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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. MIALL,
Commissioner.

$3000 A YEAR: I propose to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after receiving my instructions, will carefully follow them, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

Burdock Blood Bitters — CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA.

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Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:

DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B., which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

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DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.

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Burdock Blood Bitters — Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.

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SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.

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Burdock Blood Bitters — Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.

REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.

A Prompt Cure.

DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.

ANNIE BURGESS,
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Burdock Blood Bitters — Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B. by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new, rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to scrofulous sore.

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 DERANGEMENTS and SUPPRESSIONS.

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

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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.

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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. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is entirely new, and the offers unlike any ever made. Send for particulars, which we send free. Some have earned over $50 in a day, 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 SOUND OF A VOICE,

—OR—

The Song of the Debardeur.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in Paris.

A young American named Alfred Bainbridge, and two young French friends, named Paul and Pierre, are waiting at the entrance of the grand opera at the close of the performance. Among the last to leave are a tall gentleman in Russian uniform, his breast covered with decorations, and leaning on his arm a slight feminine form with head so enveloped in its velvet colored hood, that, but for a pair of wild mischevious eyes it would have escaped notice. Having seen this couple enter a coupe the three friends leave the place. Passing along the street they hear a gamin whistling like a lark and Pierre says it is the Debardeur's song. At a subsequent lunch Bainbridge just told his friend of a street incident wherein he figured and pan-shed a fellow who had struck a little girl; when binding up the child's wounds the lady whom they had seen at the opera stood beside him and tendered him her thanks The song of the Debardeur interrupts and Pierre explains the Debardeur is a woman in costume, one of the dancers at a bal masque, and describes her dress.

The American listens spell bound to the beautiful song is sung and speaks of its strong effect on him. A shriek is heard, a crash of glass and the young men rush out to see a coupe fellow escorted away by the police. Alfred's widowed mother has consented to her son making the European tour alone. Pierre and Paul Laborde were his schoolmates in America. Their father is one of the principal merchants of Paris. When Bainbridge calls at the office Pierre presents him with a glove which he said belonged to the lady of the opera and that she had been there and accidentally forgotten it. He urges Bainbridge to call and return it. The lady is described as the neice of the Russian Count Mhoff, and has no title. She is plain Mademoiselle Boscka, he says, and promises to present Bainbridge.

Alfred is delighted at the prospect of an interview and he accompanies Pierre to Madame Oneau's to select their costumes for the coming bal masque. Bainbridge chooses that of a North American Indian.

Bainbridge's valet Isidore, while engaged about his duties, is visited by his finance, Lucille, a peasant girl from Nanteuil and a stranger to Paris. Isidore shows her his master's elegant wardrobe and in compliance with her request dresses himself in his master's clothes and entertains her to lunch. While they are enjoying themselves Paul Laborde, the brother of Pierre, enters, and despite explanations and the girl's plea that it was her fault, sends Isidore for his master. The girl remains and Paul wonders why *he* does not go. She knows no one in Paris but Isidore.

Lucille soon restores order out of chaos in the room. Paul is first amused and seeing that Lucille is pretty in her grief at Isidore's prolonged absence, manoeuvers to console her and secure her as maid for mademoiselle Boscka. Lucille consents. Isidore does not tell his master, but Bainbridge and Pierre return from a walk, and entering the room followed by Isidore, are amazed at seeing Paul seated near a sofa on which reclined a pretty peasant girl. Pierre laughs loud and Isidore is jealous.

Bainbridge subsequently meets the fair Russian at a reception and the meeting is lovely, watched by Count Mhoff. They meet again and have a conversation during which she tells him Lucille is her maid and also says she has something to tell him, but not then. She asks if he will be at his room next afternoon, she will send.

Alfred plays scarte and wins from the Russian Count. The next morning Lucille brings him a note from Mlle. Boscka requesting an interview at five o'clock that afternoon.

Bainbridge pays the visit, is received by Lucille who conducts him to the boudoir of Mlle. Boscka, who says she has taken an interest in him and asks him not to play cards with the Count. He explains that he has already an engagement to the contrary. Isidore has seen him received by Lucille, and is almost insane with jealousy.

