

WRECK OF THE "HART."

Five or six gentlemen were gathered in a New York office one stormy afternoon. The business of the day was finished but still they lingered, chatting on various topics, loath to leave the comfortable office for the disagreeable weather outside.

One of the group, a genial, intellectual-looking captain remarked, "I'd rather go to Cuba and back from the Breakwater than go from the Breakwater to Boston in the winter, and I'd rather go round Cape Horn than have charge of a coaster that ran into Boston or Portland."

Every one in the group looked surprised, for they all knew his life had been spent on the water and that he had guided his ship into many foreign ports both in Europe and South America, and so must know of what he was talking. One of the gentlemen voiced the feelings of all when he said, "Why, Captain, I don't understand you, I thought that Cape Horn was the worst place in the world for a vessel."

"Well, the New England coast is worse to my mind," replied the captain. "Why, I tell you there have been more captains of my acquaintance, lost here in sight of home almost, and after spending years on the water, than have been lost in any other place on the globe. I know the New England coast to my sorrow."

"Reckon you are not a New England man," remarked one of the group who had known the captain but a short time.

"Oh yes, I am," promptly replied the captain. "I was born and brought up in Maine, and I think when I'm through you will say that I've good cause for wishing to give the New England coast a wide berth in winter."

"Captain," exclaimed another of the gentlemen, "give us some of your experience to prove your assertion, won't you?"

"His request was urged on all sides with such enthusiasm that the captain saw they were determined that he should tell them a story."

"Well," he said at last, "I'm more of a sailor than a story-teller, but if you care to hear it I'll give you a bit of my experience and I think when I'm through you will say that I've good cause for wishing to give the New England coast a wide berth in winter."

Seeing that they had gained their point they all settled themselves comfortably back in their chairs to listen and the captain began:

"I've followed the sea from a boy and been a captain for years, as you all know, and have been into many ports in all parts of the world. I'd been a fortunate man, too, I'd never lost a vessel or received serious injury, although I'd been at sea in more than one tremendous gale, when the prospect of seeing land again seemed small."

"At the time of which I'm going to tell you I'd been on the bark *Etta Hart* eight years. She was one of the prettiest vessels you ever saw, trim and graceful, and a splendid sailor. She never went into a port where she didn't attract attention by her beauty, and she had been in South America, English and Mediterranean ports. She had brought me safely through many a hard gale. I'll own I was proud of her!"

"In December of '87, I came from Cuba with a cargo of sugar and stopped at the *Br. Kwator* for instructions as to my destination, and you can imagine from what I've just said that I was far from pleased to learn that I was to go to Boston to discharge, especially as I'd expected to be sent either here or to Philadelphia. But there was no help for it, so I headed the bark for Boston. Everything went well and I expected by noon to be at the dock. I'd been below to snatch a few minutes' rest and when I came on deck again I found a cold, thick fog rapidly settling down on us; and there we lay just a little outside of Boston harbor for three whole days waiting for that fog to lift. They were long days I can tell you, but they were over at last, and we were safe at the dock. The cargo was in first class condition and the consignees were delighted. I spent Christmas for the first time in years with friends in New England and I began to think I was glad after all that the bark had been sent to Boston."

"The first of January we left Boston in ballast for Norfolk, Va. Head winds delayed us, and when we got off Cape Cod there was a gale blowing, and before we got clear of the Massachusetts coast we had lost our two anchors. It would not do for us to go on without them so I was obliged to turn the bark's head toward the land, and I put in at Vineyard Haven with a fair wind which took me out through Vineyard Sound."

"It was a lovely morning. The bark, with all her sails set, was slipping toward the ocean without a trace of injury from the recent gale; never had I felt more proud of her than that morning as she raced before the wind like a living creature. I was rejoicing that soon I'd be where there was plenty of sea-rod if I should blow. The wind began to shift a little about noon, and by three o'clock it had got into the southeast, and by four o'clock it was blowing a gale. It was useless to try to run to sea, and if we didn't try for the sound we were sure to find ourselves on the southern shore of Long Island before many hours. So I turned the bark's head towards Long Island Sound. There, if we could reach it, and there alone was safety. To add to our peril a blinding snowstorm set in and at times we could not see the length of the bark ahead."

