

BEHIND A NAME.

Henry Dornton, sat in his chair cogitating. A look of abject melancholy sat upon his face, and ever and anon his fingers played nervously on the arm of his chair. It was long past midnight. His table in the middle of the room was littered with sheets of manuscript, and occasionally his eyes wandered thitherwards, as if something connected with them formed the keynote of his thoughts. It was even so. That table held the fruit of many months' labor. Those sheets had cost him many a sleepless night, and on them he had centred his fondest hopes. His body, his brain, his very soul had contributed to the subject of the hieroglyphics upon them.

Some years ago he had begun work, believing himself possessed of every qualification for a successful maker of books. He had set to work with an earnestness and enthusiasm worthy of his adopted profession. But, alas! in spite of his effort, in spite of everything, he had now to confront the stern fact of his absolute impotence. Worse, he was in a state bordering upon destitution. Worse still, he had a young, delicate wife and child dependent upon him. And both were ill. From the table his eyes crossed to the room beyond. It sheltered mother and child. Then his mind reverted to the time when Gertrude had left all and followed him. Impelled by a stern, birth-worshipping love, he had clung to her closely to him. Against her parents' wishes, she had linked her lot with Henry Dornton's, and, trusting to a future recognition of his merit, had married him. And for five years they had striven nobly together. Henry had worked unceasingly, and she had encouraged him. No matter how cruel and repeated the rebuffs of fortune, her hopes never forsook her, and her cheering words and caresses never grew less warm. She was one of those trusting little women who are so full of faith that it actually bubbles over, refusing to be dammed up within the narrow confines of a human body. And again and again, when he was ready to sink in despair, had thrown down his pen and scolded his well-filled sheets on the floor in disgust and anger, he had become incited with her hope, and had resented himself with a determination to achieve victory for her sake. No one but he knew what she had been to him.

But now! She was ill. For weeks she had been unable to fulfil her more active duties at his side. He needed her inspiration, he had to leave his table and enter that room beyond, where she lay in bed, suffering deeply, but never allowing a sign of her pain to manifest itself. Her face was always radiant—when he came in. Sunshine beamed in her eyes—when he came near. Henry was engaged on an "important work," and she would have suffered a martyrdom rather than he should read a distraction in her. This was to be his crowning effort. This was to make his name, and this was to be—their fortune. Yes, it was an important work.

And there it lay on the table—finished. Henry was staring at it again. And his thoughts were something like this: "I have concentrated every atom of mind-substance upon those pages. They are the outcome of everything that is best within me. Up to now, I have written for art alone—and such labour was rest. But now my mind, compelled by physical claims, bankers after a sordid, mercenary reward." Perhaps he was more than ordinarily gloomy to-night. He realized now more than ever he had done how much he needed money. And he was ready to sacrifice himself—he, the artist, the poet, would make shipwreck of his art, of himself, for lucre.

Mechanically he arose from his chair, crossed the floor, and stole on tip-toe into his wife's room. There she lay, a hectic flush on her cheek, thin, sinuous creases across her brow, but the shadow of a smile yet tenanted her face—a smile for Henry. Her last thought ere she fell asleep had been of him, hard at work in the adjoining room; and as she closed her eyes, she conjured that look of intermingled faith and hope, lest he should look in upon her and find her placid and expressionless. Tenderly he bent over her, touched her lips lightly with his, and then passed to the little cot by the side of her bed, and remained gazing lovingly on the little sleeping calmly within. Tears, unbidden and unholpable, sprang to his eyes, and his emotion threatened to choke him. With a suppressed groan he stole from the room, sank into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

Yes, his manuscript was there, and it was finished. But of what use was it? He asked himself. No one would look at it. And if they did, they would reject it. The unknown, attacked by a comparative new-knower, was of itself sufficient to condemn the book. No one would care to saddle themselves with the risk involved in its publication. Whereas, if he had possessed a name, such a work would have been jumped at. But why not possess himself of such a name? The thought paved the way for a terrible temptation. He started suddenly in his chair as it assailed him, his hands dropped nervously to his sides, and his eyes protruded as if his very soul had sustained a shock. And yet it was a simple expedient, urged the tempter.

