

A Bouquet of Violets.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

"I am truly sorry, Oliver, for I had quite set my heart upon you marrying Madeline; but I suppose it cannot be helped. And young people should please themselves. I only hope you have chosen wisely, and that Miss St. Hilda will make you a good wife."

"I have not yet asked her to marry me, father, for I want you to see her first. I hate to displease you by marrying against your wish; but I assure you that when once you have seen Aimee St. Hilda, you will love her almost as much as I do. I really am sorry, dad, that I cannot marry Madeline, the fact is we have been so much together we are more like brother and sister."

"Well, my boy it shall never be said that Harold Ingoldby stood in the way of his only son's happiness; whoever you marry shall have your old father's love."

"And I, in return, will never vex you by marrying a girl you dislike. But I am sure when once you have seen Miss St. Hilda all your doubts will vanish. She is a sweet, true girl, nothing vain and coquetish about her. She will make a loving daughter to you and a kind friend to Madeline. I am going to drive her to Rosedale tomorrow to call upon her aunt, Mrs. Barton, could we not call at the bank, too? I am anxious for you to see her. You have only to see her to love her dearly."

"Well, well, Oliver, as you wish, bring Miss Aimee, I trust for your sake I shall like her."

The old gentleman turned aside his head to hide the look of sorrow revealed on his benevolent face as he thought of Madeline Vernon, the little adopted daughter he had hoped to see his son's bride.

The Ingoldbys, father and son, wealthy Toronto bankers, were walking briskly for it was a cold March morning—the bank on Wellington street to the Union Station, the elder to take the cars.

As they neared the corner of Bay street, Oliver Ingoldby bethought himself of a particular message he had forgotten to bid the head clerk despatch to Montreal. Grasping his father's hand affectionately, and bidding him a hasty adieu, he hurried back to the bank.

The old gentleman looked proudly after the tall, manly form of his son, and gave another deep sigh as he again thought of Madeline—the little Scottish child, whom his beloved wife had adopted the year before her death fifteen years ago—now a lovely, dark-haired, brown-eyed lassie of eighteen summers, the pride of his heart and sunshine of his home.

After procuring his ticket for London, Mr Ingoldby took a seat in the car. Shaking the light snowflakes his coat, and turning down the high beaver collar, he drew from his capacious pocket the Morning Globe, and with his gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose, proceeded to read the latest suggestions made by the alderman in reference to the Queen's jubilee.

Some what interested in what he was perusing, he did not, at first, notice the approach of a tall, stily dressed girl, who took her seat directly in front of him. She was accompanied by two other young ladies evidently come to start her upon her journey.

In all probability Mr Ingoldby would never have given these three young ladies a thought had not their unceasing chatter disturbed him. He was preparing to betake himself away from their noise to a seat at the other end of the car where he could read in peace when the name of Aimee St. Hilda arrested him.

"Aimee St. Hilda," said one of the young ladies, "you are just the very luckiest girl in the city of Toronto! Why, I'd give one of my ears, and a diamond earring into the bargain, to be engaged to such a real handsome man as Oliver Ingoldby."

"Handsomeness indeed!" replied Miss St. Hilda, with a shrug of her sloping shoulders. "I don't call him at all handsome. He's dark, and I detest dark men. He is not half as good looking as Bernard Lascelles. You know whom I mean, girls; that adorable blonde fellow I told you I met at the Montreal Carnival and who has corresponded with me ever since. You see, my dear, Oliver has money and that's what I am going to marry. Bernard is just lovely, but alas! he is so poor he could not afford to keep me in gloves, and I don't believe in love in a cottage."

"But are you really engaged to Mr Ingoldby?" asked the third, a quieter looking girl who had scarcely spoken before.

"Well, really, Alice," said Miss Aimee testily, "since you wish facts I will give them to you. He has not asked me to marry him yet; but you bet it won't be long first. I've regularly hooked him, he's just dead in love with me. He said one day that he would never marry any but his father's wish; but that he would love me dearly. I have met the old gentleman. Both he

and Oliver are dead set against flirting, so I guess I had better take care what I am about for a time."

