

## THE WILD MAN'S MONEY.

"My yarn belongs to the early part of this century," began Smith, the quartermaster, as he laid down his blackened stumpy pipe rather reluctantly. "When I first heard it I was only a young apprentice, and Johnson's yarn was this:

"Fifty days out from England, the Cuban, bound for Rio, encountered dirty weather, which damaged her aloft as well as doing serious mischief to her compasses and other instruments; moreover, several men were washed over-board. Sallow, the cap'n, not having any means of observation, was only certain next day on one point—that the Cuban had been driven considerably out of her course. This necessitated a very sharp lookout being kept for any ship or land that could be sighted.

"On the fifty-third day Bensen, a sailor on the lookout, reported land ahead, and at once all glasses were directed to the spot he pointed out.

"Land for certain," the first officer announced, after a careful observation of the object in question. "Unless I am considerably mistaken, there is a thin column of smoke rising, which accounts for the moving appearance you noticed."

"You are right, Curtis, land it is," said Capt. Sallow; "but what land? We've got pretty considerably out of our course, there's no denying, for this is the first time I've seen that rock or island, whichever it is."

"Six hours later the Cuban was safely anchored in a natural bay of the island, before which a precipitous mass of rock ran out forming a breakwater, so that behind it the sea was like the surface of a lake. There was one circumstance which seemed a little peculiar to both cap'n and crew, which was this—the smoke which was observed at a distance ceased to be seen upon a nearer approach to the island. On entering the harbor was fired as a signal to any one on shore that a vessel had arrived. Neither inhabitants nor smoke could be seen, however, and Sallow, knowing many queer happenings at sea, remained in charge of the Cuban himself, sending Johnson, who was second mate, ashore, in charge of an armed boat and half a dozen seamen. They landed at that part of the bay which seemed to run between two small headlands, and at once began to cautiously advance.

"It soon became apparent to Johnson and the men he had with him that the extent of the island was considerable. For a long time they advanced over rough, broken ground, the herbage of which was yellow and sparse, sometimes becoming of a tawny color more like a veldt of Africa than aught else. Making their way inland, the sailors found their advance seriously hampered by a tangle of briars and creepers, while about them on every side rose the trunks of great trees.

"It's of no account for us to go further into this lacerating stuff," commented Bird, one of the seamen, to Johnson, as the latter rolled up the sleeve of his officer's coat and drew out from the thick part of his arm a thorn that had lodged there. "My opinion is that no bird or beast could find pleasure in living here."

"Nobody asked your opinion, Bird," the second mate retorted, not in the best of tempers, for everything pointed to the failure of his investigation. "All you have to do is to obey orders. Thorns or no thorns, we're going on till we get to the other side of the island. If we don't discover anything or any one by the way I will go over every inch of the coast line. I tell you I saw smoke coming up from this island, and depend upon it, natives of some sort are located here. What their business or profit is in living here I don't know, but the cap'n deputed me to find them, and find them I will."

"You'd better keep an eye on the trees then, as well as on the ground," said the seaman, who had meantime examined the thorn which Johnson had flung down, after extracting it from his arm. "I'd swear this was more than mere no less than a poisoned arrow, such as the Ujits of Borneo use."

"Whether the sailor's opinion was expressed for the purpose of getting Johnson to return to the Cuban and declare to the usefulness of his search or not, the second officer could not make out, although he saw that the rest of the seamen who had heard the remark suddenly grew thoughtful. Bird, following up the advantage he thought he had gained, continued:

"Maybe you've not been in Borneo, and so you think lightly of what I say, Mr. Johnson, but it's true, nevertheless. The Dyaks there are always ready for a fight—it's there only diversion—but I've never seen one that didn't grow pale at the bare mention of Ujits. They live among the trees—men as they are—and kill their enemies by blowing them poisoned arrows through a tube called a sumpitan. See them you can't, but many a Dyak has met with his death from the Ujits."

