

PAYING THE PENALTY.

Josephine Graham was angry—wildly angry; she was hurt and trembled, but she held all, bitterly angry.

She walked slowly down the avenue, wondering when the air would cool her hot cheeks.

From the first moment of Ashley's arrival that morning at her father's home, she had been angry. He had taken a pronounced dislike to her. "He looks melancholy and sarcastic," she said, "and I hate black eyes."

When he spoke those critical, biting, sneering words about her playing and singing—cruel words that were, for she loved her art with her whole soul—she hated him. Of course he had not known that she was within hearing; the blank expression which came over his face when he had looked up and seen her standing there showed that. But it made no difference; the whole thing was abominable.

She took off her large, shady hat and tossed back the black hair that dropped over her forehead. She had a very pretty, bright face, with laughing hazel eyes.

At the end of the avenue she met the old postman.

"Anything for me, Thomas?" she asked. He handed her two letters. One was for herself, the other was addressed to Ashley's father, Esq.

"I'll take my own," she said; then, after hesitating for a moment, "the other one does not matter; you can bring it to-morrow."

"Thank you, miss," said the old man, glad to be saved the climb up the hill.

"I hope that letter is an important one," said Josephine to herself.

Later on in the evening, after dinner, she went down to the river for a stroll. She had avoided Mr. Vaughan all the evening, and was surprised and considerably annoyed to find him by the boat-house apparently looking out for her.

"Your sister said I should most likely find you here," he began, "I wanted to speak to you; I wanted to apologize for some very stupid and brutal things I said this afternoon."

"The apology would have kept," she said, looking indifferently.

Ashley's face was genuinely distressed at the pain of his thoughts. "I have said a great deal of things which would have done as far as words could go to make reparation as far as I am concerned, but I do not know if I have been in earnest. Josephine noticed that his eyes were not black after all, but very dark grey, and they had a strange way of flashing when he spoke."

When the square came down with the boat-house key, Josephine was talking very brightly to Mr. Vaughan, who certainly did not now appear either melancholy or sarcastic. Josephine, who was in her evening dress with a white shawl over her head, looked entrancedly at her.

"How do you like the letter written by me?" she asked. "Was there any message? Were you going to give it to me?"

"I had a letter from my sister, but I was not going to give you any message."

"There was a message?"

Here was an opportunity for giving a keen edge to the revenge. The message in the letter ran thus:—

"Tell Ashley Vaughan that I had come Jack's life in that boasting accident."

A faint flush overspread Josephine's face. "I always thought that a plucky thing," she said; "but surely you are wrong, Clara; that man's name was not Vaughan."

"Jack always called him 'Ashley,'" said Clara, "and naturally we thought it was his surname. Jack was quite 'gone' on the subject of his friend of his; but they had had a quarrel now, and are not on speaking terms. Surely Jack told you all about it, Josephine?"

"I forgive you," she said. "Yes, the dead forgive."

She could scarcely bear the perfect kindness of the man who uttered these terrible words. She remembered some words of his spoken that afternoon: "In some cases forgiveness would show that there was no love."

He did not love her, could never love her—how could she have ever fancied such a thing?

"If you had read the letter," she said, "you could not—forgive me."

He opened it and read. Between the twilight and the moon there was enough light. He looked at the letter and put it in his pocket. Then he turned to her again. She let her eyes which she had restrained run hopelessly down her face.

"It is damp and rude. Please tell them not to expect me in just yet."

"Oh!" she cried as he turned away. "Let me see one thing. We shall not meet again, but you will not be able to forget me. Remember one thing, my heart was broken—broken when I found out what I had done, utterly crushed when you forgave me."

"Why should two hearts be broken?" he said.

She looked at him with great, wild eyes. "Because I love you."

Six years had gone by since Josephine Graham had passed out of the lives of her friends. All search had been in vain, and they believed that she was dead. One man alone was still looking for her.

Ashley Vaughan was waiting for his train at Derby. He was standing at the book-stall when he heard a woman's voice near him asking for a newspaper.

A thrill went through him, and he turned quickly round. "Josephine!" he said. "Josephine Graham, at last I have found you!"

Her face was very pale and worn. Her dress was plain and shabby; there were streaks of grey in her hair.

"You are not going," he said quietly. "I have found you; you are mine now—mine for ever."

"Is this your revenge?" she said.

Has a Big Appetite.

