

A MURDERER'S NOSE.

About two years ago there came to me a tall, handsome fellow who gave the name of Mr. George Griffiths. He had a fearless eye, a cheerful, even genial expression, an exceptionally well-molded, aquiline nose and a splendid mustache, trimmed and tended, evidently, with scrupulous care. There was no obvious reason, certainly, why he should require my services; there was no possibility of making him better looking.

"I hear that you are a specialist in dermatology," he began, after I had greeted him with the usual formality. "I admitted the soft impeachment."

"Well," he went on. "I want you to perform a surgical feat on me. I want my nose altered."

I expressed my surprise, and assured him that, in my humble opinion, his nose was best as he had it. But he disputed this proposition, and insisted that he had reasons for being weary of the aquiline and for craving a proboscis as unlike as possible to that with which nature had endowed him. Seeing my curiosity and possibly not wishing to be deemed a madman he proceeded to explain them to me.

"After several years roughing it in Texas," he said, "I have come back rich and there is nothing to prevent my enjoying myself but the peering attentions of relatives whom I had hoped to have done with forever when I went abroad. But I cannot escape them or their importunities, and so, however eccentric you may think me, I must enlist your services. I perceive there is no danger in the operation."

"No danger," I replied, accepting his explanation as that of an eccentric man whose affairs, after all, were no business of mine, "and very little pain—practically none, in fact. When and where shall I call upon you?"

"Could you not operate here, and now?" he asked. "Impossible. Your journey home would not be quite without great risk."

"But could I not stay here? Could you not accommodate me for the short time necessary? Doctor, I could and would pay you liberally for the service. Consider, if I go home my identity would be again revealed to those from whom I desire to conceal it."

This speech, one would have thought, would have aroused my suspicion, but it did not. The man's frank and open expression disarmed me entirely, and I could but look upon him as I had done previously, simply as an eccentric individual. It so happened I had a spare room. I could not regard the question of remuneration with indifference, and so, to cut a long story short, I consented.

For the purpose of more conveniently operating, I suggested, somewhat timidly, the sacrifice of his beautiful mustache. To my surprise, he assented eagerly, and was for the application of scissors and razor forthwith. You would scarcely credit the difference the removal of this artistic hirsute appendage—the crop of many years—as he jokingly described it—made to my patient. It displayed what had been concealed before, the mouth, and the sinister expression of this was such as to effectually nullify the honest geniality of his upper face. In fact, the removal of his mustache constituted, as I promptly told him, a sufficient disguise to baffle any number of inquisitive relatives. But he insisted on the nasal operation, nevertheless. His motto was evidently "through."

Well, I performed it, and when six days later, Mr. George Griffiths left my house, with nothing but a rapidly healing and almost invisible scar to blench the straight nose which now adorned his face, I would have wagered my case of instruments to a twopenny penknife that the most observant of his previous acquaintances would never have recognized him.

About a week after my eccentric patient's departure, the particulars, so far as they were known, of a remarkably brutal murder were made public. The body of a lady named Bates, evidently stabbed to death, had been discovered in a house in a London suburb, where she had resided with her husband, who had now disappeared, and whose portrait and description were now freely circulated by the police. A brief amount of attention to these published details was sufficient to convince me that my patient, Mr. George Griffiths, was the criminal.

I lost no time in communicating what I knew to the authorities, by whom, it must be said, my story was received with some incredulity. You see, my special branch of surgery is but little known to the public, and it was the opinion of the police that the murderer had left the country some time before Mr. Griffiths had quitted my house. But, a few months ago, happening to be on a visit to Dresden, whether I had gone for a brief summer holiday—and having, by the way, largely succeeded in dismissing from my mind the events above related—I was beheld to see, seated at a table in the Gewerbehause in that city, enjoying the strains of the talented orchestra, my no longer mysterious but now dreadful acquaintance, Mr. George Griffiths!

My duty, I decided after a moment's reflection, was plain—to denounce and deliver him to the authorities. Quickly, therefore, lest he should leave before I could have him arrested, I explained myself as well as I was able to the nearest official. He looked, and was, unbelieving. So, too, were the others whom he summoned to hear my story. That part of it which referred to the operation was received with a smile, and the upshot of it was that so far from effecting my ex-patient's capture I was myself lightly ridiculed as a mad Englishman.

