PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1894.

LONG TOM'S LOVE.

"Long" Tom Fortescue, the Major of the Fifth Bengal Native Cavalry, and Charlie Meredith, the senior Captain of that once famous corps, both loved the same girl; but though they were bosom friends, neither of them had the faintest suspicion of the other's teelings toward Clara Hodson.

The Colonel's wife knew it. But she was a wise lady, and said nothing, not even to her husband, who would have "pooh-poohed" if she had done so. So she held her peace, and Meredith, all unwitting, determined to know his fate before Clara went to the Hills for the warm season.

It was a still, hot night on the lonely plain, midway between Agra and Lucknow, where the Fifth was stationed. Inside the compound, horses sweated on a walk, and the punkah-wallah had fallen fast asleep from sheer exhaustion, while his toe swayed the canvas from force of habit, and sent a little breeze down the veranda,

In a dimly, distant corner of that veranda sat Clara and Capt. Charlie Meredith. Both had been silent a space. Charlie telt his heart thumping as it never did when he faced the Gurkhas' half moon blades. Clara's womanly intuition told her what was coming, and she rose to go. "One moment, Miss Clara," said he.

She turned and sat down again, toying nervously with her hands.

Charlie poured forth all his love, he never knew how, but as best he could.

"Stop-stop, Capt. Meredith !" implored the girl. "I am not free to listen to you," she continued, distressedly.

"Not free! he exclaimed in amazement. "Not free! Why, surely you"-----

"Charlie, you are too good, too manly, to be treated with any reserve. I am aiready engaged."

The man leaped up at her words, and staggered as if he had been struck.

"Engaged, Miss Hodson! Surely you will pardon my words. I never knew it." he muttered, hoarsely.

She replied in gentle tones, but Charlie did not hear her. The little punkah-wallah and the veranda were chasing each other around the compound in a peculiar way, while the barracks jumped up and down as if excited by the race. A roar as of a cataract stunned him. He stood there, speechless and dazed. When he looked 1.1.8 around he was alone.

"Say, Meredith, where are you?" shouted Major Fortescue, an hour later, rushing into the Captain's room. "Why.

him. He was trozen with horror at that moment, for his beloved grey-haired old Colonel then ran out, his wite sheltering behind him, and all three were cut down before Charlie's eyes.

hell-hounds?' He sprang at the door, sword and revolver in hand. There stood his bodyservant.

"The sahib must fly, or he will die. I should be slain if they knew I warned the ordered out, Major Fortesque at its head. sahib," said the man gravely. Charlie ran past him, behind the build-

ings, down to the tall river weeds and crouched there. "Fortesque, are you here?" he whisp-

ered, catching a glimpse of scarlet. "Yes, Meredith, and Clara with me"

was the low response. "Have a care!" said Meredith. "Do

midstream.

The heart-piercing screams died away, the barracks flamed up, and the three sole survivors crouched lower in the jungle, to the procession. while the Sepoys danced around the burning pile.

They had looted the canteen and the Malay was asked to drink. He shook his head.

"The tall man-where is he and his tor they have escaped."

The Sepoys passed so close to the fugitives that Fortesque drew Clara nearer to him and clutched his pistol. For many a brave man first kissed his loved women and then shot them before he died himself in the terrible days of the Mutiny.

Down the stream the mutineers went, while the Malay waited for them on the bank, close to Meredith.

"Now or never !" thought Charlie.

He leaped through the air like a tiger, his lithe form wound round the Malay's and he elutched his tawny throat as they of the natural but perfectly unwise attempt never relaxed until life had fled. He an action which inevitably causes the body

"Good, Charlie! One fiend, and he who caused the mischief, too! Now let's make a rush toward the stables, and then for Lucknow," said the Major.

The two heroes grasped each others hands, while Clara, calm and silent, but deathly pale, followed their every motion. Fortesque tried to speak. He could not. his heart was on fire with the terrible strain.

ed and flattened against the wall behind shone in the sunlight, forming a strange CRUSHED THEINSURANCE AGENT. They were on him as he finished his

prayer. They rode around him, atraid to close in. the jackals pulling down the dying lion. He held the road for five minutes. "A mutiny !" he gasped. "The infernal There were a couple of saddles emptied and all was over. Charlie Meredith lay in the blood-stained dust, his death a glorious consecration. Stern Laurence heard his story twenty minutes later. On came the sortie he had They caught his slayers and mowed them down with nervous arm, as the reapers do

the wheat.

contrast to his blackened face.

