

THE TOWN WAS SAVED.

He was not romantic to look at; indeed, there was something almost comic in the short, stout figure, clad in its washed-out blouse, and the wrinkled, sunburnt face under the faded bonnet round, and yet in the heart of Pierre Goblet there were thoughts and feelings that might have done honor to some knight of old. For he was a patriot, this old French miller, fired with an enthusiasm that three score years and ten had been unable to quench. His father had been one of the *Guarde Armée* in the great *Empire*'s time; and from his boyhood Pierre had held in loyal veneration the image of the little man in the gray coat, who had led his conquering armies across Europe, and had made France a power to be dreaded far and wide. But many changes had passed over France since those days, changes that Pierre Goblet had watched with a sad heart.

In the summer of 1870, when the Franco-German war was at its height, Pierre Goblet stood one evening at the threshold of his home, smoking his pipe. The old mill which had belonged to the Goblets for many generations, was built on the summit of some rising ground, and could be seen for many miles. The miller's little cottage was attached to the mill, but no other house was near. A few miles away lay the town of St. Andre, the town to which the Goblets belonged. To the whole scene was very fair to look upon in its summer beauty. Rich pastures and vineyards, and on the summit of the hill the picturesque old mill, with the quaint little town plainly discernible in the distance. On the other side of the hill, away from the town, was a wood of old trees, which extended for many acres. Some of the trees, firs and others, were very ancient, and gave a dark shadowy aspect to the whole.

The miller smoked thoughtfully as he gazed out before him along the white dusty road that led to the town. He was quite alone, for the few men he employed about the mill had gone to St. Andre with a load of flour, and would not return until their empty wagons until the following day. It was a busy, anxious time for the miller, for he knew that the town was in a state of siege, and the Germans might be upon them, and they were preparing to hold their own against them. St. Andre was a fortified town, and with proper care and precaution, they hoped to defend at least against a sudden attack. For months past old Pierre had gone down to the village night after night to hear the latest news, and to talk to the few men the war had left behind. The miller talked his heart out, trying to infect his neighbors with some of his own patriotic notions. But Pierre Goblet belonged to a bygone age, and the men, young and old, who gathered around him, although they listened respectfully enough, were too apathetic to understand him. They smoked and drank, while he, leaving the red wine untasted in his glass, talked and gesticulated, his dim eyes growing bright with the fire within him, but he did more than talk; he urged the townspeople to sustain a siege, and in these preparations he himself gave substantial aid, for he kept his mill going early and late, until he had ground sufficient corn to keep the town in bread for many months to come.

Pierre Goblet had one child, a daughter, who was married to one of the chief shopkeepers of St. Andre. Babette was a young and pretty woman. She was very fond of her father, yet she sympathized with him as little as any one in the town. This young French matron rejoiced in the fact that her father, to whom she had been married but a few months, had been passed over by the conscription on account of a slight deafness. She and her father could not think alike on this or indeed on any subject connected with the war. One day, when the preparations for fortifying the town were nearly completed, Babette declared that, when all was done, her father must come and stay with her until the war troubles were at an end. Old Pierre could not endure the thoughts of leaving his mill, and he said: "I suppose it must be so, little one, since I am too old to carry a gun."

"My father," the girl cried quickly, "why regret that you cannot go out to be killed? If you were the youngest and the strongest, what difference could one man make?"

"Ah! child, that is the spirit of the age that would shirk all responsibility," the old man answered sadly. "But that was not what the soldiers in my young days were taught. Then each man who went to swell the numbers of those conquering armies felt that it rested with him individually, whether the end should be victory or disaster!"

The only answer to this speech was a ringing laugh, and then Babette pressed her pretty lips caressingly on the miller's bald head, and so the father and daughter parted; the old man making his way back to the mill from which, the next morning, he had to start on his journey to the town.

