A CHRISTMAS STORY.

They had parted-atter two happy years, into which had been woven fond hopes and dreams of a fair home, somewhere in the happy future, to which Arnold Grey would take his bride. Now the difficulties that once lay across his path had vanished, and with a prosperous career before him in a toreign land, he had hoped that Miriam Allen, for whose dear sake he had striven to obtain the appointment, would consent to share his exile-bright, sunny-hearted Miriam, whose sweet face and gentle ways had won the heart of other men besides Arnold Grey.

But since that promise was given, death had entered the old homestead and summoned the gentle mother hence—away from the little children who clung piteously around her, for whom she would linger yet a little longer-away from the faithful husband, who could not realize what home would be without his Mary.

As her lover told of the future he wished she would share, Miriam thought of her lonely tather, whose heart was stricken by the sudden blow; of the young brothers and sisters who missed their mother sorely; the choice lay between Arnold and her motherless home. One must be forsaken, and her heart pleaded passionately for him unto whom she had given her love and faith; but duty conquered, and her choice was made. Kindly, but resolutely, Miriam gave Arnold Grey his freedom. She may not come to him for years, and so she would not hold him bound.

With stern, set face, Arnold Grey strode angrily over the dry underwood, as he struck across the forest toward Lyndhurst Road. With confidence shaken in a

woman's promise, he would trust no more. "How could she prefer those teasing, tiresome children to him? Of course she did not love him, it was clear as daylight." He could not understand that Miriam suffered more than he; nor knew how anxiously she watched him until his form was hidden by the leafl ss forest trees. Then turning homeward Miniam resolved to face the dark and lonely future bravely, nor suffer the dear, kind father to feel what a sacrifice his daughter had made.

Pine Farm was situated close to Canterton Glen, in the New Forest, England. In this glen may be found the stone that marks the spot where Sir Walter Tyrrel shot an Engltsh king; whether by accident the arrow missed its mark and struck the tatal blow, or whether as the agent of a Norman conspiracy Tyriel committed a daring assassination, the New Forester cares "Rufus' Stone." Here, in this quiet and was her sorrow? Where they found rest We Americans take ours "madly." There lonely spot, Miriam Allan was destined to pass her youth, sacrificing her fondest hopes for the sake of others.

But the woman who watches over the weltare of a young family has little time for repining over the "might have been;" and Farmer Allen, as he observed his eldest daughter busy with preparations for the morrow-the first Christmas when " mother's chair" would be vacant-little dreamed that under her assumed gaiety Miriam concealed an aching heart.

It was in the quiet midnight hour, when across the forest stole the music of Christmas bells, that the young girl crept away to her chamber, and wondered how many years would pass before Arnold and she might meet again.

changes, had passed away, bringing to some homes new taces and tresh joys, and leaving to others only lonely firesides and vacant chairs with perhaps a green mound in the churchyard by which to remember the triends who have crossed the dark river. During these years Miriam Allen had watched her brothers and sisters grow up and leave the old home for newer scenes. One had found his way to an American home, where, prosperous and happy, he forgot the gentle hand that performed a grets for the time that had gone by. mother's part; the youngest brother had tound a sailor's grave; her sister Clara is the wite of a rising London lawyer, and rules with queenly grace over a luxurious home; Gerald, the eldest brother, is a doctor in a large northern city; and Nessie, the baby, who was too young to remember her mother, died just a year ago. All are nalized Miriam Allen as the bonniest of the gone now; even the kindly father rests at Forest maidens, but in its place was a matlast beside his dearly loved wife.

recalls that Christmas parting long ago, and wonders it she had chosen wisely. She might have been the honored wife of a man who loved her. Now after years of faithful toil she felt lonely, almost desolate, with but the memory of baving done her duty as a consolation : and that was no ea v task for a woman to perform. All hrough the intervening years it had been one long struggle to ward off mistortune from their ! home; time after time her busy brains had devised plans whereby to avert the evil day; yet it had dawned at last. After her tather had been taken, Miriam telt no longer equal to continue struggling against adverse circumstances. Year after year they had assumed more formidable proportions; and looking across the forest, with its frostladen trees, Miriam knew she must say farewell to the dear old scenes. On the morrow the farm and its contents would be happiness the shadows all departed, and triving plans whereby they might add to sold, and she must leave it and face the world alone.

