

## ON THE TRAPEZE.

We have been partners. Jim and I, for just upon ten years in the flying trapeze line of business. We were called the Brothers Darcelli, and without boasting ("grassing," we call it in the profession) we deserved the name, for there was no feat, however difficult or risky, but what we would undertake, and excel in.

We were devoted to our work and to each other. Jim was twenty-seven and I was twenty-nine; we had started before either of us was twenty. We were both single, and had nothing to worry about, so were as happy as it is possible for two young fellows to be. Our attachment was so noticeable, that our associates called us the "Corsican Brothers," and other classic names which I don't recollect. And, I repeat, we were as happy as possible, until a woman came between us. A woman! No, she was a witch, a fiend!

To all appearance she was a veritable Arcadian, so guileless did she seem. She was sweetly pretty, had a charming little figure, and a sweet voice; but was as deceitful as a serpent. I fell a victim to her wiles first, and if ever a man was an abject slave to a woman, I was. If I were clever with my pen, perhaps I might express myself more poetically, but in plain prose I was "fool and love."

I've heard of serpents fascinating their victims with a glance. If ever there was a human serpent, that reptile was Flora Denbigh. It ever there was a poor creature absolutely enchanted, that victim claims to be the writer of this narrative. I had never been in love before, so was as clay in the hands of the potter. It came about in this way:

One evening, after the performance, a telegram was handed in to Jim—I noticed he looked agitated, and asked the reason. "My mother!" he faltered. "She is dangerously ill, Jack—she is asking for me—I must go to her."

"Why, of course you must," said I. "But how about the engagement? Old Morritz won't let us break it without paying forfeit, and that'll be hard on you, Jack."

"Not so hard as you being prevented from seeing your mother," I rejoined; "it won't ruin us, Jim; besides, perhaps he'll let me do a single turn till you get back."

"No, no, Jack," he exclaimed, "you've not been used to it of late; you've got too heavy for leaps—why, you've only been bearing the last few years," which was true enough, the "bearer" being the one who catches the other as he does flying leaps, etc. Still I felt confident in my own powers, and told Jim so.

Well, it was arranged at last that I should do a ground show (i.e., on the platform only) with a whispered suggestion from old Morritz (our proprietor) that I could do a "harel hunt," as he called it, when Jim was gone. I nodded assent, and saw my partner off by the train to London that very night.

On the second evening I walked into the private car of the hotel where we were stopping, and met my fate!

The first glance she shot at me out of her deep violet eyes (with a gleam of yellow in them) did the business. I called for refreshment, and then stammered out, "Er—good evening, miss. I—er haven't had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"But I've seen you," she said; the melody of her voice no one could imagine; and she smiled as an angel might. "Yes, I've seen you," she repeated; "at the circus last night. How splendid you looked, and how brave you must be. I'm so pleased to know you."

I must here mention that I was doing a "harel hunt" in accordance with the governor's wish, and good reason I had to be thankful for it, as after events will show.

When she said she was pleased to know me, I blushed like a girl, and muttered some idiotic answer.

"You see," she continued, "I've been on a visit, and only came home last night. I'm the daughter of the house, as they call it."

She laughed delightfully, and I stayed there completely captivated until her father closed the bar. From that time, every hour and minute I had at my disposal I had at my disposal I passed in her society. At last I mustered up courage, told her I loved and worshipped her, and asked her to marry me. She would give no definite answer, but I thought it would be all right, as she seemed so single-minded and affectionate. Three weeks flew by, and I lived in a fool's paradise, until one evening I was positively startled on seeing Jim walk in. Of course, I was delighted to see him. As we shook hands heartily he told me that his mother had quite recovered.

"Pray introduce me to your friend, Mr. Darcelli," said Flo, as she flashed a glance at him.

"He is my partner, friend, and brother," I responded. "Jim, this young lady is Miss Flora Denbigh; I am permitted to call her Flo, and so may you if she does object."

"Oh, I don't mind, as he's your brother," she said, smiling archly, "and a much younger brother too."

"Not much younger," observed Jim, pressing the hand she presented; then as my eyes followed Flo's, I noticed for the first time how much more handsome and juvenile looking he was than myself; then with a pang I felt sorry he had returned; the next moment I was soundly rating myself for the evil thought; but instinct was right, and affection wrong, in this case.

