

DECEPTION.

"A lie is never justifiable, and a man who can deliberately plan and carry out a scheme of deceit deserves to be cast out of respectable society. I can find no excuse for him. Truth is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is my motto."

Mr. Henry Travers brought his fist down on the dinner-table to emphasize his words. He looked across at his one guest and old friend, Hartley Bishop, as though to meet his approbation of the statement.

"You agree with me, Hartley?" he resumed, in a more subdued tone. "You, too, are convinced that a man should stick to the truth at whatever cost to himself?"

Hartley Bishop raised his eyes from the silver dish laden with costly fruit, and his fingers pushed away the wine glass in front of him. He was a man in the prime of life, with a clean-cut, intellectual face, but at that moment there was a deep sadness in his eyes that told of some sorrowful reminiscence.

"My answer shall be a story," he said, leaning back in his chair, after one swift glance at the rubicund face that shone at the end of the table. "Not a story of thrilling melodrama, but a page torn from the book of life. You, Travers, have known nothing but prosperity and success. Lister, then, to the tale of two people, whose early days were spent together in poverty and adversity."

"Thurs had been a boy and girl marriage. When they first met, he was a struggling clerk of twenty-one, living on an income of 30s. a week, and she was a governess, without friends or relations in the world."

"They married, on something rather less than 250 a year, and for a time they were blissfully happy. The young husband had a gift—or a curse—for scribbling, and in his wife's fond eyes he ranked as a hidden genius whom time would bring to light and reward with deathless fame."

"Occasionally his tales and sketches were accepted and paid for. These were written after office work was done, in the one poor room he and his wife rented in a cheap London suburb, and the stray guinea saved to keep hope warm in their hearts, and helped them to fight the hard battle of life."

"Of course, like the rest of all writers, the young husband had before him the idea of a masterpiece. This was to be a three-act comedy, which would take London by storm, and put the author at one bound into the front rank of the dramatic roll."

"Gradually this comedy took shape in the brain of the writer. To him his wife was not merely his helpmate, but his companion, and in her ear he confided all his aspirations and hopes."

"His blue eyes glinted at the thought of her husband's success. Nothing could make her prouder of him than she was already, but to see him belated in the world's eyes and to hear his dear name on every tongue was something worth living for and straining every nerve to win."

"She was no genius, and had no idea of woman's rights. But no sacrifice was too great for her to make for her husband, and, unknown to him, she denied herself all the harmless little vanities of a woman's dress in order that the money might go to swell the small sum in the Post Office Savings Bank, put by for a rainy day."

"With a hopeful heart, she had mapped out the future when the comedy was finished. First of all, her husband was to have a new suit of clothes, in order that he might appear at his best when he went to interview the theatrical managers."

"She had planned everything out. On the first night of the comedy show was to have a box at the theatre, and in order to celebrate her husband's triumph, they were to enjoy the most recherche supper afterwards and to drink success to the play."

"Just we two," she said, kneeling down by the writing-table, at which her husband was busily engaged. "And I shall be dressed in white silk, like a bride and you will have a new evening suit, and I shall give you a flower, a pink rose, for your buttonhole."

"She laid her soft cheek against her husband's and laughed with delight. The comedy was almost finished, and yet, strange to say, the author felt strangely tired and depressed."

"He put down his pen and looked at his young wife. It was winter and they were too poor to afford a coal fire. But a small oil stove sent out a cherry radiance, and the shabby black dress his wife had worn so long and uncomplainingly seemed to catch a golden radiance from the glow."

"For the last two months the husband had been too busy to look very closely at his young wife. Every moment that he could snatch had been devoted to his comedy, and even the few little excursions they had occasionally enjoyed together had been given up for the sake of the masterpiece."

"But suddenly the light of the oil stove seemed to reveal something new in his wife's face."

"How pale and thin you look, darling," he said, with a sudden tightening at his heart. "What have you been doing to yourself? You seem a mere shadow."

"But she only laughed, and said she was foolish and imaginary."

"I always am pale in the winter, she answered with a shiver. "But when the spring comes I shall be quite fat and rosy. And then you will have made such heaps of money with your comedy, we can afford to go away somewhere, and you can give up that horrid office you hate so much."

