#### A WRONG RIGHTED.

A Storyl of, the New, Brunswick Lumber Regions.

Lumber had gone up, and the big mill on the Aspohegan was working overtime. Through the range of square openings aboard." under the eaves the sunlight streamed in steadily upon the strident tumult, the confusion of sun and shadow, within the mill. The air was sweet with the smell of tresh | the train roared into a cutting. sawdust and clammy with the ooze from the great logs just "yanked" up the drip-

In the middle of the mill worked the "gang," a series of upright saws that rose and tell swittly, cleaving their way with small; and whensoever a deal or a pile of sional brief moments of comparative silence, | angush. when several of the saws would chance to be disengaged at the instant, might be When first he had caught sight of Macheard, far down in the lower storey of the Pherson in the yard below the impulse to mill, the grumbling roar of the two great | rush down and throttle him was so tremendturbine wheels, which, sucking in the tor- ous that as he curbed it the blood forsook | the shore and was casting desperate glances tured water from the sluices, gave life to his face, leaving it the color of ashes, and

river stood open, to a height of about seven | the foreman drew near and Vandine asked feet, across the whole of the upper storey. him From this opening ran a couple of long, slanting ways, each two feet wide and about a hundred feet in length, raised on basin, at the lower end of which they were Good hand. gathered into raits. Whenever there was a break in the procession of deals, the be carted to the district station.

tall young tellow, in top boots, gray home- earth of its presence. spun trousers and blue shirt, was busy carting the sawdust to a swampy hollow near the lower end of the main slides.

Sandy MacPherson was a new hand. Only that morning had he joined the force soft felt from his whitish yellow curls, mop his red forehead, and gaze with a hearty appreciation at the fair landscape spread out beyond the mill. With himself and with the world in general he felt on fairly ment was watched with a vindictive and ominous interest.

of the main slides, stood a table whose pre- Just as he was leaving the cottage to residing genius was a little swinging circular. The circular was tended by a powerful sombre visaged old mill hand called 'Lije Vandine, whose office it was to trim square the ragged ends of the "stuff" before it went down the slide. At the very back of the table hummed the saw, like a great hornet; and whenever Vandine got two or three deals in place before him he would grasp a lever above his head, and forward through its narrow slit in the table would dart the little saw, and scream, its way in a second through the rough the blue-shirted figure below, and his harsh features would work with concentrated fury. These seven years he had been waiting for the day when he should meet

Sandy McPherson face to face. Seven years before Lije Vandine had been working in one of the mills near St. John, New Brunswick, while his only daughter, Sarah, was living out at service in the city. At that time Sandy McPherson by swiftly without their making his ac-

it not seldom happens that betrothal brings game that to strangers looked perilous as how I'd only got my deserts. I reckon with it rather more intimate privileges than enough, but there had never been an ac- as how I'm the little lad's father !" propriety would sanction, whence it came | cident, so at Aspohegan Mills it had outto pass that one evening Sarah returned to her parents unexpectedly, having been dismissed from her situation in disgrace.

Vandine, though ignorant, was a clearseeing man, who understood his own class thoroughly; and after his first outburst of wounded indignation he had torgiven and comforted his daughter no less tenderly bright laughter into the sawdust. than her mother had done. He knew perfectly that the girl was no wanton. He the disgrace by an immediate marriage. He visited the wharves, but the young man was not there. With growing apprehension learn that McPherson had left the place

not gone he would be in time to avenge with a sickening lurch plunged into the his poor girl. The boy, however, took churning basin. The child's shrill frightled him by a round-about way, so that just | waters checked it, as he drew near the station the western

young woman bedecked in many colors, dash madly down to the shore. and beside her a tall youth with a curly, yellow head, whom the boy pointed out as Sandy McPherson. He was beyond the stood still with an awful terror—he had reach of vengeance for the time. But the recognized the child's voice. In a second features stamped themselves ineffaceably he had flung himself down over the scaton the avenger's memory. As the latter turned away to bide his time, in grim "Hold back the deals! he yelled of the car said to her husband:

cars! Didn't you see? His arms kind o' stream of deals. Then the great turbines make, an' I don't hardly see how you could one pants leg in his boot. He looked kind silence was like a blow, and sickened the voice as he thought of it; for, as his wife of wild. I'm just as glad he didn't get a nerves.

