How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and the world fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

Relief in one minute to all pains and weakness, is CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

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To thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Lung Ulcers.

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For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

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MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES PAINS,—External and Internal.

RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts Cracks and Scratches.

BEST TABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia Hoarseness, Sore Throat Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions

LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL! AS IT COSTS BUT 25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

of which there are several on the market. The genuine only is prepared by and bearing the name of

C. C. RICHARDS & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

TESTIMONIAL.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been much troubled with lame back for fifteen years. Three bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured me. It gives me much pleasure to recommend your Liniment, and you may use this letter as you think best.

Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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GATES' CERTAIN CHECK

is a certain and positive cure for

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, COLIC

and all other kinds of violent pain and cramp.

It is pleasant to take and is the safest and best preventative for children as well as adults, and costs only 25 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere.

BLISSVILLE, N. B., Aug. 27, 1882.

Two years ago I was very sick with what is called Summer Complaint or Dysentery, and I bought one bottle of Gates' Certain Check, and I verily believe that it saved my life. This I can testify to.

A. L. MATTHEW, J. P.

Valuable Property FOR SALE, AT WEST JEDDORE, HALIFAX CO., N.S.

CONSISTING of Fifty Acres of land, part under cultivation, the remainder in wood and pasture; in a thriving settlement bordering on Jeddore Harbor. Has a good house, barn, shop, store, and other outhouses. A General store and Post office on the premises kept by the subscriber. Good communication by sea and land to Halifax. Church and school in the district. A good chance to farm and fish or do business. Morals of the community high.

Private circumstances make it necessary for the subscriber to change his business, hence the offer to sell.

Will be sold low and on easy terms. Apply to the subscriber either personally or by correspondence.

P. W. MASKELL,
39-33 West Jeddore, Halifax Co., N. S.

My Love.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come afar,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is very near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And, though she seems of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of week day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chance to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and therein to
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Never made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath rooms
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them, and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green—
Sweet homes wherein to die.

—James R. Lowell.

Selected Serial.

THE CHESTER GIRLS.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

I TAKE INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

"So she was the thief after all," chuckled Dyke.

"She did not know about the other locket," said Nina. "The next time Nat went on his trip, I went with him; and on the train, as we were coming back, was Grandpapa Chester. I had been writing to mamma about the locket, and she told him the whole story—how Florence had accused me of stealing her locket, and how she had taken mine away with her—and everything. Then he showed me the locket he had with him. It was exactly like mine, even to the locks of hair, and the picture in a secret place, which I had never seen until Florence showed it to me, as proof that it was her locket."

"I reckon that he knew his other son had the other locket, and he knew in a minute where yours came from," suggested Dyke.

"Yes, and he knew that his son Richard had a little daughter, named Nina; but he supposed that the whole family were drowned in Lake Michigan, when I was a baby. Everyone on board the vessel was drowned but me. I was washed ashore with my locket, containing my first name, and the date of my birth, and Papa Bruce found me. He advertised for my friends; and as no one came to claim me, they kept me as their own—and never were own parents kinder or more loving than they," added Nina, with a mist of tears in eyes.

"If I had of been in there place I wouldn't have given you up," said Dyke, with a glance of admiration at the girl who had made him forget his unpleasant introduction to her, a short time since. "No possible chance that Miss Florence would forget it, or allow him to, either," he thought.

"They were very poor," said Nina, "and Grandpapa Chester has been very kind to them. They loved me so dearly, and it would have broken my heart to part with them; so he brought them all here, and has given them a lovely ranche for their home. Some time you must go with me to visit them. You will have such a good time."

"I shall be glad to go," said Dyke, forgetting his intention, a short time since, to seek his fortune in some distant place. He began to think that life at Uncle Andrew's would not be so sad after all; for Nina was not a young lady, but only a bright entertaining, or, as he would have expressed it, a jolly, girl.

"My half an hour was a long one," remarked a pleasant voice. At which they both turned and saw Colonel Chester coming toward them. "I hope the time has not seemed long."