"But we must be prepared for disappointment," he said, trying to smile bravely. "You know all the celebrated writers had their first works rejected."

"He saw the sudden change on the thin, bright face, and he hastened to kiss the shadow away."

"Of course, the comedy will be taken in the end," he resumed, hastily, putting his wife's hand. "But you mustn't be too cast down, darling, if the first manager I apply to, sends it back."

"That night marked the beginning of the terrible calamity that was about to fall upon the young husband. The comedy was finished and taken to the stage door, directed in his wife's hand—for luck, as she said—to the great actor-manager of a well-known theatre."

"For the present there was nothing to do but to wait for a reply."

"Go and order the new clothes, darling," the young wife insisted, with a strange persistence. "Mr. Thespis will send for you, and you must look your best."

"It was the morning of a gloomy, foggy

day, and the husband was about to set out to his office.

"As his wife spoke, she staggered, and would have fallen but for her husband. In terrible alarm, he carried her to the bed and hung over her in anguish."

"Her face was ghastly pale, and for the first time in her life she had fainted dead away. The unhappy husband rushed downstairs for the landlady, and with the help of some stimulant, they brought her back to consciousness."

"The doctor was called in, in spite of the young wife's assurances that she was quite well again and was only feeling a little tired."

"He looked gravely at the wasted form lying on the bed, and then brought out the stethoscope."

"The husband watched his face in mute agony. But he could read nothing from the kind eyes that were bent once more on the patient's countenance."

"Plenty of nourishing things, beef-tea and port wine, and when the weather is brighter, a change to a warmer climate."

"And don't fret about anything, my dear child," he added, in a fatherly way.

"Presently the two men went downstairs into the landlady's parlour."

"The husband's eyes sought the doctor's face."

"It's only the effects of the cold weather, doctor," he said, feverishly. "There's nothing radically wrong with my wife?"

"And then the blow fell. In the kind words, and in unmistakable terms, the doctor told the truth."

"Your wife is in a very precarious state. Her constitution has been seriously undermined by poor living, and I regret deeply to have to tell you that she has not many months to live. If possible, keep her from any trouble or disappointment. In her weak state, the shock might be fatal."

"God alone knows the agony of the husband when his brain realized the meaning of the doctor's words. The joy of his life was to be taken from him, and he was to be left to bear the burden alone."

"But for his wife's sake he knew that he must hide his crushing grief. At all costs, she was to be kept free from trouble, and, as far as lay in his poor power, he resolved to brighten the few months that still remained to her of life."

"The days slipped by, and his keen eyes noted the ever-growing weakness of his beloved wife. She was forced to keep her bed for the greater of the day, and the landlady was called in to act as nurse."

"Are you expecting a letter?" asked the landlady one evening, catching the husband on his way upstairs to his wife's room. "There's that poor dear fretting her heart away every time the postman knocks."

"Why doesn't the letter come?" I've heard her say many and many a time, and then when she thinks I don't notice her, she turns her poor head away and begins to cry. I'm sure, sir, if that letter only would come, your wife wouldn't fret so much."

"It was those words that first suggested to the husband a plan of deceiving his wife. What if he could buoy her up with the idea that his comedy was taken and was about to be brought out? She need never learn the truth. Even his eye saw that her life was now numbered by weeks rather than by months, and to brighten her few remaining days seemed to be all that was left for him to do."

"He went upstairs, forcing a smile to his face and trying to wear an expression of triumph."

"Such magnificent news, darling," he said, in a triumphant voice, but laying his cheek against hers so that she could not see his face. "My comedy has been accepted by Thespis."

"A sudden access of strength seemed to fill the frail body lying in his arms. She raised herself up in bed, and, drawing her husband close to her bosom, kissed him again and again."

"My darling, my darling," she reiterated, triumphantly. "At last your work is recognised!"

"I knew my hopes would come true. Oh, how good God is not to let me be disappointed!"

"Her exultant joy almost frightened her husband. The new seemed to put fresh life into her, and for the first time in many weeks she insisted upon getting up and sitting in the armchair to hear all the details about the comedy."

"Her happiness made him reckless. To satisfy her inquiries, he invested a long story about Mr. Thespis sending him and congratulating him on his work, and offering to stage it almost immediately."

