THE BOTTOMLESS POOL.

At one period of Lew 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 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 gro wths of valuable pine and consisting of remarkably fertile soil, was very sparsely settled; inhabited by only the bravest of trontiersmen, or those Indians who remained of the

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 lay, were located Indian villages, headquarters of the remnants of the great north-eastern nation, the Abenaquis, the Norridgewocks, and the Hurons. Very few of these villages had sufficient torce of warriors to dety hostile advances of French or English and live in independent hostility to all except their own people. Tribe i-alousy 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 head-waters and Merry-Meeting | half-breed." 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

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 murfor some distance, like the smothered droning of the bees, lazily floating about in the perfume laden air.

However heartily the Indians of this village had accepted the French priest and days of my people are numbered." his catholic teachings, there were yet some gust morning, must have been one near life.' 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. of the oldest living chief of the line of the young chief of ability and foresight.

The young chief was now absent on a sion was secret but the girl knew its pur- form I see plainly, fighting only to fall. port was to secure aid in an uprising Think no more of a bright future in store against all, without distinction, not of for us; there can be none. I inherit from

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 cons iousness 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 halfbreed, and as trappers and half-breeds go, a bad one. It any crime practiced by men in that wild country had not been perpetrated by this particular villain, it was because opportunity and profit were lack-

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 woncer why she thought such things. whence came the thoughts, and what they

Trappers learn to move quietly, (it is necessary in their occupation) and he 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

With an insolent laugh the half-breed spoke: 'Trapped at last, my beauty! I have watched your footsteps 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

followers of a black-robed psalm-droner !" | said a third. "Every shadow hides an "There are those of my people who enemy, and I always fear that every tree

might not let you escape so safely as you seem to think." "The Panther, you mean? He is a

matter."

grasp the tresses of her shapely head, ments were swifter. She stepped lightly one might have come from thirty miles or

a fallen tree. He recovered bimself only to feel the point of a hunting knife pressed

against his throat. "The daughter of my people would kill a fox for his tur, but never a crow for an ill-omened croak. Now I let you escape. Go quickly lest I forget myself and stain my hands with your coward blood, and remember the brave war only with violent hands on the weak."

Sate beyond the sweep of that huntingknife, the half-breed stopped, and with a ing of treachery and secret vengeance, he hissed at the unmoved maiden, threats mutabout the ruin of her tribe came more distinctly, but his insignificance gave no weight to his words His practiced ear now caught the sound of approaching footsteps, and with a gliding movement, he disappeared in the undergrowth.

It was well for his own sake that he lingered neither to gratify his spite, nor to teast his eye on the coveted beauty his arm lieve I'd enter something of a protest was too weak to gain, for a young brave in gaudy war-paint came quickly up the path, calling the maiden's nome. She turned at the sound of his voice and if ever haughty eyes filled with love, if ever sad features relaxed in joyous passion, those of the Indian girl gave a tender welcome to the young chief, known among his people as the Panther. He was quick to notice something amiss, the knife still in her hand, the crushed moss, and traces of a recent led up the river, to attempt once more the

"Who has been here? who has troubled you? Has any of our tribe dared—but no, these tootprints are of a white man. I think I should have known them well. Where there is treachery, violence, secret murder or betrayal of trust in this once happy valley there, to and from, you find the trail of the serpent, Benson, the

Saying this, the chief seized his tomahawk, and would have quickly followed ful act of his life. the trapper but for the restraining voice of

"Leave him alone," she cried.

She then told of his attempt and its failure, and continued: "What matters slowly filed along the hillside. A brave roll their successive waves of conquest over of the village, and disappeared into his wigour fated land. We are weak dwellers in wam, giving no sign but that all was well. a coveted country. Enervated by priest- The old white-baired chief came to the encraft, debauched by corruption, our people have lost their old spirit of independence. murs of early mass could have been heard Their eyes are blinded. They no longer eyes of hawk, and what the young warrior remember the prophecy of Wenamoset or failed to see, the old man quickly discover the warnings of his prophet son. No longer ed. The English were close upon them, can they rely on the strong arm of my and a long, deep war-whoop roused the father, bravest of the fighting sachems. The Norridgewocks to a fight for life. How a Annapolis, Nov. 8, Wm. K. Reed to Florence M

among them who held to the traditions of ten, and know that the spirit of your father altar of his faith; how an Indian settletheir torefathers, who believed in Manito, still lives among his people. I met to-day the great Spirit, who remembered the in council, the chiefs of our nation. Towarnings of the prophet Sachems. But gether we took oath against the betrayers such were the power and influence of Se- of our people, the spoilers of our torests. bastian Rasles, that few even of those who Bombazee, Assaconbuit, sachems of the did not believe, dared to absent themselves | Abeniquis, Megone, all of them hearken from vespers or mass. So that the tall, to the advice of your uncle. Fear not for slender figure that passed up the path be- our future; there are yet many braves who tween the wigwams from the lower end of trust not the soft speeches of trader or the village, past the chapel, not even glanc- priest. The times may now look dark, but ing in its direction, though sounds of service | soon there will come a day when once again were distinctly audible on that pleasant Au- we may think on the happiness of love and

