Lydia could not help wondering why on earth Addenbrooke should be so anxious

to marry her. She was standing at the window, her eyes mechanically following the familiar, insignificant figure of the professor as he plodding down the gravel walk to the gate; stroked her hair backward with his kind and when he had passed from view she sat down in the nearest chair and continued her reflections. It was very strange. She had no love to give him, and had told him, and had told him so, quite frankiy; he must know, as every one knew, of that miserable affair with Lawerance Fleming; was he not Fleming's intimate friend, the last person he had seen before he went to

Atrica? And yet she had been aware of Addenbrooke's devotion rom the days of the good but obstinate little boy, with a taste for chemical experiments, to those of the modest young man, who lurked unobtrusively in doorways for the purpose of saying good night to her, and was always at hand to fill up vacancies. She had been aware of it, but had given it little heed; now, in her went on: sorrow, the thought of that devotion moved

She had seen herself drifting on to middle age, haggard, loveless, unloved; the sorriest of spectacles, the emotional woman whose emotions have wrecked her. Addenbrooke and Addenbrooke's love interposed themselves like a shield between her and her fate.

'She had given him no answer, but she knew by now what her answer would be. The door opened and Mrs. Grey, her

mother, came into the room. She sat down in silence-a chill. comfortless, presence-and regarded her

daughter from the distance. These two women lived together without profit or pleasure to either. Mrs. Grey was capable of making sacrifices, but she lacked the priceless gift of home making; while Lydia, on her part. chafed beneath the restrictions of a relationship in which

neither affinity nor affection bore a part. "So it was to be Johnny Addenbrooke after all," reflected Mrs. Grey; "a Gower street professor of no particular distinction. Well, Lydia was getting on, and if a girl means to marry she had better manage to do so before she is 25. And there had been nothing, if seemed, in that affair with young Fleming." Mrs. Grey was disappointed. It is true that Fleming's father kept a glove shop in Regent street, whereas the Addenbrookes had been gentlefolks for generations; but nobody minded that sort of thing in these days. Lawrence Fleming went everywhere, did everything; his new book from Africa had made him more of a lion than ever. Hence he was more to be desired as a hasband than poor Johnny, who went nowhere to speak of, and did

nothing but his work. Lydia rose slowly and went over to the writing table. As she took up her pen the whimsical thought struck her that when the other children had carried their pence to the sweet shop Johnny has preferred to invest his capital in mysterous compounds at the chemist's A faint smile hovered around her lips as she wrote. When the letter was finished she laid her head a moment on the desk and shut her eyes.

She rose stiff and cold, and went over to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, in her atrange, pathetic voice, "Professor Addenbrooke has asked me to marry him, and I have written to say 'yes.'

Addenbrooke was spending the evening, as usual, with Lydia at St. John's Wood. They were alone together, Mrs. Grey having discretely retired to her own room, and the talk between them flowed with the ease of itimacy and affection.

It was now three weeks since their engagement, and already something of Addenbrooke's calm happiness was beginning to be reflected in Lydia's face. See appreciated, what only women can appreciate, the consciousness of making anothers happiness by the mere fact of her presence. That is, I think, a pleasure too subtle for the masculine palate. Now, as she laid her hand lightly on his, she enjoyed, as it were, a reflection of the delight which she knew herself to be conferring by the act.

"Jonny," she said, "will you let me tell you to-night what I have always meant to tell you about myself and-that other person? She finished her phrase thus vaguely, not doubting but that Addenbrooke had mentally rounded it off with greater accuracy; somehow her lips retused to utter the name of Lawrence Flewelling.

"My dear," he answered gently, "tell me nothing which distresses you. I don't want to know. I know you have been very happy, but one day, I assure you, you are going to be happier than ever."

