

HUMBLING AN EGOTIST.

CHAPTER I.

Arthur, Singleton was being refused, the logical outcome of proposing to Miss Berkley after an acquaintance of barely three weeks. Furthermore, the young lady, no less compassionate than beautiful, had deemed it advisable to suggest, for his own sake, that his visits should cease until he could regard her merely as a faithful friend who, though esteeming him highly, did not love him and could never be his wife.

"Is it not better so?" she had asked. "After what has now passed between us—if you are as sincere in your profession of regard for me as I believe you are—my apparent lack of reciprocal sentiment, being day by day impressed upon you, must necessarily cause you pain."

Now, had Singleton been an ordinary man, this gentle, though firmly-expressed negative would have been sufficient to convince him of the utter hopelessness of his suit; but Singleton was not an ordinary man, or he would not have replied as he did.

"And in requesting me to cease my visits are you not, Miss Berkley, actuated by a fear of the consequences of their continuance—to yourself?"

"I don't understand you," said Miss Berkley, looking at him quickly. She saw a faint smile playing about the corners of his mouth, but in her surprise she failed to observe how grim it was.

"I mean," returned Singleton, "that having formed the resolution not to love me, are you not fearful lest a prolonged acquaintance should impel you to accept me as a husband?"

An expression of blank astonishment overspread Miss Berkley's features; then a flash of pardonable indignation mantled her brow.

"I must confess myself a dull observer of human nature, Mr. Singleton, for during the three weeks I have known you I was not aware that egotism was dominant in your character."

"Why not say 'confidence'?" But no matter; call it what you will. Your man plainly indicates, however, that you think the very idea of my being able to shake your resolution is absurd. I will prove it to you."

"How?" asked Miss Berkley, sarcastically.

"By winning you for a wife against your will."

"Oh, indeed?"

"The enterprise is unique, I'll confess," continued the imperturbable Singleton.

"Let us make it more so. You like bonbons, do you not? Well, I am especially desirous of having you accept a bookmark for me. Now, I will wager a box of bonbons against a bookmark that three months from today you will accept me as a husband—subject, however, to certain conditions."

"And the conditions, please?" The smile on Miss Berkley's lips would in all probability have discouraged anyone else, but Singleton did not seem to mind it in the least.

"First, that you continue to receive me as you have lately done; secondly, that at the expiration of the three months you will give me an opportunity to repeat my proposal, and that you will then give me a definite answer."

"Very well. I accept the wager and grant the conditions."

"Your hand upon it, Miss Berkley."

They shook hands; then Singleton withdrew.

As Singleton left the room, a change touched the features of Miss Berkley; her face flashed, she stamped her foot, and clenched her fists in such a manner that the thumbs were between fingers and palms—an ominous sign in a woman.

"Why, the impudent, egotistical wretch!" she exclaimed. "The—the—Oh, but I'll humble him!"

To the credit of Miss Berkley be it said that she adhered conscientiously to the terms of her compact with Mr. Singleton. The gates and the doors even certain windows in the Berkley establishment yawned whenever he was pleased to enter, and day by day the spider's parlor became more familiar to the self-invited fly.

Thus, through long summer afternoons they rowed together, talked together and drowsed together, till at length Miss Berkley reached the conclusion that Mr. Singleton was deriving rather more satisfaction from her society than he deserved. She consequently resolved to give him a preliminary hurl into the abyss of blighted hopes—just to see how he would be likely to look when the three months were expired and he had the bon-bons to buy. About this time Lady Plympton gave a ball in honor of the home-coming of her son, Captain George, who had for several years served her majesty in a military capacity in India. Singleton besought of Miss Berkley the privilege of escorting her to the function, and it was accorded him; but when he besought of her the further privilege of inscribing his name on her dancing card in five or six places his hopes were dashed by the intimation that he would be restricted to two.

After their first measure they separated. Miss Berkley was then appropriated by the hero of the evening, Captain George Plympton, whose attentions to her for the next few hours were conspicuous enough to excite comment. It was also apparent that Miss Berkley found the young officer as fascinating as he found her, and it was a mooted question among the speculative whether or not Miss Berkley had ever treated a man so graciously before.