"Have you heard?" she asked, as she came upon him by an old summer-house near the end of the garden.

"Yes, I have heard," he said. "I have brought you this; it has been delayed."

He took the letter. Surely this was revenge. She saw in his face as he read it that the letter contained something more bitter than death.

Josephine walked a little way down the path and re-read her own letter. No carefully-planned vengeance could have been more complete and triumphant. She then went back to the summer house and looked in unseemly. The most bitter hatred would have been satisfied at the sight of his utter, prostrate misery.

Josephine ran away into the shrubbery close by and threw herself on to the ground, pressing her fingers into the grass.

The rain increased, and the trees were dripping. She lay there for a long time. At last she heard footsteps. Ashley was leaving the summer-house. She rose from the wet grass and went to him, stopping his headlong walk with a faint call. He waited for what she had to say.

"That letter," she said. "I wanted to ask you—That letter was delayed: did it make any difference?"

"It made some difference," he said. "I did not know that the letter was important. I am sorry to tell me whether the delay made much difference?" she faltered.

"It was written a week ago," he said. "He died yesterday. It contained an explanation of things I had not understood. I cannot go into it all; it shows me that I have been a suspicious, ungrateful fool, and that he has behaved—like a saint. He begged me to come to him—"

He had begun calmly, but he broke off, unable to speak.

This was revenge, but not what she had expected. She leant against a tree trunk, white, and rather faint.

"You never asked him the letter was delayed?" she said. "It was I who did it. I told the postman he need not bring it that day, and it got forgotten. Of course, I did not know that the letter was important, but I hoped so. I did it deliberately. I wished to pay you out for what you said about my playing."

The rain dripped steadily off the trees. "I am obliged to you for telling me this," he said at last; "but that it makes any difference—thanks for your consideration."

It was not anger that she saw in his face, so much as an unpeppable, indignant scorn. He walked quickly away and left her.

The red moon rose. The mist was clearing. The rain had ceased. Josephine was still in the shrubbery, in the same position as when Ashley had left her half stunned with misery, when she heard his quick, firm footsteps again.

He came straight up to her, said began to speak hurriedly and nervously. "I have a letter from my sister, but I was not going to give it to me?"

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Has a Big Appetite.

Observing the voracity of spiders, Sir John Lubbock determined to ascertain the quantity of food which one of these creatures consumed. He caught a large one, and, weighing it carefully, supplied it with insects, the weight of which had been previously determined. He carried the experiment through a considerable period of time, and here is his summing me of the extraordinary results: At a similar rate of

consumption a man weighing 160 pounds would require a whole lot of beef for breakfast, a steer and five sheep for dinner, and for supper two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs. This would hardly suffice for twenty-four hours; so, before meeting, he would consume nearly four barrels of fresh fish.

A CHEETAH IN A COVENENT.

An Unwelcome Nocturnal Visitor in a Bungalow in India.

It was in an up-town fur store. Everybody seemed to be taking it easy. No one was buying or pricing goods, and the season for storing furs had not begun. The manager was in the storage room examining a pile of undressed hides brought in that morning by A. K. Jennings, who had just returned from two years' journeying in Asia and wished them dressed and mounted for rugs. There were two tiger and several leopard skins, sleek and handsome in the sinister beauty of stripes and spots upon their prevailing ground hue of tawny yellow.

The leopard skin differed from the others. The hair was rougher and spots blacker, forming a harsher contrast with the yellow tints. On the throat, breast, and flanks the hair was long, and from the back of the head to a point between the shoulders a crest of hair stood up, suggesting a mane. The shape of the skin indicated legs longer and slenderer than those of leopards in general.

"That's the skin of a cheetah or hunting leopard," said Mr. Jennings. "It's the one you see here that fell to my gun. The others I bought. There's where I caught him," and, parting the hair from the head and shoulder, he disclosed several perforations that looked as if made by buckshot.

"The Persian grandees and Indian rajahs have tame cheetah which they use in hunting, for the creature, which does not climb trees as leopards do, is very swift of foot. This one was wild, and was hunting on his own account when I came upon him, or rather he came upon me, when I was taking my ease on a veranda in the district of Bahwalla in northern India. I was a guest at the house of Kimberly, the collector of the district, who was glad enough to have the company of a white man in his remote and outlandish station. The country around the station was desert and open, without much game except gazelles and antelopes, with some jungle low to be shot by riding twenty miles to their cover. There were no tigers within a hundred miles, and the smaller savage animals had been pretty much killed off for sake of the government bounties. There were stories told of goats and dogs, and even children, having been carried off from the native villages by wolves and leopards, but that was in times past."

