

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 repair 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 enlisted for the war, and I 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 next 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 play Dixie for all its worth. At New Orleans we will stop for a week, varnish the cages, tableaux and furbish 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 spin 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 for 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'er 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, it 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 hint 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 mystery!"

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 life 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 crew there, and return the rig at the first opportunity that there was a paying patron bound 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! 'Twould 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, not 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 horses' hoofs 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 revenue 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 shot, 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 heels and ran as if pursued by all the demons let loose from Topshet!

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 fulfill 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 Attracts Earner Dollars.

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 you do?' 'Hello' 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

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morning than usual and almost knocked Farmer Downs speechless by shouting: 'Good morning, 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 morning, Gran'pop! Gran'pop! Gran'pop!' causing the farmer much amusement after his first surprise and making him wonder 'where in tarnation 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 you 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 "traveling plant," which has a root formed of roots, by which it annually advances about an inch from the place where it was first rooted.



BORN.

Truro, March 13, to the wife of Mr. E. Calder, a son.
Digby, March 13, to the wife of Joseph E. Snow, a son.
Yarmouth, March 11, to the wife of Chas. Reis, a son.
Alma, March 14, to the wife of Chesley Doucett, a son.
Parker's Cove, March 11, to the wife of Mr. J. Rice, a son.
Vancover, March 9, to the wife of F. W. Dowling, a son.
Bridgeport, March 9, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Perry, a son.
Truro, March 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Christie, a son.
Halifax, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. D. Ison, a son.
Amherst, March 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Budd, a son.
Digby, March 13, to the wife of George Everett, twins.
Halifax, March 11, to the wife of J. B. Douglas, a daughter.
Alma, March 13, to the wife of Samuel Rutland, a daughter.
Digby, March 10, to the wife of Joseph Rogers, a daughter.
Richibucto, March 12, to the wife of Mr. Peter Barnard, a son.
Parrsboro, March 5, to the wife of Ainsley Welsh, a daughter.
Amherst, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, a daughter.
Wentworth, Feb. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Batts, a daughter.
Truro, March 2, to the wife of Mr. Adam Hartling, a daughter.
Moncton, March 10, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gunning, a daughter.
Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 8, to the wife of J. W. 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. Black, a daughter.
Meagher's Grant, Feb. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greenough, twins.
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 Pré, March 5, to Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey, Jr., a daughter.
Port Maitland, March 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Landers, a daughter.
Wentworth, 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.

Amherst Highlands, March 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cornier, a son.
Lay of Islands, Halifax, March 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Harding, a daughter.
Lower Hillsboro, Albert Co., March 10, to the wife of Arcile Beaumont, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. George, N. B., Mar. 9, Mr. James Chase to Miss Helen Dewar.
Bridgeport, Mar. 9, by Rev. Mr. Boord, Alden wife to Maria Hebb.
Amherst, by Rev. J. Grimes, Joseph A. Lindville to Lillian M. Rockford.
Newport, Mar. 13, by Rev. A. Danie, Benjamin Sweet to Mary Langille.
Weymouth, Mar. 10, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, George Whitehouse to Ella Barr.
Kings Co., Mar. 12, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Geo. F. Wood to Minnie L. Briggs.
Truro, Mar. 15, by Rev. T. Cummings, Hugh R. Hale to Miss Fanny Hughes.
Truro, Mar. 10, by Rev. Edward Rose, Edward A. Stevenson to Agnes G. Dewar.
Dartmouth, Mar. 10, by Rev. Fred Wilkison, Willis G. Marks to Maggie J. Day.
Mahone Bay, Mar. 9, by Rev. F. Frigens, Chas. A. McLean to Lena J. Seaboyer.
Hebron, Mar. 15, by Rev. J. W. Tingley, M. A., Sybil K. Crosby to Lois R. Doty.
Roxbury, Mass., Dec. 5, by Rev. Mr. Bials, Clement B. Patten to Alice E. Potter.
Salsbury, Mar. 14, by Rev. J. K. King, C. H. Jackson to Annie A. Thompson.
Worcester, Mass., Mar. 9, by Rev. W. A. Nichols, Arthur C. Hall to Lena P. Hittle.
Ferrona, Feb. 28, by Rev. W. H. Smith, Joseph Walto Phillips to Bessie McKillop.
Parker's Cove, Mar. 10, by Rev. H. Achilles, Mr. J. F. Jackson to Miss Bertha Turner.
Lockport, Mar. 5, by Rev. Donald Hemmison, Frank E. Thompson to Annie M. Aikie.
Lunenburg, Mar. 6, by Rev. Benjamin Hills, B. D. Deborah Wentzel to Stephen Berringer.
Lynn, Mass., Mar. 1, by Rev. R. T. C. McKenzie, Geo. Doty Killam to Grace Ellen McNutt.
Redwood, N. B., Feb. 20, by Rev. F. H. Maar, Mr. Chas. McLeod to Miss Susie W. Cann.
Surrette's Island, Feb. 8, by Rev. J. B. C. Dupins, Mr. Moose Bourque to Miss Agnes Bourque.
Bridgeport, Mar. 8, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, Wm. Kenneth Fisher to Josephine Wynock.
Yarmouth, Mar. 16, by Rev. E. E. Brathwaite, Capt. Arthur W. Hinton to Cora L. Williams.
Fredericton Junction, Mar. 9, by Rev. Horace E. Diblee M. A., Sterling Landerdale Alexander to Amanda Fitzallen Miller.

DIED.

Lunenburg, Mar. 6, Norman Silver.
Halifax, Mar. 16, James Heffer 85.
Truro, Mar. 14, Mary A. Campbell 23.
St. John, Mar. 16, John McFaden, 43.
Colchester, Mar. 8, Neil McDonald 98.
Worcester, Mar. 17, John H. Cratt, 57.
Lunenburg, Mar. 5, Wentworth Wood 86.
Shelburne, Mar. 1, Joseph M. Fisher 87.
River Philip, Mar. 7, Mrs. H. Young 83.
Milltown, Mar. 14, Mrs. Julia Walsh 87.
New Glasgow, Mar. 14, George Mullar, 90.
Sackville, Mar. 13, Mrs. Geo. Wallace, 46.
Windsor Road, Chester, Henry Corkin 77.
Kemptville, Mar. 12, Mrs. Chas. Bower 38.
Kemptville, Mar. 14, Mrs. Charles Bower.
Milltown, Mar. 12, Mrs. Nancy McLam, 62.
Upper Stewiacke, Feb. 25, John S. Brow 74.
Surrey, A. C., Mar. 16, Elias Messenger, 85.
Truro, Mar. 10, Sadie wife of John D. Ross 32.
Derby, Mar. 9, James T. son of John Doran, 23.
Dorchester, Mass., Mar. 6, Elsie D. Bower 36.
Portauque Mountain, Feb. 21, Adam Morrison 65.
Truro, Mar. 9, Mary R. wife of Thomas Wallace 38.
Halifax, Mar. 17, Mary E. wife of E. J. Delaney 30.
Picton, Mar. 9, Jean H. wife of Alex. McKenzie 55.
Halifax, Mar. 16, Sarah A. wife of Archibald Power 30.
Hunt's 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 Hafield 76.
Jordan Ferry, Mar. 6, Elvie, daughter of Uriah Fifth 10.
Salem, N. S., Mar. 13, Katie, daughter of Louis Miles 14.
Parrsboro, Mar. 5, Murray, son of F. Lawson Jenks 8 months.
Toney River, Mar. 4, Bessie, wife of Thomas McKinnon 30.
Boston, Mar. 5, Margaret H. widow of the late John J. McNutt.
Shelburne, Mar. 4, Clara L. daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Shie 49.
Moncton, Mar. 16, Hannah, widow of the late Edward F. Sherwood.
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Sobri Island, Mar. 12, Willie K. son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lutes 29.
Pt. Wolfe, A. C., Mar. 9, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Waltham.
Musquodoboit Harbor, Mar. 1, Susie E. wife of Frederick Campbell 33.
Sonora, Guysboro, Feb. 25, Clarence J. son of Mr. and Mrs. James Green 3.
Moncton, Mar. 10, Jane, daughter of the late Michael McCulloch, M. D.
Main River, Kent Co., Mar. 12, Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clark, 16.
Yarmouth, Mar. 10, Alice L. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Cook 5 months.
Robbinston, Mar. 13, Harriet E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Newman, 1.
South Boston, Mar. 6, Alice Vivian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Small, 5.
Moncton, Mar. 10, Percy, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen McDonald 10 months.
Boston Highlands, Mar. 14, Sila A. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Webster, 9.



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Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Tu. & Fri.
Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., arr Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 11.10 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr Halifax 3.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr Digby 10.09 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

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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 for Campbellton, Fergus, Picton and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....13.10
Express for Sussex.....16.35
Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Mont-real.....17.10
Passengers from 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 Montreal (daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Halifax, Picton and Campbellton.....18.3
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

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D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

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Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

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