THE JAILOR'S WIFE.

Roland Grey walked to the window and intrequent lights of the habitants' cottages | What's a man good for if he can't help a its cries, and turned to Grey. flicker on the Ottawa shore. Winter had suffering woman?" set in; in a day or two he would be able to real. His people would look for him in nearly mad, too. England within the next three weeks, but Grey had lingered on to enjoy the sweet, in Grey's nature answered the tears drip-

Indian Summer. Suddenly it had dawned upon him that there would be festivities at Lyme within a very well absent himself. When, however, promise to keep the secret." he pushed on to the Four Corners he was unable to cross, as the river had not yet frozen over, and there was no other way of making the passage. The ice had never promise. He felt he'd get better. A been so late before. No one could under- prisoner struck him one day; he's never stand the reason of the delay. No one but been the same since." Grey, that is, and it was only subsequent

events which opened his eyes. found himself possessed of a fierce desire to absent-quiet. Only incoherent now and into the darkness beyond. At first he do so. For two days he had chafed round again. I would tell them he was tired, or could see nothing, but as his eyes graduthe little village, spending most of his time thinking of-of religion. He's a very good ally grew accustomed to the dim light he man. "The shock has restored his reasin the postoffice, which was also the centre man; too much religion has driven him mad; discovered they were looking into a big on. He'll be all right tomorrow." of Four Corners' civilization. The post-master pegged boots and punctured his Latterly, he's been better. But I've to be densest shadow. There was no window. conversation with emphatic little taps.

may blow the ice out of the bay or blow it him. No one suspects. People think him a on the table a lamp; and, facing each other, in again. You'd better have a good time little absent, that's all. If I can only hold sat two men. till it's safe to drive across to Greenville: out till tomorrow he'll be entitled to his re-

What's your hurry, Mister?" master was not sympathetic.

work for your livin'. Then you'd know But-but I'm afraid." how to live.

Grey, worsted in wordy contest, had returned to his room at the hotel. The hot hand to his forehead with a gesture of impatience. Some one glided softly into the room, smelt the hot air, and returned with ness of the situation. a pitcher of water to pour into the pan on the stove. Then the newcomer coughed Grev's attention.

idly to and fro in a chair) and saw that his visitor was not a woman of the house. "Did you want to see me?"

"Yes," siad the newcomer quietly, but resolutely. "Can you spare a quarter of I came in quietly on purpose."

She spoke with a suspicion of Scotch burr in her voice. Grey sprang up, handed her a chair, and she threw back her cloak as it the heat of the room were overpowering, at the same time closing her eyes.

She was a woman of about 30, of small stature, with a beautiful Madonna-like face, white and worn, but very noble. Dense masses of thick black hair were coiled under | my husband must stoop to pick it up. I a sealskin cap and partly escaped into the grey hood of her cloak. One glove slipped to the floor. As it did so Grey noticed that her fingers were long, white and thin. When she afterward opened her eyes he discovered that they were soft and tender and brown- the eyes of a woman who loves to the death. But now her long lashes had closed over them, and she lay back sleeping like a worn-out child.

Grev let her sleep for five minutes. He could not deny himself the pleasure of gazing at her. The scarlet upholstery of the chair formed a fitting background for there's that look in his eye. He's waiting her small, tired figure. As the water in the stove-pan began to heat, and the air grew moister, he telt interested in this tired, unknown woman. Perhaps she was hid-

ing from a brutal husband. He had not been in a free fight during the whole of his stay in Canada, although a revolver reposed snugly in his hip pocket. Had the time come to withdraw the weapon from its ignoble seclusion in aid of this little woman, whose tranquil breathquarter of an hour?

Grev rose from his chair and moved toward the sleeping woman. In an instant she was wide awake, with a fierce, hunted look upon her features, and the hand which had hung over the side of her chair swittly travelled to a pocket in her dress.