But where was Singleton?

Oh, Singleton was dancing with Mrs. Colchester, a charming widow, young, handsome, witty and rich. On the meekness of this widow public opinion was divided. The ladies maintained she was artificial and held her conduct not always "with a thug." One wall flower once remarked suggestively to another that Mrs. Colchester was "devilized." The gentleman, however, took the ground that of D. me Nature had done a good job when she fashioned the admirable Mrs. Colchester, and as for her eyes—well, they were "devilish fine eyes." Whether it was the inherent calm of wisdom, the wit, beauty, wealth or the questionable eyes of Mrs. Colchester that first attracted Singleton it were difficult to determine. It were likewise impossible to state what qualities Mrs. Colchester found fascinating in the person of Mr. Singleton, but that she did find them was obvious. The result was that he devoted himself to Mrs. Colchester,

and she reciprocated the manifestations of devotion. Each of them fairly revelled in the society of the other. At last they disappeared. People wondered, Miss Berkley among them, what had become of them. Captain George alone was without curiosity; he would not have given a clank of his sabre for the knowledge.

By and by Captain George proposed to Miss Berkley that they should "sit out" one of the dancers. He knew of such a charming place—a little alcove half-way up stairs—wouldn't she come? Well, she was a little fatigued and thought she would—and did. But they did not sit in that little room they found Mr. Singleton and Mrs. Colchester. They all nodded pleasantly to one another and Captain George and Miss Berkley "sat it out" somewhere else. In consequence of this, Miss Berkley has since consistently and emphatically maintained that a bachelor who deliberately flirts with a widow in the presence of an assembly of respectable people is a social abomination and should be repressed. This introduction of third and fourth parties through the Singleton-Berkley tournament wrought a new phase in the relations of the first and second parties, and each of the latter now began to mistrust the motives of the other. Was Miss Berkley really in love with Captain Plympton? Was Mr. Singleton sincere in his professed adoration for Mrs. Colchester? Well, the three months had nearly expired; all would soon be known.

Miss Berkley was resolved, however, that the egotist should not thus lightly escape his well-merited punishment if she could prevent it. In the circumstances only one thing was to be done and she did it.

Captain George was retained as a foil wherewith to parry the widow-thrusters of Mr. Singleton; but the amiability apparently inspired by Captain George at the ball was also extended to the man destined to select the bon-bons. Never before had Singleton found her so gentle, so graceful, so sympathetic, so lovable. He was enchanted and his attentions to Mrs. Colchester began to lose much of their ardor and persistency. But when he observed that Captain George was similarly rewarded by these manifestations of awakened affection he became at once chagrined and depressed.

His calls on Miss Berkley became less frequent, the widow was neglected, his male friends began to know him better and the extermination of game birds appeared now to become the prevailing motive of his life.

In this manner the last two weeks passed away. The morning of the 11th of September dawned clear and bright. This was the day on which Fate, invited by Singleton, was to preside at the interview which would determine the future relations of Miss Berkley and her egotistical wooer.

Singleton went shooting; Miss Berkley remained at home.

CHAPTER II.

Singleton, in the fields, confessed that he had never before had such execrable luck with his gun. Miss Berkley, in the library, acknowledged that never before had the hours seemed so tardy, and so unpromising of better things. Was Singleton coming, or wasn't he? Well, he knew what her answer would be, so there was no necessity of his appearing. Still, she believed in a man adhering to his word, no matter what the consequences. The evening reflections in the morning. In the afternoon she wondered just how much Singleton cared for that Colchester woman. Perhaps he was calling on her then. What was there in that Mr. Singleton that pleased Mrs. Colchester? She did not know, and tried to ascertain by comparing Singleton with some other young men of her acquaintance. She recalled his words, actions, mental and physical characteristics, habits, virtues, and those vices which she had contrived to unearth. The result was that she thought a great deal about Singleton that afternoon; but why did the man not come? She was growing impatient about something. Was it Singleton's delay? Certainly not. She would not care in the least if she never saw him again; she had stopped—to think this over a little more. She wondered how he would act and look and feel after it was all over. About 3 o'clock she began to feel unwell—a sort of nervous attack she thought. That was the reason she had occasional crying spells. The persistency of these attacks made her irritable. That was the reason she scolded the maid who announced Captain George Plympton. She wasn't "at home" to Captain George to-day. At 5 o'clock the maid trembling informed her that Mr. Singleton had called. Should she tell him Miss Berkley was not at home? No, she should not. So Singleton came in, and had the bad form to lay his hat, stick and gloves on the drawing-room table.

