

THE ROMANCE OF A BELT.

Upon the turf sat handsome George Campbell and wistfully gazed at a bit of heather. Above the sky was summer blue, below the river hissed and flashed among its great flat tables and shelves of stone, and before him a laughing party of young men and maidens danced a reel to merry music. But the Campbell sat still, his brow clouded with thought, and chewed more green stuff gloomily. The reason was trivial, but also agonising. His...

George sat down on the bed and melancholy marked him for her own. It was too early morning to seek to purchase the missing articles, besides being a trade holiday, wherein the bossers were probably picking themselves; the respectable and elderly Misses Walker, George's landladies, could scarcely be expected to have such things, and it was too much for a modest young man to knock up miscellaneous neighbors at 6 a. m. to demand a pair on loan. There was nothing for it but to get himself with an old cricket belt, much worn and frayed, but with tender care perhaps capable of supporting the toils of the day.

Those who have made trial of a belt, outside of athletic matters will know the peculiar feeling of "undressedness" produced by the absence of brasses. George thought with admiration of the courage of that noble lord who, through a long Parliamentary career, sat, and sometimes stood, in the Upper House a belted, but a braceless cavalier.

His gloom was not lessened, on reaching the place of meeting, to find that Tom Kennedy, who was to drive, had given Miss Gordon the vacant seat beside him. A most detestable person, thought George, was this Tom Kennedy, who talked evermore of horse, or horse, and still more detestable in that Miss Gordon smiled her sweetest upon him.

Filled with such thoughts, George sat in the corner of the waggone oblivious of the timid attempts of his neighbors to draw him into cheerful conversation. This neighbour was Mrs. Nasmyth, the "dragon" of the party, whose widowhood was assured her only claim to chaperonage, she being a gentle girl of twenty-four, left alone two years previously by the death of an elderly husband.

For the most of the drive the conversation was principally sustained by the concertina, with tin whistle obligato from a journalist. Accomplished young ladies who play the fiddle, some of you so well, and the piano, lots of you so badly, despise not the lowly concertina. It is an inspiring instrument, and with the added charms of bells, like Mattie's, and a shrill piping of the journalist's whistle, led George with such energy into the maze of a four-measure reel, that the catastrophe occurred which sent him to sit on the grass and chew things. He was tired, he said.

He managed to slide the broken pieces of the belt into his pocket, but what next was to be done he knew not. To make things worse, Mrs. Nasmyth presently sat down beside him and began to talk. George had met this young lady often enough before, but had never taken much notice of her. A quiet, pale girl in black, she had stood no chance beside the reticent Miss Gordon, but looking now more closely at the little widow, all pink with exercise, George thought her rather pretty. She had beautiful, sympathetic grey eyes, which, as George recollected pleasantly, had been turned with modest interest upon him many times pretty often that morning. He expanded his muscular chest with harmless vanity; and, as his ungirt garments "gave" too readily, slunk miserably again to his hat size.

"This jumping makes one so hot," said Mrs. Nasmyth, unbuttoning the leather belt which encircled her waist. It was a neat waist, but not an hour-glass affair in narrowness. The terms are not synonymous. Miss Gordon's waist was a triumph of compression; but when the roses leave her cheeks a more prominent feature will probably receive them.

The music and the dancing had ceased, and the revellers reclined among the heather in as graceful attitude as the gentlemen's collars and the ladies' corsets permitted. A stage whisper from Mattie and a wave of her arm brought all to their feet except George.

About a hundred yards up the river rose a high terraced crag, and on its peak stood on silhouette a noble red deer, with wide branching antlers. He was looking in another direction, motionless against the clear sky, with the sun gliding his russet coat. A murmur of admiration came from the girls.

"What a chance for a pot-shot behind the shoulder," whispered Kennedy. "Monster!" hissed Mattie, with a look of reproach at the bloodthirsty speaker. "What is he doing so far from the braes?" asked Mrs. Nasmyth slyly. "Looking for adventures?"

"For old Burniefoot's vegetables rather," said the prosaic Kennedy, laughing. "A sough of wind came up the river, and the stag vanished abruptly. "Winded up," said Kennedy. "Smelt us, you know."

"Perhaps he didn't like oppopanax," said Arabella timidly. "That young lady's friends were in no doubt that she did. She moved in a cloud of it."

"The deer likes whisky still less," said Kennedy. "They can nose old Macnaughton, the keeper, a mile away, up or down wind. "He'll get never another stag till he turns teetotal."