But I could not allow myself to be baffled in what I considered my clear duty, viz., to deliver a foul murderer up to justice. I determined, therefore, to renew my acquaintance with him there and then, to give him no inkling of my knowledge of the truth, and to communicate once more with the English police while continuing to keep him under my own surveillance in the Saxon capital.

When, with a polite bow, I approached and spoke to him, he recognized me at once; I could see that, though at first he pretended not to know me. We had a glass of beer together, and spoke of many matters of general interest, I flattering myself that nothing in my conversation or bearing gave him the slightest ground to suspect me.

That same night I wrote a long letter to the London police, again stating my certain knowledge that this man, changed though he was, was the murderer of Mrs.

Bates, and suggesting that they should forthwith send over to Dresden an official armed with information as to other distinguished marks on Mr. Bates' person besides his aquiline nose and heavy mustache.

During the next few days I became very intimate with my ex-patient, and in pursuance of a scheme I had formed, invited him more than once to bathe with me from one of the floating baths. This he cheerfully did, being an admirable swimmer. On the fifth day from my writing to London an answer arrived in the person of a stalwart detective from Scotland Yard, who informed me that the real Mr. Bates had, as I suspected, the distinguishing marks which could be verified; among them an anchor tattooed on the left forearm, which I had myself, of course, noticed whilst we were bathing together. To satisfy himself, before acting on the warrant he had brought with him, the detective, Mr. Hanway, it was agreed, should join our bathing party on the morrow—simple and not disagreeable preliminary to the contemplated arrest.

But alas! for the schemes of mice and men! We called together at Mr. Griffiths'—alias Bates' room—in the morning, and found him busy with some correspondence. "If you will wait for me half an hour or so on the Terrace," he said, "which your friend will find very pleasant, I'll join you for your swim in about half an hour." Suspecting nothing, we took our leave—and waited for him as he had directed.

But we waited in vain. Whether the features of my friend, Mr. Hanway, were known to him, or whether there had, in spite of my care, been anything in my manner to excite his suspicions, I cannot say. Suffice it, that we remained a full hour on the Terrace, and then returned to find him—gone!

Whither, we could never trace, and I have never seen him since. From that day to this he has baffled the skill of the police of two countries, and it is my belief that if he is still alive, he has again persuaded some guileless surgeon to operate on him, and once more alter the outline of his features beyond recognition.

THE ROYAL MUMMY.

At the request of a society of very learned "dry-as-dusts," an English doctor recently went out to Egypt for the purpose of acquiring a mummy. Of course, the society was composed of very respectable men who had devoted their days and nights to scientific research, and they ventured to recommend their learned brother to acquire the mummy honestly if possible, but he must not allow any false notions of honesty to interfere with his success.

The doctor had a blank cheque, with the secretary's signature at the foot in his pocket-book, and he had the authority of the society to fill in any figures he chose. But, learned man though he was, the doctor was of a somewhat parsimonious temperament, and he conceived the bold project of securing a fine old mummy "free, gratis, and for nothing." He knew that there were plenty of useless mummies knocking about in the catacombs. They were doing no good to anybody, he argued, and consequently it would not be any infringement of the moral law to "annex" one—of course in the interests of science.

Amongst his many other acquirements the doctor had picked up some Arabic, and he had very little difficulty in persuading three Arabs to assist him in his spoliation of a tomb. One very dark night, they set out for the catacomb of a Pasha, and clandestinely carried out their purpose. The mummy was not a particularly good specimen. It seemed to be uttering every moment dark threats of falling to pieces, if something were not speedily done to tie it together a little. But, to the ingenious doctor, this was an advantage. It was a sign of its extreme age, and that alone established its respectability.

After all, it was a sad, wretched looking creature. Its hands were piously clasped across its bosom, and its cavernous mouth was wide open—looking for all the world like a poor thing that had been trying to catch flies for three or four thousand years, and hadn't succeeded in catching enough to maintain a little flesh on its shrivelled bones.

