THE POVERTY OF RICHES.

The Bank Clerk's Whist Coterie was holding its weekly meeting at the rooms of ed again. the president, Mr. Thaddeus Butts. The title, by the way, was more respectable than accurate; for whist was never played nor enacted. But the hour was late, and the game, whatever its nature, had been abandoned. Easy chairs were easily occupied, and through clouds of tobacco smoke disjointed remarks were gradually consolidating into a conversation. Naturally enough, from the foibles and shortcomings of individual employers, the topic had developed into a general consideration

"Why, there's old Mainwaring," Butts was saying. "He's worth \$50,000,000 if beakfast, sir?" he's got a cent, yet he doesn't have half so much fun as I do. Now if I were in his got." place I'd show you that money can be an to all within its view."

your time to count your loose change."

"Yes, if I clung to it, but I wouldn't. as I have I would so fix that the name of Butts would be a synonym for property. As for you tellows, I would send for you one at a time and we would have a bird | breakfast room the sense of his new identiand bot, and a Jim Hickey cigar, by Jove, ty enthralled him. and then just at parting I would say, 'Slip this envelope in your pocket, old boy, and don't open it until you get home; no thanks, you know you would do as much for me.'

"It would be all in your eye, I guess," growled Blakesly.

"Say, Butts," cried Johnson, "if you liberal discount for cash.'

"Of course I would do as I say," continued Butts. "Anything more than a million is vexation of spirit. I'd just sock that away and cover up sins with the rest." "I don't know about that," expostulated

Graham, a wild-eyed youth with a crimson necktie, "why, I think I'd spend \$40,000 a year on cigars alone. I would harass my soul to a much greater extent, I butler. imagine."

"I like to do good now," said Butts. "Why shouldn't I then, and in proportion, too? For instance, say I retained sufficient \$25 on the other. But first, like a well-

hog."
"No credit," sneered Markham. "Per- ing. I never felt so poor in all my life." haps not, but there's plenty of cash. Don't you know that a rich man glories in 'the needle's eye,' and that the richer he touch, entered and saluted. "At your becomes the richer he yearns to be? Besides, you torget that your wants would increase proportionately also."

"I wouldn't give them a chance before I had attended to you fellows, my dear, my intimate friends.

"Say, Thad," said Johnson, politely, "when this day of jubilee comes you will kindly send for me among the very first? You might be suddenly taken sick, you

"I don't believe in fairies," added Butts, meditatively. "But I just do wish one would give me the chance to take old Mainwaring's place for a single day. I'd set an example for milionaires that might bring about the millennium. Wouldn't the old curmudgeon be surprised to have the poor rise up and call him blessed?" "They will always be with him for all he

would do," said Graham. "I think it's we who had better rise up," suggested Blakesley. "It's after one o'clock, and notwithstanding our presi- and catch a horse-car?" dent's good intentions, which are really fine specimens of asbestos pavements in

their way, I presume the banks will open at the usual hour." There were noisy salutations, a disor-

dered descent of the stairs, and Mr. Butts cigar was only half finished, some punch | hot coal?" still lurked in the bowl, the fire was burning brightly on the hearth, so that he sat at ease and continued his musings. Yes, philanthropy was undoubtedly the magic spring of happiness. No wonder the principle of altruism was termed the Golden Rule, since only the rich could fittingly fulfill it. If he only had the chance, wouldn't he cut a broad swath through the field of wretchedness! Not that he should stint himselt; oh, no! But enough was as bed. "Peace on earth and good will to men," he murmured as he closed his eyes.

It was an hour later that Mr. Butts awoke with a start. Something had a sigh of relief. But why do the tiny eyes of the day, and although they could not touched him on the shoulder. The room | protude, the thin lips twitch? What goswas radiant with a silvery light, and that light came not from the fireplace, but emanated from a fantastic little creature seated on one of the lower bed posts and gently waving a wand to and fro.

