

## A FRIEND'S DECEIT.

There was a dejected look on Paul Gardner's face as he seated himself at his writing-table, and, in spite of himself, a sigh escaped him. He had come to the realization of the fact that the career of honor, ease, and usefulness which, three or four years ago, he had mentally mapped out for his realization, was impossible of attainment. His hope was dead. Only one thing remained for him to do now. But that was surely the hardest of them all! That was the prime cause of his dejection; and that was the source of his sigh. His lip quivered, and his fingers trembled as he stretched forth his hand and took up a pen. For a moment he toyed nervously with it, as if unable to trace the necessary words on the paper before him. Then he wrote:

"Dear Brenda—My heart feels as if I begin this task, but honor compels me to do it. It is a necessary one. By the time this reaches you, I shall be many miles upon my journey. It seems but yesterday since I settled here and opened my doors for the reception of patients. I had some £2000 then, and I believed that, by judicious management, it would suffice until I could make a connection with some of my friends. I believe, skill, my practice has yet to be begun. My waiting has been in vain, and my brass-plate insistent to attract the practical attention of those requiring medical aid. Now I have come to the end of my resources, and I must leave you—you whom I love better than life. I have made up my mind to woo Fortune in a foreign clime. I know you love me, and the recollection of the many happy hours we have spent together will, in the future as in the past, be a cheering incentive to me in my work. But I dare not ask you to wait for me. I hope for success, but I have hoped for it at the outset, and the future may possibly be as unpropitious, and the hopes as visionary as those of the past. No; however powerful my inclinations, justice to yourself compels me to relinquish the claim I have hitherto had upon you. Consider yourself then, dear Brenda, under no obligations to your old love. Pray for me, and may God bless you. Ever yours in heart, "Paul."

It was written at last. He dare not breathe a good-bye—dare not utter one of those terms of endearment he had been so accustomed to use. His heart was quickly sinking within him. To pause for a moment would be a fatal hesitation. He did not read the letter through, but placed it quickly in an envelope and, hurriedly directing and sealing it, deposited it on the mantelpiece out of sight, as if he would forget its existence. At that moment the door opened, and Paul looked up as his friend, Mark Trevor, entered.

"Come in, Trevor, and don't mind the confusion," he said. "I'm glad to see you as I was just going to look you up."

"By Jove! Then you're really intending us?" said Trevor, elevating his eyebrows and attempting a smile. "I thought when you mentioned it last week, that it was the outcome of impulse and disgust. But my dear fellow, why this haste?—Miss Heathcote—Brenda! You surely—"

"Trevor don't. At times as I think of her, my resolution wavers, and yet I know I am right in what I am about to do."

"But is she not aware of your departure?"

"No, neither can I tell her verbally. Her tears would make me weak, and I want to spare her, as well as myself, the pain of saying farewell."

"Farewell! Nonsense. You'll get an appointment out of her, on landing, and in a few months at most you'll be back again for your bride," and a cloud, evidently the outcome of contemplating such a possibility, obscured Trevor's face.

A silence of some moments followed. Then Trevor resumed his gaiety, his face lit up with hope and his eyes scintillated with more than ordinary brilliancy.

"Well, well," he said, "you know your own affairs best, I suppose; and, after all, your only doing what an honorable man ought to. But it can help you in any way, don't be afraid of commanding me. I'm at your service, Gardner, although I don't suppose you have any commissions to give."

"Yes, I have. You can do me a great favor, old fellow. I—I—the fact is, I'm just a bit short of funds, and—and if you could see your way to lend me, say, £50, I should be uncommonly grateful. One never knows what may happen, you know, and, all going well, I will return it in the course of a few months."

"Certainly! I'm glad you mentioned it, my boy. I would never do to cripple yourself at the outset by being short of the ready. I'll lend it to you with pleasure. When do you start?" he asked, eagerly.

"In the morning—early."

"Fact is, I haven't the money by me, but I can get it in an hour. Dr. Arcy owes me fifty, and promised to let me have this morning without fail. I'll just run round and get him to draw the cheque in your favor instead of mine, and—"

"Thanks, awfully. It's very good of you, Trevor."

