

THE KIMBERLEY MAIL.

"Perhaps the most mysterious, and at the same time the most remarkable, robbery ever recorded—and one, too, that had a peculiar fascination for most people on account of its unparalleled audacity and daring—was that known as the Kimberley Limited Mail Robbery. So that you may understand all the circumstances of the case, and as I quite unconsciously became the instrument for unravelling the mystery which so long enshrouded it, I will, if you are not averse to listening to the recital, give you the brief particulars of the felony."

"We were a party of three, whiling away an idle half-hour at the club after dinner. Greville Matheson, the speaker, had at one period held what we always understood to have been a particularly good position in the Criminal Investigation Department, but in what capacity we never could quite determine. A great traveller, naturally he had a rich store of anecdotes far in excess of any we had picked up in our somewhat limited experiences. The conversation had somewhat drifted on to the undiscovered crimes of the last thirty or forty years, and when Matheson volunteered to enlighten us upon what was certainly one of the most sensational robberies of modern times, we naturally assented to his proposal."

"When I tell you," he continued, "that the robbery involved no less than \$1,000,000 of rough or uncut diamonds belonging to the De Beers Company, and that the thieves got clear away with their booty, you will understand the profound sensation it created in England and South Africa when it became known that the Kimberley Limited Mail had, notwithstanding the stringent precautions adopted, been robbed to that extent. The circumstances were the more extraordinary, as you will admit, after hearing the details attendant upon the manner in which the crime was planned and carried into execution."

"Huge quantities of precious stones of the value of over £3,000,000 sterling per annum, are each week conveyed from Kimberley, in the mail train, for shipment to England by the outgoing steamer from Cape Town. The custom is, or was—for it may be altered now—to place the diamonds in a huge fire and burglar-proof safe in the guard's van, the floor and sides of which were lined with half-inch steel. The safe was then locked by one of the resident directors of the company, whose authorised agents in Cape Town met the train on its arrival there, and opened the safe with duplicate keys provided for the purpose. In addition to these precautions, two trusted officials heavily armed, guarded the safe throughout the long journey of 650 miles, and it was a part of their duty that one at least should always remain in the van during stoppage, so that, to all intents and purposes, tampering with the safe when the diamonds were in transit was a sheer impossibility."

"On the occasion in question, the mail train contained a larger parcel of the precious stones than was usual, consequent upon heavy purchases for America. It duly left Kimberley at 8 p.m. all secure, but on arrival in the grey of the morning at the next station beyond De Aar Junction, a platelayer called the attention of the guard to the fact that a hole was visible in the bottom of the van containing the safe. A careful examination was forthwith made, the result of which conclusively proved that the safe was empty. As you may well imagine, the excitement among the passengers and officials was intense. It was plainly evident that an inexplicable and daring robbery had been committed, and the safe ransacked of its precious contents, by drilling a hole through the bottom of the carriage and also through the steel plate covering the floor, and finally the safe itself."

"Not a clue to the perpetrators was ever discovered, despite the persistent efforts of the local police and the skilled assistance of Scotland Yard. Experienced engineers and craftsmen were all baffled in their attempts to explain how an entrance to the safe could be effected under the circumstances I have explained. The only marks on the bottom of the carriage were four holes of about 2 in. deep—as if screws had been inserted in the woodwork; but to our minds they explained nothing. Suspicion naturally fell upon the two guards, but their innocence was obvious when it was remembered that the safe had certainly not been tampered with from the interior of the van. Whoever the guilty persons were, it was generally conceded that the theft was one of the most remarkable in the annals of crime."

"The above particulars, which I have necessarily condensed, were all that was known of the robbery. As I was a resident in Kimberley at the time, having resigned my appointment at Scotland Yard on account of ill-health, I naturally took a very keen interest in trying to throw some light upon the modus operandi of the robbery, which a reward of £5,000 for the discovery of the thieves undoubtedly stimulated. All efforts proved unavailing, however, and the subject was gradually forgotten as other and more exciting events enchain the public mind."

"And now comes the peculiar part of my story, which you may or may not consider to be one of those inexplicable coincidences that are constantly recurring in every-day life, to remind us that, in the end, ill-doing never yet escaped the punishment of God."

