A NOVEL DINNER.

Did you get all the things down to the Forks, Amos? Amos Beeman started uneasily. The

spilled over into his plate. 'Wby, yes, I reckon so, 'Thusy-I help you with the raisins.'

reckon so,' he answered. 'I calculated to tetch them all, sure, this time. There was just a handful of them. I counted them off on my fingers so's not to miss anything.'

finger was not there, and the vacant place | Eben said-' in the row suggested a possible difficulty. Amos looked at Mrs. Arethusa across the castor-bottles. Her round face bore a look and took a sip.

'You got the wrong hand again, Amos,' she said, mildly. 'There were five things. 'You don't tell, 'Thusy! Well, then, I skipped one certain. Aint that too bad? It was a mighty unfortunate dispensation that chopped off that finger, and I reckon I'm going to get into scrapes on account of finger,' Mrs. Arethusa said, with mild sarit till the end of time. I can never seem | casm. to recollect to count things on t'other

'Your recollecting machinery alway' was just a little in need of oiling, you

quietly. Amos fortified himself with several Just you tell me about Emeline, now. What's the matter ?' mouthfuls of beans and visibly brightened. But I got the prunes, 'Thusy, that you were 'specially bankering for-

'The prunes?' 'Yes; they're out under the wagon seat. But Si Walker said they hadn't any stoned less ones-hadn't ever had any, nor ever heard of them I told him I guessed you' made a mistake. You thought you sa-w them adverused in the weekly.

laugh. She moved back her chair a little way to give herself more room.

'Amos Azariah Beeman, if you aint the entertainingest man I ever saw!' she gasp- tomorrow,' she said. 'I feel real tired ed, between the convulsions of her ample | now.' figure. You do beat all! What do you s'pose Silas Walker thinks of my sending after prunes without stones in them?'

Amos smiled weakly in sympathy. myselt, 'Thusy, but I tried to suit you.'

'I've never made my Thanksgiving | night. plum puddings with prunes in them yet, Mrs. Arethusa chuckled. I've been accustomed to use raisins-' 'Oh! Why, yea,'

'Have som; more tea, Amos, do!' she pen, of course. urged, forgivingly. 'You've no need to fret over the prunes. They'll do for sauce and I guess I can stone a few raisins.'

'I'll help you, 'Thusy-if I don't forget it.' His good-natured face looked quite crestfallen. The constant hitches in his 'recollecting machinery' and his absentmindedness were sources of unfeigned mortification to him. Fortunately for his wite, they possessed a certain power of entertainment that compensated largely for her trials on account of them. Moreover, Mrs. Arethusa was very fond of Amos.

She went about her dishwashing after dinner with the remnants of the laugh still lurking in her pleasant gray eyes and radiating little wrinkles from their corners. 'I don't know what Amos'll be doing

next,' she said aloud to herself. 'He does beat all, the way he goes on! When was it—day before yesterday ?-no, day before that-he came in right after dinner with the milk-pail half-full of milk. He looked real distressed and put out. Amos sets great store by this last cow. "Thusy,' he said, said he, 'I'm dreadful atraid she's drying up! Just you look at that for a mess of milk, will you? And I had hard work to get that!' I was considerably taken back till it came over me how it was. 'Well, Amos,' I said, 'I don't know's I blame her much. I don't know's any well-regulated cow would want to be milked at high noon! And Amos gave one look at the clock and another one at me, and then set down on the sofa and looked at a crack in the floor. He said afterward he guessed 'twas because we had sponge-cake for dinner, and it reminded him of supper' Mrs. Arethusa wiped the plates cautious-

ly and put them away. 'Amos is the entertainingest man!' she

It was her habit to talk to herself over her work. It 'let her out,' she said, when she could not find the heart to banter Amos. And not for worlds would Mrs. Arethusa Beeman have talked over his shortcomings with the neighbors. So she mads a confidante of herself, and had many a hearty laugh, and perhaps also a tew as hearty sighs, over Amos's latest 'ways' as she moved about smong her pans and dishes.

