

far wall come down." And so it was. Arrived on the shore of safety in a kind of dream, Walcott's first act was to shake hands warmly with the red-nosed man.

"You aint a fireman!" ejaculated the letter, adding with a sledge-hammer emphasis as he resumed his hose, "Golly!"

Not till they descended into the street were they clear of dreamland. Then first could the mind, gradually permeated by the body's enjoyment of the safe and solid earth, make up its actual account with happiness. It was he, of course, who made the first pretence of a recovery propounding in a voice carefully modelled after his own, the original inquiry, "How are you?"

For answer, the color slowly returned to her cheeks, and cautiously, as if fearful of rousing the jealousy of an eluded fate, she broke into a tearful smile at the singularity of her appearance leaning on the arm of a figure still dripping with water, his clothes torn and blackened with the grime of the roof. Then stopping for a minute, with hands that still trembled, she put back her wandering black hair into something like presentable tidiness. — Temple Bar.

#### LOOKING FROM THE LONELY ROCK

The island of St. Paul is merely a great rock in the Southern Ocean. It is the top of a volcanic mountain. There are no means of sustaining life to be found on it. The nearest inhabited land is Australia or Africa. To that ugly and desolate refuge came a boat containing nine persons—two of them women. They had food—on short allowance, for perhaps a week. In less than three days they were half insane from anxiety. Water, water, water everywhere, but no help. On the fifth day, at dawn, a brig hove to off the island. They saw her. Shouting, praying, weeping, they stumbled to the beach, and where rescued. It was one chance in a hundred. I'll tell you why some other time.

But, alas! it isn't as bad or even worse on land? Look at the physical wrecks in homes, in hospitals, and answer me. One perishes of privation from shipwreck. A thousand perish of privation in the midst of plenty. It isn't food they long for, but power to use it—worst and deadliest of all wants.

"My food seemed to give me no strength," says one of this army of unfortunate, "and as the hopeless, starving days passed slowly by I grew weaker and weaker. By-and-by my legs trembled and bent under me, and I could no longer get about."

"The ailment which reduced me to this fearful condition began in the spring of 1892. At first I hardly recognized it for what we commonly call a disease. I felt tired, heavy, and languid, as one often does on the approach of warm weather. I fancied it would pass away, but it did not. I lost my appetite, and only ate from habit and to keep me going. I had no pleasure in it, and no warmth or glow followed it, as happens always when one is well."

No matter how light and simple the repast was, or how careful I had been to select things that would not be apt to hurt me, the result was the same. No sooner had I swallowed my food than my stomach was distressed, and my chest and sides full of pain. It you will allow me to so put it, my food appeared to strike back at me, as though I had no right to use it.

There was a nasty bitter flavor in my mouth, more or less headache, and a kind of nervousness, which was new in my experience, as it was depressing and cheerless.

Home remedies failing to help me, I consulted a doctor, but his prescription benefited me no more than our domestic medicines had done. My flesh and strength grew less, and I felt like one who has missed his way and looks in vain for a guide to point the road home.

"Finally I commenced attending the Leamington Hospital, and continued to do so for twelve months, but the treatment they gave me had no better effect than all the rest. You can hardly understand how weary I got of taking drugs. I turned almost with loathing from every new dose—not because of the taste, but because they deceived my hopes; they were of no use to me."

In this state I was, when in March, 1894, a friend urged me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. On account of the very reasons I have mentioned, I hated to experiment with any more medicines. But I overcame this aversion (most fortunately for me) and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup from Mr. Judd, the chemist, in Leamington, and after taking it I felt a marked and great improvement. I had no pain after eating and my food felt right, digested, and gave me strength. And as I grew stronger my nerves ceased to trouble me. I can only say that by the continued use of the Syrup I got better daily and was soon as vigorous and well as ever. I have had no relapse, and have every reason to think my cure a permanent one. You are welcome to publish my letter. (Signed) Miss Lucy Eden, Tachbrook, near Leamington, September 20th, 1895."

