

THE STORY OF A PHOTO

"Well, old fellow, I wish you joy," said Huntly Johnson, when his friend, Dick Beaufort, after the fashion of the newly-accepted lover, had finished a panegyric in praise of his lady-love.

Dick Beaufort and Huntly Johnson were bosom friends; as young lawyers they occupied the same chambers in the city, and had never in their lives had a serious quarrel.

"Don't you think she is quite the loveliest girl in London, Huntly?" continued Beaufort, ardently.

"Yes, old man," replied his friend, "I think she is much better-looking than that celebrated actress, Kitty Hawthorne, whom you—er—well, were rather sweet on, don't you know?"

"I certainly did make a fool of myself over that girl, but that was some time ago. I hope Dorothy has never heard about it. You know, she is just a little bit jealous," said Dick Beaufort, a trifle uneasily.

"Yes, I believe she is rather jealous," said his friend.

"How in the world can you know anything about it, old chap?" said Beaufort, rather surprised; "but have heard that you were rather gone on her yourself not long ago, and, in fact, that you proposed to her, eh?"

"Perhaps I did," said Johnson, staring hard at the ceiling.

"Well, I'm going out this evening. Sorry I can't ask you to come with me. Hope you'll enjoy yourself, old man."

"I dare say I shall," responded Johnson, trying to force a smile. "I think I know where you are going; at any rate, it is nowhere where an old bachelor like myself is wanted."

The door banged and Huntly Johnson was left alone to his thoughts, which were not of the most pleasing character.

"So she has jilted me and accepted Dick Beaufort, has she?" soliloquized the young man. "Well, I always thought that I was rather more of a favorite with the girls than he, but then he is so jolly handsome. He thought for some time, and as he pondered his face grew darker and darker. 'No,' he suddenly shouted, 'he shan't marry her; though he is my greatest friend, God knows I love her more than I do him. But how can I prevent it?' He thought again for some time, and then murmured to himself, 'I know. What is the good of a hobby if one does not use it for practical purposes?'"

It must here be explained that Huntly Johnson was an exceedingly successful amateur photographer, and he had some time ago learned how to do what is called in the phraseology of the photographer "double printing." This consists in printing different pictures on the paper by means of using two distinct negatives.

Now, Huntly Johnson had taken a snapshot of Dick Beaufort kissing his sister some time back, which Miss Farquhar had not seen; he had also taken a photo of Kitty Hawthorne.

He now proposed to print Kitty Hawthorne's face instead of Miss Beaufort's in the photograph, and as the two girls were of similar size and build, the photograph would appear to represent Dick embracing Kitty Hawthorne. It Dorothy were to see this photograph, Johnson reflected that she would probably break off her engagement with Dick Beaufort immediately, especially as the photograph would be carefully dated some days after her betrothal. It was a mean trick to play any man, and Huntly Johnson felt more than ever ashamed of himself for acting in such a dishonourable manner towards his old friend. But he was of a very firm nature, and had determined that by fair means or foul he would prevent the marriage.

The next morning Johnson went to his dark room and, bringing out the two negatives, succeeded, by means of the process before described, in producing the desired result. He chuckled to himself when he thought of the effect which would have on Dorothy Farquhar, but his pleasure was considerably lessened when he pictured to himself the pain which he would cause a friend who had always acted nobly towards him.

As Dick Beaufort was going out that evening, Johnson asked him if he thought Miss Farquhar would care to come in on a certain date which he mentioned and look over some photos which he had taken lately. Dick Beaufort knew that Dorothy, who took what is called a "sisterly interest" in Huntly Johnson, would be pleased to come, especially as she took a great interest in photography herself; so he replied: "Certainly, old fellow, I'll give you my address. I'm sorry that I have an engagement on the 15th, but I have no doubt you will be quite interested in discussing photography."

Johnson thought it just as well that Dick should be out on that particular date, and he quite agreed with his friend that Dorothy Farquhar and he would be very much interested—perhaps painfully so as to one party.

Huntly Johnson had all his latest photographs in readiness on the day in question, and as he heard the knock at the door which announced Miss Farquhar's arrival, he placed a certain photograph on the table in a fairly conspicuous place.

