A SALT-WATER CURE.

'I'll tell you a bit of a joke,' said a master mariner to me. 'I dare say you'll find a laugh in it, and a good grain, you know, does us all good now and again, specially these days it's my fate to call livelish. There was a shipowner I knew and was employed by—a very little chap, with a bright eye and the behavior of a bird; he'd seem to hop when he came at you, and there was a kind of pecking motion about him when he shook hand with you that made one think of a London sparrow, which, to my mind, is the most restless bird in the world. Well, this little man had bought a steamer, which was about ten years old. Anyway, he held a good many shares in her. Money had been spent in repairs and alterations, and as the shipowner didn't know much about hulls and engines he gave the job of overseeing her while in the workmen's hands to an engineering chap whom he hired for—well, I can't tell you what, but anyhow he received good money for looking after the vessel. The shipowner, who for short I'll call Mr. Smith, had got a name for overloading, though whenever the charge was made against him, even in the mildest sort of hint you could imagine, his virtuous indignation was something proper for a stage play. It wasn't indignation of the ordinary kind—what might be called quiet, respectable indignation; but a thundering tall passion—tall, at least, for so little a chap; and always the first thing he wanted to know was if any one supposed he didn't look upon the sailor's life as a holy thing, something sacred, to be treated with reverence; not, indeed, merely because it belonged to a sailor, but because it was owned by a fellow-creature; and could any one dream that he, having such views of human life, could lay hands upon it as if he were a twopenny cut-throat? Yet that must be the inference, he'd say, if he was believed capable of sending ships to sea in such a condition as to be fit only to drown those who sailed in them. Oh, for shame! for shame! Such accusations degraded not them as they were leveled at, but them as were low and base enough to conceive them. Yes; this little man's indignation was something remarkable indeed. Fact is, not being built on so much as an inch of conscience, it had to be shored up, and scaffoled, and supported by so much talk and flourishing of the arms and the like that it came to look a worked up contrivance, and therefore an unusual kind of indignation.

''Well,' he says to me one day, 'Captain, I feel rather stale for the want of a change of air, and I've a good mind to take a voyage with you, if only to prove to those who are always charging us shipowners with sacrificing human life that one of that body, anyhow, isn't afraid to trust himself aboard just the very sort of cargo boat that's regarded as fatal to sailors. 'Mind,' says he, 'I don't mean to say that if it wasn't because I feel virtuously indignant that I wouldn't rather take the journey in a passenger vessel; nor would it be any argument for people to say that if my boat is safe for you it's safe for me, because you're paid to undergo risks and all that sort of thing, don't you know; and if you're drowned, why, it's reasonable, because drowning's a part of your calling, as being stabbed or shot is part of a soldier's; whereas my drowning would be outside the laws of necessity, since the calling I pursue has got no business to involve any chance of that kind. Nevertheless,' says he, 'as I feel stale and want a change, I'll go with you, and the voyage, I trust, will put an end forever to all remarks about my sending sailors away in ships I wouldn't be towed out of sight of land aboard of.'

'Well, this struck me as showing a kind of conscience and a trifle of spirit too, for though men of the Smith kind talk big about the safely of their ships and write miles of letters to the shipping papers, and prove that nothing could be securer than their vessels, and that the outcry about overloading is mere platform sentiment, meant to catch the public ear, you never hear of them quitting dry land—especially in the winter months—to find out for themselves whether their disks are really too high, and what an overloaded craft's like in a gale of wind. So that when Mr. Smith stated his intention I began to think better of him, though of course I kept this to myself, for you see my situation made it necessary that he should suppose I never did think anything of him but what was first class; I say I began to think better of him, more particularly when I found out that the stevedore he employed was to load the ship as usual, that is, without much regard to the Captain's orders, meaning mine; for knowing Mr. Smith of old, I now saw that we should quit dock in the regular Smith fashion—I mean pretty well awash. Our cargo was steel rails. It don't matter whether we sailed from a west or east port, and where we were bound to. In all it would be a six week's voyage, with a touch of the sun perhaps in the tail of it, though there was some cold to be gone through first.

