

## A COLORED JEWESS

"Wha' de mabb, Mis' Abnstein?"

Myram, the colored laundress and odd-job girl, stands in the library door as if she has business there, and speaks quite like one of the family. Mr. Dasheimer's frown at the unseemly interruption gradually disappears as he takes in the girl's singular person. She is a mulatto, not light; but an indescribable brown, like the bright, burnished bronze of the sculptured Miriam in the corner. Her coal-black hair is wound up neatly on the top of a fine head, and crinkles oddly over her forehead. Her features are of an exaggerated Hebrew type, with a beauty of their own that always attracts attention.

"Go away, Myram," exclaims Miss Myra, angrily.

"Yes, Myram, you had better go," sobs the widow. "We can't do any more for you. I thought your master had left me independent; but it seems that this—this gentleman has a mortgage covering everything. I don't suppose I'll be able to pay you any longer."

"Who wahn pay we kintols in trouble? Dat ain de wroef, neider. Ol' Jake Abnstein wahn de man t' mortgage his family out house en home. I speck youse a big rascal," eying Mr. Dasheimer, keenly.

"No peeger rascal dan him, he replies, coolly, rapidly penetrating to the family skeleton. "He done it all de same; but in de way of peesness. I shouldnt wonder if we make it a nish leetle peesness all round."

Myram stalks out, highly offended; leaves the cake that she had been stirring, and hurries to her mother's cabin. It is low, dark and dirty but it shelters the one human being who loves her.

Aunt Judy immediately empties her quilt scraps on the floor. She knows at the first glance that something has gone wrong, and that mother's lap holds the only balm of Gilead for the daughter's head and heart.

As the latter pours forth her heartbreak—very real, indeed, to her—Aunt Judy runs her thick, soft fingers with soothing effect through the silken hair kinked locks.

"I know dere's some rascality. Wat mek I cain stay dere en wip out dat low-life Jew? Res' of 'em ain' got sense 'nuff. Ain' Miss Myra fader mine, too? Ain' me'n her name after de same gran'ma? Say, moder?"

"Yes, honey; ol' Mas' Jake Abnstein you'r daddy, same ez Miss Myra. You is one-half Jew, en de good Lawd know it."

"Den w'y cain I ha' de same intrust in de family? I got mo' brains dan any uv 'em. But I know w'y. Ol' mammy, w'y didden you let me be all Jew er all niggah? Now I dunna wat I is. I git flouted on all sides. In my fader's house Ise a impudent niggah; in my moder's Ise a horrid Jew! Some day I'll jump in de St. John River en be nary one. Ise good t' end up dat way, fo' I ear St. John call me 'hear o' time. Sometime I say 'Yassin' en go."

It is curious to note how evenly divided are the outward characteristics of the two races in this colored Jewess. While reading fairly well, her sly tongue could never be trained to the harsher pronunciation of Caucasian.

"I year Wiggins en de oder chilluns comin'," says Aunt Judy.

The girl rises hastily and bathes her face before Wiggins enters with his own son and daughter from their day's work. All cast a sneer—the girl that of hatred of envy—at Myram as she busies herself about the supper.

"Catfish agin!" sniffing the air as the savory mess permeates it. "I speck we all tuh'n' catfish, yit. Date Zeke cain do nuff'n but set on de w'ar en ketch ca s, stoddier wukin' in de w'ite people's kitchen en fottin' home some o' dere wittles. En yere Myram—wat de use o' bein' kin t' de bukra ef yo ain gwine mek nuff'n out of it? Ef dat wuz me I'd have cake, en condensed milk, en sweet soap, en heaps o' Miss Myra fine handchers en joolry. See ef I woulden."

"I know better dan t' steal," answered Myram, coldly.

"Wat you call stealin'? Tek'n de w'ite people t'ings? Dass our right. Hit's on'y 'stealin' wen we tek fum one ender."

"That rec'd not Myram's though the Southern negroes are peculiarly anarchistic. Save her brown skin, kinky hair and her dialect there is nothing negroid about her.

