# PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

ther. Do not spare me!'

my child, you and I know him better than

that. It's poor Joe Kelford, his halt-

brother, the young fellow with the hot Cuban blood in his veins, you know, and

that's where Julius has gone now-to over-

take him, and tell him he is not to be

prosecuted. I brought down with me the

money for which I sold the old farm-I

thought you young people would like it for

your housekeeping-and when Julius asked

me if he might spend it to pay Joe's indebt-

while you drink it; but don't tremble so.

They are all right now And Julius will

"Julius is back now," said a quiet voice

She looked tremblingly up into his eyes,

and met their answering glance. Thence-

torward, no explanation or apology was

necessary. She knew herselt to be for-

But the black sheep of the Kelfords never

knew what efforts had been made to wash

"I am going to carry out my original

design," said the old lady, gently, "Ever

since my husband died it has been my in-

tention to join a sisterhood of old people

close behind; and Kitty felt herself close

entolded in a strong and tender clasp.

be back in the morning."

Kitty gave a great start,

going to leave me ?"

Lois' story.

## HOW PINK WENT HOME.

16

Pink was not called so because he was pretty. I have heard of people who were until you can show yourselt able to do and breathing short and quick. For there "pretty as pinks," but Pink Dyer was not miner's work; then you'll get three and a was no disguising the fact that Kitty was one of these. It was his hair, most likely. half. It isn't a good country to go into, very angry. Then she went into the back That and his eyebrows were of that pecul- though—it's new and pretty wild." room, singing "After the Ball," with iarly brillant yet undecided shade of red which cannot be described by any other seemed to be figuring. word (ot sufficient brevity) than " pink;" so "Pink" he was called, and so remained to the end of the chapter.

I first met him in the Union Pacific train going West. He was full of taith, and hope, and charity then.

The way I came to notice him first, was through him asking me, at the Omaha station, a question concerning the time the train was due to leave. He was so unhandsome, so dreadfully unhandsome, and Every once in a while, after that, I used yet so "good" looking, that he attracted to hear from or of him. In one of the supermy attention as soon as he spoke; and atter intendent's first letters after Pink's arrival, in my sitting in the chimpey-corner for-I heard his voice (it was a "good" voice he sent by my request a few lines about ever." Pink had), I took a fancy to study him. the new man.

When the train started, I walked through to see it there was anyone on board I knew, and in the "smoker," with only two or three fellow-passengers, I again found Pink. | fun Evenings now he takes a hammer He smiled at me, and said "Good eve- and a set of drills, and goes over on the

ning" in a pleasant way; so I sat down by side hill and drills rocks, to get his hand him, and lit a cigar.

"Going West?" I asked, by way of like him." opening the conversation.

"Yes," he answered promptly; "going to Coloraydo."

"Yes? Ever been there before?"

"No; I'm a tenderfoot, I reckon," he

smiled.

Then he added-"I s'pose it's a pretty tough country-

have you been there? "Oh. yes; I live there."

"Well, how is it-any chance i'r a feller

t' git plenty work ?" Yes, it he wants it.'

" That's good ; that's what I want."

headed shift-boss, Pink Dyer; he knows Then, in his innocent, confiding way, he went on to tell me how it was he came to every toot of the mine."

be going out West-the whole story. It was a sad story, and yet not really a

new one--a tale of an improvident tather and a family of small children to get along, and their troubles in doing so.

Pink was the oldest-he was eighteen. Then there Min, fifteen; Grace, eleven; man. Frank and Freddie, the twins, ten; Ted, eight; and Fan, the baby five.

Pink (his name was George) and Min could help a little; but there was not much now' and Grace's got a couple-don't it day." they could get to do in the little country seem tunny through? Th' twins, they're But town they lived in, and, besides, Min did not like to work.

"Ye see." said Pink deprecatingly, time. No, I hain't never been back; I'm "she's a girl, an' hain't been brought up goin' Christmas-sure, this time, and no t' work, 'xactly, an' -well, ye can't 'xpect | toolin'." I did not tell him of his coming promo-

"I can get you a job," I said; "but it turning on his heel with a glance at the iy's sore heart; she fell sobbing on the old may not be a pleasant one. You'll have clock, and Kitty was left alone. lady's shou'der. She stood a minute biting her cherry lip

to work two months for a dollar a day, or Pink was silent a few minutes and affected nonchalance.

think I'll ketch on O. K. ?"

