

bray's residence had addressed Lord Billy as "my lord" instead of "Mr. Willoughby," there would have been no storm to record.

Mrs. Malcolm and her charge did not leave town on the morning. The impediments would not allow of it. Their respective lady's maids protested against the hurried flight, and almost broke out into open rebellion. As a consequence the journey was deferred twenty-four hours.

The ladies found that they could pleasantly and profitably pass the time shopping. In Regent street they met Lord Billy. Mrs. Malcolm stared at him as if he were an utter stranger, and passed him by. Her charge smiled and inclined her head. Lord Billy bowed with the grace of his race.

"What effrontery!" exclaimed the elder lady.

"Don't be so hard on the poor fellow," returned the younger; "he bows and dresses like a thoroughbred gentleman."

"Mabel, I am surprised at you!"

"I am not. Any girl might be proud to be seen with Mr. Willoughby. Don't be alarmed, aunt; we leave tomorrow, and we shall probably never meet him again."

Lord Billy walked a few paces and came to a standstill at a tobacconist's window. "Now is my chance," he told himself. "I could easily discover where they reside. They are walking; I have only to follow them."

He turned and retraced his steps half a dozen yards, then once more paused.

"I can't do this sort of thing," he said, and walked in the contrary direction.

Verily Lord Billy's ideas of honor were slightly Quixotic. The majority of young gentlemen in love would have sought out Sir Thomas Mowbray's butler or footman, expended half a crown and learned everything. Many would have kept the ladies in sight, and so have reached the desired goal without any expenditure. Lord Billy could not bring himself to do either.

He visited the house in Park lane many times during the progress of the work.

Needless to say he did not meet his ideal; she was in the country.

He made inquiries in a cautious way, brought up Sir Thomas Mowbray's name in conversation at his club and among his friends. Many knew the gentleman, but of his niece, Miss Verner, when Lord Billy found courage to ask of her directly, nobody had heard—nobody knew her.

He visited one after another pretty nearly all the fashionable churches in the West End; he listened attentively to various sermons, and occasionally endured martyrdom, but he did not find whom he sought. She was in the country.

Once or twice he fancied he had found her; the pose of the head and contour of the back were hers. So he waited at the church door to no purpose at all. Finally he concluded that she must be out of town, and gave up the quest for a time, devoting himself with increased ardor to business.

Nothing was known at Rockminster of Lord Billy's connection with the electrical engineering firm. Lord Billy had kept his own counsel. His brother had many times met him in town, and questioned him as to how he contrived to pass his time and yet so rarely be seen in society. Lord Billy had told the Marquis that he was working out several patents, which was true. He did not ask his brother if he knew Sir Thomas Mowbray, or Sir Thomas's niece. The Marquis was ten years his senior, and in the past had treated him after the manner of elder brothers. The feeling thus engendered when Lord Billy was a schoolboy had never quite worn off, and there were no confidences between them.

Some four months after Lord Billy had left Rockminster, the Dowager Marchioness received a telegram from him. He was coming down for a rest, he said, and would be with them that day.

The fact was that Lord Billy had decided to resume his quest. Charming young ladies who sympathized with honest labor and had a taste for mechanics were too scarce for this particular one to be abandoned as lost. Where, he asked himself, would probably have answered, "Where?" had the question been other than a reflective one.

He would go down to Rockminster and try and enlist his mother's sympathies. She knew nearly everybody in society, and some one or other of her acquaintances must know Sir Thomas Mowbray's niece.

He went to Rockminster and was received with open arms by the Dowager Marchioness. There was no occasion to kill the fatted calf. The returned son was the reverse of a prodigal.

"The house is full of people," William, said his mother, the greeting over. "Come into the drawing room when you are presentable."

"So much the better," he thought. "I will," he replied.

An hour later he entered the drawing room. His mother came to him at once. "There are several people you do not know," she said; "one in particular to whom I wish to introduce you. She visited Rockminster some months ago, but you would not stay to see her."

"Lady Mabel Vernon, I suppose."

"Exactly."

"Oh, bother her!"

"Hush! She will hear you. She is immediately behind us."

Lord Billy turned at once, and started back more astonished than ever he had been in his life.

"Mabel, allow me to introduce you to my transient son," said the Dowager Marchioness.

