

Would You Rather

Pay a fair price for the best machine and never rue the bargain, or buy an ordinary wheel for more money than it is worth and pay in repairs twenty five per cent. on its cost the first year? Think it over and let your judgment decide. It goes without saying that

The "Beeston Humber" and "Uptodate"

are the best. Everybody knows the reputation of the Humber. The "Uptodate" is the Humber put together in Canada and re-christened. The only question is, Will you pay a little more and get the best?

The H. P. DAVIES Co.,

81 Yonge Street, Toronto.

AN EASTER DREAM.

A large pleasant room, with two windows looking toward the south and through which the sun's rays are pouring down upon the head of a fair-haired woman who is so occupied with her own thoughts as to be entirely oblivious to the warmth and glory of the February sun. Tossing her head down, for she had been reading or trying to read rather, she walked aimlessly toward the piano.

On the music rack was a song a friend had handed her the night before with the request that she would advise him whether to sing it at a sacred concert to be given the following week. She runs over the accompaniment, humming as she plays in the most meaningless manner possible.

"This will never do," she exclaims turns to the title page and begins again this time singing.

She begins the recitative for the third time and sings it very well.

Behold! there shall be a day when the watchman upon the mountain top shall cry aloud: "Arise, ye I arise ye I get thee up into Mount Zion, unto the Lord your God! For this said the Lord."

A stranger would be deceived into thinking that another person was singing, so different was the voice that just declaimed the last lines. Now the voice takes up the refrain which was so melodious, and sings it quietly and with a simplicity that only a tender, loving nature is capable of.

After the crescendo, "For I the Lord am with thee, and will save thee," comes with inexpressible tenderness: "I have loved thee, I have loved thee with everlasting love, and have redeemed thee, redeemed thee."

She makes nothing of these beautiful lines and the voice that was so full of expression fails now. With her extreme sensitiveness she feels how infinitely beyond her is the interpretation of all that is suggested here. A nature so impressionable, although it realizes its deficiency, still experiences such an overflow of feeling as to choke all means of expression.

She closes the piano without finishing the song, but the desire is so intense to sing the lines that she cannot get away from them. She tries to sew, and, failing, takes up a book, only to read between the lines the music and words: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and have redeemed thee, redeemed thee."

She finally closes her book and hums the lines over and over to herself. The look of annoyance leaves her face—the flush in her cheeks dies away, she stops humming, leans her head on a chair cushion, dreamily content. Suddenly she starts and listens, smiles half incredulously. "What an imaginative creature I am!" lays her head back on the cushion, closes her eyes and sleeps.

"I have redeemed thee, redeemed thee" she hears the refrain distinctly, but the voice is like nothing she has ever heard before. Surely no one upon the earth can sing like that! I must be dreaming! The air is filled with splendor awakened by the vibrations of this marvellous voice! The light radiates its absolute purity! and now envelopes me from head to foot and gently raises me from the ground! Where is this voice taking me?

She slowly, but with difficulty, opens her eyes, for the intense light blinded her for a short time, and sees in the distance the lofty spires of a great city. She wonders if that is her destination and approaches with considerable curiosity. As she gently descends she hears the vesper chimes, and they ring out in joyous tones: "I have redeemed thee, redeemed thee." "Was it the bells I heard? No! No! It was far more beautiful and vibrated in the very depths of my soul."

A sweet little woman approaches, and on her face is such a look of peaceful content that Myrtle involuntarily lowers her head as she draws near.

"Will you kindly tell me where I am?" "My dear child, you are on the border-land of Paradise. God in his goodness has allowed you to come here, that you may prepare to come before his presence on that day when he sees fit to call you. Thank him in humble gratitude and pray that you may be able to look upon the brightness of his glory when your summons comes."