We hope Miss Eden's recovery may indeed prove permanent, and if it does she will find no words too strong which she speaks of the remedy which wrought it. But oh, the vast multitude who still stand, like the shipwrecked people on the island, looking for rescue!—victims of that most obdurate, common and baneful of diseases chronic dyspepsia. It is for their sakes Miss Eden kindly writes her statement, and for their sakes we print it. May it reach many of them!

#### AVOID DANGER AND TROUBLE. Beware of Substitutes When Buying Package Dyes.

When danger and deception threaten to disturb the peace and happiness of wives and mothers, it is but right that they should be warned and advised.

Crude and worthless imitations of Diamond Dyes are put up by some manufacturers for the sake of profit only. It matters little to them if women have their hair spoiled in the dyeing operation, their tempers ruffled, or soul worried, as long as their common products are sold.

For easy and profitable home dyeing, the Diamond Dyes today command the admiration of the civilized world. List, therefore, that your dealer provide you with the "Diamond" that are always a success. The Diamond Dyes are the favorites with all wise women.

#### MRS. HILLMAN.

"No," said I, with pleasant positiveness, to my friend Bascom; "no, sir, I shall not accompany you into the haunts of the unmarried woman."

"But, my dear Marston," argued Bascom, "you ought to go. Of course, you are a bachelor of fifty—"

"Touch lightly on that point, please," said I.

"Society might make a fad of you as a novelty."

"And again my dear Bascom, it might."

"However, whether it does or not, I want you to get out of the rut of bachelorhood and go with me."

"You are very kind."

"For a verity, old man. Will you go?"

"As I live in the beginning, I now repeat, 'No, sir.'"

Bascom had been married for several years, and I had his frequent assurance that his entire married life was nothing more or less than a path of silver sunshine through a golden garden of roses. It was a charming metaphor, but it fell upon unappreciative ears, for I knew that Bascom had written poetry in his youth, and, in addition to that, he was married, and I knew what all married men had to say to bachelors of matrimony as they had found it. It was simply sugar spread upon an uncertain condition in order to catch such unwary flies as might be attracted thereby.

I was getting the better of him in the argument, just as I always had done when I argued this subject with a married man, and he began to show signs of retreating. "Well, well," he said, "have it your own way. I am sure I can stand it if you can, but, say, you will join me over Sunday at my own house. I've told my wife about you, and she is so anxious to see you that she commissioned me to invite you out for Sunday."

Bachelor or no bachelor, I could not afford to be a boor, and to slight such an invitation as this was inexcusable. So I began to hedge a bit.

"My dear Bascom," I said apologetically, "why didn't you tell me you wanted me to go to your own house?"

"Well, it hadn't just occurred to me, I guess," he laughed.

"Of course," I went on, "it is quite a different thing to go there than to go—"

"Then you'll go?" he interrupted, with such an interest that I became suspicious.

"Are there to be any of the gay and giddy throng about?" I asked.

"Summer girls and such?" he replied.

"Mostly."

"Then I'll be frank with you and say there is not one on the place."

"Under these circumstances, then, I'll go."

"Good for you, old man!" he exclaimed clapping me on the back. "I'll go and telegraph my wife that you will come up with me Saturday evening."

Then he went out of my office to send his dispatch.

It was about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon when he reached his home in the country, three hours earlier than his usual time of arrival, as he had taken me out at that hour so we might have a little loafing spell before dinner, and as the day was unusually fine in the country, and as it had not been pleasant in the heated town, I was glad enough that he had been so thoughtful.

It was delightful under the big trees of his dooryard—he objected to calling it a lawn—and when he brought out a couple of great, juicy mint juleps, and we sat there browsing upon them, I don't think I ever felt more at peace with the world than I did at that very moment.

Later, Mrs. Bascom, a dainty little woman, with three as pretty children as children can be pretty to a bachelor of my proclivities, joined us and with her came her sister, Mrs. Hillman, a matronly woman of thirty-five, to whom I was formally presented.

