IN THE NICK OF TIME.

"Fifteen years ago I stood, in a prison-

er's dock, a convicted telon. It is impossible to adequately describe the effect produced by this startling contession; a sudden and death-like silence tell upon the company-each and all stared at the speaker in undisguised astonishment and expectancy.

"Yes, gentlemen, fifteen years since, to the very day, I, Robert Clyde, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a term of ten years' penal servitude for burglary; and had it not been for-But perhaps you would like to hear the whole

A burst of applause and a loud, hearty chorus of "hear, hear," greeted Clyde's words; every man in the room -and there was a large and fairly representative gathering—eagerly awaited the explanation of so extraordinary and incredible a state-

Robert Clyde was one of the most prominent townsman in the extensive and important borongh of Daggerfield. Yet he had not been fifteen years in the town. He had come amongst them, a complete stranger. But by dint of unflagging industry -allied with a sturdy, inflexible principal -he had pushed his way upward into a position of wealth and influence. am stoWell, gentlemen," continued Clyde, Tas soon as the company had relapsed into

silence; "this is my story. "I had just entered my teens, when my tather died-my mother had been dead for some years -leaving behind him a trifle over £200, little enough for a friendless lad to have to face the world with. I had neither trade nor profession, but after a good deal of trouble I succeeded in obtaining a situation as a porter to a large and tashionable drapery I placed my father's legacy in the bank, thoroughly determined never to to ich it until compelled. I was robust, ster dy. hopeful, and by sheer hard work, coupled with the strictest economy, managed to live in some degree of comfort and respectability. Atter a while, however, I grew restless and unhappy. I telt within me an irresistible impulse to rise to something higher and better than the daily drudgery to which my employment subjected me.

"About this time an emigration agent came to Danesleigh-my birthplace, gentleman - and, in glowing colors, painted the splendid prospects which awaited the

"Just the thing for me," I said to myself at the close of the lecture. 'Here I am -young, energetic, industrious-pegging away without the faintest hope of bettering myself. There's no mortal tie to bind me to the old country, and it's morally certain that there won't be the keen, savage, selfish struggle for existence out in the far unpopulated West that there is in England. At any rate, I'll make a bold bid for fortune.

This resolution I quickly carried into effect, and drawing all the money I possessed out of the bank, I got together a small ou fi', and 'burning with high hopes,' sailed for the land of 'the stars

"Concerning my life there I will say nothing. My experience were not realized and bitterly disappointed. I returned atter a few years' absence, all but penniless, to England.

"How I managed to exist, during the first few months after my return, I do not

"At length - after many weary tramps and much privation—I obtained a post at a boot depot in Redgirth-i smill town in the extreme south. My work was neither very light nor very remunerative -but I was glad enough of it.

"By a stringe and - for me - un ortunate coincidence, the very next week after my arrival the first of a series of startling and impudent burglaries took place. A shop was broken into and ransacked. Then, in rapid succession, no fewer than four other burg aries were effected. The gentry and tradespeople of Redgarth and its immediat neighborhood became greatly excitede and alarmed. The police redoubled their vigilance; new locks and boltwere fi ted on to the doors, but every precaution seemed futile.

"Well, gentlemen, it was my fate—and a cruel one, too-to become entangled in thos; burglaries. Talk about a narrow squeak! No one was ever nearer to irretrievable ruin than I was at that time.

"It was my practice, after business hours, to take a quiet stroll down the Maldon Road One eventful night, in accordance with this habit, I was walking leisurely along, when a young fellow suddenly derted out from the doorway of a large, substantially-built house.

... Y u don't happen to have such a thing as a latch key about you, do you?" he asked, abruptly. "I stared at the speaker in amazement;

the request was an unusual one, to say the

"I know it's a funny question to ask, he cominued, noticing my hesitation and attributing it to the right cause: 'but the fact is. I've locked myself out of my own house. I was writing a letter in the library, when somebody pulled the bell. I am alone in the house, and had to answer the ring myself. But there was no one at the door, and I stepped out to see if there was anyone about. In my hurry I forgot all about the latch, and pulled the door behind me, thus, unwittingly, locking my-

selt out in the street.' "But are there no windows unfastened?"

