## A COQUETTE IN CAMP.

Bailey's house. The men at work on the landing had seen that day, as the train stopped at the station at the "siding," a about it. Oh, he's a sly one, Shorty is. female figure alight and come up to the switch which led from the main track to the mill. She was young, she was fairly pretty, and she was a stranger who had evidently come to visit John Bailey's family, and many conjectures were indulged in by the busy workers all the afternoon.

Lem Marlow received a peculiar shock that atternoon. Driving his team down the road with a load of logs, which he was hauling from the woods, he had to pass John Bailey's house. At this place the horses were always stopped to rest, and Lem Msrlow was considered one of the out." most careful teamsters at the camp. His horses were not tired cut, but the resting places were numerous and regular along

As he stopped his horses at this point on this eventful atternoon he was startled by seeing a pair of bright eyes, which belonged to a strange face, curiously watching him. A hasty glance proved that the face was pretty, and to Lem's idea the right sort of a face. And immediately the heart of the young teamster went through a curious revolution. Lem Marlow had the name of being the most susceptible youth in camp, and many an envious companion would declare that "he never seen the like uv that 'er Lem Marlow fer gitin' 'round the gals."

Where the fair unknown came from Lem did not know. But he could easily find out from John Bailey. Suffice it to say she was there and watching him, and that necessitated recognition of his own graces, at least. His hors s needed all sorts of attheir glossy sides and talking to them in the tone which teamsters often adopt to the animals who are almost as dear to them as human beings.

That night, as the crew of workmen gathered in the men's room of the big boarding house after supper, the talk naturally turued to the newcomer. "Shorty Black looked up with sudden interest when her advent to the Bailey house was men-

"Was she a real purty sort uv a gal, with black eyes an' red cheeks?" he inquired, breathlessly, in his thin, shrill voice. Yes, the men could vouch for her being pretty, some could assert to herred cheeks,

and one man could swear she had black eyes and hair. "Well, then, she's Annie Davis, Mrs. Bailey's sister. I know her," responded Shorty, with a satisfied equeak in his

"The dickens ye do," responded Jim Bennett, with a loud guffaw. The other men laughed immoderately also at the idea of Shorty Black knowing the pretty stranger who had awakened an interest in them

"Shorty" Black was a sort of butt for good-natured satire at Carey's camp, and simply because he was so small. "Snorty" was the only name he got. Indeed, it was questionable whether the men knew any other name He had the usual dull, uninteresting features of the average backwoodsman and was goodnatured, ignorant and plain. Because of his short stature and thick, stocky body. Shorty was always laughir gly used for an illustration for dim-

inutive substances. Lem Marlow looked suddenly from the game of seven up in which he was taking part when Shorty disclosed his interesting intelligence. He listened more intently to the conversation than to the game after that, and finally threw down his cards and " 'lowed he wouldn't play any more that

.. What, ye're going' to the barn?" called ily on one side of his head and sauntered toward the door.

"Naw!" he responded. I'm jest goin' down to the blacksmith shop to see it Bill broke to-day."

Once out of sight of the quizzical gaze of his companions Lem struck out toward the residence of John Bailey. It was nothing unusual for him to drop in of an evening to discuss the affairs of the lumbering interests. He was received with a hearty welcome by the host and given a seat by the kitchen fire, where the two men fell to discussing the happenings of the day. But all through the convervation Lem cast furtive glances toward the sitting room, where Mrs. Bailey was talking busily to stranger whose acquaintance Lem so desired to make.

Finally after a short pause John Bailey suddenly broke out with: "Oh, say Lem! come on in the room where the women tolks is. We've got a visitor to our house." Lem followed blindly and smiled airily on the young woman whom Joe Bailey introduced as "My sister-in-law, who has come up here in the woods to ketch a man. Now, put in yer best licks, Lem,"

he added, "ter I reckon ye stand as tair a show sany. The girl blushed and laughed a little, but seemed in no wise displeased at the

Carey's Camp. Lem went home that night feeling first rate over his venture. The girl was evidently struck with his appearance and left, and Carey's camp saw him no more. conversation. It seemed plain sailing now for the enamored youth to get what his ambitious heart most craved-"a girl."

