Madame la Rose, both of whom had been despatched on sundry errands.

The abounding joy of Carey may be conceived! How he shook Travers's hand, and slapped him on the shoulder, avowing that he was deeply in his debt, but swearing he'd clear off everything—'everything, my boy, but the height of obligation, and, faith, I'm willing to lie under that all the days, of my life!'

'No, my dear sir, you are going, I hope, to oblige me to a degree that will far outweigh any small service it may have been in my power to render you. I am going to ask you for one of your jewels—to be my crown jewel—to beautify and bless my life from henceforth.'

'Begad, I am ready to give you the best I have!' returned Carey, with a puzzled look, 'but——' he paused.

'You'd never guess!' said Kate, slipping her hand through his arm, 'but he means me, and you won't refuse?' F.T.S.

'God bless my soul, why, I never thought of this. Never! Sure——' He paused.

'I confess I did,' said Alsie, who had greeted Travers with quite cordiality.

'And I was quite persuaded of the devotion of M. Travers,' added Madame la Rose. 'Ah! we shall hear no more of Africa, and its life-destroying climate.'

'I am not so sure,' said Travers. 'I fear I am in honor bound.'

'Unless you can find a substitute,' said Kate. 'Surely among all the hunting adventures you know someone can be found to fill your place, unless you are conceited enouge to consider yourself unequalled. If you are determined to go, you must take me."

'Go, no, by all that's impossible!' cried Carey. 'You must find a substitute.'

And Travers again shaking hands with his future father-in-law, said empathically. 'I'll try, for I am no longer my own.'

The End.

HELPLESSNESS AND AGONY.

A Multitude of Sufferers and Martyrs.

Paine's Celery Compound the Prompt Banisher of Rheumatism and Sciatica.

THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE IN THE WORLD.

Thousands of Convincing Testimonials from Cured People.

The agonizing and terrible troubles known as rheumatism and sciatica, are probably the cause of more helplessness and acute suffering than any half dozen others that could be named.

The original cause of rheumatism is a lack of nerve force. By this weakness of the nervous system, an acid is formed which enters the blood. Soon the joints swell—usually the knees, elbows and wrists—and there is inflammation with intense pain; this disease is veritable rheumatism.

The great medicinal virtues of Paine's Celery Compound makes it the only trustworthy specific in the world for the complete cure of all forms of rheumatism. Paine's Celery Compound is curing hundreds of cases every day. Testimonials without number declare that this great remedy of nature has effected cures after all other medicines failed.

You cannot afford to experiment with the common and worthless preparations of the day, when you can procure a guaranteed medicine like Paine's Celery Compound, so highly recommended by the best physicians. Bear in mind that those cured by Paine's Celery Compound are cured permanently. There is no more return of the terrible disease; no twisted, contracted and stiffened limbs. Paine's Celery Compound gives a new existence, and old sufferers walk with as much elasticity and spryness as any youth.

Do not be persuaded by substituting dealers to take any of the medicines they may recommend for their own benefit and profit; insist upon getting Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that always cures.

WINE BOOMERS IN DISFAVOR.

Champagne Dealers Say that Method of Advertising Doesn't Pay Now.

The days of the wine agent, the well-dressed convivial man of leisure, whose business it is to make himself conspicuous in public places and order in a loud tone the special brand of wine that he is hired to boom, seem to be numbered. It was a gouty profession at the best, and now the importers of champagnes say that this method of booming wines has become so well known that it is no longer effective. Moreover, they say that it is demoralizing to the agent, and he is very apt to buy wines only for an exclusive circle of friends who would drink any kind of champagne that was offered to them. This means that the firm employing him are under the expense of keeping a dozen or more of the agent's friends supplied with champagne, and from this they get no advertising.

