

## THE BOTTOMLESS POOL.

At one period of New England's history, before the forests which covered her mountains, hills, low-lying plains and valleys had been swept away by the axe of the settler, the north-eastern portion of that territory, once the home of the greatest of all Indian nations, was a debatable ground between the English dwellers along the Atlantic coast and the French pioneers of lower Canada and the St. Lawrence basin. This region, though covered by growths of valuable pine and consisting of remarkably fertile soil, was very sparsely settled; inhabited by only the bravest of frontiersmen, or those Indians who remained of the aboriginal tribe.

These dwellers in the midst were partisans of one or the two great powers, English and French, whose cupidity would only be satisfied by possession of the whole territory, and whose share would eventually be decided by superior force of arms, or skill in diplomacy.

Here and there on the bank of some swift flowing river, or the shore of some sheltered bay, were located Indian villages, headquarters of the remnants of the great north-eastern nation, the Abenakis, the Norridgewocks, and the Hurons. Very few of these villages had sufficient force of warriors to defy hostile advances of French or English and live in independent hostility to all except their own people. Tribe jealousy and a lack of calculation or foresight among their chiefs prevented a combination, and their natural credulity prevented them from shunning those who smiled, only to disarm. Therefore it came about that some English trader or French priest had a residence in almost every collection of wigwams, and became the chief authority of those Indians among whom he lived.

In one such village, located on the left bank of the Kennebec river, midway between its headwaters and Merry-Meeting Bay, dwelt a priest of the order of the Jesuits, and of French nationality. This man Sebastian Rasles by name, had become a powerful factor in the village everyday life, and was regarded as the highest authority by those whom he had reclaimed from ignorance to some semblance of Christian worship.

In the midst of the village he had erected a chapel. There it stood, surmounted by the Roman cross, with windows half open to let in the warm sunshine of an August day, in the year 1724. The murmur of early mass could have been heard for some distance, like the smothered droning of the bees, lazily flitting about in the perfume laden air.

However heartily the Indians of this village had accepted the French priest and his catholic teachings, there were yet some among them who held to the traditions of their forefathers, who believed in Manitou, the great Spirit, who remembered the warnings of the prophet Sachems. But such were the power and influence of Sebastian Rasles, that few even of those who did not believe, dared to absent themselves from vespers or mass. So that the tall, slender figure that passed up the path between the wigwams from the lower end of the village, past the chapel, not even glancing in its direction, though sounds of service were distinctly audible on that pleasant August morning, must have been one near akin to some personage whose word bore more than ordinary weight in the council. It was the figure of a woman, young, graceful in form, and clothed after the manner of her people, but with richer habit. She seemed more than the ordinary domestic slave. In fact she was the granddaughter of the oldest living chief of the line of the prophet Sachems, and the betrothed of the Panther, also of nearly the same line, a young chief of ability and foresight.

The young chief was now absent on a mission to neighbouring tribes. The mission was secret but the girl knew its purpose was to secure aid in an uprising against all, without distinction, not of Indian blood to be found within their domains.

Koneshee was sad on that August day. Some of the gift of prophecy had come to her from her ancestors, and she saw, or thought she saw approaching evil for her tribe. She had prophesied aloud, but few had listened, and now she went away alone into the forest to think, to study out if possible from vague, prophetic consciousness of evil, some definite knowledge of the specific sort. Of immediate personal harm she had no fear nor forecast, though danger was at hand and waited for her in the woods.

Luke Benson was a trapper and a half-breed, and as trappers and half-breeds go, a bad one. Many crimes practiced by men in that wild country had not been perpetrated by this particular villain, it was because opportunity and profit were lacking.

And he had seen Koneshee and loved her with the love that such a man could feel. Familiar with her habits and her haunts, he had hung about the village for several days, knowing that sooner or later he would meet her wandering in the woods. Now he saw her as she approached, and waited till she, having sought a shady spot beside the stream, sat down to rest and wonder why she thought such things, whence came the thoughts, and what they really meant.

Trappers learn to move quietly, (it is necessary in their occupation) and she approached, within a few paces of the girl before her ear caught the sound of his coming. A twig crackled beneath his foot, and she sprang up in alarm, startled by the noise and terrified by the crafty passion in his face.

With an insolent laugh the half-breed spoke: "Trapped at last, my beauty! I have watched your footstep many days for this chance, and now I have you."

