The Great Love
—OF—
Peg o' the Wilds

III.—THE MAN.

(Concluded.)

The stillness of death hung over the scene. The cries of the beasts had ceased, the twittering of the birds had died down; all Nature seemed hushed to quiet in face of impending danger. The man on outpost duty instinctively felt the brooding, and shivered, yet he was no coward. Rather he was the impersonation of reckless bravery—a dare-devil, a man who, to use a hackneyed phrase, bore a charmed life. Death, over and over again, had refused to come at his beck; and it was a signal tribute to his courage that he had been chosen for his present post.

He had volunteered for active service in the Indian up-country, and his name had been mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery, not once nor twice.

That day, by one of those mishaps that occur when least expected, a small detachment of his company had got separated from the main body, and had completely lost their bearings.

There they were, in a cleft of the mountains, caught like rats in a trap; and the man to whom fear was unknown had been given the post of special danger as advance outpost.

A mere handful, in an unknown country, surrounded by lurking foes hidden and unseen, none knew what a moment might bring forth; and the sentinel, every wit alert, peered ahead into the gloom, and wondered when the vital moment would come.

But the attack came from a point almost at his rear, for suddenly he noticed the movent of a crawling body not twenty yards from where he stood.

Like a flash, his rifle came to the "present."

'Who goes——' and than the weapon spat out its flash of fire.

That was all he knew. The ne[xt] instant a blow from behind s[ent] him on the ground, and fo[r] onds all was oblivion.

When his sense[s] sat up, wiped the blood [off] ce, and tried to think.

Suddenly, a pandemonium, as from a host of demons vomited from Hades, and the discharge of a hundred rifles, told him what had happened in the camp. He pulled himself up and clutched his rifle. And, as he gathered strength, a wave of frenzy seized him. He had defied Death a hundred times; he would give him a last chance, and all the world should hear and wonder, even as at the story of Balaclava; and those fiends—— And slowly he began to walk, then to trot, and then to run.

The lust of blood was in his heart, and the fierceness of madness in his brain. A fearful figure he looked in the semi-darkness—a tall, gaunt spectre, with face covered in blood and contorted with rage, swinging the heavy rifle like a willow wand.

Like a hurricane he rushed into the conflict and began his part. One by one they went down before the terrible club wielded by a man who looked like the avenging god of war himself.

And still the fight raged on; and still he kept at it. Soon a spell of awe crept over the combatants; the wounded sat up and looked on in amazement; the Pathans stopped and wondered.

A wave of superstitious fear seized them. Who was he? They feared neither man nor demon; but who was this?

And still he kept at his terrible work.

They could stand it no longer. With a shrill shriek of mortal terror they turned as one man and fled, and the avenger, with an answering yell of rage and fury, swung his terrible weapon among them, and—dropped.

His comrades crowded round. Tenderly they wiped his bleeding wounds, and carried him into His tent. No one spoke a word; all were awestruck at what they had witnessed. They had seen fighting in all its forms; but this was something beyond them—superhuman, terrible!

The firing brought the main body to their assistance; and a detachment was told off to bear the hero to the little mountain hospital at Meharut. Here he lay between life and death.

He had played his part; he had no wish to live, no friends to grieve over, and none to grieve over him—an outcast, an unknown. And gradually he lost his hold on life, and sank nearer and nearer the inswinging portals whence there is no return.

Meanwhile, the story reached England, and it was told throughout the length and breadth of the land how that one man had routed an army, and saved his company from annihilation.

Already his name was known from previous records. Now, men spoke of him in whispers, and hung daily on news of his welfare from the little Indian hospital.

So, while he was fading away without hope, without desire to live, his countrymen were enrolling him in the list of Englands heroes; and one day the message came that a grateful country had awarded him the V.C.—the highest honour it lay in their power to bestow.

A nurse brought the despatch to his bedside, and, with a weak gesture, he signed for her to open and read. At the news his eyes flashed; the warm blood pulsated through his being, and he felt it the proudest moment of his life.

Then came the reaction.

Too late! He had attained to the height of human ambition; but what was the use of it all? Who was there in all the world to take a real, personal interest in him or his doings?

One there had been—but that was in the byegone. Now he was a "solitary," living out his life himself, alone. And he sank back into the old groove of despair, while the sands of life ran low and lower in the glass.

Then, one day, when his hold on life had almost yielded, came a change. From that moment he began to mend.

It was only a tiny note that wrought the miracle—a not of barely a dozen words, signed "Peg," that had been indited in a fever of haste and sent forth with a hurried prayer on its mission! Its main clause ran, "Live for my sake!" and it was all-sufficient.

* * * * * *

The train steamed slowly into C—— Station. Outside a surging multitude waited to acclaim their hero, though he looked anything but that as he stepped out on to the platform—a man, wrecked in health and reduced to a skeleton.

Still he held his head proudly, and at the first burst of cheering the old fire gleamed in his eyes, and he walked with a swinging stride forward.

Suddenly, there came a strange lull in the tumult, and folks looked on with dimmed eyes at the happening of an unrehearsed scene. An old man was seen to stand in the forefront all at once trembling and faint with tottering, led by a young and beautiful woman. Instantly the officers and civil officials of the back-ground were about to hasten in that was outside their sphere, and almost demanded precedence—something that was privileged.

The soldier stepped aside as the girl reached, and drew himself up and saluted, while the old man advanced and held out a trembling hand.

"God bless yo lad! We're proud of you."

That was all. No word of the past, no word of forgiveness, no word of reconciliation, for each understood, and in the sight of the crowd the soldier knelt and touched the old man's cheek with his lips. A word and a hand-clasp for his beloved—the kiss and other tokens of endearment were left for the moment when no stranger eye looked on—and then the three advanced. The crowd parted, with uncovered heads, and they passed away together.

Cured His Rheumatism In Three Weeks.

Rev. Father Morriscy

James LeB. Johnstone, a prominent member of the Citizen's Band, of Chatham, writes:

"I contracted Rheumatism by exposure, five years ago, and was ailing for two months and in great pain all the time. I got Father Morriscy's No. 7 Tablets and took them for about three weeks, when the Rheumatism all left me and I have had no return of the pains since."

Father Morriscy's "No. 7" Tablets

have cured thousands of this terribly painful disease.

Rheumatism is generally brought on by exposure, but is really caused by Uric Acid in the blood. This Uric Acid is an irritating poison, formed from the waste matter of the body. The kidneys should remove it, but when they fail it poisons the blood, and, settling in the joints, causes Rheumatism.

"No. 7" Tablets clear out the clogged-up Kidneys and stimulate them to perform their task of filtering the Uric Acid out of the blood. When this is done the Rheumatism simply and natrally vanishes.

"No 7" Tablets cost 50c. At your dealer's. 28

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.

LAZY LIVER.

"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Catharic I fell very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bazinet,
Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass
928

CASCARETS 10c. a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

one. Your quart of vinegar is put up in a bottle that contains only 12 fluid ounces. Even the small bottles of the druggist are short.

In Chicago, Cleveland and other cities, whose inspectors have recently been stirred to new activity, the number of frauds discovered has leaped to more than double. In New York City the total number of seizures in 1909 was only 1644, as against more than twice that number in but three months of last year. The inspectors reported violations involving fines which amounted to $50,790 for the three months.

Dr. Fritz Reichmann, superintendent of weights and measures in New York State, found that complaints were piling up in his office as to the short weight of print butter sold in the state. When he hauled up the guilty creameries they told stories about butter being susceptible of much shrinkage betweeen the time it was freshly moulded and the time it was sold. Some said it would shrink in a month as much as 25 per cent. Dr. Reichmann quietly caused to be visited 30 different creameries throughout the state, and had 252 prints of butter weighed while still dripping wet from the molds. Almost half, or 124, were found to be short of a pound!

It was found also that the creameries fully distinguish between prints put up for Masachusetts trade exclusively and all others. On the prints intended for Masachusetts, where the law is most strictly enforced, there proved to be a net excess of one and six-tenths per cent. on the total number weighed. On the total number of prints intended for New York and other states there was a net shortage of 1 per cent. The average shortage of all short prints not intended for Masachusetts was three per cent. or almost ½ an ounce. In one creamery there was an average shortage on prints weighed of nearly two ounces.

The Indianapolis inspector states that in the last 4½ years he has confiscated upwards of 13,000 fraudulent measures and scales from tradesmen. The authorities in Harrisburg, Pa., last summer, made a special investigation of small wooden berry boxes. In the entire city they could not find a single box containing a full quart. A commissioner of New York City reported that in April, May and June, 1910, his inspector visited 12,486 places of business. They condemned and confiscated 3906 weighing and measuring instruments. Nearly half of these were crudely and barefacedly fraudulent—measures purposely made short, mostly with false bottoms; and false scales.—Montreal Star.

To be continued.

Indigestion & Dyspepsia

In all its Forms can be Cured.

It is quite a daily occurrence to hear persons say: Oh, what a feeling of distress I have after meals, fullness of the stomach, heaviness and headache, I feel too tired to do anything. I have no heart to exert myself and at times I care for nothing. I often have a pain in the pit of my stomach, no appetite, my heart beats rapidly on the slightest exertion. I feel just as tired when rising in the morning as when retiring to bed. My sleep is often disturbed, and I often awake with a sense of suffocation and a difficulty of again going to sleep. I have to be careful of what I eat, and my life seems a veritable burden.

Now, it seems a shame and a pity for persons to be suffering like that when it is in their power to get cured by taking a Bottle of Dr. Stafford's Prescription A. A sure cure for persons afflicted with stomach troubles. It can be obtained at

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill.

Small size, 25 cents; postage, 5c extra; large size, 50 cents; postage 0c. extra. Mail orders must be accompanied by remittance.—oct29,1m

CHEATING BY SHORT MEASURE.

Widespread conspiracy exists amongst tradespeople in the United States to defraud customers by short weight, according to a writer in the Metropolitan Magazine, who declares it would take an encyclopaedia to describe all the tricks of tradesmen, even if the customer is shrewd enough to detect all the cheating that can be done with weights and measures before his eyes, the writer adds, he has only just begun to protect himself. You must reweigh and remeasure on your little home outfit, especisly such goods as are not weighed and measured before your eyes. For it is in package and piece goods that fraudulent selling in this country has reached its largest proportions.

The carpenter buys 10-inch rough lumber and finds that it is only 9½ inches wide. The painter pays for 12½ pound, 25 or 50-pound pails of paint, and they weigh much less than that, keg and all. Spools of thread, five yards short of what they are marked. Sheetings, pillow cases and linens are marked at a greater measure than their true one. Rubber goods are marked at a greater weight or a greater capacity than the real

Nerves Were Exhausted

Wants others to know of her remarkable cure by use of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Mrs. Martin's condition as described in her letter below gives some idea of the extraordinary reconstructive power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Such cures as this have placed Dr. Chase's Nerve Food where it stands today as the most popular and most effective nerve restorative that money will buy.

Mrs. Edwin Martin, Ayer's Cliff, Que., writes,—"Before I began using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food I was in a terrible condition. Dizzy spells would come over me and I would fall to the floor in a faint. I could not even sweep the floor without fainting and my nervous system seemed to be entirely exhausted.

"The use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has built up my system wonderfully so that I can do my housework and washing without any trouble, and I want others to know about it." Insist on getting the genuine Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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WHOLESALE Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all kinds of British and Continental goods, including:—

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Fancy Goods and Perfumery,
Hardware, Machinery and Metals,
Jewellery, Plate and Watches,
Photographic and Optical Goods,
Provisions and Oilmen's Stores,

etc., etc.,

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A. J. Herder, B.A.,

Barrister-at-Law.

OFFICES:
Renouf Building.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G.P.O. to MARCH 28, 1911

A
Adams, Charles, Pennywell Road
Adams, Mrs. John, Cookstown Road
Ayles, Miss Lizzie
Anderson, S. J.
Aitken, Miss Lillie
Associated Mail Dealers, Blackwoo Building
Axford, Philip
Aspell, Mrs. Carrie, retd.
Abbott, Eliza, Livingstone Street

B
Bannister, Miss Patience, Hospital, Forest Road
Barnes, Mrs. E., retd.
Basha, S., late Birchy Cove
Bennett, Joseph, Water Street
Berry, Patrick, grocer
Beddlecombe, Samuel, Allandale Road
Bright, Wm. J., care G. P. O.
Bishop, R., care Gen'l P. Office
Brown, Miss B., Flavin's Street
Brown, Patrick, Gower Street
Bouzan, R., retd.
Butt, George, Forest Rd.
Butt, Mrs. M. A., Duggan Street
Butler, Wm., Flower Cove Road
Blundon, Miss Sarah, care Simon Wheeler
Bartlett, Robert, Bannerman St.
Brown, Miss Drucella, card, Springdale St.
Buckley, Mrs. Wm., New Gower Street
Burscy, Mrs. Wm., card
Burke, Miss May, care Jackman's
Benister, Albert A., Gower Street

C
Crane, Roland, care Post Office
Canning, C. J.,
Carter, Capt. Alex.
Carter, Edwin, Duggan Street
Calver, Miss Sarah
Carey, James, Duckworth Street
Cameron, John, Plumber
Carew, A., Mullock St.
Chatman, Sarah J.
Connors, Thomas
Cooney, Mrs. James, card, Water Street
Coombs, Nellie, card
Cozens, John
Connors, P. J., Care G. P. O
Curtis, H. V., late Grand Falls
Carnell, Bert, care Reid Nfld. Co.
Cullen, Michael, St. John's
Clarke, Mrs. E., retd.
Chatman, Miss Sarah, late New York
Carew, Miss Ellen, Duckworth Street
Criff, Miss L.
Colley, Wm. E.
Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill

D
Davis, Thomas, care Gen'l P. Office
Dawley, Miss M. J., Gower Street
Dawe, Miss W. S.
Delaney, F. E., late Summerville
Delaney, Miss Bessie, Military Road
Delaney, Master Thos.
Dicks, Mrs. Wm., late Grand Falls
Driscoll, Mrs. C., Water Street
Dooley, Miss Josephine, card, Cochrane St
Downs, Mr., Pennywell Road
DeGrish, Sarah, Long's Hill

E
Eagan, Mrs. Catherine, Cornwall Avenue
Elliott, S. G.

F
Fewer, M., card
Freeman, John, Government House
French, Wm. of Wm., Brazil's Square
Freeman, Miss Ethel
Fitzpatrick, Miss Minnie, card
Fisher, Lizzie, retd., New Gower Street
Fisher, Robert, Pope St.
Fildlam, Mrs. Wm., Water St.
Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mary Ann
Finney, Miss Kittie, Military Road
Fitzpatrick, Mrs Thomas, Fleker Hill
Fitzgerald, Joseph, New Gower Street
Foran, Mrs. James, Monroe Street
Ford, Miss A., George's St.
Fleming, Miss D., Prescott Street
Fardy, M., retd.
Flirn, Mrs. M. H.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs., retd.
Fifield, Lucy

G
Garland, Kenneth, St. John's
Gardner, Const., East End Fire Hall
Garland, Wm.
Garner, J. A.
Graham, C. E.
Graw, John J.
Greene, Laura B., Springdale St.
Gelling, L., care Post Office
Gillard, Mrs. Jane, care J. Baird, King's Road
Goss, James, St. John's
Godley, Janie
Goodland, Agnes, care Gen'l Delivery
Gullage, Maud, retd.
Gustaffson, Mrs. Frank
Grouchy, M., retd.
Gatherall, Ester

H
Hawley, Arthur, card
Hamilton, John
Haynes, Mrs. E., Blackmarsh Road
Hanlon, Mrs. N.
Harlyan, Mrs. Mary, retd.
Hanlan, J. J., care G.P.O.
Heffley, Ira L., card
Healey, R., Blackhead
Hearn, Richard, retd.
Heffrin, Wm., card
Hillier, Minnie, late St. Lawrence
Hicqey, Mrs. Patrick, Victoria Road
Hickey, Miss, care Gen'l Delivery
Howell, Miss Violet, Hayward's Avenue
Holloway, Miss M. L., card
Houlahan, Mrs. Samuel, Gear Street
Hollett, Arthur, Spencer St.
Hussey, Mabel, care Mrs. Weir, Monkstown Road
Harrie, Katie, retd.
Hansem, Sansom, Lime St.
Harvey, Mrs. C. B.
Hart, Mrs. Patrick
Hill, Mrs. Wm.
Hudson, Miss D., Nfld. Clothing Factory

J
Janes, Fred, care Gen'l Delivery
Jacobs, Miss R. Jane, LeMarchant Road
Jackson, Arch, Stephen's Street
Janes, James, retd.
Janes, Mrs. J., Gower St.
Johnson, Mrs. George, George's Street
Jockman, Mrs. Joseph, Water St. West

K K
Kelly, Miss Kitty, New Gower Street
Kahter, C. W., Rink Co.
Kennedy, Miss Francis, Duckworth Street
Keough, Miss Ella, Sebastine Street
Knubon, Alfred
Kehoe, Mrs. Patrick, King's Road
Kearsey, James, Pennywell Road
Kelly, Master Thos., Water Street
King, Lizzie, card, Pleasant Street
Kirkland, Walter, care Gen'l Delivery
Knox, Thomas, Gower St.
Knox, John C.

L
LeMcssurier, Mrs. Alex., care General P. Office
Long, Mrs. Diana, Cabot St.
Loveless, Miss Lizzie, LeMarchant Road

M
Martin, Miss Alice, Queen's Road
Mackie, Michael, care Gen'l Post Office
Mason, Josephine, Jackmarsh Road
Marshall, Wm.
Maher, Nellie, Flower Hill
Martin, Gus., card
Marks, S., care Gen'l Post Office
Marshall, Mrs., card
Meade, Miss Louisa, P. O. Box 23
Morris, Mrs. Roland
Moores, Miss Annie, Bambrick or Barron St.
Morris, Mrs. W., Cochrane Street
Moulton, H., late Pushthrough
Morgan, Wm., card, Barter's Hill
Moor, W. H., care Gen'l Delivery
Mullally, W. E.
Murrin, Maggie, retd.
Murphy, Mary
Maitland, Miss Annie, card
Murphy & Doyle, retd.
Mc
McDonald, H., card
McMillan, A. H., care Gen'l Delivery
McGrath, Mrs. Mary
McWhite, E. R.

N
Newhook, Mrs. Chas., Hamilton Street
Nolan, Patrick
Noonan, E. M.
Noonan, F. J.
Noftell, Mrs. Joseph, Gower Street
Norman, Miss Mary Grace, Prospect St
Norberg, Augustus, Pleasant Street

O
Oakley, Miss Mary, late St. Pierr
O'Neil, Miss P., card, Pope Street
O'Gready, Mrs. Wm., care Gen'l Deliver
O'Neil, Miss Cecilia, McFarlane Stree
Oliver, Mary
O'Rielly, Pauline, retd.
O'Neil, Peter, Blackmarsh Roa

P
Parks, Miss Ada, LeMerchant Rd
Payne, Laura, late Whitbourn
Patey, Richard, care Gen'l P. Offic
Peddle, J. J., care W. C. Jane
Pearce, Mrs. Robert
Peyton, Geo., late Grand Fall
Pennell, Miss Emily, Bell Stre
Pearce, George, Wickford S
Penfold, Wm., care Gen'l P. Offic
Piercey, A., Long P. Road
Pittman, Chas., Water St.
Pynn, Emma, retd.
Power, Mrs. Wm., Carter's Hi
Prowse, Arthur
Power, R., retd.
Power, Miss, Deady's Lan
Prowse, Elizabeth
Perry, Miss C.
Peck, Mrs. Thomas, Cabot Street
Pike, Mrs. A.

Q
Quinlan, Miss Mary, Barnes' Roda

R
Ryan, Enos, Moore St.
Ryan, Mrs., Bannerman House
Ryan, Miss L., Barnes' Rd.
Rendell, Mrs. Carolina, Goodview Street
Rielly, Miss Maggie, late Grand Falls
Ridout, Miss Mary, Circular Road
Ridout, Miss Mary, Alaindale Road
Rice, Andrew, Pong P. Road
Ross, Mrs. M., Torring St.
Rogers, Mrs. Roland, New Gower Street
Roache, Miss L. Ann, Cochrane Street
Roache, Thomas, late Cobalt, Ont.
Rodgers, Enos
Rose, W. D., West End
Ryan, Anthony, Playmouth Road

S
Smallpage, C., care Gen'l P. Office
Sharpe, Miss Annie
Sheppard, Dick, card
Stewart, Elsie, care Mrs. Trapnell, Rennie Mill Road
Stewart, Mrs. D. J.
Sheppard, Mark, New Gower Street
Simmons, Mrs. Ernest, Water Street
Smith, Mrs. Isabella, Circular Road
Shipman, Solomon
Sinclair, Miss Mary, Freshwater Road
Skiffington, John, or family
Skiffington, Mr., Duckworth Street
Soper, Ed., Pennywell Road
Soper, Jos., Pennywell Road
Scott, Fennie, New Gower Street
Strong, Mrs. A., Brazil's Square
Sainsbury, Samuel, late Grand Falls
Snow, Mrs. Lilly, care G. P. O.
Snow, V. H., retd.
Smith, George, retd.
Squires, Mrs. George
Squires, John S.
Squires, B. H.

T
Taylor Charles, Casey's St.
Taylor, Mrs. Katie B.
Taylor, Donald
Taylor, James, late Gen'l Hospital
Tracey, A., retd.
Thistle, Mrs., late Millertown
Tilley, Miss Annie, Rennie Mill Road
Tilley, Miss L. M., card, Bond Street
Tobin, John, slip
Thompson, Rosetta
Trowbridge, H., late Famish Cove
Tolk, Noah, New Gower Street
Trowbridge, Harvey
Tucker, Mrs. E. D., (of Halifax) City
Tucker, Mrs. Wm. G., care Gen'l Delivery

V
Vokey, Miss Jesse, Church Hill
Verge, Miss Mary, Water St.
Vaterman, William, care Thos. Lidstone
Vall, Miss H., Military Rd.
Valsh, John, Long Pond Rd.
Valters, James, card
Vhalen, Mrs., care Colonial Cordage Co.
Valker, Thomas
Vallbank, Mrs., care Gen'l P. Office
Vestbrook, George
Valsh, Miss Katei
Vickem, May, retd.
Vinsor, Wm.
Vhite, Fred
Vhite, Mrs. John, Bannerman St.
Vright, Allan, care Post Office
Vhitten, Mrs. Chas., McFarlane St.
Voodland, Capt. Chas., late Catalina
Vills, John, Brazil's Field
Vhite, Mrs. F., card, Gower Street
Vhalen, Joseph, Fever Hospital
Walsh, Mrs. Margaret, South Side
White, Arthur, retd.
Woodlock, Mary, retd.

Y
Youden, Samuel, Blackmarsh Road
Youden, Rebecca, retd.

Z
Zinear, Mrs. Maud, George's Street

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Brenton, George, schr. Arabia
Breggar, Capt. A., schr. Anita

B
House, Gordon, schr. Bluejacket
Pike, Alfred, schr. Bella Rose
Steed, B., schr. Beatrice May

C
Olsen, John, schr. C. V. Conrad
O'Rielly, Patrick, schr. C. J. Brennan

F
Walsh, John, s.s. Ethie
Cook, Alonzo, schr. Ethie Bess
Jenkins, Obediah, schr. Ermine
Moores, Alex. L., schr. Energy

G
Mason, Joseph, schr. Gertrude L.
Diamond, Francis, schr. Gertrude L.
Pardy, Eli, schr. Gertrude L.
Haynes, Claude, schr. Gertrude L.
Blagdon, Eli G., schr. Grand Falls

H
Miller, Capt. W. A., schr. Helen Stewart
Reve, Capt. E. T., ketch Hero
Muir, Capt. A. D., s.s. Heathcote

I
Green, Robert, schr. Invermay

J
Roach, Joseph, schr. Josephine

L
Ellis, Wm., schr. Lloyd Morris

M
Murphy, Wm., schr. Mary A. Whalen
Flander, Samuel, schr. Montrase
McDonald, D. J., barqt. Maggie

G. P. O., March 28th, 1911.

H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

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New York Corned Beef,
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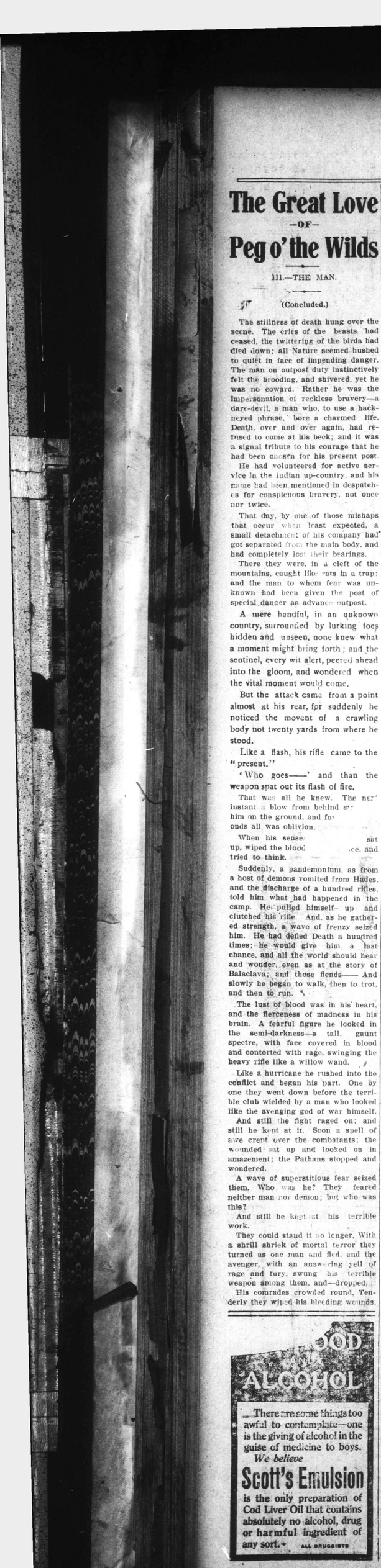

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at $6.20 p
Newfoundland
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IT HAS ROUS
OF THE
"Do you really think" one h
new flour *can* be better than
Madam, there is no doubt
But there is just one way
it yourself.
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a way that you will lose noth
Your grocer will tell you
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WATCH TALK!

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