Alfred plays with the Count and loses forty thousand francs. He cashes a draft on his New York bankers. Mr. Laborde determines to rescue him from the Russian Count.

While at dinner at Laborde's, Isidore calls him home. He finds Lucille there who with tears tells about the discovery of another note from Louise by the Count, who had struck Lucille with his whip and attempted to kill Louise. Lucille gives the pieces of the note to Bainbridge. When he reads it he is very indignant and sends for Pierre to whom he tells the whole history of his love for the fair Russian.

[CONTINUED.]

So Lucille was despatched again to the home of her mistress, with strict injunctions from Pierre to keep silence, even with her, as to what had been said, and, under the convoy of Isidore, went on her way, with her little face full of trouble. The next morning, however, rendered Pierre's injunction of little effect. For Lucille brought word that the count and his niece had departed, no one knew whither: "a few days in the country," they said. But the count's steward had orders to pay off all the servants and discharge them, and even the grand house and furniture, it was rumored, were to be leased for the ensuing summer. So there was an end of all projects until the fugitives were heard from.

One person, however, was not ignorant of the whereabouts of the uncle and niece, and that was Paul Laborde. For the little man, so soon as his brother had left the dining-table at the summons of Alfred, set his wits to work to find out what was the matter. And finally he determined to visit the Russian's mansion, where he would be certain to hear something. On reaching it, however, he found the huge gates of the carriage-way closed, and the house quite dark; but upon ringing the bell the porter made his appearance, and informed him his master and mistress were not at home. Scarcely had the words passed his lips when he heard the voice of the count from the interior: It is Monsieur Laborde! Ah, welcome, my friend! to you I will open my doors this evening, and to you only."

The truth was that Count Imhoff, in discovering the note his niece had written to Alfred, had stepped as it were upon an unsuspected torpedo. He could scarcely comprehend what it meant. Such a letter from her to a youth whom she had never seen but once, as he supposed,—whom he had invited expressly to pluck! What could it mean? Certainly they must have had some previous intimacy. But when? Where? Of how long duration? A letter of warning! "Once more I warn you as a friend," it said. "Once more! Then she had been warned before. The Labordes must know something of it. I shall inquire of the little one. His brother I do not like; he is too sarcastic." In the midst of these reflections, the count was interrupted by the sound of the gate-bell, and recognized the voice of Paul just at the time when he needed him most.

Paul Laborde, although generally amiable in disposition and affable in his manner in intercourse with others, was not the less careful of his own interests. So long as his friendly feelings ran parallel with yours, it was well. But if you crossed his path, beware! you were certain to make him an enemy. And he was not one to cherish wrath and indulge in it in a manly, straightforward way. He concealed it and bided his time. It was the nature of his nervous and timid disposition to hide his enmities. If the cause of them were removed, or ceased to be, he was your friend again. If not, beware of the chance that gave him the opportune moment. In this case he had really fallen in love with the fair Russian, and he knew also that Alfred greatly admired her. He therefore felt piqued that the count should have invited Alfred to a private evening party, even although it was for his own purposes, for it likewise threw him in the way of the niece, and gave him a freer access to her than he himself had ever enjoyed. Of Mademoiselle Boscka's feelings towards his rival he knew little or nothing. She had shown much preference to himself. What he expected to find out by that night's conference was some clue to guide him in future. Thus each party in this interview had a desire to pry into the secrets of the other and conceal his own.

"I was passing by," said Paul, and, seeing the house closed, thought I would inquire of the concierge the reason."

"Thanks, my dear friend," said the count. "And if the house had not been closed, would M. Laborde have passed it?"

"Pardon me, certainly not" said the little man.

"When have you seen your friend the American?" said his host, an almost imperceptible sneer curling his moustache as he spoke.

"But this evening he dined with us, and was called away,—left us a few hours ago."

