently the telegraph instrument in the lighter during that time and became instation was ticking a message. "I think creasingly wet. At a fork of the road he I can find out whether she is still there," had to delay for ten minutes until he could said the station master. Merrill said no- find a sleepy man with red whiskers, who space of a second the coming of the reply, all the way. Merrill looked at his watch with a shudder. A quarter past five. He The answer was now coming over the kept to the left with a persistency born of wire. For a moment the operator's face was a lover's faithfulness and expectancy, until inscrutable. Then he looked up quickly. he came against a huge barn. When he "The station master down there," he appealed brokenly to a solitary woman at said, "fixed it up with the conductor of the a well she yelled back at him that he would have to go back about three-quarters of a "Good!" gasped Merrill, with a sense mile to where the quarry was, and then take the road just beyond the tobacco barn. Poor Merrill, who pitiably timed every turn, reached the tobacco barn at 5.40. He then road, and at the end of this very muddy period heard the low whistle of a locomo-

At seven o'clock he reached the outskirts of the town.

"Is this Pittston?" Merrill asked of a boy with a pail. "East Pittston," said the boy.

"How do you get to the Pittston station?" "There's a horse car down there," the

Merrill found the track. The car was

welcome figure in the ladies' waiting-room. He was almost running across the station

ing in a low tone, until presently the white- and began figuring on the distance to Pitt- to the inquiry window, when the violent ston. They told him it was thirty-one tapping of a pencil on the ledge of the tele-The sight of this functionary startled the miles. He asked to be directed to a pub- graph office attracted his attention. The lic stable. They didn't know of anybody | pretty girl behind the grating was beckon-As he paused there the pretty telegrapher

was asking; "Are you the gentlemanlooking for the gentleman-"Yes, I am," gasped Merrill.

"Well, she is in here." Merrill found her sleeping on a sofa. very wet and spattered with mud, knelt down beside the sofa and took hold of one "I will give you a dollar a mile," said of her hands the bride awoke with a start, and the pretty telegrapher turned her face away .- Globe Democrat.

# A Midnight Alarm.

It is almost midnight; all is still and peaceful in the happy home, and every member of the family seems to be enjoying restful sleep. A deep note of danger is heard by the dear mother; she knows its meaning, and quickly hastens to the rescue. Her darling boy who sleeps in an adjoining room is laid hold of by that enemy croup; he is in peril and must be saved.

With calmness and quiet assurance the mother goes to the medicine shelt and takes a bottle of that croup banisher, Harvard bronchial syrup, and gives her child a dose; relief comes, the hoarse, rough, barking cough is softening and there is less difficulty in breathing. Soon the second dose is given, with the result that the cough almost ceases; and instead of the coarse, whispering voice, the mother rejoices to hear once more the sweet and natural tones | Milltown, Dec. 5, Matthew Walker, 46. of her loved one. The danger is over and | Halifax, Dec. 4, William Lawrence, 76. the child sleeps naturally and sweetly a-The family friend when such emergencies

arise is Harvard bronchial syrup; it gives instant relief and quickly takes the child out of danger. In every home with young child- Halifax, Dec. 4, William H. Montague, 37. ren this valuable and life-saving remedy should have a place.

# Asthma Cured.

By Schiffmann's Asthma Cure. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain. Price 50 cents and \$1, of Druggists or by mail. Trial package to Halifax, Dec. 4, Hannah, wife of Hugh Graham, 66. convince the most skeptical, free. Address

The horses of a heavily-laden vehicle becoming restive while descending an incline at Birmingham, swerved against a house, the whole front of which collapsed, the family, who were seated round the fire, being startled by one of the horses rolling

# BORN.

Moncton, Dec. 7, to the wife of William Wilson, a Halifax, Dec. 8, to the wife of C. deW. McDonald, a

St. Martins, Dec. 3, to the wife of Emery Titus, a

At the foot of a long hill the horse Halifax, Dec. 2, to the wife of J. M. Brackett, a Halifax, Dec. 3, to the wife of Hector Muaroe, a Parrsboro, Nov. 29, to the wife of Joseph Johnson,

> Stewiacke, Nov. 25, to the wife of Edward Putnam, Parrsboro, Nov. 29, to the wife of Joseph Johnson Parrsboro, Nev. 29, to the wife of Clarence Parsons,

> Halifax, Dec. 4, to the wife of Alfonzo Vassalo,

Hopewell Cape, Dec. 3, to the wife of R. C. Peck, a Sussex, Dec. 6, to the wife of Edward Hazen, a

St. John, Dec. 7, to the wife of Harry L. Gunter, & St. John, Dec. 4, to the wife of W. J. Fitzpatrick. daughter Fredericton, Dec. 1, to the wife of Charles Berrin

Rive Islands, N. S., Dec. 1, to the wife of Charles A Taylor, a son. Parrsboro, Nov. 30, to the wife of Capt. Everett

Farnell, a son 12 30. He sprang off the train at Silver stumbled in the wet morning twilight and Moose River, Nov. 28, to the wife of Benjamin Merrill sprang into the road. "Good Aylesford, Dec. 8, to the wife of Rev. J. M. C.

