to please him eli, and Mr. him with an all den lean beek in her chan with an arm told yet so" expression on her shre

Salome Rogers looked at her sister reproach ally a moment, then with an effort she answered quietly.

"I have sought to rule him through lovery Caroline."

"Fiedlesticks, Salome, you are altogether too soft where Harold is concerned. A good thrashing once in a while does a boy nore good than kisses and coddling.

"But you must remember that Harold tather's love or tare; I could not be harsh with him, Caroline," answered Salome, her blue eyes filling with tears as they glanced wistifully out over the landscape, as if they saw through space a lonely grave in a far off Southern field.

Mrs. Holden moved uneasily in her chair, then rising she said hastily.

"Well, well, Salome, don't fret; it may rove a good lesson to Harold, and though no doubt, you are disappointed about the hope you don't begrudge it to you are accused of ?"

Philip curious look swept for an instant Salome Rogers' face, and her vo grew a shade colder as she answered.

You are welcome to the money, Ca line, it is my poor boy's disgrace, and father's disappoinment that grieves me; but I cannot talk about it any longer today, so

In the seclusion of her own chamber the last shred of composure forsook her and sent up a prayer for help in her hour of placed there out of curiosity to see if these defiantly trial.

ly homeward. "I never did understand anyway, and he's earned it too, I guess."

were sisters, although as totally unlike as if born of different parents. Brought up channels. Both were married at an early home of her childhood, she lived a life of had passed at the restaurant. quiet self-denial, tenderly caring for her aged parents in their declining years, and noble boy. With Caroline, life had been more prosperous. Her husband, a shrewd business man, had accumulated a considerable property during the late war, and with true Yankee thrift had invested to such good advantage, that at the time our story opens he held the deeds of nearly a third of the property of the little village of

Three sons had blessed this union. Philip, the oldest, was at this time twenty years of age, and a year younger than his cousin Harold. Both boys were bright, intelligent, and wide-awake, though as different in looks as the two women who bore them. Harold Rogers was a broad shouldered, golden-haired young giant, six feet high, with tearless blue eyes and a sunny smile. Warm hearted, generous and impulsive, he was a favorite with all who knew him. A bright scholar and quick to learn, he was yet too fond of active life ever to become a great student of books. This it was that his cousin Philip, though a year younger, had kept pace with him in his school life and was prepared to enter with dark hair and eyes, a sallow complexion and a quiet reserved manner, Philip Holden was almost the opposite in tastes and disposition from his cousin. Intensely fond of study, he was extremely ambitious of securing every honor that would fall to him through a high scholarship. The cousins, however, were much

lome and Caroline, was a clear-headed, tar- I can earn a home for you?" seeing old gentleman, and very fond of his grandchildren. From their childhood he had watched with interest the two boys Harold and Philip, studied their dis-Harold, his pride was gratified in the scholarly attainments of Philip, who so defidence in his abilities if he would but ap- his fair name should be removed. ply himself more closely, grandfather So, leaving the house of his childhood ability, Harold Rogers had determined to

At the university in C--- the two couskeeping shoulder to shoulder in the race for honors, till it had grown to be a quesdollars. It was nearing the middle of the last year in their college course, when, like a thunder-bolt falling in the midst of the quiet home life came the news that Harold Rogers was expelled from the Philip Holden's college days were over. college for some misdemeanor at present from the faculty announcing his expulsion | triumphant, had returned to his village ble in its half explanations, that poor Sa- for five thousand dollars was placed in N - for a new home in the far west. In lome's heart ached for her boy, and she could only wait with an unutterable long- words of praise sounded cold and torced. Words of praise sounded cold and torced. could only wait with an unutterable long- words of praise sounded cold and forced. followed, Salome Rogers's heart grew ing for his home-coming. Grandtather Martin's rage and disappoinment knew no bounds, and in his anger he said many hitten things to his unbanner density of teeling little dreamed of by that tensity of teeling little dreamed of by that the bounds and Ruth, purest and brightest of all bitter things to his unhappy daughter, ut- innocent maiden, for the praise that would shone that mother's faithful love.

with his grandson or his grandson's future.

