PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

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 habitues 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 to be heard, even it 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 jewellry 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 Weas I 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 tront 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 Jane.' manage anyhow?

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.

Such a plaintive little voice, and so low with a tourist's suit out of his trunk. With and faint, that the man had to hold his face the aid of wig and whiskers, he made up tolerably well as an everyday English trav- close to hers to hear the words. eller, and passed over in the mail-boat to

"I wonder whether little Bee would know me in this disguise ?" he said to himwhile," he said. "Lock yourself in the self, with a smile, as he regarded himselt cupboard on the stairs, and make a noise in the pier-glass of a station waiting-room inside. It will take them some time to on his way to London. He was much more break it open. Anything to gain time." The woman held up her hands.

to risk the danger of detection. in order to have a last look at his only child. But his sure to catch you, and they say you'll get thoughts were not enviable ones, as the twenty years."

For reply, the burglar looked down at train, which seemed to him so slow, carried him nearer and nearer to London, where the sick child, who had put her wasted liftle his little girl was dying; and at every sta- hand on his big rough one, and was holdtion where they stopped he glanced anxi- ing it.

ously out of the compartment window, "Go down-quick !" he said, hoarsely. are playing first fiddle. Little Bee spoke no longer. The effort wondering whether he would be able to reach her before the Weasel got his irons and the excitement had taken all the on his wrists-the Weasel, whom alone of strength which remained to her She lay -too far for their whispered conversation the Scotland Yard detectives he and his back with closed eyes, her face bright with the happiness which had come into it by He passed safely out of Liverpoot street, her father's return. So still she lay, that however, and slipped into a hansom, the burglar began to think that she had Nictaux, Jan. 24, to the wife of Edwin Thompson, a lived only to speak one word to him, and telling the driver to take him to a certain church outside Hoxton. He was dead already.

was nervous, apprehensive of being The room seemed unnaturally silent, but below he could hear now the tramping of suspected it he should drive direct any nearer to his real destination. It was al- beavy teet, and now the sound of muffled blows, which told him that his sister had ready dark as he travelled through the streets, but every gas-lamp they passed successfully carried out his instructions. made him shrink farther back into the So far, nobody had come upstairs. There was still time for him, if he acted at once, dark vehicle which carried him to his child. to escape through the skylight and along There was a gas-lamp outside the church at which Lathom had told the man to drive the roots. A tew more moments and it him, and the fugitive had to stand a few would be too late. Even if the policemen moments in its light as he handed the 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 As he turned away he almost knocked down a tail, thin man, with sharp aquiline child's calm, still face, and was gently withdrawing his hand from under hers when features and shaggy evebrows, who was

passing, with his eyes fixed too keenly on the other-passers-by to get out of Lathom's "Daddy," she said faintly, without way. The burglar muttered an apology, opening her eyes; and there was no thought of leaving her after that in her and the eyes of the two men met under the lamp. Lathom gave a start-a look of tather's mind.

half-recognition-for which he could have Three minutes later when the Weasel torn his eyes out the next moment. It was and his men entered the room, coming in warily, and in fear of a determined resist-Inspector Casely, of Scotland Yard-"The ance, if their prey were within, they were surprised to find him kneeling quietly by The detective gave no sign, however, if the child's little bed. he recognized Lathom, or noticed his per-

They stood uneasily in the doorway not knowing what to do, and remaining there tor tull ten minutes, while the man knelt silently looking down into the child's suil tace. Then he impressed a kiss on her cold torehead, 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 tavorite "Standard," which friends in England send out to him. He swore over it one day :-"Just what I expected-the tool !- but

TAXATION IN ENGLAND.

What the Leaves Tell.

"The only certain way to foresee the nature of a winter is by the time at which "Well, not just now," he said, after a the forest leaves turn," said an old-timer pause, and then he called his sister to him. vesterday. "I have watched it ever since Try and keep them downstairs a little 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 "But you can't stay, Fred. They are 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

BORN.