The twilight deepened as Pierre Goblet stood by the solitary mill, gazing dreamily out before him. He was so lost in thought that he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps. It was only when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder that he turned and found himself surrounded by some half-dozen big men in the Prussian uniform. Before Pierre had realized what had happened, he had drifted with the soldiers, into the cottage, and the door was closed upon them. The man who had first accosted him still kept his hand upon his arm; and as the miller looked at him, he saw, from his dress and bearing, that he was an officer. He gave the old man a little inattentive shake, as if to arrest his attention, and then addressed him in very fluent French.

"Monsieur le Miller, we have come intrude ourselves upon your hospitality," he said. "Remember that you cannot use us; so take matters with a good grace and bring out quickly all your lard and butter in the way of meat and drink."

Pierre Goblet saw that resistance was useless, and without a word he turned to obey. As he moved about he could hear the officer and his men talking eagerly together, but their tongue was an unintelligible jargon to him—he could not understand a word.

The officer seated himself at the table, and the men waited upon him before satisfying their own hunger. Then meat,

bread, and wine were placed in a basket, and two of the men left the cottage carrying it between them. From the window Pierre Goblet watched them making their way in that direction of the wood. They were evidently taking food to some other officers who were left in charge of men there. It was too dark for Pierre to distinguish anything, but he felt certain that a large body of men—perhaps many thousands—were concealed among the trees, only waiting until it was night that they might swoop down upon St. Andre and take it by surprise.

Pierre Goblet emerged into the granary and closed the trap-door after him, and fastened it. He had no special object in going to the mill except that he might find solitude. He stood still and ruminated. On the whitened floor empty sacks and odds and ends were strewn about, and among them he noticed a large can that was filled with petroleum. It was as well supplied with this oil, for it was used for the many lamps about the mill, but having no further need for it at present, he had directed that this can should be taken in the last wagon and left in the town, as he thought his daughter might find it useful in the time of siege when necessities ran short. However his instructions had been forgotten, and the petroleum remained behind. At another time the carelessness of his men would have annoyed him, but his mind was too full of a large trouble now for a small one to give him a second thought.

A wooden ladder ran up the side of the mill to the little door which window that opened just behind the wheel. Pierre Goblet mounted the ladder, opened the window and leaned out. Only a foot or two from him the great sails were going steadily round and round—the four huge arms that had been familiar to him since his childhood; and to him each had an individuality of its own. He knew them by the way the little bits of canvas had been patched and mended by his dexterous fingers; a scrap of brown canvas, that had been put in only a few days ago, caught his eye, and as it passed him again and again, mechanically he counted the revolutions of the wheel, for his nerves were strained to such high tension that he scarcely knew what he did. On and on went the sails with their steady, monotonous motion, and the great wheel groaned and creaked in its socket.

The old miller's heart sank within him as he thought of the little town, whose fast approaching doom seemed inevitable. It only it were possible to warn the inhabitants of this danger! But he was a prisoner in his own home. An hour went by, and the daylight slowly faded. The officer who had taken possession of the cottage was joined by another, a younger man, and they sat together over the fire, smoking and talking. Above the chimney-piece was a colored print of the first Napoleon. It was a poor little picture, and did but scant justice to the handsome face it was supposed to represent; but the cocked hat, the gray coat, and the faded red ribbon across the breast, were all familiar to Pierre, and he had cherished the little portrait for many years. All at once the younger of the two Germans caught sight of it. He gave a derisive laugh, and snatching it from the wall tossed it upon the fire. There was a bright flame for an instant; then a scrap of black, charred paper floated upward in the smoke. With set teeth, Pierre Goblet stood and watched. The expression of his face was inscrutable but as his eyes followed that black atom, as it disappeared up the open chimney, a sudden moisture filled them that made the whole place swim. Then he went slowly from the room. He scarcely glanced at the outer door, where the soldiers were standing to prevent any one from passing out, but turned along a narrow passage to where a flight of wooden steps led up to the granary of the mill. He ascended them slowly and pushed open the trap-door. The soldiers made no effort to detain him, for they knew that it was impossible that he could escape through the mill.