Holden was Descon Holden's ward and tossed it, with a mischievous laugh, into orphan child of his only brother, whose had left her to the care of her uncle "What a tragic look, cousin Philip." death had left her to the care of her uncle "I'm sorty for you. Salome, though to and his wife Having no daughter of her tell the trust it's no more than I expected, own Caroline Holden had learned to love the beautiful young girl, whose bright face | hand as he said in a low, earnest voice. and sweet disposition seemed like a ray of sunlight in the home life.

With a snug little bank account of her wn Ruth was in no way dependent on her uncle for her maintenance, and, alas! for poor buman nature, the said bank account was not the least of her charms in the eyes

r relatives walked up the path that led to the old farmbouse, and pushing open the door, soon d his mother in his arms.

"Harold, my poor boy, what have you has been my all, and has never known a done?" said Salome, kissing him tenderly. Disgraced myself and my family, so the faculty sav." answered Harold bitterly.

"I cannot believe it, my son. Tell me it is not true." "No, mother, it is not true; and as God

hears me I am not guilty of the crime laid at my door. And Harold Rogers's honest blue eyes

looked tearlessly into his mother's face. "I know it, dear, I trust you fully. But tell me. Harold, what is this dreadful thing

er's lap as in the days of his childhood, dear, dear Ruth?" Harold told the whole miserable story. Professor Blank, one of the faculty of please excuse me," and she abruptly left of money in bank bills. Not finding it roses beside her. after a diligent search through the college grounds, he made inquiries of the students,

but, apparently, no one had seen it. Each with a groan she covered her face with her of the bank bills had a small red cross in bills would ever return to his hands after "How odd Salome is," mutterd Caro- once leaving them. A week passed by, line Holden to herself as she walked switt- when one day while the professor was paying for bis lunch at a little restaurant close her. Well, the money will be Phillip's to the college grounds, one of the marked bills was handed to him in change for a Salome Rogers and Caroline Holden larger one. With a start he recognized in the thriving village where they still re- it, and if he could remember who had sided, their lives had yet run in different passed the bill? The man said yes to both questions, and said that Harold Rogers had age, but Salome's happiness was but short- given him the bill only the day before in lived, for a widow's cap soon covered her payment for his dinner. After consulting golden locks, while a soldier's grave hid with the rest of the faculty, the professor the form of her beloved one. Only her decided to search Harold's room while he year-old baby boy with his father's eyes | was absent, and on doing so, the pocketand smile was lett to remind her of her book was found at the bottom of his trunk, brief dream of bliss. Sheltered in the and every bill was there save the one he

Harold's protestations of innocence were all in vain; the evidence was too strong feeding her hungry heart on the love of her against him, and though the affair was not to be made public they decided that his expulsion was absolutely necessary, and a just punishment for his crime. Harold's voice was husky with suppressed feeling as he finished his bitter tale, while the tears fell from his mother's eyes on to his bowed

> "Do you remember how you came by that bill, Harold?" said his mother at last. "Yes, Philip came to me that very morning and asked me to change a bill for him. I did so, and atter he had gone I noticed

the red cross in one corner. "Philip!" cried Salome in a smothered voice, and Harold, litting his head, the eyes of mother and son met in the gathering darkness; then with a cry of, "My poor, poor boy!" a long silence fell be tween them.

The moonlight lay in silvery patches along the quiet country road, and made gigantic shadows of the two figures that were slowly walking amid the dewy stillness. The soft murmur of their voices sounded clear on the evening air, and an college the same year. Slight of build, exquisite robin sprang up from her nest, and, perching on the bough of on apple tree beneath which the shadows had pausd, seemed to be listening eagerly.

"Did you believe me gailty, Ruth?" said the taller shadow.

"Never, Harold," said the other with a trustful look upward.

"If grandtather would have more faith attached to each other, seemingly drawn in me," said the tall shadow with a sigh. the closer together by the dissimilarity of ... Weil, he may think differently, some day, and meanwhile I am going away to make Grandfather Martin, the father of Sa- my fortune. Will you wait, dear Ruth, till

"As long as you wish," answered the other softly.

As the sweet girl face lifted up in the moonlight, the tall shadow bent to meet it, positions, and speculated as to their tuture; and the robin, no doubt shocked at the and while his heart was drawn more toward | sight, fluttered noisily back into her nest.