We went down to take a look at the

It was not long before we had them out.

Once in a while he would come out of

at him, his eyes opened suddenly.

" December eighth."

"What day is this ?" he asked.

thin' allus turns up last few years.'

while, then added, forcefully-

"Yes, my boy, I know it." I said.

ing here? Without an invitation?"

· 1 invited her, Katherine."

A YOUNG WIFE'S ERROR

" I am goin' home !"

Keltord's verbal straws.

this woman?"

he added

"Jenny," said she, to a white-capped

"I reckon," he finally said, slowly, "I maid, "put up my things in the little statec'n afford it, ef they's three an' a halt a room trunk. I am going to spend a few day on top o' the 'wo months; but d'ye days with a friend. Immediately, Jenny!" Two hours later, Mrs. Egmont Lasalle, packing in her boudoir, was amazed at the I assured him I thought he would, and

sudden appearance of Mrs. Keltord. "Wby, Kitty, you darling !" cried she. "Who would ever have thought of "All right-I'm y'r boy; I c'n go next

week, when my month's up.' So Pink left the ranch, and went to work seeing you ? in the hills, in a new mining district. "I've changed my mind, Celestine," said Kitty. "I will go with you to Etuxo Park. I've concluded that there's no use

"So glad !" cooed Mrs. Lasalle. "And "The new man you sent is a dandyvou can act Juliet to Vernon Blake's green, of course, but nobody's fool. He's

But what has wrought this trans-Romeo. eager to work, and flies at it like it was tormation ?" "To tell the truth," laughed Kitty, "my

husband has invited an old aunt from the wilderness to visit us, and I'm deter- scandal, you know, and must be hushed up in. I wish their were a few more people mined to put a stop to all this sort of thing | at all hazards. Now, Jenny, bring Mrs. at once.

"I admire your spirit," said Mrs. It was no more than I expected: but of course, I was gratified, nevertheless. Lasalle. "It's the only thing to do. But It was not long until Pink was a miner. you'll find he'll send for you.

of course-and a good one, too; and as "He can't send," said Kitty. He doesn't such he continued for the next couple of know where I am. I didn't give the cabyears always in the same place.

man his orders until I was out of reach of One day the man who had been superthe servant's inquisitive ears." intending the property dropped in on us at

Mrs. Lasalle clapped her hands. Denver: he was going to quit, as he had "Brave !" cried she. "I wish all women some property of his own to look after, he had your spirit."

said. "And," he added, "of course I have Etuxo Park was very gav that season. nothing to say; but if you want a man to There were private theatricals, a run atter given. look atter the property, you'l hunt a long the hounds, two or three coaching-parties time before you find a match for that red- and a masquerade.

Mrs. Lasalle, s cottage was the headquar- him white. Slipping from the gang plank ters for all the creme de la creme, and of the European steamer he was boarding

Kitty Keltord thought she was having a to flee from justice, he fell overboard and property; we arrived in the evening, as delightful time. She had been a society was drowned. But Aunt Lois' money paid Pink was just coming off shift. He looked belle before her marriage, and had been all claims on his memory. just as I expected he would, barring the fully resolved to "marry rich," until Julius

crows'-teet and the lines about the mouth; Kelford's dark, melancholy eyes and they were too prominent for so young a straight, classic features had induced her

to abandon her colors. "Th' folks ?" said Pink. "Oh, they're "A love match," said all her friends. all fine. Got a new house, mother an' th' "But who can blame her? He's so handkids have. Min's got three young uns some, and he's sure to be chief justice some

But all the time Kitty's conscience-for gettin' on tip-top, an Ted, too. An' Fan- | she had a conscience. after all-was secretly | like myself, and do what good I can in the why. I s'pose she's a young lady by this pricking her with unacknowledged pangs. Was she treating Julius fairly? Was she on my travels," doing right by herselt? Would it not have "But," pleaded Kitty, "we have had

been wiser for her to consider a little more your time, your money, your priceless

"Do not spare me, for I deserve every-thing that fate can have in store for me I For a Delicious "Tell me all about it!" wailed she. have been a recreant wife, a heartless mo-

