High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of Brain and Heart Diseases—General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as

A Cure

for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood."—Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio.

"For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carrasett, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maastart, Louisville, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

Price $1, six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

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

Dr. H. G. ROOT, 97 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes, washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 2 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

THIS LATEST NOVELTY TREE.

Flowers large and fragrant. Color a soft, satiny pink, distinctly striped and dashed with white and carmine. Free blomer. Price, $1.00, including copy of Floral Guide, if desired. Write for instructions how to get plant free.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1889, Pioneer Seed Catalogue of America, revised, enlarged, new type, elegant cover, Chromotype, and 8 Colored Plates. Illustrations and descriptions of every popular plant, flower and vegetable, and prices of seeds. Only 25 cents, with certificate good for that amount in seeds.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY—FREE

OPIUM

DRUNKENNESS

VIRGINIA FARMS and MILLS SOLD

9 Cords in 10 HOURS

BY OUR MAN. Greatly improved. Also TOOL

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

SLEIGH ROBES.

ONE THOUSAND JAPANESE WOLF SKINS, in Grey, Black and White. Wholesale and Retail.

C. & E. EVERETT, Furriers, 11 King Street.

THE CHILDREN.

FOUND IN THE DESK OF CHARLES DICKENS AFTER HIS DEATH.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night," and be kissed;
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
O, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild;
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes;
O, those truants from earth and from heaven!
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of heaven to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a scraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself!

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking the rule.
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn
To traverse its threshold no more—
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the good-nights and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed!

Selected Serial.

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

PROFESSING.

They had nearly finished eating when the tones of a sharp, clanging bell came sounding over the hills and dropping into the hollows; and, so quiet was the air, it seemed to calm even this discordant clangor and hush it to a song. As though its message, "Praise ye the Lord," would break through and make a harmony in the beautiful nature without.

"It's the nine o'clock bell for meeting," Mrs. Dame said, in surprise.

"Do you have service every Sabbath?" asked Mirabel.

"No; only once a fortnight. A minister comes once a month from one side, and once from the other, and they have Sunday-school every Sunday.'

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Mr. Dame, who had been trying to put in a word. "Clint Judd was saying in the store t'other day that his cousin was coming up again for a few weeks, and he wrote he'd preach Sundays when there wa'nt nobody else, and there'd be a meetin' to-day.

"He's an old man," exclaimed Mrs. Dame, "Mrs. Judd's cousin, and has the asthma dreadful, and thinks this high air agrees with him. Comes most every summer. He ain't rich, so it's lucky he's got a cousin. Cousining is dreadful convenient sometimes, but more especially, I notice, when the cousin is at the country end of the journey. What do country cousins do, Miss Vane, when they're run down and sick?"

"Stay at home, I judge, from what you say," Mirabel answered, laughing. "Shall you go to-day, Mrs. Dame?"

"No; I didn't start early enough this morning, and five cows don't make even Sunday a perfect day of rest to a woman on a farm. Her Bible don't read just like town folks."

"Are you going, sister?" Paula asked, eagerly.

"I had not thought of it."

"I wish I could."

"You could not walk so far, Paula, yet. Perhaps by another Sabbath you can."

"If you would like to go, Miss Vane, I guess I shall be going and will show you the way," Mr. Dame ventured, with a glance at his wife.

Mirabel thought quickly; she could not imagine how she could dispose of all the long hours before her "in a proper manner," without some outside aid. Mrs. Dame broke in upon her thought.

"I most always go to meetin'," she said, "unless I have a sight to do at home. A body don't want too much time for thinking, anyway, I don't."

Mirabel caught herself up quickly. Was it possible, then, that she had no more resources than this plain, uneducated woman?

"I shall be happy to go with you, Mr. Dame," she said to his offer.

Nina clamored to "go too," and obtained consent; but for the first time in her life after the two sisters had made her ready, Mirabel looked at the child with the wish that she really was not quite so much like a doll, and that she had "something simpler" or more suitable.