Grey stayed where he was. "I-I beg your pardon," he said. "Five

"Five! Oh-h-h yes, I-I"- She became more composed and looked around as if endeavoring to remember where she was, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Grey, but I was very tired and exhausted."

"You are unstrung," he said kindly. "Let me prescribe my favorite remedy for extreme cases." He went into his bedroom, dived among

the trunks and returned with a small bottle of champagne, deftly extracting the cork without any noise.

"Take this, please," he said, pouring out a small tumblerful. "It will be meat and Kee-ep" ---- And her eyes closed again. drink to you."

She drank slowly, prettily, and a rich color dawned in her white face. "You wish me to help you?" Grey asked, when once outside the fresh air revived her. she had put down the tumbler with a little quivering sigh of relief. "Can I trust you—with a woman's secret?

I am a woman who needs help. No other woman in the world ever needed it so sorely,' Grey was moved. 'Don't tell me more

than you want to. Say all that's necessary while I get my things on." In an instant she was calm and composed

and methodically arranging her dress. here," she said. "You're an English gentle- hair escaped from its fastenings, and pulled to death. Come, jailor, come. We'll be "I only heard tonight of your being man, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am an Englishman." "Well, I want you to help me."

Grey looked at her beseeching, liquid eyes for a moment. Sincerity and truth shone in them. There could be no meanness, treachery or deceit where a woman looked one straight in the face as she did. "I will help you," he said.

The woman gazed her thanks. "But I must explain, and the time is so short." "Never mind explanations."

"Oh, but you can't understand if I don't tell you. I'm the jailor's wife."

"Yes." "And-and"-. She hesitated. "You'll

not betray me? I've borne the strain for held the light in the direction of the bed. the head, and the jailor was stunned. The

appeal to any one else. I've no one to trust. I'm all alone."

"I will help you." replied Grey, mastered

"You're good. Oh, I'm sure you're and clutched him by the wrist. drive across the river and push on to Mont- good. And it's gone on for months. I'm

She wept quietly now. All the chivalry silent majesty and gorgeous coloring of the | ping through her long fingers.

"My husband's-mad. "Yes?"

month's time from which the heir could not knew it was coming on, and made me

"Poor woman!" "It means beggary to our child it his madness is discovered. And he made me

"Poor woman!" again said Grey. "When the neighbors came in I had to And now that he could not get on Grey talk to them-to keep them away. He was "The wind bloweth where it listeth. It check his wandering thoughts, answer for the centre of the room stord a small table;

"Of whom?" She rose to her teet excitedly. "There's only one man in the jail-a stove made his head ache. He put his condemned murderer, and he's watching for a chance to kill my husband." Grev recoiled in horror an the ghastli-

"Now-don't you see-don't you understand! Every time my husband goes into apologetically, as if anxious to awaken the jail I must be at his side; every time he enters that cell I must cover the man with Grey looked round (he had been rocking a revolver. A little slip, a moment's upward to a point. The long, narrow eyes leaps. At night I handcuff him to me, and when the restless demon which will not an hour? I must be back soon after. let him sleep takes possession of him he walks round the prison, dragging me, half clad, through the bitter night.

"No one knows anything about my husband's madness but the murderer. He's guessed it. He never says anything, but just looks. He's always trying to get my husband between us so that the revolver will be useless. Sometimes he puts his prison plate in a corner of the cell, where have to go in myself and pick it out. He's atraid of me, but he's desperate. He wants to kill some one before he dies. My husband talks to him-tries to convert himto prepare him for the end. And the man answers softly with a horrible grin, that there's only one thing for him to do, and then he'll gladly die. That one thing is to kill my husband.'