"About three years after the robbery of the mail, I determined to try my luck in the newly opened territory of the Chartered Company in Mashonaland. At that time it was practically a terra incognita, and to those not well versed in 'veldt' life the journey hither was attended with considerable risks, through the absence of water, etc. We had arrived at Tuli, where we out-spanned and in the cool of the evening set out to replenish our diminished stock of food with the intention of shooting a few partridges and khorhans, with which the country abounded. Close off the wagon-track—I can scarcely call it a road—I came across a riderless horse quietly grazing, and concluding that its owner must be near at hand, I followed its spoor or track, until it led me to a dense bush at the base of a small kopje, or hill. Lying under a small clump of mimosa trees I detected the seemingly dead body of a man, about forty years of age, whose dress I detected a long absence from civilization, and whose general appearance showed that prior to succumbing he must have suffered terribly from the ravages of fever, so common to those parts during the rainy season of the year. A closer inspection of the

body, however, showed that life still flickered, and I at once set to work as the sun just dipped below the horizon to restore him by bathing his lips from my water flask. My efforts were shortly rewarded by seeing him open his eyes, but he was apparently too enfeebled to rise. Fearful lest darkness should overtake us, and that I should be lost in the bush, I somehow got the sufferer on my back, and speedily came to the spot where I had left his horse. I placed him on the saddle before me, and quietly walked the horse to our camp, where the few simple remedies at our disposal shortly brought the stranger to a state of consciousness."

"Boss," said he, in a faint whisper, when he was able to talk, 'you've come too late, and my span of life is fast ebbing. For days I have been on the road from Victoria, with this accursed fever on me, until it has got too strong a hold on me to fight against. Bad food and scant water have done the rest. Better not waste your time and precious medicines on me. I'm alone in the world, and it don't matter much, anyhow, whether I kick the trace to-night or ten years hence."

"As you may suppose, I paid no heed to his raving, and as the night wore on, I once or twice thought I had succeeded in pulling him around. A faint utterance, however, led me to draw nearer to his side, and it was plainly evident that the end was not far off."

"Put your ear close to mine, boss. You've been very kind to me, and I want to do you a turn if I can before I die. Now—that's it—come closer. You've heard of the Kimberley Mail? Well, I did it with my pal Da Silva, and I've had nothing but bad luck since. We divided up the swag. He is now probably living in luxury at home on it, being a swell. You know who he is, don't you?"

"I nodded assent, for Da Silva had for years been one of the most trusted servants of the De Beers Company."

"Well," resumed the dying man, 'we planned it together, and—a little more brandy, boss—got clean off with the swag, as you know. Being a rough card, my movements were more open to suspicion than Da Silva's, and to dispose of my share of the plunder was more difficult. I decided to wait a bit until the affair blew over, and so I buried the diamonds, boss, just as I had them, at a little place called Holpan, in Griqualand West, and then he proceeded to give me minute directions as to where they could be discovered. 'I came up here with the pioneers,' he resumed, after a long pause, 'but didn't do any good for myself, and now the game is up. You do what you like with the stones, but take my tip and stick to 'em. They are worth having, even if only for the risk I ran to get them."

"Tell you how I did it? More brandy—there, I'll last to do that, and you may as well know for I'm proud of the job. Da Silva was well aware when every parcel of diamonds left the company, and on this occasion—you see, we waited for a big haul—it was decided he should resign his billet and go down in the same train as the diamonds, for, without his assistance, the affair was impossible. His position with the company, for he was well known, would naturally divert suspicion from him. I was to take all the risk, and—well, I did. Da Silva procured a quantity of the best tempered tools and a change of clothing, which he took with him into a specially reserved compartment, for which he had also secured a ticket for me. The night before the train left Kimberley, under the cloak of darkness, I went into the yard where the bogies are kept, and quietly sitting under the van containing the safe in which I knew the diamonds would be placed, I bored four holes in the woodwork, into which I screwed a corresponding number of powerful steel screw eyelets. I then withdrew. All the next day I spent in preparing for my long night ride on the Limited Mail. I constructed a small sliding platform which, when opened, measured about 5 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. wide. To each of the corners I attached a strong flexible hook of steel about 18 in. in length. Five minutes before the train started, all I had to do, in the bustle and confusion incidental to the departure of the mail, was to drop on the line at the end of the train, and make my way under the carriages until I came to the bullion van. A minute's work sufficed to attach my suspending platform to the hooks placed in the flooring the previous night, and to ensconce myself thereon. I didn't forget the risk, boss, for I hung suspended within a foot of the ground. The slightest impediment on the line, and I should have been a dead man."

"Here I gave the man another glass of brandy, which revived him sufficiently to enable him to proceed."

"The train moved slowly from the station," he went on to say, 'and with the tools in my pocket I soon had a twelve-inch hole cut into the wood-work of the van exactly under the centre of the safe, the position of which I knew to an inch. I then commenced on the steel plate, but it was fearful work, boss, with the train rushing along in inky darkness at thirty miles an hour; but that was not such an impediment as the constrained position was. At every halt Da Silva would leisurely stroll along the platform and place a fresh supply of tools under the carriage within easy reach, the worn ones being thrown in the veldt far beyond the track, thus avoiding the risk of being packed up later on."

"And thus we sped on, and before midnight I had cut a circular hole from the platform. Only four hours of darkness remained for me to secure the rich prize for which I was risking life and limb. At each station—you know what shanties they are—the safe was carefully inspected, and, of course, found intact. I was able to use greater force and heavier blows on the bottom of the safe because the movement of the train deadened all noise; but still it was awful work lying there on my back. Brandy? Thanks."

"At last the floor of the safe yielded, a few more minutes sufficed to pierce the thin compartments in which the spoil was, and the coveted diamonds were then safely stowed away in my pocket. It now wanted about three-quarters of an hour to daylight, so I carefully threw all tools away, and waited for the train to pull up at De Aar Junction, where it meets the Cape Town train to Port Elizabeth. We had calculated it would make a long wait of from twenty to thirty minutes, which enabled me to fold up my platform, extract the screws upon which it had hung with its living freight so long, and as the Port Elizabeth train dashed into the station I made a

bolt under the cover of the darkness across the metals, and jumped into the first-class compartment, reserved by Da Silva for the occasion."

"Off we went with our spoil, the platform and my soiled clothes being discarded piecemeal as we crossed likely places and in an hour or less I looked a changed man. In my new garb and spotless gloves few would suspect me from my appearance as having been engaged in the work of which I have told you. Da Silva travelled through Natal and the Portuguese possessions for some time prior to going home, whilst I—well, here I am. That's how we robbed the Kimberley Mail boss. I'm proud of it, but what I'm enduring now—water, please—is nothing to my sufferings on that long, cold, dark ride. Good-bye, boss."

"In a few moments after revealing the secret of the daring robbery, the unknown breathed his last, unrepentant for the wrong committed, and unburied by a living soul. We buried him near Weil's store, and a simple cross now marks the spot where repose the remains of a brave—if a misguided—man."

"I turned back from my journey, and naturally placed myself in communication with the De Beers Company on my return to Kimberley. The directions given me by the dead criminal enabled me to recover his half of the diamonds, and I was rewarded by another £1,000, in addition to the £5,000 originally offered for the detection of the culprits."

"As for Da Silva, it was generally conceded that the evidence was insufficient to incriminate him, and so he has escaped scot-free. He is a member of two of the leading clubs—and is considered somebody in the city."

THE SHIPS AT RIO.

Canadian Sailors Carried Off by Yellow Fever.

AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF MERCHANTMEN AMID PESTILENCE AND REBELLION.

Captain Utley, of the St. John Bark Tamar E. Marshall, Tells a Thrilling Story.