"You can say just what you please," said Johnson, who was secretly growing uneasy from the pain of his arm, although he was too much galled with common sense to attach any importance to the seaman's words. "Borneo is far enough away from here, Bird, so you may save yourself the trouble of discussing the matter further. If we search for a week I mean to know from what spot that smoke came."

"Johnson had hardly finished the sentence when through the trees ahead, piercing and weird, a strange cry smote upon the sailors' ears.

"Hark!" muttered Bird. "Listen to that, sir, and then say whether or not I was romancing about Ujits. That's their war scream, I tell you, mates," he added, as he glanced into the others' faces and held up a warning hand. "Let us go back, Mr. Johnson, while there's life in us."

"Bird stood still. Then, as the second officer made no reply, he turned as it about to retreat, the other sailors unconsciously gathering close to him.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Johnson?" one of the seamen at length ventured to ask.

"Johnson took a couple of strides, so that he stood between the men and the way they had come. Then he answered:

"Do I mean to find out the cause of that cry. Come on, men; don't be scared by Bird's superstitious nonsense. You're not afraid. Is any seaman here a coward? If so, let him speak out."

"Ordinarily such a subtle argument as Johnson used would have brought about instantly the result he desired, but the sea-

men—with whom Bird was a favorite—became even more obstinate. The second mate quietly raised his musket and pointed it at Bird, covering him completely.

"Now," he said, decisively; "you know more about Ujits than the rest of us, so you can lead the way toward where that cry came from. If you don't, I'll shoot you for rank mutiny, and the cap'n can draw his own conclusions afterward as to whether I did right or wrong."

"Bird fingered the trigger of his musket as if he meant to have shot for shot, but he thought the better of it. If the sailors returned to the Cuban and Johnson duly reported their cowardice, matters would be about as serious for them as they possibly could be. Cap'n Sallow held letters of marque, which placed him in a position to deal most effectually with mutiny, and Bird knew perfectly well that such would be his fate as that of many an insubordinate seaman upon a privateer flying the English flag. He turned pale as Johnson menaced him with the musket, then went forward as he was ordered.

"The rest follow!" said Johnson, imperatively, and with strange tears of the unknown sailors obeyed, the second mate bringing up the rear, perforce, although he longed to lead the way against the enemy, if such were upon the island.

"Again the wild scream pierced the air, and the sailors, catching sight of some object beyond a cleared space they came upon, dashed after it at the double, forgetting in their excitement, all their recent fears.

"Come on, men," cried Johnson, pushing his way ahead of the seamen: "I tell you what we saw was human enough: and away he dashed, the others close behind him.

"When they had passed over the clearing the sailors found their advance again impeded by the lacerating brambles, but still they pressed on following the direction of the cry, which sounded weirdly from time to time upon their ears. Sometimes they seem to be quite close to whoever it was that uttered it, at moments after the sound was far ahead. Johnson in turn began to grow very uneasy—what was this which was luring the seamen on and on, deeper and deeper into the forest labyrinth?

"They found a clearing which, had they known, was within a space of thirty yards of something they were destined to discover. Supperless, the seamen sat around the fire smoking or turning a quid in their mouths, and expecting every minute some attack to be made upon them by their unseen foes. Hour after hour passed, and when nothing seemed likely to happen Johnson volunteered to remain on guard while the seamen snatched some much-needed rest. Bird who had already expressed his regret for non-compliance immediately given, sat talking to Johnson, who in reality rather liked the seaman, and readily overlooked what had occurred. Even Bird, however, was soon drawn to sleep by the soothing influence of the camp fire, and Johnson found himself alone awake. He got up and walked to and fro in the firelight, his musket upon his shoulder. An intense silence reigned around, broken occasionally by the scream of a bat or the burr of an insect crashing past his face to seek destruction in the luring flare of the dead-wood.

"Tired of his solitary and monotonous pacing up and down the clearing, Johnson sat by the fire and began to think the whole affair over. He grew drowsy, in spite of his efforts to keep awake, and dozed off to sleep. How long he slept the second mate did not afterward state; he next remembered a strange awakening. A sharp pain ran up his arm, and, opening his eyes dreamily, he became aware that something was bending over him—and gnawing his hand! Quickly Johnson sprang up, and, following the man—for a man the creature was—he dashed after him as he sped along the clearing. The second mate caught the fugitive by the shoulder, and, dragging him to the ground, held him there: one hand upon the man's throat, a knee upon the chest, and the musket held club fashion above the fellow's head.