"It ain't best to let her now at first how I'm struck on her," he mused. as he climbed the hill to the boarding house. "Girls is queer critters. Now, ef I let on to her that I don't keer nothin' 'bout her for a spell, an' that I hev lots of girls 'round through the country, she will think it will pay a heap more to be good to me."

Things progressed very satisfactorily for Lem from that on. Miss Annie was gracious when Lem codsidered he was not unbending his dignity too much to pay her the attentions which were considered necessary toward the girl who was to "keep drownd," declared the cautious mother; stiddy comp'ny" with a young man.

One night as Lem entered the boarding house before supper he was greeted by an uproarious chorus of voices from the men

who had assembled before him. "Ob, say, Lem!" shouted Jim Bennet, a powerful man, with s voice in proportion | added by way of further bribe.

to his size, "What do you think? Shorty has been sparkin' yer girl on the sly."

"He bad her out sleigh ridin' last night. A sensation stirred the forest-bound depths of Isaac Carey's lumber camp. A newcomer had put in appearance at John newcomer had newcomer had put in appearance at John newcomer had newcome Ye want to watch out."

Lem turned away with an easy laugh. think she's goin' to take up with that little | right, but looking frightened, floundered a suit 'em not a half a one like Storty. Shorty knows better'n to tool 'round me none. Somebody might get gurt "

a conceited smile on his face, one of the the men remarked, with a spice of envy, "Lem thinks every girl is stuck on him. I'd | screamed : give my old hat it Shorty could cut him

Lem had no fears of Shorty, and when he asked an explanation of Annie she said that Shorty had only been in a few times to inquire about home folks, as they were both from the same place. So Lem dismissed all fears and again basked in the didn't dare drown.—San Francisco Post. paradise which was lighted by Annie's

bright eyes and heated by her smiles. One night Lem was later than usual getting in from the woods. Things had gone wrong that day. A bitter wind had blown all day, bearing little snow flurries that cut his engine, and with a shrill whistle the like steel. A pervie had snapped in two train slowly began to move. The village while he was rolling a log, causing him to it was leaving consisted of a few stragg!take a heavy fall, which had bruised and ing houses, the homes of the railroad men. jarred him considerably, and ruffled hs and the road itself was used principally for temper also. Coming down with the last | the transportion of cattle and freight, for load of logs that night one of his horses but tew travellers passed through this wild stepped in a hole in the p ank road, which region, tore the skin from the creature's leg and lam d her severely. Lem had to stop they were bound, was a matter of about and roll the logs from the truck, as the twenty-five miles, and Mattern arrived horse was unable to assist the other to pull the load to the mill. Then much time had tention immediately, patting and stroking to be consumed attending the horse's early evening a strong wind had arisen, and wounds before he could go to his supper.

> Lem entered the men's room. He won- bells gave the signal which told the emdered at the sound of unusual commotion | ployees all along the line that they could which struck him before entering the dining room. Some unwonted excitement had | trains running on that road.

> taken place he was sure. As he opened the door the roar of laughter which greeted his appearance given to do, which occupied him until to tell him something, but laughter forbade | turn to the village in six hours, he gave and howls and shricks of mirth rent the | the firemen permission to go to the engineat Carey's camp.

gasping and choking over mirth and bacon. "Oh, Lem," he shrieked, between the paroxysms of laughter. "Sh-Sh-Shorty's gone with Annie Davis to git mar-

For an instant a howl greeted the disclosure which almost made the walls sink out, then a deathlike stillness reigned. The | there is a telegram here for you." men fairly held their breaths, awaiting the explosion which was sure to follow, for Lem could swear in the true lumberman's

Lem stared around for a few seconds, the embodiment of ludicrous bewilderment Finally he gasped in a low, halting tone, as it for once the power of speech-and stranger yet, the power to swear-had let him. "Wall, I'll be everlastingly gollt durned!" and turned slowly and left the

