

SOME SINNERS.

"Your letters, miss."

"Thanks, Payn."

Beatrice was in bed. She often was in bed, even when the third and fourth deliveries came. With the letters the maid brought a cup of tea. She drew the rose pink curtains to give her mistress the opportunity to enjoy her letters and the tea; also she was curious about the effect of that envelop with the postmark "Portland." She was not supposed to know, but she knew. She had had great experience as a lady's maid and relished mysteries.

And, sure enough, she had her reward this time also. The moment Beatrice caught sight of the "Portland" letter she flushed so that her complexion had no need of those pink curtains to enhance it, and with a petulant movement of the hand she overturned the dainty little silver stand with the tea. Payn uttered a sympathetic cry.

"Take it away," said Beatrice. "I don't want any, after all."

Payn was quite loath to go. There was another letter with the postmark "Maldenhead" and Payn was curious about that also. But she was not allowed further indulgence in drama at her mistress's expense.

"Leave me, I said. I wish to be alone," Beatrice ejaculated, with for her, an unusual show of temper.

"Certainly, miss," murmured the girl in the most humble and deferential of tones. Then Beatrice fell back in bed, with the "Portland" letter crushing tighter and tighter in her small right hand. Shame flooded her, as the tea the carpet, and many memories incident to the sense of shame.

And consequent upon this feeling Beatrice's heart grew angry with fate, and she asked herself why she, of all women, should have been subjected to such fearful humiliation.

For an hour she lay thus. Then, though still with preoccupied thoughts, she rang the bell and bade Payn help her to dress.

"If you please, miss," said the well conducted maid as she entered, "I was just coming to say that the vicount is here."

"Oh, yes," murmured Beatrice. "You can go and tell him to amuse himself with breakfast, or cigarettes, or anything, and then come back. We must hurry."

"Did he hurry, though not unreasonably?" The vicount was not a young man who liked to be kept waiting, especially by the lady of his brief but warm affections. Yet all the while, for the life of her, Beatrice could not help thinking of other things.

She had turned the Portland letter without opening it, and as if in retribution the writer now came but more forcibly before her.

While Payn did her work with that smooth celerity that made her so great a treasure Beatrice lived in the past. And there were some of the pictures that passed like dissolving views before her lively mind:

The home vicarage with her white haired, worried parent and his imbecile money troubles. Why had he, a clergyman, mixed so unwisely with the world's affairs? "We are ruined, my dear," he wailed, with his old head bowed in his hands on the breakfast table. "There is only one way out of it."

"And what is that papa?" asks a girl of twenty, a springtime edition of the beautiful woman upon whose face Beatrice looked so impressively in her mirror, while Payn brushes her hair.

"It," moaned the old man, "you would but marry Paul Williams."

A wedding. She (Beatrice) and a little middle aged man, upon whose clean shaven face there rests an expression of irritating pride and reverence! The usual nonsense afterward. Then they are together in a carriage, though her dress leaves little room for him. He is whispering in her ear. This is what he says:

"My darling, there is nothing on earth I will not do to make you happy. Nothing!"

A great house in town, liveried servants, gilding and lights, flowers, the admiring homage of the world and of the many smart young men in particular. A little harassed, baldheaded man somewhere in the background.

"Who's that little ape?" she hears a young diplomat whisper to a youth like himself, with a nod at the little man.

"Don't you know? Why, it's Monsieur le Mari, to be sure!"

Then a laugh—such a laugh! Anon, the first of the young gentlemen, having an opportunity, kisses her hand and becomes so impassioned.

A curious conversation: "My dear Beatrice," says the little bald gentleman—how bothered he looks, yet how kind!—"if you are sure it will make you happy, it shall be done. But I must not disguise from you that I am playing a dangerous game. For myself I care not. It may lead me into trouble of the worst kind, but you, please God, will even then be spared the miseries of want." That I have contrived.

"Yes," says the woman, brutally imperious and cold, "we must certainly do it. I don't believe your talk about wanting money either. I made a mistake when I married you and mean to get the only compensation possible." Whereupon the little elderly gentleman sighs, kisses her hand (she less willing to have it kissed than in the previous scene) and departs.

