

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

While the Northern Bruiser sat in the chair in his corner and was being fanned, he resolved to finish the fight at the next round.

The superior skill of his opponent was telling upon him, and although the Bruiser was a young man of immense strength, yet up to that time the alertness and dexterity of the Yorkshire Chicken had baffled him and prevented him from landing one of his tremendous shoulder thrusts.

But even though skill had baffled strength up to this point, the Chicken had not entirely succeeded in defending himself, and was in a condition described by the yelling crowd as "groggy."

When time was called the Bruiser was speedily on his feet.

The Chicken came up to the mark less promptly than his antagonist, but whether it was from weakness or lack of sight, he seemed uncertain in his movements, and the hearts of his backers sank as they saw him stagger rather than walk to his place.

Before the Chicken, as it were, fully waked up to the situation, the Bruiser lunged forward and planted a blow on his temple that would have broken the guard of a man who was in better condition than the Chicken.

The Yorkshire man fell like a log, and lay where he fell. Then the Bruiser got a lesson which terrified him.

A sickly ashen hue came over the purple face of the man on the ground. The Bruiser had expected some defence, and the terrible blow had been even more powerful than he intended.

A shivering whisper went around the crowd, "He is killed," and instantly the silenced mob quietly scattered. It was every man for himself before the authorities took a hand in the game.

The Bruiser stood there swaying from side to side, his gaze fixed upon the prostrate man. He saw himself indicted and hanged for murder, and he swore that if the Chicken recovered he would never again enter the ring.

This was a phase of prize-fighting that he had never before had experience of. On different occasions he had, it is true, knocked out his various opponents, and once or twice he had been knocked out himself; but the Chicken had fought so pluckily up to the last round that the Bruiser had put more of his tremendous strength than he had bargained for, and now the man's life hung on a thread.

The unconscious pugilist was carried to an adjoining room. Two physicians were in attendance upon him, and at first the reports were most gloomy, but towards daylight the Bruiser learned with relief that the chances were in favor of his opponent.

The Bruiser had been urged to fly, but he was a man of strong common sense, and he thoroughly understood the futility of flight. His face and his form were too well known all around the country. It would have been impossible for him to escape even if he had tried to do so.

When the Yorkshire Chicken recovered, the Bruiser's friends laughed at his resolve to quit the ring, but they could not shake it.

The money he had won in his last fight, together with what he had accumulated before for he was a frugal man—was enough to keep him for the rest of the days, and he resolved to return to the border town where he was born, and where doubtless his fame had preceded him.

He buckled his gaiters in a belt around him, and with a stout stick in his hand he left London for the north.

He was a strong and healthy young man, and had not given way to dissipation, as so many prize fighters had done before, and will again.

He had a horror of a cramped and confined seat in a stage coach. He loved the free air of the heights and the quiet stillness of the valleys.

It was in the days of highwaymen, and travelling by coach was not considered any too safe.

The Bruiser was afraid of no man that lived, if he met him in the open with a stick in his hand, or with nature's weapons, but he feared the muzzle of a pistol held at his head in the dark by a man with a mask over his eyes.

So he buckled his belt around him with all his worldly gear in a belt, took his own almost forgotten name, Abel Trenchon, set his back to the sun and his face to the north wind, and journeyed on foot along the king's highway.

He stopped at night in the wayside inns, taking up his quarters before the sun had set, and leaving them when it was broad daylight in the morning. He disputed his reckoning like a man who must needs count the pennies, and no one suspected the sturdy wayfarer of carrying a fortune around his body.

As his face turned toward the north his thought went to the border town where he had spent his childhood. His father and mother were dead, and he doubted now if any one there remembered him, or would have a welcome for him.

Nevertheless no spot on earth was so dear to him, and it had always been his intention, when he settled down and took a wife, to retire to the quiet little town.

The weather at least gave him a surly welcome. On the last day's tramp the wind howled and the rain beat in gusts against him, but he was a man who cared little for the tempest, and he bent his body to the blast, trudging steadily on.

It was evening when he began to recognize familiar objects by the wayside, and he was surprised to see how little change there had been in all the years he was away.

He stopped at an inn for supper, and having refreshed himself resolved to break the rule he had made for himself throughout the journey. He would push on through the night, and sleep in his native village.

