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L. ROBILLET, Chemist, SOLE PROPRIETOR, JOULETTE P. Q., Canada.

THE LOST LODE.

A STORY OF MEXICO. BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV. CONTINUED.

The young eyes and the old ones met for a minute, and the latter did not quail before the angry light which shone in the former. The steady gaze of those keen bright orbs was indeed the thing which told Fernando that the old Indian held him in his power. Whatever his terms, they must be accepted to, or else he might carry to Vyrer a tale that would sweep away all hope of his Fernando's ever finding the great lost lode. So, his resolve was quickly taken—Rosario must know all, and be so closely bound by chains of interest that treachery would be quite impossible. Therefore it was with a strong effort to control himself that he spoke:

"Whether you understand me or not, at least I understand you, Rosario—and that is very well. And if what you can tell proves to be of real value, you shall have your terms; for when that vein is found, I, and no other man, will be its owner. I wish to know where to look for it, in order that it may not be found at present. Now tell me all that you know, and I will give you a hundred dollars for the information."

"Five hundred, señor, no less," the other answered calmly, "because I do not boast, but speak the truth, when I say that I know where the *vea madre* may be found. There are tales that it came to an end, that the ore no longer paid. That is not true. Those tales were spread to save the mine in times of danger; and I was one of the three men who covered up the lode and he took it. I have sworn never to betray the secret; but all are dead now save me, both of those who ordered and those who did the work; so there is no further reason why I should keep the oath. And I have only waited to find who will be likely to pay most for what I can tell."

"If this be true," said Fernando, who had grown very pale, "there is no need of your information. We have only to clear out all the old passages and workings until we find the vein where you left it."

The old man made an indifferent gesture with his hands and shoulders. "Try," he said laconically, "and when you have failed you will be glad to come to Rosalio. We did not do our work by halves."

"And if I believe you, and to save time and labor, pay even the price you ask for what you can tell, are you sure enough of yourself to be certain that in all these years you have forgotten nothing?"

"Nothing!" was the firm answer. "It is clearer here—he touched his head—than things which happened yesterday. I have asked the men now working in the mine where they are seeking the lode, and I smiled when they told me. For they will never find it there."

"I am sure of that," said Fernando, "and it is because I wish to remain sure of it that I go into the mine. Now, understand that this is but the beginning of things between us. I will come again, and then we will arrange everything. Meanwhile take this—there was the click of silver—"

"and be as silent as if thou, too, were dead like the rest."

"I have been silent for thirty years," the old Indian answered with dignity, "and it is not likely I shall speak now without good reason."

This was so true that Fernando felt he had nothing to fear as he rode away from the door of the humble dwelling that sheltered so great a secret. And now to see Vyrer! But, knowing that gentleman was not likely to be astray so early, he went to the home of a friend, breakfasted, and two hours later presented himself at the door of the house where the young Englishman had his quarters.

These were as luxurious as they could be made in such a place, and with the limited means of transportation at command. Vyrer had rented one of the best houses in town, and brought, in ox-carts and on mule-back, the furniture which filled his rooms, from a city more than a hundred miles distant. From a flowery patio, surrounded by brick-paved, tiled corridors, Fernando was shown into a sala the floor of which was covered with rugs, while easy-chairs and couches were placed about carelessly in a manner strange to Mexican eyes, tables were covered with books and papers, and extended in a lounge, came chair by one of these, smoking and reading, was Vyrer himself.

He looked up, threw down his paper, and rose with a cordial air when he saw who was his visitor. It struck Fernando that never had the usually languid and supercilious man met him so graciously before.

"Ah, Señor Scandola," he said, "I am very glad to see you. Pray be seated, and let me offer you some refreshment after your ride."

"Many thanks, señor," Fernando replied, with the courteous gesture of the hand which signifies a negative; "I have just breakfasted. I was unfortunate in being absent from home when you called to see me yesterday, but my father delivered your message to me, and so—I am here."