We renewed our old performance, and I noticed that Flo was at the circus far more often than when I was doing my single turn. It was then that jealousy got hold of me, and I began to entertain a feeling of distrust for my partner and friend. Of course, I watched him closely, and it soon became plain to me that he was as much in love with Flo as I was.

Be it here recorded to his credit that from a shame-faced feeling, bashfulness, or stupidity—call it what you will—I had not mentioned to him that I was virtually, if not actually engaged to the girl. It is certain that she did not say anything about it, and she, to all appearance, reciprocated Jim's feelings. At last I got wrought up to a pitch of desperation, and resolved to put an end to the matter.

"Will you be my wife or not, Flo?" I asked her one night when we happened to be alone.

She still temporized, and I fully believe that she thoroughly enjoyed torturing me. "Well, Jack, I like you well enough," she answered, "but I cannot say I love you yet. Besides, there are—"

"Others," I interposed. "Oh, yes, I know you have dozens of admirers as well as me, and one of the principal of them is—"

"Jim?" she suggested, promptly. "You may as well say it as think it. Of course, he likes me, and I like him. But," she added coaxingly, "I like you, too, Jack. Still you must wait—"

"And supposing you had never seen Jim?" I suggested.

"Oh, goodness knows!" she tittered. "Perhaps I should have accepted you by this time. But there goes eight o'clock; you'll be late for your turn as you call it, if you don't hurry."

I turned and walked slowly away, having plenty of time before me, and no inclination for work. The way to the circus, which was a canvas one, in an open space on the outskirts of the town, was through a shady lane. As I rambled moodily along I noticed, as I neared a bend, a man who drew behind a clump of bushes as I passed. One glance was sufficient—it was Jim! In a flash it came to me that he was there to meet Flo. Restraining my passion with grim determination, I passed on, then crept through a gap in the hedge, stealthily returned to the spot to listen, like the coward I was, to the forthcoming interview. In a few minutes she came tripping along; the next moment she was in his arms, while he showered kisses upon her upturned face. The sight maddened me, and only by tremendous efforts did I restrain myself from rushing upon them. At last she said, as she released herself:—

"There, that'll do, Jim. I want to tell you something." Then, in her pretty, artless fashion, she related our last conversation. Jim listened patiently to the end, and then said, very gravely:—

"Poor old Jack; I'm truly sorry to hear this. I wish I'd known it before."

"That wouldn't have prevented you falling in love with me, though, Jim, she reasoned.

"No," he retorted, still more gravely, "perhaps not, but it would have prevented us contending it. Good heavens! what will Jack think of the friend and partner who steals his sweetheart from him?"

"Don't be a gaby," she cried; "You haven't stolen his sweetheart. I never was his sweetheart. I like old Jack very much, no one could help doing that, but I don't love him, Jim, like I do—well someone who is not a hundred miles away."

It was dusk, and it was impossible to see her face, but I could well imagine how she looked at him as she said this. I'm sure no man on earth would have resisted the temptation, and Jim didn't. He embraced her again. I could stand it no more, and rushed frantically away, reaching the circus in a state of agitation that was noticed by everyone.

"For heaven's sake, Jack, what's the matter?" asked old Morritz. "Ave you bin a-drink-in?"

"No!" I almost shouted. "I'm as sober as a judge. Leave me alone."

He shrunk away with a positive look of fear on his greasy, Jewish features. Having dressed myself, I saw to the fixing of our apparatus, taking more than usual care to make sure that all the gear was sound and in good order; why, I knew not, but I shall be thankful for that extra bit of precaution to my dying day. At the very last moment Jim arrived, and had just time to get his waistcoat on—that is, don his theatrical finery—when the bell rang for our appearance. As we prepared to go on he looked at me earnestly and whispered, "What's wrong, Jack?"

"I know all," I hissed. "Let us get through this night's business, and then part before worse comes of it."

He flushed crimson through his "make up," but said nothing, and we went on together as usual, meeting with a splendid reception. That evening Jim fairly surpassed himself in skill, grace, and daring; I could perceive among the sea of faces below that of Flora Denbigh, with her eyes fixed admiringly upon him. My blood boiled, I felt sick and giddy, half mad with jealousy, and a desire for revenge.

