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The Puzzling Pretty Widow ?

•@+©+©+©+©+©+©+©+©+©+©+©+©+ Then she remembered nothing, knew nothing, until she heard somebody sob- of crutches bing close to her ears, and, opening her eyes, she saw the sweet face of Mrs. Dale, with the black vell thrown back, and with tears in the blue eyes, Mrs. Dale uttered a cry of joy, and another voice, which Mabin red as Rudolph's, said, "Thank God! She n't dead, at any rate."
"Are you better, dear? Are you in eny pain?" asked Mrs. Dale, with so berly out of the ivy. much solicitude that answering tears

sympathetic emotion started into the girl's own eyes. "I am quite well, quite well," said Rudolph and Mrs. Dale exchanged

Mrs. Dale's pretty eyes began to fill We must lift her into the carriage," said she. "And you will go on and prepare her mother, and see that a doctor is sent for at once." And, in spite of the protests she feebly made, Mabin was gently raised from the ground by Rudolph's strong arms and helped into the victoria, where Mrs. Dale took her seat, and telling the ceachman to drive slowly. ly? insisted on making her own plump lit-

But Mabin, having recovered her spirits, if not her walking powers, wanted to talk to the new friend she had so preventedly made. But Mabin, having recovered her had so unexpectedly made. You are very good to me," she said. wall.

"I have never had so much kindness And, parting the close-growing from anyone since my mother died. It branches. Mrs. Dale peeped out, pink was so strange; when I woke up just and fair and smiling, from a window now I felt what I thought was my at the same level as the one Mabin now I felt what I thought was mother's touch again. And yet I had had been watching, but so thickly

of her," she whispered gently. ridiculous. You couldn't be my mother when you are the same age as myself." As a matter of fact, Mabin looked three." older than her companion. But when the conversation thus turned to herself, Mrs. Dale's pink face grew suddenly pale, and Mabin looked at her shly and flushed, feeling that she had said something wrong. But almost touched some sensitive spot, Mrs. Dale formidable.

mother, or-or anything. I am lonely,

You like to hear me talk! Ah, then ing the very last thing I ought to say." came to the end of her them back for her. speech, Mabin found that her words insensibly began to run the one into the other, and that her voice died away. And, greatly to her own aston-

"Ah, child, it is selfish of me to make you talk!" cried Mrs. Dale. "You are faint and must rest now. Come and talk to me some other time." Mabin overcame the faintness which had seized her, and quite suddenly raised her head again. The little excitement of the hope held out to her brought all her senses back. should like to so much!"

The girl almost nestled, as she spoke, against her new friend. But over Mrs. Dale's fair, child-like face there came at once a sort of shadow, as if a terrible remembrance had suddenly taken the power for all pleasurable emotion from her. It almost seemed to Mabin that the little hands made a movement as if to push her away. And then there burst forth from the

infantile red lips some words which struck terror into her young hearer, so bitter, so full of sadness, of biting remorse, were they. "No. child, no. You must not come.

I am too wicked!"

The girl was struck dumb. She

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wanted to comfort pretty Mrs. Dale; she wanted to laugh at her self-accusation, to express incredulity, amusement. But in the face of that look of anguish, of that inexpressibly mournful cry, straight from the heart, she could not even open her lips. She knew that there was some grief here which no words of comfort could touch. So deeply absorbed was she in the ilent compassion which kept her with lowered eyelids and mute lips, that she was quite startled when Mrs. Dale's voice, speaking in her ordinary tones, struck again upon her ear.

"That young fellow who picked you up is one of the vicar's sons, isn't he?" Yes," answered Mabin, in a rather colder voice. much interested in-somebody?" suggested Mrs. Dale, archly. Mabin laughed.

"Yes, so he is. But it is not the Mrs. Bonnington, that's his mother, says he can think about nothing but-Mrs. Dale!" "I hope with all my heart that she has made a mistake." Then, with a rapid gesture, as if pushing away some thought which was full of untold ter-ror, she added, with a shudder: "Don't let us talk about it. It is too hor-

CHAPTER III.