The parting between mother and son was a sad and bitter one, yet Salome terminedly kept pace with his elder cousin. Rogers felt that it was best for her boy Desirous of giving a new incentive to study | that he should seek new fields till the on Harold's part, and having great con- shadow of disgrace that at present clouded

Martin had placed the sum of five thousand | the mother whose love had been his all, dollars in the village bank to be given to and the new hopes that had come to him the boy who graduated with the highest in his young manhood, Harold took the honors, and should they leave college with | burden of his future into his own hands, the same scholarly standing the money was and in a western town commenced life to be divided between them. With no anew. Believing with the sublimity of a prospects for the future save what should mother's love, in her boy's integrity, Sacome to him through his own energy and lome once more took up the thread of her lonely existence, waiting with infinite patience the dawn of brighter days. Sympathizing with Harold's mother in her ins had passed three years of hard work, anxiety and sorrow, Ruth Holden confessed to "Aunt Salome," as she had been wont to call her, the secret of her love. tion which would win the five thousand Salome's tender heart went out to the fair young girl who was her son's choice, and together the two women waited and

prayed for the absent one. The weeks and months sped on, and With graceful ease he had carried off the shrouded in mystery. Following the letter | highest honors of his class, and flushed and there came a letter from Harold to his home, there to receive the proud congratumother, so wild in tone, so incompreheusi- lations of his parents and friends. A check Harold and his mother left the village of St. Stephen, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Rev.

terly refusing to have anything more to do pay him for his greatest efforts. with his grandson or his grandson's future. Throwing himself on the grass at her feet, as she sat one day in the garden, he was one member of the household whose gased up at her with an odd expression in always blamed onto me," sniffled the small girlish heart was filled with grief and pity his dark eyes. The July sunshine lay boy, "an' I'm just getting tired of it. I'll for Harold, and who secretly longed to warm about them, and the air was full of run away, that's what I'll do. Doggone if

Philip caught the rose with a swift gesture, and crushed it almost fiercely in his

"Why do you not congratulate me, Ruth? Are you not pleased at my success?" "Of course I am, Phil," answered Ruth a little constrainedly, "are we not all very

proud of our college boy?"

"Pshaw! Ruth, that isn't saying you care, and, oh! heavens, I would rather have you care than all the rest of the world put The shadows of an early twilight were together," and springing up Philip seized swiftly gathering, when Harold Rogers his cousin's hands and holding them in a close grasp he went on breathlessly, "You think me only a boy, Ruth Holden, but I have a man's heart in my breast and I love you as truly and deeply as though I was thirty instead of twenty.

Surprised and a little frightened at Philip's wild manner, Ruth forced herself from his hold.

"Hush! cousin Philip, you must not say such things to me, I will not listen," and she turned to leave him; but Philip caught her almost rudely by the arm and pushed her back into the garden chair.

"You must listen to me, Ruth, I cannot keep still any longer, for I have loved you ever since we were children, and have dreamed, and planned, and worked with Then in the gloaming of that summer's | the one thought that some day you would night, with his head pillowed in his moth- be my wife. Have you no love for me,

"You forget, Philip, that we are cousins, and as such it would be wrong for us to C- University, suddenly missed his marry; I could never care for you in the pocket-book one day, containing some im- way you desire, for I-I love another." portant papers, and quite a large amount and Ruth's face grew as crimson as the

"Is it Harold Rogers?" cried Philip fiercely, his eyes glowing with a jealous fire, while his sallow cheek grew pale.

"You have no right to ask, Philip, and bands and wept, while her aching heart one corner which Professor Blank had I'll not answer your question," said Ruth

"Ha! Ha! I congratulate you on your choice, cousin Ruth. Harold Rogers, the thief," and Philip laughed scornfully. "How dare you say such a thing. Har-

old is not a thief and you know it. But it he were I would marry him before I would a coward and a slanderer like Philip the red cross, and pointing it out to the man in charge asked him if he had noticed wrenching herself from her cousin's hold wrenching herself from her cousin's hold she fled from his presence.

Almost beside himself with jealousy and disappointment, Philip started off for a long tramp in the woods, as it to hide in the depths of the gloomy forest the evil spirits that had taken possession of him. The silence of midnight had settled over the little village when the sound of carriage wheels rattling up to the farm house door, awoke Salome Rogers from her slumbers. Hastening to open it, she was met by two of the neighboring farmers bringing in their arms the apparently lifeless her nephew, Philip Holden.

