THEIR LOVE'S DEBUT.

They were having their coffee after a rather elaborate dinner-Quavers and Quavers, the composer, was the fashion.

His host, St. John Oliver, known to his friends and acquaintances as Coaly, only three and twenty, was the son and heir of the great coal mine proprietor, Matthew

"Well, Oliver, what do you want to get out of me? Out with it. Come to the point at once. Your inner ves ood dinner."

"Oh, hang it, Quavers, you know-" "Don't peat about the bush, my boy. Diplomacy is wasted on a chap like me. You want something, of course. I hope you haven't been writing a sentimental song and are wanting me to set it !"

"Oh, it is not so bad as that," replied the young tellow with a blush, "though it is a sentimental matter. It is about some one I take an interest in. I want to speak to you about Lelage Broughton.'

Oh, little Lally Broughton. What has she done? Been making an ass of yourself and want your letters back, eh ?" "It isn't exactly that," replied young

"Quavers," cried the young man excitedly, "I want you to introduce me to her. I-I-hang it, man, I worship the very ground she walks on, and I've sent bouquets and floral banjos, and I have sat in the same seat all through the long run of that new comic opera of yours, and every night I've tossed a floral tribute of some sort at her feet. And every night, Quavers, she has bowed and smiled at me-until last week, and then I was ass enough to put a ring and note among the flowers, and the next day I got 'em back in a registered letter, and now she just pushes my

flowers aside with her foot." "You dear boy, you've evidently got it very badly, and I'll oblige you, though it isn't the sort of thing I'd do for everybody, but because you're not a bad sort of chap, and you mean honestly. You do

mean honestly, eh?" The young fellow took Mr. Quavers'

outstretched hand. "I'm sorry for you," said the composer kindly. "You'll have to wait a fortnight, and then the run of 'The Little Siren' will be over, and the next day I'm going for a little tour, and I'll introduce you to Lally of hearts on the platform would have gladly Broughton in the morning. Is that good offered his service: but they were "English,

"Quavers, you're a brick!" cried the

young man excitedly. "If"-"Oh. I know-it the devotion of a lifetime, etc. I'll take a whisky and soda instead, and then I'll spin you a little yarn."

It is just three years ago (began the composer) that I made Lally Broughton's acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. My first comic opera had been accepted, the final rehearsal was on.

We began at 9.30 a. m., not done-not really done-till 10 o'clock that night, and we went right through everything, and a precious anxious time it was, I can

And everybody was down upon me, and the stage manager was down on everybody, and the ballet master had lost his head. The chorus master was like a raving lunatic. And the prima donna's understudy had

just sent in a medical certificate-not that I cared very much about that, for Miss Dulcet, our sheet anchor, was in splendid

Just than a very curious incident happened. A little, pale, blue-eyed chorus girl suddenly fell down in a heap at my feet. Wackles and I picked her up and popped her into a property chair. The girl had

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Wackles, kindly enough, when she came to

"Oh, Mr. Wackles!" said the girl-for she is but a girl-"I didn't mean to. I really didn't. Please don't say anything

"It ain't a time for fainting, Miss Broughton," said Wackles, beating on his chest in a low comedy manner. "Look at me. I don't faint. When a professional lady wants to faint, she should faint out of business hours.

"Please don't, Mr. Wackles," said the girl, with a little sob. "And, oh, Mr. Wackles," she added-and there was an awful look about her eyes-"is that a real loaf, sir?" she said, gazing hungrily at one of those long French loaves of bread which Mr. Wackles was carrying over his shoulder, as though it had been a battleaxe. "Of course it's real," said Wackles.

"Oh, please," said the girl, "would you give me a slice of it, sir. I haven't got a penny in my pocket, and I haven't tasted anything since 8 this morning. These nine weeks' rehearsal, sir, don't bring any salary, and mother and I are very poor.'

