

NANNETTE'S DIVORCE.

The first time he saw her he was ten years old and she was two. Her parents had taken possession of the house next door to his own home only the previous week. It was a warm May afternoon and he was coming home from school with his books strapped over his shoulder when the shrill scream of a child fell on his ear, a scream full of angry pain and rebellious grief. He turned in the direction of a sound and saw a vision of childish loveliness—a tangle of golden hair, two great eyes swimming in tears like pansies plucked from their stems and tossed into a bowl of water, a pursed up spot of crimson where the mouth should be, and two doubtful fists, the size of pink rosebuds, beating in the air, while the small feet stamped in violent rage. With the screams of the child had mingled the wail of a cat and the voice of a woman in cap and apron, who appeared to be the child's nurse.

No, no; Nannette must not pull the poor kitty's tail; it is very naughty," said the woman; "it hurts the pussy and makes her sick." Just then the cat in question sprang on the garden fence ready to make its escape into the street, and this augmented the grief of the small maiden to the utmost limit. She threw her pretty body on the ground and beat the earth with her tiny heels, shrieking at the top of her voice: "I wants tity-tat—I wants tity-tat!" The sight of the beautiful child's grief was much for Master Albert Orton's tender heart. He sprang forward and seized the unsuspecting cat in his arms, leaped the garden fence like a young deer, and kneeling by Nannette he said soothingly: "Here baby, here is the kitten for you. Don't cry; don't cry anymore. Albert will hold the kitty while you play with it."

Nannette's heels ceased their angry vibration, and she looked up through her tangle of curls and smiled adorably, while a silvery ripple of laughter replaced the wail of agony. She sat up and stroked and mauled the poor cat with her rose-leaf hands, saying, in a cooing voice, "Pitty tity-tat—dood little boy—Nannette like dood little boy—Nannette hate bad nurse." This last with a contemptuous glance at the disconcerted woman who stood near watching the proceedings with doubtful eyes.

After that Albert and Nannette were the greatest friends imaginable. He hastened home from school to play with her, and there was no sacrifice on his part too great to make for the gratification of the small damsel's least wish. She might pound a rock with his slate, toss his marbles into the well to hear them "chuck" against the water, mix mud pies in his Sunday hat, break his hoop and lose his bat, and there was never a word of complaint from his lips. To make Nannette happy was his chief desire. She was a most destructive child, and seemed never content until she had ruined every toy she touched, whether her own or another's. As a consequence, she was most unpopular with the children of her own age; they rebelled at having their playthings destroyed, and as years passed by and Nannette grew more impetuous and destructive, she clung more and more to Albert as a companion and playmate, because he alone allowed her to have and do whatever she desired.

Nannette was eight and Albert, sixteen when he was sent away to college. She wept so violently at the separation that Albert would have relinquished the project of acquiring an education had he been his own master.

Nine years elapsed before they met again. Nannette's father died, and her mother took her abroad to be educated in a convent, and then there was a year's travel about the Continent. During this time Nannette was thrown with a party of American people, and became engaged to Sylvester Cameron, a young man of fine family and fortune. Perhaps the evident desire on Mrs. Cameron's part that her son should devote himself to a certain Miss Dorris in the party was one great cause in hastening Nannette's betrothal. Miss Dorris was a very sweet girl, sensible and earnest, and although a dependent upon rich relatives, Mrs. Cameron's mother eyes read the woman heart in her breast and that she possessed all the requisites for a good wife.

But Nannette's witching face and appealing eyes carried the day, and Mrs. Cameron gave her blessing with a stifled sigh.

Meanwhile Nannette's mother stipulated that the marriage should not take place until a year had passed. They returned to their American home to prepare for the occasion, and found Albert Orton back from college, settled in the practice of law and winning laurels as an orator.

It was the right occasion seemed to present itself in which to inform the young man of Nannette's approaching nuptials. A rumor reached their ears of Mr. Orton's engagement to a young woman (whom he had met while in college, a daughter of one of the professors).

