

MARRIED HIS WIDOW.

There was a bachelors' party at the Colonel's Christmas eve. Miss Kate, the young hostess of the old house, was in New York for the winter. News of her triumphs in all the society papers none in her letters, which had quite swollen the Colonel's pocket out of shape. He read passages now and then to his old friends, and they were as loving and simple and unconscious as it she had never left our quiet country neighborhood. The Colonel would not hear of her missing the Christmas gaieties of New York, and she would not consent to her old father being alone on Christmas-day, of all days in the year, so they compromised on a bachelors' party. The Pines was an old-fashioned Virginia homestead, with a long avenue down to the outer gate (its clang was the signal to bring every one on the steps to greet the coming guest), a velvety lawn falling at its lower slope into its regular groups of fruit-trees, large porches whose broad white pillars showed through the tall pines that gave the place its name, a house of ample room, simple enough, but with a touch of quaint, old-world dignity. It suited its young mistress well. Memory found her everywhere—on the old stairway, one soft, firm hand on the baluster, and her pretty head charmingly turned with a smile for some one on the landing above, as framed in the wide doorway, a laughing image of welcome, or under the cherry-trees in bloom, the spring winos flushing her face and tossing her shining curls. She was far away, however, and it was only a winter night and a bachelors' party.

Blow the wind; it blew anywhere in the three counties, it would blow at the Pines, the highest point, though rising by such gradual and breast-like swells that its height was hardly realized until one noticed how nearly level it stood with the everlasting mountains. The snow whirled east, west, north and south, a veritable witches' dance, and yet the best of Christmas weather when within thick walls burns a Christmas fire of huge logs with steady glow. Dinner was over, (a late dinner-hour was never thoroughly engrafted on Virginia habits), and the Colonel and his friends adjourned to the library to smoke and talk and lounge at ease. A great bowl of apple-toddy, rich with fruit and spicy fragrance, steamed on the table, and long wreaths of smoke floated—a kind of wavering, misty atmosphere in which men tell old stories and remember old days.

"When I was with the horse artillery," the Colonel was saying, (I had found a half-faded photograph of a girl of twelve, with frank, blue eyes, and so I had missed the beginning of the story), the battle was going hard against us, half my men were down, the horses getting more frightened every moment, and when I was to plunge and fear at their bits—no wonder, with the screaming of the balls and the crash of shells—yet I could not spare a man, those guns must be taken. All at once I heard a voice say very quietly, 'Colonel, I can hold the horses.'

"The words seemed to come from the earth. Looking down, I saw a boy, desperately wounded, the grayish pallor of death about his lips and a look in his eyes you couldn't mistake. 'My boy,' I said, 'you are dying.' 'I know, Colonel,' he answered, coolly. 'I can hold the horses after I'm dead.'

"I put the reins in his hands, he couldn't lift himself to take them, and he wrapped them about his wrists. We took those guns; I don't know how, only remember a rush and our all being mixed together, friend and foe, and then we had possession and the other men were running. On going back to look after the horses, I found them quiet, the boy lying with his face to the earth, and the reins held fast, wrapped about his closed, dead hands.

On winds, blow your bugle calls! Its shrilling music, wild and hoarse, sounds a requiem for the faithful, the untortured dead! Some of us had been old soldiers and the wind of memory blew to us sounds of old battle-fields, the call of 'Boots and Saddles' and beat of galloping horses, voices and laughter of comrades by the camp fire, never to be forgotten till heart and brain perish!

Jim broke the silence. We were all fond of Jim.

"It's just the sort of night for Christmas ghosts to walk, isn't it, Colonel? I remember—" he stopped, and Warren called out from the lounge, as he adjusted the pillows to his mind.

"Go on, old fellow. You've got a yarn to spin. Let's have it."

"It's only a negro ghost story. I heard it when I was a little fellow pretending to be asleep on my 'mammy's' lap just to hear the old negroes' tale. This one made a strong impression on my childish imagination, it was so pitiful, and the whole scene—the grotesque black faces in the flickering light and the deep shadows around—made such a weird setting.

