#### BILKINS' BURGLAR.

When Mr. Bilkins heard that a burglar had been shot in a remote part of town he made up his mind to secure a Winchester and to equip his house with an electric burglar alarm systemt for a thought that ever haunted him was burglars. These uncanny creatures filled his dreams, they constituted his nightmares and their doings furnished his intellectual pabulum at the breakfast table as soon as he opened his Post. He would turn over the page which contained the latest news about the Corbett and Fitzimmons talking match to find the local news columns which detailed the operations of the house breaking fraternity.

"Wite, they had five policemen in citizen's clothes watching an alley in south Washington last night, and right under their noses, in the very next block, a cracksman played a game of poker with one of the immates of the house, whom he had disturbed out of a sound sleep," he

froi

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were no or

means

"Then all I have to say is that the immate was a very brave man," said his wife. "You would have crawled under the cover et and told me to negotiate the conveyance of all our personal property with the burglar."

legraph to "Well, they wouldn't hurt a woman," ing port ti my head off. Wouldn't you prefer to take and watch.' captain or hances to the risk of becoming a widow?" nd the ca, "You are a very good husband," said one. The 'but I believe you would climb out of k story window if a burglar should up the front stairs, and leave me to

m are traing the best way I could."

he junioster this conversation, which took icer, att, ae Billkins' dining room one extra second Billkins suggested that it rith the captail, gentleman, as she really ine-room telegit, and the rent of the room aptain's orde rent of the house. Billkins f speed or to . It wouldn't interfere much of the family, and would swiftly reduce expenses So they put an salvertisment in the Post, which brought a nest of applicants to Mrs. Billkins' door. o the first forty-two she had some ob-ections, or they failed to return "the next day." as they promised they would do; but the forty-third man was agreeable to Mrs. Billkins, and she let the room to him. He said he would take it, and as he was a man of musical tastes and owned a piano which he desired to place in his room, and which especially recommended him to the landlady he said he would have his instrument seint around that very day, imparted an unsuspected degree of strength and himself take the room beginning with the middle of he month, which was only a

set of autwas happy, and when she is droppe he. too, was satisfied. ef officer pective lodger was such

t the vesse. is very particular," s are made aked through all the 3 railings t inquiries about the made snu what part of the charge ctear of disturbing cial that jell," said Bill-

The a little susge of Tarethe house

"Why, his lo king through and making so many inquiries enabout the That shows that he is ps to at-articular where he goes," said Mrs. Billkijignals ans, who had conhe goes, said later to signals of the lodger, 'and ceived a decided fancy to signals of the lodger, 'and we ought to be satisfied taffra;

Billkins shook his lifticer ahead gravely, "Suppose he was a burgle his worr?" he said. se he was a burg! all xclaimed his spouse;
.Fiddlesticks!' d is to xclaimed his spouse; "can't you think rtermas

Bilkins said incidenothing, but he made up his mind to ok. Twatch developments. He his mind to be caught napping, he said wasn't going tof the te.

to himself, not arrived late that aftergoon. The piano sea ry large, upright instrument. It was a ver chief it down in the hall preparatory The men set andt upstairs, and while they were to carrying inior the ground, he tried to run looking over day over the keys, but found it his fingers A. men went upstairs, and came down again. dnigo gittin' that peeany up dat

.. There's watcid the biggest man of the four stairway." saM. lice; "we can't make dat turn in a husky vocer" on de landin. o' get it through the window?"

"Can't yoution. asked Bilkinge ad the big fellow, "she won't "Nop." salay

Billkins look, red the ground over himself. He thought it keuldn't. He knew, for he man said it we herin' peeany's since he was had "ben delivered by the specific peeany's since he was had "ben delivered by the specific peeany's since he was had "ben delivered by the specific peeany by the speci a baby." ..... Billkins directed the

That Stove the instrument into the parlor men to B owner arrived, and then heaved a until thigh of commingled relief and disaplittle ment. The lodger might be a burgpo; and his inability to get his piano upstairs would probably cause him to give up the room, but the loss of the rent touched Billkins in his pocketbook, which was very ensitive. But there was the consolation that there were others who would want a desirable front room.