"Not over ten minutes," asserted Dyke, emphatically.

"I knew that Nina could make it slip away quickly, if anyone could," Colonel Chester said, stopping to kiss his favorite grandchild.

"But come now," he added, more briskly. "We have kept your poor mother waiting too long already."

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE DISCUSSION.

Under the wide spreading branches of a pecan tree, a young girl stood one autumn day, and gazed upon the scene spread before her with appreciative eyes. She had not as yet become accustomed to Southern scenery in all its varied aspects, having spent but a few months of her young life in the "sunny South."

Before her wound the San Antonio River, overshadowed by immense trees that clasped their huge arms across from either side, and interlocked their smaller branches.

It was the sunset hour. In any clime a beautiful sunset must call forth admiration; and especially are those favored, who have been permitted to behold a sunset at the far South, when God's wondrous glory, like a vast panorama, is unrolled before them.

Nina Chester stood quite still on the banks of the river, and gazed beyond it to the distant Western sky.

A small green lizard, with bright, beadlike eyes, crawled close to her very feet, almost touching the hem of her pretty cambric dress. Her thoughts were wholly absorbed in the sunset glory, and she did not start at the proximity of the little creature, harmless in itself; but which usually inspired her, involuntarily, with a sense of terror.

Fold upon fold of billowy, fleecy clouds sailed slowly, majestically across a throbbing, fathomless expanse of blue; more brightly, more intensely blue than any ever produced by painter's brush.

A troubled shadow was on her face, and deepened in her brown eyes.

"Clar' to goodness, Miss Nina you done forgot yo' sha'l," called out a shrill voice in the distance, as a small dusky figure darted down the lawn from the house, which stood back from the river on a slight eminence.

"Aunt Dinah, she charge me berry ticular to see yo' had yo' shawl when de dew am a-risin', or the fogs am a-fallin', an' here yo' is wivout it, a-stan'in' by de ribber in dem slippers. Do'n' yo' know yo's gwin to ketch yo's death? Why, chile, it's dreffl keerless ob yo' a-doin' so."

Nina smiled at the quaint little creature, whose age could not have been much more than half her own, and who reprimanded her in such an authoritative manner.

"I'se clar done out wiv de 'sponsibility ob yo' two misses, I is," sighed Gipsy, doleful y, seating herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, which had been left undisturbed where the hand of time had cast it, because its position gave a certain mystic beauty to the place.

"Well, Gipsy, you may be excused from further attendance upon me to-day," said Nina. "I am thinking about something which troubles me very much; and I want to be alone."

"Yo'll tink so hard yo'll drap yo' shawl, an' ketch cold, an' den Aunt Dinah'll say 'dat chile Gyp ain't to be trusted, no how, an' Massa Cheetah an' Miss Flossie'll say 'at little nigs like me ain't no 'count. I'll set right still, Miss Nina, but I'fer to stay. Yo' can tink all yo' want to; I won't 'sturb yo' the leastest mite."

And the child settled herself in a more comfortable position, with a determination on her small black face, which seemed to defy contradiction.

Nina walked nearer to the river's edge, and continued to watch the vivid flames of color which illumed the Western sky. Carmine, and gold, and amethyst, were resplendent against the darker background, and the whole earth and sky seemed flooded with rosy mist.

"Oh, it is beautiful, beautiful," sighed Nina. "All earth and heaven is beautiful. Who made it all if there is no God? Who gives the flowers rain, that they may unfold their wondrous beauty? Who piles up the mountains in rugged grandeur? Who bids the seasons each to yield in turn buds, and blossoms, and grain, for man's use and enjoyment? Whose wisdom is so plainly revealed in all the workings of nature, if not God's?"

"Oh! my Heavenly Father! whom I have loved, and trusted, and worshipped, for more than fifteen years, must I lose you now? Can I live without the guiding hand which has been my shelter and my comfort in times of doubt and trouble? Will they prove to me, some day, that there is no God? that my blessed Saviour was only a man, like other men? and that the joy which fills my heart because I have perfect trust in him, is all a delusion?"

