

## ON HIS WEDDING-DAY.

It was a quiet wedding—no show, no fuss, no fluff, but just unostentatious and decorous, as best befits the ceremony. No carriage even. Only a step separated Ben Varley's cottage from the church, and old Ben, with his daughter, the bride, and her cousin, Kate Fletcher, had walked the distance. Dick Ford and his "best man," Reuben Graeme, in like-wise reached the ancient, lichened edifice. The little building was well-lit full of interested fisher-folk, a state of repletion which the rector's most learned sermons failed to bring about on Sundays. Various ejaculations uttered in would-be undertone—"Doesn't her look bonnie?" "She's paler nor I like to see!" "Gray suits her, it do," from the women, with sundry suggestions and rib-diggings on the part of the men, marked the passage of the "happy pair" as, leaving the church, they trod the least-strewn path to the churchyard.

"En, but he's fort'nit to get such a win-some young woman," said Miss Mitchell, an elderly spinster.

"Sh! John knows what she's venturin' on," replied Mrs. Hogan, whose husband was reckoned the most henpecked man in Port St. Bede. "The troubles, the worries o' men folk's now to drive a body crazy. Oh, I know it, Miss Mitchell, nobody better," shaking her head dolefully.

"Good luck go wi' ye, Mrs. Ford," chorused the women; and "May ye ever be blithe, Dick," shouted the men.

Dick smiled, and raised his hat awkwardly—it being the first time he had ever donned a silk hat, he did not feel at home in it—while Esther clung more tightly to his arm as the good wishes thronged in on every side. Bride and bridegroom came first of course; Reuben Graeme linked his arm with Kate; then followed in straggling order, old Ben and Dick's father—his mother, like Esther's, had long been at rest beneath the shade of the church tower—Boo Yards, Ralph Thwaites with Mrs. Thwaites, Simeon Howker and wife, and other friends who had been invited to celebrate the event. And so the little train wound down to the Trawlers' Inn, in the big up-stairs room of which the wedding breakfast was spread.

The weather since early morn had been one of the best; a tempest hovered in the air. The bells in the churchyard creaked and bent their tops, although no wind was astir; the hush that presaged the coming storm was painful in its brooding stillness, the long-drawn roar of the ocean moaned the ears of the wedding party as they left the church; from the hill, the waves could be seen breaking far out to sea, overleaping and licking the Fork Rocks like angry tongues of flame round a martyr at the stake. The wind, too, had come, at first in short, fitful gusts, gradually prolonged, until, before the inn was reached, the full force of its strength was put forth. Heavy drops of rain fell spattering on the gray shingles of the roof.

"We shall ha' it noo," muttered Reuben to Kate, glancing with puckered brow to seaward. "There'll be no boats ventur' out to meet, I'm thinkin'."

"Nay, an' I hope not," was the reply.

Kate was too engrossed just then to give more than a laconic answer—too much engrossed in the study of her cousin's gray dress, in considering what improvements its style, fit, and texture were susceptible of, anent the time when she herself should take the foremost place in such another procession. Besides, she resented the transference of Reuben's attentions from her own pretty self to the black, writhing elements. What place have storm and discord in the music of marriage bells? Verily, none. They might reserve themselves—at least, so Kate thought—for a later period.

But her pique soon wore off when the company were seated round the loaded table at the Trawlers' Inn. Here, the sullen moan of the wind, the thunder of the sea, the patter of the rain, were forgotten in a flow of boisterous humor more appropriate to the occasion. Geniality and high spirits blotted them from the memory as effectually as if they were non-existent. The season was to be a season of joy, despite all drawbacks, and right jovially was it inaugurated. Mine host had catered to taste.

There were speeches, of course—speeches a little enjointed, perhaps, but full of pleasant banter, and of that species of wit denominated "brood." The homely sentiments were received with vast applause, and the lively sallies evoked gins and laughter that showed a thorough appreciation of this point.

Dick rose to reply. On entering the inn, he had been in sore perplexity as to whether he should remove his gloves or not, his knowledge of the usages of "society" not extending to certainty on the matter. In fear lest he should violate some unknown canon of etiquette, and probably remembering the trouble he had had in getting them on, he finally decided to retain the lavender-colored "hand-shoes" as long as he could endure the infliction. When he now stood up he twined nervously at them, thereby unwittingly drawing attention to the rents between the fingers.

