

THE ROMANCE OF A BELT.

Upon the turf sat handsome George Campbell and wistfully gazed a bit of beaver. Above the sky was summer blue, below the river hissed and flashed among its great flat tables and shelves of stone, and before him a laughing party of young men and maidens danced a reel to merry music. But the Campbell sat still, his brow clothed with thunder, and chewed more green stuff gloomily. The reason was trivial, but also agonizing. His—

Let us begin a little further back. That morning Mr. Campbell had arisen with a joyful heart, although the hour was 6 a. m., to dress for an early starting picnic. Now, he was President of an Athletic Club, and careless as to his wardrobe, two circumstances which had left him this morning with but one pair of unbroken braces, and these he could not find anywhere. And it was to be a most particular picnic, consisting of the angelic Miss Gordon with the requisite number of unimportant people necessary to convert Miss Gordon into a picnic.

George sat down on the bed and melancholically marked him for her own. It was too early morning to seek to purchase the missing articles, besides being a trade holiday, wherein the hostlers were probably picnicking themselves; the respectable and elderly Miss Walker, George's landlady, could scarcely be expected to have such things, and it was too much for a modest young man to knock up miscellaneous neighbors at 6 a. m. to demand a pair on loan. There was nothing for it but to gird himself with an old cricket belt, much worn and frayed, but with tender care perhaps capable of supporting the—

Those who have made trial of a belt, outside of athletic matters will know the peculiar feeling of "undressness" produced by the absence of braces. George thought with admiration of the courage of that noble lord who, through a long Parliamentary career, sat, and sometimes stood, in the Upper House a belted, but a braceless earl.

His gloom was not lessened, on reaching the place of meeting, to find that Tom Kennedy, who was to drive, had given Miss Gordon the vacant seat beside him. A most detestable person, thought George, was this Tom Kennedy, who talked evermore of horses, horses, and still more detestable in that Miss Gordon smiled her sweetest upon him.

Filled with such thoughts, George sat in his corner of the wagonette oblivious of the timid attempts of his neighbor to draw him into cheerful conversation. This neighbor was Mrs. Nasmyth, the "dragon" of the party, whose widowhood was assuredly her only claim to chaperonage, she being a gentle girl of twenty-four, left alone two years previously by the death of an elderly husband.

For the most of the drive the conversation was principally sustained by the concertina, with tin whistle obligato from a journalist.

Accompanied young ladies who play the fiddle, some of you so well, and the piano, lots of you badly, despise not the lowly concertina. It is an inspiring instrument, and with the added charms of bells, like Mattie's, and a shrill piping of the journalist's whistle, led George with such energy into the mazy whirl of a foursome reel, that the catastrophe occurred which sent him to sit on the grass and chew things. He was tired, he said.

He managed to slide the broken pieces of the belt into his pocket, but what next was to be done he knew not. To make things worse, Mrs. Nasmyth presently sat down beside him and began to talk. George had met this young lady often enough before, but had never taken much notice of her. A quiet, pale girl in black, she had stood no chance beside the reticent Miss Gordon, but looking now more closely at the little widow, all pink with exercise, George thought her rather pretty. She had beautiful, sympathetic grey eyes, which, as George recollected pleasantly, had been turned with modest interest upon his manly form pretty often that morning. He expanded his muscular chest with harmless vanity; and, as his ungirt garments "gave" too readily, shrunk miserably again to half his size.

"This jumping makes one so hot," said Mrs. Nasmyth, unbuckling the leather belt which encircled her waist. It was a neat waist, but not an hour-glass affair in narrowness. The terms are not synonymous. Miss Gordon's waist was a triumph of compression; but when the roses leave her cheeks a more prominent feature will probably receive them.

The music and the dancing had ceased, and the revellers reclined among the heather in as graceful attitude as the gentlemen's collars and the ladies' corsets permitted. A stage whisper from Mattie and a wave of her arm brought all to their feet except George.

About a hundred yards up the river rose a high terraced crag, and on its peak stood in silhouette a noble red deer, with wide branching antlers. He was looking in another direction, motionless against the clear sky, with the sun gilding his russet coat. A murmur of admiration came from the girls.