Unconsciously her small hands clasped in the fervor and intensity of her emotions.

"Florence ridicules my religion, and Grandpapa Chester frowns on me whenever the subject is mentioned. They both lament my superstitious schooling, as they call my happy life spent with papa and mamma Bruce, with dear Elder Williams for my instructor. And Grandpapa Chester said—this very day—that I had been allowed to go on in this dreadful way long enough. He had hoped—those were his very words—that I would become convinced of my error by reading the books in his library, and by new associates and surroundings. I have never read one of those dreadful books; and my heart is always so full of God's goodness, that there is no room for a doubt to creep in; but now he"—with a pitiful quiver in her voice—"he says that my case requires more rigid treatment. I do not know what he will do. Take my Bible away from me, perhaps; refuse to allow me to attend church; deny me the privilege of visiting papa and mamma Bruce at Live Oaks; and oh! worst of all, compel me to read those awful books, which make me shiver just to look at them. It is dreadful to think of the creatures God has made sitting in judgment against their Maker, and filling great shelves with books in a vain attempt to overthrow the one Book that God has given us."

Then, as the short, Southern twilight closed about her, and the last of the sunset flushes flamed across the sky, Nina raised her voice once more in an earnest supplication:

"Help me, oh my Father! who art strong and able to fight this battle for me, and then the way which seems so dark to me now shall be plain before me. Help me to keep my faith in thee, and grant my heart's desire."

"And what is your heart's desire, dear?" asked a pleasant voice near her.

Colonel Chester had come upon her suddenly. His footsteps had made no sound on the grassy lawn. He had heard but a part of the last sentence she had spoken. His voice would have lost its pleasant tone, had he known she was addressing her Heavenly Father. As it was, he thought it was some girlish desire to which she was giving expression; and he mentally decided, that if it lay in his power to grant it, it should be done.

She turned her startled eyes, and saw him standing before her, with such a kindly expression on his face, that it did not seem possible that he could be angry with her because she loved and trusted God.

"Oh, grandpapa," she said, coming close to him, and laying both tender little hands entreatingly on his arm, "you have done so much for me to make my life happy. You never refuse me any request that you can grant, and it seems so ungrateful in me not to be perfectly happy with you; but—"

"Well, puss?" He pinched her pink cheek, playfully.

"I—oh, grandpapa! there is one thing I do desire *so* much. I could be happy if you had not this beautiful home, and all the nice things to lavish upon me. I could be very happy with you in one of those little adobe houses, with no servant at all, and just me to cook and make tea for you, if——"

He smiled encouragingly; and she continued, apprehensively:

"If you loved God, as I——"

"Stop, Nina!" his voice thundered, in its deepest bass. The benevolent expression went out of his eyes, the kindly look fled from his face, and a stern displeasure took their place.

"Sit down here, Nina," he said, in grave tones, leading the trembling girl to the fallen tree, from which Gipsy had fled precipitately, a wild terror on her ebony face and in her distended eyes, the moment Colonel Chester's angry tones reached her.

"I'clare fo' goodness ef it ain't a' comin' now, fo' sure," her trembling lips articulated. "Miss Nina bettah be careful how she rouses him. He's like a big storm-wind when he's wild. I'd bettter warn Aunt Dinah an' de rest to keep out ob his way; an' I'spect Gyp to make herself scarce till it blows obe."

Colonel Chester led his granddaughter to a seat, in courtly solemnity.

"Nina," he began, gravely, "it is time I had a serious talk with you on this subject. My ideas concerning God and religion are not thoughtlessly acquired, by any means. I have studied the subject with the wisest, most brilliant minds in the world to assist me in arriving at correct conclusions. If I thought your present delusion would do you no harm, I would not interfere; but I believe that superstitious, and wrong ideas of life, are weakening to the intellect and to the moral force which governs our actions. You consider me a good man, and a just one. Do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet my record has been a moral one, a voluntary one, builded by my own strength and integrity of purpose. I ask no assistance from a higher power. I acknowledge no higher power than man's own will and determination to do right. On the other hand, behold the miserable, self acknowledged weakness of him who relies wholly on God's strength, God's wisdom, God's infinite mercy. Let me ask you, Nina, is there any real manhood or womanhood in such an existence as this?"

