

MEDICINES.

DR. DORENWEND'S



HAIR MAGIC

Will be found invaluable for the hair and scalp. It cleanses the scalp of all dandruff, invigorates the growth of the hair, and in cases of baldness where there are the slightest signs of roots left it will produce good crops of hair. It restores grey hair to its original color, and is an excellent dressing.

DO NOT DELAY. If your hair is in a weak condition get a bottle at once. For sale by J. G. King, A. P. Chown and all druggists. Ask for it. A. DORENWEND, Sole Manufacturer, TORONTO, CANADA.

ARMBRECHT'S TONIC COCA WINE



FOR FATIGUE OF MIND AND BODY AND SLEEPLESSNESS. "Experience and scientific analysis reveal to us in Coca the most tonic plant in the Vegetable Kingdom." - Manual Practica. "It (Coca) is, in a word, the most powerful restorer of the vital forces." - Dr. Schenk.

BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Headache, Dizziness, Dropsy, Fluttering of the Heart, Acidity of the Stomach, Dryness of the Skin, and every species of disease arising from disordered Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels or Blood.

ELY'S CREAM BALM IS WORTH \$1.00 TO ANY MAN Woman or Child Suffering from CATARRH. HAY-FEVER. Not a Liquid or Snuff. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c at Druggists; by mail registered, 60c. ELY BROS., 233 Greenwich St., New York.

THE LARDER. BUTCHERS, FARMERS & GARDENERS. Prime small hog casings, by tierce, 500 lbs. 25c per lb; kegs, 100 lbs. \$30; half kegs, 50 lbs. \$15.00; small quantities, 25c per lb. English sheep casings, kegs, of 50 large bundle \$50; small quantities, 65c per bundle. Pure Fertilizer, composed of blood, bone and meat, only \$30 per ton; fine bone meal, \$35 per ton; coarse bone meal, \$33 per ton, f. o. b. Hamilton.

PURE MILK AND CREAM From Ayrshire Cows at the BAZAAR. We have made arrangements for a daily supply in Glass, and trust it will be a benefit to the public as well as ourselves. REES BROS. Man. Confectioners.

CITY FLOUR STORE. CHOICE FAMILY & BAKERS' FLOUR SEED GRAIN, PRESSED HAY, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED. C. D. FRANKLIN, Feb. 4. MARKET SQUARE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILY. WINTER EXCURSIONS To California and Pacific Coast, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Return.

Passenger Trains leave the new City Passenger Depot, foot Johnson Street, as follows: GOING WEST. No. 1, at 12:20 p.m. No. 2, at 3:50 p.m. No. 3, at 1:45 p.m. No. 4, at 2:10 a.m. No. 5, at 1:35 a.m. No. 6, at 2:10 a.m. Mixed, at 6:10 a.m. Mixed, at 7:30 p.m. Mixed, at 7:55 p.m.

Express Trains Nos. 3, 4 and 6 run Sundays included. No. 6 does not run on Monday. All Tickets good to return for six months. For rates and general information apply to THOS. HANLEY Agent Grand Trunk Railway, corner Johnson and Ontario Streets.

BOB BURDETTE'S HUMOR.

THE BRIGHT BITS OF WIT FOR A MERRY HALF-HOUR.

Her Brother's Cigarette—A Time For Everything—Some Seasonable Don'ts—He Had Correct Habits—The Knight And the Baron's Daughter—Under the Wintery Moon—Fo "Gentle Annie"—A Chapter on Tramps—The Science of Snoring.

(Copyrighted 1888.) Her Brother's Cigarette. Like raven's wing her locks of jet, Her soft eyes touch'd with fond regret, Doubt and desire her mind beset, Fondling her brother's cigarette.

Roses, with dewy diamonds set, Drooped o'er the widow's parapet; With grace she turned a match to get, And lit her brother's cigarette.

Her puffs of smoky violet Twined in rhapsodic silhouette; She blushed, laughed, coughed, a little, yet, She smoked her brother's cigarette.

Her eyes with briny tears were wet, Her bang grew limp beneath its net, Her brow was gimmed with headed sweat, Her brother's cigarette.

A Time For Everything.

Be careful, my son, when you approach a man. It isn't so much the manner in which you do it, as the time you select for it. Don't worry so much about your manner, if you are dead certain that you have struck the right time. Don't depend so much upon your fascinating ways as upon the man's receptive mood. Never ask a favor of a man who is on the point of answering his mail with a match. Don't talk your Dakota land scheme to a hungry man. Never try to borrow of a man who has just missed the last car and has to walk home. Don't try to sell tickets for the fair and ice-cream festival to the man who is despondent with some new kind of dyspepsia. Don't read your petition to him while he is being shaved. Don't try to explain the nature of the securities you offer by talking to him through the transom of the bath room while he is taking a tub. Don't describe your recommendations, qualifications, and endorsements for the place while he is running for the ferry, and you are vainly trying to keep near him. Don't knock at the door after he has gone to bed and tell him not to get up, you'll just talk through the keyhole. Don't approach a man at these times, and— "You didn't suppose anybody ever did approach a man on matters of business under such circumstances?"

Oh, foolish boy, you have much to learn; all these things are done by various classes of fools every day? Don't you be one of them.

He Had Correct Habits.

"For ten years past," said the new boarder, "my habits have been regular as clock-work. I rose on the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at seven I was at work, dined at twelve, ate supper at six, and was in bed at 9:30, ate only hearty food, and had a sick day in all that time."

"Dear me," said the deacon, in sympathetic tones, "and what were you in for?"

And in the awful silence that followed you could hear the hash grate its teeth.

He Went Off Directly.

The clock on the mantel tolled 1 a.m., and a little past, and still the knight lingered, trying to think of something to say, although it was painfully evident that the baron's daughter was just too sleepy for anything.

"I am afraid," he said at last, "that I am like an augur."

"Wherefore, Sir Knight?" she asked, yawning with that highbred courtesy appertaining to the upper classes.

"Because I bore you," he said, smiling proudly at his right good wit.

"Ah, no," she said; "you remind me of an old flint-lock musket!"

"Spoken like a soldier's daughter," quoth he, "and why?"

"Takes you so long to go off," he said, kindly.

At 15 a.m., the portcullis fell with a clang, the draw-bridge was raised, and the castle slept. Away in the star-lit distance the good knight tramped wearily in the wake of the last car, which had sailed two hours ago, and bitterly reproached himself for not thinking to tell the haughty baron's daughter that her joke was too awfully premature, because muskets weren't going to be invented for nearly one hundred years.

Under the Wintery Moon.

"The moon is waning," Elfrida said, sitting a little closer to Ethelred to keep off the malaria.

"Yes," said old Sir Marmalade, her sire, who crossed the piazza at that moment, "and the swain is mooning. Haw, haw, haw!"

And he has gone. Ethelred shuddered, and drew Elfrida to his side until she had to breathe in her mind. "Thank Heaven," he said, earnestly, "that the moon is not waxing, I tremble to think what a joke it might have suggested to him."

Winter Fashions.

Oh, no, dear, there will be no changes in the winter fashions this year. The woman who steps on that part of the sidewalk where the bad boys have made a sliding-pond will be down in a heap and up again with a faint little shriek before anybody knows anything about it, while the man will fall the length of the whole block, as usual, waving both hands in the air, kicking with both feet, plunging, throwing hat and umbrella into space, howling at every jump, until, breathless and exhausted, he caroms on an ash-barrel at the end of the run, and rings down the curtain by rolling down stairs into a barber-shop. No difference at all, dear;—everything same as last year.

Watered His Talk.

"Don't I get a rebate on this sort of thing?" asked the trout, as it took a little flyer with the hook.

"Not any," replied the honest fisherman, making another cast. "I've got a corner on this pool, you know."

"Ah!" said the dying fish, "I think I catch on." And, indeed, he did, once too often.

A Good Line Shot.

"What is the standing army of the United States?" asked the teacher.

"It are the men," replied the smart bad boy who only came in last term, "who hang on to the straps in the street cars."

And the principal sat up that night until the moon went down, trying to decide whether he should mark that boy zero, minus, and lick him, or ten plus, and give him a toy pistol.

To "Gentle Annie."

Yes, dear, we know the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they can trot right around a barber when we are trying to get a shave and the last car. You could comprehend this great and awful truth more easily, Annie, if you were that monster—Man.

A Chapter on Tramps.

Tramps, after all, are very much like tramps. There is a certain bond that ties us all together. True, he will not work, and when we are asked to take of our own flock and of our own herd to dress for the way-faring man that is come unto us, we

Montreal Announcements.

CARTERS LITTLE LIVER PILLS. JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. PLATE GLASS. FIBERLENE A NEW MATERIAL. French Mirror Plate. MONGENBIS, BOVIN & CO. MONTREAL.

HANSON'S MAGIC CORN SALVE. PAINLESS CORN CURE FOR HARD OR SOFT CORNS. ALL DRUGGISTS.

Gray's Syrup OF Red Spruce Gum FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ETC. COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. VALENTINE'S VARNISHES AND COACH COLORS. A. RAMSAY & SON, Agents, MONTREAL.

CHESTER'S CURE FOR ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, COUGHS, COLDS, &c. Sold by all Druggists, or Free by Post on receipt of \$1.00. W. E. CHESTER, 461 Lagachetiere St.

say with the apostle, "That, if any would not work neither should he eat." And yet I do not blame him very sorely for not desiring to work. I do not work because I love to toil, and labor, and persevere, and ink my thumbs. I work because I have to. I work because the ground was cursed for my family's sake, so that thorns and thistles grew up with the papyrus plant, and ink and tears came in together; and as my great grandfather, since deceased, was a tramp, and went out of Eden to sleep under the trees and eat his bread in the sweat of his face, even so have the rest of the family been "strangers and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." "for here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." As "one star differeth from another in glory," dearly beloved, and as "all flesh is not the same flesh," so one tramp is not as all other tramps. Sometimes the tramp singeth, and if she be a woman tramp, so long as thy pocket-book lasteth she will not open her mouth save for a thousand dollars a night, carriage, and a waggon load of bouquets. Both she work for that money? Nay, verily; she only worketh the audience for it, even as her sister, sitting under the wayside hedge to rest, worketh the cottages along the road for "broken vittles."

I have seen the man tramp come all the way from England, and tramp up and down the iron highways of the land that floweth with fame and money, repeating at our charitable doors old lectures that were frayed at the edges, or ever they left the shores of Britain, talking at the rate of two dollars a minute. Call ye that "work," ye that lift up the hands against the unshaven tramp who seeketh only to talk you out of a cold breakfast? Verily, my kind friends, I have tramped on the lecture lay myself, and I know whereof I affirm that it is not work, it is fun. Anybody can do it. Yes, I have known tramps who wandered about this land from Hoboken, New Jersey, to Tombstone, Arizona, seeking for an easy pulpit in a rich church, with an assistant pastor to do all the work. I have listened to the noise of tramps who wandered up and down for meat, crying in the ears of the people, "Oh, that I had in the wilderness, which is called Congress, a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might rest from my labor all the days of my life, and wax fat and kick." And when he goeth to Congress, and draweth his fat salary, and commandeth his secretary to write him a speech on the tariff bill or the Mormon question, doeth he any "work"? Oh, my dear friends, the country is full of tramps, who have three changes of raiment, like Berry Wall, and fare sumptuously every day; they toil not, neither do they spin, but they rake in the shekels, and flourish as magnificently as a green bay tree. And there be few of us, indeed, who love to work, and who would work three hundred and seventeen days in the year unless we were driven by dire necessity. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Remarkable Case. Frederick Wieze, of Minden, Ont., suffered with running sores on both legs which the best of physicians failed to cure. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him completely. Scrofula always due to bad blood, is curable when timely treated with B. B. B.

To Avoid Baldness or Gray Hair Use Dr. Dorenwend's Great German Hair Magic. It keeps the scalp clean and free from dandruff, and promotes the growth of the hair. It prevents premature grayness and stops all falling out of the hair. On bald heads, where the roots have not perished, it will invigorate them and force a new growth of hair. Ask for Hair Magic. It is the only reliable. For sale by J. G. King, A. P. Chown and all druggists.

A Fatal Attack. A fatal attack of croup is a frequent occurrence among children. Every household should be guarded by keeping Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam at hand. It breaks up colds, coughs, croup, asthma and bronchitis in a remarkable manner.

Greatly Excited. People are apt to get greatly excited in case of sudden accident and injury. It is well to be prepared for such emergencies. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the handiest remedy known for burns, scalds, bruises, lameness, pain and all wounds of the flesh. It is used internally and externally.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by using one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Back ache Plaster. Price 25 cents. Try them.

HAVE THE KHEEL PLATE ONLY PUT ON YOUR RUBBERS AND THEY WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG. To be had at D. F. ARMSTRONG'S, Princess Street.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. THE PILLS Are at all seasons of the year a reliable remedy for correcting any Disorder of the Digestive organs, and for restoring a healthy action to the STOMACH and BOWELS. THE OINTMENT Heals all recent Wounds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains and is a certain cure for BAD LEGS, SORES, ULCERS and OLD WOUNDS. It has no equal for the cure of Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Gout, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!! A fine range of New Goods to select from at prices ranging from 8 cents to 60 cents a yard, in the leading styles and colors at ALEX. ROSS', Carpet and Millinery Warehouse.

W. J. DICK & SON NEW STORE (at the Old Stand), Showing a large stock of Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Bags and Satchels of every description from the best houses in the Dominion, including the Superior Manufactures of J. D. King & Co., J. & T. Bell, Cooper & Smith, H. E. Clarke & Co., and other reliable Firms.

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LADIES and GENTLEMEN Why do you poison your blood and injure your stomachs by the use of strong drugs, which seldom cure and always do more or less harm. You can be cured without a possibility of injury by the use of A. NORMAN'S Electro-Curative Belts, Insoles and Trusses. Write for Circulars giving full particulars. Consultation Free and private. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto. W. J. WILSON, Sole Agent, Kingston

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