"Does the half-breed care nothing for his life, that he risks it near the wigwams of my tribe?"

"Much danger have I to fear from the followers of a black-robed psalm-droner!" said a third. "Every shadow hides an enemy, and I always fear that every tree conceals a red-skin."

How much longer this discussion might have continued is doubtful, for the sergeant's mouth was open for more complaining when a man stalked into the midst of the group and confronted him. The newcomer carried a long rifle upon his shoulder. By his dress he was evidently a trapper. His deer-skin clothes and leggings were soiled and torn by brambles and broken branches, indicating a long and carelessly hurried journey, such perhaps as one might have come from thirty miles or so up the river. He wore the countenance

of one who had been lately baffled in some scheme of treachery or villainy.

"Sergeant," said he, hoarsely, "lead me to your captain. I know what you are in need of, and I alone can help you."

"Well, my good man," said the officer, "you may tell me your business, and if it is of sufficient importance, I will lay it before the captain."

With an angry expression, the half-breed (for it was Benson) attempted to force his way into the main entrance to the superior officers' quarters. A scuffle ensued, in which the half-breed would have succeeded in getting himself shot or locked in the guard-house, had not one of the higher officers come from the fort and interposed.

On learning the cause of the turmoil and after an interview with the half-breed, he disappeared with him within the fort, and by the avalanche of orders following in quick succession, the soldiers knew that their guide had been found.

"There aint any use in grumbling," said the sergeant, "but if there was, I believe I'd enter something of a protest against that chap. I perier the red-skin, bad as he is, to a man with such a face as he carries. There's no knowing into what ambush he will guide us."

But he was ordered to report his men ready for marching, and off he rushed still muttering his forebodings of treachery, ambush, hostile Indians, and ugly half-breeds. The line of march was soon formed, and under cover of night the English were led up the river, to attempt once more the destruction of the Indian village and the capture of the priest.

The half-breed directed the march. It was a difficult task to bring so large a force, unheralded, with an attacking distance of those whose eyes are always open, whose ears are always listening. It had been tried before and failed; only the utmost caution could succeed now, and the half-breed was working out his scheme of revenge in the meanest, though most skillful act of his life.

The company was divided, and by morning the village was surrounded. No alarm was given while the soldiers crept up the shore, no one saw their red coats as they slowly filed along the hillside. A brave passed from the lower to the upper end of the village, and disappeared into his wigwam, giving no sign but that all was well. The old white-haired chief came to the entrance of his lodge. He was bowed and bent with years, but his eyes were like the eyes of hawk, and what the young warrior failed to see, the old man quickly discovered. The English were close upon them, and a long, deep war-whoop roused the Norridgewocks to a fight for life. How a service of morning mass ended in massacre, how a white haired chief died before the altar of his faith; how an Indian settlement and the remnant of a tribe was wiped from existence, history has tried to tell; but of private hate, of private treachery and of private vengeance, it makes no mention.

The Indian girl was in the wood beside the stream, when the deep, loud cry of the chief sounded through the summer morning air. She caught the tone of alarm and note of warning in the cry, and knew that danger threatened even before she heard the rapid rifle shots, and the war song of her tribe. She ran to the hilltop and saw in the valley beneath her, a sight which filled her heart with sorrow and dismay. The dead and dying of her race lay at the doorway of the little chapel, and scattered among the burning wigwams, while before the chapel, where their fields of tasselled maize were waving a short hour before now the English fought the Indians, hand to hand. Foremost in the battle, Megone shouted his war song, and advanced step by step, as the soldiers fell before his tomahawk. By his side fought the Panther, and the heart of the girl glowed with pride as she saw the young chief fighting for his home and his people. She saw Megone fall, and heard the war song of the Panther ring louder and fiercer, keeping time with the swift blows of his tomahawk.

Just beneath the girl, as she stood on the hill-slope, the half-breed sheltered by a clump of bushes, had seen his plans culminate, almost to his complete satisfaction. Not quite, for he had hoped to see the Indian girl and to capture her in the confusion. His watching was unrewarded and he turned his attention to the fight. The death of the young chief would end the battle, and the long rifle of the scout was quietly raised and fired with a deadly aim. The Panther gave a cry, looked once in the direction of the hillside, and fell to the ground. His followers lost heart and the battle became a massacre.