"O, my, yes, Aimee! I guess you'll have to behave a little differently until you have quite hooked him. We must be off. Come Alice, hurry up, dear. By-by, Aimee, ma cher, we'll meet the cars you return by tonight," and the two girls hastened on to the platform.

"What a blessing that I have overheard this conversation," thought Mr Ingoldby. "I trust I shall save Oliver now from his blind infatuation. But perhaps slang is the worst feature of the case, the girl may have some redeeming points. Why not try to make her acquaintance now, and give her a fair trial for Oliver's sake?"

Mr Ingoldby's kind heart was heavy as he again thought of his modest little rosebud, Madeline, whom he knew loved his son so truly.

"Ah! how will the blow strike her? Poor, poor little Madeline! And yet, for the lad's sake, I must be just."

He gave a groan of horror as he tried to think how he should best proceed.

At last nerving himself to the trying ordeal, he let his paper fall from before his face.

Immediately in front of him sat Miss Aimee St. Hilda, a remarkably handsome girl, enveloped in a long seal racoon. A heavy fringe of hair, profusely bleached and banded, rested upon her white forehead and surrounded a jaunty little seal jockey cap, ornamented with humming birds.

"Humph!" thought the old gentleman, "she would be very pretty if she had not such a bold look and if she would wash the paint off her cheeks. Upon my word, girls had more sense when I was young."

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A Pretty Story.

There was once a tailor who had a beautiful daughter. All the young men from far and near came to visit her because of her beauty. Two rivals sought her one day and said, "It is on your account that we have come hither."

"What do you want of me?" she replied, smiling. "We love you," returned the young men, "and each of us wishes to marry you."

The maiden being well brought up, called her father, who listened to the two lovers, and then said, "It is late; go home now, but come again tomorrow, and you shall then know which of you may have my daughter."

At daybreak the next morning the two young men returned. "Here we are," cried the tailor; "remember what you promised yesterday."

"Wait a minute," he replied. "I am going to town to buy a piece of cloth. When I return home with it, you shall learn what I expect from you."

When the tailor returned from town he called his daughter, and on her appearance he said to the young men, "My children, there are two of you and I have but one daughter. To whom shall I give her? Whom must I refuse? Behold this piece of cloth; I will cut from it two suits of clothes exactly alike; each one of you must sew one of them; he who finishes his task first shall have my daughter."

Each of the rivals took his task, and prepared to set about it. The father called his daughter and said to her, "Here is the thread; make it ready for the two workers."

The maiden obeyed her father, and taking the bundle of thread, seated herself near the young men.

But she was as clever as she was beautiful. Though her father did not know which of the two she loved best, the young men themselves, she knew well enough. The tailor went away, the maiden prepared, the young men took their needles and began to sew. To the one she loved the beauty gave short needles, but to the other she gave long needles. They sewed and sewed in eager haste. At eleven o'clock the work was not half done, but at three o'clock the young man who had short needles had completed his task, while the other had yet much to do.

When the tailor returned, the conqueror brought to him the completed suit, while the rival still sat sewing.

"My children," said the tailor, "I do not wish to favor one more than another; that was why I divided the cloth into two equal parts and told you, 'He who finishes his task first shall have my daughter.' Did you understand me?"

"Father," replied the two young men, "we understood you, and accepted the test; what must be, must."

The tailor had reasoned thus: "He who finishes first will be the more skillful workman, and consequently better able to support a wife," but he never imagined that his daughter would give long needles to a man she did not wish to marry. Cleverness carried the day, and the maiden really chose her own husband.

Late that evening upon his return from London, the good old gentleman's blushes almost dyed his white whiskers, when, seated by the cheerful fire in the coey drawing-room of his home, at the present, he related to Oliver his morning adventure and showed him the bunch of violets which still adorned his coat.

Oliver laughed immoderately at the old banker's comical account for, of course he had not heard the lady's name, and indeed did not suppose that his father knew it.