The little woman turns to leave and Myrtle exclaims: "What must I do to make myself worthy?" "Nobody can help you but yourself. Go to the chapel, meditate and pray, and the desire for righteousness which he has implanted within your soul will be fulfilled, for a perfect realization will be surely spring from the intense longings as the blossom expands from the life-giving seed."

so kindly and with such delicacy of tenderness as to her progress, and then spoke of the officiating priest, the look of heavenly exaltation which had sufficed his countenance, carrying peace and happiness to all beholders.

Myrtle had not seen him at all, and tremblingly exclaimed: "Way did I not see him?" "Child, he reflects the glory of his Master and your eyes are not strong enough yet to look upon even the reflection of that glory. Pray for spiritual sight, which comes when Jesus has washed all sin from the heart."

Myrtle turns dejectedly towards her abiding place, realizing for the first time her unworthiness. Two women follow her as she passes down the street and she overhears their conversation: "I have decided not to go to the chapel any more—what is the sense? We haven't discovered the right hour for service yet. It is so dreary and cold there, no music, even, and one gets tired saying one's prayers all alone in that great church—no, I shall not go again!"

She leaves her companion, and Myrtle, trembling with pity, turns and addresses her. She had forgotten her own unhappiness and dependency in her grief for the woman by her side.

"Please do not say you will not go to the chapel again. I heard you tell your friend, and it hurt me so that I tremble now with pain. Go with me to-morrow, and I am sure we shall be in time for the service. I have never seen the priest, but I have heard him intone the service many times. I have never seen the boys, but the divine music of their heavenly voices has been waited across my soul. I was so disheartened to-day that I had never seen in the sanctuary those who wait upon our Lord. My cup seemed running over, but now I know that it is not filled to the brim. The kindest, sweetest old lady met me before I entered the chapel for the first time and told me to meditate and pray and God would grant my heart's desire. Come with me to-morrow, let me help you, and together let us wait humbly for the presence of God."

The next day they went their way to church. Myrtle's heart is overflowing with compassion for the woman at her side. She enters the chapel, falls on her knees and prays, not for herself, but that God would lighten this poor woman's burden and remove the scales from her eyes. She hears the most exultant peal of music, raises her head and beholds the priests at the altar. His robes are pure white and the expression on his face is tenderly compassionate. The faces of the boys suffused with a reflection of divine purity are so restful that she feels as if she could stay there forever. She does not know how long she has been in the chapel when she hears her friend preparing to leave and follows her out. She starts to speak, but seeing the tears in the other's eyes is unable to say a word.

The girl humbly and feelingly exclaims: "I have heard the most beautiful voice intone the service of our Lord. I have been edified beyond the most extreme imaginings in my inmost heart. I thank you! I thank you for your faith in me! Your wonderful faith in God's mercy!"

When Myrtle sees this girl's happiness and how it has flooded her soul with infinite delight; when she realizes that it has been brought about through her instrumentality, she resolves to devote her time to relieving and inspiring those who have become discouraged through the suggestions of the flesh which they have not been able to shake off entirely. For with some she hears the flesh, that after having left the body it is still tingling with the all-pervading hum of its worldly life. It must be plunged into streams of pure living, elevating desires which will lay away all after effects of past indulgences. The love of self which has been developed through the comforts and pleasures incidental to a worldly life and which takes years of preparation to eradicate must be met with a tender patience; the way must be revealed, step by step, through little acts of self-sacrifice, until all thought of self, even salvation, is entirely obliterated in doing the pleasure of God.

Myrtle meets some very interesting people among them a young woman who has puzzled her considerably. She was the first person the girl encountered in her walks around Paradise and she was quite curious to learn where she was. With sweet womanly tact Myrtle drew from her story.

"I am from Hades and my besetting sin is uncharitableness. You can never imagine what it is to suffer as I did when I awoke and found myself an inhabitant of that place. All my little weaknesses and sins arose before me accompanied by suggestions which if I only had followed would have eventually purged all sin from my heart. I listened to the voice of the tempter and indulged the petty, sinful desires awakened by its crafty insinuations until the possibility of denial was beyond my grasp. I deceived myself with the thought that there was plenty of time and when I wanted to I could throw off my soiled garment of unrighteousness and robe myself in the beautiful one of righteousness."

