

The farmer's tone was very fierce. He dragged Hetty's hand through his big arm, and strode away so quickly that she could scarcely keep up with him.

"It hurts my side," she said, at last, panting.

"You think nothing hurts but your side," said the man. "There are worse aches than that."

"What do you mean, George? How queer and rough you speak!"

"Maybe I know more'n you think, young woman."

"Know more than I think," she said. "There's nothing more to know."

"Ain't there?" "I've found out the reason why your 'papa's been closed to me—papa's got the key to that secret."

"Oh, George, George, you know I'd love to hear it!"

"Papa's got the key to that secret," repeated the farmer. "I'm not a bad fellow—not bad to look at nor to live with—and I give you all I got—but never. God above is witness, never from the day I took you to church, 'ave you kissed me of your own free will. No, nor ever said a lovin' word to me—the sort of words that come so glib to the lips of other young wives. You're like one who carries summat at her heart. Maybe I guess to-night."

"But there's nothing to guess," said Hetty. She was trembling, a sick fear took possession of her.

"Ain't there? Why did you make an appointment to meet Squire alone?"

"What in the world do you mean?"

"None of your soft saviour now, Hetty. I know what I'm a-talking of. I crept out of barn to her way, and I heard what you said."

"You heard," said Hetty, with a little scream. Then she suppressed it, and gave an hysterical laugh. "You're welcome to hear," she continued. "There was nothing in it."

"Worn't there? You seemed mighty eager to have a meetin' with 'im; much more set on it, I take it, than he was to have a meetin' with you. Gents of that sort don't care to be reminded of the follies of their youth. I see a big frown coming up between his eyes when you was so masterful, and when you pressed and pressed to see 'im. Why did you say 'twas like or death? I've got my clue at last, and look you 'ere, you meet Squire at your peril. There that's my last word. You understand me?"

(To be continued.)

HOW ALLSPICE GROWS.

Something About the Beautiful Pimento Odorous Tree.

The pimento or allspice tree is cultivated in the West Indies and Jamaica. This beautiful tree usually grows to a height of about thirty feet; it has a straight trunk, much branched above, and covered with a very smooth brown bark. The leaves vary in size and shape, but are always of a dark, shining green color. During the months of July and August the tree is in full bloom, the blossoms consisting of very fragrant, small, white flowers.

When a new plantation of pimento trees is to be formed, no regular sowing or planting takes place, because it is next to impossible to propagate the young plants, or to raise them from seeds in parts of the country where they are not found growing spontaneously. Usually a piece of land is selected either close to a plantation already formed, or in a part of the woodland where pimento trees are growing in a native state. The chosen piece of land is then cleared of all wood except these trees, and the felled timber is allowed to remain on the ground for the purpose of protecting the very young pimento plants. At the end of two years the land is thoroughly cleared, and only the most vigorous pimento trees and plants are left standing. The plants come to maturity in about seven years.

In favorable seasons the pimento crop is enormous, a single tree often yielding a hundred or more pounds of the dried spice. The berries are picked while green because if left on the tree until ripe they lose their pungent taste and are valueless. The green berries are exposed to the sun for a week or ten days, when they lose their great color and turn a reddish brown. When perfectly dry they are put in bags and casks for exportation.

The odor and the taste of the pimento berries are thought to resemble a combination of those of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves—hence the familiar name 'allspice.'—Philadelphia Times.

TRAVELED HALF THE GLOBE TO FIND HEALTH, WITHOUT SUCCESS.

Took the Advice of a Friend and Now Proclaims It From the House-top—
"South American Nerve
Saved My Life."

Mrs. H. Stapleton of Wingham writes: "I have been very much troubled for years—since 1878—with nervous debility and dyspepsia. Had been treated in Canada and England by some of the best physicians without permanent relief. I was advised about three months ago to take South American Nerve, and I firmly believe I owe my life to it to-day. I can truthfully say that I have derived more benefit from it than any treatment I ever had. I can strongly recommend it and will never be without it myself."

Time To Stop.

"I shall have to give up that case of Dusenbury's, on which I have been engaged so long," said the eminent lawyer to his friend. "I shall feel rather odd with it out of the way, for it has been one of the stand-bys of the office for many years."