Pandemonium could be considered quiet compared to the uproar that followed. Benches were kicked over, men rolled over the floor or slapped one another on the back in the ectasy of their mirth. To think that Lem had been cheated out of his girl, sleep for a few hours. I shall have to lock

and by Shorty, of all persons! go down to the mill. In the engine 100m he brushed up against Lem, sitting alone in the darkness. By the light of his lantern features. He sat down and proceeded to give Lem the details of the story. Shorty Rogers has fixed that sled runner that got and Annie had been lovers for some time away back at their own homes, and this was only the result that had been intended off their guard and give them a surprise. asked the name of his caller. Shorty had planned it, and approved of

her conduct all the way through. Poor Lem's heart burned fiercely against her. Not so much at the loss of his sweetheart as at the thought of being duped as he had been. And then to be beaten by Shorty! "Ef it had been any one but that durned little runt. I wouldn't keer," he some one-undoubtedly the interesting groaned to Milt Flynn. "But that was teller. But I'll git even with 'em yit, see ef I don't." He did not stop to consider that Shorty had only bided his time and paid back with interest some of the practical jokes Lem had always been so fond of

playing on him. Lem Marlow took up the burden of life again, feeling that he had been inclosed and whitewashed in the bargain. But life was unendurable for him at Carey's camp. | till the morning?" said the dopoor, rather The men were merciless in their teasing. impatiently. "Why then did you call me Lem stood it awhile in dogged silence until | at this time of night? What do you expect human nature could stand no more. One night he hunted up old Isaac Carey, settled ock of admiration which the young man his account and informed him he was going Annie Davis could shine in that capacity at | them there. The worm had turned, and the men did not forget for a long time the them. The next morning Lem Marlow saved."

# He Didn't Dare Drown.

A fat, middle-aged woman, with a voice between a grunt and a groan, sat on bench at Piedmont with her 12-year-old boy and watched the bathers splashing and spluttering around the tank. The heat was sweltering, and the boy begged and pleaded to be allowed to go into the water. He promised to pull all the weeds out of the garden, to carry in wood for a week without being told, and to wipe the dishes every night. "No; I'm afraid you'll but there were evidences of indecision in her voice. If she had said, "Shut up; you shan't !" the boy would have known his

fate was sealed. "I'll wheel the baby every morning," he

"Well, go on; but if you drownd you

section all right, but we've just found out that he could swim a little, and she eyed on me! Shorty stands in, too, an' has kept mum | him narrowly to find out if he had been lying. The boy had got into deep water, when his head went under. His mother thought it was merely one of the boy's "Bosh." he said, good naturedly. "D'ye tricks and kept her seat. He came up all under a little lorger, and bubbles came up where his head ought to be. Up he bobbed again, splashing and trying to cry for help. As Lam sauntered out of the room with He was just sinking for the third time when his mother sprang to the edge of the tank, and, shaking her fist at the boy,

"You, Simon Peter Bates! Don't you dare drowned, or I'll skin you alive." The boy saw the first and heard the fear, kicked out desperately and kept out and terrible threat saved his life. He

## A MAD UNDERTAKING.

The bell sounded for the last time. En-

The distance to Delmane, to which place there in three hours, in spite of the darkness and disagreeable weather. In the till midnight a perfect hurricane raged. As The men were in the dining room when soon as the train arrived at Delmane the seek their rest, as there were no night

Mattern rested for a little while and then looked after the work he had been caused him to pause in bewilderment upon | about eleven o'clock. Leaving the engine the threshold. Each man evidently tried standing with a low fire, as he was to re-"What is the matter with ye?" Lem de- had noticed, was still lighted up, where, doctor. manded angrily, of a man who sat near, perhaps, he would find congenial company. As he was free the next day, he could sleep then as long as he pleased.

When he came to the station platform he met the train-master's assistant, Mr. Roy, who said to him:

"You have just arrived in time; I was going to send someone to hunt you up; looking surprised.

"Yes; just come into the waiting-room." In a moment Mattern held the despatch in his trembling hands.

"Special! The train-master at Delmane will please inform Engineer Mattern that his child is seriously ill with diptheria. Doctor Loden is absent on a journey, and other help not to be had. Ask Mattern responsibility when he knew what terrible to bring a physician from Delman with him when he returns early in the morning." "My child-my poor little Charlie!"

groaned the father. "There is nothing you can do but wait and hope for the test." said Mr. Roy, philosophically. "Lie down and try to up and leave you. Good-night. I hope Before bedtime Milt Flynn happened to everything will turn out all right." And with that he went away.

