

A DESPERATE EXPEDIENT

The lecture was just at an end, and Walter Dundas, M. A. Cantab, gathered his papers together, while his audience, chiefly consisting of ladies, prepared to depart. The University Extension had recently penetrated into the remote provincial town of Slumberleigh, and had there met with almost unprecedented success.

Reaching the outer door before the whole assembly had dispersed, Dundas scanned each of his students, exchanging greetings and farewells with some whose acquaintances he had made during his few weeks' residence in Slumberleigh. As the last departed, he turned on his heel and, heaving a slight sigh, betook himself to his hotel. "I must have missed Miss Clifford," he muttered; "she was certainly at the lecture. I wish I could have seen her before I left for New York, just to say goodbye."

Meanwhile, the subject of his reflections, a pretty, bright-faced girl of nineteen, had arrived at her home, a large handsome house in the principal street of the little town. In the hall she met her father.

"Come into the study and shut the door," he said. "I have something rather serious to tell you."

His daughter obeyed. "The fact is, Mabel," said Mr. Clifford, "I have been, as you may have noticed, in pecuniary difficulties for some time past. Some months ago, to meet my more pressing claims, I was obliged to mortgage the house and to get a bill of sale on the furniture. But things have gone from bad to worse, and I have just found that, unless I can raise £300 within two months, I shall be in a fair way to become a bankrupt. Your uncle George is such a miser, that if he heard the faintest rumor that I was in difficulties through extravagance, he wouldn't leave me a farthing, far less give me anything! In fact, it is partly on his account that I am so anxious to raise his money quickly, for if I am gazetted before he dies (the doctors say he hasn't two months to live) my name will be cut out of his will."

After a pause he went on:— "I wish some rich fellow would come and marry you, Mabel; that would provide for you, at least, and you might be able to spare a half-pence for your poor father."

Mabel laughed. "At least you could have the wedding presents in that case," she said.

Clifford suddenly stopped, short in the midst of his periphrastics. "They're very thing," he exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" "Quite simple. Send out invitations to your wedding to some person, imaginary, if you like. Then, when you have got a fine array of wedding presents—well the event can be postponed—sudden illness of the bridegroom—anything. Meanwhile, the presents are converted into ready money. I am once more solvent, Uncle George dies; hey, presto! everything in a flourishing condition again!"

"But father, think of the deceit! Why, it would be like robbing people!"

"Pshaw! We're desperate, and all is fair in such cases. Besides, if everything does turn out well and Uncle George's money comes to us all right, why, then we can get the presents out of pawn and return them—engagement suddenly broken off, you know. What objection can there be to that?"

"But the whole scheme is so preposterous! No, father, I really can't do it!" "So you won't do that little service for me? Well, I might have expected it! Here am I toiling and slaving all these years—(Mabel looked slightly incredulous)—denying myself, paying sweet guineas for your tea to local lectures, and this is all the thanks I get!"

"I was at the last to-day," said his daughter, coloring slightly.

"The last! Then that lecturer told—what's his name?—Dundas, has gone? Look here, Mabel! Let him be the bridegroom. He'll never hear of it—he's not likely to ever come back again, and it will seem much more natural for you to be engaged to him than to a stranger. There! I flatter myself that I have made a brilliant suggestion."

"Father, I must tell you plainly," said Mabel, flushing angrily, "I decline to have anything to do with the plan." "Now, Mabel, dear," he said, in a more wheedling tone, "you will be sensible, won't you? Surely you can't see me trembling on the brink of ruin like this, and not stretch out a hand to help me? Come now!"

Poor Mabel looked irresolutely before her.

"If I could do anything else," she said, entreatingly. "But a deceitful thing like that—and think of the exposure if it should come out!"

"No fear of it coming out, if only you play your part properly," returned her father, quick to detect the signs of yielding in her tone. "And, after all, it's only for a month or two at most. There, I knew you would be sensible."

"But I don't like it at all."

"Pooh! You'll soon get accustomed to it. And now to set about preparations for carrying it out. I think, as we want the thing widely known, we cannot do better than give a hint to Miss Worboise, and let nature do its work."