Ruin, red and miserable. The visits of interested but unsympathetic friends (women), eager to pick up information. They all hurr back words at poor, little Monsieur le Mari. Beatrice, with her lace handkerchief to her eyes and cruel glare in her heart, acquiesces. The visits of interested and interesting young men, who are quite cheerful and who persuade her at length that she, too, under the circumstances, may, if she will, also be cheerful.

"It might be a deal worse, a duce deal worse," says one of them; and he presses her hand tenderly and kisses it later, perhaps less reverently.

The parting. Good heavens—what ignominy! The wife of a convict. The little baldheaded man, however, does not look very wicked. There are tears in his eyes. "Dearest," he whispers, "I will not ask you to forgive me. I did it, as I thought, for the best—but my brain must have been turned. I wronged you when I married you, and now you must forget me. If I write to you, you need not answer. I can worship you at a distance and pray for you as well in my prison cell as by your own dear side." That was all. They did

not embrace. She gave him her hand to kiss, as he seemed very much to want it. People appeared to have a mania for kissing her hand, it was so very small and shapely.

"There, that will do," exclaimed Beatrice suddenly. "Never mind that flower."

"But Lord Daddenhams specially asked me, miss, to bring in up for the purpose," protested the astonished Payn.

"Oh, well, I don't care."

"You never looked more lovely in all your life, miss, I'm positive," murmured Payn, as her mistress moved to the door. "Really!"

The perfume of Turkish tobacco floats to her nostrils the moment she is outside. She quivers with strange discontent.

"I do wish people wouldn't smoke here before I have breakfast," she remarks.

"But, miss—"

"Oh, hold your tongue, Payn! It doesn't matter much what they do, after all."

Vicount Daddenhams is the diplomatist of old times. He pitches his cigarettes in the fire, but does not rise. He prefers to contemplate Beatrice as if she were an old master or a modern landscape, merely remarking:

"Well, how are we this morning?"

"We are," says Beatrice, "perfectly well, thank you."

Vicount Daddenhams laughs. There are times when he rather likes Miss Mayleigh's humors. Beatrice Williams is Miss Mayleigh. She has been that ever since her husband's sentence as an embezzler. Vicount Daddenhams persuaded her. He said she had to choose between happiness of a kind in that way or the most positive misery conceivable, as an unprotected woman of the world, at the hard mercy of her old acquaintances. She had therefore chosen.

These two breakfast together. The vicount is exceedingly cool. To tell the truth he knows Beatrice rather too well now. And yet she still exercises a great fascination over him. He used to tell her that there was no woman in London to compare with her, not only for her beauty, but also for her composure of manner. "My sweet sedative," was one of the silly pet phrases with which he once christened her. Today, however, something troubled Beatrice continuously. She did not give the vicount anything like half her attention. More than once he actually frowned—only to smile indifferently the next moment.

Do what she would she could not get little Paul out of her head. While she trifled with the toast she saw him picking oskum, or some equally nasty stuff. She supposed they did that sort of thing at Portland. She had never taken the trouble to acquire any exact information about the routine occupation of a man like her husband in a place like Portland.

"Bee," said the vicount, "what the devil's the matter with you?"

"With me? What should there be?"

"That smile is put on, my friend. It doesn't deceive me!"

"Did I smile? I'm sorry, for if so I must have been deceiving myself I don't feel exceptionally jocular."

The vicount uncovers his long, slender legs, and, standing erect, shrugs his shoulders.

"Well," he says, "I won't pretend to understand you. I should be glad if you'd drive me to Paddington to meet the 2:30."

"Very well. Touch the bell, will you?"

"The brumham is yours."

"Was, you mean?"

"Ah, thank you, to be sure; you gave it to me. But you'll have some lunch first?"

The vicount goes toward Beatrice, puts his hands on her shoulders and looks her steadily in the eyes. She meets his gaze as steadily.

"Bee," he says at length, "you're up to some devilry."

"I'm sure I don't know," she replies. "If so, it should be sickeningly monotonous but hardly surprising."

"Thanks, I will lunch," says the vicount. He rings the bell. During lunch and afterward he puts aside his easy manner and becomes grave. It has occurred to him that he never loved this beautiful woman more than now. He has hints as much. She makes him a grand courtesy. And so in due time the carriage is ready and Beatrice looking magnificent in her turs, leads the way.

