

THE WRAITH OF MCOY.

When I was sixteen years of age I paid a visit to an uncle and an aunt of my father's who lived on the family estate in Scotland. My granduncle was well-to-do in this world's goods, and had leisure to devote his life to scientific pursuits and to write about his ideas and discoveries. He had an exceedingly well-arranged laboratory, and dabbled in everything. He was, perhaps, of a more practical turn of mind than most scientists, for he not only theorized and experimented, but turned his knowledge to account, and thereby made his home rather alarming to ignoramuses. Doors opened and shut, and bells rang, seemingly as he willed them. He had made of electricity a sort of servant-of-all-work.

The Scotch domestics gave warning in a body the first evening that the hall lamp lighted itself. They considered the proceeding "uncanny," and my aunt confided to me that it was a most expensive illumination. "However," she added, "a man should be master in his own house, and have a light to spend his money as he pleases, so I say nothing."

For her part she liked to go about among the poor—not to give alms, Scotch poor folk seldom want them. She helped them to work for themselves: started poor widows in little penny shops; put boys to trades; found places for young housemaids and lent small sums of money to be paid back in dribs and drabs when the folks could do it.

She worked in the right way, and left them their self respect. Mere charity never does that. The house was well furnished with articles that would capture those who are bitten with the present madness for "old things." Square rugs lay on the polished oak floors, and great orange trees grew in tubs in each of the six windows; but the drawing room. Outside, in summer, was a gray little flower garden.

It was, however, not a pretty part of the country. It was grand and solemn. Beyond lay mountains apt to be covered with dim, gray mist. Near by a loch, the water of which seldom sparkled, and in dull weather seemed perfectly black, and from the heights on which my uncle's dwelling stood, a road descended into a valley, walled about with great rocks, its vegetation sparse and coarse, and lying here and there so many mightily boulders, that one could fancy them hurled them out at each other in the course of some tremendous fight. Far away, above all, a tall, curious shaftlike object, which one could scarcely believe the work of nature. Its local name was Daffy's Darling needle, and on its summit was an eagle's nest. The eagles swooped down upon the sheepfolds to their owner's cost at lambing time, but were perfectly safe, as the needle was inaccessible even to the Scottish boys, who can climb anything climbable.

It was my delight to mount my pony, Jackanapes, and go galloping off over the country. No one objected to my going alone. I was quite safe. There was nothing improper in it. Every one I saw knew me, and I gained health and strength by it. What with oatmeal for breakfast and these rides, my cheeks grew round and rosy and sprits high. I forgot at last even that it might be possible for me to lose myself, until one day I actually did it—at five o'clock in the afternoon too, with the autumn day suddenly drawing to a close under a cloudy sky, which threatened one of those moun- tain rain storms which only those who have experienced can appreciate.

Lost—I laughed to myself—but all I have to do is to trust to the pony. Jackanapes certainly could not lose himself so near home. However, Jackanapes had either done that very thing, or was obstinate and determined to make me find my own way. The storm came on. The way grew perfectly dark, and I fancied that I heard a torrent roaring somewhere near me, dashing over a precipice. There was no such thing in the neighborhood, I knew. Little as was aware of me then as any human being who ever lived, and I succumbed to terror, soaked to the skin, shivering from head to foot, daring to move neither to the right nor to the left, and expecting death every moment. I threw my plaid over my face and burst into tears. In fact I cried like a baby.

"Oh, me! Oh, me!" I moaned. "I shall never see any of them again! What a death to die!" At this instant I felt my pony trembling beneath me. He trembled as a human being does mortal terror, quivered all over, and seemed about to fall to the ground. I uncovered my face. All had been dark when I veiled it in the great horror of seeing nothing, but now I saw something—a light which resembled very cold moonlight, so might one might almost call it blue. It shone, strangely enough, at about the height of a man's head. What was it? My blood curdled. I was conscious of that curious condition of skin which either cold or terror will produce, which children call "goose flesh." I could not have spoken a word to save my soul, for the object before me appeared to be a human figure, formed of some transparent, luminous substance, and was a more perfect ghost than is pleasant to contemplate in a lonely spot at midnight. Almost instantly, however, I saw with a sudden flush of joy that my terror had deceived me. It was a man that stood there, clad in what seemed to be a white flannel suit and holding a lantern over his head. "This is Miss Maisie?" said a voice that was the voice of a gentleman. "Oh, yes!" said I. "I'm lost. I thought I should die. Oh, I am so glad! So glad! Quiet, Jackanapes!" For the pony trembled more than ever. "The animal is afraid of me," said the figure. "Can you dismount?" I dare not approach you otherwise, for if I do Jackanapes will run away and, perhaps, dash you over the precipice. I will retire; dismount, and I will return. Do not fear anything. I will take care of you. He was gone. Doubtless he only shut the lantern, but he appeared to vanish. Jackanapes ceased to shudder. I left the saddle, though I was hardly able to move for my wet skirts, and stood by his side. Instantly the stranger was at mine, and as he appeared my pony kicked up his heels and dashed away up the road. "Never fear; he would take care of himself," said the stranger. "Follow me."

He led the way. The darkness had concealed from me the fact that I was very near a house. A wide door was flung open. Within I saw a deep hall floored with oak, at the end of which a fire roared in a great chimney. I was seated in a huge chair, my garments drying with a curious rapidity. My host stood near me—a handsome man with his long, curling golden hair and beard, and a sort of hunting dress of white flannel. He smiled on me, but said nothing until I spoke. "They will be frightened at home," I said. "I will not be long," said he coldly. "I am thankful to you," I hastened to add. "So very thankful!" "He did not answer in any conventional manner. His reply was this: "You have good reason to be. A death in the cold waters of the torrent is not to be desired, nor is a violent death of any sort. Nature seems to forbid it. Thank heaven for life, little girl!" "And afterward you," said I. "He bowed gravely, then went toward some great piece of furniture, on which silver seemed to shimmer in the freelight, and brought thence a goblet of wine. "Drink," he said. "I drank. I was warmed, comforted; a sort of dreamy delight stole over me. I heard music, I saw figures pass and a fire. I did not quite comprehend what I saw; a delicious slumber came on the wings of the music and enveloped me. For awhile I was delightfully conscious that I slept. Then I was obliterated.

"Once and a while I awoke. I struggled to open my eyes. I heard my name. "Miss! Miss!" shouted from afar. I heard the clatter of hoofs. "There? There she is! There she is!" in my uncle's voice. I saw half a dozen mounted riders approaching over the fresh, sunlit slope of a great hill, and I saw that I sat among ruins, close to the time worn, weather bleached wreck of an old chimney, the high mantel of which projected over my head. The roof of the house was gone; only one wall remained. About me lay stones and mortar, blackened wood and all the tokens of a dwelling destroyed by fire and abandoned for years to the elements.

There was no wide hall, no glowing fire, no sideboard laden with silver, no host attired in white to offer me bankers of wine; but I was dry, warm and comfortable, notwithstanding. My uncle burst into tears, clasped me to his heart, and in doing so changed my tune and lectured me for losing myself. Jackanapes had come home riderless. My aunt thought me dead on the road, and was ill with grief and terror. And how did I find the ruins? And what a mercy that I had not gone over the precipice near by! So they bore me home. And I kept my own counsel, said not one word of my experience until our kindly neighbors had breakfasted and gone their way. Then I related it.

"It must have been delirium," I said. "Yet it seemed so real." "My dear Missie," said my uncle, "in Scotland we are astonished at nothing. I have myself heard this story before from four people who were rescued in the same way, and saw the same wraith and the same restoration of those ruins you describe. My grandfather, a poor country woman with her babe in her arms, Mrs. McLynn of the Heights and sister Constance have narrated the same adventure. Every body knows the haunted ruins, but we have a special interest in it. Long ago a handsome young man, by name Alexander McCoy, was sole heir to the place, then the handsomest residence hereabouts, as one may well imagine, but whose name is now a mere name, and the ruins which he fired with him and jilted him. Her portrait hangs on the library wall, a saucy, dark eyed girl in her teens. He thought her too good for the world, and she thought she was married to one else, set fire to his old house and committed suicide by jumping over the precipice into the torrent. It is said he also appeared to her at midnight, but that she said, 'I forgive you.'

"The fancy is that it is the spirit of the suicide, who thus expiates his sin, and that when he shall have rescued a certain number of persons he will be permitted to rest. The story is always the same. The luminous object, the figure with the lantern, the great hall, the delightful fire, the handsome host with his white costume and gold beard, the awakening among the ruins. If a horse or dog be present the animal quivers in alect terror as your pony did. Horses assuredly have more supernatural terror than men or women."

"But, uncle," said I, "I really am afraid I am not quite Scotch enough to understand all this. The ghost of a suicide is all very natural, but the ghosts of a house of an oak floor, of a blazing fire, of glimmering silver; the ghosts also of delicious wine, and of a great archway in which I slept delightfully—can these things be? Had I not better call it a dream?" "You can call it what you like," said my uncle. "Science has yet found no name for these mysteries, though I believe she will some day. But what the people here about will say will be just this, Miss Maisie has seen the wraith of the McCoy. That is what they call it, my dear."

An Object Lesson. M. Clemenceau, the famous French Deputee, was originally a doctor, and like our English Dr. Abernethy, was rough and abrupt with his patients. One morning a man entered his consulting room. "Take off your coat, waistcoat, and shirt," said the physician, as he went on writing. "I'll attend to you directly." Three minutes later, on looking up, he found the man stripped to the waist. He examined the patient carefully. "There's nothing the matter with you," he said at last. "I know there isn't," was the startling reply. "Then what did you come for?" "To consult you on a political question."

"Why did you strip, then?" "Well," said the guest blandly, "I thought you wanted an illustration of the emaciated body of the man who lives by the sweat of his brow."

SENSATIONAL NOVEL-WRITING.

Extracts From a Forthcoming "To Be Continued" Story. The great desideratum in writing sensational-to-be-continued stories is to find an original and startling climax for the end of each weekly installment—to leave the hero, or heroine, in a situation so thrilling that the reader is impelled to peruse the next issue of the paper containing the story. This sort of composition may appear difficult, and seem to require much mental ingenuity, but it is a gift easily cultivated. As a specimen of this style of lurid fiction, we insert a few excerpts from the forthcoming story, entitled: "The Villain Foiled; or, Reginald Harcourt's Charmed Life," giving only the climaxes and their unravelment.

CHAPTER III. Blanche Dreeme sat in her luxuriously furnished apartment, with her shapely feet resting upon her blue-blooded left hand, while her right hand, busily employed with a sequenent rose, Her thoughts seemed far, far away; while her mother was in an adjoining room, darning a pair of her husband's socks! It was a dark night, the stars having retired from the sky, and refused to shine at the per diem compensation agreed upon three weeks previously. Reginald Harcourt had just left the wild revelry of a masked ball, and was hurrying through a lonely street to his abode, several blocks distant. The terpsichorean habit in which he had been indulging had hid from the bow of his cravat under the left ear and his breath was tinged with cloves. Hark! Footsteps approach—and his heart almost stopped beating when he was suddenly confronted by Luke Buxter, the friend and rival, John Percy Hamilton, who had just returned to the city, and who had already journeyed, the Charleston earthquake had arrived. One of the charms made by the seismic disturbance saved the life of our hero. It split his grave upon before the vital spark fled, and when he reached the city, the worst was over. In the list of casualties next morning, he read the names of John Percy Hamilton and Luke Buxter. What a fortuitous combination of circumstances!

The last chapter of the story is devoted to straightening things out, and telling who is who; and all those who have not been killed, get married; and the reader doesn't know which deserve the most sympathy.

CHAPTER IV. In our last chapter, we left our hero, Reginald Harcourt, with a long-glittering dagger sticking up to the hilt in his breast. After the commission of the foul deed the assassin repaired to his employer, John Percy Hamilton, who was in a bad temper. The voice of his rival was hushed forever. But the villain was foiled again. "It was a mighty lucky thing for me," said Reginald Harcourt, "that I went to the masked ball in the character of Falstaff. This ugly-looking knife has penetrated six inches into my chest, but the iron has done 'make-up,' without touching my flesh. A wonderful interposition of Providence, truly! If I had gone to the masquerade in the role of a 'living skeleton,' the dagger would have gone clear through me!"

CHAPTER VI. Blanche Dreeme, looking lovely in an evening gown of pink silk, with short gabled bodice, silk cap and trimmings, and pleated lace and bows, patiently awaits the arrival of her lover, Reginald Harcourt. A dainty note, which tells her of his safety, and the manner in which he escaped, informs her that he will be with her at eight o'clock, precisely. She glances at the \$500 French clock—one dollar a week, on instalments—and impatiently murmurs: "It is now half-past eight, at a dull—"

CHAPTER VII. When Luke Buxter threw our hero from the balloon, as described in our last chapter, he firmly believed that he would never see him again in this life; but "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley," as the bard so truthfully sings. In his rapid descent, Reginald had a mental panorama of his past life; with a prayer on his lips, he awaited the end. It soon came. A favoring air current had carried them over the snow-capped peak of the mountain. The lightning express, 100 feet thick, which broke the force of his fall. He tumbled his way out and spent the night at the Crawford house.

CHAPTER VIII. "You shall not escape me this time!" cried Luke Buxter; for it was he. And with a sublimous oath and the aid of confederate, Reginald Harcourt was securely bound to a railroad track. "I've heard of men being secured to a down-track; and the express running past on the up-track; but I understand my business better than that, and it is coming on the track on which you are bound. You'd better devote the interval to praying." And with this heartless injunction, the villain and his companion left our hero to his horrible fate. Hark! the rumble of the train is heard in the distance. It comes nearer—nearer—nearer!

CHAPTER IX. When Reginald Harcourt recovered consciousness, he found himself surrounded by a crowd of people, and the wildest excitement prevailed. The lightning express had crashed through a bridge within twenty feet of our hero. A dozen persons were killed, and many were hurt, but, fortunately, the life of our hero was thereby saved. A detective advanced the theory that Reginald had tampered with the bridge, and then bound himself to the track to avert suspicion; but seven other detec-

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV. Luke Buxter and his companion in crime had not proceeded fifty yards from the scene of their diabolical deed, when they felt a peculiar tremor of the earth, accompanied by an ominous, rumbling, noise. The guilt-hardened wretches, with terror depicted on their faces, took to their heels and fled toward the city. As the reader may have already surmised, the Charleston earthquake had arrived. One of the charms made by the seismic disturbance saved the life of our hero. It split his grave upon before the vital spark fled, and when he reached the city, the worst was over. In the list of casualties next morning, he read the names of John Percy Hamilton and Luke Buxter. What a fortuitous combination of circumstances!

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BABY'S WEIGHT.

IS YOUR LITTLE ONE LOSING OR GAINING FLESH?

If the baby is healthy and well fed, it should increase very steadily in weight. Too often the hot, oppressive summer weather retards growth and development; this is always the case when the baby is improperly nourished. If the little one cannot be sustained fully and regularly on a bountiful supply of healthy milk from its mother's breast, it should receive a daily diet of pure Lactated Food. When the little one is kept on Lactated Food there is a perceptible daily growth, and a guarantee that no summer troubles will endanger health or life. The manufacturers of Lactated Food have on file hundreds of letters from thankful mothers, testifying to the fact that the great Food is a preventive of dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera infantum. This summer you hear of hundreds of mothers using Lactated Food who never used it before. A grand work is being done; the babes who are fed on the Food are progressing famously; they are increasing in weight, and rest and sleep well. Are you using Lactated Food? Care for mother, for your weak and sickly infant? Give it a trial for one week, the results will surprise you.

BORN.

- Truro, July 4, John Riss, 74. Halifax, July 8, George Lee, 72. Truro, July 4, Aaron Young, 80. St. John, July 9, Saml. Theal, 75. Paroboro, Capt. Luther Lively, 69. Folly Village, Margaret Weir, 69. Halifax, July 6, Edmund Ryan, 69. Harland, July 2, Maud Hallett, 22. Moncton, July 2, Charles Carter, 22. Yarmouth, July 2, Joseph Mace, 42. Karsdale, July 8, Joseph Barrett, 70. Marquash, July 10, John Graham, 70. Carleton, July 7, Thomas Hunter, 46. Oak Bay, July 2, Miss G. Hill, 38. Westville, June 28, Paul Hamilton, 67. Church Hill, July 9, Nelson Adams, 73. Amherst Hilliards, July 2, Celia R. Hat. Glenwood, June 28, Israel Kennedy, 77. Truro, June 30, Mrs. Angus Stewart, 77. St. John, July 11, Geo. Edwin Sailer, 72. St. John, July 2, Daniel R. McLeod, 34. St. John, July 8, Mrs. Mary Scudder, 69. Fredon, July 3, Margaret Sinclair, 62. Fredon, June 28, Mrs. J. N. Ferguson. Chipman, N. B., July 5, James Laflerty, 75. Brookfield, June 28, Arch. Y. Hamilton, 17. Greenwich, July 8, Mrs. Theo. Hancock, 75. Richmond, July 10, Angus C. McDonald, 51. Penny's Mountain, June 27, James Hoar, 53. Roydon, N. B. June 31, Alfred H. West, 35. Maine River, N. B., July 5, John Miller, 61. Denton's Point, June 28, Nelson Denton, 77. Caladonia, N. S. June 27, James Mitchell, 71. Pleasant Valley, June 28, Ellen I. Crosby, 28. Truro, July 8, infant son of Mrs. M. B. Carley. Ardross, N. S. June 27, Charles McDonald, 87. Bellville, N. B., July 8, Mrs. Alexander Stron. St. Mary's, N. B., June 29, Martin Greeland, 10. St. John, July 11, Isabella, wife of S. A. Dickson. St. John, July 7, Ellen, wife of John Cullahan, 70. Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Sarah Card, formerly of this city. Fredon, June 27, Raywood, son of N. Pinder. McGrath's Mountain, June 21, Donald Cameron, 82. Jerusalem, N. B., July 9, wife of W. F. Dixon, 38. Prince William, June 30, Mrs. Leverett Estabrook, 81. Halifax, July 9, Amelia J., wife of Hiram Miller, 67. Liverpool, July 1, Janet, wife of William Ritchie, 80. Windsor, July 6, John Medley, son of Prof. Baile, 11 months. North Sydney, June 26, Maggie H., wife of N. Macleod, 46. St. John, July 3, to the wife of James H. A. Harland, 46. St. John, July 3, to the wife of Mrs. H. Ayer, a daughter. Canning, N. S., to the wife of William Reed, a son. Point du Chene, June 24, to the wife of James Sutor, a son. St. John, W. E. July 11, to the wife of Samuel McLellan, a son. Moncton, N. B., July 6, to the wife of Harvey Williams, a son. Cornish, Me. June 27, to the wife of Rev. J. B. Sae, of St. John, a son. Liscombe Mills, N. S., July 3, to the wife of John W. Riley, a daughter. Windsor, N. S. June 28, to the wife of Spurgeon Dolge, a daughter. Burgess, N. S., June 29, to the wife of Edward Young, a daughter. West River, N. S. June 28, to the wife of Thomas Purcell, a daughter. West River, Sheet Harbour, July 5, to the wife of M. Neilgan, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Aylesford, N. S., Cecil Clairmonte to Eva Harris. Aylesford, June 27, Newman Black to Laura Drake. Nashwaak, July 10, Arthur Hamilton to Miss Evans. Bath, June 30, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, James Simms to Ida Swan. Studholme, N. B., June 27, James Gamble to Margaret Balfour. Fredon, July 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Harvey Jones to Ida Jones. Halifax, July 4, by Rev. Mr. Chute, Jas. H. Castree to Margaret Balfour. Fredon, June 27, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Allison Lum to Julia Chase. Halifax, July 10, by Rev. Mr. Gaudier, A. E. Ings to Clara Dodge. St. John, July 11, by Rev. T. Casey, Edward Hutchings to Amy C. London, 17. Truro, June 2, by Rev. T. Cummling, Alex. F. Ross to Mary B. Carter. Burlington, N. S., June 26, by Rev. W. Ryan, Arthur Lake to Jessie Sandford. Parrboro, July 6, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Bent Estabrook to Minnie Fletcher.

- St. John, July 4, by Rev. C. H. Paisley, James E. Cowan to Ellen F. White. Chatham, July 4, by Rev. Neil McKay, Everett Belmont to Wilhelmina Stewart. Lunenburg, July 4, by Rev. D. McLivray, Capt. Ed. Lewis to Jessie Omer. Bathurst, July 4, by Rev. Th. Upson, Daniel Morrison to Jessie Murray. Hopewell, June 28, by Rev. Homer Putnam, Alex. Chisholm to Jan Chisholm. Halifax, July 4, by Rev. A. Gaudier, J. H. Burton to Caroline E. I. Duncan. Halifax, N. S., July 4, by Rev. Dyson Hague, John Adams to Mrs. Fraser. Windsor, June 27, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Lawrence Johnson to Eva Gould. St. John, July 11, by Rev. Job Shenton, Isaac N. Middlemas to Clara D'Orsay. Marbledale, June 27, by Rev. Frank Sleeper, Wm. H. Hayden to Ella L. McVell. Campbell, July 2, by Rev. W. H. Street, Arthur W. Hickson to Alice B. Taylor. Brooklyn, N. S., July 6, by Rev. James Sharp, John Bailey to Ellen Rockwell. Somerset, N. S., July 2, by Rev. T. McFall, Wm. Saunders to Annie M. Finney. Yarmouth, July 4, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Charles Prime to Mrs. Lizzie Stephens. Fredericton, July 6, by Rev. D. W. Pickett, Charles W. Short to Maria May Short. Burlington, N. S., July 3, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, George Sailer to Adelia Barrett. Halifax, July 7, by Rev. John McMillan, Zachariah Beave to Hannah M. Boudillier. Marville, July 4, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Charles W. Downson to Anne A. White. Fox River, N. S., July 3, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Isaac Morris to Ellen M. Lewis. Bath, N. B., June 30, by Rev. S. E. Sprague, Ezekiel DeMerchant to Harriet Grey. Yarmouth, June 26, by Rev. J. H. Fogay, Edgar A. Crahan to Harriet Murray. St. Stephen, June 27, by Rev. W. C. Goncher, W. O. Garcelon to Ella M. Cathcart. Halifax, July 3, by Rev. John McMillan, Daniel McDonald to Christie McDonald. Alberton, P. E. I., July 4, by Rev. Geo. Harrison, Matthias Hoyt to Martha Hayes. Fredericton, July 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, John W. Coulton to Josephine Downey. Upper Musquodobit, July 3, by Rev. A. D. Guich, Chas. T. Stewart to Janet McKean. St. Stephen, June 27, by Rev. W. C. Goncher, Archie Hooper to Ennis Humeval. Gasqueton, N. B., July 4, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, Wm. E. Brooks to Emily J. Beacom. Campbellton, July 8, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, David McGarrigle to Emma Beckinham. Middle Musquodobit, July 4, by Rev. John Platen, G. A. Crahan to Harriet Gray. Havelevic, N. B., July 4, by Rev. Abram Perry, John Caldwell to Rachel H. Scribner. Gungahy, N. S., June 25, by Rev. Homer Putnam, Lewis C. Hughes to Kate M. Gordon. Advocate, N. S., July 5, by Rev. D. T. Porter, James C. Mitten to Ellen MacAloney. Brooklyn, N. S., June 19, by Rev. F. W. Johnson, Clarence Sailer to Laila Lockhart. Lower Southampton, July 4, by Rev. Wm. Ross, Thomas W. Starrs to Susanna Henderson. Pugwash, July 6, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Ulliam Blanchard Waddell to Margaret McLean. West Northfield, N. S., June 20, by Rev. E. D. P. Fery, Obad Daugherty to Eliza C. Jolley. Coxworth Mines, C. B., July 2, by Rev. Dr. McLean, Brownell Grant to Annie Murphy. New Glasgow, N. S., June 27, by Rev. D. Henderson, J. D. Mackintosh to Cassie McJannet. Vanceboro, Me., July 8, by Rev. Father O'Brien, Angus Grant to Mary Harley, of York Co. N. B.

The STEAMER CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoon at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, West Glen Cifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hants and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton "Heart" Tuesday day at 4 o'clock, with Saturday intervening points. R. G. EARLE, Captain. THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday morning, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning. Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (where passengers will call for Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday) and other intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth. L. E. BAKER, Manager in Charge. 1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. All intermediate stopping places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRYAN, Master, having recently been thusly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, under master's charge, is now ready to start her notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8:30 o'clock, and will leave Yarmouth on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gas Point Wharf each way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River or Range.....\$1.25 Return ticket good for 30 days continuous passage.....\$2.00 Ag-Fare to intermediate points as low as by other steamer. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—In order to give us will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents.

DIED.

- Truro, July 4, John Riss, 74. Halifax, July 8, George Lee, 72. Truro, July 4, Aaron Young, 80. St. John, July 9, Saml. Theal, 75. Paroboro, Capt. Luther Lively, 69. Folly Village, Margaret Weir, 69. Halifax, July 6, Edmund Ryan, 69. Harland, July 2, Maud Hallett, 22. Moncton, July 2, Charles Carter, 22. Yarmouth, July 2, Joseph Mace, 42. Karsdale, July 8, Joseph Barrett, 70. Marquash, July 10, John Graham, 70. Carleton, July 7, Thomas Hunter, 46. Oak Bay, July 2, Miss G. Hill, 38. Westville, June 28, Paul Hamilton, 67. Church Hill, July 9, Nelson Adams, 73. Amherst Hilliards, July 2, Celia R. Hat. Glenwood, June 28, Israel Kennedy, 77. Truro, June 30, Mrs. Angus Stewart, 77. St. John, July 11, Geo. Edwin Sailer, 72. St. John, July 2, Daniel R. McLeod, 34. St. John, July 8, Mrs. Mary Scudder, 69. Fredon, July 3, Margaret Sinclair, 62. Fredon, June 28, Mrs. J. N. Ferguson. Chipman, N. B., July 5, James Laflerty, 75. Brookfield, June 28, Arch. Y. Hamilton, 17. Greenwich, July 8, Mrs. Theo. Hancock, 75. Richmond, July 10, Angus C. McDonald, 51. Penny's Mountain, June 27, James Hoar, 53. Roydon, N. B. June 31, Alfred H. West, 35. Maine River, N. B., July 5, John Miller, 61. Denton's Point, June 28, Nelson Denton, 77. Caladonia, N. S. June 27, James Mitchell, 71. Pleasant Valley, June 28, Ellen I. Crosby, 28. Truro, July 8, infant son of Mrs. M. B. Carley. Ardross, N. S. June 27, Charles McDonald, 87. Bellville, N. B., July 8, Mrs. Alexander Stron. St. Mary's, N. B., June 29, Martin Greeland, 10. St. John, July 11, Isabella, wife of S. A. Dickson. St. John, July 7, Ellen, wife of John Cullahan, 70. Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Sarah Card, formerly of this city. Fredon, June 27, Raywood, son of N. Pinder. McGrath's Mountain, June 21, Donald Cameron, 82. Jerusalem, N. B., July 9, wife of W. F. Dixon, 38. Prince William, June 30, Mrs. Leverett Estabrook, 81. Halifax, July 9, Amelia J., wife of Hiram Miller, 67. Liverpool, July 1, Janet, wife of William Ritchie, 80. Windsor, July 6, John Medley, son of Prof. Baile, 11 months. North Sydney, June 26, Maggie H., wife of N. Macleod, 46. St. John, July 3, to the wife of James H. A. Harland, 46. St. John, July 3, to the wife of Mrs. H. Ayer, a daughter. Canning, N. S., to the wife of William Reed, a son. Point du Chene, June 24, to the wife of James Sutor, a son. St. John, W. E. July 11, to the wife of Samuel McLellan, a son. Moncton, N. B., July 6, to the wife of Harvey Williams, a son. Cornish, Me. June 27, to the wife of Rev. J. B. Sae, of St. John, a son. Liscombe Mills, N. S., July 3, to the wife of John W. Riley, a daughter. Windsor, N. S. June 28, to the wife of Spurgeon Dolge, a daughter. Burgess, N. S., June 29, to the wife of Edward Young, a daughter. West River, N. S. June 28, to the wife of Thomas Purcell, a daughter. West River, Sheet Harbour, July 5, to the wife of M. Neilgan, a daughter.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Summer Arrangement. Daily Service, (SUNDAY EXCEPTED) BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND BOSTON. Until further notice the steamers on this route will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Wednesday at 8 a. m. (standard) for Eastport, Lubec and Portland, Tuesday and Friday at 6 a. m. (standard) for Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais, Andrews and St. Andrews. For further information apply to C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH 6:30 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 10:15 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:15 a. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1:03 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:10 p. m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Del. & Annapolis R'y. with Monroville for St. John. Daily Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings 6:00 p. m. Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) on and from Barrington, Sheet Harbour, Hants and other points. Through tickets may be obtained at 130 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BROWN, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

1894—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1894 On and after MONDAY, the 28th JUNE, 1894, the trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Accommodation from Pictou to Chene..... 10.10 Express for Halifax..... 13.10 Express for Quebec, and Montreal..... 13.25 Commencing 2nd July, Express for Halifax 21.50 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 10:30 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Montreal..... 8.30 Express from Pictou (daily)..... 9.30 Accommodation from Pictou to Chene..... 10.10 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 13.10 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 13.25 Commencing 2nd July, Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 21.50 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are handled by steam from the locomotive, and the between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis' Wharf, is lighted by electricity. ALL trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. GAVAN, JAMES, and AMY H. GAVAN, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Gaval, 16. Cape John, N. S., July 5, Georgiana, daughter of Alexander and Maggie McDonald, 11 months.