"This beez mummy of ze Pharaoh," one of the Arabs had told the doctor in delightfully broken English. The doctor had more sense than to believe such a story, but he had not much difficulty in persuading himself that he could persuade his colleagues at home of this momentous piece of fiction.

These men had been very charitable in their theft, for they had removed the sarcophagus along with the body. Although little could be said for the mummy, the sarcophagus was undoubtedly a fine piece of ancient workmanship, covered with mystic hieroglyphics. At the head of the lid of the sarcophagus was a rudely-painted face—a counterfeit presentment of the dead. The color had withstood the test of years, and the face still grinned at the doctor as he sat and looked with infinite satisfaction upon the result of his strange adventure.

"Royal mummy, is it?" he grunted to himself as he perched the sarcophagus on its pedestal. "Well then, royal mummy it shall be. I'll get an inscription made, put it up the chimney to blacken, and then trot it out as proof infallible of my contention. Ah! I can see the gleam of joy which will light up the faces of my learned friends when they behold this fine specimen of ancient art and ancient corruption."

The doctor had a pleasant dream, and he then made out a blank cheque for £500. This, surely, was only a small price for a royal mummy, and he was sure his friends would be only too glad to pay it.

But this pleasant dream was destined to a rude awakening. He took his passage for the homeward trip, and had the mummy tenderly stowed away in his berth. It was not particularly pleasant to have a corpse sleeping in the same room with him; but he was comforted by the thought that it had been a corpse so long that its powers for working mischief must be reduced to a minimum.

One evening at dinner a curious bet was made. "You know that lad, Billson, doctor?" the captain said. "Yes," replied the doctor. "There is this peculiarity about him; he does not know what fear is. I dare wager my year's salary that nothing can frighten him."

"What is your salary, captain?" asked the doctor, who thought this was a fine opportunity for augmenting the nice little

sum which he would gain as a result of the pleasant trip. "In round figures, £500," the captain replied. The doctor smiled. "You expect to reach Liverpool to-morrow evening. I'll bet you £500 that I'll terrify that hero of yours before we sight Holyhead."

"I'll accept on one condition, that you do not use any violence. It must be a fair and square practical joke." "Certainly, I'll not speak to the lad," and the interests of the passengers were fully aroused. For three hours the doctor walked about the deck with a knowing smile on his face. He was certain of making up his mind to buy his wife a valuable diamond necklace.

Just as the full moon was rising through a bank of thick clouds, he heard the captain order Billson to get the stanchion gear out of the locker. The doctor smiled, and he had a tonic ready for reviving the terrified Billson. He had arranged everything.

The boy went to the locker; the gear was not there. He sought in every imaginable place for it, but could not find it. He told the captain, and he ordered him to look in the wheel house. The lad opened the door. The moon sent a gleam of golden light into every corner. He saw a strange figure standing straight in front of him. It was the mummy.

"Oh, you're the blaggard that hid the stanchion gear, are you?" he cried and without further ado, he seized a long iron bar, and "laid on" with such terrible vigour that in a moment the royal mummy was nothing but a small heap of useless dust. The doctor had been eagerly awaiting his expected triumph, but this unexpected denouement was too much for him. "Oh, my royal mummy," he cried as he ran across the deck. He glared wildly at the dusty deck. Then he thought of how he could save his £500, and he said to Billson—

"Here's a shilling, my boy; sweep this dust away," but he had hardly spoken the words before the captain tapped him on the shoulder and said in a genial way— "Doctor, hand me over £500. You must confess that you have lost the wager."

Very reluctantly the doctor paid the money, and then, looking the picture of despair, he crawled down to his berth and sat through the long night, wondering how he could extricate himself from his difficulties. How he succeeded is not known to the public; but his wife did not get the diamonds.

BORN.

