

JENNIE'S HEART.

"Whyever ain't I a married man?" says "you." So spoke the old cattleman, as he settled himself in a chair. The question had just been asked him.

"Well," he continued, reflectively, puffing his pipe. "I was dispositioned that way when I'm a colt. But that's a long time ago an' I ain't in line for no such gymnastics no more. My years is 'way agin it; likewise females. You've got to ketch folks young to marry 'em. After they gets to be thirty years they goes slowly to the altar. If you make out to marry a man after he's thirty you has to blindfold him an' oback him in. Females, of course, ain't so backward."

"No; I s'pose this yere bein' married is a heap better, same as tobacco an' bug juice. A man takes a hand early; it's all right—way good game, I makes no sort of doubt. But let him get to pesterin' round in the forties an' him not begun none yet; he don't marry nothin'." Of course, there is people that sordid they takes to layin' for some woman's stack, wharby they even makes such a desperate play as marryin' her to win; but me an' you don't discuss no low games like that."

"Bar a inexplicable difference with the girls old man, I s'pose I'd be all married right now. I was maybe twenty times. It was way back in Tennessee. This girl was a nice, luscious girl—contested, too. They all lives at the Pine Knot pike, an' once in two weeks I saddles up an' goes over. That was just her old man an' mother an' her in the family, an' it's that far I allers made to stay all night. There was only two beds, an' so I'm put to camp along of the old man, the time I stays. I was way bashful an' behind in all social plays, an' plenty awe-struck about the old folks. I never feels happy a minute where they are. The old lady allers does her best to make me easy an' free, too. Comes out when I rides up, an' allers lets down the bars for my boss an' asks me to rest my hat the second I'm in the door."

"Well! matters got on good enuf until maybe the eighth time I'm there. I remember the night all perfect. Fendal! I gets to sleep a layin' along the side of the bed, aimin' to keep 'way from the old man, who's snorin' an' thrashin' round an' takin' on over in the middle."

"I don't recall nuthin' until I comes to a holdin' to the old man's year with one hand an' a hammerin' of the features with t'other. I don't know why; I s'pose I gets to allowin' he's tryin' to kill me."

"Well, son, it's way back a long time, but I shudder yet when I recall that old man's language: I jumps up the second I realize things, grabs my raiments an' gettin' me loss out of the lot, goes p'inted down the pike m' a mile fore I sons to dress. The last I sees of the old man he's pitchin' an' tossin' an' females a holdin' of him, an' reachin' to get a Hawkin's ride as hangs over the door. I never goes back no more, 'cause he's mighty vindictive about it. He tries to make it a Gran' Jury matter next court time."

"You can't tell much about women there was a girl who surprises us once in a way out in Voltville. Miss Rucker, who runs the O. K. Restaurants gets this female from Tucson to try flappies an' salt boss, an' help her deal her little gastronomic game. This yere girl's name is Jennie—Tucson Jennie. She seems a nice, good girl, too, an' in less'n two weeks there's half the camp jest whinin' to marry her. I affects business it's that bad—almost charges the channels of trade. Cherokee Hall tells me there ain't half the money gets changed in at far as usual, an' the New York store reports men goin' broke again! bled shirts, an' similar deadfalls daily. Of course, this yere first frenzy subsides a whole lot after a month."

"If Jennie notices it, I don't know, but she never tips her head to nobody, jest shoves these foolish youths their daily beans an' ignores all winks and looks complete. At last one of the various hands goes in the discard an' the boys, gettin' discouraged, shoves back an' quits. Final! they're all out but two, an' one of them was never in so far as himself or any one else ever sees. These yere is Tatt an' a man named Jim Wallace. Tatt is tall and good lookin' enuf, but backward an' bashful. No one ever detects him once lookin' an' I don't think he does. He confides in me all quiet after the smooch cars away that he never thinks of it."

"But Wallace is different. He sets in to win Jennie hard and heavy, an' tries to crowd the game an' get action for his money. It looks like he's to make the trip, too, Miss Rucker is backin' him play, and Jennie herself sorter lets him round in the kitchen an' watch her work, which this yere is license an' rot itself compared with how she treats others. Occasionally some of us sorter tries to stack up for Wallace an' see whar he stands with the game."