"The man who loves darkness can find it at every step in Hades, but God in his mercy has allowed us to see that each step

downward in sin leads us away from the light, eventually bringing us to a blackness of despair which ends in total annihilation. But some there are who love the blackness, delighting to wallow in it, each succeeding accumulation of mire being more seductively, overpoweringly enjoyed than the preceding. This overwhelming sensuality of desire never turns back but plunges steadily on to death. With horror I turned my face from what seemed to me the intense misery imaginable, and resolved to do what I could to keep out of that terrible whirlpool of passionate sin. It was very hard to follow the path after having strayed for so many years, and temptation assails one on every side in Hades."

"But I will not weary you with all my discouraging attempts, but will tell you about a poor woman who came to my door. She had been harried to desperation by women who prided themselves on their virginity; a virginity in name only, but that is all sufficing for some women. She had fallen before coming here and these self-righteous souls had turned their backs upon her. My heart was filled with pity for the poor creature, for she had not been more sinning against than sinning for. Her repentance was so intensely real, she bemoaned her sin with tears of great sorrow which came from her heart. If my Master can forgive, cannot I stretch out a helping hand and make the way easier? I took her in, did my best to comfort her and the next morning awoke in Paradise. But what will become of her now that I am here?"

"God will take care of that. You have work to do here; we all have. It will be revealed to you. Watch and pray, and the work that has been planned for you to do will be made known unto you."

Myrtle joins the woman the next day as she is leaving the chapel, for she knows that her heart will be filled to overflowing with disappointment. She must be met with exceeding tenderness, and it is with great pity Myrtle realizes, in her total self-compassion, the other woman's suffering; and fearful that it may awaken the tendency to uncharitableness which she had not entirely overcome. Myrtle prayerfully entreats that she may be the means of leading this woman to a clear understanding of herself which will open the way to a complete revelation of God's great mercy.

She approaches her and the woman says nothing; she looks almost defiant in her misery. Myrtle speaks to her and she bursts forth in a torrent of words—complaining, wondering, incredulous.

"I entered the chapel filled, yes, my dear, come with the sense of my unworthiness. I begged with extreme humility for forgiveness—my life has not been all bad! I have wept over the sufferings of the poor, the degraded, those deeper in sin than myself. 'Yes, but have you ever stretched out your hand to help them—even given them a kind word, a little encouragement?' "No, only the woman I told you of."

She looked at Myrtle, and Myrtle, laying her hand on her arm, exclaimed: "Inasmuch ye have done it unto me, these ye have done it unto me."

She turned, retraced her steps and entered the chapel. She was such a creature of impulse that the least suggestion taken was acted upon immediately.

Myrtle smiled, started to follow her, hesitated and finally decided to await her return.

In a few moments she emerged from the chapel, and hastening towards Myrtle exclaimed: "I who have prided myself upon my faith do not know the meaning of the word! Tell me what it is? What did you pray for that has brought such a lot of ineffable peace to my conscience?" "I asked for a faith that is in harmony with God, that reflects the divine compassion and loving kindness of the master, that kills all regard for self-glorification through the marvelous comprehension of the sacrifice of God the Father and of His Son Jesus Christ. A faith which slowly and progressively leads us step by step to a realization of the divine love and exceeding glory of the Most High."

"And that will bring peace?" "It will bring a desire to be like Christ, to serve Him, which leads to all obliteration of self, to the loss of self in Christ."

"And what did I ask for?" "You desired to bring God's actions down to the level of your little, petty, selfishness. You requested, demanded gratification for your worldly desires. He must stoop and answer you whether it was for your good or not. You asked it as your right which belonged to you through what you in your ignorance called faith. 'If ye abide in Me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' But remembering Christ's sufferings you will not ask that the way may be made all pleasant. The desire of your heart will be to be as much like your master as possible. Happiness only comes in an absolute self-forgetfulness."