Out in the darkness stood Mattern; the storm raged, and the rain beat in his face. Milt could see a dejected expression on Half-past eleven! Was his boy living yet? out Jim Bennett, as Lem set his cap jaunt- Lem's face. A slight feeling of commiser- Would medical help be of any avail the ation crept over him, and he suppressed next morning? Full well did he know the the grin which had begun to overspread his | dangerous character of the illness against which science has not yet found a remedy. Only by quick and prompt attention can danger be averted.

Atter a few minutes of deep thought he suddenly turned and fairly ran to the house when she came to visit her sister. She had of Dr. Sardo and rang the bell. The docsimply smiled on Lem to throw the other | tor appeared at an open window above and

"Engineer Mattern," was the answer. "My child has diphtheria and is in great danger.'

Dr. Sardo threw the door-key out of the window, saying :-"Open the door and come up; in the meantime I will dress myselt." Mattern felt around in the darkness for

the key-hole, and a few minutes later stood the gosh durndest trick ever played on a before the doctor, a young man, who was comparatively new in the profession. "Give me a description of your child's condition, so that I can take the necessary

remedies with me; in diphtheria cases one must use all possible dispatch. You live here in town?" "No, doctor," answered Mattern; and with hurried breath he told his story.

"You say that the train does not return

me to do in the meantime?" "Come with me, doctor !" cried Mattern, great beads of perspiration starting out on took no pains to disguise. A coquette to leave next day. Then he went into the his torehead. "You can save my child if can be found in any sphere, and certainly men's room and settled his accounts with you only will. Out at the station stands ance of a locomotive. He was just about come with me I will take you to my home the light at the front of the engine, profanity and maledictions poured out upon | in an hour's time, and my boy will be | stood still, and so you ran him down. In |

> "Are you mad? Now at dead of night, when everyone is asleep, without signals or information of any kind at the stations of his engine to steady himself. So the cry to be passed, you intend to run your loco- he had heard had been the cry of a dying motive for twenty-five miles! Why man, stag! But, nevertheless, there bad been at the first intermediate station we should an accident, where someone was killed and McKnight to Maggie Mcgarity.

"Indeed, doctor, there is no danger, believe me. At all of the stations the switches will be turned for the train that is to leave first in the morning, and as that is mine, you need have no fear obout coming with

"But the crossings are not closed, and harm to passing teams."

"What do I care for that if I could only save my child? You can do this for me

The doctor yielded. Like some wild spirit of the night the solitary engine sped through the stormy darkness. Mattern had not awakened his fireman for the reson that he did not wish to create any unnecessary excitement in sawed off? Most girls requires a man to moment, and went down again. He was the engine-house. When the doctor had on the fire in order to put the engine in quicker motion, and they were soon flying such a desperate act. As for Dr. Sardo, along at a fearful speed, which was only no blame was attacked to him; on the lessened as they passed the first station. | contrary, his humane deed brought him which they did without accident, as the | considerable practice switches were turned in the right direction.

tern divided his attention between keeping | to tell of its events. threat, and. with his face contorted with up the fire and regulating the speed of the engine. Had Doctor Sardo any idea of afloat until some of the bathers litted him the danger he was in he would not have thought of going to sleep.

The last station was pas ed in safety. There were only seven miles more to make, and they would be at their destination.

While bending down to his work Matern suddenly telt the engine give a jerk A terrible cry followed. Mattern sprang up and looked about him. By the light of the engine he could see that they had just passed a railroad crossing. The next moment they were again flying along in the darkness and storm. .. What was that? 'asked the doctor, who

had been roused out of his sleep. "Oh, nothing-very likely a stone or other substance that became fast between

the rails," answered Mattern, with choking breath. "In a few minutes we shall be He slackened the speed of the engine,

but he did it mechanically, as if in a dream. That fearful (ry almost made his heart stand still.

He could well imagine what had tappened. Some cart or waggon must have been crossing at the time his engine came tearing along in the darkness like some spirit of evil, and no doubt he was the cause of some terrible calamity; if not, what was the meaning of that sudden jerk, followed by a heartrending cry? There was the station Mattern could only see dimly through the darkness, but knew the shape of the building too well to be air the like of which had never been heard house and get a little sleep. He himself mistaken. He stopped the engine and concluded to seek a restaurant that, he took the path to his home, followed by the

"How is the boy? Is he still alive?" "Oh, yes, thank God! Had you come an hoar later it would have been too late, but the doctor thinks he is past all danger now. He has just been called to look atter some people who were hurt at the railroad crossing A man is said to be killed, and two women and one child badly Lower Village, Aug. 30, to the wife of Zaccheus injured. Try to sleep a little now, dear "A telegram for me?" asked Mattern, husband; that will be your best medicine. I will call you when the doctor returns."

