"My boys," said Lady de Salis disactly. "They are coming, mother-oh. moth.

"They are coming, mother—on, mother er, they are coming !" oried Cynthia wildly. "And Jane Appulducombe," said Lady de Salis more faintly; "send for her." She lay, taking no notice after that, and seemed lapsing into uncon-scionsness, but when Lady Appuldur-combe came in she opened her eyes and said.

"Jane, dear old friend, take care of ynthia. Ronny will—not—mind"— er eyes closed, and by a greater effort Cynthia.

Here eyes closed, and by a greater effort she said, "Lesley." Lady Appuldurcombe stooped down and kissed the waxlike face that she had known from childhood, and solemply she said :

"I promise, Mary. I will take care of Cynthia as if she were my own." Lady de Salis smiled. Snddenly a bright light broke over her face, and for the last time her eyes opened wide and fixed themselves on the door. "The boys!" she said, and as two of them en-tered (the third was too late) cho stratch tered (the third was too late) she stretch-ed out her arms toward them, and as they came close to her kissed their faces and drew their heads lovingly down to her breast.

Then silence, and in that warm haven where as little children their heads had caddled so they rested now, the bitter tears of strong men falling on her neck She was not fat or old or ridiculous to them. She was now and always-

CHAPTER XXI.

Ronny had left before Lady Appul-urcombe was summoned to Grosvenor ace, consequently knew nothing

piace, consequently knew nothing of what went forward there, and with Yel-verton ran down to Dover and duly crossed to France that night. Neither of the men was in particu-larly good spirits, Ronny being anxious on his mother's account and Yelverton on Lesley's, for he thought he under-stood that young woman better them bod that young woman better than bony did and infinitely better than she did he rself

And in Yelverton's opinion the whole And in Yeiverton's opinion the whole thing was a blunder from beginning to end, and all the exigencies of the case would have been met by a sound horse-whipping in public of Dashwood, as it was now impossible to keep Miss Mal-incourt's name out of the affair. The man who in the nark had wit-

The man who in the park had wit-nessed the whole affair and refused to be Dashwood's second had talked, the other men who had also declined to back up a man of Dashwood's character against a man of Kilmurray's had talk-ed, and no earthly good could come of this encounter with a notoriously suc-cessful duelist, even if Ronny winged his man—which seemed unlikely. Dashwood had found his second at

last, a man of life not more notoriously evil than his own, but of lower social status, and Yelverton's spirit kicked at the whole business, although this had the whole basiness, although this had not hindered his carrying out all ar-rangements with great skill and secro-cy, so that when they had dined and were about to separate for the night, there was little more to do than to re-cive Romaria function in secret ceive Ronny's final instructions in case

the worst happened. "This is for my mother," said Ronny, **biving** Yelverton a letter, "and this"— **be** paused and colored, for love letters **had** not been in his line—"for Miss Mal-

Yelverton took both letters and put

Yelverton took both letters and put them away in his breast pocket. "And Miss Coquette?" he said. "You wish her sent down to your cousin?" Ronny started. "Of course," he said. "What a brute I was to forget it! And if'—he paused, "perhaps in that case you'll take the mare down yourself, Yelverton, and— tell her. My mother will be hard upon her—noor mother, poor little girl! She her—poor mother, poor little girl! She didn't want to come to town—and none of this is her fault. Because she was true to herself, because she was not fac-ile as the other women are, she made a deadly course of the working.

deadly enemy of that reptile." Yelverton nodded. He felt about as bad as a man can feel, and without the bad as a man can feel, and without the relief of expression, but now he blurted out:

'And if I had the remotest chance of winning such a girl as Miss Malincourt, I'd take jolly good care of my life—not throw it away as you are doing now." "It's odd," said Ronny—" and though I've seen lots of fighting, I've never

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896.

