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Soon becomes dry, harsh, coarse, and full of dandruff; it loses vitality and turns prematurely gray, or falls out rapidly and threatens early baldness. A careful dressing daily with Ayer's Hair Vigor—the best preparation for the purpose—will preserve the hair in all its luxuriance and beauty to a good old age.

"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delaware, Ill., "but after using only half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy. I cannot express the gratitude I feel."

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Ayer's Hair Vigor, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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5 CENTS.

SMOKE

Creme de la Creme CIGARS.

TEN CENTS.

SMOKE

THIS YEAR'S - MYRTLE -

OUT AND PLUG SMOKING :: TOBACCO FINER THAN EVER.

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In Bronze on Each Plug and Package.

USE IRELAND'S DESICATED WHEAT

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SOLE AGENTS In this locality for Gilmour & Co.'s (Trenton) KILN DRIED DOORS, Sash and Blinds, Mouldings and other factory work. A full stock always on hand. Call and examine. W. B. & S. ANGLIN, Wellington Street, North.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself late in the afternoon on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glee, wild, lonely and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance calling "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging his solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glee. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square built fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brink of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd looking personages playing at nine pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves yet they maintained the gravest silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue like gaze, and such strange, un-healthy, lack luster countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep. On waking he found himself on the

green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glee. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine pins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well oiled fowling piece he found an old fire lock lying by him, the barrel incrustured with rust, the



He found an old fire lock lying by him, lock falling off and the stock worm eaten. He now suspected that the grave rogues of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having led him with liquor had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He walked after him and hunted his name, but all in vain, the echoes repeated his whistle and bark, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glee; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, lapping from rock to rock, and filling the glee with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its side, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras and witch hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife, but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same; when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has added my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered and the doors of the hinges. A half starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth and passed on. "This was an unkind cut indeed. 'My very dog,'" sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his conjugal fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them. "After suffering with dyspepsia, kidney disease, loss of appetite and pain in the head until discouraged, I heard of B.B.B., took two bottles and am happy to say I feel as well as ever." Mrs. Rufus E. Merry, New Albany, N.S.

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Cabin—\$60, \$80 and \$100, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage—\$35 From Pier 40, N. R., New York. Steerage at Very Low Rates. Steerage Tickets to and from London and Queens-town and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates.

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From Portland, From Halifax, SARDINIAN... Jan. 18, Saturday, Jan. 12

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Cabin—\$50, \$65 and \$75, according to accommodation. Intermediate \$30. Steerage \$20. Return tickets from Liverpool to Portland or Halifax—Cabin \$100, \$125 and \$150 according to position of stateroom. Intermediate \$60. Steerage \$40.

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WINTER CARNIVAL MONTREAL.

FEBRUARY 4th to 9th.

REDUCED FARE TICKETS will be on sale from Monday, Feb. 4th, to Saturday, Feb. 9th, inclusive, and good for return until Wednesday, Feb. 13th.

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Passenger trains leave the new City Passenger Depot, foot of Johnson Street, as follows:

GOING EAST: No. 1... at 1:30 p.m. No. 2... at 3:30 p.m. No. 3... at 5:30 a.m. No. 4... at 7:30 a.m. No. 5... at 9:30 a.m. No. 6... at 11:30 a.m. No. 7... at 1:30 p.m. No. 8... at 3:30 p.m. No. 9... at 5:30 a.m. No. 10... at 7:30 a.m. No. 11... at 9:30 a.m. No. 12... at 11:30 a.m.

Express trains Nos. 3, 4 and 6 run Saturdays included. No. 6 does not run on Monday. All tickets good 3 returns for thirty days. For rates and general information apply to

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Cleanses the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with hot or cold water and without any tooth wash or powder. Both brush and handle are imperishable.

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If unable to procure these in your locality, send us postal note and we will forward any of the above prepaid upon receipt of price. For sale by all dealers in toilet goods.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL, most convenient and popular hotel in city, opposite to G. T. R. station and steamboat landings. Mrs. SHAWHAN.

Livery Establishments. F. A. BIRBY, 129 Brock Street, the leading hack and livery stable in the city. Telephone No. 157.

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I. O. O. F. M. U. UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MACHINESTERS, ENGLAND, meet every Friday in the Sons of England Room, Princess Street. Next meeting FEBRUARY 15th. W. BUSHELL, Recording Secretary.

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