

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

In a cheerless apartment on the sixth floor of a New York tenement one cold, bleak November night sat a young woman, whose face bore evident marks of intelligence and refinement.

Two small rooms comprised the narrow domain to which she gave the name of home. Their cheerlessness was increased by the absence of everything except the most necessary furniture and by the wailing wind, which found entrance at a hundred crevices, sending icy currents across the wretched garret. The young woman, couching close to the dying fire of a small stove, was lost in sad reflections, from which she roused herself at intervals to glance at a little crib, wherein lay an infant, all unconscious of its mother's anxiety and distress. Her husband, Robert Desmond, the second son of an English nobleman, had fallen in love with Victoria St. Clair, the pretty and intelligent American governess of his younger sister, and married her in opposition to the wishes of his family. The English aristocracy look with much disfavor on mesalliances of this kind.

Soon after their marriage the regiment in which he was a lieutenant was ordered to India. The young man resigned his commission and untrained as he was in any business or profession, found himself at 25 thrown on the world without a penny, and with a young wife to support. His father, a proud but generous man, had disinherited him, but offered his son a sum sufficient, if properly invested, to maintain him in comfort for life, saying that the further intercourse between them must cease.

This money was accepted. The young couple went to Paris, where he soon plunged into the most luxurious life of that gay city. Though a man of generous impulses and a loyal and affectionate husband, Robert had an unfortunate passion for gambling. His little fortune was soon lost at the card table. By the sale of Victoria's jewels and some money she had prudently saved, they were able to accumulate little more than enough to pay their passage to New York.

After weary weeks spent in futile efforts to obtain work, the family, which had been increased by the birth of a daughter, drifted from moderately comfortable lodgings to this cheerless tenement house. Their little capital, gradually diminishing, was now gone. For several weeks it had been Robert's regular practice to leave their poor quarters at nightfall, without telling his wife where he went or at what hour he would return, and reappear in the early morning. He evaded her questions or only answered in monosyllables.

Night after night she was kept awake by anxious fears and suspicions. If he could but know his destination, comprehend his work; but not being able to fathom the mystery her imagination pictured the near approach of even greater misfortunes than those to which she was already accustomed. It was plain that her husband's work was laborious, for although he never referred to it, he came home every morning completely exhausted. He grew daily more taciturn, careworn and morbid. Can it be wondered that Victoria suffered all the torture and anguish that such a condition of affairs can bring to a sensitive woman?

The child, turning uneasily in its little crib, began to cry. Victoria took a tin cup from the stove and gave its contents to the baby. It was the last drop of milk, the last morsel of food she had. What grief wrung the mother's heart as she tried to soothe and comfort the little one, uncertain that she would be able to procure sufficient food to keep it alive.

Toward morning Robert returned, evidently very tired, and was surprised to find his wife still awake. Throwing himself on the poor cot near the wall he was soon fast asleep. For some moments Victoria gazed at him through her tears, mentally asking if this was the man who charmed her girlish fancy and won her young heart with promises of a bright future?

At length, from sheer exhaustion, she sank on the dilapidated lounge near her baby's crib and her weary eyes soon closed. For three hours she slept soundly. Awakening unrefreshed she was conscious of a sickening feeling of faintness, the cause of which she knew too well, and then came the dull misery of remembering that there was no money to buy provisions for breakfast.

It had been Robert's custom to give her a little money every week which she had accepted in silence; neither asking for nor questioning its source; but the last supply had been spent the day before, and it was too soon to expect another. She had tried to eke out their scanty income by sewing for a clothing manufacturer, but even this laborious and wretchedly paid employment had almost failed her, as it was a dull season, and the little work she had on hand could not be finished for several days.

The clock in a neighboring steeple had just struck 9, when, in answer to a knock at the door, a letter was handed her addressed to "Robert Desmond, Esq." It bore the London postmark and the family coat of arms; recognizing the handwriting of Robert's father she placed the letter on the table where her husband could find it when he awoke, then busied herself for a time about the poor apartment trying to make it seem a little less comfortless, before turning again to her sewing.

After a short interval she was again summoned to the door, where she found a man in soiled clothes, with which his dirty face and unkempt hair were in keeping.

"Does Robert Desmond live here?" he asked abruptly.

"He does," replied Victoria.

"Well, give him this, and don't forget it, for it's important," and the rough visitor quickly disappeared down the rickety stairs.

Victoria's curiosity was aroused. Wonderingly she unfolded the soiled scrap of paper and read these words: "To-night, at 11 o'clock." Laying the note beside the letter, she quietly resumed her work without disturbing Robert, who still slept soundly.

Her suspicions of his associates were confirmed. What repulsive companions he must have if the man who brought the note was one of them. Toward evening Robert awoke. He found in his pockets a few cents which he gave to Victoria to buy food with. After they had broken their fast she alluded to the note, which Robert said he had read. When she ventured to speak of the letter from London he said: "I shall not open it. I have enough trouble and annoyance now and do not intend to be further harassed by reading a sermon."

That night he went away earlier than usual.

Victoria, again left alone, reflected still more on his mysterious occupation. She longed to follow him, but could not leave her child, and even if she could what good would come of playing the spy. Sooner or later the truth must come out. She both desired and dreaded its disclosure. The fear that it would bring disgrace and sorrow increased.

She took up the letter from the Earl and looked at the envelope with some curiosity. Why not open it? No! Robert had broken all family ties for her; there could be no good news or loving message in the letter for either of them, or for their child. She replaced it on the table without breaking the seal.

Victoria retired early that night, for prolonged anxiety and, hard unaccustomed work had completely exhausted her. She awoke at daybreak to find that her husband had not returned. Terrible fears crowded on her mind, and a deeper dread oppressed her when, at 10 o'clock, he entered the room, his hand bandaged, his clothes torn and spattered with mud, and a look of despair on his once handsome face. He did not greet Victoria or the child, but sank on the cot and closed his eyes. Though tortured with anxiety Victoria asked no questions, feeling it would only distress him. After sleeping heavily for an hour, Robert opened his eyes and said: "Victoria, do not admit any one who may come to inquire for me. I am not going out to-night and I must sleep undisturbed. Do not be anxious on my account, nor save any food for me, but bandage my hand and I will try to sleep again."

At noon as she went to make her few purchases at the store she heard reports of a daring burglary that had been committed the night before. One of the robbers had been killed and another wounded in the arm. The police had the clue, but had not arrested all who were concerned in the crime. She bought a newspaper and began reading the details on her way home. Fear and anxiety almost overwhelmed her.

Robert was still sleeping when she entered her lodgings. The police had not yet arrested him, but how long would it be before their home might be invaded by officers of the law? Seating herself by the window she continued to read the details of the burglary, her eyes suffused with tears, her heart beating painfully, her head in a whirl. The words seemed to dance up and down the page as she read that one of the robbers had been wounded in the left arm. It was Robert's left arm that was bandaged. A description of the criminal followed, in which Victoria was sure she recognized her husband. The police were said to be on the trail, and it was predicted that within twenty-four hours all the burglars would be in custody.

A knock at the door made the poor woman tremble so violently that she could not respond; she pressed her hand to her heart; her limbs almost refused to support her. The knocking was repeated. Nerving herself to the effort and opening the door, she encountered a middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance. Victoria felt sure he was a detective.

"Is Mr. Desmond at home?" he asked.

"He is not," answered Victoria, coldly.

"Can you tell me when or where I will find him?"

"I cannot," replied the wife. "Will you not leave my message with me?"

"I regret," said the visitor politely, "that I cannot do so. My business is of a private nature. I will call again."

He turned away. Victoria listened breathlessly until he reached the foot of the stairs, then she turned frantically to the crib and clasped her baby close to her breast. "Better, far better for us to die now and be beyond all the crime and suffering and punishment of this world." Then she thought of awakening and warning Robert, that he might escape while there was time. It was the most anxious moment Victoria had ever spent even in that garret room.