I confess to an admiration of Mrs. Hillman as soon as I saw her; not that Mrs. Bascom wasn't admirable, but that her sister was older and more substantial, to my mind. In fact, Mrs. Hillman was of that pleasing rotundity of person which seems to appeal to an unromantic man of fifty, while Mrs. Bascom was rather spirituelle, and reminded one more of angels than of good housekeepers. In addition to her other attractions, Mrs. Hillman was of the laughing, jolly kind of woman, who seem to carry a surplus of sunshine with them for general distribution, and I always had a kind of sneaking fondness for that kind of a woman.

I went to bed early, as is the custom in the country, and though I was in good sleeping trim and my conscience was in perfect order, somehow I lay awake thinking what a lonesome sort of life a bachelor's life was, and how much cozier and pleasanter a woman could make a man's life, even if she hadn't more than half the chance.

After a long time I slept, and dreamed dreams in which there were summer girls and other disturbing elements, and when I awoke in the morning, in response to Bascom's knock, I was my old self again, and laughed at the very idea of a woman as a life companion.

During Sunday I had several very interesting talks with Mrs. Hillman, and by night again I was worse than I was the night before, and began wondering why it was that some men were so much luckier than others, and also whether there was much chance of Mr. Hillman departing this life and being laid to rest with his fathers. I knew of a number of pleasant churchyards where I thought Mr. Hillman might be accommodated with quarters indefinitely, and I felt that I could attend his funeral with much pleasure, though as a rule, I abhorred funerals.

"Well, old man," said Bascom, as we took the train for town Monday morning, "I hope you enjoyed yourself."

"I never had a pleasanter outing in my life," I answered, with such sincerity that he actually blushed, "and you have my thanks in all their amplitude."

"I'm glad you liked it, for more reasons than one," he smiled rather cutely.

"Oh, yes; I know," I said with a laugh. "You think that at my experience of the last forty-eight hours my views on the woman question will undergo a radical change."

He nodded and smiled at my profundity of observation.

"Fess up, now, Marston," he said, "haven't your views changed somewhat by what you have lived in for even so short a time?"

"Well," I replied, picking my way carefully, "I am willing to say that as far as your household is concerned, the prospect is more pleasing than I thought it could be."

"And would you say the Hillman household were any less pleasing than mine?" This with a nudge and a chuckle that I thought quite uncalled for in view of the fact that Mrs. Hillman was a married woman, and I had no right to express undue admiration for her or her household, and which made the blood rush to my face.

"Of course, that must be included," I said, trying to laugh off my embarrassment. "And still," I continued, "that is only two, and there are millions which one wouldn't care to praise."

"What are they to you?" he retorted. "You are not hunting for the millions, but the one."

"Apparently I'm not hunting the one with a great degree of success."

"But you should now that you have had proof positive that the life is not as black as it is painted."

"It's very easy for you to talk," I continued warmly. "You have called a lucky turn and so has Hillman. But you have exhausted the supply. Now, if I could get such a woman as Mrs.—" But I stopped short, for I was about to make a discrimination which was hardly complimentary to my host, and I didn't want to do that.

"Go on," he urged, good naturedly.

"I don't care if you do say Mrs. Hillman. Anybody could see that you had a leaning that way. Even my wife noticed it, and she wasn't at all envious of her sister."

"Very well," I submitted, "say Mrs. Hillman. I'll find such a woman as Mrs. Hillman, I am not sure that my mind would not undergo a change, and that I could not be persuaded to throw off a few of the trammels of bachelorhood."

Bascom let off a guffaw that not only startled me, but it shocked me as well, for I thought I had said something I should not have said.

"What's the matter, man?" I asked, much alarmed.

"That's it," he continued to laugh. "What's the matter with Mrs. Hillman?"

"I was more disturbed than ever at this queer inquiry."

"What do you mean?" I asked, taking him by the collar.

