ball. Belle was looking charming; dressed in white brocade, with the costly necklace of pearls that Stanmore had given her before her marriege as her only ornament. knew you were?" Her bouquet was also of pure white flowers and so was her ostrich teather fan. There ried to MissVane,' answered Belle, in a was a little murmur of admiration as she entered the reception room leaning on Stanmore's arm; he was so tall and stately and she so fair, Lady Stanmore, of course, accompanied them, blazing with diamonds tailed her. 'Come down here, and tell some of which were the family jewels, but Belle had insisted on her wearing these, and Lady Stanmore had been nothing loth. She had, in fact, grudged these diamonds passing into Belle's possession, almost more than anything else, and she now consoled herself by thinking that no one could possible know they were not her own.

Mr. and Mrs. Marchment received the family party effusively and young Marchmont at once hurried up to Belle.

"Will you honour me by dancing the first dance with me, Lady Stanmore?" he said, his good-looking young face flushing with pleasure and pride, as Belle smiled passed down the room together, the reception room leading to the ball-room, and as they did so many eyes followed them. man, who was leaning against one of the walls, partly hemmed in by the crowd. He smiled a little bitterly as Belle and her companion passed him, but he made no other sign, and was totally unnoticed by Belle. A minute or so later the band commenced a waltz and the ballroom rapidly filled. The man who had looked at Belle so earnestly followed with the rest. Again he leaned against one of rested on the charming race, and this time te sighed.

Belle danced very gracefully, and she lal a good partner. Her cheeks flushed. both Starmore and Lady Stanmore, who had also gone in'o the hallroom, looked at her admiringly.

'Belle looks very pretty to night,' Lady Stanmore said, though half-grudingiy, to her brother-in-law.

'She it always pretty,' answered Stan-Lady Stanmore, however, was not long

content to watch the dancers; she propos d to Stanmore that they should go into the cardroom, and Stanmore took ber

In the meanwhile, the first time that they paused, young Marchmont was entreating Belle to give him more dances during the 'How many may I have, Lady Stan-

I cannot bear the idea of waltzing wit anyone else.' Belle laughed a low, sweet, ringing

'You must, on the contrary, dance with every one else,' she answered. 'I will dance with you ence again, that is all.'

'Ah, that is too cruel. Let me at least have the first waltz after supper in addition to the two before?"

Again Belle laughed, and this time her laugh reached the ears of the man leaning against the wall who was watching her so

'Do not let us waste our time now,' continued voung Marchmont. 'Shall we commence? Belle slightly turned her head to comply

with his request, and as she did so she gave a sudden start, and the flush on her check paled. 'Not yet,' the said, faintly, and young

Marchmont looked at her anxiously.

They were standing immediately in front of the soldier-like locking man leaning against the wall, and Belle's eyes had fallen on his face as she turned her head. Again the looked at him, and a thrill of fear passed through her heart. Was it a dream or a vision, such as she had seen dimly on her wedding-morn? This question passed veguely through her mind, but not for long. The man whose face she knew, whose face she never could forget, seeing that she had recognised him, now advanced slowly towards her. It was Hugh Gilbert, pale and altered, but the strong resolute expression, the grey eyes, were unmistak-

'You are surprised to see me?' he said, addressing Belle, without holding out his

Belle made a great effort, and a low faltering 'Yes' escaped her quivering lips. 'I am home on sick leave,' continued Gilbert; 'I have had fever, and I am staying for a few days here with my friend Marchmont;' and he looked at the young

'You look better already, Gilbert,' said young Marchmont; 'I did not know you knew him, Lady Stanmore?'

Again Belle answered 'Yes;' and the two who had loved each other so deeply, who had been parted so strangely, stood ockin at each other silently, alike unable to understand how anything could have come between the absorbing passion of their hearts.

It was Belle who first roused herself who first remembered. There flashed across her brain a memory fraught with pain; a memory that stung and roused her

'And your wife?' she asked, and her voice had lost its usual sweetness of tone. 'Is she here? 'My wife?' repeated Gilbert in the utmost surprise. 'I have no wife; what do

you mean? 'No wife?' faintly echoed Belle, her eyes

still fixed on his face. 'No. of course he has no wife, Lady Stanmore 'said young Marchmont, with a light laugh. 'What an idea, fancy old Gilbert married!'