As they seated themselves each was conscious of a sense of restraint. For several moments both were silent. Then Miss Berkley made an attempt to open conversation by asking her suitor if he had been shooting, and if shooting was as good this year as it had been last year. Singleton admitted that he had been shooting, and that game was about as plentiful as it had been the year before. They next attempted to discuss the merits of Trilby, but this topic proved as short-lived as the previous one had been. So, after two or three more ineffectual efforts to appear at ease they relapsed into an uncomfortable silence.

"Miss Berkley," began Singleton. The critical moment was at hand. Singleton's face was pale, and his gaze sought Miss Berkley's eyes. She appeared to have become suddenly interested in the texture of a rug at her feet, and her fingers toyed nervously with the fringe on the arms of her chair. Dame Fate had reported for duty.

"Miss Berkley, three months ago, after having known you only three weeks, I asked you to be my wife. You refused me. We have now known each other for nearly four months, and have had ample time to reconsider what we then said. I have reflected seriously on what I am about to say, and having during the past three months learned to regard you more earnestly and devotedly than before, I will now take the liberty of repeating my proposal. Will you be my wife?"

Miss Berkley rose, and with averted face, made her way slowly toward the window. Singleton rose also, but did not follow her. Thus for several moments they stood in silence. Why did not the lady answer him? Surely the egotist was the simp in the language—would humble himself and satisfy her curiosity. She

had but to speak that word and turn her head to see how Arthur Singleton would look in the presence of defeat. Why did she not say it?

The little onyx clock on the mantel ticked joyously, tick after tick, until sixty were told. Then it started on another sixty.

"You do not answer me," said Singleton quietly.

Ah, but she did? A moment later he had his answer. It came gently—it was scarcely more than a whisper—but it came.

"No."

Will you try it again, Singleton, or have you had enough? Well, go buy a box of bonbons—the best that can be bought—there's a good fellow. She won them fairly. Miss Berkley still continued to gaze out of the window. Did she wonder how Singleton looked now? No, she had not turned her eyes in his direction; but she knew. His face was pale, his lips were compressed, and there was an expression of overwhelming disappointment in his eyes. She knew it all. Singleton advanced and extended his hand. How it came to pass that hers found a resting place in his she never knew. But she will never forget that smile which she then saw on Singleton's lips. It was not a cheerful one.

"I have lost," faltered Singleton.

"Good-by," exclaimed Miss Berkley softly, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, good-by," he returned. "Three months ago you said that a rejected lover would find it difficult to maintain the position of a disinterested friend with respect to the woman he loves. I did not believe you then, but in the course of three months a man may learn many bitter truths. I now admit that you were right."

Miss Berkley smiled. Singleton thought it was a smile of triumph, and released her hand.

"Come and see me to-morrow afternoon," said Miss Berkley gently, as Singleton turned away.

"I start for Paris in the morning," replied Singleton, a trifle coldly.

"For Paris?" exclaimed Miss Berkley, whose features now wore a startled expression.

"Yes, I shall join some friends of mine there, and travel on the Continent a bit." Singleton turned toward the table, and, appropriating his hat, gloves, and walking stick, started for the door. But Miss Berkley was at the door, and what is more, she had her back against it—thus cutting off his retreat.

"I'll not let you go till you promise to call on me to-morrow," pouted the lady.

"I have said that I leave for Paris in the morning."

"Then postpone your departure. Will you call to-morrow?"