"Why, old fellow, if Mrs. Hillman is your ideal and you think you could be happy with that kind of a woman, why don't you avail yourself of your opportunities and take Mrs. Hillman?"

"What—what—what—why—why—" I stammered, utterly upset.

"Oh, there isn't any Mr. Hillman, if that's what you are trying to say. He has been in the quiet churchyard for a long time, many years, and Mrs. Hillman has been living with us the last twelve months, and I am positive that she is heart whole and fancy free, and what is more to the point, she is just a little bit tired of living with us. See?"

Possibly I saw, and possibly I didn't. Whether I did or not, I spent the next Sunday with Bascom, and incidentally with Mrs. Bascom and Hillman.

The next Sunday I spent principally with Mrs. Hillman.

And the next.

And there are others.—Washington Star.

## Makes Them Well!

Paine's Celery Compound  
Woman's Tower of  
Safety in the Spring  
Season.

IT HAS A MARVELLOUS RECORD

Cures When All Other Medicines Fail.

The Home Friend of Half a  
Million Canadian Families.

The world has never heard of a medicine so highly recommended as Paine's Celery Compound. It has a world wide reputation because it "makes people well."

"Woman's Tower of Safety." As the season comes with trying and varied weather, women of all conditions find in Paine's Celery Compound a life-giver and health preserver. It establishes that perfect condition of health that keeps the user far above any depressing influence of variable weather. It feeds the great nervous system and keeps the blood pure and fresh. For weakness, prostration, nervousness, rheumatism, dyspepsia, indigestion, headache and neuritis, this marvellous discovery of Prof. Paine's has no equal. It always cures when other medicines prove useless, and today Paine's Celery Compound is the chosen medicine in half a million of Canadian homes. Miss Bridges, of Montreal, says:

"I consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to put on record what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I suffered for years from indigestion, headache, pains in the back and side, and from a nervous, tired feeling. I used many patent medicines without any good results. I was also attended by one of the best doctors and used his medicines, but could not get cured."

"I saw Paine's Celery Compound advertised, and decided to try a bottle. It gave me such good results that I used six bottles, and found myself altogether a new person. I have now used it for some time, and can say with pleasure that all my troubles are banished; my nerves are strong, my sleep is good, and appetite splendid."

"I would therefore strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who suffer as I do; they are sure and certain of good results."

## NO SUCH THING AS OLD AGE TO THOSE WHO USE SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE.

A Lady of 80 Years Permanently Cured.

Wordsworth speaks of "An old age serene and bright, and lovely as a Lapland night," and elsewhere this same writer talks of "An old age, beautiful and free." These are conditions that come to the man or the woman, though their years may border close on to a century, when in the enjoyment of good health. In fact it is difficult to think of some of the old men and women on the stage of today as old people, there seems to be a parenthetical youthfulness about their every movement and act.

Mrs. John Dinwoody has been a resident of Fiesherston, Ont., for over 40 years, and there is no person in the town and country side around better known than this lady, and none more highly esteemed. Three years ago it was her sad lot to lose a daughter who had been all the world to her. The shock sustained by this event completely broke up the system of Mrs. Dinwoody. She supposed her end had come, and she gave her case up, saying that it was one of old age, and no one, not any medicine, could do her good. Made of the kind of stuff that gives beauty to old age at any time, she did not despair. She was influenced to try Nervine. She took three bottles, and this was sufficient to show that her end was not yet. From these she obtained relief. She persevered, and in all took twelve bottles of the medicine, with the result that she is today completely cured of that breaking up of the system that threatened her three years ago.

There is nothing wonderful in the fact that Mrs. Dinwoody would proclaim to the thousands of old people throughout this broad land that with old age does not necessarily come decline, decrepitude, disease. Why should we not live into the eighties and nineties and cross the border of the century?