"What a chance for a pot-shot behind the shoulder," whispered Kennedy.

"Monster!" hissed Mattie, with a look of reproach at the bloodthirsty speaker.

"What is he doing so far from the brass?" asked Mrs. Nasmyth softly.

"Looking for adventures!"

"For old Burniefoot's vegetables rather," said the prosaic Kennedy, laughing.

A sough of wind came up the river, and the stag vanished abruptly.

"Winded us," said Kennedy. "Smelt us, you know."

"Perhaps he didn't like opopanax," said Arabella timidly. "That young lady's friends were in no doubt that she did. She moved in a cloud of it."

"The deer likes whisky still less," said Kennedy. "They can nose old Mac-naughton, the keeper, a mile away, up or down wind. 'He'll get never another stag till he turns teetotal.'"

"Has any one seen my belt?" asked Mrs. Nasmyth. "It has slipped off somehow." There was a general hunt among the grass and stones for the missing article, in which Mr. Campbell anxiously joined, but the search was fruitless, as well it might, the belt aforesaid being on the person of the only joyful George, let out to its last hole. It had slipped from the widow's waist as she rose to see the deer,

and had been straightway appropriated by the present wearer.

Some one supplied a red silk scarf, which became the widow mightily. The hunt for the belt or some other cause had reddened her cheeks and brightened her eyes, and the ruffling of her thick brown hair only added to her charms.

With the donning of the belt came back all George's lost spirits. He joined eagerly in the gambols of the others; he sang, he danced, he lunched heroically. Miss Gordon, in maiden meditation, inwardly decided that this was his "don't care a hang" method of resenting her preference for Tom Kennedy. The melancholy fit over, this was the hilarious symptom. Miss Gordon's mistake was the usual one of young ladies accustomed to command.

Constantly conscious of wearing a part of the lady's attire, George found himself continually regarding the little widow with interest, and the more he looked the prettier and more attractive she grew. So charming was she that at times he actually forgot that as a worshipper of Katherine Gordon he ought to be presently devoured with jealous pangs.

"Come, come," thought Miss Gordon, "this won't do at all. I must show Allison Nasmyth that my game is well preserved." Aloud—"Mr. Campbell!"

"Yes," said the inwardly rebellious slave coming to attention.

"I want some rowan berries. Get me some."

"There is none this side of the linn," said Mrs. Nasmyth.

"There is a big tree on the other side, over there," said the Gordon, pointing nonchalantly. "Come, President of the nimble Isthmians, there are stepping stones across."

There was a rough succession of boulders across the foaming stream, but all a leaping width apart, and some half sunk and slippery with water weeds.

"O, don't go, Mr. Campbell," said Mattie Robertson. "You'll be drowned in that snout of water." Aside, to Miss Gordon—"You cruel thing!"

Aside, to Miss Gordon—"You cruel thing!"

Miss Gordon, two sniffs. Mrs. Nasmyth said nothing, but her lips trembled a little, and Miss Gordon saw it. Her lips closed.

"I will get it," said George, quietly, and descended the rocky steep to the waterside, where he rubbed sand on his shoe soles. A few lucky bounds took him over. He cut a branch of the red-berried ash and turned to cross. The group on the other side were watching him, Mattie bending eagerly forward with a hard handful of the back of the journalist's jacket, and Mrs. Nasmyth nervously twisting a handkerchief.

Miss Gordon was smiling aside with Kennedy. Again he lightly leapt, but on the middle rock his wet shoes slipped and he fell heavily on his side, with a safe grip of the stone, but splashing his legs in the water and losing the rowan, all but a sprig with a few berries. The stream whirled off its trophy, taking a shoe also for luck. Kennedy came plunging down the bank in a rattle of stones and earth to assist him, but George was up and across in spite of bruises. Miss Gordon stood with a smile and hand half-outstretched to receive the hard-won prize. George half turned to Mrs. Nasmyth, whose handkerchief had become a damp ball, and gave her the berries.

"Mr. Kennedy will bring the rest," said he to Miss Gordon. "He's fishing with a branch for it in an eddy below."