"How's it goin', Wallace?" Enright asks one day.

"It's too many for me," says Jim. "Sometimes I think I corals her, an' then agin it looks like I ain't in it. Jest now I'm feelin' some dejected."

"Something oughter be schemed to settle this yere," says Enright. "It keeps the camp in a fever an' may get serious."

"I somebody would only prance in," says Doc Peets, "an' shoot Jim up some, you'd have her easy. Females is like a rabbit in a bush pile; you has to shake things up a lot to make 'em come out. Now, if Jim was dyin', an' she cares for him, she's shorin' going to show her hand."

"I want to pause right yere to observe Doc Peets was the smartest an' best educated man I ever sees in my life. An, what he don't know about squaws is valueless information. But to proceed: "That's right," says Cherokee Hall, "but of course it ain't goin' to do to shoot Jim none."

"I don't know," says Jim. "I stands cressin' a little too quick if I'm shorin' it tetches her."

"What for a game," says Cherokee, "would it be to jest play like Jim was short? Wouldn't that make her come a-runnin' same as if it was shore enuf?"

"I don't see why not," says Enright.

"Well, the idea gains ground, an' at last gets to be quite a conspiracy. It's settled we plays it, with Dave Tutt to do the shootin'."

"An' we makes the game complete," says Jack Moore, "by grabbin' Dave immediate an' ropin' of him before the committee, which convenes all reg'lar and decorous in the Red Light saloon a-purpose;

an' we all lines out like we're goin' to hang him for killin'. Otherwise don't look nacheral no how, an' she shortly detects it's a bluff."

"So we gets things all ready, en' in the middle of the afternoon when Jennie is draggin' her lariat around loose an' nothin' much to do—'cause we ain't aimin' to disturb her none in her dooties touchin' them flappies an' salt boss—we all gets over in the New York store an' lays Jim on some boxes an' a wagon cover over him for a corpse."

"Clar things out of the way along by Jim's head," says Moore, "who was takin' a big interest. 'We wants to fix things so Jen gets at him easy. You hyar me? She's goin' to come when she gets the news.'"

"When everything's ready Tutt Moore, who concluds it's well to have a good deal of shootin', bangs away with his guns about four times apiece."

"Jest shootin' once or twice," says Moore, "might arouse her suspicions. It would be over a heap too quick for the real thing."

"The minute the shootin' is ceased we all takes Tutt an' surges over to the Red Light to try him; a peddin' of which Dan Boggs san'ers over to the O. K. Restaurant an' remarks all casual an' careless like: "Dave Tutt downs Jim Wallace a minute back—good, clean gun play as ever I see, too. Mighty big credit to both boys this yere is. No shootin' up the scenery an' the bystanders, nor sech sloberbin' work; but everything goes straight to centers."

"Whar is he?" says Jennie, lookin' breathless an' sick.

"Jim's remainder is in the New York Store," says Dan.

"Is he hurt?" she gasps.

"I don't reckon he hurts none now 'cause he's done flattered from the perch. Why, girl, he's dead—18 bullets, caliber 45, plump through him."

"No, but Dave; is Dave shot?" Tucson Jennie says, a wringin' of her small paws.

"Now, don't you go to feelin' discouraged none," says Dan, beginnin' to feel sorry for her. "We fixes the wretch so his murderin' spirit won't be an hour behind Jim's gettin' in. The strangles has him in the Red Light makin' of plans to stretch him right now."

"We had just consumed drinks all round an' Enright was in the chair, an' we're busy settin' up a front about hearin' the case, when Tucson Jennie with a serene as scares up surroundin' things to sech a limit that five ponies hops out of the corral an' flies, comes chargin' into the Red Light, an' the next instant she drits around Tutt's neck like so much snow."

"What for a game do you call this, anyhow?" says Moore, who's a heap scandalized. "Is this yere maiden playin' this camp?"

"She's plump followed with grief!" says Dan Boggs, who follows her in, an' she's done got 'em mixed in her mind. She thinks Dave is Wallace."

"That's it," says Cherokee; "her mind's stamped with the shock. Me an' Moore takes her over to Jim's corpse an' that's shore to revive her. An' with that Cherokee an' Moore goes up to lead her away."