'Then I have been deceived,' murmured Belle, faintly, with quivering lips.
Young Marchmont looked from one to the other. He was quick-witted, and he

saw that between these two lay some heart secret unfitted for other ears. 'I must go and seek my next partner, Lady Stanmore,' he said, hastily. 'Gil-

bert here will take care of you,' 'and he

hurried away. Without speaking, Hugh Gilbert held out his arm to Belle, and she silently took it. They passed together among the crowd, and he led her through the conservatory at the end of the ballroom to the lighted grounds below. They were both greatly agita'ed, and Gilbert felt Belle's hand trembling on his arm. Then, when they were comparatively alone, he turned and ooked in her face.

'What does this all mean, Belle ?' he said. Why did you think I was married, or believe that such a thirg could be, though I

'Not until they told me you were marbroken and trembling voice. 'Thenthen I did not care what I did-I--,

'We have been shamefully deceived,' continued Gilbert' sternly, as Belle's voice me bow it was.'

(To be continued.)

Play-Room for Children.

'I wish," said the small boy lately, "that I lived in Neddie's house," Neddie's house was a much more spacious and elegant residence than the small boy's home, and naturally his mother supposed that some of the grandeur of the neighbor's residence had caught his childish eye. Inquiry developed, however, that the sole reason "Neddie's house" was to be desired and he placed his hand on her arm. They was because "you don't have to put your toys away there. One big room was set apart for the play room, and used for no other purpose. Here forts could be left Amongst those who looked after them was built, trains of cars could be deserted a dark, pale, soldier-like looking loaded, engines and hose carts playing away on an imaginary fire fled from instantly when meal time or some outdoor attraction summoned the restless children.

All model mothers and teachers descant on the virtues of children picking up litter made by themselves in their play, and it may be the rankest heresy to dispute such look spler did over the saloon door.' an august body, but at least one listener to the small boy's plaint sympathized with him. It is a trial to restore things when the richly decorated walls; again his eyes | the enthusiasm of the occupation is gone, in fact, don't you think it will be too hot scught the slim girlish figure in white, and | and if it must be done by the children, it should be made as easy as possible.

For really small folks, a big low basket, with a handle and one cover, is an excellent receptacle for blocks, soldiers and all and her eyes stone with the exercise, and the odds and ends of toys dear to the youngsters' hearts. It is easy and quick work to put them away in a basket-much easier than to attempt to pack them in a toy drawer which is never big enough to hold the bulky and queer-shaped articles.

that the window seat itself is a never-failter on what it looks, it is a comfortable perch from which there are always possibilities of views, and the mother who has more?' he said. 'You wal z so charmingly | cold weather, for too much air circulates | precious little packet of letters and newsabout the ordinary hastily built house to make a seat in the window safe otherwise. With this simple precaution, however, a in a small way; "Ob, what a glorious mass wonderful occupation provider is secured. of color, what lovely flowers!" -- New York Times.

A Storiette.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith did not live happily together. He was a pretty fair average husband, and got along pretty well with her, when she let him. She did not get along so well with him, and oftimes let him know it, after the manner of her kind. But the trodden worm will turn. Time, the great leveller and evener up of all things, brought the occasion. Her tombstone, erected by the bereaved husthe Scriptural quotation: "There remaineth therefore a rest unto the people of

Burnt Almond Caramels.

Blanch almonds, then shred them and place them in the oven to take a dark brown color. Have the irons arranged on the marble; spread the burnt almonds evenly on the marble; pour on them a boiling made same as for vanilla caramels. Arrange the bars to give a sheet a little under halt an inch in thi kness. When cold enough mark and cut up the same as for ordinary caramels. If you prefer to put the almonds in the boiling, do so just before removing it from the fire .-- Good Housekeeping.

Letters Come.



Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Headache, still another

of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: & During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brampton, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottlesthere was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter,

A CRUMPLED ROSE LEAF

The well-known bay at Algiers was most delightfully s'ill. The sun glinted down on the white hil's of a yacht lying a mile or two out, making the brasswork glitter and the pretty little breakfast table, set under the awning, look most cool and inviting. It was charmingly arranged a deux, and everything, from the delicate eggshell china to the little rat tailed spoons, was of the daintiest description. Everything around looked as though a spell lay over it all, and the sbip were about to sail into an enchanted city—the brilliant blue of the Mediterranean, and the cloudless southern sky, with the white roofs and orange groves of Algiers in the distance, making up a picture worthy of a fairy-story At least, so thought the man and woman who were leaning against the rail watching a tiny boat which was slowly making its way out of them. The woman held a big scarlet sunshade over her, to shelter her fair curly head and sweet mobile face from the sun.

'Fancy Harry,' she was laughing, just a month to-day since we were married! What a charming rememberance! and what a lovely idea of yours to have all those flowers brought over to decorate the ship with for to-night!' The sun beat down on the little white hands holding the parasol, and made the brilliant rings upon them glitter again. "We'll begin at once, as soon as he comes,' she went on. 'I think that a festoon of big yellow flowers would

'Oh, no,' answered her husband, laughing; 'we won't begin at once, we'll have breakfast first, and a look at the papers ; for us to do anything, little woman? I meant to let Williams do it all, and we could sit in our deckchairs and direct him you know!'

'You lazy oid thing!' she cried. 'I do believe you get worse and worse every day, and the idea of wanting to look at papers when you're on your honeymoon! I never heard of such a thing.'

"Well, I'm sure you were as eager as I was for the letters this morning," he laugh-Best of all is the box below a window ed; "It would serve you right it there were seat, and it may be mentioned in passing | none, keeping me waiting all this time for my breakfast, too," and he cast a longing ing source of delight to a child. No mat- and smiling look towards the little table under the awning.

"Don,t go yet, Harry," she said; "he's just coming now," and even as she spoke not one in the childrens room will be re- the boat drew up at the yach't side. It paid by consulting a carpenter to-morrow was, indeed, a goodly cargo that she carmorning. Any window will take one, and | ried, baskets of oranges, bannas and purple the space beneath it is the test of places grapes, whilst the other end of the boat for the children's toys. It is well to have a mass of brilliant blossoms, and on the the windows weathered-stripped before seat beside the tall swartby African lay a

"Oh," gasped Molly, who was an artist

Meanwhile, the men carried the baskets on board, and Mr. Astley, with his letters, walked over to the table and sat down in a

low deck-chair. "Now, sweetheart," he said, "you'll give me a cup of tea, won't you? Here are two

letters for you, do come and sit down!" But Molly was kneeling beside the flowers, burying her face first in one basket, then in another; and had to be coaxed away and comfortably installed in her Chinois wicker chair by Harry limself before she would settle down to breakfast and her letters. Such a pretty picture as she band, has inscribed upon it, after the cus- made !- her white dress and scarlet parasol tomary birth and death announcements, standing out against the deep blue of the sea, and behind her the large basket of flowers and fruits.

They were both engrossed in their posts; she, reading her first letters from home since her trip, he, looking over the latest town news and reading eagerly all that had happened in his beloved London during the three weeks he had been away. Sometimes he looked up with a smile, and read her out a bit of news, and asked how ber mother was, and the boys, and at last, finishing off his tea wi ha nigh of satisfaction, he handed her his cup to refill.

"How perfectly delightful it is here !" he said, looking round on the beautiful scene, and then letting his eyes rest lovingly on his wife : "and I think you look charming pouring out tea," he added, with a laugh. 'Fancy paying your wife compliments after having been married a month!' she smiled; 'you are not keeping up your role of old married man.

"I can't do that at the expense of truth," he answered; 'and you know I always had to say out what I thought. But you have a tiny frown, sweetheast; what's the matter? no bad news, I hope?" he said quickly.
'Oh, no,' she returned. 'This is a letter

from Olga, and she always rubs me up the wrong way, somehow. She says: 'I presume you are having a perfect time; now tell me what is the crumpled roseleaf in all this happiness?-for one there must be!" And I thought for a moment, if ever one should come; if it could go on like this always without changing. It seems too good to be true, she added, in a low tone; but there is absolutely not even a crumpled roseleaf so far.

'No. dear,' he said, quietly, bending down and kissing her hands; 'there is no serpent in our Eden!

It was only afterwards he remembered the bitter irony of fate that prompted those words, and they were soon absorbed again in their letters and themselves. The men were downstairs in the cabin, and no one noticed the tiny black adder which had crept from the basket of flowers, and now lay sunning himself on the deck just behind Molly's chair. The warmth of the sun made him quite lively, and he began creeping about, and

gradually disappeared under the chair. Suddenly she sat up with a sharp cry. "Oh! Harry something has hurt my foot," she said; and, looking down, there lay across her instep the little snake, its head firmly fixed into the silk stocking

Truro, May 21, to the wife of Angus Probert, daughter.

Truro, May 26, to the wife of Robert Melvin, daughter. With a muffled exclamation of horror Harry tore it off, and flung it into the sea; the pretty white foot lay bare, and Tusket, May 25, to the wife of James Crosby, a seen through the rent in the stocking were three tiny red punctures. Astley rushed down the cabin steps in a mad hurry. "Williams, Williams," he called; "you must go on shore at once, at once-do you hear? Mrs. Astley has been stung by a snake, go and bring a doctor as quickly as you can." Coming back, he took up a huge basket of flowers, and piched them overboard; then, taking poor Molly in his arms, he carried her to her cabin, when her maid bathed the poor and better than that it made home a little foot. It was swelling already, but Parrsboro, May 27, to the Newcomb, a son.

'I'll sit on the deck till the doctor comes, Harry,' she laughed. "Please don't worry, I don't believe it was anything but

a common adder.' But when the boat brought the doctor, in about an hour, he looked very grave, 'I cannot say anything for some time yet,' he said, after examining the sting. don't like the entire absence of pain. Can you not describe to me what the snake or adder looked like?'

But poor Harry had flung it away withhe could absolutely remember nothing. Gradually poor Molly got worse, the swelling increased, and a terrible numbness, which crept slowly right over the body, set in. The doctor stayed on, but more for the sake of Mr. Astley, who was beside himself with grief, than for Molly, who lay quite still and quiet in a kind of stupor from which nothing could rouse her. About six in the evening she awoke, and taintly asked for her husband.

"Dear love," she said, putting her arms round his neck, 'Try not to take it too bardly, it I-" but Harry left her and rushed on deck.

"Good God, Wilson," he cried, to the doctor, "can't you do anything? Let's have some one else, let's-" his eye tell on the native who had brought over the flewers in the morning, standing talking to Williams, and, in his frenzy, he turned on

"You black scoundrel," he said, going up to him, "do you know your carelessness has killed my wife? It she dies, I'll have

you thrown into the sea!" "Master Harry," said the staid Williams, who has been with his master since he was a boy, "don't hurt the man; he's a native, and these natives are sometimes very clever with medicines; perhaps he can do something for my mistress !"

'God bless you for thinking of it, Williams, he said, in a broken voice; 'you tell him; you can understand his jargon,' and he went down again to Molly.

Williams explained as well as he could what had happened; and the man, with a glimmer of understanding, thought he could see what kind of a snake it was from the wound it had inflicted. He was accordingly shown into Mrs. Astley's cabin accordingly shown into Mrs. Astley's cabin and after looking at the punctures, at once hurried away, saying he would bring something, but he was afraid, he confided to A. McDonald to Mary Ryan. thing, but he was afraid, he confided to Williams, that it was too late.

Most of us can call to memory some time in our lives, some special hour, when every moment seems a year, and though a suppressed excitement fills us, yet we seem unnaturally quiet, waiting-waiting-we know not whether for life or death, for happiness or misery to fall our lot. It Harry Astley had been asked which

was the supreme hour of his life he would without hesitation have said this onewhen he sat beside his wife's bed in dumb agony awaiting the return of the man, wondering if he would be in time, for poor Molly seemed to be losing strength with every breath, and wondering, too, if he would do any good when he did come! At last, after what seemed to the wornout man a perfect eternity of waiting, the native returned. His method seemed to Harry alarmingly simple for such an extreme case, as it merely consisted in putting a few drops of a particular juice into the three punctures the adder had made but to his delighted astonishment, as well as the doctors, in balf an hour Molly was sleeping quietly, and the swelling was greatly decreased, while Mahomed Nani, the African medicine man, left the yacht considerably richer than when he came on,

It was a very pale little Molly who was sitting a week later at the same breakfast table, opening a little package her husband had just given her. It was a bracelet in the form of a tiny gold adder, with gleaming eyes of emeralds; and on its quivering tongue lay a crumpled roseleaf of rosy

"How beautiful! Harry," she said. 'Thank you a thousand times and are they actually clever enough to make such a thing in that baz ar in Algiers!"

"These eastern people are consummate masters in the art of jewelry, dearest," he answered; "and now, when my little wife wears this, may it always be the only crumpled roseleaf in her happiness—the solitary serpent in our Eden!"—Madame.

A Surprised Guardsman,

A French paper tells the story of a lady who entered one of the cars of a train holding in her arms a dog. This was against the rules. Dogs must be paid for in their travel on trains in France. The trainman | Bay du Vin River, May 31, Ronald McDonald, 79. announced:-

"Dogs must be paid for."

"Not mine," said the lady. "No exception can be made, madam."

"I always carry it in England." "You cannot in France. You must give up the dog and pay."

the dog; it was stuffed !"

BORN.

Windsor, June 2, to the wife of Fred Coon, a son. Halifax, June 2, to the wife of J. W. Payne, a son. Yarmouth, May 26, to the wife of Herbert Lewis, a Milton, May 28, to the wife of Capt. George Cann,a

Bear River, May 13, to the wife of B. W. Clarke, a Port Greville, May 29, to the wife of Albert Allen, Berwick, May 25, to the wife of A. M. Thomas,

Dartmouth, May 25, to the wife of H. S. Cougdon,

Halifax, June 3, to the wife of Fdward B. Sutcliffe Truro, May 26, to the wife of Robert Melvin, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 29 to the wife of Peter Sauliner, daughter. daughter. Yarmouth, May 28, to the wife of M. D. McLeou,

Barrington, May 22, to the wife of Ashton Hop-Deep Brook, May 21, to the wife of John Ditmars a daughter. Summerville, May 21, to the wife of Capt. T. A Parrsboro, May 27, to the wife of David McCul-

lough, a son Laurencetown, May 31, Whitman, a son.

a daughter.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn out looking, and was in such a state that | 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

Laurencetown, May 31, to the wife of J. Harry King, a daughter. Taunton, England, May 19, to the wife of Rev. H. Valley Station, May 27, to the wife of Melville.

Middleboro, Mass. May 16, to the wife of J. M Deane of N. S., a son. Leitches Creek, C. B., May 26, to the wife of Willie Bail, a daughter. Nicar gua, Central America, May 3, to the wife J. hn S. McDonald of N. S., a daughter.

MARRIED.

Palmer Settlement, Jnne 3, by Rev. Joseph A. Cabill, Charles W. Ramer to Alice J. Camp-Montreal, June 3, by Rav. Dr. Kerr, S. D. Crawford of St. John to Minnie L. Wilson of Springfield N. B.

Salmon River by Rev. A. B. McLeod, H. A. Hattie, to Jania Allen. Truro, June 3, by W. F. P rker George E. Spencer to Laura A. Morris. Cocagne May 12, by Rev. E. Ramsay, James John-

son to Sarah Dysart. Pictou, June 2, by Rev. R. McArthur, George A. Jordan to Annie King. Halifax, June 3, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Hugh F. Flick to Bertha Lownds.

Bathurst, June 2, by Rev. Thomas W. Street, David J. Miller to Jennie Hinton. Halifax, June 2, by Rev. Mr. Wright, Willis E Hebb to Francis Johnston. Blackville, June 4, by Rev. T. G. Johnson, Danie A. Wales to James Dancan.

Carleton, June 7, by Rev. J. R. McDonald, Thomas Wilson to Maggie Ferguson.

Upper Sackville, June 3, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Flinney to Grace Estabrooks. Yarmouth, June 3, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Edward A Smith to Helena M. Moore. Boston, May 1, by Rev. P. M. McDonald, Katie Morrison to Thomas E. Curry.

Shelburne, June 4, by Rev. Dr. White, Rev. A. R. P. Williams to Jessie Jamieson Halifax. June 4, by Rev. A. C. Borded, William H. Taylor to Elizabeth Mercer. Halifax, June 4, by Rev. Dyson Hagne, Walter R.

Ohio. N. S., May 23, by Rev. C. W. Sables, Calvin S. Bower to Martha Alice Snow. Lornvale, May 28, by Rev. J. A. McKer zie, Rupert M. Creeiman to Leila Campbell.

Chipman, N. B., June 4, by Rev. D. McD Clarke, David Allen to Annie J. Laskey. Boston, June 4, by Rev. Father Walsh, Thomas Grace to Belle Grace all of Halifax. Halifax, June 1, by Kev. Richard Smith, George William Clarke to Maud Brown.

Green Harbor, June 1, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, Robert B. Stuart to Inie A. Stuart. Green Harbor, May 26, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, James Thorburn to Mildred Stuart. Woodstock, June 2, by Archdeacon Neales, Col. F. H. J. Dibblee to Ella S. A. Connell.

Bear Point, N.S., May 26, by Elder Mr. Halliday, Freeman Allen to Rosie Nickerson. Milton, June 2, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, Rober Williams to Margaret L. Woodburn. Cardwell, N. B., June 2' by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, James McKnight to Letitia Bustard.

Boston, by Rev. P. M. McDonald, Katie E. Mor rison to Thomas E. Carry both of Windsor St. Margarets Bay, June 2, by Rev. M. W. W. Brown, Howard Pulsifer to Jessie Hubley. Granville Ferry, May 27, by Rev. L. Daniel Vernon H. Amberman to Amoret D. Waugh. Somerville Mass, by Rev J. Kenneth, Ernest Dancan Leatherby to Maggie L. Weston of N. S.

DIED.

Windsor, June 3, Joseph McNeil, 52. Kingsdon, May 18, Gardner Tufts, 84. Wolfville, May 23, Mrs Tremaine, 80. Hampton, June 6, Louise Vaughan, 21. Pictou, May 2, Malcolm McCallum, 69. Coal Creek, May 18, Samuel Brown, 64. St. John, June 7, James Armstrong, 64. Tusket, May 31, George A. Hatfield, 44. Malagash Point, May 20, Mrs. Rouse, 28. Great Village, May 29, Alfred Gould, 55. Clementsvale. March 26, Peter Berry. 82. Annsdale, N. S. May 30, John Sunson, 86 Sandy Cove, May 26, Holmes Saunders, 63. Moneton, June 5 Edward Daly, of St. John. West Head, C. I. June 1, Wm. Nickerson, 53. Pictou Landing, June 2, James McPherson, 16. Lower Newcaster, June 3, Alexander Russell, 77. Halifax, May 22, Emiline, widow of Jacob Locke,

Richmond, June 7. George A. Hughes of Frederic Stillman, May 15, Bessie, eldest daughter of Alex East Wallace, May 5, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin

Brighton, May 26, Rebecca, widow of Stephen "I will not pay. Can I leave the dog?" Young, 76.

The guard held out his hand and took Beverly, Mass., May 31, Alice, wife of John Cun

Lunenburg, May 29, Jennie, wife of Thomas De-Antigonish, May 21, Christie, daughter of Angus Shag Harbor, May 29, Martha, wife of David B.

Round Bay, May 28, Mrs. Colley McKenzie and Suffolk, England, May 8, Maria, widow of T. Pep-per and mother of Rev. W. R. Pepper of And-over, N. B., 76. Shag Harbor, May 26, Elizabeth, widow of El-nathan Smith, 86

Milton, May 30, Clayton, son of Mr. and Mrs James Hayes, 3. Dartmouth, June 3. John J. son of Joseph and Susan Groves, 14. Yarmouth, June 4, Margaret, daughter of W. M. and Mamie Dustan. Waliace Bay, May 14, by drowning, Valoros, son of Robert McNeil, 21.

St. John, June 7. Rhoda, widow of the late Stephen Burt of St. Mary's, 72. Tru o, May 17, Mage ie Jane, daughter of Mtthew and Susan Wilson, 17. St. John, June 8, Agnes Irene, daughter of Peter and Sarah McGourty, 2.

Halifax, June 3, F.ancis, only son of Harriet and Frank Payne, 14 months. Halifax, June 2, William Edward, son of Wm. and Mary Curley, 7 months. Pugwash, May 21, after a lingering illness, Hattie, wife of Capt. J. O. Read, 27.

Everett Mass, May 23, Harold Creighton, son of H. H. McKenzie of Nfld. 22. Avondale, May 29, Hannah G., youngest daughter of Robie and Grace Sandford, 26. Carleton, June 8, Mary T., youngest daughter of Ellen and the late Daniel McKan. Sable River, May, 27, Albert Rawson Dunlop' eldest son of Nathanel Dunlop, 25.

Pleasant Valley, May 21, Vers, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Albert Roberts, 9 months. Weston, June 2, Parker A. Kinsman, 27.
Torquay, England, Abbot Lawrence, son of the
late Hon. Francis Longworth of P. E. I.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Picton and Halifax.

Express for Halifax.

Express for Quebec and Montreal.....

Passengers from St. John for Quelice and Mctreal take through sleeping car at Moreton at 19.0

Express for Sussex.....

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHK:

Express from Halifax. 15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton- 18.86
Accommodation from Moncton 24.00

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

D, POTTINGER, General Me Ager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6 th September, 1895.

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and on Pacific Coast. **SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS**

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A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

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BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. On and after Monday, March 2nd, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

STEAMSHIP PRINCE RUPERT. Daily Service. Lve St. John 8.30 a m.; arr. Digby 11.15 a. m. "Digbv 1 00 p. m.; arr. St. John 3 45 p. m

DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS. Leave Yarmouth 9.30 a. m.; Digby 12.20 . m arrive at Halifax 7 00 p. m. Leave Halifax 6.3 a. m.; arrive Digby 12 45 a. m.; Yarmouth 3.50 p. m. Leave Kentville, 5.20 a. m.; arrive Halifax Leave Halifax 3.15 p. m.; arrive Kenville 620 p. m.

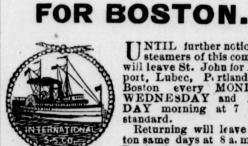
Buffet parior cars run daily each way beween Halifax and Yarmouth.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS. Leave Annapolis at 5.30 a. m.; arrive Halifar 5.25 p. m. Leave Halifax 6.00 a. m.; arrive Annapolis 5.25 p. m.

Leave Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12.15 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 6.10 p. m.

Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 5.45 a. m.; arrive Yarmouth 11.45 a. m. Leave Annapolis daily at 7 a. m.; arriving Dig oy 8.20 a. m. Leave Digby daily 3.20 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 4.40 p. m.
For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 114
Prince William street, St. John; 126 Hollis street, Halifax; 228 Washington street, Boston, W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
K. SUTHERLAND, Superintenden.

TNTERNATIONAL ...S. S. Co. 3 Trips per Week



UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Pertland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 a. m. standard. Standard.
Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a.m. and Portland at 5 p. m.

Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Connections made L. Ca'ais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C E. LAECHLER, Agent.

On Wednesday trip steamers, will not call at

STAR LINE STEAMERS Fredericton AND Woodstoc

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

MAIL Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "OLIVETTE" leave St. John every day (Sunday excepted) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

Will leave Fredericton every day (Sunday excepted) at 7 a. m.

Steamer "ABERDERN" will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 5.30 a. m., for WOODSTOCK, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits.

In order to better accomodate citizens having summer residences along the river and to give farmers a full day in the city,—On and after June 20th steamer, will leave St. John EVERY EVENING (Sunday excepted) at five o'clock for Wickham and intermediate landings. Returning each morning leave Wickham at 5 o'clock, due in St. John at 8.30.

G. F. BAIRD.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday, April 18th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailings; leaving Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 5.20 a. m. for Indiantown and intermediate points Returning she will leave [Indiantown same days at