In fact, the honest Tom appeared hereupon with his dripping catch, but Miss Gordon's natural smile had become an artificial one. Mattie gave her journalist a private dig, and squirmed with delight.

"O, Mr. Campbell, you have hurt your foot," said the kind-hearted Arabella, bending her short-sighted eyes toward a red spot on his shoeless sock. "So he has," said Mrs. Nasmyth, swiftly, with an air of discovery, though the deceiver had seen it first. "Let me help you." They pulled off the sock, disclosing a slight scratch, which Mrs. Nasmyth bound up with her handkerchief. Arabella, unnoticed by George, privately put her finger through a small hole in the heel of the sock, and looked eloquently at Mrs. Nasmyth. The lady blushed, very slightly, but enough for Arabella. When they entered their carriage for return, Arabella and Mattie quietly manoeuvred Mr. Campbell into a corner, and Mrs. Nasmyth next to him. A bas la Gordon!

The days following the picnic were soul-searching for George. He had stolen Mrs. Nasmyth's property, and had not the remotest idea of how to return it. It was a pretty and expensive affair, ornamented with clasps and plates of wrought silver. And it rather surprised George that the widow had taken her loss so quietly. Every night he took the pretty vexation from a drawer and thought of Mrs. Nasmyth. Every time he met the lady he blushed in spite of himself, and, remarkably fact! the lady blushed too. On each successive occasion he noticed that Mrs. Nasmyth was distinctly prettier than before. He began to wonder how he could have been such a drivelling as to think long Kate Gordon a beauty. His adoration for Catherine had gone down the linn with the rowan, and Tom Kennedy was welcome to both.

Honesty is the best policy. He put the belt into his pocket and called on Mrs. Nasmyth. He had never seen her in her own house before, and it progressively pretty outside, she was simply delicious here. She gave him a chair, and sat down with her hands in her lap, twitching expectantly. George insisted on standing bolt upright, produced the belt, and with admirable courage told the whole story. A fit of hysterical laughter, threatening tears, seized Mrs. Nasmyth.

"M—Mr. Campbell," she said, "you're welcome (gulp) 'to anything of mine.' 'I, I mean—"

Here she stuck. Ambiguous statement! He looked at her, and she blushed to the roots of her hair, and down behind the lace around her neck, such a hot blush that her soft skin might have blistered had not George done an idiotic thing that caused him all his life to rejoice. He kissed Mrs. Nasmyth.

"Dear," he said, "I love you."

So he did, since thirty seconds back. The widow's reply was inaudible, except to the second button of his coat.

"And to think," said George to Mrs. Nasmyth's white kitten, which surveyed him sympathetically, "that all this arose from your mistress losing her belt. Such a simple accident!"

"Such a simple accident!" echoed the widow softly, looking down. For the fib feminine faithfulness never.

PARSONS OF GREYNA GREEN.

Three Men Who Tied the Nuptial Knot for many Runaway Couples.

The first person who twined the bands of Hymen this way is supposed to have been a man named Scott, who resided at the Rigg, a few miles from the village of Gretna, about 1750 or 1760. He was accounted a shrewd, crafty fellow, and little more is known of him. George Gordon, an old soldier, started up as his successor. He always appeared on marriage occasions in an antiquated full military costume, wearing a large cocked hat, red coat, jackboots, and a ponderous sword dangling at his side. At any time he was interrogated "by what authority he performed the ceremony in wedlock," he boldly answered: "I have a special license from government, for which I pay £50 per annum." He was never closely examined on the subject, and a delusion prevailed during his life that a privilege of the kind really existed.

Several persons afterward attempted to establish themselves in the same line, but none was so successful as Joseph Paisley, who secured by far the greatest run of business, in defiance of every opposition. It was this person who obtained the appellation of the Old Blacksmith, probably on account of the mythological conceit of Vulcan being employed in riveting the hy-meneal chains.

Paisley was first a smuggler, then a tobaccoist, but never at any time a blacksmith. He commenced his mock pontifical career about 1780. For many years he was careful not to be publicly seen on such occasions, but stole through by-ways to the house where he was called to officiate, and there gave a certificate miserably written, and the orthography almost unintelligible, with a feigned signature.