We had now reached one of our final acts. I was hanging from the bar by my feet, Jim was at the other trapeze preparing for a flying leap to my hands, whence he was to take a couple of somersaults into the net beneath us. He gave the signal, and the next instant was shooting towards me like an arrow. We gripped, and took the usual swing to and fro; as I prepared to let go I felt his clasp on my wrists tighten spasmodically.

I knew something was wrong. I looked down: his eyes met mine without a sign of intelligence; they were rolling horribly, filmy and bloodshot—his features were purple, and looked swollen, while his form was stiffened like that of a corpse. Then the awful truth came to me with a shock: he was in a fit of some kind. I was so startled that I nearly let go my hold; we swayed to and fro more slowly, and stopped dead; the perspiration rolled like rain from my own on to his upturned face: the tension on my muscles was becoming unbearable. I tried to call for help, but no sound escaped my parched throat. It was evident the onlookers, professionals and all, thought we were about to perform some new and startling feat.

If I was mad before with jealousy, I was crazy now with horror. What could it do? It dropped him he would fall an inert mass into the net, and either break his neck or burst through and reach the ground crushed and bleeding; if not killed outright, at least crippled for life. His head now fell back and his hold relaxed. What could I do? To support him much longer was impossible. At that supreme moment there came to me a temptation so revolting that I shudder now to think of it.

He, my rival was in my power; all I had to do was let him fall, and all would be over. No one could blame me, and no person but Flo could possibly suspect anything. I instinctively looked at her; it was evident that she could see we were in trouble; her eyes were full of a horror too terrible for me to attempt to describe. The temptation grew stronger. Some demon seemed to whisper: "Let go, fool. Now is your chance. Let go. You can soon get another partner."

That word restored all my manhood like an electric shock; the reaction was almost unbearable, but I withstood it. With a silent prayer I braced myself up for the last effort to save or die with him. It was now that the result of having recently worked the aerial act singly came to my aid. I had me as supple and strong as a tiger.

Exerting all my powers in a final su-

human effort, I drew Jim up until I clasped him round the waist with my left arm, then raised myself and burden to the bar, grasped it with my disengaged hand, got astride, and dragged Jim up beside me. When it is borne in mind that I had been all this time suspended by my feet, the extraordinary exertion required to perform this act may be imagined. It is certain none but a trained athlete could have done it. And exactly how I did it myself I never could tell, but by Heaven's help I did it, and we were comparatively safe.

By this time the audience had scented danger and were awe-struck: our fellow-performers were the same, and a stupendous silence reigned in the vast tent. After a brief rest I regained my power of speech, and called out, hoarsely: "The rope! The rope!" This aroused the professionals from their stupor, and the climbing rope by which we ascend and descend to and from the trapeze was brought within my clutch. More dead than alive, I slid down it with Jim still in my arm.

I was told afterwards that I cried like a child when I recovered from the swoon into which I had fallen, and learned that my partner had, by the aid of a doctor who chanced to be present, also regained his senses. I pulled myself round sufficiently to go on with old Morritz, and bow my acknowledgments to the deafening applause with which I was greeted.

It was a terrible experience, and I have never been on a trapeze since—neither has Jim. We set up in business as makers of gymnastic apparatus, and are doing fairly well, and remain better friends than ever.

What became of Flora Denbigh? Oh, she died, she and her mother, a rich, retired, old tradesman. She buried him recently, and is quite ready to lead another victim to the altar—but it won't be me or Jim.

## CECCA'S CHOICE.

"Si Signore, she's a handsome woman, and she doesn't forget me, though I'm only a waiter. Every time she comes in a smile and a nod and 'Buon giorno, Luigi!' As you say, like spring, she was always fresh and beautiful."

Think you seen her in London? Si, so you would. She lives in England. She's a very great lady there. She married a painter, you know; and all his portraits he so often, they say, in all sorts of characters. Very distinguished, very rich, in the best society—Princes and Marquises, they tell me—so no doubt the signore will have met her in some palazzo."

It was like this, signore. We lived up there in the mountains, you see, looking down upon Florence—Cecca, Marcantonio and I. Our fathers were peasants. And Cecca was the prettiest girl in all the village. How could it not be so when now she is the most beautiful woman in your great, rich London, which is as much bigger than Florence, they say, as Florence than our village? She had always that golden hair—golden hair, with black eyes and a creamy skin. It was those and her lips that made them paint her for a Magdalen. When we were growing up together—Cecca you may say sixteen, and Marcantonio and I nineteen or twenty—we two lads were just wildly in love with Cecca. I might be wildly in love with her still, signore, if she were not married and a great lady; and Marcantonio—but you shall hear. I must not get in front of my own tale's wheels, as we say in Tuscany."

