REASONS

Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.

Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only the purest and most effective remedial properties.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present.

—Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES PAINS,—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts Cracks and Scratches.
BEST & TABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia Hoarseness, Sore Throat Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions

LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL REMEDY! *MOST ECONOMICAL!* AS IT COSTS BUT **25 CENTS.**

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS of which there are several on the market. The genuine only is prepared by and bearing the name of

C. C. RICHARDS & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

TESTIMONIAL.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.,
Dear Sirs:—I have been much troubled with pain back for fifteen years. Three bottles of Minard's Liniment completely cured me. It gives me much pleasure to recommend your liniment, and you may use this letter for to that the use and cure of it.
Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS.

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

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
Dr. H. G. ROOT, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

HARK!

Something Fell!

...ers, furniture, carpets, crockery and fancy goods, have all dropped lower in price. Do not purchase your Christmas presents too early. We have $1,000 worth of Fancy and Useful articles to open for Christmas trade. Do not be deceived by travelling pedlars and send away for Furniture when you can buy it cheaper at home and get satisfaction.

ROCKING CHAIRS AT PRICE.

Velvet Parlor Suits $33.25. Marble Top Chamber Suits $23.25. Woven wire Mattresses $2.75. Tapestry Carpets, 20 cents per yard, cut to fit and made up free of charge. Dinner Sets from $7.50 up. Ivory ware Tea Sets, $2.75. Brass Library Lamps, $2.75. Parlor Lamps, Engraved Shades and Etched Globes—a beauty, $1.5. White Granite Cups and Saucers, 50 cts. and 70 cts. per dozen. Best Gingham Aprons, 15 cts., 20 cts., 25 cts. Crimped Chimneys, 4, 5, and 6 cents.

Our Bargain Counter for Christmas has become an established rule. Our customers know it. It will be on a larger scale than ever this season, and genuine bargains may be expected.

Do not pay high prices when there is near you a cheap place to buy.

J. G. McNALLY,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

WORK FOR ALL. $5 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. 37-50

FUN and FLIRTATION CARDS, 18 brand new styles and a large Comic Picture book, with a fine Illustrated Catalogue giving full instructions and showing plainly how to easily make $100 a month at home. All for 25 cents, post paid. A. KINNEY, YARMOUTH, N. S. 38-42

The Great Secret of the Canary Breeders of the Harz Mountains is the SONG MANNA restores song to all birds and prevents moulting. Sold by druggists. Direct, 25c. Free. Bird Food Co., 40 N. 3d St., Phila. Pa.

The Master and the Reapers.

The master called to his reapers:
"Make scythe and sickle keen,
And bring me the grain from the uplands,
And the grass from the meadows green:
And from off of the mist clad marshes,
Where the salt waves fret and foam,
Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
To furnish the harvest home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,
We will bring thee the yellow grain
That waves on the windy hill-side,
And the tender grass from the plain;
But that which springs on the marshes
Is dry and harsh and thin,
Unlike the sweet field grasses,
So we will not gather it in."

Then the master said: "O foolish!
For many a weary day,
Through storm and drought, ye have labored
For the grain and the fragrant hay.
The generous earth is fruitful,
The breezes of summer blow
Where these, in the sun and dews of heaven,
Have ripened soft and slow.

"But out on the wild bleak marsh-land
Hath never a plough been set,
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
The shivering soil is wet.
There flower the pale green sedges,
And the tides that ebb and flow,
And the biting breath of the sea-wind,
Are the only care they know.

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
Their food hath been sharp sea-sand,
And yet they have yielded a harvest
Unto the master's hand.
So shall ye all, O reapers,
Honor them now the more,
And garner in gladness with songs of praise,
The grass from the desolate shore."

—*Zoe Dana Underhill, in Harper's Magazine.*

Selected Serial.

THE CHESTER GIRLS.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

FLORENCE RESTORES THE LOST MONEY.

