

THE BLIND WITNESS.

"Yes; I have been in many remarkable criminal trials. Probably the most remarkable was the Gorton murder trial. The murder itself was, so far as motive and the mode in which it was perpetrated are concerned, of a character common enough, unhappily. But what gave to this particular case its exceptional character was the agency by which the murderer was brought to justice in a very curious and most unexpected manner."

We were in the chambers of my friend Mr. Grimshaw, Q. C.—the eminent criminal lawyer—in the temple; and over a cigar, after luncheon, my host was giving me some reminiscences of his long and brilliant career at the bar.

"Gorton is a small village, about twenty miles from Barchester, the well-known manufacturing town in the Midlands," continued Mr. Grimshaw. "One September evening, some fifteen years ago, the normal peace and quietude of the place was disturbed by the news that the dead body of a young lady had been found in Burton Grove, a short distance outside the village, under circumstances which left no doubt that she had been murdered. The police of the village had received information of the crime from a blind man—heard of those wandering musicians who perambulate the country from village to village, led by a dog."

"His story was that he had walked from St. Olives—a village about seven miles from Gorton—that afternoon; and as the evening was sultry, he desired to save the 6 1/2, he would be charged for a night's lodging in Gorton, by sleeping in Burton Grove. The Grove is a thick plantation of trees and shrubs, midway between the mile of road connects the railway station with the village, and as it lay at an angle of the road, a footpath through it afforded a short cut from one point to the other."

"The blind man further stated that, as he lay under the shelter of a bush, a few yards from the footpath, with his dog close beside him, tired after his tramp, and composing himself to sleep, he heard footstep coming along the pathway, apparently going towards the village, and the voices of a man and woman, as if they were having an angry altercation. A few minutes after, the parties passed where he lay concealed from view. He heard a shot, then a woman's shrill, agonizing scream, followed by another shot. He scrambled to his feet, terror-stricken, his dog barking loudly, and shouted 'What is that?' No answer was given to his outcry, but he heard the tramping of the undergrowth, as if someone were rushing wildly from the spot. The blind man immediately proceeded to Gorton, and gave information of what he had heard to the police, who, when they arrived at the Grove, found the body of a young lady, named Emily Dicey, with two bullet wounds in her head, and close at hand a discharged revolver."

"Miss Dicey was the only child of a shopkeeper, of considerable business, at Barchester. It appeared that a very ardent attachment existed between her and a young man named Griffiths Turner, a clerk in her father's employment; that her parents were opposed to a marriage, that they had done everything to try to break off the match, but were unsuccessful, and that, finally, they dispensed with the services of Turner, and sent their daughter to her aunt at Gorton."

"On the body of the unfortunate young lady was found a brief note from Turner, written in Barchester, which stated that on the evening of the 6th September (the evening of the murder) he would run down to Gorton to see her. 'Perhaps,' he added mysteriously, 'it will be the last time we shall see each other.'"

"He paid his promised visit to Gorton that evening; and, indeed, had been seen by two or three of the villagers with Miss Dicey in the Grove. A warrant was issued for Turner's arrest; but when the police went to his lodgings at Barchester, next morning, to take him into custody, it was found that he had left for Liverpool, enroute for Canada. This, of course, increased the suspicion. A telegram to the authorities at Liverpool secured his apprehension that evening on board one of the outward bound transatlantic steamers. He was brought back to Barchester, and after the usual magisterial investigation, was returned for trial at the ensuing winter assizes."

"I was retained for the defence. The evidence against him, though altogether circumstantial, was very strong."

"The ticket collector at Gorton Railway Station swore that Turner returned to Barchester by the 9 30 train from Gorton—half an hour after the time of the murder; while the girl, I then stated that his daughter had promised that although she was unalterably attached to Turner, she would not marry him without her parents' blessing."

"In this latter development of the case was to be found, in the view of the Crown the motive of murder. Turner had convinced himself that the parents would never consent to a union between him—a penniless young man and with no prospect of bettering his worldly condition—and their daughter; and that conclusion prompted him to commit the crime."