"To tell me, I hope, that you will accept my proposal," said Vyrer. "Pray take a cigar. I can recommend them as good. I am well aware," he went on, after the cigar had been accepted, "that I may have seemed a

little presumptuous in making such a proposal. But you have an interest in the mine almost as great as ours; for unless we can find the value promised, we shall not, of course, purchase it; and so it occurred to me that you might be willing to do anything that you could to insure success."

Fernando's throat seemed a little husky, so that he could not reply at once; but after a moment he answered that it was certainly very much to his interest that the present owners should succeed in working the mine, and that his best efforts were at their service to assist in securing that success.

"I had no doubt of it," said Vyrer, "and therefore I offered you a position which under other circumstances I am aware that it would hardly be worth your while to accept. But, since our interest lies in the same direction, we must work together to win success as soon as possible. My people in London are urging me to find the *vea madre*, and I am sparing no effort to do so; but I need a Mexican to superintend the work, one who will understand and can manage the men, and whose interest, like my own, is to discover the lost lode as speedily as possible. Therefore I have applied to you."

Perhaps Fernando had never felt until now how difficult was the part he had undertaken to play; for it is one thing to plot treachery, and another to execute it in the face of trust. Blinded by passionate, overmastering desire, he had not thought of all the dissimulation and double-dealing involved in the course upon which he had entered. For one moment he hesitated. Even yet it was not too late; he might still decide to enter into this man's service, though keeping his own counsel regarding what he knew. Guadalupe's imploring eyes rose before him; but so strangely are human hearts constituted, that it was her image which steeled his wavering resolve. No, the road upon which he had entered was the road that led to her; and he would take it, no matter through what dark ways of deception it led, even though the foul fiend stood at the end! But in order to excuse his hesitation he said:

"There is one obstacle to my keeping the position you offer, señor—I have no practical knowledge of mining."

"That is not necessary," Vyrer replied, as he had already replied to the same objection from Don Ignacio. "I shall direct the work; you will only be required to see that my orders are faithfully executed."

A gleam came into Fernando's eyes. "You are sure that I shall have no responsibility, that no direction of the work will be thrown upon me?" he inquired.

"Not the least," Vyrer answered. "Set your mind at rest on that point. I allow no one else to direct the work in a mine of which I am in charge. I shall indicate where the work is to be done, and you will see that it is done—that is all."

"Then I accept the position," said the young man in a clear, resolute tone. "If I am to have no responsibility, if no direction rests with me, there is no reason why I should hesitate longer. Señor Vyrer, consider me in your service."

And so it came to pass that, much to the surprise of his friends and acquaintances—who, in Mexico as in other parts of the world, are prone to interest themselves in what does not concern them—Fernando Scandola went into the Espiritu Santo Mine as its manager, subject to Mr. Vyrer. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the comments that passed freely from lip to lip, as upon the tactful but unmistakable disapproval of his father, for the young man paid absolutely no heed to these things. A change had come over him as every one felt and not a few remarked. Once full of frank friendliness to all the world, a good comrade and pleasant companion, he was now become what the people characterize as a *coyote*—short in speech, reserved in manner, and with an air of almost morose preoccupation on his handsome face. "He is like a man under a spell," some of them said, and indeed it was the most potent spell known to earth, that had been laid upon him—the spell of an overwhelming desire for the gold which brings all things, and the possession of which, in this as in many another case, could only be compassed by the loss of honor and peace of conscience.

In these days even Guadalupe's sweet dark eyes appeared to him in vain. Ever since the night on which she had spoken so freely to him a cloud had lain between them which the girl strove in vain to lift. If not his heart, at least his mind and his purposes, were locked away from her. Save for what he had in a measure revealed that night, his intentions were as much a mystery to her as to any one else—a mystery at least as far as the means by which he proposed to meet his end were concerned; but of the nature of that end she had not a moment's doubt. Many women would have deceived themselves on this point, many more would have acted on the opinion that a man's business did not concern them, and that it was more convenient not to know of methods which conscience might possibly be forced to condemn, and which would perhaps interfere with the enjoyment of results when obtained. But such convenient sophistry and blindness were not possible to this girl. She not only loved the man with a simplicity and directness of passion unknown, to more complicated natures, but the very greatness of her love enabled her to see where he was weakest, and to lend an agonized strength to her desire to save him.