To-day, however, there was too much to do to stop long to laugh. There were the raisins to stone and the currants to sort for the big plum-pudding. Thanksgiving was only four days away, and Mrs. Arethusa's orderely soul allowed no hurrying and were always ready at least two days ahead of time, and tasted all the better for it, too. 'I'll put in an extra handful of plums for lifting their feet gingerly and leaving little little Emmie and the Dimples. They're | finely pencilled tracks in the snow. master hands for plums, both of them.

Children mostly are, I reckon.' For Eben's folks were coming over to Thanksgiving this year for the first time for several seasons. They had only moved back to Forks Village within the year.

'I declare, I forgot to ask Amos if he didn't,' Mrs. Arethusa exclaimed, dripping | song of its own. a plump raisin over the water-cup prepar-

'Amos! Amos! A-mos!' she called. 'Here I be, 'Thusy! Here I be! Whatewanted?' came back faintly from the grain,

Amos' grizzled head appeared in the doorway. 'I did, 'Thusy, sure.'

Mrs. Arethusa breathed a sigh of relief and went back to her plums. There had live, Amos? Can't we send them something been a good deal of doubt in her mind. 'Well, that's all right,' she said, contentedly. 'And of course they'll come,

bless their hearts, big and little and in-be-tweens! They shall have the best meal I can cook for them! But I do hope Amos said things straight, just as I told him, so's not to have any misunderstanding. He's I don't believe the little creeturs ever had can cook for them! But I do hope Amos

a master man for mixing things, Amos is.' Then she added hastily, as she usually did to her self-communings about Amos, 'But

He came in presently, rubbing his hands together. 'It's growing cold,' he remarkbeans on the broad blade of his steel knife, ed, 'and looks like snow, too. We'll have unceremoniously arrested in their ascent, sledding for Thanksgiving after all, I guess, 'Thusy. There, I'll take hold and

'What did Eben's folks say ?' 'Eben's folks? Ob, yes; now what was it Emeline said?' He ran bis fingers through his hair thoughtfully. 'Oh! Em-He held up one of his big, hairy hands eline didn't say anything, that was it. She's regarded it speculatively. The second sick abed. I saw Eben, and he said—

'Emeline sick abed, and you never told me, Amos Beeman!

'I torgot to, 'Thusy-for a fact I did. I of patient resignation. She stirred her tea | torgot it till this minute. And 1 tied a pink string on me somewheres, too, a purpose not to forget !' 'Where's the string ?'

Amos ruffled his hair wildly. 'I aint the least idea. I tied it on somewheres as sure's I'm sitting in this chair.' Mebbe you tied it round that missing

But Amos's bewildered face aroused her

ready pity. She reached across the kitchen-table and patted his arm gently. 'There Amos don't you fret. You aint know, Amos,' Mrs. Arethusa remarked, really responsible. There's enough sight worse things than forgetting, in the world.

> 'Sciatica, Ebensays. Yes, I know 'twas sciatica, unless 'twas the phthisic.' 'Sciatica, I guess. Emeline aint subject to the phthisic. Is she real sick, Amos?

'Well, she can't sit up, so that's the end of their coming to Thanksgiving.' 'Aint that too bad ? Now aint that too bad, Amos ?' Poor Mrs. Arethusa's face clouded over dismally. She took out the Arethusa Beeman sudden'y began to extra handful of plums for the Dimples and little Emmie, and carried it back into the

'I guess we'll finish stoning the raising

Amos washed his hands and went into the sitting-room. In a few minutes he put his head in at the kitchen door again and said, cheerfully, 'We might have the young 'Well, I thought it was a little queerish fry over to dinner, 'Thusy. I could fetch

> Why, so we might! Amos Beeman, you're a genius! And it would be a real litt to Eben and Emeline, too.'

But it was decided not to say anything Mrs. Areteusa moved up to the table about the plan until Thanksgiving mornagain and ladled out a generous saucerful ing, to prevent all possibility of disappointof boiled rice, piling it high with sugar. ing the children. Something might hap-

Amos followed his good-humored face through the door, edging in sideways after an original tashion of his own.