"The master of the house had married a second time, while the child of the first wife was a baby in the cradle. The second wife, a beautiful woman, but haughty and imperious, could not brook a rival, even in the grave. She ordered the portrait of the first wife—a childish figure in a stiff gown, ill-painted, yet with a sort of quaint sweetness—to be removed to the garret. The baby's nurse, an old woman who had nursed the child's father, was full of indignation as she related this insult to the first wife's memory.

"Day is jes' tuk her pretty face ter de groun," she said, 'jes' nines months befo', and now dey turn her picture ter de wall. But day was one place dey couldn't tuk her outen, whar de chile stay.'

"Dat useter be de nex' room ter marster's if I don't disremember," put in one of the other negroes; 'Least twel she say de baby cry too much and 'sturb her at night.'

"Cry? with a scornful sniff. 'She ain't hear dat baby cry, 'cept twuz de feers' brest. He warn't let her cry, yo' hear me.' "Disley warn't gwine ter let her chile cry," remarked one of her listeners, evidently to draw her on.

"Nobody aint talk 'bout Disley,' mysteriously. 'But cry or no cry, she bab de chile move. Den I gwine tell yo' what happen, jes' ez sho' ez aspel trul.'

"That's a weird experience she recounted, beginning with one night when after watching several nights before with the baby who was ailing, she dozed between the cradle, and started up to find the shadowy form of the young mother bending over it, and the cradle slowly, slyly rocking. Many a

time afterwards had the child's cry been hushed in this way and it would often laugh with delight and hold out its arms to some one could not see. Sometimes, however, she had discerned the figure following her as she walked up and down with the baby, and once the ghost-mother had looked over Dilsey's shoulder at the little one with love and longing unexpressed. The old nurse's graphic words, simple as they were, vividly described the unforgetting mother-love.

"Did you know, Jim, this legend of the ghost-mother was in all folk-lore? The Greeks have it in the story of Demeter, the winter wind is her voice, seeking her child."

"Yes, the most cultured and the rudest races all possess this superstition. Well, the old nurse alluded to the baby's mysterious guardianship more than once, and at last the master sent for her himself and questioned her sternly. Dilsey did not lose her opportunity, you may be sure, in telling the story of the shadowy mother rocking the child's cradle, and crooning lullabies out of the slumberland of death.

"Have you seen—this appearance anywhere else?"

"No, sir, I ain't—whar else I gwine see it?"

"He muttered something about being forgotten, and the old family servant was moved with a sudden boldness.

"Ain't yo' forgot her, marster?"

"He turned away without speaking, and then stopped, his face working with emotion.

"No, before God, I hav'n't forgot one instant."

"An' arter dat," concluded the nurse, triumphantly, 'he come every day and sit by dat cradle and talk ter de chile. 'Pear ter me like he wan' ter see somebody. Any how, I know my chile gwine hab her rights now.'

We didn't talk much for a minute or two; and then the Major refilled his glass with apple-toddy, and remarked slowly:

"Crossing the boundary! What a fascination such stories have, and sometimes the going away, into the dark, is as queer as the coming back. Colonel, don't you remember old Pennoyer, of the Pennoyer mines? Didn't you consider him a lucky man?"

"Certainly I did. A fine estate, entirely unencumbered, unblemished reputation, a beautiful wife and five lovely children, hosts of friends—why Pennoyer was the most popular man in the State."

"In sound health, and fond of a joke," added the Major, stirring his toddy, meditatively. "One night Pennoyer and a lot of jolly fellows had just come out of the Richmond theatre—there had been some sort of a political meeting—and five or six of us stopped at the brilliantly lighted street corner to hear Tom Carter tell one of his stories. He was Pennoyer's special cronies. As he finished, Pennoyer broke into one of his contagious, hearty laughs, and said, 'That's a good one, Tom.'

Somebody else followed with a bright repartee, and I turned to see Pennoyer's jovial face—he had been standing close by me—and he was gone. There was a side street near, and I supposed he had simply stepped into the dark, and so he had, in a deeper sense than I dreamed. No one ever saw or ever heard of him afterwards. The police tried to work it into a murder and robbery case, but there was not the slightest indication of this. No clue was ever found, not a shadow of trouble at home, not a trace of entanglement in business. Years and years afterwards my cousin Channing, who was a crank about discovering preposterous likenesses, declared he saw him, or a man like him in Paris. Martin Pennoyer, who never spoke a word of French in his life! No, it remained an absolute mystery."

