THE OTHER GIRL.

When I arrived at the station Lady Mannington, Molly and the French maid had collected their chattels and stood round the immense heap, in attitudes denoting various degrees of impatience. I apologized.

"It is of no consequence," said Lady Mannington, in a tone signifying it was of the greatest. Molly shook her head at me and smiled.

I looked at the two ladies and the French maid, and then I looked at the miniature mountain.

"The broughman is only seated for two," I hinted.

"Celeste can walk," said Lady Mannington.

"I shall be glad of her company," I responded, politely.

Lady Mannington glanced at me doubtfully. "Perhaps she could manage by the coachman," she suggested.

"His wife is most particular," I interposed, quickly.

"I should prefer to walk, mamma," said Molly, with an air of much good nature.

"Perhaps that will be best," Lady Mannington conceded reluctantly.

"I am sure of it," I endorsed, heartily.

"If only your aunt had sent the omnibus"—Lady Mannington began, aggrievedly.

"It was most careless of her," I admitted instantly. I caught Molly's eye. She has a curious way of smiling at nothing.

So Molly and I started to walk over the crisp snow. Just outside the station I helped her over the stile. "We may as well take the short cut," I observed; "it is not so very much longer, and I have so much to say to you."

"What about?" asked Molly.

I hesitated. "It is about a friend of mine," I replied at length.

"Oh!"

"He is in the deuce of a mess," I began, confidentially. "I want your help."

"What can I do," asked Molly, opening her eyes.

"You can advise me," I replied, taking courage. "A woman's wit——"

Molly was pleased. "Go on, Mr. Trevor."

"I fear you will think my friend particularly foolish," I said, sorrowfully.

"Very likely," replied Molly, indifferently.

"I assure you he has many good points; but it happened a girl wanted to marry him."

"What!" exclaimed Molly.

"I can't think what she saw in him," I replied, uncomfortably.

"I hope," said Molly, "you are not going to tell me anything that is not proper."

"Oh, no," I replied, earnestly. "The girl was quite respectable. All the parties are most respectable."

"She could not have been quite nice," said Molly, decisively.

I stopped to test the strength of the ice over a pool.

"I have seen her look quite nice," I remarked, thoughtfully.

"You know her?" asked Molly, quickly.

"Oh, yes. It wasn't really the girl who wanted to marry my friend; it was her mother. I mean the mother wanted the girl to marry my friend. I hope I make myself clear."

"I don't think that improves matters," retorted Molly.

"She has a large family of daughters," I explained.

"Go on," said Molly, with a severely judicial air.

"My friend was in love with another girl—a really nice girl. In fact, a quite splendid girl. One of the very best," I said, kindling.

"You know that girl, too?" asked Molly, a little coldly.

"Ye-es."

"Well?"

"My friend was staying at a country house and so were both the girl and her mother, and she——"

"Who?" asked Molly.

"The girl whose mother wanted her to marry him. I do hope I am clear. She got him into a quiet corner, and somehow or other my friend found out she had hold of his hand. I—I don't know how it happened. It just occurred."

"How clever of your friend to find it out," said Molly, sarcastically.

I went on hastily—"And then he saw her head coming nearer and nearer his shoulder, and he didn't know what to do."

"I wonder," said Molly, "he did not call for help."

"You see," I went on, "he was afraid she would propose or—or—the mother might come. He guessed the mother was pretty near. Then he thought of the other girl, and he got into a dreadful panic. In fact, he lost his head."

"It could not have been a great loss," observed Molly, disdainfully.

"No-o; but it was the only one he had, and he was accustomed to it. He didn't know what to do. So he said he was already engaged."

"Did he say 'already?'"

"Yes." It was a cold day, but I mopped my brow with my handkerchief.

Molly uttered a peal of silvery laughter. "I am really sorry for that girl, but it served her right."

"The girl didn't turn a hair. She simply straightened herself up and asked to whom he was engaged."

"He blurted out the name of the other girl. He couldn't think of any other name."

"To whom, of course, he is not engaged?"

"No: and I don't suppose she would have him. She is far, far too good for him."

"Is that your whole story?"