At this moment, Dyke came across the lawn to where Colonel Chester and Nina were sitting; and without waiting for Nina's reply, Colonel Chester accosted the boy.

"Come here, Dyke," he called. And then, as Dyke approached—"I do not know what your religious training may have been in the past; but I wish you to listen to our conversations on the subject."

"Precious little religious training I've had," remarked Dyke, dryly, as he flung himself on the grass at their feet. "Mamma doesn't believe there is any God, or heaven, or that other place, or anything at all. I think she did sort o' half-way believe something of the kind once; but when papa drank up everything, and kept getting worse all the while, and our home was sold, and Blossom died, why then she just said she'd rather not believe at all than to think God could be so cruel to one of the creatures he had made."

A sudden light came into Nina's downcast eyes.

"That is it," said Colonel Chester, appreciatively. "Taking it for granted that ther is a God, why does he allow all these miseries to come upon humanity?"

"Grandpapa, don't you think we have the power to do as we choose?" asked Nina.

"Certainly, most certainly."

"Then, if you took an axe, and cut your hand off, would God be to blame for it?"

"No, of course not. I alone would be responsible for such an insane action, unless my brain was crazed. I would have to be demented to do anything like that. People do not attempt such rash things, Nina."

"Well, suppose you took poison," continued Nina. "Something which had killed hundreds of others, and you knew it?"

"The case is similar to the other," he replied, with the least suspicion of irritability in his voice.

"Yes, just the same; but I want you to see it as I do," replied the girl, earnestly. "Suppose the poison, which was taking hundreds of people every year into their graves, had no real bad effect at first—that is, in small doses; but almost always there came a time when the dose would be large enough to kill. What would you say about the man who began to taste of it, knowing all the time what it had done for others?"

"*I d* call him a downright fool," cried Dyke, indignantly. "But there never was such a fool, I know."

"And you, grandpapa?" questioned Nina, earnestly—"would you think God responsible for that man's death, if he kept taking the poison which he knew had killed others, and would in all probability kill him, sooner or later? Would God be responsible for that?"

"No, hardly, in such a case as that."

"Then suppose the poison cost a great deal of money, and unfitted the man for work while he was taking it, so that he could not earn more; and suppose that it took all he had ever earned to keep him supplied with it—ought God to be blamed because he was poor?"

"None with a spark of sense would do it," exclaimed Dyke.

"Of course, the man's wife and children would suffer. But ought people to say, 'How cruel God is not to feed and clothe them,' when all the time the man was doing everything in his power to deny them comforts?"

"Nina," said Colonel Chester, "what are you trying to prove?"

"That God is *never* responsible for the dreadful things laid up against him," she replied quickly, with a flush on her cheeks.

"But wasn't God to blame—if there is a God—for all the sorrow which came to mamma?" asked Dyke.

"Your papa drank all the poison which had killed others, Dyke. He knew it had killed them, and made their homes wretched, and yet he drank it. Who is to blame for your mamma's misery—God, or rum?"

"Rum, of course. I see it as plain as day," cried Dyke, exultantly. "I'm going to tell mamma the very things you've said to-day. She never would see it, if she thought I was talking of rum at first; but I'll bliad her, as you did us, with the axe, and so forth."

(*To be continued.*)

The Kremlin of Moscow.