The storm became more pitiless as he proceeded, and he found himself sympathizing with those poor creatures who were compelled to be out in it, but he never gave a thought to himself.

It was nearly midnight when he saw the square church tower standing blackly out against the dark sky; and when he began to descend the valley on the other side of which the town stood, a thrill of fear came over him, as he remembered what he had so long forgotten—that the valley was haunted, and was a particularly dangerous place about the hour of midnight.

To divert his thoughts he began to wonder who the woman was he would marry. She was doubtless now sleeping calmly in the village on the hill, quite unconscious of the approach of her lover and her husband.

He could not conceal from himself the fact that he would be reckoned a good match when his wealth was known, for, excepting the squire, he would probably be the richest man in the place.

However, he resolved to be silent about his wealth, so that the girl he married would little dream of the good fortune that awaited her.

He laughed aloud as he thought of the pleasure he would have in telling his wife of her luck, but the laugh died on his lips as he saw, or thought he saw, something moving stealthily along the hedge.

He was now in the depth of the valley in a most lonesome and eerie spot. The huge trees on each side formed an arch over the roadway and partially sheltered it from the rain.

He stood in his tracks, grasped his stick with firmer hold, and shouted valiantly, "Who goes there?"

"There was no answer, but in the silence which followed he thought he heard a woman's sob."

"Come out into the road," he cried, "or I shall fire."

His own fear of pistols was so great that he expected every one else to be terrified by the threat of using them; and yet he had never possessed nor carried a pistol in his life.

"Please—please don't fire," cried a trembling voice from out the darkness. "I will do as you tell me." And so saying the figure moved out upon the road.

Trenchon peered at her through the darkness but whether she was old or young he could not tell. Her voice seemed to indicate that she was young.

"Why, lass," said Trenchon kindly, "what dost thou here at such an hour, and in such a night?"

"Alas!" she cried weeping; "my father turned me out, as he has often done before, but tonight is a bitter night, and I had nowhere to go, so I came here to be sheltered from the rain. He will be asleep ere long, and he sleeps soundly. I may perhaps steal in by a window, although sometimes he fastens them down."

"God's truth!" cried Trenchon, angrily. "Who is thy brute of a father?"

The girl hesitated and then spoke as if to excuse him, but again Trenchon demanded his name.

"He is the blacksmith of the village, and Cameron is the name."

"I remember him," said Trenchon. "Is thy mother then dead?"

"Yes," answered the girl, weeping afresh. "She has been dead these five years."

"I knew her when I was a boy," said Trenchon. "Thy father, also, and many a grudge I owe him, although I had forgotten about them. Still, I do not but as a boy I was as much in fault as he, although he was harsh to all of us, and now it seems he is harsh to thee. My name is Trenchon. I doubt if any in the village now remembers me, although, perhaps they may have heard of me from London," he said, with some pride, and a hope that the girl would confirm his thoughts.

But she shook her head.

"I have never heard thy name," she said.

"Ah, well," he cried, "that matters not; they shall hear more of me later. I will go with thee to thy father's house and demand for thy admittance and decent usage."

But the girl shrank back. "Oh, no," she cried, "that will never do. My father is a hard man to cross. There are none in the village who dare contend with him."

"That is as it may be," said Trenchon, with easy confidence.

"I, for one, fear him not. Come, lass, with me, and see if I cannot, after all these years, pick out my father's dwelling. It is outrageous that thou should wander in this storm while thy father lies in shelter."

Nay, do not fear harm for either thee or me, and as for him, he shall not suffer if thou but wish it so."

And drawing the girl's hand through his arm, he took her reluctantly with him, and without direction from her soon stood before the blacksmith's house.

"You see," he said, triumphantly, "I knew the place, and yet have not seen the town for years."

Trenchon knocked soundly on the oaken door with his heavy stick, and the blows recoiled through the silent house. The girl shrank timidly behind him, and would have fled, but that he held her firmly by the wrist.

"Nay, nay," he said; "believe me there is naught to fear. I will see that thou art not ill-used."

As he spoke the window above was thrown up, and a string of fearful oaths greeted the two, whereat the girl once more tried to release her imprisoned wrist. Trenchon held it tightly, though, with a grip of steel.

The stout old man thrust his head through an open window.

"God's blight on thee," he cried; thou pair of fools who wish to wed so much that ye venture out in such a night as this. Well, have your way, and let me have my rest."