"You see Butts," she said as she gaped and blinked in amazement and dread, there are such things as fairies after all. Now, since you doubted and boasted, I shall show you our power and frailty. Incidentally, too there may be lessons, but you can discover these for yourself. You shall have your wish; tomorrow you will be Mainwaring. Your relatives, friends and acquaintances shall have due notice of the change; but never fear, they'll not give you away. They'll look to you to do the giving, ha. ha! And so to sleep." The

The depression of the mattress was deep; but so, too, alas! was the depression of his mind. His limbs felt stiff, his frame heavy, affliction had its recompenses and his head muddled. "It must be that

ing man was drawing the damask curtains such beggarly persons to be so healthy and from the windows of the stately apartment. merry? Did he hire them to crack jokes? aids digestion.

apartment! Oh, dear! Oh dear! Where was his third-story back? Mr. Butts groan-

At the sound the man bowed reverently and said: "Good-morning, Mr. Mainwaring. I trust you rested well, sir?" Then Mr. Butts remembered, and with regret. That confounded fairy! What business has she to interfere with the ordinary workings of nature? If feelings were any criterion, then Mr. Mainwaring was apt to die before the day was over, and then where would he be?

"Your bath is ready, sir," said the man. "That will do; you may go," replied of the use and management of a great Mr. Butts, rather astonished at his own gruffness.

"Yes sir. Very good, sir. The usual

The man would have stared had not his oasis in the desert of life, bringing comfort | eyes been too well trained. "Yes, sir; oh, "Humph!" interrupted Markham. out of the room. Mr, Butts raised himselt impose on a man like me." "What could you do? It would take all awkwardly and set on the edge of the bed. He felt a singular aversion to dressing himself. He looked at his shoes and tried I'm not blest with many relations, but such to look at his knees. "Confound such a corporation," he grumbled. But as he and dollars drops of blood. The details of completed his toilet and passed through an immense fortune were scrupulously ex- Parrsboro, Oct. 14, to the wife of Mayor Gibson, a the corriders and the grand stairway to the amined as an insane builder might examine

He quite torget his clerical existence, He quite ignored his ephemeral future, He was Mainwaring. The modern Croesus, the multi-millionaire, and port and waddle And then you would dust along lively, and | proclaimed his awful presence. He found wouldn't your eyes stick out when you saw | elegance and profusion awaiting his presa check for two hundred and fifty thou., ence. Yet somehow that appetite that the fore! And great drops of sweat used to rise superior to boardinghouse deli- dropped from his brow in the mental strugcacies now deserted him. The butler approached with vial and spoon on a salver. existence itself, were all swallowed up in "Your medicine, sir," he said inexorably. | the awful necessity of making much money can let me have my share now I'll stand a "I suppose I must," sighed poor Mr. | more! Butts, as he made a very wry face after a very noiseme dose. And still the streaming urns and chating dishes had no alluremont in their song.

'. Take 'em away, take 'em away," motioned Mr. Butts, "and bring me some oatmeal and a glass of milk and lime water." "As usual, sir. I thought so. sir. I have them ready, sir," replied the grave

Mr. Butts dallied lackadaisically over his breakfast. There were three letters lying by his plate addressed to Hon. Homer Mainwaring, and after a little he of my fortune to give me an income of broke the seals and them. One was from \$100,000. My salary now, as you all his wife—at least from Mrs. Homer Mainknow, is \$1,000 per year, and I think | waring-at his country seat at Oldport. | Susie." "We're on deck, old man. Yours nothing of throwing a dime to a beggar or | Another was from his daughter at boarding | to command. Markham and Blakesly!" putting a quarter on the plate. Hence I school, and the third from his son on a "Bring on the scads." Your old friend would give a \$10 note to the one and put vachting trip through the Mediterranean. Johnson." "Government bonds are good Mr. Butts crushed the missives together enough for- Graham." What could such ordered funeral notice, I would attend to and jammed them into his pocket. "The relatives, friends and acquaintances. Why same old story," he muttered. "Money, wouldn't I? There's no credit in being a money, money! Do they think I'm made

> "Here the door opened and a soldierlyappearing man, whose garb had an official service, sir," he said. "The night-watchman reports that they were at the butlery window again last night. And the mine by the observatory must have exploded, for I've just found a leg under the century plant, sir. Surprised you weren't disturbed, sir; but then you must have slept | identity. What dangerous maniacs would soundly after your escape of yesterday. How will you be going down town, sirthe landau and the grays?

