

A SPIRIT WARNING.

The amicable relationships existing between France and Russia are of no recent origin. Toward the end of the eighteenth century Paul, the son of Catherine II., was accorded the most cordial reception at the court of Marie Antoinette and at the palace of Versailles, as well as at the charming rural village of Trianon (that elegant rural conception of the ill-fated queen, with its model farm and park).

One evening, at the "appartements" of the Princesse de Lambelle, he who was afterward to reign under the title of Paul I. and his young wife, Marie Feodorovna, baronne d'Oberkirch (a childhood friend of the grande duchesse, and educated with her in a little German court) the nonchalant Septimanie d'Emont, daughter of the Marquis de Richelieu; the handsome Vaudreuil, Kourakir, Baide-de-camp; Paul; the Prince de Ligne, who so well personified the frivolous spirit of the age, and some other personages of "le grande monde," were seated together at a recherche supper, such as only the cooks of the "petits appartements de Versailles" were capable of creating.

In exquisite Bohemian glass sparkled the clear, ruby and topaz wines, while the table itself was a dream of artistic confectionery and luscious fruits. It was the convivial hour when, the cares and anxieties of the day being over, conversation flowed in one unexhausted stream of wit, humor and hilarity, which the august presence of the heir to the Russian throne seemed rather to enhance than to diminish.

"Ah, Monseigneur," exclaimed the aide-de-camp, "I pray you refrain, for whenever Your Highness relates that experience your true friends do not recover from its effects for days."

"I don't want your advice on the subject of Kourakir," replied the Grand Duke shortly. "When it pleases me to speak I will do so." Then, turning toward the company, whose expression and attitude showed the interest they felt, he began: "On a lovely night, such as we are sometimes favored with during the pale spring of the North, a fancy seized me to take a walk through St. Petersburg. My good aide-de-camp here accompanied me, together with two stout Cossacks of the Don, ready to defend their master and to enter the lists against all comers and all odds. Thus you see the heir of Catherine II. was well guarded."

"The aide-de-camp and myself walked ahead laughing and joking about my expedition, and certainly in no visionary or spiritual frame of mind. It was a pleasant walk through the sleeping town on that sweet night. The moon shone so brightly that one could easily have read a letter by her soft silvery light, and every object could be as distinctly seen as by daylight."

"On turning a street corner I perceived in the portal of an ancient hotel the tall figure of a man enveloped in a mantle, his face partially hidden by a hat or covering pulled low over the forehead. It was the first person we had encountered during our midnight peregrination, and as I passed, the man emerged from his retreat, and took his place by my side, keeping step with me as I proceeded. I softly touched my aide-de-camp and whispered, 'Don't you think we have met with a strange companion?'"

"What do you mean, Monseigneur?" "By the man on my left. Surely he makes noise enough for you to hear his footsteps."

proached the large square situated between the bridge of the Neva and the Senators' palace, my companion halted. 'Paul,' said he, 'there we must part; but we shall meet again more than once. I give you a rendezvous. Au revoir.' And raising his hat to salute me I recognized the dark complexion, eagle eye and determined mouth of my grandfather, Peter the Great, who had been in his grave for more than half a century."

"Before I had recovered from the shock, the vision had disappeared. The day began to dawn as I entered the palace, my left side as cold as ice, and Kourakir will tell you that they had great difficulty in restoring circulation by means of hot bricks and thick blankets."

The moral of my tale is that a walk with a phantom is not particularly conducive to physical health. Nevertheless it is none the less grateful to my ancestors for having taken sufficient interest in my unworthy self to give me the salutary warning that my life on earth will not be a long one. In consideration of which I have taken as my motto, 'short and sweet,' and have determined to enjoy to the full those pleasures which must be so transitory. Friends, let us now cast dull care away. Princess, pledge me in a cup of Hungarian wine, and let us forget the story, which I am sorry to see has cast a gloom over your charming and proverbial French gaiety."

We give the narrative without comment. It is a story taken from the "Memoirs of the Baronne d'Oberkirch." In this dramatic meeting a vision (of which history furnishes some rare examples) or simply a dream, the hallucination of a diseased brain? We can only say that the predictions of the phantom were realized to the letter; for, although Paul had nothing to do with the choice of the locality, Catherine afterward caused a statue to Peter the Great to be erected on the spot where he had given "rendezvous" to his grandson, and we may add also, that the prophecy was literally fulfilled by the assassination of Paul, at an early age, by conspirators led on and headed by the corrupt Comte de Pahlen, the military governor of St. Petersburg.

