THE JAILOR'S WIFE.

Roland Grey walked to the window and looked out at the peaceful little Canadian village of Four Corners. The streets were still with the silence of night. Heavy masses of snow veiled the shimmering peaked roofs of the houses. From his room at the Four Corners Hotel Grey could see the infrequent lights of the habitants' cottages flicker on the Ottawa shore. Winter had set in; in a day or two he would be able to drive across the river and push on to Montreal. His people would look for him in England within the next three weeks, but Grey had lingered on to enjoy the sweet, silent majesty and gorgeous coloring of the Indian Summer.

Suddenly it had dawned upon him that there would be festivities at Lyme within a month's time from which the heir could not very well absent himself. When, however, he pushed on to the Four Corners he was unable to cross, as the river had not yet frozen over, and there was no other way of making the passage. The ice had never been so late before. No one could understand the reason of the delay. No one but Grey, that is, and it was only subsequent events which opened his eyes.

And now that he could not get on Grey found himself possessed of a fierce desire to do so. For two days he had chafed round the little village, spending most of his time in the postoffice, which was also the centre of Four Corners' civilization. The postmaster pegged boots and punctured his conversation with emphatic little taps.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth. It may blow the ice out of the bay or blow it in again. You'd better have a good time till it's safe to drive across to Greenville. What's your hurry, Mister?"

Grey explained his hurry. The postmaster was not sympathetic.

"Going to celebrate the coming into money you haven't earned?" he said. "You'd better move into the bush, and work for your livin'. Then you'd know how to live."

Grey, worsted in wordy contest, had returned to his room at the hotel. The hot stove made his head ache. He put his hand to his forehead with a gesture of impatience. Some one glided softly into the room, smelt the hot air, and returned with a pitcher of water to pour into the pan on the stove. Then the newcomer coughed apologetically, as if anxious to awaken Grey's attention.

Grey looked round (he had been rocking idly to and fro in a chair) and saw that his visitor was not a woman of the house.

"Did you want to see me?"

"Yes," siad the newcomer quietly, but resolutely. "Can you spare a quarter of an hour? I must be back soon after. I came in quietly on purpose."

She spoke with a suspicion of Scotch burr in her voice. Grey sprang up, handed her a chair, and she threw back her cloak as it the heat of the room were overpowering, at the same time closing her eyes.

She was a woman of about 30, of small stature, with a beautiful Madonna-like face, white and worn, but very noble. Dense masses of thick black hair were coiled under a sealskin cap and partly escaped into the grey hood of her cloak. One glove slipped to the floor. As it did so Grey noticed that her fingers were long, white and thin. When she afterward opened her eyes he discovered that they were soft and tender and brown— the eyes of a woman who loves to the death. But now her long lashes had closed over them, and she lay back sleeping like a worn-out child.

Grey let her sleep for five minutes. He could not deny himself the pleasure of gazing at her. The scarlet upholstery of the chair formed a fitting background for her small, tired figure. As the water in the stove-pan began to heat, and the air grew moister, he felt interested in this tired, unknown woman. Perhaps she was hiding from a brutal husband.

He had not been in a free fight during the whole of his stay in Canada, although a revolver reposed snugly in his hip pocket. Had the time come to withdraw the weapon from its ignoble seclusion in aid of this little woman, whose tranquil breathing scarcely broke the silence of the cheerful room? Should he wake her? Hadn't she said something about leaving in a quarter of an hour?

Grey rose from his chair and moved toward the sleeping woman. In an instant she was wide awake, with a fierce, hunted look upon her features, and the hand which had hung over the side of her chair swiftly travelled to a pocket in her dress.

Grey stayed where he was.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "Five minutes gone."

"Five! Oh-h-h yes, I—I"— She became more composed and looked around as if endeavoring to remember where she was. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Grey, but I was very tired and exhausted."

"You are unstrung," he said kindly. "Let me prescribe my favorite remedy for extreme cases."

He went into his bedroom, dived among the trunks and returned with a small bottle of champagne, deftly extracting the cork without any noise.