> like rain, and I can't risk them. I'll walk." "Very good, sir, I've my revolver handy, you see. There's a mob of hoodlums on the lower corner. I've turned a half dozen cranks away from the door already, sir. And I'm sure I've seen three ruined brokers lurking in areas across the way. Begging your pardon, sir, but if walking is to be a Mr. Butts looked from one to the other your pardon, sir, but if walking is to be a permanency, I'll be asking for a raise."

> "Nonsense! You'll be lucky if you escape the cut in expenses I'm about to institute. Can't we go through the stable intelligible noise?" Uncle Jim looked fool-

"Oh, yes, sir." "And you have a pass, haven't you?" "All of us private detectives gets such

trifling favors, sir." "Let me take it. The conductor won't old dreaming baby of a husband of mine." ask you. Blast my corns! What comfort was left alone with his thoughts. His can a man take walking on tracks and red ly. "It's all a mistake. We were out with

Mr. Butts settled himself in a corner of the car and bought a paper. On examining the change he discovered a dubious even as he spoke he dodged behind looking coin, which acumen assured him Graham. was a hammered war token. He swore a little under his double chin, for the spry little newsboy had escaped, and then, with some latent purpose, retained the piece, as he thought, in his pudgy palm. Of course the financial page was the page to which he turned, and in its predictions, for first time good as a feast, and surely there was no this morning, Mr. Butts found comfort. "Jenkins," he said, "just run out and get zeal like hospitality! Mr. Butts was all Yes, it did seem probable that certain of me a sandwich," and in high good rumor aglow with satisfaction as he crept into his stocks-oh, what pride there was in the he returned to his work. personal pronoun !- were in for a rise.

Well, if anyone needed such luck, he sip is this? On dit, that Ebenezer Stubbs, through his recent cornering of Olive Oil untiring, yet the goal of his ambition was Trust' had landed a cool ten millions. still far distant, and the much money of Brother Mainwaring should look better to reality seemed contemptible in comparison

but the 'princeps,' also." Could it be, was there really danger of his losing the scepter of the richest man Life was a failure, existence a burden, and and being displaced by one whom he had he the most wretched of men. contemptuously helped to make? Oh! that would be intolerable. What would there remain of life worth living? It must not be! Mr. Butts folded his paper. His square jaws closed grimly. His chin settled on his chest. He was thinking—thinking the thoughts of restless nights, of he had given a sum of his money, of his hard troublous days, how much money might be made more. The car reached his cross blind beggar!

Chatham, Oct. 13, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, Judson, Burpee Clarke to Margaret McBeth.

Koswick Oct. 11 by Rev. John Hytchingen, Will wand slowly descended, and with it the street, and Mr. Butts decended with the alert detective by his side. On the curb this error seemed no straw to Mr. Butts. Bridgewater, N. S., Oct. 14, by Rev. A. W. M. When next Mr. Butts awoke he was con- stood a blind man, with his bat extended. He dashed the pieces on the floor; he stagscious of two unusual sensations; his bed Into it Mr. Butts dropped the coin, "for gered to his feet and felt his way to a cabiwas luxurious, his body was uncomfortable. | luck's sake," he explained almost apologeti- | net against the wall; he opened a secret cally to his attendant. "God bless you," drawer and took out a revolver. Hesaid the medicant, thus showing that his

confounded punch," he groaned. "I put too much sugar in it." And yet his health on eagerly, puffing, perspiring, groaning, had always been superior to oversweetened | yet superior to his physical infirmities. He The sunlight suddenly flashed on the wall. brushed through the counting room of his establishment with a gruff "Morning!" in Butts again." Mr. Butts turned his head and looked, and response to the reverential salutations of the more he looked the more his head the clerks. Somehow their evident vivaseemed turned. A most respectable look- city exasperated him. What right had

Damask curtains! Lofty windows! Stately "Too much pay, too little work," he inwardly commented. "I must retrench. I must reform."