"Just where Johnson overtook the fugitive he saw that he had run into a great cave of limestone. Far above his head rose its irregular roof, with one great rent in it, through which the smoke of a small smouldering fire was faintly passing. Rising from the prostrate captive the second mate glanced curiously around him. A stranger discovery he afterward declared he had never made. Portions of the wreck of a Spanish ship had been carried into the cave, and huge timber fragments of the hull laid there among dismantled, broken masts. Something still more attractive drew his attention. Flung aside a tattered piece of sail, Johnson saw, to his amazement, the glitter of ignis of gold and silver! He tried to get some information from his captive but without success. Leaving the man, Johnson hastened toward the camp fire, quickly roused the seamen and led them into the cave, watching their astonished faces as they grew almost frantic at the thought of each man's share of the prize money the discovery would bring.

"Next morning the captive was taken through the island forest to the Cuban, and before night came every ingot of gold and silver was safely stowed away on board. Sallow rightly determined to convey his treasure to England in stead of going on to Rio, his original destination.

"A week after the Cuban was so unexpectedly homeward bound Johnson was leaning over the rail when Bird approached him and respectfully plucked the officer by the sleeve to arrest his attention. Johnson turned round sharply, then seeing the seaman he asked:

"Well Bird any news concerning our cargo yet?" To his surprise Bird answered in the affirmative.

"It's a queer story, Mr. Johnson," began the seaman; "you know what a difficulty we've had in getting that tawny chap to give some account of himself? He has apparently come to his senses at last, and I've got the whole affair from him. The fellow was marooned!"

"What for, and why did not his treasure disappear with those who marooned him?" Johnson asked.

"You shall hear, sir," Bird responded. "It was this way. The fellow was born in Mexico, his father being a Spaniard, who married a native woman. When our captive grew up he took service in a Spanish ship to do the rough work, for which such as he are usually employed. Less than two years ago his vessel, bound for Spain, with these igots on board, passed a rakish-looking craft flying no flag, and which did not hail her. As evening came on the

schooner was lost sight of, but about midnight she ran alongside the Spanish vessel unexpectedly. Finding the watch asleep, they threw 100 men aboard, and after a hard fight with the Spaniards the treasure ship was taken.

"The survivors had the choice of walking the plank or joining the pirate crew. Jose, our captive, chose the latter, his sole object being to thwart the pirate cap'n, who, he declares, was an Englishman, as were his officers. The next night, when this island hove in sight, Jose was at the wheel of the captured vessel, and the chance for revenge came.

"He steered the vessel for the island, and with one deafening, destroying crash, the Spanish ship struck. The pirate vessel ran in as close as possible, and then with her boats picked up her own men, leaving the others to drown. Jose, however, was saved, and taken aboard the pirate craft—reserved for a sterner fate.

"Being in reality in search for an even more richly laden vessel than the one they had captured, and which Jose had wrecked, the pirates, who know this island well, cleared the beach of the wreckage next day, and of the treasure which they saw was cast up. These they hid in the cave where we found them intending to return for the treasure when the second vessel had been captured.

"Before they sailed, however, Jose's fate was settled. He was flung into a boat commanded by the first officer, and, with a mixed crew, the boat was pulled from the pirate vessel to the island. There, with nothing but a flask of water, they thrust Jose ashore, leaving him to starve or die of thirst. Down on the barren, surf-washed shore he flung himself, and, faint to the last, shook his fist at the officer in command, answering one of the colored seaman's jeering taunts with threats fierce but unavailing. The first officer, who sat in the stern sheets, gripped a pistol as the boat was pulled away from shore by four seamen, and Jose was left to his fate.

"When the Spaniards do return," said Bird, as he finished his narrative, "they will find their victim gone and the treasure with him."

