## THE SAMPSON WITCHES.

I suppose only the older people in Pine Plains, and perhaps hardly they, knew anything now about what the old Cap'n Sampson place was sixty years ago, when it was full of bright sons and pretty daughters, and dispensed a hospitality so generous that it was known and loved all through the county.

The captain was one of that delightful company of retired shipmasters which Pine Plains has always loved to honor; shrewd, kindly, jovial, with the ease of manner that comes from intercourse with men of many lands. His wife had always disliked and feared the ocean, but, unwillingly to bear separation from him, had gone with him upon all his voyages, until five children and plenty of money made him willing to settle down ashore. Then it became a wonder that he had ever gone to sea, he so delighted in his home, his farm, his neighbors, and his whole home life. His house had been his father's before him. It was perhaps two miles from town, upon the "river road," and stood upon a hill which gave it a view and made it visible for miles around. Every window in it was charming, whether one sat and looked up and down the beautiful, noble river, gathering quiet and dignity there for its turn and plunge down the falls half a mile below, or across the woods and hills of the Sagadoc shore, or back over the level Pine Plains country. It was a square, two storied house, with a little porch built out for the front door. There were four rooms on each floor, and a low attic over them, with little slits of windows. Behind an L. ran out, and over the whole was a flat roof with projecting eaves.

What was rather unusual in the cold and deep snows of Maine, the barns were connected with the house, but stood some rods away from it. Between them and the kitchen door a little brook ran noisily across the yard, and tumbled into the river behind them.

The captain knew and loved every potato and every blade of grass his land produced, but he did not attempt to "farm" himself. All that he left to Abner Eastman, an Englishman who had come over with him on the ship from Liverpool years before, and been persuaded by him to settle in Pine Plains. Eastman had married a thrifty Yankee wife, and having a gift for farming and business had managed the Captain's home affairs with such success that the Sampson farm had long since come to be reputed the best in Cumberland County. He was a man of excellent address and remarkable intelligence, thoroughly respected, and popular in a time when to be English was not a sure passport to American regard.

His children were educated with the Sampsons'; the girls at Miss Mayo's famous establishment in Portland, the boys at the college in Pine Plains. Coming of goods sensible old New England stock through their mother, and inheriting their father's quick wit and pleasing manners, they were the greatest possible favorites wherever they were known. His house was small and modest, and stood a quarter of a mile below the Captain's, on the other side of the road, but in plain sight of it.

One of Cap'n Sampson's parties was something to go to. Room in the great barns for the whole town's horses, the Captain standing out at the gate and welcoming every sleigh as it drove in, in the full tones of the voice that had rung out for forty years over seas and storms upon the quarter-deck. None of your maids or footmen at the front door, but Mrs. Sampson herself, in her best black silk, and her cap with pink ribbons, beaming upon her guests as they came stamping in out of the snow. The whole house seemed to shine forth a welcome; full, not of glaring, bald electric light, but the soft, warm, delightful, mysterious brilliancy of candles, which the Captain loved to light himself. The young people always flocked immediately out to dance in the great kitchen, their fathers drew together to talk of the weather, and their old voyages, and crops, and politics, in what the Captain called his cabin, a room with lockers, chronometers, spy-glasses, a bunk for his after-dinner nap, all bright with brass and mahogony finishings. "I can come in here when my wife gets to pesterin' me," the captain would say with a look of love and pride at her sweet old face. "An I like to sit here and hear the wind blow an be glad I aint got to go on deck!" The mothers wandered about the house, looking at the wonderful things that every voyage had added to; tables and cabinets from Hong Kong; beautiful delicate Indian china; thick, heavy Persian rugs; these were upstairs, down in the parlors the captain would have the braided ones his mother had made; funny little heathen idols, dark richly carved oak chairs from England; lace curtains the Captain had bought in Belfast; great pieces of Pacific coral; walrus teeth he had found at Archangel; curious bits of West Indian wood and long plumes of South American grasses; shells of all shapes and colors and whispers from every shore his ships had sailed to; there was no end, and no one could ever say she had seen all.

Then the supper! On the table Mrs. Sampson's own famous classic biscuits, great loaves of "rye and ingin," cold beef pork, and turkeys, all of the captain's own raising, doughnuts, cookies, perserves of all the fruits that grew on the farm, every sort of cake that Mrs. Sampson knew how to make. On the sideboard a row of Eastern jellies and gingers from the lockers in the captain's cabin, cider just from the press, and pies without end! Apple and squash and pumpkin, and mince especially nice for old Mr. Weston, whose stomach would only bear one kind at night and Marlborough, best of all; After all these things nuts and raisins and apples, and out in the kitchen old round games for all. And everybody at home and in bed by ten o'clock, because they came at half-past five.

But all this was over before the time of which I am going to write. In one short season tragedy took possession of the old place, everything else was crowded out.

The captain, standing upon a beam in the barn with a lantern in his hand, to light the men who were bringing in a late load of hay before the threatening shower, made a misstep, fell, lived long enough to say "Come soon," to his wife, and was gone from the world. She had never been separated from him, and what could she do now but follow him, within the week?

Before there was time for the news to reach the sons, both of them, together one ship, had been lost in a tempest in the Indian Ocean. Two of the daughters were married, and living at "West," as people in those days called the country beyond Boston. The youngest, delicate, her father's baby and idol, left alone, sickened and died before winter. The house was empty and for sale. The daughters took away the furniture, and the rooms were left echoing and bare.

Mr. Eastman carried on the farm, until a purchaser should appear. People in Pine Plains hardly knew whether they wanted to see another family in the family in the familiar old place or not. It would probably have been acceptable to society to have the Eastmans take it, they would have known how to keep up its traditions, but they could not afford to, and a rich man was slow in coming.

After the captain had been dead a year there began to be mysterious whispers about the house. Eastman grew snappish at any mention of them, but at last tales were told so openly, and by such responsible people, that he was forced to acknowledge there was something wrong.

Henry Merrill, a neighbor living farther up the road, had been the first to "see things." On his way to town one night for Dr. Goodrich, his wife being sick, he had broken his lantern just in front of the Eastmans' and stopped to borrow one. Coming back he returned it, as he had the benefit of the doctor's, remarking as he did so that "they missed the Sampson lights" The captain had always kept one burning brightly all night.

Merrill afterwards remembered that when he spoke Eastman turned suddenly pale though he did not notice it at the time.

The next night, as he was shutting up his barns, he chanced to glance up towards the Sampson place, which could be seen from every house within two miles, and saw, or thought he saw, a light dancing about upon its roof. He ran to call his hired man to look at it, but when he got back it had disappeared. He watched for it all the evening, his wife laughing at him from her bed, but it was not to be seen again that night.

"I did see it, Sarah," said he. "It was up high, where no human bein' could go, an' I believe it's the old cap'n with his lantern that he died with. I wonder if Mr. Eastman's folks saw it. I'll bet it's been there before an' they have," he went on with sudden resolution, "an' that's why he turned color last night when I spoke of the lights. He knows such doin's 'll spoil the sale of the house."

Merrill told everybody what he had seen and what he believed. He was an honest man, but excitable and superstitious, and little attention was paid to him The Eastman's ridiculed and denies the whole thing.

Soon, however, other neighbors took the tale, and not one man alone but twenty or thirty were ready to swear that they had seen the lights, sometimes one, sometimes two or three, dancing and darting about the roof, or creeping along under the eaves. Passengers in the stage had seen them from the Portland road, a mile across the country. They did not appear at any regular hour, and those who watched for them were seldom rewarded by a sight of them, they seemed to delight in sudden and unlooked for coming.

At last the matter came to such a pass that the select men of the town came up to the farm, and went with Mr. Eastman to make a thorough examination of the premises. No nook or corner of the house or barns was left unexplored, but nothing was found that offered the slightest explanation of the mystery. Dr. Goodrich with some difficulty got his head out of one of the little attic windows and gazed apparently at the sky, but had nothing to say to add to the information of the party when he got it back again.