Then Pierre Goblet turned his eyes away from the mill and looked straight before him, to where a few miles distant—the little town lay, and he thought of its unconscious inhabitants. They little knew that that night would bring them, that to many it might be their last on earth. Next the old man looked towards the wood. It was grim, dark, impenetrable. But in his fancy he could see men armed to the teeth, who watched and waited, ready at the first word of command to spring upon their prey. Then Pierre Goblet lifted his head and looked up into the clear cool sky, where a few pale stars were twinkling. His lips did not move, but from his heart went up an agonized cry that he might be shown a way to help his countrymen. If he were even then upon the road, he knew he should not have time to reach the town. Most likely a German bullet would find him out, and he would fall lifeless by the roadside, his work undone. How could he warn St. Andre? Their preparations to receive the enemy were so nearly completed, and a few hours more so much difference.

All at once the light of inspiration came into the old man's face; his eyes glowed with a sudden eager hope. He did not hesitate for an instant. Carefully he clambered down the ladder back to the granary floor. First he took a dark lantern from a shelf and lighted it; next, he found a long thin stick, which he placed with the lantern ready for his use. Then he uncorked the can of petroleum and carried it slowly and steadily up the ladder. He leaned from the little window as far as he was able, and tilted the can gently, so that a stream of oil fell on the great sails as they passed. Again and again each arm in turn received its portion, until the wind-driven canvas was soaked through and through, and the ponderous wheel groaned and creaked more loudly under its increased weight.

Pierre Goblet replaced the empty can, ang taking up the lantern and the stick, he mounted the ladder once more. But before he proceeded with his operations, he glanced in the direction of the town, and a smile was on his lips as he murmured: "Ah! my little Babette, one man—and an old man too—may make a difference!" Then, pushing back the slide of the lantern, he lit the stick, and leaning from the window, he fired his beacon. He touched each arm as it passed, and in an instant a huge wheel of fire, that could be seen for many miles, was whirling around.

Pierre Goblet knew that within a very short space the whole mill would be on fire.

Still, that blazing wheel must attract attention, and one moment was enough to give an alarm.

The smell of fire, the noise of burning wood, brought the Germans hurrying from the cottage. But Pierre Goblet heeded them not. He stood there gazing from the window, though he was almost blinded by the flames as they passed close to him. There was a look of breathless expectation on his face, which, after a moment changed to one of intense relief. For a strange conviction came to him, that at the eleventh hour the people realized their danger and would be prepared.

The old man's eyes glowed with rapturous happiness as he gazed up into the starry heavens with a mingled cry of gratitude and supplication. Then, as he felt that the fire and smoke were overpowering him, he roused himself for one last effort. Waving his hand toward the German soldiers, he shouted in a voice that rang out loud and clear, "Vive la France—Chamber's Journal."

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

When Dulcie Heywood married the minister, and was starting on a blissful little bridal journey, her Aunt Dorothea took occasion to observe that, although married, she was by no means out of this troublesome world.

Dulcie felt in her heart of hearts that she was not good enough to be a minister's wife, she had been very worldly, had thought too much about the rills on her dresses, and liked bracelets, and earrings, and blue ribbons too well; but, oh! how she did mean to try to be all that her husband thought her.

At the good-bys, and the journey, and the few days which always seemed to her to have been dropped from the sky, and to have vanished into the sea, they came to their home, and life in earnest commenced.

If anybody had hinted to Dulcie that in less than two years she would echo her Aunt Dorothea's words, she would have shaken her pretty head and thought that, loving Paul as she did, she could bear all things; the sweet dreams of her girlhood had not prepared her for so much unhappiness. Sometimes she thought that she wished Paul had heard a "call" to be a missionary, that she might prove to him how cheerfully she would follow him to the world's end.

But Dulcie's husband was called to work in an old vineyard. Days came when he felt that the soil was worn out, or the seed had fallen among thorns; his duty was to repeat the words of promise and warning to ears that seemed to hear not—and his life was Dulcie's life as well.

"Dulcie didn't count it a trial, so full was her heart of heaven-giving charity, to wear her last year's hat, that Paul might be one of ten to make up a hundred dollars to the Home Missions."