In the name of the law of Scotland I pronounce ye man and wife. There, that will bind two fools together as strongly as the archbishop spoke the words. Place the money on the steps. I warrant none will venture to touch it when it belongs to me."

And with that he closed the window.

"Is he raving mad or drunk?" cried Trenchon.

The girl gave a wailing cry. "Alas! alas!" she said; "he is neither. He is so used to marrying folk who come from England across the border that he thinks not it is his daughter that he is marrying. They come at all hours of the night and day, and he has married us. I am thy wife."

The astonished man dropped her wrist, and she put her hands before her eyes and wept.

"Married!" cried Trenchon. "We two married!"

He looked with interest at the girl, but in the darkness could see nothing of her. The unheeded rain pelted on them both.

"Hast thou"—he hesitated—"hast thou some other lover, since you weep?"

The girl shook her head. "No one," she said, "comes near us. They fear my father."

"Then, if this be true, why dost thou weep? I am not considered so bad a fellow."

"I weep not for myself, but for thee, who through the kindness of thy heart hast been led into this trap. Believe me, it was not my intention."

"Judging from thy voice, my child, and if thou favor'st thy mother, as I think, whom I remember well, this is a trap which I shall make little effort to get my foot out of."

But thou art dripping, and I stand chattering here. Once more I will arouse my father-in-law."

So saying he stoutly rapped again with his stick upon the door.

Once more the window was pushed up, and again the angry head appeared. "Get you gone!" cried the maddened blacksmith; but before he could say anything further, Trenchon cried out:

"It is thy daughter here who waits. Open the door, thou limb of hell, or I will burst in and cast thee out as thou hast done thy daughter."

The blacksmith, who had never in his life been spoken to in tones or words like these, was so amazed that he could neither speak nor act, but one stout kick against the door so shook the fabric that he speedily saw another such would break into his domicile; so, leaving the window open that his curses might the better reach them, the blacksmith came down and drew the barrier from the door flinging it open and standing on the threshold so as to bar all ingress.

"Out of the way," cried Trenchon, roughly placing his hand on the other's breast with apparent lightness, but with a push that sent him staggering into the room.

The young man pulled the girl in after him and closed the door.

"Thou knowest the way," he whispered. "Strike a light."

The trembling girl lit a candle, and as it shone upon her face Trenchon gave a deep sigh of happiness and relief. No girl in the village could be more fair.

The blacksmith stood, his fingers clenched with rage; but he looked with hesitation and respect upon the burly form of the prize-fighter. Yet the old man did not flinch.

"Throw aside thy stick," he cried, "or wait until I can get me another."

Trenchon flung his stick into the corner.

"Oh, oh!" cried the girl, grasping her hands. "You must not fight."

But she appealed to her husband and not to her father, which caused a glow of satisfaction to rise from the heart of the young man.

"Get thee out of this house," cried her father, fiercely, turning upon her.

"Talk thus not to my wife," said Trenchon, advancing upon him.

"Thy wife," cried the blacksmith in amazement.

"My wife," repeated the young man, with emphasis. "They tell me, blacksmith, that thou art strong. That thou art brutal I know, but thy strength I doubt. Come to me and test it."

The old man sprang upon him, and the Bruiser caught him by the elbows and held him helpless as a child. He pressed him up against the wall pushed his wrists together, and clasped them both in his gigantic hand.

Then placing the other on the blacksmith's shoulders, he put his weight upon him, and the blacksmith, cursing but helpless, sank upon his knees.

"Now, thou hardened sinner," cried the Bruiser, bending over him, "beg from thy daughter on thy knees for a night's shelter in this house. Beg or I will thrust thy craven face against the floor."

The girl clung to her newly found husband and entreated him not to hurt her father.

"I shall not hurt him if he do but speak. If he has naught but curses on his lips, why then those lips must kiss the flags that are beneath him. Speak out, blacksmith; what hast thou to say?"

"I beg for shelter," said the conquered man.

Instantly the Bruiser released him. "Get thee to bed," he said, and the old man slunk away.

"Wife," said Abel Trenchon, opening his arms. "I have come all the way from London for thee. I knew not then what drew me north, but now I know that One wiser than I led my steps thither. As far as erring man can promise, I do promise thee that thou shalt ne'er regret being cast out this night into the storm."