But with the flood of tears there had come relief. She could listen now to Aunt Ram Lal's "No, sweetheart, he is not angry with PURE you," said she. Only grieved. He would have sent for you when Helen sickened only we knew not where to send. He had the firmest faith that you would return in time. He an embezzler? a torger? Nay,

# of Tea Use Ram Lal's.

edness, and set him square before the world Full weight in every package. again, I could only say yes. Its a dreadful

S. John, Jan. 24t by the Rev. G. O. Gates, George T. Lacy to M. Alberta Crabbe Kelford a hot cup of tea-she looks ready Halifax, Feb. 8, by Rev. F. M. Webster, W. H. Browne to Florence M. Wilber. to faint. Yes, you shall sit by the children

Truro, Feb. 12, by Rev. Father Chisholm, Frank J. Tobin to Mary C. McDonald. Fredericton, Feb. 7, by the Rev. Geo. B. Payson, James Coy to Annie B. Torrens.

Moncton, Feb. 5, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, Gilbert W. Brewster to Florence Ritchie.

Springhill, Jan. 31, by Rev. David Wright, Hibbert J. McCormick to Isabella Brown.

Windsor, Jan. 31, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Captain Andrew King to Minnie A. Roach. Springfield, Jan. 31, by Rev. David Long, Arnold H. Fairweather to Bertha P. Price.

Milton, N. S., Feb. 1, by Rev. Howard Murray, Henry L. Tupper to Edith Morton.

Stephen, Feb. 6, by Rev. William Dollard, Walter H. Swift to Alice M. Keating. Fredericton, Feb. 7, by the Rev. R. W. Weddall, James Craig to Nellie M. Somerville.

Gabarus, C. B., Jan. 31, by Rev. W. J. Croft, Alex-auder E. Reid to Caroline P. Bagneli.

Chatham, Jan. 16, by the Rev. Joseph McCoy Charles Bremner to Sotia C. Davidson.

A week atter his tuneral the old lady Sunny Brae, C. B., Jan. 31, by Rov. James Sinclair, came down stairs shawled and bonneted. Thomas Chisholm to Isabel McDonald. Upham, Feb. 7, by the Rev S. Hanford Jones, Nelson Kirkpatrick to Emma L. Porter.

"Aunt Lois," she cried, "you are not Fredericton. Feb. 8, by Rev. Father Savage, Patrick J. Griffin to Jennie M. Flanagan.

Fredericton, Feb. 6, by Rev. Willard Macdonal Daniel H. Melvin to Mrs. Addie Smiler.

Annapolis Royal, Jan. 31, by Rev. Henry Howe, Herbert Andrews to Catherine E. Woods. New Richmond, Jan. 31, by Rev. C. F. Kinnear, Jonathan Woodman to Jane Edith Burton. Portapique Mountain, N. S., Jan. 31, by Rev. W. H. Ness, James P. Dill to Lucretta Davison.

world. This house is only the first stage Lunenburg, Feb. 3. by Rev. George Haslam, Andrew Belcher Richardson to Rose Cable. Point de Bute, Jan. 31, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, Frederick W. Goodwin to Margaret A. Polley.

assisted by the Rev. George Howcroft, Captain

icton, assisted by Rev. Canon Roberts, William Henry Bruce to Mary Maud Robinson.

DIED.

Arthur Smith to Mary Newcombe.

Josey A. Orchards

Chatham, Feb. 2, Asa Perley, 80.

St. John, Feb. 9, John Sweet, 58.

Carleton, Feb. 10, William Vail, 81. Piedmont, Feb. 2, James 'Smith, 83.

St. John, Feb. 4, Isabella Boyle, 70.

Halifax, Feb. 4, Patrick Whalen, 66.

Brooklyn, N. S., Jan. 24 H. Joy, 79.

Chatham, Feb. 1, John Donovan, 38.

Centreville, Feb. 2, Samuel Trott, 65.

Yarmouth, Feb. 4, Joseph Evans, 73.

S John, Feb. 4, Samuel Morris, 67.

S. John, Feb. 10, William Wright, 75.

Grand Pre, Feb. 1, Mary Avery Brown, 85.

Milway, N. B., Feb. 2, Mrs. Thos. Tingley.

Urbani 1, Jan. 30, Mrs. George Dimock, 36.

Temple, N B., Jan. 23, J. Wesley Dow, 81.

Sheffield's Mills, Jan. 29, John H. Pineo, 73.

