### THE CAVE OF THE DEAD.

That August evening last year so well remembered in the Midland town of Standon, Mrs. Clark was late in starting for home. She had been spending the day with an old friend in the town, and it was between nine and and ten before she said "good-bye" and set out on her solitary walk to Abbey Cottage. She was a widow, living on a small annuity which she eked out by letting out lodgings. At that period the inhabitants of Adbey Cottage were Mrs. Clark, a deaf old servant, Jane, and Mr. Thomas Harding-a young artist who

rented two rooms in the cottage. As Mrs. Clark drew near her door the night was pitch dark and without a sound, save the ripple of the river which washed the rear wall of Abbey Cottage. The widow ,was pleased to see the light in her kitchen. No other habitation stood within half a mile, and she telt relieved to think of getting in out of this blind darkness and this weird silence. Mr. Harding's light she could not see, for his sitting-room and studio, both in one, was at the back, diractly over the deep Black Pool.

Mrs Clark opened her door with a latchkey, and found old deaf Jane dozing over the kitchen fire.

' Any one been here?" the mistress asked loudly in the servant's ear. "Only young Mr. Wilson that's now

with Mr. Harding. "Young Mr. Wilson to see Mr. Harding!" muttered Mrs. Clark in surprise. "I didn't know they had made it up. I thought they they were sworn enemies over Nellie Reynolds. Hark! Here he is going, and there is no light in the passage.

I'll show him out." She hurried off with the lamp, and was just reaching the passage as Wilson came abreast the kitchen.

"Mrs. Clark!" he cried in a voice of surprise and alarm; "I thought there was no one but the oid servant in the place." "And you took me for a ghost?" said she, smiling at his confusion and startled

"Ghost!" cried he, starting forward and looking over his shoulder with a glance of terror, which, however, the widow did not catch. "What nonsense you talk!" he said hastily, with a sickly smile.

"And how did you leave Mr. Harding? have been away all day. I feel that I have been neglecting him.'

"Oh? he's all right. Busy on some work for she was as handy with sculls as he. you or the servant for anything to-night. Yes, he said he was in such a hurry that he'd fasten his door."

And having rattled out this speech in a breathless, gasping manner, Wilson opened the door and darted away.

What on earth is the matter with that young man?" thought the widow as she stood in the passage with the lamp in her kand. "He's florid enough usually ! tonight he's as pale as death. Mr. Harding locking his door! And sending Word that he is not to be disturbed! Mr. Harding is too polite not to come himself with such a message. I don't understand it all, and I don't like any of it, and I'll go see for

She walked down to the end of the presage with the lamp in her hand, and

She knocked again, and more loudly. "Mr. Harding, it is 1! May I come in?" She rattled the handle, turned it and pushed. The door moved inward. It was not fastened on the inside! She opened it.

The room was in darkness?

Ho.ding Her lamp high she entered.

The room was deserted. By the open window lay an overturned easel, a chair on its back, and fragments of glass.

"There has been a fight," thought Mrs. Clark, "and Wilson has flung him into the Black Pool! Mercy!" she cried," he is drowned-drowned in the Black Pool, which never gives up its dead !"

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening John Wilson had called on Tom Harding. Wilson was a large, powerful, red-faced, blustering man of nine-andtwenty. Harding was of the middle height, slight, olive-complexioned, quiet in manner, and two years the junior of Wilson. Up to a month ago they had been friends during Harding's summer visit to Standon, whither he had come to paint some of the picturesque scenes on the river. In July they quarrelled about Nellie Reynolds. daughter of old Reynolds the bookseller, and the prettiest girl in the town.

"This is quite unexpected," said Harding coldly when Wilson walked into his

room that evening.

"Half-an-hour ago I heard Mrs. C. was in town, and I thought I'd come and have a talk with you when there was no chance of being interruped or overheard by that goss p ng woman.