'We got away by a night-tide. Whether we should have been stopped had it been daylight and the Board of Trade official on the lookout, or, leastways, capable of seeing, I can't say, [illegible] mind as I do the vessels they'll let go, mainly because, in spite of the rules and [illegible] given them, they've little more [illegible] go by; and [illegible] to be hired for a small salary [illegible] yourself look respectable [illegible] to reward to the steamer. [illegible] with Mr. Smith to bed with three glasses of hollands tucked away under his little waistcoat to make him sleep, and the white water streaming along so close aboard that if it hadn't been for the height of the bulwarks there was nothing to stop a man from leaning over and washing his hands in it. One saw the ship's condition when the dawn came; it was more noticeable at sea than when she lay under the cranes ready for hauling out. But at the first going off it was all fine weather; a pleasant following breeze and a trifle of swell. Little Mr. Smith found it very comfortable and nice.

'Nothing like ocean air for staleness,' says he.

'You're right, sir,' says I.

'Only think,' says he, 'how this voyage of mine'll shut up So-and-so,' naming some shipping parties with a reputation for piety, who were among those that would talk about little Smith doing the merchant-service interests injury by overloading too barefacedly. 'They'll never be able to mention my name without blushing over the lies they've told about me, when they hear how I spent some weeks aboard one of my own boats, freighted with rails, too, and the Bay of Biscay to cross, and the month November—eh, Captain? I hope it'll be fine, though. We're pretty deep,' said he, with a squint at the water.

'I should like to have answered by about two foot at least too deep, and by about four foot as freeboards would have been calculated fifty years ago; but I had my situation to keep, and made up my mind to hold my tongue. Well, it did keep fine for hard upon a week, and little Smith was in high feather. He ate well and slept well, and smoked big cigars on deck, wrapped up in a coat with fur round the collar, and properly went in for enjoying himself. Often he'd say to me in the hearing of the mates, 'Is there e'er a gentleman's yacht with a smoother and pleasanter motion than this ship has? To be sure it's never been what young ladies would call rough; but there have been seas and swells on enough to prove her, and if there's one thing more than another that this voyage is going to do for me it's this—it'll make me practically understand the nonsense that's talked by the Board of Trade people and others about overloading. This boat would be considered very deep indeed, I've no doubt, by those humbugging theorists who've got nothing to lose by forcing a load-line upon owners that's about equal to thirty-three and a third discount of their capital; but feel her as she slides over this swell,' says he, taking his cigar out of his mouth and dropping his head on one side like a bird lost in thought, 'what could be more buoyant? Why, it's positively baloon-like! No cork could dance more lightly.'

'But it was easy to see that all through this here jaw there ran a prayer for a continuance of fine weather. He wanted to be able to get home and tell everybody that he'd made a voyage in one of his boats that had such and such a freeboard, and that there he was, alive and hearty, spite of the Bay of Biscay, to prove, by his turning up again safe and sound, that freeboard had nothing whatever to do with saving sailor's lives, but that it was invented merely for the purpose of diminishing owners profits.

'Well, if he did pray he wasn't listened to, for when we were eight days out there came a change. A real change I reckoned it was to be, not only by what the mercury indicated, but by the look of the sky. We were well to the southward, and little Smith had mounted a white billycock and light pantaloons; but with the change it drew up so cold that it was like Channel weather again. It came on first without much wind, but a heavy swell right athwart our course. We dipped our sides into it till the rails would be flush. It was a wonder to see the vessel lift. Lord knows what laws were governing us, but it seemed to me a sort of capsizal of all science to find the old boat erecting her funnel again in the tremendous hollow, and then, like a fly mounting a wall, sliding up the next slant that looked clean over us, with its head as yellow as the flame of oil from the sickly glint of the sun that it brought along. Little Smith crept up on to the bridge, holding on like the bear on the branch when old Crusoe's man Friday made him jump. He'd given up smoking, and the ash of his cigar might be thought to have got mixed up in his complexion.

'This is rather heavy work,' says he, 'isn't it? Gad, Captain, I say, I hope the cargo won't shift, hang it!'

'I had no mind to give him any comfort, so I says, 'It'll be a bad job if it does. There's no handling steel rails sliding about like battering rams.'

'But they ought to be stowed so that they couldn't shift,' says he.

'Yes, sir,' says I. 'That's a reflection that occurs to us all who go to sea for a living when shifting happens or threatens to take place.'

'What would be the effect,' says he, 'if the cargo shifted?'

'Why,' I answered, 'a heavy lift that would [illegible] the sea aboard in tons, fill the [illegible] room, and sink us to the [illegible].'