Traro, Jan. 27, to the wife of G. H. Lanther, a son St. John, Jan. 26, to the wife of Ira B. Keirstead, a New Horton, Jan. 24, to the wife of John Canon, Yarmouth, Jan. 25, to the wife of T. E. Cann, a Moncton, Feb. 1, to the wife of H. C. Hanington, a Salem, N. S., Jan. 15, to the wife of Enos Purdy, a Windsor, Jan. 24, to the wife of Frank T. Harris, a Tennycape, Jan. 24, to the wife of Joseph Lingard, Springfield, N. S., Jan. 9, to the wife of C. L. Davis, Berwick, Jan. 26, to the wife of George E. Pineo, a Walton, Jan. 13, to the wife of E. H. McDougall, a daughter Halifax, Jan. 28, 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 Camp. bell, a son Lunenburg, Jan. 24, to the wife of Freeman Went-

zell, a son New Glasgow, Jan. 27, to the wife of Mr. Grimmer,

a daughte Lunenburg, Jan. 28, 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

Grimm, a son Central Grove, N. S., Jan. 26, to the wife of Charles Powell, a son

Westville, N. S., Jan. 25, to the wife of Charles Fergie, 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. Escuminac, Jan. 20, to the wife of Kenneth R. Mc-Lellan, a daughter.

West Head, C. S. I., Jan. 27, to the wife of



DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?

DIED.

Chatham, 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, 68. 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, 69. Chatham, Feb. 1, John Donovan, 38. Fredericton, Feb. 1, John Harvey, 69. Pisarinco, Jan. 29, John McAfee, 83. Dartmouth, Feb. 1, John Lapham, 85. St. John, Jan. 29, Robert Hamilton, 75. Middleton, Jan. 26, George Bowery, 13. Halifax, Jan 31, James Broderick, 90. Petitcodiac, Jan. 14, John Burnham, 64. Pictou, Jan. 26, Mrs. Francis Nevill, 96. Mira, C. B., Jan. 13, Hugh McInnis, 70. Noel, N. S., Jan. 11, Felix McPhee, 75. St. John, Jan. 28, 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, 63. Digby, Jan. 21, Mrs. Margaret Wilson, 89. Milltown, Jan. 26, Donald C. Campbell, 64. Woodstock, Jan. 14, Thomas II. Banks, 37. Lorne, N. S., Jan. 21, William McLeod, 70. Milltown, Jan. 26, Donald C. Campbell, 64. Andover, Jan. 14, Mrs. Mary Ann Slote, 84. Brockway, Jan. 28, Mary Ann Treadwell, 87. Hebron, N. S., Jan. 27, George Strickland, 13. Shediac, Jan. 25, of congestion, John Coffey, 70. North Sydney, Jan. 29, Charles A. Robertson, 57. Milton, Jan. 27, Harold, son of Simson Verge, 2. Lower Granville, Feb. 1, Mrs. Be hian Fleet, 84. Dartmouth, Jan. 26, of pneumonia, Wells Keys, 22. Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 1, Rev. Obadiah Chute,

Dartmouth, Jan. 26, Laleah, wife of Charles Walker,

Campobello, N. B., Jan. 16, William V. Newman,

Truro, Jan. 29, Minnie Brown, of Chester, N. S.

St. John, Jan. 29, Mary, wife of Michael Finigan,

Granville, Jan. 26, of la grippe, Catherine Foster,

Lumsden, Jan. 26, Maud, wife of Willard Filmore,

Maccan, Jan. 29, Ada, wife of James C. Ripley,

Chester, N. S., Jan. 23, Mrs. Worden Beckwith,

Lower Wakefield, Jan. 14, Maria, wife of Gilbert S.

Milford, N. S., Jan. 27, Mira, wife of Creighton A

St. Stephen, Jan 29, Thomas, son of the late John

Truro, Jan. 24, Alexander, son of Marshall Archi-

North River, Jan. 16, Nellie, wife of Lemuel Mc-

Prince Albert, N. S., Jan. 28, Louisa, wife of L. D.