She smiled balt sadly. "Johnny, let me tell you. I think I ought. Perhaps, when you have heard, you will want to go away from me-from a woman who has been so cruelly humiliated." He laughed, drawing closer to her in the

delight. "Since that's it, Lydia, perhaps you'd

better tell me.' He raw that she would never rest till she had disburdened her mind of the old, un-

happy things, about which personally he had small desire to learn. They were so infinitely touching these poor women and their love stories; their

anxious interpretation of looks and words and smiles; their pathetic, careful gathering up of crumbs so carelessly scattered. So Lydia, with half averted face, began her story in the strange, uncertain voice | ly. which, from his boyhood upward, had had power to thrill John Addenbrooke to the inmost depths of his being.

"It is nearly a year ago," she began arrived on March the 28 and stayed a week It began from the beginning. When I walked into the drawing room, where he was standing by the tea table, it seemed that I had walked into a new and strange and wonderful world. I lived in that world tor a week, and it was like a lifetime. Looking back it astonishes me how every one else accepted the situation. That I no more questioned it than I ques- news?" tioned the rising of the sun. The day came when I wis to go, and he had said nothing definite to me. I, living in my tool's paradise, was neither surprised nor of getting married." a raid. At last an hour before I left, he took me in his arms, yes, Johney, yes—he took me in his arms and kissed my hps, accustomed his friends to take an interest came over to the table. "What's up?" he and told me that he would follow me the in his affairs.

next day "

low voice, "he was a brute. Let us hear

no more about him."

"There is nothing more to hear," she answered, with bitterness, "This is the end ot my story. A week later I heard he had

gone abroad.' Addenbrooke put his arm about Lydia | brown. and, drawing her head to his shoulder,,

hand. Her recital had pained him. He knew the perfidy of his sex, but this particular effender had gone beyond all recognized limits; limits which, in his own person, Johnny had always refused to recognize The thought of the misery inflicted on his proud, sensitive, passionate Lydia made sympathy. He rose at last, and, button- announcement merely as a text. ing up his coat, tried to speak in tones of reassuring cheerfulness.

"By the by, Lydia, Fleming has come back. You remember Lawrence Fleming? They are making quite a lion of him on account of his new book. He is just the sort of man to enjoy being lionized."

Lydia looked at him, speechless, and he

"I expect that he will be turning up at my rooms in the course of a day or two. He left a portmenteau with my landlady before he sailed. Good night, my own

vexation.

hints were quite thrown away upon Johnny; or the densest person living.

Abbenbrooke had rooms in Gower street by folding doors. The whole apartment spacious drawing roo a, and bore yet the it; she had given me every encouragement marks of its former state of existence.

The mantlepiece, which now supported a host oi bottles, variously shapped and filled, was of white marble, heavily carved, a shop." summoned up to the imaginative mind visions of gilt clocks and candlesticks under | Addenbrooke remained silent. The voice

The walls, hung with white watered mamteau was in wavrence's room, came paper, were divided into panels by stripes | as a relief to both. of gold beading, and from the ceiling a shrouded chandelier depended from a voice, as the other telt for his keys, "all twelfth cakelike decoration in white and

Addenbrooke had drawn his writing work. It was the evening following Lydia's rest of the world!" And he went from contession, and he was too busy to get up | the room. to St. John's Wood. He sighed at the thought of this, then plunged into the pile of papers, which not only covered the table, while an unwonted storm raged within him. but overflowed into several neighboring

door was flung open anu a man entered the

"Still in these gilded halls, Johnny!" said a voice, which was not quite so drawling nor so full of quiet humor as the speaker seemed to intend.

"Fleming, by all that's wonderful!"

The newcomer was a large, heavily built young man with cark hair and a complexion | mind, Addenbrooke might have laughed originally florid, burnt crimson by the sloud at the irony of the situation. African sun.

the lower part of the face was a trifle heavy | thought. and there was a lack of finish about the ears and nostrils. "Sit down," said Addenbrooke, clearing

a chair and resuming his own seat. with his larger finger at the papers on the desk. "If it's not your own exoms. It's other people's, poor old Johnny!"

Fleming had the greatest contempt for examinations, in which indeed, he had conspicuously failed to distinguish himself- walk. the less brilliant Addenbrooke having a commonplace knack of getting into the first class, which is often the way with your dull, plodding tellows.