A correspondent for the *Chicago Times*, writing from Moscow, gives these interesting facts regarding the Kremlin:

"Every one has read of the Kremlin of Moscow. It is a nearly triangular old fortress, on the river which runs through Moscow in the shape of the letter S. The base of the Kremlin triangle rests on the lower curve of the letter, where the site of the fortress lifts some fifty or more feet. The whole length of the wall is over a mile and a third, through which one may enter by five gates. Over the Gate of the Redeemer is a picture of Christ the Redeemer, highly venerated, and believed to possess miraculous powers. It is a thoroughfare; but no one passes through it our red; everyone removes the hat. This form is observed by the highest and the lowest, the native and the foreigner. From the gallery, reached by a climb of 450 steps, a splendid view of the city is had. It lies mapped around with its homes and palaces in confused piles, its boulevards and parks green with trees, its green-painted roofs giving with the trees a garden-like appearance to the whole city. Four-fifths, perhaps seven-eighths, of all the roofs are green, the patches of red roofing heightening the effects of its complemental colors. Bending like a serpent, the little river winds into the town, and by a couple of graceful curves lies for a moment at one's feet, and then glides off by another easy curve and seeks the outward plain.

"Here, close to one, hangs thirty-odd beautiful bells, two of them being of solid silver; one of these bells bears upon its ring the tell-tale inscription that it is 388 years old. Woe to the tympanum of one's ears if he happens to be in the gallery at the hour when the great bell of the Assumption clangs. For its mighty tongue is larger than a man, and its own weight is sixty-four tons. If, however, the hearer is a few hundred yards removed, this old bell peals a tone singularly rich and mellow. From the height one can count 360 churches, many of them with gilded domes, dazzling and bright. At the foot of this tower, upon a pedestal of stone, stands the 'King of bells.' Who of us has not, in early childhood, heard of it? I remember seeing a picture of it when I was a small boy. It was half-buried; but the earth was dug away from before a break in it, and one or two men were standing in the orifice. About fifty years ago the Emperor had it lifted, and placed upon its present pedestal. To do this was no easy task, for the 'King' is a monster—over twenty-six feet high and sixty-eight feet in circumference, or nearly twenty-three feet in diameter at the rim. It weighs nearly 200 tons, and the little piece broken out of it leaves an opening seven feet high. Within the precincts of the Kremlin are the great palace, the armory and arsenal, and two or three churches."

A Holiday for the Wife.

Give your wife a vacation. She needs one. Little cares are harder to bear than greater responsibilities, and she has many more cares than her husband, and sometimes as great responsibilities. A woman's work is never done; and modern life has increased and intensified it. Cares have multiplied faster than conveniences. Life is more complex, its demands are greater and more numerous, society more exacting. Who needs a vacation, if she does not. And she cannot get it at home. The more quiet and restful the home is to you, the more evidence that it is a care, if not a burden to her. A housekeeper can no more take a vacation in her home than a merchant in his counting-room. Even though her absence occasions inconvenience, give an occasional vacation.—*Selected.*

—'The office should seek the man,' says the wise man. So it does, O philosopher, so it does, after the man is elected. Has to hunt for him all over town every time it wants a paper signed.

—Husband (all ready for the theatre): 'I declare, dear, its raining hard.' Wife (buttoning her glove): 'Well, what's a little rain? One would think from your tone of voice that we were about starting for church.'—*Harper's Bazar.*

—'What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things around, and kick like everything just because the coffee is cold?' 'John,' responded his wife, 'I would make it hot for you.' As her words admitted of more than one interpretation, John said nothing more about the coffee.

—Steve: 'Yes, poor Blivins does look melancholy, as you say. He still suffers from the consequences of an early love affair.' Maud (instantly interested): 'Oh, tell me. Did the young lady die or prove false?' Steve: 'Neither. She married him.'—*Time.*

—'I am very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me instead of your own minister?' 'Well, sir, it's to thus my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it just reet for our sin minister to run the risk.'—*Punch.*

—A Mississippi negro who went into the country to pick cotton returned much disgusted. He was asked, 'Didn't you get any chance to pick cotton?' He replied, 'Yes, sich as day was. A feller was offered me one-fourth of what I picked. I just took a look at de field and I saw for myself dat when hit was all picked hi wouldn't amount to one-fourth, so I left for home. I tell you, boss, I was in luck that I didn't get fooled. But my 'refusetic was all what saved me. I tell you, send yer chillun to school.'