The lodger came that evening. He was mush disappointed that the piano would not go upstairs, because he liked the room he said, and the neighborhood. He would look for other quarters at once and have the instrument taken out the next day.

Billkins couldn't sleep that night. He woke up about 12 o'clock oppressed by a strange feeting of alarm. It seemed to him that he had heard something. He listened, holding his breath. Yes, he heard

whispered, in a hoarse, compressed voice, the parlor lamp was on top of it. Nothing hard at his wife's ear. She was fast asleep, so he repeated it, lying perfectly rigid in fata morgana. - Washington Post. his place for tear of making a move that might cause the house-breaker to empty a blunderbuss at his moving form. There's a burglar in the house.

She finally awoke." "Where is he?" she whispered. "Hush; joi'll make a target of both of us in a minute," he whispered, in an infinitesimal whisper.

"Well, get your Winchester," she said, "and shoot him." "No," he replied, "that won't do. can't see in the dark to take aim."

"Well, light a match." "He may be in the hall, watching through a crack of the door, and ready to the same amount of cream, eaten as cream blaze away the minute he sees me."

Mrs. Billkins reached for a match at the bedside and struck it. 'If you're snch a coward, I'm not," she said. "Get up and

"Do you want me murdered?" he asked, in a reproachful voice. "I've lain awake here for some time and distinctly heard a man walking in the parlor."

"No man could have got into the house," said she, "for every door and window is secured with a burglar alarm signal."

"Ah, but what it the burglar was inside of that piano? The men who bought it were evidently his confederates, and your musical lodger was nothing but a spy. Concealed inside of that piano was a burglar-maybe two-and he is at this moment going through the house, and in a minute more will be up here to cut our throats."

"Ugh!" shuddered Mrs. Billkins, thoroughly frightened, dropping the second match on the chair near the bed, and puling the clothes over her head.

"I thought there was something wrong as soon as you told me that he inquired about the people in the house and looked all through it. Is the door of our room locked? That's lucky. If you'll get up and push the washstand against it, I'll move the wardrobe out of the corner and barricade the door with that. Then we can put the dressing case against the wardrobe, said he, "and they might blow the top of and I'll sit up in bed with my Winchester

"And, oh, in the meantime, the burgular will steal my new parlor lamp and the marole center table." she moaned.

"Yes," said Billkins, "very likely, he'll steal the chandelier, too. But that what's you get for taking roomers into the bouse. I always toid you to look out for strangers. But you would have a musician with a piano in your third story front room, and now you have the piano and a burglar in-

"While you're talking like this he may be on the stairs to murd r us," whispered Mrs Billkins, who was too much frightened to deny the charges or talk back. But realizing that unless she took the initiative nothing toward securing their safety from slaughter would be accomplished, she jumped out of the bed and pushed the washstand against the door more quickly than she had ever moved that venerable piece of furniture in all her life. This done, she hopped into bed again, and crept out of sight under the cover. Billkins waited for quite a while before he finally mustered up enough courage to get up and make a dash for the wardrobe. It was a rather heavy piece of furniture, but the occasion that he had become a hypochondriac, and to his arms. It would not move readily, and as Billkins, in his haste and anxiety, wrenched, pulled, and twisted at it, and danced in and out in his drapery, yanked in this way and that, tugged, and groaned, he presented a spectacle that must have made a concealed burglar watching the operations shed tears of mirth.

But he could not flunk under the stress of the territle situtation. Whether it would or would not, the wardrobe was twisted and yanked into position at last, and the door was thus doubly secured. It would take something as impressive as a catapult to batter down the door with such obstruction in the way, and Billkins felt better; but he was not entirely relieved u t l, with his wife's assistance, the heavy oak dresser had been rolled up to buttress the wardrobe and the washstand, and the mattress of the bed had been thrown up as a breastwork, from behind which Billkins

was ready to discharge his Winchester in case the e was an invasion of their sanctity. "Are you sure the burglar was in the piano?" asked Mrs. Billkins, with a feeling of temporary relief. "Sure? Of course I am sure," said he.