These two men had been friends, a'ter a fashion, since their first term at the university, In those days Fleming had been a raw, unhappy, selt conscious young man, subject to miserable, hideous fits of shy-

Now, perhaps he was too fond of talking | labor about the glove shop, ot drawing jocose comparisons between bimself and a well known glover's son of Stratford on Avon, and the only remaining mark of his shyness was a certain emphasis of self confidence. and emotions. Addenbrooke's earlier days than anything else though Johnny, it must be owned, was uncritical, and, like many persons, imposed a fir less severe standard of conduct on his triends than on himself.

"Where do you hang out?" asked Adderbrooke, gathering together the despised one. examination papers.

"I have been down st Twickenham with my people. Can't stand much of that, you know. I am looking out for chambers Baxter is going to put me up here for a become possessed. night or two.'

"Oh, good. You know Mrs. Baxter has that portmanteau of yours?" "Yes; she's fetching it now, I believe,

from the lumber room. There are some papers in it I want to look at tonight." Fleming leaned back in his chair, his eyelids drooping moodily, as they had a

"Haven't you got anything to tell a fellow? You London people are all the Fleming. He had changed his coat, and and active generosity. A result of neglect, same. One goes away and lives what bore a bundle of papers and a pipe in his thinking more of others than himself, he seems a lifetime-It's so cram full of ex-"at the Meades' place in Warwickshire, I perience-and when one gets back not a soul remembers if it was last week or last year that they met you at the Jenkinsons'

dinner party. "From what I hear, you've no cause to complain, Fleming.

"Ob, of course, one's pestered with innever heard of," grumbled the new lion; between them. "but isn't there anything in the shape of

"Well," said Addenbrooke, [slowly "there is one piece of news, but I don't know that it's interesting. I am thinking

Addenbrooke had never been a shy man:

Fleming opened his eyes full and stared! Fleming pointed in si'ence to a stamped

"That's enough, said Addenbrooke, in a his friend in the face. There was always and addressed envelop lying at his feet. something in his appearance under these circumstances; perhaps because his eyes were so rarely shown-perhaps because of some quality in the eyes themselves. They were curiously bright and very brown-not black manque, but a beautiful, unusual

> Looking at them, it was easier to realize the power, such as it was, which Lawrence Fleming possessed over his fellow creatures. "Addenbrooke," he said, leaning forward and speaking with sudden insensity, "as you value your peace of mind, have

nothing to do with women." H flung himself back, laughing a little and letting fall his eyelids In a few mlnutes he burst into a fierce tirade against him sick with anger and speechless with the whole female sex. taking Addenbrooke's

Even Johnny was disappointed at this lack of interest on the part of his triend, but remembered having heard that Law-rence had been hit hard before he went to Africa-that nothing less, indeed, than a broken heart had sent him forth to those

Then, before Adder.brooke knew what was happening, Fleming plunged into the heart of his own particlar grievance.

"It was last year, he said "at a country house. It began from the moment she came into the room. I don't pretend that dear girl." And he held out both his she was the first; but it was Edifferent, somehow. I am not even sure she was Lydia looked at him sharply with rising good looking; out there was something about her-it you cared at all-well you She had found out long ago that subtle | cared. She stayed a week, and at the end of the time I told her more or less directly, but surely, surely he must know the truth. | that I loved her. I was to see her the next | is not worthy of her!" Either he was the most consummate actor | day, as it happened, I was prevented by my mother's serious illness. I wrote and It was impossible to entertain seriously | told her this, begging her to fix a day for the idea of Addenbrooke as a consummate my visit. She made no reply, and four days later I called at the house, to be told she was out of town. The next day I ac--a sitting room and a bedroom, divided cepted the offer of the Waterloo Place Gazette, and went off to Africa. I'm sure I up his papers in silence and went from the had begun life as what house agents call a don't know why I cared. She wasn't worth room. -had even allowed me to kiss her. I suppose there was a richer tellow on hand, or one whose father didn't happen to keep