"There he lies," said a trooper. And the stalwart tellows stood around, with blinding tears in their eyes. They watched the living rival tenderly lift that precious form. He held him to his bosom as though he would warm him back to life. not go too far out. I hear crocodiles in He suffered no other hands to touch him as they journeyed back to Lucknow.

Sir Henry Laurence met him at the gate of the Presidency. He lifted his helmet

"Greater love hath no man than this. that he lay down his life for his friends." said the great Englishman, solemnly. Both he and Charlie lie buried in the Residency garden together. Clara's eldest boy is named Charles Meredith Fortesque, maiden ?' queried he. "Search the river, and upon the tablet in the Fortesque church, erected to Charlie's memory, are engraved the words of Sir. H. Laurence.

HOW TO FALL WITH SAFETY.

Why Intoxicated People van Tumble Around and Not Get Killed.

The reason why, in a great many cases, we hurt our bodies so much in talling is simply this; we try to save ourselves. Many an arm or collar-bone has been broken and neck dislocated, in consequence struggled in the reeds. That iron grasp to clutch at something to break the fall; spurned the corpse into the current behind to strike the ground in an awkward and dangerous manner. Of course, there are cases in which one is bound to make an effort to control one's fall-tor example, to prevent falling into a fire or under the wheels of a passing vehicle-but the injury is generally all the worse for the fact. A person, it is said, may stand erect

with his arms in against the sides, and (if he have sufficient courage to make the at-His lips are parched, his eyes bloodsbot, tempt) fall flat on his back or on his chest Digby, Feb. 25, to the wife of Charles Kiley, a without the slightest injury or bruise. He At last he stammered out these words: has merely to incline his head forward or Summerside, Feb. 16, to the wife of Captain Hoar, a "If I drop first, Charlie, don't let them backward, as the case may be, hold his Haliax, Mar. 2, to the wife of S. W. Withers, breath, and make no effort whatever to save himself. In the same way it is St. John, Feb. 27, to the wife of S. J. Thorne, a possible to sit upright in a chair, with the head a little forward, and fall backwards without injury-except to the chair.

His Intended Victim Led Him to a Place Where the Voice Was Useless. "The toughest experience I ever had in

my life," said a solicitor of life insurance to a New York Herald man, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy. I had been informed that he was a hard customer, but a wealthy man and one who had carelessly neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him. Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Lite insurance," said he. 'Well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop; I've got to go there, and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others.' Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the face of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success. The proprietor walked hurriedly and I atter him, until at last he flung open a door. It was the machine shop. The din was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears. Looking at my man I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to Waverly, N. S., Mar. 4. Skeery, 85. catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket, 'Now, tell me all about it !' Halifax, Mar. 1, William Biggers, 60. He smiled sardonically as he said this, and | Halifax, Feb. 26, Martin O'Brien, 83. I could have murdered him. It was im- Halifax, Feb. 27, Frederick S. Allen. possible to say a word, and so I went out.

run ?

BORN.

Coldbrook, N. S., to the wife of P. Innes, a son. Bloomington, N. S., Feb. 17, John Allen, 82. Maitland, Feb. 26, Captain Caleb Stewart, 71. Alma, Feb. 20, to the wife of R. Williams, a daugh-Port Saxon, N. S., Feb. 21, Jesse Crowell, 91. Moncton, Feb. 28, to the wife of Clifford Smith, a Bear River, N. S., Feb. 21, Elizabeth Tupper. Stellarton, N. S., Feb. 27, James Ferguson, 67. Moncton, Mar. 1, to the wife of E. P. Whitcomb, a South Richmond, Feb. 22, Matthew Miller, 85. Southampton, N. B , Feb. 24, Benjamin Brooks. Fredericton, Feb. 26, to the wife of H. C. Rutter, a St. Johns, Nfld., Feb. 20, Nicholas Fleming, 57. Halifax, Feb. 26, to the wife of W. B. Arthur, a

Upper Sackville, Feb. 28, Reuben Thompson, 56. North Sydney, C. B., Feb. 16, William Moore, 40. Perry's Point, N. B., Feb. 26, James F. Daniels, 8

Queen

son, 32

months.

hart, 52.