Yet all the time—she cannot think why—little baldheaded Paul and his devoted face keep recurring to her. The vicount nods to several acquaintances. She takes no notice of any one. That has been her pleasant role for four years past.

Thus they reach the station.

"We're late, by Jove!" exclaims the vicount.

He springs out of the carriage to interrogate the guard. People stream by, some with bundles, some with babies, some with wives and husbands and some forlornly alone. Beatrice watches the throng.

"Now, then, silly," she hears a porter exclaim as he elbows an old man out of his way. She turns. The old man's hat has been knocked off. He has picked it up and is replacing it upon his head (a bald one) when he glances her way.

The next moment Beatrice's heart goes thump, thump, thump, and she is struggling with the door. "Paul!" she cries.

The old man stumbles toward her with open arms and an expression of childlike happiness on his face.

"My darling," he sobs as he clasps her hand with both of his. "So you have really come to meet me."

"Yes," she whispers back, with her crimsoned face on his shoulder. "I have come to meet you."

It is the work of a minute to help the old man into the carriage, and then she gives the word "Home!" to the coachman.

Ten minutes afterward the Vicount Daddenhams, having looked here and there in vain, also utters a single word by means of which unregenerate man signifies extreme disgust, annoyance and disappointment, all combined.—St. Paul's.

"But what makes you think that?"

Dawber would make a success as a sign painter?" "He hasn't the least idea of punctuation, and if he ever spells a word right it is only by accident."—Boston Transcript.

"Henrietta," says Ethelbert, as our story opens, "What do you think of Shakespeare as a poet?" "Nothing," Ethelbert, replied Henrietta. "I have no time to think of anyone but you." The rest of this entertaining romance can be more easily imagined than described.

A TERRIBLE CONDITION IN MIDSUMMER.

Paine's Celery Compound a Fortifier and Builder.

"I have no ambition, vim or energy these days, I feel all gone, listless, despondent and miserable, and I often wish that this weary, weary life was over."

The above declaration and humble confession is made at this particular season by young and old who are out of gear physically, and as a consequence, are easily prostrated by the prevailing weather.

It is suicidal for sickly men and women to attempt to pass through the terrible heat of summer without the help of such a health and strength builder as Paine's Celery Compound.

Weariness, weak and used up people, who complain of languor, lassitude, want of buoyancy, mental depression and fatigue by day, require the tonic effects of medicine as Paine's Celery Compound. The use of this great stimulating and health-building remedy soon restores mental and bodily vigor, and gives that true health and strength that can combat all the dangers that beset us in July.

Paine's Celery Compound today is doing a mighty work for thousands of half dead people. Letters received daily from every part of Canada show that the great medicine has rescued people from the grave, and is giving them a new life.

Reader, we counsel you to give Paine's Celery Compound an honest trial if you would be well, vigorous and happy during the most trying months of the year.

KEEPING COOL IN SUMMER.

Many Novel Devices to Relieve the Sufferings of Mankind.

Why do we feel warm in the summer? The meteorologists at the national weather bureau lately made a revelation which revolutionizes our standards for measuring the heat which we feel against the surface of our bodies. We do not feel cool or warm in proportion to the reading of the ordinary thermometer. The difference in the temperature which we feel is really the difference in the temperature of the perspiration evaporating against the skin. Just as the evaporation of ammonia makes water freeze, the evaporation of our perspiration makes us cooler or warmer. This temperature which we actually feel is known as our sensible temperature. If we want to know how hot we feel, not how hot the weather feels, according to this new theory, we must take our readings from a special form of thermometer, whose bulb is always kept moist and in a state of evaporation.

Thus to keep cool in summer we must create evaporation against our bodies. If this cannot be accomplished by a natural breeze, an artificial one may be created. Another method is to lower the temperature of the air by refrigeration and to receive the coldness by radiation through the air to our temperature nerves. Summer clothes should be made of material freely admitting the passage of air. Besides this exterior heat, man's average food in twenty four hours is found to create a supply of heat, which, if applied to a steam engine, would lift a pound through space for 6,600,000 feet. On extremely hot days the avoidance of fats and other heat-generating food is on this account advised.