Fleming rose, shrugging his shoulders. of Mrs. Baxter, announcing that the port-

"By the by," said Johnny, in a low this took place at the Meades' in Warwickshire, from March the 28th onward?' "Oh," answered Lawrence, with some table, with the lamp on it, close to the vexation, pansing on his way to the door; fire, and had settled down to a long night's | "I suppose you know all about it, like the

Addenbrooke remained behind, pacing the ridiculous, incongruous apartment, The parts of the puzzle lay, fitted together, in his hand; it only remained for

He had not been long at work when the him to step forward and proclaim the solution of a most commonplace enigma. An inefficient postman, a careless housemaid. on some such undignified trifle, had the whole complication hung, like many another complication before it.

No doubt, sooner or later, the missing clue would come to light when he himself cried Addenbrooke, rising with extended had made its discovery of no importance Had he been of a melodramatic turn of

His own dream was shattered forever, He was distinctly handsome, through but of that for the moment he scarcely

When he saw most clearly was this: That, by his own act, he must make Lydia over into the hands of a man unworthy of ber-unlikely to make her happy-to think "Examinations, ugh!" Fleming flicked of whom in connection with her seemed

contamination. But the man whom Lydia loved withal! There was the sting, the shock, that for the moment took away his breath and made him pause, pale, motionless, in his

Then suddenly, before the modest and uncritical mind of Addenbrook flushed in vivid colors the image of two men-of himself and his friend.

He saw Lawrence Fleming, with his showy, unreliable cleverness, his moral coarseness; the man stood before him revealed in all his second rateness. And he saw himself, John Addenbrooke,

ness, and secretly ashamed of the paternal as he had always been, in the dignity of his irreproachtul life-of his honest, patient He looked on this picture, and on that,

and knew each for what it was worth. Then ensued in the peaceful breast of Addenbrooke a terrible war of thoughts Life, which had hitherto been a simple

matter enough, a mere case of doing your duty and minding your own business, had assumed a complexion of cruel difficulty. And yet he knew the more obvious aspect of the matter was not a complicated Lydia no more belonged to him than a

dog who had followed him home and had been claimed by its master. He was bound, in common honor, to

somewhere Bond streef way; and Mrs. reveal the facts of which he had accidentally Should he go to Lydia and say: "This man, whom you prefer so infinitely to myself, is tar less worthy of you than I. He

has not led a bad life, as men go, but he has not led a good one." Men of the world do not do such things, but then Addenbrooke was not a man of the world. And it he had no other right over Lydia, trick of doing. Then he said disconted- had he not that of his own lifelong love and

her three weeks' tolerance of it? The door opened to admit Lawrence

"Any tobacco?" he said, taking empty seat at the writing table. Addenbrooke nodded toward a jar on the mantelpiece, continuing his troubled promenading across the room.

It was dawning painfully, but surely, on his mind that his hands were indeed tied, vitations from a lot of silly women one that it only remained for Lydia to choose But it is I who would have made her

happy," thought poor, obstinate Johny. "Any matches?" said Fleming, with his fingers in the tobacco jar. Johny made no answer, and the other

fumbled in the pocket of his coat.

Then there was a sudden exclamation.

Johny picked it up, with a dull sense of relief that matters had been more or less Miss Grey, and that it was Fleming's posting his letters that had wrought the

Lawrence was much excited. "It had slipped behind the lining of the pocket! I have just taken the coat from my port-manteau. On, that poor girl! What must she have thought of me all this time?"

you intend," he said in a low voice, "eadeavoring to repair the mischiet?" It is possible that he had a low opinion of Fleming constancy.

Addenbrooke faced him suddenly. "Do

"I will go to her tomorrow!" cried Lawrence.

A sudden pang of personal anguish, an intolorable sense of bereavement, shot through Addenbrooke. He thought; "Atter all, perhaps, I am

nothing but a jealous devil who begrudges my girl her happiness." Aloud he said: "There may be difficul ties at first. In fact, Miss Grey is engaged to be married.

Fleming rose with an exclamation.