This bit of news seemed to produce an extraordinary effect upon Nannette. She neither ate nor slept, and she passed hours in violent weeping. It was only in the presence of Albert, who called daily, that she showed the least interest or pleasure in life. Finally she broke into tears one day when he was calling, and a climax was reached. She vowed that she had always loved Albert and no one else, and that the thought of his marrying another woman was bitterer than death. Her own entanglement she spoke of as a foolish mistake, and surprised her mother by the announcement that she had already broken from it and had returned Mr. Cameron's ring!

As the weeks passed by, Nannette's condition became alarming, and she seemed on the verge of nervous collapse. Albert's sympathies were constantly worked upon, his vanity flattered and his old romantic affection revived, with the additional elements of admiration of the young girl's beauty of person. He argued to himself that Nannette's claim came first, and that the tie between them was too sacred to sever. Since she had not hesitated to break a later engagement he ought not to show less moral courage. He could not see her suffer as she was evidently suffering, when a single word from him would restore her to happiness. So he wrote to his fiancée and asked for a release from his promise of marriage, and three months later he made Nannette his wife. Mr. Sylvester Cameron was reported as taking a rapid transit voyage to the dogs about that time, and the professor's daughter died of spinal meningitis the next year, but Nannette was happy and that was it.

always had been, the chief aim of Albert's heart.

During the first two years she seemed absolutely happy in his love and companionship, and life was a paradise to Albert. He was growing in his profession, he was making and saving money, and he had the sweetest and most domestic little wife in the world, whose happiness lay in his society. What more could a man ask?

There came a change. Nannette wanted a larger house, more servants and a carriage. Of course, Albert gratified these desires, since he only valued his increasing fortune as a means of contributing to Nannette's happiness. Even the rather elaborate and to him tiresome entertainments which she grew fond of giving in her new house afforded Albert a melancholy sort of pleasure, he watching her enjoyment of the role of mistress.

Perhaps one of the hardest trials of the young husband's life was when Nannette developed a passion for elocution, and announced her desire to take lessons in the art in order to be able to "recite" for her friends.

"You see I do not sing or play well enough," she said, "to give my friends any entertainment. I never had any musical talent. This makes me a sort of nobody in society. Nearly every woman I know does something. Now, it is easy to learn to recite bits of verse, and it will render me a better hostess and a more popular person. But it is not easy to learn to recite verses well." Albert suggested, "It requires a talent and a vast deal of practice. Badly done it is a torture to the audience."

"Oh, very well. If you don't think I am capable of doing it well I will not disgrace you by any attempt," cried Nannette, with a flood of angry tears, which Albert mistook for tears of wounded feeling, and hastened to dry with tender words of praise and love, and Nannette began her lessons in elocution the next day.

Then came the period of torture for a proud, sensitive and loving man, who is obliged to witness some unworthy and crude performance of the woman he adores, and to watch her flattered acceptance insincere "bravos" which changed into ridicule as soon as her back was turned. Nannette was young, beautiful, vivacious, an agreeable converser, and universally admired. Yet she was not content with these charms which a generous nature had bestowed, and needs must attempt to shine in a role to which she was wholly unfitted. Meanwhile Albert felt obliged to close his lips and restrain the honest criticisms of her attempt at "elocution" because he knew such criticisms would make her angry and unhappy, and he had resolved to render Nannette happy at all costs.

They had been married four years when Nannette decided to take a trip abroad in company with her mother and a party of ladies who were going into southern Italy. The journey came at a time when it was not possible for Albert to go; his heart was wrenched at the thought of the separation of months which must ensue, but his wife went abroad and left their husbands at home, and he must not ask his wife to sacrifice such a pleasure, since she considered it one.

Nannette was absent three months, and Albert joined her and they returned at the expiration of another six weeks.

