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All orders promptly attended to.

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—FOR—
LADIES, MISSES and CHILDREN
A full stock at
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77 King street.

AUCTION SALES.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and fronting on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot number eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say, Commencing at the Northwest corner of a Lot of Land owned by the said John McSorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-east corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with Germain Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street, aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of said John McSorley's Lot; thence Northerly along said West line of said John McSorley's Lot one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making in front on Duke one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of Lot number (823) having been conveyed by Christopher Smiley to said John McSorley by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Records of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
Referee in Equity.

J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
T. B. HANINGTON,
Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MIALL,
Commissioner.

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CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.
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CURES RHEUMATISM
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Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults

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CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.
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AS IT COSTS BUT
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Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
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about the fifteenth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double state telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $5 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
JOHN S. DUNN,
TAILOR.
Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialty.

THE DESERTER

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

Author of "DUNRAVEN RANCH," "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "MARION'S FAITH," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

PRELUDE.—During an Indian fight in the west Capt. Hull of the United States Regular army is killed. Before his death a large sum of money—about $3,000, the pay of soldiers who, while on field duty, missed the paymaster—was placed in his charge. While dying he hands the package to Lawrence Hayne, a young officer whose father had been a dear friend of Capt. Hull's. Hayne has, by boyish irreverence for superior officers, made an enemy of Capt. Rayner, another officer engaged in the campaign. It also develops that Sergts. Clancy and Gower have lost considerable money by gambling, part of the missing cash belonging to others. They are in bad odor accordingly.

CHAPTER I.—The scene is a Pullman car on its way to Warrener, near which village is situated Fort Warrener. Among the passengers on the car are Mrs. Rayner, wife of Capt. Rayner; Miss Travers, her sister (who is engaged to marry Stephen Van Antwerp, a rich New Yorker, who has shown a queer aversion to travel in the west), and a young man whose evident desire to avoid conversation or acquaintance has piqued the curiosity of the ladies. Before the train reaches Warrener it takes aboard a number of badly frozen cavalry men who are on their way to the fort. The mysterious young man does much to alleviate their sufferings on the way to Warrener.

CHAPTER 2.—The ladies are greeted at Warrener by Capt. Rayner and other officers. It develops that the mysterious man is Mr. Hayne, who has been promoted to a first lieutenancy in Capt. Rayner's company. Capt Rayner shows that he still feels a decided dislike for the young officer.

CHAPTER 3.—Lieut. Hayne proves a disturbing element among the officers at Fort Warrener. A scandal has been attached to his name in the past, and those who side with him are forced by the peculiarities of the case to side against Capt. Rayner. The two men have been sworn enemies for five years. The commandant of the post receives Lieut. Hayne kindly and decides to give a dinner in his honor.

It transpires that the trouble connected with Hayne's name was a courtmartial, which had convicted him of a serious offence principally on Capt. Rayner's evidence. This ruling was reversed by higher authorities. Some of Hayne's old comrades make advances, which are repelled. Hayne takes up his quarters in a house at some distance from the other officers' quarters.

CHAPTER 4.—Capt. Rayner's wife gets angry because of the colonel's courtesy to Hayne, and the camp is divided into Hayne and anti-Hayne factions. There is an evening gathering at the house of Capt. Rayner. An evening gathering at Capt. Rayner's house, where the matter is discussed, is broken up by cries of "fire" from outside.

CHAPTER 5.—The fire is in a house occupied by Private Clancy (who was a sergeant during the Indian fight mentioned in the prelude) and his wife, who is a laundress. Lieut. Hayne rescues Clancy and his little daughter from the flames, and in saves a wallet of bank notes of large denomination, which Mrs. Clancy eagerly clutches and apparently considers of greater importance than the lives of her husband and child. Hayne himself is badly burned, and Miss Travers evinces great interest in the young officer to whom her sister and brother-in-law show so much dislike.