"Mrs. Clark is my friend, and I must ack you to say what you have to say without disrespectful reference to her," said Harding severly, as he motioned the other to a seat by the table, and took a chair himself with his back to the wide-open

"Very well," said Wilson shortly. It nettled him to feel the other man had gained a point in that brief encounter. "I have just a rumor that you are engaged saidto Miss Reynolds. May I ask it it is true ?"

to information about my affairs?" he said. but on ascending the slope I got above complications of a case reported from "Your affairs !" cried Wilson hotly. water. "Miss Reynolds was my affair before you On the top of that slope I stayed all the fourth wife of her husband, was stated

your nose in this town." were rejected before I came to Standon. sucked was very little under water. I was dren are of seven different parentages. When I arrived here Miss Reynolds was in the cavern or vault where the river | From Indianapolis there comes a story of as much your affair as she was an affair of touches the gravel and is wasted. The a remarkable matrimonial career. A the man in the moon. She is now, as inflow of water is slow. I resolved not to farmer and his wife were lovers in youth, rumor has informed you, engaged to me, risk dining out until a good chance of help were early married, but failing to agree,

He rose and bowed, ane kept his head bottom I at last perceived a shadow mov- gain they were divorced and re-married, bent to indicate that he regarded the inter- ing almost imperceptibly, and I made up and once again secured a divorce, to be view as at an end. He stood with his back my mind it must be the shadow of your once more re-married at New Albany, this

to the open window.

on making enough to keep your pot boil- abroad ever since. ing by hiring her out as a model to real

Harding grew deadly pale. He said slowly and quietly, "If I meet any artist who is in need of a model of a real gentleman I shall be glad to hand him your card,

if you will supply me with one." lamp fuitively, and crept to the window with stealthy tread. He lay down on the floor, and, leaning his chest on the sill, held the light above his head. He heard nothing but the gleam of the light on the

"Harding!" he called ; "I say, Harding!" All was silence. The lamp shook loose in his grasp. It slipped from his hand and plunged into the water. Then all was

He wriggled back into the room and sat on the floor benumbed with horror. After a while he muttered, "I came intending to give him a drubbing; but this is-murder!" In time arose in him the supreme and last passion of life, the passion of self-preshim if they did not find the body, and he knew that the body of no one drowned in

the Black Pool was ever recovered. The Hole was deep, with steep, rocky sides, and it was believed that there was

which sank. No sooner did this reflection arise to sustain him than he turned sick and cold with a new dread. There was a drought been before. Could the extraordinary loss of depth destroy the consuming power of the place, and would the awful thing be cast up by the waters to bear witness against

him, to give him to the gallows? With a groan he rose to his teet, fumbled about until he found the door, and went into the passage to find Mrs. Clark waiting to light him out

That evening had been one of the happiest in Sam Harding's life. He had thrown down his palette and brushes at five o'clock, put on his boating-flannels, got into his skiff, a d pulled a mile up the river, to where Mr. Reynolds' little garden sloped up from the water. Here he took Nellie aboad, and they spent a couple of enchanting hours, he pulling up stream and she pulling down;

tor one of the illustrated papers. By the way, he turned me out, and said he hadn't to his work he said, "It's a pity I have to minute to spare, and wouldn't trouble go so soon. This is the loveliest evening I have ever been afloat, and this is the loveliest companion I ever was with anywhere-ashore or afloat."

"That is such a pretty speech, you deserve some reward. Suppose I row you down to Abbey Point and land you there?" "And walk home? Ah, that would never do; for when I saw you walking along the road ama, from me I'd have to run after you, to know if you could give me a hairpin to clear my pipe, or if you could tell me what o'clock it was, or it you had the most trifling kiss-next to no kiss at all-

"That would be serious," said she gravely as she rested a moment on her oars, "for hair-pins are expensive, and I do not wear a watch, and I have made up my mind from this moment to save up all knocked at the sitting-room door. There | the other things you speak of, for a rainy

> He stooped forward, "Just one more, before you begin that richest of all banking accounts.

