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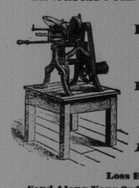

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is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

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All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

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From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin diseases. From two to four bottles will cure saltrheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

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Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

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We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

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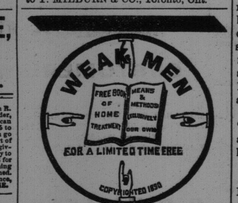

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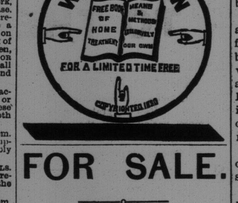

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"Maidens Choosing."

BY ELLEN OLNEY KIRK,

Author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Through Winding Ways," "Queen Money," "Sons and Daughters," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Littleboy escorts his aunt, Mrs. Craige and her stepdaughter Marion, whom he calls cousin, to see Bernhardt at a New York theatre. Richard sees Walker Bellamy, a favorite of fortune, talking to his aunt, and expresses his regrets to Marion that he will now see little more of her society, owing, as she does not understand him, that she has a lesson to learn. She asks him to teach her. He tells her what a rich friend of his, named George Milgate, who desires a wife said to him about his revenue and marriage. Marion dislikes George Milgate and urges Richard to abandon the task he has taken about himself, and feel satisfied with his own career. Bellamy succeeds in securing a seat beside Marion, and later at Delmonico's they see Hartley Dare, who is Bellamy's mentor. Mrs. Craige is a Southern lady who has not been in New York for twenty-seven years.

Aunt Rachel tells Richard her intention to make Marion's life successful, and her desire is that she should marry well and she asks him to not hinder her, intimating at the same time a preference for Bellamy.

She is called upon by her relatives Mrs Kenyon and her grand daughter, Mrs. Dorsey, whose husband is very wealthy. Another connection, Ralph Atterbury, a brilliant talker, and now a broker, also calls. Ralph tells her his wife, Nina, who is handsome, can spend more in an hour than he can make in a month, and she describes his elder brother Tom, whose wife is wealthy. He does not succeed in ascertaining the extent of Mrs. Craige's wealth.

He wants to get some of her money for speculation, but fails. He is introduced to Milgate by Richard. Ralph and Richard introduce Milgate to Mrs DeLancy and her sister, Miss Gussie Talbot, who are two handsome and successful society belles.

Later Ralph tells these ladies what he knows about Milgate and asks his wife to invite Tom and some relatives to dinner. He introduces Milgate next day to Mr Keyes and other society leaders. Milgate is entertained by Gussy, to whom he begins to make love and has just kissed her hair when Edward De Lancey, the master of the house appears. Gussy disappears and Milgate is joined by Ralph on the street. They go to the theatre and see there Richard, Bellamy, Mrs. Dorsey and Marion. In the confusion of curtain, Marion thinking she has taken Richard's arm talks pleasantly to him and is surprised to find later that Milgate is her escort. Ralph's wife makes no preparation for the dinner party and he is enraged.

The dinner is given, after explanations, and is a success. Milgate arrives late and is placed between Mrs. DeLancey and Gussie. He determines to win Marion. Richard introduces him to her.

At Mrs. Dorsey's country house they all meet and Mrs. Dorsey and Marion withdraw for a quiet chat in the former's dressing room. Mrs. Dorsey discusses Marion's future and tells her about her proposals and the pleasure of a marriage connectment. And says there is just one man it is possible for her to wed, whom she loves, and she is enjoying the reflection that he was under the same roof with Marion. He waits to meet her and hearing a rustle of a gown and a voice rushes out and falls into Mrs. Delancey's arms. She hears him off in triumph. Gussy is taken out to dinner by Mr. Berry, an Englishman, who is learning a number of American expressions.

Mrs. DeLancey sees Milgate's desire to address Marion, and detains him. She says she has been up to enable Bellamy to propose, but that she will not have him as she loves another. Milgate is elated, thinking he is the one referred to. Bellamy joins Marion who soon leaves him.

Marion experiences her first snow storm next day, and she is rallied by Mrs. DeLancey about her admirers. Mrs. DeLancey finds it dull and proposes playing a trick on some one. A toboggan slide is erected by the gentlemen and Bellamy amuses the party. Bellamy and Milgate both claim to take Marion down the slide. She accompanies Bellamy, whereat Milgate is annoyed, and declines Mrs. DeLancey's invitation to a slide.

