

up in it. But it's all right, old chap," he added hastily. "I always disinfected it carefully."

They went down the dimly lighted, grasy stairs without meeting a soul. When they arrived at the foot Billiam turned sharp to the left, and the Hussar found himself in a darkish wide lane, in which were no gas lamps. At the end of the lane was a great coal station, full of wagons and stacks of coal, black and shining, dimly seen between two tall gate posts. The latest delivery wagons of the day were just leaving the yard on the way to the city coal stores, there to be ready for the morning demand. They rumbled out in a long procession, manned by men as rough and grim and black as the coal they worked among.

The coal carters kept up a brisk interchange of compliments with one another, varying this with an occasional lump of coal. Great wedges and nuts of it were also being jolted continually off the carts as they jostled and lurched through the dark and deeply rutted lane.

"Come on," said Billiam. "We'll soon get enough."

And he ran off among the grinding wheels, nipping up every piece of coal which lay on the road, and pushing it into his ulster pocket with trained alacrity. His brother endeavored to imitate him, but he was unaccustomed and clumsy, and got but few pieces, and those small. It was interesting work, however, for the wagon surged and roared like a maelstrom between the high walls and the tall houses. The Hussar found that it needed much quickness to seize the prey and bag it, evading meanwhile, the succeeding carts, which came on at a pace which was almost a brisk trot.

Presently a huge coal carter, standing up on his wagon, caught sight of the Captain lifting a piece of coal from the side of the road. He sent a ready missile after him, which took effect just between his shoulder blades.

"Get out o' that, ye—skulker, ye!" he shouted.

Capt. Ormthwaite of the 10th Hussars sprang toward his assailant to take him by the throat, but the watchful Billiam had his brother by the arm.

"Mind what you are about," he said. "See, stand in there, and we'll soon get enough to last us three or four days."

The brothers took shelter in a cellar doorway, both of them grimed to the eyes. Billiam produced a hideous mask out of his side pocket and put it on. Then he slid off the doorstep and took up his position on a little mound of hard trodden earth and engine ash.

"Ho! Ha!" he cried. "Ye are a set o' dirty, lazy Gilmerton carters!"

Every coachman on the wagons leaped up at the word as if he had been stung, and the rain of coal cobs which fell about Billiam was astonishing and deadly; but by long practice he evaded every one of them, letting some slip past him, and catching the straight ones as cleverly as ever he had done the ball when he kept wicket on the green playing fields.

Presently the Captain found Billiam, now a very swollen and bulky figure, once more beside him.

"You go and fill up at the back of the mound, where I was giving 'em," he said; "there's quite half a ton there."

And very obediently the Hussar went, with a grim delight in his heart to think of the fit his C. O. would have, if he could only have seen him. Presently he had filled up, and, leaving the roar of the coal avenue for the quiet of the house, Billiam and his brother slunk laboriously upstairs to their garret.

"Lord, shall I ever be clean again?" groaned the Captain, looking at his hands. "To think what you have led an officer of the Queen into—your blessed young gallsows bird, Billiam!"

"Empty the coal here," commanded Billiam; and his brother poured out his hoard into a large compartment built beside the window. How Billiam could have carried so great a load was a puzzle, but certainly there could not have been less than a hundred-weight of coal in his canvas pockets alone. He hastened to fill a pot with water, and in a little while he had a shallow bath full of warm water. This he set out in the corner, behind a screen made of a gray sheet which hung upon a cord.

"Go in there," he said, "and get yourself clean, you horrible Sybarite! I'll go round the wards. Dogs don't object to a little grime."

When he came back to take his turn at the bath, a fresh pot full of water was ready, and the room was bright and warm. The Hussar had attended to the fire and had swept the floor. The brothers were in the inner room, in which Billiam usually camped. There was a sofa in it now, and an easy chair of wicker w.r.k.

"I'll toss you for the sofa, young 'un," said the Captain.

"Right," said Billiam promptly.

"Tails!"

"Heads it is!" cried the Hussar.

"Glads of that," quoth cheerful Billiam. "I prefer the floor any way. You can make quite a decent thing out of rugs and overcoats. And besides, sleeping on the floor makes you so jolly glad to get up in the morning."

So they turned in and slept the sleep of the just. Billiam was up by daylight, and had a cheerful fire burning when his brother awoke. He brought him a cup of tea and told him to roll over again. But the captain was now wide awake and eager for talk.

"Why do you keep on at this kind of thing?" he said, "and why don't you buy your coats like an ordinary being?"

"Well," said Billiam, "this is the sort of thing I take to, you see. It's interesting all the time. I suck in oceans of learning all day till I'm tight, and then I practise it all the evening. And as for coats—well, sometimes I do buy them. But £150 a year doesn't spread far in rent, classes, and victuals—not to speak of dressings and lint. And picking up coals in the lane down there is just about as exciting as soldiering, I guess."

"See here," said the Captain, "I think I could get over the governor to double your allowance. I've been pretty tight on him lately, and he thinks me a good little man. If I do, will you leave off pigging up here and live decent?"

Billiam seized his hand.

"You are a good chap, sure," he said.

"Try it on the dad, He! I could get proper cubicles for the beasts then, an operating table, and perhaps I might even afford to hire a yard."

The Captain leaped from his sofa and began to pace up and down in his pajamas. "Of all the fools God ever made, Billiam, you are the most confounded! Why in creation didn't you settle down and be a proper person, if you wanted to do all this kind of thing? It makes me sick!"

Billiam looked at him a while as if for once he would try to explain. But the hopelessness of task made him turn away sadly. Nobody ever would understand. He must just go on and on, till they put him in a lunatic asylum.

"See here," he said, "better put on your clothes, Herbert. You'll be sure to catch cold prancing about there in your night thing. And you don't look pretty," he added, looking at him critically.

"But why wouldn't you be a parson, Billiam? That beats me dead. You're just the sort of soft chap for a parson."

"Stuff!" said Billiam, "who ever heard of a parson just for splicing up dogs and cats and things? There's enough of the other kind to go round, surely. And there's only one of Billiam for this sort of parsoning."

"Well, Billiam, said Capt. Ormthwaite a little later, "I'm off up to town. This is all very well for a night, but a little more of it would kill me. I declare, I shall smell doggy and chlorate for a month. Here's some sinews for you, Billiam. It's all I can spare."

"Thank you," said Billiam, pocketing the notes without demur. "I may be the prodigal chap in the parable, but I'm blown off if you are the old kind of elder brother, the fellow who would not go in."

"That's all right," said the Captain. "Let us hear that you keep rebald. I guess you'll slip into heaven ahead of some of the parsons yet, Billiam."

"It'll be when Peter's not looking, then," said Billiam, shaking his head "but if they do nick me at the gate, why I guess there'll always be plenty for a fellow like me to turn his hand to in the other place."

(This is not, however, the end of Billiam. For there was a seamstress across the landing who seriously interfered with his plans.)—S. R. Crockett.

## NO MORE OPPRESSION!

## The Oppressor Banished.

## Paine's Celery Compound Puts Rheumatism to Flight After the Doctors Failed.

It is now an established fact, that Paine's Celery Compound cures ninety-nine out of every one hundred cases of rheumatism pronounced incurable by the doctors. Day after day reports are received giving particulars of cures effected, by the great Compound. These cures are astonishing the medical profession, and compel them to acknowledge the claim so often made, that no other medicine in the world possesses like curing virtues. The following letter from Mrs. F. McManr, of Thorold, Ont., should lead every rheumatic sufferer to use the medicine so strongly recommended:

"I think it my duty to let you know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my husband. For two years he suffered very much with rheumatism in the back, and became so bad that he could not bend, stoop, or sit in a chair at table, and I was obliged to take meals to him while he lay in bed. He was treated by various physicians, but received no benefit until he used Paine's Celery Compound. The first bottle gave him relief, and after he had used six bottles he was quite free from the rheumatism. He was troubled with piles for fourteen years, and found great relief from the Compound. He says he feels like a new man just now. We think there is no medicine like Paine's Celery Compound."

Seidlitz powders must not be made too strong in England. A druggist has just been fined for over-dosing the people of Brentford.

A remarkable fact connected with the rice plant is its almost entire immunity from the attacks of insects, and from those diseases which infect the cereals and other vegetable growths, as also that it supplies a wholesome diet for one-half the population of the world.

### ANOTHER BRILLIANT VICTORY.

For the Remedy Which Cures Rheumatism in 1 to 3 Days.

"I would rather give fifty dollars a bottle for South American Rheumatic Cure than be without the remedy, if I was again troubled with rheumatism as in the past." These are the words of Mr. Wm. McAttee, living near Creemore, Ont. He further says: "I have been troubled with rheumatism for five years, and was so bad at times that I couldn't put on my coat without assistance, and the severest pain. Two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me, and I am today in perfect health, a statement which I have been unable to make for the last five years. The remedy gave me perfect relief within the first five hours." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

### AS TO EDIBLE SNAILS.

Their High Popularity with Chafing-dish Cooks How to Prepare Them.

As the German yearns for his sausage and the Englishman for his beefsteak, so the Frenchman, in whatever clime he may be, looks forward to the season for snails. For some sentimental reason the land snail never has been so widely popular with English-speaking people as the sea snail, and this is the more noticeable in England, where the sea snails known as whelks or winkles are eaten largely by the lower classes. It now appears, however, in this country as if the land snail were coming into favor, as the importations are said to be increasing every year, and snails, served in various ways, are growing popular for late supper.

As soon as the first January thaw is reported in Paris, the Frenchmen of New York and other large cities in this country begin to look out for the first consignment of snails, which may be expected generally to arrive between Jan. 24 and Feb. 6. As soon as the steamer containing the first shipment sails, special private dinners are arranged, principally in the neighborhood of University place, to take place as soon as the snails are received. Last year a curious thing happened. These snails are not common garden snails, but carefully selected fellows, well fed and cared for, which in the fall are packed in barrels, a layer being placed at the bottom so that they quickly seize on the wood, then another layer, who seizes on the shell beneath them, and so on until the barrel is filled. Then they are placed in cold storage of a modified type, and kept hibernating until January. When shipped they are marked as snails, and great care is taken to have them stowed in a cool part of the hold, so that they arrive in a normal state. Last year a consignment for a conspicuous downtown restaurant was reported off Sandy Hook. The regular guests were notified that at a certain hour the snails would be ready, and all preparations were made. When the casks arrived it was found that they had been stowed too near the boiler room, and that all the snails were awake and out of their shells, and could not be coaxed back into them. Those put near ice did not go back into their shells but just died. So no Escargots à la Bourguignonne could be had, and the snails had to be eaten in other ways. When procured from the delicatessen store the snails are scalded in the shells, which are filled with a mystic and delicious mixture of cloves, pepper, salt, butter, shallots, parsley, chervil, and white wine, with bread crumbs as a base.

In these days of bachelor cooks the popularity of snails is likely to increase, for they make another welcome addition to the list of easily prepared and exceedingly palatable chafing dish preparations, and take but a few minutes to get ready. Escargots d'Italien should be prepared by taking two ounces of fat, two carlots, one onion, a sprig of thyme, six whole peppers, three cloves, and a small piece of ham. Add two sprigs of celery, stew for fifteen minutes, and strain. This can be either a part of one cooking, or can be prepared previously and set aside until wanted. Take a tablespoonful of this stock, drop it into a chafing dish, turn it on a dozen snails procured from a reliable delicatessen store, add two or three finely minced mushrooms, season with salt as required, cook four to six minutes with a gentle simmering heat, add a winglessful of warmed white wine, and serve in tiny dishes, with sippets of thin, well-dried toast. The entire process takes twenty minutes, or if the stock is made first and kept ready, the time is five minutes.

Another style is à la Provencal. For this take the snails in their shells, turning them out with the butter compote, &c., into the chafing dish, and to every dozen add forty drops of onion juice squeezed, two teaspoonfuls of olive oil, a pinch of very finely chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of bread crumbs, and two glasses of Madeira. Cook six minutes, add the juice of a lemon and a little cayenne pepper, and serve piping hot.

There are several qualities of snails, but only the best, those with the large white shells, are worth bothering with. The season lasts until March 1, and until then the transatlantic steamers will be bringing in about 50,000 per week, nearly all from France, although up to a few years ago they came from England exclusively. Properly prepared and eaten at once after cooking they are delicious, but when obtained at even a first-class restaurant they are likely to be a trifle stale, and this fact has militated to some extent against their popularity. Quickly cooked in chafing dish they promise to take a front rank in private after-theatre suppers.

After a successful sail through the Thousand Islands, I stepped on shore in that quaint old city of Kingston. A shower had fallen and the streets were damp, so that wisdom would have dictated that I, legs weary as I was, should have kept in doors, but so anxious was I to see the old city that I spent the whole evening in the streets.

## THREE POPULAR BLACKS.

## They Belong to the Diamond Family.

THREE popular Blacks, well known in every city, town and village of Canada. They are known as Fast Black Diamond Dye for Wool, Fast Black Diamond Dye for Silk and Feathers, and Fast Black Diamond Dye for Cotton and Mixed Goods. The Blacks made by these dyes are fast to sun, soap and washing; they never crack, fade or run; they stand fast forever. If you desire to have rich and beautiful Blacks, dye only with Diamond Dye Blacks. Beware of imitations sold in many places, as they always spoil your materials.

### EXPLAINED THE MYSTERY.

An Experiment With Psychic Phenomenon And the Queer Result.

"Four or five years ago," said a bachelor, "I had a sweetheart that I was deeply in love with, and wanted to marry, but I was afraid to ask her. At that time I was making a study of psychic phenomena, and that sort of thing, and it occurred to me to make a psychical proposal by projecting my subjective mind around the corner to where the girl lived and fixing it all up ready for me when I should take my objective mind around to be ratified. I went to ask her Thursday evening and felt sure if I asked her I would get her, notwithstanding she was about equally interested in a friend of mine, whom I shall call George. Having doubts of my courage, I determined to make a test the next evening instead of going to see her, so I retired early, that is, about 9 o'clock, and, according to formula, I exerted my mental faculties to their utmost, and directed all my mental energies upon the girl, and willed with all my power that she accept me. For half an hour, fully, I shut out every thought but this important one, and went to sleep, or into a trance, under the mental strain. I awoke an hour or so later, and felt that my efforts had been a success, and that it would be all right next day, when I called. I felt so encouraged that I went to sleep and dreamed beautiful dreams of her till morning. At 3 o'clock next afternoon I called to make my real proposal. I talked to her on some trivial subject or other for half an hour, and then came to the all-important matter.

"Did you feel any particular mental or emotional sensations last evening?" I asked.

"She blushed violently, and I was sure that my subjective proposal had hit center."

"How did you know anything about it?" she replied laughing somewhat nervously.

"Oh, that's all right," I smiled triumphantly. "What time did it occur?"

"Really, I don't know but it must have been about 9:30. I remember that I thought it odd that the clock should strike just as it happened."

"I wasn't it remarkable?"

"I was coming to it by degrees, and wanted to see where I was."

"No; I don't think it was," she answered indignantly. "George has always loved me, and his proposal last night was quite what I expected. We are to be married in June."—Washington Star.

### ON A BICYCLE TOUR.

A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH LONG, HARD RIDING.

Has Travelled Fully 3,000 Miles on His Wheel—He Makes Some Reflections on the Benefits of the Sport, and Tells of the Dangers.

From the Utica, N. Y., Press.

The Rev. Wm. P. F. Ferguson, Presbyterian Minister at Whitesboro, whose picture we give below, will not be unfamiliar by sight to many readers. A young man, he has still had an extended experience as foreign missionary, teacher, editor, lecturer and pastor that has given him a wide acquaintance in many parts of the country.

In an interview a few days ago, he said: "In the early summer of '94 I went upon a tour through a part of Ontario on my wheel. My route was from Utica to Cape Vincent, thence by steamer to Kingston, and from there along the north shore of the lake to Toronto and around to Niagara Falls. I arrived at Cape Vincent at 5 o'clock, having ridden against a strong head wind all day.



After a successful sail through the Thousand Islands, I stepped on shore in that quaint old city of Kingston. A shower had fallen and the streets were damp, so that wisdom would have dictated that I, legs weary as I was, should have kept in doors, but so anxious was I to see the old city that I spent the whole evening in the streets.

"Five o'clock the next morning brought a very unwelcome discovery. I was lame in both ankles and knees. The head wind and the damp streets had proved an unfortunate combination. I gave, however, little thought to it, supposing it would wear off in a few hours, and the first flash of sunlight saw me speeding out the splendid road that leads toward Napanee.

"Night overtook me at a little village near Port Hope, but found me still lame. I rested the next day, and the next, but it was too late; the mischief was done. I rode a good many miles during the rest of the season, but never a day and seldom a mile without pain.

"The winter came and I put away my wheel saying now I shall get well, but to my disappointment I grew worse. Some days my knees almost forbade walking and my ankles would not permit me to wear shoes. At times I suffered severe pain, so severe as to make study a practical impossibility, yet it must be understood that I considered the condition of affairs as far as possible.

From being local the trouble began to spread slightly and my anxiety increased. I consulted two physicians and followed their excellent advice, but without result. So the winter passed. One day in March I

happened to take in my hand a newspaper in which a good deal of space was taken by an article in relation to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did not at that time know what they were supposed to cure. I should have paid no attention to the article had I not caught the name of a lady whom I knew. Reading, I found that she had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and knowing her as I did I had no doubt of the truth of the statement that she had authorized.

The first box was not gone before I saw a change, and the third had not been finished before all signs of my rheumatic troubles were gone to stay.

"I say 'gone to stay,' for though there has been every opportunity for a return of the trouble, I have not felt the first twinge of it. I have wheeled thousands of miles and never before with so little discomfort. I have had some of the most severe tests of strength and endurance, and have come through them without an ache. For example, one afternoon I rode seventy miles, preached that night and made fifty miles of the hardest kind of road before noon the next day. Another instance was a 'Century run,' the last forty miles of which were made in a downpour of rain through mud and slush.

"You should think I would recommend them to others? Well, I have, and have had the pleasure of seeing very good results in a number of instances. Yes, I should feel that I was neglecting a duty if I failed to suggest Pink Pills to any friend whom I knew to be suffering from rheumatism.

"No, that is not the only disease they cure. I personally know of a number of cases from other troubles, but I have needed them only for that though it would be fair to add that my general health has been better this summer than ever before in my life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

### BORN.

Milton, Jan. 20, to the wife of Dwight Cain, a son.  
Riverdale, Feb. 4, to the wife of A. Bain, a daughter.  
Halifax, Feb. 11, to the wife of Lewis Cox, a daughter.  
Quoddy, Feb. 6, to the wife of William Gammon, a son.  
St. John, Feb. 17, to the wife of J. H. Knight, a son.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 7, to the wife of Dr. J. R. Fritz, a son.  
Middleton, Feb. 7, to the wife of Willard Gates, a son.  
Lynn, Jan. 9, to the wife of Irving G. Miller, a son.  
Chicago, Feb. 13, to the wife of Dr. Howard Slayter, a son.  
Bridgetown, Feb. 4, to the wife of Albert Fowler, a son.  
Melrose, Mass., Jan. 21, to the wife of S. C. Gould, a son.  
Nuttby, N. S., Feb. 20, to the wife of Otis McNutt, a son.  
Deep Brook, Feb. 12, to the wife of R. V. Dittmars, a son.  
Lynn Mass., Jan. 7, to the wife of Irving G. Miller, a son.  
Laurelton, Feb. 7, to the wife of I. M. Durling, a daughter.  
Middleton, Feb. 12, to the wife of J. F. White, a daughter.  
Gore, N. S., Jan. 20, to the wife of Seymour Blois, a daughter.  
Windsor, Feb. 9, to the wife of J. C. Simpson, a daughter.  
Tidnish, Feb. 14, to the wife of C. G. Strang, a daughter.  
Quoddy, Feb. 9, to the wife of John O'Leary, a daughter.  
Amherst, Feb. 2, to the wife of J. Leander Allan, a daughter.  
Cornwallis, Jan. 27, to the wife of Oscar Chase, a daughter.  
Chatham, Feb. 11, to the wife of James Galliver, a son.  
Kemp, N. S., Jan. 29, to the wife of Charles Allison, a daughter.  
Gravelton, Feb. 11, to the wife of Wilfred Wyman, a daughter.  
Springhill, Feb. 11, to the wife of J. W. Hennessy, a daughter.  
Cherryfield, Feb. 8, to the wife of Thomas Bulmer, a son.  
Windsor, Feb. 4, to the wife of Capt. Andrew G. King, a son.  
Tusket Wedge, Feb. 2, to the wife of Capt. Eli LeBlanc, a son.  
East Margareville, Feb. 2, to the wife of Arthur Downie, a son.  
River Philip, Feb. 10, to the wife of Frank Schurman, a daughter.  
Weymouth, Jan. 31, to the wife of R. K. Newcombe, a daughter.  
Milton, Jan. 6, to the wife of Captain George L. Wetmore, a daughter.

### MARRIED.

East Boston, Feb. 3, Albert LaForrest to Clara Guad.  
Halifax, Feb. 12, by Rev. Father Daly, John Wyott to Mary Lovett.  
Halifax, Feb. 12, by Rev. Smith, William Pearly to Sarah R. Moore.  
Westport, Feb. 3, by Rev. C. E. Pines, Ernest Collins to Lydia Perry.  
Wolfeville, Feb. 11, by Rev. Canon Brock, Arthur Stabb to Ada M. Vaux.  
Grafton, Feb. 20, by Rev. D. Chapman, Dr. Fred W. Mann to Ida Baird.  
Halifax, Feb. 10, by Rev. F. H. Almon, James Floyd to Maud Graves.  
Mildford, Feb. 4, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Grant McDonald to Nettie Snow.  
Boston, Feb. 4, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Neil R. McLean to Susan Campbell.  
Digby, Feb. 12, by Rev. A. A. Harley, William H. Abbott to Charlotte Ryan.  
Lunenburg, Feb. 6, by Rev. John Gee, Dawson Wilkie to Emma Ronkey.  
Arlsac, Jan. 28, by Rev. R. McKenzie, Alex. B. Smith to Sarah McDonald.  
Halifax, Feb. 13, by Rev. J. F. Dunstan, Capt. Saul Bonnell to Mary A. Hallett.  
Havlock, Feb. 13, by Rev. A. McNeill, John W. Kingston to Lizzie M. Fowler.  
Central Economy, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. Gray, John S. Graham to Mary A. McLeod.  
Tracy Mills, Feb. 1, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Freeland McKenzie to Maggie Churchill.  
Richmond, Feb. 6, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Alfred Lee McBride to Annie E. A. Wilson.  
East Florenceville, Feb. 8, by Rev. D. F. Fiske, Charles Barker to Alice McCoy.  
Marshy Hope, Feb. 4, by Rev. John Fraser Hugh McGee to Mary Ann McDonald.  
Ketch Harbor, Feb. 11, by Rev. Father Grace, John T. Johnson to Sabina Keefe.  
Miller on, Jan. 30, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Dr. R. D. Wilson to Jennie M. Miller.  
Norristown, N. S., Feb. 9, by Rev. E. L. LeFevre, John T. LeBlanc to Mary C. Chase.  
Havlock, Feb. 13, by Rev. A. A. E. McNell, Charles T. Jackson to Minnie A. Durham.  
Shelburne, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. W. Lewis, Stanford A. Kinney, to Elizabeth McAlpine.  
Tatamagouche, Feb. 6, by Rev. T. Sedgewick, Clarence Naira to Ida M. St. Croix.  
Liverpool, N. S., Feb. 10, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Patrick McAuliffe to Eliza Lalaw.  
Bel Brook, Feb. 4, by Rev. J. P. Crozier, Capt. Vincent Richard to Lavinia Forthick.

### 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

Brooklyn, N. S., Feb. 1, by Rev. J. D. McEwan, George H. Gentry to Mary E. Ebers.  
Springfield, N. B., Jan. 22, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, Peter E. Cameron to Mina R. King.  
Englestown, C. B., Jan. 30, by Rev. M. McLeod, Angus D. Morrison to Cath. rine McLean.  
Central Economy, Jan. 25, by Rev. Andrew Gray, Edwin A. Davis to Mary Louise Morrison.

### DIED.

Calais, Feb. 9, Nancy Scott, 70.  
St. John, Feb. 15, James Magee.  
Calais, Feb. 7, Harry Martin, 24.  
Calais, Feb. 6, Albion Bradish, 26.  
Shelburne, Feb. 7, John Lawson, 78.  
Calais, Feb. 7, Mrs. Mary Elliott, 25.  
Marshallton, Jan. 20, Mary Small, 64.  
St. John, Feb. 27, John McCurdy, 85.  
Chatham, Feb. 9, George Travis, 81.  
West River, Feb. 4, Peter Stewart, 84.  
Canning, Feb. 3, Mrs. R. D. G. Harris, 74.  
St. John, Feb. 17, Catherine Kenny, 74.  
Port Mouton, Feb. 6, Pardon Gardiner.  
Jordan Falls, Jan. 23, James Turner, 82.  
Robbinston, Feb. 6, Roxanna Sibley, 82.  
Jordan Falls, Feb. 3, George McKay, 60.  
North Sydney, Jan. 9, Joseph Huslin, 28.  
Shelburne, Feb. 5, Mrs. Isaac Crowell, 63.  
Big Baddeck, Feb. 1, Angus McRae, 73.  
Point Aconi, Feb. 10, Angus McRae, 73.  
Chapman, Nov. 22, Samuel C. Fraser, 68.  
Arichat, Feb. 8, William B. Chandler, 88.  
Fishers Grant, Feb. 3, George Foster, 74.  
Lyon's Brook, Jan. 23, Effie Langille, 38.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 8, Thomas Fraser, 51.  
Port La Tour, Feb. 3, Mrs. Sarah Snow, 74.  
Hartland, Feb. 8, Rev. Benjamin Jewett, 80.  
Baddeck, Jan. 20, Mrs. John McDermid, 63.  
Sand Point, N. S., Feb. 6, Mrs. Sarah Crowe.  
West Side, Feb. 6, Mrs. D. A. McEllan, 32.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 8, Mrs. Sarah P. Moore, 81.  
Freeport, Feb. 5, Mrs. Mary Annie Prime, 84.  
Pomeroy Ridge, Feb. 9, William Pomeroy, 88.  
Manganese Mines, Jan. 31, John McKee, 70.  
New York, Feb. 9, Annie Stewart of N. S., 44.  
Pictou, Feb. 11, Capt. Archibald Thompson, 63.  
South Berwick, Feb. 10, James E. Nowlin, 37.  
Florenceville, Feb. 5, Wilford Birmingham, 62.  
South Maitland, Feb. 8, Capt. John Graham, 72.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 6, Mrs. D. A. McEllan, 32.  
North Sydney, Jan. 29, Mrs. Donald McLeod, 41.  
St. Andrews, N. S., Feb. 3, David Chisholm, 49.  
Ellerslie, P. E. I., Jan. 25, William McDonald, 85.  
Boston, Jan. 25, Bertha A. Barrett of Sackville, 46.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 8, Mrs. Robert McLaughlin, 78.  
Mount Thom, N. S., Feb. 3, Alexander Fraser, 40.  
West Pubnico, Jan. 29, Mrs. Romane D'Eon, 33.  
West Head, Feb. 9, Luella, wife of Asa Newell, 33.  
Mildtown, Me., Feb. 5, Florence Fenelon, 5 months.  
Elgin, Feb. 7, Angeline wife of W. H. Nickel, 33.  
Parrsboro, Feb. 10, Johanna widow of D. B. Eaton.  
Halifax, Feb. 12, Raymond W. son of W. H. Webb, 17.  
Sackville, Feb. 6, Jennie, wife of Sydney Brownell, 34.  
Windsor, Feb. 12, Charlotte, wife of G. P. Smith, 62.  
Mendota, Va. Jan. 25, Hugh Allen McKenzie of C. B. 21.  
Ottawa, Feb. 15, Mary Amanda, wife of S. J. Jenkin, 61.  
Wine Harbor, Guysboro, Co., Feb. 2, James Ferguson, 60.  
Hamilton, Bermuda, Feb. 4, Henry Court of St. John, 47.  
Dunvers, Mass., Feb. 10, John W. Marling of Yarmouth, 58.  
Scotch Ridge, Feb. 10, Clara, wife of Samuel McCarthy, 33.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 11, Caroline, widow of Stephen Hersey, 67.  
Pleasant Valley, Jan. 30, Mary, widow of John Beaton, 73.  
Parrsboro, Feb. 6, Esther, widow of Andrew McKee, 55.  
Clarence, N. S., Jan. 24, Ralph, son of Busby and Ellie Fisk, 2.  
Cove Head, P. E. I., Dorothy Higgins, wife of Francis Aud.  
Meigsville, Feb. 6, Mary Boam, wife of Capt. Charles Arbuckle, 71.  
Millstream, Feb. 15, Charles Osman, son of Rev. Thomas, 9 months.  
Pleasant Valley, Feb. 7, John D. son of Lucilla and Alex. Kennedy, 2