All he had to do was to write the name of another on his manuscript, and put that signature at the foot of a letter. Had he not studiously copied the style of his ideal in art? He had. And he believed—conceit apart—that he had stencilled many of the beauties, without perpetrating the detects, of his master. His hands trembled, a dizziness stole over him, and he felt as if his mind were about to give way. His thoughts terrified him. He must get away from them, and arm himself against this subtle temptation. Springing hurriedly to his feet, he strode to the table, quickly gathered up his manuscript and looked it in his desk.

The next morning, Gertrude, as she kissed him, asked to have a last look at "the important work," before it was dispatched on its eventful mission. How she touched it! Her feverish hands clasped it as though it had been a favorite child to whom she was bidding farewell. And, as she returned it, she cast a look at Henry which seemed to embody her certainty of its success. As he passed out of the room, her eyes followed him, then closed, and her bloodless lips parted in a prayer, that God would speed her husband's work. Then the doctor came. Henry accompanied him to the sick room. But neither spoke much there. When they were again

outside, however, and the door securely closed behind them, the doctor unburdened himself.

"It's no use, Dornton," said he. "It's as much as your wife's life is worth to keep her here longer. You must get her out of the Continent at any cost. Another week here means her death."

"But—but—"

"And see that she gets good support, and plenty of it."

Henry could not reply—he could scarcely suppress his feelings. Great lumps rose in his throat, and the room seemed to swim before him. Once he raised his head as if to speak, but the doctor interrupted him.

"Ah, yes—urgent case in the next street. Good morning," he said, and was gone.

A strange look came into Henry Dornton's face. That temptation was again upon him. But now he was to be enabled to resist—too unnerve to combat it. His wife needed support; it was necessary that she should winter abroad. She might have both. He lost sight of reason, of himself, of everything save her necessity. She should have them. His head throbbed and burned, and he felt like a thief, as he stole himself to the table. Gertrude clung gently to him, but he could not respond; he dare not look into her pale, trustful face. He would read his guilty intention, and his act would prostrate her. Seizing a sheet of paper, he hurriedly scribbled a letter, dated it from a fashionable hotel, and appended the signature of his literary ideal—the great man whose name was upon everyone's lips, and for whose work any publisher would give a man's ransom. His hands shook with a nervous tremor as he paraded up his manuscript, and in closed his letter with it. Then, hurrying into the street, he called a commissionaire, and instructed him to take it to the publishers.

Then a sort of maniacal jubilation took possession of him. He never paused to consider what discovery meant. "Money, money," was the theme which absorbed him. It was all-powerful, and he laughed in a hoarse, unearthly manner, as in anticipation his hands clutched the gold which would speedily be poured into his lap, and his ears listened to the chink, chink of the pieces as he scattered them broadcast in quest of sustenance and new life for his wife. For a few hours he seemed bereft of reason, and wandered aimlessly about the streets, while ever and anon his face broke into a distorted smile gaily to behold.

But on regaining his rooms a full realization of what he had done burst upon him. Then he felt his chair, clasped his head in his hands, and burst into tears. But he could not rest. He rose and paced the floor in extreme perturbation, the perspiration streamed from every pore. Twice he attempted to open the door leading to his wife's chamber, with the intention of telling her all. But his resolution failed him. He shrank back in alarm, and staggered as if drunk. And when a steady moment intervening, he sat by her bedside, holding her thin, emaciated hand in his, but not daring to look into her face. Gertrude detected that something was strangely amiss with him; but, poor soul, she ascribed it to physical fatigue, and the natural excitement consequent on making this his greatest bid for fame. Cheerfully she spoke of the success which she was certain awaited him, and endeavored to coax him to take a much-needed rest.

