

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

"Come, Alga, jump in, we are ready to start now." Mrs. Percival from the back seat of a stout travelling carriage spoke to a young girl who was standing about one of several large covered ox wagons in the rear.

"Let me go in the wagon behind Buck and Bright, mamma? I think they are the dearest cows," answered the young girl.

"But they are not cows, Alga. They are oxen, and I think you would get very tired of their slow walk before night and wish you were with us in the carriage."

"But Jack is going to ride in the wagon," "Only for a little while, dear, just a mile or two."

"Well, let me stay with him," pleaded the young girl. "I am sure it will be much nicer than riding in the carriage all day."

"Let the child do as she wishes," interposed Mr. Percival at this juncture. "We can easily take her in with us when she tires of the novelty of the ox cart."

Alga laughed with delight, and with the grace of a bird which flies upon a tree branch she sprang up beside her brother and the driver in the great moving wagon, and the cavalcade set forth on the perilous journey.

The time was mid-June, 1849; the scene, the outskirts of St. Louis. A little company of 18 people were en route for Sacramento. Mr. Percival had been lured by the golden promises of the great west to abandon his comfortable home in the east and the competence of his mercantile business and to set forth on the dangerous overland journey to California with his wife, a daughter of 15, and a son two years younger. To the city born and bred children this experience seemed full of unbounded delight. They exulted in the free, new life as birds might exult when liberated from a cage and allowed to fly about as well.

When a halt was made that night and the tents were pitched, both Alga and Jack declared it had been the happiest day of their lives, and they sank into a profound sleep, to awaken early the next morning with bright anticipations of further delights.

But before the week had passed something occurred which sobered the gay spirits of the children. Two hundred miles beyond St. Louis, in a little covey of sagebrush and greasewood, they came upon the skeletons of a man, a woman, and a child bleaching by the roadside. Near by were the open graves in which the bodies of these poor emigrants dying on their journey to a new land had not been allowed to rest. The Indians had swooped down like birds of prey upon the new made graves, excavated the bodies, stripped them of the blankets and clothing and left them to the vultures and the wild beasts.

Alga huddled closely at her mother's side during the remainder of that day, and Jack seemed strangely subdued.

After this each mile they traversed seemed to reveal some new and terrible sight or experience to our travelers. On awakening one morning a few weeks later Mr. Percival found that his carriage and horses had vanished. They had been stolen by the Indians while the weary emigrants slept. Added to this disaster, Dick, the driver, who had been ailing for several days, was found to be seriously ill with what proved to be cholera. He and six other members of the party died during the next ten days and were buried by the roadside.

Before the emigrant wagons were out of sight the bodies were exhumed and stripped by the savages. Swift was the punishment, however, for the garments which enveloped the dead were impregnated with the germs of disease, and hundreds of Indians fell under the scourge of cholera. Ignorant of the cause, the surviving savages felt a superstitious terror of this band of emigrants and believed them to be possessed of some spell which could bring disaster to their enemies. There was no fear of further disturbance from this tribe of savages.

The tedious weeks rolled on. Mr. Percival now drove one of the ox wagons and Jack the other. They were passing over the great alkali plains, where pure water was more precious than liquid gold. The supply they had taken at the last clear stream was exhausted, and the emigrants were nearly fainting with thirst, when the rush and ripple of swiftly flowing waters struck their ears, and they beheld the shores of the Humboldt river. Refreshed and strengthened, they camped there for the night, thinking to cross the stream early in the morning.

The light of dawn, however, revealed the fact that the river was so swollen by the melting mountain snows that to ford it was impossible. Mr. Percival and two other men who were strong swimmers decided to try the depth of the river. They found that the waters only reached their chins and were therefore obliged to abandon the wagons and carry over all those of the company who could not swim or wade, as well as all goods which could be strapped upon their shoulders. Alga and her mother were carried across upon the backs of the men.