"At this moment three taps, distinct and loud, sounded at the door. Every man started and looked around, except the Colonel, who laughed.

"Open the door, please, Jim. It's an old friend of mine."

The door opened, and there stood, grave and dignified, an ancient hunting-dog, well known to the Colonel's friends.

"He won't enter unless he is formally invited. He has all the punctilio of a Spanish gentleman. Come in, Don."

Thus entreated, Don walked slowly in, and took a position in front of his master, laying one paw on his knee and looking solemnly into his eyes. The Colonel answered with a caress, and Don, perfectly satisfied, curled himself up on the floor, as near the Colonel's feet as possible, and serenely slept, only awaking when his master spoke, to execute with his tail a little tattoo of applause.

"I thought Pennoyer had risen to explain," said Warren, lazily lighting another cigar. "But I think I can trump your story. What do you say to a living man his own ghost?"

"How long have you been concocting that?" asked the Major, derisively.

"It's fact, all the same. Mine own familiar friend, a college chum, had been with me in a thing that nobody knew about but ourselves. But perhaps you don't care to hear it, Major?"

"Oh, yes; if the others can stand it, I can. It's all your invention, though, I swear." These two were always sparring at each other.

Warren smiled with a superior air, and went on:

"His name was Edward Morris, son of a New York railroad magnate, and after he left college, he went North and married Alice Chauncy, a beautiful girl, but all imagination and romance. Ned went into railroads himself, and was soon absorbed in investments and speculations. When I ran across him in New York—it was when I went there to live—he hadn't a thought except for stocks and securities. Alice took a great fancy to my wife, however, and we kept up a kind of intimacy."

"It was the week before Christmas and Alice had a scheme to go up to Ellerslie, their place on the Hudson, with the baby and servants, and celebrate the day in genuine country fashion. Then came that horrible railway accident at X, trains telescoping, some of the cars on fire, the whole thing was frightful in its horrors. Ned was on the New York train, had run down as a surprise to Alice a little earlier than she expected. His name appeared in the list of the killed. A man who knew him well on 'change saw him just before the awful crash."

"That's a weird story; this is the other. The next day as I was coming back from Christmas Eve vespers at St. Thomas, the flakes of snow were beginning to fall—I was accosted by a poor wretch. He spoke in a thick, indistinct voice and I took it for granted he was drunk, and tried to

shake him off. It was Ned. He had been stunned in the accident, and on coming to his senses found himself cut about the face and head; his tongue was badly cut which impeded his speech and he had, evidently been robbed of clothes, papers and money for the dirty garments he found himself in, and empty pockets. His first thought was to drag himself to Ellerslie which was at no great distance. It had been his own rule to allow no tramps or beggars, and was turned out of the grounds by his own orders, though it was bitterly cold and dark, and he could see the glow of the cheerful fires through the half-open doors. He had been so persistent, however, that Alice, who was very tender-hearted, came to the door herself and put some money in his hand, and he heard her say to some one as she went back, 'What a horrible, wretched-looking creature! Only think of his being near baby.'

"He forgot hunger and cold and aching wounds in his desolation, and when he found himself shut out of the great gates, and threatened with the dogs, his brain seemed on fire. Then it occurred to him that I would know him; he could prove his identity by our old college secrets, and he set out for New York, stealing a ride part of the way. I believe he would have lost his mind if I had not recognized him. I got him into a hospital, as he would not consent to go to my home, and I left him there, more quiet, and under good care."

"Well, what follows seems almost incredible. He got well, but his speech remained affected, and the injuries, or the mental shock, left his memory impaired. Some things appeared to be wiped out with a sponge. Of course, his whole carriage and manner were different; he had grown suspicious of rebuff and downhearted, and his face was badly disfigured. Alice rejected the idea with horror, and the one or two lawyers I consulted, evidently thought me a fool. Poor fellow! There was little of the old Edward Morris left, indeed, for he showed absolute indifference to any financial loss or deprivation. He took to hanging around Ellerslie at about this time, so that being seen in the dusk. About dawn or near night when the old likeness was more apparent of size figure, etc., and his disfigurement didn't show, the story got abroad that the place was haunted. Of course, this couldn't go on, and after much persuasion I induced him to go out of the country and travel for a year."