At that moment I was sent for from the manager's room. Sparklebury was there. So was Mr. Mephibosheth, who represented the syndicate that was running our piece. "Miss Dulcet has thrown up her part and has left the theatre, Quavers," cried

"We are just bust," said Sparklebury. I rushed out. I ran across the stage. "Wackles," I said hurriedly to the low comedian, "we are done! Dulcet has

chucked us, and there is no understudy." "Please, sir," cried little Lally Broughton, clutching my arm. "Oh, please, Mr. Quavers, do give me a chance, sir. I'm letter perfect in the music and words, and I know all the business, and I feel—I know

I can pull you through." Lally Broughton did the trick, sir. We rehearsed the last act. She went through the other three with the principals the next morning, and in the evening we sprang our new prima donna upon the world of

That girl has made my fortune, Oliver. I'm to be married to her this day tortnight, added Mr. Quavers, with a smile. I think I should like you to be my best man, because, you see, we are both in love

"Quavers," replied Oliver, after a pause, "I -I shall be delighted. You're a lucky f:llow."

HONORS WERE EASY.

A sunny morning in June. The platform crowded—cheap trippers for Southsea, heavy swells and swelles for the links at Hayling Island with bags of golf sticks. the train signalled the station. The yachting man, strongly in evidence, sunburnt and puffing a cigarette vigorously. | till mid-night. What are you going to do? It he is a new hand—a Dickey-Sam—he | Where will you put up?" wears a cloth peaked cap with a club bur- 'I don't know. I will never be taken

gee, a well cut coat of serge or pilot cloth back alive. And you, you are hunted, bristling with bronze buttons, loose flannel what will you do?" continuations, and white shoes. No man

tyro looks. ner born-"Swagger Squadron men" who can fly the white ensign, are dressed in long, lean frock coats, loose trousers turned up, pointed boots, immalculate colat the Castle or on Ryde Pier they will blossom into a seasonable crop of buttons and burgees, and display [remarkable activity in dodging that tyrant of the deepthe sailing master-if the water looks a bit

Two people attracted a lot of attention to this detestable marriage. Can you? by their palpable efforts at concealment. may I-9" He, although the day was so hot, was enveloped in a long cloak with a collar reaching past his ears, and his cotton-white hair and his moustache showed up occasionof his face as he turned to watch the porters attacking a huge mound of his belong-

Each box and bag was blazoned with an imperial coronet over a monogram, and men told one another guardedly and under promises of profound secrecy "that was Prince Paul Demtoff, the owner of the new 100 rater now lying off Southampton."

She, the lady, was tall and gracefully girl-like, a neat, natty blue serge Redform frock, a sunburnt straw hat with a dark blue ribbon, tiny tanned boots, a white tie completed her costume, saving a thick blue gossamer veil that completely hid her face; and, but for the whiteness and purity of her neck, it would have seemed she suffered from some facial disfigurement-It was evidently a desire not to be recognized that led to the adaption of the yashmak.

She was evidently expecting or avoiding some friends. Her head moved with a bird-like quickness as she scanned each new arrival on the platform, and her slepder hand, white and jewelless, twitched nervously round the handle of the Morocco

monogrammed case she carried. The trouble of each seemed to communicate itself to the other, and they dritted unconsciously nearer. Her anxiety was self- evident, and many a stalwart breaker you know," and insular reserve keeping them back, it was left to the princess to rush to the rescue. "Rush" is the wrong word; he knew the world too well. Catching her eye from a distance, he walked towards her with the easy, firm self-assurance that women like. She saw he was coming to her, and waited calmly—perhaps she breathed more quickly.

He raised his soft hat, and with a courtly bow said, in perfect English, with the mere scent of an accent, "Pardon me, you are distressed. Have you missed your maid? Can I be of any service to you?"

Now his hat was off, he appeared a prematurely white-haired man of forty-five or fifty with a firm face and voice—a man

evidently used to command. "Thank you very much," came in a soft, sibilant voice from beneath the thick gossamer. "I have not only lost my maid, but my portmanteau. I am afraid it is under that pile of luggage, and," with an little shrug, "I am a raid that pile of luggage

"That is mine, madame; I will get your bag at once. May I ask where you are going? To Southampton, and it is of the highest importance you should not miss this train. Pardon, do not trouble, I will see that all is arranged.'

A few words to the guard, a rapid passage of backsheesh, and the missing bag, with a dainty monogram and a small crest, was placed carefully on the rank of the first-class carriage by which the veiled lady was standing. With the coolness that seemed part of his nature, the Russian indicated to a porter a small hamper and had it placed in the same compartment. There must have been some collision and a lavish tip, for though the train was crowded, the guard, after the imperceptible manner of his kind, kept that carriage empty nntil the train started, and they found themselves securely locked in.

