FOR HIS SISTER'S SAKE,

"Hush! Listen! Didn't you hear the breaking of a twig.

As the words were whispered the speaker spread out his arms to arrest the progress of his companions. Under a stunted tree they crouched, listened for the faintest sound.

Toey were poaching, Jim Hawel and three others thrown out of work by the closing of the pits, and poaching on the most dangerous estate that they could possibly have chosen for their operations. For Hopsley Grange belonged to Colonel Traite, a sportsman extremely jealous of his preserves and no elasthe very sternest

J. P. in the county. But times were bad and for food for themselves and their's men will dare anything.

"You're mistaken, Jim. There's nobody about. It was only a tox or something stirring in the underwood." The three men moved out into the open

again, and Jim followed them uneasily. Truth to tell, he didn't half like the job, although it had conjured a rabbit into each of his capacious side-pockets. It was his experiment in poaching, and horriby nervous he had telt ever since he set out on the expedition.

"Jim, you'll never take to this night work like the others, will you?" his sister Bess had pleaded. "True, we're hard up to: food; but, though you say I'm weak and ill, I can share with you till the pits open again. It cant be long, and we'd better starve than you get sent to prison."

Ot course, Jim had promised that he would do nothing of the sort. But when he remembered his sister's pale face, and noticed how, day by day, her cheeks got thinner, the sight of the rabbits and pheasants that played, even in the country roads about which he and his mates wandered all day long to while away the weary hours, was too much for bim; and that night, after Bess bad gone to bed, Jim stole noiselessly from the cottage and joined the others at the gate of Hopsley Coppice.

And now the others, well satisfied with the result of their night's work, were stealthily making their way back again.

A bright moon floated in the clear sky above; but, in the woods, a silvery mist arose amidst the dark shadows of the trees and shrubs, rendering all objects hazy and

Crossing a broad patch of light, Jim for three of them. Hawel, still haunted by this strange unrest, glanced by at the woods behind; and as, he did so, his heart gave a thump as some half-a-dozen figures, throwing black shadows on the moonlit ground, dashed from the cover of the bushes.

"Look out, mates! The keepers!" The others gave one look round, then broke into a run. On the hard ground the toottalls of their pursuers sounded plainly in the ears of the startled poachers.

Then came a voice, "Stop, or we'll fire!" And, as the four still tore blindly on, the report of a gun sounded out, echoing in the woods around, and, with a cry of pain, the rearmost man dropped to the ground with a charge of small shot lodged in his

How it happened Jim could hardly say, | hand ain't tree, and I must wait." but, a second after, he and the others were a wounded man to six, and in a few matches. minutes the fight was over. A blow on the head stretched Jim Hawel senseless on the ground, his mates were speedily overcome, and, additional aid having been summoned, the captives were taken away happens I'll be the first to suffer af er havthrough the woods and lodged in the stone | ing threatened him, and I don't want no

"And you, James Hawel, what have you

to say for yourself." Jim Hawel, standing before the magisinto consideration the fact that the men were out of work, and that great distress prevailed in the district, were evidently inclined to adopt a somewhat lenient view of their case, especially as the men swore that the keepers had fired upon them before being in any way threatened; but Colonel Traite, displaying his usual severity, and easily swaying his less strong-minded colleagues, promptly frowned upon the slightest suggestion that any mercy should be

shown to the delinquents. "James Hawel, have you anything to say? he asked, sternly.

for the thoughts that came readily enough | the flare up, after all?" to his slow brain. The eyes of all present were upon him, but he saw only the face of his sister. who, lying ill in the little cottage, he knew was waiting with teverish eagerness for the result of the trial.

"I'd like to say a lot, Colonel, your honour," stammered Jim, "but I ain't no nected by wire with Colonel Traite's house good at talking. I was their right enough rang out the alarm, and a few seconds on your land, and the rabbits was yours. But, Colonel, p'r'aps you've never been starving and seen food running about wild. and yet you mustn't touch it. "Twasn't tor myself I stole it. I'm a man, and short commons for a bit don't frighten me; but" -and here his voice faltered-"I've got a sister at home, and dry bread and little of it don't lengthen the lives of tolks as is ill." "Hunger does not justify theft," retorted Colonel Traite, harshlv. "And what a-

bout the brutal attack on my keepers?" "It was their fault, Colonel. They

Colonel Traite held up his hand impati-

"We've heard enough of that," said he angrily. "You fellows won't make your ruffians, who take advantage of a temperary closing of the pits to rob other people, and, when caught in the act would not hesitate at murdering the men who detect you. While I am on the Bench, property shall be protected and the laws of the country rigorously upheld. You come into our grounds, and, if you are not stopped, will soon be entering our houses. I shall pass upon all of you the severest sentence it is

in my power to inflect." Colonel Traite looked round at the other magistrates, and no one ventured to oppose him. But, as the men were being led away, Jim Hawel stepped back and, in desperation, played his last card.