She kissed him and went into the next room where the child was sleeping. One person dead, three badly hurt, per haps fatally, and through his fault! He had no intention of doing this: all he thought of was the saving of his child; but had he a right to undertake such a fearful

consequences might follow? He rose in despair; he could not endure to lie still; the air of the room almost choked him. In his ears still sounded that fearful death-cry. With trembling limbs he made his way into the bedroom. Both wite and child were sleeping. He looked at them silently, and bitter tears streamed down cheeks. What would become of those he

loved so dearly? Slowly he went down the stairs; he could not meet the eyes of his dear ones, and without a word he opened the door and was out on the street. There he stood for some little time; the fresh air seemed to do

The town clock struck seven-it was early yet. Mechanically he turned his steps towards the engine-house; he wanted to look after his engine, it was his daily by some of his co-workers. He looked at it sorrowfully, and as of old began to examine it. It struck him that something might might have become broken during

Suddenly he heard a loud laugh. One of the workmen, whose duty it was to take out the ashes and stare the fire, had come up behind him and now said, jokingly: -"I suppose you want to see your

roast?" "Roast?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

The other man laughed more than ever. ', It must have given a pretty good bump.

only wonder that the engine didn't jump the track. The front wheels were full of hair. I cleared the whole thing and dragged the carcass away. The ash-box was full of bones; it was a pity, on account of the beautiful antlers.

So saying the workman brought out of an old shed where the firewood was kept, a

"There, you see, the poor fellow fared badly: he did not expect to be disturted in his roamings at night-time by the appear.

Truro, Sept. 4, by Rev. John Robbins, William A. Tattrie to Lillie R. Archibatd his roamings at night-time by the appearmy locomotive under steam; if you will to pass the crossing, and, trightened by such cases a deer sometimes acts more stupidly than a sheep or a calf."

Mattern leaned against one of the wheels jump the track because the switches would others wounded. Was he awake, or only Truro, Sept. 2, by Rev. A. L. Geggie. Thomas Company Whidden to Blanche Englehutt. The talkative workman seemed to guess

his thoughts, or perhaps felt like giving him news of which he seemed to be in ignorance. "Engineer Keel was not as lucky as you. This morning in taking out the early train he was unfortunate enough to run against a farmer's cart, although it was not his as no one expects a train at this time, fault. The man who was driving seemed we might be the cause of a great deal of to be in a hurry, and had taken the responsibility of opening the gates, so as to cross "No, no, I know every inch of the before the coming train, when he was caught by the engine. The accident might ground, and shall exercise the greatest care when we come to the crossings. And have been much worse, but Keel quickly Lower Southsmpton, Aug. 21, by Rev. Wm. Ross, besides, who would be out in weather like slackened speed when he saw the open. this?"

"But what you propose doing is against speed nothing could have saved them; as all rules and regulations; you will lose it is, one woman had a foot broken, another

"But what you propose doing is against speed nothing could have saved them; as it is, one woman had a foot broken, another

"But what you propose doing is against speed nothing could have saved them; as it is, one woman had a foot broken, another

"But what you propose doing is against speed nothing could have saved them; as it is, one woman had a foot broken, another

"But what you propose doing is against speed nothing could have saved them; as it is, one woman had a foot broken, another besides, who would be out in weather like | slackened speed when he saw the open

The fat woman mopped her perspiring fac, looked at the crowd and snapped:

your position, besides being responsible an arm; the farmer and one child were only slightly stunned, and the horses escape d without injury, although they were flung far into a ditch; the waggon. of

like one bereft of his senses, Mattern had suddenly thrown his arms around him and kissed his coal-blackened face, laughing

and crying at the same time. Mattern, on account of going against all instructions, was taken before an examining committee and fined one month's wages, but otherwise was not punished, as it became well known why he had done

Neither of the men is alive now, but the The doctor sat down in a corner and rememberance of this stormy night will tried to finished his broken rap, and Mat- long remain with those who are still living

Struck the Wrong Crowd.