'[illegible] confoundedness,' says he, watching [illegible] quite bright [illegible] anything behind this, do you think I may be starting up.'

'Yes, sir,' says I; 'a heavy gale of wind.'

'You've taken every precaution, I hope,' says he.

'Why,' says I laughing, 'there's no precaution to take that I know of, except to live it out. All's as secure as builders'll let us make it, and the stevedore's responsible for the stowage, you know, sir.'

'He said nothing, but stood watching the swell shrinking away like from the rail he clutched whenever the lurch of the vessel was usually severe. Mind, sir, I'll not deny that it was fearfully trying. The laboring of the boat was terrible, and the trysails helped her no more than a lady's fan would. Meanwhile it was steadily breezing up. A thickness came over the sky, with a kind of yellow scud, that gave way in time to a brown vapor which made the forenoon as dark as the evening, and by this time it was blowing half a gale of wind. The swell went down somewhat, as though the weight of the breeze flattened it; but a sea got up in its place running at right angles with the swell, and causing us vicious a tumble as ever you saw. Well, little Smith got worse with the weather. The sea had been smooth and the days pleasant so long that he had, in a manner of speaking, counted upon things lasting as they were till the voyage was over; and now that a change had come sudden heavy, and full of threatening it frightened him. Of course he knew all about how overloaded vessels behave in stormy seas, and you may guess he was secretly repenting the bravado which he wanted to represent as conscience, that had sent him deep into the Atlantic in November, there to be taught not only to know, but to feel, how the ill-used, neglected, and imperiled sailor suffers. Before it came on dark that afternoon—with the evening, I mean, for there was a dusk on the sea all day—it was blowing a living gale. If swell there were, it was all one now with the seas. They rolled along in mountains of blackish-green water fringed with froth; the heavy clouds, like rolls of smoke, which seemed to rise out of the distant hollows, gave them an evil, swelling, dangerous appearance, and our low decks made them look twice the height they really were.

'I got the steamer head to sea, and one saw how well she would have managed had a proper buoyancy been left in her, but she could do nothing with the tremendous dead weight in her. It was scaring enough to stand on the bridge and watch both ends of her chopping up and down. Her bows would fly aloft, and the roaring white water would be raging round her quarters and stern, then plunge would go her head out of sight disappearing in boiling froth, while, before she could struggle out of it, lump would come a body of green water weighing tons and tons over the rail, crashing along the decks, lifting the ropes off the pins, and dashing every movable object along with it, till from the bridge the steamer would look to be clean under water.

'I've said little Smith was scared—he was more than that. He hung on to the bridge, refusing to go below. I advised him to shelter himself from the cold and wet—for squall after squall was blowing down, and the fury of the gale slung the spray along like arrows but he shrieked out 'No.' The feel of the cabin was too much for him; on deck he could see what was happening; he wasn't going to be drowned like a rat in a trap. I had enough to think of without troubling myself with his fears; though, whenever he asked me if there was a chance of my bringing the vessel through this job. I'd answer as dismally as the hurricane would let me, and with as long a face as I could draw, that if it wasn't for her being overloaded there'd be every chance, but what was to be hoped for by men aboard a vessel that couldn't lift the contents of her hold to the top of the seas? The longest and most valuable experience a ship-master ever had couldn't serve him in a ship whose loading made her more unseaworthy than were she waterlogged and floating on her own cargo.

''Of course,' says I, 'I'll do my best for the sake of our lives; but it's hard, says I, 'if men go to the bottom, that the stevedore, whose responsible for our destruction, isn't with us.'

