16

THE WRAITH OF M'COY.

When I was sixteen years of age I paid a visit to an uncle and an aunt of my tather's who lived on the family estate in Scotland. My granduncle was well-to-do in this world's goods, and had leisure to devote his life to scientific pursuits and to write about his ideas and discoveries. He had an exceedingly well-arranged laboratory, and dabbled in everything. He was, perhaps, of a more practical turn of mind than most scientists, for he not only theorized and experimented, but turned his knowledge to account, and thereby made his home rather alarming to ignoramuses. Doors opened and shut, and bells rang, seemingly as he willed them. He had made of electricity a sort of servant-ofall-work.

The Scotch domestics gave warning in a body the first evening that the hall lamp lighted itself. They considered the proceeding "uncanny," and my aunt confided to me that it was a most expensive illumination.

'However,' she added, 'a man should be master in his own house, and has a right to spend his money as he pleases, so I say nothing."

For her part she liked to go about 'among the poor'-not to give alms, Scotish poor tolk seldom want that. She helped them to work for themselves: started poor widows in little penny shops; put boys to trades; found places for young housemaids and lent small sums of money to be paid back in driblets when the honest folks could do it.

She worked in the right way. and left them their self respect. Mere charity never does that.

The house was well furnished with articles that would capture those who are bitten with the present madness for 'old things.' Square rugs lay on the polished oak floors, and great orange trees grew in tubs in each of the six windows of the drawing room. Outside, in summer, was a gay little flower garden.

It was, however, not a pretty part of the country. It was grand and solemn. Beyond lay mountains apt to be covered with dim, gray mist. Near by a loch, the water of which seldom sparkled, and in dull weather seemed perfectly black, and from the heights on which my uncle's dwelling stood, a road decended into a valley, walled about with great rocks, its vegetation sparse and coarse, and lying here and there so many mighty boulders that one could fancy giants had hurled them at each other in the course of some tremendous fight. Far away, above all, arose a tall, curious shaftlike object, which one could scarcely believe the work of nature. Its local name was Daffy's Darning needle, and on its summit was an eagle's nest. was ill with grief and terror. And how did I find the ruins? And what a mercy that I had not gone over the precipice near The eagles swooped down upon the sheepfolds to their owner's cost at lambing time, but were perfectly safe, as the needle was inaccessible even to the Scottish boys, who can climb anything climbable. It was my delight to mount my pony, Jackanapes, and go galloping off over the country. No one objected to my going alone. I was quite sate. There was nothing improper in it. Every one I saw knew me, and I gained health and strength by it. What with oatmeal for breakfast and these rides, my cheeks grew round and rosy and spirts high. I forgot at last even that it might be possibile for me to lose myself, until one day I actually did it-at five o'clock in the afternoon too, with the autumn day suddenly drawing to a close under a cloudy sky, which threatened one of those furious mountain rain storms which only those who have experiencee can appreciate.

He led the way. The darkness had concealed from me the fact that I was very near a house. A wide door was flung open. Within I saw a deep hall floored with oak, at the end of which a fire roared in a great chimney. I was seated in a huge chair, my garments drying with curious rapidity. My host stood near me -a handsome man with his long, curling golden hair and beard, and a sort of hunting dress of white flannel. He smiled on me, but said nothing until I spoke.

'They will be frightened at home,'] said.

' I will not be long,' said he coldly. 'I am thankful to you;' I hastened to add. 'So very thankful.'

He did not answer in any conventional manner. His reply was this :

'You have good reason to be. A death in the cold waters of the torrent is not to be desired, nor is a violent death of any sort. Nature seems to forbid it. Thank heaven for life, little girl.'

and brought thence a goblet of wine. 'Drink,' he said.

I drank. I was warmed, comforted; a sort of dreamy delight stole over me. I heard music; I saw figures pass to and fro. I did not quite comprehend what I saw; a delicious slumber came on the wings of the was delightfully conscious that I slept. Then I was obliterated.

Cries and shouts arosed me. I struggled o open my eyes. I heard my name. heard the clatter of hoots.

'There? There she is!' There she is!' n my uncle's voice.

