IN THE NICK OF TIME.

"Fifteen years ago I stood, in a prisoner's dock, a convicted felon."

It is impossible to adequately describe the effect produced by this startling confession; a sudden and death-like silence fell upon the company—each and all stared at the speaker in undisguised astonishment and expectancy.

"Yes, gentlemen, fifteen years since, to the very day, I, Robert Clyde, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a term of ten years' penal servitude for burglary; and had it not been for——But perhaps you would like to hear the whole story?"

A burst of applause and a loud, hearty chorus of "hear, hear," greeted Clyde's words; every man in the room—and there was a large and fairly representative gathering—eagerly awaited the explanation of so extraordinary and incredible a statement.

Robert Clyde was one of the most prominent townsman in the extensive and important borough of Daggerfield. Yet he had not been fifteen years in the town. He had come amongst them, a complete stranger. But by dint of unflagging industry—allied with a sturdy, inflexible principal—he had pushed his way upward into a position of wealth and influence. "Well, gentlemen," continued Clyde, his audience as the company had relapsed into silence; "this is my story.

"I had just entered my teens, when my father died—my mother had been dead for some years—leaving behind him a trifle over £200, little enough for a friendless lad to have to face the world with. I had neither trade nor profession, but after a good deal of trouble I succeeded in obtaining a situation as a porter to a large and fashionable drapery. I placed my father's legacy in the bank, thoroughly determined never to touch it until compelled. I was robust, steady, hopeful, and by sheer hard work, coupled with the strictest economy, managed to live in some degree of comfort and respectability. After a while, however, I grew restless and unhappy. I felt within me an irresistible impulse to rise to something higher and better than the daily drudgery to which my employment subjected me.

"About this time an emigration agent came to Danesleigh—my birthplace, gentlemen—and, in glowing colors, painted the splendid prospects which awaited the enterprising emigrant.'

"'Just the thing for me,' I said to myself at the close of the lecture. 'Here I am—young, energetic, industrious—pegging away without the faintest hope of bettering myself. There's no mortal tie to bind me to the old country, and it's morally certain that there won't be the keen, savage, selfish struggle for existence out in the far unpopulated West that there is in England. At any rate, I'll make a bold bid for fortune.'

"This resolution I quickly carried into effect, and drawing all the money I possessed out of the bank, I got together a small outfit, and 'burning with high hopes,' sailed for the land of 'the stars and stripes.'

"Concerning my life there I will say nothing. My experience were not realized and, bitterly disappointed, I returned after a few years' absence, all but penniless, to England.

"How I managed to exist, during the first few months after my return, I do not know.

"At length—after many weary tramps and much privation—I obtained a post at a boot depot in Redgarth—a small town in the extreme south. My work was neither very light nor very remunerative—but I was glad enough of it.

"By a strange and—for me—unfortunate coincidence, the very next week after my arrival the first of a series of startling and impudent burglaries took place. A shop was broken into and ransacked. Then, in rapid succession, no fewer than four other burglaries were effected. The gentry and tradespeople of Redgarth and its immediate neighborhood became greatly excited and alarmed. The police redoubled their vigilance; new locks and bolts were fitted on to the doors, but every precaution seemed futile.

"Well, gentlemen, it was my fate—and a cruel one, too—to become entangled in those burglaries. Talk about a narrow squeak! No one was ever nearer to irretrievable ruin than I was at that time.

"It was my practice, after business hours, to take a quiet stroll down the Maldon Road. One eventful night, in accordance with this habit, I was walking leisurely along, when a young fellow suddenly darted out from the doorway of a large, substantially-built house.

"'You don't happen to have such a thing as a latch key about you, do you?' he asked, abruptly.

"I stared at the speaker in amazement; the request was an unusual one, to say the least.

"'I know it's a funny question to ask,' he continued, noticing my hesitation and attributing it to the right cause; 'but the fact is, I've locked myself out of my own house. I was writing a letter in the library, when somebody pulled the bell. I am alone in the house, and had to answer the ring myself. But there was no one at the door, and I stepped out to see if there was anyone about. In my hurry I forgot all about the latch, and pulled the door behind me, thus, unwittingly, locking myself out in the street.'

"'But are there no windows unfastened?' I asked.

"'No fear of that,' he replied, laughing; 'these wretched burglaries have settled all that sort of thing. My only hope is to borrow a key, on the off-chance that it may fit the lock.'