During the last few months, a large number of sailors on Canadian ships have been carried off by the yellow fever scourge at Rio Janeiro. No less than three vessels sailing from St. John N.B., lost their captains. Ships of all nations suffered and the delay of vessels caused by the rebellion greatly lengthened the list of victims of the fever. The bark Tamar E. Marshall, Capt. Utley, one of Troop & Son's fleet, of St. John, N.B., and one of the finest-wooded wooden ships afloat, recently arrived at the latter city direct from Rio, and her skipper tells a sad story of the state of affairs in the pestilence-ridden city during the early months of this year. The crew of his own vessel were smitten with fever and one man died. The captain himself experienced the painful duty of helping to bear the bodies of the captains of several other ships to their last resting place. As the rebellion was in progress the merchant ships had great difficulty in getting supplies of water or necessities of any kind. Their boats were not unlikely to be fired upon by either government or rebel forces. The cabin of the Tamar E. Marshall was several times pierced by bullets, and thus to the dread of death from fever was added the grim possibility of being picked off by marksmen of the rebel forces. Capt. Utley was himself attacked by yellow fever, and it was feared that he too would succumb; but he finally rallied and was able to get away from the port alive, though in a greatly exhausted condition. On the voyage to St. John he suffered a relapse. His limbs became swollen, he could scarcely breathe, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could save himself from actual suffocation. That the gallant skipper, who is a Nova Scotian, and one of the most skillful and popular of her sailor sons, has been restored to perfect health is due, he himself says, to Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills. But let him speak for himself on this point. He writes:

"At Rio, in April last, I was stricken with an attack of yellow fever. After my recovery I remained very weak and nervous. I had no appetite and could not sleep at nights. After leaving Rio and nearing a colder climate, my limbs and body commenced to swell until at times it was an effort for me to move. My breath became short and hurried and I was on the verge of suffocation when we arrived in port. On the advice of a friend I commenced to take Hawker's tonic and liver pills and in two days time I experienced marked relief. After using these remedies for two weeks I am completely restored to health, my body and limbs having assumed their normal size, and my breath is easy and regular. I eat heartily, and am entirely free from nervousness, and my sleep is sound and refreshing."

C. E. UTLEY, Master.

Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic restores nervous energy, revitalizes the blood, restores lost appetite, aids digestion, and promotes healthy sleep. Hawker's liver pills regulate the action of the liver and bowels, cleanse the stomach, and purify the blood. Sold by all druggists. Tonic 50 cents a bottle. Pills, 25 cents.

A Simple Solution.

The other day a journal, hitherto without a spot on its character, inquired with well-feigned innocence: "How could five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one and still one remain in the dish?" After several hundred persons went two-thirds distracted in the mazes of this proposition, the journal meekly says: "One takes the dish with the egg."

BORN.