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal. 30

"IN UNION IS STRENGTH"

Particularly is this the case in the union or combination of the vegetable oils which blended together compose SIMSON'S LINIMENT

Its penetrating powers in cases of Rheumatism, Lame back, Neuralgia, Sore throat &c. have been thoroughly proven. Mr. James Avery, Mallorytown, Leeds Co., Ontario, writes "Shortly after your agent was here last winter, my son unfortunately strained the cords of his back, and not paying attention to it at once caught could which settled there. He was laid up for about a week and suffered considerably. I, as an experiment gave your *Simson's Liniment* a trial and it brought him around in twenty-four hours. I heartily recommend it." Sold everywhere for 25c.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO., Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound

Cures Chronic Constipation, Costiveness and all Complaints

arising from a disordered state of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, such as

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious Affections, Headache, Heartburn, Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatism, Loss of Appetite, Gravel, Nervous Debility, Nausea, or Vomiting, &c.

HILDERS LIKE IT! MOTHERS LIKE IT! Because it is agreeable to the taste, does not occasion Nausea, acts without griping, is certain in its effects, and is effective in small doses.

IN LIQUID FORM.

Large Bottles, 25 cents each.

A POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

One that will save days of sickness and many a Dollar in time and Doctor's Bills, one always near at hand, ready at a moment's call. This friend is PERRY DAVIS'

PAIN-KILLER.

TAKEN INTERNALLY, it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhœa, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaints, Painters' Colic, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c.

USED EXTERNALLY, it cures Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. Sold by Dealers in Family Medicines the World Around.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Dr. CHANNING'S Compound Extract of Pure Red Jamaica SARSAPARILLA

For the cure of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Cancer, all Skin Diseases, Tumors, Enlargement of the Liver and Spleen, Rheumatic Affections, diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, oppressions of the Chest or Lungs, Leucorrhea, Catarrh, and all diseases resulting from a depraved and impure condition of the blood.

CAUTION.—Ask for "Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla" take no other in its place.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Limited, SOLE AGENTS, MONTREAL.

DIGESTIVE TABLETS OR AFTER DINNER PILLS, for enfeebled digestion, produced from want of proper secretion of the Gastric Juice. They give immediate relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

DIRECTIONS.—Take one or two pills immediately after eating or when suffering from Indigestion, Lung in the Throat or Flatulence.

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for Chapped Hands, Face and Lips, Rough and Hard Skin, Chafing, Sunburn, Burns, Scalds, Itching, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, "Baby Rash," and all unpleasant conditions of the Skin of Humankind. Better Nature addressed in one night. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

CHEAP SALE.

CARPETS, Rugs, Door Mats, China and Cocoa Matting, Cholcums Oil Cloths, Curtains and Curtain Poles at greatly reduced prices for the remainder of the season.

July 7, 1888. J. G. McNALLY.

EXTRAORDINARY Value in Parlor Suites; 7 Pieces, Solid Walnut Frames, Best Hair Cloth, our own manufacture, only $42.75.

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SILVERWARE AND CUTLERY.—Another instalment of Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s Goods, just received. Every article guaranteed. Also, a fine assortment of Pocket Cutlery, very cheap at J. G. McNALLY'S.

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I will sell the whole, or in lots to suit purchasers. Part of the purchase money has remain on mortgage. Can give possession at any time.

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FARM FOR SALE.

THAT VALUABLE FARM containing 200 Acres, situate at

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TERMS EASY.

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Public Auction.

There will be sold at public auction on Saturday, the 21st inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, all that Leasehold Lot of land and buildings belonging to the estate of the late William Bertram, deceased, situated on Wall Street, in the City of Portland; being part of the property formerly owned and occupied by the late Peter Cormack.

Sale by order of the Administratrix to pay the debts of the said William Bertram.

St. John, N. B., July 17, 1888.

MARY A. BERTRAM, Administratrix.

T. R. HANNINGTON, Auctioneer.