

HIS DILEMMA.

Something in Jethro Starr's face attracted his housekeeper when he came home at the close of the second day of the case of "The State versus Thomas Masson." The judge went directly to his rooms, and Mrs. Grimsby heard the key click in the lock—an unusual occurrence, as he seldom locked himself in before he was ready to retire for the night.

It was a case which had attracted a good deal of interest, not only in Danvers, but throughout the surrounding country, and court-house had been packed with an interested crowd. Indeed, it was the first murder case Danvers had had in ten years, and the circumstances surrounding the crime were of such a nature as to excite old and young.

A cooler-headed judge than Jethro Starr never sat on the bench, and all had remarked his impartiality in the rulings he had been compelled to make during the short process of the trial. This was the more noticeable because he was well acquainted with the prisoner, and the murdered man had been almost as well known by him.

Danvers was a town in the mining region, and boasted of a number of quartz mills, besides a dozen large mines which yielded well. Judge Starr had a few shares in the best of the latter, and it was well known that he was not on the bench for the small salary to be derived from that source, but because he inclined to judicial matters, and had been bred to the law under a revered father.

"The man was sharper than I imagined," said Jethro Starr aloud, as he went to the window and, drawing the curtains aside, looked down into the main street upon some wagons loaded with quartz going to the mills.

"They failed to trip him, and it is Batteries doesn't do better than that tomorrow. I'm afraid his cause is hopeless." Yes, the shrewd criminal lawyer in the country, Theodore Batteries, had failed to trip the main witness for the prosecution, and the judge saw that unless this man's testimony was broken, the prisoner at the bar could not escape the halter.

"Shall I send you up your tea, sir?" said a voice, and the tall, handsome man at the window, with a last look at the quartz wagons, turned to the door and requested that his tea be sent up, and with it the evening paper, it had come round. Then he sat down and ran his fingers through his hair, just beginning to turn grey in places.

"She didn't appear to take much notice of him to-day," he went on. "I can't fathom that woman. Let me see. What did she say in the letter?"

He unlocked a desk that filled one corner of his bachelor abode, and after a little search took out a packet of papers, one of which he selected with a smile. Leaning to the light which he had turned on, he pulled a letter from a small envelope and read:

"I cannot give you the answer you evidently expect. Your offer has been considered from every standpoint, and I have to tell you that I cannot become your wife. Let us continue to be friends, and when we meet, as meet we must, let our hands not refuse to touch in the grasp of true friendship."

"Rather formal, and to some extent sarcastic," muttered Jethro Starr. "Friends! Yes, that is the same old story; but it served her purpose well. No, I don't think she showed her preference to-day, for I watched her as carefully as I could. She looked at the prisoner several times, and when he turned his eyes towards her she seemed to turn away. Still—she took a long breath—still, I think if he were out of the way this letter might be recalled, and I would get another hearing."

At this juncture the tea came along, with the newspaper, and when both had been deposited at the judge's right hand, Mrs. Grimsby tripped out of the room, leaving him to his supper and meditations.

"Dick was a bad witness for them. I did not expect to see him meet Batteries so well. He was armed for every thrust, and Theodore showed that he came out of the fight with drooping plumes. If they don't trip Dick to-morrow it will be all up with Masson, and then—"

The judge leaned forward to look at a paragraph which had caught his eye, and the last sentence was not completed. He had sent the remains of his light supper downstairs, and, clad in smoking gown and slippers, was about to take up the paper for a full perusal, when he heard a knock at the door.

"A lady wants to see you, sir," said the voice of Mrs. Grimsby, who was supposed by some people to have designs on the judge.

"A lady?" "Miss Sessions, I believe it is." "Hester?" exclaimed Judge Starr, but not loud enough to be heard by the sharp ears at the door. "In the name of Heaven, what brings her here, with this trial going on?"

