## JERRY AND THE WIDOW.

It was certainly very unfortunate for Lowry that he should have died at that particular time. Had the unwelcome event occurred a month before, it would not have mattered so much; but now, just as he had struck it rich and had written East for his wife to come on and share his good fortune, it was, to say the least, very exasperating. But he was dead beyond a doubt, and likewise variously scattered, the result of too close intimacy with a premature blast.

The miners gathered up his visible remains and buried them with due solemnity; then they waited for the advent of the widow. But not without much misgiving. How would they meet her? And who of their number would assume the delicate and embarrassing task of informing her that she was a widow? They talked it all over that night in front of Pete Simpson's bar.

"Fac' is, fellers," said one-eyed Jerry, the autocrat of the camp, as he turned his solitary optic on the crowd, "fac' is, it's a tough job, but it's got to be done, and I'll do it if it takes a leg. Leave it to me, fellers, an' I'll let her down as soothin' as possible." And with a deep feeling of relief, that found expression in another round of red liquor, the miners left it to Jerry.

In due course of time a letter addressed to James Lowry in a shaky, feminine hand, and postmarked Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, arrived in camp, and was opened by Lowry's self-appointed executors. It was from Mrs. Lowry, and from it they learned that she would not arrive for several weeks.

One day about six weeks after the reception of this letter, as the stage rattled up to the single so-called hotel of the little Tuolumne mining camp, the loungers on the porch caught the glimpse of a dress inside. At once all was excitement.

"She's come!" they exclaimed. "Where's Jerry?"

Jerry, who was seated at a table in the bar-room, reluctantly laid down a "pat hand" and reached the outside in time to assist the lady from the stage, awkwardly lifting his hand as he did so.

"Mrs. Lowry, I reckon?" said Jerry, as she alighted.

The lady threw back the veil from her face, smiled and answered:—

The crowd that had gathered inquisitively, but respectfully, about the stage fell back astounded; not at the question, but at the woman who asked it. Lowery was fifty years old, if a day, at the time he was so unceremoniously fired out of existence. He had never spoken much about his wife, whom he had left in the East fully ten years before; yet from familiarity with Jim's age, his homely face and still more homely ways, the miners had formed the impression that his wife must be a woman of forty or forty-five, and equally angular and unimpressive in appearance. But here she was before them, a woman of possibly thirty, plump and shapely, with a face that was simply betwitching. She was absolutely handsome, and there was an expressian in her eye and mouth that seemed to indicate that she knew it.

The smile disappeared, and she looked at Jerry somewhat anxiously. "Why isn't Mr. Lowery here to meet me? she asked.

There was a painful pause. The miners looked at Jerry, and Jerry looked at his boots.

"Fac' is, ma'am," he finally said, as he slowly twirled his greasy hat with one hand. "fac' is Jim's—a ailin'. Bin workin' like—like blazes, you know, gettin' ready for you. an'—an'—sorter down with a fever or somethin'. Fac' is, he's—but say! You must be tired an' hungry; there's a room for you in this here hotel, an' I'll take you over to see Jim later."

With apparant reluctance Mrs. Lowry followed the hotel proprietor to the room that had been fiitted up weeks before, and sacredly kept unoccupied ever since, while the crowd, with exclamations of astonishment and delight, pressed forward to the bar.

"Fellers," said Jerry, with the air of one who has just discovered a rich "pocket" of the yellow metal; "fellers, here's to the widder!"

An hour later Mrs. Lowry accompained Jerry to Jim's cabin, and on the way up the trail he broke to her the sad news of her husband's death. But in what way he imparted the melancholy information his companions never could learn.

"Fac' is, fellers," he said in reply to their questions, "it makes me creepy to think about it, she took on that terrible; but I let her down easy as possible. Thought she'd faint sure 'special' when I showed her where Jim was chucked. Her carryin' on was mighty depressin', I'm telling you. Let's liquor."

The next morning the widow, who had sat down at the supper table the evening of her arrival in a gown of soft toned gray that at once took all the boarders captive, surprised everyone by appearing arrayed in a sombre robe of mourning. Her face was pale and sorrowful, and their was a sadness in her voice that exited the sympathy of all who saw her.

All but one. Bradford, the "gentleman gambler," whose dark eyes and long black moustache had dawned upon the camp a few months before, wore a scowl as he got up from the late breakfast table. He had eaten slowly, if indeed he had eaten anything at all. The miners had breakfasted long before; only a few business men, gamblers, and idlers were at the table, and one by one they finished their meal and departed, until only he and the widow remained. As he passed her chair on his way out he stooped and hurriedly whispered: "Fool! what are you doing with that dress on? Were you supposed to know that you were a widow when you started? And if not, how do you expect to account for that dress between last night and this morning?" Then, with a suppressed oath, he strode angrily out of the room.

The widow looked frightened. She hastily arose and went to her room. The landlord, out on the porch, was talking to Jerry, and dubiously shaking his head. "Now, where in blixen did she git them duds?" he said, in a manner that impressed Jerry most painfully.

The latter slowly worked his jaws, expectorating in gloomy silence. At last, "Fac' is," he replied, "these here women is 'stonishin'; me an' you don't know no more 'bout 'em than they do of tun'ls, drif's and winzes. I reckon that big trunk of hern was full of clo'es, an' she come pervided fer ev'ry contingency. Of course, she con'dn't a knowed as how Lowry had flunked till I told 'er; an' she did carry on amaz'n', I tell you."

That mourning costume was the seed from which sprang curiosity, doubt, and finally suspicion. Mrs. Lowry took possession of the little cabin in which her husband had lived, and there she slept and did her own cooking. She seldom showed herself except to attend to business in connection with the sale of the mine, a transaction that she showed a feverish anxiety to close. But she was at all times gracious and pleasant to the men, and half the camp were madly in love with her. Independently of the mine, which was worth a cool hundred thousand, if a cent, and which Lowry had fortunately located in her name, she could have married any one of the magnates of the camp offhand within two days after her arrival if she had been so disposed.

Jerry, whom she had selected as her right-hand man, was alternately exultant and depressed. He became her slave, and would have jumped down the deepest shaft on the mountain side if she had asked him to; and yet he was much of the time troubled and perplexed. Gradually he became imbued with the idea that he had seen Mrs. Lowry before, but where or when he vainly cudgelled his brain to remember. And so he went about, doing her bidding, feeling amply rewarded by the smiles she showered upon him, her light, jesting talk, of which he only was the recipient, and her friendly, familiar ways, that were kept for him alone. But with his companions he had become moody, taciturn, even irritable. He drank his whisky in silence, drank often and deeply; he neglected his claim, and spent half his time knocking around Jim's cabin, choring for the widow, running errands, and negotiating with Tom Carroll, the wealthiest mine owner in all that region, for Mrs. Lowry's mine.

From an offer of $50,000 Carroll finally rose to 70,000, and there he stuck.

"It's like stealin' it, an' you know it durn you!"
exclaimed Jerry wrathfully.

"It's all I can stand," was the bland reply. "If the widow can get more, all right; I shan't begrudge her the money." And Carroll turned away.

The widow was eager to accept the amount offered.

"An' throw away $30,000?' growled Jerry. "It's a fortun' in itself. You can get what the mine's worth if you don't rush so blamed fast. You got all summer before you. Ketch me lettin' that swindlin' Carroll get away with the mine like that; it's worse'n stage robbin'."

But the widow was obdurate. She must return East; she needed money at once; she had left a dear sister almost on her death-bed; she couldn't manage the mine if she kept it; and if Carroll should change his mind she would not probably be able to sell it at all—a dozen other reasons that came promptly and plausibly from her persuasive lips.

And so, exactly one week from the day of her arrival, the bargain was concluded. The next day the papers were to be prepared and the transfer duly made, and the following day Mrs. Lowry was to start on her return trip East.

Jerry was in an ugly mood that evening, and even his most intimate companions let him severely alone. For three hours he sat at a poker game, and during all that time he did not utter a word except to sullenly name his bets, call for his cards, and demand his drinks. He drank heavily, and lost heavily as he drank. In the subsequent expressive language of the bar-keeper, "Jerry played the rottenest' game that ever disgraced the house. He's worse than down on his luck; since the widow come he's got to be a blinkin' ijet. He ought to swallow a few ounces of nitro-glycerine an' then set down hard on a rock; it might knock some sense into him."

When Jerry, his last dollar gone, arose from the gaming table, he stalked straight out into the night. The stars were shining large and luminous in that clear mountain atmosphere; the air was cool and sweet, and high up on the mountain side the tall pines were peacefully dreaming in the shadows. But the glories of the night had no attractions for Jerry. His mind dwelt solely upon the widow, and irresistibly his feet turned up the narrow trail that led to her cabin.

The fascination that Mrs. Lowry had exercised upon Jerry, and all in the short space of one week, was a thing that he could not comprehend. Her beauty, her magnetism, the scent of her clothing, the familiar and confidential tone of voice with which she invariably addressed him, all had conspired to intatuate him completely. For the last three days he had gone about under a spell; had he been hypnotized he could not have been more completely subject to her influence. The thought of her going away was to him something worse than death. The camp, the mine, the blue sky above him, all his surroundings, had merged themselves into that one woman, and with her exit they would melt away and leave him the centre of a black and dismal void.

Such was his feeling; and, being by nature unintelligent and coarse, it served only to madden and brutalize him. It was a short time in which to be metamorphosed from a freeman into a slave, from a thoughtless, contented, hard-working, devil-may-care miner into a worrying, surly, miserable do-nothing, who could see nothing in the world but one woman, and in whose mind was room for but a single thought—that he was about to lose her. But men of intelligence, refinement, and wide experience with women and the world have had their heads turned in even a shorter time, and have done even crazier things than he. He no longer puzzled himself over the question of her identity. Was she in truth Lowry's widow? He did not know, but neither did he now care. Had he seen that face before? Possibly, but if he had, it was now a matter of indifference to him when or where, or under what circumstances. He could not let her go away, or if she went he was determined to go with her. And so he stumbled up the trail, aflame with love and liquor.

It was hours past bedtime, and there was no light in the window as Jerry made the turn in the trail that brought him almost to the cabin door. Suddenly he collided with an object; he started back with an oath, and at the same time he heard an exclamation of surprise.

A man stood before him, and in the bright starlight Jerry could see that it was Bradford, the gambler. Jerry's hand went to his pistol. "You here, an' at this time o' night?" yelled Jerry, in a voice like the explosion of a blast.

"You sneaking spy, take that!" cried Bradford, suddenly springing forward and striking him a blow in the face that sent him sprawling. But even as the blow was struck Jerry thrust his right hand upward and forward, there was a blaze of fire, and the still night became alive with the reverberating echoes of a pistol shot.

Headlong down the steep trail, over Jerry's body, fell Bradford, uttering a single cry, "Oh, God!" And there he lay speechless, motionless, his face prone in the dust.

The shock of the blow and of his fall, and the report of the pistol, instantly cleared away the fumes from Jerry's brain, but before he could arise he heard a shriek, the cabin door flew open, and a figure clothed in white came running down the trail, calling out in tones of terror: "John, John! Oh, what is it, John, what has happened?" And thus calling and running, in a few seconds Mrs. Lowry, clothed only in her nightdress, was down the trail stooping over the two prostrate forms, sobbing moaning, and crying for help.

Jerry, ashamed, half-frightened, closed his eyes and lay quiet. The widow, shuddering, gave him a glance and then flung herself upon Bradford's body, mingling her frantic kisses with curses upon the man who shot him, until at last she fainted.

Jerry was no coward; but the unexpected meeting and its tragical result had unnerved him; he got up and stealthily hurried away. Besides, her words had cut him to the heart. Her curses, her scorn, her vindictive raging—these he could not stay to face. Suddenly he stopped and abruptly flung his hand to his head. Like a flash that face and form were again before him, but in other surroundings than these.

"Great flumes!" he exclaimed, as he gazed blankly up at the stars; "It's Maudie Le Brunt, the brazenist female in all Sacramento!"

The papers were not made out the next day. That morning a woman, closely veiled, climbed into the out-going stage at a point below the camp; and that very afternoon another woman, plainly dressed, with streaks of gray in her hair and a face that indicated years of patient toil and sadness and trouble, was gently assisted from the stage at the hotel door. And it was Jerry who helped her to alight.

"Fellers," he said, as in a few moments a dozen or more miners crowded up to the bar. "Fellers, fac' is, women is uncertain, but they can't fool us allers. Here's to the widder!"

## THE BLIND MAN.

A blind man stands in a narrow passage, under a south-west wall, waiting for alms. He is there early and late, from six in the morning till six in the evening. Eight or nine hours of silent waiting for alms is the lot of this patient human creature. He is there in snow, in frost, in wet, and shine. Always alone, not even the familiar dog with him, and he never speaks except to answer "Thank 'ee, Sir," when a passer-by slips a "copper" into his pathetic hands. He brings a stool with him, on which he sits part of the day, otherwise there is no change in his attitude; neither smiles nor frowns, nor any change of expression; patience and resignation are all read on that blighted face. Vain hopes and fears have ceased to trouble and torture him, and now he sits conscious of little but the coming and going of footsteps.

At mid-day he takes a bowl from his wallet; he feeds himself with a spoon, and the sight of the solitary meal chills me to heart, I think that if he had a dog the meal would be deprived of half of its loneliness. A dog would make his existence comprehensible, I can imagine a companionship intense and profound, surpassing our affections, moments intensely their own, when a word brings the faithful dog on his knees. But between this man and life all the links seemed severed; only one remained, the cold link of charity. I asked myself why he lived. I searched my heart for a reason. The whirl of winter was already in the air, and I glanced down the perspective of suffering that awaited him. He could not see the driven leaves, but he could hear November. Yet I noted no sign of fear on his face, only the pallor of resignation.

One day I heard his voice calling to me. Had he recognized my step? No. He had called to ask the time, that was all. I told him my watch had stopped, that I could not say whether it was half-past or a quarter to seven. In the moment of uttering the words I remembered that it could matter little to the blind man whether it was half-past or a quarter to, and his answer—"Thank 'ee, Sir, but it don't much matter to me what time it is." Without thinking, I slipped some money into his hand, and then, with a fuller conception of the uselessness of this life, I fell to thinking that our charity was reprehensible not only because it maintained the incurably useless in life, but for another and a more convincing reason, because it unnaturally prolonged human suffering. Were I and others to withhold our alms the blind man would sooner or later perish either of cold or hunger, or may be, he might take his fate into his own hands and end his misery. It is deemed a kindness to put a suffering animal out of his misery; why should we subscribe for the continuation of the misery of a human being? A little frightened at the temerity of this reasoning, I assured myself of the absolute freedom of the individual to choose the direction his charity should take. I could give but a certain amount, wherefore should I continue to help to support one who no longer appealed to my reasonable sympathies? I smiled at at these thoughts, and so attempted to deceive myself that they merely represented a certain playfulness of mind, and could by no means be taken as a true expression of my feeling on this sad subject. Otherwise I was a murderer in intent.

The winter was an exceedingly bitter one—frost, snow, hail and rain alternated through February, and glancing at the numbed hands as I passed, I thought that he must soon succumb. No human being, I said, can resist such exposure. Eight hours a day in cold and darkness and silence! St. Simon Stylites did not suffer as this man. Endless choirs of angels sang the saint out of pain, and his pillar was a watch-tower whence he saw his soul far away in the presence of God. But this poor man knows of no such consolations: his blind eyes do not see, perchance, beyond the grave, and he does not die because he dares not cease to suffer pain. Why, said my thought, should I connive in such folly? I demand that my alms shall promote happiness and not suffering—there is too much suffering in the world. And seeing at that moment a passer-by slip a coin into his hands, I thought how ill-considered was such alms. But I was prepared to say that I would have the world withhold its charity, and allow the poor blind man to die of hunger? I hesitated to form an opinion, feeling, however, that so far as that blind man was concerned my charitable impulse had worn itself out. I often questioned myself as to the cause, and was shocked when a voice from the bottom of my soul whispered, "Because there is no personal satisfaction in this charity. He does not distinguish between one giver and another, and your egotism feels defrauded of looks and words of gratitude. You are wearied of the 'Thank 'ee, Sir, thank 'ee'; for the man had lost his humanity; for you he is a poor-box with a mechanical voice."

I was shocked by the discovery of so much meanness in my soul. I argued with myself, but somehow I was always too much pressed for time to stop, or the weather was too cold to permit me to unbutton my overcoat to get at the pocket in which I kept my loose cash. Months passed; not once did I slip a penny into his poor numbed hands. I merely examined my conscience. I wondered if he could detect the hesitation which bespeaks a charitable impulse. I wondered if he remembered the footstep that his face used to stay, but which to-day, yesterday, and all the week had passed, neglecttul of him. I felt my conduct to be despicable, odious, hateful, and yet I withheld my alms, avoiding that way out of the Temple, or shuffling my feet as I went by, glancing—only glancing—at the face so woe—begone and so noble in truly sublime resignation. Throughout the long winter's wet and cold he sat under the south-west wall, his case of pencils—touching little subterfuge—on his knees, glad to receive, but never asking alms. It was not until the beginning of spring that I noticed any change in his patient face. The soft bleat of April was in the air; the London bushes was lit with green, and with a step full of the elasticity of spring, and with my heart a-hum with the happiness of spring, I passed quickly through the Temple. I thought of the beautiful river prospect, the perspective magical in morning mist, the hay-boats borne on the summer tide through the great bridges. Their was neither sorrow nor remembrance of sorrow in me that day. I had forgotten the poor blind man whom I should find sitting under the south-west wall, and so intent was I on my own happiness that I nearly passed without seeing him. Another step would have taken me past him. But in blind eyes tears are inexpressibly sad, and I went and asked him the cause of his grief.

"Thank'ee sir; 'tis very good of ye to ask. I shouldn't give way like this. The gentlemen passing this way is very good, and I never says nothing; but I've been very unlucky of late. The weather has been that bad that there ain't been many about, and my takings has dropped off. I've lost more than a shilling a week, and that's pretty near my week's dinner money—it runs to about threepence a day, and yer don't get much for that. Well enough in the warm weather, but not enough to keep the cold out. It is terrible 'ard, sir, to sit 'ere on an empty stomach, sir."

Seeing that the case of lead pencils was empty, I said; "I see you have sold all your pencils?"

"No, sir, they was taken from me. You asked me just now what I was crying about; it was about them pencils. A rough lot of people 'as been about 'ere lately, and what they generally does is to pay me for about 'alf of what they takes, or else they takes the cedars and pays for the plain deal pencils. So I've been out of cedars this long while, and have no money to get a fresh stock."

"But the common deal pencils?"

"I had a few of them left till this morning but, 'earing no boys about, I put my case aside—for one tires of always 'olding it on one's knees, sir. I don't know how they managed it, sir; my ears is tolerable quick. S'pose they must have bided their time till a lot of barristers was coming out, and then stayed behind; in corse, among a number of steps a few might stay behind without my noticing it. Any'ow, they managed it some'ow, and they've cleaned me out."

"But," I said, "it is not on what you make by selling pencils that you live; you rely principally on what people give you?"

"Yes, Sir, the gentlemen passing in and out this way is very kind to me. But I never asks them tor nothing; no one can say I ever begged a penny from anybody. I always 'ad my pencils; they was a bit of trading like another, and so long as they lasted I didn't mind. But I couldn't come here without them like a common beggar—indeed, I couldn't, Sir. I allus tried to keep meself respectable like, and couldn't break meself to it now."

The silver tinkle of the spring was in the air; joy had come back to the world: and in the generous mood of the day, forgetful of the fact that I was prolonging his suffering, I repaired all my winter omissions and with a new supply of pencils set him afloat once more in miserable life. The day was so beautiful that it was a beautiful thing to give; I yielded to the impulse of the season, and excused myself saying, "We only know our own joys and sorrows. That man may be happier than I. The spring is here—what joy may it not be to him? His right is to live while he may. Life comes we know not whence nor how, and its meaning is hidden from us."

I went up the steps and sat under the budding limes in Fountain Court. The fountain rippled, pigeons floated from parapet to parapet, and I seemed to see into the great heart of nature. All the winter I had said that the blind man was useless in life, yet all the winter he was teaching a touching and beautiful lesson in that most beautiful of all human virtues, resignation. Then delivered from the obsession of an outrageous self, freed from a miserable and imprisoning individuality, I lost consciousness, and was absorbed in the joy of the the universal sun.—Geo Moore, in London Sketch.

### Figuratively Speaking.

Harduppe.—"I wish you could lend me five dollars for a few days."

Cashley.—"I'm sorry I can't oblige you, old man."

Harduppe.—"You could if you'd give up smoking for a week or so. I was reckoning up the other day that by not smoking I have saved almost a thousand dollars."

Cashley.—"Well, if you've saved as much as that, what do you want to borrow five dollars for?"

## BORN.

Halifax, Sept. 30, to the wife of W. A. Scott, a son.
Truro, Sept. 29, to the wife of A. A. Lovett, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 29, to the wife of Alfred Crossman, a son.
Bridgewater, Sept, 20 to the wife of Dr. Spooner, a son.
Dartmouth, Sept. 26, to the wife of J. S. Warner, a son.
Middleton, Sept. 23, to the wife of Percy Strong, a son.
Lunenburg, Sept. 20, to the wife of N. Zwicker, a son.
Lunenburg, Sept. 23, to the wife of Geo. Sawler, a son.
St. John, Sept. 26, to the wife of A. L. Goodwin, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 29, to the wife of A. F. Buckley, a son.
Dartmouth, Sept. 24, to the wife of F. C. Bowes, a son.
St. John, Sept.24, to the wife of J. Bowman Allen, a son.
Parrsboro, Sept. 22, to the wife of J. J. Henderson, a son.
Milton, N. S. Sept 17, to the wife of William Ford, a son.
Baddeck, C. B. Sept. 20, to the wife of Charles Ross, a son.
St. Andrews, Sept. 20, to the wife of Leo. W. Ross, a son.
New Glasgow, Sept. 25, to the wife of T. B. Smith, a son.
St. Andrews, Sept. 20, to the wife of Leo. W. Ross, a son.
Tidnish, Sept. 12, to the wife of James Davis, a daughter.
Annapolis, Sept. 21, to the wife of John Aidy, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Sept. 23, to the wife of H. E. Chute, a daughter.
Sackville, Oct. 1, to the wife of R. P. Foster, a daughter.
Moncton, Sept. 29, to the wife of J. H. Dunlap, a daughter.
Wolfville, Sept. 15, to the wife of J. S. Dodd, a daughter.
St. John, Oct. 1, to the wife of R W. W. Frink, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Sept. 24, to the wife of A. S. Dodson, a daughter.
Woodstock, Oct. 4, to the wife of George Anderson, a daughter.
Coldbrook, N. S. Sept. 21, to the wife of H. B. Ilsley, a son.
Little Glace Bay, Sept. 23, to the wife of Michael R. Roach, a son.
Tidnish, Sept. 18, to the wife of William Brown, son and daughter.
New Glasgow, Sept. 24, to the wife of Henry Armstrong, a son.
Rockland, N. S. Sept. 23, to the wife of Edward Taylor, a son.
Princeville, N. S. Sept. 18, to the wife of Thos. Larrymore, a son.
New Glasgow, Sept. 24, to the wife of Henry S. Armstrong, a son.
Blomidon, N. S. Sept. 9, to the wife of Chas. H. Newcombe, a son.
Baddeck, C. B., Sept. 20, to the wife of John J. McDonald, a son.
Bridgewater, Sept. 20, to the wife of J. F. Newcombe, a daughter.
New Brighton, N. S. Sept. 12, to the wife of Frank S. Smith, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Sept 20, to the wife of William A. Chipman, a daughter.
River Dennis, C. B. Sept. 17, to the wife of Rev. A. McMillan, a daughter.
Musquodobolt Harbor, N. S. Sept. 22, to the wife of E. D. McLean, M. D., a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Truro, Sept. 26, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, D. Little to Isabella Stewart.
Sydney, C. B., Sept. 19, by Rev. D. Dickie, I. J. C. Martin to Louise Beebet.
Amherst, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. F. Mican, David Cormier to Osine Landry.
Bocabec, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. C. Calder, John McKay to Elizabeth Boyd.
Chatham, Sept. 19, by Rev. N. McKay, John M. Gillis to Drusilla O'Herron.
Digby, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Thomas R. Baxter to Venelia Odell.
Halifax, Sept. 27, by Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Archibald Jordan to Mabel Lamphier.
Halifax, Sept. 6, by Rev. J. R. Moriarity, Stephen Kennedy to Mary E. Roma.
Carleton, Sept. 27, by Rev. Jas. Burgess, Jos. B. Whipple to Ada M. Sleeth.
St. John, Sept. 27, by Rev J. A. Gordon, John E. Holder to Alice M. Mason.
St. John, by Rev. Father Donahue, Thomas McNamara to Sarah Malloy.
Pictou, Sept. 21, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, James Cotter to Jessie A. McLeod.
Scotsburn, Sept. 16, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, James G. Gunn to Minnie S. Carson.
Chegoggan, Sept. 19, by Rev. G. W. Sherman, Lyman Patten to Kate Corning.
St. John, Sept. 27, by Rev. T. Casey, Michael Harrington to Ellie McCarthy.
St. John, Sept. 28, by Rev. C. J. James, Richard F. Allingham to Katie E. Mills.
Springhill, Sept. 28, by Rev. David Wright, John Williams to Mary H. Conway.
Windsor, Sept. 27, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, John Chisholm to Annie Dimock.
Pictou, Sept. 27, by Rev. John Chisholm, Alexander McDonald to Isabella Adams.
Liverpool, Sept. 27, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, John A. Locke to Ziba Leslie.
Fredericton, Sept. 27, by Rev. Canon Roberts, Fred C. Beatty to E. Blanche Hayes.
Halifax, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Cornelius Hartlen to Sarah E. Sweetland.
Amherst, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. F. Mihan, George Cotro to Mrs. Obeline Cormier.
Scotsburn, N. S. Sept. 21, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, John McKay to Bella Morrison.
Berwick, N. S. Sept. 27, by Rev. E. E. Daly, James M. Patterson to Effie O. Lisley.
Halifax, Sept. 19, by Rev. Allen Simpson Thomas, B. Deer to Mrs Maud Matheson.
St. Patrick, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. W. Milledge, Albert Boyd to Hannah Johnson.
Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. Monsr. Carmody, William R. Wakely to Marie H. Howbolt.
Kingston, Sept. 24, by Rev. William Hamilton, James B. Irving to Mary Gifford.
Dartmouth, Sept. 24, by Rev. F. C. Mellor, Rev. Albert Gale to M. Annie Duffield.
New Glasgow, Sept. 29, by Rev. Arch. Bowman Eben McLarren to Maggie Ross.
Dumbarton, Sept. 20, by Rev. W. C. Calder, Andrew Logan to Mary McCann.
Hebron, Sept. 19, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Geo. D. Tedford to Maggie A. McKinnon.
Charlottetown, Sept. 21, by Rev. D. Sutherland, Frank Beals to Alice M. McKay.
Paradise West, N. S. Sept. 13, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, John I. Daniels to Ruth E. Daniels.
Windsor, Sept. 28, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, William H. Saunders to Adelaide Theriault.
Upper Gagetown, Sept. 28, by Rev. E. Hopper, Chipman Weston to Laura E. Coy.
Pictou, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Walter Sutherland to Christy B. Graham.
Charlottetown, Sept. 25, by Rev. D. Sutherland, William Gregory to Lavinia Pigot.
Clyde, N. S. Sept. 20, by Rev. J. Valentine, Dr. E. V. Delphey to Margaret A. Hogg.
Springside, N. S, Sept. 22, by Rev. D. Stiles Fraser, Wellington Jackson to Julia Butler.
Surrey, N. B. Sept. 13, by Rev. S. H. Cornwall, John E. Rogers to Lillian A. Duffy.
Woodstock, Sept. 27, by Rev. Thos. Marshall, Clarence Burpee to Jennie Townsend.
Upper Gagetown, Sept. 27, by Rev. Mr. Rued, Stephen P. Estabrooks to Nettie Coy.
New Gairloch, N. S. Sept. 16, by Rev. F. Fowlie, John C. Fraser to Mary McPherson.
Lawrencetown, N. S. Sept. 27, by Rev. T. Eaton, John P. Stronach to Fannie L. Shaw.
Tatamagouche, Sept. 5, by Elder P. D. Nowlan, William C. Purdy to Jeannette C. Cox.
Baltimore, N. B. Sept. 20, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, John H. Turner to Ruth A. McFarlane.
Greenwich, N. B. Sept. 23, by Rev. D. W. Pickett, Rolla Ford Walton to Ida E. Richards.
Salem, N. S. Sept. 23, by Rev. W. M. Knollin, Chas. F. Lyons to Minerva B. Spinney.
Tatamagouche, Sept. 27, by Rev. T. Sedgewick, Edward McLellan to Katie B. Matheson.
Riverbank, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling Edwin W. Mellville to Addie E. Lovely.
Charlottetown, Sept. 21. by Rev. D. Sutherland, John F. Worth to Mrs. Catherine Adams.
St. Andrews, Sept. 21, by Rev. Archibald Gunn, Annanias Wilcox to Mrs. Rebecca Miller.
Lower Truro, Sept. 27, by Rev. T. Cummings, William H. Chaplin to Florence E. Dickie.
Paradise West, N. S. Sept. 14, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Charles M. Daniels to Blanche B. Saunders.
Margaree, C. B., Sept. 21, by Rev. William Wetmore, Donald McIntosh to Maggie J. Timmons.
Round Hill, N. S. Sept. 20, by Rev. Henry D. DeBlois, John Norman to Minnie E. Taylor.
West Pubnico, Sept. 19, by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, James F. Amiro to Elizabeth L. D'Entremont.
Boughton Island, P. E. I., Sept. 13, by Rev. J. E. Cameron, Henry A. Stoddard to Margaret L. Allan.
Onslow, Sept. 27, by Rev. A. Gale, assisted by Rev. E. Underwood, William Gordon McCurdy to Clara Rayne.
Sussex, Sept. 28, by Rev. Canon Forsyth, assisted by Rev. Allen Smithers, Alfred J. Markham to Annie Jeffries.
Salem, N. B., Sept. 27, by Rev. W. Camp, assisted by Rev. S. H. Cornwall, Gideon Stevens to Loretta J. Smith.
Truro, Sept. 28, by Rev. C. W. Swallow, assisted by Revs. A. L. Geggie and R. M. Jost, Albert H. Pye to Effie Cameron.
Weston, N. S. Sept. 26, by Rev. E. E. Daley, assisted by Rev. G. P. Raymond, Edward S. Bartraux to J. Maude Sanford.
Baie Verte, Sept. 27, by Rev. Dr. Stewart, assisted by Revd's. B. Thomas and C. W. Hamilton, Rev. W. J. Bartlett, to Sarah A. Wood.
East Florenceville, N. B. Sept. 27, by Rev. Geo. M. Young, assisted by Rev. J. Vanwart, C. Humphrey Taylor to Maude L. Hunter.
Painsec Junc., N. B. Sept. 23, by Rev. [illegible] Chapman, assisted by Rev. D. H. [illegible], William T. Chapman to A. Maud Burner.

## DIED.

Halifax, Michael Griffin, 53.
Truro, Sept. 29. John Ward, 74.
Hampton, Oct. 1, Jane Murdock, 33.
Pugwash, Aug. 29, James Bustard, 79.
Halifax, Sept. 25, Simon McQuarrie, 73.
St. John, Sept. 28, John McCarthy, 81.
Clarke's Harbor, N. S. Jane Booth, 65.
Windsor, Sept. 17, Thomas Tupper, 69.
Pokemouche, Sept. 15, John Herbert, 84.
Cornwallis, N. S. Aug. 24, Oscar Reid, 35.
Napan, Sept. 29, James Fritzpatrick, 70.
Carleton, Sept. 8, Rev. Alex. Estabrooks.
Dartmouth, Sept. 20, Moses Johnson, 81.
Halifax, Sept. 20, Sarah A. Gifford, 20.
St. John, Oct., 2, Mrs. Ellen McCarthy, 48.
Springhill, N. S. Sept. 17, James Phipps, 48.
St. Martins, Sept. 22, Robert Richardson, 86.
Campobello, Sept. 12, Joseph D. Brown, 36.
Waterville, Sept. 19, Samuel A. McGuire, 70.
Chatham, Sept. 27, Lemuel F. Dickeson, 15.
Bridgetown, N. S. Sept. 20, Matilda Reeves, 45.
St. Croix, N. S. Sept. 23, Mrs. Sarah Carter, 93.
East Ferry, N. S. Sept. 18, Henry B. Small, 67.
South Brook, N. S. Sept. 22, Luke W. Smith, 29.
Upper Stewiacke, N. S. Sept. 19, Mary Johnson, 94.
Fredericton Junction, Sept. 17, John Alexander, 89.
Newellton, N. S. July 18, wife of Thos. Smith, 38.
Bear River, N. S. Sept 11, Mrs. Eliza Copeland, 76.
Princeville, N. S. Sept. 16, Olivia M. Fraser, 19.
Maitland, N. S. Sept. 23, Benjamin McKenzie, 52
McAdam, Oct. 2, Thomas McGrath, of St. Andrews, 45.
East Halls Harbor, N. S. Sept. 20, Stephen Bennett. 91.
St. John, Sept. 28, Adam Copp, of Shemogue, N. B., 56.
Moncton, Sept. 26, of heart failure, Susan Stevens, 40.
Kingston, Sept. 22, Matilda, wife of William Earle, 68.
Halifax, Sept. 24, George F., son of late Charles M. Cleary.
Glenwood, Wis., Sept. 18, John Cleveland, of Albert N. B. 65.
St. John, Sept. 29, Eliza, widow of late Nathan Parks, 80.
Halifax, Sept. 26, David, son of William and Eliza, Grant, 21.
Annapolis, Sept. 23, Edith, daughter of Arthur Lockwood.
Antigonish, Sept. 27, Maggie Walsh, wife of G. A Wootten.
Upper Dyke Village, N. S. Sept. 21, Jane Burbidge, 90.
Sandy Cove, N. S. Sept. 24. Mary E., wife of James Holland, 65.
Poplar Hill, N. S. Sept. 23, Elizabeth, wife of James McKean, 70.
St. Andrews, Lizzie, daughter of Duncan and Jane McNabb, 17.
Wheaton Settlement, Sept 23, Jessie R. wife of John Kennedy, 28.
Windsor Forks, Sept 21, Ruby, wife of Geo. H. Vaughan, 55.
Boston, Sept. 27, Mabel, daughter of John Williams, of Halifax, 18.
Truro, Sept. 25, of consumption, Annie W., wife of J. D. Burke, 22.
St. John, Sept. 23, Milton, son of Douglas and Jennie Brown, 1.
Windsor, Sept. 22, Ralph B., son of John and Carrie Aker, 14 months.
Newellton, N. S. Sept. 17, Mada, daughter of Thos. Smith, 2 months.
Oak Park, N. S. Sept. 16, infant daughter of Reuben Nickerson, 9 days.
Fairville, Sept. 29, Margaret, widow of the late Michael Walsh, 60.
St. Croix Cove, N. S. Sept. 2, Gracie, daughter of Edmund C. Hall, 4.
Dorchester Cape, Sept 24, William, son of Rufus and Phoebe Cole, 10.
Woodstock, Sept. 24, of typhoid fever, Effie, daughter of A. C. Newell, 18.
Port Mouton, N. S. Sept. 24, Elizabeth, widow of late Geo. Mehlman, 74.
Boston, Sept. 1, Sarah, daughter of Wm. Bateman, of Douglastown, N. B.
Halifax, Sept. 27, Margaret Barron, widow of late Thos. Cunningham, 68.
Newcastle, Sept. 15, William Rust, son of Geo. and Jane Murray, 9 months.
Halifax, Sept. 22, Garrett, son of late Thomas and Catherine Kennedy, 24.
St. John, Oct, 1, Kenneth Craig, son of Jas. G. and Mary W. Armstrong, 9.
Middle La Have, N. S. Sept. 10, Mary A., wife of Christopher Corkum, 82.
Halifax, Sept. 26, Gladys, daughter of R. M. and Annie Davidson, 7 months.
Halifax, Sept. 24, Ernest Carleton, son of Lawson and Julia Pace, 10 months.
Moncton, Sept., 30, Annie Augusta, daughter of John and Emeline Smith, 7.
Windsor, Sept 2, Harley A., son of Albert and Lucinda Frizzell, 7 months.
Bath, N. B., Sept., 26, Helen Annanett, daughter of Hanford and Theo Squires, 1.
St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 10, Emma Thompson, wife of Robert Brehm, of Halifax, 49.
St. John, Sept. 27, Annie Florence, daughter of I. Edgar and Abbie Golding, 13.
Bathurst, Sept. 24, Alberta S., daughter of Richard and Sarah Burbridge, 10 weeks.
Bay Shore, N. B. Oct. 1, Elizabeth, daughter of Peter and Mary McLaughlan, 8.
O'Leary Station, P. E. I. Sept. 12, Arietta R. wife of Josephus Smallman, 26.
Halifax, Sept. 27, Lennie W. daughter of Howard and Beatrice Musgrave, 6 months.
Weymouth Bridge, Sept. 23, Victor S., son of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Elderkin, 9 months.
Montreal, Oct 2, Ernest P. son of Alfred A. and Amelia Stockton, of St. John, 18.
Cape Broyle, Nfld., Sept. 12, of fever, Capt. James L. Kenney, of Central Argyle, N. S., 57.
Halifax, Sept. 23, Elizabeth, daughter of late Philip and Mary Stamp, of St. John's, Nfld., 35.
Kentville, N. S., Sept. 30, Nancy Elizabe