It was Cecca who began it—going out into the world. But for her we would none of us dream of leaving our village. Mountain people are stay-at-home. We owe to that girl—Marcantonio and I—that we are now cosmopolitan. Cecca had potentialities. She used to sit on the hillside and look down on Florence, where we had none of us ever been, since it was ten miles away, and see the Duomo dimly and the blue smoke of the city; and she longed to go there and find out for herself what it was all made of. It looked so large and dreamy and beautiful. The Duomo looms up when you look on it from a distance. But Marcantonio didn't want her to go. He would sit by her side in the evening and gaze out over the hills, and murmur, "Yes, the dome—the dome is beautiful. But the mountains are more beautiful blue, away there in the twilight, and the pink glow on the snowy tips of the Apennines, and the mist over the Arno. I like the mountains best, better than all the houses in the city." And Cecca would shake her head, and say no; but now she says he was right, since she has married in England and gone to live in London. For London, they tell me, is rich; but, oh, it is not beautiful!

Marcantonio was a poetic soul. You see, we Tuscans are built so. I am a poet myself, signore, when I am not serving macaroons and coffee. And we both made verses to Cecca's golden hair—not written, you understand, but Tuscan stornelli, such as the peasants make, and remember, and sing to their sweethearts. But Marcantonio's were the best, fate having given him a poetic nature. Marcantonio was more afraid of Florence than of me. "Don't go there, little one," he used to say. "Some great painter will see you, and take you for his model; and then he will fall in love with you and marry you, or what not, and so we shall lose our own little Cecca." Which, indeed, as you see, was exactly what happened. But Cecca would laugh and toss her pretty head, and answer: "You and Luigi are very nice men, no doubt; but how do you know there are not nicer men down yonder in Florence? I don't mean to choose till I have seen the world." And then she would turn again and look down at the Duomo.

But I ought to tell you, though our parents were peasants, my people were richer and better off than Marcantonio's. Indeed, I was thought the best catch in the village. Any other girl there would have been glad to take me. But Cecca whom I loved, must needs go down to the sea in the Duomo.

Well, things went on like that till Cecca was seventeen. Another day, one Si signore, directly! And then one day an English painter came up to San Procolo. It was the midday hour, and we men had holiday. We followed him about at a distance—strangers being rare, of course, in the village—and Cecca came to the door, like the rest of the girls to stare at the gentleman. Oh, he was a great gentleman! I suppose I saw him now, when I know the world, he would only seem to me like

any English gentleman who drops in for a sorbetta or a limonata; but up there in San Procolo we thought him at least the Prince Inheritor of England. The girls were mostly shy, but Cecca—she was always a woman of the world in the grain. So, when the rest held back, she went boldly forward and asked the gentleman if he wanted anything.

Well, the Englishman, of course, had very little Italian. In those days we thought it odd, and smiled at his broken words, never having met any one who could not speak Tuscan. But, to our surprise, Cecca seemed to understand either that he was a great Prince or that he was unable to express himself in Tuscan better, and erred through inadvertence, for she smiled and showed her teeth, and came nearer to him instantly. And then a pang went through me, and I ceased to fear Marcantonio, and began to wish Cecca had never desired to go to Florence.

So there he and Cecca stood talking on the platform of the church that looks down on the Arno, and we then gathered round, and bit by bit drew nearer and nearer. Presently he took off the bright thing on his back and began to peer through it. "What is it?" says Cecca womanlike.

"A field glass," says the stranger. "Here, take it and see Florence."

Any other girl would have laughed and giggled. But Cecca took it quite quietly, as if she was always used to it; and, not finding the focus to suit her, moved it up and down, the same as she saw the painter, till she got the right sight for her. And then she cried out, not so much surprised as delighted:

"Oh, Luigi! Marcantonio! Come here and see!"

She named me first, and I noticed it. Then she told us what she could make out—the Duomo, and the Campanile, and the houses, and the bridges, and the horses and people streaming over them continually. And then she passed it on, and clasped her hands, and cried out:

"Oh, Luigi! Marcantonio! I must go down to Florence."