"The defence was that Turner, finding the parents of Miss Dicey were utterly opposed to the marriage, and that the young lady would not marry him without the consent of her parents, had decided to go out to some relatives in Canada, determined to make his fortune in a few years, then return to England, and win the consent of the girls' parents to their union."

"On the eve of his departure for the New World he went down to Gorton to bid Miss Dicey good-bye, and after two hours in her company, he returned from Gorton by the 8 30 train to Barchester, and at six o'clock the next morning left the latter town for Liverpool en route to Canada."

"You will notice that on the most important point, as to the train by which he returned from Gorton, there was an absolute contradiction of his statement that he travelled by the 8 30 train, in the evidence of the ticket-collector, who was positive that the 9 20 was the train. It happened that both trains ran from Gorton to Barchester without stopping at any of the intermediate stations, and that the tickets were consequently collected at Gorton. The prisoner stated that he had taken a third-class return ticket from Barchester to Gorton. I, therefore, inquired whether

the return half of the ticket had been collected on the 8 30 train or the 9 30 train; but here, again, was discomfiture, for the halves of several return tickets issued that day between Barchester and Gorton, had been collected on both trains, and Turner's could not be identified."

"The revolver from which the shots were fired did not help the prisoner in any way. It had been bought some months previously at an establishment in Barchester but the shopman could not identify the purchaser. Was it possible that Miss Dicey had any other suitors for her hand, and did her parents have any particular person on her acceptance? Of this I could learn nothing."

"These inquiries were made by me while I was making myself acquainted with the facts of the case before the assizes. The entire case against the prisoner had been laid by the Crown before the magistrates at the preliminary investigation. The same witnesses were examined at the trial before Baron Graham; and they repeated substantially the depositions they made in the court below. My cross-examination of the witnesses failed to make any material point in favor of the prisoner. All I could do was to keep well before the jury the defense of the prisoner, weak as it appeared to be."

"The last witness for the Crown, and, therefore, the last witness in the case, was the blind man. His evidence was followed with intense interest by the crowded court. He was asked by the counsel for the prosecution whether he had caught any of the words of the man and woman who passed along the footpath in the Grove close to where he lay just before the shots were fired, and when he said 'Yes,' every ear in court was strained to catch his evidence of the conversation."

"What was said between the parties?" asked my learned friend.

"As they passed me," replied the blind witness, "I heard the man say, 'But your father objects to the marriage;' and the lady said, 'Yes, and I do not mean to marry without his consent.' They continued to walk on, and a few moments after I heard the man, in a loud, angry voice, say: 'No one else will have you.' Then there was a shot, and the lady screamed; then another shot. My dog began to bark, and I cried out in terror, 'What is that?' The man then rushed away; I could hear the crunching of the brambles and undergrowth as he fled."

"I rose to cross-examine the old man with some trepidation," continued Mr. Grimshaw. "Before doing so I asked my solicitor, in a whisper, what was the quality of timber of the prisoner's voice; and he replied that it was rather sharp or acute in tone. I had but one question of importance to put to the witness. I trembled to put it, for the answer to it might not, on the one hand, do the prisoner any service, while, on the other hand, it might seal his fate."

"Having asked a few questions on rather unimportant points, I put to him the fateful question of which I spoke, determined, of course, should the answer prove unsatisfactory, to drop that line of cross-examination at once."

"What sort of voice was the voice of the man in the grove that evening? I asked with all the unconcern which I could assume."

"But the judge and my learned brother on the other side, and the jury—and more especially the foreman of the jury—grasped at once the importance of the question. I saw that fact visible; the strained look of attention on all their faces as they breathlessly awaited the answer. The die was cast. However the answer might be—favorable or unfavorable to the prisoner at the bar—I saw I was bound, and would be obliged to pursue the matter to the end. I had the occupants of the jury-box particularly under my gaze."

"I watched, as every counsel does, the effect of each statement on the jury, so far as that effect manifests itself on their faces. I noticed that the foreman of the jury—a rather young man, with a self-absorbed manner—listened for the answer of the blind witness to my question with the most intense and painful anxiety. The reply of the witness followed quickly on my question."

"It was a deep voice," said the blind witness."

"How my heart jumped at the answer! Here was the first important point for the defence!"