'I tried to play on the contounded thing and it was locked. Why was it locked? Why did the man look through the house? Why did he ask how many persons reside here? Why did he inquire in what part of the house they sleep? Why did the men who carried the piano into the house say it could'nt be got upstairs without trying? And why didn't they they it out ot the house when they found it wouldn't go upstairs? Why, indeed? The old, old story. We ask why when it is too late. Why didn't you tell him to call when would be at home so as to size him up? knew he was a burglar the minute I set my eyes on him-hush, what was that?" "I don't hear anything," said Mrs. Bill kins, after listening with bated breath for

"That piano is nothing but a shell; all the inside was taken out so as to make room for a burglar. I thought that was his little game when you told me of his suspicious conduct. Did you hear any-

Mrs. Billkins listened again, but no repetition of the sound occurried. The weary hours wore on. Daylight came at

Just as the first rays of the sun were peeping into the window soft footsteps sounded on the stairway. Both shrunk from sight behind their breastworks. The footsteps approached; they stopped in the hallway. There was a sound of moving, scrambling fingers on the panel of the door.

"Who is that?" cried Mrs. Billkins, in a voice completely changed. "Me," was the answer. "Mr. Billkins told me to wake him at 6 o'clock.

It was the hired girl. Billkins heaved a sight of relie'; so did his wife. Biddy must have passed the parlor to get upstairs, and as the burglar had evidently not mol ested her, the coast must be clear.

They dressed and went downstairs. In the parlor stood the piano, just as on the previous day. The chandelier was in its accustomed place. The marble center "There's a burglar in the house," he table stood in the middle of the room, and was touched, and Billkins' burglar was a

Skinning The Forests.

Some id a of the rate at which Maire forests are being converted into paper is had from the fact that three mills in Penobsco t county turn out a train load of pulp a day, consisting usually of from seventeen to twenty carloads. There are pulp mills at four other places in Penobscot county.

Thin bread and butter is very digestible and easily assimilated. Fresh butter made may happen!"

from cream is very much more digestible "Why," cried his patient in alarmed when spread upon thin slices of bread than by itself, would be.

## MR. CUTTER'S CASE.

The case of Thomas Cutter, of Red Dog. Calaveras County, was a puzzle to the doctors. He had such a variety of peculiar symptoms that medical opinion inclined to the belief that he suffered from a complication of diseases. To one doctor the liver seemed to be the chief organ at fault; to another the great trouble appeared to be in the kidneys; while a third would say that intestinal indigestion was the main dilficulty And yet Mr. Cutter had been advised that his stomach was chronically disordered, and still another diagnosis found greater derangement of the heart's action.

What added to the troubles of the patient was his consistency with regard to treatment. He had such a distrust of medical science that he would not long adhere to the advice of any physician. consulted doctor after doctor, and each expressed disatisfaction with the previous treatment and diagnosis. There seemed to be so mnny things wrong with his internal organs that there was room for great diversity of opinion, and yet none the doctors need be wholly astray.

It Mr. Cutter did not get well, it was not because he failed to take medicine. He had a morbid delight in drugs. After completing the rounds of the doctors' offices in his town he would sometimes take a course of patent medicines of his own accord. He spent hours in reading the advertisements of the various nostrums, and occasionally he would find a recital of symptoms that appeared to coincide with his own. Then he would rush to the nearest drug store, buy a bottle of the much vaunted remedy and faithfully take the doses as prescribed By the time he had exhausted the bottle his fickle thirst for medicine had found some fresh object of attraction, or he had repaired to some practising physician, regular or

The wonder was, in view of the qualities of medicine he took, that he continued well enough to attend to his official duties as treasurer of Calaveras County. Moreover, he drank more whisky than he could carry withhat ire equilibrium. Another failing was a indness for faro, which gossips said had of en cost him more than he could afford to lose. His drinking and gambling were the only things that served to divert his attention from his real or imaginary ailments. Were it not for cards and liquor, as he expressed it, his stomach would have been constantly on his mind. But some of his cronies declared that there was nothing in reality the matter with him; that his maladies were imaginary, the truth being had deceived all the doctors by describing symptoms which had no existence in fact.

