

FOR THIRTY MINUTES.

The date of this occurrence is not important, in fact it is just as well left untold. I was on the hotel run for a morning paper in St. Paul at the time, and glancing over the Ryan register one afternoon, I saw the name Mrs. George Tremaine. It was written in the long, angular scrawl affected so extensively by women of the dramatic profession, and although I had never before heard of Mrs. Tremaine, her signature attracted my attention. There is more of instinct than any other sense in selecting from a long list of signatures those of people worth interviewing. Mrs. Tremaine's slant-dash characters set me wondering what sort of a woman she was, and nothing was easier than to find out, so I handed my card to the clerk, pointed to the name, number 28, and awaited the return of the bell boy. In five minutes, or thereabouts, he informed me that I was to "go right up," and I went.

"Come in," called a voice, in answer to my tap on the door. I entered. Near the open fire, and in the glancing of a young woman, she wore a white gown of that soft caressing wool that so invariably sets off well the wearer's charms. Rising as I entered she advanced toward me, and her manner betrayed at once the well bred woman. I took a mental photograph of the face and figure before me. The former was oval, well featured, and framed with curls of lustrous dark eyes and set with a pair of indefinable colour—half golden, half brown. The latter was tall and shapely.

"Pray be seated," she said, as I began to explain why I had asked for an interview. "Oh, yes," I knew why you came, and in fact, have the greatest regard for daily newspaper writers. They are equal to almost anything."

"You flatter the craft," I answered. "Some of us are very retiring. I am not. I hope you are not, either," said my charming visitor, leaning impulsively forward as she spoke. Her elbow found support on the arm of the chair, her chin rested on her shapely white hand, and her large dark eyes looked straight into mine. It was an embarrassing situation, and I confess I hardly knew what to make of it. With an effort I met the gaze of this strange young woman, and said inquiringly, "You dislike nervous people?"

"I should hate myself if that were the case," replied Mrs. Tremaine. "For I am all nerves. Oh dear, dear, if I only dared to do it."

With a sudden which she was out of the chair and pacing back and forth on the carpet like a caged lioness. There was very evidently something wrong with Mrs. Tremaine. Why, good heavens! she was sobbing.

"My dear madam," I exclaimed, "if I can be of any possible service—" "Oh, I dare not ask it of a stranger," she protested, throwing up both hands dramatically. "And yet," she added, "none but a stranger would do."

The sight of the tears had scattered my self-possession to the winds. I was ready now to fight a duel on any necessary defense of this mysterious young person.

"Ask anything you like," I said desperately. "I'll do it."

"Will you?" whispered Mrs. Tremaine, coming hurriedly toward me. "If you will do what I ask I can never do enough for you in return. It is a case that requires immediate and skillful action. You will have to use all your finesse, for I have not time to explain matters fully. You must be patient, then, and finally exasperated. Do you understand?"

"Certainly," I answered promptly. "Crazy as a March hare was my inward reflection."

"And you will do this for a stranger?" inquired Mrs. Tremaine. "Command me," I replied. "Then listen," she said, drawing her chair near to mine, with an apprehensive glance at the door. "I am not a stranger here. I shall be this afternoon if all goes well, but at present I am Clara Talbot. I have run away from my home in Chicago to marry Mr. Tremaine. He is of Kansas City and was to have met me here. I have received a telegram from him to say that his train is several hours late. Never mind, it was necessary for me to run away. It is a family matter. My people have never seen Mr. Tremaine. I met him at the house of a friend in Europe last year. They wanted me to marry an older man. I fled yesterday, after telegraphing George to meet me here. My father has followed me. He is in the hotel now. (another glance at the door) his card preceded yours. I sent word that I was dressing, and he is waiting downstairs. When I read the name on your card—a newspaper man—I conceived this plan: Will you be my husband for half an hour?"

