TRAVELLING.

Kingston & Pembroke & Canadian Pacific Railways.

Commencing March 1st and Until April 30th, 1902.

SPECIAL COLONIST RATES —TO— NORTH PACIFIC COAST and KOOTENAY POINTS.

VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, SEATTLE, TACOMA, PORTLAND, NELSON and ROSSLAND — $46.05.

SPOKANE, Wn. — $43.55.

BUTTE, Mont., and HELENA, Mont. — $43.05.

SETTLERS' One-Way Second-Class EXCURSIONS

To Manitoba and Canadian North-West. Will leave every TUESDAY during MARCH and APRIL, if sufficient business offers.

Full particulars at K. & P. and C. P. R. Ticket Office, Ontario Street.

P. CONWAY, Gen. Pass. Agt. — F. A. POLGER, JR. Gen. Supt.

THE BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY
NEW SHORT LINE FOR
Tweed, Napanee, Bancroft and all local points. Train leaves City Hall Depot at 4 p.m. R. J. WILSON, C.P.R. Telegraph Office, Clarence Street.

Lake Ontario & Bay of Quinte Steamboat Co., Limited.
Kingston—Picton—Belleville
Str. "Aletha"
Commencing Monday, April 7th, will leave Swift's wharf, week days for Picton and intermediate Bay of Quinte ports, at 5 p.m. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the steamer will call at Belleville, Northport and Deseronto.

Kingston—Rochester
Str. "North King"
Commencing May 11th, will leave on Sundays at 8 p.m. for Port of Rochester, N.Y., returning will arrive Sundays at 10 a.m.
For further information apply to
J. P. Gildersleeve, J. V. Hanley, } Ticket Agents.
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
MONTREAL HORSE SHOW MONTREAL
MAY 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th.
Tickets good going May 8th, $6.15.
Tickets good going May 6th, 7th, 9th, or 10th, $8.20
All tickets valid for return leaving Montreal on or before May 12th, 1902. The above rates include admission ticket to horse show.
J. P. HANLEY, Agent, City Passr. Depot.

DOMINION LINE.
Mail Steamships. Liverpool Service.
FROM PORTLAND.
*Norseman ..... May 10th
*Parcoman ..... May 17th
Colonian ..... May 24th
*Irishman ..... May 31st
Californian ..... June 7th
*Norseman ..... June 14th
Steamers marked do not carry passengers.
RATES OF PASSAGE—Saloon, $65 and upwards, single, according to steamer and service. Second Saloon, $37.50 and upwards, single, according to steamer and service. Third class, $26.
FROM MONTREAL.
Dominion ..... May 17th.
Dominion ..... June 21st
FROM BOSTON.
New England ..... May 7th
Commonwealth ..... May 21st
NEW SERVICE Boston to the Mediterranean.
Cambroman, May 21st Cambroman, July 2nd.
Ridship saloon, electric light, spacious promenade decks.
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Allan Line Liverpool and Londonderry.
Royal Mail Steamers.

From Montreal.	From Quebec.
Tunisian, 10 May, 9 a.m.	10 May, 7 p.m.
Pomerian, 17 May, 9 a.m.	17 May, 7 p.m.
Numidian, 24 May, 9 a.m.	24 May, 7 p.m.
Ician, 31 May, 9 a.m.	31 May, 7 p.m.

First cabin, $55 and upwards; Second cabin, $35 to $40; London, $1.50 extra; Third-class, $25 and $26, Liverpool, Londonderry, Belfast, London, Glasgow.
Corinthian, Montreal to Glasgow direct, 21st May.
Second cabin only, with use of entire deck accommodation, $35 single rate, $65.50 return.
New York to Glasgow.
Cretonia ..... May 21st
Cabin cabin, $45 and upwards; Second cabin, $32.50; Third-class, $26.
J. F. Hanley, Agent, City Passenger Depot, Johnston and Ontario streets, J. P. Gildersleeve, Clarence street.

