

## THE PERIL OF THE DEEP.

CHAPTER I.

"Right away," proclaimed the clear tones of the guard, and with sonorous puffs the Liverpool express drew out of Euston Station.

Occupying a solitary first-class compartment in this train was a good-looking young man, who heaved a sigh of relief as the welcome whistle announced the time of departure.

He had contravened the by-laws of the railway company outrageously, to procure for himself the privacy of a compartment, for he was not in the mood to endure the society of fellow-travellers, and he now had the leisure to meditate on matters which had hitherto been put aside for duties of more pressing moment.

So he was fairly on his way without interruption. What a period of trouble and anxiety he had undergone since—no matter what! He consulted his "Braishaw" and a shipping list with eager scrutiny. Could he do it? These ruins, he knew, ran punctually; and indeed there was no doubt several passengers going along with him who would also accompany him across that "herring pond." Yes, there was no doubt that the last tender would not cast off from Princes' Landing Stage until the company's agents had made sure that all the London passengers were safely aboard.

Nothing could be more fortunate, as it happened. He had been able, by the merest chance—and a reckless expenditure in cab fares—to catch the Liverpool express, and before another day broke he would be running for Queenstown on the "Atlantic Greyhound," and in six days more he would be safe and unknown under the Stars and Stripes.

What a lot he had been! Having settled down with a comfortable conviction that his route was made out and fixed, he was able to recall the dreadful events of the day.

A vision rose before his mental gaze of a field lit up by the weird light of a blustering March morning, and a still, prone figure lying by a stile.

But how was he to know that life was so easily taken? He had not thought. Many and many a time before, at school, at college, in town and gown rows, and still later, he had struck just such blows from the shoulder—and no light blows from a thirteen stone man—without inflicting more than temporary damage. True, he ought to have remembered that his brother Guy was slight and delicate, and that striking him thus was like hitting a torpedo-boat with a sixteen-pounder. But he saw crimson at the time, and with that red glare in his eyes he could not stay his hand.

So the blow went home, and Guy, fifth Baron Steynning, fell to the ground—dead. Yes, he had no room for doubt. There had been no flutter of the heart as he bent down in an agony of remorse that swept away all passion, by the side of that silent form.

Why had they quarrelled on that blustering March morning? He had insisted on walking across the fields to the station, instead of driving down with his traps, and Guy would walk with him. It all began in fun, simply from Guy's innate love of teasing. But then Guy should have known that there were some things that should not be joked about, especially in the chill of early morning when tempers are not of the best; above all, that he would not stand jokes about Gwen. There was the limit, and it had been oversteered. And then, when Guy said that his title and acres would more than balance his brother's more than pretension, the war of words had reached a head.

Poor Guy! His joke—after all it must have been a joke—had cost him dear. He was dead. And Geoffrey, what of him? Is he to succeed to the title and to the fortune? Alas, no! He will never take the rank of Lord Steynning. He is a murderer. So far from gaining benefit from the deed he is now a miserable fugitive from justice, striving to place the broad Atlantic between himself and his crime.

CHAPTER II.

Geoffrey Durant stood leaning against the railings of Prince's Landing stage, surrounded by the usual busy crowd of voyagers and their friends, and the loafers and idlers who are always to be found attending on the departure of a steamer. The tender was rapidly approaching the wooden structure to pick up its last freight of passengers and baggage.

Geoffrey scarcely noticed the scene about him. He leaned with his face turned seawards, and his eyes fixed on the black hull that must be his home for a week.

Then he thought of Gwen turned frantically. Poor Gwen! She had been very fond of him, and now—now it was all over and done with.

He pictured her as she would be when she received the news of his crime and flight—her tall, graceful form bowed with shame and sorrow, her queenly head lowered from its usual proud pose, and the gray eyes dimmed with grief at the sin and disgrace of her lover.

Poor Gwen! His own eyes became misty, and a something uncomfortable rose in his throat. For a moment the black hull of the Alabama was blotted from his vision, and it was not without an effort that he regained his customary self-control.

Suddenly, to his dismay, he caught sight of a familiar face—Dickie Temple of the 26th Dragoons—and worse, still, Dicky saw him, too.

"Why, Jeff, old man, what on earth, or—er—elsewhere, are you doing here? Absconding with the family plate, or doing an elopement with the family diamonds?"

