

AN INDIAN HERO.

Some fifteen or sixteen miles south of Hellbore, Texas, there is a peak standing out on the open prairie and commonly known to all the country round as Jim Ned Lookout. It is merely an elevation forming the northern end of a long line of bluff that stretches away to the south. The ascent is quite gradual and easy on the southern side, but on the northern it is abrupt and precipitous. In most countries it would not be considered much of an elevation, but standing as it does on the level prairie of Texas it is considered quite a mountain. It stands perhaps only about 200 feet above the surrounding plain, but that much is sufficient to give one standing on the summit a view of all the country on three sides for miles around. On the south the view is curtailed by the bluffs, but in other directions it is all that could be desired.

Perhaps not one person in twenty of those now living in Montague County knows that this point of land perpetuates the name of one who, for resolute fidelity to his friends, pathetic faithfulness to his loved ones and self-sacrificing heroism in the hour of final trial, had few equals even in that land of frontiersmen and heroes. Human he was, and hence not free from faults by any means; but a few mountain peaks of grandeur stand out so prominently in his character that at this distance they serve to throw all the low ground of his faults into the obscurity of their shade.

Jim Ned was an Indian, and a Comanche at that. The first that was ever heard of him in that country was one hot afternoon in August, 1865, when two cowboys happened to be riding by the peak which now bears his name. Those were troublous times. That part of the state was still rent and torn with the concluding struggles of the great war. There was as yet no government there sufficiently strong to hold in check the restless tribes just across Red River, and hence troubles from that source were frequent. The Indians made frequent incursions into the state, and the story of each successive raid was told in a series of smoking houses and scapular human beings. Hence it is no wonder that Jim Ned and Ned Harris, the two cowboys referred to, were startled when they noticed the motionless form of a man with a gun in his hand stretched at full length on a ledge of rock barely below the summit of the peak. Parker was the first to discover it, and he reined in his pony at the discovery.

"Hello!" he cried. "What is that?" Sure enough, what was it? One at that distance could barely tell that it was a man rather than a wild beast, and the decision as to whether it was a white man or an Indian was utterly out of the question.

After a parley of a few moments Harris and Parker agreed to separate, one approaching the peak from the northeast and one from the northwest. Each had his Winchester unslung and ready for action, so that if the mysterious figure had opened fire on one of them, the other could have silenced him in short order. Hardly had the two approached within fair rifle range when the figure leaped to its feet, dropped its gun and waved its empty hands over its head. This was correctly interpreted as a gesture of peace, and the two riders lowered their guns and rode up for a conference. On closer view it was evident that the man was an Indian, and that he was not over twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. He was powerfully built, straight as an arrow, and with an air of determined independence uncommon even among his own race.

"What's your name?" was the question first propounded by Parker. The Indian told him.

"Where-e-w?" whistled the questioner. "I've heard lots of long-tailed, hyalutal Indian names before, but darned if that don't beat 'em all. There ain't no Christian name in Texas case could keep track of it. I'll just call you Jim for short after myself."

The long named son of nature received the announcement of this wholesale sacrifice of syllables without a protest and without moving a muscle.

"What are you doing here?" was the next question.

"Me watch-me on lookout."

"Who're you on the lookout for?"

"Injun gal-sister-you see um?"

There was a parthos about his inflection as he asked this question that showed conclusively that an Indian is not all stoic. Little by little, by dint of much question and after laying a severe strain on his scanty knowledge of English, the whole story was brought out. Until only a few days before he had lived with his people in the Comanche country and had been, perhaps, as good an Indian as a Comanche ever gets to be. According to his statement, he had seen very little of the white people, and had never had any trouble with them, but only a few days before a section of his tribe had run off to make an incursion into Texas, and had taken with them his only sister. He was sure they had taken her by force, and that she would return as soon as she could regain her liberty. He felt sure her captors had taken her down toward Clear Creek Canyon, and that in coming back to the Territory they would be compelled to pass near this peak. Hence he had taken his stand here, and proposed to keep it until his lost sister was restored. If at any time he happened to fall in with her captors, then—

A grunt and a significant shake of the head were the only indications of what he would do in that desirable contingency, but they were sufficient to impress the white man with the desirability of letting him stay where he was.