HE HAD A CONSCIENCE.

"I do not suppose," said Ivion, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and looking straight into the other man's eyes, "that you knew exactly what you were doing; but I say again, that is no excuse for me. We have been friends long enough to warrant your taking sides with me in almost everything, and even to—well, to lying for me if it were necessary."

The other man shifted his position and wet his lips with his tongue. "You did not remember, did you?" Ivion went on, gripping and ungrudgingly the back of the chair behind which he was standing, "that it was I who put you on your feet, not only the last time, but once or twice before? I am going to tell you, you forgot this—forgot that to me you owe even what little you have; for I don't want to think of you as an ungrateful man. No, you are not ungrateful, you are simply a fool. You say that when he asked you, you were taken by surprise that you could not only acknowledge I had been wild, and mixed up in one or two affairs, not greatly to my credit, as a gentleman. And yet you ought to have known and remembered that your people were my death-warrant with Her father. You did know it, but why didn't you remember it? What have you to say for yourself?"

The other man swallowed once or twice, but he did not speak. Ivion, growing paler, ever moment, turned the chair aside and moved toward the door. "I am going," he said, "because I do not care to trust myself with you longer. If I did, I might 'forget,' and if I forgot, I would try to kill you. When you get your senses again, you will understand what I have done for me. You have ruined my life and hers, for she loves me through it all—and I am the man who made you. I am going South tonight, and it will probably be for a long time. My only wish is that, in the years to come—until you are dead you will think at least once a day that it was you who wrecked the lives of two people—who broke Her heart and brought the old hell back into mine; and it is you who will pay for it in the end."

"At last the other man found his tongue. "My God, Ivion!" he cried, hoarsely. "don't leave me now—let me think! I—I—how could I know what he wanted? He only asked me if you had been wild, years ago, and I said—"passing his hand quickly over his eyes—"what did I say? It could not have been much, for he was here but a minute. But I can fix it, somehow! How could I know it was Her father?"

"You couldn't know," answered Ivion, in the same clear, even tones, though the other man knew that back of this forced calmness the devil himself raged in the other's soul, "because as I told you, you were a fool. Until then you had been passably sane, and it would seem that you ought to have known enough to keep your mouth shut, but you didn't. On the contrary, you told him more than he asked for. You said that I had been wild, and that you thought—no you knew—I had sown my wild oats—and then you told him what they were, and what sort of a crop they were yielding. You told of the other woman—and all the rest. Could any man alive have given his daughter to me hearing that? And yet, all the time you were talking, you knew I had changed; that I had buried the past in a straight, upward present and had kept it in its grave for years. But you weren't content to let it stay there; you dragged it out and showed it to him—enjoyed doing it doubtless. And I made you."

The other man looked straight before him, but he did not speak again. He took up his hat, drew his gloves from his pocket, and began putting them on. "I did not come here to preach to you," he said, presently, "for I am not good at that sort of thing. I came for your own good, as well as to tell you what I thought of you. I have done that, and now I say to you I never want to see you again. I have kept my hands off your miserable body tonight because I am not a rough; but I warn you that if ever I see you again, it may be different; for it is in my heart to kill you—to kill you, do you hear?"

than I do of myself. If putting an end to my unhappy life will make reparation for what I have done, I say so it! Don't stand there and review the whole cursed thing, though, for what is passed can't be helped. In God's name," he cried, fiercely, "throwing his arms above his head, in his wild, dramatic way, "what can I do now?" "Nothing," you couldn't convince him that you had wronged me; and I cannot deny what you said. All I can say to him is, the past is dead and buried; and he shrugs his shoulders and says it is a very life-like corpse. You did not lie, no, you did what is sometimes much worse and a good deal harder to do—you told the truth. When—but there is no use in saying anything else. Good-night," and Ivion closed the door softly behind him.

The other man stood still until he heard his pass out into the street. Then with a groan he sank into his chair and buried his head in his arms. From his earliest boyhood he had been a sensitive, painstaking creature; careful and conscientious to such a degree that he became a by-word in his own family; of high-strung and intensely nervous organization; and with a temperament changeable as the weather and often affected by it. He was not a hand-to-mouth man, he was tall and thin, and one of the ideas of a cool streak in which he lived in nowise possessed.

All his life he had had to fight his way slowly from one position to another—so slowly that even he became impatient at times; and when Ivion, taking pity on his father's office, recommended that he take an easier place and a larger salary, the poor fellow was so overcome that he quite lost his head and nearly fainted where he sat with astonishment. As nervous and as given to details as a sick woman, he magnified every small thing which came to his attention, and he was not a man who could be brought to conclusions with a simplicity of the opposite sex. But in a moment of forgetfulness he had spoken; and in two minutes he had ruined the life of almost his only friend.

For awhile as he lay there after Ivion had gone, he could hardly understand it all, but gradually through the distorted lenses of his scrupulous nature he saw what he had done, and he wondered dimly how God would punish him. Not for a moment did he think of blaming Ivion or asking himself why the man had not made his life purer, so that he would have had nothing to disclose to Her father; with characteristic unselfishness, he told himself the fault was entirely his, and that the sin he had committed was unpardonable—unpardonable; and hardly knowing what he was doing, he pulled the little Bible which lay before him under the light, and turned to the Commandments to see if it was there. But before he reached the place he came to a passage which seemed to burn itself into his brain. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." A life for a life! He started to his feet as if some one had spoken his name, and turned to his desk. There he drew a sheet of paper to him and wrote: **RETRIBUTION.**

What I told you of Ivion yesterday is a lie from beginning to end. I had a purpose then in bearing false witness against him, for I love your daughter, and, in a moment of wild hope that I might win her, I said what I did. It is a lie, I repeat; the man is as pure as yourself, and his record as free from stain. That you take him back again, is the prayer—the command—the plea to him, and remember that the last words of one who, before you read them, shall be expiating his crime in the other world.

To this strange note he signed his name and put it in an envelope. "I will convince him; it must," he said, turning to the wall drawer and opening it. "Ivion shall be restored to me." He took from the drawer a tiny, pearl-handled revolver, and, going to the fireplace, stood looking thoughtfully into the blaze.

"I have lied," he whispered to himself—"I lied about her. 'A life for a life.' 'A life for a life.'" Then he pulled the hammer of the revolver slowly back and cocked it.

As Ivion started home from the theatre that night, he passed by the corner of the street, and turned back to look slowly towards the other man's rooms. A curious feeling had come over him while he sat watching the play—a feeling as if he had done something terribly wrong and something for which he could never make reparation. As the performance went on, the feeling became stronger, until he found himself restless, and distracted, and wishing he were out of the place, in the cool night air. Why he should feel so, he could not think, and he stopped trying to, after a few minutes of mental inquiry. When he had got through the crowd and into the street, the strange sensation left him somewhat; but when he reached the corner, and had intended going home or to his room, he had intended going to find him, or to hurry toward the other man's little bachelor apartments, with no plausible reason. Perhaps it was curiosity to see him once more before he left the city; perhaps only the desire to look upon him and to think what a pleasure it would be to choke the miserable wretch's life from his body; perhaps—no, this was the true reason, as he felt later on—this was his trouble had made him compassionate for the man, and he would speak kindly to him and try to forgive him. He soon came to the little street on which the other man lived, and down this street he gave way.

Several men, half dressed and stupidly excited, it seemed to him, were talking among themselves in the hall as he came in, but as it was a large house, and those who roamed there were constantly going and coming, he did not stop. With a nod and a murmur he pushed by them and up the stairs to the other man's room. He turned the knob, but the door was closed, and a queer feeling, an intensified return of that he had experienced in the theatre, came over him. He threw his weight against the door quickly, and the lock gave way.

What a Clearing House Is. A Clearing House is a place where banks and bankers meet and settle differences in the amounts of their balances, one against another, so that cash does not have to be used to any great extent. The plan of the Clearing House is this: If there were no Clearing House, bank A, on casting up the day's balances, would have to send money to bank B, because B had paid more of A's checks than A had paid of B's; C would have to pay A for the same reason, and B would have to pay C, and so on. This money would have to be sent from one bank to another at a great expense of time and at great danger of loss. With the Clearing House at work, each bank reports early in the morning that it owes all the other banks so much, and is owed so much by them, on the balances of the day before; then all the balances are compared, and it is seen that all the accounts may be settled by the payment of comparatively small amounts of money. For instance: A owes B \$1,000 and C \$2,000; B owes A \$800 and C \$1,200; C owes A \$1,200 and B \$1,000. On comparing balances we find that A owes B \$200 more than B owes A; that A owes C \$800 more than C owes A; and that C owes B \$800. Then it is evident that if A will pay B \$1,000 all balances will be settled and that \$1,000 will pay off \$8,000 of debt. Two or three per cent. of the face value of the balances is the average amount of money that will settle them after the Clearing House has examined them.

Akin to the Ape. Strange stories are told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Saba, in Africa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits. They let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear to pieces their favorite snakes.

The Dokos used to be invaluable as slaves, and they were taken in large numbers. The slave hunters used to hold up bright colored clothes as they came to the moist, warm bamboo woods, where these human monkeys still live, and the poor Dokos could not resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowded round them, and were taken in thousands. In slavery they were docile, attached, obedient, with few wants and excellent health.

These queer people have only one fault—a love for ants, mice and serpents, and a habit of spearing Yex or their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yex is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this conical nature when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food.

The Dokos seemed to come nearest of all people yet discovered, to that terrible cynicism of humanity, the ape.

Perhaps the Groom Was Sold Too. First Citizen—Old Johnson's daughter was married in church today. Second Citizen—Did the old man give away? First Citizen—I hardly think he did. I was told that his son-in-law has just paid the mortgage on his house.

BORN.

Acadia Mines, to the wife of James Torr, a son. Windsor, July 15, to the wife of John Cox, a son. Trenton, July 8, to the wife of H. B. Torrey, a son. Amber, Aug. 2, to the wife of Martin Walsh, a son. Halifax, July 29, to the wife of Charles Evans, a son. Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of H. C. W. Powell, a son. Springfield, July 27, to the wife of W. B. Bond, a son. St. John, Aug. 1, to the wife of C. H. Holding, a son. Westport, Aug. 1, to the wife of I. Fred Carver, two girls. Springfield, July 20, to the wife of G. H. Gas, a daughter. Carleton Place, July 24, to the wife of A. C. Clark, a daughter. Lunenburg, Aug. 2, to the wife of D. R. Morash, a daughter. Lunenburg, July 30, to the wife of E. Corkum, a daughter. St. John, Aug. 3, to the wife of W. A. Catthers, a daughter. Amber, Aug. 7, to the wife of Geo. S. Dorman, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 8, to the wife of W. H. Bannister, a daughter. Amber, Aug. 4, to the wife of R. H. Tremaine, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of Chas. S. Hosterman, a daughter. Halifax, Aug. 5, to the wife of Chas. T. Hosterman, a daughter. North Sydney, July 31, to the wife of J. N. Armstrong, a son. Indian Point, N. S., July 27, to the wife of Charles Mosher, a son. Fox Creek, N. B., July 16, to the wife of David Surette, a son. West Brook, N. S., July 26, to the wife of Carson Salmon, a son. Buctouche, Aug. 1, to the wife of Michael McLaughlin, a son. New Horton, N. S., July 23, to the wife of Sanford Copp, a daughter. Lower Economy, N. S., July 23, to the wife of Wm. M. Sanford, a son. Economy, N. S., Aug. 1, to the wife of Royal P. Goulet, a daughter. Fredericton, Aug. 1, to the wife of F. B. Edgecombe, a daughter. Port Maitland, Aug. 1, to the wife of Birwell Goulet, a daughter. Liverpool, N. S., Aug. 4, to the wife of Rev. Leander Daniel, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. Canon Roberts, James Lowry to Susan Kay. Yarmouth, Aug. 1, by Rev. G. R. White, H. B. Halifax, July 29, by Rev. R. A. Daniel, Louis L. Grant to Mary E. Cole. Shag Harbor, July 31, by Rev. W. A. Miller, Frank Wood to Ida Stickerson. St. John, Aug. 2, by Rev. G. H. Hartley, John Akerley to Jean Lyman. Onslow, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Patrick Delaney to Jane Rowley. St. John, Aug. 3, by Rev. Father Doucette, Joseph B. Stanton to Mary Quinn. Kingston, July 23, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Peter Roberts to Sophia Morrell. St. John, Aug. 6, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, Mark Wood to Lettie DeWitt. Amber, Aug. 8, by Rev. Wm. Williams, Fred B. Brownell to Miss Black. Halifax, Aug. 7, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, George F. Wood to Nellie E. Finley. Hantsport, July 29, by Rev. William Phillips, Clarence O'Neil to Jessie Wiles. Truro, July 25, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Bruce M. Glasgow to Edie D. Ulrich.

Barberville, July 28, by Rev. H. B. Morris, Francis L. Tapley to Annie Rogers. St. Stephen, July 28, by Rev. John Anderson, Sandy M. Gould to Bertha Wiman. Weymouth, July 29, by Rev. John Williams, George W. Manser to Mary Sowd. Tusket Wedge, Aug. 1, by Rev. Father Gay, Isaac Cotreau to Elizabeth Doucette. Hantsport, N. S., July 31, by Rev. W. Phillips, Joseph Chandler to Rosie Wiles. Yarmouth, July 29, by Rev. A. B. Parker, Jean Sobelin to Catherine Tibbels. Clark's Harbor, Aug. 1, by Rev. W. Miller, Jeremiah Swin to Emma Nickerson. Greenvale, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. D. Henderson, J. T. Fraser to Letitia Madolston. Barton, July 30, by Rev. J. W. Sheppardson, J. C. W. VanBlarcom to Lizzie Gaven. Kenville, July 29, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Frank S. Cogswell to Nellie I. Cogswell. Shag Harbor, N. S., July 31, by Rev. W. Miller, Herman Nickerson to Della Wood. Greenwood, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Constance Warner to Ella Spiny. Charlottetown, N. B., Aug. 1, by Rev. E. O. Taylor, Abram L. Duley to Annie A. Blair. Dorchester, Aug. 2, by Rev. Herbert B. Baker, Chas. A. Milon to Emma G. Milton. Tusket Wedge, F. S. Ank. 1, by Rev. Father Gay, Marcelle Cotreau to Fannie Lotreau. Fredericton, Aug. 2, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, William H. Story to Sarah Lawrence. Little Bras d'Or, Aug. 2, by Rev. D. McMillan, Douglas H. Street to Elizabeth Christie. Taylor Village, N. B., by Rev. G. F. Currie, Edward Taylor to Sarah L. Newcombe. Central Cariboo, N. S. July 29, by Rev. W. C. Lane, James Dobson to Janet Campbell. Fredericton, July 28, by Rev. W. L. Weddall, Alfred W. Wilkins to Sarah Ann Spencer. West New Glasgow, Aug. 2, by Rev. James Carleton, Doreen M. Macdon to Jennet Marshall. Pictou, N. S., July 31, by Rev. J. R. Houghton, Henry Jameson Bayers to Mary Ella Bayers. Folly Village, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. Mr. M. C. Nichol, Edmund B. Smith to Melinda L. Faulkner. Springfield, N. S., Aug. 5, by Rev. A. McLean, Annie M. Gault to Margaret A. Holmes. Hebron, N. S., Aug. 2, by Rev. F. H. Beals, assisted by Rev. J. H. Saunders, John C. Redding to Wloagene Patten. Yarmouth, July 29, by Rev. J. H. Fosdy, assisted by Revs. G. H. White and J. E. Goucier, Rev. M. Edward Fletcher to Annette M. Gridley.

DIED.