Grey hastily put on his overcoat. "He speaks softly to my husband; talks to him of the merciful Christ, and tries to lure him nearer. All the time, all the time, to spring. And my poor, mad husband thinks in some dim way that if he can only save the man's soul the Lord will restore his own reason. At moments-confused moments—he knows he is mad, and thinks

this is the atonement." "Haven't you any friends?" She shivered. "They're all such good people here. They'd think me desperately wicked, and say it was a judgment. It's the want of sleep that tells on me. I gave ing scarcely broke the silence of the cheer- my husband a sleeping draught tonight ful room? Should he wake her? Hadn't and stole out to find you. A visitor this she said something about leaving in a afternoon said you were here. My only hope is in you. Will you watch for me tonight? It I don't sleep I shall go mad. And it's only for one more day-one more

> Grey put on his fur cap. "Tonight will be the last night. You infernal cant about the hereafter. don't know what it is to feel great leaden hands pressing darkness over you; you don't know what it is to feel that if sleep overtakes you your husband will be murdered. And tomorrow-if I can only hold out until tomorrow-I can tell the truth; but if I don't sleep tonight I shall go mad

-I shall go mad. Grev took her arm within his own. "Come, we'll go at once."

She leaned against him, struggling to overcome her drowsiness. "Its so-warm, so warm, and bright," she murmured sleepily. "So warm. Can't we stay a lit-no, no, we mustn't, we mustn't. The lamplight's turning to blood. Keep me —awake! For God's sake, keep me awake.

Grey made a desperate effort to get his companion out of the hot room down the

It had ceased snowing. Countless shifting lights of the Aurora Borealis flitted in filmy curtains of lace across a steely blue sky. The keen air bit Grey to the bone as | me, she knows I'm afraid of her. he half led, half dragged his companion towards the jail, a huge, sombre stone build- she comes back she'll find us sleeping, too. ing at the outer end of the village. The recent snow had filled up the woman's

knowledge also seemed to have been | yard where they keep my coffin ready for me | Newcastle, May 30, by Rev. W. J. Bleakney, John swept away from her mind. Her long up on the rafters, and they will choke me back her head with its weight of ebon tresses | bedfellows from this night forever." until it fell on his shoulder. As they neared the jail she pointed to the light which burnt in the little porch.

softly. We mustn't wake him. We the jailor violently to the ground, as a sharp mustn't wake him. Here's the key. Don't | whiplike crack rang through the gloom. fumble so. Can't you open a lock? Oh, forgive me. That's it. Now across the hall, through this room. Mind the cradle. table. Something hung limply against You'll see how handsome, how noble he Grev's shoulder, gave a long-drawn, shudis, even in sleep. Oh. if God will not dering sigh and slipped to the ground. give him back to me. Softly, softly. We Grey listened for a moment, but there musn't wake him. No opiate keeps him was no sound. Hastily making his way asleep long. Now, look"-

With a fond smile on her features she

months. Promise me to be true. I can't Suddenly she let the lamp fall, and Grey revolver of the jailor's wife lay on the caught it just in time.

"lt's--it's empty!" Grey and the woman looked each other looked out at the peaceful little Canadian by the woman's terrible earnestness. He in the face, a scared, ashen pallor creeping firelight. There he laid her on a couch and village of Four Corners. The streets were felt that the matter was no joke; that an over her teatures. The child woke up. still with the silence of night. Heavy adventure seen from afar presents a very As they confronted each other for the space masses of snow veiled the shimmering peak- different aspect to the one it adopts when of a second it began to cry. In an instant bing his forehead in a bewildered way, as ed roofs of the houses. From his room at near at hand. "Don't doubt me," he con- the woman was down on her knees fondling it he had just awakened from a dream. the Four Corners Hotel Grey could see the tinued. "I see you're in terrible trouble. it. Then she covered it up, regardless of "Come!" she cried hoarsely. "Come!"