"I ain gwine hab no w'ite folks airs fling'n 'roun' in my house," says her step-father. "Ef we all ain good nuff fo' you, dess tek you 'trunk en bed'n t' Mis' Abnstein."

"Day doan wahn her, on'y fo' wait'n' maid," says her half-brother contemptuously.

"En she ain w'ite; she dark ez I is."

"En she ain nuff'n but debbil; dunno wat elst Jew en niggah gwine make. Ef you look in h'r moult clost, I bet you fine blue gum."

The tortured girl drops the corn cake back into the skillet, and rushes into the peaceful night air.

"Dass de niggah! Moder, my dear moder, you ain know wat you doin', er you neber give me dis w'ite blood t' mek me sick o' de black. I cain stan' no mo'! I'll ax my Jew kin t' lemme sleep in de laundry. Day order me 'round,' en heap o' time dey's hah't' please, but dey doan insult me."

Going to work next morning she is overtaken by a particularly weak looking mulatto, who bows profoundly before asking: "Will I pester you ef I walk wid you Miss Myram?"

"You couldn't pester me, ef you tried."

"Ise pow'n glad t' year dat," he answers, misreading her in his conceit.

"De grip lass winter shek me all up, en Ise need'n somebody t' tek kyah me. I squint 'roun' en 'roun', en I ain see no gal smaht ez you. I say Miss Myram de gal fo' me. She kin wuk t' suit de w'ite folks en mek heap o' money. She dess de one fo' no count fellah lak me. She wouldn't git tiad wuk'n, en could cook me nice messes, er iron my shat same ez w'ite man's."

"En wat you cal'late t' do fo' me, w'ile Ise doin' all dat?" she asks, finding his audacity amusing.

"Oh, I know Ise no count; but a smaht gal allus mah' no-count man, en I ain mean lak dem oder. I 'low t' be good t' my wife. I gwine let'er eat wid me, en gie'er full half. I let'er go t' chuch ev'y Sunday wen I doan wahn'er en let'er put a penny o' her money in de bat. I ain' gwine beat'er lak dem low-down niggahs in Eas' does; I on'y chasite'er wen she aggrivate me too much. I gwine gie'er easy time. She kin set in de rockin' cheer wen I a'n

in it. She kin buy Easter dress en Christmas dress, en all o' Miss Myra ol' bats."

A stinging box on the ear sends the suitor spinning down the street and lands him in the sand.

She reaches Mrs. Abnstein's in a tume, and they all know better than to speak to her until she is out of it. The laundress of Miss Myra's lingerie will expel it if anything can. She passes the iron delicately over the exquisite things, holding them in place with loving touch. That the task is a joy and pride is easy to see.

Mrs. Abnstein enters with tear stained face on one of her aimless errands, and, while fussing about the clothes, tells enough of the family troubles to enable the girl to understand what is going on.

Mr. Dasheimer's papers are perfectly regular, and they are beggars. But there is a way out. Like the creditor in novels, he offers to take the young lady and cancel the mortgage. In a month he must be gone, and with him either his bride or his property. And Miss Myra is so unkind. She abhors the creditor and clings to her lover, a young man just starting in business for himself. As if it mattered whom one married, so one had money!

Myram listens in moody silence her lips compressed until they are little more than a richly colored thread across her dark face.

"White folks is cnyus," she thinks. "En de higher de quality de cnyuser. Dis is one high quality Jew lady, en she knucklin' down t' a rascal moder do it."

By 3 o'clock she has finished her ironing. Then she dusts the hall over and over, until Mr. Dasheimer's ring announces his regular afternoon call. She shows him in; but instead of notifying the ladies he interviews him herself, going straight to the mark at once.

"Wat mek you cain lea' dis fambly 'lone? Nobody ain wash'n you. Ef I wuz a man, I'd be too much man t' come en come w'ere I wassen wahn't."

"Dey petter vant me. Ise de only one what c'n give dem back der monish. An' I want de poety, de proud Myra," he replies, with cruel eye and mouth.