- Truro, Jan. 18, to the wife of S. H. Pentz, a son.
Truro, Jan. 25, to the wife of W. L. Ogle, a daughter.
Truro, Jan. 4, to the wife of A. T. Avar, a daughter.
Truro, Jan. 20, to the wife of H. W. Ryan, a daughter.
Baddeck, Jan. 15, to the wife of M. D. McSkalk, a son.
Lunenburg, Jan. 16, to the wife of J. F. Boller, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Jan. 22, to the wife of J. P. Callow, a son.
Shelburne, Jan. 4, to the wife of E. M. Freeman, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Jan. 16, to the wife of Alex. Knickle, a son.
Lunenburg, Jan. 16, to the wife of Charles Johnson, a son.
Amherst, Jan. 10, to the wife of George Speirs, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 22, to the wife of John P. Massey, a daughter.
Dartmouth, Jan. 19, to the wife of Joseph Myatt, a daughter.
Sackville, Jan. 11, to the wife of Charles Y. Willis, a daughter.
Sackville, Jan. 12, to the wife of William Yates, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 21, to the wife of H. B. Haggarty, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 21, to the wife of George Carlton, a daughter.
Musquash, Jan. 8, to the wife of J. T. Dowling, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 20, to the wife of Joseph Connolly, a daughter.
Weymouth, N. S., to the wife of H. B. Kinney, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Jan. 21, to the wife of Duncan Campbell, a son.
Sydney, C. B., Jan. 10, to the wife of E. W. Johnson, a son.
Coldbrook, N. S., Jan. 4, to the wife of M. Delancy, a daughter.
Baddeck, Jan. 7, to the wife of John A. McDonald, a daughter.
Centreville, N. S., Jan. 24, to the wife of N. Parsons, a son.
Parrsboro, Jan. 18, to the wife of Capt. Charles McMerlan, a son.
Parrsboro, Jan. 20, to the wife of Capt. David Merlan, a son.
Parrsboro, Jan. 23, to the wife of Freeman Williams, a daughter.
Fredericton, Jan. 28, to the wife of James H. Crockett, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- St. John, Jan. 24, by G. M. W. Carey, Fred Cain to Minnie Corey.
Kewville, Jan. 16, by Rev. W. B. Begg, R. F. Fullerton to Annie Adams.
Havelock, Jan. 14, by Rev. A. F. Brown, Henry Moss to Annie Rider.
Centreville, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. M. Priestwood, W. Gibson to Cordelia Fletcher.
Macan, Jan. 9, by Rev. Frank Davey, George Leck to Isabel Hebron.
Bristol, Jan. 17, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Ivey F. Avar to Amelia Avar.
Norton, Jan. 24, by Rev. David Lord, Stirling A. Dixon to Bella Shepherd.
St. John, Jan. 8, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, Scott H. Dixon to Bella Shepherd.
Amherst, Jan. 14, by Rev. Father Milan, Ottilie Leck to Julia Fitzgerald.
St. John, Jan. 25, by Rev. W. J. Halse, H. Dean Creed to Eunice Kecker.
St. Louis, Jan. 24, by Rev. Father Pelletier, Basil E. Johnson to M. Richard.
Newcastle, Jan. 22, by Rev. S. L. Johnson, Ole Larsen to Corrie Mitchell.
Amherst, Jan. 18, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Netis D. Ackis to Floret J. Stultz.
Halifax, Jan. 17, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Albert Gibson to Cordelia Fletcher.
St. John, Jan. 22, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, John Carson to Annie Henderson.
Urbania, N. S., Jan. 24, by Rev. John Murray, Samuel McAloney to Susie Rose.
Moncton, Jan. 2, by Rev. W. Deware, Richard T. Hodgson to Lucretia Colpitts.
St. John, Jan. 18, by Rev. Father Walsh, Richard Beaumont to Ellen McFadden.
Mount Hanley, Jan. 17, by Rev. E. E. Locke, John Nicom to Abbie J. Harold.
Oxford, N. S., Jan. 23, by Rev. C. Munroe, H. R. Wilmut to Mrs. M. J. Patton.
Little River, Jan. 17, by Rev. J. C. Morse, Burton M. Fro to Lelaeh B. Trask.
Bellevue, Jan. 19, by Rev. C. W. Sables, Allen H. Hodgson to Lucretia Colpitts.
St. John, Jan. 22, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, John T. Vanbuskirk to Lida Williams.
Point de Bute, Jan. 16, by Rev. F. Pickles, Frank T. Crossman to Alberta L. Smith.
Upper Port LaTour, Jan. 14, by Rev. J. Appleby, William Smith to Miss Smith.
Halifax, Jan. 22, by Rev. W. E. Hall, William Huxley to Jessie M. Zwicker.
Johnston, Jan. 1, by Rev. C. P. Harrington, Howard Leonard to Julia D. Cody.
Yarmouth, Jan. 11, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, George Burrows to Ida L. Harrington.

