

The 'Beeston Humber,' 'Uptodate' and 'Duke.'

THREE WHEELS.

THREE PRICES.

Each of these three Wheels are standard in their grade. Knowing as we do their relative merits, and the favoritism they are meeting with again this season, we have adopted them as our three leading advertising lines. Consult your pocket book, and whichever it can afford buy that, and feel assured that your money could not possibly be more advantageously spent. We guarantee each to be all we claim for it. We buy from the manufacturer when we don't manufacture ourselves. No intermediate profits. We give the best value in the market. Send for our new athletic catalogue.

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The **H. P. DAVIES Co.,** 81 Yonge Street, Toronto.



A STRANGE ELOPEMENT.

Dorothy Marlington, a parentless girl of nineteen, was kept at school by an indolent and apprehensive guardian, who relieved herself of all anxiety by the payment of a hundred and twenty pounds a year, out of the young girl's own income, to maintain her at an establishment at Brighton, where she had out-stayed all her companions, and had grown beyond the years of scholastic discipline. The teachers found her too self-willed to be directed by them, and she showed them that the silly stories, which they thought so amusing for their youthful pupils, were about as entertaining to her as the very earliest literature of the nursery would have been. She took lessons in riding and swimming, which were the only branches of instruction she seemed to care for, her interest in singing having arown suddenly supine when old Mr. Johnson succeeded the handsome Signor Maggioni as professor at the school. Riding, in fact, was her favorite exercise.

Those long morning rides were called lessons, but, in truth, she had nothing to learn, and the riding-master gave his attention to pupils who needed it more. One morning, either her horse was over-fresh or else ill-tempered, for horses sometimes get as cross as men and women—so to speak, equanimity is not always equanimity. At any rate, Dorothy found that she had as much as she could do in governing her horse. It might have been a bit of temper on Dorothy's part, or perhaps she believed, just then, in the value of a little necessary correction: either way, the fact was beyond dispute that her riding-whip made the animal's ears tingle, and induced him to bolt. The next moment Dorothy felt that the horse was her master. She held the reins as tightly as she could, but the brute had got the bit between his teeth, and was rushing on like the wind.

Occupied with other equestrians, the riding-master was unaware of Dorothy's peril until the cry of lookers-on called his attention to horse and rider. Then it was too late. He put spurs to his own animal, but the runaway horse increased the distance between them rather than permitting it to be diminished. Dorothy's danger became imminent. The road near Preston Barracks, the way taken by the party that morning, was under repair, and it Dorothy could not induce her horse to divert its present course, it would come to a wide opening, made in connection with the water-pipes, and the fate of the horse and rider seemed hardly doubtful.

Dorothy saw her danger, and holding on tightly to the pommel of the saddle, she disengaged her foot from the stirrup. At this moment an officer, strolling from the regimental stables, almost walked under the horse's feet.

"You won't stop him," he called out. "Throw yourself out of the saddle; I'll try and break your fall."

Whether she heard the words or was merely carrying out her preconceived idea, Dorothy acted in conformity with the speaker's recommendation, and as the horse wildly attempted to leap the chasm, she jumped from his back, and found herself in the arms of the person who had addressed her.

"Well caught!" he exclaimed. "I hope you are not hurt; I don't think you are."

"Only my hands," she said. The reins had torn away her gloves, and her delicate hands were blistered and bleeding.

"If you can walk a few yards, our regimental surgeon will dress your lacerated hands, while I send round a brougham to take you home."

She thanked him as she leant upon his arm, and a few minutes after the pair were riding along in a borrowed brougham, on their way to Dorothy's school.

The riding-master, anxious about the case, which was not more hurt than it deserved to be, and with a number of girls made more than usually nervous by the recent startling episode, was glad to have the care of Dorothy taken from his hands, which were over-full.

Captain Deatry was very much thanked by the Misses Burton for the services that he had rendered to their pupil, but those ladies did not see any necessity for the gentleman repeating his visit. Miss Marlington was, happily, little the worse for her accident, and all she required was rest and—"Good-morning!"

The last words were the cue for the Captain, who made the self-suggested joke to himself as he walked down the steps—"Burton! I should say Burton and Bitter!"

