

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will,"

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

The Best. The Rest. Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: **The best—and the rest.** The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.