St. John, Sept. 11, to the wife of W. T. Pitt, a son.
Bedford, Sept. 1, to the wife of George Roche, a son.
Dalhousie, Sept. 7, to the wife of Grey Gilles, a son.
Parrishboro, Sept. 7, to the wife of S. W. Smith, a son.
St. John, Sept. 17, to the wife of C. G. Titus, a daughter.
Tusket, Sept. 1, to the wife of Forman Hatfield, a son.
Yarmouth, Sept. 12, to the wife of R. B. Gibson, a son.
St. John, Sept. 11, to the wife of L. E. Thorne, a son.
Moncton, Sept. 10, to the wife of John F. Doyle, a son.
Bathurst, Sept. 9, to the wife of Thomas Carty, a son.
Kentville, Sept. 12, to the wife of Dr. A. J. McKenna, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 17, to the wife of Prof. J. G. McGregor, a son.
North Sydney, Aug. 11, to the wife of W. J. Beaton, a daughter.
Halifax, Sept. 8, to the wife of Mr. Kennedy, a daughter.
Parrishboro, Sept. 8, to the wife of James George, a daughter.
Parrishboro, Sept. 9, to the wife of John McGrath, a daughter.
Moncton, Sept. 12, to the wife of C. S. McCarthy, a daughter.
Truro, Sept. 14, to the wife of D. McDonald, a daughter.
Amherst, Sept. 11, to the wife of W. C. Page, a daughter.
East Amherst, Sept. 12, to the wife of W. S. Tait, a daughter.
Brenton, N. S., Sept. 5, to the wife of Horace Cann, a daughter.
Argyle Head, Sept. 1, to the wife of Austin Spinney, a daughter.
Port Maitland, Aug. 31, to the wife of Elmer Piper, a daughter.
Water-side, Sept. 4, to the wife of George P. Marks, a daughter.
Hammond Vale, N. B., to the wife of Thomas Kelly, a daughter.
Hantsport, N. S., Sept. 9, to the wife of Charles Grey, a son.
Dorchester, N. S., Sept. 6, to the wife of James R. Crosby, a son.
Dalhousie, N. S., Aug. 29, to the wife of John Norman, a daughter.
Little Harbor, Sept. 12, to the wife of Alexander Reid, a daughter.
Fox Creek, Sept. 10, to the wife of Dennis A. Bourgeois, a daughter.
Rockville, N. S., Sept. 12, to the wife of Captain Davis, a daughter.
Avonport, N. S., Sept. 1, to the wife of L. Marchant Treffy, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Sept. 5, to the wife of George B. Layton, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Sept. 12, to the wife of Capt. Percy Parker, a daughter.
Parrishboro, Sept. 6, to the wife of Capt. Thomas Durant, a daughter.
Hantsport, N. S., Sept. 8, to the wife of Charles Messen, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Sept. 12, to the wife of Hon. Walter G. Stanford, a daughter.
Hantsport, N. S., Sept. 10, to the wife of Horace Davidson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Lunenburg, Sept. 13, by Rev. E. Bell, John E. Hovey to Ida Pound.
Chatham, Sept. 12, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, James Beek to Mary Clark.
Guysboro, Sept. 3, by Rev. W. Purvis, A. Fadden to Edith A. Annie.
Bayfield, Sept. 11, by Rev. H. C. McNeill, John H. Puslie to Mary Irish.
Passage, Sept. 12, by Rev. G. A. Lawson, Byard Theal to Hattie Bettie.
Sackville, Sept. 12, by Rev. Cecil Wiggins, James Fraser to Clara Norris.
Halifax, Sept. 12, by Rev. F. H. Wright, Joseph Hazel to Minnie Steele.
Fredericton, Sept. 14, by Rev. E. B. Wig, Herbert Fairley to Inez Conroy.
Liverpool, Sept. 4, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Thomas Burgess to Lucy A. Roy.
St. John, Sept. 11, by Rev. J. J. Walsh, John Leithan to Mary Brophy.
Boston, Sept. 11, Harry P. Robertson, of St. John, N. B., to Grace E. G. Gilmere.
Pictou, Sept. 21, by Rev. Andrew Armit, George Martell to Isabel Hensell.
Richibucto, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. S. Allen, Edward Sinton to Minnie Dobson.
Riverside, Sept. 1, by Rev. W. E. Johnson, John Fraser to Annie White.
Chipman, Sept. 5, by Rev. D. McC. Clark, John Ward to Caroline Mowatt.
Lawrencetown, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, John P. McInnes to Susan Seymour.
Fredericton, Sept. 12, by Rev. Mr. Cowie, Edward Fletcher to Jessie O'Leary.
Grangeville, Sept. 5, by Rev. S. Smith, William J. McCarthy to Mary J. West.
Pictou, Sept. 11, by Rev. W. G. Lane, William L. Gould to Florence Gillespie.
Calais, Sept. 1, by Rev. A. J. Padelford, James Simpson to Addie Thurston.
Marsville, Sept. 5, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, John B. McInnes to Susan Seymour.
Sussex, Sept. 3, by Rev. H. W. Little, George H. Second to Edith R. Chapman.
Yarmouth, Sept. 6, by Rev. H. H. Cosman, Walter W. Hazelton to Hattie Lewis.
Redbank, Sept. 4, by Rev. J. D. Murray, Andrew Fraser to Maggie Cameron.
Dartmouth, Sept. 12, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, Andrew Glaser to Maud Roache.
Barrington, Sept. 11, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Walter W. Wilson to Edna S. Forbes.
Petitcodiac, Sept. 17, by Rev. Charles H. Fullerton, Orie Parsons to Alice Kay.
Blitown, N. S., Sept. 8, by Rev. E. C. Baker, John B. Baisor to Bessie Wheaton.
Bray, P. E. I., Aug. 29, by Rev. J. R. Coffin, J. H. Rogers to Annie Rogers.
Stewiack, Sept. 6, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, John Bonnell to Catherine Dismore.
Manchester, N. S., Sept. 10, by Rev. H. C. McNeill, James H. Pyle to Louisa Bruce.
Moncton, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, James T. Davidson to Mrs. Jane Taylor.
St. John, Sept. 18, by Rev. J. DeSoyers, George Gilbert to Ruth E. Girvan.
Truro, Sept. 11, by Rev. A. L. Giegge, Blanchard Fraser to Annie Cunningham.
Upperton, N. B., Sept. 5, by Rev. G. A. Lawson, William Hunt to George Baird.
Bear Point, Sept. 4, by Rev. William Halliday, Edward Hopkins to Ada S. Shand.
Campbellton, Sept. 15, by Rev. G. W. Sabies, Alice Campbell to David MacNeil.
Woodstock, Sept. 13, by Rev. James Whitehead, Byron McEllan to Nettie Gilles.
New Glasgow, Sept. 12, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, George Cross to Mary C. Sinclair.
St. Stephen, Sept. 12, by Rev. C. S. Newnam, James Jack to Alice Dorcas Mann.
St. John, Sept. 8, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, James E. Evans to Josephine C. Gleason.
Woodstock, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. C. Phillips, William S. Cullitt to Minnie Ritchie.
Round Hill, N. S., Sept. 12, by Rev. J. B. Giles, William Casey to Florence Bishop.
Parrishboro, Sept. 5, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Irving Winney to Mary O. York.
North Sydney, Sept. 12, by Rev. Father McIntosh, Duncan McIsaac to Eva Wadman.
Sussex, Sept. 17, by Rev. James Gray, Alfred Thompson to Bessie E. McFarlane.
St. John, Sept. 13, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, Daniel P. F. Archibald to Jennie G. Douglas.
Morristown, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Rossie McNeil to Luana Barteaux.
St. Stephen, Sept. 12, by Rev. Howard Sprague, Charles Pierce to Bessie A. Douglas.
Aylesford, Sept. 3, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Frederick W. Cochrane to Lilla B. Zwickler.
Nictaux Falls, Sept. 5, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Alexander H. Holden to Nettie L. Forster.
Three Tree Creek, Sept. 5, by Rev. W. R. Reed, Oliver Tracey to Mary J. McQuestion.
Lower Newcastle, Sept. 13, by Rev. J. McCoy, William Giegge to Margaret McMurray.
Riverside, N. B., Sept. 3, by Rev. James Ross, David Barbour to Josephine Carnwath.
Fredericton, Sept. 12, by Rev. George B. Payson, John Culligan to Harriet E. Braithwaite.
Garden of Eden, N. S., Sept. 13, by Rev. D. Henderson, D. P. McPherson to Mary Fraser.
St. Stephen, Sept. 12, by Rev. O. S. Newnam, Walter McCook to Helen E. Dismore.
Fredericton, Sept. 12, by Rev. George B. Payson, James M. Humphrey to Elizabeth Phillips.