In his restless search for novelty, Mr. Cutter originated what he called a dual system of treatment. In its application to his own case, this consisted in dosing bimself for one silment while following a medical prescription for another. He had a theory that the doctors failed to give him relief because they did not make their prescriptions sufficiently comprehensive, aving an eve to only one disorder, while he was the victim of a number of diseases at the same time. It was shortly after the adoption of this new doctrine that Mr. Cutter called one day upon Dr. Silex for a

The doctor listened with the most protessional gravity to a recital of a long train of distressing symptoms.

"I think your troubles," he said at last, may all be attributed to the liver. It

needs stirring up." Mr. Cutter was secretly convinced that the tault was chiefly in the lungs, but he dutifully took the prescription which the doctor handed him, paid the fee, and went to the Red Dog druggist to have the medicine compounded. When the prescription had been filled, he decided that he would take some glycerine for the benefit of his lungs, and so he purchased a bottle of that substance from the sympathetic apothecary, who never failed to recommend whatever

Mr. Cutter was disposed to buy. Mr. Cutter was a widower, and the only other occupant of his isolated dwelling, on the outskirts of the town of Red Dog, was an aged housekeeper. Her chief virtue in his eyes was that she never meddled with his medicine closet, whose shelves were filled with a wonderful accumulation of bottles, every form and size being represented. Despite the enormous consumption by the owner, the stock of medicines remaining, in quantity as well as in variety, would have sufficed for a ship's crew on a voyage around the world, or for the supply of a

county hospital. His latest acquisitions were now added to this curious collection. And each time that he took a dose of the medicine prescribed by Dr. Silex, he followed it up with a spoonful of glycerine. He began to feel some rather curious effects from this combination treatment after a few days. But, as the sensations he experienced were agreeable rather than otherwise, he concluded that the dual system was working well, and persevered in it. In the course of another week, he was conscious of a peculiar sort of exhilaration, and when he walked out of doors he seemed to be treading on air. This aroused his curiosity, and he made a second call on Dr. Silex. "I am teeling much better, doctor," said

the patient. Do you mind telling me what was in that prescription you gave me?" "Tnat," said the doctor, much pleased to find his prescription so efficacious, "called for nothing more than nitric acid

in solution. It is a very powerful remedy, and you must be careful not to exceed the dose prescribed." "I didn't know whether it was your medi-

much good," remarked Mr. Cutter abstractedly, as it speaking to himself. quick ear caught the word. "What glycer- New York City.

cine or the glycerine that was doing me so

medicine," Mr. Cutter explained, in contusion, knowing how medical men dislike any departure from the treatment they order.

There was a momentary twinkle in the It might have passed for a nusement. eye. It might have passed for amusement, but there was every appearance of consternation in his manner as he jumped to his teet and exclaimed: "What? Glycerine and nitric acid? Great

heavens, man, do you know what you have done? Thank God, I cannot be held responsible for the consequences, no matter what

surprise, "what's the matter?" "Matter? Why, man, you have saturated your system with nitro-glycerine. That's trees.

#### what's the matter. Don't jump like that! The least shock may make you go off in a twinkling. You must avoid a jar as you

would poison. Couldn't you see that the acid and the glycerine would chemically unite and make you explosive? How much glycerine have you taken?" "About two ounces, I think," was the

dismayed answer. "Is it possible? You are positively dangerous to be at large. You must practice the utmost caution. Don't ride on the cars; the least concussion might be fatal. You must get rubber soles put on your shoes immediately. Be careful not to jump, even off a doorstep. Of, course you must not shoot, or expose yourself in any way to shocks or explosions of any kind. Even the snapping of a cap might make you vanish in a second, and there would be nothing but a loud report to tell

the tale of your disappearance.' "But, doctor," implored the trembling patient, "can your science do nothing for ] me? Cannot you get this dreadful ex-

plosive out of my system?"
"Possibly I might render it less dangerous. at least," responded the doctor,