"Would you recognize that voice again?" I asked. The witness said 'Yes,' and everyone believed him, for the extraordinary keenness of hearing in the blind is a well-known fact. I began to entertain some hope for the prisoner."

"My lord," said I, turning to the judge, "I should like the prisoner to speak a few words. I am sure you realize how essential it is for the purpose of my cross-examination."

"Certainly, certainly," said the judge. "Prisoner at the bar, be pleased to address a few words to me."

"My lord," exclaimed the prisoner, in tones of the deepest feeling, "before God I protest that I am innocent of this crime!"

"The voice of the prisoner was, in its intense earnestness, shrill and piercing. It certainly was not a deep voice."

"Well," said I, resuming my cross-examination of the blind witness, "is that like the man's voice you heard at the Grove, before the shots were fired?"

"No," said the witness, "not a bit like it."

"You are sure of that?" I asked."

"I could not be surer of anything," he again replied."

"I scrutinized the foreman of the jury again. He seemed to be laboring under the greatest agitation. When the judge had reviewed the evidence, the jury retired; and after an hour's absence returned into court. At last the foreman handed the issue paper to the Clerk of the Crown."

"Gentlemen of the jury, you agree to your verdict?" asked the Clerk of the Crown."

"Yes," responded the foreman, in a deep voice."

"The blind witness, who sat in the well of the court, just below me, now started up, laboring under the most intense excitement; and, fixing his sightless eyes on the jury-box, listened intently for the declaration of the verdict."

"You say the prisoner is guilty?" continued the Clerk of the Crown."

"Yes, my lord, guilty," responded the foreman, in his deepest and most solemn tones, and with a remarkable emphasis on the word 'guilty.'"

"But it was not for the verdict that the

blind witness had been listening. It was the voice of the foreman of the jury, which stirred him to the soul, and when it fell a second time on his ears, he loudly exclaimed:—

"My lord, my lord, that's the voice I heard in Burton Grove just before the murder. That's the man," and, extending his right hand, he pointed in the direction of the foreman of the jury."

"You can imagine the profound excitement which this sudden and most unexpected scene created amongst the crowded and over-wrought occupants of the court. It was the most thrilling moment of my experience as an advocate."

"All eyes were turned on the foreman of the jury. His face was livid; he nervously clutched the desk in front of him; and, as it physically unable to remain standing, dropped heavily into his seat."

"The prisoner, in reply to the Clerk of the Crown, protested that he was innocent, while the judge, in another moment, put on the black cap, and sentenced him to death."

"Turner was immediately removed from the dock. Baron Graham, with characteristic imperturbability, declared the court adjourned. The foreman of the jury—pallid and broken—gropped his way rather than walked out of the building, avoided by everyone with instinctive apprehension."

"But what was the end of the drama?" I asked Grimshaw, eagerly. "Was Turner hanged?"

"No; he was not hanged," replied Grimshaw. "The attention of the entire court was aroused in the case; and immediately a demand arose for a fresh investigation. It turned out that the foreman of the jury was James Clarke, another Barchester shopkeeper, and one of the rejected suitors of Miss Dicey. The Crown's theory with regard to Turner was actually true of Clarke. The continued attachment of the lady to Turner convinced Clarke that Miss Dicey would not be his, and, filled with mad jealousy, he decided to kill her. On the day of the murder he went on a fishing expedition to Gorton, which is reached by a different railway line. He then walked from Gorton to Gorton by an unrequented road, and concealed himself in Burton Grove in the hope of meeting Miss Dicey. Unhappily, he did succeed in meeting her as she was returning from Gorton through the Grove, after having parted with Turner, then waited beside the railway line, at some distance from the station, until the train—the 8 30—conveying her lover sped past her, and, vanishing in the distance. What occurred in the Grove you already know."

"After the murder, Clarke made his way back to Gorton, and thence returned to Barchester the same evening. I may tell you that this is his own confession."

"But what became of poor Turner?" I asked."

"Turner," said Grimshaw, "received Her Majesty's gracious pardon—for a crime he never committed. He went out to Canada, and I believe succeeded in making a considerable fortune. He acted very generously towards the blind witness, and I am told that he frequently sends money to relieve the necessities of the old man, whose evidence was the means of saving his life."

GIRLS WHO ARE SUNBEAMS.

With Very Little Work They Can Make Life Happier for Others.

Once when the sunshiny girl was visiting an old colonial place in Maryland she drifted to the family cemetery. Reading the names of the dead and gone, reading of their virtues, she came across a little old stone that had toppled over to one side, which recorded the death of a maiden lady in 1834. Of her it was said only this, and it seems to me that it was the most charming epitaph possible for a woman. "She was always so pleasant."

The sunshiny girl always tells the truth, and she knows exactly how lacking in refinement is the woman who bestows upon her acquaintances and friends fulsome flattery, but she also knows that there are always pleasant things to be said and a pleasant way to say them. She reminds the ugly duckling who grieves over her lack of beauty of the clear and intelligent look in her eyes. For the tired mother of a household there is the pleasant news that her home speaks of her industry, and her children tell of a kind mother's care. To some one who is disappointed there is given the hope of pleasure in the future, and to her who is enjoying herself there is a sympathetic word or two about the pleasure of the minute."

A long time ago St. Francis de Sales said, "If thou wishest to catch flies, set out not that which is sour, for it is true sugar catches more flies than vinegar." And so the sunshiny girl, realizing that life will give to her exactly what she gives to it, is generous with smiles, with pleasant words and with good actions.—New York Press.

Had An Undress Parade.

The vicissitudes of anglers are many and various. There is one, however, that is so rare as to be worthy of wide publicity. Two young men while fishing on a river in the Canadian wilds conceived the idea of taking a bath. They deposited their clothing, effects, and tackle in their canoe and drew it, as they supposed, a sufficient distance up on the bank to insure its safety. In some way the boat floated off, was carried unperceived into the rapids of the river, and canoe and contents were hopelessly lost. The young men were, of course, totally nude. They were a great distance from any habitation, in a wilderness of the limits of which they were in ignorance. They were without food with the exception of a few wild berries, and, moreover, the black flies, which were uncommonly numerous, took advantage of their condition to make their situation most deplorable. For two days the young men wandered aimlessly in every direction, when by chance they encountered a party of anglers who gave them succor."

Could not Do It Twice.

It isn't always safe for a small boy to take his father's jokes and games too seriously. This was shown very plainly at one time by the experience of an Englishman and his son upon a railroad journey which they took together. While the little fellow was gazing out of the open window his father slipped the hat off the boy's head in such a way as to make the boy believe it had fallen out of the window. The boy was very much upset by his supposed loss, when his father consoled him by saying that he would 'whistle it back.' A little later he whistled, and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad seized upon his father's hat, and flinging it out of the window, shouted, 'Now papa, whistle your hat back again!'

CLERGYMEN AND LAYMEN UNITE

In Their Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Taking the Bishop of Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweetman, D.D., D. C. L., three of the leading members of the Faculty of McMaster's Hall, and men like the Rev. W. H. Whitrow, D. D., and others as presenting the Methodist Church, all of whom have spoken in high terms of the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and unite with these warm endorsements of this medicine by the well-known Toronto journalist, Mr. W. L. Smith, as representing the laymen, and it must be granted that clergymen and laymen are of one mind touching this truly meritorious medicine. The truth is that everyone who uses the medicine has a good word to say for it.

One short pull of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. Ditchon, 44 Church Street, Toronto.

WHY WE STAND UPRIGHT.

It is Because We Have a Special and Complex Mechanism for the Purpose.

We are so accustomed to standing upright as a natural attitude that few of us think what a special complex mechanism is required for this purpose. A moment's consideration will show that the ordinary explanation of the erect position (the centre of gravity to be directly above the feet) is insufficient. When a man is suddenly shot, whether from the front or behind, he drops on his face, for the truth is that there is much more weight in the front of the spinal column than behind it.

The fact is that when we are standing, a large number of powerful muscles (both front and back) are simultaneously at work, the effect of their action being to neutralise each other. Thus, the legs would fall forward were it not that they are kept vertical on the feet by the strong tendon (the "Achilles") at the back of the heel. At the same time the muscles of the thigh are tightened so as to prevent us taking a sitting position, and the muscles of the back are pulled taut so that the trunk does not stoop forward. The head is prevented from dropping on the chest by the strong ligaments in the nape of the neck.

