A BARGAIN.

There was a sight tap on the door, and Mister rath. She looked antionally around, and them made a serie towards and the results as series to the control of the results and the results as series and the results and the resul

deprecatingly.

40h, no," said Miss Hardtaway, frankly,

I like you; besider, it's be ter than Mr.

\*(Oh, no," said Miss Hardtaway, frankly,
"I like you; besider, it's be ter than Mr.
Urquhart." The compliment was not
strained.

"And I am to call you—?" I queried
"Oh, you must call me Hetty," she returned, promptly. "And you must call
me—?" I began. 'Oh, I think I'll call
you just Mr. Tyson. she observed, alter a pause. "But do you
think—don't you think—?" Miss Hardaway considered, frowning. "I don't
think I can call you—what is your name.
Mr. Tyson?" she asked. "Paul," said I,
meekly. "I know it's not a nice name."
"Oh, it's rot so bad," she said, reassurngly, "only—all right. I'll call you the;
and now—" "But is there nothing else"

Catarrhal Fowder.

The observing public are commening to ask. Who has not a good word to say for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder? Certainly the best citizens the Dominion over are talking its praises, and not without cause. Mr. Robert Beith, member in the Commons for Durham, the old constituency of Hon. Edward Blake, is another addition to the prominent citizens who have used this medicine, and from their own experience can say that for cold in the head, catarrh in its different phases, and hay lever, there is no remedy to equal this. It never fails to relieve in ten minutes. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Lawyer and Hog.

Lawver and Hog.

Down in Hardinsburg, Ky., a few days ago a lawyer was brought to court charged with shooting and killing a pig belonging to a neighbor. The lawyer made an eloquent detence, in which he said he had been driven almost crazy by the rooting proclivities of the neighbor's hogs. He declared that they had entered his parlor and rooted over his piano, and, furthermore, that neither he nor any of his family could get down on their knees to offer their devotions without being in constant danger of being rooted up by a hog.

UNCLE'S WOOING.

"I'm going to get married, Tim."
Uncle Cottle sat very upright in air, and spoke with an of invincible

"Max, again?" drawled his hepsew, wearily.

"Again, sir? When was I married before?"

"But this isn't the first time you've been going to do it, uncle; that's what I meant."

Tim explained. "Do I know the favored lady?"

"It's Miss Sybil Holt, Tim." said Uncle
Cottle confidentially. "The most level.

we'." What's the use looking black about it? He's been going to marry often enough before——"

"But he's never seemed so determined as he is now. He's dyeing his hair and cultivating a figure."

"Gone so tar as that?" exclaimed Ted.

"Then I'm afraid nothing will stop him."

"I shall try, anyhow." growled Tim. "If cen't hit on snything better, I shall tell him I've found out she's engaged. It is stopped him twice like that; he's so nervous and afraid of seeming presumptuous. That widow was the most dangerous—three months ago. I really thought I'd lost him that time. He was so tewitched, he was going to call at her house, only I persuaded him it wasn't etiquette, and that he ought to write first and disclose his sentiments, and ask permission to call. I undertook to post the letter on my way home here to the Temple, and I put it it the fire."

"Well, you have been lucky so far, but it can't go on like this forever," observed Ted Morrows. "Take my tipa and make hay while the sun shines."

"You are old en ugh to marry, and, as your uncle's sole heir you'd be a valuable article in the matrimonial market; but if he marries, you'll fird yourself on the shelf smong the damaged goods and remnants. Dispose of yourself while you are still heir and the fitting lord for an heiress. You can't stop the old man marrying, but you man trying first."

"But I don't know anybody," remonstrated Tim. "How am I to find the heiress, get introduced and engaged, and marry her out of hand in—""

"Youn might find one through the matrimonial journals.

"You might find one through the matrimonial journals.

"You might find one through the matrimonial journals.

II.

Young Tim had a morbid horror of poverty and overwork and that story hount for the same way is uncle; he might just as well do the thing thoroughly and give away the widow as well; then he would have nothing and noboby

monial journals.

Young Tim had a morbid horror of poverty and overwork and that story haunted him all day. He dined alone that evening at a restaurant in the Strand; and passing a news agent's on his way back to the Temple, he noticed some matrimonial journals in the window, and went in and bought one. He was somewhat relieved, on entering his chambers to find that Ted Merrows was not yet at home. He opened the journal, and studied the crowded columns in private, and lighted at length on a businesslike advertisement that impressed him favorably:

'Maud, young, dark and good looking,
with private income, wishes to correspond

nesslike advertisement that impressed him favorably:

"Maud, young, dark and good looking, with private income, wishes to correspond with middle aged gentleman of means and position, with view to matrimony. References exchanged."

"There's no harm in writing," he argued "If I change my mind or it doesn't seem good enough I can drop it.

And while the impulse was upon him he wrote. He wrote vaguely of his income and said nothing of his age, but craved an interview. It he explained his precise position, he feared she might fancy it was too insecure to render him eligible; but if he could see her, he flattered himself that the charm of his conversation and personal presence would dezzle her and divert her attention from his less pronounced monetary qualifications. He signed his own name, "T. Cottle," because, if the negotiations came to anything, it might shake her confidence when he had acknowledged that he had approached her under a laise name; at the same time, as she had withheld her surname and address, he felt justified in requesting her to direct her reply, in the first instance, to the postoffice in Bayswater Road, to be left till called for.

"I can look in for it the next time I go to see uncle," he reflected. "If i turns out frost, I needn't tell Merrows anything; she'd only girin about it. I'll get the letter off before he gets in."

At dhe ran out and posted it at once. He half regretted his impetuosity when he contemplated what he had done in the cold light of the next morning.

Nevertheless, a couple of evening later he journeved to Bayswater and inquired at the postoffice for his letter, but it hadn't arrived. So he walked on to see Uncle. Cottle, but as his uncle was not at home, he told them to say that he had called, and wouldn't wait.

His interest is his rash matrimonial project had cooled considerably but going to see his uncle on the tollowing Saturday afternoon, he inquired casually at the postoffice again and was not altogether displeased that there was still no letter from him. He decided that his epistle had not created a satisfactory impression, and that he should hear no more of it.

Turning the corner a little beyond the postoffice, he was surprised to run into Uncle Cottle, gorgeous in a new white waistcoat, and with a flower in his buttonhole.

"Tim, my boy," he ejsculated, "I've

been expecting you daily. Sorry I was out when you called las!—I was out on particular business."

Time splained. "Do I know the lavored lady?"

"I'the Miss Sybil Holt, Tim," said Uncle Cottle, confidentially. "The most lovely—the —the—oh—ch." Im the other evening at Mrs. Dynham's silver wedding party,—and she—er—quite seemed to take to me I'm older than she is; "he sighed, pensively—than I am; don't you think so!"

Young Tim reguarded him critically, "Young Tim reguarded him critically, bodied little gentleman, with short, dumpy legs and a bland, mon-like face, whose prevailing expression was one of imperutable in the proposed provided in the gentleman, with short, dumpy legs and a bland, mon-like face, whose prevailing expression was one of imperutable in the proposed provided with the proposed provided whether you know. Tim—on internally shy! The only time I ever managed to propose you called uncle Cottle. "You hend, the provided whether you know Miss Holt." "No," laughed Uncle Cottle. "You didn't say." he added whether you know Miss Holt." "I'm was when I wrote to that widow—you remember. You know, Tim—on internally shy! The only time I ever managed to propose you called last—I was only, you know, Tim—on internally shy! The only time I ever managed to proposed provided whether you know Miss Holt." "I'm was when I wrote to that widow—you remember. You hend, the letter—and she never answered. You didn't say." he added whether you know Miss Holt." "I'm was too confused to grap what he her." I'm you know, Tim—on internally shy! The only time I ever managed to propose on called." Tim was too confused to grap what he her." I'm you know, Tim—on internally shy! The only time I would have the youn you'd know there was a curse on you, and—"" I'm was a curse on you, and—"" I'm was too confused to grap what he her." I'm you said, "he stammered, "that if miss helt rejected you you'd know there was a curse on you, and—"" I'm was you be you want to the proposed to me and the proposed to the proposed to me and the proposed to th

Conscious of right and of her strength, England fears not the threats of hostile powers. So a man in perfect health scorns disease. So the man who has been restored to health and strength by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, is able to face his responsibilities and go about his work cheerfully and all undisturbed by haunting fears. Those not in health should turn cheerfully and all undisturbed by haunting tears. Those not in health should turn to Hawker's tonic for relief. It is the great ally of the forces working for the restoration of healthful action in the human system. It will cure indigestion, dyspepsia, general debility, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, or any trouble arising from an over-wrought or run-down system. It has no superior as a fish and blood builder and brain and nerve invigorator. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts., per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicing Co. Ltd., St. John, N. B.

—A woodman in Laurel county, Ky., lost his thumb in an odd way a few days ago. He was feeling the edge of his axe, by running his thumb along it, when an overhanging limb of a tree, that had been partly severed, fell on his thumb and severed, fell on his thumb and severed it completely from his hand.

Burke spoke in a monotone, and the splendid orations that are cited as models of English composition were listened to by few auditors. So dull was his delivery that he was called the "Dinner Bell of the House," because when he arose to speak the greater part of the members at once went out.

—One of the public schools in Monmouth, Me., has thirteen pupils, the oldest being 13 years old, and this is the teacher's thirteenth term in the school. All the pupils of the school are well, and are doing well, and the school is making a more than usually good record, notwithstanding superstitions about thirteen.

—A man was put in charge of the officials of the county asylum in Kennebec county, Me., the other day on the sole ground that he was "ignorant." Just how ignorant he was the commitment papers did not state; they only said he was "ignorant."

WOMAN ON THE BENCH. Shoplifter Interested the Judge and Got Off Scot Free.

Mrs. Justice Lovesales-What

charge against this woman?

Officer—She is a shoplifter. I caught her coming out of Smith's with a whole cargo of goods concealed about her person, silks, laces, ribbons, and a dozen other

things.
The jnstice—Woman, what have you to ay for yourself?

The prisoner—I am guilty, your honor; but, indeed, I could not help it. It was bargain day, and—
The Justice (excited)—Bargain day,

was it? Go on. The Prisoner-Yes: and you never say such bargains in your life. I had no money but when I saw the watered silk at 79 cents a yard, that you couldn't get anywhere else in town for less than 80 cents. I

couldn't leave the store without it. The Justice (more excited)—How wide

The Prisoner—Nearly a yard wide! The Justice—And only 79 cents a yard!
The Prisoner—Yes. And then the laces on the bargain counter! They were lovely. One piece of Valenciennes was marked down to 98 cents, and I couldn't, I couldn't go without that.

The Justice—Gracious me! Ninety-eight

go without that.

The Justice—Gracious me! Ninety-eight cents for Valenciennes!

The Prisoner—Yes, your Honor. And you just ought to have seen the flowared moire ribbon at 79 cents a yard! I tried, oh, so hard to resist the temptation, but I could not keep my hands off it.

The Justice (very much excit(d)—You don't mean to say that they were selling flowered moire ribbon at 79 cents a yard!

The Prisoner—Indeed they were, your honor. But that was nothing to the silk waists that were going at \$4.98. If I were to be thrown in a furnace I had to have one They were worth \$5.63 at the lowest.

The Justice—The poor woman! This world is full of temptations. I will let you cff this time, but you must not do it again. You may go—but hold; come here (Whispering.) Is the sale on yet?

The Prisoner—Yes. It will end at 5 o'clock this afternoon.

The Justice (looking at her watch)—It is 3 o'clock now. I have just two hours. (Aloud.) The court is adjourned to 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.—Judge.

Playfulness of the For.

Playtuness of the Fox.

A watch dog and a big red fox played tag in a barnyard at Whiting's Hill, Me., the other Sunday, for over an hour, and apparently in the friendliest spirit. The owner of the dog and his family watched the strange frolic from a window of the house, and forebore to interfere, from curiosity to see the incident through. After playing with the dog for more than a hour the fox trotted back into the nearby woods from whence it came. from whence it came

## BORN.

Amberst, Jan. 20, to the wife of William Cole, a son Mill Brook, Jan. 5, to the wife of Charles Deal a son New Ross, Jan. 19, to the wife of David Brown, 5 son.

son.
Yarmouth, Jan. 19, to the wife of C. F. Williams, a son.
Berwick, Jan. 10 to the wife of Miner F. Pelton, a Son. Chatham, Jan. 6, to the wife of Thomas Flanagan, a son. a son.

Chatham, Jan. 9, to the wife of P. H. C. Benson, a daughter.

oneton, Jan. 25, to the wife of Grant Hall, a daughter. Yarmouth, Jan. 19, to the wife of Jos. O. Holmes, a daughter.

son, a son.

New Glasgow, Jan. 18, to the wife of F. H. Parke,
a daughter.

Rebecca Rutherford, 8.

Rebecca Rutherford, 8.

Rebecca Rutherford, 8.

A. B. Jan. 19, Nellie, child of Jeremiah and
A. B. DeMarchant, 3. dgetown, Jan. 23, to the wife of R. W. R. Purdy

Peters Bay, Jan. 11, to the wife of J. J. Gregory, stle Mills, N. S., Jan. 7, to the wife of David Fisher, a sor

Falmouth, N.S., Jan. 14, to the wife of Arther J. Elderkin, a sov.