Valuable lessons in the art of keeping cool may be learned from the specifications of recent patents granted by the Government to hundreds of inventors, ingenious and otherwise, who have struggled with the problem for commercial purposes. Electric fans are now made more cheaply than ever before, and there is satisfaction in the fact that the energy which an industrious person expends to cool himself with an ordinary hand fan, it stored up for some regular work would pay for the electricity required to run an electric fan during the same time.

Of course the ideal plan for keeping cool is to have a cooler in the cellar connecting in summer with the pipes and flues employed for distributing heat in the winter. Many minds are stewing over a means of perfecting cheap and compact coolers for such use. Success will doubtless result in the line of coolers, utilizing evaporation processes which may be operated as cheaply as heaters in winter, and which may be placed in individual dwellings.

A Western inventor recently patented a scheme by which he claims he can artificially cool a whole community at little expense. At certain intervals he would erect skeleton towers, like wind-mill towers, each having an electric trolley wire running from

bottom to top. The wire transports peculiarly made bombs to a shoot at the top, where they are exploded by electricity. The bombs contain liquefied carbonic acid gas, which, when liberated by the explosive, will instantly evaporate and severely chill the surrounding atmosphere.

A Canadian inventor patents a unique system by which air passes through a conservatory or hot bed of flowers before being cooled and circulated through the house. By this means the air is not only cooled but purified by the natural process of the plants and scented with the sweet odor of violets, hyacinths, lilies of the valley, or what not.

Another inventor, claiming to have solved the hot-wave problem, would construct a large gas envelope shaped like the section of an orange. Along the low hedge runs a thick pipe of aluminum thickly perforated like the rear spout of a street sprinkler. To this is connected a hose of light rubber or other material which may be screwed to a fire plug or spigot. As the ends of the gas envelope are cables fastened to carriages at either side containing pulley attachments. In dry weather this contrivance may be reeled aloft, against the wind, if there be any, being controlled by the vehicles below. It can be directed over the tops of high buildings and high trees.

A person owing such a device might go about the streets of the country roads peddling rain-storms at rates regulated according to the length of time the shower lasted.

For smaller and cheaper devices patents are even more plentiful. An enterprising Buckeye inventor recently patented a contrivance by which any person suffering from the heat may convert himself into a living fountain of cold crystal water.

The contrivance consists of a loosely fitting collar of rubber and a large basin or dish several feet in diameter. The collar has many perforations on the under side. To keep cool by its means the wearer sits himself in a chair placed in the middle of the basin, connects a hose to the collar, and enjoys the continuous passage of a slowly flowing current of air upon his face and limbs and body. The same may be utilized as a cooling bath for cleansing as well as for cooling purposes. But for a shower bath proper, the most tempting design depicted in modern specifications is a cylindrical frame of pipes covered with a curtain of some waterproof material. The user steps in the centre of the frame, draws the curtain, turns a faucet and receives against his body the delightful spray of a thousand little water jets protruding from every pipe in the frame—upward, diagonally, and on all sides. The effect is really a cold vapor bath.

While sitting upon your lawn in the evening you enjoy the invention of a Minneapolis citizen who utilizes the water power in an ordinary garden hose to turn a rotary fan at a high speed. The fan is mounted upon a metallic pedestal, and may be turned to create a current in any desired direction. While riding upon your wheel you may further enjoy the breeze from a small fan revolving in a guard of network between the handle bars. A friction wheel beneath rubs against the tire of your front wheel. While driving in your carriage you may enjoy a similar adaptation to your wheels. In fact you cannot get outside the realm of automatic fans. If you are in the country, where no electricity is to be had, you may enjoy the comforts of a combination rocking chair and rotary fan or may wear a new-fangled hat—recently patented—having in the top a fanwheel to be actuated by clockwork.—Philadelphia Times.

Deadly Heart Disease

CURED BY DR. AGNEW'S GREAT HEART REMEDY—MANY LIVES SAVED.

The Secret of Success of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Were it not that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will give relief within thirty minutes after the first dose has been taken we would not read of so many lives being saved by this remedy. William Cherry, of Owen Sound, Ont., says—"I was greatly troubled with weakness of the heart and fainting spells for two years. And oftentimes was unfitted for my work. Naturally much anxiety was felt by myself and friends, for no treatment seemed to do me any good. I was influenced, however, to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart, and found it as proclaimed—a 'speedy' cure. I have now taken five bottles, and it has brought back to my heart the proper action, and made me strong and well."

