

A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL

If there were one thing in all her experience that Susanna Morton was heartily tired of, it was the evident and continuous purpose of mankind to permit her to remain a spinster.

True, she had been one so long it would seem that she should have become accustomed to it; but by some strange fatality women, that is, the majority of women, never accept their lot in this form with that calm resignation and beautiful Christian spirit which has won for them the endearing title of the gentler sex.

And Susanna Morton had put up with it just as long as she was going to. Four leap years have passed her by, and she had submitted gracefully, but each year less gracefully than she had done the year previously, and there were moments in the last of the four when she became almost desperate. Now that a fifth had come, her mind was made up. She would take the reins of Cupid in her own hands and drive that harum-scarum little rascal in a manner to suit herself. She knew her good points, one of which was that she was 40 years old or thereabouts, and possessed a poise and balance no man was looking for a real sensible woman as a wife could afford to disregard. In addition to this she had—what men seldom disregard—a comfortable fortune.

It was this fortune that had been the real stumbling-block in the matrimonial path of Susanna, and not any lack of attractive qualities in her possession, for she was not homely, nor was she anything but charming. The fortune, however, which was hers from her 16th birthday, had developed in her a fear that men sought her for her money and not for herself, and, never having fallen in love with any of her courtiers, she did not find it difficult to resist advances, believing, as she did, that men were mercenary wretches as a rule, and that some day the one man in all the world for her would appear and claim her as his own.

However, he did not appear, and he continued not to appear, until Susanna had reached an age and a firmness of character, to put it mildly, when her fortune would have to be at least doubled to make her as attractive as she was at 20.

This knowledge had come to her gradually, but was none the less forcible on that account, and she was determined not to let this leap year pass without results of a lasting character.

Of the men in her train there were perhaps half a dozen who were eligible and any one of whom would have made a husband any woman could be proud of. But they were merely friends; not a man-jack of them had even suggested such a thing as matrimony to her, and possibly, this was why she liked them. So perverse is the nature of woman.

Among this half dozen was one who counted the greatest favor in Susanna's eyes, the others taking their positions after him in regular gradation, and this one Susanna selected as her victim for leap year, resolved to try all the others in case of failure in the first instance.

Truly, Susanna was a desperate spinster. And no less spy, for in the course of his first call in the new year she began her operations. But it was a dreadful task, and the evening passed without a single step taken forward. The effort had been made, however, and courage always comes with effort.

When he came again, she was so wrought up over the work before her that her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed in rosy color.

"Why, bless my soul, Miss Susanna," he said, "how pretty you look this evening."

He was ten years older than she, and always assumed that bless-my-soul style affected by elderly men.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Culver," she twittered. "I'm sure you only think so. I look just as I always look."

"Of course, Miss Susanna, only slightly more so," he smiled, but there was that in the tone which had the ring of insincerity, or at least superficial and society sincerity, which was very nearly the same thing, and which made Susanna despise the flattery of men that so far had meant to her a dissolution of the continuity of her spinsterhood.

She was good-natured about it, however, and let Mr. Culver go with whatever he had to say, for if there was any man who could make flattery any more palatable to her than any other man, that man was Mr. Culver. But it was soon over, and when he had fixed himself comfortably in an easy-chair with which he was familiar, he seemed to have forgotten whether Susanna looked like a fright or a fairy, and began talking about all sorts of things, as people do who talk for the mere sake of talking.

At all events, that's the way it presented itself to Susanna, and she felt the spirit of desperation slowly creeping over her. She took a long breath for encouragement, and tentatively turned the subject of conversation upon the most recent wedding which had occurred in their circle.

"What a pair of fools they were and are," said Mr. Culver, sentimentally, "to marry on nothing but his salary, and that not big enough for two."

"But they are happy," argued Susanna, "I suppose so," Mr. Culver unwillingly admitted; "it takes tools to be happy; wise people know too much."