Mabin's sprained ankle was a more rious affair than she had supposed. For a month she never left the house, and for another she went out in a wheel-chair or hopped about on a pair And during all that time she caught

no glimpse of the pretty neighbor who had done her such eminent service at time of the accident. In vain she had hung about the road outside "The Towers," looking up at the west side of the house, which was built into the wall alongside the read, trying to distinguish the fair, blue-eyed face at one of the windows which peeped som-Dreary the place looked, Mabin thought, as she pondered over the mystery surrounding the lady in black.

quite well, quite well," said The lowest window visible from the "Only-only-I think my foot road was about three feet above the girl's head, and all she could see was a pair of crimson moreen curtains, which, she thought, harmonized ill "I thought so," said he, "she's broken with what she had seen of the tenant of the gloomy house. The house had long been "To Let, Furnished"; but hy had not dainty Mrs. Dale imeved away those curtains? Mabin did not usually trouble her head about such trifles as furniture, but she had enshrouded the figure of the pretty widow in romance, and she felt that her fairy queen was not living up to her proper standard in con-

tenting herself with crimson moreen. "What are you looking at so intent-Mabin, who, leaning on her crutches, tle shoulder a pillow for the girl's was gazing up at that mysteriously-head. space which she had taken for blank

forgotten all about that, for she has been dead fifteen years."
"Poor child!" said Mrs. Dale. "I am "I-I was looking for you. I was "Foor child!" said Mrs. Dale. "I am "I-I was looking for you. I was glad of that, dear, that I reminded you hoping to see you." stammered Mabin.

Of course, I don't mean that," went won't you please condescend to see a "And now that you have seen me, on Mabin, quickly, trying to sit up. "I little more of me?" asked Mrs. Dale. don't mean that you could be a mother "I won't eat you up if you come into to me now, as I am. That sounds too my den. Look, here is another inhabitant whom I have entrapped. But there are strawberries enough for

Mabin hesitated, not from any scruples about the propriety of visiting the lady about whom so much gossip was talked, certainly, but because she was shy, and because the thought of a before she was conscious that she had heroine and a stranger seemed rather "Go on talking, dear, about your time to refuse.
"Go on talking, dear, about your time to refuse.
"I will send the other inhabitant in" said she.

you know; very lonely. And it is a down to let you in," said she.

treat to hear you talk."

And the ivy closed again, and Mabin The girl flushed again, this time with could hear the lady's voice giving directions to some person within. She moved mechanically on her crutches you must be lonely indeed! For they towards the high, closed gates, and by say at home I never talk without say- the time she reached them they were opening, and Rudolph was holding The girl could not repress a slight

exclamation of astonishment. Rudolph reddened. ishment, she found her head falling he, rather bashfully. "I hope you heavily upon the shoulder of her new won't refuse to come in because I am I will go away rather than

that." Mabin hesitated. She was not very worldly-wise, but it seemed to her that there was something rather strange about his presence in the house where ears. Praise and prayer proved to be the rest of the vicar's family were not allowed to enter. And at the same moment she remembered Mrs. Dale's Moody during the week was one on summit, where we load up. Then com-"Come and see you! Oh, may I? I young fellow's admiration for her. (To be continued.)



There isn't one man in fifty thousand who is a good nurse. The average man feels as much out of place in a sick-room as a bull

must in a china-store. His heart may be ever so full of sympathy, but his feet are heavy and his fingers clumsy. In most cases when a woman's general health breaks down the original cause is weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organism. The only permanent cure lies in the correction of all these disorders. Husbands should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine that invariably cures all ailments of this nature without "local treatment" and "examinations." It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them well and strong. It allays inflammation, heals all internal ulceration and stops debilitating drains. It soothes and tones the nerves. Found at all medicine stores. An honest druggist won't urge

upon you a substitute. "I had female trouble for many years," writes "I had female trouble for many years," writes Mrs. A. Lingelbach, of Granger, Sweetwater Co., Wyoming, "and tried many physicians until I was completely discouraged. Finally I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for six months, and I soon found that I was completely cured. I had been so bad I could hardly walk across the floor, but I am now well and strong, thanks to Dr. Pierce."

No family should be without Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It used to cost \$1.50; now it is free. Paper-covered copy, 31 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only; cloth binding 50 stamps. Over 1,200,000 American homes now con-Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Thousands

Grand Central Palace, New York, Thronged Hour After Hour for Eight Days.

New York, April 5.-The evangelistic meetings led by Dwight L. Moody were continued throughout last week, and eminently successful seems to have been justified. The services attracted somebody' you mean," answered she. great crowds of people, and the unsaved of the community, as the evangelist wished might be the case, attended in large numbers.

An encouraging feature of the meetings was the large attendance at the morning gatherings for prayer. The hall, which seats several thousands, was filled almost to the doors. It is estimated that some days as many as 4,000 to 5,000 were present. Mr. Moody was especially pleased with these morning services, and he was so in-spired with the earnestness of those present that his own words became

more forceful than ever. The requests for prayer poured in day by day, and although hundreds of these requests were received, Mr. Moody arranged them so skillfully that the various classes seeking help were pleaded for in many calls upon the Throne of Grace. One morning, in a short address previous to the offering of prayers, Mr. Moody said that many did not think much was to be accomplished when so many were prayed for at once, but he was of a different opinion. He illustrated the value of such praying by this incident: At one of his meetings in Glasgow several years ago some one asked prayer for the 70,000 young men of the city. then on some one prayed for them every day, and with a heart filled with interest he offered earnest prayer constantly in their behalf. At the end of the meetings, there were more converts among these young men than in any other class. "God knows every heart," Mr. Moody said; "the mother bowed with sorrow, the patient wife, the father, sister, brother or loving friend who sends this message to the

Great White Throne." The practical character Moody's religion and his readiness to respond to current claims of need were admirably illustrated in his frequent appeals for the destitute suf-ferers in Cuba. Again and again did he present the case in ringing words. appealed not only for sympathy and prayer, but also for money to help feed the starving. He reminded the audience that 35 cents would buy a bushel of wheat in Cuba. He hoped Senator Proctor's speech on the territhe starving can be saved. If you don't so before. want to give, stay away, for if you preachers who have assisted Mr. Moody in these meetings were all to the point. The one great purpose of the campaign-to reach the lost-was

never suffered to drop out of sight. "Grace," "What must I do to be saved," "Salvation," "Sin," "The Prodigal Son" and kindred topics occupied the hours devoted to preaching. Persuasive appeal, thrilling warning, urgent incitement, accompanied by clear illustration and sharp-cut teaching, and every other means of reaching the conscience and heart, were employed to move hearers to accept Christ. The speaker spared no effort to make their labors effective, and their conscious dependence upon the Holy Spirit was very evident. Besides Mr. Moody, the leading preachers heard at these gatherings were Drs. J. W. Chapman, H. M. Wharton and A. C. Dixon S. H. Hadley, Commander Ballington Booth and Booker T. Washington took part in briefer, but hardly less telling, speech. The singing also played an important part in the daily services. The Mount Hermon Quartet and the Yale Quartet rendered very effective service. So also did the soloists, notably, Professor Towner. The Great Day alone will reveal how many hearts were softened and made receptive of the truth by the sweet strains of bright Gosper singing. And not a few were led to Christ as these thrilling songs fell upon their mighty helps in this work of grace. of his remarks on this theme, Mr. If there is any one thing that the

Moody said: to prayer if you are in known sin. "Come until me all ye that are weary and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." That Christ said this is the greatest proof we could have that he was divine. No other man dared say that for four thousand years before he came. If Moses or Abraham or Elijah had said it, it would have been blasphemy. And why? They needed rest themselves."

No priest, no prophet, no king ever offered such words. But he spoke like a God. If what he offered is fiction, why hasn't it been found out in all this time? There are thousands here in front of me who can testify that he told the truth. Isn't that so? I can se ite in your eyes, some of you. There is one way to find rest. You

won't find rest in theaters, you won't find it in ball rooms and rum shops. Rum never gave a man peace yet, though lots think it will. You won't go to fashionable people to find it, either, looking for the latest cut of a gown; and you won't find it among the millionaires. The man with millions often doesn't know what rest is. He would give a million for it. But it isn't for sale, like bonds and stocks. Talk about rest away from God. The first time a man looks away from God disquiet comes into his soul.

To prove that man was made for another world as well as this, gives one man this whole earth and he wouldn't be happy. I was once in a beautiful castle in Europe, one of half a dozen that belonged to its owner, and when I asked how long it was since the owner had lived in it, I was told ten years. You poor people say. "If only I were rich I would be happy." Don't and her mother, and can vouch for the te any such mistake. This world is truthfulness of her statements. Address make any such mistake. This world is not big enough to find rest and peace in. The only way is he taking your trice 25 cents, complete with blower.

burdens to Christ. Get to him. If you can't run, walk; if you can't walk, crawl; only come. You don't need Webster's Dictionary to find out what "come" means. You say, "But I am not worthy." He knows that; the knows better than you how mean you are. But he won't slam the door in your face and say: "When I said all, I didn't mean you." Christ is not only the sinbearer, but the burden-bearer. If Christians would only get rid of their burdens they would be worth something. If they are loaded heavily with

their burdens they are disqualified from working for God. How is it that so many religious meetings are full of people with gloomy "He seems a very nice lad, and very closed on Sunday evening. Mr. Moody's their dead, many people think so much belief that these meetings would be of their troubles that they embalm them. While you are here, you laugh at that, and feel cheerful for a little time, but the moment the benediction is over you'll grab that old mummy of yours and take it home with you. Man! Woman! Leave your burdens Bring your sorrow to Christ. There is nothing too heavy for him to take. Oh, my friends, if you want rest you can have it. God will give it you now. "Come unto me," he says, "all ye that are weary"-all ye. Mothers, fathers, children come!

The Chilcoot.

Another Letter From Frank Bicycles, Herring, of This City.

At The Foot of Lake Linderman-A Weary Journey-Strange Incidents On the Trail.

Another interesting letter has been received from Mr. Frank W. Herring, an old Londoner, who is well known all over Canada, and who is on his way to the Klondike, with a company which left Toronto about three months ago with 50,000 pounds of provisions.

The letter is written from Lake Linderman, about 30 miles beyond the Chilcoot Pass, and dated March 18. When penned, Mr. Herring was in excellent spirits, and seems thoroughly to enjoy the novelty of the trip, notwithstanding the the hardships are beyond description. It is, he says, a poor place for a man who has not a constitution of iron. The letter reads as follows: "We are now over that wonderful Chilcoot Pass-and such a pass! No man can conceive of its terrors unless he has experienced it. Every hill has its name, and is dreaded accordingly. Before reaching the pass and after ble condition of things in Cuba would leaving Dyea, one hill is called the 'Kill go out all over the broad land, and Hill, and another 'Calamity.' Another stir up the people so that no more one is the 'Turnstile,' and at the top of starved ones would die in Cuba. 'Those people," said Mr. Moody, "who are starving, have no more to do with the war than you or I. I don't think again and soon finds himself at the spot from which he started an hour or

"It is just here where so many be-

were making such slow progress that we decided to buy a team. I being considered a pretty good judge horseflesh, was chosen to purchase it, so I went back to Skaguay, a distance trying to right himself, he threw me head first. Oh, say! my poor old bald head! I was riding bareback, and without any bridle, simply a halter. I am in my glory when with horses, and rather enjoyed it, so never squealed, but got up on the back of my cayuse again and continued my journey. Next day, however, it was not so funny; I was ill, and a doctor called, who ordered poultices and hot applications to my head. I had concussion of the brain. Right here is where one appreciates the kind-heartedness of companions. Now I am Frank W. again, feel well and eat splendidly. "Well, we got here at last, and honestly, it seems as though we were in Paradise after that awful pass. are camping right on the lake, at the foot of Lake Linderman. Now I am a puncher-that is, a dog driver, or team driver. I have three fine dogs in my own team—Bruno, Shep and King. King is the leader of the team, and we pull 500 pounds every day. We rise at 3 a.m., breakfast, and start at 4, and 'punch' to the summit. We cross Lake Linderman into the canyon and then into a river; then Deep Lake, then Long Lake; then overland to Crater coming to Christ for rest. In the course mences the return trip. I tell you the danger is very great. The holes are so big and deep that you plunge right into world wants at the present hour more so many are either lamed or killed outthem, load and all, and the trouble is than another, it is rest. The world has right. Yesterday I thought I was a never seen such a relentless age as to- goner sure, but am on top yet. My day. It is the same in every land. The cool and level headedness has saved me ery is always: "Where can rest be many times from I scarcely dare think found?" Some say if we have free trade what. Going empty to the summit is that will settle things; some claim pro- very different from having a load. It's tection is wanted; some want war with the return trip where we get it, for Spain. My friends, there is only one thousands are in line going and comway. When we all do the will of God, ing all the time. It's one continuous then there will be peace. There is mass of people packing, and our dog never any discount on any promise God teams sometimes get mixed up and made to man, but there are often conthen a row begins. Some men are very ditions. You cannot claim an answer brutal. One man abused me shamefully because I would not kill his leading dog by kicking him in the head when it got mixed up in my team. "This morning we went through the canyon and found it too rough and stormy on the lakes to make a trip, so

Throat lined with Ulcers

A Young Lady Cured of Long Standing Catarrh and Catarrhal Sore Throat by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Miss Anna A. Howey, of Eden, On:., says that she suffered from Catarrh for ten years, used a number of remedies advertised, but was always disappointed in the result. Last fall she suffered intense pain in

her head and her throat was lined with ulcers. The doctors called it Catarrhal Sore Throat, but did not cure it. She saw that Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure was being highly recommended, so procured a box from C. Thomson, druggist, Tilsonburg, Ont., and commenced its use. Soon the ulcers cleared away from her throat, the pain in her head ceased. She says that Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure does not cause distress or sneezing when being used, and is the most effective catarrh remedy she ever tried.

Mr. J. D. Phillips, a Justice of the Peace, declares that he knows Miss Howey



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HOBBS HARDWARE COMPANY

back,' and that gives me a little spare time to write, and I may get a chance to send it out to Dyea soon. On the trail I met one man whom I have known for years, and have met a man named Wilson, whose father is an old traveler. This man is in the Mounted Police, and I see him often in passing. He says he is going to spring his kodak on me when I pass him with my load from the summit. We travel about 30 miles every day, cold or hot-it is a fright. These hills are terrible. It's simply a matter of pull, shove, haul,

slide, hang back, all the time: a way I get lots of fun out of it, too. the war than you or I. I don't think again and soon finds himself at the Men get mad, swear and tear, apologize and feel sorry all in one breath. It is a land of disgust. come here we'll make it mightly uncomfortable for you." Thus were
works united to faith and preaching.

The solution of the We rushed into the tent, angry about something, and said: 'I'd like to see the man who first said Alaska to me; I think I'd eat nim. Certainly it's a wenderful country; but I have enjoyed it, too. Six of our party are on the of 60 miles, bought a team, and was sick list now, but I am immense; returning, when the horse got off the never was better; not so fat as when trail and plunged into deep snow. In I left, but I can eat pork and beans with the best of them. With best re-

the order was given, 'All hands turn

gards to all inquiring friends, I am, yours, etc. (Signed) "F. W. HERRING."

To Prevent Diseaes.

In introducing Abbey's Effervescent Salt into Canada, the proprietors only ask for a fair trial. The merits of the preparation will do the rest. In this connection the Canada Lancet says: "This preparation deserves every good word which is being said of sample is offered to each physician, and most favorably is it commented upon. There is no doubt but that the daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt will be a great preventitive and aid in warding off attacks of disease." Abbey's Effervescent Salt is known as the foundation of health. All druggists sell this standard English preparation at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size, 25 cents.

On all great subjects there is always something more to be said .- John ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the worldrenowned appetizer and invigorator, imparts a delicious flavor to all &rinks and cures dyspepsia, diarrhea, fever and ague. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask for the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B.

Navigation and Railways

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