EVERY LADY WHO WANTS UNDERWEAR

and understands what pure wool is and appreciates exquisite finish buys the "HEALTH BRAND,"

both for herself or children. These goods are made in Vests, Drawers, Tights and Combinations, and are kept by every first-class dry goods store.

THE MONTREAL SILK MILLS COMPANY, Ltd., MONTREAL.

Boston, Sept. 10, by Rev. L. B. Bates, George N. Kilpatrick to Clara Dungee, of St. John, N. B.
New Glasgow, Sept. 6, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, Archibald Wilson to Georgina Sutherland.
New Glasgow, Sept. 12, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, Alexander Skinner to Sarah M. McDonald.
Truro, Sept. 10, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, Kempton Stuart to Blanche McDowell.
Massetown, N. S., Sept. 12, by Rev. William McNeill, Dr. W. G. Putnam to Lillian Fletcher.
Melverly Square, N. S., Sept. 12, by Rev. J. Coffin, J. Almon Phinney to Annie Marie VanBoskirk.
Summerside, P. E. I., Sept. 11, by Rev. B. H. Bentley, Thomas E. Gamble to Catherine McInnis.
South Brookfield, N. S., Sept. 5, by Rev. F. G. Francis, Henley V. Dukeshire to Lydia J. Smith.
New Glasgow, Sept. 10, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, William W. Fraser to Elizabeth J. McBride.
Salmonville, N. B., Sept. 3, by Rev. C. P. Hanington, George H. Harding to Minerva T. Bennett.
Ainslie Glen, C. B., Sept. 4, by Rev. Alexander Grant, Charles Fanning Brastow to Mary M. Forrest.
Centreville, N. S., Sept. 5, by Rev. Joseph Hale, assisted by A. Lund, George H. Holdsworth to Ella G. Morehouse.

Central Chebogue, Sept. 10, Orpha, daughter of Benjamin F. Eldridge, 1.
Lunenburg, Sept. 8, Watson, son of Arthur and Martha Oxner, 5 months.
Halifax, Sept. 17, Ralph, son of William and Annie Whittingham, 10 weeks.
Whyocomeagh, Sept. 6, Robert Murray, son of W. J. and Annabel Wilson, 4.
Glen Road, C. B., Sept. 10, Flora, widow of the late Donald McPherson, 64.
Lower Granville, Sept. 5, of typhoid fever, Celeste, wife of Captain Isaac Cook.
Rogers Hill, N. S., Sept. 6, Annie, widow of the late Peter McL. Fraser, 82.
Halifax, Sept. 16, Lennie, daughter of Alfred and Margaret Myer, 9 months.
Newcastle, Sept. 8, of croup, Edith, daughter of Frank and Maggie Mason, 4.
Yarmouth, Sept. 15, Mrs. Beer, widow of the late John Beer, of Charlottetown.
Antigonish, Sept. 6, William Bernard, son of Simon and Christina Fraser, 2 months.
St. John, Sept. 17, Katie Teresa, daughter of Frederick and Bridget Doyle, 3 months.
Halifax, Sept. 12, Margaret Estella, daughter of John and Mary Murphy, 4 months.
West Baccaro, Aug. 30, of consumption, Lina, daughter of George and Rosalie Brennan, 1.
Lower Newcastle, Sept. 1, of scarlet fever, Raymond, son of William and Janet M. Innes, 3.

DIED.