That night a light danced brighter and higher than ever upon the roof.

Dr. Goodrich has been intimate at the Sampsons' and with Mr. Eastman, and did not feel satisfied.

"Abner," said he one day, meeting Eastman, in the postoffice, "have there been any lights up there lately?"

"Not that we know of," said Eastman, "but there might as well be, the place is ruined. I can't get any man to work there for love or money, and the boys and I can't keep it up alone. Then some people won't eat anything that grew there; it's going to trouble us to find a market for the stuff we can raise."

"What's your theory of it, anyway?" said the doctor.

"Oh," said Eastman, "I'm satisfied there's some natural explanation, if we could only hit upon it, but you can't make people think so?"

"You have no fear of the place," said the doctor.

"Certainly not. I'd just as soon live here, and sometimes I think it will never sell unless I buy it. But it worries me. I haven't had a night's rest since the thing began."

"I don't believe you have?" said Dr. Goodrich, struck by the worn, harassed look in the man's eyes, and also by a sudden thought of his own. "Let me know if the lights come out again, will you Abner?"

Eastman promised, and the two men separated.

It came to be pretty generally accepted that the old captain had something to do with it, though there were those who maintained that it was witches, because the lights never crossed the running water to appear at the barn! After two or three months of the manifestations the honse was accorded a place as a matter of course among haunted ones, and the people even ceased to talk of it. But no one passed it after nightfall; a new road struck back into the fields near the Eastman house, and the old one was abandoned. Of course all expectation that the place could ever be sold was now at an end. The captain's old friends looked forward sadly to seeing it decay.

The next evening came a summons for the doctor to Mr. Merrills's, and the messenger that brought it added: "Mr. Eastman's folks hailed me when I come past and told me to tell you to look out to-night. He said you'd understand."

"Yes," said the doctor slowly, "I believe I do?"

He started for Merrill's as soon as he could, taking Leatherstocking, his lightest-footed horse.

As he passed the Eastmans' he saw through the window, uncurtained, in the simple country fashion, Abner, sitting by the table with his head in his hands. He stopped with a loud "whoa!" that brought Eastman to the door.

"Eastman," said he, "I'm going up to Henry Merrill's; can I get through by the old road, or is the new one better?"

"Better take the new one, doctor. Folks up this way don't trouble the old one much and it isn't kept up."

"I just as soon, anyway, I guess." said Dr Goodrich. "I don't want to meet the witches! Are they out yet to-night?"

"Not yet?" said Mr. Eastman, shortly, and the doctor drove on by the new road.

When he got out of his buggy at Merril's he looked up at the Sampson house. There were the lights, two of them, moving along the roof.

"Ah?" he cried, and went in and set little Jack Miller's broken arm.

When he started for home, an hour later, he asked again about the old road.

"You can get through all right," Merrill told him, "but don't take it, doctor, don't take it,! there are the lights there now."

"What is the road?" asked the doctor not heeding him.

"Well, on this end it's pretty well grown up to grass, up 'most to the house, but beyond, when you go down the hill, it's rocky. Why, your lantern's out, doctor; want a light?"

"No," said the doctor, "grown up to grass, is it? Good-night. I'll be up to look at the hay to-morrow."

Leatherstocking's dainty steps made no sound on the grass in the old road.

Dr. Goodrich was strong and active, quick and impulsive, and feared not the face of clay.

He left his horse at the corner of the old "home lot," took his whip from its socket, and started for the house. He was approaching it from the north. He could see the lights moving west along the south side of the flat roof, then slowing they turned the corner and began coming toward him. He had reached the projection made for the front door. Hiding behind it he braced himself firmly, was conscious through the top of his head that the lights were above him, spread out his arms full strength and caught in them a man.

An unbalanced pole between them brought them both struggling to the ground. The doctor could see the lights coming down through the air towards Leatherstocking, who snorted but stood still, confident of his masters nearness.

"You scoundrel, I have got you, have I?" shouted the doctor.

The man in his grasp ceased struggling, and the practiced touch of the physician felt that he had fainted.

He struck a match. As he had expected, it was Eastman's face he saw. He dragged him along to his darriage, with great difficulty got him into it, and drove him, still insensible, home. Then he lifted him out, and managed to get him into the house without awaking any of the family, who had gone to bed.

Signs of returning consciousness presently appeared. The doctor did everything for him without a word on either side until he saw that Eastman fully understood and recollected.

"It was lanterns on the end of a pole," said he then, "was it?"

Eastman nodded.

"You meant to run it down and buy it cheap?"

Another nod.

"What a fool, what a fool!" exclaimed the doctor, rising and pacing the floor. "Now let's see whats to be done about it."

Eastman went down on his knees and begged for mercy.

He had worshipped the place, and longed to own it but it was thousands of dollars beyond his means. He had never thought its possessions a possibility until the night Merrill came to borrow his lantern. Then at the words about the Sampson lights the evil scheme flashed into his mind. He had seen success almost within his grasp but as he had truly told the doctor, he had had no rest at night since he began nor anythrng but wretched days.

"Did you suspect me, doctor," he asked. "How did you find it out?"

"When I looked out of that attic window," said Dr. Goodrich, "the day the selectmen made their search. I saw a suspicion of charring under the eaves, very slight, but enough to satisfy me as to what was being done, but who was doing it was another thing. It was not possible to think of you, Abner. What you'd said in the post office yesterday put the idea of its being you into my mind, and it was gone directly, and I should have forgotten it if you hadn't sent me that message to-night. What made you make such a blunder?"

"I don't know," said Eastman, wearily. "It had to come to an end somehow I suppose. I'm glad it's out, for myself, but it will kill my wife, doctor."

"I have been thinking of her," said Dr Goodrich. "Can those lanterns be indentified by any one?"

"No," said Eastman, "no one here ever saw them. I bought them in Bath, and kept them up there hanging down the well."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now see here! They will stay with the pole just where they fell, for people to see. I shall take Merrill up there tomorrow. I shall publish the whole thing in the "Pioneer and Key" over my signature, but I will suppress your name, for your wife's sake. I will even see that suspicion is diverted from you. For you have been a man, Eastman, and you can be again. But there is this condition, you are never to attempt to buy the place! If you do, directly or indirectly, I will tell the whole truth.

Eastman, thoroughly broken down, assented thankfully to the doctors terms.

The doctor carried out his program. The whole town of course came up to see the lanterns, the pole and the little charred place under the eaves, and Eastman had to show it all! Talk ran high for weeks, but no shadow of suspicion ever fell upon him, thanks partly to the character he bore, but more perhaps to Dr. Goodrich's declaration that it was "not a Pine Plains man" who was the guilty party. It came to be believed that the culprit had come over in a boat from the Sagadahoc side of the river.

The house stood empty for years, Eastman faithfully taking care of it and the farm for the captain's daughters. At last a family from Boston bought it, and it was once more filled with life and happiness.

Dr. Goodrich told the secret to his own family, but it never has passed beyond them. Eastman's wife and children lived and died believing their father to have been always the best of men. Alice McKeen Scott. In Portland Transcript.

### THIS ONE THING I DO.

**South American Kidney Cure Will Relieve Distressing Kidney Trouble in Six Hours.**

The symptoms of Kidney trouble are so manifest and painful that no description of them is needful in the public print. All who are afflicted know how much distress and inconvenience is caused by them. The important matter is to know how to secure relief and a radical cure. The particular work of South American Kidney Cure is to give the needed relief. It does not undertake to do anything else, but no medicine has been discovered that so completely and quickly cures kidney disease of whatever kind. The world has reason to feel joyous that the discoverer of this great remedy saw the light of day.