"Miss Verner!"

"Mr. Willoughby!"

"What? Who? Why, do you know each other?"

They did, and there is really very little more to tell. It was all the fault of that stupid fellow Hodges. He had been distinctly told that the name of Sir Thomas Mowbray's niece was "Lady Mabel Vernon." Not being accustomed to remember ladies' names, he had forgotten it, and "Miss Verner" was as near as he could get to it.

The result of the unexpected meeting was that two resolves were hopelessly shattered.

Lord Billy did not marry outside "our order."

Lady Mabel did marry an engineer.

And Mrs. Malcolm did not utter one word of protest—Household Words.

In Raphael's picture of the Nativity the curious anachronism is presented of an Italian shepherd playing on the bagpipes to entertain the Holy family.

## A WESTERN PREACHER.

During the great Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston last summer, Mrs. Putnam, mistress of Roseland Farm, a summer resort in the northeastern portion of Connecticut, received information from her children who reside in South Dakota, that their pastor was a delegate to that assembly, and would visit her on his way home if she favored the idea, as that would be almost like visiting the historic village where they were born. Then a letter was received from the Western delegate, telling Mrs. Putnam that his visit to Boston was completed, and he would reach her farm the following day, it convenient to her. Mrs. Putnam is a gracious, hospitable woman, and she at once telegraphed the reverend gentleman of her anticipated pleasure in receiving him. Then she mentioned to a number of her boarders that her daughter's pastor, the Rev. Julius Brown, would arrive the following evening; that, personally, she was not acquainted with him, but trusted he would prove to be agreeable.

Of course, in this remote locality, where letters and newspapers are a luxury, and an occasional picnic or tea party is the highest form of social dissipation, the ladies at Roseland Farm were curious whether the Rev. Julius Brown was young, handsome, cultured, bachelor or benedict, and last, as though least, an earnest, intelligent preacher.

"I wonder if he will convert us from the error of our ways," remarked a thoughtless maiden from New York.

"How absurd," replied her intimate girl friend. "He is some antique old fellow, who wears a frouzy wig and green spectacles, and has a wife and six children. We shall be obliged to give up whist and dancing, I suppose, while he is here, and behave like missionaries."

The following afternoon as an open carriage with two men in it came up the drive toward Mrs. Putnam's house there was an unusual stir on the lawn and piazza, while in a half-suppressed whisper one of the boarders made the announcement of the Rev. Brown's arrival. Then a long, lank, unbending individual alighted from the vehicle, and in rather awkward fashion advanced to the mistress of the house. He glanced toward the ladies on the lawn, and after the conventional greeting remarked:

"You have a good many city people here, Mrs. Putnam."

"Yes, and let me present you to some of them," and in her pleasant, friendly way she led her visitor from group to group, he showing no embarrassment in meeting so many strangers, but cordially shaking hands with all who were introduced to him.

The thoughtless maiden and her friend quickly noticed the stranger's thick auburn locks, his evidently good eyesight, and that he is far from being "a trimmy old fellow."

As usual at this hour, Mrs. Putnam's boarders were in excellent spirits. The 6 o'clock tea, with the red raspberries and thick yellow cream, the sweet, thin slices of bread and sweeter butter, the fragrant tea and coffee, the "angel food" and golden-brown sponge cake, had put them in good humor. The "Western" preacher, as they had quickly named the reverend guest, followed the hostess, with the gentleman who had brought him from the nearest railway station, into the dining room for refreshment and conversation.

It was by this time 8 o'clock, and the lamps were lighted in the music room and parlor, the whist tables were set and some of the numerous amateur musicians jumped at the piano and played a fragment of a waltz, which evoked the usual spirit of revolution at this hour in a deum temps. In the midst of this whirling and capering Mrs. Putnam came with the two gentlemen, who did not pass on to the parlors, but stopped, as if in pleased and envious observation. When the dancing ceased there was a rush for the card tables, but said he did not understand the game; he, however, watched the progress of the players with very evident interest, till some one asked how he liked Boston, and if the convention of the Christian Endeavor Society was a success. Then he ran to his grip bag and brought forth numerous evidences of his participation in that event, and stated in a very concise manner his great admiration of "the Hub."

