SIR GEOFFREY'S DEED.

There were excellent reasons—which have lost force now—for hushing up the story of the fire at Portal Abbey. That Sir Geof-frey Steyne caused it was known in a very But the facts have not been published and they are worth noting.

It was hinted at the time that the Steynes had never forgiven the purchasers of their would be the result of a glass of chamancient seat. This is absurd. The pagne? The very same idea struck George tamilies were friendly enough till, thirty when she told him, and at the first opporyears ago, Mr. Hudson, father of the present, began to "improve" the Abbey. Among other dreadful deeds he transformed the private chapel into a billard room. Sir Herbert Steyne took proceedings, under | the force." an old scatue, to prevent this outrage; but he had to drop the action, finding himself unable to prove that the building had ever been consecrated. Then the acquaintance broke off, naturally. As a matter of fact I believe that none of the present generation had so much as seen each other until this story opened.

Sir Geoffrey Steyne, his fortune recruited by a long minority, spent abroad tor the most part, led a shooting expedition from the Zambesi right up to the domain of the East African Company, where Captain Hudson, R. E., was surveying at the time. A quarrel arose with the natives -the camp was attacked-and Hudson arrived only just in time to save the party. He spent but a few hours in their company, sending them down to the coast next day under an escort. But Sir Geoffrey's afternoon turned out wet; George prevail- dollars, as hard up as I am," and Tom character struck him.

"I never saw such a fellow," he wrote home; "its absurd to suppose he was drunk; a drunken man doesn't fight in that way, especially when wounded in half a dozen places. But if it isn't anything spirituous which flows in that boy's veins, it's quicksilver." And he proceeded to details Fill his glass, George. It must not be is quite ready for the rush and whirl of the which interested his sister-Madeleine. She was not a pattern young lady-much too fond of fun, which seemed all the more delightful if it had a spice of mischief.

Some weeks afterward Sir Geoffrey reached England and called on the family of his preserver. The conversation opened with all decorum. But when the young man had expressed his thanks-very nicely son described. I have no space for samples obeved. of his humor, which in truth was little more than the outburst of abnormal vivacity, amusing enough to any hearer but especially to young people as thoughtless and as ready son begged him to call whenever he had with her eyes.

When he had gone she looked at her brother, and both laughed. Mr. Hudson expressed their thought. "So early in the atternoon!" he murmured. "Dear, dear! such a fine young man, too!"

The call was returned of course. Then Lady Steyne made advances. Her son had passed the age when, as she thought, a young man of property ought to marry, but hitherto, in the literal sense of the word, he had regarded no young lady seriously.

So the acquaintance grew; not with Mr. Hudson's approval, but that signified nothing. As time went on, the first natural explanation of Sir Geoffrey's high spirits became rather doubtful. He refused to drink anything besides water and tea. Most people would have telt quite sure that the suspicion was unjust. But Mr. Hudson had drunkeness on the brain, as they say. He appropriate!" He advanced. "One of regarded that as the mainspring of events | my ancestors was buried somewhere about. at large, public and private, in this realm It's an interesting story. He lost his head of England. And Madeleine, of course, on Tower Hill, and his widow brought it he was engaged to Alice Deering. had imbibed something of his fancy.

Sir.Geoffrey was telling stories one day, when he was interrupted; "Do you mean a sacrifice of sentiment in view of a work literally that you can jump off a horse going of art like this?" And so on, with inat full gallop, and shoot an antelope right and left? Can you do it in the park ?"

"Trot out the antelopes, and I will try !" "That's not necessary. Let us see you jump off, and we'll imagine the antelopes."

"Do you offer any prize?" "Yes; I'll believe every word you say

hereatter. "Oh, this is the listener I have prayed for from my youth up! I will reward you, Miss Hudson, with adventures never yet confided to mortal. Where's the horse? Give me a Winchester, George, and I'll throw the shooting in. The brook meadow would be a good makeshitt for a veldt, I

As they walked thither Madeleine began to quake; George overtook them with a groom and a led horse.