"Friends all," he began. "For Esther an' mysen I thank you every one for what you've said about wishin' us both good-fortun. We mean to pull together all through life, as 't' parson said, 'till death do us part'—an' I hope that'll be a goodish while yet. As for them other things you've a'most all spoken atoot—well, you've had a go at me to day, an' my welcome; an' I hope I shall have a chance one o' these days o' havin' to go at some o' you."

"Hear, hear!" broke in Simeon Howker.

A loud burst of merriment greeted the interruption. Simeon's exclamation had been simply thrown in to fill up the hiatus caused by Dick's momentary hesitation. A misanthropic had been put upon his sympathetic encouragement, and it only needed his wife's angry glance to drive away for that day all poor Simeon's enthusiasm and appetite.

"Well," continued Dick as soon as the mirth had subsided, "I trust you'll all look back o' this day wi' as much pleasure as I always shall—an' I can't wish you better nor that. Let me thank you again, for Esther an' mysen." An' now you mun' ha'e a bit o' bride cake."

The sugared pyramid in the centre of the table had been specially ordered and baked at Jennings's, of Morpeland. Admiring eyes made it their cynosure; it was

unanimously voted a real chef-d'œuvre of the confectioners' art. Hardly had Kate taken up the knife wherewith to cut the cake, when the landlord of the Trawlers' Inn hastily entered the room. His usually placid visage was pale with agitation; he placed his short legs rapidly as he hurried across the floor to utter a few breathless words into the ears of Ralph Thwaites, the smack-owner.

"I hopes you'll all excuse me," Ralph said, rising quickly to his feet. "I'm called away sudden, There's a ship on the Forks!"

Instantly, the smack-owner's excitement was communicated to the rest of the company. Thwaites could have been summoned for one purpose only; an effort was about to be made to save the crew of the ill-lated vessel.

There was no lifeboat at Port St. Bede, the nearest station being at Morpeland, ten miles distant. Unfortunately, the absence of the means of help does not imply absence of its need, for in blustering weather the services of a lifeboat were only too frequently required at Port St. Bede. The fishermen, however, had organized a volunteer crew, captured by Thwaites, and many lives had Graeme's pilot gig venturously snatched from the sea's maw. Dick was only one of a dozen—to their eternal honor, be it said—who often pitied their lives against wind and wave to succor their tempest-smitten fellows.

"There's a ship on the Forks!" said Thwaites.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Reuben also arose.

"I mun go," cried Bob Yards, making for the doorway.

Straightway, the whole assembly followed suit. There was a stampede for the door—the women impelled thereto by mingled dread and curiosity; the men, by a laudable desire to help, should their help unfortunately be required. Dick seemed to hesitate a moment before he also rose to his feet and sidled from the table.

"You need not go to-day, Dick," murmured Esther tremulously; "surely not to-day?"

"Nay, nay, my lass, don't talk so," replied Dick with a smile. "I may be o' some use down there. Think a bit. There's men aboard that ship belike as ha'e wives out for 'em. You can tell what their feelin's is, just as I can. You would ha'e me stop here, easy an' comfortable, if I could do aught for 'em; now, would you, lass?"

Esther made no answer. She dared not trust herself to words; she felt that her utterance would show the selfishness which she knew was at the bottom of her reluctance to let her husband go. Yet how hard it was to forswear her thoughts!

"Come cheer up, Esther," added Dick, kissing her. "We've had t' boat out i' as ugly weather as this before, an' you may be sure I won't stop away fro' you a minute more'n I can help. I'll just step across home an' doff these fine clothes; I must not spoil them."

Meanwhile, the whole population of the village had gathered on the shore. Overhead the murky clouds sped rapidly by, so low that they appeared to touch the rugged headlands to north and south of the little bay. The air was darkened, as it were dusk. Vast mountains of water curled and broke over the beach, a thunder-like peals, hissing and spurning up to the very feet of the watchers. The chill cutting rain beat in their faces so fiercely that they could scarcely discern the quivering ship that was beating out her heart upon the rocks. Heavy seas swept her decks, on which the stump of the mizzzen was the only spar left standing; fore and main mast had both gone by the board. She was fast upon the Forks, every succeeding wave just lifting her clear to dash her down again upon the jagged mass.