"No fear of that,' he replied, laughing; 'these wretched burglaries have settled all that sort of thing. My only hope is to An elderly but tresh-looking woman opened

may fit the lock.' "I had a bunch of keys in my pocketnot that they were of much use to mebut from the time of my tather's death I had kept them in my possession—and amongst them was the latch-key which opened the front door of the house where I

was lodging. "I am atraid it won't be of much use,' I said, singling out the key and handing the

punch to the unfortunate man. 'You are at liberty to try it, but --"'Ah! this will do very well-see,' he

exclaimed, and sure enough the lock clicked, and the door opened. "Thanks, very much,' he said, warmly. 'Here are your-,' but before he had finished the sentence, the keys dropped married last week.' out of his hand and fell with a jingle upon the pavement. He struck a match and man, "why didn't you tell me that at first?" began to search for them. In the dim "Because you didn't ask me," she light I cau ht a glimpse of his face- answered, quietly.

fortunate for me that I did, though, of course, I did not attach very much importance to it at the time. He struck another match and then another, but the keys seemed to have vanished altogether out

"I'm afraid they've slipped through the cellar grating," he said, at length: 'and if so, it'll be well-nigh impossible to recover them tonight. I'm awfully sorry; but, if you don't mind giving me your card, I'll bring them around to your place in the morning.

"It was certainly annoying; but I felt that it would be worse than useless to waste any more time in searching for them. I had no cards-how could a man -of-allwork at a boot-shop 'sport' cards ?-but I gave the fellow an envelope, which I happened to have in my pocket, and upon which my address was written in full.

" You shall have them-first thing to morrow morning !' said the man, and with a sharp 'good night,' he went into the

I got no sleep that night. I felt uncomfortable about those keys-something seemed to whisper to me that they would get me into trouble; a heavy shadow scttled over me. I was heartily glai when morning came, and I had to turn out of bed to go to my work.

"When I reached the shop, my master remarked that I looked pale, haggard, and generally out of sorts. "Been out all night?' he asked, half

· "No, sir,' I replied, with a feeble at-temp at a smile. But I don't feel alto-

gether up to the mark, perhaps ---At that moment someone came into the shop, and I began taking down the

"Robert,' said my master, coming out to me, just as I was about to carry the last shutter to its place; 'will you come into gestion. "I cannot, John-I cannot the shop, please?" " I did as directed.

" This is Inspector Roundway,' said my master, indicating a man I had seen enter the shop. ". Now, young man,' said the officer,

night? " 'Last night?' I echoed, faintly, the had left games and pastimes to lead his blood, despite myself, rushing into my face. little sweetheart's pony; had stinted himgreen-the game's played out!' exclaimed | Manhood brought no change, the maiden

know anything about these keys, do you?' | voted slave. "'Yes, I gasped, 'they are mine.' I held out my hand to take them, but he drew them back with a sudden jerk. "'It's a rum go when a young fellow in

your position carries skeleton keys about with him,' he exclaimed drily. "Skeleton keys?' I echoed, faintly. 'Skeleton keys?'

"'Ot course,' he said. 'Here they beas large as life. You'd forgotten they were on the ring, perhaps; but we have you nailed to them in any case; your landlady identified them before I came round here, and then there's this 'ere bit of paper, with your name and address ou it-maybe you'll own up to that as well."

"I am afraid that my manner was against me. I went red and white by turns, stam-I managed to struggle through the history of my adventure of the proceding night.

"An extraordinary statement! exclaimed the officer-a world of sarcasm in succeed in making a jury believe it, but ex- turned away. traordinary-oh, yes-certainly most extraordinary. Are you aware, young man, that an extensive robbery was committed in Maldon Road last night?"

the account of my capture. The police were congratulated on every side. But the strangest and, for me, most unlucky part of the whole business was that-the burglaries ceased from that night.