"Oh, the wretched boy has brought Rasper," she exclaimed. "He's much too spirited !" "We take them as they come. Now,

Miss Hudson, here is the first trial of the confidence you have sworn." "You have not earned it yet!"

"Well, if you're so punctillious, for a few minutes more you may cherish the tancy that those two objects," pointing, "are young trees, not antelopes."

"Rasper approached, fretting and tossing, "Oh, don't try it, please!" Madeleine cried; "I'l accept your word."

"Heaven will forgive you the fib, I hope. Now, George, the rifle!"

"I say! There are men working yonder!" "Tell them not to get behind those young trees. A Winchester hits hard!" And he sprang into the saddle.

"Behind the trees!" George murmured. "Well, he has a cheek!" Madeleine was white with alarm as Sir Geoffrey returned up the long meadow full

gallop. He unslung the rifle-she clutched George's arm; suddenly with a cheer he drew his feet from the stirrips-Madeleine saw no more! But on the instant shots rang was emptied.

"Now, Miss Hudson!" Sir Geoffrey laughed. "Prepare to change all your views about everything under my direction. You were not frightened, surely? Why, Afrikander boys can perform that feat at ten years old."

beat us at Majuba Hill," cried George. "Every bullet bit."

He galloped home and met them at the hall door with a tankard. Sir Geoffrey decline cit. "Are you a teetotaller? Madeleine

asked, rather ironically. "I don't know; but I never felt an inclination to drink anything but water."

George whispered in a stage aside: thumpers already.'

Sir Georey only laughed.

That was the explanation, of course. But a few days afterward Madeleine spent an afternoon with Lady Steyne, who, getfew hours, for several of Mr. Hudson's ting very hopeful now, recited her son's servants overheard his angry reproaches. virtues; among them was total abstinence. lation. Taking the average pill to weigh Madeleine could no longer doubt.

Instantly a mischievous thought arose. tunity he made an attempt.

"My dear fellow," said Sir Geoffrey, "I THE WIDOW'S ARRIVAL. new explosive of which one can't calculate

curious as himselt to see the issue.

gave Sir Geoffrey a hint-a pretty strong and careless, had an intense pride of family, dying grievance against the men who had home letters. not only bought the home of his forefathers, but had vulgarized it. Some sharp words to him. "Well, she is really coming." he passed. He chanced to meet George on thought, "a month from to to-day, if the sister, requesting Sir Geoffrey to wait. A ed on him to stay to dinner-"just to show | whistled ruefully. there was no ill feeling."

"Its the first time I have dined here," Geoffrey murmured as they sat down. "I ask myself miserably, is it to be the last!"

"Oh!" Madeleine cried, "here's the portent! Sir Geoffrey Steyne feels miserable. said that you were miserable for the first gay capital. All houses were open to the time in your life at our table! I insist, handsome Lieutenant, but there was one Sir Geoffrey!'

the consequences may be."

"Drink and torget your cares."

The result was all they had hoped, and young officers who had been the friends of more-tor a time. Cheerfullness returned her husband. with a vengenance !- the servants forgot | It was there that Tom spent most of his to laugh as Madeleine—not adapted for sipping. A child would have scarcely been and discussed the newest gossip or latest transcription, however. That sort of man excited by the amount he drank, but it was magazines and came in for a cup of tea in makes acquaintance rapidly. George Hud- enough to upset that vivacious temperament. | the afternoon and remained till her cozy time, and Madeleine seconded the invitation | earnestly on the affairs of the day-on politics, even on religion-speaking well on night?" he would ask.

> every theme. rose at length, surprised and delighted, but her friends' first names. rather nervous about the issue. The others adjourned to the billiard room.

Sir Geoffrey had not seen this apartment before. It was the family chapel, as returnished it in the style termed Oriental Madeleine on her best behaviour seemed a | ting, walls paneled with Turkish stuffs, and | to Alaska he put the document in his pocket most desirable match, and she was very even the vaulted roof hidden by a ceiling of bamboo. It was a building apart, but under the main wall of the Abbey.

Sir Geoffrey stood in the doorway, looking at the decorations with an air of passionate distaste. "This is where my forefathers used to worship! Did you leave any mark to show where the altar stood, Mr. Hudson? Ah, I see! that cue rack indicates the spot l Very thoughtful and home the body. You did not notice the gravestone, perhaps? Who could regret

creasing bitterness. George, becoming alarmed, called for brandy and soda, in hopes that his mood

began to rave. "For heaven's sake don't talk so loud!" said George. Madilene's room is just

son fled, angry and frightened, bidding able for that-they had been together conhis son to follow. George lingered a tantly, and each knew instinctively what

"Do go. Steyne he urged. "We shall hardly pacify the governor now."

"Pacity! Pacify the shades of my forefathers! Strip your gimerackery from walls! Burn it! Fire is the only purge for crime | given to marry Alice, hang it! I wish I had like this!" With eyes flaming he stalked to and tro, his tossed hair wet with perspi- discover that my love has somewhat cooled. ration. He was mad.

George left the room hastily to consult. A moment afterward the curtains were biaz- her loving heart." ing. They flamed up-panels and ceiling caught. All was flame and smoke in an

Steyne ran out shouting-the passage was empty. George's words recurred-Madeleine's room was just above. He ran on-a servants' staircase opened on his right. The smoke grew thicker as he dashed up, crying, "Madeleine! Made- Tom. Embracing her tenderly, he said:

Madeleine was throwing on the dress you will last forever." just discarded. He lifted her and fought his way down through the dense smoke, muttering prayers. All was bustle in the passage now. As Sir Geoffery appeared keep your word, but you should have told with Madeleine in his arms, Mr. Hudson

was speeding by. "Villain!" he cried. You shall answer for this!"

"No, no, papa! it is all my wicked doing! I must answer for it!" That is the true story of the fire at Por- from this time forward be anything but the tal Abbey. The billiard room was burned | most formal of friends," out, one after another, till the magazine out, but its thick walls and vaulted root Tom was touched by the simple dignity roof held the flames confined. Young of the young Russian girl, whose quiet life Lady Steype has tried no more shocking | had been spent by the seashore under the experiments upon her husband.

How Britoas Eat Pills.

Between six and seven million pills of | to both. one kind or another are estimated to be "Then I'm not surprised their fathers the daily consumption in the United Kingdom, says Tit-Bits. In the early part of 1890, the daily consumption of pills was given by the 'Chemist and Druggist' as 5,643,961. That paper asked its subscribers, throughout the United Kingdom and Tom silently kissed her and went away. to supply it with estimates of the number

'My dear, he has begun to reward you with ent medicine pills. The average of these estimates, which came from all parts of the country, showed that the daily consumpton at that time was considerable over five and a half millions, which would give one pill per week to every man, woman, and child of the poputhree grains, the year's supply for the United Kingdom would weigh not less If he was so lively on tea and water what than 178 tons, or enough to fill thirtysix ordinary waggons, and making a train

It was "steamer day" at Sitka, and amid all the joyous stir and excitement that the This comparison was not I kely to deter | monthly boat brought was one forlorn, un-George. Feeling himselt unable to work happy man. Tom Douglas watched his the oracle, as he said, he urged his sister to friends as they eagerly opened their letters try. She resisted laughingly, though as and listened with amused interest to the bits of news they were anxious to share, The growing intimacy which delighted Lady Stevne alarmed Mr. Hudson. He wharf when the steamer's whistle is heard and waits the coming of the ship and the one. Now this young man, though easy distribution of the mails. The people crowd into the tiny postoffice on the dock and at the bottom of his heart lay an un- and watch impatiently for the longed-for

But Tom's home letter was not a comfort leaving and told him. George told his steamer is on time. I will be a married man-worse luck. How can I ever tell small domestic row followed and poor Mr. Natalia, dear little girl! I wouldn't will-

Tom Douglas was a naval officer, and before being stationed at Sitka he had been on duty a winter in Washington, where he plunged into society with the gay abandon that only a sailor knows, for after three years at sea a young fellow where he was especially welcome. The "Please let me off! I don't know what hostess was a pretty widow of some twentysix or twenty-seven years of age. Her "The natural consequences of a glass of husband, who had died soon after their wine are cheerfulness," said George. marriage, seemed not to have laid a very strong hold on her affections, for after His sister supported him with merry mourning him decorously for a year she too-he broke loose, just as Captain Hud- malice. Sir Geoffrey shook his head, but blossomed into the gayest of the gay, and her house became a centre for the

> their discipline. But Sir Geoffrey kept time. He dropped in during the morning The lively mood passed, and he talked parlor was empty save for himself and her. "Are you going to the assembly to-

"Will you be there, Tom?" Mrs Deer-Dinner was long finished. Madeline | ing had such a good-fellowship way of using

"Yes, I presume so. "Well, then, I am going," the little widow would reply.

And that was the way the winter passed has been said, desecrated by Mr. Hudson's | -Tom running in at all hours, priviliged father; but Mr. Hudson himself had lately to smoke or read, to talk or listen. tue most indulged of all her callers. When by upholsters-with a dado of Indian mat- his orders came for his immediate removal and went as usual, to the cheery bome of Mrs Deering. He told her the news, and was really surprised and flattered by her reception of it. She took both his hands in hers, and the tears gathered in her bright eyes.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "I hate to have you go."

Now, it never had occurred to Lieutenant Douglas before, but at this moment the idea did come to him that he was in love with the widow. He drew her to him and kissed away her tears, and before he knew He soon left, after arranging to have

Alice join him later in the summer, but owing to the loss of a distant relative, the heir of whose modest estate she was, her coming had been greatly delayed. It was now more than a vear since she and Tom had parted in Washington. In the would change once more. It did not-he | mean time Tom had whiled away his leisure hours in the somewhat narrow circle of Sitka society, but in that narrow bound he had found a fair Russian flower that he knew bloomed for him. Though Tom had But he was quarrelsome now. Mr. Hud- not made love to Natalia-he was to honorwas in the other's heart.

"I believe I'll go and tell Natalia all," Tom continued to muse. "right now, for, of course, as a gentleman and officer. I am bound to keep my word. and my word is never been born. She, too poor girl, may If it ever was love it never was the same feeling I have for dear little Natalia, bless

So Tom went to Natalia and told her that he was engaged, and that another month would see him married.

Her delicate tace whitened, but controlling herself, she said: "I congratulate you, Mr. Douglas."

Then bursting into tears, she turned away. The sight of her tears was too much for 'I love but you, Natalia, darling. Oh, that "In there!" screamed a maid, rushing I had met you first? My fondness for Alice them were alike. Then they brought even was but a fleeting thing, and my love for dolls, fashioned as nearly after the baby-Pressing warm kisses on her lips he held

> "Leave me, Tom. It is right for you to me of your engagement before. We had

> best part now. Good by." "But can't I come to see you, Natalia" as usual ?" "Why, certainly not, Mr. Douglas. It would only be painful, for we can never

shadow of the mountains, far from the noise of city or town, so he bowed to her will. There parting was a heart breaking one

"Natalia, I can't bear to leave you. I must have you, dearest." "There, go now. This is only foolish."

"Well, then, let me kiss you for the last

which is the event of the day to all the white people at Sitka. He kept close to his rooms when not on board ship, cursing the mistake of his life, which was soon to make an unwilling bridegroom of him.

To Natalia, whose soft brown eyes were red with weeping, life seemed a dreary blank now that the daily visits of Tom had ceased. There appeared in her mental horizon nothing for which to live. She wondered how she had existed before he came to Sitka. But then she had been busy with her lessons, and now, in the idea of her old fashioned tather, her simple edusation was complete, and it was time for cumbrous, but of rare workmanship, and her to marry one of the Russian lads who must have been expensive purchases. sought her hand.

The next "steamer day" Tom Douglas was seen rushing madly to Natalia's home. The neighbors, who, of course, had noted his long absence, were greatly surprised. "Natalia! Natalia!" he cried, as soon

as she came into the quaint drawing room to receive him. "I've come to ask you to be my wife. Dearest, say yes at once." "Wby Tom, are you crazy? What has

become of Alice ?" "Well, by George, Natalia, she is married! Just think of it-married! And I am the happiest man on earth. A pardoned convict's feeling of relief are not to be compared to mine. You see, soon after she left Washington she met an old sweetheart whom she had cast off to marry Mr. Deering, whose position and prospects It was the last he said. Soon after he seem better. In the meantime this fellow sank into what seemed a peaceful sleep. had made a fortune, and as he was on his way to Alaska for a pleasure trip they decided to make it also a wedding trip and awkward, you might think, but I congratulated them with all my heart and thanked my stars for freedom. Come. little girl, put on your hat and I'll take you down to the steamer to see the bride and I'll introduce to her my fiancee, because you say 'yes,' don't you dear ?"

"I suppose so, Tom, but it's all so sudden. Shall I wear my leghorn hat?"

HOW A CHINESE DIES.

The Way a Disciple of Confucius Waits for the Final Summons.

A heathen died 9,000 miles from home. in Los Angeles the other morning. Although he was so far away from his native land, he was tended in his dying hours by some of his "cousins," for in China the cousin is any member of the same family, no matter how remote the kinship, and the manner of his death was as it would have been if he had died at home. His name day, was Hong Toi. He had just been taken away from Santa Ana to die in this city. According to a certain Chinese superstition it is unlucky to allow a man to die in the same house where he lived. Consequently, as soon as the attending physician pronounces the case hopeless, a room elsewhere is hired for him to die in, as was done in this case.

Hong Toi was born in Guang-Tung-Foo in 1867 and came to America when he was twenty years of age. Like so many of his countrymen, when he arrived here he sought employment in a laundry, and set himself to make a fortune. His savings after a time were large enough to enable him to buy an interest in a grocery, and before he died he had laid up \$5,000 His hopes and plans, however, all perished with him. Four months ago he contracted an illness common among the people of his race. He coughed, grew thin and lost his appetite. This was pueumonia.

Within the last two weeks of his life he was never lett alone. His friends and cousins relieved one another in the pious task of cheering the dying man, and minis tering, in their heathen fashion, to his spiritual as well as his physical wants. They read long passages to him from their national books, such as the works of Confucius and Mencius, the Tripiteka of Buddha, and the verses of Lao Tsze and other famous poets. They fed lim with the strange delicate dainties which the Chinese only can concoct, and talked of home when he was strong enough to listen.

Then, as the end came nearer, they brought out and spread around him numerous queer looking objects, such as had been familiar to him in childhood, evidently seeking, as they might amuse a tired child, to bring some pleasant memory of happy thought into his mind while yet life might be made a little brighter.

They spread out little squares of sugar candy, looking not unlike the "butter scotch" American children like so well. Queer cakes were laid around on tables and chairs, and even on the bed-some with fruits and some with spices in them. some with meats and some with unfamiliar ingredients to the Caucasian; very few of hood of China as the pictures of their native artists are like nature-grotesque, quaint, and richly garbed, odd and pretty. From the ceiling they hung kites and queer umbrellas, and some of the elegant, fantistic paper lanterns that aesthetes delight in. A smile would sometimes come over his wasted features, but for the most of the time his face was calm and grave, as is the wont of Chinamen. It is a look not unlike that of babies, wise beyond their days, who look at all things with a quiet attention that His bed was a narrow bunk, covered

seems to speak a tolerant half approval. with white matting, and the pillows were long, narrow boxes, covered with upholstery. They looked not unlike the foot rests in an old English church. Around the walls hung silken banners of vivid scarlet and rich embroidery tracing the hieroglyphics that stood for verses from the poet. Over the mantelpiece were religious pictures not unlike those that hung over the altars in the Chinese temples. In the center was a representation of God as the Chinese picture Him, seated on a throne of barbaric magnificence, while on That month passed only too quickly for either hand were pictures of the beings poor Tom, who looked with dread toward whom they suppose to personify the powers of pills consumed in the kingdom daily.
The estimates were based on the actual daily sale by their correspondents of or-

dinary pills, prescripton pills, and pat- lar afternoon walk to the Indian River, hymn, "Nearer, My God, to thee." On the mantelpiece underneath the religious pictures were a dozen or more artistic photographs of ballet girls in the extreme

nudeness of the modern stage. In one corner was a bamboo table, on which were pots of coal kept constantly burning and of tea kept always hot. Other smaller tables supported bronze vases, some of them very costly and artistic; bronze bowls of clean white sand, in which were stuck joss sticks, to be turned to from time to time, in devotional exercises, and some forty or fifty volumes of the writings of Chinese poets. These were huge and

He confronted death with all the calm courage of the true fatalist, evidently in tull possession of all his mental faculties and firm in his Oriental faith. There was not the faintest evidence of any tear in his manner or his words, nor did there seem to be any longing for life or desire to suppli-cate for it To an American whom he knew well, and whom he had learned to reg rd as a good friend, he said, as he grasped his hand before he died:

"Mayhap die one week, maybe one month; die alle same. No solly myself. All light. Sollo my mother, my mother.' To one of his Chineses triends he said only a few hours before he breathed his last, and when he was almost unable to articulate: "I think I see the dragons." and save for his labored breathing he gave no further evidence of suffering. Slowly and more slowly he breathed, until with a break the news to me in person. Rather long gasping sigh he gave up the struggle and rested.

There was no lamentation nor any evidence of grief, though it was plain enough that to many of his friends his going was a real sorrow. Five or six of these friends were in the room when he passed away, and as soon as they saw he was dead they began the preparations for his final disposal.-Los Angeles Correspondence to Philadelphia Times.

Wants the Whole Truth

When investigating the Vatican records Pope Leo XIII said to Dom Gasquet, the librarian: "Publish everything of interest, everything, whether it tends to the discredit or credit of the ecclesiastical authorities, for you may be sure that it the gospels had been written in our day the treachery of Judas and the denial of St. Peter would have been suppressed for tear of scandalizing weak consciences." So Lord Halifax told the English Church Union the other

Clocks on the Locomotives.

Clocks have been placed on the outsides of the locomotives on the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway Company. They are fixed on the side of the engine, that is, towards the station platforms, for the benefit of both passengers and station agents who wish to note the instant of arrival and departure of the trains.

He Wanted to Knew.

Mother-I am not whipping you because you went in swimming, but because you told me a story about it.

Boy (blubbering)—Well, if you didn't want to whip me anyhow, what did you ask me about it for?

Merely Relative.

Teacher-Tommy, what do you understand the author to mean when he says that riches and poverty are merely relative? Tommy-I guess he means that some has rich relatives and some has poor ones.

BORN.

Halifax, July 22, to the wife of M. C. Grant, a son. Annapolis, July 5, to the wife of Oscar Lewis twin Halifax, July 19, to the wife of William Dennis Morristown, J=ly 12, to the wife of Norman Wilson

Moncton, Ju'y 14, to the wife of R. B. Milne, a Annapolis, July 5, to the wife of J. A. Langille a

Yarmouth. July 12, to the wife of Dr. Portman a Kentville, July 15, to the wife of J. E. Neary a Windsor, July 7, to the wife of Howard Shaw a Parrsboro, July 17, to the wife of Albert Miller a

Halifax, July 12, to the wife of Charles E. Myles a Wolfville, July 18, to the wife of R. F. Reid, a

South Eastern Passage, July 19, William Glaze-Summerside, July 7, to the wife of I. F. Schurman Parrsboro, July 17, to the wife of Ralph Hodgson a daughter Quoddy, N. S. July 21, to the wife of Samuel Smith,

Lower Stewacke, July 16, to the wife of Dr. Hal-Salisbury, July 18, to the wife of Rev. Milton Ad-Parrsboro, July 14, to the wife of Alexander Mc-

Halifax, July 12, to the wife of Dr. W. H. Bannis. Port Maitland, July 15, to the wife of Charles Forbes a daughter. Chester, July 15, by drowning, Chester J. Cavanagh, of Worchester, Mass., 7.

Maggie McPhee, 7 months

MARRIED.

Milford, July 20, Nin a H., daughter of William and

Willow Park, July 21, Herbert, son of Alex. and

Oshawa, June 3, Capt. Alfred Dodge to Winnie Newtonvale, July 12, James B. Fallis to Nettie Centrevale, July 20, Albert Cummings to Nancy

Truro, July 17, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Cady W. Lutes to Kate E. Lynch. Newton, July 10, by Rev. Alfred Foss, John A. Bates to Jennie Harper. Tusket, July 13. by Rev. T. M. Mann, Wentworth

Hulbert to Bella White. St. John, July 23, by Rev. Andrew Grey, John Kennedy to Annie V. Graves. St. John, July 11, by Rev. L. G. McNeil, Reid Keith to Annie McGregor. Moncton, July 16, by Rev. J. E. Fillmore, Beecher Tingley to Nancy Tingley.

Halifax, July 5,—by Rev. R. Smith, Herbert H. Etter, to Annie L. Dimock. Yarmouth, July 13, by Rev. N. R. White, James Holder to Sophia Stoddart, ton, July 18, by Rev. Chas. Erickson, Henrietta BosC Mullin, to Elmer Young.

Bayfield, July 16, by Rev. A. C. Bell, J. Fenwick Amos to Geralda Robinson. Woodstock, July 16, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Franklin Brown to Mildred McElory.

Digby, July 1 by A. T. Dykeman, Michael Harris to Myra Gertude Hamilton. Roachville, July 17, by Rev. Joseph Bascoe George W. Coates to Lyla McKnight. BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, 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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Lockeport, July 7, by Rev. A. F. Brown Augusta Yarmouth, July 17, by Rov. J. H. Foshy, Edward B. Boyd to Gertude B. Pitman. Barrington. July 15, by Rev. J. R. West, Samuel D. Kendrick to Anna L. Davis.

Spring Hill, July 17, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Santo-Gualdieri, to Emmeline Marrey. Yarmouth, July 13, by Rev. S. H. Foshay, Robert D. Mayward, to Ida B. Allen. Mahone Bay, July 12, by Rev. H, S. Shasz, Twining B. Meldrum to Ina R. Mader,

St. Marvs, July 10, by Rev. J. D. Freem in, Robert M. Mason, to Mary H. Clydesdale. Abercrombie, July 11, by R.v. P. Layworth, Gordon Hemming to Nellie Floods New Glasgow, July 1!, by Rev. A. Robertson, David Wilson to Maggie McCuish.

Chipman Station, July 18, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, William E. Noble to Mary L. King. Port La Tour, July 3, by R.v. J. Apoleby, Albert S. Nickerson to Maggie E. Huskins. Pic.ou, July 8, by Rev. Alex Falconer, Norman McPherson, to Catherine McMillan.

Amhers, July 13, by Rev. Robert Williams, Louisa Brundage to Francis Siddall. Halifax, July 1, by Rev. Wm. E Hall, Charles Fred Komans to Helena Ray Lynch. Hammond Plain, July 10, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall Andrew Thompson to Mrs. Sarah Pace.

Yarmouth, July 9, by Rev. G. R. White, William. Barton Rogers, to Annie L. Cleaveland. North Head, Grandmanan, July 18, Frev. W. H. Perry, Henry Daly to Emma Averg's. Fredericton, July 10. by Rev. J. D. Freeman, Leonard G. Mason to Mrs. Susan E. Smith. St. Stephen, July 10, by Rev. W. C. Gouchon, James McIntyre Anderson to Annie Black. Yarmouth, July 11, by Rev. D. Stiles Frazer, Byron Dexter Sweeney, to Bertha Abiga

DIED.

Brule, July 7, Thomas Forbes 49. Halifax, July 15, William Beals 30. Annapolis, July 9 Silas Bishop 69. Halifax, July 20 Joseph Fielders 41. Upham, July 11, Charles Debrow 78. Ansonia, July 11, Agatha Milton, 27. Millville, July 8, Rev. R. Morton, 75. Middlefield, July 4, Jabez Dogget 47. Halifax, July 20, John G. We'more, 67, St. John, July 22, Philip D. Scribner 81. Overton, June 15, Mrs, Ann Wyman, 79. Middleton, July 7, Elizabeth McVicar 53. Halifax, July 12, James F. Burnham, 76. Charlesville, July 13, Andrew Devine, 68. Stellarton, July 18, Allan McEichern, 58. Elgin, N. B., July 7, Perley Barchard, 17. Bear River, June 30, Gilbert F. Troop, 58. Bear Point, July 17, Mrs. Abbie Swim, 70. Sunny Brae, July 17, Bessie E. Robbins 25. Marshville, July 2, Mrs. J. W. Douglas 30. Landsdowne July 9, Mrs. Norman Rice, 54. Wallace, May 4, Charles Clarence Blackie 9. Halifax, July 27, Clara B. Matthew, 5 months. Meadows, July 6, Mrs. Samuel McLaughlin, 29. Stellarton, July 10. Mrs. Margaret Hyndman, 80. South Chegoggin, July 4, Norman B. Churchill. Elgin, July 10, Mary C. wife of Angus Fraser 34. Lequille, July 7, Eliza wife of Thomas Forsey 44. Crow Harbor, N. S. July 22, Henry Creamer, 79. Anderson Settlement, July 2, William Wardside, 21-West Caledonia, July 9, Mrs. Joanna McGinty,

Middle Stewiacke, July 15, James Barnes, of N. B. Millville, July 5, Gladys, daughter of Thomas Ken-Windsor, July 18, Eliza wife of George Swine-

St. John, July 22, Julia, widow of the late Thomas Port Morien, Lydia, daughter of Jane and, Stephen St. John, July 21, Annie Dodge, wife of Walter

Moncton, July 18, Doris A. daughter of Fred and Milton, July 13, John Herbert, child of Mrs. Ed-Hamptor. July 6, Mina, daughter of Joseph and Halifax, July 21, Agnes, daughter of W. J. and Mary Green, 9 months.

Thorborn, July 13, Nancy, widow of the Donald McGilvary, 58. St. John, July 20, Dora Theresa daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kelly 10. St. John, July 23, Helen G., infant daughter of Harold Climo, 4 months. Annapolis, July 7, Mary L, child of Witliam and Mary Horsefall 4 years.

Moncton, July 22, Samuel Percy, son of S. and Maggie Keith, 4 months. Cole Harbor, George Spurgeon, eldest son of J. L. and the late Annie Floy. Pictou, July 18, Cecelia, youngest daughter of the late Capt. J. F. Babin, 15.

Emma Duxbery 15 months. Yarmouth, July 4, Carrie infant daughter of John H. and Carrie B. Killam, 2 months. St. John, July 22, Hattie M. eldest daughter of Edward P. and Frances E. Leonard. Moncton, July 17, Tomasina Hawke, daughter of Wright and El'a Edmunson 5 months.

Moncton, July 17, George F. child of Peter and



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