After that she went abroad every year for a period of three or four months, and her husband found the consequent expense too great to feel justified in sharing the homeward journey. So he patiently awaited her return, finding contentment in the thought that Nannette was happy. But one day, when she returned from her fourth sojourn abroad, he discovered that Nannette was not happy. They had been married eight years, and the husband thought he understood his wife, the playmate of his childhood, the comrade and companion of his maturer life. But he could not understand this new phase of her. She was restless, petulant, silent, distrustful, and often indulged in fits of weeping, for which she had no explanation.

And then, suddenly, one day, he found her smiling, radiant, and full of happy excitement. "Oh, Albert," she cried, "what do you think! Signor Giovanni, the Italian artist, whom I told you I sat for head of Madonna, has come to America and has opened a studio only a few blocks away from us. He called this afternoon, and I asked him to dine with us to-morrow."

A strange chill passed over Albert as he listened; why, he could not tell. "Some one is walking over my grave," he said to himself, and then he rallied and entered into his wife's plans for the entertainment of the guest with evident pleasure.

Signor Giovanni was a young man of twenty-seven, romantic in appearance, and bearing a striking resemblance to the famous "head of a Neapolitan boy." Nannette seemed transported by his presence, and yet, deep-seated as was the desire of Albert's life to see her happy, the sight of this new phase of her nature struck a icy chill to his heart. But of all roles he most detested that of a jealous husband. It was one he could never condescend to play. He would be cordiality itself to Signor Giovanni, and tenderness itself to Nannette, and all would be well. Surely Nannette could not feel more than a passing fancy for this man—the sort of ideal fancy which many sentimental women entertain for a foreign artist of any description. So the weeks slipped away into months, and Signor Giovanni was a constant caller at the house.

And then one day in the early summer, when the town people were getting ready to fly away to the seashore, the country or foreign lands, Albert surprised his wife in tears, with a letter pressed to her lips.

He stood silent and pale before her for a few moments. Her expression passed from guilty surprise to defiance, then to shame before the solemn sorrow and rebuke of his kind eyes. She covered her face and fell to weeping, while Albert sat down and passed his arm gently about her swaying figure, and drew her head to his breast.

"There, there, little one," he said, soothingly, "be calm, and tell Albert all about it. Has he not always been your best friend? You love some one else better? Is that it?"

A new access of tears and sobs was the only reply. The pallor of Albert's face grew ghastly, but his clasped upon his wife's form only tightened and he stroked her golden hair softly. There was a long silence and then he spoke again. "Nannette, from the hour I first saw you, the one desire of my heart has been to make you happy. Do you not know this to be true?"

She bowed her head silently. "I still retain that desire," he continued. "If you have found that you love some one else better than you love me; if some one else is more necessary to your happiness than I am, surely I will not be an obstacle in your way. Only I want you to be very sure that you are not making a mistake. We mortals are such complicated creatures we cannot always trust our own notions. Would it not be well for you and Signor Giovanni to try a year of separation to test the durability of your sentiments? Sometimes these attachments are wholly the result of physical magnetism. If you can remain apart until the current which your association set in motion exhausts itself—the infatuation dies a natural death and you awake as in a dream. Had you not better make the test?"

"But we did make it, and it was no use," cried Nannette. "We loved each other the moment we met last year, and when I came away it was like death to both of us. We meant never to meet again, but he could not bear the separation; he was killing him and so he followed me. And now it is worse than ever. Oh, Albert, I was but a child when I married you—I did not know my own mind. Now I am a woman, and I know I feel the love of my life for this man. God help him! God help him!"

So absorbed was she in her own sorrow that she never saw the ghastly pallor that overspread her husband's face, the look of a wounded animal which came into his kind eyes. It was only of her own suffering she thought, and she threw herself face downward on a Turkish divan in a paroxysm of tears. Before Albert's vision as he stood gazing at her there rose the picture of that May morning when he had seen her for the first time, and he could recall with amazing distinctness the droll little patch of black on the face of the white cat which he had caught and given to Nannette to assuage her grief and make her happy. He recalled too, vividly, the reproving glances of the old nurse, who stood by him in silence.