"Here my story ends," said the quartermaster, and he refilled his pipe at the conclusion of his singular yarn.

**BORN.**  
Bridgewater, Feb. 6, to the wife of C. J. Cragg, a son.  
Moncton, Feb. 12, to the wife of James McAuley, a son.  
Charlottetown, Feb. 11, to the wife of Dr. Conroy, a son.  
Sackville, Feb. 8, to the wife of George Chase, a son.  
Ellersburgh, Jan. 24, to the wife of George Lytell, a son.  
Moncton, Feb. 10, to the wife of W. H. Price, a son.  
Hillsboro, Feb. 6, to the wife of Albert Coates, a son.  
Delap's Cove, Feb. 11, to the wife of B. R. McCaul, a son.  
Parrsboro, Feb. 13, to the wife of Willard Bulmer, a son.  
Avonport, Feb. 8, to the wife of William Roberts, a son.  
Tidnish Bridge, Feb. 4, to the wife of John Miller, a son.  
Gaspereaux, Feb. 10, to the wife of Ernest Schofield, a son.  
Halifax, Feb. 13, to the wife of Robert Stanford, a daughter.  
Halifax, Feb. 11, to the wife of E. V. B. Foster, a daughter.  
Parrsboro, Feb. 1, to the wife of Hugh Taylor, a daughter.  
Halifax, Feb. 7, to the wife of Robie S. Davidson, a daughter.  
Rossburg, Feb. 11, to the wife of Edward Comeau, a daughter.  
Halifax, Feb. 11, to the wife of George Managan, a daughter.  
Cornwallis, Feb. 2, to the wife of Henry Newcombe, a daughter.  
Gaspereaux, Feb. 6, to the wife of James Anderson, a daughter.  
Upper Kennetcook, Feb. 9, to the wife of Rupert Clark, a son.  
Sackville, Feb. 10, to the wife of Captain Benson Edinburg, a son.  
Fredericton, Feb. 11, to the wife of P. D. McKenzie, a daughter.  
Clifton, N. S., Feb. 12, to the wife of Robinson Archibald, a son.  
Oxford, N. S., Feb. 14, to the wife of J. Ernest Smith, a daughter.  
New Prospect, Feb. 13, to the wife of Daniel McAlesse, a daughter.  
Dalhousie East, Jan. 24, to the wife of John Harris, a son.  
Walton, N. S., Feb. 10, to the wife of Ezra Churchill, a daughter.  
Porterville, Feb. 13, to the wife of Captain Thos. E. Bentley, a daughter.  
Clifton, N. S., Feb. 11, to the wife of McCullough Henderson, a daughter.  
Londonderry, N. S., Feb. 11, to the wife of Joseph Punsol Edwards, a son.  
Walton, N. S., Feb. 10, to the wife of William Franklin Jensen, a son.