Mabel quite recognized the truth of this assertion, for Miss Cynthia Worboise, a maiden lady of uncertain age, and a near neighbor of theirs, had a well-merited reputation for gossip, and was frequently made use of by her friends as an easy means of spreading news. She, therefore, assented languidly to the proposal.

"Then that's settled, and I'll drop in myself after dinner to-night and tell her. We'll fix the wedding for this day seven weeks, and who knows what may happen between this and then? There, my love, I knew you would soon get reconciled to the idea."

But Mabel was very far in reality from being reconciled to it, and as she left the study, she felt her heart rise in bitter revolt against it. But what could she do? She had always been accustomed to obey her father in everything, and she did not feel herself strong enough to withstand him now. Noting in the whole scheme had wound her so much as the bringing into it of Dundas's name. At the mere thought of it, her cheeks were dyed with a deep blush of shame, and the idea of his ever getting wind of it made her nearly frantic. However, she had agreed to the plan,

and it was too late to draw back now. The only thing left for her to do was to prepare herself as well as she could for the many unpleasant interviews which she foresaw, would have to be gone through.

True to his resolution, Clifford sallied forth that night to the gossip-monger, and returned in high glee at the manner in which his plausible story had been received. "Miss Worboise was delighted," he said, "and consulted me immediately as to what I recommended for a present. She is coming round tomorrow morning to talk it over with you, so mind and prepare yourself for any emergency."

Mr. Clifford had not miscalculated when he said that it would quite unnecessary to do more than tell the news to Miss Cynthia. In less than a week the whole town was discussing the engagement, and Mabel had received calls of congratulation from all her friends. Her father, wishing to hurry up matters, had fixed a day some six weeks hence, and had sent out dainty, silver-wrapped invitation cards to their whole circle.

As he expected, on their being sent out, a stream of presents, steady enough to realize his most sanguine hopes, began to flow in, and he more than once congratulated himself and his daughter on the success that had met their scheme.

Mabel, however, had often great difficulty in explaining away some discrepancies which did arise in spite of her caution. Time passed on, till at last one week remained before the date fixed for the eventful ceremony. Mr. Clifford had just been consulting Mabel as to the propriety of announcing the sudden indisposition of the bridegroom, when Miss Worboise paid her usual morning call.

"Oh, Mabel, darling, you didn't tell me, but I knew you would like to talk it over, so I called in early. Naughty man! to combine business with pleasure like this!" "What do you mean?" asked Mabel, with apprehension.

"You know as well as I. I really wonder you let him. It's hardly respectable!"

"What is hardly respectable?" the girl asked, a horrible fear seizing her.

"Why, of course, letting him lecture here the very day before his marriage. Didn't you know?—but of course you did—he has promised to give an extra lecture to supplement his course."

"Oh, yes—I know," said, or rather gasped, Mabel. "Of course—I have rather a headache this morning, and—would you excuse me?"

Miss Worboise, of course took the hint and left, with many expressions of regret, while Mabel sought her father.

"What shall we do?" she panted. "He is coming here before he crosses the Atlantic—actually here—in five days—he must hear of it—and I—I shall die of shame!"

"It is deuced awkward," said Mr. Clifford, perplexed; "but, never mind. I've brought you into this mess, and I'll get you out. Now, see here, I'll wire at once and get him to dine and stay the night with us—in fact, we'll keep him entirely to ourselves, and he won't get a hint of it. In the morning he'll leave by an early train, and we can say his mother is suddenly taken ill. There, isn't that all right?"

Mabel assented, doubtfully. Nothing could be done now, except wait and hope for the best.

Mr. Dundas, duly invited, wired his acceptance, and on the appointed day was met at the station and conveyed home by Mr. Clifford. Mabel awaited his arrival with a beating heart, and could hardly hide her confusion on first meeting him. When five o'clock, the hour appointed for his lecture, arrived, who professed herself slightly unwell, and Dundas found himself, to his disgust, relegated to the care of her father, who received strict injunctions from Mabel not to allow the lecturer to interchange greetings with anyone.

"They might congratulate him!" she said. "How very awkward that would be!" Dinner passed off without mishap. Mabel was shy and constrained, and spoke little; but as Clifford was in high spirits at the success with which everything had passed off, and kept the conversation chiefly in his own hands, his guest did not notice the unusual preoccupation and silence of his daughter.