"Go my lover," she responded,"be always forward in the defence of your people's homes, but do not think of future joy. Dream never again of treedom or love, for the dark fate fortold by my fathers hovers She seemed more than the ordinary domes- about us. It will come upon us, and come tic slave In fact she was the granddaughter | quickly. See! I behold the last struggle for our homes. We attack not, but defend. prophet Sachems, and the betrothed of the I see those brave chiefs, and you my Panther, also of nearly the same line, a Panther, fighting not for liberty, but for

Whence comes your doom I see not. mission to neighbouring tribes. The mis- There is a haze before mine eyes, but your Incian blood to be found within their do- my ancestors the sight that never fails." She sank upon the mossy carpet beside Koneshee was sad on that August day. the brook, and the young brave, knowing Some of the gift of prophecy had come to that at such a time she was best alone, turned slowly away and left her there.

> A scene of bustle and hurry about the shore and barracks at Fort Halifax, thirty miles down the river, showed a marked contrast to the Sabbath quiet which prevailed in the Indian village on that August | death of the young chief would end the | day. Soldiers ran to and fro between the Fort and shore. Stores were unloading from the boats drawn up on the beach. Arms were stacked within the quadrangle of the stockade and the few natives and settlers stared with open mouths at the sudden arrival of a large armed force. Back and forth before the stockade, walked the sentinal of the hour, whose gaudy uniform betrayed his allegiance to the British flag. All day long the soldiers worked and drilled, preparing for some ex- The half-breed heard the crackling of pedition, the end and object of which was known only to those highest in command. Here and there groups of sub-officers were engaged in conversation with each other. In one corner four officers were talking of certain orders lately made known to them

"You may say what you please," 'said one who seemed to be somewhat excited, "we can't accomplish our object without a scout who knows the country thoroughhabits of these skulking devils than any of the loungers about the Fort, who only pretend to the name of scout.'

"What are you going to do about it?"

said another. "Do? We must find a man who can bring us to this village in detachments, so that we may attack on all sides at once. The captain has sworn to catch that psalmshouting Jesuit who has given us the slip so many times. He does more harm about this country than a French army." "I don't much enjoy prowling about these woods, where one coustantly expects "Much danger have I to fear from the an arrow or a tomahawk to end his days,"

conceals a red-skin How much longer this discussion might have continued is doubtful, for the sermoon's journey to the westward, and when | geant's mouth was open for more complainhe returns he will have a long search be- ing when a man stalked into the midst of neath. The waters closed over the avenfore he finds me, or you either, for that | the group and confronted him. The newcomer carried a long rifle upon his shoul-The girl made a quick movement as der. By his dress, he was evidently a ple, and the last of her race. though she would escape, but the half- trapper. His deer-skin clothes and legbreed sprang at her and attempted to gings were soiled and torn by brambles and broken branches, indicating a long and His spring was quick, but her move- carelessly hurried journey, such perhaps are

his leap, the half-breed fell beavily over 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 lav it becre the captain.'

With an angry expression, the halfmen. None but cowards like you lay 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 Middleton, N. S., Nov. 10, to the wife of Wm. Muir, look that should have carried some warn- have succeeded in getting himself shot or locked in the guard-house, had not one of the higher officers come from the tered too low for her to hear. Something 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 beagainst that chap. I perfer the red-skin, bad as he is, to a man with such a face as he carried. 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 halfbreeds. The line of march was soon formed, and under cover of night the English were 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, within 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 skil-

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 one life more or less? English and French | passed from the lower to the upper end trance of his lodge. He was bowed and bent with years, but his eyes were like the service of morning mass ended in massacre, "Say not so, daughter of Toxus. Lis- how a white haired chief died before the ment 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

> 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 threathened 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 Pictou. Nov. 6, Albert W. Westerberg to Laura A shouted his war song, and advanced step by step, as the soldiers fell before his aomahawk. By his side tough the Panther, and the heart of the girl glowed with pride ts she saw the young chief fighting for his home and his people. She saw Megone tall, and heard the war song of the Panther ring louder and fiercer, keeping time with

the switt 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 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. 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-knite, 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 ly, and who is better aquainted with the 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 owardly heart. 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 be-

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

Guly he who puts on the garment of huto one side, and carried by the impetus of se up the river. He were the countenance I make the worthily it clothes his life.

11 1 1 1 m.

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 ofGeo. A. Fisher, a son. Amberst, Nov. 9, to the wife of C. E. Troope, a son. Halifax, Nov. 15, to the wife of Henry F. O'Brien, a

Port Lorne, N. S., to the wife of Goorge Corbitt, a Cornwallis, Nov. 10, to the wife of Uriah Hines, a

Charlottetown, Nov 8, to the wife of F. Peters, two

Hillsboro, Nov. 8, to the wife of Rev. I. E. Colwell, Halifax, Nov. 13, to the wife of M. thew Gary, a Halifax, Nov. 11, to the wife of John Merlin, a

New Glasgow, Nov. 9, to the wife of James Roy, a daughter. Harvey, N. B., to the wife of Joseph Brewster, a

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

St. John, Nov. 5 to the wife of Owen Read Camp-Campbellon, Nov. 6, to the wife of W. S. Dawson a daughter

Truro, Oct. 28, to the wife of Dr. T. C. Chalmers, a daughter. Penobsquis, Nov. 10, to the wife of E. Bijss Morton, Westville, N. S., Nov. 14, to the wife of T. J. Gray,

Lunenburg, Nov. 12, to the wife of L. E. Wambaldt, Lower Canard, N. S , Nov. 16, to the wife of Frank Eaton, a son.

Shelburne, N. S., Nov. 11, to the wife of Jonathan Cambridge, N. S., Nov. 11, to the wife of O. Wood. man, a daughter Lawrencetown, N. S., Nov. 9, to the wife of H. H.

Upper Stewiacke, 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 daugh er. Barrington, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of Albert Snow, a daughter.

Shelburne, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of Ernest Barrington, N. S., Nov. 6, to the wife of Capt. Uriah Upper Dyke Village, N. S., Nov. 8, to the wife of W. B. Cox, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Berwick, N. S., Thos. Cole to Emmeline Acker. Wolfville, Nov. 1, Henry Laybold to Leota Spicer. Parrsboro, Oct. 30, Chas. Parsons to Tibbie Burns. Halifax, Nov. 6, Robert Carter to Isabella Hatcher Pictou, Oct. 27, W. Taylor Lawson to Ellen Lind-

Fredericton, Nov. 7, Wm. Lynch to Bessie Thomp Bristol, N. B., Nov. 3, James E. Barter to Ida M.

Windsor, Nov. 14, George Smith to Martha Bark-Sussex, Nov. 14, Dr. Heber Sproul to Bessie St. John, Nov. 16, Charles Garfield to Violet Halifax, Oct. 31, Jas. C. Seely to Mary Alice Barrington, N. S., James C. Darby to Josephine M.

St. John, Nov. 15, Charles Jacob Purdy to Lillian Upper Stewiacke, Hedley V. Kent to Bessie T. Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 12, John Croxen to Theresa Shubenacadie, Nov. 7, Herbert Eaton to Rhoda E.

Chester, N. S., Nov. 7, Alex. Young to Beatrice Northfield, N B., Nov. 5, Elijah Demmons to Miss Petitcodiac, Nov. 7, J. Claude Barnes to Annie M

Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 13, Edward Pulk to Annie Windsor, Nov. 14, Morris Harvey to Lizzie Acadia Mines, N. S., Wm. F. Archibald to Annie St. John, Nov. 25, Albert T. Webb to M. Adelia

St. Marys, N. B., Nov. 13, Wm. Richard to Harriet New Glasgow, Nov. 8, John Stewart to Margaret Windsor, Nov. 14, Emberd H. Trider to Grace Elien Dow. Coldstream, N. B., Nov. 3, Chas. G. Griffin to Mrs.

Amherst, Nov. 12, John E. Half-Kenny to Lavinia Half-Kenny. Tatamagouche, Nov. 14, George A. Wilson to Mag-Tracey Mills, N. B., Nov. 7, Henry A. Gallup to

Mahone Bay, N. S., Nov. 3, Emanuel Baker to Westport, N. S., Nov. 6, Leslie W. Nickerson to 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. Cruiksbank to Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 10, William C. Mizner to Samantha German.

Upper Wood tock, Nov. 8, John N. Grant to Mrs. Hannah McDonald. St. John, Nov. 20, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Casilla Niles to Bennet Swain.

Clarke's Harbour, N. S., Nov. 3, Joseph E. Kenny to Minnie B. Nickerson. Lawrencetown, N. S., Nov. 12, James Longley Dodge to Cora Whitman. McDonald's Pt., N. B., Nov. 13, Norman H. Worden to Mina E. McDonald.

Coldsweam, Nov. 3, 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. Monsignor Connolly, Katie J. Condon to Joseph T. Matthews. Tracey's Mills, Nov. 14, by Rev. E. B. Gray, assisted by Rev. G. F. Currie, Freeman E. Brown to Lucy J. Haines.