Well, twenty-three years had gone since that May morning—twenty-three years devoted in the main to the same effort—the effort to make Nannette happy, and this was the end. There was but one more sacrifice to make—the sacrifice of his own hopes and happiness. He passed out of Nannette's life and gave her the man whom she said she loved with the great passion of her womanhood. Even that could be done, must be done, to secure her happiness.

It was all understood between them when she went abroad. After a year's time had elapsed she was to make her application for divorce, and it would be quickly granted. Albert's influence with judge and jury would arrange that. Nannette accepted the sacrifice as she had accepted all others, rejoicing in thought that she was to have what she wanted—and satisfying herself with thought that Albert's claim meant content.

Ten years later a man with snow-white hair and a seamed and furrowed face sat in his lonely room and opened with trembling hands a letter bearing a foreign postmark. There were but a few lines in the letter, and they ran thus: "Dear Albert: I am all alone—deserted—poor, ill and unhappy. Will you come and take me home to die in your arms? I know you will—you were always so good—and this is the only happiness life has now to offer to your poor Nannette." The man broke into wild sobs—the first of a lifetime of repression. "Thank God," he cried, "thank God, she is coming back to me!"

A VETERAN OF THE LATE WAR.

Cured of Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells by Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart—It Always Relieves in 30 Minutes, and Thus Saves Thousands of Lives.

Mr. H. H. Musselman, member of the G. A. R. Weisport, Pa., writes: I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and have been entirely cured of palpitation or fluttering of the heart and smothering spells. I took 10 bottles of sarsaparilla, but it failed in any way to relieve me. I do not think the value of the heart cure can be estimated. It has wrought such a change in my condition that I feel like a new man."

Royalty behind the Footlights.

The theatrical performances by royalty which are now so popular are not the plays which many people think they are. On the contrary, they constitute a very serious business indeed, each representation costing a very large sum of money. While the Queen, of course, commands the performances, all details relating to make-up, etc., by her Majesty's commands are kept very secret. In order that these regulations may be the more effectively observed a special man is always engaged to make up the faces of the illustrious mummies. The services of this artist in complexion are called into requisition at every performance, and his work is no sinecure, as will be imagined when it is known that he is not allowed to bring an assistant with him. The royal actors and actresses measure their own heads, and new wigs are made for each presentation. When she is not acting the prompting is all done by the Princess Louise. In view of the late discussion as to whether actors and actresses should kiss on the stage, and bearing in mind that people who are not of royal blood sometimes take part, it is interesting to note that in a love scene between royal actress and an actor of humbler origin the kisses are feigned.

DOUBLED UP WITH RHEUMATISM.

A Norwood Citizen Praises South American Rheumatic Cure.

William Pegg, Norwood, Ont.: "Last Christmas I could hardly walk, and was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I procured three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure from W. Rutherford, druggist, of Norwood, and found it the best and quickest acting medicine I ever saw. The first dose gave relief, and the three bottles completely cured me. I have had neither ache or pain from rheumatism since."

Too Previous.

A curious incident marked the conclusion of the sale of Napoleonic relics at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris, not long back. The collection, though not very large, contained objects of extraordinary historical interest. When the auctioneer reached No. 68, there was the buzz which accom-

panies an exciting lot. It was a porcelain cup out of which it is said Napoleon had drunk for the last time at St. Helena. The cup was carefully examined by the dealers, and one expert had the cleverness to discover, and the courage then and there to point out, a mark on the paste, under the glass, which proved beyond all doubt that the cup was fashioned in 1840 or thereabouts—certainly in the reign of Louis Philippe.

VERY HELPFUL TO LADIES.

Quick Relief, With no After Unpleasantness Comes to Those Who Use South American Kidney Cure.

Whilst both sexes are sufferers from kidney trouble, in many respects women are liable to peculiar weaknesses and pains, because of disorganization of the kidneys. Objection is taken, and rightly, to many remedies because of the method of use, as well as after-unpleasantness. This is never the case with South American Kidney Cure. It gives ease to the patient in six hours, and no annoying effects follow, for in a short time, even in aggravated cases, an entire cure is effected. There is no odor, medicine, like South American Kidney Cure. It is a remedy for the kidneys and bladder only—not a general specific that is supposed to cure everything and ends by affecting no cure. South American Kidney Cure does its particular work and does it well.