"How the wind did howl! It seemed to shriek with glee as it saw us rushing before it. Nearer we drew to the east end of Long Island. Well I knew that rocky point must be got safely by or the *Etta Hart* and all on board her would be lost; that the tide had turned and was running out and would carry us to ward those rocks I also knew. Thicker and thicker grew the snowstorm, and it seemed as though the wind could not blow harder. On, we rushed before the gale! Steering the ship was now pretty much guess work, as I could get no sight of anything I could only sail by my judgment and you can imagine I felt far from safe."

"Night shut down early and the gale seemed to increase in fury, although it had seemed as though an increase was impossible, and the snow fell as thick as ever. We were all thoroughly anxious and every eye was strained to the utmost to pierce the gloom. But on we flew, with only sail enough set to manage the bark, straight into—we knew not what. About nine the snow almost ceased for a few minutes and there right in our track and frightfully near, the waves were send-

ing upclouds of foam and spray as they hauled themselves on the rocks!

"About ship!" I cried, and every man flew to his post. But it was too late. The bark stood so high in the water and the gale struck her with such tremendous force that to tack was impossible. The *Etta Hart* always so ready to obey was powerless in the grasp of the gale.

"Turning to the mate I said, 'Mate, we have got to go ashore.' 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'there's no help for us.' 'Then I said, 'head her for the shore.' It was the hardest command I ever gave, gentlemen!"

"But the gale had been driving us with tremendous speed towards the rocks, and before the order could be obeyed there came a thud. The bark had struck a rock side on!"

"Men, save yourselves! Cling to anything!" I shouted and caught hold of a rope myself. A minute of awful suspense, then came a gentler blow! Again she settled back. Then came a towering wave, and she struck again with a crash which made her shiver from bow to stern and threw every man off his feet.

"We held our breath. Would the receding wave sweep her back into deep water? If it did we should have to fight for our lives and in that raging water and among those sharp rocks, there was small prospect that any man of us would ever again look into the face of wife or child. But the wave rolled back and left us. We were spared this time, and we drew a long breath and tried to gather back our scattered senses. The snow was again falling so heavily that we could not see the ship's length away. The gale was still at its height. The next wave might wash the bark off the rock, or break her in two, for none of us, as yet, could tell how badly she was injured. Our chances looked pretty small."

"The men all turned to me with the question, 'What shall we do, sir?' 'Well, men,' I answered, 'we don't know where we are, we can't see the shore. No boat can live in such a sea; it is folly to try to swim as long as there is a plank under us. I shall lash myself to the mizzenmast and stick by the bark as long as she remains above water, and I want every man to do the same.' Not a man made a word of objection, and every one lashed himself as securely as possible."

"How the gale did howl through the rigging! The waves seemed mountains high as they rolled over us and tried to tear us from our lashings!"

"Suddenly a new horror came to me. The lamps were lighted in both the forward and after cabins; they might be thrown down at any moment and set the ship on fire, then we should certainly be lost; they must be put out at once. I turned to the second mate and asked him if he would go below and put out the lights."

"It wasn't a pleasant or an easy job, but his prompt 'Yes, sir,' showed that he trusted me. After a big sea had passed over us he slipped quickly below. I must say I breathed a good deal easier when he was safely back with the rest of us and had reported everything all safe in the cabins and no water in sight. Still the gale did not abate, and it seemed as though the rope would cut me in two when the heavy waves swept over us."

"There came a heavier sea than any that had struck us since the one that drove the bark on the rocks. I thought we were gone then, sure. But no, the bark quivered like a spirited horse when struck a stinging blow with a whip, but still she was fast to the rock and every man was in his place."

"She'll not live through another like that!" whispered the mate in my ear. "Another like it was in its wake. It passed over us and we were still on the rock. But how the ship shivered, and how the masts bent!"

"And just then an added danger flashed across my mind. If the mainmast fell it would fall on us and crush us to death, or leave us wounded or pinned under it to suffer untold agonies for hours perhaps, a fate worse than instant death."

"To avert this danger the back stays must be cut, and to cut them was no child's play, and must be trusted to none but experienced hands. I pointed out the danger to the mate and he like myself saw the need of prompt action."

