

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use.

To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with success. I cheerfully testify to the efficacy of this preparation.

Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray.

A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of letter.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

MIRARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

CURES PAINS, External and Internal, Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Rheumatism, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, and all kinds of Inflammations.

HEALS Bruises, Swells, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Scarcities.

BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Sore Throat, Gout, and all kinds of Inflammations.

LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL!

25 CENTS.

Beware of Imitations of which there are several on the market.

G. C. RICHARDS & CO., VERNON, N. H.

YOUTHFULNESS.

DEAR SIR, I have been much troubled with itching humors on my face.

BRIGBT BARBADOS MOLASSES.

45 Hds.

J. E. COWAN, INDIANTOWN, N. B.

ICRE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again.

FITS, EPILEPSY & FALLING SICKNESS.

A lifelong study. I WANT my remedy to cure the worst cases.

DR. H. G. EOOT, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

GATES' Life of Man Bitters

FOR Asthma and Kidney Complaints.

SPRINGFIELD, N. S., June 14th, 1888.

Dear Sir, On account of my recovery from sickness through the means of your valuable medicine.

WORK FOR ALL. 25 CENTS.

FUN AND FLIRTATION CARDS.

THE GREAT SECRET OF THE CHERRY DROPS OF THE HART.

OPIMUM.

A Country Place in Heaven.

"My dear, dear lass, thou art goin' away, from t' dark, sad streets o' this weary town;

And the black rain's allus fallin' down, from clemmin' and cold and pain and care;

And t' shadow o' death that bides wi' them; Thou'rt goin' to God, and to Heaven so fair,

And t' streets o' New Jerusalem." "Ay, lad; but I should be mazed and lost;

So I've asked o' God a better thing, Than the golden street, and angel host,

And the mallice that shout and sing, In weary to death: I'd like it best,

When I'm dead and dead and dead, and dead, 'Mong the hills o' God, where I could get rest,

Till t' trouble o' earth was clean forgot, 'For many a year my heart has pined

For a sight o' C'wivry's still, blue fells; For their lonely becks, and fresh clear wind,

And so, where t' river o' God runs calm 'Mong t' hills o' Heaven, while t' soft, sweet breeze

Just murmurs about me like a psalm, I'll rest, and listen beneath the trees.

"For oh, I'm weary, and fear'd and sad; And the thought o' multitudes troubles me;

And it seems as if I couldn't be glad, 'Til I'm in t' golden city, I've waited there,

In Heaven, there's country places I know; So I've prayed to rest it come quiet spot,

Till it comes to me, and then, dear Joe, The trouble o' earth will be forgot,

And I'll waltz wi' thee on the golden street, And I'll waltz wi' thee on the golden street,

And I won't be fear'd for the crowds we meet. For the peace o' Heaven will be made me strong."

Selected Serial.

THE CHESTER GIRLS.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

WHAT FLORENCE FOUND.

"How much dear grandpapa must love Nina, for being so brave in going to him

and caring for him, when he needed her loving devotion so much; and how he

must despise my cowardice in remaining in safety! I wish, oh I wish I do wish that

God would let me do something for him, just to prove that I love him too."

She did not seem to recognize the value of those kindly, unselfish acts of hers, when, in another way, she had been doing quite as much for grandpapa as Nina.

She felt that she wanted to be of personal assistance to him.

"Nina saved his life," her thoughts continued; "and if I might only do something to make that life brighter and happier, I should be glad. I can best do this by loving devotion to him, by trying to become more like Nina; and with God's help, I will try to cultivate those qualities of heart and mind which will endear me to him."

She had reached the fire-place in the library, in her process of justifying, by this time, and resumed her task with renewed energy.

The front of the fire place was made of tiles nicely fitted together; each one painted in some pretty design, the work of Florence's father in his boyhood.

These were the Spanish Missions, sketches of scenery along the San Antonio River, Texas birds and flowers—all painted by his brush in the long ago.

Many a time in the past, when Florence's heart had longed for a parent's affection, she had spent long hours gazing at those amateur paintings, and wondering which her father would have been like if he had lived.

She was not thinking of him or the pictures now; her whole mind was absorbed in the joyful anticipation of the family reunion which would take place, as soon as Grandpapa Chester was able to return home.