They had brought for her some gingham and linen "play dresses," but the white ones that seemed to them the only suitable things for church, were the dainty, delicate frocks they had chosen for their petted darling in their own elegant home.

And seemliness in such a matter of surroundings and conditions.

Mirabel tucked out of sight all the lace that she could from the frock she had selected as the simplest of all, and laid back in the case the tiny kid gloves they had ordered from Paris for the baby hands.

That suited the little one. "Ine don't like gloves any," she declared delightedly.

Still the contrast was marked when the little girl, perfect in every detail, from the high, buttoned fine boots to the broad white hat with its long plume of snowy fluffness, was met on the stoop by the sturdy figure of little Ned, arrayed in his Sunday suit of blue with many bright buttons, all neat and well enough, but showing the home-making and careful purse.

"Oh, my! you look real pretty," was his greeting as Nina came to his side.

"Oo do too," she returned, gazing with rapt admiration on the many buttons and the gay corner of a handerchief showing from his jacket-pocket.

That pacified watching Mrs. Dame.

"Will you be lonely, dear?" Mirabel had paused on their own threshold to ask of her sister the question. But Paula smiled her answer:

"Oh, no. I am going down to the arbor to dream awhile, sister."

They always knew that Paula was feeling at her best when she was "dreaming." It meant physical comfort.

"Run along, children," Mirabel said, fastening the last glove-button on the house-step.

"Take my hand, Neddy," commanded Nina, and the elders followed on. Teddy hobbled after the party to the gate, but an angry "stone bruise" that he had "managed to kick up," as his mother said, made wearing a shoe an impossibility, and he limped back, crying in a quiet way to himself. But Paula, coming out for a drink, saw the tear marks, and, readily ascertaining the cause, carried him down to the "Den" with her, where, though she made him a perfectly happy boy, it was at the sacrifice of her own quiet dreaming, and no one but herself knew how much that cost her.

As the others walked along the half-mile to the "meeting-house," Mirabel thought she had never realized before what might be meant by a "Sabbath quiet." Sounds strike the ear with a peculiar not in these high airs. There is no lingering echo to continue the jar or noise upon the nerves, but the waves melt away in the finer atmosphere, growing finer until lost entirely.

The grassy walk was dry now, the heat of the sun not yet unpleasant. The two children walked along hand in hand, now stooping to pick some late-blooming dandelion or knocking the head from a way-side buttercup. Occasionally an open wagon, with its one or three seats filled with church-goers, rattled by on the stony road. A few came out from the yard gates and joined the decorous procession.

"Your church is literally a light set upon a hill, is it not?" Mirabel asked.

"It's on a hill, sure enough; but as to the light, that depends," Mr. Dame answered shrewdly.

"It must be founded on a rock, for sure," the girl said, looking up, "or it would have been blown away long before this."

Just at the highest point of the village street, where it bent towards the east, there rose on the right hand a small conical shaped hill, that might have been all of rock from the many projections cropping through the short grass, and on the very pinnacle of this stood the not large square white building, with its equally substantial belfry, toward which the steps of the many were tending. The wagons drove around by a more gentle slope to the long row of sheds in the rear, but a steep footpath up the face of the rocky knoll in front was the toilsome way provided for foot passengers. When she had reached the top, however, and stood for a moment "catching breath," Mirabel acknowledged to herself that the view would have repaid for a much longer climb.

Like a brilliant in an emerald settling, the lake sparkled in the sunlight, encircled by the wide curve of low mountains clothed from base to top with their rich summer leafage.

This was one of Nature's choicest paintings, a gem seen by few, hung in one corner of her wide gallery, but, once seen, never to be forgotten. A lovely dream, a thought of rest, forever.

It went with Mirabel up the steps, crowded with friends who had but few opportunities of meeting in these busy days of haying and early harvesting, into the airy church bright with light from its many unblinded windows, and when Mr. Dame seated her near one of these on the shaded side, and she glanced out through the open casement and found her picture still before them, she was more than content.