"Well, gentlemen, we unfastened our lashings and started out on our perilous errand. I knew by the men's perfect silence that they felt sure that we were going to our death, and I knew myself that the chances were against our coming back, but it was a case of clear duty to cut the ropes, and I left the rest in God's hands."

"We reached the rail in safety, which was no simple thing to do as you might suppose, for as the bark had struck side on, the deck was a good many degrees from horizontal."

"We both twisted our arms around the rail and hung on while a huge wave rolled over us; then the mate slipped forward with his axe to cut the ropes while I strained my eyes looking out into the darkness and storm for the first glimpse of the next breaker. It was altogether too soon in coming. As it rolled nearer I called to the mate and tried, it was possible to take a firmer grip on the rail, for that time I must hold the mate as well as myself. I caught him by the coat-collar just as the wave reached us. It seemed as though he would be torn from my grasp, but when the wave passed over we were both still safe."

"As soon as he could get his breath he rushed forward for the second time with the axe cutting the ropes as rapidly as he could while again I strained my eyes for the first sign of the coming billow. Once more I called him back, once more I hung on with all my strength, and once more the wave left us alive."

"I think, sir, I can finish cutting the ropes this time," he gasped, and then he lit me."

"Again I watched while he worked. My heart stood still when I saw the coming wave! Higher than any of its predecessors it rolled towards us. Was it possible for the bark to stand it? Even if she did resist I felt that there was no hope for the mate and myself. But there was no time to waste. I shouted to the mate and gave a firmer grip to the rail. It was to be a fierce fight with death. I realized, and resolved, with set teeth and muscles strung to the utmost tension, that in that fight I would be the conqueror if human will and power could conquer."

"The mate was back even quicker than I had hoped, and I once more grasped his collar. Before the wave struck us he had

just time to pant, 'They are all cut, sir,' and we were buried under tons of rushing, tugging water."

"I thought that I knew something of the power of water, but never had I realized its terrible, resistless force before. My head seemed to spin round and round, the roar of the water almost stunned me. It seemed as though my arms around the rail would be torn from its socket!"

"A thrill of horror passed through me, the waves were surely tearing the mate from my grasp! I tried to grip tighter, but alas! I could not. I seemed to have lost all power over my fingers. He would certainly have to go; if I lived to go back to the men it would be alone. He had been so brave, how could I? The thought filled me with anguish; I must not, would not let him go! Oh, it is awful literally to hold the life of a human being in your hand!"

"The minutes seemed endless while we two were buried under that avalanche of rushing water. At last it had passed over, the bark was still fast to the rock, the mate and I were both left behind, but it was with difficulty that I unclasped my fingers from his collar, so fierce had been my grasp. We were both thoroughly exhausted, but we must hurry back to the men before another wave struck us. A cheer came from them when they saw us both alive and working our way towards them. Strong and willing hands had us again lashed to the mast before another wave reached us."

"Now all that could be done for our safety was done, and all that remained for us was waiting. A waiting for the morning and perhaps safety, or a crash and a fight for life with probable death at the end. It was a terrible strain on us all those long hours spent lashed to the mast and facing death. Ah, gentlemen, to face death as we faced it that night, gives a man an experience that no words of mine can half express, and stamps some things on his memory that no after flood of experiences can ever blot out. Even now I see the bending masts and the mountains of white foam or the yawning blackness when a wave retreated, I can almost feel the grasp of the billows as they tried to tear me from my lashings into that seething abyss, and hear the ship groan, the wind shriek through the rigging and the thunder of the waves on the rocky shore."

"Fortunately it had not been exceedingly cold, so that although drenched we had not suffered very much on that account. Between two and three the gale began to moderate and our hopes began to rise, but with the falling of the wind the cold began to increase and we commenced to suffer greatly."

"It seemed as though morning would never come. I succeeded in striking a match and looking at my watch, saw it was only three o'clock; we had been in our perilous position five hours. My hands were numb with the cold, so I wrung the water once more from my mittens and tried to loosen the rope around me a little and to get in a comfortable position as possible. I do not think I slept, perhaps I did; I was roused by the mate's asking if I didn't think it was 'most morning.' I was confident that it had been at least one hour since I last looked, I was so numb and stiff, but thought I'd try and get another look at my watch before answering him. I looked, and gentlemen, it was precisely five minutes past three!"