"We shall be rich now, dear," she said, as she caressed his hand and gazed wistfully into his face.

"Ye—yes," he murmured, brokenly; "we—we shall be—rich. And you, Gertrude, will—will winter abroad—and come back strong—and—and well."

For some days Henry suffered the direst anguish. Sleep forsook him, and he seemed threatened with a general breakdown. Prison! It could not bring the torture, the incessant gnawing of conscience that he suffered. Such a punishment would have seemed bliss compared with this continual mind-wrenching. Then, a ghost of his former self, he repaired to the hotel. A letter from the publishers awaited him. He could not read it there. His hands refused to tear open the envelope. Hurriedly and excitedly he gained the street, rushed to his room, and securing himself against observation, read the missive. It contained an offer whose magnificence startled him. Again he was mad. In ten minutes the terms were accepted, and he had asked that the cheque for the cash down might be forwarded to the hotel.

And the following day it was there, with the necessary agreement for its future. Then he went home, entered his wife's room, and emptied a pile of gold into the bed beside her. A sincere "Thank God!" broke from her lips, and tears of gratitude rolled down her cheeks. Then she praised Henry, kissed him, and was so overcome with joy that she nearly fainted. But he sat, seemingly oblivious of her exquisite delight. His fingers nervously lifted the coins from the bed, and suffered them to fall again on the coverlet like golden grain. He was sober enough now; the possession steadied him, and now that which he had longed for was in his grasp, the means by which it had been procured made it nauseous to him.

He could not face exposure. But it would have to come, and why should it not come at his hands? He had instigated the wrong-doing; it should be he who must take the initiative in atonement. For many days he struggled in bitterness of soul. Then his better nature triumphed. He revealed all to Gertrude. She did not chide him. Her energy expended itself in persuading him to go to the exalted author whom he had personated and render a full explanation to him.

And Henry went. Disguising nothing, but telling his story simply and tearfully from the beginning, he threw himself at the feet of his master, and humbly sued pardon for the great wrong he had committed. The great man listened to this strange recital in silence. When Henry had finished there was a look of deep sympathy in the author's face, and his eyes were not altogether devoid of a significant moisture.

"Your error is a serious one, certainly," said he, kindly, "and to a mind so exceedingly sensitive as yours, the punishment already endured has, no doubt, been severe. But call yourself, Mr. Dornton; it may be that pardon is not so absolutely impossible as you imagine."

"Sir," said Henry, clasping his hand in

gratitude, "God only knows what I have passed through. To see her, my darling, lying there, perhaps dying for the want of sustenance, rendered me insane. I have tried, honestly tried, to overcome the prejudice of publishers, but in vain. Knowing the power of a great name, I—"

"You were assailed by temptation, and succumbed—yes, yes. Don't distress yourself by recounting your actions further. But I think it probable that you attach too much importance to the value of a name. Anyway, we will soon see. Go home now; calm yourself, reassure your poor wife. Leave me your address, and I will call upon you to-morrow."

And Henry returned home in a dream. Could he, this great man who had been so grievously wronged, actually speak in kindness and sympathy to the wrong-doer? Not a word of condemnation had passed his lips. Instead, he had promised to call upon him and assist him to readjust matters with the publishers. Neither Gertrude nor he sought to minimize the fault, but their hearts welled over with joy how that atonement had been begun. And the next day, true to his promise, the great man came. He was introduced to Gertrude, spoke comfortingly to her, and before he left, manifested great sympathy with her. He was moved when he passed out of the room accompanied by her husband.

"And now, Mr. Dornton," said he, when they were alone, "I took the liberty of calling upon the publishers and asking them about the proofs of your—or rather of my—book, yesterday. I spent the major portion of last night in perusing them, and—"

"Forgive me—"

"I do not know that I have much to forgive. I mistake not, the matter can be put right very simply and very quickly."