She thought her service that day was one of worship, but it was only the worship of beauty.

Her thoughts were wandering to the many scenes of beauty it had been her privilege to look on, and revelling in their satisfaction, not in that of their Maker.

There was a large choir of young voices in the gallery back, and they sang heartily, and, it is to be supposed, to the Lord, for their words could not be understood by men, any more than some of the city salaried quartettes can. But at the music itself Mirabel's trained ear rebelled a little; though there was no lack of strength in the voices.

She was not guilty of staring about. It seemed to her there were a good many white heads in the audience, and the women had a tired, faded look. She thought of that now as she could not have done even one week before. Through the brief story of Mr. Dame, with its unfulfilled longings, its weary accomplishings, her eyes were being opened. She could read a little that was written between the deeply graved lines of these faces.

Life was—much, oh, so much!—and it did not mean the same to all that it did to her. Was she sure of that? Did it not mean satisfaction and happiness? Was it more than that to her?

She saw Mercy Task sitting before her, her thin face turned intently toward the speaker, her forehead wrinkled, her eyelids restlessly moving. She felt an unusual interest in her; a girl who could choose a dress that she did not like, and then save a half-yard on the making.

The minister's health was poor, and so was his voice. Mirabel excused herself on that account from listening, until she saw the tears rolling over an aged face in front of her, quivering with its intense emotion, and then in shame she called back her errant attention, and found, from the few sentences left for her hearing, that she had missed a very plain and simple story of God's great love for man; and she had the grace to be both ashamed and sorry.

After church came the Sabbath-school, to which nearly every one, including Neddy, remained. If Mr. Dame found the members of his class congregated out in the horse-sheds, it did not matter to her. She was glad to have the warm walk home alone with Nina.

On the way she promised to herself, as a penance for bad behavior, to give some time that day to Bible study, and, after the dinner-supper that served for the Sabbath, she let Paula and Nina go down the hill to the grape arbor, promising to come "by and by" herself, and sat down to the keeping her promise.

She heard Teddy and Ned whining to go after the girls and Mrs. Dame's sharpest tones in refusal. "They don't want you tagging all the time," was her explanation; then she heard their father inviting them to go with him down by the creek and "around to brings the cows home in good time for milking."

The gate clicked after their retreating steps; she heard the dog Rover, barking and snapping in delight that his monotonous day was over; then the house settled into a great quiet, unbroken except by an occasional jar from some door closed by Mrs. Dame's vigorous hand as she "did up" her work. Something was the matter with Mrs. Dame; she did not seem at all amiable to day.

In the stillness Mirabel sat down to her study.

But how few girls there are, even the most earnest, that know how to study the Bible. It is a sealed book in all but detached and scattered messages.

It will be one of the best of days when Sabcath-school teachers learn to teach fewer of the truths, and give the time to showing others how to find them out for themselves. Not one girl in ten but will say, "I do not know how to study the Bible."

Very true. For most of our schools are more for learning than for study; for piling up of truths by "Helps" and "Short Courses" than the searching them out.

Mirabel felt this now. She paused at Genesis, but there was the story brief and pointed, unless you happened to have a Geology at hand to explain it. She dipped into Joshua. He was a grand old character; Dr. Lyons had once given a very interesting course of lectures upon him, but it was impossible, in this peace and quiet to apply any of his stern lessons to herself or her needs. Then Malachi's closing words held her for a minute; to be exchanged for some of the strong meat sent to the ancient Romans. But not to her; there was only one thing left, she would "learn some verses." Can any tell why that task is so often chosen from the first chapter of John's Gospel? Is that chapter particularly comforting or helpful?

Mirabel did not find it so, and after reviving her knowledge of the first twenty verses and repeating them a few times, her thoughts wandered and were soon busy elsewhere.

