

A BARGAIN.

There was a slight tap on the door, and Miss Hardaway entered the library with a little rush. She looked anxiously around, and then made a step toward me. I dropped my Kinglake on my knee, and looked at her; evidently she had come on some pressing business. She looked rather excited, also a trifle nervous. "Mr. Tyson," said she, "Miss Hardaway," said I. "I want to have a talk with you about—about something which—She hesitated. Certainly," I responded, amiably, "won't you sit down?" She sank into a chair opposite me and regarded me with dubious eyes. "I hope you won't think it extraordinary of me," she said, in a sort of stammer, "but I wanted your assistance." "If I could do anything," I observed, to reassure her, "command me." She averted her eyes and fidgeted with a book upon the table.

"You see," she exclaimed, "it's rather delicate." I nodded. "Exactly," I assented. "And I don't know, but I'm sure it's—it's rather dreadful." "Good," said I, "things are so flat as a rule." "You will probably say No, at once," she went on, "and I'm sure I don't blame you." I should like to have the opportunity, at any rate," I said, with a smile. She started and half rose in her chair. "I'm afraid I've interrupted your reading," she exclaimed. "I—I only came in on the impulse. It's really nothing." "Now," said I, lying back in my chair, benignly, "you positively fire my curiosity." "No," she said, shaking her head. "It was nothing. I only—"

I leaned forward and touched her arm. "Miss Hardaway," I said, earnestly, "what! you would rob a poor old fogey of his only consolation—that of advising others? Fie! I think you owe me something for the studious way in which you have avoided me lately."

It seemed that I couldn't have said anything more to the point, though heavens knows I had no idea what the dear girl wanted. "Avoided you!" she said; "not indeed. If you only knew. That's what—"

Here she came to an abrupt pause. "I should very much like to know what that is," I said, after waiting for a moment. I suppose I looked at her kindly; perhaps I beamed benevolently—old fogies do. At any rate, she seemed to take courage, and sank once more into the depths of the armchair. "I have been very much worried lately," she exclaimed, with a sigh. I nodded comprehensively. "It—it was that made me come rushing in here," she went on. "I—I was determined not to stand it any longer." I waited politely.

"It's that young Mr. Urquhart," she said, with an appealing glance at me, as if I should now understand all. I understood nothing, but I lifted my eyebrows. "Really?" I punctuated. "Yes," she resumed, taking fresh courage. "He is a frightful nuisance. He follows me about everywhere." She paused, and as I seemed expected to say something, I remarked that it was very impertinent, and that he ought to know better. "You see," said Miss Hardaway, "my aunt wants it." I really did not comprehend what her aunt wanted, but I did not say so. I only pinched my expression into greater intelligence and sympathy. "And now that we are down here, he takes the opportunity of—of pestering me, and—and well, Aunt Catherine encourages him."

"All?" I said. "All," said I, pulling my mustache. "That makes a difficult situation, doesn't it?" "And I thought you might help me," she ended, with a plaintive shot from her eyes. "I, my child?" I asked, in wonder. "But how?" I should be delighted, if I knew." Miss Hardaway said nothing; she appeared to have exhausted her confidence, and sat tremulously in the armchair, as if she would like to leave it. "Tell me how you thought I could help you?" I said. "Shall I take him away and drown him?" "Oh, no," she exclaimed, eagerly. "I didn't mean that." Of course, I did not suppose that she had meant that. "Well, what was your idea?" I asked. "You see," began Miss Hardaway, "it is difficult for me, with Aunt Catherine as my chaperon. And she likes Mr. Urquhart." "Of course it is," I assented. "Well, do you want me to chaperon you? Is that it?"

Now I examined her, she was really a very pretty girl, and particularly so when she blushed. She blushed now, as she said, "You see, Mr. Tyson, I thought—it was very impertinent of me—but you know I was driven out of my senses by the stupid—by things. And I thought, perhaps, she hesitated—You are a great deal older than I am, aren't you?" "Bless you, yes," I answered. Twenty years, at least, I might be your father. All the same, it was not nice to feel that, somehow. But Miss Hardaway was relieved—eased over her difficulty, perhaps I should say. "Yes, I thought so, and that was what made me so rude as to think that you—that I—that we might pretend, you know," she stammered. "I will pretend anything you like, child," I declared. "Will you really?" she asked, eagerly. "Certainly," I answered. "That we are engaged?" she asked, hanging on my words.

