

THE THREE CIGARETTES.

"Well, Reggie, I must be off," said Major Oldham, rising from the breakfast table and addressing his nephew. "I shall return in time for dinner. Make yourself at home in the meanwhile. By-the-bye, you will find plenty of tobacco in my pedestal writing-table. Here's the key."

When his uncle had gone, Reggie finished breakfast at his ease, and then went, key in hand, to search for a cigarette. On opening the top drawers of the pedestal writing-table, he found therein cigars of all sorts and sizes, pipes, tins of tobacco, coarse-cut, fine-cut, Cavendish, Latakia, Turkish, bird's-eye, and so on. But never a cigarette came in sight.

"Just like my luck!" he growled. "And those Bond Street wretches have not yet sent me the box of Egyptians which I ordered. Don't want cigars and pipes first thing in the morning! What am I to do? I'll have another look."

He applied the key to some of the lower drawers, which he drew out and overturned, in search of what he wanted; but still without success. At the bottom of the last drawer, however, he came upon a small paper packet containing three cigarettes. The packet was old and discolored. The cigarettes, it was clear, had never been rolled by a skilled hand, or by machinery. But the tobacco was there, and that was the principal matter. He put one of the cigarettes in his mouth and lit it. Then, blowing a long puff of smoke through his nostrils, he obtained a sample of its quality.

The tobacco pleased him. It was old, but good. It possessed a peculiar aromatic flavor, which in a short time grew more pleasant to the palate. Before he had finished the cigarette, Reggie admitted to himself that he had seldom or never tasted anything of the kind that pleased him better. Having placed the remaining couple of cigarettes in his pocket, he locked the drawers of the writing-table again and went out to consult the deer-stalker about his occupations for the day.

Major Oldham's Highland shooting-box stood in a beautiful valley amid the moors. Reggie was the old soldier's favourite nephew, and, as the major possessed a large fortune, which he made no great attempt to get through, Reggie was said by every one to have—as the phrase goes—"great expectations." The young man was conscious of the delicate position he held. He was a poor subaltern in a marching regiment and with little prospect of rising to eminence in his profession; while the vista of many years of debt and difficulty before him was not encouraging. His uncle, however, had hinted at leaving him the greater part of his wealth; and Reggie was, therefore, very careful at all times to adapt himself to every wish and way of the old soldier, and to give him no cause for offence or dislike.

The major was a man of peculiar temperament, but on the whole, good-natured. Perhaps his worst fault was a tendency to fly into extremes whenever anything aroused him. But even then it was not certain that he would fly to the wrong extreme. He would sometimes flatter himself, so to speak, about some trifling mistake he had made. At other times when it seemed most likely that he would storm and rage at some contumacious, he was content, to the surprise of everybody, to take no more notice of damage done than of a dropped half-penny. On the whole, Reggie felt that it would take a great deal to alienate his uncle's affections. Nevertheless, he was determined to allow no occasion to arise for unpleasantness between them.

The major returned home just in time to dress for dinner. There being no other guests in the house, the uncle and nephew were alone. They conversed during the meal, about the principal events of the day; the major related how the county magistrate had done this and that and the other; Reggie how he had brought down a stag in stalking which he had experienced great difficulty. When dessert was on the table, and the major's long cigars were brought out, Reggie said:

"You promised the other day to tell me a story of your adventures in Morocco; but something has always happened to prevent you from giving me the treat. Such a good opportunity as this may never occur again."

Major Oldham took a long pull at his cigar, and poured forth the smoke meditatively from his lips. "You shall hear it now, by all means," he replied.

They settled themselves in arm-chairs on either side of the fireplace, and so, under the most favourable conditions for storytelling, the one proceeded to relate and the other to listen.

"When I was a young man—just about your age, Reggie—I was possessed of an overwhelming passion for adventure, and the peculiarity was greatly stimulated by the zest of my bosom friend, Dicky Blount, for each new undertaking that I conceived. Probably he was influenced rather by a desire for excitement than by affection for me. But wheresoever I went, Dicky Blount was sure to go; and taking all things into consideration, we knocked along very happily together."

No two men alive, however, could have differed more completely than we did, in one respect. Dicky cared not a button for the fair sex, while I—well, the flutter of a petticoat would have made me go through fire and water, in the hope of finding that the garment belonged to a good figure or a fair face. As a result of this divergence of interests, my love of adventure led me constantly into the most hazardous scrapes; while Dicky's ditto was perpetually turned to account in extricating me."