"May I ask how a pauper procured funds for this elegant sojourn?" asked the major, smoothly.

"Warren paid no attention. "He came back much improved in looks and health. One evening when Alice was with my wife I brought him in and introduced as a distant relative of her husband's. She was immensely impressed by him—his silence and melancholy appeared to her romantic notions—but not a trace of recognition. After she left, and we were alone, Ned was despairing."

"Why, old fellow, there's one way out of it, marry her. It isn't every man who has a chance of marrying his own widow."

"Ned didn't seem to appreciate the humor of the situation, but he acted on my advice. And Alice, who worshipped him, while he was true to his wife's unfaithful to his memory. However, he shines in one relation, he is a model stepfather."

The Major leaned forward. "Do you mean to say he has never convinced his wife of his identity?"

Warren looked around the room. "Gentlemen, you have, most of you, been married, some of you a long time. I appeal to you in all candor, did any of you, at any time, on any subject, convince his wife?"

DO THOU LIKEWISE.

A LADY SAVES FIFTY DOLLARS BY WISELY INVESTING SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

A wise, careful and thrifty wife and mother living about five miles from a large and flourishing Ontario town, tells how she was enabled to save fifty dollars by the judicious investment of seventy-five cents. Her story runs as follows:

"Last autumn I found it was necessary to provide new overcoats, suits and dresses for three boys and two girls. The material for these garments and the making and trimmings would cost fifty dollars. This was a large sum to expend just at a time when we were making great efforts to build a new house."

"For two days I thought the matter over, and after carefully examining my children's garments, the question strongly presented itself to my mind, 'Can I make use of the Diamond Dyes?'"

"I had used the Diamond Dyes before with great success in a smaller way, and so I determined to see what could be done, with the view of saving so large a sum as fifty dollars. My children's garments were not torn or very badly worn; they were simply faded, dingy and old looking. I commenced with an overcoat to test my skill, and succeeded in dyeing it a lovely dark shade of brown. I pressed and finished it in such a way that it looked like a new garment from the hands of a tailor."

"Meeting with such great success, I tried the other garments and achieved wonderful results, and the total cost of the work accomplished was only seventy-five cents."

"My boys and girls were astonished, and were quite as well pleased with the renovated garments as they would have been with brand new ones. Very few people around me were aware of the fact that I had used Diamond Dyes to renew my children's clothing, and fit it for another winter's wear. Of course I told some of my friends how I had saved fifty dollars, and they are following my example, and are freely using the Diamond Dyes."

"You will clearly see how any intelligent and handy mother can easily save quite a good sum of money every year. Diamond Dyes are certainly money savers."

Harold all his short life had had to go to bed very early. One evening, however, he was allowed to sit up, and then for the first time he saw the fireflies. "Mamma," he cried, rushing over to her in the greatest excitement, "Mamma, look—the dark is all cracking open!"

The Beginning of the Year.

The different nations have had various dates for the beginning of the year. The ancient Egyptians and others reckoned from the autumnal equinox, September 22nd, and this was the year of the Jews, though their ecclesiastical year began on the vernal equinox, March 22nd. The Roman year began on Dec. 22nd, and it is believed that the only reason Caesar had for changing it to the first of January was that the first day of the new calendar might be the day of the new moon. Even in England, up to 1752, the legal and ecclesiastical year began on March 25th, though for the purposes it was often reckoned from the first of January. The Jews and Mohammedans at the present time have lunar years, the beginning of which is not on any fixed date.

BORN.