I saw half a dozen mounted riders aproaching over the tresh, sunlit slope of a great hill, and I saw that I sat among ruins, lose to the time worn, weather bleached wreck of an old chimney, the high mantel of which projected over my head. The roof of the house was gone; only ore wall remained. About me lay stones and mor-

a dwelling destroyed by fire and aband- victim ! oned for years to the elements. There was no wide hall, no glowing fire, no sideboard laden with silver, no host

attired in white to offer me beakers of wine : but I was dry, warm and comfortable, notwithstanding. My uncle burst into tears, clasped me to

his heart, and in doing so changed his tune and lectured me for losing myselt. Jackanapes had come home riderless. My aunt thought me dead on the road, and

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894. SENSATIONAL NOVEL-WRITING.

Extracts From a Forthcoming "To Be Continued" Story.

The great desideratum in writing sensational to-be-continued stories is to find an original and startling climax for the end of each weekly installment-to leave the hero, or heroine, in a situation so thrilling that the reader is kept in a leverish suspense until the appearance of the next issue of the paper containing the story. This sort of composition may appear difficult, and seem to require much mental ingenuity, but it is a gift easily cultivated. As a specimen of this style of lurid fiction, we make a few excerpts from the forthcoming story, entitled : . "The Villain Foiled; or, Reginald Harcourt's Charmed Life," giving only the climaxes and their unravelment.

CHAPTER III,

Blanche Dreeme sat in her luxuriously furnished apartment, with her shapely 'And afterward you,' said I. He bowed gravely, then went toward hand, while her right toyed nervously with some great piece of furniture, on which a jacqueminot rose. Her thoughts seemed silver seemed to shimmer in the firelight, | far, far away: while her mother was in an adjoining room, darning a pair of her husband's socks !

It was a dark night, the stars having evidently gone on a strike, and refused to shine at the per diem compensation agreed upon three weeks previously. Reginald music and entolded me. For awhile I Harcourt had just left the wild revelry of a masked ball, and was hurrying through a lonely street to his abode, several blocks distant. The terpsichorean hilarity in which he had been indulging had shifted the Maisie! Maisie!' shouted from afar. I bow of his cravat under the left ear and his breath was tinctured with cloves. Hark ! Footsteps approach-and his heart almost stopped beating when he was suddenly confronted by Luke Buhster, the hired tool of his hated rival, John Percy Hamilton, whose acquaintance we made in the first chapter. With a suppressed ex-clamation of fiendish delight. Buhster drew a long, gleaming dagger and plunged it to the hilt into the left breast of our hero. He then quickly melted away in the darktar, blackened wood and all the tokens of ness, leaving the weapon sticking in the

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

In our last chapter, we left our hero, Reginald Harcourt, with a long-glittering dagger sticking up to the hilt in his breast. After the commission of the foul deed the assassin repaired to his employer, John Percy Hamilton, with the information that the voice of his rival was hushed forever. But the villain was foiled again.

"It was a mighty lucky thing for me," will endanger health or lite. The manu-said Reginald Harcourt, "that I went to facturers of Lactated Food have on fyle the masked ball in the character of Falstaff. hundreds of letters from thankful mothers, This ugly-looking knife has penetrated six testifying to the fact that the great Food is inches of the padding necessary in the a preventive of dysentery, diarrhea and make-up,' without touching my flesh. A cholera infantum. wonderful interposition of Providence, truly! If I had gone to the masquerade in the role of a 'living skeleton,' used it before. the dagger would have gone clear through

tives, each of whom had a theory of his own, ridiculed the idea of our hero being implicated, and he was released.

"''S death !" cried Luke Buhster through his clenched teeth. "You have escaped me for the last time, Mr. Harcourt. I'll bet you five dollars that your death is close at hand!" But Regigald was not in a bet-ting mood. He had conscientious scruples against engaging in the reprehensible practice in any way. John Percy Hamilton's hired assassin and accomplice had prepared a grave six feet deep, and, despite our hero's piteous appeals for mercy, tumbled him into the excavation and buried him alive !

(To be continued). CHAPTER XV,

Luke Buhster and his companion in crime had not proceeded fifty yards from the scene of their diabolical deed, when they felt a peculiar tremor of the earth, accompanied by an ominous, rumbling, noise. The guilt-hardened wretches, with terror depicted on their faces, took to their heels and fled toward the city. As the reader may have already surmised, the Charleston earthquake had arrived. One of the chasms made by the seismic disturbance saved the life of our hero. It split his grave wide open before the vital spark had fled; and when he reached the city, the worst was over. In the list of casualities next morning, he read the names of John Percy Hamilton and Luke Buhster. What a fortutious combination of circumstances!