In her hand Miriam held a letter containing an invitation to make her home with Clara; but, knowing the fashionable, frivolous lite her sister led, Miriam kuew she would naver be happy there. Besides, on the verandah, where she waited, listen- no work, but he wouldn't keep himself to one who has spent years amid the free- ing for the Christmas chimes, and thinking alive a minute longer if he were dom and quietness of country scenes, city life, with its bustle and confinement, is distasteful. Miriam had resolved to spend away in a qutet chamber, while as if to and 'find himself.' A man hasn't much only the approaching Christmas in London. intending atterwards to earn her own living.

Clara Moore was at heart a kind woman; conquered by a slavish submission to the Arnold Grey sought the woman who in his dictates of "fashion." The one idea that days of poverty had held out hope and en- corners, for the sake of giving himself was just then disturbing her shallow mind couragement to cheer his flagging energies. something to do. He has too much sense was lest Miriam, with her old world notions, would not prove an agreeable addition son as he should discover that this fashion- more Arnold asked her to cross the seas to heaven that we begrudged 'the poor Tompkins to Dora Campbell.

Upon the table in her sister's room was black lace, with the various necessary trifles to complete a fashionable ou fit. It was intended as a Christmas present for "dear Miriam," who, touched by her sister's consideration, telt disposed to smother her petty pride, and wear the elegant garment just to please her friends, when she chanced to overhear a conversation between Clara and a visitor, in which Mrs. Moore declared, "I should die of mortification it my sister

alone, grieved Miriam beyond expression. With quivering lips she turned aside, feellection of works of arts, Miriam torgot her | country proclaim. troubles. At last she stood before the great artist's final master-piece-the pic-

Vale of Tears." Leauty and sadness, and sitting down upon a lounge before the picture, she feasted on its grandeur. It has been termed a "renand I will give you rest." The picture is a large one. The back ground is a shadowy valley, representing "the vale of tears," and at the entrance to it stands the Saviour bearing a cross, with the light of and heavy laden,"-from a royal personage to the lowliest of earth; from a maiden of the world's weary ones. Among the crowd are seen the manacled, the infirm, depicted here; even the pariah, the leper, is not forgotten; and though all there lies a path that leads to rest.

For a long time Mi iam remained before of its beauty and its lesson. Before that record of human woe and weariness, what and peace, there too might she!

Miriam returned to her sister's house study every plan that might promote their

It was a dainty little lady who made her appearance among the company that evening; the dead black of the lace suited her fair hair and healthy complexion, and the soft draperies set off her slender figure

Clara Moore really felt proud to introduce "my sister" to the guest of the evening-a man whose features were bronzed with the warmth of an African sun; and as he looked critically upon the timid little woman before him, Arnold Grey wondered Fifteen years, with their long record of that time had passed so lightly over the head of his long lost love, while to him it had brought snowy locks and lines of cares.

It would be expecting too much of a man, to suppose that all along those busy years the memory of his girl love had remained with him. To woman is given a more taithful memory than to man. Miriam had discouraged other men's attentions because she could not forget; while the lover, whose memory dwelt with her, was too busy in his pursuit after wealth to even spare re-

Yet returned to his native land, after years of absence, this woman who had passed out of his life reappears, looking so young and fair, that it is difficult to realize how long a period has passed since last they met. Perhaps Arnold missed the girlish mirthfulness that long ago had sigure dignity and gracefulness that contrast-Sitting beside the kitchen fire, Miriam ed favorably with society belles by whom they were surrounded; and she, who had not forgotten, could not hide the warm blush that crept into her face as, with Arnold's hand in hers, she listened once again to the voice so dear to ber.

During that evening, as Miriam sat listening to the merry voices about her. Arnold came quickly to her side and talked of his travels over the vast continent where he had made his home; of that home under the sunny skies-its fruits and flowers; then of the earlier days, when a poor struggling youth he had brought to her dear dead father all his cares, and found them, under that good man's judicious counsel, become lighter and less troublesome. As they talked, Miriam forgot that only a tew hours before she had believed herself to be one of earth's "weary ones." Before her newly found once more the light of hope shone radiantly over her path.