I will confess that I was somewhat staggered, but in a second I chuckled to myself. "Most certainly," I said. Miss Hardaway's eyes looked grateful. "I knew you would be kind," she remarked. "Then that will get rid of him, you see," she added. "Yes, I suppose it will," I assented. "Then that's all settled," said she, rising suddenly to her feet, "and now I must go. It is good of you, Mr.—"

I asked, "Are you sure we mustn't do anything else?" "Oh, no," said Miss Hardaway, confidently; "we're just engaged, you know," and with a flutter of her gown she was gone.

The bargain was plain enough, but I was not quite sure how it would turn out in practice. Yet it seemed to answer well enough, as far as she was concerned. My services were in requisition the next day. We walked together in the garden, and really it was not a disagreeable walk. As we turned a corner Miss Hardaway suddenly touched my arm. "Here he comes," she said, hastily. "Please do something."

I had no idea what to do. "To show him," she explained; and then hurriedly seized my hand. We strolled away like this till Mr. Urquhart passed. I hope it convinced him, but I could not help feeling rather foolish.

Then Miss Hardaway paused. "Please go now," she commanded; "I have promised to go out with Miss Vale." It was quite strange to be ordered about at some one else's will, and as I went back to my books I vaguely wondered if this was a fair sample of matrimonial experience.

There was no call made upon me till the following afternoon, when I was requested to take Miss Hardaway for a short stroll on the cliffs. "We must keep up appearances," she explained. It was very pleasant on the cliffs, and there we met Mr. Urquhart once more. I hastily seized her hand, but she drew it away from me with decision. "Don't!" she said. "I thought I had to do something," I observed, humbly. "Oh, no," she said, in a vexed voice. "Don't you see, there's no need now?" I didn't see, but I took her word for it.

All the same, I regretted that there was no need; I had no idea that she was such an attractive girl. It appears that only Aunt Catherine was supposed to know, but I was sure the whole hotel was in the secret. I came to this conclusion from the persistent way in which we were left together. If we were seen in each other's company we were conscientiously avoided, and people indulgently left the room in order that we might exchange confidences.

Miss Hardaway noticed this at last; she did not seem to have anticipated it. "What do they do that for?" she asked, pettishly. "Oh, they suppose we want to be alone," I answered, cheerfully. "How foolish!" said Miss Hardaway, frowning. "Don't you want to go to your books?" she said suddenly. I did not, but I took my dismissal and went. Later that day Miss Hardaway sought me. "I think, Mr. Tyson," said she, "that we had better stop this pretense now." It has served its turn," I said. "If you are quite sure that Mr. Urquhart and Aunt Catherine will not resume—"

She shook her head. "I am not afraid of that," she said, boldly. "Very well," said I, "then we had better think out a way. Of course, the engagement must be broken. But who is to do it?" "I, of course," said Miss Hardaway, in surprise. I passed the paper knife between my fingers reflectively. "That's of course the proper way," I answered, "but it may leave you open to a difficulty. You see, if you break with me the people will believe that you never really cared for me, and that will encourage Mr. Urquhart and Aunt Catherine." She bit her lips.

"I never thought of that," she said. "Then you must break it." "Yes, I must break it, but on what grounds?" I asked. "Couldn't you say that you had made a mistake, and really cared for some one else?" she inquired. "But I don't, I mean, would that be quite fair to you, you see?" Miss Hardaway puckered her brow. "Put it on the ground that I interfere with your work," she suggested, "and that you are wedded to that." "But you don't," I objected; "and besides, I don't care if you do; and goodness knows, I don't want to be wedded to that always." This, apparently, was a new idea, for she regarded me earnestly for some moments, and I believe she was examining the lines on my face. "I'm not so very old," I murmured. Miss Hardaway made no reply, but glanced out of the window; then, "I shall tell Aunt Catherine that it was broken off because of your work," she said, pensively. "I shall deny it," I protested; "I don't see why it should be broken off at all."