> Grey mechanically felt for his pistol and followed her, lamp in hand, as the woman glided swiftly along, filled with an o'ermastering terror. Presently they came she said to Grey. "Now I'm a murto the kitchen, wherein a cat purred sleepily | deress ! before the stove. Beyond this kitchen, with its rows of shining metal dish-covers "I've done wrong to hide it, but he and pretty crockery and general air of warmth and comfort, was a narrow passage, of joy which came into her face he felt and, frowning darkly at the end of the amply repaid. If this woman learned the

> > The woman glided up to the gate, still dragging at Grey's wrist. It swung softly back at her hurried touch, and Grey fol- ber what's happened." lowed, shading the light of the lamp with

which separated the living rooms from the

Grey peered over the woman's shoulder ever at his side, put words into his mouth, but only a small skylight in the roof. In

The light from the lamp reached tar tiring pension. Tomorrow I can tell the enough for Grey to notice its reflection on

In the excitement of the moment Grey cross the river. put one hand on the woman's shoulder. She trembled violently.

As the two men sat at the table Grey saw their faces in profile. The elder man, with the features of an apostle, read in measured tones from a Bible. But it was the expression of the murderer's face op-posite which fascinated Grey. He had thin lips, pointed chin, and a shock of red hair Halifax, May 28, to the wife of Fred J. Lordly, a coming down to his eyes. His head sloped carelessness, and the man's hands choke were mere slits. For so young a manhis life away. If my eyes shut, I wake he looked about 20-he was exceedingly in terror; if my busband stirs, my heart muscular. A hairy hand lay on the table. As the unconscious jailor read on, it closed and opened convulsively, or reached stealthily, inch by inch, forward toward the book,

as if fearing to pass it. Grey followed the fellow's murderous meaning in every movement of his hands. every glance from his red-rimmed eyes, every labored breath he drew. A frantic lust for slaughter had taken possession of the criminal. He played with his victim as a cat does with a mouse. And every second his great hairy hand crept nearer and nearer the dreadful table, and yet could not pass it, as the mad jailor read from the Sermon on the Mount, his musical resonant voice waking the echoes in the bare room and reaching the ears of the overstrung woman who listened:

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." The jailor paused to wind the lamp a

"Turn again and rend you," said the murderer. "And so, jailor, it you cast that which is holy before swine like me, you'd deserve to be rent in pieces?" The jailor looked up in grim surprise.

little higher.

Some change in the questioner's tone strangely affected his disordered mind. The murderer continued to lash the fervid rage, the fierce exaltation, the lust for blood which worked within him. He spoke quietly, but in a harsh whisper. His hand was very near the Bible now.

"Jailor, jailor, I'm to die, and there's no way out of it. If I escape from here, I shall be caught-hunted down. People would tear me to bits. But I've been here three months. And you've prayed for me for three months, jailor; watched over me, made my days a burden to me; and I've spoken to you softly, though you've made me die a thousand deaths, jailor, with your

"But I'm grateful, and I'm going to prove my gratitude. Tonight you've let me out of my cell. You've prayed for me: you think I'm lost to all eternity. Day atter day you've kept me here, and that white-taced woman of yours has covered me with her pistol, and I haven't had a

"But now, jailor, you've prayed tonight, and you're fit to die. I can't be hung twice; and it's gruesome work to die alone. So we've to go together, jailor. For you're mad, jailor-as mad as I am; and if you die mad, you're a poor lost soul like me." "Yes," said the jailor, softly; "we're

both poor, lost souls." "But we're good comrades, jailor. Oh yes, we're good comrades; and we'll journey together. I've watched that white-faced woman of yours with the blazing eyes, and back stair of the hotel. When they were I know she's given way at last. You've worn her out with your mad freaks; you've tortured her as men are never tortured where we go tonight. If I didn't hate her so much I'd let you live. But she knows

"She must be ill or asleep, jailor. When And she'll die, and we'll all be in everlasting torment together. But I must be quick, jailor, and send you there, or she'll be back, As Grey dragged her along, all past back, back; and I shall be taken out in the

The foam fell from the corners of his wild-beast mouth, and, leaning over the table, he aimed a terrible blow at the jailor's "That's it! that's it!" she said. "Tread forehead. The table slipped, and pushed

The murderer threw up his hands with a

to the kitchen, he returned with a lamp. The murderer had been shot through

Grey dragged the woman out of the gloom down the passage, and into the warm

The jailor leaned against the table rub-"Why, what's all this ?" he asked, in

clear rational tones. Grey hastily led him into the kitchen, leaving the murderer's body in the dark-

The jailor's wife sat up, wringing her hands. "I had to do it—I had to do it!"

