

TESTED AND PROVED.

Well, it happened when I was a lad about nine years old, when Uncle Donald in answer to our earnest entreaties for him to narrate the most interesting episode of his life. "My parents, as you know, were Scotch, and such devout christians as to be almost puritanical in their beliefs. They were considered the wealthiest family in Wick, the town where they resided, and were well known throughout Northern Scotland because of their kindness and benevolence. I was born in 1825. At that period, and for a number of years after, Wick and other towns along the coast were kept in a perfect tumult because of the operations of pirates, who were carrying off almost everything they could lay hands on.

"From earliest childhood I had been taught to think of God as a great and loving Father, who was always willing to help His children in their distress. I tried to do His will, and I had learned, in my childhood, to love and fear Him with an intensity of feeling remarkable in one so young.

"Late in the afternoon of one beautiful day in June, when I was nine years old, I was down on the beach, and there I saw a most amusing sight as only a happy child can do. So deeply interested was I in building my miniature castles, I did not perceive a sailor coming toward me until the man stood at my side, and, bending over me, said, 'Well, sonny, are you having a good time?'

"We walked down the beach a short distance in the direction from which he had come, and there we saw two more sailors in a boat a short way out from shore. My new friend called to them to come back and take us aboard, and they very quickly did so.

"We were taken aboard a couple of hours, but I had not noticed the time, for the sailors had kept me amused by telling stories and jokes among themselves until, during a lull in the conversation, I looked around me and was surprised to find that it was almost dark. I could hardly see the land. I was greatly alarmed, for I knew my parents would be worried, so I told the men that I must return home immediately. They said, 'All right, we'll have you there in a jiffy.' They then began rowing hard, but it kept getting darker and darker, and at last I became really frightened and told them as much. Then their manner instantly changed, and one of them said: 'Now see here, youngster, we have fooled you long enough, and you may as well know first that you are not going home again until your parents give you a good round sum of money for you.' I begged, I entreated, but all in vain.

"In a short time we came to a ship that had been anchored in a small cove in an unfrequented part of the country, several miles above Wick. They took me on board and informed me that I might as well make myself at home, first as last. I soon discovered that I was a prisoner in the hands of one of the most famous pirates of that sailed the Northern seas. You can't imagine my terror when all the horrible deeds I had heard of these men committing came crowding in upon my memory. Do you wonder that I fell down, faint and sick, at the thought of what might become of me?

"Perceiving my terror, the pirates began to laugh and torment me unmercifully. And the more they laughed, the more I trembled. At last they were fairly drove frantic, and I was more than half tempted to jump overboard and end my misery on the spot. But when contemplating suicide, one of my captors bent over me and in a scornful tone said: 'say, young piety, why not ask the God you call your parents make such a fuss about: to help you out of this scrape?'

"While the man's comrades laughed uproariously at what they considered a huge joke, I dried my tears, and in my heart thanked the fellow for his sarcastic words. Had I forgotten my Father in Heaven all this time? Surely He had not let this way to remind me that if I only put my trust in Him no harm should come to me. Had He not promised aid in the hour of persecution or affliction, and of danger? Certainly He had. And His promises were never known to fail. As these thoughts crowded into my mind all fears vanished, and I turned toward the speaker and in a calm voice replied: 'Yes, God will take care of me. I am quite sure of that, sir. He'll never forsake those who obey and trust Him. Of course I shall ask His protection.'

"My answer apparently provoked the pirates, for the most of them suddenly stopped laughing and commenced ridiculing my religion and blaspheming God's holy name. This pained me greatly, and I was about to protest when one of them arose and ordered me to follow him below deck, where he gave me a poorly cooked supper, and showed me a rude bunk where I was to sleep.

"You may be sure I could eat nothing that night. Before retiring I knelt and asked God to watch over me and restore me to my home and friends; but also confident that He would allow no real danger to befall me, no sleep came to my weary eyelids until the light of another day began to dawn. Possibly I had slept two hours when I was rudely awakened by one of the pirates shaking me and telling me that I wanted any breakfast that day I would have to get up and get it, and not to be very long about it either. After partaking of a scanty meal I went on deck, where all was now busy and bustle. During the night the ship had weighed anchor, and we were no far out at sea. The captain, a surly sort of a chap, catching sight of me, motioned me to his side and informed me that I would probably be some time before I set foot on Scottish soil again. He gave me the freedom of the ship but cautioned me not to get into mischief.