To the animals were tied ropes, and the men on the opposite banks of the river pulled, coaxed and hauled them through the shallow places, where the mud and quagmires prevented them from swimming. Down across the bottom lands, white as snow with the salaratus deposits of the water, across the great desert our little party started. The sand was knee deep in places. The pitiless sun was unclouded. The road was lined with abandoned wagons containing trunks and boxes of clothing, tools and machinery, bearing written labels, "Take what you want." But our footsore and weary travelers could carry no heavier loads than those under which they are already fainting and falling by the way.

Day by day their numbers grew less. Mrs. Percival and Alga were the only surviving women now. Since crossing the Humboldt river they had found no water to drink, and the small quantity which they had been able to pack upon the oxen was almost exhausted, and the Carson river, for which they were in search might be many miles distant still.

Mrs. Percival had been very weak for some days and the little family of four had fallen behind the remainder of the party and then suddenly Mrs. Percival grew delirious and dropped down by the wayside, moaning: "Water! Water!"

Mrs. Percival called Alga and Jack to her side and said solemnly: "Children, your father has his death sickness. I want

you to kneel and pray with me. We must abandon all thoughts of going on and prepare to die together."

They all knelt in silent prayer for a moment, only their sobs being audible. Then Alga's young voice pierced the air and shot like an arrow straight up through the sultry air to the brazen skies. "O God, save papa! Save mamma! Save Jack and me! Send us water and send us help, and we'll serve you forever and ever, time and eternity. Amen."

"So thirsty!" moaned the sick man. "Why don't some one give me a drink? Can't you see it there all around you—oceans of water everywhere?"

"Moo-oo, Moo-oo" bellowed Buck and lifted his nose and slowly sniffed the air. Then Bright did the same thing, and Spot and Speckle followed suit.

Alga sprang to her feet, her eyes ablaze with sudden hope, her little brown hands clasped eagerly.

"Oh, mamma! Oh, Jack! Did you hear that? Did you hear that?" she cried. "We are saved—saved! God has heard us already!"

"Hear what, see what, child?" replied her mother, wondering if Alga, too, was seized with the delirium of fever.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," continued the young girl, "listen—look!"

Again there was the long, plaintive "Moo!" of the oxen. Again they lifted their noses and sniffed the air. Alga watched them, her face radiant with joy.

"Mamma, dear mamma," she cried, "I tell you we are saved. Dick, the driver, told me that cows—oxen, I mean—could smell water ever and ever so far away when they were very thirsty; that as soon as they smelled it they lifted their noses and sniffed and mooed a long, low moo; that it was a never failing sign, and you had only to follow the cattle and you would find water. All four animals have done that twice. See they are doing it again!"

"But there is no one to go with them. Your father is ill, dying, and we cannot leave him." The discouraged woman's despondent words were broken in upon by the clear, firm voice of her young daughter.

"Mamma, I prayed to God for water, and he answered through a sign—just as he used to answer in Bible times, Buck and Bright were the instruments he used to make me understand that he heard my prayer. Now Jack and I must take the cattle and find the water. You must be brave, mother, and let us go, and trust it all to God."

"But you will have to walk, and it may be miles and miles."

"It cannot be over ten—I am sure. Dick said ten at the most, mamma. And Jack and I will be together, and God will be with us, and with you, too, little mamma, for he can be in two places at once. Oh, yes, in ever and ever so many places at once."

It seemed strange to hear the young girl, scarcely more than a child, assuming the part of comforter and counselor to her mother. But Mrs. Percival was never strong physically, and the hardships and sorrows of the journey had completely wrecked her nervous system, while Alga was like some young shoot which a heavy rainstorm forces prematurely into blossom.

The last month had made a full grown woman of the girl, mentally and spiritually. It was she who was the mother now and Mrs. Percival was the child.

"Goodbye, dear mamma. Be brave and pray for us all," Alga called out as she set forth on her strange journey. She was holding Buck and Bright by ropes tied to their yokes as she spoke, and the forced smile on her lips but poorly hid the tears in her eyes. Mrs. Percival stood weeping, with her hands clasped over her eyes, and above the sound of her sobs rose the piteous moan of the sick man calling for water.

"Good, mamma. Cheer up. We'll soon be back," Jack called out as he followed his sister with Spot and Speckle.