Back on forth, up and down, right and left, she sent the duster, with rapid movements. Whisking it about, it struck against one of the tiles, which had become loosened, and dropping from its place, it fell to the floor.

She stooped to pick it up. "Ah!" she said, "this must be fixed, or it will get broken by falling on the hard marble hearth."

Fitting it in the place from which it had fallen, she tried to push it back even with the rest; but it refused to obey her.

Taking it out again, she looked into the opening to discover why the tile would not fit, and she saw what resembled a folded piece of paper pressed against the back ground, and flattened as if the tile had been pushed firmly against it.

"What can it be?" thought Florence, drawing it out of its hiding place, "and who could have put it there?"

The room was not very light, and she replaced the tile, intending to take the paper to the window for examination.

"It must have been put there to hold the tile more securely in its place," mused Florence. "It fits so loosely without the paper that I shall have to put it back again."

She was about to do this, when something peculiar in the appearance of the paper caused her to examine it more closely.

She turned toward the window, unfolded the paper, and then the paintings on the walls seemed to join hands and dance about in a fantastic manner.

Grandpapa Chester's picture, painted in her girlhood, laughed at her, dizzied and teased merrily, and became strangely mixed up with the yellow-haired boys on either side of it.

A queer, suffocating sensation clutched at Florence's throat, and her heart beat with loud, heavy throbs, like a blacksmith's hammer on his iron anvil.

She sank into a chair, dizzy and faint. The mocking-bird flew from the chimney tree to the window-sill, and renewed his song; the sunshine lay in a long, bright line across the carpet; the breeze flattered the curtains, and lifted her yellow hair from her breast; a faint odor of roses came to her, mingled with the sweet fragrance of China-blossoms, which hung in abundance from the tree outside.

All these things had been the same before; but, oh, how changed they all seemed now! The bird's song was clearer, with a glad, triumphant shout in its own life.

notes. The sun seemed warmer and brighter; the perfums still sweeter; and Florence's heart was nearly bursting with joyous thanksgiving.

"It is grandpapa's lost money; and God has let me find it for him," she said, in a hushed voice.

In that moment she did not question why the money had been hidden back of the tile, or how it came to be there; but, remembering that she had asked God to let her contribute to the happiness of the life which Nina's care had saved, she accepted this as a direct answer to that prayer.

"I have found it, found it all," she said, counting it over. Not a dollar of it is missing; but what shall I do with it until grandpapa comes?

Mrs. Randall sat by the low, open window in her room. She had been listening to the same happy notes from the little seagull in the China-tree by the library window, which had attracted Florence's attention.

An open Bible lay in her lap. She had been reading some of those blessed passages of Scripture which have been such a source of comfort and consolation to tired hearts through all the years since Christ was on earth.

She was as a child in her new-found hope, reaching up through the rain and desolation of her happy dream—through the darkness and the gloom which surrounded her heart, she had touched God's hand in that darkness, and a thrill of his infinite love had come to her like a ray of light through the shadows which surrounded her.

She was too weak for deep research; too worn with care and headaches for conflicting doubts and questionings. It was enough for her just to believe. As a little babe is first fed upon milk before it can retain stronger food, so she now rested in her belief, and her glad hope in a power strong to save.

The shadows still lay, dark and brooding, upon her heart. She did not know how God would lift them. She had no past experience of divine things, answered prayers, or fulfilled promises, by which to judge the future; she only waited, wondering how the tangled web of her life would be made straight, but trusting in God, with the simple faith of a child.

"How beautifully the bird sings!" she mused. "It seems like a voice from heaven, speaking peace to my troubled heart."

She heard Florence's step on the stair and in the hall. She had learned to recognize that light foot-fall, and to love its very echoes.

"She is all my sweet little Blossom might have been, had she lived," she thought, as she turned to greet Florence.

Florence came to her side quickly, impatiently, more like Nina than her quiet self, and kneeling at Aunt Mary's feet, cried out:

"I have found it, Aunt Mary, I—oh, is not God good to let me find it?"

"Found what, child? I do not understand."

"This—see!" And Florence placed the package of bills in Mrs. Randall's hands.

"What is it, Florence?"

"The fifteen thousand dollars that grandpapa thought had been stolen from him."

Aunt Mary's face grew white—so white that Florence thought she was going to faint; but she recovered at once.

"Are you sure?" she asked, trembling with joy. "Where did you find it?"

"In the library. Where did you find it?"

"How do you suppose it came there?" asked Aunt Mary.

"I cannot imagine," said Florence, "unless the robber became conscience-stricken and returned it."

"That cannot be the way," replied Aunt Mary. "If he had returned it, he would scarcely have hidden it in a place where it could not be found except by accident. Besides, to have hidden it there would be to have hidden it from the house of the robber, which even you know nothing of until today? There is a mystery about it which may be explained when Andrew returns, and it may never be explained. Oh, Florence, the finding of this money has lifted the heaviest shadow from my heart."

"And mine too," said Florence, laughing almost hysterically. "There is nothing more to ask for now. Our blessings come just as our afflictions did—all at once."

And as if to confirm her statement, little, dark Gipsy appeared at the door with a telegram from a Colonel Chester, or rather from Dr. Gordon, stating that Colonel Chester continued to improve through the day, he would start for home in the evening, and desiring Jake to meet him at the morning train with the carriage and pillows.

Such a happy day as followed. Florence forgot her weariness.

"There will be but one night to have the responsibility of all that money on my mind," she thought; and no one, except Aunt Mary and herself, knew that she was so glad.

"You must wait until your grandpapa is well rested from his journey, before you speak of the money, dear," said Mrs. Randall, with cautious solicitude, seeing that Florence could think of nothing else but the recovered treasure, and the pleasure it would afford her to restore it to grandpapa's own hands.

"I will guard my tongue well, Aunt Mary," she replied; "but I am sure that my heart will shout it to him, every time I look at his dear face."

There was a jubilee in the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, when the "good news" came. The moment she had been informed of Colonel Chester's return, "Yo' longs in de cotton field!" "Yo' wants ter help, yo' ken scrub de galleries. As fo' de cooking, do you s'ow a dat my ole massa could do a moulful ob vittals what Aunt Dab had cooked? I jes got home in de mornin' time, I did."

"Lor, in her turn, ordered Gipsy about; and Gipsy sent a good share of her time in practicing handspans down the smooth garden walk.

Florence was very tired, and very happy when, in the evening, she drew an ottoman close to Aunt Mary's chair, that she might sit there, and "talk it all over with her."

When the first pink flush of the new day was making rosy the eastern sky, Florence awoke, and at once sprang out of bed. She had no memory of rising at so early an hour in all her life before. Her very blood

seemed to tingle and thrill with the glad anticipation of what this "new day" was to her.

After making a careful toilet, she ran down to assist Aunt Mary at her work, and to see if there were not some "finishing touches" to be put on the public mind, sweeping out that everything was in perfect order, she called to Gipsy, and went out to gather flowers, with which to decorate the tables and mantel.

It was near the last of March, and the roses were blooming in rare abundance. There would be no lack of flowers for her floral decorations; and in a short time she had completed the task to her entire satisfaction.

She had just placed a mammoth bouquet of Marechal Niel roses on the long, white dining-table, when Jake came to inform her: "Dat de kerriage a-waitin'!" and she ran up to her room for her hat and gloves.

As she reached the carriage she found Aunt Dab filling it with snowy mountains of pillows.

"There will not be room for grandpapa, if you put so many pillows in," she remonstrated, taking out several of them, and keeping only two.

As they turned on to Avenue D, they heard the bell of the incoming train; and Jake, "loving up" the horses, ran a race with it, arriving at the station a moment in advance of it.

Another moment (at least it seemed no longer), and Florence had kissed Nana and grandpapa, and Jake had stowed them all away in the carriage; and, mounting his horse, he was driving toward home again.

"You look so thin, grandpapa," said Florence, giving her hand a fond little squeeze between her own. "Are you very tired?"

"Not very, dear. I am much stronger than I thought. The very breath of home seems to strengthen me."

They had prepared a couch for him in the pleasant back parlor, and Jake's strong arms steeled his master's faltering footsteps.