"My friend's bungalow was a roomy, one-story stone house, with a broad veranda in front, partly enclosed by lattice-work and flowering vines and opening up to a garden where a lawn and trees and shrubs were scattered. The screen doors and the windows of the house, always open to admit the air, were covered with fine strong wire netting to keep out snakes and noxious animals. The door of my room opened directly on the veranda, which I left one day, and again looking round, I saw him standing along toward the door of my room, which, opening outward, was ajar, leaving an open space just wide enough for him to pass. He whisked through it into my room, like a cat out of a pantry, just as something large and heavy struck upon the veranda close beside me, and bounded onward like a rubber ball against the door, banging it shut. Then I saw a great elastic animal climbing and struggling against the wire netting which had stopped in. The creature's claws were caught in the steel meshes, but it tore loose, and at sight of me sprang down the veranda to escape.

"Here the lattice work headed him off. He could have broken through it as if it had been tissue paper, but, after his experience with the wire netting, did not seem inclined to make the experiment. There was only one way open to his escape, and that was past or over me. Two or three times he darted about trying to find a hole in the trellis he approached me, and I knew that if he decided to come my way it would not be to pass by, but to attack me. I could not get to my room without advancing upon the creature, and to turn my back to retreat would have brought him upon me at once. It was a trying situation for a peaceful man in pajamas and I deeply felt the seriousness of it.

In the confusion which the thing had come upon me I had not, in my first surprise, thought of my gun being against the trellis within my reach. We had been using swan shot in our peacock shooting, a size almost as deadly as buckshot. I caught up the gun, and, throwing down my breech, saw that there were cartridges in the barrels. I cocked both barrels and brought the piece to my shoulder as the animal faced me, half way from the end of the veranda, and, crouched, with tail springing, seemed on the point of making a dash at me. Sighting between his eyes I pulled the right hand trigger.

"Click! The hammer had fallen upon an empty shell. The creature, at the sound, started half upright, then crouched again. I sighted once more, and pulled the left hand trigger.

"Click! The birds nesting among the vines flew out with startled cries, and on the veranda, almost at my feet, the animal was rolling and tumbling. The fall charge of heavy shot had struck its forehead and shoulder, and it had made one spring forward and fallen. I climbed my gun as it stepped back on its feet, but there was nothing more to do. The report of the gun roused the household, white and black, and they came upon the scene, Kimberly foremost, in all stages of undress, and surprised enough they went to see a big cheetah lying dead on the veranda. It is fortunate shot I made, for you can see by the size of the skin what sort of show I would have had in a tussle with the brute."

"Within 12 Hours After First Dose the Pain Left"—RHEUMATISM SEVEN YEARS' Standing Cured in a Few Days.

I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to bed for months at a time, unable to turn myself. I have been treated by many physicians in this part of the country, none of whom benefited me. I had no faith in rheumatism cures advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, of Owen Sound. At the time I was suffering agonizing pain, but inside of twelve hours after I took the first dose the pain left me. I continued until I took three bottles, and I consider I am completely cured. Signed, J. D. McLeod, Leith P. O. Ont.

The Reporter's Lunch.

The manager of an Antwerp daily paper sent a reporter to Brussels to take down the King's speech, and provided him with brace carrier pigeons to convey the report without any loss of time. On arriving at Brussels, the reporter went to a restaurant, handed the pigeons to a waiter, and ordered lunch. He was kept waiting a long time, but at last they brought him a rich friandean which made up for the delay. When he had finished his meal he paid the bill and asked for his carrier pigeons. "Pigeons?" exclaimed the waiter, "why, you have just eaten them!"

Gravel and Kidney Disease Quickly Cured—Relief can be Obtained Within Six Hours.

I have been troubled with gravel and kidney disease for eight years, during which time I have tried numerous remedies and different doctors without any permanent benefit. At times the pain in the kidney was so severe that I could not lie down or remain in one position any length of time. Seeing your advertisement of South American Kidney Cure in The Enterprise, I procured a bottle from A. S. Goodlove, druggist, and taking it according to directions got immediate relief and feel better now than at any time since first noticing the disease. The soreness and weakness will all leave me. I recommend all who are afflicted with this dangerous trouble to get South American Kidney Cure a trial. Signed, Michael McMullen, Chesley, Ont.

Another Big Ship Canal.

A ship canal from Bordeaux to Narbonne, crossing the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, is one of the coming public enterprises. The distance is nearly three hundred miles, and the breadth is to be about one hundred and forty feet at the narrowest, and two hundred and fifteen at the widest points, with an average depth of about thirty feet. There will be twenty-two locks, with falls of from twenty to sixty feet. In order to avoid delays and give ample space for navigation, sidings three-quarters of a mile long will be constructed at intervals of about eight miles. The locks will be eighty feet wide and over six hundred feet long. The craft using this canal will be towed by fixed engines. The cost of the canal is estimated at \$30,000,000.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieved Me of Agonizing Pain in 20 Minutes and was the Means of Saving my Life. So Says Mrs. John Jamieson, Tara, Ont.

"About three months ago I was attacked with nervous heart trouble. The pain was so severe I could hardly breathe. I could get no relief and feared that I could not live. I saw advertised in The Tara Leader Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and immediately procured a bottle. I secured perfect relief inside of 20 minutes and firmly believe it was the means of saving my life."

If your heart flutters, palpitates or throbs out, is tired, and treatment should not be delayed a single day. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves almost instantly, and will effect a radical cure.

How Chinese Burglars Work.

The Chinese burglar takes an ingredient of iron, burns it, and allows the smoke through the keyhole of the bedroom where the master of the house is asleep. The fumes dull the senses of the victim just enough to make him helpless, at the same time permitting him to hear and see everything that goes on in the room. The only antidote against the charm is pure water, and most wealthy Chinese toil sleep with a basin of this near their heads.

THREE METHODIST LEADERS.

Have all Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and Doctores Strongly in its Favor.

The clergy of Canada, of all denominations, seldom hesitate to speak frankly in the interests of a good cause, or on behalf of some meritorious article. Forces given to utterances of this character when the men can speak from individual experience. This is the case with the Rev. A. B. Chambers, L.L.B., and Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., than whom few ministers of the Methodist Church are better known in Toronto or elsewhere throughout the Dominion. As with many other these brethren have been sufferers from cold in the head and is invariable accompaniment, a remedy, however, was within their reach. They used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and found, as everyone else finds, that relief was speedy and effective, and desiring to benefit others they frankly make this statement to the world over their signatures.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal pass-

ages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 Cent Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three cent stamps. S. G. DeGroot, 44 Church-street, Toronto.

They tell big stories about the feats of Puget Sound clams, but the one told by Edward A. Chase of the North Pacific Fish Company is just a trifle ahead of most of them. Saturday morning, when Mr. Chase went into his warehouse, he heard a rustling in a box of clams. On investigating he found that a rat had invaded the box, and, just as he approached, the jaws of a monstrous clam shut down on the rodent's tail, holding it fast. That squealed, but the clam held it tight. Mr. Chase anticipated the comment of friends who would cry "clam story" when he would relate the circumstance, called witnesses and then set about extricating the imprisoned rat. The result was that the rat was released, but got away minus an inch of tail. An hour or so later Mr. Chase returned to the warehouse to find that another daring rat had ventured into the box, and in an attempt to pull some of the clams out of the shell with his fore-foot, had also been made a prisoner by the clam shutting down on the member. For several hours the firmly attached pair were exhibited, and then the rat was killed.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

Mr. T. Hazlehurst, of Brantford, uses a Specific Remedy with Great Effect.

BRANTFORD, May 6.—Interest has been revived here, through the published despatches about the Kent case in Ottawa, in the extraordinary recovery from diabetes of Mr. Hazlehurst, an esteemed resident of the town. This gentleman suffered very severely from the complaint, losing a great deal of weight, and trying a number of remedies without success. At last when completely run down, he determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and in an incredibly short time recovered his health and strength. He attributed his recovery entirely to the use of this valuable remedy, and has recommended it in several cases with marked success.

BORN.

Halifax, May 4, to the wife of J. Ficker, a son.

Roger Hill, May 1, to the wife of W. McKean, a son.

Perham, April 16, to the wife of John Warren, a son.

Halifax, May 4, to the wife of David Gray, a daughter.

Parsons, April 23, to the wife of Johnston Reid, a son.

Bridgetown, April 25, to the wife of E. Reigles, a son.

Essexville, May 4, to the wife of Joseph Goodrich, a son.

Bridgetown, April 30, to the wife of Alden Walker, a son.

Granville, April 29, to the wife of J. H. McKeanie, a son.

Parsons, April 27, to the wife of William Milligan, a son.

Mars Hill, April 15, to the wife of Rufus E. Bidker, a son.

Bridgetown, April 30, to the wife of Alden Walker, a son.

Leuchars, April 28, to the wife of Norman Zwickler, a son.

Stellarton, April 29, to the wife of W. G. Miller, a daughter.

Shelburne, May 1, to the wife of E. M. Bree, a daughter.

Bellevue, April 26, to the wife of Percy Geras, a daughter.

Centerville, April 30, to the wife of John Brooks, a daughter.

Truro, May 1, to the wife of Clarence J. Drillo, a daughter.

Black Rock, April 30, to the wife of Stephen Milligan, a daughter.

North Sydney, April 28, to the wife of Newton Hopewell, a son.

Salmon River, April 27, to the wife of Neal Smiley, a daughter.

Roe Bay, April 27, to the wife of Dr. F. F. Eaton, a daughter.

McLellan's Brook, April 19, to the wife of Hugh C. Fraser, a son.

Cherryfield, April 25, to the wife of David C. Ritchie, a son.

Parsons, N. S., April 26, to the wife of Charles F. Ruggie, a son.

New Glasgow, April 29, to the wife of William H. Arbuckle, a daughter.

South Brookfield, April 13, to the wife of Melbourne Waterman, a son.

MARRIED.

River Charles, April 24, James E. Rankine to Catherine E. Hamilton.

Leuchars, April 27, by Rev. Jas. L. Batty, Charles Ness to Alberta Hickman.

Margomish, April 17, by Rev. A. Campbell, Malcolm Ross to Carrie Forbes.

Chatham, April 24, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, M. A., John Grant to Lily Dutton.

Truro, April 24, by Rev. Wm. McCulloch, D. D., William Smith to Annie Pike.

Glasgow, N. S., April 30, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, Samuel Gorman to Maud Reid.

New Canada, April 30, by Rev. J. Anbury, Charles Brown to Augusta Skidmore.

Westville, April 27, by Rev. John Campbell, John A. Crawford to Agnes Hamilton.

Halifax, April 27, by Rev. Alfred Gandler, J. A. Shaw Roberts to Grace E. Hester.

West Caledonia, April 22, by Rev. T. J. Butler, John Conway to Barbara J. Eagle.

Pictou Landing, April 29, by Rev. H. B. Grant, Jas. W. Fleming to Ella M. McKenzie.

Publico Harbor, April 25, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Adeline B. Elbridge to Willie Hines.

Floracosta, April 27, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, George Emery to Mrs. Annie Everett.

Halifax, April 28, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, Walter E. Davidson to Marion Agnes Wallace.

Federicton, April 29, by Rev. T. C. Hartley, J. A. Alanson Lockwood to Lillian A. Murray.

Upper LaHave, April 27, by Rev. Geo. D. Harris, Charles Weag to Mrs. Elizabeth Burns.

Bridgewater, N. S., April 27, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, George W. Godard to Elizabeth W. M. Miller.

Shelburne, April 27, by Rev. Wm. A. Stewart, M. A., George Arthur to Rosa Belle McPherson.

Woodstock, April 25, by Rev. A. B. Baker, assisted by Rev. Theo. Todd, Robert Briggs to Jennie Scott.

Shediac, April 24, by Rev. A. T. Burin, assisted by Rev. A. B. Murray, John H. B. Murray to Sylvia A. Mills.

DIED.

Halifax, May 6, Ellen Brown, 98.

St. John April 7, Samuel B. Day, 83.

Burke, April 13, Jas. J. Hamilton, 63.

Bush Bay, May 4, Isaac Stevens, 72.

Yarmouth, April 11, John Wood, 67.

Allan Hill, April 25, James Duff, 70.

Truro, April 30, George Hamilton, 62.

St. John May 4, John V. Roberts, 71.

Gay's River, May 4, John Wilson, 80.

Leuchars, April 28, Donald Cameron 61.

St. John, May 4, Charles H. Peters, 72.

Halifax, May 4, William H. Sellers, 65.

Parsons, April 28, David Fulton, 70.

Halifax, May 4, Edward J. Devine, 59.

Bedford, April 28, Alexander Jones, 58.

Milton, April 21, Adoniam J. Ford, 51.

A la Hill, April 24, Mrs. Ruth Day, 61.

Best Polish in the World.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

with Fasten, 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

North Sydney, April 29, David Scott, 38.

Kimsville, April 23, Chas. A. McKay, 69.

St. John, May 7, Francis McLaughlin, 60.

Advocate, April 18, John Silbergren, 70.

River John, May 4, William L. Gould, 30.

Stellarton, April 22, John J. Harvey, 70.

Middle South, April 28, Rufus Mosher, 28.

Centerville, April 14, Amos A. Campbell, 48.

Halifax, May 4, Mrs. Harriet Dickenson, 86.

Hammond River, April, Jennie Crowley, 17.

Apple River, April 18, Robert McWhirter, 67.

Carlston, N. B., May 2, Thomas C. Smith, 81.

Wakfield, April 12, Nancy A. Dickson, 68.

Federicton, April 27, George F. Atherton, 65.

Middle Covedale, April 19, George Trice, 81.

St. John, May 7, Sophia, wife of Thomas Strong, Upper Cape, N. S., April 29, Alfred Rowthorn, 69.

Allan Hill, April 23, Mrs. Almira E. Lovinson, 66.

Big Brook, April 29, Capt. Wm. Livingston, 67.

Amherst, April 28, Mary, wife of E. H. Armande, 79.

Green Hill, April 20, Christie, wife of James Ryan, 90.

Ovvinon, April 29, Lois, wife of Deacon Kelly Reaser, 80.

Lakeville, May 6, Rosanna, wife of James Walker, 60.

Riverdale, N. B., April, Samuel Arthur Rowland, 26.

San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. R. Irving, wife of Samuel Irving.

Harvey, N. B., April 26, Carrie, wife of L. S. Hopkin, 45.

Greenwich, April 27, J. W. Hamilton, of Wolfville, N. S., 72.

Tignish Station, P. E. I., April 16, Mrs. Albert Giles, 26.

Sackville, April 22, Frances, wife of Valentine Wrye, 63.

Tabusintac, April 23, Mary, wife of the late Harry Sage, 45.

Belmont, April 26, Letitia, wife of the late Amos Booth, 48.

Halifax, May 1, Margaret, widow of the late Thomas Supple, 51.

Lower Carleton River, April 19, Christiana McKean, 75.

West Glasgow, April 20, Ella M. wife of J. A. Lamont, 30.

St. John, May 7, Alice, widow of the late James Vernon, 68.

Parsons, April 25, Olivia, S. wife of Thomas J. Seaman, 60.

Parsons, April 25, Rebecca, widow of the late Wm. Phinney, 72.

Tinturville, April 22, Martha A., wife of William McDonald, 64.

Rocheport, April 21, James, son of John and Mary Forbes, 3.

Bridgetown, April 28, Harold, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Staggie.

New York, May 5, James A., second son of James and Isabella Donald.

Bedford, April 25, Mary Elizabeth, widow of the late Thomas McLean, 63.

Bedford, April 30, Dr. George H. DeWolfe, son of James H. DeWolfe, 46.

Halifax, May 4, Margaret, youngest child of W. A. and Mary D. Chipman, 2.

Amherst, April 30, Mary Eliza, wife of Honorable Senator E. B. Dyer, 50.

East Truro, April 30, Grace Edna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gilfield, 6.

Great Village, April 28, Edna, daughter of J. Arthur and Mrs. M. D. Gilfield, 3.

Wood Point, April 28, Harvey, son of George W. and Mary B. Wood, 3 months.

Upper Salmon, April 27, Phoebe Maud, daughter of the late Samuel Douglas, 25.

Moncton, April 27, Frederick J., son of John W. and Mary M. Douglas, 3 months.

Granville Ferry, April 29, Nettie, daughter of Edward and Margie Armstrong, 18.

Halifax, May 4, Kathleen Benedicta, daughter of John and Bella Verine, 1 month.

Andover, April 28, Florence G. youngest child of Rev. W. B. and Florence H. Pepper, 2.

St. John, May 6, Gladys Elizabeth, infant daughter of H. E. and Matton H. Dr. John A. Byers, son of Mr. John Byers, of St. John, N. B., 45.

THE CHURCH.

St. John's Church, St. John, N. B., will hold a series of religious services during the month of May, under the guidance of Rev. Wm. A. Stewart, M. A.

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