We were almost the first Englishmen to penetrate for any considerable distance into the interior of Morocco. During our journeys we were told by our Arab guide Momm, who had heard the tale from a villager, that a neighboring sheik, or chief, had run away with the daughter of a Christian merchant residing at Tangier. The parents of the girl, a beautiful child of fifteen years of age, had almost gone mad with grief at her loss; and so well had the sheik's secret been kept from the parents that they entirely failed to learn what became of her."

Here was news indeed! No knight-errant ever determined more readily than I did to succor a maiden in distress, and dear old Dicky was never more willing than now to come and see me through a difficulty. We believed that we could rely implicitly on Momm, if we promised him a

sufficiently large sum of money as a reward for faithfulness.

We accordingly presented ourselves, with our credentials, to the wicked abductor of Zara, the merchant's daughter.

The sheik received us cordially enough, little suspecting the object of our visit. Though our conduct was not particularly straightforward, we considered ourselves justified by the exigencies of the case. Besides, "all is fair in love and war."

Momm soon saw his way to communicating with the captive Zara. The go-between was an old hag who acted as companion and guardian to Zara, and to whom Momm falsely and shamelessly made love! His instructions were to learn from Zara whether she was prepared to entrust herself to our care, and to fly with us to the coast in order to rejoin her parents. To my intense delight she sent an answer in the affirmative. There was nothing more to be done but to arrange for her escape the same night. The old hag's assistance was bought.

Suffice it to say, we succeeded beyond our expectations. With the old woman's assistance the brave girl let herself down by a rope from a window. In a moment more I held her in my arms as she sat before me on the saddle, and the fleetest horse in all Morocco shot away with us to ward the north. Dicky and Momm, also well mounted, were in close attendance. Before the dawn arrived, and the wicked old sheik discovered his loss, we were a good thirty miles away and safe from pursuit, in the hills.

How shall I describe the mad ecstasy of falling in love under such romantic conditions? Zara was young, beautiful and sweet-tempered; she loved me in return. How could she do otherwise than show her gratitude to her deliverer? Never was such happiness as ours!

All went merry as a marriage bell, as I thought. But Momm would always be calling on us to spur forward; while Dicky Blount would shake his head again and again, and declare that we were not yet "out of the woods."

The long, tedious and hurried journey began to tell at last upon little Zara. True, she never uttered a word of complaint; but I could tell that her soft arms hung more heavily around my neck, and that her courage was gradually giving way under the strain.

After more than a week, during which time we had experienced the average difficulty in avoiding Bedouins and in obtaining proper food and shelter in one Arab village and another, we approached the districts bordering on the coast and felt that in a few hours we should be safe from the wandering tribes, who were the only enemies from whom serious danger need be feared.

Alas, we began to congratulate ourselves too soon!

One evening, as we ascended by a magnificent gorge in the mountains, beyond which we could feel sure of safety, we found ourselves confronted by a small troop of mounted Arabs. They were armed to the teeth, though without firearms. It was evident that they intended to block our way. Our first thought, that of prudence, was to retire with as little loss of dignity as possible. But to our dismay, we found that another and a larger company of threatening enemies had followed us and cut off our rear. Momm declared at once that they meant mischief, and observed that, unlike the troop in front of us, the Arabs in the rear carried muskets.

As usual it was Dicky Blount's business to get us out of this dilemma. He decided instantly. Calling me to place Zara behind me on the saddle (both for her safety and to enable me to use my weapons if necessary), he called on Momm to charge and force the enemy in front to take to their heels. Luckily for us, Momm valued our prospective gratitude higher than his countrymen's possible vengeance, and he charged like a hero.

A short and desperate contest was the result. Fortunately we carried fire-arms, while the handful of Arabs before us depended upon their steel alone.

The victory was in our favor. Two or three well aimed shots disabled some of the Bedouin troop, and we dashed through the remainder at full gallop.

At this moment the Bedouins in the rear, seeing that we were better mounted than they, and that they had not the least chance of overtaking us, discharged their musket at our retreating figures. A low cry from Zara seemed to tell me of the tear she felt of the bullets that whistled by, I passed my arm gently around her and lifted her in front of me.