Aunt Dab brought his breakfast to him, and he ate his breakfast as "proud as any queen" to see him eat with such a relish.

"It's mighty fortunate fo' Massa Chester dat I rize at home in time fo' to suspend de cooking ob his vittals," she remarked, with all the self-importance of the departed, and holding the empty server back to the kitchen.

During that first morning at home, Florence and Nina had no much to talk over with each other, and so much to say to Grandpapa Chester and Aunt Mary, while little Nina was admitted so extravagantly, that his naturally fine disposition was in great danger of becoming spoiled by over-indulgence. And all the time, the two girls were each guarding a secret from the other, and from the rest, though Aunt Mary shared Florence's with her.

The very first moment that Nina had an opportunity of speaking with Aunt Mary in private, she began:

"Aunt Mary, I wish—oh, I do wish you could see Dr. Gordon. He is a grand, good man, and I am sure you could not help loving him."

Mrs. Randall smiled, and replied:

"I am always grateful to him for his kindness to brother Andrew, and his loving care for my little girl, when alone among strangers in a strange land."

"But devotion like his calls for something more than gratitude," exclaimed Nina, "and I wish you were able to see him, and to thank him for his anxiety to serve her friend."

Mrs. Randall looked up suddenly, with a grave suspicion in her eyes.

"Nina, is he a young man?" she asked, quickly—a dread forbidding entering her heart.

"No, indeed, Aunt Mary," replied Nina, innocently. "He has been a great help to me in many ways. Only think of the nights he watched beside grandpapa, and never once allowed me to lose my usual rest! He saw that I took long walks out in the open air every day; and was as careful and thoughtful of my health as if I had been his daughter."

Mrs. Randall sighed.

"I fear you have learned to care for him, much more than you should," she said, in a troubled voice.

"No, indeed, Aunt Mary; one could hardly do that! I am quite sure you would love him as well as grandpapa and I do, if you could see him now. He is so changed—that is—"

Nina paused in confusion. She had nearly forgotten that Aunt Mary did not know of her secret.

Mrs. Randall did not appear as impressed with Dr. Gordon's kindness as Nina desired, and she added, with a shade of disappointment in her tones:

"You cannot deny that it was very kind in him to stay and help us nurse grandpapa."

"He may have had a motive in view," said Aunt Mary. "It may be he hoped to gain something by it."

(To be continued.)

The Old Silver Spoon.

How fresh in my mind are the days of my sickness,

When I tossed me in pain, all fevered sore;

The burning, the nausea, the sinking and weakness,

And even the old spoon that my medicine bore.

The old silver spoon, the family spoon, The sick chamber spoon that my medicine bore.

How loath were my fever-paroled lips to receive it,

How nauseous the stuff that it bore to my tongue,

And the pain at my inwards, oh, naught in the world to relieve it!

Thought tears of disgust from my eyeballs it wrung.

The old silver spoon, the medicine's spoon,

How awful the stuff that it left on my tongue!

Such is the effect of nauseous, gripping medicines which make the sick-room a men of horror.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, on the contrary, are small, sugar-coated, easy to take, purely vegetable and perfectly effective. 25 cents a box.

A Devil-Crass.

It sometimes seems astonishing to look back on the wild schemes, excitements, speculations, and fooleries which from time to time agitate the public mind, sweeping on like a tornado, overrunning and overturning everything, and then vanishing as suddenly as they come.

Said the Contemporary Review a few years ago, when commenting on one of these devil-crasses, the risk-crass which had been just passed over Great Britain:

"Now that the nation is restored to its sound mind, it can perceive without difficulty that nothing could have come out of rinking. A person revolved round and round on a pair of wheeled chairs, which gave him or her the appearance of having club feet, to the discordant sounds of a bad band, this was rinking. And the monotony was only diversified when the person fell with violence on the end of his nose and broke that feature of his face, or sprained his wrist, or had to be conveyed home on a cot, suffering from severe concussion of the brain. Such as it was, however, all classes were for a time captivated on the subject of rinking. They imagined that they could rink without weakness or satiation for three hundred and sixty days of every year. Age could not wither a customer, stale the rinking variety. Rinks were constructed in all parts of London, and in most of our country towns; and there, all at once, rinking vanished from the number of popular amusements, like an unsubstantial pageant, faded."