"But I am an Englishman," said he, "and Boston resembles my native city, and after a severe year's residence in the far West it was most delightful to visit your new England center. I shall carry these banners and things home to my people, who so generously sent me to represent them, with the remembrance of many delightful days, not to be forgotten." Then after the gentleman friend departed he bade his new acquaintances "good night."

Mrs. Putnam invited "the preacher" to remain for a week's rest before he resumed his journey to Dakota. He had become popular with her guests through his entire unpretentiousness and kindness, and her hospitality to him was approved. He gave some interesting experiences of his missionary work in the far West before he had a settled congregation, and when the inquiry was made if he would not like to come East to reside, very modestly replied that "perhaps he was not fitted for the more cultured Eastern life, after being several years in the West."

It did not take much time for those who conversed with the Rev. Mr. Brown to discover how true a gentleman he was, and his intelligence and culture. He had no opportunity for a collegiate training, he said, as he had supported himself from his boyhood, but had as far as possible educated himself.

Toward the end of the week a new perplexity arose regarding Mrs. Putnam's guest. He had been invited to preach the following Sunday in the nearest Congregational church. Pastors of city churches, noted men, had filled that pulpit. Could the Rev. Julius Brown take their place with any degree of satisfaction to the highly educated people who attend this house of worship during the summer?

It was a serious question with Mrs. Putnam, and the Roseland Farm boarders discussed this matter freely. A lady from Cambridge, who is anxious to be considered an advanced woman of the period, hoped the reverend gentleman would not preach a doctrinal sermon divided into three parts and a conclusion.

"Well, I believe," said the thoughtless maiden, "he will tell stories of his Western life. We girls are all going to hear him; it whatever preparations the preacher

made for his ministerial function, it must have been in "the wee sma' hours," as he rowed on the adjacent lake in the afternoon accompanied a party to a distant village for a game of tennis in the afternoon, and lingered until 9 o'clock P. M. on the piazza on Saturday evening.

The following Sunday was a warm, but clear, delightful July day, and nearly all the boarders of Roseland Farm were ready by 10 o'clock in the morning to take the conveyances provided for the four mile drive to the pretty old church on Dudley Hill, the preacher in his best clerical suit among them. Three or four pews were occupied by the ladies and their escorts, while the Rev. Julius Brown, with the regular pastor, the congregation, ascended the pulpit steps, and was seated. The auditorium was well filled, and the choir was in excellent voice.

One could easily detect from the rising flush on Mrs. Putnam's good countenance that she still had her doubts as to the ability of her Western friend to satisfy such a fashionable assemblage, and she glanced furtively up and down the ranks of her boarders and the seats filled with strangers and the best people of the neighborhood.

The Rev. Mr. Shaddock, the regular pastor, a slow, pompous man, after the usual preliminaries—the long prayer, "acquainting the Deity with the general run of earthly affairs," as the progressive woman audibly whispered to her daughter; a fine contralto solo by the village belle, and the Scriptural readings—gave his people a few hints as to their lack of attendance upon the weekly prayer meeting, then introduced the "Rev. Julius Brown, from Dakota," to the audience. It was now twenty minutes to 12 o'clock, and the Roseland Farm boarders felt they had brief opportunity to judge the kind of stuff "the Western preacher" was made of. He arose, after furtively consulting his watch, and taking his position with a certain dignity gave his text in a clear, well modulated voice. It was but a few words from one of the Psalms that he repeated, and then losing the slight nervous stress which shone in his face as he regarded the congregation before him, he began his discourse. It was of the justice, the love, of the Father to his children, that he dwelt upon. His forgiveness to all who repent of their errors, and the welcome of the angels over one sinner who asks for pardoning grace.

There was no apparent effort at oratorical display, or desire to win approbation as a sermonizer, but his illustrations were vivid, his earnestness in striking contrast with the usual style of pulpit talk, and every one followed his words with the deepest attention till he closed with a brief invocation to that Being of whom he had spoken with such tender enthusiasm and reverence.

Tears were in the eyes of many of the Roseland Farm boarders, and all appeared deeply impressed. Was this the big, lusty fellow who had played tennis, romped with the children and made himself generally agreeable during the last week? The lady from Cambridge congratulated him on his pulpit oratory, his gift of language and persuasive style, and begged him not to waste his life on the Western prairies, etc., which made the person blush like a schoolboy as he replied, evasively, he had enjoyed the pleasant interchange of thought he had found during his Eastern visit.