"Save him, Mr. Enright, save him!" she pleads, still clingin' to Tutt's neck like the loop of a lariat. "Don't let 'em hang him! Save him for my sake!"

"Hold on, Jack," says Enright, who is lookin' mighty thoughtful. "Jest everybody stand their hands yere till I counts the pots an' notes who's shv. It looks like we're cinchin' the hull onto the wrong bronco. Let me ask this young female a question. 'Young woman,' he says to Tucson Jennie, 'be you fully informed as to whose neck you're hangin' to?'"

"It's Dave, ain't it?" she says, lookin' all tearful in his face to make shore.

"Enright an' the rest of us don't say nuthin', but jest looks at each other. Tutt flushes up an' looks pleased both at once, but jest the same he puts his arms around her like the dead game man he is."

"What'll you have, gents?" Enright says at last, quiet an' thoughtful. "The drinks is on me, barkeep."

"Excuse me," says Doc Peets, "but as the author of this yere pot I takes it the p'sen is on me. Barkeep, set out all your bottles."

"Gents," says Jack Moore, "I'm as peaceful a man as ever jingled a spur or pulled a gun in Voltville, but as I reflects on the active part I takes in this yere play I won't be responsible for the results if any man comes between me an' payin' for these drinks. Barkeep, I'm doin' this myself."

"Well, it's hard enoughter jest how many drinks we do have. Jim Wallace throws away the wagon cover an' comes over from the New York Store an' stands in with us. It gets to be a orgy."

"Of course it's all right," says Enright. "The camp wins with Tutt instead of Wallace; that's all. It illustrates one of them beautiful characteristics of the gentler sex, too. Yere's Wallace, to say nothin' of two others, as besieges an' beleaguers this yere female for six weeks, an' she scorns 'em. Yere's Tutt, who ain't sayin' a word, don't an eye nor wag a year, an' sue grabs him. It is such uncertainties, gents, as makes the love of woman valuable."

"You should have asked me," says Faro Nell, who comes in right then, an' rounds up close to Cherokee. "Why, I could tell you two weeks ago Jennie's in love with Tutt. Anybody could see it. Why, she's been feedin' of him twice as good grub as she does anybody else."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Sonadora" cigars, 15cts. or 2 for 25cts.

Spurs for Gamecocks.

Steel heels or spurs for fighting cocks, to take the place of the natural spur, are made in twenty or more varieties in shape and length; they are sold all over the world. In the United States spurs of different styles are used in different parts of the country; longer spurs are used in the South than in the East and North. The shortest spurs are used in New York. The standard length is 1 1/4 inches. In all other parts of the country the length is advanced.

A good set of steel heels costs \$10. The spur projects from one side of a ferrule or socket, which is like an open thimble; a leather band is attached to the base of the ferrule. The natural spur is sawed off, and when the steel spur is used the ferrule is placed over the stump and the leather band is wound round the cock's leg and bound with a twine; a pad or cushion is placed within the rim of the ferrule to

make it fit the stump of the natural spur snugly and firmly.

It is said that if a well bred game-cock, which had been without food until it was nearly starved, should then be placed in the presence of another gamecock and of food, it would fight before it would eat; in other words, that it would rather fight than eat.

"La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 5cts.

INTO THE LION'S DEN.

The hue and cry had been raised in the metropolis, and the telegraph had carried it speedily into every nook and cranny of the United Kingdom. It was a terrible, and in some respects a mysterious, case. Within one month three ladies had been murdered in different places in the metropolis. In all the cases a lady and gentleman had engaged a room at a hotel. Next morning the gentleman could not be found, and the unfortunate lady was discovered dead in bed. Poison had been the murderer's instrument, and certain evidence pointed unmistakably to one man.

The police authorities printed by the thousand, descriptions of the alleged murderer. They were very vague. As Detective Henderson sagaciously remarked, "There was nothing to catch on to." The description was the result of fifty garbled and contradictory stories told by hotel waitresses, maids, barmen, cabmen, etc. The man was tall, and a Newmarket coat was supposed to give him a racing cut. The mysterious man's description was read by the side of almost every fire in the kingdom and many amateur detectives were doing their utmost to earn the handsome reward offered for the capture of this modern Bluebeard.

