

DANGER AND DYNAMITE

'O papa, I want to go with you. It is such fun down on the old wharf, and that queer old Sergeant Bader said if I would come again he would give me some fishline and hooks, and I could catch fish enough for dinner. Do let me go. Can't I?' and Charlie's merry brown eyes looked so eager that it was no use for his father to try to resist him.

So, looking over the breakfast-table to the boy's mother, Captain Douglas asked, 'Do you wish him for anything to-day, my dear?'

'No, Arthur, I have nothing for him to-day to do; and as this is his last day of vacation, I think he might go. But do be careful, and do not let him get near any of the convicts. The last time, that horrid man, who has so long a term to serve—Hogan, I think you called him—engaged him in quite a long conversation.'

Charlie glanced at his mother, with happiness breaking in his eyes, as he said: 'I won't speak to a y of them, I promise. Thank you, mamma. Thank you, papa. I'll go and get ready, and let the room, to change his clothes and to get Mary, the cook, to put him up a small lunch with his father's.'

On a point of land outside the harbor of X—stood an old fort, once one of the strongest in the world, but of little avail in these days of great rifled cannon. So to Captain Douglas had been assigned the duty of the fort and the removal of the arms. To do the work a party of ten military convicts, under guard of three soldiers, had been sent from the great military prison. The work had been going on for some time under charge of old Sergeant Bader, and it required only a visit every few days on the Captain's part.

Charlie and his father were soon ready and reached the fort in about twenty minutes. The gang of convicts were at work slinging an old gun to the axle of an immense cart drawn by eight mules. The captain reined up alongside and watched the completion of the job; and as the teamsters whipped up their mules and started off, he beckoned the sergeant to him.

'Well, I see that is the last of the guns on the ground. We shall have to dismount those on the second tier now. Have you the implements all ready?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the sergeant; 'but will the captain have the ammunition taken away from the casemates where the ten-inch guns are, before taking down the guns?'

'O yes, I forgot about that. Take it out, and put it in the magazine at the north end of the casemate row that we cleared the other day. You will not require all the party, so send three men and one guard up stairs, and I will rig the derrick up there for lowering the guns. You may take the other two guards and seven convicts, and go to the ammunition.'

'Very well, sir; but shall I send Hogan, or keep him with me?'

'Send him above, where I can watch him,' replied the captain, as he lifted Charlie out of the cart. 'Carry that box of dynamite upstairs the first thing, and place it on top just outside the tower. It will be safe there, and after you have everything else put away, you can then carry it down to the magazine.'

In a few moments more the parties were at work. The sergeant, with seven men, was taking out boxes packed with grape and canister and shells for the large guns, and were carrying them down to the magazine at the end of the casemate row. One guard stood with loaded gun at the end of the first casemate, where boxes of ammunition lay piled up, and the other stood near the magazine at the other end of the row, so that not a movement could be made by the convicts without being seen. Upstairs on top of the fort, the three convicts, one of them being Hogan, were busily engaged under Captain Douglas, in rigging up the derrick tackle. A guard stood near by one side, where he could see them plainly.

For a while Charlie stayed down below the sea-wall, where he could watch the big waves come rolling in from the ocean beyond; but soon tiring of that, he went up stairs to where his father was. The work went on merrily for a half hour or so, when the captain, turning to the guard, said: 'I am going downstairs for a few moments. Watch these men carefully, and do not let them go near the tower. Stay here, Charlie, and he went down to the second floor to see how the work was progressing there.

As he disappeared down the tower, Hogan looked at Charlie, and grinning at him in his most engaging manner, beckoned him to come near. Charlie remembered his promise, and at first did not stir; but Hogan repeating his gestures, he thought that possibly something was the matter, and so, first looking askance at the guard, who nodded his head, he went to the convict without speaking.

'Charlie, will ye be after doin' me a favor, and bring me that lashin'-cord ayeant there on the gun?'