She knew, and she alone, in what temptation he stood, what peril to his honor and his soul. She could not approach him again with words unless he gave her the opportunity to do so; but her eyes pleaded with him ceaselessly, and he, reading their meaning well, turned impatiently from glances which he did not intend to heed.

But one person, at least, was very well satisfied with the state of affairs, and that was Vyrer. He had no trouble with his miners. Fernando managed them admirably, and there were more frictions, no more complaints, threatened insubordination and loss of valuable men to irritate him. All things went smoothly now, his orders were executed with fidelity and despatch and if, after the lapse of the month, they were no nearer finding the lost lode that they had been at first, it was not for want of diligent work, money lavishly spent, and science applied in the most praiseworthy manner. The last, however, did not meet with the approval, which no doubt it deserved, from the Mexicans. They, who knew but one mode to work a mine, and that is to get at the mental in the shortest way possible, regarded with a wonder not unmixed with contempt the vast amount of what they considered useless work undertaken by the young Englishman in scientific principles. "The mine has never been worked at all," he remarked more than once to Sandoval. "It has been burrowed into, and a great deal of metal extracted, no doubt; but it has never been opened so as to be really worked to any advantage."

"It has only yielded about a hundred millions," said the Mexican calmly, "which looks as if it had been worked to very great advantage. But it is not our habit to put a fortune into a mine in extensive works before we take anything out."

"Unless a mine is well opened at the first, you can never tell where you are or what you have got. It is all a matter of chance, and you are liable to lose your lode at any time, as it has been lost here," Vyrer replied. "Now, when I strike the vein there will be no more danger of loss. The lode will be found once and for all."

"Yes," said Fernando. There was no sign of amusement on his impassive face. "And when do you think that you will find it?"

"Within the next fortnight," Vyrer answered confidently. "I am certain that the vein lies exactly in the direction in which we shall find a large body of metal. Put as many men as possible on the work and press forward. I am growing very impatient to be able to report that I have found this lode, for the money expended in the work has been very considerable."

Fernando permitted himself a slight, sardonic smile as the other mounted his horse—they had been standing at the entrance of the mine—and rode away. "No doubt, he said to himself—it has been considerable; and you may spend ten, twenty, a hundred times as much, and not find through the mountain, with all your finding, what you seek. So much for your science!"

Comfortably unconscious of this contemptuous opinion, Vyrer rode down the steep mountain-path and, when he reached the valley, took the short-cut across the lands of La Providencia. It had become his habit to stop now and then at the hacienda, where a courteous welcome always awaited him. He did not pretend to disguise to himself from what source his gratification in these visits were derived. Certainly Don Ignacio, in his conversations with him, had proved to be a different man—nor yet from the cup of chocolate Señor Sandoval was always ready to offer him. These things would not have tempted him even once to turn aside from his road and mount the hill on which the *casa* stood; but the chance of seeing Guadalupe did tempt him again and again. Had any one suggested that he was in love with her, he would only have smiled, for he thought that all possibilities of such a nature, if indeed they had ever existed there, it was a sentiment very different from anything so primitive the world had said which bound him in the chains of fascination not easily characterized to a woman in distant England; but this entanglement did not interfere in the least with the fancy which filled his vacant hours for the beautiful Mexican girl, and made his visits to La Providencia so frequent.

Not that it followed by any means that he always saw her on these visits. Indeed he could not flatter himself that he ever did see her except by accident, and an accident which was evidently a matter of absolute indifference to her. The tranquility of her manner had never varied from that of the first day he had seen her; yet if there was any one for whom Guadalupe felt a sentiment closely approaching to repugnance, it was to this Englishman, who seemed to her to stand somewhat in the guise of Fernando's tempter—an unconscious tempter, it was true; but nevertheless one who had offered him an opportunity which else he might have lacked. Therefore his visits were anything but a pleasure to her, and she shrank out of sight whenever he entered the house, if such a thing were at all possible.

But on this afternoon it was not possible. Vyrer was met by one of the young men—Don Ignacio's many sons were of all ages—and introduced at once into the house, although both the heads of the family chanced to be absent. It devolved upon Guadalupe, therefore, who in the default of a daughter always took the place of one, to come and offer the *placido*, or afternoon chocolate, to the guest. He accepted it, more for the

pleasure of being served by her than for any other reason, and on a table in one corner of the corridor a frothy cup of the mild, sweet beverage was soon placed, together with a tray of bread and cakes. As Vyrer dawkled over the collection, at which courtesy required that Guadalupe should bear him company, although Felipe, growing tired, soon found an excuse to vanish, he felt very well repaid for his ride, of which this had really been the objective point. The corridor, or gallery, on which he sat extended on three sides of the open court around which the house was built, the fourth side being formed by a wall, through which a door led to the corral beyond. Over this wall a vine, bearing great clusters of purple flowers, hung itself in wild luxuriance, forming a splendid mass of color; in the midst of the *patio* a tall palm-tree lifted its royal crown of plummy foliage far above the house; golden roses climbed against the white pillars that supported the roof of the corridors, and as the afternoon breeze entered the court and stirred the leaves and blossoms, a waft of almost overpowering fragrance came to Vyrer from a great straggling bush of heliotrope just before him. Never after did the odor of heliotrope reach him without conjuring up the foreign, picturesque triplicities—the sky of burning turquoise looking down into the court so full of tropical forms and colors; the wide, shaded galleries with large, cool rooms opening upon them; the sound of women's voices talking volubly in Spanish in the kitchen, and the beautiful, delicate face of the girl who sat opposite him, with a *reboza* of some silky material thrown lightly over her graceful head and fitting in lines of perfect drapery across her shoulders. "What a picture she would make!" thought the young man, although there was little of the artist in his soul; and then he found himself wondering what was the meaning of the intent, almost wistful gaze which he met more than once in her eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A CONVERT'S STORY.

She Wanted to be a Sister Before She Became a Catholic.

The following sketch of Sister Honora Young's life, whose death occurred at Nazareth, Ky., not long ago, cannot fail to interest our readers: She was born some twelve miles from Hopkinsville, Ky., where some of her sisters still live in the old homestead. For several years she had been a school teacher, lived in a Protestant community, and had never seen a Catholic church. During a short illness she passed a few days at St. Joseph's Infirmary in Louisville, and though nothing had been said to her about religion she left with a desire to join the order where she had received so much sympathetic care. She never mentioned her intention to any one, but one day, we do not know how long after her visit to the infirmary, she landed at Nazareth, and manifested to the Mother Superior her desire to become a Sister.

"Do you bring letters from any priest?" inquired the Mother. "A priest?" she answered. "Never saw a priest in my life."

"Then you are not a Catholic?" said the Mother Superior. "No," answered Miss Young, "but I wish to be a Sister."

"Are you aware," replied the Mother Superior, "that only Catholic young ladies can be received into a religious order? This is the first qualification, though it is not the only one; for it is necessary that aptitude should be united to a sincere desire for this kind of life."

"Well," exclaimed Miss Young, "this is rather strange. I did not come here with the intention of becoming a Catholic, but I have a great desire of becoming a Sister."

"But this cannot be," replied the Mother Superior. "The first thing will be to study the Catholic Faith, and if you can be convinced of its truth, you may then think of joining the Sisters."

"And if I cannot make up my mind to become a Catholic?" said Miss Young. "Then you cannot be a Sister," replied the Mother Superior, "and I do not say you can be one then, but you can study your vocation, and if you find that it is the will of God, you can join some religious community."

After this conversation the young aspirant was sent to Father Russell, where she went over the same train of conversation. Father Russell told her that she might stay in the convent for some time, during which she could read Catholic books and receive such explanations as she might desire. He gave her Nampon's Lecture on the Catholic Church, and told her to read it attentively for a few days, after which she might come back and state her objections, if she found any.

"How do you like this lecture?" he asked her when she came back at the appointed time. "Fine, fine," she answered, "but what about purgatory, and praying to the saints?"

"We will not discuss these subjects," said he, "unless you have studied the ground of the Catholic faith. What have you to say about the lecture I gave you?"

"It is very fine, indeed," she replied. But she could not say that she believed it.

He told her to read it over once more, and when she came back she expressed her admiration still more for the lecture, but she had not reached conviction, and she was inclined to ramble over other subjects; she wanted to know something about the holy Eucharist, confession, etc.

Father Russell gave her some other books, and advised her to join prayer to reading; because faith is a gift of God, which is the reward of prayer.

The third time she came with a beaming countenance and exclaimed, "Now, Father, I believe the whole of it, and I see plainly why you did not wish me to discuss other subjects. Now my difficulties are all removed, and I understand all about purgatory, confession and the communion of saints."

After attending a catechism class with some of the pupils who were then preparing for first Communion, Miss Young was baptized, made her first Communion and then put up her claim for entering the novitiate. The request was received on condition that she would spend one year in the world to try her vocation. Meanwhile she went to St. Louis, and was advised by a clergyman to enter a convent there; but after a few weeks' trial she could not be satisfied, and begged admission into the Nazareth community, where she lived contented until her death.

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ASTONISHED TO

Gen. Walker's Tribute to Brigade at the Dublin

A Dublin letter from P. Kin, printed in the *Irish Times*, tells of the sensation created by the Duke of Devonshire's speech at the recent meeting of the House of Commons. One of the day was made by one who represented our Nation of Sciences. Says Mr. "With the most important he visited all the ancient of the Tory university, by the green flag of Ireland of own comrades in arms, Cass, and their men, in days on Virginian soil. The Duke of Devonshire's speech, in which he carried a list of Irishmen to the ated Irishmen to the school of Trinity College, and still, paying highest tribute, Irish rebel, Gen. Meagher, sentenced to death by a for high treason against taria, and who escaped States in an American sner very similar to the la O'Reilly! I watched the stepped to the forefront that quiet, dignified man possesses. It seemed as if about to address the proposition in favor of establishing a commission on the parks throughout Massas he had when I last he four months ago. But in his speech before assemblage, and the spires of the past flowered rent of his thought, a pression, an undertone of and a glow of fervor, as his dead Irish-American awakened enthusiasm among the students, where an address of such never heard before.

The General began to come from a county more Irish blood in his posses, and that in New York, which was the city in the world. It is the presentation of the Ireland knew no bounds of blood was thicker than water came before the graduation university with some a in a kind reception before American. He had a title, which so many hundreds of Irishmen had were at first days of breaking exile.

For two and a half years work it had been his to act as the Adjutant-General of the United States included the two brigades Irish, and during that his best the official corps—the shamrock.

of valor were performed regiments! Probably his regiments were Irish valiantly shown. He wore the ringing cheer of brigade of Meagher—a sprig of green in the green flag of Ireland the Stars and Stripes over the low crest which it during its formation Fredericksburg, and over the field swept with direct and exp against the sunken fort fence held by four riflemen, and the Southern chivalry.

From that "fatal words of its own com brigade turned away and the grave. The familiar with the his which had been illust India, and the Crime they knew little of, the men did in maintain the new Nation of rescuing the cause from one of the des encountered.

done for America in was far less than for America in up-b States, magnificent wealth and full of ities of glory and of would fail to tell the ure with which t America had come in the ter-centenary congratulated them of their fourth cent wished prosperity capital, and to the

To say that the b iversity were amaz edulogy on Irish v with Gen. Meagher to green flags, is to truth. Some of the dazed, while other plainly that they General's reminisc young students, rations of Tory hous astically again and

Ayer's Hair Vigor vitality to weak Through its hea qualities, it prev of dandruff and The best hair-dress by far the most ce

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