Geoffrey smiled somewhat nervously. "No, Dicky, not exactly that. Fact is, I'm going as far as Queenstown with another Johnny, who's doing the whole business, and I'm waiting for the Scrimmager to take me on board."

"What! Going by the Alabama, and only as far as an old Ireland? No, my boy; that won't do. Too thin. Say, now, what's your little game?"

"Fact, 'pon my word, it's the absolute truth I'm going with—Smith, you know."

"Oh, ah, yes, of course, that accounts for it. Well, old man, give my love to—to Smith, you know—by the way, which of him is it?—and say I'm sorry I can't come, too. And you might ask him if he knows Ananias while you are about it?"

Geoffrey cast an agonized glance at the tender which was looming up alongside

Dicky noticed this look, and with unusual tact made a move.

"Well, bye-bye, Jeff."

Geoffrey wrung his friend's hand with more vehemence than is customary in society, and hurried away to join the throng on board the Scrimmager.

Dicky waited until the last rope was let go and the little snorting machine was fairly under way. Then he turned with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"It's beyond me entirely," he muttered, gnawing his moustache. "Well, it's none of my business, I guess, but Jeff has fairly staggered me. What's come to him? Looks very like a mass of sorts. No, it's none of my business."

But all the same he adjointed to the telegraph office and sent a wire to Steynning Towers.

CHAPTER III.

Much to his relief Geoffrey Durant found that no one he knew was a passenger on the Alabama. With his six hundred and forty fellow-travellers he mixed but little, except in the ordinary amenities of the dining saloon and the smoking-room. He had no desire to contract the intimacies which so frequently spring up in a six days' voyage, and which seldom form the prelude of lifelong friendships.

Some of the first poignancy of his grief and remorse wore off under the healthy and briskening influence of the sharp sea air and the sense of rapid motion.

He managed to put it away, as it were, for a time, his dreadful burden sufficiently to preserve an ordinary appearance before his fellow-passengers. The only noticeable feature about their taciturn, but not disagreeable, companion, was his habit of sleeping during the morning and pacing the deck during the night watches.

Throughout the bitter cold of the March nights he would pace to and fro along the promenade deck, muffled up in cap and overcoat, and smoking cigars in what seemed like endless succession.

So the time went on, and the constantly-maintained speed of the Alabama was rapidly bringing her within soundings. It was on a dark, clear, starlight night that Geoffrey learnt that they were approaching Sandy Hook. As is usual on the crack mail-steamers, an excellent look-out was kept.

With this careful watch, what suddenly happened was inexplicable. The Alabama, taking advantage of the clear, open atmosphere, was running at full speed—some eighteen knots per hour—and not a vessel was in the range of the seamen's vision, which must have extended five or six miles at the very least.

Geoffrey paused in one of his many paces on the deck, standing near to the look-out. He heard a muffled shout from forward, and the man at his side repeated it. Then the fourth officer, perched above the wheel-house, suddenly called out to his superior:

"Do you see that light on the port-bow?"

"Yes, I see it," replied the first officer. Geoffrey turned quickly to the point indicated, and saw the faint glimmer of a green light; then in what seemed the matter of seconds, his eyes, preternaturally quick of sight from much night promenade, saw looming up the sharply-defined outline of a three-masted schooner, apparently, as he was seaman enough to perceive, close-hauled on the port tack.

In these seconds, however, the first officer had done his best. He had ordered the helm hard-a-port, and the rattle of the steering-gear spoke to the promptness of the alternation of the course.

But collision was inevitable. The speed of the two vessels was to great and the alarm too sudden to avoid what was to come. The ghostly schooner, arising, as it were, from nowhere, and disappearing into the blackness of the night, struck the mail steamer forward of the bridge, on the port side, rebounding from the force of impact to strike another blow further along.

Geoffrey instinctively rushed to the side in time to see a red light drift astern as the last trace of the faded schooner faded out of sight.

CHAPTER IV.

The Alabama swung round under the influence of the port helm. In the meantime the first officer had stopped the engines and sent down for the captain, who quickly came on deck and superintended all subsequent actions.

