

MISS CAREW.

CHAPTER I.

"Jack, is it your intention to marry Mrs. Winthrop?"

"Is she will do me the honor to accept me?"

"This point-blank inquiry and decisive reply were exchanged between myself, Wilfred Madely, and my friend, Jack Davenport, one autumn evening five years ago, as we stood on the terrace of the hotel at Bugenstock, near Lucerne."

"Bugenstock," as perhaps some of our readers are aware, is a lofty wooded promontory, which juts out abruptly on the east side of the lake of Lucerne. A funicular railway shoots up almost perpendicularly from the shore to the summit of the cliff, which is crowned by a big white hotel, where my friend and I had been spending our autumn holiday. We were both bachelors, but I was performing a hard worker, while Davenport merely "acquitted with the law," having independent means.

"Is there any just cause why I should not marry Miss Winthrop?" he demanded, turning his handsome bronzed face towards me. "No cause," I answered; "she is in excellent health in every sense of the word, and you are a lucky man if you win her. But there may be an impediment." Her sister, Miss Carew, has evidently made up her mind for reasons best known to herself, that Mrs. Winthrop shall not marry again if she can prevent it."

"But fortunately she can't prevent it," he interrupted. "If Stella—Mrs. Winthrop—loves me, as I hope and believe she does, it is not likely she will give me up at the bidding of that interfering old maid."

"She would be very foolish to do so. But she seems to be in the habit of yielding to her sister, and even to be a little afraid of her, which surprises me, for Miss Carew does not give one the impression of being a particularly strong-willed or strong-minded person."

"Not strong-minded certainly," he acquiesced. "In fact it has occurred to me more than once that she is a little bit, but she touched his forehead significantly, and perhaps that is the reason Mrs. Winthrop gives way to her, not to irritate her by opposition. Haven't you seen her nervous, restless manner, and the scared sort of look she has, as if she had once seen a ghost and never got over it?"

I laughed.

"She is sane enough to make herself uncommonly disagreeable sometimes," I remarked; "but to her justice, she seems devoted to her sister, though in a jealous sort of way that must be very trying."

"Trying?" Stella must be an angel to endure it," he exclaimed. "Poor darling, her life has not been a very bright one hitherto. Married at eighteen to a man old enough to be her father, who kept her shut up like a nun, and now tormented by the surveillance of a jealous old-maid sister!—But if she will trust herself to me, the future shall atone for the past," he added, more to himself than to me, and returned to his contemplation of the view.

At a giddy depth below us lay the Lake of the Four Cantons, calm as a mirror in the evening stillness, while to right and left, like twin sentinels, rose the majestic forms of the Rigi and Mount Pilatus. The sun had set long ago, but the gold glow still lingered, and all the air seemed luminous.

Dinner was over, and the Bugenstock guests, among whom Germans predominated, were trooping out on the terrace to drink coffee and enjoy the cool evening air. Trim waitresses bustled about, the hotel band began to play, and presently an electric lamp was strung up to a pole above our heads, illuminating the terrace a gloom.

"Here they are at last!" Jack exclaimed, after many expectant glances over his shoulder, and he went forward to meet two ladies who had just emerged from the house.

Except in figure and complexion, both being fair, and both tall and slender, the sisters were as great a contrast as could well be imagined. Mrs. Winthrop was a fragile, girlish-looking woman of three or four-and-twenty, with soft, appealing blue eyes, and arched brows, which gave her face a look of innocent surprise. It was a face which, if not actually beautiful, was singularly attractive; none the less so, perhaps, for the suggestion of weakness in the pretty curved lips and dimpled chin. Miss Carew was at least ten years her sister's senior, and looked even older than her age, thanks to her worn features and pallid complexion. Her manner was nervous and abrupt, and her eyes—fine brown eyes, which redeemed her face from plainness—had at times, as Jack had remarked, a curiously startled look, as if the shadow of some great fear had passed over her.

"How late you are!" was my friend's greeting. "Dinner was over half an hour ago." He placed a chair for the young widow as he spoke, leaving me to perform the same office for her sister.

"It took me exactly half an hour to convince Edith that it was not too cold to sit out of doors," she answered, laughing; and having been "convinced" against her will, "she is naturally" of the same opinion still."

"The air is chilly," Miss Carew asserted, as she drew around her shoulders a voluminous gray woolen shawl.

