A MODERN BLUEBEARD.

I didn't like his appearance from the first moment I set my eyes on him, though he was handsome. He was tall, had broad shoulders, heavy black hair and mustache and piercing dark eyes.

"Is this Rosebud Cottage?" he inquired, with an amused smile, as he glanced at the tew sickly rosebushes struggling for existence along the gravel path. The hot blood rushed to my face as I answered in affirmative.

"I saw in vesterday's Times that you had rooms to rent," he continued. "It they are not engaged I would like to have a look at them. Not very large," he remarked, critically, as his eyes roved around the bed-chamber. 'Low ceiling, too; but the majority of country houses have that former lover know her whereabouts.

"The sitting-room is larger," I hastened to assure him, as I threw open the door of

"Well, yes, a little," admitted he, as he stepped inside of the room and partly closed the door after him. "Dingy windows, slate-colored paper, faded carpet and out-of-date turniture," I heard him mutter. "A prison-like place, truly! If I can't accomplish my purpose here I never this for any length of time would be enough to drive one mad."

What did the man mean? Could it be possible that he was crazy? I shuddered at "What are your terms for these apart-

ment, also boarding for myselt and wite? "Twenty five dollars a month." "Very well; I shall take them. And here are five dollars to seal the bargain.

You may expect us next Thursday. Allow me to bid you a very good morning. "Now we ought to be able to pay a little

on the principal of the mortgage," was my comment. All my life we had had "hard scratching," as Aunt Angelina expressed it, to pay even the interest. I had always felt that the mortgage and

I were related, for we both had been thurst upon Aunt Angelina's delicate shoulders almost twelve years before. Uncle Hezekiah died about that time and left Angelina to attend to the mortgage and me. I never heard Aunt Angelina complain but once, and that was when Judge Dun-

bar's daughters were home from college. Then she broke forth sharply: "If Hezekiah had minded me, I could have sent you away to school, instead of having you work

"It I'm a shadow I'm a very substantial one," laughed I. "It it hadn't been for your kindness, I would have been sent to the poorhouse, when, a little tot of three, I was left homeless."

"Tut, tut, child!" she rejoined, a suspicious moisture gathering around her eyes. "I love to have you here."

It was the ambition of my life to pay off that mortgage. In the summer I carried | Angelina and I. the produce from our garden to market, butter, eggs and milk to Mrs. Dunbar, and when autumn frosts brought down the nuts. gathered them for the village stores. During the dreary winter days, I helped Aunt Angelina sew. I hate sewing, but I never told Aunt Angelina so, for she, poor, dear old soul, was obliged to sew all the year around. When trudging to market I wove romances about the people I met, or who lived along the way, which, no doubt, would have astonished them.

One of my pet fancies was that the old live in single blessedness. I ventured to for his wife. hint this to Aunt Angelina.

ejaculated.

"John Leigh wanted to marry your mother when she was a girl, but she wouldn't have him. And as for Josephlne Smith, her lover was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness."

Such day-dreams were, no doubt, silly,

years I have tried to rent those rooms, but they never suited. Did he say anything about the paper and furniture?"

"Yes, he mentioned them. And I'll tell you what I believe, Aunt Angelina," I continued, repeating the stranger's comments about the room; "I believe that he to shut up his wife in that room until she

would do such a thing as that. What is planation. his name?"

" I didn't ask him."

. But what name did you put in the re- not unkindly.

"Receipt! What receipt?" "The receipt for the five dollars, of

"I never thought of one," I confessed. "And he didn't mention it, either."

"What t me on Thursday will they

"Indeed, Aunt Angelina. I do not know." "Good land, child! You will never make a business woman, that's certain. But, come now, it is time to get supper." About dusk on Thursday we heard carrisge wheels coming up the road, and, a moment later, they stopped at our door. Out sprang Bluebeard tollowed by the prettiest little woman that I had ever seen. Her hair was like pure gold and fell in soft rings on a forehead of snowy whiteness, beneath which were a pair of dark blue eyes, a straight nose and red lips, daintily curved.

