

## A LAVENDER GOWN.

It was quite late in the evening, dark and rainy, when I arrived, and I suppose the first object in Ware, outside of my immediate personal surroundings, which arrested my attention was the Munson house. When I looked out of my window the next morning it loomed up directly opposite, across the road, dark and moist from the rain of the night before. There were so many elm trees in front of the house I was in, that the little pools of rain water, still standing in the road here and there, did not glisten and shine at all, although the sun was bright and quite high. The house itself stood back far enough to allow of a good square yard in front, and was raised from the street-level the height of a fence-wall. Three or four steps led up to the front walk. On each side of the steps, growing near the edge of the wall, was an enormous lilac tree in full blossom. I could see them through their purple clusters between the elm branches; there was quite a wind blowing that morning. A hedge of lilacs, kept low by constant chopping, began at the bottom of the lilac trees, and reached around the rest of the yard, at the top of the fence-wall. The yard was gay with flowers, laid out in fantastic little beds, all bordered trimly with box. The house was one of those square, solid, white-painted, green-blinded edifices which marked the wealth and importance of the dweller therein a half century or so ago, and still cast a dim halo of respect over its memory. It had no beauty in itself, being boldly plain and glaring, like all of its kind; but the green waving boughs of the elms and lilacs and the undulating shadows they cast toned it down, and gave it an air of coolness and quiet and lovely reserve. I began to feel a sort of pleasant, idle curiosity concerning it as I stood there at my chamber window, and after breakfast, when I had gone into the sitting-room, whose front windows also faced that way, I took occasion to ask my hostess, who had come in with me, who lived there.

"Of course it is nobody I have ever seen or heard of," said she; "but I was looking at the house this morning, and have taken a fancy to know."

Mrs. Leonard gazed reflectively across at the house, and then at me. It was an odd way she always had before speaking.

"There's a maiden lady lives there," she answered, at length, turning her gaze from me to the house again, "all alone; that is, all alone except old Margaret. She's always been in the family—ever since Caroline was a baby, I guess; a faithful old creature as ever lived, but she's pretty feeble now. I reckon Caroline has to do pretty much all the work, and I don't suppose she's much company, or much of anything but a care. There she comes now."

"Who?" said I, feeling a little bewildered.

"Why, Caroline—Caroline Munson. A slim, straight little woman, with a white pit-bet in her hand was descending the stone steps between the blooming lilac trees opposite. She had on a lilac-colored 'a' dress and a white apron. She wore no hat or bonnet, and her gray hair seemed to be arranged in a cluster of soft little curls at the top of her head. Her face, across the street, looked like that of a woman of forty, fair and pleasing."

"She's going down to Mrs. Barnes's after milk," Mrs. Leonard explained. "She always goes herself, every morning just about this time. She never sends old Margaret; I reckon she isn't fit to go. I guess she can do some things about the house, but when it comes to traveling outside Caroline has to do it herself."

Then Mrs. Leonard was called into the kitchen, and I thought over the information, at once vague and definite, I had received, and watched Miss Caroline Munson walk down the shady street. She had a pretty, gentle gait.

About a week later I received an invitation to take tea with her. I was probably never more surprised in my life, as I had not the slightest acquaintance with her. I had sometimes happened to watch her morning pilgrimages down the street after milk, and occasionally had observed her working over her flower-beds at her front yard. That was all, so far as I was concerned; and I did not suppose she knew there was such a person as myself in existence. But Mrs. Leonard, who was also bidden, explained it.

"It's Caroline's way," said she. "She's always had a sort of mania for asking folks to tea. Why, I reckon there's hardly a fortnight, on an average, the year round, but what she invites somebody or other to tea. I suppose she gets kind of dull, and there's a little excitement about it, getting ready for company. Anyhow, she must like it, or she wouldn't ask people. She probably has heard you were going to board here this summer—Ware's a little place, you know, and folks hear everything about each other—and thought she would invite you over with me. You had better go; you'll enjoy it. It's a nice place to go to, and she's a beautiful cook, or Margaret is; I don't know which does the cooking, but I guess they both have a hand in it. Anyhow, you'll have a pleasant time. We'll take our sewing and go early—by three o'clock. That's the way people go out to take tea in Ware."

So the next afternoon at three o'clock, Mrs. Leonard and I sallied across the street to Miss Caroline Munson's. She met us at the door in response to a tap of the old-fashioned knocker. Her manner of greeting was charming from its very quaintness. She hardly said three words, but stowed at the same time a simple courtesy and a pleased shyness, like a child overcome with the delight of a tea-party in her honor. She ushered us into a beautiful old parlor on the right of the hall, and we seated ourselves with her sewing. The conversation was not very brisk nor very general so far as I was concerned. There was scarcely any topic of common interest to the three of us, probably. Mrs. Leonard was one of those women who converse only of matters pertaining to themselves or their own circle of acquaintances, and seldom digress. Miss Munson I could not judge of as to conversational habits, of course; she seemed now to be merely listening with a sort of gentle interest, scarcely saving a word herself, to Mrs. Leonard's remarks. I was a total stranger to Ware and Ware people, and consequently could not talk nor listen to much purpose.

But I was interested in observing Miss Munson. She was a nice person to observe, for if she was conscious of being an object

of scrutiny, she did not show it. Her eyes never flashed up and met mine fixed upon her, with a suddenness startling and embarrassing to both of us. I could stare at her as guileless and properly as I could at a flower.

Indeed, Miss Munson did make me think of a flower, and of one prevalent in her front yard, too—a lilac; there was that same dull bloom about her, and a shy antiquated grace. A lilac always does seem a little older than some other flowers. Miss Munson, I could now see was probably nearer fifty than forty. There were little lines and shadow in her face that one could not discern across the street. It seemed to me that she must have been very lovely in her youth, with sort of loveliness which does not demand attention, but holds it with no effort. An exquisite, delicate young creature she ought to have been, and had been, unless her present appearance told lies.

Lilac seemed to be her favorite color for gowns, for she wore that afternoon a delicious old-fashioned lilac muslin that looked as if it had been hid away in lavender every winter for the last thirty years. The waist was cut surplus fashion, and she wore a dainty lace handkerchief tucked into it. Take it altogether, I suppose I never spent a pleasanter afternoon in all my life, although it was pleasant in a quiet, uneventful sort of way. There was an atmosphere of gentle grace and comfort about everything; about Miss Munson, about the room and about the look-out from the high, deep-set windows. There was not one vivid tint in that parlor; everything had the dimness of age over it. All the brightness was gone out of the carpet. Large, shadowy figures sprawled over the floor, their indistinctness giving them the suggestion of grace, and the polish on the mahogany furniture was too dull to reflect the light. The gilded scrolls on the wall-paper no longer shone, and over some of the old engravings on the walls a half-transparent film that looked like mist had spread. Outside, a cool green shadow lay over the garden, and soft, lazy puff of lilac-scented air came in at the windows. Oh, it was all lovely, and it was so little trouble to enjoy it.

I liked, too, the tea which came later. The dining room was as charming in its way as the parlor, large and dark and solid, with some beautiful quaint pieces of furniture in it. The china was pink and gold; and I fancied to myself that Miss Munson's grandmother had spun the table-linen, and put it away in a big chest, with rose leaves between the folds. I do believe the surroundings and the circumstances imparted a subtle flavor to everything. I tasted which gave rise to something higher than mere gustatory delight, or may be it was my mood; but it certainly seemed to me that I had never before enjoyed a tea so much.

After that day, Miss Munson and I became very well acquainted. I got into the habit of running over there very often; she seldom came to see me. It was tacitly understood between us that it was pleasant for me to do the visiting.

I do not know how she felt toward me—I think she liked me—but I began to feel an exceeding, even a loving, interest in her. All that I could think of sometimes, when with her, was a person walking in a garden and getting continually delicious little sniffs of violets, so that she certainly knew they were near him, although they were hidden somewhere under the leaves, and he could not see them. There would not be a day that Miss Munson would say things that were so many little hints of a rare sweetness and beauty of nature, which her shyness and quietness did not let appear all at once.

She was rather chary always of giving very broad glimpses of herself. I was always more or less puzzled and evaded by her, though she was evidently a sincere, childlike woman, with a liking for simple pleasures. She took genuine delight in picking a little bunch of flowers in her garden for a neighbor, and in giving those little tea-parties. She was religious in an innocent, unquestioning way, too. I often than not found an open Bible near her when I came in, and she talked about praying as simply as one would about breathing.

But the day before I left Ware she told me a very peculiar story, by which she displayed herself to me all at once in a fuller light, although she revealed such a character that I was, in one way, none the less puzzled. She and I were sitting in her parlor. She was feeling sad about my going, and perhaps that led her to confide in me. Anyway, she looked up, suddenly, after a little silence.

"Do you," she said, "believe in dreams?"

"That is a question I can't answer truthfully," I replied, laughing. "I don't really know whether I believe in dreams or not."

"I don't know either," she said slowly, and she shuddered a little. "I have a mind to tell you," she went on, "about something that happened to me afterwards. I never did tell any one, and I believe I would like to. That is, if you would like to have me," she asked, as timidly as a child afraid of giving trouble.

I assured her that I would, and, after a little pause, she told me this:—

"I was about twenty-two," she said, "and father and mother had been dead, one four the other six years. I was living alone here with Margaret, as I have ever since. I have thought sometimes that it was my living alone so much, and not going about with other girls more, that made me dream as much as I did, but I don't know. I used always to have a great many dreams, and some of them seemed as if they must mean something; but this particular one, in itself and in its effect on my after-life, was very singular."

"It was in spring, and the lilacs were just in bloom, when I dreamed it. I thought I was walking down the road there under the elm trees. I had on a lilac muslin gown, and I carried a basket of flowers on my arm. They were mostly white, or else the very faintest pink—lilies and roses. I had gone down the street a little way, when I saw a young man coming towards me. He had on a broad-brimmed soft hat and a velvet coat, and carried something that looked odd under his arm. When he came nearer I could see that he had a handsome dark face, and that he was carrying an artist's easel. When he reached me he stopped and looked down into my face, and then at my basket of flowers. I stopped too—I could not seem to help it in my dream—and gazed down at the ground. I was afraid to look at him, and I trembled so that the lilies and roses in my basket quivered."

"Finally he spoke. 'Won't you give me one of your flowers?' he said—'just one?' 'I gathered courage to glance up at him then, and when his eyes met mine it did seem to me that I wanted to give him one of those flowers more than anything else in the world. I looked into my basket and had my fingers on the stem of the finest lily there, when something came whirling and fanning by my face and settled on my shoulder, and when I turned my head, with my heart beating loud, there was a white dove."

"But, somehow, I seemed in my dream to forget all about the dove in a minute, and I looked away in the young man's face again, and lifted the lily from the basket as I did so."

"But his face did not look to me as it did before, though I still wanted to give him the lily just as much. I stood still, gazing at him, for a moment; there was, in my dream, a sort of fascination over me which would not let me take my eyes from him. As I gazed, his face changed more and more to me, till finally—I cannot explain it—it looked at once beautiful and repulsive. I wanted at once to give him the lily and would have died rather than give it to him, and I turned and fled, with my basket of flowers and my dove on my shoulder, and a great horror of something, did not know what, in my heart. Then I woke up all of a tremble."

Miss Munson stopped. "What do you think it possible that it could have had any special significance, or should you think it merely a sleeping vagary of a romantic, imaginative girl?"

"I think that would depend entirely upon after-events," I answered; "they might or might not prove its significance."

"Do you think so?" she said, eagerly. "Well, it seemed to me that they did, but the worst of it has been I have never been quite sure—never quite sure. But I will tell you, and you shall judge. A year from the time I dreamed that dream, I actually met that same young man one morning in the street. I had on my lilac gown, and I held a sprig of lily in my hand; I had broken it off the bush as he came along. He almost stopped for a second when he came up to me, and looked down into my face. I was terribly startled for I recognized at once the man of my dream, and I can't tell you how horrible and uncanny it all seemed for a minute. There were the same handsome dark face, there were the broad hat and the velvet coat, and the easel under the arm. Well, he passed on, and I did; but I was in a flutter all day, and his eyes seemed to be looking into mine continually."

"A few days afterwards he called upon me with Mrs. Graves, a lady who used to live in Ware and take boarders; she moved away some ago. I learned that he was an artist. His name was—no, I will not tell you his name; he is from your city, and well known. He had engaged board with Mrs. Graves for the summer. After that there was scarcely a day but I saw him. We were both entirely free to seek each other's society, and we were both together a great deal. He used to take me sketching with him, and he would come here at all hours of the day as unconcerned as a brother might. He would sit beside me in the parlor and watch me cook. He was very boyish and unconventional in his ways, and I used to think it charming. We soon grew to care a great deal about each other, of course, although he said nothing about it to me for a long time. I knew from the first there was, as there was in my dream, a kind of horror of him along with the love; it kept me from being entirely happy. The night before he went away he spoke. We had been to walk, and were standing here at my door. He asked me to marry him. I looked up in his face, and felt just as I did in my dream about giving him the flower, when all of a sudden his face looked different to me, just as it did in the dream. I cannot explain it. It was as if I saw no more of the kindness and the love in it, only something else—evil—and the same horror came over me."

"I don't know how I looked to him as I stood gazing up at him, but he turned very pale, and started back. 'My God! Caroline,' he said, 'what is it?'"

"I don't know what I said, but it must have expressed my sudden repulsion very strongly; for, after a few bitter words, he left me, and I went into the house. I never saw him again, I have seen his name in the papers, and that is all."

"Now, I want to know," Miss Munson went on, "if you think that my dream was really sent to me as a warning, or that I fancied it all, and wrecked—no, I won't say wrecked—dulled the happiness of my whole life for a nervous whim?"

She looked questioningly at me, an expression at once serious and pitiful on her delicate face. I hardly knew what to say. It was obvious that I could form no correct opinion unless I knew the man. I wondered if I did. There was an artist about the right age whom I thought of. If he were the one—well, I think Miss Munson was right.

She saw I hesitated. "Never mind," she said rising with her usual quiet, gentle smile on her lips, "you don't know any more than I do, and I never shall know in this world. All I hope is that it was what God meant, and not what I imagined. We won't talk any more about it. I have liked to tell you, for some reason or other, that is all. Now I am going to take you into the garden and pick your last posy for you."

After I had gone down the stone steps with my hands full of verbena and pansies, I turned and looked up at her standing so mild and sweet between the lilac-trees, and said good-bye again. That was the last time I saw her.

The next summer when I came to Ware the blinds on the front of the Munson house were all closed, and the little flower-beds in the front yard were untended; only the lilacs were in blossom, for they had the immortal spring for their gardener.

Miss Munson died last winter," said Mrs. Leonard, looking reflectively across the street. "She was laid out in a lilac-colored cashmere gown; it was her request. She always wore lilac you know. Well' (with a sigh), 'I do believe that Caroline Munson, if she is an angel—and I suppose she is—doesn't look much more different from what she did before than those lilacs over there do from last year's ones.'

Strange But True.

California cherries have dropped from \$1 to seventy-five cents a pound. The price of Jamaica ginger remains the same as usual.

## A WELL PACKED TRUNK.

It is an Art That Requires to Be Thoroughly Learned and Understood.

The marvel of packing, packing of clothes, I mean, is that it is so simple, when you see for the first time a professional French packer put up your best gowns you feel sure you will come to your journey's end without a rag to wear. He puts three times as many things in the same space as you would. Of course, anyone can pack well enough if she has the room—a separate box for every waist, a tray for every skirt. Then too, some goods wrinkle so badly that no care can avert catastrophe; they come to grief even in the hands of a French maid at home. Test everything you buy from point of view. With material not given over to evil you can learn to pack so that your clothes won't tell the tale of their prison house.

The cardinal point is to wrap up every delicate garment separately; of course it should be folded smoothly, and to teach how to fold clothes in print is not easy. Any good dresser, however, can give you points on that, and the wrapping is the more important thing; pin towels and sheets of tissue paper about your garment, but remembering that no papers are what you should fold between each layer of pretty things in the trunk. Nothing else is so good; it is so unyielding that wrinkles and protuberances cannot make themselves felt through it to mark the fabrics beneath them any more than if you had used sheet iron. It is useless to try to arrange heavy things at the bottom, light on top; the baggage smasher knows no top and no bottom just concentrate yourself on keeping a smooth, even surface for each successive layer. Bows and sleeves can be stuffed out with newspapers better than anything else. Be sure that your wrappings are pinned firmly so that there will be no coming undone; they are your bulwarks.

In packing breakable articles it is astonishing how many people will jam them down in corners and sides where they get the full force of every concussion against the unyielding walls. Tie on your corsets well with bits of rag and twine and put your bottles near the middle of a compartment, and I you may carry ink and shoe dressing in safety around the world.

In packing such things as delicate hats, bonnets and fancy waists of such a fronth nature that no pressure can be allowed on them it is best to fill up the empty spaces of the boxes allotted them with lightly twisted sheets of tissue paper than to give them a chance to move, and with all due respect to the best packing in the world it is still well to unpack as soon as you can.—Kansas City Star.

## BORN.

Welsford, July 20, to the wife of John White, a son.  
Woodstock, July 26, to the wife of Willard Carr, a son.  
Malone Bay, July 26, to the wife of E. A. Harris, a son.  
Yarmouth, July 26, to the wife of Thomas Collison, a son.  
Moncton, July 26, to the wife of Philip Cormier, a son.  
Halifax, July 28, to the wife of Frank E. Dickie, a son.  
Amherst, July 26, to the wife of Bedford Cole, a son.  
Halifax, July 28, to the wife of John Eckerley, a son.  
Port Greville, July 22, to the wife of Charles Allen, a son.  
New Prospect, July 24, to the wife of Wm. McKee, a son.  
Woodstock, July 25, to the wife of W. M. Brashear, a son.  
Londonderry, July 30, to the wife of A. C. McIsner, a son.  
Moncton, July 30, to the wife of John A. Moore, a daughter.  
Amherst, July 28, to the wife of William Steves, a daughter.  
Halifax, July 29, to the wife of Simon Meaden, a daughter.  
Newville, July 24, to the wife of Leonard Brown, a daughter.  
St. Croix, July 15, to the wife of Fred Crowell, a daughter.  
Paradise, July 15, to the wife of Norman Late, a daughter.  
Woodstock, July 25, to the wife of Dr. Rankine, a daughter.  
Chicago, Ill., July 19, to the wife of A. W. Masters a daughter.

## 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 Head-ache, 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 Bitters.

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 Brantford, 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 bottles—there 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, and better than that it made home a comfort to me."

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With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

**DEARBORN & CO.**

WHOLESALE AGENTS

New Glasgow, July 20, to the wife of A. P. Douglas a daughter.  
West Brook, July 27, to the wife of Patrick McEneaney, a son.  
Chester, Mass., July 22, to the wife of Henry Thoburn, a son.  
Bridgetown, July 24, to the wife of Rev. Abraham Clements, a son.  
Wharton, N. S., July 20, to the wife of Charles Bowden, a daughter.  
Waterville, July 16, to the wife of Capt. W. S. Bowden, a daughter.  
Pawtucket, R. I., July 22, to the wife of Gardner Fuller, N. S., a son.  
Halifax, Aug. 2, to the wife of Engineer Mutch of S. S. Duart Castle, a daughter.  
Sag Harbor, N. Y., July 25, to the wife of Rev. Gordon J. Lewis, a daughter.  
Bridgewater, N. S., July 25, to the wife of Capt. Edward J. Manning, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Toronto, July 23 by Rev. F. T. T. P. Scott, Rev. Chas. W. King to Lottie Stark.  
Halifax, July 23, by Rev. Father Murphy, Timothy Bowles to Jessie Cottrell.  
Eastport, July 19, by Rev. J. A. Ford, Leonard G. Clark to Hattie S. Bacon.  
New Glasgow, July 22, by Rev. W. I. Croft, William S. Elliot to Emma Barrett.  
Yarmouth, July 19, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Howland and F. J. Kelly to Nellie Fox.  
Halifax, July 21, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Prof. Jules Lanois to Annie McDonald.  
Calais, July 22, by Rev. A. S. Ladd, Gonzella B. Day to Josephine Whitenack.  
Westville, July 23, by Rev. R. Cumming, Thomas T. Stewart to Charlotte Bone.  
New Glasgow, July 28, by Rev. A. Rogers, Edgar M. Fulton to Mary R. Garvie.  
St. John, July 29, by Rev. G. O. Gater, Charles J. Withers to Maggie F. Sullivan.  
Amherst, July 28, by Rev. D. B. Scott, Francis Beharrel to Ellen Ward.  
Liverpool, N. S., July 20, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Oliver Fisher to Minnie Burgess.  
Charlottetown, July 23, by Rev. Charles Comben Renforth to Josephine H. F. Fash.  
Newport, N. S., July 29, by Rev. A. Daniels, William Mason to Drusilla Harvey.  
Port Lorne, July 21, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Loring Beardsley to Hattie Cropley.  
St. Stephen, July 22, by Rev. W. C. Goucher Jas. M. Murdoch to Jennie Kate Hughes.  
St. Stephen, July 22, by Rev. W. C. Goucher Harry P. Merrill to Lillian B. Hyslop.  
Honeyville, C. B., July 29, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Walter M. Parker to Christina Homes.  
Moore Mills, July 28, by Rev. Isaac Howie, Walter L. Grimmer to Bertha Douglas.  
Chloride, June 29, by Rev. D. Sutherland, David C. Inglis to N. B. to Jean Nash.  
Moncton, N. B., July 29, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, John McKinnon to Mary Macdonald.  
Folkestone, July 21, by Rev. J. A. McKee, Barkley Laneth to Ellen Bailey.  
Johnston, N. B., July 13, by Rev. Isaac N. Parker, James Andrew Carter to Louise Patterson.  
Everett Mass., July 22, by Rev. H. B. Bolton, Charles E. Moore to Lillian T. Peterson.  
Martins River, N. S., July 18, by Rev. E. A. Harris, Stanley Zink to Sophia Keddy.  
New Ireland, N. B., July 30, by Rev. Father Carson, William Williamson to Sarah Tehan.  
Medicine Hat, N. W. T., July 20, by Rev. W. Nicolai Francis Fash to Kate Cochran.  
Chatham, July 28, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, M. A. J. Robert McKinnon to Isabella B. Fleiger.  
Sillman, N. S., July 23, by Rev. W. J. Fowler Alexander Campbell to Annie May Elliot.  
Petitcodiac, July 28, by Rev. H. G. Eschbrooks, James W. McAdams to Florence B. Tucker.  
Beaver Brook, N. B., July 27, by Rev. Father Carson, Charles McAnulty to Isabella Henley.  
Lakeville, Antigonish, July 10, by Rev. Father Shaw, John F. Druehan to Christina McIsaac.  
Sandy Cove, Queens Co. N. S., July 29, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Samuel S. Martin to Maude Wolfe.  
Brooklyn, N. Y., July 23, by Rev. Dr. Rhodes, Charles C. Good of N. B. to Jennie E. Bucknam.  
San Francisco, July 23, by Rev. George E. Walker, Frank G. Stoop to Mrs. G. A. Grimmer, all of N. B.