Then he told Mrs. Grimsby to show his visitor up, and setting back in his chair he waited for her to cross the threshold. Presently the footstep announced the coming of someone, and the next moment a woman of imposing presence entered the room. She came forward, with her deep black eyes fixed on the judge, and when he rose to meet her, extending his hand in greeting, he thought he saw a flush suffuse her face.

Hester Sessions went directly to the business which had called her to the judge's room. Taking the chair to which the judicial hand had waved her, she said in the soft, sweet voice which he had always admired:

"Judge, do you believe Dick Nolan told the truth to-day?"

Jethro Starr fell back and looked at the woman in amazement. She did not seem to realize to whom she was talking. Such a question put to him under prevailing circumstances was startling, and affected his dignified position.

"I saw you watching the witness all the time, and the cross-examination seemed to be followed by you with a good deal of interest."

"Hester, I cannot discuss these things," he said, firmly but with gentleness. "You seem to forget my position. I am on the bench, and I cannot listen to you, however much I would like to under other circumstances."

"But you can give me some encouragement. You can say what you think of the testimony of the man who fought Batteries with the spirit of the Evil One. Will it have very great bearing on the jury as

against the prisoner? Will Dick Nolan send him to the gallows?"

Judge Starr arose and waved his hand in a manner which showed how keen was the torment to which he was subjected. All was out now. Hester Sessions had unburdened to him all the secrets of her heart. She loved Tom Masson, the prisoner at the bar, and this man was his bitter rival, whom nothing but death could remove.

Hester looked up at the man standing over her, but did not realize the situation. It never occurred to her that all that day Judge Starr had watched her while she listened to the trial, and that he had even wondered whether she would become his wife if the law choked to death the man charged with murdering his partner at the dead hour of that November night.

"Everything rests with you," said Hester, rising at last and facing him. "They tell me that everything depends on your charge to the jury. If you incline to the side of justice, if you hint that the evidence given by Dick Nolan is unreliable, Tom Masson will be acquitted. If, on the other hand, you tell them that—"

"For Heaven's sake, Hester, don't proceed!" broke in Judge Starr, catching her hands. "I am not the only person occupying this house. Let me lead you to the door, and let us hope that all will come out well in the end."

"But you give me no hope." "You don't realize what you are doing. I am the judge, and am sworn to do my duty. The jury is the deciding power, and it is the testimony is favorable to acquittal he will be acquitted."

She stood before him a moment longer, looking him in the face as she saw it in the glow of his fire, then broke from his hands and fairly dashed from the room. He heard her on the stairs, and went to the window to catch a glimpse of her figure as it emerged from the house and lost itself on the street below.

For some time Jethro Starr seemed another person when he went back to his chair. He leaned forward, and with his elbows on his knees, covered his face with his hands. By-and-by Mrs. Grimsby stole up and looked in at the half-open door, but shaking her head ominously, withdrew without disturbing him.

"I feared so," said the voice of the judge. "She could not conceal it, and she comes to me asking me to interfere from the bench in a hawk—I saw that—and she wants me to brush aside the strongest evidence the State relies on and help to acquit the man who came between us."

A strange laugh came through the hands that shaded his face, and when he looked up there was a singular look in the eyes of Jethro Starr.

The life of Tom Masson, his rival, was in his hands. There was no doubt of this, for he had seen the effect of the evidence on the jury, and knew that it would not take much in the coming charge to make that testimony gospel truth in their minds. And such was the confidence of the twelve men in him that a word or two on the other side would destroy Dick Nolan's testimony, and perhaps save the neck in jeopardy.

And what was Nolan's testimony? He had seen Tom Masson coming from the dead man's house between eleven and twelve o'clock the night of the crime. The prisoner had denied this; said he had been there earlier in the evening; that he and his partner had quarrelled, but not seriously, and that he had no reason to take his life. Still, there had been a murder, and his partner was the victim.

But for Dick Nolan's testimony, corroborated in a certain manner by two other men, the man on trial for his life would not stand in the shadow of the gallows; but as it was, the chances were against him, and decidedly so, if the judge's charge was not in his favor.