"Oh, sir—"

"Do not interrupt me. I admit it does not disgrace my name—in fact, I am far from being ashamed of it. I intend that it shall go through the press, after a little necessary revision. But if it does, how do you think it will benefit you? My name is attached to it, and hence it cannot help yours."

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

Mr. Belcher was inordinately jealous. He thought the best way to catch his wife in some indiscretion was to send her to the country. This he did, and then appeared suddenly on various occasions but without finding any one especially devoted to Mrs. Belcher.

As he sat at breakfast one morning and unfolded the daily journal his gaze fell upon a paragraph, and he became as a pointer that beholds the prey. The paragraph was in a society letter written from the resort at which his wife was resting in the fullest sense of the word, and ran as follows:

"One of the most popular ladies here this season is the charming Mrs. Jonas Belcher, who, both by her coquettish manner and pretty face, has won hosts of admirers."

Mr. Belcher's state of mind was something awful. "Hosts of admirers!" he fairly howled. "Coquettish manner! Pretty face! How dare they write such stuff? How dare they print it? Oh, that dog of a reporter! Let me get at him once! There won't be, sir," glaring around the room and addressing an invisible fellow man. "I tell you, sir, there won't be a whole bone left in his body!"

His first step was to come home immediately, his next to seek the office of the morning paper, and make a date for the settling of a terrible score. He was ushered into the sanctum of the editor, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and was cordially greeted by the thin, wiry man with quizzical, laughing eyes. But Mr. Belcher was in no mood for the amenities of life.

"When can I see the whippersnapper that had the audacity to write this about my wife?" he demanded, giving the paper a theatrical thrust. The editor ran his eye over the paragraph.

"My dear sir, I don't see anything objectionable in that. Merely a compliment paid to a well-known and respected lady."

"Sir," interrupted Mr. Belcher, frowning darkly, "the press has too much liberty in these days. It is not seemly to speak with such disparaging publicity of the wife of a private citizen, and this young man must account for it to me."

The editor looked at him for a minute with a curious expression.

"Very well," he said, calmly. "Our society reporter comes in from Lakeview to-night, and will be here early to-morrow morning, and will be no doubt, be happy to see you."

"I don't think he will," returned Belcher, grimly.

The next morning Belcher set out on his errand of vengeance. He strode down the street with the air of a conqueror, turned into a saddler's shop, selected a strong, well-made horse, and with a wicked gleam in his eye proceeded to the office of the "Morning Trumpet."

A horsewhip naturally creates something of a sensation in a newspaper office, and this occasion was no exception, though the interest was manifested in an unusual way. Mr. Belcher was prepared to encounter opposition, but found a singular lack of it. On demanding the whereabouts of the society reporter, there was readiness of response and there actually seemed to be disposition on the part of everybody to smooth his path to revenge. As he mounted the stairs a telephone message went from the editor's sanctum to an upper room:

"He's coming with a horsewhip; are you afraid?"

His answer was lightly laughed back, "Not the least in the world."

Mr. Belcher rushed upstairs like an infuriated bull, tore headlong through the corridor, banged open the door and found himself in the presence of a tall young woman, with handsome clear-cut features and a mocking smile.

"Good morning," she said sweetly. "Good—good morning," he gasped. "I want to see the society reporter."

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I think I've made a mistake," stammered Belcher. "That is—or—er my name is Belcher, and I called—"

"Belcher?" said this tall young woman, who seemed some way to grow taller every minute in Belcher's disorganized sight.

"Belcher—not the husband of the charming Mrs. Belcher of Chestnut street?"

"The same," said the unhappy wretch.

"It is possible?" she drawled, look-

ing him over as he stood there, flushed, excited, perspiring, and then added maliciously: "I never should have thought it. But sit down, Mr. Belcher. You don't seem well. You are nervous, feverish. Here, take this chair. There, calm yourself. Would you like a glass of water? Allow me. Let me relieve you of this whip." And gently, deftly she drew it from his unresisting hand, stood it against her desk and seated herself in the big swinging chair before it.

