

THE HALF-BREED.

"Clavering—Herbert Clavering." Carhart put out a hand, with a rush of incoherent words. Of all men, to find Clavering here!

Clavering gave him but little opportunity to put questions. His surprise had been less demonstrative than his friends'; but a twitching of the muscles of the mouth denoted that this meeting had not quite left him unaffected. He began to question Carhart himself—rapidly, a little nervously, scarce waiting for his replies. He was traveling? He had come with a view to making some study of the Indian settlement still taking up the farther slope of the mountain? A sketching tour? And so he still kept these things up?

"You are my guest for tonight, whatever your plans. In any case, those clouds bode no good to travelers in these wilds. I can't give you hotel fare. But, perhaps, you will put up with something plainer for the sake of old friendship and old days."

As he spoke, Carhart was realizing the full change that had befallen the man who once—and that but a few years before—appeared so placid amid the greatest ranks of active strugglers, and so endowed for the brilliant work and the glittering results of life, that his rapid climb to worldly eminence was accounted one of the inevitable sequence. Also for the rock against which this promising career had shattered almost at its outset! But why desert? That was what Clavering had done. Better, Carhart thought, as he looked at him, have made an attempt to float the ship anew, to weather the gale.

With the life of the natives, he had adopted their mode of dress and something of their gait and manner. This seemed to Carhart to have been done out of a sort of bravado—as a species of flaunting assurance that he was amply content with the changed conditions of existence he had chosen. He had aged in these five years. There were on his face bitter lines and hard lines, that silently spoke the disappointment he would have doggedly denied. Carhart saw that however much he might regret the rash step which had led him to leave his native England and the world, and bury himself in these mountain wilds, he would never open his lips in confession of his mistake.

The black cloud had rolled downward, blotting the further peaks from sight, and in the deepening purple light that filled the air, the small log-house stood out in sharp relief beside its patches of stunted pines, vividly green.

Carhart dismounted from his horse and followed Clavering across the threshold with some singular sensations. The latter caught the fleeting expression of his face. "You don't get over your surprise at finding me at this remote distance from your vaunted civilization?"

"Of course I am surprised. You left no tracks behind you."

"My determination to break with all your sophistication was clearly enough announced."

"Yes, I knew the life you meant to lead. Nevertheless I was surprised to find you here."

"You did not believe I would carry out my resolve?" laughed Clavering shortly. "You see that you were mistaken."

The rain had come in a sudden rush of wind that chased whirling leaves wildly before it. The taller pines bent and swayed; it had grown sombrely dark in the bare room.

Clavering—a powerful figure in high boots, loose flannel shirt, short jacket—stood an instant in the doorway, and looked out at the fierce conflict of the unchained elements. Then he turned and hung up his soft, wide-brimmed hat against the wall.

"As I told you before, you will have to put up with plain fare." Then Carhart became aware of the entrance of a young girl into the room. She was slim and supple as a willow bough as she moved, making delicate preparations for the simple meal, with the smooth, sliding, grave step of the aboriginal race—the races that live close to the soil. Her straight, black hair was wound up into heavy hanging braids. Her shy eyes looked out from under straight, black brows. She was very light—almost white.

Carhart had never believed in beautiful half-breeds. His eyes fastened themselves upon her until he felt their persistence an impertinence. His fingers itched to be at pencils and brushes and canvas.

When the storm passed away, it left an uneasy, shifting mass of torn clouds. A watery moon looked out in fitful gleams. Already the clayey soil was sucking up the moisture rapidly.

The two men stayed in the faintly illuminated darkness before the door. The short pipe in Herbert Clavering's bearded lips gave out at intervals a throbbing spark of pale red light.

There was a long silence. It was fraught for Carhart with anxious self-questionings, with hesitation. Finally he spoke.

"I shall be going on tomorrow morning, Clavering, and our meeting again, I suppose, as things are, at least a ways a doubtful matter. So I have decided to touch upon a topic which it is possible you may prefer not to have broached. Whatever you may think of what may seem my interference, I think that I mean well. Leonard Ashley's husband has been dead two months. Did you know it?"

For an instant it was so still that the rasping of a cricket near by seemed to fill the whole night. Then—

"No, I did not know it," said Clavering. His tones were husky, strained. He controlled himself. But it had been a shock—it had been a shock!

Again there was a silence. At last, conscious of the tumult going on in the breast of the man beside him, Carhart could bear it no longer.

"I always thought you made a mistake—nay, more, that you committed a terrible folly. Clavering, five years ago," he cried all the latent irritation, hot within him, and bred by the wantonness of his sacrifice of a brilliant life, breaking forth.

A grown burst from Clavering's lips. "Sudden financial ruin had overtaken me; and—well, you know what she was to me, Carhart!"

"Yes, I know that marriage and your money troubles together made you desert. For it was deserting. The place for a man like you is in the thick of the fight! What matter that a financial break-up had come to you! There was that in you which would have forced Fortune's favor anew."

As for the other trouble—we are men, not children, Clavering!"

Suddenly, fiercely, Clavering turned upon him.

"Why do you say all this now? Would you have me now go back to the thick of the fight, as you call it?"

Clavering gave a caustic laugh. "I could tell you that the stragglers who have much philosophy are doing the great army of strugglers, all intent on getting to the top, the most inestimable kindness! But I prefer to ask you what you think I could do in the centres of active life? I—who am out of time and touch, with all men and things?"

"You have lost five invaluable years—yes. But to say that your mistake is irrevocable is an absurdity."

And then Carhart started, paused, forgetting his arguments, the hard-headed man of the world in him routed by a rushing forth of artist's soul that constituted the other side of his dual nature.

There a few feet away near the corner of the house, was that exquisite girl again. He was about to speak, to ask some question concerning her, when the man of the world came to the front anew, he said nothing.

The last impression he carried away with him from the log house the next morning was that of the girl hanging back within the door as they rode off. Clavering accompanied him part of the way toward the Reservation. Her eyes followed them with a silent question; it seemed almost to Clavering, imaginative as he was, with a silent doubt, a silent anguish.

It was two weeks later, and Carhart was preparing to draw his sketching tour to an end. Looking up suddenly from his breakfast, he saw Clavering enter the inn, which here, fifteen miles from the Reservation, was dignified with the name of a hotel.

Carhart felt this coming significant. Had he any lingering doubts they were immediately dispelled.

"When do you start?" said Clavering. "I am going back with you."

There was a pause; then Carhart stretched out his hand across the table in silence.

The sun rose and set over the mountain. The days wore away. Flaring touches of crimson began to show against the cool green of the leaves.

At the log house, amid the stunted pines a silent figure went in and out. The girl shed no tears. He was gone. She had known always that some day it would be so. More than ever she had known it when that friend of his had come, the friend who belonged to the great world beyond the Reservation, beyond the mountain, of which she had learned at the mission school.

For she had been to the mission school, and she felt to trembling a little when she thought of the missionary—a gaunt, pale man with a holy fire in his eyes—who had baptized her. Ah, how good he had been! He had prayed over her, and adored her steadily to walk with Christ.

She covered on the doorstep, her slender hands against her cheeks.

Two strangers rode leisurely up in the mellow September afternoon. They talked lazily, their voices drifting toward her.

"No, marriages among whites and half-breeds are not common in this section. It would, perhaps, be better if they were."

The girl rose and went into the house. A fire of oak logs had been burning on the hearth. She sat down beside it, her arms clasped about her knees, her hair falling forward over her face. The afternoon wore slowly away. Through the glistening needles of the pine trees shafts of nebulous golden light began to stream. Near her was a large chest. She lifted the lid and slowly, reverently, took certain objects from it and laid them on the bed.

They were things he—Herbert Clavering—had given her. There were the fine little handkerchiefs marked with her name—"Annie," the name they had called her when she had been baptized at the mission chapel; and the yards of some soft light muslin she had never made up; and a pair of little shoes such as the women in town wore; and the trinkets he had said made her look like a young Eastern princess.

To her cheeks there had come a faint roselike color. Her eyes were like still water, in which the reflection of a star had been taken from the chest. She was clothing herself in a strange freak of fancy for a mystic—a mythical marriage. If he and she were to be married tonight—married as once she had seen two people at the mission chapel, would she look like this? A small, blurred mirror threw back to her a picture she did not know. She had wound this yards of soft muslin about her body; she placed the trinkets about her neck and in her ears.

At the long bar of sunlight that lay from the threshold of the open door across the floor a shadow had fallen. Annie looked up; she looked into his eyes—into the eyes of Herbert Clavering. They stood a moment thus—he motionless, she holding bawdy hair. Then he spoke:

"Annie, I have come back."

She said nothing; she only trembled.

"Annie I have come back to marry you. Then only she gave a little low cry.

"I am not worthy," she said.

His brow darkened.

"Never dare to say that. I thought I could go from you, Annie. I tried to. I meant to. I loved a woman once, and I heard four weeks ago that she was free. I thought to go back to her—to win her now I could. But I was mistaken in my own heart. That love was dead. I did not see her. I came back to you, Annie. I will repair the wrong."

Herbert Clavering came nearer. He put out his hand and touched the giggles on her arms.

"Take these things off. You shall have better than those. What were you doing arrayed in them? We won't live here, Annie. When we are married we will go elsewhere. I shall never belong quite to the active world again. But I can do better than this. There must be a new life. Kiss me, my wild flower!"

In the course of a few weeks Carhart received a letter over which he sat long pensive.

"Well, who shall say it was not better so?" he murmured at last. "She was beautiful. Clavering was never like any other man. He will seek some new frontier town and make himself a power yet, perhaps. What eyes she had! Ah! one can never get those effects on canvas!"

And the artist sighed.

SOUNDS IN THE STILL NIGHT.

The Mysterious Noises Which Interest Timid People.

What would not be revealed were a census taken of the men in any large city who have been awakened by the sound of a thief of the night cutting the screen away from the kitchen door and then sawing a hole in the woodwork so as to enable him to thrust his hand through, shoot the bolt and then break in to revel in a midnight debauch of crime? How many men of this particular city have held joint debates with themselves on the wisdom of getting up and uttering a loud, protracted and resonant whoop, as compared with the more discreet plan of lying still and fearfully permitting the robber to rob? And the cats in the back entry, battling at the iron garbage cans for what feasting lies in fishheads and day-before-yesterday beef do they not a single wot as to the horror that they are generating in the parlor bedroom just forty-five feet away?

A cat at a garbage can does not in itself resemble red murder running riot, but it sounds exactly that way. Every noise which one such makes is the precise racket which goes with the commission of a fearful and hideous crime.

The dictionary definition of a window shade says nothing of concealed weapons, jimmies, dynamite or gags. And yet the 1 a. m. window blind is a creature which goes about its business armed cap-a-pie for treason, stratagem and spoils, to say nothing of offences more common, and consequently more dreaded. Given a window blind which does not just fit the opening, and which in a robbing way rubs against the vertical sides of the casement; given also the hour of Marco Bozzaris, and, in addition to these gifts, given a plain common, earnest civilian, embraced in the arms of slumber up to the time when the rubbing begins, and there is a combination which would drive Mene, Tussaud distracted, fill Chief Badenoch's reception room with choice and distinguished slaughters, and make hair of the Circassian and tangential sort the proper and correct thing.

A common yellow window blind which sells ordinarily for forty-three cents, or for twenty cents on "bargain" days, can bully the Spanish inquisition out of its boots when it comes to terrifying mankind.

The doorlock, which takes a notion to rattle back into its proper place after having been turned too far earlier in the evening, knows its business also, and its business is to people the mind of the man who is just roused from a sweet dream of peace with horrible pictures of sudden and extemporaneous death. In the case of the lock which having been turned too far back, later releases itself with a sharp click, allowing the bolt to take its natural position, there can be no manner of doubt.

The half-awake flat-dweller has good and ample reason to believe that the noise comes from the lock—because, in fact, it does come therefrom. Then rises into rapid prominence this query: "What sort of man is it who is out there with a skeleton key letting himself into this holy and virtuous flat?" Of course, he is a large, bulky man, with chloroform in his possession, and bearing a great burden of deadly weapons. He has come to get everything in the flat, from the folding bed to the napkin rings, and he is going to perform with many strange firearms if necessary to achieve his object.

Perhaps, after all, the ill-fitting window-blind, which sways in the draught, is the greatest criminal of the age. More midnight alarms have been caused by it than by almost any other inanimate malefactor. Although the pantry door, which, standing ajar is pushed open or is closed by the pug dog out on a wandering expedition, is a decent second.—Chicago Record.

TO EDUCATE THE CASH GIRLS.

A New York Dry Goods Firm's School Room and Lessons.

There will shortly be started, in one of the largest dry goods stores in the city, a system whereby the little cash girls, during certain hours each day, receive instruction in such branches of education as are taught in the ordinary grammar schools of New York.

The idea is a new one in this city, although it has been in operation for some time past in Chicago, where it has been very successful.

The hours devoted to study will be so arranged as to interfere as little as possible with the daily duties of the girls, and at the same time will allow them ample time for recreation.

As the system is in operation in Chicago

some of the girls go to school from 8:30 until 10:30 o'clock, while others attend during the afternoon; thus they are always enough cash girls ready to attend to the customers and clerks, while all have an equal opportunity for attending the school.

Not only has the system of holding a regular school in a large dry goods store out west improved the girls who work in the store, but it has shown a tendency to bring them more nearly together.

Competent teachers will be employed to instruct the girls, and so far as may be practicable, the regular school system in vogue in this city will be adopted. As now planned, this new school room will be a light, airy room, located probably at the top of the big dry goods structure, high above the dust and dirt of the city traffic.

Books, blackboards, desks—everything, in fact, which go to make up a well appointed school room, will be found ready for use, the entire expense being borne by the firm. The girls will relieve each other during the day, so that each one will receive about five hours per day.

A member of the firm said, in speaking of the matter: "I do not anticipate any difficulty in proving to the school board that we can be trusted with the education of the girls. We have been very successful with a school started in connection with our Chicago house, and I can see no reason why we should not have equal success here. The girls there are apparently glad of an opportunity for combining the earning of even a small wage and obtaining an education. They are diligent at their studies and very painstaking. These little ones willingly give up some of their evening hours to learning their lessons and writing their exercises for the next day, and the results prove that by far the greater number make better progress in our school than in the ordinary public schools."

The incentive of being able to earn even a little to help out their mothers at home is a great inducement to those wishing to get on in the world. This school is not only a good thing for the children, but incidentally is a good thing for the firm. We get our regular reports from the teachers, and those girls who show a willingness to help themselves are in turn helped by us and promoted from one grade to another. We shall have our commencement exercises at the end of each term, just as do the public-schools. Besides the ordinary branches, we shall teach music to such of the girls as have any talent in that direction and also see that they have an annual summer outing."

When the next legislative committee comes down from Albany on a junketing trip, and incidentally to correct abuses of the law prohibiting the employment of child labor under healthful conditions, they will probably experience a new sensation when they are ushered into a pleasant, well ventilated school-room and see the erstwhile pale faced little drudges transformed into bright studious school children, in whose lives a new happy influence has been kindled.—New York Herald.

