

## THE MYSTERY OF A RING.

"Some three years ago," said a well-known detective, "I was sitting alone in my office, when a fine-looking, well-dressed man, about 28 or 30 years of age, entered and asked to see Mr. Carbon, the detective."

"I am the person named, and at your service, sir," I replied. "Please be seated."

"I do not wish to be interrupted in what I proposed to tell you," he said, glancing around; "nor do I wish to have any listener except yourself."

I arose and locked the door. He hesitated a little, colored somewhat and then said:

"From my air of mystery, I suppose you think I have something to relate of great importance; but though it is important to me, and will be to you, it is traceable to the real facts: yet I assure you, to begin with, it is nothing more serious than the loss of a diamond ring. However, I prize the ring far beyond its normal value as an heirloom of the family, which has come down to me through several generations."

"The ring," he proceeded, "came into my possession, as the lineal male heir, on my twenty-first birthday; and though I have since worn it at times I have always watched it with the most jealous care, and never left it out of my sight except when locked up in my safe, where I kept most important papers and a few valuables."

"Now comes the mystery. My safe has a combination lock, and that combination not a living mortal knows except myself—not even my wife. I am positive that the last time I had the ring, showing it to a friend, I returned it to the safe. That was a week ago to-day, and when I yesterday unlocked the safe to get a private paper, I missed the ring from the little iron box where I always keep it. Startled at this, I began to search for it. I took out everything in the safe, and examined every spot and paper with the greatest care, but without finding the precious jewel. The ring was the only thing missing, and I found that nothing else was disturbed. The loss of the ring grieves me, and the mystery perplexes me and so I have come to you to see if you can suggest anything to relieve me. Understand that I intend to pay you well for your advice; and if you ever succeed in recovering the ring, your reward shall be \$1,000."

"Was the ring so valuable as that?" I asked.

"Intrinsically, no," he answered; "and yet to me it is invaluable, for the reason I have named. The actual cash value of the ring would not exceed \$1,000, and yet I would give double that amount—rather than lose it. Besides, there is a legend in the family that whoever parts with it will suffer some great misfortune."

"You had it a week ago, you say—you showed it to a friend—you locked it up in your safe—and you have not seen it since?"

"That was my statement."

"Who was the friend to whom you showed the ring?"

"Godfrey Percy, who has been spending a few weeks at my house as my guest."

"Is he with you still?"

"He is. I will be frank with you. My sister and I met him in New York a few weeks ago, and he is now engaged to her, and will remain my guest until after the wedding, which is fixed for a week from today."

"Was he with you when you locked the ring in the safe?"

"Why this question, Mr. Carbon?"

"Well, for anything you like. If you are to question my questions, I fear we will not get on very fast. If he was with you, of course he saw you lock it up, and you have proof that you did what you think you did."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carbon. I thought your question might imply some suspicion of my friend on your part, and I would just as soon have you suspect my own wife. Yes, he was present and saw me place the ring in the iron box, lock that, and afterwards lock the safe; and he is as anxious as I am to have me solve the mystery by the recovery of the precious jewel."

"So far so good. Now, then, you have servants, of course?"

"Yes—six—two men, a boy, and three females."

"You do not suspect any of them?"

"How can I, when no one knows the combination of my safe lock but myself?"

"It is a mysterious affair," said I, "and I can get no clue from anything you can tell me. To make a start in the matter, it might be necessary for me to be an inmate of your house for a few days, and even that might amount to nothing."

"I would like to try anything that would give even the shadow of a hope," he anxiously rejoined, with an air of depression.

"Then suppose I become your guest for a few days?" I suggested.

"If you will."

"But not as an officer—not in my real character," I proceeded. "You must introduce me as a friend of yours just come to town—say William Perkins, from Boston—and not even your wife must know to the contrary."

"Very well; I will arrange it, and tomorrow, at three o'clock, I will meet you and escort you home to dinner."

For three days I was an honored guest in the mansion of Mr. Howell; and during that time I closely studied every inmate, got the minutest details from my host concerning everything I wished to know, and then took my departure in an open and informal manner, without leaving a suspicion behind that I was other than what I seemed. I then set my agents at work among the pawn-brokers of the city; and the day before that fixed upon for the wedding of Godfrey Percy to Miss Virginia Howell, I called upon the brother of the latter and handed him the missing ring.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, fairly clutching it in his eagerness; "it is, indeed, the coveted piece. Where did you find it?"