The following afternoon as Mr Ingoldby sat in his private office at the bank on Wellington street, awaiting the arrival of his son and Miss St. Hilda, he took from a glass of water on his desk the bouquet of violets and carefully placed them in his coat. No sooner had he done so than Oliver Ingoldby entered.

"Father, this is Miss St. Hilda whom I have so often spoken of. I trust you will welcome her. Why, Aimee, what is the matter?"

Miss St. Hilda's face—as much of it as was untouched by art—paled very white as she recognized Mr Ingoldby, and as he replied, "Oliver, this cannot be the sweet, true, womanly girl whom you spoke about to me, for this—is this the identical young lady I met on the cars, who gave me this bunch of flowers, after slantly talking of the rich young man, whom she did not love, but had 'hooked' and intended to marry. Although I did not tell you before, his name, she said, was Oliver Ingoldby."

Well, Oliver is to marry Madeline in the fall, and I can safely assert that they will be one of the happiest and most devoted couples in Toronto.

Miss Aimee St. Hilda will never forget or forgive her elderly admirer, to whom, during their interesting flirtation, she presented a bouquet of violets that March morning on the cars.

No leader has yet been appointed in the Senate.

Don't Judge from Appearance.

People sometimes make great blunders in judging of one's refinement and social position by his dress.

Years ago a famous lawyer and was came to Boston in a suit of homespun. At the public house some of the fashionable guests undertook to quiz him.

As he entered the parlor of the house he found that several ladies and two or three gentlemen were assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them, "Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun!"

Whitman stared at the company, and then sat down. "Say, my friend, you are from the country?" remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Yes," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face. The ladies tittered. "What do you think of our city?"

"It's a pretty thick-settled place, any how. It's got a swammy' sight of houses in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Yes, I should reckon so."

"Many people where you came from?"

"Well, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Yes, a fair sprinkling."

"And I don't doubt you are quite a beau among them?"

"Yes, I beatus them home—'twas meetin' an' singin' school."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank; don't keef I do."

The wine was brought. "You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git out! I eats toast—never heerd of sich a thing as drinkin' it, but I kin give ya a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly, in tones ornate and dignified, as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, and with every other blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistook me, from my dress, for a booby, while I, from superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered, and enquired for Mr Whitman.

"Ah, here I am, Governor. Glad to see you!" Then turning to the doubt-founded company, "I wish you a very good evening."

And he left them feeling about as small and cheap as it is possible for full grown people to feel.

Useful to Know.

Mrs John Suddell, of Orton, Ont., was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronchial pipes and tightness of the chest. She was cured by the internal and external use of Hayward's Yellow Oil. This remedy cures rheumatism, neuralgia, inflammation, congestion, and all external and internal pains.

How to Clean Dresses.

Get five cents' worth of soap-bark from the druggists (about a teaspoonful). For one dress, take half of it and steep in about one quart of boiling water for about half an hour or more; then strain through a cloth.

For a silk-dress, while the liquid is warm, take a piece of white flannel and dip into it intervals, and rub the silk and satin with it till it seems cleaned. When done, pull the material straight and hang it to dry; do not iron either the silk or satin. If the dress is very much soiled use clean liquor to rinse it, but do not use clear water for silk, or it will not stiffen up well.

For a woolen dress, dip the part to be cleaned, of the whole of it, if needed, into the liquor. This can be rinsed in the same after washing, or in clear, warm water. If very dirty, put the dress in a tub in the liquor, with more water added, before cleaning or washing. The woolen goods should be pressed before they are quite dry.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled will cleanse delicate-colored woolen or worsted goods. The dress should be wet all over. Use no soap. Rinse in clear, warm water. Press while quite damp. This will not injure the most delicate colors.

The liquor in which soap-bark has been steeped, when used cold, is excellent for washing blue laws that are easily faded. It should be washed with more water than is used for woolens.—Farm and Garden.

Liable to Happen.

Sudden attacks of colds, sore throat, croup, swollen glands, rheumatism, neuralgia, and similar troubles, are very liable during the winter and early spring. As a prompt remedy there can nothing excel Yellow Oil. "I never feel safe to be without it," says Mrs Henry Dobbs, of Berridale, Ont.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing Pimples, Blisters, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at G. Rhynas' drug store for 25c per box.