Brooklyn, N.S., Fep. 4, James E. Spurr, 56.

St. Margaret's Bay, Feb. 5, John Moren, 61.

Fredericton, Feb. 5, Mrs. P. MacDougall, 25.

Eureka, N. S., Feb. 3, Jessie Womersley, 53.

Halifax, Feb. 10, Dr. William C. Delaney, 54.

Upper Stewiacke, Jan. 31, John L. Johnson, 71.

Lower Onslow, Feb. 3, Charles Weatherby, 74.

A nherst Point, Feb. 3, Mrs. Gordon Forrest, 69.

St. Peters, C. B., Jan. 30, John R. McDonald, 57.

Gallagher Ridge, N. B., Feb. 5, Neil McNutt, 72.

Amherst, Feb. 2, Eliza, wife of W. T. Pipes, 43.

Coldbrook, N. B., Feb. 8, Jeremiah Donovan, 65.

Upper Stewiacke, Jan. 30, Alexander Miller. 57.

St. John, Feb. 9, Julia, 'wife of James Ashley, 60.

Truro, Feb. 4, Emma Alice, wife of T. S. Pattilo, 31.

Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 1, Rev Obadiah Chute, 83.

Springhill, Feb. 9, Roy, son of H. A. and Mary Mc-

Halifax, Feb. 12, Paul Anderson, son of James An-

Sambro, Feb. 8, Rebecca, wife of John Gray, 67.

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ANADIAN I rans-

girls t' hanker after work much, nohow. An' th' rest of 'em, ye see, they're pretty little- pretty little yet."

And Pink smiled in a paternal sort of fashion

We talked on other subjects for a while. Then Pink, atter a silence of some minutes. said earnestly, with a slap of his fist on his foremost. bonv knee-

"All I want-all I want is t' see all o' them young uns fixed and settled in good shape, an' well started, an' then I c'n go home an' settle down an' look atter mother."

He left the train at Julesburg-he had some prospect of getting work near there, he told me-and I saw nothing of him for over two years.

Then, one day, coming down Sixteenth street, in Denver, I met him. He had not signal. changed a bit, and he remembered me at A single man stepped from the cage; it once when he saw me. I asked alter his was the man who had gone done with Pink to bring up the dead miner. In a few mother and the "young uns" in a little

while. Pink's eyes lighted up, and his tace | words he told us the cause of his first signal. broadened into a smile.

"Fine !" he said, "fine ! I git a letter every week, an' they're all gettin' on good, I'm goin' home pretty soon; been hopin' I neath it-he and the dead man. c'd go t' Min's weddin'-she's goin' t' git married next November-but I don't was broken, and we knew he could only reckon I c'n make it. Ye see, these here live a few hours. We put him to bed, women, they've got t'rag out a lot, an' git tenderly, and watched by him. heaps o' things t' git married in, so I got t' rustle t' keep Min staked in good shape ; I want my sister t' have as good as they iswouldn't you ?"

Almost a year later I met him again. Neither he nor his smile had changed.

"Well, I am glad t' see ye !" he ejaculated. "D'ye know, it seems most as it you was an old neighbor of our'n, I feel t' know ye so well.'

We took lunch together, and I asked him how he was getting along, and how the "folks" were.

"Oh, I'm still punching cows," he said, "an' joggin' along same ol' gait. Oh. yes, I git a letter every week yit. Mother's doin' first-rate, an' th' young uns gittin' on fine. Min's got a darn good man, I guess. Gracie's a big girl-most growed, nowan' Frank an' Fred are growin' tremenjous, mother says. An' Ted an' Fan, they're getting big, too; so most all of 'em's gittin' t' help lots, what they can, out o' schooltimes. Grace, she's goin' t' learn sten-ography-they say, ye c'n git big wages doin' that."

"Have you been home to see them yet an "Home?" he asked, with a tender em phasis on the word; wish't I could; an' I

guess I will soon; but, ye see, hese here young uns all got t' have clo'es an' go t' school, an' they cost a sight, they d.

After this, Pink was often in my mind. but I neither saw nor heard anything of him for three years, until, one day, I drove out from Laramie to a ranch some miles distant on business. Pink was there. He was saddling a horse by the door as we drove up, and turned as he heard us approach. He was the same old Pink, except that he wore a mustache (of the same color as his hair and eyebrows), and there were incipient crows'-teet at the corners of his eyes, and lines about his mouth.