"I fired first," said Grey quiet!y, showing an empty chamber of his revolver in support of his assertion. At the wild look narrow passage, stood the grim iron gate truth she would also go mad. She should never know that hers was the hand which had fired the fatal shot.

Presently the jailor spoke. "Have I been ill, Jessie? I don't seem to remem-"Your prisoner tried to escape, and I

shot him," said Grey. "You were stunned by the fall." The jailor still looked confused. "Get

him to bed," Grey whispered to the wo-

With a supreme effort, the woman led him into her bedroom. "Come-to-our -child!" she said. The door closed behind them, their voices mingled together. Presently, Grey stole across the room and listened. He could hear their deep regular breathing. They were asleep.

He returned to the kitchen. The cat Grey explained his hurry. The post- truth-go out to the neighbors-say he'll the iron bars which lined the sides of the rubbed itself against his legs. He noticed resign; and he and the child will be pro- room. Each of these bars fronted a cell, a jug of milk on the table, drank a deep "Going to celebrate the coming into vided for. You're a stranger. That's why and the loosely heaped up bedding for draught, and poured out some in a saucer money you haven't earned?" he said. I come to you. You'll be gone in a day every cell had the effect of making the for the cat. Then he replenished the fire, "You'd better move into the bush, and or two, and no one will ever know about it. narrow divisions look as if they contained and sat down to await the dawn, dimly una dead body. One of the doors stood open. derstanding why he had been unable to

BORN.

Halifax, May 24, to the wife of John Baird, a son. Digby, May 27, to the wife of Robert Dakin, a son. Halifax, May 24, to the wife of J. H. Brown, a son. Halifax, May 28, to the wife of James Morrow, a

St. John, May 31, to the wife of Jacob Whitebone, a Parrsboro, May 14, to the wife of Walter Mosher, a

Kempt, N. S., May 14, to the wife of John L. Card, a Wolfville, N. S., to the wife of J. L. Murphy, a Halifax, June 3, to the wife of Douglas Stevens,

Lunenburg, May 23, to the wife of Duff Kaulbach, Halifax, May 28, tothe wife of Geo. H. Croskill, Jr., Windsor, May 28, to the wife of J. A. Shaw, Jr.,

daughter. Sackville, May 28, to the wife of H. E. Fawcett, a Alma, May 24, to the wife of Samuel Brettour, a

Parrsboro, May 16, to the wife of James Y. Wasson, Dartmouth, May 23, to the wife of Frank Campbell, Green Hill, May 13, to the wife of Robert Hillgrove,

a daughter. Hantsport, May 14, to the wife of Ernest Robinson a daughter. Rossway, N. S., May 20, to the wife of John Cossa-Cheverie, N. S., May 28, to the wife of Frank

Stewardale, C. B., May 8, to the wife of John Moncton, May 26, to the wife of James H. Robin-Middle Sackville, May 28, to the wife of J. E. Phinney, a daughter.

Point deBute, May 30, to the wife of Captain Cheslev Wells, a son La Have, N. S., May 17, to the wife of Rev. George D. Harris, a son.