Household Hints.

Topid milk and water clean oilcloth without soap.

Save your old tea; it is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

If you scorch clothes in ironing, place in the sun to draw the marks out.

Use white oilcloth back of the kitchen table and sink, and under hobs that hold tinware.

Bran or oatmeal water should be used when bathing children suffering with scalded fever.

If when stacking the stove a small lump of sugar and some soap be added it will improve it very much.

Put a piece of charcoal in a pot with boiling cabbage, to prevent it filling the house with the smell.

The most effectual remedy for alimy and greasy drainpipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.

Two apples kept in a cake box will keep moderately fresh cakes moist for a great length of time, if the apples are renewed when withered.

Never put a good knife into hot grease, as it destroys its sharpness. Have always at hand a kitchen-fork for turning meat or frying potatoes.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Put into a saucepan a piece of butter the size of a walnut; when it is very hot put three onions sliced and a half-dozen celery leaves; stir until they reddish, then add a half-teaspoonful of flour and when this is red, (take great care that it does not burn), pour in one pint of boiling water, stirring slowly all the while, then add one quart of cold water. Season with salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

Nothing is better for a sore throat than a gargle of salt and water. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed every time it is used, it will cleanse the throat and allay irritation. Salt, also used in doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint of tepid water, is an emetic always on hand. This is also the antidote to be used after poisoning from nitrate of silver, while waiting for the doctor to come.

Lemons may often be used as a good household medicine. They are undoubtedly very excellent for biliousness. Lemons, however, should not be taken in their pure state, as their acidity will injure the teeth and the lining of the stomach. The proper way is to take the juice of one lemon in a cup of water, without sugar. The best time to take such a drink is before breakfast or just before retiring. Lemonade is an excellent drink in summer, and can be used with benefit by every one.

Here is an excellent recipe for chicken croquettes, which are so popular now and so frequently served with salads at evening parties: Boil two medium sized chickens until they are very tender, chop them fine, add one pint of cream, almost half a pound of butter, with a liberal allowance of salt and pepper. The easiest way to shape these is to press some of the mixture firmly into small moulds, or shallow cups will do; fry them in hot lard until they are brown; some cooks prefer salad oil to butter, but clarified butter gives a much more agreeable flavor and a better color.

Sudden Disappearance.

"My face was covered with sores, arising from bad blood. By the use of three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured." R. E. Sinclair, of Port Burwell, Ont.

Mrs Langtry's Eyes.

So Mrs Lily Langtry's eyes are bad, are they? What a pity for those beautiful eyes, as 'beautiful as a cow's,' as some one said once, with more real truth and forcefulness of expression than is apparent on first hearing the phrase. And it is strange nobody knew the Lily's vision was impaired until a Montreal manager, sued her a few days ago, for breach of contract, and she told in excuse that her eyes were very delicate, and that she could not play at Montreal because she is under the care of a distinguished New York oculist.

The fair lady was at the hotel at the Eden Musee last Thursday, and her eyes seemed as big and bright and limpid as always. She wore the new shade heliotrope, and her costume had long, pointed skirt draperies, with wide pleats handsomely braided in the same shade and gold. The bonnet had a braided crown, with large ribbon loops of two shades in the front and white spray, the front a coronet-shaped rim bound with velvet, a slash on the left side and horns between. Even the shades of the bonnet, being braided on one side to match the shade of the dress. She looked charming, as always, and undoubtedly she was the handsomest woman in the hall. Her eyesight doesn't seem to affect her here in New York. In the past, the Lily of Jersey has always been able to recognize a good thing whenever she saw it.

"Some said, 'John, prithee, others said, 'Not some.' 'T might do good,' others said, 'No.'"

If the discoverer of Dr Saxe's Catarrh Remedy had shared the senseless prejudice of a certain class of physicians he would have refused to print the good news to proclaim to the world the glorious tidings that an infallible remedy for that most loathsome disease, catarrh, had been discovered. But he advertised liberally and the result has justified him in the course he pursued. Dr Saxe's Catarrh Remedy never fails. Sold by all druggists.