"How beautiful!" fell involuntarily from my lips.

She smiled, a sweet, tired smile, which

made her still more beautiful. Except at meal times I saw very little of the Bluebeards. (They did not tell us their name, and we asked no questions.) Once a day Mr. Bluebeard went for a walk, but was never away more than an hour. Mrs. Bluebeard seldom went beyond the limits of our yard, but when she did so Bluebeard accompanied her, and watched her as a cat watches a mouse.

the house, a man came hurrying up the the women were willing to let their huspath. He was stylish looking, not so hand- bands come to the affair, they took all the some as Bluebeard, though considerably money to the other people.'

younger. Before he had time to knock. Mrs. Bluebeard tripped down the stairway to meet him. She conducted him upstairs, where he remained until shortly before Bluebeard's return. After that he came

daily during Bluebeard's absence. At first I was greatly puzzled, but finally came to a conclusion that to me seemed very reasonable. The stranger had once been Mrs. Bluebeard's lover, but Bluebeard had, by some underhanded work, separated them, thus securing the coveted prize. Upon discovering his treachery, about Roland;" and the doctor's keen they had become reconciled. And Bluebeard, learning this, decided to shut up his sweet little wife in our lonely upstairs chamber until her mind should give way. Mrs Bluebeard, however, had found out his cruel purpose, and managed to let her

Aunt Angelina shook her head when she heard my version of the matter, and said I ought not bother myself with what did not concern me.

This state of affairs continued for about two weeks when they were sudderly brought to a climax. Bluebeard, returning earlier than usual, saw a stranger disappear around the curve of the road.

I do not know what took place between Mr. Bluebeard and his wite-no doubt a can, that's certain. Shut up in a room like regular scene. She did not leave her room

That evening I concluded to inquire how she was, also to ask if she wished a cup of tea. Before I had time to knock. I heard Bluebeard say in high, angry tones:

"Madam, I have discovered your faithessness. You are a woman, therefore I annot wreak my vengeance upon you; but, before the dawn of another day your over's life shall pay the penalty-" I waited to hear no more. With limbs

that trembled so I could scarcely walk, I crept down the stairs and out of the house. My duty was clear; I must warn the man whose life was in danger. But where was I to find him? I found the object of my journey lounging on the hotel porch.

"Bluebeard going to murder me!" he ex-Bluebeard."

lessly gasped my story.

'That is not his right name," I explained. He never told it to us, so I call of paper. him Bluebeard. You know his wife, for you have been to see her every day." "Oh, Violet!" he ejaculated. "And he

is going to kill me for going to see Violet. yourself to a shadow to help with the Well, I'll see if he will. Come, little girl, "Oh, sir, please do not go near him," am not afraid of him.

> From what followed I know he spoke "Hello, Mark!" he said cooly, throw-

ing open the door as he spoke, and advancing into the room, followed by Aunt "Have you your revolver ready? Or

Bluebeard gave a gasp of surprise. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No; but I thought you had when I was informed that you had planned to kill me

before to-morrow morning." "There must be a terrible mistake somewhere," said Bluebeard, looking puzzled. 'Who told you such a strange story?"

For answer the man pointed to me. Then, maid and bachelor who dwelt near each at Bluebeard's request, I related what I other had lovers in their youth, but though had overheard that evening, also confessed some misunderstanding were doomed to my suspicions in regard to the fate in store

I had expected that he would either con-. Good land, child, what put such a fess the truth or indignantly deny it. Inqueer thing as that in your head?" she stead of that he leaned back in his chair and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks; not only that but his wife and the stranger laughed too.

When he grew calm enough to speak he

"I was reading my story to Violet. Those words you will find on this page," but they belped to make the work less he said, selecting a sueet of paper from a irksome and the foreclosure of the mort- large pile of manuscripts that lay on the it she succeeded to-night her ultimate sucgage farther away. When Aunt Ange- table. "And," continued he, turning to lina came home from the village, looking me, "the words I dropped the day I came "Good land!" she gasped. "I can to portray in a certain scene of a story the theatre, gazed at her proudly. scarcely believe it. For the past four which I had in contemplation. I can put more life into my writing when I have the scene, which I wish to describe, before me."