> She laughed, raised her chin for a moment, and resumed her oars. Atter a ashore at Abbey Point, pull back home alone, and drift down for you in the morn-

> "Splendid! Only you must come very early, for I shall not be happy until I see my-boat."

It was arranged that she was to be un-

der his window at half-past seven. It is now half-past seven, and Harding's skiff, with Nellie Reynolds in it, glides into the Black Pool. Over it the dark rocks stand up sheer twenty or thirty feet out of the water.

She pulls in close under the window and calls softly, "Tom! Tom!" She is beginning to feel annoyed, angry at his want of punctuality.

She calls out "Tom! Tom!" again. She stands up in the boat. Why is his window broken? Why is he not here at the appointed time? She is beginning to feel afraid now.

She is still standing, and has made up her mind to wait no londer, when with a shriek of terror she talls sitting on the thwart, and covers her face with her hands. Out of the water, within an oar's length of the boat, has risen the head of a man! Is that man dead or alive? she asks her

quaking heart. Does she know him, or is he a stranger? She feels the boat roll. The man's hands have seized the gunwale.

"Nell, I've had a narrow escape." She takes down her hands and stares at him. Harding has got his chin over the taffrail and is clutching it with both hands. "I'd swamp the boat if I tried to get aboard here. Tow me ashore."

He was weak and trembling when they landed. As they walked to the cottage he

"I was insensible last night when I struck His brows lowered, the color of his face | the Pool, and for some seconds afterwards. deepened, he clenched his hands and lent As I recovered I was struggling in the water, but no longer under the open air. Harding's face grew a shade paler. He It was black dark, and I was half suffocated. leant back in his chair, and eyed the other I floundered about for a while and at last found ground on some kind of slope-of "And may I ask you what right you have | masonry, I think. The place was narrow,

you amateur dauber. I suppose you count son. He went abroad, and has remained

FAMILY ODDITIES. The Remarkable Family Gathering of the

Smiths.

One of the most remarkable family gatherings ever held was that of a particular branch of the great and widely spread Smiths. In the early days of the seventeenth century a certain Peter Smith left nothing but the murmur of the stream, saw | Holland and settled in New Jersey, where he prospered and became the ancestor of a Hope may sustain a person when a medifiourishing colony of Smiths. Every year, for the last 250 years, his descendants have held at the old homestead, where the head

> On the last recorded occasion of this "meet" no fewer than 5,647 Smiths put in an appearance, every one of whom was a descendant of "Old Peter."

of the family resides, an ever larger union.

At ten o'clock in the morning the order ervation. He knew they could not hang | was given for "every Smith to shake hands wi th every other Smith," and, considering the numbers, it may well be supposed that there was some pretty lively action until the process of salutation was over and leakage, which sucked down any substance | done with. It took until one o'clock, and even then, no doubt, there were a good many of the possible combinations left over uncompleted, when the dinner-hour was in all that part of the country. The river | sounded and the active party | sat down to was three feet shallower than it had ever dinner at long tables set up in the appleorchard. Everybody had to call his neighbour by his first name, seeing all possessed the same world-famed surname. The oldest Smith was ninety-six, and the youngest four months, and all, young and old, made a point of passing through the old home and pausing for a moment by "Old Peter's" chair, still kept in its place by the corner of the great fireplace.

> A very curious bit of family history is that told of the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, grandfather of the famous Charles James Fox, involving the at first sight impossible statement that two sisters should die at a distance of 170 years from each other, neither of whom lived to an incredible age. Yet this statement contains no catch in figures, but is literally true of left you." (Pleasantly) ,, I suppose you, il the ladies in question. Sir Stephen be looking out for a wife now! married first in 1654, and the following year a little girl was born, who died in the same year, 1655. He had other children, who grew up and married, but most of these unions proving childless, and Sir Stephen being unwilling that his great estate should pass out of his family, he married again, and his last daughter was born in 1727. She lived to the age of ninety-eight, and died in 1825, no fewer than 170 years after the death of her eldest sister. That a lady who may have seen Queen Victoria should have had a sister who might have been looked at by Oliver Cromwell, who is one of those curiosities of the register office which, though an actual fact, would seem far too daring for the boldest romancer to venture

