SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

CHAPTER I.

If it had not been for Mrs. Van Bremen's vanity it wouldn't have happened at all; but it isu't the only instance on record where a woman's fondness for dress has put a man on the road to the penitentiary, and it will, probably, not be the last.

There were several reasons why Mrs. Van Bremen's natural weakness in this direction did not betray itself by an extravagant display of jewels, chief among which was that she did not own any gems, and Mr. Van Bremen's financial condition did not promise any immediate probability of a watch and chain, which was the particular latest editions. pride of her heart, not only on account of the intrinsic value of the trinkets, but because of their having come into her possessions as heirlooms.

tached to the watch, because of the many of the whole aff ir. perils and queer adventures through which it had passed, always turning up all right at last, but making matters somewhat unpleasant for its each successive owner in turn, if death itself was not invoked somehow by its spell; but Mrs. Van did not exactly remember how that was, and, besides, she was not a superstitious little body, any-

It was a singular affair, and the uniqueness of its mechanism, and the perfection of its gems, made it a peculiar, and, at the same time, difficult attraction for the light-fingered gentry, because it would be condition. It was not known, on going to so easy to be identified.

Mrs. Van did not trust herself to wear when she did it was in direct and op n defiance of her husband's warnings.

"Once you lose that, my dear, it's gone for good. You would't stand half the chance of getting it back that you would an ordinary watch. No pickpocket's going to take the risk of putting that up lose it, sure."

The peculiarity of the case of this timeopen, which was like a butterfly with its wings ou'spread, but, concealed by a hidinside the case was an emerald | ticulars in regard to the "victim."

has nothing to do with this story. It was somewhere along in late September when Mr. Van Bremen was called the road. He was for some time previous expecting to make this trip, but, not knowing precisely when he might start, had told Mrs. Van that she need not be surprised to find, at any time, on returning from a shopping tour, a note on her dressing-case telling ber of his sudden departure for a week or two, and that, as his stop-over at the various places on his way would be so brief it would be almost impossible for any communication to overtake him without the delay of forwarding, and that she'd best make herself comfortable and happy, and take things easy, while fondly awaiting his return.

There were not many vacant seats in the car, which was an open one, when Mrs. Van hailed it from the wrong crossing, by frantically gesticulating, and imperiously commanding the motorman to stop. She took a seat pretty well towards the front, not so much that her view might be less obtsructed, as to display to other feminine eyes her new godet skirt and sterling silver belt-tuckle.

She wore her watch cunningly tucked into her corsage pocket. Mr. Van being away she had decided upon paying Mrs. Hifligher a visit and perhaps stop to lunch. Mr. Van did not approve of Mrs. Hifligher, but this fact only added zest to the anticipated outing, and besides, there was no really good reason for such an ungenerous prejudice, any more than there was for him to torbid her to wear her watch upon the street and take some comfort with it.

Pretty soon a somewhat fine-looking man, and modishly dressed, and of refined appearance, who had swung on to the rear of the car soon after Mrs. Van boarded it, finished his cigar, threw away the stump, and gradually made his way up toward the front, and took his seat directly back of the one occupied by her.

His glances had been pretty frequent in that direction. but, as Mrs. Van had always been regarded as decidedly handsome and exceedingly stylish, it might be natural for her to attract glaners of admirationeven women accorded her that much, in spite of themselves.

The car was bowling along at pretty good speed, and was in the most crowded portion of the crowded thoroughfare, and Mrs. Van had turned round the least bit in the world, to get the side effect of a black chip hat with crimson roses, in a milliner's window the car had just passed, when the stylish gentleman behind her inclined forward, and, in the twinkling of an eye had relieved her of her watch and chain, and sprung from the car and disappeared in the throng on the sidewalk, just as Mrs. Van Bremen, with a feeling of self-paralyzation, uttered a piercing scream, and then another, which attracted the attention of those on the sidewalk who had observed the man jump from the car and walk off.