> ing, said a shrewd young teller to his fel- addressed to the sergeant of the guard, in lows. "I think something will drop."

as if he had been stung.

expenses are one-third too high. Cut never again tried it. them down at once. I don't care how; "Oh, let them cook whatever they've but mark this, if the service suffers off goes your head." Jenkins now assured of the stinging, bowed and retired.

"The lazy hounds!" soliloquized Mr. bage or stewed umbrella. certainly sir," he stammered, and backed Butts; "I'll show them whether they can

Then followed nervous, impassioned, inthe bricks of another Tower of Babel; its increase was belittled, its dearth enlarged. Sums that would furnish happiness to a community were tossed aside as trifles. Trifles that a beggar might ignore achieved the importance of the purse of Fortunatus. And all the while the magnate saw before him the fleeting image of his rival well in gle to surpass him. Time, circumstance,

Then came a diversion. There was a rap, and the detective entered, frowning against the suspicion of a grin. Are you in sir to personal calls?" he

asked, "You know I am not; go to the devil," grunted Mr. Butts, barely raising his eyes from his calculations.

The man hesitated, withdrew, but soon returned again. "They won't go sir," he explained. They say you made the engagement your-

self, and they send these cards.' Mr. Butts snatched the missives and read their contents in amazement: "Uncle Jim Butts and Annt Maria!" "Cousin

enigmas mean? Was he dreaming? The heavy curtain over the past wavered money, money! Do they think I'm made and let escape a ray of light! Uncle Jim of it? Well, they can take it out in think- Butts! Then who, then what, then where was he?

"Where are the people!" ", tell them I will see them presently." Mr. Butts pondered for a few moments; then he stood up and addressed his assistants. "Do you notice anything queer oror unnatural about me this morning?"

"Why, no, sir. Unusually energetic and resourceful, sir," they chanted. Of course, what a fool he was to doubt his own be those who might dare to impugn it! Mr. Butts stepped into the anteroom and examined himself in the mirror. Yes, he was old "Not at all," said Mr. Butts, "It looks ke rain, and I can't risk them. I'll walk." Mainwaring, tast enough. There were the little eyes, the double chin, the paunch, the solemn suit of broadcloth, the heavy fob, the cluster in the shirt front. Wasn't seeing believing?

With massive dignity Mr. Butts entered the reception room. Its occupants sprang with cold displeasure. "Well, what is it?" he asked. "I am a busy man. What do you mean by disturbing me with your unish, and Cousin Susie simpered and sucked her thumb, but Aunt Maria flaunted to the front. "Begging your parding," she said, "but we were led to believe you were our long-lost relation. It's all the fault of this

"Same here, sir," said Markham, promptthe boys last night, you know-

"Oh, Thad!" cried Johnson, desperately. "Don't you know us? Isn't it true?" But "Git out!" commanded Mr. Butts, im-

pressively. "Git out, and consider yourselves lucky that I don't give you in charge.' Without a word the visitors hustled away, thankful to escape and resolved to speedily forget such a mortifying occurrence.

Mr. Butts paused by his manager's desk.

That night Mr. Butts sat alone in the magnificent Mainwaring library. His did. "It's about time," he thought, with thoughts were still haunted with the work point out any mistakes, he was dissatisfied and dejected. He had been frugal and his laurels, or he'll lose not only the 'facile,' with the more money of imagination. Through the blue glasses of his mood he could see nothing bright or attractive.

Mr. Butts thrust his hand in his trousers pocket and drew out a handful of coin which he mechanically assorted. Suddenly his jaw dropped and from his eyes glared

A straw may break a camel's back, but when something touched him on the shoulder. It was the fairy's wand, and And now the bustle of the street stirred there stood the fairy, smiling pitifully upon Stackhouse to Mrs. Charlotte Roberts.

> "No, not that," she said, waving the potent rod to and fro. "Go to sleep and

For Indigestion USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. If your dinner distresses you, try it. It Never Tried it Again.

