

## HIS LITTLE GIRL.

At Van Derman's restaurant, in Amsterdam, they keep all the principal newspapers for the benefit of their customers, who come from every part of the earth. The dingy little shop on the quay is always full of sailors, white, black and yellow. A Malay or a Chinaman attracts no attention there. But one day they had two men in the dress of English clergymen, and the habitués of the place looked at them curiously, wondering by what chance they had found their way to Van Derman's.

The younger of the men was asking for the London Standard, and seemed very pleased when it was handed across the counter. He strolled back with it to his companion, at a little table in the farthest corner of the room, and they spread out the printed sheet before them. They were at a little distance from the other customers—too far for their whispered conversation to be heard, even if an Englishman had been there to understand it. If there had been, the men's remarks would have surprised him, possibly, coming from characters in such a dress.

"I suppose they've got a full account of the job?" said the man who had remained seated. "Oh, yes, here it is: 'Daring burglary in Essex: £30,000 worth of jewelry stolen.'"

The other man whistled under his breath. "I only wish we could get £30,000 for the swag," he said. "I suppose the police have a clue, as usual?"

"Better, Fred, my boy," said the elder, laughing, as he read in a low tone from the paper: "It is understood that the police have already made several important arrests."

The man he called Fred had taken the outside sheet of the paper to read. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation which made his companion look up.

"What is it man? They have not tracked us here, surely?"

The younger man shook his head. No—it's nothing about the job."

"Then what on earth is it? You look as if the Weasel had his hand on your shoulder. What is it?"

"My little girl is dying, that is all."

He handed the sheet across as he spoke, with his finger on a line in the second column of the front page—the "Agony Column," as it has grimly been nicknamed.

The other man took it and read to himself the message:—

"To Fred:—Little Bee is dying, and asks all day for her 'Daddy.' Can you manage any more?"

"That was all; but it had visibly affected the younger of the two disguised visitors to Van Derman's. His face had turned white, his forehead was contracted as if in anxious thought. His companion glanced at him rather uneasily.

"You certainly can't manage it, Fred," he said, trying to answer his friend's thoughts.

Fred did not reply for some moments. Then he said, doubtfully and regretfully: "No, I suppose not; but it seems terribly hard if she dies without my seeing her."

The elder of the two gentlemen, who was known by his associates in Hoxton as Old Tiger, was not unsympathetic, in spite of his name and of his profession, which—to speak plainly—was that of a burglar.

"Perhaps it is a plant, old man," he said. "Who is 'Jane'—the child's mother?"

"No, my sister. My wife died two years ago."

"Before you entered the profession?"

"Yes, when I was staying as an honest man. I asked Jane to let me know in the 'Standard' if anything happened. I am afraid it is all right."

"Was the nipper ailing before?"

"Yes, but I never thought it was serious, or I shouldn't have left. She's the only one I've got."

"Well, it is certain you can't go back now. Fred said Old Tiger. 'You'd very likely find it was all a plant to nab you.'"

"I've got to hear that," said Little Bee's father, and he spoke as though he meant it. His earnestness made the other man uneasy.

"Don't talk rubbish, man! You'd get twenty years certain if you set foot in England again before the search is over. You bet that the Weasel knows who did it, and is looking out for us. But perhaps you are thinking of rounding on me, and saving yourself that way?"

Fred shook his head.

"No, I am not that sort; but I would do a good deal to see my little girl again, if this is true."

"Well, let's hope it isn't. Kids take a lot of dying. Suppose we ask about a bed now for to-night. You do the talking to these foreign maniacs."

The two men slept together at Van Derman's that night, or rather they occupied the same bed; for Fred Latham, the younger of the pseudo-clergymen, did not sleep a wink all night. Before it was light he woke his companion, who had slumbered as soundly as an honest man.

"Look here, Tiger, I am going to get up and catch the boat back."

"What's the row?"

"I am going home to see my little girl!"

His companion stared at him in amazement.

"You must be mad, man."

"Perhaps I am," said Fred. "But I can't stand staying away. Why, all night long I've seen my Bee crying about in her bed, and heard her crying out for me, 'Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!' I can't get it out of my ears. I shall have to go and see her, whatever happens to me."