"Wha' fo'?" she ain't you' kine," scornfully. "En she cain stan' de sight o' you."

"Again, Myram. How dare you? Let this be the last time you take such a liberty," said Myra. "You are not one of the family, as you seem to think."

"Ain't I? Den I ought t' be," she retorts, her eyes snapping dangerously. "Ise got ez much Abnstein blood in me ez you. I leave it to anybody. Looky here."

She takes a stand by the bronze Miriam in the corner.

"W'ch de mores' Jew; me or her? Now, tell me!"

The Hebrew type in the statue, chosen as it is with rarest art, is not more distinct, more sublime in its conception than the living face beside it. The coloring is the same, only the flesh has a warmth and richness that metal can never attain. But for the kinks in her shining hair, one might have supposed it the sculptured likeness of his acknowledged daughter, placed there by a whim of the dead Abnstein.

Dasheimer's little blue eyes have a new sparkle in them as he takes in her splendid brown beauty; but he is cunning enough to veil them from the young lady whom he is courting.

"O yesh; you ish Jew; de only colored Jewess I ever see er hear of. But you ain't got no peesness in dish library."

Myram is upstairs, assisting Miss Myra to dress for a ride with the hated Dasheimer. The young lady is so full of grief that she is glad to forget Myram's presumption, and seek sympathy from her strange companion, who is neither siser nor servant, yet so much of both. Aunt Judy was the former slave of the Abnsteins, one of the wealthiest and most exclusive Hebrew families of the South. Her odd looking baby was brought up in the Abnstein kitchen as much as in the negro cabin, living in an atmosphere of alternate tyranny and indulgence that made her the strange creature she was. From the time she was old enough to understand her anomalous position and realize its cruel conditions her attachment to the family deepened, and she assumed the airs of interest and responsibility that until now had seldom been offensive.

Miss Myra's tears go to her heart, washing out the memory of many snubs, some received this very day.

"You ain hatter you yourself 'way on nobody you ain wahn't. I reckon you modder done loss her senses griev'n' fo'—fo'—yes, I will say it dis time—fo' our fader. 'Rlese w'ite 'oman doan kyah fo' dere chillun lak black 'oman. Nemmine; Myram kepp you. Ef you'd ha' de leas' idee o' kick'n' Mose Moranz. I wouldn't done nuff'n, Long's you stick t' him, I'll study up some'n. Yere's a note," drawing it from her bosom lingeringly. "I tole 'im t' wait in de grape harbor. Y'u slip out de side do, en I'll go tell Dasheimer youse crying w' de toothache. Dean you wahn'ter?" seeing Myra hesitate between a longing to meet her lover and a natural disinclination to be managed by her servant. "He's wait'n' dere—Mose Moranz. Ef you ain kyah dat much for him I tek my finger out dis pie quick nuff."

"I'm going to see him, of course; but it isn't your place to make appointments for me."

Another month decides the fate of the House of Abnstein. The mother has developed an obstancy belonging to weak natures and still insists on the sacrifice. Myra has been brought up in the strictest principles of the Hebrew faith, of which obedience to parents is only second to worship of God. There will be a private wedding tomorrow, after which the mortgage, already canceled, will be placed in her hands. The net has closed round the girl and she has ceased to look for aid.

Myram enters hurriedly, and, preoccupied as they are, they recognize something foreign in her face and manner. Passion seems gone from her, and only the affectionate yearning of her soter nature left.

"You kin be happy now. Dere ain' nuff'n in de way no mo'. I dess come t' say 'good-bye, fo' I go t' de river. St. John call'n', call'n'."

"What have you been doing? What do you mean by the river?" asks Moranz, seizing her.

"Oh, yes; tek me; call de po-lice, ef you got de heart. Yes, I done kill dat bad Jew so my syster en de man I love kin be happy."

"Father Abraham! How did you do it?"

"Wid hammer en now did you do it?"

sleepin' on de lounge. Ef it wuz right fo' Jael, it is right fo' me. Lemme go t' de river. St. John bin call'n' me dis long time."