- Johnston, Jan. 1, by Rev. C. P. Harrington, Frederick Leonard to Mary F. Cody.
B. Wick, N. S., Jan. 17, by Rev. E. E. Daley, James H. Bond to Jessie Webster.
Moncton, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, James D. Keith to Margaret Campbell.
Woolville, Jan. 24, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Everitt L. Caldwell to Maudie E. Miner.
Halifax, Jan. 23, by Rev. Father Murphy, Alexander McDonald to Agnes Conway.
Beaver River, N. B., Jan. 11, by Rev. F. C. Wright, George Hutton to Bessie Hunter.
St. John, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Robert W. Gabriel to Mary E. Johnson.
Noel, N. S., Jan. 25, by Rev. E. J. Rattee, Jacob O'Brien to Mrs. Nettie Densmore.
Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 20, by Rev. Dr. Donkard, William Clark to Mrs. Sarah Bulist.
Neil's Harbor, N. S., Jan. 9, by Rev. M. McLeod, Kenneth Wilkie to Mary J. Fraser.
Campbellton, Jan. 24, by Rev. A. F. Carr, William B. Duncan to Christina J. Duncan.
St. Andrews, N. B., Jan. 21, by Rev. James Fraser, John McFarlan to Anne Cameron.
Alberton, P. E. I., Jan. 17, by Rev. J. K. Fraser, Henry Newcombe to Minnie Larkin.
Waldock West, N. S., Jan. 5, by Rev. E. A. Allaby, L. B. Winchester to Rosanna H. M.
Middle Musquodoboit, Jan. 22, by Rev. D. Grant, Alex. D. Reid to Mary Ellen Taylor.
Summerside, P. E. I., Jan. 18, by Rev. B. H. Bentley, Robert S. Easter to Annie Clayton.
Eel Crossing, Jan. 24, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, William B. Dawson to Laura B. Miller.
Lake May, N. S., Jan. 17, by Rev. G. Francis, Spurgeon Rawling to Francena White.
St. Peter's, C. B., Jan. 15, by Rev. John Fraser, Neil Carmichael to Maggie Carmichael.
Central Norton, Jan. 3, by Rev. George Howard, Frederick F. Whitney to Annetta Burnett.
River Bourgeois, Jan. 22, by Rev. S. Mounbrquette, Dennis Sauson to Josephine Richard.
Stellarton, Jan. 22, by Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, William B. Murdoch to Elizabeth A. Morris.
New Glasgow, Jan. 16, by Rev. Archibald Bowman, James Archibald Ross to Janet Catherine McLean.
Windsor, Jan. 24, by Rev. Dr. L. Harn, assisted by Rev. J. M. Sher, Charles Hensley to Mary Chapman.
Hampton, Jan. 25, by Rev. S. Howard, assisted by Rev. T. D. Dienstadt, William W. Beer, to Nettie Tweedie.
Mount Pleasant, Jan. 17, by Rev. E. B. Gray, assisted by Rev. J. J. Barnes, William J. Jones to Annie Cranleire.

DIED.