But, alas! the best-laid scheme may fail sometimes. No sooner were the three established in the drawing-room, than the doorbell rang sharply, and a few moments later the servant announced "Miss Worboise!"

Poor Mabel gasped and turned pale. She had no time, however, to say anything, for Miss Worboise ran forward, exclaiming:—"Oh, Mabel, my darling! what do you think? My cook has had a fit—positively a fit—I left her with her head in the kitchen clock-box! The doctor is expected every minute, but I couldn't stay—such a scene, you know! I am so upset! Might I spend an hour or two with you?"

Mabel, nearly distracted, managed at last to welcome the very unwelcome guest, and then sat down on a thorn, waiting in a kind of despair for what she might say.

"I know," said Cynthia, archly, "that it is rather an inconvenient time to call. You must be so very busy—such a lot of preparations as you must have to make before to-morrow, haven't you, Mr. Dundas?" "I? No," said Dundas, rather surprised. "I really have no packing to speak of, and that's done already, as I am leaving by an early train."

"An early train! But surely you won't miss the reception?" "Good gracious!" thought the young man. "Are they getting up a levee for me?" But should he only said, "Well, I'm afraid I shall, unless it's very early."

"Which reminds me," said Miss Worboise, "Mabel, darling, you forgot to say at what time we are expected to come," and then, to the girl's infinite horror, she produced from her pocket her dainty invitation card.

"Confound that woman!" thought Clifford, savagely, and then, jumping up, he exclaimed, eagerly, "See here, Miss Cynthia, I must have your opinion on some of Mabel's presents in the next room, but not before he saw that the mischief was done, for Dundas had stooped politely to pick up the card which had fallen from Mabel's nervous hand, and in doing so could not avoid seeing what it was. His name on the card arrested his attention, and he read it through, scarcely realizing its meaning. Then, too amazed to speak, he looked towards Mabel for an explanation; but, seeing her pale and speechless, sprang towards her, fearing she was about to faint. His touch, however, recalled her to herself, and, waving him back with an effort, she rose and faced him.

"You had better know the whole," she said, and then, as calmly and collectedly as she could, she told the humiliating story.

Half an hour later, Mr. Clifford re-entered the drawing-room, a telegram in his hand. He stood for a moment on the threshold, and then, advancing, said:—"I suppose my daughter has told you all, Mr. Dundas? She is not to blame in the matter, but I feel I owe you a deep apology for the unwarrantable liberty I have taken with your name. Mabel," he continued, turning to his daughter, "I can never repay you for the service you have rendered me—and the suffering you have undergone. But this telegram tells me 'Uncle George is dead, and as I am his heir, we can now, at least, send back the wedding presents.'" "With your permission, sir," said Dundas, smiling, "Mabel and I have decided to keep them."

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

Superstitions of English Fishermen as to the Mysteries of the Deep.

The legends quaint customs, and superstitions connected with fish and fishing are many and curious. Ask a Scandinavian why salmon are red and have such fine tails. You will be told that the ruddy color of the flesh is due to the fact that when heaven was on fire the gods threw the flames into the water and the salmon swallowed them. The delicacy of the salmon's is explained by the story that Loki, when the angry gods pursued him, turned himself into a salmon. He would have escaped if Thor had not caught him by the tail. Salmon have had their tails fine and thin ever since.

Why are soles, plaice, and other flat-fish brown on one side and white on the other? The Arabs of upper Egypt give an explanation which no one can hesitate to accept. One day, they tell you, Moses, Israel's lawgiver, was trying a fish—we all know the Jews are fond of fried fish—and they cooked it splendidly. Moses, however, had only cooked his fish on one side, when the fire went out, and so he angrily threw the half-cooked fish into the sea. Although half-broiled it came to life again and its descendants—all the flatfish—have preserved to-day the peculiar appearance of their half-cooked ancestor, being white on one side and brown on the other.