DIED.

Bathurst, Nov. 15, Peter Hachey. South Bay, Nov. 19, James Gault, 84. Sackville, Nov. 18, C. Irving Ford, 27. Oromocto, N. B., Nov. 14, John Perry. Halifax, Nov. 10, Peter J. Kennedy, 49. Saltsprings, N. S., Mrs. John Fraser, 50. Milford, N. S., Nov. 6, Jane Fleming, 59. Hammond, N. B., Nov. 13, Mary O'Dell, 40. Waterford, N. B., Nov. 14, Samuel McAfee, 51. Fredericton, Nov. 8, Thomas A. Armstrong, 83. New Glasgow, Nov. 13, William M. Culton, 20. Dartmouth, N. S., Nov. 16, Edward Taylor, 91. Parrsboro, Nov. 14, Mrs, Sarah Ida Brown, 39. 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. ger and her victim, entombing forever in Tracey Station, N. B., Nov. 9, Mrs. Marshall Harris. the Bottomless Pool the betrayer of a peo-Barrington, Oct. 26, Helena, wife of Capt. Lyons, Caribou River, N. S., Nov. 1, George S. McLeod, Plymouth, N. S., Nov. 8, Mrs. Alexander Purvis, Belmont, N. S., Ella F., wife of Eben M. Wilson,

Dartmouth, Nov. 16, Mary Ellen, wife of Chas. S.

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Carleton, Nov. 13, Annie, widow of the late Henry St. John, Nov. 16, Eilen, widow of the late Thos. Halifax, Nov. 16 Elizabeth, widow of the late John

Chambers, 70. Lancaster, Nov. 16, Ada May, wife of Joseph B. St. John, Nov. 14, Maggie, daughter of Duncan McKenzie, 18 Stellarton, N. S., Nov. 11, Maggie, wife of John

Springfield, Nov. 13, Ellenor, daughter of Joseph Central Hainesville, N. B., Nov. 1, Carol W., son of Dunbar Jones Dartmouth, Nov. 14, Mary A, widow of the late

Truro, Nov. 14. Elizabeth Campbell, widow of the late Alex. McKay. Pictou, Nov. 12. Harry Gordon, son of Hor. Clarence Primro Smith's Creek, N. B., Nov. 11, Mary Ann, widow

of Robert Sharp, 81. Halifax, Nov. 11, Daniel Bernard, son of Daniel Halifax, Nov. 15, Mary, daughter of Michael and Catherine McKenna, 18.

St. John, Nov. 13, Mary, daughter of Alex and Mark act McDonald, 11. Halifax, Nov. 17, Henrietta, daughter of Surgcon Captain and Mrs. Barefoot, 3. Halifax, Nov. 14, Wm. H. Sinfield, son of Richard and Emily Sinfield, 6 months.

St. John, Nov. 17, Walter Cardwell, son of George E. and Emma Fairweather, 29. Meadowlands, N. B., Nov. 18. Mary Eliza, widow of the late Samuel J. Scovil, 70. Lepreaux, Nov. 6, Medley Kingston, son of John A. and Cassie Wright, 4 months.

Grand Bay, Nov. 18, Wm. Mon'gomery, only son of Wm. and Mary Montgomery, 29. Sand Cove, Nov. 13, Mary McDonald, daughter of Alex. and Margaret McDonald, 11 years. Halifax, Nov. 16 Elizabeth, wife of Thos. Huchings and daughter of late Wm. Burnham, 61.

West New Glasgow, Nov. 7, Jannie, wif of Robt. T. Bent, and daughter of Wm. Noyes, of Roxbury, Mass.

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Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m. ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wedn sday and Friday at 5.50 a. n. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m. Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p. m. Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 3.45 a. Market Annapolis, 4.55 p. m. day, 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 Kent-ville, 8 10 p. m. Connections made at Annapolis with the Descof Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, connecting with the S. S. Evangeline for Parrsboro and all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, and at W. Juncion and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for all points West. For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station Agents, to 126 Holis Street, Hainfax, or to the Cny Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager.

Intercolonial Railway.

K. Sutherland, Superintendent

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax....

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mon treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

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

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

Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

THE ONLY TRUE

TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE. Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St John, N. B., at

P. Sunday Excepted For MONTREAL and intermediate points, making close connections with Fast Express Trains for OTTAWA, TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, the West, North-West and the Pacific Coast.

Connecting at St. John's, Que., Sunday morning excepted, with Fast Express for New York, via Central Vermont Line. For tickets, sleeping car accommodations, &c., enquire at City Ticket office, Chubb's Corner. Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal.

Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

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. 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, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Nothern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Anappolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Com-Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. veekly to and from Europe via Canadian

Line of Mail Steamers.

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Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.
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States or Europe, and vice versa.

J. R. STONE, Agent. H, C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.