In an instant the car was stopped. Everybody knew that a theft had been committed, and the street was in confusion. Cries of "Stop, thief!" were heard on every hand; policemen were pushing their way through the surging masses of excited on lookers.

Mrs. Van was in hysterics. She tearfully told her story as well as she could between sobs and exclamations of despair, and had given a description of her precious keepsake to one officer, who succeeded in keeping her emotion in curb sufficiently long to enable him to make the necessary

otes. Where was her husband? She didn't know That was the worst of it! He was gone, and she might not hear from him for a week. What should she-what should she do! Perhaps the best thing to be done would be to go straight to her friend's, as she had at first intended. Her husband might be able to suggest something-to struggle between two persons, and then aid her in some way. Oh, if she had only a fall. heeded (harley's wishes! What would he ecute the search for it without her hus- of a suffering world! I must save them!

band knowing anything about it,-but that would, be of course impossible.

Mrs. Highfligher proved a triend in need; that is, she condoled with her all the morning and suggested a dozen different ways whereby the watch might be recovered, any one of which couldn't prove otherwise than scccessful, and which they would propose to Mr. Highflier when he returned home that evening to dinner, and he would at once set things moving in the right direction. Then she sought to distract her friend's mind from her grief by showing her all her newest gowns. Atter lunch they would go out driving.

The streets down town, they found, were full of excited readers of the bulletin boards on Newspaper Row, and newsany purchases in that line; but she did own boys were reaping a harvest from their

The bulletin boards had startling announcements of the stabbing and robbery of a lady in the open street car in the broad daylight, with fullest accounts, There was some kind of superstition at- made more sensational by the illustrations

The chief, so it seemed, was a profes sional crook; not only that, but a despera do of the worst type, but of most deceptive appearance. New York felt great relief since the capture.

After striking the fatal blow, he had darted down a side street, but had been overtaken by the officers, one of whom had succeeded in felling him, by a terrific blow | questions.

from his billy. The assailant, after being captured, had been taken to the station-house, and thence to a hospital, in an unconscious press, whether the property had been recovered or not, or whether it might have the watch exposed to view very often, and been given over to some pal by the criminal, as he was trying to make the escape, but the morning papers would con-

tain the full particulars. The woman stabbed had died almost instantly, and the body had been taken to the

morgue to await identification. Mrs. Van Bremen nearly fainted as she in this country. Better keep it out of read these startling announcements, and reach whenever you wear it, or you'll listened to the blood curdling scraps of news rendered by the shouts of the newsboys, whose evening edition told "all piece was not only its queer shape when | gbout it. Mrs. Highfligher bought a paper, much against Mrs. Van's protestations, who shrank from reading the horrible par-

She had queer sensations, climost as if Of its history, which was an interesting something of the kind was going to happen one, nothing need be noted here, as it to her. There was something uncanny and newspaper reporters—this talk about taking | the door to, and off he goes, leaving the "the body to the morgue." She grew more away on business, which took him to and more terrified, and wished all kinds of Chicago and various other places along | things, chiefest among which was that her busband would come home-that she might fly to him, wherever he might be; that she had never owned such a thing as a watch, anyhow. Then, to make the aspect worse, she bethought her of the reputation that that watch had always had, and of the

superstition attached to it. The next morning's papers told of the hundreds who had visited the morgne to see the corpse, but how, in some mysterious wav, it had been removed in the dead of night; adding to these facts dark and terrible conjectures.

It was hinted that there were many and startling truths which were, for the present repressed, but which would be given to the public later on. For these disclosures, the public, meanwhile, eagerly waited.

It is nine o'clock on the fourth day since the occurrence that has set all New York by the ears, and has proved such a boon to sides, she can't imagine what he can the newspapers. The followers of Æscu- he want with her. lapius are in a particularly good mood this morning, and a little inclined to be jovial in their attitude toward on another.