"But," turning to the stranger, "why did you avoid me?" "Well, the truth is my sister and I are writing a story together and we decided to keep it a secret from you for the present

is a regular Bluebeard, and that he intends | for fear your criticism might discourage us. Mrs. Bluebeard his sister! Well, I never! The story of romance and tragedy which I .. Don't let such foolish ideas get into had woven was like a gigantic soap bubble, your head, child. No man in his senses which broke when touched by a simple ex-Aunt Angelina, who all this time had re-

mained quiet, broke out sharply, though "Good land, child, what a goose you have been! I told you not to meddle with

hope that this will you teach you to mind your own business!" And it did.

Trying to Atone.

A sea captain who lived in Washington during his stays on land had a great fancy for fowls of all sorts, and especially prized an old gobbler which had been long in his possession. From one cruise he brought home a mischievous young monkey, which made as much trouble as the proverbial "white elephant." One day, hearing a terrible commotion in the hennery, the captain entered and found Jocko with the gobbler under his arm, while he was deliberately pulling out the poor bird's last tail teather. The captain rescued the turkey and punished the monkey severely, who knew very well why he was chastised. The next day, again hearing a commotion among the feathered tribe, the captain went to the scene of action, and there sat Jocko with the much-persecuted gobbler between his knees, while he was trying to put the feathers back. His intentions were good, but the turkey seemed unable to appreciate them.

"I hear your church fair proved a failure." "It did. The church across the One morning, after Bluebeard had left way started a bargain counter, and though

A PAIR OF CYNICS.

appearance of Miss Iolanthe Gray as

As Doctor Roland hurried through the streets the large letters of the playbill caught bis eye, and he stopped to read it. Doctor Roland was a hard-working, practical man.

"A good tellow," his friends said; "but a regular cynic, you know. No sentiment eves and somewhat sarcastic manner did not belie his reputation.

"A good thing I can't go," said the doctor to himself. "If I were to see her again -" but here the doctor's meditation stopped; the it was too attractive; he pulled himself together mentally, and hurried

Certainly it was wise of Doctor Roland to keep his thoughts from straying in the direction of the beautiful and successful young prima donna-beautiful, but proud, cold, inaccessible, people said.

Presently the doctor turned into a side alley, and enter a house. The setting sun shone through a dusty window into a room almost destitute of turniture. A hard-featured woman was trying to

still the cries of an infant on her knee. again that day, saying she had a very severe In a bed w.th ragged coverings lay a wonderfully pretty child, with pathetic blue eyes. She had just awakened from a feverish dose, with a cry for someone -the doctor could not distinguish the

"Who does she want?" he said to the

"She's been like that all day," the woman said. As soon as she gets to sleep she wakes and cries for the lady as used to come an' see'er. She's that tond of 'er. she frets when she doesn't come-she 'asn't been now two days; she brings Lizzy tired of it -that's the way o' grand folk." She spoke harshly and wearily.

"If this friend could see her now," said He looked at me in amazement as I breath- the doctor, "it might be the turning point; but if she does not get quiet sleep very soon, there is no chance for her. Can't laimed "I know no one by the name of you send for this lady? Say the child is dying."

The woman produced a crumpled piece "Couldn't you send someone for her?"

he said. "I've no one to send. I don't see as it'll

make any difference." The woman was callous and hopeless, and we will pay your Bluebeard a call." and the doctor left the house with rather slow and absent steps. Then he undid I pleaded. "He will kill you it you do." | the crumpled piece of paper, read it, hailed "Pshaw!" he laughingly returned. "I an ominibus, and in a few minutes was standing before a house in West Street. There he looked at the paper again: the woman had not told the name of the baby -probably, he thought, a district visitorto whom he had come on his self-imposed errand, and it was awkward; there was only the address: no name on the paper, it seemed. He turned it round. Ah! perhaps, you intend using a knite or even | there on the other side, soiled and almost illegible. were two words: "Iolanthe Grey."