to make use of. It is stated that, in Vienna, twins were once registered as having been born in different years. The first was born on 31st December, 1892, and the second on little pause she said, "Well, here's a second 1st January, 1893. A curious result is programme. Suppose I now put you that, as they both happened to be boys, they will have to do their military service in two different years, as the one will be considered to have realized the age of twenty

in 1912, and the other in 1913. The migration of a Spanish gentleman who, having made his fortune in America. recently returned to Barcelona to spend the evening of his days in his native land. resembled nothing so much as the setting out of Jacob and all his family for Egypt. For this modern patriarch, aged ninetythree, has sixteen daughters, twenty-three sons, thirty-four grand-daughters, fortyseven grandsons, forty-five-great-granddaughters, thirty-nine great-grandsonsthree great-great-grandsons, and seventy, two step sons and daughters, and the whole family, totalling 280 persons, took their departure for Barcelona together, travelling in a steamer specially chartered for the great occasion, and commanded by

one of the grandsons. The total number of the descendants of woman in Lewistown, Illinois, who has just celebrated her 105th birthday, is not exactly known, but so far the figures, which are taken to be approximately correct, certainly deserve a brief record. She has thirteen children, 102 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren, and twenty-six greatgreat-grandchildren-making up the re-

markable total of 369 descendants. At a marriage in Elizabeth, New Jersey, recently, the friends of the bridegroom present included his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and greatgrandfather and great-grandmother, while a little niece, daughter of the bridegroom's sister, represented the fifth generation.

An extraordinary, chain of relationship was that of Harriet Viscountess Midleton, who recently died at the age of eightynice. She had been nearly related to no fewer than six Lords Midleton. She was grand-daughter of the third lord, daughter of the fourth, sister of the fifth, first cousin of the sixth, first cousin and wife of the seventh, and mother of the eighth and present holder of the title.

It would be difficult to beat the family Glamorganshire, when a married woman, ever saw her, before you ever showed night. When it was daylight I judged to have been previously the widow of three that the opening of the root of the short | married men, and has issue from each "Twice you proposed, and twice you passage or arch into which I had been marriage. Result-in one house the chil-

and I do not desire to say any more on the subject."

was at hand. From my slope I could see were divorced. After a few years they the bottom of the Black Pool. On the came together and were re-married. Aboat. Then I dived, came up, and terri- time, they declare, finally and with fixed Wilson got up trembling with disappoint- fied you. Only this is the year of unex- intent to separate no more. An American ment. hate, and rage.

"You insolent pauper!" cried he, getting up, too, and shaking his fist at th
artist. "A nice life she will have with you

"An intent to separate no more. An American paper tells of a gentleman who has just been married for the sixth time. On this occasion he married again the woman he first married, just forty-one years from the

first wedding. Since his divorce from her he has been the husband of two Canadian and two Ohio women.

### DOES ITS WORK IN SIX HOURS

A Medicine That Will Relieve Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease in Six Hours Deserves Your Attention.

Those who suffer from kidney trouble suffer acutely. Where some kinds of sickness can be borne with fortitude, it is no easy matter to exercise this virtue when one is a sufferer from kidney trouble. cine is being used that doctors say will eventually effect a cure. But who wants to continue an agonizing course of treatment when a medicine like South American Kidney Cure is within the reach of everyone and that is so speedy as well as certain in its effects? This new remedy has been throughly tested by learned physicians, and stands to-day ahead of any medicine used for this purpose. It does not pretend to cure anything else, but it does cure kidney disease.

### Pathetic Telephone Incident

It was a young lady who rung up- She wanted to communicate with the family physican, as her mother had been taken suddenly ill. After several attempts I informed the girl that I could raise the physician. "Never mind, now." came the reply in a voice choked with sobs, "she is dead." I will never forget the pain and sorrow there was in that young voice .-

A New Hamburg Citizen Released From Four Months'Imprisonment.