The two men stood facing ene another; Lawrence flushed, excited: Johnny, pale, with tense eyes and nostrils. "Lydia engaged! Lydia! The women are all alike. Could she have no patience, no trust, but she must needs throw herself away in a fit of pique on some fellow who

"She is engaged to me!" cried Addenbrooke, with sudden passion. "And, by heaven, I think it is I who am too good for

The passion of such men as Addenbrooke is a terrible thing. Fleming quailed before it. He gathered

Mrs. Grey swept up to Addenbrooke as he stood with his hands on the knob of the drawing room door. "Oh, Protessor Addenbrooke, I am so

sorry," she cried. "So am I," he answered, curtly. It was two days after the events of the last chapter. Lydia had made her choice, and now, at her own request, was to take

arewell of Addenbrooke. As she came forward, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, to meet him, it struck bim that she resembled the picture of a Becchante he had seen somewhere—a Bacchante in a tailor made gown, with the neatest ef cuff; and collars. Poor Johnny! "I wished," she said, when their greeting was over, "to thank you with all my

"And I," he said, "wish to tell you this. do you think that I merely took advantage of you. I believed that I could make you happy -I believe it still."

She smiled sadly, and Addenbrooke broke into a sort of laugh. "Oh, Johnny, Johnny!" she cried.

He had no intention of heing pitied, even by Lydia. "Don't distress yourself about me Lydia?" he said. "I have had my chance.

Perhaps I ought to tell you that I do not

think you have chosen the oetter man." They talked a little aimlessly; then Addenbrooke held out both his hands in farewell. It was Lydia who, drawing him toward her, kissed his face for the last time. She knew, as he stood there facing her, that he was passing out of her life for ever. | For the moment he seemed transfigured, no longer insigntficant; a tender but inscrutable presence-pitying, ironical. Some inarticulate voice in her heart cried out to

him not to leave her; unconsciously she out out her hand, and then he was gone. Not long after Fleming was with her. He had his arm about her waist and was

kissing her lips as Addenbrooke had never kissed them-Belgravia. I Was Cured of Rheumatism in Twenty four

I, George English, shipbuilder, have lived in Chatham, N. B., over forty year . Last spring I took severe pains in my knee, which, combined with swelling, laid me up for six weeks, during which time I endured great suffering. I saw South American Rheumatic Cure advertised in the Chatham World and procured a bottle. Within twenty-four hours I was absolutely free from rheumatism, and have not been troubled with it since.

Longest in the Language. Which is the longest word in the Engish language?" as Kid Rid.

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom, prompt-"No, sir; it's 'smiles,' because there is a whole mile between the first and last let-

ters.' "Ho! ho l" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles

between its beginning and ending." "What's that?" said Rob, faintly. "Beleagured," said Tom.

Well-Known Roman Chatolic Priest of Hamilton-Rev. Father John J. Hinchey, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Bears Testimony to the Undisputed Worth of Dr. Agnews' Catarrhal Powder.

In the person of the Rev. T. Hinchey of St. Joseph's Church (R. C.), Hamilton, is found one who does the highest credit to the self-sacrificing work in which he is engaged. His kindly heart constantly prompts to deeds of love and goodness, and in the city of Hamilton all who know him are ready to bear testimony to his high character has been a sufferer from cold in the head and its almost certain associate, catarrh. Recently he made use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and has found in it so great relief that he deems it a pleasure to tell others of the good it has done him.

Pokiok, N. B., June 12, by Rev. Wm. Ross, James Hanford Burden to Ida Blanche Gilman. One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps S. G. Detchon, 44 Church-st., Toronto.

Boston's Woman's Orchestra. Boston boasts of an orchestra of women which numbers forty-five, and with the aid

of a few men to play the bassoons, horns, oboes, and trumpets, they acquit themselves with great skill. Miss Lillian Chandler is taken out of his hands. He knew, before at the head of the stringed instruments, he looked at it. that it was addressed to and as the women has overcome the difficulties of the flute, clarinet, and trombone, customary carelessness in the matter of they soon expect to master those of the horns and trumpets.