They sat in silence for some time, each busy with thoughts that might not be shared with others. There are times in our lives when we stand alone with God. It may be on the crowded street, or in the solitude of our own room; it may be in the midst of the family circle, or out under the clear dome of heaven, that God's Spirit comes close to ours, and we feel that his presence is near us, and that we may commune with him unfettered by doubt or distance. Such a time seemed to have come to them. The new influence working in their hearts and home; the new experience of family worship may have had much to do with it. It may be that the Divine Spirit which God has promised shall be in the midst of two or three gathered together in his name, still lingered about them when the prayer was finished. At any rate, they were thinking of the new life, and comparing it with the old, thinking that home had now become a sacred place, with the glory of God's presence resting on it.

"Aunt Mary," said Nina, at length, with a wavering voice, as if half fearful the subject she was about to present might be an unpleasant one, "if Uncle Joseph were with us to-night, we should be perfectly happy."

"Yes, dear," she replied, and there was no displeasure in her tones.

This gave Nina courage to continue the subject.

"If he might return to us a reformed Christian man, I think our cup of happiness would be full. Since God has done so much for us in other respects, I think he will grant this, if we ask him."

"I do, Nina, every day, almost every hour of my life, since I have learned to trust in him," said Mrs. Randall, sadly. "It seems to me that we are never satisfied with the blessings he bestows upon us; but are all the time breaging him for more."

"Elder Williams used to say that God likes us to come to him in this way. You know, Aunt Mary, it does not impoverish him to enrich us, and he wants us to bring and lay at his feet the burdens which can only be lifted by his power."

"I sometimes fear I shall weary him with my petitions," mused Mrs. Randall, in low tones, "but I will never cease asking until my prayer is answered."

"I wonder what grandpapa will do with those books which he used to read in order to prove the fallacy of the Christian religion?" said Florence, from the midst of her own meditations.

"He informed me to-day that he should destroy them," replied Mrs Randall. "He does not care to have them in his library; and he said that he would not care to present them to his worst enemy, lest his mind be led astray by reading them."

"I am glad that he will destroy them," said Nina. "I am sure he can fill their place with better books."

In a few moments, Nina arose, and bade her aunt and cousin "good-night."

"You are retiring early," remarked Florence.

"I have a letter to write before I go to bed," was Nina's reply.

"Aunt Mary," she said, standing in the door, and looking back, "grandpapa promised me, some time ago, that I might have Papa and Mamma Bruce, and the boys, come to spend my birthday with me. I am going to write and invite them; and I think I shall ask Dr. Gordon to come too."

"You had better consult your grandfather about that," said Aunt Chester, with disapproval in her voice, while Florence exclaimed:

"Do, Nina. I am anxious to meet this paragon of a man, whom you and grandfather admire so much."

"I do not need to consult grandpapa, Aunt Mary, for I know he will be pleased to have Dr. Gordon visit us. He was very anxious to have him come when we did; but he could not come then."

As Nina ascended the stairs, her thoughts went back to a time, a year before, when she had entered Grandpapa Chester's home for the first time. Perhaps it was the invitation she was about to send to Papa and Mamma Bruce, which caused her to remember it at that time. Then she was a poor girl, and had come to sell her hair to Florence. She recalled her sensations when Aunt Dinah ushered her into Florence's pretty blue and drab room, with its fleecy curtains and snowy counterpanes, and left her alone in its dainty loveliness. She remembered how she had envied the young girl who could call such a pretty room her own. It all came back to her, as she passed through the now familiar hall to her own room, joining Florence's, and exactly like here, only that the carpets and furniture in her own were newer, having been purchased especially for her, less than a year before.

"They must stay three days, at the very least," mused Nina, drawing her willow-rocker to her writing-desk.

"Maulma will want to see the city. She has always been too busy for a long stay. Yes, they must stay three days, and as much longer as they can."