Through an important trial, arising out of his marriages, he was forced to declare himself, and afterward wore canonicals with the dignity of a bishop.

Good Results From Laziness.

The steam engine was made perfectly automatic by a lazy boy, who was employed to open and close the valves. Desiring to play instead of work, he tied a string from one part of the machine to another, thus making the engine itself attend to its own business. He was never heard of again, and even his name is unknown, but a perfect engine was the outcome of his laziness.

Du Maurier is quoted as saying that it is a perpetual grief to him to have to cover his figures with "the hideous dress of the present fashion."

BORN.

Frederick, April 17, to the wife of John Mavor, a son.

Campton, April 16, to the wife of Dr. D. Murray, a son.

Millbrook, March 27, to the wife of D. A. McKay, a son.

Woodstock, April 19, to the wife of A. B. Connell, a son.

Digby, April 13, to the wife of J. Arthur Vansell, a son.

Halifax, April 19, to the wife of Michael O'Leary, a daughter.

Halifax, April 13, to the wife of W. H. Chipman, a daughter.

Halifax, April 13, to the wife of J. B. Currie, a daughter.

St. John, April 18, to the wife of William G. Grey, a daughter.

St. John, April 20, to the wife of Charles F. Wade, a daughter.

Sandy Cove, N. S., April 13, to the wife of Dr. Rice, a daughter.

Waverley, April 29, to the wife of George Macdonald, a daughter.

Charlottetown, April 1, to the wife of W. F. Tidmarsh, a son.

North Sydney, N. S., April 8, to the wife of Thomas Lovell, a son.

Woodville, N. S., April 16, to the wife of Geo. P. Young, a son.

Round Hill, April 9, to the wife of F. M. Armistrong, a son.

Middle Sackville, April 1, to the wife of Dennis Burke, a son.

Dartmouth, April 14, to the wife of Arthur C. Walker, a son.

Dawson, N. B., April 11, to the wife of Spurgeon Stevens, a son.

Yarmouth, April 13, to the wife of A. M. Perrin, M. D., a daughter.

Annapolis, April 1, to the wife of Thomas Dever, a son.

Midgie, N. B., April 5, to the wife of Louis Patterson, a son.

Halifax, April 18, to the wife of Herbert H. Thompson, a son.

Freepoint, N. S., April 15, to the wife of Leonard King, a daughter.

Salem, N. S., April 13, to the wife of Herman Wetmore, a daughter.

Dawson, N. B., April 11, to the wife of Hazen Jonah, a daughter.

Freepoint, N. S., April 16, to the wife of Capt. George Lent, a son.

North Sydney, N. S., April 10, to the wife of M. W. Silver, a son.

Delap Cove, N. S., April 12, to the wife of N. Demar, a daughter.

Cambridge, N. S., April 16, to the wife of Joseph Armstrong, a daughter.

Beecy, N. B., April 12, to the wife of Merritt Babcock, a daughter.

Halifax, N. S., April 15, to the wife of George Macdonald, a son and daughter.

Wickham, N. B., April 16, to the wife of M. H. Macdonald, M. D., a daughter.

MARRIED.

Antigonish, April 11, Cassie McDonald to Hugh McAdam.

Pictou, April 17, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Neil McCush to Mary McAdam.

Pictou, April 15, by Rev. J. J. Chisholm, Angus Pitts to Mary A. Gillis.

Milton, N. S., April 17, by Rev. H. A. Gilpin, Wm. Keans to Mattie Anthony.

Pennfield, April 14, by Rev. C. Wright, Alfred G. Stewart to Edith O'Brien.

Woodstock, April 13, by Rev. T. Marshall, James C. Moir to Lida M. Babar.

Pictou, April 15, by Rev. S. Carson, Rev. A. Falconer to Mrs. Copeland.

Truro, March 29, by Rev. A. L. Giegie, Solomon R. Crowe to Bertha Irving.

St. John, April 18, by Rev. E. W. Sibbald, Robert A. Cropley to Eva M. Orchard.