Why do haddock carry those peculiar black "finger marks" near the head? Some tell us that they are a memento of the pressure of St. Peter's fingers when he went fishing for the tribute money. On the Yorkshire coast they say the devil once determined to build a bridge at Filey. His Satanic Majesty did not start the bridge for the convenience of the people, but for the destruction of ships and sailors, and the annoyance of fishermen in general. In the progress of the work Old Nick dropped his hammer in the sea. Snatching at it hastily he caught a haddock, and all haddocks carry the imprint of his black fingers to this day.

Fishermen have queer customs. A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used actually to go fishing on Sunday. It seems incredible but they did. A clergyman of the town used to preach against this Sabbath desecration, and pray that they might catch no fish. And they did not. But they found out how to make his prayers of no avail. The fishermen used to make a little effigy of the parson in rags, and put this small "guy" up their chimneys. When his reverence was slowly smoked and consumed the fish bit—like anything.

The fishermen of the Isle of Man always feel safe from storm and disaster if they have a dead wren on board. They have a tradition that at one time an evil sea spirit always haunted the herring pack and was always attended by storms. The spirit always attended by storms. The spirit always attended by storms. The spirit always attended by storms.

On the Norfolk coast they think that flax and fish come together. An old fisherman near Cromer was heard to say:—"Times is that you might look in my flannel shirt and see scarce a flea—and then there ain't but a werry few herrings; but times there are when my shirt's alive with 'em, and then there's sartin to be a sight o' fish." Flannel-shirted anglers, please note.

Shocking it is to be compelled to state that many superstitions are ungalantly directed against the ladies. Over against Ross there is the island of Lewis, sixty miles in length. In this island there is but one fresh river. "Fish abound there in plenty," but only let a woman wade in the stream, and not a salmon will be seen there for at least twelve months. There is a song about "Eliza's Lookstie," but the immortal lyric does not explain why they should frighten the fish. I believe the ladies deny the allegation in toto. In the south of Ireland an angler proceeding to fish declares he will have no luck if he is asked where he is going to, if he sees a magpie, or if he is so unfortunate as to meet a woman."

Admiral Ho's Kindness.

A good story is told by a friend of the famous Admiral Ho, illustrating at once the courtesy of his nation and the kindly nature of the man himself. On one occasion the conversation turned upon the facilities afforded to foreigners for travelling about in Japan, and the narrator of the incident had expressed a wish to go to a certain place. Admiral Ho thereupon hastily took from his pocket a bank note for 5 yen and wrote his signature on it. He then handed the note over to his friend, saying quietly but decidedly:—"You can go through Japan on that 5 yen note, I'm certain of it." There was no aggressive assertion of his personal power in the action, but only satisfaction in the knowledge of his ability to be of service. His signature is a sure passport anywhere in Mikado's dominions.

Doesn't Like "Indiana."

An Indianapolis special says: General Lew Wallace, who has been appointed president of the new Board of Regents of the Indiana Soldiers' Monument, objects to most of the art features of the \$400,000 monument, now nearly completed. The monument is surmounted by a female figure, "Indiana," the work of Sculptor Brewster, of Boston, which cost \$14,000. This, General Wallace says, must come down. He says it looks like a can-can dancer, and is an insult to the womanhood of the State.

CARLYLE AS A JURYMAN.

How He Liked It and How the Verdict Was Secured Under Difficulties.

Carlyle once served on a jury. It must have been a curious experience for everybody concerned. The action was over a patent, and after the first hearing it was adjourned, when an official of the court asked Carlyle to give his word of honour that he would come again when required.

The answer of the philosopher was an emphatic "No." He gave the official his word of honour that he would not come back—they might fine him, they might kill him, but that box he would not enter alive any more.

When the summons for him to appear again arrived, Mrs. Carlyle, thinking to save him annoyances, and ignorant of the consequence, burnt the paper and it was only on her mentioning the matter accidentally to Sir F. Pollock that Carlyle was saved from a £10 fine, just a fifth part of the sum he was paid for writing the "French Revolution."

Even then there was some difficulty, for Mrs. Carlyle could not remember the name of the case, the date or the court. But the fact that it was a patent case was a clue, and Carlyle, "cursing from the bottom of his heart the administration of English justice," turned up in time.

