KATHERINE'S FATE

Three years after the close of the war the Pingres tound themselves almost at the end of their resources. They owned a plantation near Marion, a small village in Union Parish. Louisiana, and lived upon it, because it could not be sold and they were too poor to go away and leave it unsold, as so many of their neighbors did when the slaves were freed. Mr. Pingre was an incolent, easy going gentleman with very few practical ideas and no business experience, and Mrs. Pingre possessed less ability to get on in the world than her bushand. She could not adjust herselt to changes of fortune with cheerfulness, but grieved plaintively every time she attempted to do her hair or darn Mr. Pingre's clothes. She thought of Victor roughing it in the far West instead of being at home with plenty of money and a servant to wait upon him; she looked at her lovely daughters, Marie and Katherine, and wondered where and how they were to get husbands. She mouned over the pathetic cruelty of lite, read Miss Braddon's novels, much in vogue in the South at that time, and left the entire management of the house to Mammy Eloise, the one fasthful, loving old creature who preferred serving them to taking her freedom.

The Pingres lived in a big two-story log house with an open entry between the main lower rooms and a back and front gallery. The grounds were ample and well shaded, with roses, grape, myrtle, athea and other blooming shrubs growing in the open space between the trees and along the walks. A fruit hedge bordered the garden fence, and sweet pinks flowered along the vegetable beds. But an air of neglect seemed to hang over the whole place, and Katherine decided in desperate mood one day that something must be done or the house itself would tumble down.

She possessed more energy than all the other manuers of the family put together.

down.

She possessed more energy than all the other m mbers of the family put together. She managed to startle them quite often with the bold flight of her youthful fancy, but still they regarded her with a temperate degree of admiration. Mrs. Pingre regretted that she was not as pretty as Marie, but Mr. Pingre considered her even more attractive than her sister.

"She lacks flesh." objected Mrs. Pingre.
"But she makes it up in spirit," said Mr. Pingre.

"But she makes it up in spirit," said Mr. Pingre.

'Spirit is not the substance most admired in this world, my dear. Men always like—admire—plump women."

'Well, w.ll, Katherine is only a child."

'She is eighteen, just two years younger than Marie, and quite old enough to marry, it there were some one to marry her."

Mr. Pingre slipped softly away. He

marry, it there were some one to marry her."

Mr. Pingre slipped softly away. He didn't care whether the girls married or not, so they were happy and the problem of a livelihood for them could be solved. He often vexed his head in a positive ache over that thought, and then he would take down his gun, call the dogs and go for a tramp over the hedge grown fields, or find retuge in a shady corner of the gallery with an old book or the weekly papers from the "city." as New Orleans was called in that part of the State.

Katherine's thoughts were more to the purpose than her lather's, for they took definite shape one day while she lay on the grass by the privet hedge. No one could have admired Marie more Jondly and proudly than Katherine—Marie with the golden hair and white skin of a pure blonde, and such ravishing arms and shoulders. But it was against Marie's peace that the young schemer plotted.

shoulders. But it was against Marie's peace that the young schemer plotted. Katherine knew nothing about love, and she determined that her sister should marry for the berifit of the family. What it she did not like John Barnard, who kept a store in Marion? Could he add to the family torcune? No; John Barnard would never do. She must marry Prosper Devereaux, who possessed money as well as youth and good looks. He lived in New Orleans, but he owned a plantation in Morton and he had attended the same country school with the Pingre girls. Katherine detested him heartily in those days because he teased and frightened her with dreadful ghost stories. But now they days because he teased and frightened her with dreadful ghost stories. But now they were grown., and he had come to Marion for the first time since the war, and in all the country there was no beau so handsome, so daring and gallant as Prosper Devereaux.

"Yes, she must marry him," said Kathering to herselt very firmly. "It is her duty

"Yes, she must marry him," said Katherine to hersell very firmly. "It is her duty to make a good match. I would it I could. Yes, I'm sure that I would marry an ogre it he could give papa and mamma comfort again."

But she had too much discretion to plainly show the path of duty to her sister. She must be guided gently into its, clear, smooth way.

lt was Sunday afternoon, Katherine took a book and a chair and went out under the big cotton wood tree in the front yard. She pretended to read, but in reality watching the public highway with fluttering pulse and anxious eye. At last Prosper Devereaux appeared in the distance, riding a handsome high-stepping bay horse. The blood flew to Katherine's face, light to her eyes. Did man ever before sit his horse with such ease and grace? Could any girl be so blind as not to prefer him to John Barnard? He rode up to the gate, dismounted and entered. Katherine went to the edge of the walk to greet him, for it was her plan to meet Marie's lovers and give them welcome first.

"Why, Katherine, are you really glad to see me?" the young man exclaimed, divided between surprise and pleasure at the sweetness of her greeting,

"I am, indeed," she said, and blushed a deeper red than ever.

"I can remember the time when you scowled if I came near you, and your eyes were quite wicked with anger. Now they are—let me see them, Katherine. I want to make sure that they are kind and soft."

"You must not tease me now, Mr. Devereaux."

"Mr. Devereaux! How can you? Did

"Mr. Devereaux! How can you? Did

"Mr. Devereaux! How can you? Did we not once recite our lessons together, write our problems on the same blackboard and share our lunches?"
"You are thinking of Marie."
"No, I am thinking of you. Oh, yes, I know you are year younger than I, but you were a smart little thing."
"Please go in," she said, interrupting him eagerly. Somehow his persistent eyes contased and troubled her.
"You are coming with me?"

"No, Marie—you will find her in the parlor."

He accepted his dismissal gayly, and Katharine weat back to her seat, cooling her scarlet cheeks against her palms.

Presently another young man rode into view on the dusty highway, but no admiration brightened Katherine's eyes this time. no racing color warmed her cheeks. She merely watched him out of the corner of her eye while be dismounted, fastened his horse to the gate post and came in. No smiles or flattering welcome for him.

"Good evening, Katherine."

She looked up over the top of her book.

"Good evening, John."

"Whose horse is that?"

"Mr. Devereaux's."

"Oh, is he here?"

"Yes."

"Is Marie at home?"

"Certainly. Why should Mr. Devereaux call if she—"

"He could come to see you, I suppose," the spark of jeslousy in his heart flaming up.

"Me," she cried scornfully, then fell back and laughed. "Why, don't you know he used to call Marie his sweetheart?"

"I know, he always made a fool of him self," violently.

"Oh, not more than some people I know," said Katherine sweetly.

Barnard drew a little nearer to her.

"Katherine, do you think—ab—does she like him?" and conscienceless Katherine said:

"I think she does, John— in fact—but I'd

said:
"I think she does, John— in fact—but I'd

"I think she does, John— in fact—but I'd rather not—"
"I understand," he cried, growing so pale that she felt sorry for the wrong impression she had given him. "Girls are all vile ccquettes"
Katherine watched him ride dejectedly down the road, and wondered that the fate of Ananias and Sapphira did not overtake her for her duplicity.
D vereaux made only a brief call.
"Going so early," said Kathrine, regretful and surprised, when he came out.
"Yes, I could not keep Marie all the afternoon. Ah, I see that you are still reading the same page. How rapidly you progress."

progress."

Katherine blushed and closed the book.

Katherine blushed and closed the book.

'I have been entertaining a visitor."

'So that was the feason you wished to get rid of me?"

'No, no."

But he merely lifted his hat and went away. It was altogether a most trying afternoon for the young schemer, for presently Marie came out, and looked pensively toward the village.

evelers were aware that the storm stolen upon them. A surid blaze of oning, a roar of thunder, and every paused.

Ve'd better get out of here while we and run over to the church. This ing is too unsafe in a storm," cried dd man, calling his granddaughters, the rush for the stairs Katherine was rated from her parenus, but, she had morella and darted into the open air. ominous stillness had broken. Tree were bending, a swirl of dust rose the village street. Rain and wind together. Katherine's umbrella was hed from her hand and she caught letting glimpse of it as it careered on the black wings of the gale. Then one selected her, drew her back within one selected her, drew her back within ome paused.

"We'd better get out of here while we can and run over to the church. This building is too unsafe in a storm," cried an old man, calling his granddaughters.

In the rush for the stairs Katherine was separated from her parents, but, she had an umbrella and darted into the open air. The ominous stillness had broken. Tree tops were bending, a swirl of dust rose irom the village street. Rain and wind came together. Katherine's umbrella was snatched from her hand and she caught one fleeting glimpse of it as it careered away on the black wings of the gale. Then some one se.zed her, drew her back within the shelter of the academy.

"It's too late to hunt any other shelter, Katherine," said a voice in her ear.

She lay panting, br athless, against the arm holding her.

"I didn't know that you were here."

"I came to-day and supped with Marie and John."

A vivid flash ot lightning passed into the warks.

TWO PHANTOMS.

The Natherine blushed and closed the book.

The Natherine training a visitor.

The Natherine blushed and closed the book.

The Natherine blushed and closed the book and ble been, for present the search of the business of the business of the search of the business of the lamb of the limits of the search of the sear

Ratherine writed.

**Do forgive me, Marie. I did it all to make a match between you and Prosper Devereaux."

**Katherine:"

**And thave been such a liar, such an awful liar. I told John that you loved Prosper."

**Katherine:"

**And have been such a liar, such an awful liar. I told John that you loved Prosper."

**And have been such a liar, such an awful liar. I told John that you loved Prosper."

**Katherine:"

**And he called you a vile flirt, and I didn't defend you."

**Poor Marie looked pale as a ghost in the likekering candle light.

**You've spoiled my life, Katherine."

**You've spoiled my life, Katherine."

**Tes, but I have spoiled mine also. Prosper asked me to marry him and I relused.'

***Rein and he will go away to New Orthean where I shall never see him again he said so."

***Rein took her by the shoulder, giving her a gentle shake.

***You've him...

***With all my part.''

***An a just punishment to myseli.''

***Marie, my heart is broken.''

***Marie, my neart is broken.''

***Marie, my

"Quite possible, for aught I know to the contrary."

"You don't mean to say you have seen a ghost?"

"It seems so."

"But the girl is not dead."

"No; that explains the difference I noticed."

"Are you crazy, or—what the devil do you mean?"

arm holding her.

"I didn't know that you were here."

"I came to-day and supped with Marie and John."

A vivid flash of lightning passed into the murky room, then out again, leaving dense shadows. Devereaux held his companion with a firmer clasp when she attempted to move away.

"I've given you a year to change your mid, Katherine. You see, it is difficult for me to realize that the woman I love does not love me? Does she love me, dear; does she?

"Marie has been talking," she exclaimed, then paused, self-betrayed.

The old academy creaked and trembled, but not a board fell or was riven apart. Many an other gay, innocent party might gather within its walls and dance away the enght.

When Mrs. Pingre missed her daughter she insantly went into hysterics and could not be brought out of them until she saw Katherine entering the church leaning on Prosper Devereaux's arm. Then it was truly wonderful the way she recovered and beamed gently upon the company.

TWO PHANTOMS.

David Groff was the hardest fibered man I ever knew. Rich, well educated, brainy and a gentleman, he was nevertheless hard, cold and cynical. Sentiment he scorned, noble, unselfish mruleses he did not believe in, and his attitude toward his fellow beings, was one of unitorm suspicion. Association with him always made the world seem more ignoble and lite meaner.

One evening when he had been visiting me, after he was gone, to throw oil the saturnine influence he always unconsciously exercised upon me, I applied myself to a leave the result of the saturnine influence he always unconsciously exercised upon me, I applied myself to a leave the result of the saturnine influence he always unconsciously exercised upon me, I applied myself to a leave the result of the

bung aloof from Marie also, glancing jealously at every man who approached her.
It was a wretched evening altogether,
and the moment they were at home and
shut into their own room Katherine cast
herself down at Marie's feet with her head
in Marie's lap, tears spolling the new swiss
torever.

"I am so wicked and miserable."

"What have you done now," questioned
Marie sadly.

Katherine writhed.

Do forgive me, Marie. I did it all to
make a match between you and Prosper
Devereaux."

"I am so before, only for an instance,
but leaving a much more vivid
more

excitenent proved very tatiguing and necessitated taking rest, so that I was entirely incapacitated for business. I was under a doctor's care for over six months, and not receiving the benefit I had hoped for, and hearing much of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, I saked my physician about taking it, which he advised me to do. The use of the remedy brought results I had scarcely dared to hope for and I am now able to attend to business, and do most heartily recommend the remedy to all who suffer tom heart complaint. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves in 30 minutes and thus has been the means of saving thousands of lives.

The Bravest Men.

Ask old soldiers, who have seen real war and they will tell you that the bravest men, the men who endured best, nct in mere fighting, but in standing still for hours to be mowed down by cannon shot; who were most cheerful and patient in ship-wreck, and starvation, and deleat—all things ten tames worse than fighting—ask old soldiers. I say, and they will tell you that the men who showed best in such miseries were generally the stillest, meekest men in the whole regiment.—Charles Kingeley.

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN SIX

Lambert, Que., Has to Say.

For many months I have suff-red the most excruciating pain from rheumatism and had despaired of getting permanent reliet until South American Rheumatic Cure was brought to my notice, I procured a bottle of the remedy and to my surprise received great benefit from the first few doses. In fact, within six hours atter taking the first dose I was free from pain, and the use of a few bottles wrought a permanent cure. It is surely the best remedy of the kind in existence.

J. Fredeau, St. Lambert, P. O.

A pleasure to wear for its own stylish app- arance, Cravenevite offers the unique advantage of defying rain and dust. It is waterproof, but porous, defies the elements but is nothing at all like the old waterproof, being light, elastic, and not distinguishable from any other dress goods. In Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black, Makes up into costumes, cloaks, wraps. Cravenette is a money saver, while nothing whatever is sacrificed in style. The ideal spring or summer dress.

BORN.

Amberst, Aug. 7, to the wife of Wm. O'Neil, a son. Halifax, July 30, to the wife of J. T. Keily, a daugh-

daughter.

Amherst, Aug. 12, to the wife of David Mumford, a daughter.

Belleisle, Aug. 10, to the wife of Horatio Gesner, a daughter. Brooklyn, Aug. 8, to the wife of A. J. Banks, a

daughter.
St. John, Aug. 10, to the wife of Thes. H. Hourihan, a daughter. Sheet Harbor, Aug. 8, to the wife of James Jeffrey, a daughter.

Hantsport, July 31, to the wife of William Wilson, a daughter. rcadia, Aug. 10, to the wife of Anthony Williams, a daughter.

a daughter.

Woodstock, Aug. 12, to the wife of John McDougall, a son.

Campbellton, Aug. 10, to the wife of W. A. Mott, M.

F. P., a son.

Boston, Aug. 10, to the wife of Edward Hamlin of N. M., a son.

larence, N. S., Aug. 12, to the wife of Harry Mil-ler, a daughter. ler, a daughter.

Cambridgeport, Mass., Aug. 2, to the wife of Stephen E. Jeffroy, a son.

North Kingston, Aug. 12, to the wife of Curtis S.

Cooney, a daughter.

Hantep r, Aug. 0, to the wife of the late G. W.

Davidson, a daughter.

East River, Sheet Harbor, Aug. 4, to the wife of Patrick Murpby, as on.

Cambridgeport, Aug. 9, to the wife of Arnold Wil-lams of St, John, a daughter. Sheet Harbor, Mosquodoboit Road, July 23, to the wile of C. Conley Richards, a son.

MARRIED.

nidon, Aug. 8, Capt. D. E. Me rriam to Annie Upper Cape, July 31, by Rev A. C. Bell, E. Tingley to Alice Dobson. St. John. Aug. 6, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Ralph London to Jesse Allahy.

Peggys Cove, Aug. 6, by Rev. L. Amor, J. A. Lawlor to Edith E. Brooks. Mahone Bay, Aug. 18, by Rev, H. S. Shaw, Stanley Baker to Laura Fraser. New Glasgow, Aug. 5, by Rev. A, Rogers, Ernest Peers to Annie Chipman. Eigln, Aug. 14, by Rev. Wm. McNichol, Newton G. Manro to Mary Shaw.

Woodstock, Aug. 7, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, George Grant to Mary Johnston.

Hillsboro, July 29, by Rev. J. N. Cornwall, Samuel Reynolds to Effic Rennie. Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. R. Brecken, William J. Betts to Sadie Thorne. Joggius Mines, Aug. 6. by Rev. T. Davey Charles C. Gray to Jennie Porter. Marswille, Aug. 9, by Rev. Mr. Parsons, David Bruce to Oriole McCarthy. Liverpool, Aug. 18, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Hebert Fisher to Ginevra B. Roy.

New Annan, Aug. 14, by Kev, Wm. Quinn, Graham Logan to Casale McIntosh. Studholm, Aug. 7, by Rev. James A. Porter, Hazen Folkins, to Elis M. Gibbon. lburne, Aug. 7, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Thomas Hemeon to Jeanette Pierce. Maitland, Aug. 13, by Rev. Chalmers Jack, Lewis A. Putman to Annie Frieze.

Fredericton, Aug. 8, by Rev. J. S. Freeman, Wil liam Lyons to Annie Carrie. Bristol, Aug. 18, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Chas. E. Gardner to Bertha Leslie. Parraboro, Aug. 10, by Bev. James Sharp, P. John Harris to Maggie Redmond. BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD

STOVE POLISH

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints stain the hands, injure the iron, and red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish i liant, Odorless, and Durable. Each pu-contains six ounces; when moisten make several boxes of Paste Polish. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

orchu, C. B., Aug. 8, by Rev. F. Higgins, Wm. McDonald to Phoebe Hooper. lahone Bay, Aug. I, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Amos Bruhm to Mary Roma Fancy. usket, Aug. 13, by Rev. T. M. Munroe, Went-worth Hulbert to Bella White. righton, N. S. Aug 7, Capian Adelbert F. Mc-Kay to Sadie W. T. Morehouse. arraboro, Aug. 6, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Joseph P. Robinson to Annie Creases iydney, Aug. 1, by Rev. Edward E. Rankine, Alex-ander Fife to Katie J. McLeod. John Cluney to Elizabeth Atkin. Roschelle, Aug. 14, by Rev. Henry deBlois, Bejamin G. Fairn to Gertrude Jefferson. Port Clyde, Aug. 8. by Rev. C. I. McLean, Joseph W. Nickerson to Elizabeth Boyd. Yarmouth, Aug. 15, by Rev. G. R. White, Mel-bourne Moses to Maggie Glonder ulton, Aug. 6, by Rev. Robt. C. Dustan, Alfred Saundre to Ada Clark, all of N. B. Baddeck, Aug. 13, by Rev. D. MacDougall, Roder-ick w. McKenzie to Annie Gillies. Aylesiord, Aug. 5, by Rev. J. W. Brancroft, Chas. W. Graves to Caroline A. Bennett. Salem, Mass, Aug. 10, by Rev. Robt. Martin, Chas. W. Ritchie to Mrs. Ellen McEwau. Newport, Aug. 14, by Rev. A. D. Guan, Charles Foster Cox, to Nellie Graham Fuston rathlorne, C. B., Aug. 3, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Edward Young to Christy McKeigan, * Hopewell Hill. Aug. 1, by Rev. B N. Hughes, Mariner M. Lingley to Helen S. Bishop, Lepreau, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. M. Spike, Hugh Ed-ward Chittick to Margaret Agnes Shaw. Brooklyn, N Y., July 31, by Rev. H. S. Baker, Ernest Raymond to Annie Baker of N. S. Upper Musquodoboit, Aug. 12, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Andrew Pace to Olive Jeners. Thompson, Andrew Pace to Olive Joners, Indian Island, Aue. 6, by R.v. W. H. Stree, Arthur James Dixon to Aunie Todd Chaflacy. Georgeville, N. S. Aug. 12. by Rev. D. Cameron John Joseph Gillis to Mary Ellen Hanrahan. oncion, Aug. 15, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Angus McKinnon to Jennie McLean, both of Wallace. N. S.

Hononte, Ont., Aug. 14, by Rev. G. J. Lowe, John F. Stairs, M. P. of Halifax, to Holen E. Gaherly.

DIED.

St. John. Aug. 15, John Tole. 46. St. John, Aug. 13, John W. Finn, 59. Halifax, Aug. 18, Thos. B. Shaw, 70, Burton, Aug 13, William McLean, 74 Fredericton, Aug. 16, Simon Neales, 70. St. John, Aug. 14, Edward E. Estey, 62. Hali ax, Aug. 17, Sister Mary Frederica. Parker's Cove, Aug. 9, Moses Oliver, 63. North Alton, Aug. 11, Gardner Dodge, 87. Surey, Aug. 12, to the wife of James J. Biake, a Moncton, Aug. 11, to the wife of George Stone, a son.

Amberst, Aug. 9, to the wife of W. E. Rosendale, a son.

Amberst, Aug. 9, to the wife of W. E. Rosendale, a son.

Amberst, Aug. 9, to the wife of R. S. Miller, a son.

Torbrook, Aug. 3, to the wife of George Myers, a son.

Torbrook, Aug. 3, to the wife of George Myers, a son.

Torbrook, Aug. 3, to the wife of Thomas Crowe, a son.

Waterville, N. S., to the wife of Amos Bezanson, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 13, to the wife of Martin Collins, a son.

Salem, N. S., Aug. 9, to the wife of Martin Collins, a son.

St. John, Aug. 13, Agnes, wife of John Brayley, Birch Point, N. S., Sydney Berryman, 18 conths.

Birch Point, N. S., Stop Berryman, 18 conths. Bridgewater, N. S., Aug. 9, John Allen Tapper, 67. Upper Wesieke, Aug. 10, Thomas Deyarmond, 59, Jacksonville, Aug. 14, Ann, wife of Hamilton Energy, 30, and 31, Ann, wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 16, Margaret, wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 18, Moncton, Aug. 19, Margaret, wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 10, Margaret, wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 11, Margaret, wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 11, Margaret, wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 11, Margaret, wife of Calais Legere, Margaret, Wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 11, Margaret, wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 11, Margaret, Wife of Calais Legere, Moncton, Aug. 11, Margaret, Wife of Calais Legere, Margaret, Margaret, Wife of Calais Legere, Margaret, Wife of Calais Legere, Margaret, Wife of Calais Legere, Margaret, Margaret, Mar St. John. Aug. 9, Maggie, wife of George M. Cor-bett. 19. St. John, Aug. 17, Mary, widow of the late Patrick Girvan, 95.

Lower Tree Creek, July 25, John, son of John and Julia Mott. Halifax, Aug. 19, Harrictt Ann, widow of the late John Esson. Annap l s. Ang. 8, Ina, child of William and Sadie Edwards, 2. Fredericton Aug. 16, Agnes, daughter of Michael O'Conner, 21. O'Conucr, 21.
Fredericon, Aug. 15, Hannah Wentworth, wite of A. S. Murray.
Woodstock. Aug. 15, Frank, son of Charles P. and Eliza Farker.
Halifax, Aug. 5, Edward L., son of Daniel and-Mary Copeland, 2. Mary Coperand, 2.
Chipman, Aug. 7, Amelia Jane, wife of Captain
Douglas Chase, 49.
Bear Point, Aug. 7, Vashtia, widow of the late
Clarke Stodhart, 73. rch Point, Aug. 12, Forbes, son of Frederick and Mary McLeod, 11 months.

Shubenacadic Aug. 12, Hattie Ray, infant daughter of Watson Smith, 7 mon es.
Chipman, Aug. 7, Georgina Maud, only daughter of Jane and the late James Loyd. West Leicester, Aug. 6, Lettie, daughter of George and Eveline Currier, 9 months.

Liverpool, Aug. 16, Clayton Freeman, son of Hiram and Emm

Addington Forks, N. S., Aug. 6, Marion Cameren, widow of the late John Baxter, 72.
Digby, Aug. 13, Emmeline. daughter of the late Robt Scott, M. P. P. of Salisbury, 77. Port Mailland, July 27, Freddie Carol, infant son of Louise and Luella Tedrord, 9 months. New York, Aug. 14, Michael W. Doran, son of the late Michael Doran, of Haillax, N. S. Tacoma, U.S., Aug. 11, Emeline M. Gardner, wife of Capt. J. E. Kennedy, of Yarmouth, N.S.



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