"Subsequent events appear to me now like a hideous nightmare. First came the preliminary investigation before the borough magistrates; then followed my committal to the assizes; next, there was the anxious, weary waiting for my trial, and by the time the day appointed for it arrived. I was in a most wretched and deplorable conition, both of mind and body. "The case against me was a strong one. I had come a stranger to Redgarth; soon after my arrival the burglaries had commenced-with my departure they had ceased. The evidence of the keys seemed irrestiatible, and I had no one to plead for me. The result you have already foreseen. The verdict of the jury was 'Guilty,' and not a soul in all that crowded court pitied

society from such daring, debased, and bardened criminals, and passed upon me a sentence of ten years penal servitude. "Then, suddenly, a new feeling took possession of me. The living active consciousness of innocence rushed upon me. 'You are condemming an innocent man,' I exclaimed, loudly, 'and'-but at this moment I turned hastily round and caught a glimpse of a face in the front row of the gallery behind me. I had seen that face

gave a fierce, wild cry of triumph. "He is yonder! He is yonder!' shouted, pointing with my finger at the fellow, who turned ghastly white and cowered beneath my gaze. 'There is the scoundrel who borrowed my latch-key!'

Children of a Larger Growth. Sometimes English school board officers are very officious and arrogant in manner. borrow a key, on the off-chance that it her door to one lately, and answered the

following questions: "Have you any children?" "Yes.

"How many ?" "Three." "Are they all at school?"

"No." "Are any of them ?" "No."

"We must see to that," said the man, pompously, taking out a note-book. "Now, your name and address?" Given. "Your children's names?" Also given.

"Now their ages?" "Well, let me think," answered the woman, with a gleam of fun in her eyes; "Willie, the youngest, is thirty, and was

"Thunder and lightning," roared the

HER LAST APPEARANCE.

In the twilight of late summer a man and girl were slowly walking down a quiet country-lane. Rugged in feature, there was little remarkable in John Hastings. An honest, fearless look alone redeemed the face from plainness. His companion, on the other hand, was a fair specimen of budding womanhood. Tall and supple, tiny hands and feet, wavy golden hair encircling a purely oval tace, she made a pretty picture.

The two were talking earnestly, the man's whole mein suggestive of strong, it controlled, eagerness, while, despite the girl's soberness of manner, a halt-amused, half-indifferent expression was to be read in every teature.

"Winnie," pleaded John, "you are leav-ing the old home to-morrow, leaving all who have watched you grow from childhood into girlhood. Will you ever c me back to us, or torget us in the new lite you are entering upon?" Then his voice taltered, ·Will you torget me ?"

"Oh, no, John," answered the girl. lightly. "I shall always remember the dear good brother you have always been to

A shade passed across the man's face. "No brother, Winnie," he answered quickly. "You must have felt there was different love in my heart, my darling. I thought you too young for me to speak out; but now, now"-his tones were deep and tender-"you are about to go away, can keep silence no longer. Say, Winnie, may I hope-will you give me your promise to be mine one day?" A gesture from Winnie interrupted his

flow of words. "No, no," she exclaimed with a motion of the hand, as if warding off the bare sugpledge myselt. Wait, wait awhile. Wait

patiently till my studies are over." "And then?" he asked eagerly. Winnie was silent. Her lover turned away with a sigh. Had there ever been a time when he had harsuly; 'what explanation have you to not loved her? As schoolboy, he had offer concerning your movements last fondled and caressed the toddling mite, regar iless of the taunts of his companions;

"'Yes-come-don't pretend to be self of many pleasures to increase hers. the officer, sharply. 'I suppose you don't still had power over him: he was her de-And Winnie accepted his loyal love with ver. She began to sing things that had always existed. A smile had never tailed to make John happy; a

word, a wish would send him to any distance to gratify a caprice of hers. They had reached the cottage where Winnie lived. Ere he opened the gate, John stopped, tumbled in his waistcoat

pocket, and produced a tiny case. "I had hoped to have placed this on your finger, Winnie, as a ple'ge of your promise to me," he said gently; "but now I only ask you to wear it in remembrance of me. You are going out into the great world, my darling. Admiration and flattery will surround you, but no one will ever love you more than I do. Think of mered, hesitated, and made just about the this, for if ever you are in need of me, worst impression I could. But, somehow, John Hastings will come to you from the end of the world. Good-bye, my little love."

