

SECRET OF THE VASE.

Before people had even time to ask who were the Claverings and where did they come from, the Clavering Vase had captured the town, and then inquiries were of the question, since he who asked argued himself unknown. Everybody who was any one straightway knew that the Claverings had come to town from "the East"—convenient source of mysteries—and that they occupied a great mansion up by the park; that Reginald Clavering, the father, was a capitalist; with every letter thereof a capitalist; that Mrs. Reginald Clavering, the mother, was a philanthropist adept at organizing, second with traits and capable of advising and admonishing sisters in humble walks of life as if she had once been a lea-ale herself; that Augustine Clavering, the daughter, that summer at the mountains had refused a proffered alliance with Baron de Kakiyak, notwithstanding his accent, his oil and his dubious fragrance, and that Lionel Clavering, the son, being fully inch and three-quarters across the chest, and abnormal without a cigarette, was a prominent member of "The Samson Athletic Club."

Of course, everybody knew these elements, any facts as well as the numbers of ciphers in old Clavering's pile and the net cash price of Mrs. Clavering's diamonds; yet it had been reference by the society papers to the "Clavering Vase" which had rendered such public information interesting enough to the public. Then had followed a general curiosity to hear the tradition of this unique pottery, which brought full meetings to the boards that Reginald Clavering frequented, which caused "The Half Hours with the Progress" that Mrs. Reginald Clavering led to become scant ten minutes, which gave Miss Augustine Clavering an opportunity to enumerate the title through the aid of an incredible number of "R's" and "Z's" and which even made Mr. Lionel Clavering attempt to recollect between puffs. How ro-mantic it was; how grand to possess such an heirloom! Really the town must have a chance to inspect it! Would not dear Mr. Clavering permit its exhibition at the annual "Dorcas Sale"? Yes, dear Mr. Clavering would.

So the vase was exhibited under a glass case at the "Dorcas Sale," and com-mis-sioners displayed their cunning in surmises as to its origin. "Palissy ware," said one. "Nonsense," retorted another; "a perfect type of the first work at Minocora." "Etruscan," suggested a third; but when the fourth asserted "Cypric," the discussion ended since under that comprehensive head the potsheds of the universe might be gathered. Then there was the inscription on the base of the vase: people spilled it out and committed it to memory, and went away feeling that they had gained in social stature. And this was the reading of it:

Live, Clavering, beget and thrive
Walt ye Claverings, Vase survive.
Now this was the tale of the Vase which society papers and friends and acquaintances had spread abroad: In the days of the Tudors the Claverings were a wealthy family of rank in the West of England. Even then the Vase had been handed down from father to son as an heirloom essential to their prosperity. The vase, however, was known to have been changed at various epochs so as to keep the inscription within the vernacular. As for the gem itself, if it had not come over with William the Conqueror, it was only because it was there already, awaiting the arrival of that whole sale importer of nobility. In the early days of the Stuarts the family had been represented by two brothers who, unfortunately, differed in religious faith, the younger being firm in allegiance to the Church as constituted authorities saw fit to constitute it, the elder maintaining his right to worship in accordance with certain simple principles which he held in common with a sect called "the Unitarians."

This truly noble man then had renounced his titles, his estates, and, taking "the luck of the Claverings" with him, had embarked with his wife and children on the Mayflower. That the Vase had survived the tossings, and especially the crowding of that tiny craft was proof irrefragable of its integrity, the family had thrived and thrived until its present full bloom had been attained.

This story having been printed and re-printed and told and retold, until its echoes had been deadened by the din of something new, it followed that all makers of "Elite Directories" for the town, put down the Claverings first, and then passed to consider. Reginald, the father, became the protoplasm of business enterprises. Mrs. Reginald, the mother, the mustard seed of ethical growth; Lionel, the son, the god-father of a cigarette and the patron saint of a cocktail; and Augustine, the daughter, the principal prize in an extraordinary drawing of the matrimonial lottery.

So when Dolly Cepher announced to her father, Adolphus Cepher, retired for his father's health, he desired her hand, as a not unnatural consequence, the old man regarded his son with compunction.

"Really," he said, "you are not the fool I knew you were. You couldn't have done better if you had tried. I congratulate you, my boy. Youth, and beauty, and wealth and station! She's the only girl, isn't she?"

"Yes," replied Dolly, quite clearly for him. "That is, she has no younger sister, Bessie, you know, who spends most of the time with an aunt in the East."

"Ah! muttered old Adolphus, who, having nothing to do, was quite energetic in doing it. That looks suspicious. I must inquire into it. Likely they are ashamed of her."

Now, the only possible reason why the Claverings could have been ashamed of Bessie was that she was not quite up to the family standpoint of self-importance. She sometimes thought, she sometimes wondered, she sometimes doubted. Hence, since Miss Griselda Clavering of Arny was alone and more than willing it seemed judicious that she should visit there, at least until Augustine should become an elegant Ruth to Dolly Cepher's unworthy and obsequious Boaz.

And yet to one who had never met the Claverings Bessie was far from humble. She was still begirt by the penumbra of the ancestral haughtiness. Too apt was she too regard the world from a pinnacle of exclusiveness; too prone to express views regarding common people which a celestial might have deemed uncharitable. Yet her eyes were so kindly, her lips so sweet, that involuntarily they argued against her speech and carried the day.

There was a young schoolmaster in the

village, who in those days rather irritated Bessie by his manner; it was perfect in its simple and unobtrusive dignity—too perfect for a mere schoolmaster!

"But my dear," her aunt would protest, how does he offend you?"

"Offend me! Of course not. But why does he ape the gentleman?" And then, thick of his name—Erastus Stubbs!

But one afternoon Miss Bessie, when driving out in the pony cart, met with an adventure. On the brow of a steep hill the vicious little horse got a bit between his teeth and dashed down like one of that possessed herd that sought the sea. Bessie clung to the reins, and in terror must cling to something; but her strength barely sufficed for their upholding. At the foot of the hill there ran a brook, spanned by a crooked bridge. The bank was high on either side, and the water ran dark and rapid and deep.

There was a man sitting under the trees below the bridge fishing; a fine-looking, stalwart young man, who, when he heard the rumble and tear of the approach, sprang to his feet and over the fence and out into the roadway, seized the curb with a grasp of iron, forcing the pony back on his haunches, not twenty feet from the embankment. And then, wonder upon wonder, this truly providential young man turned the cart around, a difficult task even under the favorable circumstances of an open field, and saying, "I suppose you wish to go home, Miss Clavering," jumped in, and drove soberly up hill, and repeated, oh, so kindly, in its frequency, "Never mind, it is all over now," and when he saw the tears coming down the pallid cheeks he threw the reins between his knees and wiped them away.

"I do think, aunt," declared Bessie, that Stubbs is just a lovely name. It is so manly. And this was the beginning of it, and one lovely autumn evening when Bessie with the schoolmaster walked slowly, with arms entwined, and he told of his dreams and hopes and far-away prospects, how he was studying mightily at the law, how before winter he would seek his fortune in the city, and how that fortune meant rapture, and that rapture meant her; this, then, was the ending, the ending; yet what a bright and hopeful beginning, too!

And the lovers were so happy together; their joy was so single, their ambitions so limited. In that quiet village they could always hear the call of birds and the murmur of the brook, but over the mountains and the meadows never came the din of feverish, artificial life. They were alone, as if in Eden, and from the grandeur of simplicity and tranquility there came to them both and especially to Bessie, a share in nature's wisdom.

And so one day this young girl stood flushed and indignant before her Aunt Griselda. "I hate wealth and position and all that," she said, "and, above all, I hate the Claverings' Vase!" This outburst was a letter which Bessie held tightly clenched in her hand. This letter was from her mother, Mrs. Reginald Clavering, and was couched in that matron's most masterly forensic style. The family had been moved by a prospective sharer in its consequence namely, Mr. Adolphus Cepher, Sr., that Bessie was so unimpaired of what was due her station in life as to intimately associate with a person accurately designated by the impossible name of "Stubbs." Since it had come to pass that a child of the house had thus proved recreant to the obligation of the Vase, only one course remained. Let Bessie return at once to the roof, and, if possible, derive from her sister Augustine and her brother Lionel a portion of the lofty ancestral spirit which animated them.

"Oh, aunt," exclaimed Bessie, "didn't you hate that old Vase when you were a girl? I'm sure you did."

Aunt Griselda smiled curiously. "My day was before the days of the Vase," she replied.

"Why, auntie, aren't you ashamed to make yourself older than the hills? Why, Richard Coeur de Lion was nothing to that Vase."

"Yes, and that Vase was nothing to Richard Coeur de Lion. Listen, my child; these cases vary so much that I may now tell you something that will prove serviceable to your love. When I was a young girl the Claverings were poor country people—poor, but honest, remember; there's nothing to be ashamed of. Did you never hear of your Uncle Charles?"

"No? Well, perhaps your father would not speak of him. He was a very erratic young man, so nearly allied to genius as to be thought mentally deranged by some folks. There was nothing he couldn't make, from a steam engine to a Vase. But he lacked balance, and frittered away his time and opportunity by a thousand mad pranks and practical jokes. Now, your father was vastly different—a shrewd, practical man, intent on riches. And he succeeded; he gained great wealth through an enterprise perfectly legitimate, perfectly honorable, but of which he grew ashamed."

"Your mother, my dear, was ambitious; she realized her own powers and she determined that they should be untrammelled by prejudice. Some of the family thought her purse-proud and haughty; pardon me, but success always stirs up such feelings in families. It was then that your Uncle Charles produced the vase; where he got it from I don't know, but more elaborate things were made in his workshop. He said it was wholly serious to your father, who, as head of the family, claimed the heirloom, and has ever since thoroughly believed in it. It is so very, my dear, for people to believe in a mock-serious thing; half the gauds in the world are mere trash. He asserted its genuineness and no one dared to contradict him. He moved away, and your Uncle Charles died, and now no one remains that knows the truth of it except a poor old woman that doesn't count. Remember this, there is some joke concealed within that Vase; your uncle was ingenious, and hid a meaning in everything he did. I fear it should be broken your father's pride would in some way be shattered."

"You are not a poor old woman," asserted Bessie. "And you do count upon everybody. I'll remember this story; perhaps it may help me in the struggle I shall surely have. But oh! I love you so dearly for having taught me the value of 'kind hearts' and simple faith."

So Bessie returned to the city and was frowned on by her father and glared at by her mother, and disdained by her sister and puffed at by her brother. Daily she

was led before the Vase to recant; daily its story was reiterated for the stirring of her pride. But Bessie was strong and endured with patience, awaiting the winter, when, so cool, so resourceful, would come all would be right.

One cold bright afternoon there was a conformation in the great mansion of the Claverings. The recalcitrant Bessie had returned from a walk, bringing a young man with her. They were together in the parlor, and it was feared that his name was Erastus Stubbs!

"I'll kick him off the front stoop," growled Reginald, the father, who was irascible and red-faced.

"No," advised Mrs. Reginald, "that won't do; we want a determination, not an impression. He must be forced to comprehend the impossibility of his ambition. It is an affair for the entire family. Let us and all present ourselves before him, and through the moral weight of our presence, backed by the inherent virtues of our Vase, crush out his audacity forever."

It was a sublime sight, truly, that confronted Erastus Stubbs as he sprang to his feet on the entrance of the family. No wonder that he felt Bessie's little hand tremble against his arm; no wonder that that arm involuntarily responded! There was Reginald himself waddling pompously as he held the Vase aloft; there was his august spouse mouthing recondite anathemas; there was Miss Augustine, as contemptuous as when she had lopped the scion of the de Kakiyaks a rival and branch, with Dolly Cepher's trivial attachment to her girde; there was Mr. Lionel, tardily expelling the last sweet whiff of a cigarette he had been inhaling in the smoking-room.

"Hence!" ejaculated Mrs. Reginald Clavering in tones that tried her bodice. "Hence, upstart! you can have no part or portion in our exclusiveness. The sons of the Ages and the Aureole surround the Vase; hence, hence! And the base of the father, the contralto of the daughter, the falsetto of the lover and the squeak of the son re-echoed "Hence!"

"Oh, pa, cried Bessie, springing forward impetuously; "don't be cruel! I love him! He is a fine fellow, and I know that this family exclusiveness is utter nonsense. Aunt Griselda told me so."

Alas for the young girl's excited grasp; alas for that paternal arm shaken by such sacrilegious words! A gasp of despair like a sea wave fell on the family banes, as the vase fell to the floor and shattered into a myriad atoms.

For a moment there was silence, there was rigidity. Then Erastus Stubbs stepped forward, and from the ruins picked a loided yellow sheet. As he examined its glowing being, and Reginald Clavering turned livid; Mrs. Reginald Clavering's bodice experienced a tidal wave of dismay; the lovers exchanged glances of wonderment; but Mr. Lionel, having no expression, remained expressionless.

Erastus Stubbs read aloud from the scroll with a schoolmaster's clear enunciation: "Use Reggie Clavering's world-renowned ointment: good for man and beast! It's the rubbing that does the business." He paused impressively, and then with a gracious deferential manner said: "Mr. Clavering, I have the honor to ask your daughter Bessie's hand in marriage."

Erastus Stubbs request was granted; not by "Reggie," who was speechless, but by the respective mothers, who readily saw the necessity of keeping such a secret within the family. And so an orthodox blessing, which really should have dated from Edward the Confessor, but for the untimely breakage, was brought forward and conferred on the happy pair.

Care of Cuts and Wounds.

A medical paper commits itself to the statement that many lives are lost each year in consequence of the lack of a little common sense respecting simple cuts or wounds on the hands or other parts. Several cases have been recorded in requests relating to persons who have died from blood poisoning arising from small cuts on the hands. The history in all of these cases varies but little, and is practically the same. A man, for example, while working at his trade, or even while carrying out the simple detail of cutting a piece of bread, receives a small cut on the hand. The injury is so trivial that anything considered good enough with which to stop the bleed, and he is not having been attended no more is thought of it. The small wound is left to take care of itself, and is exposed to all sorts of filthiness and sources of infection. By good luck nothing may happen; but the public will do well to bear in mind that from the most trivial injury to the skin acute septicemia may supervene, and may rapidly be followed by a fatal termination.

By thorough attention to cleanliness the forward consequences of a wound liable to become septic may be effectually prevented. On the other hand, when the septicemic attack has declared itself, as a rule little can be done by the surgeon to stem the virulence which it develops. It should therefore, be borne in mind, that so long as wounds, however small, remain unhealed, the risk of contracting blood poisoning will always be present.

She Was a Queer Woman.

The story of Mrs. Maria Benesley is as romantic as any of the traditions of the middle ages. She was the wife of John Benesley, once a financial power in San Francisco. He failed and ran away, after hiding his property to escape his creditors, but she remained. After several transfers he got hold of the property, and, in turn, disposed of it to his creditors. Mrs. Benesley, of course, when Mrs. Benesley wanted to do anything with the property, "Mrs. de Tarente" was always quite willing. She soon became a widow, but was still placed in many trying situations because of the creditors. She was dining at a hotel when a messenger was brought to her. She read it and faintly. As she felt the floor with a clasp. She was thin of body, but the people who lifted her found her wonderfully heavy, a fact which was explained when it was found that under her dress she wore a coat of mail, steel linked and bullet proof. It is believed that she wore this armor till she died from heart disease. She traced her pedigree back to noble families that never existed, and based her pride on titles that were never bestowed. She had few friends and many enemies, and was altogether a most remarkable figure.

AND THE HAT CAME BACK.

A Discarded Title Which the Owner Was Finally Compelled to Wear.

Captain Kay, of the British navy, was at anchor in Aden harbor once after three years in the East Indies, says the Youth's Companion. Being now on his way home he began to clear out his cabin. Among his traps was a hat-case, which, being opened, disclosed a "title" which had once been new and fashionable, but was now much eaten and out of date. Inside of it, in indelible ink, was printed its owner's name. The captain glanced at it and said to his servant: "Throw it overboard." Overboard it went. Soon afterward one of the crew of a boat from the flagship, coming from the shore, espied the hat floating in the water, picked it up, read the name inside and carried it to the commander of his ship, who in turn sent it to Captain Kay with his compliments, supposing it to have fallen overboard. "Hang the hat!" said Captain Kay, and he chuckled it overboard again, adding: "Tell your commander I'm very much obliged to him."

Two hours afterward the hat again reappeared, this time with Captain N—'s compliments. Captain N— was the commander of an American war ship lying further down the harbor and the hat had been picked up by one of his boats. Captain N— had dried it carefully and then sent it to his officer.

"Tell Captain N— I am greatly obliged to him," said Captain Kay, and the American officer departed.

"Confound the hat!" said Captain Kay. "I shall have to ask N— to dinner. Here, bring me a lump of coal or something else that is heavy."

The hat was taken down the accommodation ladder, carefully allowed to tilt with water and watched till it sank.

"That's the last of that," said Captain Kay.

Two days later a parcel arrived addressed to "Captain Kay H. M. S. S. S.—" with 11 rupees 8 annas to pay. The money was paid, the parcel opened, and behold! here once more was the discarded hat, looking more disreputable than ever.

With it was a very civil note from the Aden superintendent of police. A diving boy, he explained, had brought up the hat. The superintendent had found the owner's name inside. He had taken for granted that Captain Kay would wish the boy's honesty rewarded and so had taken the liberty to give him a rupee. He hoped his action would meet with approval. The police station fees were 1 rupee, with boat hire, 12 rupees 8 annas. Captain Kay paid these different charges; then he ordered a big fire lighted in the stove hole, and, after jumping on the hat he ordered it pushed into the hottest part of the furnace. He watched it burn, and even as it crumbled into ashes the inscription, "Captain Kay, R. N.," was still visible.

BORN.

Dieby, April 2, to the wife of W. L. Erb, a son.
Hallifax, April 2, to the wife of George Grant, a son.
Salsbury, April 3, to the wife of W. B. Henry, a son.
Truro, April 1, to the wife of Ross Cummings, a son.
Truro, March 30, to the wife of Stuart Fraser, a son.
Charlottetown, April 3, to the wife of L. L. Deer, a son.
Smithtown, April 2, to the wife of A. Robertson, a son.
Hallifax, April 3, to the wife of William Prescott, a daughter.
St. John, April 3, to the wife of C. F. Stubbs, a daughter.
St. Andrews, April 1, to the wife of G. K. Green, a son.
Monterville, March 29, to the wife of Rupert Casey, a daughter.
Martock, N. S., March 29, to the wife of Richard Crook, a son.
Dartmouth, April 3, to the wife of H. R. Longwell, a son.
Martock, N. S., March 29, to the wife of Winburn Saunders, a son.
Grand Manan, March 29, to the wife of Alvin Shepard, a daughter.
Charlottetown, March 29, to the wife of Rev. W. Hamlyn, a daughter.
New Glasgow, N. S., March 31, to the wife of Fred Woodworth, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Preston, March 26, by Rev. F. Dixon, John Grant to Eliza Beale.
Lake George, N. B., April 4, Thomas H. McLearn to Maggie Kelly.
Carleton Place, Rev. J. Seiler, John A. Ward to Sadie Burdick.
Petrolia, N. B., March 22, Daniel Armstrong to Mrs. Mary Campbell.
Hallifax, March 29, by Rev. Father Murphy, James Bennett to Katie Hicks.
Carleton Place, March 29, by Rev. J. K. King, Benjamin Jones to Annie E. Evans.
Hamilton, April 4, by Rev. G. O. Gages, Frank S. Allen to Mary E. W. Turner.
Digby, March 29, by Rev. A. D. Dykeman, Samuel Allen to George Kennedy.
St. John, April 3, by Rev. W. Harrison, Charles James to Annie E. Evans.
Oak Point, N. B., April 3, Mary Jane, wife of George Hicks, to John Baker.
Windsor, N. S., March 19, Willard, son of Avard and Ida Baker, to
Amherst, April 3, of meninists, Agnes, daughter of Lewis Allen, to Dr. J. B. Harte, William G. Teasman to Maggie Delaney.
Smithtown, April 5, by F. N. Atkinson, Lamont Newbold to Laura Brown.
Woodstock, March 28, by Rev. J. C. Bleakney, John B. Miller to Jane King.
Lower Lallave, N. S., by Rev. G. A. Leck, George B. Orser to Trophina Allen.
Springhill, March 30, by Rev. D. Wright, John Bonnar to Margaret Murphy.
Moncton, March 28, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, R. Bruce Mills to Stella Geldard.
Deerfield, N. S., by Rev. C. D. Turner, Frank Nickerson to Mary Ann.
Springhill, March 29, by Rev. David Wright, James Durham to Ida McLean.
Sackville, April 3, by Rev. W. Harrison, Charles James to Annie E. Evans.
Bale Verte, April 4, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Charles E. McLean to Emma A. Thomas.
Mill Village, March 27, by Rev. T. F. Wooten, James E. Fancie to Cora E. Blais.
Carleton, N. S., March 21, by Rev. Truman Bishop, William A. Taylor to Belia McLean.
Penfold, N. B., April 3, by Rev. F. C. Wright, Alfred W. Stewart to Edith O'Brien.
Fredericton, April 6, by Rev. R. W. Weddall, Wesley Burnett to Annie Fleming.
New York, March 29, by Rev. L. W. Parker, Thomas H. Saberton to Ida J. Mullen.
Hartwick, March 27, by Rev. John Robertson, William A. Taylor to Belia McLean.
Wickham, March 24, by Rev. T. W. Carpenter, William McCutcheon to Elizabeth Foster.
Weston, N. S., March 28, by Rev. E. E. Daley, Rupert H. Reid to Ada L. Hodges.
Yarmouth, April 4, by Rev. G. R. White, Robert L. Baker to Sybil McLean.
Liverpool, March 30, by Rev. A. W. Marley, Henry Leonard to Annie Keady.
St. John, April 4, by Rev. Mr. McParlan, Thomas F. Love to Josephine Baxter MacLean.
Springhill, March 29, by Rev. W. Charles Wilton, John Edward Adams to Jane Wilson.
Liverpool, April 4, by Rev. A. W. Marley, Daniel Boutiller to Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf.
New Glasgow, April 4, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Arthur Grant to Mary E. McLean.

All acknowledge that for Style, Health,

Comfort and Economy, no waterproof

in existence is equal to a

MELISSA

For either Men or Women.

Pharmacies, N. S., March 18, by Rev. F. J. Penstow, Alexander Dickson to Lila Ward.
Metwyn Square, N. S., March 28, by Rev. L. J. Thayer, William J. Munday to Bertha Weir.
Mill Village, N. S., March 28, by Rev. T. F. Wooten, Capt. James W. Hanks to Elizabeth Gaskill.
White Cove, N. S., March 29, by Rev. William Weir, John F. Weir to Kinsia A. C. McLean.
Bridgewater, N. S., March 28, by Rev. F. M. Young, John S. Mellock to Mrs. Emma B. Mellock.
Upper Black River, March 28, by Rev. J. H. Hearn, Ernest H. Russell to Christiana B. Cameron.
Pictou, N. S., by Rev. A. L. Ogilvie, assisted by Rev. George S. Carson and Rev. Archibald Bowman, Alexander Ross to Maggie J. Ferguson.

DIED.

Truro, March 30, Benjamin McCut.
Harmony, March 27, John Smith, 76.
Hallifax, April 4, Peter Kennedy, 71.
Woolville, April 4, Ann Coleman, 93.
Carleton, April 4, James D. Seely, 96.
St. John, April 4, Timothy Murphy, 70.
Carleton, April 4, James D. Seely, 96.
Milton, March 28, Lewis Freeman, 86.
Liverpool, April 1, Harriet Millard, 41.
Hallifax, April 1, Thomas Simmonds, 43.
Chatham, March 29, Edward McLean, 18.
New Glasgow, March 31, John Rankin, 43.
Harberville, N. S., March 30, Isaac Morris.
Knoxville, April 2, Mrs. Gideon Copple.
Woodville, N. S., April 4, Ann Coleman, 81.
Upper Seaview, April 2, John C. Fulton, 39.
Moncton, April 5, Mrs. Margaret Lavin, 49.
Moncton, April 2, Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, 63.
Riverside, March 28, Mrs. Mary A. Copp, 90.
Pictou Island, March 14, John N. McCullum, 10.
Grand Manan, March 28, Daniel Harrington, 63.
Portuguese Cove, N. S., April 4, Susan Smith, 67.
North River, N. S., April 1, Thomas Lynde, 70.
Foreston, N. B., March 25, Adam R. Harvey, 20.
Simon Ridge, N. B., March 25, George Bridge-Hilldale, 25, Helen, wife of T. C. Adams, 45.
Cape George, March 25, Alexander Livingston.
Nerpin Station, N. B., April 4, Patrick Flanagan, 60.
Parker's Cove, N. S., March 13, William Apt. Sr., 77.
Portuguese Cove, N. S., April 4, Mrs. Susan Smith, 67.
Hallifax, April 2, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Grady, 24.
Hallifax, April 3, Guy, son of James and Ida Bezan, 60.
Pictou, N. B., March 30, Eliza, wife of J. N. Farley, 66.
Pictou Island, April 2, Elizabeth, wife of Allan A. Ferguson.
Pictou, April 5, Elizabeth, wife of Allan A. Ferguson.
Calcutta, March 31, Lambert, son of Samuel Ting, 12.
St. John, April 4, Prillia, wife of Albert E. Bel, 22.
Shelburne, March 25, Margaret, wife of John Leung, 46.
Spa Springs, March 24, Phoebe, wife of Edward Palmer.
Albert, April 2, infant son of Manning and Lizzie Tingley.
Bayfield, March 25, Charles M., son of Arthur W. Bent, 23.
Charlottetown, April 1, Margaret Ellen, wife of F. Moncton, April 4, Mary, widow of the late John H. Jones, 72.
Pembroke, N. S., April 1, Eliza, wife of Richard W. Foote.
Lower Seaview, N. S., March 31, Ephraim Wright, 48.
Chester, April 1, Mary A., widow of the late John Webster, 94.
Hillboro, March 31, of consumption, John L. R. Goose River, P. E. I., March 28, Mrs. John McDonald, 104.
Harraville, April 6, Clara M., daughter of Charles Lockart, 21.
St. John, April 2, George, son of Bernard and Susan Harvey, 24.
Cape-Burby, March 26, Lavina, daughter of Elijah Dickson, 12.
Dundee, April 5, Elizabeth Cook, wife of William Hampton Village, April 4, Louisa, daughter of D. Hamilton, 11.
Digby, March 31, Eliza Beaman, wife of Captain Allen, 25.
Oak Point, N. B., April 3, Mary Jane, wife of George Hicks, 63.
Windsor, N. S., March 19, Willard, son of Avard and Ida Baker, 19.
Amherst, April 3, of meningitis, Agnes, daughter of Lewis Allen, 11.
Walton, N. S., March 30, Catherine, widow of the late John McIver.
South Richmond, March 31, Susanah, wife of David Kennedy, 94.
Truro, April 7, of consumption, Louisa, wife of I. Logan Barnhill, 30.
St. John, April 1, Ethel May, daughter of John and Mary Fritzel, 1.
Hartford, N. S., March 31, Hannah, widow of the late George Thompson, 80.
Ipswich, C. B., March 16, Ethel E., daughter of Alice W. and Victoria McKah, 21.
Selkirk, March 27, Verne Alonzo, son of George and Jessie Dickinson, 7.
Milltown, April 1, John A., son of John and Margaret H. Hatch, 6 months.
Hallifax, April 4, Dr. R. Hunter, son of James and the late Mary Crawford, 33.
Milton, N. S., March 19, Clyde, son of Burton and Rebecca Smith, 6 months.
Upper Economy, March 30, of consumption, Mary A., daughter of Levi Fulton, 32.
Hallifax, April 6, of consumption, Emma, daughter of A. G. and Emma Conroy, 25.
New Glasgow, April 1, Jessie Stewart, widow of the late Hugh William Stewart, 60.
Hallifax, April 3, George Alexander, son of the late A. W. and Victoria McKah, 21.
New Glasgow, April 3, Ellen Gray, daughter of Zephaniah and Frances Murdoch, 18.
Port Mulgrave, April 2, Bertha Reid, daughter of John and Jessie Cameron, 11 months.
Hallifax, April 6, Harriet, wife of John Vaughan, and daughter of the late Richard O'Neil.
Windsor, N. S., March 19, Willard, son of Avard and Ida Baker, 19.
Little Ridgeway, N. B., March 25, Virna, daughter of Hector and Sara A. McKenna, 10 months.
Weaver Settlement, March 30, of consumption, Lillian, daughter of the late George Hudson, 30.
St. John, April 3, Isabella Lee, widow of the late John Millidge, and daughter of the late H. H. Peters, of Daguerre.

RAILWAYS.
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
THE ONLY
Trans-Continental
LINE.

THE TRAIN leaving ST. JOHN, N. B. at 10.40 P. M., daily, except Saturday, arrives in MONTRÉAL at 4.20 P. M. the following day. It leaves St. John for St. John's, N. B., at 10.40 P. M. the following day. It leaves St. John for OTTAWA, WINNIPEG and the PACIFIC at 10.40 P. M. the following day. It leaves St. John for ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, etc., via the "Soo Line." Also for TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, etc., via the "Soo Line." For full information enquire at Company's office, Chubb's Corner and at Passenger Station.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen'l Pass't Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass't Agt.,
Montréal, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax, 7.00
Express for Halifax, 12.50
Express for St. John's, N. B., 12.50
Express for Pictou, d'Arny, and Moncton, 12.50
Express for Moncton, 12.50

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 12.50.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 10.40 o'clock.
A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 12.30 o'clock.

Express from Moncton, 8.35
Express from Pictou and Quebec, (Monday excepted), 10.30
Express from Moncton (daily), 10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 12.50
Express from Halifax and Sydney, 12.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotives, and those between Halifax and Moncton, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
S. P. A. trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton N. B., 8th Sept. 1893.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.30 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 5.45 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.10 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 5.45 p.m.

CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Digby with Yarmouth & Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with Yarmouth & Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with Yarmouth & Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with Yarmouth & Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with Yarmouth & Annapolis Railway. At