

MISS JOLIBERT'S PROPOSAL.

Miss Jolibert was a handsome woman. There were people who said she was old-looking, and people who said she had a decided will of her own; but no one who denied that she was handsome. And they generally added with a nod and a lowering of the voice: "And rich!" in a way which seemed to say that Miss Jolibert's looks were undeniable, yet still more undeniable were her riches.

People were quite right—Miss Jolibert was old-looking. She was a woman with an athletic, upright figure, a haughty-out brunette face, a rather high Roman nose and a rather high color. And Miss Jolibert had a decided will of her own; her eyes were of the dark, lazy, mysterious type, which are as good as a sign-post pointing to it. As for being passe, of course, strictly speaking, she was passe. Miss Jolibert was 33, and most women are passe at 27, let alone 33. Miss matters as one likes, that is the long and the short of it.

On the other hand, many women of Miss Jolibert's type are positively handsome at 60 than at 33. People say of them then—What a grand old woman! From the extreme dignity of Miss Jolibert's mien it seemed as if she had always in her mind, as she sailed, with her head high, past the simpering school girls of Malchester: "Poor poor things! at 33 people say of me that I am an handsome, and at 60 they will call me a grand old woman. What will they say of you?"

There is no doubt whatever that Miss Jolibert was simply admiring the distant landscape; but it seemed to the school-girls that she was repeating this, and they resented it by saying that she was old-looking and passe. Even they, however, never failed to add that Miss Jolibert was a handsome woman.

Malchester was a busy, populous, manufacturing town, and Miss Jolibert's father—an extremely wealthy paint manufacturer—had died mayor of it. So that it was, of course, incumbent on Miss Jolibert to inhabit a house in one of the most fashionable suburbs, and that the house, like herself, should be handsome and dignified. She kept a great many women servants and two indoor men servants, and a large carriage with a large and very vivid crest, as was only befitting the daughter of so large a paint manufacturer.

It was really quite a pretty sight to see handsome Miss Jolibert, in her handsome blue silk dress, and seated in her handsome blue barouche, and with her handsome blue-haired servants and handsome blue-grey horses, drive forth under the shadow of her own parasol upon a smiling summer's day. She generally looked straight before her, between the horses' heads; she didn't turn aside to recognize everybody. She had little way of dragging herself forth, sighing "Hum," like a genuine belle, which was enough to make the most impatient heart quail. Nevertheless when Miss Jolibert liked she could smile out of her deep brown eyes to this side, and to that, too, not a little sweetly. It was a marvel to all the world why she persisted in remaining Miss Jolibert. When the weather was rainy the open barouche was substituted by a dark red carriage, with scarlet wheels. When it was snowed, again she spun away over the sparkling surface, her sleigh a heterogeneous but artistic confusion of sealskin, cable tail and ermine, herself a study in peacock blue.

When it snowed, it was snowing very hard one winter's night that Miss Jolibert and one of her domestics were in the drawing room was simply a blaze of magnificence, and Miss Jolibert was indeed magnificent in diamonds and a rose-colored velvet dress—so bright that it made her perhaps too brilliant a complexion look quite pale in comparison; as probably she knew. Everything, from the superb Eastern knickknacks in the brackets to the hot-house flowers on the tables, spoke of wealth. You look at all parts of the room, and you ask; What expenditure has she looked at? Miss Jolibert herself, and repeated: "What expenditure, more emphatically than before. And if you were a sensitive person of quick thought, you added to yourself: "How would a poor man feel in this room?"

Miss Jolibert, at all events, appeared to feel very comfortable. Her diamonds flashed in the firelight, as she lay back in a luxurious arm-chair, and toyed with the folds of her rose-colored velvet. The people of Malchester said it was ridiculous Miss Jolibert should dress herself up in a rose-colored velvet and diamonds when she was alone, for the simple pleasure of seeing the fire-light flash on them. Miss Jolibert, however, cared little what any one said, and at all events she was looking superbly handsome.