Yet, after awhile, it seemed that Dulcie was less able to bear things. She cried sometimes at nothing in the world; she would ask queer little fancies; she would ask Paul if he really loved her—really loved her? "Paul would laugh and say 'No,' jestingly. He thought he was learning a new phase of her character; but when he knew that it was the shadow of a sweet and solemn promise which rested on her face, and gave to it the new and earnest beauty, he watched over her with tender care, a worshipful love, unknown to her before. Many among his 'charge' saw it with foreboding; they feared he was raising up an idol in the Master's place."

One morning Paul said that his wife was unusually pale, and there were dark rings under her eyes.

"You must keep quiet to-day, girl," he said. "You have been wearing yourself out nursing poor little Adam."

"It wasn't half so hard for me to stay with him as it would have been to leave that mother alone with him; there wasn't a woman in the house, and Dr. Brown said he had asked half a dozen of the ladies in our church, and they all have excuses. It seems so hard for her to be alone."

He made her promise to rest, and he said, regretfully, as he looked back from the door, "How I wish I could stay with you. Oh! if I could feel that my work here is doing any good! I often remember the battle with the windmills. I am worn out, and it isn't a giant after all."

How Paul's eyes glistened as he spoke! And Dulcie noticed that his face was thin and white, and his overcoat was beginning to look shabby.

Then she brought out the basket of work over which her face became so tender and serious. She sewed rapidly for an hour, then hearing a step, she put the work away and opened the door.

"Why, Aunt Faith," she said, "I didn't think of seeing you this dismal morning! How is your rheumatism?"

"There are times," said the old lady, whose tall, gaunt form quite overshadowed Dulcie, "when one must rise superior to rheumatism, and even to neuralgia; I am having that now, too."

"I hope nothing has happened," said Dulcie, apprehensively.

"It has been happening for some time," said Mrs. Hopkins, who by this time had taken Paul's chair and sat looking gloomily into the fire, which snapped, crackled and danced gayly in the grate; Dulcie found herself wondering how it dared. "The truth is," she said, suddenly facing Dulcie, "I feel that you ought to know it; this always has been an awful place for a minister. Awful! When they get a new one, there isn't anything good enough for him; but after they have had him a spell, he has to take up with what he can get."

Mrs. Hopkins spoke as though she had washed her hands of the whole matter.

"What do you mean?" asked Dulcie, flashing, and ready to cry.

"I don't think myself if any such great thing; but there's them that say they can't stand his sitting down in prayer meeting! Julia Comstock says it's the fashion in the city, but we old folks don't like to have city notions brought into the country. Mrs. Hardacre spoke of it first and that set us to thinking."

"Why," began Dulcie catching her breath, "why we thought, Paul and I, that it seems so much more social; and I feel nearer to the people; he often says he wishes he could take all those stiff, unsocial benches away and have chairs, and a carpet and make it bright and pleasant, like a home; it would be so much more inviting. I should think that Mrs. Hardacre could bear it with some degree of patience, as she never goes to prayer

meeting or church. Her daughter told me that she is too feeble to get out."

"Carpet and chairs at a prayer meeting!" Mrs. Hopkins looked perfectly aghast.

"Do you think," said Dulcie, "that we are nearer heaven on a wooden bench and bare floor? Would you invite a guest into a room in your house furnished like the one into which you ask the Lord to enter?"

"Carpet and chairs!" repeated Mrs. Hopkins, rising. "I was going to tell you that some think that his wearing his hair so long gives him a foolish appearance in the pulpit; and I don't know about a minister's wearing a mustache with such long ends. I was going to act the part of a friend and tell you that there is more than one who thinks he meant Brother Hudson when he spoke in his last sermon, of Jesus carrying the bag."

Dulcie arose; her face was perfectly colorless with passion.

"I am sorry that people have such an opinion of your brother; I am sure my husband, when he said Jesus, meant Jesus. I don't think he would have been afraid to say Hudson Hopkins if he had meant him. Heaven forgive you!" cried poor Dulcie. "But I think it would have been kinder in you to have gone to help take care of Adam Trille than to come here troubling me."