That night Parker and Harris rode into Red River Station, a bustling little frontier town only a few miles away, and reported what they had seen and heard. The general verdict was that the Indian must be let alone in his benevolent design as to finding his sister and exterminating some of his fellow-tribesmen. Red River Station was a lively place in those days. It was where the Chisholm cattle trail crossed Red River, and at certain seasons of the year there was a perfect stream of cattle and cattlemen going from Southern Texas towards the Northern markets. The strictly permanent portion of its population was small, but extremely lively. In this instance they immediately took a deep interest in the newly arrived Indian and made him frequent visits. With characteristic Western impartiality, though, they decided it would not be fair to bias him after one of his discoveries to the exclusion of the others, and hence

they rechristened him "Jim Ned," thus honoring both Harris and Parker alike. By this name he went ever afterwards, and his real name was forgotten. It was too long to remember. His sister's name likewise failed to suit the fastidious ears of the station people, and hence they rechristened her as Sal. By some unexplainable process of evolution this developed into Sal Soda, and so she was called. Jim Ned took no offense at this piece of pleasantry, and as he had no idea of what Sal Soda was the name probably suited him better than shorter one would.

After awhile the recumbent figure on the ledge of rocks got to be a familiar one to all the neighboring country. Day after day, no matter how hot the sun might be, there was the same motionless form grasping the same ominous Winchester and keeping the same grim outlook. And after the winter came, no matter how fierce the north wind was, it was the same old sight. A pony was always picketed in a little cleft in the bluff near at hand. Frequently Jim Ned, when he saw strangers coming, would ride out to them and inquire as best he could for his sister, but no word of her ever came. Before the winter had come, though, the white settlers found out that, though Jim Ned's vigils might not be helping him any, they were helping them. Not a solitary Indian horseman could pass that way without being seen by the grim sentinel on the peak. More than once during the fall the white men were saved from massacre by being forewarned by that lonely watcher. Gradually he came to be regarded as more of a protection against savages than the whole garrison of the United States regulars at the fort at the station. He was regarded as a kind of beneficent genius, and the mothers of Montague County rocked their babes to sleep at night with a feeling of greater security because they knew Jim Ned was still keeping lookout over them.

Summer changed to fall, fall to winter, and winter to spring, and still no reliable news. One time he had disappeared from his post for a whole week, and when he reappeared at the end of that time pony and rider seemed well nigh exhausted. He had heard of a woman over 200 miles to the southwest, and had gone to see it. It was not his sister. It proved another woman, and he returned to his old post.

"Me find um ur bust!" was his only comment. Another time two toughs and would-be humorists from a neighboring ranch told the station people of a joke they intended to play on Jim Ned. They were going to fix up a plausible tale and by it decoy him some ten miles down the river to where a woman of very bad repute kept an establishment. It would doubtless be very funny to see the poor fellow's disappointment. The station people tried to dissuade them, but to no purpose. How the experiment worked nobody ever knew, for the jokers never returned to tell. It was commonly supposed that Jim Ned killed them both, and the better element of society hoped he had. Nothing was ever done about it.

Jim Ned occasionally came into the station to see if any one there had gotten any of the news he had missed. On one such occasion a soldier, rather more brutal than the rest, remarked to him: "Jim Ned, a new woman struck town last night. Go size her up and see if she looks like Sal Soda." "Hold yer lip!" retorted a comrade. "Ain't you got more sense? He's jest givin' yer, Jim Ned."

This was said in a spirit of genuine good will, but the Indian had already turned in the direction first pointed out. There, under a tree, lay a woman. Ned strode over to her with eager step and looked down into her eyes. The crowd had followed him, but when they saw the look of mute agony that suffused his face most of them turned away. The woman seemed of the lowest stratum of humanity, and was evidently in the last stages of a loathsome disease. The long black hair was matted around the staring, hollow eyes, and the flesh was pallid and black with the rottenness of disease and the work of bruises inflicted upon her. Jim Ned clasped her hand, bent over her, and gazed down into her eyes in the agony of his grief. A filthier, more disgusting sight than the woman could not have been imagined, and one young fellow turned up his nose at the scene.

"Boys," said a grizzled old stockman, fingering his six-shooter, "she's his sister, and I say hang 'em as wouldn't cross hell for his sister."