"We found him lying unconscious beside the road on the outskirts of the wood." answerered one of the men. "He must have accidentally shot himself, for his gun was lying beside him and there is a deep wound

"What has happened?" she

At these words Salome's motherly heart took instant fright, and without further questioning, she helped to get the poor boy into bed, while the man hastened to bring a physician and to notify his parents of the accident that had betallen their boy. For many days Philip's life was despaired of but at last the deadly bullet, that had narnowly escaped a vital part, was found, and though weak from the loss of blood, he was announced out of danger. Then it was that the spirit of remorse urged the unhappy boy to unburden his heart of its weight of guilt, and calling his aunt to his side he whispered faintly.

"It was not an accident, Aunt Salome, I shot myself intentionally." "Oh! Philip! why should you do such a thing?" said Aunt Salome, shocked and

"It was dreadfully wicked, I know, but I did not want to live without Ruth's love. But Harold is far more worthy of her than I am, for it is I who should be branded a thief and not cousin Harold."

Salome Rogers' heart gave a great bound, and calling her sister Caroline from the next room, together they listened to the boy's confession. It was he who had tound the professor's pocketbook, and in his jealousy of Harold who was fast outstripping him in the race for honors, the mad scheme to ruin his cousin's career had flashed into his mind, and hushing the voice of his conscience he had carried it out, with what success we all know.

Like the golden key that opens the door of Paradise, seemed that brief telegraphic dispatch that came to Harold Rogers in that far-off western town.

"Come home, your honor is vindicated." As slow as a snail seemed the lightning express that bore him back to his native place, but the end of his journey was reached at last. Then, amid the general rejoicings that followed his arrival, he forgave and forgot the misery of the past six

"The money is yours by right," said Philip, handing Harold the check for the five thousand dollars, "I never could have

won it fairly." With a feeling he could not explain, Harold refused to take it, so it was decided to divide the sum between them, and thus the matter was settled. A little later and grandfather Martin had passed to his long home, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his daughter Salome whose tender care had brightened his declining years.

In this world of joy and sorrow, clouds and sunshine, life's changes follow swiftly one upon the other, and oft the clang of strains of the funeral march. Thus it was that a quiet little wedding took place before many months had elapsed, and Ruth Holden became Ruth Rogers, and with

A Small Li Hung Chang.

"Every thing that is done in this house is comfort his mother with the assurance of the scent of roses. Pulling a fragrant I mean to be the Li Hung Chang of this her continued faith in his honor. Ruth blossom from the bush close by, Ruth family any longer."

Amherst, Oct. 6, to the wife of J. D. Willis, a son. Bridgetown, Oct. 1, to the wife of Jesse Hoyt, a son Lunenburg, Oct. 5, to the wife of Willie Zwicker, a

Richibueto, Oct. 1, to the wife of Celim Robichaud, St. Charles, Oct. 3, to the wife of Adolphe Vantour,

Moncton, Oct. 10, to the wife of Dr. McCully, daughter.

daughter. Lunenburg, Oct. 5, to the wife of John Naas,

Minudie, Oct. 8, to the wife of James A. Howard, a

daughter.

Yarmouth, Oct. 7, to the wife of E. S. Matheson, a Chatham, Oct. 3, to the wife of E. J. Payson, s

daughter. Halifax, Oct. 15, to the wife of Frank J. Phelan, daughter. Woodstock, Oct 13, to the wife of F. L. Atherton,

a daughter. Charlottetown, Oct. 10, to the wife of F. DeC. Davier, a daughter. Lunenburg, Oct. 2, to the wife of Zenas Moser,

a daughter. Charlottetown, Oct. 9, to the wife of W. C. Turner, a daughter Caledonia, N. S., Oct. 4, to the wife of N. E. Doug-

Round Hill, N. S., Oct. 9, to the wife of John Robinson, a son Lower Granville, Oct. 1, to the wife of John E.

Yarmouth, Sept. 30, to the wife of Captain A. Kimball, two daughters. Riverside, N. B., Oct. 2, to the wife of George D. Prescott, a daughter. Louisburg, C. B., Sept. 30, to the wife of H. C. N. LeVatte, a daughter.