"Perhaps," said Singleton, after some hesitation.

"That is no promise," replied his fair captor, stamping a dainty foot pettishly. A dark flash mantled Singleton's brow and there was an ominous gleam in his eyes.

"I beg of you to let me pass, Miss Berkley," he said with frigid politeness.

"Don't be angry with me, Mr. Singleton."

That Singleton was angry it would have been vain to deny. He felt that, being beaten, he should at least have been permitted to depart with the honors of war. He laid his hand on the knob of the door and a moment later felt Miss Berkley's hand fall gently upon it.

"You need not send me those bonbons, Mr. Singleton," faltered the lady, as her eyes sought the well-handled but insensible knob; then, as Singleton remained silent, she looked up and realized for the first time in her life that the face of an angry man is no pleasant object. A profile view may be interesting to a student of human nature, perhaps, but a full-faced view should be avoided when practicable. Miss Berkley now confronted the full-faced presentment and didn't find it altogether agreeable.

"If you will leave me your address I'll send you the bookmark or post," she said, a little feebly. Then withdrawing her hand from the door knob, she continued: "You may go now, if you want to, Mr. Singleton."

Having thus spoken, Miss Berkley abandoned her position at the door and made her way dejectedly toward the window. Singleton for a moment looked as if he had taken leave of his senses.

"Do you mean—" he exclaimed.

"I mean that I haven't much confidence in your ability to select bonbons until it would have been graceful in you to have let me win them, would it not?" and she turned toward him saucily.

Singleton dropped his hat, stick and gloves, rushed across the floor, and, clasping the lady in his arms, he—well, he kissed her, and she let him.

THE SHATTERED HARP.

The secretary and his young wife were yet in the glamour of their honeymoon. No considerations of convenience, no passing inclination had united them. Love, ardent and proved by years of patient waiting, was the seal of their union. They had known each other as little children, and their hopes and plans had grown together; but Sinner's uncertain position forced them to postpone for a long time the fulfilment of his hopes. At last he received his appointment, and on the following Sunday he led his bride into their new home.

When the long summer days of congratulatory were ended how gladly they spent the beautiful evenings together, with no third person to claim and share in their joy! Plans for coming days filled the hours. They were both of them fine musicians, and Sinner's flute and Joseph's harp made sweet music during their enchanted evenings, which sped all too quickly. The deep harmony of their instruments was an auspicious omen for their future.

One evening after they had played long together Joseph complained of a violent headache. It had begun in the morning, and the day's work and the evening's pleasure had wrought seriously upon her delicate nerves. Sinner sent at once for a nearby physician who assured them that she would be all right in the morning. But after an extremely restless night, during which she raved incessantly, the doctor found poor Joseph with the symptoms of a nervous fever. He devoted himself zealously to the case, but Joseph grew worse daily. Sinner was beside himself. On the ninth day the physician lost hope, and Joseph herself felt that she could not

live much longer. She awaited the end with gentle resignation.

"Dear Edward," she said to her husband with deep sorrow "I leave this beautiful earth, where I have found thee and highest blessedness; but though I may not linger longer in thine arms, Joseph's love shall be round about thee until we meet again above."

She sank back and fell asleep. It was in the evening of the ninth hour. Sinner's sorrow was unspeakable. He struggled along with life. His grief destroyed his health, and when, after many weeks, he arose from his sick bed he was without a vestige of his former youthful vigor. Deep melancholy fastened upon him. He had left Joseph's room as it was before her death, and every evening he made a pilgrimage to this sanctuary of his love. Hither on a clear moonlight night he came and stood as in the time of his happiness, leaning upon her window. In the sweet tones of the flute he breathed his yearnings toward her who had gone. Suddenly from a neighboring tower the watchman cried the ninth hour. As it struck by a light spirit hand the harp answered to his flute.

Overcome with awe, Sinner ceased playing on the flute; the strains of the harp also ceased. With deep emotion he now began Joseph's favorite song, and the strings sent forth strong, loud notes in accompaniment to his melody. He sank to the floor with a shudder of joy, and stretched out his arms to embrace the beloved shadow. He felt himself breathed upon as by the warmth of spring, and a pale, shimmering light shone around him.