After finishing her letter home, she wrote to Dr. Gordon, at El Paso:

I was not at all successful in interesting Aunt Mary in Dr. Gordon. I actually think she is jealous because I like you so well. Of course she has no idea who Dr. Gordon really is. To night I spoke of Uncle Joseph, and she seemed quite willing to talk on that subject. She thinks she has been cruel to you in the past, though I do not understand how; and she said to-night, that she prayed almost hourly for your conversion, and return to her. God has already answered the first; and now, if you will, the second shall come true also. Dear Uncle Joseph, it would make us all so happy if you would come, so as to be here the 3rd of April—that is my birthday; and I do wish you would bring yourself for a birthday present. I am sure that mysterious "something" need not prevent your coming, since Aunt Mary, and all of us, desire it so much. If you come, drop me a line, and I will prepare the family to welcome Dr. Gordon, and will leave the rest for a surprise when you get here.

With loving remembrance,
NINA CHESTER.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, and I suppose it would keep until you come, but for fear that dreadful "something" will keep you away, I will tell you now, that we have found the money that grandpapa lost on Christmas night. Florence found it back of a tile in the library fire-place, where grandpapa had put it in his sleep. Grandpapa will not have to sell the dear old home now, and we are very happy.

CHAPTER XVI.

NINA'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Three days later Dr. Gordon read Nina's letter with a misty tenderness in his eyes; but a firm resolve in his heart that Nina's request, and his dear wife's prayer, must not be answered by him. He could not go to her, much as she might desire it, or his own inclination urge him to do so, while that dark shadow rested on his name.

He had finished Nina's letter, and was about to lay it aside (it had brought him joy and pain. Joy in the knowledge that his wife had forgiven him, pain in the thought that their separation might be forever) when he discovered that Nina had added a postscript on the back of the letter.

Taking it up again, he reed it, and his decision underwent a sudden change.

"The money is found," he cried, joyously. "Mary's prayer shall be answered, and Nina shall have her wish."

"A letter for you, Nina," said Colonel Chester, the day before her birthday, while they were yet seated at the breakfast table—Jake having brought the mail direct from the "carrier" to the table.

Nina took it eagerly, and seeing that the post-mark was El Paso, tore it open with trembling haste.

"Oh, grandpapa, Aunt Mary, Florence, listen," she cried, joyously:

MY DEAR NINA.—You shall have the birthday present you desire. I will reach San Antonio on the morning of the third, if nothing occurs to prevent.

Affectionately yours,
DR. GORDON.

Mrs. Randall's face grew very grave while Nina was reading, and even Colonel Chester was compelled to acknowledge that the letter employed more endearing terms than he could desire.

"Ahem! Let me see the letter, Nina," he said, reaching for it. "What does he mean by a birthday present? You surely have not asked him to bring you one."

"Yes, I have. A splendid present; and he is going to do it," said Nina, laughing.

"I did not think you could do such a thing, Nina," remarked Mrs. Randall, in deep displeasure, while the old stormy look Nina had once feared so greatly, settled down over Colonel Chester's face.

"Oh, dear," cried Nina, "I am afraid I shall have to explain. Dear Aunt Mary, don't look so horrified. I have not done anything to very dreadful. Do try to trust me until to-morrow. I promise you solemnly" (the roguish dimples in her cheeks and the laughter in her eyes contradicted her word-) "never to speak to him again after to-morrow, if you think best."

"You seem confident that your Dr. Gordon will bewitch us all as he has you," said Florence, good-naturedly.

"I am not sure," said Nina; "but I hope so. Grandpapa,"—with grave importance—"I would like to speak a few words with you in private. I find that I shall be obliged to explain matters to you a little, or you will never allow me to receive Dr. Gordon's present, and it is such a fine, large one, I should be very sorry to refuse it."

"Come into the library with me, Nina," he said, rising and leading the way.

"Can it be that it is a new piano?" asked Florence, following them with curious eyes.

"I hope that he will refuse to allow her to accept anything from that man," said Mrs. Randall, in anxious tones. "I begin to dislike him very much."

A moment later and Nina, radiant with happiness, followed by Colonel Chester, whose face seemed like a reflection of her own, came out of the library.