She wondered what Mona was doing in Newport, and Joy Alden at Orange Hills, and her mamma in Saratoga. If Hal Billings was still in the Adirondacks? and who would open the next season at home? If she had not better order at once from Paris? If papa had got the frescoers at work at home yet?

Her Bible falling roused her at last, but not to a pleasant mood. Really, the day was unbearably long here. Would it never come to an end? If there was only a piano in the house; but there was not. Nina's voice came in at the window. She might as well go down to the children; her "study" had amounted to nothing.

But she took her way around by the well, where the bucket hung partly full of cool water and a clean glass waited to dip it up. Mrs. Dame had ceased from work, and sat in a very rare idleness on the stoop. Mirabel stopped beside her.

"It has been a beautiful day."

"Yes, I guess so. How did you like the minister?"

"I think he is a very earnest man," was all the answer.

"So he is," and Mrs. Dame looked pleased, "through and through. They say he lives it, too; his cousin thinks a sight of him. That's the kind I like too, though I ain't a professor myself."

"Are you not?" said Mirabel. It had seemed to her that everybody must be—up there.

"No, I am not. Are you?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly.

"You are, now? I didn't think it," with a sweeping glance that took in from head to foot the delicate silk dress, the white lace, and one shining ring; and yet Mirabel had done her best at plainness.

But after the one exclamation of surprise, Mrs. Dame's lips closed with a grim tightness, and the girl went on.

"Probably if I wore dark prints and put my hair up without crimping, she would be satisfied," she thought, petulantly. But she was disturbed by the words, especially in her restless mood. There had been the time when she had said that people should know she was in earnest. She hated "shams" of any kind, and she knew that the trouble with her was deeper than "calicoes" could cover. That was becoming plain to her.

(*To be continued.*)

A Remarkable Surgery.

The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times, that the most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumotony, that is to say, the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. While, however, this delicate operation has sometimes been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great, and the chances of recovery so slight, that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible malady, by removing its cause and healing the lungs.

Imprisoned Music.

A curious little incident happened lately during a time of prolonged sickness. At the close of a very dark and gloomy day I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on, and though all was bright within my cosy little room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered into my soul and obscured the spiritual vision. Vainly I tried to see the hand which I knew held mine, and guided my fog-enveloped feet along the deep and slippery path of suffering. In sorrow of heart I asked, "Why does my Lord deal thus with His child? Why does He permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I long to render to His poor servants?"

For a while silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak-log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet, soft sound, a little, clear, musical note like the tender trill of a robin beneath my window. "What can that be?" I said to my companion who was dozing in the firelight; "surely no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night!" We listened and again heard the faint, plaintive notes, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke for a moment our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, "It comes from the logs on the fire!" and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. The fire was letting loose the imprisoned music from the old oak's inmost heart! Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him, when birds twittered merrily on his branches, and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold. But he had grown old since then, and hardened; ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice.

Ah! thought I; when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then indeed are we purified and our God is glorified! Perhaps some of us are like this old oak log, cold, hard, and insensible; we should give forth no melodious sounds were it not for the fire, which kindles round us, and releases tender notes of trust in Him and cheerful compliance with His will! "As I mused, the fire burned," and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set before me! Singing in the fire! Yes! God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard, apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before.—*Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, in Christian Herald.*

A Touching Story.

Congressman Blackburn, of Kentucky, is quoted as telling the following story:

"Four days before I went to the front with my regiment, we had a little girl-baby. She is now grown, and you always see her with me at any social gathering. Well, in our army the furloughs came very rarely indeed. When we got into line there was no great chance for a man to get home.

"It was about three years afterward that a few of us were one night going down the Mississippi on a river steamer. I had been sick and was returning to my command, but pretty well broken up, even then. As for money, we did not have any; and the night was hot as I lay down on the deck, my throat almost parched with thirst. Pretty soon a little girl made her appearance with a big glass of lemonade. I tell you it looked good to me.

"She saw me eyeing it, stopped a minute, looked very doubtfully at me, but finally came up to my side and said:

"'You look as if you wanted something to drink,' and offered me the glass.

