The days which intervened before Carey's initiation into the practice of the great house were lightened by a brief but civil note from Wincks, who stated that the reference to Messrs. Clark and Pearson was quite satisfactory; and by the time Monday morning came Darey was full of pleasant anticipations, of how he would infuse new life and spirit into the whole business. "The English," he said, "were fine, steady fellows—but there was a certain want of 'go' about them, which he proposed to supply." So the little party in Oakeley Villas settled into a more hopeful groove.

Carey was much exercised by the abject stupidity which, according to him, ruled in the office; "not a soul ever speaks one word except about business—divil a word! It's work, work, work the livelong day. Now, I say that a bit of laugh and a joke makes things go quicker. There was a heap of business got through in my own office, I know; but there was many a hearty laugh, and many a good saying to be heard there too.

That he was not dissatisfied his daughters soon perceived, for Wincks began to discover that he could be useful, and had certain knowledge which was valuable, at any rate for the present.

But Kate grew anxious; a fortnight had gone and Wincks had made no sign. Had he forgotten? And if so, how was she to jog his memory? The fact of having a secret with the imperturbable Wincks amused and delighted her; and still more did she rejoice in having turned the flank of Brett. Should she ever tell any one? She could not make up her mind. Alicia was as good and a useful sister, but not exactly a sympathetic confidante. Kate had a hundred fancies—a hundred perceptions, joys and annoyances, which Alicia could not comprehend. Moreover, her imagination had been dulled and blunted when—at the outset of their troubles, when Carey's possible ruin was first hinted at—her lover, a gay young cavalry man, who seemed on the point of proposing, forsook her and fled.

Kate had been somewhat slow in maturing mentally, but now that her find physique had attained its full development, her intellect seemed to unfold and grasp things which formerly did not interest her; she began to live more in her thoughts, and indulge in castle building to an extent unknown before.

Meanwhile, "Cousin Dick," who was Carey's only intimate friend in London, or we might say England, was still absent. It was almost six months since they had seen him, and his letters were not frequent. They were dated from many places where his duties as secretary took him. Lord Balmuir, his chief, was not a representative peer. He was M. P. for a Scotch Burgh, and his common sense and attention to business were rapidly increasing his parliamentary importance, and consequently his secretary's work.

The time of Dick's return, as stated in his last letter, was now over passed, and he had not appeared. Kate looked eagerly for him.

He was the one bright ingredient in her rather monotonous life; she liked to hear him talk of the people and places he had seen, though he was more inclined to listen than to speak. Then his voice, his manner, pleased her taste, and conveyed a sense of his superiority which sometimes charmed and sometimes hurt her, as she felt that in all probability she should never have a chance of entering the enchanted circle in which he lived and moved and had his being.

It was Thursday—the only day in the week on which the young heiress, Miss Golding, needed her musical coach in the afternoon. She gave more time to her piano on that day also, for on Friday she had her lesson from the costly professor. She was a young lady of "neglected education." Her father having suddenly "struck ile" in the later days of his commercial career, and left her and her handsome fortune to the care of an aunt and uncle, also well to do.

Alicia set forth in better spirits than usual, for the good-humoured heiress had told her on the previous day that her professor had admitted she was improving.

When she was gone Kate sallied forth into the wilderness of a garden, and gathered some crocus and anemones which grew at the further end—the remains of the old pleasure ground—where no one but herself ever ventured. Then she begged a jug of water from the servant, and proceeded to fill a paltry vase or two and a large saucer with wet moss, into which she stuck a few flowers that made a goodly show. Pleased with her work, she had sent away the jug and the debris of the moss and stalks, and was singing in a low tone to herself as she dried her hands and put the flowers in their places, when the servant threw the door open and said, "Here,s a gentleman, miss"—and enter Cousin Dick.

(To be continued.)

Told by Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln used to tell of a ride he had once in his early days with a judge of his acquaintance. "It was a rough road," said Lincoln, "and presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out and saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat, so I said, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a drop too much this morning.' 'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.' So putting his head out of the window he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!' Upon which, pulling up his horses and turning around with great gravity, the coachman said, 'Bedad, but that's the first rightful decision your honor has given for the last twelve months!"

Have you seen the new "Eudora?" It might have been thought that the Priestleys could do no better. They had made the best blacke dress goods in the world. And now they have brought out the new "Eudora." The Henriettas seemed perfection. But with the Priestleys it is ever onward. The "Eudora" has a softness, a richness, all its own. It has extra width and weight, it fits beautifully, and gives long service, while the glow upon its surface, gives it the character which ladies like. It is wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

SAVAGE AND LADY.

The office of chief-magistrate of the Goalpara district in the Province of Assam, India, was no easy position in the years gone by. Colonel Hanson had his hands full keeping in order the heterogeneous population of that district, composed as it was of Hindus with their rigid caste, Mohammedans with their religious hatred of all "infidels," and the thieving Kacharis, hated as "pig-eaters" by both.

The internal troubles were increased by the inroads of robber gangs of Bhutias from the North, and yet more by the wild Garos from their hills at the South. The latter people were very different from the others. Without caste or creed, worshipping no gods but the imaginary demons of their hills, fierce and savage to all enemies, they had known no masters since the birth of history. They were haughty and proud, with none of the craven, fawning manners common to the people of the plains.

A few years before the incidents herein related, Colonel Hanson, with a battalion of Sepoys, had marched into their territory and severely chastised one of the Garo chiefs, who had been accused of driving off cattle from the plains. A truce had been declared and a treaty arranged, according to the terms of which the chief's eldest son—then a lad of 16 years of age—was to go and live under Colonel Hanson's charge, learn the ways of civilization, and at the same time, be a hostage for the good behavior of his father's tribe.

The boy, Ahmed, was for a time closely watched and not allowed much freedom. But before the end of the first year, his manly behavior and desire to learn had so won the friendship of Mrs. Hanson, who had volunteered to be his teacher, that he became more like a trusted servant or companion in the household than a hostage of war. To little Minni he was like a faithful watch-dog. Little Minni—"Minni Baba" as all the natives called her—was the light of that household, her father's idol, and the pet of the station. Her golden locks, blue eyes, and winning four-year-old ways won the heart of all the white folks. Fat Captain Doyle, the police officer; jolly Dr. Barnes, who dispensed bitter quinine tonic and funny jokes with equal generosity: and the long, lean, big-hearted missionary from New York, all had a kind word for and time to play with little Minni. She paid them back with kisses and hugs, declaring that they were all "her dearest, bestest, burrapapas" (grandpas.) To Ahmed, the hill boy, she was a "phantom of delight." The only white baby girl he had ever seen, she was to him something more than human, and her innocent, trusty affection for him was probably more of a civilizing influence than Mrs. Hanson's teachings, and surely more so than the colonel's gruff admonitions and directions.

Colonel Hanson had more than once complained about letting Minni play so much with that "Garo nigger;" but his wife, with a woman's intuition, saw below the surface of that black skin better than the stern colonel, whose rule was to treat every man, especially every native, as a rascal, until proven to the contrary.

At the time when our story begins, Ahmed had been at the colonel's house for two years, and had learned to speak and read Bengali and some English. Little Minni spoke a language composed of about equal parts of English, Bengali, and Garo with a few words of her own coining. She spent most of her waking hours with Ahmed who told her wondrous fairy-tales from his Garo folk-lore.

As is usually the case with children, the old stories were in greatest demand. Those she knew by heart were the ones most often called for.

"Now, Med tell me 'bout 'tory of a prince 'at was turned into tiger by an old wizard and who found a 'ittle dirl in jungle and took her home on his back and 'at broke the spell and 'they lived happy ever after.' Tell it all and don't leave out how' ittle dirl's mamma tried and said 'my sweet, sweet child.' and what a bor dhuster mano (very wicked man) the old wizard was." And for the fiftieth time the story would be told with all its minor details.

Soon after this the great Dunbar or gathering of Garo chiefs was to be held, the chiefs to assemble at Damara, Ahmed's home, and there receive in state the English officers, exchange presents, and renew their treaties.

Colonel Hanson, who was absent on a tour of inspection, sent word to his wife to come with Minni and camp a week or two with him at Damara, see these "Lords of the Hills," and enjoy the cool weather.

Due preparations were made, and on the morning of leaving all was bustle and hurry around the little pucca (brick) bungalow on the hill. Two of the station elephants were brought up from their big barns down by the river. The larger one was made to kneel down at the gate while the servants loaded him with trunks, camp-chairs, beds tables, cooking utensils, a box of canned goods and condensed milk, and many things necessary to change the colonel's small camping outfit into a family affair.

The smaller elephant was to carry Mrs. Hanson and Minni. On the large pad on his back was placed a saddle or double-seated frame, so arranged that the riders, while facing sideways, faced each other. An easy back and a foot-rest for each, with a large white umbrella for shade, made it as comfortable as was possible on such a high rolling perch. The large animal knelt on the ground while Mrs. Hanson and Minni climbed up the ladder at his side and arranged themselves for a long days ride.

Minni's pet rat-terrier "Snip" was allowed to ride with them, as Minni protested he should not walk, "tause sometin might det him in the jungle."

All being ready, the procession started, the baggage elephant leading, then the other, followed by a long string of servants and coolies. Down the hill and across the old river bed, past Saderam's tea garden, past all signs of cultivation, into the jungle they went, mile after mile, along a narrow path through the tall reeds towering above the elephants.

The country became wilder and the jungle thicker as they advanced. The coolies and servants pressed forward, getting between the two elephants and looking suspiciously from side to side, calling to each other to keep up courage.

The procession had passed several troops of monkeys in the tree near the road, whose jumping and chattering was a continual source of anxiety to Snip, the terrier, who seemed anxious to follow them and put a stop to their noise. At a sudden turn in the road, Snip spied an old mother monkey with her papoose on her back swinging from bough to bough directly over him. The attraction was too strong for him, and, with more energy than good sense, he gave a loud yelp, jumped straight at her and landed, instead of on the elephant, flat on the ground. Little hurt, but badly scared, he commenced running around between the elephant's feet, crying to be restored to his little mistress.

In spite of his sagacity and huge bulk, the elephant is a great coward. A strange dog, especially a small one, will make him show all signs of fear. This small, yelping pigmy running around his feet was more than this giant could stand, and with a loud snort tail in air, he bolted off the road directly into the thick jungle. Crashing through it he went, becoming worse frightened at every step as Snip followed yelping behind. The mahout (driver) pounded and hooked him with the heavy iron goad, but to no purpose. On he went.

Mrs. Hanson's experiences in India had been numerous and varied. She had faced danger before and did not easily lose her self-control. She fully realized the danger they were in, for she knew that a runaway elephant is generally uncontrollable. At any moment they might be crushed, mangled, and dashed to the ground by the large overhanging branches of the forest trees. She did not faint or cry out, but drawing Minni to her, she told her to hold on tight around mama's neck. Only those who have tried it can fully realize the terrible strain produced in trying to retain a seat on a running elephant's back. More than one bold sportsman has come to grief, unable to withstand the violent rolling and pitching from side to side.

Mrs. Hanson exerted all her strength and succeeded in keeping her seat until, after a run of about a quarter of a mile, the elephant passed under a small overhanging limb. "Hold on tight to mama," she said to the child and grasping the limb, with speed and strength increased by excitement, Mrs. Hanson held on one while the runaway passed from under her and the bending branch let mother and child safely to the ground.

The servants and coolies were around the turn of the road and had not seen the elephant bolt. But Ahmed, who had kept close to his mistress, shouted to them to return, and, without waiting, plunged into the jungle after the runaway. When the coolies returned they could see nothing of Ahmed or elephant. They stood gazing at the trampled bushes, repeating the names of their gods, Hindu and Mohammedan, each after his own fashion but making no attempt at a rescue. "Bismallah! this is the place where Radeker, the mail-carrier, was killed by a tiger last week," said the mohammedan cook. "The gods are angry with the English Sahibs and this is for a punishment. Ram! Krishna! Ram!" (names of his gods) said the Hindu water-carrier. But yet they stood, making no advance.

Ahmed followed on as fast as he could through the tangled bushes and wild vines. A child's hat, the water jug, and various other articles showed the havoc that had been made. The large white umbrella, with its strong bamboo handle broken off at the socket in which it was fastened to the saddle, he found hanging on a bush. Closing it, he took it with him, knowing well that should he be fortunate enough to find his mistress and Minni alive, they would be in sore need of a shelter from the hot tropical sun which was now on the meridian.

Pressing on he soon saw a sight which filled him with joy and horror. Standing by a tree was Mrs. Hanson with Minni in her arms, both apparently unhurt, the mother talking quietly to the child as she showed her a beautiful flower. But a few yards on the other side of the tree, couching low in the grass and eyeing her closely was a large royal Bengal tiger!

She could plainly see the glaring eyes of the man-eater watching her as a cat does a mouse, but with pale face and beating heart, she continued to keep the child's attention from him and stand perfectly still.

The thought of self was probably not present in Ahmed's mind at that instant. With no weapon of defence, with nothing heavier than the bamboo umbrella handle, small chance for him to vanquish that terror of the forest which had already killed more than one man on that road. Mother, child, and tiger were all unconscious of Ahmed's approach. Quick as thought he slid quietly under a dense bush, crawled on his hands and knees to within a few yards of the brute and sprang directly at him, at the same time uttering the blood-curdling war-cry of his tribe "Yu! hi! yu!" and opened the umbrella with a snap directly in the tiger's face!

The effect was magical! The suddenness of the yell and opening umbrella was too much for the nerves of his royal highness, and with a growl of terror, he sprang into the jungle and disappeared. "Oh Ahmed! how you frightened us," exclaimed Mrs. Hanson, as with trembling arms she handed the now laughing child to him.

After much trouble they reached the road where they received salaams and many congratulations for their safety from the cowardly rascals who had not lifted a finger to help them. The baggage elephant was partially unloaded and made to carry Mrs. Hanson and Minni to the father's camp. That evening the stern soldier's heart softened as he held the sleeping child in his arms, while the mother told of the terrible experiences of the day and Ahmed's bravery. "And you didn't cry out or faint when you saw those eyes watching you?" asked the colonel.

"No, I thought if we stood still and seemed to pay no attention to him, he might lie quiet and watch us until some one came to the rescue."

"Well, little woman, you've got more grit and nerve than any man I know of. You deserve a colonel's commission. If you had moved two feet, that beast would have jumped."

"Don't you think Ahmed is the one who deserves the commission?" asked the little woman.

"We won't let him suffer," answered the husband. "To-morrow we will put an end to his formal imprisonment and at the same time put an end to that tiger, if we can find him."

The next morning a large crowd turned out to hunt the elephant and tiger. Colonel Hanson, after a long search, bagged the man-eater, which measured just ten feet from nose to tip of tail. The elephant was recaptured with saddle and pad torn to shreds, but the body of the unfortunate makout was found mangled and half devoured.

All this was many years ago. Colonel Hanson and the "brave little woman" now sleep beneath their native English sod. Ahmed is chief of his tribe, a strong friend to the English officers, and one of "nature's noblemen."

As I write, his picture hangs before me, and near it one of the brave little woman. On the floor at my side two happy childern are playing on a large tiger skin, and I hear a lisping voice say, "Mama, pease tell us 'bout 'tory of tiger prince," and thus once more "history repeats itself."

To the reader's decision I leave the question, which was more courageous, the savage or the lady?—N. Y. Voice.

A GOOD NAME.

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It is like the refreshing shower that falls to cheer the parched and thirsty ground. The great and good name creates better and purer thoughts and aspirations, and tends to make mankind better.

The name "Paine's Celery Compound," cheers and comforts the hearts of thousands of sick and diseased people, who now use it, and from its virtues are finding a new life. Tens of thousands of cured men and women honor the fame, and bless the memory of its discoverer. It should be borne in mind, that the great medicine is being imitated Worthless and dangerous preparations bearing the name "celery compound," are seeking for recognition and for your money. Those who are anxious about a perfect cure, and future health and strength, cannot afford to experiment with untried and unknown medicines.

Paine's Celery Compound has the indorsation of the best physicians and a legion of wonderful cures to its credit. The nervous, prostrated, weak, dyspeptic rheumatic and neuralgic, find in it new life, health and strength.

The Sunshiny Woman.

A man likes a cheerful, optimistic woman, though he may strive with all his might to convert her to pessimism. Yet, for all that, the ready-made cynic in woman's form shocks him.

However erroneous the idea, man regards woman as "the sunlight of life," and expects her to drive away malarial mists from his mind and shadows from his heart by her warmth and light. Though she is accomplished, talented and beautiful she will lose ground with the opposite sex if she is cynical or sad. Every man likes to create his own pessimist; he does not wish to find one.

As a rule, men like an accomplished and bright woman rather than a talented one, and entertaining and amusing qualities rather than markedly intellectual ones.

Numbering Houses.

There is some talk in Berlin of celebrating the origin of the numbering of houses. This convenient method of indication was quite unknown, even in London or Paris, until a century ago. In 1795 the practice of numbering private houses was begun in Berlin. Vienna claims the honor of having inaugurated, in 1803, the method of placing the odd numbers on one side and the even ones on the other.

What kills the Birds.

A woman who is an enthusiastic naturalist suggests that the diminution in the number of song birds of New England is due not to the hostility of the English sparrow, or the small boy, or the fashion of wearing dead birds in bonnets, but to the general use by farmers of Paris green and other poisons as insect exterminators.

"77"

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Witnesses testify to cures made by Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics, Sheet of Testimonials sent free.

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Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 25 cents, or five for $1.00. May be assorted. Humphrey's Medicine Co., 111 William st., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL "THE PILE OINTMENT."

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR BLOOD?

YOU ARE NOT HEALTHY, DO YOU KNOW WHY?

YOU FEEL RUN DOWN, WHAT IS THE REASON?

IT IS YOUR BLOOD OUT OF ORDER.

WHAT MAKES BAD BLOOD?

DISEASED KIDNEYS.

WHAT SHOULD YOU DO? CURE YOUR KIDNEYS.

There never has been but one reliable one standard, one certain cure for diseased kidneys and impure blood, and that is, Warner's Safe Cure. This truth is acknowledged by the best doctors, the most renowned scientific men and the highest authorities in the world. Throughout all Europe, in every part of America, and even in Australia and other distant lands, it is admitted to be the standard, and only remedy for men and women whose blood has become deranged, for men who are unaccountably debilitated, and for women whose lives do not pursue their normal course. These are admitted truths, which you doubtless know, and we trust, in reminding you of them, we are doing you a favor.

No Remedy for Sea Sickness.

Remedies for the relief or prevention of sea sickness have been sought, far and wide, but so far without success. Bromide, nitrite of amyl and cocaine have failed and the field is open to 'experimenters with human credulity.' A chemist has analysed a preparation said to be endowed with the miraculous power of a panacea, and is to consist of sugar of milk. The article was put up in London and sold at an exorbitant price.

BORN.

Lockport, Mar. 8, to the wife of Chas. Loyd, a son.
Truro, Mar. 20, to the wife of Wesley Smith, a son.
Halifax, Mar. 8, to the wife of W. E. H. Perrin, a son.
Thorburn, Mar. 16, to the wife of W. L. Ormond, a son.
Westport, Mar. 13, to the wife of Vernon Welch, a son.
Pembroke, Feb. 25, to the wife of Israel Bain, a son.
Pembroke, Feb. 25, to the wife of G. I. Allan, a son.
Truro, Mar. 19, to the wife of Walter D. Bowers, a son.
Sussex, Mar. 21, to the wife of Walter McMonagle a son.
Windsor, Mar. 15, to the wife of John P. Graham, a son.
Lockeport, Feb. 29, to the wife of Fred Sutherland, a son.
Folly Lake, Mar. 1, to the wife of T. R. McMullen, a son.
Westport, Mar. 11, to the wife of Brunyatte Welch, a son.
Pine Grove, Mar. 14, to the wife of Howard Sarty, a son.
Shediac, Mar. 14, to the wife of George McDevitt, twin sons.
Halifax, Mar. 17, to the wife of Charles Kain, a daughter.
Wolfville, Mar. 3, to the wife of Charles Porter, a daughter.
Acadieville, Mar. 7, to the wife of Abram Pineau, a daughter.
Eastport, Mar. 4, to the wife of F. S. Milliken, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Mar. 6, to the wife of William Moore, a daughter.
Pictou, Mar. 15, to the wife of John McKenna, a daughter.
Shelburne, Mar. 18, to the wife of Alfred Bell, a daughter.
Laurencetown, Mar. 14, to the wife of Hiram Late a daughter.
Hauntsport, Mar. 7, to the wife of John P. Graham a daughter.
Digby, Mar. 6, to the wife of Dr. F. S. Kinsman, a daughter.
Victoria Beach, Mar. 10, to the wife of Edward Keen, a son.
Valley Mills, N. S., Mar. 18, to the wife of Wilkins Miller, a son.
Alma, Pictou, Co., Feb. 12, to the wife of John Thompson, a son.
Shubenacadie, Mar., 1 to the wife of Parker McHefly, a daughter.
West Pubnico, Mar. 12, to the wife of R. D. D'Entremont, a daughter.
Upper Rawdon, Mar. 5, to the wife of Benjamin D. Whittier, a daughter.
West Pubnico, Mar. 13, to the wife of Moses D'Entremont, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Mar. 5, to the wife of N. C. Horton, twin son and daughter.

MARRIED.

Pisarinco, Mar. 4, by Rev. Gordon, Edmund Wilson to Maggie Wilson.
Halifax, Mar. 17, by Rev. F. Forbes, Frances Disgranger to Emily Rion.
Digby, Mar. 14, by Rev. Mr. Harley, John R. Specht to Ella Etta Horner.
Westville, Mar. 7, by Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, Hugh Fraser to Christy A. Fraser.
Alma, N. B. Mar. 12, by Rev. A. E. Chapman Robert Polley to Bertie Davis.
Nictaux, Feb. 26, by Rev. J. W. Brown Norman Beckwith to Susie Morse.
Liverpool, Feb. 17, by Rev. J. E. Donkin Allen F. Jollimore to Mary E. Roy.
Wolfville, Mar. 4, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Douglas S. Davidson to Bessie Kenney.
Bridgetown, Mar. 11, by Rev. F. M. Young, John H. Bochner to Maude Davidson.
Ohio, N. S. Mar. 5, by Rev. Trueman Bishop, William Moses to Mrs. James Lewis.
Liverpool, Mar. 4, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, William O. Tupper to Bertha May Wolfe.
Chance Harbor, Mar. 12, by Rev. J. B. McLean, William Stewart to Bessie Fraser.
Milton, Mar. 11, by Rev J. J. Saunders, Lendly McCormiskey to Carrie B. Crowell.
East Pubnico, Mar. 11, by Rev. G. E. Sturges, Benjamin Worthen to Delina Goodwin.
Vancouver, B. C. Mar. 4, by Rev. W. T. Stackhouse Keeler Fulton to Ella Fitzgerald.
Union Centre, N. S. Mar 16, by Rev. A. J. McDonald, John Sinclair to Elizabeth Costly.
Halifax, Mar. 19, by Rev. Dyson Hague, Frederick William Grove to Maude Edith Pennington.
Jolicure, N. B. Mar. 4, by Rev. John A. Clark, George Beverly Irvine to Eliza Alice Oulton.
New Westminister, B. C., Feb. 15, by Rev. Mr. Scouler, John McColl to Bessie Howard formerly of St. Andrews.

DIED.

Boston, Mar. 19, Estabrooks, 83.
Sanford, Mar. 6, Elijah Shipps, 81.
Roslendale Mar. 14, John Strange.
St. John, Mar. 21, Henry Duffel, 80.
Halifax, Mar. 17, Henry Wallace, 65.
Yarmouth, Mar. 14, Harvey Spinney, 79.
St. John, Mar. 21, Albert D. Wilson, 56.
Halifax, Mar. 17, Charles H. Kinsey, 48.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

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

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, doing business at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, under the name and style of W. C. Pitfield & Co., has this day been dissolved by the elapsing of the time limited for its existence.

Saint John, N. B., Jan. 2nd, A. D., 1896.

WARD C. PITFIELD.
S. HAYWARD.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick.

HEREBY CERTIFY:—

(1). That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.

(2). That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of such articles as are usually bought and sold by dealers in dry goods, cloths, &c.

(3). That the names of all the General and Special partners interested in said partnership are as follows:

Ward C. Pitfield who resides at the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, is the General partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at Hampton, in the County of Kings, in the said Province, is the Special partner.

(4). That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of thirty thousand dollars to the common stock.

(5). That the period at which the said partnership is to commence, is the third day of January, A. D. 1896, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the third day of January, A. D., 1899.

Dated this second day of January, A. D. 1896.

Signed, WARD C. PITFIELD.
Signed, S. HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED that on this second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety six, before me, James A. Belyea, a Notary Public in and for the Province of New Brunswick by Royal authority only appointed, admitted and sworn, residing and practising at the City of Saint John, in the said Province, personally appeared at the said City of Saint John, Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, the co partners named in the aforegoing and annexed Certificate of Co-partnership, and severally acknowledged that they signed, sealed, executed and delivered the said Certificate of Copartnership as their respective act and deed and to and for the uses and purposes therein expressed and contained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the second day of January A. D. 1896.

[L. S.] J. A. BELYEA, Notary Public.

Yarmouth, Mar. 14, Harvey Spinney, 79.
Barnesville, Mar. 14, Robert Connor, 72.
Amherst, Mar. 8, Mrs. Caroline Cook, 67.
St. John, Mar. 21, Albert D. Wilson. 57.
Tufts Cove, Mar. 18, Herbert B. Tufts, 52.
Durham, Mar. 9, Alexander Cameron, 81.
St. Andrews, Feb. 16, John A. Hewett, 48.
Salem, N. S., Mar. 17, Mary L. Crosby, 41.
Chatham, N. B. Mar. 1, Thomas Lynch, 41.
Central Cariboo, Mar. 2, Kenneth Fraser, 54.
Fredericton, Mar. 21, Edward H. Wilmot, 77.
Road Beach, Me., Mar. 6, Carlon Buffum, 76.
Westville, Mar. 8, Olive Upham Hamilton, 82.
St. John, Mar. 19, Annie, wife of Abel Cain, 40.
St. John, Mar. 21, Ellen, wife of Robert Ritchie.
Black Brook, Feb. 27, Alexander Loggie, Sr., 83.
Moncton, Mar. 12, Sarah C. wife of John McKenzie.
Sandy Cove, Mar. 6, Emma, wife of Benjamin Young 42.
Port Monton, Mar. 7, Melissa, wife of Peter Latham 42.
Murray Harbor, P. E. I., Feb. 12, John McLeod, 29.
Granville, Mar. 14, Carrie J. daughter of John Reese, 13.
Avonport, Mar. 7, Mrs. Taylor, widow of John Taylor, 81.
Middle LaHave, Mar. 7, Margaret, widow of Charles Russel, 92.
West Pubnico, Mar. 3, Arthur, son of Nicholas Surette, 4.
Harrington Head, Mar. 1, Sarah, widow of W. D. Crowell, 27.
Westfield, N. S. Mar. 6, Augusta A. wife of Milton Mansfield, 35.
Moncton, Mar. 21, Abbie Whidden, widow of J. Allen Chipman.
St. John Mar. 21, Madeline M. Child of Fred and Augusta Murray.
Lynn Mass., Feb. 26, Priscilla, wife of James W. Eldridge of N. S.
West Pubnico, Mar. 12, infant son of Thomas D'Entremont, 6 months.
Yarmouth, Mar. 6, twin son and daughter of Norman C. and Bessie Horton.
Malden, Mass., Feb. 24, Ella M., wife of Seward N. Sawyer of N. S 58.
Bristol, Mar. 11, Edith L. only daughter of the late Capt. L. Chandler, 26.
Yarmouth, Mar. 8, Harold E. son of Charles E. Johnstone, 15 months.
St. John, Mar. 19, Reddick, son of James and Sarah Kirk, Springfield, N. B.
Halifax, Mar. 18, Kathleen E. child of Bessie and Wm. Hayden, 3 months.
St. John, Mar. 19, Charles E. son of Maggie and Duncan Lingley, 17 months.
Gunnings Cove, Mar. 18, William P. son of Archibald and Mandah Goulden, 5.
Boston, Mar. 16, Susan, third daughter of Mrs. Hannah M. Smith of Digby, 37.
Windsor Forks, Mar. 8, Maggie Bell eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Carson, 2.
Yarmouth, Mar. 16, George Reynard, only child of Adam and Georgie Black, 6 months.

What is "Orinoco?"

Ask your Tobacconist and Try it.