"For a while she carried on this deception. The temptation to see that beloved face brighten at his inventions, and to watch the large eyes filled with joyful tears, was too great to understand. The comedy alas! had been rejected and returned to him, but he had embarked on his career of duplicity, and it was too late now to draw back."

"To please her, he had connected a story that the play was to be brought out in six weeks. He had fixed a date for its appearance, and night after night he would tell her some fresh details about the imaginary rehearsals and the doings of the actors."

"Only one thing disturbed her happiness. She herself would be unable to be present on the opening night of the play. But he was to go, and to wear the pink rose she had always imagined pinning in his coat, and she would lie awake, dreaming of the applause that would fill the theatre when the author was called on after the curtain had dropped."

"I shall die happy," she said, stroking her husband's hands with her own thin fingers. "My darling, you don't know what a comfort it is to think that I shall leave you famous and successful."

"At length the night came that he had fixed as the date of the opening. All day his wife had been in a state of happy excitement, and, unknown to him, had sent the landlady out to buy a pink rose for his coat."

"We can afford to be extravagant," she said, kissing the pink rose softly and laying it against her pale cheek. "But I am disappointed you have not bought a dress suit. I didn't want you to appear before the curtain in your morning clothes."

"However, he pacified her by saying it was the correct thing for an author to wear undress, and when she pinned the pink rose in his buttonhole, her face was radiantly happy."

"You will be home by half-past eleven, and then we shall have a nice supper together. I have ordered something you like, and the landlady has promised to prepare it. And now you must go, darling. You will be late for the theatre, and I don't

wish you to miss a moment of your play."

"She kissed him passionately and bade him go. With a heart breaking with anguish, the husband left her, not to seat himself in a brilliantly-lit theatre, as she fondly imagined, but to pace the streets, tortured and raked with despair, until it was time to return to his wife."

"At half-past eleven he entered the house again. He ran gaily up the stairs, and opened the door, with a smile on his face. The lamp was lit, and for once a cheery fire glowed in the grate. A table spread with a white cloth, and set out with fruit and wine, was arranged cozily by the fireside."

"Sitting up in bed, and wearing a pretty new dressing jacket, was his wife, her face lit with excitement and joy."

"It has gone splendidly," he cried, rushing to the bedside and kissing her rapturously. "The house cheered and cheered again, and I was called before the curtain."

"He felt her heart throb violently."

"My God, I thank Thee," he heard her say in low accents of triumph. "How happy I am. I have nothing left to wish for."

"And then before he could turn or speak, a faint sigh escaped her, and she fell back in his arms—dead!"

"The smile that transfigured her face at the last moment of speaking was still there when the coffin lid was fastened down. She had died happy, believing that the world had recognized her husband's genius, and the joy still lingered on her countenance as her husband pressed her cold lips for the last time."

Hartley Bishop's voice quivered as he ended the story.

"Travers," he said, looking at his host's face, now softened with emotion, "condemn that man as you like. I knew his suffering and his anguish, and if he sinned, it was but to ease the burden of the one he loved most on earth. For Travers, I believe that grief-stricken husband, and judge me as you will, I have never repented of my duplicity."

WRATH OF A VICOMTE.

The coves that indent the Georgia coast, the picturesque islands, fringing the mainland, the primeval settlements scattered among the marshes have been the scene of many thrilling but unrecorded happenings. Here is a story of the coast—a romance of two continents.

Sapelo island in the early history of the States passed into the possession of the French, and by some claim became the property of Vicomte de Bouffeuille, the original of that illustrious Georgia family.

Faint reports of this new country had led these two Frenchmen to think that the island abounded in illimitable resources; in the heyday of Paris they were pointed out as noblemen upon whom fortune had smiled, and when the Chevalier du Bignon rode by people would stare and talk about his wonderful wealth, for his bearing was haughty and the pride of his behavior great.

As to the old Vicomte, when luck was ill and made him loser in his game, there came a dark scowl on his grim visage, but at a thought this would clear quickly away and an expression of serene satisfaction would follow.

"Sacre Dieu! What care I that I lose! On with the game! Have I not riches uncovered in my new found land? What is a few francs to me—a favorite of fate! On with the game! The loss is a mere trifle!" and the Vicomte de Bouffeuille would smite his thigh and laugh away.