When Summer Comes Again

A good story is related of a small tradesman in a Welsh town. A short time ago a large lake near the town became frozen over for the first time for many years, and large numbers of people from a neighbouring city came over for the purpose of enjoying some skating. As this sport was a novelty to the residents, they became also desirous of entering into it, and besieged the local ironmonger for skates.

Incredible as it may appear, this individual had never heard of such articles, but, disclaiming to admit his ignorance, replied that he had not any in stock. Wounded at last, however, by repeated orders for skates, he remarked to his wife: "Mary, we must lay in a stock of these skates, for, look you, if there's such a great demand for them now, what will there be in summer, when the tourists come?"

THREE NOTED EPISCOPALAINS

Who Have Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and in the Interests of Suffering Humanity Say How Much It Has Done for Them.

In the ecclesiastical history of Canada the name of the Right Rev. A. Sweetman, D. D., D. C. L., Lord Bishop of Toronto, and Rev. John Langtry, M. A., D. C. L., stand out prominent, and within his own parish may be added to these the name of the Rev. W. R. Williams. Dr. Langtry's popular curate. These gentlemen believe in acting out the axiom of the Good Book, that, having learned of that which has been a source of benefit to themselves, it is their duty to tell the good news to others. These three clergymen of the Episcopal Church have each used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and found that for cold in the head and catarrhal troubles it is a great help, and over their own signature they have said to the public that these things are so, that others may be likewise benefited and helped.

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use it relieves in 10 minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample free for two 3 c. stamps. S. G. Detchem, 44 Church St., Toronto.

A Novel Wall Paper.

A utilitarian young lady in the Far West has papered her room with her correspondence. The dado is entirely composed of love-letters, arranged according to date. Those that contain proposals are placed along the top, so that their purport may come well within the eye-line of visitors. The dado is not quite finished, as the young lady is still young, and the room is large. She expects to have sufficient love-letters to complete it within the next three months. The walls above the dado are filled in with letters, chronologically placed, announcing the engagements of her friends, invitations to dances, country houses, sleigh parties, and so on.

Socialistic Logic.

Two gentlemen, one of whom was a strong Socialist, on going into a railway station, were offered a certain paper by a newsboy. Neither of them took one, but the Socialist bought the identical paper from a stall inside the station.

"Come come!" said his friend. "You are hardly acting up to your principles in patronizing this capitalist here to the detriment of that poor little lad outside." "That's just it," was the rejoinder. "If I bought that little lad outside, I might be helping to create another capitalist, and I dislike that class too much to desire to see any more of them. By buying of the already made capitalist, I can be sure that I am not assisting in increasing that class."

How Russians Make Tea.

Russians are very careful about the way their tea is made. They make it in a porcelain or earthen teapot, and drink it from tumblers of glass, so annealed that their is no danger of the hot liquid breaking them. Their tea is always made of water at the first boiling—an important matter. The tea brewed in the teapot is made quite strong, but the tea-glasses are but one-third filled with this tea, and then filled up with boiling water. This gives a delicate, fine-flavored cup of tea, not strong enough to have a rank taste.

Danger of "Cold Burns."

M. Raoul Pictet has described the "cold burns" experienced by himself and his assistants during investigations at low temperatures. In some cases the skin is first red, then blue, and subsequently the area of the injured spot extends to nearly double what it was originally. There is a painful itching sensation in the surrounding tissues, as well as at the affected spot, and healing usually takes five or six weeks. In more serious cases the skin rapidly becomes detached, and there is a long and stubborn suppuration, the wound remaining open

for more than six months in one instance after a drop of liquid air had fallen on the hand.

Like a Centipede.