**MARRIED.**  
Boiestown, Feb. 5, by Rev. E. Bell, John A. McKnight, 4 months.  
Burlington, Feb. 3, by Rev. William Ryan, George Harvie to Annie White.  
Mahone Bay, Feb. 7, by Rev. E. A. Harris, Brenton Mader to Lydia Langille.  
Midland, Jan. 31, by Rev. D. Long, Arnold Fairweather to Bertha Price.  
St. John, Feb. 14, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Frederick Crab to Minnie Wallace.  
Halifax, Feb. 14, by Rev. John McMillan, George C. Ellis to Alice Withrow.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 14, by Rev. E. D. Miller, John S. Hart to Isabel Taylor.  
Dalhousie, Feb. 7, by Rev. George Fisher, James Maltix to Alberta P. Allen.  
St. John, Feb. 14, by Rev. Canon Briggstocke, Fred E. Kiser to Louise Fisher.  
Westville, Feb. 9, by Rev. R. Cumming, Adam Hamilton to Cassie Kennedy.  
Moncton, Feb. 14, by Rev. John Read, W. C. Hunter to Lillian McStacy.  
Dalhousie, Feb. 13, by Rev. G. C. Mellor, Robert H. Bisset to Eliza M. Warner.  
West Dublin, Jan. 20, by Rev. J. C. Ogden, Charles A. Romney to Elva A. Raby.  
Month of Keswick, Feb. 6, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Walter Kiser to Beatrice Jays.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 1, by Rev. William Penna, Harry M. Webber to Roberta Markee.  
Kentville, Feb. 9, by Rev. F. O. Weeks, Harrison Porter to Emma Lovelace.  
Dartmouth, Feb. 13, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Geo. A. Mauney to Sadie Fubcove.  
Brooklyn, N. S., by Rev. J. D. Ewan, Angus Wentzell to Annie Sophia Gaetz.  
Philadelphia, Feb. 7, James William Burton, of Yarmouth, N. S., to Jennie Cook.  
Grand Manan, Feb. 10, by Rev. W. S. Corbet, Judson W. Foster to Grace K. Wilson.  
Liverpool, N. S., Feb. 6, by Rev. J. T. Butler, Steven Bradford to Emma Bennett.  
Upham, Feb. 7, by Rev. S. Jones, Harold L. Nelson to Kapark to Emma L. Porter.  
Woodstock, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. P. Kearney, Wilfred E. Kidd to Lillian E. Ross.  
West Gloucester, Feb. 7, by Rev. J. G. Beairs, B. L. Brown to Lydia E. McLaughlin.  
Liverpool, Jan. 27, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendinning, William A. Roy to Lydia Jollymore.  
Sheffield, N. B., Feb. 6, by Rev. Mr. McCully, Gilbert Jordan to Amelia Anderson.  
Lakeville, N. S., Feb. 6, by Rev. A. L. McDonald, John J. McDonald to Katie McDonald.  
Blanche, N. S., Jan. 31, by Rev. Jabez Appleby, Stacey Greenwood to Etta A. Perry.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 9, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, R. Henry Wilkins to Hattie Williams.  
Burlington, N. S., Feb. 13, by Rev. H. Spence, of Yarmouth, N. S., to Elizabeth A. Hamilton.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 14, by Rev. William Penna, Frank A. Mitchell to Gertrude M. Smith.  
Brookville, N. S., Feb. 6, by Rev. D. W. White, William Condit to Sarah Grace Miller.  
Woolstock, Feb. 5, by Rev. Father Chapman, James W. Gallagher to Mamie E. Nugent.  
Bridford, N. B., Feb. 8, by Rev. D. McDonald, Angus K. Morrison to Sadie J. MacDonald.  
Sackville, N. S., Feb. 5, by Rev. W. Williams, W. Res. Herbert to Annie O'Brien.  
West Port La Have, Feb. 11, by Rev. William Ainley, Lambert C. Lobbes to B. Ellen Ross.  
Lake Porter, Feb. 9, by Rev. James Rosborough, Alexander Stewart to Eliza Harris.  
Canwell, N. B., Feb. 14, by Rev. Gideon Smith, Charles M. Finnegan to Mrs. Henrietta Flanagan.  
Upper Port LaTour, Feb. 3, by Rev. Jabez Appleby, R. W. W. Ross to Christina A. Christie.