Mr. John Koch, Hotel-keeper, New Hamburg, Ont, : "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October, and kept me in the house for four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy when I first contracted rheumatism it would have saved me months of pain and suffering."

If you suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia do not delay, but try South American Rheumatic Cure now. It will relieve in a few hours and cure radically in a few days.

### Was it a Proposal!

Mistress (a widow): "Well, Johnson. 'm sorry you are going to leave us, bnt you're very fortunate in having this money

Johnson (the putler): "Well, really ma'am, I feel very much honored by what you propose, but I'm engaged to a young woman already."

Heart Disease of Five Years' Standing Ab solutely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart-The Great Life Saving Remedy Gives Relief in 30 Minutes.

Thomas Petry, Esq., Aylmer, Que.: I have been troubled for about five years with severe heart complaint. At times the pain was so severe that I was unable to attend to business, The slightest exertion proved very fatiguing and necessitated taking rest. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and obtained immediate relief. I have now taken four bottles of the remedy, and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease. I hope this statement may induce others troubled as I was to give this most valuable remedy a trial."

### Witty and Wise.

In a school the other day a class of little rirls was asked by the teacher to write a hort composition on the North Pole. Many of the statements made by the

young writers were highly amusing. The one that provoked the broadest smile on the part of the schoolmistress was contained in a very precocious dissertation by a little miss, which ran as follows:-"The Arctic regions are used exclusively for exploring purposes."

## TIONALISM.

This Church Gave to the World all Beecher-Hear Also What the Rev. S. Nicholls, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was colored largely by the condition of his health. He had said from the pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed up with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find the leading clergymen of Canada speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity better than anyone else of being relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nicholls of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used this medicine, and over his own signature has borne testimony to its beneficial

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. Sixty

Sample free for two 3 cent stamps. S. G. DETCHON.

### BORN

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of A. N. Bayne, a son-Lakeville, April, to the wife of Fred Wood, a son-Mt. Denson, April 9, to the wife of J. Worden, a Hillsboro, April 10, to the wife of Gilbert Johah, a

Harvey, N. B., April 1, to the wife of L. F. West, a Hampton, April 23, to the wife of T. W. Barnes, a Annapolis, April 8, to the wife of Griffin O'Dell, a

Oxford, April 10, to the wife of Joseph Thornwaite, Halifax, April 14, to the wife of Charles H. Melvin, Halifax, April 14, to the wife of H. H. Hubley,

Mt. Denson, March 26, to the wife of Robert States St. John, April 16, to the wife of John F. Morrison, Carleton, April 17, to the wife of William J. Watson.

# Seasonable

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Bicyles, Fishing Tackle, Dog Collars, Colf, Cricket, Tennis and Football Supplies.

These are suitable for presents at all Seasons.

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# The H. P. DAVIES Co., 81 Yonge St., Toronto.

Annapolis, April 7, to the wife of Herbert Nelson, a Halifax, April 17, to the wife

Halifax, April 17, to the wife of H. C. W. Powell, a

Carleton, April 9, to the wife of Fred T. Perry, Aylesford, April 9, to the wife of Isaac Seliridge, a New Glasgow, to the

Fredericton, A pril 14 to the wife of W. H. Carten, Nappan, April 12, to the wife of Harry Blenkhorn, Amherst, April 12, to the wife of Winfred Fowler,

St. John, April 19, to the wife of conductor Lefebvre New Glasgow, April 10, to the wife of George Ryan, Hantsport, March 28, to the wife of Judson Ful Carleton, April 1, to the wife of Capt. David M

Waterside, N. B., April 3, to the wife of Minor St. John, April 18, to the wife of Dr. Walter W.