Leck, 72.

Henry, 63

Laing, 64.

strong, 93.

Carten, 57

Corbett, 87.

Jackson, 28.

Chisholm, 80

McDonald, 70.

man Theriault.

Kate Butler,

John Barss, 79

liam Kegon, 72

Lavina Curran.

McPherson, 74.

John Moore, 16.

Heffer, 7 weeks.

liam Grieves, 68.

James McNeil, 60.

M. A. Pattison, 20.

Alexander Fyfe, 85.

Wambolt, 9 months.

Prince Hopkins, 64

Kilpatrick, 6 months

late John Williams, 94.

of John T. Ferguson, 24.

Rev. F. P. Greatorex, 18.

St. John, Mar. 4, of consumption, Oscar Hector, 23.

St. John, Mar. 4, Rachel, wife of Solomon Long, 74.

Lower Coverdale, of la grippe, William Balser, 86.

Halifax, Mar. 2, Bridget, wife of Edward Harnett,

Upper Falmouth, Feb. 9, of la grippe, James Lock-

Armstrong's Corner, N. B., Feb. 27, John Arm

Fredericton, Mar. 1, of hemorrhage, Mrs. James

Dartmouth, Feb. 28, Jane, widow of the late Patrick

Halifax, Mar. 1, Grace Ethel, wife of Charles A.

summerside, Mary, widow of the late John

Blissfield, Feb. 28, Susan. widow of the late Peter

St. John, Feb. 26, of congestion of the brain, Fir

Halifax, Mar. 1, Mary F., daughter of Thomas and

Wolfville, Mar. 3, of pneumonia, Lydia K., wife

Hahtax, Mar. 1, Anna S., widow of the late Wil

Fredericton, Feb. 28, Jane, widow of the late Wil

Orangedale, C. B , Feb. 10, Julia, widow of the late

St. John, Feb. 27, Annie Laura, daughter of W. and

Millville, C. B., Feb. 15, Amelia, widow of the late



On arrival of Express Train from the East, March 5, April 2 and 23, May 14, June 4 and 25, 1894.



at 7 a. m. on Feb. 16, March 16, April 16, May 16 and June 16, 1894. For rates of fare and other information apply at Company's offices, Chubb's Corner or at Passenger

St. John, N. B.

13.50

16.30

16.55

10,30

18.40

22.30

General Manager.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. MCPHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN :

and Halifax

Montreal.....

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN :

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains eaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mon-

A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,

by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th. 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wed-

nesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS – Express daily at 12.55 p. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS – Express daily at 12.55 p. 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thurs-day and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Digby with st'mr Bridgewater for St. John

every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co., for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday endings.

With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to an prom Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St.,

Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsei and Annapolis Railway.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

FOR BOSTON.

standard.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St.

Winter Arrangement

J. BRIGNELL,

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

Returning will leave Boston

same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for East-

General Superintendent.

Trains are run by Railway Standard Time.

Express from Sussex.....

Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Mon-

day excepted..... Express from Moncton (daily)..... Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....

real take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at

daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou

Express for Halifax.....

Express for Sussex..... Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and

Montreal.

'clock.

19.40 o'clock.

electricity.

12.50 p. m.

Yarmouth, N.S.

port and St. John.

Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

Railway Office, Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

It was a darn mean trick." Made a Record. He-I am very proud of this horse; he only lost one race last season. She-Dear me ! how many times did he

He-Once.

Chatham, Feb. 27, Rev. Father Thos. J. Bannon. Southampton, N. B., Feb. 16, George Pelkey, 50. Dorchester, Feb. 27, wife of William Hayes. 26.

16

man, you look as gloomy as a moulting | take her alive !' hen, and I'm simply bursting to tell you some glorious news. Congratulate me, my boy! I've won her !"

"Won-won whom ?" ejaculated Meredith, with a sudden pang.