Belcher did not speak. He stared at her with dilated eyes. He had a dim idea that he was going into an epileptic fit.

"I saw you last evening, just before leaving Lakeview, and she told me he had been hastily summoned home, and no doubt that is your errand here this morning. I will make a note of it, and it shall have a prominent place in the fashionable intelligence."

"But—" choked the unfortunate creature.

"Don't distress yourself, sir; I am really grieved to see you suffering so," she went on, jotting down some notes. "You really should see a physician. So fortunate your wife is coming. Very kind of you to take the trouble to call and give me the item. It shall appear as you wish."

"Thank you. Ah—but—ah—thank you!" spluttered Belcher as he rose and sneaked to the door.

"Not at all. Don't mention it. So kind of you to call, especially when you are not feeling well. My regards to your wife. Good morning!"

Then just as he was bowing himself out, and congratulating himself that the worst was over, she called mercifully. "Oh, Mr. Belcher, you have forgotten your whip!"

He turned, looked once at those handsome eyes, sparkling with malicious fun, gave a groan and fled.

Then from all quarters of the dark hall down which he sped, from the business office below, from the open door of the sanctum, past which he dashed, there arose to heaven a chorus of jeering laughter. Nay, more. At the foot of the stairs a little imp of an office boy put his tow head out of a door, and with a grin of ghastly gleam screamed, "Wall, did yer thrash her?"

The break of Belcher, as his friends called it, cured him of his insanity. Thenceforward his Maria had some peace, while the handsome society reporter of the "Morning Trumpet" had an extraordinary souvenir to exhibit to her friends—Edith Sessions Tupper.

A GREAT BLOW HOLE.

Boars Like a Locomotive When the Sea Is Troubled.

In New South Wales, about 70 miles from Sydney, is the picturesque and thriving town of Kiam, surrounded by rich agricultural country. Kiam, unlike other tourist resorts, can be thoroughly enjoyed in either fair or stormy weather, and those who visit the town when a good gale is blowing have an opportunity of witnessing a sight the like of which does not exist elsewhere on our globe. The famous "Blow Hole" here situated, in the middle of a rocky headland running out into the sea forms a truly wonderful sight. With each successive breaker the ocean spray is sent shooting up into the air sometimes as high as from a 300 to 400 feet, descending in a drenching shower and accompanied by a rumbling noise as of distant thunder, which can be heard for my miles around.

This "Blow Hole" is a singular and natural phenomenon, and consists of a perpendicular hole, nearly circular, with a diameter of about 10 yards across, and has the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. This is connected with the ocean by a cave about one hundred yards in length, the seaward opening of which is in all respects similar to St. Fingal's cave on the west coast of Scotland, the same perpendicular basaltic columns forming the side walls of each. Into this cave towering waves rush during stormy weather, and as the cave extends some distance further into the rock than the "Blow Hole," on the entrance of each wave this cavity becomes full of compressed air, which, when the tension becomes too great, blows the water with stupendous force up the perpendicular opening.—Australian Photographic Journal.

The Old Fashioned Woman.

A boy in New York fell through the opening in a fire-escape landing at the fifth floor; an old-fashioned woman was sitting on the steps below. The child caromed on the coping over the doorway and landed in the woman's lap. That saved his life, and beyond a bruise as the result of striking the coping he was unharmed.

Of course the question immediately arises: Of what use would a man have been under such circumstances? Clearly none. He has no lap. And of what use would a new woman in bloomers have been? Just as little, and for the same reason.—Chicago Evening Post.

It Will Set Fire.