So the old man placed much value on this distant territory, and he had high hopes for what would come from this land beyond the seas. There was nothing dearer than this land to him, unless it was his daughter, of whom it is said there were none more beautiful in the land of the fleur-de-lis. Stately of mien and comely of person, and more graceful than the deer that hid in the dark foliage of her father's forest, all the gallant youths of the land came to do homage and kneel at the shrine of "La Belle Marie."

But the fair maid had no favorite among these suitors, and in defiance to the fervent protestations of her ferocious father that she should give her hand to some lord of high degree, laughed scornfully at an adorer of this titled nobility should strike his heart, swearing to love and protect her. Men said she was a soulless beauty, that her reckless nature was impervious to all fine feeling and soft sentiment.

But men did not know; neither did the Vicomte du Bouffeuille.

She had a secret this daughter of France. "What if he should know? What if her father should discover that she had given her love to her cousin Louis; that she had pledged her troth to him years ago when, an orphan lad, he had come from his home in the hills to live with the Vicomte? Would not her father storm and rage like a lion should he know the truth? Perhaps he might be glad in her happiness. Who knew? Sure Louis was a man of fine appearance and there was no braver in all France. Had he not pierced a Count's son to the heart with a hand that could not abide insult? There was no courtier knight than he. Rather than offend a lady he would give his life blood. Surely to love such a man was no dishonor!"

All this did the girl ponder, and sometimes she menaced to bid bold defiance and divorce all to the old Vicomte, but her cousin was timorous, and cautioned it were best to wait until he could make his merit known, and then a time would come when, by dint of glorious achievements, he could come to claim his own with usury.

The days sped by, and the old Vicomte had given himself up to the game.

The turmoil of the hall was great one morning. Livered valets lost their wotted deliberation and were dashing here and there in wild confusion. The housemaids shuddered and wept hysterically. There was gloom about the great hall. The heavy voice of the Vicomte echoed down the corridors, for his wrath was surging and his unbridled fury swept everything before it.

He had lost—lost heavily. In the excitement of the play he had risked his fortune. It was gone like chaff. In his passion at the sudden change of chance he had insulted his companions and rushed from the door like a wild man. On his ride home he had punned the horses of his coachman and whipped his porters until they were flecked with foam.

For days he remained in his bed chamber alone, and no one dared approach him. Gradually his wrath subsided. With returning reason came a purpose.

It happened that he called for his kins-

man, Louis, who hesitated at first, for he well knew the intense temper of the Vicomte. The mood of his kinsman, however, had changed. He was almost jovial when he met the young man, and began to talk of the Georgia island, where were treasures and resources in abundance. It was now time for this possession to yield up its riches. It was to Louis that he would trust his land. He would go to the Georgia coast, take control of the lands there and send back wealth and plenty. It was a mission upon which the Vicomte had long been bent, but it was impossible for him at that crisis to leave France, and the young kinsman must go for him. Offered as a suggestion this purpose came as a decision, for what this old man proposed was always construed as a law immutable and unwavering.

Heavy and sad was the heart of the daughter when this inexorable decree reached her sympathetic ear. In the frenzy of her grief she was for telling her father all, but the restraining hand of Louis held her back, and he said it would be best to wait until he met success in the far away country.

The young man left, and it was a grievous day for the daughter of the Vicomte. It was a sad spectacle that met his eyes on this side of the water. Sapelo was a tangled waste of wildwood, a wilderness of dark, impenetrable forests, where Druid oaks hung heavy with gray moss, and the palmetto sprang up in rank profusion. Places had been cleared out here and there by experimental redskins. The wild life of the country began to attract the young Frenchman. In his own country his haughty spirit had been hampered. Conscious of his poverty and forced to depend upon the charity of his irascible kinsman, to whose unreasonable dictates he was bound to submit, under the influences of this uncivilized spot his nature expanded and the feeling of a new freedom weakened his patriotism.

"Love is strong," he would say, "but liberty is dearer."

So here the Frenchman made his abode. He lived a wild, reckless, almost savage existence, and of the passing of the days took no account save that they brought him a greater supply of game, for his love of the chase was great.