> For 13 Months Unable to Lie Down in Bed -A Toronto Junction Citizen's Awful Experlence With Heart Disease.

L. J. Law, Toronto Junction, Ont.: "I consider it my duty to give the public my exterience with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I have been sorely troubled with heart disease and unable to lie down in bed for eighteen months owing to smothering spells and palpitation, Each night I would have to be propped up by pillows in order to keep from smothering. After treating with several medical men without benefit, I procured a bottle of the Heart Cure. After taking the first dose I retired and slept soundly until morning. I used one bottle and have not taken any of the remedy for seven weeks, but the heart trouble has not reappeared. I consider it the grandest remedy in existence for heart

With a Square Boddice. Marie - Mrs. Gaywun says that she will outstrip you in the social swim this sum-

Mamma-Well, from her opera-gown, I judge that she has done so already.

BORN.

Truro June 9, to the wife of Daniel Holmes, a son' Truro, June 20, to the wife of Nelson Blois, a son. Truro, June 21, to the wife of W. F. Linton, a son. Halifax, June 18, to the wife of Charles S. Barrs, a

St. John, June 20 to the wife of J. Clarence Clark, a Wolfville, June 20, to the wife of Prof. Kierstead, a

Amberst, June 20, to the wife of Arthur Coates, a Woodstock, June 23, to the wife of Henry Jamieson, Halifax, June 20, to the wife of Charles H. Schwartz,

Chamcook, June 15, to the wife of D. F. Campbell, Parrsboro, June 10, to the wife of William Dickson, Parrsboro, June, 10, to the wife of John W. Yorke,

daughter. Economy, June 2, to the wife of Lionel Marsh, Yarmouth, June 17, to the wife of A. H Trefry, a Lockport, June 17, to the wife of Frank A. Bill,

Eastville, N. S., to the wife of Samuel T. Ellis, a Aylesford, June 5, to the wife of A. E. McMahon, a daughter Shubenacadie, June 8, to the wife of A. W. Archi-West Head, June 9, to the wife of William T.

Atkinson, a son. Springhill, June 17, to the Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Turner, a daughter Carleton, N. S. June 16, to the wife of Edward West Pubnico, June 16, to the wife of Louis E.

Portland, Me., June 12, to the wife of Charles Morton, formerly of N. B., a daughter.

D'Entrement, a son.

MARRIED. Halifax, June 19, Michael Kline to Alice Warsh. Maccan, June 11, by Rev. Mr. Davie, Neil Barclay to Nellie E. Ripley. Newcastle, June 12, by Rev. W. J. Blakney, Burt Somers to Eliza Taylor. Windham, June 19, by Rev. H. B. Smith, James A. Carde to Bessie Rogers. Woodstock, June 3, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Wilson

Berwick, June, 12, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Henigar Chatham, June 19, by Rev. N. McKay, Havelock Wilson to Isabella 1rving Sand Beach, June 19, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Harry K. Lewis to Julia M. Cair

Easton, June 8, by Rev. H. A. Griffin, Alexander Wanger to Augusta Mullen Perry Settlement, June 18, by Rev. A. H. McLeod, Fred Hayes to Maud White Shediac, June 11, by Rev. Dr. Oullette, Alvina Doucett to William Herbert.

Truro June 20, by Archdeacon Kaulbach, Ernest Hieart to Blanche Marshall. Fibson, June 12, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, William A. White to Eleanor Linforth O'Neil, to Annie P. McAloon. Halifax, June 19, by Rev. Allan Simpson, George E. Davidson to Nellie Hunter. Halifax, June 19, by Rev. M. Softly, Harry H. Dalton to Ada G. M. Mumford. Milford, June 19, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Lewis J. Withrow to Jessie McDonald Sand Beach, June 19, by Rev. E. D. Millar, Robert M. Madden to Alice M. Crosby.

Yarmouth, June 19, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Robert M. Madden to Alice M. Crosby Tracy Mills, June 12, by Rev. G. F. Currie, William Steeves, to Grace A. Carmichael. Parrsboro, June 17, by Rev. E. H. Howe, James Lunenburg, June 11, by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Leander Cross to Jessie Stevens.