Chatham, Jan. 28, Maggie McLean, wife of John

Milford, N. B., Jan. 25, Annie, daughter of William

Lower Granville, Jan. 28, of pneumonia, John

Belleisle, Jan. 29, Stewart, son of the late Eugene

Halifax, Jan. 28, Horatio N. Chase, of St. John,

Lower Granville, Jan. 28, of pneumonia, John

St. John, Feb. 4, Elizabeth Lee, wife of Thomas

Woolstock, Jan. 22, Earle, son of Henry and Bertha

Weymouth, Jan. 26, son of Capt. and Mrs. Frank

Halifax, Feb 1. Mary A., widow of the late Joseph

Picton, Jan. 17, of consumption, William A. H.

St. John, Feb. 3, Ann, widow of the late Edward

Woodstock, Jan. 27, Oran, son of J. and Maria

Moncton, Jan. 31, Robert Adam, son of William and

Halifax, Jan. 27, Colin, son of the late John D.

Fredericton, Jan. 29, Annie, daughter of the late

Campobello, N. B., Jan. 16, Sarah, wife of William

Truro, Jan. 24. Alexander, son of Marshall'and Dor-

Antigonish, N. S., Jan. 20, Euphemia, wife of John

Scotch Settlement, Jan. 9, of consumption, Charles

Harcourt, Jan. 16, Howard, son of Thomas and

Woodstock, Jan. 20, Francis, widow of the late

New Glasgow, Jan. 27, Irma E., daughter of Angus

Parrsboro, Jan. 21, Alice, daughter of Edmund and

New Germany, N. S., Jan. 20, Fannie, daughter of

Halifax, Jan. 31, W. A., son of K. D. and the late

24.

Chute

Logan

Barter

bald, 80.

Nutt. 81.

Criss, 56

Moar. 49.

King, 12.

Power, 74.

Troop, 19.

N. B., 51.

Power, 74.

Willis, 58.

bimm ns, 1

Journesy, 1.

Hartlen, 83

McLeod, 14.

Brackett. 91.

Dickinson, 20

Jane Cullen, 5

Mackintosh, 23.

James Wallace.

V. Newman, 75.

cas Archibaid, 7

H. McQuarrie, 35

Mary Atkinson, 18.

Joseph Giberson, 52.

and A. Leishmam, 7.

Eliza Henderson, 18.

Forman Morton, 17.

McGillivray,

F 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.

RAILWAYS.



16

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

Fred did not reply for some moments. Then he said, doubtfully and regret ully: "No, I suppose not; but it seems terri-

bly hard if she dies without my seeing her." The elder of the reverend gentlemen, who was known by his associates in Hox-

ton 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 starving 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 lett. She's the only one I've got."

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

"I'd go bac' to hear that," said Little I ces father, and he spoke as though he meant t. Hi earn siness mide t.e other man ui eas .

"Don't talk rubbish, man! You'd get twenty years certain it you set foot in England age in 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 guised him, and, holding on to the pipe 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, it 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 Lathom, 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.'

Old Tiger sat up, rubbing his eyes. "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 -Little Bee was certainly dying. He long I've seen my Bee tossing about in her bed, and heard her crying cut for me, her. She seemed frail enough to die at 'Daddy! Daddy!' I can't get it any moment. out of my ears. I shall have to go and see her, whatever happens to me."