thoughtfully. "It's a case without precedent, but I'll do what I can for you, The first step will be to change the nitro-glycerine held in solid form by an absorbent substance. I shall prescribe for you a little infusorial earth, to be taken three times a day. That will gradually draw out the nitro-glycerine from your circulation, change it into dynamite, and in the course of a few weeks you

may be safe." This assurance alleviated the fears of Mr. Cutter to some extent, but he repaired to the Red Dog druggist in an anxious trame of mind. The rumbling of a passing dray filled him with apprehension, and he made a long detour to avoid passing a new building where the carpenters were still busy with their hammers. His alarm was excited when the druggist began to pound up something in a mortar, and so his critical condition was explained to the pharmacist. Mr. Cutter went home by a devious route in order that he might not be exposed to any jar from the anvils of a black-smith's shop which he was accustomed to pass every day.

On the evening of the same day Dr. Silex attended a meeting of the Red Dog Medical Society. It was a private gathering, as usual, and sounds of unwonted hilarity were heard before the assemblage

dispersed. No one knew how the strange condition of Mr. Cutter became known, but the next day it was the talk of Red Dog. He noticed that everybody avoided him as though he were a pestilence, and even the clerks in his office shuddered whenever they had occasion to be near him. He cautioned them against sudden closing of the doors of the huge safe that contained the public moneys, and with his hands he pinned upon the outer door of the office a placard reading: "Do not slam."

As the days went by Mr. Cutter became more and more despondent. It was evident Dr. Silex assured him, that the nitroglycerine was as yet but imperfectly converted into dynamite. He began taking ong and solitary walks over the hills near the town of Red Dog, partly to distract his mind and partly to escape the dangers incident to human companionship to a man who was loaded with nitro glycerine.

One afternoon he was seen walking over the hill in which the Ground Hog Quartz Mining Company was boring a tunnel. There was no doubt about the fact that Mr. Cutter was een walking over the brow of the bill just before a blast was fired in the depths below. It was only a "shot," and did nothing to disturb the surface of the hill. It was noticed particularly at the time, because the miners feared that some of the blast had been "slow in going

But the next day it was found that Mr. Cutter was missing. The clerks in his office waited vainly for him to appear and open the vault, of which he alone knew the combination. Days passed and he did not come. He never came.

It is still whispered in the town of Red Dog that at the next meeting of the Calaveras County Medical Society Dr. Silex read an elaborate technical, therapeutical and pharmaceutical paper which indicated so dreadful an ending to Thomas Cutter that men yet speak of it with bated breath. It was only a theory, for there was nothing palpable to support it upon. There was no tangible evidence. There were no remains. Yet Dr. Silex's theory was be-

Whether it was true or false, Thomas Cutter was never again seen in the flesh, living or dead. He vanished in the void.

The need for a safe and pleasant cure for cough, and colds and one that children would take without coaxing or coercion, was met when Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry was produced more than thirty years ago.

Long before it was placed before the public at large it had become a household treasure in the homes of the citizens of St.

This remedy soothes and heals the irritated organs of the throat and chest and effects a complete cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, and like afflictions. It removes hoarseness at once, and is therefore a great boon to public speakers and singers. Children love it, and many an anxious mother hails it as a priceless gift when the little ones are racked with a distressing cough. Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry is sold by all druggist and dealers in 25 and 50 ct., bottles and is manufactured only by the Hawker "Glycerine?" queried the doctor, whose | Medicine Co (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and

A rich old Englishman recently had painful experience with the tax gatherer. in order to avoid paying the death duties he had turned over all his property to his son. The son, however, died intestate and without children before his father, and, as pay death duties on his property himself.