"More and more piercing grew the cold, the water was freezing in our clothes, we were in a fair way of being frozen to death. At last the steward said he believed he could go below and make a fire and get us some hot coffee. I told him to go and try, hoping that he might succeed before he would not. When after long waiting he called us below to hot coffee it was the most welcome sound I ever heard, for us it meant life. What a haggard looking set of men we were as we staggered down into the cabin!"

"At last the longed for and long delayed morning dawned. The snow had ceased to fall and we found that we were not three leagues from the shore, a shore that only too clearly revealed what would have been our fate had the bark gone to pieces during the gale. We lowered the boats, which were lashed forward and had not received the least injury, and went on shore. We found that we had struck on the south side of Fisher's Island."

"As I looked on either side of the vessel as far as the eye could see I saw not one other place where the bark could have struck and not been a complete wreck long before morning. Now not a man was lost, and we removed all our belongings in safety. But the bark herself had made her last voyage."

"When the mate and myself tried walking on land with a steady floor under our feet the next day we found that neither of us could walk without staggering; and it was weeks before I recovered, from the wrench and strain of the night and never while memory lasts shall I forget those hours of suspense and danger."

"When last I saw my beautiful bark she was broken in two pieces, her wheel and her rudder lying uninjured on the sand, while the rest was being torn in pieces by the rough winter waves. Another vessel added to the many that have found their last resting place on the pitiless New England coast! It was hard, bitterly hard to see her there, for to the master a ship like the *Etta Hart* is almost a human being. But there was no consolation, she left no desolate homes behind her; we had all passed safely through an experience such as few men live to relate."

Unsuccessful Altruism.

Nine months ago Chauncey W. Church started an altruistic community on about 400 acres of land south of Flint, Mich. The colony began with about 40 persons, who worked entirely on the co-operative plan, their main dependence for support being a creamery, a basket factory, live stock raising and farming. For a few months affairs prospered. Lately, however, it was announced that the scheme was a failure. Jealousy and dissatisfaction have resulted in driving the members of the colony away until not a bare half dozen are left. It is likely that the scheme will be abandoned at once. The profits to each member of the colony for the last six months, exclusive of living expenses, were \$73.

A Dancin' Partner at Auction.

The sale of an operatic tenor by auction is unusual even in the United States, where strange things do occasionally happen. It seems, however, that Mr. Albert Thies was a holiday visitor at Richfield Springs, and that there was a good deal of rivalry

among the young ladies to secure the popular musician for the "german" or dancing party. Mr. Thies declined to make a selection for himself, but good-humoredly consent to mount a card-table while Mr. P. Earle, in true auctioneer fashion, wittily described his many merits, and then the "bidding" commenced. The waggish tenor was eventually secured by "an anxious-looking young lady" for a hundred and ten dollars, which were handed over to a charitable institution.

Hypnotism Shows a Murderer.

In Amsterdam, Holland, the city officials who were trying to unravel the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Mrs. De Jong decided to have Dr. Jong, the woman's husband, placed under hypnotic influence in the hope of gaining information from him while in this state that would clear up the mystery. While in a trance he described the way he had killed two wives. His narrative was circumstantial. The body was found where he said he buried it, but the other corpse was never discovered. Still, it was not until the same facts were revealed from another source that the authorities were able to convict him of murder.

BORN.