The blood rushed to the doctor's face. Should he proceed with his design? He was a man who could not bear to be foiled. He rang the bell.

"Miss Grey went to the theatre half-an hour ago," said the servant. The doctor looked at his watch. There

might be just time enought before the performance began. He stood irresolute. It was absurd—she would be dressing. It would be no use, even if there was time-she would not come; she was cold. proud, hard. What was a sick child? It

would be only making himselt ridiculous to go to the theatre-before her, too. He walked on a few paces; then-how strange !- that cynical doctor was driving | constructed once more-being kept exactly at full speed in a cab towards the theatre,

bound surely on a tool's errand. Iolanthe Grey's magnificent statuesque face, usually pale and marble-like in its beauty, had just a tinge of color in it. Her eyes shone with an unwonted excitement. Tonight was to be her trimuph; slight touching up, is revealed.

cess was secure. She was already dressed for her part. so tired and old, I told her what good luck to look at these apartments would not have In a few moments she expected to be callhad befallen us, and held up the five dollar been mysterious to my wife. I was search- ed to the footlights. Her mother, with ing tor such a place as this which I wished | whom she was waiting in an ante-room of

A tall, dark-eyed, handsome man who stood near, and assumed a sort of familiarat her with open admiration. Iolanthe caught the look, and turned away her head with an air of indescribable hauteur. The dark gentleman muttered something inaudible, and turned away.

"A note for you, madam. A gentleman is waiting for an answer." "I will see the gentleman," after a glance

at the note; and Dr. Roland presently entered, hot, dusty, and rather nervous. "I am exceedingly sorry," he began,

"to intrude at such an inconvenient time. You saw in my note-" "Tell me-is the child really so ill, dying?"

"I fear so, but I thought there might what does not concern you. I sincerely be a chance if she could sleep. As it is, she continually wakes and calls for -

for you.' The doctor's manner was distinctly unprofessional to-night. "I thought"I would just tell you the fact," he said; "that is all."

Iolanthe was silent for a moment. She vaguely remembered that she had heard this young doctor described as a cynic. "What do you expect me to do?" she said. "The house is waiting for me."

"I-oh, I suggest nothing. I thought there might be time-I see I am too late." She spoke to her mother, who seemed to to protest. Then she said-

"It was kind of you, Doctor Roland, to tell me about this. If you will get a cab for me and mother you will be kinder still. I am going at once to the ohild." The news spread like wildfire behind

the scenes that the prima donna was suddenly called away. Mademoiselle Manon, a clever young artiste, and in some respects a rival of Miss Grey, was to take her place at Miss Grey's special request, and to her her own delight. When Dr. Roland came to say that the cab was in readiness, he found quite a

wishers gathered round Iolanthe, who stood calm and pale. The manager was speaking with ill-concealed rage and disgust. "Miss Grey's connection with the com-

pany will, of course, be at an end if she

crowd of expostulating friends and well-

deserts us in this disgraceful way," said he Fredericton, Feb. 6 by Rev. Mr. Wnalley, William H. Seymour to Lucy E. Gilks.

"Tonight, -- Theatre. Lohengrin. First "I am sorry to disappoint everyone," Iolanthe was saying, "but I am going." The overture was ended, a burst of applause came from the house. Iolanthe's

cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled; then she turned away and in a few minutes was being whirled rapidly through the darkening streets.

Some days had passed. The fair-haired child lay with her hand in Iolanthe's.

The doctor stood by rather gloomily. He had just met the dark-eyed man in the street. evidently waiting to escort Iolanthe. "Our patient may be moved to-morrow, I hope, doctor," said Iolanthe. "She is going with us into the country."