Mrs. Grimsby said afterwards that a light burned nearly all that night in Jethro Starr's room. She was up and down with a sick child, and sometimes she thought she heard the judge walking the floor, something unusual with him; but she didn't think much about it when she reflected he had a great case on his mind, and that the next day he was expecting to charge the jury.

The concluding day of the trial of Tom Masson for murder was a repetition of preceding ones. The place occupied by Hester Sessions, however, was vacant, the woman absenting herself from the court, as if she believed that Tom was doomed, and that she did not feel strong enough to witness the last scenes of the exciting trial.

Batteries, with all his bullying and acumen in cross-examination, failed to destroy the effect of Dick Nolan's testimony. Judge Starr, paler than usual, showing the effects of a sleepless night, watched the old lawyer's effort in behalf of his client, and then settled back for his own part of the play. His voice, a little tremulous at first, grew stronger as he proceeded. It was not long before he had the undivided attention of the crowded court-room, and as he proceeded, keeping close to the law of the case, the jury became deeply interested, and Batteries opened his eyes.

"Heavens he is talking for Masson," said the old lawyer, under his breath. "He is pleading Tom's case better than I did. I wish Hester could hear him. What's got into the judge? He never showed his feelings like this since I began to practice before him."

Dick Nolan, who had remained to "see the thing through," as he said, leaned towards the prosecuting counsel and said something which caused that brilliant young man to shake his head, but not to take his eyes from Judge Starr.

"They'll arrest me if he keeps on at that rate," said Nolan. "I'm blessed if he doesn't think I'm the prisoner at the bar, and not the principal witness for the State."

The charge lasted nearly one hour, and never before in the history of the courts of Danvers had the law and the evidence been so dissected from the bench. When Judge Starr ended it was seen what the verdict of the jury would be. There could be but one verdict after such a charge. It was not so much favourable to the prisoner as an arraignment of Dick Nolan and those who had corroborated him. In this respect it was scathing.

Those who saw Jethro Starr descend from his seat and put on his overcoat noticed that his hands trembled and his lips were almost bloodless. He was not spoken to when he passed from the court-house, and, telling the sheriff to notify him when the jury came in, he passed out into the shades of evening and vanished.

The jury came in after an hour's deliber-

ation with a verdict of acquittal. This was heralded all over Danvers, and the judge, after dismissing the case and promising to take up the next one early in the morning, went back home again.

He stood at the window, and for a few moments looked down upon the groups that discussed everywhere the verdict, and knew that all attributed it to his charge. Mrs. Grimsby placed his tea-tray on the table, and left him still at the window.

By-and-by—it was nearly two hours after the trial—a woman came to Mrs. Grimsby's door, and, without knocking, passed in and ran upstairs. It was Hester Sessions.

"I must thank him, no matter what he says," she said. "I must tell Judge Starr that I am his friend as long as I live, for Tom and I owe him a life. He did it. It was his charge; they all say that. God bless the man who turned the tide in favor of life and love!"

Hester was at the door of the judge's room, and the following moment had opened it. The light of the fire in the grate showed Jethro Starr's face, and Hester, coming forward, stopped and looked at it with a sudden stare.

"You will hear me this time, judge," she said. "I couldn't remain away after what has happened. I owe you the deepest gratitude—the warmest thanks of the woman who will soon be the wife of the man your courage saved. I—"

The man in the arm-chair had not moved. There was no sign that he had even heard her. Hester stooped over the face and looked; then with a cry fell back and clutched the table.

There was no mistaking the meaning of that white countenance, and the staring look into the fire. She had seen the dead before, but never a judge dead in his arm-chair. Mrs. Grimsby came up, and, looking at Hester, said, calmly:—

"I knew something was up when I heard him walking the floor last night. He acted just like a man who halted between two opinions. He seemed to be in a dilemma of some kind, and, poor man, I guess he was."