"My poor, poor children, I shall never see you again," wept Mrs. Percival. "Far better stay, and let us all die together."

"Mamma, God has sent us a sign, I tell you," cried Alga almost sternly. "How can you doubt him so? As sure as the sun is in the heavens Buck and Bright will take me to the water! It may be only two or three miles away. It may be even nearer. Now, cheer up and moisten father's lips with the vinegar from the pickle bottle. Goodbye! Buck and Bright are anxious to be off. We will soon return, dear mamma."

The day was past noon when the journey commenced. They proceeded slowly at first, for the cattle were weak and seemed to have scarcely life enough to battle with the heat of the sultry September day. But as the evening approached they revived, and ever and anon they lifted their noses and smelled the air and gave utterance to their plaintive cry and accelerated their gait. It grew dark, and Alga's feet were bleeding and sore, and she was almost fainting with fatigue, when Jack called to her: "Alga, Spot is dying. He has fallen down, and I cannot get him up. What will I do?"

"You will have to wait until he is rested. If he dies, leave him and follow on with Speckle. I dare not stop till the oxen come to water. I think we are nearing it now. Buck seems to sniff of water of late."

So she plodded on, thinking her brother was not far behind her. By and by the cattle stopped and lay down, exhausted. Alga dropped beside them and fell into a deep sleep. When she woke, it was dawn, and the oxen were moaning and sniffing the air again. There was no sign of Jack far or near. Mile on mile of desert land stretched before and behind her, and not a human being was in sight. A sense of awful desolation seized upon her. She fell upon her knees, unable to form her prayer into words. She could only cry, "O God! O Christ!" and leave the Father and the Son to understand her need. She had some dried apples and bread in the bundle which she carried slung over her shoulder. This bundle contained several bottles in which she was to convey water back to her parents. She ate some of the bread and fruit; then, putting her arms about the necks of her oxen, she kissed them both between their bone-brown eyes and urged them on their way again.

All day, all day, beneath the burning sky and over the arid plains, she staggered on, only pausing when the exhausted animals stopped to breathe, and while they lolled and panted Alga knelt down under the burning desert skies and sent up her one cry, "O Father, O Son!" and then she stumbled on again.

Sometimes she sank to her knees in the sand. Thinking she could walk better

without her shoes, she took them off, but the pain in her feet grew so intense she was obliged to replace them and limp along as best she could.

Once she clasped an arm about the neck of either animal and pressed her cheek first to one patient neck, then to the other, as she sobbed out between her tears: "Oh, dear Buck! Oh, dear Bright! My heart is so sore for you. You haven't any faith or any knowledge of God's promise, and it must be awful hard for you, harder for you than for me by far. But you were the instrument he used to send me a sign, and I know he will take care of you as well as of me, you dear, dear comrades."

The second day was growing dark when she felt a sudden tightening of the ropes she held and a sudden straining forward of the ox team, and then, with a mad rush and plunge and a wild bellowing, they drove forward, dragging her headlong to the banks of a stream, the Carson river, where she sank, weeping, laughing, praying, praising God, almost mad with the ecstasy of the sound, the taste and touch of the water—blessed, beautiful water!

It was not until dawn that she set forth on her return journey. Her body was refreshed, but her heart was tortured with fear that she should find herself too late to bring succor to her parents and that her brother was either lost on the plains or already dead. There was no trace of him on the homeward route. As the young girl drew near the spot where she had left her almost dying parents three days before her limbs refused to move at her bidding. Again she fell upon her knees, and now her prayer found words: "O God, let me find them alive. Let me hear their voices once more. I cannot bear this awful silence longer."

Then she arose and went on, and on until she looked straight into her mother's eyes. But Mrs. Percival was babbling now in delirium and did not know her daughter, while the father, lying white and wasted by her side, was asking feebly for "Water! Water!"

With a wild sob Alga clasped them both in her arms as she poured out the coveted beverage and pressed it to their burning lips. But it seemed at best only a brief respite for life for all of them. The supply of food would not last more than another day and the supply of water she had brought but two or three, even by the most sparing use of it. As the second night drew on, for the first time the young girl's courage and faith failed her. She dropped upon the sand beside her parents and wept aloud.