Johnson forgot all about Dick and the shabby trick he was playing him as he talked to this charming girl. "What lovely photographs you take, Mr. Johnson. I really think they are better than those of many professionalists, the portraits are so extremely life-like. Now, this one of— Oh! Mr. Johnson, whatever is this?" Dick, and an actress; taken yesterday, two! Oh, it can't be my Dick! The poor girl sank into a chair, and it was only Johnson's presence which restrained her from crying.

For the first time, Huntly Johnson felt sincerely sorry for her, but he realized that he had put his hand to the plough, and that he could not now turn back.

"I—er—that is, I really am very sorry that you have seen that photograph. I did not know it was on the table."

By this time Miss Farquhar, being a very self-possessed girl, had quite recovered herself.

"Will you be so good as to give me a sheet of notepaper and a pen, Mr. Johnson?" she said, coldly.

"Certainly; can I be of any use to you in any other way, Miss Farquhar?"

"No, thank you. I merely wish to write Mr. Beaufort a short note," returned the girl.

She sat down and, though Johnson could see she was still very much affected, wrote

on bravely for a few minutes; then she handed the note to Huntly Johnson, requesting him to give it to Mr. Beaufort, and, wishing him a good afternoon, left the house with a firm determination never to return to it.

"Presently, Dick entered the room. 'Oh, I thought I should arrive before she left,' he said, in a rather disappointed tone. 'A note from her, though. How awfully sweet of her to write.'" Huntly Johnson was seized with a sudden fear lest Dorothy might have betrayed him in the note she had written. "Whatever is this?" shouted Beaufort, as he glanced over the first line of the note.

"Look here, Huntly," cried the young man, clutching hold of his friend's arm. "What can she mean by writing about 'faithfulness,' 'love for another woman,' etc.?" Look at the letter, man."

Huntly's face turned ghastly white as he took the letter from the others' trembling hand, but as he read on he looked relieved.

"I'm afraid she means to give you up, old boy. She said nothing to me about it, though. I should go and see her if I were you; there is evidently some misunderstanding."

Johnson knew he was quite sure in saying that much, as he felt sure Dorothy would refuse to see Dick. At any rate, it would get him out of the way for a time.

"By Jove, I think I will," said Beaufort, slightly cheered by this suggestion; and, rushing out of the room, he made his way to Dorothy's house, which was not far distant. Looking at his watch, he found it was still early in the evening, and he felt quite certain of seeing his lady-love and explaining everything there and then. On inquiring for Miss Farquhar, Beaufort was informed that she was engaged and could see him on no pretext whatever.

"Tell her that I must see her. It is a matter of importance."

But the servant merely repeated her message, and would not even agree to take Miss Beaufort's small note, scribbled on half a sheet of notepaper. "Miss Beaufort said that she would see you on no account whatever, sir," was all that the maid would say.

The door shut in Dick Beaufort's face, and he was left alone on the door-step; he remained there thunderstruck for a few minutes and then slowly walked on, wondering what on earth could have given rise to Dorothy's unfair accusations. He paying attention to a woman whose character was, to say the least of it, shabby? Was it likely that when he had gained the love of a creature little short of an angel in his estimation, he would be trying to do the same thing with another woman?

Someone must have been giving her false information about him, that was certain. But who could be the culprit? Probably one of her admirers, who was jealous of his success. Could it be Huntly Johnson? The thought chased itself quickly through his brain and left it as speedily as it had entered. No; it was an ungenerous thought; he felt certain that his old friend would be incapable of such an action.

Huntly Johnson was in his own sitting-room as Dick entered the house.

"She won't even see me," the latter cried, throwing open the door, breathless with excitement; "isn't it a shame, Huntly? I've done nothing to deserve her throwing me over like this. I think some cad must have been telling her lies about me."

Huntly Johnson winced at this, but, luckily for him, Beaufort did not notice it. Beaufort walked to the table, and began absently to turn over some photographs which were lying there. Suddenly the other saw him start as he took up a photograph in his hand; Johnson made a wild clutch at it, but was too late.

"Johnson, what does this mean?" shouted the young man. "A photograph of me kissing Kitty Hawthorne! Impossible! I never did such a thing in my life." Suddenly his former suspicion, that Johnson was the cause of all this trouble, returned to him. "Johnson, don't deny it," he said; "confess that you did this out of spite because I was going to marry Dorothy Farquhar."