So slight had been the shock of the double blows that no one at first thought that any damage had been done. The engines were set in motion again, and the steamer went to the eastward to see what had become of the schooner. But the closest scrutiny on the part of the officers, who secured the horizon with their night-glasses, failed to detect any vessel.

Stranger still, it was not known to this day what vessel it was that ran into the mail steamer.

During the fruitless search no needless precautions were neglected. It was reported to the captain that the steamer was badly holed, and that water was pouring into her through two huge gaps in the side, which, unfortunately opened into separate compartments. The passengers were accordingly aroused, the shock of the collision not having had that effect, and the water-tight doors were closed below.

One, however, leading from the coal-bunker to the stoke-hold, could not be closed, and the water poured in through this passage, sweeping with it a man who was engaged in shoveling coal, and severely injuring him. The inability to close this door was of the gravest consequences, as will be seen, for it practically opened three compartments of the ten, into which the vessel was sub-divided, to the inroad of the sea.

Day broke, and two steamers were sighted, one to the south, the other to the north of the crippled and doomed vessel. Signals of distress were made, but the flaresights were apparently not seen, for the two strangers pursued their course.

In the meantime the vessel was settling down gradually by the head, and the end seemed to be not far off. The boats were therefore lowered and manned.

Shortly before one o'clock, more than eight and a half hours after the collision, the bows being quite under water, the stern of the Alabama tilted up slightly, while the escaping air made a sound like the exhaust of steam. More and more the stern rose, until the screw was out of water, and then the beautiful steamship

glided down into the bed of the ocean. As she slowly and majestically disappeared great volumes of water were forced up over her with a roar like thunder.

Then all was calm once more. The strately vessel lay on an even keel in twenty-two fathoms of water, as level as if she were floating in dock, with her three masts—the foremost snapped in the final plunge—standing about ten feet out of the water.

CHAPTER V.

Nothing could have been kinder than the action of the crew on board the Elda, which had picked up the shipwrecked passengers. Each vied with the other to show the greatest consideration for the people of the sunken vessel. Every man gave up his berth to the use of the rescued ladies, and no pains were spared to make one and all as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

For eight hours Geoffrey Durant had been working hard, calming men's fears and soothing women's distress, with a disinterested kindness of which he would have scarcely believed himself capable, and the constant strain had wearied him thoroughly.

So he sought a quiet nook as quickly as possible, where he could stretch himself at full length and snatch a little slumber, a little closing of the eyes in sleep.

How long he slept he did not say. He was roused by hearing a voice that he at once recognized, speaking in the well-known moaning tone.

"Have I found thee, O mine enemy?" He started to his feet. It was the dusk of the evening, and he shivered with cold. He had been sleeping on deck, exposed to the sea-breeze in March, and was chilled to the bone.

His brother's voice repeated the question and there, before him in the dim, shadowy half-darkness, stood the form that had haunted him for more than a week.

"Why do you trouble me?" he muttered querulously. "Am I to have no rest? Am I to be always haunted and shadowed—, even before the daylight has faded out of the sky?"

The figure stood motionless. "I cannot get away from you, I know," continued Geoffrey, still in the same weary, heartbroken tone. "I know that for that horrible deed I shall always have you as a companion. What are you? Are you really poor Guy's wraith, poor Guy whom I struck down with that murderous force? God knows how it happened, and he would forgive."

"He would, indeed. He does." Geoffrey laughed mirthlessly. It had come at last. He was mad. His! He knew it would come. Perhaps now he would get relief from this horrible visitor.

But the horrible visitor showed no signs of going. On the contrary, it stepped up to him, and gripped his hands in a clasp, not icy-cold as he expected, but warm and instinct with life and health. "Jeff, old boy, you are ill. Forgive me for trying to frighten you. I didn't realize till now all that had happened and what it meant."

Geoffrey showed no surprise at this strange conduct on the part of the accusing spirit. He laughed feebly. Then something seemed to give way in his head, and he fell heavily to the deck.

Some weeks passed. Lord Steynning removed his brother from the Elda. He was suffering from a severe attack of brain fever.

Guy managed to get his patient into a quiet hotel in New York, and nursed him through all the illness with unremitting skill.

Skill and loving attention gained the day, and Geoffrey at last became conscious. His first lucid interval occurred when Guy was for a moment absent, and it was from the nurse that he learned whose hand had always been ready to minister to his wants, whose presence had always seemed to bring a sense of calm and peace.