A brigade-major serving in Gibraltar was in the habit of giving to soldiers who had "The old man's on a rampage this morn- indulged not wisely but too well, a note which it was written, "Please confine The shrewd young teller was right. bearer." One day an astute Irishman Through room after room Mr. Butts hur- happened to be the victim, and was handed ried; through winding hallways and furtive | the note and ordered to return to the bardoors. At length his private office, that racks at once to deliver it. On the way he holy of holies, was reached. The detective | met the brigade-major's groom, and, knowtook a seat without, but the magnate en- ing the contents of the note, asked him as a tered, and in an instant was at his desk favour to take it to the barracks, as he did with coat off, waistcoat unbuttoned, arms not wish to return for an hour or two. On deep in a mass of papers. "Zip!" went delivering it he was of course confined to bis electric bell. The manager dashed in the guard-room. The major, on learning the truth, said no more about it, thinking "Jenkins," snapped Mr. Butts, "our it very smart on the part of the soldier, and

> Those who would enjoy good eating should keep good-natured; an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cab-

BORN.

cessant toil. Mr. Butts, his stenographer, Truro, Oct. 13, to the wife of George Craig, a son. 1 his typewriter, telegrapher. were all as Halifax, Oct. 17, to the wife of L. J. Bland, a son. closely engaged as if millions were nations | Parrsboro, Oct. 13, to the wife of John Brown, a

Parrsboro, Oct. 13, to the wife of Henry Pettis, a Moncton, Oct. 18, to the wife of A. T. LeBlanc, a

Westfield, Oct. 17, to the wife of Rev. Henry Parlee, Halifax, Oct 16, to the wife of Arthur B. Wiswell,

Truro, Oct. 10, to the wife of Alexander McKenzie, Halifax, Oct. 16, to the wife of Robert Hamilton, a Halifax, Oct. 14, to the wife of Horace A. Morine,

Lunenburg, Oct. 16, to the wife of William Lindsay, a daughter. Halifax, Oct. 17, to the wife of J. J. Abraham, a

Hillsbore, Oct. 3, to the wife of Watson W. Blake, a Amherst, Oct. 17, to the wife of Joseph Richmond, a Yarmouth, Oct. 13, to the wife of L. M. Mitchell, a

daughter. Moncton, Oct. 19, to the wife of J. G. Hicks, a Amherst, Oct. 17, to the wife of Capt. J. H. Chapman, a son.

New Glasgow, Oct. 14, to the wife of Charles Mc-Hopewell Cape, Oct. 18, to the wife of Jos. Howe Dickson, a son Clementsvale, N. S., Oct. 12, to the wife of William Ramsay, a son

Sheffield's Mills, N. S., Oct. 14, to the wife of Clarence Kinsman, a so Hillsburn, N. S., Oct. 13, to the wife of George W. McKay, a son. Lunenburg, N. S., Oct. 15, to the wife of Albert Young, a daughter.

North Sydney, C. B., Oct. 5, to the wife of E. M. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Oct. 11, to the wife of Dr. S. R. Jenkins, a daughter.

Woodworth Settlement, N. B., Oct. 14, to the wife of W. H. Shaw, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Lunenburg, Oct. 14, John Lowe to Mrs. Edward Andover, Oct 9, by Rev. J. B. Young, Nicholas Dee to Mary A. Plant. Knowlesville, Oct. 4, by Rev. G. Harrison, Robert Gray to Mary Blair. Middleton, Oct. 11, by Rev. J. Gee, Arthur Miller to Ella M. Cropley.

Newcastle, Oct. 11, by Rev. Harrison, John Allison to Alice M. Mitchell. Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. Dyson Hague, John P. Cole to Julia Whalen. Halifax, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Frederick Cox to Maria Jewers.

Woodstock, Oct. 9, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, William Napan, Oct. 14, by Rev. Jos. McCoy, James Mc-Leod to Alice Dickson. St. John, Oct. 18, by Rev. W. H. Sampson, Frank Craft to Lucy McLeod.

Amherst, Oct. 16, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Dalbert Bulmer to Mary White. St. John, Oct. 15, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Nehemiah Stevens to Abbie Beck. Woodstock, Oct. 11, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Milligan

Rogers to Annie Rolston St. John, Oct. 19, by Rev. William Ross, David Amherst, Oct. 7, by Rev. W. H. Edyvean, James J. Davis to Naomi Finley.