Port Greville, May 23, to the wife of Freeman Hatfield, a daughter. Milton, N. S., May 26, to the wife of Edward Murphy, a daughter Kempt, N. S., May 11, to the wife of Rev. Andrew

Boyd, a daughter Princeport, N. S., May 30, to the wife of Foster Bradley, a daughter. Quoddy, N. S., May 26, to the wife of William O'Leary, a daughter. Cogmagun, N. S., May 18, to the wife of Jeffrey Sandford, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Juhe 4, John Shea, to Jane McCready. Truro, June 2, Daniel O. Chisholm to Sarah Lear-Halifax, June 4, J. R. Sheperd to Annie Mc-

Pennfield, by Rev. F. C. Wright, Zadoh Justason to Annie Spear. Halifax, May 23, by Rev. John Robbins, George Jeffers to Ellen Reid. St. John, June 5, by Rev. A. J. Kempton, James

St. John, May 30, by W. O. Raymond, Frank B. Alward to Lizzie Ryder. Halifax, June 4, by Rev. Father Foley, James Pender to Katie Scanlan. Fredericton, May 30, by Rev. E. Bell, Robert Hovey to Grace Hovey.

Gaspereaux, May 30, by Rev. J. Williams, O. S. Porter to Irene Benjamin. Amherst, June 5, by Rev. D. McGregor, C. W. Moore to Ethel Chapman.

Truro, May 19, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Thomas Scotsburn, N. S., by Rev. J. A. Cairns, John Ran-kin to Mrs. John Campbeli Amherst, May 23, by Rev. R. Williams, Hanse Doyle to Annie McDougall. Pictou, June 1, by Rev. George S. Carson, George Chisholm to Jessie A. Noble

Oxford, May 30, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Frank DeWolte to Carrie L. Ripley. Tangier, N. S., by Rev. E. H. Ball, Alexander Dukeshire to Ebzina Hilchey. Halifax, May 31, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Frederick Coleman to Florence Hartling. St. John, June 6. by Rev. Monsignor Connolly, P. J. Reardon to Mary F. Breen.

Halifax, May 29, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Charles H. Melvin to Fanny Gray Crewes. St. John, June 4, by Rev. J. A. Gordan, David L. Coleman to Amy G. Wigmore. Whitney, to Evangeline Tozer.

Halitax, May 29, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Reginald C. Bulpitt to Sadie A. Bartlett. Centreville, May 30, by Rev. Joseph A. Cahill, Edward Black to Maria Crabbe. Hampstead, May 23, by Rev. C. B. Lewis, David E. McCorkeil to Debbie Johason. River Herbert, May 31, by Rev. J. M. Parker, Edward Smith to Lizzie Skinner. Little River, May 20. by Rev. J. Howie, Calvin Lunnergan to Margaret Ackerson. Beaconsfield, May 23, by Rev. F. M. Young, Edward Whitman to Mary A. Hall.

Moncton, May 31, by Rev. T. J. Dienstadt, Alexander Sharp to Isabella Thompson. Gagetown, May 31, by Rev. N. C. Hansen, James S. Redstone to Eliza A. McAllister. Upper Charlo, May 16, by Rev. George Fisher, James McAllister to Eliza Powers. Halifax, June 4, by Rev. Monsignor Carmody, William J. Butler to Maud Inglis.

Hopewell Cape, May 16, by Rev. B. N. Hughes, Joseph T. Mitton to Isabel C'Regan.

Mapleton, N. B., May 16, by Rev. H. H. Saunders, Albert W. Stiles to Amanda Bishop. Truro, May 30, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Archibald McPherson to Mary A. Richardson.

Windsor, N. S., May 21, by Rev. J. A. Davis, Maurice S. Mosher to Viola Graves. Melrose, May 26, by Rev. J. D. MacFarlane, Richard Robinson to Cassie McKenzie.

Boisdale, C. B., May 24, by Bev. Dr. Murray, Alexander McKinnon to Mary McCormack. St. John, June 4, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Captain William A. McLean to Georgia Perley.

Fredericton, May 30, by Rev. George B. Payson, Samuel L. Bubar to Almira Kıngsclear. St. John, May 31, by Rev. John DeSoyres, W. Rupert 1 urnbull to Mary W. Davidson.