An English clergyman who was suddenly called on to preach to a congregation of college students was unable to speak without notes, and had only one written sermon with him, which was on the duties of the

married state. The topic was hardly one that he would have chosen for the occasion, but he hoped that it would pass muster as being appropriate by anticipation. But unfortuately, he did not read the sermon over, and so, before he knew it, he had uttered his appeal: "And now, a word to you who are mothers."

#### BORN.

Yarmouth, Aug. 3', to the wife of A. Diack, a son Sydney, Sept. 2, to the wife of Edward Keefe, a son. Halifax, Sept. 5, to the wife of F. L. Carten, a son. Amherst, Sept. 4, to the wife of John Craig, a son Truro, Sept. 6, to the wife of George C. Co. k, a son. Truro, Aug. 30, to the wife of David Hay, a daugh-

Truro, Aug. 30, to the wife of C. I. Miller, a daugh-Yarmouth, Sept. 5, to the wife of G. D. Turnbul!, a

Sydney, Sept. 2' to the w.fe of Allan J. McDonald Overton, Aug. 12, to the wife of Frank Lent, a

She burne, Aug. 21, to the wife of D. E. Hatt, a

Kentville, Aug. 29, to the wife of John Landry, lindsor, Aug. 26, to the wife of Judson Snow, Stellarion, Aug. 23, to the wife of Peter Cotter, twin

Lunenburg, Aug. 2', to the wife of Allan R. Morash, Starrs Road, Aug. 31, to the wife of William Keiling a daughter.

North Sydney, Aug. 31, to the wife of John Cames, a daughter. Centreville, Aug. 28, to the wife of E. R. Thompson Middle Sackville, Sept. 4, to the wife of Ainsley

West New Glasgow, Sept. 3, to the wife of Barclay Fraser, a son. Lynn. Mass., Aug. 24, to the wife of J. Welton McLearn, a sou.

Portaup que, Aug. 23, to the wife of Austin Camp Albert, Aug. 30, to the wife of Capt. Herman Wil Lower Cove, Albert Co. Aug. 24, to the wife of Silas

Berjanin, a son. East Mountain, Sept. 1, to the wife of Duncan Lare, a daughter Tusker Viege, Sept. 1, to the wife of Alfred Le Biase, a daugnter.

West New Glasgow, Sept. 1, to the wife of William Rannie, a daughter. Musquodoboit, Aug. 24, to the wife of George B.

#### Phalen, a daughter. MARRIED.

Amherst, Sept. 2, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Miles Mills to Elida Purdy. Lowell, Jane 29, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, B. E. Joy to Annie E. Ross

Hillsboro, Aug. 29, by Rev. W. Camp, Bliss Smith to Hannah Steeves. Truro, Sept. 4, by Rev. W. F. Parker, T. Starr

Wassis, Sept. 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Webster Nobles to Celia Glass. Amberst, Sept. 2, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Harmon Mills to Emmie Mills.

Penniac, Sept. 4, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Hebert Wade to Minnie Allen. custom. He arrived at the shed; his en-gine was there—no doubt brought there Bridgewater, Sept. 2, by Rev. S. March, George Hyrtle to Sadie Winct. Wallace, Sept. 2, by Rev J. Astbury, A. E. Morris

> Shubenacadie, Aug. 27, by Rev. R. Smith, John Parnell to Ida Newman. Eel River, Sept. 4, by George Harrison, W. M. Metzler to Sadie Miller. Woodstock, Sept. 1. by Rev. C. T. Phillips, John Grant to Mary Johnson

> Halifax, Sept. 4, by Rev. Allen Simpson, William Penman to Lydia Clark. St. John, Sept. 9, by Rev. S. H. Rice, James An-Elgin, Aug. 29, by Rev. J. B. Young, William J. Bustin to Elizabeth Kylc.

> Onslow, Aug. 29, by Rev. J. H. Chase, J. A. Hughes to Mary A. Blair. Advocate, Aug. 30, by Rev. D. H. Porter, Gilbert Drew to Gertrude I. Copp. St. John, Sept. 5, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Louis C. Dingee to Emma I. Akerly.

