



Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER IV.

"Wouldn't I?" returned Tulliver, with an ugly laugh. "You'll find out your mistake pretty soon, my darling."

The insolent laugh and the tone of the man's voice quite upset Kelpie's temper.

"Don't dare to call me your darling, you insolent beggar!" she cried. "I hate you!"

She stamped her pretty foot to give emphasis to her words, her black eyes flashing lightning.

Tulliver made a step nearer and held forth both his hands, with a gesture of passionate entreaty.

"What have I done that you should hate me?" he said. "Haven't I been your slave ever since I came to New Castle Light? I'd get down in the dust and let you trample me under your pretty feet if I thought it would make you relent."

"I should only hate you the more," she answered, with blazing scorn. "Go downstairs! Go instantly! Do you hear?"

"I shouldn't be a man if I obeyed you," he answered. "I've been coming and going at your bidding all these months, and this is my reward. You tell me to my teeth that you hate me."

"You have only yourself to blame. You make me hate you. Why can't you let me alone?"

"I've answered that question already. Because I love you."

"You have a poor way of showing your love."

"If I only knew how to show it!" he cried, the look of passionate entreaty coming back to his eyes. "Ah, Kelpie, if I only knew how to please you, how I would consent to teach me, there is nothing I wouldn't be willing to do for your sake."

He came still nearer, his hands extended, his dark features quivering with the mad passion that filled his soul.

Kelpie trembled as she looked at him, but she controlled herself by an almost superhuman effort.

"He's a madman," she said to herself, "and I am in his power. If I let him see that I'm afraid of him, I'm lost. God help me, I don't know what to do."

Tulliver stood watching her, with a smile on his dark, coarse-featured, desperate face, as if he divined her thoughts.

"How pretty you are to-night, Kelpie," he went on suddenly. "Your eyes shine like stars, and your cheeks are the color of the wild roses that bloom in the spring of the year down at Thatcher's Rock. I don't wonder that every man that gets a look at your face falls in love with you. Tom Holland was in love with you, poor fool. That's why I threw him over the parapet just now. I intend to throw that fine city chap over, too, if he ever shows his face at New Castle Light," he added, with a hoarse laugh.

"Will you go below, Tulliver, and put things in order for the night?" said Kelpie quietly. "If not, I'll go myself and leave you to watch the light."

"The light won't need watching, unless you comply with my wish," he replied. "Sit down, sweetheart, and let's come to an understanding. You have kept me in suspense long enough. You'll consent to marry me when the spring opens, won't you?"

minutes ago, and I gave you an answer, Tulliver."

Kelpie's voice was soft and low, and her fair face unsmiling, but her hidden heart, like the sea below, was in a wild commotion.

Tulliver watched her as a cat watches a mouse, a dangerous gleam in his sullen eyes.

"Yes, I know, but you must reconsider the matter. I've made up my mind not to take a refusal."

"You'll take something worse when my grandfather gets back. Let me pass, Tulliver."

He turned swiftly, and, putting out his arm, barred her way.

"No, you can't go down. We must come to an immediate understanding once for all. There's the cap'n's Bible," he added, pointing to a desk standing against the wall. "Come and put your hand on it and promise to marry me."

He turned swiftly, and, putting out his arm, barred her way.

"No, you can't go down. We must come to an immediate understanding once for all. There's the cap'n's Bible," he added, pointing to a desk standing against the wall. "Come and put your hand on it and promise to marry me."

Kelpie did not speak for a moment, glancing toward the desk, upon which lay the lighthouse journal, with an inkstand and two or three cork penholders beside it. A sudden remembrance had flashed across her mind with such lightning-like rapidity that for the moment she quite lost her breath.

Kelpie was in the habit of making the entries in the journal for her grandfather, noting the visits of the inspectors, the coming and going of the keepers, and similar details, for which light task the old keeper paid her a small sum once a week from his own salary, which the girl hoarded away, to be expended when she went with old Janet to one of the neighboring towns. All this is a digression, however, having but little bearing on the point in question.

Glancing toward the desk on which lay the Bible in question, by some subtle connection of ideas, which she will not attempt to analyze, Kelpie recalled a circumstance which for weeks had lain dormant in her mind.

When Carroll Fitzguth, the handsome young stranger previously mentioned, was borne away from the cottage on Thatcher's Rock by his grand old mother and her smart serving man, in the hurry of his sudden departure the young gentleman had left a good many small articles behind him.

A silk handkerchief, marked with his name, and a coat of arms, a book or two, a pocketknife with a pearl handle, and a handsome silver-mounted revolver, which the young aristocrat had obtained through one of the keepers that he might enjoy the sport of shooting at the rabbits, with which the island abounded.

Kelpie, foolish little girl that she was, had treasured all these articles, putting them away with careful hands, to be restored to their owner whenever he should make good his promise and return to Thatcher's Rock. She had even done more than this, blinded by the glamour of her girlish romance.

One autumn day, when accompanied by faithful old Janet, she went over to a neighboring town to lay in some needed comforts for the coming winter, the young girl had indulged in a piece of unparadise extravagance. Fearing that the handsome revolver might get tarnished before the young stranger returned, she decided to make a case for it, and expended more than half of her hoarded earnings for the requisite materials.

She purchased dark-blue velvet, with soft, pink satin for lining, and, having fashioned a pretty case, she embroidered the young man's name and the coat of arms on one side and a delicate spray of wild roses, the color of her own fair cheeks, on the other. It was a pretty, dainty affair, and fancying to herself how the young stranger would be pleased when she gave it to him, Kelpie polished the revolver to a fine lustre, and, putting it in the dainty case, wrapped the whole in a sheet of silver tissue and put it carefully away in a secret drawer of her grand-

father's desk.

Why she should have remembered this so suddenly as she stood confronting her desperate lover we will not undertake to explain, but, like a lightning flash she recalled the fact that the revolver was in the desk, with every chamber loaded, and her sinking heart took courage.

Tulliver stood waiting in the meantime, a dangerous fire kindling in his eyes.

"Well," he said at last; "this grows monotonous. Don't you think it will be more comfortable to come to an understanding? Will you step across to the desk, or shall I bring the Bible to you?"

"I have no need of the Bible," answered Kelpie haughtily.

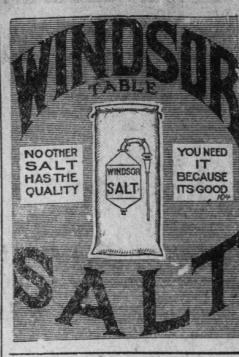
"I fancied you had made up your mind to make the promise I required of you."

"You are mistaken. I have no such intention."

"Very well; you can do as you please, but I shall go up at once and put out the light."

"I can't compel you to marry me," he added, with a terrible laugh, "but we'll die together, at least, all alone in the darkness."

Kelpie shuddered in spite of herself. There was something terribly appalling in the man's determined face and his manner of speaking.



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He turned from her and put his foot on the first step of the stairs that wound up toward the lantern deck. Looking back over his shoulder, with a laugh of fiendish triumph, he demanded, in a mocking voice:

"Well, have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing whatever."

"All right; out goes the light."

He went up, step by step, and for a single instant Kelpie watched him; then she turned and started to the desk.

It was the work of a swift breath of time to open the secret drawer, tear away the silver tissue, and take the revolver from the pretty, perfumed case. In another second she stood at the foot of the stairs, holding the glittering weapon in her right hand.

"Stop!" she called, in a voice that rang like a silver trumpet above the sound of the sea. "I'll shoot you if you attempt to put out the light."

Tulliver looked down with a defiant, devilish face.

"Blaze away as soon as you please!" he shouted, and continued to climb the stairs. He reached the lantern deck and put forth his hand.

Kelpie did not hesitate an instant. Grasping the revolver firmly, she looked upward, raised her hand, and fired. There was a sharp explosion, followed instantly by a hoarse cry, and the next moment Tulliver's body came tumbling down the iron stairs, and fell at Kelpie's feet with a dull thud.

CHAPTER V.

For one dreadful moment Kelpie believed that she had taken her desperate lover's life, yet, despite the awful horror of the situation, she did not regret what she had done.

"I've killed him, but it was my duty to prevent him from putting out the light," was her first thought.

The girl had merely followed the teachings and traditions of her childhood. To keep a "good light," and at all costs and hazards to keep it burn-

ing had been from her earliest recollection the first aim and object of her grandfather's life.

"No matter what happens, or who lives or dies, the New Castle Light the old light keeper say a hundred dead, after all. It will be horrible if times.

It was in obedience to his orders, and in her frantic desire to keep the great light burning, as well as in self-defence, that the brave little girl had taken Tulliver's life.

"I was obliged to do it," she said to herself. "I couldn't let him put out the light, yet it is terrible to see the poor fellow lying there, dead."

Her face grew very white and her eyes dilated with horror as she looked down at the motionless figure lying at her feet.

"Poor Tulliver! I wish I could do something for him," she said aloud, dropping on her knees beside the prostrate man. "Maybe he isn't quite must never go out," she had heard he is. I shall be a murderer, a murderer, all my life long. Oh, what shall I do?"

The poor girl was rousing from the stupor of the sudden shock to a keen realization of the terrible deed she had done.

Tulliver lay doubled up in a heap, his face hidden. She hesitated a moment; then, bending down, took hold of his shoulder and shook him gently.

"Tulliver, Tulliver," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "can't you speak? Are you very much hurt?"

The man did not move or speak. It was dreadful to see him lying there so still and silent in the downward glow of the great, glittering light. Kelpie felt as if she should go mad.

"Oh, he can't be dead!" she cried. "I didn't intend to kill him. Tulliver, Tulliver, can't you speak?"

Seizing hold of the great, strong shoulders, she succeeded in turning the body sufficiently to make the face visible.

(To Be Continued.)

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- 10c; Postage 5c.
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 - "Cruel as the Grave."
 - "Vivia or the Secret of Power."
 - "The Three Beauties."
 - "Only a Girl's Heart."
 - "The Haunted Homestead."
 - "Retribution," "A Husband's Devotion"
 - "The Trail of the Serpent."
 - "The Missing Bride."
 - "The Fortune Seeker."
 - "Victor's Triumph," "A Noble Lord," "Self-Raised," "The Bridal Eve."
 - "The Widow's Son."
 - "Love's Labor Won."
 - "Dorothy Harcourt's Secret."
 - "The Curse of Clifton," "To His Fate," "Nearest and Dearest."
 - "The Lost Hair of Linlithgow."
 - "Little Ned's Engagement."
 - "The Rejected Bride."
 - "A Beautiful Friend."
 - "The Mystery of Raven Rock."
 - "The Unloved Wife."
 - "The Struggle of a Soul."
 - "For Woman's Love," "Ishmael," "India or the Pearl of Pearl River," "Gertrude's Sacrifice."
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Grass and tans in light shades are very much in evidence in the new suits.

Many military collars are seen with lace frills standing up above them.

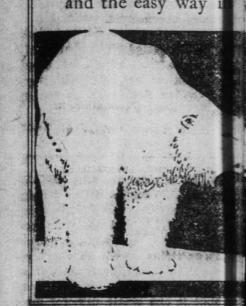
Charming suits are made of tussor pongee, and they are belted and pleated.

Some of the new skirts have soft silk upper skirts—shirred lightly into girldes.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to March 2nd, 1915.

- A**
Adams, Allan
Adams, A. W.
Anderson, Miss M., card, Military Rd.
Antell, Wm. or Willis
Abbott, Mrs. Mark, Cuddihy St.
- B**
Bairst, Jas. Boyd
Blackmore, Pierce
Batterton, Mrs., Brazil's Square
Baron, Miss Maggie, New Gower St.
Barrett, H. M., Mullock St.
Bedcombe, S., Allandale Road
Beech, Almond, Water St. West
Brine, John, care Mrs. Halley
Biggitt, Aaron, Casey St.
Biddiscombe, John
Bishop, Miss Josie
Brayon, Miss A., Bond St.
Bonner, Alfred, Gower St.
Boland, M. F.
Brown, Martin, card, Long's Hill
Bovridge, P. F.
Broadnick, A., Water & Duckworth St.
Butt, William
Bussey, Fred
Butcher, J. W., Brazil's Square
Bastow, Mrs. M., Brazil's Square
- C**
Carew, Michael, Charlton St.
Chafe, Alfred, Torbay Road
Carroll, Miss Josie
Chafe, Miss Lizzie, Freshwater Road
Chafe, Miss Alice
Covey, Mrs. James, Bond St.
Cochrane, Michael, Coot's Pond
Coneyway, Mrs. James, Maxse St.
Conors, Mrs. Jas., card, Barter's Hill
Connor, M., care Gen'l Delivery
Collins, F., Pleasant St.
Collins, Miss M., Gower St.
Colbourne, J. C.
Conolly, Miss May, Signal Hill Rd.
Cuff, Mrs. Gertrude M.
Cochrane, Michael, Coot's Pond
Conley, J., Williams St.
Chesley, William, Adelaide St.
Crouse, Miss Mary
Cole, George, Lyon's Square
- D**
Daniel, Thomas H.
Day, Miss Annie
Davis, Ernest, care Gen'l Delivery
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill
Dooley, Richard
Doran, Plomont, George's St.
Doody, Miss Agnes
Downen, Mrs. Richard
Dunn, Miss Kitty, King's Bridge Rd.
- E**
Evans, Miss Agnes, card, Long's Hill
Evans, George, Cabot St.
Elliott, W. H., late St. George's
Emily, Miss Mrs. Bellows, Queen St.
- F**
Freeman, Miss Violet
Fleming, Mrs. John, Electric Ave.
Forsey, Frank G., Beaumont St.
Forriatal, C. F., Bond St.
Ford, Samuel G.
Foley, Miss M., Springdale St.
Furlong, Mrs. Peter, Cook's St.
- G**
Gale, Miss Irvine, Military Rd.
Galgray, Maurice, card, New Gower St.
Gard
Gresson, Miss Laura B., LeMarchant Rd.
Geange, Blanche, New Gower St.
Green, L., Allandale Rd.
Goss, Silas
Goss, T. T., Signal Corps
Goss, W. T.
Guider, Munday, Victoria St.
Gear, Miss Ellen Jane, Lyon's Square
- H**
Hammond, Miss Annie
Hatcher, Lydia, Gower St.
Hallett, Frederick, Pleasant St.
Harvey, Edward
Harris, Bert B., card
- Hagdon, Mrs.**
Harrigan, Miss Jennie, Carter's Hill
Harris, Miss Elsie, Queen's Road
Hollet, John, late North Hr.
Harvey, W. T.
Halfyard, Miss Lena, King's B. Rd.
Harris, George B.
Harden, Miss Beatrice, 22 — St.
Halley John, Water St.
Hill, Miss M. C., Victoria St.
Hickey, Mrs. Ellen, King's Road
Hookey, Chas. T., Cuddihy St.
Hookey, Master Hubert, Gower St.
Hurley, Miss A., Gower St.
Hunt, Edmund, Gower St.
Hurtin, Mrs. Arthur, Barnes' Rd.
Hurder, John, Water St.
Haan, Miss Rose, Military Road
Hughes, Mrs. John
- I**
Irving, Violet, ret'd.
- J**
Joseph, Abraham, care Gen'l P. Office
James, Mrs. W. J.
Joy, John L., Pleasant St.
- K**
Kavanagh, Chas., care Reid Co'y
Kelly, John, Cabman, West End
Kelly, John F., Bond St.
Kinsman, A., care G.P.O.
Kirby, Mrs. Ellen
Kilcup, D., West End P. Office
King, John
- L**
Lamb, Stanley, Truckman
Layman, Miss Bride, Military Rd.
Layne, Catherine, Mrs.
Lawrence, Mrs. James, Coronation St.
Lawton, A. T.
Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Rd.
Lockyer, Miss Sarah Ann.
LeMarchant Road
Louis, Mary Ann, Springdale St.
Lundrigan, Miss Maggie, Casey St.
Lurren, Miss Alice, Brazil's Square
- M**
Marshall, H. G.
Martin, A. A.
Martin, Mrs. Thos.
Maher, J. P.
Manuel, Miss A. Maud, Flavin's St.
Mallard, Mrs. Patrick
Major, Mrs. Brookmill, Road
Mandevilla, Mrs. Ellie.
Rennie's Mill Road
Marchant, Miss C., care T. Windsor, Hayward Avenue
- Maher, Sadie B.**
Martin, Eric, late Halifax
Mercer, John, New Gower St.
Mylor, Mrs. Wm., 2 — St.
Miller, Miss Jennie, Morgan St.
Mitchell, Bernham L.
Miller, Wm., Newtown Road
Mickmide, John, Water St.
Moore, John
Morgan, Miss Ethel, New Gower St.
Moore, Robt. (bro. of Will),
Molloy, Miss E., New Gower St.
Moore, Jos., Parade St.
Mugford, J., late Birkenhead
Murphy, H. T., Water St.
Mullins, Arthur, late Greenspond
Mercer, J., care Stafford's
- Mc**
MacKenzie, Miss, Ordnance St.
McWhiter, Walter, Hamilton St.
McVey, Mrs. Reta, New Gower St.
McGrath, John, Pennywell Rd.
McLeod, Don
McGrath, K. McKenzie
- N**
Newton, Mrs. Peter
Nelson, J. S.
Norman, Miss Minnie
Noseworthy, W., Cabot St.
Noseworthy, Mrs. S., slip, Dicks' Sq.
Norman, Miss Minnie, Water St.
Noseworthy, Miss Carrie, Livingstone Street
Noseworthy, Miss May, Prospect St.
Norman, Miss Minnie, Water St.
- O**
Oakley, Wm., LeMarchant Rd.
Oake, Miss Agnes
Oakley, James
O'Neill, P. J.
Oliver, Janet, George's St.
Oliver, Reuben, Stephen's St.
O'Connor, J.
- P**
Parford, C.
Parrell, Wm., Mt. Scio
Parsons, Mrs. Wm., Coronation St.
Peters, David
Philpen, Miss Sophie, Water St.
Pierce, A.
Pitcher, C., Lime St.
Pollett, Miss Maud, Pleasant St.
Powell, Mrs. John, Flower Hill (97)
Pollett, Miss L., Theatre Hill
Power, Miss Nellie, Long's Hill
Powers, Mrs. Lawrence, George's St.
Purchase, Miss Maggie.
Pike, Mrs. Thomas, Cabot St.
- R**
Ryan, Miss Maggie, Fairview House
Ryan, Mike
Raines, Master J., Care Gen'l P. Office
Randell, Miss Selma, LeMarchant Rd.
Rendell, Thomas, Flower Hill
Reid, Miss Mary E., Theatre Hill
Rees, Miss Jessie, Livingstone St.
Rees, Miss Jessie, F., Duckworth St.
Rowe, Wm., Gill St.
Robinson, Lieut. F., Good St.
Roberts, Bert
Roberts, Miss Lizzie
Roche, P. J.
Russell, Mrs., care Mrs. Bearn's, Allandale Road
Randell, Mrs. James, Prescott St.
- S**
Saunders, Wm., George's St.
St. Croix, Mrs. Margaret, late Grand Falls
Sparkes, E. C., St. John's West
Saint, Gerlie, Pleasant St.
Sealey, Miss Sarah E., P. T. Home
Smith, W. J.
Simms, John, Summerlea
Smith, Mr., Bank
Simms, H. J.
Smith, Allen
Shortall, Stan., Water St., care G.P.O.
Strong, Mr.
Strong, Cerial, card
Short, Joshua, Cabot St.
Squires, Miss Stella, ret'd.
Stickland, Nurse, Water St.
- T**
Taylor, Miss Stella
Taylor, Miss M., Barnes' Road
Taylor, Miss Bessie M.
Taylor, Mrs. Wm., Gower St.
Tilley, Henry J., Duckworth St.
Thistle, Mrs. John, Bond St.
Thorne, Miss Elsie, Lime St.
Tobin, Miss Bride, Gower St.
Thomas, Miss Sarah, George's St.
Tucker, Robert, Signal Hill Road
Tuller, Mrs. A. T., Pilot's Hill
Tobin, Miss Bride, Gower St.
- W**
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road
Waddleton, Miss Kitty,
Ward, Mrs. H. Forsey, Young St.
Wyatt, Joseph, card
Ward, Mrs. Chas. Keah
Walsh, Miss Annie, Gower St.
Ward, Mrs. Thos., Signal Hill
Waters, Richard, George's St.
Waterman, Miss Margaret, Water St.
Warner, A. E., Hamilton Street
Walsh, Robert, Mount Scio
Wiseman, Miss Sarah, George's St.
Winter, H. O., care G.P.O.
Whiteford, Miss Mary, Military Road
Wills, Mrs. George
White, Robert
White, John, Gower St.
Wilson, Jim, Theatre Hill
Woodford, Miss Elsie B., Forest Rd.
H. J. B. WOODS,
Postmaster General.

THE MOS... feature of the POLAR... white, which... whiteness of its sur... regions. The snow... ever, is not whiter... SUNLIGHT... The beauty of SUNLIGHT... and the easy way i...



Notes on Patri... GRAND

When going ashore at Grand Bank one of the men in the boat remarked that "Grand Bank was the Gloucester of Newfoundland"; and we have spent twelve days there, and have noted its trade and commerce, and studied its commercial conditions, and are quite satisfied to accept the statement at its face value. Grand Bank truly prosperous, and the foundation of its prosperity is directly attributable to the enterprise of its leading men and to the perseverance and industry of the people generally. There are very many beautiful homesteads, many of which are fitted with the most modern and up-to-date sanitary appliances; and while they display a good taste along architectural lines, they likewise display the same good sense in the matter of comfort and domestic economy.

Amongst the names which have built up Grand Bank and which are present hold a foremost place are those of—Harris and Buffett, Pater and Forsey, Forward, Tibbo, Beck, Bell, Grandy, Foote, and Hyde. We were shown through Mr. Harris' premises, and we found it to be very extensive, and noticed that the various departments were all well stocked with first-class goods. We also noticed that the other shops presented a similar appearance, all of which are the tale of comfort, success, and prosperity. We did not exactly enquire as to the total of Grand Bank's business, but we should certainly think that it should pass two million dollars annually. This trade is largely conducted upon a direct cash basis, which doubt means a further asset to the prosperity of the place.

The educational requirements of Grand Bank are well provided for, as the school buildings are very comfortable and spacious. I had the honor of addressing the five departments of the Methodist School, and was well received by the teachers in charge, namely, Mr. Curtis and Misses Patten, Bell and Hyde. All the teachers belong to the place, but they had a large experience in teaching elsewhere. The two departments of the S. A. School are in charge of Misses Barter, daughters of our expected townsman, Mr. Jonas Barter. Of all the schools visited the Methodist Barter's was the only one that presented a visitors' registry, hence, the following entry was made:—Thursday, January 28th: "Visited the school at 10 a.m. to-day, and found

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