

The Silent Steed



In Every Breed.

IF

You are Going to Ride this Season we have a direct claim upon your attention, because we can offer you an unlimited choice of reliable wheels at the very closest prices. The guarantee we give for durability is not that of an irresponsible house—we stand by our agreement every time. We buy from the manufacturers when we do not manufacture ourselves.

SEND FOR OUR NEW ATHLETIC CATALOGUE OF

Requisites for Cricket, Football, Tennis, Lacrosse, Golf and Fishing Tackle.

IRA CORNWALL,

Agent for St. John.

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

THE LITTLE DUCHESS.

He was the clerk of the cash in a huge drapery establishment, and when the rolling balls gave him a moment's leisure, used to look down from his high perch at the big shop beneath his feet, and, in his slow, quiet style, study the ways of the numberless assistants whose life-books thus opened to him so many of their pages.

Lately there had come to the place a slight, grey-eyed girl, who wore her black dress with such grace, and held her small head with such dignity, that he had whimsically named her to himself "The Little Duchess." He liked to look down and catch a glimpse of her hair's sunshine when his brain was dulled with calculating change, and his fingers ached with shutting cash-bills and dispatching them on their journeys. And he used to wonder greatly how any customer could hesitate to buy silks and satins when their lustre and sheen were displayed by her slim little fingers and the quality descended on with so persuasive a smile. There were handsomer girls in the shop, girls with finer figures and better features; but to the boy in his mid-air cage there were none with the nameless dainty charms that made the Little Duchess so lovable.

For, of course, he did love her. In less than two months he had begun to watch for her cash-bill with a trembling eagerness, to smooth out and stroke gently the bill her fingers had written, and to wrap it in its change up again with a careful tenderness that, I may assure you, no one else's change and bill received. He had spoken to her half-a-dozen times in all; twice at the door on leaving—weather remarks, to which she had responded graciously; once or twice about bills that she had come to rectify at the desk, and once he had had the great good fortune to find and return a handkerchief she had dropped. Such a pretty, ridiculous atom of muslin it was, with a fanciful "Nellie" taking up one quarter, and some delicate scent lending a subtle fascination that had made it a real wrench for the lad to take it from his breast pocket and proffer it to her.

So great a wrench, indeed, that she proffered his love, too, humbly, but fervently, and received a very wondering look from the grey eyes, a badly-concealed smile, a "Thank you" for the handkerchief, and a "No, thank you," for the love.

He had kissed her, though, and that was some consolation afterwards to his sore spirit, kissed her right upon the sweet scarlet lips which had said "No" so decidedly, and then, bold no longer, had fled the shelter of the friendly packing-cases, and beaten a retreat to a fortnight ago; not once since had she spoken to him, and today he was feeling desolate.

It had been a very busy morning, and he had found hardly a second to raise his eyes from his work; the once that he had looked down she had been busy with a customer, a girl prettily dressed and golden-headed like herself. That had been at about ten o'clock; before twelve her cash-box, with the note upon it that his penknife had made, rolled down its line, and he opened it as he had opened it twenty times that morning; but this time it bore his late, besides the bill there was a little twisted note with "John Walters, private," written upon it, and the boy's very heart leaped at the sight. Down below, custom's wearily waited for change, and anxiously watched for their own particular bill while the deus ex machina drew again and again, with eager eyes, "Please will you meet me at lunch-time on the Strand? Do, if you can, I am in trouble. You said you loved me." Then, as he began mechanically to manipulate the waiting balls, he looked down to the accustomed place of the little Duchess. She was pale, he saw, and her lips trembled oddly now and again. There was a frightened look in her gray eyes, once or twice he thought he noticed a sparkle as of tears.

At lunch-time he actually tore through the shop and away down to the appointed place. She was there, still pale, still nervous and fluttering.

"Let us go to the Gardens. It's quieter," he said, putting a great restraint upon himself; then, when at last they were within the gates, "God bless you, Nellie! Now tell me."

"What?" said the girl, with uncertainty, but not looking at the dark, rugged face that was all aglow with love for her.

"For telling me about the worry—asking me to come. Oh, God bless you, Nellie! Now tell me."

She sat down on a seat and began to cry, quietly and miserably, till the boy was almost beside himself. At last, between the sobs, he learned her trouble, which was grave indeed. She and her sister had very much wanted to go to a certain ball and, more than that, to have new dresses for it, of soft white Liberty silk, such

as she cut off daily for fortunate customers. But her purse was empty, so in their emergency the sister had hit upon a plan, questionable, indeed, but not dishonestly meant. The sister came to the silk counter and purchased thirty yards of silk, paying 15s. for it instead of £2 10s.

"That was on account; I was only taking a little credit like other customers," said the Little Duchess, with a haughty movement of the head.

"On Saturday I was going to make out a bill for an imaginary customer and send the £3 up to the desk to you. Don't imagine I would really wrong the firm by a halfpenny."

"Oh, no," said the boy, eagerly; "It's all right."

"That's not all," the girl began to cry again, hopelessly, miserably. "I had no money to get the dresses made, and the next customer paid £2 10s, and—and I only sent 10s. up to you—I wanted to make it just \$5 I had borrowed. I thought I might borrow enough, as I was borrowing—don't forget, I would rather have died than have stolen the £5, Mr. Walters."

"Oh, course, of course, I understand," said the cash clerk, seeing that it was a worse fix than he had imagined, but long to take her in his arms and kiss away the tears.

"And then that horrid Mr. Greaves, who signed first in a hurry, asked for my book and took it for something, and then sent it up to the desk, and the figures are all confused, and the check leaf isn't the same as I sent you. I hadn't time to make it right, and when the books are compared to-night it will be noticed, and I shall get into trouble, and oh, I am so miserable!"

The Little Duchess was sobbing pitifully.

He kissed her this time in earnest, on the lips, the cheeks, the hair, the tear-wet eyes. I think he kissed her, and especially his smile, obtruded themselves upon their notice, and they sat apart looking foolish till the two o'clock bells made them hurry back to the shop.

"I'll put everything right—don't you worry," he said, and she smiled relievedly and went to her counter.

That afternoon he did what all the other years of his life he had deemed impossible for him to do. He made a great alteration in his books so that the £5 in question would not be missed. Tomorrow, he resolved, he would take £5 of his own and pay it into the account of the firm. The Little Duchess should be his debtor and run no more risks. But, alas for the morrow!

Ere he had fairly taken his seat in the morning, before Nellie had finished fastening at her neck the violets he had brought her, some words were said at his elbow, and he slowly became aware that he—surely it was a dream!—was arrested for delinquencies in his accounts. He learned that they for some time past had been aware of considerable discrepancies in the books, and had placed a detective-accountant in the office. Last night, for the first time, the man had discovered, as he thought, a clue, and had convinced the firm that in Walters he had found the offender.

The lad was ashen pale, horror-stricken, as he realized how these things must go against him. He could not trust his name of the Little Duchess—even if he did, it would not avail him much; he certainly had altered his book, and to mention the girl's share would only be to have two of them brought to trial and perhaps to gaol. The Little Duchess in gaol. That hair catching the prison-yard sunshine. That slender form clad in the garments of shame! The boy drew a deep breath, gave one very wistful glance at the silk counter, and then walked straight to the manager's room, followed by the policeman.

"I took the £5 yesterday and brought it back to-day. On my oath before God, sir, I have never misapplied one farthing of my money."

His voice trembled in its eagerness, the deep-set eyes gleamed, and the white lips worked.

"Your purpose, Walters?"

The manager looked hard, disbelieving.

"Direct need. Oh, believe me, sir, I have served you three years honestly as man can serve—yesterday I borrowed this money and brought it back this morning—don't ruin my whole life for that one act."

"Your pressing need yesterday?"

John drew a deep breath again.

"I—can't well tell you."

Then the heads of the firm came in, indignant at their misused trust, and they scorned his story. The defalcations amounted to almost £50 in all, and he had confessed to £5, which had been found upon him. Of course, he and no other was the offender, and they must teach their employes a lesson. So John walked down that long shop by the side of the official, his head very erect, his face pale and his knees shaking; all his life he would remember the glances of pity, curiosity, and disdain that met him

on every side. As he passed the silk counter the Little Duchess was measuring a piece of rose-red, sheeny satin, that gleamed warm and beautiful beneath her hands. She was very white, and in her eyes was a look of abject horror and entreaty. His eyes reassured her, and he passed on out of the door. Yes, all his life he would remember that rose-red satin and its brilliant, glancing lights.

After the trial everyone thought him fortunate to get only two years and the Little Duchess, who had grown thin and ancient looking, breathed freely as she read the account in the papers and saw that her name was not even mentioned in connection with the matter. He wrote to her a loving, boyish letter, and told her she must be true to him till he came out, and that then they would be married and go away where this could never be heard of.

It was no small thing he had done for her, he knew, and as he was no more than human he expected his reward. And the Little Duchess had cried quietly over the letter, and for several days cut off silk and satin with a pensive, unhappy look that quite touched her customers—those few among them who realized that it was human flesh and blood at the other side of the yard measure.

Twenty months later the Little Duchess was at the same counter measuring silk and satin for the stock-taking, when a note was brought to her in a writing she remembered too well.

"I got out today, Nellie—come down to the Gardens in the lunch-time."

She hesitated when the time came; but, you see, he might come to the shop, and that would never do. So she put her hat on thoughtfully and set out for the Domain.

He was waiting for her on the seat where, nearly two years ago, the gardener had smiled at him. He stood up as she came slowly towards him, and for a minute they gazed at each other without speaking.

She was in black, of course, but fresh and dainty looking, with a bunch of white chignon at her throat, with her little tan shoes, and her hair showing golden against the black of her lace hat.

For him, his face had altered and hardened, the once thick, curling hair was horribly shorter, his hands were rough and unsightly, his clothes hung awkwardly upon him, and his linen was doubtful.

"The Little Duchess!" he said, dully; then he put out his hand, and took her small gloved one and looked at it curiously.

"I—I am glad you're out," she said, carefully looking away from him.

"Yes—we must be married now, Nellie; that's all I've had to think about all this awful time."

His face flashed a little under its tan and his eyes lightened.

"It's good now to see the walls," he added, looking round at the spring's brave show, then away to the blue sparkle in the bay and the glancing sails.

"We mustn't talk of that time, though, ever, eh, Nellie?"

"No," she said, regarding her brown shoes intently.

His eye noted the smooth roundness of her cheek, the delicate pink that came and went, the turn of the white neck.

"Aren't you going to kiss me, Nellie?" he said, slowly; and he drew her a little strangely and awkwardly to him.

Then she spoke.

"I knew it wouldn't be any use, and you'd never have any money or get a place after this. We couldn't be married on nothing, and it would only drag you down to have me, too. I'm not worthy of you."

"Well, Little Duchess," he said, sofly, as she stopped and faltered; a slow smile crept over his face, and his deep-set eyes lighted up with tenderness.

Not worthy, his Little Duchess!

Then the crimson rushed into her face, and she flung up her head defiantly.

"I married the new shop-walker, four months ago!"

Scented From Afar.

Most animals have at least one sharp sense. A dog and a cat, according to the fable, lay in a dark room.

"Hark! I feel sure I heard a feather drop," said the dog.

"Oh no," said the cat; "it was a needle. I saw it."

Whatever may be true of domesticated horses, the wild horse of the South American pampas possesses a most acute and far-reaching sense of smell. Hudson, the well-known naturalist, speaks of it as a common occurrence for the horses of a district in seasons of drought to migrate suddenly to some distant place—fifty miles away, perhaps—where rain has fallen. A slight breeze from that quarter is enough to set them off. A still more striking phenomenon is, he says, familiar to every frontiersman. The guacho horse has the greatest terror of an Indian invasion, and long before the

marauders reach the settlement—often when they are still a full day's journey from it—all the horses take the alarm, and come flying wildly in. The horned cattle quickly feel the contagion, and a general stampede ensues. The Gauchos declare that the horses smell the Indians, and Mr. Hudson believes they are right. When passing a distant Indian camp, from which the wind blew, all the horses driven before him have taken fright and run away.

She Made a Mistake.

This story is told of a young woman who boarded a car one evening recently which was so full she had to stand. She was crowded into the vicinity of a woman who had on the floor near her a basket of eggs. As the car turned a corner it lurched and the young woman lost her balance. When she righted herself she found she had planted one of her feet in the basket of eggs. At about the same instant the woman made the same discovery. She screamed out:

"Howly Moses, she's stepped into me eggs."

Before she could take her foot out the old lady shrieked again:

"Would yez be a-takin' yer foot out and not be a-batin' them up to a froth?"

Of course everybody laughed, and the young woman was embarrassed. Every one stared at her and she started out of the window. The old lady left the car at the next corner, and as soon after as possible the young woman disappeared.

HEART DISEASE OF 20 YEARS STANDING RELIEVED IN A DAY.

Mr. Aaron Nichols, who has lived on one farm for 70 years, tells what he knows of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

"This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart for my wife, who has been troubled for the past twenty years with heart disease. The first few doses gave relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a diseased heart. I am pleased to give this certificate."

AARON NICHOLS, Peterboro.

Another Hamilton Citizen Cured of Rheumatism in Three Days.

Mr. I. McFarlane, 246 Wellington-street, Hamilton: "For many weeks I suffered intense pain from rheumatism—was so bad that I could not attend to business. I procured South American Rheumatic Cure on the recommendation of my druggist, and was completely cured in three or four days by the use of this remedy only. It is the best remedy I ever saw."

A Minister of the Gospel is Pleased to Tell of the Wonderful Curative Powers of South American Kidney Cure.

Rev. James Murdoch, St. John, N. B.: "I have used South American Kidney Cure with marked success. It will do all the manufacturers claim for it. I felt much benefited after taking the remedy but a couple of days. I have taken in all four bottles, and consider that I have received \$100 worth of good from each bottle."

RECTOR AND CURATE OF ONE MIND.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is Recommended by Rev. John Langtry, M. A., D. C. L., of Toronto, and Also by His Curate, the Rev. W. R. Williams.

The kind words spoken of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder by that famous Episcopalian, the Rev. John Langtry, M. A., D. C. L., have already been recorded in these columns. He does not stand alone in the view expressed of this famous medicine. The Rev. W. R. Williams, Mr. Langtry's associate in church work, has also made use of the medicine, and quite willingly tells of the benefit it has been to him for cold in the head, and as a means of giving relief in case of catarrh. It is worthy of remark here that not alone have these two clergymen endorsed this medicine, but that it has also received the endorsement of the Bishop of Toronto.

One short pull of the breath through the agnew, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents.

Sample with blower sent free for 2 three cent stamps.

S. G. DETCHON,
44 Church St.,
Toronto.

BORN.

Moncton, March 19, to the wife of Jos. Rand, a son.
Berwick, March 20, to the wife of Frank Keough, a son.
Halifax, March 16, to the wife of Frank Hoffer, a son.
Parrsboro, March 8, to the wife of Henry Pettis, a son.
Liverpool, March 13, to the wife of A. L. West, a daughter.
Halifax, March 17, to the wife of Chas. E. Johnson, a son.
Parrsboro, March 17, to the wife of C. J. Hartnett, a daughter.
Parrsboro, March 9, to the wife of Harry Woodfall, a son.
Chatham, March 22, to the wife of Wm. Troy, a daughter.
Halifax, March 16, to the wife of Thos. J. Curran, a daughter.
Halifax, March 18, to the wife of J. D. Munnell, a daughter.
Amherst, March 16, to the wife of John Smith, a daughter.
Sussex, March 15, to the wife of Gordon Mills, a daughter.
Sussex, March 17, to the wife of John Young, a daughter.
Windsor, March 17, to the wife of Wm. Redden, a daughter.
Boulevard, March 10, to the wife of Rod Mitchell, a daughter.
New Glasgow, March 11, to the wife of O. W. Cole, a son.
St. Andrews, March 24, to the wife of R. E. Armstrong, a son.
Libby's Corner, March 18, to the wife of T. C. Hunter, a son.
Campbellton, March 12, to the wife of George Brown, a son.
Upper Canada, March 21, to the wife of Robert Dickey, a son.
Dartmouth, March 17, to the wife of Sylvester Beazley, a son.
Parrsboro, March 14, to the wife of Capt. James Leary, a daughter.
Windsor Plains, March 18, to the wife of James Leary, a daughter.
Tintin, Wm. H. Hayer to Mary Blue.
Parrsboro, March 8, to the wife of Bradford Newcombe, a daughter.
Acadia Mines, March 19, to the wife of Edward Walsh, a daughter.
Moncton, March 20, to the wife of John Whelan, a daughter.
St. John, March 19, to the wife of M. P. Marchant, a son.
White's Cove, N. B., March 19, to the wife of Samuel Hersey, a son.

MARRIED.

Windsor, March 18, by Rev. G. A. Giberson, James Smith to Ida Glass.
Sussex, March 14, by Rev. E. J. Grant, E. H. Folger to Laura Berry.
Lebanon, March 24, by Rev. Mr. Sharpe, Josephus Hoyt to Ellen Rand.
Cheverly, March 21, by Rev. G. A. Wethers, Willet A. Richardson to Louise Le Brocq.
Longton, March 18, by Rev. E. Williams, Leon P. Chase to Mabel Brown.
Bass River, March 6, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Charles Taylor to Ida Bell McNeil.
Tintin, Wm. H. Hayer to Mary Blue.
Cox to Edith E. Nickerson.
Amherst, March 14, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Hugh McKenzie to Alice Patriguin.
Canton Hills, March 21, by Rev. D. P. Hoeg, John Smythe to Amanda Lambert.
Southampton, March 19, by Rev. J. W. Dickson, Henry Allen to Almira Grey.
West Dover, March 14, by Rev. Maynard Brown, George Patterson to Jane Link.
Windsor, March 13, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Wm. H. Knowles to Mrs. Libbie Redden.
Halifax, March 23, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Wesley A. Richardson to Louise Le Brocq.
Lebanon, March 29, by Rev. D. Williams, Howard Spencer to Nellie Shields.
Point Midgie, March 13, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Lenard Estabrooks to Annie Sears.
Central Grove, March 11, by Rev. E. A. Allaby, James Henry Howie to Maggie J. Thomas.
Somerset, March 20, by Rev. J. Flewelling, Marchmont P. Gregg to Linda G. Yonge.
Murray River, P. E. I., March 20, by Rev. J. E. Tiner, Wm. H. Hayer to Mary Blue.
Windsor, March 16, by Rev. G. A. Giberson, Geo. L. Marsh to Mrs. Eliza Ann Kimble.
Beaver River, March 13, by Rev. R. E. Gullison, Byron D. Porter to Sadie J. Gullison.
Weston, March 1, by Rev. J. Craig, Emmerson Hilsley to Mrs. Ruth Power, of Weston.
Grand Ance, March 6, by Rev. W. S. Kierstead, Humphrey O'Blennis to Myrtle Hastings.
Branch LaFave, March 17, by Rev. A. C. Swainsburg, John Arnburg to Tessie Arnburg.
Loch Lomond, March 5, by Rev. M. McLeod, Malcolm G. McLeod to Alexis Morrison.
Kentville, March 6, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Chas. R. Taylor to Ida Bell McNeil, of Bass River.
Richmond, March 20, by Rev. Frank Frizzle, William E. Flemming to Bertha Kirkpatrick.
North Sydney, March 14, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, James Henry Howie to Maggie J. Thomas.
Malland, March 15, by Rev. T. C. Jack, B. A., Geo. Logan, of Truro, to Elizabeth Alice Nelson.
Woodstock, March 9, by Rev. T. Phillips, Alexander Henderson to Mrs. Caroline Riddout.
Stornoway, March 11, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Wm. C. Cook to Dollie A. Fraser, of Sussex, N. B.
Point Midgie, March 6, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Mark Sears, of Meriden, Conn., to Maud Troop.
Sussex, March 15, by Rev. B. H. Noble, John Lennox to Nettie Gilchrist both of Salmon River, N. B.
Truro, March 10, by Rev. M. K. Kinsella, Arthur J. Ray to Katherine Francis Madden, of Malland.
Bayfield, N. B., March 18, by Rev. J. Goodwin, Charles A. Amos, of Cape Spear, to Annie Milford Allan.
Halifax, March 25, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, assisted by Rev. Geo. A. Lawson, Arthur Deely to Mary Woodhead Smith.
Yarmouth, March 11, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Arthur R. Crowell, of Port LaTour to Ellie Greenwood, of Port Saxon.
pictou, March 13, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, Dray

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE 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.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS.