"The fact of painting a fly or bee so true to Nature that the observer attempts to brush it away is not so difficult as is generally supposed," remarks a painter of still life. "The art lies in making the insect stand out from the background. Not long ago a patron brought me six saucers, and a card upon which was pinned a house centipede, or 'thousand legs,' requesting me to copy it exactly upon each of the saucers so that the base of the cup would cover it. I did so. Afterwards he told me that he had given a little tea party, and without the knowledge of his wife had substituted the painted saucers for the plain ones. His amusement consisted in observing the horrified expressions on the faces of the guests when they raised their cups, and the quickness with which they put them down again to keep the monster imprisoned. It was only when the hostess noticed that none of the guests drank their tea that the deception was discovered."

How to Edit a Paper.

"I have finished that article you told me to write, urging that scheme of yours, sir," said the assistant to the editor. "Have you put in all the arguments in its favor that you can think of?" "Yes, sir." "Then add that 'other considerations' will readily suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader, and let it go at that."

BORN.

Galeton, April 29, to the wife of M. L. Sutton, a son.
New Prospect, April 10, to the wife of Wm. Kaye, a son.
White Hall, April 7, to the wife of Lester Brown, a son.
Annapolis, April 8, to the wife of Griffin O'Dell, a son.
Belleville, April 17, to the wife of Sylvester Bent, a son.
Rosebush, April 22, to the wife of Angus Macaulay, a son.
Halifax, April 22, to the wife of John S. Jones, a son.
Hartford, April 12, to the wife of Colin Covey, twin girls.
Truro, April 18, to the wife of William McMullan, a son.
Campbellton, April 22, to the wife of W. D. Duncan, a son.
New Ross, April 19, to the wife of Samuel Bliz, a son.
New Ross, April 1, to the wife of Edward Keady, a daughter.
Invermay, April 19, to the wife of Amiel Gordon, a daughter.
Richibucto, April 19, to the wife of John Curwin, a daughter.
Richibucto, April 18, to the wife of J. Q. Vator, a daughter.
Halifax, April 26, to the wife of Wm. C. McNeil, a daughter.
New Ross, April 19, to the wife of Henry I. Meister, a daughter.
St. John, April 30, to the wife of Andrew S. Porter, a daughter.
Annapolis, April 7, to the wife of Herbert Nelson, a daughter.
Campbellton, April 16, to the wife of Ernest Travis, a daughter.
Abercrombie, N. S., April 11, to the wife of Luke Rogers, a son.
Campbellton, April 22, to the wife of Walter Richards, a son.
Kinross Settlement, April 19, to the wife of Spurgin Powell, a son.
Carleton, N. S., April 18, to the wife of Joseph Graham, a son.
Shelburne, April 11, to the wife of Robert Thompson, a daughter.
Yarmouth, April 21, to the wife of D. George Farish, a daughter.
North Sydney, April 13, to the wife of E. M. Archibald, a daughter.
Centre Rawdon, April 9, to the wife of Michael Casey, a daughter.
Campbellton, April 22, to the wife of Edward J. Levine, a daughter.
Yarmouth, April 11, to the wife of Dr. George Farish, a daughter.
International Pier, April 10, to the wife of Angus McLeod, a daughter.
Kinross Settlement, April 19, to the wife of W. A. Humphrey, twin girls.

MARRIED.