MARRIED.

to Pearl Marshai

form of | Halifax, Oct. 11, by Rev. R. Smith, Theodore Burgeas to Eva Collins.

Dingee to B. Hughes. Yarmouth, Oct. 4. by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Leland Haley to Luella Patten. Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. C. Borden, J. J. Pitch-

Wolfville, Oct. 10, by Rev. R. C. Hind, Ralph H. Watson to Susan Pryor. Sackville, Oct. 10, by Rev. W. Harrison, Edgar Aver to Lizzie B. Scott.

Hantsport, Oct. 10, by Rev. W. Philips, Frederick C. Eato to Mary North. remouth, Oct. 3, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Thomas Williams to Annie Smith lifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. F. H. Almon, William leeson to Sarah Hogan.

H. Carnall to Jennie Bell. oifville, Oct. 10, by Rev. R. C. Hind, Ralph H. Watson to Susan D. Tuzo. Shelburne, Oct. 3, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Alex. S. Lyle to Mary A. Goodick. Penniac, Oct. 9, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Jeremiah Grant to Mary E. Gilmore.

Garland to Bessie Ritchie. St. John, Oct. 10, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, John Fitzpatrick to Mary E. Boland St. Stephen, Oct. 8, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Frank Dudley to Nellie L. Tapley.

Tatamagouche, Oct. 9, by Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, John C. Bell to Margaret A. Reid. Chatham, Oct. 10, by Rev. J. H. S. Sweet, Henry

Nerepis, Oct. 10, by Rev. H. T. Parlee, Wilbur J. McKenzie to Susan M. Nase. Truro, Oct. 9, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James A. Harpwell to Fannie E. Purdy. New Glasgow, Oct. 13, by Rev. R. MacDonald, J.

Newcastle, Oct. 10, by Rev. W. Aitken, Herbert McMillan to Emma A. Rundle Upper Kintore, N. B. Oct. 6, by Rev. A. Fitzpatrick, George Anderson to Jane Milne. Stellarton, Oct. 11, by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, Peter D.

Halifax, Oct. 15, by Rev. Dyson Hague, Edward Weatherdon to Louisa Sweeney. Rockland, Oct. 11, by Rev. A. W. Hayward, John McWinniman to Victoria Bishop. St. John, Oct. 10, by Rev. L. G. MacNeill, James McKilligan to Jennie C. Johnson

Port Elgin, Oct. 4, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Woodford E. Chapman to Nina Embree Fredericton, Oct. 11, by Rev. George B. Payson, James White to Bertha M. Porter.

St. John, Oct. 17, by Rev. Monsignor Connolly, James L. Riordon to Alice Connors. Parrsboro, Oct. 3, by Rev. James Sharp, Harvey Moreton Hatfield to Maude Hatfield. Freeport, N. S., Oct. 10, by Rev. C. C. Burgess, Prof I. Eugene Goudey to Mary Lent.

Mahone Bay, Oct. 9, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Robert T. Hyson to Martha M. Zwicker.

wedding bells drowns the last solemn Middle Stewiacke, Oct. 2, by Rev. C. McKinnon, strains of the funeral march. Thus it was James B. Rutherford to Jessie MacDonald. ward, Frank B. Boyer to Pearl Kirkpatrick. Gaspereaux, N.S., Oct. 2, by Rev. John Williams, William E. Anderson to Mrs. Blanche Smith.

Nine Mile River, N. S., Oct. 10, by Rev. Mr. Turner, Harry C. Broughton to Hattie S. Mc. Millan.

River Charlo, Oct. 1, by Rev. J. A. Greenless, assisted by Rev. J. R. Munro, M. Munroe, to Margaret MacDonald.

BORN.

Moncton, Oct. 9, to the wife of Fred H. Moore, a Parrsboro, Oct. 7, to the wife of A. W. Jackson, a

Lunenburg, Sept.28, to the wife of John Gillingham,

Hillsboro, Oct. 6, to the wife of Dr S. B. Hunter, a

Parrsboro, Oct. 3, to the wie of George Warren, a

Halifax, Sept. 13, to the wife of Walter Martin, a Amherst, Oct. 5, to the wife of Osbie Landry, a

Windsor, Oct. 2, to the wife of Mr. Naylor,

Truro, Oct. 13, to the wife of Fred Davidson.

