

human soul. The very utterness of death itself is missed when we know we have smoothed the way for our beloved and borne his feet up tenderly as he traversed its dark places.

Presently Ronny said: "I shouldn't wonder if Lesley married Yelverton after all."

"Why?"

"He is such a good fellow and so devoted to her, and often it's the dark horse that wins. I don't think Bob was ever really in the running."

"You must sleep now," she said gently, and quite naturally his cold, thin hand wandered toward her young warm one, and with it fast held in both hers the pale shadow of Ronny, the hero, slept.

Thus Lady Appuldurcombe found them on her return an hour later. So might a weary man, overborne in the flight, rest awhile with love, strong and beneficent, to watch over him. So might a woman look who asked no return for her devotion, absolutely content with the mere joy of giving.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It had commonly been believed in the neighborhood, after Miss Malincourt's first appearance in church on her return from town, that she had found her match there and had better far have staid at home so greatly had her looks altered for the worse.

Church in the country is a kind of roll call where every one who can answer to his name and comes up for judgment, putting on his very best appearance, too, lest in the interval between last and this Sunday he be suspected of injurious deeds bound to make some sort of a mark upon him, and easily perceptible to sharp eyed Sabbath friend and foe.

And not even a Maison Nouvelle inspiration and a pale yellow cambric frock to match could disguise the look of strain on the usually insouciant face of Lesley, so that those who knew her best decided that something more than late hours and continual excitement had been at work, and Bob, looking at her across the church, somehow came to know that he had something more than mere caprice to reckon with now.

And when on the following Sunday Bob's place was empty the gossip whistled louder, but no further excitement was forthcoming till Yelverton dropped into the place beside her in the square pew and, ugly and distinguished, was accepted by most of those present as the latest town captive of Miss Lesley's bow and spear.

That he was utterly devoted to her could be seen with half an eye, also that she really liked him, by the way even that she gave him a hymnbook, yet she was just as pale as ever, if more lovely, and the spontaneity of youth seemed for the time to have utterly left her.

And yet, in church especially, when dear and familiar words sounded in her ears, there were moments when Lesley looked absolutely good—when all her tricks fell from her, and one felt and knew she was true, as no impeccably virtuous person ever was, or could be, and something radiated from and made her lovely in the best sense of the word.

More than one man of the neighborhood who had loved Lesley watched the pair closely each Sunday, for Yelverton made a long stay, coming over from Cranstons with his traps to Malincourt for the first, and only running up to town occasionally to see Ronny, who had safely performed the journey to Park lane.

And Lesley had less time to think, now that the house was half full of her father's guests and she was wanted by the housekeeper so often, but she made an opportunity all the same, while the men were abroad, to ride over on Coquette every day to Lady Cranstons, who was full just then of a weary, sick revolt against everything, who was angry and out of patience even with Lesley herself.

"Are you determined to ruin his life as well as your own?" she cried indignantly toward the end of the first week in September. "Have you the right, even if you have the power? Upon my word, for two women to calmly settle a man's future for him without his being allowed the smallest voice in the matter is taking an unwarrantably great liberty with him, or so I consider."

"He will settle it for himself," said Lesley coldly.

"For himself!" groaned Lady Cranstons. "Worn out, the ghost of a man, his will power almost if not quite gone, from pure weakness and a woman always at his elbow to whom he is bound to attach himself as a helpless child to its kind nurse—what free will, what power of choice, has he in the matter? You two are simply taking a base, cruel advantage of him, one for which, if he ever recovers, he will hate and despise the accomplices who have brought him to such a pass."

"Lady Cranstons!" cried Lesley, starting to her feet with flaming face. "It's perfectly true. If he were himself, if he were just a selfish, strong man with a will of his own, I would say, 'Let Cynthia do what she likes, and let him defend himself,' but as he is, it is like taking advantage of a child. In his shivering coldness and poverty of blood he will feel a comfort in her warmth and bountiful, generous organization. He will even get used to the red hair, a color, you say, he detests, but mark me, Lesley, when he recovers, as I believe he will, it will be an evil day for Cynthia and for you."

"And you think he will recover?" cried Lesley joyously. "Oh, I could bear it all—all to see Ronny in the saddle again, for he could never be quite unhappy so long as there is a horse left in the world!"

Lady Cranstons shook her head. "Lesley," she said, "sometimes to be unselfish is a vice, and you are vicious now. You think only of Ronny, but what of the hell you will make for

the man you marry, loving Ronny as you do?"

"I don't mean to marry."

"You can't help it. Who knows? It may be Roger Yelverton."

"There is not a man alive who could coax or bully me into marrying him," she said. "I could never understand Tess of the D'Urbervilles going back to that man when once she had loved Angel. I would have let all my family bivouac in the churchyard or go to the union; but, having once loved, I could not even think of belonging to any one else."

"So we all say and think when we are young," said Lady Cranstons wearily, "but there comes a time in a woman's life when, if she cannot have love, at least she wants the comfort, the support of a man's arm, and when old maids like you are in season, Lesley, then young wives will be out of bloom. And of course you may not get the support, after all, only a rotten stick that snaps as you lean on it," she added, thinking of Cranstons.

"If only he could get well!" said Lesley, her eyes shining. "The doctor's last report is certainly better, but he will have to lie down for ever so long yet."

"Poor man!" said Lady Cranstons dryly. "I should say the tortures of the inquisition were child's play to those you have imposed on poor, helpless Ronny. Console yourself with the thought that he is bound to succumb at last. There, goodbye, child; I am too tired to talk any more today." And she almost pushed Lesley away as the girl stooped to kiss her.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Lesley went out with the men's luncheon one day it was to find an unexpected addition to the party in Bob Heatherley, who reached her side about the same time as Yelverton, whereupon Bob glared at the new man, whose air of easy appropriation was tacitly acquiesced in by Lesley.

"How do you do, Bob?" she said, with as friendly an air as if she had answered any one of the letters with which he had bombarded her. "When did you come back—and did you meet many people you knew at Homburg?"

And then she passed on to Yelverton to attend to her duties as hostess in the little inn which happened to be feeding ground that day.

"Irish stew for a treat," he heard her saying next to Yelverton. "I know how all you men love it." And then the hungry sportsmen came trooping into the long narrow room, and every man called for his own particular variety in drink, and there was a smart fusillade of talk, in which Lesley, much improved in health and spirits since Bob had seen her last, took her part ably.

"Was Yelverton the cause?" Bob asked himself as he ate game pie and refused the stew Lesley cruelly pressed on him. "And if so—well!" Lesley to succumb to a man with a flaxen head as smooth as a billiard ball and a mug like—what comparison failed him.

He had heard a lot about "the lovely Malincourt," as they called her, from all the town contingent at Homburg—of her success, her frolics, of the imbrolio into which she had got her cousin, of how Yelverton had parted with or given her Miss Coquette, of how entirely devoted to her he was, so that it was no wonder Bob had dismissed Ronny from his jealous mind as a mere cousin, and hearing that Yelverton was at Malincourt made haste to return.

Most of the men present were old friends of Lord Malincourt, living at a distance and quite unaware of those tricks of Miss Lesley that had so severely limited her father's shooting lists, and if they one and all admired her no harm was done, even though their lawful and middle aged owners might not have approved.

"He is very good looking," said Yelverton aside in an interval of stew. "Got a devil of a temper, too, I should say," he added, getting no reply, while Lord Malincourt, glancing from one to the other of the two men, had some disagreeable qualms that made the flavor of his corned beef and beloved bitter ale less agreeable than usual.

When they all presently trooped out, Lesley announced her intention of driving instead of walking home, which was the exact opposite of what had been her intention, as she loved to wander through the copse and woods in these glorious September days, and here fully visible, as the inn stood at the roadside, within Lord Malincourt's demesne, and on the other side of the path beech and ash and aspen spread their shade upon the uneven ground.

As Lesley settled herself in the dog-cart, slim and smart as usual in her light checked tweed, with all her accessories perfect as usual, she glanced swiftly at the two men standing side by side, and Yelverton pleased her taste best, for he had that indefinable air of birth and breeding impossible, it would seem, to acquire without exclusive mixing in the best and worst society in the world, otherwise town.

Yet how handsome Bob was—how angry! Anger in some men is like the determining touch of color that a woman who has made a fine art of painting gives to her cheek, and anger became Bob, Lesley decided, as she carelessly invited him to dinner.

When she had gone, the men moved off side by side to the coverts, whence the sound of shots came in rapid succession, covering their distaste to each other's company, after the manner of their kind, with tobacco.

A little spring babbled along somewhere out of sight for company, the first gave out their magical odors, and all the glories of the year, trembling in its perfected beauty on the verge of decay, appeared not at all to these stubborn, silent mortals, who saw and heard nothing but their desires and the selfish beats of their own hearts. "Love is for a poor or gay, but I am here always,"

whispered nature, but they would not listen. Just out of earshot of the sportsmen Bob paused and touched Roger's arm significantly.

"I was engaged to her," he said. "You have the advantage of me, said Yelverton stiffly, "for I only hope to be."

For a moment, in the shadow of the red spotted leaves of the old thorn, a collision seemed inevitable between the two angry men. Then Yelverton, mastering himself by a great effort, said: "Look here! I take back that speech. She doesn't love either of us. She never will. And the only good turn we can do Miss Malincourt is to turn her very good friends and leave her alone."

"Who is it?" cried Bob fiercely.



And then she passed on.

"Why should it be any other? May not a woman choose for herself? And, by heaven, I hope I'm man enough to think of what's best for her—not me."

They had come up with the beaters by now and went different ways. But for the first time something pierced through the core of Bob's selfish love, and he thought of Lesley's happiness, not his own.

But who was the man? Certainly not Yelverton, who shot wildly and more or less disgraced himself for the rest of that afternoon—certainly not himself—Bob was quite certain on that point. After all, could it be Kilmurray? And he was but a sorry rival just then.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Lady Appuldurcombe had Park lane all to herself, and she had Ronny all to herself, and was happy in a way that seemed to her quite extraordinary.

With Ronny's real but very slow improvement she found it in her heart to partly forgive Lesley and to be heartily ashamed of that dreadful letter she had sent Malincourt. To be sure, Lesley's heartlessness in making no inquiries for Ronny and this news today concerning her and Yelverton showed what a mere flirt she was. Still Lady Appuldurcombe would have given a good deal to wipe out both her curse on the girl and her letter, and it was of this she was thinking one afternoon as from her boudoir window she gazed out on the full glory of those flower beds reserved for the toiling millions who do not go out of town in September and wondered what she could do to set her mistake right.

Yelverton was very curt with her when he came—it was extraordinary how loyal all the men who loved Lesley were to her—and Malincourt had replied to her letter with that most terrible of all replies, silence.

But today from an old friend now staying with her husband in Somersetshire Lady Appuldurcombe had received quite at the end of a long chatty letter the following item of intelligence: "So your niece, the lovely Malincourt, as we all called her in town, and a more natural, delicious creature I never met—so distinguished, too—is to marry Roger Yelverton, who is now at Malincourt, and all the men who wanted to marry her—and they are legion here—are in despair. Not such a good match for her, after all, but that is the last thing she would think of. They say there is bad blood between him and a lover she formerly favored, but I do hope there are to be no more duels about her. She is so much too good for all that sort of thing."

Lady Appuldurcombe thought of the girl's winning ways, how she really could not help being different from other girls—natural, in short, as her friend had put it—and she had not wanted to come to town, and Ronny had been—unwise—to notice what a ruffian like Dashwood said.

She turned impatiently away from the window. She would go and look after Ronny and Cynthia in the drawing room. The two had grown so friendly in these past weeks, almost months, and, after all, thought the mother, with a sharp pang, would it not hurt her every whit as much to give Ronny up to one woman as another?

She went abruptly into the long salon, and as she entered caught the name of "Lesley," which, strangely enough, was the talkman, the bond between the two, and a sudden access of temper, almost of cruelty, common to the best and worst of women, seized her, as, going forward, she said: "You are talking of Lesley? And I was just coming to tell you some news about her!"

She did not look at the couch drawn well out of the light upon which Ronny lay, at the girl who had risen from the low chair at his side. A terrible sense that since he was no longer her Ronny now it mattered little if he were Cynthia's or Lesley's, and that in any case it was Lesley's work, made her voice sharp as she said:

"She is going to marry Yelverton. Mary Stourbridge, who has been over to Malincourt, has written to tell me so."

She moved to the balcony. The silence in the room was absolute. Then, still cruel, Lady Appuldurcombe left the balcony, and without a glance at Ronny went away.

Cynthia knelt down beside him.

and his deathly face, damp with sweat, was turned toward her.

As he looked at her, so good, so beautiful, so true, no whit altered to him by his great calamity, only loving him the more for it, strangely enough the very line flashed through his mind that once had formed the subject of a prayer in tears:

Sweet as your smile shone on me ever.

For with both of them it was a much loved song, and her smile had never failed him as girl and woman. A quick revulsion against Lesley, against her heartlessness, her caprice, her inability even to wait to see if recovery were possible to him, flashed through Ronny, and with a groan his head fell forward on Cynthia's breast. Those moments of physical weakness, of heart desertion, accomplished what no effort of stubborn will to love gratefully could have done—for with the instinct of a tired child to its mother, of escaping from pain to a haven of warm forgetfulness, Ronny's arms closed feebly but tenderly about the girl, and with his lips seeking hers he fell into a long sleep.

And so, with her cripple safe in her strong young arms, no more an outcast, Cynthia, for at least a little space, entered into love's kingdom.

That night she wrote to Lesley—her first letter since their compact made in Grosvenor place:

APPULDURCOMBE HOUSE, Tuesday.

I hear you are going to marry Roger Yelverton. Lesley, and I know you would not do it unless you loved him, and I pray God you may be happy. If Ronny ever recovers, we shall be married. If not, I have the privilege of waiting on, of seeing him, and that is all I ask. You do not know what this is, because, I think, you never really loved him, and I thank God for it.

CYNTHIA.

Thus the woman who had stolen justified herself to the woman she had robbed.

And broad awake Ronny was thinking, with that ugly silhouette of his male attendant so hatefully suggesting weakness to the once strong man showing at a distance: "Oh, my God, what have I done—what have I done? What if she has set herself far apart from me! Need I do the same by her?"

"To reach a nerve far down and deaden it," she said once, "supposing that she did care a little, and that now, in her reckless wild way, she is trying to reach that nerve to deaden it." He groaned aloud in his despair, and his attendant rose, thinking him in pain. Cynthia—Ronny lay for a long while regarding her image, which was not abhorrent to him now—even that faint scent of wood violets was merged in her strong vivid personality. He had clung to her as death clings to life, seeking to warm himself by her fire and strength, and his mother herself had not been able to give him that sense of safety, of comfort which in his darkest hours Cynthia had afforded. And now she was to be his nurse for life, and Lesley, swift and sure footed, was to run before the wind like Atalanta, with Yelverton pursuing and overtaking her, and—and—a sudden silence spread over the chamber, and the attendant, rushing to his side, found that Ronny had fainted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The ladies should remember that Diamond Dyes are always twice the strength of all inferior and imitation dyes. Diamond Dyes will always give you your money's worth of pure and never fading dye stuff that is simple to use, and that will do just as represented. Do not be deceived by big packages that imitate put up. Their dyes are mixed with salt, alum, and other worthless adulterations. In a word, beware of the dealer who tries to sell you something that he represents to be just as good as Diamond Dyes. Experts say, Diamond Dyes are the best in the world.

Brete Harte in New England.

"The first time Bret Harte came East," said a friend the other day, "he was to take in all the chief cities of New England. We who were familiar with the East exclaimed almost in a breath, 'How he enjoyed the beautiful New England fall! Perhaps the gorgeousness of the foliage seen by him for the first time will inspire another famous poem!'"

"After he had been East for a short time he wrote me a letter, which I can tell you almost word for word. It ran like this:

"'You ask me what has impressed me most since I left home. I can answer emphatically, the waitresses. I never saw a woman wait at table before. After my lecture in Concord I was waited on by one at breakfast. She said to me, 'Coffee, tea, ham, eggs, and bacon. I enjoyed your lecture, Mr. Harte. You had a most select audience.'"

"He never even mentioned the autumn leaves!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Mr. J. B. Metcalfe, M. P. for Kingston, Talks of the Splendid Curative Character of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

There is no small amount of talk in all parts of the country of the class of people who are proclaiming the remarkable results accomplished by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for leading citizens in all parts of the Dominion are using it. Among others who tell of the effective nature of this medicine for catarrh, hay fever, or cold in the head, is Mr. J. H. Metcalfe, the popular M. P. for Kingston, the constituency represented for so many years by the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Beyond any doubt this remedy is a marvel, radical in its effects, it is at the same time simple and agreeable to take, which cannot be said of most catarrh medicines. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

BORN.

Lockport, Jan. 4, to the wife of Mr. Ruggles, a son.
Wolfeville, Jan. 1, to the wife of W. M. Smallman, a son.
Moncton, Jan. 10, to the wife of W. Harry Waits, a son.
Hillsboro, Jan. 5, to the wife of A. B. Marven, a son.
Litchfield, Jan. 4, to the wife of G. L. Bishop, a son.
Lunenburg, Jan. 4, to the wife of P. J. Sealbeyer, a son.
Lunenburg, Dec. 28, to the wife of Israel Brown, a son.
Port Greenville, Jan. 4, to the wife of Charles Morris, a son.
East River, C. B., to the wife of John C. McInnis, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 8, to the wife of John J. Spine, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 4, to the wife of G. C. Campbell, a daughter.
Moncton, Jan. 10, to the wife of W. R. Edwards, a daughter.
Bellevue, Jan. 5, to the wife of Joseph Young, a daughter.
Digby, Jan. 12, to the wife of Rev. W. Prestwood, a daughter.
Woodsport, Jan. 2, to the wife of J. H. Forrest, a daughter.
Truro, Dec. 19, to the wife of Wilfred Roebuck, a daughter.
Gagetown, Jan. 10, to the wife of Morris Scovill, a daughter.
Richmond, Jan. 5, to the wife of George Thomas, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Jan. 8, to the wife of Capt. Peley, a daughter.
St. John, Jan. 1, to the wife of Colin McLean, a daughter.
Annapolis, Jan. 5, to the wife of G. Coulter White, a daughter.
Clementsport, Dec. 20, to the wife of L. D. Shaffner, a daughter.
Margaretville, Jan. 1, to the wife of Colin McLean, a daughter.
Amherst, Jan. 4, to the wife of Albert Townshend, a daughter.
Annapolis, Dec. 23, to the wife of Frank W. Pickles, a daughter.
Brooklyn, N. S., Dec. 31, to the wife of N. C. Morrell, a son.
Acadie Mines, Dec. 29, to the wife of Edward McLeod, a son.
Anson, Jan. 10, to the wife of D. Wetmore, a son.
North Sydney, Jan. 5, to the wife of Robert P. Scott, a daughter.
Sussex, Jan. 12, to the wife of Rev. Henry W. Little, a daughter.
Oxford Mills, Dec. 28, to the wife of G. J. Farrington, a daughter.
Cambridge, N. S., Jan. 5, to the wife of Arthur B. Spearing, a daughter.
Shubenacadie, Jan. 4, to the wife of James A. Kirkpatrick, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Centerville, C. S., Island, N. S., Dec. 26, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Sarah L. McGraw to Susie Penny.
Mink Cove, Jan. 1, by Rev. D. Morse, Harry Vidito to Bessie Merritt.
Freepoint, Dec. 20, by Rev. E. A. Allaky, Stanley Sullivan to Ella Chase.
Stoney Island, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. W. Smith, John Smith to Ida M. Chase.
Caledonia, Dec. 26, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, John Johnson to Dolie Boyd.
Shuley, Jan. 8, by Rev. J. M. Parker, John W. Seaman to Susie P. Gillespie.
Grand Manan, Jan. 12, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Oswald Stanley to Flora Stanley.
Windsor, Jan. 7, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, William K. Lyall to Maud Fraser.
Bristol, Jan. 1, by Rev. D. A. Brooks, Theodore Rogers to Mary A. Dyer.
Halifax, Jan. 9, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, John Kennedy to Bridget Boyce.
Fredericton, Jan. 8, by Rev. Mr. Tippet, C. Fred Chestnut to Jennie Lamont.
Sherman Mills, Dec. 18, by Rev. Mr. Rumpus, Mildred Rice to Eva Hart.
Milltown, Dec. 23, by Rev. F. S. Todd, Thomas W. Fairhead to Lillian Collins.
Dartmouth, N. S., Dec. 28, by Rev. J. E. Coffin, James Miller to Susan McDonald.
Shannon, Dec. 18, by Rev. C. B. Lewis Wellington, R. Northrup to Edith Boyd.
Deerfield, Jan. 1, by Rev. C. D. Turner, Frederick Murray to Delinda Boomer.
Windsor, Jan. 8, by Rev. J. K. Bearisto, Newman B. Shaw to Georgie Faulkner.
Liverpool, N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Edward Williams to Edith Jones.
Aylestord, Dec. 24, by Rev. E. O. Read, Arthur T. Morse to Mrs. Ruth Healey.
Fredericton, Jan. 8, by Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Frank Rowan to Annie Smith.
Bridgetown, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. B. Giles, Fred G. Fairley to Katie Armstrong.
Norton, N. B., Jan. 8, by Rev. David Long, Samuel C. Long to Lavinia Jenkins.
Fredericton, Dec. 31, by Rev. W. McDonald, William H. Grey to Hattie F. Farrel.
Centerville, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Alexander Bell to Estelle I. Plummer.
Port-au-Pic, Dec. 31, by Rev. James McLean, Fred L. Broderick to Sadie Hall.
Kelleys' Cove, Jan. 4, by Rev. D. W. Purdon, Geo. Fallon to Sarah Belle Hamilton.
Gates' Mt., N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Fred W. Gibson to Sadie Bent.
Sable River, Dec. 24, by Rev. I. W. Carpenter, Wm. L. Page to Nettie Freeman.
Liverpool, Dec. 20, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Edward H. Wagner to Syretha M. Cooke.
Centerville, N. B., Jan. 8, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Lorna Bottam to Fanny Graham.
Gloucester, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Alex. F. McDonald to Margaret Furlow.
Antigonish, Jan. 7, by Rev. Father Gillis, Patrick Carrigan to Mary Jane McGillivray.
Sydney, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. F. Yorke, Daniel K. McDonald to Maggie MacDonald.
Scotts Hill, Jan. 1, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, F. Clarke Henry to Mary R. Cameron.
Laurencetown, Dec. 24, by Rev. J. Harry King, Charles M. Daniels to Ella L. Baker.
Fredericton, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. T. Ryan, Frederick P. McNichol to Margaret Todd.
Lunenburg, Jan. 7, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, William Schaffelburg to Bessie L. Demone.
Tatamagouche, Jan. 1, by Rev. Thomas Sedgewick, Joseph H. Langille to Bessie Fraser.
Mahone Bay, Dec. 26, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, James T. Auld to Laura M. Stannum.
Plymouth, N. S., Jan. 4, by Rev. J. W. Shepherson, Martin J. Trefry to Ada Churchill.
Rose Bay, Lunenburg, Jan. 6, by Rev. George A. Lock, James Minster to Emma Harris.
Lake Porter, Jan. 2, by Rev. James Robertson, Robert S. Orlivie to Mrs. Susan E. Jones.
Moss Glen, N. B., Jan. 8, by Rev. H. S. Wainwright, John P. McElroy to Ina R. O'Brien.

DIED.

Shediac, Jan. 7, Elizabeth West, 87.
St. John, Jan. 10, Phoebe E. Burpee.
Truro, Jan. 6, Howard McNutt, 13.
Truro, Jan. 4, Lilly McKinnon, 18.
Halifax, Jan. 7, Edward Metzger, 72.
St. John, Jan. 12, Arthur T. Irving, 25.
Moncton, Jan. 13, Dennis Gallagher, 20.
Weymouth, Dec. 26, John T. Hogan, 33.
Blomidon, N. S., Jan. 3, Samuel Lyons.
Jordan, Jan. 7, Mrs. James Thorburn, 75.
Richmond, Dec. 20, Mrs. Patrick McLellan.
Boston, Dec. 31, Mrs. Catherine Walsh, 66.
Fishers Grant, Jan. 1, Mrs. Paul Foster, 82.
Grand Cove, Dec. 29, Alexander Laflair, 47.
St. Peters, C. B., Dec. 29, Maggie McKee, 51.
Caledonia, Jan. 2, George C. Middlemex, 75.
Sheffield Mills, Jan. 7, James M. Dickey, 89.
Chicopee Falls, Jan. 5, Mrs. Johanna Hurst.
Upper Falmouth, Dec. 22, James Lockhart, 89.
St. John, Jan. 12, Charles W. Weldon, C. C. 65.
Liverpool, Jan. 1, Lydia, wife of Colin Campbell.
Jordan, N. S., Jan. 7, Mrs. James Thorburn, 74.
Pictou, Jan. 2, Janet, wife of Thomas Murdoch, 74.
Pictou, Jan. 1, Mary, widow of Capt. S. F. McLean.
Brooklyn Corner, Jan. 8, Mrs. C. W. F. Rand, 89.

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Boston Highlands, Jan. 15, John C. McDade, 37.
Upper Perce, Dec. 22, Mrs. Abigail Greenough, 71.
Broad Cove, Jan. 7, Caroline, wife of Silas Smith, 27.
Woodstock, Jan. 3, Susan, wife of Isaac Finnamore, 58.
Malton, Mass., Jan. 8, Annie E. Randall of N. S., 28.
Turtle Creek, N. B., Dec. 28, Rev. W. E. Fillimore, 60.
Halifax, Dec. 31, Minnie, wife of William Emmerson, 40.
Ketch Harbor, N. S., Jan. Mrs. Thomas Templeman, 40.
Ketch Harbor, Jan. 5, Mary H., wife of James Mart, 40.
New Minas, Jan. 1, Eliza Ann, wife of Henry Bishop, 81.
Wakefield, Mass., Jan. 6, William R. Cooper of Halifax.
Pleasant Valley, Jan. 8, Melissa, wife of Andrew Frost, 40.
St. John, Jan. 13, Mary A. widow of Mr. W. H. Clarke, 67.
Mabou, C. B., Jan. 1, Madou, daughter of Angus Rankin, 9.
St. John, Jan. 12, Elizabeth, widow of Francis J. Jones, 81.
Richmond, Dec. 30, Mary, daughter of Hugh McDonald, 10.
Halifax, Jan. 8, William, son of Mary and the late G. W. Martin, 27.
Clark's Harbor, Jan. 7, Nettie, wife of Downey Nickerson, 24.
Tanner Hill, Pictou, Co. Dec. 29, Robert Ross, son of George Ross.
Chicago, Dec. 31, John A. son of Archibald Chisholm of Antigonish.
Lafayette Island, Jan. 1, Harry, son of Enos and Jane Wolfe, 12.
Ottawa, Jan. 8, Henry W. Kaulbach, Q. C. of Lunenburg, N. S., 60.
Cloverdale, Dec. 1, Henry Miles, son of Richard and Hannah Crab, 7.
North Grant, Mary Belle, child of Katie H. Dun, son of Chisholm, 6 months.
Bear River, Dec. 23, George B. son of the late John and Susanna Fleet, 28.
Halifax, Jan. 10, Mrs. Joanna Fisher, widow of Joseph Fisher, 42.
Cape John, Dec. 26, Thomas, son of Anna Bell and Alexander Bell, 3 months.
South Boston, Jan. 7, Mary E. child of Alex and Hughena McLean, 1 month.
Halifax, Jan. 12, Margaret C. daughter of the late Onismus and Olivia Dompierre, 13.
Charlestown, Mass., Jan. 10, William A. Fritz, son of Albert and Sarah Fritz of Halifax, 24.

Not The Fashion in Canada Yet.

The "new woman" has revolutionized Christmas presents. Instead of candy, flowers, and such flummery, it's nowadays something relating to the bicycle. If not a wheel or a suit outright, it's sure to be some sort of lamp or pedal or pump. Small silver or gold match boxes, such as smoking men carry, were prominent among feminine presents this season. "A wheelwoman must always have matches with her," said one such recipient the other day. "For if she happens to be without an escort and her lamp goes out, she's worse than Moses in the coudrum; she's not only in the dark, but she's obliged to dismount from her wheel and foot it the rest of the way." Men's and women's Christmas presents this season thus bore a great resemblance to each other. It is a decidedly novel order of things. One can't help but speculate on Santa's surprise when he received petitions from the "new woman" asking him to fill their stockings with the latest things in brakes and bloomers, but these are the things dearest to "new" hearts, and Santa Claus like everybody else, will have to get used to it.

A Depraved Mule.

One of the brightest Virginia women in this city has a fund of anecdote illustrative of life among the Old