That seemed the prevailing sentiment, and the young fellow let his nose turn down again. Brother and sister were talking earnestly away in some unknown tongue, presumably their native Comanche.

"Boys," continued the last speaker, "she's tellin' him all about it. If any of you fellows is mixed up any ways in this business, you'd better make your wills and say your prayers, for there's going to be hell to pay somewhere."

Every man looked at his neighbor, but nobody moved. The woman had been brought to town the morning by a party of cattlemen, and had been left there to die. There had been five men in the party, and they were all newcomers and strangers to the men at the station. Next day news was brought to town that all five of the men had been found dead in camp, each with a Winchester ball lodged somewhere about him. Nobody knew whether Jim Ned had been absent from the station the night before or not, but all were afraid to inquire. The general verdict was that it was an awful vengeance, but a just one.

"He didn't orter lied about it like he did," remarked one of the soldiers. "I s'pose though, he knew if he told us it was white men he was after we wouldn't let him stay."

Two days after the strangers were found dead Sal Soda died, and when Jim Ned laid her to rest under the cottonwoods that fringe Red River there were many moist eyes among those who had stood by and looked on.

Perhaps it would be better for Jim Ned's reputation if the narrative should stop here. So far I have told only of his strong points; it now becomes necessary to tell of his downfall. After his sister's death the whole mainspring of his life seemed to be gone. No more keeping tiresome vigils on the peak for him! No more work of any kind, in fact, when there was any possible chance in the world to get out of it. He spent all his time in loafing around the fort, depending for a living on the popularity of his previous record had won him. Then he began to develop an unsuspected capacity for drinking whiskey. Drink has caused the ruin of many other great men,

and it is no wonder that it overthrew him. I apply the term "great" to him advisedly, for if a man who can take a great purpose and stick to it is not a great man, who is? Jim Ned had done this, but whiskey was too strong for him and he fell. As he took to drinking he took to lying, swearing and, unless the indications were far wrong, to stealing as well. Things began to disappear very mysteriously around the station, and suspicion pointed to Jim Ned. So rapid was this downfall that the course of six short months sufficed to bring him from the position of almost a patron saint to that of the most despised character around the town. There was only one friend left him, and that was Charles Hall, the young son of Captain Hall, who commanded the garrison at the fort. However, no actual theft was possibly proven on him until one day a shotgun belonging to the boy disappeared and was found in the Indian's possession. Then a council of war was held and it was decided that the fellow should be whipped. When the time selected for the punishment arrived he begged that he might be left untied, promising to make no resistance and no attempt to escape. On the strength of this promise his hands were unbound, but no sooner had he been done than with a yell he broke for the bluff overlooking the river, plunged over it, and by his skill in swimming and diving managed to escape to the other side.

Some weeks after this Charlie Hall was up the river shooting ducks when a band of some five or six Comanches got in pursuit of him. He succeeded in hiding for the time among the trees on the river's bank, and while there Jim Ned put in his appearance. It was the first time he had been seen since his escape. It was evident from his looks that he still wished well for the boy.

"Why haven't you got clear out of this country?" asked the boy.

"Me no want leave Sal Soda," was the response. The river at this place consisted of a wide reach of red sand, with the water flowing along a little channel on the opposite side of it. The dry sand seemed firm enough, but was in reality full of dangerous quicksand. The voices of the pursuers were heard near at hand, making it evident that there was no time to lose.

"You no go straight down river; quicksand there," said the Indian. "Go straight 'cross to big tree there—then turn down."

Charlie acted on the advice, and in doing so, of course, lost some valuable time. Hardly had he got started down when he saw Jim Ned at the head of the Comanches galloping straight across the sand he had just told him contained quicksand. The boy gave up in despair, but, hearing a yell, looked back and saw the whole group struggling in the death clasp of the awful quicksand. To save his life, Jim Ned had to Comanches knowingly into the quagmire and had perished with them. It was done of his own free will, to save the life of a boy who had been his friend.