"I know thee, blessed shadow of my sainted Joseph!" he cried. "Thou didst promise in love to be round about me! Thou does keep thy word! I feel thy breath: thy kisses upon my lips! Thy glory shines upon me!"

Again he took the flute, and the harp again sounded forth, but more and more gently until his whisperings were lost in one final chord.

Sinner cast himself upon his couch. In all his heated dreams he heard the whisperings of the harp. He awoke late, and wearied with the emotion of the night. He felt the touch of a supernatural hand upon his life, and within him there was a strange voice. It prophesied the speedy victory of the soul over the body.

With unutterable longing he waited for the evening. At twilight he betook himself to Joseph's room. Playing on the flute, he lulled himself into dreams until the ninth hour. Hardly had the last clock stroke ceased before the harp again sent forth its strains to meet and blend with the flute tones in perfect accord. Again the pale, shimmering light shone around him. Again he called out to his loved one: "Joseph, Joseph! Take me with thee!" Again the harp strings took leave of him in gentle whispering.

Sinner tottered back to his room. His looks testified his faithful servant, who hastened, in spite of his master's prohibitions, to the physician, who was also a lifelong friend of Sinner. The physician found him in a fever, with the very symptoms that had appeared in Frau Sinner's malady. The fever increased during the night he raved ever of Joseph and the harp.

In the morning he was quieter; the struggle was over; he felt assured of speedy release. He revealed to the physician the occurrences of both evenings, and no arguments of cold reason could dissuade him from his belief. As evening came on he grew weaker, and asked at last to be taken into Joseph's room. They did his bidding. He looked about him at each beloved object with tears of joy, and spoke with certainty of the ninth hour as his last upon earth. The fatal moment drew near. He said farewell to all who were gathered around him and asked to be left alone with the physician.

Nine hollow strokes greeted forth from the castle tower, and Sinner's face shone with a heavenly light.

"Joseph!" he cried, with ineffable joy, as if Go's hand had touched him. Joseph greeted him once more ere I go, that I may know that you are near and may overcome death by thy love!"

Then the harp strings vibrated in splendid, triumphant strains, like peacans.

"I come, I come!" he cried, and sinking back, struggled with life. The harp tones grew soft and gentle, but lost no sweetness nor clearness. Suddenly Sinner's struggle ended and the strings snapped and ceased. Were they torn by a supernatural hand?

The physician was bowed down in an ecstasy of awe. He closed the eyes of his friend and left the house. After years of silence concerning Sinner's death—a silence which he dreaded to break—he communicated these things to few trusted friends and showed the harp, which he had been unwilling to leave to the mercy of rude hands—From the German.

THE MAN-FACED CRAB.

One of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or swam the waters under the earth is the world-famous man-faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is titled with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that of a Chinese coolie—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose, and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the face, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of the head and hang down over the sides of its face. Besides these legs, two feelers, about an inch in length, grow from the chin of the animal, looking for all the world like a forked beard. The man-faced crabs swarm in the inland seas of Japan.—PUBLISHER'S OPINION.

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companies rejected me, but four months later, after I had taken five bottles of your remedy I am thankful to say both accepted me a risk—one being a stock company, the other a mutual. The examiner who previously examined me, remarked, 'I never saw such a change in any man.' This is endorsed by Mr. J. Todd, the popular druggist, corner Queen and Crawford Streets, Toronto.

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BORN.

Alma, Nov. 18, to the wife of Amos Dixon, a son. Freeport, Nov. 13, to the wife of C. Finegan, a son. Halifax, Nov. 20, to the wife of W. J. Jones, a son. Freeport, Nov. 13, to the wife of Charles Haines, a son. St. John, Nov. 24, to the wife of James Hunter, a son. St. John, Nov. 22, to the wife of Arnold Mowry, a son. Hantsport, Nov. 9, to the wife of W. A. Holmes, a son. Northampton, N. B., to the wife of C. W. Connell, a son. Shelburne, Nov. 18, to the wife of A. Thorburne, a son. Halifax, Nov. 18, to the wife of William Dickinson, a son. Aims, Nov. 14, to the wife of Owen Martin, a daughter. Hantsport, Nov. 11, to the wife of S. A. Burgess, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 20, to the wife of Frank West, a daughter. Shelburne, Nov. 18, to the wife of Simon Rhyno, a daughter. Berwick, Nov. 19, to the wife of H. A. Cornwall, a daughter. Quoddy, N. S., Nov. 4, to the wife of John Vogler, a daughter. Newcastle, Nov. 9, to the wife of James P. Mitchell, a daughter. Cam, N. S., Nov. 12, to the wife of Dr. D. Murray, a daughter. Salisbury, Nov. 17, to the wife of Stephen H. Taylor, a daughter. Shelburne, Nov. 18, to the wife of Joshua Legray, a daughter. East Ferry, Nov. 17, to the wife of Loran Black, a daughter. Memramook, Oct. 18, to the wife of Jas. D. Cormier, a daughter. Florenceville, Nov. 8, to the wife of Dr. D. W. Sisk, a daughter. Charlottetown, Nov. 22, to the wife of A. B. Warburton, a daughter. Acadia Mines, Nov. 6, to the wife of Christopher Fairguy, a daughter. West Hantsport, N. S., to the wife of Archibald Brannen, a daughter. Barabois, C. B., Nov. 18, to the wife of John P. Beiliveau, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Boston, Nov. 20, Henry W. Johnson to Anne Anderson. Pictou, Nov. 13, by Rev. A. Armit, Francis Mullin to Agnes Webster. Halifax, Nov. 6, by Rev. N. Le Moine, John Menzies to E. B. Borden. Ingo, Nov. 12, by Rev. M. McLeod, Angus Gillis to Annie Donovan. Economy, Nov. 12, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Samuel Davison to Anne Sullivan. Milford, Nov. 12, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Alex. Leckie to Sadie B. Ashley. Truro, N. S., Nov. 20, by Rev. T. Cummings, Fred C. Layton to Lillian Smith. Charlottetown, Nov. 2, by Rev. Wm. Halliday, Samuel Jackson to Edith Allan. Shelburne, Nov. 16, by Rev. E. Moore, Titus H. Gavel to Zippole Smith. Amherst, Nov. 13, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Samuel McWharrie to Anna Brown. Atwood, N. S., Nov. 21, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, David Dydale to Mary E. Gray. Harvey, Nov. 12, by Rev. J. A. McLean, George Emberton to Lila Morcraft. Truro, N. S., Nov. 21, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Walter C. Salmon to Alice M. de Long. Wolfville, Nov. 13, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Richard Sherman to Clara Lockhart. Kempt, Nov. 5, by Rev. A. L. Conroy, Charles F. Salmon to Alice M. de Long. Amherst, Nov. 20, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Frederick E. Steeves to Lillian Bakney. Sussex, Nov. 14, by Rev. James Gray, William W. Smith to Margaret Anne Orr. Truro, N. S., Nov. 20, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Levitt W. Kins to Melis. Fields. Boston, Oct. 23, Joseph E. T. Delle to Caroline Bellevue former of Moncton. Acadia Mines, Nov. 9, by Rev. James B. Heale, Aubrey Leckie to Emma B. Ayer. Monrovia, Nov. 9, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Joseph P. Hyson to Cassie Zwickler. Rockaway, N. B., Nov. 10, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William Vail to E. Maureen Little. St. John, Nov. 20, by Archdeacon Brigstocke, Ernest G. Blair to Rosa F. Campbell. Lower Economy, Nov. 6, by Rev. Andrew Gray, James S. Groulx to Laura Berry. East Jordan, Nov. 13, by Rev. Duncan McKinnon, Atwood S. Foster to Annie Martin. Hantsport, Nov. 6, by Rev. W. Phillips, Laurie C. Woodworth to Maggie Anderson. Greenwood, N. S., Nov. 9, by Rev. D. E. Eke, Cornelia Moore to Mrs. Margaret Freddie. Cape Sable Island, Nov. 4, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Andrew Duncan to Minnie Penney.