"Well, how are all the Dyers ?" I asked, after we had greeted each other.

Oh, fine! Grace she's married nowgot married almost two months ago. Julius, "and I wouldn't if I could. There's

tion; I wish I had, for he never knew. whom at the altar she had promised to leave us !" Late that night-it must have been one o'- | "love, honour, and obey ?" clock in the morning or thereabouts-the

She was still turning these things over in whistle blew at the hoisting works and we her mind on the night of the marguerade. all hurried up to see what the trouble was as she stood by the stairs in her pink, Pink, as temporary "boss," among the domino, borrowed for the occasion of Mrs. Lasalle.

One of the miners had been killed; he "Ah! Celestine, come here," said a was a new man, and had been trying to stout person, dressed as Catherine of make too good a showing-that is, he had Arragon, giving her a twitch. "Sit down tailed to clean the root and walls (he was by me under this delicious palm. dritting) atter each blast, and a loose don't know how you make the things grow. chunk of rock had fallen and killed him. Pink and another man went down to the florist's. Tell me what all this is about the silly clap-trap people call 'society.' bring up the body, and presently, when Kitty Keltord's husband? Is it true that You and the children, and my own homewe expected the signal "Hoist !" there was he has torged, or embezzled or something? an alarm from below, which continued for How does the child dare show her face

some seconds-then came the "hoist" here, with all those damaging newspaper reports about? Because-Goodness me, what's the matter ?"

For the supposed Mrs Lasalle had jerked her skirt out of the tudgy hands of Catherine of Arragon, and was gone. As they were bringing the dead man out Like a pallid ghost she fled up to her of the drift, there had been another fall of room, flung off her pink satin mask, and loose rock, and Pink had gone down be- stood staring at the ashen resemblance of her own face. Freeport, Feb. 5, to the wife of George Hains, a

It was late but the midnight train had but it was too late to save Pink. His back not yet left Etuxo. How she managed. Kitty never could exactly explain; but the next she knew she was seated in the train, dressed in sober grey, with a veil punned over her tace, and a shawl belonging to his unconscious state, and talk queerly. Mrs. Lasalle's maid folded tight across her

At last, about daybreak, as I sat looking slender shoulders. Her heart throbbed violently, her cheeks

were burning. What had the croaking old hag meant? Never before had the train seemed to creep so slowly, to linger so un-

"H'm-little over two weeks; I don't believe I'll git well enough by then. Darn | reasonably at drawbridges, to dawdle so at country crossings. It was two o'clock in the it all, seem's if I'd never git t' go homean' sometimes I think I never will. Somemorning before she found herself in a musty hack, crawling along the river streets at a

All this he said slowly and painfully; but snail's pace. his next words were spoken more naturally. "Hurry! Do hurry !" she cried to the Just as the morning sun sent a stray beam

Pink's eyes opened suddenly again. "Le's see," he said ; "le's see-eighth. twenty-fith-more'n two weeks-h'm! Le's bell.

"Ab, ma'am, is it you?" she cried out. see-le's see-ten, seven, seventeen. I c'n git home. I'm goin' home-they's no "Don't look so trightened; it's all over use talkin'." He shut his eyes a little now, and the doctors say she will live. And little Johnnie. Did you hear about it, ma'am?"

"Hear about what?" Kitty's breath came thick and tast; the dull thumping of her heart was like a muffled drum, high up in her throat. "Quick! Don't stand "What !" cried Kitty Kelford. "Com- there staring at me! Tell me what has happened?'

"It's baby Helen, ma'am," gasped poor hitty's blue eyes lightened When Julius Jenny. "Malignant diphtheria. Oh, we called her "Katherine" it always denoted thought sure we were going to lose her, very serious annoyance on his part. Straws and we had'nt no time to look after little show which way the wind blows, and that John, and he somehow got hold of the particular appellation was one of Julius master's silver-mounted revolver, and shot himselt in the arm. But it ain't nothing "Well," flashed she, " I think you might have consulted me first. Just at this time, of all others, when I am so flooded with without Mrs. Jennings-Aunt Lois, the children call her-I'm sure I don't know." engagements and society affairs. No, you need not think it; I am not going to re-"Has had to go away !" Kitty's heart

"I am the children's mother !" "I couldn't if I would," coolly retorted

before she had thus openly defied the man | care; and now-now you take wing and

"I have won your love, dear niece, and that is all I wanted," said Aunt Lois; and pressing a kiss on the young wife's lips she disappeared.