"At a pawnbroker's."

"Then it was really stolen?"

"Yes."

"And have you any surmise concerning the thief?"

"Yes, I could put my hand on the thief."

"Who is he?"

"I did not say it was a man."

"Man or woman, who is the party?"

"Perhaps, for your own peace of mind, you had better never know," I said.

He turned deadly pale and trembled.

"I understand you," he gasped; "but even though the purloiner be my second

self, I must have the truth from you. It was my own wife, then?"

"No, it was not your wife."

"Ah, thank Heaven for that, at least!" he cried, with a sigh of relief. "My sister?"

"No, it was not your sister."

"Who then? Speak without fear."

"You will have it?"

"Yes, I must know."

"Can I not prevail upon you to let the secret remain with myself? For no other human being possesses it."

"No, Mr. Carbon; I must and will have it."

"What say you to your friend, then?"

"What friend?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"Godfrey Percy?"

He fairly staggered, as if he had received a blow.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"It is true."

He sank down upon a seat, and for some time held his head in his hands.

"Are you sure you have not made a mistake?" he asked at length, in a hollow voice.

"I am certain of what I assert."

"You can prove it?"

"I can."

"Then you shall prove it. Ah, me, poor, dear Virginia! It will break her heart. Willingly would I give half my fortune to have those miserable circumstances otherwise."

"It is not too late, Mr. Howell," said I sympathetically. "She need never know."

He bounded from his seat, his eyes blazing like a mad man's, and he turned upon me with a haughty rage that I have never seen equalled, not even on the stage.

"For what do you take me, sir?" he cried, his ashy lips now fairly quivering. "If this man is guilty, were he even a prince of the realm, my own hand should blow his brains out sooner than make my beloved sister the wife of a dastardly thief. Step into my private room, Mr. Carbon. I will send for him. You must face him before me, and make your accusations good, or take the consequences."

"Hark you, Mr. Howell," I said; he may deny it, and convince you that his word is better than mine; but mark this, if he does deny it and you accept his denial, I shall have him arrested for felony and all the facts publicly exposed from start to last."

I accept the conditions," he said; and he at once conducted me to his private apartment in which stood the safe that his friend had opened to rob him.

A servant was dispatched for Godfrey Percy, and in a few moments he made his appearance, looking quite unconcerned. I had arranged to have everything my own way, and as I now appeared without my disguise, the young gentleman did not know me. He glanced at the two of us inquiringly, but I did not keep him in suspense. Stepping up to him I placed my hand rather roughly on his shoulder and said, with sharp severity:

"Godfrey Percy, I arrest you for stealing your friend's diamond ring and pawn-ing it at Isaac Jacob's. You will at once accompany me to the office of a magistrate and confront a witness."

He turned as white as death, threw up his hands, and then fell down on his knees and begged for mercy.

"Spare me!" he cried. "Spare me! It was the first and only time I had ever done such a wicked thing. I wanted a certain sum of money, and was too proud to ask my dear friend, for it. Interceded with this officer, and save me from public disgrace and perfect ruin."

"You did take my diamond ring, then?" said George Howell, in a quiet even tone of voice, that surprised me by its natural calmness.

"Oh, yes, I confess it."

"How did you open my safe?"

"I watched you one day when you were working the combination, and was able to make it out. That then became my temptation."

"But the ring was also locked in the iron box."

"You had a duplicate key to that which was in another drawer that was not locked. Oh, my dear friend, George!"

"Call me Mr. Howell, and leave off the friend," calmly interrupted the other.

"Godfrey Percy, you were to have been married to my sister tomorrow. Only think of the disgrace which she, a Howell, has escaped from you, a Percy! In another twenty-four hours she would have been the wife of a thief. Go without saying a word to any soul in this dwelling. I give you twenty-four hours' start. If after that time any police officer can find you, I will never rest until you are in jail."

He pointed his finger imperiously toward the door, and the condemned culprit in silence arose from his knees and slunk out of sight. That was the last I ever saw or heard of him. Both the brother and sister are now dead. I never knew what the interview was between them. She died in a madhouse in less than six months, and he was drowned on a river excursion in less than a year.