Halfax, Oct. 13, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, William C. Davis to Maggie Mack. Woodstock, Oct. 19, by Rev. James Ross, Amaziah Stairs to Lydia McNatton. Newcastle, Oct. 10, by Rev. G. Harrison, James Delaney to Bessie Murphy.

St. John, Oct. 18, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Frederick E. Emms to Elizabeth Orr. Halifax, Oct. 18, by Rev. Dyson Hague, Frederick G. Major to Emily C. Jost. Knowlesville, Oct. 14, by Rev. J.K. Biersto, Edmund W. Spinney to Janie Currie. Mount Uniacke, N. S., by Rev. J. Spencer, John W. Conley to Sadie Burgess.

Glassville, Oct. 12, by Rev. J. K. Biersto, Humboldt Sharp to Mary E. McKenzie. Moncton, Oct. 18, by Rev. J. Millen Robinson, Fred W. Givan to Lottie Crosskill. North Sydney, C. B., Oct. 5, by Rev. D. Hickey, Jacob Rogers to Eliza Smith.

New Glasgow, Oct. 13, by Rev. W. Purvis, Richard Bradbury to Belinda French Woodstock, Oct. 11, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, John Tromly to Henrietta Johnson

Barrington, Oct 2, by Rev. J. K. West, William S. Dickie to Ethel M. Stoddard. St. John, Oct. 12, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Arthur G. Blakslee to Annie A. Wark. Ohio, N. S., Oct. 18, by Rev. T. Bishop, Parker Whitman to Mattie Blackadar.

St. John, Oct., 18, by Rev. Geo. Bruce, Edward S. Brodie to Louisa I. McMurray. Newcastle, Oct. 11, by Rev. G. Harrison, John Alison to Alice May Matchett. New Canaan, Oct. 11, by Rev. J. Astbury, H. W. Stonehouse to Janie McAloney.

St. John, Oct., 13, by Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, Frank Neasin to Mary McCarty. Cheverie, N. S., Oct. 5, by Rev. G. A. Weathers, Albert H. Parr to Alice H. Parr. John, Oct. 17, by Rev. David Howie, William S. Richards to Mary J. Harrison. St John, Oct. 11, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, Frank C. Williams to Rachael Graham.

Lunenburg, Oct. 16, by Rev. George Harris, Daniel A. Mosher to Julia Hewitt. New Glasgow, Oct. 13, by Rev. Anderson Rogers Louis Meurant to Annie Degisvast. Fredericton, Oct., 23, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Chesley Clarke to adde McMann.

Oak Hill, N. B., Oct. 3, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Chas. E. Thornton to Bertha M. Graham. Keswick, Oct. 11, by Rev. John Hutchinson, William B. Everitt to Anna May Crouse.

Harley, Robert Geldert to Statia Naas. Blue Mountain, N. S., Oct. 18, by Rev. G. F. Johnson, Henry McKinnon to Kate McLean. Cape Traverse, Oct. 11, by Rev. Geo. W. Fisher, Coun. Alex Campbell to Clara Muttart. Hebron, N. S., Oct. 18, by Rev. Thos. Blackadar, Edward H. Crosby to Belle Blackadar.

Dorchester, Oct. 12, by Rev. S. W. Kierstead, Handford Esterbrooks to May E. Fillemore. Middle Simonds, Oct 11, by Rev. Henry Hartt, Walter W. Sipprell to Emma M. Underhill. Anagance, N. B , Oct. 13, by Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, W. By ard McLeod to Minetta McNaughton.

St. Stephen, Oct, 11, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, George Albert Simpson to Lazena F. Cathcart. Centreville, Oct. 18, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, assisted by Rev. Henry T. Parlee, John A. Humble to Carrie L. White.

DIED.