CHAPTER 6.—Clancy is in the hospital, and his wife, for the first time, acts tenderly toward him, watching him night and day. When Clancy is told that Lieut. Hayne is the man who saved him, he is greatly agitated, and his wife fiercely forbids any one to talk to him. Capt. Rayner's wife shows a strange interest in the welfare of Clancy and wife.

[CONTINUED.]

Rayner did not even attempt to laugh at it or turn it off in any way. He looked dazed, stunned, for a moment, turned very white and old looking, and, hardly saying good day to his informant, faced about and went straight to his quarters. He was not among the crowd that gathered to welcome the incoming cavalrymen that bright, crisp, winter day, and that evening Mrs. Rayner went to the hospital to ask what she could do for Clancy and his wife. Capt. Rayner always expected her to see that every care and attention was paid to the sick and needy of his company, she explained to the doctor, who could not recall having seen her on a similar errand before, although sick and needy of Company B were not unknown in garrisons where he had served with them. She spent a good while with Mrs. Clancy, whom she had never noticed hitherto, much to the laundress' indignation, and concerning whose conduct she had been known to express herself in terms of extreme disapprobation. But in times of suffering such things are forgotten; Mrs. Rayner was full of sympathy and interest; there was nothing she was not eager to send them, and no thanks were necessary. She could never do too much for the men of her husband's company.

Yet there was a member of her husband's company on whom in his suffering neither she nor the captain saw fit to call. Mr. Hayne's eyes were seriously injured by the flames and heat, and he was now living in darkness. It might be a month, said the doctor, before he could use his eyes again.

"Only think of that poor fellow all alone out there on that ghastly prairie and unable to read!" was the exclamation of one of the cavalry ladies in Mrs. Rayner's presence; and, as there was an awkward silence and somebody had to break it, Mrs. Rayner responded:

"If I lived on Prairie avenue I should consider blindness a blessing."

It was an unfortunate remark. There was strong sympathy developing for Hayne all through the garrison. Mrs. Rayner never meant that it should have any such significance, but inside of twenty-four hours, in course of which her language had been repeated some dozens of times and distorted quite as many, the generally accepted version of the story was that Mrs. Rayner, so far from expressing the faintest sympathy or sorrow for Mr. Hayne's misfortune, so far from expressing the natural gratification which a lady should feel that it was an officer of her regiment who had reached the scene of danger ahead of the cavalry officer of the guard, had said in so many words that Mr. Hayne ought to be thankful that blindness was the worst thing that had come to him.

There was little chance for harmony after that. Many men and some women, of course, refused to believe it, and said they felt confident that she had been misrepresented. Still, all knew by this time that Mrs. Rayner was bitter against Hayne, and had heard of her denunciation of the colonel's action. So, too, had the colonel heard that she openly declared that she would refuse any invitation extended to her or to her sister which might involve her accepting hospitality at his house. These things do get around in most astonishing ways.

Then another complication arose: Hayne, too, was mixing matters. The major commanding the battalion, a man in no wise connected with his uniformmen, had gone to him and urged, with the doctor's full consent, that he should be moved over into and become an inmate of his household in garrison. He had a big, roomy house. His wife earnestly added her entreaties to the major's, but all to no purpose: Mr. Hayne firmly declined. He thanked the major; he rose and bent over the lady's hand and thanked her with a voice that was full of gentleness and gratitude; but he said that he had learned to live in solitude. Sam was accustomed to all his ways, and he had every comfort he needed. His wants were few and simple. She would not be content, and urged him further. He loved reading; surely he would miss his books and would need some one to read aloud to him, and there were so many ladies in the garrison who would be glad to meet at her house and read to him by turns. He loved music, she heard, and there was her piano, and she knew several who would be delighted to come and play for him by the hour. He shook his head, and the bandages hid the tears that came to his smarting eyes. He had made arrangements to be read aloud to, he said; and as for music, that must wait awhile.

