THE MISSING COAT.

I never told anybody how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look back and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston and Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of whom there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessel.

This is far the largest share of what the mill cuts, though the amount of our sales directly from the mill to supply the country to the west of us is quite large.

Well, one cold evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the crunching snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though someone in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small travelling-bag in one hand and a shawl thrown over his arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him as usual. I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but, of course, I waited.

"Good evening, sir," said the man, bustling up to the stove, and kicking the damper open with his foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"

I answered that he had.

"Whew! I was afraid of it."

He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a despatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best West customers. I say had been for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write to him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked, eyeing me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than a half an hour before.

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! Less than I supposed. Write me out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of banknotes he told me to count them. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just 100 bills. The balance was in fives, tens, and twenties, and took more time to count them; but at last we got it so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle from the station. Anderson sprang for his travelling-bag, and giving me a hasty handshake was off on the run. I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket. I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which on picking up I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it; only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady who I hoped would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding house, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the coat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and leaving my hat and coat in the hall, I went into the parlour. I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so I will pass it over, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me, until I rose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the hall for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire; but she came back with only my hat.

"Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night at this without an overcoat?"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of way; for the thought of the money flashed upon me so suddenly that it almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I was unnerved. I grasped at the stairrail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you ill? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet."

"No, no, Carrie!" I entreated. "There, I am better now."

And I was better. I was strong, all at once—desperately strong. And what brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneaking thief has dodged in and stolen my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But there was nothing in the pockets?" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is not worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped, I left her. You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you met a legion of ghosts last night," said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered, with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another if you're not careful; you had better keep quiet to-day. By the way, did you write to Anderson?"

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair. I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:—

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow or next day."

Immediately afterwards he added:—

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You're ill, man. Come, jump into my trap, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and on reaching my room I locked myself in.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved on self-destruction.

I commenced my preparation with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have need in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third to my poor mother, and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I inclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to my secretaire and took out my weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all-sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire, and lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-like muzzle against my forehead. In another second, I should have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my door. It startled me, and, hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?"

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are really ill!" exclaimed Carrie the moment the light fell on my face. Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; but, Carrie—good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then—I scarcely know what, for hanging across Carrie's arm was my overcoat! Recovering from my astonishment, I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me and from the appearance of my apartment after it was over, I am led to believe that, were it possible to concentrate the three above-mentioned species of demons into one, I was possessed thereby.

But I cooled down after awhile, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair which I had selected in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and wore it down town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying in the pocket.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser and, I hope, a better man.

More men make money than money makes men.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold.
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—[G. L. Banks.

LOVE THAT DIES UNTOLD.

"Item, a woman from Cloudland who has no history in the past or future, but is discreetly of the present."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

I have often thought since, in these gaping grey years when only memory seems to live, how little I knew of her then! So little that it seems nothing when I write it down for in that never-to-be-forgotten May I had only seen her five or six times. She was staying in Grassminster then, on a visit to her friend Mrs. Cathwood, and there I first met her. I knew that her name was Miss Lethbridge, for so I had been introduced to her; but, better than that, I knew her Christain name, because I had heard Mrs. Cathwood call her Violet.

I called her Miss Lethbridge of course, but I never thought of her save as Violet after that.

For the rest, I had sat with her several times in Mrs. Cathwood's pretty drawing-room, talking of many things. I had played the accompaniments of two songs she sang—I have those song with me yet. I shall never forget how she sang them. Then once, too, I was crossing the cathedral-close in a shower, and saw her returning from a walk. I offered her the shelter of my umbrella, and we walked home together.

Why could I not be content with these recollections? Alas! when was man ever content with present things? I wanted her, herself, and forever. I argued as young men will: I was rich, I was not ill-looking; above all, I presumed on my great love for her. Surely that could not be set aside!

So I wandered with her in the old-fashioned garden, between the thick, dark, yew hedges, and poured out what was seething in my soul. She was stronger in spirit than any woman I have ever known, and consequently gentler, my lost love. But when I had spoken she gave me such a piteous look with her beautiful eyes and turned so pale, that I almost cursed myself for the pain I had caused her. I would have put my arm around her to support her, but she stepped back a pace with a pleading glance, and I stood still.

"Please don't; it can never be," she murmured.

"Why—why not?" I asked thickly.

Then her strength reasserted itself.

"Oh! you do not know enough of me," she explained softly. "I am not at all like you think I am. What do you know of me," she continued earnestly, "that you should wish to marry me?"

"I know you—yourself, and love you as you are," I answered triumphantly.

"No, no," she said sadly; "there is my past, of which you know nothing. Only tell me, my kind, good friend, that my coming to Grassminster has not made you unhappy; and—try to forget me. I will pray every day that you may be happy," she added, laying her hand upon mine and looking up at me like an angel.

There was something behind it all, but I was not *quite* blind. I would rather have bitten my tongue out than pursue the subject further. So I told a pardonable lie and affirmed that I was not unhappy; and then pressing her hand to my lips I said "Good-bye" and strode away.

In the hall I met Mrs. Cathwood, and astonished her by remarking that I was going up to London for an uncertain time on business.

"Then you will not be at the garden party on Thursday?" was all she said.

II.

"Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible; all that we truly love is thus."—Sir Thomas Browne.

I had been in London some weeks, but I hate to think of the life I have been leading in that time. I hated it then in the midst of it all, yet how much more now—now that I realize the gulf into which I was sinking. I was only fully conscious of one thing—I must forget the cathedral-close in the spring twilight, the old garden, and above all *her face*. Yes, that was it—I must forget them all.

Oh! the pitable, disgraceful ways I sought to cut the thread of memory! Sometimes I nearly succeeded in the wild carousals of those summer nights, yet only for a few hours. In the morning, when I threw open my window for a breath of fresh air from the river and park, I saw *her* again in fancy, radiant and pure; and I loathed myself for what I had become.

As if the drinking and gambling I pursued at certain clubs were not sufficient, I had formed the acquaintance of a man far worse than myself. Arnold Royte was a man two or three years older than I, and thoroughly inured to all sorts of iniquity. Three months before I could not have endured his company; now I often sat at his card table until near dawn, drinking heavily and playing recklessly. I scarcely noticed that I seldom won anything but small stakes, though my host often gained considerable sums from me. There was a cool calculating desperation about Royte that I actually envied then.

One night as we sat playing, his servant tapped at the door and brought a note in. Royte's face grew black for a second as he tore the envelope, and the man standing near the door stammered out—

"Beg pardon, sir, for disturbin' you, but 'e said if I didn't bring it up 'e would!"

"He did, eh?" drawled Royte, looking steadily at his valet. "Then why the deuce didn't you let him?" He said this just as calmly, only he strengthened his query by hurling a tumbler at his servant's head. The man dodged quickly, and the glass was shivered on the door.

"What a fellow you are, Royte!" I said when we were alone again. "I believe you would commit murder without turning a hair."

"What can you do," he answered through his teeth, "when people stand in your way?"

Ah! how I recollected those two sentences for years afterwards. I gambled and drank more wildly than ever that night, but I was powerless to forget. Through all the orgie my mind reverted to the yew alley at Grassminster. I could see her again as clearly as ever, and hear her sweet voice—"I will pray every day that you may be happy.

The next day I had resolved to sever my disgraceful acquaintance with Royte, to quit the country if necessary—anything sooner than profane the prayers of my lost saint as I had done.

In the afternoon a letter was handed to me. The handwriting was strange, but wild thoughts flashed through my brain and I trembled as I broke the seal. The letter was short, and ran—

"Do not go to Bicester street again. You are wasting your money and health, and ruining your soul. Be a man, and recover yourself, for the memory of V. L."

There was an enclosure. I unfolded it and saw the bank-notes I had lost to Rote the evening before.

If the note had distracted me, the enclosure nearly drove me mad. What could she know of my relations with Royte? How had she obtained possession of the notes? There was only one solution possible—she must *know* Royte. I realized what that contamination meant, and the thought stung me to the quick.

I must know more; I would fathom the mystery. So I hailed a cab and drove to Bicester Street, to Royte's house. The servant "thought his master was at home: would I wait in the drawing room, and he would see."

In another minute there was a rustle of draperies as the door opened to admit—not Royte, but my loved one herself!

"Why have you come again?" she asked with the tenderest reproach in her eyes and voice.

"To know why you are here," I answered gravely.

"I?" she echoed in soft amazement. "I thought Mrs. Cathwood had explained to you afterwards. I am his wife!"

There was a quiver in her voice that went to my heart.

"Forgive me—Mrs. Royte," I said, gulping out her name awkwardly. "I am sorry I came, but I wish to return these notes. They are his; he won them last night."

"They are yours—they were not won honestly," she answered coldly.

I replaced the notes in my pocket-book, with a dull idea that I had added to her suffering.

"God forgive me! I will try to live more as you would have me," I said solemnly.

"That is right," she said with one of her radiant looks.

Just then the door opened, and Royte came in with his hat and gloves, as if from a walk.

"Hullo! you here?" he said, glancing at me keenly. "I didn't know you knew my wife."

"Oh, yes," she said with gentle dignity; "I met Mr. Vardes at Grassminster. He has come to say 'Good-bye'; he is going away for some time."

"You didn't tell me," he drawled, gazing steadily into my face.

"I hadn't quite made up my mind last night," I replied calmly.

There was not much more to be said, and I soon went away, with her clasp warm upon my hand and his sinister face haunting my mind. Ah! if I had only suspected then what I am morally certain of now—that he had stood outside the door and heard our conversation—things might have been different.

Next day I was busy making preparations for my journey. I had decided to go to South Africa, for I felt more than ever the necessity to begin a new life in new surroundings. But the last crushing blow was yet to fall. When I took up the evening paper—but no, I cannot tell the tragedy with the barbarous calmness of the press even now. There had been a brutal murder in the West End during the previous night. My angel was found dead in bed, with a knife buried in her gentle heart; but Arnold Royte had escaped from justice—No one knew where he had gone.

Many years have passed since I settled in the cape. Long ago I heard from my kind friend Mrs. Cathwood how her old schoolfellow had been married to Royte, and finding too late his villainous character, had done all in her power to reclaim him. But it was a hopeless task. Once, and only once, the devoted wife had been goaded beyond endurance, and left him for a few weeks to seek seclusion and relief with her old friend at Grassminster. She had resumed her maiden name then without a thought of harm; but Mrs. Cathwood told me she bitterly reproached herself even for that after my unfortunate declaration.

Oh, my poor saint! Long—long after she lay under the daisies the black blood of Cain surged in my soul, and I craved to meet Royte again. I would follow him to the end of the earth, and if he had a hundred lives, take them all from him one by one. But gradually a better spirit came over me. Was it my guardian angel reminding me of my last promise to her? I like to think so, and I have humbly tried to live more as she would have me since then.

One day last summer, as I was riding in the direction of Kimberley, I saw a man on a horseback hotly persued by three others. The chase of a diamond thief was not a new sight to me, but I thought I would see how it all ended. So I gathered my horse together and galloped towards them. The thief was loosing ground rapidly, and I saw him turn in his saddle and empty his long revolver recklessly at his pursuers, without effect.

The two foremost promptly returned his fire, and just as I came up with him he dropped from his saddle with a groan. As I bent over him a fiendish look came into his face. With an effort he raised himself, and snapped off his empty revolver at me. A frightful oath rattled from his dry lips as he fell back baffled and—dead.

It was Arnold Royte.

His Own Patient.

During the last illness of Dr. Cibrac, a celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his own patients.

"Why was I not called in before?" said he. "It is too late. Has the gentleman been bled?"

His attendant answered in the negative.

"Then he is a dead man," answered Cibrac; "he will not live six hours."

And his prediction was verified.

BORN.

Truro, Oct. 13, to the wife of George Craig, a son.
Kingston, Oct. 2, to the wife of George Martin, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 7, to the wife of A. H. Treitry, a son.
St. John, Oct. 14, to the wife of B. R. Macaulay, a son.
Cape Tormentine, Oct. 6, to the wife of J. R. Barry, a son.
St. John, Oct. 12, to the wife of Thomas A. Dunlop, a son.
Dartmouth, Oct. 11, to the wife of Thomas Notting, a son.
Bass River, Oct. 9, to the wife of John D. Fulton, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 10, to the wife of James P. Jackson, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 9, to the wife of James McDonald, a daughter.
Dartmouth, Oct. 8, to the wife of H. S. Congdon, a daughter.
Clyde, N. S., Oct. 1, to the wife of James Boyd, a daughter.
Amherst, Oct. 11, to the wife of John Blanche, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 13, to the wife of James Bennett, a daughter.
Sackville, Oct. 10, to the wife of Edward Hutchinson, a son.
Boone Bay, Nfld., Oct. 2, to the wife of John Silver, a son.
Pictou, Sept. 17, to the wife of James McDonald, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23, to the wife of Alden Walker, a daughter.
Stellarton, N. S., Sept. 23, to the wife of Ross McLeod, a son.
Inglisville, Sept. 24, to the wife of Leander M. Beals, a son.
Jardineville, N. B., Sept. 26, to the wife of George Orr, Jr., a son.
Fenwick, N. S., Oct. 9, to the wife of Albert Ripley, a daughter.
North Sydney, C. B., Sept. 25, to the wife of Chas. E. Allen, a son.
Bear Point, N. S., Oct. 5, to the wife of Howard T. Shand, a son.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Oct. 4, to the wife of W. A. Weeks, Jr., a son.
Kempton, N. S. Sept. 27, to the wife of K. J. McLean, a daughter.
Meadowvale, N. S., Sept. 27, to the wife of Stephen Payson, a daughter.
Charlottetown, Oct. 11, to the wife of Dr. S. R. Jenkins, a daughter.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 30, to the wife of Fred E. Rowe, a son.
North Sydney, C. B., Oct. 5, to the wife of E. H Archibald, a daughter.
Paradise West, N. S., Sept. 28, to the wife o Clayton Saunders, a son.

MARRIED.

Newcastle, Sept. 27, James Martin to Margaret Marshall.
Bridgeville, Sept. 30, John McLean to Margerie McDonald.
Halifax, Sept. 20, by Rev. E Dixon, James West to Sophia Boyd.
Halifax, Sept. 14, by Rev. E. Dixon, John West to Lenezia Edwards.
Amherst, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. J. Mihan, F. McGrath to Mary Bradshaw.
Penobsquis, Oct. 5, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, Albert Scott to Lida Wallace.
Stanley, Sept. 27, by Rev. A. B. Murray, Arthur Sanson to Katie Biden.
Aulac, Oct. 1, by Rev. D. M. Bliss, N. D. Quigley to Alice M. Sutherland.
Burton, N. B., Sept. 27, by Rev. S. J. Perry, C. H. Randall to Grace Smith.
St. Stephen, Sept. 30, by Rev. W. C. Calder, Andrew Logan to Mary McCann.
Middle Stewiacke, Oct. 3, by Rev. E. Smith, Robert Hopper to Agnes Fisher.
St. John, Oct. 10, by Rev. G. O. Gates, William J. Shaw to Mercy I. Jones.
Chatham, Oct. 10, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, William Gordon to Ray Archibald.
St. John, Oct. 11, by Rev. William Tippett, E. F. Maine to Maggie Cunard.
Marysville, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Edward Pond to Agnes McArthur.
St. John, Oct. 11, by Rev. William Tippett, Andrew B. Kerr to Alice M. Dunn.
Nashwaak, Sept. 25, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Ernest Jacobs to Susan E. Evans.
Middle Stewiacke, Oct. 3, by Rev. E. Smith, Robert Hopper to Agnes Fisher.
Gibson, Sept. 30, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, William Sturgeon to Sarah Hughes.
Newcastle, Sept. 26, by Rev. W. Aitken, Hedley Russell to Lilly M. Cooper.
Cheverie, Oct. 3, by Rev. G. A. Weathers, Albert H. Parr to Alice R. Brown.
Wolfville, Oct. 11, by Rev. D. J. Fraser, A. J. Champlain to Josie Shaw.
Stellarton, Oct. 9, by Rev. W. Nightingale, John A. Bousfield to Jessie Cameron.
Woodstock, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. Marshall, Frank Sincock to Hannah Sincock.
Falmouth, Oct. 4, by Rev. Jas. Murray, Norman McDonald to Lily Payzant.
Guysboro, Oct. 2, by Rev. Joseph Angwin, Samuel Angove to Edith L. Myers.
Wolfville, Oct. 11, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Robert H. Foster to Elsie Fullerton.
Amherst, Oct. 8, by Rev. W. J. Mihan, Alexander Chapman to Emily Belleveau.
Yarmouth, Oct. 11, by Rev. W. H. Langille, Samuel G. Martin to Annie Cavanah.
Wolfville, Sept. 28, by Rev. O. Gronlund, Elmore Faulkner to Carrie Patterson.
Campbellton, Oct. 7, by Rev. A. F. Carr, William J. Copeland to Mary J. Currier.
Hopewell, Oct. 5, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, Christian W. Zirkler to Eliza E. Grant.
Pictou, Sept. 26, by Rev. J. J. Chisholm, Alexander E. McDonald to Bella Adams.
Halifax, Oct. 8, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Antona Liboutt to Mary E. Townsend.
Kars, N. B., Oct. 4, by Rev. John D. Wetmore, Henry Braman to Ida Morrell.
Newcastle, Sept. 28, by Rev. W. Aitken, Thomas C. Hill to Martha J. Sutherland.
Chatham, Oct. 4, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, Amos Wilt to Isabella J. McDonald.
Wolfville, Oct. 7, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, James Messom to Mary E. Morine.
Jerusalem, N. S., Sept. 27, by Rev. C. B. Lewis, J. Wesley Lowery to Susie Vallis.
Northfield, N. B., Oct. 3, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, James Drost to Martha Betts.
Gibson, Oct. 4, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, John E. Gregg to Elizabeth E. Haining.
Moncton, Sept. 27, by Rev. Milton Addison, Carey A. Gammon to Lottie J. Bishop.
Keswick, Sept. 26, by Rev. F. D. Crawley, Harry A. McClary to Mary J. Dumphy.
Dorchester, Oct. 9, by Rev. H. R. Baker, Charles Dickie to Mrs. Sarah A. Black.
Westport, Oct. 3, by Rev. C. C. Burgess, Charles Pugh to Mrs. Henrietta Elliott.
Parrsboro, Oct. 9, by Rev. W. H. Evans, William W. Chandler to Harriet Roberts.
Beaver Bank, N. S., Oct. 5, by Rev J. G. Bond, William Nelson to Lucy Barrett.
Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. C. Chute, Samuel R. Parsons to Margaret A. Leaver.
Summer Hill, Sept. 27, by Rev. C. B. Lewis, Isaac C. Vanwart to Emily V. Corbett.
Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, James Henry Ernest to Drucilla Schnare.
Nicholas River, Oct. 2, by Rev. William Hamilton, Walter H. Smith to Laura Mundle.
Chebogue Point, Oct. 4, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, John Brown Harty to Ella A. McKinnon.
St. John, Oct. 11, by Rev. A. J. Kempton, Capt. Harry T. Boyd to Lizzie A. Colwell.
St. James, Oct. 4, by Rev. John Hawley, Donald M. Sinclair to Margaret A. O'Brien.
Clarke's Harbor, Oct. 5, by Rev. T. H. Siddal, William H. Crowell to Minnie Smith.
Bridgewater, Sept. 30, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, Albert F. Smith to Hannah E. Mailman.
Johnston, N. B., Oct. 3, by Rev. O. N. Mott, Solomon J. Blizzard to Sarah M. Hughes.
Centreville, Sept. 27, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Thomas D. Stewart to Annie Ritter.
Morden, N. S., Oct. 3, by Rev. G. O. Huestis, Captain F. W. Huestis to Alice Orpen.
Moncton, Oct. 2, by Rev. J. Eastburn Brown, William Cowling to Margaret Whitney.
Lorne, N. S., Oct. 10, by Rev. Homer Putnam, William Fraser to Eva May Robertson.
Hopewell, Oct. 12, by Rev. Simon A. Fraser, C. Wilhelm Fraser to Eliza Evelyn Grant.
Milford, N. S., Oct. 11, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Geo. S. Withrow to Sarah Alice Madill.
Southampton, N. S., Sept. 26, by Rev. J. Astbury, William C. Ripley to Mary A. Coleman.
Kemptville, N. S., Sept. 28, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Chas. W. Raymond to Carrie B. Spinney.
Chatham Head, Oct 12, by Rev. Jos. McCoy, Judson Burpee Clarke to Margaret McBeth.
Tay Creek, N. B., Sept. 26, by Rev. Father Keirman, John W. Hayes to Victoria Hawkes.
Sherbrooke, Oct. 2, by Rev. William Maxwell, Alex. F. Cameron, M. P. P. to Jessie Dechman.
Pictou Island, Sept. 26, by Rev. Andrew Armit, Murdoch McKinnon to Sarah McDonald.
Pugwash Junction, Oct. 4, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Charles C. Tuttle to Mary A. Jones.
Trenton, N. S., Oct. 8, by Rev. H. R. Grant, assisted by Rev. Prof. Falconer, John E. McLean to Matilda Ross.
River Herbert, Oct. 5, by Rev. John Robbins, assisted by Rev. F. C. Simpson, Rev. D. G. F. Connery to Annie Pugsley.
Truro, Oct. 11, by Rev. H. B. Smith, assisted by Revs. D. Wright and A. L. Geggie, Robert O. Christie to Jennie B. Peers.
River Philip, N. S., Sept. 27, by Rev. F. J. Pentelow, assisted by Rev. J. Gaetz, Robert M. Henderson to Catherine P. Purdy.

DIED.

Chatham, Oct. 10, Eliza Hickey.
Truro, Oct. 5, John A. Blair, 69.
Grand Falls, Oct. 10, P. O. Byram.
Halifax, Oct. 14 Michael Power, 23.
St. John, Oct. 15, Daniel O'Neil, 72.
Chatham, Oct. 12, James McLean, 49.
Moncton, Oct. 7, William R. Givan, 52.
St. John, Oct. 10, John Cunningham, 63.
Fredericton, Oct. 14, Benedict Jones, 68.
Yarmouth, Oct. 9, William H. Seely, 51.
Lower Norton, Oct. 7, William Frost, 69.
St. Andrews, Oct. 5, Edward Howard, 70.
Charlottetown, Oct. 4, Robert Huestis, 45.
Lewisville, N. B., Oct. 5, Hugh Wright, 72.
Gibson, Sept. 27, Mrs. Mary A. Bradley, 80.
River Herbert, Sept. 7, Thompson Shipley, 28.
Tracey Station, Sept. 30, Maggie D. Harris, 17.
North Kingston, Oct. 3, Mrs. Nancy Pineo, 94.
Newcombeville, N. S., Oct. 3, Mrs. Meisner, 77.
St. Andrews, Sept. 30, Thomas Madden, sr., 77.
Coldbrook, N. S., Oct. 9, John A. Marchant, 97.
Campbell Settlement, Oct. 1, Joseph Dunlap, 80.
Williamsburg, N. B., Oct. 7, Mrs. Hugh Johnson.
Chatham, Oct. 13, James, son of William Kerr, 24.
Harbor Bouche, N. B., Oct. 3, Simon DeCoste, 95.
Bear River, N. S., Sept. 28, Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, 76.
Moncton, Oct. 8, Bella, wife of Alex. McLeod, 29.
Lower Southampton, Sept. 26, A. Sterling Munro, 29.
Yarmouth, Oct. 3, Annette, wife of Edward Gowen, 38.
Summerside, P. E. I., Oct. 7, Mrs. Joseph Richard. 96.
St. John, Oct. 11, Catherine, wife of James Sullivan, 70.
Dartmouth, Oct. 6, Margaret, wife of Alex. Fraser, 37.
West River, P. E. I., Sept. 24, Capt. James Young, 63.
Wood Point, N. B., Oct. 3, Alexander McDonald, 53.
Mill Village, Oct. 1, widow of the late John Campbell, 90.
Petite River, Sept. 29, Hannah, widow of late Philip Wolfe, 83.
Little River, N. S., Oct. 5, Jane, wife of Martin Doane, 29.
Port Hastings, C. B., Oct. 5, Charlie, son of Hector Sheriff, 4.
Bear River, Oct. 11, Lizzie Crosby, wife of James Lewis, 24.
Watertown, Mass., Oct. 12, Arthur H. Spinney, of Yarmouth.
Kemptville, Oct. 5, Lucy A., wife of Jonathan Randall, 55.
Mill Village, Oct. 3, Mary, widow of late Edmund Condon, 88.
Kempton, N. S., Oct. 2, Christina, wife of Joseph Hingley, 24.
Wicklow, Oct. 1, Lee, son of Joseph and Frances Giberson, 10.
Boston, Oct. 2, Charlotte, wife of W. J. Saunders, of Moncton, 32.
Glassburn, N. B., Oct. 5, Cassie, wife of John W. Chisholm, 22.
Mill Village, Oct 1, Asenath, widow of late John Campbell, 90.
Grand Manan, Sept. 26, of consumption, Marcellus Robinson, 46.
Annapolis, Sept. 28, Edith, daughter of Arthur Lockwood, 17.
Moncton, Oct. 14, Alfred, son of George A. and Mary Cook, 3.
Fredericton, Oct. 10, Sarah St. Clair, wife of Edw. H. Wilmot, 72.
Annapolis, N. S., Sept. 28, Florella, widow of late James Roach, 60.
Halifax, Oct. 15, Carl Robert, son of Laleah and Arthur E. Shute.
Halifax, Oct. 9, Frederick, son of William and Lavinia Harlaw, 19.
Rosedale, Sept. 25, Ralph, son of Bennett and Eva Cowan, 2 months.
Clarence, Oct. 4, Experience, widow of late Whitman Freeman, 76.
Debert River, N. S., Sept. 28, Annie M., daughter of Robert English.
Windsor, Oct. 10, Mary, daughter of G. C. and Mary Wiggins, 78.
Greenfield, Oct. 1, of consumption, Eleanor, wife of Samuel Ritchie, 38.
Simonds, N. B., Oct. 13, John, son of Patrick and Catherine Ryan, 23.
Halifax, Oct. 9, Frederick, son of William and Lavinia Harlow, 19.
St. John, Oct. 13, Mary, daughter of Benjamin and Alice R. Knowles, 7.
Ellershouse, Oct. 1, Annie, daughter of late William and Mary Horan, 27.
Carter's Point, Oct. 3, David, son of late Capt. and Jennie Williams, 23.
St. John, Oct. 9, James, son of Patrick and Mary McMullin, 6 months.
St. John, Oct. 10, Richard P., son of William and Elizabeth Martin, 38.
Chatham, Oct. 5, Albert Roy, son of John B. and Grace Bell, 7 months.
St. Margaret's Bay, N. S., Oct. 6, daughter of Joseph and Hannah Smith, 15.
Hillside, Oct. 5, Annie Mildred, daughter of George A. and Marie Noble, 1.
Chicago, Oct. 13, Harry Seymour, son of late Henry Beck, of St. John, N. B.
Moncton, Oct. 13, Sidney Edgar, son of D. R. and Janie Hunter, 4 months.
Shelburne, Oct. 4, of consumption, Catherine, wife of Wilson Farrington, 21.
Kingsville, Oct. 14, Henry, son of Henry and the late Margaret Gaskin, 22
St. Andrews, Oct. 7, Mabel F., daughter of Daniel W. and Mattie Thompson.
St. John, Oct. 9, Clarence T., son of Thomas and Susie Cromwell, 8 months.
Pinkietown, N. S., Oct. 3, Katie A., daughter of late John and Janet McDonald.
St. John, Oct. 14, Agnes M., daughter of Michael and the late Margaret Daly, 20.
Moncton, Sept. 30, Annie Augusta, daughter of John H. and Emmeline Smith, 7.
Halifax, Oct. 3, Edward Stanley, son of Maud and Edward Quigley, 13 months.
Dartmouth, Oct. 9, Charles McDonald, son of Andrew and late Mary Grant, 10.
New Glasgow, Sept. 9, Dorothy, daughter of Edward and Emma Leahy, 13 months.
Moncton, Oct. 15, of croup, Edward Chandler, son of C. E. and Marian Northrup, 2.
Dawson Settlement, Sept. 28, Graver S., son of William J. and Julia F. Miller, 1.
Hartland, Oct. 3, Millicent Nevers, daughter of George R. and Isabel E. Burtt. 15.
Antigonish, Oct. 5, Godfrey Payzant, son of Leah and Edgar C. Whidden, 9 months.
Fall River, N. S., Oct. 7, Ella Maud, daughter of Robert F. and Charlotte Williams, 15.
Chegoggin, Oct. 4, of typhoid fever, Matilda, daughter of late George and Matilda Trask, 21.

J. F. Raymore,
47 Holborn St., Roxbury Mass.

R. Bryce-Gemmel, M. D., F. C. S., Consulting and Analyticul Chemist, 288 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., says:

After a careful examination of

Skoda's German Soap,

I find it composed of ingredients of a chemically pure and healing nature. It cannot be too highly recommended, both for medicinal and toilet use. I also find

Skoda's German Ointment

perfectly pure and possessing high medicinal qualities. It can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate skin, and is an excellent ointment for general every-day use.

Mr. Raymore, whose picture appears above, and who for many years, was engaged in the manufacture of toilet soap, writes, under date of Feb. 4, 93: "I am surprised at its soft and purifying qualities. It is pure, unadulterated, and free from alkali, which most soaps contain."

Miss Alice L. Welton, a graduate of the Victoria General Hospital Training School for Nurses, Halifax, N. S., says: "Truly Skoda's Soap is soft as velvet and pure as gold. It makes the skin soft, white and beautiful."

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