Captain Deatry was quite the hero of the school indeed. Dorothy was the only girl who did not speak about him every hour of the day, and even Dorothy was not above conversing with one of the servants in question had been addressed by him two or three times since Dorothy's accident.

"You can't think, Miss Marlington, how anxious Captain Deatry is about you," said Abigail, who pronounced the first syllable of his name in the way she would that of a seaside town. She did not mention that the Captain's anxiety had cost him a couple of sovereigns of which the

speaker was the recipient. The consequences need hardly be revealed. Dorothy had a romantic remembrance of Deatry having saved her life; the Captain was naturally impressed by the youth and beauty of the young girl whom he had rescued; the Abigail was under the influence of those donations which generally buy saleable consciences.

"The Captain is real mad to see you again, miss," said Abigail.

"It is impossible," replied Dorothy, firmly; then she added the timid inquiry—"Is it?"

"Well, yes, miss," said the other, "except Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, when the young ladies are out exercising. You needn't go unless you wish to have a walk; and Miss Jane pays her visit to her niece as regular as Miss Marie has her after-dinner nap."

So Dorothy used to steal down to the end of the garden twice a week, and the Captain injured the privet hedge by forcing his robust form through it.

Generally, temptation comes by invitation. Clandestine interviews give us, some way, an impression of dishonor, and those who take part in them being by trying to hush their consciences, and end by not knowing whether they are dead or conscience is dumb.

"In another week you will be at home with your old guardian, and perhaps will return to the Burtons no more," said the captain, "and we shall never meet again."

"I suppose you will find some means of seeing me, if you are as devoted as you say," answered Dorothy.

"You know I will try," he said. "But why risk our happiness, when a little decision will secure it? I will be at the street door with a trap at an hour after midnight of Thursday, tomorrow. All you have to do is to open the door, step out with me, and we shall be on our way to Scotland before the old ladies miss you."

Of course Dorothy protested that she would not hear of it, then she spoke of the danger of a girl marrying during her minority, an objection which the Captain thrust aside by saying that the peril was his, and he'd risk it. Then she half consented by not offering any more arguments, and by allowing herself to be put through certain equestrian exercises; and finally she listened most attentively, until she was thoroughly informed of every detail of his plan.

The Misses Burton were early people. At eight o'clock the gardener went home. He was busier with blades of knives than blades of grass, and was more successful with boots than botany. Indeed the very limited ground under cultivation would hardly have entitled him to assume the name of gardener; at the most he could only have been called a gardener, so to speak.

At half-past nine there was not a light to be seen in the lower part of the house, and by ten the bedrooms were equally obscured. It is probable that Dorothy was the only person awake in the house a quarter of an hour afterwards. How she counted those quarters, as they chimed one after another, and told herself that midnight would never come. She did not dare to keep her candle burning, for fear of arousing suspicion, so she could not pass the time by attempting to read. She sat by the side of her bed, resting her head upon the end of her pillow, and began to wish that she had not promised Captain Deatry to elope with him. But for all that she had no idea of breaking her word.

She heard the chimes sound two quarters past midnight, and after that the time seemed to fly, while her reason and inclination held patchwork argument. "Letting I dare not, wait upon I would!" It was fully five minutes past one before she could master the indecision of her fears; then she lighted a wax match, which illumined her way, and showed her the locks and bolts that had to be withdrawn. As she opened the door the wind extinguished the frail flame, but she saw on the step a masculine form, who turned on his heel and hurried to the road as she passed through the doorway. Dorothy followed him along the carriage sweep, out through the gates, to the highway, where there was a low-built cart, to which a horse was attached. She had scarcely time to step on to the unprejudiced vehicle before the horse started off on a sharp trot.

She had sunk down in the bottom of the cart, waiting for her lover to speak to her, and beginning to think that a runaway match was not such a very delightful transaction after all. She was able to make out at last, in spite of the darkness of the night, that there was a second man with them, and now and then, amidst the noise of the wheels she heard them talking. Never a word, however, did her lover speak to her. At last she ventured to touch him, and asked how long they were to go on in this uncomfortable manner. The man turned round as it he had been struck.