He held her hands in his, kissed them tenderly, then placing the little case beboth tone and manner. Perhaps you may tween her fingers, he released her and

Winnie opened the case, drew forth the ring, and slipped it on, holding out the finger in the tading light to admire the sparkling stones. The last glimpse John "That same evening the town rang with Hastings had of the girl he so passionately adored was with bent head in eager con templation of his parting gift. With a silent farewell glance he passed out of

Winitred Carre's future had suddenly developed an unexpected phase. Beauty and grace had come to her as birthright, and now, with a wave of fortune's hand, the wheel went round, and lo! another prize lay at Winnie's feet. From a child she had sung as the birds warble, with no idea of the value of her notes. A few months back, an Italian professor had pronounced her voice splendid, with untold

"You will have ze ball of fame at your pretty feet, mademoiselle," he said in rapturous tones and imperfect English. "You will be a great prima donna if you study for one, two. dree years. Go to Alberti, in Malin. Tell him I send you and you will see."

Winnie hardly hesitated; she had no near me. The judge delivered a short address relatives to consult, and apart from a love -bearing on the necessity of protecting of music, the prospect of becoming a great singer dazzled her. What wonder if with these day-dreams

of future power and wealth, John Hastings' wooing did not stir her pulses or quicken her heart-beats. Chaperoned by a cousin, Winnie spent

the required three years in Italy. John his own land steward and a busy man, remained in England. Winnie wrote to him frequently, her letters full of the admiration and adulation showered on her and before. I recognised it-I knew it. I the certain triumphs, in store for her. John treasured the egotistical docum ents as precious.

"I shall be at your debut, you may be sure," he wrote in return, "if it comes off in Siberia."

Winnie's first appearance was fixed tor Malin. John was amused at the paragraphs that found their way into the papers concerning the young singer, her beauty, etc. A tissue of romance was also not omitted from the journalistic gossip.

John arrived in Milan on the eventful day, and, with a lover's inconsistency, did not call on Winnie, contenting himself with sending her the leveliest bouquet to be had tor money. The theatre was crowded, the opera

chosen-Il Barbiere. John, with beating heart, saw the girlish figure glide on to the stage, and as the first cadences fell from her lips, he knew she had won the sympath es of the audience. Deafening applause greeted "Rosina's" first aria, and the enthusiasm mounted with each act. John Hastings sat as one transixed. That

his little country lassie, the beautiful, selfpossessed young woman before him! "What chance have I?" he asked himself bitterly as the curtain dropped amid a shower of bouquets and acclamations of delight, enthusiastic Italians waving handkerchiefs and shouting themselves horse. In the lobby John found a box-keeper, to whom he intrusted a card for Winnie.

COURTER SA TTRIAN

you tomorrow," he wrote.

"I could not have spoken to her tonight," he said to himselt on his way to his hotel. Winnie received him next day with evident pleasure, but just as evident sang- Lewis Mountain, Jan. 18,

"I am so delighted to see you," was her greeting. "How good of you to come all that long way; but I was a success, eh?" The exultant ring in her voice somehow jarred on her lover. "Are you happy, Winnie?" he quest-

ioned in his turn, leaving hers unanswered. The girl's tace flushed, her eyes grew larger, brighter. "Perfectly," she said clasping her hands. What more have I to wish for? Last

nigh' I signet an engagement for St.

Petersburg. Halt-a-dozen impressarios besieged me with offers, but" (prondly) Alberti tells me to take my time in deciding. I can pick, choose, and refuse." This saucy rejoinder brought back the old Winnie to John's memory, and an irresistable longing seized him to put his

tate to the test once again. "The three years are over, Winnie," he said sottly, then, arrested by something in the girl's eyes, he stopped abruptly. "No; my time ras not yet come," he thought, and changed he subject.

He stayed in Milan to hear her sing in two or three other operas, listened to the reiterated praises of the Lily of Albion, the golden haired beauty, then he returned "It you want me, Winnie, I am yours to

command," was his farewell. Winnie's career was an uninterrupted series of success. She was feted and petted. Rumors of titled suitors, even a Russian prince, were circulated, but Win-

nie Carre she had remained. The third winter after her appearance, she was engaged for the Paris season. John Hastings happened to have business that gave him the excuse of a visit. Hopeless as he had grown to think his love was. the prospect of seeing her, of hearing her, was a temptation he could not resist. Winnie treated him to the old indifference he knew to well; still he was to be found in his stall every night she sang.

Winnie was to appear one particular evening in Mignon, and, as it was a new

part, anticipation ran high. On her entrance the applause was deafening, but she had not reached th footlights when a nameless fear, a subtle intinct of something wrong made John shiegotism of a selfish nature, never caring to of her aria, than, a sudden snap, her voice think of any possible climax to a state of failed, and she stood gazing across the sea of faces with a helpless, beseeching stare. Oh, for that fickle Parisian audience! A volley of hisses burst forth. John jumped to his feet; a hand on his shoulder thrust him back into his seat.