'How many of them are there. 'Thusy?' he questioned, going back to his chair by

'What-children?' Mrs. Arethusa wheeled about from the sink and taced him. Was there ever a man before who didn't know how many grandchildren he had? And when she had taken such pains to keep Amos informed, too, and drilled him in all the little names and childish peculiarities, from young Eben's twin crowns on top of his curly head to the bewitching little 'craker-pricks' that gave a name to the

again, and Grandfather Amos has learned them by heart, apparently. He loved the grandbabies heartily, but he would torget about them, to Mrs. Arethusa's keen dis-

To him all chileren looked very much alike, he averred, and as for numbers, how could anybody count them when they never kept still, and were always getting mixed eleven, it seemed, and then again only five to dinner.

Mrs. Arethusa turned back to her dishpan. 'But I like him,' she murmured. 'I like him just as he is.' She washed the knives and raisin plates and set them on

'There are five of them, Amos; don't you remember?' she said, quietly. 'There's Eben Juuior and Mary Cathern-she's named for Emeline's great-aunt that brought her up-and little Emmie-she's got blue eyes and straight hair-and Amos Azariah-brown eyes, curly hair, named after you-and the Dimples. She's the baby, with all the dimples and a pug nose.' Amos listened attentively, checking off the names on his outspread fingers. Fortunately he chose the right hand, and the

fingers sufficed. 'Why, yes, so there are-five. Eben and Mary and Emmie and the Dimples-' He paused in doubt.

'And Amos Azariah.' 'And Amos Azariah.' He went off with

a pleased face, still saying his lesson. Thanksgiving day came, ushered in by as bright a sunrising as anyone could wish. The snow lay, crisp and speckless, in the earth's lap. Chickadees swung on the bore apple tree boughs and twittered as flurrying at the last minute. Her puddings | merrily as if it were summer. Beyond the grain-house, in a roomy barn-yard, the hens were out in force and scuttled about,

Amos was up early, getting down the old red pung and oiling the harness. His face shone with thanksgiving. Now and then he stopped work to listen to the chickadee chorus in the trees round the corner of the wood shed. He was thinking what a beautiful world it was; and called and invited them! I'm afraid he his plain, upright soul sang a Thanksgiving

'I wish we could help them, Amos,' said aratory to its stoning. She wiped her Mrs. Arthusa with a pitying sigh. 'There fingers on her apron and hurried to the don't seem to be any poor tolks at the

'Well, no, there don't. 'Thusy. But now I think of it, I saw some dreadful hungry, Mrs. Arethusa raised her voice to quivering shrillness; 'Did you stop at Eben's and ask them over for Thanksgiving?'

other day. I gave them that bag of soda crackers I got at the store—that's where it went to! I haven't remembered till this identical minute, but I haven't have been all right. You put up Dolly and come straight in. I'll dish up dinner. These children are starving to death. We'll peaked-looking children over there the all right.'

Mrs. Arethusa's knife and fork dropped with a subdued clatter. 'Where do they today ?' Amos threaded Lis hair with his fingers

reflectively. Then he brightened. 'Oh, yes-that's it. They live close by Eben's folks, in the old Higgins house.

IT IS THE EACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation; known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammatic cure the inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels and growth of unsound tissue, causing pain and bites, cuts, stings, burns, scalds, chaps, cracks, strains, sprains, fractures, etc., and is the chief danger therefrom. Internal inflammation frequently causes outward swellings; as instances familiar to all we mention pimples, toothache, stiff joints and rheumatism. Yet the great majority of internal inflammations make no outside show, for which reason they are often more dangerous than the external forms. Causes Every Known Disease!