"The dearest little girl on earth, old fellow! I know it will surprise you, but Clara said I wasn't to tell you yet, and 1"-

"Clara? Ah! I see. Heaven bless you and her, Fortescue !" said Meredith.

What a far-away voice it was that spoke "Thanks: I know you would. But are you ill?" he suddenly interrupted, glancing at the drawn, colorless face of his comrade.

"Oh, no! This confounded heat! It stifles one. Have a cigar; Fortescue? I wish the Inspector-General and his review to-morrow were at Hanover."

And so Meredith rattled on, while his heart seemed as if move again it never would.

"Look here, Charlie," said Fortescue; "you are in a nice condition to be around. Go to bed, and I'll hunt the doctor."

And the great big-hearted Major, suspecting nothing, made him lie down betore he departed.

The doctor came in, and-heavens !-- he began to chatter about the engagement.

"I saw it, Meredith. No deceiving an old campaigner, eh? They are a fine couple. Yes, take two of these pills and form. They slashed right and left. go to sleep. Good-night. You'll be right as a trivet to-morrow."

At last he was alone, sitting on his charpoy, and looking at the bare walls with eyes which told of a bleeding heart within.

"If I could see mother !" he murmured. "If I could only have her here for just five minutes of advice and sympathy! I must ask to be relieved after this inspection."

And thus determining, he spent the awful hours of the tropical night in trampling down that love which comes but once to man or woman.

The next day the regiment paraded, while the grizzled, one-armed General sat motionless upon his charger, watching the black phalanxes ride past the flag-staff in salute.

"Humph! Good drill, well set up, your fellows. Colonel, I hope they are keeping sweet. We shot three yesterday."

"I'll go bail for these men. General. They are as good as they look. Every one is trustworthy."

The Sepoy who was removing the covers at luncheon overheard, and the faintest flicker of a smile passed over his immobile tace.

Trustworthy! Little did they know the General himself would be cut down by his own escort before reaching the next station. Who was to tell those English of that sudden awful treason which burst out like the death winds from Patna to Delhi? Even now the Colonel's boasted Sepoys were stealthily sharpening their sabres, while their sergeants were stealing ammunition.

A tall Malay crept into the native quarters the next evening at dusk. He was white with dust and thirsty.

"Ugh, drink," said he.

And they gave drink to him.

cautiously around.

Charlie griped his hand atresh in reply No words were needed. They understood each other.

Swittly and noiselessly the three crept under the sheltering jungle until they stood

opposite the gable end of the long cavalry stables, all aglow with the light of the fire. Three horses, saddled and ready, were picketed near at hand in the road, and three Sepoys stood by, laughing with dia-

bolical glee. "Take the left man, Meredith. Curse him! My own troop major!" Charlie saluted as he received the order. "Use the steel only. Clara keep close behind

It was done in a trice. One Sepoy escaped. They heeded him not, but galloped down the Lucknow road.

A wild yell rang out. They were discovered.

"Forward--forward !"

And the men pricked the maddened horses with their keen-edged sabres. "Look ahead, Charlie; they have am-

bushed the road," said Fortesque. A hoarse hurrah, as though these two had been the life guards, was followed by a clash of swords amid the confused, strug-

gling mass of black figures. Fortesque's hand was on his loved one's bridle. The other lover, Charlie, leaned out across her horse's neck to cover her "Through them ! Darling, are you hit?

"No," said Clara. It was the first and last word Charlie heard her speak during that memorable

night, hideous as it was. The distance to Lucknow was twenty miles. The pace was furious.

"Twenty miles, Clara," said Charlie; 'only twenty miles !"

She smiled as he looked on her sweet face in the light of the dawning day. They saw parties of Sepoy cavalry scour-

ing the country in all directions. Blood and dust all mingled on their faces made it hard to perceive they were Europeans,

and they hoped to pass unnoticed.

gone. "Yes and they are lying for us." "Ten miles more now," continued Char-

lie, cheerfully. Just then his horse sunk into the dust,

dampening it with his toam-covered sides. Charlie sprang up.

me. You will find Laurence at Lucknow." "Not a yard, Charlie." said the major. "Get up in front of Clara, and hand me one of your 'barkers', mine is broken." So they dashed onward again. But

those fatal pennons fluttered neurer and nearer, and Charlie looked behind at the yelling Sepoys and downward at the heav- have considered a remarkable manner, ing flanks of the doubly-laden horse.