"Colonel," asked he, "may I say another word ?"

"Well ?" "Your honour, my sister is very ill. When she hears of this the shock man kill out?"

her. You yourself have a daughter about her age. Think-"Take him away," said the Colonel.

Then, as they hustled him from the court, Jim Hawel, his face white and set, turned his head again, and through the hall the fierce words rang :-

"I'm going, Colonel Traite; but so sure even with you!" And for that speech Jim got an extra

and, when again he was free, a dark hatred rangled in his heart. Sister Bess had had a bad time of it,

but, buoyed up by the hope of seeing Jim ness, and though she had had to give up on the charity of her lowly neighbors till loud voice, he cried: the happy day came when Jim was sout."

The pits were working again, and Jim easily found work, and to Bess the trouble seemed to be over. The doctor, too, said that with plenty of nourishment she might

possibly, in time, get quite well again. Had she known the desperate scheme that had been hatched in the brains ot her brother and his three comrades her re- girl whose doom seemed sealed. covery would have been even slower. For, men, their hatred of Colonel Traite burning | the girl in his arms, he disappeared. in their hearts, had vowed upon revenge. And the man who had been shot had suggested a means of which all approved Hopsley Grange was to be set on fire.

"The house is an old one," said he, gleefully; "once fairly started nothing can stop the flames. I've done odd jobs about the place, and there is a stable chock-tull of hay and straw close to the new wing that will, when the wind blows from the west, burn the house to the ground with the striking of a single match.

For a week or so the conspirators made rescuer did not rise. no move; but, when they could do so with of men came trudging home from the pit, four of them exchanged meaning glances. carried and medical aid immediately sum-For a strong wind was blowing, and the moned. Sister Bess was also fetched to weathercock on the roof of the town-hall | tend her hero brother. showed that it came from the west. At nine o'clock under a tree in a lonely lane the covered as to be able, while lying in bed. same four met, and a surprise was in store to hold an informal reception, and wheeled now her mother's voice. What is she say-

'you know I'm no coward. The white outside. feather ain't much in my line, but, I tell you, I can't do this job."

you why. You know my sister Bess? to his lips the hand of the injured man, he I've got but her in the world to care for; and, it I come to griet, It will finish her. The poaching business she's only just managed to get over, and I tell you, for her sake, I can't risk this. Alone I'd fire the Colonel's place and tell him as it wss me as did it; but with her alive it ain't no good. B'lieve me or b'lieve me not, the the bate of Colonel Traite sticks as deep in me as ever it did, and, as I swore, I'll be even with him yet; but just now my

fighting hand to hand with the keepers, stared at him. The man who had been the current, and drift surely and rapidly exchanging murderous blows with fist, shot shook angrily a pint tin of paraffin stick, and gun. They were but three and that he carried and rattled a box of

"A nice bit o' backing out this is, Jim Hawel," growled he.

"P'r'aps it is," said Jim. "But my mind's made up. If anything like this revenge that falls hard on Bess. And there's Bellagio, at the close of a brilliant Septemanother thing," he continued, bravely. ber day. "The Colonel's daughter is there, Her bedroom is right up top of the building. head rests on the lattice work behind her, P'r'aps she'll he killed in the fire. Won't

no chance of damaging other people?" The man who had been injured turned on his heel. "Come along, mates," said he; "'tain't

no good jawing with him. We three will arrange a little do on our own account for another night. And you, Jim Hawel, you go back and sit by the fire along o' Bess.' But, after they had gone a little way, the three stopped again.

"It weren't no good going against him," to look after the gal. But that don't mat- | been doing during the past few months. ter to us, eh? Jim ain't the man to round Jim shuffled his feet, trying to find words on his mates. What do you say to having whole life; the present will suffice.

