

The Price of a New Dress.

BY BLANCH MYRTLE.

"I don't ask for much," said Marian Watkins, in a voice that showed wounded feelings rather than anger, "but I do think I might have a new dress, mother. I have worked like a hired servant all the winter and spring, and by the looks of things I'm expected to keep it up for the rest of the year. I have earned the price of one many times over, and I am in need of one. If Mr Gault was poor and couldn't afford to pay for help I wouldn't complain; but you know it is for you that I work and slave, mother, and I must say it again, I think I have a right to ask for a new dress."

"He's not my father!" exclaimed the girl, with an angry flash of the usually soft dark eyes. "I thank Heaven for it. But I'm going to have a new dress, mother, for the Sunday-school picnic, and perhaps it will cost Mr Gault more than if he gave me the money for it."

"Already sorry that she had vexed her mother to no purpose, Marian caught up her sun-bonnet and went out into the garden, lest she might be led into saying something more than she would soon regret."

"She knew that her mother had married Silas Gault merely to get a home for herself and her child,--his object being to get a housekeeper without wages. And so thoroughly was she forced to keep her part of the bargain that she was an old woman before she had reached middle age."

But Marian was young and strong, and devotedly attached to her mother, and she bravely took her work on her willing shoulders; but when Mr Gault thought to have two faithful workers instead of one he was ready by a few quiet words from his step-daughter."

"No, Mr Gault; I do my mother's work that she may rest, but if you are going to pile a double load on her you may hire some one to take my place. I have seen her work and looked long enough. Yesterday she fainted from weakness and overwork. From this hour I do her work--all of it, but she does nothing. If that doesn't suit you, say so. I can hire out and have an easier and pleasanter time, with wages enough to make my mother in comfort, and that's what I'm going to do if you don't like my terms."

In vain Farmer Gault raged and stormed and declared he would be master in his own house. Marian said nothing, kept steadily at work and looked after her mother's comfort. But there was a calm determination in her dark eyes and a firm expression about her curved lips that wore out her stepfather's useless threats and anger."

Altogether she had passed, and Marian's patience and perseverance had stood many a hard test. But what girl of twenty feels not now and then a desire for a new dress? However indifferent she may be to outward appearances, a time will come when a new dress becomes all at once a vital necessity."

The new minister--the Reverend Roger Harwood--had consulted her about the customary picnic for the Sunday-school children, and as one of the principal teachers, Marian felt that she should present a becoming and satisfactory appearance. The new minister was young and handsome, and he had complimented Marian on her particular class, and Marian felt a sudden elation, a glow about her heart, and a thrill of pleasure which she had never before experienced, and as she walked home expending her thoughts on herself the Reverend Mr Harwood's pleasant words, and hearing again the sound of his pleasant voice, she became suddenly aware that her dress was not so comfortable, and that her shabby, her worn, threadbare, and her boots worn and broken."

A pang of mortification succeeded her various agreeable sensations, and the rest of the walk home was spent in the art to devise some means by which she might avoid the exception of fault of her dress might be fixed."

thought that she would, as usual, be ahead of everybody in the neighborhood with garden produce.

"And how long, they will bear?" she said, aloud; "why, there will be bushels of them! And mother cares nothing about them. I don't know why I take all this trouble that old Gault may have green peas before any one else. I know what I'll do; yes, I will. Between the peas and the strawberries I can get five dollars. I'll do it."

The question was solved. Already Marian saw the way opening, at the end of which hung the pretty dress she had set her heart on. The last time she had been in the village, the organist, a pale lavender ground with a purple spiral on it; a dress which only one other girl in Hamorton could hope to wear with becoming effect."

"That very evening Marian walked into the village, and pricing the maulin, found that she could buy it, together with two or three yards of ribbon for bows, all within the triangle offered by the magic V of the five dollar bill, of whose possession she already felt sure; for Friggs, the green-grocer, had promised her fifty cents a peck for green peas, and twenty cents a quart for early strawberries."

"How soon will your green peas be ready, Marian?" asked Farmer Gault about a month later. "Aren't you behind time this year?" "About the Fourth of July next year," answered Marian, with a saucy toss of the head. "I have already sold this year's crop."

"And where's my money?" exclaimed the angry farmer, gazing at her. "I'll measure the weight," called a customer to tell that, Mr Gault, returned Marian, "but I know where mine is, and I shall take good care of it too; and without waiting for the threatening storm to fall upon her, Marian escaped to her own room as fast as her feet would carry her."

"Don't sold the girl!" exclaimed Mrs Gault, with unexpected spirit. "Both the peas and strawberries belong to Marian. She planted and tended them without so much as 'thank you' for either. I'll measure the weight," called a customer to tell that, Mr Gault, returned Marian, "but I know where mine is, and I shall take good care of it too; and without waiting for the threatening storm to fall upon her, Marian escaped to her own room as fast as her feet would carry her."

"Dress--dress--dress!" exclaimed Gault's wife. "Does a woman ever think of anything else, I wonder! Not one of you can feel a dollar without the wish to throw it away for a belt, a bustle or a bonnet."

Mrs Gault thought of many a well-dressed woman, but she prudently said nothing, and even Silas Gault couldn't keep up a quarrel with no one to quarrel with. Marian walked over to the village in the evening, intending to return with the lot steadily at work and looked after her mother's comfort. But there was a calm determination in her dark eyes and a firm expression about her curved lips that wore out her stepfather's useless threats and anger."

Just as she turned the corner leading into the main street she found herself face to face with Mr Harwood, and she stopped to speak with her, as he always did at all times when he met her. And in the course of their brief talk he mentioned a case of great suffering and sorrow in the house he had just left."

"The poor woman alone in a strange country, without money and without friends, and I fear her child will die before morning. Dr Forbes has done what he could, but he fears that help has come too late--I feel positively guilty that I had not sooner heard of the circumstances."

"Oh, Mr Harwood, indeed you can have nothing to reproach yourself with,--no one has ever done so much for our poor people as you have done ever since you came among us. And this is not one of our poor for you say she is an Englishwoman who has managed to get over here. Probably one of the 'assisted emigrants' they complain of as going without permission to Canada. It is really shameful, when we have so many wretched, unhappy ones of our own."

"She is one of God's poor, wherever she comes from, my dear Miss Watkins," Mr Harwood interrupted, gently; and Marian stopped abruptly and exclaimed: "I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr Harwood," she said. "You are always right, but don't let me detain you. Good-night; and she turned from him. Marian went directly towards the miserably-looking house whence she had seen Mr Harwood issue a few minutes before, and over and over again the text of last Sunday's sermon kept repeating itself in her mind."

"As much as you have done it into one of the least dear my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The poor woman's child was ill, indeed, and its mother worn out. Marian felt that the doctor had done whatever he could do, and Mr Harwood had provided both food and medicine, but her quick, feminine eyes had detected a want that neither of them had seen. In fact, where all was want it was difficult to choose what seemed most needed; but first Marian took possession of the child, while the weary mother rested her aching head; the strong young girl washed the child, changed its garments, fed it, and hushed it to sleep in her arms. She then hastened on to the village, but she didn't pause even to look at the pretty organist; her swift footsteps visited the grocer, the druggist and a little store devoted to ready-made clothing for children, and finally she dispatched a messenger to tell her mother not to be alarmed if she failed to return home till morning, with the request that she should send back by the messenger milk, butter and eggs."

On the next day the little child was better, and the doctor told Marian that there was now fair chance for its recovery. The cheering words elated the young girl, and she presently met Emily Sparks and saw that she had just purchased the lovely organdie muslin, with several yards of ribbon to match, she well it is useless to deny that she felt a sharp pang of regret for a moment, but in the next she said bravely: "O, it will be so becoming to you, Emily. You and I have the same complexion, and I don't want that dress for myself--but no matter."

And, after all, Marian had no new dress for the Sunday-school picnic. But her old white muslin was so beautifully ironed, and her mother had darned the rents so carefully, and goodness and sweetness did so to help her like a garment, that the Rev Mr Harwood thought, that the Rev Mr Harwood thought,

her the loveliest girl he had ever seen, and scarcely one looked as pretty Emily Sparks in her beautiful new organdie, which fitted like a glove, and was the admiration of everybody at the picnic."

But, alas! Emily had dressed for the express purpose of charming the eye of Mr Harwood, and the admiration of all the rest of the world was but vanity and vexation of spirit. When she returned home in the moonlight Marian was holding her engaged hand in his, and she had already taken the measure of her ring finger."