After a minute's silence she said, in a lower voice, "It's such a nuisance to you."

"I don't," I declared; "I don't mind. I let it go on. I'm not very old, and it's the only time I shall be engaged. Let me enjoy it while I can." Miss Hardaway was silent. "Come," said I, taking her hand, "you wouldn't grudge me a little pleasure would you?" Miss Hardaway laughed, a self-embarrassed little laugh. "Pleasure?" she echoed. Certainly," said I, promptly; "a pleasure which, alas! can never be more than a shadow for an old fogey like me." She looked at me timorously. "I don't think you're an old fogey," she said. I made to draw her nearer, but she disengaged herself and slipped gently to the door. On the threshold she paused. "I won't say anything to Aunt Catherine," she said, with a pretty little laugh. The New Budget.

EDWARD BLAKE'S SUCCESSOR IN DURHAM.

Robert Keith, M. P. for Durham, Ont., is Another who Recommends Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The observing public are commencing to ask, "Who has not a good word to say for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder? Certainly the best citizens the Dominion over are talking its praises, and not without cause. Mr. Robert Keith, member in the Commons for Durham, the old constituency of Hon. Edward Blake, is another addition to the prominent citizens who have used this medicine, and from their own experience can say that for cold in the head, catarrh in its different phases, and hay fever, there is no remedy to equal this. It never fails to relieve in ten minutes. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Lawyer and Hog.

Down in Hardsburg, Ky., a few days ago a lawyer was brought to court charged with shooting and killing a pig belonging to a neighbor. The lawyer made an eloquent defence, in which he said he had been driven almost crazy by the rooting proclivities of the neighbor's hogs. He declared that they had entered his parlor and rooted over his piano, and, furthermore, that neither he nor any of his family could get down on their knees to offer their devotions without being in constant danger of being rooted up by a hog.

UNCLE'S WOOLING.

"I'm going to get married, Tim." Uncle Cottle sat very upright in his chair, and spoke with an invincible decision. "What, again?" drawled his nephew, wearily.

"Again, sir? When was I married before?"

"But this isn't the first time you've been going to do it, uncle; that's what I meant," Tim explained. "Do I know the favored lady?"

"It's Miss Sybil Holt, Tim," said Uncle Cottle, confidentially. "The most lovely—the—oh—oh—I met the other evening at Mrs. Dymham's sister wedding party, and she—quite seemed to take to me. I'm older than she is," he sighed, pensively, "but I look a good ten years younger than I am; don't you think so?"

Young Tim regarded him critically, without hazarding an opinion. He was past middle age, and looked it; a full-bodied little gentleman, with short, dumpy legs and a bland, moon-like face, whose prevailing expression was one of imperious simplicity.

"Have you proposed?"

"Why, no; I've only seen her once. Besides," Uncle Cottle sighed again, "I'm so shy, you know, Tim—so internally shy! The only time I ever managed to propose was when I wrote to that widow—you remember. You helped me with the letter—and she never answered. You didn't say," he added whether you knew Miss Holt."

"I don't remember ever to have met her."

"If she refuses me, Tim—if I lose her as I've lost all the others," cried Uncle Cottle, wildly, "I shall think there's a curse on me, and I'll give in—I'll never love again. I'll live and die single!"

Young Tim hoped he would. Uncle Cottle had been his guardian ever since he was quite a boy, but since he had come of age, some six years ago, he had rather reversed the position of affairs, and looked upon Uncle Cottle with the jealous eye of a sole proprietor who didn't want anybody to meddle with his business.

"His only relative he complained to his cronies, Ted Merrows, as they sat at breakfast next morning in the chambers they tenanted in common. 'What's his name. He's said so lots of times. If he gets married, though, his wife will expect at least half; and if he has children—there'll be no meat left on the bone for me!'"

"What's the use looking black about it? He's been going to marry often enough before—"

"But he's never seemed so determined as he is now. He's dyeing his hair and cultivating a figure."