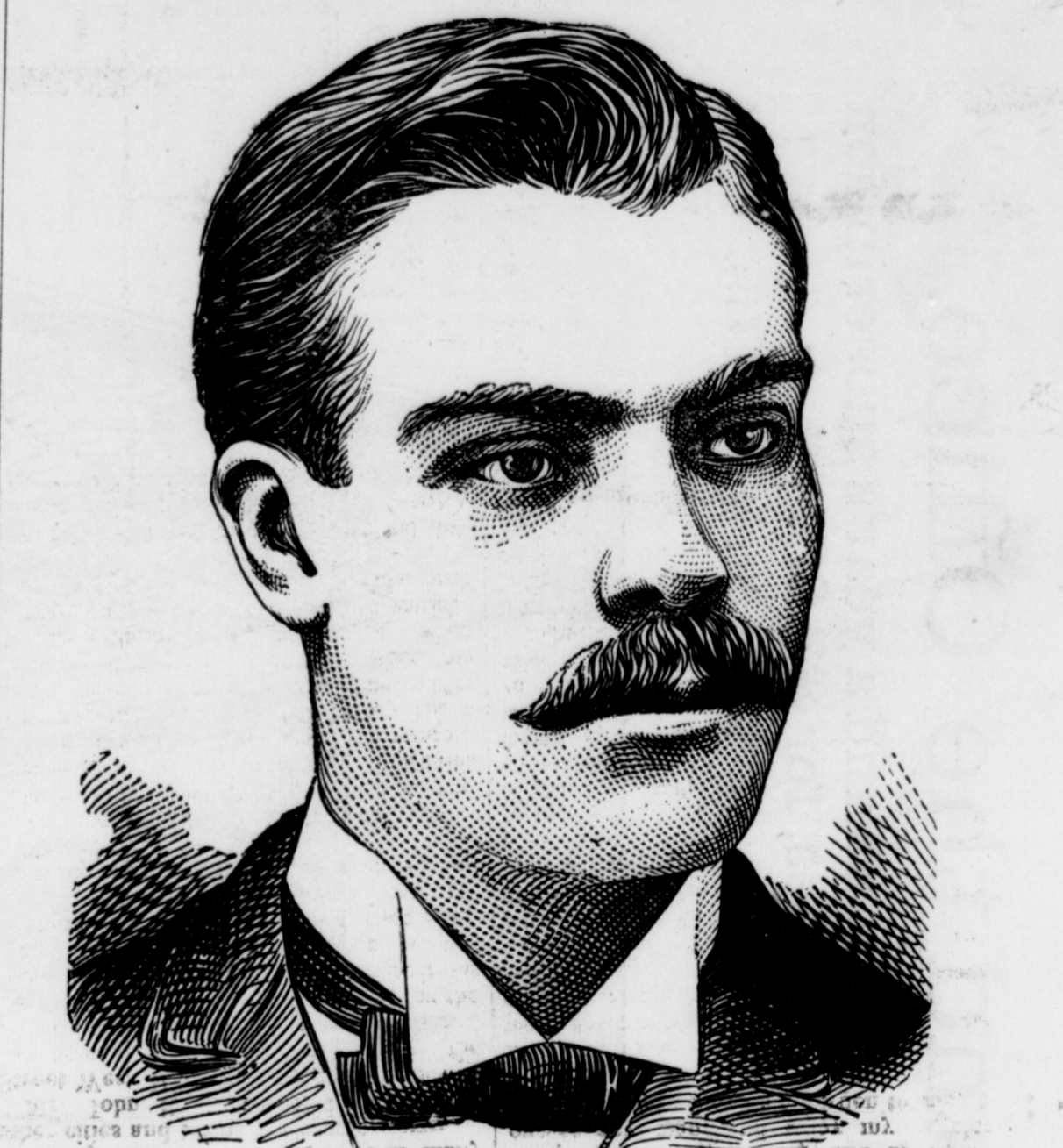
- Moncton, Jan. 29, Arthur Busby.
Truro, Jan. 24, James Linton, 89.
Halifax, Jan. 21, Henry Kelly, 50.
Carleton, Jan. 20, Mathias Kelcher.
Halifax, Jan. 24, John Hughes, 40.
Windsor, Jan. 18, Bertie Travis, 12.
Burlington, Jan. 20, Robert Bishop.
Joliette, Jan. 10, Mrs. Edwin Copp.
Halifax, Jan. 21, David L. Johns, 52.
Grafton, Jan. 14, William Bowles, 73.
Woolville, Jan. 23, James Harter, 78.
Surrey, Jan. 15, Humphrey Duff, 72.
Knowlesville, Jan. 4, John Gayton, 80.
Economy, Jan. 20, J. A. P. McEllan.
Halifax, Jan. 10, Edward Boutiller, 67.
Fredericton, Jan. 21, David Duplissica.
Halifax, Jan. 21, David L. Johnston, 42.
Bridgetown, Jan. 18, Charles Simms, 39.
Chatham, Jan. 16, Isabella Cameron, 40.
Woodstock, Jan. 2, Rev. D. D. Page, 50.
Halifax, Jan. 18, J. Connel Robinson, 43.
Claremont, Jan. 7, Albert J. Scribner, 61.
Chatham, Jan. 20, Robert F. Jardine, 66.
Midway, Jan. 18, son of Alfred Bishop, 5.
Dyby, Jan. 21, Mrs. Margaret Wilson, 89.
Weston, N. S., Jan. 19, James T. Gould, 80.
Hanwell Road, Jan. 17, William Atwart, 79.
St. John, Jan. 25, Ephraim H. Cameron, 86.
Fredericton, Jan. 22, Mrs. Fanny Banks, 79.
Upper Stewiacke, Jan. 21, Jane Dawson, 87.
Port George, N. S., Jan. 15, Eliza Pitch, 71.
Shelburne, Jan. 15, Margaret McKenna, 100.
Windsor, Jan. 28, Benjamin Leitch, 59.
Newport, N. S., Jan. 15, W. H. Thompson, 84.
Sinclair Point, Jan. 9, Capt. Stephen Burke, 50.
Boundary Creek, Jan. 26, R. B. C. Weidson, 80.
Little Harbor, N. S., Jan. 10, Gilbert Fraser, 55.
Shediac, Jan. 25, of pneumonia, John Coffey, 70.
Hopewell Hill, Jan. 21, Annie I. Woodworth, 31.
Sussex, Jan. 25, Alice, wife of Charles Drury, 36.
Windsor, Jan. 18, Rebecca, wife of Joseph Smith, Fredericton, Jan. 23, Mrs. Andrew McGowan, 77.
Halifax, Jan. 22, Margaret, wife of Peter Kelly, 33.
Porter's Lake, N. S., Jan. 24, Benjamin Gordon, 53.
Bridgetown, Jan. 20, Sarah, wife of Gilbert Hill, 69.
Shelburne, Jan. 24, Mary, wife of Thomas Reid, 67.
Sheet Harbor, Jan. 20, Rev. Samuel Rosborough, 67.
St. John, Jan. 24, Maria Peavey, wife of J. D. White, 67.
North Sydney, C. B., Jan. 20, Charles A. Robertson, 57.
Georgetown, N. S., Jan. 12, John H. McDougall, 60.
Pictou, Jan. 25, Jessie, widow of the late D. Smith, 71.
Truro, Jan. 21, of consumption, Lucy, wife of James Guild.