A clock on the mantelpiece struck the hour of 8; and a minute after, eight o'clock forth from the neighboring steeps, and was borne to Miss Jolibert's window with a gust of drifting snow. She shivered at the sound of the snow, leaned forward and poked the fire; then turned and settled the various pieces of tea service on the low table beside her. She went over them all. A cream pot, a slop bowl, a sugar basin and two teacups. She examined the two teacups particularly; little priceless trinkets they were. She put them down, and examined her own beautiful hands—they were beautiful hands. Then she removed the little coast-rack on the table down to the fire; after which she fell into a profound reverie until a quarter past 8, when she roused herself once more and rang the bell.

An instant after a servant, dressed in black appeared at the door. "James," asked she, in a peculiarly musical contralto voice, "did you deliver my note to the bishop?" "You did? And waited for an answer? What was the exact message given to you?" "His lordship sent his compliments, if you please 'em, and he would be happy to be at Miss Jolibert's by five minutes to 8 precisely."

"Hum," sighed Miss Jolibert. "Just as Miss Jolibert sighed hum a tall man, some years turned 40, was stamping his feet from snow down the stairs in the hall. Seen by the flicking lamp light he looked a very pale and rather gaunt student, but when he passed on up into the brilliancy of the staircase his clear cut features lost their gauntness, and one noted the striking intellect of his large white brow and the limpid beauty of his rather dreamy eyes. When the door opened he saluted straight over at the rose-colored velvet figure, and advanced, holding out his hand and saying very sweetly: "I'm sorry I'm late, Miss Jolibert."

She did not speak until she had poured tea into the two teacups, and seated herself with her own, in "an arm-chair which she had been occupied. "I dare say you were rather surprised when you had my note this afternoon bishop?" He stirred his tea slowly, looking at her, and smiling again. "I was curious to know what could be the important matter that was troubling Miss Jolibert's mind; and I was glad, very glad, to think perhaps I was going to be of some use to my old friend, Miss Jolibert."

She played with her diamond rings a little nervously, and turning her head, looked into the fire. "An old friend; yes, so you are. You seem to have been an old friend all my life. I cannot remember the time when I did not know you. I know that the other people call me foolish and vain behind my back, and somehow or other, I know that you never do. Would you rather that I told you now what is upon my mind—or would you rather wait a little?"

Stretching up he settled the little teacup carefully amongst the Sevres china on the mantel-piece; and crossing his legs, folded his white hands composedly on his apron. "I should wish you to tell me all about it at once, Miss Jolibert. Why delay anything you may have to say?" She hesitated an instant longer, the fire-light playing round her heavy eyelashes. "The long and the short of the thing is this," she said; "or rather this, what might be called the short of it, and the long will come after. I have made up my mind to go over to Rome."

The bishop uncrossed his legs with a sudden movement and stared at Miss Jolibert. After an instant's pause he raised himself once more and brought his teacup carefully drawn from the mantelpiece again. "My dear," said he, "could I trouble you for just a little more sugar; just the last—eat thing? Thank you, thank you. Ah!" "The Ah!" was more in the way of a sigh than an interjection; and with it he half closed one eye and minutely inspected with the other the morsel of currant bun he was engaged in eating. There was something in the action which appeared to irritate Miss Jolibert slightly, for she pushed herself back from the fire and asked him very quickly: "Did your lordship not hear me?" He finished the currant bun and folded his hands composedly again. "Why," replied the bishop, quickly, "I have quite made up my mind to go over to Rome!" "Quite," said Miss Jolibert, and after an instant's pause, unbroken except for the crackling of the flames, she said "Quite," again.

"Why," asked the bishop, quickly, "On account of my convictions," replied Miss Jolibert, still more quickly. "Ah!" sighed the bishop once more. His lordship passed his hand slowly all over his heavy masses of flaxen hair. Miss Jolibert fastened her large brown eyes on him rather mournfully, and after a minute began to talk. "Of course it has taken me a long time to make up my mind about this, and of course I am very sorry. I have studied Butler, and Jeremy Taylor, and Luther's treatises, and Manning, and Newman. I never forget again anything before; and yet, in spite of myself as it were, I have been converted. Of course I am very sorry that it should be so. In a case like this, however, I think that one is not perhaps entirely responsible for one's own conversion."