That the upright is not its normal position is easily shown by the fact that a man nods as he is falling asleep; for as soon as the controlling nervous force is weakened the head drops forward by its own weight, only to be pulled back into position again with a jerk when the brain becomes suddenly aware of an unusual attitude.

More Kind Words From Hamilton Regarding the Great Remedy Which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days.

Mrs. Phillips, sr., corner Hunter and Grath-streets, Hamilton: "Several months ago I was afflicted with rheumatism, which completely crippled me. South American Rheumatic Cure being recommended to me, I procured a bottle and obtained perfect relief from the first few doses. It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this disease."

He Renounced the Bottle.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson says that he never received a knock-down till, espousing a labourer walking along with the old familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket he entered into conversation with him, and pointed out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, and earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents.

The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road.

Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man sixpence, he said— "Take that; it will buy you something better."

The man to the disgust of Sir Wilfrid, entered a public-house and spent the sixpence in beer.

The liquor he had thrown away, and which Sir Wilfrid had denounced, was cold tea.

IT DOES BOTH.

South American Kidney Cure Not Only Relieves Kidney Disease Immediately, But It Also Heals and Removes the Trouble.

Those dragging pains in the loins that are a common symptom of kidney trouble are most distressing, but they are only the forerunner of more acute pain, and will develop rapidly if an effective remedy is not applied. No medicine acts on the kidneys with such speediness as South American Kidney Cure. It gives relief in the most distressing cases in a few hours. But it does not stop here. It is a great healer, and its continuous use for a short time completely banishes the disease. It is a cure for kidney trouble, and only it, but in never fails here.

One Woman Saw the Joke.

A half dozen young lawyers happened together at the court house a few days ago, and one of them remarked that he had told his wife a very funny story and she never cracked a smile, so he proposed that the others tell it to their wives and they would meet together and report the result. The story was this:

A widow desiring to hold communication with her dead husband, wishing especially to find out whether he was happy in the other world, went to a spiritualist and asked that the late husband be called up. In a little while it was announced that he was at hand. The weeping widow said: "Howdy, John?" He said: "Howdy, Sue?" She then with a voice full of mournfulness asked if he was happy in his present state. The spirit yawned and answered: "Yaaa,

'dout as happy as I was on earth. Don't see much change." Then she said: "Where are you at, John?" He said: "I'm in hell."

When the lawyers met again they all reported that their wives couldn't see anything funny in the story, except one, and they called on him for a report, after the laugh went around. "W-a-a!" he said, "I think I got the worst of it. I told her the story in a very significant way, just like it was she and I sortersaid it sarcastically and funny too, and then I was right full of laugh, and chuckled, and she turned round and said: 'If that had been your spirit, Jim, that said that to me, I would have said you were right where you ought to be.'"

HEART DISEASE OF 20 YEARS' STANDING BELIEVED IN A DAY.

Mr. Aaron Nichols, Who Has Lived On One Farm For 70 Years, Tells What He Knows of Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart.

This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart for my wife, who has been troubled for the past twenty years with heart disease. The first few doses gave relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a diseased heart. I am pleased to give this certificate."

AARON NICHOLS.

Peterboro.

The Wonders of a Candle.

Professor Crookes considers that had the electric light been universal at the present day the candle, if suddenly introduced, would be thought a wonderful invention. The arguments advanced would be that it enables any person readily to obtain light in its simplest and most portable form, and without the use of curcumbersome machinery, or the necessity of attaching the lamp to any fixed point by means of wires before it could be lighted.

BORN.

Halifax, June 10, to the wife of Geo. Haye, a son.

Moncton, June 12, to the wife of Alfred Magee, a son.

Shelburne, June 1, to the wife of Arthur Bower, a son.

Belle Hill, June 11, to the wife of H. C. Fulton, a son.

Parsboro, June 10, to the wife of Wm. Dickson, a son.