McLeod, of Westville, to Margaret Graham, of Four Mile Brook.
Bedford, Mass., March 26, by Rev. D. W. Hutchinson, Smith Crowe, of Nova Scotia, to Lorena Power, of Vermont.
Andover, March 21, by Rev. Chas. Henderson, Leverett Kimball, of Fort Fairfield, Me., to Edith Savage, of N. B.

DIED.

Moncton, March 7, Dora Bishop, 18.
St. John, March 24, John Foster, 68.
Moncton, March 22, Joseph Bain, 25.
Point Midgie, March 8, Jacob Hickey.
Amherst, March 20, Martin Berry, 60.
Milltown, March 10, Eliza Whynt, 78.
Victoria, March 21, William Keough, 20.
Parrsboro, March 15, Caroline Welton, 81.
St. John, March 25, Alexander Miller, 52.
Liverpool, March 13, Wm. Hanwright, 60.
Hammond, March 20, Mary A. Porter, 20.
Dartmouth, March 17, Annie P. Babin, 9.
Westport, March 10, Joseph W. Dakin, 76.
Parrsboro, March 18, Mrs. Jane York, 60.
Bedford, March 25, Edward Lannigan, 70.
Sheffield Mills, March 15, Thos. Giffey, 85.
Point Midgie, March 14, Mrs. Jacob Hicks.
Halifax, March 18, Daniel A. Johnston, 31.
Elgin, March 12, Wellington H. Hooper, 34.
White Hill, March 13, Nancy McDonald, 84.
North Greenville, March 5, Robt. McCully, 66.
Moncton, March 19, Reynold McDonald, 22.
Kentville, March 17, Mrs. Bridget Lyons, 61.
Halifax, March 15, George Robert Rafter, 41.
Egum Scum, March 8, Frederick Vermont, 61.
Point Arena, (Cal.), Marion Louisa Jordan, 19.
Halifax, March 17, Sarah Mahalia Sherwood, 44.
Central Chebogue, March 19, Maneshek Cook, 81.
Boston, March 17, Douglas Masters, formerly of N. B.
St. Margarets Bay, March 17, Beatrice Mary Boutiller, 1.
Centerville, March 6, Mrs. Ann Augusta Messinger, 57.
Hastings, March 23, Maria Magdalen Johns, of Germany, 85.
Parrsboro, March 15, Mary J., wife of Capt. Edward Toke, 60.
Bills, March 17, Clara Belle, wife of Caleb R. Bill, Jr., 30.
Amherst, March 10, Mary, wife of James A. Lewis, of Lynn, Col.
St. John, March 22, Jane, widow of the late Matthew Fair, 85.
Little River, March 19, Jasper, son of Joseph an Almira Deaton.
Halifax, March 21, Randall son of Geo. and Ellen Davis, 10 months.
Forbes Point, March 10, Sadie, daughter of Mrs. Mary Atwood, 18.
Broad Cove, March 19, Minnie, daughter of Steward and Mrs. Murray, 1.
Wood Mountains, March 15, Alexander Crawford, formerly of N. B., 24.
Upper Stewiacke, March 17, Isabella, daughter of the late Isaac Gammell.
Emsdale, March 10, Thomas Grey, son of Thomas and Almira Fenton, 24.
Port Lawrence, March 14, Almira Olivia, widow of the late John Embree, 88.
Glouce Bay, C. B., March 22, James Oliphant Christie, son of R. O. and Jennie Christie, 9 months.
East Scotch Settlement, N. B., March 12, Maggie Lena, daughter of Malcolm and Lizzie King, 4.

WARNING

\$100 REWARD

We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and parts 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.

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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Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. & B. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.