Plymouth, Jan. 18, Lois, wife of Robert F. John, 56.
Bass River, Jan. 17, Maggie, wife of James H. Campbell, 35.
Halifax, Jan. 24, Mary, wife of J. Norman Kilbride.
Central Onslow, Jan. 19, Jane, wife of Charles McNutt, 71.
Truro, Jan. 16, Margaret, widow of the late R. O. Christie.
Halifax, Jan. 20, Ellen, widow of the late Andrew Milton, N. S., Jan. 25, of pneumonia, Zachariah LeBisac, 78.
St. John, Jan. 21, Arthur Harrison, son of Fred S. Thomas, 7.
Halifax, Jan. 25, Grace Campbell, wife of Allan Forbes, 31.
Brooklyn, N. S., Jan. 3, Eunice, wife of Fred A. Forbes, 31.
Halifax, Jan. 19, Ruus, son of Francis and Martha Vincent, 62.
Canning, N. S., Jan. 13, of pneumonia, William Gouzen, 59.
Centreville, Jan. 14, Mary E., daughter of James Sullivan, 14.
Chatham, Jan. 19, Mary, widow of the late Charles Barnard, 63.
Pictou, Jan. 17, of consumption, William A. H. McLeod, 11.
St. John, Jan. 23, of paralysis, Susan, wife of James Thompson, 77.
New Glasgow, Jan. 18, John, son of John and Sarah McKinnon, 17.
Carleton, Jan. 25, Ellen, widow of the late Hugh McCaffery, 83.
Oldham, N. S., Jan. 23, Hannah, widow of the late Ira Hanson, 85.
Summer Hill, Jan. 16, Joseph, son of Joseph and Susan Kerr, 10 months.
Sambro, N. S., Jan. 19, Mary Ann, wife of Charles Henneberry, 47.
Moncton, Jan. 23, William, son of Kossuth and Loretta Zamboni, 16.
Dartmouth, Jan. 17, Vella, daughter of Carrie and Harry F. Corkham.
Harcourt, Jan. 16, H. Howard, son of Thomas and Mary Atkinson, 18.
Middleton, N. S., Jan. 26, of pneumonia, Christopher Strickland, 83.
North Sydney, C. B., Jan. 23, Mary Louisa, wife of John B. Musgrave.
Canaan Settlement, Jan. 21, of diabetes, Noble H. son of James Fraser.
Parrsboro, Jan. 21, Alice, daughter of Edmund and Eliza Heudon, 18.
Chatham, Jan. 15, Margaret, widow of the late Michael Seasmith, 85.
St. John, Jan. 25, of consumption, Mary Ann, wife of Felix Mulagan, 57.
Sydney, C. B., Jan. 18, Freddie, son of H. F. and Mary A. Rutherford, 39.
Halifax, Jan. 25, Wallace Roy, son of William and Annie Sme, 10 months.
Truro, Jan. 25, Margaret Pride, widow of the late Edward S. Blanchard, 75.
Sydney, C. B., Jan. 18, Catherine, widow of the late Henry Blackader, 86.
Long Point, C. B., Jan. 25, Mary, daughter of the late John McEachern, 91.