> The bell in the steeple of the church had on a hill a mile outside the town, Soon after the electric bell in the fire station con- England, where she had been to make the and never will be while that great hulking afterwards the quiet that had settled on all has been so new, and so wonderful, the little town was exchanged for a noisy hubbub as the shout went round: "Hopsley Grange is on fire." For, undetected by dog or man, the three plotters had entered the grounds, gained the stable, carefully removed a shutter, and silently pourwindows.

Then the man who carried the matches struck a whole handful on the box and hurled them upon the saturated straw. Instantly a blaze sprang to the roof, and, by the time the three had gained the road outside the grounds, the stable was alight from end to end.

Promptly as the engine had turned out, case any the better by pretending you've and eagerly as the driver had urged his to-night she is to meet her fiance. been ill-treated. You are a set of lawless horses along the country road, the Grange was half-consumed when the firemen first

arrived. Mounted, on wheels, and on foot, the of her little daughter's hand to a relation people were arriving in hundreds, gazing of her own. awestricken at the blazing pile or forming long lines to hand up buckets of water. Colonel Traite, in bed and asleep when the fire reached the house, had been almost suffocated before he was discovered; and being carried out in an unconscious con-

dition, was now just reviving. The fire-escapes, slower than the engine, had not arrived, when turning to the crowd of frightened, half-clothed servants, the chief of the firemen asked :-

"Are you all here? Is anyone left in the building ?" Colonel Traite, returning to his senses, health. heard the words.

"My daughter!" he gasped. "Is she

At that moment a window high above the flames, was thrown violently open, and, with a scream for help, a white-robed figure leaned far out, its arms extended towards the crowd below.

"Amy!" screamed the father, as he saw her, running towards the building as if to catch her it she fell.

"Don't jump!" shouted the firemen, as I live to get my liberty again, I'll be above the roaring of the flames. "Do you see the escape coming yet?"he asked. Far down the road, at the bottom of

the hill, that was illuminated by the light ot the fire, the tall red ladder was to be Jim Hawel lived to regain his liberty, observed approaching slowly. The firemen glanced up at the window where stood the figure of the girl, behind which a dull murky light now began to glow. "It will be too late," said he. "And by

again, she struggled bravely with her ill- the staircase it is impossible to reach her." Then Colonel Traite turned in his desthe cottage, managed to live on somehow pair to the crowd behind him, and, in a

"A hundred pounds to the -He stopped suddenly. Someone had seized his arm.

"Look !" they cried. the excited crowd as, at that topmost win- | thoughts when she tries to think solemnly dow, the figure of a man appeared, and a of her finance. blanket was thrown around the form of the

A moment this man looked down as if brooding over their wrongs, these four meditating what to do and then, catching good-by to him, and he had said in a very "It's Jimmy Hawe! !" exclaimed some-

> firemen crowded, mounting the stairs as far as the conflagation would allow. There was a crash, a burst of flame and smoke, and a whole flight above collapsed, hurling Jim Hawel and his burden on to

> the bottom landing. her already smouldering, Amy Traite scrambled readily to her feet, but her

Quickly they carried him out to the fresh safety, one or another of them was contin- air and tore off his burning clothing. In- if "good-by" would have been the right ually spying around the "The Grange," to a wagonette that was handy he was word after all at that parting in England. observing the surroundings of the house, so | bundled, Colonel Traite seized the reins, that in the darkness no mistake might be and, with Amy, wrapped in many coates, made. Then one evening, as the crowd sitting beside him, raced back to the town. Into a bedroom in the best hotel Jim was

Next morning the patient was so far re-

to the window, to bow his head in response | ing? "Mates," said Jim Hawel, hoarsely, to the cheering of the people assembled And when all the others had gone and only Bess remained, a gray-haired man friend. I think you will find her there "Heat?" they gasped, in chorus.
"I can't do it," repeated Jim. I'll tell knees by the bedside. And as he pressed hears a step coming her way.

> gasped, in his emotion :-"Jim Hawel, you have kept your word. You are even with me now!"

NATALIE

And so it was all over! Natalie must awake from that pleasant

dream and dream no more ! The course of her life had suddenly been forced into another channel, a narrow channel, tull of reefs, and to do what she would The three men muttering to themselves | there seemed nothing for it but to go with away from that golden past, which had filled her heart and life.

> But for once-before she turned her tootsteps forever out of that radiant track-Natalie must sit by herself in the sunlight and dream her dream again.

