

Every Household

Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It acts on the lungs, and is especially efficacious in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is as well known as the name.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably effective in curing colds and coughs, and is especially efficacious in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

Relieved By. The above remedy is gladly offered this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. CURES PAINS—External and Internal.

HEALS Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, Bruises, and all kinds of Ailments.

LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL!

BRIGHT BARBADOS MOLASSES. 45 Hhds. J. E. COWAN, INDIANTOWN, N. B.

CURE FISH. When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop the pain, but to remove the cause.

FITS, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS. A life-long study, I warrant myself to cure the worst cases.

HARK! Something fell! A. McNaally, Fredericton, N. B.

ORK FOR ALL. A. McNaally, Fredericton, N. B.

THE BIRD. A. McNaally, Fredericton, N. B.

The Comforter. How do you come, O Comforter? Doves floating from the far off skies.

How does God send the Comforter? On times through byways dim, Not always by the besten path.

How will God send the Comforter? On times through byways dim, Not always by the besten path.

Selected Serial. THE CHESTER GIRLS. BY ROSE HAWTHORNE THORPE.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued. WHAT FLORENCE FOUND.

"Oh, why will you doubt him so?" said Nina. "He told me he had no hopes for me."

"I am coming," answered Nina. She hesitated a moment, looked at Aunt Mary, wistfully, then kissed her, and went to Florence.

"She is such a child," mused Mrs. Randall, sadly, when she was alone. "Why did I let her go alone? As soon as I saw her I knew she would tell him my fears."

"I did not know that you had a secret too," said Nina, as they walked away to the live-oak tree together.

"Yes, mine affects Aunt Mary, most. Whom will your secret affect?"

"All of us; but grandpa, most," replied Florence. "What is the best thing that could happen just now, Nina?"

"It seems to me that the best thing that could happen, would be to have Uncle Joe Randall return, a reformed, Christian man—whom we would all be proud of, and especially Aunt Mary and Dyke. Do not you think that would be a good 'happen,' Florence?"

"Yes; but that is not possible," replied Florence, a little disappointed that Nina had not guessed her secret at once.

"What if I told you that I did find it for him, back of one of the tiles in the library fire-place?"

"Did you? Oh, Florrie, did you?" "Yes," replied Florence, brightly, "and that is the secret I am to tell grandpa when he wakes up from his nap."

CHAPTER XV. FLORENCE RESTORES THE LOST MONEY. It was finished at last—that long, refreshing nap—during which Colonel Chester had slept away the fatigue of his journey, and he awoke feeling stronger, and brighter than his illness.

They had him nicely fixed when Aunt Mary came into the room, and took an easy chair near him. Her face was still pale with her recent illness; but her smile seemed to have gained a new tenderness during the last few weeks.

waters through the foliage of the trees. "I think it is the peace and the glory of God resting in it, which makes it so beautiful in my eyes. I had hoped to dash my days here, where my dear wife lived, and where our boys played."

"There was a touch of sadness in his tone. Florence and why may you not do so?" asked Mrs. Randall.

"I may as well tell you now," he replied, turning his face from the window. "You would have to know it very soon, and part of the difficulty will be over when I have told you. I cannot regret over my fortune, since God has blessed me so abundantly in my two girls. We will still have each other, dear; and you can be my treasures in another home, as well as here."

"Are you going to sell the dear old home, grandpa?" asked Florence, fervently, since God had blessed her so abundantly in her two girls. We will still have each other, dear; and you can be my treasures in another home, as well as here."

"I fear it must be," he replied, sadly. "I have had a good offer for the place; and, you know, I must raise considerable money now."

"Grandpa," began Florence, in a surprised voice, "did not sound like her own. 'Do you know that one of the tiles is loose in the library fire-place?'"

"Yes, I discovered it on Christmas Day. Just after dinner it fell out, and I fully intended to have it fastened to its place before this; but the circumstance had slipped my mind completely. I shall feel like taking the whole fire-place with me if I must sell the home. Those are the only paintings I have of Ralph."

"I hope it did not break. I must see that it is properly replaced at once," he said. "No, it did not break; but when I tried to put it back it would not fit; and when I looked to see why, I found some paper crowded in the place."

"Colonel Chester turned half around in his chair to look at her. Her tones had an under-current of alarm which drew his attention. He thought the paper might be some of his dead son's belongings."

"What were the papers?" he asked. "Was a moment, grandpa, and I will show you."

"She rose and went out of the room. They did not speak until she was gone. Mrs. Randall and Nina did not dare to trust their voices, and Colonel Chester had turned his attention to the pretty lawn sloping down to the river. In the few moments of her absence he had quite forgotten the loosened tile, and the paper she had taken out of it."

"To Nina, who had known both under very different circumstances, the question and answer seemed almost unreal."

"He has heard and answered mine," replied Colonel Chester. "No prayer that he can ever answer in the future, will seem so miraculous as the sending his divine peace to my troubled heart. Why do you ask, dear?"

"Because I asked him to give me something to do for you—something as great as what Nina had done—to let me make the life happy which she has saved."