More Remarkable Still.

Found at last, what the true public has been looking for these many years and that is a medicine which although but lately introduced, has made for itself a reputation second to none, the medicine is Johnson's Tonic Bitters which in conjunction with Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills has performed some most wonderful cures impure or impoverished blood soon becomes purified and enriched. Biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, liver complaint, languor, weakness, etc., soon disappear when treated by these excellent Tonic Bitters. For sale by Good, druggists, All-Block, G-dertich, sole agent.

"For two years I was unable to work, being troubled with dyspepsia. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters relieved me; three bottles cured me as well as ever." John A. Rappell, of Farmersville, Leeds Co., Ont.

Another! If your daughters are in ill health, or troubled with a pale skin that seems insupportable, or if they suffer general debility, nervousness, languor, weakness, or loss of appetite, procure at once a bottle of Johnson's Tonic Bitters and you will not regret what the outlay. The Tonic and generally strengthening effect of this medicine is truly marvellous. 50 cts and \$1 per bottle, at Good's drug store, All-Block, G-dertich, sole agent.

Speaker Outmet will command the Wimbldon team.

Sore Eyes.

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely cured.

Cured.

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

By Taking three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evansville, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Wirt's Fountain Pen. Write Thin and Thick Letters, as with a dip pen nib. EVERY PEN GUARANTEED. Price, - \$3.00. THOS. McGILLICUDDY Agent.

THE CELEBRATED DR. CHASE'S MANDRAKE OVER CURE. HAVE YOU Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Constipation, or any disease arising from a deranged liver? Dr. Chase's Mandrake will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY. The unequalled success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulator, Mandrake and Dandelion, combined with many other invaluable roots, herbs and berries, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Book were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE. Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (24 pages), containing over 500 useful recipes pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine. TRY CHASE'S MANDRAKE OVER CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 75 cents. TRY CHASE'S MANDRAKE OVER CURE, 25 cts. per box. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS. Sole Agents, G-dertich.

Don't Speculate. No risk in buying medicine, but great Kidney and Liver troubles cured by Dr. Chase's Liver Pills. Try Chase's Liver Pills at all druggists. Sole agent York, McGILLICUDDY.

REMARKABLE PER.—Fifteen Wirt in pens have been in use in the above year is ended there to no person suffering from Rheu, Neuralgia, Toothache, Head-ache, or any acute pain, if only purchase a bottle of Fluid, nink, as it cures instantly. Pain-ful, the sore caused by the name id Lightning. Sold by G Rhynas, at.

IES ARE MENDING.—Many ships now with teetotal crews, from the cap- to the cabin-boy. In the Royal there are now thousands of abso- lute teetotalers. Indeed there is a ship flying the Queen's colors, which does not have a drop of alcohol on board. Some of the men and lad who signed the pledge.—F. Sheridan in the Words.

For Toilet Use. Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft, lustrous, and free from dandruff, and cures itching, eczematous, and other scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly hair preparation.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has given me the perfect satisfaction. I was bald for six years, during which I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thin and falling out. I used two bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and my hair is now growing with a new growth of hair, and is as thick as ever.

UR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. My hair was thin, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped falling, and restored my hair to its natural color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Y. N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

GOR, youth, and beauty, in the hair, is the greatest of the hair, may be reserved for an indefinite period by use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. A disease of the hair, which is now so common, and which is cured, and is free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. S. Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Sold by Druggists and Purveyors.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily seen in Ayer's Pills at the head of the list popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

have been a great sufferer from headache, and my wife's Catarrh Pills the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills relieved my headache, and my wife's head from pain.—William L. Page, London, Va.

Ayer's Pills, Sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

JACKSON'S YELLOW OIL. CURES RHEUMATISM.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own power. In a safe, sure, and efficient way to destroy worms in Children or Adults.

ANCHOR LINE. ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE. VIA QUEBEC. S