che affair is at an end." Then, as the doctor bent over Dashwood, and Ronny turned aside, the wounded man, lifting mself on his elbow and swift as light timeself on his elbow and swift as light-ning, took aim and fired, the bullet lodging in Ronny's back. Sheer on his face fell Ronny, the hero, mdone by the catiff decd of a man who had always hated him for his bravery, for his clean life, for the hundred and one things that go to make up the man of character, honored by all, as that ab-sence of them makes such pests to soci-sty as Graham Dashwood.

ety as Graham Dashwood.

ety as Graham Dashwood. With a cry of horror all rushed to raise Kilmurray, and Dashwood, know-ing that the game was up, repudiated by bis friends, pursued by creditors, with his last belonging, the reckless beauty that had distinguished him, irretrieva-bly unined, placed the pozel of the picbly rained, placed the nozzle of the pis-

by rnined, placed the nozze of the pis-tol against his breast and fired. So that it was one dead and one ap-parently dying man that presently form-ed a part of a melancholy cavalcade back to the Hotel Bristol, while Yelverton racked his brains as to how he should let the two poor women for whom he held those two yet undelivered packets know what had happened.

CHAPTER XXII. Lady Appuldurcombe, driving home that Tuesday about noon from Grosven-or place, thought with a sigh of relief and gladness that Ronny would be home tomorrow, her own Ronny, who could not have cared so much for Lesley after all or he would have gone after her in-stead of devoting himself to horses, but then he had a stern way of nipping any feeling of that sort in the bud, so deter-mined was he that no woman's influ-ence should come seriously into his life. But what would he say when he saw CHAPTER XXII.

nine should come seriously into his life. But what would he say when he saw Cynthia installed in Park lane? For when the funeral was over, and all ar-rangements made, Lady Appuldurcombe had begged the girl to come to her for as long as she liked

And at that very moment, almost rithin earshot, the newsboys were

Whith earshot, the newsboys were shouting out in Piccadilly: "Duel in 'igh life—barrowknight killed, Major Kilmurray shot in the back!" And men crowded to the club 'windows and rushed out barcheaded to buy papers, doubting the evidence of their ears—Ronny, Ronny Kilmurray, who had never run away in bis life who had never run away in his life, shot in the back? And Dashwood, the

bully and fire eater—dead. "What will his mother say?" inquired Quslow blankly, when he and Ralph Seton had read the brief paragraph to-gether. "Or the lovely Malincourt," said Seton, "since she is at the bottom of the whole inbroglio? I should never have thought it is look at her_pho? we thought it to look at her-she' just one of those dear little girls-for all she is so tall-that you feel wouldn't hurt a fly, yet if there is a broken heart-ed wouldn't in the source of t

ed woman in town today that woman is Lady Appuldurcombe, and all the gentle Malincourt's doing " "She is awfully cut up at her old friend Lady de Salis' death," said Onslow. "Some one ought to go and tell her, or she may hear some of those beg-gars shouting it in the streets. I've a great mind." He paused, for his cour-

great mind." He paused, for his cour-age failed him. It wants comething more than mere pluck with which to face a mother who loved her son as Ronny's loved him with the news that but youdge lay her dealing her that but yonder lay her darling boy miserabut yonder lay her darling boy misera-bly dying. And then there was Cynthia —bow would she take it? Between the two Onslow did nothing, only prowled restlessly up and down between the two stricken homes, and by eating no lunch-eon in some vague way felt he was partly helping them to hear it.

helping them to bear it. Charville's dark, clean shaved, handsome face was unwontedly pale when he opened the door to his mistress and at luncheen sent both his scared looking subordinates out of the room and waitatirely on her himself.

He even exceeded his office by press ing champagne on his mistress and seemed above all things anxious that she



once, for she must set out that very mo-ment to her boy. In ten minutes all was ready, and with Charville on the box and her maid beside her Lady Appulduroombe had started, at the last moment beckoning

started, at the last moment beckoning the housekeeper to approach her. "Go and tell Miss Cynthia," she said. "Tell her gently. She—she loved him —and if she will come here, bring her and take care of her. I—I do not know when I may return. If—if Mr. Ronny is dead". is dead"-

She pulled up the window sharply and made a sign that the coachman was

to drive on. "And if Mr. Ronny is dead," said Mrs. Crockett, looking through her tears after the carriage, "I will never see my lady alive again." But in the hot July sunshine she shiv-

ered, for the mother's curse on Lesley still shrilled horribly in her ears, for as men know:

all men know: Beneath * * * the mother's curse No child could ever thrive. A mother is a mother still, The holiest thing alive. And poor Miss Lesley had meant no harm. She was full of pranks and play, but her heart was of gold, as all those about her knew, and if the gentlemen got quarreling about her how was the fault hers? got quarre fault hers?

"And there's Miss Cynthia, too," the housekeeper added, as with some-thing like a groan she turned and reentered the white walled, flower en bowered house that already seemed to have taken to itself an air of calamity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIII. Cynthia sat beside her unburied dead, a great hush and silence all about her and in her spirit peace and something of that awe that is more than peace and

that awe that is more than peace and passeth human understanding. For she saw not Ronny dead or suffer-ing, but only the man she had always loved and who would never belong to any woman now; therefore was he hers by divine right of love, and her claim upon him was not to be gainsaid. She would never know the anguish of see-ing Leeley warm hersaft by the heart would never know the anguish of see-ing Lesley warm herself by the heart blaze that none other had been able to kindle, and the memory of him would be hers, and his grave would be hers, and by the vividness of her memory of him when all else had forgotten should she establish her right to meet him when she, too, would cross the bar. And the calm houringer of the face

she establish her right to her. And the calm happiness of the face from which she presently drew the lin-en and stood looking down on seemed to promise an equal peace to Ronny and death seemed a friend and comforter to the girl as she kissed her mother's little dumpy, folded hands, and, still shrouded in that curious calm, sat there how after home during the statement of t hour after hour alone.

And that same morning Lesley, flee-ing from Bob to the house, was met by a messenger, bringing a verbal request that she would go over to Lady Crans-toun at once, if possible, in the doggart toun at once, if possible, in the dogcart then waiting, and fearing fresh illness the girl ran up to her room for a hat, to be met by Nadege, who rushed at her with all the insane joy of her class at being the first to communicate evil

"Oh, miss!" she said. "Poor Mr. Ronny! I expect he's dead by now!" Lesley stopped as one pierced in fall flight by the archer, as cold, as dead as in that moment she saw Ronny lying before her.

"Oh, miss," cried the fool, "don't take on so! It's only his spine, not his heart, and p'r'aps he'll live as a cripple

heart, and p'r aps he h hto as many a day yet !" Rouny a cripple-Ronny, who re-joiced in his every muscle and put them to such splendid use! And if he were a to such splendid use! And if he were a read to be a splendid use! dying man, or a cripple, might not she go to him? Aye, bat he was Cynthia's dying man, her cripple, what Lesley had given, that she might not take back.

But men have been shot in the back and recovered, dearest." "Oh!" cried Lesley, flinging out her arms wide. "What did I do, what did I do? I gave her Ronny whole and will-ful, and just a man. He can't be hers now he is dying, or dead I Would it be dishonorable--mean--if I went to him now? If I just said to him, living or dead, 'I love you, Ronny, I love you?" The passion, the truth, the loveliness of pure love rang out in her voice and spoke in every fiber of her quivering body, and Lady Cranstoun said to her-self that let any other woman love Ron-ny as she would she could never touch Lesley.

Lesley. "You can't go to him, dear," said Lady Cranstonn gently, "and even if you could his mother".— She paused, and Lesley's imagination filled up the

gap. "Why should they fight about me?" "Why should they fight about me?" cried Lesley, more lovely than ever in the intense pallor that made startlingly blue her great eyes. "I had done noth-ing to the man—except to refuse to know him."

know him." "Which was enough," said Lady Cranstoun, "and of course he took his revenge. It is always the men we won't allow to make love to us who take our characters away. The complaisant wom-an has in time of trouble armed men who start up from every bush." "They fought on Threaday." said I cou-

must have known all about it on Sunday when he—he"__

day when he—he"— She stopped abruptly and pushed the dark locks from her brow. "I wonder if Cynthia has gone?" she said. "We need not have made such a bargain, need we?" she added, laugh-ing queerly, "and, as you said, we reck-oned without the man without the oned without the man-without the man! Oh, if he is dead, I will plant flowers over him-they shall be in a pattern, and the words shall be:

"Many a heart no longer here, Ah, was all too inly dear. Yet, O Love, 'tis thou dost call."

She staggered and threw up her hands, falling in a heap by the couch,

and for once nature was merciful and gave her oblivion. TO BE CONTINUED

HER CHECK WAS A CINDER There Was Enough Left for Identification Got Her Money.

One of the greatest curiosities in the check line has just come to light in this city, says a San Francisco paper. A lady brought it to the Bank of California to be cashed. It was in a paper box and had to be handled very carefully, for it was in two pieces and both were burnt to a crisp. here was not a decipherable word on either piece, The lady said the bits of crisp paper represented a check for \$125 which she had received in a letter. The check, she said. was drawn by the national bank of D. O. Mills of Sacramento. She had removed the letter from the envelope and thrown the envelope on some live coals in the grate. Upon reading the letter she found a reference to an enclosure of check for the sum named, and turned to the fire in the grate with sore disappoint ment. The fire had done its work. The

crisp paper lay on the coals. She carenoved the same, placed it in a box, full re and hurried to the Bank of California to get the money before the pieces were further crumbled.

After 1 stening to the story the officers of the bank made a careful examination of the burnt paper, and by the aid of powerful glasses they were able to make out portions of words from the pen impressi made on the paper. There were enough of these left to show that "Ella" had been written, and part of the word "hundred" to such splendid use! And if he yere a dying man, or a cripple, might not she go to him? Aye, but he was Cynthia's dying man, her cripple, what Lesley had given, that she might not take back. "How did you hear it?" she said hoarsely. "It was an accident?" "A duel, miss; it's all in the papers," said the girl glibly, an eager mouth-piece of calamity in dainty cotton and cambric, "with Si Graham Dashwood. They say it's abont a lady, and the bar-onet's dead, and Mr. Ronny"— "Bring me the paper," said Lesley, who had not moved an inch from where she had stood when struck and was was also made out, with two or three letters An Exception in Favor of Rats. An Exception in Favor of Rats. They are very literal in Japan. Not long ago a bridge was built which was so slight that a notice was put up, "No ani-mals allowed to cross." But it was found impossible to keep the rats off it, and, in order to have a rule which could be en-forced, the notice was taken down, and "No large animals allowed to cross" was put up m its place. put up in its place. DO YOU GET THEM? If You Do Not You Are

BEVENGE OF A HORSI te Got Even with the Brutal Felle Who Was Driving Him-

A correspondent of the Youth's Com anion tells a story of a handsome black horse, so big and strong that he seemed hardly to feel the weight of the heavy delivery wagon with which he made the rounds of the neighborhood. His driver was a brutal fellow, who ought to have to been the creature driven. Blows, kicks and angry words were the only caresses he ever bestowed upon his steed, and these the horse suffered quitely for many a long day till finally even his endurance gave out

One hot morning the man reined the orse in roughly by the curbstone. On dismounting he seemed to think the wagon too near and harshly ordered his steed to back, emphasizing the command with a cut from his whip. The horse backed obediently, though agnrily, while the man, heated by his exertion, took off his coat, and having hung it over the dashboard, disap-

peared in the house. The horse waited until the driver wa out of sight, then, looking around, he saw

the coat hanging only a short distance from his heels. Instantly a change came over

him. He actually seemed to laugh as he him. He actually seemed to laugh as he lifted one foot and let it fly at the coat. Finding that he could not hit it well, he began to beat a regular tattoo upon it; first with one foot, then with the other, and finally, as he grew excited, with both at orce.

once. Surely no coat ever had a more thorough dusting, Out flew note books, papers, and handkerchiefs, and rolled into the gutter. but the horse kept on until he heard a-door slam and he knew his master was ret turning. Then with a final kick that sen-the coat under the wagon, he settled sleep ily down in the shafts, and pretended to be watching a pair of mules that had just gone by.

be watching a pair of mules that had just gone by. He didn't seem to mind the slaps the driver gave him while picking up his be-longings, and when he start d of he lock-ed up at the window and appeared to wink at those who had been watching him and half wishing they could reward him with a a peck of oats.

ed up at the window and appeared to wink at those who had been watching hum and half wishing they could reward him with a a peck of oats. BCOREN. Hallax, Jan. 2, Joseph Horze, 62. Bear, Dec. 22, George B, Elect 28. Spinghill, Dec. 30, George Murray, 54. St. John, Jan. 4, George Stewart, 14. Youngs Cove, Dec. 30, Lobert Bent, 55. Mochelle, Dr. 24, Minie William, 30. Grand Bay, Jan. 5, Thomas Morrow, 55. Wet River, Dec. 29, to the wife of John C. Reddin, a son. Yarmouth, Dec. 29, to the wife of John C. Reddin, a son. French River, Dec. 10, to the wife of D. 8. Germaine a son. French River, Dec. 24, to the wife of Charles R. Taylor, a son. Charles, Dec. 24, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter. Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter, Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter, Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter, Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter, Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter, Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter, Frederictor, Jan. 3, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter, Dec. 34, to the wife of A. B. Lewis, a dughter, S. Strah Jenkins, wife of Albert J. Forbes Frederictor, Jan. 2, Ida May, wite of Albert J. Forbes West New Glasgow, Dec. 30, to the wife of D. A. McLellan, a son.

Lower Stewiacke, Dec. 27, to the wile of Alfred Dickie, a daughter. ew Glasgow, Dec. 24, to the wife of James S. Fraser, a daughter. Upper Stewiacke, Jan. 2, to the wife of Samuel Fuiton, a daughter. South Farmington, Dec. 27, to the wife of T. A. Pearson, a dughter.

MARRIED.

anard, Dec. 24, by Rev. W. Begg, Charles Belcher to Jennie El.s. Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. F. Almon, Willis Shephard to Geraldne Shaw.
Halifax, Dec. 30, by W. H. Bollock, Henry Dillon to Margaret Lawior. Lower Durham, Jan. 1, by Rev. E. Bell, Oliver Pond to L. Johnston.

Hillsboro, Dec. 21, by Bev. J. E. Fillimore, Charles S. Lutes to Laura Price. Strong Island, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. W Smith, John Smith to Ida M. Chase.

Freeport, Dec. 30, by Rev. E. A. Alleby, Stanley Sullivan to Etta Chute, Sackville, Dec. 24, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Annie Bono to Isaac Snowdon.

McConneil to May Finn. Yarmouth, Jan I, by Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, John McRae to Cora L. Gates. Halfax, Dec. 27, Mrs. A. M. Wrayton, widow o Capi. Arthur Wrayton.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH O NOT BE DECEIVED

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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with Fastes, Enamels, and Faints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Bril-liant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

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DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Barden of Eden, Nov. 25. by Rev. D Henderson Evan Cameron to Mary McDonal 1. Westville, Dec. 27. by Rev. Thomas D. Stewart, Arthur Campbell to Laura Graham. Mill Village, Dec. 22, by B. v.T. F. Weoten, Arthur Aulenback to Pheobe H. M. Parnell. Sable River, Dec. 25, by Rev. I. W. Carpenter, William L. Page, to Nettie Freeman.

 winnin L. Arge, to Nette Freemas.
Argyle Sonol, Drc. 19, by Rev. Geo. E. Sturgis Howard Nickerson to Annie Goodwiz.
Merizomish, Dec. 24, by Rev. A. Campbell, Angus L. McDonald to Mary Jane Arbucchie.
Halifax, Drc. 31, by Rev. Thomas Fowler, William Scott Webster to Emeile Marie Horne.
Fubnico Harbor, Drc. 25, by Rev George Etingic William F. Nickerson to Ella May Daly. Stellarton, Jan. 1, by Rev. Edwin Burgers, John George McKenzie to Maggie M. Davis.

Derby, N. B., Dec. 25, by Rev. T. G. Johnstin Stafford Twiedle to Myrtle McRachern. Lockport, Dec. 16, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, Jam Nelson Williams to Ellen Grace Stuart. West Bay, C. B., Dec. 31, by Rev. A. McMillan, James A Calder to Berste J. McDonald.

Liverpool, N. S., Dec. 29, by Rev A. W M. Har-ley, James W. Davis to Victoria Weagle. Millown, Dec. 25, by Rev. John Hawiey, John Brooke Sutheriand, to Mary Altee Dewar. Antigooleh, Dec. 30, by Rev J. R. Munro, Alex-ander Eutheriand to Margaret McNaughton.

Booter cutter and to margate accession. Lower Argyle, Dec. 31, by Her. W. M. Knollin, Benjamin F. spinney to Mrs. Engenin Hines. Morrs, N. Y., Nov. 28, by Rev. G. Fox, David MtGlatchie to Each G. Smith of Xarmouth, N.

m gor Maine, Jan. 2, by Rev. George B. Ballsley, Walter A. Fawcett to Agnes J. Steeves, both of N. B.

DIED.

Moncton, Jan. 2, Ida May, wife of Albert J. Forbes Sackville, Jan. 2, Charles P. son of Richard Heffer, Truro, Jan 1, Mrs. Nelson, widow of William Nel-West Somerville, Dec. 23, Ella, wife of Hiram Tribb.e. Dartmou h, Dec. 31, Georgina Allison, wife of H. McLellans Brook, Dec. 24, Annie, wife of John P. Fraser, 69. Bosten, Dec. 27. Ralph, son of O. G. and Harriet Ridlov, 2. N. St. Peters Mill, P. E. I., Dec. 18, Benjamin Mc-Ewen, 76. Fishers Grant, Jan. 1, Catherine, widowd of Pau Foster, 82. Kentville, Dec. 30, Olivia, child of William Rand, 18 months. Halifax, Jan. 1, Catherine, widow of David Mc. Argyle Head, Dec. 21, Ruins, son of Joseph R Spinney, 18 East Mines, N. 8., Dec. 17, Isaiah Reid, son of Philp Reid. Halifax, Jan. 1, Catherine, widow of David Mc Pherson, 81. Liverpool, Dec, 23, Susan S. widow of Capt. James Henderson, 79 Bonc to Isace Snowdon. Mink Cove, Jan. 1, by Rev. Dr. Morse, Harry Vidito to Fersie Merrit, Varmouth, Jan. 1, by Rev. E. D. Miller, The Blois, 6 months. Vidito to Hersie Merritt. Yarmouth, Jan. 1, by Rev. E. D. Millar, Frank McConnell to May Finn. Biois, 6 montus. Wiggin- Cove, N. B., Dec. 19, Elva Rachel, wife o Wulliam R berts, 38.

Carleton, Dec. 21, by Rev. D. O. McKay, D. Greene to Evange.ine Hamilton. Pawucker, Dec. 12, Frank Burton, child of Joseph

been out before—but I con't leel as II I were destined to die by that scoundrel's hand somehow. My luck has brought me through a good bit hitherto." "Pluck, you mean," said Yelverton, groaning, "but pluck and dash and sim--but I don't feel as if I

M

ply never knowing when you are beaten won't help you much here. The man is a dead shot, and you have had next to no pistol practice—and remember that to this is Dashwood's last chance. His final hold as a bully in society is lost if you come successfully out of the encoun-ter."

"And now to bed," said Ronny cheer-

"And now to bed," said Ronny cheer-ily, and with as little personal concern as if he looked on at a drama that did not in the least concern him. "And to think," said Yelverton when be turned in, "that the man who al-most single handed kept a savage army at bay, who has come through such hairbreadth scrapes, has perhaps come home to be potted by a blackgnard like Dashwood!"

Dashwood!" If, when Lesley woke very early that morning, she had been a clairvoyant, she would have seen in one of those ex-quisite green dells to be found in the Bois de Boulogne two men facing each other, resolute eyed, composed, lost to all sight and sound and intent save one

-that of taking each other's lives. As Yelverton let the handkerchief fall two shots rang out simultancement ran Romy stood unharmed, while Dash-wood with a wild beast cry, and putting me hand to his face, fell to the ground, his jaw shattered and partly blown

m," said Yelverton, h "honor is satisfied. townard so hurryT

"It is Mr. Ronny

should make a good luncheon, but the face he turned to the sideboard way have no turned to the sideboard was heavy with grief, and he loaked Eke a man who has a hard task before him from which he dares got flinch. Lady Appaldurcombo spoke to him from time to time, chiefly of Ronny and of little things to be done for his comfort when he returned and these board was oked like a

and of little things to be done for his comfort when he returned, and Char-ville controlled himself to answer, though the words almost choked him. When luncheon was over, he opened the door and silently beckoned to some one who was there; then, leaving the door ajur, came behind his mistress' chair and said gravely: "My lady, there is bad news." For a moment she set us if transl to transl.

"My lady, there is bad news." For a moment she sat as if turned to stone. Then she rose up, and seizing him by the arm shock him violently. "It is Mr. Ronny!" she said in one long moan, and she tore out of the man's hand the orange envelope which it contained:

it contained: Ronny wounded in duel, we fear fatally. Come at once.

YELVERTON, Hotel Bristol, Paris.

YLUVERTON, Hotel Bristol, Paris. In one of those awful moments when the world reels and we feel, know, real-ize and endure a stupendons calamity, coming out on the other side with the mainspring of life broken, Lady Appul-durcombe's instinct pointed straight to Lesley, and with wild lips that shriek-ed out a bitter curse upon her she fell like one amitten with palsy to the ground

she had stood when struck and was standing there still when the pretty soubrette came in with a whirl of lilae skirts.

skirts. Lesley read the paragraph through, then vaguely put her hand to her head. She wanted something, she did not know what, and then she remembered it was her hat, and that she must get to Lady Cranstoun. * * * Lady Cran-stonn. * * She got it at last and walked down stairs and out to the cart out o the didy.

walked down stairs and out to the cart quite steadily. She saw nothing during the short drive—nothing but Ronny's face, with the look that she had—passed by. She would never see it there again. * * And she night have answered it when he was going, on her account, to his death, * * * for that the two men had fought on her account she was morally certain. certain.

certain. And then Lady Appulduroombe, brought to the bar of God and punished for her idolatry of her boy, came before her, torn with ange, sh and darkened with hatred for the cuckoo in the nest who had brought about the whole trage-dy.

dy. When she got to Lady Cranstonn's side, for awhile the two women looked into each other's faces without speak-ing, for no love could assuage, no ten-derness soften the stony calm in which Lesley was enwrapped. "Granstonn came and told me. He got letters from town. And then there ware the paners, which I had not seen.

Deceived.

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Alfred Ohen to Lottis E. Dood. 200457, Olof Corn Hill, N. B., Jan J, by Rev. Gideon Sevin, H. Danfald to Mary A. Berwack. Stellarton, Drc. 31, by Rev. Edwin Burgess, Wil-lam McK. Exist to Mary Dunbar. Shelburco, Dec. 39, by Rev. J. Appleby, Edired Nickzeno to Margie J. Matheson. Hullsborn, C. B., Dec. 24, by Rev. E. S. Bayne McDound Biasck to Grace Adams. Lawrencetows, Dec. 31, by Rev. J. H. Tools, Braust E. Mither to Mary B. Hall. Brais, E. Mither to Mary B. Hall. Brais, N. B., Dec. 24, by Rev. These Stelewich, Ramas Leower to Bobessa Tolan.

agonche, Dec. 25 by Bay. Thes. Sed

Barbury, Mass. Dec. 31, Catherine Bradley, wid-dow of John Waish of Pictou, N. 5, 66. Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 3, Edna E. you daughter of L. O. and Fran is Ferkins, 13. What is "Orinoco?"

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