His mother named him Solomon, bewas too late. They knew more about cross than they did about Solomon and | the name suited.

His twin brother, who died when he was a day old, his mother had called Grundyjust because, as she said, 'Solomon an' Grundy b'long together in de books.'

When the wee black boy began to talk he knew himself equally as Solomon or Crow, and so, when asked his name, he would answer: - 'Solomon Crow,' and Solomon Crow be thencetorth became.

Crow was ten years old now, and he was so very black and polished and thin, and had so peaked and bright a face, that no one who had any sense of humor could hear him called Crow without smiling.

Crow's mother, Tempest, had been a worker in her better days, but now she had grown fatter and fatter until she was so lazy and broad that her chief pleasure seemed to be sitting in her front door and gossiping with her neighbors over the tence, or in abusing or praising little Solomon, according to her mood.

Tempest had never been very honest. When, in the old days, when she hired out as cook, and had brought 'her dinner' home at night, the basket on her arm usually held enough for herselt and Crow and a pig and the chickens, with some to give away. She had not meant Crow to understand, but he was wide-awake, and his mother was his pattern.

But this is the boy's story. It seemed best to tell a little about his mother, so that, if he should some time do wrong things, we might all, writer and readers, be patient with him. He had been poorly taught. If we could not trace our honesty back to our mothers, how many of us

would love the truth. Crow's mother loved him very muchshe thought. She would knock down any one who ever blamed him for anything. Indeed, when things went well, she would sometimes go sound asleep in the door with her fat arm around him-very much as the mother cat beside her lay half doz-

ing while she licked her baby kitten. But if Crow was awkward or forgot anything-or didn't bring home money enough -her abuse was worse than any mother

One of her worst taunts on such occasions was to say :- "Well, you is a lowdown nigger, I must say. Nobody, to look at you, would b'lieve you was twin to a angel!" or, "How you reckon yo' angel twin feels ef he's alookin' at you now?"

Crow had great reverence for his little lost mate. Indeed, he feared the displeaswatched him from the skies, quite as much | wonder. as the anger of God. Sad to say, the punisher of wrong, and the little boy trembled at His very name. He seemed to hear God's anger in the thunder or the winds, but in the blue sky, the faithful stars, the opening flowers and singing birds, in all loving kindness and friendship, he never saw a heavenly Father's love.

He knew that some things were right and others wrong. He knew it was right to go out and earn dimes to buy the things needed in the cabin, but he equally knew it was wrong to get his money dishonestly. Crow was a very shrewd little boy, and he made money honestly in a number of ways that only a wide-awake boy could think

When fig season came, in bot summer time, he happened to notice that beautiful ripe figs were drying up on the tip top of some great trees in a neighboring yard, where a stout old gentleman and his old wife lived alone, and he began to reflect.

'It I could get hold o' de fine sugar figs dat's a-swivelin' up every day top o'dem trees, I'd meck a heap o' money peddlin' em. And even while he thought this thought he licked his lips. There were, no doubt, other attractions about the figs for a small boy with a sweet tooth

On the very next morning after this, Crow rang the front bell of the yard where the figs grew.

'Want a boy to pick figs on sheers?'
That was all he said to the fat old gentleman who had stepped around the house in answer to ais ring. Crow's offer was timely. Old Cary was

red in the face and panting now from reaching up into the mouldy, damp lower limbs of his fig trees, trying to gather a dishful for breakfast. 'Come on.' he said, mopping his fore-

head as he spoke, 'Pick on shares, will you?'

'Yassir.' Even ?

'Promise never to pick any but the very ripe figs?"

'Yassir.'

· Honest boy ?'

stepped aside into the house, returning presently with two baskets. Here.' he said, presenting them both.