Ah! that beautiful might-have-been! And so she sits in the portico of her mother's little villa near the shores of Lake She makes a pretty picture; her dark

trate with his three fellows, didn't know you give up the whole business and wait a crimson background, her hands lie idly a rich curtain of late blooming roses forms what to say. The other judges, taking till we can go for the Colonel alone, with in her lap, her fingers carelessly inclosing a bunch of marguerites. Shall she just pull one more?

No! it is no use, it always comes I'll m'aime," or if she puts it into English, "passionately," and what can daisies know when events have proved only too clearly knows so well exclaims: "Il ne m'aime pas?"

As she sits there with the warm sunlight lending a golden tint to her hair, the white doves fluttering by and the soft sound of ways? Nay I must have a warmer welthe blue waters lapping on the shore besaid the same man. "After all, he's right | youd, let us take a peep at what she has We need hardly take a sketch of her

Her mother is French, her father was an Englishman, but Natalie never knew him. She has three sisters, all older than herself, just struck eleven, when, in the darkness of and all entirely toreign in there tastes and night, a fickering, uncertain light sprang ideas; but only three months ago little Natalie returned from her first visit to to realize that she is not in love with him, acquaintance of her father's people.

It has been a great joy to the child: and every one so kind to her, that no she sits there recalling that happy time.

fully removed a shutter, and silently pour-ed the oil they carried over the straw that to all the latest English slang! Then the the sanset light on the water, and waiting was packed within right up to the very free out-of-door lite; the riding and driv- for the denouement of their sister's romance ing, the long walks over stretches of Arnulf's conversation has been so soothing beautiful moorland, different to anything | and so much to the point that Madame

she had ever seen or done before. But now it all seems so very long ago! her angry spirit quenched in content! As She came back to France in May, and her tor Natalie! naughty Natalie! she has forthoughts now are strangely torn asunder, gotten Arnult's very existence, as she between dreaming of the past and trying to stands under the roses with Ernest's fair realize the future.

For Natalie is to be married soon, and It was all settled for her long ago; before she was old enough to have any voice hand are singing a chorus which crowns in the matter, how her mother had disposed

He has been traveling for some years, but now Natalie Is old enough for him to ately!" delay no longer and he has come home to claim his bride.

For some weeks the girl has been looking miserable and pale, so her mother has taken a tour for her benefit, and here by he was a reasonable one, he had made up the beautiful and romantic lake she has ar- his mind to be married, and Artemise, ranged that the lovers shall meet for the Natalie's elder sister, was very charming, first time.

The excitement has brought back a tinge of color to Natalie's pale cheeks, which

Everything is planned; they will spend a week here and then return home for the out of his reach! Natalie was a lovely little Greenfield, July 2, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Thomas Bell to Alice F. Green. marriage to take place. The three sisters out of his reach! Natalie was a lovely little

have been in a constant buzz of excitement. "If only it had been one of them," the little brid e-elect says to herself sometimes. laces and orange blossoms a little bunch of But her mother has put it before her

very distinctly that she belongs as much now to Arpulf as it they were already married; that, in fact, what remains to be done is simply "form," and why should the little maiden wish otherwise?

Ah! why, indeed? She knows very well what she is to expect in the way of looks. Arnulf is not voung, he is at least forty-eight, and she is just seventeen.

It seems a wide difference. His hair is dark auburn, her mother says,

and his eyes are gray. It is very perverse of her, but whenever she has pictured her inture husband, he has had blue eyes and fair hair, and she has heard in her dreams a hearty English laugh, and almost felt the grasp of a strong English hand.

She feels certain that Arnulf always wears gloves, and that his hands are flabby and somehow her cousin Ernest, who was the companion of her rides in that dear And the tremendous shout burst from | England, seems always to be in her

How toolish she is, and she knows she is very wicked, tco, but Ernest had looked at her in such a strange way when she said low tone, "This is only 'au revoir,' Natalie, ma mie," and she had been so startled and yet so pleased, and she had tried to per-Into the hall of the burning building the suade herself that it was only because he was making use of the French she had taught him; but after she had got home the look in the merry blue eyes seemed to haunt her, and she found herself always saying to herself: "Only 'au revoir, ma mie'!" Of course they knew nothing in Her hair singed, the blanket that enfolded | England of her betrothal; how could she speak to them of a man she had hardly ever seen? And besides then it seemed so

Ah, little Natalie! that was June; June with the blue eyes and the laughing voice; now it is September, and you must prepare to meet September with his auburn hair, his gray eyes, and the signs of the winter of lite coming on.