Pictou, Sept. 5, Isaac Luke, 64.
Truro, Sept. 9, W. H. Wilson, 66.
Kentville, Sept. 12, J. Moore, 56.
Nappan, Aug. 30, Ruth Roach, 67.
St. George, Sept. 6, James Lee, 79.
Baddeck, Sept. 8, Mary McCabe, 73.
Maitland, Sept. 3, William Rines, 83.
Halifax, Sept. 16, Michael Power, 53.
St. John, Sept. 16, William Keefe, 72.
Weldford, Sept. 15, Francis Woods, 72.
Halifax, Sept. 11, Emma Beckman, 35.
Jordantown, Sept. 9, Jesse Jordan, 12.
Sheffield, Sept. 11, Stephen Burpee, 74.
St. John, Sept. 15, Arthur Gillespie, 56.
Halifax, Sept. 27, Thomas R. Mont, 56.
St. John, Sept. 15, Henry Buchanan, 55.
Bear Island, Sept. 14, Ira Ingraham, 91.
Halifax, Sept. 13, William F. Knight, 75.
St. John, Sept. 15, William Quinsler, 52.
Yarmouth, Sept. 8, Edgar K. Kelly, 59.
Campbellton, Sept. 8, Robert Adams, 54.
Liverpool, Sept. 15, Enjob Lawrence, 78.
Liverpool, Sept. 15, Elijah Lawrence, 78.
St. John, Sept. 16, James McQuinn, 44.
Hill Grove, N. S., Sept. 3, Jesse Wilcox, 44.
Yarmouth, Sept. 12, Alexander Magee, 59.
Campbellton, Sept. 6, Mrs. Peter Adams, 79.
Middle Clyde, Sept. 7, Mrs. Cunrod Ryer, 74.
Lower Norton, Sept. 4, Eliza A. Ketchum, 81.
Gates Mountain, Sept. 9, Henry Marshall, 72.
Grand Manan, Sept. 11, Frank McCormick, 22.
Millstream, Sept. 5, Mrs. Benjamin Lester, 68.
West River Station, N. S., Donald Balldie, 78.
Halifax, Sept. 11, Willie, son of A. J. Crocker.
Dorchester, Sept. 12, George M. Johnston, 92.
Halifax, Sept. 15, Lizzy, wife of Peter Power, 81.
Shelburne, Sept. 5, Amanda, wife of Allen Oakes, 62.
Bridport, C. B., Sept. 3, Alexander O'Hanley, 61.
Lake Ainslie, C. B., Sept. 2, John McLean, 78.
St. John, Sept. 15, Jane, wife of Henry Richards, 45.
Halifax, Sept. 13, Marietta, wife of William Brown.
Pleasant Lake, Sept. 10, Louis, wife of John Earle, 75.
Halifax, Sept. 11, Elizabeth, wife of George Bauer.
Halifax, Sept. 11, Maria, wife of James Sanders, 54.
Halifax, Sept. 17, Susan, wife of Philip E. Bremner.
Antigonish, Sept. 11, Anne, widow of the late John Pascoe.
Amherst, Sept. 14, daughter of John LeBlanc, 17 months.
Pleasant Lake, N. S., Sept. 6, Mary, wife of Thomas Jeffrey, 65.
Falkland Ridge, Sept. 3, of congestion, Edward Bishop, 72.
Caledonia, Sept. 1, Christy, wife of William A. McDonald, 38.
Halifax, Sept. 11, Margaret, wife of George McHenry, 45.
St. John, Sept. 11, Thomas, son of Thomas and Margaret Byrnes.
Halifax, Sept. 11, Clarence, son of Freeman and Eliza Laing.
St. Martins, Sept. 6, Charlotte, wife of Henry McDonough, 82.
South Richmond, Sept. 5, Mary, wife of Robert Johnston, 65.
Halifax, Sept. 15, Lily, daughter of Giles and Emma Kennedy, 1.
Halifax, Sept. 15, Charlotte, widow of the late Capt. Gaisson, 94.
Moncton, Sept. 17, William, son of the late D. A. Cameron, 16.
Dumbarton Station Sept. 2, of typhoid fever, James R. Henry, 27.
Kentville, Sept. 15, Mrs. Campbell, wife of Allister Campbell, 89.
Moncton, Sept. 10, Marian, widow of the late Daniel McPherson, 63.
La Have, Sept. 11, of paralysis, Annie, wife of George McKeen, 89.
Marsville, Sept. 7, of heart disease, Fanny, wife of David Bruce, 48.
St. Andrews, Sept. 4, Caroline, daughter of the late C. R. Hathaway.
Cambridge Point, Sept. 4, of consumption, Archibald McLean, 28.
St. John, Sept. 10, Guy, son of Hugh and Augusta Sloan, 10 weeks.
Liverpool, Sept. 10, Mary, widow of the late Alexander Cameron, 57.
Mount Pleasant, N. S., Sept. 2, Helen, wife of Louie Winters, 19.
Halifax, Sept. 17, Frances, daughter of Thomas and Johanna Keating, 3.
Campbellton, Sept. 12, Catherine, widow of the late John McConochie, 88.
Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 27, Thomas F. Weldon, of Dorchester, N. B., 49.
New Glasgow, Sept. 10, Mary, daughter of the late Andrew Cameron, 87.
Blue Mountain, N. S., Sept. 1, Mary, widow of the late William Ross, 73.
Lincoln, Sept. 16, Mrs. Hayward, widow of the late Samuel Hayward, 95.
Alma, Sept. 4, Mary, daughter of the late William and Rose Durand, 64.
Tiverton, Sept. 1, of consumption, Howard, son of William Greenleaf, 22.
Upper Stewiack, Sept. 1, Emily, widow of the late Donald Mackenzie, 68.
Lake George, N. S., Sept. 14, Charley, son of the late James Mosher, 70.
Halifax, Sept. 13, Robert, son of the late Thomas and Esther Allison, 50.
Annapolis Royal, Sept. 1, Margaret, wife of Walter McCook, 28.
Bridgewater, Sept. 10, Annie, daughter of George and Annie F. Garby, 21.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.Y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:
LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.35 a.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 6.10 p.m.
LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 1.30 p.m.
CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Yarmouth with trains of the Yarmouth & Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co., for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sundays excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

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

Intercolonial Railway

1894—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1894

On and after MONDAY, the 25th JUNE, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, St. John and Halifax	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	8.10
Express for Halifax	12.10
Express for Quebec, and Montreal	12.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted)	8.30
Express from Moncton	12.10
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	13.10
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.35