A liar? Yes, Jim Ned would lie like a dog. Drunkard? Yes, he drank like a fish. Thief? Yes, he even stole; but he lived for another and died for another, and that is more than can be said of most of us. Jim Ned is no imaginary fellow. He was as real an historical character as was Napoleon Bonaparte. Ah, Jim Ned! You were an unlettered, untutored savage, and your sense of right and wrong was very slightly developed. You did not even know how to distinguish between another's property and your own. You knew how to give up your life for your friend, though; and perhaps in that day when the sea gives up its dead and the quicksands of Red River give up theirs, it shall be found that he who knows this, even if he knows no more, shall be accounted wise.

GYMNASTICS FOR HORSES.

A Veteran Horse Trainer Thinks Trotting Records can be Reduced.

"I have invented ways and means to introduce the horse to a series of gymnastics which will shorten the time many seconds on trotting records, and there is no reason why a well-bred horse subjected to my gymnastic exercises cannot make a mile in two minutes," said Prof. Bartholomew, the horse educator, recently at Independence to a number of horse fanciers.

"Wonderful advancement has been made in breeding and training horses during the past forty years, but with scientific gymnastics yet greater develops in record breaking. The human body has been wonderfully developed by gymnastic exercises, as every one knows, and had this idea of gymnastics been introduced in the training of horses years ago." Prof. Bartholomew continued, "greater advancement would have been made along the lines of speed and endurance."

"A horse can trot a quarter of a mile now in thirty seconds, and it stands to reason that if a horse can make a record of a quarter of a mile in thirty seconds, and it has been done, he can be put in condition to go a mile at the same rate of speed. Crack drivers have failed to put their horses in the proper condition so far, and it is very doubtful if the present system of training trotting horses will ever bring about a two-minute record or less."

"Some will ask: How can a horse work in gymnastics? But if the principle had been grasped by horsemen years ago it would have undoubtedly been put in use. I have the principle, without mistake, and winter is the time to do the work. In winter, horses, as a rule, are losing speed instead of gaining."

"The exercise I subject a horse to will result in activity and long reach and will cause running horses to make better records, as well as produce more speed in trotters. I refuse to tell how these results can be brought about, simply for the reason that some man would undertake to practice my theory without judgment and knowledge of application, and he would fail to produce the desired result. The public would condemn the principle, which I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction. I have never undertaken to prove my theory to the trotting fraternity, but the theory can be demonstrated in the course of a series of gymnastic trainings, say in four or five months. With horse gymnastics the fleetest horse can improve as much as the slowest ones who undertake the same drill. Every muscle and fibre of the horse is brought into play, until, in prize-ring parlance, he is in the pink of condition."

"A prize fighter, while in training for the ring, has his skin, scalp, and bones hardened until he is turned into a ring a perfect man, physically. Every muscle has been exercised with a view of endurance. He has punched the bag, taken long runs to test his wind and reduce flesh. In short the condition of the prize fighter is brought about by gymnastics. The same thing can be done with a horse, but the exercise on a race track won't do it. The animal must have gymnastics and be brought to the 'pink of condition' before he can break a record. He must be taught to walk on his hind legs, to strengthen the muscles of the back. He must be taught to lie down, roll over, reach out, and gather quickly. In short, he must be put through a scientific course of gymnastics until every muscle shall be brought into play, toughened and strengthened. To do this, he must be a trick horse, after being trained in gymnastics. Great results will follow in the way of speed and endurance."

Prof. Bartholomew is a veteran horse trainer and has enjoyed a national reputation for years as such. He has a ruddy face, deep-set blue eyes, and wears his iron gray hair brushed back from his forehead. He resides at Independence, and owns one of the handsomest residences in that suburban city. He formerly owned the greatest walking horse in the world. The animal could cover a mile in a square heel-and-toe walk in ten minutes, and go the gait, day in and day out, at the rate of six miles an hour. The professor disposed of the animal in California some years ago.

OUTWITTED BY A BEGGAR.

He was as Clever as the Beggars in the "Arabian Nights."

The Japanese are very fond of listening to stories, and particularly those which illustrate their own national characteristics, and a good story is enjoyed over and over again quite as much as when it was new. The favorite topic for these narratives is to have one person outwit another, and especially if the successful person is the one who seems at first to be marked out for the victim, and who triumphs in spite of disadvantages.