The last chapter of the story is devoted to straightening things out, and telling who is who; and all those who have not been killed, get married; and the reader doesn't know which deserve the most sympathy.

BABY'S WEIGHT. IS YOUR LITTLE ONE LOSING OR GAINING FLESH?

It the baby is healthy and well fed, it should increase very steadily in weight. Too often the hot, oppressive summer weather retards growth and development; this is always the case when the baby is improperly nourished.

If the little one cannot be sustained fully and regularly on a bountiful supply of healthy milk from its mother's breast, it should receive a daily diet of pure Lactated Food

When the little one is kept on Lactated Food there is a perceptible daily growth, and a guarantee that no summer troubles will endanger health or life. The manuSt. John, July 4, by Rev. C. H. Paisley, James E. Cowan to Ellen P. White.

Chatham, July 2, by Rev. Neil McKay, Everet Bel ton to Wilhemina Mowatt. Lunenburg, July 4, by Rev. D. McGilvray, Capt. Ed. Love to Jessie Oxner.

Bathurst, July 5, by Rev. A. F. The mpson, Danie Morrison to Jessie Murray.

Hopewell, June 28, by Rev. Homer Patman, Alex. Chisholm to Jane Chisholm

Halifax, July 4, by Rev. A. Gandier, J. H. Burton to Caroline E. I. Duncanson.

Halifax, N. S., July 4, by Rev. Dyson Hague, John S. Adams to Maggie Fraser.

Windsor, June 27, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Law-rence Johnson to Eva Gould. St. John, July 11, by Rev. Job Shenton, Issac N Middlemas to Clara D'Orsay.

Marblehead, June 27, by Rev. Frank Sleeper, Wm. H. Hayden to Ella L. McNeil.

Campobello, July 2, by Rev. W. H. Street, Arthur W. Hickson to Alice B. Taylor.

Brooklyn, N. S., July 5. by Rev. James Sharp, John Bailey to Ellen Rockwell.

Somerset, N. S., July 2, by Rev. T. McFall, Win-Saunders to Annie M. Phinney.

Yarmouth. July 5. by Rev. E. D. Muller, Chas. Prime to Mrs. Lizzie Stephens.

Fredericton, July 6, by Rev. D. W. Pickett, Charles W. Short to Maretta May Short.

Burlington, N. S., July 3, by Rev. Wm. Ryan George Salter to Adelia Barrett.

Halifax, July 7, by Rev. John McMillan, Zachariah Beaver to Hannah M. Boutillier.

St. John, July 11, by Rev. Monsignor Connolly, Michael Burns to Ellen J. Duffy.

Marysville, July 4, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Charles W. Dennison to Annie A. White.

Fox River, N. S., July 3, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Isatah Morris to Ellen M. Lewis.

Bath, N. B., June 20, by Rev. S. E. Sprague, Ezekiel DeMerchant to Harriet Grey

Yarmouth, June 26, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Edgar C. Porter to Guichana Churchill.

. Stephen, June 27. by Rev. W. C. Goucher, W. O. Garcelon to Ella M. Cathcart.

Halifax, July 3, by Rev. John McMillan, Daniel McDonald to Christie McDonald.

Alberton, P. E. I., July 4, by Rev. Geo. Harrison, Matthias Hoyt to Marilla Havnes.

Fredericton, July 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, John W. Culliton to Josephine Downey. Upper Musquodoboit, July 3, by Rev. A. D. Gunn,

Chas. T. Stewart to Janet McKeen.

St. Stephen, June 27. by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Archie Hooper to Ennis Hunnewell.

Gagetown, N. B., July 4. by Rev. A. C. Dennis Wm. F. Brooks to Emily J. Beacom. Campbellton, July 3, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Da-vid McGarvie to Emma Beckingham.

Middle Musquodoboit, July 4, by Rev. John Phalen, G. A. Crathorne to Harriet C. Morris.

Havelock, N. B., July 4, by Rev. Abram Perry, John Caldwell to Rachel H. Scribner.