"Are you wise?" questioned Susanna nervously, for she felt that she was launching herself at this point upon an unknown sea.

"I'm old enough to be," Mr. Culver frankly responded, for Mr. Culver's age was too well known to be denied and too great to be hid under a bushel.

"Isn't there something somewhere about the old fools being the biggest?" laughed Susanna.

"But I'm not so old as that yet," "Ah!" and her eyes twinkled. "Is your's a case of—"

Standing with reluctant feet, "Where the silly seasons meet?" Mr. Culver assumed a more serious air and there was no smile on his face when he replied; there was rather a shadow of regret.

"Yes, Miss Susanna," he said, "I do stand reluctant, for I think if I had been more of a fool in one regard I would have been less of a fool in another. That is to say, as I have done."

This was the auspicious moment Susanna had been seeking. She would now lead right up to the matter and find a listener to her proposal.

"Why don't you marry, Mr. Culver?" she asked with directness. "You are not too wise to consider the question, I hope."

"Certainly not, Miss Susanna," he smiled. "I've been considering it for twenty years."

"Then you ought to stop considering it and pop it," Susanna laughed, and Mr. Culver also.

"I hardly think I'll ever do that," he said seriously. "I wouldn't know how to go about it to make my case half presentable. I've given myself up, you know, as a bad job."

"Some of these new women will be charging down on you one of these days, teaching you the newer doctrine that women have the right to say whether you have the right to do as you please with yourself. In other words, some one of them will capture you in spite of yourself."

"Not much they won't," asserted Mr. Culver with a great show of courage. "If there is anything I don't want to marry, it's a woman with fool notions of that kind."

Susanna's heart went down to her shoes on the instant. Here was an insurmountable obstacle in her path, and with Mr. Culver holding to such an opinion, what good would a proposal be from her, even if she should muster up courage enough to make it. The thought made her mute for a minute, and in that minute a new thought came, one that had been there before, too, but had gone wool-gathering while she was beating around the bush with the new woman idea.

"I think myself they are horrid," she said with an effort to swallow something that would go down very easily. "But there is the leap-year privilege. All women, new and old, can claim that, and you mustn't forget that this is leap year."

"I had forgotten it," he said, moving his chair over into the far corner of the fireplace, but still not so far away that he was out of the pleasant influence of Susanna's nearness. He sat there for an instant making himself shiver with terror, and then he moved back, possibly a little nearer than before.

"Forewarned is forearmed," she said, "and now that I have told you of the dangers ahead, I hope that you will profit by my advice."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," he asserted in a good voice, "I'm just waiting for that sort of thing. The custom, or tradition, or whatever you may call it, is an old-fashioned one and only an old-fashioned woman would think of it, and that is the kind I want. So none of them had better try it, unless she means business."

Surely no finer opening could be presented to a young woman in her mood than this, and Susanna gave herself a little shake and took another long breath. The time had come, and she was not the woman to lose so glorious an opportunity.

"Mr. Culver," she began in a firm voice and with great earnestness, "I have for a long time been thinking that you ought to marry, and I have even gone so far as to select just such a woman as I think would suit you. I have had two or three consultations with her, and she is willing that I should present the matter to you, because I know you so well, and you will understand it better from me than if she should present it herself."

This impersonal style was eminently pleasing to Susanna, and she felt that her task was not going to be so hard after all, but she had not considered Mr. Culver's views sufficiently.

When she was about to proceed further with her remarks Mr. Culver showed signs of real anxiety and anxiety to his feet.

"Miss Susanna," he exclaimed, "don't say another word. Really, I can not listen to it."

"But I must say it to you," she insisted, because, as it seemed to her, that was the proper way to conduct a successful courtship, and now that she had begun it, she must decidedly wish it to be successful.

"I tell you I won't hear it. This is entirely unexpected, and I am sure nothing in my conduct has ever warranted you in broaching this subject to me."

Mr. Culver was very evidently in earnest, and Susanna almost chuckled to herself, for this was the very way young women acted under the circumstances in which Mr. Culver was placed. All it needed was a little more coaxing, and Susanna nerved herself for the final pop.

"Perhaps you have not thought so," she said in her softest voice, "but to me there has ever been a desire to say to you what I am now saying. Mr. Culver—John—"

and Susanna came very close to him, notwithstanding she was so nervous she hardly knew what to do.

"Hold on, Susanna, hold on," he exclaimed. "Confound it!" (that shocked her, for she knew no girl ever talked that way under such circumstances, however much she might have thought it) "I don't want you to be talking in any other woman's interest. There is only one woman in the world that I want, and—and—" (Mr. Culver was getting nervous himself now, and Susanna gasped)

"and—oh, Susanna," he said desperately, "don't you know that woman is you? You, Susanna. Don't you know it is you?"

Mr. Culver caught Susanna's two hands in his, and looking into her two eyes with such a pleading, pathetic, intense sincerity that all her plans were consumed as straw in a fierce blaze, and she simply tumbled into his arms and let him finish the proposal she thought she had begun in such a masterly manner.

And Mr. Culver finished it with glittering success, much to the relief of Miss Susanna Morton, spinster.—W. J. Lampton, in the New York Sun.

No Need of Apology.

In addition to giving the convicted man a term of ten years in prison, the judge imposed on him the gratuitous punishment of listening to a long speech made for the benefit of the reporters, in which he set forth specifically the reasons for his action.

"You needn't do one of those apologizing fer imposin' on a feller man," said the culprit kindly. "They ain't no hard feelings on my part. I know as well as you do that a man can't hold the job of judge and act the gentleman at the same time."

Good Until Used.

"How has Bluffton been doing?" asked the man who had been away from his native community for some time.

"Well he has made a great deal of money, but—"

"Getting along well, is he?"

"Well, he seemed to get along first rate until he tried to pass some of it."

EVERY MAN A TELESCOPE.

The Wonderful Powers of Vision of a Tribe of African Bushmen.

There is a race of men who can see as far with the naked eye as an ordinary man can with a telescope. "Every man his own telescope," might be applied with propriety to these fortunate persons. They live in a wild state in the south of Africa, among the tribes of Bushmen. The name "Bushman" is an Anglicism of the Dutch word "Boesman," meaning "man of the woods."

These human telescopes have derived their extraordinary power of vision, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, through necessity. If it were not for this they must have long ago become extinct. They are remarkably small in stature for wild men, and they offer an easy prey for the large, fierce beasts that infest certain parts of southern Africa. And, on account of their diminutive size, they are not able to fight on equal terms with their warlike and larger proportioned neighbors. Travellers in the region of the long-sighted Bushmen have reported some truly remarkable feats with the eyes. One day while a European was walking in company with a friendly Bushman the latter suddenly stopped, and, pointing ahead in some alarm, exclaimed: "A lion!"

The white man stared until his eyes ached, but he could make out nothing. Thinking that the native must have made a mistake, he insisted on going forward, though his companion urged him to retreat. When they had advanced a little further the Bushman again came to a halt, and absolutely refused to go on another step, for, as he explained, he could distinguish not only a lion, but also a number of cubs. It would be dangerous, he said, to tamper with a lioness while nursing her little ones.

The European, however, still unable to see a lion, much less the cubs, pushed on boldly. When he had advanced a quarter of a mile he saw an object moving slowly along in the distance at the point to which the Bushman had directed his gaze.

Still doubting that a human being could possess such marvellous power of vision, he approached nearer, and finally distinguished the form of a lioness making leisurely for a line of forest.

The limit of a man's power of vision is established by necessity. If our existence depended on our ability to see twice as far as we do, this additional power would be acquired by practice. Deerslayer, or "Leather Stocking" fame, surprised every one by his long-sightedness. Probably he could see further than these Bushmen, but he was a fiction character. All woodsmen, and, as a general rule, all persons living an outdoor life, give their eyes practice at long range, which ultimately makes their accuracy of sight seem wonderful to man who never uses his eyes except to read.

SOME WONDERFUL DIAMONDS. Stories Told About Them and Their Mysterious Disappearance.

One of the most mysterious things about diamonds is the case with which they can disappear. Two centuries ago Tavernier, a French jeweller, very fond of travel, made his way to the East, where he ingratiated himself in the favor of most of the princes and potentates of India. A connoisseur in diamonds, he managed to obtain views and personal examinations of the precious stones then in the treasuries of rich monarchs. He brought back accounts of no less than seven diamonds of great size, none less than 200 carats, all of which he weighed and described with an accuracy that gave evidence of the truth of his statements. Not one of these diamonds has ever been seen since. Of course, it is easy to say that Tavernier was romancing, and that the huge gems existed only in his imagination, but in the case of two or three Tavernier's descriptions are sustained by the testimony of other experts, while Indian historians are equally explicit concerning one or two of the others.

With regard to the "Great Mogul," the largest of all known diamonds, there is abundance of testimony as to size and weight, in addition to the statements of Tavernier. It was a Golconda gem, and weighed 787 carats in the rough, though much reduced by cutting. It was the property of Vazir Mirgimola, vassal of the King of Golconda, who determined to have him assassinated in order to obtain the gem. But Mirgimola escaped with his jewels to Shah Jehan, at that time the Great Mogul, who speedily learned of the diamond, and intimated that it would be a delicate and acceptable present. Mirgimola took the hint; the Shah got the gem, and, while it was in the treasury of Arungzebe, his successor, Tavernier examined and weighed it. It has never been mentioned as seen by any one since, and whether it was hidden before Nadir Shah captured Delhi or whether it was part of the spoils is unknown. It may have been divided into a number of smaller gems, or it may be now concealed in some fortress in India, Persia, or Arabia, as was the crown of Charoos for 1,000 years, to reappear at some future time, when it is safe for the owner to display his wealth.

Slow to See the Point.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Obtuseness of Englishmen in appreciating the point of a story was cleverly illustrated to-day, in a yarn spun on a sofa in the story-teller's angle, as one of the corners in the House of Representatives is designated. An American and an Englishman were doing the old country on foot, and at a cross road, they came to a signpost which gave the distance from that point to the nearest town, stating the number of miles in figures. Beneath this was the inscription:

If you can't read or write, ask the blacksmith; opposite, and he will direct you on your way."

The humor of this suggestion was appreciated instantly by the American, who laughed uproariously, while the Englishman's face was as expressive as the chalky cliffs of Dover. After the pair had trudged three or four miles the Englishman suddenly burst into a loud and boisterous

laugh, to the amazement of his American companion.

"What on earth are you laughing at so heartily?" asked the Yankee.

"Why, the point of that signboard inscription has just become apparent to me," replied the Englishman. "Suppose the bloom of blacksmith wasn't there to give the necessary directions?"—Chicago Tribune.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

MR. GEORGE MCSWEENEY.

Proprietor of Moncton's Well-known Hostelry.

PERMANENTLY CURED.

OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM BY DR. MANNING'S GERMAN REMEDY

A Great Endorsement.

Mr. Geo. McSweeney, proprietor of the Hotel Brunswick, Moncton, writes to the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) as follows:—"I take great pleasure in stating to you and the public that you are the proprietors of the greatest rheumatic cure I have ever come in contact with or used."

"I suffered for a year with acute rheumatism and after trying everything I could at the drug stores without deriving any benefit, I tried Dr. Manning's German remedy and found in it a complete and permanent cure."

"I heartily recommend it as the best liniment in the market."

Dr. Manning's German remedy is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts per bottle, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B.

SCARCITY OF AMBER.