"Come and sit to me," said the painter, looking admiringly at her lips and hair—as many have looked since; and well they may do. So that very moment Cecca made her mind up. And before a week was out, now she had seen what Florence was, she had gone to the city, and was sitting as a Santa Magdalena to the Englishman.

"And she married him and went away with him to London?"

No, no, Signore; not so fast, I pray you. No sooner had Cecca gone than I determined to follow her. I went down to the city and looked about for a place as helper. Cecca had a room close by, and I soon found the painters were all agog about her. Such a model! Such a discovery! To see her surrounded there by those English painters—all admiring her golden hair, and her lips, and her profile; and our Cecca, calm and queenlike, sitting chatting in their midst as if she had known them like us from a baby. I spoke to her of myself one day, when I'd been there a month; and she smiled at me, and said: "Dear Luigi, no more. Since I came to Florence I feel I could only marry a painter."

But Marcantonio—well, he stopped up in the mountains, and made stornelli, and wrote them down, and sent them to her. And he wrote her letters; some of them she showed me. He wasn't afraid lest his mountain lily should be spoiled in the valley, he said (for he, too, was a Tuscan of the artistic type), he knew she could never forget those evenings on the hillside, when the setting sun cast red glows on the snow of the Apennines, and then the flash died away, and the peaks grew cold, the twinkling lights came out slowly on byons, and betrayed the secret of high hilltop castelli.

But he longed to come down—yet he knew not what to do for he was only a peasant. And one Sunday he came; and in the morning he and I and Cecca went over the Uffizi. In the afternoon Cecca took us around to the Englishman's to see her portrait. He'd painted her in a "Supper at the House of the Pharisee." And there the Englishman was, quite at home and jaunty. But the moment Marcantonio saw the portrait—it was different from the Uffizi—he put his head on one side, and then on the other, and looked very hard at it; then he pursed up his lips. I could see with half an eye he didn't care much for it. The Englishman could see it, too, and was piqued at his silence. A fellow from a village, who never till that day had even come to a city! "Well?" he says, after a while. And Marcantonio says "Well?" and looks aside at Cecca.

"What do you think of it?" says the Englishman, as well as he was able.

"It's correctly enough drawn," says Marcantonio, hesitating, "and the mouth isn't bad, but you've missed the expression and the fire of the eye. And, somehow, that cheek isn't fall enough for the signorina."

"Perhaps you could do better," says the Englishman, making fun of him.

"Perhaps I could," says Marcantonio, very modestly, "though I'm not much of a painter. But still, you see I know her face so well."

"Would you like to try?" says the Englishman, laughing and looking aside at us. You should have seen Cecca blush, but she never said anything.

"Perhaps I might," says Marcantonio again, never seeing that the Englishman was trying to laugh at him—that's Marcantonio all over, so simple and straightforward. "It might help you to catch the expression, signore, as those of us see it who know her and have studied it."

Well the Englishman was a sight to remember. He handed Marcantonio a pencil and paper, Cecca posed herself without a word, just as she had done for the Englishman.

"I can't try it in colors," says Marcantonio, still as modest as ever. "For I don't understand oils, but I learned from our priest how to make the frescoes in the church at San Procolo, and—"

But the Englishman started.

"Did you do those frescoes in the Church at San Procolo?" says he in a changed voice.

"I did," says Marcantonio, going on with the portrait. "I've never learned much, of course; but I've tried what I could do by the light of nature."

Well, the Englishman sat and watched his eyes opening wider and wider all the time. And Marcantonio worked and worked. And I stood and looked on at them, knowing at once it was all up with me now for my chance of Cecca. And when it was finished the Englishman drew

a long breath, and said, in his bad Italian: "Unthought! quite unthought! Full of amateur's faults, but—a born artist!"

As for Cecca, she rushed at him and flung her arms around his neck.

Marcantonio! "she cried, "Marcantonio! I told them all along I never could marry anyone but a painter!"

Well, that was the end of it—or that was the beginning, whichever you will. The painters all said Marcantonio must take to art—he was a born artist. So the people in our village made a purse up. He came to Florence and studied; then he went to Rome, to Paris, to London. He married Cecca, of course; and now he's a great painter. His other name? Oh, Cipriani; he's one of our Royal Academicians. Yes, that was the famous Mrs. Cipriani; I thought you'd know her. But to me, signore, she's Cecca, and always will be.—Grant Allen.

