

Day and Night

ng an acute attack of Bronchitis, a loss of appetite, dry, hacking cough, slight fever. Sleep is banished, and great restlessness follows. This disease is also called Whooping Cough, and sometimes of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate in the consumption.

Without Relief, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped immediately, and effected a speedy cure. G. Stovess, M. D., Carrollton, Miss. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy for Whooping Cough, and all lung diseases. A. Burt, M. D., South Paris, Me. I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for several years, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn. For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured. Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me. I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a few months was cured. Susan L. Cook, 509 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Miss Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Cured By Using bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to do any business, after having been prostrated by Consumption.—Henderson, Southborough, Penn. I was in a decline. I had a lump, and suffered from Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me, and I have been free from the disease ever since. A. J. Curtis, Rutland, Vt. 20 years ago I suffered from a severe cough. The physician attending me was fearful that the disease would terminate in Consumption. After trying various remedies, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I used at once. I continued to take it until I was cured, and was cured. West Colton, Loganport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, \$1.00 per six bottles, \$5.00.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents. For sale by J. Wilson, Saginaw, Mich.

ing is believing. Read the test in the pamphlet on Dr. Van der Kildy's Cure, then buy a bottle of your own self all those distressing ailments. Your Druggist can tell you out it. Sold by J. Wilson, Saginaw, Mich.

BEWARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS As there are many inferior goods, corded with false names, etc., offered and sold in this city, we have caused our principal merchants trading on our genuine name, to wear the ladies against the name. We have also caused them to draw their attention to the necessity of seeing that the name is on the box.

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HE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER.

looks all the clogged avenues of the blood, cleanses the liver, carries off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foulness of the secretions; at the same time, cures Biliousness, Dropsy, Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of the Eyes, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Pelias, Scrofula, Fluctuating Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many similar complaints yield to the influence of BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER.

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J. MCINTOSH, Sole Agent for Saginaw, Mich. Store to J. Wilson's Drug Store, keeps constantly on hand a full stock of selected choice Groceries.

will be found to compare favorably with any other stock in this vicinity. A SPECIALTY. Write for a list of our goods, and we will also send you a list of our prices. O. L. MCINTOSH, 18th West side of the Square, Saginaw, Mich., Feb. 1886.

"HANG THE BABY."

"Then you won't go, Alice?" "No, Herbert—I am so sorry—but the baby!"

"O, hang the baby!" and Herbert flung out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Alice stood looking at the door, growing whiter and whiter. Then she gave a heart-breaking cry, and fell on her knees by the cradle, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly.

She had looked forward so long to this particular party. It was given by Mrs. Mountjoy, one of the leaders of society, and all that was eminent in politics, diplomacy or literature, as well as distinguished in the fashionable world, were sure to be there.

She had been kept at home so much since baby had been born that she really felt the need of a little variety and relaxation. But baby had been threatened with croup the week before, and the fond mother had not yet recovered from her fright. Baby, she admitted, was better, "but not fit," she declared, "to be left, at least with only the nurse to look after it. Nurses are so careless, everybody had told her, even the best of them."

She had not asked Herbert to give it up also, and even said there was no reason why he should stay at home; but still in her heart of hearts she hoped he would.

"He said, 'hang the baby!' yes, he did, darling," she murmured, with indignant emphasis, as she bent over the little unconscious sleeper. "It was your papa who said that, and he has gone to a brilliant party with such thoughts in his wife and child! Did you come, dearest, to estrange us from each other?"

This awful idea called for a flood of bitter tears. Herbert had said such beautiful things in her trusting girlhood. "Never should their lives run in separate channels, as those of some married people of their acquaintance did—never a joy be accepted that did not make them one—never a barrier should come between them."

And now to think that this wee babe, with its golden curls, this beautiful little helpless creature, should part them, as never strong hands could. She pictured the gay assemblage and her Herbert dancing with young girls, smiling on others and leaving her at home to die of heart-break. Her imagination, always too vivid, viewed him in his triumphs, until her misery took almost the form of madness.

"He didn't want me to go," she said, "he acted as if he didn't, and then he pretended to throw all the blame on that dear, helpless baby!"

Suddenly she heard the sound of carriage wheels outside; they stopped at the door; the bell rang, and a fairy-like figure stood on the threshold of the room, in all the wistfulness of expectancy, with dimpling smiles and laughing eyes.