The "New Inn" must have been new once, but it was hard to make the laggard mind think so. Its walls shook with almost every passing breeze, and every spring the mated birds carried off a portion of its roof to assist the process of nest making. In the old coaching days it had been a great hotel, but its glory had gone hence on the advent of railways. It stood on the fringe of a bleak moor, over which highwaymen and other cultured gentry had perambulated in the "bad old times."

It was in this quaint hotel that a very picturesque company had gathered on a cold, bleak, snowy night in late December. Like the rest of mortality, Mrs. Boniface Turner had a birthday every year, and this was her fiftieth, and, consequently, a time for drowning the sorrows of rapidly advancing years in the flowing bowl. All her favorite customers were gathered around the old oak tables, and the old pewter pots clanked cheerily and merrily.

Local topics of conversation were scarce just then, and the enlivened company fell, after the congratulations to the buxom widow, to an excited discussion of the London murders, and the offer of a substantial reward for the capture of the gentleman at large. They were a bold lot of men, these half tipsy villagers, and many were the "heroics" they indulged in at the expense of the murderer, who was a fugitive from justice.

In the midst of the festivities a loud rattle was heard upon the bar counter. Mrs. Turner was a lady of considerable girth, and the liquor she had consumed made her feel the effects of her uncomfortable weight. The natural consequence was that she did not answer the call as quickly as the impatient one desired. The second knock was more imperative than the first, and was followed by a "heigh-ho! heigh-ho!" which rang through the rickety old house.

"Why all this confusion?" asked the landlady, sharply, as she faced the stranger. "Pardon me, good lady, but on a cold night like this one does not enjoy waiting very long. Can you let me have a bedroom for the night? I have just come from London, and am going North early in the morning."

"I reckon ye can hev two bedrooms—if you want 'em," replied the somewhat ungracious hostess.

"Thanks," drawled the stranger. "One will be sufficient. I will just run up to the station and bring my wife down. Porter, just put those boxes here; I will carry them up afterward when this good lady has been kind enough to show me the room."

The porter from the station carried a very large black tin box on his shoulder, and a small one in his right hand. Mrs. Turner looked at them somewhat suspiciously, but, evidently deciding that he could not "retire" in the morning without paying his bill, she consented to show the stranger into his room. It was not a particularly aristocratic looking apartment, and not overwholly comfortable, but the gentleman expressed his satisfaction and smiled a dry, grim smile.

In a very short time Mrs. Turner returned to her guests, and the stranger commenced unpacking his boxes. He seemed to have forgotten the story he told the landlady—that he had a wife waiting and shivering at the village station. At any rate, if he had a wife there he acted as though he had not. His presence in the house was soon forgotten by the noisy merry-makers in the room below, and when he went into the parlor an hour after his inauspicious entrance every one looked surprised and wondered at the effects which had been created by the drink they had consumed.

Unfortunately for the stranger, he was tall, and wore a Newmarket coat. There was something terrible about this coat in befogged minds of these half drunken villagers. It seemed to them the brand of his terrible crime, but not one had the courage to arrest him.

"I am sorry to say my wife is very ill," the stranger began; "is there a reliable doctor anywhere near?"

Mrs. Turner trembled, and mumbled something about "being at his old game again."

The stranger looked at her very queerly, and charitably put her conduct down to the fact that she was acting as hostess at a village merry-making.

"Look here, you've nothing to do with any old game that I may be playing," he replied, cheerfully. "I'll pay you for everything I get in your house, and I shall not be under any obligation to you. Now, where does the doctor live?"

"Turn down High street, then round Henry street, then up the hill toward the castle that was bombarded by Cromwell, then go straight ahead for five minutes."

The stranger looked as though he understood the vague directions, and walked out. This threw a damper on the merry-making.

Perhaps a murder had been committed, and every one felt powerless to do anything in the matter.

An hour passed; two; then the old clock in the church tower struck the withering hour of midnight. Still all was silent in the bedroom taken by the stranger, and he had not returned from the doctor's. Most of the guests were trembling; surely, something dreadful had happened or was going to happen.