"He has consented," she cried, bobbing her bright head up and down, "and it only took one kiss to win him over."

"What is the present, grandpapa? Is it a piano?" asked Florence.

"I am pledged to secrecy," he replied; "but I should hardly call it by that name."

Late in the day the Bruce family arrived, and the girls were as busy as bees in entertaining their guests.

Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Randall formed at once a mutual attachment, and they found it much pleasanter sitting in the large cool parlors conversing on subjects suitable to their age and inclinations, than in following the young people's restless footsteps. Mr. Bruce and Colonel Chester were interested in cotton culture, and "the children," as these older people persisted in calling them, wandered away by themselves.

Nina, who had known no preference for her brothers in her childhood days, discovered that Neil's more serious nature had many attractive qualities, while Florence, more sedate than her sprightly cousin, found much to admire in Ned's genial laughter and merry jocularity.

Unconsciously they paired off in this manner; and during the next three happy days, Neil was always at Nina's side, while Ned attended the more stately Florence.

How Nina managed to keep her precious secret concerning Dr. Gordon from her companions, the remainder of that day, was a surprise to herself, and a wonder to them all afterward. But keep it she did; and when the carriage, in which Colonel Chester had gone to the train to meet Dr. Gordon, drove up to the side entrance, she did a very undignified thing; and instead of remaining in the parlor with the rest, as she should have done, she ran out to meet him, giving him a girl's glad kiss in the hall.

She then hurried him into the library with the indefinite promise that she would "send her to him soon," and closed the door, leaving him alone among the books and the family portraits, which smiled a silent welcome.

Mrs. Randall, coming down the broad stairs, was intercepted on her way by Nina, rosy with happiness.

"He has come, Aunt Mary, and I have shut him up in the library, that I might introduce him to you first."

"Nina!" cried Mrs. Randall, aghast. "Whatever prompted you to do such an unusual and unlady-like thing? I beg you to control yourself, and keep your excessive happiness out of your eyes. Do not, I pray, let Dr. Gordon suspect your delight at his visit."

"Oh! I told him just how happy I am!" exclaimed Nina, innocently, drawing Mrs. Randall toward the library door. "He knows all about it. I could not hide it from him if I tried. And oh, Aunt Mary! you will not be angry when you know that my delight is most on your account."

She flung open the door as she spoke, and stepped back for Mrs. Randall to enter.

"I am going to leave you to introduce yourself, Aunt Mary," she said, huskily; and at once closed the door, leaving Mrs. Randall in the dim library, with a flush at Nina's impolite conduct on her sensitive face.

As soon as Nina closed the library door, she flew to the parlor, where Colonel Chester was informing his guests and Florence of Dr. Gordon's identity.

"I have shut them both in the library!" exclaimed Nina, laughing. "And oh, Florrie, you should have seen the horrified expression on Aunt Mary's face, when I told her to introduce herself to Dr. Gordon. She thought I was a rude, impolite girl; but she knows by this time why I am so happy."

Nina flung herself down at Mamma Bruce's feet, and rested her head on the knee at which she had learned her first prayer. Mrs. Bruce's hand passed lovingly over the bright head of the dear daughter who had been such a treasure in that far off Michigan home.

Presently the parlor door opened, and Mrs. Randall, with the light of sweet contentment shining in her clear eyes, followed by a tall, handsome man, with a grave, kindly face, entered the room.

Colonel Chester met them at the threshold.

"May God bless you, my sister, in your new-found happiness," he said, tenderly. "And you, my brother, may the peace of God's blessing rest upon your life henceforth. Welcome, thrice welcome, to my home."

He then introduced the stranger to those present, and invited them all into the dining-room, where a bountiful meal was served, prepared by Aunt Dinah, who was never happier than when the house was filled with guests.

"There is but one missing link in the family-circle now," said Colonel Chester, as he gazed down the well filled table; "and that will be supplied when the eleven o'clock train arrives. I telegraphed for Dyke to come on that train, and have his answer that he will be here."

"I thank you, brother," murmured Mrs. Randall.

"The dear boy! Has he grown much?" asked Mr. Randall.

"He is a young giant," returned Colonel Chester.

"And a young tornado," said Florence, laughing.

"He is a boy, and I always did like boys!" exclaimed Nina, with a mischievous glance at the two brothers who had fought and quarreled over the possession of her from her very babyhood.

"Let us return thanks," said Colonel Chester, bowing his head. And every head was bowed lowly, reverently, while from every heart thanksgiving went up to him who had blessed this home so abundantly.

When the morning meal was finished, Colonel Chester ordered the carriage, and instructed Jake to drive the young people wherever they chose, until eleven o'clock, at which time they were to go to the train to meet Dyke.

"Make the most of the carriage this morning," he said, as they took their seats. "Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, and Mr. and Mrs. Randall are to visit the Spanish Mission this afternoon. If you young people care to go in so large a company, I will get a carriage from the stables, or you can go by yourselves to-morrow."

"I think we would prefer to wait until to-morrow?" replied Neil, interrogatively, glancing at the girls.

"To be sure we will," confirmed Nina; "and then we can get lost again, if we want to. But what shall we do this afternoon?"

"Suppose we go to the Springs. It will be a nice, quiet time there now, and we can go in the street-cars," suggested Florence.

"I approve of that plan," Neil hastened to say. It is doubtful if he would have objected to any suggestion Florence would have made.

(*To be continued.*)

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox says, 'Man is as dangerous as he is agreeable.' Ho! is that all? is that all the dangerous he is? Give him the run of the lawn, then, any lady can drive him. He is all right. He won't need a muzzle in the hottest weather.—*Burdette.*

Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong,

This is especially true of a purge. The average man or woman does not precisely hanker for it, as a rule, but when taken, wishes it to be prompt, sure and effective. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets leave nothing to be desired in point of efficacy and yet their action is totally free from any unpleasant symptoms, or disagreeable after effects. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless.

A Visit to Pompeii.

It was on a bright sunny day that I drove from Mount Vesuvius to Pompeii. The city, it will be remembered, was buried beneath twenty feet of volcanic ashes and pumice-stone, just eighteen hundred years ago. About the middle of the last century it was rediscovered, and ever since its excavation has been prosecuted with varying energy. A large part has now been disinterred, and the result is a revelation of the conditions of old Roman life, such as is exhibited nowhere else.

The houses, of course, are roofless, the woodwork having been ignited by the red-hot ashes and scoria. But their internal arrangements, their paintings, and their contents, are preserved. It induces a strange sensation to walk the narrow streets of this long-buried city—they vary from fourteen to twenty-four feet wide—to observe the rute made by the cart-wheels eighteen centuries ago, and to see the stepping-stones across the streets, with the marks of horses' hoofs.

On either side are small shops, just like those of Naples to-day, for the sale of bread, meat, oil, wine, drugs and other articles. The signs of the shopkeepers can, in places, be seen, and even the stains of the wine-cups on the marble counters. A barber shop, a soap factory, a tannery, a fuller's shop, a bakery, with eighty loaves of bread in the oven, and several mills, have also been found. At the street corners are stone fountains, worn smooth by lengthened use.

The dwelling houses have a vestibule opening on the street, sometimes with the word "*Salve*," "Welcome," or the figure of a dog in mosaic on the floor, with the words, "*Cave canem*," "Beware of the dog." Within was an open court, surrounded by bedrooms, kitchen, *triclinium*, or dining-room, etc. The walls and columns are beautifully painted in bright colors, chiefly red and yellow, and adorned with elegant frescoes of scenes in the mythic history of the pagan gods and goddesses, landscapes, etc.