Glengarry, N. S., June 28, by Rev. Homer Putman, Lewis C. Hughes, to Kate M. Gordon.

Advocate, N. S., July 5, by Rev. D. T. Porter, James C. Mitten to Ellen MacAloney.

Brooklyn, N. S, June 19, by Rev. F. W. John stone, Clarence Salter to Lalia Lockhart. Lower Southampton, July 4, by Rev. Wm. Ross,

Thomas W. Stairs to Susanna Henderson Pugwash, July 6, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Hiram Blanchard Waddell to Margaret Macaulay.

West Northfield, N. S., June 30, by Rev. E D. P. Parry, Obed Dauphinee to Eliza C. Jodrey.

Coxheath Mines, C. B., July 2, by Rev. Dr. Mc. Lean, Brownwell Granger to Annie Dumphy.

New Glasgow, N. S., June 27, by Rev. D. Hen-derson, J. D. Mackintosh to Cassie McLaren. Vanceboro, Me., July 8, by Rev. Father O'Brien,

Angus Grant to Mary Hurley, of York Co. N

afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton add other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 5 40 a. m., for St. John and ntervening points. R. G. EARLE, Captain. -THE-Yarmouth Steamship Co. The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indiantown

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDY

The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours.

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Ya mouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission.

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Re-turning 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, Lockeport, 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.

L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN,

CRAND LAKEand SALMON RIVER. And all intermediate stopping places

'HE reliable steamer " MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until fur-ther notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNES-DAY and SATURDAY moraing at 8.30 o'clock, local time.

Returning will leave Salmon River on MO

days, continuous passage....\$2.00

other steamer. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be char-tered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of

each week. All UP FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when ac-

companied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board

All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer.

Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE-Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents.

STAR LINE STEAMERS.

For Fredericton and Woodstock

MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 9 ... m., for Fredericton and all intermediate land-

C. BABBITT,

Wm. McMULKIN. Manager. Agent at Indiantown.

Lost-I laughed to myself-but all I have to do is to trust to the pony. Jackanapes certainly could not lose himself so near home.

However, Jackanapes had either done that very thing, or was obstitute and determined to make me find my own way. The storm came on. The way grew perfectly dark, and I fancied that I heard a torrent roaring somewhere near me, dashing over a precipice. There was no such a thing in the neighborhood, I knew. Lite was as sweet to me then as any human being who ever lived, and I succumbed to suicide, who thus expiates his sin, and terror, soaked to the skin, shivering from head to foot, daring to move neither to the right nor to the left, and expecting rest. The story is always the same. The death every moment. I threw my plaidie over my face and burst into tears. In the great hall, the delightful fire, the wine, fact I cried like a baby.

'Oh, me! Oh, me!' I moaned. a death to dit!"

beneath me. He trembled as a human supernatural terrors then men or women. being does in mortal terror, quivered all enough, at about the height of a man's better call it a dream ? head.

What was it? My blood curdled. I was conscious of that curious condition of skin which either cold or terror will procould not have spoken a word to save my Maisie has seen the wraith of the McCoy. soul, for the object before me appeared to | That is what they call it, my dear.' be a human figure, formed of some transparent, luminous substance, and was a more perfect ghost than is pleasant to contemplate in a lonely spot at nightfall.

Almost instantly, however, I saw with a sudden flush of joy that set my blood in motion on the instant, that my terror had deceived me. It was a man that stood there, clad in what seemed to be a white flannel suit and holding a lantern over his head.

"This is Miss Maisie?' said a voice that was the voice of a gentleman.

'Oh, yes !' said I. 'I'm lost. I thought I should die, Oh, I am so glad ! So glad ! Quiet, Jackanapes !' For the pony trembled more than ever.

'The animal is afraid of me,' said the 'Can you dismount? I dare not reply.

by! So they bore me home. And I kept my own counsel, said not one word of my experience until our kindly neighbors had breakfasted and gone their way. Then I related it.