Presently, while the company were engaged in a merry, hearty amusement, for which she had no care, Miriam threw a white shawl over her fair hair and stole out man may drown himself because he has of that lonesome Christmas eve when to hide her heartache she had hidden herselt mock her misery, across the forest stillness

there came the sound of merry bells. Weary of the throng of flatterers ever but unfortunately her nobler qualities were eager to lionize the rich and prosperous,

chimes, while unto each old memories stole seventies-I was one of the clerks of the to that "society," before whose imperious back, as fresh and vivid as if their parting Board of Health in a Western city during dictates Mrs. Moore willingly bowed. had been but yesterday. All the desolate- a cholera epedemic. Always we looked That her sister might fail to appear in ness and vain regrets had vanished in the and made ready for a sudden increase "presentable attire" was this lady's dread. joy that filled their souls; and with Miriam's in the number of deaths and new A wealthy client of Mr. Moore's was ex- hand in his, with the echo of Christmas cases on Monday morning. It never pected to spend the Christmas holidays music in his ear, Arnold told once again failed, because Sunday was 'a day of rest.' with them; a gentleman who had recently the story of a love that came into his life People released from the safeguard of returned from South Africa, where he had when youth was gay and knew no care nor regular habits, steady, healthful labor, rushher connections were not "ordinary peo- fore them such joy and peace that separated ing and guzzling and visiting. If anybody ple." It would be horrid if so rich a per- they could never realize. And when once protested against it a great how went up they could never realize. And when once protested against it a great how went up they could never realize. And when once protested against it a great how went up they could never realize. And when once protested against it a great how went up they could never realize.

able hostess was "only a farmer's daugh- with him, Miriam gave the answer he laboring-man' his one scant holiday, and

longed to hear. Thus when the Christmas bells pealed box containing a lovely evening dress of forth in a fresh burst of joyous melody, two lives divided were made glad; and Miriam knew she had been gently led out of " the vale of tears."

> SOME CHRISTMAS REMARKS By That Most Cheerful of Philosophers Robert J. Burdette.

Truly there comes a time, writes Robert J. Burdette in the December Ladies' appeared in dowdy style, or our new friend | Home Journal, when one must make a fore you. That's the discouraging thing to should suppose my people to be common- great deal of noise in his mirth lest the neighbors think he doth not enjoy his holi-These words, intended for another's ear day. Then, when he cackleth in his mer- the bone, then about three o'clock Christriment, they smile most and, say, 'How mas morning, go to bed and cry yourself ill grey hairs become a fool and jester!' to sleep because could not find time to ing how little she was wanted in her sister's This also is vanity. But truly, we have make one half the things you set out to home. So agitated was she that, unable already far too many play days now, make. God bless you, what would Christto remain indoors, Miriam dressed and wherefore the strain is great upon the started for a long walk. It was an un- human heart and funnybone. Holidays do usually fine Christmas Eve, and the shop not build up a nation. Rest is not the windows were gay with Christmas decora- great demand of life. Recreation is not day would be so much the better for all of tions. Passing along High Holborn and the nurse of strong character. The laziest us though, giver and receiver, if the hands down Oxford street, Miriam turned into man ever takes the longest vacation, the that work were less cumbered. And the New Bond street, determined to spend an more worthless the nation, the lower in things you can't finish-God bless you hour in the Dore Gallery. A passionate ad- scale of human excellence the people, the mirer of pictures, among that lovely col- more holidays doth the calendar of the The question before women is this:

