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VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1890. NO. 39.

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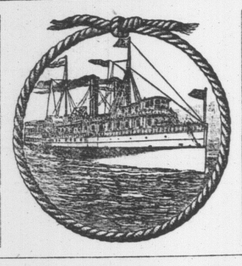

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Help One Another.

"Help one another," the snow-flakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt!
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see!"

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow-leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,
Seeing another drop close by its side;
"This warm south breeze would drive me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea!"

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, oh, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand!"

* * * * *

And so the snow-flakes grew to drifts,
And grains of sand to mountains;
And leaves became a pleasant shade,
And dew-drops fed the fountains.
—*Rev. Geo. F. Hunting.*

Select Literature.

The Light on Black Ledge.

(Acadian Old-Folk Lore.)

On the Nova Scotia side of the historic Bay of Fundy, at a place now called Margaretville, a ledge of ragged rocks, projecting like a great spur from the mountain side, stretches, black and jagged and cruel, three hundred yards or more into the waters of the Blue Bay. Far up and down the coast is a wide expanse of sixty feet. On one side spreads the wide water of the great Bay, on the other the densely wooded mountain with its evergreen foliage.

In the month of May, 1780, the fishermen from the valley, who had for many years used this wild spot for a fishing station, found on the high bluff not far from the steep cliff overhanging the beach a small cabin-like house, built from the planks and timbers of wrecked vessels that had met their fate upon the jagged Ledge.

There was no other dwelling of man within many miles on this wild craggy coast, and no road leading to the settlements down the mountain or in the valley beyond.

The house was occupied and, as far as squatter's claim could make it, owned by a large strong-looking man who said his name was Peter Barnes. Not another word relating to himself would he vouchsafe in reply to the eager questioning of the suspicious fishermen. That he did not get there from landward was very certain, and that he did not come there to fish was equally certain. An old ship's boat and a pair of well-worn ash oars were some evidence that the sea had given him up at this place, but whence and how, there was no sign.

His clothes were such as the settlements could not have supplied. Some rude farming tools and part of a fishing outfit he had, but they too were foreign. From sea and land with these implements he gathered the necessities of life, and continued the only resident of the place until one spring the fishermen found with him a woman, about his own age, who seemed contented with the wild lonely life, and proved as silent to all inquisitiveness as the man whose rude home she shared.

The twenty-fourth of December, 1793, found the strange couple still living in the little plank house. But this year neither sea nor land had yielded Peter the usual returns for his labor. Early frosts had killed his small crop of vegetables, and all the season the fish had failed to make their annual run along that coast.

Already there had been several weeks of hard winter weather; each day the snow had fallen deeper and the cold become more intense, and the white plain spread frozen and unbroken from the shore to the wooded mountain.

There were scanty provisions in the little plank house on the bluff. A wild storm had been blowing since early morning; the fierce wind from the Bay drifted the fast-falling snow against the hut, and the blazing drift-logs in the rough stone fireplace hardly kept the one small room comfortably warm.

At the end of the bluff there was a narrow zigzag path leading to the beach. Down this pathway late in the afternoon the man picked his dangerous way over the snow-covered rocks to the shore below the cliff. It was low water, and he crept far out on Black Ledge, and searching the soaking sand and the dripping seaweed for mussels, to satisfy his hunger. But the rocks and the sand said 'no!' and he climbed back to the bluff, and facing the snow-laden wind, looked out over the white-capped waves. Through the drifting mist his practised eye caught sight of a sail. Placing himself in a favorable position for observation, he stood long and sullenly, his gaze upon the wind-swept Bay.

At last, as if with quick purpose impressed, he turned and seemed to examine with interest the long ledge of black rocks and the fury of the storm among them. Then with searching gaze he turned to a clump of tall storm-thickened firs near the seaward end of the bluff, and going near them looked again out upon the Bay, and down upon the rough rocks, then back upon his house now almost buried in the snow.

The cold wind pierced him, and the blinding snow fell thickly about him, but there in the bleakest place upon the coast he stood, unmindful of snow or cold. It was almost dark when he entered his house, pale and sullen.

'Nothing again to-day!' said the woman.

'There's a vessel out on the Bay, and out of her reckoning,' he replied.

'Little good that will do us,' said she.

'Perhaps she might call in,' urged the man significantly.

'Why would a vessel stop here?' asked the woman.

'It might be because she couldn't get by,' said the man sullenly, as he hauled out of a cheat two old ship's lanterns and commenced cleaning them.

'When I tell you, will be time enough for you to know why,' he muttered, in answer to her look of astonishment, and in tones she well knew were meant to cut off all further inquiry.

Used to his strange conduct, but unaccustomed not to be participator, the woman wondered at his action, but asked no questions, and in silence the man continued his work. When it was dark he lighted both the lanterns, and wrapping them in an old coat went out into the storm again, and directly to the clump of firs.

One of the lanterns showed a red light. This one he took from the wrapping, and climbing with it near the top of the tallest tree, he fastened it securely on the outer end of a branch facing the Bay. The wind had packed the snow into the stiff foliage until the tree looked like a white tower, and the red light gleamed from it like a beacon.

Descending, he took the other lantern to a low wall of rock near the end of the bluff and placed it in a crevice, so that its light would show in the direction he had last seen the vessel.

Thirty miles up the Bay, on the same coast, was a harbor where small vessels could get shelter in a storm. This port was marked by a red beacon-light in a white tower at the entrance of the harbor, and near it was a small house in which the light-keeper lived.

Did the red lantern in that tall snow-covered tree appear to the benighted seamen on the deck of that fated vessel like this beacon-light? Did the white lantern against the rock look like the light from the keeper's window? Did the man now picking his cautious way through the pure white snow to his warm dwelling intend they should so appear? Was there no thought in his heart of the guiding star that shed its first rays on earth that Christmas eve so long ago, and thinking of it did his purpose waver, or his footsteps falter? O, the pity of it! Red and lambent and bright the lights gleamed from the bluff; and the surf below broke with terrible roar upon the cruel rocks of Black Ledge.

Reaching his house the man went to its only window to close the board shutter; but the wind had piled the snow thick against it and no ray of light could gleam out as a guide to shelter and warmth.

Satisfied of this, he went inside. The woman asked him no questions. 'It is a wild night,' she shuddered, as the wind rushed through the open doorway.

Peter Barnes made no reply, but fastened the strong plank door, raked the coals and piled on more logs, and then threw himself on his cot and was soon asleep, or seemed so to be to the woman who did not sleep.

The man's strange conduct had filled her with alarm, and the fierce storm added to her fears and increased her suspicions. She watched the blazing fire and listened to the howling winds and the loud roar of the waves; and not many hours passed before a crash and cries that were not of the storm broke upon her ears.

She roused the sleeping man and unbarred the plank door. As she peered out into the fierce blinding storm the red light flamed suddenly up, and then went out. As instantly as it faded she divined its reason, and needed not the further evidence of the man who roughly pushed her aside and closed the door again, but not without first glancing over at the tall fir-trees, and listening to the cries that rose above the uproar on the shore below.

To none of her entreaties would he yield, and not until morning would he rise again from his cot, or suffer her to unbar the door. But when the sun was high, he roused himself, and bidding her put on some thick clothing and follow him, he started through the drifted snow down the narrow pathway to the foot of the bluff.

What they found there need scarcely be told. The wreck was complete. Upon the ledge was the hull of a vessel, fast breaking up, her masts and rigging among the ragged rocks, and much of the cargo on the beach. Cased in ice, and above high-water mark, were the bodies of five men; all had reached the land in safety, and perished for want of the shelter the plank house could have afforded.

The vessel's cargo consisted largely of produce and provisions, and to secure what had come ashore before the next flood tide occupied the two weary hours. Provisions were no longer scanty in the little plank house.

The next day the bodies were stripped by thawing the clothes with hot water. They were then laid within a gulch near the outer end of the ledge, at low water mark, and covered thick with beach-stones and sand, the slow-moving waves of the spent storm murmuring a fitting requiem.

The fate of the missing vessel was not known till spring, when a party of fishermen found on the beach near the ledge a portion of wreck containing the name 'Saucy Nancy.'

Peter Barnes was questioned, and he stated that the vessel was driven on the ledge in the night in a great storm, that he had tried in vain to save the crew, that the vessel had broken up during the storm and that most of her cargo was sunk at the end of the ledge.

Official inquiry established only the fact of the shipwreck and the death of the whole crew; and justice could do no more than fasten suspicion upon Peter Barnes.

As the years passed, settlers from the valley and fishermen from up the coast moved to the place, and a village grew up under the shadow of the wooded mountain. The place was known as Peter's Point, in recognition of its first inhabitant who still lived in the plank house.

That he profited by the terrible shipwreck the people knew, but none of the villagers entered the plank house, and neither Peter nor the woman crossed the threshold of another's door.

It was now 1813, and the day before Christmas again. For some time there had been a road over the mountain to the valley, and Peter had been for several years availing himself of this road to get supplies from the stores at the settlements, with money he certainly did not get from anything he sold or did, but always had when he wanted to buy.

The road was for the most part through an unbroken wilderness, a distance of about sixteen miles going and coming. These journeys were always commenced at a time of day that made it necessary he should return after dark. An old leather bag that looked as if made out of a knapsack served to hold his supplies, which consisted always of rum, tea and tobacco.

On this day, Peter had been to the stores in the valley, as usual, on foot and alone. Late in the afternoon he set out for home, and by dark began to climb the mountain.

It had just begun to snow in the valley, but for several hours the storm had been fierce on the mountain and over the Bay, and when he reached the top he met a gale of wind and deep snow as trackless as a desert. But Peter was a strong man, and he pushed on, facing the fierce wind, making slow but steady progress, and by midnight began to descend to the village.

Not a light showed in any of the houses. The snow grew deeper as he neared the Bay; the storm of '93' was repeating itself, and the wind blew furiously. Anxiously he watched for the light from his window. But he did not know that, as on that other Christmas eve, there was a great bank of snow against the window, and that, too, all unknown to the woman inside the cabin.

Neither did he know that an hour before one of the fishermen had gone on an errand of mercy to the house of a poor widow a few hundred yards up the shore, and, for a guide on his return, had placed a lantern in a recess of the cliff at the end of the bluff.

Suddenly in a lull of the storm the light from this lantern gleamed out. It was not in the direction of the hut, but the air was thick with snow and he knew there was not another house on the bluff; so he gathered his exhausted strength and pushed on toward it. The wind had blown the snow so compactly that it projected over the cliff and hid the ragged rim. The whiteness beyond seemed as solid as that beneath his feet, and spread wide and far away, as thick in the air as on the ground. On he went—on—nearer and over! With the roar of the breakers mingled a wild cry of horror and despair, and a dull heavy thud; and on the black rocks below the bluff, the icing spray of the dashing waves fell upon the body of the man who twenty years before had lured his victims by a light set in the same rocky crevice.

On the soaking sand just above the jagged ledge the villagers found him Christmas morning, cased in ice, as he had found the bodies of his victims on that other Christmas day.

Retribution!

The woman lived but a few weeks, refusing all companionship, and remaining in the little house. When death seemed near she told to the kind-hearted women who attended her the story of the shipwreck. Then fixing her gaze upon the blazing logs in the stone fireplace, she commenced to tell of herself beginning with girlhood which was bright and promising; but the eyes had a far-away look, a smile came over the cold face and the lips ceased to move. The listeners bent with eager ears, but the tale was not to be told; with that girlhood vision the spirit fled.

It is Peter's Point no longer. Years ago the name of the village was changed and called Margaretville, in honor of the wife of Judge Haliburton, who had a summer residence there. The Black Ledge has been converted into a breakwater, and a long wharf extends to its end, where there is a light-house. Of the plank hut there is left only the site. Two of the fir-trees are still standing on the bluff, but the name of Peter Barnes is fading out of the memory of men.

GRACE DEAN MCLEOD.

Ingenious Modes for Checking Fires.

An old story is being resurrected against a usually quiet, but somewhat excitable resident of the suburbs. It is alleged that the gentleman in question discovered that a fire had been started in the attic of his house through the heat of one of the chimneys. With rare presence of mind he rushed downstairs and seized a milk pitcher from the kitchen table, rushed out to the cistern, threw the milk out of the pitcher, pumped some water into it and rushed upstairs, only to find that his wife had seized a large pitcher of water from one of the bedrooms in the upper story and extinguished the incipient conflagration. As there were four large ewers of water in the upper stories the progress of mental reasoning which had induced the excited resident to make such a furious onslaught on the milk pitcher would be extremely interesting to trace, if such a thing were possible. He should have had the presence of mind possessed by another property owner, who discovered that a spark from a neighboring conflagration had lighted upon the slightly slanting roof of his house, and had set fire to the shingles. All the buckets and tubs and pitchers had gone for use in the big fire, and there was not one to bring them back. But the owner of the house, even in that moment of peril, kept cool-headed. He rushed to the pond, which stood by the house, and deliberately sat down in the water. To race upstairs and out upon the roof was the work of a moment, and then he 'sat on' the fire in more senses than one. He saved the house.—*Boston Advertiser.*

CARING FOR MEN'S SHOES.—I have only one hobby, and that is shoes, or rather a peculiar fashion I have of wearing them. I used to think that a man got the best service out of a shoe by putting on the best pair a shoemaker could make him and wearing them constantly until the leather gave way somewhere, but I now think that is the most extravagant way of dressing the feet. I am never without two or three pair of shoes in good wearable condition. I never wear the same pair two days in succession, and at least once in a month I go over each pair with a brush dipped in vaseline. Thus, with three pairs of shoes I give each pair one day of work and two days of rest, and the leather has time to gain its elasticity and stretch out the wrinkles the foot has made. These wrinkles become breaks in the leather when the shoe is continuously worn. The vaseline is better than any oil for fine leather. I used to wear out four pairs of $8 shoes a year, one at a time. The same number now lasts me two years.—*A St. Louis Man in the Globe-Democrat.*

Practical Benefits of the Drama.

WILSON BARRETT DEFENDS THE STAGE AND ANALYZES ITS INFLUENCE.

Wilson Barrett lectured before the New York Academy of Anthropology at 9 University place yesterday on 'Acting and the Influence of the Drama.' He said that while actors had been described as people who painted their faces and pretended to be somebody else, it was true only in the sense that the sculptor hews out of stone or the painter puts on canvass the likeness of somebody else. He did not believe that persons without special dramatic talent could be trained into actors worthy of being called artists. Of two actors, he who had an emotional temperament would be the greater artist, for he could appreciate the feelings of the one whose character he assumed. He was quite sure the differences noted between the opinions of critics when dealing with a great actor were due to a difference in temperament in the writers.

Mr. Barrett said that a refined actor playing continuously before a low audience will become vulgar in spite of himself. On the other hand, actors are improved as the character of their audiences is improved, and he never met an actor who would not ten thousand times rather play up than play down.

'Let the religious people and the clergy,' said Mr. Barret, 'make a practice of visiting the theatre, choosing with discrimination the plays they patronize, and they will find little or nothing to which they can take any possible objection, and much that would amuse, edify, and instruct them. It is the veriest folly to argue, as some bigoted people do, that the theatre is an evil and not necessary.'

Mr. Barrett said that Americans appreciated the benefits of wholesome amusements on the masses of the people more than do the English, and he quoted Mr. Pullman who has spoken of the good effects of his theatre on his employees.

In historical plays, if well mounted, the audience get a lesson in the architecture, costumes, and customs of another age. In any well-acted play they get lessons in elocution, pronunciation, and modulation of the voice, and by a study of the scenery they receive a lesson in art. If reading Shakespeare's plays is good as a literary exercise, to see one of them on the stage is much better, for then 'ear, eye, heart, and brain are all appealed to at once.'

After the lecture the audience crowded about the platform to congratulate the speaker.

The Ocean Fog.

IN IT LIES THE GREATEST DANGER TO OCEAN NAVIGATION.

The source of the greatest peril to all ships crossing the Atlantic, and that most dreaded by all commanders, is fog, writes Captain Kennedy in North American *Review.* The speed and size of the large steamers in the hands of competent and vigilant men are conducive in many instances to their safety; and were it not for this *bete noire* of the sea, ocean travellers would have little to fear.

The importance of a code of marine signals, simple in its arrangement for use in foggy weather, cannot be too strongly advocated. A commander standing upon the bridge, his ship enveloped in a dense mass of impenetrable vapor, has but his sense of hearing to depend upon, and can be guided only by that. He stands at his post, every nerve drawn to its highest tension, listening for sounds that for hours do not reach him. At last from a distance a faint whistle is borne on the air, and he is then instantly on the alert.

He strains his ear to locate the sound, for the fog is so dense that he cannot see twenty yards away. Is she a slower steamship than his own that he is overtaking, or is it one that he is meeting? There is nothing in that one blast to give him any information, and he can only wait and listen. He sounds his steamer's whistle once or twice, according as he ports or starboards his helm, and awaits the answering signal. Nothing reaches his ear but the one blast at short intervals. He can only rely on his judgment, and, reducing the speed, keep on the course he has selected.

The sound becomes clearer. The unknown ship is approaching, and he realizes that she is drawing nearer and nearer; so near that his heart is beating rapidly, and he almost holds his breath in the intensity of his anxiety. A dark, shadowy form passes so closely to him that for a moment his blood runs cold, and every pulsation ceases; but the danger is over. She has disappeared in the fog, and he can breathe again, for his ship and all on board are safe.

This is but one of the thousands of hair-breadth escapes that have occurred on the ocean which have never been recorded and which will never be known.

WHEN PAIN IS IMAGINARY.—'The fact that one-half of pain is imaginary,' said an uptown dentist yesterday, 'is shown by the manner in which many persons will stand most painful operations on some occasions, while on others they will be all nerves. I do not refer to the matter of health, which, of course, affects the ability to control one's self when under severe pain, but to the particular circumstances under which pain is inflicted at times in a dentist's chair. The sight of instruments will often make a timid person nervous, when he controls himself perfectly while being operated on.

'A very terrible thing to many people who have occasion to visit a dental office is the dental engine used in excavating teeth in preparing them for the fillings. As a matter of fact the engine greatly lessens the pain, both by shortening the time required for doing the work, and from the fact it is a less painful mode of accomplishing the desired result. Yet, until the person becomes accustomed to its use, he is made very nervous by the noise and motion of the machine, while he is quiet under the pain inflicted with the old time instruments, which do not appear so terrible.'—*New York Star.*

The Lanes and Streets

Of a city are like the veins and arteries of the body; if foul or impure, disease results. Cleanse the blood from the foul humors by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the best blood medicine ever devised to cure all blood disorders from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire 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. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grow to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

A Doctor's Painful Death.

RECENT SAD OCCURENCE IN A HOSPITAL IN VIENNA.

'A most distressing case has,' writes the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily News*, 'caused a wing of the general hospital to be closed for a time, and the nurses to be kept out of contact with any one not belonging to the hospital. In the month of August a man was brought to the hospital suffering from a terrible disease called glanders which he had taken from a horse similarly afflicted. He soon died, and a military surgeon, Dr. Rowlask, who has spent many years examining bacillæ of all kinds, undertook to subject the dead body to a close examination. This was in itself a most dangerous piece of work.

By the aid of a microscope he soon succeeded in finding the bacillus, which he reared, to watch the manner of its growth and vitality. An ambitious young physician, Dr. Hoffman, expressed his doubts as to whether the bacillus reared artificially had still in it the power of infection. Dr. Rowlaski, gave him one of his families, and Dr. Hoffman saw that the poison still had its most deadly power. All the animals he injected with it died of the horrible malady. At the beginning of October Dr. Hoffman caught cold and felt acute pains in his side. The pain increased, and Dr. Hoffman tried to cure it by injecting morphia. He did it with the syringe which he had used for injecting the glanders poison into the doomed animals.

'Although it had been disinfected in glowing heat, some particles of the poison must have still been in it, for Dr. Hoffman grew worse every day, and last Monday his friends took him to the hospital. His colleagues were horrified when they saw him—the whole body being covered by terrible ulcers, which, when they were examined, proved to be filled with the glanders poison. The case touches the whole medical profession to the heart; 200 doctors are busying themselves with it, and all the great professors visit the patient several times a day. Until the 22nd Dr. Hoffman was in great pain, but he then happily lost all consciousness. He knew perfectly well what was the matter with him, and gave a cool account of what he had done, and what the consequences were likely to be. Later in the night Dr. Hoffman died without regaining consciousness."

HOW TO TELL GOOD OATS.—Good oats are clean, hard, dry, sweet, heavy, plump, full of flour, and rattle like shot. They have a clean and almost metallic lustre. Each oat in a well grown sample is nearly of the same size. There are but few small and imperfect grains. The hard pressure of the nail on an oat should leave little or no mark. The kernel when pressed between the teeth should clip rather than tear. The skin should be thin. The size of the kernel will be less in proportion than the skin is thick. The color of the oat is not very material, but white oats are generally thinner in the skin than black. Again, black oats will grow on inferior soils. Short, plump oats are preferable to large, long grains. Bearded oats must have an excess of husk. Oats are not necessarily bad because they are thin skinned or bearded; but they must contain a less amount of flour per bushel than thin skinned oats without beards.—*N. Y. Herald.*

AMBIGUOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.—A certain advertiser wanted "a young man to take care of horses of a Christian disposition;" a shop in a London street exhibited a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public;" on the door of an eating house in London may be read the following announcement, 'Sailors' vitals cooked here;" a boarding-house keeper announced that he had a 'cottage containing eight rooms and an acre of land;" a dealer in cheap shoes was equally ambiguous when he counseled 'Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long;" still another advertisement announces that 'This hotel will be kept open by the widow of the former landlord who died last summer on a new and improved plan,' and a manufacturing wire-worker invited the public to come and see his invisible fence.

Worn Out and Run Down.

By disease and debility the human system becomes worn out and run down before its time. Keep the head clear, the bowels regular, the blood pure, the kidneys and liver active by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's great tonic and regulator, and disease cannot exist.

—A celebrated European specialist for diseases of the throat, nose and ear asserts that tuberculosis is making alarming progress among cigar smokers. He does not attribute this to the use of tobacco, but to the manner in which cigars are manufactured. Rolling the tobacco leaf is a craft that requires neither strength nor intelligence, consequently in this branch of the operation it is usual to find male and female operatives who are weak and diseased, and who, in consequence of their infirmities, are economical employes. Most of these suffer from scrofula or tuberculosis. They cough and often give the finishing touch to a cigar with their lips.

—When the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or thin and impoverished, there can be no health. With these conditions, all the functions of the body are impaired, and the result is a variety of dangerous complications. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.