**DIED.**  
Douglas, Jan. 31, John White, 41.  
St. John, Feb. 16, John Tapley, 72.  
Shelburne, Feb. 4, James Bower, 63.  
Kardale, Feb. 11, John J. Long, 80.  
Aber, Feb. 15, George Calhoun, 80.  
Freepport, Feb. 9, William Denton, 57.  
St. John, Feb. 16, John Fitzpatrick, 86.  
St. John, Feb. 15, Margaret Walsh, 96.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 11, John Fraser, 87.  
Midway, Feb. 2, Mrs. Thomas Tingley.  
Douglas, Jan. 30, Geo. W. Hawkins, 85.  
Magaguadavic, Feb. 6, Alex. Segoe, 45.  
St. John, Feb. 14, Michael P. O'Neill, 21.  
St. John, Feb. 18, Mrs. Bridget Carr, 78.  
Halifax, Feb. 11, Dr. W. C. Delaney, 65.  
St. Andrew, Feb. 12, Robert Hughes, 86.  
Liverpool, Feb. 13, Mrs. Lydia Davis, 53.  
Burlington, Feb. 10, Dr. John J. Schrage, 39.  
Gibson, N. B., Feb. 9, Seth W. Chase, 78.  
Ortonville, Jan. 23, Asa R. Gallagher, 16.  
Chelmsford, Feb. 8, Ernest McGregor, 18.  
Woolstock, Feb. 9, Thos. McConrae, 65.  
Kingsport, Feb. 2, Charles K. Warner, 82.  
St. Martins, Feb. 14, Thomas Kingston, 86.  
Acadia Mines, Feb. 15, William Brodie, 26.  
Liverpool, Feb. 14, Mrs. Thomas Curll, 77.  
Gallagher Ridge, Feb. 5, Neil McNutt, 72.  
New Glasgow, Jan. 11, James Gunning, 39.  
Hampton, Feb. 8, Jean E. Dixon, 3 months.  
Lower Coveville, Feb. 17, John Willmot, 73.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 10, Benjamin Ellenwood, 84.  
Lower Economy, N. S., Margaret Marsh, 79.  
Dartmouth, Feb. 9, Alfred A. Smallwood, 50.  
Halifax, Feb. 17, Mary, wife of Alfred Brant.  
Moncton, Feb. 19, J. Elbert Church, M. D., 39.  
Marshalltown, Feb. 7, Josephine Raymond, 61.  
North River, N. S., Feb. 18, D. C. McNutt, 77.

**KEPT THE IDEA IN MIND**  
How the Lawyer Found the Boy with the Best Head for the Law.  
A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning the office was crowded with applicants—all bright and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then arranged them all in a row, and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at a hole one noon, he took his shotgun and fired away. The first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued:

"And seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out."

"Did he put it out?" said another boy.

"As he passed inside, the door shut to, and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water—"

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer.

"Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did anyone burn up?" said another.

The lawyer said: "There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story."

But observing one bright-eyed little fellow in deep silence, he said: "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stammered out: "I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know."

"You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my man; you have not been switched off by a confusion and barn-burning, and the hired girl and water-pails. You have kept your eyes on the squirrel."

**She Gave the Briton One.**

A nobleman was dining lately in Paris with a British diplomatist, and next to him at the table was a noted belle from the United States. The conversation drifted to a discussion of things American, and the Briton made some rather disagreeable remarks.

"Why, d'ye know," he continued, "at some of the places I dined in America, I saw people eat with their knives and spill their soup on the tablecloth."

The American girl was thoroughly provoked by this time, but she replied with apparent unconcern—

"What poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord!"

There was no more unpleasant talk about America that evening.

**Would Have Happened Anyway.**

It was in the smoking-room of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was talking about weather forecasts.

"Look here," he said, "I tell you what it is, you better don't take no stock in dem vet predictions; dey can't tell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person near by, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish so," said the Teuton. "But I tell you vat it is, dat storm would ha' come just de same if it had not been predicted."

**This Takes the Cake.**

Nell—Is this Mrs. Dashaway in heavy mourning?

Belle—Yes, indeed. The baker sent her a cake with icing on it yesterday, and she ate it back and got chocolate cake instead.

**One Way of Self Denial.**

Mamma—Now, Teddy, we must all try and give up something while times are so hard.

Teddy—I'm willing.

Mamma—What will it be, dear.

Teddy—Soap.

**Wanted to Know.**

"Which would you rather be, a knave or a fool?" asked Idioticus. "What has been your experience?"