An investigation into the cause of a fire in a Winter street dry-goods store, in Boston, recently, resulted in demonstrating that an incandescent electric lamp generates sufficient heat to set inflammable material into a blaze. The fire in question, for which a stillalar was given was caused by allowing an incandescent lamp to remain for a few moments on a pile of cotton cloth in the packing-room. The person in charge left the room for a few moments, not dreaming but that it was safe to leave the lamp on the cloth. When he returned the cloth was blazing.—Philadelphia Press.

Insomnia Is Contagious.

"Now, sir," said the professor of medicine, "you may tell me to what class of maladies insomnia belongs." "Why—er," replied the indolent youth, "it's a contagious disease." "I never heard it so described. Where did you learn of this?" "From experience. Whenever my neighbor's dog can't sleep I'm just as wakeful as he is."

The Sheep Were out.

The owner of a large menagerie, which includes a "happy family" consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a sheep, was asked the other day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "except the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally."

BORN.

Halifax, July 1, to the wife of Wm. M. Robb, a son.
St. John, June 30, to the wife of Joshua Ward, a son.
Truro, June 18, to the wife of K. Wisener, a daughter.
Truro, June 12, to the wife of Fred Brown, a daughter.
Wolville, June 29, to the wife of Prof. Kierstead, a son.
St. John, June 29, to the wife of William Clarke, a son.
Eastville, June 25, to the wife of George Graham, a son.
Lochaber, June 15, to the wife of Parker Maler, a son.
Sheet Harbor, June 24, to the wife of Enos Hannish, a son.
North River, June 27, to the wife of Joseph McNutt, a son.
Bass River, June 27, to the wife of Frank Palmer, a son.
Halifax, June 29, to the wife of A. D. Bruce, a daughter.
Halifax, June 27, to the wife of John Laphin, a daughter.
Halifax, June 25, to the wife of John B. Studley, a daughter.
Onslow, June 25, to the wife of Charles Hill, a daughter.
Clifton, June 16, to the wife of Alfred Crowe, a daughter.
Truro, June 17, to the wife of David Youds, a daughter.
Charlottetown, June 19, to the wife of J. P. Hood, a daughter.
Windor, June 21, to the wife of James Dunkerton, a daughter.
Amherst, June 24, to the wife of William Howard, a daughter.
French Village, June 27, to the wife of Aid. Hubley, a daughter.
Eastville, June 21, to the wife of William Crockett, a daughter.
Riversdale, June 17, to the wife of George McKay, a daughter.
Sheet Harbor, June 23, to the wife of Andrew McDaniel, a son.
Annapolis, June 21, to the wife of Chas. McCorrack, a son.
Upper Stewiack, June 21, to the wife of Alexander Fields, a son.
Sheet Harbor, June 24, to the wife of Daniel McDonald, a son.
South Bar, C. B. June 15th, to the wife of Vincent Mullins, a son.
Mosherville, June 23, to the wife of Benjamin Anshur, a daughter.
Trout Brook, N. B. June 23, to the wife of David McArthur, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Moncton, June 26, R. McNab to Clara Marr.
Boston, June 25, James H. Dalt to Sarah J. Moore.
East Passage, June 29, George Spry Fraser to Matilda Horne.
Freestown, June 26, by Rev. Mr. Allaby, A. Thurston to Annie Nickerson.
Auburn, June 18, by Rev. William Ryan, G. B. J. Murry to Jessie Bent.
St. John, July 2, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, J. D. Fonge to Annie Pevia.
Halifax, June 26, by Rev. A. Hockin, William T. Smith to Annie Howe.
Halifax, July 1, by Rev. W. E. Hall, H. H. Smith to Helena May Lynch.
Yarmouth, June 19, by Rev. E. D. Millar, Harry Smith to Julia Carr.
Truro, June 29, by Rev. A. S. Geggie, Alexander Smith to Annie Burns.
Halifax, June 25, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, Roderick Link to Flora Johnston.
Parabrook, June 15, by Rev. E. Gibbons, George Marsh to Mary Gushie.
Windor, June 22, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Howard Wiles to Nettie Feindie.
Graton, June 26, by Rev. Thos. McCall, J. W. Elliott to Laura Morton.
Loch Broom, June 12, by Rev. Mr. Coffin, M. Douglass to Sadie J. Johnston.
Halifax, June 25, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, John Smith to Annie Baldwin.
St. John, June 26, by Rev. G. O. Gates, James H. Day to Annie May Durah.
Pugwash, June 18, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Jacob Taylor to Jane McKenna.