"It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but I took it, and handed it back to her empty. It was like nectar to me. Then I most cordially thanked the little creature, and sent her away.

"Soon after, just like every child, she came back, leading her mother to see the poor soldier. It was my wife, and the little girl was the baby, whom I had last seen as a baby just born. You can imagine the reunion. They were with my brother's family, and happened to be going down the river. That was the only time during the entire four years' fighting that I saw my wife and baby; and, under these circumstances, what man would ever forget it?"—*Western Christian Advocate.*

—Said a mother to her little girl, who evidently objected to seeing another child petted, "Why, Sadie, I believe you're jealous!" "No, mamma," she replied, "I'm not jealous, but I don't feel comfable!"

—"Oh, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. "I've something the best to tell you." "No?" said George, "what is it?" "Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talks. He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him." George went in. "Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, papa?'" "Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby. "Hear him!" shouts mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain can be?" George says it is, and tries to think it is, too. "Now say, 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'" "Da, da, boo, bee, boo." "Did you ever!" cries mamma. "He can just say everything! Now you precious, little, honey, bunny boy, say, 'Are you well, papa?'" "Boo, ba, goo, goo." "There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does! He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little, darling precious, you?" "Goo, goo, dee, dee, di, goo." "Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."

On Christmas day Mr. George W. Childs, it is said, distributed among the editors, reporters, correspondents, clerks, compositors, pressmen, and other employees of the *Philadelphia Ledger* nearly $40,000.

All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using that nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

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

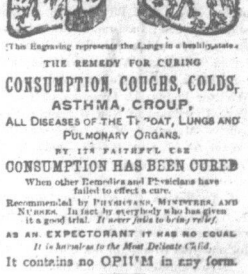
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM



(The Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP,

ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.

BY ITS FAITHFUL USE

CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED

When other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

Recommended by PHYSICIANS, MINISTERS, AND NURSES. In fact, by everybody who has given it a good trial. *It never fails to bring relief.*

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL. *It is harmless to the Most Delicate Child.*

It contains no OPIUM in any form.

PRICE 25c, 50c AND $1.00 PER BOTTLE.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited), *General Agents, MONTREAL.*

Campbell's Cathartic Compound (Liquid.)

Note.—This favorite medicine is put up in oval bottles holding three ounces each, with the name blown in the glass, and the name of the inventor, S. R. Campbell, in red ink across the face of the label. Beware of imitations, refuse all substitutes, and you will not be disappointed.

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., &c.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle. PREPARED ONLY BY

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited), MONTREAL.

FOUNTAIN PEN. Fen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one.

AGENTS WANTED

Uses any pen or kind of ink; filled by the automatic action of India-rubber reservoir; feeds itself by the pressure of writing; writes in the pocket safely, will not leak; finely made and finished in rich gold-plate; superior to a $2 Stylographic pen; sent with a rush. Samples, postpaid, 25 cents. Address,

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

5 Pens, $1 bill. P. O. stamps taken, but Silver preferred. Mention this paper. 1-13

OVER 6,000,000 people believe that it pays best to buy Seeds of the largest and most reliable growers, and they use

Ferry's Seeds

D. M. FERRY & CO. are acknowledged to be the *Largest Seedsmen in the world.*

D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1889 Will be mailed FREE to all who write for it, and to last year's customers without ordering it. Invaluable to all interested in Gardens. Handsomely Illustrated. Send for it. Address

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

DR. DANIELS'

Veterinary Colic Cure

Has never been known to fail in a single instance.

OUR WARRANT.—Five to ten cents' worth will in from 10 to 60 minutes cure any case of Colic, or we will refund the money.

Testimonials can be seen by application to our agents.

Put up two bottles in case, with a glass medicine dropper which just takes up a dose. Full directions with each package.

PRICE $1.00.

PARKER BROS., St. John, N. B.

Agents for New Brunswick.