MISS CHARRINGTON.

16

" Of course you know the Mayfair Mirror has sacked Inglefield? Yes, it's a fact. [The rock they split upon was this American singing woman the public is making such a tuss about-Cynthia Charrington. She is eccentric, it seems, won't be interviewed, and because nobody else can get an interview, the Mirror wants one-wants it badly-would give its ears for one. Well, Inglefield went after itand tailed. She flatly refused to receive him. It wasn't his fault, of course, but the Mirror wouldn't see it and intimated that he was a muff. They had words and wished each other good morning, wheretore it comes to pass that there is a vacancy on the staff of the Mayfair Mirror, and I guess if anybody could do that interview | iceberg. and supply 'the long felt want,' he would stand a very good chance of filling it. Wilter, are you 'raising' that chop ?" "Coming, sir."

"Rawson of the Mirror always had beast of a temper, but all the same a post on his sixpenny rag isn't to be sneezed at. If I had the enterp-ise of my early youth, I would run down to London-super-Mare -she's staying at the Coliseum till the new production on Monday-and try my luck. Yah, you rising generations haven't the nous to grasp your opportunities when you get 'em."

The speaker subsided into a corner and the discussion of an entre cote, and Dick Carroll collected every coin he had about him and summed up the total.

"Seven and tenpence," he reflected. "Just the price of a third return to Brighton and fourpence over to play with. Shall I go, or shall I have dinner? Shall I lose a chance of obtaining a jolly good post or dine off buns ?"

He weighed the idea and the silver dubiously, and decided in favor of boldness and buns.

artist is priveleged to be unconventional. "You know I hated being interviewed." sire. she repeated. "You knew it. Why did you come ?"

"It was confounded cheek of course, but a drowning man catches at straws," opera. he said bluntly. "And-I am hungry, if you want to know !" "Ah !"

He turned scarlet to the eyes. He could have bitten his tongue out. A marvelous change came over the woman. Her hauteur vanished. She was all subtle feminine sympathy. She held out her hand to him with a gesture of infinite graciousness.

"Forgive me. I would not have been so harsh if I had had any idea-Hungry !' Her glorious voice would have melted an

"I'm not hungry!" exclaimed poor, penniless Dick, gasping with pride. "Don't vou believe it-absurd exaggeration, all rot ! I don't know why I said it."

"I do," she said. "You told me the truth on the spur of the moment, and now your'e sorry. If you deny it, I shan't believe you, so you can save your breath to cool the lunch you're going to have with me. Have been hungry otten, in the old days when I was only a little 'Cynthy' in Lake Geneva, Ill., and I know it's bad. Mr. Carroll, do you intend to make me hold out my h and all day ?"

He choked.

"I'll take your hand, but I'm dashed if I'll take your lunch !"

"Yes, you shall," she said. "It's rude to contradict a lady. We'll have it all alone here, you and I and Mrs. Ross, my companion, and I'll tell you a beautiful story about myselt. for the gratification of the good, inquisitive public. In return you shall tell me what put it into your head to come to Brighton."

He ate her lunch and drank her champagne, and before the meal was over she

and would be allright soon, they said. nerves, of cold dejection, of teverish de-He learned that he was in company with "Bill" Carr, a marshal from Purcell, with

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.

Then he had a shock. She was ill. She had been ill for several days, and her understudy had taken her place in the

There was something wrong with her throat, reported the Comet in the most flowery and grandiloquent of phrases. She would never sing again. Her glorious career was cut short in the bloom of her vouth. The nightingale would be dumb torever. Then the Comet, waxing sapient, painted a " realistic" picture of her probable future.

Dick's face went white. He called a hansom and drove to Palace Mansions. "Is it true that your throat's bad?" he asked her. "I've just read it in the

"Quite true," she said. He gulped.

Comet."