Lower Queensbury, June 16, by Rev. T. Sykes, James R. Cliff to Hannah Jordon. St Stephen, June 5, by Rev. J. T. Bryan, Thomas Martock, June 20, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Annie M. Peach, to Alexander B. Sweet. Dartmouth, June 24, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, Frank W. Russel to Ella Bellman. St. John, June 20, by Rev. H. W. Stewart, Wm. Harding Banks to Ruby H. Gabbie.

Lower Millstream, June 12, by Rev. A. H. McLeod, Albert C. McAuley to Annie Glark. Halifax, June 17, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Melbourne James to Amanda Eliza Publicover. Springhill, June 18, by Rev. H. B. Smith, E. P. Weatherall of Oxford, to Ella Parry. Jacksonville, June 11, by Rev. T. L. Williams, Benjamin London to Fannie Adams. Canterbury, June 12, by Rev. D. E. Brooks', Moses B. Hilman to Annie E. Grant.

Halifax, June 8, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Edward Maher to Rebecca Winmfred O'Neil. Yarmo th, Jnne 18, by Rev. H. How, Ada Elizabeth Awalt to John Bernard Ritchie. Berry's Mills, June 11, by Rev. W. H. Sherwood, Thomas Jimerson to Mary J. Hunter. Yarmouth, June 9, by H. H. Cosman, Charles H. Sollows to Alpha Cann, of Bloomfield. McLellans Brook, June 20, by Rev. D. Hen son, W. F. Jones to Helen M. McKay. Fredericton, June 12, by Rev. Willard McDonald, Elizar H. Boone, to Minnie Mathewson

Campbellton, June 17, by Rev. Wm. A. Thompson, Thomas A. Barker to Isabel B. Adams. Little River, June 20, by Rev. Wm. M. Knolton George McKenney to Lillian M. Killam. Oak Hill, June 5, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Thomas Cotter, of St. Stephen, to Tabitha Russell. Sable Island, June 7, by Lev. D. E. Hatt, Mr. Green, of Everett, Mass., to Maria Dunlop. Digby, June 5, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Fred Holland Thompson to Addie A. Morehouse. Liverpool, June 4, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendennings S. T. B. Howard Mallman to Nettie McKenna-

Great Shemogue, June 19, by Rev. E. W. Hamilton, Sherman W. Burgess M. D. to Josephine O. Cambridge, Mass., Jnne 12. by Rev. Hyatt Smith, Harry Hainsworth, of Halifax, N. S., to Madge Griffin. Liverpool, June 14, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendenning BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



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. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS

Joseph DeWolf Robertson to Elizabeth E Hampton, June 19, by Rev. Samuel Howard, C. M. Frost, of Norton, to Annie Louise Currie, of St.

Dorchester, Mass., June 19, by Rev. Samuel Jack-son, Franklin D. Sadler, of Perth Centre, N.B., to Bessie Black. Montreal, June 19, by Rey. A. M. Phillips, B. D., George Robertson Ewing to Emma May, third daughter of B. Hugman.

Maitland, June 19, by Rev. T. C. Jack, H. H. McDougall to Effie, daughter of Alfred Putnam, M. P., of Maitland. San Antonia, Texas, June 10, by Rev. E. E. King, L. Lee Cain to Ada, Gaughter of the late Alexander Nicolas, and granddaughter of Charles E Knapp, of Dorohester, N. B.

DIED.