Fortesque's brow lowered, and he clutched the pistol Charlie had handed him.

In the midst of the gathering horror Charlie Meredith's mind had gone back to the veranda. He could see the little punkah-wallah, he could hear his own "These sons of pigs must die. So de- tones pleading a lost cause. His mouth Phthisis, Pneumonia, etc. Persons using clares the rajah," he whispered, looking twitched, but his resolve was taken, and HUMPHREY'S No. 1 and No. 7 need not PEBLE in his heart there was a strange unearthly dread these diseases, No. 1 and No.7 being

These facts are pretty well known to clowns and knockabout comedians, who some people think must get terribly bruised in their comic" business." As a matter of tact, they rarely receive any injury. Even the higher class actor, in tragedy and melo-drama has to learn the art of falling The most "natural" talls of an actor as when he simulates death from a pistol-shot, are in reality the safest, it not the easiest. The writer has carefully watched in the course of many years some remarkable falls on the stage, and has always noticed that the actor keeps his arms in against the body, looks after his head, and then lets himself go.

It must often have occurred to the reader that there would seem to be a special Providence watching over children and tipsy men. It seems truly wonderful how they will fall about without hurting, themselves until one reasons the matter out. Why? Is there any special protection in drunkenness? No; but there is special protection in falling as a drunkard falls.

To maintain the posture of standing (in other words, to keep the line of direction from the centre of gravity of our body wi hin the base) is first a matter of education, and always an act that requires the exercise of a certain amount of will and intelligence. Though it be born with the strongest limbs, a child has to learn to stand without any support but the feet, and to walk, while some idiots from birth never learn to do either. A man who is dead, or in any way unconscious cannot stand erect, because he is incapable of perpetually adjusting his centre of gravity and thus preserving his equilibrium.

Now, the more advanced in intoxication a man may become, the less capable is he of performing those acts (semi-automatic as they may be in ordinary circumstances), and he consequently staggers and talls. But as he is incapable of the simple "See those pennons, Fortesque?" said acts of standing and walking, it is clearly Charlie. "They belong to the inspector- evident that he cannot be fully conscious General's escort. Poor tellow. He's of his liability to fall, of his danger in falling, or of the desirability or otherwise of

trying to "save himselt" when he does stumble.

Unless he be in a very incapable condition, he gets momentary flashes of elementary intelligence, and then clutches at the railings or a lamp-post so long as the "Go on, Fortesque, never mind about sense of insecurity continues. It he falls, he is frequently under the impression that something has advanced and struck him, not he the ground.

We thus see that the drunken man falls, luckily for him, in the safest possible manner-without any attempt to "save" himself-and so, in what most people must escapes injury .- Ex.

Humphreys' Specifics No. 1 and No. 7.

The Bureau of Vital Statistics report 44. 370 deaths in New York City, during the past year, and of this number 13,951 nearly one-third were from Pulmonary Diseases,

Mahone Bay, N.S., Feb. 16, Mrs. John Langille, 92. son. Charlottetown, Feb. 23, Rev. David Fitzgerald, 82. New York, Feb. 25, John Lottimer, of Fredericton. Granville, Feb. 25, to the wife of Allan C. Clark, a Middle Cape, C. B., Feb. 15, Michael Campbell, 47. Lakevale, Feb. 19, John, son of Patrick Delaney, 54.

Sussex, Feb. 24, to the wife of Rev. James Gray, a

Milton, N. S., Feb. 24, to the wife of Charles Suttie,

two sons.

St. John, Feb. 28, to the wife of John F. Morrison,

a son Centreville, Feb. 27, Mary, wife of William Hayes, Dartmouth, Feb. 26, to the wife of S. J. R. Sircom, a son.

St. John, March 2, Eunice, wife of William N. Low. Torryburn, Feb. 28, to the wife of Keith C. Barber,

St. John, Mar. 4, to the wife of Hazen J. Dick, a Chatham, Feb. 28, Mary, wife of David Lawson, jr. daughter.