"Adam will need no more nursing—he is dead," said the woman, as she closed the door. And little Adam dead! The little boy she had loved and petted and nursed. Her head sank upon her breast, and she would have fallen had not her husband at that moment opened the door and caught her in his arms.

"My poor little wife," he cried; "who has been so unkind as to tell you? I wanted to say it so gently to you; but he is better off, we know. I talked with his mother; and Dulcie, darling, his father has signed the pledge."

Dulcie threw her arms round her husband's neck. "A giant!" she cried. "No one but you, Paul, could have slain it; and that poor mother told me her husband never listened to any one as he has to you." And then, with sobs and little whispers of self-reproach and pleadings for forgiveness, came the story of her morning's trouble.

It would not do, Paul saw at once, to blame her or let her know what she had done, for, with prophetic vision, he saw the Hopkins' empty pew, and he felt his purse lightened of the Hopkins' liberal subscription. But his little wife, whose physical condition was that of weakness and dependence, must be soothed and quieted; and so Paul talked gently to her. And they wondered about heaven, where little Adam had gone.

"To think," said Dulcie, "that his little hands have opened the door so closely shut to us."

Then he told her of his morning's work, and how only one of the committee, five agreed with him in thinking they could not get through the winter with the church in its dilapidated condition; that it must have a new roof. "They seem to think," said he, "that doing anything for the church is so much thrown away. When I think that I have had to beg for my salary, after I have earned it, I am indignant and grieved."

Then Dulcie forgot herself in her husband.

"My own darling Paul!" she cried. "We can still trust in Him. It comforts me to think He says, 'The steps of a good man are ordered by himself. I never see you going in a rough path but I think of that. And you know, Paul,' she added in her sweet, deprecating way, 'you know that I am stumbling along beside you.'"

Dulcie's time of trial came all too soon, and when a dead baby lay upon the mother's heart and Paul saw the white faces of both get through in a moment of the life and its bud which the storm that very morning had broken from the stem.

Then Dulcie, with the strange, sweet smile upon her face which the angels give to the dying, whispered: "It is best so, Paul; I never was good enough; but I hope he will give us a little place in heaven near the gate, Paul—baby and me, and we will watch for you. I will teach her. Don't, Paul," she said, as he hid his face in his hands and groaned, then took her in his heart, as though that strong, warm grasp could keep her from death itself.

"I cannot let you go, my darling," he said.

But, smiling still, she whispered again: "There are the giants for you to fight, Paul; I never could; somehow, I wasn't strong enough. His will be done; you know, you always said that, Paul."

She was silent then; they watched her as the shadows began to creep in, and when the night came, lo, to her came the morning.

When, after the years had recently laid a crown of silver upon his head, and he, too, heard a voice, "Come up higher, friend," he left a record of giants slain by holy word and deed, of which that purest knight of Arthur's day need not have been ashamed.

"MAN OVERBOARD."

It was a lively joke, but it cost the Joker his baggage.

"Steamship passengers frequently resort to practical jokes to relieve the monotony of voyages," said a retired sea captain, "and while the pranks, as a rule, are perfectly harmless they sometimes have a boomerang effect."

"Three years ago we were crossing the Atlantic, and both the owners and myself were exceedingly anxious to make a speedy trip, as a rival liner had the week before lowered the record held by our company. On the third day out just about dusk the cry of 'Man overboard!' rang through the ship, and a hurried investigation elicited the information that several of the passengers had heard a splash, followed by piteous appeals of 'Help, help! Save me!'"

"The engines were stopped, and the steamer put about, a close watch being kept meanwhile for the drowning man. A half hour was spent in cruising about without results, and we started on our journey under the belief that the poor fellow had gone to bottom. The inquiry that followed proved puzzling. No one was missing, and we came to the conclusion that a stowaway had committed suicide."

"The next day, however, an explanation came. We had a ventriloquist aboard in the person of a very smart young man, who was too tickled over the success of his joke to keep the secret."