Frederickton, to the wife of H. D. Creed, a son. Halifax, Oct. 27, to the wife of P. H. Mosher, a son. Albert, Oct. 25, to the wife of Kinnear Hoar, a son. Halifax, Oct. 24, to the wife of John E. Tucker, a son. Charlottetown, Oct. 23, to the wife of E. R. Brown, a son. St. John, Oct. 21, to the wife of Scovil H. Dickson, a son. Halifax, Oct. 21, to the wife of W. L. Davidson, a daughter. Parrsboro, Oct. 20, to the wife of Edward Browne, a son. Parrsboro, Oct. 20, to the wife of N. B. Eldrick, a daughter. St. John, Nov. 5, to the wife of J. P. Turner, a daughter. New Glasgow, Oct. 22, to the wife of David McElvie, a daughter. Parrsboro, Oct. 22, to the wife of Clarence Roberts, a daughter. Margaretsville, Oct. 26, to the wife of George B. Harris, a son. Lunenburg, Oct. 20, to the wife of G. N. C. Hawkins, a daughter. Port Elgin, Oct. 24, to the wife of Capt. Jacob Polard, a daughter. North Brookfield, Oct. 24, to the wife of A. D. McInnis, a daughter. Port Greenville, Oct. 29, to the wife of Emerson McCully, a daughter. Brooklin, N. S., Oct. 31, to the wife of Hallett Hinds, a daughter. Fredericton, Oct. 31, to the wife of James H. Haworth, a daughter. Wharton, N. S., Oct. 30, to the wife of James Bowden, a daughter. Fox River, N. S., Oct. 29, to the wife of Jeremiah Benjamin, a daughter. Doane, 74. St. John, N. S., Oct. 29, to the wife of Arthur Johnson, a son. Round Hill, N. S., Oct. 25, to the wife of J. Lawrence Ayle, a daughter. Central Argyll, N. S., Oct. 10, to the wife of Captain Ervin Spencey, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Williamston, N. S., Oct. 31, O. Bishop to Ida Taylor. Salem, Oct. 30, Bowman E. Shipney to Mabel S. Sallows. Charlottetown, Oct. 31, Robert J. Campbell to Eliza McNeill. Preston, Oct. 25, by Rev. E. Dixon, Charles Digns to Susan Carter. Preston, Oct. 25, by Rev. E. Dixon, Samuel Clay on to Mary A. Thomas. Amherst, Oct. 30, by Rev. Dr. Steele, Amos Macdonald to Eliza Carter. Lunenburg, Oct. 24, by Rev. E. Bell, Henry Swin to Mr. J. O'Donnell. Halifax, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, James C. Seely to Mary A. Smith. Halifax, Oct. 30, by Rev. J. R. Father Murphy, Martin J. Brown to Mary Kelly. Digby, Oct. 18, by Rev. W. L. Parker, R. Winchester to Eliza Marshall. St. Stephen, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. T. Ryan, Charles F. Beard to Helen Smith. Truro, Oct. 30, by Rev. T. J. Cummings, John A. H. to Jessie McDonald. Halifax, Oct. 30, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Adam L. Miller to Annie J. Redmond. Parrsboro, Oct. 21, by Rev. J. Sharp, Albert Freeman Foxier to Edith Moore. Halifax, Oct. 21, by Rev. Allan Simpson, J. N. Robinson to Florence C. Arthur. Port Morin, C. B., Oct. 25, Malcolm McKinnon to Margie McKaskill. Marville, Oct. 24, by Rev. W. W. L. Widge, Wesley Hazzard to Estella Miller. St. Mary's, Oct. 31, by Rev. John Parkinson, George Shields to Mary Wise. East Gore, N. S., Oct. 31, by Rev. W. R. Turner, Enoch Wile to Linnie Murphy. Florenceville, Oct. 25, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, George Lord to Nora Brooks. Fredericton, Oct. 31, by Rev. William McDonald, James Piercy to Letitia E. Till. Antigonish, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. R. Munro, Havelock H. Griffin to Letitia Taylor. Chatham, Oct. 28, by Rev. Father Joyner, Frank Currie to Philomene Thibodeau. New Glasgow, Oct. 23, by Rev. W. I. Croft, D. S. Rawlins to Amelia D. Fillmore. Avonport, N. S., Oct. 24, by Rev. J. Murray, Lemuel Fales to Estelle Hunter. Dartmouth, Oct. 31, by Rev. F. Wilkinson, John A. Douglas to Frances Munford. New Tasset, Oct. 24, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Herbert Sabean to Lizzie R. Sabean. St. Stephen, Oct. 30, by Rev. William Dillard, Philip A. Brown to Elsie Keating. Berwick, Oct. 31, by Rev. F. M. Young, S. Chapman to Augusta A. Ilsey. Stellarton, Oct. 31, by Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, James R. Porter to Emma Grant. St. John, Oct. 31, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Ebenezer Huntington to Mrs. Eliza C. Bradshaw. Wallace Station, Oct. 24, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Arthur W. Scott to Miss Harpell. North Sydney, Oct. 24, by Rev. D. Drummond, Angus L. McKean to Annie C. Kane. Lunenburg, Oct. 24, by Rev. P. S. MacGregor, Elias A. Eagles to Lillian E. Lockhart. Windsor, N. S., Oct. 28, by Rev. J. K. Bearis, Marzer S. Orser to Nora C. Connelly. Mount Pleasant, Oct. 28, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Gideon R. Brooks to Elizabeth A. Stephenson. Port Williams, N. S., Nov. 1, by Rev. John Laycock, J. Milton Rhinall to Lillian A. Chester. Pembroke, N. S., Oct. 27, by Rev. J. B. Chapman, Stephen H. Crosby to George Vickery Allen. Bridgetown, Oct. 26, by Rev. B. J. Gilfe, assisted by Brigidie Jacob, Frederick H. Wright to Annie Wightman.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