Bellamy's toboggan collides with and buries Milgate in the snow. He gets furious. Bellamy apologizes. Miss Talbot sprains her wrist and the sport is ended. Next morning is New Year's Day and Bellamy starts out to Craige and offers himself to Miss Craige. Miss Talbot's dislocated wrist keeps her a prisoner and she receives Bellamy, who was once in love with him. He pities her poor wrist and kisses it without offending, then twice kisses her lips.

[CONTINUED.]

The pity of it was that it had not taken place behind closed doors, for here it was hardly decorous. Carried away by the interest of the occasion, both these young people had forgotten, apparently, that the Dorseys' hall was no secluded nook, but a general rendezvous and thoroughfare,—that the door of every room opened into it, and that it was overlooked by the lower stages of the great stairway.

At this moment came a stifled exclamation, and Miss Talbot, starting up, saw Mrs. Sidney West withdrawing into the library, while Bellamy, turning in the other direction, met the wide-eyed gaze of Marion Craige, who was descending the stairs. She held in both hands a superb basket of flowers, and had turned the landing just in time to understand clearly what had taken place. Mrs. West, having committed herself, took refuge in flight, but Marion, growing first white, then red, made an effort to advance as if nothing had happened. Gussy, perhaps for the first time in her life, was so taken aback that she could think of no course except to run away, which she did with a muffled shriek.

"Good-morning, Mr, Bellamy," said Marion. "I heard that you were here, and came to thank you for these beautiful orchids."

"Oh don't speak of it," muttered Bellamy, who wished that Hartley was there to help him out. "I beg you will not allude to it. I never was so ashamed of myself in my life. I really wish you'd tell me what to do, Miss Craige. I don't see anything for it except to shoot myself on the spot; and I'll do that cheerfully."

"Oh, please do not say anything so dreadful," said Marion, who wished she had followed Mr. West's example and retreated in good order. She had believed that she could carry off the encounter with an air of complete unconsciousness, but Bellamy, looking in her face, knew that she had seen, and she saw in his that he knew she knew he knew she had seen. He gazed at her so abjectly she pitied him.

"I say, Miss Craige," he stammered, "would you mind—that is would it be asking too much—if—if I requested the honor of an interview with you?"

"Not at all."

"I wonder what room we could have. I will see if there is anybody in the little alcove parlor."

"Why could you not say what you have to say before the fire here?" asked Marion, demurely.

"No, not here,—not here," said Bellamy, with clear conviction. "I won't try this again. I don't want to be interrupted this time."

Marion might have retorted that his precautions were too late, that now an interruption was not likely to matter; but she refrained.

Bellamy, peering first into one room and then into another, finally found the conservatory empty, and, beckoning her, he said, in a stealthy voice, "It is hardly safe anywhere, there are so many servants and people about. But there is no one here at present, and if you wouldn't mind keeping your eye on that alley I will look down this and make sure that nobody comes in."

Marion walked along the fragrant aisle of the conservatory and sat down on a sofa under a bower of yellow acacias.

"Miss Craige," said the unhappy young man, taking his stand before her, "I feel desperate. I feel like tearing my hair."

"I am so sorry!"

"You see, I came this morning to ask you to marry me."

"Oh, Mr. Bellamy, it is so hard to believe that!"

"But I did, though. I had no other idea in my head. I had promised my mother. I wonder," he added, in a melancholy tone, "if it would be of any use for me to go on and ask you now?"

"Not the least in the world."

He uttered a hollow groan, but then, having given vent to his despair, he went on in a wheedling voice, "But now, don't you see, Miss Craige, I really think you might pass that over. It really does not make the least difference, you know. It meant simply nothing at all."

"I cannot pretend not to understand your allusion," said Marion. "I regret very much that I happened to come down just when I did——"

"So do I," murmured Bellamy, with a sigh. "It was the only time since I made your acquaintance that I was not hungry and thirsty for your society."