Simonds, Aug. 6, John Collins, 95. Arcadia, July 29, George Ring, 60. Windsor, July 28, Lacy Davis, 45. Gaspereau, July 28, Lacy Davis, 45. Springhill, July 25, Sylvia Gogna, 28. Lockeport, July 28, William Brice, 34. Halifax, Aug. 6, Josiah E. Tanner, 27. Dorchester, Aug. 4, H. A. Palmer, 25. Deerfield, Aug. 5, Moses S. Porter, 62. Halifax, Aug. 7, E. B. Harrington, 62. Port Elgin, Aug. 4, William Grant, 78. Dartmouth, Aug. 5, Thomas Gentes, Jr., 50. Windsor, July 31, Mary Rolle, of Cheverie. Waterford, N. B., July 31, Robert Leach, 56.—a lay brother of the Rev. Father Leach, 56. Charlottetown, Aug. 3, Alexander Murray, 47. Halifax, Aug. 5, Mary, wife of John Fawcett, 40. St. John, Aug. 5, Ellen, wife of James Forbes, 50. Truro, Aug. 6, of consumption, John Edwards, 28. Halifax, Aug. 1, Ann, wife of Hiram Andrews, 28. Matland, Aug. 2, Lewis B., son of David Pratt, 10. Folly Mountain, N. S., July 31, John B. Fletcher, 72. Windsor, July 30, John, son of George Greenough, 2. Halifax, Aug. 5, Mary, widow of late John Ryan, 83. Sussex, Aug. 2, Sibly, widow of late John Whelan, 62. St. Stephen, July 28, Ellen, wife of William Middleton, 55. Gavelton, N. S., July 30, Mary, wife of Abram S. Hatfield. St. John, Aug. 7, Stuart T., son of Neil and Annie Egan, 22. St. John, Aug. 7, Catherine, daughter of Frederic Scott, 13. New Glasgow, August 7, Mary, wife of J. A. Peart, 72. Tatook, N. B., July 28, Catherine, wife of Albert Peart, 72. Barsey, River, July 28, Jane, daughter of John Lugin, 15. Windsor, July 30, John, son of George Greenough, 2. Fraser, 10. Rich Meadows, N. B., July 30, Mrs. Hannah Gault, 80. Nantuxwick, Aug. 3, Elizabeth Kennedy, of Rothsay. Debec Junction, July 27, of consumption, John H. Pallen, 28. St. John, Aug. 8, Frederick John, son of James H. Pallen, 28. Fredericton, July 24, Harriet, widow of late Alex. McCloy, 55. St. John, July 23, Joseph, son of Michael and Annie Mahoney, 6. Lawrence, Mass. July 2, Charles R. Walsh, of Egypt, 22. Northfield, N. S., July 26, Elizabeth, wife of James T. Miller, 60. Halifax, Aug. 4, Rachel C., widow of late I. M. Lockman, 16. Moose River, July 20, Garvin A. son of Robert McCallum, 16. Gaspereau, July 7, Harry Edmund, son of H. J. Duvy, 15. St. John, Aug. 5, Annie Chandler, daughter of late Robert Foulis. St. John, Aug. 5, Willie B., son of Cornelius and Maggie Dewar. Fort Lee, New Jersey, Aug. 1, Henry L. Mitchell, 49 months. New Glasgow, N. S., Aug. 4, John T., son of Robert Grant, 9 months. West Berlin, N. B., July 28, Maud, daughter of William Cole, 11. St. John, Aug. 7, William Gay, son of late Rev. Canon Harrison, 57. Boston, July 30, Frederick C., son of Frederick Riggs, of Halifax, 56. Parrsboro, July 27, Elmo E., son of Thos. and Annie Livingston, 4 months. Margaree Harbor, C. B., Annie J., daughter of Rodrick McCallum, 11. Dartmouth, Aug. 2, Nellie E., daughter of Peter and Margaret Kennedy. Lot 16, F. E. I., July 25, Agnes Sinclair, widow of Hector McLean, 50. Halifax, Aug. 4, Winnie, daughter of C. S., and Annie Blakely, 6 weeks. St. John, Aug. 7, Hannah, daughter of Corneilus and Mary Hefferon, 26. Halifax, Aug. 6, Bertha May, daughter of William and Johanna Mahalan, 1 month. Halifax, Aug. 3, Evelyn Royal, son of William and late Harriet Harcourt, 3 months. Goshen, N. B., June 29, Lavin Olive, daughter of Robert A. and Eliza L. Smith, 4. Chatham, Aug. 1, Josephine, daughter of Warren C. and Mary J. Winslow, 5 months. Newcastle Creek, Aug. 6, Minnie E., daughter of Michael and late Mary McGrath, 5. Halifax, Aug. 1, Geraldine M., daughter of Capt. Chas. and Mary J. Frey, 2 months. East Dover, July 28, Vickie Blanche, daughter of Michael and late Mary McGrath, 5. Halifax, Aug. 4, Annie Elizabeth, daughter of James M. and Bertha M. Donovan, 31 months. St. John, July 21, of diphtheria, Mary Theresa, daughter of George and Alice Roman, 5.

BEEF, LAMB, VEAL, MUTTON, FOWLS, CHICKENS, and all Vegetables.

Thos. Dean.

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO THE World's Fair!

Excursion tickets road for continued passage in each direction. To leave St. John on July 27th and 28th; return to leave Chicago at any time up to Aug. 7th, 1893. AT \$26 EACH.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH: Express daily at 8.10 a.m. 11.55 a.m. Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m. Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4.45 p.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS: Express daily at 1.05 p.m. 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a.m.

Intercolonial Railway.

1893-SUMMER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax... 7.00 Accommodation for Pictou and Halifax... 10.10 Express for Halifax... 15.25 Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago... 15.25 Express for Halifax... 22.20

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The shortest and most direct routes 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.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Daily Line For Boston.

With Connections to all parts of the United States. COMMENCING on Monday, August 1st, 1893, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: MONDAY, AUGUST 1st, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3rd, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5th, SUNDAY, AUGUST 7th.