Halifax, Dec. 14, to the wife of Harry Roche, a son. Onslow, Dec. 12, to the wife of E. McCurdy, a son. Parrsboro, Dec. 8, to the wife of John Duffy, a son. Halifax, Dec. 20, to the wife of S. Y. Wilson, a son. Halifax, Dec. 19, to the wife of A. L. Melvin, a son. Amherst, Dec. 6, to the wife of Albert Carr, a son. Lockhartville, Dec. 11, to the wife of Otis Gaudin, a son. Halifax, Dec. 20, to the wife of W. S. Cameron, a son. Amherst, Dec. 19, to the wife of W. J. Moran, a son. Springhill, Dec. 7, to the wife of A. W. Foster, a son. Truro, Dec. 18, to the wife of James T. Nichols, a son. Granville, Dec. 4, to the wife of Minard Graves, a son. Sackville, Dec. 15, to the wife of Denis Arseneau, a son. Parrsboro, Dec. 9, to the wife of James Reesor, a son. Parrsboro, Dec. 7, to the wife of John Pickard, a son. Halifax, Dec. 20, to the wife of John M. Baxter, a son. Sackville, Dec. 14, to the wife of Silvain Bourque, a son. Fredricton, Dec. 11, to the wife of Waisill Wyman, a son. Nappan, Dec. 5, to the wife of Alexander Smith, a daughter. Westcott, Dec. 15, to the wife of A. D. Walker, a daughter. Digby, Dec. 15, to the wife of Mr. Muise, a daughter. Windsor, Dec. 15, to the wife of C. Hensley, a daughter. Moncton, Dec. 13, to the wife of Frank C. Robinson, a son. Hantsport, Dec. 9, to the wife of William Crabbe, a daughter. Parrsboro, Dec. 16, to the wife of James E. Guider, a daughter. North Sydney, Dec. 18, to the wife of John J. Forbes, a son. Lower Granville, Dec. 17, to the wife of Frederick Thorne, a son. Jardineville, Dec. 11, to the wife of James Arsenault, a daughter. Westport, Dec. 13, to the wife of George M. Huggins, a daughter. St. Stephen, Dec. 10, to the wife of Walter H. Swift, a daughter. Paradise West, N. S., Dec. 16, to the wife of Frank Poole, a daughter. Karsdale, Dec. 9, to the wife of Stanley Farnsworth, a daughter. North Sydney, Dec. 13, to the wife of L. W. Wilson, two daughters. Salmon River, Dec. 15, to the wife of James H. Salmon, a daughter. Westville, N. S., Dec. 11, to the wife of D. W. McDonald, a daughter. Middle Sackville, Dec. 12, to the wife of Albert McGillivray, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Parrsboro, Dec. 13, Edward Beatty to Julia A. Salter. Berwick, Dec. 19, by Rev. J. L. Read, T. E. Smith to Miss C. H. Wilson. Annapolis, Dec. 11, by Rev. H. How, Asa L. Black to Florence Hawick. Ludlow, Dec. 19, by Rev. E. E. Bell, George Price to Mary O'Donnell. Ludlow, Dec. 20, by Rev. E. E. Bell, James C. Lyons to Mrs. N. Wilson. Middleton, Dec. 13, by Rev. E. E. Lock, James E. Clark to Fannie J. Videto. Fredericton, Dec. 19, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Capt. Kenny to Blanche Strange. Wolfville, Dec. 18, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Enoch W. Post to Florence A. Angus. Yarmouth, Dec. 19, by Rev. H. Sterns, Thomas S. Darrar to Rosie Nickerson. Pembroke, Dec. 15, by Rev. J. B. Champion, Gilbert P. Allen to Lizzie M. May. Pisiquid, Dec. 19, by Rev. Gordon Pringle, Frank Lodge to Fanny McCarver. Sydney, C. B., Dec. 17, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, J. H. McKury to E. S. Shennell. Sydney, Dec. 18, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, William A. Scott to Catherine Ferguson. Halifax, Dec. 15, by Rev. L. Rankin, Joseph Smith to Ella J. Henneberry. Lunenburg, Dec. 10, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, Archibald Coprad to Alice Kisser. Port George, Dec. 13, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, George A. Whitman to Ada E. Parks. Canaan, N. S., Dec. 19, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Fred Kinsman to Clara Bishop. Westfield, Dec. 5, by Rev. Henry T. Parlee, Isaac Parker to Maggie Spier. Milltown, Dec. 12, by Rev. John Hawley, William P. Morrison