"Tut, tut; don't mention it. Get your things put in order, and I'll be back in an hour," and Trevor, snatching up his hat, departed.

True to his word, Mark Trevor returned within the hour.

"Just caught him in my boy," he said. "Here you are—the cheque's drawn in your favor, to save my indorsement."

"Thanks for all you have done for me," said Paul, taking up the cheque and putting it into his pocket-book. "I shall not forget your goodness," gratefully clasping Trevor's hand in his.

In a short time the baggage was deposited in a growler, and Paul was on his way to the East India Dock. As he was about to step on to the gang-way, two men who had watched his egress from the vehicle approached and laid hands on him.

"Paul Gardner, I suppose?" said the foremost of them.

"That is my name."

"It is our duty to arrest you on a charge of forgery in connection with a cheque which you cashed yesterday, bearing the signature of Edmund D'Arcy, and to warn you that anything you say may be used as evidence against you."

The shock staggered Paul for an instant. "Arrest? Forgery? He murmured, at length. "There is some mistake. I do not understand. I certainly cashed such a cheque, but it was not forged, it was

drawn by Dr. Arcy himself—Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Can it be true? Can there be truth in those rumors after all? Can he love Brenda, and have concocted this villainous plot to ruin me?" and as a conviction of the truth flashed upon him, it required a superhuman effort to hold himself in check. On arriving at the station he reiterated his innocence—but, of course, to no purpose.

"May I send a telegraphic message?" he inquired.

"The police will lend you any reasonable assistance, if you wish to communicate with your friends," was the reply.

"I have just a dozen words. Write them to the person I name as soon as it is daylight: 'Beware of Trevor—he is at the bottom of my ruin. An innocent—Paul,' to Miss Heathcote," and Paul gave him her address. "You have the words? You will not forget them?"

"I can remember. They'll do no harm—any way, they won't," muttered the man. "As soon as it's daylight, depend upon me, sir."

There could be no question as to the outcome of the well-contrived plot against him. Paul Gardner saw that. Unless Trevor made a clean breast of his duplicity nothing but imprisonment awaited him. And it turned out as he feared. Trevor denied every word of Gardner's statement, even going to the length of saying that they had never met on the day that Paul stated the cheque was handed over to him. His intended flight, and his arrest just as he was about to leave the country, were construed into evidence against him. He was committed for trial by the magistrates, and eventually sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

For months Mark Trevor shrank at the thought of going near Brenda Heathcote. In spite of his craft and duplicity he could not summon the necessary courage to confront her, but eventually sought her out, and endeavored to persuade her that her impressions were false, that Paul was deserving of his fate, and that he—Trevor—was much injured by being dragged into this horrible affair.

"Explain this telegram," said Brenda, showing him the wire Paul had contrived to send to her. "Explain that; I believe every word of it, and I know the man who sent it too well to think that, even in misfortune, he would make such a charge falsely against one whom he professed to honor."

Trevor took the wire, and his face turned ghastly white as he read the words, "Beware of Trevor—he is at the bottom of my ruin. An innocent."

"When did you receive this?" he inquired.

"On the night, or rather, early morning, of his arrest. I know the reason you betrayed him, and, evidently, Paul did too. The reason he wired me was to prevent all possibility of your diabolical plot succeeding so far as his intentions with me were concerned. Now go, and never seek my face again. Only remember, that those who suffer make it a stepping-stone to future success, while those guilty of such offences as yours must eventually sink deeper in crime."

It was a memorable morning when the young doctor found himself once more at liberty. The very thought that he was free was almost sufficient to overwhelm him; and, as he confronted the traffic of the busy streets, he could scarcely credit the fact that he would not be summoned to continue the daily routine of prison life. Beneath his desire of vindication there lurked an inclination for revenge—and Paul knew it. Forgive! No, he could scarcely do that. How he longed to see Brenda!