South American Nervine, whether the person be young or old, gets at the nerve centres, and when they are kept in proper condition the system is as well able to withstand disease at 80 as at 30. With this prospect in view, who would not live to an old age and enjoy the pleasure of family, friends and society, and take part in watching the marvellous progress and developments of these closing days of a wonderful century, which marks as not the least of its wonders the discovery of South American Nervine? Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

#### IT DOES BOTH.

South American Kidney Cure Not Only Relieves Kidney Disease Immediately, but Also Heals and Removes the Trouble.

Those dragging pains in the loins that are a common symptom of Kidney trouble are most distressing, but they are only the forerunner of more acute pain, and will develop rapidly if an effective remedy is not applied. No medicine acts on the kidneys with such speediness as South American Kidney Cure. It gives relief in the most distressing cases in a few hours. But it does not stop here. It is a great healer, and its continuous use for a short time completely banishes this disease. It is a cure for kidney trouble, and only this, but it never fails here. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

## BORN.

Amherst, Feb. 28, to the wife of Harvey Pipe, a son.  
Moncton, Feb. 29, to the wife of J. S. Marrie, a son.  
Kentville, Feb. 25, to the wife of L. G. Ellis, a son.  
Canning, Feb. 16, to the wife of Harry Rand, a son.  
Halifax, Feb. 21, to the wife of Angus McLeod, a son.  
Gaysboro, Feb. 22, to the wife of C. C. Campbell, a son.  
Bloomington, Feb. 27, to the wife of M. Vidito, a son.  
Graton, Feb. 21, to the wife of James Wilson, a son.  
Moncton, Feb. 23, to the wife of James H. Budd, a son.  
Wolville, Feb. 19, to the wife of H. Pineo, a daughter.  
Windsor, Feb. 16, to the wife of Fred Lavers, twin sons.  
Barachois, Feb. 24, to the wife of H. J. Nicholson, a son.  
North Kingston, Feb. 19, to the wife of H. S. Hall, a son.  
Bishopville, Feb. 16, to the wife of Watson Bishop, a son.  
West Gore, Feb. 18, to the wife of Thomas Fenton, a son.  
Moncton, March 2, to the wife of M. Lodge, a daughter.  
Graton, Feb. 21, to the wife of Grant R. Bowles, a daughter.  
Stanley, Feb. 18, to the wife of Edward Barron, a daughter.  
Mosherville, Feb. 18, to the wife of Lyth Sarron, a daughter.  
Welsford, Feb. 20, to the wife of R. L. Palmer, a daughter.  
Digby, Feb. 19, to the wife of Fred Robinson, a daughter.  
Digby, Feb. 25, to the wife of Daniel Young, a daughter.  
Lequille, Feb. 20, to the wife of R. McKay, a daughter.  
North Sydney, Feb. 25, to the wife of M. W. Lawlor, a son.  
Ellershouse, Feb. 16, to the wife of William Aker, a daughter.  
Paradise, Feb. 14, to the wife of Milledge Daniels, a daughter.  
East Baccaro, Feb. 22, to the wife of Herbert Smith, a son.  
Digby, N. S., Feb. 16, to the wife of Capt. Chas. Trask, a son.  
Smith's Cove, N. S., Feb. 19, to the wife of Geo. W. Potter, a son.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 22, to the wife of R. A. Ryder, twin daughters.  