"No, madame did not object to smoking. She even occasionally indulged in a mild cigarette. She liked those tipped with real rose petals, they were so soft to the lips. No, madame would not have one now. Phew! she was so hot; she must take her veil off."

A sudden start ran through her slender frame. She paused and asked quickly, "Do you know when the next train leaves Waterloo for Southhampton?"

"He was desolated. Of course she missed her maid: but he was afraid not for some hours. Madame is glad? Madame is

atraid of being followed?" "Yes madame is glad; she does not wish to be taken back and forced into a hateful marriage," blushing prettily.

The old, old story-stern father, elderly lover, tilted, rich, but horrid; no mother, no sister, no brother. She was flying the end of the second act the situation was from bondage to her aunt, Lady Azuregore, in Guernsey.

"Yes, she was Lady Constance Azuregore. Had he really met her at the Duchess of Arlington's dance? She thought she knew his face. That was why she had trusted him so implicitly on the platform of course. But if she was veiled, why was he so shrouded in a big cloak? Come now, anxiously, "a lady? an elopement?"

"No! no! and again no! Nothing so joyous. He was Prince Paul Demtoff, and had tallen between two stools. Had incurred the enmity of the Imperial Court through coquetting with the Nihilists. That meant the Alexiefsky Ravelin or the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg; and, on the other hand, finding the 'party of progress' going too far, he was threatened with death for deserting the red flag."

"You must pardon me. Prince, but we seem in trouble together," and she laughed merrily. "Do you know I half thought you were a detective."

By this time he had returned to his hamper and produced dettly a tablecloth, plates, knives, torks and serviettes, a small bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild and a dainty cold chicken.

She readjusted her veil and he assumed his big cloak with a sigh as the whistle of "The Guernsey boat does not leave

"Go on board my yacht. She is lying was ever so much a sea dog as the yachting off here, and the gig waits for this train at the landing steps. I must hail them as none The older sailing men, those to the man- of them know me. My agent has engaged an entirely new crew, skipper included, all English. I want no Nibilists on board," and he looked moodily out of the window.

She made a sudden movement as if about lars and glossy hats-the aim of the man to speak, but drew back. Again she leanwho has lived is to look as much like a ed forward, and the repetition roused him stockbroker as possible. Of course, down from his thoughts. He looked up and saw her eyes glistening even through the thick veil. She was crying!

"What is the matter? You are frightened. Can I help you ?"

"I hardly dare ask you. You may think badly of me, but I will not be forced i

He divined her thoughts. "Stay on board my yacht and board the boat at midnight? Yes, your ladyship, yes—in all honor, yes," and he held out both his hands, ally in strong contrast to the deep brown and with a sob almost hysterical she placed her tiny gloves in them as the train stopped.

They left the station by a side door unnoticed, and walking down the broad gravelled road with the soft sward and the old-time cannon, passed the crumbling walls and found the boat manned by six bronze typical yachtmen, the skipper, a fine looking old man, sitting motionless in the stern sheets holding the yoke lines.

"Do you know a respectable woman who can look after this lady until the mail boat starts?" asked the prince, as he handed her carefully on board and passed her shirt with a turn-down collar and flowing portmanteau. She carried the morocco ease herself.

"Well, surr. I've took the libbaty of invitin' my old woman on board to-day. She's been a stewardess, surr." "Captain, captain. Now lads, give

The boat soon shot alongside a beautiful schooner yacht. The crew manned the gang-way as the Prince and Lady Constan came on board, and a motherly, sunburnt woman courtsied her through an exquisitely furnished saloon cabin into a bijou boudoir with a lace curtained bunk

and a host of feminine fripperies. "I may sail tonight. Is all ready? Right. Take the boat and go ashore, bring off my luggage and anything we may want from the ship's husband; and Johnson, keep the men afloat; but you must find out if there is any hue and cry about a lady eloping.

Captain Johnson, an old merchant captain, slowly winked and looked very knowing. "H'm!" he said to himself," "I boys kickin' about this voyage, I lay."

In about an hour he returned, and, dofsays there's a lot o' Cockney detectives down a watchin' the station and the Guernsey packet for some young 'ooman."