The quick eye of Koneshee caught the puff of smoke from the discharge of the rifle. She saw the Panther fall, and with an instinct of the truth she ran toward the clump of bushes whence the shot had come. The half-breed heard the crackling of twigs and swift approaching footsteps. He turned his head and looked into the face of the girl. She saw him at the same instant and drew the long hunting-knife, the same she had used for her defence the day before. The half-breed was brave, he would have faced a man and fought well, but the frenzy of vengeance in her face and the knowledge of his treacherous shot unnerved his arm. He dropped his rifle and fled away to the southward into the depths of the forest, taking no heed of his path, caring only to escape from the avenger, who slowly but surely gained on her intended victim.

Deep within the wood, between two slight elevations of the hilltop, the sluggish waters of a small pool lay dead and murky with the decay of ages. Dark under the eternal shadow of the trees, the lifeless pool gives no tribute to the river, it claims none from the hilltop fountains. Direct in the path of the trapper it lay. Too late to turn aside, he tried to stop. The wet and slippery leaves about its edge betrayed his footing, and as the maiden sprang upon him a cry for mercy escaped his ashy lips.

She seized his tangled hair and plunged her sharp knife once and again into his cowardly throat. Once more the dagger was raised, this time finding its sheath in her bosom. Slowly she sank backward, over the edge and into the slimy pool beneath. The waters closed over the avenger and her victim, entombing forever in the Bottomless Pool the betrayer of a people, and the last of her race.

One inch of rain falling upon one square mile is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons.

Only he who puts on the garment of humility find how worthily it clothes his life.

## BORN.

Bathurst, Nov. 13, to the wife of P. J. Veniot, a son.  
Truro, Nov. 10, to the wife of Eli Archibald, a son.  
Pictou, Nov. 9, to the wife of C. E. Fisher, a son.  
Amherst, Nov. 9, to the wife of C. E. Troop, a son.  
Halifax, Nov. 15, to the wife of Henry F. O'Brien, a son.  
Port Lorne, N. S., to the wife of George Corbett, a son.  
Cornwallis, Nov. 10, to the wife of Uriah Himes, a son.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 8, to the wife of F. Peters, two sons.

Middletown, N. S., Nov. 10, to the wife of Wm. Muir, a son.  
Hillsboro, Nov. 8, to the wife of Rev. L. E. Colwell, a son.

Halifax, Nov. 13, to the wife of M. thew Gary, a daughter.  
Halifax, Nov. 11, to the wife of John Merlin, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Nov. 9, to the wife of James Roy, a daughter.  
Halifax, Nov. 8, to the wife of Joseph Brewster, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Nov. 8, to the wife of H. E. Haley, a daughter.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 11, to the wife of S. F. Hodgson, a son.

St. John, Nov. 5, to the wife of Owen Read Campbell, a son.  
Campbellton, Nov. 6, to the wife of W. S. Dawson, a daughter.

Truro, Oct. 23, to the wife of Dr. T. C. Chalmers, a daughter.  
Penobscot, Nov. 10, to the wife of E. Bliss Morton, a daughter.

Westville, N. S., Nov. 14, to the wife of T. J. Gray, a daughter.  
Lunenburg, Nov. 12, to the wife of L. E. Wamboldt, a daughter.

Lower Canada, N. S., Nov. 10, to the wife of Frank Eaton, a son.  
Shelburne, N. S., Nov. 11, to the wife of Jonathan Rodden, a son.

Cambridge, N. S., Nov. 11, to the wife of O. Woodman, a daughter.  
Lawrencetown, N. S., Nov. 9, to the wife of H. H. Veltman, a son.

Upper St. John, N. S., Nov. 11, to the wife of J. S. Johnson, a son.  
Little Harbor, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of Charles Reid, a daughter.

Barrington, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of Albert Brown, a daughter.  
Shelburne, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of Ernest Jones, a daughter.

Barrington, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of Capt. Uriah Lyons, a daughter.  
Upper St. John, N. S., Nov. 8, to the wife of W. B. Cox, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Berwick, N. S., Thos. Cole to Emmeline Acker.  
Wellsboro, Nov. 1, Henry Laybold to Louisa Spicer.  
Parrsboro, Oct. 30, Chas. Parsons to Tibbia Barnes.  
Parrsboro, Nov. 6, Robert Carter to Isabella Hatcher.  
Pictou, Oct. 27, W. Taylor Lawson to Ellen Lindsay.  
Fredericton, Nov. 7, Wm. Lynch to Bessie Thompson.

Amherst, Nov. 8, Wm. K. Reed to Florence M. Dyer.  
Bristol, N. B., Nov. 13, James E. Barter to Ida M. Dyer.

Windsor, Nov. 14, George Smith to Martha Barkhouse.  
Sussex, Nov. 14, Dr. Heber Sproul to Bessie Miller.

St. John, Nov. 16, Charles Garfield to Violet Foster.  
Halifax, Oct. 31, Jas. C. Seely to Mary Alice Smith.

Barrington, N. S., James C. Darby to Josephine M. Doane.  
St. John, Nov. 15, Charles Clark Purdy to Lillian O. Day.

Upper Stewiacke, Hedley V. Kent to Bessie T. Dickie.  
Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 12, John Croxson to Theresa Lehnas.

Shubenacadie, Nov. 7, Herbert Eaton to Rhoda E. Burton.  
Chester, N. S., Nov. 7, Alex. Young to Beatrice Orbin.

Northville, N. B., Nov. 5, Elijah Demmons to Miss Watson.  
Petitcodiac, Nov. 7, J. Claude Barnes to Annie M. Steeves.

Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 13, Edward Palk to Annie McLean.  
Pictou, Nov. 6, Albert W. Westerberg to Laura A. McLeod.

Windsor, Nov. 14, Morris Harvey to Lizzie Cochran.  
Acadia Mines, N. S., Wm. F. Archibald to Annie McLean.

St. John, Nov. 23, Albert T. Webb to M. Adelia Norwood.  
St. Marys, N. B., Nov. 13, Wm. Richard to Harriet Townsend.

New Glasgow, Nov. 8, John Stewart to Margaret Ellen Dow.  
Windsor, Nov. 14, Emmer H. Trider to Grace Ellen Dow.

Coldstream, N. B., Nov. 3, Chas. G. Griffin to Mrs. Mary Hall.  
Amherst, Nov. 12, John E. Half Kenny to Lavina Niles to Emma E. McDonald.

Tatamagouche, Nov. 14, George A. Wilson to Maggie Kennedy.  
Tracy Mills, N. B., Nov. 7, Henry A. Gallup to Emily Barnes.

Malin Bay, N. S., Nov. 3, Emanuel Baker to Laila Lougillie.  
Westport, N. S., Nov. 6, Leslie W. Nickerson to Eleanor Cann.

Westport, N. S., Nov. 7, Willoughby Titus to Carrie Graham.  
New Glasgow, Oct. 24, Roderick McDonald to Maria C. Fraser.

Shelburne, Oct. 31, Nathaniel Crowell to Annie Grant McAlpine.  
Fredericton, Nov. 14, Andrew O. I. Cruikshank to Annie M. Dorcas.

Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 10, William C. Mizner to Samantha German.  
Upper Woodstock, Nov. 8, John N. Grant to Mrs. Hannah McDonald.

St. John, Nov. 20, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Cassila Clark to Harbort, N. S., Nov. 3, Joseph E. Kenney to Minnie B. Nickerson.

Lawrencetown, N. S., Nov. 12, James Longley Dodge to Cora Whitman.  
McDonald, P. N. B., Nov. 13, Norman H. Worsten to Miss E. McDonald.

Coldstream, Nov. 4, by Rev. J. J. Barnes, Charles G. Griffin to Mrs. Mary Hall.  
Hibernia, N. B., Nov. 14, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Gilbert Hamilton to Bertha McConkey.

St. John, Nov. 20, by Rev. Messengers Connolly, Katie J. Condon to Joseph T. Matthews.  
Tracy's Mills, Nov. 14, by Rev. E. B. Gray, assisted by Rev. G. F. Currie, Freeman E. Brown to Lucy J. Haines.

Bathurst, Nov. 15, Peter Hachey.  
South Bay, Nov. 15, James Gault, 84.

Sackville, Nov. 18, C. Irving Ford, 27.  
Oranmore, N. B., Nov. 14, John Perry, 40.

Halifax, Nov. 10, Peter J. Kennedy, 49.  
Salisbury, N. S., Mrs. John Fraser, 59.

Milford, N. S., Nov. 6, Jane Fleming, 59.  
Hammond, N. B., Nov. 13, Mary O'Dell, 40.

Windsor, N. B., Nov. 14, Samuel McAfee, 61.  
Fredericton, Nov. 8, Thomas A. Armstrong, 55.

New Glasgow, Nov. 13, William M. Culton, 20.  
Dartmouth, N. S., Nov. 12, Edward Taylor, 91.

Parrsboro, Nov. 14, Mrs. Sarah Ida Brown, 80.  
Newport, N. S., Nov. 1, Shubael B. Dimock, 82.

St. John, Nov. 16, Catherine, wife of Henry Maher.  
Waterford, N. B., Nov. 13, Margaret Buchanan, 19.

Tracy Station, N. B., Nov. 7, Mrs. Marshall Harris.  
Barrington, Oct. 23, Helena, wife of Capt. Lyons, 26.

Caribou River, N. S., Nov. 1, George S. McLeod, 47.  
Pictou, N. S., Nov. 8, Mrs. Alexander Purvis, 88.

Belmont, N. S., Ella F., wife of Eben M. Wilson, 26.  
Dartmouth, Nov. 16, Mary Ellen, wife of Chas. S. Farrell, 27.

# Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

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 everywhere, is penetrated, relieved, cured by this wonderful, soothing Anodyne. It is the sovereign remedy for bites, burns, bruises, for rheumatism, sprains, stiff joints, swellings and sore muscles. For colds, chills, coughs and catarrhs. For hacking, whooping cough. For asthma, bronchitis, diphtheria, the grippe, sore throat and lungs. For colic, cramps, cholera morbus and summer complaints. For dyspeptic pains, neuralgia and rheumatism. For cuts, cracks, corns, contusions, chaps and chilblains, all irritations and inflammations. For lame back, shoulder. For pains in chest, stomach, use this great vital and muscle tonic. Every ailment above is caused by inflammation, to cure which Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was devised.

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Generation after Generation have Used and Blessed It.

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Carleton, Nov. 13, Annie, widow of the late Henry Richards, 80.

St. John, Nov. 16, Ellen, widow of the late Thos. Johnston, 91.  
Halifax, Nov. 16, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Chambers, 70.

Laneston, Nov. 16, Ada May, wife of Joseph B. Whipple, 28.  
St. John, Nov. 14, Maggie, daughter of Duncan McKenzie, 18.

Stellarton, N. S., Nov. 11, Maggie, wife of John McQuarrie, 52.  
Springfield, Nov. 13, Ellenor, daughter of Joseph and Eliza Wiley.

Central Hainesville, N. B., Nov. 1, Carol W., son of Dunbar Jones.  
Dartmouth, Nov. 14, Mary A., widow of the late Henry F. Webber.

Truro, Nov. 14, Elizabeth Campbell, widow of the late Alex. McKay.  
Pictou, Nov. 12, Harry Gordon, son of Hor. Clarence Primrose.

Smith's Creek, N. B., Nov. 11, Mary Ann, widow of Robert Sharp, 81.  
Halifax, Nov. 11, Daniel Bernard, son of Daniel and Alice F. Ford, 3.

Halifax, Nov. 15, Mary, daughter of Michael and Catherine McKenna, 18.  
St. John, Nov. 13, Mary, daughter of Alex. and Maria McDonald, 18.

Halifax, Nov. 17, Henrietta, daughter of Surgeon Captain and Mrs. Barclay, 3.  
Halifax, Nov. 14, Wm. H. Simfield, son of Richard and Emily Simfield, 6 months.

St. John, Nov. 17, Walter Cardwell, son of George E. and Emma Fairweather, 20.  
Meadowlands, N. B., Nov. 15, Mary Ediza, widow of the late Samuel J. Scovill, 70.

Leopards, Nov. 6, Medley Kingston, son of John A. and Cassie Wright, 4 months.  
Grand Bay, Nov. 18, Wm. Montgomery, only son of Wm. and Mary Montgomery, 29.

Sand Cove, Nov. 13, Mary McDonald, daughter of Alex. and Marjaret McDonald, 11 years.  
Halifax, Nov. 16, Elizabeth, wife of Thos. Hutchings and daughter of late Wm. Burnham, 61.

West New Glasgow, Nov. 7, Jennie, wife of Robert T. Bent, and daughter of Wm. Noyes, of Roxbury, Mass.

Windsor, Nov. 14, Dr. Heber Sproul to Bessie Miller.

St. John, Nov. 16, Charles Garfield to Violet Foster.

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