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lives l'

Mrs. Arethusa went to the pantry and brought out the chicken-pie. Indoors, Mrs. Arethusa bustled about the kitchen, getting breakfast. Her soul, too, was appreciative of the joy and thankfulness in the world outside the windows But she was very busy. The puddings and pies and cakes were ranged invitingly along the lower pantry shelves, and the turkey, flanked on either side by chicken-pie and sparerib, sat in proud state on the kneading bread. She rearranged them at every trip into the pantry, and looked at them

would enjoy them! Emmie should dish out the cranberrysause—she was such a careful little woman, intervals of serving the five hungry little Little Amos should sit next to big Amos. and the Dimples next to grandma herself, in the black walnut high chair up in the attic. She must go up and bring it down right after breaklast. The dictionary, in a from Amos's memory as completely as from

with satisfied content. How the children

Amos came in for breakfast. As they sat looking into each other's pleasant taces across the big, old-fashioned castor, they talked over their reasons for them over in the morning and back at being thankful, and fell to pitying the night. striken souls in the land.

'We don't need it, Amos,' she said, 'and I'll pack a basket of other things, too. I want you to leave them at the Higgins house. Now don't torget it, Amos!' she implored.

'No, 'Thusy. I won't eat any Thanksgiving dinner myself it I'm the means of those little things losing something good to eat for once in their lives.' Amos registered the vow with solemn strokes of his knife against his pla'e.

'I've just recollected,' he continued, who they are. I asked Si Walker about them. Their pa's in the hospital with something incurable, and their magoes out washing and choring. They haven't lived in these parts long." After breakfast the pung jingled up to

the back door, and the chicken-pie and basket were stowed away in it, with plenty of robes and wrapping for Eben's children. Mrs. Arethusa stood watching till the crunching of the rusty runners grew faint in the distance. She set the table, and She had been all over them again and tended the cooking turkey and bubbling pots with great care. Back and forth from pantry to table and

from stove to sink the travelled tirelessly. By a quarter before eleven o'clock everything was ready, even to little Amos's boasting dictionary and the quaint besprigged pinafore on the Dimples' high chair, and she sat resting and listening by the window. There they were; No; that was up together? Sometimes there would be the Gainses going by, down to Elnathan's

Her peaceful mind would have been sadly ruffled if she could have known of the soundless depths of abstraction into which Amos had plunged on his townward way. Just one of his old absent-minded fits; but to attack him, good man, on Thanksgiving day! Mrs. Arethusa rocked on in unconscious serenity. There! that was old Dolly's step in the squeaking snow

and she could hear the children's clatter. She hurried to the door with outstretched arms. 'Bless the dear little souls!' Grandma's dreadful glad to see them-' she cried, cheerily. Then she started back in consternation as the pungful of towheaded little folks emptied itself before

'Amos Azariah Beeman!' she ejaculated. 'O Amos Azariah Beeman!

'Well Amos turned inquiringly. 'Thusy,-why, 'Thusy!' He hurried to-ward her. 'What is it? Airt there five of them 'Thusy? I counted five for sure. You said there was five!'

The children stood about bewildered, sucking their little cold fingers. One of them began to cry. Mrs. Arethusa's warm heart expanded instantly. She threw open the door wide and hustled them in.

'You go right in and get warmed up.' she said, kindly. Then see closed the door and stood outside. 'Amos,' she said, 'you've been and brought the wrong children! These must be the hungry-faced

children that live next to Eben's, Her voice vibrated indignantly until she read the misery on poor Amos's countenance. With a sudden impulse, then, she began to laugh.

Well, if you aint the entertainingest man, Amos Beeman! If you don't beat

Through the window she saw the children staring eagerly at the loaded table. Their thin little faces looked sharp with desire.

'Poor little things!' Mrs. Arethusa murmured. 'They shall eat the whole tableful if they want to.'

'I guess it's the Lord s doing, Amos,' she said, raising her voice. 'I guess it's

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a whole meal of victuals at once in their | make it all up to our children Christmas. Aint it lucky they weren't expecting to

The dinner was a grand success. The five little towheads bobbed ecstatically over five heaped-up plates that were emptied and filled again astonishingly often. In a worldful of Thanksgiving dinners, there could scarcely have been one more thor oughly appreciated and eaten up! And Mrs. Arethusa exclaimed more than once under her breath, 'It was the Lord's

Amos's puzzled, troubied face smoothed out and beamed benevolently about bim. There was little need of his sacrificing his own dinner to keep his vow of the early morning, and he ate with relish, in the brief