How would she counsel him to act? Should he go to her? He scarcely knew. He required time for thought. After procuring suitable clothing, he repaired to one of the parks and set down upon a seat. The thoroughfare he had chosen was well-nigh deserted, and Paul was soon lost in the intricacies of thought. He had just determined that he would not visit Brenda until he could take convincing proof of his innocence, when his privacy was intruded upon. Two men, supporting the tottering form of an elderly gentleman between them, came up to the seat.

"You are ill, sir," said Paul, making room, and assisting the old man into a comfortable posture.

"Ye—yes—I'm very ill," was the reply.

"Can I be of service to you? I am a medical man."

"Then—as—as you value—suffering humanity—follow to my—residence," and the man brokenly whispered his name and address.

"What is the name of the doctor attending Mr. Easton?" Paul asked of the attendant as soon as he arrived.

"Barrow, sir," replied the man. "And between you and me, sir, I believe there's something wrong between him and Mr. Mark. He's a broken-down, drink-driven beast, sir, and Mr. Mark won't hear of anyone else being called, and—"

"Mr. Easton's adopted son. He ain't no relation, sir," said the man, snubbing his voice to an almost inarticulate whisper, "but he's the master's heir, and—"

"Enough," said Paul. "See, take this prescription to the chemist, and bring back the medicine at once. Then run round and ask Dr. Barrow to come here instantly; it is a matter of life and death."

The man set off at once, and speedily returned with the requisite medicine, and then went as requested for the specialist. When the eminent scientist appeared, Paul, without more ado, asked him to make an examination of the invalid, and to state what he considered was the nature of his complaint. Several minutes elapsed, then, taking off his pince-nez, Dr. Felder said:

"I see by the remedies you are employing that we have both arrived at the same conclusion. You are giving chloral."

"Quite right. This condition is owing to the cumulative properties of strychnine."

"So I conjectured. The patient seems easier now; may I have a word with you in private?"

The two were conducted to an elegantly furnished dressing-room, and, in a few moments, Paul announced his belief that Mr. Easton was being slowly but deliberately poisoned. The specialist looked exceedingly grave, but counselled him to take up his quarters in the dressing-room and await developments. An hour after Dr. Felder's departure, two men entered the bedroom. A cry of horror almost escaped Paul, as he

saw from his hiding-place that one of these was Mark Trevor, and the other, he had no doubt, was the broken-down, morphia-dominated medical man who was doing his bidding. The latter took a small phial from his pocket, and poured a little of its contents into a wine-glass.

"How long before the end, now?" whispered Trevor.

"Tomorrow, some time, I will finish," was the reply.

Paul waited no longer. With a bound he entered the room, and confronted the two startled men.

"Scoundrels!" he cried, "what would you do? Poison him? Thank God that my first act after liberation is to save life and not to destroy it!"

"Paul, don't do it!" exclaimed Trevor, starting backward, his face livid, and his limbs trembling as it paled.

"Yes, I," said Paul, "back to charge you with one crime, and to save you from completing a more heinous one."

"It was he who suggested and paid me to do it," moaned the ardent brute who sank trembling to the ground. Half an hour afterwards, both men were in custody, and Paul was busy at the bedside of the invalid. For days he continued his unwearying attentions, and eventually had the satisfaction of fully restoring his patient.

"Paul, your recovery, Paul, your recovery," said Trevor, who was standing in his patient's will in the place recently occupied by that of Mark Trevor. Nor was this all. A sudden change attached itself to him, and with Dr. Barrow Felder as his patron, his professional career was quickly established.

Trevor and his accomplice were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. On conviction, the former at once made a written statement, completely exonerating Paul from the offence for which he suffered; and only two days later, Paul and Brenda were together.

"Proof of my innocence, darling," said he, producing the document.

"Do not need it," she replied. "I knew it."

## LYDIA'S LOVER.

Lik-d Lydia Lawson. I never told her she was beautiful or an angel. That is all romantic twaddle, and I despise romance. But I told her I liked her, and said it was my idea that we'd be very comfortable if we should step off together. But she said that though she felt great friendship for me she could not think of it, because I took such dreadfully commonplace views of life. So I dropped it, but I continued to board at Mrs. Lawson's.