ture that had been poetically described as clude all men-should a woman feel unre- work, and the triendship symbolized in the the "Swan song of Gustave Dore"-"The freshed, exhausted, weary, worn out, used very incompletion, because these things up and pulled down after a holiday? Is it will never come to perfection in this world Miriam felt tacinated by its descriptive right or reasonable that she-including of promise? These gifts will be finished him as atoresaid-should have that 'tired in the world where Christmas comes, not feeling," which not even six bottles can once a year as it does here, but all the cure. Is it-we demand an answer from | year and every year. This very life is an dering in color" of the verse "Come unto the gentlewomen of the Opposition—is it incomplete and imperfect one. There is Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden the object of the holiday that those who no new way of loving your friends then; and I will give you rest." The picture is make merry thereon should desire to die there is no new way of being happy and when the rising bell rings on the morning making bappy. And so we wish one of January second, December twenty-sixth, another 'A Merry Christmas' in the sa e and the day atter Thanksgiving? Seriously, Mrs. Speaker, is it not time for us love and hope about Him. All around are to consider the advisability of abolishing various figures, representing the "weary all holidays save Saturday? That is so common that we do not wreck our lives in frantic efforts to observe it. with cross in hands to the most wretched | We might compromise on a few playsacred to Saint Goodres O'Lutions, with same office for the present czarina. He and the suffering. A dying mother lifts the reading of a short service on the has been the contessor of the imperial famher babe as towards Him who blessed the first page of the Book of Common little children. All human misery seems Diary; and Christmas, of course, the sweetest and holiest of all the holidays. Thanksgiving Day, by all means, let us keep that on the calendar for sweet grandma's sake-that is her day. And that is that wonderful picture—the final effort of enough. Three holidays a year, as we obthe great Alsatian-lost in contemplatiou | serve holidays, will impose all the strain on the mind, the tax on the nerves, the worry and care and fret and labor we can stand. is little, or almost no rest in our holidays; | Moncton, Dec. 13, to the wife of Frank Robinson, a | Li-son Settlement, Dec. 10, by Rev. Allan W. there is still less in our vacations. Here with gentler feelings, determined to subdue and there may be found people who know her pride, and while visiting her friends to how to take things easily. And most gravely do we suspect they have learned wisdom of the ease-loving tramp.

But the rest of us! And the Angel of the Household-she who thinks and plans and does for everybody else—if I had my way she should nevermore have a play-day until she learned to use at least an hour and a half of it herselt. She is not yet fit for holidays. Every one she takes draws somewhere a new wrinkle on her patient face. Everybody says to her, "It's too bad" -- with ob, such a pitying, sympathetic accent on the "too"—any imitation of it in type is a poor, weak thing- "it's too bad you have so much to do on a holiday!" Sounds very tender and gentle, and sympathetic. But that is exactly what we said to her last Christmas, and the Christmas before that, and the one just after she was married, and the one just before she was married. Oh, you see, I have watched all sorts of her "enjoying" all manner of

I have seen her at the county fair; yea, I have perceived her there with her tamily on the rainy day—there is always one rainv day at the county fair-wandering about disconsolately, seeking dry places and finding none; two children hanging to her dress and whining for this and that, and begging to be taken home; the other children bringing her heart out of her by trying to run over themselves with racing sulkies, or get kicked into kingdom come by spirited colts, much-be-ribboned, which stood on their hind-feet preparatory to walking on their hands; mud on her shoes, a fringed and irregular decoration of straw overlaying the same; tired, draggled, discouraged, having an 'outing.' I have seen her making ready tor 'Thanksgiving,' and watched her while she 'enjoyed' it; and it seemed to me that her thankfulness was expressed only when at last she crept into bed, said the first part of 'Now I lay me,' and fell asleep. * *

Why, oh, sisters, why can you not learn that there are two or three hundred ways of suicide, each one far easier than working one's self to death? Some men there are -not many, but some-quite as foolish as women. Only a few weeks ago a man was fished out of North River, New York; he had drowned himself because he could not find work. Think of it; and torty per cent. of the women in America with more work on their hands, hearts and brains than they could halt do, were, at the very moment of his drowning, no doubt, lying awake contheir labors, multiply their cares, increase their weariness, and double their worries, by inviting a houseful of company, and economizing for the same by discharging the solitary servant in advance. A told that he could have all the work six men could do, at nothing a day sense being a man he can get along with a very small amount of that commoditybut you don't catch him, when he has a minute for a breathing spell, going about looking for dust in dark and out-of-the-way Standing together they listened to the for that. Once upon a time-back in the

didn't want him to enjoy himself. All through the sunlit hours of the 'sweet day of sacred rest' people 'enjoyed' themselves. Then certain of them, when night was come, lay down and curled up, and squirmed. and howled for a few brief hours and on Monday morning we issued a permit which to enjoy the long, silent years of the first holiday he ever observed quietly.

And finally, sisters—well, what's the use of talking? Much do I fear that you will go on doing about as your mothers did be-'us reformers' and propoets. You will sit up late o' nights and work your fingers to mas be without you? And without your home-made gifts, the work of loving and hurried and much cumbered hands? The for the unfinished gift that you send with the hesitating apology for its incompleteness. Is there any flower so beautiful as the half-opened rose? Isn't Should a woman-by which term we in- there a lifetime of study in the incompleted old way, with Tiny Tim's benediction-'God bless us. every one!'