"Indeed!" ("That cursed Lucille! She must have gone directly to his rooms.") "And what did he give as a reason for his departure?"

"Nothing whatever. He simply excused himself."

"And you, as his friend, followed him?"

"No. I have not seen him since."

"No? Aha! a cigar, my good friend," he continued, drawing an embroidered case from his pocket. "Light. Here is the match." Then, to himself, "It is evident he knows nothing of the affair of to-night; but I must pump him further." "My good friend Laborde, you must pardon me; the welfare of my niece is very dear to me. This young American,—do you know of any clandestine correspondence between them? Had he ever met her before the soiree when he came to this house under your auspices, as your friend?"

Paul smiled to himself. He thought of his father's words,—"Forty thousand francs is a tolerably good prize for one night's play!"—and he admired the cunning of the Russian. Under his auspices, indeed! Then he became a little puzzled at the questions, for he knew nothing of, nor had he dreamed of there being, any correspondence between Alfred and Louise, clandestine or otherwise. Finally he told his interlocutor all he knew, which was very little: that Alfred had seen his niece at the Grand Opera,—that he had gone wild about her after the soiree,—that he, Paul, had attributed that to the wine he had drunk; and that was all.

It was now the Russian's turn to be perplexed, he had ventured so much and gained so little. So putting a good face on the matter, he said, "I have reason to suspect that a sort of correspondence, by letter, or through my niece's maid, whom I believe you recommended to her, M. Laborde, has been going on between them. My own honor, and a regard for her, compel me to put a stop to this. I must take her for a while from Paris. I shall go to-morrow morning to Ostend, and if M. Laborde feels inclined to join us there he will be most welcome. We leave by the train at daybreak. I confide this to you, my friend, and to no one else, and therefore—you understand?" He put his fingers to his lips.

Paul made the same significant gesture.

"Pardon me," said the count, "If I excuse myself now, for I have enough to do to settle affairs between this and daybreak."

So Paul found himself dismissed and in the street before he had time to ask after her who was the cause of all these movements of the index-hands upon the dial-plate of destiny. "Never mind said he to himself: "Fortune is in my favor. If I win the confidence of the uncle, I will go home, go to sleep, and be happy. The count must be very rich. His approval will also lead to a dowry,—ah immense! Leave papa to see to that! And as for grandpapa when he sees me married and settled he will make his little will in favor of his married grandson, for he always says that he likes boys to begin and get wives early in life, as he did."

With these bright thoughts for the future, the little man walked through the silent streets of St. Germain, happy as if they had been fulfilled.

So the count and his niece were off, incognito, to Ostend, whither the little man followed them. Let us leave them there for awhile. It is a bitter and inhospitable place in winter.

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS in the mean time was quietly preparing itself for the approaching Saturnalia, the masked ball of all masked balls,—the one held on the night before Lent,—the closing pageant, the transcedent spectacle of folly, with which that great city fills its yearly cup of madness before it dashes it down and plunges into all the melancholy of the opposite extreme, on the succeeding Ash Wednesday,

A clear, cold night ushers in the scene of riotous debauchery. The moon is riding serene in the cloudless blue heaven above, casting such a flood of light upon the streets of the great city around the Grand Opera-House that even the brilliancy of the clustering lamps seems to wither and pale in the calm depths of her effulgence. An unusual quiet pervades the metropolis. Is the city asleep? It is verging on towards midnight, and yet all seems silent and motionless.

At last the streets began to fill with grotesque multitudes; carriages of every description crowd and jostle together; the sidewalks are thronged with a phantasmagoria of figures who seem be in the moonlight

So withered and so wild in their attire,
They look not like th' inhabitants of the earth,
And yet are on it.