"Hester said nothing. Jethro Starr had fought all alone, and like a strong man, the battle of life and love. He knew that when he leaned to the side of mercy and innocence he was for ever losing all hopes of marrying the only woman he ever worshipped, and with the life of his bitter rival in his hands he broke the woof of fate which bound him, and having given back to Hester Sessions, he went home to die in his chair alone, and to carry into the 'dark beyond' the true history of his terrible dilemma.

LIFE ON A CATTLE SHIP.

Experiences of Mr. Who Cross the Ocean With Live Stock.

"Ah, you may well say it is tough work," said a man busily engaged, with a number of other equally rough-and-ready cattle drovers, in unloading a shipload of Texan steers at one of the docks used especially for the foreign cattle trade. "But this is nothing to what we sometimes have to put up with on board," he went on. "Coming across the 'herring pond' with a cargo of 'live beef' is nothing to hanker after at the best of times, and in rough weather it's something not to be forgotten in a hurry."

"How long does it take?" Well, the voyage generally runs ten or twelve days, but this time, owing to the gales, we were sixteen days doing it.

"This is my fifth trip, and I suppose I ought to be getting used to it, but I am not. You see, from the time the cattle are shipped until we land them we don't get much rest, even in fine weather, and if a gale happens to spring up, all hands—that is all the drovers—are wanted to keep the animals in their pens."

"I shall always remember my first turn at this line. I was young and strong enough, but had not been brought up to that sort of work; but, being out of employment, it was a case of either taking to this work or starving."

"If you like I'll show you over the vessel, and tell you something about our work on board. I've finished now for the present."

The writer gladly accepted the offer, and was in due course taken down into the cattle quarters to see what accommodation was provided for the beasts.

The whole of the ship's stowage, with the exception of a small space in the centre set apart for the drovers' quarters and cooks galley, was divided off into rows of narrow pens by strong horizontal planks.

"You see," went on my informant, "when we ship our cargo the pens are so arranged that the cattle may be quickly taken aboard through openings in the sides of the vessel, being shipped direct from the cattle-market tenders. It is very exciting work just at that time, for some of the steers are awkward customers to deal with. Armed with stout sticks we stand waiting for the beasts (as, guarded behind by the sticks and shouting of the market drovers, they come bounding over the gangway), endeavouring to guide them into the pens prepared for their reception."

"This tries a man's nerve. I can tell you, for some of the animals are half mad with fright, and with their long sharp horns could easily settle one of us if a chance was given them."

"Later on, when the animals have quieted down a bit, we have to go into all the pens, knock up the side plank, and divide off the cattle. This is dangerous work, for the animals often charge us."

I remember on my first voyage that three of them leaped clean over the barrier, and careered about the vessel in all directions for half an hour or so before they could be satisfactorily secured and during the melee one of my mates was killed.

"When they are penned all safe, one of the hands is told off to get supper ready for us, while we are feeding the cattle. compressed hay is used for this purpose, and although the trusses are only about the size of an ordinary portmanteau, when the iron wires which compress them are cut away each truss is found to be sufficient for half a dozen beasts."

"This done, and water given them, we have to conform to the general rules and, under the direction of the 'cattle boss' or foreman, we are divided into 'watches,' just after the manner of seamen."

"There is this drawback with the watches: that, by the arrangement a man can only get his eight hours' sleep at night by two instalments, consequently ocean cattle drovers seldom undress themselves from the beginning to the end of the voyage. 'The cattle are fed and watered three

WILL YOU

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

BENS DORP'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;
Growth Office CHICAGO, March 9, 1893.
Stephen L. Bartlett, Esq., sole importer of Bensdorp's Cocoa, Boston, Mass.
DEAR SIR:—
After a thorough competitive test of the different brands of Cocoa, both foreign and domestic, we unhesitatingly give BENS DORP'S COCOA and 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. Colleton, President.