Melvern Square, N. S., Feb. 16, Mrs. Henry Pratt. Truro, Feb. 26, to the wife of J. C. Creelman, daughter 48.

Halifax, Feb. 28, the wife of William H. Snow, a Boston, Feb. 22, wife of W. H. White, of Gibson, daughter. N. B.

St. John, Mar. 4, to the wife of David Adams, a Andover, Feb. 20, widow of the late William

daughter. Digby, Feb. 26, to the wife of Frank Jones, a Little Harbor, Feb. 25, Jane, wife of John D. Mc daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 28, to the wife of William H. Snow, Halifax, Feb. 28, Susie I., wife of Rev. H. H. Johna daughter.

Parrsboro, Feb. 20, to the wife of Walter Chandler, Millstream, N. B , Feb. 25, Stella W. Frazee, 16 a daughter.

Fredericton, Feb. 24, to the wife of Walter S. Fisher, a daughter.

Mill Brook, N. S., Feb. 16, to the wife of Charles New Glasgow, Feb. 26, widow of the late George Deal, a son.

Digby, Feb. 26, to the wife of Captain Joseph Snow, Cupman, Feb. 21, Clarence, son of Archibald Day,

two daughters. Westville, N. S., Feb. 27, to the wife of Hugh Hodson, N. S., Feb. 21, Margaret, wife of William

Muir, a daughter. Campbellton, Feb. 23, to the wife of Joseph Beau-Dundee, Feb. 21, Mary A., wife of Alexander

champ, a daughter iverpool, N. S., Feb. 27, to the wife of William Brooks, a daughter.

Campbellton, Feb. 20, to the wife of Rev. W. C. Matthews, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Berwick, N. S., by Rev. J. Craig, Daniel McLeod to Florence Wilkie.

Welsford, Feb. 28, by Rev. W. Wass, John J. Jones to Jane E. Smith. Windsor, Feb. 24, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Otis

Guptil to Mary Wheadon Lunenburg, Feb. 11, by Rev. II. Crawford, James

Oxner to Rosina Romkey. Springhill, Feb. 28, by Rev. David Wright, S. D.

Beaton to Nellie Lorimer. Yarmouth, Feb. 28, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Allen G. McKinley to Minnie Card.

Halifax, Mar. 2, Arthur, son of Charles J. an Ronald Hill, N. S., Feb. 8, by Rev. R. S. Whidden,

Levi Rice to Asenath Tupper. Sussex, Mar. 5, Eleanor, widow of the late John Woodstock, Feb 28, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Hugh

W. Smith to Hilda May Grant. Prince William, N. B., Feb. 18, Millie, daughter o St. John, Feb. 28, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Melbourne Reicker to Theodosia Cromwell. Halifax, Feb. 24, Eddy, son of Frank and Emily

Annapolis, N. S., Feb. 26, by Rev. H. Howe, Char-

les C. Sweeney to Annie Perkins. Cow Bay, C. B., Feb. 23, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Alian McDonald to Anuie Smith.

Hantsport, N. S., Feb. 27, by Rev. W. Phillips. Abij h Pearson to Mary C. Smith.

Bonny River, Feb. 21, by Rev. R. C. Vans, Andrew J. Maxweil to Enzabeth J. Leavitt.

Upham, Feb 28, by Rev. S. Jones Hanford, James G. Kilpatrick to Fannie M. Burney.

Halifax, Feb. 26, Clifford, son of Havelock and Ada Port Daniel, Feb. 19, by Rev. J. M. Sutherland, Henry Enright to Mary C. Cormier.

Yarmouth, Feb. 26, Deborah, widow of the late St. John, Mar. 5, by Rev. W. H. Sampson, J. Taibot Rogers to Agnes E. Glasgow. Joseph H. Ward, 80 Clarke's Harbor, Feb. 23, Mercy, wite of Captain

Silver Falls, N. B., Feb. 25, by Rev. William Tippet, Charles H. Bustin to Maud Creighton. Upham, Mar. 1, Otty M., son of Jacob and Mary

Blissfield, N. B., Feb. 13, by Rev. James A. Parker, Benjamin Betts to Mrs. Margaret Beak.