When Myrtle reached home she was very weary, so throwing herself into a chair near the window she closed her eyes and quietly rested, contemplating upon the infinite mercy of the Divine and wondering if she should ever be able to understand it. Suddenly she heard the old strain: "I have loved thee with everlasting love, and have redeemed thee, redeemed thee." It sounded far away at first, then nearer and nearer, till the church bells took up the refrain and pealed it forth in sublime melody.

She opened her eyes and sees in the heavens the sign of the cross; it radiates with light and Myrtle's eyes close beneath the splendor of its glory. She falls upon her knees and the bells ring out: "I have redeemed thee, redeemed thee."

"What does it mean? I must find out!" She rushes on to the street to hear that One is coming tomorrow to consecrate those who are ready and waiting for the light of His countenance, to encourage those who through the imperfections of their worldly life are struggling for the good. She puts the desire, the longing for consecration, from her through the feeling that she is utterly unworthy to receive it. But may not He speak some little word of encouragement! She tells herself, no! What has she done to deserve encouragement! Even now she is praying that she may be allowed to gaze upon the radiance of His glory, praying for self, that she may be satisfied, when there are so many she could be helping to prepare to come into His presence.

With the dawn comes such a brightness in the heavens that all who behold marvel. As the day advances the light becomes so intense that Myrtle seeks the shade of the doorway to the chapel-house. She cannot stay on the street and is so surprised to see the crowds that gather in the middle of the roads. It is with great humility she sees with what apparent ease those who have come to her for help stand the intense rays of light which beat upon her own soul with overpowering intensity.

She must go down to them! Must tell them how she had wronged them—has thought she was better than they! With difficulty she descends the steps, but when she reaches the road there comes such an outpouring of glorious light as to transfigure her inmost soul. The chapel bells ring out again: "I have redeemed thee, redeemed thee."

But above the bells she hears a marvellously clear and beautiful voice: "The Lord has lifted up his countenance upon you and given you peace. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

AN EMINENT SURGEON

Prescribes and recommends Paine's Celery Compound.

HE DECLARES IT TO BE THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.

IT BUILDS UP RUN-DOWN MEN AND WOMEN.

The Only Remedy That Makes Pure, Bright and Red Blood.

Cleansing and purifying the blood, and putting the human organism in proper working order, is a work that demands very special attention in the spring season. Many of the ablest and most experienced physicians are of opinion that Paine's Celery Compound does the best and most thorough work in the way of blood-cleansing, nerve-strengthening and tissue building. No other medicine can impart to weak and run down men and women the grand vigorous strength, robustness and general good health that Paine's Celery Compound gives.

Dr. A. W. K. Newton, the eminent physician and surgeon of Boston, says: "Paine's Celery Compound is not a patent medicine, and it is not a compound of the ordinary nervines, bitters and sarsaparilla. It is as much superior to them in formula and results as the diamond is superior to glass. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and is nature's food for the brain."

"I had some trouble myself, from blood poisoning, received in a very delicate surgical operation. The formula of Paine's Celery Compound led me to try it, and I was much pleased with the result. I prescribe it for men and women who have no appetite, cannot sleep, and are run down. For this condition, and for disorders of the blood and nerves, it has no equal."

"When a man or woman has lost appetite, lost sleep, and feels that life is a burden, that person is in a serious condition. I prescribe Paine's Celery Compound for my patients who have these common and dangerous symptoms, with invariably satisfactory results. It is the best possible remedy to keep up one's strength and energy during the spring and summer months."

BORN.