Charlottetewn, May 24, by Rev. James Simpson, Robert H. Mason to Minnie B. Waddell. Harmony. N. S., May 16, by Rev. F. G. Francis, Newton G. Minard to Mrs. Lydia Hubley. Creignish, C. B., May 27, by Rev. Joseph Chisholm Allan D. Cameron to Isabella McEachern. Fredericton, May 31, by Rev. Finlow Alexander, Stephen Mitchell to Aline Allison Harrison.

Johnson, May 15, by Rev. O. N. Mott, assisted by Rev. S. D. Ervine, B. H. Akerley to Mrs. Louisa Truro, May 26, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, assisted by Rev. J. F. Dustan, Alfred Ramsay to Mary Morrison.

DIED.

Moncton, June 4, Alfred Trites, 57. St. John, May 30, James Hayes, 69. Halifax, June 1, John Cashman, 64. Halifax, May 27, Henry Coolen, 74. St. John, June 3, Edward Haney, 85. Moncton, June 2, David Wallace, 78. Surrey, May 25, Mrs. John Gross, 64. Marysville, May 29, James Boyer, 76. Charlottetown, May 27, John Ball, 60. Truro, May 26, William H. Blackmore. Truro, June 2, Janet T. Henderson, 87. Pictou, May 27, Mrs. J. T. Paulin, 50. Liverpool, May 31, John Abernethy, 6. Bridgetown, May 24, George Ramey, 74. Springhill, N. S., May 30, James Russell. Hantsport, May 29, Ezekiel Marsters, 80. Loon Bay, May 24, Grace McGlinchey, 18. Halifax, June 1, Murdock M. Lindsay, 58. Birdton, N. B., May 21, Mrs. James Bird. Long Island, May 28, Bishop Palmeter, 75. Petitcod:ac, May 31, Nathan D. Fowler, 73. Nashwaak, May 23, Mrs. Alex McBean, 38. River John, May 28, Duncan Sutherland, 53. Moore's Mills, May 28, Lavinia R. Slater, 72. Jordan River, N. S., May 23, Austin Holden. Golden Grove, June 1, Andrew McGowan, 68. Parker's Ridge, N. B., Mrs. Charles Calhoun. Sussex, May 27, Edna, wife of S. H. White, 39 Shelburne, N. S., Annie, wife of W. T. Atwood, Shubenacadie, June 1, Mrs. George Logan, 68. Fisher's Grant, May 28, Mrs. Ellen McMullin. Meiklefield, N. S., May 25, James McCulloch, 74. St. John, June 1, Alice, wife of W. L. Penny, 42. Briley Brook, N. S., May 24, Donald Chisholm, 64.

Mechanic's Settlement, May 27, John R. Bustard, 27. Yarmouth, May 29, George R., son of James Hayes, Lynn, Mass., Captain John Poole, of Yarmouth, Yarmouth, May 27, Lina, wife of A. S. Starratt, Halifax, May 27, Mary A., wife of Theodore Kelly, Summerside, P. E. I., May 21, Edward Dowling, Stonehaven, May 29, Emily, wife of John W. Mohannes, May 25, Harriet, wife of Cyrus Thomp.

Truro, May 26, Sarah, widow of the late John Brooklyn, N. S., June 1, Mary E, wife of Colin Coldstream, May 24, of pneumonia, Mrs. Amo Yarmouth, May 29, Elizabeth H., wife of William

Antigonish, May 25, Emma, daughter of William Mitchell, 24. Halifax, May 31, Mary, widow of the late Patrick

St. John, June 1, of congestion of the brain, George H. Lowe, 29. Milton, N. S., May 25, Bertha, daughter of Snow P. Freeman, 19 asmore, N. S., May 27, Isabella, wife of Duncan McIntosh, 53.

t. John, June 1, Katherine, widow of the late Philip Ferguson, 82. Spectacle Island, May 24, Desire, widow of the late Digby, May 13, Charles T., son of Timothy O'€on-

Cruro, May 28, Bessie, daughter of Alexander Halifax, June 1, John Herbert, son of Horatio and Fort Lawrence, N. S., May 27, Mary, wife of Ben-

Milton, May 26, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Lewis Freeman, 56. Waterford, May 23, Josie, daughter of W. E. S. and Bear River, May 30, Herbert Atlee, son of the late

St. John, May 30, Mary Rainbird, widow of the late Joseph Burns, 80 Halifax, June 3, Grace, daughter of Henry and Ellen Glazebrook, 12. North Sydney, May 28, Hugh Murray, son of John J. and Jessie Forbes, 1.