East Green Harvor, Feb 15, Rebecca, widow of the Mahone Bay, Feb. 21, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Cornelius Veinotte to Emeline Mosher. St. John, Feb. 27, Frank Law, son of Frank and

Parker's Cove, N. S., Feb. 28, by Rev. L. Daniel, Annie White, 6 months. Robert Farnsworth to Elizabeth Blair. St. John, Mar. 1, of paralvsis, Margaret, widow of the late Isaac White, 78.

Princeville, N. S., Feb. 14, by Rev. E. A. Allaby, Jacob L. Cornwall to Matilda A. Beeler. Charlottetown, Feb. 22, of congestion, George, son Dover, N. B., Feb. 21, by Rev, William DeWare,

George H. Cochran to Jennie E. Steeves. Bridgetown, Feb. 22, Beryl Mary, daughter of the Hampton Station, Feb. 19, by Rev. F. H. Atkinson, Beverly R. Smith to Prudence Williams.

Caledonia, N. S., Feb. 18, Allen, son of Lydia and Geo. C. Fancie, 9 month². Brookfield, N. S., Feb. 22, by Rev. Charles McKay, John C. Archibald to Rebecca Archibald. Port La Tour, N. S., Feb. 22, of consumption, Cap.

"Where's our brother's token?" queried a native trooper. "Truly, the token," re-echoed the group The Malay picked his teeth and pulled out a fragment of yellow Indian paper
a native trooper. • Truly, the token," re-echoed the group th
"Truly, the token," re-echoed the group She leaned forward and kissed him. various forms lay the foundation of disease Boston, Feb. 22, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Walter C. James and Clara Lawson, 7.
thew and Sidney Corocit, oo.
out a fragment of yellow Indian paper que, good-bye!"
covered with hieroglyphics. He bassed it He swing lightly down and stood in the slight cold, to which cough, pain, emaci- Moose River Eeb 23, by Rev. Macleod Harvey, the late Charles MoAllister 70
around and they smiled at each other with road. at ion, and hectic fever are added at a later George Rupert Mosher to Etta Jane Cameron. Barrington Passage N.S. Feb. 23, Daniel, son of Well Dressed.
grugsome delight Twenty-five minutes Fortes que halted he trembled in every stage A few pellets of No. 1 and No. 7 Paradise, N. S. Feb. 21, by Rev. R. B. McKinley, W. H. and Mercy Matheson, 28.
J. Wallace Saunders to Mrs. Aoigat Saunders to Mrs. Aoigat Saunders of Edward and file a much higher place in the estimation of even
to hill and spare not Every European was toare the voice rose into a scream of ourse the Cough Cold or Bronchitis, and Lower Norton, Feb. 21, by Mer. D. R. instruction,
St. John, Mar. 2, Whitamits, son of Buward they content
doomed. Such were the orders of the agony. secret headquarters. (Charlie, we'll die together!" said he. (Charlie, we'll die t
The night deepened. Charlie Meredith "Go on, old fellow for her sak :!" SUMPTION.
New Carnisie, N. D., Feb. 21, 07 ner of the late
had dozed for the first time. Suddenly he And Charlie struck the horses with his Gave Himza Harder Job. St. John, Mar. 1, Willard son of the late herland, Captain John Gariett to Sarah B. St. John, Mar. 1, Willard W., and Lavinia A., Webb, 16.
was awakened by a cracking noise. "Fire !" should be, jumping up and bead bowed down, Fortesque weeping sobs Hunker-I asked old Mr. Munn if I New Glasgow, N. S., Feb. 21, by Rev. Archibald St. John, Feb. 25, of scarlet fever, Eva Blanche, daughter of John D. and Melinda Cowell, 5.
Cameron.
What a scene! The square in front of The rebels saw their prey. Hs stood Spratts- What did he say?
his quarters was filled with black, dancing, facing them as if on dress parade. His Hunker-He suggested that I should Arthur, assisted by Rev. William Brown, fittus Pleasant Lake, N. S., Feb. 25, of scale level,
grinning, infuriated devils. A bullet pang- helmet had fallen off, and his fair head pay my debts first.