## CASHIER AND BURGLAR.

"At one time," said the convict to his cell mate at Dartmoor, "I kept a place in Liverpool, at the corner of Market street, called 'Cobweb Hall.' The armory of the city corps was next door. The corps was composed of all the young swells and bloods in Liverpool."

"One evening I took some friends of mine round to Callaby's place in South street, near the river, to see a sparring match. Some of the elite of the city were in our party. I had told Callaby beforehand, and he felt honored by our visit. He loved to see and breathe the aroma of real 'blue blood'—that was his expression."

"At the door Callaby took me aside and whispered: 'Jimmy, we're going to get hauled to-night. Here's the key to the back door. I've posted pals in all the streets round. When the alarm is given lead off your 'blue blood' on the quiet. The rest of us must do the best we can.'"

"There was a big crowd of shady customers in the place, but they knew my set, and that my friends were under protection, so no funny business was attempted."

"First-class burglars respect one another and their company. They do not hanker after notoriety. When bent on sport they conduct themselves like gentlemen."

"The lower stratum are obedient to a man who is a bit more respectable—outwardly—than they are, and he rules them as a king does his slaves. He is usually a politician; he stands by them when arrested, puts up bail, and gets them liberated when

possible. They in return support him, aid his election to office, and act as his sub-agents."

"Just as the match was going to commence Callaby gave me the sign that the police were on our track. 'You've plenty of time to get our men together, though, Jimmy,' he whispered."

"I drew them out quietly toward the back door. None of the others knew of it; they didn't get the tip till after my swells were off. I got them in line behind me, but just as I was going to open the door it was violently shoved in from the outside, hitting me in the face; and there stood a squad of bluecoats drawn up in the passage under command of Sergt. Martin, whom I knew well."

"Here was a crisis! It looked as if we were caught, but Hope was equal to the occasion."

"Who are you, sir?" Sergt. Martin asked, in a stern voice. That gave me my cue.

"Quick as a flash I answered with dignity: 'This way, sir. You'll find them inside. I am Inspector Blank.'"

"I gave him a wink and put on a bold front. He took in the situation at once. He touched his cap to me politely, winked, and ordered his own men to pass in, while my party silently and gladly passed out. The sergeant supposed I had some pals with me. If he had known whom they really were, what a pretty penny he would have demanded next time we met over a bottle of Batheux."

"Among my party was the cashier of a bank—one of the leading banks of Liverpool at that time—and reputed to be a very wealthy man. After we were in safety he beckoned me away from the rest."

"Mr. Hope," he said—they all know me as I am—I'm pleased to have met a born strategist. Can you call on me tomorrow evening at my house?" And before I had answered he gave me explicit directions how I was to come in. I assured him he could depend on me, and with that we parted."

The following evening I put on evening dress, hired a cab, and drove to the address he had given me.

"The house was a well brownstone front, a new idea in the neighborhood at that time. The windows were well lighted up, carriages and footmen about, and a covered awning, and carpeting up the steps. A reception was going on, though my banker had never mentioned it."

"However I found the side door according to instructions, and rang the bell just as the old Town Hall clock tolled in solemn tones the hour of eleven."

"The door flew open and a gorgeously liveried servant appeared, to whom I handed my card. He bowed, and showed me into a reception room. I could hear music and the rustle of dresses, and conversation and laughter—a continuous murmur of human voices."

"Presently the servant returned, and bade me to follow him. I did so, treading on soft, luxurious carpets. There was a glimpse of fair women, low-necked and bare-armed, and men around them in evening dress."

"I was shown into the study. Solid black, walnut bookcases stood against the walls, busts and statues in the corners, pictures on every side. I sat down in an easy chair."

"In a moment a door behind an antique screen opened, and as I rose, the cashier stood before me. He looked portly and grand in full dress, a decidedly fine-looking man. Smilingly and politely he shook me by the hand, and motioned me back to my chair."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Hope. And now, if you'll excuse my haste, we'll proceed to business at once. I know you are a man of business yourself. I bowed."

"Another man servant came in, carrying a silver tray with wine and biscuits. He set it down, and then departed noiselessly. I had a vague idea of what my man was up to, but I was not sure. I had 'been there,' before, but not with him."

"I declined the biscuits, and sipped the wine. It was Bayreux, extra dry. No wine compares with that. He brought out a box of genuine Havanas, and then he began."

"Mr. Hope, you know who I am, and I know your profession. We are both bank luminaries, eh? Here he smiled decorously."

"Well, sir, I am insolvent! Yes, with all this luxury—noticing my look around me, I was ruined, and all I now hope for is to save the credit of my name. My fortune goes with the bank. No danger of our being overheard, sir; the walls are padded, and the door is locked. Now, Mr. Hope, fill your glass, sir. There's £10,000 in the vaults of my bank for you, and your way to it is as clear as daylight. I want you to rob the bank."

"I tell you, his grand, cool manner was splendidly done. That word 'rob' made me start; and I am not easily scared."

"Speculation ruined me," he went on. "I'm behind hundreds of thousands. This is my only recourse. My reputation, my children's future, my wife!—Here his voice became shaky. This family business touched me."

"To see such a magnificent-looking gentleman as he, a man of his high standing, come down to planning a robbery, and all for the sake of those he loved, made me feel queer all over."

"He braced himself, and went on: All depends upon your carrying out this scheme. Will you undertake it, and keep that sum which you will find in the vault for your trouble? I looked down but said nothing."

"To be perfectly candid with you—and I am told, and can see for myself, that you are a candid man, Mr. Hope—I bowed—whether you accept my proposal or not, I am, from the social point of view, safe. Were you to make known the purport of this interview I should deny it, and no one would take your word against mine. As a man of the world you understand that, and I hope you will pardon my frankness."

"I lifted my glass; he did the same; we touched and drank in silence. I never questioned that grand old patriarch's word."

"We fell to discussing the details of the plan. The night watchman of his bank was to be called off on the appointed night; the cashier would see to that. I was to see to the policeman on the beat. I can recall every word of that conversation."

"At last all the preliminaries having been arranged, he rose, and he grasped my hand in a brotherly shake. He took me back by the same way I came."

"The music was still going on. The fair ladies and honest men were talking

and laughing, and there were we, a bank burglar and a bank-cashier thief! The thought of the robbery we had planned mingled with thoughts of honor and home love and sanctity in my brain. We reached the door."

"Mr. Hope," he said as he bade me good-bye, "the reason I asked you to come to this private door tonight, instead of the front entrance, is because a policeman is on duty there, and I didn't know whether you'd care to meet him."

"We exchanged a quiet smile; he helped me on with my ulster, politely opening the door for me, and off I went."

"I selected my parties for the job, and we set to work. We found that the policeman on the beat was an Irishman, and we set an Irishman to get hold of him and wind him up."

"On the appointed night we got into a cab, and drove to a public house near the bank."

"If cabmen would only talk what racy tales they could tell of crime, mystery and Don Juanism. Shady characters hire more cabs than any other class."

"We were dressed up in splendid style, to look like a party of swells out for a lark; but underneath our outer clothes each of us wore a suit of watchmen's clothes, and carried the regulation lantern."

"One man was stationed outside to give warning of any danger by whistling a popular air. Everything was fixed straight. My motto in business has always been: 'Be sure you're right then go ahead!'"

"The only thing we had to fear was the watchman, or some chance detective. We had keys to both front and back doors. It was a daring, glorious job. We walked boldly up the front way. The screw and the jack, the most powerful tools in a burglar's kit, did their work quickly. Safes in those days were not built as strong as they are now."

"In a few minutes we were pulling out and ransacking papers and turning over boxes, looking for notes or money. We searched and searched: at last a small packet of notes appeared. We opened it and found just £50. It was nothing—a mere drop in the bucket."

"At it we went again, scattering papers about, getting angry, tired, and very hot. Buggy is hard work while it lasts, to mind and body work together."

"At last we all stopped and stared at one another. Each sought some encouragement in the others, and found none. What was the meaning of it anyhow? We were fooled—that's what it meant."

"There's not another penny to be seen—No searching any further. We had been through everything again and again. We were taken in; and all of a sudden, regardless of the danger, we all burst out laughing. The laugh was against us, however. Fifty pounds! Just enough for a good supper at the Grand."

"So now I knew that my polished high-toned banker, a time-honored citizen of Liverpool, and a cashier of a leading financial institution of that enterprising city, had basely lied to me."

"I would rather have lost £10,000 than lose my belief in such a man. I had trusted his word of honor. Even the common thief keeps his word to his pals—it's his capital. But this cashier had sunk lower than that."

"Well, we got out quietly, found our cabs, paid him, and then went to Cavati's for supper. We would have gone to the Grand, but we were not correctly dressed for such a swell place."

"Next morning the papers came out with scare headlines: 'Bank burglary! Loss, half a million. Cashier prostrated!'"

"A wonderful man, that cashier. He retained his position, however, and was honored and respected by all. The directors paid up, the bank resumed, and is now once more one of the most solid in Liverpool. It sounds like a romance, but it's hard fact, every word of it. As for us, we swallowed our dose like men."

## Some Strong Magnets.

A magnet which the great Sir Isaac Newton wore set in his finger ring is said to have been capable of raising 740 grains, or about 250 times its own weight of three grains, and to have been much admired in consequence of its phenomenal power. One who formerly belonged to Sir John Leslie, and which is now in the Royal Society's collection at Edinburgh, has still greater power. It weighs but little more than Newton's curiosity—even three and a half grains—yet it is capable of supporting 1,560 grains and, therefore, the strongest magnet of its size in the world.

## The Season Has Begun.

Gee—That is a beautiful medal Rider has.  
Tee—Yes. That's for beating the bicycle record.  
Gee—What is his record?  
Tee—Ran over seventeen men in a week.



## Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOODBRIDGE, of Waltham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

**AYER'S Cherry Pectoral**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Prompt to act, sure to cure

## BORN.

Halifax, May 6, to the wife of J. Bellow, a son.  
St. John, May 3, to the wife of Jas. J. Gillis, a son.  
Amherst, April 28, to the wife of H. J. Logan, a son.  
Annapolis, April 27, to the wife of Miller Ritchie, a son.  
Yarmouth, April 28, to the wife of A. H. Miller, a son.  
Sydney, May 1, to the wife of James Gallivan, a son.  
Halifax, April 30, to the wife of W. W. Lownds, a son.  
Truro, April 26, to the wife of George Archibald, a son.  
St. Martin's, May 1, to the wife of Austen K. deBois, a son.  
Parishboro, May 1, to the wife of Clarence Johnson, a son.  
Berwick, April 19, to the wife of Almon L. Morse, a son.  
Scotenburg, N. S., May 1, to the wife of J. A. Cairns, a son.  
St. John, April 30, to the wife of Charles Campbell, a son.  
Weymouth, April 25, to the wife of Edward Rice, a son.  
North Sydney, April 26, to the wife of E. T. Cooper, a son.  
Amherst, May 1, to the wife of Avard Black, a daughter.  
Karsville, April 27, to the wife of George Oliver, a daughter.  
Windsor, April 25, to the wife of William Poole, a daughter.  
Hantsport, April 27, to the wife of G. E. Torrie, a daughter.  
Salsbury, April 29, to the wife of A. E. Trites, a daughter.  
Amherst, April 29, to the wife of Edward Landry, a daughter.  
Moncton, May 2, to the wife of Prof. W. H. Watts, a daughter.  
Cape Blaire, April 25, to the wife of Napoleon S. LeBlanc, a son.  
Wilmot, N. S., April 24, to the wife of C. C. Sio-cum, a son.  
Dalhousie, April 28, to the wife of Hon. C. H. La Bellois, a son.  
New Prospect, N. S., April 27, to the wife of Thomas Taggart, a son.  
East Bridgewater, N. S., April 24, to the wife of Jas. Bailey, a son.  
Lunenburg, N. S., April 25, to the wife of L. A. Hirtle, a daughter.  
Tidnish Bridge, P. E. I., April 21, to the wife of James Costin, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Sussex, April 30, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, William Walker to Mary Marshall.  
Halifax, April 28, by Rev. A. C. Chute, Louis Pom-perin to Alma Eliza Ross.  
St. Andrews, April 26, by Rev. A. Gunn, Edward Davis to Josie Harford.  
Newcastle, May 5, by Rev. L. S. Johnson, James McDonald to Caroline Hoban.  
St. John, May 3, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, Chas. F. Godfrey to Mary Chisholm.  
Halifax, May 1, by Rev. Richard Smith, J. Binney Schmitter to Annie Dunsforth.  
Maindieu, N. S., April 24, by Rev. Father Kelly, Thomas Leady to Cassie Kelly.  
St. John, May 9, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Charles E. Williams to Mary G. Roberts.  
Lower Stewiacke, April 24, by Rev. A. Cameron, Geo. Corbett to Rachel McLeod.  
Maindieu, N. S., April 24, by Rev. Father Kelly, Edmund Mullins to Jane Shaw.  
Norton, May 3, by Rev. George Howard, John A. Brayley to George M. Hodgin.  
Centerville, April 25, by Rev. E. C. Core, Henry L. Niemever to Ella J. Walker.  
Sackville, April 22, by Rev. W. H. Warren, Spurgeon Estabrooks to Cassie L. Walton.  
Barrington, N. S., April 20, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, A. B. Cook to Maggie L. Goudey.  
Springhill, N. B., May 2, by Rev. Abram Perry, A. W. Keitt to Mary R. Scribner.  
Pine Ridge, N. B., April 24, by Rev. J. S. Allen, George Call to Annie E. Waitney.  
Mill Creek, N. B., April 25, by Rev. J. S. Allen, Alex. R. Gifford to Minnie Kinraid.  
Moncton, May 5, by Rev. William DeWare, Stradford Colpitts to Julia M. Barnham.  
St. John, May 3, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Fred. C. Dunham to Mrs. Margaret A. Seely.  
Caledonia, N. S., April 25, by Rev. F. G. Francis, Melbourne Chute to Annie Rawdine.  
Fredericton, May 1, by Rev. William McDonald, William Edgar to Sarah L. Campbell.  
St. John, May 8, by Rev. G. W. Macdonald, William J. Wolfe to Julia D. Charlton.  
Moncton, May 3, by Rev. J. Miller Robinson, William Glendinning to Ma. Cameron.  
Clark's Harbor, N. S., April 28, by Rev. W. Miller, Horatio A. Brennan to Susan Nickerson.  
Bass River, N. B., April 30, by Rev. F. W. Murray, Wm. K. Stevenson to Maggie Hutchinson.  
Ipswich, N. S., April 24, by Rev. F. P. Boyle, Roderick Chisholm to Annie Cunningham.  
Bayfield, N. B., April 24, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, Stephen Oxley McKay to Mrs. Endora Byranton.  
Lower Stewiacke, N. S., April 24, by Rev. F. S. Coffin, assisted by Revs. Alex. Cameron and J. M. Fisher, Harry Folland to Maggie McKenzie.

## DIED.

St. John, May 7, John Burk, 78.  
Halifax, May 6, Roderick M. Gillis, 22.  
St. John, May 3, Ezekiel B. Bely, 49.  
St. Stephen, April 30, Ann Kendrick, 66.  
Halifax, May 4, Francis J. Pickering, 67.  
Atriville, N. S., May 4, James Dixon, 28.  
St. David, N. B., May 1, Hannah Kelsa, 84.  
Waternole, N. S., April 27, John Fraser, 70.  
Campbellton, April 28, Thomas Copeland, 55.  
Hardingville, N. B., May 1, Daniel Griffen, 65.  
St. John, May 6, Rebecca, wife of M. F. Pike, 43.  
Mt. Middleton, May 1, Albert Gilbert Renshaw, 3.  
Ranpohly, May 1, Harry V., son of Wm. McPherson, 78.  
Black Cape, N. B., April 25, Andrew Fairservice, 78.  
St. John, May 5, Mary Ann, wife of John Logan, 65.  
St. John, May 4, John V., son of the late Michael May, 52.  
Apoahqui, May 2, Ruth, wife of Stephen S. Kierstead, 43.  
Port Elgin, May 3, Margaret, wife of Capt. John H. Grant, 55.  
Milltown, May 2, Mary Ella, wife of Hugh McAdam, 48.  
Advocate Harbor, April 28, Julia, wife of James Ward, 68.  
Yarmouth, May 5, Anna Roberts, daughter of Geo. A. Lovitt.  
St. John, May 4, Harriet Catherine, wife of Charles K. Short, 33.  
New Maryland, N. B., April 29, Mrs. Mary Charters, 73.  
St. John, April 29, Amelia, daughter of Isaac W. Simmons, 15.  
Mabou, C. B., April 12, Catherine, wife of Donald McDonald, 76.  
Antigonish, April 29, Florence, daughter of Daniel C. Campbell, 2.  
St. John, May 6, Mary Dyer, widow of the late Joseph Sully, 90.  
Halifax, May 5, Annie, daughter of William and Ellen Langan, 8.  
Waternole, N. S., April 17, Willie, son of A. N. Ruffe, 4 months.  
St. John, May 7, Mary Lena, daughter of Mary and C. Nichols, 2.  
Nictaux, N. S., April 24, Selvin, son of Amos and Elizabeth Bliz, 6.  
Yarmouth, N. S., May 5, Anna Roberta, daughter of Geo. H. Lovitt.  
St. John, April 27, George C., son of Charles F. and Mary A. Hersey, 4.  
Ten Mile Creek, N. B., May 4, Bridget, wife of Francis Carroll, 68.  
St. John, May 4, Alexander, son of Charles and the late Susan Long, 41.  
North Sydney, May 1, Harry S., son of Geo. E. and Sarah Musgrave, 24.  
St. John, May 5, Charles, infant son of Francis E., and Bertha T. Woods.  
Advocate Harbor, N. S., April 28, Sarah Margaret, wife of Herbert A. McCabe, 28.  
St. John, May 7, Mrs. Treacraft, widow of the late Walter Treacraft, 69.  
Annapolis, May 1, Georgie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Jefferson, 5.  
Halifax, April 30, Albert Edward, son of Allister and Grace Bates, 4 days.

