

sport to-day," continued Belle. "It's a blessing, isn't it, that Mr. Marchmont won't be with you?"

Gilbert smiled absently. He, in truth, was not thinking of Mr. Marchmont or his gun.

"I have got something to say to you. Can I say it now?" at least he said, with an effort. "Is it something you do not wish the other to hear?" asked Belle in a lower tone than she had been speaking in before.

"Certainly I do not wish the others to hear."

"Then you had better not say it now. There is the breakfast bell. Tell me some other time."

"When can I see you alone?"

"Any time, if you come home early this afternoon from the moor. But we had better go on now."

"I will be back by three. Where shall I find you?"

"I will walk down by the trout stream. You know the way, don't you?"

"Yes, but at three o'clock I will be there outside on a day like this."

They returned to the house after this, but Belle noticed at breakfast how disturbed Gilbert looked, and how little he spoke. He started with the others for the moor, the two Marchmonts purposing to go on to Glenworth by a different route, and to rejoin the party at Stralsham at dinner time.

Belle and Gilbert had no further conversation but she felt uneasy all the morning, for something in his manner had alarmed her. What had he got to say? she kept asking herself; and Lady Stanmore wondered what made her so absent-minded.

It was a grey, rather cold day, and neither Belle nor her aunt left the house until after lunch, and then Lady Stanmore decided to go out for a short walk, but afterwards changed her mind.

"I think I'll go and lie down with my novel upstairs, instead," she said. "I see no pleasure outside on a day like this."

She accordingly disappeared with her French novel, and Belle was free to do what she pleased. She waited impatiently until the time drew near when she had promised to meet Gilbert, and at half-past two o'clock left the house, and went down to the side of the trout stream, which was rippling on, tinted by the grey, dull sky.

Belle stood watching the water, still wondering what Hugh Gilbert had got to say. But she had not long to wait. By her little jewelled watch, it still wanted a few minutes to three o'clock when she saw him approaching. He looked grave and pale, and the unconscious deepened in Belle's heart as she looked in his face.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting?" he asked, as they met.

"Oh, no; I have only been here a few minutes," answered Belle.

Gilbert laid his gun down on the grass, and then joined her.

"Let us walk up the stream a little way," he said; "I have something to tell you, Belle."

"Yes; what is it?"

"It is this," answered Gilbert in an agitated voice; "I cannot stay any longer here, Belle."

"Not stay any longer! What do you mean?" asked Belle, in great surprise.

"Belle, I have not the strength; it is not right that I should stay," continued Gilbert, deeply moved. "I cannot be near you, I cannot see you, without remembering what we once were to each other; without feeling what we are now."

"These words agitated Belle greatly also. "But, Hugh—" she began in a trembling voice.

"I know what you would say, what you think," went on Gilbert. "We can be friends; we are friends; if I cannot, I will gladly do it. This you must always believe; there can be no change in my feelings towards you, but we are better apart."

"Oh, Hugh, this is hard, very hard on me," said Belle, and her eyes filled with tears.

"And is it easy to me, do you think?" answered Gilbert, with quivering lips. "But I see no other way—I must leave Stralsham."

"But not yet? Surely not yet?"

"To delay will only make the wrench harder; the wrench that must come. Do not ask me to stay, Belle; I cannot. I will tell Lord Stanmore today I have been recalled home—and tomorrow I must go."

Belle could not speak. Gilbert's decision had fallen on her as a sudden and crushing blow, and there was a feeling, too of anger against him in her heart, that she could leave her so soon. The very depth of the feelings he was forcing back with his manner seemed almost harsh, for the words he had just spoken and given him inexpressible pain.

They walked on together in silence for the next few minutes by the side of the grey-tinted murmuring stream, through the damp thick fog. Both were struggling to hide their emotion, and when Gilbert did speak again his voice plainly betrayed this.

"Do not quite forget me, Belle," he said; "I shall go back to India soon, and—if they tell you any more lies about me do not believe them. I shall love no other woman; if I never return I shall die true to you."

"And you tell me this!" cried Belle almost passionately, "and yet will go away—will not stay even the short time near me that you can. You call this love, but I do not."

"Yet it is love—the truest, faithfulest love," answered Gilbert earnestly. "I can make no greater sacrifice; it is for you sake; you must know it is for your sake."

"But I do not wish it."

"Because you are not like me. I could not always control myself; some day in my mad selfishness I might ask you to take a step that would ruin your life. And this I cannot do."

A MISTAKEN CALLING

He was a familiar figure at the Thespian Club, was Ignatius Binks—and a very impressive figure, too, in his own estimation. When you saw his card (and he always handed them out with a lordly air, from a dilapidated case) you would readily surmise the character of the man, even had you never seen him before in the course of your life.

There was something so absurdly comical in the combination of Ignatius and Binks, when the two names belonged to one individual, that you felt an irresistible inclination to smile the moment your eyes rested on them. Poor Ignatius! He was, it you credited his story, an unrecognized genius. If, on the other hand, you felt disposed to believe the statements of those whom he deemed worthy his notice—a waspish set—he was a very ordinary man, and had endured all the sneers and backbitings which that questionable term implies.

He had studied every character in Shakespeare, from the wailing lady Macbeth to Hamlet, and of each character he had his own original conception. These conceptions, it may be said, were decidedly novel. Fortunately for the public, Ignatius never had an opportunity to air them on the stage.

One day he came home, his countenance betraying mingled sorrow, disgust and anger, flung himself into a chair, dropped his head on his hand, and looked so miserable, that Mrs. Binks, a bustling, common-sense little woman, who had formerly played minor parts in various companies, glanced at her liege lord and sighed. It might be mentioned, in passing, that Ignatius's passion and the sigh of his wife, were matters of daily occurrence in the Binks household. Today, however, Ignatius appeared even more depressed, than usual, and his wife said sympathetically: "Some new trouble?"

"Yes," he murmured wearily, "and each new trouble is an insult." "What has happened?" the little woman asked.

"Happened!" thundered Ignatius furiously, rising from the chair after the method of a stage king. "This is what has happened! Today I met Bagby of the Gaiety, and he offered me a part in a new piece—a part of thirty lines—think of it, an insult—a farce-comedy. Thirty lines in an odious concoction which will be an outrage on an intelligent public! And I—well, fortunately my wrath did not appear on the surface—you know, Clara, my love, I am a believer in a repressed emotion, and it was simply a merciful Providence which prevented me from strangling the presumptuous ignoramus on the spot."

"Ignatius took six Hamlet strides across the apartment; and would undoubtedly have taken more had not the space been unpleasantly limited. Then he turned suddenly, folded his arms, and with downcast head, murmured:

"That it should come to this! But"—with gaunt arm pointing towards the ceiling—"behind the clouds the sun waits to burst into splendor. Even so do I wait. Rest quiet, my ambitious soul: your day will come—it must!"

Ignatius took six strides more which brought him to a dilapidated sofa, and there he threw himself in deep dejection.

"Binks, darling," said his practical better half, "what salary did Bagby offer you?"

"The beggarly pittance of five dollars a week," groaned the disciple of Shakespeare, adding—"merciful heavens! how my soul cried in dire agony at the insult!"

"What was your answer?" continued Mrs. Binks.

"Answer?" yelled Ignatius, again rising and assuming the attitude of a man about to quell a howling mob. "I spoke not to quell a howling mob. I spoke not to him in words. I merely looked at him—aye, gave him one searching glance, and then strode forth, into the world, to forget my woes amid its bustling activity."

"Well, you did a very foolish thing," was the comment of Mrs. Binks.

"What would you?" responded Ignatius tragically. "Think you, I would have so degraded—"

"Listen, Binks," interrupted his wife. "Five dollars weekly will be a great blessing to me, if I cannot, I cannot. I accept Bagby's offer."

"But, Clara, my love," groaned her spouse pathetically, "think of it—a farce-comedy. Dost fancy I can bring my searing soul to grapple with such rot?"

"You must," my dear," decided Mrs. Binks. "As I said before, accept Bagby's offer, and wait patiently for the triumph which, I trust, the future will bring."

"But my soul, my artistic soul rebels," moaned Ignatius.

"Let it rebel," answered his wife, "and conquer it. That will be a victory for you. Recede, Binks, dear, what we are almost powerless, that we scarcely know where the next meal is coming from. Do you want your wife and child to go hungry?"

"Ae, Clara, good angel of my life," cried the crushed actor, throwing himself on his knees at Mrs. Binks's side, you have suffered much for my sake. It shall be no longer. You have asked me to make a sacrifice. I will make it. For the sake of you and our helpless little one, I will silence my proud soul, I will away at once to that infamous Bagby. Let me not tarry a moment, lest my courage forsake me."

Ignatius seized his battered umbrella, straightened himself as if for a mighty effort, pointed theatrically towards an imaginary spirit, and muttered solemnly:

"Lead on, O Cruel Fate. I follow thee!" Then he was gone. He did not, however, go to Bagby's. On the contrary, he took a seat in a secluded corner, ordered an inexpensive beverage, and as he drank it, much as a stage villain quaffs imaginary wine from a gilded wooden goblet, he gave himself up to reflection.

As an outcome of his meditations, he drew from an inner pocket a small roll of manuscript, and surveyed it disdainfully. It was the "thirty-line part" in the new piece. How came it in his possession? In this wise. He had really told Bagby that he would consider the matter, and he had taken the part to look it over. It will therefore, be seen that he had not adhered strictly to the truth in the conversation with his wife.

Ignatius's soul had revolted at Bagby's offer, but he had acted wisely, nevertheless, forseeing what the result would be if his wife discovered that he had declined an

Hard At Work Every Day!

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Farmer Smye says: "I Am a Living Witness."

Mr. George J. Smye, farmer, of Sheffield, Ont., writes as follows: "It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and can now work every day. Any one may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

The proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound have on file thousands of such strong and convincing testimonials from the best people in Canada.

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Ignatius's soul had revolted at Bagby's offer, but he had acted wisely, nevertheless, forseeing what the result would be if his wife discovered that he had declined an

opportunity to earn something each week. Still, he could not lower himself to the level of farce-comedy without a strong protest. Hence the scene with Mrs. Binks.

Ignatius having finished his beverage and his meditations, returned the manuscript to his pocket, threw down a very small coin, with a magnificent air, and again sought the Binks hearstone, vouchsafing to his wife only these words, which he spoken as if wrung from a tortured soul:

"Bagby has had his hour of triumph. The part is in my pocket. Henceforth let me hide myself from those who have known me."

The first night of the new piece came, and Ignatius did all in his power to so arrange himself that his friends if any were in the audience, should not recognize his name. The mental torture which he endured while on the stage for his one brief scene is indescribable. He played a serious role, and yet the spectators persisted in laughing at his every word and move. He, Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar and a dozen other immortal creations seemed to last farewell to him, and in their stead he saw only a farce-comedy hero. The baby's face conquered, but it was pathetic after all. The death of an ideal is always so.

Ignatius saved the new piece. Today he is well known as a delightful comic actor and his bank account has assumed pleasurable proportions. He always feels, though that he is in the wrong groove, and that cruel necessity deprived the stage of a brilliant tragedian.—Selected.

"My dear, look at the baby's face. Our darling is dying for many things which money only can procure. Are you going to jeopardize her life by throwing aside this golden opportunity? Sacrifice yourself for the baby's sake."

Ignatius looked at the child's face, then he looked the pale little cheeks, which tears stood in his eyes. He saw all the dreams of his life going from him. Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar and a dozen other immortal creations seemed to last farewell to him, and in their stead he saw only a farce-comedy hero. The baby's face conquered, but it was pathetic after all. The death of an ideal is always so.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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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

- Bel Brook, June 15, to the wife of John Bourque, a daughter.
Listowel, June 20, to the wife of Christopher Alder, a daughter.
Bedford, P. E. I., June 14, to the wife of Rev. G. F. Palmer's son.
Everett, Mass., June 3, to the wife of George S. Boker, a daughter.
Woodville, Kings Co., June 11, to the wife of Ernest Wood, a daughter.
North Kingston, June 15, to the wife of William Webster, daughter.
MARRIED.

MARRIED.

- Sheet Harbor, June 12, to the wife of Fred Eisan, a daughter.
Windsor, June 14, to the wife of J. A. B. Shaw, a daughter.
Yarmouth, June 11, to the wife of Herman Wetmore, a daughter.
Denver, Col., June 1, James McGrath to Winifred Currie.
Cincinnati, June 10, Russell Freeman of N. S., to Laura French.
Halifax, June 16, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Daniel Henigan to Alice Hunt.
Woodstock, June 8, by Rev. Theod. Todd, H. D. Stewart to Eva Shaw.
Wolville, June 11, by Rev. T. Trotter, Donald Grant to Alice Finch.
Woodstock, June 10, by Rev. Theod. Todd, Arthur Stealing to Cella Haylett.
Truro, June 17, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, John D. McKenna to C. McKay.
Cornwallis, June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Cleb B. Bell to Eveline Strong.
St. John, June 10, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Charles Adams to Jeanne Duhaime.
Halifax, June 18, by Rev. Robert Lang, Charles B. Naylor to Helen E. McKay.
Carlton, June 7, by Rev. J. B. McDonald, Thomas Wilson to Maggie Ferguson.
Woodstock, June 11, by Rev. Theod. Todd, Albert E. Sparrow to Rosa Frame.
Halifax, June 10, by Rev. J. A. C. Clark, J. A. C. Mowbray to Saddle McLean.
North Alton, June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Alex. Davidson to Beatrice Smith.
Gasparville, June 17, by Rev. J. Williams, Frank Gettridge to Josephine Norman.
Brookville, N. S., June 10, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, John F. Everett to Hannah A. Black.
Lower Truro, June 10, by Rev. P. Adams, Daniel McLean to Sadie J. Weatherly.
St. John, June 17, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Thomas C. Teasdale to Jean McKenna.
Amherst Highlands, June 10, by Rev. R. William Harvey Hopper to Mary Brown.
Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. Geo. M. Harris, Capt. John A. Tiller to Annie Guthrie.
Port La Tour, June 8, by Rev. J. Appleby, R. Scott Knox to Clisde M. Crowell.
Married June 4, by Rev. G. B. Martell, John Temple to Mrs. Martha Henniger.
Victoria Bridge, June 10, by Rev. S. S. Laugille, William Scott to Frances Adams.
Sandy Cove, June 17, by J. W. Frostwood, Edgar Hewson to Laura May Morehouse.
Windsor, June 18, by Rev. J. L. Danson, John Henry Wilson to Cordelia Murphy.
Halifax, June 17, by Rev. J. H. Foshy, J. H. Harty Marsh to Luella B. Goudey.
Jacksville, June 11, by Rev. T. L. Williams, John F. Everett to Hannah A. Black.
Upper Clements N. S., June 10, by Rev. J. Eaton Homer B. Pines to Alice M. Purdy.
Beaver River, June 8, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, William H. Adams to Ezevia Smith.
Windsor, June 17, by Rev. Henry Dickie, James E. Boulton, to Edith A. Allison.
Edison, Washington, May 13, by Rev. Dean Appleby, Charles Pickney to Julia Danforth.
Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. T. J. Demastri, George G. Gardner to Lettie G. Bryant.
Liverpool N. S., June 13, by Rev. Geo. W. Ball, Willoughby Dexter to Jessie Anthony.
New Glasgow, June 17, by Rev. J. Carruthers, William J. Forrestal to Maud McKenna.

OUR MAIL.

Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B. A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes:

GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1894 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsook me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness. For some months I tried doctors' and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B. B. B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases. J. GILLAN, B. A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

BORN.

- Halifax, June 8, to the wife of E. Chester, a son.
Berwick, June 8, to the wife of C. Bertram, a son.
Moncton, June 10, to the wife of G. E. McLean, a son.
Chatham, June 10, to the wife of John Ross, a daughter.
Sydney, June 9, to the wife of D. Borden, a daughter.
Halifax, June 21, to the wife of David Colquhoun, a son.
Yarmouth, June 15, to the wife of W. E. Fraser, a son.
Campbellton, June 8 to the wife of George Lister, a son.

DIED.

- Tusket, June 12, Ann Robbins, 83.
Glensay, May 23, Isaac Archibald, 82.
Koruka, May 31, Duncan Falconer, 72.
Beaver River, June 8, William Miller, 87.
Yarmouth, June 17, Sheldon Lewis 83.
Truro, June 17, Mrs. Paul Peterson, 81.
Windsor, June 20, William Dumock, 75.
Pleasant Point, May 19, Robert Kent 83.
Salisbury, May 8, Alexander Short, 87.
West River, June 11, Edward McLean 83.
Cole Harbor, June 17, Emma Lapierre, 67.
St. John, June 6, Mrs. R. P. Saunders, 68.
Rockville, June 18, Capt. John D. Kelly, 88.
Methegan, June 14, William Melanson, 26.
Yarmouth, June 16, Capt. John D. Kelly, 88.
Stralsham, C. B., Mrs. Rosa McLean, 72.
East Earlton, May 31, Mrs. Jessie Sainsbury, 68.
Boston, June 10, Tillie, wife of W. F. Bannister, 23.
Loganville, May 22, Jane wife of Donald McKay.
Upper Port LaTour, Chas. W. Herbert, 20 months.
Halifax, June 21, Florence wife of Hiram West, 23.
Three Brooks, N. S., May 30, Andrew Redpath, 76.
Halifax, June 17, Sarah, widow of Wm. Smith, 87.
Halifax, June 17, Sarah, widow of William Smith, Ohio, Yarmouth Co., June 18, Henry G. Patton, 43.
St. John, June 20, Eliza, wife of Randolph Drilken, 29.
Fleto, June 13, Mary E. wife of Knowlton Dickson, 68.
New Westminister, B. C., June 20 John E. Lord of N. S.
Westville, June 17, Maria, daughter of Allan McLean, 71.
Black Brook, June 8, Flora widow of John McLean, 71.
West Falmouth, June 7, Margaret daughter of Peter D'Veau, 21.
Yarmouth, June 11, Adeline wife of Nathan E. Lewis, 60.
Carlton, June 10, Stanley, son of Charles and Mrs. Holmes, 4.
Fenwick, June 10, Elizabeth, widow of Andrew C. R. Ploy, 82.
Malaga, C. B., June 7, Mrs. Lavinia McKinnon, 74.
Antigonish, June 1, Flora C. widow of Lewis Mc Donald, 84.
Cole Harbor, June 20, Frances, widow of James G. Beck, 84.
Black Head, C. B., June 8, Mary wife of George McKenna, 74.
Cambridge Mass., June 18, Jessie, wife of John H. E. Lamson, 67.
Salem, N. S., June 20, Neal C. son of the late R. V. G. Miles 55.
Ashdale, June 8, Annie, daughter of the late Donald McEachern.
Cambridge Mass., June 22, John C. Hamsay formerly of St. John, 75.
Denison, Texas, June 21, Harry son of the late Henry F. Sanborn.
Centralville, May 20, June 20, Elizabeth widow of William Dunbar, 73.
Halifax, June 31, Martha C. only child of Hans and Grace Christensen, 11.
Cape George, May 28, Margaret, widow of the late Donald McDonald, 66.
Arden, June 14, Lewis, child of John C. and Flora McDonald, 3 months.
Yarmouth, June 15, Hattie daughter of Walter and Annie Murphy, 15 months.
St. John, June 20, Joseph H. only daughter of Frederick F. and Annie R. Gregory, 4.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 22nd June 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fagwagh, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:00 Express for Moncton and Pictou via Chatham..... 7:30 Accommodation for Moncton and Pictou via Chatham..... 8:00 Express for Sussex..... 8:30 Express for Yarmouth..... 9:00 Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney..... 9:30

Build sleeping cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 12:30 o'clock and Halifax at 2:30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday Excepted)..... 6:00 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday Excepted)..... 6:30 Express from Sussex..... 6:50 Accommodation from Ft. du Chene..... 7:15 Express from Halifax..... 7:30 Express from Pictou, Fagwagh and Campbellton..... 8:00 Express from Boston..... 8:30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from locomotives, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Western Standard Time.

D. FORTINGHAM, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Summer Tourist Tickets

Now on sale to points West, North West, and on Pacific Coast.

SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS

on sale to local points on Atlantic Division.

For Tour Club and all other information enquire at offices, Chubb's Corner, and at station.

D. McNEILL, A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass'g. Agt., Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE RY BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

On and after Monday, March 2nd, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

STEAHSHIP PRINCE OF RUPEL.

Daily Service.

Leave St. John 8:30 a. m.; arrive Digby 11:15 a. m. Digby 1:03 p. m.; arr. St. John 3:45 p. m. DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.