"You have exhausted all legal expedients, have you?"

"No; but Dusenbury's money is all gone."

The original Mrs. Partington was a respectable old lady who lived at Sidemonth in Devonshire England. Her cottage was on the beach and during a terrific storm (Nov. 1824) the sea rose to such a height so every now and then to invade the old lady's residence, the old lady persistently mapped out the water until she was compelled to retreat to an upper story.

TOTHER CHARMER.

"I couldn't cough; you wouldn't have heard me."

"You might have sung out."

Kearney made a trumpet of his hands. "You might have sung out."

"You'd have thought it was a hotbox squeaking."

"There was no necessity whatever for giving warning, captain."

"Thanks, Miss Kitty. I'm pleased to hear it."

"Won't you come in and sit down?" Kitty's treble shrilled above the rumbling, rattling, bumping of the wheels.

The captain bent over her, steadying himself by the brake. "No," he screamed, "I'm not the man to be number three, even on the back platform of a train. But I'm the bringer of bad news."

Miss Foster gave an effective start, which resulted in bringing her tiny hand fluttering down upon Kearney's shoulder. "Oh! what?" she cried.

"Only that your good mother says I am to tell you that it is not nice for little girls to stay out on back platforms at 11 o'clock on a starry night, and that you must come in."

"But it's so hot and smoky in there," she answered, demurely, folding her hands and settling back against the car. "I can't possibly stand it; I've a most dreadful headache." She closed her eyes and threw back her head.

"Miss Kitty, Miss Kitty, I fear you are a slippery young eel."

"No, I'm not. Really, my head does ache. Nobody ever believes that I can feel badly or be in earnest." Her round eyes rested on the starry sky at an angle which allowed Kearney to see that they were filled with tears.

"Oh, come, captain, don't tease the child. She has a headache, and the air's good for her. Tell Mrs. Foster that I'll bring her in directly."

Capt. Mason shook his head and went away. "Appleton is looking fierce," he called back over his shoulder.

"What did he say about Lieut. Appleton?" asked Kitty. Kearney repeated the captain's words. "Fierce." "I wonder what about?"

"You, perhaps."

Miss Foster smiled frankly. "I don't believe so," she said.

"Doesn't he still hope?"

"Dear, no," and this time there was a ring of unmistakable truth in her tones. "You threw him over rather sudden like."

"I didn't; he threw me over—truly. It was a stupid muddle about—about Mr. Saxe, and a rose, and—things."

"The 'things' leaves room for imagination."

Miss Foster ignored this with a smile, and sat silently looking at the plain as it unrolled before them in the night, like a wide bale of dark cloth, broadened with greasewood bushes. Now and then the train rumbled over a small trestle, and the white post numbering it shot past. The telegraph poles whisked by, and the wires rose and fell like the swells of the sea.

Far off across the prairie a light gleamed, at long intervals, in the window of a house that was invisible; but for them it was always, minute after minute, hour after hour, the whirling monotony of the plain in the night, the steady arch of the grey-blue sky glittering with stars. Rumble, thump, rattle, rattle, rumble, thump and the ground whizzed past, and the telegraph poles darted by, and the cool wind, heavy with the greasewood odor, whistled around them, but Kitty sat looking straight before her, and her tiny hands were still folded in her knees. She knew that Kearney was wild over every moment she was making him waste.

At last she sighed. It was a mighty sigh, which cost Miss Foster a severe physical effort, but she meant it to be heard above the rattle and the wind. It was heard; and a hand slipped wearily and carelessly from her knee touched the lieutenant's palm. The hand was caught—and held. There was silence again.

Then Miss Foster struggled properly hard to release her fingers, but she failed. "You mustn't hold my hand," she remonstrated.

"Why?"

"Because."

"Is there any other good reason? Miss Foster nodded.

"Tell me."

"An engaged girl shouldn't let her hand be held."

Kearney dropped it as it it burned. Kitty took advantage of the noise of the wheels to speak her mind aloud—but not so loud that it could reach her companion. "Big chump!" she breathed.

"May I ask who it is?"

"Well, I'm not exacted engaged yet, but I'm afraid I shall be."

After a lapse of some moments, Miss Foster resumed: "You know when Mr. Lowell was down at the post? Well, he—he liked me a good deal. I liked him, too—some; so he thought it would—be a good thing if we were engaged. He was dreadfully cross. Not cross exactly, but—well—stern. He said I needed to be bound. Did you ever? I need to be bound! As though I hadn't a bit of principle! Besides his easy enough to break an engagement; at least I should think so, isn't it?"

Even the infuriated Kearney found this childlike appeal for information overdone, coming from Miss Foster.

"Come off, Miss Kitty!" he said.

Miss Kitty smiled blandly. "Perhaps it isn't, but I thought maybe it was. Is it wrong to break an engagement? Well, anyway, he wanted me to promise, and I didn't see the use just then; so I told him that I'd not really be exactly engaged until the next time we met. I thought I'd have time to

think about it by then. Well, then, when the order came for us all to move, he wrote down that he and a lot of others from Grant would be waiting for their transportation at Wilcox when our train would go by—at least, he hoped so. He said he'd see me there at the station when stopped, even if it were only for a minute, and that then I must keep my word, and be engaged to him. Another great sigh escaped her.

"But surely, Miss Kitty, if you don't care for him, you won't promise to marry him."

"I don't know."

"Do you love him?"

"I—I guess so."

"Do you know?"

"I suppose not; I suppose I don't know." Kearney waxed exceedingly wroth at a man who would bully a trusting child into an engagement. "Why are you permitting yourself to be brow-beaten into this?" he asked angrily.

"Oh! please don't be cross, please. She was on the verge of tears.

He took her hand again. She was not engaged yet. "Answer me, Kitty."

"It wouldn't be right not to, would it?"

Then Kearney went boldly to work to prove that it certainly would be right not.

"But he loves me," protested Miss Foster. "So do—what if he does? You don't love him."

"But I ought to; maybe I shall." And that was all that could be done with Kitty. Her mother came to the door of the car. "Kitty, you must come in right away. If you head aches, you can go to bed."

"My head's better now," she said, rising. "Can't I stay up until we get to Wilcox? I think maybe Carrie, or perhaps Mr. Lowell will be down there."

They went back into the sleeper, where the officers and their wives sat talking and trying to keep awake one-half hour longer until Wilcox should be reached. The companies from Grant were expected to be waiting there for the next train east, and many pleasant meetings might be crowded into the short delay at the station.

Miss Foster got a pillow and curled up on a seat. "I'll fall asleep, Mr. Appleton, will you waken me at Wilcox?" she requested.

"Certainly, Miss Foster," he answered. "Kitty closed her big, dark blue eyes and thought. She thought how funny it was when a man who has called you 'Kitty' and has been awfully in love with you, says 'Miss Foster,' and pretends he is a mere acquaintance. She thought that Appleton was nicer than Ferris, or Saxe, or Lowell. But he wasn't as nice as Mr. Kearney—not quite. She thought she had done very well with Mr. Kearney. She distinguished in the matter of confidences, did Kitty. She knew that nothing reduces a promising situation to mere friendship so quickly and successfully as an open, frank, whole-souled confession. Such a thing was clumsy; and Kitty loathed clumsiness in these matters. She had with held enough of her plain to turn it cleverly to account. She had made Kearney sorry for her, and had retused his advice with prostrated grace.

Then Miss Foster fell asleep and dreamed of rosy dreams until Appleton touched her arm with a book he had been reading. "We are at Wilcox, Miss Foster."

"Oh! dear. What did you hit me with that hard thing?" she cried, jumping up. "It hurt!" Her lips trembled and her eyes filled.

"Kitty, child, I didn't mean to hurt you. That is—really, I beg your pardon, Miss Foster."

"Certainly, Mr.—Mr. Appleton," she replied, rubbing her arm, with a chuckle which passed for a sob suppressed.

They drew up at the station, where lights twinkled from the blackness all about them. There was no one on the platform, there were none of the shouts of welcome expected.

Kearney rushed into the car. "Say, what do you think? They've left—every last one of them—on the train ahead. They've got a big start of us."

Miss Foster cried: "Oh! and beamed with delight. She began to believe that Heaven cared for its own."

"We've only three minutes here," Kearney called back over his shoulder, as he rushed out again.

The train had begun to move when Kearney reappeared. He brought with him a can of oysters whereof the top had been hacked open. "They're all I had time to get, Miss Kitty," he explained, as he set them before her on the window-sill.

Suddenly Kearney's face fell: "By Jove! I've no fork or spoon."

"We might use a pencil, if you'd sharpen it," suggested Miss Foster.

"Or a hatpin."

"No, I like the pencil."

Then Miss Foster took the pencil and the can, and went to spearing the bivalves.

"They were nice, but they've made my head ache again," murmured Miss Foster. "It's so close in here."

"Perhaps another break of fresh air would do it good," Kearney suggested.

"Maybe," assented she, and they slipped unnoticed out on the back platform once more.

Kitty drew in the night air with delight; she thrilled a bar of a song. "Oh! I'm so-o-o happy," she said.

"So am I," said Kearney, as he held her steady, with his arm half about her.

"Why?" queried Miss Foster, tilting back her head to look innocently into his eyes. The little fluffy face was so near, the parted lips were so childish, the round eyes were so tender. Kearney bent over her.

"Why, do you think, Kitty?"

"Oh! Mr. Kearney, you mustn't," she cried, pulling away.

"But you're not engaged," he suggested.

"That's so," answered Kitty, thoughtfully. "Unless you will be to me?" He caught

both her hands and tried to force her to look at him. "Will you be?" he insisted. "If you think I'd better," said Miss Foster.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A FABLE OF THE SPARROW.

The Coward Shirks More Dangers Than the Brave Man Runs.

The sun had gone so far down in his course through the western sky that the shadows of the dwellings had lengthened out to more than twice the width of the streets they faced. And the cooling shade had enticed many of the inhabitants to seats on their front doorsteps, where a sudden commotion in the front yard of a house closed for the summer attracted the attention of almost everyone in the whole block.

It was soon apparent that the commotion had arisen because a cat had invaded a very bushy-topped shrub in the yard, where feathered home builders had been keeping house, and after a little it was observed that the plain looking but very intelligent looking mother sparrow was the leader of the aggressive forces that were striving to dislodge the furred intruder.

The cat, as it appeared, had been caught somewhat at a disadvantage, for she was hampered by the number of branches about her and she could not claw at her assailants with her accustomed activity. So it happened that the birds became bolder at every movement, and the sparrow was soon delivering a painful peck on the cat's back at every swoop. Eventually, however, the cat worked herself free and reached for the sparrow with such good aim that one claw caught and held a tail feather.

Nevertheless, the sparrow, screaming with anger, continued the assaults and, aided by a number of her associates, was able at last to drive the robber out of sight under a neighboring doorknob.

Very much excited and ruffled the sparrow flew up to the window sill of her friend, the man, and finding him there, as usual, she said in a half breathless but very spirited fashion:

"Well, now, what do you think of that?" "I think you were cowardly," said the man decidedly. "It was not your nest the cat was after, and it was the place of the owner of the nest to take the risks of the defence. I wish I could make you fully understand that the most successful of my race get on in life because they are prudent; they watch for good opportunities before striking a blow either in anger or business. Dash and hurrah are all inspiring to see, but it is the still mouse that gets the cheese. Do you follow me?"

For a moment the sparrow was at a loss for a reply to this argument, but she turned her back on the man to show her feeling of contempt. Then the cat came from under the doorknob across the way and the sparrow was about to swoop down for another fight when the cat's motions caused her to stop on the verge of the sill, turn toward the man and wink to draw his attention to what was going on.

It was apparent that the cat was not going toward the shrub this time, but had her eyes on the tall grass that grew against the basement wall of the unoccupied house. Then just as the man was about to ask what she was after, she made a spring into the grass and ran back under the doorknob with a mouse in her mouth. The sparrow scratched the base of her bill with one claw and then said:

"Had the mouse kept out in the clearing it would have seen the cat in time to avoid her."—New York Sun.

BORN.

Hebron, Sept. 20, to the wife of E. Doty, a son.
Windsor, Sept. 13, to the wife of Edward Demont, a son.
Diligent River, Sept. 6, to the wife of John Lamb, a son.
Middleton, Sept. 23, to the wife of Wm. Leadley, a son.
Windsor, Sept. 13, to the wife of Lawrence Franklin, a son.
Parrboro, Sept. 22, to the wife of Alexander Forbes, a son.
Aylesford, Sept. 8, to the wife of Mrs. J. A. Cahill, a son.
Torbrook, Sept. 17, to the wife of Samuel McConnell, a son.
Plymouth, Sept. 20, to the wife of Alvin Simms, a daughter.
Parrboro, Sept. 18, to the wife of C. E. Kelly, a daughter.
Lakeland, Sept. 14, to the wife of Hibbert Brown, a daughter.
Springhill, Sept. 22, to the wife of William Leese, a daughter.
Hantsport, Sept. 8, to the wife of James Sullivan, a daughter.
Hantsport, Sept. 11, to the wife of James Smith, a daughter.
Folly Village, Sept. 16, to the wife of Dr. McIntyre, a daughter.
Parrboro, Sept. 6, to the wife of Norman Elderkin, a daughter.
New Sydney, Sept. 15, to the wife of Alex. McLeod, a son.
Carlton, N. S., Sept. 15, to the wife of Dexter Greene, a son.
Acadia Mines, Sept. 20, to the wife of R. C. R. Stevens, a son.
Diligent River, Sept. 20, to the wife of Stephen Warren, a son.
North Sydney, Sept. 18, to the wife of Dr. J. W. McLean, a son.
New Sydney, Sept. 22, to the wife of Dr. J. W. McLean, a son.
Upper Stewiacke, Sept. 20, to the wife of Lewis Gouley, a son.
Acadia Mines, Sept. 20, to the wife of Frank Johnson, a son.
West Pubnico, Sept. 19, to the wife of Henry Amireau, a son.
Parrboro, Sept. 17, to the wife of Dr. J. A. Johnson, a daughter.
East Margareville, Sept. 14, to the wife of Duncan Reed, a daughter.
Parrboro, Sept. 18, to the wife of Capt. C. A. E. Kelly, a daughter.
South Glenwood, Sept. 16, to the wife of Archie Morin, a daughter.
Ottar Brook, Sept. 20, to the wife of Howard C. Danlap, a daughter.
North Glenwood, Sept. 15, to the wife of Henry Forbes, a daughter.
Lawrencetown, Sept. 19, to the wife of George Salaman, a daughter.
Lawrencetown, Sept. 19, to the wife of John Morrison, a daughter.
Rockville, Sept. 16, to the wife of Capt. Frank Churchill, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Port Morien, Sept. 20, Charles Myers to Rosina Selham.
Sydney, Sept. 16, by Rev. C. Jost, Daniel Dickson to Mary Brown.
Berwick, Sept. 23, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, W. H. Curry to Anna Brown.
St. John, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Robert J. Green to Marilla Sloan.
Chipman, Sept. 24, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Arch. Bishop to Lizzie Denier.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

Port Greville, Sept. 17, by Rev. J. Sharp, Myrton Davis to Lillian Hatfield.
Berwick, Sept. 21, by Rev. Mr. Simpson, Gordon McKen to Ebel O. Morse.
Sussex, Sept. 21, by Rev. H. W. Little, Alexander Bedford to Rachel Forgrave.
Belmont, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. H. Chase, R. S. Higgins to Lydia M. Williams.
St. John, Sept. 23, by Rev. H. W. Stewart, Abel Allen to Annie L. Calhoun.
Truro, Sept. 22, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Horace G. Estabrooks, to Anna A. Rich.
Hillsburg, Sept. 23, by Rev. F. Craig, Dr. Lewis Lovett to Josephine Marshall.
St. John, Sept. 23, by Rev. H. W. Stewart, Robert Gibson to Alice M. Wilson.
Yarmouth, Sept. 15, by Rev. P. R. Foster, Geo. F. Dunham to Lillie M. Shaw.
Norton Station, Sept. 29, by Rev. D. Long, John DeBert to Florence E. East.
DeBert, Sept. 2, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, Frederick O. Gay to Katherine D. Wilson.
Noel Road, Sept. 10, by Rev. G. B. Martell, William C. Harvey to Jane Hughes.
New Glasgow, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. Rogers, John W. Robertson to Maggie Miller.
Acadia Mines, Sept. 22, by Rev. Dr. Wais, Michael Hand to May McMullin.
Harrietsfield, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, Carriest Jordon to Emily Burke.
Belmont, N. S., Sept. 23, by Rev. J. H. Chase, R. S. Higgins to Lydia M. Williams.
Beach Meadows, Sept. 16, by Rev. Chas. Duff, Howard Mezer to Irene Godfrey.
Gahavus, Sept. 15, by Rev. D. Sutherland Alexander Ferguson to Edith McIntyre.
Western Head, Sept. 20, by Rev. H. A. Harley, Joseph A. Wolfe to Annie S. Tarr.
Upper Falmouth, Sept. 21, by Rev. Joseph Murray, Charles Weaver to Lizzie Pattison.
Margareville, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. Freeman, Charles A. Harrison to Mrs. Elena C. Walley.
Tatamagouche, Sept. 23, by Rev. Geo. Patterson, Alex. C. Miller, to Frances M. Purves.
Shebrook, N. S., Sept. 21, by Rev. W. J. Fowler, Gray Fairbanks, M. D. to Rita Wilson.
St. Stephen, Sept. 21, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, William Elliot to Evelyn L. McLaughlin.

DIED.

Clyde, N. S., Charles Stalker, 91.
Giesbee, Sept. 7, Daniel Ross, 49.
Halifax, Sept. 24, Mrs. Benjamin, 49.
Walton, N. S., Sept. 2, John Little, 88.
Halifax, Sept. 24, Edward Maxwell, 80.
Halifax, Sept. 25, Mary Ann Rhind, 65.
Boston, Sept. 23, Esther Jamieson, 39.
Silver Falls, Sept. 23, John Harrison, 71.
Wolville, Sept. 18, Mrs. Jane Spencer, 40.
Centerville, C. I., Mrs. John Nickerson, 24.
Springhill, Jct., Sept. 17, David Wallace, 77.
Ohio, N. S., Sept. 16, Edward Musgrave, 88.
Milltown, N. B., Sept. 13, Michael Manix, 70.
St. John, Sept. 23, Jean, wife of John L. Olive.
Yarmouth, Sept. 15, Louis, wife of William Crowell.
Winnipeg, Sept. 22, Maude, wife of A. M. Stow, 27.
Watertown, Mass., Sept. 8, Mrs. James A. Butler, 40.
Rockford, Ill., Sept. 13, Howard D. Frost of N. B., 71.
Coldbrook, Sept. 29, Rachel, widow of John Stephen, 77.
Liverpool, Sept. 17, Charity S. wife of John M. Cole, 62.
St. John, Sept. 32, Eliza, daughter of the late John Mitchell.
Fogawish River, Sept. 23, Jane, widow of Donald Stuart, 91.
St. Stephen, Sept. 17, Eveline J. daughter of Frank Buzzell, 6.
Brookfield, Sept. 10, Sarah D. widow of James Graham, 55.
Victoria Corner, N. B., Sept. 9, Mrs. Zebulon Birmingham, 72.
Nine Mile River, Sept. 19, Catherine, widow of Neil Fray, 75.
Isaacs Harbor, N. S., Sept. 24, Margaret, widow of John Stephenson, 77.
Parrboro, Sept. 10, Ora Maud, child of Mr. and Mrs. Tibbels, 5 months.
Cambridge, Sept. 8, Mary, wife of Nelson McKinnon, of Yarmouth, N. S.
Acadia Mines, Sept. 19, Cecelia, child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hansen, 3 months.
Shag Harbor, Sept. 18, by drowning, William T. Crowell and William Swain.

LETTERS COME.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Head-ache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: "During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brantford, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me."

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, etc., for the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, for the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Seel, Nanawau, Tanworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, Chatham Branch Rail way, Steadfast Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlotteville 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.

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CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

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Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, etc., for the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, for the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Seel, Nanawau, Tanworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, Chatham Branch Rail way, Steadfast Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlotteville 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.

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