So the crass came and went. To the community it was only a transient excitement, but to individuals it was misery and destruction. If all the cripples, invalids, lunatics, proctitides, and illegitimates which are bred in the streets of London, were marshalled, and the broken constitutions, broken homes and broken hearts, that came of it could be enumerated, it would be seen that that temporary crass was simply a devil's harvest day.

What Satan's next scheme will be no one knows. Some of his tricks are old, some are new. But Christians, as socially heads of families, and men who by the spirit have made overtures, to feed the flock of God, taking the oversight thereof, should be vigilant and faithful, warning every man and instructing every man, that the young men, who are so beguiled, ensnared, deluded, and led away to their ruin for the lack of faithful warnings against Satan's evil devices.

The Lady Godiva must have had a ceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. Since Ayer's Hair Vigor came into use such examples are not so rare as formerly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.

—Mr. Isaacstein (to school-teacher)—How was little Jacob getting on with arithmetic? Teacher—He is doing nicely, Mr. Isaacstein. He is in percentage now.

—Mr. Isaacstein—Yes, do! You don't you teach dot poy holding less than you hundred per cent. He vos too young to study very hard.—Exchange.

—Father (trying to read the paper)—What was that awful racket in the hall just now?

—Mother—Ough! the children fell down the stairs.

—Father (travelling)—Well, you tell those children that if they cannot fall down stairs quietly they won't be allowed to fall down them at all.

—She had promised to be a sister to him. He thanked her coldly, but said he already had five sisters. Why, Mr. Sampson, said the girl, "I thought you were an only child." "I am," he responded; "I mean that I have five sisters such as you offer to be, and he left."

The man with an only son.—What kind of scholars do you turn out at this institution? Principal.—Those who will not study.

"Don't make him!"

"He is such a filthy, incontinent fellow, you will never be happy with him," said Esther's friends when they learned of her engagement to a young man who bore the reputation of being a sad dirt. Esther, however, knew that her lover had good looks, and she was willing to take the risk. In nine cases out of ten it would have proved a mistake; but Esther was an uncommon good girl, and to every one's surprise Fred made a model husband. How was it? Well, Esther had a cheerful, sunny temper, and a great deal of tact. She always sweet, neat and wholesome that Fred found his own home most pleasant, and his own wife more agreeable, than any other being. As the year passed and he saw other women of Esther's age grow sickly, faded and querulous, he realized more and more that he had "a jewel of a wife." Good health was half the secret of Esther's success. She retained her vitality and good looks, because she watched off feminine weaknesses and ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

For kidney trouble use MIRARD'S LINIMENT freely internally and externally. It will relieve you in one hour and make a permanent cure.

For cramps in the stomach, cramp, colic, inflammation of the lungs or bowels, warm MIRARD'S LINIMENT, rub freely and cover the affected parts with brown paper well saturated with the Liniment, and take it internally according to directions. A cure guaranteed.

THERE ARE 165 CITIES in the world that contain over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and there are a hundred and one little ailments brought by an overworked constitution which might be prevented by the timely use of Putnam's Emulsion. It is in diseases of this origin that it has achieved its triumphs, and is gaining a reputation as a remedy for the most serious ailments. Rev. R. T. Brine, Piquette, N. S., says: "Being fully convinced that sufferings from exhaustion, brain weakness and rheumatic attacks will gain speedy relief from the use of Putnam's Emulsion, I feel it a duty to make known to such, its remarkable effects on my system." Dr. J. T. Pott, of St. Peter, C. B., says: "Judging from the results obtained from Putnam's Emulsion in the course of my practice I cordially recommend it to possess all the virtues ascribed to it as a medicine."

Young and growing children thrive on Putnam's Emulsion. For sale by all dealers at 50c. BROWN BROTHERS & CO., Chemists, Halifax, N. S.



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDY FOR SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES

NO MAN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE BENEFITS WHICH THE CUTICURA REMEDIES ARE HELD BY THE THOUSANDS upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humilitating, itching, scaly, and simply disease of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin treatment, prepared from its externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, for the blood. Further, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from psoriasis to scurfiness.

Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."