Overcome by the strain she sank to the floor in a swoon. When she awoke she was surprised to find her husband gone. For the moment she thought only of him and was glad that their humble lodgings would not be the scene of his arrest; she longed never again to be able to think or feel to be where anxiety and fear were unknown. Her glance happened to rest on her sleeping baby's face, and a revulsion of feeling swept over her. "I must be brave for the child's sake," she murmured.

Another knock at the door startled her. She opened it to find standing there the same man who had asked for her husband a few hours before.

"Is Mr. Desmond at home now?" he anxiously inquired.

"He is not," replied Victoria.

"You are his wife, are you not?"

"I am."

"I came from B— Brothers," he continued, naming one of the largest banking houses in the city. "Quite a sum of money has been deposited in our London house to your husband's credit, and we would like to have him call at the office. This is our address," handing her a card. "Please request your husband to come during banking hours and as soon as possible."

The stranger bowed and retired.

Victoria hardly knew whether she was awaking or dreaming. The Earl must have sent money, she thought; but it was "too late—too late, now," she passionately cried.

Snatching the letter from the mantle she broke the seal and read as follows:

Through my banker I send you £1,000. More will follow should it be impossible for you to make suitable business connections with the first instalment. I thought you unworthy of trust after you had brought misfortune and disgrace upon wife and child by indulging your passion for gambling. But I have the feelings of a father and have not lost sight of you. I have heard of your energy and self-denial, your honesty and pride. Work is no disgrace, not even the kind that you do. I hope you will profit by your experience, now you see that others must bear the consequence of your recklessness and extravagance. Your wife and child have had to suffer keenly for your folly.

"Too late," sobbed Victoria; "this help is of no use now." Then the thought came to her, "Robert will now have means to escape." He had not yet been home. Perhaps he had left the city and was wandering about, lonely, hungry, cold, without shelter or money, and yet with \$5,000 at his disposal it he but knew it. The contrast with their abject poverty made the sum seem greater.

Once more a visitor's summons interrupted Victoria's thoughts. She opened the door mechanically, but retreated when she saw before her the man who had left that mysterious letter for Robert a few days before.

"Is Bob in?" he inquired.

"No," answered Victoria, "he has gone away. What do you want?"

"How is his hand?"

"It is better, I think."

"Oh, well, then he's all ready for work again, isn't he? We are short of help just now, and the boss told me to come around and ask how he was."

Grasping the man by the arm she said excitedly, almost fiercely, "Who is the boss? What is he? Who sent you?"

"Why, the boss of the sweeping gang! Bob and me works in the Street Cleaning Department. Didn't you know that?"

"Come in and sit down," Victoria continued eagerly. "Tell me how all this happened to my husband."

"Well," said the man, seating himself, "we got one of them new fangled sweepin' machines which is drawed by horses. Last night one of the horses stumbled, became frightened and jumped in among the men who sweep and shovel the kit. Your husband seized the bridle and the horse bit him, but he didn't let go. He's a plucky dog, he is. Then others came up to help him manage the brute. The overseer won't send out that horse any more. Of course Desmond gets his allowance for sickness because he was hurt while at work. Our superintendent promises that he shall have an office job. He writes mighty fine. I guess they'll let him boss the job some day. We boys won't mind his good luck. We all like Bob; he's a good fellow, only too proud for us. Well, I must go now. Good-by, mum."

Victoria offered her hand to the man in perfect silence, and escorted him to the door; then she turned to the crib. She felt impelled to press the child to her heart. But the strain had been too great. Her limbs failed to support her, and she fell fainting upon the floor.

When Victoria recovered consciousness she found herself in Robert's arms. Instinctively he drew her closer to him as the thought flashed through his mind that this distress was probably due to the contents of his father's letter.

