

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"My dear Rose," Mrs. Buchanan had said to her son's bride-elect, when the young people were in the first flush of their happiness as an engaged couple, "I wish you were sure you will not mind my continuing to reside with William after your marriage."

What could the girl say but "yes"? She was only twenty, and the great question of the mother-in-law had never entered her head. As an orphan, living with an old bachelor uncle, she was not likely to know much about the possible trials in store for her.

To be sure, her uncle lifted his eyebrows and looked very wise when he heard about it; but he did not say anything; the matter had been settled. Rose would gain little by disagreeing with her beloved's mother before such disagreement became unavoidable.

Still, young Buchanan looked a little shy when he heard of the contract so subtly gained by his mamma. "Are you sure it will be for the best, sweetheart?" he enquired of Rose.

It was scarcely a time for judicious thought or action. "She is your mother, dear William," was the admirable reply. "That is enough for me. I will be as good a daughter to her as you have been a son."

William said "I am" to this; but the fond caress with which he acknowledged the confiding girl's avowal of her entire affection for him, and eagerness to devote herself to his and his mother's interests, gave no chance to any scruples about her conduct to take root in Rose's innocent young mind.

And so the marriage duly took place, and Mrs. Buchanan raised her voice in loud lamentation as the carriage drove away to the railway station. No one knew why she made such a fuss about it.

Mr. Cartree, the old bachelor uncle, shrugged his shoulders, and, on pretence of his health, withdrew, as did the other guests, leaving the curious lady alone with her pocket-handkerchief on the doorstep. She speedily re-entered after them, and showed signs of fainting, which were with difficulty checked by three glasses of sherry in quick succession.

With characteristic wisdom she had arranged the pecuniary terms of her residence with her son and his wife before their marriage. "I have the poorest appetite in the world, child," she had said to Rose. "Would it seem to you enough if I paid one pound weekly for my board with you? I suppose I shall eat a third of the value in reality."

head on her husband's shoulder without being immediately scrutinized through her mother-in-law's gold-rimmed glasses, was there sought to declare even interminally that a screw was loose in the household. When another month had passed the scales fell from the eyes of husband and wife simultaneously.

"We must do something," said William. "It isn't as if mamma was destitute. She could live comfortably anywhere." The young wife acknowledged these delightful words with a caress that emboldened William yet further.

"And it isn't a bit of good trying to argue her out of her determinations. I know my mother—the best of women (bar one) but dreadfully resolute." "What can we do then, dear?" inquired the girl pathetically. "I do love her, William; but I should love her so much more in a house of her own."

"Quite so, Rose; that is just how I look at it. We must think." As one result of their subsequent conference on the subject, Anna Maria was suddenly dismissed with a month's wage in her pockets. A frightful storm ensued.

After this passage of arms, in which Rose by her honest ingenuously, came off much the better, there was a truce for two or three days. But Mrs. Buchanan's manner (of which Rose took no notice, which made it worse) showed how rage smouldered in her.

The dinners were really very discreditable to Rose. She could hardly have cooked them worse. In fact, she tried to serve them up as shockingly as possible, and the feeble words of apology which she set the blackened or half-roasted joints upon the table were like quassia root to Mrs. Buchanan. This lady at length became plaintive.

"I cannot," she exclaimed one day, after trying in vain to enjoy a very tough fowl, still rose tinted as to its flesh; "I cannot bear this longer." Her favorite cat mewled piteously in responsive agreement with her mistress's sentiments.

It was wonderful how well William carried himself during this crisis. Of course, Mrs. Buchanan complained to him about her sufferings, but he bravely confessed that he could find no fault with his wife for her plucky wrestle with the problems of domestic existence.

The end soon came. Mrs. Buchanan daily ate farinaceous food at her dinner one form or another, and her cat was wont to share it with her on the carpet. It was Wednesday. The three days earlier in the week had been devoted to a dismal piece of beef for the final departure of which Mrs. Buchanan was truly thankful.

GEN. ROSSER'S ROMANCE.

How a Rival in Love and War Outwitted the Gallant Hero. Gen. Thos. L. Rosser, who made such a gallant fight against Col. O'Ferrall, was one of the bravest and most dashing cavalry officers in the Confederate service, as handsome as he was brave, and as adept in the art of flirtation as he was skilled in the tactics of war.

In the wee sma' hours of a certain night in January, 1862, a party of Union officers were indulging in the pleasures of a ball in the little town of Beverly, W. Va., when Rosser with his cavalry was riding fast upon them. As they entered the town they made straight for the hall, which was the only lighted building at that time of night, and they went, too, with the din of exploding firearms and the blood-curdling yells of the Confederates.

He knew that he meant a rebel sympathizer, so he wrote a courtly epigram, though he was suffering from a slight wound which he had received during the mele. Mrs. Blank was a lovely white-haired old lady of the Southern type, while her daughter—ah—was simply exquisite, and captivating without delay the heart of the young aviator.

At the close of the war he went to Baltimore, where he was made Superintendent of the Water Works. One night at the hotel a friend introduced him to a Captain Brown, who on hearing his name laughed and said, "General Rosser is at all times a gentleman, and I do not resent such treatment. He is not to look at the man but what he caught him smiling at him, and finally he burst out with: "Well, sir, may I ask you what there is in my appearance to cause your laughter?"

"You took breakfast with Mrs. Blank that day." "Yes," was General Rosser's astonished reply, for he could not place the man before him. "Well, didn't you go up into 'mother's room' to get a glass of water, and didn't you make desperate love to my daughter?" "I did, but how in thunder do you happen to know all about it?" "Oh, I was under the bed."

How Plants Travel. The manner in which some plants travel is peculiar. A certain weed was transferred to an Antarctic island in the mound clinging to a spade, and soon became common. Birds carry seeds in the clay which sticks to their feet; sheep and other animals in their hair; and things are more common than the dispersion of edible plants by birds and beasts. The struggle for existence between the native and the alien flora is, on a small scale, as remarkable as the same process in the case of man.

Such a Nice Game. A young physician of this city is engaged to a very estimable young lady and is permitted to visit her three times a week. The mother of the young lady is possessed of a very strongly developed sense of propriety and does not believe in familiarity, particularly kissing before marriage. She therefore arranged to have her little nephew with her on these visiting days to keep guard over the decorum of the young people in the drawing room while she attended to her household duties.

Now, it happened during one of these visits that mamma desired to speak to her daughter and entered the room abruptly. She was amazed to see her seated on the physician's lap, with both arms twined about his neck, while her nephew was groping about the room with his eyes tightly bandaged with the young man's handkerchief.

"Doctor!" the angry woman exclaimed, "what does this mean?" But before the embarrassed couple could reply her nephew answered: "Why, aunt, he's teaching me to play blind man's bluff. Don't you think it's nice?"—New York Herald.

MARRIED.

Nov. 21, by Rev. H. A. Gilpin, A. L. West to Lina Nickerson. Nov. 29, by Rev. C. E. Pisco, Albert Morley to Mary J. Best. Nov. 29, by Rev. C. Munroe, George Brownell to Jennie Dunbar.

Nov. 17, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Arthur Crowell to Ida E. Best. Nov. 29, by Rev. D. Farquhar, O. T. Daniels to Mary Muir. Nov. 29, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, Thomas Bain to Josephine Ouy.

Nov. 29, by Rev. Father Daly, John F. Walsh to Maggie James. Nov. 27, by Rev. Father L'Abbe, Mac Boudreau to Celia Allen. Nov. 22, by Rev. I. E. Ingram, Robert Ebers to Margaret Haley.

Nov. 10, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, David Cameron to Esther Shaver. Nov. 29, by Rev. E. E. England, Angus Fraser to Clara Moss. Nov. 27, by Rev. Dr. Hearze, Frederick A. Casson to Fannie Parsons.

Nov. 29, by Rev. A. M. Hubley, W. H. McFarland to Della Dale. Nov. 23, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Walter Whitson to Abeta Jamison. Nov. 29, by Rev. F. A. McEwen, Philip Knowles to Amy Redden.

Nov. 30, by Rev. John McMillan, Isaiah Mosher to Mary J. Miller. Nov. 29, by Rev. S. K. West, Norman Sweeney to Mabel Lorrey. Nov. 28, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Arthur Elliott to Lavinia Steves.

Nov. 29, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, Alexander Cameron to Ella Talloway. Chatham, Nov. 16, by Rev. D. Forsyth, Charles Walker to Carrie Cherry. St. John, Nov. 29, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Harry A. Macaulay to Ida McKnight.

Nov. 29, by Rev. G. B. Bruce, William W. Paterson to Addie Bennett. Milford, Nov. 29, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Burton Lawson to Annie C. Annand. St. John, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. J. Walsh, George T. Macee to Katherine Hanlon.

Nov. 29, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Andrew Kilgohr to Emma J. Ogilvie. Oxford, Nov. 22, by Rev. C. Corey, Ralph Thompson to Margaret Kelly. Truro, Nov. 29, by Rev. Dr. Hearze, Archibald McCulloch to Fannie McMillan.

DIED.

Nov. 23, Robert Fox, 44. St. John, Nov. 25, Katie Irvine, 33. Middlefield, Nov. 28, Charles Demon. Grand Pre, Dec. 1, John S. Simon, 46.

Nov. 27, Fred McConnell, 81. Moncton, Nov. 29, Mrs. Jane Ward, 82. Midgie, Nov. 22, William Anderson, 72. Charlottetown, Nov. 21, Mary Power, 80.

St. Stephen, Nov. 27, John R. Crocker, 72. Hammond, Nov. 21, Richard McBride, 73. Shelburne, Dec. 1, Mrs. H. B. Hall, 81.

Bridgetown, Nov. 26, Herbert J. Banks, 33. Charlottetown, Nov. 26, George Lawson, 77. Halifax, Nov. 30, Mrs. Annie Thompson, 82.

Millstream, Nov. 28, Annie M. Patterson, 30. St. Stephen, Nov. 23, Vincent McCormick, 19. Bridgetown, Nov. 23, William Williamson, 48.

Dalhousie, Dec. 1, Sherif William Phillips, 50. Acton, Nov. 26, Andrew Metc. Barton, of Halifax. New Horton, N. B., Nov. 27, Mrs. Frederick Long. St. John, Nov. 28, of heart disease, Moses Ramsey, 69.

Berwick, Nov. 26, Victor, son of Isala J. Shaw. Steam Mill Village, N. S., Dec. 1, Andrew Webster, 62.

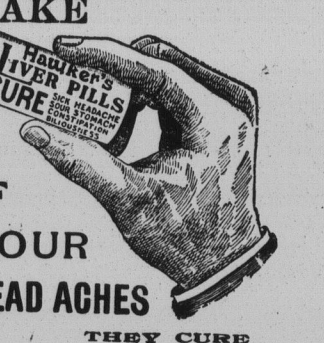
Nov. 27, Annie, wife of Alfred G. Cunningham. Halifax, Nov. 26, Nettie Phillips, wife of William Ross, 21.

Bathurst, Nov. 23, John, son of the late Robert St. John, Nov. 26, Mar., daughter of Edward Farren, 21. Chatham, Nov. 26, Sarah, widow of the late Simon Nowell, 66.



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BORN.

Sackville, Nov. 19, to the wife of John H. Carter, a son. Halifax, Nov. 27, to the wife of Frederick O'Neill, a son. Parrsboro, Nov. 17, to the wife of Henry Morse, a son.

Fredericton, Nov. 29, to the wife of P. C. Manzer, a son. Rockport, Nov. 29, to the wife of Luther King, a son. Paradise, Nov. 24, to the wife of John Salsarian, a son.

Halifax, Nov. 24, to the wife of [Nicholas] Ruider, a son. Sackville, Nov. 29, to the wife of Pacifico Cormier, a son. Sackville, Nov. 25, to the wife of William Wry, a daughter.

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