Among the curious creatures in Japan is the huge, very dainty fish when it is in right condition for eating, but unfortunately the only way of finding this out is like the directions given for telling mushrooms from toadstools—eat them, and if there are no unpleasant sensations afterward they are mushrooms, but if the person who makes the experiment dies, they are toadstools. One of these uncertain fish was presented to a gentleman, who invited a party of friends to dinner; but although the fish was a very fine specimen, no one dared to run the risk of being poisoned.

Presently the host announced that he had been favored with an idea, and this was to experiment with the fish on a blind beggar who was generally to be found at the door, and who seemed thankful for any gift. Should the experiment prove fatal to the beggar it would be a cause of rejoicing that he had saved so many valuable lives, and if he escaped unharmed from the ordeal, they could still rejoice over the dainty dish, of which they might then partake without misgiving.

The idea was highly applauded, and having settled upon two hours as a sufficiently liberal time for the beggar to die in, it was decided to wait until that time had returned to the feast and partook of the various dainties, while keeping an eye from time to time on the beggar outside. He had received a generous portion of the delicate fish with becoming gratitude, and as no bad symptoms appeared in the course of two hours the guests decided to begin upon the fugu. It was pronounced delicious, and they ate very freely of it, drinking also many cups of sake, which went to their heads.

Then some of them proposed to go and tell the beggar of the risk he had run for their benefit as "a good joke," but that rather remarkable man received the announcement very calmly. He even smiled as he drew from his robe the liberal portion of fugu with which he had been favored, telling them that he recognized it at once by the smell, and knew just why it had been bestowed on him. Then tranquilly adding that he should now watch the effect upon them before tasting the fish, he sat down to enjoy their discomfort.

It is not stated whether the revellers found to their cost that the fish was in a poisonous condition; but it is safe to assume that in any case they never again partook of fugu.

A Romantic Case.

Eight years ago the wife of Jonas E. Hartzig, of Detroit, escaped from an insane asylum and shortly afterwards the mutilated remains of a woman were found on a railway and were identified and buried as those of Mrs. Hartzig. This, however, was a mistake, for the real Mrs. Hartzig wandered to Brenton Harbor, where she was placed in a sanitarium. She finally recovered her reason, but could not remember anything of her previous life or even her name. When discharged from the institution she adopted the calling of a nurse, and settling in Chicago, prospered. Several weeks ago she read in a paper that Jonas E. Hartzig, Jr., had been arrested for forgery, and then like a flash her past came back to her. Investigation proved that the young man in gaol was really her son and that her husband was in Chicago and had married again. She called on him and there was a tearful scene between the two wives. Wife number two decided to give Hartzig up, and Hartzig himself elected to return to his first wife and institute proceedings in court in order to set himself right in the eyes of the law. All this, however, is now changed. The excitement of meeting her husband and family were too much for wife number one and she again lost her reason. Hartzig has also changed his mind and decided to cleave to his second wife, and apply for a divorce from his first on the ground of insanity.

Paderewski's Fee.

The story is told of Paderewski, he of the long locks and supple fingers, that he was invited to tea by a New York millionaire. The pianist rather coldly referred his intended host to his agent. When the agent was seen the first question he asked was: "I suppose Mrs. V. will expect Paderewski to play?" "I suppose so," "Then Mr. Paderewski will accept your invitation as an engagement." "Oh, very well, if you prefer to put it that way," returned the millionaire. "What are the terms?" "Three thousand dollars for one piece and M. Paderewski will consent to a single encore." The terms were not accepted.

BORN.