Few of the Modern Pretty Pipe-Stems Are of the Real Stuff.

When a man buys a pipe or cigar-holder with a mouthpiece which the dealer declares is amber the chances are ten to one that the purchaser is being deceived. This assertion may seem hard upon the seller, but so clever are the imitations of amber now in the market the dealers need have little fear of selling them, as none but an expert can tell the false from the real.

Celluloid and amberine are the cheapest of the imitations, and no dealer would think of recommending them as amber to any one who appeared to know much about what he wanted. But with amberoid it is a different matter, for, as this substance, is made from the amber itself, there is no perceptible difference in its appearance or properties. This is made from small bits of amber ground fine and compressed by hydraulic power. The process is a secret possessed only by a few manufacturers in Vienna.

All the long stems of clear, beautiful amber, which give a meersbaum or brier so fancy a price, are made of amberoid, excepting, perhaps, pipes made of the highest value. The belief that the sure test of amber is that it will pick up paper has deceived many people, for amberoid will do the same thing, as will amberine, which is a still cheaper composition made in England. Experts tell celluloid at a glance, but any one may distinguish it by its smell of camphor, which enters largely into its composition.

Most of the amber sold comes from along the Black Sea, in Turkey and Germany. Here, buried in the sand, is found the sea-green amber of almost priceless value. This is chiefly used for jewelry, although smokers' articles are sometimes made from it. Green amber is seldom seen in this country. Black amber, used for jewelry and inlaying, and milk-white amber are also valuable. For many centuries amber has been regarded with favor on account of its supposed medicinal properties.

A pipe stem which is valuable and odd is one made from the pinion of an albatross. The bones from the wings are about a foot and a half long and hollow. They are sold in this city by sailors who capture the large birds that alight on the masts of ships at sea.—New York Press.

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FOR

COLD

"77" Breaks up a Hard Cold.

"77" Knocks out the Grip.

"77" Works Wonders in Catarrh.

"77" Stops Cold in the Head.

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Testimonials mailed free.

Sold by druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 25c, or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 William St., New York.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL "THE PILE OINTMENT."

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fissures in Anus; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain. PRICE, 50 CTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CTS. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK

BORN.

Halifax, Feb. 20, to the wife of A. D. Moser, a son.
Halifax, Mar. 2, to the wife of C. E. W. Dodwell, a son.
Lockeport, Feb. 20, to the wife of Fred St. John, a son.
Lunenburg, Mar. 2, to the wife of E. B. Morehouse, a son.
Halifax, Mar. 12, to the wife of Rev. J. F. Duxon, a son.
Lunenburg, Mar. 6, to the wife of James P. Burke, a son.
Stewiacke, Mar. 5, to the wife of Putnam Fisher, a daughter.
Truro, Mar. 7, to the wife of Frank E. Roop, a daughter.
Kelly's Cove, Feb. 24, to the wife of John Gare, a daughter.
Canaan, Mar. 6, to the wife of B. K. Pines, a daughter.
Broad Cove, Mar. 10, to the wife of John Ross, a daughter.
Digby, Mar. 6, to the wife of Dr. F. S. Kinsman, a daughter.
Digby, Mar. 10, to the wife of S. B. Townsend, a daughter.
Amherst, Mar. 9, to the wife of Park Anthony, a daughter.
Sackville, Mar. 4, to the wife of Chas. McKenzie, a daughter.
Truro, Mar. 9, to the wife of W. H. Snook, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Mar. 3, to the wife of Farnham C. Doty, a daughter.
Marsville, Mar. 13, to the wife of Frank N. Merritt, a daughter.
Tatamagouche, Mar. 2, to the wife of Gordon Wilson, a daughter.
Victoria Beach, Mar. 10, to the wife of Edward Campbell, a son.
Campbellton, Mar. 10, to the wife of W. J. Appleton, a daughter.
Albert, N. B., Mar. 4, to the wife of Hiram Cranley, a daughter.
Barrington, Mar. 4, to the wife of Charles D. Crowell, a daughter.
Lower Grandville, Mar. 1, to the wife of Capt. Wm. Ryder, a daughter.
Kensdale, Mar. 6, to the wife of Wm. C. Shiffner, twins son and daughter.
Canard, N. S., Mar. 10, to the wife of Dr. W. S. Woodworth, a daughter.
Truemanville, N. S., Mar. 10, to the wife of R. W. Beattie, twins, boy and girl.

MARRIED.

Shag Harbor, Feb. 24, by Rev. W. Miller, Goodwin to Norma Dickie.
Wallace, Mar. 11, by Rev. H. B. McKay, John Oliver to Marie Bacon.
Truro, Mar. 6, by Rev. T. Cumming, Robert McDonald to Alice McDonald.
Dahouisie, Mar. 4, by Rev. George Fisher, Angus McLean to Mary Syvert.
Truro, Mar. 6, by Rev. Dr. Hearz, Robert Connolly to Mrs. Sarah Ashe.
Kentville, Mar. 11, by Rev. F. C. Weeks, Henry Frost to Laura Wickware.
Liverpool, Feb. 27, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Edward Ramey to Evelyn Whyton.
Belmont, N. S., Mar. 4, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Hugh Boyd to Lida May Higgins.
Bridgetown, Mar. 11, by Rev. F. Young, John H. Boehmer to Maud Davidson.
Kentville, Feb. 25, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Robert E. McAloney to Bessie Eye.
Gabusay, Mar. 3, by Rev. D. Sutherland, Alex. J. McLeod to Mary A. McLeod.
Lockeport, Mar. 4, by Rev. A. F. Brown, Elliot St. Clair to Maude Smallman.
Dutch Valley, Mar. 11, by Rev. A. M. Huley, Mark Dole to Miss Armstrong.
River Philip, Mar. 4, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, David Lytel to Hilda Schurman.
Smith's Cove, Mar. 4, by Rev. J. W. Priestwood, A. H. Brooks to Minerva Austin.
Rose Bay, Mar. 3, by Rev. F. A. Bowes, Josiah Wentz to Florence Himmelman.
New Glasgow, Mar. 10, by Rev. A. Rogers, Alexander McLeod to Mary S. Rogers.
East Port, Mar. 11, by Rev. George E. Sturges, Benjamin Worthen to Delia Goodwin.
Waterville, N. S., Mar. 4, by Rev. John M. Allan, P. Rupert Brown to Lida M. Sanford.
Central Argyll, Mar. 8, by Rev. George E. Sturges, Daniel C. Hamilton to Lizzie E. Scott.
New Richmond, Mar. 3, by Rev. G. F. Kinner, J. Stephen Woodman to Emma K. Karey.
Shenogone, Mar. 11, by Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, Daniel Anderson to Margaret Goodwin.
Hopewell Hill, Mar. 4, by Rev. W. E. Johnson, Capt. John C. Peters to Laura C. Robinson.
New Glasgow, Mar. 10, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Alexander Steward to D. O. Amelia P. Porter.
Grand Manan, Mar. 14, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Emile G. Cheney to Sadie M. Daley of Carleton Place, Ont.
Walcot, England, Feb. 25, by Rev. La Trobe Foster, John Henry W. S. Kemmis to Maude M. Elton.

DIED.

Clarence, Mar. 9, Elijah Spowil, 61.
Preston, Mar. 8, Amelia Thomas, 79.
Lower Cape, Mar. 8, Mrs. Nelson, 78.
Chegoegon, Mar. 9, Elijah Shipp, 63.
Robbinston, Mar. 6, James Duffin, 70.
Red Beach, Mar. 6, Carlon Bullum, 76.
Birchtown, Mar. 10, Mrs. Ross Brown, 78.
Picton, Mar. 6, Ronald McGilivray, 46.
St. Andrews, Mar. 2, James Ryan, 73.
St. George, Feb. 26, Bruce McKenzie, 26.
Beverly, Mass., Mar. 6, Alice Riddle, 41.
Newcastle, Mar. 9, Thomas McGinnis, 62.
Calais, Mar. 1, Mrs. Margaret Arnold, 69.
Sand Point, N. S., Mrs. Conrad Crowe, 62.
Fugash, Mar. 8, Charles Creed, M. D. 61.
Hilden, N. S., Mar. 4, James Lyman, 77.
West Glasgow, Mar. 3, Henry Lamont, 70.
Northampton, Mar. 5, Nathan Rogers, 79.
Lower Pokiok, Mar. 12, John N. Brodie, 78.
Birchtown, Mar. 10, Joseph Warrington, 78.
Bear River, Mar. 11, Benjamin J. Harris, 68.
Deep Brook, Feb. 27, Herbert A. Dittmer, 34.
Boston, Mar. 3, Laila, wife of Curtis Croscup.
Beaconsfield, Mar. 12, Robert Armstrong, 63.
Charlottetown, Mar. 6, Florence J. White, 19.
East Glasgow, Feb. 27, William Tweedie, 73.
Deep Brook, Mar. 1, Mrs. Charlotte Boice, 84.
Merigonville, Feb. 21, William N. Copeland, 74.
Stanford, Mar. 1, Jane, wife of Charles S. Hine.
Victoria, C. B., Mar. 5, Malcolm McDonald, 55.
Truro, Mar. 4, Mary L. wife of Robert Clith, 41.
French Village, Mar. 11, Thomas Collishaw, 67.
Cambridge Port, Mar. 13, Louis A. Blocomb, 42.
Halifax, Mar. 10, Mary, wife of Thomas Walsh, 36.
Upper Woodstock, Mar. 8, Mrs. Thomas Crillen, 69.
Albert, N. B., Mar. 2, James R., son of John Riley, 9.
North Williamstown, Feb. 27, Mrs. William Turner, 73.
Grafton, Mar. 4, Ida L. wife of Enoch W. Campbell, 30.
Canning, Mar. 2, Rachel J. widow of S. B. Cochran, 85.
Milton, Me., Mar. 9, Chrissie, wife of C. E. Leed, 38.
Chelsea, Mar. 7, Sarah, wife of Benjamin F. Falls, 69.
Melbourne, Mar. 7, Eliza, wife of Nathan Gorham, 28.
St. Stephen, Mar. 9, Susie wife of Osburn Gartley, 22.
Margaree, C. B., Feb. 20, Mrs. Flora McIntosh, 96.
Dublin, Ire., Mar. 9, Lillie, wife of Charles N. Vile, 42.
Boston, Mar. 6, Richard E. McPherson of Picton, N. S., 42.
Central Chebogue, Mar. 1, Jemima, widow of Seth Kain, 71.
Lynn, Mass., Feb. Priscilla, wife of James W. Elridge, 48.
Dahouisie, Mar. 7, Mrs. Dargie, wife of Alex. Dargie, 68.
Deer Island, Feb. 26, Mary E. widow of James A. Calder, 95.
Halifax, Mar. 13, Elizabeth Toler, widow of Wm. Bishop, 80.
Moncton, Mar. 12, Ella M. daughter of David Arling, 20.
Lutz Mountain, Feb. 2, Albert, son of William Leeman, 15.
Picton, Mar. 9, Margaret McDonald, wife of Michael Whalen, 65.
Erb Settlement, Feb. 15, Ruth Pat Allen Paton, 69.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING 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

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, doing business at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, under the name and style of W. C. Pitfield & Co., has this day been dissolved by the elapsing of the time limited for its existence. Saint John, N. B., Jan. 2nd, A. D. 1896. WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, HEREBY CERTIFY:—

- (1) That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.
- (2) That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such