"Hold hard, Bill," he exclaimed; "there's a woman in the cart. Who are you? What do you want? If you've come to track us it will be the worse for you."

He had seized her by the throat, and if he did not squeeze it, it may be supposed that he wanted to hear her reply.

"I am Miss Marlington, from the school; I thought you were Captain Deatry, and

I meant to elope with him." Then she burst into tears.

"Put off cracking a crib by a school girl!" exclaimed the man. "Well! Many a fellow would take care you never did it again, but I ain't spiteful, only if you make the least sound or sign you're done for."

They had ridden by the Level, and were now well on the road to the racecourse, and the burglar might have spared his throat, as there was not a soul with whom she could communicate.

Suddenly the horse stopped.

"Get out," said the burglar.

Mechanically Dorothy complied.

"Now then, if you see anybody—tho' it ain't likely—and let out anything about us, some of us will come back to your school and murder you."

Then they drove away, and left the miserable frightened girl alone in the dark, vast solitude. Trembling and faint, she tottered along with the blind impulse of getting away, and had just reached the shelter of a shed, when she sank down insensible.

The sun was shining as Dorothy recovered consciousness and commenced to collect her senses. She knew the racecourse well enough by daylight, having often ridden over it, so she set herself bravely to walk back to school, resolved never to elope again.

Deatry, who had arrived just too late on that fearful night, was, however, too true a lover to be beaten. So, with credentials as to his status, he sought out the old guardian, and asked for the hand of her ward, which he eventually received.

It is a pity that he did not adopt this plan first of all, and then his present wife would not have eloped, as she did, with a burglar.

PLAYING FOR A PASS.

How Anton Rubinstein Proved that He was a Great Musician.

When the late Anton Rubinstein, the pianist and composer, was a youth, he left Russia, his native country, to study music in France and Germany. He finished his studies when he was twenty years old, and then returned to St. Petersburg. But before he could begin to give public recitals it was necessary that he should have a pass from the police authorities.

It was true he was a Russian subject, and a very inoffensive-looking young man, but when he had been absent from his native land for some time. He might have imbibed revolutionary ideas during his residence abroad, and it was best not to take any risks, but have him registered and kept under surveillance.

Rubinstein went to the police and applied for a pass, but, probably because he was shy and mild-mannered, each official bullied him, and gruffly passed him to another official, equally as rude and overbearing. Finally, he became so tired of the indignities to which he had been subjected that he went to see the Governor-General. He had just begun to tell his story, when that dignitary roared—

"You a musician? Pah! I'll put you in irons and send you to Siberia! That's the only fit place for such a you."

Rubinstein nearly fainted from fright, but got away from the official's residence as best he could. The days went quickly by, and still no pass came to him. Some of his friends, however, knew of the treatment he had received, and the Governor-General received some strong hints to the effect that he had better be careful.

One day Rubinstein was summoned to appear before the Chief of Police, General Galichoff. He went and had to stand waiting for three hours. At last he was called into the great man's presence, and addressed as follows—

"Well, young man, I have been spoken to about you. I am told that you are some sort of a musician; but I don't believe you are anything of the kind. Go to my chief secretary, Schesnok, and play for him, so that we can tell if you really are a musician, as you say—that is, a man who understands music."

All this was said in such a contemptuous tone of voice that Rubinstein was boiling over with indignation, although he could not afford to say anything. He was taken to the secretary, who was the proud possessor of the most wretched piano that Rubinstein had ever heard, much less played on. He was angry and disgusted at the way he was being treated, and a thought flashed across him. Here was an opportunity to be revenged for the insults heaped upon him. He would vent his indignation on the piano.

And so he did. He pounded and hammered the poor instrument until it seemed to shriek. The discordant notes which came from it falling upon his delicate ear served to increase his rage and frenzy.

It was as if a cyclone was at work: cords snapped, and the unhappy secretary stood by, expecting every minute that his beloved instrument would fly into a thousand splinters.

At last Rubinstein stopped, from sheer exhaustion.

"Come with me," said the secretary.

And the pianist followed him into the presence of the Chief of Police.

"It is true, your excellency," he said.

"Rubinstein is a great musician."

"Then you may give him a pass," replied the general curtly.

And thus his mistreatment was ended.

Care in Using Depilatories.

It cannot be too strongly urged that great care should be used, and the utmost caution, in trying any depilatory whatever upon the skin. One often sees something personally advised. Not long ago one woman told another of the happy results achieved by a third in removing some fine down from her upper lip, and herself tried the same concoction for the like purpose. In the course of time both found, to their horror, that the fine down was succeeded by a coarse growth of hair. In still another instance the same thing occurred. A girl tried some remedy most efficaciously for a time, and then discovered that it was thus working far more evil than it removed in the first place. Physicians say that electricity is the only sure cure for this distressing growth of hair on the feminine face. It is very slow, and somewhat painful, but at least it seems to be safe.

Etiquette of a Cup of Tea.

The etiquette pertaining to tea-drinking in China is curious. If a lady ask you to drink tea with her and especially if the tea be sweetened, you can count yourself as well received and much liked. If she does not like you, the tea is bitter. Of course, it is needless to say that after one sip of such tea the unliked visitor makes a prompt exit. When paying a call, if the servant should bring in a cup of tea there is no necessity to take any particular notice of it; you allow the servant to place it where he likes near you, and continue your conversation as though nothing had happened. If your business is pleasant and agreeable to the mistress or master of the house, he or she will pass the beverage to you; if not, you are expected to leave it untouched; otherwise you are likely to have a quarrel on hand, and a Chinese quarrel, either with man or woman, is unpleasant.

Artistic Treatment.

A famous landscape painter had to call in a doctor to see his wife, who was suffering from bronchitis. After he had examined the patient, the doctor recommended the husband to take a small brush, dip it in tincture of iodine, and lightly paint the lady's back with it. The artist took up his brush and, after dipping it in the tincture, proceeded to carry out the prescription. But his artistic temperament soon got the better of his sick-nursing qualities. Mistaking his wife's back for a canvas instead of simply applying the lotion, he sketched out a landscape and gradually peopled it with figures, and put in all the details complete. The patient finding the operation a rather lengthy one, asked her husband if he had not finished. And the latter, receding a few steps to examine his work, replied and then I can put it

His Prophetic Soul.

Mark Twain tells of a minister who took advantage of a christening to display his oratorical powers. "He is a little fellow," said he, as he took the infant, "and as I look into your faces, I see an expression of scorn, which suggests that you despise him. But if you had the soul of a poet, or the gifts of prophecy, you would not despise him. You would look far into the future and see what might be. So this little child may be a great poet and write tragedies, or perhaps a great warrior wading in blood up to his neck: he may be—er, what is his name? His name is—oh! Mary Ann!"

THRIFTY MOTHERS CAN DRESS THEIR

LITTLE ONES HANDSOMELY AND CHEAPLY.

Thrifty and economical mothers rarely buy new clothing for their children, yet the little ones are always well and handsomely dressed for school and church. This is the result of using Diamond Dyes, which make all the fashionable colors with but little work.

Suits for boys and little dresses and jackets for the girls that have faded and become discolored, are quickly transformed into new garments by the magical working of Diamond Dyes.

These wonderful package dyes cost but 10 cents per package; they are simple to use—indeed any child can use them and get a grand color. The colors produced by Diamond Dyes are fast and strong, and in many respects far superior to the colors used in large dyeing factories.

When buying dyes for home use see that your dealer gives you "Diamond Dyes"; imitation and worthless dyes will ruin your materials and garments.

BORN.

Sydney, March 26, to the wife of Patrick Kehoe, a son.
Halifax, March 22, to the wife of R. D. Gladwin, a son.
Pictou, March 24, to the wife of W. S. Talbot, a son.
White Hall, March 30, to the wife of J. Jardine, a son.
Parrsboro, March 27, to the wife of Follet Burke, a son.
Parrsboro, March 23, to the wife of Ainsley Welch, a son.
Southampton, March 26, to the wife of Wm. Shields, a son.
Halifax, March 29, to the wife of James B. Thomas, a son.
Dartmouth, March 25, to the wife of D. J. Brennan, a son.
Halifax, March 31, to the wife of J. Doubleday, a daughter.
Cape Breton, March 13, to the wife of David Welch, a daughter.
East River, March 29, to the wife of David Richards, a son.
Parrsboro, March 27, to the wife of Hibbert New, a son.
Parrsboro, March 17, to the wife of Alexander Keady, a son.
Upper Canada, March 21, to the wife of Robert C. Ducey, a son.
Dartmouth, March 26, to the wife of James S. Warner, a son.
Newport, N. B., March 22, to the wife of J. H. M. Kady, a son.
Fredericton, March 27, to the wife of Dr. H. S. Bridges, a son.
Kentville, March 24, to the wife of Clarence Spencer, a daughter.
Victoria, March 19, to the wife of Dr. Edward Johnson, a son.
Woodstock, March 29, to the wife of Wallace Hays, a daughter.
Sydney, March 28, to the wife of Conductor Rutherford, a daughter.
Caledonia, March 19, to the wife of Stephen Bradford, a daughter.
St. George, N. B., March 27, to the wife of A. H. McFarland, a son.
Halifax, March 29, to the wife of William Bent, a daughter.
Southampton, March 24, to the wife of William Fuchs, a daughter.
Upper Gasquetown, March 24, to the wife of Stephen Estabrooks, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Ledge, March 29, by Rev. T. Allan, Harry H. McLean to Emma Towler.
Yarmouth, March 14, by Rev. E. D. Miller, James Miller to Florence Allen.
Shubenacadie, March 20, by Rev. John Muir, Mary Ann Lock to Martha Barnhill.
Baddeck Bay, March 18, by Rev. D. MacDonnell, John McDonald to Sarah McLean.
Windsor, March 23, by Rev. M. Fraser, Charles N. Wilson to Edith St. Clair Smith.
Maine Bay, March 23, by Rev. Robert McArthur, James Eishenauer to Emma Winters.
Berwick, March 22, by Rev. A. S. Tuttle, Elihu Tupper to Emma Lutes, of Lake Paul.
New Glasgow, March 28, by Rev. A. Robertson, John R. McKean to Maggie McIsaac.
Oak Point, N. B., March 13, by Rev. O. N. Mott, Joseph Palmer Mott to Iris Flewelling.
Baie Verte, N. B., March 21, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Byron Tremblay to Caroline Goodwin.
Mahone Bay, March 22, by Rev. Jacob Munner, Charles Walter Cantelero to Hattie Allen.
Springfield, March 23, by Rev. H. R. Smith, Reuben Cor to Emmeline Rector of West Brook.
Halifax, March 19, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, Charles Marx to Mrs. Effie Barr, (nee Miss Greene).
Goods Cove, N. B., March 30, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahi, Howard Reid to Victoria L. Merrithew.
Bayfield, N. B., March 18, by Rev. J. Goodwin, B. A., Charles A. Amos to Annie Mildred Allan.
Douglas, N. B., March 21, by Rev. P. O. Rees, Ira Houshouse of Bright, to Ida Crous, of Douglas.
North East Harbor, March 11, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Audley A. Crowell of Port La Tour to Elsie Greenwood.

DIED.