## BORN.

River Charlo, N. B., Feb. 10, Isabella Cook, 93.  
St. John, Feb. 16, of congestion, Thos. Wark, 31.  
St. John, Feb. 19, Fannie, wife of James Morgan.  
Sussex, Feb. 14, of diphtheria, Frank C. Mace, 5.  
Amherst, Feb. 15, Millie, wife of B. J. Lawson, 35.  
St. John, Feb. 16, Sarah, wife of James Pullen, 65.  
Gaspereaux, N. S., Jan. 30, Mrs. Joseph Lyman, 78.  
Gaspereaux, N. S., Feb. 17, Thompson Lyman, 78.  
Overton, Feb. 8, of pneumonia, Mrs. Isaac Killam, 75.  
Bristol, Feb. 10, Rebecca, widow of John Arthur, 73.  
Coldbrook, Feb. 11, Ellen, wife of John Sinclair, 87.  
St. John, Feb. 16, Margaret, wife of John Stanton, 61.  
Halifax, Feb. 16, Sophia, wife of Alexander Findley, 50.  
Fredericton, Feb. 15, Major General James Kilner, 87.  
Blackville, Feb. 6, Alice, daughter of Finlay McDonald.  
Amherst, Feb. 16, Mary Mitchell, wife of Robert Bell, 30.  
Moncton, Feb. 16, Mary Isabella, wife of James R. Kidd, 32.  
St. John, Feb. 18, Eleanor, wife of Edward C. Jones, 52.  
Stellarton, Feb. 11, widow of the late Hector Fraser, 68.  
Brooklyn, N. S., Feb. 11, Susan, wife of Joshua Francis, 61.  
Western Shore, N. S., Robie, son of George Vaughn, 7.  
Somerset, Feb. 12, Charlotte, daughter of James A. Morton, 28.  
Woodstock, Feb. 2, Nettie Munro, wife of George Upham, 31.  
St. John, Feb. 12, Sarah, widow of the late John Parker, 55.  
Canning, N. S., Jan. 19, Captain Christopher Simonds, 81.  
Carleton, Feb. 8, Maggie Baliff, wife of George S. McLeod, 32.  
Avondale, Feb. 7, Matilda, wife of Manning Knowles, 51.  
Sandford, Feb. 8, Martha, widow of the late Joseph Edinburg, 70.  
Parrsboro, Feb. 10, Mary P., wife of Capt. David Merriam, 31.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 1, Rebecca, wife of Archibald Robinson, 45.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 15, of pneumonia, Captain Thomas C. Coward, 69.  
Fort Fairfield, Me., Feb. 6, John C. Hayes, of Norton, N. B., 76.  
Pictou, Feb. 4, Elizabeth Fraser, widow of the late John Harris, 80.  
Western Head, N. S., Feb. 4, Elizabeth, wife of Jacob Wolfe, 95.  
Bartibogue, Feb. 5, Margaret, widow of the late James Lahey, 78.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 8, of consumption, Sophia, wife of James Leys, 54.  
Upper Dover, Feb. 12, of consumption, Eliza, wife of R. A. Steeves.  
West Northfield, N. S., Feb. 6, Drusilla, wife of John Brown, 31.  
Tanook, Feb. 3, Hopton, son of Amos and Augusta Stevens, 4 weeks.  
St. John, Feb. 19, Mary A. M., widow of the late James Carson, 85.  
Springhill, Feb. 9, Roy, son of Mary and H. A. McKnight, 4 months.  
St. John, Feb. 16, Mary J., daughter of John and Mary J. Welch, 5.  
Woodstock, Feb. 7, Freeman, son of Thomas and Mary Kierstead, 28.  
Liverpool, Feb. 14, Mercy, widow of the late Capt. Lewis Goreham, 83.  
Upper Northfield, N. S., Feb. 8, Laura, daughter of Edwin Knock, 10.  
Upper Mills, N. B., Feb. 11, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Fairhead, 50.  
Halifax, Feb. 15, Catherine, widow of the late Donald Sutherland, 76.  
St. John, Feb. 16, Eliza D., daughter of Charles and Hester E. Kennedy, 15.  
Halifax, Feb. 18, Andrew, son of the late Michael and Margaret Burns, 20.  
Halifax, Feb. 18, Lillian, daughter of Sydney and Lily Snodgrass, 3 months.  
Walden, N. B., Feb. 15, Susan, widow of the late Samuel Nason, 70.  
Halifax, Feb. 18, Hilda, daughter of Agnes and the late Robert H. Campbell, 3.  
Halifax, Feb. 11, Gertrude, daughter of Arthur and Jennie Campbell, 4 months.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 12, Mary Fraser, widow of the late Alexander Murray, 76.  
Wilmot, Feb. 10, of spinal meningitis, Hedley, son of Joseph W. Stephens, 18.  
Isaac's Harbor, Jan. 31, Ida Blanche, daughter of Stewart McMillan, 6 months.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 11, Samuel W. Sley, son of Samuel and Sadie Malone, 6 months.  
St. John, Feb. 15, of pneumonia, Elizabeth, widow of the late George Anderson, 81.  
Gagetown, Feb. 6, of pneumonia, Lizzie, daughter of Michael and Sarah O'rens, 35.  
St. John, Feb. 11, of bronchitis, Willie, son of W. J. and Mary Johnson, 11 months.  
St. John, Feb. 12, of diphtheria, James Allen, son of L. C. and Emma G. Vincent, 2.  
Richmond, Feb. 8, Sarah Lillian, daughter of Joseph and Matilda F. Blo, 10 months.  
St. John, Feb. 13, Isabel, wife of the late Alex. McAvity, and daughter of the late William Dunham, 76.  
St. John, Feb. 21, of la grippe, Mary Margery, daughter of B. J. and Grace Pauline Dowling, 6 months and 25 days.