"God has forsaken us!" she cried. "Dear Lord Jesus, receive our souls!"

And just then there were a tramping sound of feet and a noise of voices, and she sat up and listened.

"It is the Indians coming to massacre us," she said. "That is to be the end of it all. Pray God it may be swift."

But the next thing she knew there was Jack leaning over her—Jack, picked up and brought back by the relief party sent out from Georgetown to look up and assist the delinquents. And they brought food and medicine and horses and carriages, and every one of the four Percivals reached Sacramento alive, and Speckle and Buck and Bright as well as the rest. Only poor Spot was left by the wayside.

Afterward, when Alga was a famous society queen, she spoke with tears in her eyes of her two valued pets who had recently died of old age—Buck and Bright. But Alga and Jack are living today, and so are their parents, for every word of this story is true and it happened just as I have told it.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured for 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, and cures tetanus, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barber's itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

LI HUNG CHANG'S TITLE.

According to European interpretation our late interesting visitor, Li Hung Chang, is a count in the Chinese nobility, a title rarely to be met, as the Chinese patent of nobility is sparingly bestowed, and does not become hereditary forever, for each generation it diminishes, till at last "the head of the family" again joins the rank and file of humanity, the idea being that in the generations between the man who is created duke and who arrives at being an "honorable" one is not found of sufficient capability to reap fresh laurels for his family, it is best that it should sink into the insignificance for which it was evidently destined by nature.

The only exception of the rule is in the family of Confucius, for that great philosopher's dukedom has descended to each direct heir, and to day the Duke Kung lives on the same ground that was occupied by his illustrious ancestors, the family never having quitted the spot for over 2,000 years. "Grand Secretary," "Guardian to the Heir Apparent" and "Excellency" are among the minor titles of the great Li.

THE FREQUENT CAUSE OF MUCH MISERY AND SUFFERING.

The Victim Helpless and Unreliable—It Saps the Constitution and Makes One Involuntarily Ask Is Life Worth Living.

From the Lindsay Post.

It is at least commendable to bow before the inevitable. But what appears to be inevitable may be delayed or altogether averted. What were considered necessarily fatal diseases twenty-five or even ten years ago in many instances are not now in that category—thanks to medical and scientific skill. Life is sweet. We must either control the nerves or they will master us. Hysteria may prove fatal. It renders the persons afflicted helpless and unreliable, and casts a continual shadow upon a hitherto bright and cheerful life. It saps the constitution and makes one involuntarily ask, "Is life worth living?" Miss Fanny Watson, daughter of Mr. Henry Watson, living on lot 22, in the township of Somerville, Victoria county, is one of those whose life for years was made miserable from nervous disease. At the age of twelve Miss Watson met with an accident which so seriously affected her nervous system that during the subsequent five years she was subjected to very severe nervous prostration, resulting in convulsions with unconsciousness for three or four hours at a time. This condition continued until March last when she had an increased and prolonged attack by which she was completely prostrated for the space of a fortnight. The disease so affected the optic nerve that Miss Watson was forced to wear glasses. Many remedies were tried at with no avail, and both Miss Watson and her friends feared that a cure could not be obtained. Ultimately Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were strongly recommended by various friends and the young lady decided to give them a trial. A half dozen boxes were brought, and by the time one box was used there was an improvement in her condition, and before the half dozen boxes were used, Miss Watson was, to use her own words, a different person altogether. Her entire nervous system was reinforced to such an extent that she is now able to dispense with the use of the glasses which previous failing eye-sight had made necessary. Miss Watson is now a staunch friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and says: "I have pleasure in recommending them to all similarly afflicted." Rev. D. McKellar, a friend of the family, vouches for the above statement.

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Blunders.

Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted, for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, of the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken, it may be said that it "blesses him that gives and him that takes,"—it covers his own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.

BORN.