"Has any one seen my belt?" asked Mrs. Nasmyth. "It has slipped off somehow." There was a general hub among the grass and stones for the missing cincture, in which Mr. Campbell anxiously joined; but the search was fruitless, as well it might, the belt aforesaid being on the person of the only joyful George, let out to its last hole. It had slipped from the widow's waist as she rose to see the deer,

AND HAD BEEN STRAIGHTWAY APPROPRIATED BY THE PRESENT WIDOW.

Some one supplied a red silk scarf, which became the widow's nightgown. The hunt for the belt or some other cause had reddened her cheeks and brightened her eyes, and the ruffling of her thick brown hair only added to her charms.

With the donning of the belt came back all George's lost spirits. He joined eagerly in the gambols of the others; he sang, he danced, he lunched heroically. Miss Gordon, in maiden meditation, merrily declared that this was the best care a husband could take of his wife, and she was a method of reacting her preference for Tom Kennedy. The melancholy fit over, this was the hilarious symptom. Miss Gordon's mistake was the usual one of young ladies accustomed to command.

Constantly and unconsciously wearing a part of the lady's attire, George found himself continually regarding the little widow with interest, and the more he looked the prettier and more attractive she grew. So charming was she that at times he actually suggested her berries to the stream, which Gordon he ought to be presently devoured with jealous pang.

"Come, come," thought Miss Gordon, "this won't do at all. I must show Allison Nasmyth that my game is well preserved." "Alone," said Mr. Campbell. "Yes," said the inwardly rebellious slave coming to attention. "I want some rowan berries. Get me some."

"There is none this side of the linn," said Mrs. Nasmyth. "There is a big tree on the other side, over there," said the Gordon, pointing nonchalantly. "Come, President of the nimble Isthmians, there are stepping stones across."

There was a rough succession of boulders across the foaming stream, all but a leaping wild apart, and some halt sunk and slippery with water weeds. "O, don't go, Mr. Campbell," said Mattie Robertson. "You'll be drowned in that smother of water. Aside, to Miss Gordon—" "You needn't be afraid," said Miss Gordon, two sniffs. Mrs. Nasmyth said nothing, but her lips trembled a little, and Miss Gordon saw it. Her list closed.

"I'll get it," said George, quietly, and descended the rocky steep to the waterside, where he rubbed sand on his shoe soles. A few lucky boulders took him over. He put a branch of the red-berried ash and turned to cross. The group on the other side were watching him, Mattie bending eagerly forward with a hard hand on the back of the journalist's jacket, and Mrs. Nasmyth nervously twisting a handkerchief. Miss Gordon was smiling aside with Kennedy. Again he lightly leapt, and he fell heavily on his side, with a safe grip of the stone, but splashing his legs in the water and losing the rowan, all but a sprig with a few berries. The stream whirled off its trophy, taking a shoe also for luck. Kennedy came plunging down the bank in a rattle of stones and earth to assist him, but George was up and across in spite of bruises. Miss Gordon stood with a smile and hand half-outstretched to receive the hard-won prize. George half turned to Mrs. Nasmyth, whose handkerchief had become a damp ball, and gave her the berries.

"Mr. Kennedy will bring the rest," said he to Miss Gordon. "He's fishing with a branch for it in an eddy below." In fact, the honest Tom appeared hereupon with his dripping catch, but Miss Gordon's natural smile had become an artificial one. Mattie gave her journalist a private dig, and squirmed with delight. "O, Mr. Campbell, you have hurt your foot," said the kind-hearted Arabella, bending her short-sighted eyes towards a red spot on his shoeless sock. "So he has," said Mrs. Nasmyth, slyly, with an air of discovery, though the deceiver had seen it first. "Let me help you." They pulled off the sock, disclosing a slight scratch, which Mrs. Nasmyth bound up with her handkerchief. Arabella, unnoticed by George, privately put her finger through a small hole in the heel of the sock, and looked eloquently at Mrs. Nasmyth. The lady blushed, very slightly, a slight enough for which Arabella, when they entered their carriage for return, Arabella and Mattie quietly manoeuvred Mr. Campbell into a corner, and Mrs. Nasmyth next to him. A bas la Gordon!

The days following the picnic were soul-searching for George. He had stolen Mrs. Nasmyth's property, and had not the remotest idea of how to return it. It was a pretty and expensive affair, ornamented with clasps and plates of wrought silver. And it rather surprised George that the widow had taken her loss so quietly. Every night he took the pretty vexation from a drawer and thought of Mrs. Nasmyth. Every time he met the lady he blushed in spite of himself, and remarkable fact the lady blushed too. On each successive occasion he noticed that Mrs. Nasmyth was distinctly prettier than before. He began to wonder how he could have been such a drivelling as to think long Kate Gordon a beauty. His adoration for Catherine had gone down the linn with the rowan, and Tom Kennedy was welcome to both.

Honesty is the best policy. He put the belt into his pocket and called on Mrs. Nasmyth. He had never seen her in her own house before, and if progressively pretty outside, she was simply delicious here. She gave him a chair, and sat down with her hands in her lap twitching expectantly. George insisted on standing bolt upright, produced the belt, and with admirable courage told the whole story. A fit of hysterical laughter, threatening tears, seized Mrs. Nasmyth. "M—Mr. Campbell," she said, "you're leaving a gulph." "To anything of mine."

"I mean—" Here she stuck. Ambiguous statement! He looked at her, and she blushed to the roots of her hair, and down behind the lace around her neck, such a hot blush that her soft skin might have blistered had not George done an idiotic thing that caused him all his life to rejoice. He kissed Mrs. Nasmyth.

"Dear," he said, "I love you." So he did, since thirty seconds back. The widow's reply was inaudible, except to the second button of his coat. "And to think," said George to Mrs. Nasmyth's white kitten, which surveyed him sympathetically, "that all this arose from your mistaking me for your husband, a simple accident!"

"Such a simple accident!" echoed the widow softly, looking down. For the fib feminine faithfulness never.

FARMS OF GRETA GREEN.

Three Men Who Tied the Yastig Knot for Money. The first person who trained the hands of Hyman this way is supposed to have been a man named Scott, who resided at the Rigg, a few miles from the village of Greta, about 1750 or 1760. He was accounted a shrewd, crafty fellow, and little more is known of him. George Gordon, an old soldier, started up as his successor. He always appeared on marriage occasions in an antiquated full military costume, wearing a large cock-hat, red coat, jackboots, and a pious sword dangling at his side.

At any time he was interrogated "by what authority he being person in red-cock," he boldly answered: "I have a special license from government, for which I pay £50 per annum." He was never closely examined on the subject, and a delusion prevailed during his life that a privilege of the kind really existed.

Several persons afterward attempted to establish themselves in the same line, but none was so successful as Joseph Paisley, who secured by far the greatest run of business, in defiance of every opposition. It was this person who obtained the application of the old Blacksmith, probably on account of the mythological conceit of Vulcan being employed in riveting the hyemal chains.

Paisley was first a smuggler, then a tobaccoist, and never for any time a blacksmith. He commenced his mock pontifical career about 1789. For many years he was careful not to be publicly seen on such occasions, but stole through by-paths to the house where he was called to officiate, and he bore a certificate miserably written, and the orthography almost unintelligible, with a feigned signature.

Through an important trial, arising out of his marriages, he was forced to declare himself, and afterward wore canonicals with the dignity of a bishop.

Good Results From Laziness. The steam engine was made perfectly automatic by 1750, but was not employed to open and close the valves. Desiring to play instead of work, he tied a string from one part of the machine to another, thus making the engine itself attend to its own business. He was never heard of again, and even his name is unknown, but a perfect engine was the outcome of his laziness.

Du Maurer is quoted as saying that it is a perpetual grief to him to have to cover his figures with "the hideous dress of the present fashion."

BORN.

Frederick, April 17, to the wife of John Mavor, a son. Campbell, April 16, to the wife of Dr. D. Murray, a son. Milbrock, March 27, to the wife of D. A. McKay, a son. Woodstock, April 10, to the wife of A. B. Connel, a son.

Digby, April 13, to the wife of Arthur Vassart, a son. Halifax, April 19, to the wife of Michael O'Leary, a daughter. Halifax, April 13, to the wife of W. H. Chipman, a daughter. Halifax, April 13, to the wife of B. Currie, a daughter. St. John, April 18, to the wife of William G. Grey, a daughter. St. John, April 20, to the wife of Charles F. W. Sandy Cove, N. S., April 15, to the wife of Dr. Rice, a daughter. Waverley, April 29, to the wife of George Macaulay, a daughter. Charlottetown, April 1, to the wife of W. F. Tidmarsh, a son. North Sydney, N. S., April 8, to the wife of Thomas Lovell, a son. Woodville, N. S., April 16, to the wife of Geo. F. Young, a son. Round Hill, April 9, to the wife of F. M. Armstrong, a son. Middleburg, April 1, to the wife of Dennis Burke, a son. Dartmouth, April 14, to the wife of Arthur C. Dawson, N. B., April 11, to the wife of Spurgeon Steves, a son. Yarmouth, April 13, to the wife of A. M. Ferrin, M. D., a daughter. Annapolis, April 1, to the wife of Thomas Dever, Jr., a daughter. Middleburg, April 5, to the wife of Louis Patterson, a son. Halifax, April 18, to the wife of Herbert H. Freepert, N. S., April 15, to the wife of Leonard Salem, N. S., April 13, to the wife of Herman West, N. S., April 11, to the wife of Hazen Jomah, a daughter. Freeport, N. S., April 10, to the wife of Capt. George Lent, a son. North Sydney, C. B., April 10, to the wife of M. W. Lawler, a daughter. Dolon, N. S., April 12, to the wife of N. Demar, a daughter. Cambridge, N. S., April 10, to the wife of Joseph Beech Hill, N. B., April 12, to the wife of Merritt Babcock, a daughter. Halifax, N. S., April 15, to the wife of George Wickham, N. B., April 16, to the wife of M. H. Macdonald, M. D., a daughter.

MARRIED.

Antigonish, April 11, Cassie McDonald to Hugh MacKay. Pictou, April 17, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Nell McChub to Mary McVicar. Pictou, April 13, by Rev. J. J. Chishelm, Angus Pitt to Mary A. Gillis. Milton, N. S., April 17, by Rev. H. A. Gilin, Wm. Keen to Hattie Anthony. Pseudford, N. S., April 16, by Rev. C. Wright, Alfred G. Stewart to Edith O'Brien. Woodville, April 13, by Rev. T. Marshall, James C. Blair to Edith M. Bubar. Pictou, April 18, by Rev. S. Carson, Rev. A. Falconer to Mrs. Copeland. Truro, March 29, by Rev. A. L. Giegie, Solomon Crowe to Bertha Letting. St. John, April 18, by Rev. E. W. Sibbald, Robert A. Cropley to Eva M. Orchard. Lunenburg, April 19, by Rev. H. B. Batty, Henry L. Rheland to Edna Heckman. Brigleyter, April 10, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, Howard Cruise to Ida Washolt. Halifax, April 12, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, James E. Carmichael to Barbara Reuser. Barrington, April 15, by Rev. S. K. West, Charles S. Sargent to Emma D. Butler. Halifax, April 16, by Rev. Mr. Pittman, Margaret Samuel Ford to Georgina Hudson. Pictou, April 16, by Rev. W. E. Grant, Wm. McDonald to Christy A. McLean. Billtown, N. S., April 10, by Rev. E. C. Barker, So the did, since thirty seconds back. Charlottetown, April 3, by Rev. C. W. Corey, William H. Fraser to Maria V. Garrett. Acadia, N. S., April 10, by Rev. T. B. Layton, M. E. Macdonald to Minnie E. Mattall. Pokemouche, April 3, by Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald, Michael Nowlan to Janet M. Croft. Barrington, N. S., April 15, by Rev. Cranwick Jost, J. A. Orcehla to Bertha Crowell. Billtown, N. S., April 7, by Rev. E. C. Barker, Edith M. S. to Sarah D. O. wife of Alvin Nell. Parraboro, April 17, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Edward Truesman Clarke to Mary Edus Brown.

DIED.

Sussex, April 15, Jane Evans, 71. Milford, April 17, Jessie Keys, 28. Pictou, Mrs. Alexander Gordon, 74. Moncton, April 12, James Angus, 73. Greenfield, N. B., April 13, by Rev. J. E. Fleetwing, George W. Ritchie to Maggie A. Antworth. Waltham, N. B., April 10, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Donald M. McLeod to Fern Jennie Matheson. Forest City, N. B., March 28, by Rev. Thomas McDonald, Joseph Gould to Adèle B. Houghton. Halifax, April 14, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Mary Dunlop Munroe to James Turnbull.

Yarmouth, April 18, by Rev. Dr. Cutwright, J. Walker Holly to Eugenia Maud Murphy. Tictoria, N. S., April 13, by Rev. H. A. DeVoe, John Bosman to Frederick Omberson. Bostford, N. B., by Rev. Joseph H. Brownell, Charles H. Jackson to Charlene Murray. Yarmouth, April 18, by Rev. W. W. Langille, Albert E. Wentzel to Mrs. Mary Warden. Grandville, N. S., April 18, by Rev. W. H. Jenkin, Thomas S. Robb to Mary A. Malloch. New Glasgow, April 19, by Rev. Andrew Rogers, George A. Wilson to Matilda Louise Reid. St. Andrew's, N. S., April 16, by Rev. James F. Ross, April 15, Ellen, to Mary McPherson. Kouchibouguac, N. B., April 16, by Rev. William Hamilton, James Kennedy to Jennie Graham. Greenfield, N. B., April 13, by Rev. J. E. Fleetwing, George W. Ritchie to Maggie A. Antworth. Waltham, N. B., April 10, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Donald M. McLeod to Fern Jennie Matheson. Forest City, N. B., March 28, by Rev. Thomas McDonald, Joseph Gould to Adèle B. Houghton. Halifax, April 14, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Mary Dunlop Munroe to James Turnbull.

St. John, April 20, Henry T. Foley, 55. Moncton, April 21, John J. Driscoll, 47. Halifax, April 13, Richard Warner, 51. New Ross, N. S., April 6, E. E. Jones, 74. Amherst, April 16, George Chapman, 75. Windsor, April 1, Clarissa C. O'Brien, 67. Gasperden, April 17, Ebenezer Caldwell, 75. Dartmouth, N. B., April 19, William Cameron, 91. Berwick, April 16, William H. Kinsman, 77. Cookville, April 10, Thomas Estabrook, 60. Good Corner, N. B., April 13, Hugh Savage, 73. Deerfield, N. S., April 12, Moses S. Vickery, 51. Hammond Plains, N. S., April 13, Jas. Grace, 68. Parraboro, April 15, Ellen, wife of Amos Hoegge, 79. Halifax, April 16, Charles, son of Rufus Young, 20. New Germany, N. S., April 3, Nelson Chelley, 57. Halifax, April 14, Annie, wife of Martin Butler, 48. Hampstead, N. B., April 13, John A. Douglas, 40. South Berwick, N. S., April 19, James Graham, 72. Campbellton, April 16, Alexander Chamberlain, 71. Black Brook, April 4, Mrs. Annabella McKenzie, 76. Napan, N. S., April 14, Mrs. Michael Fitzpatrick, 78. Halifax, April 13, Gussie, wife of W. H. Wetherby, 91. New Harbor, N. S., April 3, George Luddington, 67. Montreal, April 14, James M. Humphrey, of St. John. Hibernia, April 2, Catherine, wife of David Gardner, 50. Truro, April 7, Louise E., wife of A. Logan Barnhill, 31. Black Cape, April 3, Alexander, son of Capt. McLeod, 11. St. John, April 20, Allen, son of E. J., and Nettie Todd, 9. Yarmouth, April 12, John V. B., son of Thomas G. Gavey, 45. New Glasgow, April 16, Mary E., wife of Charles Jones, 50. Pseudford, April 14, Lizette A. Marr, wife of Wm. L. Havelock, 51. East Bay, April 4, Edie, widow of the late Angus McLeod, 112. North Sydney, April 4, William H., son of the late John Grey, 23. St. John, April 16, Willie M. C., son of William and Sarah, 10. Victoria, B. C., April 10, Margaret Olivia Lingley, of St. John, 28. Hantsport, N. S., April 19, Susan, wife of George W. Newport, N. S., April 11, Elizabeth A., wife of Nelson Woolaver, 58. Halifax, Mrs. E., daughter of Charles and Clara Bithen, 9 months. Chatham, April 14, Nancy Beef, widow of the late Charles Wallis, 93. Campbellton, April 12, Walter Lloyd, son of C. W. and Alice Cahill, 17. Stellarton, April 5, Anna Johnston, widow of the late John Campbell. Tancook, April 5, Elizabeth, widow of the late Geo. A. Baker, 77. North Sydney, April 10, Annabel, daughter of John and Ann McLeod, 7. Carleton Place, April 6, Annie Harris, widow of the late Donald Murray, 67. Lockport, April 11, Angus, son of the late James Townsend, 5 months. Parraboro, April 15, Albia Yates, widow of the late Robt. Yates, 69. Falkland Ridge, April 4, Mary, widow of the late Thomas McNay, 76. St. John, April 17, Abigail, widow of the late David Dunlop, 90. St. John, April 21, Mary M., daughter of John R. and Mary Sullivan, 16. Low Point, N. S., April 13, Margaret, widow of the late Thomas Burke, 93. Blue Mountain, N. S., April 17, Elizabeth Cameron, wife of Peter Campbell. St. John, April 18, Frederick A., son of Charles F. and Mary A. Leroy, 16. Yarmouth, April 13, Letitia Lane, widow of the late George Stewart, 97. Pseudford, N. B., April 19, Sarah, widow of the late David Hay, 90. Moore's Mills, April 14, Henrietta G., daughter of W. H. and Ella Connerk. Hartport, April 17, Gussie Steer, daughter of Matthew and Fannie Steer. West New Glasgow, April 15, Sophia, widow of the late George W. Fraser, 60. Mabou, N. S., April 7, Catherine M., daughter of Peter and Susan Parker, 3. Pokemouche, April 19, William Connelly, son of the late John Connelly, 27. Port William, N. S., April 13, Elizabeth, widow of the late Benjamin Kaye, 69. Hibernia, April 5, Amasa, son of the late Stephen E. and Mary Ann Kaye. Carribou Island, April 11, Louisa Margaret, daughter of W. F. Harris, 3. Halifax, April 14, Ann Margaret, widow of the late Elizabeth Boudreau, 61. West River, April 4, Isabella Chishelm, widow of the late Duncan McKenz 6, 92. St. John, April 16, Lizette, daughter of the late Thomas and Mary Langtry, 36. Hampstead, N. B., April 16, Annon H., son of Mary and the late John A. Douglas, 5 months. St. John, April 16, Clarence Edward, son of Edward and Zolupah Allingham, 2 months. Halifax, April 15, William Frederick, infant son of Elizabeth and William Headman. Man-of-War Point, April 2, Annie Jane, daughter of James and Flora MacAsky, 17. Pseudford, April 10, Horace Kennedy, son of Rufus F. and Lucy A. Black, 17 months. Bridgewater, April 18, Henry Fairweather, son of Edward and Margaret Davidson, 2. St. John, April 17, Janie A., daughter of William D. and Teresa A. Roddy, 3 months. Balley's Brook, N. S., April 6, Annie McDonnell, widow of the late John McDonnell, 75. Halifax, April 15, William Frederick, son of Elizabeth and Wm. Housman, 5 months. Halifax, April 18, Winifred Hush, son of Amos A. and Eunice Hialel, 17 months. St. Maries, April 20, Darnum Rihelwyn, daughter of Horace L. and Alma Day, 3 months. Somerville, Mass., April 16, Eleanor Perry, wife of James D. Perkins, 70 years and 6 months. St. John, April 21, Mary Agnes, infant daughter of Patrick and Hannah Barry, 7 months. Halifax, April 14, Sarah, wife of John McNeil and daughter of Andrew and Beulah Scollins, 24. Ship Harbour, N. S., April 8, Sarah D., wife of M. H. Egan, and daughter of Mary and Chas. Deas, 33. Alder River, N. S., April 7, Ellen, wife of Archibald Williams, and daughter of Ross Chishelm, Liverpool, 60. Wallace Bridge, April 5, Sarah, wife of Robert Kerr, and daughter of the late Thomas Batty. Cansles, N. S., April 8, Sarah D., wife of Alvin Nell. St. John, April 10, Mary Ellen, wife of Thomas H. Haley, and daughter of the late Michael McAnally, 55.



If you will have your Grocer forward us your name, we will send to his care, 50 views of the World's Fair Buildings, FREE OF CHARGE. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

STEAMERS. GAGETOWN AND JEMSEG, Calling at Intermediate Stopping Places. RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THE ONLY Trans-Continental LINE.

STEAMER CLIFTON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. Calling at Intermediate Stopping Places. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

FAVORITES. Peau De Sprang, Chrysanthème, Phil-Nana, Heliotrope Blanc, Hoso-No-Nana, Vera-Violette.

PERFUMES. W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S. THE DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. A LIST OF DONT'S.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY. (Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan.

J.D. TURNER. Dealer in Oysters, Clams, Fish, Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Crabs, Shell Fish, etc. Wholesale and Retail at 18 & 23 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.