"Take this, please," he said, pouring out a small tumblerful. "It will be meat and drink to you."

She drank slowly, prettily, and a rich color dawned in her white face. "You wish me to help you?" Grey asked, when she had put down the tumbler with a little quivering sigh of relief.

"Can I trust you—with a woman's secret? I am a woman who needs help. No other woman in the world ever needed it so sorely," she panted.

Grey was moved. 'Don't tell me more than you want to. Say all that's necessary while I get my things on."

In an instant she was calm and composed and methodically arranging her dress.

"I only heard tonight of your being here," she said. "You're an English gentleman, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am an Englishman."

"Well, I want you to help me."

Grey looked at her beseeching, liquid eyes for a moment. Sincerity and truth shone in them. There could be no meanness, treachery or deceit where a woman looked one straight in the face as she did. "I will help you," he said.

The woman gazed her thanks. "But I must explain, and the time is so short."

"Never mind explanations."

"Oh, but you can't understand if I don't tell you. I'm the jailor's wife."

"Yes."

"And—and"——. She hesitated. "You'll not betray me? I've borne the strain for months. Promise me to be true. I can't appeal to any one else. I've no one to trust. I'm all alone."

"I will help you," replied Grey, mastered by the woman's terrible earnestness. He felt that the matter was no joke; that an adventure seen from afar presents a very different aspect to the one it adopts when near at hand. "Don't doubt me," he continued. "I see you're in terrible trouble. What's a man good for if he can't help a suffering woman?"

"You're good. Oh, I'm sure you're good. And it's gone on for months. I'm nearly mad, too."

She wept quietly now. All the chivalry in Grey's nature answered the tears dripping through her long fingers.

"My husband's—mad."

"Yes?"

"I've done wrong to hide it, but he knew it was coming on, and made me promise to keep the secret."

"Poor woman!"

"It means beggary to our child if his madness is discovered. And he made me promise. He felt he'd get better. A prisoner struck him one day; he's never been the same since."

"Poor woman!" again said Grey.

"When the neighbors came in I had to talk to them—to keep them away. He was absent—quiet. Only incoherent now and again. I would tell them he was tired, or thinking of—of religion. He's a very good man; too much religion has driven him mad; all this trying to understand the infinite. Latterly, he's been better. But I've to be ever at his side, put words into his mouth, check his wandering thoughts, answer for him. No one suspects. People think him a little absent, that's all. If I can only hold out till tomorrow he'll be entitled to his retiring pension. Tomorrow I can tell the truth—go out to the neighbors—say he'll resign; and he and the child will be provided for. You're a stranger. That's why I come to you. You'll be gone in a day or two, and no one will ever know about it. But—but I'm afraid."

"Of whom?"

She rose to her feet excitedly.

"There's only one man in the jail—a condemned murderer, and he's watching for a chance to kill my husband."

Grey recoiled in horror an the ghastliness of the situation.

"Now—don't you see—don't you understand! Every time my husband goes into the jail I must be at his side; every time he enters that cell I must cover the man with a revolver. A little slip, a moment's carelessness, and the man's hands choke his life away. If my eyes shut, I wake in terror; if my husband stirs, my heart leaps. At night I handcuff him to me, and when the restless demon which will not let him sleep takes possession of him he walks round the prison, dragging me, half clad, through the bitter night.

"No one knows anything about my husband's madness but the murderer. He's guessed it. He never says anything, but just looks. He's always trying to get my husband between us so that the revolver will be useless. Sometimes he puts his prison plate in a corner of the cell, where my husband must stoop to pick it up. I have to go in myself and pick it out. He's afraid of me, but he's desperate. He wants to kill some one before he dies. My husband talks to him—tries to convert him—to prepare him for the end. And the man answers softly with a horrible grin, that there's only one thing for him to do, and then he'll gladly die. That one thing is to kill my husband."

Grey hastily put on his overcoat.