"She wasn't afraid of it that poor mother will miss me so much," faltered Marian, as he urged her to name a very early day for the wedding, "and I really don't know how she will get on without me."

"She won't be asked to my darling; I am not going to take her daughter from her--no, no! I shall give her a son at well as a daughter. Your mother shall be my mother, dearest, and if that unkind man attempts to bully or ill-treat her in any way, her home is always ready for her in our house as in our hearts."

"O, Roger, dear, how good you are!" and Marian lifted a sweet, happy face, over which another bent in a good-night kiss. And Silas Gault soon realized that he had lost more than the price of a new dress."

Young, old, and middle aged, all experience the wonderfully beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children, suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald head, or with any scrofulous taint, can become healthy and strong by the use of this medicine. Six bottles, \$5.

THE BOSS.

A Picture that is Familiar to Many.

From the Toronto World. How much have we not read and heard of the wrongs and rights of labor, of the blessed monopolist, the grinding capitalist! But who ever put in a word for the poor "boss"? By the boss we mean the peculiar product of our humanity, the man who gets it into his head that he must serve his fellows by finding wages for a portion of them, and some else and a cent to her to run an engaged in "hiring around" for business and money to pay wages, who has a penchant for being "kicked out" by bankers of whom he has asked accommodation, who loves to pay "shabby" three per cent a month for money to give his men, who often goes home on Saturday night without a cent in his pocket, having given up his last dollar to his employees, who for unaccountable reasons comes to be regarded by his men as the biggest enemy and who some day finds them jumping on him with all the weight and force that a trade organization can command, who, if he manages to own his own "home" has it covered with a big and beautiful mortgage, who often cannot sleep at night for the noise of them jumping on him to get through the next day, who has to take to the lanes to avoid creditors, who becomes an expert liar by breaking promises that he can never carry out, whose wife is constantly upbraiding him with giving every dollar he earns to her, who is daily, almost hourly, importuned to bestow something on this or that project, who, in short, is so worried by circumstances that he does not know half the time whether he is standing on his head or heels, who never, nevertheless, lives in the glorious hope that "some day soon" he may be able to walk the earth in a straight line and with level foot, plucking the fruits as he goes in a land and in a day when the sun will shine, the grapes be ripe, and the little brood of children be grown up, and oh! and alas! the day never comes, and some rainy afternoon the sheriff or the undertaker, eventually the latter, has him and he forms the one indispensable to a funeral procession, and goes rumbling along to the graveyard, causing him the important workman, the pursuing creditor or the hand-rubbing money-lender. He thinks not of his wife or child, nor of his chimney at home with the up-curling smoke, but the blessed rest is his and he has earned it, and though he takes it not it is for the full enjoyment thereof that Providence was preparing him by inspiring him with the ambition to be a Boss.

And of all the men on this earth who are bosses, whether great or small, such is the lot of 97 out of every hundred; three may develop into "capitalists" or "monopolists," but all the rest are doomed to be the Slave of Others and the Child of Unlucky Circumstances. MORAL--Don't be a Boss.

A Confirmed Granbler is generally so because of confirmed dyspepsia or indigestion, caused by eating rapidly, bolting food without chewing it sufficiently, overloading the stomach, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia and all kindred diseases. 2

The Way of Successful Men. John Wanamaker, the great clothing merchant prince of Philadelphia, one of the most successful and prosperous business men in the world, who has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising, says:--"To discontinue an advertisement is like taking down your sign. If you want to do business, you must let the people know it. Standing advertisements, when changed frequently, are better than cheaper than reading notices. They look more substantial and business-like, and inspire more confidence. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising." Cashier Hanel, of San Antonio, Texas, says the same of banking and the benefits of advertising.

We Never Scolded Against "No 'hardly ever' about it. He had an attack of what people call 'biliousness,' and to smile was impossible. 'I don't know what it is, but I don't care to be a plain, blunt, honest man, that needed a remedy such as Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' which never fail to cure biliousness and diseased or torpid liver, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. Of druggists.

When the days are long and hot, when the nights are short and a person is not cool enough to sleep until late, there is danger that the housekeeper will not see to it that she has enough sleep for the keeping up of her strength."