St. John, June 23, Patrick Barry, 68 St. John, June 20, George Cotter, 20. St. John, June 23, Patrick Barry, 68. Halifax, June 12, George Brittain, 51. Stellarton, June 14, David Cullen, 64. West Dalhousie, Robert Medicroft, 75. Economy, June 14, Rebecca Moore, 76. St. John, June 24, James Sullivan, 87. Woodstock, June 19, John McGann, 88. Jacksonville, June 13, Francis Good, 65. Overton, June 15, Mrs. Anna Wyman, 81. Milltown, June 15, Henry B. Campbell, 27. Tupperville, June 16, Miss Crissy Kent, 98. Halifax, June 19, George A. Tummonds, 31. Waterville, N. B. June 12, Sil as Prossor, 67. Mace's Bay, June 1, Robert Corscadden, 59. Woodstock, June 19, Mrs. John McGann, 88. Parrsboro, June 18, Cornelius J. Hartnett, 43. Woodstock, June 15, William Stephenson, 60. Caledonia, Mills, June 4, Anne Campbell, 57. New Glasgow, June 13, Michael McInnis, 78. Halifax, June 15, to the wife of Peter Little, a Parrsboro, June 18, Cornelius J. Hartnett, 43. Woodstock, June 12, Anna Maria Ketchum, 83. Douglas, N. B., June 17, Ludlow C. McGibbon, 69 Kingston, N. B., June 22, Mrs. Margaret Godfrey,

> Canning, June 8, Annie wife of Michael McFadden, Amherst, June 13, Julia, wife of William DeWolfe, Wallace, N. S., June 15, Eliza, wife of C. E. Kerr, St. John, June 24, Catherine wife of Robert Sul-

St. John, June 24, Harriet A. wife of Frederick Yarmouth, June 11, Annie M. wife of Joseph B. Truro, June 20, Eva daughter of Wm. and Mrs.

Aylesford, June 16, Celia, widow of the late Chas. Rothesay, June 21, Annie Walker, wife of James Chatham, June 12, Marguerite, infant daughter of

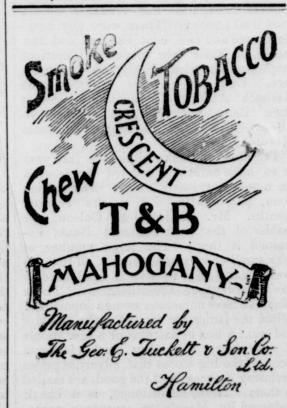
Greenfield, June 11, Jane, widow of the late John Anthworth, 92 church Point, Jnne 14, Mary, widow of the late Frank Bonnafant, 92. loomfield, June 14, Edward, infact son of Edward and Angelina L East Port Medway, June 9, Rosie only daughter of

North River, June 2, Lena, infant daughter of Luther and Louisa Taylor. Lower Newcastle, June 7. Janet Goodfellow, widow of the late Robert Innis, 77. Woodstock, June 23, David Holly, only son of David and Mary Tapley, 19. Moschelle, June 15, Ethel M., second daughter of J. L. and Mrs. Jefferson, 18 River Phillip, June 9, James Millar, child of Wm.

and Lydia Austin, 4 months. Annapolis, Jnne 11, Minnie M., eldest daughter of John and Lizzie McCarthy. Yarmouth, June 15, Charles Byron, son of the late Henry and John Crowell, 23-Ardnes, June 13, Mary only child of Alex and Rebecca McDonald 5 montus. Greenfield, June 21, Edmund H. only son of Edmund and Laura Skinner, 1. Springhill, June 19, Alfred Henry son of R. H. and Emma Langille, 6 months.

Dartmouth, June 19, Francis M., infant son of Michael N. and Ellie Noonan, 1. Getchell Settlement, June 1, Elizabeth A Jackson, widow of the late J. D. Jackson, 70. Port Maitland, June 15, Abbie E., only child of Ernest and Lena Landers, 15 months. Springhill, June 17. Katherine third daughter of his Alexander McDonald formerly of Antigonish. Shag Harbor, June 10, Minna M. Banks only daughter of Mary E. and the late James Banks,

Somersetsbire, England, June 17, Mary Ann, wid-od dow of the late Henry B. Paulin, well known in Halifax. Burlington June 17, Sarah, wife of Robert H. Burgess, 53. Dallas, Texas, June 7, Alice, infant daughter of Alice G. and W. B. Blacadar, Marchant, of N. S., 11 months



DEAFNESS

An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, singing in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will de sent post free. Artificial Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely super-

THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southamptou Buildingr

seded. Address: