POOR COPY

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

The winter of 1788 was a terrible one. There was always blowing a wind as bleak and cruel as the spirit of Revolution itself. Now it would whistle shrilly in keen derision, now mutter long and fiercely as though with stifled rage. Branches were broken sharply from the trees and fell to the ground with a dry rattling sound.

Just past midnight one stormy night a carriage rolled over the road leading to Chateau Polificat in the little village of Croix Daurande, a few miles out of Toulouse. The wind and rain had at last combined to make the road impassable. A sudden gust of wind extinguished the coach lantern.

"Stop, Jean!" cried a voice from within.

Jean, obeying, sprang from his seat. He grasped the bridles and murmured coaxing words to the frightened horses as he caressed them.

"Do you not see a light, Jean?" queried the same voice.

"Yes," replied the servant, "very near, in the house of Margaridetto. But, Monsieur, she is very poor and her home so humble.

"What matter," said the man's voice. "We shall be better off anywhere than out here in the storm with a wind strong enough to blow the horns off an ox."

With his last word he brushed aside the curtains and stepped to the ground, a man of magnificent physique. In spite of the large bundle in his arms he ran quickly towards the cottage indicated by the coachman from which a faint light was discernible, filtering in unsteady rays through the cracks of the badly joined door.

He rapped imperiously, and in a second a young man, or rather youth, opened the door.

"Monsieur le Marquis! and in our home! Is it possible?" cried the astonished boy.

"Yes," answered the gentleman, as he gently place his precious burden on a ravelled caned chair, untolding the many wraps until a sweet faced girl was visible. The ages of the two young people were about the same; but in all else what a difference! The figure of the girl was partly hidden in the long folds of a fur mantle which half fell away from a shining satin gown. Her soft curling hair was covered with a fichu of rare lace which dropped low on her forehead, veiling the dreamy languor of her great dark eyes. Meanwhile, the youth, pale and gaunt, had an air so timid and wretched that it made one unhappy to look at him.

The interior of the house they had sought as shelter was poor, cold and almost naked. A clothes-press, an old table and a cuckoo clock, slowly beating the time, were the principal articles of furniture.

The room ended in an alcove, and there on a wretched bed lay a sick woman, Magaridetta, the peasants called her. A chandelier containing a single candle threw its smoky, wavering light over the miserable interior. The Marquis gazed in astonishment on the misery which surrounded him. The morbid sensitiveness of the boy quickly divined his thought.

"Ah! sir, you see it is not beautiful here, but my mother is a widow and for two years has been bedridden. In guarding the troops I gain scarcely enough to keep us from dying of hunger."

The cold was so intense that the young girl began to shiver. The boy noticed it in a moment and threw an armful of twigs on the gray embers. Instantly they flamed up with a joyous crackling sound, throwing a warm dancing light over the dismal chamber. This sudden illumination awakened the sleeping woman, whose thin, haggard features appeared in the weird, changeable light like a pitiful death mask. She no sooner moved than the boy was at her side telling her of the visit which was so great an honor.

"Yes, my poor Margaret, we were surprised on our return from mass by this frightful storm, and obliged to seek shelter here with you."

The invalid had only strength enough to incline her head in response, proud indeed if, only by accident, the Seigneur had sought refuge with her.

The dainty little maid continued warming herself before the dancing firelight.

"What is your name?" asked the Marquis, turning to the lad.

"Francois, my lord."

"And you are a shepherd."

"Yes, Monseigneur; one of your own."

"What does the inspector pay you?"

"That depends. Three sous a day in good season and less when the times are bad."

"Is that all the money you have?"

"We live on that, my mother and me; at least, we keep from dying."

"Ah! the poor people," said the child, involuntarily; but in the sweet cadences of her soft voice there was so much kindliness that Francois was deeply touched.

He watched the beautiful face of the young patrician long and thoughtfully, feeling his heart throb with an instinctive sympathy which sometimes comes to us at the sight of one who is to awaken in our lives a lasting, passionate attachment.

The gale had swept past, leaving in its place a voiceless calm. The rain still fell, but in a soft, fine mist—a shadow of the storm.

The Marquis called his coachman, who awaited him at the door-step. After seeing the lanterns lighted he spoke affectionately to his daughter.

"Come! Jeanne, my pet. We can now return with safety to the chateau."

Jeanne quickly enveloped herself in her fur and laces, but before going away she pressed into the poor woman's hand a piece of gold, the first that had ever glittered in the cottage.

On the morrow and for many days following Jeanne de Sicard, daughter of the Lord of Polificat, came regularly to visit old Magaridetto. From that memorable night she never again lacked either remedies or care. But, exhausted by suffering and privation, she could not rally, and a month later she died in Francois' arms.

What gratitude did the lad vow to Jeanne! But for her his mother would have died in the penury that had wasted her life. Jeanne's sweet care had brought her every luxury. She in turn was touched by the boy's air of sincere gratitude and honesty, and begged her father not to leave him to his old, desolate existence. The answer was to place him in the Jacobin Convent at Toulouse.

This was deemed an excellent thing for a boy in those days; his rearing and instruction was of the best, and when of age he was permitted to choose between the life of a preacher and that of a lay brother.

The winter following Francois' admission to the convent, Jeanne spent the cold months in Toulouse. Every Sunday she assisted at the High Mass at the Jacobin chapel, where crowds thronged to hear preachers renowned throughout the Provencal, and to see the offices celebrated there with a pomp unknown in any other city church.

In these ceremonies Francois filled the role of acolyte, carrying the great silver candlesticks and swinging the censer, the fumes of which inundated the chapel with that balmy, caressing odor [illegible] common to Oriental perfumes. Often [illegible] the monk charged [illegible] gregation. T[illegible] Jeanne, he [illegible] temptatio[illegible] on the [illegible] retu[illegible] sir[illegible] e[illegible]

D[illegible] [illegible]e comedy was rep[illegible] in the spring Jeanne vanished with her father in the old chateau and the young novitiate had to pass again and again close to the empty bench where she had knelt and smiled so shyly at him. His sorrow was very genuine and all the more bitter that there was no one in whom he dared confide. It is the sorrows hidden away in our very souls that are hardest to stifle. They murder all peace and flood the heart with tears the eyes dare not shed.

This was the winter of 1790 with its famous decree of the Constitutional Assembly which suppressed all ecclesiastical vows and opened wide the convent doors. Many monks who had been forced against their will to lead the monastic life gladly availed themselves of this new liberty. Vows were quickly broken, robes and cassocks thrown aside and the civil life entered into with avidity.

Francois was now 16, and, feeling no calling for the religious life, also left the convent, and suddenly found himself one fine March day stranded on the pavements of Toulouse, having in his possession only the few francs given each monk as a species of indemnity for throwing aside the frock.

As he thought it out that sunny spring morning his prospects did not seem very bright. He was quite alone in the world, had neither relatives nor friends to aid or protect him. His first impulse was to go to Jeanne. But this he dared not do lest she should misjudge him.

What welcome would she offer one who had shown so little appreciation of her favor. He resolved plan after plan in his mind, trying to decide for the best, when at the corner of Rue du Saur and the Place Royale, he came suddenly upon a notice calling for drummer boys in the National Guards.

At this period drummers were not, as today, soldiers of the company, but young men from 15 to 18 who galloped before the regiment, beating time. Francois presented himself at the Mayor's, where he was promptly enrolled, properly dressed and equipped, and before evening presented with his fife and drum.

Poor Francois, who had never seen a drum, was to beat time for the whole regiment. Every day he went down to the borders of the lake, where he practiced so long and well that by July 14, the day of the first Federation, he was the admiration of all Toulouse. Indeed, he presented a fine appearance at the head of his regiment in his gay uniform of blue and red, with his short coat, and cap set airily on one side and the long, tri-colored plume drooping and shadowing his face. He was a strong, healthy fellow, with a magnificent physique. His expression was frank and fearless and his dark brilliant eyes flashed forth every change of thought. As he rode by, playing on his flute the merry "ra and fla," the crowds would cheer and cry:

"Oh! Le Joli Tambour."—the handsome young drummer.

One day, before the Boulingrin, the parade ground of the National Guard, Francois' heart bounded, for there in the crowd, near her father, stood Jeanne watching the regiment. He knew he had been recognized by the red flush that leaped into Jeanne's cheeks, but the effect of his transformation on her he could not tell for the regiment marched quickly on, and the encounter seemed but a dream. Yet it was a vision fair, beyond words, a vision to float before one's eyes at vesper hour.

For days he thought of nothing else, at night she filled his dreams, and each day, at bugle call, he went eagerly forth, his heart beating wildly with the hope that somewhere on the street or square he would catch a glimpse of the fair face and hear the sweet lips frame the cry, now grown so familiar to him.

"Oh! Le Joli Tambour."

But in vain he stretched his neck, until his plumes shook in the wind. Jeanne had vanished again out of his life.

The next three years passed away rapidly and in those days events pressed upon each other with frightful rapidity. The old order of things no longer existed. Republicanism rode rough-shod over the dainty foot prints of royalty. The head of Louis XVI. had fallen under the broad blade of the guillotine.

Many nobles had emigrated, leaving France in bitterness, to fight with the Austrians against the Republic. Men aged quickly in those days of change and sorrow. Francois had grown into a soldier and with his regiment had been sent to do duty up the Rhine. There he was promoted in rapid succession from Sergeant to Captain, a very simple matter in the days when our armies were commanded by beardless Colonels and by Generals of twenty.

One day Captain Francois with his detachment started out to reconnoiter. Encountering a convoy of Austrians en route, Francois gave the order to attack the column. Our soldiers, brave as young lions, soon overcame the "White Vests," who fled, leaving their colonel, wounded on the field.

As Francois lifted the wounded man what was his horror and consternation to discover his prisoner to be no other than his former benefactor, the Marquis de Sicard. The Marquis, like many others, had drifted with the tide of immigration and taken up arms with the Austrians.

Francois, using his authority, made the Marquis a prisoner on parole; then, instead of leading him in disgrace to the French camp, he left him in a neighboring farm house, where he received every possible care. When he had fully recovered Francois, thanks to his influence with the commander-in-chief, gained a pardon for his former benefactor, who was allowed to return to Toulouse, where by special favor his property was returned to him.

Reinstated in his chateau at Sicard he sent for his daughter, whom he had left in Turin.

Francois spent his first leave-of-absence at Sicard, where he was received with truest cordiality by the old Marquis. Still holding Francois by the hand he said to his daughter: "Thank the captain, Jeanne, for to him you owe both your home and your father."

When at last the Marquis discovered that Jeanne and Francois had long loved each other he gladly consented to their [illegible] was celebrated with great [illegible]pel of Broix Dauvade.

[illegible]edding day they went to[illegible]isit the little cottage where poor [illegible]etto had died.

"Jeanne," said Francois, his face aglow with unutterable happiness. "I shall always love this poor little hovel, for here I first saw and loved my wife."[—Translated by May A. Fenton for N. Y. Voice.

THE BABIES CAUSED IT.

How Australian Doctors Had a Strike in Regard to Pay.

An audacious Edinburgh morning Newspaper once perpetrated a joke by which some sedate medical journals were completely taken in. It described an imaginary strike of doctors with an air of the most convincing actuality. But such a strike has really occurred, and that, too, under curious circumstances, says the London Sketch.

Last month the good people of Melbourne regaled themselves in what is described in the language of the turf as "the third Grand National Baby Show," and it startled them in a way which was not altogether anticipated. Between two and three hundred babies had been exhibited for three long and weary days, and all went merry as an ordinary nursery until the close. Five doctors were appointed the judges. They put in a bill for five pounds each for their three days' work. The fee was modest, but the director had not the wherewithall to meet it. There and then the doctors, struck work, by declining to hand over the record of judging.

In the meantime, while this dispute was going on in private, the show was crowded with spectators, all eager to hear how the judging had gone. The "exhibits" were tired and cross, and their mothers equally so, after their three days of duty in the building. The noise, and heat, too, were almost overpowering. Impatience was beginning to be manifested, when some one mounted a chair and made the announcement to the effect that owing to the great number of exhibits the medical committee had been unable to make up their list of awards, which, however, would be afterwards advertised in the daily papers.

This was anything but satisfactory to both exhibitors and visitors, but in the medical committee it aroused great indignation. One of the doctors on strike jumped on to a chair, and denied the truth of the statement, letting the spectators into the secret. The greatest excitement now prevailed. The crowd, whose sympathies appeared to go with the medical men, vehemently protested. The babies, of course, added their incoherent arguments and protests, and each mother, feeling that she was in some way being deprived of the first prize, eased her mind on the subject to the person nearest to her.

The disorder never became serious, however, and the public, the exhibits, and their mothers dispersed, feeling that nothing more could be done that night. According to the latest mail news, no arrangement had been arrived at with the medical strikers, though the management had announced awards of some kind, in which one George Quigley ("Bubbles"), ætat three years and two months, carried off three prizes, as the prettiest, the best-tempered, and the best-dressed child.

Why He Took The Bucket.

The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage, when a seaman came up and said:—

"I want to sail with you, sir."

"All right, my man," said the captain, "and where have you sailed before?"

"P. and O., sir, to Australia."

What countryman?"

"An Oirishman," was the ready response.

"Well, you must get a character."

The discharge was obtained, and, as the Irishman was presenting it, another seaman came up and said he wanted to join.

"What line were you on before?"

"Cunard, sir."

"What countryman?"

"English, your honour."

"All right, go forward."

Shortly after, as the two were swilling the decks in a heavy sea the Englishman was swept overboard bucket and all. Unmoved, Paddy finished his job, and then went to the captain's cabin

"Come in," responded the officer to his rap. "What's up now?"

"You mind Bill Wilkins, the Englishman and Cunarder?" queried Pat.

"Yes, surely, my man."

"You took him widout a character?"

"I believe so; what of that?"

"Well, he's gone off wid your bucket."

He Knew What Kind.

Black Sammy is told about in the Boston Budget. Sammy is a great Sunday school scholar. One day his teacher was trying to make the class see the advantage of living a good life. These moral remarks were occasioned by a strong wad of chewed paper that happened to strike the benevolent superintendent on the cheek. Sammy was evidently the culprit, although his black skin showed no sign:

"Now, children, you mus be better. Such actions as those tend to drag you downward, and if you do a bad deed once, the second time you do it more easily. It does not pay to be bad, for you cannot go to heaven." Then Miss Goode straightened her glasses, and looked into Sammy's shining eyes.

"Sammy what kind of boys go to heaven?" Sammy shuffled his feet.

"Dead boys," he said.

A Pean of Joy.

Blow d' horn en call d' people,
Fetch d' banjo en d' bones;
Ring d' bell from out d' steeple,
Yell en shout in glory tones!

"Whad's d' mattah?" Lawd a mitey,
Doan' yo' know whad's raised d' roof,
Aint yo' heard about d' Rigby?
It am d' only Waterproof.

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch COCOA

FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

This Cocoa has been selected to be used exclusively in supplying visitors to the World's Fair with hot and cold Beverages, and **no other Cocoa** will be used in the Restaurants at this Great Exposition.

BENSDORP'S COCOA

is acknowledged to be the finest flavored, purest, most economical and most easily prepared Cocoa in use, and every householder should keep it in their home.

For sale by all leading Grocers.

M. F. EAGAR, Halifax, N. S., Agent.

BORN.

Truro, April 28, to the wife of Dr. McKay, a son.
Bedford, N. S., to the wife of Mr. Mackenzie, a son.
Rockland, April 16, to the wife of Arthur Parish, a son.
Buctouche, April 23, to the wife of A. McNairn, a son.
Chatham, N. B., April 30, to the wife of Fred Neale, a son.
Halifax, April 29, to the wife of Isaac MacDonald, a son.
St. John, May 3, to the wife of Frank B. Carter, a daughter.
Moncton, May 1, to the wife of William Union, a daughter.
Moncton, April 29, to the wife of J. Cook, a daughter.
St. John, May 1, to the wife of William Emerson, a daughter.
Sackville, April 26, to the wife of S. W. Hunton, a daughter.
Digby, April 26, to the wife of H. G. Turnbull, a daughter.
North Sydney, N. S., to the wife of William Moore, a daughter.
Hillsboro, April 24, to the wife of Angus O'Hanley, a daughter.
North Sydney, April 21, to the wife of Thos. Lovell, a daughter.
Halifax, April 17, to the wife of James Chisholm, a daughter.
Waterville, N. S., April 23, to the wife of Gordon Day, a son.
Woodville, N. S. April 20, to the wife of Albert Wood, a son.
Victoriavale, N. S., April 23, to the wife of Ira D. Parker, a son.
North Kingston, N. S., April 15, to the wife of Henry Keddy, a son.
Albert, N. B., April 23, to the wife of Edward Walton, a son.
Moncton, April 24, to the wife of F. E. Jonah, twin daughters.
New Richmond, April 19, to the wife of J. A. Campbell, a son.
Glassville, N. S., April 30, to the wife of Peter B. Millie, a daughter.
Pugwash, N. S., April 23, to the wife of John McCarthy, a daughter.
South Farmingham, N. S., April 16, to the wife of J. B. Brown, a son.
Rosvale, N. B., April 19, to the wife of Edward Stevens, a daughter.
Bridgewater, N.S., April 23, to the wife of James A. McLean, a daughter.
North River, N. S., April 24, to the wife of Oliver Johnson, a daughter.
Bridgewater, April 23, to the wife of Joseph Dauphinee, a daughter.
Montague Grange, N. S., April 22, to the wife of Gore Montague, a daughter.
Lower Canard, N. S., April 25, to the wife of James Eaton, a son and daughter.

MARRIED.

Havelock, by Rev. John Prince, E. Jonah to Mary Gray.
Truro, April 25, by Rev. A. Geggie, Wm. McKay to Bella McKay.
Moncton, by Rev. H. A. Meahan, Jas. A. Foran to Mary E. Nolan.
Yarmouth, April 26, by Rev. W. H. Heartz, Jacob Ellis to Gertie Smith.
Halifax, April 26, by Rev. E. A. Harris, Nathan Eisnor to Edith Strum.
Fredericton, April 19, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Charles Parsons to Hettie Price.
Springhill, April 28, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Hugh McRae to Etta Wright.
St. John, April 26, by Rev. J. J. Walsh, Michael E. Lane to Josie Collins.
St. John, April 26, by Rev. I. N. Parker, William Flemming to Eva Keith.
St. John, April 25, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Allan Smith to Edith McIlliroy.
Halifax, April 25, by Rev. Thos Fowler, George Baillie to Helen Graham.
Shag Harbor, April 22, by Rev. W. Haliday, Jared Smith to Ethel Kendrick.
Halifax, April 26, by Rev. Father Kinsella, E. A. Grant to Anna Bellfontain.
La Have, N. S., April 17, by Rev. Geo Harris, S. E. Mack to Maud Backman.
Bridgewater, April 22, by Rev. F. Simpson, Sanford E. Moore to Princetta Sarty.
Amherst, April 14, by Rev. James Strothard, Jesse S. Ripley to Susan Coleman.
Halifax, April 26, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, Wm. H. Marks to Bessie Hardley.
Truro, April 25, by Rev. A. Logan Geggie, William Wright to Maude McCollum.
Halifax, April 25, by Rev. Father Moriarity, Harry G. Pieceney to Minnie White.
Dartmouth, April 25, by Rev. T. C. Millor, George W. Mitchell to Laura Webber.
Halifax, April 27, by Rev. Dr. Currie, Harriet Mackintosh to W. R. McCurdy.
Parrsboro, N. S., April 24, by Rev. E. M. Dill, William Dow to Clara Bowden.
Springhill, N. S., April 26, by Rev. H. B. Smith, George Letcher to Effie Taylor.
Woodstock, April 26, by Rev. James Ross, Samuel Nicholson to Jennie C. Dickison.
Berwick, N. S., April 19, by Rev. J. Craig, Richmond Best to Emma Greenwood.
Halifax, April 26, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, Hugh Blackadar to Gertrude Wisewell.
St. Andrews, April 26, by Rev. Canon Ketchum, Harold Stickney to Minnie Odell.
Bedford, N. S., April 26, by Rev. Arthur Tucker, Prescott Johnstone to Alice Hare.
St. Stephen, April 22, by Rev. Wm. Penna, Theophilus Gillepie to Nellie Sullivan.
Albert, N. B., April 19, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Laura Kinnie to George Colburn.
Bridgewater, April 20, by Rev. A. C. Swinsburg, Kenneth Wynot to Louise Crouse.
Royalton, N. B., April 15, by Rev. A. C. Thompson, David Jewell to Mrs. Esther West.
St. Andrews, April 23, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, William Acheson to Martha Carson.
Richmond, N. B., April 26, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Margaret Nicholson to Robert Scott.
St. John, April 27, by Rev. Geo. M. Campbell, Edward Lasalles to Louise Kilfillen.
Andover, N. B., April 22, by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, Samuel Cunningham to Clara Nichols.
Westville, N. S. April 26, by Rev. Robert Cumming, John S. Murray to Rebecca Williams.
St. Andrews, N. B., April 18, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, George Merrill to Lillian Towers.
New Glasgow, April 25, by Rev. Mr. Raven, Nicholas Williams to Grace McDonald.
Florenceville, N. B., April 24, by Rev. A. A. Hayward, Samuel Baker to Melvina Adams.
Snider Mountain, N. B., April 26, by Rev. G. F. Dawson, Clarence Berry to Susie Keirstead.
Campbellton, N. B., April 19, by Rev. J. M. McConnell, John H. Norman to Vinnie S. Keith.
Port Mulgrave, N. S., April 15, by Rev. I. R. Gwillim, Joseph Flemming to Catherine Fleet.
Portaupique Mountain, N. S., April 25, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Giddie Corbet to Nancy McLellan.
Clarke's Harbor, N. S., April 24, by Rev. T. H. Siddall, John W. Nickerson to Julia E. Crowell.
New Glasgow, April 26, by Rev. Arch. Bowman, Duncan W. McDougall to Henrietta McNaughton.

DIED.

St. John, May 1, James Kein, 74.
Halifax, April 26, John Little, 51.
Halifax, April 28, Ellen Scanlon, 11.
Halifax, April 29, G. A. V. Paw, 80.
St. John, April 30, Ellen Doherty, 70.
Moncton, April 24, Daniel Harris, 56.
Moncton, April 26, Hugh McLean, 60.
Amherst, April 30, Daniel Pugsley, 86.
Shelburne, April 15, William Davis, 56.
St. Stephen, April 26, Roland Higgins, 73.
Alma, N. B., April 22, Hugh McKinley, 97.
Halifax, April 30, Mrs. Harriet Johnson, 80.
Carleton, N. B., April 19, Smith Hilton, 94.
Bayview, N. S., April 19, Wm. McKay, 82.
St. John County, April 28, Michael Kane, 76.
Yarmouth, April 25, James A. Nickerson, 34.
Halifax, April 26, the Rev. George A. Ellis, 40.
Fairville, N. B., April 26 Elizabeth Wilson, 80.
Guys River, N. S., April 23, Thos. J. Logan, 75.
Deer Island, N. B., April 13, Alfred McNeill, 88.
Deer Island, N. B., April 14, Still G. Adams, 21.
Wolfville, N. S., April 27, Kenneth E. Bishop, 25.
New Gairy, N. S., April 16, Murdock Murray, 82.
St. John, May 2, Mary, daughter of J. R. Sneden.
Windsor, April 28, Nicholas Henry Laurence, 35.
Dartmouth, N. S., April 26, Abraham Pearce, 75.
Pictou, N. S., April 23, William Mortimer Lane, 32.
Rockingham, N. S., March 29, Reuben Killam, 87.
Anderson, N. B., April 23, Archibald Simpson, 78.
Windsor, Cynthia, wife of late Nathaniel Curry, 82.
East Ferry, N. S., April 19, Mrs. John Stanton, 97.
Springfield, N. B., April 23, George S. Freeze, 69.
Halifax, April 29, Jane, widow of late John Barron, 73.
Halifax, April 27, of pneumonia, John F. Crowe, 69.
Halifax, April 23, Harriet, wife of William Harcourt, 33.
Case Settlement, N. B., April 25, Charles H. Blood, 77.
Yarmouth, April 25, Mary, wife of Samuel Killam, 40.
Chatham Head, N. B., April 22, Richard Gremley, 85.
St. John, April 27, Chester, son of Alfred and Lydia Ells, 4.
Weymouth, April 25, the infant son of Eugene Oakes.
Halifax, April 29, Harry, son of Robert and Mary Ervin, 8.
Brighton, April 23, Katie, widow of late William John, 82.
West Baccaro, N. S., April 23, of consumption, John B. Storms.
Coverdale, N. B., April 30, Ada, wife of Mathias Somers, 22.
Dumbarton, N. B., April 19, of pneumonia, Thomas Warrell, 66.
Freeport, N. S., April 17, of cancer, Morgan Thurber, 74.
Halifax, April 28, John Collins, son of Benjamin and Mary Foote.
Moncton, May 1, Thomas, son of John and Julia Kennedy, 1.
Middle Musquodoboit, Letitia, wife of late Dr. Harrison, 84.
Shubenacadie, April 19, of heart disease, Alexander Withrow, 63.
Woodstock, April 23, Ann Jane, daughter of Patrick Gallagher, 30.
Upper Woodstock, April 26, Mary F., wife of H. Patterson, 53.
New Glasgow, April 21, William, son of David Patterson, 22
Dorchester, April 25, Melinda, wife of late William K. French, 68.
Cambridge, N. B., April 30, of pneumonia, Nevin McAlpine, 52.
Hantsport, N. S., April 16, Sarah, wife of T. G. Sutherland, 42.
Light House Road, Digby, N. S., April 23, William Warrington, 84.
North Sydney, April 21, Annie Eliza, wife of William Moore, 35.
St. John, April 30, Gilford, son of Joseph and Matilda Lingley, 4.
Middle Sackville, April 22, Janie J. Russ, wife of I. C. Harper, 30.
Tatamagouche, N. S., April 23, Bessie, wife of W. A. Patterson, 46.
East Leicester, N. S., April 20, Amy, wife of late Robert Finley, 75.
St. John, May 1, of croup, Willie, son of Wm. and Jessie McLean, 7.
Falmouth, N. S., April 21, Elizabeth, widow of late Richard Lyon, 72.
Lingan, C. B., April 15, Katie, daughter of Daniel and Mary Petrie, 2.
St. John, April 28, Elizabeth Pearson, wife of late Walter Murray, 83.
Musquodoboit Harbor, April 20, Eliza, wife of David B. Power, 65.
Falmouth, N. S., April 14, of pneumonia, wife of Isaac Woodman, 25.
Yarmouth, April 23, Budd Rothwell, son of Clement and Mary Pitman, 6.
Acadia Mines, N. S., April 23, Susan, wife of Bamford Rushton, 40.
Yarmouth, April 23, Minnie, daughter of James and Maggie Fox, 2 weeks.
Newcastle, April 16, Elizabeth Savoy, daughter of William Edmonds, 32.
St. John, April 26, Mary, daughter of John and Margaret Johnson, 16.
St. John, April 27, of pneumonia, James, son of John and Cassie Elliot.
Bristol, N. B., April 20, Lucy, daughter of John and Edith Rogers, 7 months.
Halifax, April 26, Sarah, daughter of David and Jenny Thomas, 6 weeks.
Halifax, April 26, Victoire Carter, widow of the late Rev. George Johnston, 81.
Mount Pleasant, N. S., April 14, Adelaide, wife of late Capt. John Ferguson, 59.
Shubenacadie, April 25, Rebecca Wood, daughter of David and Maria Williams, 67.
St. John, April 28, of consumption, Nellie, daughter of C. A. and the late James Blair.
Salisbury Road, N. S., April 25, Walter, son of William and Susan Storey, 5 months.
Dorchester, N. B., April 29, Robert, infant son of William and the late Sarah Campbell.
Richmond, N. S., April 25, George Henniger, son of James and Martha Porcell, 14 months.

RAILWAYS.

WESTERN COUNTIES R'Y.

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1893, 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; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.50 p. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.

Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

1892—WINTER ARRANGEMENT—1893.

On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily--Sunday excepted--as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.30
Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	16.55.

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)	10.25
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	10.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	19.00
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.30

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED

Tourist Sleeping Cars

West, from Windsor street Station, MONTREAL, as follows:

Every Tuesday at 9 p. m.

—TO—

DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

Every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m.

—TO—

Seattle, Wash.

and points on the

Pacific Cost.

Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m.

Via the "SOO LINE" to

Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to through these points, will be accommodated in Sleeping Cars, on payment of a small additional charge for berth. Particulars of ticket agents.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, MONTREAL.
C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt. ST. JOHN, N. B.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week,

For Boston.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 17th, and until further notice, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every **MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY** morning at 7.25 standard.

Returning, will leave Boston same days, at 8 30 a. m. for Eastport and St. John.

☞ On Wednesday trip the steamer will not call at Portland.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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