"You would be more sheltered at the other end of the terrace," Jack suggested with emphasis. "Madely, why don't you move Miss Carew's chair over there?"

"Thank you, I will stay where I am," she rejoined dryly, as she subsided into her seat, and produced the complicated piece of knitting without which she was seldom seen.

Mrs. Winthrop laughed again, that pretty, ringing little laugh of hers which was almost too frequent.

Edith will freeze rather than desert the post of duty," she said. "J'y suis, j'y reste," is her motto."

"But may I ask why she considers it her duty to mount guard over you so persistently?" Davenport inquired, lowering his voice. "I thought a widow could dispense with a chaperon."

"So one would think," she answered with a little shrug, "but to Edith I am still a girl to be watched and guarded. It is rather irritating sometimes, but she is so good, so devoted, that I cannot complain. I know she loves me dearly."

He looked at her adoringly.

"If it is a merit to love you," he began, "then I—"

She interrupted him with a tap of her fan.

"Hush! this is too public a place for sentiment. How full the terrace is tonight, and how loud those Germans talk," she added, glancing over her shoulder at a particularly noisy group near us, the central figure of which was a stout, black-eyed lady with strongly-marked Jewish features, who was attired with more splendor than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Those dulcet tones are not German," I remarked; "it is Mrs. Solomons, the stockbroker's wife."

The young widow changed her position to have a better view of the Jewess. "Her diamonds are splendid," she said softly, after a pause.

Miss Carew, who had been apparently absorbed in counting stitches, looked up quickly. "Shocking bad form to wear them at table d'hôte," she remarked, in her abrupt way.

"And not very safe," Davenport added, lowering his voice; "there is a thief in the house. The manager tells me that within the last fortnight several guests have missed small articles of jewelry. But the curious part of this matter is," he continued, "that the things have since been returned to their owners as mysteriously as they were taken. There is something rather uncanny about—things vanishing and reappearing as if by some invisible agency."

"You make me quite nervous," Mrs. Winthrop declared, half laughing half serious. I hope—are you going, Edith?" she broke off, as Miss Carew began to roll up her knitting.

"Yes, I am cold," the latter replied with a shiver. "You had better come in doors, too; it is getting late."

The young widow hesitated, but meeting her lover's pleading gaze, she answered with unusual decision:

"Not yet; I will join you presently."

Her sister seemed about to speak again, but changed her mind, and walked away in silence.

Soon afterwards I also discreetly vanished, leaving Davenport to make the most of his opportunity. An hour later, looking from my window, I saw the lovers still tete-a-tete, apparently unconscious of the fact that Miss Carew, grim and inscrutable as one of the Fates, was watching them from the steps of the verandah.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Jack, am I to congratulate you?" I asked my friend the following day, as we were smoking after lunch in a shady nook of the shrubbery.

"Congratulations on what?" he demanded, moodily.

"On having won the fair widow, for I suppose you came to an understanding last night?" Surely she has not refused you!" I added, noticing his gloomy expression.

"She neither refused nor accepted me," he answered, discontentedly. "I could not get her to give me a definite answer. She acknowledged that she cared for me, but talked mysteriously of an obstacle between us, and when I asked her what it was, began to cry. Of course the obstacle," Miss Carew—confound her!" he concluded, flicking the ashes from his cigar.

"Cheer up; it'll all come right!" I told him, consolingly. "Rather than you should be disappointed, I'll marry the 'obstacle' myself."

"Thanks, old boy, that would indeed be a proof of friendship," he rejoined, laughing, as he arose and stretched himself.

"How intolerably hot it is! I'm going to get an iced 'soda.' Au revoir!" and he strode away.

The heat was indeed overpowering, and seemed to increase rather than diminish, as the sultry afternoon wore on.

Lightly clad as I was, my clothes oppressed me. My very ring—a sapphire, in a massive old-fashioned setting—was an inconvenience. I took it off, and placing it on the rustic table before me, resumed the novel which I had been reading before Davenport joined me.

But the book was dull, and I was drowsy. The distant voices of the indelicate lawn-tennis players, and the muffled plaint of the much-enduring piano, which reached me through an open window, mingled together in a confused and soothing murmur. I fell into a dose, and from that into a sound sleep. I must have slept some time, for when I woke it was getting dusk.

Before my waking senses fully returned, I had a hazy idea that someone or something had been near me in the arbor; I even fancied that I had caught sight of a woman's figure in the act of leaving it, but when I roused myself and looked round, no one was visible. A glance at my watch showed me that it was time to dress for dinner, and I was moving away, when I remembered my ring, and turned to take it from the table.

To my surprise and dismay it was no longer there.

I looked under the bench, among the bushes, and in every nook and corner of the place—in vain. The mysterious thief had paid me a visit while I slept, and the ring was gone!

I felt that I had only my own carelessness to thank for the loss, but it was none the less vexing, for the ring was a valuable one. I could only hope that it would eventually be returned, as other missing articles had been.

At dinner I related my adventure, drawing forth a chorus of excited questions and exclamations from everyone within hearing.

"You think it was a woman?" Davenport asked, when he could make himself heard.

"I am convinced of it. I caught sight of her figure as she left the arbor, and if I had awakened a few seconds earlier, I should have surprised her in flagrante delicto."

I happened to glance, as I spoke, at Miss Carew, who was sitting opposite, and met a look which startled me. If ever a face told a guilty fear, hers did at that moment. The look passed as quickly as a breath from a mirror, but it had been there, and it suggested to my mind a suspicion which I dismissed the next moment as extravagant and absurd. How was it possible to suppose that a wealthy and well-bred woman could condescend to petty pilfering?

Still that look haunted me.

A sort of chill seemed to have fallen upon us; Mrs. Winthrop looked pale and disturbed, and I hastened to change the subject.

The sisters left the table after dessert, and to Jack's disappointment, did not appear after dinner.

Later in the evening I had occasion to go upstairs to fetch my cigar-case. I was approaching my bedroom door when it suddenly opened, and to my astonishment, Miss Carew emerged from the apartment.

She stopped short on seeing me, and for a moment we stood face to face, looking at each other in silence.

Then, as if taking a sudden resolution, she said, with a sort of desperate composure: "I have returned your ring, Mr. Madely."

"My ring," I echoed. "Then," the words escaped me involuntarily. "then it was you who took it!"

She inclined her head without speaking, standing before me like a criminal awaiting sentence. I gazed at her in perplexity. She could not be in her right mind. I told myself, yet there were no signs of insanity about her at this moment. Her face was simply a blank page which told nothing.

"My dear Miss Carew," I said forcing a smile, "what induced you to do such a thing? was it meant as a joke?"

"You can think so if you like," she muttered, without raising her eyes.

Her manner provoked me. "I should advise you to give up such 'jokes' in future," I said dryly; "they are rather a dangerous form of pleasantry, and might get you into difficulties."

"Shall you—do you intend to denounce me?" she asked, huskily.

"If anything of the sort occurs again, I shall be compelled to do so," I returned; but in the meantime I shall keep silence for your sisters' sake."

She raised her eyes to my face with a strange look, a look that seemed full of meaning, though I had not the clue to it.

"Thank you," she said, quietly, and before I could speak again, she walked past me down the corridor.

CHAPTER III.

Three days passed uneventfully, and brought us to Thursday evening, when the weekly soiree danced took place. It was held in the large dining-hall of the hotel, which made a dancing room. I seldom attended these affairs, and was inclined to grumble when deprived of my natural rest by the noise of revelry in which I did not share.

At about ten o'clock I looked in, on my way upstairs, and found the ball in full swing. Davenport and Mrs. Winthrop whirled past me to the strains of the "Edmundo Valse." They both looked radiantly happy, but it struck me that there was something feverish in the young widow's gaiety. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes unnaturally bright, and her laugh had a half-hysterical ring. She seemed as the Scotch say, "fey."

Near the curtained doorway where I stood, a row of wall-flowers and chaperons were seated, among whom were Miss Carew and Mrs. Solomons. The latter, as usual was absurdly over-dressed, with half the contents of a jeweller's show-case displayed on her neck and arms.

As Davenport and his partner walked past at the conclusion of the valse, I saw him laughingly direct her attention to the Jewess. The young widow looked at her carelessly, glancing over her shoulder as they passed on. Miss Carew also was watching her stout neighbor with a curiously intent look, as if she were appraising the value of every jewel she wore.

Presently I retired to my room, but not to sleep; I felt wakeful and restless.

Before midnight the music ceased, there was a sound of footsteps and voices in the corridor as the guests dispersed to their different rooms, and I heard Davenport enter his, which adjoined my own. Then by degrees silence settled down upon the sleeping house—silence utter and complete.

Feeling that I went to bed I should not sleep this sultry night, I took a chair out on to the broad stone balcony, on which all the rooms of the first-floor front opened. The suite occupied by Mrs. Winthrop and her sister were to the left, over the entrance, while my right-hand neighbor was Mrs. Solomons, whose sonorous snoring reached me distinctly through her open window.

It was a magical night. All the circle of the heavens glittered with stars, the lake and mountains lying in a trance of stillness beneath. To look up at that shining host in the thrilling silence of a night like this made one feel lonely and insignificant, like a sense of immensity around space which lies above and about this puny world of ours, the vast spheres of existence apart from our little life, and never to be colored by us.

I rose at last, and retreated to my room to shut myself in from the wide vague night and haunting presence of the stars. I had hardly quitted the balcony, when my ears caught the sound of a light foot-fall approaching along it from the left. As I drew back into the shadow of the room, to woman's figure glided past—a tall, slender figure—with a grey woolen shawl thrown over her head and shoulders. She walked swiftly but stealthily past my window, her long light wrapper trailing after her, and disappeared in the direction of Mrs. Solomons's apartment.

"So," I thought, "in spite of my warning, Miss Carew is at her old tricks again!" What was to be done?

I stood for a moment irresolute, then stooped and kissed again and again the closed eyes, and sweet old lips, and muttering some inarticulate words of farewell, turned and hurried from the room.

The next day we left Bugenstock, and my friend saw Mrs. Winthrop again. Little more than a year afterwards the tidings reached him of her death, and even he, who loved her, could not but feel that she was mercifully taken—The Argus.

"Good heavens—Stella!"

It was indeed Mrs. Winthrop who stood there, white and trembling, her face vacant with fear.

"Stella?" he repeated after a moment; "why are you here?"

"Is it necessary to ask the question?" Mrs. Solomons exclaimed with an angry laugh. "Look! she has my necklet-case in her hand at this moment!" She pointed to it with a fat forefinger. "Luckily she dropped something and woke me, or—"

She was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Carew, who put us aside without ceremony and entered the room. She was very pale, but looked neither surprised nor alarmed. There was a composed dignity about her which I never noticed before.

"Is my sister here?" she asked quietly, addressing Mrs. Solomons. "She has been walking in her sleep."

"Edith, I am here. Take me away, oh, take me away and hide me," the young widow cried, in a tone of anguish, rushing to her, and hiding her face on her shoulder.

The elder woman folded her arms round the trembling figure with a look of protecting tenderness which transfigured her face.

"Yes, darling, come," she said soothingly.

"I am sorry you have been disturbed," she said with a smile, addressing Mrs. Solomons, who stood transfixed. "Good-night."

Drawing her sister's arm through her own, she led the way along the balcony to the sitting-room they occupied, and turning at the door, beckoned to Davenport and myself to enter.

Mrs. Winthrop threw herself on a couch and buried her face in her hands sobbing hysterically.

In a moment her lover was on his knees at her side.

"Stella, my darling," he began, taking her hand; "do not distress yourself. You have had a bad dream; try to forget it."

She started at his touch and raised herself, confronting him with a face so changed, so wild and haggard, that the words died upon his lips.

"Do not speak to me—do not touch me," she breathed shrinking from him. "I am not worthy of your love. I am—that woman called me just now—her voice sank to a horrified whisper—a thiel!"

He drew back involuntarily, gazing at her in speechless astonishment. "What are you saying?" he exclaimed; "you were not conscious of what you were doing. You were asleep—"

She shook her head.

"I was not asleep—though it seems now like a dream. Edith will tell you that."

She broke off with a cry of pain, putting both hands to her temples. "My head—my head," she moaned, and with a long shuddering sigh, fell back insensible.

Davenport rose slowly, his face white to the lips. "Is she raving, or is this horrible thing true?" he asked hoarsely turning to Miss Carew.

She did not answer him until she laid her sister's nerveless figure upon the couch, and arranged the cushions under her head. Then she turned to him with a face almost as white as his own.

"It is true," she said quietly; "but—"

She held up her hand as he was about to speak. "You must pity, not condemn, her. She is no more to be blamed for this unhappy mania than it were a physical ailment."

"Mania?" he repeated quickly; "ah, I understand."

"Yes; a mania she has had since childhood. The temptation comes upon her as a sudden overmastering impulse. She acts automatically, as it under the pressure of a will stronger than her own, and retains no recollection of her action. There are intervals during which the malady seems dormant, and then again it attacks her—as it has since we came here."

He drew a deep breath and was silent a moment.

"Miss Carew, you should have told me this before," were his next words.

"You have a right to reproach me," she acknowledged; but I hoped to find a means of separating you and her without revealing this miserable secret, which it has been the purpose of my life to conceal. But now that you know it," she continued, "you understand how impossible it is that she can be your wife, and in mercy to her you will go away, and never seek to see her again."

"But she is young; she may be cured," I suggested.

"Never! Mr. Winthrop had that hope when he married her—for of course we had warned him; but all his love and care were in vain. No—death only can remove the blight which rests upon her mind."

Davenport turned and looked at the inanimate figure on the couch, so pathetic in its helplessness. "How can I leave her? I love her—I love her!" he cried passionately.

"If you love her, do not torture her. Go before she wakes, and spare her the pain of saying Good-bye."

He stood for a moment irresolute, then stooped and kissed again and again the closed eyes, and sweet old lips, and muttering some inarticulate words of farewell, turned and hurried from the room.

The next day we left Bugenstock, and my friend saw Mrs. Winthrop again. Little more than a year afterwards the tidings reached him of her death, and even he, who loved her, could not but feel that she was mercifully taken—The Argus.

He entered upon the use of South American Nerveine, with little hope that it would be any better than other medicines he had taken. But he soon discovered the mis-

take. Where doctors had said that he must die, this medicine gave him life. He persevered with it, and to-day is in possession of robust health. The secret is this: South American Nerveine treats with the nervous centres, from which flows the life blood that keeps the system in perfect health. When these nerve centres are kept healthy, neither liver complaint nor other troubles will worry one. Mr. Hill's cure was lasting for this reason. Anyone who uses Nerveine will experience same results.

Good Advice.

The young man had seen the play before. He let everybody for four seats around know that and he kept telling just what was coming and how funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him and he was trying to amuse her.

At length he said:

"Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You've no idea how queer it seems."

A middle-aged man with a red face sat just in front. He twisted himself about in his seat and glared at the young man.

"Young man, said he, 'did you ever try listening to a play with your mouth shut?'"

The silence that followed was almost painful—Washington Post.

Small Sized Happiness.

A microscope belonging to Marie Antoinette has been discovered recently in a city in the center of France. A little before her marriage, the young archduchess of Austria expressed the strange desire of possessing a microscope. When asked what she intended to do with it, she answered, with a smile; "I would like to see my happiness, which is so small that I cannot see it with the naked eye."—Kam's Horn.

BORN.