Aylesford, Sept. 8, to the wife of J. A. Cahill a son, Sussex, Sept. 26, to the wife of C. R. Mitchell a son, Mosera River, Sept. 28, to the wife of Mr. Mosera, a son.

Middleton, Sept. 23, to the wife of Wm. Lesley, a son.

Stuholm, Sept. 19, to the wife of Peter Friars, a son.

Glenwood, Sept. 28, to the wife of Jackson Ricker, a son.

Hillsburn, Sept. 23, to the wife of Charles Longmire, a son.

Bridgeport, Sept. 17, to the wife of Harry Ruggles, a son.

Hawaii, Sept. 11, to the wife of H. V. Patten, a daughter.

Torbrook, Sept. 17, to the wife of Samuel McConnell, a son.

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Salmon River, Sept. 2, to the wife of Patrick Burridge, a son.

Port La Tour, Sept. 18, to the wife of Wm. Chetwynd, a son.

Pictou, Sept. 28, Colin McDonald, 92.

Pugwash, Sept. 28, John Rodgers, 62.

Yarmouth, Sept. 23, J. W. Welch, 47.

Truro, Sept. 29, William T. Wilson, 69.

Port Maitland, Sept. 10, John Perry, 20.

Chegoggin, Sept. 29, Mrs. Mary J. Rose.

Port Maitland, Sept. 19, John P. Perry, 20.

New Glasgow, Sept. 29, C. J. Jenkinson, 74.

Halifax, Oct. 1, Mrs. Bridget Morley, 67.

Upper Clyde, Sept. 18, Mrs. Jesse Bower.

Chatham, Sept. 30, Charles Monaghan, 53.

Yarmouth, Sept. 20, Prof. J. W. Walsh, 47.

Beaver Bank, Oct. 2, Miss Nora Walsh, 32.

Harrisonville, Sept. 29, Elijah Vincent, 85.

Kentville, Sept. 2, Mrs. George Martin, 54.

Wassila, N. B., Oct. 1, Mrs. Joseph Grant, 73.

St. John, Oct. 5, Mary wife of John Haley, 60.

Lyons Brook, Sept. 28, Mrs. John McKenzie, 85.

Brazil Lake, N. S., Oct. 2, Mrs. Joseph Cane, 78.

Kentville, Sept. 28, Richard, son of Henry A. Pratt, 39.

Iberville, Que., Sept. 28, William Chisholm of N. S., 87.

Carleton, Sept. 30, Mary, widow of Robert T. Brittain.

Black River, Sept. 20, Bessie, child of James McDonald, 6.

Barrington, Sept. 13, Deborah, wife of Joseph Treff, 39.

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 6, Mary L. wife of Nelson Groulx, 78.

West Glasgow, Sept. 23, Maria, widow of Henry Groulx, 78.

Yarmouth, Sept. 22, Tabitha, widow of Capt. Geo. Redding, 78.

Albert, N. B., Sept. 29, Georgia, wife of W. A. Treuman, 33.

Pictou, Sept. 20, Janet Stalker, widow of Charles D. Cooke, 87.

New Glasgow, Sept. 27, Sarah, widow of Capt. William Dand, 75.

Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 20, Harriet C. J. daughter of E. H. Keating, 29.

North Attleboro, Sept. 6, Edward Murray, of Quebec, Co. N. B.

Chatham, Oct. 2, George A. son of F. O. and Mary Patterson, 11 months.

Boston, Sept. 20, Maurice D. son of the late James Geldert of Windsor, 62.

Jacquet River, N. B., Sept. 28, Jean, widow of the late John McMillan, 77.

Amherst, Sept. 26, Sadie, only daughter of Edward and Rita Fowler, 17.

Indianapolis, Sept. 29, Mary L. wife of Dr. A. S. McKenzie of Bryn Mawr.

Lodi, Cal., Sept. 11, John McQuarrie son of Daniel McQuarrie of Pictou, N. S., 30.

Woodstock, Sept. 27, Harold Hunter, son of Mies and Hattie Flinders, 5 months.

Boston, Oct. 8, Owen Haney, son of the late Edward and Mary Haney of St. John.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

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