"But God knew that my heart meant more than that," she said, "and he answered my prayer in full. See, grandpa. He let me find your lost money for you."

"She put the roll of bills in his hands as she spoke. 'What! Florrie, child. I don't understand,' he exclaimed, much as Mrs. Randall had done."

"I found them back of the loosened tile, grandpa," she said, "and I was reading the bills and glanced them over."

"My home need not be sacrificed now," he said, unsteadily. Then turning to Mrs. Randall, he added, emphatically: "He is not guilty, Mary. Forgive me for my unjust suspicion. I had no right to do so, but I have forgiven him for other wrongs."

"I have no right to withhold my forgiveness to my fellow mortal since God has forgiven so much in my own life," he said. "But, grandpa, how do you think the money came to be in such a place?" Nina asked.

"I have always been sorry for that man," added Nina, "as when I thought he had taken the money. There was such a hopeless look in his face, I cannot forget it."

"What is it, Aunt Mary? Are you ill?" asked Florence. "Oh, a pain," she replied, with her hand pressed over her heart.

"What am I to do for you?" asked Nina. "Nothing, dear; it is better now. It is nothing new. I have had it often before."

"Presently the girls went out to gather some fresh roses for the supper-table; and when the brother and sister were alone again, Colonel Chester said: 'Mary, if you desire to send for my husband, do so. I will do all in my power to assist him.'"

"Alas! she sighed. 'I have no idea where he is now. I have not heard one word from him since the night when I so cruelly refused his request.'"

"After a while, their conversation drifted into other channels. Colonel Chester spoke of his granddaughters proudly, planning a bright future for them, and for himself in their society."

"They seem like children to you, and it is difficult to imagine them as anything else; but Nina will be sixteen in a few days, and Florence is nearly a year older."

"Yes," he said, with a fond glance down the shaded path, where the girls were walking slowly, "and I shall be flashing between the branches of the trees, and gleaming on their bright, yellow beads. 'Yes, someone will take them from me one of these days; but I hope it will be many years before I lose them.'"

"And yet it may be nearer than you think," she replied. "I remember, what kind of a man is Dr. Gordon?"

"Dr. Gordon," he repeated, "is a good man—one whom I could trust. I think he has been a hard drinker—in fact, he acknowledged as much to me; but he has reformed in the right way. He relies upon God to keep him firm in his purpose of right."

"In some unguarded moment, he may forget God, and fall again. Oh, Andrew! it is such a hopeless task for a drunkard to reform."

"I should be very sorry to learn that Dr. Gordon had fallen into evil ways again," mused Colonel Chester. "I have great faith in that man, and an unaccountable soft spot for him."

"That is scarcely to be wondered at, under the circumstances; but I fear for some things he has said, and I do not suspect that he cares a great deal for him."

"And so she does. We both do," he replied. "Andrew, do you think it possible for Nina to give him a stronger affection than she has given to me?"

"I feel weary, and shall be obliged to retire early," said Colonel Chester, when tea was over, and they were all with him in the back parlor.

"I have been thinking much of my past life to-day," he resumed. "I have, at most, but a few years more to spend upon earth. I cannot redeem my past from the blight of unbelief which is upon it; but I may make a worthier record for my future, and this I shall set about doing at once. I have expressed myself fully on religious subjects at all times. I have talked my unbelief in my home, and among my friends. I was never ashamed to argue against those things; and now that my eyes are opened, shall I not work as zealously for the cause as I did against it?"

"Nina, dear," he continued, turning to her, "may you summon the servants to 'family worship.'"

"Nina hastened to do his bidding with a happy heart. 'Blessed be Lawd!' ejaculated Aunt Dinah, when Nina informed her of Colonel Chester's request. 'De 'kingdom come' may mighty deigh die mansion ter-nigh. Who'd a spect dese old eyes would'n be de glory ob dis day?'"

"She put the roll of bills in his hands as she spoke. 'What! Florrie, child. I don't understand,' he exclaimed, much as Mrs. Randall had done."

For Sisters. Some years ago, says one in the Congressionalist, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed, among the crowd, a party of young people; two or three pretty girls and as many bright young men, all 'waiting for the mail.'

"Oh, dear!" said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently. "Why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing near.

"I'll get one surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Well is awfully good; she's my sister, you know; and so fellow ever has a better one."

"The pretty girl laughed, saying, as he received his letter, 'Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year.'"

"Gradually the others drifted away, but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely written sheet, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and, rising, came to the door.

"Good morning, Miss Williams," he said cordially, for he always had a pleasant word for his older people.

"My sister's letters always bring good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

"And, unfolding this one, he read her scraps of it—bright nothings, with here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady stream of letters, as if half apologizing for 'boring' me, he looked up, and said quietly, 'Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be sister Nell's doing.'"

And, as I looked at him, I felt strongly what a mighty power "Sister Nell" held in her hands over a woman's hands, like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast toward manhood, unworshipful or noble, as the sisters choose.

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BEAUTY OF Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AS ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing itching, disagreeing, itchy, scaly, and simply chasteous of the skin, scaly and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from the best of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scurf.

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