"Very likely," returned his companion, with a sneer; "and turn Queen's evidence when you get there. I did not think it of you, man."

"And you oughtn't to now, after the jobs we've done together, and the way we've stuck by one another. You needn't be frightened, whether I am caught or not. But if I was certain they'd catch me, I should have to go."

with a tourist's suit out of his trunk. With the aid of wig and whiskers, he made up tolerably well as an everyday English traveller, and passed over in the mail-boat to England without detection.

"I wonder whether little Bee would know me in this disguise?" he said to himself, with a smile, as he regarded himself in the pier-glass of a station waiting-room on his way to London. He was much more cheerful now that he had made up his mind to risk the danger of detection, in order to have a last look at his only child. But his thoughts were not enviable ones, as the train, which seemed to him so slow, carried him nearer and nearer to London, where his little girl was dying; and at every station where they stopped he glanced anxiously out of the compartment window, wondering whether he would be able to reach her before the Weasel got his iron on his wrists—the Weasel, whom alone of the Scotland Yard detectives he and his accomplice feared.

He passed safely out of Liverpool street, however, and slipped into a hansom, telling the driver to take him to a certain church outside Hoxton. He was nervous, apprehensive of being suspected if he should drive direct any nearer to his real destination. It was already dark as he travelled through the streets, but every gas-lamp they passed made him shrink farther back into the dark vehicle which carried him to his child.

There was a gas-lamp outside the church at which Latham told the man to drive him, and the fugitive had to stand a few moments in its light as he handed the driver his fare.

As he turned away he almost knocked down a tall, thin man, with sharp aquiline features and shaggy eyebrows, who was passing, with his eyes fixed too keenly on the other-passers-by to get out of Latham's way. The burglar muttered an apology, and the eyes of the two men met under the lamp.

Latham gave a start—a look of half-recognition—for which he could have turned his eyes out the next moment. It was Inspector Casely, of Scotland Yard—"The Weasel."

The detective gave no sign, however, if he recognized Latham, or noticed his perturbation, and the burglar slipped among the people, passing up the next dark side-street. The meeting had taken away what little coolness he had left. He felt like a hunted man, and broke into a run as soon as he was out of the busy thoroughfare.

Then he began to imagine that there were steps pursuing him, and ran on and on, till he had to stop through pure exhaustion. It was not the thought of imprisonment which terrified him; it was the dread of being taken before he had seen Little Bee. Now that he was so near to her, the eagerness to succeed in his purpose became almost too strong to be borne; and the thought that at any moment a policeman might spring out of the darkness to arrest his progress, and rob him most likely of the last chance of ever seeing his child on earth, drove him into a frenzy.

His running had brought him quite close to Liston street, in which Little Bee lived in his sister's care, but he dared not turn into it. He felt certain that Casely had not only recognized him, but had divined his purpose; that already men would be hidden in view of the house, ready to pounce upon him directly he ventured to approach it.

Instead of entering Liston street, therefore, the burglar waited round the corner till nobody was in sight, and then dexterously scaled the wall of a build-r's yard there, and made his way through it, and across a score of back-yards, leaping the low dividing-walls, to the back of the house where his sister lived.

It was a mad thing to do, since it was sure to attract attention to him; but Latham had but one object in view now—to enter the house and get a glimpse of his child before he was captured. He looked up anxiously at the window of the room where she slept, and felt a throb of relief when he made sure that there was a light there. It seemed a sign to him that Little Bee was still alive.

He dared not enter the house by the door, for fear of finding policemen inside, ready to arrest him. Instead, he clambered up the gutter-pipe, like a cat, till he was close to the lighted window. Then he tore off the wig and false hair which disguised him, and, holding on to the pipe with his knees, clutched at the ledge of the window. In less time than it takes to tell, he had noisily raised the sash, and was stepping into the room, when a glad, feeble little cry came from a tiny bed in the corner.

"It's Daddy! I know it is Daddy—come at last!"

Poor Little Bee, how pleased she was to see her father, after lying there, for those long days and nights, while he had been away—longing for him and calling for him, even in her sleep.

"I knew you would come," she said. "I wanted you so much!" and the burglar, as he knelt by her little bed, and saw the smile of happiness that shone in her big eyes, illuminating her thin, white cheeks, felt that, whatever happened, he was glad that he had come.