Dr. Leland, a stout, florid-faced gentleman, with a bustling, business way about ly had so nething on his mind that he wanthim, has put in an appearance rather ear- ed to say, and, of course, it would be left ly, and taken the students around on the usual tour through the wards.

These days of Doctor Leland's visits are apt to be pretty lively ones, as he is interesting as well as instructive, and almost always has some rare cases for his pupils, -something out of the ordinary.

Ward No. 23 has always been the criminal ward, and the desperado whose recently published record has made Gotham shudder with horror, is the patient to be visited today. He received a dangerous, a very serious wound from the club of the capturing officer, and it has developed some very interesting phases of that kind

Among the students is a friend of the Highfliers', and who has known the Vans for years. He has always been fond of the Van Bremens, and has already offered his services to Mrs. Van to be commanded at any time during this hour of her trouble, and in the unfortunate absence of her husband, when he should be at his wife's side. Barrick is the young man's name, as fine a fellow as ever trod shoe-leather, and especially inclined sympathetically toward

any one in trouble. Barrick feels as if he wouldn't mind using the scalpel rather freely upon the patient himself, and, it may be added, this impulse is not entirely inspired by profes-

sional enthusiasm. "How is he this morning, Doctor?" asks going out, as they reach the last turn but

one of the criminal ward. "Oh, he's all right. Afraid you won't have much chance there for your young men! He's bright as a dollar this morning! By the way, Doctor," turning to Lealand, "Chatwold wants to see you for a moment in there-in the office, you know," indicating the room to the right with a little jerk of the head "er-before the visit of the-er-class, you know-er-if these young men will be good enough to wait.

step this way, please." There is nothing to do but retire and

"Something's up !" remarks Thurston, turning to Bentley, and stroking his young moustache rather nervously. "Escaped, probably," tersely suggests

Bentley in reply. "Confounded shame, if that's so."

The others are standing impatiently waiting. Bently draws out his watch and talities," resumes Van Bremen, litting up studies it absent mindedly.

From the different wards came various sounds tamiliar to hospital students. In one of the wards a young man is ill with raging brain fever,-every few minutes there issue forth sounds as of a desperate

"I will go?" the voice is strong and full say! and that watch—that watch of ines- and intoned in terrible earnestness,—"I one and the same time. timable value! It only she might pros- | will go? I tell you I must go to the rescue

toward the million souls who stand upon its verge, reeiing like drunken men? There! they are taking their last draughts! They will spring over into the everlasting fire! I must reach and save them! Let me go, I tell you!" he shrieks, Then comes a heavy thud, and a terrible groan, "Lost,

lost !" and the voice dies down to a moan. "That's Burton again," says Arnold, turning toward Thurston, that his voice may be beard. He's no better today it seems. He can't hold out much longer." "It's a pity. Religion seems to be the burden of his theme. Bright young tel-

"Deuced while to be waiting here for nothing," remarks Barrick, not interested in the delirious patient.

It isn't Barrick's nature to be interested in matters not directly concerning himself.

Presently the office door opens, and Dr. Leland steps out and beckons to Barrick. who goes inside, and again the door closes, then the doctor, in his usual terse and business-like manner, informs the young gentleman that Ward 23 will not be visited today. That's all he says, and sends them back down stairs again to await his coming.

Something's up, of course. They feel cut up about it, but it'll do no good to ask

They decide to take Barrick around to Ward 23, since he is a friend of the lady who has unwittingly been the means of bringing the criminal to bay. There has been a hasty summoning of physicians together who arrived just before the students. and also the State's attorney.

Barrick is gone about half an hour. He was warned not to betray any emotion in the ward, no matter what might meet his gaze on being brought face to face with the patient and prisoner. He remarked that his nerves were usually pretty steady, and that no undue sympathy was likely to cause any breaking down on his part, which sarcastic assurance belies his appearance, however, when he is brought to the side of the cot and first sges the man lying there. Barrick falls back with an exclamation that surprises the dectors.