Her ladyship had washed all travel stains away and changed her frock. She looked like a fresh rosebud, but her face grew deathly pale, her eyes dilated, and the nerve lines deepened into marks of agony when he told her the captain's story. He thought she was going to faint, and made as though to catch her. With a supreme effort she regained her self-possession, and said, in a hoarse wbisper: "Oh, save me? Take me to Guernsey

in your yacht or I will jump overboard!" He turned on his heel without replying and went up the companion way on deck. "Johnson, your wife doesn't mind a trip

"Lor' bless yer royal 'ighness, she's dying for a sniff of the ocean.' "Get under weigh at once." "Ay, ay, sir. All hands on deck. Tum-

ble up, my hearties!" Her face flushed deeply when she heard the clank of the chain pump and the flapping of the foresail, and she thanked him with both hands and a sweet smile.

Under a good southwesterly breeze the yacht spun along merrily, throwing the toam in long, beautiful, feather-like curves looked upon her face and had seen that from her clipper stern.

The lady stood leaning dreamily against the side ropes, and the prince, an experienced sailor evidently, took the tiller, and threaded the way carefully through the crowd of craft. For a time neither spoke; then, abruptly giving the management to the appreciatively critical skipper he beckoned her into the cabin.

"I will land you at Guernsey to-morrow morning," he said; but "I have been deceiving you. I am not Prince Paul Demtoff, I am his valet. I have robbed him of a million roubles, and am now going to the Argentine in his yacht," and he stood up rigidly and faced her.

She smiled, and said, calmly, "Very good, take me with you. I am not Lady Constance Azuregore, I am her maid; but I have got her jewel case."

ON THE STAGE AND OFF

It was a "first night," and the curtain was about to rise upon the third act. At this: The hero of the play had been accused of a great crime. The officers were close upon his track, and disgrace, ruin and imprisonment were hand in hand with them. At this point he was alone with the woman he loved. He had told her of all the evils that compassed him and in the same instant had told her of his love. Would she risk all for him, fly with him, give up all else for love of him, or would she choose safety, comfort, an honorable name and home-all of which awaited her acceptance at the hands of another? The curtain had fallen upon the lover appealing, the woman debating. The house remained silent, hushed, almost like a house of death.

There were two persons in the orchestra chairs who were watching the play with an intensity of feeling that could hardly be veiled. One was a woman, young, earing in every line of her face and figure testimony that she had never known other than the case and comfort and security that wealth begets. By her side was a man of apparently the same social rank. This was David Osborne, cashier of the -th National bank. The woman was Eleanor Wheelright, whom many supposed to be his affianced wife. In this, however, they were wrong, as no word of love had yet passed between the two.

At the end of the second act Osborne had turned to his companion questioningly. "It is rather emotional," he said. "Are you ready to guess the outcome of all this passion? Will the girl be a fool and yield to his persuasions?"

"I hope so," Miss Wheelright replied, her tone gentle and sympathetic, "but I shall not call it 'being a tool.' Unless she can give up much for him she does not truly love him."

" Even if he is the criminal?" "That does not alter the fact."

After this they were silent for a little. At last he spoke again. "If you were put to such a test, Eleanor,

for the man you loved ?" "It I loved him, I think I should be equal to it."

Osborne's face grew a shade more pale as he asked the next question: "Have you seen this evening's papers?"

"Yes. "Then you know our bank is in trou-"Yes; I read all the account."

"But that did not tell you all. It did not tell you that I am suspected of embezzling the funds." She sat very still and waited for him to

"I ought not to have brought you out tonight. But I could not resist the temptation of spending one more delightful evening with you. I knew there would be no public

accusation until to-morrow. I could not deny myself these few hours." He spoke very low, so that his words came to her ear in a mere whisper. "You know that I love you; that I hoped to make you my wife. I ought to have been strong enough not to tell you this now. I ought

to have waited. But I could not." Miss Wheelright made no answer, but she put out her hand and touched the sleeve of his coat. It gave him courage.

"By morning I may be arrested," he said, "imprisoned. The amount of the defalcation is very great. If I start soonat once-I may be in Canada by morning

leaves in a hour." Miss Wheelright's agitation had been shown only by the nervous plucking at her gloves. One of these had been drawn half off. She began now to draw it on again. She held the hand out to him that he might button it. Then she drew her wraps about her. "Come," she said, "we shall have no time to lose. Let us go at once."