Parrishboro, Jan. 26, to the wife of William M. Laughlin, a son.
New Glasgow, Jan. 26, to the wife of Raymond Dand, a daughter.
Parrishboro, Jan. 24, to the wife of Capt. John Lie-welly, a daughter.
Windmere, N. S., Jan. 21, to the wife of Boardman Palmer, a daughter.
Diligent River, Jan. 24, to the wife of Edgar C. Bentley, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Jan. 29, to the wife of Evan McPherson, a daughter.
North Frankfort, C. B., Jan. 31, to the wife of Archibald McQuib, a daughter.
Shubenacadie, Jan. 20, to the wife of Alex. Eter, a daughter.
St. John, Feb. 4, to the wife of W. J. McGrath, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 26, to the wife of Donald Robb, Jr., a daughter.
Amherst, Jan. 22, to the wife of Wylie Chapman, a daughter.
Westville, Jan. 17, to the wife of William Porter, a daughter.
Charlottetown, Jan. 19, to the wife of John Connolly, a daughter.
Oxford, Jan. 25, to the wife of John W. Henderson, a son.
Moncton, Jan. 28, to the wife of W. J. Weiden, a son.
Yarmouth, Jan. 15, to the wife of J. H. Borge, a son.
Yarmouth, Jan. 15, to the wife of Charles Lewis, a son.
Middleton, Jan. 26, to the wife of H. E. Reed, a son.
Dawson, Jan. 12, to the wife of Esch Hopper, a son.
Liverpool, Jan. 24, to the wife of Henry Manthorn, a son.
Truro, Jan. 16, to the wife of J. J. Currie, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Andover, Jan. 29, George W. Grantham to Lily I. Skinner.
Halifax, Jan. 29, by Rev. Dr. Foley, John Wakeham to Sarah Myatt.
Glasgow, Jan. 30, by Rev. Kenneth McKay, James Love to Mary Gien.
Woodstock, Jan. 30, by Rev. Thomas Todd, James Dobbie to Ella Young.
Andover, N. B., by Rev. D. Fiske, Samuel Ritchie to Margaret A. Gooding.
Weymouth, Jan. 27, by Rev. H. A. Gr. Hall, Walter Solows to Annie Sabean.
Gavinton, Jan. 6, by Rev. C. D. Turner, Guidford Westal to Mabel Hatfield.
Dawson, Jan. 30, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Michael Steeves to Bessie Steeves.
Clifton, N. B., by Rev. B. S. Wainwright, Douglas M. Wetmore to Ida Lyon.
Centerville, Jan. 24, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Harry H. Thompson to Theresa Wambach.
Kentville, Jan. 30, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Joseph L. Ward to Mabel Sandford.
Port Maitland, Jan. 26, by Rev. F. Beattie, David S. Perry to Lennie Goodway.
Rose Bay, Jan. 24, by Rev. F. A. Bowser, Archibald Conrad to Rizzpah Zink.
Tusket, N. S., Jan. 24, by Rev. T. M. Munro, Albert Thuermer to Bertha Seewey.
Woodsville, Jan. 24, by Rev. Canon Neales, Samuel L. Merchant to Lilian Walker.
Kingsclear, Jan. 28, by Rev. H. Montgomery, Harvey E. Mills to Matilda Mills.
Windsor, Jan. 26, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, G. Edward F. Fink to Lilian F. Fink.
Good's Corner, Jan. 23, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, David Bell to Florence Gibson.
Lunenburg, Jan. 26, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, John S. H. Thompson to Barbara Wentzel.
Kentville, Jan. 20, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Frederick A. Bowles to Laila A. Mahaney.
Tusket, N. S., Jan. 25, by Rev. T. M. Munro, Loraine Seewey to Maud Blauvelt.
Stellarton, Jan. 17, by Rev. W. Nightingale, John D. Kellock to Agnes McPherson.
Liverpool, Jan. 26, by Rev. A. M. W. Harley, Robert Croft to Alberta Wynne.
New Glasgow, Jan. 20, by Rev. David Long, Pennington Price to B. H. Haggard.
Bloomfield Ridge, Jan. 28, by Rev. E. Bell, William McLeod to Maude Spencer.
St. John, Jan. 30, by Rev. A. D. Dwydney, Hugh H. Thompson to Mrs. Sarah Travis.
Forest Glade, N. S., Jan. 23, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Frank V. Foster to Bessie M. Baker.
Bound Bay, N. S., Jan. 29, by Rev. D. Farquhar, John McKenny to Sarah K. Perry.
Belyea Cove, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, George H. Somerville to Flora I. King.
East LaHave, Jan. 27, by Rev. George A. Howard, Conradus to Theresa Wambach.
Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 19, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, Arthur D. Smith to Estella Sullivan, of Yarmouth, N. S.

DIED.