The influence of forests in protecting the water supply is well illustrated in the case of Greece. In ancient days she possessed 7.500,000 acres of forest. Today she has hardly 2,000 000 acres, and the scarcity of

#### BORN.

Centreville, Dec. 6, to the wife of Alfred Bou Centreville, Dec. 8, to the wife of Dr. I. W. N. Parker, a son. Newville, N. S., Dec. 11, to the wife of John Spencer's Island, Dec. 13, to the wife of Capt Lewis Spicer, a son

Truro, Dec. 15, to the wife Leauder Dearmond, a Bedford, Dec. 17, to the wife of Lewis Dixon, Halifax, Dec. 14, to the wife of Thomas Kay,

Westport. Dec. 9, to the wife of Evan Frost, Amherst, Dec. 18, to the wife of William Cormier Salmon River, Dec. 14, to the wife of Geo. Wessel, Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Neal Hartling,

Milton, Dec. 8, to the wife of Reuben Loucett, a Milton, Dec. 8, to the wife of Elisie Comeau, St. John, Dec. 8, to the wife of Orrin E. Smith Amherst, Dec. 18, to the wife of Stephen Coates,

Annapolis, Dec. 10, to the wife of Henry L. Reis, Torbrook Mines, Dec. 2, to the wife of Fred Hanstord, a son. North Sydney, Dec. 9, to the wife of Wm. Cole-

man, a daughter. Mt. Hauley, Dec. 2, to the wife of R. Baltzer of Central Argyle, N. S , Dec. 11, to the wife of Capt. Stanley Hines, a daughter

### MARRIED

Halitax, Dec. 17, James McKay to Minnie Mac-Hantport, Dec. 18, Geo. W. Churchill to Augusta Halifax, Dec. 11, by Rev. J. Murray, Geo. Logan to Nellie McDonald. Mahone Bay, Dec. 15, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Harry Joudry to Maud Deal. Richmond, Dec. 4, by Rev. C. Currie, Trenton Currie to Katie Grant. Lakeland, Dec. 17, by S. Gibbons, Howard Mc-Kinnon to Janie Rector. Halifax, Dec. 13, by Rev. Mr. Perry, John T. Bottomley to Jane Carr. Malpeque, Dec. 11, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Colin Donald to Lizzie Crozier. Milton, Dec. 18, by Rav. H. S. Baker, Walter Eaton to Minnie Burnaby. St. John, Pec. 23, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Herbert Ring to Hattie Reed. Petite Rivere, Dec. 5. by Rev. J. Gee, R. W. Fog-Springhill, Dec. 11, by Rev. Mr. England, Sam. uel Patton to Effie McKim. Sherbrooke, Dec. 4, by Rev. W. J. Fowler, Elias Cook to Emma J. Mosher. Arcadia, Dec. 5, by Rev. P. R. Foster, Frank Pippy to Annie M. Lawbert. Moncton, Dec. 17, by Rev. Donald Bliss, Charles Annapolis, Dec. 11, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Simeon Harristo Jennie Baker. Amherst, Dec. 18, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Avard North River, Dec. 19, by Rev. R. B. Mack, Timothy Whidden to Annie Curtis. Rockingham, Dec. 7, by Rev. S. K. West, Lembald Morash to Florence Hahn

Lunenburg, Dec. 12, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Archi-Stellarton, Dec. 12, by Rev W. Nightingale, Granton, N. S., Dec. 11, by Rev. R. Cumming, James Roach to Mary Dickson. Granton, N. S., Dec. 11, by Rev. R. Cumming. James Roach to Mary Dickson. French River, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. Henderson, Thomas W. Reid to Mary Reid. Westville, Dec. 4, by Rev. R. Cumming, Thomas Leadbetter to Sarah J. Stewart. St. John. Dec. 18, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Abel E. St. John, Dec. 21, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, R. W. Williams to Annie M. Betts. Chigogin, N. S. Dec. 13, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Henry E. Rose to Estella Foote. Lawrencetown, Dec. 11, by Rev T. H. Murray, Ezekiel S. Guild to Jessie Grant. Fairfield, Dec. 18, by Rev. Mr. Kierstead, Man-Halifax, Dec. 17, by Rev. F. H. Almon, Christopher Hines to Hannah Isenor. Sydney Mines, Dec. 11, by Rev. D. McMillan, Alex Forgan to Harriett Forrest. Antigonish, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. R. Munro, John M. Cunningham to Marion Taylor: Great Village, Dec. 11, by Rev. Jas. McLe and Leonard Crouse to Sarah M. Gass. Lakeland, N. S. Dec. 4, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Halifax, Dec. 17, by Rev. H. H. Putman, James N. Trueman to Hannah Nickerson. St. Mary's, N. S. Dec. 5, by Rev. A. V. Moorash, Wilham Potter to Stella F. Knight. Fredericton. Dec. 18, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, James Tanner to Emily Myrshrall. Douglastown, Dec. 18, by Rev. Jas. McCoy, Alex-P. Cowie to Marjorie R. McCallum. Parrsboro, Dec. 16, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Abner Henwood to Nellie Henwood. Liverpool, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. Wm. Harley, Lawson Crouse to Mary S. Hemeen.