New York, Jan. 16, to the wife of L. G. Lewis of N S. a daughter. Upper Stewiacke, N. S., Jan. 1, to the wife of David Brown, a daughter. Donald, a daughter.

eymouth Mills, N. S., Jan. 17, to the wife of J. G. K. Gates, a daughter. cewistown, N. S., Jan. 14, to the wife of Rober Sweeney, a daughter. ireenwood, Kings Co. N. B., Jan. 2, to the wife of Arthur Patterson, a son.

## MARRIED.

awrencetown, Jan. 20, Henry H. Patterson to Edua H itz. Halifax, Jan. 22, Charles Ramford to Blanch Holmwood. hulce, Jan. 8, by J. M. Parker, John W. Seamar to Susie Gillespie. Milton, Jan. by Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, Lindley Harding to Jennie Saunders. Shelburne Jan. 9, by Rev. C. W. Sables, Howard Holmes to Clara Stinson. Truro, Jan. 22, by Rev. H. F. Adams, David Nelson to Mrs. J. McCallum. Tacadie, Jan. 20, by Rev. M. Laflin, Edmund Laflin to Evangeline Gerrior. idgewater, Jan. 16, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, John S. Shand to Gertrude Conrad. Bear River, Jan. I, by Bev. B. N. Nobles, Charles W Behring to Emma A. Peck.
Someret, N. S., Jan. S, by Rev. T. McFall, Robert O. Hayes to Jennie B. Cochran. Bt. John's, Nfld., Jan. 4, by Rev. J. McGrath, Capt. W. F. Farrel to Mrs. Kate Walsh. plestown, Jan. 15, by Rev. R. W. J. Clement Howard H. Hovey to Alice Scott. Clarke's Harbor, Jan. 15, by Rev. Mr. McNintch, Cornelius Maxwell to Addle Kenny. Freep.rt, Jan. 19, by Rev. E. A. Allaby, Stophen Wescott to Mrs. Martha Cousabours. Lynn, Mass., Jan. 9, by Rev. D. B. McCurdy, William H. Shillington to Grace Crosby. Blue Mountain, Jar. 18, by Rev. D. Hendersch, Alex. Campbell to Mary J. McLaren. BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



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 conces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS

Medford, N. S., Jan. 21, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, William E. Spicer to Sarah E. Burns. Charleston, N. S., Jan. 15, by Rev. H. S. Barker, Ernest M. Freeman to Mary E. Freeman. Halifax, Jan. 21, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, John Bertram Mitchell to Rose E len Monaghan.

## DIED.

Clones, Ja ~. 21. John Gray, 68. Boston, Jan. 24, Rosie O'Neal, 25.
Halifax, Jan. 16, Ann Holland, 82.
Karsdale, Jan. 18, Daniel Ellis, 82.
Halifax, Jan. 23, Wm. Symonds, 59.
Balls Creek, Jan. 13, Albert Ball, 52.
Sussex, Jan. 16, Barney McCann, 95.
St. John, Jan. 25, Robert Henter, 73.
Milton, Jan. 29, Nathan Whitman, 86.
Waterford, Jan. 10, Henry Morrow, 9.
Stillwater, Jan. 13, John Flanagan, 63.
Leadville, Dec. 24, Robert Stewart, 46.
Halifax, Jan. 20, Daniel McKerzie, 65.
Grand Lake, N. S., Thomas Gliday, 40.
Lakeside, Jan. 24, William D. Bell, 6).
St. John, Jan. 29, Mrs, C. DeVinne, 73.
Hebron, Jan. 22, Donald McKinnon, 63.
Kentville, Jan. 10, Frederick Brown, 68.
South Branch, Jan. 18, Jerry Crowly, 85.
Toronto, Jan. 22, Donald McKinnon, 65.
Kentville, Jan. 10, Herrietta Harris, 85.
Toronto, Jan. 21, Catherine Ingersoll, 68.
Wards Creek, Jan. 11, Jane Lockhart, 60.
Rear Arlsax, Jan. 3, John McDonald, 84.
St. John, Jan. 55, Capt. Henry E rans, 90.
Annapolis, Jan. 19, Henrietta Harris, 85.
Halifax, Jan. 20, James Thomas Smith, 67.
Mill Brook, Jan. 12, Annie McGregor, 21.
Five Mile River, Jan. 6, James Singer, 13.
White's Monntain, Jan. 7, Anna Smith, 79.
Lequile, Jan. 16, Mrs. Mary Wheelock, 87.
Halifax, Jan. 24, Jakexnader G. Strachen, 60.
Welsford, N. S. Jan. 7. David Kinsman, 76.
Beach Hill, Jan. 4, Mrs. Anna Anderson, 79.
Smith's Cove, Jan. 20, Capt. George Sulis, 77.
Smith's Cove, Jan. 21, Crocker Woodmae, 77.
Toronto, Jan. 12, Aristopher W. Bunting, 85.
Sheffield Mills, Jan. 7, Jas. Martin Dickle, 80.
Sussex, Jan. 21, Watter S. Bradley, 10 months.
Heatherton, N. S., Dec. 31, Mary McIsaac, 85.
Avondale, Jan. 14, Mrs. (Rev) H. H. Davis, 38.
Central Chebosue, Jan. 20, Reuben Robinson, 90.
S. John, Jan. 28, Ester, wite of Arthur Parks, 79.
Varmouth, Jan. 19, Mrs. Maria H. VanNorden, 59.
Moncton, Jan. 24, Hettie, wife of David Pineo. 27
White's Mountaid, N. B. Jan. 5, Sarah Maddigan 61
Melrose, Jan. 19, John, son of William and C. Harry.
16. Karsdale, Jan. 18, Daniel Ellis, 82 Metrose, Jan. 19, John, son of William and C. Barry. 15.

Wileville, Lunenburg Co., Jan. 14, Sarah Eisenbaur. 76.

Central Chebogue, Jan. 17, Mrs. Reuben Robin Halifax, Jan. 23, James, son of Jas. Stevens, 18 months. months.

Moncton, Jan. 25, Maud F., daughter U. L. Mitchell, 21. Branch LaHave, Jan. 19, Alberta, wife of Ami Halifax, Jan. 21, Louisa Miller, widow of Henry Blown, 58. Wa'pole, Mas ., Jan. 16, Helene, wife of George E: Carleton, Jan. 26, Mary Louise, wife of J. William Beiyea, 66.

Boiyea, 66. -Rothessy, Jan. 26, Jane, widow of Joseph Fair-weather, 85. Cornwall's. Jan. 18, Hugh B., son of Percy G. and Mary Starr, 2. New Ross, Jan. 9, Mrs. Blackney, wife of Rev. Mr Blackney, 56. Blomidon, Jan. 15, Roy H., youngest son of Charles H. Newcomb, 2.

McLellan's Brook, Jan. 20, Margaret R., widow of Alex. McLean, 73. daughter.

Alex. McLean, 73.

Traborr, Jan. 10, to the wife of Joseph Tibb.ts, a daughter.

Alex. McLean, 73.

Upper Stewlacke, Jan. 3, Mrs. Elizabeth Newcombe Tupper, 93.

Providence, Jan. 3, Anna Culton, wife of Thomas daughter. Gaugater.

Gaugater.

Forsyn of A.C., vo.

Halifax, Jan. 19, to the wife of Robert McHarrie, a
daugater.

St. Margaret's Bay Jan. 13, Itabel Marvin, wife of
William Marvin, 74. Middle St. wiacke, Jan. 16, Mamle, child of Mrs. Rebecca Rutherford, 8.

A. B. DeMarchant, 3.

Melvern, Mass., Jan. 8, Annie E., daughter of the late James Randali, 28. a daughter.

late James Handall, 28.

Nelson, Jan. 23, Foster Argyle, son of Gertrude and the late Lyman Flett, 4.

the late Lyman Flett, 4.
Chatham, Jan. 22, John E., son of Michael and
Cassic Haley, 10 months.
Bridgewater, Jan. 18, Mabel, daughter of the late Dr. W. S. Rol St. John, Jan. 24, Mary, third daughter of Andre and the late Hattle Boyd. Kerrowgare, Pictou Co., Jan. 16. Angus McInnis son of Hector McInnis, 18. Five Islands, Jan. 11, Herbert Fulton, son of Allen D. and Alvira Co. bett. 2.

St. John, Jan. 25, Herbert A., son of George and Annie Maston, 10 months. East Wallace, Jan. '2, Georgie G. adopted child of Jas. and Lizzie Lamley, 11. Avondale, Jan. 14, Morris Stanly, son of Andrew B. and Edith Cook, 6 months.

Green Hill, Pictou Co., Jan. 13, Catherine Grants wife of Daniel McDonald, 75. Camden, N. J. Jan. 9, Edith H., widow of Capt. Foster Crosby of Yarmouth, 46. East Wallace, Jan. 12, George Irving, adopted configures H. and Lizzie Lautz, 11.

Poplar Bluff, Miss., Dec. 29, Robin S. Potter o N. S. 48; Jan. 4, James M. Potter, 77.

What is

"Orinoco?"

Ask your Tobacconist

You will be pleased.

Power t House of the Fron Mayor third term which the Womship friend: fo words w were som mean that

VOL

WILL

MAYOR

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