The bishop inspected the side of his handsome foot, and settling himself yet a little more comfortably, nodded with some benevolence. "Quite so, quite so; very possibly not, my dear," said Miss Jolibert, flushed slightly. "No," she resumed, with some warmth, "Why of course you must know yourself, bishop, and most ancient theologians, and all prophets, foretold the foundation of one permanent and apostolic church. I don't suppose that even the Bishop of Malchester would care to assert that church to be the church of England."

Henry Hammersley, Bishop of Malchester, took a long sup of tea, and turning to Miss Jolibert, said, "My dear, gently, 'I always feel very diffident about making any assertions.' " "Well—but I don't," pursued she, with a slight tremor in her voice. "Just think what it is for me to be convinced, firmly convinced in my mind, of things which no English church, no English bishop, no English orders to be relied upon."

"O—h!" said he, wheeling sharp round, and catching another little bit of currant bun from the plate. "So I'm not a bishop?" "No," cried Miss Jolibert, half angrily and half in laughter; "at least, I don't think so. I am very sorry, but I can't make up my mind that you are. I am very sorry to say such things. Don't be angry with me, bishop."

He stretched his hand out for a little poker and gave a sharp tap upon the coal which sent it rattling noisily down upon the painted tiles. "I beg your pardon, my dear," said he, ruefully. "I ought never to have meddled with the fire, you see—just as you ought never to have meddled with the theologians. Hand me the tongs, Marion."

She did as he asked her, a rush of tears coming to her dark eyes. "It is of no use to talk to me in that way; no use saying anything, since I have made up my mind. And besides that," she added, after a slight pause, with her eyes fixed anxiously upon the back of the bishop's fair head, "just then within dangerous proximity of the grate, 'I have quite made up my mind that I am going to dispose of my house, and my horses, and my furniture, and everything; and immediately after I have collected the money I shall go into a convent and take the veil.'"

He put the tongs carefully down on the fender, and sticking two of his long white fingers into Miss Jolibert's sugar-bain brought out a little pointed lump and balanced it dreamily in the air. "Ah," sighed he again. Miss Jolibert pushed her chair back abruptly, and stood before him. "Why do you only answer ah, like that? I asked you here to help me, because you always used to help me with things; and now you only answer, ah." Then turning suddenly away, she crossed both hands upon the mantelpiece and leaned her head down upon them. "Oh, don't you see what it is? Don't you understand? What is the use of a carriage, and horses, and furniture, and wealth like mine? What is the use of life? I want to do something. I want to live."

The bishop rose. He drew one of her hands gently from her face and closed his own over it. "I understand," he said huskily, and looked straight into the fire. "The snow rattled against the window and the wind howled around the corner of the square. He leaned one elbow on the cold-colored plush and rested his fair head on it. He was a very young man, this to be a bishop. There was scarcely a silver thread mingled with the gleaming masses. Miss Jolibert, too, as she stood in the fire-light, looked as if she were a young woman, and a match for Miss Jolibert's barouche; and his high stepping bays would have kept pace any day with the blue-grey horses. The palace stood in an unfashionable end of the town, it is true; but it was lately introduced, and it was full of long terraced gardens, sloping down to the river; aged trees and huge clusters of scarlet geraniums, turning them in summer into a paradise.