The thoughtless maiden and her friend from this time were courteous and respectful to "this gentleman," as they pronounced him, and the foreign gentleman-to-order who had attended the service out of curiosity as eloquent in praise of the sermon.

The Western preacher's visit to Roseland Farm was drawing to a close. He had a strong desire to remain in such agreeable surroundings, but duty called him to his little flock so far away, and he had better return. Some one learned through Mrs. Putnam that the Rev. Julius was a widower and had left his two little orphan children to the care of their old nurse, who had come with them from England. This bit of news awakened the sympathies of the ladies, particularly of the daughter of the lady from Cambridge, and all set to work with nimble fingers to make some pretty gift for the little Browns. When, a few days later, the young clergyman left Roseland, the boarders gave him a "send off" of cheers and "Come again!" till the conveyance for the railway station was out of sight.

Before Mrs. Putnam's boarders had dispersed in various directions for their homes, there was a rumor in the house that the preacher had received a "call" to a large and wealthy church near Boston, and had accepted it. Will it surprise the reader to learn that the young lady from Cambridge, daughter of the woman of advanced opinions, is now Mrs. Julius Brown?

## HAVE YOU CATARRH?

But One Sure Remedy—Obtain it for 25 Cents, Blower Included, and be Cured.

Catarrh is a disagreeable and offensive disease. It usually results from a cold and often ends in consumption and death. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Physicians failed to cure Geo. Belfrey, toll-gate keeper, Holland Landing road. Chase's Catarrh Cure did it.

One box cured William Kneeshaw, and two boxes James T. Stoddard, both of West Guilbriury.

Division Court Clerk Joel Rogers, Robert J. Hoover and Geo. Taylor all of Beeton, voluntarily certify to the efficacy of Chase's Catarrh Cure.

J. W. Jennison, of Guilford spent nearly \$300 on doctors, but found no permanent relief until he tried a 25-cent box of Chase's.

Miss Dwyer of Alliston, got rid of a cold in the head in 12 hours.

Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, London, tried a box with excellent effect. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is for sale by any dealer, or by Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto, Price 25 cents including blower.

Coughs, colds and bronchial troubles readily cured by the latest discovery, Chase's Linseed and Turpentine. Pleasant and easy to take. 25 cents.

## A Cynosure.

Etta—Do you know, dear, I felt positively ashamed at the ball last night.

Anita—Why?

Etta—All the other girls wore low-necked dresses, and I didn't.

## CONCERNING MATCHES.

Their Cheapness and Their Annoying Habit of Breaking in Two.

Foreign competition, or some other cause of special economy, has brought about an unusual tenuity in American matches says a New York paper. Everybody recalls a time when the best known American match never broke beneath the friction necessary to set it alight. Now certainly one match in three breaks in this fashion. Perhaps the best wood for matches has been exhausted, since whole forests are said to be destroyed annually by the match industry, and an inferior wood is being employed. Perhaps wood costs more than it once did, and the match makers have reduced the size of their sticks so as to get half a million more from the same quantity of timber. It is noteworthy that the foreign matches weigh individually no more than the domestic, but are often flat and oblong instead of cylindrical, so that great strength is obtained in proportion to the amount of wood used.

Various substitutes have at times been used for wood in the manufacture of matches. Everybody is acquainted with the tiny wax taper matches of French manufacture, a rarity in this country thirty odd years ago, though common enough now. The earlier ones were abundantly strong, and would burn long enough to light a spy man to bed, but the expense of manufacture has prevented these matches from becoming popular. A more recent substitute for wood is paper. It is placed fold on fold and treated with some material that gives it rigidity. These matches often bear a printed line of some kind. A proprietary club of this town furnishes such matches free to its members. Each individual match bears the name of the club.

There was a time when matches that light only upon the containing box had a great vogue in clubs, hotels, and other public or semi-public places. But this device has its drawbacks, for while it deterred some men from carrying off matches by the handful, it taught some to carry them off by the boxful. The device is maddening in the transfer of every box of matches from the place it should be in to the last place where any one has needed a match. The constant cheapening of matches, too, has somewhat removed the necessity for a match that cannot be carried off with advantage to the purloiner. So now, as of old, every man that smokes fills up his own little matchbox from any public supply that is handy and goes on his way with a clear conscience. Matches are so cheap, indeed, that they are given away to good customers by tobaccoists, and one seldom sees nowadays that elaborate device that pokes up at demand a single match for the convenience of the smoker. The ancient candle lighters, long slender cones of letter paper and the like, that were a regular economy in households of moderate and small means, are less and less used, the cheapness and superior convenience of matches having brought about the change.

## SURPRISED HIS CREDITORS.

A Point for Men Who Get in Debt and Have No Cash in Hand.

A man who had been a "toucher" died at a South side hospital a few days ago. His acquaintances were shocked and pained to hear of his death, although more than one remarked that he would like to have what was due him from the deceased borrower.

The man had been well liked, and his failure to pay what he owed was charitably ascribed to his carelessness in business matters rather than any intent to defraud.

When he earned money it seemed to get away from him immediately, so that he was compelled to borrow right and left, usually in small sums, but with alarming frequency. His borrowing had extended over a period of years and none of those whom he owed had kept any account of the sums. They did not believe it within the range of possibilities that he would ever get together enough money to enable him to settle up.

Then, when he died in the hospital it was considered that the books were balanced.

Imagine their surprise to learn that their impecunious friend had kept the most minute account of all his borrowings, had managed to keep up the payments on his life insurance policy, and while on his deathbed had given to his sister the most explicit directions for the paying of all his own debts from his life insurance money, the balance to go to her.

She carried out the directions. One man who needed money received the welcome lump sum of \$100. The others more than they believed was due them. Then all the harsh things that were ever said of him were retracted.

It appears that very often, especially after his health became broken, he had borrowed in order to keep his life insurance paid up.—Chicago Record.

## Able to Read Writing.

"I never will forget the queer incidents and experiences I had when I first bought a typewriter, and sent out in print my correspondence and bills to my customers who lived in the rustic regions about me," said a merchant from a backwoods town. "Several of my patrons dropped me, and I was at a loss to account for their manner, which changed toward me. At last the mystery was solved. A burly young farmer drove up to the store, tied up his oxen, and stalked into my office.

"Mr. Blank," said he, "I'd have you know that I know how to read writing, and you don't have to print your letters and bills when you send them to me. I don't propose to be insulted in such a manner." "He then threw down the letter on my desk and stalked out."

## Regiments of Guards.

The N. Y. Sun gives the following information in reply to a correspondent:

The Coldstream Guards is the second oldest regiment in the British army, the first Foot, now called the Royal Scots or Lothian Regiment, being the oldest. The Coldstream Guards was raised by George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, in 1660, at Coldstream, a small town in Berwickshire; it was called originally Monk's Regiment of Foot. The Coldstream is the second regiment of Foot Guards; the first is the Grenadier, the third the Scots Guards. The second battalion of the Grenadier Guards was sent to Bermuda in 1890, because of a mutiny, but was bought back by way of ill-fall in a few months. The Prince of Wales has never been Colonel of the Coldstream Guards; the present Colonel is Sir F. C. A. Stephenson. The Coldstream has generally had a real soldier as their Colonel; perhaps always. The Colonelcy of each line and cavalry regiment in the British army is held by a general officer, who receives as Colonel on the average about £1,000 a year; this is in addition to his half pay (for comparatively few Generals in Great Britain are on the active list). The regiments, if they are cavalry, and the battalions, if they are infantry, are commanded by officers who rank in the army as Lieutenant-Colonels, but in the regiments as Colonels, and receive Colonels' pay. The system of promotion in the British army is complicated; an officer receives promotion by "army rank" for distinguished service, perhaps, but does not receive regimental promotion. When his regiment is alone, he has simply regimental rank; when several regiments are brigaded together, his army rank has its effect. Thus a Captain, brevetted Major, may command in a brigade the very battalion in which his actual rank would place him far in the rear.

Europe's war scare is bringing business to this side of the water already. A firm in Lexington, Mo., has just made a contract to furnish 500 mules to the British Government. The animals are to be delivered before April 15, next.

## BORN.

St. John, Feb. 1, to the wife of L. A. Curry, a son.

St. John, Jan. 22, to the wife of F. P. Curran, a son.

Moncton, Jan. 20, to the wife of J. W. Gay, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 27, to the wife of W. H. Payzant, a son.

Overton, Jan. 9, to the wife of Alfred Servant, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 20, to the wife of R. J. Anderson, a son.

Moncton, Jan. 30, to the wife of Hilaire Cormier, a son.

Lockport, Jan. 18, to the wife of John Ringer, a son.

Bridgetown, Jan. 27, to the wife of John Thompson, a son.

Belle Isle, Jan. 17, to the wife of Rupert D. Gesner, a son.

Yarmouth, Jan. 12, to the wife of Herman A. Hersey, a son.

Moncton, Jan. 31, to the wife of Thomas Keirwin, a daughter.

St. Croix, Jan. 30, to the wife of D. Spencer, a daughter.

Hantsport, Jan. 13, to the wife of Edwin Borden, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Jan. 15, to the wife of Howard Steele, a daughter.

Toney River, Jan. 22, to the wife of David Turner, a daughter.

Karsdale, Jan. 24, to the wife of Alfred Young, a daughter.

Port Hood, Jan. 26, to the wife of J. I. Smith, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Jan. 27, to the wife of Truman Clarke, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Jan. 23, to the wife of R. W. R. Purdy, a daughter.

Charlottetown, Jan. 22, to the wife of Frank Beale, a daughter.

Truro, Jan. 20, to the wife of Prof. A. G. McDonald, a daughter.

Massow, N. S., Jan. 19, to the wife of L. P. Smith, a son.

Liverpool, Jan. 21, to the wife of George A. Flaherty, a son.

Hebren, Jan. 23, to the wife of Capt. Joseph Crosby, a daughter.

New Ross Road, N. S., Jan. 17, to the wife of Neil Burgess, a son.

Wallace Bridge, Jan. 28, to the wife of Maynard Slack, twin sons.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Jan. 21, to the wife of H. A. Pitt, a daughter.

Tusket Wedge, Jan. 23, to the wife of Michael Cummings, a son.

Wallace Bridge, Jan. 28, to the wife of William Cummings, a son.

Charlottetown, Jan. 25, to the wife of Herbert J. Love, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Jan. 21, to the wife of James Morrison, a daughter.

Plainfield, Cal., Jan. 2, to the wife of Frank Smith, a daughter.

Wizer, P. E. I., Jan. 26, to the wife of Charles McKinnon, twin boys and girl.

## MARRIED.

Digby, Jan. 25, by Rev. H. Harley, R. S. McCormick to Mary Smith.

Fal'outh, Jan. 8, by Rev. Joseph Murray, Osmond Lake to Alice Haley.

Digby, Jan. 25, by Rev. H. Harley, R. S. McCormick to Mary Smith.

Five Islands, Jan. 15, by Rev. A. Gray, Suther O'Faulkner to Annie Bird.

Hantsport, Jan. 8, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, William Frizzle to Josie Bishop.

Truro, Jan. 24, by Rev. Mr. Parker, William Shephard to Maud de Roach.

Liverpool, Jan. 2, by Rev. J. D. McEwan, Brenton McLeod to Lucy Dexter.

Yarmouth, Jan. 9, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Ina Shaw to Gertrude Tooker.

Sandy Cove, Jan. 9, by Rev. J. C. Morse, Turner Guthrie to Nancy Stanton.

Maitland, Jan. 21, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Joseph McCullough to Eva Harvey.

Liverpool, Jan. 24, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, John Frederick Toel to Annie Tanner.

North Sydney, Jan. 20, by Rev. Dr. Murray, William Moore to Minnie Beaton.

Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 16, by Rev. Dr. Bu r, Albert H. Morrill to Mary Anne Ray.

Central Economy, Jan. 15, by Rev. A. Gray, McVine Earle Gilchrist to Ida M. Doyle.

Hodgville, Jan. 9, by Rev. C. L. Gordon, John D. Camero to Annabella Holmes.

Bear River, Jan. 15, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Charles W. Behring to Emma A. Peck.

Jeddore, Jan. 20, by Rev. Jas. Rossborough, William H. Mitchell to Naomi Mire.

Liverpool, Jan. 16, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Charles Reiser to Martha Alice Hyland.

Guyshoro, Jan. 22, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, William S. Penny to Oliver Arnsworthy.

Port Lorne, Jan. 16, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, William H. Foster to Alice Hudson.

Billtown, N. S., Jan. 18, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Judge Dodge to Bertie Landers.

Shelburne, Jan. 23, by Rev. A. W. Lewis, Stanford Kenny to Charlotte E. McAlpine.

Malboro Bay, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. Wm. Crawford, John C. Eames to Fio Bell Frank.

Eastport, Jan. 30, by Rev. J. Tinling, Edgar Mitchell to N. B. to Mercy E. Emery.

Central Economy, Jan. 15, by Rev. Andrew Gray, E. J. O'Brien to Mary Eva Webb.

Gloucester, Jan. 16, by Rev. F. C. Charleton, Captain Nathan L. Smith to Eva Dakin.

## 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.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS

Medford, N. S., Jan. 21, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, William E. Spicer to Sarah E. Burns.

Farsboro, Jan. 27, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Captain Norrie M. Ogilvie to Maggie E. Conlon.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 22, by Rev. C. W. Corey, Albert Mitchell to Annie Stenford.

Prince of Wales, St. John Co., by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, David F. Belding to Ida May Cairns.

Upper Musquodiboit, Jan. 27, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Augustus Naugher to Margaret Maynard.

## DIED.

Truro, Jan. 30, John Dean, 45.

Halifax, Jan. 29, John Hill, 77.

Halifax, Jan. 30, Jacob Naylor, 71.

Karsdale, Jan. 15, Daniel Ellis, 82.

East Noel, Jan. 15, Allan Neal, 41.

Brule, Jan. 24, George H. Cook, 57.

St. John, Feb. 2, George Carlin, 75.

Bear River, Jan. 27, Wm. Hanshaw.

Sheet Harbor, Jan. 21, Hugh Dunn, 70.

West Quaco, Jan. 29, Michael Sullivan.

St. John's Hill, Jan. 24, Wm. Ryan, 81.

Boston, Feb. 1, Mary wife of David Kirk.

St. Stephen, J. N. 21, Robert Johnson, 66.

Upper Otnaburg, Jan. 19, John Dugan, 77.

Steam Village, Jan. 24, Roy Rockwell, 24.

Hibernia N. B., Jan. 17, John Rataburn, 71.

Port Catdona, Jan. 26, Mary Murant, 25.

Falmouth, Jan. 12, Mrs. Margery Lunn, 55.

Petpiswick, Jan. 23, Isaac G. Greenough, 55.

Grand Pre, Jan. 12, Mrs. John Faulkner, 58.

Smith's Cove, Jan. 21, Crocker Woodman, 77.

Guy's River, Jan. 23, Mrs. Janet Hillough, 80.

Golden Grove, Feb. 2, Corbin M. Wooton, 41.

Round Hill, N. S., Jan. 22, Mrs. L. Willet, 80.

Millbrook N. S., Jan. 12, Annie McGee, 21.

Charlottetown, Jan. 25, Capt. Andrew Doyle 78.

Deer Island, Jan. 29, Mrs. Mary J. Ferries, 90.

Rever Derris, Jan. 19, Archibald McIntyre, 52.

Springfield, N. S., Jan. 19, Angus McDonald, 55.

West Pubnico, Jan. 20, Mrs. Romaine D'Eon, 53.

Boston, Feb. 1, Julia widow of Joel Reading, 67.

Boston, Jan. 11, Lewis Z. Newell of Yarmouth, 32.

Halifax, Jan. 10, Cecilia widow of Jacob Miller 76.

South Maitland, N. S., Jan. 12, Nelson Allison, 66.

East Tenny Cape, Jan. 23, Mrs. H. B. Huntley, 59.

Douglas Mills, Tidnish, Jan. 22, Edmund Doyle, 60.

Westchester, N. S., Jan. 25, Martin C. Eadidley, 30.

West Head C. S. I. Lucella, wife of Asa Newell, 33.

Greenfield, Jan. 29, Eliza