Lunenburg, April 19, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Henry L. Rhuland to Edna Heckman.

Bridgeport, April 10, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, Howard Crouse to Ida Wambolt.

Halifax, April 12, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, James E. Carmichael to Barbara Renner.

Barrington, April 18, by Rev. S. K. West, Charles D. Sargent to Annie E. Kendrick.

Halifax, April 16, by Rev. Mr. Pittman, Sergeant William Green to Emma D. Butler.

Pictou, April 16, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Wm. McDonald to Christy A. McLean.

Billtown, N. S., April 10, by Rev. E. C. Barker, William Green to Emma D. Butler.

Charlottetown, April 8, by Rev. W. C. Corey, William H. Fraser to Maria V. Garrett.

Acadia Mines, N. S., April 10, by Rev. T. B. Layton, James D. Teed to Minnie E. Mattail.

Pokenouche, April 2, by Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald, Michael Nowlan to Justine St. Pierre.

Barrington, N. S., April 13, by Rev. Cranwick Jost, A. A. Orellia to Bertha Crowell.

Billtown, N. S., April 17, by Rev. E. C. Barker, Edwin E. West to Lillian Woodrow.

Parishboro, April 17, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Edward Trueman Clarke to Mary Edna Brown.

Yarmouth, April 18, by Rev. Dr. Cartwright, J. Walter Holly to Regina Maud Murphy.

Tiverton, N. S., April 13, by Rev. H. A. DeVoe, Eliza Buckman to Frederick Outhouse.

Boisfort, N. B., by Rev. Joseph H. Brownell, Charles H. Jackson to Clarence Murray.

Yarmouth, April 19, by Rev. W. H. Langille, Albert E. Wentzel to Mrs. Mary Waden.

Granville, N. S., April 18, by Rev. W. H. Jenkins, Thomas S. Bohaker to Mary A. Halliart.

New Glasgow, April 19, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, George A. Wilson to Matilda Louise Reid.

St. Andrew's, N. S., April 10, by Rev. James Fraser, D. McPharlan to Margery McInnis.

Kouchibouguac, N. B., April 16, by Rev. William Hamilton, James Kennedy to Jennie Graham.

Greenfield, N. B., April 15, by Rev. J. E. Flowering, George W. Ritchie to Maggie A. Antworth.

Waltham, C. B., April 10, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Donald M. McLeod to Fannie Jessie Matheson.

Forest City, N. B., March 28, by Rev. Thomas McDonald, Joseph Gould to Addie B. Houghton.

Halifax, April 14, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, assisted by the Rev. President Forrest, Mary Dunlop Munis to James Turnbull.

DIED.

Sussex, April 15, Jane Evans, 71.

Millford, April 17, Jessie Keys, 28.

Pictou, Mrs. Alexander Gordon, 74.

Moncton, April 12, James Angus, 73.

Tide Head, April 9, Robt. Duncan, 90.

Halifax, April 14, Michael Killeen, 42.

St. John, April 20, Henry T. Foley, 55.

Halifax, April 19, Thomas Butler, 40.

Moncton, April 21, John J. Driscoll, 45.

Halifax, April 15, Richard Callahan, 45.

New Glasgow, April 5, John Thompson.

Chatham, March 30, Mary Peterson, 65.

Lorne, April 13, Thomas McDonald, 90.

Milltown, April 13, Angeline S. Ray, 84.

Halifax, April 17, Archibald Warner, 51.

New Ross, N. S., April 6, E. I. Ross, 78.

Amherst, April 16, George Chapman, 75.

Windsor, April 1, Charissa C. O'Brien, 49.

Gaspereau, April 17, Elzeger Goldwell, 78.

Dartmouth, April 18, William Cameron, 91.

Berwick, April 16, William H. Kinsman, 47.

Cookville, April 10, Thomas Estabrooks, 66.

Good Corner, N. B., April 13, Hugh Savage, 73.

Deerfield, N. S., April 12, Moses S. Vickery, 51.

Hammond Plains, N. S., April 15, Jas. Grace, 68.