A man had been despatched on horseback to apprise the Morpeland lifeboat crew of the disaster; but it was plain that before aid could arrive from that quarter, the vessel would be a total wreck. She could not hold together much longer; the adamantine battering-ram of the Forks was fast splintering her timbers to match-wood. The barque herself was doomed. No rocket could reach her; the sole hope lay in the possibility of a boat approaching near enough to throw a life-line aboard. The possibility! We had all but said the impossibility. Yet the attempt was made. Already the fishermen had run Graeme's pilot gig down to the water's edge, and already one luckless essay had been made to launch her. An incoming wave had filled her and tossed her back mockingly upon the shingle, her crew scrambling to land as best they might. Tom Croft with his arm broken. Dick arrived just as the catastrophe occurred; he was now dressed in oilskins. Esther followed him, a cloak thrown over her wedding dress, and a heavy shawl supplanting bridal veil and orange blossoms. Dick mechanically stepped forward and took Tom's place in the boat.

The second attempt was more successful, for although some water was shipped, the gig safely topped the advancing wave and rode in deep water. Now came the struggle—the unequal combat between man's puny strength, backed by courage and determination, and the convulsive power of the sea's onslaught. Anxious eyes, half-blinded by the driving sleet and salt spray, followed the frail craft as her oars plunged deeply below the swirling surge, rose and dropped again. Now she was seen on the crests of the billows which broke around her in clouds of foam, and anon she disappeared wholly in their hollows.

Not yet, however, had she felt the full brunt of the seas. Open as the bay was, the protection it afforded was appreciable, so much so, that no sooner had the gig got clear of its shelter than the change became terribly apparent. She no longer met the oncoming waves head on, but broadside; she pitched and staggered, the oars rising and falling spasmodically like the tentacles of some floundering sea-monster.

"She'll ne'er mak' the wreck," exclaimed Ben Varley fearfully. "Ne'er! i' this world can she do't. Sure as I'm livin', they'll be swamped if they go forrarder."

He had but spoken the words when a huge sea struck her. It hurled her back into the trough, the waters breaking high overhead and pouring into her. For some seconds she was invisible; at length she rose, heavy and inert. She was floating keel upward.

"My God!" old Ben cried hoarsely, "she's over—she's capsized."

Esther, standing near, heard the dire ex-

clamation; but it was not necessary to hear—she had seen. Yet no cry escaped her lips. She simply stood there, as before, pale with a death-like pallor, mute and motionless. She was still staring with stony gaze in the direction of the overturned boat, when her father touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Come, my lass," he said, in hushed tones. "Thee'd be best at home. Come."

Esther put her hand to her throat; a muffled sob struggled for utterance, but no tears came. Silently she took her father's arm and hastened away. Hers was of the grief that is too deep-lying for outcry—a sorrow that gnaws the heart-strings.

Two hours later, the cart on which the Morpeland lifeboat had been transported overland rumbled down to the beach. In the interval, however, the ship on the Fork rocks had gone to pieces. One of her crew, clinging to a fragment of floating wreckage, was picked up by the lifeboat, which also brought ashore he only survivors of the rescue party—Reuben Graeme and Bob Yards, both of whom had managed to hang on to the boat's keel when she capsized.

Brooding sorrow long gloomed the little fishing port of Port St. Bede—sorrow for brave, still hearts. And over the cottage of old Ben rests a sombre pall that time has failed to raise, or the holy light of resignation to pierce.

## MIKE'S DIAGNOSIS.

He Assured His Patient That His Worst Fears Were Realized.

"I heard an awfully good story illustrative of the system pursued by the medical quacks while in Baltimore the other day," said a commercial traveller to a pleasant coterie recently. "It was new to me, so I'll give it to you. A man named Mike Doyle had been employed for a number of years as driver by a well known physician, who fell ill and died. Mike was disconsolate over his employer's death. He was out of a job and was unfit for any other employment save driving a doctor's buggy from patient to patient and napping during the visits. He sat around the house in a morose and mournful sort of way until his energetic wife grew weary."

"Ply don't yez shir yizsel an' do sumthin'?" she inquired, with indignation.

"Shure, an' what kin Oi do?" he returned.

"Do!" she repeated. "Av Oi'd been wid a docther foorteen years an' sax munts, Oi'd know enuff to be a docther moise'f."

"Mike brightened up. He knew nothing of course about medicine except a few grandiloquent phrases he had heard his master use in its praises. However, he hung out his sign, and next day a woman called."

"Is the doctor in?" she asked.

"O'm t' docther, mom," responded Mike.

"Then I wish you would tell me what the matter with me," she remarked in the plaintive tone of a chronic invalid.