Rockfield, Pictou Co., by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Wm. Welsh to Jemima McLeod. Monctov, Sept. 5, by Rev. J. E. Brown, John H. Harris to Lucy A. Whitney. Sussex, Sept. 6, by Rev. James Gray, George Bige low Mason to Hattie Gray.

River John, Sept. 4, by Rev. Mr. Gordon, Daniel Gunn to Eliza J. Redmond number of the broken pieces of a deer's an- Fredericton, Sept. 4, by Rev. Wm. Tippet, Harry

Gaspereau, Aug. 27, by Rev. John Williams, Perry B. McColl to Minnie Coleman. Parrsboro. Aug. 23, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Sanford McKiel to Alice Fowler.

St. John, Sept. 9, by Rev. William Hays, William A. Ewing to Crace A. Morley. Amherst, Sept. 4, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Jeremiah Tunker to Ella J. McGlashen. Sydney, Aug. 27, by Rev. D. Drummond, W. H.

St. John, Sept. 9, by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, Thomas G. Burrill to Annie I. Stewart. Giengarry, Aug. 21, by Rev. J. Fowlie, William Walker to Jane A. Robertson.

Halifax, Sept. 4, by Rev. A. Hockin, George A Fraser to Ethel E. Cunningham. Barrington, Sept. 4, by Rev. C. Jost, William M.

Brannen to Maggie Homer Coffia. Port Morien, C. B., Aug. 31, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Wm. A. Braun to Maggie Young, Knoxford, Aug. 28, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Rob-ert O.iver to Bessie Louise Elliot. Hantsport, Sept. 3, by Kev. P. McEwan, J. H. Newcomb to Maggie H. Davidson.

Bristol, N. B., Sept. 4, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling William R. King to Eliza J. Davis. Mahone Bay, Aug. 28, by Rev. Jacob Maurier, Edwin H. Corkam to Lillian, Eanford.

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Shediac, Sept. 8, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Alia H. Wetmore to Maud H. Dearborne. Mill Village, Aug. 30, by Rev. D. F. Wooten, Law-rence D. Mucheli to Mary E. Marks.

Studley, Sept. 5 by Rev. John Mc Milan, John A. McKinnon to Antoinette, N. Murray. New Glasgow, Aug. 22, by Rev. Archibald Bow-man, James Fraser to Mary C. Little. Merigonish, Aug. 27, by Rev. F. A. Campbell, Fred W. Smith to Catherine C. Dunn.

Breckfield, N. S., Sept. 2, by Rav E. C. Baker, Lewis E. Wambolt to Luc'la McInnis. Chester, Aug. 29, by Rev. D. Fiske, Annie M. McCain to Charles Herbert Kilpatrick. Fredericton, Sept. 4, by Rev. Willard McDonald, Harry E Harrison to Ada D. Stranger Lockhartville, N.S., Aug. 29, by Rev. William Phillips, Morton Fi zgerald to Lily Shaw.

Hampton, Sept. 3, by Rev. D. Fraser, Rev. James Whiteside to Clara Josephine | Fleweiling. New Glasgow, Sept. 3, by Rev. George Patterson, Lowrie P. Christie to Annie Graham McColl. Calais, Aug. 28, by Rev. A. J. Padelford, John W. Lord to Sarah Valeatine, both of St. George, N. B. Wolfvil e, Sept 4. by Rev. K. C. Hind, Rev. E. W. Simonson of Northampton, N. B., to Aiberta

Canterbury Station, Aug. 29, by Rev. G. A. S. Warneford, Millard H. Goodspeed to Florence

Halitax, Sept. 4, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, William Frederick McColl, Q. C., to Jessie Wallace Lawson.

### DIED.

Moncton, Sept. 5, Wm. Day, 53. St. John, Sept. 7, Donald Currie, 76. Woodstock, Aug. 26, John Haines, 49. Sambro, Sep'. 3, William Thomas, 82. Yarmouth, Aug. 30, Nathan Hilton, 76. Stanley, Aug. 31, Geerge Campbell, 39. Salmon River, Sept. I, Mary Deveau, 17. Upham, N. B., Aug. 22, A. S. Fowler, 53. Westville, Aug. 27, Mrs. John Brown, 40. Mount Hebror, Aug. 31, Lewis Frazer 84. Waterford, Sept 1, Isabel Buchannan, 65. St. John, Sept. 5, Stanley Allen Cairns, 1. Boston, Sept. 5, Mrs. Alex. S. Brown, 64. New Ross, Aug. 31, William Corkum, 76. Pennet, N. S., Sept. 1, Isaac M. Tough, 24. Centreville, Sept. 3, Mrs. Joseph Kinsman. Upper Stewiacke, Sept. 4, Graham Cox, 91. Wallace, N. S. Ang. 30, Mary Patterson, 95. Argyle Shore, P. E. I., John McDougall, 60. East Glassville, Aug. 30, W. McFarland. 66. Stellartor, Aug. 28, Mrs. Matilda Brown, 53. Upper Stewiacke, Sept. 3, Mrs. John Kelly. 76. Halifax, Sept. 6, Rose T., wife of P. J. Griffin. Sandford, Aug. 28. Mrs. Elizabeth Rodney, 73. Windsor, N. S., Sept. 4, George Sweinhamer, 82. Halif x, Sept. 5, Jane, widow of John, Fudge, 84. St. Andrews, Aug. 29, Mrs. Catherine Maloney, 72. Windsor, Aug. 28, Mary wido w of John Campell, 69. St. John, Sept. 7, by drowning, George T. Blewitt,

Sackville, Sept. 3, Jane, wife of Nathan Lowerison, New Lairg, Pictou Co., Sept. 10 Alexander Murray, Centreville. N. S., Sept. 3, Mrs. Mary Ann Camp-

Camperdown. Lunenburg, Co., Aug. 30, Michael Windsor, Sept. 1, Maggie, daughter of Charles St. John, Sept. 8, Ann Jane, widow of George W.

Sussex, Aug. 30, Lawrence, son of W. F. Anderson, Tatamagouche, Aug. 29, Mary, wite of the late Jas. Milton, Aug. 24, Archibald G., son of Abner Hall,

Ketch Harbor, Sept. 6, Annie, wife of Pilot James Hammond Plains. Sept. 9, Minnie, wife of John Romans, 30 East Gore, N. S. Aug. 20, Edna, wife of James

Blackland, N.B., Sept. 4, Catherine, wldow of Jas. South Bay, Sept. 7, Mary A., daughter of Susan and Stephen, Aug. 30, Madge, child of Capt. James

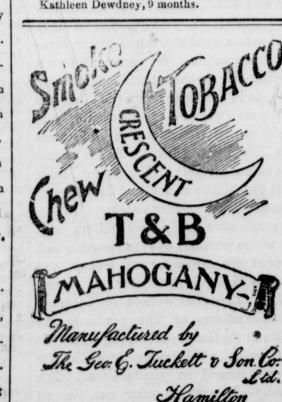
Tainish, Aug. 28, Mrs. Davidsor, widow of the late Hugh Davidson. Middle Sackville, Sept. 4, Walter, son of M. and Ellen Erace, 15 Dartmouth, Sept. 5, Norman Francis, coild of Fred and Jane Cox, 3, Bristol, Aug. 26, Lillie, only child of George and

Amber Boyer, 12. Caledonia, Aug 23, Georgia, F., daughter of Chas. and Ruth Harlow, 20 Halifax, Sept. 5. George L., son of George and Isabel Loxdale, 5 monthε. St. John, Sept. 8, Mary Corinne, only child of Capt. John and Annie Kyffia, 2.

St. John, Sept. 6. Mary, daughter of the late James and Margaret Hopley, 48. Cambridgeport, Sept. 3, Margaret Mullir, wife o Michael Murphy of P. E. I. Sf, Stephen, Sept. 2, Mary E., child of the late Samuel Welock, 5 months Halifax. Sept. 5, Mary A., only daughter of Wm.

J. and Emma Heenan, 4 months. Rice Point, P. E. I., Sept. 2, Colin J., infant son o Henry and Annie Taylor, 8 months. Mahon, Aug. 28, Annie Christina, infant child of Lewis and Bessie McKeen, 7 months. New Glasgow, Aug, 28. James Wm. Chisholm, 20. Stellarton, Aug. 23, Mrs. Rod McDonald, 84.

St. John, Aug. 31, by drowning in Kennebecasis, Arthur Alexander, infant son of Rev. A. D. and



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