He doesn't often swear. When he comes down-stairs the fellows way-lay him to get the particulars, but he never notices them at all. His expression is about as intelligible as that of the Sphynx. He rings for a cab to come at once, and when it rattles up he jumps into it, bang rest of them whistling softly to themselves.

CAAPTER III.

Mrs. Van Bremer was all a-quiver. She never regarded the arrangement of her hat and veil at all, with her customary seriousness and absorption of attention, but she did note a very white face, and her hands shook in a most inconvenient manner, so that she could hardly button her glove. As she sank down upon the nearest chair while Mrs. Hifligher brought her a glass of brandy, she half made up her mind to not go at all. They had sent for her to identify her stolen property. The watch had been recovered, and a

full confession made by the patient prisoner, who has expressed a desire to speak to her. She feels so relieved to get back her watch, but she has a strong, instinctive dread of meeting the criminal. She knows she will be frightened half to death, and be-

It was Barrick who had come and told her that she must be prepared to be a little shocked nervously, but that she had better look in on the prisoner, as he evidentwith her in regard to the prosecution.

"Now, don't let your tender feelings get the best of your judgment, my dear, just you push the case. Why, one's life isn't safe with such men at large! I say prosecute at all means!" and Mrs. Highflier pours out the brandy for her friend with a hand quite as unsteady as Mrs. Van's in spite of such brave words, and hopes, within her secret heart, that the prisoner isn't fine-looking, for it would be such a disagreeable thing to prosecute a handsome man, especially if he should have pathetic eyes. "And those men often do have," she adds to herself.

"Come my dear, the carriage is here," and she leads the way, Mrs. Van follow-

Mrs. Van Bremen does not litt her eyes as she follow the portly doctor up the aisle, to the cot. She teels her knees grow weak, and there is a strange sinking at the heart. The ways seems interminable, but at last it ends, and she is brought out of her dazed condition by a shriek from the lips of Mrs. Highflier, who falls back into the arms of Dr. Leland, who is nearly taken off his feet by this unexpected precipitation of femininity, and who as soon as he can recover utters "Bless me!" in an explosive sort of way. She lifts her eyes for the first time and sees, -whom does she see but Van Bremen, himself, her own husband, sitting bolt upright and actually Dr. Lealand of the physician who is just regarding her out of his one unbandaged eve, with amusement!! She gazes speechless with distended eyeballs, and then she, also, gives one shriek, the exact counterpart of Mrs. Highflier's and also sinks i nto the arms of the doctor, who already is supporting the limp form of Mrs. Highflier and mopped his brow, and looking over his shoulder for assistance.

somewhat from ladies' society. He receives Mrs. Van's fainting form, and stands helpless, a woman on each arm, and

"Incapability, only, prevents me from coming to your assistance," remarks Mr. Van Bremen, with evident enjoyment of the situation, to Leland, as he extends his hand in welcome and greeting to High-fligher, who has advanced behind the ladies, and who has stood speechless with surprise all the while. "Allow me to extend my limited hospi-

the bandage from his left eye with one hand, and pointing to a chair with the other. "An informal reception, you see," he laughs in a jolly way, but is careful about jarring his head. "The deuce!" Highflier utters this

eiaculation as being expressive of his somewhat tangled emotions, and relapses into silence, and into the chair by the cot at

rather modified to suit the occasion, but there is no end of fun going on.

"You see," remarks Van, as he reclines against his wife's shoulder, and is holding her hand as tightly as possible, as if to make sure of her not getting away, while in her eyes the smiles and tears alternate, "you see I always told her her love for display would put some man on the road to the penitentiary, but I didn't think I was referring to myself. 'T was this way. You see't was an impulse,

"No penitentiary bird ever owns up to premeditation," puts in Hifligher, with a

twinkle in his eye.