An explanation ensued. Johnson was certainly subdued and humiliated by Dick Beaufort's kindness. He offered to make the only amends in his power, namely, to go to Dorothy's house and confess everything. At first, in answer to his knock, a message was returned that Miss Farquhar was engaged and refused to see him, but by dint of perseverance he was at last allowed to enter. Dorothy was first treated him coldly, but on learning the object of his visit, she reproached him bitterly for his duplicity, but gradually began to take more lenient view of his conduct, and at last forgave him.

Huntly Johnson returned home somewhat sad, but happier than he had been for several days. Dick Beaufort and Dorothy were married three months later, and thus ended "The story of a photograph."

Expecting The Queen.

Lord Robert Cecil, one of the Marquis of Salisbury's sons, has a great fondness for bee-keeping, and, in pursuit of his hobby, has an extensive apiary belonging to him at Hatfield, to which he gives a great deal of attention. During the last premiership of the Marquis, an urgent message was sent by Lord Robert to some bee-keeping appliance makers at Welwyn for a queen bee, and in reply to the letter his lordship received a telegram stating that "the queen would arrive by the three-forty train." Someone connected with the telegraph office mistook the purport of the message, and imagined that her Majesty was expected at Hatfield; so, in spite of all the regulations as to the secrecy of telegrams, the news was spread far and wide that the Queen was coming. When Lord Robert strolled down to the station in the afternoon, he found a tremendous concourse of people from all the district around waiting in eager expectation. He inquired as to what was the matter, and was told that they had come to see the Queen. When he received the information he only smiled, and, going to the parcels office, found that the bee had arrived. The crowd soon heard the true state of the case but did not disperse in a pleasant mood.

A Small Audience.

This curious incident was witnessed in the House of Commons on the afternoon of March 13 last. The Speaker, on leaving the Chair at 2 p.m. for the usual half-hour interval, named Mr. Michael Austin as in

possession of the House. On the speaker's return to the Chair, Mr. Austin was the only member of the House of Commons present and for several minutes literally addressed the Chair, for he had no other auditor. In the House of Lords Lord Rosebery said that in June 1884, he remembered a noble lord (Leitrim) addressing for four hours the noble and learned lord on the Wool-sack and the noble lord who had to reply.

THE SAGE OF CHELSEA.

Carlyle Told the World Very Huntly Always Just What He Thought of It.

People who felt sensitive about hearing the "truth, the plain truth, and nothing but the truth," found it convenient to keep out of Thomas Carlyle's way.

He saw what he did see clearly, and others saw it too, for the English he used to convey his thought swept to the mark with the force of a tornado.

The world had much to forgive in this sturdy philosopher, and it pardoned his sharpness not only willingly, but smilingly. Carlyle never puzzled humanity. He had too little respect for the average intellect to strain the capacity, and the average intellect appreciated the consideration.

There was no mistaking what he meant, when he affirmed that the world was made up of "sundry millions, mostly fools." There is nothing obscure in the statement that "America has begotten, with incredible rapidity, 18,000,000 of the greatest bores that the world has ever seen." When he says that "Napoleon was the great highwayman of history" and that this maker of kings "was in the habit of clatching a king or kaiser by the throat and swearing by the eternal that if they didn't stand and deliver he would blow their brains out," we know what Thomas Carlyle thought of the hero of the last century.

He never beat about the bush in describing friend or foe. We are told that "Coleridge talked with eager musical energy two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and he communicated no meaning whatsoever to his hearers. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong."

De Quincy was "a pretty little creature, full of wind-blown ingenuities, bankrupt energy, bankrupt pride, shapely like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all." Charles Lamb and his sister Mary were "a sorry pair of phenomena—the former the leanest of mankind, with an insuperable proclivity to gin."

After a conversation with Southey, Mr. Carlyle was astonished when the poet rose to shake hands. "I had counted him," writes the sage, "a lean little man, but now he shot suddenly afoot into a lean tall one, all legs."

The great Lord Jeffrey's laugh "was by no means Homeric, and indeed he often sniggered slightly than laughed in any way." Thus bluntly he summed up the world.