The doctor started. "Then you are leaving town, Miss

"For the present." The doctor stood by the window. He began to speak in his most cynical tone. "As a student of human nature." he said. 'I have been wondering about you. Miss

"Inde ed ?" She rose from her position by the child and suddenly became cold and distant. "I have been wondering why people have always told me that you were cold and

proud -- and hard." Her manner changed a little. "I too have wondered," she said. "why,

when people spoke of you, they called you 'that cynical doctor.'' "But how do you know I am not a cynic?" "How do you know I am not proud and

cold, and hard?"' The doctor's manner changed, he spoke vehemently.

"Madmoiselle Manon has scored a great success," he said. "She has taken your St. Martins, Feb. 4, Robert McCutchin, 77. place. You threw away your success- Deer Island, Feb. 3, Abner G. Barker, 29. flowers an' talks to'er, but I s'pose she's you left it behind you and you do not Halifax, Feb. 8, Catherine Glazebrook, 69. regret what you did."

"No," she said, "I do not." "I knew that night at the theatre that you were neither cold nor hard." "I thought that night at the theatre that perhaps after all, you were not a cynic.'

"What is a cynic?" he said. "A man who does not believe in good ness, truth, and beauty," she said reflective-

"Miss Grey, a cynic means a man who is not in love-in love with you. I am not a cynic.

so long by the window, and why the doctor stooped down and kissed Iolanthe's hand, and why, when her friend said "good-by," and kissed her, there was such a soft new light in her eyes.

Casting a Bronze Statue. Few people realize the immense amount of labor and difficulty attending the production of a bronze statue of any size, even after the artist has done his work. To begin wi'h, the plaster model has to be completely covered with small lumps of a special kind of sand, sometimes as many as 1.500 or 2,000 of these pieces being required. After these blocks of sand are dry they are carefully taken off the cast one at a time and as carefully put together again to form the mould. The latter is then filled with clay, and the same operation is again gone through, a facsimile of the plaster cast being thus obtained. Then comes the most delicate part of the whole work. The clay model-or "core," as it is technically termed-has to have a quarter of Pictou, Feb. 7, Sarab, widow of the late Alexander an inch taken off its entire service, which, as may readily imagine, is anything but easy, especially if the subject be at all ornate. The "core" is then again put into a mould—which has, of course, to be rein the centre by means of iron rods. The molten bronze is then poured in from the top, completely filling the space between the "core" and the mould. After it has cooled the latter is again removed and the clay interior extracted, when the statue, somewhat rough, it is true, and needing

Proud Mother (to irritable old gentleman, whose beard her little boy is pulling out by the roots)-"Little darling! Its not often he takes so kindly to strangers!"

BORN.

Halifax, Feb. 6, to the wife of John Weaver, a son. ity with the mother and daughter, looked | Halifax, Feb. 7, to the wife of W. Coupe, a daughter. Dartmouth, Feb. 6, to the wife of George Foot, a St. John, Feb. 4, to the wife

> Kentville, Feb. 4, to the wife of Sackviile, Feb. 6, to the wife of R. P. Foster, a

Wolfville, Feb. 6 daughter. Dartmouth, Feb. 8, to the wife daughter.

Kentville, Feb. 1, to the wife of Alexander Whynot, a daughter. St. John, Feb. 5, to the wife of Stephen H. Shaw,

St. John. Jan. 29, to the wife of W. V. McKinney, a New Lairg, Feb. 1, to the wife of Alexander F. Mc-New Glasgow, Feb. 7, to the wife of Rev. Anderson

New Lairg, Jan. 31, to the wife of John R. Mc-Quarrie, a son. Victoriavale, C. B., Jan. 25, to the wife of T. D. Forest Glen, N. S., Jan. 23, to the wife

Victoriavale, N. S., Jan. 24, to the wife of Ira D. Forest Glen, N. S., Feb. 3, to the wife of B. Burpee New Glasgow, Feb. 6, to the wife of Thomas | G.

Pierce, a sor

Elmsdale, N. S., Feb. 1, to the wife of John S. Urquhart, a son. Moncton, Feb. 3, to the wife of Michael Cunningham, a daughter.