Caledonia, June 27, by Rev. E. C. Baker, James A. Rathbone to Rosa D. Teiler.
Cookville, June 26, by Rev. D. A. Steele, James Stokes to Elia T. Goodwin.
Halifax, July 1, by Rev. Father Moriarty, Michael Murphy to Cecilia Lusk.
Parabrook, June 12, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Clifford Gilbert to Rebecca Halford.
Lismore, June 17, by Rev. A. McGilvary, Michael Digby to Annie McDonald.
Dartmouth, June 24, by Rev. Thos. Stewart, Frank W. Russell to Elva Dillman.
Seal Cove, June 22, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Grosvenor Cook to Odalia Russell.
Halifax, June 27, by Rev. H. B. McKay, G. S. Lapey to Alice A. Forslner.
Digby, June 15, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Fred Holland to Addie Morehouse.
Windor, June 25, by Rev. H. D. Worlen, Alexander Owen to Elia D. Clark.
Economy Point, June 18, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Amos Fulton to Susan Alma Moore.
Bass River, June 26, by Rev. F. W. Murray, John Smith to Rebecca Boone.
St. Marys, N. B., June 26, by Rev. P. R. Knight, Henry Beane to Rhoda Boone.
Millard, June 19, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Lewis J. Withrow to Jessie McKenna.
Big Cove, June 25, by Rev. A. M. McKenzie, Duncan McKay to Betsy McLeod.
Boston, June 17, by Rev. P. M. McDonald, J. Fred Raye to Bessie J. Greenough.
Halifax, June 27, by Rev. W. E. Hall, George E. Hoopes to Minnie M. Weston.
Allendale, June 22, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, George C. Holden to Augusta E. Bower.
Dartmouth, June 14, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Laurence Hardy to Ella Ocker.
Canterbury, June 12, by Rev. D. E. Brooks, Moses B. Lillman to Annie G. Grant.
Halifax, July 1, by Rev. A. C. Borden, George L. Goss to Mrs. Catherine Brunt.
New Glasgow, June 15, by Rev. A. Rogers, John H. Fraser, to Minnie J. Fraser.
Wallace River, June 19, by Rev. H. B. McKay, Henry Manning to Mary Davis.
Amherst, June 24, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Walter M. Ripley to Addie D. Weginmore.
Gays River, June 26, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Arthur McKelley to Georgina Benjamin.
Denmark, N. S., June 27, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, Everett Sesto to Mary Waynot.
Digby, June 15, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, William D. Morton to Nellie M. Barnaby.
Barton, N. S., June 24, by Rev. Mr. Withycombe, Lucy Currell to Ullia Messerut.
McLennan Brook, June 19, by Rev. D. Henderson, W. F. Jones to Helen M. McKay.
Waterside, June 21, by Rev. S. C. Moore, Warren H. Wibaud to Lucy J. Banister.
Bear River, June 18, by Rev. J. M. Witcombe, Fred C. Bishop to Mary A. Harris.
St. John, June 20, by Rev. A. B. MacDonald, William H. White to Jeanie McKenna.
New Germany, June 22, by Rev. Maynard Brown, Gilbert Correll to Zephania Wentzel.
Little River, June 20, by Rev. J. F. Polly, Christopher Dillman to Amanda Hendry.
Lunenburg, June 11, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Daniel Lewis Zink to Sarah A. V. Walker.
Bridgewater, June 16, by Rev. Mr. Shaw, J. T. Nickerson, Jr. to Josephine M. Ryan.
Everett, Mass., June 20, by Rev. Chas. Allan, William W. Miller to Mabel Ilicchic.
Bathurst, June 26, by Rev. A. F. Thompson, Herbert R. Ramsay to Rebecca Armstrong.
River Herbert, June 29, by Rev. T. F. Wootton, Charles H. Kelly to Laura F. Rockwell.
Middle Musquodobi, June 26, by Rev. Edwin Smith, Lexter Dickie, to Labale Erwin.
Yarmouth, N. S., June 26, by Rev. W. B. Forbush, W. R. S. Wilson to Blanche B. Horton.
Frederickton, June 25, by Rev. Willard McDonald, Walter C. Murray to Christina Cameron.
West New Annap, June 27, by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, Angus McEachern to Minnie B. Smith.
Ellershouse, June 26, by Canon Baynard, Rev. Willie Masten Bous to Sophie Dorothea Beckman.
Everett, Mass., June 17, by Rev. H. L. Wriston, George A. Kirkpatrick to Lillian A. Wilson.
Middle Musquodobi, June 26, by Rev. Edwin Smith, William W. Miller to Mabel Ilicchic.
Great Shegogue, June 19, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, Sherman Burgess, M. D. to Josephine Avar.
Kingsclere, June 25, by Rev. H. Montgomery, Zebedee A. Estey to Margaret Jean Murray.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED
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.