At last old Jim Smith, the farmer from the dale, rose. He was not a success as an orator, but he did his best. "Luk 'ere; this man b'es the murderer from Lunnen, and I's going fer my duck gun and dog, and I's run him down before morning."

This was received with thunderous applause. These men were not brave themselves, but they admired bravery in others especially when they did not run any risk in doing so.

"But we had better make sartin of it before we get a strang measures," replied another.

After a good deal of trembling and speech-making and quelling a scheme was decided on. Every man staggered into the yard and secured any weapon of offense or defense he could lay his trembling hands on. They were a motley lot of weapons, and a still more motley lot of men to use them. They were rusty hayforks, terrible looking hatchets, three three scythes, two murderous looking hammers, etc. Thus armed they proceeded toward the bedroom. The creaking stairs groaned under the weight of so much influence and valor. The village constable had been summoned, and, with glorious visions of promotion before him, he loudly cried his orders for the attack of the murderer's fortress.

Sergeant Hudson put his capacious ear to the keyhole of the terrible bedroom. "A's silent; 'tdeeds done; this be a gran' job; 't'll mek me a inspector next week if I ren this fellow to the ear," he cried joyously, and then tremblingly opened the door and stood there until the immediate presence of his numerous friends gave him courage to walk to the bedside.

There was a candle burning close to the bed, and the faint glimmer revealed the outstretched form of a lady. Her face was beautiful even in death. The golden tresses still clung around those fair shoulders and still framed the lovely face. It was a charming, a terrible, picture.

"Same case as them Looneners," the sergeant said complacently as he jotted something in his notebook. "Poison's the instrument of destruction. What a hardened scoundrel he must be to murder such a lovely hangel! Look at her!"

Thus enjoined, the villagers staggered towards the side of the bed and pulled aside the curtain for the purpose of beholding, the beauty of this "hangel." Their looks and exclamations of admiration were peculiarly conflicting.

"Ah! this is the instrument of death," exclaimed the sergeant, as he picked up a tumbler which contained a very small quantity of a pinkish fluid. "This is what the doctor calls 'Tincture of Hydrastis,' a very deadly poison."

The fact is, the sergeant did not know what it was, but this was the longest word he could remember at the moment.

Just as they were having a solemn conference they were startled by muffled sounds on the staircase. The candle was so spluttering to a close of its brief existence, when the door was opened, and the terrible stranger entered the room, with a cruel, grim smile upon his face.

The villagers staggered, but the sergeant was equal to the emergency. Striding up to him, he cried, "James Stuart?" (that was the name of the man suspected of the London murders. "I apprehend you on the charge of murdering your wives—three in London and one here."

"Four?" asked the stranger, vacantly.

"Is this one dead?"

"I must put those on," the sergeant continued, in an almost apologetic air, holding up in the dim and flickering light a pair of iron bracelets.

"Let me embrace my wife first, and then I'll go willingly. I am penitent now," the stranger replied, with a sob.

He threw himself on the bed and cried "Oh, my darling, forgive me when we meet in heaven. I did it in anger. I'll join you in heaven soon."

Just then the stranger touched a spring which was mysteriously hidden in the folds of the dress, and the figure "worked" with a vengeance. It sprang up into a sitting posture, and, in a voice of unutterable crackledness, commenced fling out:

"Christmas comes but once a year. But when it comes it brings good cheer."

The effect was electrical. The rustics discovered the door in a surprisingly short time, and the stairs creaked beneath the weight of flying feet. The avoirdupois of the sergeant prevented flying, and he crashed down with such fury that the stairs gave way and precipitated him into the dark mysteries of the regions below, where he lay panting like a mountain of heaving flesh.

The stranger had committed a crime—he had made a very clever waxwork figure, and this was his way of getting a cheap advertisement.

(Reina Victoria extra) cigars 10cts.

A Soda Water Scorer.

At a French avenue soda resort the other night a little wizened man in a brown suit and a straw hat whizzed in, took a seat, ordered a pineapple soda, swallowed it at one gulp without stopping, and whizzed out again.

