

### Shrouded In Mystery.

I joined Manager Blow at Philadelphia the season of the Centennial Exposition—World's Fair—you recollect? Blow, like some other showmen in other lines of the business, ran away with the mistaken idea that he was going to make an everlasting fortune in the face of the big show. People who go to see a world's fair are not looking for a circus. They can see that at home, and we with others, were not long in finding it out, and such as could, moved out in a hurry on to the road, to re-arrange their finances.

Blow said he would get even if he ran all winter; and he did, and that was a little too much, more than I bargained for. About thirty weeks on the road suits my dimensions better. But I had only ten days to the war, and was bound to stick to it through; that is the kind of people I am. Then, you know, if a man wants to engage for a season he must not desert this one. I was booked for 1877, and was O. K. for the present and the immediate future.

I tell you business on the road in '76 was bad for all kinds of shows, and the only chance that Blow had to pull up was in the South. Says he to me:

"I am going to put Dixie for all its worth. At New Orleans we will stop for a week, varnish the cages, tables and furnish up all around, and hoist new tents. And right there he ceased to communicate about the next season or any of his plans for the future, and that was strange and right contrary to his usual way of doing business. Previously the old man had always tooted his horn as to what he was going to do, until he gave you a pain in the ear. Think of windy Blow turning owl.

Even the advance of the show and the assistant manager and treasurer had no information to give, and as the press agent said, everything was "shrouded in mystery."

One day I did get a little bit of an inkling of the manager's plans by the way of a remark:

"Potthers, I have come to the conclusion that no one knows the public better than P. T. Barnum. He alone of the circus managers has been aware of the people's interest in the freaks of human nature and the strange natives of obscure climes."

The old man was talking like a newspaper puff on a quarter sheet bill, and I agreed with him, at which he resumed further:

"While other managers put freaks in their side show alone, Barnum has 'em in the big show, too—and it pays."

I substantiated, and right there the conversation ended; but I recalled it when he sent me weeks later, when he said to me:

"Potthers, I have got the greatest card for next season that you or anybody else ever heard of—"

"What is it?" said I on the jump.

"Oh, that," said he, "must for the present remain shrouded in mystery. What you don't know you can't tell. It is enough for you to know that the man is the most amazing, appalling and alarming freak of nature ever born. He is due in New York next week and you must go and meet him," and he furt or elucidated: "As there must be time to prepare advertising for him I shall run him in the side show until the bills and litho's can be got up."

I went to New York and met the freak—that is what I will have to call him, as I can neither spell his name nor pronounce it. In type it looked as if it was set up backwards, and upside down at that. I don't know what language he spoke; it was a gibberish of some kind, but we got along well enough by making signs.

Well, if that man was a freak I couldn't see it. On the whole he was a good looking chap and not so much different from any of us except for a few foreign peculiarities.

"Thunder!" said I to myself, "where does the freak come in on this fellow. Has some one over in Europe with a hant from Bridgeport been putting up a job on Blow?"

At first thought I was going to take the responsibility of leaving the chap in New York, and returning to the show and returning to the show and reporting to the old man that he has been done for. On reflection I came to the conclusion that that would be contrary to orders. I had my orders and the tickets, and so I do the proper thing and started for the show, remarking to myself with a big laugh:

"Shrouded in mys ery!"

On the way I tried to study the fellow out, but he was a riddle to me. I couldn't make anything out of him that was extraordinary, and in his way he seemed to be grateful to me for my attentions, but as we could only communicate by signs the trip back to the show was a good deal of a bore.

Every time I looked at the fellow I wondered what the old man would say, and remarked:

"Shrouded in mystery!"

For the file of me all the way I couldn't see anything unusual about him. He constantly wore a silk skull cap; nothing remarkable about that; plenty of people with thin thatches do that.

The show was on wheels, and we left the railroad at the nearest point where it was to show the next day. Quite a sizeable town off the line. I was in a hurry to make the show, and soon made a dicker with the landlord for a rig to drive across the country, through the North Carolina pines, in the night? Landlord kind of hinted that we had better wait until morning, but didn't give any reason why. But he rigged up the team, and we started with instructions to turn over the outfit to his son at our destination, he keeping a stable v. r. there, and return g this rig at the first opportunity that there was a paying price on hand for the father's town. Clever scheme, eh?

Well, we drove and we drove, and we

drove, but it was easy sailing; the road run right through the blackest, darkest, thickest woods you ever saw. It didn't turn right nor left, nor cross, and all you had to do was to set still and let the horse go. Monotonous though! 'T would have been pleasanter if my side partner had been able to talk United States. As it was, I smoked and rode, and rode and smoked.

At every step the woods grew thicker and the darkness blacker.

I've rode thousands of miles with wagon shows, but that was the only time in my life that I had a sense of fear come over me. All of sudden I got afraid; I did, no denying it. I got that nervous that I looked and listened with all my might—strained my ears and eyes, but saw or heard nothing unusual.

Why, it was so still that I could hardly hear the horse boots on the carpet of pine needles.

"Hold up!"

That was a man's voice, and he said it as if he meant business. The instant he spoke, said I to myself:

"Moonshiners!"

I was right there, and they were right there, a half dozen of them, who pressed about the rig as soon as the horse came to a stop.

I understood now why the landlord advised that we should not travel at night, and I was aware that we were in a mighty tight place.

We were mistaken for government revenue officers, and more than one of Uncle Sam's officers had been murdered in the pine woods and the mountains by the revengeful and ignorant illicit distillers.

"Get out!" was a command that we obeyed. The freak did not understand, but followed suit. One of the party brought a flaming piece of pine and held it in our faces.

The freak knew as well as I did that we were in danger; the sight of the armed men and their murderous visages was enough. It gives me a chill to think of it now.

The leader, a tall fellow, held the flaming pine close to our faces, and the other villains put their hands to the weapons. I thought I was about to close my engagement here below and go on to the unknown.

"Take the horse into the woods," commanded the chief of the moonshiners.

The horse was led away, and I was wondering if we could be set or, or hung to a tree, when, before I could make a statement of our business, and who and what we were, the freak reeled off a lot of his gibberish, and in the midst of it removed his hat and skull cap.

At that every mother's son of them took to their legs and ran as if pursued by all the demons that loose from Pophet!

I took in the cause of their fright, and came pretty near joining them myself.

The freak had three eyes, the third one plumb in the centre of the forehead and twice the size of a natural one!

The moonshiners did not recover from their fright; at least we saw or heard no more of them. We took to the team and made on to the town without further adventure.

To the manager's intense disappointment the man with three eyes absolutely refused to tell his engagement, and insisted on returning to Europe by the very first possible steamer. Nothing could reassure him of his safety in America after our night's startling adventure, and he was never placed on exhibition here, and what became of him afterwards is shrouded in mystery.

RICHARD KNEW.

A Tame Crow Adds to its Vocabulary and Attends Farmer Downs.

It captured while yet a nestling and properly educated, a crow may be taught to imitate the sounds of the human voice so closely that it will articulate words so distinctly as a parrot, although the crows vocabulary is not apt to be extensive. Such words as 'Good morning,' 'How do do?' 'Hallo!' and similar familiar expressions and the name of its master are learned easily and the bird will repeat them so invariably at the right time and place that the crow's vocal accomplishments will naturally seem uncanny to a person who observes them for the first time. All tame crows are surprisingly intelligent creatures, and now and then one will astonish even its friends by ejaculating a new word or an expression entirely unexpected and startlingly distinct.

About two years ago Peter Downs, who then lived with his father on the Downs farm near Rose Lake, Pa., captured a newly fledged crow, and it proved to be a very apt scholar and became a great pet. It was the wonder of the neighborhood. Early in its career, it began calling the elder Downs 'pop,' and regularly every morning it greeted him with 'Good morning, pop!' A year ago the son got married and went to live on a farm a mile and a half from the Downs homestead, taking Richard, the tame crow, with him. The crow returned to the old place regularly every day for a visit and always announced its coming by the familiar greeting to Farmer Downs, 'Good morning, pop!' The bird usually busied itself about the place until toward noon, when it returned home. One day last week Richard appeared at the Downs farm much earlier in the

morning than usual and almost knocked Farmer Downs speechless by shouting: 'Good mornin', gran'pop!'

The crow chuckled and croaked in a most ridiculous manner and repeated at short intervals, with an unctious never before accompanying its utterance. 'Good mornin', Gran'pop! Gran'pop! Gran'pop!' causing the farmer much amusement after his first surprise and making him wonder where in tarantion he picked that up. An hour or so after the bird came to the farm to air its enlarged vocabulary Peter Downs drove up, looking pleased.

'Well, pop,' he said, 'there's three of us down there now. Nicest boy ever seen the third one is and everybody doin' fine.'

'Morn', gran'pop!' chuckled the crow.

Then it was all clear; but everyone about that neighborhood is wondering how in the world that crow got on to the new dignity the situation placed on Farmer Downs and then hurried to be the first to tell him of it.

Unappreciated.

Perhaps few experiences of life are harder to bear than when an appeal to another out of the fullness of one's heart is received with an utter lack of sympathy. Such a situation is portrayed by the biographer of the Rev. S. C. Malan.

A dishonest gardener had received notice of discharge, and after an unsuccessful attempt to vindicate his character by plausible platitudes, said mournfully to the vicar:

'Ah, sir, you will miss me before I be gone half an hour!'

'I shan't mind that,' answered Mr. Malan, cheerfully, 'if I don't miss anything else!'

The most extraordinary plant known as the 'travelling plant,' which has a root formed of knots, by which it annually advances about an inch from the place where it was first rooted.



WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

### BORN.

- Truro, March 13, to the wife of Mr. F. Calder, a son.
- Digby, March 13, to the wife of Joseph E. Snow, a son.
- Yarmouth, March 11, to the wife of Ches. Retz, a son.
- Alm, March 14, to the wife of Chesley Doncetti, a son.
- Parker's Cove, March 11, to the wife of Mr. J. Rice, a son.
- Vancouver, March 9, to the wife of F. W. Dowling, a daughter.
- Bridgewater, March 9, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Perry, a son.
- Truro, March 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Christie, a daughter.
- Halifax, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. D. Iton, a son.
- Amherst, March 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Budd, a son.
- Digby, March 13, to the wife of George Everett, a twin.
- Halifax, March 11, to the wife of J. B. Douglas, a daughter.
- Alma, March 13, to the wife of Samuel Rogers, a daughter.
- Digby, March 10, to the wife of Joseph Rogers, a daughter.
- Richibucto, March 12, to the wife of Mr. Peter Barrow, a daughter.
- Parrsboro, March 5, to the wife of Alanley Walsh, a daughter.
- Amherst, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, a daughter.
- Westworth, Feb. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Batts, a daughter.
- Truro, March 2, to the wife of Mr. Adam Harling, a daughter.
- Moncton, March 19, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gunnig, a daughter.
- Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 8, to the wife of Jas. Beers, a son.
- Victoria Beach, March 16, to the wife of James Ellis, a daughter.
- Salem, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Nickerson, a daughter.
- Westworth Station, Feb. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Slack, a daughter.
- Meagher's Grant, Feb. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greenough, a twin.
- Moncton, March 19, to the wife of Mr. W. H. Anderson, a daughter.
- Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 4, to the wife of Mr. James Wilson, a son.
- Grand Pre, March 5, to Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey, a daughter.
- Fort Maitland, March 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Landers, a daughter.
- Westworth, Feb. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson, a daughter.
- New York, March 6, to the wife of Capt. M. J. C. Andrews, a daughter.
- Truro, March 12, to the wife of Mr. A. Roy McDougall, a daughter.

### MARRIED.

- Amherst Highlands, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Maria Cornier, a son.
  - Isle of Islands, Halifax, March 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Harding, a daughter.
  - Lower Amherst, Albert Co., March 10, to the wife of Archie Beaman, a daughter.
- St. George, N. B., Mar. 9, Mr. James Chase to Miss Helen Dewar.
- Bridgewater, Mar. 9, by Rev. Mr. Board, Alden Wood to Miss Kate.
- Amherst, by Rev. J. Grimes, Joseph A. Lindville to Lillian M. Rockford.
- Newport, Mar. 13, by Rev. A. Danie, Benjamin Dine to Mary Langille.
- Westmouth, Mar. 5, by Rev. H. A. Giff, George Whitehouse to Elia Barr.
- Kings Co., Mar. 12, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Geo. F. Wood to Miss L. Bridge.
- Truro, Mar. 15, by Rev. T. Cunningham, Hugh B. Hale to Miss Fanny Hughes.
- Truro, Mar. 10, by Rev. Edward Rose, Edward A. Stevenson to Agnes G. Dewar.
- Dartmouth, Mar. 16, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, William C. Marks to Maggie G. Dwy.
- Mahone Bay, Mar. 9, by Rev. F. Frigens, Chas. A. McLean to Lena J. Seaboyer.
- Hobroy, Mar. 15, by Rev. J. W. Engler, M. A. Le. K. Crosby to Lena E. Doby.
- Rozbury, Mass, Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. Bials, Clement B. Patten to Alice E. Potter.
- Salisbury, Mar. 14, by Rev. J. K. King, C. E. Macdonald to Annie A. Thompson.
- Worcester, Mass, Mar. 9, by Rev. W. A. Nichols, Arthur C. Hall to Lena P. Hirtle.
- Ferris, Feb. 25, by Rev. W. H. Smith, Joseph D. Phillips to Bessie McKelvey.
- Parker's Cove, Mar. 10, by Rev. H. Achilles, Mr. J. F. Gales to Miss Bertha Turner.
- Lockport, Mar. 5, by Rev. Donatus Hemeone, Frank E. Thompson to Annie M. Aitile.
- Lunenburg, Mar. 15, by Rev. Benjamin Ellis, B. D. Deborah Wenzel to Stephen Berringer.
- Lynn, Mass., Mar. 1, by Rev. R. T. C. McKenzie, Geo. Doby Kilham to Grace Ellen McNeil.
- Redwood, N. B., Feb. 26, by Rev. F. H. Mear, Mr. Charles MacLeod to Miss Stacie W. Cean.
- Surrette's Land, Feb. 8, by Rev. J. B. Dupuis, Mr. Moose Bourque to Miss Agnes Bourque.
- Bridgewater, Mar. 8, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, Wm. Kenneth Foster to Josephine Wrylock.
- Yarmouth, Mar. 16, by Rev. E. E. Brithwaite, Capt. Arthur W. Hinton to Cora L. Williams.
- Fredericton Junction, Mar. 9, by Rev. Horace E. Dine, Mr. Sterling Landerdale Alexander to Amanda F. Salter Miller.

### DIED.

- Lunenburg, Mar. 6, Norman Silver.
- Halifax, Mar. 16, James Heffner 88.
- Truro, Mar. 14, Mary A. Campbell 23.
- St. John, Mar. 15, John McFadden, 43.
- Colchester, Mar. 8, Neil McDonald 93.
- Worcester, Mar. 17, John H. Craft, 61.
- Lakeville, Mar. 5, Wentworth W. 101 88.
- Shelburne, Mar. 1, Joseph M. Fisher 87.
- River Philip, Mar. 7, Mrs. H. Young 83.
- Miltove, Mar. 14, Mrs. Julia Walsh 87.
- New Glasgow, Mar. 14, George Miller, 90.
- Kemptonville, Mar. 13, Mrs. Geo. Wallace, 46.
- Windsor, Mar. 15, Henry Corbett a 77.
- Kempville, Mar. 12, Mrs. Chas. Boer 73.
- Kempville, Mar. 14, Mrs. Charles Bower.
- Miltove, Mar. 12, Mrs. Nancy McLuin, 62.
- Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 25, John S. Brown 74.
- Surry a. C., Mar. 15, Elias Messinger, 86.
- Truro, Mar. 10, Sadie wife of John D. Ross 32.
- Derry, Mar. 9, James T. son of John Dorar, 23.
- Dorchester, Mass., Mar. 6, Eliza D. Bower 36.
- Portspaney, Montserrat, Feb. 21, Adam Morrison 61.
- Truro, Mar. 9, Mary R. wife of Thomas Wallace 38.
- Halifax, Mar. 17, Mary E. wife of E. J. Delaney 30.
- Pictou, Mar. 9, Jean M. wife of Alex. McKenzie 85.
- Halifax, Mar. 16, Sarah A. wife of Archibald Power 30.
- Head Point, Mar. 8, Margaret, widow of Wm. McInnes.
- Bass River, Mar. 13, Rachel, relict of George Murray 72.
- Riverdale, Mar. 12, Mary A. wife of James Hart 74 70.
- Jordan Ferry, Mar. 6, Elvie, daughter of Ulrich Firth 16.
- Salm, N. B., Mar. 13, Katie, daughter of Louis 14 14.
- Parrsboro, Mar. 5, Murray, son of P. Lawson Jenks 8 months.
- Tony River, Mar. 4, Bessie, wife of Thomas McKeown 30.
- Bozter, Mar. 5, Margaret E. widow of the late John J. McNutt.
- Shelburne, Mar. 4, Clara L. daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Stiles 16.
- Moscon, Ms. 16, Hannah, widow of the late Edward F. Sherwood.
- Sobr Island, Mar. 5, Willie K. son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gidies 23.
- Pt. Wolf, A. Co., Mar. 9, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walsham.
- Marguobol Harbor, Mar. 1, Susie E. wife of Mr. Charles Campbell 25.
- Sonora, Guayaboro, Feb. 23, Clarence J. son of Mr. and Mrs. James Green 3.
- Montreal, Mar. 15, Jane, daughter of the late Michael Smith 11 months.
- Main River, Kent Co., Mar. 12, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clare, 16.
- Yarmouth, Mar. 10, Alice L. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clark 5 months.
- Robbinston, Mar. 13, Harriet E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Newman, 1.
- South Boston, Mar. 6, Allen Vivian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Small, 6.
- Moncton, Mar. 15, Percy, 11 months son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen McDonald, 11 months.
- Boston Highlands, Mar. 14, Sila A. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Webster, 9.

MILBURN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION

Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese

Render it the most effectual remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required.

No Emulsion so pleasant to take.

"I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the doctor. He ordered me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, pronouncing my disease scrofula. After taking this splendid emulsion for about three weeks, I was completely cured."

HENRIETTA V. NICKERSON, Lower Wood's Harbor, N.S.

Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.

### RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Lvs. St. J. on at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m. T. & S. and Fri.

Lvs. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12.45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.35 a. m., ar. Halifax 6.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.

Lvs. Yarmouth 3.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lvs. Digby 10.15 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.

Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.40 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Business between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train, and "Flying Business" Express, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Friday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unusually quick on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFINS, Superintendant.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Ry. Easter Holiday Excursions.

Tickets on sale to Teachers and Pupils in Schools and Colleges (on presentation of proper certificate from principal) March 19th, to April 9, good for return until April 19th, and to the Pacific April 7th to 11th, good for return until April 12th, at

ONE WAY FARE for the round trip.

Further particulars on application to Ticket Agents.

C. E. E. Usher, A. H. Notman, Gen. Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express to Campbellton, Fergus Falls, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

Express to Halifax..... 13.10

Express for Sussex..... 15.35

Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.10

Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.30

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30

Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 16.00

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.3

Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

Buy Dominion Express Co.'s Money Orders

Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be Cashed on Presentation

FOR SMALL REMITTANCES.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers

Forward Merchandise, Money and Passbooks on 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 Boreal, Napanee, Timworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Montreal Railways, Intercolonial and Champlain and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Rail way, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line (Mail Steamers).

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa.

J. B. TONE, C. CORRIEHOUGHTON, Asst. Sup't

BE AFRAID. Have fear of a pimple that won't heal or go away. It may be a cancer-spot. Our Vegetable Cancer Cure is fully explained in our pamphlet. Sent for 5c. (stamp.) STORY & JURY, Bowmansville, Ont.

VOL. WHO THE AFFAIRS—Sears, one referring to F. K., and letter to be Sun and the ed it, the Telegraph a long edited endeavor to the city a no, doubt e the oppositi the railway than it seem That wou the citizens deed [about] about/agreee idea that the share toward the C. can get an without [que] corporations have [been] priations the expect [that] them to pres of the termi At any ra agreement is informed, measure. The gentlemen w weak, so th acquainted w are looking and quite issue [has] be it up. The agreement b way is tor th not. Mr. S says it is. For many in civic plie into view, it porters of es ents. Prog mayoralty bi who are aski are very ve They are to present most favora the electors' this most in shown. Mr there is reall and the railw the document "tangibility. hinges upon. The Teleg that Mr. S and of cour Then, natur Mr. Sears is chief magist Dr. Danie poses to sup has made the glad it has a ledge of this an underp city of St. J many years. Then, com who shall be will repres other section front. In w the pen, and that there is to this date. hold down th their is his opposition as ing seems to men at the anything he and his con India or con turn with a people. The right, the al machinist, ge dry. The city anything to d it was only a