Nor did he take into account the warm wooded letters that came at distant intervals from the old Vicomte de Bouffeuille. At first the old man addressed himself affectionately, telling him to make great haste to bring back money, that his coffers might again be filled and his shattered fortunes strengthened.

"The old fool; he little wots of his errors," said the young man. "But I shall not inform him better. His Grace will soon be dead as a pig, and I will come into his possessions—and his daughter."

More vehement and frequent became the letters of the Vicomte de Bouffeuille. His rage bristled forth, but it did not affect the complacent recklessness of his kinsman. The young man gave little heed—not even when word came one day that the Vicomte himself had set sail for Savannah, and Louis laughed right heartily at the thought of the old man appearing in that vast wilderness.

But, laugh as he might, there came at times a serious presentiment to sadden his spirits. It was not that he knew of the consternation in the hall of Vicomte—not that he had heard how his Grace had beligerently defied the supplications of his fair daughter and had sworn to cross the waters, where he would find for himself the riches he sought so eagerly; it was not that he had seen the ship set sail bearing the wrathful old man and his retinue—it was not that he knew all this, but their were times when the wonted levity of young Louis relaxed and he grew grave and contemplative.

Grave was he that winter's morning as he stood on the bold sea bluff and watched the ceaseless breaking of the billows, and graver still when through the thickness of the fog appeared the outline of the vessel. The Vicomte de Bouffeuille was there. His coming was like the sudden bursting of a storm, and the fury of the storm was not greater than his wrath. The thunder of his voice rose above the sounding of the surf.

"It is one of his bad moods. The old man is crazed, but this wildness will soon pass away," thought the young Louis.

But he reckoned not of the violence of the old man's passion, nor did he know that bitter disappointment, grief and rage had for the nonce unbalanced him in mind.

Therefore was he amazed when the Vicomte flashed his sword above his head and called upon him to draw his own blade quickly or die.

Louis would have walked away, nor would he have shown his steel except for defense, but the Vicomte was rushing upon him.

"Draw, dog, for by my head thou shalt die for what thou hast cost me."

The Vicomte made a furious lunge, but Louis parried well and could have thrust back his own blade in a vital spot, but would not. His carelessness cost him dear. The old Frenchman had recovered his guard, and like a flash had plunged his blade to the hilt deep into the side of his young kinsman, who fell there on the sand and died. Sudden remorse seized the Vicomte. The horror of his deed brought back his scattered senses. Gladly would he have lifted the head of the dying man, and called him back to life, and he grieved to think there was no recall.

He hastened to Savannah, with the purpose of returning immediately to France, but at that town his going was intercepted by officers of the law, who took him in their custody. Great was the indignation at what was thought to be a murder without cause, and in spite of his high station it seemed that the life of the Vicomte de Bouffeuille was in peril, for them the English law was enforced with unswerving severity in Georgia.

And "La Belle Marie"—she, too, had made a pilgrimage. Of the killing she had heard and sailed at once to the Georgia coast to grieve alone and shed her tears in solitude where the body of the brave Louis lay buried in its sepulchre by the sea.

The Vicomte de Bouffeuille was a prisoner of the State. He was in the first clutches of the law, and to plead his cause before the magistrate he employed John Clay, whose descendants still reside in the same city.

When the question of fees came up the old Frenchman was prepared.

"I have no silver or gold," he said. "All my possessions are in lands far away from here, but I am rich in the possession of a daughter, the most beautiful of her sex, and should I be acquitted she shall be yours to wed."

It was the hope of having this beautiful creature, of whom he had heard, that led the lawyer to urgent effort, and his speech at the trial of the foreigner is yet somewhere in the dusty archives of the State.

He was acquitted—the old Vicomte de Bouffeuille—and he laughed in his sleeve when he heard that his daughter had spurned the barrister, who, pressed by the Frenchman's promise, sued for her hand.

She scorned his ranting affection. No entreaty of her father had effect, for she knew the old gentleman was feigning, and in his heart wished that she would return home with him, but the beautiful Marie was lost to the world and pleasure. She took the veil and found solace in a French cloister.—Atlanta Constitution.

DIZZINESS IN THE HEAD.

This is a Sure Precursor of Apoplexy, and Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart at Once to be Taken.