Carlyle's neighbors at Chelsea tell some anecdotes of him; how he kept his horse, which he always groomed himself, in a stable on a piece of ground among donkeys, cows and geese; how he had been seen to rush out upon an organ-grinder who was disturbing his meditations, and, seizing the man by the collar, deposit him on the doorstep of a neighbor who had made himself conspicuous by writing in favor of the noisy nuisance; how one day he found himself short of a three-pence to pay his omnibus fare, whereupon the suspicious conductor sent a boy home with him to make sure of not a large hen out of his lawful dues, and how the candy woman hand by found him an excellent customer.

He bitterly complained of his neighbor's fowls and remarks with characteristic pith that "they will neither hatch in peace nor let me."

Travellers were received courteously, but a complaint that he blazed out against "a blatherskite of an American who has taken away from me two mortal hours which I can never get back in all eternity," soon found its way into print, and remains in his biographies.

It is a pity we have no Carlyle to describe his own manner of talking, as it was strikingly peculiar. Says Gournerie: "It was his habit to 'Titantic' laughter at something that amused him, and now swelled with fierce wrath at meanness or wrong."

Mr. Galvin's Profitable Hen.

Arthur Galvin of Canal township was in Franklin last Friday with a load of dressed turkeys and chickens, and in the course of a talk with the reporter said:

"You no doubt wonder at me bringing so many turkeys and chickens that all seem to do of the same size. It is a remarkable way in which I raise these chickens and turkeys, and it is worth to hear about it I will tell you. At the State fair in Meadville last year I purchased a large hen that had taken first prize. I brought the fowl home, but first tried to roost with my chickens, staying with the turkeys in a tree near the barn. It did not lay any, I thought, but one day my boy found the hen's nest in a fence corner quite a way from the house. There were eighteen eggs in the nest, and they were big ones. I broke open one and found it contained a double yolk, one yellow the other one brown. In breaking six eggs open I found them all the same. I decided to take the other twelve eggs and put them under a sitting hen. I did so, and in the required length of time the eggs hatched. Here is where I was surprised, for each egg brought forth not only a chick, but a turkey also. The hen lays right along, and I keep other ones for sitting on the eggs. Since I have had her she has laid 137 eggs, and I have hatched 113 turkeys and 113 chickens so far. I expect to bring in about 100 of each for next Thanksgiving. I do not intend selling any eggs, as I want to keep the snap for myself. If any of your readers do not believe my story you can tell them to come out to my house and I will show them where the tree is and the hen roosts on."

Earth Tremors on the Railway.

A gentleman who traveled to Vienna from Trieste says the effect of the earth tremors upon the railway line was remarkable. When the express train in which he was seated was within two or three miles of Laibach, for instance, the carriages began to rock from side to side, just like a ship laboring at sea, and the passengers became

terrified. Several times the earth and track seemed to rise up like a wave, and the train upon each occasion was brought to a standstill.

A BEAR IN SEARCH OF DINNER.

She was Feasting on Veal When a Cow and a Bull Interfered.

A sickly looking she-bear, followed by a dirty brown cub the height of one's forearm, but so much larger that it looked squat like a woodchuck, was the first of the big plantigrades to arrive in the vicinity of Skowhegan, Me. She brought with her an appetite, and her thin pelt hanging over her gaunt frame showed that she had carried the appetite a good while.

Not so decrepit was the black and white cow feeding on the short green grass along the south bank near the edge of the woods. Her sides were rotund, no ribs were visible, and her general appearance was of comfort. She paused now and then to rub down fondly the lank calf that walk along beside her with weak-kneed steps.

The old bear came ambling out of the woods with awkward shuffling steps, walking on the cub almost as often as on the ground. She saw the cow and calf, and wrinkled up her nose as she leaned her head forward the better to smell as well as see. To her hungry eyes the calf seemed to be the sweetest of meat, and with that she jumped forward, and before the cow knew it, had the calf struck down with its back broken. With a single bleat for help the calf died, while the old cow looked slowly around to see what was the matter.

She saw the bear wrenching vul cutlets off her offspring's flanks and the cub eagerly lapping its first blood. At that she turned, faced the bear, and then with head lowered charged. The cub squealed and ran behind its mother as the bear raised her hand. When the cow got to where the calf lay the bear was ten feet to one side, looking surprised at the interference. She would have been willing to let matters rest as they were, but the cow wanted vengeance.