"Eleanor, think? Home?" he asked, not understanding her.

"No; where you said. There is time." She had risen to her feet. Osborne rose 'Eleanor, think! You may repent," he said, but even as he spoke he began to move with her toward the exit. As they did this the curtain came up on the third half s'spected as much. That's the sort of act of the play, and almost involuntarily owner I likes to sail with. Lots o' yehow- they paused to see the conclusion of the

story which was so much like their own. The officers had just appeared, armed fing his peaked cap, said, mysteriously, "I with the warrant for his arrest, and the spoke to my cousin the pleeceman, an' he lover had turned to confront them. The heroine interposed between him and them, and one of the officers spoke to her:

"Do not make our task any harder, my girl. We have come in time to save you from wasting yourself on this scoundrel. He has stolen the money of widows and orphans who have trusted him, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to comfort and luxury and indulgence-with you. The man will not deny his crime. You can see that from his face. Do not his love pure when he has so wronged others."

The girl sank down, sobbing and covering her face with her hands after one long searching look upon her lover. At this he came toward her appealingly.

"No, no!" she cried, waving him away. 'Go! I don't love you. I was about to yield all for you. It was madness, for you are not worthy of it. It is past now!" At the words of the officer, "He has stolen the money of widows and orphans, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to indulgence with you," Eleanor

face and read the truth there. And when the girl cried out: "It was madness. It is past now," Osborne had her own madness was also past.

Seeing this, he put out his arm to her calmly. "Shall I take you to your carriage?" he asked.

She bowed, and they went out together. A moment later Osborne shut the carriage door between them and went alone upon the road, a fugitive—the road that he had carefully paved with stolen gold.

BORN.

Sussex, Sept. 22, to the wife of R. Howes, a son. Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of John Hebb, a son. Halifax, Sept. 30, to the wife of W. R. Racey, a son. Oxford, Sept. 22, to the wife of Frank E. Copp, a son. Halifax, Sept. 25, to the wife of James Roberts, a Moncton, Sept. 25, to the wife of S. B. LeBlanc, a

Hantsport, Sept. 21, to the wife of A. W. Pattison, a Ohio, N. S., Sept. 22, to the wife of F. D. Crosby, a

St. John, Sept. 27, to the wife of Dr. E. J. Meyer, Moncton, Sept. 21, to the wife of George C. Palmer, Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of William Bailley,

Halifax, Sept. 22, to the wife of S. E. Martell, a Kentville, Sept. 20, to the wife of John Keylor, Brookfield, Sept. 19, to the wife of L. A. Crocker, a

daughter.

ington, a son.

Sprague, a daughter

Folly River, Sept. 15, to the wife of Fleming Cor Amherst, Sept. 24, to the wife of John McKenzie, Halifax, Sept. 24, to the wife of Vincent F. Farrell

Lunenburg, Sept. 24, to the wife of Edward Bailley,

Amherest, Sept. 26, to the wife of William Dobson, Moore's Mills, Sept. 20, to the wife of Frank S. Halifax, Sept. 25, to the wife of Charles E. Wain-

North Sydney, C. B., Sept. 23, to the wife of Frances Harmony, N. S., Sept. 16, to the wife of Theopolis Cushing, a son

Johnston, Sept. 26, to the wife of Richard Hether-

Lawrencetown, Sept. 19, to the wife of Conrod, a son. Woodstock, Sept. 18, to the wife of Frederick Cookson, a daughter. Woodstock, Sept. 17, to the wife

Margaree, C. B., Sept. 23, to the wife of Dr. A. Carmichael, a daughter. Upper Musquodoboit, N. S., Sept. 25, to the wife of David Watson, a son. New Glasgow, Sept. 26, to McDonald, a daughter.

Harborville, N.S., Sept. 17, to St. Croix Cove, N. S., Sept. 21, to the wife of Captain Eber Brinton, a daughter.



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Moose River, N. S., Sept. 22, Alexander McMillan,

Oromocto, Oct. 2, Sarah, wife of Gerardus Clowes,

MARRIED.