THE BABY ONCE MORE.

Serious Facts for the Consideration of Mothers.

All wise people will readily admit that, for young infants, the ideal food is healthy mother's milk; but when this is out of the question, a prepared infant food must be used. This prepared food should closely resemble healthy human milk.

It is now admitted everywhere that Lactated Food is the best substitute in the world for breast milk. Its basis is the same as that of mother's milk, that is, sugar of milk; and with it are combined the nutritive qualities of the great cereals, wheat, barley and oats, so prepared as to be readily digested and assimilated.

The efficacy of the nutritive qualities of Lactated Food has long been acknowledged by the medical profession. No other food in the world has received such hearty recommendations and praise from mothers.

It is the only food in the world that can ward off dysentery and cholera infantum; and it can truly be said that Lactated Food saves the babies from death.

Every mother should give her infant Lactated Food if it is not progressing in health and growth. One week's feeding with the great Food will satisfy any mother of its virtues and superiority.

Not Only Cuckoos Never Build.

The cuckoo, though making use of a nest for its eggs, never itself builds one, but invariably deposits its eggs in the nest of some other bird. The goat-suckers and stone-cuckoos build no nests, but merely lay their eggs on the ground, moving them when necessary from place to place. The same plan of doing without any nest and laying the eggs on the ground or rocks is practised by many of the aquatic birds such as the terns or sea-swallows, the common skua, many of the puffins, the black-throated diver, and the guillemot. The starling will occasionally deposit an egg on her nest, but, if interrupted, will frequently leave it and forget all about it. A number of birds deposit their eggs in holes in trees or in the ground, sometimes providing a lining of moss or other soft substance, and sometimes not.

Mrs. Gayboy—Is your husband's yacht a centreboard?

Mrs. Boozeleigh—No, a sideboard.

BORN.

Halifax, July 20, to the wife of Jas. Rosborough, a son.
Halifax, to the wife of W. C. Boxell, a daughter.
St. John, July 22, to the wife of T. Percy Bourne, a daughter.
Moncton, July 20, to the wife of William C. Toole, a son.
Chatham, July 20, to the wife of David Cassidy, a son.
Halifax, July 23, to the wife of A. M. Boutilier, a son.
Victoria, July 24, to the wife of Frank Gates, a daughter.
St. John, July 16, to the wife of Geo. W. Russell, a daughter.
St. John, July 12, to the wife of J. S. Currie, a daughter.
Windsor, July 13, to the wife of Thomas Redden, a daughter.
Moncton, July 23, to the wife of Geo. C. Allen, a daughter.
Halifax, July 23, to the wife of Samuel Jenkins, a daughter.
Truro, July 21, to the wife of D. A. Bishop, a daughter.
Halifax, July 24, to the wife of William Ryan, a daughter.
Parrsboro, July 15, to the wife of John Henderson, a daughter.
Halifax, July 17, to the wife of Arthur Stephenson, a daughter.
Halifax, July 15, to the wife of Surgeon-Major T. Dorman, a daughter.
Moncton, July 17, to the wife of William L. Cowling, a daughter.
Mahone Bay, July 17, to the wife of Rev. J. W. West Head, N. S., July 12, to the wife of Smith A. Nickerson, a son.

MARRIED.

Bayfield, July 17, by Rev. H. C. McNeil, Robert H. Robb, 11 days.
St. John, June 30, by Rev. Dr. Pope, Ford Yerra to Alice L. Cameron.
Halifax, July 19, by Rev. R. Smith, Nelson Fraser to Fanny MacLaughlin.
Wolville, July 31, by Rev. M. F. Freeman, Samuel Walsh to Olivia Morine.
Hopewell, July 11, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, Alex. C. Scott to Edith S. Leslie.
McNamee, July 14, by Rev. Mr. Bell, Ernest Miner to Hattie Dudley.
Sackville, July 4, by Rev. J. C. Berrie, Warren A. Beatty to Hattie B. Sears.
Yarmouth, July 19, by Rev. Dr. Filleul, Chas. E. Filleul to Jessie K. Miller.
Halifax, July 19, by Rev. Dyson Hague, Horace Thompson to Nellie Ross.
Argyle Sound, July 7, by Rev. W. Miller, W. Goodwin to Gracie Newell.
Scott's Bay, N. S., July 18, by Rev. Mr. Fisher, Orlay Steele to Leila Jess.
Chatham, July 17, by Rev. Henry J. Joyner, David Cripps to Bridget Holland.
Moncton, July 18, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, William E. Wilson to Susie Somers.
Springhill, July 18, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Henry Evans to Maggie Copeland.
Woodstock, July 24, by Rev. Canon Neales, Willard Carr to Caroline A. G. Bull.
Hopewell, July 11, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, David H. McKay to Jennie McDuff.
Deren Ridge, N. B., by Rev. J. K. King, Thomas W. Saunders to Ida M. Jones.
Westville, July 13, by Rev. R. Cummings, Thomas Marshall to Marian Hayman.
Bridgewater, July 10, by Rev. J. Sinclair, John A. McKenzie to Mabel Cameron.
Yarmouth, July 16, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Irvine R. Goldsmith to Effie Newell.
Bridgewater, July 19, by Rev. J. Sinclair, Robert G. McLeod to Ellen M. McKenzie.
Fredericton, July 18, by Rev. George E. Payson, Arthur Bennett to Kate Doak.
Fredericton, July 16, by Rev. G. B. Payson, Bernard McKenna to Alice Currie.
Westville, July 13, by Rev. R. Cummings, Thomas Marshall to Marian Hayman.
Moser River, July 15, by Rev. MacLeod Harvey, Nelson Moser to Matilda Moser.
Sydney, C. B., July 9, by Rev. David Hickey, Joseph Moore to Naomi Beaton.
Fredericton, July 18, by Rev. Geo. E. Payson, Charles Barker to Jennie Walton.
Centreville, July 14, by Elder Charlton, Daniel Watson to Mrs. Susan Nicholson.
Sidero, C. B., July 15, by Rev. James Quinn, James McDonald to Annie Steele.
Yarmouth, July 19, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Ralph McDonald to Florence E. Goodwin.
Bear Point, N. S., July 16, by Elder Wm. Haldiday, David Stoddard to Jennie Crowell.
Springville, July 18, by Rev. J. Sinclair, Wallace McKenzie to Margaret J. Lisholm.
St. John, July 19, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Charles L. McAllister to Maude M. Dingee.
Little River, N. S., July 17, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, John Stewart to Emma Rhind.
New Glasgow, July 14, by Rev. Arch. Bowman, Herbert E. Munson to Anna Elliott.
St. John, July 17, by Rev. W. J. Halse, James A. McKenzie to Henrietta P. Thompson.
Fredericton, July 18, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, John S. Donovan to Clara M. Stevens, of Westfield Centre, N. B.
Campbellton, July 9, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Havelock Thomson to Alberta Keith.
Dartmouth, July 20, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Alexander Munroe to M. Celestus Waddell.
Curryville, N. B., July 18, by Rev. D. H. Lodge, W. Temple Wright to Sarah J. Mathews.
Port Hastings, C. B., July 18, by Rev. Edgewood Ansell, M. D. Hemen to Emma T. Laurence.
New York, July 18, by Rev. Kenneth F. Ginnor, Chas. J. Miligan to St. John to Mary C. Stone.
Seattle, D. C., July 17, by Rev. David C. Garrett, James D. Seely, of St. John to Annie L. Kimball.
Calais, Me., July 18, by Rev. A. J. Padelford, Harry E. King to Clara M. Stevens, of Westfield Centre, N. B.

DIED.

Halifax, July 18, William Hart, 74.
St. John, July 19, David Tapley, 74.
St. John, July 23, Oliver Emery, 68.
Halifax, July 19, Mrs. D. Brown, 65.
St. John, July 20, John Woodley, 62.
Halifax, July 18, Bernard Conlon, 85.
St. John, July 15, John W. Witter, 70.
St. John, July 12, Jennie Youmans, 17.
Halifax, July 21, Alexander West, 49.
Bear Point, July 14, Archibald Sholds, Canterbury, July 7, Hiram Wright, 72.
Liverpool, July 15, Mary A. Colbert, 59.
Liverpool, July 15, Mary A. Colbert, 59.
Midville, July 20, Mrs. Garrett Wile, 70.
St. John, July 23, William F. Hayter, 67.
Annapolis, July 12, David Amberman, 91.
New Glasgow, July 16, Lillias McKay, 90.
Dartmouth, July 22, Frederick Beamer, 17.
St. John, W. E., July 21, Angus McIsaac, 72.
Pleasant Ridge, July 12, William Stewart, 60.
Dartmouth, July 23, William D. Brennan, 57.
Sackville, July 17, Jane, wife of Amos Ogden, 51.
Weston, N. S., July 12, Jedediah D. Crocker, 52.
St. John, July 19, Helen, wife of John Walsh, 69.
Truro, July 21, Octavia, wife of Willard P. King, 34.
Nicholas River, N. S., July 9, James Marshall, 82.
Andover, July 23, Jennie, wife of Louis Duncan, 22.
St. John, July 23, Ellen, wife of James McDonald, 46.
Malignant Cove, N. S., July 6, Donald McDonald, 46.
Chatham, July 17, Blanche L. H., wife of G. B. Fraser.
North-By-Plamade, July 23, Daniel, son of Malcom Melnis.
St. Stephen, July 13, Abbie Medora, wife of D. W. Moore, 44.
North Sydney, July 13, Maria Delads, a native of France, 29.
Sackville, July 19, Mary, widow of the late Senator Botsford, 80.
Fredericton, July 21, Esther May, daughter of Mr. Duplisse, 4.
Calais, Me., July 23, F. T. C. Barpee, formerly of St. John, 63.
Barrington Centre, July 6, Lorina, wife of Capt. Raymond, 42.
Halifax, July 23, Susan, widow of the late Timothy Shashan, 61.
St. John, July 19, Mary Muir, daughter of the late Robert Foulis.

St. John, July 20, David Sydney, son of David B. Robb, 11 days.
Cape Negro, June 30, Cecil, son of Jas. H. and Nellie Swain, 5.
St. John, July 22, Allan A., son of John H. and Rebecca Toole, 4.
St. W. Margaree, July 15, Alexander, son of Douglas and Mary Haines, 2.
Gordonville, N. B., July 9, Eva May, daughter of George E. Grant, 6.
Freeport, N. S., July 14, Wendall, son of Roland and Mary Haines, 2.
McAdam, July 10, Sadie, daughter of Frank and Sophie Maton, 4.
Richibucto, July 7, Florence, daughter of W. F. and Agnes Hannah, 1.
Flowers Cove, Queens Co., July 13, Elizabeth, wife of James Flowers, 67.
Campbellton, July 19, Ida C., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughes.
Fredericton, July 17, Gertrude, daughter of Saml. and Martha Beatty, 12.
Upper Mills, July 17, Richard, son of William and Susan Waters, 9 months.
Annapolis, July 17, Lillian, daughter of John R. and Phebe R. Holland, 17.
Barton Settlement, July 8, Cassie E., daughter of Mr. William Wagner, 16.
Halifax, July 23, Clarissa A., widow of the late Dominick Van Malder, 92.
Ormocto, July 20, Julia Gesner, daughter of the late Hon. A. A. Beckwith, 71.
Windsor, N. S., July 13, John D., son of William and Edith MacLellan, 18.
Freeport, N. S., July 16, Minnie, daughter of Charles and Minnie Brooks, 16.
Salisbury, N. B., July 15, Hattie, daughter of Calvin and Josephine Wheaton, 7.
Liverpool, July 15, Janet Cowie, daughter of Dr. W. S. and Susan F. Freeman, 3.
Shediac, July 23, Kenneth Blair, infant son of Gordon and Mary Blair, 14 months.
Halifax, July 12, Mary Georgina, daughter of John H. and Margaret Waterfield, 14.
North Sydney, July 13, Winifred Irene, daughter of James and Catherine Desmond, 5.
Vancouver, B. C., July 11, Mrs. E. J. McGarrigle, formerly of Fredericton, N. B., 34.
St. John, July 23, Mabel Gladys, daughter of N. Berry and Maggie Smith, 9 months.
St. John, July 23, Gladys Rebecca, daughter of James E. and Annie Earle, 4 months.
Salt Springs, N. S., July 13, Abbie Gertrude, daughter of James and Hattie Allaby, 3 months.

The danger of Milk.

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WANTED!

— People to Understand That —

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

RECIPE

FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST.

Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons
Dissolve