Brule, March 24, W. J. Nevill.
Caledonia, March 20, Alfred Annis, 50.
St. John, March 30, William Kearns, 87.
Avonmouth, March 15, James Smith, 21.
Barnstable, April 1, John Woodill, 85.
St. John, March 30, William Kearns, 87.
St. John, March 30, William Kearns, 70.
Bear River, March 21, George Jack, 79.
Tasker Wedge, March 22, Moses Pohlner.
Trenton, March 23, William Hampton, 21.
Shag Harbor, March 17, Philip Crowell, 74.
Liverpool, March 13, William Haight, 49.
Tasmanouche, March 11, John Irvine, 82.
White Rock, March 21, Harry Douglas, 15.
St. John, March 30, Mrs. Grace McNeil, 77.
Mira C. B., March 25, Charles Thompson, 92.
Gaspereau Mt., March 16, Essie Johnson, 19.
Liverpool, March 13, William Hanwright, 49.
Wolville, March 17, Mrs. Pamela Brown, 60.
Halifax, March 30, Mrs. Catherine Dogill, 75.
Greenfield, March 15, Charles C. Freeman, 49.
Economy, March 20, Mrs. Sidney J. Graham, 47.
Hebron, March 17, Lois, wife of Richard Patten, 69.
Great Village, March 9, William T. Archibald, 74.
Brooklyn, N. S., March 21, William Harrington, 88.
Milledgeville, N. B., March 29, John G. Tobin, 81.
Blanchard, East River, March 20, Wm. Fraser, 78.
Carleton, April 1, Lillie, wife of Charles J. Fisher, 80.
Greenville, March 24, Susan, wife of Gabriel Parley, 80.
Pembroke, March 25, Lallah, wife of James Scovil, 80.
Windsor, March 29, Rev. Thomas Nixon DeWolfe, 83.
Port Maitland, March 28, Capt. Geo. W. Conning, 92.
Moncton, Chebogue, March 10, Mrs. Mary E. Haley, 83.
Moncton, April 2, Catherine, wife of William Rippey, 83.
Hilden, March 19, Alfred H. youngest son of Robert Sweet, 83.
St. John, April 2, Phoebe, wife of the late "Thomas Sweet, 83.
Greenville, March 24, Susan, wife of Gabriel S. Parley, 80.
Parrsboro, March 28, Henry Kilpatrick, of St. John, N. B., 44.
Memrancook, March 10, Mary Ann, wife of Simeon Belliveau, 60.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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Lockport, March 16, Catherine G.
St. Louis, 59.
Upper Macquibboit, March 9, Susan, wife of Ira Dean, 27.
Wilmet, March 23, Elizabeth, widow of the late Wm. Ivey, 83.
St. John, March 30, Thomas W. Peters, ex-mayor of this city, 47.
Ritchie's Cove, March 12, Rosetta A. wife of James Deal, 29.
Yarmouth, March 16, Olive, widow of the late William Berry, 38.
Oaslow, March 17, Margaret J. wife of Capt. George Rayne, 58.
Kentville, March 15, Evelyn, daughter of Burton and Laura Jordan.
Parker's Cove, March 22, Eliza, widow of the late Leonard Young, 83.
St. John, March 17, Sister Marion daughter of Councillor Robit, 21.
Halifax, March 2, Gordon M., son of Henry and Melissa Garrison, 2.
Barrington, March 25, Matilda, widow of the late Dr. L. K. Wilson, 77.
New Glasgow, March 28, Bessie, daughter of Richard and Tona Blair, 1.
Shelburne, March 14, Isabel McKay, widow of the late Donald McKay, 85.
Halifax, March 27, William, only surviving son of the late Arthur MacNeil.
Upper Stewiack, March 17, Isabella, daughter of the late Isaac Gamell.
Moncton, April 1, M. J. J. wife of G. W. McCreedy, city engineer, 54.
Halifax, March 31, William A., youngest son of Thomas and Jane Downey.
Cole Harbor Road, March 30, Katie T. daughter of Alex and Augusta Settle, 4.
Torrbrunn, N. B., March 31, William H. Jones, formerly of Upton, England, 67.
Lunenburg, March 24, Henry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kauback, 10 months.
Dartmouth, March 31, James Walter, son of William and Teresa Brandis, 3 months.
Joggins Mines, March 26, Walter, only son of William and Ella Mitchell, 3 months.
Westbrook, March 19, Thelma E. daughter of John T. and Bessie Reiden, 7 months.

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT CURES

Fergus, April 6, 1894
To Robert Phillips, Druggist, Fergus.
This is to certify that I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me till I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me.
MRS. JOHN GERRIE, R. Phillips, Jr., Druggist, Witness.

"My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 21 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally, a week since, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the Remedy. We have used only one-fourth of the box, but the change is very marked; the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured."
(Signed) MARY ANN GERRIE, 112 Adelaide St., Toronto.

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'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. PIECES.

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

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