Surely there was no harm in that; and, running over to the gun on the other side of the fort, he got the cord and brought it to Hogan, who began to fasten together parts of the large rope connected with the derrick.

While he was thus engaged, Captain Douglas came upstairs, and had just reached the top when everyone was startled by a loud call of 'Halt! Halt!' followed by a shot or two and noise of hurrying and scuffling.

'Watch here, Charlie,' called out Captain Douglas, as he rushed downstairs with drawn revolver.

What a sight met his eyes! One of the guards was lying prone and senseless on the floor, while the other one was struggling with three of the convicts, who were trying to wrest his gun and cartridge belt from him. In the corner of the second casemate the old sergeant with drawn revolver was holding at bay the remaining four convicts, while yelling at the top of his voice for assistance. But he had his back turned towards the struggling sentinel, and was unable to help him without letting his party of four get away.

One sweeping glance revealed the whole situation to the captain, and rushing towards the group struggling with the guard, who in another moment would have wrested his guns from him, he commanded: 'Hands up, you scoundrels! Back there, every one of you to that corner!'

Before that powerful voice and commanding figure, whose blazing eyes shone forth with a resolution that could not be withstood, and the cocked revolver that killed with surety; the three convicts backed

suddenly till they were united with the four in the corner under the sergeant's revolver. 'Load your gun quickly, Robinson, and stand guard over these men. Do not let one of them stir out of the corner, and shoot the first one of them that rises from the floor. Down all of you on the floor. How did this happen, sergeant?' and the captain, having secured the convicts, went to the prostrate figure of the other guard near the magazine.

'That man Myers, sir, he went up to the guard there, sir, James, and was asking him questions, when Kelly came and hit James over the head with a large bag of grape-shot, and took his gun. The four of them then made a rush on me; but I got the drop on Kelly and shot him in the arm, and he let go of the gun, and I got them all in the corner. The other guard, Robinson, he fired at Kelly also, but missed him; and before he could reload his gun the three of them near him jumped on him.'

While he was talking, the captain examined the unconscious guard, and as the sergeant finished, he said: 'This man is badly hurt, I am afraid. He must be taken to the hospital without delay. Is Kelly hurt much?'

'No, sir, much is the pity, sir. Only a scratch. I wish it was a killed him,' replied the excited sergeant.

'Sergeant, you must take this man to the hospital at once. Take Kelly with you and have him examined also. And march Myers ahead of you; and if he tries to run shoot him without mercy. Robinson, you go along behind the cart, and guard both Kelly and Myers. Put this wounded man into the cart, and drive as fast as you can without danger to him. I will stay here till you return. Report to the colonel, and bring back two more guards with you. Leave Myers in the guard-house at the fort.'

Suiting the action to his words, the captain took his place in front of the now thoroughly cowed guard, and ordered Kelly and Myers to rise and step to the front, where they were at once covered by the muzzle of Robinson's loaded gun. The wounded man was carried downstairs, and Robinson and his two prisoners followed; but it was till the noise of the cart-wheels had died away that the captain betwought him that he had heard no noise upstairs. The silence was unusual, and he called out loudly, he said: 'Charlie, what are you doing there? Come down here quickly.'

'I can't, father,' the boy's voice faintly replied. 'I am holding these convicts here. They have tied up the guard, but they dropped his gun over the wall, and they can't stir, 'cause I said I'd blow them up if they did.'

The poor father's heart sunk within him. Unable to leave his present position without the convicts, he could not march them upstairs ahead of them. 'Are you safe, my boy?' he asked.

'Yes, safe as can be,' the boy replied. 'They are great cowards, and dare not come near me. I have got two of the dynamite cartridges in my hands; and I told them that if they came near this door I'll throw them down; and I will, too, even if it kills me. You told me to stay here, but I wish you would come soon, I feel a little queer,' and the manly little voice sounded to the agonized father quite weak and low.

In an instant it all flashed across his mind—the dynamite that he had placed on top for safety, and his boy with the deadly stuff in his hands. From experience he knew how sick and faint the touch and odor of it made those unused to it. What if his boy should be unable to stand it, and should faint, and in falling explode the two sticks he held in his hands? It would blow up the whole fort, convicts and all; but it was not of himself that he thought, but of his boy, his pride, who was so dear to his mother. The cold sweat broke out all over him and for an instant or two he was tempted to let his convicts go, and rush himself to his boy's support.

But the soldier instinct at once asserted itself, and with a short and silent prayer to the Almighty, he called out again: 'Hold fast, my boy, and do not let them get near you. I can't leave these men now, but soon the sergeant will be here with more guards. Stick it out a little longer. You are doing bravely, my little man, and your father is proud of you. You are a soldier's boy, remember.'

'I will, father,' but the voice was not so strong as it was a little while before.

How long the hour that followed seemed to the agonized father! Would the sergeant never return? Every little while he would call out encouragingly to Charlie, and the boy responded in the same manner, but his voice was growing fainter, and once more he said, 'My head aches pretty badly.'

'Only a few moments more, my boy.' And in a few moments more he heard the sound of wheels, and then the quick hurried rush and regular tramp of armed men, the well known tones of his lieutenant, and the steady and quick tread of the soldiers as they came in on double time.

'This way, Halleck; this way, and quickly, he cried.

'All right, captain,' responded the lieutenant from below, and the next moment he was bounding up the stairs four at a time, and followed by all the company, who having heard that their beloved captain was hurt, had turned out in strength to wreak vengeance on the convicts.

As he entered the casemate, the captain said: 'Two men guard these villains; the rest of you follow me.' And down the stairs he rushed to the other tower, and up four steps at a bound until he stood on the top.

A glance showed him all:—his brave boy leaning against the lower wall, deadly pale, but with a grim determination stamped on his boyish face, as he held in each hand a cartridge of the fearful explosive, with the open box below.

And as the boy caught sight of his father his eyes lighted once more; and he cried faintly: 'All right, father; they couldn't pass. "I—I," and overcome by the fumes of the material that he had held so long, he tottered and reeled, but caught himself so that the cartridges should not fall, when the father reached him, and, bearing him in his arms, took him downstairs, and, placing him in the cart, drove quickly home, after leaving directions to have the convicts marched back to the post.

The rest of the story is soon told. The boy was soon brought safely out of his swoon by the surgeon's skill, and after recovering from his headache told his story. It seems that when the shots were fired, the guard on top went to the railing to look down, when he was pounced upon by Ho-

gan and knocked over. In the struggle the guard's gun fell to the pavement without being discharged. It was very unfortunate for Hogan and his men that this was so, as they had no arms to overcome the brave boy, who soon showed the material he was made of. Quickly running towards the box of dynamite, he took up two cartridges, and called out to the advancing three: 'If you come any nearer, I'll throw these down with all my might. It will kill me, I know, and blow up the fort, but I do not care, and papa said you were to stay here, and I was to watch you. Thus he held them at bay for the hour that followed. In telling of it he said: 'It made me feel bad that you might be killed if I used the dynamite, papa; but I thought that you wanted me to stick to my post, and if we were both of us killed in doing our duty, than mamma would not feel so bad as if we should be killed in any other way.'

The story was told and repeated by the soldiers of the captain's company with many embellishments, and the post commander sent a special report of the affair to the general commanding the department. In a week from that time a letter came from the general himself to the brave little soldier, thanking him and commending his bravery, and the same night, as the sunset guns roared good night, there was read out a general order to the troops of every post in the department, which resounded the bravery of one little boy, and how he stuck to his post.

CLOSED FOR THE VACATION.

If you Leave Your House in Summer Leave no Chance for Microbes.

Before closing the city house for the warm season a thorough ventilation should take place, so thorough that good air may penetrate the darkest recesses. Corners should be left as clean as centres, plumbings as carefully scrubbed as though occupancy were to continue, and every room left with ventilation of outside air through the whole season.

The kitchen and cellar should be especially cleaned and renovated, and let it be said right here that to clean a cellar is not merely to sweep the floor clean and pack rubbish away under the stairs. It means to unearth every nook and corner, lift every box and board, wash out and old dust-covered bottles and various utensils if they are to be kept (better still to throw away everything not expected to be needed in a reasonable length of time), and the whole place to be white-washed with good lime. This sends a sweet, clean air through the house, and is a better beginning than doing up a house full of old pieces of furniture shrouded in linen. The back yards should be freed of old pieces of old cloth out in the court that not only, but your less fortunate neighbors, have to look at all summer.

This cleaning and clearing are better done at the closing than at the opening of the housekeeping year, if only one scouring is permitted. It is a selfish policy which reasons that, as there must be an autumn cleaning, the spring renovation may be slighted, since it will have to be done again. There is a menace to health in a house closed up and left with all the winter's effluvia and dust generating microbes by the heat of the summer's sun.

How He Became a Colonel.

Not long ago I was regaled with the tale of a man who had become a colonel by a novel method.

'Were you in the militia of your state?'

Some one asked of him.

'No, sah,' the proud son of the Blue Grass replied.

'Then,' continued the questioner, 'I suppose you were a battler for the cause that was lost?'

'You are wrong again,' the colonel answered.

'Then,' resumed the man that wanted to know, 'will you please let me know how you became a colonel?'

'Sah,' he replied. 'I married the widow of Colonel Black, sah.'

A Born Gentleman.

The small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

'Let me cut your steak for you,' she said, 'if I can get the way you like it,' she added with some degree of doubt.

'Thank you,' he responded, accepting her courtesy; 'I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it,' and the lady actually reached over and kissed him.

'How was it Perkins didn't get his degree at college this year?'

'You don't suppose the faculty is going to let a fine football player like Perkins graduate, do you?'

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BORN.

Fredericton, to the wife of John Sullivan, a son.
Halifax, July 1, to the wife of F. H. Verrill, a son.
St. John, July 1, to the wife of John O'Brien, a son.
Windsor, June 29, to the wife of Henry Ward, a son.
Truro, June 19, to the wife of William Wright, a son.
Sheburne, June 12, to the wife of Augustus Guy, a son.
Halifax, July 1, to the wife of C. E. W. Dodwell, a son.
Lockport, June 15, to the wife of Frank A. Bill, a son.
Fredericton Road, to the wife of William Good, a son.
Fredericton, June 23, to the wife of Jeremy Taylor, a son.
Halifax, June 23, to the wife of Thomas Whiteway, a son.
Sackville, June 25, to the wife of T. A. Kinnear, a daughter.
Fredericton Road, to the wife of Patrick Keohan, a daughter.
Pictou, June 22, to the wife of W. J. Wallace, a daughter.
Sydney, June 13, to the wife of George A. Brison, a daughter.
Sydney, June 14, to the wife of J. Martin, a daughter.
Amherst, June 21, to the wife of Hibbert Robert, a daughter.
Halifax, June 24, to the wife of J. H. Edwards, a daughter.
Fredericton, June 22, to the wife of J. H. Barry, a daughter.
Parishboro, June 16, to the wife of William Bradshaw, a daughter.
Bay du Vin, June 17, to the wife of John G. Willis, a son.
Middle Sackville, June 22, to the wife of Mark Landry, a son.
Truro, June 16, to the wife of Hiram Trueman, a son.
Kingston, June 15, to the wife of Edward McInerney, a son.
Tatamagouche, June 24, to the wife of C. E. McLeish, a son.
Port Mulgrave, N. S., June 2, to the wife of John Dunbar, a son.
St. John, June 19, to the wife of S. Clarence Carver, a daughter.
Lunenburg, June 25, to the wife of Capt. William Gilroy, a daughter.
Tatamagouche, June 16, to the wife of C. K. McLellan, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, June 26, T. Baldwin to Emma Malson.
St. John, by Rev. W. Barnes, John Morrell to Robie Kesteven.
Canterbury Station, June 27, George J. Green to Laura Lawson.
St. John, June 27, by Rev. T. Casey, John P. Flynn to Lillian Mitchell.
St. John, June 27, by Rev. J. W. Clark, Isaac E. Pratt to Louisa Clark.
St. Croix, June 20, by Rev. J. K. McClure, L. C. Sperry to Ada T. Scott.
Marsville, June 25, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, James Reed to Mabel Murray.
Stanley, June 20, by Rev. J. S. Mullin, Laughlan McKinnon to Ada Hay.
Halifax, June 27, by Rev. Wm. N. Fraser, E. B. Lewis to Jennie Shireff.
Fredericton, June 27, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Allison Lunn to Julia Chase.
St. John, June 20, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Oscar Hemford to Mary E. Wilson.
Hemford, June 24, by Rev. A. S. Weinberg, Amos Hirtle to Cecelia Crouse.
Lunenburg, June 23, by Rev. George Haslam, Eli Turner to Cordelia Hill.
Fredericton, June 27, by Rev. J. C. McDevitt, James McGinnis to Annie McGuire.
Stanley, June 20, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Almond Clayton to Annie Henry.
Aylford, June 26, by Rev. J. A. Avery, Clarence Chute to Eva Harris.
St. John, June 24, by Rev. A. E. Chapman, Aaron Gamblin to Sarah Stanley.
Westville, June 25, by Rev. J. H. Cumming, Samuel Lewis to Elizabeth Foster.
Maitland, June 26, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Clarence J. Drillion to Katie D. Eaton.
Sussex, June 6, by Rev. James Crisp, Fred P. Rosand to Berie A. Fols.
St. John, June 27, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, George Graham to Sarah Crawford.
Harvey, June 27, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Henry Craig to Annie Rutherford.
Fredericton, June 25, by Rev. George B. Payson, Frank Martin to Annie Carr.
St. John, June 27, by Rev. Father Donahue, Gerald J. Stanton to Marie McKeefe.
Fredericton, June 25, by Rev. George B. Payson, Daniel Lister to Myrtle Carr.
Halifax, June 27, by Rev. T. H. Watson Smith, G. H. Foster to Elsie C. Phillips.
Yarmouth, June 29, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Harry H. Wickwire to Sarah Lovitt.
St. John, June 28, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, William Henderson to Jennie Gorman.
Annapolis, June 27, by Rev. J. H. How, Lindsay Kirkpatrick to Mabel Bishop.
Nappan Station, June 20, by Rev. J. Johnson, Lewis R. Ripley to Rosamond Pipes.
St. John, June 25, by Rev. James Burgess, William J. Wilson to Helen F. Wilson.
Bridgewater, June 20, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Philip Devan to Mary Ramey.
Halifax, June 19, by Rev. D. W. Hague, Edward A. Miller to Susan Filkins.
Dumfries, June 25, by Rev. G. W. Foster, James F. Miller to Ada G. Lawrence.
St. John, June 27, by Rev. W. H. Hainnie, John H. Murphy to Mary J. McMurtry.
Wassville, June 27, by Rev. Canon Neales, John A. Freeman to Fannie Wilson.
Springhill, June 9, by Rev. David Wright, Gorie McDonald to Marie Sander.
Moncton, June 27, by Rev. J. Roy Campbell, Rev. H. E. Dibbitt to Ethel Foster.
Springhill, June 27, by Rev. D. Wright, Joseph Coon to Catherine Cunningham.
St. John, June 27, by Rev. J. O'Donovan, James O'Brien to Nellie G. McMaas.
Fredericton, June 27, by Rev. R. W. Weddall, Rev. A. J. Loggie to Clara Campbell.
Yarmouth, June 25, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Edgar C. Porter to Guiliana Churchill.
Sackville, June 26, by Rev. George B. Payson, George A. Olin to Jennie Wood.
Westville, June 20, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Robert A. Jamieson to Maggie Maxwell.
Halifax, June 23, by Rev. Canon Partridge, Bruce T. Stewart to Emma Dunsworth.
Applegate, June 26, by Rev. E. B. Gray, Samuel H. Boone to Mrs. Mahala Jacobs.
Cardigan, June 13, by Rev. K. K. King, William S. Evans to Victoria H. Armstrong.
Upper Steviacke, June 25, by A. G. Dunn, Murdoch Higgins to Elizabeth Redden.
Cross Creek, June 20, by Rev. J. S. Mullin, William Carrall to Emily C. O'Donnell.
Fredericton, June 27, by Rev. Canon Roberts, James H. Wilkes to Lucy A. Boies.
Maple View, N. B., June 25, by Rev. John Flanders, Newman Wright to Alice Flanders.
Port Greville, June 20, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Rev. Cranswick Jost to Ada E. Elderkin.
Red Head, June 27, by Rev. A. J. Kempton, J. Fred Belyea to Maggie D. Anthony.
Sydney, C. B., June 25, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Daniel McKean to Sarah Morrison.
Tracy Station, June 27, by Rev. W. R. Read, Edward Hart to Mary S. Duchesney.
New Glasgow, June 27, by Rev. D. Henderson, John L. McIntosh to Cassie McLaren.
Fredericton, June 18, by Rev. George B. Payson, William N. Graves to Mary E. Foster.
Beechwood, June 20, by Rev. Samuel E. Sprague, Ezekiel De Merchant to Harriett Gray.
Port Hawkesbury, June 11, by Rev. R. B. Mack, Levi Warner to Margaret Anderson.
Fredericton, June 27, by Rev. George B. Payson, Isaac N. Hunter to Phoebe A. Lindsay.
Kentville, June 20, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, William E. Woodworth to Mary E. Foster.
Lunenburg, June 20, by Rev. George Haslam, Charles W. Lane to Florence E. Jacobs.
New Glasgow, June 20, by Rev. James Carruthers, George B. Donald to Mary G. McDonald.
Granville Ferry, June 27, by Rev. J. Daniel, Granville E. Morse to Mrs. Lucretia Delap.
Mahone Bay, June 20, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, William McLaughlin to Maggie McDonald.
Upper Branch, N. S., June 24, by Rev. A. C. Swainsberg, John Brinkum to Mrs. Esther Zwicker.
Hampton, June 27, by Rev. Samuel Haward, assisted by Rev. C. H. Paisley and Rev. William Tippet, Thomas W. Barnes to Ada G. Brown.

DIED.

Kingville, June 28, John Evans, 74.
Wassville, June 28, Anthony Grass, 68.
Windsor, June 22, Robert J. Dore, 75.
St. John, July 4, William Starkey, 52.
Halifax, June 30, Margaret Munro, 52.
Halifax, June 28, William Sturgis, 44.
Deer Island, June 12, Henry Smith, 73.
Fredericton, June 25, Major Staples, 68.
Pennyfield, June 18, Margaret Miller, 73.
St. John, June 27, Thomas W. Symonds.
St. John, June 2, Maud Alice Sprout, 29.
Westville, June 22, Harvey Copeland, 33.
Lower Selma, June 11, Asa Hamilton, 83.
Halifax, June 25, William Glazebrook, 85.
Lourdes, N. S., June 13, Angus Smith, 90.
Tatamagouche, June 12, Mrs. Langille, 87.
Preston, N. S., June 28, Charles Carter, 62.
Clam Harbor, July 1, Ebenezer Robson, 62.
Clarence, N. S., June 31, Edward Leigh, 94.
Westmorland Point, June 20, John Cahill, 73.
Victoria Beach, June 25, Thomas Holden, 83.
St. Andrews, June 13, William A. Rollins, 71.
Sherrbrooke, June 24, Elizabeth McDaniel, 62.
Little South River, June 23 Samuel Travis, 59.
Baddeck, C. B., June 16, Ronald McDonald, 93.
Douglas, June 19, Mrs. Walter Cruikshank, 81.
St. John, June 30, Mrs. Margaret McDonald, 42.
Amherst, June 27, son of B. C. Munro, 10 weeks.
St. John, June 27, Mary, daughter of John O'Brien 5.
Moncton, June 26, Emeline, wife of W. H. Hope, 64.
Millerton, N. B., Elizabeth, wife of E. P. Esson, 31.
Campobello, June 12, Mrs. Penelope Davidson, 75.
Trenton, N. S., June 21, Mrs. Rosena McDonald, 71.
St. John, July 4, Edwin Taylor, son of A. R. Beil, 17.
St. John, July 2, Robert, son of W. J. and Julia Cox, 3.
Penobscot, June 8, Matilda, wife of Andrew Whelps, 60.
Halifax, June 29, Hannah, widow of the late Thomas Brackett, 66.
Halifax, June 23, Jennie, widow of the late James Armstrong, 68.
Kentville, June 25, Ethel Viola, daughter of George Hill, 8 months.
North Sydney, C. B., June 26, Maggie H., wife of N. Martell, 40.
Purgash, June 15, Janet, widow of the late Casmo Karslake, 40.
Karslake, June 23, of consumption, Eunice, wife of Jesse Foster, 42.
St. Mary's, June 22, Rose, widow of the late Lawrence Hughes, 55.
Wellsford, June 23, Amanda, daughter of David and Bessie Nichols, 15.
Brazil Lake, June 2, of diphtheria, Fannie, daughter of Isiah Clark, 30.
Halifax, June 23, John, son of Bridget and the late John McGrath, 32.
St. John, June 28, William, son of William and Agnes McManus, 13.
Sydney, June 24, Mary A., daughter of Joseph and Alice Davidson, 13.
Dartmouth, June 20, William, son of Charles and Matilda Backman, 9.
Halifax, June 28, Anastasia, widow of the late Edmund Dunphy, 86.
Marion Bridge, June 2, Mary B., daughter of John and Jessie Matheson.
Halifax, June 27, Frank Douglas, son of John and Catherine McIntyre, 1.
Fredericton, July 1, Eldon H., son of D. M. and Bertha B. McKenzie, 2.
St. John, June 20, Mary, daughter of Isabella and the late Daniel Hamilton, 16.
Sand Beach, N. S., June 26, Leonard, son of Prince W. and Emma Nickerson.
Jordan Falls, Debora, daughter of Stanley and Bertha Senbury, 6 weeks.
Boston, July 2, Mary J., wife of John Macaulay, formerly of St. John, N. B.
The Range, N. B., June 15, Sadie, daughter of Enoch and Maria Burke, 4.
Halifax, June 27, Maurice, son of Katherine and the late Daniel Hamilton, 16.
Westville, June 23, Margaret, daughter of Robert and Catherine Thompson, 5.
Sydney, C. B., June 18, Bertha Selion, daughter of Lewis and Elizabeth Foster, 4.
Grand Manan, June 26, Robert, son of the late William and Jane Carson, 58.
Sydney Mines, June 10, Alfreda, daughter of Summerville, N. S., June 21, Elizabeth, widow of the late Mitchell McDonald, 77.
Maitland, June 22, of diphtheria, Philip Courtney, son of S. N. and Mrs. Murphy.
Truro, June 27, Dora Gaden, daughter of Clarence and Annabella Miller, 6 months.
Sydney, C. B., June 26, Morzana, daughter of Alexander and Margaret F. McDonald, 4.
Pleasant Lake, N. S., June 12, George Melvin, son of George and Martha Forbes, 9 months.
Mill Cove, N. S., June 22, Kezia, wife of Hibbert Shattford and daughter of John H. Garrison, 36.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Ross Glen Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 5.40 a. m., for St. John and intervening points.

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