WELLINGTON CATERING COMPANY.
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, JACKSON PARK,
Telephone 28, World's Fair.
CHICAGO, March 20, 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,
By Albert S. Gage Pres't. WELLINGTON CATERING CO.

S. L. Bartlett, Esq., Sole Importer Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocos and Chocolates, Boston, Mass.
DEAR SIR:—
We are pleased to advise you that, after considering carefully the merits and low cost of BENS DORP'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.

DIED.

Halifax, May 4, Michael Veale, 57.
St. John, May 14, Thomas Bradley.
Alma, May 4, William McKinley 62.
Medford, May 1, James Lombard 63.
Dartmouth, May 15, Nell Stewart, 39.
Canning, N. S., May 3, Henry Cain 18.
Oakville, N. B., May 10, John Bell, 44.
Canaan, N. S., May 9, John Bishop 53.
Preston, N. S., May 10, Peter Downey 69.
St. John, May 16, William McKinley, 65.
Rawdon, N. S., May 3, Thomas Moxon, 78.
Avonport, N. S., May 6, John W. Taylor 44.
Lewis Mills, N. S., May 7, David Lewis 65.
Halifax, May 16, Matthew McCormack, 53.
New Ross, N. S., May 6, Thomas Keddy 97.
Liverpool, N. S., May 6, Charles Spinks 65.
Halifax, May 15, John McDougall Fisher, 37.
Battersea, N. S., May 7, George P. Moser.
Kingsclear, N. B., May 11, W. B. Kilborn 61.
Merigosh, N. S., May 4, Duncan Huggan 57.
Lozaville, N. S., May 8, Andrew Murray, 41.
Anson, N. B., May 1, Edward Miller Roy 82.
Mount Pleasant, April 30, Mary Handsaker 19.
Three Brooks, N. S., May 7, John Murray, 67.
Hopewell Cape, N. B., May 14, Marvin Cole, 70.
Little Brook, N. S., May 8, Ambrose Cosean 64.
Osborne, N. S., May 8, Alexander McDonald 64.
Battersea, N. B., May 7, Mary McPhail, 91.
Brookville, N. S., May 7, Mrs. Matthew Carr, 69.
Mill Village, N. S., May 10, William T. Sawyer 67.
Centerville, May 4, of pneumonia James Grover 51.
Springfield, N. S., April 30, Donald MacAulay 53.
Port Elgin, May 7, Annie, wife of James Welsh 25.
Robinsonville, N. B., May 5, Mrs. Nelson Moores.
Black River, N. S., May 9, Roderick McKenzie 65.
Hillsboro, May 1, the wife of Capt. Andrew Stewart.
Westport, April 27, of consumption James Gower.
Lower Economy, N. S., May 7, Thomas Graham 78.
Leonardville, Deer Island, April 29, Addie Cate 18.
Kentville, May 6, of pneumonia William Eaton, 69.
Vernon River, P. E. I., May 6, Malcolm Re-Rae, 90.
Baccaro, N. S., May 8, of pneumonia George Shaw 55.
Dartmouth, May 11, Bessie, wife of Charles Weeks 46.
Shubenacadie, Alice Nelson widow of James Parker 54.
St. John May 11, Catherine, wife of William O'Brien 55.
St. Stephen, May 5, Nellie wife of Philip McKeon 27.
Amherst, N. S., May 5, Mary, wife of Edgar Mason 73.
Lincoln, York Co., N. B., May 15, Michael Rowan, 73.
Medford, N. S., May 4, of consumption Jacob Park 40.
St. John, May 15, Margaret, wife of William Gray, 49.
Amherst, N. S., May 13, Helen, wife of A. D. Taylor.
Deer Island, April 28, Edith son of John Olson 4.
