# A CHRISTMAS STORY.

They had parted—after two happy years, into which had been woven fond hopes and dreams of a fair home, somewhere in the happy future, to which Arnold Grey would take his bride. Now the difficulties that once lay across his path had vanished, and with a prosperous career before him in a foreign land, he had hoped that Miriam Allen, for whose dear sake he had striven to obtain the appointment, would consent to share his exile—bright, sunny-hearted Miriam, whose sweet face and gentle ways had won the heart of other men besides Arnold Grey.

But since that promise was given, death had entered the old homestead and summoned the gentle mother hence—away from the little children who clung piteously around her, for whom she would linger yet a little longer—away from the faithful husband, who could not realize what home would be without his Mary.

As her lover told of the future he wished she would share, Miriam thought of her lonely father, whose heart was stricken by the sudden blow; of the young brothers and sisters who missed their mother sorely; the choice lay between Arnold and her motherless home. One must be forsaken, and her heart pleaded passionately for him unto whom she had given her love and faith; but duty conquered, and her choice was made. Kindly, but resolutely, Miriam gave Arnold Grey his freedom. She may not come to him for years, and so she would not hold him bound.

With stern, set face, Arnold Grey strode angrily over the dry underwood, as he struck across the forest toward Lyndhurst Road. With confidence shaken in a woman's promise, he would trust no more.

"How could she prefer those teasing, tiresome children to him? Of course she did not love him, it was clear as daylight." He could not understand that Miriam suffered more than he; nor knew how anxiously she watched him until his form was hidden by the leafless forest trees. Then turning homeward Miriam resolved to face the dark and lonely future bravely, nor suffer the dear, kind father to feel what a sacrifice his daughter had made.

Pine Farm was situated close to Canterton Glen, in the New Forest, England. In this glen may be found the stone that marks the spot where Sir Walter Tyrrel shot an English king; whether by accident the arrow missed its mark and struck the fatal blow, or whether as the agent of a Norman conspiracy Tyrrel committed a daring assassination, the New Forester cares but little, as he introduces strangers to "Rufus' Stone." Here, in this quiet and lonely spot, Miriam Allan was destined to pass her youth, sacrificing her fondest hopes for the sake of others.

But the woman who watches over the welfare of a young family has little time for repining over the "might have been;" and Farmer Allen, as he observed his eldest daughter busy with preparations for the morrow—the first Christmas when "mother's chair" would be vacant—little dreamed that under her assumed gaiety Miriam concealed an aching heart.

It was in the quiet midnight hour, when across the forest stole the music of Christmas bells, that the young girl crept away to her chamber, and wondered how many years would pass before Arnold and she might meet again.

* * * * * *

Fifteen years, with their long record of changes, had passed away, bringing to some homes new faces and fresh joys, and leaving to others only lonely firesides and vacant chairs with perhaps a green mound in the churchyard by which to remember the friends who have crossed the dark river. During these years Miriam Allen had watched her brothers and sisters grow up and leave the old home for newer scenes. One had found his way to an American home, where, prosperous and happy, he forgot the gentle hand that performed a mother's part; the youngest brother had found a sailor's grave; her sister Clara is the wife of a rising London lawyer, and rules with queenly grace over a luxurious home; Gerald, the eldest brother, is a doctor in a large northern city; and Nessie, the baby, who was too young to remember her mother, died just a year ago. All are gone now; even the kindly father rests at last beside his dearly loved wife.

Sitting beside the kitchen fire, Miriam recalls that Christmas parting long ago, and wonders if she had chosen wisely. She might have been the honored wife of a man who loved her. Now after years of faithful toil she felt lonely, almost desolate, with but the memory of having done her duty as a consolation: and that was no easy task for a woman to perform. All through the intervening years it had been one long struggle to ward off misfortune from their home; time after time her busy brains had devised plans whereby to avert the evil day; yet it had dawned at last. After her father had been taken, Miriam felt no longer equal to continue struggling against adverse circumstances. Year after year they had assumed more formidable proportions; and looking across the forest, with its frost-laden trees, Miriam knew she must say farewell to the dear old scenes. On the morrow the farm and its contents would be sold, and she must leave it and face the world alone.

In her hand Miriam held a letter containing an invitation to make her home with Clara; but, knowing the fashionable, frivolous life her sister led, Miriam knew she would never be happy there. Besides, to one who has spent years amid the freedom and quietness of country scenes, city life, with its bustle and confinement, is distasteful. Miriam had resolved to spend only the approaching Christmas in London, intending afterwards to earn her own living.

Clara Moore was at heart a kind woman; but unfortunately her nobler qualities were conquered by a slavish submission to the dictates of "fashion." The one idea that was just then disturbing her shallow mind was lest Miriam, with her old world notions, would not prove an agreeable addition to that "society," before whose imperious dictates Mrs. Moore willingly bowed. That her sister might fail to appear in "presentable attire" was this lady's dread. A wealthy client of Mr. Moore's was expected to spend the Christmas holidays with them; a gentleman who had recently returned from South Africa, where he had amassed a considerable fortune; and Clara desired to impress him with the idea that her connections were not "ordinary people." It would be horrid if so rich a person as he should discover that this fashionable hostess was "only a farmer's daughter."

Upon the table in her sister's room was a box containing a lovely evening dress of black lace, with the various necessary trifles to complete a fashionable outfit. It was intended as a Christmas present for "dear Miriam," who, touched by her sister's consideration, felt disposed to smother her petty pride, and wear the elegant garment just to please her friends, when she chanced to overhear a conversation between Clara and a visitor, in which Mrs. Moore declared, "I should die of mortification if my sister appeared in dowdy style, or our new friend should suppose my people to be commonplace."

These words, intended for another's ear alone, grieved Miriam beyond expression. With quivering lips she turned aside, feeling how little she was wanted in her sister's home. So agitated was she that, unable to remain indoors, Miriam dressed and started for a long walk. It was an unusually fine Christmas Eve, and the shop windows were gay with Christmas decorations. Passing along High Holborn and down Oxford street, Miriam turned into New Bond street, determined to spend an hour in the Dore Gallery. A passionate admirer of pictures, among that lovely collection of works of arts, Miriam forgot her troubles. At last she stood before the great artist's final master-piece—the picture that had been poetically described as the "Swan song of Gustave Dore"—"The Vale of Tears."

Miriam felt fascinated by its descriptive beauty and sadness, and sitting down upon a lounge before the picture, she feasted on its grandeur. It has been termed a "rendering in color" of the verse "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." The picture is a large one. The back ground is a shadowy valley, representing "the vale of tears," and at the entrance to it stands the Saviour bearing a cross, with the light of love and hope about Him. All around are various figures, representing the "weary and heavy laden,"—from a royal personage to the lowliest of earth; from a maiden with cross in hands to the most wretched of the world's weary ones. Among the crowd are seen the manacled, the infirm, and the suffering. A dying mother lifts her babe as towards Him who blessed the little children. All human misery seems depicted here; even the pariah, the leper, is not forgotten; and though all there lies a path that leads to rest.

For a long time Miriam remained before that wonderful picture—the final effort of the great Alsatian—lost in contemplation of its beauty and its lesson. Before that record of human woe and weariness, what was her sorrow? Where they found rest and peace, there too might she!

Miriam returned to her sister's house with gentler feelings, determined to subdue her pride, and while visiting her friends to study every plan that might promote their pleasure.

* * * * * *

It was a dainty little lady who made her appearance among the company that evening; the dead black of the lace suited her fair hair and healthy complexion, and the soft draperies set off her slender figure well.

Clara Moore really felt proud to introduce "my sister" to the guest of the evening—a man whose features were bronzed with the warmth of an African sun; and as he looked critically upon the timid little woman before him, Arnold Grey wondered that time had passed so lightly over the head of his long lost love, while to him it had brought snowy locks and lines of cares.

It would be expecting too much of a man, to suppose that all along those busy years the memory of his girl love had remained with him. To woman is given a more faithful memory than to man. Miriam had discouraged other men's attentions because she could not forget; while the lover, whose memory dwelt with her, was too busy in his pursuit after wealth to even spare regrets for the time that had gone by.

Yet returned to his native land, after years of absence, this woman who had passed out of his life reappears, looking so young and fair, that it is difficult to realize how long a period has passed since last they met. Perhaps Arnold missed the girlish mirthfulness that long ago had signalized Miriam Allen as the bonniest of the Forest maidens, but in its place was a mature dignity and gracefulness that contrasted favorably with society belles by whom they were surrounded; and she, who had not forgotten, could not hide the warm blush that crept into her face as, with Arnold's hand in hers, she listened once again to the voice so dear to her.

During that evening, as Miriam sat listening to the merry voices about her, Arnold came quickly to her side and talked of his travels over the vast continent where he had made his home; of that home under the sunny skies—its fruits and flowers; then of the earlier days, when a poor struggling youth he had brought to her dear dead father all his cares, and found them, under that good man's judicious counsel, become lighter and less troublesome. As they talked, Miriam forgot that only a few hours before she had believed herself to be one of earth's "weary ones." Before her newly found happiness the shadows all departed, and once more the light of hope shone radiantly over her path.

Presently, while the company were engaged in a merry, hearty amusement, for which she had no care, Miriam threw a white shawl over her fair hair and stole out on the verandah, where she waited, listening for the Christmas chimes, and thinking of that lonesome Christmas eve when to hide her heartache she had hidden herself away in a quiet chamber, while as if to mock her misery, across the forest stillness there came the sound of merry bells.

Weary of the throng of flatterers ever eager to lionize the rich and prosperous, Arnold Grey sought the woman who in his days of poverty had held out hope and encouragement to cheer his flagging energies.

Standing together they listened to the chimes, while unto each old memories stole back, as fresh and vivid as if their parting had been but yesterday. All the desolateness and vain regrets had vanished in the joy that filled their souls; and with Miriam's hand in his, with the echo of Christmas music in his ear, Arnold told once again the story of a love that came into his life when youth was gay and knew no care nor disappointment; a love that, springing forth anew, might bring unto the years before them such joy and peace that separated they could never realize. And when once more Arnold asked her to cross the seas with him, Miriam gave the answer he longed to hear.

Thus when the Christmas bells pealed forth in a fresh burst of joyous melody, two lives divided were made glad; and Miriam knew she had been gently led out of "the vale of tears."

## SOME CHRISTMAS REMARKS

By That Most Cheerful of Philosophers Robert J. Burdette.

Truly there comes a time, writes Robert J. Burdette in the December Ladies' Home Journal, when one must make a great deal of noise in his mirth lest the neighbors think he doth not enjoy his holiday. Then, when he cackleth in his merriment, they smile most and say, 'How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester!' This also is vanity. But truly, we have already far too many play days now, wherefore the strain is great upon the human heart and funnybone. Holidays do not build up a nation. Rest is not the great demand of life. Recreation is not the nurse of strong character. The laziest man ever takes the longest vacation, the more worthless the nation, the lower in scale of human excellence the people, the more holidays doth the calendar of the country proclaim.

The question before women is this: Should a woman—by which term we include all men—should a woman feel unrefreshed, exhausted, weary, worn out, used up and pulled down after a holiday? Is it right or reasonable that she—including him as aforesaid—should have that 'tired feeling,' which not even six bottles can cure. Is it—we demand an answer from the gentlewomen of the Opposition—is it the object of the holiday that those who make merry thereon should desire to die when the rising bell rings on the morning of January second, December twenty-sixth, and the day after Thanksgiving? Seriously, Mrs. Speaker, is it not time for us to consider the advisability of abolishing all holidays save Saturday? That is so common that we do not wreck our lives in frantic efforts to observe it. We might compromise on a few play-days. January first might still be kept sacred to Saint Goodres O'Lutions, with the reading of a short service on the first page of the Book of Common Diary; and Christmas, of course, the sweetest and holiest of all the holidays. Thanksgiving Day, by all means, let us keep that on the calendar for sweet grandma's sake—that is her day. And that is enough. Three holidays a year, as we observe holidays, will impose all the strain on the mind, the tax on the nerves, the worry and care and fret and labor we can stand. We Americans take ours "madly." There is little, or almost no rest in our holidays; there is still less in our vacations. Here and there may be found people who know how to take things easily. And most gravely do we suspect they have learned wisdom of the ease-loving tramp.

But the rest of us! And the Angel of the Household—she who thinks and plans and does for everybody else—if I had my way she should nevermore have a play-day until she learned to use at least an hour and a half of it herself. She is not yet fit for holidays. Every one she takes draws somewhere a new wrinkle on her patient face. Everybody says to her, "It's too bad"—with oh, such a pitying, sympathetic accent on the "too"—any imitation of it in type is a poor, weak thing—"it's too bad you have so much to do on a holiday!" Sounds very tender and gentle, and sympathetic. But that is exactly what we said to her last Christmas, and the Christmas before that, and the one just after she was married, and the one just before she was married. Oh, you see, I have watched all sorts of her "enjoying" all manner of holidays.

I have seen her at the county fair; yea, I have perceived her there with her family on the rainy day—there is always one rainy day at the county fair—wandering about disconsolately, seeking dry places and finding none; two children hanging to her dress and whining for this and that, and begging to be taken home; the other children bringing her heart out of her by trying to run over themselves with racing sulkies, or get kicked into kingdom come by spirited colts, much-be-ribboned, which stood on their hind-feet preparatory to walking on their hands; mud on her shoes, a fringed and irregular decoration of straw overlaying the same; tired, draggled, discouraged, having an 'outing.' I have seen her making ready for 'Thanksgiving,' and watched her while she 'enjoyed' it; and it seemed to me that her thankfulness was expressed only when at last she crept into bed, said the first part of 'Now I lay me,' and fell asleep. * * *

Why, oh, sisters, why can you not learn that there are two or three hundred ways of suicide, each one far easier than working one's self to death? Some men there are—not many, but some—quite as foolish as women. Only a few weeks ago a man was fished out of North River, New York; he had drowned himself because he could not find work. Think of it; and forty per cent. of the women in America with more work on their hands, hearts and brains than they could halt do, were, at the very moment of his drowning, no doubt, lying awake contriving plans whereby they might add to their labors, multiply their cares, increase their weariness, and double their worries, by inviting a houseful of company, and economizing for the same by discharging the solitary servant in advance. A man may drown himself because he has no work, but he wouldn't keep himself alive a minute longer if he were told that he could have all the work six men could do, at nothing a day and 'find himself.' A man hasn't much sense being a man he can get along with a very small amount of that commodity—but you don't catch him, when he has a minute for a breathing spell, going about looking for dust in dark and out-of-the-way corners, for the sake of giving himself something to do. He has too much sense for that. Once upon a time—back in the seventies—I was one of the clerks of the Board of Health in a Western city during a cholera epedemic. Always we looked and made ready for a sudden increase in the number of deaths and new cases on Monday morning. It never failed, because Sunday was 'a day of rest.' People released from the safeguard of regular habits, steady, healthful labor, rushed wildly about the city and out on the hills, and into the suburbs all day Sunday, gorging and guzzling and visiting. If anybody protested against it a great howl went up to heaven that we begrudged 'the poor laboring-man' his one scant holiday, and didn't want him to enjoy himself. All through the sunlit hours of the 'sweet day of sacred rest' people 'enjoyed' themselves. Then certain of them, when night was come, lay down and curled up, and squirmed, and howled for a few brief hours and on Monday morning we issued a permit which gave the howler a nice quiet place in which to enjoy the long, silent years of the first holiday he ever observed quietly.

And finally, sisters—well, what's the use of talking? Much do I fear that you will go on doing about as your mothers did before you. That's the discouraging thing to 'us reformers' and propoets. You will sit up late o' nights and work your fingers to the bone, then about three o'clock Christmas morning, go to bed and cry yourself to sleep because could not find time to make one half the things you set out to make. God bless you, what would Christmas be without you? And without your home-made gifts, the work of loving and hurried and much cumbered hands? The day would be so much the better for all of us though, giver and receiver, if the hands that work were less cumbered. And the things you can't finish—God bless you for the unfinished gift that you send with the hesitating apology for its incompleteness. Is there any flower so beautiful as the half-opened rose? Isn't there a lifetime of study in the incompleted work, and the friendship symbolized in the very incompletion, because these things will never come to perfection in this world of promise? These gifts will be finished in the world where Christmas comes, not once a year as it does here, but all the year and every year. This very life is an incomplete and imperfect one. There is no new way of loving your friends then; there is no new way of being happy and making happy. And so we wish one another 'A Merry Christmas' in the same old way, with Tiny Tim's benediction—'God bless us, every one!'

### The Czarina's Confessor.

M. Janyschew, the Russian priest who was sent to Darmstadt to conduct the conversion of the Princess Alix, the bride of the Czarowitz of Russia, performed the same office for the present czarina. He has been the confessor of the imperial family for many years.

## BORN.

Sussex, Dec. 13, to the wife of C. E. Hazen, a son.
St. John, Dec. 15, to the wife of R. T. Leavitt, a son.
Truro, Dec. 14, to the wife of E. E. McNutt, a son.
Amherst, Dec. 6, to the wife of Albert Carr, a son
Wolfville, N. S., to the wife of William Fallett, a son.
Amherst, Dec. 10, to the wife of Joseph Cuthbert, a son.
Moncton, Dec. 13, to the wife of Frank Robinson, a son.
Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Simon LeBlanc, a son.
Mount Denison, Dec. 8, to the wife of W. Love, a son.
Granville, Dec. 4, to the wife of Minard Graves, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 7, to the wife of A. W. Foster, a son.
Notre Dame, Dec. 10, to the wife of John Carroll, a son.
St. John, Dec. 7, to the wife of Avard Anderson, a son.
Albert, Dec. 12, to the wife of H. V. Brewster, a son.
Fort Lawrence, Dec. 10, to the wife of Henry Blois, a son.
Burlington, Dec. 9, to the wife of Rueben J. Sanford, a son.
Moncton, Dec. 14, to the wife of Dennis J. LeBlanc, a son.
Halifax, Dec. 13, to the wife of Major Hodgson, a daughter.
Truro, Dec. 4, to the wife of Angus McDonald, a daughter.
Halifax, Dec. 16, to the wife of George E. Porter, a daughter.
Nappan, Dec. 5, to the wife of Alexander Smith, a daughter.
Bloomington, Dec. 7, to the wife of James Dixon, a daughter.
Strathlorne, C. B, Dec. 8, to the wife of D. A. Campbell, a son.
St. John, Dec. 10, to the wife of Frank Curren, two daughters.
Fredericton, Dec. 11, to the wife of William Gibson, a daughter.
Burlington, Dec. 5, to the wife of Dr. J. A. Payzant, a daughter.
Pictou, Dec. 6, to the wife of Captain C. H. McLeod, a daughter.
Karsdale, Dec. 4, to the wife of Stanley Farnsworth, a daughter.
Buctouche, Dec. 9, to the wife of Chief McLaughlin, a daughter.
Westmorland Point, Dec. 6, to the wife of Martin Carter, a son.
Centreville, Dec. 3, to the wife of Clarence N. Roscoe, a son.
Mink Cove, N. S., Dec. 12, to the wife of E. A. Gidney, a son.
Parker's Cove, Nov. 29, to the wife of William Apt, two daughters.
Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Surgeon Captain J. B. Moir, a son.
Bridgetown, Dec. 5, to the wife of Edward Bauckman, a daughter.
Springhill Mines, Dec. 7, to the wife of Archibald W. Foster, a son.
Torbrook Mines, Dec. 12, to the wife of George Crowe, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Nov. 29, to the wife of Charles E. McKinnon, a daughter.
Sydney, C. B., Nov. 27, to the wife of Richard W. Menzies, a daughter.
South Brookfield, Dec. 6, to the wife of Avery Freeman, a daughter.
New Richmond, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. George F. Kinnear, a daughter.
Upper Stewiacke, N. S., Dec. 10, to the wife of Frank Johnson, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Truro, Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. Turner, Charles Teed to Ida Teed.
Truro, Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. Turner, Henry E. Teed to Jennie Swan.
Sussex, Dec. 3, by Rev. Mr. Grant, Joshua Prescott to Mary Bowles.
Yarmouth, Dec. 7, by Rev. H. Stearns, John W. Gibson to Eva Higby.
Oak Bay, Dec. 2, by Rev. Charles McCully, Thomas Hanson to Mabel Lillo.
Douglas, Dec. 5, by Rev. John Parkinson, Eldrick Staples to Ella Brewer.
New Tusket, Dec. 9, by Rev. Mr. Giffin, Jacob Gavelle to Mary Mullen.
Clifton, P. E. I., by Rev. A. Stirling, Donald McKay to Flora Sutherland.
River John, N. S., by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Samuel Moore to Alice Reid.
St. John, Dec. 18, by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, John Daley to Margaret Torry.
Annapolis, Dec. 11, by Rev. H. How, Asa L. Black to Florence M. Hardwick.
Moncton, Dec. 12, by Rev. John Read, J. Percy Chapman to Laura Brown.
Freeport, Dec. 11, by Rev. Mr. Archilles, Fenwick Morrell to Nellie Thurber.
Caverhill, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. K. King, George Prescott to Amelia Brewer.
Scarsville, Dec 12, by Rev. A. J. Cresswell, John E. Bell to Annie Johnson.
Kempitville, Dec. 1, by Rev. E. K. West, Samuel W. Gray to Grace Goodwin.
Hopewell Cape, by Rev. S. N. Hughes, Eldon N. Reed to Hattie B. Brenston.
St. John, Dec. 12, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Andrew G. Boyd to Annie B. Moore.
Halifax, Dec 5, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, George Mann to Elizabeth Miller.
Hartland, Dec. 12, by Rev. D. Chapman, Spurgeon Tompkins to Dora Campbell.
St. John, Dec. 16, by Rev. J. Shenton, Edmund H Flewelling to Clara A. Smith.
Aylesford, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Edgar J. Wagner to Annie L. Bowlby.
Boularderie, Dec. 11, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Archie McPhee to Mary McKechern.
Chatham, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. McCoy, John George Forrest, to Minnie Morrison.
Pictou, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. A. Mackenzie, Henry Lasalle to Jane C. McKenna.
Plymouth, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, George W. Simms to Sarah B. Purdy.
Truro, Dec 11, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, P. F. Moriarty to Jessie McDonald.
Amherst, Dec. 5, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Herbert Bulmer to Harriet A. Moren.
Upper Stewiacke, Dec. 12, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Dryden Power to Ruby Lens.
Halifax, Dec. 13, by Rev. E. Dixon, Frederick Byers to Charlotte L. Clarke.
Upper Stewiacke, Dec. 12, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Dryden Powers to Ruby Teas.
Summerside, Nov. 28, by Rev. E. M. Dill, Rev. Allen Hudson to Ella Stavert.
Mahone Bay, Dec. 1, by Rev R. McArthur, Gabriel Meisner to Minnie E. Oxner.
Milltown, Dec. 12, by Rev. John Hawley, William P. Morrison to Minnie D. Slipp.
Wallace, N. S., Dec. 5, by Rev. H. B. MacKay, Stephen Tuttle to Ella Reeves.
Truro, Dec. 11, by Rev. John Robbins, George Fraseich to Blanche Mackenzie.
St. John, Dec. 19, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, Samuel A. Nicholson to Matilda J. Finlay.
Fredericton, Dec. 12, by Rev. George B. Payson, John R. Kenny to Georgia Day.
West Pembroke, Me., Dec. 5, by Rev. E. S. Gahan Robert Sherrad to Jessie Lynn.
Fredericton, Dec. 12, by Rev. Willard MacDonald, William Thorburn to Lena Foley.
Oak Bay, Dec. 2, by Rev. Thomas Aller, Nelson Cunningham to Linnie M. Groom.
Bear River, Dec. 5, by Rev. Joseph Hale, Frederick J. Ditmars to Florence M. Morse.
Sydney, C. B., Dec. 4, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Alexander J. Grant to Jennie McLeod.
Kennetcook Corner, Dec. 5, by Rev. R. C. Quinn, George W. Reid to Amy Anthony.
Springhill, Dec. 6, by Rev. E. E. England, J. C. Mills to Mrs. Frances A. Fletcher.
Mahone Bay, Dec. 1, by Rev. J. W. Crawford Simeon Robar to Georgina Zwicker.
Lower Granville, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. Gale, Norman F. Willett to Hester L. Shafner.
Jollcure, N. B. Nov. 28, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Albert G. Patterson to Mary J. Read.
Fredericton, Dec. 3, by Rev. George B. Payson, Herbert Hanson to Clara V. Oeser.
Milltown, Dec. 12, by Rev. John Hawley, William P. Morrison to Minnie D. Slipp.
Nelson, Nov. 28, by Rev. Mr. Aitken, Thomas Coughlan to Ellen Rebecca Appleby.
South Maitland, N. S., Dec. 11, by Rev. J. Slipperley, John W. Barr to Sarah S. Skalling.
Fort Lawrence, Dec. 12, by Rev. H. G. Estabrooks, Nettie E. Smith to Albert E. Snowden.
Cariboo Mines, Dec. 5, by Rev. F. Thompson, Malcolm Woodlin to Elizabeth Shearer.
North Sydney, C. B., Dec. 6, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Robert Pierce Scott to Annabel Munroe.
Sydney Mines, Dec. 11, by Rev. D. McMillian, Malcolm McLean to Catherine McDonald.
Brooklyn, N. S., Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. McEwan, Herbert L. Gardner to Lillian N. Mouser.
Pugwash Junction, Dec. 12, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Hiram F. McLeod to Eliza E. Peers.
East Florenceville, Dec. 5, by Rev. George M. Young, Alonzo Taylor to Maud H. Boyer.
Bayside, Dec. 12, by Rev. F. Todd, assisted by Rev. H. E. S. Maider, Fred Leaman to Jessie Bartlett.
Lisson Settlement, Dec. 10, by Rev. Allan W. Smithers, Armour McFarland to Margaret A. Lisson.

## DIED.

Athol, Dec. 7, Edward Baker, 81.
St. John, Dec. 17, Thomas Currie.
Arcadia, Dec. 1, Martha Sisco, 39.
Halifax, Dec. 17, Albert Young, 37.
Smithfield, Dec. 2, Joseph Pratt, 78.
Halifax, Dec. 16, Peter Crichton, 86.
St. George, Dec. 2, Robert Logan, 76.
St. John, Dec. 14, James Harding, 72.
St. John, Dec. 17, Mrs. Ellen Hill, 84.
St. John, Dec. 17, William Martin, 71.
St. George, Dec. 3, William Doyle, 24.
Elmville, Dec. 2, Clement Corning, 68.
Mascarene, Dec. 3, Nancy Stewart, 71.
Alma, Dec. 18, John Matthews, Sr., 79.
Halifax, Dec. 13, Cornelius Driscoll, 83.
Halifax, Dec. 12, James Fitzgerald, 54.
Pennfield, Dec. 10, George W. Jack, 55.
Penfield, Dec. 10, Washington Jack, 54.
Amherst, Dec. 8, Mrs. James Logan, 82.
St. George, Dec. 10, Howard Currans, 93.
Sand Point, Dec. 7, Jacob J. Hemeon, 82.
Point Wolfe, Dec. 10, John Matthews, 64.
Hunt's Point, Dec. 2, William Frelick, 76.
Fredericton, Dec. 12, John B. Grieves, 47.
Kingston, Dec. 12, Mrs. Wallace Neily, 35.
Riverton, Dec. 6, Alexander Sutherland, 64.
Dalhousie, N. B., Dec. 6, Donald Grant, 74.
St. John, Dec. 14, Frederick Bannister, 35.
St. Stephen, Dec. 3, M. Arthur Edwards, 44.
Port Medway, Dec. 5, Christopher Smith, 63.
Lake George, N. S., Dec. 1, John Winter, 74.
Fredericton, Dec. 11, Martha McLaughlin, 87.
Lower Woodstock, Dec. 11, John Johnston, 87.
South Williamston, Dec. 1, Minard C. Beals, 60.
Enfield, N. S., Dec. 14, James H. Ferguson, 56.
Fredericton Junction, Dec. 7, Hugh Simpson, 72.
Summerside, P. E. I., Dec. 8, Nicholas Watson, 40.
Albert, Dec. 11, Grace, daughter of John Nodwell, 5.
Kennebecassis Island, Dec. 11, James H. Carter, 15.
Lakeside, Dec. 8, Esther, wife of Henry Gould, 28.
Portuguese Cove, N. S., Dec. 13, Donald Smith, 70.
St. John, Dec. 17, Harry, son of Thomas Gibbons, 20.
Golden Ridge, N. B., Dec. 4, George Campbell, 67.
Halifax, Dec. 16, Catherine, wife of William Power, 45.
Amherst, Dec. 16, Eleanor, widow of the late James Bent, 70.
Halifax, Dec. 15, Jane, wife of Arthur J. Winterleigh, 32.
Mount Uniacke, Dec. 9, Frances, wife of William Allen, 57.
Rawdon, N. S., Dec. 1, Eliza, widow of the late John Meek, 90.
St. John, Dec. 15, Catherine, wife of Thomas McCarron, 41.
Guysboro, Dec. 7, Annie, widow of the late Elias Cook, 100.
Falmouth, Dec. 4, Ann, widow of the late Elisha Porter, 68.
Moncton, Dec. 16, Mary Elkin, wife of David Armstrong, 40.
Fredericton, Dec. 11, George, son of William Cooper, 35.
Main River, N. B., Dec. 10, Robert, son of George Lawson, 54.
Hebron, Dec. 3, Paul, son of Rev. F. H. and Annie F. Beals, 3.
St. John, Dec. 13, Bridgah Teresa, wife of Peter C. Peterson, 48.
Halifax, Dec. 10, Sarah, widow of the late Alexander Whitton, 56.
Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 13, Stephen Daly, formerly of St. John, 55.
Berwick, Dec. 12, Mary, widow of the late Oliver Kierstead, 72.
Halifax, Dec. 16, William, son of the late Lieut. John Coote, 79.
Hammond's Plains, Dec. 9, Dennis, son of Mrs. A. Emmerson, 18.
Dartmouth, Dec. 13, Rev. John S., son of the late S. E. Smith, 67.
Jordan Bay, Dec. 10, Ada, daughter of John and Ellen Irvine, 5.
Bridgetown, N. S., Dec. 7, John, son of the late Isaac Healy, 53.
Halifax, Dec. 15, Frank, son of Robert and Margaret Walker, 5.
Smith's Cove, Dec. 7, Aggie, daughter of Isaac and Annie Smith, 20.
Halifax, Dec. 9, Herbert, son of Daniel and Alice Bedford, 14 days.
Memramcook, Dec. 9, of congestion, Eliza, wife of S. C. Charters, 75.
Charlesville, Dec. 2, John L., son of John and Letitia Harding, 2.
Halifax, Dec. 16, Gerald, son of Angus and Ada McDonald, 5 weeks.
Moncton, Dec. 11, Nellie M., daughter of William and Annie McCoy, 6.
Halifax, Dec. 16, John B., son of the late John and Isabella Bennett, 17.
Halifax, Dec. 16, Gordon Douglas, son of Elijah and Eliza Dagnall, 4.
Halifax, Dec. 8, Jasper A. M., son of Mary and the late James Carroll, 20.
Halifax, Dec. 17, Frances Silvester, son of John and Charlotte Redmond, 2.
Halifax, Dec. 19, Wilber, son of W. J. and Florence Holley, 3 months.
St. John, Dec. 13, Gertrude, daughter of Robert and Annie M. Sproul, 2.
Liverpool, Dec. 4, David L. D., son of John and Susan Prudence, 9 months.
Burlington, N. S., Dec. 7, Dorothy, daughter of Dr. J. A. and Catherine Payzant.
Moncton, Dec. 18, John Thomas, son of Owen and Margaret McGinty, 5 months.
Halifax, Dec. 14, William Ross, son of W. C. and Sophie Mumford, 11 months.
Sackville, Dec. 5, Ethel Geraldine, daughter of Alfred D. and Mary V. Smith.
Lower Coverdale, Dec. 17, Mrs. Steeves, widow of the late Frederick Steeves, 80.
Salisbury Road, Dec. 10, Hazel, adopted daughter of William and Susan Storey, 5.
Pictou, Dec. 2, Thomas Frederick, son of Thomas and Mary E. McCarvill, 3 months.
Barrington, Dec. 1, Myrtle, daughter of Captain and Mrs. U. H. Lyons, 15, months.
Halifax, Dec. 15, Mabel, daughter of Wallace H. and Sadie E. Harrington, 19 months.
Charlesville, N. S., Dec. 2, of whooping cough, John L., son of John and Letitia Harding, 2.
Portland, Me., Dec. 5, Mrs. E. F. Phair, daughter of the late Richard Estey, of Fredericton, 38.
South Side, West Bay, N. S., Dec. 6, Della daughter of Fred W., and Minnie Thompson, 12.
Bridgetown, Dec. 5, Eliza, widow of the late John Bauckman, and wife of Gideon Beardsley, of Berwick, N. S., 67.


WANTED!
— People to Understand That —
BASS'S ALE,
GUINESS'S STOUT
are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensible that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured. Messrs. W. Edmunds Jr. & Co., Liverpool, who bottle under the label of PIG BRAND turn out the finest bottling of Bass and Guiness in the world. Try it and be convinced. Ask for PIG BRAND.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Christmas and New Year's HOLIDAYS.
EXCURSION TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT
One Fare for Round Trip,
Dec. 21 to 25 inclusive, not good for going passage after Dec. 25; also Dec. 28 to Jan 1, not good for going passage after Jan. 1, all good for return until Jan. 4, 1895.
Further particulars of Ticket Agents.
D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal.
C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.
LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.
THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE between St. John and Halifax.
(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)
On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:
EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:
Leave Yarmouth, 3.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.
ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:
Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.10 p. m.
Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connexion is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.
For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station Agents, to 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
W. R. Campbell, General Manager.
K. Sutherland, Superintendent

Intercolonial Railway.
On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax ..... 7.00
Express for Halifax ..... 13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal ..... 16.30
Express for Sussex ..... 16.40
A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.30 o'clock.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex ..... 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) ..... 10.20
Express from Moncton (daily) ..... 10.30
Express from Halifax ..... 15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton ..... 16.30
Accomodation from Moncton ..... 24.00
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.