When the wine agent was a novelty and his methods new several men in this town whose club and social connections were good made good incomes booming special brands of champagne. They ordered it in their clubs and they bought it in large quantities at the best bars in town, and for a time his acquaintance wondered how young Brown or Smith or Jones could afford to buy so much champagne, and they marvelled at his fierce anger when a waiter dared to serve any but his special brand of champagne. One of these men was unfortunate enough to get hauled up in supplementary proceedings, and in the course of a stiff cross-examination he gave away his snap. He bought champagne because he was paid to buy it, and he said that he was heartily sick of it. The wine importers now say that it pays them better to advertise in the newspapers than to hire bloomers.

It Makes a Good Breakfast.

Above all drinks for the morning meal Coffee stands supreme. The odor of it, rich and pungent, prevades the house like an incense. It is our claim and pride that we supply the homes of the land with Coffee of the finest quality. The best the earth affords we give them. There is no variation in the quality of our "Seal Brand" Coffee, every package is of the same high grade. On it our reputation stands.

Packed in air tight tin cans only.

CHASE & SANBORN,

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

THE BARN OCCUPANT.

"Father! father! Do you hear?" One could easily detect a trace of anxiety in the almost pleading voice.

The robins, this fresh spring morning, in the apple-trees across the road, were madly caroling after their long winter absence, a glad "sweet home."

Mrs. Whipple halted in the narrow path crookedly leading to the well-stocked barn.

"Father!"

No answer from the barn greeted her, as she stood there with one hand under her plain gingham apron.

"Father, do you hear!"

This time she called from the partly open door.

"Well, s'posin' I do, what d'you want?" came gruffly from the lower end of the narrow lean-to.

"I've been waitin' for breakfast this half hour; aren't you 'most ready?"

"No! What 'd I tell you! When I say a thing I mean it, an' that's the end of it. If you are bent on turnin' the house topsy-turvy every spring, sake of havin' a house-cleanin', when there's no earthly need of it, you can, an' eat alone! You needn't waste your breath to call me again, either; 't won't do no good. I can get my own victuals. The barn's good 'nough for me, an' I'm satisfied to live in it, if it haint cleaned an' ransacked over every year since 't was built," and he let down the calf pen bars with a thud, as though to settle the argument.

"Don't, don't be so set, father; you know I haint give that house a thorough goin' over since sister Em'ly died, goin' on nigh four years, now. The neighbors haint said nothin' 'bout it before, but they are talkin' 'bout it this spring, an', father, I can't stand it no longer. You know," she continued, quickly, "'t won't take long, for 'Manda Pratt has engaged to help me, an' 't will seem so much more homelike, father."

"'T is homelike 'nough as 't is, an' besides,' continued her husband, angrily, 'it wears things things out to be eternally scrubbin' them. It stands to reason that so much water douced on them floors will rot them all down, an' then you will want new floors, as though money's plenty 's oat stubble. If you want to destroy things, an' then settle down a 'town boarder'—p'rhaps you 'd like that—you can. The barn's good 'nough for me, an' here I'm goin' to stay!'

'Father,' after a moment's silence, 'what do you suppose Willie 'd say to see your place empty, an' no one at the table to help him to victuals 'cept me?' and Mrs. Whipple pictured to herself the happy condition of things, before the little mound had been made under the orchard trees, and when father hadn't such queer notions.

"You know how lonesome 't was for us two eatin' all alone after he was gone, an' I can't eat all alone, father, I can't! Won't you come in?"

"How many times do you want me to tell you! I mean what I say; the barn's good 'nough for me!" With this, he yoked the oxen to the plow and started for the hillside potato patch.

On her way back to the house, Mrs. Whipple turned aside into the little beaten path leading to the orchard. By a little mound stopped.

"Oh, Willie, can't you somehow tell father not to be so graspin,' an' to be more as he was when you were here. Did you take all his love with you when went away? Did you, Willie?"

"Mis' Whipple!" called Amanda Pratt from the low kitchen door. "What shall I do with the front-room window shades?"

With a sigh Mrs. Whipple hastened to answer the call.

"I s'posed you'd begin in the front room, so I jest laid aside my wraps to go right to work, but what you wanted done with them shades I didn't exactly know," was Amanda Pratt's salutation, as Mrs. Whipple entered the kitchen.

"I guess you'd better put them in the kitchen chamber, while you are washing the windows; they might get soiled. I've had them shades ever since I was married, an' I might never get another set havin' so much wear in them as these," she added, slowly.

The table was soon cleared of the untasted food. "I don't feel as though I could relish anything," thought Mrs. Whipple, sadly, "I made them fritters purposely for father."

Before noon she noticed her husband drive into the barn with his team. After unyoking the oxen, he started down the sandy road leading to the village.

"He's never seemed the same, father haint, since Willie went away," faltered Mrs. Whipple, as she stood by the kitchen window, watching him out of sight beyond the bend in the road. "Father's growin' sort of close late years; perhaps so as to leave me in comfortable circumstances if anything should happen," she added quickly, as though to apologize for her hasty thought.

About an hour later, she noticed Mr. Whipple turn hurriedly into the yard. He carried a basket partly filled with brown paper parcels, and a small oil stove.

"Father'll set that barn on fire, sure's I'm alive," exclaimed Mrs. Whipple, realizing at once the danger of a lighted stove surrounded by straw and hay. "Not a single cent of insurance is there on even a shingle, an' if the barn should catch fire, the wind would blow the flame right on to the house, an' what would become of father without a home!"

She went to the table-drawer, and greatly agitated, took from it a dark red tablecloth. She held it for a moment irresolutely in her hands, and then replaced it in the drawer.

'There's no need fixin' up any, father isn't comin'!'

She went to the window, just as her husband was leaving the pump with a small can of water.

'Father don't realize how much danger there is, havin' that fire in the barn When he gets set, he don't listen much to reason.'

She turned from the window and called Amanda. 'I reckon, 'Manda, you're gettin' to feel the need o' victuals. It's a master long time from breakfast to dinner, these early spring days.'

'I wonder where he can be,' thought Amanda, as she began eating her nooning lunch from the pantry shelf.

'We'll jest run into the pantry, an' not mind about settin' the table,' suggested Mrs. Whipple. 'T will save time an' we can get more done.'

"I won't ask where he is," continued Amanda's silent soliloquy. "I'm glad of one thing, an' that is, no livin' soul never had no chance to call Amanda Pratt a gossip. If Mis' Whipple has anything to tell me, she'll tell me, an' if she hasn't, 'tis none of my business!"

Mrs. Whipple scarcely spoke while Amanda was eating. She seemed too deeply absorbed with her own thoughts. After Amanda had returned to her cleaning, Mrs. Whipple opened the door of the china-closet. She took down from the topmost shelf a figured blue bowl, and turning it over in her lap, carefully counted its contents.

"I've saved it little by little, so's to buy a cross for Willie, to put out there." She hesitated a moment, and then continued decidedly, "But if anything like that should happen 't would jest about kill father! P'rhaps there is not not enough for more'n a year's insurance; anyway, by that time, father 'll come 'round; 't aint noways likely he'll stay there after the frost comes." She returned the bowl to the closet, just as Amanda came into the room for a pail of hot water.

'After you've finished the windows,' began Mrs. Whipple, 'you might 's well wash the hall stairs. I've got to run down to the village on an errand, an' there's no knowin' when I shall be back. If I'm not here by supper time, you set the teapot on the stove. You'll find some raised bread in the pantry, in the next to the largest firkin, an' there's some tomato preserves on the hang-shelf in the cellar. They might's well be eaten—I never like to keep any kind of sweets over a second year.'

'She's got something on her mind, an' it's about him, or I'll miss my guess,' said Amanda, sympathetically, to herself, as she heard the click of the little weather-beaten gate at the end of the walk.

'I hope there'll be enough,' thought Mrs. Whipple, anxiously, as she stood for a moment hesitatingly at Squire Noble's office door. 'If it's only enough to pay for one year! Father says though, that insurance 's way up these times.'

As she left the office an hour later, Mrs. Whipple carried in her trembling hands a large official looking envelope.

"'T was just enough,' she mused, while a happy smile flitted over her still anxious face.

On Wednesday,—the cleaning began on Monday,—the house had received a thorough "going-over." Just before sunset Mrs. Whipple sat down nearly exhausted in the little chintz-covered rocker by the west window. Every moment or two, she leaned out, shading her eyes from the lingering rays. 'I hope father 'll come, back now; everything is so sweet an' clean, too!'

When she saw him come through the bars leading from the orchard she hurriedly left the room, and met him just as he was turning into the barn. 'It's done father, an' it's so clean an' homelike. Supper's all ready and waitin'; lay your hoe down on the bench an' come.'

She waited a moment but he did not move.

'Father, you don't mean you're not comin', do you?' and she took him gently by the arm.

'Seems to me your memory's precious short,' he answered, roughly. 'If the house's cleaned to satisfy you, go in an' enjoy it,' and with that he entered the barn and closed the door.

Again Mrs. Whipple cleared away the food untasted. 'I thought he'd come,' she faltered.

During the spring days that followed, Mr. Whipple never entered his own home, but true to his word, found the barn 'good enough' for him. That he would change his mind before cold weather, was the one thought that cheered Mrs. Whipple in her loneliness.

Many a dish of which Mr. Whipple was particularly fond, found its way to the rough work-bench, which now served the purpose of a table, while each week, an entire change of clothing was carefully arranged on the back of an easy chair which 'father' always used. This he found one evening, on the newly swept barn floor.

After dinner, one warm afternoon, in the early part of August, a neighbor from the village called at Mrs. Whipple's door. 'I came to see if I could get you to come down and watch with Nancy to-night; she's pretty bad off.'

Before leaving the house, Mrs. Whipple went into the front room, and taking an envelope from the old family Bible, dropped it into her little black bag. 'If anything should happen, I must have that safe,' she whispered.

That night as she sat by the bed, listening to the heavy breathing of the sick woman, she gently draw aside the curtain and peered out. She uttered a startled cry. In the direction of her own home, the sky was all aglow. Dark figures were hurrying on up the hill. Realizing what had happened, she sank upon her knees.

"Lord, save—father!" was her broken prayer.

She hastened to the stairway door, and after calling the sick woman's husband, she hurried out into the street. She felt sick and faint!

"The envelope, that's safe!" and she reassured herself by feeling the precious contents of the little hand-bag. The light from the fire was already growing dim.

"Only—save—father!" was her hardly audible appeal, as she stumbled along in the dark.

When she reached the top of the hill she met the foremost of the men returning.

"Land alive! If this isn't Mrs. Whipple, to be sure!" exclaimed Squire Noble, as he came upon the trembling woman. We couldn't save the barn nor the ell, but the main part of the house is standing safe as a brick. I told your husband 't was lucky for him that he got that insurance just's he did. He was too much troubled about the fire, I reckon, to take much notice of what I was sayin. Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Whipple?'

"I think not, thank you," and she hastened on. F.T.S.

The ruins of the barn were still smouldering, but the effective work of the village folks had saved the house with the exception of the older ell whose charred timbers were still standing.

"If it had all gone, I shouldn't have cared with father safe!" and she looked above in prayerful thankfulness.

Seated on the door-rock, with his face buried in his hands, was a partly clad figure.

"Father!" she whispered, as she bent over him.

His frame shook with sobs, as a pair of loving arms lost themselves about his neck."

"Martha, I've—been—"

"There, there, father!" she said, gently, "don't take on so. Come into the house, an' see how nice an' clean it is, an', father, I've got something in this envelope to show you!—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

Nutritive Value of Canned Meats.

Canned beef is of greater food value than fresh lamb, veal or mutton, but not equivalent to the better cuts of fresh beef, while superior to the round, shank, shoulder, or chuck with shoulder. Canned salmon is of greater food value than any sort of fish, except fresh salmon, and is not much behind the edible portion of that, and if compared with fresh salmon as purchased quite as valuable, the calories of the latter being 925 against 890 for the canned salmon. Canned chicken or turkey is nearly equal to the best cuts of fresh beef; decidedly better than fresh veal; on a par with, in fact, ahead of lamb, and as good as mutton. Deviled ham has high nutritive value and is better than fresh pork. Sardines must rank high as a nutritive article of diet. Canned lobster is on a par with fresh.—American Kitchen Magazine.

Gone.

"How about that money Roberts invested. Was it a go?"

"I guess so. Roberts is looking for a situation.

In Blissful Oblivion.

We sat in the same pew. I hung
In rapture on her chiding frown.
I found the hymns, but neither sung—
I held the hymn book upside down.

BORN.

Truro, May 19, to the wife of J. A. Hughes, a son.
Yarmouth, May 12, to the wife of Eugene Porter, a son.
Torbrook, May 21, to the wife of Robert Condon, a son.
Nictaux, May 6, to the wife of Allister Mosher, a son.
Guysboro, May 13, to the wife of Albert E. Moore, a son.
Truro, May 14, to the wife of Eli Archibald, a daughter.
Truro, May 10, to the wife of Judson Wall, a daughter.
Truro, May 14, to the wife of Charles Barrett, a daughter.
Truro, May 14, to the wife of E. C. Bigelow, a daughter.
Moncton, May 19, to the wife of M. B. Jones, a daughter.
North Sydney, May 15, to the wife of R. Dooley, a daughter.
Digby, May 11, to the wife of Edgar Warner, a daughter.
Yarmouth, April 28, to the wife of Emerald Roberts a daughter.
Hantsport, May 11, to the wife of Abijah Pearsons, a daughter.
Kingston, N. S., May 2, to the wife of George C. Power a son.
Fort William, May 19, to the wife of A. W. Hodgson, a son.
Dufferin Mines, May 17, to the wife of Clarefice Gladwin, a son.
Sheet Harbor, May 6, to the wife of Alfred Mc Innis, a daughter.
Torbrook, N. S., May 17, to the wife of W. C. Barteaux, a daughter.
St. John, May 22, to the wife of Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, twin sons.
Fort William, N. S., May 19, to the wife of A. W. Hodgson, a daughter.
North River, Cumberland Co., May 12, to the wife of Edward Lynds a son.
Perth, West Australia, May 21, to the wife of Herbert R. Edmunds, a son.

Established 1780.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

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

MARRIED.

Greenville, May 6, by F. N. Atkinson to Teresa Jane Wilson.
Madeira Cove, May 2, by Rev. G. F. Day, Frederick Sellar to Lizzie Hamm.
Yarmouth, May 14, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, John Fitman to Maud Sweeney.
Halifax, May 12, by Rev. Father Fraser, Allen D. McDonald to Lizzie Boyd.
Tabusintac, May, 19, by Rev. Jas. Crisp, Thomas J. Jeffry to Margaret Dick.
Truro, May 14, by Rev. T. Cumming, Evan Morrison to Christina Campbell.
Chatham, May 14, by Rev. D. McIntosh, Joseph Jardine to Maggie Murray.
Canning, May 18, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, Douglas Parker to Clara E. Metzler.
Weymouth, May 8, by Rev H. A. Griffin, Ephraim Brooks to Margaret Wagner.
Windsor, May 7, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Ezra E. M. Tully to Agnes Rathburn.
Cloverdale, May 18, by Rev. H. D. Worden, Samuel Nason to Isabella Morgan.
Halifax, May 7, by Rev. N. Lemoine, W. W. Chisholm to Amelia Grace Quirk.
Truro, May 20, by Rev. T. Cumming, William L. Henderson to Ellen Halliday.
Yarmouth, May 18, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Spurgeon Nile to Edwina Nickerson.
Halifax, May 20, by Rev. F. H. W. Archibald, Frank P. Simpson to Ida Brunt.
Bathurst, May 12, by Rev A. F. Thomson, Frederick C. Shirley to Etta Mountain.
Farmerton, N. S. May 1, by Rev. J. L. Read Eleazer Ramey to Abbie Hubley.
Mt. Denson, May 21, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Edward Jeffers to Laura A. Bigney.
Chegogin, May 18, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, George, Cann and Miss Annie M. Corming.
Bath, Carleton Co. N. B. May 14 by Rev. A. E. LePage, Eldon Makerly to Sadie Squiers.
Joggins Mines, N. S., May 4, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, James B. Colwell to Maggie Downey.
Roxbury Mass, May 20, by Rev. A. S. Gumbart, Horatio B. Ruggles to May Vincent of St. John,
Gloucester, Mass., May 16, by Rev. J. A. Mills. John W. Lawson to Alice Wilson all of Nova Scotia.

DIED.

Oxford, May 16, F. W. Black.
Halifax, May 23, Lily Conway, 30.
Halifax, May 21, Wm. Murphy, 39.
Halifax, May 10, William Aikin, 50.
Moncton, May 19, Andrew Boyd 74.
Halifax, May 20, Thomas Rhind, 64.
Pugwash, May 12, Joseph Lathe, 72.
St. John, May 22, Thomas Grogan, 46.
Halifax, May 19, Mrs. Ann Sheen, 84.
St. John, May 26, Robert Crawford, 55.
St. John, May 24, Patrick Harrigan, 74.
Shediac, May 14, John Robertson, 30.
Gore, N. S., April 26, John T. Scott, 29.
St. John, May 26, Catherine Dudley, 44.
Jeddore Head, May 6, George Dooks, 27.
Waterville, May 15, Mrs. Henry Shaw, 49.
Halifax, May 19, Marian, wife of Wm. Berry.
Pennant, N. S., May 22, Michael O'Brien, 92.
Elmsdale, May 13, Marjory T. McDonnell, 24.
Elmsdale, N. S., May 13, James C. Carrol, 70.
St. John, May 23, Capt. Morris Flewelling, 63.
Boston, May 1, Mrs. Octavio Hatch of N. S., 27.
Berwick, May 5, Margaret, wife of Henry Shaw, 49.
Middle South River, May 18, Dougald McFarlane, 78.
St. John, May 26, Annie R. wife of Josiah Rankine, 37.
Pugwash, May 14, Gussie, wife of James Richards, 45.
Lexington Mass, May 10. Mrs. Wm. Tracy of N. S. 76.
Berwick, May 15, Margaret wife of Henry Shaw, 49.
Antigonish, May 17, Eunice, wife of Archibald Mc Isaac, 24.
Sand point, May 21, Ann, widow of James Peacock, 85.
Simonds, May 23, Thomas D. infant son of Edward C. Woods.
Milton, May 14, Charles son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Delany, 3.
Newellton, C. I., May 8, Minerva wife of Joshua Smith, 54.
Halifax, May 22, Emeline Locke, widow of Jacob Locke, 63.
Strathlorne, C. B., May 1, Angus, son of John McLellan, 20.
Georgeville, May 7, Bridget, widow of Patrick Doherty, 80.
East Jeddore, April 11, Matilda, wife of George Hartling, 67.
Kingston, Kent Co., May 24, Eliza widow of James Danaher, 69.
Margaree, N. E., C. B., May 4, Ann wife of Donald Eldridge, 56.
Pugwash, May 13, Elizabeth widow of Alexander Colburne, 74.
Bedford, May 22, Marcella, child of Wm. A. and Mrs. Emerson.
Moncton, May 25, Robbie T. son of William and Kate Devenne.
St. John, May 25, Willie, child of Henry T. and Teresa G. Bridgeo.
Bridgewater, May 16, the infant daughter of H. H. and Mrs. Archibald.
Riverside, Hants Co. May 15, Hannah L. wife of Henry Ward, 80
Upper North Sydney, May 9, Ellen M. widow of Daniel Jacksons 84.
Cambridge, Mass., May 19, Emily L. widow of W. Albro Letson, 68.
Newtonville, April 30, Mrs. W. H. Moore of South Farmington, N. S., 47.
River de chute, April 23, Basil C. child of Charles and Ann Wolverton, 4.
Malignant Cove, May 17, Margaret, widow of Malcolm Chisholm, 86.
Montreal, May 19, Madame White daughter of A. J. White of Halifax, 27.
River de Chute, April 30, Gertrude J. daughter of Charles and Ann Wolverton, 22.
St. James Street, May 20, George B. youngest son of the late George E. Turnbull. 36.
Halifax, May 21, James H. child of the late James and Florence Desmond, 6 months.
Belleisle, N. B., May 21, Louise P. only daughter of Airlie and Etta Fowler, 14 months.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. J

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax 7.00
Express for Halifax 13.00
Express for Quebec and Montreal 17.20
Express for Sussex 16.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 19.0 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex 8.30
Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) 10.20
Express from Moncton daily) 10.20
Express from Halifax 15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 18.20
Accomodation from Moncton 24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are lighted by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6 th September, 1895.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

2 Personally Conducted Tours —TO— ALASKA,

To start on *Thursday, June 25th*, and *Friday, July 24th*. Return to be about July 28th and August 27th respectively.

Fare FOR THE Trip, $375,

including Sleeping and Dining Cars, Hotels, Drives, etc.

For all further information apply to D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

D. McNICOLL, Pass'r Traffic Mgr. Montreal.

A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE R'Y BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

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

STEAMSHIP PRINCE RUPERT.

Daily Service.

Lve St. John 8.30 a. m.; arr. Digby 11.15 a. m.
" Digby 1 00 p. m.; arr. St. John 3.45 p. m

DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leave Yarmouth 9.30 a. m.; Digby 12.20 . m arrive at Halifax 7 00 p. m.

Leave Halifax 8.3 a. m.; arrive Digby 12 45 a. m.; Yarmouth 3.50 p. m.

Leave Kentville, 5.20 a. m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 a. m.

Leave Halifax 3.15 p. m.; arrive Kenville 6.20 p. m.

Buffet parlor cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Annapolis at 5.30 a. m.; arrive Halifax 5.25 p. m.

Leave Halifax 6.00 a. m.; arrive Annapolis 5.25 p. m.

Leave Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12.15 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 6.10 p. m.

Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 9.45 a. m.; arrive Yarmouth 11.45 a. m.

Leave Annapolis daily at 7 a. m.; arriving Digby 8.30 a. m.

Leave Digby daily 3.20 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 114 Prince William street, St. John; 128 Hollis street, Halifax; 228 Washington street, Boston.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL ...S. S. Co.

3 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON.

UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 a. m. standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 3 p. m. and Portland at 5 p.

On Wednesday trip steamers, will not call at Portland.

Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAMCHLER, Agent.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

	Cts
To Welsford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs, and under	15
To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Hoyt, Petitcodiac, Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under	15
Over 5 to 10 lbs	20
To St. Mary's, McAdam, Bristol, Moncton, Elgin, Havelock and intermediate points, 3 lbs. and under.	15
Over 3 to 5 lbs	20
Over 5 to 10 lbs	25
To Woodstock, Newburg Jct., Meadows, Maccan, Port Elgin and intermediate points, 3 pounds and under	15
Over 3 to 5 lbs	20
Over 5 to 7 lbs	25
Over 7 to 10 lbs	30
To Londonderry, River Herbert, Joggins, Bath, Halifax, Dartmouth and intermediate points, 2 lbs, and under	15
3 lbs, and under	20
Over 3 to 5 lbs	25
Over 5 to 7 lbs	30
Over 7 to 10 lbs	35
To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 2 lbs and under	15
Over 2 lbs and not over 3 lbs	25
Over 3nd not over 5lbs	35
Over 5nd not over 7 lb	40
Over 7and not over 10 lbs	50

96 Prince Wm., St. E. N. ABBOTT Agent.