"He's one of your old fellows as you've give the go-by to, I kind of suspicion 'Sis," replied the young man with a langh. and

About a year after these even's Vandine's wife died, and Vandine, thereupon reping slides from the river. One had to moved, with Sarah and her baby, to the inpitch his voice with peculiar care to make terior of the province, settling down finally it audible amid the chaotic din of the saws. at Aspohegan Mills. Here he built himself a small cottage on a steep slope overlooking the mill, and here Sarah, by her quiet and self-sacrificing devotion to her a pulsating, vicious clamor through an tather and her child, wiped out the memory the great planks kept dropping and plungndless and sullen procession of logs. of her error and won the warm esteem of ling and crushing about him, and had it not Here and there, each with a massive table | the settlement. As for the child, he grew | been for those timbers that cut him off to itself, hummed the circulars, large and into a handsome, blue-eyed, sturdy boy, from the air he was choking to breathe, he whom his grandfather loved with a slabs, was brought in contact with one of passionate tenderness intensified by a subtle of all human semblancs in a second. As the spinning disks, upon the first arching strain of pity. As year by year his it was, ere he had time to suffocate, Mac- their way through the logs and slabs and spurt of sawdust spray began a shrieking | daughter and the boy twined themselves | note, which would run the whole vibrant | ever closer about his heart, Vandine's hate and intolerable gamut as the saw bit through against the man who had wronged them the fibres from end to end. In the occa- both kept ever deepening into a keener to count the odds, which were hideously

But now at last the day had come. all the wilderness of cranks and shafts for a few seconds he could not tend his saw. Presently, when the yelping little demon That end of the mill which looked down was again at work biting across the timbers,

"Who's the new hand down vonder? "Oh," said the foreman, leaning a little over the bench to follow Vandine's pointtrestles. The track of these "slides," as | ing, "yon's one Sandy Macl'herson, from | burden. they are technically termed, consisted of a over on the Kennebec. He's been working series of wooden rollers, along which the in Maine these seven years past, but says deals raced in endless sequence from the he kind of got a hankering after his own saws, to drop with a plunge into a spacious own country, an' so he's come back.

"That's so," was all Vandine replied. All the long forenoon, amid the wild, or rollers would be left spinning briskly with menacing, or warning, or complaining cresa cheerful murmur. There was also a cendos and diminuendoes of the unresting shorter and steeper "slide" diverging to saws, the man's brain seethed with plans the lumber yard, where clapboards and of vengeance. After all these years of than his thirst for vengeance, and that one such light stuff were piled until they could waiting he would be satisfied with no com- thing was his love for Stevie. In spite of mon retribution. To merely kill the be- himself, and! indeed, to his furious self-In former days it had been the easy cus- trayer would be insufficient. He would scorn, he found his heart warming strangely no other woman I've ever set such store tom to dump the sawdust into the stream, wring his soul and quench his manhood to the man who, at deadliest risk, had but the fish wardens had lately interfered with some strange, unheard-of horror, ere saved the life of his darling. At the same and put a stop to the practice. Now, a dealing the final stroke that should rid the time he was conscious of a tresh sense of

crease itself in a dreadful smile as he pulled the lever that drove his blade through anticipated. the deals. Finding no plan altogether to at the Aspohegan Mill, and every now and his taste, however, he resolved to postpone then he would pause, remove his battered his revenge till night, at least, that he might have the more time to think it over. and to indulge the luxury of anticipation with realization so easily within his grasp.

At noon, Vandine, muttering to himself, climbed the steep path to the little cottage good terms-an easy frame of mind which on the hillside. He ate his dinner in silwould have been much jarred had he been | ence, with apparently no perception of conscious of the fact that from a corner in what was being set before him. His poor attempt to thank him. But he the upper story of the mill his every move- daughter dared not break in upon this preoccupation. Even his idolized Stevie could win from him no notice, save a smile In that corner, close by the head of one of grim triumph that trightened the child. turn to the mill ke saw Sarah start back from the window and sit down suddenly, grasping at her bosom and blanching to mouth with his open hand. Then he the lips as if she had seen a ghost. Glancing downward to the black road, deep with "Who is it?" he asked the girl.

scarlet, and averting her face.