Rubber Tire | Rubber Tire
For Ease and Comfort
In driving you should have RUBBER TIRES put on your carriage by
JAMES LATURNEY
390 PRINCESS STREET.

Kingston Business College,
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TORONTO
Largest and best equipment in Canada. Unequalled facilities for securing positions. 221 Queen Street, Kingston.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

GENESIS OF FAMOUS SONGS

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT ORIGIN OF FAVORITIES.

Writers of Popular Airs Almost Invariably Received Poor Rewards for Their Labors.

"Woodworth wrote funny verses as advertisements for a keeper of a fancy store in New York for a long time. Joe Bonfanti, who made a fortune from his poetry. When the California fever broke out in 1849 Woodworth went to the Pacific slope and was engaged as a reporter on the Alta. He died there and his remains lie in the Home Mountain cemetery.

"'Kathleen Mavourneen' was sold by Crouch, the author, for $25 and brought the publishers as many thousands. Crouch was hopelessly improvident and in his later days became a tramp. When Mlle. Titiens was in this country a number of years ago she sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen' in New York. A dirty tramp introduced himself as Crouch, was recognized, and thanked her for singing the song so well.

"'Life on the Ocean Wave,' written by Epes Sargent, was pronounced a failure by his friends. Russell, of a Boston firm of music publishers, took the words from Sargent and the latter tells this story of the melody:

"'We passed through the music store, Russell seated himself at a piano, read over the lines attentively, hummed an air or two himself and ran his hands over the keys, then stopped as if non-plussed.'

"Suddenly a bright idea seemed to dawn on him. A melody all at once came into his brain and he began to hum it and to sway himself to its movement. Then striking the keys he at last confidently launched into the tune since known as 'Life on the Ocean Wave.'

"The melody proved a success. The copyright became very valuable, though the author never got anything from it but fame. It was popular in England as well as in this country.

"'The Arkansas Traveller.' The famous traveller known as the 'Arkansas Traveller' is no myth, but breathes and has his being in that state. The traveller lives in Little Rock and may be seen every day on the streets of the town indulging his taste for music and story-telling.

"He is known as Col. Sandy Falkner. He was born in Kentucky in 1804. In 1832 he went to Arkansas and became acquainted with Walter Wright, the original squatter in the song.

"'My Maryland' was written by James R. Randall. Randall was described as one of the most delightful men to meet. I met Randall some time ago in Anniston, Ala. He was an editor of the Hot Blast in that city. He said that he only received $25 in confederate money for his song."

"Charley White did not hesitate to ascribe "Beautiful Snow" to Henry W. Faxon, of the Louisville Journal.

"'Old Dog Tray,' 'Suwanee River,' 'Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground,' 'Camp Town Races,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Ellen Bayne,' 'Willie, We Have Missed You' and 'My Old Kentucky Home,'" wrote White, "were written by Stephen C. Foster. He was a musician almost from his cradle and at the age of seven he had mastered the flageolet without a teacher. It is said that one publishing house alone paid $20,000 for his compositions.

"Foster was very improvident and was often forced to sell for a few dollars what brought a fortune to its purchaser. Several of his best songs were composed in the back room of a grocery store on pieces of brown paper. He died in the city hospital in New York, where he had been removed from a Bowery boarding house, on January 18th, 1864.

"'Rock Me to Sleep' was written by Mrs. Allen, of Maine. She was paid $5 for it, and Russell & Co., Boston, who had in three years gained $4,000 by it, offered her $5 apiece for any songs she might write.

"'The Bonnie Blue Flag' was a popular song in the south. It was written by Harry McCarthy, an actor, in Jackson, Miss., in the spring of 1861.

"'Silver Threads Among the Gold' was written by H. P. Danks, an organist who sold it for $40.

"'Put Me in My Little Bed' and 'Come, Birdie, Come' were composed by C. A. White and fully 150,000 copies of each have been sold.

"'Shoo Fly, Don't Bodder Me,' which was once credited to T. Brigham Bishop, the old minstrel, was written, according to White's diary, by Rollin Howard, actor, and minstrel. Some years ago when Rollin Howard composed his song and dance he took his production, of which he felt very proud, to Pond & Co., and offered to sell it to them.