Tidnish, June 13, to the wife of Job Odgen, a daughter.

Parsboro, June 19, to the wife of John W. Yorke, a son.

Amherst Point, June 10, to the wife of Ames Logan, a son.

Halifax, June 11, to the wife of J. F. Kelly, a daughter.

Halifax, June 12, to the wife of E. T. Hammett, a daughter.

Moncton, June 13, to the wife of William Irving, a daughter.

Eureka, May 28, to the wife of Wm. McEwan, a daughter.

Halifax, June 8, to the wife of H. G. Tomblin, a daughter.

Barrington, June 8, to the wife of George Pike, a daughter.

St. John, June 18, to the wife of A. J. Dowling, a daughter.

Fast River, June 10, to the wife of Robert Henry, a daughter.

New Tuxford, June 10, to the wife of Elsworth Greeno, a daughter.

Township, N. S., June 2, to the wife John Lovitt, a daughter.

Ashtand, Mass., 24, to the wife of David F. Corbett, a daughter.

Lunenburg, June 5, to the wife of James R. Rudolf, a daughter.

Shubenacadie, June 8, to the wife of A. W. Archibald, a son.

New Glasgow, June 3, to the wife of Kempton Stewart, a son.

Bridgewater, June 7, to the wife of George R. Hunter, a daughter.

Rosette, June 12, to the wife of Isaac Whitman, a daughter.

Halifax, June 11, to the wife of Quartermaster, Sergeant W. Duncan, a daughter.

Annapolis, June 9, to the wife of Wm. Horsfield, triplets, two daughters and a son.

MARRIED.

Mauzeville June 11, by Rev. A. Freeman, Banford to Annie Long.

Holmes June 12, by Rev. Father Moriarty, Thomas Deas to Jessie Butler.

St. John, June 5, by Rev. J. B. Young, John A. O'Dell to Bertha S. DeLong.

McLean, N. S., June 12, by Rev. Mr. Davidson Neil to Nellie Kipley.

Puquash, June 12, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, John Craib to Florrie McRae.

Oak Hill, June 5, by Rev. A. C. Bell, Thomas E. Nappan, June 11, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Stanley W. Smith to Isabella McKay.

Campbell, by Rev. Wm. Thompson, George T. Cooper to Jane Kierstead.

Truro, June 12, by Rev. John Robbins, Thomas M. Johnson, to Jennie Hatty.

Yarmouth, June 9, by Rev. H. H. Cosman, Chas. H. Sallows to Alpha Cann.

Mt. Denison, June 12, by Rev. M. Phillips, John Peaton to Mary Schuman.

Sable River, June 7, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Walter Greene to Marie C. Dunlop.

Barrington, June 8, by Rev. C. Jost, William Lewis Woodstock, June 5, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Charles F. Miller to Bertha M. Scott.

Joggins Mines, May 30, by Rev. J. M. Parker, B. S. Davis to Annie McCarthy.

St. George, June 5, by Rev. J. Wallace, John D. Williamson to Lillie B. Poole.

Stillpoint, June 5, by Rev. Alex. Roulston, Max McKenzie to Mary D. McKenzie.

Pennack, June 5, by Rev. D. McLeod, Clarence Goodspeed to Jennie S. Wade.

Truro June 12, by the Rev. A. L. Gaggie Peter Sutherland to Maggie McKay.

St. Stephen, June 5, by Rev. J. T. Ryan, Thomas Davidson, to Georgia Johnson.

Truro June 12, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Thomas Deane to Phoebe Weatherbe.

Greenwich, N. B., June 12, by Rev. S. C. Moore, Harriett, June 11, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, Thomas E. Whittaker to Cecelia Oakley.

Newport, June 3, by Rev. Jas. W. Falconer, Benjamin Whittier to Annie Miller.

Halifax, June 11, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, Bartholomew Mulachy to Bridget Fahie.

Rodney, N. S., June 5, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Rupert Ross to Alice L. Schuman.

Burncoat, June 5, by Rev. J. Shipperley, Isaac MacDonnell to Annie M. Crowe.

Lower Ludlow, June 2, by Rev. M. P. King, James Allison Stewart to Blanche Porter.

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