Lydia's mother kept a genteel boarding house, remembering perfectly that it was a cloudy morning, and most of the boarders in the dumps, when Mrs. Lawson said to us:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have something to say to you. I want to ask you if you mind dining in the front basement instead of the back parlor? It ain't so genteel, I know, but it's really quite snug, and the dinner comes in warmer. If nobody objects I'll make the change to-morrow."

"I don't care how I get my dinner, so I get it," said the fat man.

"All right, Mrs. Lawson," said one of the boarders.

"I don't know about that," one of the ladies muttered.

"Well," said Mrs. Lawson in a melancholy tone, "I've had a good offer for it from a nobleman—a count. It would be an advantage."

"A nobleman!" said the lady who had objected. "My!"

"A handsome young man as ever I saw," said Mrs. Lawson. "Wears diamonds, and so polite! Said he heard the society in my house was so good he wanted to come."

"Well, if he don't mind the basement, we needn't," said the objecting lady.

The next Sunday the change was made, and on Sunday Count Nicopolin was introduced.

He was good looking on a small scale, and he dressed wonderfully. I saw that he was not roasted chestnut or fruit stall, but he was not genuine, I felt sure, and that first day he began to make big eyes at Lydia.

He was romantic, if you please, and I give you my word that before the week was over she was madly in love with him. She sang with him now, not for me—she walked with him on moonlight nights. She looked awful silly, and mighty pretty, too, and the women began to whisper together, and Mrs. Lawson was in a flutter.

"You're such a kind friend, Mr. Chipper," said she, one day, "that I can't help telling you that I think Lydia is going to be a countess. Count Nicopolin is a most attentive. Well, she deserves it—she's a good girl."

"Tell me, Mrs. Lawson," I asked, "does Nicopolin pay his board bills?"

"Well, not yet," said Mrs. Lawson. "But that is because the remittance from his estate have not arrived—the Italian steamer is delayed, you know."

That evening I called on a detective I knew and had a talk with him. I said nothing in the house, and when Nicopolin asked me to lend him \$25 I did it. I thought he would pay something on his board bill, but he didn't.

Poor little Lydia! How flushed with desire was! How full of dreams of romance! I almost wished that it was all right about the count, but when I had a few interviews with my detective I had no hope of it and I began to feel it my duty to keep awake at night. I was glad I had done so when I heard list slippers going up stairs and down. I had list slippers, too, and a light foot, and I followed them. The count was creeping about the house with a dark lantern and a crapskawk, and a false key.

He visited Mrs. Lawson's desk and robbed it of money; he put the spoons in one pocket and the silver cream jug in the other. He called on every boarder in turn. At last he stepped in at my door and was helping himself to what he liked when I walked in and collared him and yelled "Thieves!" and "Murder!" and brought all the men to my assistance.

"I've caught a burglar," I said "Help me tie him."

We did that with a couple of silk mufflers, and when I had taken away a nasty little knife the count had in his belt the fat boarder sat upon him while we searched him.

The ladies were all their by this time, and they all screamed when their property was handed back to them. Poor Mrs.

Lawson almost fainted when I gave her her pocketbook and silver.

At last the count began to suffocate. The fat boarder weighed more than 200 pounds, and we let him up and looked at him.

"Well, got anything to say?" I asked.

"Dis was a small mistake," said the count. "I am one of those somnambulists which walk in dere sleeps and knows not what dey do."

"That explains it," said I. "I suppose, then, you did not remember you had a countless living in South Fifth Avenue when you declared yourself a bachelor, and that you dreamed about your estates?" He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his palms, and ten minutes after was on his way down the street between two policemen.

After I carried Lydia upstairs—we found her in a swoon on the parlor floor—I did not see her for two weeks. I sent her flowers every day—sick people like them, you know—and one evening I found her playing softly on the old piano again.

"On!" she cried, as I bent over her, "Oa, Mr. Clipper."

In the light of the red shaded lamp she looked as sweet and delicate as a wild rose.

"Lydia," I said, "won't you think over that idea of mine now? I tell you why—I don't want your mother to keep boarders any longer, and she could live with us. I've always practical reasons for everything. No romance about me."