Anna polis, Dec. 12, by Rev. J. B. Giles, David Meisner to Mrs. Julia Maria Neaver. Frederic ton. Dec. 19, by Rev. Canon Roberts, E. Merryweather to Mabel D. Brewer. Four Mile Brook, N. S., Dec. 11. by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Alex Dickie to Bessie J. McKenzie. Jacksonville, Dec. 18, by Rev. T. L. Williams, a seisted by Rev. H. C. Rice, Alonzo G. Brewer to Georgie Good.

# DIED.

Windsor, Dec. 15, Willie Ward, 28.

Halifax, Dec. 19, R. G. Lindsay, 59. Halifax, Dec. 17, John G. McKie, 66. Digby, Dec. 17, Daniel J. Dakue, 76. Halifax, Dec. 18, Thomas Sullivan, 90. Windsor, Dec. 12, J. W. McLeod, 35, Norton, Dec. 10, William Proven, 64. Halifax, Dec. 15, Mary M. Mosher, 34. Westville, Dec. 11, Capt W. Grant, 54. St. John, Dec. 20, Francis G. Jordan, 87. Boundry Creek, Dec. 14, Abel Jones, 44. Londonderry, Dec. 14, James Beard, 49. Falmouth, Dec. 10, Constant Wilson, 80. New Glasgow, Dec. 15, Thomas Fraser, 56. Stellarton, Dec. 16, Matthew Mahoney, 84. St Andrews, Dec. 17, William Cairns, 61. Halifax, Dec. 17, Mary wife of John Jenny, Hebron, Dec. 13, Mrs. Geo. F. Pitman, 59. Chatham, Dec. 10, Mrs. Thomas Murray, 24. Digdequash, Dec. 13, Gorman Johnston, 65. Wentworth, Dec. 12, Arthur Monaghan, 94. Antwerp, Dec. 14, Capt. W. H. Townshend , 48. Woltville, Dec. 16, James Grandison Eagles, 83. Londonderry Station, Dec. 12, Allen Carter, 16, Denmark, N. S. Dec. 10, Mrs. George R. Mingo. Upper Kempton, Dec. 7, William A. Munro, 76. South Maitland, D c. 12, Thomas Hammond 83, Wards Creek, Dec. 16, Margaret de Coursey, 82. Stanley, Dec. 15, Anne, wife of Samuel Blair, 52. Milltown, Dec. 17, Sarah, of Charles H. Eaton, 62. Middle Musquodoboit, Dec. 13, Joseph Bruce, 85. his son's heir, the old gentleman had to | St. John, Dec. 19, Helen, wife of James Wilson, 81. Yarmouth, Dec. 13, Ella, wife of W. K. Kinney, 43. Halifax, Dec. 13, Irene, wife of William McGrath, 74 St. John, Dec. 19, Mary, wife of E. M. Sepprell, 45. Avondale, Dec. 5, Esther, wife of Elias Briston, 67. Halifax, Dec. 20, Ann Doyle, wife of John Klnie,

Rosette, N. S., Dec. 15, Gesner, son of Randa Keith, 24. water and other injuries climatic effects | Yarmouth, Dec. 2, of consumption, Mrs. Honor Westville, Dec. 11, of Typhoid feyer, Martin W Dwyer, 35.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn

contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3.000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO.,

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red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Bril-

liant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package

New Glasgow, Dec. 6, Scphia, wife of John A. McKav. 26 Windsor, Dec. 17, Kate, daught r of the late James Canadan. North Richmond, Dec. 6, Mary, widow of the late John Coffee Petersville, Dec. 22, Ann, widow of the late James Medford, Dec. 10. Clarence, son of Charles and M. E. Parker, 24.