Her father turned away without a word a voice as harsh as the saws. and started down the hill. Presently the girl remembered that there was something terrifying in the expression of his face as he white spruce. Every time he let the saw asked the curt question. With a sudden swing back Vandine would drop his eyes to vague fear rising in her breast, she ran to

the cottage door. "Father!" she cried-"Father!" But Vandine paid no heed to her calls, and after a pause she turned back into the room to answer Stevie's demand for a cup

Along about the middle of the afternoon, while Sandy MacPherson was still carting sawdust and Vandine tending his circular amid the whirling din, Stevie and some was employed on the city wharves, and an other children came down to play around the mill. The favorite amusement with pretty housemaid resulted in a promise of | these embryo mill hands, stream drivers | don't want to. The man that'd treat a girl marriage between the two. Vandine and and lumbermen was to get on the planks as like Sarah Vandine that way—hangin's too his wife were satisfied with the girl's ac- they emerged from the upper storey of the good for him." count of her lover, and the months slipped | mill and go careering swiftly and smoothly down the slides, till, just before coming to he dropped his eyes. the final plunge, they would jump off and fall on the heap of sawdust. This was a line had a' served me as he intended, I guess grown the disapproval of the hands. To Sandy MacPherson, however, it was new, and from time to time he eyed the sport apprehensively. And all the while Vandine | that he would have thought twice before glared upon him from his corner in the upper story, and the children raced shouting down the slides, and tumbled with have bitten his tongue out for what he had

Among the children none enjoyed more than Stevie this racing down the slides .- MacPherson. But now, after this day's His mother looking out of the window on tion of fetching Sandy out and covering up | the hillside, saw the merry little figure bare- | from this out." He shut his mouth with a headed, the long yellow curls floating out snap, and strode up through the piles of behind him, as he half knelt, half sat on the sliding plank ready to jump off at the prohe hastened to his boarding-house, only to per moment. She had no thought of danger as she resumed her housework. Neither | a magnificently heroic thing, and to get his had Stevie. At length it happened, how- mouth slapped for it was an exigency which next train, having been married the previous ever, that just as he was nearing the end of he did not know what to do with. He had the descent, an eagle came sailing low over- staggered against the boards from the force The man's pain and fury at this revelation head, caught the little fellow's eye, and of the stroke, but it had not occurred to almost choked him, but he mastered him- diverted his attention for a moment. It him to resent it, though ordinarily he was selt sufficently to ask a bell boy of the house was the fatal moment. Just as he looked hot-blooded and quick in a quarrel. He to accompany him to the station and point him out the betrayer. If the train had heart sprang into his throat, and the plank and abashed, and unspeakably aggrieved.

express rolled out with increasing speed. circular slip back into its recess, when he On the rear platform stood a laughing saw MacPherson spring from his cart and

At the same instant came that shrill cry,

"Hold back the deals! he yelled in a silence, the young woman on the platform voice that pierced the din. It was not five seen o' you," he explained. "Anyhow, I

"I wonder who that was, Sandy, that to know what had happened. Two men the wrong you done when you was younger. looked like he was going to run after the sprang on the slides and checked the But Sarah Vandine's as good a girl as they jerked out, like that; but he didn't start, ceased to grumble, and all the clamor of a served her that trick." after all. There he goes, up the hill, with the saws was husbed. The unexpected A certain asperity grew in the foreman's

> And meanwhile-Stevie? The plank that bore his weight, clinging desperately to it, plunged deeper than his tellows and came up somewhat further from the slide, but not now with Stevie upon it. The it was only to strike against the bottoms of and before she died she told me all about three or four deals that lay clustered to-

reality the child's salvation, for during the halt or three-quarters of a minute that intervened before the slides could be stopped, would have been crushed and battered out

In an instant the young man's heavy boots were kicked off, and without pausing against him, he sprang into the chaos of whirling timbers. All about him pounded the falling deals, then ceased, just as he made a clean dive beneath that little cluster that covered Stevie. As Vandine reached over the basin in search of some clue to guide the plunge, MacPherson reappeared at the other side of the deals, and Stevie's yellow curls were floating over his shoulder. The young man clung rather faintly to the supporting planks, as if he had overstrained himself, and two or three hands, who had already shoved off a "bateau" pushed out and picked him up with his

Torn by a convulsion of fiercely antagonized feelings, Vandine sat down on the edge of the bank and waited stupidly. About the same moment Sarah looked out of the cottage door in wonder to see why the mill had stopped so suddenly.