Your dream is over; it has been very sweet, but it could not last my Natalie. Hark! there is a step on the path and

Surely she is greeting some one; and now her tones are raised.

"Natalie, are you there? Here is your among the roses, monsieur," and Natalie What must she say? What ought she to do? Surely she ought to rise and go to

meet him, but her trembling limbs retuse She cannot say the ordinary words of greeting to this, her husband, whom she has never seen since she was a child; for is he not her husband in reality now, has not her mother explained that to her over and

oyer again? He comes nearer, and ber nervous hands grasp her dasies, while her little fluttering heart seems crying out, "Il m'aime! il ne m'aime pas!"

A shadow falls upon her, and she knows that now he is close by, that he is standing, waiting for her to make some sign. They are alone, and she must greet him Suddenly she regains her courage She

may as well be good to him, tor no doubt So she tries resolutely to make her voice sound bright as she stands up still with downcast eyes, while a crimson flash mantles her cheek as she repeats the words of

greeting her mother had dictated to her. "Monsier is very welcome; I am glad to There is a pause, her heart beats wildly and then the shadow stoops, and lightly kisses her brow. Poor little Natalie! that seems to seal it all, and her heart quails and her eyes feel as though the tears must come; but the next moment her hands are

seized in an eager grasp, and a voice she "Ah! ma mie, it was only au revoir, you see; but my darling, why this stately greeting? Have you forgotten all your English come than that!"

The "welcoming process" is not quite over when Maman and Arnulf come round the corner-but Arnulf comes no turther! In vain Maman tries to explain everything. "Only a cousin, and English ways are so different," etc., etc., but Arnulf knows better! He is not a brute, and he is just enough in love with his idea of Natalia

English fellow stands there with his arm

round her, looking as if he would like to knock down all intruders. So he offers his arm to a voluble Maman wonder she finds plenty to think about as and leads her courteously, but firmly away, through the scented orange and myrtle There were all her cousins, how charm- groves, down to the shores of the blue lake, ing they were; and what fun it was cor- and by the time they reach the spot where Montreuil's throbbing brain is quieted, and English head bent over her and his blue eyes looking half laughingly, half tenderly, into hers, which are full of the new light, while it seems to her the daisies in her

> "Il m'aime! il m'aime! il m'aime, passionement" "He loves me, he loves me, passion-

> There were two weddings from the French chateau a month latter.

Arnulf was not only a generous man, but and in a modest way showed that she thought him so!

And, besides—what will you? If a man her mother eagerly hails are returning cannot get all he likes he must try and like Yarmouth, June 27, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Martin what he can get!

white marguerites.

V Jewel Worth Owning.

The most magnificent sapphire in the world is the property of a noble Russian family. It is over two inches in length, and is one and a half inches wide, its color being a rich azare. It is perfect in form and in water. This peerless gem was in the keeping of a Parisian jeweller some years ago, when the sum of 1.500,000 trancs wes offered for it by one of the Rothschilds, but the offer was refused. It is mounted as a brooch, and is surrounded by large diamonds, a smaller sapphire, similarly mounted, being suspended from it as a pendant.

Distained to Compete.

Tramp .- Can you let me have something to eat lady? Ladv of the House.-Why don't you go

to work? Tramp-Lady, in these times of business depression, when men who want to work can't get it, do you think it would be manly of me to lower myself by entering into competition with those poor unfortunates and thereby take the bread out of their children's mouths? No, lady; I may be too considerate of myself, but I'm above such a despicable act as that.

Letters Most In Use. It may not be generally known to the reading public how much each individual letter of the alphabet is used. D, h, n, o, c, and u are in third place as regards ordinary use; t. s, a, i, and rare in the second place, being used a very little oftener; l and m are in fourth place, with t, g, y, v, p, and b close atterward; j and k are not common as compared to the far distant; but now the time has come, and rest; while z, q, and x are used least of all. in spite of what the daisies say, it seems as The letter e is in first place, being used far oftener than any other.

In the Wrong Shop.

One Sunday while a baillie was in charge of a collection plate, an old lady came, and dropping a penny in it, passed into church. In a short time, she reappeared, and taking a penny from the plate. went out. The baillie, calling her back, asked for an explanation of her strange conduct. 'Oh,' I'm in the wrong kirk!' -Edinburgh Scotchman.