"Cypthia, you're a woman all alone. you would let me take care of you! I wouldn't have asked before, but now that your prospects have changed so disastrously! Hang it! What shall I say to you? I hardly know. When a fellow's poor and no better than other fellows, he hasn't to this, dear. I'm earning a decent salary -thanks to you-and I could make things smooth for you. Cynthia, would you, would you-

She held out her hands to him with a charming gesture of surrender. "It ycu want me, Dick -- "

"My darling, you are so good to me!" "But I think you are laboring under a mistake," she said demurely. "There is nothing seriously wrong with my voice. I've only had a bad cold. "Then the Comet's information was in-

correct?" he gasped. "Quite so.

"And-and you do not need me at all

"I need you very much," she said. 'That is why I worked that paragraph. You see 1 knew if I didn't do something that your horrid pride would spoil our lives. | Waggoner thought of Mary Beard and Don't be mad with me, Dick, or I shall forgot Kittie Mayo. He borrowed a horse

a record of eleven men killed in eleven months. The other men, five in all, were atter Capt. Stevens, a bold highwayman. Waggoner's wound proved more trouble-

some than at first supposed, and he was ing the exposure and wound. He was nursed by a pretty half-breed girl, the daughter of the Indian at whose house he lay sick. She spoke good English sang a little, and could talk prettily. She soon won the interest of her patient, and when

he got well and ready to leave the Indian home he promised to keep Mary's image in his heart. When Frank heard from his father he

got a dose of hard sense and cold consolation. The old man thought be had acted the tool, and told him so. Kittie Mayo wrote a pathetic letter, lamenting that he had ever gone West into Oklahoma, and intimating, in her gentle way, that he had made a mistake. These letters made the

voung man angry, and he cut loose from all home ties. He was penniless, and so decided to become a deputy marshal. He afterwards joined Harry Hill's boomers, and was in

the rush for homes when the old Oklahoma much to offer to a woman. It just amounts | country was opened. He shot a Texan who disputed his right to a claim, and was stabbed by a half-breed at a Purcell dance house. Making a living in the Territory was not what it was cracked up to be. He

cast his eyes about for some easy way of making ends meet. He saw contented, well dressed white men riding good horses,

drinking oily whiskey, and playing high cards without work and he asked who they were

"Squaw men," was the reply he received. Investigations discovesed the fact that 'squaw men" were whites who married Indian women. These Indians, as wards

of the nation, had much land and annuity. Their husbands leased out the land, stole their wives' annuity, cussed the men who wanted to throw open the country to settlement, and in many cases were wife-beaters.

Lower Sackville, Jan. 7, to the wife of Lewis Major, a daughter. Halfway River, Jan. 16, to the wife of James Petti

St. John, Jaz. 20, to the wife of Michael Mahoney,

grew, a son Salisbury Road, Jan. 16 Milner, a son

North Maitland, Jan. Nisbet, a son Paradise West, Jan.

Sauaders, a so Anderson's Mountain, Jan. 10, to the wife of George

White, a daughte

East River, N. S., Jan. 11, to the Currie, a daughter.

West Inglisville, Jan. 13, to the wife of Harry W Durling, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Jan. 16, Andrew Walker to Mrs. A. R

Clementsport, N. S., Jan. 16, Ho and Pierce to Kizboro Potter. St. John, Jan 16, by Rev. T. Casey, Albert Gray to

Nora T. O'Neil Pictou, Jan. 10, by Rev. A. Armit, William Mc Tay

to Elizabeth Stewart. Milltown, Jan. 9, by Rev. John Hawley, Charles Hannon to Mina Nixo

Liverpool, Jap. 13, by Rev. T. J. Butler, Abram Jeremy to Harriet Paul.

Truro, Jan. 16, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Hugh Stuart to Maud Calder.

Flatlands, Jan. 10, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Richard Firth to Isabella Cooling.

St. John, Jan. 16, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Arno Mowry to Annie E. Love. Amherst, Jan. 14, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Daniel J.

Barnes to Rebecca Read Aylesford, Jan. 16, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Elmer E. Foster to Annie C. Smith

Barrrington, N. S., Jan. 9, by Rev. C. Jost, James G. Bipson to Jane Russell.

Truro, Jan. 16, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Barry Ripley to Maggie Boomer.