In all his dreams Vandine had never dreamed of such chance as that his enemy should deserve his gratitude. In his nature there had grown up one thing stronger

The first clear realization that came to him was that, though he must kill the man who had wronged the girl, he would nevertheless, be tortured with remorse forever after. A moment more and -- as he the boy, now sobbing teebly, in his arms-he knew that his vengeance had been made forever impossible. He longed fiercely to grasp the fellow's hand and make some mastered the impulse-Sarah must not be forgotten. He strode down the bank. One of the hands had taken Stevie, and MacPherson was leaning against a pile of boards panting for breath. Vandine stepped up to him, his fingers twitching, and struck him a turious blow across the turned aside, snatched Stevie to his bosom, and started up the bank. Before going rotten sawdust, he saw MacPherson passing. two paces, however, he paused, as it oppressed by the utter stillness that "It's Sandy, she murmured, flushing followed his astounding act. Bending a strange look on the young man, he said, in

"An' he was sot on killin' me to-night, was he?" murmured MacPherson, in the deepest wonderment. "What might his name be anyhow?

"Lije Vandine", spoke up another of the hands. "An' that's his grandchild, Stevie. I reckon he must have a powerful grudge agin you, Sandy, or he'd never a' acted be called for an early train. that way.

MacPherson's face had grown serious and dignified. "Is the boy's father and mother livin'?"

he inquired. "Sarah Vandine's living with the old man," answered the foreman, "and as fine a girl as there'll be in Aspohegan. Don't know anything about the lad's father, nor

MacPherson's face flushed crimson, and "Boys," said he, huskily, "it' Lije Vand-

The hands looked at each other. Nothing could make them torget what MacPherson had just done. They were all daring and ready in emergency, but each man felt jumping into the basin when the deals were running on the slides. The foreman could

just said. He tried to mend matters. "I was going to kill you tonight, Sandy work of yourn, I guess yer safe from me sawdust toward the cottage on the hill.

As for MacPherson he was dumfounded. Though no boaster, he knew he had done alarm at something in Vandine's face, and ened shriek was not half uttered ere the the mystery. They looked as astonished Vandine had just let the buzzing little ashamed. Presently he ejaculated: "Well, I swan!" Then one of the men who had taken out the "bateau" and picked him up

found voice: "I'll be gosh-darned ef that ain't the damnedest," said he, slowly. "Why, so, I'd thought as how he was agoin' right down on his prayer handles to ye. That there kid is the apple of his eye."

" I wouldn't have thought you was that sort of a man to judge from what I've just seconds ere every one in the mill seemed reckon you've more'n made up this day for

'Lige's girl, not havin' no daughter of his

"It was lies as done it, boys," said Mac-Pherson. "As for whose lies, why that ain't neither here nor there, now-and she child had lost his hold, and when he rose as did the 'mischiet's dead and buriedit. That was last winter-of the gripand I tell you I've felt bad about it ever This though apparently fatal, was in since. And to think the little lad's mine! Boys, but ain't he a beauty!" and Sandy's face began to beam with satisfaction at the

thought. By this time all the hands looked gratified at the turn affairs were, to them, so plainly taking. Everyone returned to work the foreman remarking aside to a chum, "I reckon Sarah's all right." And in a minute or two the saws were once more shricking

On the following morning, as 'Lije Vandine tended his vicious little circular, he found its teeth needed resetting. They had been tried by a log of knotty timber. He unshipped the saw and took it to the toreman. While he was waiting for the latter to get him another saw, Sandy Mac-Pherson came up. With a strong effort Vandine restrained himself from holding out his hand in grateful greeting. There was a lull in the uproar the men torgetting to feed their saws as they watched the interview. Sandy's voice was heard all over the mill

" 'Lije Vandine, I saved the little lad's life, 'an that counts for something, but I know right well I ain't got no right to expect you or Sarah ever to say a kind word to me. But I swear, so help me God, I hadn't no sort of idee what I was doin'. My wife died las winter, over on the Kennebec, an' afore she died she told me everything-as I'd take it kindly ef you'd let me tell you, more particular, another time. An' was want'in to say now, I'd take it kind if you'd let me go up along to your place this evenin,' and maybe Sarah'd let me just talk to the boy a little. Et so be ez I could persuade her by and by to forget and forgive-and you'd trust me after what I'd done-I'd lay out to marry her the minute she'd say the word, fur, there ain't by as I do now by her, An'then, ther's Stevie-

"Stevie and the less hez both got a injury. A bitter resentment throbbed up good home," interrupted Vandine, roughly. Scheme after scheme burned through his in his bewildered bosom to think that Mac- "'n I wouldn't want a better for 'em," exmind, and at times his gaunt face would Pherson should thus have robbed him of claimed MacPherson eagerly, catching the the sweets of that revenge he had so long | train of the old man's thought. "What I'd | Napan, May 11, Catherine Ross, 84. want, would be, ef maybe you'd let me come in along with them and you."