McAdam, Oct. 9, Daniel Griffin, 51. Pictou, Oct. 15, Maurice Bower, 73. Hampton, Oct. 14, James Fownes, 78. St. Stephen, Oct. 5, Ruth Stevens, 17. St. John, Oct. 17, William Pierce, 74. North Sydney, Oct. 17, Kate Scott, 15. Moncton, Oct. 17, William Bulmer, 86. Carleton, Oct. 18, Mrs. M. A. Paul, 55. Halifax, Oct. 19, Gustave Boutilier, 26. Antigonish, Oct. 18, Henry Carter, 76. Truro, Oct. 15, Mrs. Phæbe Piggott, 74. Cornwallis, Oct. 10, Daniel Kellihan, 82. Woodstock, Oct. 23, Mrs. S. L. Tabor, 73. St. Stephen, Oct. 16, Ann J. McComb, 13. Chatham, Oct. 19, wife of Alfred Pinc. 56. Bloomfield, Oct. 16, Isaac B. Wetmore, 56. Charlottetown, Oct. 13, Sophia Barrett, 73. Moncton, Oct. 23, Margaret McKenzie, 89. St.. Stephen, Oct 7, Alexie A. Campbell, 28. Moncton, Oct. 18, wife of John Chandler, 55. Bayfield, widow of late E. W. Randall, 66. Summerside, Oct. 14, Mrs. Elias Bishop, 88. Bear River, Sept. 28, Mrs. Sarah Harris, 76. Northam, P. E. I., Oct. 13, H. J. Folland, 41. Fredericton, Oct. 18, Mrs. Edward Moore, 8'. Concord, N S., Oct. 23, John J. Robertson, 38. Lake View, N. S, Oct. 15, John F. Munroe, 30, Lower Granville, Oct. 6, Nettie B. Westhaver, 7. Musquodoboit Harbor, Oct. 5, Henry Bayers, 66. Mispec, Oct. 21, Jane, wife of George Thomas, 67. Milton, Oct. 12, Jane, wife of Isaac Stewart, 83. Waverly, N. S., Oct. 20, Mrs. Charles Hayward, 74. Isaac's Harbor, N.S., Oct. 13, Duncan McMillam. Windsor Plains, Oct. 13, of consumption, Eva Gay,

Peel, Oct. 3, Jane, widow of late Benjamin Thomas, Grand Manan, Sept. 30, Eveline, wife of Sydney Halifax, Oct. 21, Herbert, son of Samuel Bevis, 13

Caledonia, N. S., Oct. 14, Lena, wife of Alexander Windsor Plains, Oct. 16, of consumption, Lizzie

Bear River, Oct. 11, Lizzie Crosby, wife of James Carleton, Oct. 22, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Mc-Guire, 56 Milltown, N. B., Oct. 7, of paralysis, John H

Gagetown, Oct. 20, of paralysis, William Kirk patrick, 82. St. David, Oct. 18, Florence, daughter of Herbert McKnight. Arcadia, Oct. 14, Margaret, widow of late Joseph Kinney, 97 St. John, Oct. 23, Susan, widow of late Edward

Dorchester, Oct. 5, Melinda, wife of Capt. R. Cameron, 32. West Dalhousie, Oct. 15, Lavinia, wife of Josiah Durland, 72. Apohaqui, Oct. 16, Duncan, son of Duncan and Dinah Johnston, 17. New Glasgow, Oct. 11, Catherine, wife of John

Cornwallis, Oct. 5, Eva Grace, wife of Henry Whitehead, N. S., Oct. 15, Arkle, son of late James Canard, N. S., Oct. 13, Lily, daughter of William Upper Gagetown, Oct. 15, Lavinia, wife of Captain

Halifax, Oct. 15, Bridget, widow of late Capt. Benjamin Legoff, 95. Long Reach, Oct. 4, Mary Ann, widow of late Samuel Dunham, 31. Bear River, Oct. 10, Augusta, daughter of John and and Eugene Atkins, 5

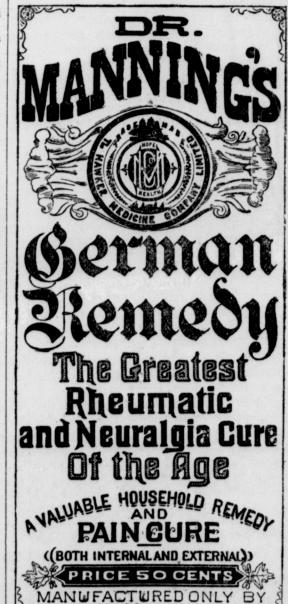
Northport, N. S., Oct. 5, Lucy, widow of late Thomas Anderson, 66. Cherry Valley, P. E. I., Oct. 13, Janet, widow of William Irving, 9 Moncton, Oct. 15, Stanley Edgar, son of D. R. and Jane Hunter, 4 months Chipman Brook, N. S., Oct. 14, Abigal, wife of William Greenough, 45. Halifax, Oct. 20, Annie Porter, daughter of Bridget and late Samuel Porter.