## An Orthodox Criticism.

The parson was bending over his desk hard at work on his next Sunday's sermon. Presently his young wife bustled in, with a glad smile on her face. She intended to give him a pleasant surprise. She succeeded, for it was her first appearance in bloomers.

"What do you think of them?" she asked gaily. "Are they on straight?"

"I think," he said, observing a hiatus between the upper and nether garments and a general tendency to sag fore and aft, "that you have left undone the things that you ought to have done and done those things that you ought not to have done."

## BORN.

Truro, Sept. 9, to the wife of G. B. Poppy, a son.  
Truro, Sept. 17, to the wife of John Phinney, a son.  
Sydney, Aug. 30, to the wife of A. Prouse, a daughter.  
Truro, Aug. 30, to the wife of C. L. Miller a daughter.  
Sept. 11, to the wife of Dr. S. L. Walker a son.  
Grace Bay, Sept. 8, to the wife of J. R. Blackett a son.  
Fredericton, Sept. 4, to the wife of Joseph Sands a son.  
Wentworth, Sept. 8, to the wife of Harry Salter, a son.  
Acadia, Sept. 5, to the wife of Dr. G. D. Turnbull a son.  
Richibucto, Sept. 9, to the wife of Edward Lawson, a son.  
Halifax, Sept. 13, to the wife of G. A. Lomas a daughter.  
Lockhartville, Aug. 24, to the wife of Owen West a daughter.  
Woodstock, Aug. 26, to the wife of E. T. Wetmore a daughter.  
Otterbrook, Sept. 3, to the wife of Mr. Crossman, a daughter.  
Yarmouth, Sept. 6, to the wife of W. T. Stensman, a daughter.  
Yarmouth, Sept. 1, to the wife of A. den C. Patten, a daughter.  
Fairville, Sept. 13, to the wife of John H. Britney, a daughter.  
Yarmouth, Sept. 6, to the wife of T. W. Stoneman, a daughter.  
Foley Village, Sept. 6, to the wife of Henry McLean, a son.  
Parabrook, Sept. 6, to the wife of Capt. Gilbert Dexter, a son.  
Victoria Beach, Aug. 31, to the wife of O. T. Murray, a son.  
Bedford, P. E. I., Sept. 1, to the wife of C. G. Murray, a son.  
Falmouth, Sept. 14, to the wife of Edward Patterson a daughter.  
Lower Granville, N. S., Sept. 3, to the wife of Capt. John Snow a son.  
St. John's, N. B., Sept. 3, to the wife of Arthur J. Dove, a daughter.  
Granville, Sept. 1, to the wife of Samuel L. King, a son.  
Tadoussac, Sept. 1, to the wife of Alfred LeBlanc, a daughter.  
Georgetown, P. E. I., Sept. 7, to the wife of W. A. Mason, a daughter.  
Windsor, Conn., Sept. 5, to the wife of Francis J. A. Armstrong, a son.  
Sherbrook, Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. McGarry, a son, a boy and girl.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 2, to the wife of Rev. James Simpson, a son.  
East Boston, Sept. 10, to the wife of F. C. Wilson, formerly of N. B., a son.