Alpena, N. S., Oct. 7, to the wife of Andrew Stevens,

Clarence, N. S., Oct. 6, to the wife of Henry Starratt, a son. Charlottetown, Oct. 6, to the wife of C. R. Smallwood, a son. Nictaux Falls, Oct. 10, to the wife of J. Holland Neily, a son

Belleisle, N. S., Oct. 7, to the wife of George R. Bent, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Oct. 4, by Rev. J. Sharp, William Curry

John, Oct. 15, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Hobediar

er to Sarah Snellgrove.

St. Stephen, Oct. 8, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Frank Dudley to Nellie Tapley.

John, Oct. 10, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Walter

Ha'ifax, Oct. 13, by Rev. J. B. Hemeon, George

Newcastle, Oct. 6, by H. H. S. Sweet, Anthony Shannon to Rachel Sweeny. St. John, Oct. 15, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Charles

G. Uliock to Maggie Trevors.

Fredericton, Oct. 10, by Rev. George B. Payson, John Sutherland to Mary Kelly. Fraser to Maggie B. McKenzie.

Shelburne, Oct. 3, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Nathan Randle Decker to Ella B. Freeman.

Lockhartville, Oct. 3, by Rev. J. G. Bigney, An. drew Upshaw to Maggie M. Jackson. St. John, Oct. 11, by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, Thomas Alfred Buckle to Annie M. Buchanan. Plymouth, N. S., Oct. 2, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Zebina W. Earle to Chrissie M. Trefry.

Folly Village, N. S., Oct. 10, by Rev. William Mc-Nicol, Arthur Bates to Katherine Smith. Port Philip, N. S., Oct. 10, by Rev. C. H. Haver-stock, Ruius O'Brien to Minnie A. King. Pleasant Lake, N. S., Oct. 7, by Rev. J. W. Free-East Florenceville, Oct. 13, by Rev. A. H. Hay-

Windsor, Oct. 3, by Rev. Canon Maynard, assisted by Rev. Archdeacon Jones, J. T. Kieley to Maggie J. Powell. Pictou, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. Robertson, assisted by Rev. H. Putnam, Rev. A. J. McDonald to Catherine F. Robley.

Dartmouth, Oct. 10, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, assisted by Rev. S. A. Rogers and Rev. Dr. Smith, Rev. A. B. Higgins to Minnie G. Troop.

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SMITH & TILTON, Agents.St. John, N. B.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Oct. 5, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, assisted by Rev. G. C. P. Palmer, Lewis H. Beer to Winifred Geraldine McGre-

DIED.

Bristol, Oct. 12, James Meed, 81. St. Gorge, Oct. 2, John Taylor, 27. St. John, Oct. 16, Andrew Evans, 68. Halifax, Oct. 10, Jerry Harrigan, 32. Hillsboro, Oct. 8, John C. Lander, 47. Princeton, Oct. 1, Eva C. Sprague, 75. St. John, Oct. 14, George Brookins, 67. Halifax, Oct. 12, Kenneth McLeod, 28. Torbay, Nfld., Oct. 3, Philip Lacey, 44. Southesk, Oct. 3, Murdock McCarthy. Iona, C. B., Oct. 8, John S. McNeil, 69. Blackhouse, Oct. 1, Henry Zwicker, 81. Tower Hill, Oct. 4, Warren Powers, 67. Halifax, Oct. 10, Kenneth McLeod, 27. Richibucto, Oct. 14, Daniel O'Leary, 77. Keswick, Oct. 3, Mrs. George Estey, 82. Red Beach, Oct. 4, Fannie S. Brown, 40. Milltown, Oct. 1, Jennie H. McGraw, 41. Charlottetown, Oct. 5, Daniel Griffith, 79. Musquodoboit, Oct. 14, J. D. Tupper, 67. St. John, Oct. 10, Robert H. Simpson, 46. Waterville, Oct. 5, Mrs. William Cook, 86. Bay Road, N. B., Oct. 8, Andrew Boyd, 20. St. Stephen, Oct. 7, W. H. Todd, M. D., 62. Low Point, C. B., Sept. 30, Thomas Doyle, 85. Stellarton, Oct. 8, Mrs. Donald McPherson, 86. Truro, Oct. 9, Mary, wife of George Fields, 22. Devil's Island, Oct. 8, William Henneberry, 51. Stillwater, Oct. 4, Rev. Alexander Campbel, 82. Little River, N. S., Oct. 3, John Cruikshank, 76. North East Harbor, Oct. 2, Reid Greenwood, 58. Ludlow, Oct. 4, Ethel, daughter of Alired Hovey. Beaver Brook, Oct. 8, Mrs. Lavinia McFarland, 70. St. John, Oct. 10, Mary, wife of Edward Barke, 57. Salmon River, C. B., Oct. 11, Michael Murphy, 75.