Sometimes Miss Jolibert would go out with them, and she half regretted her grand sacrifice and her quiet convent. And when such phrases as "The antiquity of the apostolic succession" came upon her unawares round the drooping laburnum she often upon the point of declaring boldly and outright, that they had nothing to do with the ancient traditions, or the apostolic succession. But she managed to content herself with sighing—hum; and with relieving her mind on the matter as soon as she was alone with her own bishop. He invariably laughed very much, and said: "I wish you had told your thoughts; and then sighed a long-ah; his dreamy blue eyes looking steadfastly up into the blue darkening heavens. He looked so well like that, with the rising moonlight playing about his pale brow, that poor human Miss Jolibert felt her convictions quivering and wavering in a way which she might have held of as a possible article of faith in a fallible rule, if she had only known it. But she could not put her white hand upon the bishop's arm and whispered: "Of course you know best."

No time passed on. Just as an early summer breeze was blowing into a late summer breeze, a great illness broke out in the country. It was exactly at this time that the bishop and Miss Jolibert had intended to be joined; but they put off the ceremony for a time, and clasped hands figuratively—since duty forbade them to do so in reality—they set boldly to work. So all through the long, hot days, and very often far into the stifling nights, the blue barouche and the purple brougham rilled about Malchester. Sometimes it would happen that the two crossed each other at the turn of a street, or the corner of a square, and the bishop would lift his hat, calling out laughingly, "How do you do, Marion? Ninety degrees in the shade, to-day." And she would nod back with a smile; "Quite well, thank you, bishop. I wonder what you are doing to-day." After the illness was in a great measure abated; just as the hazy corn-fields were beginning to turn to gold; just then, Miss Jolibert awoke one morning to find a great peace to her heart, and she found herself had forever fallen asleep. "Strangely enough it was the morning of her wedding day."

At Miss Jolibert's wedding there was not one being who had the heart or the audacity to say she was anything but a very handsome woman, and that the bishop was a very rich and very good man. Most of them added particularly the bishop; but if some of them did say it indeed especially Miss Jolibert, it was not to be supposed that a slight was intended upon Miss Jolibert in any way. The very first thing which occurred down that winter fell upon it was the death of Malchester and Mrs. Hammersley.

THE END. Indispensable. "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and it has given it to my friends. I give it given instant relief when all other remedies fail. I would not be without it in my house." Mrs T. Bell, Weidman, Ont.

More Trouble May be Expected. If you do not heed the warnings of nature and at once pay attention to the maintenance of your health. How often we see a person break out in spots, or the purchase of a medicine which procured at the outbreak of a disease would have remedied it almost immediately. Now if Johnston's Tonic Liver Pills had been taken when the first uneasiness was first experienced the illness would have been "nipped in the bud." Johnston's Tonic Bitters and Liver Pills are decidedly the best medicine on the market for general tonic and invigorating properties. Pills 25c per bottle. Bitters 50 cents in a bottle, sold by Gode's druggists, Albion block, sole agent.

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Jolibert was in the habit of playing cards together on an evening—playing cards;—bezuque, or such a game; that was to say, of course, equivalent to gambling. So by the end of the week it was widely current throughout Malchester that the bishop was encumbered with heavy gambling debts which were about to be liquidated by Miss Jolibert.

At the very height of all this the bishop's fair and shiny black coat appeared for the first time in the blue barouche vis-a-vis to Miss Jolibert. It was a sunny day and the bishop was noticed to be laughing. It very often requires only a straw or a pin-point to change usually to misery, unpopularity to popularity, ferocity to mildness. In this case the bishop's laugh was fully a heavy cloud of suspicion had rolled away and the blue sky shone again. Next morning the bishop was laughing and smiling with the bishop.

There was a great mystery, and Miss Jolibert remarked it herself. Putting the notion of gambling and other ridiculous debts aside, no one could say she was being married for her money. The bishop's pale brougham was fully a match for Miss Jolibert's barouche; and his high stepping bays would have kept pace any day with the blue-grey horses. The palace stood in an unfashionable end of the town, it is true; but it was lately introduced, and it was full of long terraced gardens, sloping down to the river; aged trees and huge clusters of scarlet geraniums, turning them in summer into a paradise.

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Causing an Impression. Many cures made by B. B. B. have been those of chronic sufferers known throughout the district through the very fact of their having been afflicted for years. This naturally created a strong impression in favor of this valuable family medicine.

How Much They Ate Mr B Johnston, butcher, furnished the volunteers during their stay in Stratford with 47 head of dressed cattle, making an aggregate weight of about 35,000 pounds. Mr John Gibson, who had the bread contract, delivered 51,250 lbs of the staff of life, which it took a cartload of flour to make. The soldier received a pound and a half of bread every pound of meat. Major Smyth, supply officer, expressed himself pleased with the way the contract were carried out.

More Remarkable Still. Found at last, what the true public has been looking for these many years and that is a medicine which although larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with mucus which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Call it what you will, 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 them. There is just one sure way to get rid of them, that is take Roche'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. Soly

Old Father Fear and his Family. The following item will be of interest to those of our readers who remember old "Father" Fear: A family of four generations at the Guelph conference, held at Serforth, father, son, grandson, and great grandson. Master S L W Fear, 4 years old, grandson of David Fear; Rev E A Fear, 33 years of age has been in the ministry eleven years; Mr Samuel Fear, 62 years has been a local preacher for thirty-five years; Rev Samuel Fear, aged 86 years, a Methodist minister for forty-five years. All these were met at the Conference this year. Where is the Conference that can beat this record as to generations.

Dangerous Counterfeits. Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so that they always closely imitate the ORIGINAL IN APPEARANCE AND NAME. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitation dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists or sent post-paid on receipt of 50c (60c and \$1) by addressing Fulford, & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Salt This Down. At the recent session of the Dominion Parliament an important addition was made to "The Weights and Measures Act," which provides that: "Every barrel of salt packed in bulk, sold or offered for sale, shall contain not less than eighty pounds of salt, and every such barrel of salt, sold or offered for sale, shall have the correct gross and net weight thereon marked on it in a permanent manner." It also provides that the names of the packer is to be branded on every barrel of salt, and that "for any contravention of the foregoing provisions of the act a penalty of \$10 is to be imposed."

Not a Book Agent Mr Goods, druggist, is not a book agent, but has the agency in Goderich for Johnston's Tonic Bitters, which he can heartily recommend for any complaint to which a tonic medicine is applicable. This valuable medicine has been with most astonishing good results in cases of general debility, weakness, irregularities peculiar to females, extreme paleness, impoverishment of the blood, stomach and liver troubles, loss of appetite, and for that general word often feeling that nearly every one is troubled with at some part of the year. Don't forget the name Johnston's Tonic Bitters 50c, and \$1 per bottle at Gode's drug store, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent.

Two swindlers, representing themselves as pump agents, called at the farm of Jno. McKinnon, on the 8th con, Grey, about two weeks ago and asked permission to place one of his pumps in his well. He allowed them to do so, and after having tried the pump they induced him to sign, as he thought a printed form of recommendation as to the merits of the pump, but which was in reality an order for several pumps which were shipped to him and for which he promised to pay \$165. This is one of the many instances known to the farmers of Huron where men have been induced to sign papers, which in themselves ought to be enough to invite suspicion, and should be a warning to all in future. The only wise course to pursue is to deal with responsible men well known in the community.

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INVENTION has revo the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of invention is the per-se method and system of work that can separate the workers from their without pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old, no special ability required. Out this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance which will bring you in more money than anything else in the world. AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Don't Wait. Until your hair becomes dry, thin, and gray before giving the attention needed to preserve its beauty and vitality. Keep on your toilet-table a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor—the only dressing you require for the hair—and use a little, daily, to preserve the natural color and prevent baldness. Thomas Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky., writes: "Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best hair-restorer in the world." "My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delavan, Ill.; "but after using a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy."

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

Pimples and Blotches. So disgusting to the face, forehead, and neck, may be entirely removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best and safest Alterative and Blood-Purifier ever discovered. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists; 50c per bottle for 90c.