## MARRIED.

Keswick, Sept. 11, by Rev. J. K. King, I. L. Currie to Esther Burr.  
Oswestry, Sept. 9, by Rev. J. H. Chase, James Carter to Annie McDonald.  
Alma, Sept. 13, by Rev. A. E. Chapman, John Kerr to Ella Douglas.  
Windsor, Sept. 4, by Rev. A. D. McCull, David Muir to Ethel Ogden.  
Drogheda, Ireland, Aug. 23, William Payzant of Halifax, to Mary Smith.  
Truro, Sept. 11, by Rev. T. Cumming, John Conolly to Mary Kaibach.  
Woodstock, Sept. 1, by the Rev. C. Phillips, George Grant to Mary Johnston.  
Bristol, Sept. 4, by Rev. J. E. Fiewelling, William H. King to Eliza J. Davis.  
Aylesford, Sept. 5, by Rev. Mr. Bancroft, Watson Graves to Amanda Bennett.  
Westville, Sept. 5, by Rev. A. Bowman, James D. McDonald to Tina Stewart.  
Traverse, Sept. 10, by Rev. F. Curran, J. H. Monahan to Minnie Curran.  
Salem, Sept. 10, by Rev. Wm. Knowland, William Whitman to Maggie Kinney.  
Oronoto, Aug. 5, by Rev. S. J. Perry, Robert Drummond to Ida M. Neely.  
Blackville, Sept. 4, by Rev. T. C. Johns on, Thomas Sturgeon to Lottie Curtis.  
New Tasset, Sept. 4, by Rev. H. A. Giffis, Ralph H. Moses to Hattie E. Mullen.  
Amherst, Sept. 11, by Rev. D. A. Steele, John W. Davis to Josephine Waterman.  
St. John, Sept. 6, by Rev. R. Mathers, Hanford McKnight to Maggie Moriarty.  
Pagawash, Sept. 3, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Earnest Lap-on to Fannie McKim.  
Halifax, Sept. 10, by Rev. Father Moriarty, G. C. Kingston to Mrs. Annie Delaney.  
Woodstock, Aug. 24, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Alexander Main to Elizabeth Giberson.  
Coburg Road, N. S., Sept. 11, by Rev. E. Dixon, Arthur Williams to Laura Smith.  
Urbana, Sept. 9, by Rev. J. Shipperly Anson Whittier Barr, to Emma A. Rowe.  
Roxbury, Mass., Sept. 9, by Rev. Dr. Kneeland, Maurice Thore to Janet McKean.  
Maccaan, Sept. 10, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Albert T. Fuller to Augusta Fugley.  
Charlottetown, Sept. 4, by Rev. C. W. Corey, E. A. McPhee to Laura J. Van Isterstein.  
Upper Sackville, Sept. 10, by Rev. S. Howard, Charles H. Eaton to Bessie George.  
Fredericton, Sept. 11, by Rev. William McDonald, Sterling Green to Maggie Holmes.  
Upper Dorchester, Sept. 4, by Rev. F. C. Wright, James A. Smith to Laura A. Hicks.  
Mill Village, Aug. 28, by Rev. T. F. Wooten, Lawrence D. Mitchell to Mary E. Mack.  
Halifax, Sept. 12, by Rev. Dyan Hague, H. L. Chipman to Gertrude Maud Ritchie.  
Albert, N. B., Sept. 4, by Rev. C. I. McLane, Rev. George A. Lawson to Hattie McLane.  
Clifton, New London, Sept. 3, by Rev. A. Sterling, William McKay, to Annie H. McKay.  
Charlottetown, Sept. 1, by Rev. D. Sutherland, John M. Nicholson to Ida May Hamm.  
Marysville, Sept. 5, by Rev. John Parkinson, William Wilson to Mrs. Elizabeth Spencer.  
Alton, N. S., Sept. 5, by Rev. Charles McKay, P. and Mary Sullivan, 6 months.  
Carlton, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. J. O'Donovan, Thomas C. Bohm to Agnes Genevieve Toomey.  
Woodstock, Sept. 4, by the Rev. Dr. Chapman, Harry L. Lasker, to Catherine Ruggan.  
Charlottetown, Sept. 2, by Rev. T. F. Fullerton, Alfred Edward Mayhew to Amy A. Bear.  
Albert, N. B., Sept. 13, by Rev. George A. Lawson, James Dixon to Sarah A. Matthews.

## BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

**RISE SUN STOVE POLISH**

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn 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

Hampton, Sept. 3, by Rev. Donald Fraser, Rev. James Whitehead to Josephine Fiewelling.  
East Public, Sept. 1, by Rev. William Miller, Capt. Albert Goodwin to Jennie Nickerson.  
Cambridge, Kings Co., N. S., Sept. 4, by Rev. E. O. Read, George C. Sprout to Minnie West.  
River John, Sept. 1, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Levi R. Farquhar to Mrs. Catherine Bigley.  
Ratler's Corner, Kings Co., Sept. 4, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, Harold T. Price to Alice Maud Cripps.  
Sprinchill, Sept. 7, by Rev. Chas. W. Wilson, James Davis, to Sarah, daughter of the late manager, Harry Swift.

## DIED.

East Halifax, Sept. 7, Mrs. Pence, 81.  
Springhill, Sept. 8, John A. Purdy, 40.  
Digby, Sept. 11, Henry VanTassel, 80.  
Apoah, Sept. 2, John Manchester, 61.  
Hartford, N. S., Sept