"Then the laugh was on him. As he had caused a serious delay and much annoyance I notified him that I had made an official entry of the circumstance on my log and the loss of time, and that on approaching shore I would detain him until a sufficient guarantee had been put up that he would answer in court to reply to a demand for financial restitution. I talked of \$50,000 being about the penalty under the government mail contract, and it is needless to say he spent the balance of the voyage on tender hooks. He disappeared before we docked, leaving his baggage behind."—San Francisco Post.

A Plucky Judge of Dundee.

How many rats should put an ordinary man to flight? We now know that thirty won't cause a Scotch Judge to turn tail. Sheriff Campbell Smith has just had before him at Dundee a case of broken tenancy on account of an incursion of the rodents, and while he gave judgement in favor of the occupant who had left the house on account of the rats, he told him he thought he and his family had been unduly alarmed. "If they could not face them themselves they should have got a dog or a cat to assist them. To be put to flight by three rats—for these were all the tenants had seen—was hardly to be understood. He knew some timid people were terrified by rats, but three rats or thirty rats would not frighten His Lordship out of the house."—Westminster Gazette.

BORN.

Moncton, Oct. 2, to the wife of R. C. Selig, a son.
Truro, Sept. 26, to the wife of I. D. McKay, a son.
Claremont, Sept. 22, to the wife of Clarence Cove, a son.
Moncton, Oct. 2, to the wife of Owen McGinty, a son.
Smithfield, N.S., Sept. 29, to the wife of J. D. Pratt, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 3, to the wife of Rev. J. L. Dawson, a son.
New Glasgow, Oct. 1, to the wife of Albert G. Fraser, a son.
Falmouth, Sept. 26, to the wife of Walter Ayward, a son.
Buctouche, Oct. 1, to the wife of Alex McAlister, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Sept. 29, to the wife of W. Caldwell, a daughter.
Lakelse, Sept. 26, to the wife of Harmon Isley, a daughter.
Kingsport, Sept. 26, to the wife of Prof. Bobar, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 3, to the wife of W. C. Harris, a daughter.
Malaga, Sept. 25, to the wife of K. D. Ross, a daughter.
St. John, Oct. 2, to the wife of Ernest Johnson, a daughter.
Truro, Sept. 22, to the wife of W. H. Trueman, a daughter.
Centerville, Sept. 28, to the wife of Austen Whelan, a daughter.
Truro, Sept. 22, to the wife of P. McGregor Archibald, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 3, to the wife of N. Valito Brown, a son.
Shubenacadie, Sept. 11, to the wife of A. C. Stems-horn, a son.
Fredericton, Sept. 30, to the wife of Fred St. J. Bliss, a daughter.
Central N. S., Sept. 10, to the wife of J. W. Wilson, a daughter.
St. Stephen, Sept. 24, to the wife of E. A. Barten, a son and daughter.
Lower Granville, Sept. 30, to the wife of James Morrison, Jr., a daughter.
Oyster Pond Guyahro Co., Sept. 30, to the wife of Bertram Guiroux, a daughter.
Lynn, Colchester Co., to the wife of Simon Webb, a son and daughter.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Sept. 26, Ernest E. Crosby to Penny McWilliams.
Yarmouth, Oct. 2, by Rev. Mr. Fullen, Carl Stayer to Edna Jones.
Bos. N. S., Sept. 28, by C. H. Page, Edgar E. Russell to Grace M. Austin.
Truro, Sept. 24, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Arthur E. Cox to Annie Rust.
Truro, Sept. 17, by Rev. W. F. Parker, John Oakes to Mrs. Ellen Watson.
Pictou, Sept. 26, by Rev. A. Falconer, Alexander C. Ross to Isabel Ross.
Oak Hill, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. C. Goncher, Richard Dyer to Ada Ridout.
Oak Bay, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. W. Milledge, Thomas Tool to Alice E. Gilman.
New Glasgow, Oct. 2, by Rev. W. Steward, John P. Fraser to Mary St. Clair.
Millville, Sept. 23, by Rev. E. Boyle, Charles Casey to Mary Hinchey.
Windsor, Oct. 2, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Alphonso Brown to Bessie Withrow.
Truro, Sept. 30, by Rev. J. Wood, J. Webster Dyer to Edna Williamson.