"Very nearly. The girl went away and told her mother, who came up gushingly and congratulated him. She is a true sportswoman. Afterward she went about telling everybody of the engagement, and my friend has had to receive congratulations ever since."

"How awkward!" said Molly, meditatively. "Has the other girl heard of it?"

"Not yet. This all happened yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

I nodded. "And the worst is the other girl is expected to arrive at the Towers almost immediately."

"Dear me," said Molly. "So your friend is at the Towers now?"

"I didn't mean to let it out," I replied, a trifle abashed.

Molly began to laugh. "It is most amusing; but why did you tell me about it?"

"I want your advice."

"Who is the other girl?" asked Molly, curiously.

"Please don't ask for names," I implored.

"But my advice must depend on the other girl's disposition."

"She is everything that is perfect," I replied, fervently.

"No doubt," retorted Molly, satirically.

"You might almost be the other girl yourself," I went on, with careful carlessness.

"Really!" said Molly. "I believe that must be considered a compliment. Thank you very much."

"What," I asked, with elaborate indifference, "would you do if you were the other girl?"

Molly stop and broke off a sprig of red berries. They were not so red as her lips. "Of course," she said, "I should be very annoyed."

"Ah, of course," said I forlornly.

"At any rate, I should pretend to be very annoyed."

"But really——" I began, delighted.

"Oh, that would depend on the man."

"Supposing, for the sake of illustration," said I, surveying the wide expanse of a neighboring field, "I was the man,"

"This is nonsense," said Molly. "We can't make believe to that extent."

"Why can't we?"

"You never would be so foolish."

"But if ——"

"Let us talk about something sensible," said Molly with decision.

"But my poor friend is depending on me for advice."

She thought. "Of course your friend must get away from the Towers before the other girl arrives."

"You are quite clear he ought to get away?" I asked, mournfully.

"There can be no doubt of that. Just fancy everybody rushing to congratulate the other girl and your friend being present at the time. There might be a dreadful scene."

"I can picture it," said I, repressing a groan.

We had arrived at the entrance to the avenue. I stopped and held out my hand.

"Good-by," I said.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"I—I am going away. I am the man."

I do not think I am mistaken. The color faded slightly from her face.

"And the other girl?" she queried, faintly.

"You are the other girl."

The red replaced the white. She stood quite still, with her eyes bent downward, and then she began to trace figures in the snow with the toe of her tiny boot.

"Good by," I repeated.

She looked up. "Of course, I am very angry," she said. And then she smiled and held out her hand. I took it humbly, and forgot to relinquish it.

"Mamma will be getting anxious," she remarked. "We must hurry."

But we did not hurry.—Pick-Me-Up.

DEATH OF DR. H. F. JARVIS.

(Charlottetown Guardian.)

The announcement of the death of Dr. Henry F. Jarvis, which occurred at Summerside about 11 o'clock Monday night, after an illness of nearly two years, while not wholly unexpected, was received with general sorrow. One of the oldest and best educated practitioners on the island, a gentleman of sterling character and of the broadest sympathies, he has been for many years the beloved physician in many a home in Prince county. Born in Malta May 20th, 1825, he came to the Island with his father, the late Chief Justice Jarvis, in 1828. He began the study of medicine in 1844, and was graduated from the University of Edinburgh in 1848, taking the degree of F. R. C. P. Edin. in 1849. He afterwards studied in Paris and London, and was for some years house surgeon to the Royal Maternity hospital of Edinburgh. He began the practice of medicine in St. John and shortly afterwards returned to the Island, settling in St. Eleanor's in 1855, and some years later in Summerside, where he resided till his death. He was twice married. His first wife, nee Miss Frances Walker of Edinburgh, died within a year. In 1855 he married Miss Lucy Harding, daughter of Chas. A. Harding, barrister, of Gagetown, N. B., who with five sons, Edward in Chicago; Ernest, Ottawa; Charles at Fort William; Gerald, Parry Sound; William at Crow's Nest Pass, and one daughter, Miss Helen, at home, survive him. Mrs. Charles Palmer of Charlottetown is the only surviving sister of the deceased.

SUNBURY CO. COURT.

Judge Forbes has returned from Burton, where he had been holding the Sunbury county court, in place of Judge Steadman, who is now in Florida for his health. Three cases were tried.

Murphy v. McCracken, a suit to recover over $200 for a store account covering a number of years, resulted in a verdict of $37.35 for the plaintiff.

The case of G. H. Sewell v. E. McElvaney attracted a large crowd from the parish of Lincoln. The defendant secured a verdict.

Murray E. Gilbert v. Philip Goen was decidedly dramatic towards the finish. The defendant, who was seriously ill, was brought into court lying in a bed, and gave his testimony with such effect that he won the case.

Descending Mercury.—"I have money to burn," he said. The young girl snuggled closer to his side and slipped one arm around his neck. "But," he continued, while she listened closely, "I am not an incendiary." Then she grew cold.—New York Evening Journal.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 140

HALIFAX.

W. J. Stairs Retires from the Union Bank After Thirty Years Director.

Death of Charles M. Almon—The Army Reserve Men to be Called to Their Regiments.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 8.—The Beaver line steamer Lake Superior, Capt. Carey, arrived from Liverpool at 11.30 o'clock this morning, after a very fair passage. The only bad weather encountered was during the first two days of the trip. The banks were crossed in lat. 43, and no ice was met. The steamer had about seventy-five tons of cargo to discharge here. She left for St. John at 3.30 p. m. The Superior had a good passenger list, landing here thirty-eight steerage and ten saloon passengers, who were forwarded at 2.30. Her passengers were: Mrs. Josephine Thowsen and child, Capt. Matthews, Lt. H. deBury, R. A., A. L. Huntsman, J. W. Riddle, J. W. Nutt, wife and two infants, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, P. W. Jackson, R. C. Smith, W. R. Broome, D. Sugden, 33 intermediate, 89 steerage and 19 cattlemen.

Lieut. General Lord William Seymour will succeed General Montgomery Moore in command of the troops in British North America. General Moore retires in August, his term having expired.

HALIFAX, March 9.—Sheriff Leander J. Crowe of Truro died today, at an advanced age, of heart trouble.

The Allan steamer Touranian arrived tonight from Liverpool to receive the La Champagne's cargo for New York.

LAWRENCETOWN, N. S., March 4.—Miss Charlotte Saunders died on Sunday at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Jonathan Woodbury, after a short illness. Two brothers and four sisters survive her.

Dr. D. Bruce and Miss Bella McLeod of this town were married by Rev. J. H. Toole on Monday.

Rev. Lewis Wallace is on the sick list this week.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 11.—The local legislature was prorogued today. The bills passed number two hounded and sixty-four. Among the work of the legislature was an amendment to the liquor license act, in the legislative council, a day or two ago, by which any signer of an application for license to sell liquor in city, town or municipality, throughout the province, is disqualified from being a candidate for alderman and councillor during the term in which such license operates. The amendment in due course went to the house of assembly and passed. This amendment disqualifies all who signed applications for licenses for the current year. As the liquor license applications throughout the city are signed in all by probably more than a thousand ratepayers, of all classes, the sweep of disqualification is very wide.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 13.—Hon. W. J. Stairs, who has been a director of the Union Bank of Halifax for thirty-three years and president for fifteen years, has resigned these positions owing to advanced years. Wm. Robertson has been elected president and Wm. Roche vice-president. Mr. Roche is the richest man in Halifax, worth probably three-quarters of a million dollars.

The death occurred today suddenly of Charles M. Almon, son of Senator Almon of Halifax. Mr. Almon has not been feeling well since Friday, but there was no alarm whatever. Saturday night he went to bed as usual. This morning the new servant, whose duty it was to call him, went into the room. On approaching the bed he was struck by the pallor of Mr. Almon's face, and looking more closely, concluded that death had entered the house. Bruce Almon, a nephew, who is a student of medicine, was at once called, and he found that Mr. Almon had been dead for some hours. The physicians pronounced it heart failure. The funeral takes place on Tuesday.

Dr. John Somers died this morning, after an illness of some months, of throat trouble. It was known that he could not recover, but death was unexpected at the last.

Colonel J. J. Bremner recived word Saturday that his second son, James Alexander, had died of pneumonia in Montreal. The remains will be brought to this city for interment.

The military authorities received orders Saturday that the army reserves will be called to their respective regiments. A large number of ex-soldiers are in Canada who have passed the army reserve stage, but are specially capable of service. For those who care to re-enlist a bounty of one hundred dollars is offered. England is evidently getting ready for possible emergencies.

THE LATE MRS. HANFORD.

Solemn funeral services were held in Christ church, this afternoon, over the remains of the late Mrs. F. S. Hanford, who, as noticed in the Press of yesterday, died at Fort Lawrance on last Sunday night. A large number attended the service, which was conducted by Rev. V. E. Harris, rector of the parish, and the Rev. C. F. Wiggins of Sackville. After the usual hymns and prayers of the church, the casket was carried to the hearse by Messrs. E. Ratchford, J. M. Townsheld, Harvey Pipe and J. H. Morrison, Barry D. Bent acting as director. The burial took place at the Church of England burying ground. The sorrowing family have the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.—Amherst Press, March 9th.

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D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

MR. BLAIR.

With the railway's ministaire
No other can compare, Mr. Blair,
Your post deserves great care, Mr. Blair.
You'll do nothing that's unfair,
You're an ideal ministaire, Mr. Blair.

I am very well aware, Mr. Blair,
You're the straightest fellow there, Mr. Blair;
You know when a thing's done square,
You're the man to do it fair,
You're an individual rare, Mr. Blair.

That Foster! Ain't he "quare," Mr. Blair?
He's a devil of a snare, Mr. Blair.
How he questions, how he winks!
Looks so funny, when he blinks.
I wonder if he drinks, Mr. Blair?

As for quizzing, he don't spare Mr. Blair.
It's enough to make one swear, Mr. Blair.
Enters question after question,
Offers this and that suggestion,
Hounds you clear throughout the session, Mr. Blair.

It's a piece of imposition, Mr. Blair;
Questions without intermission, Mr. Blair;
Wants the proof right on the spot
(Never heard such silly rot)
He's a saint and you are not, Mr. Blair.

There's that Yukon railway deal, Mr. Blair;
Some would rather call it "steal," Mr. Blair.
Truly "deal" does rhyme with "steal,"
Though conscientiously I feel,
This one's for the public weal, Mr. Blair.

To the pure, all things are pure, Mr. Blair.
Nothing ever said was truer, Mr. Blair.
Your "deals" all bear your own inspection,
Seldom have you met detection,
Though often rash is your selection, Mr. Blair.

There's that Drummond County scheme, Mr. Blair.
That was not all a dream, Mr. Blair;
But a ghastly, grim reality,
Bare contract—no formality,
Smelled strongly of rascality, Mr. Blair.

That was Tarte's work, though, I'm sure, Mr. Blair.
You are far too pure—too pure— Mr. Blair;
But "nothing is too good for Tarte,"
At deals like this he's over smart;
I vow again, you took no part, Mr. Blair.

But the Tories seem to swear, Mr. Blair.
That that Yukon deal 's a snare, Mr. Blair.
Tarte, it seems, they all declare,
Is not implicated there;
Then it must—it must be square, Mr. Blair.

Now that Foster—he's a fake, Mr. Blair.
"What's the length to Tuglish Lake, Mr. Blair?"

What a vile interrogation,
To a man of your station!
Geographical location! Mr. Blair.

Next he asked "the probable cost." Mr. Blair.
"The value of the land it crossed?" Mr. Blair.
Then made tangle after tangle,
On the "Stikeen" and "Fort Wrangel,"
Till I almost thought you'd strangle Mr. Blair.

You said nothing but "don't know," Mr. Blair;
And were right in saying so, Mr. Blair.
Who could answer all their folly,
Davin being likely jolly,
While the Daily Star's a nolly, Mr. Blair?

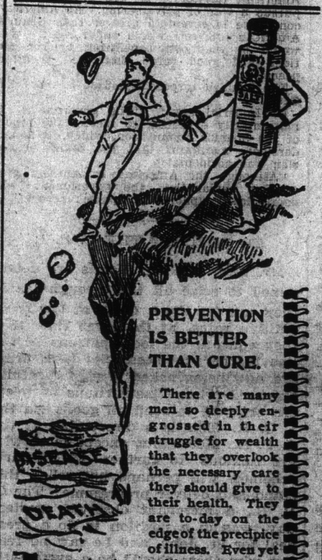
"Piscatorial effluvium," Mr. Blair.
That's what Davin said would come, Mr. Blair.
What he means, I cannot think,
But if coupled with a wink,
Was likely "Have a drink, Mr. Blair?"