We were soon out of danger. Another mile down the slope of the mountains brought us to the open plain beyond. And here Dicky and Momm, who were in advance, drew rein to see how we fared.

A cry from the former warned me, for the first time, that something was wrong with Zara. Her long white veil, which fell over her shoulders, was stained with blood. A horrible dread grew upon me that all our efforts had been in vain.

Coming to a deserted mud hut, we dismounted and carried her within. We laid her down, and I looked in despair into her face for some sign of hope. There was none. Once only she opened her eyes and smiled at me. Once only she moved her lips and spoke my name, adding "Beloved!" in Arabic.

She never spoke again. In the dim twilight of evening the beautiful black eyes closed forever, and the gentle heart ceased to beat. As for me, I felt stunned.

Dicky Blount and Momm watched all night in fear of a surprise. However, no one disturbed us. Zara lay pale and beautiful—as if asleep!

In the grey light of morning we dug a grave in the sand and laid her in it. Only a little pile of stones marked where the poor child was buried.

The rest may be told in Reggie's own words.

My uncle ceased speaking. For a minute he buried his face in his hands. When he rose his eyes were wet, and his lips pressed hard together. I could say nothing.

Presently he came to himself and poured out another glass of wine.

"I forgot to say," he remarked, "that as I laid her down on the floor of the mud hut a little packet containing three cigarettes dropped from the folds of her dress. These are all the souvenirs I possess of little Zara. Three cigarettes—which gold and jewels could not buy from me. I will show

them to you to-morrow. They are in a drawer of my desk—Good Heavens, I'd!—what is the matter?" Seeing that something was wrong with me, he characteristically forgot his own sad thoughts.

I told him what the reader has already guessed. In my ignorance, that morning, I had taken the three cigarettes—and they were now in ashes. I could have shot myself! It seemed horrible to have to give him such pain. The words of regret poured from my lips.

My uncle raised his hand and stopped me. I could see that he ruthlessly thrust his own sensitiveness into the background. For some minutes he seemed buried in profound thought. The glitter that first came into his eyes faded into a sadder look of sympathy with my distress.

"Well, well," he said, "all things come to an end. I shall soon be gone myself, and Zara will none the less live in my memory."

It was so like him. He had forgiven me

A LOVER'S STRATAGEM.
How Her Admirer Regained the Affection of Girl Number Two.

That all is fair in love and war was recently exemplified in the case of an uptown young man who had had a falling out with his best girl, all on account of another fair charmer.

Girl No. 1 heard of the existence of girl No. 2, and immediately became as cool toward the unfortunate young man as one well can in this kind of weather. The swain in question was most anxious to be restored to the good graces of his best girl, but all his advances met with a frigid reception. For several days he was in despair, thoroughly convinced that there was no balm in Gilead.

Finally he hit upon a brilliant scheme. Inditing a letter to girl No. 2, in which he requested her to cease annoying him with her unwelcome attentions, he placed it in an envelope and carefully addressed it to girl No. 1. The next day he sent her a telegram saying that he had made a mistake in placing two letters in the envelope, and that she had probably received a letter not intended for her. Would she please return it?

The scheme worked like a charm. The foxy epistle was returned with a very gracious note, and now everything is moving along smoothly once more.

The Piece the Shah Liked.

The Shah of Persia when visiting the late Emperor of Germany some years ago, was taken to the opera, and during the course of the performance was asked how he liked the music. He confessed that the majority of it was pretty crude, but that one piece of the orchestra had just been playing was simply superb. The Emperor at once gave orders for the repetition of the piece.

"No," said the Shah, "that's not it." Another one was played. "No," returned the royal visitor, "it's not that either."

Presently the orchestra began to tune their instruments.

"That's it!" cried the Shah, enthusiastically. "That's the piece I was trying to tell you about!"

So for the edification of this barbaric ruler, and to the anguish of the rest of the audience, the orchestra tuned and untuned, and returned their instruments in the most heartrending fashion, and the Shah leaned back in his chair while his face wore a look of unspeakable enjoyment.

She Knew.
"Yes," said the parson at tea-table, "young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjay the other evening, and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out, and the buggy smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control of his horse."

"He must have been driving with one hand," flippantly suggested the minister's eldest son—a wild rake of a boy. "Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of sixteen, with a charming mien.

And then everybody exclaimed in chorus "Why, Edith!"

A Natural Inference.
"I understand that when the steam gets to the piston it drives the cylinder out, and that moves the coupling-bar on the big wheels; but what I don't see is how the little ones—" he began, addressing a mechanic in the station-yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad; but the mechanic interrupted him by shouting to the yard-master: "Hi, Jim, here's a Sloopintendent or Manager or subin' from the New York'n New Haven, come to get some points on railroad! Take him round the yard, will yer, an' show him things, on'y don't tell him too much all at once, or you'll frighten him."

Bobby in His Capacity as Brother.
Mr. Guestly.—Well, Bobby, that was a pretty close game, wasn't it?
Bobby.—Yes, Mr. Guestly; it was; but there is a little matter I feel my duty to speak to you about. When the score was 30-0, I noticed that you told my sister of the state of the game with rather more emphasis than the case seemed to demand; and, as my sister's only brother, I consider it my duty to ask you more particularly regarding your intentions before matters go any further. I trust I have not spoken too harshly, Mr. Guestly.

Mrs. Siddons' One Laugh.
It is said that Mrs. Siddons smiled only once in the course of her life, so far as her friends observed, "and then she laughed aloud." She was visiting a house where wine was offered her at the table. She declined it, adding, "But I should like a little porter." A boy was at once sent out with the literal direction "bring in a little porter." He was gone a long time, and when he returned was accompanied by a little man with straps and badge all complete. "Here, sir," the boy panted, "is the smallest porter I could find!" And Mrs. Siddons laughed.

Did Coxey's Army Start Them?
Massachusetts is making a systematic attempt to have a grand system of so-called Telford roads, a form of macadamized road which bears the name of its originator in England. Fitchburg and Brighton are laying miles of these magnificent roads, the contract cost of which is from \$6000 to \$8000 a mile, according to how far the stone has to be drawn. The Commonwealth has already appropriated \$300,000 to help towns to build similar roads.

BORN.

Nelson, July 18, to the wife of David Donnet, a son.
Markhamville, to the wife of Joseph Lynch, a son.
Yarmouth, July 30, to the wife of J. D. Medcalf, a son.
Amherst, July 25, to the wife of H. W. Rogers, a son.
Halifax, July 20, to the wife of Gustave Fischel, a son.
Spar Bay, July 20, to the wife of Theodore Fessell, a son.
Middleton, July 21, to the wife of Edmund Harriot, a son.
Charlottetown, July 10, to the wife of J. J. Palmer, a son.
Acadia Mines, July 28, to the wife of W. H. Hillis, a son.
Halifax, July 24, to the wife of William Ryan, a son.
Truro, July 19, to the wife of Frank McMillan, a daughter.
Hillsboro, July 18, to the wife of Moss Steeves, a daughter.
Windsor, July 21, to the wife of Mr. Fred Thompson, a son.
Hillsboro, July 23, to the wife of Samuel Forsythe, a daughter.
Halifax, July 26, to the wife of John Henry Bennett, a daughter.
North Sydney, July 22, to the wife of O. B. Saunders, a son.
West Bay, N. S., July 17, to the wife of Robert Anderson, a son.
Shear Harbor, N. S., July 29, to the wife of David Harrison, a son.
Moncton, July 24, to the wife of Shepherd Cuthbertson, a son.
Turtle Creek, July 23, to the wife of William E. Wilson, a son.
Parsonsburg, July 21, to the wife of Councillor Sullivan, a daughter.
Centerville, N. S., July 18, to the wife of Edgar E. Smith, a daughter.
McAdam Junction, July 25, to the wife of George Taylor, a daughter.
Windsor, N. S., July 22, to the wife of W. H. Woodworth, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, July 24, by Rev. John Robbins, David Ryan to Agnes Cox.
Mira, C. B., July 19, Joseph D. Spencer to Heartletta M. Spencer.
St. John, July 24, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, John Irvine to Mary Withers.
Halifax, July 25, by Rev. J. H. Mosher, H. P. Scott, to Annie Wilson.
St. Stephen, July 20, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, William Ridout to Eva Hovey.
St. John, July 25, by Rev. Father Donahue, John Dawson to Alice Corbin.
Hebron, July 21, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Samuel L. Gentry to Ida M. Porter.
Seal Cove, July 24, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Henry Benson to Helen Benson.
Truro, July 26, by Rev. Thos. Cumming, Donald Cameron to Ellen Fraser.
Sackville, July 23, by Rev. Father L'Abbe, Edgar Cormier to Mary Legere.
Halifax, July 31, by Rev. Mr. Almon, L. C. McDonald to Minnie Vincent.
Trenton, July 25, by Rev. R. E. Gullison, Zenas L. Lent to Mary Alice Foster.
Springhill, July 20, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Benjamin Daws to Lizzie McCollum.
Dartmouth, July 24, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Henry H. Walsh to Lottie Whitman.
St. John, July 25, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, John Leisachur to Annie E. Mowatt.
Halifax, July 27, by Rev. E. H. Hall, James C. Andrews to Annie B. Langille.
Campbellton, July 18, by Rev. Charles W. Sables, Charles S. Maskell to Katie Cook.
West Chertsey, July 23, by Rev. F. Labrecque, John McLaren to Victoria Clergy.
New Glasgow, July 26, by Rev. W. J. Croft, W. E. Arbuckle to M. Georgina Andrews.
Dartmouth, July 26, by Rev. Fred Williams, Capt. John Marks to Mrs. Jennie Ritchie.
Ruslingorish, July 25, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Frank A. Nassie to Beatrice Phillips.
Upper Stewiacke, July 24, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Alexander H. Fields to Mary Fulton.
Curryville, July 18, by Rev. D. H. Lodge, W. Temple Wright to Sarah J. Matthews.
Moncton, July 26, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, William Oliver Staples to Mary Isabella McNellie.
Petitcodiac, July 17, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Wallace Branscomb to Bertha Branscomb.
Bear Point, July 21, by Rev. William Halliday, Carol H. Nickerson to Mrs. Maria Blakes.
Newcastle, July 24, by Rev. William Aitken, Howard Whitney to Elizabeth Jane McAllister.
Cape Tormentine, July 25, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, William Rutherford to Beatrice Trenholm.
Halifax, July 25, by Rev. D. G. MacDonald, William A. Robertson to Bessie Binnie Pashie.
Bassville, N. S., July 24, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Benjamin Green to Anne McGillivray.
Sackville, July 19, by Rev. C. Stewart assisted by Rev. W. Harrison, Rev. James Smith to Alice Ada Ouellet.
Dartmouth, July 25, by Rev. A. C. Chate, assisted by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Rev. E. M. Kierstead to Mary A. Parker.
Montague, July 18, by Rev. R. J. Gillis, assisted by Rev. F. Phelan, R. W. MacDonald to Marie Josephine MacDonald.

DIED.

St. John, July 27, Richard Dinn, 62.
Halifax, July 26, John J. Purcell, 38.
Little Ridge, July 20, Clara Porter, 30.
Truro, July 26, William Sutherland, 56.
Moncton, July 27, Duncan Allanach, 83.
Liverpool, July 19, Nathan D. West, 69.
West Point, July 15, James A. D'Elon.
Sheffield, July 23, Whitehead Barker, 63.
Milltown, July 20, Thomas J. Caswell, 18.
Bathurst, July 21, William Alexander, 85.
Annapolis, July 12, David Amberson, 91.
Westville, N. S., July 25, Simon Fraser, 82.
Buctouche, July 28, Mother Mary Francis.
Brooklyn, N. S., July 23, Reginald Rhyna, 27.
Folly, N. S., July 28, Daniel McPherson, 47.
Port Hawkesbury, C. B., John McIsaac, 55.
Marystown, July 23, Harrison Estabrooks, 22.
St. Mary's, July 16, son of Richard Philip, 10.
Dartmouth, July 23, William D. Brennan, 47.
St. John, July 31, Robert Radford Barnes, 65.
New Minas, N. S., July 21, Robert Geddis, 84.
Jerusalem, N. B., July 20, Frederick Webb, 60.
Halifax, July 27, Emily, daughter of C. D. Cook, 22.
Middle Musquodoboit, July 24, Mrs. Francis Layton.
Rothsay, July 28, Ernest S., son of J. E. Ruel, 21.
Cariboo Island, July 17, Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie, 83.
Havelock, July 26, of consumption, James McHugh, 22.
Andover, July 23, Jennie, wife of Lewis Duncan, 82.
St. John, July 25, Mary Hobb, wife of John Steele, 82.
Liverpool, July 24, Mary, wife of William Millard, 42.
Halifax, July 25, Eliza, widow of the late Philip Letson.
Ogilvie Wharf, N. S., July 15, William H. Robin son, 83.
Trenton, N. S., July 24, Jennie, daughter of Major Spruiell.
Truro, July 23, Mabel, daughter of James McDormand, 9.
Halifax, July 26, Mary, widow of the late William Rose, 75.
Greenville, July 13, Sarah, widow of the late James Gile, 84.
Black Point, N. S., July 23, Rachel, wife of Joseph Hume, 32.
Dartmouth, July 30, widow of the late Alexander Warner, 29.
Liverpool, July 22, Ellen, widow of the late George Wentzell, 83.
Halifax, July 30, the Hon. and Rev. Burthorne Musgrave, 73.
Halifax, July 27, Isabel, daughter of Abraham Clifton, N. S., July 12, Martha, widow of the late Robert Higgins.
Carlton, N. S., July 18, Hannah, widow of the late Smith Hilton, 95.
St. John, July 30, Myrtle, daughter of G. Fred and Alice McLean, 4.
Kentville, July 29, Henry A. L., son of Frederick W. Chipman, 21.

Trenton, N. S., July 18, Janet, daughter of the late Simon Fraser, 80.
Moncton, July 29, Jean, daughter of Charles and Annie Bleskey, 3.
New River, July 20, Rachel, widow of the late Michael Hagey, 67.
Cambridge, July 12, Harriett, widow of the late Rev. Ezekiel Marsters, 83.
Cape George Point, N. S., July 13, Duncan, son of Donald McDonald, 29.
Pleasant Ridge, N. B., July 12, of heart disease, William Stewart, 59.
Shediac, July 23, Kenneth Blair, son of Gordon and Mary Blair, 14 months.
Port Egin, July 12, Dorothy, daughter of Clarence and Jennie McLeod, 14.
Bridgetown, July 17, Lillian, daughter of John R. and Phoebe Holland, 17.
Halifax, July 30, Kenneth Earle, son of Robert and Mary Allison, 2 months.
Clifton, N. S., July 23, Eliza Harris, widow of the late James Archibald, 81.
Halifax, July 30, Annie, daughter of Richard and Annie Harland, 6 months.
Three Brooks, N. S., July 19, Cassie, daughter of Christopher A. Irving, 11.
St. John, July 29, Sophie Dill, daughter of Edgar and the late Mary Spark, 19.
Upper Stewiacke, July 21, Mary Miller, daughter of the late Alexander Miller, 23.
Lower St. John, July 16, Mariette Taunton, daughter of A. M. and Sarah Anthony, 18.
New Glasgow, July 20, Graham, son of James K. and Isabella Fraser, 9 months.
Halifax, July 24, Mary Georgina, daughter of John H. and Margaret Waterfield, 14.
St. John, July 29, Edna May, daughter of Thomas and Isabella Marshall, 6 months.
St. John, July 24, Ella Mand, daughter of William R. and Delia Farmer, 10 months.
St. John, July 23, Lionel Randolph, son of Joseph and Harrie Woodland, 10 months.
Moncton, July 25, Christina, daughter of Thomas and the late Jeanie Glendenning, 15.
Bine Mountain, July 20, of paralysis, Alexander, son of William and Margaret J. Ross.
Fort Lawrence, N. S., July 23, Margaret A., daughter of J. Z. Bliss, of Amherst, 57.
Yarmouth, July 20, of scarlet fever, Gwendoline Marr, daughter of J. M. and Lillian C. Durfee, 5.
Quebec, July 25, of heart disease, Arthur, son of the late John and Ellen Mesinger, of Halifax, 17.



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complaints of children

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Lukewarm Water.....two gallons
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Or return tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage.....\$2.00
Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer.

This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week.
All UP FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied 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, at one fare, good to return free Monday following.

No return tickets less than 40 cents.

C. BABBITT, Manager.

STAR LINE STEAMERS.

For Fredericton and Woodstock

MAIL STEAMERS. David Weston and Oliveette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John. Steamer Alberton will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m., for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on Wednesdays and Saturdays, while navigation permits. Commencing June 2nd, Steamer Oliveette will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY at 9 p. m., for Fredericton, and will leave Fredericton at 12:00 a. m., and will leave Hamilton every MONDAY morning at 5, due at Indiantown at 8:30.