Halifax, Jan. 27, Martin Breen, 27.
Truro, Jan. 27, Mrs. J. J. Currie, 38.
Halifax, Jan. 28, George Nichols, 82.
Halifax, Jan. 28, Johanna Kellum, 42.
Halifax, Jan. 29, Antonio Lebonati, 65.
Moncton, Jan. 30, Kenneth J. Rose, 60.
Fredericton, Jan. 29, Harry Morris, 37.
Woodstock, Feb. 3, George H. Seymour.
Newcastle, Jan. 26, Robert Sutherland, 74.
Amherst, Feb. 1, Charles Abel Briggs, 27.
Lower Newcastle, Jan. 2, Janet Ennis, 76.
French Village, Jan. 25, James Austin, 49.
Glenbow, N. S., Jan. 29, Aaron Roberts, 92.
Caribou River, Jan. 27, Donald McTavish, 78.
Dorchester, Feb. 4, Alexander Mackintosh, 71.
Fredericton, Jan. 29, Harry Morris, 37.
Grand River, C. B., Jan. 22, John McKenzie, 78.
St. John, Feb. 1, Mary, wife of James Brown, 68.
Folly Village, N. S., Jan. 25, Annis F. Vance, 62.
Truro, Jan. 31, Mrs. Muir, wife of Dr. D. H. Muir.
Port Hawkesbury, Jan. 23, Mrs. Elisha Reynolds, 65.
Parrishboro, Jan. 23, Almira, wife of John Gilbert.
Ship Harbor, Jan. 23, John J. son of Samuel Chapman, 54.
Halifax, Jan. 28, Sarah, widow of the late Nicholas Ross, 77.
Moncton, Jan. 29, Esther Hicks, wife of Miles Steeves, 56.
St. John, Jan. 31, Mary, widow of the late Michael Ross, 89.
Niagara, N. B., Jan. 25, Rosanna, wife of Howard Crossman, 68.
Andover, Jan. 28, Vera C. daughter of LeB. and Dorcas, 81.
Paradise, Jan. 29, Sarah, widow of the late Stinson F. Daniels, 81.
New Glasgow, Jan. 19, Ralph, son of William and Ida Canerton, 1.
Halifax, Jan. 30, Edward, son of Joseph and Kate Moran, 4 months.
Liverpool, Jan. 27, Margaret, widow of the late John Hyland, 73.
St. John, Feb. 4, Sarah, widow of the late Captain Thomas MacRae, 84.
Millville, Jan. 31, Mary E., widow of the late Robert Taylor, 84.
Halifax, Jan. 29, Kathleen, daughter of Thomas and Susan Druban.
Halifax, Feb. 2, of heart failure, Frances, wife of Herbert Temple, 34.
Charlottetown, Jan. 27, Margaret, widow of the late John Logan, 89.
Fredericton, Jan. 31, Charity, widow of the late George Thompson, 73.
Moncton, Feb. 2, Daisy Pearl, daughter of John and Clara Van Buskirk.
Dartmouth, Jan. 27, Arthur, son of Arthur and Annie J. Curtis, 4 months.
Baltimore, Jan. 25, of heart disease, Mary, daughter of James G. Smith, 29.
New Glasgow, Jan. 30, Leonard, son of Alex. and Annie Chisholm, 7 months.
Amherst, Jan. 31, Bertha May, daughter of Charles and Mary Purdy, 11 months.
River Bourgeois, Jan. 25, Gertrude, daughter of M. J. T. and Martha MacNeil, 1.
Hillsboro, Jan. 23, Mary Perley, daughter of Rev. Wellington and May F. Camp, 5.
Dorchester, Dec. 29, of diphtheritic croup, Norman, son of Benj. and Annetta B. Waugh, 2.
Halifax, Jan. 31, of congestion, Grace, daughter of Patrick and Julia Mackasey, 11 months.
Moncton, Feb. 2, of thrombosis, Annie Dorothy, daughter of William and Josephine Landry, 1.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENTFOR
Bronchitis,
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"I obtained immediate relief in a case of bronchitis, caught while in camp at Sussex, by the application of your Minard's Liniment."

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For MONTREAL and intermediate points, making close connections with Fast Express Trains for OTTAWA, TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, the West, North-West and the Pacific Coast.

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D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen'l Pass'g. Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass'g. Agt.,
Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax..... 13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.30
Express for Sussex..... 16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 5.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.50
Express from Halifax..... 15.30
Express from Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.30
Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN St. John and Halifax.

(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:

Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.
Leave Yarmouth, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.00