St. John, June 1, Geraldine, daughter of M. F., and Kate Mooney, 6 months. Big Bras d'Or, C. B., May 24, Caroline E. daughter of John and Agnes Old, 2.

Kennington Cove. N. S., of scarlet fever, Alexanter, son of Donald J. Wilson, 1. Villagedale, N. S., May 21, Claude Elmore, son William and Mina Nickerson, 6.

Shelburne, N. S., May 23, of consumption, Craswell, son of Joseph and Anna Guy, 20. Halifax, May 30, Bridget Frances, daughter of Daniel and Catherine Kennedy, 14. New Germany, N. S., May 26, of consumption, Rachel Ann., wife of Albert DeLong, 71.

The danger Milk. Are you giving your baby cow's milk or any

food requiring cow's milk in preparation?

Any doctor will tell you that the worst forms of tubercular disease are conveyed through the medium of cow's milk. In this connection

Nestle's Food

is invaluable, as with the addition of water only it is a safe and entire diet for infants.

A large sample and our book "The Baby" sent on application. Thos. Leeming & Co., 25 St. Peter St. Sole Agents for Canada. Montreal.

Springville, N. S., Allison Chambers, son of Sarah M. and H. W. Murdoch, 4 months. St. John, June 3, Mary Helen, daughter of

Robert and Annie Wisely, 5 months. West River, P. E. I., May 25, of scarlet fever, George Huestis, son of Charles Hyde, 17. St. John, June 3, Mrs. Isabella Lindsav, daughter of the late Andrew and Margaret Emery.

Yarmouth, May 29, of heart disease, Florence, daughter of Alfred and Nellie Eldridge, 16. Jordan Bay, N. S, May 23, of scarlet fever, Calvin, son of Gilbert, and the late Laura Ervine, 2. Greenwich, June 1, Kathleen Sutherland, daughter of E. D. and Elizabeth Whelpley, 3 months. East Port Medway, N.S., of consumption, Florence daughter of Sileon and Sarah Ann Bowers, 27.

RAILWAYS.

ANADIAN PACIFIC KY **Excursions**

CANADIAN NORTHWEST, MANITOBA, ASSINIBOIA. SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA. EXCURSION TICKETS good for second-class-continous passage, to start on June 11, 18, 25, or July 16, and good for return within 60

days at from \$28 to \$40 each. Full particulars of Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

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

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... Express for Halifax.....

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 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mo-treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at

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..... Express from Moncton (daily)..... Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-

bellton.... Express from Halifax and Sydney..... The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Offire, Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

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. 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wed

nesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis LEAVE ANNAPOLIS - Express daily at 12.55 p. 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thurs-

day and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Mindsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with st'mr Bridgewater for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co., for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. 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 Windser and Annapolis Railway.

Trains are run by Railway Standard Time.
J. BRIGNELL, Yarmouth, N.S.

General Superintendent. STEAMERS.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN.

CRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. And all intermediate stopping places. HE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNES-DAY and SATURDAY morning at 8.30 o'clock, ocal time.

Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown

Wharf each way. FARE-St. John to Salmon River of days, continuous passage....\$2.00

All UP FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged rom steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will

will leave her wharf at Indiantown

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton add other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 5.40 a. m., for St. John and intervening points. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Winter Arrangement.



Wm. McMULKIN,

COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of thiscompany will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p.m., for East-

port and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer () be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents. C. BABBITT.