### Rough on the Publicans.

The police in Denmark have a curious way of dealing with the drunk and incapable found in the streets. They summon a cab and place the patient inside it, then drive to the station, where he gets sober; then home where he arrives sober and sad. The agents never leave him till they have seen him safe in the family bosom. Then the cabman makes his charge, and the police surgeon makes his, and the agents make their own claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the host of the establishment where the culprit took his least overpowering glass. The publicians however, have several towns protested against this system. They say the proofs are often insufficient and the police surgeons too summary in their examination; further, that many notorious evildoers sham drunk in order to get the landlord into trouble. They therefore claim that they shall have their own doctor to examine certain cases and defend the publican interest.

### *A UNITED CLERGY.*

**With One Consent Clergymen of Leading Denominations Speak in High Terms of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.**

In matters of doctrine and creed the clergymen of the various religious denominations will differ. It has been said, however, that in this day the trend of religious thoughts through all denominations is toward union on the main essentials. It is certainly the case that the clergy seem well of one mind regarding the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. In the Episcopal Church the Bishop of Toronto, Rt. Rev. A. Sweatman, D. D., D. C. L; the Rev. John Langtry, M. A., D. C. L., and the Rev. W. R. Williams. names familiar to everyone, have spoken in warm praise of this excellent specific for cold in the head or catarrh. This medicine has been used in the home of the Rev. A. H. Newman, D. D., L L. D.; Rev. T. Trotter, B. A., and Rev. Malcom S. Clark, A., prominent members of the Faculty of E.B. Masters University, and like their Miscopal brother and say good things of it. A kindred opinion has been expressed over their own signatures by leaders in the Methodist Church, like the Rev. A. S. Chambers, L L. B.; Rev. William Galbreath, L. L B., and the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D. Just as heartily the Rev. S. Nicholis of Olivet Congregational Church. Toronto, writes of this medicine, and so the list might be extended.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten or fifteen minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsiltis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on recept of two 3 cent stamps. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

### How He Took His Punishment.

A friend of mind has a little boy called Robbie, and Robbie is not at all an angel child. He is, in fact, the terror of the neighborhood. Not long ago his father bought him a bicycle, and Robbie was more an object of dread to the neighbors than ever. One day he was detected in some particularly outrageous act, and his father, to punish him, forebade him to ride the bicycle for a whole week. Robbie promised, but as his father neared home next day he saw his son whirling along on the wheel.

"Robbie," said he, more in sorrow than in anger, "didn't I tell you you were not to ride your wheel for a week?"

"Yes sir," said Robbie, cheerfully, "and I'm not going to disobey you. This isn't my wheel. It's one I borrowed."—Washington Post.

**Each Year Heart Disease Claims as its Victims Tens of Thousands of Our Best Citizens.**

It is almost impossible to pick up a paper without seeing a notice of the sudden death from heart failure of a prominent citizen, who prior to the attack, was in the very best of health. But this condition was only apparent, the disease had been at work for months perhaps years, and its warning had been unheeded. Such a course is suicidal. When any of the symptoms of heart disease are noticed, treatment of some kind is imperaiive,

Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart is adapted only to the cure of disease of this organ. It not only gives relief within 30 minutes to all sufferers from organic or sympathetic heart disease, no matter of how long standing, but effects a radical cure by its direct action on the nerves and nerve centres, which control this most important organ, and supply it with the necessary power to perform its great work. A single dose of this remedy will convince the most incredulous, as it never fails to relieve at once."

### Knew What She Wanted.

Music Seller—Here is that book, ma'am, 'How to Play the Piano.

Lady of the house—What book? I didn't order any book.

"No, ma'am, but the neighbours did, and they told me to bring it to you."

**Left Leg Enclosed in Plaster of Paris Cast Four Months—Hands Drawn Out of Shape and Body One mass of Deep White Scars.**

Peterboro: "For four months I endured rheumatism in every part of my body, during which time I was blistered by doctors ten different times in as many different places, and am now covered with deep white scars, the result of action of fly-blisters. My hands were drawn out of shape and fingers almost destroyed, and all the time the pain was most excruciating. My leg had to be encased in a plaster of Paris cast for four months in order that it might be drawn out of shape, and now hear the statement that can be vouched for the physicans and citizens of Peterbor'. In twenty-four hours after beginning the use of South American Rheumatic Cure, I was a new man, and in one week from the first dose was able to go to work. This remedy is a blessing to mankind. D. DESANETELS.

### Reason for the Difficulty.

Doctor—My poor man! You seem to be in a bad condition, indeed; what is your trouble?

Cadaverous Individual—Difficulty in swallowing."

Doctor—Does it seem to be due to contraction of the throat?

Cadaverous Individual—No; it's due to not having anything to swallow.

### The Fisherman and the Bullfrog.

"The bullfrog," said a fisherman, "seems to like to have its back scratched. I reached over one the other day that I came across sitting quietly in the bullrushes, and scratched its back gently with the tip of my fishing rod, and when I drew the rod away it put up its clumsy hands as much as to say, 'More!'"

## BORN.

Halifax May 20, to the wife of A. M. Hoar a son.
Halifax, May 30, to the wife of A. J. Davis a daughter.
Halifax, June 4, to the wife of Sydney J. Shaw, a son.
Catalone, May 23, to the wife of W. S. Tanner a, daughter.
Yarmouth, May 23, to the wife of A. B. Cook, a daughter.
New Tusket, May 23, to the wife of G. W. Prime a daughter.
Parrsboro, May 30, to the wife of Edward White, a daughter.
Parrsboro, May 30, to the wife of John Lewis, a daughter.
Middleton, May 29, to the wife of L. S. Shaffner, a daughter.
Halifax, June 3, to the wife of W. H. Tomlin, a daughter.
Tidnish, June 3, to the wife of Warren Allen, a daughter.
Moulies River, May 26, to the wife of J. B. Miller, a daughter.
St. John, May 28, to the wife of Herbert DeVeber, a daughter.
Caraquet, May 26, to the wife of George D. LaRiche, a son.
Salmon River, May 31, to the wife of Edwin McLeod, a son.
Parrsboro, June 4, to the wife of Henry Smith, twin daughters.
Point de Bute, May 30, to the wife of Ralph D. Cormier a daughter.
Yarmouth, June 4, to the wife of Capt. Geo. N. Ryder, a daughter.
Quinpool Road, (Halifax,) June 4, to the wife of A. W. Yeadon a son.
Scotch Village, May 26 to the wife of Alfred H. Cochrane a daughter.
Douglasfield, June 2, to the wife of William J. Baldwin, a daughter.
Round Hill, June 2, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Rufus Whitman, a daughter.
Chapman Settlement, N. S., June 6, to the wife of Alex. Chapman, a son.

## MARRIED.

Norton, N. B., May 28, Joseph Robinson, 83.
St. John, June 5, by W. Penna John Dunlop to Annie Moore.
Halifax, May 28, William Burton Johnson to Dorothy S. Allan.
Four Falls, June 1, by Rev. Scovil Neales Adam Scott to Mina Tower.
Windsor, May 30, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Henry Trenholm to Mrs. Lytle.
Gibson, June 5, by Rev. F. D. Davidson Thomas Wilson to Abbie Dwyer.
Marysville, May 29, by Rev. W. McDonald, William Hamilton to Nina Smith.
Yarmouth, June 5, by Rev. S. D. Millar, Carl D. Dennis to Jessie Burrill.
Windsor, June 4, by Rev. H. M. Dickie, Robert Maxner to Merry A. Dill.
Nictaux, May 29, by Rev. I. D. Brown, Melford P. Vidito to Jessie Hudgins.
Halifax, June 6, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Bella Robinson to Harry Evans.
Halifax, May 29, by Rev. Dr. Smith, Herbert E. Magg to Emily H. Lohnes.
Fredericton, June 8, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, Geo. Styran to Hannah Buswell.
New Glasgow, June 5, by Rev. Anderson Roger, John Fraser to Eunise Ross.
Liverpool, N. S., by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Richard Rosenberry to Eliza Sherman.
Port Maitland, June 1, by Rev. F. Beattie, Thomas M. Uhlman to Sadie P. Rose.
Port Elgin, June 4, Thomas W. Brown, of Campbellton, to Margaret Harper.
Halifax, June 5, by Rev. Dr. Smith, H. Bliss Murphy to Lilia A. Phillips.
New Glasgow, May 15, by Rev. H. R. Grant, E. Pettis to Martha Bonnyman.
Smith Cove, May 29, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, James M. Hayden to Agnes J. Cossett.
Four Falls, June 5, by Rev. Scovil Neales, Harry T. Turner to Abbie Woolverton.
Lower Economy, May 25, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Nobie Simpson to Laura Marsh.
Little Glace Bay, June 4, by Rev. L. N. Atkinson, George Burton to Ella E. Philips.
Lower Granville, June 1, by Rev. Leander Daniel, George Johnson to Alice Haynes.
Kemptville, May 12, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, William R. Buston to Carrie R. Westin,
St. John, June 6, by Rev. Canon DeVeber, Thomas Carleton Lee to Sarah Caroline Lee.
Grand Pre, June 1, by Rev. F. O. Weeks, Edward M. Jordan to Mrs. Nancy R. Fuller.
Kingston, June 6, by Rev. H. S. Wainwright, Elias Scovil White to Ella May Wetmore,
Bear Point, N. S., May 31, by Elder Wm. Holliday. Arthur D. Fox to Hattie P. Larkins.
St. John, June 5, by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, Manzer E. Grass to Elizabeth C. Hutchinson.
Fredericton, N. B., May 20, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, Fred Atherton to Arriana Parent.
Tatamagouche, June 6, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, William H. Millard to Janet McIntosh.
Cookville, N. B., June 4, by Rev. H. H. Lavers, Sydney M. Eaton to Eva M. Estabrooks.
St. Stephen, May 29, by Rev. Howard Sprague, George Howard Budd to Nellie Harvie.
St. Stephen, June 1, by Rev. Howard Sprague, D. D., Henry S. Kelly to Bertha E. Gavaza.
Boston, June 11, by Rev. Father Conolly, M. J. Morris to Teresa Dalton, both of St. John.
Pennfield, N. B., June 5, by Rev. Ira Wallace, William Menzie Dewar to Alia Dick McVicar.
Andover, June 6, by Rev. Scovil Neales, Charles E. Hill to Annie Crawford of Birch Ridge.
Bridgetown, June 1, by Rev. A. O. Sweenburg, Austin Meisner to Charlotte Beals, of Tremont.
Middleton, May 22, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Milledge J. Best, of Pleasant River, to Lavinia Slocomb.
Oromocto, May 8, by Rev. J. S. Perry, Harry H. Kimball to Miss M. McLellan, of Carleton, N. B.
Lynn, Mass, June 1, by Rev. T. B. Johnson, John A. Roush and Annie E. Saltsman, of Nova Scotia.
St. John, June 12, by Rev. Dr. Bruce Middleton, B. Jones, of Moncton, and E. Claire McMurray, of St. John.
Marysville, June 5, by Rev. W. W. Lodge assisted by Rev. B. C. Borden, Charles L. Chisholm to Alice W. Gibson.
Halifax, June 4, by Rev. F. H. Wright assisted by Rev. Richard Smith, Albert J. Johnston to Mabel F. Whiston.
Halifax, June 8, by Rev. G. Murphy assisted by Rev. F. Forbes. Louis Frederick Monaghants to Ellen Francis McCaffrey.
Newport, June 4, by Rev. T. W. Johnson, Hon. J. Norman Ritchie, Justice of the Supreme Court, of Nova Scotia, to Alice Maud Cochrane.

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.

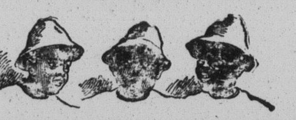
HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

## DIED.

Halifax, June 6, Mrs. J. Doane, 50.
Sydney, May 30, John Micheau, 21.
St. John, June 2, Robert G. Sharp.
Bocabec, June 4, David Keezer, 59.
Truro, June 5, Martin McIntyre, 18.
St. John, June 7, Joshua Turner, 71.
Halifax, June 10, Edward Little, 18.
Halifax, June 4, Michael Moreash, 41.
Maccan, May 26, Minnie Fullerton, 22.
Black River, June 10, Albert Creswell.
Digby, May 30, F. Beverly Fenwick, 68.
Point Midgic, June 4, William Sears, 35.
Ketch Harbor, June 7, Mary Ann Connors.
New Albany, May 29, Rufus E. Merry, 89.
Yarmouth, June 4, James McKay Durfee, 41
Upper Stewiacke, June 1, John Crockett, 94.
Yarmouth, May 17, Cornelius Chetwynde, 86.
Windsor, June 4, Mr. James McKay Durfee, 41.
Charlesville, May 16, Charles W. McComsky 30.
Brooklyn, N. S., June 2, Mrs. Caroline Gard, 26.
Ohio, (Yarmouth N. S.,) June 2, Eliza Mo[illegible] 68.
Digby May, 2[illegible], Reggie, son of Wallace H[illegible], 4.
Harbor au-Bouche, May 30, Florence De Coste, 18.
Amherst, June 2, Flora, eldest daughter of Joseph Cove, 21.
Sheet Harbor, June 7, Elizabeth C., wife of Thomas Sheehan.
Old Bridgeport, June 3, Archibald, son of Vincent Wilson, 9.
Buctouche, May 29, Amanda Jane, wife of Israe Hicks, 78.
Beaver Brook, May 31, Addie. wife of Robert Fullerton, 34.
Halifax, May 29, Maggie, daughter of Donald McDonald 39.
Rockingham, June 5, Fannie wife of W. W. McLellan, 37.
St. John, June 20, Sarah Lavinia, wife of Joseph Nelson, 36.
Parrsboro, May 30, Alice E., daughter of Logan Coates, 10.
Halifax, June 6, Charlotte Maria, wife of Robert Urquhart 96.
Mechanics Settlement, N. B., June 6, Annie J. wife of John Kelly.
Fairville, June 20, Mary J. wife of Harry P. Allingham, 30.
Chatham, May 30, Margaret Preston, wife of Angus McEachern. 73.
St. John, June 1, Alexander, son of Walter H. and Bertha Allan, 4.
South Boston, June 9, Patrick Nash, formerly of New Brunswick.
Escuminac, May 21, George, eldest son of the late Thomas Lewis, 53.
Guysboro, June 2, Colin Angus, infant son of Archie and Mary Chisholm.
Windsor, June 2, Mrs. Ann Douglas, widow of the late John Douglas, 91.
Little Glace Bay, May 29, Mary Rockett, relict of the late John Gannon.
Manchester, Mass., May 27, Thomas Bay, formerly of Jacksontown, N. B., 55,
Argyle Sound, May 28, Matilda May daughter of William and Nancy M. Newell.
Liverpool, May 30, Thomas Burnett Anderson. formerly of St. John, to Edith Bustin.
Oak Park, May 26, William Snadden Blades, eldest son of Walter and Lucinda Blades, 34.
Oak Bay, N. B., June 6, Carl Leon, infant son of Rev. I. R. and Emily Skinner, 6 months.
Halifax, June 10, Winnie Batterson McCullough, daughter of Isaac and Mary McCullough, 13.

Can't Wash Them Out!



No other method of home dyeing gives colors one-half so fast and beautiful as

DIAMOND DYES.

All the colors marked "FAST" give full, bright, and handsome colors that sunlight will not fade nor soapsuds wash out, two things that are not true of the inferior imitations of Diamond Dyes.

Do your Dyeing at Home with the Original and Reliable Diamond Dyes.

Sold everywhere. Direction Book and forty samples of colored cloth free.

Smoke Chew CRESCENT TOBACCO

T&B

MAHOGANY

Manufactured by The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co. Ltd. Hamilton

DEAFNESS.

An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, singing in ears, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will be sent post free. Artificial Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely superseded. Address:

THOMAS KEMPE,
Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings Holborn, London

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.