"Hold on, old fellow, don't be too sure of yourself. You can't tell where you may bring up yet, there's no telling to what desperation matrimony may drive a man! answers Van, with a comic look of pathos on his face. "You know I had unexpectedly returned, and had just swung on this car going down as far as-th street, when I spied Mrs. Van abroad, and I thought I'd give her a little surprise, and so I went forward and took the seat just back of her, intending to speak and see her astonishment thereat, when I spied that watch, and then the impulse seized me to play a little joke, and teach her a little lesson about the practical working of "nippers" at the same time, and behold the result! It's difficult, Hifligher, my dear boy, to attempt a task for which nature has not equipped man. He who thinketh himself capable of imparting knowledge unto himself for future reference. It's always the man who finally doth eat whereof she putteth to his lips, and becometh a wiser and a sadder being, and findeth bimself of little account! be admonished, Hifligher, and don't attempt it!"

"I've always heard it remarked," slowly replies Hifligher, taking out his cigar-case, and passing it tantalizingly to Van, "that the man who would play a pratical joke would pick a pocket. Aptillustration, eh?" "Very," replies Van. "Are you for the prosecution?" he whispers mischievously to his wife, who boldly declares that the officer who dared to do such a mean thing ! as to assault a gentlemen is n't fit to be on the force, and that she'll never rest, never,

Frances Higgins-Glenerne. CRUISING WITHOUT A CREW.

until she sees that he gets his deserts .-

The Remarkable Travels of a Schooner

the Lonely Ocean. There are a few examples wherein the imagery of men's minds has in later years become realities. A marvelous instance is the case of the schooner Fannie E. Wolston. To a great many persons the fact that a vessel fully equipped and manned can successfully cross the ocean and weather terrific storms is a constant source

The modern vessel represents everything that experience and ingenuity can devise that will make it able to cope with any of the dangers that can be foreseen. We are horror stricken when we hear of such disasters as the Elbe, Colina, and Reina Regente. These vessels are comparatively modern, and were supposed to be able to cope with any of the dangers that threatened them; at least they were supposed to be able to float long enough to allow the persons they carried to seek some sate

The other extreme is now presented to us by the hydrographic office. A wooden three-masted schooner called the Fannie E. Wolston encountered a terrific hurricane, and becoming water-logged, her crew took to the boats and abandoned the vessel off Cape Hatteras, Oct. 15, 1891. This vessel, storm-raked and abandoned by man, began the most remarkable voyage of which there is any record. For over three years she journeyed | across the Atlantic Ocean, surviving gale after gale, in which many stanch vessels manned by skillful men went to the bottom. Like a ghost of a vessel which the elements refused to receive, she was forced to wander over vast expanses of water, seeking a final resting-place, her hull partly submerged, her masts broken, with the pieces of broken rigging and remnants of sails flapping with every roll and swaying at each puff of wind. Nobody at the wheel to keep it steady, it revolved with dismal creaking, and as a fitting accompaniment the ship's bell tolled with every roll. As one swiftl, passed this derelict, it was difficult to keep from wondering if there was not some poor fellow-being, weak for want of food or water, or dispirited from frequent disappointments, crouching, weak. discouraged, and helpless, hehind some shelter, little knowing that help is near The Wolston was sighted and reported

by forty-four vessels in the three years of her wonderings, and many other vessels passed her without seeing her, or failed to Dr. Leland is a bachelor, and shrinks report her. Many passed her during the night and failed to see her. From Hatteras the Wolston travelled to the eastward to about 49 degrees of Greenwich, taking almost eight months make the journey. From this point she started back to the United States but changed her mind and took what is known as the Southern passage; this occupied nine months before she fairly began her western voyage. This voyage was accomplished in nine months more, when we find her off the coast of Florida. After spending the winter months in this vicinity, she started for more northerly latitudes, arriving off Hatteras in June. 1894. From this point she endeavored to cross the Atlantic once more, seeking to do this by using the Sonthern passage, but on arriving in latitude 30 degrees north she started for the Northern passage. This Trenton, Sept. 18, by Rev. A. Bowman, Richard Wadden to Mary Sutherland. It doesn't seem much like a sick ward, change must have been a serious mistake