Hebron, April 2, to the wife of John Porter, a son.
Truro, March 27, to the wife of John Baker, a daughter.
Halifax, April 4, to the wife of R. S. Keltie, a daughter.
Truro, March 29, to the wife of B. D. McDougall, a son.
Amherst, March 29, to the wife of Hiram Carter, a son.
Parrishboro, March 29, to the wife of O. L. Price, a son.
Truro, March 24, to the wife of Geo. L. Wright, a son.
Pictou, March 23, to the wife of E. C. Henderson, a son.
Caledonia, March 30, to the wife of R. K. Patterson a son.
Digby, March 25, to the wife of A. D. Daley, a daughter.
Digby, March 29, to the wife of Fenwick Young, a daughter.
Woodville, April 2, to the wife of Frank Dixon, a daughter.
Falmouth, March 30, to the wife of C. A. Dill, a daughter.
Woodstock, March 29, to the wife of W. W. Hay, a daughter.
Carleton Place, March 24, to the wife of Medley Hulbert, a daughter.
Wolville, April 2, to the wife of Frank A. Dixon, a daughter.
Bay View, March 29, to the wife of Alex Leslie, a daughter.
Milton, April 5, to the wife of James Hunt, a daughter.
Amherst, March 31, to the wife of Walter Tennant, a daughter.
New Ross, March 29, to the wife of John Keddy, a daughter.
Sydney, April 2, to the wife of Dr. L. W. Johns, a daughter.
Meallowvale, March 31, to the wife of Wm. Fulton, a daughter.
Indian Harbor, April 2, to the wife of J. J. Hubley, a daughter.
Indian Harbor, April 2, to the wife of J. J. Hadley, a daughter.
South Berwick, March 28, to the wife of Howard Douglas, a son.
South Berwick, March 28, to the wife of Howard Douglas, a son.
Cambridge, N. S., March 30, to the wife of Joseph Lyman, a son.
Waterville, March 25, to the wife of Anthony Taylor, a daughter.
Albion, N. B., March 30, to the wife of Frank H. Tinsley, a daughter.
Caledonia, March 16, to the wife of Stephen Bradford, a daughter.
Buckley's Corner, March 25, to the wife of William Palmer, a son.
Buckley's Corner, March 25, to the wife of Wm. Palmer, a son.
Palmer, twins, boy and girl.

MARRIED.