The kind woman retired dismayed—she could not understand such obduracy, and her husband felt rebuffed. Stannard, of the cavalry, too, came in with his gentle wife. She was loved throughout the regiment for her kindliness and grace of mind, as well as for her devotion to the sick and suffering in the old days of the Indian wars, and Stannard had made a similar proffer and been similarly refused, and he had gone away indignant. He thought Mr. Hayne too bumptious to live; but he bore no malice, and his wrath was soon over. Many of the cavalry officers called in person and tendered their services, and were very civilly received, but all offers were positively declined. Just what the infantry officers should do was a momentous question. That they could no longer hold aloof was a matter that was quickly settled, and three of their number went through the chill gloaming of the wintry eve and sent in their cards by Sam, who ushered them into the cheerless front room, while one of their number followed to the doorway which led to the room in rear, in which, still confined to his bed by the doctor's advice, the injured officer was lying. It was Mr. Ross who went to the door and cleared his throat and stood in the presence of the man to whom, more than five years before, he had refused his hand. The others listened anxiously:

"Mr. Hayne, this is Ross. I come with Foster and Graham to say how deeply we regret your injuries, and to tender our sympathy and our services."

There was dead silence for a moment. Foster and Graham stood with hearts that beat unaccountably hard, looking at each other in perplexity. Would he never reply?

The answer came at last—a question:

"To what injuries do you allude, Mr. Ross?"

Even in the twilight they could see the sudden flush of the Scotchman's cheek. He was a blunt fellow, but, as the senior, had been chosen spokesman for the three. The abrupt question staggered him. It was a second or two before he could collect himself.

"I mean the injuries at the fire," he replied.

This time no answer whatever. It was growing too painful. Ross looked in bewilderment at the bandaged face and and again broke the silence:

"We hope you won't deny us the right to be of service, Mr. Hayne. If there is anything we can do that you need or would like"—hesitatingly.

"You have nothing further to say?" asked the calm voice from the pillow.

"I—don't know what else we can say," faltered Ross, after an instant's pause.

The answer came, firm and prompt, but icily cool:

"Then there is nothing that you can do."

And the three took their departure, sore at heart.

There were others of the infantry who had purposed going to see Hayne that evening, but the story of Ross's experience put an end to it all. It was plain that even now Mr. Hayne made the condition of the faintest advance from his regimental comrades a full confession of error. He would have no less.

That evening the colonel sat by his bedside and had an earnest talk. He ventured to expostulate with the invalid on his refusal to go to the major's or to Stannard's. He could have so many comforts and delicacies there that would be impossible here. He did not refer to edibles and drinkables alone, he said, with a smile; but Hayne's patient face gave no sign of relenting. He heard the colonel through, and then said slowly and firmly:

"I have not acted hastily, sir; I appreciate their kindness, and am not ungrateful. Five years ago my whole life was changed. From that time to this I have done without a host of things that used to be indispensable, and have abjured them one and all for a single luxury that I cannot live without—the luxury of utter independence—the joy of knowing that I owe no man anything—the blessing of being beholden to no one on earth for a single service I cannot pay for. It is the one luxury left me."

CHAPTER VII.

"You shall not go!"

It was a clear winter's evening, sharply cold, about a week after the fire, when, as Mrs. Rayner came down the stairway, equipped for a walk, and was passing the parlor door without stopping, Miss Travers caught sight of and called to her:

"Are you going walking, Kate? Do wait a moment, and I'll go with you."

Any one in the hall could have shared the author's privilege and seen the expression of annoyance and confusion that appeared on Mrs. Rayner's face.

"I thought you were out. Did not Mr. Graham take you walking?"

"He did; but we wandered into Mrs. Waldron's, and she and the major begged us to stay, and we had some music, and then the first call sounded for retreat and Mr. Graham had to go, so he brought me home. I've had no walk and need exercise."