"Twenty dollars, mom, as you please," said Mike sententiously.

The woman demurred.

"Scoince, mom, an knowledge as far-spooties air on'y acquired bor the expiditior av grate toil an' toime an munny. So, mom, moy fay inwairably in advance."

"When Mike fired that at her, she gave up the \$20 without another word."

"Lit me fale yure tung, mom," demanded Mike. The woman obeyed.

"Lit me fale yure pool," he continued. And she extended her hand.

"Lit me heer the b'atin av yure heirt," and Mike, with an air of serious study, laid his shock head against the patient's bosom. After a moment he drew it away, with a jump.

"The worst fears air realized, mom," he exclaimed. "Yez have a wart on yure heirt!"

## TO FIX ONE'S KNEE-CAP.

How a Disabled Athlete may Mend his Injured Leg.

In these days of autumn sports, football particularly, there is an injury common to athletic girls and boys which without being dangerous, is exceedingly painful.

This is the dislocation of the kneecap, or patella, as the doctors call it.

How can an unfortunate help himself? was the query I put to a doctor, and I learned this:

He must at once lie down, stiffen the leg, place his fingers at the top of the kneecap, which moves easily under pressure, push the little cap firmly downward, and work it sideways until he feels it gradually slipping into a correct position. If his limb is bare, his eyes will guide him also as to its attitude, as its shape is strongly outlined.

A companion should catch the foot and steadily pull it. This amateur operation is painful, but infallible. When the little cap slips to its place, then two splints of wood should be placed at either side of the knee and a tight bandage of cloth wrapped stiffly about it—a handkerchief serves admirably. It is necessary to walk home, the pain, as well as common sense, will teach him to throw no weight on the injured limb. When he gets home, he should have strong massage and strips of adhesive plaster put around the knee, holding the troublesome kneecap in place. No bathing or dressing of it is necessary. If one has access to a doctor's rooms or hospital, he can study the position of the kneecap, and will only wonder why it is not displaced oftener, it is so loosely hung. Its name defines its shape and its position as layer over the two kneecaps is secured by means of a strong muscle that passes over it, and to which the pan adheres. It is the wrenching away from this muscle at the lower end that causes the dislocation and which makes locomotion an almost impossible thing. The bandage or strips of plaster keeping the pan in position allows the muscle to grow back to the bone.

This form of injury is common among athletic girls, especially those given to jumping and climbing.

## Queer Timekeepers.

To ascertain the time at night, the Apache Indians employ a gourd on which the stars of the heavens are marked. As the constellations rise in the sky, the Indians refer to his gourd around he can tell the order in which the constellations may be expected to appear. The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quids of betel-nuts chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, Governor Wouter

Van Twiller dismissed the Dutch Colonial Assembly invariably at the last puff of his third pipe of tobacco. A Montagu Indian of Canada will set up a stick in the snow, when travelling ahead of friends who are to follow. He marks with his foot the line of shadow cast, and by the change in the angle of the shadow the on-coming party can tell, on arrival at the spot, about how far ahead the leader is.

## A Story About Sam Jones.

An amusing incident occurred at the close of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulaski the other day. Stepping down from the pulpit, folding his hands across his breast and looking solemnly over the audience, the great rival said: "I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month past to stand up." One old woman, apparently on the shady side of 60, stood up. "Come forward and give me your hand," said the preacher.

The woman did so, whereupon Jones said: "Now turn around and let this audience see the best looking woman in the country."

After taking her seat the revivalist addressed the men: "Now I want all the men in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives for a month past to stand up."

Twenty-seven great big strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with all the alacrity of champagne corks.

"Come forward and give me your hands, my dear boys."

Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, after which he ranged all of them side by side in front of the pulpit and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning over to the audience, he said:

"I want you all to take a good look at the 27 biggest liars in the State of Tennessee."

## The New Carina.

The former teacher of the present Carina says that she was brought up almost entirely as an English girl despite her German birth. The family spoke English exclusively, their plays were English, and the governess of the Princess was English. Her German is consequently spoken with a foreign accent. The teacher thinks the Princess will make an excellent wife for the czar, and one that will never bother herself about politics. She has no interest, he says, in politics, and is not educated to have any interest in it. She was brought up, in fact, as the daughter of a family of the middle classes. Until she was sixteen years old she devoted much time to playing tennis and croquet and to riding, rowing and skating. All her clothes were purchased in Darmstadt until after her confirmation. Not until then was she allowed to go to the theatre or balls, make formal visits or sit at the table when Queen Victoria visited Darmstadt. Before her confirmation she only received from 12 to 25 cents a week spending money, and for some time after it not more than 50 cents. She speaks English and French perfectly, is a good musician and can paint, cook and sew. She is said to be an extraordinarily good cake baker. Her teacher declares that she is almost too modest and will do anything rather than hurt the feelings of a fellow mortal.