By this time Vandine had got his new saw, and he turned away without replying. Sandy followed him a few paces, and then turned back dejectedly to attend his own saw Sandy step out of the "bateau" with circular-he having been moved into the

mill that morning. All the hands looked at him in sympathy, and many were the ingenious backwoods oaths which were muttered after Vandine for his ugliness. The old man paid little heed, however, to the tide of unpopularity that was rising about him. Probably, absorbed in his own thoughts, he was utterly unaware of it. All the morning long he swung and fed his circular. And when the horn blew for 12 his mind was made up. In the sudden stillness he strode over to the place where MacPherson worked, and said in a voice of affected carlessness:

"You better come along an' have a bite o' dinner with us Sandy. You'll be kinder expected, I reckon, for Stevie is powerful anxious to see you."

Sandy grabbed his coat and went along.

Thoughtful.

Next to a servant who never forgets a commission is one who is always prompt to acknowledge a fault, and, as far as possible, to make amends.

A traveller retired to his room in a country hotel, leaving word that he was to Next morning he was roused from a

sweet sleep by a violent knocking at the " Who's there?" "Are you the gentleman that was to be

called for the 5.15 train?" "Yes; all right."

"Then you can go to sleep again, sir. The train's gone.

Every baby is the sweetest baby in the world. You were once considered the sweetest thing in the universe, although you may not look it now.

The musical service at St. Paul's, in London, is said to be the finest in the world,

### BORN.

Halifax, May 23, to the wife of G. Davis, a con. Halifax, to the wife of F. S. Payne, a daughter.

Halifax, May 26, to the wife of A. T. Lawrence, Woodstock, May 17, to the wife of Dr. Kierstead, a

Amherst, May 18, to the wife of Charles Davidson, Inkerman, N. S., May 6, to the wife of J. A. Babin, New Glasgow, May 20, to the wife of S. G. Tupper,

Halifax, May 15, to the wife of E. W. Mills, daughter. Kentville, May 18, to the wife of R. W. Eaton, a Douglas, May 19, to the wife of W. N. H. Clements,

Sydney, C. B., May 17, to the wife of J. D. Brown, Alma, May 22, to the wife of Armour McFarlane, Acadia Mines, N. S, May 21, to the wife of Howard

Woodstock, May 27, to the wife of Forester Mc-Mount Uniacke, May 10, to the wife of Daniel Pat-

LaHave, N. S., May 17, to the wife of Rev. George D. Harris, a son Weymouth, May 11, to the wife of William Bonnafant, a daughter. Shelburne, N. S., to the wife of Capt. Jethro W. Nickerson, a son.

Waterville, N. S., May 16, to the Burke, a daughter. Stellarton, N. S., May 22, to the wife Munro, a daughter

Cariboo River, N. S., May 19, to the A. McLeod, a son. Bear River, N. S., May 14, to the wife of J. Wood Liverpool, N. S., May 22, Young, a daughter. Lancaster Heights, N. B.. May 27, to the wife Frank B. Carter, a daughter.

### MARRIED.

Union, N. B., May 22, Fenwick Annand to Mary A Summerside, May 18, William Wright to Minnie Caraquet, N. B., by Rev. J. Seller, John A. Ward

to Sadie Burbridge. Halifax, May 22, by R v. Father Forbes, John E. Nash to Fannie Duff. Truro, May 23, by Rev. John Robbins, George Jeffers to E len Reid.

Pugwash, May 8, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, James Colter to Effic McKim. St. John, May 23, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Silas W. Thorne to Selina Perry. Blissfield, May 6, by Rev. James A. Porter, Henry

Lions to Martha Car ell Lunenburg, May 19. by Ray J. L. Batty, William Mills to Minnie Zwicker Halifax, May 23, by Rev. F. M. Webter, William Halifax, May 24, by Rev. J. L. I aw-on, Samuel C. Ewing to Eva G Hewitt.