'It must have been delirium,' I said. Yet it seemed so real.'

me! 'My dear Maisie,' said my uncle, 'in Scotland we are astonished at nothing. I have myself heard this story before from four people who were rescued in the same way, and saw the same wraith and the same restoration of those ruins you describe. My grandfather, a poor country woman with her babe in her arms, Mrs. McLynn of the Heights and sister Constance have narrated the same adventure. Everybody knows the haunted ruins, but we have a special interest in it. Long ago handsome young man, by name Alexander McCoy, was sole heir to the place, then the handsomest residence here-

abouts, as one may well imagine, but chose to fall in love with an ancestress of ours

who flirted with him and jilted him. Her portrait hangs on the library wall, a saucy, dark eyed girl in her teens. He thought life worthless without the jade, and the night she married some one else, set fire to his old house and committed suicide by jumping over the precipice into the torrent. It is said he also appeared to her at midnight, but that he said, 'I forgive you.'

'The fancy is that it is the spirit of the that when he shall have rescued a certain number of persons he will be permitted to luminous object, the figure with the lantern, the handsome host with his white costume 'I and gold beard, the awakening among the shall never see any of them again! What ruins. It a horse or a dog be present the animal quivers in abject terror as your At this instant I felt my pony trembling pony did. Horses assuredly have more

'But, uncle,' said I, 'I really am afraid over, and seemed about to tall to the I am not quite Scotch enough to understand ground. I uncovered my face. All had all this. The ghost of a suicide is all very been dark when I veiled it in the great natural, but the ghosts of a house of an oak horror of seeing nothing, but now I saw floor, of a blazing fire, of glimmering silver; something-a light which resembled very the ghosts also of delicious wine, and of cold moonlight, so white that one might a great armchair in which I slept delightalmost call it blue. It shone, strangely fully-can these things be? Had I not

'You can call it what you like,' said my uncle. 'Science has yet found no name for these mysteries, though I believe she will some day. But what the people here duce, which children call 'goose flesh.' I about will say will be just this, 'Miss

An Object Lesson.

M. Clemenceau, the famous French Deputy, was originally a doctor, and, like our English Dr. Abernethy, was rough and abrupt with his patients. One morning a man entered his consult-

ing room "Take off your coat, waistcoat, and shirt," said the physician, as he went on writing. "I'll attend to you directly."

Three minutes later, on looking up, he found the man stripped to the waist. He examined the patient carefully.

"There's nothing the matter with you," he said at last. "I know there isn't," was the startling

CHAPTER VI.

Blanche Dreeme, looking lovely in a Lactated Food, dear mother, for your evening gown of pink silk, with short weak and sickly infant? Give it a trial for basqued bodice, silk crape drapery and one week, the results will surprise you. trimming, and pleated lace and bows. patiently awaits the arrival of her lover, Reginald Harcourt. A dainty note, which she is perusing for the twenty-seventh Trumanville, to Mis. Fraser. a daughter. time, informs her that he be with her at Amherst, to the wife of Albion Ripley, a son. eight o'clock, precisely. She glances at the \$60 French clock-one dollar a week, on installments-and impatiently murmurs : It is now half-past eight, ard still-"

[In order to rapidly reach the climax, we must omit several columns.]

The balloon ascension, having been judiciously advertised in a dczen paperseach of which had the largest circulationdrew a large concourse of people; and as the inflated monster shot upward like a huge bird, it was greeted with cheers from thousands of throats. Higher and higher ascended the balloon, with its two passengers, until it appeared to the spectators below to be no larger than a base-ball. "Aha! I have you in my power at last !"

son.

son.

a son.

a son

daughter.

daughter.

daughter.

ris, a sol

daughter

daughter.

ton, a son

Lellan, a son

Wilson, a son

of St. John, a son.

Riley, a daughter.

Dodge, a daughter.

Young, a daughter.

Purcell, a daughter.

Evans.

hissed one of the aeronauts, throwing off a wig and a false pair of whiskers, and seizing bis companion in his vice-like grasp. Reginald Harcourt, almost paralyzed with tear, saw that he was again at the mercy of his old enemy, Luke Buhster; and before he had recovered from his surprise, he was hurled from the car of the balloon, now at a height of 15,000 feet, and went downdown-down!

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

When Luke Buhster threw our hero from the balloon, as described in our last chapter, he firmly believed that he would never see him again in this life; but "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," as the bard so truthfully observes.

In his rapid descent, Reginald had a mental panorama of his past life; with a prayer on his lips, he awaited the end. It soon came. A favoring air current had carried them over the snow-capped peak of Mt. Washington. He landed on a snowdrift, 100 feet thick, which broke the force of his fall. He tunneled his way out and spent the night at the Crawford house.