Model Farm, N. B., Feb. 5, to the wife of C. B. Halifax, Feb. 4, to the wife of Company Sergent Majoy Berstherson, a son. Graham's Siding, N. S.. Jan. 27, to the wife Woodbury Moore, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Preston, Feb. 5, by Rev. L. Dixon, William Henry Cain to Charlotte West. Torbrook, Jan. 30, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Frank Jolly to Ida May Banks. Halifax, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, John N. McEl mon to Jerusha May Pearl. Princeton, Jan 31, by Rev. S. G. Spooner, Charles T. Kneeland to Sarah Fogg.

The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co. Ltd. Kentville, Jan. 30, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Joseph L. Ward to Mabel Sanford. Cocaigne, Jan. 26, by Rev. E. Ramsay, William E. Falconer to Alena West.

Weymouth, Jan. 29, by Rev. H. A. Griffin, George T. Sabean to May McDenald. Dartmouth, Feb. 5, by Rev. Fr. Underwood, Martin Beahan to Maggie Beckwith. Halifax, Feb. 7, by Rev. Mr. Gandier, Willia a Taylor to Bertha A. Farquher.

Antigonish, Feb. 5, by Rev. Fr. Gillis, Alexander McDonald to Johanna Whalen. St. John, Jan. 31, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Abraham J. Estabrooks to Alice Rankine.

Fredericton, Jan. 20, by Rev. Wm. C. Matthews, Cameron Dunfield to Dora Thorne. Lunenburg, Jan. 31, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Stanage Creaser to Maggie Romkey.

Eastport, Me., Jan. 24, by Rev. John Tinling, Ernest M. Scott to Ida M. Thompson. West Dublin, Feb. 2, by Rev. Henry Crawford Lamech Bushen to Margaret McQuade.

St. Andrews, Feb. 5. by Rev. James Fraser, Alexander Kennedy to Catherine McDonald. Cape John, Jan. 31, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Richard Robinson to Margaret Johnson.

Liverpool, N. ., Feb. 2, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Frederick Thomas Moore to Catherine Tanner. Low Sutherla d's River, N. S., Feb. 6, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, James D. Robertson to Jennie B. Fraser.

Amberst, Feb. 5, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, assisted by Rev. Mr. Ryan, T. N. Campbell to Lizzie Heartz. Dartmouth, Feb 6, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, assisted by Kev. John Robbins, Franklyn Dexter to Ellie Young.

DIED.

Chatham, Feb. 3, John Brown, 88. Bath, Feb. 4, Daniel Giberson, 78. Back Bay, Feb. 3, Isaiah Dean, 29. Halifax, Feb. 9, William Grant, 64. Milltown, Feb. 3, Isaac Hanson, 77. Bocabec, Jan. 28, Samuel Turner, 73. Letete, Jan. 26, Joseph Matthews, 38. Wolfville, Feb. 2, Charles Eastwood. St. John, Feb. 12, Michael Waish, 84. Amherst, Feb. 5, James Simonds, 65. Barrington, Jan. 31, Lucinda Hopkins. St. Stephen, Feb. 12, Edward Guest, 70 Halifax, Feb. 6, Robert James Norris, 86. Deer Island, Feb. 1, Ward P. Leeman, 18. Passekeag, Jan. 27, Charles Snodgrass, 62. Halifax, Feb. 7, Dolorosa Connors, 9 months. Hailfax, Feb. 4, Mrs. Bridget Pendergast, 90. Bridgetown, Jan. 31, wife of J. E. Sancton, 4. Halifax, Feb. 9, Ernest Langford MacCoy, 16. Glengarry, N. S., Feb. 2, Allan McKenzie, 75. Northesk, Feb. 6, Daniel, son of Noah Multin. Berwick, Feb. 1, Lavinia, wife of Henry Ray, 73. Middle Coverdale, Feb. 10, Stephen B. Weldon, 88. Richmond, N. B., Jan. 22, Phoebe A. Saunders, 68 Joggins Mines, Feb. 6, Ellen Louise Bourgeois, 25. Grand Narrows, C. B., Feb. 7, William Boutledge. Bear River, Jan. 25, Harry, son of W. W. Clarke,

Dutch Village, Feb. 4, Maria, wife of Conrad Deal, The child wondered why the two talked | Sand Point, Feb. 4, Maria, wife of William Frith,

> Coverdale, Jan. 25, Rosanna, wife of Howard Cross-Westville, Feb. 6, son of Duncan Campbell, Halifax, Feb. 3, Joha, son of John and Pueobe

> St. John, Feb. 12, Mary, widow of the late Dennis Halifax, Feb. 7, Robert, son of Hector and Barbara Marshdale, N. S., Feb. 3, infant son of David Munro, Halifax, Jan 24, Captain George Coggins, of West

New York, Jan. 16, Michael Lawlor, of St. John, Wellington Station, Feb. 1, Mary, wife of Martin St. John, Feb. 5, Frank, son of Charles and Evelyn

Fisher, 1. St. John. Feb. 10, Mary, widow of the late James St. John, Feb. 10, Ernest B., son of J. C. and Annie Dickson, 14.

Halifax, Feb. 5, Mortimer, son of F. G. and Mary Low Point, C. B., Feb. 1, Mary, wife of John D Coverdate, Feb. 9, of congestion, Freeman, son o

Charlottetown, Jan. 27, Margaret, widow of the late

John Logan, 85.

Halifax, Feb. 6, Mary Ann, widow of the Thomas Ryder, 65 Wolfville, Feb. 5, Annie, daughter of the late Dawson Settlement, Jan. 25, of consumption, Mrs. Daniel Dillman, 31 Douglastown, Eeb. 1, Margaret, widow of the late

Halifax, Feb. 10, Harold, son of Arthur C. and Barrington l'assage, Feb. 3, Lilian, daughter of Harvey C ristie, 28. Halitax, Feb 9, Marv, daughter of Daniel and Mary McDonaid, 16.

Halifax, Feb. 11, Thomas R., son of John and Barbara Appleton, 3. Wolfville, Feb. 3, Mary, daughter of William A. Halifax, Feb. 6, Annie Agnes, daughter of Thomas

Halifax, Feb. 7, Bertha, daughter of Bertha and Frank Williams, 3 months. Gordonsville, Jan 31. Mrs. Adelaide Perkins, widow Amherst, Feb. 3, Sarah Emily, daughter of Aaron

and Sarah Palmer, 6 months Halifax, Feb. 4, Minnie, daughter of Wilbert and Emeline Biggers, 15 months. Northfield, N. S., Jan. 25, Leland, son of Harriet and the late Samuel Ringer. St. John, Feb. 10, William Harold, infant child of

Halifax, Feb. 8, Menette Blanche, daughter of Daniel and Florence Little, 1. Coverdale, Feb. 7, of congestion, Beatrice, daughter of G. R. and Alie Jones, 2. Moncton, Feb. 7, of la grippe, Leale, daughter of George T. and Sarah E. Harrop.

Lower Caledonia, N. S., Feb. 2, Esther, daughter of George J. and Hattie Hinckley, 2. Brooklyn, N. S., Jan. 29, Beatrice, daughter of Eddie and Maggie Crowell, 6 months St. John, Feb. 10, Margaret, widow of the late John Adams, daughter of Marmaduke Knowles, 37.



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D. McNICOLL, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N

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:

and Halifax.... Express for Halifax

Express for Quebec and Montreal

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

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou

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

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... Express from Hailfax.

Express from Hailfax, Pictou and Camp-

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

D. POTTINGER, 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, 6.40 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 Friday, 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 Kent-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 Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Juncion and Halifax with Intercolonial and Agents, to 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager.

K. Sutherland, Superintendent

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK

For Boston. UNTIL FURTHER NO. TICE the steamers of

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-

Connexions made at Eastport with steamers for

Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent GUMPANY,

(Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all

parts of the world Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Elgin & Havelock R'y. Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connect with all reliable Expres Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all comneting Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec.

Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Civility. E N. ABBOTT, Agent, .96 Prince Wm