No one can read the daily papers without being seriously impressed with the fact that a large number of people in the present age have within their system the evidence of apoplexy. This is seen and felt often in a trembling and uncertainty of the limbs, and frequently in an unpleasant dizziness and lightness of the head. He is a very unwise man who, knowing these symptoms to exist, does not promptly take measures to have them removed. We know of no remedy that has been so remarkably successful in this particular as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Primarily it is a heart cure, but it is equally effective in what is to some extent a parallel disease, apopleptic symptoms. In a season when unusual heat prevails and excitement often runs high, we are doing a kindness to men and women by letting them know of this remarkable medicine.

Disliked His Wife and Her Parents.

The Earl of Stafford married at G. main, 1694, the eldest daughter of the Count of Grammont. In his will he thus expressed himself: "I leave to the worst of women, who is guilty of everything that is bad, the daughter of M. Grammont, a Frenchman, whom I have unfortunately married, forty-five brass half pence with which to buy a pullet for supper—a greater sum than her father can often give her, he being the worst of men and his wife the worst of women. Had I only known their characters I had never married their daughter nor made myself so unhappy."

A Family Suffers for Want of a Mother's Attention.

Mr. Neil Morrison, St. John, N. B. "My daughter, Mrs. Gregory, has had rheumatism so bad during the last year that she was unable to help her children, or attend to her household duties. Everything imaginable was tried, but to no purpose. I was at last recommended to get South American Rheumatic Cure. One bottle cured my daughter within four days and I take much pleasure in giving this recommendation."

BORN.

Stellarton, Oct. 6, to the wife of P. T. Kirwin, a son Westchester.
Oct. 6, to the wife of R. S. Giles, a son.
St. Croix, Oct. 7, to the wife of Rev. A. E. Verto, a son.
Bloomington, Oct. 9, to the wife of N. Vidto, a son.
Moncton, Oct. 10, to the wife of Albani Landry, a son.
Arcadia, Oct. 6, to the wife of Henry Murea, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 10, to the wife of C. W. Lantz, a son.
Truro, Oct. 12, to the wife of F. A. McMullen, a son.
Brid Cove, Oct. 10, to the wife of George Gesse, a son.
Leamington, Oct. 5, to the wife of Hiram Jennings, a son.
Lochaber, Oct. 1, to the wife of Enos Payzant, a son.
Hantsport, Sept. 21, to the wife of Albert Reilly, a son.
Hantsport, Sept. 24, to the wife of J. T. Pulsifer, a son.
Newport, Oct. 2, to the wife of James S. Ross, a son.
Berwick, Oct. 3, to the wife of George Kirkpatrick, a son.
Tenby Cape, Sept. 22, to the wife of W. F. Stephens, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 7, to the wife of Capt. Edwards, R. E. a son.
Upper Granville, Oct. 4, to the wife of Rupert Parker, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 3, to the wife of Norman Trefry, a daughter.
Truro, Sept. 28, to the wife of G. W. Henderson, a daughter.
Lakerville, Oct. 1, to the wife of James Chase, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 2, to the wife of W. C. Harris, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Sept. 29, to the wife of W. Caldwell, a daughter.
Glencoe, Oct. 5, to the wife of A. W. Frost, a daughter.
Sackville, Oct. 1, to the wife of James W. Chase, a daughter.
Kentville, Oct. 6, to the wife of William McKetrick, a daughter.
Admiral Mines, Oct. 7, to the wife of James Hattie, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Oct. 6, to the wife of Watson Kinney, a daughter.
Hantsport, Sept. 27, to the wife of Thomas Masters, a daughter.
Lower Granville, Oct. 1, to the wife of James Morrison, a son.
Turket Wedge, Oct. 5, to the wife of Wilfred Sault, a son.
Port George, Sept. 27, to the wife of James E. Sloomb, a son.
Mill Village, N. S., Oct. 5, to the wife of William Porter, a son.
Hantsport, Sept. 29, to the wife of Capt. E. J. Porter, a daughter.
Somerville, Mass., Sept. 20, to the wife of Frank Adler, a daughter.
New Edinburgh, Oct. 1, to the wife of Dennis Doucet, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Cambridgeport, Oct. 5, William Smith to Bella Coleman.
Hillsboro, Oct. 1, by Rev. W. Camp, F. O. Erb to Jennie M. Bleakney.
Truro, Oct. 8, by Rev. T. Cummings, Luther E. Starratt to Isabel Cox.
Rustington, Oct. 9, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Elmer Smith to Ella Peabody.
Annapolis, Oct. 2, by F. M. Young, George G. Wilson to Minnie Murtough.
Digby, Oct. 9, by Rev. Alfred Harley, Nelson Turner to May Holdsworth.
Woodstock, Oct. 6, by Rev. C. T. Phillip, Charlie Bates to Nellie Thornton.
Lethbridge, Oct. 2, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Neil McLeod to Sarah Johnson.
St. John, Oct. 7, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Daniel Partiquen to Mary Bishop.
Hillsboro, Oct. 2, by Rev. W. Camp, Jesse Van Burskirk to Mary L. Duffy.
Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. John McMillan, F. Fraser Priest to Barbara McMillan.
North Sydney, Oct. 2, by Rev. Dr. Murray, John McDonald to Willena McLeod.
Windsor, Oct. 9, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Katherine J. Smith to Oland K. Eville.
Truro, Sept. 8, by Rev. T. Cummings, Bonanza Jaspersen to Gertrude Kent.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