''There was no comfort in this language, and I didn't mean that it should have any. He'd got a red shawl tied round his head to keep his hat on and his ears warm, and out of it started his little face—a sight to see! white as a ghost's, and his eyes goggled at the mountains of water and brightened up into a sort of lunatic expression whenever a sea rolled aboard. At midnight it was blowing fit to prize the ship out of the ocean. Suddenly the engines stopped, and it was found that the piston rod of the low-pressure cylinder had become bent and the piston itself jammed. The steamer fell off. I sung out for the cable to be paid overboard, that it might bring her head to sea, but while this was doing the shipped a hundred tons of water, that smashed the wheelhouse, came in the chart-room gangway and destroyed the lamp-room, and stacked the water-tight iron bulkheads between the bunkers and the main deck, besides lifting the bridge-deck some inches. Luckily, my engineer was a smart fellow, and by disconnecting the high and low-pressure cylinders he got the former to work, but not a moment too soon, for another sea had been shipped, that tore away the tarpaulin from number two hatchway and swept down a couple of ventilators, which the men had to plug at the risk of their lives, one man getting his collar-bone broken while at the job. Well, I'll not detain you with more particulars respecting that night. I never was in worse weather, and you've only got to back that with the thought of our overloaded steamer to form a pretty good idea of what we went through. Till 2 o'clock in the morning did little Mr. Smith remain on the bridge, and then, seeing he was like to freeze to death—for he was past speaking—I laid hold of him and got him below, where, calling to the steward for a bottle of brandy, that he might put some life into himself, he kept on drinking till he tumbled off his chair, in which condition he was found by the steward, who pulled off his boots and collar, and stowed him away in his bunk.

'The gale broke next forenoon, though the dawn showed us the steamer as wrecked looking as if she'd been ashore all night, and the sea going down, we proceeded on our voyage. We fetched our port all right, but do you think Mr. Smith would come back with us? He pretended to find a letter awaiting him demanding his immediate return, which, of course, obliged him to take passage in one of the regular passenger-boats trading between that place and London. It was a good excuse, and I dare say served his turn with his friends at home. But I have reason to believe he talked very little about his journey in his own vessel. Indeed, my notion is that if he hadn't bragged about his intention before starting, he'd have kept the whole matter as a secret. One consequence, however, followed. When the steamer returned home he had the disk lowered. He never mentioned the subject to me, never referred to his voyage, but just quietly did what I'm saying. I know it, for I took command of the vessel again, though only for that trip; and when we hauled out it was with six inches more height of side than we'd before gone to sea with, and even at that the lower edge of the mark was barely awash. It was a rough way for a man to cure his own propensity, and whether it was lasting I can't say, for I've not met nor heard of him for a long time; but it's certain he made my command for his vessel on the second occasion I took her to sea as agreeable as I could wish; and, though we met with a deal of dirty weather, the steamer's behavior was excellent. It's a treatment for overloading, sir, that might be recommended with advantage to patients; the medicine's not agreeable, but it's strong, and it's action sure. If an Act of Parliament could be passed to compel a certain class of owners—men after little Smith's pattern—to make so many voyages every year in their own boats, the Board of Trade would find no trouble in obtaining safe neights of side for seamen.'

A Good Cup of Coffee.

"It is one of the simplest things in the world," said Miss Corson in her lecture yesterday afternoon, "to make a good cup of coffee, and this can easily be accomplished by applying a little common sense. If you put boiling water on coffee and do not let it boil," she continued, "you have all the good qualities preserved. One reason dyspeptics cannot drink coffee is because it is boiled. The style of a coffee pot is just a matter of fancy. I have made as good coffee in an old tomatoe can as I have ever sipped from a cup filled from the finest French coffee run. We should take lessons from the Turks and Arabians, who grind their coffee to a fine powder.

"When the coffee is ground as fine as possible, put it in a little bag of unbleached muslin, which should be tied tightly enough to prevent the escape of the grounds. If you use unground coffee you can make over a quart of very strong, black coffee. In making coffee many people sacrifice flavor for strength. Bitterness comes from boiling. When boiling water is placed on the bag of ground coffee it should stand at least three minutes before serving. Remember, the longer it stands the stronger it becomes. Be careful nor to allow the watered coffee to boil."

"A favorite mixture of coffee," said Miss Corson, in answer to a lady in the audience, "is Mocha and Java, in the proportion of two parts of the latter, which is less expensive, to one of the former."—Philadelphia News.

The Proper Treatment of Little Children

ADVICE AS TO SUNSTROKE.

The weather has been very warm for a day or two past, and we may expect a few spells of tropical heat before the end of August. It is well to take things as easy as one can and to prepare for these outbursts. The following report of the New York Board of Health upon sunstroke is approved and published by the Board. They apply here. Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather be damp. It is more apt to occur in the second, third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping-rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working in-doors and where there is artificial heat—laundries, etc.—see that the room is well ventilated. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the person cold drinks of water or cold black tea, or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water, with a little sugar.