Amherst, Sept. 26, by Rev. R. Williams, Otho Reed to Mary R. Crane. Stanley, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. H. Murray, Harry Wiley to Mary Owens. Blissfield, Sept. 24, by Rev. P. King, Dana Weaver Pennfield, Sept. 23, by Rev. Ranald E. Smith, Enos Justason to Mary Sayer.

St. John, Oct. 1, by Rev. Job Shenton, Willard L. Rand to Kate Doughty. Kentville, Sept. 19, by Rev. P. M. Holden, Arthur Ward to Maggie Nowlin. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Richard J Saxton to Mary Dunlay. Moncton, Sept. 25, by Rev. John Read, Thomas A. Treen to Ella M. Sefton.

New Annan, Sept. 25, by Rev. R. C. Quinn, Charles S. McLennan to Ada Bell. and at least safe from arrest. A train Yarmouth, Sept. 26, by 1 ev. C. F. Cooper, Arthur W. Miller to Nettie Moses. Woodstock, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. Connor, Frederick Adams to Laura Longstaff.

Amherst, Sept. 26, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Marvin S. Rent to Sarah D. Coates. St. John, Sept. 26, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Fred Mason to Julia A. Kimball. Northville, N. S., Sept. 26, by Rev. E. C. Baker, Arthur Harris to Iva Reid. Oak Hill, Sept. 13, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Frank Chisholm to Edith Cumberland. Yarmouth, Sept. 21, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Alden

C. Patten to Cora A. Rozee. Fredericton, Sept. 25, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, William Gilbert to Mary Crowe. Truro, Sept. 20, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, W. H. Bell to Marguerite E. Blanchard. also and put out a restraining hand. | Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. C. Borden, Harold W Gates to Grace Silverthorne. Campbellton. Sept. 25, by Rev. A. F. Carr, W. A. Mott to Harriett Henderson. Truro, Sept. 24, by Rev. Mr. Gregory, James A

Leaman to Jessie A. Fields.

Westville, Sept. 22, by Rev. T. Cumming, John McAskill to Christy Findalson. Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. Dr. Smith, William J. Dudman to Annie McPherson. Amherst, Sept. 24, by Rev. D. A. Ste Chapman to Julia Fitzgerald. Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. G. Murphy, Reuben Mc. Amherst, Sept. 26, by Rev. D. McGregor, William Weatherby to Mary Crossman.

New Glasgow, Sept. 22, by Rev. A. Bowman, John D. Reid to Marie J. Mitchell. Maitland, Sept. 25, by Rev. T. Chambers, James W. Wickwire to Susie P. Cox. Marysville, Sept. 26, by Rev. J. Parkinson, Addington Robertson to Ella Fullerton. Truro, Sept. 27, by Rev. Thomas Cumming, Her bert Layton to Rebecca Mosher. Stephen, Sept. 23, by Rev. O. S. Newnham, Stillman S. Seelye to Annie Fox. believe that his heart can be good or Joseph J. Alleu to Mary Amos.

Apohaqui, Sept. 26, by J. Wesley Clarke, G. Glowe Vanwart to Lillian E. Fenwick. Lower Hainesville, Sept. 26, by Rev. Mr. Wally John Noble to Rebecca Brewer. Marysville, Sept. 26, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Claude D. Clayton to Margaret Sherman. Parker's Cove, Sept. 19, by Rev. H. Achilles, Ethelbert Early to Annie Baxter. Tatamagouche, Sept. 26, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, Moncton, Sept. 26, by Rev. E. B. Hooper, Burnett C. Selig to Maggie A. Crowhurst.

St. John, Sept. 26, by Rev. J. H. Erb, Thomas C McCallum to Annie J. Johnsto Midland, Sept. 26, by Rev. David Long, Alexander McKinnon to Agnes L. Burnett. Wheelright had looked upon Osborne's Grand Manan, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Samuel Bell to Sadie M. Virtue. Fredericton, Sept. 19, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Fred erick E. Capens to Mary E. Sewell Halifax, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. C. Borden, James R. Sutherland to Mary L. Brookfield.

Annapolis, Sept. 26, by Rev. H. How, Henry P.

Goldsmith to Lucretia A. Buckler.