## MARRIED.

Boiestown, Feb. 5, by Rev. E. Bell, John A. McKnight, 4 months.  
Burlington, Feb. 3, by Rev. William Ryan, George Harvie to Annie White.  
Mahone Bay, Feb. 7, by Rev. E. A. Harris, Brenton Mader to Lydia Langille.  
Midland, Jan. 31, by Rev. D. Long, Arnold Fairweather to Bertha Price.  
St. John, Feb. 14, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Frederick Crab to Minnie Wallace.  
Halifax, Feb. 14, by Rev. John McMillan, George C. Ellis to Alice Withrow.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 14, by Rev. E. D. Miller, John S. Hart to Isabel Taylor.  
Dalhousie, Feb. 7, by Rev. George Fisher, James Maltix to Alberta P. Allen.  
St. John, Feb. 14, by Rev. Canon Briggstocke, Fred E. Kiser to Louise Fisher.  
Westville, Feb. 9, by Rev. R. Cumming, Adam Hamilton to Cassie Kennedy.  
Moncton, Feb. 14, by Rev. John Read, W. C. Hunter to Lillian McStacy.  
Dalhousie, Feb. 13, by Rev. G. C. Mellor, Robert H. Bisset to Eliza M. Warner.  
West Dublin, Jan. 20, by Rev. J. C. Ogden, Charles A. Romney to Elva A. Raby.  
Month of Keswick, Feb. 6, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Walter Kiser to Beatrice Jays.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 1, by Rev. William Penna, Harry M. Webber to Roberta Markee.  
Kentville, Feb. 9, by Rev. F. O. Weeks, Harrison Porter to Emma Lovelace.  
Dartmouth, Feb. 13, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Geo. A. Mauney to Sadie Fubcove.  
Brooklyn, N. S., by Rev. J. D. Ewan, Angus Wentzell to Annie Sophia Gaetz.  
Philadelphia, Feb. 7, James William Burton, of Yarmouth, N. S., to Jennie Cook.  
Grand Manan, Feb. 10, by Rev. W. S. Corbet, Judson W. Foster to Grace K. Wilson.  
Liverpool, N. S., Feb. 6, by Rev. J. T. Butler, Steven Bradford to Emma Bennett.  
Upham, Feb. 7, by Rev. S. Jones, Harold L. Nelson to Kapark to Emma L. Porter.  
Woodstock, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. P. Kearney, Wilfred E. Kidd to Lillian E. Ross.  
West Gloucester, Feb. 7, by Rev. J. G. Beairs, B. L. Brown to Lydia E. McLaughlin.  
Liverpool, Jan.