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with Paints, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

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DEARBORN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AGENTS

Westport, Oct. 1, by Rev. H. F. Cooke, Vernon Welch to Della Mc Dornan.
Truro, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Alexander Brown to Christina Crawford.
Port Lorne, Oct. 1, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Edmund C. Hall to Annie L. Brinton.
Riverside, C. B. Oct. 1, by Rev. J. M. McMillan, Fred G. Grant to Jennie Dowling.
Woodstock, Oct. 9, by Rev. James Whiteside, Ford Eastman to Isa L. Woodworth.
Yarmouth, Oct. 3, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Capt. E. J. Lewis to Teresa Slattery.
Harvey, Oct. 9, by Rev. J. E. Fillmore, Sutherland Stewart to Mrs. Annie Fillmore.
Shelburne, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. S. H. Morris, Lhamas Stevens to Mary Egan.
Chipman, Oct. 3, by Rev. D. M. Clarke, John Thompson to Emma Jane Barnes.
Halifax, Oct. 2, John Joseph Flynn, King's regiment, to Ada Bianche O'Rourke.
New Carlisle, Oct. 1, by Rev. J. M. Sutherland, Dicky Smulder to Ida May Caldwell.
Long Island, N. S., Oct. 8, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Nelson B. Kilcup to Rebecca Ward.
Port Williams, N. S., Oct. 2, by Rev. C. E. Ford, William J. Hill to Irene J. Porter.
Upper Canada, Oct. 7, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Daniel Perry Rogers to Ruby Farris.
Parker's Cove, Sept. 23, by Rev. F. M. Young, Joseph Banks to Mrs. M. J. Brennan.
Dulhaven, N. S., Oct. 2, by Rev. N. Hutchins, Clarence E. Skerry to Lucy A. Benly.
Stellarton, Oct. 8, by Rev. James Carruthers, John J. Jordan to Isabel Goudge Honyman.
Murray River P. E. I., Sept. 29, by Rev. E. Gillies, Samuel White to Sarah Elizabeth Beane.
Middle Musquodoboit, Oct. 5, by Rev. Edwin Smith, James Fraser to Rosanna Wilson.
Little Grace Bay, Oct. 1, by Rev. John Lewis, David W. Phillips to Cynthia J. Martell.
Little Shemogue, Oct. 9, by the Rev. Joseph H. Brownell, Robert Smith to Eliza J. Taylor.
Gabarus, C. B., Oct. 5, by Rev. James L. Batty, John C. McDonald to Edwina Himmelman.
Little Shemogue, Oct. 5, by Rev. Joseph H. Brownell, Arthur E. Allen to Lizzie M. Cadman.
St. Stephen, Sept. 22, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Robert Angus Holt to Lucia Jones Hanson.
Annapolis Royal, Oct. 7, by Rev. G. J. Coulter, White Robert E. Carter, to Bertha Schofield.
Herring Cove, Oct. 9, by Rev. John Ambros, John Richard Ambros to Grace Campbell of St. John.
Lynn Mass., Oct. 6, by the Rev. Father Sullivan, Edward Doyle to Minnie Power, both of Halifax.
Woodstock, Oct. 10, by Rev. James Whiteside, Calvin Augustus White to Mina Gertrude Lilley.
Los Angeles, Oct. 10, by Rev. W. R. W. Taylor, Thomas F. Robertson of St. John to Kathleen E. Pillsbury.
Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 20, by Rev. H. G. McVey, Matthias Allison to Bertha Becker of New-castle N. B.
Stonham, Mass., Sept. 21, by Rev. W. G. Grant, Rev. G. C. Crabbe to Alice M. Crosby both of Yarmouth N. S.