"O, Mabel!" cried Alice, starting to her feet with a glad cry. "This is, indeed, a surprise. I'm so glad you come. My darling sister!"

With these words she was greeted with a warm welcome. Then the baby was exhibited, and one would not have dreamed that a tear had ever stained the cheek of the proud mother. Then the visitor's trunks were ordered to be carried up stairs.

"But where's Herbert? In the study?" at last Mabel asked. "He's out, dear."

"Good! I don't be angry because I'm glad, for we can have such a nice little chat. You didn't expect me."

"Of course I didn't."

"Well, I didn't think of coming, as you know, for a month. But I thought it would be so nice to surprise you."

"O, I'm so glad!"

"And then Paul is coming," she said, blushing, "next week, to stay a month; he has business here, and he wanted me so badly to be here too. I declare," she said, laughing, "I'll have to marry him soon, to get rid of him."

"O, Mabel! don't marry him unless you are certain you'll be happy!" cried Alice hysterically. "Be sure first he won't go to parties, and leave you alone—with the baby!" she sobbed.

"What! is Herbert at a party?" queried Mabel, quiet subdued. "Yes, he is; and when I told him I could not go on account of baby he said, 'hang the baby—by!' Yes, your little angel, your own father said those awful words—and then he slammed the door."

"He's a viper!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence. "A nice way to treat a wife like you—a baby like that! But why couldn't you leave the door?"

"Because he was threatened with the croup last week."

"But he's well enough now—sleeps deliciously. He'll not wake up all the night, perhaps. And the nurse would have taken good care of him."

"I should have been thinking of fire, croup and all that!"

"O, nonsense! You ought to have gone. But Herbert had no right to behave as he did, and he must be punished," and Mabel threw her wraps on the bed and took her seat by the glowing

fire. "It won't do to let him get the upper hand. Ah! I have it! I've thought of a splendid plan. A charming, delightful plot."

And she clapped her hands in glee. "O, Mabel, what is it?" and Alice sat down at her sister's feet, gazing in her face with expectant smiles. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm not going to do it. I shall stay here and watch the baby. You are to go to the party."

"Mabel! Impossible!" "Quite possible. In fact, it must be done. You must let Herbert see that you are as pretty as anybody, and quite as much to be admired. It is decided. You are to go to the party and play a part. Let me arrange the program."

"But, Mabel, I haven't a dress prepared—or anything. I gave up going a week ago, you see, when baby was threatened with the croup."

"Pshaw! You shall wear one of mine—one of the most bewitching, bewilderment of dresses—bought from my last allowance from Uncle Curtis. Only to see it will throw you into ecstasies. Worth never composed any thing more lovely. I want to see it on you. Oome, come, call your maid; I am all impatience. We'll shame your bad husband into good behavior, see if we don't. No irresolution. I will stay at home and fancy myself mistress here, and count your pictures, vases and pretty things and catalogue them, so as to make mamma happy with a letter tomorrow."

Order John, or Jack, or Bill, or whoever your coachman is, to get the carriage—if that is impossible, send for a cab."

In less than an hour Mabel led her sister to the great French mirror and laughingly introduced her to the loveliest and best dressed woman she had ever seen. Alice trembled a little when she found herself actually on the way to Mrs. Mountjoy's; but her sister's urgent will had conquered and her heart was hardened by Herbert's emphatic expression concerning the baby. She was reassured, however, by Mrs. Mountjoy's hearty welcome.

"I'm so glad you've come, my dear," she said. "Your husband said he feared 'baby' would keep you at home, but I told him that was all nonsense. You did right to reconsider the matter."

Herbert, like many handsome society men, was a little spoiled and selfish, without knowing it. He loved Alice devotedly; but he was not unwilling to receive the sweet smiles and honeyed words of others, while, with a man's inconsistency, he was not desirous that his wife should play the part of a married belle. It was while he was dancing with one of the most noted and beautiful women of the metropolis, who was willing to listen to his nonsense, that Herbert, looking up from the face leaning against his shoulder, while the dreamy waltz music thrilled the heart sensitive to sadness as to joy, encountered the sparkling face of his wife and saw her arrayed in the freshest and most graceful costume in the room. She was moving quietly along with an escort in uniform.