Bird Catching.

It is true that birds can be caught by putting salt on their little tails, but you must use the right kind of salt, the Windsor Table Salt. r'urest and best and won't cake. Try it.

BORN.

Hulifax, July 9, to the wife of John Murty, a son. Miiton, July 1, to the wife of William Ford a son. Truro, July 14, to the wife of D. K. Ferguson a son. Amherst, July 8, to the wife of David Smith a son. Sackville, July 7, to the wife of Thomas Tracy a

Westville, July 7, to the wife of Charles Fergie a Sackville, Juiv 4, to the wite of Thomas Murray

Sackville, July 7, to the wife of Arthur Hollis a he must care a little for her, or why should | Halifax, July 15, to the wife of Captain Schenk, a

Parrsboro, July 4, to the wife of James Hannah, a St. John, July 8, to the wife of Gordon Marten, a St. John, July 16, to the wife of Herbert Coben, a

Morton Villa, July 15, to the wife of B. M. Harney, Amherst July 13, to the wife of Rev. D. McGregor, Margaretville, July 9, to the wife of David McLean

Windsor, July 6, to the wife of John Chisholm a Truro, July 2. to the wife of Wilbur Archibald a Fairview, July 14, to the wife of John F. Gough, a

Truro, July 7, to the wife of Howard McDonald, a Annapolis July 8, to the wife of James Henly, a

Amherst, July 14, Sackville, June 29 to the wife of Forrest E. Taylor Charlottetown, July 12, to the wife of A. E. Ings. a daughter Halifax, July 13, to the wife of Dr. Murdoch Chis-

Meteghan, June 20, to the wife of Hon. A. H New Glasgow, July 13, to the wife of G. Brenton Sutherland, a daughter.

MARRIED

Oshaws, June 3, Capt. Alfred Dodge to Winnie Old Barns, July 10, Albert Donkin to Mrs. Janet Truro, July 15, by Rev. F. H. Adams, Mr. Ross to Mrs. Carrie L. Ryan. Woodstock, July 8, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Olof Noble to Sadie Thomas. Halifax, July 8, by Rev. John McMillan, N. E. Holmes to Annie Henry. Windsor, July 9, by Rev J. A. Mosher, John Sears to Annie Morrison. Truro, July 11, by Rev. A. H. Geggie, Blanchard

Lynn Mass, June 25, Capt. Arthur Curry of Windsor N. S. to Bessie Richman. Woodstock, July 10, by Rev. T. Connor, Frank Bradley to Mary Manuel. St. Stephen, July 3, by Rev. J. Hawley, Everett J Dinsmote to Isabel Irvine. Sable River, June 29, by Rev. W. Carpenter, J. L.

Stevens to Maggie Rath

Dunlap to Sophia 'Dunlap. Mabou, July 9, by Rev. E. S. Bayne, Raymond Murphy to Matiida McNeil. Centreville, July 3, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Bas il Kilpatrick to Eva Tompkins Bristol, June 30, by Elder D. E. Brooks, William Hubble to Jennie St. Thomas. Bridgetown, July 10, by Rev. F. M. Young, Harry J. Crowe to Helen R. Quirk.

brile, but no one could understand why she insisted on wearing among her bridal

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Bear Point, July 3. by Rev. Wm. Millen, Tneodore Newell to Lizzie Stoddart Hampton, N. S. July 3, by Rev. M. P. Coldwell, James E. Vidito to Etta Foster. Coverdale, July 3, by Rev. Clarence McKinnon, James D. Cox to Annie Johnson.

Woods Harbor, July 2, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Walter Chetwynd to Lillie Mood. French River, July 6, by Rev. A. Campbell, John W. McPhee to Maggie J. Grant. St. John, July 15, by Rev. W. Penna, Weldon F. Fenwick to Alberta J. Schofield.

Woodstock, July 3, by Rev. Thomas Corbett, Allan Wade to Mary M. Graham. Windsor, July 7, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Duncan E. Rankine to Annle L. Murphy. Hetherton, June 29, by Rev. R. Grant, William J. hogers to Mary Adella Melanson.

New Glasgow, July 11, by Rev. A. Robertson, David Wilson to Maggie McCush. Woodstock, July 4, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Geo. W. Hovey to Mrs. Rebecca McKee. Lochaber, July 8, by Rev. A. V. Morash, George B. McIntosh, to Mary J. McDonald.