Sandbeach, N. S., Oct. 13, Charles, son of Roland and Luthera Porter, 4. Windsor, Oct. 9, Evelina, daughter of Samuel and Emma King, 10 we ks. Charlottetown, Oct. 14, Cherry Christiana, wife of R v. Dr. Fitzgerald 88.

Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 14, Mary, daughter of L. J. Kelley, of Yarmouth, N. S. Spryfield, N. S., Oct. 19, John Lewis, son of William and Emma Brunt, 21. St. John, Oct. 20, Florence Maud, daughter of Cept. James and Lizzie Ferris. Parrsboro, Oct 13, Frank, son of Captain Clarence

and Minnie Roberts, 4 months. Barrington, N. S., Oct. 19, Ruby May, daughter of E. C. and Augusta Mumford, 2 Cumberland Point, Oct. 9, Lauchlan G., son of Archibald B. and Annie McLean, 6.

t. John, Oct. 20, of consumption, B. B., daughter of Andrew and the late Bridget Leach. Vorcester, Mass., Oct. 13, John M. son of late Michael Murray, of Dartmouth, N. S., 60. Yarmouth, Sept. 22, of consumption, Annie, danghter of late Gideon T. Wickwire, of Wollville, 36, Norton, N. B., Oct. 21, of inflamation, Helen P., daughter of John N. and Olive E. Matthews, 17.



ST JOHN, N.B. A Simple Cure for Bad Breath. In our variable climate thousands suffer from Catarrh in a mild or more acute form. The offensive breath, headache and nausea produced by this complaint are only a few of its evil results. Hawk-er's Catarrh Cure is a perfect and positive cure, re-lieving all headache and nausea and making the breath sweet and pure. Price only 25 cents. Sold

THE HAWKER MEDICINE COY LTD

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC is a perfect blood and flesh builder, and nerve and brain invigorator, as well as a valuable aid to digestion. Price 50 cCents a bottle, 6 bottles \$2.50. For sale by all drugists and dealers. If you are weak and run down try this great health restorer.

RAILWAYS.

GO TO THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN **EXPOSITION**



St. John to Chicago and return as follows:

AT \$30.00 EACH. Tourist Tickets good 30 days from date sold, and good to stop over at Detroit and East thereof.

AT \$26.50 EACH. Any day, good-to return within 13 days, No stop over allowed.

PALACE SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO CHICAGO,

without change, every Tuesday.

For further particulars enquire of Canadian Pacific D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal. Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.

Express for Halifax.

Express for Sussex. Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: 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 Mon-

treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at

19.40 o'clock.

A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock. Express from Sussex..... 8.25 Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted.

Express from Moncton (daily)....

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.... Express from Halifax and Sydney.....

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893. YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, 2nd Oct., 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: teave yarmouth—Express daily at 8.10 a. 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.16 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John way. At Digby with City of Monficello for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evennigs; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Sheiburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifay, and the principal Stations on the Winder. Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRIGNELL,

STEAMERS. On and after MONDAY, the 18th SEPT.

STEAMER GLIFTON

will leave her wharf at INDIANTOWN, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen, Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton, and other points on Will leave Hampton wharf on the same days at 5 30 p. m. for St. John and intermediate points.

R. C. Earle, Captain. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK.



Yarmouth, N.S.

COMMENCING September 4th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: MONDAY WEDNESDAY, and FRI-

same days at 830 a.m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co.

The shortest and most direct route between Nova

The Quickest Time! Sea voyage from 15 to 17 hours.

Scotia and the United States.

Four Trips a Week

rom Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth Evening after arrival of Express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

Steamer "City of St John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7. a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear) Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

July 13. 1893.