After the first excitement of the meeting Guy was able to explain how it was he had not died.

"Now, keep perfectly quiet, my dear boy, or I won't tell you a syllable. When you sent me over like a shot rabbit—you really must be more careful how you let out in future—I lay there, I suppose, for quite an hour. You knocked me clean out of time; then, like the conceited booby you are, you concluded that the might of your ponderous first had done for me, and you made tracks. Jones awaited you at the station with John, and you told him you shouldn't take him with you, which was strange, as he had come away with the intention of going with you to town."

"Then John asked if I should want to drive back, and you started and said that I had been taken ill on the road and gone home. You are not half a good sort of liar, Jeff; in fact, you're a miserable failure. You aroused Jones's suspicions, and he walked back across the fields, finding me en route lying full length by the stile. Luckily, he had your flask in his pocket, and a dose brought me to. Then we walked slowly home to the Towers without saying a word, and there I solemnly gave Jones a fiver—he's your man, so I'll debit you with that amount. He understood. He's a perfect model of discretion, as Jones."

"Luckily, the lump was hidden from prying questions by my hair. In the meantime, I wondered what you would do. Then came a wire from Dicky Temple, saying you were going by the Alabama. In a moment a divine inspiration showed me you were doing a scout, and my fertile brain guessed the reason. What did I do? Why, that night Jones bundled my traps together and lent me one hundred pounds on a note of hand only—as I couldn't get enough ready together—without cashing a check."

"I rushed up to town, had a consultation, and, like a fool, forgetting that I could wire to you on arrival, set off on the wild goose chase from Southampton by the Elda to try and catch you, and tell you my skull was thicker than you imagined. What particular kind of fool I was you may guess from what I've just said. If the Alabama hadn't providentially gone wrong, I doubt if I should ever have seen you, because, though we started nearly at the same time, within about ten hours, you had fairly the heels of me. But you lost time on the road, so I hear, while we had a good run. Fancy catching up the Alabama in an old German tub!"

Guy went rattling on in this fashion—apparently not noticing Geoffrey, who in his weakness was lying still, with big tears slowly trickling down his thin face. Geoffrey could not trust himself to speak; but presently he stretched out a hand and feebly clasped his brother's.

Guy still studiously avoided seeing the other's emotion, and after returning the hand-pressure, he jumped up and said: "Well, I mustn't jaw any more. The doctor said I mustn't see you for more than five minutes, else you wouldn't be able to go back with me in the Umbria, to-morrow week, 'tew hum,' as they say here, and Gwen."

And he left the room somewhat hastily. —G. F. Bird.

## WHO IS HE?

## A Genuine Business Knave!

## What is His Object?

## Profit, and That Without Regard to Your Life.

## Your Condition Requires Paine's Celery Compound

## The Wily Substituter Tries to Induce You to Take Something Else That Pays Him Larger Profits.

## Beware of Dealers Whose God is Unholy Lucre.

Who is he? Just a business knave, known as a "substituter!" A business substituter is a person whose dishonest intentions, puts, gives, or by specious and false arguments, induces a person to take some article in place of what is distinctly asked for.

The "substituter's" prime object in business is profit first and, last, without any regard to your condition of health or life.

Are you prepared to risk your life by submitting to the wiles and treachery of any substituter?

Your first duty is "self-preservation," by taking care of your body—ridding it of the diseases and troubles that make life a burden to you.

Your condition demands the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that health-restoring medicine that has cured thousands of men and women who suffered as you now suffer.

When you are thoroughly and honestly convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is your sure hope, see that you get it when you ask for it. There is no other medicine that will so promptly and effectively meet your sufferings. Paine's Celery Compound always works a perfect cure.

Do not for one moment listen to the deceptive arguments of the retailer whose only God is unholy lucre. See that the bottle and cartoon show the "stalk of celery" and the name "Paine's"; other preparations are spurious and endanger life.

## ARBITRARY NUMBERS.

The Meaning of the Sizes Named for 8 Shot Bullets, Buttons and the Like.