The case was heard and the jury could not agree. Eleven were for the plaintiff and one for the defendant. Oddly enough the recalcitrant jurymen was not the dogged philosopher, but an obscure individual as Carlyle described him, "with a huge flat head, and evidently no sense in it." The eleven re-monstrated in vain.

At last Carlyle came to the rescue. "Don't reason with him," said he; "don't you see he is a fool—flatter him—that is our only chance."

But flattery failed. Then the sage, after having suggested that the eleven should "fall upon the monster and strangle him," which he thought in the circumstances would only be justifiable homicide, coaxed him, and laughed, and pulled him by the arm, and the other ten did the same; and finally the rock moved, and again they were all true Englishmen.

CURES CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

Strong and Unreserved Testimony of the Curative Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Actions speak louder than words. Mr. John MacInnis of Washabuck Bridge, N. S., made use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and says:—"I used the medicine according to directions and found it to be a wonderful cure for catarrh and deafness. I can hear as good as ever. You will find 60 cents enclosed for which please send me another bottle." After recommending the catarrhal cure to my neighbor, and she seeing the wonderful good it has done me, wants a bottle, so you will please send a bottle and blower to her also."

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness; 60 cents.

Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps, S. C. Detchon, 44 Church-street, Toronto.

An Imperial Relic.

The library at Aix-la-Chapelle, the capital of a district in Rhenish Prussia, possesses a book which was buried with Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, who died in January, 814, at Aix-la-Chapelle, after a reign of forty-seven years, and who was buried with great pomp in the cathedral of that city. The book was a copy of the four Gospels in gold characters on purple vellum. When the tomb of Charlemagne was, a hundred and eighty years afterwards, broken open by Pope Otto III., the body of the king was found in wonderful preservation, seated in an erect position, and dressed in full imperial costume. Otto removed all the adjuncts, including the book, to be preserved as Imperial relics. The celebrated Book of the Dead, or of Funeral Ritual, on papyrus manuscripts has been found in the tombs of the ancient Egyptian Kings.

REV. L. W. SHOWERS.

Gives His Experience With Organic Heart Disease—The Dread Malady of the Increase.

For many years my greatest enemy has been organic heart disease. From an uneasiness about the heart, with palpitation into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dull pain with a peculiar warm feeling were ever near the heart. I have tried many physicians and taken numberless remedies with very little benefit. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised in the Kittinging, Pa., papers, I purchased a bottle and began its use, receiving almost instant relief. I have now taken several bottles of the remedy and can speak most highly in its favor. The choking, abnormal beating, thumping and palpitation have almost entirely disappeared. The remedy is certainly a wonder-worker, for my case was chronic. Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa.

A Yarn of Step Dancing.

Two negroes, an old one and a young one, were dancing for a wager. The former was somewhat handicapped by a big pair of boots that had evidently been built for someone else. The referee's decision was that the young nigger had won. The old man complained, and said:—"See 'ere Mister Ref'ree, 'ow 'as 'e won?" The referee replied:—"E done more beats den you done." The old nigger rejoined:—"Go 'long, I done a lot 'er steps in dem shoes what you neber see."

COUNT DE DORY.

A Well-Known Danish Nobleman Makes a Statement Which Will Prove of Great Interest and Value to Many.

Under date of September 1st, 1894, Count de Dory writes as follows from Neepawa, Man.:—"I have been ailing constantly for six or seven years with severe kidney and bladder trouble. I have doctored during all this time with physicians in different countries without any relief. During my travels I was induced to try South American

Kidney Cure, from which remedy I received instant relief. I most heartily endorse this remedy, as I do not think it has an equal." South American Kidney Cure invariably gives relief within six hours after the first dose is taken.

How He Escaped.

An amusing incident is related as happening in the South of France, anent the resignation of M. Casimir-Perier as President of that Republic. The police arrested a tramp on the charge of vagabondage, and the tramp, while admitting the fact, contended that it must go to prison, he should go in a carriage, as "Casimir" was worth forty millions of francs, and was abundantly able to pay for it. This was considered a criminal familiarity for a tramp to make use of, and he was arraigned on the charge of "offences against the person of the President of the Republic." Luckily for the tramp, when the charge came to a trial it was ascertained that at the time when the expression was used M. Casimir-Perier had ceased to be the President, so the tramp was not a political offender, but just an ordinary vagabond.

