## Short Story of the Day.

nete enthusiasm, and talked of the decay of acting, heaux was about with mel-ly faces, cynical of the player's, and lamenting loudly the ab-of a queen to whom to pay hom-

Were the Booths and the Bettertons

asked again.

Lying in her sick bed in a small house near Clare Market. Susan Ford one night overheard the subject discussed beneath her open window. The uncouth voices awoke her from a fittil slumber, and, raising her wasted form on one elbow, she rubbed her eyes and yawned languidly.

"Zounds! tils a pity Anne Oldfield were not young again," quoth one speaker with some slight elegance of tone.

her," came the reply.

The pale face in the dimly lighted

The pale face in the dimly lighted room vivified with a keen interest as its possessor caught the purport of the conversation.

"What actress have we now worthy of the name?" another voice exclaimed. "Who can rouse us to fever heat!" "There is none; nor actor, either," whimed in a cantankerous bass. "A plague on 'em all. There's not an sunce of fire in the whole fell tribe of them."

"Yea, but ye make a mistake, Mas-ter Rayner. If ye'd have traveled as I, ye would have known of one who'd set all London agog an if she chose. A little provincial hussy, mark me, as fiery, as the devil and sweeter than the angels. I saw her near by Don-caster new close upon two years agone—her name was Susan—Susan—ay, Susan—"."

with one hand clutching the curtain. "Susan—"

The sick woman had leaped from her bed and rushed to the window, but the rest of the colloquy escaped her ears. The gossipers, already moving away ere she had discerned the personal interest attaching to their remarks, had passed along out of sight and out of hearing.

For a moment she stood transfixed with one hand clutching the curtain. "Susan" she muttered, "Susan who? Oh, can it bel can it bel Yes, yes, Sisan Kord in certainty. God has sent him to cheer me in my illness to encourage me to be well. Ah, I must get strong! I will, I'll be the queen of Drury yet, and Rupert—Rupert will love me the more to see me idolized by all the high and great, by all the big, the mighty public!"

In the buoyancy springing from this newly aroused ambitton she strode up and down the room, her dishevelled hair clinging round her frail figure, her hands tightly clasped, a keen excitement in her eyes.

She thought of all her appearances miles away in country booths, of her little successes in provincial towns.

She thought of all her appearances miles away in country booths, of her little successes. In provincial towns, of the honey of applause even from gaping yokels, of her longing to do something great—to hold an audience entranced, to make them weep or laugh just as she willed. How often had she glowed with intense delight as she pictured her triumph in London. From every box in Drury Lane earls and beaux would cheer her! the gray of stern reality, with all its at-tendant poverty, insignificance, mon-otony.

Then Drury Lane would seem to

Then Drury Lane would seem to tower above her like a gigantic frowning rock and could she, weak and friendless, scale the precipice and gain a footing on those dizzy heights? Nay, as she viewed the prospect her heart would quake, and hot tears, half with anger, half from despair, would flood her eyes.

Yet one day after a long period of despondercy her hopes had been revived to some good purpose. While playing at Ludlow she met Rupert Vendover, the eldest son of Sir Reginald Vendover, a brave old cavaller, who enjoyed the leisure earned by an antiwe hunted life in the cause of Charles II. The young Rupert, romantically enough, fell in love with ther, and for many days followed her with the company of strolling players, from one place to another. He auged her on in the pursuit of fame, and, showing ardent loye of her beauty, respect for her virtue and every suppathy with her aspirations, very soon gained her undivided affection. Ultimately he had brought her to London, to this very house, promising to use what influence he had in her behalf.

But suddenly those ambitique

confinement is killing me. I must breathe the fresh air, see the faces of the crowd-and-and hear the clamor of, the audience again."

'Nay, nay, Susan, you are too weak, and you know there is no need to play again—so long as you grant me the honor of accepting my help. Become my wife, dearest, and we will go away into the country and see if the meadows and the woods will give you strength."

'I leave not London," she answered, "till I tread Old Drury's boards. I would play, Rupert. Oh, grant me this, Get me leave to act Ophelia there, and I will marry you on the morrow of that day—aye, whether it be that London derides or takes me to its arms. Do this Rupert, dear; do this I pray!"

"But, Susan, you are so weak."

"I will succor my strength, then. Besides, I am better—ah, yea, I feel so much better. You know not how very much better. Rupert, dear."

"Well, well, be it so, then. But as yet, mark me, you are too ill by far."

"God bless thee, Rupert. Thy goodness makes me well completely."

He folded her in his strong arms, and as she told him all over again of her dreams he soothed her into gentle simber.

And, by an by, when the regular

slumber.

And, by an by, when the regular sigh of her breathing fell upon his ears, he crept from the room and went his way.

II.

II.

Not many days intervened before a rumor sped abread through all the town. A new actress was to appear at Drury Lane in the character of Ophelia, and it was whispered that at last Anne Oldfield would have a worthy successor on those famous boards. Susan Ford was her name, and wild tales went from mouth to mouth of where she came from and who she was.

The old publican who had spoken to such great, though unknowing, purpose beneath Susan's window, became in his particular circle a man of recignized wisdom. His previous assertions concerning "the little provincial hussy" were looked upon as inspired, and every foolish thing he now uttered was harkened to with open-mouthed attention and wonderment.

Susan, though still troubled by occasional fits of faintness, studied her part with astonishing application. Often she awoke in the middle of the night and arose and reheared her scenes, until, carried away beyond remembrance of surroundings, she forgot to subdue her voice any longer, and spoke the lines with all the feeling they really demanded.

But as the night of her debut drew near she became quieter, and appeared less highly strung. Only to Rup-

But as the night of her debut drew near she became quieter, and appeared less highly strung. Only to Rupert, during the long hours they had together, would she keep saying, with deep and soulful enthusiasm, "I shall be a great success, Rupert. I know it! I feel it!"

At last the eventful night arrived, and Drury Lane was packed in every available corner. The beaux had taken an hour longer over their toliets, the denizens of the pit sported ribbons in their hats, and the whole atmosphere belopoke anxious expectancy. The only regret was that the part of Ophelia had been chosen for the debut, and not a character of more prominence and passion.

The earlier parts of "Hamlet" were hardly listened to, and ever and anon cries of "Hasten!" "Ophelia, Ophela!" Issued from the crowd.
But from the first entrance of Ophelia every one was mute, enrapt. On the instant the house felt that a new

ella every one was mute, enrapt. On the instant the house felt that a new

elia every one was mute, enrapt. On the instant the house felt that a new genius had indeed found admittance to Old Drury's stage.

Her grace and charm won every heart, her mellifluous diction sounded like music, and her expressive, beautiful face impressed one and all with grave and pure admiration.

Rupert sat in a box, his heart full to overflowing with a kean joy that had never before been his, gazing intently at the woman he loved so ardently. He had waited patiently all the long, long months since he had known her without decrease of love.

And now, at last, he was within sight of supreme happiness. On the morrow she was to be his wife.

As the mad scene drew near the audience exhibited a still more lively interest in the debutante, and when at last she came on the stage as the demented Ophelia, the whole house burst forth into appliause.

But she seemed to note it not. Her whole soul was pent up in her role. She looked as though she saw no one, heard nothing. She was the hapless Ophelia, none other. She instilled a strange and melancholy wildness into the part. Tears stood in every eye, and not a disturbing sound was heard throughout the house. Gradually she seemed to become more distraught, until in one last terrible climax she gave vent to a frensled shriek, and fell upon the stage.

The audietnee sat breathless, a pallor on every cheek. And none dared applaud.

Rupert had left the box and gone to her 'tiring room before the conclusion of the scene. A feeling of uncasiness which he could not throw off disturbed him. He had never known such acting. Yet, was that not cause for joy? A noise was heard at the door of the room, as he smilingly reassured himself.

He jumped up and flung it open, and a sight met his eyes that froze his blood. Susan was struccing to the and the part of the part from his blood. Susan was struccing to the and the part of the p

#### SHIPPING NEWS.

Domestic Ports.

HALIFAX, NS, Feb 13—Ard, stra Livonian, from Gisegow and Liverpool; Erna, from Demorara, Windward Islands and Bermuds ia Yarmouth; Manchester Importer, from st John, and sld for Manchester; ach Maud Palmer, from Baltimore.
Sld, stra Heim, for Jamaica; Halifax, for Boston; Grecian, for Liverpool.

Hritish Ports.

British Ports.

CAPE TOWN, Feb 4-Ard, bark Florence Bedgett, Kay, from Boston.

QUEENSTOWN, Feb 13-81d, str Lake United toom Liverpool), for Halifax and St. LDULE port.

drio (from Liverpool), for Hadirax and St John, NB.
LIVLRPOOL, Feb 13—Ard, str Vancouver, from Post tland.
SOUTHAMPTON, Feb. 14—Ard, New York, from New York.
GIBRALTAR, Feb. 7—Ard, beig Shamréck, from Sydney, C. B., and St. Johns, N. F.
Poreign Ports.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14—Ard, Cevie, from Liverpool; Majestic, from ditto.
CAPE HENRY, Feb 11—Passed out, str Platea, from Savannah for Bremen via Nor-folk. Platea, from Savannah for Bremen vin and the Colonia of the Coloni

Marsters, Frank, for Barbados,
BOSTON, Feb 13—Ard, str Galileo, from
Hull, Eng.
Sid, str Commonwealth, for Liverpool,
BOOTHBAY, Me, Feb 13—Ard, schs Beaver, from New York; Ella May, from Bosten; Roy C, from do.
PORTLAND, Me, Feb 13—Ard, schs Alaska,
Emma D Endicott; and Roger Drury, from
St John, NB, for New York.
The Endicott lost jibs and the Alaska lost
flying libboom.
Also ard, str Norge, Roe, from Louisburg,
CR.

CHATHAM, Mass, Feb 13-Northwest cold, continuous at sunset.
Chatham life saving station crew bor unknown schooner off here this foremot returned at dark. Vessel drags lee slightly.

PORT OF ST. JOHN. Barge N. 2, 431, McNamara, for Parre Str St Croix, 1064, Pike, for Boston.

# SPORTING NEWS.

THE RING.

Jeffrice-Ruhlin Fight.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 13.—Freeent indications are that the Jeffrice-Ruhlin boxing they be required to aid in preventing the next Fridey night. There is now as much doubt about the time and place as about the decision of Judge Hollister.

As soon as Judge Hollister renders his decision the managers will hold a conference with the directors of the Saengerfeat Afflictic Association and decide upon their plans for the future. They promise to make a statement for the public as soon as possible in the atternoon; it is conceded if Judge the time of the second of the seco

### **COMMERCIAL.**

COTTON.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14-Cotton futures open-NEW YORK, Feb. 18—Cotton futures open-de steedy. February, 9.09; March, 5.11; April, 9.06; May, 9.09; June, 9.04; July, 9.06; August, 8.68; September, 8.16; October, 7.85; November, 7.87; December, 7.85. SALOON SMASHING IN BANGOR.

low Col. John Goddard Wrecked a Big Plate Glass Window in a Main Street Pla Years Ago and How He Settled.

Years Ago and How He Settled.

(Eangor Commercial.)

If Mrs. Nation really does come to Hangor she will need all the arms of an octopus it the to the come to Hangor she will need all the arms of an octopus it the to the come to the come of the five second of the five second of the fives. They might not have down off the drives. They might not have the same motives in smashing as actuate Mrs. Nation, but the same.

Speaking of smashing saloon fronts, years ago Col. John Goddard came down out of the woods end was walking down Main street in Balgor renewing old associations after a six months' exile. Finally he arrived opposite a bar room that he did not at first recognize. He icoked it over carefully and then stepped into the street to survey it. He saw what the trouble was. The proprietor had put in a big rock out of the street and with all is might slammed it through the window. When the proprietor came out, white with rage, there stood the colonel smiling at him. "What d'ye do that for?" yelled the saloon keeper. "Cause you are getting too tony here in Bangor to suit me," said the colonel. Then he drew his big wallet and cheerfully paid for the damages. Therein he was different from Mrs. Carrie Nation.

PULP MILL AT VANCE

CALAIS, Feb. 12.—A big syndleate, which includes a number of Bangor capitalists, has purchased the property of the litternational Leather Company at Vanceboro, and it is said, will evec on the site a big pulp and paper mill that will employ a force of 500 nen the year round at good wages.

The proposed plant will have a capacity of 100 tons of paper per day and will be built on the most modern plan. The buildings formerly used as tanneries and storehouses are being torn down to make room for the proposed plant, and the weeks of demolition is being carried on swittly, so that when the spring comes there will be no obstacles to prevent work being carried on that when the spring comes there will be no obstacles to prevent work being carried on that when the spring comes there will be no obstacles to prevent work being carried out at once. There is a spitendid water privilege here. On Monday a gentleman was in Calais looking, for men to so to work on the site of the proposed plant. He says the industry is an assured thing, and is confident, that the town has a bright future before it.

W. B. Marden of Maine Destroys of Marvel for Kansas and the Mus

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 11.—W. B. Mardem, of Liberty, Waldo County, who has been famed far and wide as the possessor of whiskers the like of which were never raised in Kansas, has cut the whiskers off and burned them in the kitchen stove, partly because they were getting to be a heavy nuisance and partly because he had become tired of answering questions.

In 1898, when the whiskers were said to measure 8 feet 9 inches, a man came all the way from Boston to offer him a good salary if he would just go up to the Hub, sit a few hours a day on the stage of a museum and let the sceptical yank gently at his whiskers to prove that they were genuine and not righted on. Marden declined the offer with thanks, saying that so long as farming was middling good in Waldo county and his pension kept on coming regularly he would not think of associating with Circassian beauties, skeletons and the like. Other museum agents came and went. All falled in their attempt to engage Mr. Merden and his whiskers. Mr. Marden stayed at home and worked, and sat on the plazza in summer and read shout the wars and the murders and let the salty breeges and the meadow airs blow through the womer and read shout the wars and the worders and let the salty breeges and the meadow airs blow through the womer and grew, till, as he walked, they swept the ground like a hop vine hanging out of the tail of a wagon. In a strange town Marden would have had a crowd at his heels, all the time, but he seldom cared to wander from his own cook stove, and in the course of years Liberty got used to him and his beard, and even the little, rude boys got tired of calling him Whiskers Marden.

When Mr. Marden worked in the hayfield or in his cooper shop, he would tie the whiskers up in a knot, just as a woman ties up the skirt of her called of reas when she mops the floor. When, as sometimes happened, he went to a dance or other social gathering, he wore the beard neatly braided, something like a horse's tail.

The whiskers were of a reddishrown, and of silky texture, slight

So it was that the other day Mr. Marden suddenly rose up from his splint-bottomed easy chair and called for scissors. Then, to the astonishment of all beholders, he with two or three savage clips, severed the wonderful whitskers from his face. He grabbed the stove lifter, matched our a cover of the kitchem stove and crowded the whiskers into the fire. Its a minute the growth of thirty years was gone to ashes. The whiskers when burned were 10 feet 4 inches long, so people of Liberty declare.

FROM FREDERICTON' PAPERS.

FROM FREDERICTON PAPERS.

Capt. Maunsell and Lieuts. Cols. Dunbar and Loggis, were-out Wednesday afternoons examining the several sites spoken of as suitable for a rife range. A site on the Robinson farm at Nashwaaksis has been recommended, but the militia authorities also have in view a site on the McConnell farm near Marysville.

Jim Paul, the St. Mary's Indian hunter and guide, is to make an exhibit at the Chicago Sportsmen's Show, thaving entered into an arrangement with the managers of the concern during his recent trip to Montreal. He is to take along several members of his family, together with a wigwam, cances, etc.

The government has under consideration the appointment of a judge of the divorce court, with salary, to succeed ex-Judge Vanwart. The appointment will probably fall to Judge Gregory.

M. I. Savage will remove with his

M. L. Savage will remove with his

32-Caliber Missile Just Tickled a Bayonne Negro-Didn't Hurt Him.

onne Negro-Didn't Hurt dilm.

Fred Douglas, a negro, of Bayonne, went to a theatre in Jersey City on Saturday right. He knew nothing more, he told the police, until he felt a fickling sensation in the back of his head as he was going up the elevated raliroad stairs at Bleecker street and West Broadway, Manhattan. When he scratched his head he found blood He mentioned the fact to a policeman, who sent him to St. Vincent's Hospital. Dr. Flint found a 32-caliber bullet flattened against the Jerseyman's skull.

Douglas said he could not tell to

skull.

Douglas said he could not tell to save his life how it got there or when, but admitted that he didn't remember anything after seeing the first act of the show.

#### THE FIRE RECORD.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 14.—It is reported from Cairo, Ill., that a, fire which started at midnight along the river front has consumed eight business buildings and is still in progress.

NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y., Feb. 14.—The packing department of the Buffalo Bolt Co.'s immense plant in this city, together with a large stock, was consumed by fire early this morning. Although the loss is not definitely known, a member of the company, which is composed mostly of Buffalo capitalists, said that it might amount to \$100,000, of which all but a small portion is insured on an unusually large stock.

DELACATELLY SUGGESTIVE.

DELACATELY SUGGESTIVE.

(Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.) He gazed at the individual who spread ever four seats in a crowded rallway car and murmured:
"May I ask you a question?"
The individual grunted assent.
"Have the government inspectors examined you yet for trichinosis?"

MORNING'S NEWS

Mrs. Thomas E. Bray, for Carlyle of Hillsboro, died Vancouver, B. C.

The presbytery of St. Paul, U. S. A., Jan. 15th, received Rev. A. F. Thom-son, late of Bathurst, N. B.

Pilot Traynor, who went over to Halifax on the str. Loyalist, will bring the West India liner Erna here. Court Loyalist, I. O. F., will give a dinner to its members and friends this evening in Orange half on Simonds

here for the I. C. R., will go to Phil-adelphia for another cargo. She will probably sail from St. John Saturday.

ready sent in their names to Lieut: Weldon McLean as applicants for po-sitions on the South African police

Mrs. Thomas Holland of West Tur-brook, N. S., who died on Tuesday, was a sister of Thomas D. Henderson of this city, and of the wife of Prof. Smith of Sackwile.

The Old Homestead will be the bill at St. Patrick's hall on the evening of March 17 next. This good old play will be produced under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Dramatic club and the management of E. J. Murphy.

Harry Fairweather of St. John arried in town yesterday after being snowed up for fifty hours on the Kent Northern railway. The bill of fare during the two days was ham "fried and served on the coal shovel."—Chat-ham Commercial, 12th.

George L. Corbitt, of Annapolis, has applied for a charter for the establishment of extensive iron works in that town. One hundred acres of land and a site for a pier have been bonded, and civic, provincial and federal aid will be asked for.

There will be a convention of the women voters of St. John under the auspices of the Women's Enfranchisement Association on Monday next at 3.30 p. m. at the King's Daughters' Guild to consider matters in connection with the municipality.

The annual meeting of the life, or-dinary and ex-officio members of the Church of England Institute will be held at the rooms this evening at 8 o'clock p. m. for receiving accounts and the report of the council, and for electing officers for the ensuing year and transacting other business of the institute.

nstitute. Aldermen have been exchanging views recently as to a plan of changing the civic system of selecting a board of aldermen as well as turning the wards into six electoral districts, each with three representatives, elect-ed for three years, one retiring each year. It is also suggested to make the mayoralty term two years instead

One hundred and twenty square miles of timber land on the Nepisiquit were bought in at a sale at the crown lands office. Fredericton, at \$8.50 per mile. The lumbermen are said to have parcelled out the berths among themselves and got them all bought in at an even price. The receipts in consequence were much smaller than the government expected.

Rev. Joseph Barker died on Tuesday at Escuminac, Bonaventure county, Quebec. Mr. Barker was a native of this province and for many years pastor of the Congregational church at Sheffield. Later he joined the Presbyterian body and was pastor in Bonaventure county. The deceased married a Miss Upton, of Florenceville, Carleton county, who, with a family of children, surviye him.

The annual meeting of the St. John Iron Works company was held yesterday afternoon, when reports were submitted which showed that the business had been a profitable one during the year. The old board of directors was elected as follows: John E. Moore, president; H. D. Troop, James Pender, W. H. Murray, Dr. W. W. White, Charles Miller and Charles McDonald, secretary-treasurer.

The members of the fire department, along with representatives of the two companies of the Salvage Corps, met last might at No. 2 fire station, under the Chairmanship of Chief Kerr. It was decided to hold a concert in the Mechanics' Institute on Friday, Feb. 22, in aid of the poor of St. John. Some of the best local talent have agreed to take part in the programme. A representative the programme. A representative committee was named, which pro-ceeded to arrange the details. John Bond is the convener of the commit-tee and W. S. Vaughan secretary. Tickets wil be on sale tomorrow.

The death occurred early this morning at his Church street residence, of George Pattison, an old and respected resident of this city. Mr. Pattison was 89 years of age and for the past 65 years has been a resident in Saint John. Mr. Pattison was a rative of Newry, Ireland, and leaves eight sons and two daughters. The sons are William, John and Richard, of New York: Henry, of Boston; George, of British Columbia; Thomas, of California; Andrew, of Hantsport, N. S.; and Samuel, of St. John. The daughters are Mrs. Joseph Arrowsmith and Miss Jane Pattison, of this city. Deceased has resided in Church street since 1877.

# TRAVELLERS' GUIDI

St. John West.

Steamer of the L. S. S. Co. leave,
every Thurnday st.

Steamer of Dominion Atlantic R'
Monday, Wednesday and Satur Bay at.

Steamer for Grand Manan ever Wednesday at.

ARBIVALS.

The death occurred at Jeru Queens county, on the 22nd inst, of William Paisley, aged 73 years. His widow, six sons and three daughters survive. The interment was made at Jerusalem, on Monday, February 4. Rev. W. Hi. Perry conducted the serv-

The steamer Kentigern, being built on the other side for Troop & Son, has been fixed to load hay here in March for South Africa.

The Battle liner Mantinea, now at New York, will bring coal either to this port or Hallfax. She will then take in hay here for South Africa.

HEROES HONORED

HEROES HONORED.

In Union hall last evening the citizens of the north end gave a reception in bonor of Alian Leavitt, one of the boys who have returned from winning laurels for themseaves and their country on South African battlefields. Arthur Farmer acted as chairman, and addresses of welcome and congratulation were given by Rev. Mr. Mathers, Rev. Mr. Long and C. B. Pidgeon. The musical part of the programme was supplied by the band of the 62nd Fusiliers and by a gramaphone in the charge of James Patterson. At the close of the entertainment the chairman presented Mr. Leavitt, on behalf of a number of his friends, with a purse containing \$55. The recipient made a grateful and appropriate reply and the reception closed with "God Save the King," by the band.

A reception in honor of Jas. Johnston, lately returned from South Africa, was given in Glad Tidings hall last evening by the members of the Glad Tidings Temperance Society. Rev. Mr. Deinstade presided, and during the evening a gold watch, accompanied by a complimentary address of welcome, was presented to Mr. Johnston by Hon, H. A. McKeown in a graceful and appropriate speech. Mr. Johnston expressed his thanks briefly but sincerely. During the evening an excellent programme was rendered consisting of songs, recitations, etc.

BOSTON'S MYSTERIOUS CAMPER.

Man in a Tent on Huntington Avenue On It.

On It.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 10.—It is now thought that the man who is camping out-on Huntington avenue in this city will attempt to heat his tent by electricity, which he will try to coax from the clouds. The man in the tent put up yesterday a queer looking apparatus. In a hole, which had to be dug in the ground with the aid of fire, he planted a forty-foot pole made of two scantlings, nailed and cleated together and held in place with braces and guy wires. Over the top of the pole is an inverted Leyden jar, fitted so as to insulate a great cluster of leaflike points of thin sheet copper sticking point upward and curving outward like feathers on an Indian's head. Attached to the copper is a copper wire, sheathed, which runs to the ground. A small steel wire runs double over a hook several feet below the jar and hook several feet below the jar and

A small steel wire runs double over a hook several feet below the jar and loops around a nail near the foot of the spole.

While some men, chance spectators, were helping the stranger put up the pole, a plumber and his helper arrived, and, being admitted to the secret tent made arrangements to put up a new stove in place of the crude Russian army stove arrangement now in use. Yesterday the new wire screen fence was in place and nobody disturbed the camper.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The British admiralty has chartered the Maine to attend the Medi-terrangan fleet as a hospital ship. If the experiment is successful, she will be purchased by the government.

McKAY.—In this city, Tuesday, Pebruary 12, John Hamilton McKay, in the 68th year of his age, leaving four sons and two daughters to mourn the loss of a loving father. Funeral from the residence of his son, 18 Delhi street, to St. Mary's Church, on Friday at 2.30 o'clock.—(Boston and New York papers please copy.)

BELL—In this city, after a short illness, Feb. 18th, May Bell, in her 18th year, youngest denighter of Susan and the late George Bell.

Funeral from the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. S. Beville, 185 Westmorland road, Friday, 18th inst, at 2.30 o'clock, when friends and sequaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

(Moneton and Lynn papers please copy.)

MURHEAD—At Brockville, N. B., on Feb. 12th, Alexander (Sandy) Murhead.

Funeral on Friday from his father's residence, Brookville, St. John Co., N. B., at 2.30 p. m.

WKIGHT—On Jan. 22nd, at Blackhesth, London, Espisade Jahn, wm. Wright, son of