Toney River, Pictou, Feb. 17, to the wife of Angus Falconer, a son.  
Merigonish, Feb. 22, to the wife of George W. Thompson, a son.  
Chebourg, Feb. 21, to the wife of Capt. Benjamin Robinson, a son.  
Bathurst, March 3, to the wife of P. J. Venoit, M. P., a daughter.  
Windsor, Feb. 20, to the wife of Chas. Foley, twin son and daughter.  
North Kingston, Feb. 23, to the wife of W. S. Hadgins, a daughter.  
Markhamville, Feb. 24, to the wife of Capt. A. J. Markham, a son.  
Lockeport, Feb. 14, to the wife of Timothy Houghton, a daughter.  
Cherryfield, N. S., Feb. 18, to the wife of Thomas Balmer, twin boys.  
New York, Feb. 12, to the wife of M. J. C. Andrews, a daughter.  
Brunswick, Me., Feb. 20, to the wife of Joseph McComiskey of N. B., a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Hantsport, Feb. 8, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, A. Frizel to Mary Falsifer.  
Halifax, Feb. 20, by Rev. Mr. Black, James Callaghan to Ollie McLean.  
Graton, Feb. 11, by Rev. D. Chapman, Dr. Fred W. Mann to Ida Baird.  
East Florenceville, Feb. 8, by Rev. D. Fiske, Chas. Barker to Alice McKay.  
Orangetown, C. B., by Rev. A. Ross, Angus McKay to Mary McLean.  
Boston, Feb. 15, by Rev. J. Allan Kirk, James H. Galar to Hattie G. Jordan.  
Halifax, Feb. 27, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, James Campbell to Abbie Spinney.  
Oxford, Feb. 24, by Rev. W. H. Langille, Ernest Johnston to Annie Horton.  
Windsor, Feb. 20, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Harry Ward to Maggie E. Lowther.  
Florenceville, Feb. 12, by Rev. D. Fiske, Watts Stickney to Jenn E. Upton.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 22, by Rev. G. R. White, Charles W. Crosby to Eva Winchester.  
North Sydney, Feb. 15, by Rev. D. J. McIntosh, J. T. Rice to Annie G. Meagher.  
Trenton, Feb. 12, by Rev. H. R. Grant, William Gorman to Margaret McKenzie.  
Pictou, Feb. 17, by Rev. R. McArthur, Wm. E. C. McCallum to Christina Campbell.  
Calais, Feb. 18, by Rev. S. D. Morrell, J. P., James Cochran to Florence Sherman.  
Cape Sable Island, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Herman Newell to Mabel Smith.  
Scotch Village, Feb. 19, by Rev. Wm. Rees, William J. Allan to Sadie E. Weiler.  
Rosedale, N. S., Feb. 19, by Rev. James Lumsden, Malakia Hagar to Annie E. Perry.  
Port George, Feb. 5, by Rev. Mr. McLeod, Givan J. Elderkin to Carrie S. Hatfield.  
Gorham, N. H., Feb. 5, by Rev. B. K. Russ, Vincent W. Crosby to Clara B. Peabody.  
Lunenburg, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Capt. James Betts to Carrie Herman.  
North Lubec, Feb. 20, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, John P. Calder to Maud Patterson.  
Middle Newstead, Feb. 18, by Rev. G. McKinnon, Isaac C. Archibald to Sophia Fisher.  
Freelick Settlement, N. S., by Rev. Henry Crawford, J. J. Richards to Emma S. Westzel.  
East Newville, Feb. 12, by Rev. G. L. Green, James C. Bullock to Jennie M. Douglas.  
Cape Sable Island, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Reuben Maxwell to Anastasia Nickerson.