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Marquette, Nov. 13, by Rev. J. P. Shipperly, Geo. William Crowdis to Ella P. Phillips. Berwick, Nov. 6, by Rev. G. W. Glendenning, Phoebe Wheaton to Richard Wagle. Melvern, N. S., Nov. 10, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Joseph M. Kinney to Lottie A. Baker. Chatham, Nov. 20, by Rev. P. F. Fallert, Medley W. Buntin to Mamie McDonald. Lawrenceville, Nov. 20, by Rev. Thomas S. Murray, Wilson Crowell to Caroline Connard. Black River, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. Robertson, M. A. John A. McNaughton to Mrs. Cameron. Upper Stewiack, Nov. 20, by Rev. A. D. Dunn, Howard C. Dunlop to Sophia F. McLeod. Boston, Nov. 7, by Rev. J. M. Lowden, Francis Richardson to Olive R. McKenzie of N. S. Upper Kennetcook, Nov. 12, by Rev. G. R. Martell, John J. Power to Charlotte Hennegar. Lower Stewiack, Nov. 18, by Rev. W. N. Hutchings, William C. Corkum to Ida M. Winter. Monrovia, N. S., Nov. 10, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Charles B. Beggs to Emily Rodenhiser. Hammond Plains, N. S., Nov. 20, by Rev. A. F. Tucker, Uriah Dauphine to Melinda Langille.

DIED.

Truro, Nov. 5, Mabel Waldman, 17. New Britain, Nov. 9, Eva Corbett. Preston, Nov. 13, George Ross, 35. Milford, Nov. 23, James Joyce, 67. Boston, Nov. 25, Peter Carney, 42. Halifax, Nov. 18, John A. Wilson, 40. Halifax, Nov. 18, Eliza Delaney, 65. Plymouth, Nov. 14, Deborah Gray, 72. West River, Nov. 15, Colin Fraser, 65. Cape Island, Nov. 7, Parker Smith, 61. Chatham, Nov. 20, Samuel C. Fraser, 68. Halifax, Nov. 18, William Landridge, 45. Seabrook, Nov. 20, David G. Dickson, 90. Bay Road, Nov. 15, Mrs. Levi Young, 50. Leveville, Nov. 20, James Roderson, 49. Chatham, Nov. 14, Joseph Perry, 74. Barrington, Nov. 8, Richard P. Kenney, 82. New Laig, Nov. 4, George Sutherland, 83. Woodville, Nov. 1, Mrs. Zolida Chesley, 69. St. John, Nov. 25, Mrs. J. Miller, 62. Riverton, N. S., Nov. 16, Robert Spence, 16. Pownal, P. E. I., Nov. 24, Mary M. Praught. Beach Meadows, Nov. 11, Jacob Freilich, 90. Midland, Nov. 23, Mrs. William Duncan, 77. Middle Sackville, Nov. 17, John Tingley, 92. Lockport, Nov. 16, Robert Currie Abbott, 32. Carleton, Nov. 24, Mrs. Charlotte R. Scott, 66. Deep Brook, Nov. 2, Mrs. Norman Burns, 75. South Maitland, Nov. 12, Alex. Archibald, 20. Economy Point, Nov. 11, Edward Moody, 66. N. E. Margaree, Nov. 13, Daniel Cronan, 26. St. David, Nov. 16, Mrs. Ann J. Morrison, 72. Cape John, Oct. 15, Mrs. Janet McDonald, 96. Shubenacadie, Nov. 12, Donald Sutherland, 69. East Margaree, Nov. 8, Mrs. Eliza Fales, 90. Glenora, Nov. 1, Mrs. Catherine McQuarrie, 59. St. Patrick, N. B., Nov. 18, Capt. James Glass, 73. St. Stephen, Nov. 11, Mrs. Joseph R. McClure, 35. Milford, Nov. 11,