The cow stood a moment with her neck stretched above the calf; then leaping over the carcass she again charged the bear. Four times she missed the dodging bear, but at the fifth, the bear, tired of being rushed, struck with might and quickness, and the cow lost four strips of hide half an inch wide and eighteen inches long. The cow got her head against the bear's breast, and despite her strength could not budge the plantigrade. The bear was meantime drawing the cow's neck with her hind legs, holding first with her fore legs, and biting the back of the cow's head. The cow was decidedly at a disadvantage, and was rapidly getting the worst of it.

The bear's bull was over in the next lot beyond a ridge, and separated by a three line barbed wire fence when the cow's moos of distress reached his ears. Up went his head to sniff the air, and then he started up the ridge to take a look around. Arriving there, he did not stop for the bear and cow were now in plain sight and the cow was on her knees.

The bull struck the fence full tilt, cut one leg and tore a streak along his head, but two posts were broken off and the bull was able to leap over the wires. Up the bank he went and struck the bear in the fore shoulder, sending her twenty feet. Then as the bear staggered to her feet the cub screamed pitifully, and itself tried to face the bull as he came again, but one tender vice of the old she-bear's paw sent it thirty feet to the edge of the woods. This saved the cub for a while, but the old bear, too weak to fight well and wounded even then to death, was gashed in the throat till the blood poured out in the flat wide jet that tells of a death wound. Next day the orphaned cub was run up a tree by a pug dog, and 10-year-old Sammy Frazier killed it with a .32 rifle.

TO MAKE A NEW STATE.

A Scheme to Take Territory From Three States and Call it Superior.

It is seriously proposed to create a new state by taking a part of the three states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, which will be known as the State of "Superior," or "the Mineral State." This idea is a modification of the new State plan so often repeated, and its creator is Capt. Alex McDougall, the inventor of the whale-back.

Capt. McDougall would cut out a territory bounded on the north by Canada, on the west by the Mississippi River, on the south by a line drawn from the Mississippi River along the southern boundary of the northern tier of Wisconsin counties, and terminating at the extreme tip of the upper peninsula. Of course, the eastern boundary line would lie in the lakes, but that is immaterial to the plan.

What is aimed at particularly is to place the three great iron ranges, the Vermilion, the Mesaba, and the Gogebic, in one state, so that the interests of none of them could be injured by conflicting legislation and all might be treated from the same basis.

Should the new state, which would be the forty-fifth of the Union, be considered at all, it would have the additional advantage, the Captain thinks, of solving the difficulties of the long standing Duluth and Superior, for, both cities being in the same state, their interests would be in the main almost identical. At least there would be no state line to vex and complicate their relations.

Duluth and the northern part of Minnesota have no interests in common with the rest of the state. Wisconsin, it can truthfully be said, bears the same relation to Superior and the northern portion of the state, and as far as upper peninsula, it is not, either from a commercial or geographical point of view, a part of the State of Michigan.

The new state would be one of the richest in wealth in the union; it would have more than 500 miles of water front and contain "the head of the lakes" harbor, which is the gateway for the trade and commerce of the entire northwestern country.

"Superior," or "the mineral state," would at once become one of the greatest states of the union, it is firmly believed by its advocates here.

Agitation of the subject will begin immediately throughout the three commonwealths involved, and the representatives in the several Legislatures who come from the territory immediately involved will, after their adhesion is secured, begin making political combinations in order to effect their purpose. The new state would be strongly Republican.

A Ready Retort.

In my capacity as a reporter (writes a correspondent) one of the smartest and most apt retorts I have ever heard at a public meeting was made by Henry George the well-known political economist. Mr. George was lecturing at Cambridge, and the audience was a distinctly hostile one. But discussion was invited, and at the extreme back of the hall a Japanese student got up and made a brief speech which was quite inaudible to those on the platform.

Mr. George, at the conclusion of the Jap's remarks, rose and said—

"Would the gentleman who has just spoken step up here on the platform; in the position in which his hands I cannot bear him."

"I heard him plainly enough," shouted a rough fellow among the audience.

"I daresay," quietly replied Mr. George. "Your ears are much larger than mine."

Output of a Naphtha Fountain.

A new naphtha fountain of remarkable yield has been struck near Baku. The output, which is ejected with uncontrollable force, is computed at about 15,000 tons per day. All the available reservoirs have been filled and the oil is now being run off into the Caspian Sea. So far all attempts to bat ten down the outrush have been fruitless. The thick iron st-kes used in these endeavors, are shattered like matchwood.

