Yes, we were really married.
The clergyman, with impressive solemnity, announced that we were now one, and sanctioned our union with the blessing of the church. He shook my hand, and the tears stood in his eyes as he wished me unending happiness. He kissed Eleonore whom he had christened twenty years before, and repeated again:
"God bless you, my child!"
Then came the wedding-guests, one after the other, to congratulate us. There was quite a procession.

Then came the wedding-guests, one after the other, to congratulate us. There was quite a procession.

The sixth person in the procession was Aunt Caroline. She is Eleonore's aunt, but I am quite as fond of her as if she were my own. She is the best of creatures, always ready to come when you need her, and quite as willing to stay away when she fancies that her society might be burdensome. She is one of those generous, patient aunts who in winter always have on hand a store of goodies for hungry nieces and nephews; and in summer are ever ready to take charge of a particularly restless schoolboy or girl, whose exuberant spirits render him or har an annoyance to the quiet home circle. In a word, Aunt Caroline is a noble example of what an aunt really ought to be.

"Dear Felix—Dear Eleonore," she said, as she clasped our hands, "my wedding present is so cumbersome that I arranged to have it sent directly to your house, where you will find it when you return from your new home, and I trust it may give you much pleasure, and daily remind you of your old Aunt Caroline."

A dozen times a day during our journey we spoke of Aunt Caroline's present, and tried to guess what it might be. Eleonore was certain that it was a handsome bookcase, while I maintained with equal confidence that it must be a superb bronze or nament.

At last, after fourteen October days of crimson-tinted forests, and deep blue bays, enchanting sunsets, and cosy evenings beside sparkling hearth-fires in comfortable hotels—after two weeks of perfect enjoyment, we returned to the charming little home which was henceforth to be our haven of happiness.

I kissed Eleonore when I helped her from I kissed Eleonore when I helped her from I keep the called in the product of the complex of the complex of the called in the clouds."

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ome which was nearceform to be our maren
of happiness.
I kissed Eleonore when I helped her from
the carriage, and murmured:
"Welcome home, dear wife."
She returned my caress rather hastily,
and, running past me into the house, said:
"Now we shall see what it is."
Alas! we learned only too soon. Martha,
our little maid-of-all-work, had illuminated Alas! we learned only too soon. Martha, our little maid-of-all-work, had illuminated the little drawing-room for our reception. The handsome swinging lamp above the centre table—a present from Uncle August us—was lighted. Red wax candles burned brightly on each of the two bronze candel-abra—Uncle Christopher's presents—on the mantel, while two lighted student lamps, likewise other wedding gitts, stood on the piano. The light from all these served to illumine, and direct our glances the moment we entered the room toward Aunt Caroline's present, which hung directly opposite the door. It was an atrociously painted representation of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and looked as if it might have originated in a manufactory-of "curiosities." Its true origin I never learned, although I had ample opportunity to study it.

It is quite certain, however, that dear Aunt Caroline, knowing my own and affection, had purchased the huge carous at some auction, paying for it a good round sum, and consoling herself for the extravagance with thoughts of the pleasure the picture would give us.

The canvas measured eight feet by ten feet. The frame was a broad, gilded affair; the composition itself absurd in the extremel fineter. The frame was a broad, gilded affair; the composition itself absurd in the extremel from the parable of the composition itself absurd in the extremel from the parable of the composition itself absurd in the extremel from the parable of the product of the parable of the product of the parable of the Prodigal with the product of the parable of the Prodigal of the parable of Alasi we learned only too soon. Martia, our little maid-of-all-work, had illuminated the little drawing room for our reception. The handsome swinging lamp above the centre table—a present from Uncle Augustus—was lighted. Red wax candles burned brightly on each of the two bronze candelabra—Uncle Christopher's present—on the mantel, while two lighted student lamps, likewise other wedding gitts, stood on the piano. The light from all these worked to illumine, and direct our glances the moment we entered the room toward Aunt Caroline's present, which hung directly opposite the door. It was an atrociously painted representation of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and looked as if it might have originated in a manufactory of "curiosities." Its true origin I never learned, although I had ample opportunity to study it.

But Eleonore could not at all times use the study as a sitting-room, especially when I had business callers. At such times the poor child would bravely conquer her aversion to the "Prodigals"—thus she designated both the bipeds and quadrupeds in the picture—and, with her back turned resolutely upon them, would sit in the drawing room until my visitors had departed. We have a large circle of acquaintances. Of course, they all called on us, and Eleonores and she always felt as if the "Prodigals" helped her to "do the honors." Indeed the picture seemed to receive the larger share of our visitor's attention. Some of Eleonore's more intimate friends asked her why she had hung such "very large pictures" in our small drawing-room. Some who considered it impolite to make such remarks, maintained a discreet silence; while those who thought it "good form" to talk about pictures, and to pretend a familiarity with art, would would enquire if "that large painting was the work of an American," or remark that it reminded them of something similar which they had seen at the Academy—or somewhere.

similar which they had seen at the Academy—or somewhere.

Then there were some who would observe that the same subject had been treated in many different ways—that it was very "instructive," and so on. There was still another class of art critics. It was conposed of those who knew nothing about pictures, but who were quite ready to admire anything the moment they found out that somebody else admired it.

Now, there was no one in our village who was as familar with good pictures as myself. When any of my neighbors want-

ed to buy a painting, or engraving, he first consulted me; consequently the fact that I had the "Prodigal Son" hanging on my wall was sufficient to convince even those of our friends who really thought the picturean abominable danb, that there must have the producting in it." and they exerted

comfort.
But I reckoned without my "Prodigals."
Although the picture gave us less annoyance in its present position, we covered it with gauze—on account of the flies.
It happened that the distinguished botanist. Dr. S.—, visited our town during the holidays.
There were no flies at that time. Our

class on the following Thuraday evening and take tea with us. The invitation was accepted.

I received my friend and his scholars in the drawing-room. I asked the little fellows all sorts of questions about their studies, and Eleonore showed them out photographs. At last came the welcome summons to tea, after which I invited the children into my study to see the pictures of the "Prodigal Son."

The lamps were placed in the most favorable positions. The youngsters ranged themselves in a row in front of the picture, I took my position on one side, my friend on the other. I cleared my throat, and began in a didactic tone:

"This picture, my dear children, is partly allegorical, partly realistic. These two rows of columns on either side of the centre divide the different eras of the parable. Here on the left you see the prodigal, hungry and wretched, sharing the swine's food—as the Scripture tells us. Here in the background you see them singing and dancing, rejoicing over the return of the prodigal. Here again on the right is the butcher in the act of killing the fatted calf."

While I delivered this highly instructive lecture my friend pointed with a ruler toward the designated objects.

The silence which followed my remarks was actually oppressive. At last one little fellow, Frank Diegel, the butcher's son, teeling that something ought to be said, stammeringly asked:

"Be them Berkshire pigs?"

The laughter which followed the general oppressiveness was wonderfully hearty, and, the clock striking nine soon afterward, Eleonore and I gave thanks for our release.

These are only a few of the many annoyances which Aunt Caroline's well-meant wedding present brought upon us.



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Fortunately, there were some very warm days in March—quite warm enough to bring back the flies in my study. Once I should have put an end to their premature existence, I did not do so now. I tetched the gauze veil and draped it securely over the prodigals. The next day Aunt Caroline called. Said I to her when she came into the study:

"Have you noticed, dear aunt, how very early the flies have made their appearance this spring?"

"Have you noticed, cear sum, aware, early the dies have made their appearance this spring?"

Aunt Caroline had not noticed
I should not be adhering strictly to the truth were I to say that we were not perfectly happy in our little home. We were—even though there was hardly a forenoon, atternoon, or evening that one of the Prodigals—either the son, one of his parents, the butcher or one of the swine—did not somehow mix in our conversation. It was not for this—though it helped somewhat—that, when summer brought my holiday, we were determined to spend it in the New Forest.

Those were enchanting days!

Eleonore embroidered, sketched, and read to her heart's content, while I wrote diligently at a new book I had beguin.

Thus we passed six delightful weeks with never a thought of the Prodigals, when one morning, Fate, in the person of the postman, brought me a newspaper.

"Are you Mr. Trubury, from Yonkers?" he inquired.
"I am."

he inquired.
"I am."
"Then here's something that may interest you," he added, pointing to a paragraph to the paper. I read:
"Two paper in Vonkers, a fire consumed the resistance in Vonkers, a fire consumed the Tophury.

Yesterday, in Yonkers, a fire consumed the resi dences of Miss Surrey and Mr. Felix Trubury The loss is partly covered by insurance.

The loss is partly covered by insurance.

I summoned my poor little wife, to whom I communicated as gently as possible our great loss.

We began at once to prepare for our return journey; and as our train would not leave until the afternoon, I wired a friend tor further particulars of the fire.

The answer came as we were leaving the hotel:

wery little saved.

As I concluded this rather depressing message, Eleonore clasped my hand in both her own, and whispered assuringly:

"We have each other, dear Felix, we shall not be poor—we have each other—and our love."

A tew hours later we were in Yonkers. As we drew near to the station, Eleonore leaned toward me and said, smiling through her tears:

ner tears:

"Felix, dear, we've one comfort."

"What is i, love?"

"We are riu of those detestable swine."

"That's so," I assented. "There is never a misfortune that has not some re-

compense."
I had sent word to a friend to meet us at the station. He had not come alone. There were several sympathetic acquaintances with him.

"It was so late," said my friend, refersing to the fire, "and so sudden. There was a furious wind—"

"But," interrupted another friend, "one thing will give you great pleasure."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Eleonore, expectable. "What, pray!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Eleonore, expectantly. "What, pray?"
"You have to thank Frank Diegel's courage for it. When all hope of saving the
house was gone, he and several of my Sunday scholars broke open the shutters of
your study window, and Frank bravely entered the burning dwelling and cut the
large painting from the frame. That was
the only thing saved."

Is it possible for any Chinaman, or even any Chinese woman, to become a deity by paying for the honor. A few years ago a rich and devout Chinese lady died in Socchoo. Her friends thought that an apothesis was no more than her due, and comminicated with the priests, who interviewed the gods on the subject, and discovered that the god of the lett little toenalihad no wife. The old lady was accordingly married to his godship, and is now enrolled as the "goddess of the lett little toenali." The honor cost the old lady's estate over five thousand dollars.

深盖

New Glasgow, Aug. 24, to the wife of Fred A. Bow man, a daughter.

er, Aug. 25, to the wife of Captain W. R. pewell Hill, Aug. 21, to the wife of Frederick Rogers, a daughter.

atreville, C. S. I., Aug. 14, to the wife of Captain and Mrs. Award L. Smith, a son.

East River, Aug 19, by Rev. C. Turner, Hugh D. Westfield, Aug. 11, Silas Domino, adopted William and Letitia Eisenhauer, 11. Easton, Aug. 17, by Rev. Isaiah Wallace, William Vaudreuil, P. Q., Aug. 23, Herbert, son of the Gayel to Laleah Mullen.

T. G. Ralston, of St. John N. B., 21.

John, Aug. 27, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Captain Avard Hall to Lucy Clark. Bear Island, N. B., Aug. 15, Gracie Viola, dau Of William and Merrilda Moore, 5 months.

E. Ford to Annie Crowson.

Suglas, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Elbridge C.

Dumphy to Jacobina Currie.

St. Ford to Annie Crowson.

St. Ford to Annie Crowson.

Ramad and Ossephine Marguerite, daughter, of Thomas and Maggie J. Sharkey, 9 months. Maple Ridge, Aug. 8, by Rev. J. H. Coy, Henry Billing to Munnie E. Blaney. Canning, Aug. 23, by Rev. E. Crowell, Levi Free-man to Maude A. Cummings.

John, Aug. 23, by Rev. Mr. Watts, S. L. Tilly Robinson to Agnes A. Lyons. ringfield, Aug. 14. by Rev. David Long, Albert McManus to Mary Piers.

tou Landing, Aug. 25, by Rev. A. Bowman, James S. Reid to Annie Scott. Campobello, Aug. 16, by the Rev W. H. Stree Frank Calder to Ella J. Patch. Idleton, Aug. 15, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Guilford R. Marshall to Hattie Slocumb.

R. Marshall to Hattle Slocumb.

Chipman, Aug. 21, by Rev. D. McD. Clark, Charles
H. McDougald to Emily Clarke.

Durham, Aug. 22, by Rev. E. Bell, Charles
Fairley to Miss S. F. Vanhorne.

Soldenville, N. S., Aug. 8, By Rev. Mr. John,
Lauchy Fraser to Lousia James. per Keswick, N. B., by Rev. P. O. Rees, Silas Morehouse to Mrs. Irene Chute.

Martins, Aug. 15, by Rev. A. K. DeBlois, Wil liam Davidson to Kate Handren. John, Aug. 27, by Rev. W. J. Holts, Benjamiz Hatfield to Margaret J. Leatham. Haineid to Margaret J. Leatham.

Wickham, Aug. 10, by Rev. O. N. Mott, Berkley R. Vail to Margaret E. Foster. Newcastie, Aug. 21, by Rev. W. Aitken, James Mc Cullam to Mrs. Margaret Murphy. Lakeville, N. S., Aug. 14, by Rev. W. J. Rut ledge, Ira Slocum to Lillie Corkum.

leage, 1rs siecum to Lilie Corkum.
Chipman, Aug. 15, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, William H. Keirstead to Grace L. Lloyd.
Fredericton, Aug. 22. by Rev. Mr. Tippett, Frederick W. Wisely to Laura A. Currie. Parrsboro, Aug. 21, by Rev. James Sharp, Joi James McKay to Elizabeth A. Parsens. James McKay to Elizabeth A. Farsons.
Clementaport, Aug. 22, by Rev James Strothard,
Charles B. Crowell to Sadle M. Vroom.
Breekfield, N. S., Aug. 23, by Rev. Charles McKay, Lewis Brenton to Mary F. Graham.
Port La Tour, Aug. 16, by Rev. Jabez Appleby,
Jacob T. Barry to Maggie E. F. Chandler.
Chipman, Ang. 22 by Rev. R. W. J. Clements,
Stephen A. McAllister to Mary E. McNeil.
Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 2, by Rev. J. W. MacMillan, Rafus B. Hoar to Elizabeth C. Dalzell.
Chicago, Aug. 12, by Rev. R. Goodwin, Ed.

cy, Aug. 20, John Fraser, 83.

DIED.

Janey, Aug. 29, John Fraser, 83.

Labina, Aug. 21, Thomas Evaus, 49.

Labina, Laug. 29, Thomas O'Brien, 69.

redericton, Aug. 28, Fréd Irvine, 17.

Ictou, Aug. 20, Philip Carroll, Sr., 74.

layside, Aug. 16, Grace McDonald, 54.

Illisboro, Aug. 22, Dawson Steeves, 86.

L Stephen, Aug. 27, William Vroom, 82.

Lellarton, Aug. 20, Donald McLeod, 86.

hubenacadie, Aug. 21, F. R. Parker, 94.

artmouth, Aug. 24, Henry Oldbright, 67.

reach Village, Aug. 23, Edward Kelly, 84.

7eymouth, Aug. 18, William E. Parker, 67.

L John, Aug. 22, Mrs. Madeline Michaud, 75.

L John, Aug. 23, Maggie McMinniman, 35.

L John. Aug. 23, Josephine L. Lane, 9 months.

George, Aug. 15, William J., son of James and Mary Doherty, 25. Halifax, Aug. 25, George, son of William J. and Florence Holley, 1. Halifax, Aug. 15, Odesas, daughter of the late Cot-nam Blackburn, 80.

St. John, Aug. 28. Thomas, son of Br late James Tole, 37. Windsor, Aug. 16, Katie, daughter of Charles W. and Annie Smith, 13.

New Glasgow, Aug. 11, Catherine, daughter late Robert Marshall. Fairville, Ang. 23, Louise, daughter of David and Sarah Taylor, 2 months. acksonville, Aug. 12, Guy, son of R. Chipman and Agnes Coes, 6 months.

Fairville, Aug. 25, Harold L., son of James A. and Lillie Moore, 4 months. Halifax, Aug. 24, James R. L., son of William and Eunice Graves, 5 months.

Tracacie, Aug. 16, of consumptio Thomas and Eliza Gerro, 18.

ort Maitland, N. S., Aug. 14, of paralysis, Mary, wife of William Durland, 69. St. John, Aug. 22, Maggie, daughter of Bridget and the late Michael McCafferty, 7. Yarmouth, Aug. 22, Alberts, daughter of Frank and Lizzie M. Cook, 9 month.

kyan to Eliza Husher.
St. John, Aug. 23, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, A. T.
Brooklyn, N. S., Aug. 29, Lauta J., daughter of R.
J. U. and Margaret J. Salter, 29.

Sex, Aug. 20, by Rev. James Gray, Edward
Burns to Mary holland.

Stanley, N. B., Mrs. Gilbert Pringle, daughte
Joseph Thorbrum, of St. John, N. B. Avaru Hain Diddy Carlon (1997)

Dorchester, Aug. 22, by Rev. G. E. Dawson, Horace

E. Ford to Annie Crowson.

New Glasgow, Aug. 23, Josephine, daughte
Ranald and Josephine McDonald, 4 months

oston, Mass., Aug. 17, Sarah C., daughter of Isabella and the late Edward Archibald, of Truro, N. S.

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BASS'S ALE. **GUINESS'S STOUT**

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tered on lessons and the seach week.

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and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a.
m., while navigation permits. Commencing June
20d. Steamer Olivette will leave St. John EVERY
SATURDAY at 6 p. m., for Hamptead and intermediate iandings and will leave Hamptead every
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rmation apply to C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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On and after Monday, June 25th, 1894, trains will rundaily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH —: Express daily at 5.10 s.

LEAVE TARMOUTH —: arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m.; Paasengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.46 s. m.; arrive at Annapolis needay and Friday at 11.45 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 6.10 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—m.; arrive at Yarmonth 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thurday and Saturday at 6.30 s.m.; arrive at Yarmonth 1.10 p. m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of CONNECTIONS—THOSE of Manapolis Bailway. At Digby with at m Monticello for St. John daily at Yarmouth yields assemes of Yarmouth Steam

J. BRIGNELL, General Superinter Intercolonial Railway

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Accommodation for Point du Chene.

Express for Halifax.

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WEAL ABERDE

> Days at t HALIFA

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Halifax. A upon Goreha helpless, and inmates of th died there now verging awaiting the world where as rich and p

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