



MR. WM. WHITE.
Feels Like a New Man

DEAR SIR.—I think it my duty to let you know what B. B. B. has done for me. I have spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' medicine and got no benefit. I was unable to work for three years with liver complaint, indigestion and kidney trouble. Being advised to try B. B. B. I did so, and now feel like a new man. I have used seven bottles and the effect is wonderful. I think there is no better medicine made.

WILLIAM WHITE,
Oakdale, Ont.

B. B. B. Excels all Others.

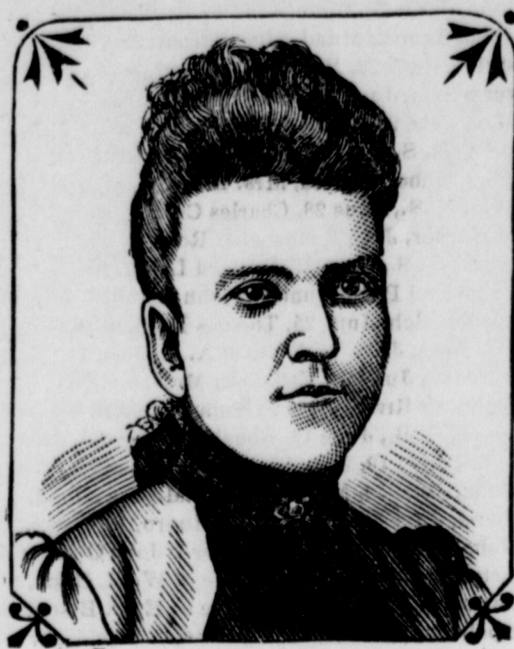
DEAR SIR.—Your Burdock Blood Bitters excels all other medicines that I ever used. I took it for biliousness and it has cured me altogether.

WM. WRIGHT,
Wallaceburg, Ont.

Sincerely Stated.

SIR.—I have been troubled with liver complaint for five years, often unable to work with the pain in my sides and shoulder blades. A neighbor who had used it urged me to try B. B. B., and I took three bottles, which I can sincerely say have made me feel like a new person. I find your Burdock Pills also excellent for use in my family.

MRS. FRANCES HALL,
Kinmount, Ont.



MISS SUTTON.

Salt Rheum Cured.

GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled so bad with Salt Rheum this winter that I lost some of my finger nails and was unable to wash. The doctor told me it could not be cured; he gave me an ointment but it did me no good; in fact, my hands got worse. Several other remedies also failed to effect a cure, and I then thought I would try Burdock Blood Bitters. I did so and with the use of three bottles am quite recovered, able to work again, and recommend B. B. B. to all suffering from Salt Rheum.

MISS ETTIE SUTTON,
Guelph, Ont.

B. B. B. Our Family Physician.

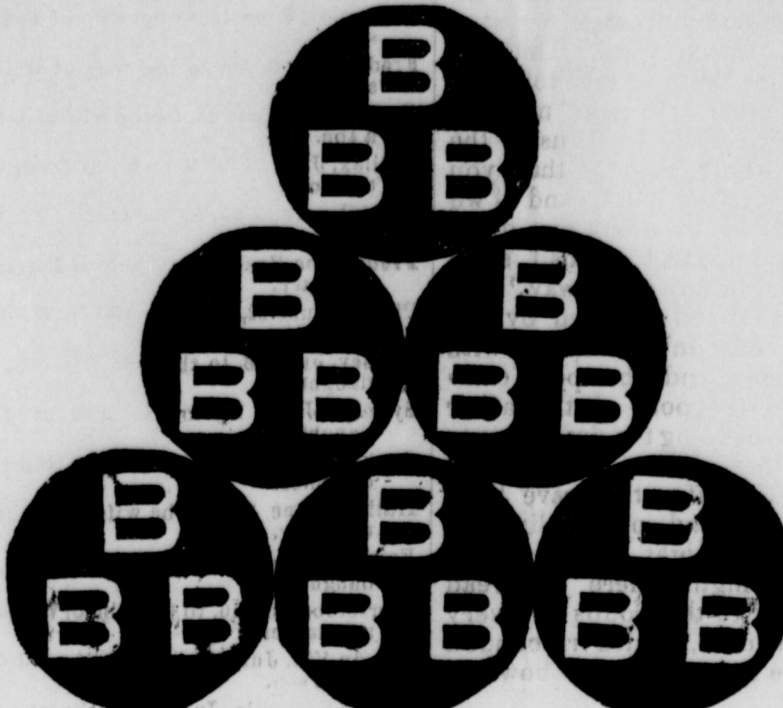
DEAR SIR.—I was troubled with Eczema (Salt Rheum) for about two years, but I did not bother with it until it began to itch and spread over my hand. I then took four bottles of B. B. B. which completely drove it away. It was by my son's advice I took B. B. B., as B. B. B. is our family physician.

J. S. MILLS,
Collingwood, Ont.

For Boils and Skin Diseases.

DEAR SIR.—I have been using B. B. B. for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled.

MRS. SARAH HAMILTON,
Montreal, Que.



**NATURE'S REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES
OF THE
STOMACH,
LIVER, BOWELS AND BLOOD.**

- B. B. B. Purifies the Blood.
- B. B. B. Regulates the Liver.
- B. B. B. Strengthens the Stomach.
- B. B. B. Regulates the Bowels.

All such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Boils, Pimples, Skin Diseases, etc., are caused by wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, or Blood, and may be cured by correcting this wrong action and regulating and purifying all the organs, thus restoring perfect health. B. B. B. will do this promptly, safely and surely. It succeeds where other remedies fail. Even many forms of Cancer yield to its curative powers. Price \$1 per bottle, six for \$5, or less than a cent a dose.

- B. B. B. Cures Dyspepsia.
- B. B. B. Cures Biliousness.
- B. B. B. Cures Constipation.
- B. B. B. Cures Bad Blood.

Overwhelming testimony in favor of B. B. B. proves its popularity and power as the best family medicine of modern times. If faithfully used it cannot fail, and as an evidence of our faith we give a solid guarantee to return the purchase money to any sufferer whom it does not cure or relieve after the use of the whole or part of one bottle.



MISS CAROLINE DUFRESNE.

A Terrible Malady.

GENTLEMEN.—I was afflicted with that terrible malady, dropsy, arising from kidney disease, and was about to undergo an operation when I was recommended to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I have used six bottles and can say that I am now perfectly cured, and feel neither pain nor distress. I strongly recommend B. B. B. to all sufferers from this cruel malady.

CAROLINE DUFRESNE,
Quebec, Que.

B. B. B. Cures Kidney Complaint.

DEAR SIR.—After using three bottles of B. B. B. I am entirely cured of kidney complaint, from which I suffered for a long time, and I would advise all sufferers to try this medicine.

W. J. HORTON,
Toronto, Ont.

B. B. B. a Certain Cure.

DEAR SIR.—I was for a long time troubled with kidney complaint, dyspepsia and biliousness. I tried all kinds of remedies I could hear of. Some gave relief for a while, but as soon as I stopped taking them I was as bad as ever. At last I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and after giving it a fair and honest trial I am now entirely cured, and enjoy good health.

WM. PALMER,
Lorneville, Ont.



MR. WM. T. CATTRAL.

Hope For Sufferers.

DEAR SIR.—I find your B. B. B. an excellent remedy for headache and dizziness. I had tried several doctors, but their medicine did me no good. I have taken two bottles of B. B. B. and feel entirely cured and like a different man. I am certain that if other sufferers try it they will be sure to have satisfaction.

WM. T. CATTRAL,
Belleville, Ont.

Perfectly Cured by B. B. B.