One of two women who were at the counter when the soda-scorcher came in looked up from her leisurely sipping and exclaimed:

"Well I never! Is that man gone already?"

"Oh, he is slow today," the soda fountain man answered; "he makes better time than all us any way. I don't know why that man is alive usually. He comes in here three times a day, sometimes otterer pouds down a glass of ice cream soda or orange glass without breathing, and out he goes. All men drink soda faster than women do—I'm beginning to suspect that women have more sense than men on most subjects."

"Creme de la Creme."

At the Cat show.—Mrs. S.—What is the name of your cat?

Mrs. W.—Claude.

Mrs. S.—Why do you call it Claude?

Mrs. W.—Because it scratched me.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE UN-FORTUNATES?

Are you Suffering when you Should be well?

Paine's Celery Compound Will Bestow the Health You Need.

Men and women during the heated term of summer, who have those tired, languid and despondent feelings that indicate depleted blood, and a feeble condition of the nervous system, need Paine's Celery Compound, that remarkable nerve strengthener and flesh builder now so generally prescribed by the best physicians.

Sick headaches, nervous prostration, irritability, languor, sleeplessness, and a general feeling of mental and physical depression are prevalent and common in the hot weather. Life is made miserable, and thousands suffer intense agony. Paine's Celery Compound quickly and surely repairs the wasted, worn-out, nervous tissues, calms and regulates nervous action and brings that sweet rest and refreshing sleep that makes recovery easy and quick.

Men and women all over Canada are regularly using Paine's Celery Compound for renewing their systems and storing the nerve centres with strength and energy. The medicine that in the past has done such grand work for others, is certainly what you should use. Paine's Celery Compound cures positively and permanently.

BORN.

Melrose, July 15, to the wife of C. M. Prior, a son.

Amherst, July 19, to the wife of Allen Tait, a son.

Moncton, July 28, to the wife of R. McLean, a son.

Bristol, July 15, to the wife of John Farley a son.

Truro, July 14, to the wife of D. K. Ferguson, a son.

Westville, July 25, to the wife of Thomas Floyd, a son.

Chester Road, July 9, to the wife of Lewis Levy, a son.

Halifax, July 19, to the wife of William Dennis, a son.

Windsor, July 15, to the wife of James Brown, a son.

Amherst, July 19, to the wife of Arthur Lusby, a son.

Truro, July 12, to the wife of Thomas Oliver, of a son.

Lakeville, July 8, to the wife of G. W. Porter, a son.

St. John, July 27, to the wife of Reveryd Steeves, a son.

Parrsboro, July 22, to the wife of J. J. McKay, a son.

Bristol, July 23, to the wife of Rainsford Lovely a son.

Windsor, July 14, to the wife of W. C. Archibald a son.

Parrsboro, July 14, to the wife of Alex. McAloney a son.

Truemanville, July 21, to the wife of Charles Smith, a son.

Windsor, July 7, to the wife of G. Howard Shaw, a son.

Brookton Mass, July 15, to the wife of W. O. Drake, a son.

Quebec, July 21, to the wife of Samuel Smith, a daughter.

Sackville, July 9, to the wife of H. F. Pickard, a daughter.

Yarmouth, July 12, to the wife of Dr. Putman, a daughter.

Windsor, July 15, to the wife of Edgar Faulkner, a daughter.

Shelburne, July 18, to the wife of Robert Ryer, a daughter.

Bristol, July 27, to the wife of George Lockhart, a daughter.

Halifax, July 22, to the wife of F. G. Morris, a daughter.

Halifax, July 20, to the wife of Geoffrey Power, a daughter.

Woolville, N. S., July 18, to the wife of R. F. Reid a daughter.

St. John, July 30, to the wife of James Patterson a daughter.

Amherst Point, July 22, to the wife of William Tait, a daughter.

New Glasgow, July 24, to the wife of Jacob Stan a son.

Loch Broom, July 8, to the wife of Daniel Cameron, a daughter.

Cookville, July 12, to the wife of the late Capt. McKenzie, a son.

Vanover, June 24, to the wife of Herman Spina, of N. S., a son.

Lunenburg, July 23, to the wife of Daniel J. Rudolf, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

River John, July 25, by Rev. D. Farquhar, David Perrin to Martha Reid.