Annapolis, May 1, Georgie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Jefferson, 5.  
Cape John, March 26, Ann Falconer, widow of the late Charles Melville, 88.  
St. John, May 1, Charles T., son of William and Emma Marshall, 11 months.  
St. John, May 1, Laura, daughter of Frances and the late Charles Buchanan, 23.  
Kelley's Cove, N. S., April 25, Ernest Austin, son of John and Adelia Hamilton, 14.  
Dartmouth, May 6, Frederick William, son of Stephen B. and Mary E. Cross, 20.  
Marble Mountain, C. B., April 18, Ethel Maria, daughter of David S. and Annie Beazons, 3.  
Halifax, April 30, Martha, wife of Chas. Kazer, and daughter of the late Thomas Brackett, 39.  
Halifax, May 1, Margaret, wife of James T. Hardiman and daughter of Michael and Mary Griffin.  
Tancook, April 25, Annie, wife of Samuel Wilford, and daughter of Nelson and Susanna Wilson, 24.

Save Money on New Bicycles

A \$10 cycle for \$30 or less. We have the latest and best makes new and second hand. Repairs and rebuilding. Catalogue of Bicycles and Sundries free.

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RAILWAYS.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

THE ONLY TRANS-CONTINENTAL LINE.

THE TRAIN LEAVING ST. JOHN, N. B. at 10:40 p. m. daily, except Saturday, arrives in MONTREAL at 4:20 p. m. the following day, (9 hours quicker than by any other line) making connections in Union Stations with through trains for OTTAWA, WINNIPEG and the PACIFIC COAST, for ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, &c., via the "GREAT LAKES" and CAMBRIEN. Fares always as low as via any other route, and train service unrivalled.

For full information enquire at Company's offices, Chubb's Corner and at Passenger Station.

D. MONTICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass't Agt., Montreal. Asst. Gen'l Pass't Agt., St. John, N. B.

**Intercolonial Railway**

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....	7.00
Express for Halifax.....	13.50
Express for Sussex.....	16.50
Express for Point du Lac, Quebec, and Montreal.....	16.55

**WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**

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 19:40 o'clock.

A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22:30 o'clock.

Express from Sussex.....	8.25
Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted).....	10.30
Express from Moncton (Sunday).....	10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney.....	22.20

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

**YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.**

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**LEAVE YARMOUTH**—Express daily at 8:10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12:10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monopoli, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5:25 p. m.

**LEAVE ANNAPOLIS**—Express daily at 12:55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4:55 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday at 7:30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12:50 p. m.

**CONNECTIONS**—At Annapolis with trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with St. John's Bridgewater for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with St. John's Bridgewater for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with Stage daily (Sunday 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.

Trains are run by Railway Standard Time.

J. BRIEN, General Superintendent.

**Canadian Express Co.**

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Duties, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, St. Lawrence, Lunenburg and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

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Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world.

Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

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