> Five Island, N. S , Dec. 1, to the wife of Lawrence Windsor, Nov. 27, to the wife of John Aker, a son. Lower Bay du Vin, Nov. 27, to the wife of Manuel B. Manuel, a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

Amberst, by the Rev. R. Williams, Rufus Theal to Amherst Nov. 29, by Rev. A. Steele, Joseph Bird

Gaspereaux, Nov. 28, by Rev J. Williams, Norman Lanjill to Annie Parks. Hantsport, Nov. 30, by Rev. William Phillips, Fred. Smith to Mary A. Coyle. Yarmouth, Nov. 30, by Rev. S. H. Foshay, Howard B. Smith to Sadie Allen.

Halifax, Dec. 2, by Rev. S. March, Charles A. Roberts to Lorenda Willness. St. John, Dec. 6, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, William S. Thomas to Mary E. Ross. Fredericton, Dec. 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Jacob S. Smith to Sadie Calkine. Halifax, Nov. 20, by Rev. McLeod Harvey, George

Cameron to Annie Hubley. put in a straight half hour on the right Yarmouth, Dec, 7, by Rev. G. R. White, Charles Sackville, Dec. 6, by Rev. W. Harrison, B. Eaton Paterson to Hattie S. Black. Milford, Dec. 6, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, A. E. Ben-jamin to Ida Hester Annand.

Moreton, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Enoch W. Steeves to Mrs. McLean. Sussex, Nov. 29, by Rov. A. M. Hubly, William H. McFatlane to Adelia J. Dale. Halifax, Nov. 30, by Rev. Dyson Hague, John A Yarmouth, Nov. 30, by Rev. G. R. White, Frank W. Allen to Lizzie H. Smith Berwick, N. S., Nov. 28, by Rev. E. E. Daly,

Pictou, Dec. 5, by Rev. Andrew Armit, William A Mont to Maggie C. McKenzie. Cape Bauld, Dec. 2. by Rev. F. Bradley, Lorenzo B. Howard to Mary M. Ledger. Antigonish, Dec. 1, by Rev. Dr. McDonald, Alex. McNeill to Marcella McDonald. Halifax, Dec. 7, by Rev. John McMilan, John O. Siteman to Sarah C. Henderson. Freeport, N. S., Dec. 5, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Allen Buckman to Lizzie Israel. Amberst, Dec. 6, by Rev. D. McGregor, William B. Woodworth to Anna L. Burns. Bairdsville, Nov. 26, by Rev. J. Flewelling, Wellington Kirkpatrick to Mina Scott. St. John, Dec. 6, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Joseph Addison Taylor to Georgia Lyman.

Woodstock, Nov. 28, by Rev. J. K. Biersto, Hezekiah McCleary to Nellie Lamont Sussex, Nov. 25, by Rev. E. Grant, Richard W. Hetherington to Maria E. Thorne Truro, Nov. 29, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Fannie Mc-Cullough to Archibald McMullen. Dartmouth, Dec. 5, by Rev. D. W. Johns as J. Jenkir s to Amelia H. Young. Halifax, Dec. 5, by Rev. Canon F. Partridge, Her-

man Korsch to Hermine Wuephold St. John, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, Malcolm Armstrong to Sadie E. Belyea. Halifax, Dec. 5, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Malcolm Robinson to Mrs. Elizabeth Mason. Woodstock, Pec. 6, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, John W. Price to Mary Ann Tower. Chatham, Dec. 6, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, tamuel J. Kingston to Catherine Henderson outh Musquash, Dec. 3, by Rev. H. M. Spike, David McAdam to Martha De Wolfe.

New Glasgow, Dec. 6. by Rev. Arch Bowman, T. Arthur O'Brien to Florence McDougall. Parrsboro, Dec. 6, by Rev S. Gibbons, Richard Smith Dunn to Martha Elizabeth Roberts. Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 29, by Rev. I. E. Bill, Charles F. Hopkins to Fanny M. McVicar. Isaac's Harbor, Dec. 3, by Rev. David Price South Rawdon, N. S., Dec. 6, by Rev. J. W. Fal-coner, William Henry Lawson to Sophia Creed.