Lower Granville, May 15, by Rev. A. Gale, Fred. W. Bath to Racnie Clark. Halifax, May 28, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Emerson M. Barrett to Rosa Peters. Albert, May 26, by R v. Mr. Saunders, Wallace Graves to Minnie Webster. Halifax, May 24, by Rev. Dyson Hague, Alfred E. Newman to Agnes L. Gear. Hillsboro, May 39. by Rev. M. Gross, Sılas W. Martin to Sarah J. Bennett. Upper Stewiacke, by Rev. D. Stiles, William Crockett to Abigail Harrison. Fox Creek, by Rev. Father L. Leger, Amable D. Leger to Marie A Bourgeois.

Taylorville, N.S, by Rev. J. D. Spidell, Henry C. Taylor to Maggie E. Taylor Yarmouth, May 21, by Rev. J. A. H. Uavis, Maurice S. Mosher to Viola Graves. Deerfield, May 18, by Rev. C. D. Turner, Abner Andrews to Margaret Hatfield. Clarence, N. S., May 16, by Rev. R. B. Kinley, Edwin G. Gates to A. E. Marshall.

Studholm, May 23, by Rev. G. F. Dawson, James Clements to E.izab th Gamblin Halifax, May 22, by Rev. Monsignor Carmody, Thomas Kileen to Ceceiia Quinn. Halifax, May 24, by R. v H. H. McPherson, George Singer to Ella Blackbur Lunenburg, May 22, by Rev. Mr. McGillivray, William S. Cakin to Mary Aker.

Frederictor, May 21, by Rev. R. W. Weddall, Alexander Beek to Mahala White. Dunbarton, N. B., May 22, by Rev. J. H. Clarke, Edward Smith to Neilie A. Graham. Bear Point, May 19, by Rev. William Halliday, Edward Nickerson to Ella Stoddard. Lunenburg, May 20, by Rev. Geo. D. Harris, Captain James Lohnes to E ta Schmeiser ictoria Mines, May 13, by Rev. A. McKenzie, Daniel Campbell to Tessie Livingston. Lower Selma, N. S., May 10, by Rev. E. J. Rattee,

Edwin S. Dalrymple to Annie McKenzie. Windsor, May 24, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Captain George A Barker to Mrs. Mary A. Marsh. pper Florencville, May 23, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Henry M. Sewell to Ellen Robinson. Lower East Pubnico, May 20, by Rev. William Halliday, Rufus McComiskey to Annie Malone. Country Harbor, N. S., May 21, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, David H. Graham to Alice E. Hallett.

#### DIED.

Kingston, May 20, William Cail, 72,

St. John, May 30, James Hayes, 69. St. John, May 28, Maggie Pierce 26 St. John, May 27, James B. Pace, 81. Truro, May 27, William Blackmer, 56. St. John, May 25, Patrick Quigley, 45. St. John, May 29, Rrigget Heffern, 80. St. John, May 26, Talbert Lambert, 19. St. John, May 23, Gilbert Murdoch, 74. Upper Kent, May 16, W. H. Squires, 52. Arichat, C. B., May 20, Peter Bosdet, 80. Woodstock, May 19, David J. Holder, 65. Albany, N. S., May 21, Handley Merry, 80. Avonport, N. S., May 21, Asa Davidson, 78. Durham, N. S., May 12, Daniel Creighton, 60. Truro, May 17, Mary, wife of John Ervin, 54. Kingston, May 19, Mrs. Thomas Dickinson, 48. Black Cape, N. B., May 18, Mrs. John Willett. Sydney, C. B., May 13, David W. Boutillier, 91. St. John, May 24, Louisa, wife of Alfred Stanton. Windsor, May 18, of paralysis, Hugh Frizzle, 72. Halifax, May 21. Minnie, wife of John Mahar, 21. Lower Canard, N. S., May 17, Elward DeWire, 73 Campbellton, May 18, Mrs. Johnson McKenzie, 44. Salem Creek, N. B., May 10, W. James Wilson, 74. Burton, May 19, Hannah, wife of Wesley Barker. Truro, May 26, Sarah, widow of the late John King

Kentville, May 17, Murray Sewall, son of F. Hanson, Halifax, May 20, Augusta, wife of John O'Donnell, St. Martins, May 24, of heart disease, Daniel March, Bathurst, May 20, Annie, wife of David Landells

Stonehaven, N. B., Msy 29, Emily, wife of John W Birchtown, N. S., May 20, of consumption, James