HUMPHREYS'

No. 1 Cures Fever.
No. 2 " Worms.
No. 3 " Infants' Diseases.
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No. 8 " Neuralgia.
No. 9 Cures Headache.
No. 10 " Dyspepsia.
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No. 14 " Skin Diseases.
No. 15 Cures Rheumatism.
No. 16 " Malaria.
No. 20 " Whooping Cough.
No. 27 " Kidney Diseases.
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No. 77 " Colds and Grip.

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DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES MALTED FREE.

Humphreys' Med. Co., 111 William St., N. Y.

BORN.

Dalhousie, July 30, to the wife Arthur Troop, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 6, to the wife of J. Goddard, a son.
Truro, Aug. 6, to the wife of C. M. Dawson, a son.
Amherst, Aug. 6, to the wife of R. Barker a son.
Fairview, N. S., Aug. 7, to the wife of John MacAlone, a twin boy and girl.
Upper North Sydney, Aug. 1, to the wife of John Allan, a daughter.
Middleton, July 31, to the wife of George M. Moore, a son.
Melbourne, N. S., July 30, to the wife of Harry Allan, a son.

DIED.

Annapolis Royal, July 28, Dorothy R. Bishop, 65.
Morvan, Aug. 1, Mary, wife of Allan McDonald, 90.
Halifax, Aug. 8, Captain Angus C. Campbell, 37.
Campbell Settlement, Aug. 1, John Campbell, 80.
Baile Brook, July 26, Bartholomew McGee, 55.
Great Village, Aug. 1, Capt. John Congdon, 72.
Englishtown, C. B. July 30, Annie McLeod, 63.
Lansdowne, N. S., July 29, Gilbert Burke, 60.
Halifax, Aug. 5, Capt. Angus C. Campbell, 37.
Millstream, July 31, Charlotte Patterson, 78.
Great Village, July 29, Robert McKim, 77.
Charlottetown, Aug. 4, John Stanlake, 75.
Erb settlement, Aug. 2, Frederick Erb, 74.
Cyprusdale, Aug. 4, John McPherson, 70.
Halifax, Aug. 6, Clara L. Leymour, 19.
Springdale, July 31, Olive Hawkes, 17.
Hampton, Aug. 8, Richard Smith, 66.
Halifax, Aug. 7, Andrew Saar, 67.

Pictou, July 31, by drowning, Alexander, aged 21.
John 14, Donald 10, only sons of John Brown.
Denver, Col., Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of the late Geo. and Elizabeth Parker, of N. S., 51.
St. John, Aug. 7, Clara, youngest daughter of John and Sarah McDermott, 15.
Brooklyn, N. S., July 31, Lilla, daughter of George E. and Catherine Gardner, 11.
Halifax, Aug. 5, Una E. daughter of William and Louisa Simpson, 9 months.
Carleton Place, N. S., Aug. 5, Edith E. child of Isaac and Mrs. McKenzie, 3 weeks.
Shubenacadie, July 29, Edwardina A. A. wife of Robert Addington, M. D.
St. John, Aug. 6, Bessie, child of Thomas C. and Marie Fox, 10 months.
Woodstock, Aug. 1, Mrs. McDonagh, widow of George McDonagh, 72.
St. John, Aug. 9, Hazel Irene, child of William and M. L. Tait, 9 months.
Halifax, Aug. 9, John S. son of Robert and Janet Patterson, 7 months.
Moncton, Aug. 7, Miriam, daughter of Matthew and Adelaide Lodge.
Sheet Harbour, Aug. 7, Margaret McPhail, widow of John McPhail, 69.
Halifax, Aug. 8, Jesse B. son of J. J. and Maud Noonan, 7 weeks.
Wallace, N. S., July 31, Donald B. son of Colin and Richbuck, Aug. 2, George R. son of Rufus Curwin, 8 months.
Fraser's Mills, July 19, Mary, daughter of John McDonald, 68.
Kingston, Aug. 6, Gertrude I. widow of Dr. Adino Fiddick, 59.
Sunny Brae, July 24, Milton A., son of Thomas McDonald, 24.
Louisburg, July 25, John, son of the late Michael Slattery, 18.
Melvern Square, July 24, Frederick Burton Hawkes, 19.
Big Intervale, C. B., Jessie, wife of William McDonald, 52.
Brooklyn, N. S., Aug. 2, Matilda, widow of Henry Godfrey, 70.
St. John, Aug. 6, Annie N. G. wife of Israel V. Mackenay.
Jacksontown, July 25, Mary A. wife of Frederick Estey, 50.
St. John, Aug. 9, Catherine M. widow of James L. Ellis, 80.
D'Escoisse, C. B., Aug. 6, Agnes, wife of R. F. Bourke.
Brooklyn, Aug. 2, Matilda, widow of Henry Godfrey, 70.
Yarmouth, July 31, Sarah, wife of Henry G. Farish, 39.
Edinburgh, July 15, Rev. Robert McNair, M. D., 63.
Beacom Settlement, N. B. July 31, Edward Beacom, 63.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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DO NOT BE DECEIVED

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

Stellarton, July 21, to the wife of James Peckham, a daughter.
North Sydney, July 24, to the wife of W. Thompson a daughter.
New Glasgow, June 27, to the wife T. F. Conrod, a daughter.
Weston, July 28, to the wife of Fred A. Sanford, a daughter.
Liverpool, Aug. 3, to the wife of Rev. Mr. Ball, a daughter.
Moncton, Aug. 5, to the wife of Charles McHugh, a daughter.
Amherst, Aug. 3, to the wife of Ernest Miles, a daughter.
Dixie, Aug. 10, to the wife of L. R. McLaren, a daughter.
Little Brook, July 22, to the wife of J. D. Lombard, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 2, to the wife of Jos. Wortman, a son.
Sussex, July 29, to the wife of Fred Radcliffe, a son.
Prosper, Aug. 1, to the wife of Willard Sanford, a son.
Somerset, Aug. 2, to the wife of Randal Hilsley, a son.
Berwick, Aug. 2, to the wife of Gordon Bryden, a son.
Chatham, July 23, to the wife of F. A. Denman, a son.

MARRIED.

Shelburne, Aug. 6, by Rev. Dr. White, Rev. Charles DeWolfe White, to Ethel Estella Ross, a daughter.
Ludlow, Me., Aug. 3, by Rev. A. E. Ingram, Geo. B. McKee of N. B. to Mary E. Sanford of N. S.
Moore's Mills, July 28, by Rev. Isaac Howie, Walter M. Grimmer to Bertha R. Douglas.
Folkestone, July 31, by Rev. J. A. McKenney, Barkley M. Langille to Ella M. Bailey.
Char. Harbor, N. S., July 15, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Allan Nickerson, to Addie Crooks.
Liverpool, N. S., July 31, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Capt. Aeneas McPhee, to Jennie Hilton.
Mount Stewart, P. E. I., Aug. 1, by Rev. A. C. McLeod, George Bishop to Eliza Court.
Freemont, N. B., July 14, by Rev. E. B. Jack to Minna Fisher all of Fredericton, N. B.
Bridgewater, N. S., July 11, by Rev. Jas. Sinclair Joseph Sullivan to Jessie McDonald.
Kouchibouguac, Aug. 4, by Rev. F. Pateraud, Robert Jenkins to Lizzie Hendley.
Charlottetown, Aug. 3, by Rev. Dr. Morrison, Ronald B. Steele to Mary Lafferty.
Granville Centre, July 28, by Rev. A. Gale, Howard Albert Spicer to Alice Phinney.
Parrsboro, Aug. 1, by Rev. S. Gibbons, George Albert Spicer to Alice Phinney.
Clark's Harbor, July 18, by Rev. A. M. McNinch Reuben Penny to Sadie Atkins.
Annapolis, July 29, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Lincoln P. Downing to Ida M. Grant.
Bridgetown, Aug. 4, by Rev. John Cameron, Fletcher H. Bent to Mary Schofield.
Halifax, July 28, by Rev. M. Campbell, James L. McLean to Edith J. Cullis.
Woolville, Aug. 3, by Rev. Joseph Hale, Charles Taylor, to Ida M. Freeman.
Westville, July 22, by Rev. R. Cumming, Gerald McNeil to Ethel Cameron.
Halifax, Aug. 5, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Seymour Grant to Minnie Hubley.
Salisbury, July 20, by Rev. J. C. Stearns, Lovell Lewis to Bessie Melvin.
Halifax, Aug. 10, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Allan Fraser to Christina McIntyre.
Truro, July 22, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, George E. Bentley to Ida Crowe.
Lansdowne, July 29, Howard Guerrier to Zilda Campbell.

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Beacom Settlement, N. B. July 31, Edward Beacom, 63.

DIED.

Annapolis Royal, July 28, Dorothy R. Bishop, 65.
Morvan, Aug. 1, Mary, wife of Allan McDonald, 90.
Halifax, Aug. 8, Captain Angus C. Campbell, 37.
Campbell Settlement, Aug. 1, John Campbell, 80.
Baile Brook, July 26, Bartholomew McGee, 55.
Great Village, Aug. 1, Capt. John Congdon, 72.
Englishtown, C. B. July 30, Annie McLeod, 63.
Lansdowne, N. S., July 29, Gilbert Burke, 60.
Halifax, Aug. 5, Capt. Angus C. Campbell, 37.
Millstream, July 31, Charlotte Patterson, 78.
Great Village, July 29, Robert McKim, 77.
Charlottetown, Aug. 4, John Stanlake, 75.
Erb settlement, Aug. 2, Frederick Erb, 74.
Cyprusdale, Aug. 4, John McPherson, 70.
Halifax, Aug. 6, Clara L. Leymour, 19.
Springdale, July 31, Olive Hawkes, 17.
Hampton, Aug. 8, Richard Smith, 66.
Halifax, Aug. 7, Andrew Saar, 67.

Pictou, July 31, by drowning, Alexander, aged 21.
John 14, Donald 10, only sons of John Brown.
Denver, Col., Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of the late Geo. and Elizabeth Parker, of N. S., 51.
St. John, Aug. 7, Clara, youngest daughter of John and Sarah McDermott, 15.
Brooklyn, N. S., July 31, Lilla, daughter of George E. and Catherine Gardner, 11.
Halifax, Aug. 5, Una E. daughter of William and Louisa Simpson, 9 months.
Carleton Place, N. S., Aug. 5, Edith E. child of Isaac and Mrs. McKenzie, 3 weeks.
Shubenacadie, July 29, Edwardina A. A. wife of Robert Addington, M. D.
St. John, Aug. 6, Bessie, child of Thomas C. and Marie Fox, 10 months.
Woodstock, Aug. 1, Mrs. McDonagh, widow of George McDonagh, 72.
St. John, Aug. 9, Hazel Irene, child of William and M. L. Tait, 9 months.
Halifax, Aug. 9, John S. son of Robert and Janet Patterson, 7 months.
Moncton, Aug. 7, Miriam, daughter of Matthew and Adelaide Lodge.
Sheet Harbour, Aug. 7, Margaret McPhail, widow of John McPhail, 69.
Halifax, Aug. 8, Jesse B. son of J. J. and Maud Noonan, 7 weeks.
Wallace, N. S., July 31, Donald B. son of Colin and Richbuck, Aug. 2, George R. son of Rufus Curwin, 8 months.
Fraser's Mills, July 19, Mary, daughter of John McDonald, 68.
Kingston, Aug. 6, Gertrude I. widow of Dr. Adino Fiddick, 59.
Sunny Brae, July 24, Milton A., son of Thomas McDonald,