As these move on they are met by intersecting throngs from side-streets, swelling the tide, but all quiet and orderly; a stray laugh here, a whiff of song there, perhaps, but in general there is but a steady murmur, as of bees when you approach the hive. At last the masks approach the street that surround the Opera. Here the crowd becomes denser, and yet how quickly by twos and threes it melts into the vast receptacle, the gorgeous building, which for this night is to be a French heaven of delight! Inside of the brilliantly-lighted dome, you watch the quieter class of revellers who in endless variety of domino, people the encircling rows of boxes. But it is upon the floored-over parquette that your eyes are directed. Human ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost capacity to produce that motley crowd. It counts by thousands, and yet, in the flood of light that pours upon that white floor, you can distinctly recognize the dress, the air, the figure, of each of the dramatic personal.

Nearly midnight, and quiet reigns surpreme in that vast assemblage. One by one the orchestra-players take their place on the stage and tune their instruments. There is a hush of expectancy, a straining of eyes. Every one is watching for one little potential figure. A small man, dressed in black, with white cravat, white waist-band, white gloves, and an ebony baton in his hand, now emerges from a side door and steathily glides to the stand in front of the orchestra. This insignificant figure is the genius of the Carnival. He looks around him; a pause, a wave of the baton, and down it comes! Then roars up from that stage a thunder-storm of drums! Then bursts forth the summoning call of a choir of trumpets! Instantly the place is infected with delirious frenzy! A hundred fiddles with triangular motions invoke the spirits of enthusiastic tempest. The motley monster below suddenly starts into life and whirls about in grotesque transports. It is not a dance, it is not a measure, a stately galliard of noble men and lovely women: it is a chumsy pell-mell, a jostling, a pandemonium of ungraceful motions. On and on it swirls, with yells, with shrieks, with overwhelming fury, a maelstorm of hoarse passion, a whirlpool of frantic evil. The sexes, coupled together, sweep about and about, in maddening confusion. Music lends its potent power to drive those unthinking souls to destruction. Folly, with its cap and bells, reigns triumphant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

It Really Is

Jonnie is a smart boy. When he was asked to define moustache he instantly replied, "It's a bang on the mouth.—N. Y. Epoch.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable 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.

Her Suggestion.

Fitzdude (languidly)—"I really wish I could find something to take up my mind."

Miss Sharpley—"Er—why not try blotting-paper?"

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector 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.

Brown—"Is Hamleigh much of an actor?"

Fogg—"He acts as though he thought so."

Some people have had their early education neglected, but many more simply neglect their early education.

"After a varied experience with many so-called cathartic remedies, I am convinced that Ayer's Pills give the most satisfactory results. I rely exclusively on these Pills for the cure of liver and stomach complaints."—John B. Bell, Sr., Abilene, Texas.

Old Mr. Dudkins—"Ar-a-r-r! So I have caught you kissing my daughter, have I?"

Young Mr. Cooley—"I trust there is no doubt about it, sir. The light is quite dim, and I should feel vastly humiliated if it should turn out that I had been kissing the cook."—Puck.

Many people who pride themselves on their *blue* blood would be far happier with *pure* blood; but, while we cannot choose our ancestors, fortunately, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—we can transmit pure blood to our posterity.

Grand Results and Great Blessings.

Such lovely colors, tints and hues!
For every household joyful news,
Of what the ladies all can do
With Diamond Dyes so strong and true.
Your jacket old, your shawl, and dress
Can be renewed for usefulness;
Your hose and ribbons, feathers too,
Can all be dyed to look like new;
While trousers, coats, and vests as well,
Can be transformed to look "swell;"
In fact, with Diamond Dyes you can
Work blessings for the home of man.

A Sight Worth Seeing.

Probably few persons ever saw the breathing apparatus of a human being laid open for inspection. From a hospital cadaver, we once saw the lungs and bronchial tubes removed, and blown up as a boy would a bladder or toy balloon, until the fine bronchial tubes and air cells of the lungs were distended to their fullest extent. In this state the lungs were hardened by immersion in alcohol, so that they remained expanded when the air was let free. With a sharp knife the wind-pipe and lungs were split open, so that it was easy to trace the bronchial tubes gradually diminishing in size from the wind-pipe itself, becoming finer and more delicately branched, until smaller than fine sewing cotton, these tiny bronchi lead into the air-cells beyond, to convey air to sustain life.

Truly a wonderful sight which we have often recalled during the past winter as we read of the great number of deaths from pneumonia and bronchitis. Nearly 250 deaths in Boston in the month of January.

It seems impossible to most people, that so common and simple a disease as bronchitis, should cause death at all. But think for a moment, what would happen if the lining membrane of these tiny tubes described above should become much swollen by inflammation, which is likely to occur after an severe cold. The passage of air to the lung cells would be stopped, and the patient die from suffocation, as certainly as if a giant grasped his throat.

People should not overlook the irritation or "tickling in the throat," which causes a "hacking cough." Sure symptoms of bronchitis. The irritation being caused from inflammation inside of the windpipe, it is useless to take medicines into the stomach to cure it: one might as well eat tallow to cure chapped hands.

The interior mucous membrane of the windpipe must be promptly treated to prevent the downward spread of the inflammatory effect. On page twelve of a pamphlet published by L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., is printed plain directions for applying Johnson's Anodyne Liniment to the bronchial tubes and nasal passages, to cure colds and bronchitis.

It is a well-known fact, as many persons can testify that this old-fashioned remedy will stop inflammation and swelling, quicker than any other medicine.

War Later.

Jackson—Do you know, Gibbs, that there is a possibility of war between the Jones and Brown families?

Gibbs—Is that so?

Jackson—Yes; already there is an engagement between Tom Jones and Sallie Brown.

"Don't feel well," and yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness.

Husband—I wonder how I have caught this terrible cold.

Wife—Why, dear, don't you know you were reading the weather reports!

JOYOUS SPRING TIME.

Spring time! What gladness and cheer in the words! We look around us and behold the glad tidings of spring and a new arb. The grass is showing up in lovely green, the trees are budding, the feathered songsters are hovering around us and flitting from tree to tree, pouring forth their musical welcome. The farmer is clearing his ground and putting things in order for a more bountiful harvest than last year's. Even the beasts of the field seem to be glad, and rejoice at the coming of Spring. Spring time, from a sanitary point of view, should be an important season to every man and woman in Canada. We should now seriously consider the state of our health. It is our duty to cast off all the impurities which the system has received during the Winter season. From the impurities which the blood has received many suffer from nervousness, headaches and dizziness; the brain is clouded and wearied, and the whole body feels languid and lazy. Dyspepsia is laying its hand heavily on many.

At this season all should seek that fountain of health—that great brain and nerve food, Paine's Celery Compound. It is the only reliable and effectual remedy for the toning and bracing up of the nervous system, it builds up the body and strengthens the whole digestive organism. It gives new life, vim and energy to resist the enervating effects of a hot and sickly summer, and enables all to avoid disease and contagion.

Testing a Good Joke.

"Wouldn't it be a good joke to put a brick under that old hat, and set it up for some one to kick! I'll take just one kick out of it before we load it. (He kicked.)

It was already loaded!

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.,

Gentlemen,—I take pleasure in giving my testimony to your well known MINARD'S LINIMENT, as I feel that it saved my life. In the winter of 1887 I was attacked by a severe pain in my left side caused by a fall from a building during the previous summer. I got relief every time it was bathed with the MINARD'S LINIMENT and eventually cured by the use of only a few bottles. This liniment has made some wonderful cures.

THOMAS WASSON

Sheffield, N. B.

President Van Horne and party left Montreal yesterday on their annual trip of inspection over the Canadian Pacific. They expect to arrive in Vancouver to meet the Empress of India from her round the world trip.

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. Watters, West End.

The London Eng. post office authorities announce the contract with the Allan Steamship company for carrying the Canadian mails has expired, and henceforth the Canadian mails will go from New York via Queenstown, instead of via Londonderry.

At no season in the year is cold in the head and catarrh more prevalent than during April. To neglect either means misery and perhaps fatal results. Nasal Balm is the only certain remedy for these dangerous diseases, and as a precautionary remedy should be kept in every household. Nasal Balm has cured thousands of sufferers—it will cure you. Try it.

In the rioting at Bradford, Eng., last night, the mob numbered at least 20,000 persons. The street lamps were extinguished by the rioters. The military police and special constables charged and dispersed the mob. Many persons were injured.

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 words of the alphabet used in the *Home Magazine.*" Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during this competition, which closes April 25th, 1891. Send 6 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., Rockville, Ont.

All efforts of the citizens of Bradford, Eng., to effect a compromise agreement between Lister & Co, the most prominent wool owners, and the striking weavers, having failed, rioting was resumed there last night.

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.

In the House of Commons yesterday Lord Knutsford announced that the bill in regard to the modus vivendi in Newfoundland, would come up for a second reading on Monday next.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

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Reserve,
Victoria,
Caledonia,
ALL SIZES Anthracite.

Coal's are screened before delivery.
PRICES LOW.

MORRISON & LAWLOR,
27 and 29 Smythe Street.
Telephone 329.

COALS.

Now landing ex Sch. Beaver from New York,
200 TONS STOVE COAL,
50 TONS BROKEN COAL.
—FOR SALE BY—
R. P. McGIVERN, No. 9 North Wharf.
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Coal Landing.

Ex "Robbie Godfrey," from New York,
260 Tons Anthracite Coal, in Lump, Broken and Stove Sizes.
100 Tons ACADIA PICTOU, FOR SALE AT LOWEST RATES.

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HAVE JUST RECEIVED
SWISS CHEESE (Gruyere);
ROYAL STILTON CHEESE,
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And for sale at 32 CHARLOTTE STREET.

PURE AND THICK
Maple Syrup.
TAYLOR & DOCKRILL
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CODFISH.
250 CWT.
CODFISH POLLOCK
landing ex schr. "Buda."
WHOLESALE BY
GEO. S. deFOREST & SONS

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DATES,
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A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
PERFUMES
OF THE LEADING MAKERS.
Perfume in Bulk, Choice Quality, Cologne, Bay Rum, im. and domestic Florida, Violet & Sachet Powder; Cut Glass Bottles.
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General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.
"Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.
Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 900 agencies.
Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the North west Territories and British Columbia.
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Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.
Invoices required for Goods from Canada United States or Europe, and vice versa.
H. C. CREIGHTON, Agt'Gen'l. J. R. STONE Agent
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Errors of Young and Old.
Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, Cured by
HAZELTON'S VITALIZER.
Also Nervous Debility, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Ambition, Unfitness to Marry, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Night Emissions, Drain in Youth, Seminal Losses, Sleeplessness, Aversion to Society, Unfit for Study, Excessive Indulgence, etc., etc. One bottle guaranteed. 20,000 Sold Yearly. Address, including stamp for treatise.
J. E. HAZELTON,
Graduated Pharmacist, 308 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John E. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., at work for us. Reader, we want to make a similar offer to you. We teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America you can work at home, spending all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great success for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, STEADILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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493 Godsoe, W. C., residence Princess.
378 Hoyt, S., residence Charlotte.
494 Jones, C. T., residence Pond.
335 Knowlton & Gilchrist, Insurance Agents, Bayard Building, Prince Wm. street.
208 Kimball, G. A., residence Waterloo.
495 Knudson, A. A., residence Germain.
8 Manchester, Dr. J. W., Union.
39 Noble, J. H., Plumber and Gas Fitter, 57 King Square.
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Steamers.	Tons.	Liverpool.	Halifax.
TORONTO	3,256	Jan. 22	Feb. 14
SARNIA	3,712	Feb. 5	" 28
OREGON	3,712	" 19	Mar. 14
VANCOUVER	3,250	Mar. 5	" 28
SARNIA	3,712	" 19	Apr. 11
OREGON	3,712	Apr. 2	" 25

These Steamers have Saloon, State Rooms, Music Rooms, Smoking Rooms and Bath Rooms *amidships*, where but little motion is felt, and the "Vancouver" is lighted throughout with *Electric Light.*
Special reduced rates have been arranged for Tickets to Glasgow, Belfast and