Dartmouth, Sept. 25, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Reginald Theabeau to Minnie Gray. Upper Sheffield, Sept. 26, by Rev. A. D. McCully, R. W. Gilbert to Minnie E. Venning Beaver Harbor, Sept. 20, by Rev. Mr. Beatty, Charles B. Reynolds to Amy L. Perry. Port Medway, Sept. 24, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, Rev. D.E. Hatt to Annie M. Clements. St. Stephen, Sept. 21, by Rev. O. S. Newnham, William J. Scott to Dora M. Thompson. Broad Cove, Sept. 19, by Rev. Charles P. Mellor, Israel E. Wolfe to Lucretia A. Conrod. St. John, Sept. 26, by Rev. Father Donohue, Thomas McCarthy to Elizabeth Creary. Campbellton, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Alexander I. McDonald to Elizabeth I. Bastin. Bridgeville, N. S., Sept. 1, by Rev. James Sinclair, Henry Edward Fraser to Jessie E. Fraser.

Lower Southampton, Sept. 12, by Rev. G. B. Trafton, John R. McDonald to Armina Stairs. McLellan's Brook, N. S., Sept. 26, by Rev. W Stewart, John D. McInnis to Tena Fraser. Milford, N. S, Sept. 27, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, William B. Ainslie to Minnie May Cochran. McLellan's Brook, Sept. 26, by Rev. W. Stewart, Alexander McPherson to Cassie McDonald. Westchester, N. S., Sept. 26, by Rev. T. D. Layton, James Clifford Morrell to Letitia J. Rushton. Stellarton, N. S., Sept. 20, by Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, George Campbell to Catherine A

Centreville, Sept. 26, by Rev. E. C. Baker, assisted by Rev. H. C. Louden, Jabez F. McLannan to Bessie Cochrane.

DIED.

Truro, Sept. 26, Rosie Boomer, 21. St. John, Oct. 2, Michael Rock, 60. Halifax, Sept. 29, James Britton, 87. Truro, Sept. 25, Samuel McCully, 71. Halifax, Sept. 25, Michael Carroll, 90. Halifax, Sept. 29, John Thompson, 61. St. John, Oct. 1, Timothy Crowley, 42. St. John, Sept. 28, Ann Patterson, 63. Halifax, Sept. 22, Albert Benjamin, 46. Halifax, Sept. 22, Albert Benjamin, 46. Gibson, Sept. 26, Sylvanus Rideout, 75. Chatham, Sept. 21, Mrs. Mary Jones, 78. St. John, Sept. 30, Joseph A. Steeves, 69. Sea Dog Cove, N. B., Sept. 28, Martha Kirk Fredericton, Sept. 27, Mrs. Spencer Inch, 48. Fredericton, Sept. 26, Hannah M. Blaiklock, 82. Windsor, Sept. 27, Jane, wife of James Harris, 60. Windsor, Sept. 27, Jane, wife of James Harris, 60. Apohaqui, Sept. 24, of paralysis, Lizzie H. Lodge. Fredericton, Sept. 26, Mrs. Harvey Strickland, 42. Clifton, Sept. 21, Bedford, son of Richard Peters, 28. Clifton, Sept. 21, Bedford, son of Richard Peters, 28. St. Martins Road, Sept. 26, Annie B. Baxter, 16. Ashburn, Oct. 2, Isabella, wife of Robert McLean, St. John, Oct. 2, George, son of James L. McLaren, Moncton, Oct. 1, Jeanne, daughter of O. S. Legere,