CARE OF INFANTS.

The new Board of Health publishes the annexed rules for summer in regard to the nursing of infants. Mothers can read them with profit:

Over-feeding does more harm than anything else: nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours.

Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more.

If an infant is thirsty give it pure water, or barley water; no sugar.

On the hottest days a few drops of whiskey may be added to either water or food; the whiskey not to exceed a teaspoonful in twenty four hours.

In relation to the feeding of infants the Board advises:

Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in coffee grinder) and one half pint of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes; strain, then mix it with half as much boiled milk, add a lump of white sugar, size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouth piece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added.

For infants five or six months old give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar.

For older infants, give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costive, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before. When your breast milk is only half enough, change off between breast milk and this prepared food.

In hot weather, if blue litmus paper applied to the food turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess or add a small pinch of baking soda.

Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day by itself or mixed with other food, and when ten or twelve months old a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck.

No child under two years ought to eat at your table.

Give no candies—in fact, nothing that is not contained in these rules without a doctor's order.

The Board thus refer to summer complaint:

It comes from overfeeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open.

Wash your well children with cool water twice a day or oftener in the hot season.

Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician an once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, privies, garbage boxes or gutters about the house where you live. See that your own apartments are right, and complain to the Board of Health, if the neighborhood is offensive. Where an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it great deal of good and may prevent cholera infantum.

☞ WEAKNESS OF MIND or body, Palpitation of the Heart and Depression of spirits are quickly relieved by Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron. See that you get "Hanington's," the original and genuine.

His Three Fingers.

"I never see a man take a drink in a saloon," said a brakeman, "but I think of a queer little incident that happened me once. Just as we started to work one evening—I was working with a switch crew then—somebody called us over to have a drink. I was in a hurry to get to work on time, but it wasn't often we got a treat I rushed over and hurried up to the bar and said: "I want a little whiskey, and as I am in a hurry I won't wait for the rest of you, but will take my three fingers off. Those were the exact words I used. I had cause enough to remember them, for ten minutes later, as I was making my first coupling. I was careless, on account of the whiskey I've always believed, and this was the result. Here the brakeman held up his hand, from which three fingers were missing.

Unknown.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults 2

A Frequent Annoyance.

Many people suffer from distressing sick headaches and bilious attacks of frequent occurrence which a bottle or two of Burdock Blood Bitters would entirely remove. It regulates the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to a healthy action.

She was Thin.

"You think I am pretty thin, do you?" remarked a passenger from the West, 'but you ought to have seen me three years ago. I'm fat now besides what I was then. And my thinness saved my life once, too. How was it? Well, I'll tell you, only I'm afraid you won't believe it. I notice that down East here people think us far West folks big liars from over the range. But it is straight what I'm going to tell you. 'Bout three years ago I was captured by a band of Injuns and tied to a cottonwood tree down in a canyon. They left me there all alone, and hadn't any idea I could git away. You know when an Injun ties a man up he's tied for all summer unless somebody comes along to cut the cords. In this case nobody came along, but I got away all the same, even if my feet and hands were fastened tighter than a nugget in a ledge. How did I manage it? Easy enough. Just worked my elbows until they had cut through my coat, and then I kept on workin' 'em as much as I could until they had cut those cords off as sleek as a knife could have done it. When it comes to sharp elbows I'm the man that's got 'em, stranger.

A Good Filter.

Pure water is indispensable to health, the least impurity should be removed by a good filter. Pure Blood is also indispensable; there can be no perfect health without it. The Liver filters the Blood. Regulate the Liver with Burdock Blood Bitters and make pure Blood. 2

The discovery of the instantaneous process of taking photographs has been quickly followed in the medical world by a perfect and instantaneous remedy for all acute aches and pains, as Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, etc. This valuable remedy is called Fluid Lightening, and is sold at 25 cents abottle by Geo. Rhynas, Druggist. 1m.

PITY THE POOR DYSPEPTIC.—Poverty with perfect health is rather to be chosen than riches and dyspepsia. Try the magic effect of a dollar bottle of FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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BRASS & IRON STEAM FITTINGS

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New Salt Pans and Boilers

Built on Shortest Notice.

Mail orders for new work and repairs w receive prompt attention.

CHRYSTAL & BLACK,

Works near G. T. R. Station.

Goderich, Feb. 28, 1884. 1787