Five Islands, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. Gray, Newton Puseley to Mille Corbett.
Halifax, Oct. 1, by Rev. H. B. Brown, James Thomas to Mary St. Clair.
Calais, Sept. 25, by A. S. Ladd, David Oliver to Emma J. Robbins of N. B.
Hazel Hill, Sept. 28, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, John A. Grant to Rhoda Barrs.
Fredericton, Oct. 3, by Rev. W. Tippet, J. Darley Harrison to Jennie Logan.
Truro, Sept. 23, by Rev. D. Underwood, John Gasky to Pauline Roebuck.
Woodstock, Sept. 24, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, James Sheehan to Flora Nicholson.
Shad Bay, Oct. 1, by Rev. F. Summer, John D. Redmond to Ellen McGrath.
Port Maitland, Sept. 28, by Rev. F. Beattie, Joseph H. Crosby to Emmeline Rose.
North River, Sept. 24, by Rev. B. Mack, Willam Murray to Maggie Reid.
Windsor, Oct. 1, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Weston McLean to Sophie McEllan.
Shubenacadie, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, David Crowe to Laura Frame.
Georgetown, Sept. 25, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Albert Nelson to Ruby Etinger.
Capit(North), Sept. 22, by Rev. M. McLeod, James McGivern to Sarah McEllan.
Arnsboro, Oct. 1, by Rev. James Sharp, Wm. L. Lorraine to Charlotte Morgan.
Durham, N. S., Oct. 2, by Rev. J. R. Coffin, John Muirhead to Frances J. Fraser.
Grand Pre, Sept. 25, by Rev. Wm. Brown, L. C. Logwell to Mary A. Fullerton.
Bale verte, Sept. 30, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Berd Goodwin to Annie J. Willis.
Fredericton, Oct. 2, by Rev. Wm. Tippet, John Williams to Grace Harris.
Buctouche, Sept. 25, by Rev. Fr. Michaud, Albert J. Dyrart to Susie E. Hannigan.
Waverille N. S., Sept. 29, by Rev. J. M. Allan, George Eaton to Mary G. Crowe.
Bass River, Sept. 25, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Charles R. Thompson to Aggie M. Fulton.
Fredericton, Sept. 26, by Rev. Mr. Whalley, Thomas Edgar to Maggie Moffat.
St. Stephen, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. A. McKenzie, William Glover to Grace Harris.
Kouchibouguac, Sept. 30, by Rev. F. Pattenand, John Thibideau to Susanne Vatur.
Harvey Station, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William Hunter to Maggie Herbert.
Mahone Bay, Sept. 25, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, James E. Demme to Lucretia Barry.
Port Maitland, Sept. 25, by Rev. F. Beattie, William R. Landers to Adella S. Crosby.
Lorneville, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Allison F. Baxter to Carrie M. Goodwin.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

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 moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Fredericton, Oct. 2, by Rev. Wm. Tippet, Dr. Kirkpatrick of Woodstock to Edith Porter.
Little Harbor, Sept. 28, by Rev. J. B. McLean, Daniel H. Cameron to Annie E. Walsh.
St. George N. B., Sept. 25, by Rev. A. R. Skinner, E. treat Harvey to Dairymple O'Brien.
Bay Road, N. S., Oct. 2, by Rev. W. M. Goodwin, George C. Copp to Tillie M. Fullmore.
Port Hawkesbury, Sept. 24, by Rev. C. W. Swallow Frank Metcove to Janie Williams.
Charlottetown, Sept. 24, by Rev. T. F. Fullerton, Frank E. Dickie to Blanche McDougall.
Port Greville, Sept. 29, by Rev. Simon Gibbons, Thomas D. Webster to Mildred Hatfield.
St. Stephen, Sept. 22, by Rev. W. C. Goncher, Robert Angus to Lucia J. Hanson.
Shediac, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. C. Matthews, W. E. Talbot of Bermuda to E. Winifred Harper.
St. Stephen, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. C. Goncher, Emerson B. Falcner to Rosalia Hingley.
Weymouth, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. M. Withycombe, William H. Cromwell to Mary L. Cromwell.
Tatamagouche, Sept. 24, by Rev. Thomas Sedgewick, Melville Falconer to Rosalia Hingley.
Brookville, N. S., Sept. 24, by Rev. F. N. Atkinson, James D. McDonald to Hattie M. May Halliday.
St. Stephen, Sept. 25, by Rev. Father Gallagher, Patrick Brennan of St. John to Margaret Cummins.
Chocolate Cove, Deer Island, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. B. Dargatz, Stephen Fountain to Mrs. Adelaide G. Snel.