DIED.

Halifax, Oct. 7, Nathan Lewis, 85.
Halifax, Oct. 4, Grace Currier, 40.
Shubenacadie, Oct. 6, Ezra Singer.
Lockport, Sept. 27, Mrs. Robert Giffin.
Yarmouth, Oct. 7, Nathan Lewis, 85.
Campobello, Sept. 25, Hilda Seales, 32.
St. John, Oct. 11, George A. Palmer, 32.
Salsbury, Sept. 10, W. F. Wortman, 60.
Newcastle, Oct. 4, W. W. McLeelan, 55.
Little Bras Dor, Sept. 29, Jessie Mullin, 26.
Digby, Oct. 7, Harry R. Holdsworth, 16.
St. John, Oct. 12, Alexander Ellison, 62.
Lawrencetown, Oct. 9, George Leslie, 67.
St. Stephen, Oct. 8, Edward S. Stewart, 5 months.
Campobello, Sept. 3, Roy Babcock, 5 months.
West Glasgowville, Sept. 29, Andrew Lamont, 24.
Waterville, N. S., Oct. 3, George D. Pines, 68.
Arcadie, Oct. 9, Ella wife of Clarence Potter, 28.
Halifax, Oct. 9, Mararet wife of Henry Tobin, 67.
Tidnish, Oct. 5, Rebecca, wife of Elias Taylor, 67.
Sally Point Road, Oct. 14, Curtis W. Galey, 26.
Salsbury, Oct. 8, Mary, wife of F. Colpitts, 68.
Halburn, Oct. 10, Elizabeth wife of John F. Haynor, 69.
Winnipeg, Sept. 12, William J. Watson of St. John.
Parrishore, Oct. 4, Clara, wife of Silas Newcomb, 54.
Walton Bay, Oct. 1, Ana, wife of Robert J. Mitchell, 77.
St. John, Oct. 14, Eliza, widow of John McIntyre, 84.
Younes Cove, N. B., Sept. 30, Hannah Snodgrass, 68.
Goshen, Guysboro, Oct. 3, James A. Sinclair, 87.
Elgin, Sept. 22, Isabel McKay, wife of Duncan Mc-Atee, 46.
South Knowlesville, Oct. 8, Frederick Webster Simms, 56.
Groveton Point C. B., Oct. 11, Annie wife of William McKimmon.
St. John, Oct. 10, Jack, son of W. H. and Helen Barnaby, 10.
Sydney Sept. 25, John Hardigan son of William Hardigan, 11.
Bellville, Oct. 6, Ronald, son of Charlie and Ada Norton, 3 months.
Woodstock, Oct. 6, Arthur G. child of Enoch and Ida Campbell, 7 months.
Liverpool, N. S., Oct. 1, Cecil J. son of Andrew L. and Lina West, 6 months.
Antigonish, Sept. 26, Ann Caroline Scott wife of the late Hugh McPhail, 79.
Lower Masse, C. B., Oct. 4, Elizabeth widow of John Charles Bethune, 54.
Parrishore, Oct. 2, Nita I. child of Thomas and Annie Livingstone, 10 months.
St. John, Oct. 13, James Taylor son of Jane E. and Hannah Ross, 6 months.
New York, Oct. 3, Phoebe E. James widow of James A. James of Richibucto, 73.
St. John, Oct. 13, Myrtle Beryl youngest daughter of John R. and Louisa Cummins.
Windsor Forks, Oct. 2, Annie Edna, daughter of Ronald and Alice McDonald, 4 months.

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