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DEARBORN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AGENTS

DIED.

Halifax, June 7, Jan. Elliott, 33.
Bristol, June 29, James Slater, 50.
St. John, July 1, George Fajny, 34.
Sullivan, June 14, David Culien, 61.
Pictou, June 22, Mrs. Peter Brown, 60.
St. John, July 2, George M. White, 51.
St. John, June 27, Joseph J. Waite, 22.
Halifax, July 2, Bessie Man! Fauker.
St. John, June 28, John P. Lawson, 50.
Antigonish, June 24, Simon Fajny, 79.
Halifax, June 22, Samuel Blackburn, 62.
Green Point, June 24, Mrs. J. A. Faust, 22.
Milltown, June 15, Henry B. Campbell, 17.
Windor, June 24, Laura M. Armstrong, 32.
Fredericton, June 21, Mrs. Moses Pond, 62.
Milton, June 25, Ludovica H. Barnaby, 57.
Yarmouth, June 20, William F. Gurdie, 33.
Dartmouth, N. B., June 16, Robert Barb, 79.
Little Shegogue, June 17, Stephen Davis, 2.
Salsbury Road, June 26, William Storey, 34.
Tupperville, N. S., June 16, Miss C. Kent, 98.
Halifax, Jan. 27, Capt. C. F. Johansson, 39.
Albert, June 4, Arthur Fullerton, 14 months.
Brookville, June 18, Mrs. Al nzo Jackson, 42.
Marston, June 26, Everett B. Sutherland, 32.
Sacramento, Cal. June 4, Mrs. E. Len Taylor, 74.
Liverpool, N. S., June 26, Daniel P. King, 65.
Wallace, June 13, E. v. a. wife of Charles E. Kerr, 49.
Shelburne, June 22, Rev. James William Thompson 25.
Glen Cordillade, P. E. I., June 13, Angus McDonnell, 108.
Dartmouth, June 25, Ellen E., wife of John F. Stevens, 31.
Halifax, June 30, Annie C., wife of Walter N. Crowell, 26.
Whitman, Mass., June 26, Colin Christie, formerly of Truro, N. S.
St. John, June 28, Mary Ann, widow of the late James Coray, 86.
Gagetown, June 9, Mary, infant daughter of Fred and Mirabel Foster.
St. John, June 29, Susanna L., widow of the late Daniel Robertson, 81.
St. John, June 30, Catherine, widow of the late Henry H