Marshalltown, Oct. 4, Emily, wife of E. T. Haines, Bailley's Brook, N. S., Oct. 5, William McGillivray, Blanchard Road, N. S., Oct. 8, Kenneth McLennan, Truro, Oct. 7, Gilbert Gaza

St. John, Oct. 14, Ida, daughter of Frank and And Campbell Settlement, Oct. 10, William D. Camp-London, G. B., Oct. 9, Dunean McCarty, of Sydney North Williamston, Oct. 10, Carrie, wife of Wallace

Halifax, Oct. 12, Walter, son of Charles and Nora St. John, Oct. 13, Julia, widow of the lace Michael Dartmouth, Oct. 15, Caroline, wife of Alexa McKay, 45.

St. George, N. B., Annie, widow of the late James Hop well Hill, Oct. 4, Mrs. Tingley. Central Argyle, N. S., Oct. 6, of paralysis, David

St. John, Oct. 11, Mary, widow of the late James

St. John, Oct. 8, Regina, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Shea, 46. Halitax, Oct. 4, Mary, widow of the late William Dunsworth, 88 Yarmouth, Oct. 8, Wilbur Leslie, son of Albert and Yarmouth, Oct. 13, Harriett, widow of the late Dr.

St. John, Oct. 11, Francis, son of Lawrence and Hannah McGrath. Halifax, Oct. 10, Jeremiah, son of the late John and Ellen Harrigan, 31. Fredericton Junction, Robert, son of the late James

and Jane Artes, 52. Belmont, Sept. 30, Catherine, widow of the late Alpena, N. S., Oct. 6, of consumption, Major, son of George W. Gates. St. John, Oct. 12, William J., son of James and Annie McAndrey, 15.

Maugerville, Oct. 15, Louisa A., daughter of the late Amos Perley, 77. Yarmouth, Gct. 12, Harriet, widow of the late Dr. James M. Merrill, 70. Liverpool, Oct. 6, Frank, son of Charles and Eliza beth Mason, 9 months St. John, Oct. 12, Oda, daughter of Walter and Catherine Johnson, 20.

Fredericton, Oct. 12, Ann Forbes, widow of the late Cosmo F. McLeod, 74. River John, Oct. 7, Mrs. Herman Wilder, daughter of Andrew McKenzie, 28. Moncton, Oct. 7, Walter McCully, son of Waiter S. and Mary M. Bowness, 2 months. Clinton, Mass., Oct. 7, David A., son of the late Levi and Ruth Rogers, of Yarmouth, N. S.

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LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BE-On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894,

trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows : EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY: Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive hax,

6 25 p. m. Leave Ha'ifax, 6 40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m. Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville,

6.15 p. m.
Buff t Parlor Cars run daily each way on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. 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, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m. Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.

Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kent-Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; for Yarmouth, where close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston: at Middleton with the trains 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 S. S. Evangeline for Parrsboro and all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, and at W. Juncion and Halifax was Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for all points West.
For Tickets, Time Tables, See, apply to Station Agents, to 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City

Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager and Secretary; K. Sutherland, Resident Manager.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October. 1894, the trains of this Railway will run (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

A Parler Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20

and Halifax....

apress for Campbellion, Pugwash, Pictou

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at AINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

xpress from Sussex..... ess from Montreal and Quebec (Mon-Express from Halifax.

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-

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 Office,

Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894. CANADIAN A PACIFIC KY

TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE. Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St.

45 P Daily Except

Saturday For MONTREAL and intermediate points, making close connections with Fast Express Trains for OTTAWA, TORONTO, DETROIT,

For tickets, sleeping car accomodations, enquire at City Ticket office, Chubb's Corner. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B. Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal.

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