CHAPTER X. * *

"You shall not escape me this time!" cried Luke Buhster; for it was he. And with a sulphurous oath and the aid of confederate, Reginald Harcourt was securely bound to a railroad track. "I've heard of men being secured to a down-track, and the express rushing past on the up-track; but I understand my business better than that. In five minutes the lightning express is due, and it is coming on the track on which you are bound. You'd better devote the interval to praying." And with this heartless injunction, the villian and his companion left our hero to his horrible fate. Hark! the rumble of the train is heard in the distance. It comes Bath, June 30, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, James Simms vor nouror nearer!

West River, Sheet Harbour, July 5, to the wife of M. Nelligan. a daughter. MARRIED. Aylesford, N. S., Cecil Clairmonte to Eva Harris. Avondale, June 27, Newman Black to Laura Drake. Nashwaaksis, July 10, Arthur Hannington to Miss

to Ida Snaw.

Canning, N.S., to the wife of William Rand, a

Point du Chene, June 24, to the wife of James Sut-

St. John, W.E., July 11, to the wife of Samuel Mc.

Moncton, N. B., July 6, to the wife of Harvey

DIED.

St. John, July 9, Saml. Theal, 75. Parrsboro, Capt. Luthern Lively. Folly Village, Margaret Weir, 60. Halifax, July 6, Edmund Ryan, 69. Yarmouth, July 6, to the wife of Elias Smith, a son. Smithfield, June 27, to the wife of P.W. Hunt, a son. Amherst, July 3, to the wife of Simon Travis, a son. St. John, July 2, Duncan R. McLeod, 36. Digby, July 3, to the wife of Blan Cousins, a daugh-Liverpool, July 3, to the wife of Simeon Hunter, a Dartmouth, July 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, a Halifax, July 5, to the wife of Mr. Whittingham, a Weymouth, July 4, to the wife of Ellis Bartlett, a Truro, July 3, to the wife of Leonard Johnson, a Amherst, July 5, to the wife of Albert Brown, a Yarmouth, July 7, to the wife of W. H. Brackett, a Yarmouth, July 7, to the wife of Hector Golden, a Lower Truro, June 29, to the wife of Fred Johnson, Margaree, C. B., July 4, to the wife of J. M. Smith,

> Fredericton, June 28, Raywood, son of R. N. Pinder. McGrath's Mountain, June 21, Donald Cameron, 82. Jerusalem, N. B., July 9, wife of F. W. Dixon, 38. Prince William, June 30, Mrs. Leverett Estabrooks,

Truro, July 10, to the wife of G. O. Fulton, a

Liverpool, July 1, Janet, wife of William Ritchie,

11 months

North Sydney, June 26, Maggie H., wife of N. ouisburg, C. B. June 28, to the wife of A. W. Har-Martell, 40.

Bloomfield, June 3), Caroline, relict of the late J. S. st. John, July 5, to the wife of James H. Hayter. a Lindsay, 67.

Port Maitland, July 2, Emily H, wife of Adelburt Durland, 39

St. Mary's Convent, July, 6, Sister M. Eugenie Melancon, 24.

Digby, July 3. Mehitable, widow of the late Wm. Holdsworth, 45

Yarmouth, June 23, Mary, daughter of Robt. and Aggie McLean, 5

Westville, June 24, Dorothy C., widow of the late Cornish, Me., June 27, to the wife of Rev. J. B. Saer, William Fuller, 83.

McLennan's Mountain, July 2, widow of the late Liscombe Mills, N. S., July 3, to the wife of John W. Alex. Cameron, 91

St. John, July 8, Matilda, daughter of J. S. Stock-Windermere, N. S. June 26, to the wife of Spurgeon ford, three months.

East Mines Station, June 25, Jane, wife of the late Burlington. N. S., June 29, to the wife of Edward Thomas Morrison, 95.

Marydale, N. S., June 21, Maggie, daughter of Alexander Forbes, 23. West River, N. S., June 25, to the wife of Thomas

Pomeroy Ridge, June 29, Saml. son of Edgar and El.zabeth Hitchings, 5.

Clifton, June 29, Laura J., daughter of Duncan and the late Ella Stewart, 2.