CATARRH—One secret of success in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is that it is easy and pleasant to use. As Mr. W. H. Bennett, Conservative member in the last House of Commons, said, "taken in the morning it clears the head of any cold or catarrhal trouble that is manifest." But it is not alone deals with the minor cases of catarrh but even where deafness and some of the worst forms of disease have become manifest these have been eradicated by this remedy. To the names of Mr. George E. Casey, Hon. David Mills, Hugo M. Ross might be added scores of other members of the late Parliament, who, over their own signatures, have borne testimony to the value of the remedy. SoN by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

The man who imagines that he has no equal must lead a very lonely life."

BORN.

Freeport, July 22, to the wife of John Elliott, a son, Volville, July 22, to the wife of Martin Peck, a son. Moncton, July 22, to the wife of J. S. Magee, a son. Freeport, July 16, to the wife of Alonzo Thurber, a son.

Annapolis, July 14, to the wife of Bernard H. Schie, a daughter.

St. John, July 16, to the wife of J. H. Hamilton, a daughter.

Chicago, July 16, to the wife of A. W. Masters, a daughter.

Dartmouth, June 10, to the wife of G. H. Staples, a daughter.

Parsonsboro, July 22, to the wife of Wm. Parsons, a daughter.

Wickham, July 14, to the wife of W. F. Gullupe, a daughter.

Moncton, July 18, to the wife of Philip Smith a daughter.

St. John, July 11, to the wife of Newton Pagley, a son.

Hopewell, N. B., July 19, to the wife of E. E. Peck, a daughter.

BEST STOVE 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

Titusville, July 10, to the wife of Thomas C. Snodgrass, a son.

Fredericton, July 25, to the wife of J. Frank Owens, a son.

Amherst, July 21, to the wife of George T. Chamberlain, a son.

Yarmouth, July 21, to the wife of Capt. Percy Parker, a son.

Parsonsboro, July 27, to the wife of Freeman Willard, a daughter.

Arlington, Mass., July 9, to the wife of J. J. Gorman, a daughter.

Wolverhampton, July 22, to the wife of Rev. John E. Benney, a son.

Kings on village, July 19, to the wife of H. D. Woodbury, a son.

Clapham Common, Eng., July 11, to the wife of Hugh C. S. Dumas, M. A., a daughter.

DIED.

Sussex, July 27, G. J. Worden, 46.

St. John, July 25, Maud Steele, 19.

Boston, July 15, Patrick Fallon, 77.

St. John, July 24, James Ashley, 75.

Halifax, July 25, James Holland, 63.

Old Ridge, July 9, George Christie, 95.

Shelburne, July 16, John Harding, 34.

Lunenburg, July 3, Peter Heckman, 78.

Moncton, July 22, William Stewart, 61.

Charleville, July 16, John Harding, 34.

Mill Village, July 8, John Phalen, sr., 80.

Barraois, July 14, Samuel Chambers, 85.

Pomeroy Ridge, July 12, Stephen Hall, 88.

West Baccaro, July 11, Henry Madden, 70.

Fall River, July 11, John M. McKenzie, 31.

East Jeddore, July 12, Samuel Hopkins, 81.

Devonshire, July 25, Ambrose G. Matthews, 41.

Kingston Station, July 18, Walter Wilson, 66.

Westport, July 11, Capt. Moses Thompson, 80.

Ledge, Dunfer, N. B., July 9, John Marks, 79.

Falmouth, June 15, Susan, wife of Wm. Carl, 30.

Head Harbor, N. B., July 12, Thomas Brown, 90.

Yarmouth, July 8, Dorcas A., wife of Joseph Berry, 76.

St. John, July 26, Jane Cam, widow of James Cain, 80.

Boston Highlands, July 17, Mrs. John Linton of N. B.

St. John, July 25, Frankie, child of Wm. and Mary Kent.

Moncton, July 23, infant son of J. S. and Annie Magee.

Spryfield, N. S., July 26, Mary, widow of William Jones, 22 months.

Ardenon, P. E. I., July 21, Margaret, wife of Wm. Dodd, 69.

Low Point, N. S., July 12, Mrs. Alexander McDonald, 61.