I started up like a scared jack rabbit. "Good gracious, madam," I exclaimed, "I don't know enough about you to do the thing successfully."

ing in the hall outside. Then he gradually calmed down, and as a last resort tried the sympathetic dodge on the terrified young woman. The latter had hardly spoke a word throughout the scene. She was too badly frightened, I think.

There were tears in the old gentleman's voice as he turned towards my supposed wife. Had she not always been well treated? Was not her mother the best of mothers? Had he not been the most indulgent of fathers? Was not her home one of luxury? etc., etc. Yes, she admitted each clause in the indictment as it was checked off.

"But father she sobbed, "I love him so very much, and—oh! "I could not marry that other."

"What was this wretched marriage performed?" he inquired, savagely. "Milwaukee," answered the girl, in a great hurry.

"I'll have it dissolved," swore the enraged pater, getting noisy again. "Let me remain in my room," said I deliberately. "Your daughter is of age (I was not sure about it); that we are legally married, and that any amount of talk will not alter the fact. I must also suggest that as our train leaves for the South at 4 o'clock we have very little time to devote to this sort of thing."

"What! adding insult to injury?" he roared. "Well, I'll leave you here for the present, but you will hear from me, sir," shaking the cane in my face. "I'm not the man to submit tamely to a rascally abduction of this character. You're a scoundrel, sir, a—d scoundrel," reiterated my angry father-in-law; and with this choice paring shot he retired, slamming the door after him.

"How did I manage it?" I inquired, turning to where the future Mrs. Tremaine was sitting. She had fainted. Just like a woman! "She had the nerve to go through a scene like this undisturbed, to all appearance, and then when the danger was over, she must spout it all by an exhibition of weakness. I rushed to the water, poured a glass of it out and approached the young woman. She was recovering, though, before I reached her, and in an instant sat up."

"How can I ever repay you?" she asked. "You did it superbly, and George will soon be here now (glancing at her watch). My dear sir," she went on, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am. I shall make Mr. Tremaine call at your office this evening and thank you personally."

My engagement as Miss Talbot's husband was evidently at an end, so protesting that I would willingly have done twice as much for her, I withdrew. Tremaine came in late in the afternoon, and they were married by the rector of Christ Church. The Kansas City young man called on me in the evening and insisted on my going to supper with him and the bride. We had a jolly little spread of pate de foies gras and champagne at the Ryan cafe, and I have never set eyes on either of the Tremaines or the venerable Mr. Talbot of Chicago from that moment to this.

HOW I OBTAINED A WIFE. My most intimate friends (though I hadn't many) voted me to be a thorough fool in love affairs. At the opening of my story I was about three-and-twenty, and one year before had been left by my bachelor uncle at the head of a good business, and with a lump sum in Consols.

My uncle had trained me from my youth to business, and during his lifetime I had stuck closely to it, and must have gained the old man's heart. At any rate he left me his money with one hateful proviso, and that was—I must marry. Why in the world he considered that a connubial life would add to my comfort I cannot say, neither could my lawyer.

It must have been one of his passing whims, for never a woman had ever entered his establishment with his permission, and he had taken care that should see as little of the fair sex, let alone speak to them.

To some men this proviso would have been nothing, but to me it was a torture, for my exclusive life had given me a mortal dread of seeking a wife. I feared ridicule. For a year I had pondered my uncle's last injunction, and the more I thought the worse I went. A few intimate friends, alarmed at my seeming apathy, and fearful that I should let the fortune slip through my fingers, kindly introduced me to their families.

But the girls seemed somehow or other meet me here. My father has followed me. He is in the hotel now. (another glance at the door) his card preceded yours. I sent word that I was dressing, and he is waiting downstairs. When I read the name on your card—a newspaper man—I conceived this plan: Will you be my husband for half an hour?"

I started up like a scared jack rabbit. "Good gracious, madam," I exclaimed, "I don't know enough about you to do the thing successfully."

offer her a splendid position, and she would readily comply with your advances, and I assure you that she will make a capital wife."

"I must have shown my disinclination to make any advance, for he hastened to say— "Do not be alarmed. She will not laugh at you, as other young ladies have ill-treated you, but at the hands of Miss Bramwell you are safe from ridicule."

I perished at every pore at this unspoken knowledge of the state of my feelings. "Well," said I confusedly, "what are your terms?"

"That's business-like," but I want to be frank with you. You can meet each other this very afternoon, and if you like her, and she has no objection to your mind, then let us say five hundred for my share."

"But you offer no substantial guarantee," said I, more at home in money matters. "I offer my influence to smooth your way, and my influence is accepted, I was conducted to the drawing-room, and in a moment a tall, graceful creature was making her way to where I stood. She held out her hand, shyly I thought, and I felt somewhat embarrassed; but it was sometime before we got on fairly speaking terms."

I scarcely knew how the time went by. My brain was in a whirl of excitement. We had tea, and then she sang and played until I was thoroughly infatuated. Finally I went away delighted, with a promise to call again next day.

The following morning Mr. Lockwood called. "Well, are you satisfied?" he asked with a pleasant smile. "I am," I answered. "Is Miss Bramwell?" I asked. "Yes, she has nothing to fear," he answered evasively, "if you do not mention our arrangement, but court her in a true lover's fashion. Cultivate her acquaintance for a week or two before you offer yourself as her husband."

"I understand," I said, interrupting his eloquence,—"a mere matter of form."

"Yes, yes," he said quickly. "Shall I pay you?" I said, drawing out my cheque book.

"No, no," he said, smiling at my silliness; "not under any circumstances." "I understand," I said. "I'll be independent," I urged. "Not a halfpenny," he said decisively. "You can go to the villa whenever you like, but do not be surprised if you do not see me there, as business often keeps me away. I will call again this day month; and he departed leaving me in a very comfortable state of mind."

It was the day before I was to see Mr. Lockwood again, and Miss Bramwell and I were seated in the same room where I had first become acquainted with her. It had been a glorious and happy month, and I was trembling, not from shyness, but from the knowledge that I loved me. I loved her—of that I had no doubt—but were my feelings reciprocated? Never once during the month had she shown by word or look that she knew her uncle's wishes, but had always been kind and sometimes even tender towards me. So she must accept outright which was by no means a pleasant thought.

We were seated, as I said before, in the drawing-room, when the following conversation took place. She had just finished playing a waltz, and said: "You no doubt think it strange that you have not seen my uncle, Mr. Lockwood. The truth is," she continued, without giving me time to reply, "he has gone on a visit to France. He told me you were coming, and that I was to welcome you. Have I done so, Mr. Boscawen?"

I looked at her curiously, but there was no deception in her beautiful countenance. She evidently did not, could not, know her uncle's plans.

"You have indeed made me happy and welcome during your uncle's absence," I said after a moment's embarrassment. "I hope you have not been disappointed in not meeting him," she continued. "I hope to meet him shortly."

"You will," he is coming home to-morrow. No doubt he has written to you."

WILL YOU

kindly read the following letters, which I think will give you a fair idea of the way BENSCHDORF'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA stands in a competitive trial as to quality and price?

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION SOFT DRINK CO., Having exclusive privileges for Soda Water and all other Temperance Drinks on the World's Fair grounds. City Office, 76 Washburn Avenue; Grown I Office CHICAGO, March 9, 1893. Stephen L. Bartlett, Esq., sole importer of Benschdorf's Cocoa, Boston. DEAR SIR:— After a thorough competitive test of the different brands of Cocoa, between them and domestic, we unhesitatingly give BENSCHDORF'S COCOA and CHOCOLATES, of Amsterdam, Holland, the preference, and send you for \$20,000 for use at the World's Columbian Exposition at our sole fountain. Yours truly, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION SOFT DRINK CO. E. F. Collette, President.