Moncton, May 28, Nathalie, wife of A. A. Bour geois, 43. Halifax, May 23, Hannah, widow of the late John Mount Uniacke, N. S., May 12, Mrs. Mary Shun-Bathurst, May 3, Eiiza, widow of the late William Barry, 82. North Sydney, May 22, Ellen, wife of Patrick. Dowd, 33, Semerset, May 16, Betsey, widow of the late Patrick Grace, 73 Folly Village, May 22, Laura, wife of W. C. D Lewisville, May 28, Rebecca, wife of Arthur

South Richmond, N. B., May 17, Catherine Dartmouth, May 23, Bessie Blanche, wife of W. F. Stevens, 24. St. John, May 29, E izabeth, daughter of the late, John Coyle. Middleton, May 17, Hannah, wife of William Murphy, 80. St. David, May 16, Mary C., daughter of William Aylesford, N. S., May 8, Angelira, wife of James

Apohaqui, May 24, of heart disease, Weeden J. Wetmore, 52 Lower Selma, N. S., May 23, Cassie, daughter of John Crowe. St. John, May 27, Caroline, wife of Charles, F Dykeman, 28 Lower Cariboo River, May 17, Andrew Herdman McKenzie, 18 Halifax, May 27, Mary A. Stevenson, wife of Theo

Brooklyn, N. S., May 10, Martha, wife of George Fenobsquis, May 14, Amos, son of Oliver and Isa St. John, May 22, Katie, daughter of Charles H. and Amelia Piercy, 5 Benton, May 15, Mrs. Florence Mullin, daughter of Mr. Leighton, 22.

Kingston, N B., May 12, Helen, widow of the late William Martin, 84. St. John, May 28, Robert Long, son of John S. and Rebecca C. Corbett. Chatham, May 22, George A., son of Alex, and Mary McKinnon,10. Upper South River, N. S., May 11, Catherine, w of George Hattie, 79.

Dartmeuth, May 23, Purslow Scott, son of Edward and Eliza Forbes, 11. Moncton, May 28, Barbara, widow of the late Nor man McKendrick, 67 St. John, May 30, Mary Rainbird, widow of the late Joseph Burns, 80.

St. Stephen, May 22, Stella May, daughter of John, and Isabella Nesbitt, 11. Carleton, N. B. May 22, Daniel, son of William and Sarah J. Coyle, 2 months. Halifax, May 24, Arthur, son of Blanchard and Christie B, Henry, 14 days.

Fairview, N. S., May 22, James McKenzie, son of Alex. and Sarah DeForest, 5. Halifax, May 23, Lillian, daughter of Samuel and Mary Warner, 14. Moneton, May 22, of consumption, Elizabeth Ann, wife of William M. Bovard, 39.

East Weymouth, N. S., May 12, Ruth F., daughter of James and Elmira Gumb, 16. Upper Ooslow, May 9, Sadie Lavinia, daughter of George E. and Kate Dickson, 2.

North East Margaree, C. B., May 14, Samuel, son of Isabel and Samuel Morrison, 4. Northport, May 13, of consumption, Thomas A., son of Martin and Mary J. Gilroy, 24. Rothesay, May 18, M. Lorne, son of George A. and Augusta E. Vincent, 18 months.

Lorneville, May 11, of congestion, Rachel, daughter of Alex. and Emma Fields, 9 months Upper Maugerville, May 22, of scarlet fever, Josie daughter of Charles and Delia Shields, 7. Montreal, May 23, Mary Hamm, widow of the late James McAlpine, of Fredericton, N. B., 78. Portland, Me., May 20, Elizabeth, wife of C. F. Lombard, and daughter of William McLean, of Chatham, 43

RAILWAYS.

# ANADIAN TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS

JAPAN, CHINA, &c On Arrival of Express Trains from the East, July

FOR HAWAII AND AUSTRAWA, at 7 a. m. on June 16, July 16 and Aug. 104. For rates of tare and other information apply at Company's offices, Chubb's Corner or at Passenger

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B. Gen'l Pass'r Agt.,

Intercolonial Railway On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT.

1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....

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. real 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 Campbellton.... 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 Office, 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, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS - Express daily at 12.55 p. 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor 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 Windsen 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. I'HE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until fur-ther notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNES DAY and SATURDAY morning at 8.30 o'clock, Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown

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

Fare to intermediate points as low as by any This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of All UP FREIGHT must be prepaid, unles when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled

All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer.

Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE-Until further notice we will 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. Wm. McMULKIN, Manager.

## Agent at Indiantown.

will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SA ORDY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, hoss Glen Cuitton, 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.





Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.