Pearl buttons are not numbered actually; they are described as having so many lines in their diameters. A line is 1-40th of an inch; a 12-line button has a diameter of 12-40ths of an inch, &c. In making thread, half the number of "hanks" (each containing 840 yards of yarn) that weigh a pound is the basis of numbering. Thus 30 thread is made from yarn 60 hanks of which are required to weigh a pound; 60 thread is made from 120 yarn, &c. The numbering of shot is arbitrary and originally did not express the size of the shot. So is the numbering of gun caps. At first there were three sizes of gun caps, numbered 9, 10, and 11; a fourth size was made larger than 10, smaller than 11, and it was called 12. The number of the bore of a gun depends on the number of balls fitting its barrel that will weigh a pound; thus a 12-bore gun carries a ball that weighs 1-12th

of a pound. The numbering of gun wads is purely arbitrary and originally indicated nothing. A cartridge is not numbered actually, but is spoken of as a 44-calibre cartridge, a 22-calibre, &c. The calibre of a rifle is expressed in hundredths of an inch.

Lamp burners are numbered arbitrarily, A, B, D burners take flat wicks; 3, 2, 1, 5 burners (3 being the largest) take round wicks. The numbering of shoes is arbitrary. The dimensions are the ball, the waist, the instep, the heel; each size in length increases by 1/8 inch in each of these dimensions and in width by 2 1/8 inch.

Hats, in their numbering, represent roughly the diameters of circles equal to the circumferences of the heads of the wearers. Thus a No 7 hat fits a person whose head measures 22 1/2 inches. Nails are not numbered directly; a ten penny nail is one of such a size that 1,000 nails like it weigh ten pounds; 1,000 7-penny nails weigh 8 pounds, &c. So, too, were tacks numbered originally; 1,000 No. 8 tacks weighed 8 ounces. But now the size indicates the length; every size varies from the next by 1-16 inch. Wire is numbered arbitrarily; its numbers indicate nothing really. The number of a screw indicates its gauge arbitrarily. There are two lengths to a No. 0 screw; four lengths to a No. 1 screw, &c., but here again the number has no actual relation to the size of the screw. It is curious to notice how many systems of numbering are arbitrary.—N. Y. Sun.