Hasbow au Bouche, Dec. 11, Mary, daughter of A. Wickham, Dec. 21, Clarice, wife of Senige K. Milkish, Dec. 20, Anne, widow of the late Wm. Chatham, Dec 19. William J. son of John and Chatham, Dec. 20, Susan, daughter of William and Jolicure, Dec. 2, Lecrutia, daughter of the late Samuel Hicks, 54.

Mt. Pleasant, N. S. Dec. 13, Matilda, wife of Wil liam Francis, 73. Burlington, Dec. 7, Salome, widow of the late Henry Ogilvie, 81. Stewartdale, Dec. 5, Ann widow of the late Archibald McDonald, 80. Windsor, Dec. 19, Sarah E. daughter of the late James McNefly, 60. Sussex, Dec. 16. Harry Clifford, son of Albert and Ada Scott, 3 months. Halifax, Dec. 19, Rose, daughter of Richard and Annie Underwood, 4.

Carleton, Dec. 19, Alfred, son of Samuel and Eliza. beth A. Brittain, 36 Dec. 18, Frank James, son of Andrew and Yarmouth, Dec. 19, Alma J. daughter of the late Capt. Joseph Brown, 12. Windsor, Dec. 17, Isabel, caughter of W. W. and Mrs. Dobson, 7 months. North Sydney, Dec. 18, Catherine, widow of the late Roderick Gillis, 100.

Mulgrave, Dec. 9, Mary D. C. daughter of W. L. and Esther Irish, 8 months. Windsor, Dec. 19, of paralysis. Frances, widow of the late James H. Jones, 79. Biggar Ridge, Dec. 10, Archie E. son of John and Augusta Huggard, 19 months. Sussex. Dec. 16, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, George
A. Middleton to Ada Hold.

Halifax, Dec. 17, Fanny Hazel, daughter of J.

Willis and Fanny Caldwell, 11.

Halifax, Dec. 17, Elizabeth, wife of John Melsom and daughter of the late Andrew McGregor. Yarmouth, Dec. 18, Jean Murray, daughter of Murray Lewis, 18 months. Upper Hainesville. Dec. 5, Daisy Eleanor, daughter of Allen and Eliza J. Sharp, 8.

. Scientific Hair Cutting,

The intelligent barber looked pityingly at a young man who had just got a shave and was taking his departure through the

"Look at that gentleman's head," he remarked, with indignant emphasis. "Every bump in the back and every scar he ever got there in his boyhood is as plain as the nose on your face. The trouble is that he had his hair cut by some barber who doesn't

know his business. "There are dead loads of barbers," continued the speaker, whacking his razor on the strap, "who sing 'Johnny git your hair cut short,' and don't know anything else in their trade. They cut away a man's hair as long as the comb'll take hold, and don't stop until there isn't any more bair to cut. A barber should never cut a customer's hair short unless he's ordered to do so, Hair should never be cut so as to disfigure a person. A barber should be something of an artist. He should feel a customer's head and find out if it has any pronounced bumps, and the hair should be raised to see if any scars are concealed. If either of these blemishes exist the hair should be cut so as to hide them as far as possible. The razor should never be used, except sparingly, on the neck. The hair should be graduated gently from the crown and shaded on the neck with care and patience. It makes me tired to see the work of some so-called barbers. Next !"-Washington

# Zeserved.

Aunt(entering room at a critical moment)-Well! I'd just like to see a man kiss me!

Niece (undaunted)-Look here, aunt; you need'nt throw out any hints to Mr. Huggard. He's engaged to me, und I would'nt allow him to kiss any other woman -even my aunt. So, there, now

An Off Hand Theory.

"Father," said the small boy, "what makes piano players wear their hair long?" "Don't bother me, Johnny." "But, Father, I wish to know."

"Oh-it's so the public won't be able to see how much their heads have swelled."

# What is

# "Orinoco?"

Ask your Tobacconist

You will be pleased.