"Sit down," cried someone at his side, 'she may recover herself." Yet even as he spoke, Winnie gave an inarticulate cry, and with a surging move-

ment tell to the ground. "Drunk!" exclaimed the pit audience as the curtain tell. "Drunk!" echoed voices as he elbowed bis way out.

The manager's apology for Mademoise lle Carre's illness was the signal for more derision, shouts, and hisses. The petted idol of vesterday was shattered, dethroned by a people quek to hate as to love. On the esplanade of a seaside town, little

frequented, two people form a centre of

interest to the few habitues whenever they are met, she in a bath-chair, he walking slowly at its side. Their history has leaked out, and it is generally known that the invalid is the once famous singer, and the upright, almost soldierly-looking man, is Winnie's face is often drawn with pain, but its expression is sweeter than in older days : so John Hastings thinks as his eves

meet hers whenever a jolt of the chair makes him look anxiously at her. Winnie is crippled for life, the paralytic seizure that no doctor can particularise by name nor well account for, is incurable, but she is all the dearer on that account to the heart of the constant lover and husband, who, in winning her at last, believes that he has his reward.

Stone That is Flexible.

It may be safely said that no specimen in a geographical collection is more curious than the bar of flexible sandstone, which can be bent with less pressure than that required to bend a piece of wet leather of the same size, In an article upon the subject we are told that when a thin slice of a stone is looked at under a lens by a transmitted light, the fragments are seen to be locked together like the parts of a sectional puzzle toy, fixed but only loosely. The simplest way of explaining how this stone was formed is to say that grains of sand were once cemented firmly together by another material, which has been partly dissolved, leaving behind countless natural ball-and-socket joints of jugged shape.

For the Fair Sex.

"Won't it be lovely when we girls vote?" said Mrs. Bobleigh. "Yes," replied Mrs. Giddithing. "Only I do hope they'll have room enough on the ballots for a postscript."

BORN.

Amherst, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. Maxwell, a son. Halifax, Jan. 23, to the wife of J. S. McLeod, a son. Halifax, Jan. 23, to the wife of A. Muir, a daughter. Halifax, Jan, 19, to the wife of R. A. Woodill, a son. Halifax, Jan. 25, to the wife of T. Ellis, a daughter-Amherst, Jan. 22, to the wife of Dennis Madden, a

Halifax, Jan. 21, to the wife of Charles E. Stewart, St. John, Jan.23, to the wife of William M. Campbell.

St. John, Jan. 20 Burlington, N. S., to the wife of Harry Murphy, a

Parrsboro, Jan. 21, to the Argyle, Jan. 21, to Halifax, Jan, 26

Amberst, Jan. 23, to tue Berwick, Jan. 20, to the wife of E. F. Kenny, a

Cleveland, C. B., Jan. 16, to the wife of A. D. Mc-

"A thousand congratulations; will see Upper Canard. N. S., Jan 17, to the wife of G.o. R. Stellarton, N. S., Jan 21, to the wife of J. G. Ruther-

ford, a daughter. Butternut Ridge, Jan. 21, Alward, a daughte

Ironwood, Michigan. Jan. Anderson's Mountain, Jan. 40, to the wife of George Strickland, a daugfiter.

MARRIED. St. George, by Rev. Donal i Smith, John Hill to

Parrsboro, Jan. 3, by Rev. J. Sharp, John Lamb to Milton, Jan. 19. by Rev. P. Murray, John E. Foster to Ada B. Demon. Rawdon, Jan. 10, by Rev. J. Spencer, William Lantz to Alice Wier.

Halifax, Jan. 17, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Alfred Webb to Ada B. Gray. Parrsboro, Jan. 17, by Rev. James Sharp. Milledge Tuttle to Annie Leake. Parrsboro, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. Sharp, William J. Berry to Annie Fowier.

Cornwallis, Jan 16, by Rev. E. C. Ford, Walton Harris to Maud E. Power. St. John, Jan. 30, by Rev. Father Casey, Hugh Gallagher to Mary Murphy. Berwick, Jan. 16, by Rev. J. Craig, J. LeBaron Margeson to Sadie Loomer.