How ill she looked, though; just the shadow, it seemed to him, of his little girl. And her heart-broken father felt, as he bent over her, that the message in the 'Standard' was true—Little Bee was certainly dying. He was surprised that there was nobody with her. She seemed frail enough to die at any moment.

As a matter of fact, the burglar's sister had just gone downstairs, in answer to an imperative knock at the front door. She returned in a few moments, looking startled and distressed when she found her brother kneeling by the child's cot.

She beckoned him across the room to her, and whispered into his ear: "Why did you not stay away? They have just come back to search the house again for you, and I was glad you were not here. You must go at once. Get through the skylight in my room. They are searching the ground-floor now. They would not have come if they had not known that Bee is so ill."

She said it all in a quick, excited whisper; but before Latham had time to reply, a childish cry drew him back to the cot.

"Daddy!"

"Yes, little one," he said, bending over her again—a terrible calmness in his face. "What are you not going away again, Daddy?"

"I shall have to die."

"But not now, I have wanted you so much."

Such a plaintive little voice, and so low and faint, that the man had to hold his face close to hers to hear the words.

"Well, not just now," he said, after a pause, and then he called his sister to him. "Try and keep them downstairs a little while," he said. "Lock yourself in the cupboard on the stairs, and make a noise inside. It will take them some time to break it open. Anything to gain time."

The woman held up her hands.

"But you can't stay, Fred. They are sure to catch you, and they say you'll get twenty years."

For reply, the burglar looked down at the sick child, who had put her wasted little hand on his big rough one, and was holding it.

"Go down—quick!" he said, hoarsely. Little Bee spoke no longer. The effort and the excitement had taken all the strength which remained to her. She lay back with closed eyes, her face bright with the happiness which had come into it by her father's return. So still she lay, that the burglar began to think that she had lived only to speak one word to him, and was dead already.

The room seemed unnaturally silent, but below he could hear now the tramping of heavy feet, and now the sound of muffled blows, which told him that his sister had successfully carried out his instructions. So far, nobody had come upstairs. There was still time for him, if he acted at once, to escape through the skylight and along the roofs. A few more moments and it would be too late. Even if the policemen did not enter the sick room, the way would be barred to the skylight on the floor above.

The burglar bent down and kissed the child's calm, still face, and was gently withdrawing his hand from under hers when Little Bee's lips opened again.

"Daddy," she said faintly, without opening her eyes; and there was no thought of leaving her after that in her father's mind.

Three minutes later when the Weasel and his men entered the room, coming in warily, and in fear of a determined resistance, if they were within, they were surprised to find him kneeling quietly by the child's little bed.

They stood uneasily in the doorway not knowing what to do, and remaining there for full ten minutes, while the man knelt silently looking down into the child's still face. Then he impressed a kiss on her cold forehead, withdrew his hand, no longer imprisoned, and advanced to the visitors with outstretched wrists, saying:—

"It is all right, Inspector; she is dead!"

The Old Tiger, living in safety and comparative wealth in Mexico, still reads his favorite "Standard," which friends in England send out to him. He swore over it one day:—

"Just what I expected—the fool!—but he's a fine fellow, not to save himself by giving his 'pals' away."

## TAXATION IN ENGLAND.

No National Policy, but The People Pay Big Bills All the Same.

A writer in Temple Bar says: "Birth is taxed, marriage is taxed, death is taxed. Commodities are taxed, manufactures are taxed, trades are taxed, houses are taxed, incomes are taxed. We are taxed for our butler, if we are prosperous enough to keep one. We are taxed for our footman, groom or gardener. The carriage we keep is taxed, the omnibus we take is taxed, the cab we hire is taxed, the railway train we travel by is taxed. The house dog is taxed, and so also is the heraldic device on our note paper."

"Everything we drink is taxed—beer, spirits, wine, tea, coffee—and even for the water we drink there is the water rate. Light is taxed through the medium of the gas rate. The land we walk upon is taxed, the tobacco we smoke is taxed, the gold or silver jewelry we wear, the eau de Cologne perfuming our handkerchiefs, the figs we eat on Palm Sunday, the Christmas plum pudding, these are all taxed. Even our anti-bilious pills are not free."

"All these, and they are but a few of the taxes that exist, are mostly imperial taxes for the purpose of government—some of them, however, are assigned to the county councils. There are also local rates, which are but local taxes, for the poor, county council, police, voting lists, street lighting, paving, watering, etc.; sewers, school board and vestry, householders, lodgers, married and single men, women and children, are all taxed in some form or other, for taxation is devised to reach every one."

"The late Lord Sherbrooke (Robert Lowe), when chancellor of the exchequer, calculated that one-ninth of our income is taken from us for imperial taxation—but the proportion is more now, and is growing. Local taxation is not much less."

## Illustrating the Difference.

A certain bishop was lecturing a fast young curate on his sporting tendencies, and expressed his strong disapproval of the curate's driving tandem.

"Well," said the latter, "I don't see the harm. You drive a pair of horses in your carriage, and why shouldn't I? The fact of yours being side by side and mine being one before the other can't make the least difference as to right and wrong."

"All the difference in the world," replied his superior. "If I put my hands side by side before my face—so it is an act of devotion and reverence; but if I put them before my face one before the other, spread out at full length, it is quite the reverse."

## SIZES OF EDITIONS.

In this country there is no fixed limit for an edition. For most books 1,000 copies constitute an edition, but of some special books much larger editions are printed. For example, a book now before us bears on its title page the words, 'first edition, first thousand,' while of Stanley's latest book the first edition was of 100,000 copies. First editions of Zola's works consist now of 20,000 copies, but Zola and Stanley are exceptions, and the author whose editions consist regularly of 5,000 copies may consider himself more popular than the average writer.

Campor is a household remedy put to many purposes. The medicinal uses are principally in headache, cold in the head, and in nausea and fainting. In such cases campor in solution is held to the nose and the vapor inhaled. As long as it is used in this way it can do no harm; but, unfortunately, many people take it internally in some form, or other, and often run some risk in doing so.

## What the Leaves Tell.

"The only certain way to foresee the nature of a winter is by the time at which the forest leaves turn," said an old-timer yesterday. "I have watched it ever since I was a boy, and when the leaves turn early we have a hard winter. When they turn late we have an open winter. One would suppose that the time at which winter set in would have everything to do with the turning of the leaves, and it is known that some open winters set in early and some cold ones set in late. But I have noticed that the time of cold weather beginning does not mark the turning of the leaves."

There are people who never hear any music that suits them, except when they are playing first fiddle.

## BORN.

Truro, Jan. 27, to the wife of G. H. Lumber, a son.  
St. John, Jan. 26, to the wife of Ira B. Keirstead, a son.  
Nictaux, Jan. 24, to the wife of Edwin Thompson, a son.

New Horton, Jan. 24, to the wife of John Cannon, a son.  
Yarmouth, Jan. 23, to the wife of T. E. Cann, a son.  
Moncton, Feb. 1, to the wife of H. C. Hanington, a son.

Salem, N. S., Jan. 15, to the wife of Enos Parly, a son.  
Windsor, Jan. 24, to the wife of Frank T. Harris, a son.  
Tennycoke, Jan. 24, to the wife of Joseph Lingard, a son.

Springfield, N. S., Jan. 9, to the wife of C. L. Davis, a son.  
Berwick, Jan. 26, to the wife of George E. Pince, a daughter.  
Windsor, Jan. 13, to the wife of E. H. McDougall, a daughter.

Halifax, Jan. 23, to the wife of Joseph Connolly, a daughter.  
Hardwick, Jan. 3, to the wife of John Hallman, a daughter.  
New Glasgow, Jan. 21, to the wife of Duncan Campbell, a son.

Lunenburg, Jan. 24, to the wife of Freeman West, a son.  
New Glasgow, Jan. 27, to the wife of Mr. Grimmer, a daughter.  
Lunenburg, Jan. 23, to the wife of Harry Crosskill, a daughter.

Sackville, Jan. 30, to the wife of Dr. H. H. Coleman, a daughter.  
Fredericton, Jan. 30, to the wife of G. Fred Fisher, a daughter.  
Central Rawdon, Jan. 14, to the wife of Michael Casey, a son.

Acadia Mines, N. S., Jan. 25, to the wife of William Small, a son.  
Springfield, N. S., Jan. 19, to the wife of C. Albert Grimmer, a son.  
Central Grove, N. S., Jan. 26, to the wife of Charles Powell, a son.

Westville, N. S., Jan. 23, to the wife of Charles Percie, a son.  
Escuminac, Jan. 13, to the wife of Robert McLean, two daughters.  
Middle Sackville, Jan. 31, to the wife of James R. Ayer, a daughter.

Essexville, Jan. 29, to the wife of Kenneth R. McLeann, a daughter.  
West Head, C. S. I., Jan. 27, to the wife of William E. Corran, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Sackville, Jan. 31, Frederick M. Bell to Maggie Welch.  
Stony Beach, Jan. 24, Arthur Longmire to Sadie Woodworth.

Milton, Jan. 22, by Rev. E. Doyle, Patrick Casey to Sarah Breen.  
St. Croix, Jan. 23, by Rev. R. B. McKinley, Ingram Sabean to Irene Clark.

Pictou, Jan. 31, by Rev. Andrew Armit, Anthony Calder to Annie Scott.  
Barrington, Jan. 21, by Rev. C. Jost, Gilbert Ross to Carrie Bell.  
Lunenburg, Jan. 18, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Josiah Herman to Mrs. Spidle.

Milton, Feb. 1, by Rev. Howard Murray, Henry L. Tupper to Edith Morton.  
River Heights, Jan. 21, by Rev. F. Davey, Frank Stick to Martha Harrison.  
Clark's Harbor, Jan. 30, by Rev. W. Miller, Reuben C. Swin to Eliza Penney.

Pictou, Jan. 30, by Rev. Andrew Armit, George E. McLean to Maggie O'Neill.  
Gibson, Jan. 28, by Rev. Mr. Howie, Capt. H. B. McKel to Marion Pickard.

Grafton, N. B., Jan. 24, by Rev. A. F. Baker, Ada Braden to Cassie Stewart.  
Chatham, Jan. 22, by Rev. Father Joiner, Jacob Nelson to Lena M. Brown.  
Campbellton, Jan. 24, by Rev. A. F. Carr, D. Duncan to Christina J. Duncan.

Amherst, Jan. 30, by Rev. D. A. Steele, William J. Johnson to Lottie J. Amos.  
Elgin, Jan. 16, by Rev. H. H. Saunders, DeVeber Groves to Della Babcock.

Collins, Jan. 24, by Rev. S. D. Ervine, Merritt E. Colwell to Sibbie A. Joyes.  
Liverpool, Jan. 17, by Rev. J. McEwen, Israel N. Wharton to Hattie E. Monzar.

Oak Hill, N. B., Jan. 14, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Harry W. Mann to Carrie H. Beach.  
Bellevue, Jan. 16, by Rev. C. W. Sables, Allen H. Hodgins to Imogene Colpitts.

Mahone Bay, Jan. 17, by Rev. A. E. Harris, Enos A. Shupe to Ida May Winter.  
Moncton, Jan. 23, by Rev. A. H. Mesban, Emelien Herbert to Adeline LeBlanc.

Ethelbert, N. S., Jan. 11, by Rev. J. Crozier, Joseph Bourke to Octavia Surette.  
Annapolis, Jan. 31, by Rev. Henry Howe, Herbert Andrews to Catherine E. Wood.

St. John, Jan. 31, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, G. W. Morrell to George J. Robinson.  
Big Pond, C. B., Jan. 23, by Rev. R. McInnis, Peter McLean to Mary Johnson.

Campbellton, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Archibald McKenzie to Grace Nevins.  
Hamton, Jan. 25, by Rev. Mr. Barnes, Milton E. Harrington to Lona Fairweather.

Port Mouton, N. S., Jan. 18, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Charles Anderson to Etuel Lloyd.  
Woodville, N. S., Jan. 4, by Rev. C. E. Baker, Clarence Roscoe to Maria A. Martin.

New Sydney, Jan. 23, by Rev. Dr. Murray, William Bonar to Barbara McAulay.  
Truro, Jan. 31, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Albert F. McInnis to Elizabeth J. Fleming.

Dartmouth, Jan. 31, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Norman A. Morash to Ellen Talbot.  
Brenton, N. S., Jan. 18, by Rev. Truman Bishop, James A. Crosby to Lucretia Cann.

Halifax, Jan. 31, by Rev. Dr. Ambrose, Corporal Charles Baker to B. Ellen Oakley.  
Yarmouth, Jan. 17, by Rev. W. H. Langille, Charles N. Moring to Sarah L. Bryant.

Auburn, N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. William Brown, Henry L. Busin to Marie Jacques.  
Martin's Brook, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Stephen Westhaver to Z. C. Young.

Big Pond, C. B., Jan. 23, by Rev. R. McInnis, James McKel to Catherine McKel.  
Liverpool, Jan. 20, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, William A. Ruffe to Melvina Keddy.

Big Pond, C. B., Jan. 23, by Rev. R. McInnis, Joseph McDonald to Mary J. McDonald.  
Bay du Vin, Jan. 21, by Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, Seymour Willetton to Phoebe E. Williston.

Dartmouth, Jan. 30, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, James G. Webster to Janet H. Notting.  
New Glasgow, Jan. 30, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, William Coleston to Isabel H. Talbot.

Sackville, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. Miller Robinson, James D. Keith to Margaret Campbell.  
Suney Side, C. B., Jan. 23, by Rev. R. Barry Mack, Thomas A. Langley to Annie S. Swaine.

Upper Port Loring, Jan. 18, by Rev. J. Appleby, James C. Swaine to Margaret H. Swaine.  
New Glasgow, Jan. 31, by Rev. W. Raven, James Thomas Fraser to Mary Catherine Mason.

Brooklyn, N. S., Jan. 26, by Rev. J. D. McEwen, Hiram E. Crooks to Elsie Gertrude Smith.  
Westville, Jan. 23, by Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, William P. Murdoch to Elizabeth A. Morris.

New Glasgow, Jan. 16, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, James Alexander Ross to Janet Catherine McLean.  
St. John, Jan. 10, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Arthur H. Williams, of Chesterfield, Conn., to Sarah A. Profit.



DOES YOUR  
WIFE  
DO HER OWN  
WASHING?

If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.

Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.

## DIED.

Charham, Feb. 2, Asa Perley.  
Moncton, Jan. 27, Arthur Busby.  
St. John, Feb. 4, John Collins, 79.

Ashland, N. B., David Ebbett, 74.  
Halifax, Feb. 1, Peter Spriggs, 63.  
Halifax, Jan. 26, Jacob McGowan.

Surrey, Jan. 27, Susan M. Duffy, 49.  
Halifax, Jan. 28, Mary B. Murphy.  
Halifax, Feb. 1, Thomas Conlon, 90.

St. John, Feb. 1, Saunders Clark, 60.  
Chatham, Feb. 1, John Donovan, 38.  
Fredericton, Feb. 1, John Harvey, 69.

Pisantic, Jan. 29, John McAtee, 83.  
Dartmouth, Feb. 1, John Lapham, 85.  
St. John, Jan. 29, Robert Hamilton, 75.

Middleton, Jan. 25, George Bowery, 13.  
Halifax, Jan. 21, James Broderick, 90.  
Petitcodiac, Jan. 14, John Burnham, 61.

Pictou, Jan. 23, Mrs. Francis Nevill, 96.  
Mira, C. B., Jan. 13, Hugh McInnis, 70.  
Noel, N. S., Jan. 11, Felix McPhee, 70.

St. John, Jan. 23, Charles W. Polley, 23.  
Pleasant Point, Feb. 1, Felix Hegan, 68.  
Moncton, Jan. 31, Mrs. Florence Orr, 31.

Bridgewater, Jan. 28, Robert Dawson, 68.  
Woodstock, Jan. 18, Joseph Giberson, 65.  
Williamston, Jan. 16, Leonard Palmer, 76.

Williamston, Jan. 16, Leonard Palmer, 76.  
St. John, Jan. 29, James R. Thompson, 65.  
Dixby, Jan. 21, Mrs. Margaret Wilson, 89.

Milton, Jan. 23, Donald C. Campbell, 64.  
Woodstock, Jan. 14, Thomas H. Banks, 37.  
Lorne, N. S., Jan. 21, William McLeod,