"No, no! You must not drown yourself."

"You rudder I would hang?"

"The prophets forbid!"

"Well you know dey'll hang me. I ain feared o' de river; de cole water's bettah dan de rope 'roun' my neck en disgrace fo' my moder." This is sadly true. He drops her arm.

"Go, then, in the name of Jehovah!"

"Put your arm 'roun' me. Doan be skyabed; ain I ez good ez dead? En you, Miss Myra, on de oder side. Call me syster, dess dis onc't."

"Sister—sister!" says Myra, weeping. "Oh, you are nobler than I. I knew it when I was so bad to you. Sister, forgive me."

"I ain got nuff'n t' fo' give, on'y t' my fader, who mek me hal niggah. Wen dey tek me out de water, will you bury me on Abnstein groun'? You know I would bin all Jew ef I could."

"Yes, Myram," they say, and are not ashamed to mingle their tears with hers.

"Den Ise happy. Now, St. John kin call, en I go meet 'im. I done tole my moder good-bye, en now I tole you."

Before they can dream of her purpose she crushed them in a passionate embrace, and passed from their sight forever. As they stood with beating hearts the river laps the shore near by, and they fancy they hear its sweet, cruel voice calling, calling.

WHERE WERE THE SICK ONES?

A Conductor's Ruse to Make a Passenger Sleep Soundly.

A certain officer, high in authority in the ranks of the Fourth Battalion, tells a very good story on himself in relation to an experience which actually befell him while travelling some time ago on the Queen and Crescent road. His business called him into Alabama, and arriving at his destination found it necessary to go into the interior in order to attend to the matters requiring his attention. He returned to the station very late and it was fully 12 o'clock before the train bound for this city pulled in.

Tired out, he boarded the Mann sleeping car and was told by the porter that there were no berths. Knowing the conductor, he aroused that individual, but was met by the same reply to his demand.

"But I must have one," said the Military man. "I am tired out and have got to bunk somewhere. See what you can do, old man, there's a good fellow."

"Well," replied the conductor, "I tell you what I can do. In section B there is a gentleman and his wife who are seriously ill, but the left upper berth is empty. Now, if you will slip into the berth without making any noise and get out before they awake, why you may have the chance; but whatever you do, don't make a noise."

The military man jumped at the chance, and leaving his shoes in the passage, got into the berth successfully and went to sleep. He awoke and saw the light peeping between the curtains and was astonished to hear a chatter of girlish voices. Peeping from his berth he was still more astonished to find the section occupied by a trio of young damsels, who, unconscious of the presence of a horrid man, were making a hurried toilet.

Being a bashful man, he hid his head under a pillow, when he was horrified to hear the porter knock at the door and pass in his shoes.

"You have made a mistake," said one of the girls; "there is no man in here."

"Yes, dere is, miss," the factotum answered, "he's in the top berth."

There was silence for a moment, then a chorus of horrified shrieks and a stampede on the part of the young ladies for the toilet room in the other end of the car. Seizing the opportunity, he slipped from the section and made his escape.

Give it a Bad Name.

Scrupox is a new disease to which football has given rise in England. It is a bad eruption, coming indirectly from dirty jerseys and affecting especially the forwards in Rugby football, who have to shove in scrummages. It has been proved to be contagious. The particular microbe to which the eruption is due is the *Staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*.

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ABOUT THE SHRIMP.

A Lively Little Creature Which is a Scavenger and a Glutton.

The shrimp is a scavenger; it will eat almost anything. It is a greedy creature; it may often be seen in aquarium tanks to seize a piece of food weighing more than itself. If this scrap should be lying on the bottom, the shrimp with its first effort upon swooping down upon it might raise it clear and then be compelled to drop it, or to sink with it again to the bottom, there to attack it piecemeal. The shrimp is often put in aquarium tanks to help keep them clear; it seeks out and eats neglected scraps and little bits of food put in for other marine animals, but which the others may have missed and which may have settled down in crevices or other by places. But while the shrimp is thus useful as a scavenger it is necessary at feeding time to see that it does not get also the food intended for the other animals; the shrimp is exceedingly quick in movement and it may dart down and seize the food out of the grip of an animal much larger than itself, and it would be equally ready to take food from the helpless sea anemone or the fighting crab. A tiny shrimp would not for a moment hesitate to feed upon a dead fish held in the grasp of a lobster, trusting to its agility to escape if the lobster should resent the intrusion.