The Czarina's Confessor.

M. Janyschew, the Russian priest who was sent to Darmstadt to conduct the conversion of the Princess Alix, the bride of days. January first might still be kept the Czarowitz of Russia, performed the ily for many years.

BORN.

Sussex, Dec. 13, to the wife of C. E. Hazen, a son St. John, Dec. 15, to the wife of R. T. Leavitt, a son. Truro, Dec. 14, to the wife of E. E. McNutt, a son. Amherst, Dec. 6, to the wife of Albert Carr, a son Wolfville, N. S., to the wife of William Fallett, a son Amherst, Dec. 10, to the wife of Joseph Cuthbert, a

Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Simon LeBlanc, Mount Denison, Dec. 8, to the wife of W. Love,

Granville, Dec. 4, to the wife of Minard Graves, Springhill, Dec. 7, to the wife of A. W. Foster, a Notre Dame, Dec. 10, to the wife of John Carroll, a

St. John. Dec. 7, to the wife of Avard Anderson, Albert, Dec. 12, to the wife of H. V. Brewster, a Fort Lawrence, Dec. 10, to the wife of Henry Blois,

Burlington, Dec. 9, to the wife of Rueben J. Sanford, Moncton, Dec. 14, to the wife of Dennis J. LeBlanc, Halifax, Dec. 13, to the wife of Major Hodgson, a

Truro, Dec. 4, to the wife of Angus McDonald, a Halifax, Dec. 16, to the wife of George E. Porter, a Nappan, Dec. 5, to the wife of Alexander Smith, a

Bloomington, Dec. 7, to the wife of James Dixon, a Strathlorne, C. B, Dec. 8, to the wife of D. A. Camp. St. John, Dec. 10, to the wife of Frank Curren, two

Fredericton, Dec. 11, to the wife of William Gibson, Burlington, Dec. 5, to the wife of Dr. J. A. Payzant, Picton, Dec. 6, to the wife of Captain C. H. McLeod,

Karsdale, Dec. 4, to the wife of Stanley Farnsworth, Buctouche, Dec. 9, to the wife of Chief McLaughlin, Westmorland Point, Dec. 6, to the wife of Martin

Carter, a son. Centreville, Dec. 3, to the wife of Clarence N. Roscoe, a son. Mink Cove, N. S., Dec. 12, to the wife of E. A. Gidney, a son. Parker's Cove, Nov. 29, to the wife of William Apt, two daughters.

Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Surgeon Captain Bridgetown, Dec. 5, to the wife of Edward Bauck-Springhill Mines, Dec. 7, to the wife of Archibald W. Foster, a son.

Torbrook Mines, Dec. 12, to the wife of George Crowe, a daughter. Yarmouth, Nov. 20, to the wife of Charles E. Mc-Kinnon, a dauguter. Sydney, C. B., Nov. 27, to the wife of Richard W Menzies, a daughter. South Brookfield, Dec. 6, to the wife of Avery

freeman, a daughter. New Richmond, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. George F. Kinnear, a daughter. Upper Stewincke, N. S., Dec. 10, to the wife of Frank Johnson, a daugnter

MARRIED.

Trure, Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. Turner, Charles Teed to Truro, Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. Turner, Henry E. Teed Sussex, Dec. 3, by Rev. Mr. Grant, Joshua Prescout to Mary Bowles. Yarmouth, Dec. 7, by Rev. H. Stearns, John W. Gibson to Eva Higby. Oak Bay, Dec. 2, by Rev. Charles McCully, Thomas Hanson to Mabel Lillo. Douglas, Dec. 5, by Rev. John Parkinson, Eldrick Staples to Ella Brewer. New Tusket, Dec. 9, by Rev. Mr. Giffin, Jacob Gavelie to Mary Mullen. Clifton, P. E. I., by Rev. A. Stirling, Donald Mc-Kay to Flora Sutherland. River John, N. S., by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Samuel Moore to Alice Reid. St. John, Dec. 13, by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, John Daley to Margaret Torry. Annapolis, Dec. 11, by Rev. H. How, Asa L. Black to Florence M. Hardwick. ncton, Dec. 12, by Rev. John Read, J. Percy Bridgetown, N. S., Dec. 7, John, son of the late Chapman to Laura Brown. Freeport, Dec. 11, by Rev. Mr. Archilles, Fenwick Morrell to Nellie Thurber. Caverbill, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. K. King, George Prescott to Amelia Brewer. Searsville, Dec 12, by Rev. A. J. Cresswell, John E. Bell to Annie Johnso Kemptville, Dec. 1, by Rev. E. K. West, Samuel Hopewell Cape; by Rev. B. N. Hughes, Eldon N. Reed to Hattie B. Brenston. amassed a considerable fortune; and Clara disappointment; a love that, springing desired to impress him with the idea that forth anew, might bring unto the years be-Halifax, Dec 5, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, George Monn to Elizabeth Miller.

St. John, Dec. 18. by Rev. J. Shenton, Edmund H Flewelling to Clara A. Smith. Aylesford, Dec. 5, by Rev J. S. Coffin, Edgar J. Wagner to Annie L. Bowlby. Boulardie, Dec. 11, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Archie McPhee to Mary McEachern. Chatham, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. McCoy, John George Forrest, to Minnie Morrison. Pictou, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. A. Mackenzie, Henry Langille to Jane C. McKenna. which gave the howler a nice quiet place in Plymouth, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, George Which to enjoy the long, silent years of the W. Simms to Sarah B. Purdy. Truro, Dec 11, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, P. F. Moriarty to Jessie McDonald. Amherst, Dec. 5, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Herbert Bulmer to Harriet A. Moren. Upper Stewiacke, Dec. 12, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Dryden Power to Ruby Lens. Halifax, Dec. 13, by Rev. E. Dixon, Frederick Byers to Charlotte L. Clarke. Upper Stewiacke, Dec. 12, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Dryden Powers to Ruby Teas. Summerside, Nov. 28. by Rev. E. Allen Hudson to Ella Stavert. Mahone Bay, Dec. 1, by Rev R. McArthur, Gabriel Meisner to Minnie E. Oxner. Milltown, Dec. 12, by Rev. John Hawley, William P. Morrison to Minnie D. Slipp. Waliace, N. S., Dec. 5, by Rev. H. B. MacKay, Stephen Tuttle to Ella Reeves. Truro, Dec. 11, by Rev. John Robbins, George Ftreatch to Blanche Mackenzie. St. John, Dec. 19, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, Samuel A. Nicholson to Matilda J. Finlay. Fredericton, Dec. 12, by Rev. George B. Payson, John R. Kenny to Georgia Day. West Pembroke, Me, Dec. 5, by Rev. E. S. Gahan Robert Sherrad to Jessie Lynn. Fredericton, Dec. 12, by Rev. Willard MacDonald, William Thorburn to Lena Foley. Oak Bay, Dec. 2, by Rev. Thomas Aller, Nelson Cunningham to Linnie M. Groom. Bear River, Dec. 5, by Rev. Joseph Hale, Frederick J. Ditmars to Florence M. Morse. Sydney, C. B., Dec. 4, by Rev. J. F. Førbes, Alexander J. Grant to Jennie McLeod. Kennetcook Corner, Dec. 5, by Rev. R. C. Quinn, George W. Reid to Amy Anthony. Springhill, Dec. 6, by Rev. E. E. England, J. C. Mills to Mrs. Frances A. Fletcher. Mahone Bay, Dec. 1, by Rev. J. W. Crawford Simeon Robar to Georgina Zwicker. Lower Granville, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. Gale, Norman F. Willett to Hester L. Shafner. Jolicure, N. B. Nov. 28, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Albert G. Patterson to Mary J. Read. Fredericton, Dec. 3, by Rev. George B. Payson, Herbert Hanson to Clara V. Osser. Milltown, Dec. 12, by Rev. John Hawley, William P. Morrison to Minnie D. Slipp.

> Cariboo Mines, Dec. 5, by Rev. F. Thompson Malcolm Woodlin to Elizabeth Shearer. North Sydney, C. B., Dec. 6, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Robert Fierce Scott to Annabel Munroe. Sydney Mines, Dec. 11, by Rev. D. McMillian Malcolm McLean to Catherine McDonald. Brooklyn, N. S., Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. McEwan, Herbert L. Gardner to Lillian N. Mouser. Pugwash Junction, Dec. 12, by Rev. C. H. Haver-stock, Hiram F. McLeod to Eliza E. Peers. East Florenceville, Dec. 5, by Rev. George M. Young, Alonzo Taylor to Maud H. Boyer. Bayside, Dec. 12, by Rev. F. Todd, assi ted by Rev. H. E. S. Maider, Fred Leaman to Jessie Bart-

Nelson, Nov. 28, by Rev. Mr. Aitken, Thomas

South Maitland, N. S., Dec. 11, by Rev. J. Slippe ley, John W. Barr to Sarah S. Skalling.

Fort Lawrence, Dec. 12, by Rev, H. G. Estabrooks

Coughian to Ellen Rebecca Appleby.

mithers. Armour McFarland to Margare

DIED.

Athol, Dec. 7, Edward Baker, 81. St. John, Dec. 17, Thomas Currie. Arcadia, Dec. 1, Martha Sisco, 39. Halifax, Dec. 17, Albert Young, 37. Smithfield, Dec. 2, Joseph Pratt, 78. Halifax, Dec. 16, Peter Crichton, 86. St. George, Dec. 2, Robert Logan, 76. St. John, Dec. 14, James Harding, 72. St. John, Dec. 17, Mrs. Ellen Hill, 84. St. John, Dec. 17, William Martin, 71. St. George, Dec. 3, William Doyle, 24. Elmville, Dec. 2, Clement Corning, 68. Mascarene, Dec. 3, Napcy Stewart, 71. Alma, Dec. 18, John Matthews, Sr., 79. Halifax, Dec. 13, Cornelius Driscoll, 83. Halifax, Dec. 12, James Fitzgerald, 54. Pennfield, Dec. 10, George W. Jack, 55. Penfield, Dec. 10, Washington Jack, 54. Amherst, Dec. 8, Mrs. James Logan, 82. St. George, Dec. 10, Howard Currans, 93. Sand Point, Dec. 7, Jacob J. Hemeon, 82. Point Wolfe, Dec. 10, John Matthews, 64. Hunt's Point, Dec. 2, William Frelick, 76. Fredericton, Dec. 12, John B. Grieves, 47. Kingston, Dec. 12, Mrs. Wallace Neily, 35. Riverton, Dec. 6, Alexander Sutherland, 64. Dalhousie, N. B., Dec. 6, Donald Grant, 74. St. John, Dec. 14. Frederick Bannister, 35. St. Stephen, Dec. 3, M. Arthur Edwards, 44. Port Medway, Dec. 5, Christopher Smith, 63. Lake George, N. S., Dec. 1, John Winter, 74. Fredericton, Dec. 11, Martha McLaughlin, 87. Lower Woodstock, Dec. 11, John Johnston, 87. South Williamston, Dec. 1, Minard C. Beals, 60. Enfield, N. S., Dec. 14, James H. Ferguson, 56. Fredericton Junction, Dec. 7, Hugh Simpson, 72. Summerside, P. E. I., Dec. 8, Nicholas Watson, 40. Albert, Dec. 11, Grace, daughter of John Nodwell, 5. Kennebecassis Island, Dec. 11, James H. Carter, 75. Lakeside, Dec. 8, Esther, wife of Henry Gould, 28. Portugueese Cove, N. S., Dec. 13, Donald Smith, 70. St. John, Dec. 17, Harry, son of Thomas Gibbons, 20. Golden Ridge, N. B.. Dec. 4, George Campbell, 67. Halifax, Dec. 16, Catherine, wife of William Power,

Amherst, Dec. 16, Eleanor, widow of the late James Halifax, Dec. 15, Jane, wife of Arthur J. Winter leigh, 32 Mount Uniacke, Dec. 9, Frances, wife of William Rawdon, N. S., Dec. 1, Eliza, widow of the late John Meek, 90. St. John, Dec. 15, Catherine, wife of Thomas Mc-

Carron, 41. Guysboro, Dec. 7, Annie, widow of the late Elias Falmouth, Dec. 4, Ann, widow of the late Elisha Moncton, Dec. 16, Mary Ellen, wife of David Arm-Fredericton, Dec. 11, George, son of William Cooper, 35 Main River, N. B., Dec. 10, Robert, son of George Hebron, Dec. 3, Panl, son of Rev. F. H. and Annie F. Beals.

St. John, Dec. 13, Bridgah Teresa, wife of Peter C. Pererson, 48. Halitax, Dec. 10, Sarah, widow of the late Alexander Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 13, Stephen Daly, formerly o

Berwick, Dec. 12, Mary, widow of the late Olive

Halifax, Dec. 16, William, son of the late Lieut. John Coote, 79. Hammond's Plains, Dec. 9, Dennis, son of Mrs. & Emmerson, 18. Dartmouth, Dec. 13, Rev. John S., son of the late Jordan Bay, Dec. 10, Ada, daughter of John and Isaac Healy, 53.

Halifax, Dec. 15, Frank, son of Robert and Margaret Walker, Smith's Cove, Dec. 7, Aggie, daughter of Isaac and Halifax, Dec. 9, Herbert, son of Daniel and Alice Bedford, 14 days. Memramcook, Dec. 9, of congestion, Eliza, wite of S. C. Charters, 73.

Charlesville, Dec. 2, John L., son of John and Letitia Harding, 2. Halifax, Dec. 16, Gerald, son of Angus and Ada McDonald, 5 weeks. Moncton, Dec. 11, Nellie M., daughter of William and Annie McCoy, 6. Halifax, Dec. 16, John B., son of the late John and Isabella Bennett, 17.

Halifax, Dec. 16, Gordon Douglas, son of Elija l and Eliza Dagnall, 4. Halifax, Dec. 8, James A. M., son of Mary and the late James Carroll, 20. Halifax, Dec. 17, Frances Silvester son of John and Charlotte Redmond, 2.

Halifax, Dec. 10, Wilber, son of W. J. and Florence Holley, 3 months St. John, Dec. 13, Sertrude, daughter of Robert and Annie M. Sproul, 2. Liverpool, Dec. 4, David L. D., son of John and Susan Prudence, 9 month

Burlington, N. S., Dec. 7, Dorothy, daughter of Dr. J. A. and Catherine Payzant. Moncton, Dec. 18 John Thomas, son of Owen and Margaret McGinty, 5 months. Halifax, Dec 14, William Ross, son of W. C. and Sophie Mumford, 11 months.

Sackville, Dec. 5, Ethel Geraldine, daughter of Alfred D. and Mary V. Smith. Lower Coverdale, Dec. 17, Mrs. Steeves, widow of the late Frederick Steeves, 80 Salisbury Road, Dec. 10, Hazel, adopted daughter

Pictou, Dec. 2, Thomas Frederick, son of Thomas and Mary E. McCarvill, 3 months. Barrington, Dec. 1, Myrtle, daughter of Captain and Mrs. U. H. Lyons, 15, months. Halifax, Dec. 15, Mabel, daughter of Wallace H. and Sadie E. Harrington, 19 months.

Charlesville, N. S., Dec. 2, of whooping cough, John L., son of John and Letitia Harding, 2. Portland, Me., Dec. 5, Mrs. E. F. Phair, daughter of the late Richard Estey, of Fredericton, 38. South Side. West Bay, N. S., Dec. 6, Delia daughter of Fred W., and Minnie Thompson, 12. Bridgetown, Dec. 5, Eliza, widow of the late John Bauckman, and wife of Gideon Beardsley, of

WANTED! - People to Understand That -BASS'S ALE, **GUINESS'S STOUT**

are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensible 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 Guiness in the world. Try it and be convinced. Ask for PIG BRAND.

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Dec. 21 to 25 inclusive, not good for going passage after Dec. 25; also Dec. 28 to Jan 1, not good for going passage after Jan. 1, all good for return until Further particulars of Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BE-(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.) On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows :

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY: Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax. Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p.m. Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Leave Hallax, Thesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p. m.

Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m

Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m.

Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m. mond, 11.15 a. m. Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8.10 p. m. Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steam-ship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. F. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Juncion and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West. For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station Agents, to 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager. K. Sutherland, Superintendent

Intercolonial Railway.

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

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Picton and Halifax...

Express for Halifax...

Express for Quebec and Montreal.....

Express for Sussex..... A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mon

treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.30 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Mon-Express from Halifax.

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-

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

Al trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.