North Sydney, Jan. 25, Alonzo, son of Thomas L. James D. Keith to Margaret Campbell. the ground-floor now. They would not whose editions consist regularly of 5,000 spite of the elder man's expostulations, and Sarah Rudderham, 18 Sunny Side, C. B., Jan. 23, by Rev. R. Barry Mack. **Bookstore.** have me come it they had not known that copies may consider himselt more popular Wolfville, Jan. 29, Constance Masel, daughter of which lasted for over an hour. When at Thomas A Langley to Annie S. Swaine Wiley Smith, of Halifax, 20. than the average writer. Upper Port LaTour, Jan. 18, by Rev. J. Appleby, last his companion saw how useless his Bee is so ill ' St. John, Feb. 1, of croup, Eva Dolores, daughter of John and Mary Cassely, 4. talking was to alter the young man's pur-She said it all in a quick, excited James C. Swaine to Margaret H. Swain New Glasgow, Jan. 31, by Rev. W. Raven, James Thomas Fraser to Mary Catherine Mason. Camphor is a household remedy put to pose, he argued agrinst his plan no longer. whisper ; but before Lathom had time to re-Bedford, Jan. 29, of la grippe, Fanny Ruggles, wid-ow of the late W. H. Beals, 78. many purposes. The medicinal uses are A new and well assorted stock "You had better buy yourself a new ply, a childish cry drew him back to the cot. Brocklyn, N. S., Jan. 26, by Rev. J. D. McEwen, Hiram E. Crooks to Effic Gertrude Smith. principally in headache. cold in the head, St. John, Jan. 30, Gertrude Allison, daughter of Joseph and Margaret Cook, 14. rig-out," he said, "if you must go. Very of office requisites, such as Lead " Daddy !" and in nausea and fainting. In such cases Westville, Jan. 22, by Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, William F. Muirhead to Elizabeth A. Morris. " Yes, little one." he said, bending over likely the Weasel tracked us to Harwich, Pencils, (black and colored) Steel camphor in solution is held to the nose and St. John, Feb. 3, of whooping cough, Percy, son of Alexander and Nellie Scott, 1. her again-a terrible calmness in his face. and is on the look-out for clerical gents. and Rubber Erasers, Penholders, the vapor inhaled. As long as it is used in New Glasgow, Jan. 16. by Rev. Archibald Bowman, What is it, dear?" Get a sailor's togs and work your passage James Alexander Ross to Janet Catherine Mc-Lean. Brockton Mass., Feb. 2, George, son of William and Elizabeth Annette, of Fairville, N. B. Rulers, Ink Eradicator, Pencil this way it can do no harm ; but, unfortu-"You are not going away again, Daddy?" across." nately, many people take it internally in St. John, Feb. 1, of scarlet fever, Fidelis Burnette son of Michael T. and the late Mary Cavan-St. John, Jan. 10, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Arthur H. Williams, of Chesterfield, Conn., to Sarah A. Sharpeners, Rubber Bands, Paper-" I shall have to dear." But the plan promised too much delay some form, or other, and often run some "But not now, I have wanted you so tor the eager, excited tather. In spite of Fasteners, &c., &c. augh, 6. risk in doing so. Profit. Old Tiger's warnings, he contented himselt | much."

thought that at any moment a policeman might spring out of the darkness to arrest he's a fine tellow, not to save himselt by his progress, and rob him most likely of giving his "pals" away " the last chance of ever seeing his child on

turbation, 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 men, and broke into a run as soon

Then he began to imagine that there

were steps pursuing him, and ran on and

on, till he had to stop through pure exhaus-

tion. It was not the thought of imprison-

ment which terrified him ; it was the dread

ot 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

as he was out of the busy thoroughtare.

earth, drove him into a trenzy. His running had brought him quite close

England without detection.

accomplice teared.

driver his tare.

Weasel."

approach it.

where his sister lived.

Bee was still alive.

the corner.

even in her sleep.

that he had come.

at last !"

"It is Daddy ! I know it is Daddy-come

Poor Little Bee, how pleased she was to

see her father, atter lying there, tor those

long days and nights, while he had been

away-longing for him and calling for him,

"I knew you would come," she said.

father felt, as he bent over her, that

was surprised that there was nobody with

As a matter of fact, the burglar's sister

had just gone downstairs. in answer to an

the message in the 'Standard' was true

cheertul now that he had made up his mind

No National Policy, but The People Pay Big to Liston street, in which Little Bee lived Bills All the Same. in his sister's care, but he dared not turn

A writer in Temple Bar says: "Birth is into it. He telt certain that Casely had taxed, marriage is taxed, death is taxed. not only recognized him, but had divined Commodities are taxed, manufactures are his purpose; that already men would be taxed, trades are taxed, houses are taxed, hidden in view of the house, ready to incomes are taxed. We are taxed for our pounce upon him directly he ventured to butler, if we are prosperous enough to keep one. We are taxed for our footman, groom Instead of entering Liston street, thereor gardener. The carriage we keep is fore, the burglar waited round the corner taxed, the omnibus we take is taxed. the till nobody was in sight, and then dextercab we hire is taxed, the railway train we ously scaled the wall of a build r's yard travel by is taxed. The house dog is taxed, there, and made his way through it, and and so also is the heraldic device on our across a score of back-yards, leaping the note paper. low dividing-walls, to the back of the house