Moncton, April 12, to the wife of conductor James Short Beach, March 30, Churchill, a son. Salmon River, April 13, to the wife of William Salmon River, April 13, to the

San Francisco, April 5, to the wife of W. H. Wilson, formerly of this city a daughter. Montreal, April 14, to the wife of W. Chase Thompson, formerly of St. John, of a daughter.

MARRIED. Truro, April 10, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James A' Andover, April 18, by Rev. Scovil Neales, David Wetmore to Bertha Bedell. Berwick, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parkez. Berwick, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parker. Campbellton, April 18, by Rev. A. F. Carr, William Sait-prings, N. B., April 4, by Rev. D. Fraser, Robert Smith to Lizzie A. Aiton. Windsor, April 16, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Albert Morley Hazel to Blanche Davis. Kentville, April 17, by Rev. F. O. Weeks, Thomas L. Smith to Bessie E. Sandford. Hebron, April 11, by Rev. F. H. Beals, Stephen Goebey Porter to Loretta Grace Bell Rev L. G. MacNeil to Mary Gray Kennedy.

St. John, April 18, by Rev. George Bruce. D. D. St. John, April 15, by Rev. J. Shenton, Bryon E. Wood, to Sarah daughter of Andrew Bradley. Cambridge Mass., April 16, Ernest Blair, formerly of St. John, N. B., to Cassie Raiuse of Centre-

Kingston, March 29, by Rev. W Ryan, Norman R. Neliey to Alma J. daughter of Wallace J. St. John, April 17, by Rev. L. G. MacNeill, A. F. Lockhart of Woodstock, to Lizzie S. Read, of Wicklow, N. B. April 10, Clarence Estey to Mary

Win. sor, April 8, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Wm. Ay r, of Parrsboro, to Hattie Armstrong, of Chester, N. S. Baie Verte, April 17, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Walter P. Doull of Charlottetown, to Amy

Margaretville, April 10, by Rev. J. L. Tingley, H. Barker, of Stronach, Mt., to Maud Harris, of East Margaretville. Woodstock, April 12, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Samuel Giberson of Wicklow, to Mrs. Mary A. Sharp of Mars Hill Me.

Blackville, N. B., April 9, by the Rev. G. G. Johnston, Herman Hovey of Ludlow, to Cora A. Weaver of Blackville. Campbellton, April 17, by Rev. Wm. A. Thompson, Mary Jane Court of Fleurants Point, to John Watt of Bair Athol, N. B. Auburn, N. B. April 8, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, James D. Jacques to Ermina E. daughter of the late Benjamin L. Palmer, of Auburn.

Digby, April 11, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Samuel Edgar Wilson to Lucy Blanche, daughter of Capt. Wm. Ellis, of Point Prim lighthouse. Gregg Settlement, N. B., April 13, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Charles Wiggins of Tracey Mills, to Mabel F. Leith of Carleton Co., N. B. John, April 17, by Rev. Dr. Macrae D. D., George M. Robertson to Gertrude Alice younges. daughter of the late Shadrach Holly. Akland, April 4, by Rev. W. Scott Whittier, Theodore A. Smith formerly of Halifax, to Addie May Robertson formerly of Cape Breton.

### DIED.

Amherst, April 1, Mrs. Ward, 84.

Picteu, April 13, Colin Ferguson, 69.

Waterloo, April 8, Michael Wile, 87. Norwood, April 14, Silas Durkee, 54. Brighton, April 15, John H. Garel, 51. Tusket, April 17, Raymond White, 26. St. John, April 18, John J. Forrest, 54. St. John, April 21, Daniel Sweeney, 82. St. John, April 23, John Johnston, 63 St. John, April 21, Susanna McGrey, 83. Truro, April 17, Mrs. Ellen Hamilton, 70. Campbellton, April 4, William Lyons, 36. St. John, April 23, Mrs. Flora Walpart, 88. Cole Harbor, April 17, Daniel Manning, 68. Rosedale N. B. April 4. Wm. W. Snow, 47. Upper Wicklow, March 31, Ashel Smith, 94. Halitax, April 17, William A. Malling, 43. Bear Point, April 7, Milledge Clatenburg, 36. Loch Lomond, April 21, Valentine Waters, 57. Chatham Station, April 18, Charles Stewart, 80. St. John, April 14, Mrs. Susannah Golding 83. Central New Annan, April 6, Peter McIntosh, 64. Advocate Harbor, April 8, John E. Suthergreen, 78. Wakefield, N. B. April 12, Nancy A. Dickerson, 65. Canning, April 16, Sarah A., wife of John Ward, 55. Riverstown, Ire., April, Thomas McDonough, 27. Central Grove, April 5, Effie E. wife of John Shaw, Musquash, April 8, Cypt