DIED. St. John, Dec. 8, Ellen Reid, 21. S'. John, Dec. 11, James Knox, 74. Sussex, Dec. 6, William Leak, 64. Halifax, Dec 9, Samuel Creed, 84. Tide Head, Dec. 6, Annie Hoar, 30. Milltown, Dec. 3, Eliza Johnson, 17. Milltown, Dec. 3, Hugh Murray, 29. St. John, Dec. 8, Matthew Boyle, 58. Fredericton, Dec. 1. John Lispett, 68. Halifax, Dec. 4, Michael Neville, 54. Charlottetown, Dec. 1, John Scott, 75. Lawrencetown, Dec. 2, James Boland. Maccan, Dec. 5, Carrie M. Brown, 13. Halifax, Dec. 9, Ambrose Keating, 85. St. John, Dec. 9, Henry B. Hamm, 45. Halifax, Dec. 4, William Lawrence, 76. Pictou, Dec. 3, Mrs. George McKenzie. Fredericton, Dec. 6, Joseph Baraard, 38. Lower Norton, Dec. 6, Robert Seely, 81. Fairville, Dec. 6, S. Albert Schofield, 45. St. John, Dec. 8, Thomas F. Raymond, 74. Windsor Junction, Dec. 7, Rebecca Smithe, 27. Brooklyn, N. S., Nov. 21, John W. Cochran, 69. Berwick, Nov. 27, Victor, son of Isaiah Shaw, 20. Levar Settlement, Dec. 1, Patrick McAleenan, 67. Miscouche, P. E. I., Dec. 3, John DesRoches, 94. Halifax, Dec. 4, Hannah, wife of Hugh Graham, 66. Little River, N. B., Dec. 6, Mary Agnes Smith, 9. Grand Pre, Dec. 1, John S. Simon, of Hallfax,

Halifax, Dec. 3, of consumption, Thomas Roberts, Johnson, Dec. 5, of diptheria, Arthur W. McLeod, Halitax, Dec. 3, of con-umption, Thomas Roberts,

Bridgewater, Nov. 29, Catherine, wie of Rev. H. N. Halifax, Dec. 10, Barbara Ann, wife of James Bax-New Minas, Dec. 3, of pneumonia, Edward L Halifax, Dec. 6, Catherine, widow of late Philip

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# WHISPER,

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THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Sandy Cove, Dec. 1, Janet C., wife of Capt. John F. St John, Dec. 9, Catherine, widow of the late Ames Amherst Hill, Nov. 20, Job, son of the late James Coates, 57 Moncton, Dec. 7, of consumption, Walter, son of A Hillson, 17. St. John, Dec. 5, David W., son of David and Annie Scanlon, 15 Ingonish, Nov. 30, Margaret, wife of Edmund A St. John, Dec. 9, wife of Howarl E. Gross, of Westfield, Dec. 10, Sophia, widow of the late Will-South Bay, Dec. 2, Robert Bruce Smith, of Kouch Chatham, Nov. 30, Sophia, widow of the late Allan McDonald, 91 Dartmouth, Dec. 6, Mary, widow of the late Martin Yarmouth, Dec. 6, Mrs. James G. Watson, of John-John Blair, 86.

Boston, Dec. 5, of heart disease, George K lly, Fredericton, Dec. 4, Catherine, winow of the late Port Maitland, Dec. 4, Caroline Rose, wife of James Burlington, Nov. 30, Frank Lawson, son of Zebina Antigonish, Dec. 2, Morley, son of D. G. and Anna Halifax, Dec. 4, John, son of Bernard and Ellen Moneton, Dec. 9, Nellie, daughter of James and Mary Lockhart, 2. Ferrona, Dec. 1, Jane Cummings, wife of Findlay Fraser, 46. Moncton, Dec. 6, Emma A., daughter of James Westport. Nov. 28. Mrs. Ditmas, widow of the late Fowler Ditmas, 85. Milton, C. B., Nov. 29, Rachel, widow of the late Ingonish, C. B., Nov. 30, Margaret, wife of Edmund A. Warren, 58. Weston, N. S., Dec. 2, Marion, widow of the late Houston C. Morse, 92. Moncton, Dec. 2. Frank A., Louise M. Warman, 1. Moncton, Dec. 5, of inflamation, Sarah, widow of tne late Joshua Tabor 69. Moncton, Dec. 9, of heart disease, Bertha, daughter of the late James Milne, \$25.

Little River, N. S., Nov.10, of typhoid fever, Jessie, daughter of Israel Doane, 28. Flat Lands, N. B., Dec. 2, Elizabeth I., daughter of James and Elizabeth McDavid, 2 Truro, Nov. 27, of convulsions, Tena Melissa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Crowe, 1. Guysboro, Dec. 7, of consumption, Marv, wife Hugh and the late Eleanor McDonald.

Truro, Dec. 2, of diptheria, Marguerite Louise, dauhhter of the late John W. Murray. 6. St. John, Dec. 6, Annie Mildred, daughter of George and Elizabeth Hamilton, 8 months. Hampton, Dec. 5, of hemmorage, Mary Josephine, daughter of James and Margaret Logan, 15.

Hebron, N. S., Dec. 1, of typhoid fever, Jessie, daughter of Robert McCallum, of Yarmouth. St. John, Dec. 5, of consumption, Sarah V., daughter of Elizabeth and the late Edward Elliott. Windsor, Dec. 3, of consumption, Margaret J., widow of the late Edward O'Brien, and daugh-ter of the late Timothy Curry.

The above is a sketch of one of a number of Coasting Vessels that coast along the Atlantic sea-board. and who carry on their sails the Glad Tidings to mariner and lands-man alike, that

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cough or coll and would ask them to test it and be convinced." A Bad Breath Would Spoil the Beauty of 8

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