New Horton, N. B., July 8, Mrs. Reid, widow of the late Harris Reid, 60.

Bridgetown, June 23, Victor B., son of Abram and Clara E. Young, 1 month.

Halifax, July 10, William V., infant son of Charles and Mary Ann McCarthy. Shelburne, July 1, Alice May, daughter of John and Elvira Irvine, 14 months.

ngs, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St John. Steamer Aberd-en will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURS. DAY and SATURDAY at 6 a. m., for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits. Commencing June Steamer Olivette will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY at 6 p. m., for Hamptead and inter-mediate landings and will leave Hampstead every MONDAY morning at 5, due at Indiantown at 8.30. CEO. F. BAIRD. Manager. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Summer Arrangement. Daily Service, (SUNDAY EXCEPTED) BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND BOSTON. Until further notice the steam. ers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Port-land and Boston every Mon-19 day, Wednesday, Thursday and saturday morn-ings at 7.25 (Standard) for Eastport, Lubec and Boston. an bard the THE STREET Tuesday and Friday mornings for Eastport and Portland, making close con-nections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais, St. Andrews and St. Stephen.

For further information appl C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH — Express daily at 8.10 a. 11.55 a. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wed-nesday and Friday at 11.45 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thurs-day and Saturday at 6.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Rail-way. At Digby with st'mr Monticello for St. John daily at Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steam-ship Co., for Boston every Tuesday, Wedesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and om Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sat-urday 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 Windson and Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL, Yarmouth, N.S. General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway

1894-SUMMER ARRANGEMENT-1894

On and after MONDAY, the 25th JUNE. 1894, the trains of this Railway will re-daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :

TRAINS WILL LEAVE 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 Mo. treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.50 o'clock.

TOING WILL ADDIVE AT QT IOUN .

Halifax. July 5, George Lee, 72.

Truro, June 30, to the wife of J. D. Ross. a son. Digby, July 4, to the wife of J. Fred Rice, a son. Windsor, July 6, to the wife of James Gow, a son.

fomously; they are increasing in weight, and rest and sleep well. Are you using BORN.

This summer we hear of hundreds of

mothers using Lactated Food who never A grand work is being done; the babes who are fed on the Food are progressing

Truro, July 4, John Ross, 74.

Truro, July 4, Aaron Young, 80. Hartland, July 2, Maud Hallett, 22. Moncton, July 2, Charles Carter, 32. Yarmouth, July 2, Joseph Muse, 42. Karsdale, July 8, Joseph Barnett, 70. Musquash, July 10, John Graham, 70. Carleton, July 7, Thomas Hunter, 46. Oak Bay, July 2, Melissa G. Hill, 38. Westville, June 23, Paul Hamilton, 67. Church Hill, July 9, Nelson Adams, 57. Amherst Highlands, July 2. Celia Read. Glenwood, June 28 Israel Kennedy, 77. Truro, June 30, Mrs. Angus Stewart, 26. St. John, July 11, Geo. Edwin Snider, 72. St. John, July 8, Mrs. Mary Kennedy, 60. Fredericton, July 3, Margaret Sinclair, 22. Fredericton, June 28, Mrs. J. N. Ferguson. Chipman, N. B., July 6, James Lafferty, 76. Brookfield, June 29, Arch. Y. Hamilton, 17. Greenwich, July 8, Mrs. Thos. Hancock, 75. Richmond, July 10, Angus C. McDonald, 54. Penny's Mourtain, June 27, James Hoar, 55. Royalton, N. B. June 21, Alfred H. West, 35. Molus River, N. B., July 5, John Miller, 61 Denton's Point, June 22, Solomon Denton, 77. Caledonia, N.S., June 27, James Mitchell, 71. Pleasant Valley, June 28, Ellen I. Crosby, 28. Truro, July 5, infant son of Mrs. M. B. Carley. Ardness, N. S., June 27, Charles McDonald, 87. Bellville, N. B., July 8, Mrs. Alexander Strong. St. Mary's, N. B., June 29, Marin Gireuard, 100. St. John, July 11, Isabella, wife of S. A. Dickson. St. John, July 7, Ellen, wife of John Callahan, 70.

Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Sarah Card, formerly of this city. West River, N. S., July 2, to the wife of J. E. Watt,

Windsor Forks, July 1, to the wife of Isaac Gormley, Windsor Forks, July 3, to the wife of Albert Beach,

Halifax, July 9, Amelia J., wife of Hiram Miller,

Avondale, July 6, to the wife of Justas Warner, a

Windsor, July 6, John Medley, son of Prof. Butler, Amherst, July 2, to the wife of Thos. Trenholm, a

ingure. Con you dismount. I duro not	"Then what did you come for?"	nearci-nearci-nearci,	Studholm, N. B., June 27, James Gambline to	St. John, W. E, July 7, Sarah Gertrude, daughter	I KINO WILLARRIVE AI OI.JURN:
approach you otherwise, for if I do Jacka-	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	(I's he continued)	have M. Fricht	1 OI ROUD, and LIZZIC COMMINES.	The Manual and Oraban (Man
napes will run away and, perhaps, dash	"To consult you on a pointear ques-		Fredericton July 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Harvey	New York, Sadie, voungest daughter of Smith	day excepted) 8.30
you over the precipice. I will retire ; dis-	tion."		I Jones to 1da Jones.		L'Apress nom monecon (dany)
mount, and I will return. Do not fear any-	"Why did you strip, then?"	When Reginald Harcourt recovered con-	Halifax, July 4, by Rev. Mr. Chute, Jas. H. Casttree	Halifax, July 5, E ina, daughter of Margaret and	Accommodation from Point du Chene 12.55
		sciousness. he found himself surrounded by	to Margaret Balfour.	the late Edmund T. Holland, 2	Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-
thing, I will take care of you.'	thought you manted an illustration of the	sciousness, ne iound minsen surrounded by	Fredericton, June 27, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Allison	Greenville, July 1, Alice Maud, daughter of	bellton 18 30 Express from Halifax and Sydney 22.85
He was gone. Doubtless he only shut	thought you wanted an illustration of the	a crowd of people, and the windest excite-	Lunn to Julia Chase.	Nathaniel and Ann Crawlord, 0.	Commencing and July Express from Halifax (Mon-
the lantern but he anneared to vanish.	emaciated body of the man who lives by	ment prevailed. The lightning express had	TT. W Tala 10 ha Don Ma Condina A E	Halifax, July 8, Florence, daughter of Peter and the	day excepted)
Jackanapes ceased to shudder. I lett the	the sweat of his brow."	crashed through a bridge within twenty	Ings to Clara Dodge.	late Margaret Kelley, 9 months.	
Jackanapes ceased to sudduct? I for the		feet of our hero. A dozen persons were		Upper Bloomfield, June 30, Etta M. daughter of	The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated
saddie, though I was hardly able to move		killed, and many wounded, but, fortunate-		Hugh T. and Amy C. London, 17.	by steam from the locomotive, and those between
for my wet skirts, and stood by his side.	She had the last word.—She—we girls	Kined, and many wounded, but, fortunate	Trung Lung 9 hr Don T Cummings Alex F	Dartmouth, July 4, Robert M., son of George N.	Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by
Instantly the stranger was at mine, and as	are thinking about starting a baseball club.	ly, the life of our hero was thereby saved.	Ross to Mary S. Carter.	and Florence A. Roome, 7 weeks.	All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
he appeared my pony kicked up his heels	He-Pho! Girls can't even throw a	A detective advanced the theory that	D Water M O Lang 00 has Dear W Deen Anthone		
and deshed amon up the road	hall	Reginald had tampered with the bridge.	Burnington, 1. 5., oune bo, of reer. It of any rectaut	ter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Gavel, 15.	D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
and dashed away up the road.		and then bound himself to the track to	Lake to bessie Salutord.	Cane John, N. S., July 2. Georginia, daughter of	Beilman Office
'Never fear ; he would take care of him-	She-Anynow, we could beat you talk-	and then bound himsen to the track to	Parrsboro, July 6, by Kev. W. H. Evans, Bent Hat-	Cape John, N. S., July 2, Georginia, daughter of Alexander and Maggie McDonald, 11 months.	Moncton N. B., 20 June, 1894.
colf ? said the stranger 'Follow me.'	ing back to the umpire.	avert suspicion; but seven other detec-	held to Minnie Fletcher.		, moneten attact as a mel toon