It is of course, much the wiser plan to get up early, and do the heavy part of the day's work in the cool time of the morning, even though one be so sleepy it seems very hard to get to work. However, this sleepiness soon wears off, and the work goes easily and well at that time of day."

The farmer and his man are at their work as early as the housekeeper, and so are ready for the early hearty dinner, which must be prepared over the hot stove. After the dinner is eaten the men folk always give themselves a half-hour or more of rest, but the woman of the house must, or they think they must, immediately clear the table, and it is seldom much less hot in the dish-water than over the stove. When the dinner work is done, if no extra household calls, there is always the mending basket, and a woman begins to sew carpet rags or piece a quilt."

We see much in the papers nowadays about the fact that insanity is very prevalent among women of farmers' houses. This is accounted for in many ways--"overwork," "monotonous existence," and occasionally some wise men say, "too little sleep."

If women who have to work for farm hands, if women who carry heavy household work in and year out, moon about, and are obliged to take a mid-day nap, they would do more and better work, and come out of hard work better nerved, than if they tried to work every minute of the day. The few minutes of daylight sleep will come back to them in the form of strength. It is useless for a woman to say she cannot sleep in the daytime. If any one will lie down quietly and close the eyes for one-half hour per day, at the same time every day for two weeks, there will be no trouble about not being able to sleep in the daytime. For many people the half-hour per day is sufficient rest to help keep good strength all day. The sleep at night will be all the better for it, because the nerves will not be so worn and tired as to make one rest at all. No one can make a rule that will apply to every one as to the proper amount of sleep necessary; but one thing is sure--any woman had better err on the side of too much sleep, than run any risk as to wearing out her nerves, which work on too little sleep is sure to do. Children, too, are sometimes abused by those who love them best by being obliged to get up to breakfast whether their sleep is "out" or not. They will wake up of their own accord when they have slept enough."

We women do too much work in many directions. We saw too much, we (some of us) scrub too much, and many a one cleans for hard hours at a time when a very few minutes of care-taking would have prevented the necessity for the cleaning."

If we would take a nap in the midst of the day, and by forethought save the time from unnecessary work, we might live longer to do work. One frail, delicate woman, who has been able all her life to keep her home pleasant and her five children happy, thinks her success all due to the fact that she sleeps fifteen minutes every afternoon; her nerves are rested, her body and mind refreshed, and her strength renewed, so that she does not become over-tired at night. She began the habit when she first began to keep house, and learned to always take the time for it because it was economy in the end."

We hear much about woman's rights, but no woman uses all the rights that are accorded her unless she makes of herself physically the strong woman who has a right to be, then increases her mental strength to what it should and can become. When the majority of women do this there will be no question as to the status of woman in the home, the neighborhood and the nation."

If more home mothers will sleep more they will be stronger women for all duties that come. Then don't let any one feel that the person who takes an every-day nap is wasting time, but rather let it become the proper thing to do. Let every woman feel it is as much her duty to give herself a full amount of sleep for every day that summer brings, as it is her duty to fill her days with earnest labor."

Many of us can "bless the man who first invented sleep," but we do not take our full blessing, and while we gain a little time we waste strength, forgetting that our time will go on somewhere forever, while our strength will some day give out."

Let the women of the land have more sleep, and we shall hear less complaint of the miseries of hot weather. Nature Makes no Mistakes. Nature's remedy for bowel complaints, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, vomiting, sea-sickness, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, and all diseases of a like nature belonging to the summer season, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Sarsaparilla, which can be obtained from all dealers in medicine. Price, 35 cents. 2

It sometimes costs less to have a badly soiled room repainted after moderate use of the mop and brush, than it does to have it scrubbed and scoured. Don't Speculate. Run no risk in buying medicine, but try the great Kidney and Liver regulator, made by Dr. Chase, of Chase's Kidney and Liver Cure, for all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Sold by all druggists.