Meiose, Mass, Oct. 8, by Rev. Paul Sterling, Charles Frederick to Leonora Caroline M. Seely, both of St. John.

DIED.

Haifax, Oct. 4, James Scott, 74.
Halifax, Oct. 4, Ann M. Artz, 84.
Halifax, Oct. 3, Agnes Atchley, 54.
St. David, Sept. 30, Mary Hall, 25.
St. John, Oct. 3, John A. Fussell, 32.
Jacquet River, Oct. 1, J. C. Bent, 70.
Calais, Sept. 25, Stephen B. Berry, 79.
Mapleton, Sept. 28, George Smith, 25.
Digby, Sept. 25, Arabella W. Dakin, 27.
St. John, Oct. 3, T. Partelow Mott, 34.
Wesville, Sept. 12, Michael Foley, 34.
St. John, Oct. 5, Eliza B. Steward, 49.
Halifax, Oct. 5, Emily Fiers MacLean, 19.
Gaspereau, Oct. 1, Percy J. Smith, 19.
White Rock, Oct. 2, Thomas Chas., 72.
White Rock, Oct. 2, Thomas Chas., 72.
Jacquet River, Oct. 1, John C. Bent, 70.
Freepont, Sept. 29, Mrs. Alfred Thumber.
Shelburne, Sept. 29, Alvin M. Perry, 20.
Lynn N. S., Sept. 29, Miss Hattie Lewis.
Port Saxon, Sept. 13, Daniel McLean, 20.
Ayleston, Sept. 24, Ernest L. Graves, 35.
Great Village, Sept. 25, Mrs. John Vance.
Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Ada R. Lawson, 41.
Buctouche, Sept. 18, George H. Nowlan, 41.
Buctouche, Sept. 27, Cora L. Roberts, 15.
Miltonton, Sept. 29, E. Elizabeth A. Foley, 66.
Shelburne, Sept. 22, Mrs. Andrew Perry, 41.
New Glasgow, Sept. 29, Isaac Marshall, 55.
Halifax, Oct. 2, May, wife of Clinton Cogswell.
Hopewell, N. S., Sept. 21, Maggie G. Sullivan, 30.
Princeton, N. B., Sept. 20, Martha A. Sprague, 65.
Halifax, Oct. 2, Walter C. Lasher of New York 19.
North Sydney, Oct. 1, Mary wife of Robt. Scott, 45.
Stellarton, Oct. 1, Agnes wife of David W. Culton, 42.
St. John, Sept. 29, Mary, wife of George Maloney, 52.
B. View, Sept. 27, Janet wife of Richard Tanner, 80.
Westville, Sept. 30, Maggie wife of James C. Munroe.
Kings N. S., Oct. 2, May wife of Clayton C. Cogswell.
St. Paul, Oct. 3, Hazz J. McAtee, formerly of St. John.
East Boston, Oct. 4, Lillian E. wife of Edward E. Beech.
Yarmouth, Sept. 24, Addie wife of Adelbert Wyman, 25.
Lincoln, Sept. 26, Mary Long, widow of Edward Long, 62.
Mapleton, Sept. 28, George N. son of Benjamin Smith, 25.
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