## DIED.

St. John, Feb. 27, William Lynch.  
Halifax, Feb. 23, Thomas Isles, 73.  
Barney's Feb. 22, Daniel Fraser, 80.  
Shelburne, Feb. 15, Robert Kenney.  
Nappan, Feb. 25, Janice A. Pipes, 24.  
St. John, Feb. 27, Frank C. record, 25.  
Windsor, Feb. 21, James E. McInnis, 39.  
Londonderry, Feb. 23, James Carey, 76.  
Eel Brook, Feb. 24, Elizabeth Surette, 25.  
Barrington, Feb. 12, Janet L. Crowell, 30.  
Robinson, Feb. 18, Oscar W. Holmes, 4.  
Windsor, Feb. 21, James E. McInnis, 39.  
Truro, Feb. 19, widow of Samuel Pratt, 86.  
North Wallace, Feb. 13, Abbie Huestis, 30.  
Newport, N. S., Jan. 9, James McKay, 82.  
Bartlett's Mills, Feb. 9, Cyrus Bartlett, 84.  
St. John, March 3, David D. Robertson, 61.  
St. Andrew's, February 25, Adam W. Smith, 61.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 21, Catherine Roche, 81.  
Pomeroy Ridge, Feb. 9, William Pomeroy, 89.  
Shediac Cape, Feb. 10, Annie A. Hanington, 49.  
Rockland Road, March 3, Alexander Shives, 78.  
Ardoise, Feb. 16, Eleanor, wife of Wm. Aker, 80.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 25, John O'Brien of St. John, 44.  
East Mountain, February 6, David Whipple, 76.  
White Cove, C. B., Feb. 16, Kenneth McLeod, 86.  
Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 16, Nelson Hodgins, 33.  
Sheffield Mills, Feb. 11, Mrs. Alpheus Harris, 64.  
Red Beach, Feb. 19, Capt. George Pettigrove, 76.  
Eastport, February 11, Mrs. Abbie M. Clark, 35.  
Boston, February 25, Elizabeth Louise, wife of Dr. J. nes Digby, Feb. 20, Elizabeth Louise, wife of Dr. J. nes Digby, Feb. 15, Ada, daughter of John Donette, 27.  
Coverdale, Feb. 26, Minnie, wife of W. C. Killam, 27.  
East Amherst, N. S., Feb. 23, William C. Church, 77.  
Upper Kennetcook, N. S., Feb. 11, John Gorman, 71.  
Wolville, Feb. 27, Eliza C. wife of Dr. T. A. Higgins, 64.  
St. Joseph's, Antigonish, Feb. 29, Donald McMillan, 54.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 14, Margaret T. wife of Thomas Peck, 54.  
Richmond, Feb. 8, Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Blake, more, 67.  
Six Mile Road, Cumberland Co., Feb. 23, David Cameron.  
Montreal, Feb. 22, Anna B., widow of Erastus Hurd, 99.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 21, George E. Thomas, formerly of N. S., 55.  
Upper Dorchester, N. B., Feb. 25, Mrs. George A. Tingley, 33.  
Lynn, Mass., Feb. 27, Magdeline, wife of Reuben Greer, 52.  
Soldiers Cove, Feb. 9, Jessie, widow of Donald eutherland, 68.  
St. John, Feb. 28, Elizabeth E. Gay, daughter of Arthur Gay, 35.  
Patterson Settlement, Feb. 23, Mary, wife of Lowther Sprout, 80.  
Halifax, Feb. 29, Marguerite E., child of Charles and Maud Gunning.  
Churchville, Feb. 25, Mary Ann F., widow of James Robertson, 58.  
Washington, Feb. 26, Eliza Ballock, widow of John Gillis of St. John, 79.  
Barney's River, Feb. 15; Mrs. Ann Grant, widow of Alexander Grant, 84.  
Big Intervale, C. B., Feb. 10, Ephemia, wife of Malcolm McKinnon, 76.  
St. John, March 3, John, child of Richard and Eliza Sullivan, 8 months.  
Sherbrooke, Feb. 15, Elizabeth, widow of the late Jonathan B. Archibald, 73.  
Grand Falls, Feb. 21, George E. only son of the late Clarence Estabrooks.  
Georgetown, Mass., Feb. 23, Mrs. Mary Hicks, widow of Thomas Hicks, 62.  
Moncton, March 2, Richard Thorne infant son of James S. and Hattie Marrie.  
Boston, Feb. 17, Helen L., only child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mowatt of N. B., 3.  
Boston, Feb. 17, Christina May, daughter of John L. and Mary McKay 29 months.  
Gaysboro, Feb. 12, Margaret F., 21; Feb. 27, Eddie A., only children of John and Flora Dillon.  
Waterbury Conn., Feb. 25, Mrs. Matilda Doherty, wife of William A. Doherty, formerly of St. John, 75.  
McKinnon's Harbor, C. B., Feb. 19, Mary Christina, child of Ambrose S. and Mary McKinnon, 8 months.

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