But while the shrimp is able to and does hold its own remarkably well for one of its size, life is by no means all plain sailing for it; there are other creatures of the sea that are quite as merciless, and that snap up the shrimp whenever they get a chance. Here may be a dead menhaden lying on the bottom with five hundred shrimps at work upon it pulling and hauling. One shrimp may get an extra big piece only to be attacked by three or four other shrimps that leave the menhaden and fight with the shrimp that has the fragment for the possession of that. The water is alive with shrimps about the dead fish.

Along comes a big weakfish or a striped bass. The weakfish may see the shrimps feeding from a distance of ten or twelve feet away. If the weakfish ever laughs, it probably laughs on an occasion like this. It may approach along the bottom or it may dart down obliquely, and dash through the mass of shrimps with open mouth, sweeping away a dozen of them and dispersing the rest. The dispersal, however, is likely to be but temporary; the weakfish is not apt to return to this particular quarry; it seems to regard the meeting with the shrimps around the menhaden as only an incident of its day's meandering and it goes its way and the shrimps return to their prey.

But it might be that a little school of bass come along, four or five or half a dozen of them, and these might follow up the first dash by pursuing the shrimps until, if they had not annihilated them, they had effectually dispersed them.

Announce of Prevention.

Little things frequently cause disastrous results. Just a chill caught in a wetting will often heap up discomfort, sickness and expense while just a layer of Rigby proofed Fibre Chamois through a garment makes it absolutely waterproof so that a pouring rain can't penetrate it, offers protection from the wind, and is light and inexpensive. Isn't it worth while?

Do Texas Foxes Climb Trees.

A correspondent of a sportsman's paper declared recently "there is little sport to be had in hunting foxes in Texas, because they climb trees in ten or twenty minutes after the dogs start them." The foxes in England are often driven to the trees by the eager dogs, but they do not climb in the sense that a squirrel or bear does. They jump to the lower branches of the tree and by their aid work themselves up to the top branches. A fox can get into a tree that is no higher than eight feet to the lower branches, and it is probably by jumping that the Texas fox gets into the trees.

BORN.

Truro, Feb. 23, to the wife of Wm. J. Kent, a son, Walton, Feb. 22, to the wife of Joseph Wade, a son, Windsor, March 2, to the wife of James O'Brien, a son, Torbrook, Feb. 29, to the wife of George Crouse, a son, Bloomington, Feb. 27, to the wife of M. Vidito, a son, Nictaux, Feb. 9, to the wife of Whitman Ruggles, a son, Truro, March 4, to the wife of Lewis R. Dunlap, a son, Amherst, March 1, to the wife of James Donald, a son, Dartmouth, Feb. 20, to the wife of J. R. Douglas, a son, Knowlesville, Feb. 28, to the wife of Chas. H. Corey, a son, Somerville, March 3, to the wife of Irving G. Hall, a son, Digby, Feb. 25, to the wife of David Young, a daughter, Digby, March 1, to the wife of S. B. Townsend, a daughter, Leguille, Feb. 20, to the wife of H. R. McKay, a daughter, Liverpool, March 4, to the wife of J. P. Slocumb, a daughter, Gratton, Feb. 21, to the wife of Grant R. Bowles, a daughter, Bridgewater, Feb. 25, to the wife of Joseph Berry, a daughter, Chatham, March 2, to the wife of Wm. Johnston, a daughter, Lunenburg, Feb. 24, to the wife of Jeremiah Zink, a daughter, Bridgewater, Feb. 24, to the wife of Henry Weagie, a daughter, Meadowdale, March 2, to the wife of Stephen Payson, a son, St. John, Feb. 24, to the wife of Wellington Dunham, a son, Centerville, March 2, to the wife of E. B. Morehouse, a son, Yarmouth, March 2, to the wife of G. Bradford, a son, St. John, March 7, to the wife of Captain Joseph Watson, a son, Sand Cove, Feb. 29, to the wife of Samuel Chambers, a daughter, Fredericton, March 1, to the wife of Wilfred Burden, a daughter, East Rawdon, Feb. 25, to the wife of Alfred E. Bond, a daughter, Yarmouth, March 3, to the wife of Farnham C. Doty, a daughter, Shubenacadie, March 1, to the wife of Parker McHeddy, a daughter, Lower Grandville, March 1, to the wife of Capt. Wm. Ryder, a daughter, Hamilton, Ont., March 1, to the wife of A. M. McKay of Moncton, a son.