"Did I not tell you she was the best Hansport, by the Ven. Arch Descon Weston Jones. woman in the world ?" said Julius, meeting his wite's tear-brimmed eyes with a smile. Fredericton, Feb. 6, by the Lord Bishop of Freder Kitty crept to his side.

"Julius," said she, "if I live to be a hundred years old, 1 shall never forget the lesson Aunt Lois has taught me. After Mine droop and die directly they leave this I shall never again care for balls and that will be all I want."

## BORN.

Fredericton, to the wife of W. E. Smith, a son. Halifax, F. b. 1, to the wife of D. M. Reid, a son. Milltown, Feb. 9, to the wife of Dr. Descon, a son. Truro, Feb. 3, to the wife of Nelson Carter, a son. Halifax, Feb. 8, to the wife of John E. Trider, a sop. St. John, Feb. 11, William Wright, 75. Havelock, Jan. 26, to the wife of J. R. Calkin, a Truro, Jan. 24, Alexander Crawford, 7.

New River, Feb. 4, Arthur Mahon, 50. St. John, Feb. 9, Michael McGrath, 48. Economy, Jan. 28, to the wife of G. B. Moore. Antigonish, Feb. 6, Alexander Kell, 75. Halifax, Feb. 9, to the wife of Mathew Quirk, St. John, Feb. 5, Eliza Ann Mercer, 67. & SOL. New Glasgow, Feb. 1, George Leck, 73. St. John, Feb. 10, to the wife of William J. Sullivan Riverside, Feb. 11, Samuel Ramsay, 90. a son. Woolstock, Jan. 5, George Vanwart, 67. Shubenacadie, Jan. 27, to the wife of F. R. Parker, Halifax, Feb. 9, James H. McGowan, 33. a son. New Minas, Feb. 4, Andrew Bishop, 83. Halifax, Feb. 7, tot he wife of Robie Davidson, M rigomish, Feb 6, James Mitchell, 62. daughter Milltown, Jan. 9, to the wife of John McFarland, s St. John, Feb. 7, James Munholland, 59. daughter St. John, Feb. 8, William H. Barton, 41. Halifax, Feb. 5, to the wife of N. Littler, a St. John, Feb. 4, Humphrey Sullivan, 50. Wine Harbor, Feb. 1, Alex. Mitchell, 62. Halifax, Feb. 1, to the wife of Daniel Connors, St John, Feb. 11, Katie H. Marshall, 20. daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 5, to daughter.

Truro, Feb. 3, daughter. Halifax, Feb. 7, w C. Fred Traise, a

daughter St. John, Feb. 8. to daughter.

Kentville, Jan. 26, to the wife of Rupert Davis, a dauguter. New Glasgow, Feb. 6, to the wife of O. Larsen, a

daughter.

Newville, N S., Feb. 1, to the wife of John Greenc, a daughter Dartmouth, Jan. 26, to the wife of Norman Walker, a daughter

Upper Stewiacke, Jan. 27, to the wife of Allan Davis, a so Fredericton, Jan. 30, of Dr. E. W Henry, a son West River Station, Feb. 6, to the wife of J. D

Graham, a son Milltown, Feb. 5, to the wife of J. Marshall Kerr, a son and daughter. Salmon River, N. S., Jan. 30, to the wife of George

McLonald. a daughter outhampton, N. S., Feb. 3, Fredericton, Feb. 5, Mrs. Stephen MacDougall, 25. Harkness, a daughter of Captain

Centreville, N. S., Feb. 3, to the Benjamin L. Goodwin, a son. St. John, Feb. 4, Elizabeth Lee, wife of Thomas

## MARRIED.

Kingsclear, Jan. 24, John McDermott to Annie S St. John, Feb. 12, Sarab, widow of the late John Lucy.

Antigonish, Feb. 1, Robert Dunlap to Minnie McLelian. St. John, Feb. 12, Sarah, widow of the late John Sackville, Feb. 10, to the wife of Captain Benjamin Otnabog, N. B., Feb. 4, of pneumonia, Joseph Gul-

Buimer, a son. Truro, Feb. 7, by Rev. John Robbins, Allan Dunlap Penobsquis, Feb. 2, of consumption, Bertie K. to Mary Cameron.