Internal & External. IT IS Unlike any Other. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. It is a fact, that any pain anywhere, every lameness, every rheumatism, is penetrated, relieved, and cured by this wonderful, soothing Anodyne. It is the sovereign remedy for bites, burns, bruises, for backache, earache, headache, neckache, stomachache, toothache, in fact every ache. For scalds, stings, strains, sprains, stiff joints, swellings and sore muscles. For colds, chills, coughs and catarrhs. For hiccups, hoarseness and whooping cough. For asthma, bronchitis, diphtheria, la grippe, sore throat and lungs. For colic, cramps, cholera-morbus and summer complaints. For dyspeptic pains, neuralgia and muscular rheumatism. For cuts, cracks, corns, contusions, chaps and chilblains, all irritations and inflammations. For lame back, shoulder. For pains in chest, kidneys, stomach, use this great vital and muscle nerve. Every ailment above is caused by inflammation, to cure which Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was devised.

Originated by an Old Family Physician FOR PURELY HOUSEHOLD USE. Generation after Generation have Used and Blessed It. All who order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 50 cents, 85¢, 25¢, 50¢, express prepaid, if you can't get it near home. Ask free. Sold by druggists. Pamphlet free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 32 Canton House Street, Boston, Mass.

DIED.

Halifax, Oct. 30, David Jones, 62. Chatham, Oct. 29, James Dea, 40. Petou, Oct. 23, Annie Kervin, 25. Peabodiquis, Oct. 25, Mary Kelly, 83. St. John, Nov. 4, Isaac M. Earle, 31. Amherst, Oct. 28, Calvin Murray, 56. Lunenburg, Oct. 19, Douglas J. Boyer, 27. Oak Hill, Oct. 29, Victor Omar, 5 days. St. John, Oct. 31, Thomas Andrews, 28. Milltown, Oct. 23, Fred W. McLean, 28. Parrsboro, Oct. 21, William Daniels, 44. Harvey, Oct. 30, Winthrop Robinson, 57. Union Mills, Oct. 26, James A. Mahar, 33. Antigonish, Oct. 26, Robert Thompson, 56. Hardingsville, Nov. 6, Andrew Millican, 90. Rolling Dam, Oct. 30, Mary McKinney, 57. Upper Steviack, Oct. 30, Mrs. Milton Cox. Cardigan, Oct. 25, Catherine Dougherty, 68. South Maitland, Oct. 17, Bennett Comeau, 20. Lower Granville, Oct. 26, Mrs. James Litch, 43. McAdam Junction, Oct. 29, Joseph Sullivan, 12. Carleton, N. S., Oct. 29, Thomas H. Uelman, 60. Oak Hill, Oct. 20, Alice G., wife of Lester H. Myers, 24. Sussex, Oct. 26, Sarah, daughter of Richard Cole, 15. Lower Sutherland's River, Oct. 15, William Munro, 68. St. John, Nov. 1, of heart failure, William T. Connell, 64. Milton, Oct. 28, Emma, daughter of Angus McDonald. Yarmouth, Nov. 4, Ann, widow of the late William N. S., 47. Yarmouth, Oct. 29, Hannah, wife of James E. Nickerson, 73. Yarmouth, Oct. 26, Manie, daughter of Rev. E. D. Millar, 19. Pembroke, N. S., Oct. 24, Margaret, wife of Nathan Seely, 61. Middleton, Oct. 22, Rachel, widow of the late Israel Connock, 18. Plymouth N. B., Oct. 21, of congestion, Thomas Turner, 56. Camperdown, Oct. 21, Sophia, wife of Nelson Wynock, 74. Cornwallis, Oct. 19, Rosalind, daughter of William Connock, 18. St. John, Nov. 2, Ella, daughter of Charles W. and Eliza Jones, 1. Parrsboro, Oct. 26, Ellen, daughter of Robert and Sophia Mill. West Northfield, Oct. 23, Lottie May, daughter of John Lowe, 3. Truro, Nov. 1, Mary, daughter of James and Susan B. Lepper, 32. Halifax, Nov. 2, James, son of Charles and Harriett Skanes, 5. Bristol, N. S., Oct. 20, Etta, daughter of Daniel and Jane Dexter, 17. Moncton, Nov. 1, Harry, son of Clifford and Nettie Gross, 8 months. Halifax, Oct. 30, Frances B., daughter of Frances and John J. Myers. Halifax, Oct. 29, John T., son of George and Veronica Kinsman, 5. Halifax, Nov. 1, Mary, daughter of the late John and Mary Connolly. Hopedale, Nov. 3, Eliza, widow of the late William Rogers, 81. Shelburne, Oct. 27, Estel, daughter of Argus and Mary J. Guy, 9. St. John, Nov. 5, of typhoid fever, Susan, wife