But one mystery was never cleared up. Mrs. Arethusa tailed ever to discover the fate of her chicken-pie. It had vanished common chair, would boast up little Amos | the bottom of the old red pung .-- Annie enough. So she went on planning till | Hamilton Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

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Never before in the history of the Wells & Richardson Co., manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes, have they been so completely deluged and weighed down with matter as at the present time. Thousands of letter orders are crowding in from all parts of the Dominion for the great popular Ten Cent Combination that was advertised a short time ago. The avalanche of letters is so vast that a largely increased staff of hands is necessary to attend to it. The enterprising Diamond Dye firm have been obliged to hold over for a few days some thousands of orders before filling

This fact should discourage no one, there will be no disappointments; every order received will be well and truly filled, as steps have been taken to double the daily supply of Photo and Excelsior Rhyming A. B. C. Book Illustrated.

For the benefit of those who have not seen or heard of the advertised Combination offer, it is here repeated: First-One "Excelsion Rhyming A B C

Books, Illustrated"; no two large letters of the alphabet are of the same color. Second-One full size rich Cabinet Photo of the "Three Future Kings of England." Every loyal Canadian should have it.

Third-One package of "Diamond Dye | Cariboo, Nov. 4, Donald McKenzie. 90, Ink Powder," for making sixteen ounces of Westchester, Oct. 16, Isaac O'Brien, 65. best black writing ink. The whole Combination worth 65 cents,

to any address for ten cents. Send small silver coins, or the proper amount in one, two or three cent stamps. Stamps of larger denomination will not be Nauwigewauk, Dec, 19, Elizabeth S. Porter.

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Dalhousie, Dec. 3, to the wife of Laurence Gaul, a Brookfield, Dec. 10, to the wife of James Duthie,

Bridgetown. Dec. 11, to the wife of Mr. Doneoghy,

Barrington, Nov. 27, to the wife of Howard Hitchens

Bridgetown, Dec. 11, to the wife of Stephen Waltzer

Moncton, Dec. 15, to the wife of Emerson Steadman Halifax, Dec. 15, to the wife of Charles W. Layton

Shag Harbor, Dec. 12, to the wite of Loran Kenny, Halifax, Dec. 7, to the wife of Charles Carmichael, Newport, N. S. Der. 9, to the wife of James S.

Somerville, Mass., Nov. 15, to the wife of Frank B Salmon River, Digby Co., to the wife of Norman Mt. Uniacke, N. S, Dec. 12, to the wife of Rev. B. Uniacke, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Dec. 3, Rufus C. Young to Nancy Young. Roxbury, Mass., Dec. 4, J. Curtis Croscup to Dora J. Hilsman. Church Point, N. S. Nov. 17, Francis M. McKnight

Truro, Dec. 9, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Moses Poirier to Bessie Wright. Arcadia, Dec. 10, by Rev. J. W. Shepardson, H. A. Boyd to Lois Bridges.

Boston, Dec. 3. by Rev. Scott F. Hershey, Thomas Bayer to Bessle Dickie. Boston, Dec. 9, by Rev. A. KMcLellan, William W. Lee to Katie L. Ross.

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Windsor, Dec. 10, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Bryson Brown to Jennie Donnelly. Perth, N. B., Dec. 1, by Rev. S. J. Perry, William B. Cox to Roxey E. White. Norton, N. B., Dec. 16, by Rev. David Long, P. G. Innis to Nina McCready.

Kentville, Dec. 5, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, Joshua P. Barkhouse to Fanny Finch. Graywood, Dec. 3. by Rev. H. Dow, Cybeline Krox to J. William Parker. St. John, Dec. 17. by Rev. Dr. Wilson, George Hood to Isabella M. Powers.

New Capada, Dec. 7, by Rev. W. D. Crandall, Joseph Huey to Janet Beck. Arlington, Dec. 2, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Edwin H. Risteen to Edith M. Bent. Pawtucket, R. I., by Rev. J. W. Wooley, John

Archibald to Mabel Creckett. Kentville, Dec. 8, by Rev. H. A. Porter, David Kinsman to Elizabeth Collins St. John, Dec. 16, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, George E. Roberts to Alberta Berry.

Billtown, Dec. 9, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Alor zo P. E snor to Elizabeth Morris. Boston, Dec. 10, by Rev. A. K. McLellan, Daniel C. Walker to Katie Matheson. Dartmouth, Dec. 16, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, James Holloway to Blanche Lishman.

Bay View, Dec. 10, by Rav. W. S. Whittier, John J. Powell to Christie A. Currie. Pictou, Dec. 9, by Rev. A. Fslconer, James W. Murdoch to Jennie L. Murdoch. Boston, Nov. 18, by Rev. C. L. Goodell, Charles P Stanwood to Annie L. Anderson.

Hopewell, Dec. 16, by Rev. Wm. McNiobol, Gordon Fraser to Annie Duntar. Earltown, Dec. 10, by Rev. T. Sedgewick, Thomas McLean to Christina Sutherland Springfield, Dec. 9, by Rev. D. B. Bayley, Joshua M. Northrup to Maud H. Spragg.

Central Economy, Dec. 1, by Rev. A. Gray, Austin F. Fownes to Carrie McLaughlan. Lievrpool, Dec. 19, by Rev. Z L. Fash, Robert An thony to Mrs. Florence Latnigan. New Canada, Dec. 6, by Rev. D. W. Crandall, Austen Crouse to Martha Corkum.

Bridgetown, Dec. 14, by Rev. F. P. Greatorex, Henry S. Jones, to Topsy S. James. Aylesford, Dec. 9, by Rev. J. B. Morgan, James Stanley Smith to Althea L. Spinney. Aberdeen, N. B., Dec 9, by Rev. J. C. Bleakney, Edward Shaw to Mrs. Mary Vasley.

inald E. Brooks to Lillian Hardwick. St. John, Dec. 16, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Rev. Norman McNeill to Harriet A. Price. Bear River, Dec. 5, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Lewis W. Beveridge to Blanche Corning. Elmsdale, Dec. 9, by Rev. J. M. Callan, Dr. J. Clyde McDonald to Marion V. McDonald.

Centreville, N. B. Dec. 16, by Rev. J. A. Cabill, Clarence Simonson to Gertie M. Cronkhite. Upper Saltsprings, N. B., Dec. 15, by Rev. D. Fraser, Joseph Harvey to Jemima Smith. Barrington, N. S., Dec. 9. by Rev. James Billington, Nehemiah Kendrick, to Gretnam Crowell. Clarks Harbor, Dec. 8, by Rev. A. M. McNintch, Ossey M. Nicker on to Winifred Raymond. Smithtown, N. B Dec. 9, by Rev. G. M. Young, Benjamin K. Nodwell, to Georgie E. Nodwell.

DIED.

Halifax, Dec. 17, John McKay, 81. St. John, Dec. 17, Andrew Kee, 58. Brookfield, Dec. 7, Charles Moore. Moschelle, Dec. 8, John Telfer, 70. Folly Mt. Dec. 9, Wm. Maxwell, 76. Glassville. Dec. 13, Mary Jequer, 74. Truro, Dec. 3, Mrs. L. J. Walker, 67. Freeport, Nov. 26, James B. Eaton, 55. Freeport, Dec. 18, Jeremiah Brooke, 89. Caledonia, Dec. 6, Isabell Mitchell, 61. St. John, Dec, 18, S. Caroline Frost 69. Halifax, Dec. 17, Francis S. Beamish, 75. Yarmouth, Dec. 9, Mrs. Peter Mallet, 50, Margaretville, Dec. 16, D. W. Landers, 62. Moncton. Dec 16, Justice Kent McPherson. Little River, Dec. 9, Mrs. Wm. Larkin, 81. North Sydney, Dec. 11, Mary A, Gannor, 57. Amherst, Dec. 12, Mrs. Samuel M. Charles. Glassville, Dec. 11, Robert Montgomery, 84. Liverpool, Nov. 30, Edward J. Thomson, 50. Round Hill, Dec, 10, J. Dimock Whitman, 84. Centreville, N. S. Dec. 10, Lucinda Ulman, 51. Great Village, Dec. 14, Alexander Peppard, 50. Medford, Mass., Nov. 17, David W. Lowden, 7. Churchville, Dec. 11, Alexander Robertson, 69. Central Chebogue, Dec. 11, Emily H. Heineon, 72. Neudy Quoddy, Nov. 30, Lily, child of John Young

Chererie Dec. 11, Catherine A., wife of Wm. Gleun, Granville, Dec. 6 Maria, wife of James Wheelock, Baddeck, C. B., Dec. 1, Mrs. Kenneth Matheson, Indian Harbor, N.S., Dec. 16, John H. Garrison, Sydney, C. B., Dec 4, Annie, wife of John Brown. Halifax, Dec. 3, Catherine, widow of the late A. B Halifax, Dec. 17, Ellen, wife of Capt. Lewis Ander-Somerville, Dec. 4, Caroline, widow of Mr. Under

Denver, Col., Dec. 2, Amos L. Boyer, formerly of N. B., 57. Halitax, Dec. 17, Mary, widow of the late John Skerry, 70 Roseway, C. B., Dec. 5, Abbey, wife of Charles merville, Mass., Dec. 14, Ellen, widow of Robert

St. John, Dec. 17, Eliza, widow of the late Daniel Hatfield, 82. Halifax, Dec, 16, Elizabeth, widow of the late J. P Hagarty, 63. Deerfield, N. S., Dec. 13, Elizabeth, widow of Lev Elderidge, 80 Belmont, Dec. 4, Josie May, daughter of A. E. and

Centreville, Dec. 10, Annabel, child of Fred and Ada Rice, 3 months. Cape Travers, N. B., Dec. 3, Orrin D., son of the late Wm. Cairns, 13. Salmon River, Dec. 10, El'zabeth, widow of Dr. W. E. McRobert, 74 Grand Pre., Dec. 1, Nettie May, daughter of

Adolphus Bishop, 20. Rear Coxheath, C. B., Dec. 5, Jessie, wife of Donald McDonald, 57. Summerfield, Dec. 9, James B., son of Mr. and. Mrs. John T. Lunn, 7. St. John, Dec. 17, R. Pickard, child of Alfred A. and Amelia Stockton. 5.

Halifax, Dec. 17, Elsie Maud, child of Alonzo and Maud Norris, 4 months. Belmont, Dec. 4, Jossie M. daughter of A. E. and Sophia Steven 6 months. Beach Meadows, Nov. 27, Laura E., only daughter of Wm. and Ellen White. Dartmouth, Dec. 16, Stella, child of Howard and Beatrice Wentzell, 4 months.

Boston, Nov. 28, Roderick M. McKenzie of Plaister, C. B., 21.

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 Mont-real take through S.eeping Car at moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday Express from Moncton (daily) 10.30
Express from Halifax, 16.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 18.30
Suburban Express from Rothesay 21.36
Accommodation from Moncton 24.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager,

Railway Office, Moncton, N.B., 3rd September, 1896.



Christmas and New Year's HOLIDAYS.

RXCURSION TICKETS will be on sale as follows: To Trachers and a 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. A. H. NOTMAN, D. McNICOLL, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 23rd Nov., 1896, the Ste Trains of this Railway will run as follows

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. Lve. St. John 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 Parlor Car seats can be obtained on application to City Agent.

**Example Close connections with trains at Digby,
Tickets 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 1896 Yarmouth Steamship Co.

For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

(LIMITED),

The Shortest and Best Route Between Nova Scotia and the United States. The quick-est time, 15 to 17 hours between Yar-mouth 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 Thesday, 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 Tavidson's Parts. Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports

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 Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, at So'clock p. m. fir St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from 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.

International S. S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ONE TRIP A WEEK

BOSTON.



CROIX will leave St. John THURSDAY

morning, at 8 o'clock, standard, for Eastport, Lubec-Portland and Boston.

Returning, will leave Bos-

ton Monday at 8 a. m.

Freight received cally up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.