

A "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

On a Saturday morning in November, 1895, the village of Kildiggin, in the County Texlow, in "that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland," was greatly disturbed. One subject only was discussed among the inhabitants, from Mr. Dennis O'Connor, the miller and general store-keeper, down to old Barty Magee, who broke stones on the road. Old Mrs. Betsy McBride had been found murdered in the little cottage in which she had lived for more years than almost anyone could remember.

"Who did it?" was the question on everybody's lips, but "who did it" no one could say. The murdered woman was the widow of Patrick McBride, who had, years before, made a tiny living from working a small stone-quarry on the mountain side. He had built himself the cottage in which the dreadful deed had now been done, and at his death he had left it to his widow, with enough savings inherited in Great Southern and Western Railway stock to bring her in an income sufficient for her modest requirements.

Old Mrs. McBride was a strange old lady—she "feared nobody nor nothin'," as the villagers said—and lived alone in her cottage without companionship or protection of any kind; nor, indeed, in that quiet, secluded spot would anyone have imagined that any danger of a deed such as this could have existed.

There was only one conclusion to be come to as to the reason for the crime, and that was robbery. The poor old lady was, in fact, a miser. Although her income was small, she lived on a scale very much smaller, and it had always been a matter of faith with the Kildigginites that she had a large sum of money hidden away in some secret place in the cottage, known only to herself.

The only relative she had was an unfortunate nephew, who came to see her at long intervals, and although she was known to help him a little, it was generally accompanied with a large helping of her tongue, which was none of the softest, so his visits were like angels are reputed to be, "few and far between" and he had not been seen in the neighborhood for some months. If he had chanced to have called recently, suspicion would at once have pointed to Tom Donohoe; even as it was, his name was the only one mentioned in the surmises that were made by the villagers, but all agreed that "it couldn't be him."

Mrs. McBride had always retired to rest very early, to avoid the expense of a lamp or candles, and it was evident she had gone to bed as usual, as her body was found stretched on the floor by her bedside with a piece of cord tied tightly round her neck, by which means she had been strangled to death. The cottage was in great confusion: everything was turned topsy-turvy, the drawers were open and their contents scattered on the floor, and a cupboard, which had been locked, had been broken open, apparently with the kitchen poker, which lay on the ground at the spot.

The news was carried to Ballygracken, where the small-barracks of a district were situated, in quick time, and the sergeant in charge and a couple of constables were soon on the scene.

Sergeant McQuade was a quiet, shrewd-looking man, who had been in the Royal Irish Constabulary for a good many years, but who had failed to rise above his present position, owing partly to his unobtrusive ways and partly to want of interest. He, however, was a good officer, and thought perhaps he would, in this case, be able to distinguish himself. He was a scientific sort of a man, was McQuade, and had, from the first, read the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and though a good many of his brother officers had regarded that as being visionary and unpractical, he had always stuck out that there was great reason in Holmes's methods, and that, as a detective, he was a standing lesson to the police. He had never had an opportunity of applying his ideas to any extent, but he hoped now the time had come, and, as the sequel will show, he was right.

McQuade made a careful examination of the cottage and the body, but could find nothing pointing to any clue to the murderer, until, looking under the bed, he saw a walking-stick, which he guessed might have belonged to the assassin, and been kicked there during the struggle, and so lost to his view, and left behind in his hurried escape. It was a common oak-rapling, about an inch in diameter at its thickest part by the handle, which was an ordinary straight handle—an "I"-shaped handle. The stick was very dirty, and had evidently been used for a long time by its owner, but who that owner was nobody knew. No one recognized the stick or could give the slightest suggestion as to whom it might have belonged. One thing only was certain: Mrs. McBride never used a stick, and therefore the inference was that it belonged to the murderer.

Sergeant McQuade was engaged on a scientific study of this stick—so deeply engaged that he appeared lost to all else around him—when Inspector Flarney, from Texlow, the county town, arrived. Flarney was the very opposite to McQuade. He was a big, blustering, know-all sort of fellow, who took everything by storm—attacked it—and he had a special hate

for McQuade, who ought to have been raised to the Texlow inspectorship when Flarney was appointed to it.

"Well, sergeant," says Flarney, "have you found any clue?" "No," says McQuade, "there's nothing but this stick; but I'm thinking perhaps that may lead to the villain being trapped."

"How?" says Flarney. "Who does it belong to? Do you know whose it is? Does anybody recognize it?" Half-a-dozen questions in a breath.

"No," says McQuade, quietly, "nobody knows anything about the stick at all."

"No," snapped Flarney, "nobody's likely to make anything out of a dirty old stick like that. There's hundreds like it within a stone's throw, and who's to identify it, I'd like to know?"

McQuade said nothing, but smiled slightly, and kept possession of the stick. Flarney then rushed round and got what he called "the facts." He bothered the whole village from top to bottom, and cross-questioned and bullied everybody, and in the end was no wiser than when he came. However, he considered it necessary to have a "theory," so he announced to McQuade that his theory was that Tom Donohoe, the nephew, was the man, and he expressed his intention of hunting down that poor young man without delay.

The coroner's inquest was held on the Monday following, and a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned. That over, the chase after the culprit began in earnest.

Flarney, from Texlow, turned all his energies on Tom Donohoe.

McQuade, from Ballygracken, went another way to work. He made inquiries of everyone he could think of if any stranger had been in the neighborhood, but could not ascertain that anyone had been seen. He therefore concluded that the murder had been committed by someone within a short radius of the spot. He next went to Mr. O'Connor, the store-keeper, and had a quiet chat with him. Now, O'Connor's shop was the only store within a couple of leagues, and everyone, great and small, came to it, so he had the best of opportunities of observing any peculiarities in the inhabitants for miles round.

"Now, Mr. O'Connor," said McQuade, "I want to speak to you in strict secrecy, and you must promise me not to say a word to anyone."

O'Connor rather liked McQuade, as he knew how shabby he had been treated over the Texlow inspectorship, and he readily promised.

"Well, then," says McQuade, "you have special chances of knowing everyone hereabouts—far more than I have. Now do you call to mind any man who is left-handed, rather a heavy man, about 5ft. 7in. high, and who is in the habit of carrying any bundle he may have over his shoulder—a stick?"

O'Connor thought for some time. Then he said: "The only left-handed customer I can think of is Mrs. Murty, but she don't carry a stick."

"No, no, man!" says McQuade. "A man it must be; it's no woman." Then after another pause O'Connor brightened up and said, in a whisper: "Sure there's an old Brodie Flanagan at the old mill at Bagarstown. He's left-handed, and he has many a time tied his groceries, here in his handkerchief, and gone off with the bundle slung over his back on a stick. But, goodness, sergeant! you don't think he'd do that?"

"Now, hold your noise," says McQuade. "Don't say a word. Whn did you see him last?"

"He was here on Saturday evening, about three o'clock." (It's "evening" in Ireland after twelve; there's no "afternoon.") "How did he look?"

"Oh! much as usual. Noticed nothing particular. He's always a bit grumpy, you know."

"Well," rejoined McQuade, "now, say nothing to a soul, whatever you do. Old Brodie may be all right, and it would never do to whisper anything against him if he was innocent."

Brodie Flanagan was a man about fifty-seven years of age, and lived with his only daughter at a "shanty" adjoining an old disused flax mill at Bagarstown, about seven miles (English) from Kildiggin. He went about collecting rabbit-skins and such-like, and made a precarious livelihood, but was looked upon as an honest old chap—at all events, he had never run across the police in any way.

McQuade started off to Bagarstown, and made all the inquiry he could without exciting suspicion. As a result, he found that "Old Brodie" (as he was generally called) had been seen to go past Bagarstown inn towards Kildiggin about nine o'clock on Friday night, but no one had seen him return. Mr. Quad then went to old Brodie's (having first ascertained that the old man was away) and saw his daughter. He pretended he wanted to see him as to getting his hawk's license renewed, so as to disarm suspicion. "I would have spoken to him on Friday night," said he; "I saw him on Kibbiggin Road, but I couldn't catch up to him."

"Yes," said the woman, "he was out late on Friday, I know."

"Ah, well, I'll see him soon. Good day," said McQuade, and he made as if to go, but, turning back: "When will he be in, Brodie?"

"About half at seven, I think, Mr. McQuade," said she. "He's gone to Dun-ny."

"By the way," said McQuade, "have you an old stick you could lend me? I've sprained my foot a bit, I think, and it would help me along."

"Faith, now," replied Bridget, "that I haven't; her father had two sticks, but he lost one the last week and he's taken the other instead, so there's none left."

"Thanks; never mind," said McQuade, and he hobble off as if in a little pain.

"I'll get along all right."

"I've got the man," he said to himself, as he got into his trap, which he had left at the end of the Mill Lane; and sure enough he had. He drove back to Ballygracken, swore an information before the nearest magistrate, got a warrant, and drove back with a constable, to Bagarstown.

They arrested old Brodie Flanagan just as he was returning home, and he was so flabbergasted that he didn't even deny the crime, but told McQuade at once where the money he had stolen from Mrs. McBride was hid in the old mill. He said he was tempted to rob the old woman by seeing her counting a lot of sovereigns one day when he called at her cottage on his rounds; but that never meant hurting her, but she called him by name when he had broken in on the Friday night—although he had disguised himself—and he had such a fear of punishment that he fell on her and killed her.

All this time Inspector Flarney had been dogging poor Tom Donohoe. He had been to Dublin, where he traced him as having got work at Cork. Then he rushed off to Cork, only to find Tom had gone to Belfast, and when Flarney found him at Belfast, Tom proved conclusively that he had not been out of that place for a month, so Flarney had reluctantly to admit that he could not have been the murderer, and he left Tom at liberty. He was "mighty woid" as one of his sergeants said, when he got back to Texlow. He was more "mighty woid" still when he heard that McQuade, the despised sergeant, had tracked the right man and arrested him.

The late of Brodie Flanagan is no concern of this narrative. Suffice it to say he was found guilty.

Sergeant McQuade was complimented from the Bench and readily got promotion. Inspector Flarney sadly wanted McQuade to tell him how he got the clue to Brodie Flanagan's guilt, but McQuade resisted all inquiries until the trial, when it was explained.

McQuade, in giving his evidence, said: "I have made it a practice to study the smallest details, and when I found the stick which had been left in the murdered woman's cottage, I very carefully examined it. I noticed that the stick, which was 6ft. 2in. long, and nearly black up its whole length, except at the top, where the constant rubbing of the hand and fingers had worn it smooth and kept it cleaner. I also noticed that the marks of the fingers showed slightly lower down the stem of the stick on the left-hand side than on the right. This showed me that the man who had used the stick was left-handed. You will see directly if you take hold of a cross-handed stick that the index finger of the right hand works down the right side of it, and in the case of a left-handed man the corresponding mark would be on the left-hand side of the stick."

"I carefully measured the stick, and calculated that the man would be about 5ft. 7in. high. The stick was somewhat bent out of the straight, and I, therefore, concluded the man was rather heavy and leaped on it to some extent."

"Lastly, from a smooth space on the back of the stick, about half-way down, I judged it had been frequently used over the shoulder to carry a bundle, and this was confirmed by a well-worn place just in the angle of the cross-handle, where the knot or string of a bundle would rub the stick in carrying it."

"I set myself to work to find a left-handed man, rather heavy, about 5ft. 7in. high, and who was addicted to carrying a bundle over his shoulder with a stick. I made careful inquiries, and the only left-handed man in the district who answered the description was Brodie Flanagan, the prisoner. I further ascertained that he had been seen going towards Kildiggin on the night of the murder, and that he had recently lost a stick, and my case was complete."

McQuade is now chief inspector of a large district. He says that his promotion was entirely owing to his having studied "Sherlock Holmes," and he urges every man under him to go and do likewise.

On Good Authority.

The House of Commons is at times the scene of some very heated debates, when personalities are freely exchanged; but few of the honorable gentlemen, we think, have ever equalled in vituperation the members of the much lamented vanished Irish Parliament on College Green. Some of them contrived to keep on friendly private terms, while treating one another to most picturesque abuse. On one occasion a member, pointing a quivering finger across the house at his opponent, one Thaddeus Burke, concluded with these words—

"And every member of the honorable gentleman's families is beneath contempt—from the white-livered hound that is shivering on the floor to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery."

"How did you know his sister was in the gallery?"

"The gallery," whispered a comrade as the orator sat down.

"Sure Thaddeus hardly himself tell me she was going to be printed when we were coming down to the House after dinner?"

The Universal Favorite.

"Have you received an invitation to the bachelors' ball?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm to be the only girl there."

"What?"

"Yes, really. You know the bachelors only had an invitation apiece to send out, and I've received one from each."

BORN.

Halifax, Jan. 6, to the wife of E. C. Weldon, a son, 3 weeks, 6 months.
New Glasgow, Jan. 6, to the wife of G. Woodin, a son, 3 weeks, 6 months.
Dartmouth, Jan. 7, to the wife of G. H. Fielding, a son, 3 weeks, 6 months.
St. John, Jan. 12, to the wife of George K. McLeod, a son.
Parrisboro, Jan. 1, to the wife of William Simpson, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 1, to the wife of I. B. Schaffner, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 8, to the wife of John Mahar, a daughter.
Pictou, Jan. 10, to the wife of T. B. Ferguson, a daughter.
Rosedale, Jan. 8, to the wife of W. T. Peters, a daughter.
Richibucto, Jan. 7, to the wife of W. W. Ebert, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Jan. 6, to the wife of A. M. King, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 6, to the wife of Charles E. Craig, a daughter.
Woodstock, Jan. 7, to the wife of T. C. Ketchum, a daughter.
Dartmouth, Jan. 3, to the wife of Amos McCully, a daughter.
Acadia Mine, Jan. 2, to the wife of D. H. Johnson, a daughter.
Moncton, Jan. 7, to the wife of Donald McKenna, a daughter.
Sydney, C. B., Jan. 4, to the wife of H. R. McFarlane, a daughter.
Digby, Jan. 2, to the wife of Captain Fred Robins, a son, 3 weeks, 6 months.
Dartmouth, Jan. 11, to the wife of Morgan Anderson, a daughter.
New Glasgow, C. B., Jan. 10, to the wife of William Blades, a daughter.
Charlottetown, Jan. 2, to the wife of Rev. Mr. J. J. O'Connell, a daughter.
Westbrook, N. S., Jan. 10, to the wife of Miss J. Roscoe, a daughter.
Middle Sackville, Jan. 8, to the wife of George J. MacFarlane, a daughter.
Middle Sackville, Jan. 8, to the wife of Charles Estabrook, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Port Martin, C. B., Jan. 7, John Wadden to Annie Harris.
Kingston, Jan. 1, Hugh Jardine to Gladys A. Dobry.
Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. A. Dixon, E. Wilson to Elizabeth Grant.
Barrington, Jan. 9, by Rev. C. Jost, James G. Hippen to Jane Russell.
Pictou, Jan. 2, by Rev. A. Armit, Francis Gillman to William Murray.
St. John, Jan. 8, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Murray Deane to Mary Russell.
Pictou, Jan. 10, by Rev. E. Armit, Edward Timson to Maud Ferguson.
Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. N. A. McNeil, Arthur C. Hicks to Julia Fowle.
Halifax, Jan. 4, by Rev. David Nash, John Hogan to Florence Mary Goslip.
Mt. Stanley, Jan. 8, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Albert Baker to Miss Slocum.
St. John, Jan. 10, by Rev. C. H. Paisley, George F. Evans to Elizabeth Wells.
Halifax, Jan. 4, by Rev. A. Hockin, William LeCain to Dorothy Yeoman.
Preston, N. S., Jan. 9, by Rev. D. Dixon, Robert Brown to Carrie Slaughter.
Truro, Jan. 2, by Rev. J. D. McGillivray, Frank Creelman to Emmeline Park.
Southey, Jan. 1, by Rev. W. J. Blakey, Arthur J. Russell to Blanche McLeod.
Pictou, Jan. 10, by Rev. A. Armit, William McKay to Elizabeth Stewart.
Yarmouth, Jan. 4, by Rev. W. H. Rowen, James Lancaster to Blanche Robart.
Newcastle, Jan. 4, by Rev. W. Aiken, Frederick E. Eason to Mary J. Clarke.
Karr, N. B., Jan. 9, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Harry A. Sprague to Jane Bell.
Chatham, Jan. 2, by Rev. N. McKay, William McNaught to Christina Comans.
New Glasgow, Jan. 8, by Rev. A. B. Batty, Austin A. Zink to Laura R. Boutilier.
Wolsey, Jan. 2, by Rev. J. H. Burrow, Charles J. Gray to Maggie Subitane.
Calvi, Jan. 1, by Rev. A. J. Padelford, Vernon M. Wentworth to May N. Vickery.
Spry Bay, Jan. 4, by Rev. E. H. Hall, George Johnson to Mattie Robart.
Karr, N. B., Jan. 9, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Lemuel E. Metcker to Dorcas I. Lawson.
Westville, Jan. 1, by Rev. H. Cumming, Daniel Johnson to Jessie M. McDonald.
West River, N. S., Jan. 9, by Rev. Mr. Whitman, Lemuel Smith to Rebecca Smith.
Mahone Bay, Jan. 5, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Burgess Boudinier to Anne Zwickler.
Liverpool, Jan. 2, by Rev. James Lunenburg, John E. McDonald to Emma H. Harlow.
Fredericton, Jan. 9, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Daniel Watson to Priscilla Kennedy.
Greenwood, Jan. 8, by Rev. E. E. Guillon, Arthur C. B. Batty to Robert M. Spinyer.
Claremont, N. S., Jan. 2, by Rev. R. B. McKisley, Harry A. Viets to Minnie B. Foster.
River Bourgeois, Jan. 7, by Rev. A. A. Mombourquette, Simon McPhee to Annie Landry.
Upper Kingsburg, Jan. 8, by Rev. William Ainsley, Edwin B. Fraser to Malina M. Schuare.
River Bourgeois, Jan. 7, by Rev. A. E. Mombourquette, Henry Fougere to Mary Souture.
Elgin, Jan. 7, by Rev. H. H. Saunders, Captain David Fitzpatrick to Minnie J. Goddard.
River Bourgeois, Jan. 7, by Rev. A. E. Mombourquette, Alexander Burke to Rachel Sampson.
Wellington, N. S., Jan. 3, by Rev. F. H. Beale, assisted by Rev. T. Bishop, Harvey G. Churchill to Emily Gray.

DIED.

St. John, Jan. 9, James Callan.
Chatham, Jan. 1, John Eason, 88.
Parrisboro, Jan. 6, Mrs. Ira Dyer.
Caverhill, Jan. 1, John Olive, 86.
Fonville, Jan. 8, Enoch Pools, 76.
St. John, Jan. 9, Robert Kyle, 80.
Halifax, Jan. 10, John Jodrey, 84.
Halifax, Jan. 7, Edward Woodley.
Halifax, Jan. 7, Willis Parsons, 92.
Truro, Jan. 7, Duncan Murray, 90.
St. John, Jan. 15, Thomas Reid, 87.
Halifax, Jan. 7, Joseph Churchill, 82.
Amberst, Jan. 8, John W. Baker, 67.
Weymouth, Jan. 1, Jacob Wyman, 67.
Riverport, Dec. 30, Fulya Cameron, 88.
St. John, Jan. 15, Fred W. Murray, 81.
Dartmouth, Jan. 12, John Donovan, 84.
Chatham, Jan. 8, Allan McEneaney, 83.
Halifax, Jan. 9, Peter Farquharson, 71.
Dunbarton, Jan. 9, Silason Perkins, 63.
Tut's Cove, Jan. 10, Robert A. Gray, 82.
Wolville, Jan. 15, Agnes Murray, 60.
St. John, Jan. 1, William Berry, 65.
St. Stephen, Jan. 2, John Leonard, 87.
New Glasgow, Jan. 1, Donald Grant, 76.
Gagetown, Jan. 12, Matthew McMillan.
Salem, N. B., Jan. 8, Edward Palmer, 78.
South Brookfield, Jan. 1, John Hardy, 98.
Louisburg, Jan. 7, Susan Townsend, 81.
St. John, Jan. 30, Ralston W. Ferris, 82.
Halifax, Jan. 18, Thomas Johnson, 75.
Fredericton, Jan. 1, George W. Fisher, 69.
Halifax, C. B., Jan. 10, John Mackay, 69.

Upper Stewiacke, Jan. 4, David Fulton, 79.
Halifax, Jan. 11, Hon. Michael J. Power, 69.
Brent Lake, Jan. 3, Mrs. Lucy Symonds, 69.
River Harbour, Jan. 4, Margaret Munn, 79.
Whitler Ridge, Jan. 2, Merrill Whitler, 61.
Fredericton, Jan. 3, Mrs. John Anderson, 77.
South Mountain, Jan. 4, Susan McDonald, 78.
St. Martin Road, Bernard Kirkpatrick, 68.
Hopewell Cape, N. B., Jan. 8, Miss Lydia, 70.
Stellarton, N. S., Jan. 7, Annie McKinnon, 70.
St. John, Jan. 15, Rev. J. E. Hooper, D. D., 82.
Kewick Ridge, Jan. 8, Mrs. Joseph McKean, 90.
Grafton, Jan. 2, Ellen, wife of William Canning, 63.
Halifax, Jan. 14, Margaret, wife of Timothy Bovee.
Truro, Jan. 7, Anne Pool, wife of John D. Christie.
Halifax, Jan. 8, Veronica, daughter of J. T. Walker.
Albion, Jan. 14, of pneumonia, Miss Furdy, M. D., 64.
Minerva, Dec. 31, Robert McKenna Dalrymple, 85.

New York, Jan. 12, Joseph E. Lunt, of St. John, N. B.
Walton, N. S., Jan. 5, Mary, wife of William Park, 74.
Berwick, Jan. 4, Herbert, son of F. B. Chate, 7 months.

Dartmouth, Jan. 7, Margaret J., wife of John Lyles, 22.
Moncton, Jan. 8, of consumption, Mrs. Albert Lyons, 22.
Andover, Jan. 11, Emma, daughter of Rev. W. R. Stephens, Jan. 3, Sophia, wife of Robert M. Combs, 31.
Fal River, N. S., Jan. 12, Jessie, wife of John Luskay, 64.
Halifax, Jan. 7, John, son of John and Alice Forrest, 3 weeks.

Douglas, Jan. 3, Jane, widow of the late Alexander McFarlane, 77.
Wickham, Jan. 10, Susannah, wife of Alfred G. Yarnard, 67.
St. John, Jan. 8, Harriet, widow of the late Richard Brady, 76.
Weston, N. S., Jan. 4, Charlotte, daughter of Benjamin McLeod, 62.
Lower Selma, Jan. 3, Sarah Ella, wife of Andrew M. Ath 37, 23.

Halifax, Jan. 13, John, son of Bernard and Ellen Dean, 5 months.
St. John, Jan. 15, Margaret, widow of the late John Milligan, 63.
Johnston, Jan. 4, of heart failure, Mary, wife of Isaac Worden, 84.

Halifax, Jan. 14, Thomas, son of Emily and William M. McLeod, 62.
Lock Leonard Road, Jan. 12, Ellen, widow of the late Myles Morris, 74.

Halifax, Jan. 11, Robert Seymour, son of Amos and Julia A. Donovan, 37.
North East Margaree, C. B., Jan. 1, Mary, wife of John A. Cranston, 37.

Lower Turtle Creek, Jan. 8, Lavinia, wife of George A. Fillmore, 62.

Yarmouth, Jan. 4, Willie, son of Robert and Martha Bask, 3 months.

St. John, Jan. 12, Margie, daughter of the late John and Julia Donovan, 22.

Ferryville, N. B., Dec. 19, James R., son of William and Ann Scott-Holton, 22.

Pleasant Lake, N. S., Dec. 20, Ada, daughter of Thomas and Annie Sisco, 8.

West Margaree, Jan. 7, Christina, daughter of Duncan and Flora Chisholm.

Tatamagouche, Jan. 7, Mary, widow of the late Hon. Alexander Campbell, 86.

St. John, Jan. 15, Kathleen R., daughter of Edward and Elizabeth McCreedy, 16 months.

North Sydney, C. B., Joseph Edward, son of the late Joseph Shaw, of Annapolis, N. S., 68.

St. John, Jan. 1, Hugh Jardine to Gladys A. Dobry.
Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. A. Dixon, E. Wilson to Elizabeth Grant.

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REPUTATION, MERIT, HONESTY.

When any article is found in use in all parts of the civilized world, it is proof positive that such an article is necessary and does its work well and effectively.

Especially is this true when the article is only purchased because the buyer believes it is not wise to longer do without it. Such an article is

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

A remedy that can be found in the bazaars of India, at the fairs of Russia, on the equator at Singapore, in the far north at Stockholm, under the Southern Cross of Australia, and in every city and hamlet in Europe, Canada and the United States, must possess remarkable power for the healing of the nations.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

is a medicine with a history. It has revolutionized the treatment of Bright's disease, and to-day stands without an equal for the cure of all kidney, liver, urinary and female diseases. The inhabitants of the civilized world say so.

This universal remedy is now controlled entirely by H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., of London, England.

Offices and laboratories are established at London, Eng.; Rochester, N. Y.; Melbourne, Aus.; Toronto, Ont.; Paris, France; Frankfurt, Germany; Dunedin, N. Z.; Krueningen, Switzerland; Bombay, India.

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RAILWAYS.

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