The pit is a-flame! Don't you see it? Hell and it is rather informal proceedings for for on Oct. 21, 1894, she was seen for the is raging! Don't you see it sweeping up a criminal one. Highfligher's usual guffaw, last time, and there can be small doubt toward the million souls who stand upon and Van Bremen's jolly laugh are both that she has sought and tound her last that she has sought and found her last

resting place. After she was abandoned it is known that the Wolston was afloat for three years

and six days. The distance which she travelled in that time can only be conjectured—that is, by locating the places at which she was reported as having been spoken, and connecting these with straight lines, and measuring these lines, which make the enormous total of 9,156 miles. This amount could be doubled.even trebled and yet be within reasonable possibilities. For when the re orts have been within a tew days of each other, it is seen that she constantly doubled on her track, and it cannot be supposed that she traveled from one position to another by the nearest route

Although derelicts are a constant source of danger to other vessels, yet their journevs are useful in determining the set direction, and velocity of the currents in the ocean.-Harper's Weekly.

Labouchere on Love.

I see that the Daily Telegraph has inaugurated a discussion in its columns as to the "Proper Age for Love," and much that is silly has been addressed to that journal. The first thing to decide would, I should imagine, be, what love is. If that sort of infatuation be meant which occasionally gets the better of a sane human being, and leads him or her, as the case may be, to gush, and pine, and mope, there is no age proper for it. If, on the other hand, is meant a certain feeling of affection felt by one person for another of the opposite sex, any age between 20 and 40 is proper for it. For the follies of love, poets and novelists are to blame. The former exalt it as something pleasurable beyond belief; the latter too often make their tales turn upon two silly persons insisting on marrying against all practical sense. And this fidelity or tolly is put forward as the noblest of virtues. Love may settle down into a reasonable attachment, but as a rule it is a mere temporary sensation. People meet each other, and after a slight acquaintance feel that they cannot live apart. In nine cases out of ten they eventually find that they get on apart excellently. Even triendship is more ot a habit than anything else.—London

Trustees of the British Museum.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt has been elected a trastes of the British Musuem. The museum is governed by a board of fifty members, only fifteen of whom are elective. Nine called family trustees, are hereditary; one, the royal trustee, is nominated by the crown; and twenty-five are official trustees. These thirty-five fill fitteen other places, as vacancies occur, by election for life.

Cost of Jewish Conversions.

Jewish conversions come high in Eng land. It took \$178,000 out of \$212,000 contributed to the London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews to meet the annual expences of last year. The result was six baptisms—one dultand five children-and thirteen confiarma

High Point in Britain.

Naseby, in Northamptonshire, celebrated for the decisive battle fought there, is supposed to be the highest ground in England. Thirty-nine parish churches may be seem from one station. Albany, north of Argyle is the highest part of Scotland.

BORN.

Lunenburg, Sept. 22, to the wife of Dr. Mack, a Halifax, Sept. 24, to the wife of Kentville, Fept. 18, to the wire of Donald Chisholm, Berryton, Sept. 12, to the wife of Benjamin Patter-

Hopewell Cape, [Sept. 28, to the wife of W. O.

Arcadia, Sept. 17, to the wife of Andrew M. Pitman

Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 13, to the wife of W. A. Hantsport, Sept. 12, to the wife of Rev. Wm. Phillips, a daughler East Pubnico, Sept. 13, to the wife of Judson Hurl-

East Florenceville, Sept. 26, to the wife of John R Bridgetown, Sept. 23, to the wife of William Man-Linden, U. S., Sept. 20, to the wife of Horatio At-Tennycape Mines, Sept. 22, to the wife of Alphonso

Brown, a daughter. Kouchibouguac, Sept. 19, to the Kaymord, a daughter. Boston, Mass., Sept. 14, to the wife of Whitney Hariss of N. S., a son. Surrey, Albert Co., Sept. 22, to the wife of Adel-

MARRIED.

