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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 glint of her hair's sunshine when his brain was dulled with calculating change, and his fingers ached with shutting cash-books 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 handmaiden 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 cashball with a trembling eagerness, to smooth out and stroke gently the bill her fingers had written, and to wrap it up and 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 scenting 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 he 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 his desk aloft.

That was nearly a fortnight ago; not once since had she spoken to him, and today he was feeling desperate. 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 pretty dressed and golden-headed like herself. That had been at about ten o'clock; before twelve her 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 fate. Besides the bill there was a little written note with "John Walters, private," written upon it, and the boy's very heart leaped at the sight. Down below, custom so wearily waited for change, and anxiously watched for their own particular bill while the deus ex machina read again and again, with eager eyes, "Please say 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 tremble 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 for this, Nellie!"

"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 and a pair 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 15s. "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 £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, he'll 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 would be kissing her all night, only a gardener's form, and especially his, had 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 details 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. 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."

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 measured 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 every one 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 again, 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 penknife, 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 awaiting her on the seat where, nearly two years ago, the gardener had smiled at them. He stood up as she came 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 chiffon at her throat, with her little tan shoes, and her hair showing golden against the black of her face hat.

"For him his face had altered and hardened, the once thick, curling hair was horribly shorter, his hands were rough and unshapely, his clothes hung awkwardly upon him, and his linen was doubtful. "The Little Duchess!" he said, dully; he ran it into the account of the firm. The man had discovered as he thought, a clue. 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.

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BORN.

- Moncton, March 19, to the wife of Jos. Rand, a son.
- Berwick, March 20, to the wife of Frank Keough, a son.
- Hallowell, March 16, to the wife of Frank Hester, a son.
- Parroboro, March 8, to the wife of Henry Pettis, a son.
- Liverpool, March 13, to the wife of A. L. West, a son.
- Hallowell, March 17, to the wife of Chas. E. Johnson, a son.
- Parroboro, March 17, to the wife of C. J. Hartnett, a son.
- Parroboro, March 9, to the wife of Harry Woodfall, a son.
- Chatham, March 22, to the wife of Wm. Troy, a daughter.
- Hallowell, March 16, to the wife of Thos. J. Curran, a daughter.
- Hallowell, March 19, to the wife of J. D. Mansel, 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.
- Boulardrie, March 10, to the wife of Rod Mitchell, a daughter.
- New Glasgow, March 11, to the wife of O. W. Coleman, a son.
- St. Andrew, 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 Dickie, a son.
- Dartmouth, March 17, to the wife of Sylvester Beazley, a son.
- Parroboro, March 14, to the wife of Capt. James Morrison, a son.
- Halfway River, March 10, to the wife of Newell Barnaby, a son.
- Windsor, March 18, to the wife of James Leary, a daughter.
- Parroboro, March 8, to the wife of Bradford Newcombe, a daughter.
- Acadia Mines, March 19, to the wife of Edward Walsh, a daughter.
- Mount Pisgah, March 20, to the wife of John Walsh, a daughter.
- St. John, March 19, to the wife of M. P. Marchant, twin a boy and girl.
- White Cove, N. B., March 19, to the wife of Samuel Harvey, a son.

MARRIED.

- Windsor, March 19 by Rev. G. A. Giberson, James Smith to Ida Glass.
- Sussex, March 14, by Rev. E. J. Grant, E. H. Fois to Laura Berry.
- Lebanon, March 24, by Rev. Mr. Sharpe, Josephus Hoyt to Ellen Rand.
- Cheverly, March 21, by Rev. G. A. Wetters, Willet Leong to Mrs. Libbie Redden.
- Longe on, March 18, by Rev. G. A. Wetters, Leon P. Chase to Mabel Brown.
- Bas River, March 6, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Charles Leyster to Miss Bell McNeil.
- Southside, March 9, by Rev. B. P. Parker, Clarence Cox to Edith E. Nickerson.
- Amherst, March 14, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Hugh McKenzie to Alice Fairquhar.
- Canton Hill, 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 the Link.
- Windsor, March 18, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Wm. H. Knowles to Mrs. Libbie Redden.
- Hallowell, March 23, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Wesley A. Richardson to Louise Le Roy.
- Lebanon, March 20, by Rev. D. Williams, Howard Spencer to Nellie Shields.
- Point Midvie, March 15, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Leonard Estabrooks to Annie Shaw.
- Central Grove, March 11, by Rev. E. A. Allaby, Murray P. Gregg to Linda G. Yonge.
- Murray River, P. E. I., March 20, by Rev. J. E. Diner, Wm. H. Hayer to Mary Elinor.
- Windsor, March 16, by Rev. G. A. Giberson, Geo. L. Marsh to Mrs. Ellis Ann Kimble.
- Beaver River, March 13, by Rev. R. E. Gullison, Byron D. Foster to Sadie J. Gullison.
- Weston, March 1, by Rev. J. Craig, Emerson Lisley to Mrs. Ruth Power of Weston.
- Grand Anson, March 6, by Rev. W. S. Kierstead, Humphrey O'Brien to Myrtle Hastings.
- Branch LaHave, March 17, by Rev. A. C. Swainsburg, John Archibut to Cecile Armburg.
- Loch Leonard, March 5, by Rev. M. McLeod, Malcolm G. McLeod to Alexis Morrison.
- Kentville, March 6, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Chas. R. Taylor to Miss Bell McNeil, of Bas River.
- Richmond, March 20, by Rev. Frank Frisbie, William E. Flemming to Bertha Kirkpatrick.
- North Sydney, March 14, by Rev. J. T. Forbes, James Henry Howie to Maggie J. Thomas.
- Matland, March 16, by Rev. T. C. Jack, B. A., Geo. Logan, of Truro, to Elizabeth Allen Nelson.
- Woodville, March 9, by Rev. T. Phillips, Alexander Henderson to Mrs. Caroline Mideant.
- Stormont, March 11, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Wm. C. Cook to Dolia A. Fraser, of Sussex, N. B.
- Point Midvie, March 6, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Mark Sears, of Meriden, Conn., to Maud Troop.
- Sussex, March 15, by Rev. B. E. Noble, John Lennox to Nettie Elizabeth both of Salmon River, N. B.
- Truro, March 10, by Rev. M. K. Kinsella, Arthur B. Cross, of Fort LaTour to Edlie Greenwood, of Fort Basoon.
- Bayfield, N. B., March 15, by Rev. J. Goodwin, Chas. A. Ames, of Cape Spear, to Annie Milled Allan.
- Hallowell, March 23, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, assisted by Rev. Geo. A. Lavers, Arthur Dealey to Mary Wood.
- Yarmouth, March 11, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Arthur B. Cross, of Fort LaTour to Edlie Greenwood, of Fort Basoon.
- Pictou, March 15, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, Duff

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Paste, Enamel, 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.

McLeod, of Westville, to Margaret Graham, of Four Mile Brook.
Bedford, Mass., March 26, by Rev. D. W. Hitchinson, South Cross, of Nova Scotia, to Lorena Power, of Vermont.
Anover, 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 Hale, 25.
- Point Midvie, March 8, Jacob Hicks.
- Amherst, March 20, Martin Berry, 60.
- Milltown, March 20, Eliza Whyte, 78.
- Yonovis, March 21, William Keough, 20.
- Parroboro, March 18, Caroline Wilson, 81.
- St. John, March 25, Alexander Miller, 65.
- Liverpool, March 13, Wm. Hanwright, 40.
- Hammond, March 20, Mary A. Porter, 20.
- Dartmouth, March 17, Annie F. Behan, 9.
- Westport, March 10, Joseph W. Dakin, 76.
- Parroboro, March 18, George Robert Eator, 14.
- Bedford, March 25, Edward Laanigan, 70.
- Sheffield Mills, March 15, Thos. Gilroy, 85.
- Point Midvie, March 14, Mrs. Jacob Hicks.
- Hallowell, March 15, William A. Johnson, 31.
- Edin, March 12, Wellington H. Hooper, 84.
- White Hill, March 13, Nancy McDonald, 64.
- North Greenville, March 8, Robt. McCall, 66.
- Moncton, March 13, Reynald McDonald, 23.
- Kentville, March 17, Mrs. Bridget Lyons, 61.
- Hallowell, March 15, George Robert Eator, 14.
- Edin, March 13, Frederick Veracite, 41.
- Point Arena, (Cal.) Marion Louisa Sheridan, 19.
- Hallowell, March 17, Sarah Mahalah Sheridan, 44.
- Central Chebogue, March 19, Manasseh Cook, 81.
- Boston, March 17, Douglas Hester, formerly of N. B., 83.
- St. Margarets Bay, March 17, Beatrice Mary Bonfield, 1.
- Centerville, March 6, Mrs. Ann Augusta Messenger, 57.
- Hallowell, March 23, Maria Magdalena Johns, of Grand Bay, 85.
- Parroboro, March 18, Mary J., wife of Capt. Edward York, 50.
- Billtown, March 17, Clara Belle, wife of Caleb R. Bill, Jr., 30.
- Amherst, March 10, Mary, wife of James A. Lewis, of Lynn, Col., 76.
- St. John, March 23, Jane, widow of the late Matthew Paul, 89.
- Little River, March 19, Jasper, son of Joseph an Amasia Denton.
- Hallowell, March 21, Randall son of Geo. and Eliza Davis, 10 months.
- Forbes Point, March 10, Sadie, daughter of Mrs. Mary Atwood, 18.
- Broad Cove, March 19, Mianle, daughter of Steward and Mrs. Murray, 1.
- Wood Mountaint, March 15, Alexander Crawford, formerly of N. B., 24.
- Upper Stewiacke, March 17, Isabella, daughter of the late Isaac B. DeLorge, 80.
- Elnsland, March 19, Thomas Gray, son of Thomas and Almira Fenelon, 24.
- Fort Lawrence, March 14, Almira Olivia, widow of the late Isaac B. DeLorge, 80.
- Glace Bay, C. B., March 22, James Oliphant Christie, son of S. O. and Jennie Christie, 9 months.
- East Scotch Settlements, N. B., March 12, Maggie Leda, daughter of Malcolm and Lizzie King, 4.

WARNING



We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plungers and parts of plungers of inferior quality, representing them to be the genuine T.&B. Myrtle Navy. The genuine plunger is stamped with the letters "T.&B." in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking for the trade mark when purchasing.

The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co. Ltd. HAMILTON, ONT. CONSUMPTION.