In public places will be read election placards and wall-scribblings of idle soldiers and school-boys. Opposite one shop is the warning, in Latin, "This is no place for lounging; idler depart." The public forum, the basilica, or court of justice, with its cells for prisoners; the temples of the gods, with their shrines and images, their altars stained with incense smoke, and the chambers of the priests; the theatres with their stages, corridors, rows of marble seats—one will hold 5,000, and another 20,000 persons; the public baths, with niches for holding the clothes and toilet articles, marble basins for hot and cold water, etc; the street of tombs, lined with the monuments of the dead, and the ancient city wall and gates, may all be seen almost as they were when the wrath of heaven descended on the guilty city.

About two thousand persons are supposed to have perished in its ruins. In the house of Diomedes the bodies of seventeen women and children were found crowded together. At the garden gate was discovered the skeleton of the proprietor, with the key in his hand, and near him a slave with money and jewels. In the gladiators' barracks were found sixty-three skeletons, three of them in prison, with iron stocks on their feet.

In the museum are preserved several casts of the ill-fated inhabitants in the attitude of flight, and in the very death struggle. Among these are a young girl with a ring on her finger, a man lying on his side, with remarkably well preserved features, and others. The very texture of the dress may be seen. The sight of this dead city, called forth from its grave of centuries, made that old Roman life more vivid and real to me than all the classic reading I had ever done.—*Pleasant Hours.*

The fountain of perpetual youth was one of the dreams of antiquity. It has been well-nigh realized in Ayer's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, gives vitality to all the bodily functions, and thus restores to age much of the vigor and freshness of youth.

—Four New York daily papers have each the largest circulation. Evidently one honest man is fighting against three mighty spry liars.—*Judge*

—Little Girl—What's the matter, little boy? Little Boy—I'm crying because my mamma has just gone to heaven. Little Girl—Oh, but p'r'aps she hasn't.

—'And they parted,' says a novelist in speaking of a couple, one of whom left for California and the other for England. We don't see how they could have avoided it; they really had to part.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Sioux Indians are mad with their agent because he doesn't want them to attend a sun dance. At sun dances the Sioux Indians hang themselves up by hooks and hold hot coals in their hands. The agent ought by all means to encourage this innocent and health-giving recreation.

—A Brooklyn lady has a charming little boy, very observant, imitative, and active. The child, having noticed the postman constantly leaving letters and moving off quickly, thought it would be a nice thing to become a postman; so one day he went to his mamma's writing-desk and took out some twenty or thirty letters, tied them up, and sallied forth, leaving one at every house. His mother was rather surprised when her next neighbor brought her an open letter, which the lady said had been left at the door; but what was the mother's astonishment, when visiting hour arrived, at another and another and another lady coming in, all bringing open letters, until her ample parlor was completely crammed! The little fellow was elated beyond measure to find what a capital postman he was; but the best of the fun was that every woman asserted that she had not read one word or unfolded the letter.

—Church Choir Soprano (who sings during the week in comic opera) to Tenor—I declare, Mr. Highsea, I'm mortified half to death! Do you know that while we were singing that anthem, I forgot myself and winked at that old bald-headed Deacon Heavywate in the front pew!

Mr. Highsea—Too bad! The deacon will be indignant.

Soprano—No, he won't; that's the worst of it. He forgot himself too, and made a reach for the pulpit flowers.—*Time.*

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and I recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that troublesome disease than any other medicine I know of."—So says Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass.

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

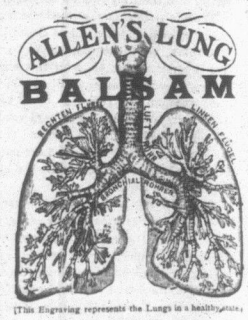
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP

KIDNEY PAINS Backache and Weak Backs cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 30c.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM



(This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP,

ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.

BY ITS FAITHFUL USE

CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED

When other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

Recommended by PHYSICIANS, MINISTERS, and NURSES. In fact, by everybody who has given it a good trial. *It never fails to bring relief.*

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL. *It is harmless to the Most Delicate Child.*

It contains no OPIUM in any form.

PRICE 25c, 50c AND $1.00 PER BOTTLE.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited), *General Agents, MONTREAL.*

Campbell's Cathartic Compound

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