Newton's Mills, Sept. 18, Alexander C. Pratt to Mary A. McCool. Moncton, Sept. 25, J. S. Plunkett to Mona, daughter of T. V. Cooke. Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. J. F. Dustan, Everard Clark to Jame Blois. Springhill, Sept. 18, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Seymour Ohio, N. S., Sept. 25, by Rev. T. Bishop, Alex. Mc-

Avondale, Sept. 26, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Andrew Cook to Edith Mosher. Yarmouth, Sept. 21, by Rev. Wm. Brown, James Connors to Florrie King. Parrsboro, Sept. 9, by Rev. E. Howe, James Mer riam to Tryphena Brown.

Truro, Sept. 24, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, William Stevens to Lizzie Bowers. Westville, Sept. 11, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Atherton Rogers to Cassie McKay.

Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. Mr. Lemoine, William G. Lowe to Annie Jackson. Pictou, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. R. Grant, Frederick Strickland to Sadie Sinclair. Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. F. H. Wright, Thomas Blackman to Victoria Myre.

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

Rogers Hill, S pt, 29, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Robert Murray to Janet Jardine. Moncton, Sept. 24, by Rev. W. W. Brewer, Edgett McFarlane to Jessie Allanach. Yarmouth, Sept. 21, by Rev E. B. Moore Tomas D. Hazelton to Annie L. Smith. Northampton, Sept, 25 by Rev. F. L. Williams, Burns A. Cluff to Ethel Rogers.

St. Stephen, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Henry Osborne Gartely to Susie F. Hay. Westville, Sept. 11 by Rev. T. D. Stewart, William E. Murray to Melissa McKenzie. Truro, Sept. 18, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Charles Weatherbee to Loretta Densmore. Kouchibouguac, Sept. 21, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Frank G. Graham to Aggie Ford.

Springhill, Sept. 16, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Charles M. Atkinson to Annie M. Tower. Ford's Mills, Sept. 18, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Frank G. Graham to Aggie Cail. Demoiselle Creek, Sept. 10, by Rev. Mr. Cornwall, Herbert McTrigor to May Steeves.

Deer Island, Sept. 15, by Rev. Mr. Wasson Walker Moore to Mildred Maxwell Charlottetown, Sept. 25, by Rev. T. F. Fullerton Frank Dickie to Bianche McDougall. Acton, N. B., Sept. 4, by Rev. J. A. McLean Thomas A. Thompson to Sarah Hood St. Stephen, Sept. 11, by Rev. A. A. McKenzie, Horace Sanford Newell to Maggie M Orr. Cumberland Bay, Sept. 16, by Rev. C. W. Town-shend, Chasley W. McLean to Ella Killem. H reev Station, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William H. Hunter to Maggie L. Herbert.

Fisher's Grant, Sept. 24, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Harry B. Redpath to Agnes Amelia Christic. Yarmouth, Sept. 23, by Brigadier T. W. Scott, Capt. James Miller, S. A., to Ida May Jones, S. A. Georgetown, P. E. I.. Sept. 13, by Rev. T. E. Wollard, James T. Shields to Alice M. Mayo. Waterville, Me., Sept. 25, by Rev. Wm.H. Spencer. William C. Hawker of St. John to Delia R.

Halifax. Sept. 26, by Right Rev. Bishop Courtenay, Rev. Charles G. Abbott to Catherine Jane Payz unt.

DIED.