"We have been such good friends," pursued Marion, who felt thoroughly in earnest, "I may venture to say that it does not seem right for you to declare that what I saw meant nothing in particular. Such an action as that, of course, settles our destiny; it——"

He threw out both his hands towards her:

"Settles my destiny because I—I—I beg your pardon, Miss Craige, but I'd be willing to wager you anything it will not have anything to do with settling my destiny. So far as that little affair is concerned, it makes no difference at all,—that is, between me and—another person. It is only between you and me that it counts. I throw myself on your mercy; Miss Craige. I grant that under the circumstances it was not just the thing. I'll ask your pardon a hundred times over. I'll go down on my knees. I'll——"

"I beg you will not," said Marion with decision. "And I ought to tell you that it makes no difference at all between you and me. It is all just the same as if it had not happned."

"Oh, thank you," said Bellamy, who was used to having his peccadilloes dismissed with a few words of exhortation. "Don,t let us allude to it again. Once when I was down in the country I heard a negro sermon about Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The colored parson managed the names once by dint of a bad tussle, but the next time he wanted to mention the three worthies he got round the difficulty by saying, 'Them gentlemen in the fiery furnace I was a-alludin' to before.' Now, Miss Craige, this gentleman before you has been in the fiery furnace,—by Jove he has!—and he is thankful to be out of it alive, but please don't allude to it never no more."

"Very well," said Marion.

"Hartley ought to have been with me," pursued Bellamy, pathetically. "I can't get on without Hartley. But, as you say, it is just as if it had not happened. Let it all go. I give you my word, Miss Craige, that let me start fair and be well kept in the grooves I shall do as well as any man alive."

Marion said nothing.

"It's all right, then," said Bellamy, cheerfully, taking a step forward. "You accept me."

"No, Mr. Bellamy, I do not accept you."

"You surely don't mean that you refuse me,—out-and-out refuse me?" said the young man, in utter dismay.

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean," said Marion.

"Oh, Miss Craige, I should never have supposed that you could be so hard-hearted and refuse to marry me just because I——"

"It never could have happened under any circumstances," said Marion. "I am very sorry, but it cannot be."

"But wouldn't you have taken me if you had not seen the gentleman in the fiery furnace?" said Bellamy, who did not feel in the least like joking, but who was so used to uttering drolleries under any circumstances. "What I mean is,—if you had not seen that——"

"Nothing would have made any difference," said Marion.

He gazed at her hopelessly. "Why, I had felt so sure you would have me," said he. "I had counted on it. Everybody knew about it; everybody always does know about my affairs. I don't see why you won't have me. Are you engaged to anybody else?"

"No, I assure you no."

"I wonder if you care about anybody else?—but I ought not to ask you. I wish you would tell me why you don't like me."

"I do like you, Mr. Bellamy," said Marion, laughing softly. "Don't you remember where Beatrice tells Don Pedro he would not suit her as a husband because she would have to have another for working-days?"

"But if you marry me you won't have any working-days," said Bellamy, eagerly. "You shall have good times all the while. And now I tell you, Miss Craige, that although I may not be a Romeo sort of fellow and come up to your romantic ideas, I should make a first-class husband. You shall say to me, 'Come,' and I will come, and when you say, 'Go,' I will go. I do think you might be persuaded," he added in a soft, coaxing tone.

Marion shook her head, and Bellamy had a feeling that he might as well desist for the present and consult Hartley.

"I don't want to give it up," said he. "I can't give it up. I have liked you so much, and the future seemed so pleasant when I thought you were going to be Mrs. Walker Bellamy. I can't but believe it must somehow come to pass. I hope it will, for I don't want to miss the best thing in the world. I sometimes think," he added, with a sigh over the irreparable, "that perhaps I don't do myself justice. No matter what great things I think, by the time I blurt them out they sound trivial. But I ain't trivial. I have ideas sometimes which would surprise you."

He postponed the revelation, however, and they went out to lunch, where he was the life of the table and told twice over the sermon of the negro preacher about the gentlemen in the fiery furnace.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Richard Littleboy had been invited to the Dorseys' for New Year's week, but had declined. It was impossible for him to get away from the office, and accordingly he sent a note of regret, and dismissed the subject from his mind once for all. Nevertheless the subject would intrude itself, and had to be dismissed over again many times a day. He happened to encounter Nicholas Dorsey in the street, who told him that if he could not take a whole week he might at least run up for a few hours. Richard promised to entertain the idea and carry it out if possible, but in his own mind he said, with prompt decision, that the best thing for him to do was to keep away from the New-Year's party. He had schooled himself to disappointment. There could be no reason for his giving himself fresh pangs and having every vague shadowy dread brought into the focus of a strong light which should show him Marion happy and giving happiness to Milgate.

The result of this perpetual making up of his mind to deny himself even a glimpse of Marion was that one morning he took the early train and reached the Dorseys' while the party was breakfasting. Why not? he asked himself, rebelling against the inward monitor. He had renounced his hopes; he was no slave of feeling, ready to be carried away by the passion of the moment; but the sight of the young girl might be to his mood of devouring restlessness, his desperate insurrection against fate, like the drop of water which Dives craved in his torment.

He dropped into the circle at the Dorseys' without causing a ripple. Margaret offered him a seat beside her, and Marion nodded and smiled from the other end of the table. Neither Milgate nor Bellamy appeared: they were either very late or had gone away. The news was telegraphed from Europe that Miss Humphrey was engaged to Lord Pinto, and everybody was discussing the subject with eagerness. Richard, who had believed that the moment he arrived he should be in possession of the key to what had happned and was likely to happen, tried to be patient, but finally, unable to bear the suspense, he said to Hartley Dare,—

"Where is Bellamy?"

"He is over at his mother's."

"I thought Milgate was here."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pale and sallow girls and prematurely aged women should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they come as a boon to all those life which afflict the female system. Build up the blood, restore shattered nerves and convert sallow complexions into rosy cheeks. Sold by dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or 5 boxes for $2—by addressing Dr. Williams, Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Appropriate Nickname.

Lady (to tramp)—What is your name?
Tramp—They call me Keely Motor.
Lady—Why do they call you that?
Tramp—Because I wont work.

A SPELLING MATCH—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our House 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 these found in the sentence: *Our Homes is Unrivalled as a Home Magazine.* Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during the competition, which closes April 25th, 1891. Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for a sample copy of that February number, with rules and regulations governing the competition. Address, OUR HOMES PUB. CO., Brockville, Ont.

He Escaped.

"Were you ever in an engagement, major?"

"Oh, yes; several. But you see I escaped harm."

"Never were wounded, eh?"

"Never was married."

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Every Advantage.

Wooden—How highly educated Miss Smilax is.

Bollfinch—Educated? Well. I should think she might be; she once stayed four weeks with her aunt in Boston.

Everybody knows that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other disease may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

A Compromise.

He—I wish you would sing that dear old song. "Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight!"

Sweet Girl—I might wake mother up by singing, but I will turn the clock back, if that will do.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will sure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

An Accomodating Pa.

Mr. Slimpurse—Wha-what did your pa say when you told him you were engaged to be married?

Miss Beauty—He was real kind. He said if you would call for him to-morrow, with a carriage—I think he said your carriage—he would go with you to look at any brownstone house you think of buying for me to live in.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will post you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

A Safe Charge.

She—You told me before we were married that you loved me for myself alone, and now I find it was my fortune that won you.

He (coldly)—Well?

She—Well. I'll have you arrested for obtaining money under false pretences.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

Gentleman,—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. After a few days I was able to continue training for the sports at the Halifax Carnival for which I had entered.

F. COULSON
Yarmouth. Instructor Y. A. A. C.

Expediting the Elopement.

She (at the window)—Dear me. I never can climb down that ladder in the world!

He (below, impatiently)—Oh, rats!

She—Bless me, where are they? Hold it steady, dear, and I'll come right down!

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire to health and sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

Needed a Change.

He—When can we be married, dearest?

She—You ought to be satisfied for a while, now that we are engaged.

He—Yes. But my boarding house is not all that I could wish for.

A Minute A Day.

A minute a day devoted to taking a dose of Burdock Blood Bitters will cure any case of constipation dyspepsia, biliousness, or bad blood, and may save weeks of sickness and dollars of loss. There is nothing better than B. B. B.

Severe Cold Cured.

Dear Sirs—My mother was attacked with a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried. MRS. KENNEDY, Hamilton, Ont.

Directly and Indirectly.

Kidney complaint, dropsy and similar troubles depend directly on wrong action of the kidneys and indirectly on bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the action of the kidneys and cleanses the blood from all impurities, in this way curing kidney complaint, dropsy, etc.

From The Pacific Coast.

We quote from a letter recently received from Miss Eleanor Pope, Fort Hazey, B. C. "For sore throat, coughs, croup, bruises, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best thing I have ever used."

A Common Origin.

All skin diseases of whatsoever name or nature are caused by impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a natural foe to impure blood removing all foul humors from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Worthy of Confidence.

Those who have used it praise it! Mrs. Geo' Ward writes from Josephine, Ont., concerning Hagyard's Yellow Oil: "As a sure cure for chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, etc., I recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil to all."

The Voice of Spring.

'Tis heard in the rush of the waters,
It comes in the heat of the air,
'Tis found midst the trees of the forest,
It goes wandering everywhere.

The dear little bleat of the lambkins,
The buds of the tiniest flower,
Speak volumes of praise to the sender
Of all this life giving power.

They jingle again, the cowbells,
That for months have been laid aside,
And the children are roaming again, dear
The fields of their homeland wide.

But the spring of a grander country
Where the souls of men are the flowers,
Bids me to resume my study,
A monition of happier hours.

My books I have sadly neglected,
Though perhaps it is no fault of mine,
Yet to dwell with them, talk with them freely
Is the freedom for which I pine.

Ah! near in the light of the future,
A glimmer is flickering for me,
Though as yet in the distance between us
I scarcely know what it may be.

Yet beyond it the light from the haven
Shines brightly by night and by day,
To tell its approach to the traveller,
As the fields speak the season of May.

FANNIE HAMILTON.

Drawing an Inference.

'You have been so long about the minister's hand, John, that I dare say you could preach a sermon yourself now,' said a gentleman one day to a beadle of his acquaintance.

'Oh, na, sir,' replied John; 'I couldna preach a sermon.' Then, after a brief pause, he remarked. 'But perhaps I could draw an inference, though.

'Well, John,' said the gentleman, humoring the quiet vanity of the beadle, 'what inference could you draw from this text?—'A wild ass . . . snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure.' (Jeremiah ii. 24.)

'Weel,' replied John, 'the only naturallike inference that I could draw frae it is just this,—that she wad snuff a lang time afore she would fatten on it.'

Hawking and spitting, foul breath, loss of sense of taste and smell, oppressing headache, etc., are the results of catarrh. Nasal Balm offers a certain and speedy relief and permanent cure from these miseries. Thousands of testimonials speak of its wonderful merit. Try it; sold by all dealers.

It Makes a Difference

Mrs. Fogg—Goodness mercy! The new dining-room carpet is ruined. Somebody has spilt a whole lot of oil, and made a great big grease spot in the centre of it.

Mr. Fogg—You must have done it yourself, mother, when you filled the lamp.

Mrs. Fogg—Oh, perhaps I did, never mind; I guess it will evaporate.

Telephone Subsribers.

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318 Andrews, Hugh, residence Germain street.
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507 Carleton, J. L., Barrister, Prince Wm. street.
501 Davidson, W. J., Lumber Merchant, Water street.
505 Dunlop, W. & Sons, Grocers, Union street.
512 Daniel, T. W., residence Wellington Row.
502 Fairweather, G. E. & Son, Insurance, Prince Wm. street.
503 Fairweather, C. E., residence 63 Sewell street.
516 Hay, Thomas L., Hay, Oats and Feed, Marsh Bridge.
405-B Keast, J. W., Grocer, Indiantown.
514 Lordly, A. & Co., Spice Mill, Paradise Row.
436 Mullison Bros. & Co.
504 Macrae, A. W., Barrister, Prince Wm. street.
511 McCavour & Barlow, Flour, Fish, etc., South Wharf.
508 Schofield & Beer, Com. Merchants, Dock street.
260-B Sealy, John, Strait Shore.
84-A Wright, Miss, residence Rothesay.

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TENDER FOR OIL.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Chief Superintendent of the Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, and marked on the outside "Tender for Oil," will be received until FRIDAY, 15th May, 1891, for the whole or any part of the Oil required by this Railway during the year commencing July 1st, 1891.

Copies of the specification can be obtained from T. Y. Cook, General Storekeeper, Moncton. All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 28th April, 1891.

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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 willfully 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 In