Sussex, Oct. 10, to the wife of H. G. Price, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 9, to the wife of Edward Guilfoyle, a son.
Pictou, Oct. 7, to the wife of M. T. Crowley, a son.
Amherst, Oct. 9, to the wife of A. W. McNeil, a son.
Sydney, Oct. 9, to the wife of A. L. Rhodes, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 14, to the wife of W. N. Brown, a daughter.
Tusket, Oct. 13, to the wife of W. H. Lent, a daughter.
Sydney, Oct. 9, to the wife of Alex. Martin, a daughter.
Ayle's Flat, Que., to the wife of Rev. C. Morse, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 16, to the wife of J. Willis Caldwell, a son.
Orono, Oct. 15, to the wife of Rev. S. J. Perry, a son.
Dalhousie, Sept. 30, to the wife of Freeman Robar, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 8, to the wife of Henry Berryman, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 8, to the wife of Samuel McDonald, a son.
Gays River, Oct. 1, to the wife of Walter S. Elliot, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Oct. 10, to the wife of Mr. R. Hearn, a daughter.
Halifax, Sept. 26, to the wife of Henry R. Leland, a daughter.
Caledonia, Sept. 28, to the wife of Herbert Annie, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Oct. 8, to the wife of A. W. Frost, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 16, to the wife of W. J. Delaney, a daughter.
Hibernia, N. S., Oct. 1, to the wife of John McBride, a son.
New Glasgow, Oct. 15, to the wife of Daniel P. McNeil, a son.
Gusborne, Sept. 30, to the wife of Beutram Bourinot, a daughter.
Dalhousie East, Oct. 1, to the wife of Caleb Arnburg, a son.
Windsor Plains, Oct. 13, to the wife of Benjamin Caldwell, a son.
Upper Stewiack, Oct. 10, to the wife of Dr. C. W. Edwards, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 10, to the wife of J. Frank Newcombe, a daughter.
Quoddy N. S., Oct. 8, to the wife of Rev. McLeod Harvey, a daughter.
Wallace Bridge, Oct. 10, to the wife of James A. Harpell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Lunenburg, Oct. 16, Henry R. L. Hill to Ida Silver.
Truro, Oct. 16, by Rev. T. Cummings, Angus May to Nettie McKay.
Boston, Sept. 29, George M. Russell to Hannah Davidson of Truro.
Pictou, Oct. 9, by Rev. J. Chisholm, Joseph Mahon to Elizabeth Porter.
Halifax, Oct. 16, by Rev. P. M. Morrison, Rafter to Kate Miller.
Truro, Oct. 8, by Rev. T. Cumming, Luther E. Starck to Emma Miller.
St. John, Oct. 23, by Rev. Dr. Carey, C. John Stammers to Edith Smith.
Truro, Oct. 14, by Rev. A. L. Gaggie, Kenneth McKinnon to Annie Black.
Halifax, Oct. 8, by Rev. David Wright, John Murray to Laura B. Moore.
Bristol, Oct. 9, by Rev. D. D. E. Brooks, Isaac Peakey to Lillie Brooks.
Annapolis, Oct. 11, by Rev. Mr. White, Willard Rice to Mary E. Wright.
Yarmouth, Oct. 13, by Rev. J. H. Foshy, Swen Johnston to Lucy Kenny.
Windsor, Oct. 15, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Thomas Lane to Elizabeth Smith.
Econom, Oct. 16, by Rev. A. Gray, James G. Faulkner to Marie J. Hill.
Jacksville, Oct. 2, by Rev. B. Morgan, John N. Buss to Annie Watson.
Berrys Mills, Oct. 14, by Rev. John Price, William Lu to Lydia Ann Trites.
Macan, Oct. 15, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Thomas H. Higgins to Ellen Harrison.
Pictou, Oct. 6, by Rev. A. Falconer, Allen H. McLeit to Jennie Copeland.
Windsor, Oct. 14, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Isaac B. Parris to Ada M. Fletcher.
Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. John McMillan, Finlay Frost to Barbara McMillan.
Port Lorne, Oct. 1, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Edmund C. Hall to Annie L. Brinton.
Annapolis, Oct. 9, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Robert Carter to Bertha E. Seefield.
Westport, Oct. 1, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, Vernon Welch to Della McDorman.
Stoddartville, Oct. 1, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, Gilbert Ward to Annie Stoddart.
Bairdsdale, Oct. 17, by Rev. Scovill Neales, J. Carlton House to Gusie Bull.
Truro, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. L. Gaggie, Alexander Brown to Christina Crawford.
Digby, Oct. 9, by Rev. Alfred Harley, Nelson Turbull to Mrs. Heddsworth.
Annapolis, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. Fowle, David Ferguson to Bessie M. Ballie.
Campbellton, Oct. 8, by Rev. Wm. Thomson George W. Plant to Florence E. Noble.
New Glasgow, Oct. 16, by Rev. A. Rogers, Allan P. Douglas to Laura A. Green.
Cambridgeport, Mass., Oct. 5, William Smith to Bella T. Coleman of Nova Scotia.
Shelburne, Oct. 3, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Edward Reynolds to Susanna Nickerson.
Bridgetown, Oct. 5, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Edward G. Shannon to Margaret A. Bill.
Grand Harbor, Oct. 19, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Ottwell Green to Nettie Brown.
Woodstock, Oct. 9, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Benjamin McKinnon to Hannah Merthwe.
Sydney, Oct. 15, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Peter C. Campbell to Frances D. Morrison.
Halifax, Oct. 16, by Rev. H. H. Fittman, Frank E. Dunlop to Mary Gertrude Randall.
Liverpool, Oct. 12, by Rev. H. A. Barley, Rowland H. Crouse to Theresa Ann Fetipais.

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