St. John, July 28, Stanley, son of W. N. Flewelling, 11 months.

Wilmet Settlement, N. B., July 22, Nicholas Wilkins, 34.

Port La Tour, July 15, A. Huestis, son of G. A. Crowell, 25.

Pictou, July 22, Grace J., widow of Alexander Campbell, 64.

Pasquidoc, July 25, Walter Roy, son of Walter and Francis Dean, 3.

Upper Rosaway, N. S., July 18, by drowning, Walter Ross, 30.

St. John, 27, John, child of Wm. and Mary McAnulty, 22 months.

Antigonish, July 16, Florence May, child of Hugh and Sarah Beaton, 1.

Glen Anglin, N. S., July 3, Elizabeth A., wife of Thomas H. Smith, 36.

St. John, July 27, John, son of William and Mary McAnulty, 22 months.

Yarmouth, July 17, Clara Leighton, child of Alfred and Lillian Kimball, 1.

Fairville, N. B., June 28, Rachel, daughter of James Walker of Scotland, 45.

Boston, July 11, Ada Lillian, adopted child of Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Lunders, 7.

Roxbury, Mass., July 15, Lizzie, daughter of Katherine and Dennis Donaghy, 31.

MARRIED.

Guyabaro, July 21, by Rev. E. Dixon, R. H. Downey to M. E. Johnson.

Stelarton, July 22, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, John Cassidy to Janet Gray.

Truro, July 22, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, George E. Bentley to Ada Crowe.

Halifax, July 21, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Frederick Jones to Jane Carter.

Margerville, July 8, by Rev. O. N. Mott, Marvin Thomas to Mary Lint.

Guyabaro, July 21, by Rev. E. Dixon, R. H. Downey to M. E. Johnson.

Parsonsboro, July 21, by Rev. J. Sharp, Stewart Fuller to Emma Sears.

St. John, July 14, by Rev. W. Eatough, Ed. W. Taylor to Annie L. Ellis.

Sussex, July 20, by Rev. B. A. Nobles, Charles Parlee to Laura Marchbank.

Liverpool, July 15, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Charles N. Strader to Annie Simms.

Malaga, July 17, by Rev. A. B. McKay, H. D. Chisholm to Annie McNab.

Newport, July 22, by Rev. A. Daniel, William Mason to Drusilla Harvey.

Pettitcodiac, July 21, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Ed. Ward to Emily Comer.

Cambridge, Mass., by Rev. R. S. Durkee, Ernest Brown to Josie T. Freeman.

Forest Glen, July 21, by Rev. G. R. White, George F. Blades to Susan Brittain.

Yarmouth, July 15, by Rev. G. R. White, Peter Rozee to Elizabeth J. Smith.

Avondale, July 19, by Rev. A. Campbell, Frank H. Fraser to Mary J. Walker.

Chipman, July 14, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, John A. Stratton to Maude Clarke.

Port La Tour, July 16, by Rev. L. R. Miller, John Hamilton to Mrs. Isabella Snow.

Guyabaro, July 15, by Rev. Willis Purvis, Rev. H. D. Marr to Clara D. Jost.

New Tasset, July 19, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, Free-man Johnson to Hannah Nichols.

Hopewell, N. S., July 18, by Rev. Wm. McNish, Robert Kerr to Anna D. Murray.

St. Stephen, July 13, by Rev. W. C. Goncer, Albert P. Belmore to Bessie G. Armstrong.

Weiford, July 21, by Rev. A. D. McCully, George W. Knapik to Jane M. Johnson.

Avondale, N. S., July 16, by Rev. A. Campbell, Frank H. Fraser to Mary J. Walker.

Liverpool, July 8, by Rev. A. W. M. Hartley, Roderick McGill to Carrie M. Wetmore.

South Esk, July 15, by Rev. T. G. Johnston, William J. Scotland to Annie Richards.

Pictou Landing, July 10, by Rev. J. B. McLean, Samuel H. Fraser to Marinda McPherson.

Bathurst, N. B., July 15, by Rev. Thomas W. Street, John H. Chamberlain to Annie M. Good.

Augsburg, P. E. I., July 15, by Rev. John Good-will, William H. Cole to Lillian Richards.