to Minnie D. Slipp. Bear River, Dec. 10, by Rev. Joseph Hale, Wallace Ramsey to Lottie Belle Sproul. Lower Stewiacke, Dec. 19, by Rev. F. S. Coffin, Alexander Kent to Nellie Toole. Sydney, C. B., Dec. 18, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, W. A. Scott to Catherine Ferguson. Grand Manan, Dec. 8, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Charles Brown to Mabel Green. Parrsboro, Dec. 12, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Armond A. Brown to Teresa D. Chapman. Canning, N. S., Dec. 12, by Rev. E. Crowell, Adelbert L. Bishop to Annetta Potter. St. John, Dec. 10, by Rev. Thomas W. Street, Robert Brayley to Emily Woolrich. Macan, N. S., Dec. 18, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Clarence Harrison to Lucy Gabriel. Diligent River, N. S., Dec. 12, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Frederick Cannine to Emily Salter. St. John, Dec. 18, by Rev. Job Shenton, Edith H. Fleming to Clara A. Smith. Westville, Dec. 13, by Rev. T. J. Stewart, C. Richardson to Jane A. Maxwell. Dover, N. B., Dec. 12, by Rev. William D. Ware, Melvin Farley to Bertie McFarlin. Brookfield, N. S., Dec. 19, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Malcolm Bennett to Adelaide Fisher. Lower Granville, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. Gale, Norman F. Willett to Hattie L. Shaffer. Centreville, C. S. I., Dec. 12, by Rev. J. Valentine, Minard J. Cunningham to Sarah Smith. Kinsarling Settlement, Dec. 19, by Rev. A. F. Brown, James C. Graves to George F. Keith. Fredericton, Dec. 12, by Rev. G. B. Payson, John Gordon Calkin to Jennie C. McAlpine. Scotch Village, Dec. 19, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Freeman Harveston to Mary E. Baird. Gay's River, N. S., Dec. 19, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Samuel G. Ogilvie to Florence M. Tays. Canning, N. S., Dec. 17, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, William F. Brewster to Mary J. Irvin. Canning, N. S., Dec. 19, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Perry L. Rand to Florence M. Kinsman. Lake George, Dec. 13, by Rev. Trueman Bishop, Captain Frank Woolard to Eliza Phillips. Chipman, Dec. 20, by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, Thomas N. McAllister to Mary E. Baird. Ritsby's Cove, N. S., Dec. 8, by Rev. William A. Levey, Josiah Ritsby to M. A. Rosetta Zint. Brooklyn, N. S., Dec. 13, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Holmes W. Parker to Alice M. Stephenson. Purwash Junction, Dec. 12, by Rev. G. H. Haver, H. H. Haver, H. H. Haver to Eliza E. Poir. Bayside, Dec. 12, by Rev. F. Todd, assisted by Rev. H. E. S. Maider, Fred Leeman to Jessie Bartlett. Halifax, Dec. 19, by Rev. F. S. Huestis, assisted by Rev. W. W. Ryan, Dr. K. N. Langille to Ada S. Lewis.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. It is a fact, that any pain anywhere, every lameness everywhere, is penetrated, relieved, cured by this wonderful, soothing Anodyne. It is the sovereign remedy for bites, burns, bruises. For aches, earache, headache, neckache, stomachache, toothache, in fact every ache. For scalds, stings, cuts, sprains, stiff joints, swellings and sore muscles. For colds, chills, coughs and catarrhs. For hacking, sneezing and whooping cough. For asthma, bronchitis, diphtheria, la grippe, sore throat and lungs. For colic, cramps, cholera morbus and summer complaints. For dyspeptic pains, neuralgia and muscular rheumatism. For cuts, cracks, corns, contusions, chaps and chilblains, all irritations and inflammations. For lame back, shoulder. For pains in chest, thighs, stomach, use this great vital and muscular vine. Every ailment above is caused by inflammation, hence which Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was devised.