"Pray, don't stumble," said his partner pettishly, for at that moment the grand repose of her manner was gone, and the lady on his arm might have been made of wax or any other ductile material for all he cared now.

"How the dickens came she here?" he muttered to himself as he led his partner absently to a seat, deaf to all her pretty words, blinded to her fascinations. It certainly is Alice—but that dress—the prettiest thing here! And I left her quiet determining not to come. I don't understand it. Dancing with that puppy, Guinet, too! She knows I hate him!"

With these amiable thoughts he laid himself out to gain the attention of his wife and make her explain. It was some time before he had a chance, so he was obliged to content himself with following her graceful motions, angry with himself and with her.

"Alice! Can I believe my eyes!" he said at last, in the pause of the dance.

"I should think you might," was the nonchalant reply.

"Pray, how did you come?" "Pray, how did you come? I rode. Did you walk?"

"Well, but—"

Excuse me, I am engaged four deep, already," and Herbert was forced again to move one side as a pompous acquaintance claimed her hand.

"I'd like to know that fellow down," he muttered, angry in earnest.

Another pause and another tete-a-tete. No satisfaction given. Herbert had hardly the grace so redeem all of his dancing engagements.

"How about the baby, Alice?" he asked, anxiously.

She put her rosy lips to his ear, and in a subdued voice exclaimed: "Hang the baby!"

Herbert started and changed color. To be sure, he had used the same language; but from her it was too exasperating. How he got through the evening he could hardly tell. When at last they were together in the carriage, driving home, there might have been an open

rupture but for the determined calmness of Alice, who took everything as a matter of course. One glance in the beautiful nursery unsealed his eyes. There, by the fire, sat Mabel in all the abandon of a negligee toilet, her luxuriant tresses falling in glossy freedom over her shoulders, while the little fellow on her lap clutched at one long, shining curl, and laughed and laughed as well as he could for aunt's smothering kisses. A sudden revulsion of feeling came to the father's heart at the sight of the sweet home picture.

"Ah! I know who contrived the plot!" he said. "But I am glad to see you, nevertheless."

"Wasn't she the belle of the ball?" asked Mabel, saucily.

"There's no doubt of that. At any rate, I didn't get a chance to dance with her."

"Of course. Who ever heard in society of dancing with one's wife?" she said, sarcastically. "I see that she followed my directions implicitly. You must learn that a house divided against itself can not stand—that is, if one half is flirting at a party and the other half at home crying her eyes out."

"O, Alice—were you, really?" "I should think she was. I can assure you that I myself saw her at the house dissolved in tears, and so wretched that—"

"O, Mabel, do hush!" said Alice, imploringly.

"Traitor, do you turn on me?" exclaimed Mabel, with mock displeasure.

"My child," she went on, tossing the crowing cherub, "tell your selfish papa that he also has some obligations, and that, if you had known that you were to be the bone of contention in this family, you'd have staid in the garden of angels, where you were wanted."

And that night she tapped on the door of Alice's room and looked gaily in. "Wasn't I right?" she asked.

And she was right, for Herbert was strongly affected by this audacious outburst; but it had the effect of leading him to see his duty in a new light. It taught him to reflect; it opened his eyes to his selfishness and made him, from that evening, a better and more considerate husband. Six months after that time Alice was dressed for a party. But this time the party was to be given in her own house and in honor of Mabel's marriage. Even the bride did not look lovelier; for nothing now ever occurred to mar Alice's happiness; and happiness, after all, is the best preservative of beauty.—Detroit Tribune.

If you would have appetite, flesh, color, strength, and vigor, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, that incomparable tonic and blood purifier.

Demonstrated. Sometimes it costs hundreds of dollars to convince a man; very often less is required, but in the case of Polson's Nervine, that sovereign remedy for pain, 10 cents foots the bill, and supplies enough Nervine to convince every purchaser that it is the best, most prompt and certain pain remedy in the world. Nervine is good for all kinds of pain, pleasant to take, and sure to cure cramps and all internal pains. It is also nice to smell, quite unlike so many other preparations, which are positively disagreeable to use. Try it now. Go to a drug store and buy a 10 cent or 25 cent bottle. Polson's Nervine. Take no other.

Highest Prize Firm of N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has long been considered the best remedy for Summer complaints in the market, and adds that their customers speak in the highest terms of its merits. Wild Strawberry is the best known remedy for Cholera, Malaria, Dysentery and all Bowel complaints.

14 SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. For sale by Jas. Wilson, Saginaw, Mich.

Any one who is quick at repartee must necessarily have great response ability.

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Nothing will make us so charitable and tender of the faults of others as by thoroughly knowing our own.

Why Employ Doctors. Consult a doctor, for a 6 or 8 oz. bottle of medicine \$1—consult Jas. Wilson, and he will give you a 22 oz. bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure for \$1, and a valuable Recipe Book free.

"Ah, John," she said, just before marriage, "I fear I am not worthy of you. You are such a good man." "Never mind, Martha, I'll change all that after the wedding."

A Speedy Cure. As a speedy cure for Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Colic, Cramp, Stomach, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and all forms of Summer Complaints, there is no remedy more reliable than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Dealers who sell it, and those who buy it are on mutual grounds in confidence of its merits.

When a man sits down on a tack he can't see the joke, though he can feel the point.

4 Catarrh Cured, health and sweet secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

BAKING LOVE'S ASHES.

"My cousin, Miss Eden, Mr. Scott." "Such an introduction is not necessary, Bertie. It is not so long since Mr. Scott and I were friends, that I am not likely to be forgotten by you."

And the graceful belle held out a white hand, at the same time giving Lee Scott a very gracious smile.

He bent quietly over the jeweled fingers, then relinquished them. "I have not forgotten," was all he said.

But something in his even tones, something in his gray eyes, made a slight color come slowly into Miss Eden's fair cheeks for a moment, as she stood there in the summer sunset.

Had he too vivid a memory of that hour spent by them once beside the sea, when, in answer to his spoken love she whispered her own, and the world seemed fair as a paradise to them? It was only three years before, and she had not forgotten.

Did the calm words mean that he remembered as well another hour, scarcely a month later, in which she claimed her freedom, and gave back his ring because a hoary millionaire had suddenly become her suitor?

She could read nothing in his calm face, as he stood on the wide veranda beside her and exchanged commonplaces with the woman who had once been his promised wife.

"It was too bad that I broke with him," she told herself, "but I was sure that I could obtain old Norcross's million. Who would dream that little May Jackson would walk off with the prize. And now Lee has inherited his fine estate adjoining aunt's, he has forgotten his old fancy for me."

But whether or not he had she could not discover in the half hour he spent with herself and cousin on the veranda.

Before leaving he invited them both for a sail on the narrow, which made her hopeful.

"Has he taken you out in his boat before, Bertie?" she asked of her pretty little cousin, while they watched him go, at a free, swinging pace, down the gravel walk.

"Oh, very often," the brown-eyed girl answered, carelessly. "We have taken books with us and lunched on the river, and had some delightful hours. He is over here every day. Being so near a neighbor one can scarcely wonder. I was surprised at your knowing him, Lasca, for he never mentioned you to me."

Lasca looked down, scanning with keen scrutiny the brown eyes, limpid and large; the sweet childish lips; the girlish fairness of the frank face a few inches below her own; and the azure eyes found a charm there that pleased their owner but little.

"Perhaps he did not care to talk idly of our broken dream," she said quietly. "Poor Lee! he loved me very fondly, and I was cruel to him. No wonder he never spoke to you of it."

Keen as lances, the blue eyes pierced Bertie's face, and a startled expression there, a transient pain, did not escape them.

"Ha! a rival in my little rustic cousin!" Lasca thought contemptuously as she plucked a spray of the flowers that wreathed the pillar nearest her and laid it against her lips.

Had she forgotten that once she had so despised May Jackson as rival for the heart of the old millionaire?

They had their sail. But Lee, who seemed in gay good humor, as he managed the sail and sang for them song, in his fine baritone, glanced very often at the quiet little figure of Bertie, who sat in silence, now and then laying her little hands on the tiller, but allowing the others to have conversation to themselves.

"Miss Bertie, have you vowed to make the voyage in silence?" he questioned at last.

"I am avoiding the rocks and the sand bars," she said.

"Careful child!" smiled Miss Lasca. "Give your life the same care, Bertie, and it will not go to wreck, as mine did," she half-whispered to Lee, who was not far from her.

With perfectly untroubled eyes he looked in the dainty face, that had dazzled him once.

"On a golden rock?" he queried, half with irony, half with laughter.

The next moment he was bending toward Lasca, impulsively, a truly regretful "Forgive me!" on his lips.

For a sweeping tide of crimson had suffused the beautiful society face, and a rush of hot tears had made the blue eyes dim.

"I merit that and take it humbly from you," she murmured. "But our past is dead; let us bury all that pained us in it. I must tell you this, Lee, what pained you tortured me as well."

Bertie, with her brown eyes on the water, heard the low tones, but caught no word of this dialogue. Her own heart was full of a strange regret, a vague sense of loss and pain.

Lee turned from the beautiful, luring face to that still one on which the sun shined its red splendor unheeded; then,

with gentleness in his own, spoke quietly to Lasca.

"Since the pain is past, why speak of it?" he questioned. "I will prove how truly you are forgiven by me by taking you into my confidence. It is the hope of my heart to some time call you cousin."

The fair face paled, grew suddenly ashen eyes under that faint shadow of primrose cast on it by the lighting of the parasol.

"Is it—Bertie?" Miss Eden managed to ask evenly.

And as he bent his head, she turned her eyes away.

"She is good and true; worthy of your love. Heaven grant that you both may be happy!" she said in unflinching tones.

And he did not know that she was looking, with aching heart and burning eyes, on the dead ashes of the love which she had hoped to win back to living flame.

"Sing another of your ballads for us, please, Mr. Scott," Bertie said, presently, after a silence.

And Lasca stood up suddenly in the boat, "Wait until you have changed places with me cousin," she said.

While the change was being effected, Lasca, in passing her cousin, left a light kiss on her cheek.

"You are very pale, Lasca," Bertie said, with solicitude.

But Lasca smiled as she took the seat her cousin had vacated.

"I never had such bloom as yours, dear," was her reply.

Then Lee began his song, and as it swelled out clear and free, ringing far over the sunlit waters, Lasca Eden bowed her golden head and her lips moved in—prayed, was it?"

Suddenly there was a shock of the boat; unheeded by her it had struck one of the rocks that were numerous in the shallows of the river.

An exclamation from Lee, a cry from Bertie, but not a sound from Lasca's lips, although she was in the river water, and they were closing about her, covering the beauty of her white face, folding her more closely than the arms of a lover.

How had that slight jar of the boat flung her into the river?

They could not have told had they time; but Lee had flung himself from the boat, and was lifting the slight figure in his arms.

"Do not be alarmed, by darling!" he called out to Bertie. "I do not think she is injured, but she had fainted. Help me get her in the boat, and it will revive her."

But when he succeeded in getting her into the little craft he discovered that no human power would ever recall the fair beauty to consciousness; not even the olden love-light in his gray eyes would now win an answering glance from Lasca Eden, who had pale so pitifully at sight of the dead love which she could not lure to life.

The heart was diseased, and the shock shattered some tiny tissue, broke some slight chord that had held life in her. So said the physicians, after a long examination of the dead.

"She loved you," Bertie whispered to Lee, as they stood hand in hand over the caasket.

"Nay, sweetheart," he answered her. "She may have cared a little for me once, but she never loved me. I have told you all the story, and you know she never gave me her love."

But Bertie stopped and kissed the cold face of her cousin, her brown eyes dim.

"She was very beautiful, but I do not think she was very happy," she said, softly. "But her face is so calm; I believe she is at rest indeed."

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure headache.

A young man entered a shop in the country one summer evening and asked the shopkeeper if she had any birthday cards, to which she replied: "Oo, ay hiv we, lots of them; but ye see the season for them's past now, an' they're a' laid by 't the carret."

In good Repute. James McMurdoch, writing from Kinross, says: "B.B.B. as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

The child who makes the acquaintance of the maternal slipper may have the satisfaction of knowing that its mother once underwent the same operation at the hands of its grandmother. This is one of the reasons why children are so fond of their grandmothers.

Fatal attacks. Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of disease, are those incident to the summer and fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc., that often prove fatal in a few hours. The ever reliable remedy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, should be at hand, for wild in emergency.

13 "HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 30 cts. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

SCROFULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofula. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I have used.—E. Haines, No. 144, N. Main St., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

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Can be cured by purifying the blood with

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