## BORN.

Halifax, Dec. 6, to the wife of A. R. Butler, a son, Amherst, Dec. 4, to the wife of Judson Jones, a son, Amherst, Dec. 3, to the wife of Capt. Leonard, a son, Amherst, Dec. 3, to the wife of F. D. Allen, a son, Sackville, Dec. 1, to the wife of Fred Ryan, a daughter, Dartmouth, Dec. 2, to the wife of W. B. Rankin, a son, Salem, N. S., Dec. 4, to the wife of Wilbur Logan, a son, Amherst, Nov. 26, to the wife of John Mowatt, a daughter, St. John, Dec. 10, to the wife of J. N. Golding, Jr., a daughter, Lunenburg, Dec. 1, to the wife of Albert Knickle, a daughter, Hillsboro, Nov. 28, to the wife of Edwin K. Steeves, a daughter, Campbellton, Dec. 6, to the wife of W. A. Thompson, a daughter, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov. 25, to the wife of C. W. Banks, a son, Greenville, N. B., Dec. 5, to the wife of P. W. F. Watson, a daughter, Burlington, N. S., Dec. 5, to the wife of Dr. J. A. Payzant, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Chatham, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. McCoy, John C. Forrest to Annie Morrison, Truro, Dec. 4, by Rev. John Robbins, C. A. De Veau to Carrie Murray, Malton, Nov. 29, by Rev. G. R. Martel, John Robinson to Edwina Dunn, Halifax, Dec. 5, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, George Mann to Elizabeth Watson, Marston, N. S., by Rev. W. H. Evans, Eugene W. Hart to Edith C. Berry, Halifax, Dec. 4, by Rev. William E. Hall, Isaac H. Webber to Cynthia B. Baker, Johnston, Nov. 31, by Rev. Abram Perry, Edward Higgins to Blanche Worden, St. John, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. L. Suenton, Frederick L. Norrell to Elizabeth Sault, Brooklyn, N. S., by Rev. Mr. McKean, Herbert L. Gardner to Lillian M. Moulter, St. John, Nov. 22, by Rev. Mr. Wightman, Alexander P. A. to Edith J. Brown, Sussex, Dec. 4, by Rev. Father McDeyitt, Douglas Campbell to Lizzie McManis, St. John, Dec. 3, by Rev. Archdeacon Brigstocke, Thomas Evans to Millie Pattison, Fredericton, Nov. 28, by Rev. William Tippet, Leonard Fleet to Julia E. Segre, Barrington, N. S., Dec. 3, by Rev. J. K. West Oscar E. Hopkins to Sarah Banks, Caverhill, N. B., Dec. 4, by the Rev. J. H. King, George Prescott to Annie Miller, Upper Cape, N. B., Nov. 4, by Rev. W. C. Hamilton Hugh Murray to Jeanie Raworth, Bear River, Dec. 5, by Rev. Joseph Hale, Fredrick J. Dittmars to Mary F. Morse, Subenacade, N. S., Dec. 7, by Rev. John Murray, Herbert Eaton to Rhoda B. Burton, Fawnville, N. S., Dec. 4, by Rev. W. H. Evans, R. Sydney Coates to Martha E. Coates, Coverdale, N. B., by Rev. Joseph Crandall, Arenda O'Shaughnessy to Curry Williamson, Weymouth, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. M. Withycombe, Joseph W. Barter to Mrs. Ella Rice, Victoria Beach, N. S., by Rev. W. H. Jenkins, Samuel L. McGrath to Agnes Everett, Oak Bay, N. B., Dec. 2, by Rev. Thomas Allen, Nelson Cunningham to Linnie M. Groon, Anvers, N. B., by Rev. E. W. Simmons, B. A., Benjamin Evered to Mary A. Bedell, New Mills, N. B., Nov. 21, by Rev. George Fisher, Alexander McCormick to Annie McKinnon, St. Avard's, P. E. I., Dec. 5, by Rev. T. F. Fullerton, George McDonald, M. D., to Mary McLeod, Cumberland Bay, N. B., Dec. 5, by the Rev. R. W. Clements, Eleazer Higgins to Sadie Colwell, St. John, Dec. 11, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, John Haviland, of Chatham, N. B., to Barbara E. Irvine, St. John, Dec. 2, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, M. A., assisted by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, Charles E. Vail Selena Oitts.