She hesitated a moment and then said: "Well, if you want a perfect fool for a wife, you may have me."

I kissed her, and so it was settled.

## THE CAT AND THE SNAKE.

A Big Fight for a Canary Bird Resulted in Victory for the Cat.

Mrs. Austin Gibson of Hill Crest, New Jersey, set a cage containing a canary on the front porch to give the bird fresh air. The cage had been on the porch about half an hour when a big copperhead snake crawled out from under the steps and stretched itself out in the sun. The canary was making a good deal of fuss about taking a bath, and its fluttering finally attracted the attention of the snake, which immediately started up the steps.

As soon as the copperhead reached the porch it coiled itself near the cage, and soon the canary seemed fascinated and unable to break away from the snake's glittering eyes. In its helplessness it uttered pitiful little cries.

This business had been going on several minutes and the copperhead had crawled nearer the cage until it was almost in striking distance of the bird. Its ugly, square head was raised several inches from the floor and its tongue played in and out between its jaws. Then Jason, the family cat, came sauntering around the corner of the house in search of a cool spot to lie down in. He stopped at the foot of the steps and gave the side of his face a wipe with one big paw. He was at the point of resuming his walk when the weak little chirps of the canary attracted his attention. Jason and the bird were firm friends. They had grown up together, and it was no unusual thing for the canary to ride around the sitting room on the cat's back or eat off the same dish with him. The instant Jason heard the bird's plaintive cry he surmised something was wrong and sprang up the steps in the direction of the cage. When he reached the veranda he saw the snake and jumped back as if frightened. The copperhead struck at the bird, but was unable to reach it through the bars of the cage.

The evident suffering of its little friend aroused Jason's dander, and he began to crawl toward the snake. His tail twitched and he lucked his chops nervously. The snake was too intent on reaching the bird to notice the cat. Jason crouched a few feet from the cage and waited for the snake to come around. The copperhead sidled around the cage and when on the side near the cat raised its head to strike. As it did so Jason's arm arched through the air and came down on the snake's body. There was a growl or two, a few sharp spits mixed with ugly hisses, and Jason was away from the snake with his back humped up and his tail like a scrub brush. The snake's skin had been torn by the cat's claws, but it had received no serious injury, and with its mad up to the top notch, it turned on the cat and made ready to spring. It didn't wait long before jumping, but when it landed Jason wasn't there, and before the copperhead knew what had happened it received a rake across the back from the cat's claws that made it run for the edge of the veranda, in the hope no doubt, of sliding over and away from its assailant. But Jason had his fighting clothes on, and he didn't propose that the snake should get off so easily. Just as the copperhead began to slide over the edge of the porch, Jason grabbed it by the tail with his teeth and yanked it back. Once more the snake coiled and showed fight. It struck at the cat again, but the nimble-footed Jason was away, and once more raked the serpent's body with his claws. Again the snake attempted to escape, and again it was yanked back to the porch by the cat. This time Jason was a little slow in getting away, and the copperhead sank its fangs in his leg. The pain of the wound set Jason going at full steam and with a growl he snapped his teeth together through the snake's body, but Jason held on, and while he chewed the serpent's neck he lacerated its flesh with his claws.

This treatment was too much for the snake, and it shortly gave up the ghost. Jason finally let go the snake and went out into the garden and rolled in the dirt. His leg swelled up as big as a man's arm from the effect of the snake's bite, but he chewed catnip and rolled in the dirt a couple of hours, and then was about as good as new.

## The Work of Bees.

The work performed by a hive of bees has been claimed the attention of a French naturalist. His conclusion is that when the weather is favorable a "worker" makes usually six or ten trips, visiting forty or eighty flowers and collecting about an ounce of nectar. Even when under extraordinary good conditions, he visits 200 or 400 flowers, the amount would not exceed

five or six grains, and the collection of a hive would occupy several years. A hive contains 20,000 to 60,000 bees, of which only half are occupied in preparing honey—the rest caring for their young and their quarters. In a good day 16,000 to 20,000 bees can, in six or ten trips visit 300,000 to 1,000,000 flowers. For that it would be necessary that the locality should be favorable for honey making and that the nectar secreting plants should grow near a hive. A hive of 30,000 bees can then, under good conditions, make about two pounds of honey a year.