DeBert, Sept. 5, Harry Wilson. 19. Brooklyn, Sept. 14, Lewis N. Ives. Milltown, Sept. Hugh McGovern, 33. Halifax, Sept. 26, Hugh Finnigan, 60 St. John, Sept. 23, Joseph Morris, 24. Hantsport, Sept. 11, Daniel Coyle, 73. Riverton, Sept 19, Christani Grant, 34. Hopewell, Sept 21, Maggie C. Sullivan. Wallace, Sept. 5, Donald McIntosh, 76. St Mary's Sept. 18, George Elliott, 60. Tower Hill, Sept. 23, Omer S. Logan, 19. Letetef Sept. 14, Mrs. Esther Holmes, 45. Pictou, Sept. 18, Mrs. Jane B. Hogg, 77. Masstown, Sept. 9, Wilbert Morrison, 44. Yarmouth, Sept. 25, Israel Churchill, 57. St. Martins, Sept. 10, Samuel W. McLeod. St. John, Sept. 23, Thomas H. Lavers, 69-Upper Stewiacke, Sept. 20, Alice Logan, 21. New Glasgow, Sept. 23, Isaac Marshall, 55. South Maitland, Sept. 15, Daniel Doyle, 83. Truro, Sept. 7, Alexander Fraser Smith, 27. Westville, Sept. 19, Thomas Quigley, sr., 75. North Sydney, Sept. 22, Mary Conway, 64. Yarmouth, Sept. 24, George Churchill, sr., 79. Temple, Sept. 22, Mrs. Charles Hagerman, 69, Oak Hill, Sept. 14, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Cook, 53. Freeport, N. S., Sept. 20, Mrs. Alfred Thurber. Mace's Bay, Sept. 16, William Mawhinney, 70. Yarmouth, Sept. 20, Mrs. Alice Richardson, 42. Plympton, N. S., Sept. 16, Lewis McDonald, 79. Windsor. Sept. 23, Rev. John Owen Ruggles, 56. Havelock, N. S., Sept. 18, George H. Nowlan, 41. Douglas, Sept. 2, Amy, wife of William Carle, 72. Lower Stewiacke, Sept. 18, William Crawford 25. Yarmouth, Sept. 24, Edna, wife of Jacob Boyd, 32. Glenwood, Sept. 15, Mrs. Charlotte Whitehouse, 76. Truro, Sept. 25, Bessie, wife of S.W. Commings, 30 Halitax, Sept. 27, Margaret, wife of John Kennedy,

Brooklyn, N. S., Sept. I4, Mrs. Charles D. Weir, St. John, Sept. 29, Mary, wife of George Maloney, Mid 119 River, Sept. 18, Mrs. Marion Blair Fraser. Yarn outh, Sept. 24, Lorna, wife of Alfred G. Lorrey, Rockland, Sept. 16, Eliza, wife of E. Perry Dickin-Dartmouth, Sept 26, Mary, widow of Maurice Coldstream, Sept. 14, Hannah, wife of Stephen Ottawa, Sept. 21, Jennie, daughter of Rev. William McIntosh, 22.

Barney's River, Sept. 16, Catherine, wife of F. Riverton, Sept. 19, Anna, daughter of the late Halifax, Sept. 29, Agres Cox, wife of Alex. Fraser Five Mile River, Sept. 16, Violette, child of Arthur

Halifax, Sept. 12, Neal, son of W. E. and Sarah Musquodoboit Harbor, Sept. 24, Susanna, widow of Thos. Skinner, 77 Jacob Ha: field, 92. Cornwallis, Sept. 19, the infant son of George H.

Oak Bay, Sept. 17, Harvey Melyin, child of George Summerfield, Sept. 15, Janie, second day of Marshall and Elsie Smith. Newport, Sept. 23, Francis May, infant daughter of Laura and Charles McCiair.

Hillsvale, N. S., Sept. 25, Helen M., yonngest child of Robert and Annie Cameron. Boston, Sept. 26. Bessie Parker, only daughter of Alex. and Bessie Forbes, 19. Beaufort, Sept. 18, Ellzabeth F., daughter of Robert and Florence Lee, 2 months.

