

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

CHAPTER I.

If it had not been for Mrs. Van Bremen's vanity it wouldn't have happened at all; but it isn't the only instance on record where a woman's fondness for dress has put a man on the road to the penitentiary, and it will, probably, not be the last.

There were several reasons why Mrs. Van Bremen's natural weakness in this direction did not betray itself by an extravagant display of jewels, chief among which was that she did not own any gems, and Mr. Van Bremen's financial condition did not promise any immediate probability of any purchases in that line; but she did own a watch and chain, which was the particular pride of her heart, not only on account of the intrinsic value of the trinkets, but because of their having come into her possession at heirlooms.

There was some kind of superstition attached to the watch, because of the many perils and queer adventures through which it had passed, always turning up all right at last, but making matters somewhat unpleasant for its each successive owner in turn, if death itself was not invoked somehow by its spell; but Mrs. Van did not exactly remember that, and, besides, she was not a superstitious little body, anyhow.

It was a singular affair, and the uniqueness of its mechanism, and the perfection of its gems, made it a peculiar, and, at the same time, difficult attraction for the high-fingered gentry, because it would be so easy to be identified.

Mrs. Van did not trust herself to wear the watch exposed to view very often, and when she did it was in direct and open defiance of her husband's warnings. "Once you lose that, my dear, it's gone for good. You wouldn't stand half the chance of getting it back that you would an ordinary watch. No pickpocket's going to take the risk of putting that up in this country. Better keep it out of reach whenever you wear it, or you'll lose it, sure."

The peculiarity of the case of this timepiece was not only its queer shape when open, which was like a butterfly with its wings outspread, but, concealed by a hidden spring, inside the case was an emerald set with diamonds.

Of its history, which was an interesting one, nothing need be noted here, as it has nothing to do with this story. It was somewhere along in late September when Mr. Van Bremen was called away on business, which took him to Chicago and various other places along the road. He was for some time previous expecting to make this trip, but, not knowing precisely when he might start, had told Mrs. Van that she need not be surprised to find, at any time, on returning from a shopping tour, a note on her dressing-table telling her of his sudden departure for a week or two, and that, as his stop-over at the various places on his way would be so brief it would be almost impossible for any communication to overtake him without the delay of forwarding, which would make herself comfortable and that she'd best make herself comfortable and happy, and take things easy, while awaiting his return.

There were not many vacant seats in the car, which was an open one, when Mrs. Van hailed it from the wrong crossing, by frantically gesticulating, and imperiously commanding the motorman to stop. She took a seat pretty well towards the front, not much that her view might be less obstructed, as to display to other feminine eyes her new godet skirt and sterling silver belt-tuckle.

She wore her watch cunningly tucked into her corset pocket. Mr. Van being away she had decided upon paying Mrs. Higgleher a visit and perhaps stop to lunch, late. Van did not approve of Mrs. Higgleher, but this fact only added zest to the anticipated outing, and besides, there was no really good reason for such an ungenerous prejudice, any more than there was for him to forbid her to wear her watch upon the street and take some comfort with it.

band knowing anything about it,—but that would, be course, be impossible.

Mrs. Higgleher proved a friend in need; that is, she consoled with her all the morning and suggested a dozen different ways whereby the watch might be recovered, any one of which couldn't prove otherwise that successful, and which they would propose to Mrs. Higgleher when he returned home that evening to dinner, and he would at once set things moving in the right direction. Then she sought to distract her friend's mind from her grief by showing her all her newest gowns. After lunch they would go out driving.

The streets down town, they found, were full of excited readers of the bulletin boards on Newspaper Row, and newsboys were reaping a harvest from their latest editions.

The bulletin boards had startling announcements of the stabbing and robbery of a lady in the open street car in the broad daylight, with all the accounts, made more sensational by the illustrations of the whole affair.

The chief, so it seemed, was a professional crook; not only that, but a desperado of the worst type, but of most great relief appearance. New York felt great relief since the capture.

After striking the fatal blow, he had darted down a side street, but had been overtaken by the officers, one of whom had succeeded in telling him, by a terrific blow from his bill.

The assailant, after being captured, had been taken to the station-house, and the condition. It was not known, on going to the press, whether the property had been recovered or not, or whether it might have been given over to some pal by the criminal, as he was trying to make by con- cape, but the morning papers would con- tain the full particulars.

The woman stabbed had died almost instantly, and the body had been taken to the morgue to await identification.

Mrs. Van Bremen nearly fainted as she read these startling announcements, and listened to the blood curdling scraps of news rendered by the shouts of the news- boys, whose evening edition told "all boys" that Mrs. Higgleher bought a paper, much against Mr. Van's protestations, who shrank from reading the horrible particulars in regard to the "victim."

She had queer sensations, almost as if something of the kind was going to happen to her. There was something ominous and weird and horrible in these mistakes of the newspaper reporters—this talk about taking "the body to the morgue." She grew more and more terrified, and wished all kinds of things, chief among which was that her husband would come home—that she might fly to him, wherever he might be; that she had never owned such a thing as a watch, anyhow. Then, to make the matter worse, she thought her of the reputation that that watch had always had, and of the superstition attached to it.

The next morning's papers told of the hundreds who had visited the morgue to see the corpse, but how, in some mysterious way, it had been removed to the dead house, and of these facts dark and terrible conjectures.

It was hinted that there were many and startling truths which were, for the present repressed, but which would be given to the public later on. For these disclosures, the public, meanwhile, eagerly waited, and it is needless to say that the fourth day since the occurrence that has set all New York by the ears, and has proved such a boon to the newspapers. The followers of Esculapian are in a particularly good mood this morning, and a little inclined to be jovial in their attitude toward another day. Dr. Leland, a stout, florid-faced gentleman, with a bustling, business way about him, has put in an appearance rather early, and taken the students around on the usual tour through the wards.

The pit is a-fume! Don't you see it? Hell is raging! Don't you see it sweeping upon toward the million souls who stand upon its verge, reeling like drunkards? They will spring over into the everlasting fire! I must reach and save them! Let me go, I tell you! he shrieks, Then comes a heavy thud, and a terrible groan, "Lost, lost!" and the voice dies down to a moan.

"That's Burton again," says Arnold, turning toward Thurston, that his voice may be heard. He's no better today it seems. He can't hold out much longer."

"It's a pity. Religion seems to be the burden of his theme. Bright young fellow."

"Denied while to be waiting here for nothing," remarks Barrick, not interested in the delirious patient.

It isn't Barrick's nature to be interested in matters not directly concerning himself. Presently the office door opens, and Dr. Leland steps out and beckons to a messenger, who goes inside, and in his usual terse and business-like manner, informs the young gentleman that Ward 23 will not be visited today. That's all he says, and sends them back down stairs again to await his coming.

Something's up, of course. They feel out about it, but it'll do no good to ask questions of the Higgleher, my dear. They decide to take Barrick around to Ward 23, since he is a friend of the lady who has unwittingly been the means of bringing the criminal to bay. There has been a hasty summoning of physicians, and they also attend to the students, together with the patient's attorney.

Barrick is gone about half an hour. He was warned not to betray any emotion in the ward, no matter what might meet his gaze on being brought face to face with the patient and prisoner. He readily, and that no undue sympathy was likely to cause any breaking down on his part, which sarcastic assurance belies his appearance, however, when he is brought to the side of the cot and first sees the man lying there. Barrick falls back with an exclamation that surprises the doctors.

He doesn't often swear. When he comes down stairs the fellows way-lay him to get the particulars, but he never notices them at all. His expression is about as intelligible as that of the Sphinx. He rings for a cab to come at once, and when it rattles up he jumps into it, bangs the door to, and off he goes, leaving the rest of them whistling softly to themselves.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Van Bremen was all a-quiver. She never regarded the statement of her husband with all, with her customary seriousness and absorption of attention, but she did note a very white face, and her hands shook in a most inconvenient manner, so that she could hardly button her glove, while she sank down upon the nearest chair, and brandy, she half made up her mind to go right at all. They had sent for her to identify her stolen property.

The watch had been recovered, and a full confession made by the patient prisoner, who has expressed a desire to speak to her hand, but she has a strong, instinctive dread of meeting the criminal. She knows well that he might be frightened back to death, and besides, she can't imagine what he can be want with her.

It was Barrick who had come and told her that she must be prepared to be a little shocked nervously, but that she had better look in on the prisoner, as he evidently had no notion on his mind that he wanted to say, and, of course, it would be left with her in regard to his production.

"Now, don't let your tender feelings get the best of you just now, my dear. I say solemnly with such men at large! I say prosecute with all means!" and Mrs. Higgleher pours out the brandy for her friend with a hand quite as unsteady as Mrs. Van's in spite of such brave words.

Van's in spite of such brave words, she was, within a few moments, her eyes for the first time secret tears, but it would be such a disagreeable thing to prosecute a handsome man, especially if he should have pathetic eyes. "And those here often do have," she adds to herself. "Come my dear, the carriage is here," and she leads the way. Mrs. Van following.

and it is rather informal proceedings for a criminal one. Higgleher's usual guffaw, Van Bremen's jolly laugh are both rather modified to suit the occasion, but there is no end of fun going on.

"You see," remarks Van, as he reclines against his wife's shoulder, and is holding her hand as tightly as possible, as if to in her eyes the smiles and tears alternate, "you see I always told her her love for display would put some man on the road to the penitentiary, but I didn't think I was referring to myself. 'T was this way. You see, it was an impulse, and—"

"No penitentiary bird ever owns up to premeditation," puts in Higgleher, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Hold on, old fellow, don't be too sure of yourself. You can't tell where you may permit matrimony may drive a man!" answers Van, with a comic look of pathos on his face. "You know I had unexpected returned, and had just swung on this car going down as far as—"

"I've always heard it remarked," slowly replies Higgleher, taking out his cigar-case, and passing it tantalizingly to Van, "that the man who would play a practical joke would pick a pocket. An illustration, eh?" "Very," replies Van. "Are you for the prosecution?" he whispers mischievously to his wife, who boldly declares that the officer who dared to do such a mean thing as to assault a gentleman is not fit to be on the force, and that she'll never rest, never, until she sees that he gets his deserts.—Frances Higgins-Glenere.

CRUISING WITHOUT A CREW.

The remarkable travels of a schooner on the lonely ocean.

There are a few examples wherein the imagery of men's minds has in later years become realities. A marvelous instance is the case of the schooner Fannie E. Wolston. To a great many persons the fact that a vessel fully equipped and manned can successfully cross the ocean and weather terrific storms is a constant source of wonder.

The modern vessel represents everything that experience and ingenuity can devise that will make it able to cope with any of the dangers that can be foreseen. We are horror-stricken when we hear of such disasters as the Elbe, Colina, and Reina Regente. These vessels are comparatively modern, and were supposed to be able to cope with any of the dangers that threaten them; at least they were supposed to be able to float long enough to allow the persons they carried to seek some safe refuge.

The other extreme is now presented to us by the hydrographic office. A wooden three-masted schooner called the Fannie E. Wolston encountered a terrific hurricane, and becoming water-logged, her crew took to the boats and abandoned the vessel off Cape Hatteras, Oct. 15, 1891.

This vessel, storm-raked and abandoned by man, began the most remarkable voyage of which there is any record. For over three years she journeyed, across the Atlantic Ocean, surviving each gale, in which many stanch vessels manned by skillful men went to the bottom. Like a ghost of a vessel which the elements refused to receive, she was forced to wander over vast expanses of water, seeking a final resting-place, her hull partly submerged, her masts broken, with the pieces of broken rigging and remnants of sails flapping with every roll and swaying at each puff of wind. Nobody at the wheel to keep it steady, it revolved with diabolical creaking, and as a fitting accompaniment the ship's bell tolled with every roll. As one swiftly passed this derelict, it was difficult to keep from wondering if there was not some poor fellow-behind, weak for want of food or water, or dispirited from frequent disappointments, crouching, weak, discouraged, and helpless, behind some shelter, little knowing that help is near at hand.

The Wolston was sighted and reported by forty-four vessels in the three years of her wanderings, and many other vessels observed her without seeing her, or failed to report her. Many passed her during the night and failed to see her. From Hatteras the Wolston travelled to the eastward to about 49 degrees west of Greenwich, taking almost eight months to make the journey. From this point she started back to the United States, but changed her mind and took what is known as the Southern passage; this occupied nine months before she fairly began her western voyage. This voyage was accomplished in nine months more, when we find her off the coast of Florida. After spending the winter months in this vicinity, she started for more northerly latitudes, arriving off Hatteras in June, 1894.

From this point she endeavored to cross the Atlantic once more, seeking to do this by using the Southern passage, but on arriving in latitude 30 degrees north she started for the Northern passage. This change must have been a serious mistake

for on Oct. 21, 1894, she was seen for the last time, and there can be small doubt that she has sought and found her last resting place.

After she was abandoned it is known that the Wolston was afloat for three years and six days. The distance which she travelled in that time can only be conjectured—that is, by locating the places at which she was reported as having been spoken, and connecting these with straight lines, and measuring those lines, which make the enormous total of 9,156 miles. This amount could be doubled, even trebled and yet be within reasonable possibilities. For when the reports have been within a few days of each other, it is seen that she constantly doubled on her track, and it cannot be supposed that she traveled from one position to another by the nearest route.

Although derelicts are a constant source of danger to other vessels, yet their journeys are useful in determining the sea direction, and velocity of the currents in the ocean.—Harper's Weekly.

LABORERS ON LOVE.

I see that the Daily Telegraph has inaugurated a discussion in its columns as to the "Proper Age for Love," and much that is silly has been addressed to that journal. The first thing to decide would, I should imagine, be, what love is. If that sort of infatuation be meant which occasionally gets the better of a sane human being, and leads him or her, as the case may be, to gush, and pine, and mope, there is no age proper for it. If, on the other hand, is meant a certain feeling of affection felt by one person for another of the opposite sex, any age between 20 and 40 is proper for it. For the follies of love, poets and novelists are to blame. The former exalt it as something pleasurable beyond belief; the latter too often make their tales turn upon two silly persons insisting on marrying against all practical sense. And this fillety or jolly is put forward as the noblest of virtues. Love may settle down into a reasonable attachment, but as a rule it is a mere temporary sensation. People meet each other, and after a slight acquaintance feel that they cannot live apart. In nine cases out of ten they eventually find that they get on apart excellently. Even friendship is a mode of a habit than anything else.—London Truth.

TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt has been elected a trustee of the British Museum. The museum is governed by a board of fifty members, only fifteen of whom are elective. Nine called family trustees, are hereditary; one, the royal trustee, is nominated by the crown; and twenty-five are official trustees. These thirty-five fill fifteen other places, as vacancies occur, by election for life.

COST OF JEWISH CONVERSIONS.

Jewish conversions come high in England. It took \$178,000 out of \$212,000 contributed to the London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews to meet the annual expenses of last year. The result was six baptisms—one adult and five children—and thirteen confirmations.

HIGH POINT IN BRITAIN.

Naseby, in Northamptonshire, celebrated for the decisive battle fought there, is supposed to be the highest ground in England. Thirty-nine parish churches may be seen from one station. Albany, north of Argyle is the highest part of Scotland.

BORN.

- Hallax, Sept. 23, to the wife of W. T. Edwards, a son.
Lunenburg, Sept. 22, to the wife of Dr. Mack, a son.
Haltax, Sept. 24, to the wife of Wm. S. Thomson, a son.
Kentville, Sept. 18, to the wife of Donald Chisholm, a son.
Walton, Sept. 23, to the wife of Robert J. Fogar, a daughter.
Richibucto, Sept. 19, to the wife of A. Dixon, a daughter.
Berrington, Sept. 12, to the wife of Benjamin Patterson, a son.
Arcadia, Sept. 17, to the wife of Andrew M. Piman, a daughter.
Beaver Brook, Sept. 21, to the wife of James Smith, a daughter.
Haltax, Sept. 20, to the wife of W. C. Mumford, a daughter.
Hopwell Cape, Sept. 28, to the wife of W. O. Wright, a son.
Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 13, to the wife of W. A. Ferry, a son.
Hantsport, Sept. 12, to the wife of Rev. Wm. Phillips, a daughter.
East Pubnico, Sept. 13, to the wife of Judson Herbert, a daughter.
East Florenceville, Sept. 28, to the wife of John B. Tompkins, a son.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23, to the wife of William Manly, a daughter.
Linden, U. S., Sept. 20, to the wife of Horatio Atkinson, a daughter.
Tenyscape Mines, Sept. 22, to the wife of Alphonso Brown, a daughter.
Kouchibouguac, Sept. 19, to the wife of Geo. W. Maynard, a daughter.
Boston, Mass., Sept. 14, to the wife of Whitely Hades of N. S., a son.
Storrey, Albert Co., Sept. 23, to the wife of Adelbert Cameron, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Newton's Mills, Sept. 18, Alexander C. Pratt to Mary A. McCool.
Moncton, Sept. 25, J. S. Finckett to Mona, daughter of T. V. Cooke.
Haltax, Sept. 26, by Rev. J. F. Duxton, Eversard Clark to Jane Bland.
Springhill, Sept. 18, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Seymour Dobson to Alm Scott.
Osho, N. S., Sept. 28, by Rev. T. Bishop, Alex. McMillan to Alice Cooke.
Avaldsen, Sept. 26, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Andrew Cook to Edith Wheeler.
Yarmouth, Sept. 21, by Rev. Wm. Brown, James Johnson to Florrie King.
Parroboro, Sept. 9, by Rev. E. Howe, James Marston to Elizabeth Brown.
Trenton, Sept. 24, by Rev. Dr. Harts, William Stevens to Lizzie Bowers.
Westville, Sept. 11, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Atherton Rogers to Candie McKee.
Haltax, Sept. 26, by Rev. Mr. Lemelin, William G. Lows to Annie Jackson.
Pictou, Sept. 26, by Rev. H. E. Grant, Frederick Strickland to Sadie Swickard.
Haltax, Sept. 26, by Rev. F. E. Wright, Thomas Blackman to Victoria Myers.
Trenton, Sept. 16, by Rev. A. Bowman, Richard Hudson to Mary Sutherland.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

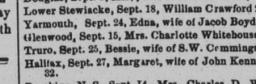
HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

- Rogers Hill, 8 pt. 29, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Robert Murray to Janet Jardine.
Moncton, Sept. 24, by Rev. Wm. Brown, Edgmont MacFarlane to Jessie Allanach.
Yarmouth, Sept. 21, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Thomas D. Haselton to Annie L. Smith.
Northampton, Sept. 25, by Rev. F. L. Williams, Berna A. Galt to Ethel Rogers.
St. Stephen, Sept. 24, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Henry Osborne Garvey to Nellie F. Wood.
Westville, Sept. 11, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, William E. Murray to Melissa McKenna.
Trenton, Sept. 18, by Rev. E. B. Layton, Charles Wadsworth to Louisa Dunsen.
Kouchibouguac, Sept. 21, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Frank G. Graham to Aggie Ford.
Springhill, Sept. 24, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Charles H. Atkinson to Annie M. Tower.
Ford's Mills, Sept. 18, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Frank G. Graham to Aggie Ford.
Dunsmuir, Sept. 24, by Rev. Mr. Cornwall, Herbert McTear to Mary Steeves.
Deer Island, Sept. 18, by Rev. Mr. Wason, J. Walker Moore to Mildred Maxwell.
Charlottetown, Sept. 25, by Rev. T. F. Fullerton, Frank Dickie to Blanche McDougall.
Acorn, N. B., Sept. 4, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Thomas A. Thompson to Sarah Hood.
St. Stephen, Sept. 11, by Rev. A. McKenna, Horace Sanford Newell to Maggie M. Orr.
Cumberland Bay, Sept. 16, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Charles G. Hays to Edith Hill.
Hwy Station, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William H. Hunter to Maggie L. Herbert.
Fisher's Grant, Sept. 24, by Rev. Andrew Rogers, Harry B. Redpath to Agnes Amelia Christie.
Yarmouth, Sept. 23, by Rev. T. W. Scott, Capt. James Miller, G. A., to Ida Mary Jones, G. A.
Georgetown, P. E. I., Sept. 13, by Rev. T. E. Wollard, James T. Shields to Alice M. Mayo.
Waterville, Me., Sept. 24, by Rev. Wm. H. Spencer, William G. Haver, of St. John to Della H. Grant.
Haltax, Sept. 28, by Right Rev. Bishop Conroy, Rev. Charles G. Abbott to Catherine Jane Pajant.

DIED.

- DeBart, Sept. 6, Harry Wilson, 19.
Brooklyn, Sept. 14, Lewis N. Ives.
Milltown, Sept. Hugh McGovern, 53.
Haltax, Sept. 28, Harry Flanagan, 60.
St. John, Sept. 24, Joseph Morris, 24.
Hantsport, Sept. 11, Daniel Coyle, 73.
Riverton, Sept. 19, Christian Grant, 34.
Hopewell, Sept. 21, Maggie C. Sullivan.
Wallace, Sept. 5, Douglas H. Rankin, 56.
St. Mary's, Sept. 28, George H. Nowlan, 41.
Tower Hill, Sept. 23, Omer S. Logan, 19.
Petes, Sept. 14, Mrs. Esther Holmes, 45.
Leticia, Sept. 18, Mrs. Jane B. Hogg, 77.
Massawa, Sept. 9, Wilbert Morrison, 44.
Yarmouth, Sept. 16, Richard Churchill, 59.
St. Martin's, Sept. 10, Samuel W. McLeod.
St. John, Sept. 23, Thomas H. Lyvers, 61.
Upper Stewiacke, Sept. 20, Alice Logan, 29.
New Glasgow, Sept. 23, Isaac Marshall, 55.
South Maliland, Sept. 16, Daniel Doyle, 53.
Trenton, Sept. 1, Alexander Fraser Smith, 27.
Westville, Sept. 19, Thomas Quigley, 67.
North Sydney, Sept. 22, Mary Conway, 64.
Yarmouth, Sept. 24, George Churchill, 79.
Temple, Sept. 22, Mrs. Charles Hagerman, 69.
Oak Hill, Sept. 16, Robert W. Cramming, 80.
Tresport, N. S., Sept. 20, Mrs. Alfred Thurber.
Mac's Bay, Sept. 16, William Mahewney, 70.
Yarmouth, Sept. 20, Mrs. Alice Richardson, 42.
Plympton, N. S., Sept. 16, Lewis McDonald, 70.
Windsor, Sept. 23, Rev. John Owen Rankin, 56.
Hawkeby, N. S., Sept. 15, George H. Nowlan, 41.
Douglas, Sept. 2, Amy, wife of William Carle, 72.
Lower Stewiacke, Sept. 18, William Crawford, 25.
Yarmouth, Sept. 24, Edna, wife of Jacob Boyd, 52.
Haltax, Sept. 15, Mrs. Charlotte Whitehouse, 76.
Trenton, Sept. 20, Beatrice, wife of W. Cramming, 30.
Haltax, Sept. 27, Margaret, wife of John Kennedy, 32.
Brooklyn, N. S., Sept. 14, Mrs. Charles D. Weil.
St. John, Sept. 20, Mary, wife of George Maloney, 52.
Mid River, Sept. 18, Mrs. Marion Blair Fraser, 44.
Yarmouth, Sept. 24, Lorna, wife of Alfred G. Lorrey, 49.
Rockland, Sept. 16, Eliza, wife of E. Perry Dickinson, 48.
Dartmouth, Sept. 23, Mary, widow of Maurice Downey, 70.
Colchester, Sept. 14, Hannah, wife of Stephen Hamming, 70.
Ottawa, Sept. 21, Jennie, daughter of Rev. William McInnis, 21.
Barnes River, Sept. 16, Catherine, wife of F. McKenna, 73.
Riverton, Sept. 19, Anna, daughter of the late Thomas Grant.
Haltax, Sept. 20, Anne Cox, wife of Alex. Fraser of Glenagay, 59.
Five Mile River, Sept. 16, Violette, child of Arthur and Kate Bay.
Haltax, Sept. 12, Neal, son of W. E. and Sarah Farrel, 8 months.
Marguodoh Harbour, Sept. 24, Susanna, widow of John Stainer, 77.
Yarmouth, Sept. 22, Margaret, wife of the late Jacob Hill, 69.
Corwallis, Sept. 19, the infant son of George H. Barnaby, 5 months.
Oak Bay, Sept. 17, Harvey Mylin, child of George and Mrs. Booth, 5 days.
Summersfield, Sept. 15, Janie, second daughter of Marshall and Elsie Smith.
Newport, Sept. 23, Francis May, infant daughter of Laura and Charles McClure.
Ellisville, N. S., Sept. 25, Helen M., youngest child of Robert and Annie Cameron.
Boston, Sept. 20, Beatrice Parkes, only daughter of Alex. and Beattie Forbes, 19.
Beaufort, Sept. 18, Elizabeth F., daughter of Robert and Florence Lee, 2 months.

SMOKE PRESENT TOBACCO



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