## THE WRONG KIND OF HAM.

An Experience of an American Artist with a Society of Colored Men.

Thomas Hovenden, the painter, who met an heroic death recently, began his artistic career in Richmond, Va. Soon after the war he did work coloring photographs and picking up such outside odd jobs as he could. It was while so engaged that he had a most unique experience. At that time the newly enfranchised negroes were luxuriating in the excitements of organizing societies, and one of the first and most prosperous of these was called the Rising Sons of Ham. After a great deal of discussion this order decided to have a distinctive banner. The debate over the design lasted all night. The committee which was to report the design brought in a majority and a minority report. The minority suggested a picture of a colored man rising from a cloud, and the majority wanted a representation of a ham of bacon with the sun emblazoned behind it. The majority report was adopted, and Mr. Hovenden was commissioned to paint the banner.

It was not a grateful order for an ambitious artist, but the money was not to be despised, and so Mr. Hovenden studied conscientiously the rich tones of a well-cured ham, and produced a fine study, if not an artistic painting. The committee called at the time appointed to inspect the work. The artist was somewhat disconcerted as he noted the expression of disappointments upon each face. The committee-men finally went off into a corner and conversed together in low tones for a while, after which the Chairman came forward and said, with considerable embarrassment, that it was a very nice ham for that kind of ham, but it wasn't exactly what the society wanted. That was only a plain Hanover county country ham; they wanted one done up in a nice yellow canvas cover with the figures on it. The Western man put up in this way was first seen by the negroes after the war, and it conveyed to their minds the idea of superiority. The society did not accept the banner until Mr. Hovenden had swathed his nice work in a yellow cover.

## BORN.

Halifax, Aug. 22, to the wife of E. S. Tracy, a son, Carlton, Aug. 19, to the wife of Howard Crosby, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 19, to the wife of Fred Brenton, a son.

Lunenburg, Aug. 16, to the wife of Capt. Iverson, a son.

Green Point, Aug. 13, to the wife of Wm. Sweeney, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 18, to the wife of Ed. Corkum, a daughter.

Kentville, Aug. 19, to the wife of George Chase, a daughter.

Berwick, Aug. 19, to the wife of Stuart Alcorn, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Aug. 13, to the wife of J. Hermes, a daughter.

Amherst, Aug. 17, to the wife of Thomas Berry, a daughter.

Alton, Aug. 18, to the wife of Brenton Webster, a daughter.

Kentville, Aug. 19, to the wife of George Chase, a daughter.

Londonberry, Aug. 20, to the wife of N. B. David, a son.

Moncton, Aug. 20, to the wife of Jas. A. Warren, a daughter.

Westville, Aug. 9, to the wife of Duncan McGregor, a daughter.

Shelburne, Aug. 10, to the wife of Lander Nicker, a son.

Granville Ferry, Aug. 19, to the wife of John H. Dunn, a son.

Yarmouth, Aug. 15, to the wife of Allan Roberts, a daughter.

Glasgow Mountain, Aug. 15, to the wife of Thomas Bowden, a son.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 14, to the wife of W. A. Reed, a daughter.

Shelburne, Aug. 13, to the wife of Rev. H. S. Morris, a daughter.

Fredericton, Aug. 19, to the wife of Harry M. Doan, a daughter.

Campbellton, Aug. 11, to the wife of Alex. McDonald, a daughter.

Acton, N. S., Aug. 18, to the wife of Brenton Webster, a daughter.

Shelburne, N. S., Aug. 20, to the wife of Clifford Peterson, a daughter.

Brooklyn, N. S., Aug. 9, to the wife of Rev. J. D. McEwen, a daughter.

Green Point, Gloucester Co., Aug. 13, to the wife of Wm. Sweeney, a son.

Somerville, Mass., Aug. 18, to the wife of Walter C. Trask of N. S., a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, Aug. 22, William McDonald to Jessie F. Truro, Aug. 15, by Rev. John Robbins, H. G. Gross to Clara Upham.