Upper Kincardine, July 22, by Rev. Gordon Pringle, Samuel Wark to Catherine Clark.

Harland, N. B., July 23, by Rev. W. McDonald, Rev. Robert Watson to George M. Belyea.

Upper Kincardine, July 22, by Rev. Gordon Pringle, Andrew Davidson to Isabella Clark.

Chicago, July 21, by Rev. White Wilson, George Herbert Parker to M. D. Salter of Halifax.

Hammondville, July 22, by Rev. W. H. Sherwood, Charles W. Alexander to Florence E. Sherwood.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 32nd June, 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7:00
Express for Halifax	12:20
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene	12:25
Express for Sussex	16:35
Express for Rothesay	20:45
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney	22:30

Buffet sleeping cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22:30 o'clock and Halifax at 20:00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday Excepted)	6:05
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	6:55
Express from Sussex	8:30
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene	12:35
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18:30
Express from Rothesay	21:35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager,
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Summer Tourist Tickets

Now on sale to points West, North West, and on Pacific Coast.

SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS

on sale to local points on Atlantic Division.

For Tour Book and all other information enquire at offices, Chubb's Corner, and at station.

D. MCNICOLL, Pass. Mgr., Montreal.
A. H. NOTMAN, Dist. Pass. Agt., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 3rd July, 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railroad will run daily (Sunday Excepted.)

Royal Mail Steamer PRINCE RUPERT.

Lve. St. John at 7:00 a.m., arr. Digby 9:30 a.m.	
Digby at 10:30 a.m., arr. St. John, 1:00 p.m.	
Lve. St. John at 1:30 p.m., arr. Digby 4:00 p.m.	
Digby at 4:15 p.m., arr. St. John, 6:45 p.m.	

EXPRESS TRAINS

Lve. Halifax 4:15 a.m., arr. in Digby 10:15 a.m.	
Digby 10:30 a.m., arr. Yarmouth 12:00 p.m.	
Lve. Halifax 11:15 a.m., arr. Digby 4:10 p.m.	
Digby 4:15 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 6:15 p.m.	
Lve. Yarmouth 7:15 a.m., arr. Digby 10:40 a.m.	
Digby 10:45 a.m., arr. Halifax 4:40 p.m.	
Lve. Yarmouth 8:00 p.m., arr. Digby 4:40 p.m.	
Digby 4:45 p.m., arr. Annapolis 6:00 p.m.	
Lve. Annapolis 7:00 a.m., arr. Digby 8:20 a.m.	
Digby 8:25 a.m., arr. Annapolis 6:00 p.m.	

Buffet Parlor Cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth on the Flying Bluenose.

Close connections with trains at Digby, making a double daily service between St. John, Halifax, Yarmouth, and all intermediate points on Dominion Atlantic Railway. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, whom time-table and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

To Welsford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under	15
To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Hoyt, Pettitcodiac, Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 1 lb. and under	15
Over 1 lb. to 10 lbs.	20
To St. Mary's, McAdam, Bristol, Moncton, Elgin, Havelock and intermediate points, 3 lbs. and under	15
Over 3 lbs. to 10 lbs.	20
Over 10 lbs. to 25 lbs.	25
To Woodstock, New Brunswick, and intermediate points, 3 lbs. and under	15
Over 3 lbs. to 10 lbs.	20
Over 10 lbs. to 25 lbs.	25
To London, Ontario, and intermediate points, 2 lbs. and under	15
Over 2 lbs. to 10 lbs.	20
Over 10 lbs. to 25 lbs.	25
To St. Leonard's, Edmundston, and intermediate points, 2 lbs. and under	15
Over 2 lbs. to 10 lbs.	20
Over 10 lbs. to 25 lbs.	25
Over 25 lbs. to 50 lbs.	30
Over 50 lbs. to 100 lbs.	40
Over 100 lbs. to 200 lbs.	50
Over 200 lbs. to 500 lbs.	60
Over 500 lbs. to 1000 lbs.	70
Over 1000 lbs. to 2000 lbs.	80
Over 2000 lbs. to 5000 lbs.	90
Over 5000 lbs. to 10000 lbs.	100

90 Prince Wm. St. E. N. ABBOTT, Agent

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Vancouver, Nanaimo and Victoria, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland and Railway, Chatham Branch