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DO you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes a faint all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing?

If you suffer from any of these symptoms

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Price, 25 cents; five boxes, $1. If not kept by your local dealers, we will send a box by mail on receipt of price. 1y

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ARTHUR RUMSEY, of Torbrook, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to.

SARAH EMMA RUMSEY,
FLETCHER WHEELOCK,
Administrators.

Torbrook, Nov. 12th, '89.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Trust.

I know not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand,
My breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—*Dean of Canterbury.*

Write Often to the Old Folks.

"Write often to the old folks,"
Said sister Kate to me;
"You're off to college, Will,
'Mong strangers you will be.
I know you'll work as well as play,
But whatso'er you do,
Please don't forget that we, at home,
Will long to hear from you.

"Now, Will; don't think me foolish,
But mother is not strong,
And she will surely worry
If you put off writing long;
I know her eyes would sparkle,
And a bloom would tinge her cheek,
If you could only write her
A letter once a week.

"Write often to the old folks,
Their hair is growing gray,
Not very many years, alas!
Have they on earth to stay;
Oh, promise me this favor,
And never will you rue
The hours you write the old folks,
Who will long to hear from you."

"Dear sister, this I promise,"
And my tears began to flow—
"I'll write often to the old folks,
If you think 'twill please them so."

* * * * * * *

And I wrote a weekly letter,
In my snug and cheerful room—
And sister Kate informs me
Mother's cheeks are full of bloom.

Select Literature.

Scriptural Measure.

November, the month of harvest rest had come. A soft hush of golden quietude rested over the peaceful country-side. Above, was the pale azure of the skies, half obscured by thin, veil-like masses of clouds: below, was the greyish brown of road and plowed field, and the greenish brown of lawn and meadow, all affording a soft, subdued harmony of neutral tints that was very restful to the eye.

And yet, with the hush of rest was mingled the hush of expectancy. All things were resting yet waiting for that thick, comfortable blanket, which the deft hands of winter never yet failed to spin—snow.

The leafless branches of the trees swayed restlessly in the chill wind that blew, betimes, with a touch of winter in its breath. The little brook laughed no more, but murmured softly, huskily, to itself as it slipped over its pathway of pebbles, as if the thin rim of ice along its edges hinted of the imprisonment for many a long day, that was to bind fast all waters that leapt and sang or that lay still and silent in the 'North Countrie.' The grass sparkled faintly in the morning—a half-dissatisfied smile at once more beholding the sun; while about each home was piled great heaps of spicy-scented hemlock boughs, in some cases reaching almost to the window-sills. The storm-doors and the double-windows had each been secured in its appropriate place. The roomy sheds, whose chamber-floors were carpeted with ears of golden corn, spread out to dry, housed great piles of wood, some with their soft forest-moss still clinging to them. In short, everything betokened expectation of and preparation for a long winter's frost and cold.

'Hannah,' said Charles Aldrich, the proprietor of one of these snug, thrifty homesteads, laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, 'we have got more than enough for winter, haven't we?'

Hannah Aldrich looked up with wifely love and laughter shining in her dark eyes.

'That means that you have found some one to bestow that 'more than enough' on, does it not?' she answered, banteringly. 'Who is it now, Charlie?'

'Well Hannah,' he said, hesitatingly, for he knew his wife's inborn dislike of idleness, shiftlessness and dirt, 'I went by the Hayfords to-day, and they looked awfully pinched.'

'Those Hayfords!' sniffed his wife scornfully, 'I declare, I've no patience with the idea of giving them anything. Why shouldn't they not only look pinched and feel pinched? Two lazy old creatures; spending their whole time in reading whatever they can borrow that has got a printed word on it, and smoking their filthy, old pipes! I'd like to know what possessed them to settle down here in this neighborhood; and, to add insult to injury, instead of fixing up that old rookery under the hill, they must make it look more disreputable than ever by stuffing its broken windows with old hats and old'——

'But, Hannah,' interrupted her husband gently, 'perhaps they haven't got any money to pay for repairs. What then?'

'Well,' answered the farmer's wife, shortly, 'there's no reason for their being so shiftless! Why didn't they plant in the spring-time? Their harvest would have ripened as well as yours; and to think that you will take part of the results of your hard labor, and pour it into their dusty old barn and cellar—for I know you of old, Charlie—you are too generous for your day and generation! Now what do you expect to gain by such open-handed, one-sided transactions?'

Charles Aldrich flushed, but answered steadily.

'Scripture measure, little woman—that's what we are promised—'good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over.'

'Scriptural measure!' Now, Charles, but I suppose I might as well go and help you take account of the stock,' said his wife, resignedly, as she laid aside her sewing and threw a shawl over her shoulders. 'I wonder who it will be next? Those Hayfords! It's enough to try the patience of a saint, and much less that of a mortal woman. I can't bear those horrid old creatures, anyway—the sight of their claw-like hands with their huge knuckles give me the shivers. Their cracked voices rasp every one of my nerves, and they are so dreadfully ill-looking as a whole, that they are enough to make one have the nightmare! However—here we are.'

'Hannah, just look around you!' said her husband, gravely.

The wife obeyed and the silent rebuke, implied by the overflowing plenty on every side, silenced her. Great mows of fragrant clover hay towered on either side. The threshers had come and gone and left great piles of dusty bags and great heaps of golden straw as evidences of their noisy visit.

'There are sixty bags of wheat, Hannah,' said the farmer enthusiastically. 'Such splendid flour as we shall have! Every kernel of that wheat is just as full and plump as a ripe peach. Surely, we can spare six of them. A few barrels of apples and potatoes, and a few bushels of beets, turnips, carrots and onions, a half dozen of cabbages, squashes, and pumpkins, a half bushel of beans and a generous supply of pork—why, dear, we never should miss it at all, even for a minute, and it would keep them in royal plenty all winter. Say 'yes,' little woman, and after the wheat is ground—by the way, I guess I'll throw in a barrel of meal, too, and a small turkey for Thanksgiving—I'll just harness up old Blackie, throw the truck into the wagon, and drive over and make them twice glad!'

Hannah could not help laughing as her husband paused, completely out of breath.

'I suppose I shall say 'yes,' anyway,' she answered. 'But you may lay it to pure curiosity. I want to see where the Scriptural measure will come in.'

'It is sure to come,' he answered, confidently. 'I shall receive a portion of my reward every time I go by the old house under the hill, and think of those two old fellow-travelers have enough to eat.'

Hannah Aldrich had no answer ready. Truth to tell, she was too thoroughly proud of her noble-hearted husband to ever seriously oppose any of his acts of open-handed generosity.

One day, after the wheat and corn had been changed by the miller's magic into soft, powdery, white flour and golden meal, the farmer started with the goodly load to drive over to the Hayfords.

It was a calm, mild day with but a little November harshness about it. The sun shone bright and warm. The winds were whist. A soft, violet haze veiled the distant mountain-tops. One would be tempted to think that September had resumed her loved sway but for the leafless trees and frozen ground.

The farmer was in an especially 'happified' mood as he rode along—perhaps the load behind him had something to do with it—for he had the cheeriest salutations for those he met, and softly hummed to himself, betimes, smiling, as he did so—

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

And with the old hymn on his lips, he drew rein before a little tumble-down cottage that looked as if the next respectable breeze could do nothing less than level it to the ground, though the fact was, that it did not even rock in the last September 'line gale' that did an amount of damage in the adjacent woodlands and among the roofs and chimneys of the neighboring villages.

Before Farmer Aldrich had fairly stopped his horse, the door opened and forth stepped a man, who though long past middle age was still far from being bent with infirmity and old age.

'Good afternoon, Neighbor Hayford, good afternoon!' sang out the farmer, cheerily, 'How do you find yourself this fine weather?'

'Bout-so-so, neighbor—bout-so-so,' answered Robert Hayford soberly, casting a hungry look at the farmer's wagon-load—a look which was as quickly averted.

'Well, neighbor,' began the farmer hesitatingly, 'I hope you won't take offense; but I know your garden didn't yield very well this year, as seeing as we had more than we could possibly use, I ventured to bring you over a little garden-truck. 'If you'll accept it,' he added hurriedly, 'you are just as welcome as you can be.'

'Accept it—George!' At the call, another man, the counterpart of the first, stepped to the door.

'George,' went on Robert Hayford, 'Neighbor Aldrich has remembered the two men that live under the hill. We are more than thankful for the remembrance than we are for what you have brought us—and how thankful we are for that the Lord only knows; but, Mr. Aldrich, however do you expect to get your pay for all these good things.'

'My pay!' laughed the farmer, pausing in his work of unloading the wagon—work in which he was ably assisted by the two brothers—'why neighbor, my pay is sure, and good measure, too—Scriptural measure.'

'Well,' said George Hayford slowly, as he fell in with the other's line of thought, 'that's what the Book says, don't it? It's a better note of hand than we can offer you, Farmer Aldrich, and it's written by a good Paymaster, too. I guess your pay is sure enough without our endorsing the note. I'm afraid the endorsers wouldn't be accepted.'

December brought the expected snow, and plenty of it. By Christmas-tide the country-side was buried under great drifts of wind-blown snow. January brought a cold wave that was frigid in its intensity. Man and beast ventured out doors at their peril. After a week of intense cold, the weather gradually grew warmer, until finally the wind hauled round into the south-east, and an old-fashioned 'January thaw' set in. Thick gray clouds hung over the earth. For hours at a time, a steady rain would fall, then this would gradually cease and a thick mist would rise from the sodden snow that was oppressive to the strongest lungs.

The farmers gathered at the village and compared notes. That it was the 'biggest thaw for many a year,' and that it was 'dreadfully unhealthy weather,' was their unanimous verdict. Each one added an additional name or two to the long roll call of those who were afflicted with coughs and colds and kindred diseases.

'Fielding,' asked one of the farmers of another, 'have you heard how Aldrich's folks are getting along?'

Fielding shook his head.

'Haven't heard a word, lately,' he answered. 'I don't dare to go near 'em. My wife is scared to death at the very mention of diphtheria.'

'Diphtheria—over to Aldrich's—how long since, Fielding?' he questioned.

'Don't know,' answered Fielding, 'but I know they've got it, and got it bad, too; and I know another thing, that I would rather the small-pox would visit me and my family than the diphtheria, if I had to choose between the two, and so I stay away from Aldrich's.

'But,' persisted the other, 'don't you know how many of the family are down sick, or whether any of 'em are dead or dying? How do you know whether they've got help enough or whether they have got any help at all?'

'I don't know anything about 'em, I tell you,' answered Fielding, sharply. 'I've got a little family to look after, and though I always thought an awful sight of Aldrich, and though I'm nearest neighbor, yet I must care for my wife and children above anyone else; and do you suppose I am going to run any risk by rushing over there to get the particulars?'

Before Hayford could answer there was a ring of sleigh bells, a call of 'whoa!' in a sonorous voice that they all recognized as being that of the country doctor's, and the next instant the country doctor's portly form filled the doorway.

'Boys,' he said in his bluff, hearty way, 'do you know of anyone I can get to go over to Aldrich's. I tell you it's a mighty hard case ever there. Of course you know that all of their children are sick with malignant diphtheria. Well, one has just died and the others are just alive. Aldrich and his wife are completely exhausted, and it's a pitiful thing to think of that little, worn-out mother a-leaving her mortally sick children to prepare a dead child for the grave.'

'She aint a-going to do it,' spoke up Hayford determinedly as he came quickly forward; 'that is, if you can get us—Bob and me—we'll have to call at the old house and get Bob—over to Aldrich's in time. I did not hear that there was anybody sick over there before. God bless him, he's been good to us, and we'd be perfect heathens to stand back now.'

Did some of the farmer's wince? Not a man of them there but owed Charles Aldrich many a favour.

'What can you do?' questioned the doctor roughly. 'It's strong, willing hands that are needed over there—the hands of a worker. What do you know about sickness?'

The man raised his hands and looked at them—a half-amused, half-bitter smile on his lips.

'We were hospital nurses for years, Bob and me,' he answered briefly.

'Hospital nurses!' exclaimed the doctor, a look of intense amazement and relief lighting up every feature and fairly shining from his eyes. Then he caught Hayford's hands and fairly wrung them.

'Come on, sir!' he exclaimed breathlessly. 'You'll be a perfect God-send to that family!' and the store door clanged behind the physician and the nurse.

Mrs. Aldrich stood over her dead baby in the tearless grief of despair. She was absolutely benumbed with sorrow. She looked up at her husband with calm, dry eyes and took the sponge in her hand.

'There is no time no mourn, Charlie. Go back to the children. I ha e done this many times before. I can do it once more, surely.'

'O Hannah, let'—burst from the lips of her wan-faced husband, but just then a faint, childish wail sounded from the next room.

'Go, Charlie, don't leave them! she said, imploringly.

Hastily controlling himself, the father left the room. Mrs. Aldrich turned to her sorrowful task.

'O my baby—my little one!' she moaned under her breath, in the extremity of a mother's anguish. An intense darkness seemed to rise up about her. She caught at the side of the crib and for a moment swayed backward and forward, in the grasp of a deadly faintness. But all the time her will was combatting the weakness of her body. Recovering herself by mighty effort, she dipped the sponge in the water, her eyes meantime being fixed steadily on her baby's face.

She felt the sponge being gently withdrawn from her hand and turned to meet the pitying gaze of one of 'those Hayfords.'

'I am more used to such work than you, Mrs. Aldrich. Let me do it for you?'

She heard, but the power of speech was denied her. Something seemed to give away, and then the darkness rose up about her again; and this time it closed over her as the waters meet over the head of one who goes down into the depths for the last time.

Hayford stepped quickly to the door and spoke to Aldrich, who came instantly, and gathering the fainting woman to his breast, bore her up stairs,

The faint ended in a long stupor-like sleep which the doctor always declared was the only thing that saved the poor woman's reason. When Mrs. Aldrich awoke, it took her some time to realize where she was. The very room seemed strange to her. Then, all of a sudden, remembrance came to her, and with a smothered cry, she sprang out of bed and sped down stairs. At the foot of the stairway she met her husband.

'The children——' she gasped.

'Are resting as quietly as possible, dear. Thank God for the Hayfords! They are both experienced nurses, and they——'

'O they are going to stay. O Charlie, coax them to stay?' interrupted his wife, clasping her shaking hands. A fear that the stay of the Hayfords would only be a temporary one, shook her like an ague-chill; for, with only that kindly look and those few calm words of yesterday as foundation for her belief, Mrs. Aldrich had almost intuitively built up a childish dependence on and trust in those two 'horrid old creatures.'

'They are going to stay, Hannah, as long as we shall need them,' answered Aldrich, thankfully.

'O praise God!' exclaimed his wife fervently. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she pointed to the closed parlor door and burst into tears.

'There is now time time to mourn, dear,' said her husband, as putting his arm around his wife, he opened the door.

As she entered the dining-room some time later, feeling very weak and faint, Robert Hayford met her and persuaded her to sit down at the table, and then he brought her a cup of fresh tea like molten amber, and a plate of delicately-browned toast that would have tempted an achorite.

'I cannot eat,' she faltered, toying with her spoon.

But his skilful coaxing soon forced her to the conclusion that it was a necessary duty for her children's sake, and before she had finished her tea and toast Mrs. Aldrich awoke to the fact that she was nearly famished.

'What could we have done the day of the baby's funeral if it had not been for those two dear old men?' she asked herself over and over again afterward. The minister had a little flock of children. They could not ask him to come and hold a burial service in that plague-smitten house; but George Hayford read a comforting selection from the grand old Book of healing and consolation, and then such a fervent prayer for divine help and comfort in behalf of the afflicted ones a followed, had never before fallen on the ears of Charles Aldrich or his wife.

Together, the brothers bore the little white casket out over the threshold, then George Hayford went back into the house to assist Mrs. Aldrich in the care of the sick children, while the other accompanied Mr. Aldrich to the little country cemetery.

As they rode on through the mist, passing by home after home where resided long-known and valued friends, somehow, a feeling of bitterness against those friends rose up in the soul of Charles Aldrich and blunted, for a moment, the all-consuming anxiety and grief that was threading his dark hair with silver.

'Of course I don't mean to blame them. A man must protect his own,' he said at length, although he was unconscious of the fact that he spoke his thoughts aloud, 'but it's kind of hard to be left alone. I can almost realize the horror of a leper's life.'

'Look behind you, Mr. Aldrich,' observed Hayford quietly.

Aldrich involuntarily turned his head. The mist had lifted a little. Behind him was a long procession of teams, and in each sleigh sat a friend. The quick tears sprang to Aldrich's eyes. It was enough. He knew he had the heartfelt sympathy of every quiet driver behind. As each man drove by the little, open grave, on reaching the cemetery, he dropped in a few home flowers of purest white and passed on in silence; but it was a silence franght with deepest comfort to the solitary mourner, and it brought more comfort than words can tell to the heart of the mother at home when she heard from the lips of her husband, how her darling lay under a warm coverlid of neighborly love and sympathy. But neither of them will ever know how much of this outburst of sympathetic kindness was due to the force of the example set by the Hayfords in their unselfish devotion to one who had manifested his kindliness toward them but once.

And now began a life and death struggle at the Aldrich home. Everything that skill could do was brought to bear. The temperature of the room where the children lay, its proper ventilation and fumigation, the medicines administered, the nourishment given were all looked after by those who, by long continued practice therein, had almost reached perfection.

The days and nights were divided into watches. Every particle of strength on the part of the devoted four was economized to the utmost. All the food was prepared by Robert Hayford, and such dainty, appetizing, nourishing meals as they were. All the laundrying was done by George Hayford, and thus Mrs. Aldrich was enabled to spend all her time with the little sufferers.

How many, many times she reproached herself for her harsh criticisms of but two or three months ago. She had called them 'lazy and shiftless,' and 'hideous to look upon.'

'O Heavenly Father, be less merciless in your judgment of me!' she prayed over and over again in her deep self-reproach, as she beheld those two men working, as for their own lives, for the lives of those so dear to her.

She saw those long hands, that she had so scornfully likened to claws, skilfully draw the sloughing diphtheritic membrane from her children's mouths, thus quickly relieving the strangling little sufferer, while she stood helplessly by; she heard those old cracked voices which she had declared 'grated on every nerve,' coaxing her children successively to take some detested medicine when all her loving arguments and promises had failed.

And when the long, wearisome days of convalescence came, for come they did, at length, to the remaining children of Charles Aldrich, it was those same hands that changed the hot pillows and lifted the tired little ones into more restful positions, and that fashioned the most wonderful things out of wood and paper for their amusement; and it was the same cracked voices that sung the queerest little ditties and told the funniest little stories that were perfectly irresistible in their way, and that were the children's perpetual delight. How the children loved and clung to them. They could hardly bear to have 'Uncle Rob' or 'Uncle George' out of their sight for a moment; and when the time came that they no longer needed the faithful care of the Hayfords, such floods of tears, such wails of intense sorrow, such loud protestations against their going as followed the announcement of the necessary parting. The children utterly refused to be comforted for many a day.

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It was August-time. Flood of sun-shine were everywhere. The fields were green and white with new-springing aftermath and low-growing, white-blossoming clover into whose fragant depths dived many a dusty, yellow bee softly humming to himself in drowsy content. Butterflies like flying tongues of golden flame whisked gaily about. Farmer Aldrich entered the cool sitting-room where his wife sat, engaged in sewing, and sitting down in a huge, cozy rocker, wiped the great drops of perspiration from his brow.

'Hannah,' he said briskly, while he vigorously fanned himself with his broad brimmed hat. 'I am going to drive over to the Hayfords for a little while, and see if there is anything I can do for them. Aint they in high feather, though? I tell you it does me good to hear them run on. They are so proud of their garden. and no wonder. I verily believe I took more pains in preparing and planting it than I did my own, and that's saying considerable, ain't it, wife?'

His wife smiled lovingly. 'I should think,' she answered, 'they would feel the most pride concerning their house. I declare, Charlie, since you put in those new windows and reshingled and painted it, that old house under the hill looks real respectable!'

'That's the outside, Hannah. Who was it had something to do with the many comforts inside? By the way,' he asked, 'have you got any little thing I can take over with me, Hannah? I always like to remember them in some way when I go over there. Not that they expect anything, but it pleases 'em so much to be surprised in that sort of a way.' Hannah Aldrich rose quickly to her feet and put aside her sewing.

'Of course I've got something for them!' she answered blithely, and away she went. When she came back she bore a small pail in one hand and a can in the other, while from her arm swung a gaily colored basket. In answer to her husband's laughing inquiries, she took off the cover of the pail and removing a few fresh green leaves, showed him the luscious ruddy ripe raspberries that lay underneath. The can held a quantity of fresh, golden cream, and in the basket snugly nestled a dozen or two of newlaid eggs just the color of a delicately-browned tea biscuit.

'Well done, little wife,' said Farmer Aldrich heartily. 'Now, dear, how do you expect to be paid for the many favors you have lavished on the Hayfords?'

There was no answer. Charles Aldrich glanced at his wife and saw that her mouth was quivering and her eyes filled with tears. He put his arm about her and drew her quickly to his side.

'Forgive me, dear,' he said remorsefully. 'I quiy meant to tease you a little. I didn't mean to hurt my wife.'

For answer she drew him to a window from which they could see their brown, healthy children playing in the sunshine.

'I have been paid for all I have done, for all I can do for the Hayfords according to Scriptural measure.'

And she pointed to the happy children among the bees and clover.—*Mrs. Percia V. White, in Portland Transcript.*

Gravel Top.

Mr. Clemens Herschel, whose treatise on road making is printed in the little book on highway improvement issued by the League of American Wheelmen, writes as follows of the use of gravel as a substitute for broken stone on roadways: 'Instead of the macadam top, screened gravel may be used. The foundation for these gravel roads should be the same as the rough paving for the macadam road. The gravel to be used for the top must be selected with some care; it should be of a hard kind of stone, clean, that is, free from clay, of the bright color, etc. It is put on in two layers, each rolled, and the top one made compact and firm, by spreading and mixing in some good binding material, sprinkling and rolling. There need be no fear of making a poor road by using the smoothest, most water worn pebbles, free from all sand, etc., in making a road top. The upper portions of the river Rhine are remarkable for the clean, smooth pebbles that form its bed to a very great depth. These pebbles are dredged up and used in road building, making an excellent road covering at a small expense.'

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia.

Neuralgia is one of the most common and painful affections incidental to this climate. Life to thousands is made miserable through its agency, and as it affects the nerves, only the most powerful and penetrating remedies can reach it. Nerviline has created wonder in the minds of those who have uselessly tried other remedies, since its action seems magical. To all suffering from any kind of nerve pain, internal or external, we request a trial of Nerviline. Sold by druggists and all dealers in medicine, 10 and 25 cents a bottle.

SLEEPING ON PINE SHAVINGS.—A Florida editor relates that during a visit to the home of an estimable lady living on Indian river he was told of a discovery that had been made which may prove a boon to sufferers from lung or bronchial troubles.

This lady, having heard that there was peculiar virtue in a pillow made from pine straw, and having none of that material at hand, made one from fine, soft, pine shavings, and had the pleasure of noting immediate benefit. Soon all the members of the household had pine shavings pillows, and it was noticed that all coughs, asthmatic or bronchial troubles ceased at once after sleeping a few nights on these pillows. An invalid suffering with lung trouble derived much benefit from sleeping upon a mattress made from pine shavings. The material is cheap and makes a pleasant and comfortable mattress, the odor of the pine permeating the entire room and absorbing or dispelling all unpleasant odor.

Constipation and Headache.

DEAR SIRS,—I suffered with constipation and headache, and got a bottle of B. B. B. on trial, and found it did me so much good that I got several bottles, and it proved a sure cure. MRS. ROBERT TAYLOR, Shipka P. O., Ont.

—People would not die so fast if they did not live so fast.

—To keep another waiting is to rob him of his time.

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