But that Star—the veteran fossil— Mr. Blair,
Says your "ignorance is colossal," Mr. Blair.

But I don't believe its true;
No I don't—I don't; do you?
No, I don't—I don't—I do, Mr. Blair.

Low Point, Feb. 21.

N. Marquis, general trader and lumberman, of Edmundston, has assigned to the sheriff of Victoria county. His liabilities are about $12,000.



PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

There are many men so deeply engrossed in their struggle for wealth that they overlook the necessary care they should give to their health. They are to-day on the edge of the precipice of illness. Even yet proper treatment will save them from disease and death.

A run down constitution is always open to receive disease. The greatest preventive and cure for disease known is

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It purifies the blood and builds up the system so that it can withstand disease.

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Send for free sample.

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Authorized Capital, $5,000,000. Shares fully paid up and non-assessable, par value, $1.

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J. E. CRICHTON, Mayor of Seattle, Wash.....2nd Vice-President
ANDREW CHILBERG, President Scandinavian-American Bank, Seattle....Treasurer
J. D. HELM, Seattle, Wash.....Secretary

The ALASKA-YUKON CO. owns the following valuable properties in the "KLONDIKE," viz.: Claim "51," 500x1500 feet, on the Bonanza Creek; the "Buckley" claim, 500x1500 feet, at the junction of Forty-Mile Creek and Nugget Gulch; three quartz claims, the "Emma M.," "Despondent" and Tenderfoot," and have had twenty men at Dawson City for six months.

This is not a speculation, as is the case with "prospecting" companies, for the value of the properties owned by the Alaska-Yukon Co., has already been demonstrated.

The present price of treasury stock is 25 cents per share, and we only ask the public to invest after they have fully satisfied themselves that there is nothing better in the market. A complete prospectus, and an authentic map of Alaska, furnished free, upon application to the Company's authorized Brokers.

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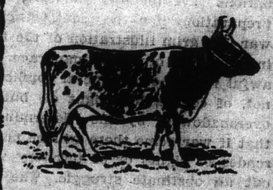
FOR THE TRADE: Bicycle Stockings, Woodmen's Socks, and Motormen's Mittens.

WE FURNISH machine and material under contract to Reliable Families Only. Yarn is very light, and by sending it out and having it returned by parcel post as finished, we are enabled to employ a larger number of people, and thereby save taxes, insurance, and interest on money.

STEADY WORK and GOOD PAY (whole or spare time) to those who make prompt returns. For particulars ready to commence send name and address:

THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING CO., Georgetown, Ont.

The Flow of Milk will be Increased.



Why go to all the trouble of keeping cows and get only about half the milk they should produce.

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strengthens the digestion and invigorates the whole system so that the nutriment is all drawn from the food. It takes just the same trouble to care for a cow when she gives only three quarts as when she gives a pail. Dick's Blood Purifier will pay back its cost with good interest in a few weeks.

LEEMING, MILES & CO., AGENTS, MONTREAL. 50 CENTS A PACKAGE. DICK & CO., PROPRIETORS.

KENT'S REPRESENTATIVE.

The Toronto Evening Telegram in its Ottawa correspondence of March 8th says: George McInerney of Kent, N. B., is climbing to a foremost place among the heavy debaters of the house. Not least among his claims to attention is a disposition to be strictly fair. He has the happy faculty of advancing strong argument without stirring up antagonism among those whose political views are not along the same line as his own. Before all, McInerney is a gentlemanly debater. He is not one who rushes unnecessarily into print, and there is every reason to believe that before many sessions pass McInerney will have attained the political honors his friends have declared shall ultimately be his. Today McInerney had a little to say. He spoke up for the stout fishermen of the provinces down by the sea, and warned the government not to barter away rights which by the Frye bill the United States had asked should be surrendered.

CATTLE VIA ST. JOHN.

W. W. Ogilvie of Montreal is importing from Scotland by the s.s. Keemun of the Donaldson line, which sailed from Glasgow for this port on March 5th, twenty-five head of pure bred Ayrshire cattle. It is said this will be one of the finest importations of stock of this breed that has been imported into Canada, as Mr. Ogilvie sent his head farmer to Scotland with instructions to purchase the purest stock without limit to price. These animals will be a valuable acquisition to Mr. Ogilvie's herd. Mr. Hunter sailed from St. John on the Keemun about six weeks ago. The dominion law provides for a ninety days' quarantine, and Dr. Frink has provided, by direction of the department of agriculture, suitable accommodation for such importations. It is stated that the port of St. John posesses special advantages for importations of this kind over Portland or Montreal, for receiving and reshipping, together with quarantine grounds and particularly (in comparison with Montreal) as the season of the year is better than any other in view of the time required for quarantine, during which the stock are recovering from their ocean voyage ready for June pasturage, and before the heat of summer.

WARDEN ORR OF YORK CO.

Seizes Two Carcasses of Moose Meat Illegally Slaughtered Near Forest City.

VANCEBORO, Me., March 10.—Samuel Orr of St. Croix, York Co., N. B., game warden, hearing that parties on the east side of the lakes were slaughtering moose, started on snow shoes, travelling a distance of about fifteen miles as near in the direction of Forest City, and when about three miles east from the mouth of Pirate brook came on to two toboggan rigged hand sleds on which was tied the carcasses of two moose, all ready dressed for the Boston market. It was in the afternoon of Monday, March 7th. Mr. Orr concealed himself in a bunch of woods, thinking that whoever owned the meat would soon be after it, but he was disappointed. After waiting in his hiding place until some time in the night, till almost benumbed by the cold, he had to leave. Going to Forest City he got help and returned to the sleds next morning, and with the men he had hired hauled the meat to Forest City, where it was sold at auction, sleds and all. Mr. Orr says there have been some deer killed lately up in that section of York county, and that should the unlawful slaughter of moose and deer continue the criminals will be promptly brought to justice.

A Corking Joke—Judge—What is the prisoner charged with? Policeman—Whiskey. Judge (grinning)—Put him back in the "jug."—St. Louis Post-Despatch.

SEED OFFER.

The Baird Company, Ltd., Woodstock, N. B., on receipt of a wrapper of either of the following well-known and reliable remedies, viz:

Kendrick's White Liniment,
Baird's Balsam of Horehound,
McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup,
Bowman's Headache Powders,
Wheeler's Botanic Bitters.
Baird's Extract Jamaica Ginger,
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and 25 cents will send postpaid either of the following lots of strictly first-class seeds, the retail price of each lot is 60 cents. Both lots for two wrappers of either of the above remedies and 50 cents.

LOT No. 1, VEGETABLE SEEDS

Beans, Wax; Beet, Eclipse and Turnip; Cabbage, Fottlers; Carrot, Nautes; Cucumber, Long Green and Early Frame; Lettuce, Drumhead; Parsnip, Student; Radish, Turnip; Squash, Hubbard; Turnip, Garden.

LOT No. 2, FLOWER SEEDS.

Aster, Large Flowering; Everlastings, mixed; Pink, Double China; Pansy, new large mixed; Petunia, mixed; Sweet Pea, mixed; Garden Wild Flower; Zinnia, double mixed; The seeds are selected for Maritime Provinces climate — lists cannot be changed. Address:

THE BAIRD COMPANY, LIMITED, Woodstock, N B.

$100.00 REWARD IF NOT CURED BY TUTTLE'S ELIXIR

A SURE CURE FOR Colic, Horse Ail and Spinal Diseases IN HORSES.

For Men It will cure Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Lame Back, Burns, Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Toothache, Earache, Stiff Neck, Contracted Cords, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Corns, Bunions, Cold Sores and anything that requires a Liniment; also sure cure for Cough.

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PRICE 50 CENTS.

$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove this Testimonial bogus.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle.

Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain, yours respectfully,
E. LEROI WILLIS,
Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

Puddington & Merritt, St John, N. B., General Agents for Canada and the Provinces for Tuttle's Elixir and Veterinary Remedies.

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