Carlisle, April 30, by Rev. W. S. Beaman, Joseph Melvin to Louisa Rose.
Woodstock, April 3, by Rev. A. F. Baker, Wm. T. Williams to Elizabeth B. Ripley, of Macleod.
Amherst, April 23, by Rev. V. E. Harris, Dr. C. W. Bliss to Fannie R. Crane.
Chatham, April 24, by Rev. Jos. McCoy, M. A., John Groat to Lily Dickson.
Hillsboro, April 23, by Rev. W. Camp, Edgar F. Stevens to Kate MacDonald.
Brickton, April 19, by Rev. J. Harry King, Leander J. Oakes, to Emma E. Banks.
Maccan, April 24, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Howard E. Allen to Alice H. Ripley, of Macleod.
Amherst, April 23, by Rev. Geo. Scovell Neale, David W. Fickett to Bertha W. Bedell.
Juvenile, N. B., April 25, by Rev. W. W. Wase, Charles McKenzie to Mary J. Graham.
St. John, April 19, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, George F. Porter to Loretta Grace Bell of Pembroke.
Lake Ainslie, April 9, by Rev. A. Grant, Angus Campbell to Sarah Capstick, of Sydney.
Old Bridgeport, April 13, by Rev. J. A. McElashen, Daniel Landry to Annie Maude Forrest.
Grand Manan, April 17, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Albert C. Edgewood to Cassie M. Dalzell.
St. John, April 30, by Rev. Norman McKinnon, William J. Bannister to Elizabeth Harwell.
Hebron, April 11, by Rev. F. H. Beale Stephen, G. Porter to Loretta Grace Bell of Pembroke.
Annapolis, April 25, by Rev. H. How, B. A., James O. Hardwick to Leah Goodridge of Burin, Nfld.
Woodstock, April 17, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Benjamin W. Whamper to Mrs. Melissa Grandemire.
Clearview, April 18, by Rev. Geo. M. Young, Frank Culbertson to Mrs. M. Weiss, of Worcester, Mass.
Halifax, April 23, by Rev. F. H. Wright, Ernest E. Shiers to Martha Williams of Cape Breton.
Taylorville, April 17, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John Benjamin to Guys River, to Charlotte Taylor.
Tracy Mills, N. B., April 17, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, assisted by Rev. G. F. Currie, H. Reis G. Stack pole, of Bridgewater, Me., to Addie M. Peterson, N. B.
Maitland, April 23, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Leonard Ernst of Maitland, to Ada Eisenham, of Sweetland.
New Germany, April 10, by Rev. G. P. Raymond, Fred Van Bawick, of North Berwick, to Maria Varna.
Millstream, April 11 by Rev. Thos. Pierce, William Bigger of Mt. Hebron, to Alice M. Bigger of Sussex.
Woodstock, April 22, by Rev. Dr. Chapman, Geo. H. Wheeler to Cassie M., daughter of Asa Seil, of Foreston.
Blue Mountain, April 13, by Rev. D. Henderson, Hugh Robert Campbell to Catharine daughter of David Ross.
Cognacville, April 18, by Rev. A. R. G. Graeppe, George Boliver to Francis Anne Vokler, of Petite Riviere.
Halifax, April 17, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Corporal Charles H. Wales, of Kings regiment to Margaret E. Roche.
Centerville, April 18, by Rev. B. F. Parker, Smith Nickerson of Southside to Bessie G. Atkinson of Stoney Island.
Amherst, April 13, by Rev. D. A. Steele, D. D. John W. Cove, of River Herbert, to Arvilla J. Fagg, of Hastings.
Woodstock, April 13, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, J. B.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE 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.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Burlington, of Houlton, Me., to Elizabeth Barrow, of York Co., N. B.
Morristown, April 9, by Rev. Mr. Bancroft, Norman Wilson, of Windermere, to Laura, daughter of Enoch Hutchinson.
Gibson, April 15, by Rev. F. D. Davidson Watts, St. Tompkins of Florenceville to Florence V. Vandine of Canning.
Barrington, April 18, by Rev. C. Jost, D. D., William O. Perry, of Black Point, to Lillie Crowell, of Cape Negro Island.
Grege Settlement, April 13, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Chas. A. Wiggins, of Tracy Mills, to Mary Leitch, Centerville, N. B.
McNabs Island, April 24, by the Rev. E. Roy Warman, Edward H. Perrin to Kathleen Jessie Hunt of Witsville, England.
Waterbury, April 19, by Rev. A. J. Gollmer, George Robinson of Cambridge to Annie S. daughter of James Babinington.
Amherst, April 24, by Rev. Dr. Steele assisted by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, A. W. Hodgson of Fort William, Ont. to Edna M. Moffat.

DIED.