## BORN.

Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of Charles Trask, a son.  
Canning, Feb. 16, to the wife of Harry Rand, a son.  
Nietaux, Feb. 9, to the wife of Whitman Ruggles, a son.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to the wife of J. E. Ferguson, a son.  
Windsor, Feb. 19, to the wife of J. C. Simpson, a son.  
Belleville, Feb. 14, to the wife of Campbell Willet, a son.  
Moncton, Feb. 21, to the wife of W. W. Wilbur, a son.  
Windsor, Feb. 16, to the wife of Fred Lavers, twin sons.  
Smith's Cove, Feb. 17, to the wife of Geo. W. Potter, a son.  
East Baccaro, Feb. 2, to the wife of Herbert Smith, a son.  
Salem, N. B., Feb. 11, to the wife of Lotan J. Steeves, a son.  
Truro, Feb. 18, to the wife of David C. McKenzie, a daughter.  
Hantsport, Feb. 6, to the wife of M. S. Trefry, a daughter.  
Shelburne, Feb. 8, to the wife of Capt. Alex. Cox, a daughter.  
Milton, Feb. 4, to the wife of Frank Steward, a daughter.  
Cornwallis, Jan. 27, to the wife of Oscar Chase, a daughter.  
Bonaville, Feb. 13, to the wife of N. J. Raymond, a daughter.  
Middleton, Feb. 12, to the wife of J. F. Whit, a daughter.  
Toronto, Feb. 19, to the wife of Frank A. Anglin, a daughter.  
Campbellton, Feb. 13, to the wife of Daniel Doucet, a daughter.  
Digby, Feb. 19, to the wife of Capt. Fred Robinson, a daughter.  
Beverly, Mass., Feb. 2, to the wife of H. E. Robson, a daughter.  
Bridgetown, Feb. 11, to the wife of James Green, a daughter.  
Lawrenceville, Feb. 16, to the wife of L. M. Durbin, a son.  
Upper Granville, Feb. 14, to the wife of Frederick Wilson, a son.  
Yarmouth, Feb. 13, to the wife of Adelbert B. Elridge, a daughter.  
Campbellton, Feb. 13, to the wife of Archibald McKenzie, a daughter.  
Lawrenceville, Feb. 14, to the wife of Milledge Daniels, a daughter.  
Annapolis Royal, Feb. 5, to the wife of Rev. G. J. C. White, a daughter.  
Cunant Hill, Yarmouth Co., Feb. 16, to the wife of James Bartlett, a son.  
Philadelphia, Feb. 5, to the wife of John T. Smith, formerly of Yarmouth, a son.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, Feb. 12, Peter Grant Sutherland to Lizzie Allen.  
Calais, Jan. 29 John A. Thompson to Jessie M. Smith.  
Berwick, Feb. 14, Wilford Wentzell to Louise Franks.  
Buctouche, Feb. 16, Prof. Delaviviere to Eugenia Melanson.  
Maitland, Feb. 12, by Rev. G. R. Martell, James P. Miller to Sarah White.  
Lismore, Jan. 27, by Rev. A. McGilvary, Theodore Burns to Sarah McGilvary.  
Iron Mines, C. B. Jan. 20, by Rev. A. Ross, John D. McKee to M. McKee.  
Orangetown, Feb. 15, by Rev. A. Ross, Angus McKee to Mary Jane McLean.  
North Lubec, Feb. 20, by Rev. W. A. Morgan, John F. Calder to Maud Patterson.  
Mildred, Feb. 11, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Suter C. Currie to Barbara M. Lesau.  
Havelside, Feb. 15, by Rev. R. A. McGill, John W. Kingston to Lillie Fowler.  
Falmouth, Feb. 13, by Rev. Joseph Murray, John L. Smith to Mrs. Sarah Curry.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 15, by Rev. G. S. Newham, William M. Hall to Emma Harris.  
Maitland, Feb. 12, by Rev. G. R. Martell, James Putnam Miller to Sarah White.  
Scotch Village, Feb. 19, by Rev. William Rees, John Allen to Susan C. Weiner.  
Calais, Feb. 15, by Rev. J. D. Morrell, J. F. James Cochrane to Florence Sherman.  
East Florenceville, Feb. 8, by Rev. D. Fiske, Charles Barker to Alice McKay.  
Upper Port La Tour, Jan. 29, by Rev. J. Appleby, Leroy State to Ida May Christie.  
Lismore, Feb. 18, by Rev. A. McGilvary, Donald McKinnon to Margaret McEchern.  
Florenceville, Feb. 11, by Rev. D. Fiske, D. Hagerman to Myra E. Whitcomb.  
Florenceville, N. B., Feb. 12, by Rev. D. Fiske, Watts Stickney to Jennie B. Upton.  
Blackville, Feb. 8, by Rev. Jos. McCoy, M. A., John McDonald to Mary M. Courts.  
St. Andrews, Feb. 3, by Rev. Chas. Combes, Marshall S. Hanson to Mary A. Pye.  
Middle Stewiacke, Feb. 13, by Rev. C. McKinnon, Isaac C. Archibald to Sophia Fisher.  
Isaac's Harbor, Feb. 5, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, William H. Lintop to Sarah E. Jodie.  
Brooklyn, N. S., Feb. 1, by Rev. J. D. McEwen, George H. Godfrey to Mary E. Peters.  
Charlottetown, Jan. 22, by Rev. C. W. Carey, Albert W. Mitchell to Annie Stenford.  
St. Stephen, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. A. McKenzie, Alexander Hanson to May B. Dinmore.  
Sherbrooke, N. S., Feb. 18, by Rev. Thos. Adams, D. C. L. Rupert Kaiback to Violet Brown.  
East Dalhousie, Feb. 8, by Rev. S. G. Lawson, Alister Kaiback to Louisa A. Barkhouse.  
Port Hawkesbury, Feb. 13, by Rev. C. W. Swallow, Capt. Alex. Morrison to Mabel A. Morrison.  
Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 18, by Rev. D. J. Ayers, Lyman B. Gavil to Lizzie F. Furlong of Halifax.  
East Somerville, Mass., Feb. 19, by Rev. Orville Combes, George B. Drake to Kate A. Hanlin both of St. John.

## DIED.

Pictou, Feb. 11, John Ross, 87.  
Shelburne, Feb. 7, John Lawson, 78.  
Stillwater, Feb. 17, John Donalds, 80.  
Roseway, Jan. 10, Augusta Perry, 22.  
Vandale, Feb. 11, Marcus Palmer, 80.  
Port La Tour, Feb. 3, Sarah Snow, 74.  
Carleton, Feb. 19, J. Wm. Esley, 65.  
Brazil Lake, Feb. 15, Andrew Cann, 71.

## BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



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

Oslow, Feb. 13, Amelia H. Muoro, 52.  
Pictou, Feb. 13, John Russell Noonan.  
Chatham, Feb. 18, Mrs. Wm. Johnston.  
St. John, Feb. 21, William Stewart, 45.  
Calais, Feb. 13, Hannah D. Wheeler, 45.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 13, P. Frank Nash, 25.  
Port Saxon, Feb. 6, John Greenwood, 64.  
Robbinston, Feb. 18, Oscar W. Holmes, 48.  
Advocate, Feb. 15, Wm. R. Elderkin, 78.  
Bayside, Feb. 10, Mrs. Ralph Cockson, 82.  
Fox Harbor, Feb. 5, Donald McAulay, 58.  
Bartlett's Miss, Feb. 14, Cyrus Bartlett, 44.  
Toney River, Feb. 10, John McDonald, 87.  
Woods Harbor, Feb. 5, Mary Brannen, 81.  
Golden Grove, Feb. 20, Helen W. Shaw, 22.  
Pictou, Feb. 12, Mrs. Martin, 40.  
Kelly's Cove, Feb. 19, Jacob K. O'horn, 65.  
Tusket Wedge, Feb. 11, Wilfred Pothier, 25.  
Yarmouth, Jan. 29, Capt. Horace Baker, 67.  
Beaver Harbor, Feb. 10, Gertrude Barry, 26.  
Upper Kenticook, Feb. 11, John Gorman, 71.  
New Glasgow, Feb. 21, Catherine Roach, 61.  
St. Stephen, Feb. 8, Mrs. Sarah P. Moore, 81.  
Amherst Highlands, Feb. 19, Isaac Howe, 70.  
Upper Selma, Feb. 10, Mrs. John Weldon, 76.  
Pomeroy Ridge, Feb. 9, William Pomeroy, 65.  
West Darghaster, Feb. 19, Samuel Bishop, 63.  
Lakeside, Digby Co., Feb. 17, James Burns, 81.  
Five Islands, Feb. 12, Mrs. Eva McBurnie, 37.  
St. Andrews, Feb. 8, Daniel W. Thompson, 43.  
Manganese Mines, Jan. 31, John McKenzie, 70.  
Churchville, Feb. 12, Mrs. James Cameron, 101.  
Woods Harbor, Jan. 36, William Chetwynd, 63.  
Florenceville, Feb. 5, Wilfred Burningham, 52.  
Red Beach, Feb. 19, Capt. George Pettigrove, 76.  
Greenwood, Kings Co., Feb. 15, John Plumb, 76.  
Shelburne Mills, Feb. 11, Mrs. Alpheus Fraser, 64.  
Whale Cove, C. B., Feb. 16, Kenneth McLean, 85.  
West Dalhousie, Feb. 14, William Speakman, 36.  
South Maitland, Feb. 9, Capt. John Graham, 75.  
Eglin, Feb. 7, Angeline, wife of W. H. Nickel, 33.  
Blackville, Feb. 17, Mrs. Catherine McKenzie, 72.  
Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 16, Nelson M. Hodgkins, 43.  
Moncton, Feb. 15, Emma, wife of F. S. Huntley, 37.  
Malnadieu Jan. 29, Wm. son of Cornelius Lahey, 23.  
Westville, Feb. 2, Christina, wife of George Mills, 22.  
Henret, Cal., Feb. 15, William B. Gourley of N. S., 50.  
Alexander, Me., Feb. 13, Millie Estelle Henderson, 15.  
St. John, Feb. 22, Emma, wife of Oliver C. Diaper, 40.  
Boston, Feb. 15, Robert Crosby of Yarmouth, N. S., 45.  
St. John, Feb. 23, Mary, widow of Charles Dimock, 84.  
Gay's River, Feb. 14, Martha, wife of John Cooke, 35.  
Millstream, Feb. 15, Chas. Osman, son of Rev. Thos. Pierce.  
Guysboro, Feb. 9, Harriett, widow of Christopher Joat, 8