St. John, Feb. 8, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, Henry St. Margaret's Bay, Feb. 1, of pneumonia, George Lord to Grace Long. C. Allen, 39.

"Our mamma has gone and left us," Picton, Jan. 31. by Rev. Andrew Armit, Anthony Ha'ifax. Feb. 3, Bridget, daughter of Reginald and Calder to Annie Scott.

Mary Gau. ericton, Feb 7 M St. John, Feb. 5, by Rev. H. Urben, Frank Fraw -

Willis, 57.

Knight, 4.

derson, 23

Parker, 55.

Parker, 5

lagher, 22.

Andover, Jan. 31, by Rev. Scovil Neales, assisted On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run by Rev. Leo A. Hoyt, William H. Hoyt to Annie H. Straton. daily (Sunday excepted) as follows Waterborough, Jan. 24, by Rev. A. B. McDonald, assisted by Rev. M. P. King, Troop Thome to

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

Express for Sussex. Express for Point duChere, Quebec, and 16.30 16.55 Montreal.....

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN :

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trans 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..... 8.26 Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Mon-10 30

day excepted..... Express from Moncton (daily)..... Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-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 electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Offi e, Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

## YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and atter 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, Wednesday 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 12.60 p.m.

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 Eoston 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 Windse

Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsen and Anuapolis Railway. Trains are run by Railway Standard Time.

J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent. Yarmouth, N.S. Halifax, Feb. 7, Kenneth E. H., son of Charles and Julia Hilchie, 7. Carleton, Feb 8, of la grippe, Margery P., wife of

William Vail. 80 St. Croix, Feb. 2, Reginald,

Sarah Spence, 12 Westmorland Point, Feb. 9, Lenora, wife of S. Cyrus Carter, 30

Antigonish, Feb. 2 Daniel, son of the late Chris. topher Fraser, 21

Woodworth Settlement, Feb. 4, James D. Shaw, 66. Lunenburg, Feb. 4, Nina, daughter of William Charlotte Gaetz, 3.

Salmon River, Jan. 31, Isabel, widow Andrew Jeffrey, 81. Annapolis Royal, Feb. 8, Mrs. M. A. Anderson, 87.

Sandford, N. S., Feb. 8. Martha, widow of Joseph Eldridge, 76.

Halifax, Feb. 4, Katherine, daughter of F. G. and Kate Wainwright, 2.

Grand Manan, N. B., Feb. 1, Sarah, widow of the late William Brown, 86.

St John, Feb. 8, Thomas, son of Robert and the late Margaret King, 27.

Hampton, Feb. 7, Mary Olive, daughter of J. B. and C. K. Hammond, 23.

St. John, Feb. 3, Floretta, daughter of Byron and Lettie Parker, 13 months.

Germantown, Feb. 5, Mary Pearson, widow of the lats Solomon Pearson, 78. Yarmouth, Feb. 5, Donald, son of T. W. and C.

Ethel S:oneman, 6 months. St. John, Feb. 8, of congestion, Alexander, son of Alexander and Nellie Scott

serious, ma'am. And master, he's had to go away, and what we'd all have done

ceive your backwoods relations here. If turned stone cold within her. It was true, they once get to coming, they never will then. She pushed passed Jennie to the leave off. Can't you write and postpone nursery.

"Let me in!" she cried, despairingly,

Min's got two kids now. Ha! ha! ha! something else in life besides dances and wailed Johnnie. "We haven't got any

driver, jerking at the strap. " No. 81 into the little window of the dingy room | Peveril Place. Eighty-one, do you hear?" At Peveril Place all was lighted up. Jenny came rushing down to answer the