"They looked it over and returned it with the remark, 'We do not publish such stuff as that.' Mr. Howard went to Boston a short time later, where he was engaged to sing in a minstrel company. One night C. A. White, the composer and publisher, heard Howard and offered to publish his discarded song.

"This is how 'Shoo Fly, Don't Bodder Me' came to be printed. It soon became popular. The publisher sold 200,000 copies and with the profits established the Boston firm of White, Smith & Co.

"'Gathering Shells by the Seashore,' by W. S. Thompson, had a sale of over 200,000; 'Dreaming of Home and Mother,' by John P. Ordway, reached a sale of 60,000; 'Mulligan Guards,' by Ed. Harrison, has sold over 125,000, and 'Sweet By and By,' by J. P. Webster, reached a sale of over 500,000 copies."

Among the extracts from the diary of Charley White, the old-time negro minstrel, published in the Sun last Sunday, was the history of the famous song "Dixie." White spent much time in tracing the history of other songs and in his diary he gave the results of his work. Some of these song histories are interesting and a few of them are printed below.

The words of "The Star Spangled Banner" were written, as every one knows, by Francis S. Key, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry during the war of 1812, but the history of the music to which they were set is less familiar.

"The verses," wrote White, "were printed in ballad form and scattered through the camp on Federal Hill, Baltimore. One evening one of the soldiers picked up a copy and read it aloud three times, until the entire division was electrified by its patriotic eloquence.

"An idea struck Ferd Durang, an actor, who hunted up an old volume of flute music which he found in his tent. He impatiently whistled tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye.

"One called 'Anacreon in Heaven' struck his fancy and rivetted his attention. Note after note fell from his lips. With a laugh and a shout he exclaimed:

"'Boys, I've hit it,' and fitting the words to the tune there rang out for the first time the song of 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"Getting a short furlough Ferd and Charley Durang sang it on the stage of the Holliday street theatre. The music was first published by George Willig, jr., of Baltimore.

"Ferd Durang died in New York in 1830. I well remember Tom Blakely, an actor, saying to his wife, 'Poor Ferd Durang is dying.' Durang was born in Harrisburg, Pa. His father was a Frenchman and a fair musician. Durang died in extreme poverty and but for his co-laborers on the stage he would have found a pauper's grave.

"'The Hunters of Kentucky' was very popular in my early days. It was written by Samuel Woodworth, a typesetter. The 'Hunters' was written just after the battle of New Orleans in 1815. The tune is from an old English ditty, 'Unfortunate Miss Bailey.'

"It was sung for many years by an actor, Noah M. Ludlow, who died in 1885 or 1886, in St. Louis, at the age of eighty. Ludlow came near having his brains knocked out on the stage while singing the song in New Orleans. An Englishman threw a large piece of gas pipe at his head, but fortunately missed his mark."

Compulsory Arbitration.

New York Post.

A plan for compulsory arbitration of railroad disputes, now before the Canadian parliament, has certain novel features. First, the bill makes strikes and lockouts illegal, and provides penalties for this newly created offence. Disputes within the provinces are to be referred to provincial boards, consisting of three members, one elected by the railroad companies, one by the employees, and the third appointed by these two, or, on their failure to agree, by the provincial governor in council. The supreme tribunal is to be the dominion board, composed of two each from the companies and the labor representatives of the provincial boards, and a fifth member to be appointed by the other four, or by the governor-general. The fact that the project has so far excited little discussion may be taken as a sign that Canada is willing to enter upon the path of labor legislation with New Zealand and Australia have broken out; but it may equally well signify indifference. An interesting feature of the scheme is its strict limitation to railroad disputes. Mr. Mulock, who introduces the bill, holds that these institutions touch the government, and affect the general welfare at so many points that they are properly the subject of special legislation. The logic of events is rapidly forcing that view upon this country, which in the main has been averse to laws that discriminate different kinds of corporations.

Women And Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not a cure-all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get this reliable remedy at Wade's drug store.

Where She Spanked Him.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Some time ago an energetic city teacher had lost all patience and, after using moral suasion, until it had no effect, gave the boy a good, sound spanking. Of course he told his parents, and his parents told the principal and the principal came down to remonstrate with the teacher. He expounded the law, and she explained until she was getting pretty mad. Finally the principal asked: "Where did you strike the boy, Miss C.?" "Where the Lord Almighty made him to be spanked," was the irate answer. That closed the incident.

Result Of A Mannerism.

Extempore preachers of a florid type often adopt mannerisms which they cannot always drop when they should. An English evangelist minister of this sort had a trick of apostrophizing his hearers as "dear London souls," according to the place in which he might happen to be preaching. Passing over to Ireland, he harangued "dear Dublin souls" with great effect, but when he extended his tour southward and appealed tearfully to "dear Cork souls" the effect was great, but not exactly edifying.

Very Little Difference.

"Is that an historical novel you're reading?" "That's what they called it at the library, but it seems to me to be more hysterical than anything else."

Hundreds of young men may vote this year if they register. Is your name on the list? If not, give it to some of the liberal workers.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D., 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
(SEAL)
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

And After?

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

The woman in white had passed through a most triumphant day and was weary. She tossed her hat to a bed, her gloves and fan to a chair, and she herself dropped into the great willow rocker—a mass of fluffy white draperies, her deerlike head, with its crown of red brown hair, lifted above the foam. The woman in white had been younger, but she had never before been so beautiful.

Because she had won him—and because she had no right to him. Because he had once scorned and flouted her and had passed her with his wife on his arm and a look of cold contempt in his eyes, and because now he had followed her for days and days, and she had made him sue for a kind word from her—her, the scorned and despised. Because she had laughed in his face and had baited and lured him until he had thrown to the winds his decent life and all the long years of uprightness and the position among men for which he had struggled, and was ready to follow her to the world's end, and because he was the one man whose scorn had cut deep into what she called her soul!

She looked at the radiant thing in the mirror and laughed and turned the flashing bracelet about and around on her wrist, and a something almost womanly came into her face as she realized that it was not the diamonds she cared for—no! She would have loved a ribbon if he had given it to her with that look on his face and would have kissed it as she did this, with a passionate delight.

And the woman in gray, standing in the door, saw her kissing the bracelet.

"May I talk with you a few minutes?" asked the woman in gray; and the woman in white saw her reflection in the mirror. What she saw was a slender, gray-clad woman, with a pale, pale face, and dark eyes with darker shadows under them, and brown hair that was beginning to whiten with early frost.

The woman in white stared insolently at the reflection in the mirror and smiled.

"I don't know what my servants can be thinking of," she said without turning. "I really have nothing for you, my good woman. Perhaps if you go down some of my people will show you the way out."

"But I must see you for a little while," said the woman in gray, putting aside the insult and coming slowly nearer, and there was a deadly stillness about her as she drew a chair forward and sat down in it. Then they looked at each other—the woman in gray and the woman in white.

"I think perhaps you know me," said the woman in gray. "No doubt people have pointed me out to you as the wife of—of—"

"They have," said the woman in white haughtily, taking up a steel paper knife from the table near at hand and playing with it. "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

The woman in gray looked at the paper knife and smiled wearily.

"You mistake me," she said. "Some women might have thought of that. But you will live. See! To-morrow I go upon a long journey, and I knew that I must see you face to face before I went."

"What possible interest can I have in your plans for traveling?" cried the woman in white contemptuously. "Pray consult your dressmaker instead and tell her for me that she should be killed if she ever dresses you in gray again. It is not becoming."

"You are bitter," said the woman in gray, "and we have so little time, and we are so near the tragedies of both our lives. A little while ago I was bitter against you, too, but now I am too sad to be very bitter. I see how past remedy it is. I am not here to beg you to be merciful. Even if you wished, you couldn't give me back what I have lost."

"Well, you have had your chance!" cried the woman in white. "And you have lost it! Who but yourself is to blame?"

The woman in white had thrown prudence to the winds with that speech, and now rage and jealousy and insolent triumph were curiously blended in the beautiful face and flushed in a red glow from the eyes.

"Yes—I have lost it," said the woman in gray. "And having learned this, past all doubt, I would not try to keep him if I could. I am going away, and he shall live his life in peace. I have merely come to ask you what kind of life it is going to be."

The woman in white threw herself back in her chair and raised her beautiful arms above her head.

"Oh, you cold blooded woman!" she cried, clasping her hands above the shining coil of her hair. "You icy wives that go your round of what you call 'duties,' and sew on buttons and have good dinners and sit at the head of the table, as interesting as that Dresden shepherdess, month after month and year after year, and then are shocked and outraged when he meets a flesh and blood woman and loves her! What kind of life will he have? Why, he will learn for the first time that he is alive! What right have women like you to talk about love—women who give a man up the first time he looks another way? Why I would make myself the most beautiful and most attractive creature in the world to him, so that he could never even look at another woman—and then, if he tricked, I would not go away and leave him. I would kill him."

She clutched the paper knife in her right hand, and lifted the left hand and kissed again the flashing circlet on her wrist.

The woman in gray looked at her and the sight was branded on her memory. When she spoke again, it was in lower tones. Her eyes were fixed on a ring—a loose, loose ring that she was turning around on her finger.

"Perhaps we were mistaken about having loved each other," she said absently, as though she were talking to herself. "We were both so young, and so ignorant. We were married earlier than we had intended—because my mother died, and I was left alone, and was such an unprotected child—and so we were married, and we agreed that we were to study together, because we were both so ambitious—for him. And perhaps I couldn't have kept pace with him, at my best, but I had to take in sewing to help him along, so I hadn't much time—and in a little while he was away beyond me. I have never caught up with him since, but I have always gone on studying, so that I wouldn't quite disgrace him when he became a distinguished man."

The woman in gray stopped to put a delicate and tremulous hand to her throat.

"When he was studying law," she went on presently, "his eyes were troubling him, and so I read aloud to him for many hours every day. Sometimes I almost wished his eyes would fail a little more—a great deal more—so that he could be more dependent on me, for I was very young and ignorant then, and, you see, I thought I loved him!"

The woman in white did not speak. She was sitting quite still, as though she were a marble woman.

"And even away back at the first," the woman in gray went on in that desolate self-communing, "when we were ignorant boy and girl together, we had quite settled it with ourselves that he was to be a distinguished man. We even made a little play of it, telling one another that people would one day point out with pride the poor little house where we had lived and where we had so much trouble paying the rent, and then we would laugh so merrily. Oh, where has the laughter all gone? And so we went on looking forward always to the day when he would be famous and working and planning for it, and I always pictured myself so proud—so proud of his triumphs! We cold-blooded women feel very deeply sometimes and think long thoughts! And now he has won the honors we dreamed of, and to-morrow I am going on a long journey!"

She slowly rose and the marble woman in white saw for the first time that she had a little package in the thin hand.

"I have something to leave with you," said the woman in gray, "something to give you. See, it is a little bundle of letters. He wrote them during my mother's illness. They are the letters of an undeveloped and ignorant boy to a poor little girl. I have cherished them a long time, but I give them to you now, because—because they have already gone out of my life."

* * * *

An hour afterward the woman in white found that she had been alone for a long time and that the last of the poor little letters was open in her hand. A withered rose had dropped from it and lay in her lap among the folds of fluffy white. The air was filled with fragrance of the little old time rose, which seemed to be part of the old time boyish love that was dead as the rose. Once, long ago, in her life also—

The radiant face of the woman in white was pale and old and weary looking as she tied the letters in the packet again and laid this penciled line upon them:

"Do not go on the long journey, for I go on a journey of my own." Then she slipped the bracelet into its velvet case and sealed and addressed it and called a servant to go on two errands.

"I am going away to-night, John," she said as his foot hesitated on the stair. "Send Susan up to pack."

And then she stood in the middle of the room, her head drooped, pressing back something that tried to come to her eyes.

"And now for new fields," she said despairingly, "and the life in them."

II.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

If all the waves were easy
And all our masks were light;
If all the weeds bore roses
And all our hands were white;
If no one had to hurry
Lest he should fall behind,
And no one had to worry
Because Fate was unkind,
If those we love would love us,
And sweetly tell us so,
And only gentle breezes
Across our paths should blow;
If each could have the basket
That held the choicest reach,
And if to gain the prizes
We merely had to reach,
A few perhaps would gladly
Accept the state of things,
But most of us would sadly
Give vent to murmurings;
The blessings would be hateful
That all alike possessed,
Where no one could be richer,
By taking from the rest.

Reflections Of A Bachelor.

New York Press.

Trust a woman to trust a man.

It makes a woman awfully lonesome not to have something once in so often to sit down and have a good cry over.

A woman will marry a man for himself and learn to love his riches afterward, but she seldom marries him for riches and learns to love him for himself.

If men did not get into trouble and have women stand by them they would never know what it is about women that makes men sometimes want to die for them.

There was never a rich old skinflint who at some time in his life would not give all his gold to have one minute of the joy of a happy boy who doesn't know a dollar from a penny.

Dr. Shoop's remedies sold and guaranteed by E. C. Mitchell.

High Beef
A Benefit
If It Teaches You That
Better Health
Greater Strength
Keener Brain
Come From
GRAPE-NUTS.

Try the change and "cut out" meat for breakfast.

Our word for it you will feel "Fit as a Lord" in a week's time by breakfasting on Grape-Nuts and cream a little fruit and perhaps one or two soft eggs.

If you ever try this experiment you will always bless the day of high beef that waked you up.

There's a reason why Grape-Nuts furnishes power to the body and brain. The food contains selected parts of the field grains that furnish phosphate of potash in a natural state that can be assimilated by the human body, this joins with the albumen of food and forms the soft filling of the brain and nerve centers.

Feed skilfully and you can "do things."

The greatest brain workers in America eat Grape-Nuts.

Ask one or two, they'll tell you.

You meat eaters who are ailing in any sort of way might take a valuable hint from the following statement of Chief Chemist Wiley, of the Agricultural Department, in the Daily Press from which we give the following extracts:—

"There is no doubt of the fact that meat-eating is not essential to human life, and that men can be well nourished without resorting to a flesh diet.

"I think the statement may be accepted without question that, as a rule, we eat too much, not only of meat, but of all forms of food. The question of limiting the diet is based primarily not on the principle of economy, but on the requirements of hygiene.

"At the early breakfasts which Americans are wont to indulge in, that is, a hearty meal before going to their daily work, the omission of meat is to be earnestly advised.

"It is well known that men who are nourished very extensively on certain cereals are capable of the hardest and most enduring labor. Meats are quickly digested, furnish an abundance of energy soon after consumption, but are not retained in the digestive organism long enough to sustain permanent muscular exertion."

You will feel the energy of Grape-Nuts longer than any meal of meat

Remember Grape-Nuts food costs about one cent per meal for each person and all grocers sell it.

Made at pure food factories of Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION
Fac-Simile Signature
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SECOND HAND GOODS
Bought and Sold.
Highest cash price paid for second hand clothing, boots and shoes, furniture, stoves, all kinds of household goods. Drop a postal card and we will call on you.
I. ZACKS,
271 and 273 Princess Street.
Second door below Corbett's undertaking establishment.
A large stock of new clothing, gent's furnishings, jewellery and musical instruments at close prices.

SECOND HAND GOODS BOUGHT
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR Ladies' and Gent's Cast-off Clothing, Stoves and Furniture bought and sold. Call on address 232 Princess street, next to St. Andrew's church. Orders promptly attended to.
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GEO. CLIFF IS OFFERING GREAT BARGAINS in this line. 115 Brock street.