WELLINGTON CATERING COMPANY. WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, JACKSON PARK, Telephone 28, World's Fair, CHICAGO, March 23, 1893. Stephen L. Bartlett, Esq., Importer of Royal Dutch Cocoa, Boston. MY DEAR SIR:— After careful consideration and investigation as to the merits of your ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, we have decided to give you our entire order for Cocoa for all our restaurants and lunch counters in all the World's Fair buildings in Jackson Park covered by our concession. Yours truly, WELLINGTON CATERING CO. By Albert S. Gage Pres't.

S. L. Bartlett, Esq., Sole Importer Benschdorf's Royal Dutch Cocoa and Chocolates, Boston, Mass. DEAR SIR:— We are pleased to advise you that, after considering carefully the merits and low cost of BENSCHDORF'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, we have decided to use exclusively these goods in serving the patrons of the original Vienna Model Bakery, Midway Plaisance, World's Columbian Exposition. HENRY A. FRIEDEMANN, General Manager.

DIED.

Hallifax, May 23, Peter Lynch, 77. St. John, May 21, E. B. Green, 69. Halifax, May 18, James Smith, 68. St. John, May 17, John F. King, 64. Halifax, May 19, Richard Power, 63. St. John, May 17, Mary Berahill, 72. St. John, May 21, Patrick Cotter, 52. St. John, May 21, E. H. Yarnard, 52. Halifax, May 19, Michael McCann, 58. Yarmouth, May 15, James C. Millar, 77. Halifax, May 17, Capt. John Sheehan, 28. Fredericton, May 12, Joseph Doherty, 84. St. Stephen, May 18, W. L. Abbott, 75. Manservant, May 16, Daniel Sterline, 54. Fredericton, May 11, Mrs. Jane Butler, 84. Hawley, N. B., May 5, Gilbert Horrie, 77. Cow Bay, N. B., May 12, Daniel McKinnon. Woodville, N. B., May 8, James V. Ross, 92. Cranston, N. B., May 18, William Power, 60. Stanley, N. B., May 14, Thomas Douglas, 81. St. Mary's N. B., May 12, Alonso Jewett, 63. Deer Island, N. B., May 8, Laura Conley, 34. Green Hill, N. B., May 16, Charles Fraser, 76. Port Medway, N. B., May 15, J. J. Leeson, 85. Bay View, N. B., May 9, Christopher Stark, 65. Boobee, N. B., May 11, William Maxwell, 63. Springfield, York Co., May 8, Alex. Love, 80. Halifax, May 23, Sarah, wife of Douglas Howe. Waweg, N. B., May 17, Mattie M. Simpson, 33. Deer Island, May 7, Mrs. Lucinda C. Palmer, 72. Harriestfield, N. B., May 15, Andrew Geppert, 61. St. John, May 17, of apoplexy, George Dickie, 44. Halifax, May 14, Elizabeth, wife of John Foley, 67. Steam Mill Village, May 10, William T. Sawyer, 67. Summerside, P. E. I., May 16, Dr. G. G. McKay, 52. Tripp Settlement, N. B., May 12, Frank Stephen. Halifax, May 18, Albert, son of Frank and Susan Selig, 15. Boston, May 18, of heart failure, Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, 80. Middleton, N. S., May 17, T. A., wife of Dr. Crocker, 32. St. John, May 23, Catherine, wife of late Patrick Brannan, 82. Oaklands, N. S., May 9, Elizabeth, wife of David Langille, 75. New Glasgow, May 16, Isabel, wife of William McKinnon, 25. St. Margarets Bay, May 15, Amelia, wife of George C. Garrison, 51. Kempville, N. S., May 13, Mary, wife of late William Prosser. Shirley Settlement, Sunbury Co., N. B., May 7, Wm. Malone, 62. Hardwick, N. B., May 1, Phoebe, daughter of J. A. Mills, 14 months. Wolf Lomond, N. B., May 19, George, son of Thomas Jordan, 21. Halifax, May 16, Sarah, daughter of Samuel and Emily Tomlin, 14. St. John, May 21, Anna Bloomfield, wife of late Joseph Lawrence. Bible Hill, N. S., May 9, of consumption, Jane, wife of William Johnson. Tapperville, N. S., May 15, Minnie, daughter of Rev. J. F. Bent, 50. Ellerhouse, N. S., May 11, Janie, daughter of John and Susan Savage, 9. Western Head, N. S., May 16, Elizabeth, wife of late Martin Wolf, 73. Moosebrook, N. S., May 11, Catherine, wife of late William Ferguson, 78. Upper Manservant, N. B., May 9, Jacobina, wife of late D. A. Scurling, 54. St. John, May 22, James Andrew, son of Hon. William Boyd Kincaid. Main River, Weldon, N. B., May 8, Isabella, wife of Noble Beers, 39. Halifax, of diphtheria, Eleanor, daughter of Peter and Kathleen Kennedy. Middle Sackville, May 18, Abner, son of Henry and Lavina Hill, 20 months. Geyboro, N. S., May 1, Alice, infant daughter of Louis and Alice Maroon. Truro, May 16, Elizabeth, daughter of D. S. and Barbara Yould, 7 months. Halifax, May 18, Mary, daughter of Philip and Mary McQuinn, 8 months. St. John, May 17, Maggie, daughter of Maggie and John Mallam, two weeks. Croucheville, N. B., Norman, son of Duncan and Mary McQuinn, 9 months. Liverpool, N. S., May 14, of consumption, Charles, son of late William Williams, 19. Bay's Road, N. S., May 18, Janie, daughter of Joseph and Margaret Humming, 14. Folie Village, N. S., May 15, of meningitis of brain, Freddie, son of Alexander and the late Margaret Smith, 11.