Think of me hain's uncle! Thi have?	teas-and Aunt Lois was very good to me	mamma !!	St. John, Feb. 5, by Rev. H. Urben, Frank Fraw-	Fredericton, Feb. 7, Margaret, wife of James	Alexander and Heme Scott, o.
			ley to Maggie J. Elliott.	Rodgers, 80.	Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 3, Sarah, daughter of D.
	when I was a child. They are breaking up		Burlington, Feb. 3, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, George	St. John, Feb. 11, Katie H., wife of Edwin E.	McG. and Esther Johnson, 35.
learni'n a trade with Grace's husband; an'	the old home in Fairfield now, and-"	Helen. "I don't want 'oo, I want Aunt	Harvie to Anna White.	Marshall, 20.	St. John, Feb. 4, of diptheria, Annie, daughter of
Fred, he's workin' in a newspaper shop.	"Julius, you never mean that she is	Lois. I love Aunt Lois!"	Calais, Feb. 1, by the Rev. Chas. McCully, JohnW.	Fredericton, Feb. 7. Margaret, wife of James	William and Emma Munroe, 8.
learnin t' be a editor; Ted's still goin' t'	coming here for good and all ? "	Kitty recoiled as it an asp had stung Ler.	Burns to Emma Develin.	Rodgers, 80.	South Farmington, N. S., Jan. 30, of pneumonia,
		"Children ! Children !" rebuked a low,	Lunenburg, Feb. 5, by Rev. George Haslam, John	Halifax, Feb. 7. Margaret, widow of the late John	Ruth, wife of Henry Gates, 64.
school, but he's goin' t' quit next year an'	I hat was the impression which I in-	Culturen, Culturen, recorded a long	t and the Americ Marcon		St. James, Feb. 1, of diphtheria, Marion, daughter.
learn machine-makin'-he allus was a great	tended to convey, Mrs. Kelford."	sweet voice, and a grey-haired old lady	Sussex, Jan. 31, by Rev. E. J. Grant, Lotan J.	S'. Stephen, F-b. 1, Rebecca, wife of Archibald	of the late Alexander Sinclair, 14.
case f'r foolin' round machinery. Fan?	Dut I won t have her .	tame nom othing the bladow of the	Dicertis to mies in marke.	Roomson, 45.	
Oh, she's little yit; she jes' stays t' home	Kitty was beautiful and breathless, her	curtains. "Jenny. what is the matter ?"	Sackville, Feb. 6, by Rev. W. Harrison, Harvey E.	St. Stephen, Feb. 1, Rebecca, wife of Archibald	W. Watson and Susie T. Allen, 8 months.
	forget-me-not eyes blazing, her cheeks		Cook to Annie J. Girvan.		Woodstock, Feb. 2, Nettie Munroe, wife of George.
		"Come back again. And I do believe the	New Giasgow, Jan. 30, by Rev. D. Drummond, D.	Avondale. N. S. Feb. 7, Matilda, wite of Manning	Upham, and daughter of William O. Johnstor,
			E. Fraser to Annie McKay.	Knowles, 51.	Shubaran Ma La on the main man
	of a dimpled tury. Julius stood tacing		New Glasgow, Jan. 31, by Rev. W. Raven, James	Clark's Harbor, Feb. 8, Sarah, wife of Edward	Shubenacadie, Jan. 26, of consumption, Priscilla, daughter of the late Thomas and Margaret
	her with folded arms. They had had	Aunt Lois hurried forward with wide-	T. Fraser to Mary C. Mason.	Nickerson, 50.	
fifty dollars a month; but, say-don't ye	many a little difference since the honey-	open arms.	St. Croix, Jan. 31, by Rev. I. R. Skinner, Jesse	Tcoro, Jan. 11, Annie, widow of the late William	Lynch. St. John, Feb. 1, of scarlet fever, Fidelis Burnetta,
think it'd pay me t' git out o' this an' go	moon days, for both Mr. and Mrs. Kelford	My boor daring, sald she, my poor,			daughter of Michael T and the late Mary Car
	were gitted with "tempers of their own."		Sydney, C. B., Jan. 31, by Rev. Mr. Hickey, Ed-	Hampton Station, Feb. 10, Sarak, wife of Robert	anaugh, 6.
	but never anything like this.	The ever the voice the tender glance	mund Murray to Lillian Ball.	W. Barnes, 53.	Worchester, Mass., Feb. 8, Elizabeth, widow of the
	but never anything like this.	The eyes, the voice, the tender glabeer	Springhill, Feb. 7, by Rev. David Wright, Frank	St. John, Feb. 8. Sarah, daughter of Henry and	late Abraham Johnston, and daughter of Allan
I reflected a minute.	"You will do as I tell you," said Julius,	broke down the barrier of defiance in Kit-	E. Leary to Annie E. Barrett.	Mary Jones, 16.	McDonald, of Canaan, N. B.