SALLY.

The time was midsummer. A girl in a very plain and neatly made cotton dress was standing by an open window. Creepers twined all round the window, some of them peeping into the room. Jessamine, monthly roses, and the deep waxy petals of the magnolia were amongst the blossoms.

A light soft breeze fanned the girl's cheeks and brought into the room great wafts of sweetness from the flowers which surrounded the window and which filled the beds in the garden beneath.

"Hallo, Sally!" exclaimed a gay voice; "there you are as usual in one of your day-dreams. What are you exciting yourself about this morning? It is neither choir-practising day nor school treatday. As far as I can tell, there is nothing going on—nothing whatever, and yet you look—— Stop dreaming if you can, and let us begin breakfast. Do come and take your place at the head of the table."

Sally Erskine followed her sister without another word. She seated herself before the tea-tray; and with a quick, rather impatient movement began to perform her office of tea-making.

Anne Erskine cut slices of bread from a loaf, and scolded two round-faced ruddy-looking boys. Mr. Erskine raised his eyes from a letter he was reading, and nodded affectionately to Sally.

"Shortly afterwards Sally was heard to exclaim excitedly, after pouncing on a letter beside her plate: "I've got the scholarship from the Minerva Magazine—thirty pounds a year for three years. I am first on the scholarship list. The editor says so; this is his letter. Oh, who would have believed it possible! Now I may go to Newnham or Girton."

"What does Sally mean by saying she has got a scholarship, Annie?" asked Mr. Erskine.

"I'll explain it to you, papa. Sally, do eat your breakfast, and allow me to speak. You are scarcely responsible at the present moment. It is this way, papa. Sally and I have taken the Minerva Magazine for the last year. You have noticed it, I am sure, for I have seen you reading it. Well, papa, the Minerva Magazine offers a big prize—a scholarship they call it—to the girl who comes out first in a certain competition. She has to go through a very stiff training, and the person who adjudges the prize is a real live professor."

"It is thirty pounds a year for three years. And six hundred girls competed for it. And it isn't a prize; it is a scholarship—the Minerva Scholarship. I'm distinguished for life. Oh, do let me give you another hug!"

Mr. Erskine rose hurriedly to his feet. "I'm going out," he said. "I ought to be in the four-acre field now. See that the boys go off to school in good time, Anne. Sally isn't quite responsible."

He nodded in a gentle, affectionate way to his family and left the room. Anne hurried her brothers over their breakfast, and Sally her cheeks flushed, her eyes like stars, read and re-read her precious letter.

As soon as the two girls found themselves alone, Sally looked full at Anne, and said in an emphatic voice: "Then the matter is quite settled; I go to Newnham in October."

"My dear Sally, you know how strong our father's prejudices is."

"We must get over it, Anne. My mind is made up. I shall spend three years at one of the woman's colleges, and then start a career of my own."

"I don't believe our father will consent," said Anne, "and even if he did, thirty pounds a year would not cover your expenses."

"No; but thirty pounds a year will help largely towards them; and then you must not forget I have my share of mother's money. I shall be of age in a few weeks now, and then the money is my own absolutely. Oh, Anne, life seems really worth living at last!

Sally sprang from her seat at the breakfast table as she spoke; she was a tall, slightly built girl with clear, open, brown eyes, a round face with rosy cheeks, a good-humored mouth, and a white, rather broad forehead.

Anne was small, thin, and pale; she was generally considered Sally's inferior both in appearance and ability, but she was far more reliable than her elder sister.

The Erskines were not a rich family. Mr. Erskine had inherited a small farm from his father. He was supposed to manage it entirely himself. Whether he did manage it is an open question; he certainly contrived to lose money over it year after year. Sally was the ostensible mistress of the old farm-house, but Anne did most of the work and took more than her share of the trouble. Mr. Erskine was gentlemanly and inert. He was fond of his children, but he did not like them to worry him. He disliked undue excitement of any sort. His breakfast hour this morning had not been at all to his taste, and in his heart of hearts he owned to a feeling of regret that Sally should have got the scholarship.

"These new-fangled ideas are the ruin of women," he murmured as he walked slowly to the four-acre field. "Sally won't be herself for days after this undue excitement. What will be the consequences? Nothing fit to eat will appear upon the table. Those hard-boiled eggs I ate at breakfast are giving me indigestion already. Oh, if women would but recognize the fact that they are sent into the world to be good daughters first, and good wives afterwards!"