Kentville, Jan. 12, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Fred W Wood to Eduth M. Corkum. St. John, Jan. 10, by Rev. George Bruce, James A Henderson to Lillie J. Jeffries.

Belyea Cove, Jan. 15, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Isaac G. Mott to Sarah Belyea

Rose Bay, Jan. 10, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, Albert Wentzel to Edwina Him nelmar Newcastle, Jan. 9, by Rev. T. Nicholson, David

Guiliver to Elizabeth Anderson. Amherst, Jan. 14. by Rev. S. Gibbons, James Mc. Cormack to Mrs. Sar. h McCabe.

Belyca Cove, Jan. 15. by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Isaac G. Mott to Sarah J. Belyea.

Campbellton, Jan. 3, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Rich-ard H. Hickey to Minnie Andrew.

St. John, Jan. 23, by Rev. T. Casey, James E-Stanton to Bridget A. McBrearity.

ridgewater, Jan. 16, by Rev. G. C. Lorimer, Clay ton Archibald to Jessie R. Campbell. Nashwaak, Jan. 8, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Robert J. Eastman to Mrs. Margaret McKenzie. St. Andrews, Jan. 9, by Rev. J. M. O'Flaherty, Andrew Mullin to Laura Fitzmaurice. Campobello, Jan. 13, by Rev. W. H. Street, Wil liam B. P. Philips to Margaret Holland. Centreville, C. S. I., Jan. 12, by Rev. B. P. Parker, Darius H. Smith to Annetta L. Kenny. Yarmouth, Jan. 16, by Rev. J. H. Foshav, Donald McKay Spence to Lizzie M. Eldridge. Woodstock, Jan. 16, by Rev. D. Chapman, A. Spurgeon Carpenter to Lena M. DeWitte. Springhill, Jan. 17, by Rev. E. E. England, assisted by Rev. D. Wright, Robert Archibaid to Minnie Hall. East Jeddore, N. S., Jan. 15, by Rev. James Rosborough, Frederick H. Wilcox to Margaret N. Hartling. indsor, Jan. 16, by Rev. Canon Maynard, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon S. Weston Jones, M. Stewart Jones to Florence E. Forsyth.





FOR Bronchitis,

moved to the home of a Chickasaw Iudian near Silver City, and left the marshals continuing their man hunt. It was weeks before Frank got well, a severe tever toilow-

Cambridge, N. S., Jan. 1, to Graves, a daughter.

"It I spent the money, on dinner," he said to himself, "I should only be postponing for a day or two the evil moment when I shall possess an evil appetite withut the means to satisly it. Therefore I might as well go hungry to-day and try my luck with the money."

He went humming, and had a bun and a glass of milk at the A B C next door, and walked to London Bridge station because he could not afford the bus fare. When he settled himself in the corner of a compartment, he had nothing in his pocket but three halfpence and a postage stamp, a trifle the worse for wear.

"It," said Dick, "Miss Charrington is adamantine, I shall-what shall I do ?"

* * * * * * It was just 2:15 when he entered the hotel and asked at the inquiry office in the hall for Miss Charrington.

"Say I should be glad of a few minutes" conversation with her on a matter of business," said Dick, and then he waited, with his heart in his throat, till the "buttons' reappeared with the information that Miss Charrington would see him, and torthwith escorted him up the broad staircase to her private sitting-room.

Dick was not of a bashful disposition, but the nature of his errand killed his aplomb. He felt his color rise as she turned from him, holding his card in her hand-a tall, elegant woman, with a well poised head, a somewhat languid manner and the regular delicate features which her portraits in the windows of the West End photographers had made familiar to him. "Miss Charrington ?" he said.

She bowed and motioned to a chair, but she did not seat herself, so she remained standing. He saw that she was looking inquiringly at him, and that it devolved upon him to make the plunge. He made it-with misgivings.

"I'm afraid," he began, "that I misled you somewhat when I requested to see you on a matter of business. The truth is that I am a journalist, and as the public is always interested in the lives of its tavorites. I hoped you would be so kind as to grant me a brief interview for publication in the Maytair Mirror."

As he spoke the word "journalist" he saw her brows contract sharply. Now she flished on inimitable glance of indignation at him.