## MARRIED.

Vancouver, Feb. 14, Malcolm Matheson to Annie Wards.

Maitland, Feb. 26, by Rev. T. C. Jack, James Cadell to Rubie E. Forbes.

Shag Harbor, Feb. 24, by Rev. W. Miller, Osborne Goodwin to Norma Dickie.

Tiverton, Feb. 26, by Rev. E. C. Ford, Heman A. Marshall to Alicia Ruggles.

Halifax, Feb. 27, by Rev. H. H. Pittman, James Campbell to Abbie Spence.

Liverpool, Feb. 11, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Alva A. Zwickler to Mary M. Tobin.

Halifax, March 4, by Rev. N. Le Moine, William Knight to Maggie E. Farrell.

Windsor, March 1, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Elijah N. Forsyth to Clara Folker.

St. Stephen, March 3, by Rev. Howard Sprague, Byron Murphy to Ina Ward.

Moncton, March 7, by Rev. John Prince, J. A. Bert Lutz to Margaret B. Taylor.

Lunenburg, Feb. 26, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Austin D. Bolivar to Ella May Nash.

New Glasgow, March 4, by Rev. A. Rogers, George F. Connel to Maud M. Dick.

Truro, Feb. 27, by Rev. John Wood, Leonard Anthony to Fannie E. Mays.

New Glasgow, March 3, by Rev. A. Rogers, John Small to Mary Sophia Fraser.

Yarmouth, Feb. 22, by Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, Wentworth Kilam to Mabel Crosby.

Yarmouth, Feb. 29, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Clayton Morrissey to Jessie Rudolph.

Cape Sable Island, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Herman Newell to Mabel Smith.

Halifax, March 4, by Rev. F. H. W. Archibald, Nelson Jackson to Mary J. Prest.

Lowell Mass, Feb. 25, by Rev. B. Fisher, Milo W. Hale to Lucetta Shaw Winchester.

Charlestown, Feb. 24, by Elder Halliday, Arthur McComiskey to Maggie Hubbard.

Smith's Cove, March 4, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, A. H. Brooks to Minerva Austin.

Berwick, Feb. 26, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendinning, David Wood to Florence Tupper.

Round Bay N. S., Feb. 29, by Rev. James Lumsden, Makasa Hagat to Annie E. Perry.

Port Chalmers, New Zealand, Jan. 8, Capt. George N. Rogers of N. S., to Maggie Kelly.

Young's Cove, Feb. 19, by Rev. H. Achilles Melbourn, R. Hudson to Annie Clayton.

St. John, March 3, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, Maxwell Davidson to Maggie E. Eppler.

Somerville, March 2, by Rev. Father Galuss, Andy J. McIntyre to Minnie Collins.

Lunenburg, Feb. 29, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Dean Simon Lohmes to Amanda A. E. Beck.

Cape Sable Island, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Reuben Maxwell to Anastasia Nickerson.

Summerside, P. E. I., March 2, by Rev. W. H. Robinson, Horatio Waite to Mary Harkness.

Scottsboro N. B. March 5, by Rev. C. W. Townsend, Captain George S. Denton to Annie Balmain.

## DIED.

St. John, March 8, Robert Hill, 55.