"But I don't like you to be out after sunset. That cough of yours"—

"Disappeared the day after I got here, Kate, and there hasn't been a vestige of it since. This high, dry climate put an end to it. No, I'll be ready in one minute more. Do wait."

Mrs. Rayner's hand was turning the knob while her sister was hurrying to the front door and drawing on her heavy jacket as she did so. The former faced her impatiently:

"I don't think you are at all courteous to your visitors. You know just as well as I do that Mr. Foster or Mr. Royce or some other of those young officers are sure to be in just at this hour. You really are very thoughtless, Nellie."

Miss Travers stopped short in her preparations.

"Kate Rayner," she began, impressively, "it was only night before last that you rebuked me for sitting here with Mr. Blake at this very hour, and asked me how I supposed Mr. Van Antwerp would like it. Now you"—

"Fudge! I cannot stay and listen to such talk. If you must go, wait a few minutes until I get back. I—I want to make a short call. Then I'll take you."

"So do I want to make a short call—over at the doctor's; and you are going right to the hospital, are you not?"

"How do you know I am?" asked Mrs. Rayner, reddening.

"You do go there every evening, it seems to me."

"I don't. Who told you I did?"

"Several people mentioned your kindness and attention to the Clancys, Kate. I have heard it from many sources."

"I wish people would mind their own affairs," wailed Mrs. Rayner, peevishly.

"So do I, Kate; but they never have, and never will, especially with an engaged girl. I have more to complain of than you, but it doesn't make me forlorn, whereas you look fearfully worried about nothing."

"Who says I'm worried?" asked Mrs. Rayner, with sudden vehemence.

"You look worried, Kate, and haven't been at all like yourself for several days. Now, why shouldn't I go to the hospital with you? Why do you try to hide your going from me? Don't you know that I must have heard the strange stories that are flitting about the garrison? Haven't I asked you to set me right if I have been told a wrong one? Kate, you are fretting yourself to death about something, and the captain looks worried and ill. I cannot but think it has some connection with the case of Mr. Hayne. Why should the Clancys"—

"You have no right to think any such thing," answered her sister, angrily. "We have suffered too much at his hands or on his account already, and I never want to hear such words from your lips. It would outrage Capt. Rayner to hear that my sister, to whom he has given a home and a welcome, was linking herself with those who side with that—that thief."

"Kate! Oh, how can you use such words? How dare you speak so of an officer? You would not tell me what he was accused of; but I tell you that if it be theft I don't believe it, and no one else"—

There was a sudden footfall on the porch without, and a quick, sharp, imperative knock at the door. Mrs. Rayner fled back along the hall towards the dining room. Miss Travers, hesitating but a second, opened the door.

It was the soldier telegraph operator with a dispatch envelope in his hand.

"It is for Mrs. Rayner, miss, and an answer is expected. Shall I wait?"

Mrs. Rayner came hastily forward from her place of refuge within the dining room, took the envelope without a word and passed into the parlor, where, standing beneath the lamp, she tore it open, glanced anxiously at its contents, then threw it with an exclamation of peevish indignation upon the table.

"You'll have to answer for yourself, Nellie. I cannot straighten your affairs and mine too." And with that she was going, but Miss Travers called her back.

The message simply read: "No letter in four days. Is anything wrong? Answer paid," and was addressed to Mrs. Rayner and signed S. V. A.

"I think you have been extremely neglectful," said Mrs. Rayner, who had turned and now stood watching the rising color and impatiently tapping foot of her younger sister. Miss Travers bit her lips and compressed them hard. There was an evident struggle in her mind between a desire to make an immediate pointed reply and an effort to control herself.

"Will you answer a quiet question or two?" she finally asked.

"You know perfectly well I will," was the sisterly rejoinder.

"How long does it take a letter to go from here to New York?"

"Five or six days, I suppose."

Miss Travers stepped to the door, briefly told the soldier there was no answer, thanked him for waiting, and returned.