Campbello, Jan. 14, by Rev. J. B. Daggett, Biaine Fletcher to Aurilla Tinker. Nashwaak Bridge, by Rev B. A. Murray, Thomas Cowie to Adelia McLaggao.

St. John, Jan. 23. by Rev. W. O. Raymond, David Jones to Caroline A. Perktus. Shelburne, Jan. 17, by Rev. Dr. White, Harvey Turner to Hippie A. Mudins.

Lunenburg, Jan. 17, by Rev. James L. Batty, Foster Conrad to Esther Wentzel. Dartmouth, Jan. 23, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Char-les G. Carr to Phoebe Hawkins. Pictou, Jan. 15, b. Rev. George S. Caison, James

S. Houghan to Jennie Dobson . Tatusintac, Jan. 23, by Rev Dr. Bruce, William L. Murray to Catherine B. Murray. Hampton Village, Jan. 10, by Rev. George Howard, Joshua Allaby, to Mary J. Reid.

Canterbury, Jan. 24, by Rev. D. E. Brooks, Ira Crockwhite to Fanny Andersou. Maitland, Jan. 16, by Rev. G. R Murtell, George Cook to Mrs. Emily Underwood. Centreville, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Stanley Miller to Ha tie Wolverton.

Port Medway, Jan. 19, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, James McDonald to Bessie Veinot. Feltsen South, Jan. 17, by Roy. F. A. Bowser, Artemus Mosher to Joanna Wagner. North Kingsten. Jan. 28, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Frank W. Foster to Susie E. Grogan. Philadelphia. Pa., Jan. 23, William F. McDonald to Susie E. Watson, of St John, N. B. North Head, N. B., Jan. 12, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Henry Dunbar to Cornelia A. Tatton.

Shelburne, Jan. 15, by Rev. W. H. S. Morris Joseph Dechamp to Mrs. Teresa Ann Guy. New Glasgow. Jan. 19, by Rev. James Carruthers, James G. H. Purvis to Elizabeth A. MacKay. Salem, N. S., Jan. 17, by Rev. W. M. Knowlin, Captain Freeman Johnson to Mrs. Sarah Nick.

Bridgetown, Jan. 16, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, assisted by Rev. G. D. Harris and Rev. E. D. Parry, Louis Clark to Mary L. Robertson. St. John, Jan. 30, by The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Fred ricton, assisted by Rev. Canon Brig-stocke, Perce Domville to Mary E. Jarvis.

DIED.

St. John, Jan. 25, John Day, 72. Halifax, Jan. 18, Mary Lively, 79. Halifax, Jan. 22, Oliver Gray, 60 Halifax, Jan. 23, James Myers, 78. Halifax, Jan. 27, Martin Breen, 27. Middleton, Jan. 22, Ann Eaton, 65. Halifax, Jan. 24, George Coggins, f8. Fairville, Jan. 26, James Brophy, 53. Highbury, Jan, 23, Mrs. A. L. Pineo. Oromocto, Jan, 20, John T. Currie, 58. St. John, Jan. 28, Nellie Copeland, 13. Wallace Bay, Jan. 13, David Betts, 94. Halifax, Jan. 23, George R. Taylor, 20. Parrsboro, Jan. 22, David Willigar, 76. Yarmouth, Jan. 19, Daniel Warner, 86. St. John, Jan. 28, Rev. Alfred H. Weeks. St. John, Jan. 28, Mrs. Charles Bailley, 38. Bedford, Jan. 19, Laura E. Landsburg, 24. St. Stephen, Jan. 20, Arthur W. Laffin, 63. F. Il River, Jan. 12, Mrs. John Lindsay, 65. Wes: p rt, Jan. 18, Mrs. Handley Payson, 63. Beaver Brook, Jan. 24, Susie Longheac, 19. Wolfville, Jan. 27, Robert Martin Burns, 33. Hartland, Jan. 22, Rev. Lamuel W. Shaw, 60. Kentville, N. S., Jan. 17, Alexander Ross, 66. Musquash, Jan. 22, Francis, wi'e of Dr. Redell. Lake George, Jan. 11, Charles M. Cutcheon, 02. Halifax, Jan. 27, Francis, wife of Isaac Earle, 26. South Bar, C. B., Jan. 18, Mrs. James Webber, 52. Moncton, Jan. 29, Esther, wife of Miles Steeves, 56 Chatham, Jan. 25, Margaret. wife of John Crosbie,