A Other Hamilton Citizen Cured of Rheumatism in Three Days.

Mr. I. McFarlane, 246 Wellington-street, Hamilton:—"For many weeks I have suffered intense pain from rheumatism—was so bad that I could not attend to business. I procured South American Rheumatic Cure on the recommendation of my druggist and was completely cured in three or four days by the use of this remedy only. It is the best remedy I ever saw."

How They Would Treat Bachelors.

Here is the way they propose to treat bachelors in Missouri: Those between the ages of 30 and 35 years are to be taxed \$10; between the ages of 35 and 40 years, \$15; between 40 and 45 years, \$30; between 45 and 50 years, \$50; between 50 and 55 years, \$75. Bachelors over 60 years of age are required to pay 25 per cent. of their taxable wealth. It will be seen by the above ascending scale of assessment that in the opinion of the Missouri lawmakers there is no bachelor so deserving of the penalties of taxation as an old bachelor.

The Great Famine.

Lord Dufferin once our governor general was, on leaving Oxford in 1846, led to make a close study of the Irish people, by witnessing the terribly painful scenes during the Great Famine. He with a friend took a hamper of bread for distribution, but an orderly dispensation of this relief was impossible, and the loaves had to be thrown out of a window, the famished women struggling for them. These episodes made a life-long impression.

Turkey's Trade.

Turkey sends out tobacco, the cereals, nuts, almonds, olives, all sorts of dried fruits, coffee, madder, opium, and an enormous amount of wine, the last named article to France, to be re-bottled and exported. A very important trade is also carried on in fish, sponges and coral.

BORN.

Windsor, N. S., to the wife of H. P. Scott, a son.
Dalhousie, May 20, to the wife of Mr. Fay, a daughter.
Carleton, May 8, to the wife of H. Landry, a daughter.
Amherst, May 19, to the wife of J. Embree Pipes, a son.
Amherst, May 11, to the wife of Daniel Geldert, a son.
Halifax, May 21, to the wife of Sergt. Bowstead, a son.
Rosedale, May 14, to the wife of Samuel Steeves, a son.
Halifax, May 18, to the wife of Hugh Sinclair, a son.
Moncton, May 22, to the wife of Irvine Binney, a son.
Pictou, May 7, to the wife of J. F. Comeau, a daughter.
Halifax, May 19, to the wife of George Kinnie, a son.
Halifax, May 22, to the wife of Capt. Oye Lange, a son.
Windsor, May 15, to the wife of C. Henry Dimock, a son.
Dartmouth, May 24, to the wife of E. A. Butler, a daughter.
Bridgewater, May 18, to the wife of Dr. C. C. Ellis, a daughter.
South Waterville, N. B., to the wife of George Foster, a son.
Marbleton, N. S., May 15, to the wife of John Danforth, a son.
Hopedale, May 10, to the wife of James C. Wright, a son.
Lunenburg, May 23, to the wife of F. Wesley Dunack, a son.
Newport, N. S., May 18, to the wife of Robert Chambers, a son.
Charlottetown, May 20, to the wife of Robert J. Russell, a daughter.
Midville Branch, May 20, to the wife of Spurgeon Hildre, a daughter.
Yarmouth, May 15, to the wife of Capt. Ralph McDonald, a daughter.
Hammond Plains, May 19, to the wife of James M. Haverstick, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, May 15, by Rev. E. E. Moore, Henry Giles to Rosa Malone.
Woodstock, May 22, by Rev. Thomas Todd, E. A. Newell to Emma Felt.
Mahone Bay, May 11, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, George Ratuse to Minnie Haman.
Hanford, May 14, by Elder D. R. Nowlan, Archie Macdonald to Hannah Mattinson.
Havelock, May 23, by Rev. Abram Perry, Colby J. McMackin to Merat Thorne.
Halifax, May 23, by Rev. Allan Simpson, James M. Anderson to Elizabeth Read.
Baie Verte, May 25, May 15, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, John L. Wall to Amelia Allan.
Parrsboro, May 1, by Rev. H. K. McLean, John B. Delaney to Willetta A. Johnson.
Oak Point, May 9, by Rev. L. R. Skinner, Arthur Stephen Loupin to Lettie Hubbard.
Surrey, N. B., May 18, by Rev. W. Camp, John F. Wallace to Emma E. McFeters.
Havelock, May 15, by Rev. N. A. MacNeill, Freeman A. Corey to Mabel C. Corey.
Fairview, May 15, by Rev. J. L. Read, Havelock Cline, of Weston, to Susie Carey.
Yarmouth, May 18, by Rev. D. B. Moore, Edward D. Churchill to Florence Hubbard.
Bridgewater, May 8, by Rev. A. D. Swainsburg, Stephen Loupin to Lettie Hubbard.
Granville, May 12, by Rev. F. M. Young, James Frederick Wilson to Ella May Ruse.
Halifax, May 23, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Henry J. Boshor, of Berwick, to Annie M. Cooper.
Yarmouth, May 15, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Edward D. Churchill to Florence Hubbard, of Yarmouth.
Bridgetown, May 20, by J. B. Giles, Frank A. McLaren, of Halifax to Clara Seelye, of Brighton.
St. Croix, May 15, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Theodore A. Hill to Mary H., daughter of James Hall.
Lower Economy, May 16, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Noble Simpson to Laura, daughter of Charles Marsh.
Urbana, May 7, by Rev. J. Shipperly, Daniel Skating, of South Maitland, to Jane Franklin, of Uxbridge.
Joggins Mines, May 20, by Rev. J. M. Parker, Barclay S. Davis to Annie daughter of Henry McCarthy.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the cloth. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moderately used will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Wolville, May 6, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Charles T. Stewart of Prospect, to Bessie Atwell, of Black River.
Fredericton, May 31, by the Rev. Willard McDonald, Peter McNaughton, to Margaret McKinnon both of Stanley, N. B.
Murray Corner, May 14, by Rev. Jos. H. Brownell, George Fields to Sarah E. Goodwin, both of Lorneville, N. S.
Urbana, May 15, by Rev. J. Shipperly, Samuel McPhie, of Indian Road to Mary Ellen, daughter of the late Alexander Rose, of Uxbridge.