On his way home to early dinner Mr. Erskine was overtaken by a pleasant-faced young man, who owned a farm adjoining his own.

"How do you do, Tom?" said Mr. Erskine, nodding to him. "Are you coming to join our dinner? I warn you, you had better not. There'll be nothing fit to eat." And then he told him of the scholarship and Sally's success. "But you seem glad at the news!"

"Well," replied Tom Ross, "from my own point of view, I suppose I ought to be sorry, because she'll be less inclined than ever to say yes to me. Still," continued the young man, carried away by a vision of Sally's ecstasy, "I'm honestly glad for her sake, for she has deserved this prize. I'll come back with you, Mr. Erskine, and take my chance of a badly-cooked dinner."

"I do not approve of your scheme," he said, "but I yield to your wishes. Circumstances oblige me to defer my own feelings to yours. You can go to college, Sally, and turn yourself into one of those odious men-women. It is Ross's doing; you have him to thank for it; the fact is you do not half deserve that good fellow's honest affection."

Sally pouted when her father said this; she was in no mood just now to think much of Tom. The money would be forthcoming; her wish was granted. In October she could go to Newnham, and then, hey, presto! she had all the world before her. Never was a girl happier than this one during the next few weeks.

Sally consulted Ross about each step in her future career. Should she go in for a wranglership? or should she take up classics? or should she be quite modern, and learn French and German so well that they should be considered her native languages?

"I should like to take up every subject," she exclaimed once or twice in her enthusiasm.

Mr. Erskine heard her make a remark of this kind. He was the only one who never laughed or seemed cheerful about her prospects.

"Go in for everything, certainly," he remarked with sarcasm, "and fail. That sentence of yours was exactly what I should expect from a woman, Sally."

But summer days end; and a very abrupt stop was put to this period of mirth and holiday-making.

One morning Mr. Erskine did not make his usual appearance at the breakfast table. Anne went up-stairs to see what was the matter. She found her father looking weak and languid; he said his heart troubled him, and if Anne liked she might send for their old friend Dr. Barnes.

The doctor arrived in the course of the morning; he made a careful examination of his patient, and then said some words to poor little Anne which startled her very much. She managed to hid her feelings while in her father's presence, but Sally found her afterwards in a state almost bordering on hysterics, for the old doctor had given Mr. Erskine only a few days to live.

Tom Ross appeared on the scene as a matter of course, and was most helpful to the girls. He sat up night after night with the invalid, and did more for his comfort than any hired nurse could have done.

A certain morning came when the young fellow appeared with a blanched face and asked for Sally.

"Your father wants you," he said to her. He asked for you several times during the night, and now he will not be denied. I do not think he can live out the day, Sally; and—and—I could not help it, dear."

Tom's look was full of deprecation. Sally wondered what was the matter. What was it that he could not help?

She entered her father's room in her white summer dress, the bloom of early summer in her cheeks and lighting up her eyes. She could not realize that death was already on the threshold of the home. Every one spoke of Mr. Erskine's danger, but Sally did not recognize it a bit. She entered the room now, hushed in her mood but by no means despondent.

"Well, dear papa," she said, her voice set a little lower than its wont, but her tone cheerful. "You have sent for me, papa; I am so glad you want me," she continued. "Then her eyes fell upon the gray and dying face on the pillow, and all further words were arrested. She dropped on her knees by the bedside, and laid her blooming cheek against the dying man's cold hand.

"I want you to promise me something, Sally," he said in a harsh and broken voice "I have something to tell you, and I want you on your part to make me a promise."

"O!—of—course, papa."

That evening Mr. Erskine died. There was mourning and weeping in the house; but, to the surprise of everyone, Sally scarcely shed a tear.

Old Dr. Barnes did not like her appearance. He said the blow had stunned her, and that in reality she was feeling her bereavement much more than her sister and brothers.

Something had certainly occured which had taken all the May sunshiny look out of her face. She made no confidences, however, and spent most of her time moping in her own room.

"I shall be quite glad when Sally goes away to Newnham," said Anne, speaking to Tom Ross. "I never did know that she was so much attached to papa. All the spring seems taken out of her life"

Tom made no reply. His own face looked haggard and worn. He was the best of brothers to Anne, but she noticed that he ceased to confide in her. His blue eyes looked full of trouble when she spoke of Sally.

Mr. Erskine was dead a fortnight and Anne seemed slighter and thinner than ever in her deep mourning.

"By the way, Tom," she continued, looking up at him, "we know nothing yet about the—affairs."

"What affairs, Anne?"

"The money. We don't know how we are left; Mr. Johnson, my father's man of business, promised to call to see us, but he has not yet done so. I know that Sally and I inherit a thousand pounds apiece from our mother, but—what is the matter, Tom? How white you look!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted a boyish voice. "Is that you, Anne, croning away as usual? Oh, and Tom Ross is with you, of course. Why Tom, you're looking pasty. George and I save had such a race over the moors. We met the postman, and he gave us a letter. It's for Sally; it's her scholarship, I expect. The Minerva Magazine is written across the flap of the envelope. Lucky Sally, say I! Would'nt George and I like to have a dip into that thirty pounds. What is it, Ross? what do you want?"

"Give me that letter," said Ross. He took it out of the boy's unwilling hand, then taking him by the shoulders, pushed him gently out of the room.

"Now, Anne," said Ross, coming up to the young girl and speaking eagerly, "if you like, I'll give this letter to Sally. I expect Charlie is right, and that there is a cheque in it. If so, it will give me just the opportunity I want. Can't you send her down to me here; or, better still, send her into the garden, where I can meet her."

"Tom," said Sally, rushing out to meet her lover, and grasping him by the hand, "I know papa has told you, so I need not go over the news again. Anne and I have been arranging everything, and we have just written to Newnham for particulars with regard to the entrance examination. If all is well, I hope to enter Newnham in October. What's the matter, Tom? Aren't you delighted; don't you congratulate me?"

"Yes, Sally, I congratulate you."

"Aren't you glad?"

"For your sake I am glad, but"——

"Oh, don't let us have any dismal buts to-day. If you intend to be very nice and cheerful, and if you mean to take my part during dinner, you may stay and play tennis afterwards"

Tom Ross promised vehemently. He would uphold Sally, and look cheerful, and be as nice and as apparently delighted as if he were her brother; nevertheless, he could not keep a queer sort of an ache which filled his heart whenever he looked at the bright, excited girl. She had never been more charming; her little saucy speeches were never more piquant; her quick, bright, sunshiny way had never proved more fascinating. Even Mr. Erskine could not help smiling when he looked at her; and the boys stopped devouring pudding to laugh at her witty remarks; while Anne's small pale face was lit up with absolute worship.

But Tom's heart would go on aching, for he felt down in its depths that Sally was farther away from him than ever. She knew his greatest wish; she knew that he lived for her alone; but he was well aware that the event of today had put an almost impassable barrier between him and his hopes.

After dinner Sally addressed him eagerly.

"I shall be three years at Newnham," she said; "we won't see much of each other during that time."

"No," he replied sadly; "but if I thought"——

"O please Tom, don't think anything. All my future career is delightfully planned, and I must not disclose it at present, even to you. Oh, how happy I feel I've only one slight thing left to dread—my little tussle with papa."

"By the way," said Ross suddenly, "I am told that life at one of the women's colleges is expensive. You can't manage to live at Newnham on thirty pound a year, you know, Sally.

"No Tom; but don't you remember, I shall be of age on the first of August, and I am then to have a thousand pounds of my very own. This is my share of mother's money. Anne is to have a thousand pounds also when she's of age. I mean to take some of that money to supplement the thirty pounds a year. Why, Tom, what is the matter? How white you have turned!"

"It's the sun, I expect," said Ross. "Let us go and stand in the shade, Sally. Did I hear you aright when you said you were to have a thousand pounds the day you came of age?"

"Yes; that is the half of my mother's money. Can you possibly know anything about it? How queer you look!"

"The sun struck on my head rather fiercely. Shall we have a game of tennis? There's Charlie looking unutterable things at us for not beginning."

"But do you know anything about the money?"

Ross did not answer; he seemed suddenly to have turned deaf.

Sally gave him a queer, perplexed look; then, laughing off an undefined fear, she entered heart and soul into the game.

A couple of days afterwards she found and opportunity to acquaint her father with her decision, and discussed the matter fully while walking beside him. But he uttered a decided negative, and said she would never get his consent to go to college. And he found plenty of old-fashioned opinions to back up his decision.

"I shall never give you permission to go college; so you had better drop the subject, once for all."

"Not once for all," said Tom Ross, who had been standing like a sentinel by the roadside, and who now nodded to Sally and joined the two. "I know all about the matter under discussion, Mr. Erskine, and it cannot be dropped in this summary fashion. It must be thrashed out, and you must give adequate reasons for denying Sally her very natural wish."

What was the matter? Why did Sally suddenly slip her hand out of her father's arm, and give Tom Ross a quick, excited glance of gratitude? And then, why did the little coward put wings to her feet and run away?

Tom linked his arm in Mr. Erskine's and immediately began to speak, and Mr. Erskine never knew that Sally had left them.

Two hours later, Mr. Erskine and Tom Ross returned together. Sally was pacing listlessly up and down in front of the house. When Mr. Erskine saw his daughter he went at once into the house, but Ross came up to the young girl's side, and taking both her hands in one of his, said, in a voice of some agitation:

"It's all right, Sally; you are to go."

She turned white when he said this, clasped her hands, and looked away. Sudden tears of relief and joy filled her bright brown eyes.

"Yes, Sally," continued Ross, "it's all right for you. You are to have the wish of your heart. You are to go out of this snug little nest into the cold world. You are glap to go. Oh, Sally, Sally, I hope the world will treat you well!"

"Yes, Tom, it will, it will. Oh, I am so excited I can scarcely speak calmly. I can scarcely thank you, dear Tom, but my heart feels full of thanks. You do not know what it would have been to me had this wish of mine come to nothing. I think I should have gone about with a broken heart. Don't laugh, Tom; girls' hearts can be broken when the wish which lies nearest to them is denied."

"When the wish that lies nearest to them," repeated Ross, in a sad voice; "and is this your very, very, dearest wish, Sally?"

He looked at her anxiously. His honest blue eyes gazed straight into hers She returned their glance frankly and fully. Then some message with which they were full seemed to penetrate into her heart and give her pain. She looked away, and a quick blush mounted her cheeks.

"Tom," she said, "you are the dearest and best fellow in the world; but I must have my wish; I must go to college and learn all those things which make women strong and brave and useful; those things which are now recognized as part of a good woman's education. I have got brains, and I will use them; I must cease to be a doll."

"Oh, you were never that," he answered. A sigh which he could not prevent escaped him. Soon afterwards he took his leave.

That evening Mr. Erskine called Sally to him, and said a few words to her.

"How where you look, Tom! and your hand trembles."

"You know, Anne, what all this means to me. But I can't speak of it even to you. Run like a deer, and ask Sally to come to me."

Anne departed, and Tom went out into the garden. A great excitement was over him; he was shaken out of his habitual calm.

The evening was lovely, and the last rays of a glorious sunset were fading from the sky, when Sally, dishevelled in appearance, red rims round her eyes, and her bright her pushed untidily back from her forehead, came out into the garden. She, too, was in black, but her mourning partook of the disordered state of her mind. It was not trim and neat like Anne's but was put on carelessly. Her black dress did not become Sally. She needed light and soft draperies to set off her peculiar bright beauty.

The girl who advanced timidly now to meet Tom Ross looked something like a delicate flower broken at the roots. She held her garden hat on one arm; her steps were very slow.

"See what I've got, for you, Sally," said Ross.

He came towards her, holding up the letter. She looked at it with listless indifference. He turned the envelope, and showed the words Minervo Magazine written across the flap.

"It is the scholarship money, Sally," he whispered. "You'll want it, you know, dear to help towards your expenses at Newnham."

"I'm not going," she said suddenly turning white as death. "You know that, Tom, and it's very, very cruel of you to torture me."

"I thought you had some stupid idea of that sort in your mind," said Ross. "I am very glad you have come out here, so that we may fully talk over the whole matter. Give me your hand, Sally—how cold it is. Why do you turn away from me? Why have you kept aloof from me during these miserable days?"

"Tom, you know the reason"

"Yes, my poor little love, I do know. Come, we'll walk up and down here where no one can see us. Sally, I did not want your father to say what he did to you, but I don't think he was quite responsible that morning, and the knowledge weighed on him. I'd have given half of all I possess to saveyon from the trouble I knew his words would bring.

"I promised him," said Sally in a slow, listless voice. "He told me all about it, and I made my promise. I said I'd give Newnham up. It's not such a trial as you think, Tom," she continued, looking steadily at him, while tears brimmed into her eyes. "The heart has gone out of me, somehow, and I never could go in for a wranglership, or any of the nice things I used to talk about when I felt fresh and springy and young. The dreadful thing about me, however, is this, Tom, that I can't thank you—you, who have been noble—yes, noble; but I can't thank you."

"It wasn't noble of me to do things for you. I'd give my life gladly for you, so you can understand that a little money means nothing.

"Father told me," continued Sally "what you had done. He said he had spent the two thousand pounds which he had in trust for Anne and me, and you had given it back to him on condition that he let me go to Newnham. He said that he could not die with the load of all this obligation on his mind. He said he must tell me, that I at least must share the secret with him. He said—he said," continued Sally, now bursting into heart-breaking sobs, "that my duty was to marry you, and not to be a learned lady,"

"Oh, poor little Sally!" said Ross, gulping down a catch in his throat. "What if I don't agree with him? What if I want you to be learned, and wise, and great? You can't turn against my wishes; you can't be my wife if I say no."

Sally began to dry her eyes with fierce rapidity.

"Tom, she said, "the first thing to do is for you to take back that two thousand pounds. I know Anne will not touch it, and of course I will not."

"I am afraid you are both powerless in the matter, Sally. Half the money is yours when you come of age, which will be in a day or two, Annie will not receive hers for over a year. You cannot give it back to me," continued the young man, bending towards her, "without casting dishonor on your dead father. You must keep the money, and you must also keep the secret, in order to shield his memory. You have no other alternative, Sally. I am sorry for you, but I cannot help you in this."

"Don't speak to me for a minute or two," said Sally. "Go away for a few minutes; let me be alone."

Ross obeyed her at once. She stood and watched his retreating figure. How manly he looked—how upright! He did not want to marry her—he said so. And yet she must keep that hateful, hateful money. As to Newnham! the thought of it was torture in her present mood.

"Tom, Tom," she called, in a shrill, wild tone.

He turned at once. She ran to meet him.

"Take me!" she said, "quick, quick, before I change my mind. I'll have you instead of Newnham. I have always loved you; yes, I have always loved you; but I was blind and wilful, and I would not look into my own heart. I did not know halt what was in you, and it seemed so dazzling to be learned, and to use one's brains. But I don't care for anything in the world now, except—except you, Tom—and you must have me; you mustn't say no."

"Is that true, my little darling? Is it true that you love me?"

"Of course it's true; it's the very truest thing on earth."

"Well, then, look here; we'll make a bargain. I'd hate to have a doll for a wife. I adore clever women with heaps of brains. Suppose you go to Newnham in October for my sake; and suppose you pass your examination for me; and then afterwards, Sally—oh, what is the matter?"

Ross stopped abruptly, for Sally's arms were flung tightly around his neck, her head rested on his shoulder, and he felt her warm tears.

"I am the happiest girl in the world," she whispered; "but it isn't now because I have won this"—she threw her unopened letter on the grass—"but because of you; because you love me, and I love you with my whole heart."—Chamber's Journal.

Made the Cook Eat the Biscuit.

Says a former surgeon in the Confederate army: "I remember General Mahone as he appeared before Petersburg in 1864. He was already famous throughout the army for his fighting qualities and his temper. My duty took me frequently past the headquarters, and one morning I saw him pacing up and down in front of his tent while a negro sat in the doorway gorging himself with a fresh pan of biscuit. I turned to Mahone and asked the meaning of this strange performance. Then came the explanation that the negro had baked a pan of sour biscuit for breakfast, and Mahone, by way of an object lesson, had set the cook to eat all of his own product. The negro ate as fast as possible, and Mahone kept up his patrol until the last biscuit disappeared. The performance was characteristic of the man."

Love Divine is said to be the name of a negro recently arrested in Lexington, Ky., for stealing a wagon-load of watermelons. What's in a name?

BORN.

Truro, Oct. 25, to the wife of J. H. Fraser, a son.
Digby, Oct. 17, to the wife of George Wilson, a son.
Digby, Oct. 17, to the wife of John H. Syda, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 20, to the wife of A. F. Tupper, a son
Halifax, Oct. 23, to the wife of N. J. Bowes, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 25, to the wife of John Fisher, a son.
Arcadia, Oct. 19, to the wife of Thomas Cisco, a son.
Amherst, Oct. 18, to the wife of Ernest Boyce, a son.
Truro, Oct. 24, to the wife of Alex Wright, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 3, to the wife of Capt. Forbes, a son.
Green Hill, Oct. 23, to the wife of John Taggart, a son.
Moncton, Oct. 30 to the wife of H. C. Cameron, a son.
Lunenburg, Oct. 1, to the wife of J. F. Bolivar, a son.
Amherst, Oct. 30, to the wife of C. E. Ratchford, a son.
Parrsboro, Oct. 23, to the wife of Capt. Osborne, a son.
Mosers River, Oct. 26, to the wife of George Mosher, a son.
Old Barns, Oct. 16, to the wife of George W. Yuill, a son.
St. Croix, Oct. 23, to the wife of Robil Spence, Sr. a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 29, to the wife of C. J. Cragg, a daughter.
Petite Rivere, Oct. 15, to the wife of L. C. Sperry, a daughter.
Windsor, Oct. 3, to the wife of J. W. Power, a daughter.
Fredericton, Nov. 1, to the wife of C. E. Duffy, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 29, to the wife of George Grant, a daughter.
Dupuis Corner, Oct. 18, to the wife of C. LeBlanc, a daughter.
Alma, Oct. 19, to the wife of William Graves, a daughter.
Woodstock, Oct. 28, to the wife of Capt. Forbes, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 29, to the wife of James Wasson, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 29, to the wife of Ernest Jones, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 8, to the wife of J. S. Henderson, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 28, to the wife of Ernest Jones, a daughter.
Caraquet, Oct. 17, to the wife of F. X. Comeau, of a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 30, to the wife of Duncan Broussard, a daughter.
Dalhousie, Oct. 21, to the wife of William Buckler, a daughter.
Londonderry, Oct. 10, to the wife of C. E. Lindsay, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Oct. 20, to the wife of A. L. Etherington, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Oct. 30, to the wife of Andrew Fraser, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 18, to the wife of J. H. Dawe B. A. a daughter.
North Attleboro, Oct. 31, to the wife of James W. Brennan, a son.
Shubenacadie, Oct. 22, to the wife of Charles Layton, a daughter.
Folly Village, Oct. 28, to the wife of Samuel D Johnson, a son.
Burnside, N. S., Oct. 26, to the wife of Samuel Deyarmond, a son.
Central Grove, Oct. 26, to the wife of William Tibert, a daughter.
North Sydney, Oct. 21, to the wife of Thomas Lovell, a daughter.
Five Islands, Oct. 19, to the wife of J. Moody Harrington, a daughter.
Two Islands, N. S., Oct. 29, to the wife of Capt. W. G. Graham, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 19, to the wife of Capt. W. W. Graham, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 20, to the wife of Wentworth, Canning, a daughter.
Upper Musquodobolt, Oct. 2, to the wife of Wilbert Logan, a daughter.
Broughty Ferry, Scotland, Oct. 29, to the wife of Alexander McKay, of N. S., a daughter.

MARRIED

Antigonish, Oct. 28, by Rev. J. R. Munro Lawrence Day to Trale Ash.
Maccan, Oct. 24, by Rev. D. McKeen, Amos Ogden, to Mrs. Eliza Lewis.
Amherst, Oct 23, by Rev. Father Mihan Raymond Gould to Lina Burke.
Loch Lomond, C. B., Oct. 22, Hugh Morrison, to Mary Ann McNeish.
Windsor, Oct. 24, by Rev. Henry Dickie, James Dill to Carrie Harvie.
Yarmouth, Oct. 22, by Rev. J. L. George, Geo. G. Edward to Lalia Clark.
Avonport, Oct. 16, by Rev. William Brown, Levi Daniels to Eva Fuller.
Amherst, Oct. 23, by Rev. Father Mihan Peter Landry to Jane White.
Amherst, Oct. 23, by Rev. Father Mihan, Alfred Allan to Isabel Cormier.
Truro, Oct. 24, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Abraham G. Fraser to Minnie Cumming.
Grand Pre, Oct. 29, by Rev. Wm. Brown, John Kaye to Hattie Hosterman.
Mahone Bay, Oct. 13, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Robert W. Hughes to Luella Silver.
Mount Thom, Oct 24 by Rev J. A Cairns, Thomas Higgins to Annie J Irving.
Lunenburg, Oct. 19, by Rev. G. L. Rankine, James J. Ernst to Catherine Tanner.
Mill Village, Oct. 9 by Rev. T. F. Wooton, Walter H. Sperry to Mary D. Selton.
Baddeck, Oct. 22, by Rev. D. McDougall, Donald McLeod to Christy Nicholson.
Auburn, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, David Zwicker to Maud McGilvery.
Fredericton, Oct. 23 by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, M. Richardson to Eliza A. Lynn.
Milford, Oct. 29, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Howard Densmore to Beatrice Withron.
Pictou, Oct. 23, by Rev. A. Bowman, Alexander McDonald to Flora McPherson.
Windsor, Oct. 23, by Rev J. L. Dawson, William L. McElhinney, to Ruth Roach.
Lunenburg, Oct. 19, by Rev. G. L. Rankine, Arthur K. Burgoyne to Georgina Ernst.
Berwick, Oct. 9, by Rev. G. W. Glendenning, Joseph Cahill to Ida May Wells.
Lower Kingsclear, Oct. 22, by Rev. P. H. Knight, John T. Scott to Ethel A. Everett.
Brooklyn, N. S., Oct. 19, by Rev. John Johnson, Charles Zwicker to Maud Sullman.
Melrose, N. B. Oct. 21, by Rev. P. Bradley, Jeremiah Holland to Julia Sweeney.
Boston, Oct. 22, by Rev. N. K. McLennan, Elmer E. Hanson to Eliza McGregor of N. S.
Wallace, Oct. 16, by Rev. H. B. MacKay, William B. Saunders to Annie McF. McIntosh.
Cambridge, Oct. 24, by Rev. Alexander Blackburn Alfred J. Hughes to Bessie Ellis.
Fredericton, Oct. 23, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, William A. Miller to Isabella Kennedy.
Halifax, Oct. 31, by Rev. Thomas Fowler, James Prescott Fairbanks to Mrs Nellie Milliken.
Fredericton, Oct. 24, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson James Hector to Annie Peters of Fredericton

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WHOLESALE AGENTS

DIED.

Newton, Oct. 24, John O'Shea, 53.
Fairville, Nov, James McSorley 73.
Hantsport Oct 17 Edward Alley 71.
Fairville, Nov 3, John T Morris 28.
Westport, Oct 29, Arthur Goggins.
Pictou, Oct. 22, Alex. Campbell, 77.
Weymouth, Oct. 23, Ernest Titus, 23.
Halifax, Nov. 1, William Dillon, 39.
Windsor Oct, 24 William P King 73.
Bartibogue Oct, 28 Jane Johnston. 70.
Chatham Nov. 2, Arthur J Luke 17.
Lockeport, Oct. 25, Matthew Reid, 45.
Rocklan', Oct. 22, Timothy Hicks, 35.
Halifax, Oct. 23, William Laughlin, 57.
Hillsboro, Oct, 18 Henry B. Steeves 55.
Antigonish, Nov. 1, James Burnside, 89.
Kentville, Oct. 27, Mrs. James McIntosh.
Marshalltown, Oct. 16, William Smith, 76.
Bear Point, Oct. 19, Reuben Stoddart, 62.
Yarmouth, Oct. 25, Urbain W. Patten, 21.
Sunny Brae, Nov. 1, Mrs. George Green.
Alma, N. S., Oct. 15, David Sylvester, 81.
Hopewell, Oct. 14, Alexander McLeod, 83.
Hopewell, Oct. 14, Alexander McLeod, 83.
Sussex, Oct. 15, Mrs. John Thompson, 34.
St. Marys, Oct. 25, Thomas D. Mitchell, 2[illegible].
Pugwash, Oct. 12, Robert S. McLaughlin, 55.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 19, Emma McCurdy, 40.
Clarks Harbor, Oct. 18, Mrs. Hiram Smith, 33.
Barlington, N. S., Oct. 23 Michael B. Slater 76.
Riversdale, Oct. 25, Alexander McKimmie, 59.
Mount Thom, Oct. 21, Mary B. McGilvary, 18.
New Glasgow, Oct. 30, Lizzie Livingstone, 24.
Elgin, Oct. 29, Sarah, wife of Nelson Collier, 61.
Morse Road, Oct. 28, Mrs. Eliza McGowan, 71.
Bear River Oct 3 Carrie wife of John Benson. 74.
Gilberson Settlement, Oct. 16, Mrs. Gilberson, 83.
Tidnish, Oct. 5, Rebecca, wife of Silas Taylor, 94.
South Richmond, Oct. 13, Mrs. Andrew Slater, 67.
Inglisville Oct, 2 Frank Reals son of Robert Reels 4
Sunday Point, N. S., Oct. 25, Abraham Hurlbert, 91.
Hackensack, N. J, Oct. 22, Maria A. Goudey, 49.
Westport, Oct. 17, Maria, wife of Christie Haycock.
St. John, Nov. 2, Margaret, E. wife of Wm. Purvis, 59.
Mahone Bay, Oct. 29, Mrs. Ambrose Eisenhauer, 38.
Digby, Oct. 3, Anna, wife of Francis Hutchinson, 45.
Moncton, Oct. 25, Maggie, wife of Owen McGinty, 25.
L'Ardoise, C. B., Oct. 25, Nancy Membourquette, 80.
Lynn Mass, Oct. 21, James Sharpe to Mary Donahay.
Springfield Oct 23, infant daughter of Charles Caren 2.
Charlottetown, Oct. 16, John W. Fulton to Florence A Nash.
Brookfield, Oct, 23, Ellen Cox wife of W. C Kennedy. 72.
St. John, Nov. 3 Agnes W. daughter of William and Mary Kirk.
Clementsport, Oct. 14, Mary, wife of Capt. Lendel Atwood, 63.
Jordan Mountain, Oct. 28, Elizabeth, wife of James Kinkade, 66.
St. Croix, Oct, 24, Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Smiley 1 day.
Lockeport, Oct. 20, Olivia, wife of the late Stephen Kempton, 87.
Woodville, Oct. 3, Ruby, daughter of Henry and Sarah Lewis, 12.
Halifax, Oct. 31, Guy, son of C. W. and Lillian Outhit, 5 months.
Little Pond, Oct. 18, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Thomas Clark to Laura Pick.
Windsor Oct, 17 Mable Fern daughter of M L and Nora Orser 8 months.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. James McDonnell, sister of the late Judge Watterr.
Yarmouth, Oct. 23, by Rev. J. L. George, Edward Edwards to Lalia Clark.
Pictou, Oct. 30, by Rev. J. J. Chisholm, John O'Brien to Annie Smith.
Westville, Oct. 13, Cassie, wife of Hugh Cullen, and on Oct. 31, Hugh Cullen.
Dartmouth Oct 29 Agnes J daughter of James Rutherford of Fall River.
Windsor, Oct 16, Isabel only child of John M. and Mattie Lindsay 16 months.
Marysville, Oct. 18, William O. son of Albert C. and Jemina Tompkins, 22.
Sherbrooke, Oct. 8, by Rev. Stables Smith, Arthur Curry to Margaret Coady.
New Glasgow, Oct. 23, by Rev. G. P. Raymond, Mr. Torrey to Rachel Ross.
Truro, Oct. 23, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, John Kennedy to Mary Davis Nelson.
Sussex, Oct. 26, Rachel, daughter of William and Hattie McArthur, 4 months.
Montgomery, N. S., Oct. 30, by Rev. E. P. Frye Nelson Good to Annie Syms.
Sonora, Oct. 20, by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, Henry Coles to Sarah Coles of Nfld.
Hopewell, Oct. 17, by Rev. Wm. McNichol Finlay Fraser to Margaret McLeod.
Lake George, N. B., Oct. 23, by Rev. Wm. Ross, James Tait to Fanny Moody.
South Maitland, Oct. 3, by Rev. T. C. Jack, John Anderson to Lizzie Cameron.
New Annan, Oct. 23, by Rev. T. Cumming, Harry J. Bryden to Edith W. Smith.
Bairdsville, Oct. 17, by Rev. Scovil Neales, J. Carlton Rouse to H. Gussie Bull.
Sutherland River, Oct. 24, by Rev. D. M. McLeod, C. M. Smith to Agnes Park.
Truro, Oct. 24, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Edward Callaghan to Hannah McDormand.
Campbellton, Oct. 28, by Rev. E. P. Wallace, Octave Robichaud to Catherine Roy.
Indiantown, Oct. 23, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Albert Crawford to Elizabeth Jardine.
Waterville, N. S., Oct. 23, by Rev. J. E. Blakney, Burton D. Hatt, to Ella M. Swimmer.
Calais, Oct. 23, by Rev. A. S. Ladd, Albert E. Yanstine, of St. Stephen to Maggie Rutherford.
London England, Oct, 16 Maria Archibald wife of Capt P A Scott R. N. formerly of Halifax, 74.
South Tilley, N. B., Oct. 23, by Rev. A. Fitzpatrick, Fred W. Risteen to Blanche Ogilvy.

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