"I had a bunch of keys in my pocket—not that they were of much use to me—but from the time of my father's death I had kept them in my possession—and amongst them was the latch-key which opened the front door of the house where I was lodging.

"I am afraid it won't be of much use,' I said, singling out the key and handing the bunch to the unfortunate man. 'You are at liberty to try it, but —'

"'Ah! this will do very well—see,' he exclaimed, and sure enough the lock clicked, and the door opened.

"'Thanks, very much,' he said, warmly. 'Here are your—,' but before he had finished the sentence, the keys dropped out of his hand and fell with a jingle upon the pavement. He struck a match and began to search for them. In the dim light I can but a glimpse of his face—fortunate for me that I did, though, of course, I did not attach very much importance to it at the time. He struck another match and then another, but the keys seemed to have vanished altogether out of sight.

"'I'm afraid they've slipped through the cellar grating,' he said, at length: 'and if so, it'll be well-nigh impossible to recover them tonight. I'm awfully sorry; but, if you don't mind giving me your card, I'll bring them around to your place in the morning.'

"'It was certainly annoying; but I felt that it would be worse than useless to waste any more time in searching for them. I had no cards—how could a man-of-all-work at a boot-shop 'sport' cards?—but I gave the fellow an envelope, which I happened to have in my pocket, and upon which my address was written in full.

"'You shall have them—first thing to morrow morning!' said the man, and with a sharp 'good night,' he went into the house.

I got no sleep that night. I felt uncomfortable about those keys—something seemed to whisper to me that they would get me into trouble; a heavy shadow settled over me. I was heartily glad when morning came, and I had to turn out of bed to go to my work.

"When I reached the shop, my master remarked that I looked pale, haggard, and generally out of sorts.

"'Been out all night?' he asked, half jokingly.

"'No, sir,' I replied, with a feeble attemp at a smile. 'But I don't feel altogether up to the mark, perhaps——'

"At that moment someone came into the shop, and I began taking down the shutters.

"'Robert,' said my master, coming out to me, just as I was about to carry the last shutter to its place; 'will you come into the shop, please?'

"I did as directed.

"'This is Inspector Roundway,' said my master, indicating a man I had seen enter the shop.

"'Now, young man,' said the officer, barsely; 'what explanation have you to offer concerning your movements last night?'

"'Last night?' I echoed, faintly, the blood, despite myself, rushing into my face.

"'Yes—come—don't pretend to be green—the game's played out!' exclaimed the officer, sharply. 'I suppose you don't know anything about these keys, do you?' and he held a bunch up for my inspection.

"'Yes, I gasped, 'they are mine.' I held out my hand to take them, but he drew them back with a sudden jerk.

"'It's a rum go when a young fellow in your position carries skeleton keys about with him,' he exclaimed drily.

"'Skeleton keys?' I echoed, faintly. 'Skeleton keys?'

"'Of course,' he said. 'Here they be—as large as life. You'd forgotten they were on the ring, perhaps; but we have you nailed to them in any case; your landlady identified them before I came round here, and then there's this 'ere bit of paper, with your name and address on it—maybe you'll own up to that as well."

"I am afraid that my manner was against me. I went red and white by turns, stammered, hesitated, and made just about the worst impression I could. But, somehow, I managed to struggle through the history of my adventure of the proceding night.

"'An extraordinary statement!' exclaimed the officer—a world of sarcasm in both tone and manner. 'Perhaps you may succeed in making a jury believe it, but extraordinary—oh, yes—certainly most extraordinary. Are you aware, young man, that an extensive robbery was committed in Maldon Road last night?'

"That same evening the town rang with the account of my capture. The police were congratulated on every side. But the strangest and, for me, most unlucky part of the whole business was that—the burglaries ceased from that night.

"Subsequent events appear to me now like a hideous nightmare. First came the preliminary investigation before the borough magistrates; then followed my committal to the assizes; next, there was the anxious, weary waiting for my trial, and by the time the day appointed for it arrived, I was in a most wretched and deplorable conition, both of mind and body.

"The case against me was a strong one. I had come a stranger to Redgarth; soon after my arrival the burglaries had commenced—with my departure they had ceased. The evidence of the keys seemed irrestiatible, and I had no one to plead for me. The result you have already foreseen. The verdict of the jury was 'Guilty,' and not a soul in all that crowded court pitied me. The judge delivered a short address—bearing on the necessity of protecting society from such daring, debased, and hardened criminals, and passed upon me a sentence of ten years penal servitude.

"Then, suddenly, a new feeling took possession of me. The living active consciousness of innocence rushed upon me. 'You are condemming an innocent man,' I exclaimed, loudly, 'and'—but at this moment I turned hastily round and caught a glimpse of a face in the front row of the gallery behind me. I had seen that face before. I recognised it—I knew it. I gave a fierce, wild cry of triumph.

"'He is yonder! He is yonder!' I shouted, pointing with my finger at the fellow, who turned ghastly white and cowered beneath my gaze. 'There is the scoundrel who borrowed my latch-key!'

Children of a Larger Growth.

Sometimes English school board officers are very officious and arrogant in manner. An elderly but fresh-looking woman opened her door to one lately, and answered the following questions:

"Have you any children?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Three."

"Are they all at school?"

"No."

"Are any of them?"

"No."

"We must see to that," said the man, pompously, taking out a note-book. "Now, your name and address?" Given.

"Your children's names?" Also given.

"Now their ages?"

"Well, let me think," answered the woman, with a gleam of fun in her eyes; "Willie, the youngest, is thirty, and was married last week."

"Thunder and lightning," roared the man, "why didn't you tell me that at first?"

"Because you didn't ask me," she answered, quietly.

HER LAST APPEARANCE.

In the twilight of late summer a man and girl were slowly walking down a quiet country-lane. Rugged in feature, there was little remarkable in John Hastings. An honest, fearless look alone redeemed the face from plainness. His companion, on the other hand, was a fair specimen of budding womanhood. Tall and supple, tiny hands and feet, wavy golden hair encircling a purely oval face, she made a pretty picture.

The two were talking earnestly, the man's whole mein suggestive of strong, it controlled, eagerness, while, despite the girl's soberness of manner, a half-amused, half-indifferent expression was to be read in every feature.

"Winnie," pleaded John, "you are leaving the old home to-morrow, leaving all who have watched you grow from childhood into girlhood. Will you ever come back to us, or forget us in the new life you are entering upon?" Then his voice faltered, "Will you forget me?"

"Oh, no, John," answered the girl, lightly. "I shall always remember the dear good brother you have always been to me."

A shade passed across the man's face.

"No brother, Winnie," he answered quickly. "You must have felt there was a different love in my heart, my darling. I thought you too young for me to speak out; but now, now"—his tones were deep and tender—"you are about to go away, I can keep silence no longer. Say, Winnie, may I hope—will you give me your promise to be mine one day?"

A gesture from Winnie interrupted his flow of words.

"No, no," she exclaimed with a motion of the hand, as if warding off the bare suggestion. "I cannot, John—I cannot pledge myself. Wait, wait awhile. Wait patiently till my studies are over."

"And then?" he asked eagerly.

Winnie was silent.

Her lover turned away with a sigh. Had there ever been a time when he had not loved her? As schoolboy, he had fondled and caressed the toddling mite, regardless of the taunts of his companions; had left games and pastimes to lead his little sweetheart's pony; had stinted himself of many pleasures to increase hers. Manhood brought no change, the maiden still had power over him: he was her devoted slave.

And Winnie accepted his loyal love with egotism of a selfish nature, never caring to think of any possible climax to a state of things that had always existed. A smile had never failed to make John happy; a word, a wish would send him to any distance to gratify a caprice of hers.

They had reached the cottage where Winnie lived. Ere he opened the gate, John stopped, tumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and produced a tiny case.

"I had hoped to have placed this on your finger, Winnie, as a pledge of your promise to me," he said gently; "but now I only ask you to wear it in remembrance of me. You are going out into the great world, my darling. Admiration and flattery will surround you, but no one will ever love you more than I do. Think of this, for if ever you are in need of me, John Hastings will come to you from the end of the world. Good-bye, my little love."

He held her hands in his, kissed them tenderly, then placing the little case between her fingers, he released her and turned away.

Winnie opened the case, drew forth the ring, and slipped it on, holding out the finger in the fading light to admire the sparkling stones. The last glimpse John Hastings had of the girl he so passionately adored was with bent head in eager contemplation of his parting gift. With a silent farewell glance he passed out of sight.

Winitred Carre's future had suddenly developed an unexpected phase. Beauty and grace had come to her as birthright, and now, with a wave of fortune's hand, the wheel went round, and lo! another prize lay at Winnie's feet. From a child she had sung as the birds warble, with no idea of the value of her notes. A few months back, an Italian professor had pronounced her voice splendid, with untold possibilities.

"You will have ze ball of fame at your pretty feet, mademoiselle," he said in rapturous tones and imperfect English. "You will be a great prima donna if you study for one, two, dree years. Go to Alberti, in Malin. Tell him I send you and you will see."

Winnie hardly hesitated; she had no near relatives to consult, and apart from a love of music, the prospect of becoming a great singer dazzled her.

What wonder if with these day-dreams of future power and wealth, John Hastings' wooing did not stir her pulses or quicken her heart-beats.

Chaperoned by a cousin, Winnie spent the required three years in Italy. John his own land steward and a busy man, remained in England. Winnie wrote to him frequently, her letters full of the admiration and adulation showered on her and the certain triumphs in store for her.

John treasured the egotistical documents as precious.

"I shall be at your debut, you may be sure," he wrote in return, "if it comes off in Siberia."

Winnie's first appearance was fixed for Malin. John was amused at the paragraphs that found their way into the papers concerning the young singer, her beauty, etc. A tissue of romance was also not omitted from the journalistic gossip.

John arrived in Milan on the eventful day, and, with a lover's inconsistency, did not call on Winnie, contenting himself with sending her the loveliest bouquet to be had for money.

The theatre was crowded, the opera chosen—Il Barbiere. John, with beating heart, saw the girlish figure glide on to the stage, and as the first cadences fell from her lips, he knew she had won the sympathies of the audience. Deafening applause greeted "Rosina's" first aria, and the enthusiasm mounted with each act.

John Hastings sat as one tranfixed. That his little country lassie, the beautiful, self-possessed young woman before him!

"What chance have I?" he asked himself bitterly as the curtain dropped amid a shower of bouquets and acclamations of delight, enthusiastic Italians waving handkerchiefs and shouting themselves horse.

In the lobby John found a box-keeper, to whom he intrusted a card for Winnie.

"A thousand congratulations; will see you tomorrow," he wrote.

"I could not have spoken to her tonight," he said to himself on his way to his hotel.

Winnie received him next day with evident pleasure, but just as evident sang-froid.

"I am so delighted to see you," was her greeting. "How good of you to come all that long way; but I was a success, eh?"

The exultant ring in her voice somehow jarred on her lover.

"Are you happy, Winnie?" he questioned in his turn, leaving hers unanswered.

The girl's face flushed, her eyes grew larger, brighter.

"Perfectly," she said clasping her hands. "What more have I to wish for? Last night I signed an engagement for St. Petersburg. Half-a-dozen impressarios besieged me with offers, but" (prondly) "Alberti tells me to take my time in deciding. I can pick, choose, and refuse."

This saucy rejoinder brought back the old Winnie to John's memory, and an irresistible longing seized him to put his fate to the test once again.

"The three years are over, Winnie," he said softly, then, arrested by something in the girl's eyes, he stopped abruptly. "No; my time has not yet come," he thought, and changed the subject.

He stayed in Milan to hear her sing in two or three other operas, listened to the reiterated praises of the Lily of Albion, the golden haired beauty, then he returned home.

"If you want me, Winnie, I am yours to command," was his farewell.

Winnie's career was an uninterrupted series of success. She was feted and petted. Rumors of titled suitors, even a Russian prince, were circulated, but Winnie Carre she had remained.

The third winter after her appearance, she was engaged for the Paris season. John Hastings happened to have business that gave him the excuse of a visit. Hopeless as he had grown to think his love was, the prospect of seeing her, of hearing her, was a temptation he could not resist. Winnie treated him to the old indifference he knew so well; still he was to be found in his stall every night she sang.

Winnie was to appear one particular evening in Mignon, and, as it was a new part, anticipation ran high.

On her entrance the applause was deafening, but she had not reached the footlights when a nameless fear, a subtle instinct of something wrong made John shiver. She began to sing the opening bars of her aria, than, a sudden snap, her voice failed, and she stood gazing across the sea of faces with a helpless, beseeching stare.

Oh, for that fickle Parisian audience! A volley of hisses burst forth. John jumped to his feet; a hand on his shoulder thrust him back into his seat.

"Sit down," cried someone at his side, "she may recover herself."

Yet even as he spoke, Winnie gave an inarticulate cry, and with a surging movement fell to the ground.

"Drunk!" exclaimed the pit audience as the curtain fell. "Drunk!" echoed voices as he elbowed his way out.

The manager's apology for Mademoiselle Carre's illness was the signal for more derision, shouts, and hisses. The petted idol of yesterday was shattered, dethroned by a people quick to hate as to love.

* * * *

On the esplanade of a seaside town, little frequented, two people form a centre of interest to the few habitues whenever they are met, she in a bath-chair, he walking slowly at its side. Their history has leaked out, and it is generally known that the invalid is the once famous singer, and the upright, almost soldierly-looking man, is her husband.

Winnie's face is often drawn with pain, but its expression is sweeter than in older days: so John Hastings thinks as his eyes meet hers whenever a jolt of the chair makes him look anxiously at her. Winnie is crippled for life, the paralytic seizure that no doctor can particularise by name nor well account for, is incurable, but she is all the dearer on that account to the heart of the constant lover and husband, who, in winning her at last, believes that he has his reward.

Stone That is Flexible.

It may be safely said that no specimen in a geographical collection is more curious than the bar of flexible sandstone, which can be bent with less pressure than that required to bend a piece of wet leather of the same size. In an article upon the subject we are told that when a thin slice of a stone is looked at under a lens by a transmitted light, the fragments are seen to be locked together like the parts of a sectional puzzle toy, fixed but only loosely. The simplest way of explaining how this stone was formed is to say that grains of sand were once cemented firmly together by another material, which has been partly dissolved, leaving behind countless natural ball-and-socket joints of jagged shape.

For the Fair Sex.

"Won't it be lovely when we girls vote?" said Mrs. Boblcigh.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Giddithing. "Only I do hope they'll have room enough on the ballots for a postscript."

BORN.

Amherst, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. Maxwell, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 23, to the wife of J. S. McLeod, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 23, to the wife of A. Muir, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 19, to the wife of R. A. Woodill, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 25, to the wife of T. Ellis, a daughter.
Amherst, Jan. 22, to the wife of Dennis Madden, a son.
North Sydney, Jan. 20, to the wife of Simon Gordon, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 21, to the wife of Charles E. Stewart, a son.
St. John, Jan. 23, to the wife of William M. Campbell, a son.
St. John, Jan. 20, to the of F. J. G. Knowlton, a daughter.
Burlington, N. S., to the wife of Harry Murphy, a daughter.
Pictou, Jan. 1, to the wife of George Wheeler, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Jan. 21, to the wife of Edward Sears, a daughter.
Argyle, Jan. 21, to the wife of Robert Frost, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 26 to the wife of Donald Robb, a daughter.
Amherst, Jan. 23, to the wife of Wylie Chapman, a daughter.
Berwick, Jan. 20, to the wife of E. F. Kenny, a daughter.
Trenton, N. S., Jan. 5, to the wife of Edward Strickland, a son.
Cleveland, C. B., Jan. 16, to the wife of A. D. McLeod, a son.
Upper Canard, N. S., Jan 17, to the wife of Geo. R. Fisco, a son.
Stellarton, N. S., Jan 21, to the wife of J. G. Rutherford, a daughter.
Butternut Ridge, Jan. 21, to the wife of S. C. Alward, a daughter.
Lewis Mountain, Jan. 18, to the wife of Amos Rogers, a daughter.
Ironwood, Michigan, Jan. 10, to the wife of Rev. James Simonds, a son.
Anderson's Mountain, Jan. 40, to the wife of George Strickland, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. George, by Rev. Donald Smith, John Hill to Alice Seely.
Parrsboro, Jan. 3, by Rev. J. Sharp, John Lamb to Della McLellan.
Milton, Jan. 19, by Rev. P. Murray, John E. Foster to Ada B. Demon.
Rawdon, Jan. 10, by Rev. J. Spencer, William Lantz to Alice Wier.
Halifax, Jan. 17, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Alfred Webb to Ada B. Gray.
Parrsboro, Jan. 17, by Rev. James Sharp, Milledge Tuttle to Annie Leake.
Parrsboro, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. Sharp, William J. Berry to Annie Fowler.
Cornwallis, Jan. 16, by Rev. E. C. Ford, Walton Harris to Maud E. Power.
St. John, Jan. 30, by Rev. Father Casey, Hugh Gallagher to Mary Murphy.
Berwick, Jan. 16, by Rev. J. Craig, J. LeBaron Margeson to Sadie Loomer.
Campbello, Jan. 14, by Rev. J. B. Daggett, Blaine Fletcher to Aurilla Tinker.
Nashwaak Bridge, by Rev B. A. Murray, Thomas Cowie to Adelia McLaggan.
St. John, Jan. 23, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, David Jones to Caroline A. Perkins.
Shelburne, Jan. 17, by Rev. Dr. White, Harvey Turner to Hippie A. Mullins.
Lunenburg, Jan. 17, by Rev. James L. Batty, Foster Conrad to Esther Wentzel.
Dartmouth, Jan. 23, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Charles G. Carr to Phoebe Hawkins.
Pictou, Jan. 15, by Rev. George S. Carson, James E. Houghan to Jennie Dobson.
Tatamagouche, Jan. 23, by Rev Dr. Bruce, William L. Murray to Catherine B. Murray.
Hampton Village, Jan. 10, by Rev. George Howard, Joshua Allaby, to Mary J. Reid.
Canterbury, Jan. 24, by Rev. D. E. Brooks, Ira Crouchwhite to Fanny Anderson.
Maitland, Jan. 16, by Rev. G. R. Martell, George Cook to Mrs. Emily Underwood.
Centreville, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Stanley Miller to Hattie Wolverton.
Port Medway, Jan. 19, by Rev. C. B. Freeman, James McDonald to Bessie Veinot.
Feltson South, Jan. 17, by Rev. F. A. Bowser, Artemus Mosher to Joanna Wagner.
North Kingston, Jan. 28, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Frank W. Foster to Susie E. Grogan.
Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 23, William F. McDonald to Susie E. Watson, of St. John, N. B.
North Head, N. B., Jan. 12, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Henry Dunbar to Cornelia A. Tatton.
Shelburne, Jan. 15, by Rev. W. H. S. Morris Joseph Dechamp to Mrs. Teresa Ann Guy.
New Glasgow, Jan. 19, by Rev. James Carruthers, James G. H. Purvis to Elizabeth A. MacKay.
Salem, N. S., Jan. 17, by Rev. W. M. Knowlin, Captain Freeman Johnson to Mrs. Sarah Nickerson.
Bridgetown, Jan. 16, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, assisted by Rev. G. D. Harris and Rev. E. D. Parry, Louis Clark to Mary L. Robertson.
St. John, Jan. 30, by The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Fredericton, assisted by Rev. Canon Brigstocke, Percy Domville to Mary E. Jarvis.

DIED.

St. John, Jan. 25, John Day, 72.
Halifax, Jan. 18, Mary Lively, 79.
Halifax, Jan. 22, Oliver Gray, 60.
Halifax, Jan. 23, James Myers, 78.
Halifax, Jan. 27, Martin Breen, 27.
Middleton, Jan. 22, Ann Eaton, 65.
Halifax, Jan. 24, George Coggins, 18.
Fairville, Jan. 26, James Brophy, 53.
Hirhbury, Jan. 23, Mrs. A. L. Pineo.
Oromocto, Jan. 20, John T. Currie, 58.
St. John, Jan. 28, Nellie Copeland, 13.
Wallace Bay, Jan. 13, David Betts, 94.
Halifax, Jan. 23, George R. Taylor, 20.
Parrsboro, Jan. 22, David Willigar, 76.
Yarmouth, Jan. 19, Daniel Warner, 86.
St. John, Jan. 28, Rev. Alfred H. Weeks.
St. John, Jan. 28, Mrs. Charles Bailley, 38.
Bedford, Jan. 19, Laura E. Landsburg, 24.
St. Stephen, Jan. 20, Arthur W. Laffin, 63.
Fall River, Jan. 12, Mrs. John Lindsay, 65.
Westport, Jan. 18, Mrs. Handley Payson, 63.
Beaver Brook, Jan. 24, Susie Longheac, 19.
Wolfville, Jan. 27, Robert Martin Burns, 33.
Hartland, Jan. 22, Rev. Samuel W. Shaw, 60.
Kentville, N. S., Jan. 17, Alexander Ross, 66.
Musquash, Jan. 22, Francis, wife of Dr. Redell.
Lake George, Jan. 11, Charles M. Cutcheon, 32.
Halifax, Jan. 27, Francis, wife of Isaac Earle, 26.
South Bar, C. B., Jan. 18, Mrs. James Webber, 52.
Moncton, Jan. 29, Esther, wife of Miles Steeves, 56.
Chatham, Jan. 25, Margaret, wife of John Crosbie, 61.
Apple River, N. S., Jan. 16, Mrs. George S. Cusack, 23.
Sydney, C. B., Jan. 18, Mrs. Nicholas Thompkins, 52.
Annapolis Royal, Jan. 21, Edward Cutler Cowling, 68.
St. John, 24, Ella, daughter of George and Priscilla Lynam.
Victoria, B. C., Jan. 16, Lavinia Jones, of St. John, N. B., 89.
St. John, Jan. 26, Bessie, widow of the late William Fallis, 75.
Halifax, Jan. 28, Sarah, widow of the late Nicholas Honey, 76.
St. John, Jan. 27, Matilda, widow of the late John Connor, 76.
Windsor Junction, Jan. 24, Sadie, wife of M. H. Keogh, 23.
Lower Granville, Jan. 18, Capt. George E. Winchester, 45.
South Maitland, Jan. 20, Mary A. C., wife of George Lindsay, 85.
Wickham, Jan. 10, Susannah, wife of Alfred G. Vanwart, 67.
Belmont, Jan. 15, Eliza, widow of the late John Morrison, 82.
Arcadia, Jan. 23, Sarah, widow of the late Eben Bridges, 67.
Jordan Bay, Jan. 16, Elizabeth, daughter of the late David Smith.
Dartmouth, Jan. 24, Bessie daughter of John and Sarah Day, 8.
Dalhousie, N. S., Jan. 16, Silena, wife of Allister Kaulbach, 33.
Newcastle, Jan. 16, Mary, widow of the late Michael Hennessey, 91.
Los Angelos, Cal., Jan. 25, James McKillop, of St. John, N. B., 35.
Millbrook, Jan. 16, infant son of Thomas W. and Sarah J. Fraser.
Yarmouth, N. S., Henry, son of Raymond and Maggie Fraughton, 4.
St. John, Jan. 27, Leonard, son of Robert and Rebecca Phillips, 15.
Port Elgin, Dec. 7, Emma, daughter of the late J. Hanford Read, 25.
Fredericton, Jan. 23, William, son of John and Agnes Damery, 1.
Chatham, Jan. 21, Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Caisholm.
St. John, Jan. 23, James R., son of James B. and Alma Smith, 6 months.
Halifax, Jan. 25, Ida Mary, daughter of Eliza and the late Richard Callahan, 8.
Little Bras d'Or, C. B., Jan. 12, Julia, daughter of Thomas and Mary Young, 24.
Andover, Jan. 28, Vera Constance, daughter of Charles LeB. and Willie Miles.
Halifax, Jan. 21, Maggie, daughter, of Dennis and Margaret Flinn, 13 months.
Quispamsis, Jan. 23, Bessie R., daughter of James and Annie C. Mullett, 10 months.
Truro, Jan. 16, Barbara, widow of the late Neil Ramsey, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Halifax, Jan. 24, of scarlet fever, Marjorie, daughter of George and Helen Campbell, 5.
Hawkshaw, Jan. 20, Mary Edith, daughter of Thomas and Lizzie Thompson, 3 months.
Scotch Settlement, Jan. 22, of scarlet fever, Clara, daughter of Walter and Mary C. Northrup, 11 months.
Houlton, Jan. 27, Edith S., wife of William Z. Earle, and daughter of the late Edward Symonds, of St. John, N. B.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

FOR

Bronchitis, La Grippe, Etc.

"I obtained immediate relief in a case of bronchitis, caught while in camp at Sussex, by the application of your Minard's Liniment.

"LIEUT.-COL. C. CREWE-READ."

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

THE ONLY TRUE TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE.

Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St John, N. B., at

4.00 P. M. DAILY, Sunday Excepted

For MONTREAL and intermediate points, making close connections with Fast Express Trains for

OTTAWA, TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, the West, North-West and the Pacific Coast.

Connecting at St. John's, Que., Sunday morning excepted, with Fast Express for New York, via Central Vermont Line.

For tickets, sleeping car accomodations, &c., enquire at City Ticket office, Chubb's Corner.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal.
C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, 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	13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.20
Express for Sussex	16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.20
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.20
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Accomodation from Moncton	24.00

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE between St. John and Halifax.

(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:

Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station Agents, to 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

W. R. Campbell, General Manager.
K. Sutherland, Superintendent

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

For Boston.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.00 (standard) Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connexions made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.