"You are not going to reply?" asked Mrs. Rayner, in amaze.

"I am not; and I inferred you did not intend to. Now another question. How many days have we been here?"

"Eight or nine—nine, it is."

"You saw me post a letter to Mr. Van Antwerp as we left the Missouri, did you not?"

"Yes. At least I suppose so."

"I wrote again as soon as we got settled here, three days after that, did I not?"

"You said you did," replied Mrs. Rayner, ungraciously.

"And you, Kate, when you are yourself have been prompt to declare that I say what I mean. Very probably it may have been four days from the time that letter from the transfer reached Wall street to the time the next one could get to him from here, even had I written the night we arrived. Possibly you forget that you forbade my doing so, and sent me to bed early. Mr. Van Antwerp has simply failed to remember that I had gone several hundred miles farther west; and even had I written on the train twice a day, the letters would not have reached him uninterruptedly. By this time he is beginning to get them fast enough. And as for you, Kate, you are quite as unjust as he. It augurs badly for my future peace; and—I am learning two lessons here, Kate."

"What two, pray?"

"That he can be foolishly unreliable in estimating a woman."

"And the other?"

"That you may be persistently unreliable in your judgment of a man."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Adoniram J. Chase, of Fall River, proprietor of the Augustus Chase Wyoming mills, is in trouble. He is reported to have sacrificed his valuable mill property to pay $115,000 to his divorced wife. His liabilities amount to $80,000, but his assets will cover them.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

White & Allen, importers and publishers in New York and London are embarrassed. The asset are said to equal their liabilities. It is hoped their difficulty will be temporary.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cankermouth.

Much uneasiness is felt in Paducah, Kentucky, by reason of the rise of the river. The water has reached within a few feet of the Richmond House which stands on the river bank.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

Broker George H. Pell, of New York, who was in in the Tombs since Wednesday last, having been summoned by his bondsmen, obtained new bail and was released yesterday afternoon.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

A book relating to Abysinnia has been issued in Rome which states that Kink Menelek will accept Italy's assistance in negotiations with other powers and give a preference to Italy in all industrial and commercial concessions.

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, dizziness, loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

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RUSHING ON THE ROCKS.

We live fast, we eat fast, we talk fast, we even pray fast. What is the result? Like a ship driven rapidly before the gale, all control gone, we rush on the rocks. Soon there is a shipwreck. We struggle, we moan, we gasp, we sink into the arms of death.

When a ship is nearing the rocks, what can be done? When brain and nerves are well nigh wrecked, what can be done? Alas, many a time the dreadful situation is not realized until too late, and nothing can be done but struggle desperately with little hope of being saved.

The time to ask what can be done is when the clouds of the gathering nerve storm are first noticed. If no attention is paid to the first nervous symptoms, there will be serious trouble. The stomach will grow weak, and food will not benefit; sleep will be poor, and the person feel more tired the next morning than upon going to bed. There will be dizziness, headache, and languid feeling. Memory will become poor, the brain will lose its power of application, and the trembling hands, heavy eyes, hesitating walk, and feeble muscles show how close the unhappy victim is to the rocks of nervous prostration.

And old sailor whose nerve strength was restored by Paine's Celery Compound, called that medicine "the anchor of health." Use this pure remedy at the first warnings of nervous diseases. It will give you good nights' sleep, good appetite and digestion, strong nerves and a clear mind. There is nothing like it. It combines the medicinal virtues of our common herbs with the brain invigorating power of rare South American plants.

Remember if you get tired easily, or feel old, here is a tonic that will make you as fresh and strong as ever and give you the vigorous feeling of youth.

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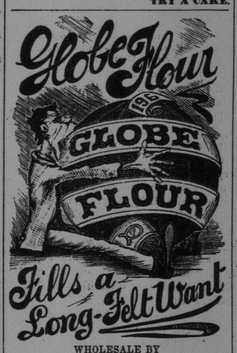

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