Primitive 19th Century People.

In the department of Cantal, among the mountains of Auvergne, an attempt is to be made to return to the manners of primitive man. M. Gravelle, a painter, has acquired a large tract of land, on which five married couples will settle, who will live in the caverns and raise a few animals and simple crops for their food and clothing. He claims that one hectare (2 1/2 to 2 3/4 acres) should supply all the needs of a single individual.

A Faithful Servant.

One night Prince Talleyrand was suddenly awakened by the ring of a pistol, and seeing his valet walking about the room, he asked him what he was doing.

"There was a mouse in the room, Your Highness, and for fear it might disturb you, I shot it."

BORN.

Riverside, May 7, to the wife of Mark Pearson, a son.

Chester, May 6, to the wife of Henry Lake, a son.

Somerset, May 11, to the wife of J. L. Morse, twins.

Kempville, to the wife of Wm. Earl, a daughter.

Chester, May 2, to the wife of Andrew Lockhart, a son.

New Glasgow, May 5, to the wife of Silas Stiles, a son.

Halifax, May 15, to the wife of Robert Leslie, a son.

Lakeland, May 9, to the wife of W. K. Gilbert, a son.

St. John, May 7, to the wife of Walter Rankine, a son.

Mosher, May 18, to the wife of Thomas W. Lander, a son.

Carletonville, May 10, to the wife of Orlando Harvey, a son.

Parsons, May 13, to the wife of S. C. Moore, a daughter.

Kempville, May 1, to the wife of Abner Forbes, a daughter.

Dawson, May 4, to the wife of Hiram Steeves, a son.

Port Lorne, May 9, to the wife of Thomas Beardsley, a son.

St. Andrews, May 7, to the wife of Liscomb Hart, a son.

St. George, May 6, to the wife of James J. Chae, a daughter.

Karsdale, May 9, to the wife of James H. Thorne, a daughter.

St. John, April 14, to the wife of Irvine Thompson, a daughter.

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DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Fredericton, May 8, by Rev. Willard McDonald James A. Foreman to Mary A. Jarvis of Stanley Black Cape, May 6, by Rev. G. F. Kinneer, B. A., Herbert Easter of Bass River to Jessie Anderson.

Port Elgin, N. B., May 13, by Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, Wellington Jackson to Rebecca Estabrook.

Newcastle, May 11, by Rev. Geo. Harrison, William J. Black to Minnie A. Robertson, of Tabusintac.

Malden, Mass., April 30, by Rev. H. O. Hiteox, Wm. Korraghan to Olive Lewis, formerly of Moncton.

Boston, Mass., May 2, by Rev. James B. Brady Dwight F. Fuller, of Wolsford, N. B., to Rachel D. M. McDougal, of Nova Scotia.

DIED.

St. John, May 2, Joshua Ryder, 70.

Elizabethton, May 8, Thomas Rock, 68.

Brookville, May 10, John Bentley, 81.

Fox Brook, May 4, David Smith, 46.

Corkville, May 7, Stewart McFee, 74.

Riverside, May 9, Michael Tucker, 77.

Blainville, May 16, Fred B. Palmer, 27.

Bloomfield, May 16, J. A. Travis, 64.

Brookville, May 10, John Bentley, 80.

Sydney, May 12, William Stephens, 50.

Nappan, May 11, James Fullerton, 82.

St. John, May 10, John J. Munro, 89.

Blanche, N. S., May 6, John G. Smith.

Milton, May 7, William Cunningham, 80.

St. John, May 17, Annie B. Pierce, 113.

Halifax, May 16, Mary Anne Lewis, 26.

Shediac, May 20, George Harper, 37.

St. John, May 17, John McConnell, 61.

Carleton, May 17, George W. Belyea, 83.

Bridgeton, May 15, Daniel Munroe, 82.

Folly Lake, May 14, Mrs. Simon Geddes.

Moncton, May 19, William McHaffie, 40.

South Boston, May 17, Thomas Ross, 41.

Kempville, May 25, Mr. James Moor, 74.

West Pubnico, May 1, Mary L. Amour, 29.

Belleisle, May 11, Mary Amelia Bent, 72.