Burton, April 15, John I. Gavel, 52.
Landsdown, April 1, Allan Foster, 19.
St. John, April 30, Luke Duffly, 84.
Lily Lake, April 24, Jeremiah Russell.
Hartland, April 9, Mattie M. Shaw, 10.
Snider Mountain, N. B., John Long, 61.
Back Bay, N. B., April 19, Peter Cook, 28.
Tusket Wedge, April 14, Sylvain Surette, 73.
Welsford, N. B., April 28, Daniel Wark, 86.
St. Marys, N. B., April 18, George Brewer, 89.
Upper Kingsclear, April 15, John S. Smith, 61.
Paradise, April 21, Rev. Stanley C. Leonard, 29.
Creighton Raar, April 7, Alexander C. Cameron, 68.
St. John, April 29, Prof. Helme of London, England.
Woodward's Cove, April 13, Isaac Smith Huntly, 85.
Moncton, April 27, Margaret, wife of John Gilliland.
Beaver Harbor, N. B., April 3, Mary, wife of Fred Paul, 19.
Cheggoggin, April 24, Leah wife of Chipman P. Doty, 73.
St. John, April 28, Fanny, widow of the late Daniel Conlogue.
Trenton, April 12, William Albert, son of Wm. Deery, 11 months.
Tabusintac, April 22, Mary, wife of the late Harry Magill, 75.
St. John, April 29, Susan, widow of the late Charles Magill, 69.
Gloucester, N. B., April 29, Ella M., wife of John Lamont, 29.
Alton, April 20, Pearl Mildred, child of Lawson and Laura Foley.
Ingram River, April 27, Mary, wife of Daniel Corneliussen, 58.
Dartmouth, April 23, B. S. C. Silery, late Ceylon Rifle regt., 65.
Ridley, April 20, Harold C., son of T. J. and Mary C. Shortt.
Cloverdale, N. B., April 13, Guy, son of Isaac and Mary Tompkins.
St. John, April 30, W. J. B. Marter, of Her Ma. Jesty's Castle, 75.
Campbellton, April 24, Stewart Chester, infant son of David McGarvie.
Lepreux, April 20, Emma Sellars, formerly of St. George, N. B. 40.
Norton Station, April 30, Mar Ann, widow of the late E. N. Myers, 63.
Gardiners Creek, N. B., April 27, Alice M., wife of Nathan Benjamin, 21.
Upper Woodstock, April 21, Jane, widow of the late Thos. Melchroky, 66.
Eggs Lake, C. B., April 2, Mary widow of the late Alexander McKinnon, 92.
Tusket Wedge, April 11, Zephrynn, only child of Capt. and Mrs. H. Leobane.
Trenton, April 13, Hugh MacIntyre, youngest son of Hugh and Effie Monroe, 6.
Pleasant Valley April 6, Catherine, widow of the late Lauchlan McLellan, 63.
Musquodoboit, April 11, Edwin M., son of William and Emma Mosher, 7 months.
Milton, April 12, Mrs. Sarah A. Kempton, widow of the late Oliver Kempton, 74.
St. John, April 30, William Edward Winchester son of the late Samuel Winchester.
Sackville, N. B., April 29, Eleanor A. Palmer, widow of the late Sheriff Palmer, 66.
Campbellton, April 16, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoar, wife of James Hoar, of Broadlands, P. Q.
North Sydney, April 13, Mrs. McIntyre, widow of the late Capt. Alexander McIntyre, 60.
Shediac, April 27, Beatrice M., daughter of Frederick and Eleanor White, of Greenspond, Nfld., 24.
Minto, Me., April 11, Patience E., wife of Bradford Briggs, formerly of Tracy Mills, N. B., 37.
East Boston, April 25, Margaret F., widow of the late Robert E. Law, formerly of New Brunswick, 73.
St. John, April 25, Bella Mary, wife of Thomas Marshall and eldest daughter of John and Margaret Johnston, 22.
New York, April 11, Jane, wife of James T. Brown, formerly of St. John, N. B., and daughter of the late Caleb Hammond.