Apple River, N. S., Jan. 16, Mrs. George S. Cusack, Sydney, C. B., Jan. 18, Mrs. Nicholas Thompkins,

Annapolis Royal, Jan. 21, Edward Cutler Cowling, St. John, 24, Ella, daughter of George and Pr cilla Victoria, B. C., Jan. 16, Lavinia Jones, of St. John,

St. John, Jan. 26, Bessie, widow of the late William

Halitax, Jan. 28, Sarah, widow of the late Nicholas St. John, Jan. 27, Matilda, widow of the late John Windsor Junction, Jan. 24, Sadie, wife of M. H. Lower Granville, Jan. 18, Capt. George E. Win chester, 45.

South Maitland, Jan. 20, Mary A. C., wife of George Lindsay, 85. Wickham, Jan. 10, Sussanah, wife of Alfred G. Vanwart, 67. Belmont, Jan. 15, Eliza, widow of the late John

Arcadia, Jan. 23, Sarah, widow of the late Eben Jordan Bay, Jan. 16, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Dartmouth, Jan. 24, Bessie daughter of John and

Dalbousie, N. S., Jan. 16, Silena, wife of Allister Newcastle, Jan. 16, Mary, widow of the late Michael Los Angelos, Cal., Jan. 25, James McKillop, of St John, N. B., 35. Millbrook, Jan. 16, infant son of Thomas W. and

Yarmouth, N. S., Henry, son of Raymond and Mag-St. John, Jan. 27, Leonard, son of Robert and Re-Port Elgin, Dec. 7, Emma, daughter of the late J. Haniord Read, 25. Fredericton, Jan. 23, William, son of John and Agnes Damery, 1.

William Chisholm. St. John, Jan. 23, James R, son of James B. Halifax, Jan. 25, Ida Mary, daughter of Eliza and the late Richard Callahan, 8. Little Bras d'Or, C. B., Jan. 12, Julia, daughter of Thomas and Mary Young, 24.

Andover, Jan. 28, Vera Constance, daughter of Charles LeB. and Willie Miles. Halifax, Jan. 21, Maggie, daughter, of Dennis and Margaret Flinn, 13 months. Quispamsis, Jan. 23, Bessie R., daughter of James and Annie C. Mullett, 10 months.

Truro, Jan. 16, Barbara, widow of the late Neil Ramsey, of Charlottetown, P. E. I. Halifax, Jan. 24, of scarlet fever, Marjorie, daugh ter of George and Helen Campbell, & Hawkshaw, Jan. 20, Mary Edith, daughter Thomas and Lizzie Thompson, 3 months. Scotch Settlement, Jan. 22, of scarlet fever, Clars, daughter of Walter and Mary C. Northrup, 11

Houlton, Jan. 27, Edith S., wife of William Z. Earle, and daughter of the late Edward Symonds, cf St. John, N. B.

"KING OF PAIN."

La Grippe, Etc.

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LINE.

Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St 4.00 P. M. Sunday Excepted DAILY,

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. WA Connecting at St. John's, Que., Sunday morning excepted, with Fast Express for New York, via Central Vermont Line.

quire at City Ticket office, Chubb's Corner. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. Montreal. St. John, N. B.

For tickets, sleeping car a

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..... Express for Halifax...... 13.50

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mon treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... Express from Montreal and Quebec (Mon-Express from Halifax. Express from Halifax, Picton and Camp-

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and thuse between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by Al trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER,

General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894. Dominion Atlantic R'y.

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, Leave Halifax, 640 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth,

Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m. Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville,

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS: Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p.m. Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a.m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p.m. Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 45 a.m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Frid 4,
6 50 a.m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a.m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a.m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8 10 p. m. ville, 8 10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwalis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Juncion and Halifax with Intercolonial and Capadian Pacific trains for points West

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK

For Boston.



UNTIL FURTHER NO-this company will leave St-John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.00 (standard)
Returning will leave Boston
same days at 8 a. m., and
Portland at 5 p. m., for East-

port and St. John. Connexions made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.