These are pretty near of a size. Go ahead, now, and let's see what you can do.' Needless to say, Crow proved a great success as a fig picker. The very sugary figs that old Mr. Cary had panted and reached for in vain lay bursting with sweet-

ness on top of the baskets. The old gentleman and his wife were delighted, and the boy was quickly engaged to come every morning And this was how Crow went into the fig business. Crow was a likeable boy-so bright and handy and quick, and the old people soon

became fond of him. They noticed that he always handed in

not only honest, but generous. Poor little Solomon Crow! It is a pity to have to write it, but his weak point was evenly between the two baskets and handthat he was not quite honest. He wanted ed one to Crow. If there ever was a serl to be, just because his angel twin might | ious little black boy on God's beauti u-

be watching him, and he was afraid of earth it was little Solomon Crow as he balthunder. But Crow was so anxious to be anced his basket of figs on his head and 'smart' that he had long ago begun doing went out the gate that day. 'tricky' things Even the men working the road; discovered this. In eating Crow's trial to the boy. Old Mr. Cary continued 'tresh boiled crawfish' or 'shrimps,' they would come across one of the lett-overs of yesterday's supply, mixed with the others, lone. And when he closed it after him he and a yesterday's shrimp is full of stomach- would say :-

ache and indigestion. So that business

suffered. In the fig business the ripe ones sold well, but when one of Crow's customers csuse, when he was a baby, he looked so offered to buy all he would bring of green ones for preserving Crow begin filling his cause he was so black. True, she got basket with them and putting a layer of ripe angry when the boys caught it up, but it ones over them. His lawful share of the very ripe he also carried away in his little bread basket.

This was all very dishonest, and Crow knew it. Still he did it many times.

And then-see how one thing leads to another-and then, one day-oh, Solomon Crow. I'm ashamed to tell it on you! One day he noticed there were fresh eggs in the henhouse nests-quite near the trees. Now, if there was anything Crow liked it was a fried egg-two fried eggs. He always said he wanted two on his plate at once, looking at him like a pair of round eyes. 'an' when dey reco'nies me I eats 'em up.'

Why not slip a few in the bottom of the basket and cover them up with ripe figs? And so one day he did it.

He stopped at the dining-room door that day, and was handing in the larger basket, as usual, when old Mr. Cary, who stood there, said, smiling:-

'No, give us the smaller basket to-day, my boy. I's our turn to be generous.' He extended his hand as he spoke.

Mr. Carv kept his hand out waiting, but still Crow stood as if paralyzed, gaping and swallowing.

Finally he began to blink. And then he said :-'I ain't p-p-pertic'lar 'b-bout de big bas-ket. D-d-d-de best figs is in y'all's pick-

in'-in dis, de big basket.' Crows appearance was conviction itself. Without more ado Mr. Cary grasped his arm firmly and fairly lifted him into the

'Now, set those baskets down,' he said sharply.

The boy obeyed. 'Here! empty the larger one on this tray. That's it. All fine, ripe figs. You've picked well for us. Now turn the other

one out.' At this poor Crow had a sudden relapse of the dry gapes. His arm fell limp, and

he looked as it he might tumble over. 'Turn 'em out!' shrieked the old gentleman in so thunderous a tone that Crow jumped off his feet, and, seizing the other basket with his little shaking paws, he

emptied it upon the heap of figs. Old Mrs. Cary had come in just in time to see the eggs roll out of the basket, and for a moment she and her husband looked at each other and then at the boy.

She asked him a good many questionssome very searching ones, too-all of which Crow answered as best he could with his very short breath.

His first feeling bad been pure fright. And when he found he was not to be abused ure of this other self who, he believed, | -not beaten or sent to jail-he began to

Little Solomon Crow, 10 years old, in a good Lord, whom most children love as a Christian land, was hearing for the first live you will.' And in a minute he said, kind heavenly father, was to poor little time in his life that God loved him—loved still speaking gently:—'Come here boy.' Solomon Crow only a terrible, terrible him even now in his sin and disgrace, and wanted him to be good.

'Has no one ever told you, Solomon'she bad always called him Solomon, declaring that Crow was no fit name for a boy who looked as he did-'has no one ever told you Solomon,' she said, 'that God loves all His little children and that you are one of these little children?'

'No, ma'am,' he answered wi h difficulty And then, as if catching at something that might give him a little standing, he added quickly--so quickly that he stammered

·B·b·but I knowed I was twin to a angel. I know dat. An' I know ef my angel twin seen me teck dem aigs he'll be mighty ap' to tell Gord to strike me down daid.'

Of course he had to explsin then about the 'angel twin,' and the old lady talked | what our little shoeblack, who has been for a long time to him. And then together they knelt down. When at last they came his Christmas gift? out of the library, she held the boy's hand and led him to her husband.

'Are you willing to try him again, William?' she asked. 'He has promised to do better.' Old Mr. Cary cleared his throat and laid

down his paper. 'Don't deserve it,' he began 'dirty little thief.' And then he turned to the boy :-'What have you got on, sir?'

His voice was really quite terrible. 'Nothin'; only but des my briches an as he went in. Seeing him she nodded, jacket, an' skin,' Crow replied between smiling, toward the bed, upon which Crow

'How many pockets?' 'How many pockets?' 'Two,' said Crow. 'Turn 'em out !'

pockets, dropping a few old nails and bits of twine upon the floor as he did so.

'Um h'm! Well, now. I'll tell you. You're a dirty little thief, as I said before. I'm going to treat you as one. If you wear | he ventured to take up the vest and to turn those pockets hanging out or rip 'em out, and come in here before you leave every day dressed just as you are-pants and jacket and skin-and turn out your basket tor us before you go-until I'm satisfied you'll do better, you can come.'
The old lady looked at her husband as if

'Turn in, then; but wait a minute.' He she thought him pretty hard on a very small boy. But she said nothing. Crow glanced appealingly at her before answering. Then he said, seizing his

pocket:-'Is you got air pair o' scissors, lady ? Mrs. Cary wished her husband would relent even when she brought the scissors,

but he only cried :-'Out with ,em!' 'Suppose you cut them out yourself, Solomon,' she said kindly, handing him the seissors. 'You'll have all this work to do yourself. We can't make you good.'

When, after several awkward efforts, Crow finally put the course little peckets in her hands, there were tears in her eyes, and she tried to hide them as she leaned over and gathered up his treasures, nails the larger of the two baskets, keeping the and string and broken top. As she hand-smaller for himself. He seemed, indeed, ed them to him she said:—'And when we see that you are an honest bcy

I'll sew them back for you myself.' As she spoke she ro:e, divided the figs



Every- Mother (snould have not for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Dropped on sugar suffering children love it. Do not forget the very important and useful fact, that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, Internal or External. It is a fact, proven by the investigations of medical science, that the real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

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Button Timepieces.

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'Good mornin', sir!' That was al. Little Crow dreaded that walk to the gate more than all the rest of the ordeal. And yet, in a way, it gave him courage.

He was at least worth, and with time and patience he would win back the lost faith of the friends who were kind to him even while they could not trust him. They were, indeed, kind and generous in many ways, both to him and his unworthy mother.

Fig time was soon nearly over, and of course, Crow expected a dismissal; but it was Mr. Cary himself who set these tears at rest by proposing to him to come daily to blacken his boots and to keep the garden walk in order tor regular wages.

'But,' he warned him, in closing, 'don't you show your face here with a pocket on | tu'l speed. you. If your heavy pants have any in 'em, rip 'em out.' And then he added, severely:-You've been a very bad boy. 'Yassir,' answered Crow, 'I know l is.

been a heap wusser boy'n you knowd I

was, too,. 'What't that you say, sir?' Crow repeated it. And then he added

for full confession :-'I picked green figs, heap o' days, an' kivered em' up wid ripe ones, an' sol' 'em to a white 'cman fur perserves.' There was something desperate in the way he blurted it all out. 'The dickens you did! And what are

you telling me for ?" He eved the boy keenly as he put the

At this Crow fairly wailed aloud :-'Caze I ain't gwine do it no mo'e. And throwing his arms against the door sill, he sobbed as if his little heart would break. For a moment old Mr. Cary seemed to have lost his voice, and then he said in a

voice quite new to Crow:-'I don't believe you will, sir, I don't be-Still weeping aloud, Crow obeyed.

'Tut, tut! No crying! he began. 'Be man-be a man. And if you stick to it. before Christmas comes we'll see about those pockets, and you can walk into the new year with your head up. But look sharp! Good-by, now.'

For the first time since the boy's fall Mr. Cary did not tollow him to the gate. Maybe this was the beginning of trust. Slight a thing as it was, the boy took comfort in

At last it was Christmas Eve. Crow was on the back 'gallery' putting a final polish on a pair of boots He was nearly done, and his heart was beginning to sink, when the old lady came and stood near him. There was a very hopeful twinkle in her eye as she said presently: - 'I wonder trying so hard to be good would like for

But Crow only polished the faster and blinked. 'Tell me, Solomon,' she insisted, 'if you

had one wish, what would it be?" The boy wriggled nervously, and then he said :-

'You knows. Needle-an' thrade-an' -you knows, lady. Pockets.'
'Well, pockets it shall be. Come in my room when you get through.'

The old lady sat beside the fire reading saw a brand new suit of clothes, coat, vest, and breeches, all spread out in a row.

'There my boy,' she said; there are your pockets.' Crow had never in all his life owned a

Crow drew out his little rust-stained full new suit of clothes. All his 'new' things had been second-hand, and for a moment he could not quite believe his eyes, and he went quickly to the bed and began passing his hands over the clothes. Then it over. And now he began to find pockets. 'Three pockets in de ves'-two in de pants-an'-an' fo', no five, no six-six

pockets in de coat!' He giggled foolishly as he thrust his little black fingers into one and then another. And then, suddenly overcome with a sense of the situation, he turned to Mrs. Cary, and, in a voice that trembled a little :-'Is you sho you ain't 'feered to trus' me

wid all deze pockets, lady?' It doesn't take a small boy long to slip into a new suit, and when a ragged urchin disappeared, behind the head of the great 'four-poster' it seemed scarcely a minute before a trig, 'tailor-made boy' strutted out the opposite side, hands deep,

in pockets, breathing hard. As Solomon Crow strode up and down the room, radiant with joy, he seemed for the moment quite unconscious of any one's presence. But presently he stopped, looked | involuntarily upward a minute, as if he felt himself observed from above. Then turning to the old people, who stood together be-fore the mantel, delightedly watching him, he said :-

'Bet you my angel twin ain't ashamed' ef he's a-lookin' down on me today.'

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Sweeten the Breath, Hardens the Gums, Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay,

Price 25 cts. All druggists. THE AROMA CHEMICAL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

A buttonhole watch is obviously a very useful aud ornamental fashion. This unique timepiece, can always be kept in sight and enables one to answer a question as to the time with the minimum amount of trouble. Large quantities of these miniature watches are being imported from France for the Christmas season. The buttonhole watch fad originated in France. They were worn by bicyclists in the sleeve or in one of the lower buttonholes of the coat. They enabled the cyclist to see the time without inconvenience while riding at

In America they will be worn, however, in the lapel of the coat. The ordinary form of buttonhole watch has a face about one half inch in diameter, or even less. It may readily be seen that when these tiny taces are tastefully decorated they will be highly ornamental to the lapel of most coats. At a distance they might readily | Church Point, Nov. 17, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, Frances be mistaken for a badge of the Legion of Honor or some similar device.

The works of these novel watches are The face, which is about one fourth the diameter of the works, is connected with the mechanism by a thin neck. The buttonhole watch may be bought for \$10, although some of the most elaborate designs are worth ten times that figure.—New Sandford, Nov. 26, by Rev. A. Kinney, George E. Cleaveland to Winnefred Rodney. York World.

Well Rebuked.

A quick retort is credited to a young author whose tongue is as ready as his pen. Not long ago as he was walking with a friend, a man came up behind him and gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder. The writer turned a surprised face toward the newcomer, who said

"Look here, you must remember me, "I can't say that I remember your face," returned the young author, gravely, 'but your manner is certainly familiar.'

When making preparations for your trip, don't torget your teeth. This will at once suggest 'Odoroma" th . perfect tooth powder .- Druggists 25 cents.

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Tidmish, Nov. 25, to the wife of J. Davis, a daugh-Parrsboro, Dec. 2, to the wife of A. W. Jackson, Caledonia, Nov. 17, to the wife of C. E. Cushing, Hantsport, Nov. 19, to the wife of Thomas Barry, Mt. Uniacke, Nov. 22, to the wife of John Bridle,

Halifax, Dec. 2. to to the wife of Wm. T. Edwards, Clementsvale, Nov. 27, to the wife of Henry Bee'er, Clementsval, Nov. 27, to the wife of Corey O. Long,

Rockley, Cumb Co. to the wife of Joseph Reid,

Berwick, Nov. 19, to the wife of S. M. Davis, a New Glasgow, Nov. 21, to the wife of John A. Barret, a son Amherst, Nov. 29, to the wife of N. D. Quigley, a

Caledonia, Nov. 8, to the wife of G. C. Smart, a daugeter. Falm uth, Nov. 29, to the wife of Henry Lockhart, Chegoggin, Nov. 12, to the wife of David Robinson

Clementsvale, Nov. 23, to the wife of John Coombs, Windsor. Nov. 29, to the wife of Robert Pemberton. Windsor, Nov. 1, to the wife of Welton Greenough, a daughter.

New Cansan, Nov. 28, to the wife of Henry Skidmore, a son Woodstock, Nov. 25, to the wife of Wendell P. Tusket, Wedge, Nov. 24, to the wife of Peter Le-West Pubnico, Nov. 22, to the wife of Charles

Mill Brook, Nov. 8, to the wife of Harding Swme-Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 30, to the wife of David Kennedy, a son. BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS

Deerfield, Nov. 27, to the wife of Calvin White-Waterloo, Eng., Nov. 16, to the wife of John Hatfield, a daughter. Middle Stewiscke, Nov. 15, to the wife of Freder-Jrbania, N. S., Nov. 21, to the wife of S. B. Mc Aloney, twin daughters.

MARRIED.

Brockville, Nov. 25, Thaddeus Harvey to Maggie Lake. Truro, Nov. 25, by Rev. H. F. Adams Harris Neil to Nancy Grant.

Brooklyn, Nov. 22, by Rev. D. Oram, William B Nash to Ina Harris. Amberst, Nov. 24, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Rolland McLellan to May Bent.

Milford, Nov. 25, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Jacob O. White to Alica McPhee. Milton, Nov. 28, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, James Scovil to Agnes C. Bell. Pugwash, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. M. Bent, James B

Cook to Caroline Dimock. Halifax, Nov. 26, by Rev. Mr. Pittman, John Flynn to Mrs. Elizabeth Sellers. Sherbrooke, Dec. 1, by Rev. W. J. Fowler, Wm. E. Lynds to Carrie M. Hiltz. Advocate, Nov. 26, by Rev. D. S. Porter, Albert Athinson to Hattie Green.

Middleton. Oct. 24, by Rev. J. E. Warner, A. H. Ward to Louisa Wambach. Union Corner, N. B., by Rev. Calvin Curry, Wil-mot Carson to Grace Furz . Amherst, Nov. 30, by Rev. D. McGregor. James Hennessy to Louisa Burke.

Dartmouth, Nov. 25, by Rev. T. H. Murray Jas. Secton to Emma Danbrach. McKnight to Agnes Sewall. Eastville, Nov. 25. by Rev. D. Stiles Fraser, Henry

Truro, Nov. 28, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Charles Delaney to Susan A. Delaney. about the size of an ordinary lady's watch. Fox River, Nov. 25, by Rev H K. McLean, Arthur F. Fisher to Stella B. Graham Boston, Nov. 11, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Lauchlin D. Cameron to Maud E. Cameron.

P. Cox to Mary Ellen Brown.

Apple River, Nov. 25, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Stewart McLean to Edith Fowler. Upper Musquodoboit, Nov. 26, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, William Reid to Hannah Leamon

ugwash, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. M. Bent. Robert Cook to Caroline Dimock. So uth Boston, Nov. 25, by Rev. G. C. Loimer Alfred L. Hipson to Dora Bauser. Dexter, Me. Nov. 29, by Rev. F. D. Tasker, P. J. McCourtney to Abbie 1. Hamilton.

Truro, Nov. 26, by Rev. T. Cumming, Albert H. McKenz e to Annie M. McKinno. Halifax, Dec. 2, by Rev. Dyson Hague, J. Leslie Jameson to Florence B. DesBarres. Baddeck, C B., Nov. 25, by Rev. D. McDougall, Neil McLean to Christy McMillan.

Everton, Nov. 19, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Edward H. Cushing to Maggie H. Churchil. Tabusentac, Nov. 24, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, Wm. Mc Williams to Margaret McEacheru. Clarks Harbor, Nov. 16, by Rev. A. M. McNintch,

Thomas C. Crowell to Annie J. Kenney. South Granville, P. E. I. Nov. 25, by Rev. A. Sterling, Robert McLeod to Elizabeth Corbett. Malden, Mass., Nov. 25, by Rev. E. H. Hughes, Robert D. Mc Arthur to Emma J. Johnson. Central Economy Nov. 25, by Rev. James Blese-nell, Edgar A. Holmes to Gertrude A. Smith. West Boylston, Nov. 25, by Rev. W. H. Villars, Steward M. Savage to Carrie L. Nelson of N.

DIED.

Truro, Dec. 3, John Lewis 82 Halifax, Dec. 2, Johanna Redigan. St. John, Nov. 5, Margaret Quinn 54. Lower Napan, Nov. 21, John Guou 46. Fairville, Dec, 6, John Armstrong 80. Cariboo, Nov. 27, Roderick McKay, 70. Freeport, Nov. 26 James H. Eston, 55. Freeport, Nov. 29, Jeremiah Brooks, 88. Canaan, Nov. 17, Joseph W. Mitchell, 55. Half Way River, Dec. 1, Prior Welch, 49. Saulnierville, Nov. 17, William Darbyson. Moschille, Nov. 28, Richardson Harris, 78. Burlington N. S., Nov. 28, Ezra Salter, 64. Boston, Dec. 1, Robert Splane of St. John, Upper Gagetown, Nov. 28, Charles Coy 85. Central Norton, Dee; 3, Silas Raymond, 74, Middle Simond, Nov. 26, Melburn Ebbett, 40. South Ohio N. S., Nov. 27, Joseph Crosley, 73. Liverton, Nov. 21, Mrs. Frederick Outhouse, 20. Lower Wakefield, Nov. 6, Mrs. Henry Clark, 76. Halifax, Dec. 1, Mary, wife of Daniel Scanlan, 42. Liverton, Nov. 16, Mrs. Wellington Outhouse, 64. Windsor, Nov. 23. Susie, wife of Edward Sweet, 35 Victoria Beach, Nov. 18, Mrs. Emmeline Merry, 78. Halifax, Dec. 3, Annie, widow of John Fleming, 60. Halifax, Nov. 16, Emily widow of David Coolen, 38. Quency, Cal., Nov. 6, Arthur Christie of N. S. 56. Old Barns, Nov 29, Laurence son of Fred Johnston

Woodstock, Nov. 18, Elsibet, wife of J. S. Marcy. Trenton, Nov. 18, Mary, widow of William Ross Lynn Mass, Nov. 15, Henry G. F. Patten of N. S., St. Stephen, Dec. 1, Emma, widow of Robert Wat-New Glasgow, Nov. 26, Ellen wife of John Connolly 44

Halifax, Dec 3, Catherine, widow of the late A. B. Piper, 77. Boston Highlands, Nov. 2, Rose wife of James Mc-Menamin. Hantsport, Nov 24, Sophia, widow of William Delap, 88. Windsor, Nov. 29, Eunice E., widew of Mark West Pabnico, Nov. 24, Thecla, widow of Supurien Brooklyn, N. S., Nov. 24, Louisa, wife of Frank

Hubley Settlement, N. S., Nov. 21, Sarah, wife of Peter Hubley, 72. Brule, Nov. 8, James M. son of A. P. and Jessie Perris, California, Nov. 24, Fenwick W. Harris of Annapolis N. S 38. Laurancetown, Nov. 15, Mrs. McKeown, widow of Malden Mass, Nov. 3, Hannah, widow of Isaiah Goodwin of N. S., 61.

Springfield, Oct. 4, Maggie E., child of Charles A. Haverhill Mass., Nov. 23, Maria, wife of John L. Moore of Yarmouth, 65. Port La Tour, Dec. 1, Francis child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Campbell, 7. Halifax, Nov. 30, Winnifred M. child of Rey. George J. and Lucy Bond.

Mt. Pisgash, Dec. 2, Willie A, child of Jas. L. and Kate McCrossin 11 months. Genoa Italy, Nov. 24, Hon. J. J. Fraser, Lieut. Governor of New Bruaswick. Lower Derby, N. B. Nov. 25, Georgina S. daughter of Andrew and Sarah Gray 20. Issac Harbor, Nov. 17, Mary, daughter of the late Allan and Mary McMillan, 51. Biggar Bridge, Carleton Co., Hepsey child of Charles and Mary Harrington, 4 months,

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through S.eeping Car at moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

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The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by All trains are run by Eastern Standar Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 3rd September, 1896.

'ANADIAN

Christmas and New Year's

HOLIDAYS. EXCURSION TICKETS will be on sale as follows: To Trachers and I cholars in Schools and Colleges, on presentation of authorized Certificate from Principal, from Dec. 11 to 24; good for return until Jan. 31. To Commercial Travellers, on presentation of their Certificates, on Dec. 18 and 19; And to the Public from Dec. 21 to Jan. 1 inclusive, all to be good for return until Jan. 7, '97, at

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent,

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On and after 23rd Nov., 1896, the Steamer and

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY:

Lve. St. J hn at 8 00 a. m., arv Digby 11.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arv St. John, 4.00 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve, Halifax 6.30 a. m., arv in Digby 12.48 p. m. Lve. Digby 1 03 p. m., arv Yarmouth 3 55 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arv Digby 10 47 a. m. Lve. Digby 11 00 a. m., arv Halifax 5.45 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.00 a. m., arv Digby 8.20 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arv Annapolis 4 40 p. m.

Pullman palace parlor Buffet Cars run daily (Sunday excepted) each way on Express trains. Staterooms and Parior Car seats can be obtained on application to City Agent. Ti kets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom

time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.

K. SUTHERLAND, Superintenden L.

STEAMBOATS.

1896

For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

(LIMITED),

The Shortest and Best Route Between Nove Scotia and the United States. The quickest time, 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston. Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS **Boston and Yarmouth**

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tnesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning on Friday morning Stmr. CITY OF St. JOHN.

Will leave Yarmouth every Friday morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburn, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every Monday Evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening. Steamer "ALPHA"

Leaves St. John., for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday Afternoon, Returning, leave Yar-mouth every Monday and Thursday, at 3 o'clock p. m. for st. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained L. E. Baker, President and Managing Director. W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf Boston Yarmouth N. S. June, 23rd 1896.

TNTERNATIONAL ...S. S. Co.

TO BOSTON.

commencing sept. 21st the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport. Portland and Bos ton Monday and Thursday mornings at 8 (standard).

Returning leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. and Portland at 5 p. m.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent ...