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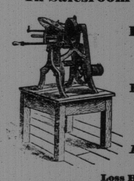

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**Engines, Boilers, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines Lath Machines,** Turbine Wheels, Saw-filers, School Desks, Fence Railings, Crestings, Church and Fire Bells, Bone Mills, Steam Pumps, Emery Wheels, Governors, Copperine, Portable Forges, etc.

***Boiler Shop and Foundry Burned March 27th, But both shops in operation again.***

**Loss Heavy but Health and Pluck Left Yet!**

**Send Along Your Orders and Remittances and Thus Help Us Out and Up.**

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

**—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—**

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

**AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.**

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

**ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.**

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts. 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

**GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.**

## Livery and Boarding Stables,

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Horses Boarded on Reasonable Terms.

**Horses and Carriages on Hire. Fine Fit-outs at Short Notice.**

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Night calls promptly attended to.
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**GERARD G. RUEL,**
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GENERAL Commission and Financial Agent. Real estate, bought, sold, leased and exchanged. Mortgages negotiated, money loaned or borrowed on safe security, either real or personal. Bonds and stocks bought and sold.

**DR. H. C. WETMORE,**
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**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE**

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC AND RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR AND WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

**EVERY MAN** Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these Pills. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

**EVERY WOMAN** should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

**YOUNG MEN** should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

**YOUNG WOMEN** should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing
*THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.*
*Brockville, Ont.*

**MONEY** can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new land, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**THE New Brunswick Electric Co.**

**Arc and Incandescent Lights all day, all night.**
**Incandescent Lights either by Meter or Contract.**

Our meters are all direct reading and may be tested by the consumer at any time. A perfect service guaranteed and a perfect Light.

**GEO. F. CALKIN,**
**Gen. Mgr.**

BIG G. Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to stricture. Acknowledged by leading medicals the most obstinate cases of all unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00. Mfd only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark.

**NOW FOR BUSINESS!**

Spring and Summer, 1891.

**JAS. S. MAY & SON,**
**MERCHANT TAILORS,**
(Domville Building,)
**Prince William Street.**

Beg to announce that they are receiving their new spring stock, consisting of

**West of England and Scotch Suitings, Diagonals, Pant Goods and Overcoatings.**

These goods are from the best markets, and we are prepared to offer our customers and the public generally good value for their money. Prices subject to 10 per cent. for net cash. Samples sent by mail.

**WILKINS & SANDS**
**266 UNION ST.,**
**PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL**
**PAINTING.**

Those of our patrons who can conveniently have their work done early will find it to their advantage to place their orders at once and avoid the spring rush.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR FAMILY USE.**

**FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.**

**NOTICE TO BUILDERS.**

The Best and Cheapest place to get your Doors, Window Frames, Sashes, Shutters, Blinds, Moulding, Clapboards, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring, Matched Sheathing, and all kind of House Finish is at

**W. N. DeWITT,**
**Celebration Street, St. John, N. B.**
*All orders promptly attended to.*

**CAFE ROYAL,**
**Domville Building,**
**Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets**
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY
*Pool Room in Connection.*
**WILLIAM CLARK.**

**$3000** A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year, in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, which you can earn that amount. No money for the undertaking. You need not be away from home over one hour a day. You can devote your entire time to the business and make from $3000 to $5000 a year. Many have already taught and provided with employment, some of whom were total strangers to me, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE.**
**WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.**

Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6") with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MALL,
Commissioner.


# VAMPIRES.

**BY JULIEN GORDON,**

*Author of "A Diplomat's Diary," "A Successful Man," etc.*

CHAPTER I.

He used to sit opposite to me at table in my boarding-house. His head was about the only bit of color at the table, and, in fact, in the dun-colored room itself. All the other people were dun-colored, like the apartment. There was old lantern-jawed, slab-sided Miss Hodgson, with her congested complexion, who tramped in upon wide noisy feet which, after she had seated herself, she displayed on either side of her chair in their full upturned heelless ugliness. It was a joke among the other boarders to discuss which had the greater appetite,—Miss Hodgson or poor Paton himself. Then there was the plump married woman whose husband was a commercial traveller and always on the road. This husband was a man of an energy and push which presupposed speedy advancement and final success. He had a breezy personality which was not unpleasant, and laughed uproariously at Miss Hodgson's caustic onslaughts, abetting her particularly when she directed her missiles upon the clergyman who sat next to him, for he had the secret contempt men of action always entertain for men of thought. He would, no doubt, have been surprised if any one had told him with what a sense of respite one turned away from the stream of his restless, flustered, wife and shallow conversese to take heart and breath in the narrow, dark, cool, if somewhat stagnant, channels of the clergyman's quiet talk.

His brief apparitions at the boarding-house were emphasized to his wife—he seemed ardently attached to her—by an added flower in her bonnet, a visit to some popular play, and a drive around the Park in a buggy hired from a neighboring livery-stable, with their daughter Clara wedged in between them. Clara, the only young thing in the house, was a pallid, long-legged, clever child, who, having eaten liquorice all the afternoon, usually came to the table still smeared and soiled from the debauch, and filled the meal-time by fretting to be allowed to leave, or by making men and pigs out of bread-paste. She was a good deal noticed by the women, and was the landlady's especial idol: in fact, I believe the liquorice was a fervent expression of this lady's fancy. Her mother's mild reprimands were of no avail whatever, unless indeed to exasperate Miss Hodgson, who had no patience with any form of human weakness, and would, under her breath, advise "a severe trouncing." Then there were the faded girl and the physician who waltzed together in the parlor at night (one can scarcely dignify it with the name of drawing-room) and were supposed to be on the eve of an engagement. Clara's mother took great interest in this love-affair, and played the "Allez toujours" waltz for them every evening from nine to ten. The girl's father was a broken-down lawyer, of whom it was reported that he owed the landlady several month's board and was only kept on sufferance because his wife had been some distant relative of hers. He was a sad-looking man of fifty, who rarely spoke and never smiled. He ate sparingly, as if conscious that his food was not paid for. There was about his figure that resigned trustfulness suggestive of one who has long done with agreeable hopes. Despair in calm.

Then there was the young widow in limp bombazine, who was not entirely ungraceful and had even some pretensions to beauty. Her complexion was sadgrk and rich, and she sometimes relieved the sobriety of her dismal garments with a red rose at her bosom. She also seemed not entirely averse to such scant scraps of homage as could be gleaned from the gentlemen when she floated in and out to her meals. It was evident that Miss Hodgson regarded her with distrust and profound disapproval; her very black seemed an impertinence, an unblushing advertisment of past pleasure which might have been reprehensible and should never have been sanctioned and encouraged by the law. Had she been lachrymose or melancholy, Miss Hodgson would undoubtely have found opportunity to rebuke her for being hysterical, maewkish, and sentimental. But the fact that she retained some of the juices of life in her and had an evident craving for human companionship and appreciation disposed the acrid old maid to look upon her as certainly light and probably loose.

Then there was the clergyman whom I have mentioned, whom the parishioners at an up-town chapel called "Father," and who wore strange ecclesiastical garments and a large black cross depending from his thin throat. He had a long, rather intellectual face, looked like one to whom necessities were superfluities, was gentle of manner and speech. When he first came to the table he always said a silent grace, which occupied fully five minutes, and was watched sharply by little Clara, over whom he seemed to exert some peculiar fascination,—probably because he was the only person at the table who never noticed her. In fact, his eyes seemed always looking beyond his surroundings upon some clear and pleasant vision. He seemed like one who had conquered the first aridities of self-renunciation. To me there was a charm in his dim mediæval figure, something quaint, almost gothic, cast upon the garish back-ground, the crude modernity of our environment, and I found myself furtively watching his pale fingers as he clasped them to return thanks for his spare meal. They seemed to my imagination to assume involuntarily the indistinct outlines of the pointed arch.

It was next to him, and vis-a-vis to me, that Paton sat. All the women in the house, were more or less epris with the young person,—those at least who did not secretly envy Mis Gooden the undivided attentions of her physician,—but Paton they treated without accentuation, almost with contempt. Clara was saucy to him always, although he tried hard to make friends with her, constructing rabbits for her with painstaking care out of his handkerchief, and giving her at dessert allhis own portion of nuts and raisins. She laughed at the rabbits and ate the nuts and raisins, but she generally addressed him by the descriptive appellative of "Red-top." "Hallo, Red-top!", she would cry down the stairs at him. Then he would run after her as if to catch her skirts, but with loud derision she invariably managed to evade him.

His hair was very red. It curled all over his round head tightly, and one could not but feel how pretty it would have been on the head of a painted cherub or a living infant. His small gray eyes had a merry twinkle in them as well as a great fund of patience and of kindness. His turned-up nose was conscientiously inquisitive, his round face bright with ruddy health. His queer wide mouth was as fresh as a cherry, and his teeth—well, poor Paton had this one beauty—such teeth!—white, regular, beautiful. They were usually in full play when he and I met, and did their work with silent expedition. He ate of everything voraciously. Miss Hodgson, who pressed him pretty closely in the race,—nay, the others said, surpassed him,—was more ponderous in her performance. She had lost a tooth or two, and her mastication was heavy and audible. It was evident from her strongly-developed animal jaw that she was no ascetic, and that the pleasures of the table were very real to her. She suffered with the gout, but no twinges warned her to forego her pudding or her thin coffee, into which she piled six lumps of sugar, until it had the consistency of molasses syrup.

I cannot tell what there was about Paton, notwithstanding his lack of success with the fair sex,—he seemed a man created to be the friend, not the lover, of women,—which interested me. Certain it is that from the first day his red head appeared at the table I felt strongly draw towards him. We cannot explain these things. There was something so jolly, so honest about him,—such a fund of vitality and cheerfulness.

I was looked upon as the "swell" of the establishment, being the only inmate who had affiliations in society. My frequent absences from the dinner-table, my name mentioned in the morning papers as having figured at this or that banquet or ball, seemed to awaken in the hearts of my less favored companions a becoming degree of awe. It soon became evident to me that I was considered to be possessed of that science of the world which appears so difficult of mastery to the uninitiated. It was apparent they thought me a man of the highest fashion, whose opinion on matters of etiquette or of dress must be treated with due confidence and respect. I am social, but not gregarious, and I no doubt enjoyed that prestige which we gain by the avoidance of intimacies, the chilly compromises which this temper accepts for rich intercourse with its fellow-beings having the advantage that at least they do not know us or our fortunes too well.

Paton and the clergyman were excellent friends. The latter had persuaded him to come to his chapel, and the young fellow had ended, so he told me, by attending it regularly. He explained to me that in the small town of New England from which he came all the best people were Methodists, and he had been brought up in that simple faith, but he added, "I guess God and the Episcopals worship the same God, and it's kind of agreeable and sociable to go into a church where you know the minister."

"Priest," murmured Father Nast.

"Isn't that rather papistical?"

Paton opened his mouth and put in a large piece of pie, looking over at me with a genial wink.

"I refer you to the Prayer-Book, said Mr. Nast. "There is no reason why a regular minister like ours, straight from the apostles, you know, right down, should not claim the title of a legitimate priesthood. We have nothing to do with the Reformation as preached by Martin Luther. Our Church reformed itself."

Paton gave a low whistle and helped himself to another piece of pie.

"I believe you are fond of music," said Mr. Nast, turning to me civilly. "We shall have a fine service of song next Sunday, and I should be delighted to welcome you to our chapel. The seats are entirely free. Moncks' Kyrie, Sanctus, and Agnus in C will be given, and a new anthem by a modern composer of no little merit."

I thanked him.

We noticed about two weeks after this that Paton, who habitually came to the table in his morning clothes, having contented himself with brushing his hair and washing his hands, and who always vanished immediately after dinner to his room to work all the evening, straightening out his accounts, he said, —he had a petty clerkship which gave him a meagre salary,—made something of a toilet for the evening meal, appearing in a frock and shiny but scrupulously-brushed black suit and a white silk tie fastened by an imitation diamond. There was a titter on his first appearance in all this bravery, which turned into a surprised anguish of curiosity when he left the house about 8 o'clock and did not return until eleven. This practice became more and more frequent as the weeks passed by and the black frock-coat was always donned for these evening revels, whatever they might portend. Finally his absence became of nightly occurrence: so at least I was told by eye-witnesses. The young married lady, who was a little tired of playing the "Allez toujours" for the pair whose alec seemed such a slow measure, began to evince a keener interest in "Red-top" than in her waltzing lovers. Finally she took heart of grace, and one evening with an effort at archness and some excitement sidled up to him. "Well, I declare, Mr. Paton," she said, "you do dress beautifully nowadays!" after which encomium she added, boldly, "And you seem to be going out a great deal. Cannot we know when it is to be?" whereupon she glanced up and giggled, while Clara between two mouthfuls of liquorice cried out,—

"Ho, ho, Red-top! you've got a sweetheart at last. I know! I know!"

Paton blushed until his hair paled, a flush tell-tale, sheepishly, creeping up over his low forehead, making havoc with his light eyebrows until they looked like two white streaks of cloud on a red sunset sky. He mumbled something about "making evening calls," and escaped, while Miss Hodgson glared frightfully at Clara, and said to her,—

"If you were a child of mine you would get a spanking before you could turn around twice."

Miss Hodgson did not care much for Paton,—she thought him sor nething of a lout,—but she had one good point amid the asperities of her disposition, which perhaps, after all, was but a part of them. She always espoused the cause of, took up the cudgels for, the attacked party. She adored opposition of any kind, particularly when directed against her own sex. She would shut her flabby mouth up tightly and expand the aggressive nostrils of her wide nose, after having hit her opponent with an unexpected bullet. Catullus could never have written of her, "Salve nec nimio puella naso."

Poor old woman! What a life was hers! She seemed to have no friends,—hardly any acquaintances. She spent her mornings teaching the blind at the asylum, her afternoons in copying for two or three professional men who employed and ground her in the mortar of their parsimony. She had no religion, and was not even fond of tea, that occupation of her sex and age, expressing for the comforting cup extreme scorn and abhorrence. She had, as I say, no religion, and was not only proud of declaring herself an agnostic, but boasted of her infidelity on every occasion, never missing an opportunity of bursting a blasphemous bombshell in the sacerdotal camp of the unoffending divine, whom she persecuted with relentless and tireless sarcasm. Once only did he turn the tables against her. Having invited the household to attend a series of lectures at his chapel, he leaned blandly towards Miss Hodgson.

"The subject of the first one," he said, "will be the sin of gluttony."

A burst of merriment ran round the table like wildfire, and the terrible Miss Hodgson was for a moment disconcerted.

She had a peculair dislike to all forms of feminine coquetry, considering the mildest decoration in dress to be reprehensible and only used as a bait for attracting the attention of the other sex. She scoffed at love, as a sign of callowness and frivolity. She had evidently not read and digested Henry George's refutation of the Malthusian theory, of which she was an ardent advocate, for she always deplored the birth of any child, apparently considering it an expression of misplaced energy. When our lovers danced their "Allez toujours" she sat apart, scowling in ominous gloom, or hurried from the room with a creakier tread than usual, as an open disclaimer of such dissolute practices. She hated everything that was above her narrow conceptions, having all the faults and none of the virtues of the bourgeoise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**Our Old Fire Company.**

"That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe; away back in '68, when you and I 'ran with the machine.' Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row, one freezing night, and fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms and came down the ladder in their night clothes; and how 'Dick' Greene brought down two 'kids' at once—one in his arms and the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He got the catarrh dreadfully from exposure, and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption sure. And finally, he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you, Joe that Catarrh remedy is a good thing. It saved as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod shoe leather."

**Precaution.**

"You'd better wear your waterproof,"
He said in accents soothing.
"The beach is dry—but no one knows—
It may rain while you are bathing."

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. In the course of producing Hood's Sarsaparilla everything is carefully watched with a view to attain the best result.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," but we hear of a man who was caught by his wife dealing soft answers to another lady in the house, and he points to his bald head to prove that the proverb is a fallacy.

**Shiloh's Consumption Cure.**

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

DeBings—I am painfully alarmed for fear that my mother-in-law is losing her reputation for veracity.

DeBangs—Why so?

DeBings—Why, she threatens every morning to leave my house, but she never goes.

**Answer This Question.**

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserably by indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

A weight will soon be lifted from
The narrow parlor chair,
And soon the garden gate will have
As much as it can bear.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Inlector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

An insult from certain quarters is a compliment. When an ass kicks at you he does so because he recognizes that you are unlike him.

A GREAT SPELLING MATCH—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our Homes Publishing Co., in which they will award the following magnificent CASH PRIZES:—One prize of $300; one prize of $250; two prizes of $100; four prizes of $50; eight prizes of $25; twenty prizes of $10; forty prizes of $5; one hundred prizes of $2; and two hundred of $1. These prizes will be awarded to the persons sending in the largest number of correctly spelled words found in the advertising pages of the February number of Our Homes, in which no letters occur but those found in the sentence: *Our Homes is Dirtiest in a Home Magazine.* Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during this competition, which closes April 30th, 1891. Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for a sample copy of the February number, with rules and regulations governing the competition. Address, OUR HOMES PUB. CO., Brockville, Ont.

Men spend a dollar at the bar while disclaiming against the outrage of charging twenty-five cents admission to a temperance lecture.

MESSRS, C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

Gentlemen,—In playing Tennis I wrenched my ankle, causing me much suffering and inconvenience, but by using MINARD'S LINIMENT I was not confined to the house a single day. Only a few days I was able to continue training for the sports at the Halifax Carnival for which I had entered.

F. COUTSON
Yarmouth. Instructor Y. A. A. C.

The machine shops &c of the New York Central railroad at West Albany N. Y. were burned this morning, throwing over one thousand men out of employment.

**Fathers and Sons.**

Fathers and sons as well as wives and daughters need a purifying tonic medicine in Spring to prepare the system for the hot season and drive out the seeds of disease accumulated in winter. B. B. B. has no equal as a spring purifier and costs less than a cent a dose. There is healing virtue in every drop.

**Bad, Worse, Worst.**

Cold, Cough, consumption, to cure the first and second and prevent the third use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the never failing family medicine for all diseases of the throat, lungs, and chest. A marvel of healing in pulmonary complaints.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.
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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS for the blood.

**Caught in a Shaft.**

A frequent source of accident is found in shafting. Great care should be used and a supply of Hagyard's Yellow Oil kept on hand in case of wounds, bruises, sprains, burns, or scalds. It is the promptest pain reliever obtainable.

**A Canadian Case.**

The case of Mrs. E. A. Storey, of Shetland, Ont., is remarkable proof of the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in Headache. She writes: "For over 40 years I was a martyr to headache, having severe attacks about once a week. Have now used 3 bottles of B. B. B. and have had no attack for over 4 or 5 months."

**The Single Tax.**

The single tax may relieve poverty but as a remedy for painful ailments it cannot compare with Hagyard's Yellow Oil the old reliable cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, croup, sore throat, lumbago, colds and inflammatory diseases.

**A Quandary.**

"Was that man drunk when you saw him?" asked Justice Clark of a cautious witness, concerning the prisoner at the bar.

"Well, I wouldn't swear to that, your honor," was the reply, "but he seemed to be in a quandary."

"A quandary?" What was his quandary?" the justice inquired.

"Well, sir, he was standing in a mud hole, holding to a post, and wanting to go home. He knew that if he let go he'd fall in the mud, and if he didn't go home he'd catch cold; but he was still undecided when I left, and that was about two o'clock in the morning."

Justice Clark fined the accused, and then his wife came in and found him, and paid the bill. She seemed to be a very business-like woman, and had an air about her that gave the lie to the testimony about accused wanting to go home.

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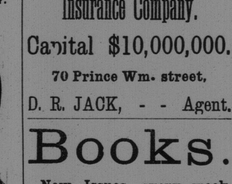


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