Give Them a Chance. That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Very large lungs, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with mucus which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Call it what you will, 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 them. There is just one sure way to get rid of them, that is take Roche'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. Soly

Old Father Fear and his Family. The following item will be of interest to those of our readers who remember old "Father" Fear: A family of four generations at the Guelph conference, held at Serforth, father, son, grandson, and great grandson. Master S L W Fear, 4 years old, grandson of David Fear; Rev E A Fear, 33 years of age has been in the ministry eleven years; Mr Samuel Fear, 62 years has been a local preacher for thirty-five years; Rev Samuel Fear, aged 86 years, a Methodist minister for forty-five years. All these were met at the Conference this year. Where is the Conference that can beat this record as to generations.

Dangerous Counterfeits. Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so that they always closely imitate the ORIGINAL IN APPEARANCE AND NAME. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitation dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists or sent post-paid on receipt of 50c (60c and \$1) by addressing Fulford, & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Salt This Down. At the recent session of the Dominion Parliament an important addition was made to "The Weights and Measures Act," which provides that: "Every barrel of salt packed in bulk, sold or offered for sale, shall contain not less than eighty pounds of salt, and every such barrel of salt, sold or offered for sale, shall have the correct gross and net weight thereon marked on it in a permanent manner." It also provides that the names of the packer is to be branded on every barrel of salt, and that "for any contravention of the foregoing provisions of the act a penalty of \$10 is to be imposed."

Not a Book Agent Mr Goods, druggist, is not a book agent, but has the agency in Goderich for Johnston's Tonic Bitters, which he can heartily recommend for any complaint to which a tonic medicine is applicable. This valuable medicine has been with most astonishing good results in cases of general debility, weakness, irregularities peculiar to females, extreme paleness, impoverishment of the blood, stomach and liver troubles, loss of appetite, and for that general word often feeling that nearly every one is troubled with at some part of the year. Don't forget the name Johnston's Tonic Bitters 50c, and \$1 per bottle at Gode's drug store, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent.

Two swindlers, representing themselves as pump agents, called at the farm of Jno. McKinnon, on the 8th con, Grey, about two weeks ago and asked permission to place one of his pumps in his well. He allowed them to do so, and after having tried the pump they induced him to sign, as he thought a printed form of recommendation as to the merits of the pump, but which was in reality an order for several pumps which were shipped to him and for which he promised to pay \$165. This is one of the many instances known to the farmers of Huron where men have been induced to sign papers, which in themselves ought to be enough to invite suspicion, and should be a warning to all in future. The only wise course to pursue is to deal with responsible men well known in the community.

Destroy the worms or they may destroy the children. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy and expel all kinds of worms. In Phosphate, or Nerve Food, a Phosphate Element based upon Scientific Facts. Formulated by Professor Austin, M. D. of Boston, Mass., cures Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Nervous Attacks, Vertigo and Neuralgia and all wasting diseases of the human system. Phosphate is not a Medicine, but a Nutrient, because it contains no Vegetable or Mineral Poisons, Opium, Narcotics, and Stimulants, but simply the Phosphate and Gartic Elements found in our daily food. A single bottle is sufficient to convince. All Druggists sell it. \$1.00 per bottle. LOWEN & Co., sole agents for the Dominion. 50 Front Street East Toronto.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria. Pudding Sauce—Two of butter, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoon cream them in a tin cup slowly one teaspoonful of stirring vigorously, add half a lemon and the grate nutmeg and a pinch of salt together, and serve very hot. A Dying Wish. try Burdock Blood Purifier by some sufferer after other treatment has failed. The results have often been the use of this grand purifying tonic under the name of

INVENTION has revo the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of invention is the per-se method and system of work that can separate the workers from their without pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old, no special ability required. Out this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance which will bring you in more money than anything else in the world. AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Don't Wait. Until your hair becomes dry, thin, and gray before giving the attention needed to preserve its beauty and vitality. Keep on your toilet-table a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor—the only dressing you require for the hair—and use a little, daily, to preserve the natural color and prevent baldness. Thomas Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky., writes: "Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best hair-restorer in the world." "My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delavan, Ill.; "but after using a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy."

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

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