## DIED.

Halifax, Dec. 7, William Power, 85, Halifax, Dec. 9, Joseph Haiditt, 39, Douglas, N. B., Martha Wilkins, 61, Kentville, Nov. 2, George Dodge, 81, Kentville, Dec. 5, William Redden, 50, Windsor, Dec. 5, Rev. Henry Stamer, 83, Campbellton, Nov. 20, Mabel C. Wilson, 8, Simonds, N. B., Dec. 11, James Stewart, 81, St. Stephen, Dec. 3, M. Arthur Edwards, 44, Carleton, Dec. 5, Herbert F. Henderson, 27, Smithtown, N. B., Dec. 3, John Robertson, 60, St. John, Dec. 8, Mrs. Joanna Stephenson, 83, Moncton, N. B., Fanny, wife of W. J. Lewis, 72, Dawson, N. B., Dec. 4, wife of Lewis Jones, 64, St. John, Dec. 4, May Helen, wife of J. A. Bond, 33, Halifax, Dec. 4, Maria, wife of Michael Manning, 60, Black River Road, N. B., Dec. 5, Oliver Lawson, 22, White's Cove, N. B., Dec. 5, Samm' V. White, 80, St. John, Dec. 10, Mary, wife of John Gallagher, 71, St. John, Dec. 5, Harry, son of Patrick and Katie Ryan, 2, Musquash, Dec. 5, Eliza, daughter of the late G. C. Kennedy, 2, Halifax, Dec. 7, Willie, son of James and Mary Kennedy, Willow Grove, N. B., Dec. 3, wife of William McLeish, 63, Halifax, Dec. 4, Bessie, daughter of William Coombs, 28, Wolfville, Dec. 1, Patience, widow of the late Jacob Kempton, 79, Parrsboro, Nov. 29, Alvira A., wife of the late William Love, 75, Memramouc, Dec. 9, of congestion, Eliza, wife of S. C. Charters, 73, St. John, Dec. 10, of heart failure, Mary, wife of John Gallagher, 71, Sackville, Dec. 3, Ethel G., daughter of Alfred D. and Mary V. Smith, Lewisville, Dec. 10, of consumption, Mary, wife of Benjamin White, 37, Halifax, Dec. 8, James A. M., son of Mary and the late James Carroll, 21, St. John, Dec. 11, Mary A., daughter of James P. and Deborah Stackhouse, Studholm, N. B., Minnie J. Thompson, daughter of Samuel and Annie Bunting, 23, Campbellton, Nov. 29, Bertha Ellen, daughter of Henry and Annab'la Hamington, Brookville, N. S., Nov. 14, Annie Kelly, daughter of Charles P. and Luciana Kelly, 20, Greenfield, Dec. 10, Maggie M., wife of Munford Pitts, daughter of John M. C. Christopher, 21, Hopewell Hill, Dec. 10, of pneumonia, Bessie, wife of Alexander Brown, and daughter of the late Thomas Moore, St. John, Dec. 12, Minnie, wife of Dennis McTavish, and daughter of Hugh O'Brien, of Smithtown, Kings Co., N. B.

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Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.30 p. m.  
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.  
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

## ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and 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, Sunday, 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; at Yarmouth, where close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the train of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, connecting with the N. S. Evangeline for Parrsboro and all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, and at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for all points West. For tickets, Blue Tickets, and supply to Station Agents, to 125 Hol's Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Superintendent.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax..... 7.00  
Express for Halifax..... 13.50  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.30  
Express for Sussex..... 16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 19.30 o'clock.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.55  
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30  
Express from Montreal (daily)..... 10.30  
Express from Halifax..... 15.50  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.30  
Accommodation from Montreal..... 24.00

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, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC R'y.

## TOURIST SLEEPERS

## FOR Seattle, Wash.

## and points on the Pacific Coast.

will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal, at 5.50 a. m., every Thursday. Holders of second class passage tickets to Pacific Coast points will be accommodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Further information, ticket rates, etc., on application to Ticket Agents.

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

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