Baddeck, March 29, August D. McDonald to Bessie Nicholson.
St. John, April 4, by Rev. E. E. Daley, Capt. Chas. Carter to Nettie Saults.
St. John, March 23, by Rev. W. Purvis, Wm. Taylor to Victoria Jenkins.
North River, March 27, by Rev. J. E. Spidell, A. W. Higgins to Mabel Lands.
Truro, April 1, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, George Archibald to Minerva McNutt.
Salmon River, March 25, by Rev. W. Purvis, Wm. Taylor to Victoria Jenkins.
Stewieville, April 3, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, William Brown to Mary Olivia Bentley.
Shubenacadie, March 29, by Rev. John Murray, W. H. Leck to Martha Barnhill.
Indian Brook, March 29, by Rev. J. Fraser, Capt. John McLeod to Jane D. Matherson.
Truro, April 1, by Rev. John Robbins, Robert Higgins to C. R. to Jessie McKenzie.
Upper La Hache, March 21, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, James B. Conrad to Clara A. Randall.
New Glasgow, March 28, by Rev. A. Robertson John R. McKelgan to Maggie McIsaac.
First Peninsula, March 28, by Rev. James L. Baker to Hattie Johnston.
Alma, N. B., March 29, by Rev. A. E. Chapman, Joseph Campbell to Susie Boyce, of Lincoln.
Parrishboro, March 25, by Rev. F. H. Howe, Burton Parker to Hattie Johnston, of Port Greenville.
Juvenville, March 31, by Rev. W. W. W. A. Charlton to Annie M. Bell, both of Blissville, N. B.
East Jeddore, April 5, by Rev. L. J. Slaughter, George A. Harting to Eunice Arnold.
Sydney, March 19, by Rev. E. B. Rankin, Laughlin MacKenzie to Mary Carmichael, of St. Ann's.
Beaver River, March 13, by Rev. Ralph Gullison, Capt. B. D. Porter, of Salem, to Sadie J. Gullison.
Pugwash, April 3, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Ephraim McCallum to Mary McCallum, of Scotch Hill.
Grafton, N. B., by Rev. A. F. Baker, John A. Martin to Minnie McCallister, of Edmundston, N. B.
Woodstock, N. B., by Rev. A. F. Baker, Edgar M. Marr, of Millville, to Ada Downey, of Havelock, N. B.
Northfield, March 21, by Rev. G. Martell, James Singer of Noel Road, to Emma Spicer of Northfield.
Dalhousie, March 25, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Roderick McLeod, of Port Morien to Catherine McLeod.
Port Hawkesbury, March 28, by Rev. C. W. Swallow, A. B. Allan McLean to Christie McLean.
Boston, March 27, by Rev. Scott Hershey, D. Wilson Moffatt, formerly of Moncton to Lucinda Johnson.
Truro, March 28, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Robert G. Fowler, Esq., to Grace Ferguson, of River John.
Advocate, March 28, by Rev. F. W. F. Des Barres, Wesley McBride, of Boston, to Annie Louise Cameron, of Advocate.
Amherst, March 29, by Rev. W. H. Edgway, Martin B. Chapman, of Chapman Settlement to Ida M. Field, of Lorneville.
Liverpool, April 3, by Rev. A. W. M. Hartley M. A. Frederick to Keats of Dartmouth, to Joseph W. F. of Falmouth.
Welsford, N. B., April 8, by Rev. W. W. W. John H. Britney, of Fairville, to Reta Olivia, daughter of Peter Lingley of Welsford, N. B.

DIED.

St. John, April 1, John Pierce 41.
St. John, April 4, Eliza Daley 47.
St. John, April 6, Bessie Sullivan.
St. John, April 7, John Pierce, 41.
Gore March 15, Robert C. Blois, 29.
Clair Hill, N. B. Billie Colpitts, 65.
Truro, April 2, Thomas Nowlan, 75.
Windsor, April 1, Barbara Keith, 89.
St. John, April 5, Tassan Robson, 68.
South Bar, April 1, John A. Cane, 59.
St. John, April 4, Thomas Sealey, 69.
St. John, April 6, Alex. M. Byrne, 47.
Lower Argyle, April 1, Noah Morton.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

THE 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

Pictou, March 30, James Marshall, 87.
Fairfield, April 7, James R. Brown, 80.
St. John, April, Margaret McLean, 67.
South Bay, April, Elwin Thomas, 39.
Halifax, April 1, Margaret Mitchell, 75.
Maitland, March 25, John Whidden, 45.
Fredericton, April 4, Emma Thomas, 29.
Chatham, April 5, Patrick Anderson, 59.
Nelson, N. B., April 5, Mrs. O'Brien, 77.
Halifax, April 5, Christopher Irving, 67.
Kentville, March 22, Howard Young, 22.
Nunavut, March 29, Joseph McKnight, 35.
South Bay, April 6, Edwin C. Thomas, 39.
Middleton, March 24, Wm. J. Neville, 51.
New Tupper, March 27, Eliza Jones, 38.
Albert N. B., March 30, Ruth Tingey, 35.
Halifax, April 7, Frederick W. Clarke, 82.
Ingonish, March 24, Angus McDonald, 18.
Lancaster, N. B., April 5, Jessie Munson, 23.
North Sydney, April 1, James Burnett, 49.
St. John, April 5, John Blackall Smith, 85.
Halifax, April 4, Agnes J. Smith, 2 weeks.
Cole Harbor, March 30, Kate T. Bissett, 4.
Herring Cove, April 7, Mrs. Bridget Grace.
Richibucto, March 24, Dorothy Richard, 35.
Middle River, March 23, John McLenan, 78.
Sandy Cove, March 29, Mrs. S. Elridge, 72.
Pembroke, March 21, Herman A. Spinney, 2.
St. John, April 7, Jane, wife of Henry Baker.
Fox Brook, April 1, Donald D. McDonald, 67.
Billtown, April 5, Deacon Henry K. Eaton, 80.
Port Medway, March 25, 6th March Fanner, 45.
Port Edward, March 29, George V. Lewis, 44.
Kentville, N. S., March 22, Howard Young, 22.
Point E. Leard, March 29, George V. Lewis, 44.
Hudgville, March 29, David A. Sutherland, 21.
New Glasgow, March 29, John McKelgan, 52.
Newton Mills, March 26, Elizabeth Johnson, 34.
Winnona, April 5, Mary S., wife of F. H. Pickles.
Baie du Cheval, March 24, Athanasie B. Girouard, 7.
Stellarton, March 27, William Edgar McDonald, 7.
Carleton, N. B., Lillian, wife of Chas. J. Fisher, 24.
Halifax, April 2, James Gullen, McNeil 5 weeks.
Clark Road, March 28, Alexander McDonald, 71.
Port Maitland, March 24, Capt. George Corning, 55.
West Paradise, March 29, Mrs. Charles Daniel, 33.
Marzerville, March 21, Capt. Charles Cleveland, 30.
South Musquash, N. B., March 25, John Ferguson, 63.
Sunville, N. B., April 9, Rev. Ezekiel Sippl 95.
Thorburn, March 26, Ellen, wife of Philip Elworth, 32.
Dartmouth, March 31, James Walter Brandis, 3 months.
Sky Glen, March 25, James P. son of W. and Jessie Smith, 1.
Windsor, N. S., March 24, Olive Charles Harrison, 3 months.
St. John, April 7, Magdalen Ross, wife of Wm. Patterson, 27.
Pleasant Valley, March 26, Charlotte, wife of John McDonald, 89.
Gusyboro, April 3, Ralph son of Daniel and Annie Harrington, 11.
St. John Alms House, April 7, John Wilcox, of Sussex, N. B., 65.
Lismore, March 30, Mary, widow of the late Angus McPherson, 23.
Sydney, March 28, Hattie J., wife of Wm. McK. McLeod, M. D., 27.
Sonora, March 25, Susanna Penny, wife of Capt. Thos. Burns, 58.
St. John, April 8, Rosanna, daughter of Peter and Mary Costello, 5.
Amherst, March 31, Amanda, widow of the late Archibald Coulter, 67.
William's Point, March 29, Angus J., son of the late Jos. McDonald, 35.
North Sydney, March 30, Mrs. Christy McDonald, widow of the late Ronald McDonald, 94.
Philadelphus, March 26, Sarah Lydard, daughter of the late Samuel Strong, formerly of Fine Hill, Halifax.
Cliftondale, Mass., April 2, Mary I., wife of Sydney Reed, and only daughter of John Roberts, St. John, N. B., 31.
St. James' Road, Liverpool, March 25, Capt. Jas. Hay Leavitt, son of the late Wm. Leavitt, formerly of St. John, N. B., 65.

WARNING \$100 Reward

We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and pairs of plugs of inferior Tobacco, representing them to be the genuine "T. & B." MYRTLE NAVY.

The genuine plug is stamped with the letters "T. & B." in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking for the trade mark when purchasing.

OUR NEW PLUG "T. & B." COMBINATION 14s., 50c., 10c., 20c. Price.

It is stamped with "T. & B." Tin Tag and is the same size as the larger 25c. plug bearing "T. & B." in bronze.

A reward of One Hundred Dollars will be given to anyone for information leading to the conviction of any person or persons guilty of the above fraudulent practices, or infringing on our trade mark in any manner whatsoever.

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