Lower Village, N. S., Sept. 30, David J. Kaulback,

Halifax, Sept. 30, Harriett,

Donegal, Sept. 26, Mary, daughter of William Bus-Halifax, Sept. 27, Samuel S. Baker, of Cornwallis, Halifax, Sept. 26, Esther, daughter of Samuel Wal-St. Stephen, Sept. 26, Lizzie, wife of William Gagetown, Sept. 17, Katie, widow of the land, Halifax, Sept. 29, Florence May Churchili. Dufferin, Sept. 23, Kate, widow of the late John Yarmouth, Sept. 27, Annie, wife of George W. Fredericton, Sept. 23, Mahalia, wife of Neville Grant, 45. St. John, Sept. 28, Annabelle, wife of Daniel Mc Quarrie, 68. St. Stephen, Sept. 24, Rachel, wife of Leonard Markee, 58. St. John, Sept. 28, Maurice, son of John and Ellen St. John, Oct. 2, Louisa, daughter of John Mc Sherry, 14. North Alton, Sept. 16, Charles, infant son of Breit ton Webster. Moncton, Sept. 29, Laura, daughter of Chesley Rushton, 11. Londonderry, N. S., Sept. 23, Annie, wife of Henry St. John, Sept. 26, Mary, widow of the late John Silver Falls, Oct. 2, Mary, daughter of Thomas and Ellen Moriarty. Halifax, Sept. 30, Mary L., daughter of John and Mary Lepine, 1. Petersville, Sept. 24, Annie, daughter of George and Mary Haron. Halifax, Sept. 30, Caroline, widow of the late Wi liam Roberts, 86. Clifton, N. S., Sept. 22, Bertie, son of W. D. and Mrs. McCurdy, 5. St. John, Sept. 27, Aggie, daughter of John and Ellen Sheehan, 5. Westfield, Oct. 2, Catherine, widow of the late Stephen Cronk, 80. St. John, Sept. 27, Nellie, daughter of John and Mary E. Collan, 1. Halifax, Sept. 22, of consumption, Hattie, wife of W. McDonald, 24. Gagetown, Sept. 28, Rachel, widow of the late John Norwood, 66. Milltown, Sept. 26, infant child of Richard and Annie McDougall.

St. John, Oct. 2, Walter Vernon, son of Archibald J. and M. E. Elliott, 9. Smith's Cove, N. S., Oct. 2, Jane, daughter of the Lake Porter, Sept 19, Hattie, daughter of Robert B. and Susan E. Innis. Yarmouth, Sept. 24, Catherine, daughter of the late Duncan Alexander, 62 Yarmouth, Sept. 24, Catherine, daughter of the late Alexander Duncan, 62

St. John, Oct. 3, Margaret, widow of the late Thomas Hutchings, 84. Dartmouth, Sept. 22, Frances J., daughter of the late Tobias H. Miller, 29. Halifax, Sept. 22, Nellie, daughter of James and Mary E. Rider, 2 months. Halifax, Sept. 27, Gerda, daughter of Peter J. and Marion Hanson, 5 months Moncton, Oct. 2, Lulu, daughter of Joseph E. and Jane Bedford, 4 months. Upper Selma, N. S., Sept. 25, Jane Smith, wife of Captain John Faulkner, 70. Folly Village, N. S., Sept. 21, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Cummings, 80. Old Barns, N. S., Sept. 20, Rebecca, widow of the late Joseph Y. Longhead, 80.

Dartmouth, Sept. 21, Elise, daughter of Leonard and Selina Williams, & months. Dartmouth, Sept. 21, Alexander, son of Alexander and Elizabeth Strum, 3 months. Antigonish, Sept. 22, Lillian L., daughter of John W. and Laura Blanchard, 16 days. Herring Cove, Sept. 23, May Octavie, daughter of Charles P. and Margaret Roche, 2.

Annapolis, Sept. 23, of scarlet fever, Grace Evelyn, daughter of James and Annie Buckler, 10. Boston, Mass., Sept. 23, of pneumonia, Alfred, son of Richard and Annie Stapleton, of Chatham, 25. Halifax, Sept. 25, Mary F., daughter of Mr. Edward and the late Frances H. Monaghan, 8 months.

WANTED! - People to Understand That -BASS'S ALE,

GUINESS'S STOUT are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensible that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured. Messrs. W. Edmunds Jr. & Co., Liverpool, who bottle under the label of PIG BRAND turn out the finest bottling of Bass and Guiness in the world. Try it

PIG BRAND. Mortgagee's Sale.

and be convinced. Ask for

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John, on SATUR-DAY, THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at twelve o'clock, noon:— A LL the right, title, and interest of BENJAMIN WINCHESTER, of the said City of Saint John, Mariner, in and to certain leasehold lands and John, Mariner, in and to certain leasehold lands and premises situate fronting twenty-seven feet on the southern side of the Old Westmorland Road, in the said City of Saint John. The sale being made in pursuance of powers conferred on the undersigned in a mortgage of the said leasehold lands duly registered in the office of Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Libro 34 of records, iolio 207.

of records, tolio 207.

Dated this fifteenth day of September, A. D. 1894. MARGARET D. MILLIGAN,

RUEL & MILLIGAN,