What Tradition Tells Us About The Ambitious City.

LA SALLE AND HIS VOYAGEURS.

The First White Men to set Foot upon Where Now Stands the Flourishing City of Hamilton.

ANOTHER STORY, BUT NOT TRADITIONAL. IT COMES FROM ONE WHO WAS RESTORED TO LIFE.



MR. JOHN R. LONG.

Tradition tells us that the first white men to set foot upon where now stands the flourishing city of Hamilton, were La Salle and his voyageurs, who explored the head waters of Lake Ontario in 1660, when the "forest primeval" was in an unbroken state, and the red man in undisturbed possession. The first authentic record of the location of a white settlement on the present city's site, gives the name of Robt. Land as the pioneer, and the date 1773. It is often difficult to verify traditional history; but, from what we know of this particular section of Canada, we are inclined to accept the story as handed down to us.

In this issue of our paper we are permitted (for the benefit of our readers) to give in a condensed form, a wonderful history of a story as related by Hamilton and in many other cities and towns of Ontario. Mr. John R. Long, of 19 Burlington Street West, Hamilton, is a gentleman who has come very prominently before the Hamiltonians this year, as a publisher of the first Guide Book ever issued for the purpose of advertising the "Ambitious City." In this work Mr. Long has scored an immense success, and given such a degree of satisfaction, that he has been prevailed upon to publish an enlarged edition in May of the present year.

Now for Mr. Long's interesting story, true in every particular and detail, and related with a view of benefiting thousands in every section of this broad Dominion. We may remark that this brief story has a special reference to a critical period in Mr. Long's life; it refers to a time when his all hope and deliverance seemed to vanish; when the grim reaper stood ready with outstretched arms to claim his life.

From Mr. Long's letter we give the following extracts:—"I was so terribly afflicted with dyspepsia that I came near dying. When sick with this awful disease, I had constantly a heavy load on my stomach which was as sore as a boil. I was continually gasping for breath, sick all over, my system and mind run low, my kidneys were out of order, pains everywhere, costive, always tired and weak, indeed, so weak at intervals that I had to leave my duties to rest; and, as a consequence, I lost my situation, a light, but responsible one. I could not sleep at nights, I rarely ate anything though always hungry, and what little I did eat, nearly drove me crazy. I had no desire for life in this condition. Those around me often

half-a-dozen years ago that the credit was not his.

Advertisement for Heliotrope and Infant's Delight Toilet Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and the text 'JOHN TAYLOR & CO. TORONTO Sole Manufacturers'.

Sir Isaac Holden is not the inventor of the lucifer match. He at one time thought that he had a prior claim to the simple and useful invention, but he became convinced