

## MISS DILL'S DELEGATE.

Miranda Dill was "doing up" the last of her quince one November morning when some one rapped at her kitchen door. When she opened her door she saw Mrs. Deacon Draper standing on the little back porch.

"Scuse me for coming round to the back door, Mirandy," said Mrs. Draper, as she stepped into the spotlessly clean and sweetly fragrant little kitchen. "I could tell from the looks of the front of the house that you was in the back, and I thought I'd save you the trouble of running to let me in at the front door. My! how sweet and spicy it smells in here!"

"I've been spicing some sweet apples, and now I'm doing up the last of my quinces," replied Miss Miranda. "I'm real partial to quince preserve, and I think that a little quince is nice in apple sauce. But here I'm keeping you standing. Come and sit down in this rocking chair, that is, if you don't mind sitting in a kitchen."

"Not if it's your kitchen, Mirandy, for it's so clean and cozy here. How lovely your plants look!"

"Yes, I think the kitchen's a good place for plants. There's so much moisture from the teakettle, and it's so sunny in here. I have a chrysanthemum that'll be in full bloom by Thanksgiving, or before."

"It comes out before you ought to put it on the table you've to have charge of when the association meets with us the week before Thanksgiving."

"It would look lovely on the table, wouldn't it? And flowers will be real scarce by that time. Do they expect a good many at the association?"

"Oh, yes; the deacon thinks there'll be as many as a hundred delegates come, and that what I've run over to see you about. You know, I'm chairman of the Committee on Entertainment."

"Yes; I heard it give out Sunday."

"Well, I'm 'round looking up entertainment for the delegates, and I knew I could count on you taking at least one. You will, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; I'm willing to have one. I'd take two if they could room together; you know I've only one spare room. I could, on a pinch, give up my bedroom, and I could sleep on the settee in room lounge, but if I did that it'd keep me so busy I wouldn't get out to many of the meetings."

"Oh, one's all you ought to be asked to take, and I'll try to have some real nice person sent to you. Sometimes when folks are getting free entertainment they're fussier and more exacting than if they was paying board; I've had delegates act just so."

"Well, I don't know that I have," replied Miss Dill. She was a kindly soul, who did kindly deeds and found delight in speaking kindly words. Her tongue was little given to saying unkind things about any one, and she was loyal to her brothers and sisters in the Baptist church.

"The association comes the week before Thanksgiving, I believe," she said, when Mrs. Draper had risen to go.

"Yes; on Tuesday and Wednesday. Most of the delegates are expected on Monday, and they'll be likely to stay until Thursday."

"I'd just as soon have mire stay that long as not, if you send me some real pleasant person. I just enjoyed entertaining the delegates I had last spring, when the Woman's Christian Temperance Union met here."

"I'll try and have some real nice, agreeable person sent to you, Mirandy."

Mrs. Draper went on her homeward way, and Miss Dill gave her attention to the quince preserves simmering in a blue, porcelain-lined kettle on her shining stove. She was as immaculately neat as her surroundings. Her movements were as quick and free as those of a girl of eighteen, while it was said in the town that Miss Miranda "owned up to forty-eight," but it was also said that whatever Miss Dill "owned up to" was the exact truth. She was known to be absolutely honest in word and deed. Her life was an open book.

It had always been a good and kindly life, and much of it had been spent in the service of others and in promoting this general good of the world. She was sometimes called the "backbone" of the feeble little Baptist church in Hiramville. There had been times when it would have been disbanded and the field would have been deserted but for Miss Dill's zeal, and the free use of her rather limited income.

The little church was now pastorateless, although numerous "candidates" had for some time been filling its pulpit.

Two weeks after Mrs. Draper's call, Miss Dill appeared at that lady's house in a state of manifest perturbation.

"Why, Sister Draper?" she said, excitedly, "my delegate has come, and—why, Sister Draper!"

"Why, what is it, Mirandy?"

"You have sent me a man delegate!"

Miss Dill's look and tone of dismay were so comical that Mrs. Draper laughed aloud.

"Why, Mirandy," she said, "it's no killing matter if a man has been sent to you, is it? Who is he?"

"The Rev. James Hiller, of Oldfield."

"Why, he was to have been sent to Brother Palmer's, and a Mrs. Drewe was to have been sent to you. I'll warrant you they've made a mistake, and sent Mrs. Drewe to Brother Palmer's."

"But what shall I do?"

"Don't say Mrs. Draper, with another laugh. 'Simply make the best of it. Brother Hiller is a lovely man.'"

"I know, but won't folks—won't it seem a little—well strange for me to be entertaining a gentleman delegate?"

"Nonsense, Mirandy! You're too well known and too highly respected in this town for any one to say a word about it. It would make a good deal more talk if you sent the man away, simply because he was a man. I'll tell folks that it was a mistake, and I know that there won't be a word said about it."

So Miss Dill, comforted, but still perturbed in spirit, went back to her delegate and guest, whom she found seated in the big, comfortable rocking chair in her cherry sitting room looking at her photograph album.

The Rev. James Hiller was a portly, good looking man of fifty, with kindly blue eyes and courteous, gentle manner. He was quick enough in his perceptions to know that his coming had given his little spinster hostess something of a surprise, although she had said that she had been expecting a delegate.

She was calmer in her mind and manner when she returned from Mrs. Draper's. A minister was to her a human being set

part from the rest of the world and worthy of the most profound respect.

Her heart began to flutter a little again when she found herself sitting opposite her guest at her daintily appointed teatable, on which was set delicacies such as the departed wife of the Rev. Mr. Hiller had not been skilled in making.

"You live entirely alone all the time, do you, Sister Dill?" he asked, as he handed him his third cup of the most fragrant and delicious tea he had ever tasted in his life.

"I have quite a good deal of company," replied Miss Dill, "but I stay alone most of the time."

"Do you find it lonesome?"

"No, not very, excepting at Thanksgiving and Christmas times, when other people have so many of their friends around them. I do feel lonesome then, although I generally find some other lonesome person to invite in with me. I was wondering today who I could invite in this year. I had the widow Jay and her poor old mother in, but the old lady died last summer, and her daughter's gone away. I dare say I'll find some one."

Mr. Hiller became very communicative after tea, when he and Miss Dill were again seated in her sitting room before an open grate fire. He told her how he had been a widower for two years, and how his son and daughter had both married and left him, to go to homes of their own. Finally he asked:

"Did you know that I was to stay over after the association closes and preach in your church next Sunday?"

"No, I hadn't heard that; but I'm glad of it. We need a regular minister very much. The town has begun to grow fast since the cotton mills and the shoe factory came here, and a good man could build the church right up."

"It looks like a promising field to me, and I don't mind saying that I'd be open to a call if the people feel that I'm the man they want after they hear me preach."

The Rev. James Hiller's preaching created a great deal of enthusiasm.

"Everybody says he's just the man we want," said Mrs. Draper to Miss Dill, on Monday. "He did preach two splendid good sermons, and he's so kind and sociable. Deacon White knows all about him, and he says there isn't a single out about him. How did you like him?"

"Very much," replied Miss Dill, with a blush.

"He's a real nice person to entertain, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is. He's the best kind of company."

"If we call him, he'll want a boarding place, and why don't you get a good girl and fix up that east room of yours for a study for him, and take him to board?"

There's no place in town where he could be so quiet and comfortable. The deacons and trustees are going to have a meeting to-night, and it's almost certain they'll call him. He went back home to-day didn't he?"

"No, he went over to Hebron to visit a day or two with a cousin of his, and he's coming back here for Thanksgiving."

"He is? Well, that's nice. Whose guest is he going to be?"

"Mine."

"Yes, and I've been thinking that it'd be real nice if the deacons and trustees and their wives could come in the evening, and meet him sociably."

"That would be real nice. We'd be glad to come."

"Then I'll invite the others." Every invitation was accepted, and Miss Dill's house was aglow with light and cheer on Thanksgiving evening. The little hostess looked ten years younger than before, and her frequent laugh was sweet and joyous.

At about 9 in the evening Deacon Smith called the company to order and said:

"I guess it won't be much of a surprise to any one here, unless it is Brother Hiller, to know that we have voted unanimously to give Brother Hiller a call to our church, and we'll be glad to hear a word from him about the probability of his coming."

His acceptance of the call was brief and to the point. Then he hesitated, cleared his voice and said: "There could be no more appropriate time for me to announce something I feel that my new parishioners have a right to know, and for which I have cause for heartfelt thanksgiving, as every man ought to rejoice and be glad when the Lord directs him to a good and true woman who is willing to be his wife."

He crossed the room and took Miss Dill by the hand.

"Allow me to present to you the dear woman who has promised to be your new pastor's wife. I hope that this may not appear unseemly to you because of our brief acquaintance. It, on such investigation as you care to make, you find that I am unworthy of her, I will release her from her engagement. I feel that we know of our own minds and hearts well enough to feel sure that we will be happy together and that our whole life will be filled with the true spirit of thanksgiving and praise."

"And to think what a fuss you made about entertaining a man delegate," said Mrs. Draper to Miss Dill afterward.

But Miss Dill only laughed as she had not laughed for years, and as only they can laugh who love and are beloved.—Detroit Free Press.

## Can be Made New!

Your Husband and Children will Rejoice and be Glad.

Have you ever tried to renew and recreate our husbands' and children's cast-off clothing? Why, this work is done easily by thousands of women, every day of the year. They are successful, strong and rever-fading Diamond Dyes. Old and faded dresses, jackets, capes coats, pants, and vests can be made to look like new, at a cost of ten cents. When you decide upon doing dyeing work, be particularly careful to use only the Diamond Dyes. See that your dealer does not offer you substitutes of imitations. If you are unfortunate enough to be deceived, your work is in vain, and your garments are ruined.

Special attention is being given by the French military authorities to the question of succoring the wounded on battle fields when night comes on after a great battle.

## DEAD SEA FRUIT.

People are in the habit of asserting that two-thirds of the Sinite stations are within rifts of the Sinite. This is not strictly true, however, of Sibi. Human life there partakes of the character of the vegetation; it is apt to be blasted, or scorched, or withered—what there is of it—more than in most places. It may be that all pity was dried up in the Major's soul; that remorse had been burned away from Hartley by the sun, that resistance was melted in the Major's daughter; howbeit the three of them managed to add one more heart of ashes to big a list and incidentally to bring about a tragedy.

Trueman came straight from the green Surrey hills to Sibi, and not even the responsibilities of his exalted rank of second lieutenant could prevent his being put very speedily upon the sick list. It was some sort of fever and took a fine hold upon him, but, being a strong staidward he pulled through all right.

It came about that one day, the first that he was up, Trueman managed to travel as far as the front door of his quarters to open it, and to stand upon the sill, looking over the white parake ground; he turned his head and saw a woman in the door of the bungalow next to his. The sun and the glare had blinded his eyes, used the past month to a room darkened by horse blankets tacked up at the windows, and he could not distinguish the face. However, there was only one woman who was at all likely to be in that particular spot—the wife of the Colonel commanding, the only officer's wife in Sibi at that particular season of the year. So Trueman raised his voice and called a feeble "Good morning!" and was surprised that he did not recognize the tones of the reply, which were surely not those of the high soprano of the Colonel's wife. The surprise made him sway a little uncertainly, but when his eyes suddenly distinguished the face of the lady in the doorway, he lost entire control of his muscles, and, being startled, all but fell head downward upon the sand from sheer weakness.

It was not until some days later that he knew that only a pair of soft, warm arms had kept him from measuring his six feet upon the ground, and perhaps seriously damaging the dried and yellow skin of his face, nor that these same arms had held his unconscious, heavy form there until his servant had come and carried the leaden burden back to his bunk.

When he did learn it, and when he was able to say a half dozen words in succession he inquired who the woman might be, and was told it was the Colonel's daughter who just returned from England. Trueman did not remember the face very clearly, and was too tired to think, so he went to sleep again, which was the very best thing he could have done, and dreamed that he was in the midst of a plain where there was neither grass nor shade, where the white dust threw back the sun like a mirror.

Presently he grew stronger, but he saw no chance of the Colonel's daughter. From the narrow conversation of his brother officers, however, he gathered that she was a very sedate young woman, bred in strict conventionality, and moreover, that she was not a school girl, but had been for the past year in the unrest of London and Paris society.

Then one day there came a time when Trueman rose from his bed just after retreat, and in the comparative cool of the evening crawled slowly over to the Colonel's quarters. He was met at the door and literally taken in the arms of the Colonel's kindly wife; a steamer chair was stretched out for him and cooling drinks all ready. But nowhere was the daughter to be seen—the calm, impressive Olga of his mind. The elder lady and he were alone for an hour or more before there came a sound upon the close night air which made the lieutenant start and look around.

A girl's voice, a deep voice and sweet, was speaking outside, then a form in white, a tall and very slender form, was framed in the doorway against the background of an Indian night. Afterward Trueman could only remember that her hands were cool and her eyes tawny as a lion's and very soft.

She thanked her escort—a certain Major Hartley, of the R. H. A.—and, stretching her gaily longed upon another steamer chair, joined in the commonplace conversation. Trueman wondered if she were commonplace, too, and concluded that she was—by molding, not by nature. They spoke of the heat and of the dust, of the newspapers and the mail. The Colonel went over to the mess after a time, but Hartley declined his invitation to "come along;" he seemed to prefer the girl to the father, Trueman commented mentally, then watched to see how matters stood with the girl. Either, however, she was too well bred to show her feelings, or she had none to show, for it was not conceivable that a woman could admire a short, thick, heavy fellow, both by nature and by form, like the Major.

Trueman went home pretty soon. He was conscious that he was very much number three, and also that he was desperately tired. The girl put out her long, browned hand, soft and firm and cool. The invalid took it and went on Hartley's arm back to his quarters.

And it came to pass, as it was bound to do, that these two young people, who in form and face were blessed of the gods, saw each other day by day, and loved each other well, which is quite in the accepted scheme of things; also that Trueman's recovery was so rapid that he did not need sick leave, and that his loathing for the sky under which his superior officers had been pleased to call him to do his duty vanished into air. So, for a while, they were to be happy forever; but it was merely the madness with which the gods cursed them before they should stretch out their hands and smite.

As long as the Colonel and his wife were blind to the course things had taken it was smooth sailing, but in time they began to notice the frequent strolls in the twilight, walks across the parade in the blazing sun to the sally port and the stables, the frequent trips through the scorching sand of the bazaar on every and no pretext. They noticed, and they watched, and they drew their own conclusions, which were, in the main correct.

Olga spent a very bad quarter of an hour between the Colonel and his wife. They taxed her with being in love, and she, like a most conventionally model maiden, resented the suggestion, and treated the

whole affair in so careless and light a manner that the old people had their suspicions quite disarmed. Had they seen their cool daughter in the dusk sob out her troubles on the shoulder straps of Second Lieutenant Trueman they might have felt less easy. Howbeit, she went back to the quarters with quiet self-control, and sat in the bosom of her family, casting equal glances upon the major and the second lieutenant.

The major was so encouraged by her manner, in fact, that he took advantage of a moment when Trueman had gone home and the colonel and his wife were away, and asked Olga if she would not consent to become his wife. Olga said "No, she wouldn't," and treated the matter as a very casual affair. Hartley demanded her reasons, and she said she was going to marry some one else. Hartley thundered "Who?" and Olga yawned that it was that confounded Trueman, he begged him not to become violent, and left the room.

A week later a cool little note, in the very best of form, broke off the engagement between Olga and Trueman, and the next number of the Pioneer announced the betrothal of Olga and Major Algernon Hartley. At Olga's express request there had been no "fuss and feathers;" she was bred with a deep hatred of a scene; it would be better for her to obey her parents, even though it should kill her, than to give people a chance to talk. Besides it would not kill her, she knew that, and quoted to herself the proverb that a "blood horse holds up its head until it drops." So she gave in before the storm of her father's wrath and her mother's entreating.

The night before the day fixed for the wedding Olga had disappeared. They sought her far and wide, but found her not. Then, just as day was breaking, some one remarked that Trueman was not in the search party, and on inquiry no one remembered having seen him during the night. The gray haired old Colonel, bent with weariness and shame and anxiety, straightened himself once more at the news and led the way to that officer's bungalow. All was still. The sun blinds were down, the shutters closed. It might have been a mausoleum. The Colonel tottered to the door, pushed it open, gave one look and fell swooning to the ground.

The others ran forward to his assistance, and one man, more sensible than the rest, closed the door of the bungalow and stood guard over it, permitting no one, not even himself, to look inside. Indeed, few wished to do so. They knew instinctively the sight which would have awaited them. The only thing they did not know was that the faces of the dead, unlike those who meet a violent and painful end, wore a sweet, calm smile, like children who in their dreams recall some past happiness.—Boston Home Journal.

## SNAKE IN THE BED.

The Commercial Traveller who Came to be So Intimate with It.

Thomas McCannan, who represents a New York firm, and lives in Jersey City, met with an experience the past week near Binghamton, Minn., that nearly whitened his raven locks. McCannan, whose business lies among the country merchants and rural districts, engaged a vehicle and drove to a hamlet near New Milford. He reached his destination, but his stay was unexpectedly protracted, and dusk had fallen when he again found himself on the homeward road. Thicker and thicker grew the blackness, the sky was overcast, not a star visible, and the prospect of a heavy rainstorm imminent.

Under these conditions he missed his road, and, after a drive of several miles through a forest highway, ended abruptly in a dense undergrowth. In the distance he saw the twinkle of a light, and, fastened his horse to a tree, he made his way in that direction. It proved to come from a cabin of roughly hewn boards and logs. A summons brought the occupant to the door. He was an old man with the peculiar vernacular of the mountaineer of Northern Pennsylvania, and when McCannan explained his predicament, he warmly welcomed him to his hut. The only accommodation he could offer the horse was a shaky lean-to at the rear of his dwelling, but here the animal was stabled on a bed of leaves. There was but one couch in the shanty. This stood behind a rough partition, and, after serving his guest with a lunch of cold partridge and corn bread, he signified his intention of releasing his bed to him and sleep in the larger room beside the log fire. McCannan gratefully accepted the offer, and was soon oblivious to his surroundings.

How long he slept he cannot tell. He thinks it was about midnight, but it was probably nearer daylight when he was awakened by a cold, clammy sensation at his feet. The blanket had slipped partially off, and at a ray of moonlight shone through a rift in the clouds his blood froze with horror as he observed a large snake coiled upon his ankles. His first impulse was to spring from bed and about for aid. Then the thought crossed his mind that the place was infested with rattlers, and a movement there was only one thing to do; wait perfectly quiet until the old man should awake and come to his aid. The reptile remained passive. The seconds seemed to drag like hours and it seemed as though the unhappy drummer must spring from his couch and shake the slimy scales off or go frantic. He watched the sky fade into the gray which precedes dawn, and as a crimson streak shot across the sky there was a movement in the next room and a grizzly head appeared at the aperture which served as a doorway.

"Hush!" whispered McCannan; "for God's sake don't speak, or I am a dead man."

"Wal, what's de matter?"

"Look at my feet," whispered McCannan.

The old man looked and then burst into a laugh. "I swear de Tommy ain't made yer acquaintance. Hi, Tommy, come a hyar." The reptile slowly wriggled from

the bed toward the old man, and McCannan slowly arose as if dazed.

"He's a pet milk snake o'mine," explained the old man, "and 'pears ter make as friendly with strangers as he does with me." Without a word McCannan arose, dressed himself, and laying a silver dollar on the table, harnessed his horse and started for Binghamton.—Minneapolis Tribune.

## A Man of Foresight.

Senator Kyle's secretary is a canny Scot, Macfarland by name, who has a very dry sense of humor. Recently he injured his thumb, and the matter became so serious that he went to a surgeon. He was told that he would have to undergo an operation.

Macfarland consented to stand the operation. He was ready to have it performed then and there. The physician asked him whether he wished to take chloroform or ether.

"Will it make me lose my senses?" asked the Scotchman.

"I should say so," said the doctor. Macfarland deliberately thrust his hands into his pockets and began to count out his change.

"There's no hurry about the money," said the doctor; "you can count it out to me after the operation is performed."

"But you said it would make me lose my senses to take chloroform or ether, didn't you?" asked Macfarland.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "it will make you unconscious."

"Then excuse me," said Macfarland, with a twinkle. "I'd rather count my money now."—Washington Post.

## BORN.

Buctouche, Jan. 15, to Mrs. McLaughlin, a son.  
Moncton, Jan. 10, to the wife of W. H. Watts, a son.  
Truro, Jan. 11, to the wife of H. W. Ryan, a daughter.  
Farrboro, Jan. 5, to the wife of E. W. Fowler, a son.  
Badeke, Jan. 9, to the wife of Joseph McLean, a son.  
Dartmouth, Jan. 11, to the wife of M. W. Noonan, a son.  
Halifax, Jan. 10, to the wife of Capt. W. A. Robson, a son.  
Truemanville, Jan. 13, to the wife of Milford Baxter, a son.  
Miramichi, Jan. 6, to the wife of Thomas Flanagan, a son.  
St. Stephen, Jan. 13, to the wife of Harry Webster, a son.  
Greenwood, Jan. 2, to the wife of Arthur Patterson, a son.  
Woodstock, Jan. 13, to the wife of J. R. Murphy, a son.  
Halifax, Jan. 15, to the wife of G. H. Colwell, a daughter.  
Chatham, Jan. 9, to the wife of P. H. C. Benson, a son.  
Amherst, Jan. 15, to the wife of T. S. Rogers, a daughter.  
Port Lorne, Jan. 12, to the wife of Riley Lewis, a daughter.  
Moncton, Jan. 10, to the wife of W. R. Edwards, a daughter.  
Windsor, Jan. 17, to the wife of Wm. McDonough, a son.  
Hantsport, Jan. 13, to the wife of Edward Borden, a daughter.  
Annapolis Royal, Jan. 10, to the wife of Dr. Primrose, a son.  
West Pubnico, Jan. 12, to the wife of Ignace Amier, a daughter.  
Falmouth, N. S., Jan. 14, to the wife of Arthur Eldrick, a son.  
Windsor Plains, Dec. 28, to the wife of J. E. McDonald, a son.  
Anson, Jan. 10, to the wife of D. Wetmore, a son.  
Yarmouth, Jan. 14, to the wife of Rev. Wm. B. Forbes, a son.  
Dixie, Jan. 10, to the wife of Rev. J. W. Prestwood, a daughter.  
Centerville, C. S. I., Jan. 1, to the wife of Bradford Smith, a daughter.  
Woodstock, N. B., Jan. 3, to the wife of George Upham, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Twerton, Jan. 1, Rev. Mr. Allaby, Merrill Outhouse to Zora Small.  
Victoria Beach, N. S., Dec. 18 John Everett to Mrs. Agnes Everett.  
Calais, Jan. 1, by Rev. S. G. Davis, James W. Cook to Ada Woodworth.  
Windsor, Jan. 7, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, William K. Lyall to Maud Fraser.  
Petitcodiac, Jan. 15, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Wilford Harper to Mary Smith.  
Halifax, Jan. 9, by Rev. J. F. Duxton, Charles Fader to Amy Harvey.  
Lakeville, Jan. 4, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Edward Kelly to Eunice Rogers.  
Annapolis, Jan. 12, by Rev. H. Howe, George Franklin to Bertha Sumner.  
Bryol, N. B., Jan. 1, by Rev. D. A. Brooks, Thomas Rogers to Mary Dyer.  
Antigonish, Jan. 15, by Rev. J. R. Munro, Samuel Shannon to Eliza Smith.  
Shannon, Dec. 24, by Rev. John Perry, Thomas S. Gidding to Bertie Furlong.  
Cavendish, P. E. I., Jan. 1, by Elder Crawford, A. D. Murray to Bessie Fraser.  
Halifax, Jan. 14, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Charles Gilie to Mary Alice Gibson.  
Glouce Bay, Jan. 9, by Rev. Father Chisholm, James Farrell to Miss B. J. Murphy.  
St. John, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. J. Walsh, Philip Harper to Margaret Hogan.  
Halifax, Jan. 10, by Rev. M. McLean, Chas. H. Colyer to Emma May Fowler.  
Windsor, Jan. 8, by Rev. J. K. Bearstoe, Newman B. Shaw to Alfreda Faulkner.  
Grand Manan, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. D. Harvey, Colman Gignil to Mary Zwickler.  
Tracy Mills, Jan. 6, by Rev. G. F. Currie, William J. Nelson to Asinath Burpee.  
Boston, Dec. 28, by Rev. N. K. McLean, John Thompson to Amelia L. Fyne.  
Harvey, N. B., Dec. 17, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William Bell to Ellen Messer.  
Calais, Jan. 15, by Rev. A. J. Padelford, John Dickerson to Martha Waldron.  
Somerset, N. S., Jan. 8, by Rev. T. McFall, Robert O. Hayes to Jennie A. Cochran.  
Grand Manan, Jan. 12, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Oswald Parker to Flora Stanley.  
Crapaud, P. E. I., Jan. 10, by Rev. S. J. Andrews, George Myers to Grace Lowther.  
Iron Mines, C. B., Jan. 10, by Rev. A. Ross, John D. McKee to Mary J. McKenzie.  
Centerville, N. B., Jan. 8, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Lavinia Brant to Fanny Graham.  
Boston Highlands, Jan. 1, Rev. Wm. White, G. Ralph Laurence to Irene Strong.  
Sydney, Jan. 14, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Lachlan McKinnon to Margaret E. Spears.  
North East Harbor, Jan. 6, by Rev. W. C. Sables, Howard Holmes to Clara Stinson.  
Hillsboro, P. E. I., Jan. 8, by Rev. A. Crais, Ewen F. Jardine to Priscilla A. Affleck.  
Boisbous, Jan. 1, by Rev. R. W. J. Clements, Adam J. Corrie to Carrie Spence.  
Dartmouth, Jan. 14, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, Melbourne Wilson to Mary E. Jenkins.  
Little Bras d'or, Jan. 1, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, Ambrose Allen to Lavinia Forrest.  
L. E. Fanning, Jan. 13, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, John LeBlanc to Lily D'Entremont.  
Taylor Head, Jan. 6, by Rev. Wm. A. Stewart, Alfred McKenzie to Phoebe Snow.  
Cornwall, P. E. I., Jan. 7, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, John E. Godin to Elizabeth Boyd.  
St. Peter, P. E. I., Jan. 8, by Rev. D. Sutherland, W. H. Pope Cook to Gertrude Carrie.  
Lower Brighton, Jan. 1, by Rev. W. G. McDonald, Rev. Bennett Traill to Addie Toddie.  
Pictou Landing, Dec. 31, by Rev. J. E. McLean, Louie Ferguson to Louise J. Carmichael.  
West Pubnico, Jan. 7, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Charles S. D'Entremont to Annie Surette.  
Tannock, Jan. 10, by Rev. E. Schindler, Erze I. D. Hewitt to Bertha D. Suttie of Yarmouth.

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## DEARBORN &amp; CO.,

## WHOLESALE AGENTS

Upper Kingsclear, Jan. 15, by Rev. H. Montgomery, Feawick F. Shields to Mary A. Burri k.  
Lynn, Mass., Jan. 9, by Rev. D. B. McCurdy, Wm. L. Shillington to Grace Crosby of Yarmouth.  
McAdam Junction, Jan. 14, by Rev. J. A. McLean, R. A. Edward George Berard to Mary E. Moffat.  
Maple Ridge, N. B., Dec. 29, by Rev. E. W. Simonsen, Samuel Davidson, to Martha M. Blaney.  
Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 24, by Rev. Mr. Farns worth, Herbert F. Crumell to Mary A. Campbell of Haverhill, N. B.