"The first two or three days, I got along very well with the pirates. They had plenty of business on hand and paid very little attention to me. But one day one of the crew began to make fun of my religious faith again, and asked me if I did not think it nearly time for God to show some

of the great power that I believed him to have. I told him I had no doubt that He would in His own good time. After some more of their sacrilegious ranting, they went with much profanity, said, 'Boys, let's tattoo a cross on the lad's back, and see if that won't take some of the religion out of him!' The others readily assented, and in a short time they had stripped me to the skin, and began their work. It would be impossible for me to describe the terrible pain I endured during the operation. They apparently made it as painful as they could. Every little while one of them would call out, 'Say, you young imp, are you ready to say now that you have no God?' But I would answer with firmness: 'No, I am not ready to say that. I have a God and I'll never deny Him, come what may.' This seemed to anger them more and more, and they kept on in their hellish work until at last I fainted from pain and loss of blood. I suppose this frightened them, for they thought the job on the morrow. And, sure enough, the next day I had to endure the operation again. And although it caused me even more pain than on the first day, I stood it much better. Even now I can feel those cruel needles as they pricked, pricked, into my back. And then the long night that followed when I could scarcely stir without its causing me the most intense pain.

"One morning about a fortnight after the tattooing, the pirates collected in the captain's cabin where an earnest consultation was held. We had cast anchor the evening before in the neighborhood of a large island, and I concluded the men were planning a raid on the inhabitants. But it appears such was not the case, for soon after dinner I was put into a boat and rowed to shore, and there deserted by the men. As they pulled back for the ship, leaving me standing on the beach, they shouted derisively, 'Don't worry my boy, just put faith in your God, and He'll deliver you in time!' And then they laughed loudly, and shouted something else that was lost to my ears. It was evident that the scoundrels had let me go good. Why they deserted me in this way I could not tell, unless it was that they had become frightened at what they had done and concluded to give up the thought of trying to get gold from my parents for my return.

"I stood on the shore and watched the ship till it was lost to view. Then I fell on my knees and asked God to watch over me, and in His own good time rescue me from this strange prison. My faith in the Almighty was never stronger than at this moment.

"As I rose to my feet, a slight noise behind me attracted my attention, I turned, and there, close to me, stood four of the most repulsive-looking men beings I had ever seen or dreamed of. I had read stories and seen pictures of savages, but my wildest dream had never pictured them so hideous as those looked. They began jabbering and dancing around me in a most frightful manner, thrusting their spears into the sand at my feet, and swinging their clubs or boomerangs over my head. Finally two of them took hold of my arms and forced me to accompany them toward the interior of the island, while the other two walked, one in front and the other behind me. After making our way in this manner for several miles, through bush and bramble, we at last arrived in a large clearing, in which were a number of small wigwags built around one large one.

"My new captors paused before this one, and the two who had acted as front and rear guard entered, only to reappear in a few moments and make a sign to the others to bring me in. I was half-carried, half-dragged, into the middle of the structure, where I found myself, more dead than alive, standing in front of a rude throne, upon which sat an aged savage, lar ugly-looking than the my captors.

"After carefully examining me, the chief commanded my guard to confine me in a sort of cage at his left side. Here I was kept for three long days, and fed on meat and fruit. On the morning of the fourth of my imprisonment, I was taken out of the hut and led a short distance from the wigwag, where were assembled at least 200 Indians, men, women and children. They were gathered in a circle about a large pile of dry pitched wood, in the middle of which was driven a stake. At the right of the pile stood a great hideous god, made of wood. As soon as my eyes fell on this image, and the stake, I understood the thing. I was to be offered as a sacrifice to 'The god—burnt at the stake!' For a moment I was nearly crazed with fright. Then I thought of God, and, looking up to heaven, I silently prayed Him who reigneth above to save me from this awful death. Then I became calm, and, turning to my captors, I bled in every way possible to make them understand that if my life was spared I could teach them many things and do them much good. But my entreaties were in vain. They only laughed at me, and, as soon as their chief appeared, commenced dancing around me wildly. I was led to the top of the pile, and while my warlike stood ready to chain me to the stake, a third one stripped me of my clothing. As the last vestment was taken off, I heard the old chief utter a loud exclamation, and then silence immediately reigned. The old man pointed excitedly to my back, and motioned the guard to bring me down to where he stood. At first I could not imagine what had happened, but all at once it flashed across my mind that the superstitious rascals had discovered the tattooed cross on my back.

It had saved me from a horrible death! Surely, God was with me. I was arrayed in a robe of many colors, and for the next ten years was treated with the utmost kindness by the natives. They couldn't do enough for me. I was given the most comfortable but in the island afforded. But, notwithstanding all this, I was far from being contented, at every opportunity I could secure would steal away to the seashore and patiently watch for a sail, hoping I might attract the attention of the ship's crew, and so effect an escape from the island.

"Nearly four years passed by before I sighted a sail. But one lovely spring morning, while taking one of the solitary rambles along the beach, I was overjoyed to see a ship riding at anchor not a mile from land. I hastened to a large rock that jutted out into the water, and, fastening my outer mantle to a pole, raised my signal of distress. I saw the signal had been seen, and the opportunity had been made by six stalwart sailors, was rowed rapidly out to the rock on which I stood, and in less than half an hour after I sighted the vessel I had the pleasure of shaking hands with six jolly Scotch seamen.

"I reached my native city just three weeks from the day I was rescued from the island. Of course my parents were overjoyed to see me, and the whole community flocked in to congratulate me upon my wonderful escape. And when I told them all of the persecution I endured at the hands of the pirates, rather than deny what I found, as owned by Glasgow parties, and was now homeward bound. When I told the captain and crew my name they would hardly believe me at first. They had heard of my disappearance, and said everybody believed me dead.

FELL DEAD IN HIS TRACK.

More Terrible Than the Brooklyn Shooting Tragedy. That good citizens of the town of Brockville should be shot dead in their own streets was an occurrence that came with shocking suddenness to every one in the city. And yet so many rather than deny what I found, as owned by Glasgow parties, and was now homeward bound. When I told the captain and crew my name they would hardly believe me at first. They had heard of my disappearance, and said everybody believed me dead.

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Women of Achievements.

Miss Maney, daughter of the poet and Egyptologist, has been obliged to retire from her secretaryship in the Froebel Society to aid in her father's literary labors. Mrs. Lynn Linton doesn't like bicycles, and she doesn't approve of the "wheeling habit" among women. She calls it a "cross between the tight rope and the treadmill." The truth is Mrs. Linton doesn't like much of anything these days, and she is fast degenerating into a chronic fault-finder and scold.

Dr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Brook and Mrs. O. P. Belmont are all owners of most beautiful testades which have belonged to dead and gone royalty, and which are most wonderful pieces of furniture, headboard, footboard, side pieces, inside and out, bearing evidences of rare artistic worth.

Two Millions of Money.

"We have done away with the two-million-dollar bundle of money that we used to allow the brides who visited the vaults to handle," said a treasury guide. "and now we have a bundle of two million dollars. Many is the bride to whom I have handed the bundle, marked 'two million dollars,' with the remark: 'Now you can say you had two million dollars in your hands.' It tickled them wonderfully, and they went away happy, but ignorant of what they handled. What do you think? I will positively not remember distinctly, but there was no money in it. The weight, I know, was made up of two old census reports. It served them as well as real money."

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN SIX HOURS.

South American Rheumatic Cure gives relief as soon as the First Dose is Taken, and cures in ordinary cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia in from One to Three Days—without a Grateful Citizen of St. Lambert, Que., Has to Say. For many months I have suffered the most excruciating pain from rheumatism, and had despaired of getting permanent relief, 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 after taking the first dose I was free from pain, and the use of a few bottles wrought a permanent cure. It is the surest and best remedy of the kind in existence. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDermid.

To See the Black of her Head. There is a new mirror on the market. It has a long handle, which is thrust into a clamp on the back of a chair. The chair stands before a dressing table, and the dresser is enabled to get a view of her hair without straining either her neck or arms.

Melbourne, Australia, has lost 43,435 inhabitants in four years, the census of 1895 giving a population of 4,74,671. The population of the seven Australian colonies at the end of 1895 was 4,288,000. One great moral influence not yet credited to the bicycle is indicated in the fact that horses are now so cheap in the West that horse stealing is no longer worth while, and that species of crime has practically disappeared.

JUST AT THIS TIME.

A Few Valuable Hints To Those Who Are Quick To Take Advantage of Suggestions.

Can you afford to risk your life during this Spring? This is a question which a great many people will do well to consider just at this time. How many people there are, just now, who complain of tired, worn out feelings. They feel listless, languid, have headaches, stomachs, and continually suffer from stomach troubles. But in symptoms plainly show that their liver and kidneys are out of order. Others are sufferers from dizziness, palpitation and pains near the heart. Their blood does not circulate properly and it needs purifying. Under these things are attention to the cold or chill they catch is very apt to turn into pneumonia, consumption or some other dangerous malady. Can anyone afford to run these risks? These dangers are not exaggerated. They actually exist, they must be faced, and it is a serious matter for people who have children depending on them. Such people cannot afford to be laid up with a severe illness, lose work and pay heavy doctor's bills. It is wiser to guard against the many dangers by tuning up the system and patting every organ of the body in perfect condition. This is easily accomplished by the use of the Rising Sun Stove Polish, which for years has been recognized as the greatest and best remedy for renewing the strength and building the health.

Every doctor knows this truth. Thousands of prominent people have proved its value in their own experience. Ask them and they will tell you they always make it a practice to use the Wagoner's Safe Cure whenever any ill-health approaches. That is why they can face the most dangerous exposures without risk and always keep in perfect health. There are few people who can afford to ignore these suggestions, few who should fail to avail themselves of the valuable hints they contain.

DEAD.

Halifax, April 9, W. J. Coleman, 53. East Pubnico, April 8, Eos Blades. Canning, April 2, Mrs. J. C. Roosey. Chatham, April 6, James Bassett, 17. Pictou, April 5, Evan McEneaney, 76. Millville, April 12, Eric A. Knox, 34. St. John, April 11, Robert Carson, 11. Keppville, April 8, Myra Bowland, 48. River John, March 20, Murray, 42. Halifax, April 9, Thomas Stevens, 22. Bridgetown, April 5, John Lockett, 51. West Pubnico, April 4, John Amro, 35. Halifax, April 9, Edward McDonald, 51. Cornwallis, April 7, Mrs. Edward Poor. Tusket, April 9, William H. Gilman, 63. St. John, April 11, Joseph Stevenson, 35. Halifax, April 7, Matthew J. Walker, 42. Annapolis, April 6, W. H. W. Michaels, 38. Albany, N. S. April 4, Chas. H. Fern, 59. Black River, April 5, Alexander Dick, 73. Milton, N. S. Mar. 31, Rev. J. Skinner, 71. Goldville, Mar. 25, Nelson Nickerson, 77. Portapunga, Mar. 28, Mrs. Emory Carr, 38. Annapolis, April 8, Horatio W. Murdoch, 65. Waverly, Mar. 31, Mrs. Jessie Glenros, 60. St. John, April 10, William C. Morrissey, 60. Brooklyns, N. S., Mar. 21, Henry Godfrey, 77. Grandville, April 7, Robert W. Latta, 67. Gaspereau, Mar. 26, Mrs. Amy B. Colwell, 72. Lower Stewiacke, April 4, Jonathan Layton, 54. West Pubnico, April 4, Anselm D'Entremont, 59. Seldier Mountain, Mar. 25, Catherine Darling, 67. Halifax, April 4, Mary wife of W. W. Howells, 41. Milton, Mar. 23, Abbie, wife of E. K. Freeman, 60. Southerton, C. B., April 1, Archibald McLellan, 50. Stewiacke, April 1, Esther D. wife of John Milien, 40. Halifax, April 6, Ann M. widow of Edward Baker, 84. Richibucto, April 5, Katie, daughter of John McMillan, 9. Barbados, April 4, Arthur C. Thomson of St. John, 24. Cornwallis, Mar. 26, Sabra, wife of James McKetrick. Sackville, April 4, Willie L. son of Ainsley Teed, 40. Grand Pre, April 2, Jean F. wife of Abraham Lyman, 59. Lower Annapolis, April 8, Olivit, widow of Wm. Richard, 53. Bass River, April 2, Susan B. daughter of Wm. Sullivan, 2. Halifax, April 3, Harriet B. widow of W. F. Collins, 81. Dartmouth, April 2, Mary, widow of David A. Hurdman, 97. Sandford, Mar. 27, Stella, daughter of George E. Henson, 15. Halifax, April 5, Eva B. child of John and Agnes James Clark, 54. Shelburne, April 4, Laurie, son of Augustus and Mary J. Guy, 7. Oakland, N. S. April 1, Sarah, eldest daughter of James Clark, 54. Kempville, Mar. 30, Thomas E., son of T. R. and Rhoda Gray, 25. Dartmouth, April 9, Fraser A., son of Thomas and Katie Bowler, 6 months. Brooklyns Ferry, Scotland, April 6, Rev. R. T. Burns D. D., 61. Nantucket Mass., April 6, Mary C. widow of Frederick C. Sanford of Halifax, 80. East Pubnico, Mar. 29, David Lawson, 2, and on April 4, Elroy, 4, sons of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Rudolph.

BORN.

St. John, April 1, to the wife of R. Strand, a son. Hebron, Apr. 8, to the wife of Rev. J. Tagley, a son. Amherst, Mar. 29, to the wife of Hiram Foster, a son. Amherst, Apr. 5, to the wife of W. B. Murdoch, a son. Quoddy, N. S. Apr. 4, to the wife of G. Smith, a son. Halifax, Apr. 7, to the wife of James A. Laidlaw, a son. Halifax, Apr. 7, to the wife of Avery F. Buckley, a son. Lunenburg, Apr. 7, to the wife of Gordon Gilroy, a son. Portapunga, Apr. 4, to the wife of Noble Brown, a son. Mt. Denison, Mar. 31, to the wife of John C. Yeaton, a son. Tusket, Apr. 7, to the wife of Wentworth Crooke, a son. Amherst, Mar. 31, to the wife of George W. Bayne, a son. Lakeshore, Apr. 2, to the wife of James Henwood, a son. Newville, Apr. 7, to the wife of D. P. Young, a daughter. Moncton, April 10, to the wife of Harry Cutler, a son. Sydney, Apr. 4, to the wife of Alexander McDanald, a son. Cambridgeport, Mar. 27 to the wife of Hiram Blois, a daughter. River John, Apr. 11, to the wife of W. B. Willette, a daughter. Mahone Bay, Mar. 26, to the wife of Rev. H. S. Shaw, a son. Deep Brook, Mar. 20, to the wife of Augustus Clarke, 46. Pleasant Lake, Mar. 25, to the wife of Andrew Jeffrey, a son. Paradise West, Mar. 25, to the wife of Allister Daniels, a son. West Pubnico, Mar. 31, to the wife of Nicholas D'Leon, a son. Richibucto, April 9, to the wife of Arthur E. O'Leary, a son. Malden Mass., Apr. 6, to the wife of J. Ernest Clements, a daughter. West Pubnico, Mar. 23, to the wife of Emilian D'Entremont, a son.

MARRIED.

Halifax, March 31, by H. H. Pittman, A. Miller & Alice Mahar. Halifax, March 31, by Rev. H. H. Pittman, A. Miller & Alice Mahar. Sussex, April 8, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, David Aiken to Anne Hazen. Paradise, April 1, by Rev. B. B. Kinley, James F. Foster to Laura Jodrey. Liverpool, April 4, by Rev. Mr. Harley, William Terpin to Mary Courou. Barrington, April 2, by Rev. C. Jos. Reuben Nickerson to Mary Atwood. Lunenburg, March 31, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Enos Connor to Mrs. M. Ormer. Liverpool April 4, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Joseph E. Faysant to Millie G. Smith. Wallace, April 8, by Rev. H. B. Mackay, Ouburn Babington to Mrs. Helen Hudson. Halifax, April 8, by Rev. J. E. Goncher, Edwin G. Miller to Clara M. Harris. Merritts Cove, April 1, by Rev. H. N. Perry, Artemus Levy to Mary D. Mills. Liverpool, March 26, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Silvanus E. Dauphiny to Flora Beaulieu. Hants, April 2, by Rev. J. B. Hagston, George H. Laidlaw to Olga A. Phillips. Oxford, March 29, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Donald D. Mansfield to Mrs. C. A. Dorey. Truro, N. S. March 31, by Rev. E. E. Grillon, William Woodbury to Alice Iward. Liverpool, N. S., March 29, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, John Henry Orms to Cass A. Dorey. Sackville, April 5, by Rev. C. W. Vincent, William E. Milner to Gertrude Richardson. St. Anne, C. B., March 31, by Rev. M. McLeod, Murdoch McLeod to Mary McDonald. St. John, April 15, by Rev. J. B. Green, James J. Curran to Mrs. Theodosia H. Green.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Cambridge, Mass., by Rev. Leonard S. Parker, Adalbert D. Archibald to Mand Yull. Falmouth, March 24, by Rev. Joseph Murray, Ruben Patterson to William Leary. New Glasgow, April 8, by Rev. James Carruthers, Hersh McLennan to Christina McLennan. Fairview, N. S. April 1, by Rev. S. W. Kierstead, Maria L. Campbell to Olivia Fillmore. Nine Mile River, April 8, by Rev. J. Layton, William Weatherhead to Emily McPhee. West Pubnico, April 8, by Rev. L. B. Duchesneau, William Dohy to Theresa D'Entremont. North Sydney, March 31, by Rev. Rev. G. W. Lear, James McLeod to Winifred A. Thompson. Port Hawkesbury, March 29, by Rev. C. W. Sealow, G. O. Forsyth, L. B. to Louis M. Peat.

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Letters Come.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Head-ache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Letters Come.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood. Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: During these years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that she felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that she could not rest at her night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brantford, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me.

Letters Come.

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 1896, the trains of the Intercolonial Railway will leave daily Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express from Moncton daily..... 12.00 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 11.00 Express for Sussex..... 12.00 Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 10.00 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.00 Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 12.00 Express from Moncton daily..... 12.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 7.15 Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.00 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are to be "fed" by steam from the locomotives, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FORTINGHAM, General Manager. Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 6th September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleepers Pacific Coast.

Tourist Sleepers for Passengers holding second class tickets to Pacific Coast points will leave Montreal for Seattle, Wash., every Tuesday at 10.30 a. m., the additional charge per berth is \$8.00. For tickets and accommodations in car apply to nearest RY Ticket Agent.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE RY BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX. TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME. On and after Monday, March 16, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows: STEAMSHIP PRINCE RUPERT. Daily Service. Live St. John 8.30 a. m.; arr. Digby 11.15 a. m.; Digby 1.0 p. m.; arr. St. John 3.5 a. m. DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS. Leave Yarmouth 8.30 a. m.; Digby 12.30 p. m. arrive at Halifax 7.30 p. m. Leave Halifax 6.8 a. m.; arrive Digby 13.45 a. m.; Yarmouth 1.0 p. m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 a. m. Leave Halifax 3.15 p. m.; arrive Kenville 6.0 p. m. Daily Express train runs daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Annapolis at 6.30 a. m.; arrive Halifax 6.30 p. m. Leave Halifax 6.00 a. m.; arrive Annapolis 6.30 p. m. Leave Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12.15 p. m.; arrive St. John 1.0 p. m. Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 6.45 a. m.; arrive Yarmouth 11.45 a. m. Leave Annapolis daily at 7 a. m. arriving Digby 8.30 a. m. Leave Digby daily 8.30 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 6.0 p. m. For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 116 Prince William Street, St. John; 126 Hollis Street, Halifax; 225 Washington Street, Boston; 15 R. GARDNER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. S. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

2 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON.

UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Labrador, and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 10 a. m. Retaining will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. and Portland at 6 p. m. for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. E. LAEBLER, Agent.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

To Westport, Hampton and intermediate points 10 lbs. and under..... 15 To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Hants, Peggwash, Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points 10 lbs. and under..... 15 Over 6 to 10 lbs..... 2