Parishboro, April 15, Ellen, wife of Amos Hoegg, 49.

Halifax, April 16, Charles, son of Rufus Young, 29.

New Germany, N. S., April 3, Nelson Chesley, 87.

Halifax, April 14, Annie, wife of Martin Butler, 48.

Hamstead, N. B., April 9, John A. Douglas, 40.

South Branch, N. S., April 19, James Graham, 72.

Campbellton, April 16, Alexander Chamberlain, 71.

Black Brook, April 4, Mrs. Annabella McKenzie, 76.

Napan, N. S., April 14, Mrs. Michael Fitzpatrick, 50.

Halifax, April 13, Gussie, wife of W. H. Letherby, 28.

New Harbor, N. S., April 3, George Luddington, 66.

Moncton, April 16, James M. Humphrey, of St. Hibernia, April 5, Catherine, wife of David Gardner, 93.

Truro, April 7, Louise E., wife of A. Logan Barnhill, 34.

Black Cape, April 23, Alexander, son of Capt. McRae, 21.

St. John, April 20, Allen, son of E. J., and Nettie Todd, 9.

Yarmouth, April 12, John V. B., son of Thomas Grace, 4.

New Glasgow, April 16, Mary E., wife of Charles Jones, 50.

Pennfield, April 14, Lizzie A. Marr, wife of Wm. I. Hocking, 40.

East Hay, April 4, Edie, widow of the late Angus McLean, 112.

North Sydney, April 4, William H., son of the late John Grey, 23.

St. John, April 16, Willie M. C., son of William and Ellen Todd, 19.

Victoria, B. C., April 10, Margaret Olivia Lingley, of St. John, 28.

Hantsport, N. S., April 18, Susan, wife of George W. C. Churchill, 44.

Newport, N. S., April 11, Elizabeth A., wife of Nelson Woolaver, 58.

Halifax, Dora E., daughter of Charles and Clara Blithen, 9 months.

Chatham, April 14, Nancy Beef, widow of the late Charles Valley, 55.

Campbellton, April 12, Walter Lloyd, son of C. W. and Alice Cahill, 1.

Stellarton, April 5, Anna Johnston, widow of the late John Campbell, 61.

Tanecook, April 5, Elizabeth, widow of the late Geo. A. Baker, 77.

North Sydney, April 10, Annabel, daughter of John and Ann McLeod, 7.

Carleton Place, April 6, Annie Harris, widow of the late Donald Morrison, 47.

Lockport, April 11, Amos, son of the late James Townsend, 5 months.

Parishboro, April 15, Alida Yates, widow of the late Rev. W. B. King, 85.

Falkland Ridge, April 4, Mary, widow of the late Thomas McNayer, 76.

Sable River, N. S., April 17, Abigail, widow of the late David Dunlop, 90.

St. John, April 21, Mary M. M., daughter of John R. and Mary Sullivan, 16.

Low Point, N. S., April 15, Margaret, widow of the late Thomas Burke, 93.

Blue Mountain, N. S., April 17, Elizabeth Cameron, wife of Peter Campbell, 85.

St. John, April 18, Frederick A., son of Charles F. and Mary A. Hersey, 16.

Yarmouth, April 13, Lucilla Lane, widow of the late George Stewart, 97.

Pennfield, N. B., April 10, Sarah, widow of the late David Hayward, 94.

Moore's Mills, April 14, Henrietta G., daughter of W. H. and Ella Connick.

Hartford, April 17, Gussie Steele, daughter of Matthew and Elsie Rouch, 3.

West New Glasgow, April 15, Sophia, widow of the late George W. Fraser, 60.

Mabou, N. S., April 7, Christie M., daughter of Peter and Susan Barker, 3.

Pokenouche, April 12, William Connelley, son of the late John Connelley, 22.

Port William, N. S., April 13, Elizabeth, widow of the late Benjamin Kaye, 60.

Hibernia, April 15, Amasa, son of the late Stephen E. and Elizabeth Wood, 38.

Carleton Place, April 11, Louisa Margaret, daughter of W. F. Harris, 3.