Westport, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, David Welch to Almira Enas.

Campbellton, Aug. 20, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Debo to Julia Gorham.

Malton, Aug. 13, by Rev. J. C. Jack, Lewis Putnam to Abbie F. Roy.

Month, Aug. 23, by Rev. A. Bowman, James Fraser to Mary C. Little.

Elgin, Aug. 14, by Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, James Porter to Mary Jameson.

Bellefleur, N. S., Aug. 8, by Rev. L. Burns, Harry Coates to Emma Alward.

Campbellton, Aug. 16, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Wise to Emma Thompson.

St. John, Aug. 15, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Alfred S. St. John to Susan S. Roberts.

Thorburn, Aug. 17, by Rev. Dr. MacLeod, Neil McDonald to Mary Fraser.

French River, N. S., by Rev. A. Campbell, George Inglis to Hannah J. Brown.

Aylesford, Aug. 5, by Rev. Mr. Bancroft, Watson Graves to Amanda Bennett.

Cavendish, Aug. 7, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Alfred Pitt Wheaton to Jennie Forsyth.

New Glasgow, Aug. 10, by Rev. A. Rogers, George W. Carleton to Mary C. Ford.

Everett, Mass., Aug. 7, by Rev. Albert Watson, E. Kaibach to Lisette K. Stick.

Sunny Brae, Aug. 15, by Rev. James Sinclair, John Serinhammer to Annie Ross.

New Glasgow, Aug. 12, by Rev. B. Mutch, John J. Johnson to Annie M. Carter.

Halifax, Aug. 17, by Rev. H. B. Brown, George Gasparian, Aug. 17, by Rev. John Williams, Perry B. McGill to Minnie Coleman.

Cochran, Aug. 9, by Rev. M. Normandy, Arthur B. Smith to Lillian S. Murray.

Campbellton, Aug. 21, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Thomas McDougall to Janie McDavit.

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Windsor, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Lawrence Franklin to Annie M. M. M.

Oxford, N. S., Aug. 19, by Rev. C. Munroe, George H. Wilson to Annie M. Adams.

New Glasgow, Aug. 17, by Rev. J. S. Carruthers, David West to Catherine Gilles.

Stellarton, Aug. 17, by Rev. E. A. Burgess, Finlay Fraser to Emma McKay.

Bathurst, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. Sailer, Francis Conneau to Elizabeth Hornbrook.

Port Waltham, Aug. 11, by Rev. F. Beattie, James E. Phillips to Mrs. Augusta Perry.

Parkers Cove, N. B., Aug. 1, by Rev. H. Achilles, George L. Bishop to Zulee Guest.

Salem, Aug. 10, by Rev. Robt. M. Martin, Charles W. Ritchie to Mrs. E. L. McLean.

Everett, Mass., Aug. 19, by Rev. W. H. Richan, Ernest D. Plummer to Mina Dixon.

Walders Cove, N. S., Aug. 17, by Rev. G. Danlop, Nathan Ross to Minnie Armstrong.

Yarmouth, Aug. 14, by Rev. J. L. Miner B. A., William Freely to Gertrude Dunham.

Yarmouth, Aug. 15, by Rev. G. H. White, Melbourne Ross to Margaret Goudry.

Lower Canada, Aug. 27, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Charles G. Brown to Bessie M. Bacon.

Osborne, N. B., Aug. 7, by Rev. L. B. Colwell, William Rutland to Amanda M. Osborne.

Phonacade, Aug. 22, by Rev. J. Shipperley, John Carey of Monmouth to Lydia Dimock.

Lynn, Mass., Aug. 7, by Rev. F. B. Johnson, Oscar L. Crosby to Lottie E. Durkee, formerly of N. S.

Shelburne, Aug. 22, by Rev. Dr. White assisted by Rev. W. S. H. Morris, Elizabeth K. Hood, to Wm. Oates.

Ex. L. L. L., Aug. 21, by Rev. Harry Harrison, B. A., Fred. McBride of Littleton, Me., to Mabel Strong.

Halifax, Aug. 21, by Rev. E. P. Crawford