The distressing paleness so often observed in young girls and women, is due in a great measure to a lack of the red corpuscles in the blood. To remedy this requires a medicine which produces these necessary little blood constituents, and the best yet discovered is Johnson's Tonic Bitters. Price 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle at Goode's drug store, Albion block, Goderich. Sole agent. [b]

A REWARD--Of one dozen "TEABER" to any one sending the best four lines rhyme on "TEABER," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Best. Ask your druggist or address

At this time of year nearly every one "goes visiting" for a longer or shorter period. So much has been said on the duties of hosts that it is time to say a few words to guests. It is to be hoped you do not belong to that class of guests who take pains to enumerate to your hostess your special likes and dislikes. Suppose you do, when at home, have hot coffee in bed in the morning, a hot foot bath at night and iced tea between meals. You should be willing rather to forego these luxuries than run the risk of putting her to the slightest inconvenience. She wants to make you feel at home; but the surest, quickest, easiest and best way for you to feel so is for you to adapt yourself to the routine of her household, not try to make her whole household adapt themselves to your routine habits. One essential is for the guest to ascertain the regular hours of the family and then keep them as nearly as possible. Have we not all known the early bird which insisted on rising at 6 a.m. when the breakfast hour was not till 8 o'clock, and which thus made the entire family feel as if they were keeping him waiting? Or the guest who "never had a particle of appetite before 9 o'clock," and so kept a polite group waiting an hour to break their fast?

The hours before breakfast should be sacred from the guest's intrusion. That is the time when mistress and servant put things straight. Old flowers are to be replaced by fresh ones, scattered muso arranged, rooms swept, mirrors wiped, furniture and bric-a-brac dusted. With much more satisfaction on a hostess receives a guest, when she feels that her rooms are in order, than when they are undergoing their morning toilet, as it were."

There is one habit occasionally practiced by the guest which should certainly come under the head of sins against the deonities of etiquette. What shall be said of guests who make a convenience of their host and hostess, using their house as a mere base of operations, from which to carry on the special social warfare? They receive calls there; they saunter forth to make calls; they demand as their right use of horses and carriages; they want "light lunch" put up for a little picnic, but they never have any time to visit in this home, for when there they are always "clear tired out." Such guests certainly will always be speeded at parting, but one may doubt if they are ever welcomed at coming."

Don't fill the system with quinine, to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is the specific for this disease, and leaves no poisonous residue, dizziness, deafness, headache, or other disorders. Making Jelly. Some people never have good jelly; some people always do. Why? The fruit may have been too old when picked, or it may have been too sweet, or the jelly may have been boiled too long. Currants, especially, must be fresh and not over-ripe. Do not stain them, and unless sandy it is better not to wash them. Put a small quantity in a jar or large bowl, and use a wooden masher; then squeeze them through a coarse bag, and let the juice drip through a flannel bag, but do not press. The juice will then be beautifully clear. Measure it into a porcelain kettle. Let it boil briskly for 20 minutes. Add one pound of sugar for every pound of juice. The sugar is better if placed in earthen dishes and heated in the oven before put into the juice. Stir the mixture only until the sugar is dissolved. Let it come quickly to a boil. If it jells you have succeeded finely; if not don't be discouraged, but let it boil a few minutes longer, trying it often to find out. Put the jelly into glasses dipped into hot water. If not enough jellied after standing a day in a dry, cool spot, put glass over the tumblers and leave them in the sun for a day or so. Extra jelly fruits require an extra ounce or so of sugar.

Through the Rift. A young man had made himself a home on a new farm, situated in the woods; he had cut a little opening, visible from the house, that his wife and baby might see him, on his way before he quite reached them. This clearing was called by them "the open place." The little one often ran to the door, during papa's absence to see "if papa was turning by the open place."

One day the husband and father was stricken down with fever. The little one was carried to auntie's house, out of danger's way, and did not return until after the dear, brave papa was carried to the "Rest that remaineth for the people of God." When the child returned to the sorrowing mother, he was told that papa had gone to Heaven, but would come for his little boy some day. He often looked and longed for his father. The fatal fever attacked the boy. Just as the setting sun tinged all the sky, the darling, who had lain for days unconscious, suddenly opened his eyes and said: "Mamma, papa, is turnin' by the open place." He reached his arms up towards the bright apparition, which unquicken eye could not see, and sank back lifeless.

"I was suffering for three months with a pain in my back, and was advised to use B.B.B. I had not used two bottles before I became as well as ever. I advise all who suffer from pain in the back to use B.B.B." Mrs Paul Broadner, Lennoxville, P.Q. 2

How a Dude Caught Cold. A slim young man in the height of fashion was violently sneezing in a street car, when a companion remarked, "Aw, Charles, dear boy, how'd ye catch that dreadful cold." "Aw, dear fellow, left my cane in the lower hall t'other day, and in sucking the ivory handle, so dreadful cold, it chilled me almost to death." Charles had used Dr. Harvery's Red Pine Gum his cold would not trouble him very much. For sale at all druggists, 25 c. per box, New York. 25-17

When friends are present, do to them good deeds; when they are absent, speak of them good words. Politeness is the most efficient aid in the world to strengthen a good name or to supply the wants of one. Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous. Over Sea. "I take much pleasure in stating that since using Burdock Blood Bitters, I have entirely recovered. I suffered from impure blood and had over 500 boils. I can confidently recommend B.B.B. to any sufferer from the same complaint." David F. Mott, Spring Valley, Ont. 2

The best regulators for the stomach and bowels, the best cure for biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and all affections arising from a disordered liver, are without exception, Johnson's Tonic Bitters. Small in size, sugar coated, mild, yet effective. 25 cts. per bottle sole by Goode, druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent. [a]

Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticisms you pass upon his companions. Relations, like features are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.--Kate Field. Give Them A Chance. That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them, that is take Rochee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain. Bewly. The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears. 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 medicines. For Sale by Goode, druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent. [d]

You will save Money. Time. Pain. Trouble, and will cure CATARRH. ELY'S GREAT BALSAM FOR CATARRH. By Using ELY'S GREAT BALSAM FOR CATARRH. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists, everywhere. Registered, 60 cents. ELY'S GREAT BALSAM FOR CATARRH. 25-17

What a Time!

People formerly had, trying to swallow the old-fashioned pill with its slim of magnesia vainly disguising its bitterness; and what a contrast to Ayer's Pills, that have been well called "medicated sugar-plums"--the only form in which patients may be tempted into taking too many at a dose. But the directions are plain and should be strictly followed. J. T. Teller, M. D., of Chittanooga, N. Y., expresses exactly what hundreds have written as greater length. He says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplanted all the Pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will all compare with them. Those who buy your pills get full value for their money."

"Safe, pleasant, and certain in their action," is the concise testimony of Dr. George E. Walker, of Martinsville, Virginia. "Ayer's Pills outcall all similar preparations. The public having once used them, will have no others."--Berry, Venable & Collier, Atlanta, Ga.

Ayer's Pills,

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

WORDS OF WISDOM

There is no such thing as a menial office when you put a true man into it. A menial office is an office with a menial man in it; and it makes no difference whether it is a king's office or a scavenger's office. An inward dignity of character, which, once acquired and righteously maintained, nothing--no, not the hardest drudgery nor the direst poverty--can overthrow. Let the motive be in the deed and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.--Kreethna. Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as respect for and reverential love of womankind. The greatest trials of the early Church came from without, while those of the modern Church come from within. When friends are present, do to them good deeds; when they are absent, speak of them good words. Politeness is the most efficient aid in the world to strengthen a good name or to supply the wants of one. Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous. Over Sea. "I take much pleasure in stating that since using Burdock Blood Bitters, I have entirely recovered. I suffered from impure blood and had over 500 boils. I can confidently recommend B.B.B. to any sufferer from the same complaint." David F. Mott, Spring Valley, Ont. 2

The doctor is no hope tomorrow; y But they die they done a better; but out solid to the door, less per it to M who takes c yes, absolut gone away. They laid at ti know how how sharp ti and clear th the shore of the Lake more or less our own selection.--Kate Field. I have heard beyond talk battle with wondering a be done aft stated. I heard th but then, v neighbors, have been v them alone. If only I but that is I. But so I! Minnie thi when she o ed not to s in the wv asked for p a while. S up the litt out. I wa the spirit side me n to write th peace to b I am an it items I this memo all. I jined h other me I am dyin were so yo full of boy and matng. We wert among th two wld v side, scan ran beneft gleaming i in vain. One day game for morning; I ballad ana could I se "tree, em west? The gan me farth down gleo ing acroun viction the what of tl and a nig with the the wind pier pleasant; stood still safest as below; a clumy go to this