"Gone so far as that?" exclaimed Ted. "Then I'm afraid nothing will stop him."

"I shall try, anyhow," growled Tim. "If I can't hit on anything better, I shall tell him I've found out that she's engaged. I've stopped him twice like that; he's so nervous and afraid of seeming presumptuous. That widow was the most dangerous—three months ago. I really thought I'd lost him that time. He was so twitched, he was going to call at her house, only I persuaded him it wasn't etiquette, and that he ought to write first and disclose his sentiments, and ask permission to call."

"Understood to put the letter on my way home here to the Temple, and I put it in the fire."

"Well, you have been lucky so far, but it can't go on like this forever," observed Ted Merrows. "Take my tip, and make hay while the sun shines."

"You are old enough to marry, and, as your uncle's sole heir you'd be a valuable article in the matrimonial market; but if he marries, you'll find yourself on the shelf among the damaged goods and remnants. Dispose of yourself while you are still heir and the fitting lord for an heiress. You can't stop the old man marrying, but you can take care he doesn't spoil you by marrying first."

"But I don't know anybody," remonstrated Tim. "How am I to find the heiress, get introduced and engaged, and marry her out of hand in—"

"You might find one through the matrimonial journals."

II.

Young Tim had a morbid horror of poverty and overwork, and a story haunted him all day. He dreamed alone that evening at a restaurant in the Strand; and passing a news agent's on his way back to the Temple, he noticed some matrimonial journals in the window, and went in and bought one. He was somewhat relieved, on entering his chambers to find that Ted Merrows was not yet at home. He opened the journal, and studied the crowded columns in private, and lighted at length on a businesslike advertisement that impressed him favorably.

"Maud, young, dark and good looking, with private income, wishes to correspond with middle aged gentleman of means and position, with view to matrimony. References exchanged."

"There's no harm in writing," he argued. "If I change my mind or it doesn't seem good enough I can drop it."

And while the impulse was upon him he wrote. He wrote vaguely of his income and said nothing of his age, but craved an interview. It he explained his precise position, he feared she might fancy it was too insecure to render him eligible; but if he could see her, he flattered himself, that the charm of his conversation and personal presence would dazzle her and divert her attention from his less pronounced monetary qualifications. He signed his own name, "T. Cottle," because, if the negotiations came to anything, it might shake her confidence when he had acknowledged that he had approached her under a false name; at the same time, as she had withheld her surname and address, he felt justified in requesting her to direct her reply, in the first instance, to the postoffice in Bayswater Road, to be left till called for.

"I can look for it the next time I go to see uncle," he reflected. "If it turns out frost, I needn't tell Merrows anything; he'd only grin about it. I'll get the letter off before he gets in."

And he ran out and posted it at once. He had regretted his impetuosity when he contemplated what he had done in the cold light of the next morning.

Nevertheless, a couple of evening later he journeyed to Bayswater and inquired at the postoffice for his letter, but it hadn't arrived. So he walked on to see Uncle Cottle, but as his uncle was not at home, he told them to say that he had called, and wouldn't wait.

His interest in his rash matrimonial project had cooled considerably but going to see his uncle on the following Saturday afternoon, he inquired casually at the postoffice again and was not altogether displeased that there was still no letter from him. He decided that his epistle had not created a satisfactory impression, and that he should hear no more of it.

Turning the corner a little beyond the postoffice, he was surprised to run into Uncle Cottle, gorgeous in a new white waistcoat, and with a flower in his button-hole.

"Tim, my boy," he ejaculated, "I've been expecting you daily. Sorry I was out when you called last—I was out on particular business."

"Oh?"

Tim had dim premonitions of disaster; he only upbraided himself for neglecting the affairs of Miss Holt.

"Yes."

Uncle Cottle winked his left eye and smacked his nephew on the shoulder exuberantly.

"I was arranging to get married."

"To Miss Holt?" faltered Tim.

"No," laughed Uncle Cottle. "You'll never guess. It's the widow, Mrs. Netley. You remember, we wrote to her? She answered my letter that evening, an hour before you called."

Tim was too confused to grasp what he heard.

"But you said," he stammered, "that if Miss Holt rejected you you'd know there was a curse on you, and—"

"I haven't asked Miss Holt; besides, its three months since I wrote to the widow, so, in any case, she has a sort of prior claim over me—"

"The other curse," suggested Tim, bitterly.

"Here's the letter," said Uncle Cottle, disregarding his interpolation. "Read it for yourself."

He thrust the missile into Tim's hands and he read it dazedly, as they walked on together.

"Dear Sir—If you care to call on me I shall be pleased to see you. I regret you did not give me your own address, as I should have thought it implied either a want of confidence in me or candor in yourself, had it not been that we are almost neighbors, and I had the pleasure of meeting you a month ago, and I know you by reputation. Under the circumstances you will appreciate my preferring to send this to your private address, which I have taken from the directory. Yours very truly,

"MAUD NETLEY."

"That's all right, Tim, ain't it?" chuckled Uncle Cottle.

Tim realized in a flash that this was his "Maud," and it was his letter she was answering, not his uncle's; but he could not see his way to saying so.

"What does she mean about your address?" he said.

"Why I was nervous when I wrote that letter, and I must have forgotten to put my address in; that's why she didn't answer before; she can't find it. And it's just occurred to her to look in the directory. See? I meant to have asked her about it, but she was so nice and amiable and smiling, and I was so—well, I hardly know how I was; but there didn't seem any need to apologize; and, in fact, I never thought about it till I was coming away."

"Is she young?" asked Tim, for the sake of saying something.

"I thought at first that she was nearly forty, but she's only twenty-nine—she told me so herself. I showed her my bank-book and a list of my securities."

"Oh, that's all right," she says, laughing. "Then when's it to be?" says I.

"And it's going to be next month. I'm going around to the vicar's now to put the banns. You come with me. And, I say she's an orphan, so we want you, my boy—age don't matter; it's only a matter of form—to be a father to her at the wedding and to give her away."

Tim was gloomy and reckless, and said he would. Why shouldn't he? He had given away his uncle; he might just as well do the thing thoroughly and give away the widow as well; then he would have nothing and nobody left to keep—but himself.—Tid-Bits.

The Arm of Strength.

Conscious of right and of her strength, England fears not the threats of hostile powers. So a man in perfect health scorns disease. So the man who has been restored to health and strength by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, is able to face his responsibilities and go about his work cheerfully and all undisturbed by haunting fears. Those not in health should turn to Hawker's tonic for relief. It is the great ally of the forces working for the restoration of healthful action in the human system. It will cure indigestion, dyspepsia, general debility, nervous prostration, the after effects of a gripe, or any trouble arising from an over-wrought or run-down system. It has no superior as a flesh and blood builder and brain and nerve invigorator. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd., St. John, N. B.

A woodman in Laurel county, Ky., lost his thumb in an odd way a few days ago. He was feeling the edge of his axe, by running his thumb along it, when an overhanging limb of a tree, that had been partially severed, fell on his thumb and severed it from his hand.

Burke spoke in a monotone, and the splendid orations that are cited as models of English composition were listened to by few auditors. So dull was his delivery that he was called the "Dinner Ball of the House," because when he arose to speak the greater part of the members at once went out.

One of the public schools in Monmouth, Me., has thirteen pupils, the oldest being 13 years old, and this is the teacher's thirteenth term in the school. All the pupils of the school are well, and are doing well, and the school is making a more than usually good record, notwithstanding superstitions about thirteen.

A man was put in charge of the officials of the county asylum in Kennebec county, Me., the other day on the sole ground that he was "ignorant." Just how ignorant he was the commitment papers did not state; they only said he was "ignorant."

WOMAN ON THE BENCH.

How a Shoplifter Interested the Judge and Got Off Scot Free.

Mrs. Justice Lovesales—What is the charge against this woman?

Officer—She is a shoplifter. I caught her coming out of Smith's with a whole cargo of goods concealed about her person, silks, laces, ribbons, and a dozen other things.

The justice—Woman, what have you to say for yourself?