Between her sobs the wife confessed all her fears, anxieties and wretched suspicions. Robert in turn explained his reluctance to inform her of his occupation, hoping it would be but temporary, and that work more suited to his birth and education would soon offer; but day after day passed and no change for a better position presented itself. His clothes grew shabby and his entire appearance was becoming repulsive. "And yet to tell you," Robert said, "that I was a street cleaner would have humiliated and distressed me even more than did the menial occupation itself. This suffering has taught me many things, and I value it now that I see my way to make suitable business connections. Although father has forgiven me and is so generous I shall not have him support us. With the money we have now we can establish some business, and will have a neat and comfortable home."

"Can you forgive me for doubting you?" said Victoria, looking up into his face, "for being so wanting in faith as to suppose you were a—"

"Not another word," he cried, lifting his baby on his lap and drawing his wife closer in a fervent embrace.—Home and Country.

THE DONKEY DETECTIVE.

A Turkish Policeman Who Had some of the Wisdom of Solomon.

After a grand dinner in Aleppo, given by J. H. Skene, the English consul, some of the silverware used at the fete mysteriously disappeared. Great consternation prevailed, especially among the servants, for they well knew that suspicion would rest upon them. Even the policemen—or cavasses as they are termed in Turkey—who were in the house during the feast did not escape suspicion. After mature reflection upon the mishap, the consul called the most intelligent of the cavasses. He questioned him. The cavass insisted that he did not steal the silver, and that he did not know who did. But the consul was a very good detective, and ready in his knowledge of men and things. He was also a cool tempered man. He said to the cavass:

"There is no use to swear, I am not going to change my opinion. I have good reason to suspect you to be the thief, and mean that you shall bring my silver to me within twenty-four hours, else you will be put into the hands of the authorities, and you will not get away until I find my property. There is no alternative."

"Mr. Consul, said the cavass, 'I have already told you that I did not steal your silver, but still you suspect me. I will however, do all in my power to detect the robber. I only beg of you to do for me passively all I will ask you to do.'

The consul replied:

"I will do so provided that you bring back the property."

The cavass asked for two or three hours' time, and left. In an hour he came back, bringing with him by the bridle, a little donkey. This he presented to the consul, stating that the donkey would find the thief, if he would allow the donkey to be placed in one of the rooms and the window-shutters to be closed, so as to darken the room.

"Do so," said the consul, who became curious to see what would result.

After the donkey was placed in the dark room the cavass called the consul to call everybody in the house, employees, cavasses and servants. They came and were placed in front of the door of the room where the donkey was. When all were present the cavass said:

"Now we are to enter this room one by one and to pull at the donkey's tail. The donkey will make no sign, say nothing unless the robber is among them. Then, you may depend upon it, he will bray, and indicate who has stolen your goods. Oh, do not laugh. I have had occasion to make use of that remedy. It never fails. Now," said he to the consul, "you go in first and pull the tail. We will follow you, one by one."

The singular procession began, the consul in the lead. Everyone entered the room and pulled at the donkey's tail, but the donkey never brayed. After the performance was over and all came out, he

WILL YOU

kindly read the following letters, which I think will give you a fair idea of the way

BENDSOP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

stands in a competitive trial as to quality and price?

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION SOFT DRINK CO.,
Having exclusive privilege for Soda Water and all other Temperance Drinks on the World's Fair grounds.
City Office, 76 Wabash Avenue;
Ground Office, CHICAGO, March 9, 1893.
Stephen L. Bartlett, Esq., sole importer of Bendsop's Cocoa, Boston, Mass.
DEAR SIR:—
After a thorough competitive test of the different brands of Cocoa, both foreign and domestic, we unhesitatingly give BENDSOP'S COCOA as CHOCOLATES, of Amsterdam, Holland, the preference, and desire you to book our order for 80,000 lbs., for use at the World's Columbian Exposition at our Soda fountains.
Yours truly,
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION SOFT DRINK CO.
E. F. Cullerton, President.

WELLINGTON CATERING COMPANY.
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, JACKSON PARK, Telephone 28, World's Fair.
CHICAGO, March 29, 1893.
Stephen L. Bartlett, Esq., Importer of Royal Dutch Cocoa, Boston, Mass.
MY DEAR SIR:—
After careful consideration and investigation as to the merits of your ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, we have decided to give you our entire order for cocoa for all of our restaurants and lunch counters in all the World's Fair buildings in Jackson Park covered by our concession.
Yours truly,
WELLINGTON CATERING CO.
By Albert S. Gage Pres't.