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

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Shelburne, April 16, Mary, wife of John Schoultz Gardiner's Creek, N. B., April 20, Wm. H. Benja-New Glasgow, April 5, W. P., son of Thomas Carri-Bear Point, April 13, Sarah J. wife of Isaac Stod-

Milton, April 6, Melvin, son of John A. and Annie Harvey Bank, N. B., April 8, Frank, son of Judson Truro, April 17, Isabella Hunter, wife of Rev. J.D. MacGilvary. Upper Stewiacke, April 18, Eliza, widow of the late Hugh G. Cox 60 St. Jhon, April 21, Denis, son ot Ellen and the late Daniel Connolly.

Hilsburn, April 1, Chester, son of Manassah and Halifax, April 17, Alice, daughter of Lucy A. and Old Gulf Road, N. S., April 5, Gertrude, daughter of D. C. Campbell, 1. Arcadia, April 15, Mrs. Lydia E. Trefry, wife of Thomas C. Trefry, 73.

St. Martins, April 8, Ann B. Titus, widow of the late Jonathan Titus, 80 St. John, April 19, Nellie, daughter of William and Margaret Maloney. 1 Halifax, April 20, James J. eldest son of George Upper Salem, April 3, Elizabeth Douglas, widow

of Hugh Thompson, 192. Fredericton, April 13, Lizzie, daughter of Samuel and Martha Beattie, 18. Traro, April 19, Beatrice, only child of William B and Robena Simmons, Centreville, N. B., April 1, Whitfield, son of Ma and Mrs. Isaac Prior, 21. Middle Stewiacke, April 16, Roy Rutherford, son

of Edward Rutherford, 20. Dartmouth, April 17, Margaret, daughter of Edward and Mary Gazder 17. Woodstock, April 15, Lottie, only daughter of George and Mary Sutton, 15. New York, April 11, Jane, wife of James T. Moneton, April 11, John Richard McInnis, son of George and Lizzie McInnis, 4. St. John, April 23, John L. second son of John L. and the late Glendelia Bond, 16.

Greenwich, N. B., April 21, E. Jane Belyea, widow of the late Benjamin Belyea, 70. Lake Amslie, C. B., April 2, Mary, widow of the late Alexander McKinnon, 91. Dartmouth, April 10, Geoffrey Spurr, only son of Walter and Sarah Creighton, 15. John, April 21, Helen, daughter of Benjamin and Alice R. Knowles, 8 months. Lingston, April 16, Thomas A. Paddock, son of the late Ellen and Thomas Paddock, 43. Kemptown, April 12, John R., only child of Kenneth J. and Rosana McLean, 3 months. Portugese Cove, April 15, by drowning, William Smith, leaving a wife and ten children. Chatham, April 22, Mrs. E. Springate, of St. Stephen, widow of the late Edward Springate. Dufferin Ledge Road, April 9, Georgia L, only daughter of Frank and Laura J. Brown, 12.

Boston, April 11, Augusta, wife of Joseph G. Wells and daughter of the late Hon. Stephen Fulton, of Nova Scotia. Torryburn, N. B., April 20, Lottie, eldest daughter of Theodosia and the late J. H. Golden of London, England, 18. Liverpool, April 9, Jane Maria, widow of the late Tyrell Wilcox, and mother of M.s. Charles Masters of this city.

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