"I wish you good morning, sir," she said curtly.

Dick caught his breath, and his head went up with a jerk.

"If I have annoyed you, I beg your pardon."

knew all about him and the bun episode. "Plucky," she thought, and she admired courage in a man, "witty, proud, well

bred." She looked kindly at him and smiled -with a moisture in her eyes. Emotional to the score Cynthia Charrington and in-

finitely susceptible to the realism of life, women of Moods-spelled with a capital, according to latter day prophets. "I hope you will succeed with the Mir-

ror. I'm sure you will," she said, when he took leave of her at last. "You must come and see me at Palace Mansions and tell me what you have done. But in case you don't get the post or there is any delay_"

Dick broke into a gentle perspiration. Was she going to offer to lend him money She read the terror in his eyes and refrained. But that evening the postman delivered at Dick's lodgings an anonymous envelope containing a £5 note. He knew that she had sent it as well as if she had told him so and returned it to her promptly with a note of thanks.

She called him names and made several vague and bitter allusions during the following day to talse pride and ridiculons obstinacy and thought more about him than she would have done if she had met him in the ordinary way and he had been dangling at her skirts for a score of afternoons.

* * * * * * * Dick filled the vacancy on the Mayfair Mirror and a chair in Cynthia Charrington's drawing-room on many Sunday afternoons.

"I owe my luck to you," he said to her on his first visit to her handsome flat. "I shall never forget your kindness."

One day she went to the piano of he own accord and sang for him for halt an hour. Previously he had only heard her in public, and it seemed to him that her glorious voice had never sounded so well as it did now in the privacy of her bome. The man's pulses throbbed and his head swam. He would have liked to throw his arms

around her. When she stopped he took up his hat. "What, are you going already ?" she ex-

claimed in surprise.

He muttered some excuse about "work to do" and left her with his brain on fire. He had suddenly realized a fact that trightened him.

On his way home he bought a photograph of her and hung it up in his sitting room. He had scarcely done so when he tore it down again, with wrath in his eyes. "I'm a fool-an ass! Because a woman

behaves like an angel to me I forget that I'm a poor devil of a journalist and she'sBut she blushed instead-for a reason. A WILD WESTERN ROMANCE

How a Tenderfoot from College Became

Squaw Man and Lost His Life. Frank Waggoner was graduated with high honors from a college in Ohio in 1888. His father owned a farm in the backwoods of Paulding county, and the young collegian had no desire to return to the rural districts and "saw-wood," or maul rails either, so he went to his father and told him he had | Congress and became a power in the land determined to go West and grow up with Oklahoma. The old gentleman thought Frank was a "pesky fool," and said so. and pretty Kitty Mayo almost cried her eyes out. Young Waggoner took her in his arms and told her that he was going West for her sake, and as soon as he had made a modest start he would send for her. and they would, like good children in all well regulated novels, "live happily ever

afterward. " So the you hful enthusiast left Paulding Centre one day and took the train for the West, while poor Kitty cried bitterly behind the shelter of the station, and Papa Waggoner alternately dashed a tear from his eyes and cussed that "danged young idiot." Even the idiot felt badly, and, despite his utmost endeavors, he could hardly keep back the tears.

In due time Frank landed at Hunnewell, Kan., on the border of the Cherokee Strip, and tried to get work. There was none to be had. He had a few hundred dollars, and was comparatively easy. One day he met dashing Jim Dalton, then a dapper little teilow, who belonged to a gang of "boomers" then in camp along the Chicaasaw River, under command of Oklahoma Harry Hill. "You are a pretty good tellow," said Dalton, "and I guess you,re game. Now I know where there is a gold cache not far from Eufaula. It ain't no great mine with millions in it, but there is \$100, 000 planted there by three miners who dug it out of the Wichita mountains. If you'l turnish ponies I'll go along and we two will scoop it all in."