The prisoner—I am guilty, your honor; but, indeed, I could not help it. It was bargain day, and—

The justice (excited)—Bargain day, was it? Go on.

The prisoner—Yes; and you never saw such bargains in your life. I had no money but when I saw the watered silk at 79 cents a yard, that you couldn't get anywhere else in town for less than 80 cents. I couldn't leave the store without it.

The justice (more excited)—How wide was it?

The prisoner—Nearly a yard wide!

The justice—And only 79 cents a yard!

The prisoner—Yes. And then the laces on the bargain counter! They were lovely. One piece of Valenciennes was marked down to 98 cents, and I couldn't, I couldn't go without that.

The justice—Gracious me! Ninety-eight cents for Valenciennes!

The prisoner—Yes, your honor. And you just ought to have seen the flowered moire ribbon at 79 cents a yard! I tried, oh, so hard to resist the temptation, but I could not keep my hands off it.

The justice (very much excited)—You do not mean to say that they were selling flowered moire ribbon at 79 cents a yard?

The prisoner—Indeed they were, your honor. But that was nothing to the silk waists that were going at \$4.98. If I were to be thrown in a furnace I had to have one. They were worth \$5.63 at the lowest.

The justice—The poor woman! This world is full of temptations. I will let you off this time, but you must not do it again. You may go—but hold on; come here (Whispering.) Is the sale on yet?

The prisoner—Yes. It will end at 5 o'clock this afternoon.

The justice (looking at her watch)—It is 3 o'clock now. I have just two hours. (Aloud.) The court is adjourned to 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.—Judge.

Playfulness of the Fox.

A watch dog and a big red fox played tag in a barnyard at Whiting's Hill, Me., the other Sunday, for over an hour, and apparently in the friendliest spirit. The owner of the dog and his family watched the strange frolic from a window of the house, and forebore to interfere, from curiosity to see the incident through. After playing with the dog for more than a hour the fox trotted back into the nearby woods from whence it came.

BORN.

Amherst, Jan. 20, to the wife of William Cole, a son. Mill Brook, Jan. 5, to the wife of Charles Deal a son. New Ross, Jan. 19, to the wife of David Brown, a son. Bridgewater, Jan. 17, to the wife of L. C. Gelling, a son. Parrsboro, Jan. 15, to the wife of Henry Fader, a son. Yarmouth, Jan. 19, to the wife of C. F. Williams, a son. Berwick, Jan. 10, to the wife of Miner F. Pelton, a son. Chatham, Jan. 6, to the wife of Thomas Flanagan, a son. Chatham, Jan. 9, to the wife of P. H. C. Benson, a daughter. Moncton, Jan. 25, to the wife of Grant Hall, a daughter. Yarmouth, Jan. 19, to the wife of Jos. O. Holmes, a daughter. Yarmouth, Jan. 10, to the wife of Joseph Tibbets, a daughter. Folly Lake, Jan. 18, to the wife of Samuel Fields, a daughter. Halifax, Jan. 19, to the wife of Robert McFarrie, a daughter. South Ranton, Jan. 6, to the wife of W. B. Bezanon, a son. New Glasgow, Jan. 18, to the wife of F. H. Parke, a daughter. Bridgetown, Jan. 23, to the wife of R. W. R. Parry, a daughter. Yarmouth, Jan. 19, to the wife of Jos. S. Raymond, a daughter. St. Peter's Bay, Jan. 11, to the wife of J. J. Gregory, a daughter. Newcastle Mills, N. S., Jan. 7, to the wife of David Fisher, a son. Falmouth, N. S., Jan. 14, to the wife of Arthur J. Elderkin, a son. New York, Jan. 16, to the wife of L. G. Lewis of N. S., a daughter. Upper Stewiacke, N. S., Jan. 1, to the wife of David Brown, a daughter. North Sydney, Jan. 20, to the wife of Joseph McDonald, a daughter. St. George's, Bermuda, Jan. 5, to the wife of Rev. C. H. Huestis, a son. Fredericton, Jan. 24, to the wife of Ned Harmon Murchie, a daughter. Weymouth Mills, N. S., Jan. 17, to the wife of J. G. R. Gates, a daughter. Lewistown, N. S., Jan. 14, to the wife of Robert Sweeney, a daughter. Greenwood, Kings Co. N. B., Jan. 2, to the wife of Arthur Patterson, a son.

MARRIED.

Lawrencetown, Jan. 20, Henry H. Paterson to Edna H. Liz. Halifax, Jan. 22, Charles Ramford to Blanche Holmwood. Shulce, Jan. 8, by J. M. Parker, John W. Seaman to Susan Gillespie. Milton, Jan. by Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, Lindley Harding to Jennie Saunders. Shelburne Jan. 9, by Rev. C. W. Sabies, Howard Holmes to Clara Simpson. Truro, Jan. 22, by Rev. H. F. Adams, David Nelson to Mrs. J. McCallum. Tracadie, Jan. 20, by Rev. M. Laffin, Edmund Laffin to Evangeline Gerrior. Bridgewater, Jan. 16, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, John S. Shand to Gertrude Courad. Bear River, Jan. 7, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Charles W. Behring to Emma A. Peck. Somerset, N. S., Jan. 8, by Rev. T. McFall, Robert O. Hayes to Jennie B. Cochran. St. John's, Nfld., Jan. 4, by Rev. J. McGrath, Capt. W. F. Farrel to Mrs. Kate Walsh. Bolestown, Jan. 15, by Rev. R. W. J. Clements, Howard H. Hovey to Alice Scott. Clarke's Harbor, Jan. 15, by Rev. Mr. McIntosh, Cornelius Maxwell to Addie Kenny. Freeport, Jan. 19, by Rev. E. A. Allaby, Stephen Wescott to Mrs. Martha Cossaboon. Lynn, Mass., Jan. 9, by Rev. D. B. McCurdy, William H. Shillington to Grace Crosby. Blue Mountain, Jan. 18, by Rev. D. Henderson, Alex. Campbell to Mary J. McLaren.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Medford, N. S., Jan. 21, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, William H. Spicer to Sarah E. Burns. Charlton, N. S., Jan. 15, by Rev. H. S. Barker, Ernest M. Freeman to Mary E. Freeman. Halifax, Jan. 21, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, John Bertram Mitchell to Rose E. Len Monaghan.

DIED.

Clones, Jan. 21, John Gray, 68. Amherst, Jan. 21, John Hill, 84. Boston, Jan. 24, Rosie O'Neill, 25. Halifax, Jan. 16, Ann Holland, 82. Karsdale, Jan. 18, Daniel Ellis, 82. Halifax, Jan. 23, Wm. Symonds, 60. Balls Creek, Jan. 13, Albert Ball, 52. Sussex, Jan. 16, Barney McConn, 60. St. John, Jan. 25, Robert Hunter, 73. Milton, Jan. 20, Nathan Whitman, 80. Waterford, Jan. 10, Henry Morrow, 9. Stillwater, Jan. 13, John Flanagan, 60. Leadville, Dec. 24, Robert Stewart, 49. Halifax, Jan. 20, Daniel McKenzie, 40. Grand Lake, N. S., Thomas Gilday, 40. Lakeside, Jan. 24, William D. Bell, 63. St. John, Jan. 26, Mrs. C. DeVine, 73. Hebron, Jan. 22, Donald McKinnon, 65. Kentville, Jan. 10, Frederick Brown, 68. South Branch, Jan. 18, Jerry Crosby, 85. Toronto, Jan. 21, Catherine Ingersoll, 68. Wards Cove, Jan. 11, Jane Lockhart, 69. Bear Arisag, Jan. 8, John McDonald, 81. St. John, Jan. 15, Capt. Henry Evans, 90. Annapolis, Jan. 19, Henrietta Harris, 85. Halifax, Jan. 20, James Thomas Smith, 67. Mill Brook, Jan. 12, Annie McGregor, 21. Five Mile River, Jan. 6, James Singer, 13. White's Mountain, Jan. 7, Anna Smith, 70. Lequid, Jan. 10, Mrs. Mary Wheelock, 87. Halifax, Jan. 22, Alexander G. Strachen, 60. Welsford