S. L. Bartlett, Esq., Sole Importer Bendsop's Royal Dutch Cocoa and Chocolates, Boston, Mass.
DEAR SIR:—
We are pleased to advise you that, after considering carefully the merits and low cost of BENDSOP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, we have decided to use exclusively these goods in serving the patrons of the original Vienna Model Bakery, Midway Plaisance, World's Columbian Exposition.
HENRY A. FLEISCHMANN, General Manager.

asked if all of them had really pulled at the tail. All responded emphatically, "Yes."

"How strange it is," said he, "that the donkey did not bray. It seems that the thief is not to be found among us. I cannot explain it otherwise."

He then formed them into a circle around him.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "hands up, please."

Every one obeyed.

"Here is your man, Mr. Consul," said he, all at once, pointing at one of the party, a servant. "You see, every one that entered the room and pulled the tail thus got his hands blackened, while this man did not pull the tail, as he was sure the donkey would bray. Consequently his hands are clean."

The man confessed and the silver was returned.

There is no custom binding a man to present a certain kind of ring to his fiancée after they are engaged. It is not necessary to give the ring at all, but it is customary, and has been ever since the old Roman days, when the ring was iron, and was a reminder of wifely servitude.

BORN.

Halifax, May 24, to the wife of L. J. Redmond, a son.
Digby, N. S. May 20, to the wife of Elmer Weir, a son.
Truro, N. S. May 13, to the wife of John B. Jacobs, a son.
Halifax, N. S. May 24, to the wife of Sergt. Keeley, a son.
Digby, N. S. May 22, to the wife of John J. Meehan, a son.
Digby, N. S. May 22, to the wife of John J. Meehan, a son.
Truro, N. S. May 21, to the wife of H. H. McNutt, a daughter.
Digby, N. S. May 21, to the wife of Mr. Tuttle, a daughter.
Berwick, May 23, to the wife of Miner T. Pelton, a daughter.
Parrishboro, N. S. May 9, to the wife of Isaac Soles, a daughter.
Halifax, N. S. May 26, to the wife of Jas. Maxwell, a daughter.
Sandy Cove, N. S. May 17, to the wife of Ingram, a son.
St. Croix, N. S. May 19, to the wife of Robt. Spence Jr., a daughter.
Hantsport, N. S. May 10, to the wife of Rev. P. S. McGregor, a son.
St. Croix, N. S. May 9, to the wife of Monson McDonald, a daughter.
Parrishboro, N. S. May 22, to the wife of N. B. Elderkin, a daughter.
Lower Village, Truro, N. S. May 21, to the wife of Zachariah Moore, a son.
Parrishboro, N. S. April 14, to the wife of Albert Bullerwell, a daughter.
Dartmouth, N. S. May 26, to the wife of Watson Vidito, twin daughters.
Ketchikan, N. S. May 28, to the wife of Wm. R. Fleming, a daughter.
Mary's Point, Albert Co., N. B. May 22, to the wife of Capt. Addison Derry, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Dartmouth, May 25, Wallace Anderson to Jane Scott Deas.
Coversdale, N. B. May 24, Millage Crossman to Evelyn Steeves.
St. John, May 12, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, Wm. P. Lakerville, May 23, by Rev. F. S. Coffin, Herbert Skinner to Lily Bligh.
Halifax, May 25, by Rev. L. E. Skeay, Chas. E. Nelson to Nellie Fuller.
Middleton, N. S. May 19, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Byron Fritz to Helen MacFarlane.
Bridgewater, N. S., by Rev. J. W. Brown, Albert Waigler to Bessie Feener.
Sackville, N. B. May 23, by Rev. W. H. Warren, John Milton to Mary Fry.
Halifax, May 25, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, Herbert Thompson to Alice Spratt.
St. John, May 24, by Rev. G. O. Gates, John Stevenson to Minnie Baird.
Jacksonton, N. B. May 24, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, John Estey to Helen Tracy.
Halifax, May 24, by Rev. Dyson Hague, James Berry to Margaret Cookson.
Moncton, May 22, by Rev. S. T. Teed, Clarence Calhoun to Maud McFarlane.
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Cornwallis, N. S. May 22, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Abram Pines to Bessie Lathers.
Rogers Hill, N. S. May 24, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Hugh R. Munro to Ida McKean.
Jacksonton, N. B. May 24, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, John Estey to Helen Tracy.
St. John, May 24, by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, George Galbraith to Nellie Kearns.
Blackville, N. S. May 22, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Herbert Holt to Gloriana Mitchell.
Valley Station, N. B. May 23, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, Abram Kuppke to Harriet Stratton.
Valley Mills, C. B. May 9, by Rev. A. McMillan, Norman McLeod to Catherine Blue.
Enfield, N. S. May 25, by Rev. A. P. Desmond, Harold McDonald to Marjorie Horton.
Hantsport, N. B. May 23, by Rev. W. W. Shaw, Chas. M. Stewart to Phoebe Hallett.
Petrie Riviere, N. S. May 14, by Rev. J. C. Ogden, Lauche L. Winters to Maud Meibers.
Cape North, C. B. May 19, by Rev. M. McLeod, David McInerney to Jessie Morrison.
North Sydney, May 17, by Rev. M. McLeod, Wilberforce Hunt to Flora McKinnon.
Lakeville, N. S. May 17, by Rev. E. O. Reed, Whitman Ruggles to Marcia S. Hasey.
South Ohio, N. S. May 13, by Rev. T. H. Bishop, James S. Durkee to Sadie V. Crowell.
Halifax, May 18, by Rev. Canon Partridge, John Allen Hampshire to Georgiana Nelson.
New Glasgow, N. S. May 11, by Rev. Arch Bowman, Luther McLeod to Sarah J. Fraser.
Forestville, N. B. May 24, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Geo. H. Arnold to Annie McKenzie.
Lutes Mountain, N. B. May 23, by Rev. W. H. Sherwood, Bruce McDonald to Minnie Nichols.
St. John, N. S. May 25, by Rev. T. H. Clarke, Samuel Nickerson to Gerald Nickerson.

DIED.

Halifax, May 22, Peter Lynch, 77.
Glencoe, May 16, William Frith, 57.
Halifax, May 25, William Hayden, 43.
West Branch, Mrs. Wm. Morrison, 60.
St. Stephen, May 24, Abigail Marshall 74.
St. John, May 24, Rev. S. W. Sprague, 78.
Halifax, N. S., May 21, Mary Beekwith, 84.
Truro, N. S., May 23, Jennie McDonald, 19.
Westbrook, N. B., Mrs. H. D. Williams, 58.
Fredericton, May 31, George N. Gooling, 45.
Plymouth, N. S., May 18, Frank Donahoe, 22.
Windsor, N. S., May 17, Stephen Wiggins, 31.
Port La Tour, N. S., May 21, D. S. Dickie, 56.
Halifax, May 23, Sarah, wife of Douglas Howe.
Westville, N. S., April 30, Daniel McDonald, 50.
Jacquet River, N. B., May 20, Robert McMillan, 81.
Fall River, N. S., May 24, Christian Andren, 24.
Penbrooke Shore, N. S., May 22, Samuel Harris, 60.
St. John, May 21, Ellen, wife of late John Boyd, 83.
Campbellton, N. B., May 21, Thos. Connacher, 55.
Upper Charlo, N. B., May 8, Thomas Alexander, 57.
Halifax, May 27, Mary B., wife of Joseph Mulcahy.
Brooklyn, N. S., April 20, Mrs. Lucinda Dimock, 72.
Taylor Village, N. B., May 20, Jeremiah Banister, 75.
Halifax, May 23, Bella, daughter of W. D. Mabee, 16.
Summerdale, P. E. I., May 12, David Rodenizer, 16.
New Glasgow, May 24, Annie Fraser, wife of Duncan Ross.
St. John, May 23, Lily E., wife of Alexander M. Rowan.
Westville, N. S., May 21, Daniel, son of Robert McCornick.
Moncton, N. B., May 27, Clarence A., son of W. J. Lewis, 26.
St. John, May 24, Isabella Douglas, wife of John Smith, 84.
Carlisle, N. S., May 17, Walter, son of George Hampden.
Dartmouth, N. S., May 22, Agnes, wife of W. H. McRobert.
West Beaver, N. S., May 15, Caroline, wife of John Bell, 79.
Gaboron, N. S., May 10, Matilda, wife of Thomas Bagnell, 22.
Halifax, May 25, Annie Maria, wife of John J. Stratton, 72.
Wellington, N. S., May 17, Maria, wife of John A. McCornick.
Yarmouth, May 22, Lois Jane, wife of Captain John Murphy, 63.
Harvey, Albert Co., N. B., May 20, Mrs. Winthrop Robinson, 73.
St. John, May 23, Catherine, wife of late Patrick Brannan, 82.
Eureka, Cal., April 12, Margaret, wife of Daniel W. Kennedy, 39.
St. John, May 25, Catherine, wife of James P. Williams, 65.
Fredericton, N. S., May 12, Mary, wife of Wm. Swallow, 22.
Fairville, N. B., May 23, Margaret, wife of Jeremiah Shanahan, 65.
Kelbrook, N. S., May 10, of consumption, Philomena A. Babine, 29.
Holderville, N. B., May 25, Geo. son of Hiram and Jane Lasque.
Union Centre, N. S., April 8, Mrs. Allan McNaughton, 82.
Midland, Kings Co., N. B., May 24, Delilah, wife of H. B. Sharp.
Salem, N. S., May 20, Helen M., daughter of Ernest Miles, 5 weeks.
Hubbard's Cove, N. S., May 29, Lucy, wife of William Dorey.
St. John, May 30, Mary, wife of late Samuel McDevitt, 70.
Central Argyle, May 17, Mary, widow of the late Isaac Spinney, 66.
Newbury Junction, N. B., April 16, of heart trouble, John Downes, 76.
Amherst, N. S., May 23, Charlotte, widow of late David Tupper, 78.
Eelbrook, N. S., May 21, Julia, wife of the late John Bourque, 88.
Gaspereaux, N. S., May 20, Lottie, daughter of Rev. M. P. Freeman, 29.
St. John, N. B., May 29, Victor Gray, son of R. P. and Eliza Strand, 3.
Penfield, N. B., May 7, Norman McDowell, son of John McDowell, 24.
Halifax, May 21, Burton, son of C. S. and Annie Blakney, 15 months.
St. Mary's N. B., May 24, Fanny L., daughter of late Samuel Carman.
Gondola Pt., N. B., May 28, Elmina P., wife of Henry Stephens, 70.
Amherst, N. S., May 30, Chas. J., son of David Mumford, 13 months.
Hampton, N. B., Fanny Maude, daughter of J. B. and C. K. Hammond.
Moose Brook, N. S., May 11, Catherine, widow of M. P. Freeman, 78.
Jeddore, N. S., May 14, Alice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Provost Jenny, 23.
Yarmouth, May 18, of pneumonia, Eliza A., widow of the late Nelson Corning.
Cognamun, N. S., May 26, William C., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead Dunn, 27.
Malden, Mass., May 18, Sarah, wife of C. B. Shaw, and formerly of Digby, N. S.
Brook Village, C. B., May 7, Anne Campbell, widow of the late Wm. McLeod, 84.
Hantsfield, N. S., May 29, Chas. H., son of Geo. and late Elizabeth Fraser, 32.
Antigonish Harbor, N. S., May 13, Alexander H., son of late John McDonald, 24.
West New Glasgow, May 20, Nancy Cameron, wife of late Alexander Turnbull, 95.
Port Saxon, N. S., May 17, of pneumonia, Alice, wife of the late Eldad Nickerson.
Halifax, N. S., May 15, Mary Frances, daughter of Philip and Mary McGuire, 8 months.
Greywood, N. S., March 7, of consumption, Jacob, son of Mayes and Elizabeth Dunn, 27.
Hunt's Point, N. S., May 6, of consumption, Loretta, daughter of Joseph and Jane Smith, 24.
Deerfield, May 13, of inflammation of the lungs, Phoebe S., wife of Joseph M. Fobel, 29.
Toronto, Ont., March 13, Cora Isabel, daughter of M. Ivan and Carrie E. Dow, (formerly of Brighton, N. S.), 10 months.

St. John, May 23, Catherine, wife of late Patrick Brannan, 82.
Eureka, Cal., April 12, Margaret, wife of Daniel W. Kennedy, 39.
St. John, May 25, Catherine, wife of James P. Williams, 65.
Fredericton, N. S., May 12, Mary, wife of Wm. Swallow, 22.
Fairville, N. B., May 23, Margaret, wife of Jeremiah Shanahan, 65.
Kelbrook, N. S., May 10, of consumption, Philomena A. Babine, 29.
Holderville, N. B., May 25, Geo. son of Hiram and Jane Lasque.
Union Centre, N. S., April 8, Mrs. Allan McNaughton, 82.
Midland, Kings Co., N. B., May 24, Delilah, wife of H. B. Sharp.
Salem, N. S., May 20, Helen M., daughter of Ernest Miles, 5 weeks.
Hubbard's Cove, N. S., May 29, Lucy, wife of William Dorey.
St. John, May 30, Mary, wife of late Samuel McDevitt, 70.
Central Argyle, May 17, Mary, widow of the late Isaac Spinney, 66.
Newbury Junction, N. B., April 16, of heart trouble, John Downes, 76.
Amherst, N. S., May 23, Charlotte, widow of late David Tupper, 78.
Eelbrook, N. S., May 21, Julia, wife of the late John Bourque, 88.
Gaspereaux, N. S., May 20, Lottie, daughter of Rev. M. P. Freeman, 29.
St. John, N. B., May 29, Victor Gray, son of R. P. and Eliza Strand, 3.
Penfield, N. B., May 7, Norman McDowell, son of John McDowell, 24.
Halifax, May 21, Burton, son of C. S. and Annie Blakney, 15 months.
St. Mary's N. B., May 24, Fanny L., daughter of late Samuel Carman.
Gondola Pt., N. B., May 28, Elmina P., wife of Henry Stephens, 70.
Amherst, N. S., May 30, Chas. J., son of David Mumford, 13 months.
Hampton, N. B., Fanny Maude, daughter of J. B. and C. K. Hammond.
Moose Brook, N. S., May 11, Catherine, widow of M. P. Freeman, 78.
Jeddore, N. S., May 14, Alice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Provost Jenny, 23.
Yarmouth, May 18, of pneumonia, Eliza A., widow of the late Nelson Corning.
Cognamun, N. S., May 26, William C., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead Dunn, 27.
Malden, Mass., May 18, Sarah, wife of C. B. Shaw, and formerly of Digby, N. S.
Brook Village, C. B., May 7, Anne Campbell, widow of the late Wm. McLeod, 84.
Hantsfield, N. S., May 29, Chas. H., son of Geo. and late Elizabeth Fraser, 32.
Antigonish Harbor, N. S., May 13, Alexander H., son of late John McDonald, 24.
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Toronto, Ont., March 13, Cora Isabel, daughter of M. Ivan and Carrie E. Dow, (formerly of Brighton, N. S.), 10 months.

MARRIED.

Dartmouth, May 25, Wallace Anderson to Jane Scott Deas.
Coversdale, N. B. May 24, Millage Crossman to Evelyn Steeves.
St. John, May 12, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, Wm. P. Lakerville, May 23, by Rev. F. S. Coffin, Herbert Skinner to Lily Bligh.
Halifax, May 25, by Rev. L