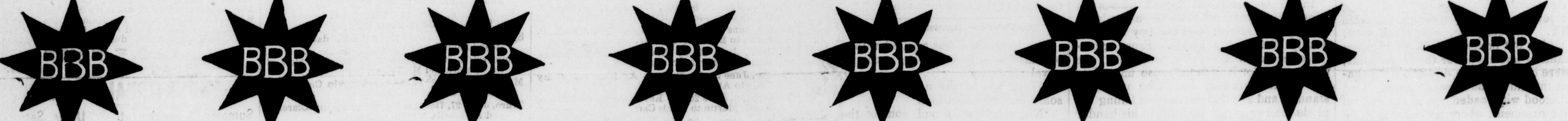
SIR.—I have been greatly troubled with headache and bad blood for ten or twelve years. I started to take Burdock Blood Bitters in July, 1892, and now (January, 1893) I am perfectly cured.

HUGH DRAIN, Norwood, Ont.

B. B. B. Cures Sick Headache.

GENTLEMEN.—Having suffered for a number of years with sick headache I concluded to try B. B. B., and by the time I had used two bottles I was cured and have not had any symptoms of it since. I can safely recommend B. B. B. for sick head-ache.

MRS. A. A. GAMSBY,
Orono, Ont.



A PIECE OF BLACK CLOTH.

When I was on the detective force—by the way, my name is Jack Hindson, at your service—I had a case on my hands that baffled me. I wanted to get on, for I was at that time engaged to Kitty Pease, and she had said though she was very fond of me, she did not want to marry me until I had enough to marry on, which I should have as soon as I had found out the party who committed a certain murder.

Mrs. Jeffries, a rich, miserly sort of old lady, had been found dead in her bed, murdered by some one. No one knew who it was. Everybody was under suspicion. A man-servant, who had been dismissed weeks before; a dissipated nephew, who had quarrelled with her; a pedlar; a man who had mended the roof. But it seemed likely that no one would be actually proved guilty. To be sure, the nephew would come in for her property, being her only relative; but though he had been to the door that evening he had not been seen to go away again, and no doors were found unlocked, and the servant had to call for help before the bedroom door could be broken in.

The only clue I had was a bit of black cloth, clutched in the dead woman's hand—a fine bit of old black broadcloth, torn in quite a singular shape. We hid the fact that this had been found from the newspaper men, and I was looking for the coat it had been pulled out of. That would be my chance.

The dismissed servant was a waiter, but I bribed myself into a chance of seeing his black coat off duty, and it had not been torn or patched. I hunted up the nephew's boarding-house, and got into his room under pretence of having been sent from the telegraph office to see the wires, but his clothes were all of thick, coarse cloth. I talked these things all over to Kitty, and she went out on the roof, as I had done many a time, and went along first in one direction and then in another, looking at all the scuttles doors, until I thought she would go off into the street; but she stopped at the last of the row and beckoned me. I hurried up.

Close to the scuttle door lay a little black button. "This belongs to the garment the bit of cloth came from," she said. "There are blacks and blacks. This is a button that matches that black. Not a blue-black, nor a brownish black, nor a foxy black, but a black that is almost an invisible green. Do you know No. 100?"

"It's a very respectable first-class boarding-house," said I.

"Will they take ladies?" she asked.

"If they were well introduced," she said.

"I shall go there to board."

Next day I got a card from her—she hadn't been in the habit of having cards—with that address on it. I called. She

came down to see me in her best black silk, with her bonnet and mantilla on. There was an old lady in the room. She introduced me to her, and then said she was ready. I took the hint. We went out together.

"Of course you know why I came here," she said. "I'm spending all my salary, and wearing my best clothes; but I've found something out already. Mrs. Jeffries' nephew calls her sometimes. He calls on a young widow, who has the upper front room. He has been engaged to her for some time."

"She paused a long time and then said: 'He was here the night of the murder.' 'Well!' I said. 'Has she let him out upon the roof?' 'I wish you wouldn't ask me any questions,' said Kitty. 'I shall know before long. When I send for you, come at once. Will you let me have a bit of cloth?' 'It's more precious than diamonds,' I said.

Her answer was:—'Yes, I know it.' She put it into her pocketbook. 'I have changed my room,' she remarked. 'I am next to her. There is a locked door between us. That is all. And I have made a peep-hole.'

"You are a born detective; but as this widow is respectable, you can't watch young Jeffries that way."

"Yesterday," she said, without answering me, Jeffries called. I saw him coming up the street, and hid behind a screen in the parlour. I should have pretended to be asleep in a chair there had I been seen, but no one found me out. She came to him, and he talked like an innocent man.

"The poor old woman has done me another injury by getting herself murdered," he said. "I believe I'm suspected, because I shall profit by her death. Why, what do they take me for? I wonder who killed her? They say nothing was gone."

"Whoever it was, you ought to be thankful that the crabbled creature is dead," she said. "Some common burglar, of course. She'd scream and shriek if she saw any one at her jewel-case, and get herself killed."

"Well, poor old woman, I'd have been his death if it had been near," Jeffries said. "She wasn't half bad. She never made a wile and left things away from me, as she might, after I told her I'd never cringe to her for her favor. Hang it, I wish I wasn't her heir. People will suspect me, secretly, perhaps. I can prove I wasn't inside the house that night; but you know how the papers talked. Poor Bitter, the roofer, came to me and cried over what they said about him. Kill Aunt Jessy! Why—good Lord—"

"You used to call her Aunt Jezebel," said the widow; "Mrs. Mull is her name."

"Yes, I'm sorry I did; but she had a temper," said Mr. Jeffries. "I've a mind not to take the money."

"Then I shan't take you," said Mrs. Mull. "Such an idiot; I should be ashamed of you."

"See here!" Kitty handed me an address on a piece of paper. It was Mrs. Preston Mull, at a certain number, Chestnut Street. "It is her mother-in-law. Can you send our Mrs. Mull—Eliza Mull—a telegram saying, 'Come at once to this address?'" she asked.

"I can," said I. "Do it," said she. "No, don't ask me. I am helping you. I have my thoughts. Now take me home."

I took her home, and telegraphed to a brother detective to telegraph to the widow, and I waited and watched. I saw her get into a carriage and go away. I followed and saw her take the train. If Kitty wanted her out of the way she was safe.

A few hours afterwards I received a note:—"Disguise yourself as an old woman, and come here at once. Come in a cab. Wear a thick black veil. Send up word that you are my aunt Agnes. Lose no time."

I lost none. As I went slowly up the stairs with my black veil down, I could hear my heart beat. Kitty opened the door, and called out, "Why, aunt, dear!" and shut it.

"I have opened the door between my room and Mrs. Mull's," she said. "I have found something. I can't appear in this matter. You must see for yourself."

She led me into the handsome room, and went to a wardrobe. There from beneath other dresses she drew a plainly-cut coat or redingote, of thin black cloth, with many buttons down the front, and spread it on a chair. About the height of the knees a piece was torn away and a button gone.

"Hush!" she said; "we don't know who may be listening. Make no sound."

Then she took the bit of cloth from her pocket, fitted it to the rent, and laid the button on it.

"The piece of cloth found in dead Mrs. Jeffries' hand came from this garment," was her remark.

"Yes," I said; "she must have disguised him in it. But—why?"

"Goosey!" said Kitty. "Mr. Jeffries could not get into this. Mrs. Mull wore it herself. Mrs. Mull killed old Mrs. Jeffries. The nephew knows nothing about it—guesses nothing. This wicked woman wanted to marry him when he had inherited the estate. She had done it. I watched her through the peep-hole I had made. I saw her writhe in agony, and without speaking a word, wring her hands and tear her hair. It was an awful sight, but I knew it was a guilty conscience that moved her. There—you have it all in your own hands now. I'll go and tell Mrs. G—"

"That I have news which must take me away, pay her my board, and go with you in the cab."

I left her at her own door. Mrs. Mull was arrested at the station on her return, and it was all as Kitty said. She made full confession. She had conceived the idea of murdering the old woman that her nephew might get the money, and she had hoped

the poor proof-mender would be charged with the crime. She was a fiend in female form, but she thought that I had driven a woman to the gallows haunted me and sickened me of the detective business, which I left very soon. Kitty and I are keeping a little hotel now, and prospering very well.

THE PRESENCE OF GREAT MEN.

How It Failed to Awe an Englishman and a Bohemian Peasant.

An Englishman who was visiting New York was not long back taken to the Players' Club for dinner. In the smoking-room the host of the evening seized the opportunity to introduce the guest to the celebrities who were enjoying coffee and cigars.

"Let me present you," he said, "to Mr. William Dean Howells, and to Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and to Mr. Gilder, editor of the Century, and this is Mark Twain."

"Thanks, very much; very good, very good, indeed," said the visitor. "But let me introduce myself. Gentlemen, you have the honor of shaking hands with Mr. William Ewart Gladstone!"

For a moment or two those present thought they had been introduced to a harmless lunatic, but it presently appeared that he was sane enough. With that keen eye for a joke from every American which is characteristic of some Englishmen, the stranger had thought the names of distinguished men had been given to the several members of the party in jest, and had simply kept up what he supposed was the game. He couldn't understand that he had really stumbled upon so many notables in one group.

This story recalls one that used to be told of the Emperor Francis Joseph and a Bohemian peasant. The Emperor had been hunting, and getting separated from his suite, had lost his way among the wooded hills. After wandering some distance through the forest, he emerged upon a road, and asked a countryman who happened along with a wood-cart for a lift.

The man was glad of a companion on a lonely road, and the two chatted together on a footing of perfect equality as the leisurely vehicle toiled along. The Emperor did not reveal his identity, and there was nothing about his somewhat battered hunting suit to distinguish him from any ordinary plebeian sportsman.

Finally, when they neared a village where the Emperor knew he could find a speedy conveyance, his Majesty said:—"I don't suppose you know, my friend, that you have been riding with the Emperor of Austria for the last half-hour."

"Indeed," said the peasant; and thinking to show that his wit was quite as sharp as the other's, he went on; "and very likely you are not aware that, as we came through the forest, you were sitting beside his Holiness the Pope!"

AN ORATION OF THE FOURTH.

Patriotism Was Unknown at the Foot of Woodward Avenue.

A long, lonesome man, who has all nose and linen duster, and who had, no doubt, been inspired by that fluid which biteth like a serpent, called a crowd around him at the foot of Woodward avenue, on the national holiday, (says the Detroit Free Press), and began:

"Fellow patriots!—Today is the glorious Fourth of July. Let your banners wave! Let the welkin ring with your shouts of victory! The haughty British government attempted to—"

"Hold on, there!" shouted one of the crowd. "Don't say a word again the English or off goes your head!"

"Well, then, a certain European government put its foot—"

"Name your gov'!" shouted a second man. "Don't throw no slurs on France!"

"Unde ef he means Sherman I can lick him!" added a third.

"Very well, let us skip that. This government declared its independence and on a hundred battlefields shed its precious blood to—"

"There weren't fifty fights in the whole revolutionary war!" shouted a man.

"All right; reduce my figures, then."

"At Bunker Hill the proud tyrant was hurled to the dust amid the victorious cheers of the colonists."

"Not much!" called a voice. "We fought 'em at Bunker Hill, but lost the day."

"Well, mebbe we did," continued the orator, "but turn to the picture of Washington at Valley Forge. In rags, poorly armed, freezing in the wintry blasts, our gallant army met and defeated four times their number."

"What a whopper!" shouted half a dozen men in chorus. "There was no battle at all at Valley Forge."

"There wasn't?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. I cease. I quit. I subside. It is evident that oratory is an unknown quantity in this town, and that patriotism is dead. Who'll treat to the lemonade?"

from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgled out: "Br-r-r-gr-h-uh! that's hot!"

This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basins and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came, and was given the gruel and spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to—"Gr-r-r-uh-r-br! that's hot!"

Shovelling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the lad rapped the skull and impatiently retorted, "Well, blow it, can't yer, yer ould bony?"

The doctor sat down in his chair and fairly roared, but when he came to, he engaged the lad on the spot.

Any Time
is the right time for everybody to drink

Hires' Root Beer

A temperance drink.
A home-made drink.
A health-giving drink.
A thirst-quenching drink.
A drink that is popular everywhere.
Delicious, Sparkling, Effervescent.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of this delicious beverage. Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—it's false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

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CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.