BORN.

Truro, May 15, to the wife of Eli Archibald, a son. Halifax, May 13, to the wife of John E. Marr, a son. Moncton, May 12, to the wife of Gordon Blair, a son. Dieby, May 16, to the wife of George Wilson, a son. Halifax, May 18, to the wife of G. S. Campbell, a son. Truro, May 15, to the wife of William J. McMillan, a son. Somerset, N. S., May 7, to the wife of Jas. Mullin, a son. Kenyon, May 19, to the wife of James E. Connell, a son. Halifax, May 22, to the wife of William Priddy, a daughter. Halifax, May 16, to the wife of F. M. Cotton, a daughter. Halifax, May 16, to the wife of Alex. Silver, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 13, to the wife of F. C. Robbins, a daughter. Dieby, May 13, to the wife of A. V. Wade, a daughter. Truro, May 13, to the wife of Dr. Chalmers, a daughter. Grandville, N. B., May 5, to the wife of Mel Colpitts, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 13, to the wife of G. E. C. Burton, a daughter. Annapolis, May 4, to the wife of J. J. Ritchie, a daughter. Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 12, to the wife of D. Day to Margaret Gilmore. Sackville, N. S., May 17, to the wife of Ingram Saunders, a son. Joliveau, N. S., May 12, to the wife of George L. Roachville, N. B., May 13, to the wife of Frank Roach, a daughter. Port Lorne, N. B., May 12, to the wife of George Coburn, a daughter. Rogersville, N. B., May 10, to the wife of Placide Richard, a daughter. Gaspé, N. S., May 19, to the wife of Walter S. Elliot, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, May 10, by Rev. Father Moriarty, James Casey to Kate Connell. Shubenacadie, May 12, by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, John Anthony to Annie Cox. Clarendon, N. B., May 8, by Rev. W. Was, James Brown to Mary Eston. Havelock, May 17, by Rev. Abram Perry, Albert Thorne to Minnie Clarke. St. John, May 16, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Fred Day to Margaret Gilmore. Sackville, May 9, by Rev. W. H. Warren, Fred Harper to Agnes Bourdier. Halifax, May 18, by Rev. E. B. Moore, William Simpson to Jane Donnelly. St. John, May 17, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, J. H. Connolly to Emma Macmillan. St. John, May 18, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Fred Jewelling to Annie M. Godsoe. Economy, N. S., May 10, by Rev. Andrew Gray, George Cochran to Sadie Soley. Parrish, N. S., May 10, by Rev. E. M. Dill, Edward Bulmer to Annie Adams. Norps, N. B., May 18, by Rev. David Long, Brunsvick Free to Martha Gillies. Cape North, C. B., May 10, by Rev. M. McLeod, David McPherson to Jessie Morrison. Halifax, May 22, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, John D. Hall to Isabelle McLoughlin. Sydney Mines, C. B., May 16, by Rev. D. McMillan, Matthew Wilson to Mary Ann McMillan. Nashvick, N. B., May 18, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Clarence Estabrook to Melissa Abbott. St. George, N. B., May 17, by Rev. E. E. L. Mather, H. Y. Coombs to Mary Gray. Fredericton, N. S., May 10, by Rev. J. H. Gray, Finlay McIntosh to Mary Ann McIntosh. Lewis Mountain, West Co., N. S., May 17, by Rev. Abram Perry, Alvin Lombardy to Grace Henry. Springfield, P. E. I., May 18, by Rev. A. W. Daniel and Rev. T. B. Ross, Douglas Hunt to Emma Healan.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan. 28, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH. Express daily at 8.30 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 8.25 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS. Express daily at 12.30 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 8.25 p. m. CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with City of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Bertrington, Gloucester and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 130 Hotel St. John, Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BARNES, General Superintendent.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Sussex..... 12.30 Express for Boston..... 13.30 Through Express for Pictou and Campbellton, Montreal and Chicago..... 16.55. A Pullman Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.25 Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 10.25 Express from Point du Chene and Moncton..... 10.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 16.00 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED Tourist Sleeping Cars West, from Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m. TO DETROIT & CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m. TO Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the '800 LINE' to Minneapolis and St. Paul. Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents, D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B. MONTREAL.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indiantown, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock for Chapel Royal, Moss Glen, Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same days at 5.30 a. m. for St. John and intervening points. E. G. EARLE, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week, For Boston. ON AND AFTER APRIL 17th, and until further notice, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.50 a. m. Returning, will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m. On Wednesdays the steamer will not call at Portland. Connections made at Boston with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 8 p. m. C. E. LAROCHE, Agent.

NERVOUSNESS.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate. An agreeable and beneficial tonic and food for the nerves and brain. A remedy of the highest value in Mental and Nervous Exhaustion. Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

CANOE & BOATS

PADDLES, OARS AND FITTINGS largest stock in Canada SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO ST. LAWRENCE BOAT & CANOE CO. 1622 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

ECONOMY

It is just as when the person undertook to expend a few clear ideas down the whole city than was before the union had even at the work, and this announced that prision had body who loo vast amount of the money to do it. The matter council, but economists a way to get possible. The appropriation too, has only the general resolution of the safety box pay-roll for retained more resolution of From a legal have been rigid whole matter. The council should be red where he had man without c of one or two the force dem contemplation force contain chamberlain that number. who were to the force dem the council finally passed sent force be filled until the 31, at which get their pay nobody. The hose and that too said it would asked from St but that did not, whose feet at 85 cent in 75. Just here is of of the safety stand. It is the Boston, at 85 was it necessary same kind of h at 90 cents? not good enou, when it cheaper? Pr cheaper is good other should puzzle. If of different McAvity & Co to the circle of to be a good tracts for fire One of the cil was the de liant project since he propo on a dele and die on music on the Nickerson can a band stand. building such over the basin being movable The only cause cause of the co The Connoll the board at the works intends ther information to what his c are, in resp structure is re those member know anything don't want to to the methods are, that the one, that tak completed, and with their pay, published the r last Saturday, oped agreed w

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