Halifax, Feb. 28, Thomas Isles, 73.

Pictou, Feb. 25, John P. Harris, 82.

Ingonish, Feb. 14, J. W. Burke, 80.

Ysford, Feb. 14, John Palmer, 96.

Gratton, Feb. 29, Absalom Brown, 70.

Pianmasepp, March 3, John Long, 52.

Calais, March 1, Margaret Arnold, 69.

St. John, March 5, Thomas Caples, 66.

Rothsay, March 7, W. H. Yandell, 72.

Lunenburg, March 1, Peter Corkum, 70.

St. Andrews, March 2, James Ryan, 73.

Cheggoggin, Feb. 19, Leslie S. Killam, 20.

Port Maitland, Feb. 28, Dane Sallows, 23.

St. Stephen, March 2, James McWha, 58.

Deep Brook, March 1, Charlotte Boies, 53.

Ingonish, Feb. 21, Mrs. Emily Warren, 48.

Whites Mountain, March 1, wife of Dr. Jones, 43.

Hildon, N. S., March 4, James Lamont, 77.

Calais, March 1, Mrs. Margaret Arnold, 69.

Robinson, Feb. 20, Theophilus Morgan, 49.

Canning, Feb. 20, Mrs. Everett Kinsman, 29.

Downville R. I., Feb. 17, Daniel Walker, 71.

Deep Brook, Feb. 27, Herbert A. Dittmars, 34.

Dutch Settlement, Feb. 20, George Isenor, 51.

St. John, March 9, Mary Gertude Dasher, 17.

West Pubnico, Feb. 24, Symphonien Gurette, 69.

Canterbury Station, Feb. 24, Maggie Graham, 26.

Rockland Road, March 3, Alexander Shives, 78.

Millville Pictou Co., Feb. 17, Howard Young, 42.

Digby, Feb. 29, Elizabeth L., wife of Dr. Jones, 51.

Denoon, Pictou Co. March 1, Henry B. Lowden, 77.

Hantsport, March 3, Honor, widow of John Calder, Black Brook N. B., Feb. 27, Alexander Loggie, 82.

Bridgetown, March 3, Edward, son of John Carter, 21.

New York, Feb. 21, George E. Thomas of N. S., 65.

Centre Rawdon, Feb. 23, Rebecca, widow of Wm. Dill, 63.

Joggins, N. S., Feb. 28, Elizabeth, wife of James Devine.

Windsor Forks, Feb. 15, Mary E., wife of Edward Booth Bay Me., Feb. 13, Capt. Isaac Hamilton of N. S., 64.

Deer Island, Feb. 16, Mary F. widow of James Calder, 66.

Westville, Feb. 18, Henrietta E., wife of the late John Roy.

Boston, March 2, Lalla E., wife of J. Curtis Croscup, of N. S., 33.

Great Village, Feb. 22, Frank, son of the late Rev. G. F. Miles.

Newport, Jan. 15, Margaret, wife of James E. Crabbe, 72.

Tusket, Feb. 25, Magdalene, wife of Reuben Donnette, 36.

Parker's Cove, Feb. 26, Mrs. Wade, widow of Gilbert Wade, 84.

Randolph, March 3, Bertie, son of James A. and Agnes Miller 5.

Boston, Feb. 17, Helen Lonly, child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mowatt, 75.

Churchville, Feb. 22, Mary Ann Fraser, widow of James Robertson, 58.

Sweet's Corner, Feb. 28, Emberd S., son of Mr. and Mrs. Triders, 4 months.

Boston, March 3, James T. son of Robert and Martha Medier of St. John.

Penobscot, March 6, Annie, only daughter of Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Corey, 19.

Yarmouth, Feb. 29, Maria Bingay, daughter of the late Thomas Crowl, 44.

West River, Feb. 29, Orville F., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. David Froudfout, 4.

Woodstock, Feb. 27, Cora Almira, daughter of Rev. Manuel and Isabel Nales, 22 months.

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## 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 clasp of the time limited for its existence. Saint John, N.