DIED.

Truro, May 22, R. O. Christie, 33.
Mildred, May 10, John Taylor, 74.
Halifax, May 24, Mrs. John Egan.
Halifax, May 22, John J. Henry, 49.
Pictou, May 13, J. D. Cochran, 90.
St. John, May 27, George Nixon, 38.
St. John, May 25, Harriet Smith, 62.
Freepoint, May 21, William Morell, 60.
Westport, May 13, Charles W. Denton.
Hebron, May 21, Mrs. Sarah Patten, 73.
Campbellton, May 17, Richard Lane, 68.
Amherst, May 18, W. Inglis Moffatt, 51.
Marydale, May 11, Thomas Chisholm, 82.
Bridgetown, May 18, Watson Munroe, 34.
Ship Harbor, May 8, Samuel Chipman, 90.
St. John, May 22, David Palmer Howe, 76.
Kingston, May 21, Stephen H. Crawford, 65.
Wentworth, May 18, Mrs. Louisa Smith, 78.
Cheverie, N. S., May 16, Fred B. Palmer, 27.
Kingston, May 21, Stephen H. Crawford, 65.
Wentworth, May 18, Mrs. Louisa Smith, 78.
Fredericton, May 22, Miss Georgina Bain, 76.
Arthurville, May 15, George Ernest Grant, 39.
North Shore, May 17, Alexander Macenzie, 35.
Stroud, May 22, Owen de Forest Telf, 12.
Buctouche, May 8, Dominick J. Robichaud, 61.
Windsor Forks, May 12, Martin Burke, 68.
Dorchester penitentiary May 15, William Higgins.
Marysville, May 19, Phebe, wife of Jacob Libby, 77.
Weston, May 5, Sophia, wife of W. A. Skinner, 61.
St. John, (west), May 25, Z. Charles Adams, 81.
Blackville, N. B., May 3, Mrs. Charles Delany, 85.
North Sydney,