Salem, July 1, by Rev. J. G. Angwin, John Mc-Lellan to Jessie Burgess, all of N. S. Liverpool, June 28, by Rev. G. W. Bell, Perejez. Freeman to Margaret Emma Hyland St. John, July 11, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, John Andrews of Sussex, to Annie May App. St. David, N. B. July 3, by Rev. J. W. Millidge,

Alexander T. Thompson to Edi h Thompson.

Truro, July 11, by Rev. A. H. Geggie, William Colin McEuchern to Affice Amelia Cameron. Calais, Ju'y 7, by Rev. Charles G. McCully. Wilmot Riley to Martha A. Bridges both of St. Stephen. Cheverie, July 10, by Rev. John Johnson, assisted by Rev. J. G. Angwin and R. v. W. M. Ryan, Dr. J. A. Johnson of Springhill N. S. to May M. Burgess.

Pennfield, July 10, by Rev. F. D. Davidson assisted by E. C. Turner, Simon V. Skillen to Annie May Prescott. Lorway, C. B. July 3, by Rev. J. A. McGlashen, Neil Matheson of Baddeck to Catherine McLeod of North River.

Upper Musquodoboit, July 11, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, John A. Robertson to Mrs. Henry

DIED

Lavinia Henry.

Upham, July 11, Charles Deboo. 78. St. John, July 14, Jane Millican. 78. Stellarton, 10, Allan McEachern, 58. Wentworth, June 23, Oliver Blair, 80. Fairville, July 12. George N. Nice, 53. Yarmouth, July 2, James Cochran, 29. Truro, July 11, Chesley A. Stevens, 17. Bridgewater, July 4, Mrs. Isabel Deihl. Pictou, June 29, Mrs. Grace McBeth, 74. Antigonish, July 13, Anne McMasters, 80. Moncton, July 14, Mrs. Thomas Croke, 56. Fort Fairfield, July 12, Thomas Gamble, 70. Truro, July 4, Mrs. Johnson Archibald, 76. Robbinston, July 2, Katherine Johnson, 83. Edinburgh, June 28, Mrs. William Miller. St. Stephen, July 4, Samuel H. Welock, 29. Princeton, N. S. July 6, Horace L. Buck, 59. Forest Glen, July 11, Chesley E. Stevens, 17. Truro, July 14, Rev. Wm. McCullough D. D. 84. Elgin, N. S. July 3, Mary, wife of Angus Fraser, 33... Merigomish, N. S. July 7, Mrs. Mary McGregor, 91. Stellarton, July 10, Mrs. Margaret A Hyndman, 80. West Caledonia, July 9, Mcs. Joanna McGinty, 80. Halifax, July 14, Simon Oliver of the West Indies, Lowell Mass, July 12, Sadie Quigley of St. John Sackville, July 11, Lizzie Bliss, daughter of Walter

Manchester, Mass. July 8, Captain R. C. Churchill, Meadows, July 6, Nancy wife of Edward D. Yarmouth, July 2, Regicald, only child of John and Mary Falt, 5. Pinketown, N . S., July 6, Hannah, daughter of Daniel McLean, 16 Malden, Mass. June 30 Florence Chisholm, wife of Windsor, July 11, John Henry, infant son of J. and Dartmouth, July 13, Geoffrey G. son of Jabez Windsor, July 12, Rebecca, widow of

Charles Smith, 86

nelius Crowley, 66 Belmont, July 8, Mrs. Crowe, widow of the late East River, N. S. July 8, Mary C. McDonald wife Addington, N. S., June 29, Daniel, son of William and Frances Fraser, 1. Yarmouth, July 7, George Allan son of Alfred F. and Sarah A. Winslow. Caribou River, June 29, Mary Wilson wife of the late Donald McLeod, 82. Hampton, N. S. July 3, Nina, daughter of Capt. Joseph and Maria Mitchell.

Streets Ridge, N. S. June 30, Ann, wife of Cor-

Bathurst, July 9, Mrs. A. F. Thompson, wife of Rev. A. F. Thompson and daughter of the late Hon. William McKeen of C. B. Halifax, July 15. Mrs. Stacia Galt, widow of the late Andrew Galt of Montreal, 33 South Richmond, July 14, Joseph Arthur infant son of W. W. and Lizzie Hemphill, 11 months.

Merigomish, July 3, Mary Ellen, infant daughter of Hugh and Annie McDonald, 1.



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