of Lawrence McQuillan. Shelburne, Oct. 30, Lillian J., daughter of Angus and Mary J. Guy, 11. Upper Barne's River, Oct. 26, Jane, widow of the late James McKay, 79. New Glasgow, Oct. 31, Maud, daughter of Edward and Catherine Crockett, 2. Chatham, Oct. 27, M. Eliza, daughter of Patrick McLaughlin, of New York. Middle River, C. B., Oct. 21, Annie, widow of the late Archibald McDougall, 77. Berwick, Oct. 29, Ruth, widow of the late Thomas Knowles, of Milton, 84. Liverpool, Oct. 24, A. Esmerode, son of Alexander and Elizabeth DeWolf Cowie, 18. Fredericton, Oct. 27, Catherine, daughter of Elizabeth and the late Michael McGee, 18. Moncton, Oct. 23, Mrs. Helene, widow of the late William Helene, of Montreal, N. B. McEman's Mountain, Oct. 20, Andrew W., son of Daniel and Maggie C. Miller, 4 months. Upper Keweenaw, Oct. 25, Francis Monaghan, widow of the late Abraham Brewer, 82. Moncton, Nov. 1, of convulsions, Charles Chapman, son of George C. and Minnie Palmer, 6 weeks.

RAILWAYS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY: Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 6.20 p.m. Leave Halifax, 6.40 a.m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p.m. Leave Kentville, 5.30 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 8.4 a.m. Leave Halifax, 3.10 p.m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p.m.

Best Parlor Cars run daily each way on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. ACCOMMODATION TRAINS: Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.30 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p.m. Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a.m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.45 p.m. Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a.m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p.m. Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a.m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p.m. Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a.m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a.m. Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p.m. Arrive Kentville, 8.10 p.m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; for Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Corn Valley Valley Branch, for Ganning and Kingsport, and all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, and at St. John with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Pacific trains for all points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station Agents, to 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager and Secretary; K. Sutherland, Resident Manager.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 13.50 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.30 Express for Sussex..... 16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.22 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 16.20 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.20 Express from Halifax..... 13.50 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 16.30 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.00

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

TOURIST SLEEPERS

FOR Seattle, Wash.

and points on the Pacific Coast will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal, at 9.50 a.m., every Thursday. Holders of second class passage tickets to Pacific Coast points will be accorded free passage on these trains on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Further information, ticket rates, &c., on application to Ticket Agents.

D. MCNICOLL, Gen'l Pass'g Agt., Montreal. C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass'g Agt., St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanea, Tamworth and Quebec Central, Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland, and other Canadian Branch Railways. Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 60 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded