

THE TWO MORTONS.

Dolly is the most maddening, tantalizing, perverse and charming—I might as well admit it; you'd soon have found it out— young woman of my acquaintance. I've been in love with her for five years, and it's a wonder my hair isn't white; sometimes I think it is turning gray; but when I spoke to Dolly about it she said I was not to bother. Ah! that's where Dolly hurt, and she knows it; for I am fifteen years older than she is, and when that willful young woman wishes to be particularly cruel she treats me with respect. I know that among my friends I am considered to have fairly good sense; I can talk rationally on most subjects, and I stand well enough in my profession, at least enabling me to keep my head above water. But when I'm with Dolly, or in her presence, I'm an ass, a driveling, foolish ass. A lunatic from an asylum would be a brilliant conversationalist compared to me. And, alas! Dolly knows that, too, and she torments me and makes life an unutterable burden to me. I start to make a sensible remark, when suddenly I meet Dolly's eye; then I stumble and say the wrong thing, and she will remark, 'Do you really think that?' with such a wicked look in her beautiful blue eyes, while I don't think at all, but have just said it. And so it goes on until I wonder sometimes if I am quite right. When we go to dances—I say we, for I'm always there if I know she is going—things are a little worse than usual, for Dolly dances past me with (ads of men, and I stand about the wall watching her. She never will give but two dances to me, so I have nothing to do in the meantime but watch her. One night I was desperate. I had sent her violets as usual—she is particularly fond of them, and most of my money goes that way. Sometimes she wears them, and often carries them, but this night they were nowhere to be seen, and in her hand was one large red rose. I went up to her; appearing to be sorry to see me was the particular form of torture which commended itself to her on this special night. 'You here!' she said, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment and without a smile; all put on, of course, because I'm always where she is. 'O, no, I'm not here; I'm somewhere else,' I said, wittily. She laughed immoderately. 'You're—so—funny,' she remarked, choking. 'Yes,' said I, severely, 'I suppose I am funny, very funny. But where are my violets?' 'Why, had you—any—violets?' said she. 'I didn't know—about it—I know. She said it seriously, but there was a look in her eyes that I was used to; I'd have liked to shake her. 'Dolly, you know exactly what I mean; where are my violets?' 'If you mean the violets you sent me,' she replied, with dignity, 'I understood that after they left you they belonged to me; do you want them back?' This frecklingly. 'Oh, Dolly, I said, reduced once more to my usual condition of astiminy, 'I didn't mean it dear; I don't want the—I beg your pardon, of course, I don't want them; I only wanted you to wear or carry them, you know darling.' But she saw that she had the best of me, so she carried things with a high hand. 'The rose was sent me by a friend—she hesitated—and I suppose I have a right to wear what I please. But sit down; don't stand so long; you'll be tired?' This was an allusion to my age, and it maddened me. 'You are exceedingly rude!' I said, turned away and leaving her. It was the most severe speech I had ever made to Dolly, and I suffered at the thought of it. For four days I didn't go near her or send her violets once. It was an awful four days; I never slept nor ate, but just reviled myself as a fool for becoming estranged from the only woman in the world. In my despair I even went so far as to take Jane Hunt to a dance where Dolly was sure to see us, and she did. And when I passed her she looked over my head with her small nose in the air; I wish Miss Hunt was in—well, somewhere else—that I might rush over to Dolly, throw myself at her feet—and kiss them! Yes, I acknowledge that I have often wished that. Finally I wrote her, fully conscious that it was a very silly letter, wherein I told her I was nearly angry at myself for not knowing she cared for red roses, and I sent three dozen. The answer I received was characteristic: 'You are a silly old goose, and if you had only waited until I finished what I was saying you would have discovered that you sent the rose yourself with the violets. I don't care at all for red roses.' By which token I learned, not that Dolly was repentant, but that her violets had faded and she wanted more. So I sent them, hundreds of them, hoping that willful and fascinating young woman would be appeased. But the greatest of my misfortunes has yet been set down. There was another young man, an acquaintance and admirer of Dolly's, with exactly the same name as myself—Richard Morton. I, of course, had taken a huge dislike to him; in fact, I hated him (for Dolly once remarked that he was a nice fellow), and I don't think he had an extraordinary affection for me. We were not related; I was glad of that. A few days after I had been such a cad to Dolly I called upon her, and, heaven favoring me, I found her alone. 'Dolly, dearest,' I began; 'I am so sorry—' 'Don't,' she said; 'that incident is closed. There are so many nicer things to talk about. Jane, for instance.'

I shivered; I was about to be punished. 'Is she moor?' said I. 'What do you really think of her?' said Dolly, with rather an anxious look. I thought; but of course I was mistaken. 'O, she's a very good girl, very good,' with a desperate desire to make Dolly jealous if I could, which I couldn't. 'Is she?' Dolly teased her head. 'Well, Mr. Morton, do you want to know what I think she looks like?' The 'Mr. Morton' was ominous; I shivered again. 'I can't imagine,' said I, lightly, thinking how very pretty Dolly was with that pink spot in each cheek. 'I think she looks like a cook!' she declared, triumphantly, while I, inwardly agreeing, protested. 'O, Dolly, a cook?' 'Yes,' she went on spitefully, 'and not even like a good cook?' 'Dolly! Not like a bad cook?' 'Yes,' she went on, like a very poor cook! 'I was obliged to laugh; I couldn't help it. 'Splendid! What she'd make?' said I, not meaning to rouse Dolly. But suddenly she turned and said the most terrible thing to me that she'd ever said since I'd known her. 'Then you'd better marry her!' This from Dolly! 'O, I began, but she was gone, and there nothing for me to do but to pick up my hat and go, which I did, calling myself a beast and a brute as I went. That night when leaving the theatre we happened to meet a moment. She was radiant and cornful. 'Dolly,' I said, resolving not to notice the contretemps of the afternoon, 'with whom are you going to dance the cotillon at the Terry's to-morrow night?' 'With Mr. Morton,' she answered, sweetly. 'What a dear you are! I was afraid you'd promise somebody else.' And then she laughed. With the pleasant, agreeable Mr. Morton, she continued, 'who never says the wrong thing.' And then I knew she meant the other one! I'm afraid I said a bad word; her mocking laugh followed me in the darkness, and echoed in my dreams that night. I wished I had never seen her—and took it back immediately. I debated a long time within myself whether or not I should go to the Terry's but, as usual, ended by going. I could dance stag and take Dolly out, and—lovely idea—perhaps she would take me out! Then as I thought of the way I had left her the night before this beautiful hope faded. What would she want with a brute like me? I never saw her look better than that night at the Terry's dance; she was in white, which best became, and she seemed to me like an angel. And that fellow Norton looked pretty well too, I had to admit to myself that he was rather a well appearing chap. Mrs. Floyd Hopkins, who aspires to be something of a belle herself, stood for a moment and followed the direction of my glance. 'Miss Dalrymple is looking particularly well this evening,' she said—a very gracious speech, indeed, for her. 'Very!' I replied, having sense enough left not to discuss Dolly with a woman. 'But what an awful flirt!' she went on. This left me gasping. 'And engaged, I understand, to Mr. Morton all the time.' 'Who said it?' I asked, hoarsely. Dolly engaged and to that—cad—with my name. 'Oh, everybody says so,' and then she looked at me with such an unpleasant smile. 'That's your name, too, isn't it?' 'Yes, I believe it is,' I said, brilliantly, moving away from her. Dolly engaged I couldn't grasp the full significance of it; the thought left me dazed and bewildered. This very night should decide it. I would go to her and ask if there were any truth in it. Just then she came toward me as if she were going to take me out, but something in my face must have stopped her. 'What is the matter?' she asked, turning a little white. 'Dolly,' I said, stertly, 'will you give me the first two dances after supper?' 'Of course, if you want them; but won't you dance now?' I never saw Dolly so meek before. 'No,' I answered, almost roughly, 'not now.' She left me with a strange look on her sweet face. It seemed centuries until supper; I tried to think of what I should say to her, but my mind was in such a chaotic state that I decided to depend on the inspiration of the moment. At last supper was over, and I found her, tucked her arm in mine, and marching off to a quiet nook, put her in the only seat, and stood accusingly before her. 'Dolly,' I began, 'look at me!' This she did, a little timidly, I thought, and I almost forgot what I was going to say in the joy of looking at her. 'My darling,' I went on, 'I have loved you so long, so well, and hoped that in the course of years you might come to care for me—she dropped her eyes; just then I remembered that horrible gasp—but to-night, Dolly, I heard something that turned my heart to stone.' 'What was it?' she asked. 'That you were engaged to—' 'Who?' breathlessly. 'Morton,' I gasped; 'that wretched, cad—' 'Stop!' she said, with dignity. 'Tell me—you shall!' I grasped her wrists, I felt so? 'It had been any woman in the world'

but Dolly! I should have said she was embarrassed. She actually blushed. 'No,' she said, slowly; 'it is not so; but—' Her hands went up and covered her face. Heaven! suppose she should cry! 'But what?' I insisted, cruelly; 'you're not engaged to him, but you're in love with him?' She took her hands away, and her face was very red; if it had not been such a serious moment I should have said she had been laughing. 'Mr. Morton has never asked me to be his wife; if he does—I shall—' I was beside myself. 'And if he does?' I hissed. 'I shall say yes—very softy. A terrible silence ensued; the earth was sinking beneath my feet. 'You love this Mr. Morton?' I asked, sharply. And then the very queerest thing in the world happened. Dolly's face whitened a little as she rose and put out her hand. 'Yes, you old goose,' she said, 'I love this Mr. Morton.' It didn't take me long to gather Dolly into my arms. The next five minutes are not to appear in this narrative. 'Dolly,' said I, blissfully, 'did you ever know such a stupid old fool as I am?' 'Never in all my life,' said the sweetest of girls, her voice coming from the vicinity of my coat collar. 'And do you suppose that woman meant me when she told me that gossip, my darling?' 'Of course she did,' said the voice. 'And I'm glad she did; I don't believe you'd ever have asked otherwise.' My answer would not look well on paper. 'Do you know, Dick, that you never have asked me before?' And when I came to think of it I never had.—'The Folks at Home.'

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BORN.

- Turo, Feb. 4, to the wife of Dr. Langille, a son. Aylesford, Jan. 22, to the wife of Chas. Lutes, a son. Amherst, Feb. 5, to the wife of E. Hewson, a son. Pictou, Feb. 2, to the wife of Angus Falconer, a son. Kent Co., Feb. 4, to the wife of Daniel McLeod, a son. Aylesford, Jan. 11, to the wife of James Cochran, a son. Turo, Feb. 3, to the wife of James LeCain, twin boys. New Glasgow, Jan. 30, to the wife of Jas. McLean, a son. Farrabro, Feb. 4, to the wife of Cap. J. Llewellyn, a son. Springhill, Feb. 4, to the wife of James Armstrong, a son. Freeport, Feb. 4, to the wife of Dr. M. Armstrong, a son. Burlington, Jan. 29, to the wife of Ephraim Gould, a son. Bridgewater, Feb. 6, to the wife of George Jodrey, a daughter. Bridgewater, Feb. 1, to the wife of C. O. Foss, a daughter. Turo, Feb. 5, to the wife of H. Sutherland, a son. Sackville, N. B., to the wife of A. C. Smith, a daughter. Springhill, Feb. 6, to the wife of James Urquhart, a daughter. Berwick, Jan. 19, to the wife of Ernest Condon, a daughter. Aylesford, Feb. 4, to the wife of James Gookey, a son. Aylesford, Feb. 2, to the wife of M. Crocker, a daughter. Morden, Feb. 8, to the wife of Robert McFarley, a daughter. Shelburne, Feb. 9, to the wife of D. Cunnigham, a daughter. Kingston, Jan. 9, to the wife of Richard Edwards, a daughter. Springhill, Feb. 6, to the wife of Alfred Johnson, a daughter. Shediac, Feb. 5, to the wife of Jacob L. Boudreau, a daughter. Truroville, Jan. 30, to the wife of Roger Chapman, a son. Springhill, Feb. 2, to the wife of Hugh McEsker, a daughter. Lower Stewiack, Feb. 5, to the wife of Luther Dickie, a son. Pictou county, Jan. 26, to the wife of J. W. McLean, a daughter. Fall River, Mass., Feb. 9, to the wife of Simon Fraser, a daughter. Springhill, Feb. 5, to the wife of William McDonald, a daughter. Jamaica Plain, Mass., Jan. 29, to the wife of Wm. J. Weigmann, a daughter.

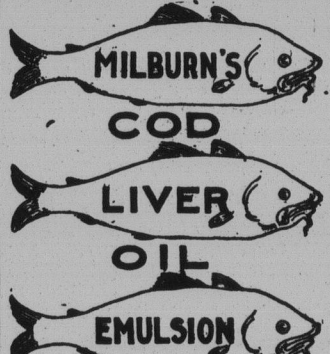
MARRIED.

- Digby, Feb. 3, by Rev. Mr. Harley, Wm. Snow to Blanche Bent. Hammond Plains, by Rev. E. Dixon, J. Jones, jr., to Lizzie Goggin. Yarmouth, Jan. 20, by Rev. F. E. Bishop, Wm. Martin to Lillie Erics. Springhill, Feb. 2, by Rev. D. Wright, Daniel East to Cassie McDonald. Bridgewater, Feb. 5, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Jacob Conrad to Ada Elton. Shelburne, Jan. 26, by Rev. John Phibbs, Jonathan S. Perry, to Ida DeMings. Tangle, Feb. 9, by Rev. Adam Currie, James A. Zeller to Laurela Lawlor.

Halifax, Feb. 8, by Rev. A. C. Crute, Mary A. G. Roseway to Arthur Milroy. Glasgowville, Feb. 2, by Rev. J. K. Bearstie, Walter S. Thom to Margaret Currie. Springhill, Jan. 31, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, George A. Berry to Armesa Rushton. Digby, Jan. 29, by Rev. Wm. Phillips, Charles Wm Higgins to Margaret Williams. Lunenburg, Feb. 2, by Rev. J. A. Hart, Jas. R. Laug, to Hannah E. Redmond. Ardenia, Feb. 3, by Rev. F. R. Foster, Mr. Ernest Remson to Miss Isabel Kinsey. Bridgewater, Jan. 29, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, Isiah D. Cook to Mand Hebb. Lunenburg, Feb. 2, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Joseph Waigle to Lillie Maad Bates. Moncton, Feb. 7, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, Father Labbe, to Coree S. Lezer to Emma Spater. Springhill, Jan. 12, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Abner H. Atkinson to Maggie S. McLeod. Gorham, N. B., Jan. 6, by Rev. A. F. Litch, Wm. bar A. Small to Sadie M. Nichols. Shediac, Feb. 1, by Rev. D. Drummond, Charles D. McLeod, to Mary J. Soularorie. Fort Millard, Feb. 2, by Rev. E. Crowe, I. M. A., George M. Chase to Alice M. Perry. Boston, Jan. 17, by Rev. J. A. Paisley, Murdoch Sutherland to Miss Catherine McLean. North Bangor, Feb. 8, by Rev. H. A. Devor, Mr. Bruce Haight to Miss Anna Martinson. New Glasgow, Feb. 3, by Rev. Arch Bowman, Daniel H. McDonald to Margaret Hale. Clarks Harbor, Feb. 9, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Mrs. H. Mrs. Jan. 10, James A. F. Litch, Wm. bar A. Small to Sadie M. Nichols. Fort Millard, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. bez Appleby, Judson A. Clement, to Abbie F. Crosby. Aulch, Feb. 9, by Rev. Edward Ansell, Peter Clise Boudet to Rev. Beatrice Ballam. Bear River, Feb. 8, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, Mr. Henry F. Shaw to Miss Be. L. S. Benson. Dorchester Mass., Jan. 28, by Rev. F. Hutchinson, Thomas C. D. Barry, to Eleanor S. Creed. Middle Mt. Quebec, Feb. 9, by Rev. Edwin Smith, George H. McPartridge to Bertha Reid. Salmon River, Halifax, Jan. 27, by Rev. McLeod Harvey, Thomas M. Salcan, to Lucy Smiley.

DIED.

- Halifax, Susan A. McCall. Moncton, George Whittecol, 14. Canart, Jan. 15, Joshua Eli, 96. Falmouth, Jan. 23, Levi Aker, 62. Amherst, Feb. 25, George Black, 76. Shelburne, Feb. 2 H. W. Crowe, 75. Dartmouth, Feb. 8, Hattie Borden, 2. Halifax, Feb. 8, Joseph C. Cramp, 66. Halifax, Feb. 7, Mrs. Mary Deasy, 82. Waterville, Jan. 17, Daniel Fraser, 60. St. John, Feb. 12, Nettie Pidgeon, 23. Guysboro, Jan. 28, Richard Wilcox, 69. Springhill, Feb. 9, George F. Brant, 67. New York, Jan. 17, Jacob G. Winer, 78. Yarmouth, Feb. 6, Mrs. Thomas Doane. St. John, Feb. 12, Mabel A. Robson, 21. Kempville, Jan. 12, Josiah H. Wood, 39. New Glasgow, Feb. 7, James Rog, 50. Pictou, Feb. 7, Louise F. Henderson, 51. Shelburne, Jan. 31, Mrs. Daniel Wentzell. Lower Economy, Jan. 28, Mrs. McCabe, 66. Minnepit, 14, Miss, Jan. 29, David Walker. Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 10, James Ashley, 42. Shelburne, Jan. 31, Mrs. Danila Wentz, 1, 65. Rhode Island, Feb. 4, William M. McKenzie, 83. Central Argyt, Feb. 5, Mr. Solomon Byder, 78. Shubenscade, Feb. 7, Marion M. Hopkinson, 5. Bible Hill, Truro, Feb. 2, Maggie Jane Reid, 25. Misus River, Kent Co., Feb. 7, Moses Ward, 84. Sheburne, Feb. 9, Eleanor A. Watson, 65. Digby, Feb. 5, Mrs. Edward Hamblin Spiper, 82. London, Kan., Jan. 25, Henry Hexiliah Cogswell. Wyanouth, Feb. 2, infant son of Charles Thibean. Montague Gold Mines, Feb. 7, Joan Whiston, 95. South Farmington, Feb. 2, Alexander Patterson, 90. Weymouth, Jan. 28, Zilpha, wife of Henry Grant, 70. McLennan's Mountain, Jan. 31, Duncan McDonald 65. West Quoddy, Halifax, Jan. 31, Miss Annie Hart-ling, 73. Bro. Kild, Colchester, Jan. 29, Thomas A. Brenton, 55. Shelburne, Jan. 25, Alice G. wife of Andrew Deane, 52. Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 3, Mary, wife of E. M. Kelley. Newellton, Shelburne Zilpha, wife of Capt. Thomas Kelly, 73. Truro, Feb. 6, Maudie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Archibald. Yarmouth, Jan. 10, Fariet R. widow of Captain Prince Kelly, 58. Edget's Landing, Feb. 10, Addie, daughter of Edward F. Steeves. Mapleswood, Mass., Feb. 7, Henrietta H. wife of Richard A. Saunders. Wentworth, Jan. 29, Louella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noble Smith, 1. St. Croix, Jan. 25, Charles Gerald, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miner, 2. Bridgewater, Feb. 4, Alice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. McLean. Moncton, Feb. 10, Justine, widow of the late Edward L. Ricuards, 70. Kempton, Jan. 17, Justina J. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Fortun. Harmony, Feb. 2, Clesie Alice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Crowell, 14. Shelburne, Jan. 25, Benie Allor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Tobin, 15. Halifax, Feb. 10, Daisy Winifred daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Schwartz. South Boston, Feb. 5, Frances A. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. with nearly 600 annulars. Lower Clark's Harbor, Feb. 1, Orrow L. infant son of William Newell, 14 months. Lower Canard, Jan. 15, Murk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Messenger, 3 years.



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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Piquette, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 13.10 Express for Sussex..... 15.30 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.30 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 4.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 13.30 Express from Halifax..... 16.00 Express from Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.3 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.2 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

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