

A NOVA SCOTIA GHOST.

There were a baker's dozen of us, and the place was the hotel, familiarly known as "Broderick's" at Five Islands, the shores of which were washed by the famous Basin of Minas. There was a professor, who, behind his bulwarks of learning, cherished some sweet flowers of verse, and his charming wife, who (seldom from his side) was as the moon to the sun, so faithfully did she reflect his moods and menses. There was also with us a genial New Yorker, who smoked, and nursed the cat, while his wife kept a matronly eye on their pretty black-eyed daughter.

Miss Blackeyes spent most of her time in playing lawn tennis with the blonde young doctor, who gave his address as Boston, but he must either have been a native of Great Britain, or a most confirmed Anglo-maniac. The city of beans and brains was further represented by a "school-marm," who was on a sort of Evangelical pilgrimage. She had collected a large variety of "specimens" which might be valuable if she were in the paving business, but not otherwise. It is needless to say that geology was not one of the branches she taught. There was a widow, pale and pretty, who beguiled many an evening by her sweet singing; a brace of undergraduates on a tramp, an old bachelor who had roughed it on a ranch; an undersized young parson who went by the sobriquet of "the little minister," and myself.

While the fine weather lasted there was no lack of occupation of the usual seaside variety; boating, fishing, for the active, and lounging on the shore in the sunshine, or reading under the trees for the "rather-ride-than-walk" type. But when the rains descended, and the woods were dripping cold water from every leaf, when mist obscured the lovely view, landward and seaward, when fish couldn't and wouldn't be caught, then arose a woe-filled wail, "What shall we do next?" We tried numerous expedients to pass the time. The manufacture of a large kite, to be used when the weather cleared, occupied us all one day.

That is, three worked at it and the rest gave advice (which was seldom acted upon) and helped or hindered as our disposition prompted us. "The little minister" (who was extremely absent-minded) displayed a wonderful knack for getting entangled in the tail of the kite. He had a fashion of walking up and down the room when earnestly engaged in conversation, and while arguing some knotty theological point with the professor he several times walked right over and through the tail, which the doctor and Miss Blackeyes had spread out for the admiring gaze of the idlers. And he was always so sincerely surprised and sorry for what he had done that they forgave him with a good grace and set to work again to repair damages. We played all sorts of games, from whist and "old maid" to "Dan Tucker" and "musical chairs;" we had music, till our throats were tired and the wheezy old organ showed signs of giving out. But all of these amusements palled after awhile, and, when the third day closed in dark and wet, we began to feel very much bored, to long for something exciting. After tea our thoughtful hostess lighted a bright wood fire, around which we all gathered. Some one exclaimed, "What a night for a ghost story!" and then the conversation turned on spooks and apparitions of every description; on hypnotism, mesmerism, and all such blood-curdling topics. The doctor said he believed in ghosts; that is, that they were the emanations of a diseased brain, but the subject undoubtedly saw them just as a man in delirium tremens sees snakes. The professor thought that hypnotism might have something to do with it, as a person could easily be willed to see anything, from a headless horseman to a grisly skeleton. The New Yorker remarked that he understood that Five Islands was a rather ghostly place and as a certain personage was never absent when spoken of, it might be the same with their ghostships; doubtless there was at least one in our midst now, taking notes. Just at this moment a loose door, somewhere in the house banged, and nearly every one jumped and then tried to look as if he or she (particularly he) had not. One of the students took advantage of the panic to draw his chair close to that of Miss Blackeyes, thereby seriously interfering with the rocking of the schoolmarm, who occupied an old fashioned chair that took up as much room as a prancing horse. Miss Blackeyes favored him with a velvet glance, whereupon the doctor poked the fire with more vehemence than discretion. The rancher then began talking on the all-engrossing subject, though he had apparently not been at all interested in the conversation. This was a way he had and much resembled a reticent pump, that had to have some water poured in before it would spout. When he had imbibed a certain amount of conversation he would commence talking, and talk continuously, even if others were speaking, and then stop so very suddenly, you could almost fancy you saw the pump handle dropped.

"If what you folks want is ghosts, you don't have to wear out much shoe leather going after 'em. Since old Rough was murdered on Moose Island some fifty years ago, his spirit has haunted the place like fury and I guess he got kind of lonely and got some more spirits over there some time to keep him company, for the men that goes over there to shoot, says the place is just chock full of 'em."

Moose Island, it must be explained, is the largest of the five islands, that, dotted in a line about two miles from the shore, give the place its name.

"After dark," continued the rancher, "you have more chance of shootin' into a ghost than you ever have in daylight with shootin' birds. Dunno how they come to be so mortal thick, kind of 'think old Rough must have married a ghost wife and riz a big family."

The company tried to look as if they believed him, and no one succeeded so well as the schoolmarm, who, in truth, was prepared to believe anything about these "provinces."

"Did any of you know," said the little minister diffidently, "that there is a house said to be haunted not very far from here? Of course I don't believe it myself," he added, stiffening into his pulpit attitude, "but it is very strange that no one can be induced to stay there, even with no rent to pay."

We all knew the house he meant, but its haunted reputation we had not heard of before. It was a weather-beaten building facing the sea; nearly all of its faded green

shutters were closed; and a more desolate looking place could hardly be imagined. The surroundings were very picturesque, from the old mill on the hillside, that was dropping to pieces beside a clear, brown, swift-running stream, to the wild pink roses that were hanging thick and fragrant over the broken stone wall. Tall hardwood trees formed an effective background and sturdy off-shoots from these were everywhere encroaching on the greensward that sloped sharply up from the wall in front. The "little minister" went on to tell of how people passing late in the evening had seen lights in the uncovered windows, and that on the eighth of every month at exactly a quarter past eleven at night, it was said that if anyone had the courage to stay there, he would hear hasty footsteps through the house, and a sound of panting breath, as if pursued and pursued were exhausted. What happened after that no one knew; it is supposed that no one ever had the temerity to linger for any further manifestations. What had given rise to the reports could not be ascertained, but they were firmly believed by three-fourths of the inhabitants, and the place was shunned accordingly. A thought seemed to strike Mrs. New York (she was our leader on most occasions):

"My dear," she said to her husband, "What day of the month is it today?"

We all looked at each other. "Why, it's the eighth!" burst from half a dozen at once.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the professor, just as it he was addressing a class, "Now is an excellent opportunity to investigate this matter and I propose that two of us go to the haunted house and hear and see what we can."

The proposition met with favor—anything for excitement, but it became a serious question as to which two very truly said, because, as the professor very truly said, if more went they would keep up each other's courage to such an extent that no one would be on the alert and the critical moment might pass unnoticed.

We at last decided to draw lots and the lot fell on the widow and myself. For my own part, I could not but wish it had fallen elsewhere, and yet I was half pleased at the distinction. When I perceived that the widow was something more than timid, I made a far greater show of bravery than I really felt. There was a loud outcry on the part of the men; it was quite necessary, they said, that one of them should accompany and protect us two lone females. So they drew among themselves and one of the young students was this time the favored by fortune.

This was not the admirer of Miss Blackeyes, but his much more retiring companion, whose somewhat rustic manners and frequent allusion to "Acadia" had caused him to be called, behind his back, "the forest primeval." But withal he was stout of limb and kind of heart and by no means to be despised as a cavalier.

It was hastily arranged that we three were to be escorted over to the haunted mansion by the rest of the company and then left there, with a light, in whichever room we thought looked most promising for either comfort or ghosts. It was then about ten o'clock, dark as a wolf's mouth, raining hard and with a heavy, gusty wind blowing. Protected by waterproofs we managed to reach the house without getting very wet and as the gate was swollen with damp and stuck fast, we had to scramble as best we could over the broken stone wall. The front door was bolted but a door in the ell opened easily and led into a small entry with stairs going up at the right and doors in front of us. We thoroughly explored the building, upstairs and down, to make sure there was no trickery. We found absolutely nothing but a perfectly bare house in a very rocky condition. Near the front door a steep staircase went winding down to a cellar kitchen, and as I descended my dress caught on a nail, and for a moment I thought I was in the clutch of some grisly spectre. This accident completely destroyed the last scrap of my courage, which had been oozing away rapidly since I left the hotel. I bitterly repented of ever having joined such an expedition, and began to recall stories of people losing their wits from extreme fright. Before our escort left us, I made each one promise faithfully that he or she would play no tricks, but that all would go back and await us in the hotel parlor. So with many good wishes for the success in our enterprise and several jokes as to how long our courage would stand the test, they departed, leaving two much frightened women with nothing but an unarmed man and a very dim lantern between them and an indefinite number of ghosts.

We decided to establish ourselves in the largest room on the ground floor, which was about in the centre of the house. We found there an old box on which the widow and I managed to sit with our backs to the wall. On our left hand was a door leading to the front entry and stairs going down to the kitchen, on the right was a door into the side hall where we had effected an entrance. A more dreary place I never saw; the plaster was broken away in large patches from the damp walls, while here and there a rag of the paper hung fluttering in the wind that every now and then swooped about the dismantled chimney. The rain was beating steadily against the house and pouring with a hoarse murmur through an old tin pipe just outside the window. All other sound was the booming of the waves on the shore. At first we talked on indifferent subjects, stopping frequently to listen intently. The student supported himself on the old-fashioned window-sill, and nursed the somewhat flickering lantern most tenderly. We watched him with intense interest. It seemed as if our very lives depended on that lantern and that if we were deprived of its light, we would be as badly off as shipwrecked sailors on a desert island. The conversation became more and more intermittent and at last ceased altogether. I felt the widow shiver and presently drawing herself up, she took out of the chateleine bag at her side a very small travelling clock, which she explained struck both hours and quarters. She wound up the striking apparatus and presently eleven silver strokes announced that in fifteen minutes the ghostly performance would take place. We waited in grim silence. I thought I heard soft footsteps on the stairs, but it was only the rain dropping through somewhere on the sodden boards, and the sound like the wailing of a child must surely be caused by the wind in the chimney. But was it? Who knows what awful tragedy might have been enacted in this dismal abode? Some unnatural

mother might have beaten her child to death, or a maniac may have been confined here from the prying eyes of the world and, in a moment of frenzy, have killed his keeper. How horrible the idea! I shivered with more than cold as a stronger blast than usual shook the house as if it would turn it inside out. Just then a quarter struck. With a very fictitious show of courage, I turned my head to say to the widow, "Well, there is nothing after all," but these words were never uttered, for I saw through the door at the right a glimmer of something white. I screamed, the widow shrieked and the student jumped up so suddenly that he dropped the lantern and we were left in total darkness.

I do not know how I lived through the next few moments, for we heard hasty footsteps through the room, into the front hall and then the sound of a heavy body falling down the stairs, followed by a deep moan. I have not the least idea how I got out of the house, but I found myself running through the wet grass, over the stone wall and up the hill to the hotel. I was closely followed by the widow and we both burst into the parlor, pale and speechless.

"Did you see anything?" cried everyone, but they got no answer, as the widow fainted and I utilized the small remnant of my breath in going into hysterics. The schoolmarm with touching sympathy followed suit, and it was not till the arrival of the student, for some matches, he said, that they got any information whatever. When he had told our strange experience, the gentlemen armed themselves with guns, sticks and two good lanterns and started for the haunted house, quite determined to lay the ghost, whatever it might be. The doctor remained to revive, with the assistance of the ladies, his three suddenly-acquired patients. The widow had regained consciousness, the schoolmarm and I had ceased our ridiculous sobbing, long before the ghost trackers returned. We heard their shouts as they came up the hill, and they appeared in a state of the wildest hilarity that was extremely offensive to the sufferers.

"Ah! doctor, there's another patient for you; get out your splints, there's a broken leg to be set," exclaimed Mr. New York, and then he went on to tell us that all our fright had been caused by nothing more than an innocent white calf. The poor little beast had evidently found the side door open and on entering, startled by our screaming, had rushed wildly through the room and in the dark, fallen down the stairs, at the foot of which it was found in a very crumpled condition.

"That's just like a calf," broke in the rancher, "they're such onhandy stupid critters; nothin' but a calf would ever be gone into a haunted house, anyway."

"Sir!" thundered the student, "do you mean to insinuate—that just here the widow laid her white hand, like a flag of truce, across his lips, and what he intended to say can never be recorded."

THE SILENCE CURE.

A Physician Who Says Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking too Much.

"I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration and who could be cured if they would stop talking," said a nerve specialist the other day. "They waste their nerve tissue as fast as I can supply it, and they are on the verge of hysterics and acute nervous pain all the time. A woman, if she is inclined to talk too much, should time herself just as she would take medicine, and allow herself only just so many minutes of talk."

"Now, the other day a woman who is troubled with insomnia came in my office for treatment. She had been taking drugs. She told me about her troubles and her tongue ran like the clapper of a farmhouse bell at dinner time. I thought she never would let up. Finally I stopped her."

"Do you talk as much as that very often, madam?" I asked. She drew herself up and said in an offended tone, "This is no laughing matter, doctor; I assure you. I am worn out from lack of sleep; and though my family do all things possible to divert my mind, and I make calls and see people all the time I get steadily worse. I am worn to a shadow. Why, last summer—"

"And so her tongue rattled on, until I again had to stop her."

"Now listen to my prescription," I said. "Go home and keep still. Don't talk. Time your tongue waggings. At breakfast allow your husband to read the newspaper without interruption. After breakfast see a little in your own room. Read as much as you please. Walk long distances if you are strong enough. Do not make many calls. At dinner talk all you please, but spend a quiet evening. If you go to the theatre do not talk much during the play. Exercise a little self-denial. It will be hard at first, for you are a chatterer, but if you persevere you will succeed and your nervous system will get rest."

"What did she say to that? Well, I do not think she liked it. But if she took me seriously I think I can cure her in a month. 'Do I have many such cases?' Well, I should say I did! It is almost safe to declare that there never is a case of real acute nervousness unless the woman is a talker. With a man it is different. He may worry himself into insanity, or complete loss of brain power, if his business goes wrong. But the very nervous woman is seldom a worrier. She is the woman of leisure with a small family—few in numbers I mean—to direct. She buys their food, their clothing, hires the servants and 'keeps house.' She has no real worries. But does she think she has? Oh dear yes! She thinks she has more to do than any other woman of her acquaintance."

"Keep quiet a few hours every day and you will be a well woman," is what I tell half my woman patients. When I can persuade them to try it they come back and say: "Why, doctor, I haven't been nervous enough to fly since I began to try your queer prescription!"

He Didn't Swear Any Longer.

"What's the matter with that mule?" asked a man who was standing on the bank of the canal. "He doesn't seem to be of any account whatever." "He's all right," replied the boatman. "The fault's with me. Ye see, mister, he understands every word ye say to him." "He doesn't pay much attention to what you say." "That's what shows his intelligence. I've just jined the church, an' he thinks I'm a stranger."

BORN.

Windsor, Oct. 9, to the wife of F. C. Lynch, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 26, to the wife of Albert Parcell, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 18, to the wife of R. Mevin, a daughter.
Milton, N. S., to the wife of Edward Horton, a son.
Hillsboro, Oct. 22, to the wife of Nelson Jonah, a son.

Truro, Oct. 20, to the wife of John W. Spencer, a son.
Karsdale, Oct. 22, to the wife of Alfred Young, a son.
Bridgetown, Oct. 20, to the wife of W. Caldwell, a son.

St. John, Oct. 23, to the wife of John Bennett, a son.
North Sydney, Oct. 14, to the wife of Dennis Connell, a son.
Annapolis, Oct. 16, to the wife of Robert Reynolds, a son.

Grand Lake, Oct. 2, to the wife of Ewen McDonald, a son.
Escuminac, Oct. 8, to the wife of Stanislaus Preston, a son.
Parishboro, Oct. 18, to the wife of Joseph Tibbitts, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Oct. 17, to the wife of Arthur Riser, a daughter.
Truro, Oct. 13, to the wife of F. A. Davidson, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 24, to the wife of Henry Netherton, a daughter.

Amherst, N. S., to the wife of W. W. Black, a daughter.
Rosedale, Oct. 21, to the wife of Benjamin Bray, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 21, to the wife of W. L. Davidson, a daughter.

St. John, Oct. 23, to the wife of W. E. O. Jones, a daughter.
Round Hill, Oct. 9, to the wife of J. Rokeby Robinson, a son.
Fredericton, Oct. 19, to the wife of F. B. Edgcombe, a daughter.

Parishboro, Oct. 18, to the wife of David Campbell, a daughter.
Dartmouth, N. S., to the wife of John J. Campbell, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Oct. 21, to the wife of George Mosher, a daughter.

Moncton, Oct. 23, to the wife of Cary A. Gammon, a daughter.
Hillsboro, Oct. 4, to the wife of Richard Cameron, a daughter.
Curryville, Oct. 18, to the wife of John A. Beaulieu, a son.

Fredericton, Oct. 20, to the wife of Frank S. Williams, a son.
Nictaux Falls, N. S., Oct. 10, to the wife of Colin Trueman, a son.
Truemanville, Oct. 14, to the wife of Thompson Trueman, a son.

Torbrook Mines, Oct. 15, to the wife of William R. Rice, a daughter.
Durham, N. S., Oct. 18, to the wife of Charles R. W. Brannan, a daughter.
Warren, N. B., Oct. 11, to the wife of R. Wilson Beattie, a daughter.

Collingwood Corner, Oct. 18, to the wife of Frank Schurman, a daughter.
South Farnham, N. S., Oct. 17, to the wife of William Bennett, a daughter.
North East Harbor, N. S., Oct. 25, to the wife of Rev. D. Farquhar, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Oct. 20, Robert Holly to Agnes Welsh.
St. John, Oct. 24, John McConnell to Isabella Nelson.
Annapolis, Oct. 23, Alexander D. Hewitt to Evelyn Arnold.

Ladlow, Oct. 24, by Rev. E. Bell, Henry Swim to Mrs. J. O'Donnell.
Sussex, Oct. 24, by the Rev. James Gray, Thomas Gray to Sarah Kyle.
Halifax, Oct. 23, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, E. A. Corbett to Laura J. Byles.

Woodstock, Oct. 18, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Charles Belyea to Maud Grant.
Halifax, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Richard A. Spawton to Catherine MacKinnon.
Parker's Cove, Oct. 22, by Rev. H. Achilles, William Apte to Maggie Hudson.

St. John, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Ernest Ekstone to Mabel Sharp.
Caldais, Oct. 16, by Rev. C. G. McCully, Arthur D. Finley to Mattie Emery.
Kewick, Oct. 17, by Rev. J. K. King, George H. Hallett to Hattie M. Burt.

Lockport, Oct. 20, by Rev. Charles Crowell, J. R. Haggie to Minnie Lockie.
L'Eve, Oct. 22, by Rev. H. E. S. Maider, Ernest Williams to Myra Tucker.
Torbrook, Oct. 18, by Rev. J. E. Locke, William Bartheaux to Jennie Banks.

St. George, Oct. 15, by Rev. R. G. Vans, Robert J. Doherty to Annie McIntyre.
Sydney, C. B., Oct. 24, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Daniel Stewart to Mary Broadfoot.
St. John, Oct. 24, by Rev. William Penna, Fred Mahoney to Edith Williams.

Malaguene Bay, Oct. 26, by Rev. I. W. Corey, B. M. Godsoe to Minnie Moore.
St. John, Oct. 21, by Rev. C. A. Hartley, Frederick Greer to Minnie Hueston.
Marystown, Oct. 14, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Wesley Hadden to Estella Miller.

Red Islands, Oct. 16, by Rev. R. McInnis, Joseph Johnston to Katie McKenzie.
Halifax, Oct. 23, by Rev. Allan Simpson, J. N. Robinson to Florence Arthur.
Woodstock, Oct. 22, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Frank Brannan to Hannah Snow.

Digby, Oct. 24, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, George F. Frizzle to Lalia B. Crosby.
Rockland, Oct. 11, by Rev. J. J. Barnes, Thomas M. Tompkins to Annie Lewis.
Middleton, Oct. 14, by Rev. Mr. Gaetz, Thomas W. McLellan to Bessie J. B. Gaetz.

Dartmouth, Oct. 20, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, Isaac Bowser to Lillie Baker.
Halifax, Oct. 23, by Rev. Dr. D. H. Hague, Charles W. Gunning to Maud Louise Hall.
Chatham, Oct. 25, by Rev. George Steele, James W. Shields to Evie Bredeau.

Oak Bay, Oct. 23, by Rev. E. C. Calder, Samuel McLean to Sophia E. McCoom.
Norton, Oct. 24, by Rev. Father Byrne, James L. Corcoran to Gertrude M. Kelly.
Woodstock, Oct. 4, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Duncan Simmons to Maggie B. Robbins.

Woodstock, Oct. 17, by Rev. J. Denton, Ambrose Wagner to Edith May Morhouse.
Woodstock, Oct. 10, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Elijah Palmer to Annie O. Oldenburgh.
Mahone Bay, Oct. 5, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Ben Debec to Ruby S. Kirkpatrick.

Debec, Oct. 17, by Rev. F. Frizzle, John S. Fleming to Ruby S. Kirkpatrick.
Halifax, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Charles Henry Smythe to Bertha Spencer.
Lower Hillsboro, Oct. 17, by Rev. D. H. Lodge, John T. Wilson to Kate Stevens.

Berwick, Oct. 23, by Rev. William Ellis, Henry Melville Jones to Martha R. Ford.
Tatamagouche, Oct. 24, by Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, Robert Aitchison to Adela McNutt.
Upper Woodstock, Oct. 18, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Henry Robinson to Clara Chandler.

Dartmouth, Oct. 17, by Rev. T. Stewart, Sydney Shetlerburg to Mrs. Amelia Wright.
Antigonish, Oct. 11, by Rev. R. Manro, Robert Nichols to Victoria MacNaughton.
Scott's Ridge, Oct. 16, by Rev. John Hawley, Edward L. Morrison to Jennie McKay.

Fredericton, Oct. 24, by Rev. George B. Payson, Everett Nichol to Annie M. Briggs.
Walton, N. S., Oct. 16, by Rev. Andrew Boyd, Ernest L. Parker to Sarah J. Morris.
Halifax, Oct. 23, by Rev. Monsignor Carmody, D. J. Lynch to Marie Theresa Marshall.

North Landing, N. S., by Rev. William Brown, Harry M. Palmer to Jessie Taylor.
New Cornwall, N. S., Oct. 7, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, James A. Demott to Mary E. Braham.
Sydney, C. B., Oct. 17, by Rev. David Hickey, John T. Wilson to Kate Stevens.

Kingston, Oct. 23, by Rev. H. S. Wainwright, Norman C. Scribner to Julia E. Northrup.
Bridgetown, Oct. 23, by Rev. J. A. Macgillish, Neil McDonald to Mary J. McDonald.
Front Village, Oct. 17, by Rev. William Burns, Horton B. Belyea to E. Georgina Smith.

Strathalbyn, P. E. I., Oct. 1, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, J. A. McKenzie to Margaret A. McLeod.
Petite Riviere, Oct. 24, by Rev. Charles P. Mellor, Stephen Wambuck to Mrs. Absalom Teel.
La Have Cross Roads, Oct. 18, by Rev. William Aimey, J. Daniel to Arabella C. McKee.

Lunenburg, Oct. 13, by Rev. J. L. Rankin, John Starratt Blackman to Maud E. Blodden.
Fredericton, Oct. 24, by Rev. Willard McDonald, Daniel McLones to Mrs. Charlotte Stickney.

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Internal & External
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EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:
Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 8.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

Build Parlor Cars run daily each way on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.
ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:
Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 5.50 a. m. 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, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; for Yarmouth, a close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Valley Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, connecting with the S. S. Evangeline for Farnborough and all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, and at W. J. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for all points west.

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

St. Stephen, Oct. 24, Fannie Van.
Digby, Oct. 1, Mrs. Ada McGee, 40.
St. John, Oct. 28, John Crowley, 28.
Kingsville, Oct. 27, John Wallace, 57.
Shelburne, Oct. 21, Lewis Minard, 73.
St. John, Oct. 26, Richard McKee, 55.
Truro, Oct. 25, Matthew Archibald, 66.
Bridgetown, Oct. 20, Abner Foster, 71.
Plumtree, Oct. 20, William Tait, 50.
St. John, Oct. 28, Thomas Campbell, 84.
Amherst, Oct. 23, Isaac E. Stewart, 81.
Moncton, Oct. 23, Daniel Farnsworth, 82.
Penobscot, Sept. 30, Ekana Morton, 88.
Lynnfield, Oct. 23, Elizabeth E. Trifon, 88.
Rattler's Corner, Oct. 20, John McTernan, 78.
Mt. Pisgah, Oct. 16, John W. H. Coates, 78.
Birch Island, Oct. 11, John J. Matheson, 34.
Tatamagouche, Oct. 11, William Menzies, 82.
South Mailand, Oct. 17, Bennett Comeau, 20.
Pleasant Lake, Oct. 22, Wellington Wyman, 82.
Baddeck, C. B., Oct. 16, Jessie E. McIntyre, 15.
River Hebert, Oct. 22, Collingwood Puzley, 60.
Park's Creek, N. S., Oct. 22, Alfred Gerhardt, 46.
White's Mountain, Oct. 23, Cornelius O'Regan, 72.
Yarmouth, Oct. 18, George, son of Michael P. Baker, 5.

Hamstead, Oct. 14, Charlotte, wife of John Davis, 36.
Acadia Mines, N. S., Oct. 12, Sanford G. Patrinquin, 36.
St. John, Oct. 27, Kate M., wife of John E. Costley, 28.
St. John, Oct. 29, Ellen, wife of Timothy McGowan, 38.
Hamstead, Oct. 14, Charlotte, wife of John Davis, 36.
Moncton, Oct. 23, of consumption, Euphémie Babin, 21.
Halifax, Oct. 24, John P., son of Michael and Mary Quinn, 31.
Sutherland's Cove, N. S., Oct. 10, Alexander McGregor, 73.
Halifax, Oct. 25, Annie E., daughter of Louise Simpson, 7.
Bridgetown, Oct. 24, Margaret, wife of John McCorrick, 79.
Chatham, Oct. 25, M. Edith, daughter of Patrick McLaughlin.
Scott's Ridge, Oct. 21, Jane, widow of the late Daniel Matheson, 73.
Port Mouton, Oct. 17, Sarah, widow of the late John McMillan, 77.
Shelburne, Oct. 21, Bertram, son of George and Isabella King.
North River, Oct. 3, William, son of J. H. and Ruth Eagles, 8.
Sandy Point, N. S., Oct. 21, Bertram, son of Isabella and George King.
Halifax, Oct. 34, Michael, son of William M. C. and F. Frawley.
Dartmouth, Oct. 23, Elizabeth, widow of the late Edward Sharpe, 82.
Hopewell Cape, Oct. 28, Lavinia, widow of the late George Calhoun, 79.
Fredericton, Oct. 8, Hannah, wife of David Saunders, of Hampton, 67.
Halifax, Oct. 25, Annie Roth, daughter of George and Annie Perrier, 3.
Digby, Oct. 21, Grace Edna, daughter of A. B. Strickland, 2 months.
New York, Oct. 14, Edward, son of the late James P. Ward, of Sydney, 40.
Wolfeville, Oct. 20, Susie, daughter of J. S. and Louisa Dodd, 13 months.
Fredericton, Oct. 26, Sarah Wildman, infant daughter of Fred B. Edgcombe.
Yarmouth, Oct. 21, Ralph Watson, son of Andrew and Jane Baker, 3 months.
Lower Sackville, Oct. 23, Elizabeth, widow of the late William Holmesworth, 77.
New York, Oct. 18, George, son of the late George Letson, of Chatham, N. B., 31.
Yarmouth, Oct. 24, only child of George E. C. and Francis E. Burton, 17 months.
Upper Woodstock, Oct. 26, Ann Eliza, widow of the late Daniel L. Burnham, 74.
Sydney, C. B., Oct. 21, Isabella Pauline, daughter of John W. and A. L. Newington, 2.

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