St. John, July 19, by Rev. Wm. Ross, David A. Niles to Annie McLean.

Truro, July 17, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Cady W. Lutes to Kate E. Lynch.

Sydney, July 10, by Rev. D. McMillan, John Conway to Margaret McKee.

St. John, July 27, by Rev. Wm. Penna, Samuel G. Stone to Sarah Ricker.

Sussex, July 23, by Rev. J. B. Champion, Frank Armstrong to Annie Ross.

Sydney, July 16, by Rev. D. Drummond, John A. McKenzie to Julia McKay.

St. John, July 29, by Rev. Dr. Bruce William, S. Dixon to Jessie M. Ogden.

St. John, July 25, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Hiram McAllister to Alice Heywood.

Sydney July 10, by Rev. D. McMillan, J. A. Morrison to Theresa Brown.

Rose Valley, July 17, by Rev. M. Campbell, A. T. Steeves to Mary McDonald.

Truro, July 24, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, William Hamilton to Persis Freeman.

Grand Mannan, July 17, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Henry Daley to Emma Avery.

Halifax, July 20, by Rev. John McMillan, John McKeegan to Katie McMillan.

Barnesville, July 2, by Rev. Thos. McFall, Arthur W. Rankine to Hattie Lawson.

Berwick, July 23, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, William E. Ward to Sarah Cleveland.

Mount Thom, July 13, by Rev. Alex. Robinson, Emma Stuart to Alex. McKay.

Bass River, July 23, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Marvin J. Carr to Clara B. Corbett.

Bass River, July 23, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Marvin J. Carr to Clara Belle Corbett.

Doaktown, July 22, by Rev. M. P. King, Benjamin Sewart to Mrs. Matilda Taylor.

New Harris July 16, by Rev. D. Drummond, James A. McKenzie to Nannie McKay.

Sussex, N. B., July 23, by Rev. J. B. Champion, Frank Armstrong to Annie Ross.

Centreville, July 3, by Elder P. D. Nowlan, Duncan Walker to Catherine Fraser.

Parrsboro, July 17, by Rev. James Sharp, Cyrus Augustus Lamb to Medora Kelso.

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.

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Musquodibit, July 24, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, W. Faney to Emma J. McKenzie.

Isaac's Harbor, July 25, by Rev. C. A. Monroe, Maxwell Silver to Sadie T. McNeil.

New Horton, July 26, by Rev. F. C. Wright, Nelson C. Goldert to Clara B. Reid.

Sheet Harbor, July 16, by Rev. D. O'Sullivan, John McDonald to Victoria E. McCarthy.

Dorchester, July 24, by Rev. Mr. Kierstead, Leonard Brenton to Lottie Fillmore.

Upper Kennetcook, July 10, by Rev. Robert C. Quinn, Jacob Burns to Hannah Cook.

Ohio N. S., July 20, by Rev. Trueman Bishop, Gordon Goudy to Hattie J. Thurston.

North Wallace Bay, July 23, by Rev. J. A. Kenzie, Hiram Brown to Agnes Scott.

Windsor N. S., July 7, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Duncan E. Rankine to Anne L. Murphy.

Campbell, July 23, by Rev. W. H. Street, Frederick Ernest Lorne to Theresa McKenney.

St. Peters, C. B., July 15, by Rev. G. Lawson, Gordon Donald J. Staturton to Katie McKay.

Linden, July 9, by Rev. W. S. Darragh, Thomas S. Moore of Linden, to Minnie R. W. Darragh.

Upper Musquodibit, July 24, by Rev. W. F. Thompson, Jefferson D. Stewart to Rita Stewart.

Bay Road, Cumb., N. S., July 10, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Freeman Adshade to Cecilia C. Dalton.

Johnston, N. B., July 9, by Rev. E. C. Jenkins, W. H. Jenkins, and J. D. Wetmore, D. Edwin Parent to Lily May Jenkins.

DIED.

Eureka, July 23, James Grant, 29.

Carlton, July 29, Mary Sloan, 81.

Bear River, July 24, Isaac Dunn, 83.

Halifax, July 29, William Clancy, 22.

Harvey, July 21,