Originated by an Old Family Physician FOR PURELY HOUSEHOLD USE. Generation after Generation have Used and Blessed It.

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DIED.

Truro, Dec. 18, Eliakim Topper, 65. Halifax, Dec. 22, William Quirk, 79. Halifax, Dec. 19, Michael Panch, 75. St. John, Dec. 22, John Morrissey, 59. Amherst, Dec. 1, Sydney Kinder, 66. Milltown, Dec. 8, Harry Agnew, 68. Parrsboro, Dec. 17, Gains Lewis, 76. St. George, Dec. 2, Robert Logan, 76. St. George, Dec. 3, William Doyle, 76. Halifax, Dec. 15, Joseph Halladay, 58. St. George, Dec. 5, Nancy Stewart, 71. Robbinston, Dec. 5, Thomas Berry, 71. Alma, Dec. 13, John Matthews, Sr. 79. St. John, Dec. 25, James McMahon, 59. St. John, Dec. 20, George Thompson, 59. St. George, Dec. 16, James McCready, 58. Bacc River, Dec. 22, Charles J. Dunn, 81. Dartmouth, Dec. 18, William H. Newman, 67. Milton, N. S., Dec. 16, Albert D. Freeman, 29. Antigonish, Dec. 5, Mrs. R. J. McEachern, 25. Hawkshaw, N. B., Dec. 16, John B. Manuel, 18. Nashawauk, Dec. 16, Mrs. William Booker, 88. Royal Road, N. B., Dec. 16, Mrs. Mary Brooks, 88. Black Rock, N. S., Dec. 15, Mrs. Charles Phinney. Parrsboro, Dec. 16, Sarah, wife of James Adams. Colons Settlement, N. B., Dec. 10, Matilda Wilson, 71. Milton, Dec. 14, Martha, widow of the late Rufus Cole. North Kingston, Dec. 12, Odessa, wife of Wallace Neely. Lancaster Heights, Dec. 21, Louisa M., wife of E. G. Dunn, 75. Lunenburg, Dec. 12, Charles, son of Captain Simon Violett, 1. Dalhousie, N. S., Dec. 7, of consumption, Mrs. John Dunn, 80. Lakeside, N. S., D. C. 8, Esther, wife of Henry Gould, 45. Sandy Point, Dec. 22, James H., son of James F. Keagin, 12. Sandy Point, Dec. 22, Edward, son of James F. Keagin, 20. Hubbard's Cove, Dec. 16, Sarah, wife of Michael Keagin, 20. Halifax, Dec. 21, Alice Maud, wife of James Stewart, 23. Round Hill, N. S., Dec. 12, Herbert Syds, M. D., of Digby, 79. Digby, Dec. 19, Annie, daughter of the late W. F. Turbott, 29. Sherbrooke, N. S., Dec. 12, Annie, wife of William B. McClean, 47. Pope's Harbor, Dec. 17, Sarah Ann, wife of Archibald Belling, 63. Lower Covesdale, Dec. 17, widow of the late Frederick Steves, 80. Kentville, Dec. 6, Annie May, daughter of Rupert Davis, 11 months. St. John, Dec. 25, of acute meningitis, Robbie H. Ryder, 16 months. New Glasgow, Dec. 14, Martha, wife of Archibald C. McDougald, 30. Centry, N. S., Dec. 14, Bessie N., widow of the late Urias Beck, 24. Antigonish, Dec. 11, Catherine, widow of the late John McEachern, 84. Montreal, Dec. 20, of pneumonia, George Campbell son of C. F. Deacon, 3. Big Marsh, N. S., Dec. 10, John Stephen, son of Lachlan McDonald, 25. Bridgetown, Dec. 6, Wyman, son of James and Emma Burns, 3 months. Moncton, Dec. 18, John T., son of Owen and Margaret McInnis, 3 months. Amherst, Dec. 7, Grace E., daughter of Dawson and Elizabeth Hayward, 15. Barrington Passage, Dec. 13, Elmeline, widow of the late William T. Freeman. Halifax, Dec. 18, George H. F., son of Joseph and Florence Moreau, 11 months. Hampton, Dec. 21, Allan Thorne, son of Edward L. and Mary E. Whitaker, 7. St. John, Dec. 17, Sister Catherine Curley daughter of Michael and the late Annie Curley.

WANTED!

— People to Understand That —

BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT

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