Waterville, N. S., May 5, of consumption J. Cramp Healy 31.
East River, N. S., May 6, Ruth, wife of late Samuel Cameron.
Pentecost, N. B., May 11, Jane, wife of late Isaac Justason.
Gay's River, N. S., May 7, Alma, wife of Thomas Killen 19.
St. John, May 10, Fred J. Son of Isaac and Mary Worden 33.
Lower Alma, N. S., May 9, Hannah, wife of late Malcolm 51.
Fredericton, May 12, Margaret Drury, wife of Sir John Allen.
Hopewell Hill, N. B., May 7, Mary wife of Capt. P. R. Linde.
Preston, N. S., May 9, George, son of late James Wellman 28.
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Wood Point, West. Co., N. B., May 12, Simon Outhouse, 81.
Grand Manan, April 29, Nellie daughter of Benjamin Potter 1 year.
Round Hill, N. S., May 9, the infant son of Dr. James Primrose.
West Tatamagouche, N. S., May 7, of consumption Jacob Mattatall.
St. Margarets Bay, N. S., April 25, John, son of Jeremiah Tanner 27.
Lakeland, N. S., April 27, Guy, son of Owen and Margaret Duffy.
Midland, Kings Co., N. B., May 6, Jane, wife of late Wm. Burnett, 96.
Petersville, N. B., May 8, Frances, wife of late George Dunn, 77.
Halifax, May 10, infant son of William and Lillie Calhoun 9 months.
Robinsonville, N. B., May 5, Elizabeth, wife of Nelson Moores, 31.
Halifax, May 15, Johanna, daughter of Michael and late Mary Hoare, 26.
Waterville, N. B., May 6, Sarah, daughter of John and Jennie Ferguson.
Vanceboro, Me., May 9, of heart failure, Sarah, wife of C. H. Kingston, 49.
Moncton, May 11, Anley G. son of Jos. E. and Jennie Bedford 14 months.
St. John, North end, May 11, Thomas son of Thomas and Mary Nash, 28.
New York, May 12, Thomas D. B. Dimock, M.D., formerly of Turro, N. S.
Clark's Cove, Chatham, N. B., May 9, Elizabeth wife of W. R. Ready 36.
St. John, May 9, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Robert Moore to Mary E. Taylor.
Petitcodiac, May 12, by Rev. A. Mc Nitchie, Oscar Graves to Alice G. Stueves.
Chatham, May 12, George Allan son of James and Christina Johnson 1 months.
Liverpool, N. S., May 8, James Harris son of Joseph and Minnie Silver 13 months.
Bay de Vine, May 1, Margaret Morrison, wife of late Alexander McDonald 83.
Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, May 2, infant daughter of Stephen and Della Huntly.
St. John, May 11, Ellen Ethel, daughter of Henry and Margaret Sullivan 20 months.
Grove Hill, N. B., May 15, of scarlet fever, Elliott son of Robert and Emily McGowan, 19.
Waverley, N. S., May 2, of consumption, Carrie, daughter of A. J. and M. A. Crosby, 21.
Bellisle Creek, Kings Co., N. B., May 7, of pneumonia, Lucy, wife of Hiram Brittain, 58.
St. John, May 16, George Patrick, son of Dennis and Norah McCarthy, 2 years and 3 months.
Henderson Settlement, May 8, of consumption, Sadie, daughter of John and Lizzie Huggard, 16.
Bridgeville, N. S., of congestion of the lungs, Ralph Gordon son of R. T. and Jessie Johnson 9 months.

BORN.

Turro, May 9, to the wife of James Archibald, a son.
Halifax, May 7, the wife of R. J. Sweet a daughter.
Digby, April 28, to the wife of H. A. P. Smith a son.
Sydney, C. B., May 11, to the wife of W. Crowe, a daughter.
Halifax, May 8, to the wife of A. J. King, a daughter.
Halifax, May 11, to the wife of Capt. C. E. Page, a daughter.
Turro, N. S., May 5, to the wife of C. E. Brown, a daughter.
Dartmouth, May 10, to the wife of W. J. Hutchins, a daughter.
New Glasgow, May 10, to the wife of Williams Ross a daughter.
Melville, N. S., May 11, to the wife of David McInnis a son.
New Glasgow, N. S., May 7, to the wife of J. Stancombe a son.
Lunenburg, May 3, to the wife of James Swinehamer a son.
Stellarton, N. S., May 5, to the wife of Wm. George Miller a son.
Middle Sackville, May 6, to the wife of Andre Gaudet a son.
Boulardie, C. B., May 2, to the wife of Rod Mitchell, a daughter.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 6 to the wife of H. C. Connolly a daughter.
Wolville, N. S., May 12, to the wife of Rev. Mr. Gronlund, a daughter.
Sheet Harbor, N. S., May 6 to the wife of Rev. S. Rosborough a daughter.
Grand Manan, Grand Manan, April 30, to the wife of Justin Brown a daughter.
Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, April 30, to the wife of Stephen Huhly a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. John, May 16, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, James Love to Mary Hunt.
Falmouth, May 1, by Rev. Jos. Murray, Robert Gray to Minnie Gola.
St. John, May 12, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, W. T. Morrell to May King.
Halifax, May 10, by Rev. Father Moriarty, William Martin to Irene Gray.
Milltown, April 26, by Rev. F. S. Todd, Van B. Carl to Emma McKel.
Windsor, May 4, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Wilbur Arto to Laura S. Blinckhorn.
Windsor, May 6, by Rev. C. Moore, George Brisson to Jane Gibson.
Parrsboro, N. S., May 3, E. M. Dill, Thomas Welton to Alice Galloway.
Kennebec, May 2, by Rev. D. Fraser, Adam McCulloch to Alice Singer.
Kewswick, N. B., May 3, by Rev. S. Syke, Alexander Christie to Jane Brewer.
Parrsboro, May 8, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Albert Morris to Annie Bennett.
St. John, May 15, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, John Tilt to Augusta Hayward.
St. John, May 16, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Perley Day to Margaret Gimonis.
St. David's, N. B., May 4, by Rev. Thos. Allen, Rufus Dean to Sadie Clark.
Windsor, May 4, by the Rev. J. S. Coffin, William Mosher to Damaris Blinckhorn.
Gasperan, April 29, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Edgar Porter to Maria Fitzgerald.
Sterling, N. S., May 4, by Rev. J. M. Gray, Dr. H. J. McKeljohn to Alice Burnett.
Parrsboro, N. S., May 10, by Rev. E. M. Dill, William Bulmer to Annie Adams.
River Herbert, N. S., May 8, by Rev. J. M. Parker, Gordon Fullerton to Annie Gower.
Gilbert Mountain, N. S., May 5, by Rev. J. Astbury, Sidney Baird to Frances Wotton.
Isaac's Harbor, N. S., May 9, by Rev. David Price, George Giblin to Mrs. Rachel Bezanon.
Indiantown, St. John, N. B., May 10, by Rev. J. M. Halse, Randor Masson to Jessie Griffith.
Upper Haynesville, N. B., May 1, by Rev. W. E. Johnson, Charles Sherwood, to Susan Jones.
Wood's Harbor, N. S., May 6, by Elder William Halliday, William Garon to Annie Stoddard.
Rockland, N. B., May 9, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, John Stephenson to Georgiana Estabrooks.
Knoxford, Charlton Co., N. B., May 8, by Rev. H. A. Charlton, Edipiet Laurence to Hannah Esty.
North West Harbor, N. S., May 10, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Lewis A. McLean to Angennetta Kelley.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 8, by Bishop McDonald and Rev. D. B. Reid, M. F. Coughan to Winnie Halloran.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.Y.
Winter Arrangement.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m. 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.
LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.55 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.30 p. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
J. BUCKLE, General Superintendent.
Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway.

1892—WINTER ARRANGEMENT—1893.
On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax.....	7.00
Express for Pictou.....	15.30
Express for Sussex.....	16.30
Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago.....	16.55.

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....	8.25
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted).....	10.25
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton.....	10.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	