"Everything we drink is taxed-beer, spirits, wine, tea, coffee-and even for the It was a mad thing to do, since it was water we drink there is the water rate. sure to attract attention to him; but La-Light is taxed through the medium of the thom had but one object in view now-to gas rate. The land we walk upon is taxed, enter the house and get a glimpse of his the tobacco we smoke is taxed, the gold or child before he was captured. He looked silver jewelery we wear, the eau de up anxiously at the window of the room Cologne perfuming our handkerchiefs, the where she slept, and felt a throb of reliet figs we eat on Palm Sunday, the Christmas when he made sure that there was a light plum pudding, these are all taxed. Even there. It seemed a sign to him that Little our anti-bilious pills are not free.

"All these, and they are but a few of the He dared not enter the house by the taxes that exist, are mostly imperial taxes door, tor tear of finding policemen inside, for the purpose of government-some of ready to arrest him. Instead, he clamthem, however, are assigned to the county bered up the gutter-pipe, like a cat. till councils. There are also local rates, which he was close to the lighted window. Then are but local taxes, for the poor, county he tore off the wig and talse hair which discouncil, police, voting lists, street lighting, paving, watering, etc; sewers, school board with his knees, clutched at the ledge of the and vestry, householders, lodgers, married window. In less time than it takes to tell. and single, men, women and children, are he had noiselessly raised the sash, and was all taxed in some torm or other, for taxastepping into the room, when a glad, tion is devised to reach every one. feeble little crv came from a tiny bed in

"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 tast young curate on his sporting tendencies. 'I wanted you so much"; and the burglar, and expressed his strong disapproval of as he knelt by her little bed, and saw the the curate's driving tandem.

smile of happiness that shone in her big "Well," said the latter, "I don't see the eyes, illuminating her thin, white cheeks, harm. You drive a pair of horses in your felt that, whatever happened, he was glad carriage, and why shouldn't I? The fact of yours being side by side and mine being How ill she looked, though; just one before the other can't make the least the shadow, it semed to him, of his difference as to right and wrong." little girl. And her heart-broken

"All the difference in the world," replied his superior. "It 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.

for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 James B. Duffus, 25. "Very likely," returned his companion, imperative knock at the front door. She In this country there is no fixed limit for Returning will leave Boston St. John, Jan. 30, Felicitie, widow of the late Rev. standard. with a sneer; "and turn Queen's evidence | returned in a few moments, looking startled an edition. For most books 1,000 copies Samuel Robinson, 81 Liverpool, Jan. 20, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, William A. Rafuse to Melvine Keddy. same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastconstitute an edition, but of some special and distressed when she found her brother when you get there. I did not think it of Halifax, Jan. 31, Evelyn, daughter of Michael and Catnerine Cochran, 7. you, man. kneeling by the child's cot. books much larger editions are printed. Big Pond, C B., Jan. 23, by Rav. R. McInnis, Joseph McNeil to Mary J. McDonald. ort and St. John. Moncton, Jan. 30, of diptheria, Percy Gordon, son of Paul and Annie Lea. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. She beckoned him across the room to For example, a book now before us bears "And you oughtn't to now, after the Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Bay duVin, Jan. 24, by Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, Say on its title page the words. "first edition. her, and whispered into his ear: "Why jobs we've done together, and the way Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent. North Sydney, C. B., Feb. 1, of paralysis of the brain, Robert Brittain, 78. mour Williston to Phoebe E. Williston. we've stuck by one another. You needn't did you not stay away? They have just first thousand," while of Stanley's latest Dartmouth, Jan. 30, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, James G. Webster to Janet H. Notting. come back to search the house again for Truro, Jan. 25, Margaret Pride, widow of the late book the first edition was of 100,000 be trightened, whether 1 am caught or not. But if I was certain they'd catch me, I vou, and I was glad you were not here. copies. First editions of Zola's works con-Edward S. Blanchard, 75. At McMillan's New Glasgow, Jan. 50, by Rev, Anderson Rogers, William Coleston to Isabella II. Moore. Milford, Jan. 29, Alfred Dickie, son of Norman You must go at once. Get through the sist now of 20,000 copies, but Zola and should have to go." and Kate Logan, 18 months. He kept to his resolution unmoved, in skylight in my room. They are searching Stanley are exceptions, and the author Sackville, Jan 24, by Rev. J. Miller Robinson,

liam E. Corran, a daughter.

MARRIED.

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

Milltown, 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. 7, by Rev. C. Jost, Gilbert Ross to Carrie Belle Christie 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 Herbert, Jan. 24, by Rev. F. Davey, Frank Stick to Martha Harrison.

Clark's Harbor, Jan. 30, by Rev. W. Miller, Reuben C. Swim to Eliza Penney.

Pictou, Jan. 30, by Rev. Andrew Armit, George E. McLean to Mamie O'Neil.

Gibson, Jan. 28, by Rev. Mr. Howie, Capt. H. B McKiel to Mamie Pickard. Grafton, N. B , Jan. 24, by Rev. A. F. Baker, Asa

Bragdon to Cassie Stewart.

Chatham, Jan. 26, by Rev. Father Joiner, Jacob Nelson to Lizzie M. Bryne. Campbellton, Jan 24, by Rev. A. F. Carr, D. Dun-

can 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

Graves to Delila Babcock. Collina, Jan. 24, by Rev. S. D. Ervine, Merritt E Colwell to Sibble A. Joynes.

Liverpool, Jan. 17, by Rev. J. McEwen, Israel N. Wharton to Hattie E. Mouzar.

Oak Hill, N. B., Jan 24, by Rev, A. C. Bell, Harry W. Mann to Carrie R. Beach.

Belledune, Jan. 16, by Rev. C. W. Sables, Allen H. Hodgens to Imogene Colpitts.

Mahone Bay, Jan. 17, by Rev. A. E. Harris, Enos A. Shupe to Ida May Winter.

Mone on, Jan. 21, by Rev. A. II. Meahan, Emelien J. Herbert to Adeline LeBlanc.

Eelbrook, N. S., Jan. 11, by Rev. J. Crozier, Joseph Bourke to Octavie 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 Georgie 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.

Hampton, Jan. 25, by Rev. Mr. Burns, Milton E. Harrington to lone Fairweather.

Port Mouton. N. S. , Jan. 18, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Charles Anderson to Etnei Lloyd. Woodville, N. S., Jan. 4, by Rev. C. E. Baker, Clar-ence Roscoe to Mamie A. Martin.

North Sydney, Jan. 27, 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. Moreash to Ellen Tulloch Brenton, N. S., Jan. 18, by R-v. Trueman Bishop,

James A. Crosby to Lucetta 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. Marling to carah L. Bryant.

Auburn, N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. William Brown, Henry L. Bustin to Marie Jacques. Martin's Brook, Jan. 28, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Stephen Westhaver to Z. C. Young.

Big Pond, C. B., Jan. 23, by Rev. R. McInnis, James McN-it to Catherine McNeil.

Miltord, Jan. 27, Nina, wite of C. A. Logan, 33. St. John, Jan. 30, of pneumonia, Charles Doherty,

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN : Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou

and Halifax..... Express for Halifax..... 13.50 16.30 Express for Sussex..... Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and 16.55 Montreal.....

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN :

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

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.

A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

Express from Sussex..... 8.25. Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Mon-

day excepted..... Express from Moncton (daily)..... Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-10.30 10,30

bellton..... Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 18.40 22.30

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

iectricity All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Offire,

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

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. 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.50 p.m.

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 evenings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windson and Annapolis Railway.

Trains are run by Railway Standard Time. J. BRIGNELL, Yarmouth, N.S. General Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

COMMENCING November

U 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John

FOR BOSTON.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.