Waggoner had unbounded taith in Dalton, at that time a popular young border gambler, and later on the noted outlaw. So he wrote a gushing letter to pretty Kittie and another full of braggadocio to Papa Waggoner before he tollowed Dalton down the old Chisholm trail into Oklahoma, over to the Chickasaw Indian country. On the way they were joined by dashing Pearl Younger, a daughter of Belle Starr. Dalton and Pearl seemed to be well acquainted, and apparently had parson, said deliberatelysome secret in common. Their meeting did not appear to be by chance.

"No, you must not shoot him, Jim," he heard the girl say one day as he rode along. "Hit him over the head and let him go."

Frank thought a good deal about the expression, "Hit him over the head and let him go," but he never dreamed of

and rode over to Silver City. The Indian girl was delighted to see him again. He told her that he had borrowed a horse to come over and ask her to marry him. She

consented, and promised to give him a whole herd, so he sent back the pony by a boy, and so satisfy Mary's Indian father they were married by the Chickasaw cer-

emony, as well as by a local preacher. Then Frank settled down to a life as a 'squaw man." He did not beat Mary. but he used her money and talked of her land and stock as his own. He fell into the habit of cursing the Indian Commission of as an agitator. He was literally a "howling" success as a "squaw man," and even the full bloods came to like him. He developed those lazy traits he had noticed in the other squaw men, and would sit for

hours sugning himself. A year ago his wife Mary died. Waggoner was shocked a little. He loved her in a way, but Kittie Mayo was still his real sweetheart. Two months ago a 'bad" from the Brazos country stole some of the "squaw man's" horses, and he started out to run him down. In the Witchita mountain country he was robbed by the Cooks, and on resisting was shot. Friends took him to Leuapab, and there he was told his wounds were dangerous. His thoughts flew back to Dad and Kittie in Ohio, he telegraphed the girl that he was dying. She answered back that she would start at once for his bedside. She found that they had moved him to Muskogee, and there she followed. The meeting was an affecting one. Frank rapidly recovered under her loving care, and several weeks ago a marriage license was issued to Frank Waggoner and Kittie Mayo. They were weded, despite the protest of some Indian relatives of the dead Mary Beard. They started for the Chickasaw

county on horseback, but they never reached there. A few days ago they were found dead, tocked in each other's arms, at the toot of the "Evil Spirit Leap." How they came there the officers are too busy chasing the Cooks to investigate.

No Room for Argument.

A curate, who was noted for his great reserve, being moved to another curacy in a rural district, determined to break through his reserve and be more at home with those under his charge. Approaching an old farmer who sat smoking at his door he said, by the way of opening the conversation-

"It's a fine day." Not receiving a reply, he spoke in a louder tone-

"It's a very fine day." This not having the desired effect he repeated the remark still louder. The old farmer slowly removed his pipe from his mouth, and, looking up at the "Does tha want t' argi th' p"int ?"

BORN.

lbert, Jan. 5, to the wife of Ezra Stiles, a son. Halifax. Jan. 18, to the wife of W. B. Ferris, a son. Amherst, Jan. 9, to the wife of John A. Laws, a son. Somerset, Jan. 9, to the wife of T. M. Davis, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 19, to the wife of R. D. Taylor, a son.

DIED.

Halifax, Jan. 18, Mary Lively, 79. Freeport, Jap. 6, Almond Moore, 72. Richmond, Jan. 9, John Murphy, 50. Halifax, Jan. 16, John Fitzgerald, 86. Dartmouth, Jan. 18, John Stevens, 79. Sackville, Jan. 14, George Wheaton, 79. New Glasgow, Jan. 12, Hugh Ross, 57. Bridgeville, Jan. 6, William F. Ross, 7D. Halifax, Jan. 19, William Messervey, 73. St. John, Jan. 18, William A. Clarke, 71. Campbellton, Jan. 17, Joseph Pinette, 31. Black River, Jan. 12, William I. Wier, 80. Shubenacadia, Jan. 10, John A. McNeil, 33. French River, Jan. 7, William McDonald, 63. Sydney, C. B., Jan. 12, Capt. C. B. Florian, 74. Keswick Ridge, Jan. 8, Mrs. Jacob McKeen, 90 Port La Tour, Jan. 12, Mrs. Alliance Smith, 75. Marshy Hope, N. S., Jan. 10, Simon Oulton, 82. Acacia Valley, N. S., Jan 8, Lizzie F. Hunt, 20. Advocate Harbor, Jan. 11, Mrs. Samuel Spencer. Maitland, Jan. 10, Lizzie, wife of James Caddell, 34 Oxford, Jan. 14. Earl, son of Edward L. Langille. Truro, N. S., Jan. 17, Captain Edward Huntington. Halifax, Jan. 14, William, son of Justice Bonanie,

Halifax, Jan. 20, Alva, son of William W. Pickings, Blaine, Me., Jau. 15, Joseph Alexander, of Fredericton, 82. Philadelphia, Jan. 14, Arthur M. Hamilton, of St.

Dartmouth, Jan. 14, Mary, widow of the late Owen

Evans, 44. St. John, Jan. 20, Agnes, wife of William D.

Manus, Upper Granville, Jan. 12, Maria, wife of Thomas Taylor, 64 Liverpool, Jan. 1, Martha D., wife of Malachi J. Mulhall. 5

Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 20, of pneumonia, Thomas

Crockett, 57 French River, Jan. 10, Isabella, widow of the late John Grant, 47.

Halifax, Jan. 18, William F., son of Captain and Scotch Hill, N. S., Jan. 16. Jane, daughter of William Dunbar. 3

Tide Head, Jan. 13, Isabella, infant daughter of Archibald Alte

Halifax. Jan. 18, Alfred, son of William and Mary Fisher, 4 month

Somerset, Jan. 14, Wiletta, daughter of Mrs. William McKenzie, 8,

Yarmouth, Jan. 11, Albert Leslie, son of Ira L. and Gertie Forter.

New Tusket, Jan. 9, James, son of S. and Barbara

Mullen, 6 n St. John, Jan. 15, Margaret D., widow of the late

James Milligan, Lunenburg, Jan. 13, Margaret, widow of the late

Alexander Gow, 99.

Halifax, Jan. 13, Margaret Mabel, daughter John F. Wallace, 12.

Halifax, Jan. 14, William, son of Charles F. and Elizabeth Holland, 4.

Holders of second class passage tickets to Pacific Coast points will be accomodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Further information, ticket rates, &c., on application to Ticket Agents.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. MCPHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal. Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. 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 :

| apress for outpourton, r up whom, r totou | |
|---|-----|
| and Halifax | 7. |
| Express for Halifax | 13. |
| Express for Quebec and Montreal | 16. |
| Express for Sussex | 16. |
| • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • | |

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

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mon treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN :

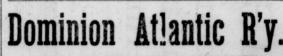
Express from Sussex..... Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... Express from Moncton (daily)..... 15.50

Express from Halifax. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... Accomodation from Moneton 24.60

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by

electricity. Al trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

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



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 Halifav,

Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.

Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 45 a. p

Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentallay 6.15 p. m.

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 Kentville, 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 Corn-wallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Juncion and Halifax with Intercolonial and

at W. Juncion and Haimax with Intercolomat and Canadian Pacific trains for points West. For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station 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.

Halifax, Jan. 16, Lillian, daughter of Charles and

| "'If !' I object to being persecuted in | Cynthia Charrington." | applying it to himself. That night as he | Hamax, Jan. 10, to the wile of R. D. Taylor, a soli | Billadeti Honday - | the second s |
|--|--|--|---|--|--|
| this way by the press. I won't have it. | | was lariating out his horse he suddenly | Galloway, Jan. 2, to the wife of Edward Smith, a son. | Milledgeville, Jan. 21, Margaret, widow of the late William O'Connor, 88. | |
| The public pays for my professional ser- | | lost consciousness, and when he came to | Caraquet, Jan. 13, to the wife of Aime A. Giouet, a | Shelburne, Jan. 11, of consumption, Eliza, wife of | INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. |
| vices, but my private life is my own and | | | Son. Parrshoro, Jan. 11, to the wife of John D. Smith. a | Wentworth Jacklin, 41. | TWO TRIPS A WEEK |
| concerns nobody but myself, and I refuse | | Before he could recover his wits a caval- | son. | St. Margaret's Bay, Jan. 11, Theresa Boutillier, wife of Abraham Burchell, 72. | |
| | a wet night, and bought another to take | | Yarmouth, Jan. 13, to the wife of Frank W. Allen, | Halifax, Jan. 17, of congestion, John B., son of John B. and Alice M. Studiey. | Los Roston |
| | | | Halifax, Jan. 12, to the wife of Charles Carmichael, | Point du Bute, Dec. 29, of consumption, William, | FOI DOSIOIL |
| | its place. The little incident was typical | waist and a Winchester strung to his saddle | a son. | son of John Robinson, 22. | I OI DOLLOIN |
| is subject is well known, I believe. | | pulled up and demanded that he gave an ac- | Richibucto, Jan. 12, to the wife of John McLean, Jr., a son. | Millville, Jan. 3, Alma E., daughter of Rev. John and Almira E. Posser, 18. | TINTIL FURTHER NO. |
| | | count of himself. Waggoner complied as | Fredericton, Jan. 20, to the wife of Frank S. Creed, | Onslow, N. S., Jan. 14, Mary, widow of the late | TICE the steamers of |
| | near her. Then flesh and blood could | well as he could. | a son. | Christopher Patriquin, 80. | John for Eastport, Lubec, |
| | bear it no longer, and he tramped to Kens- | the robbery, " laughed the big borderman, | two sons. | Halitax, Jan. 18, Florence May, daughter of Amos and Julia A. Garrison, 13. | B Portland and Boston, every |
| "In that case, of course, there is noth- | | "Here Pete," to a grinning half breed, | Halifax, Jan. 18, to the wife of James Maxwell, a | Fairview, N. S., Jan. 17, Joseph, son of Morman | Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.00 (standard) |
| g for me to do but to relieve you of my | "What have you been doing with your- | "bring up that led horse and let this fool | Mongton Jan 12 to the wife of D. Hunter, a | and Margaret Purcell, 9 days. Acacia Valley, N. S., Jan. 9, Margaret, daughter of | Returning will leave Boston |
| resence," said Dick. | self?" she demanded. "I have missed | ride. " | daughter. | James and Ann C. Crenan, 33. | same days at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for East- |
| They bowed stiffly. He turned away | you." | "We're deputy marshals," the leader | | Barnesville, Jan. 8, of inflammation, Hazel, daugh- | nort and St. John. |
| ith a queer look on his face. He was | "It is very good of you to say so," he | exclaimed, as Frank climbes painfully into | Coverdale, Jan. 11, to the wife of Alvan Colpitts, a | St. John, Jan. 19, of whooping cough, Ruthie, | Connexions made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. |
| ondering how long a postage stamp and | said gloomily. | Capt. Stevens and his gang of cutthroats. | 1 uaugitet. | daughter of Lhomas and Katte Whendy | Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent. |
| | "I won't go near ber for a month," | You'd better go along with us." | Alma, Jan. 13, to the wife of Robert McKim, a daughter. | Maitland, Jan. 14, Lavinia, wife of Archibald Frame, and daughter of the late Hon. A. M. Cochran. | |
| | said poor, proud Dick to himself as he | Half an hour later Waggoner reeled and | st. John, Jan. 17, to the wife of Samuel W. Kain, a | Charlottetown Jan, 13, Jessie Russell, daughter of | OON OURADTION |
| | walked home. "I must accustom myself | fell from his horse. The pain in his head | daughter. | the late William R. Watson, and wife of Charles E. Strickland, 50. | GUNSUMPTION. |
| r eye and staid him brusquely as she | | had proved too much for him, so his new- | St. John, Jan. 21, to the wife of W. C. Cross, a daughter. | Man Vanh Jan 19 Janet widow of the late John | Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free |
| | | found friends went into camp and looked after his wound. It was only a bad bruise | Halifax, Jan. 17, to the wife of James Maxwell, a daughter. | Spence, and daughter of the late George Morri- son, of St. John, N. B. | anv Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. 8 |