"He speaks softly to my husband; talks to him of the merciful Christ, and tries to lure him nearer. All the time, all the time, there's that look in his eye. He's waiting to spring. And my poor, mad husband thinks in some dim way that if he can only save the man's soul the Lord will restore his own reason. At moments—confused moments—he knows he is mad, and thinks this is the atonement."

"Haven't you any friends?"

She shivered. "They're all such good people here. They'd think me desperately wicked, and say it was a judgment. It's the want of sleep that tells on me. I gave my husband a sleeping draught tonight and stole out to find you. A visitor this afternoon said you were here. My only hope is in you. Will you watch for me tonight? If I don't sleep I shall go mad. And it's only for one more day—one more day."

Grey put on his fur cap.

"Tonight will be the last night. You don't know what it is to feel great leaden hands pressing darkness over you; you don't know what it is to feel that if sleep overtakes you your husband will be murdered. And tomorrow—if I can only hold out until tomorrow—I can tell the truth; but if I don't sleep tonight I shall go mad—I shall go mad."

Grey took her arm within his own. "Come, we'll go at once."

She leaned against him, struggling to overcome her drowsiness.

"Its so—warm, so warm, and bright," she murmured sleepily. "So warm. Can't we stay a bit—no, no, we mustn't, we mustn't. The lamplight's turning to blood. Keep me—awake! For God's sake, keep me awake. Kee-ep"——And her eyes closed again.

Grey made a desperate effort to get his companion out of the hot room down the back stair of the hotel. When they were once outside the fresh air revived her.

It had ceased snowing. Countless shifting lights of the Aurora Borealis flitted in filmy curtains of lace across a steely blue sky. The keen air bit Grey to the bone as he half led, half dragged his companion towards the jail, a huge, sombre stone building at the outer end of the village. The recent snow had filled up the woman's footsteps.

As Grey dragged her along, all past knowledge also seemed to have been swept away from her mind. Her long hair escaped from its fastenings, and pulled back her head with its weight of ebon tresses until it fell on his shoulder. As they neared the jail she pointed to the light which burnt in the little porch.

"That's it! that's it!" she said. "Tread softly. We mustn't wake him. We mustn't wake him. Here's the key. Don't fumble so. Can't you open a lock? Oh, forgive me. That's it. Now across the hall, through this room. Mind the cradle. You'll see how handsome, how noble he is, even in sleep. Oh, if God will not give him back to me. Softly, softly. We mustn't wake him. No opiate keeps him asleep long. Now, look"——

With a fond smile on her features she held the light in the direction of the bed. Suddenly she let the lamp fall, and Grey caught it just in time.

"It's—it's empty!"

Grey and the woman looked each other in the face, a scared, ashen pallor creeping over her features. The child woke up. As they confronted each other for the space of a second it began to cry. In an instant the woman was down on her knees fondling it. Then she covered it up, regardless of its cries, and turned to Grey.

"Come!" she cried hoarsely. "Come!" and clutched him by the wrist.

Grey mechanically felt for his pistol and followed her, lamp in hand, as the woman glided swiftly along, filled with an o'ermastering terror. Presently they came to the kitchen, wherein a cat purred sleepily before the stove. Beyond this kitchen, with its rows of shining metal dish-covers and pretty crockery and general air of warmth and comfort, was a narrow passage, and, frowning darkly at the end of the narrow passage, stood the grim iron gate which separated the living rooms from the jail.

The woman glided up to the gate, still dragging at Grey's wrist. It swung softly back at her hurried touch, and Grey followed, shading the light of the lamp with his hand.

Grey peered over the woman's shoulder into the darkness beyond. At first he could see nothing, but as his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the dim light he discovered they were looking into a big room. The corners of this room were in denseat shadow. There was no window, but only a small skylight in the roof. In the centre of the room stood a small table; on the table a lamp; and, facing each other, sat two men.

The light from the lamp reached far enough for Grey to notice its reflection on the iron bars which lined the sides of the room. Each of these bars fronted a cell, and the loosely heaped up bedding for every cell had the effect of making the narrow divisions look as if they contained a dead body. One of the doors stood open.

In the excitement of the moment Grey put one hand on the woman's shoulder. She trembled violently.

As the two men sat at the table Grey saw their faces in profile. The elder man, with the features of an apostle, read in measured tones from a Bible. But it was the expression of the murderer's face opposite which fascinated Grey. He had thin lips, pointed chin, and a shock of red hair coming down to his eyes. His head sloped upward to a point. The long, narrow eyes were mere slits. For so young a man—he looked about 20—he was exceedingly muscular. A hairy hand lay on the table. As the unconscious jailor read on, it closed and opened convulsively, or reached stealthily, inch by inch, forward toward the book, as if fearing to pass it.

Grey followed the fellow's murderous meaning in every movement of his hands, every glance from his red-rimmed eyes, every labored breath he drew. A frantic lust for slaughter had taken possession of the criminal. He played with his victim as a cat does with a mouse. And every second his great hairy hand crept nearer and nearer the dreadful table, and yet could not pass it, as the mad jailor read from the Sermon on the Mount, his musical resonant voice waking the echoes in the bare room and reaching the ears of the overstrung woman who listened:

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

The jailor paused to wind the lamp a little higher.

"Turn again and rend you," said the murderer. "And so, jailor, if you cast that which is holy before swine like me, you'd deserve to be rent in pieces?"

The jailor looked up in grim surprise. Some change in the questioner's tone strangely affected his disordered mind. The murderer continued to lash the fervid rage, the fierce exaltation, the lust for blood which worked within him. He spoke quietly, but in a harsh whisper. His hand was very near the Bible now.

"Jailor, jailor, I'm to die, and there's no way out of it. If I escape from here, I shall be caught—hunted down. People would tear me to bits. But I've been here three months. And you've prayed for me for three months, jailor; watched over me, made my days a burden to me; and I've spoken to you softly, though you've made me die a thousand deaths, jailor, with your infernal cant about the hereafter.

"But I'm grateful, and I'm going to prove my gratitude. Tonight you've let me out of my cell. You've prayed for me: you think I'm lost to all eternity. Day after day you've kept me here, and that white-faced woman of yours has covered me with her pistol, and I haven't had a chance.

"But now, jailor, you've prayed tonight, and you're fit to die. I can't be hung twice; and it's gruesome work to die alone. So we've to go together, jailor. For you're mad, jailor—as mad as I am; and if you die mad, you're a poor lost soul like me."

"Yes," said the jailor, softly; "we're both poor, lost souls."

"But we're good comrades, jailor. Oh yes, we're good comrades; and we'll journey together. I've watched that white-faced woman of yours with the blazing eyes, and I know she's given way at last. You've worn her out with your mad freaks; you've tortured her as men are never tortured where we go tonight. If I didn't hate her so much I'd let you live. But she knows me, she knows I'm afraid of her.

"She must be ill or asleep, jailor. When she comes back she'll find us sleeping, too. And she'll die, and we'll all be in everlasting torment together. But I must be quick, jailor, and send you there, or she'll be back, back, back; and I shall be taken out in the yard where they keep my coffin ready for me up on the rafters, and they will choke me to death. Come, jailor, come. We'll be bedfellows from this night forever."

The foam fell from the corners of his wild-beast mouth, and, leaning over the table, he aimed a terrible blow at the jailor's forehead. The table slipped, and pushed the jailor violently to the ground, as a sharp whiplike crack rang through the gloom.

The murderer threw up his hands with a yell and fell face forward across the table. Something hung limply against Grey's shoulder, gave a long-drawn, shuddering sigh and slipped to the ground.

Grey listened for a moment, but there was no sound. Hastily making his way to the kitchen, he returned with a lamp.

The murderer had been shot through the head, and the jailor was stunned. The revolver of the jailor's wife lay on the floor beside her.

Grey dragged the woman out of the gloom down the passage, and into the warm firelight. There he laid her on a couch and went to the jailor's assistance.

The jailor leaned against the table rubbing his forehead in a bewildered way, as if he had just awakened from a dream.

"Why, what's all this?" he asked, in clear rational tones.

Grey hastily led him into the kitchen, leaving the murderer's body in the darkness.

The jailor's wife sat up, wringing her hands. "I had to do it—I had to do it!" she said to Grey. "Now I'm a murderess!"

"I fired first," said Grey quietly, showing an empty chamber of his revolver in support of his assertion. At the wild look of joy which came into her face he felt amply repaid. If this woman learned the truth she would also go mad. She should never know that hers was the hand which had fired the fatal shot.

Presently the jailor spoke. "Have I been ill, Jessie? I don't seem to remember what's happened."

"Your prisoner tried to escape, and I shot him," said Grey. "You were stunned by the fall."

The jailor still looked confused. "Get him to bed," Grey whispered to the woman. "The shock has restored his reason. He'll be all right tomorrow."

With a supreme effort, the woman led him into her bedroom. "Come—to—our—child!" she said. The door closed behind them, their voices mingled together. Presently, Grey stole across the room and listened. He could hear their deep regular breathing. They were asleep.

He returned to the kitchen. The cat rubbed itself against his legs. He noticed a jug of milk on the table, drank a deep draught, and poured out some in a saucer for the cat. Then he replenished the fire, and sat down to await the dawn, dimly understanding why he had been unable to cross the river.

BORN.

Halifax, May 24, to the wife of John Baird, a son.
Digby, May 27, to the wife of Robert Dakin, a son.
Halifax, May 24, to the wife of J. H. Brown, a son.
Halifax, May 28, to the wife of James Morrow, a son.
Halifax, May 28, to the wife of Fred J. Lordly, a son.
St. John, May 31, to the wife of Jacob Whitebone, a son.
Parrsboro, May 14, to the wife of Walter Mosher, a son.
Kempt, N. S., May 14, to the wife of John L. Card, a son.
Wolfville, N. S., to the wife of J. L. Murphy, a son.
Halifax, June 3, to the wife of Douglas Stevens, a son.
Lunenburg, May 23, to the wife of Duff Kaulbach, a son.
Halifax, May 28, to the wife of Geo. H. Croskill, Jr., a son.
Windsor, May 28, to the wife of J. A. Shaw, Jr., a daughter.
Sackville, May 28, to the wife of H. E. Fawcett, a daughter.
Alma, May 24, to the wife of Samuel Brettour, a daughter.
Parrsboro, May 16, to the wife of James Y. Wasson, a daughter.
Dartmouth, May 23, to the wife of Frank Campbell, a daughter.
Green Hill, May 13, to the wife of Robert Hillgrove, a daughter.
Hantsport, May 14, to the wife of Ernest Robinson, a daughter.
Rossway, N. S., May 20, to the wife of John Cossaboon, a son.
Cheverie, N. S., May 28, to the wife of Frank Glenn, a son.
Stewardale, C. B., May 8, to the wife of John Fraser, a son.
Moncton, May 26, to the wife of James H. Robinson, a daughter.
Middle Sackville, May 28, to the wife of J. E. Phinney, a daughter.
Point deBute, May 30, to the wife of Captain Chesley Wells, a son.
La Have, N. S., May 17, to the wife of Rev. George D. Harris, a son.
Port Greville, May 23, to the wife of Freeman Hatfield, a daughter.
Milton, N. S., May 26, to the wife of Edward Murphy, a daughter.
Kempt, N. S., May 11, to the wife of Rev. Andrew Boyd, a daughter.
Princeport, N. S., May 30, to the wife of Foster Bradley, a daughter.
Quoddy, N. S., May 26, to the wife of William O'Leary, a daughter.
Cogmagun, N. S., May 18, to the wife of Jeffrey Sandford, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, June 4, John Shea, to Jane McCready.
Truro, June 2, Daniel O. Chisholm to Sarah Learment.
Halifax, June 4, J. R. Sheperd to Annie McDonald.
Pennfield, by Rev. F. C. Wright, Zadoh Justason to Annie Spear.
Halifax, May 23, by Rev. John Robbins, George Jeffers to Ellen Reid.
St. John, June 5, by Rev. A. J. Kempton, James Sinclair to Lillie Toole.
St. John, May 30, by W. O. Raymond, Frank B. Alward to Lizzie Ryder.
Halifax, June 4, by Rev. Father Foley, James Pender to Katie Scanlan.
Fredericton, May 30, by Rev. E. Bell, Robert Hovey to Grace Hovey.
Gaspereaux, May 30, by Rev. J. Williams, O. S. Porter to Irene Benjamin.
Amherst, June 5, by Rev. D. McGregor, C. W. Moore to Ethel Chapman.
Truro, May 19, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Thomas Edwards to Selina Bryson.
Scotsburn, N. S., by Rev. J. A. Cairns, John Rankin to Mrs. John Campbell
Amherst, May 23, by Rev. R. Williams, Hanse Doyle to Annie McDougall.
Pictou, June 1, by Rev. George S. Carson, George Chisholm to Jessie A. Noble.
Oxford, May 30, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Frank DeWolfe to Carrie L. Ripley.
Tangier, N. S., by Rev. E. H. Ball, Alexander Dukeshire to Ebzina Hilchey.
Halifax, May 31, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Frederick Coleman to Florence Hartling.
St. John, June 6, by Rev. Monsignor Connolly, P. J. Reardon to Mary F. Breen.
Halifax, May 29, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Charles H. McIvin to Fanny Gray Crewes.
St. John, June 4, by Rev. J. A. Gordan, David L. Coleman to Amy G. Wigmore.
Newcastle, May 30, by Rev. W. J. Bleakney, John Whitney, to Evangeline Tozer.
Halifax, May 29, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Reginald C. Bulpitt to Sadie A. Bartlett.
Centreville, May 30, by Rev. Joseph A. Cahill, Edward Black to Maria Crabbe.
Hampstead, May 23, by Rev. C. B. Lewis, David E. McCorkell to Debbie Johnson.
River Herbert, May 31, by Rev. J. M. Parker, Edward Smith to Lizzie Skinner.
Little River, May 20, by Rev. J. Howie, Calvin Lunnergan to Margaret Ackerson.
Beaconsfield, May 23, by Rev. F. M. Young, Edward Whitman to Mary A. Hall.
Moncton, May 31, by Rev. T. J. Dienstadt, Alexander Sharp to Isabella Thompson.
Gagetown, May 31, by Rev. N. C. Hansen, James S. Redstone to Eliza A. McAllister.
Upper Charlo, May 16, by Rev. George Fisher, James McAllister to Eliza Powers.
Halifax, June 4, by Rev. Monsignor Carmody, William J. Butler to Maud Inglis.
Hopewell Cape, May 16, by Rev. B. N. Hughes, Joseph T. Mitton to Isabel C'Regan.
Mapleton, N. B., May 16, by Rev. H. H. Saunders, Albert W. Stiles to Amanda Bishop.
Truro, May 30, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Archibald McPherson to Mary A. Richardson.
Windsor, N. S., May 21, by Rev. J. A. Davis, Maurice S. Mosher to Viola Graves.
Melrose, May 26, by Rev. J. D. MacFarlane, Richard Robinson to Cassie McKenzie.
Boisdale, C. B., May 24, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Alexander McKinnon to Mary McCormack.
St. John, June 4, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Captain William A. McLean to Georgia Perley.
Fredericton, May 30, by Rev. George B. Payson, Samuel L. Bubar to Almira Kingsclear.
St. John, May 31, by Rev. John DeSoyres, W. Rupert Turnbull to Mary W. Davidson.
Charlottetown, May 24, by Rev. James Simpson, Robert H. Mason to Minnie B. Waddell.
Harmony, N. S., May 16, by Rev. F. G. Francis, Newton G. Minard to Mrs. Lydia Hubley.
Creignish, C. B., May 27, by Rev. Joseph Chisholm Allan D. Cameron to Isabella McEachern.
Fredericton, May 31, by Rev. Finlow Alexander, Stephen Mitchell to Aline Allison Harrison.
Johnson, May 15, by Rev. O. N. Mott, assisted by Rev. S. D. Ervine, B. H. Akerley to Mrs. Louisa Starkey.
Truro, May 26, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, assisted by Rev. J. F. Dustan, Alfred Ramsay to Mary Morrison.

DIED.

Moncton, June 4, Alfred Trites, 57.
St. John, May 30, James Hayes, 69.
Halifax, June 1, John Cashman, 64.
Halifax, May 27, Henry Coolen, 74.
St. John, June 3, Edward Haney, 85.
Moncton, June 2, David Wallace, 78.
Surrey, May 25, Mrs. John Gross, 64.
Marysville, May 29, James Boyer, 76.
Charlottetown, May 27, John Ball, 60.
Truro, May 26, William H. Blackmore.
Truro, June 2, Janet T. Henderson, 87.
Pictou, May 27, Mrs. J. T. Paulin, 50.
Liverpool, May 31, John Abernethy, 6.
Bridgetown, May 24, George Ramey, 74.
Springhill, N. S., May 30, James Russell.
Hantsport, May 29, Ezekiel Marsters, 80.
Lion Bay, May 24, Grace McGilnchey, 18.
Halifax, June 1, Murdock M. Lindsay, 58.
Birdton, N. B., May 21, Mrs. James Bird.
Long Island, May 28, Bishop Palmeter, 75.
Petitcodiac, May 31, Nathan D. Fowler, 73.
Nashwaak, May 23, Mrs. Alex McBean, 38.
River John, May 28, Duncan Sutherland, 53.
Moore's Mills, May 28, Lavinia R. Slater, 72.
Jordan River, N. S., May 23, Austin Holden.
Golden Grove, June 1, Andrew McGowan, 68.
Parker's Ridge, N. B., Mrs. Charles Calhoun.
Sussex, May 27, Edna, wife of S. H. White, 39.
Shelburne, N. S., Annie, wife of W. T. Atwood.
Shubenacadie, June 1, Mrs. George Logan, 68.
Fisher's Grant, May 28, Mrs. Ellen McMullin.
Meiklefield, N. S., May 25, James McCulloch, 74.
St. John, June 1, Alice, wife of W. L. Penny, 42.
Briley Brook, N. S., May 24, Donald Chisholm, 64.
Mechanic's Settlement, May 27, John R. Bustard, 27.
Yarmouth, May 29, George R., son of James Hayes, 2.
Lynn, Mass., Captain John Poole, of Yarmouth, 82.
Yarmouth, May 27, Lina, wife of A. S. Starratt, 26.
Halifax, May 27, Mary A., wife of Theodore Kelly, 38.
Summerside, P. E. I., May 21, Edward Dowling, 55.
Stonehaven, May 29, Emily, wife of John W. Lowe.
Mohannes, May 25, Harriet, wife of Cyrus Thompson, 79.
Truro, May 26, Sarah, widow of the late John King, 83.
Brooklyn, N. S., June 1, Mary E., wife of Colin McLeod.
Coldstream, May 24, of pneumonia, Mrs. Amos Greer, 67.
Yarmouth, May 29, Elizabeth H., wife of William Casey, 69.
Antigonish, May 25, Emma, daughter of William Mitchell, 24.
Halifax, May 31, Mary, widow of the late Patrick Vaughan, 74.
St. John, June 1, of congestion of the brain, George H. Lowe, 29.
Milton, N. S., May 24, Bertha, daughter of Snow P. Freeman, 19.
Lismore, N. S., May 27, Isabella, wife of Duncan McIntosh, 53.
St. John, June 1, Katherine, widow of the late Philip Ferguson, 82.
Spectacle Island, May 24, Desire, widow of the late E. McPherson.
Digby, May 13, Charles T., son of Timothy O'Connell, 10 months.
Truro, May 28, Bessie, daughter of Alexander Duwar, 3 months.
Halifax, June 1, John Herbert, son of Horatio and Minnie Chaddock.
Fort Lawrence, N. S., May 27, Mary, wife of Benjamin Chapman, 89.
Milton, May 26, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Lewis Freeman, 56.
Waterford, May 23, Josie, daughter of W. E. S. and Lydia Flewelling, 6.
Bear River, May 30, Herbert Atlee, son of the late Dr. H. A. Ellison, 11.
St. John, May 30, Mary Rainbird, widow of the late Joseph Burns, 80.
Halifax, June 3, Grace, daughter of Henry and Ellen Glazebrook, 12.
North Sydney, May 28, Hugh Murray, son of John J. and Jessie Forbes, 1.
St. John, June 1, Geraldine, daughter of M. F., and Kate Mooney, 6 months.
Big Bras d'Or, C. B., May 24, Caroline E. daughter of John and Agnes Old, 2.
Kennington Cove, N. S., of scarlet fever, Alexander, son of Donald J. Wilson, 1.
Villagedale, N. S., May 21, Claude Elmore, son of William and Mina Nickerson, 6.
Shelburne, N. S., May 23, of consumption, Craswell, son of Joseph and Anna Guy, 20.
Halifax, May 30, Bridget Frances, daughter of Daniel and Catherine Kennedy, 14.
New Germany, N. S., May 26, of consumption, Rachel Ann., wife of Albert DeLong, 71.
Springville, N. S., Allison Chambers, son of Sarah M. and H. W. Murdoch, 4 months.
St. John, June 3, Mary Helen, daughter of Robert and Annie Wisely, 5 months.
West River, P. E. I., May 23, of scarlet fever, George Huestis, son of Charles Hyde, 17.
St. John, June 3, Mrs. Isabella Lindsay, daughter of the late Andrew and Margaret Emery.
Yarmouth, May 29, of heart disease, Florence, daughter of Alfred and Nellie Eldridge, 16.
Jordan Bay, N. S., May 23, of scarlet fever, Calvin, son of Gilbert, and the late Laura Ervine, 2.
Greenwich, June 1, Kathleen Sutherland, daughter of E. D. and Elizabeth Whelpley, 3 months.
East Port Medway, N. S., of consumption, Florence daughter of Simeon and Sarah Ann Bowers, 27.

The danger of Milk.

Are you giving your baby cow's milk or any food requiring cow's milk in preparation?

Any doctor will tell you that the worst forms of tubercular disease are conveyed through the medium of cow's milk. In this connection

Nestlé's Food

is invaluable, as with the addition of water only it is a safe and entire diet for infants.

A large sample and our book "The Baby" sent on application.

Thos. Leeming & Co., 25 St. Peter St.
Sole Agents for Canada. Montreal.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

4 - Cheap - Excursions

TO THE

CANADIAN NORTHWEST, MANITOBA, ASSINIBOIA, SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for second-class continous passage, to start on June 11, 18, 25, or July 16, and good for return within 60 days at from $28 to $40 each.
Full particulars of Ticket Agents.

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 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Sussex	16.30
Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and Montreal	16.55

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.
A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.30

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., 8th Sept., 1893.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.50 p. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with st'mr Bridgewater for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co., for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.
Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
Trains are run by Railway Standard Time.
Yarmouth, N. S. J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

1894. SEASON 1894.

ST. JOHN,

GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER.

And all intermediate stopping places.

THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8.30 o'clock, local time.
Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown Wharf each way.
FARE—St. John to Salmon River or Range $1.25
Or return tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage $2.00
Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer.
This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week.
All UP FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board.
All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer.
Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays.
SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following.
No return tickets less than 40 cents.
C. BABBITT, Manager.
Wm. McMULKIN, Agent at Indiantown.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen, Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 5.40 a. m., for St. John and intervening points. JR. G. EARLE, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard.
Returning will leave Boston same days at 3.30 p. m., and Portland at 8 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.
Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 4 p. m.
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.