Halifax, April 14, Ann Margaret, widow of the late Robert Butler, 61.

West River, April 4, Isabella Chisholm, widow of the late Duncan McKenz, 82.

St. John, April 16, Lizzie, daughter of the late Thomas and Mary Langtry, 36.

Hamstead, N. S., April 16, son H., son of Mary and the late John A. Douglas, 2.

St. John, April 17, Clarence Edward, son of Edward and Zulphat Allingham, 2 months.

Halifax, April 15, William Frederick, infant son of Elizabeth and Wm. Hensman, 6 months.

St. Martins, April 29, Dagmar Ethelwyn, daughter of Horace L. and Alma Day, 5 months.

Somerville, Mass., April 16, Eleanor Pierce, wife of James D. Perkins, 76 years and 6 months.

St. John, April 21, Mary Jones, infant daughter of Patrick and Hannah McIntyre, 7 months.

Halifax, April 14, Sarah, wife of John McNeill and daughter of Andrew and Susan Scollan, 24.

Ship Harbor, N. S., April 9, Cecelia, wife of M. H. Egan, and daughter of Mary and Clara Dean, 35.

Alder River, N. S., April 7, Ellen, wife of Archie Chisholm, and daughter of Hugh Chisholm, 37.

Wallace Bridge, April 2, Sarah, wife of Robert Kerr, and daughter of the late Thomas Batty.

Cambridge, N. S., April 15, Sarah O., wife of Alvin Neely, and daughter of the late George Woodward.

St. John, April 16, Mary Ellen, wife of Thomas H. Haly, and daughter of the late Michael McAmity, 35.

CHASE & SANBORN'S
SERVED EXCLUSIVELY
AT THE
WORLD'S FAIR
FERRIS WHEEL

If you will have your Grocer forward us your name, we will send to his care, 50 views of the World's Fair Buildings, FREE OF CHARGE.
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

GAGETOWN AND JEMSEG, Calling at Intermediate Stopping Places.

STEAMER MAY QUEEN, C. W. Brannen, Master, will leave her wharf, Indiantown, for Gagetown and Jemseg, calling at intermediate points, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 10 o'clock, returning on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, until opening of navigation to Grand Lake and Salmon River. Positively all UP Freight must be prepaid unless when accompanied by owners, in which case it can be settled for on board.

Wm. McULKIN, C. RABBITT, Agent at Indiantown, Manager.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen, Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton, and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton wharf the same day at 5 o'clock, for St. John and intervening points.

R. G. EARLE, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7:25 a.m. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a.m., and Portland at 8 p.m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

THE FAVORITES.

Peau De Sprang, Chrysantheme, Phil-Nana, Heliotrope Blanc, Hoso-No-Nana, Vera-Violette.

And an Endless assortment of all the Leading Makes of

PERFUMES.

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, THE DISPENSING DEPARTMENT

Receives Particular Attention.

A LIST OF DONT'S

is all very well when you have time to read it, but

DON'T go to business with a headache, if you do you will find a customer who is hard to please, you will grow like a bear with a sore paw and perhaps lose your sale.

DON'T fail to try "EUREXINE." Use it once and you will allow no other headache powder in your house.

BECAUSE it acts immediately. It is not an Antipretic, it contains no Morphine or Opium, it contains no Bromide, and contains no Narcotics. It develops no Unpleasant Symptoms.

Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price.

One Box 25c. Six Boxes \$1.25.

—PREPARED ONLY BY—

ORLANDO V. D. JONES, Druggist, —ETC.—

Cor. Waterloo and Peters Sts.

Canadian Express Co.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Lunenburg and Quebec, Central Ontario and Canadian Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agents. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa.

J. R. STONE, Agent.

H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THE ONLY

Trans-Continental LINE.

THE TRAIN leaving ST. JOHN, N. B. at 10:40 p.m., daily, except Saturday, arrives in MONTREAL at 4:20 p.m. the following day, 9 hours quicker than via any other line) making connections in Union Stations with through trains for OTTAWA, WINNIPEG and the PACIFIC COAST, for ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, &c., via the Soo Line. Also for TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, &c.