## DIED.

Calais, July 20, Annie Doucet, 32.  
Calais, July 21, James N. Hat, 35.  
St. John, July 31, Eliza A. Kennedy.  
Calais, July 16, John M. McKinnon, 6.  
Shenbrook, July 25, Agnes McDonald.  
Ohio, N. S., July 21, Oliver H. Ellis, 61.  
Havelock, July 20, Johanna Tierney, 78.  
Calais, July 28, James Reed Kimball, 54.  
Acadia Mines, July 27, Peter Brodie, 62.  
North Alton, July 29, Nelson Kilcup, 82.  
Woodstock, July 27, Stephen Crowley, 75.  
Milltown, July 21, Alfred J. Alexander, 8.  
Carsonville, July 20, Mary E. Folkins, 78.  
St. Stephen, July 20, Mary J. Simpson, 57.  
Milltown, Me., July 19, Edward Brock, 68.  
Yarmouth, July 28, Mrs. David C. Cook, 61.  
Alexander, Me., July 13, Annie M. Cotter, 61.  
Milltown, July 21, Annie M. Montgomery, 27.  
Milltown, Me., July 11, Sarah J. McKinley, 53.  
Halifax, Aug. 1, Annie, wife of James Bulger, 23.  
North River, N. S., July 24, Donald Cameron, 55.  
Sussex, July 17, Jane, widow of Robert Baskin, 50.  
Milltown, N. B., July 26, Philip Milligan, 6 months.  
Halifax, July 31, Catherine, wife of Albert Moore, 28.  
Fairville, July 31, Johanna, wife of James Griffith, 74.  
St. John, July 31, Tirzah, wife of Hiram D. Ferris, 45.  
Woodstock, July 22, George, son of Miles Moore, 7 months.  
Springhill, July 28, Mary A., widow of Edward Davidson.  
Maplewood, June 4, Annie J., widow of Thomas Newell, 46.  
Meteghan, July 16, Genevieve, wife of Valusain Comeau, 64.  
Upper Waterville, N. B., June 23, William A. Rockwell, 41.  
Halifax, Aug. 1, Ellen Hobbs, daughter of the late George Chapin, 55.  
Brookfield, July 20, Floride E., daughter of Aaron and Ida Hamilton, 15.  
St. John, July 31, John Thomas, son of John and Mary Davis, 6 months.  
Wicklow, N. E., July 13, Betsy L. widow of Alexander Parker, 76.  
Antigonish, July 26, Joseph, child of Hugh J. and Margaret McDonald, 2.  
St. John, July 30, Alexander, son of Catherine and the late Hugh McKeake.  
Halifax, Aug. 3, Mary Catherine, child of I. A. and Ellen Beals, 9 weeks.  
Yarmouth, July 17, Clara L., child of Alfred and Lillian Putnam, 21 months.  
Antigonish, July 28, John, son of Mary and the late Donald McGilvary, 31.  
Hantsport, July 25, Alfred W., son of Jesse and Delilah Beazley, 11 months.  
Milltown, July 26, Elizabeth N., child of John and Carolyn McBride, 8 months.  
Gondola Point, July 31, William H., second son of John and Mary Harrison, 35.  
St. Stephen, July 29, Freddie G., child of Parker and Grace Grimmer, 22 months.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 22nd June, 1896, the trains of this railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00  
Express for Halifax.....12.20  
Accommodation for Moncton and Pictou du Chen.....12.35  
Express for Sussex.....16.35  
Express for Robitney.....20.45  
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney.....22.30

Buffet sleeping cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.30 o'clock and Halifax at 20.00 o'clock.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday Excepted).....6.05  
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday Excepted).....6.55  
Express from Sussex.....12.35  
Accommodation from Pictou and Campbellton.....12.35  
Express from Robitney.....18.20  
Express from Halifax.....21.35

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1896.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## Summer Tourist Tickets

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

## SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS

on sale to local points on Atlantic Division.

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

D. MCNICOLL, Mgr. A. H. NOTMAN, Dist. Ticket Agent, St. John, N. B.

## Dominion Atlantic R'y.

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

Royal Mail Steamer. PRINCE RUPERT.

Lvs. St. Jn at 7.00 a.m., ar. Digby 9.30 a.m. Lvs. Digby at 10.30 a.m., ar. Yarmouth 1.00 p.m. Lvs. St. John at 1.30 p.m., ar. Digby 4.00 p.m. Lvs. Digby at 4.15 p.m., ar. St. John 6.45 p.m.

## EXPRESS TRAINS

Lvs. Halifax 4.15 a.m., ar. Yarmouth 10.15 a.m. Lvs. Digby 10.30 a.m., ar. Yarmouth 1.20 p.m. Lvs. Halifax 11.15 a.m., ar. Digby 4.10 p.m. Lvs. Digby 4.15 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 6.15 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 10.04 a.m. Lvs. Digby 10.08 a.m., ar. Halifax 4.00 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 4.00 p.m., ar. Digby 4.00 p.m. Lvs. Digby 4.04 p.m., ar. Halifax 9.00 a.m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.00 a.m., ar. Digby 8.20 a.m. Lvs. Digby 4.45 p.m., ar. Annapolis 6.05 p.m.

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

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

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

## DOMINION Express Co.

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