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Lay him down gently, 'neath the green grass; Like dew of the morning his spirit doth pass...

Lay him down peacefully, Earth's flowers die Ere the keen blasts of winter go...

Lay him down trustfully, Dear though he be, He is not dearer to me...

Lay him down fearfully, Darkness and doom May fold their dark wings over...

Lay him down prayerfully, Let him sleep on; Learn to say cheerfully...

Lay him down gratefully, Not that he needs Now the deep words with which...

Lay him down reverently, To glory for thee.

Selected Serial.

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. A SIMPLE BIT.

"Nina had finished her supper, and was resting her hands in Mirabel's lap...

"Let me kiss 'oo, sister, ere two more. Not 'oo go away now, any?" she asked.

"Mirry stay with me always." "Yes, dearie."

"Nina was so afraid you were lost," said Paula, "she almost cried."

"Mirry not lost, any," the little girl said, reaching up for another "big hug."

"Mirry, Teddy not got shoes, any," she added, gravely.

"Oh, yes, he has," Mrs. Dame said, quickly, "only he saves them for Sunday and such."

"Inedn't," and the child looked down at her own daintily shod feet.

"Never mind, dearie," Mirabel said, quickly, "Teddy is a boy; that's different. Teddy, what did you do in school to-day?"

"I read a composition." "You?"

"Yes, sturdily. We all had them, but he called on me first, and just as I got it read the men came and she let out, and the others didn't have to read at all. Mean as putty, it was."

"What did you write about?" asked Mirabel.

"Whales." "Oh, read it; do!" cried Paula. The others joined in, and, after considerable urging, the boy pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket, and, with a very red face, read in a tone that did not belong to weak lungs, his first effort:

"The whale is reckoned to domestic animals although he is a fish. The whale is a very powerful animal, it can tip over smaller boats with its tail. The whale has a very large mouth but a very small swallow. In the interior of the whale's body is a small bag filled with a well smelling white fluid which is called musk."

"The pearls put in by his teacher he gave me attention. The spelling was hers, but the spelling, she saw afterward, had needed no correcting except in the one overlooked word 'tail'."

"Very good, very good," said Mirabel, holding a laugh in his best coat; "I never know all that about the whale before. What are you going to be when you are a man, Teddy?"

"A minister, I suppose," answered the boy, "that's what mother says."

Mirabel looked in sudden surprise to see a bright flush come to the mother's cheek, and a quick straightening of her lean figure.

"Minister, pooh! I'm going to be an engineer," from Teddy.

"Mrs. Dame from the front walk, and called her a sudden rush of all the younger ones to the door, leaving Mrs. Dame and Mirabel alone at the deserted table."

"He has heard me say that," Mrs. Dame said then, slowly, in answer to the question that had been in the girl's eyes, too. "Not that I'm ever good myself. I've never had time to be; but a minister's the best man there is, and so I've always planned it for Teddy."

"But he will have to go away and study for years," said Mirabel.

"He's going to have an education, Teddy is," the mother went on, with quiet determination in her voice, "if I work my fingers to the bone to do it for him. I've begun to save already, a little at a time; there's near thirty dollars in all now; that's why I take boarders, and dry curtains to sell, and such. Teddy must have his education on."

"I hope he will," was all Mirabel could find to say. "Nearly thirty dollars!" there was such a difference, then? That spring wrap she had worn just twice cost Mrs. Dame went on, "I can not extra good, but my mother was one of the salt of the earth. Nobody could ever say anything against her," looking up at her listener sharply; but the real interest in Mirabel's face was evident, and she went on in a more quiet tone: "I'm doing it for my mother. Mother

wasn't of the common sort, you see. She wanted things out of the usual; and, for one, she wanted a boy to make a minister of. But her boy was always a girl, five of us in all, one after the other. Strange, isn't it, Miss Vane, how the Lord works with some folks?"

"Now, she loved him, if ever she loved anybody, and a heap of telling him about everything, just as Teddies does now, and was always just as smooth and pleasant over everything as could be, and yet it seemed as though everything went contrary to her mind, right across her likings, all her life long. I couldn't help it—I used to get boiling mad sometimes. I don't now, for I suppose she's forgotten it all by this time; but I awake up at nights sometimes, and sometimes when I'm round at my work I think and think till I feel as though I'd give all I had, or ever hoped to have, if another could only live over her life again and have it a little easier and more as she wanted. But she can't, with a little sigh."

"And there wasn't any boy?" Mirabel said.

"All girls. I was the youngest, and I liked books—all I found here in the district school, and she began to talk Holy-oke to me, and to scold across them ever. But it was no use. Father began to fail us by that, and she commenced to take the choppers to board, and my girls were ordered, and never, if I leave her after that, even if we had a cent ahead, which we didn't. I used to say, sometimes, it was all wrong, but she never would listen to that. The very last thing she said to me was, 'It has been just right, Almina. I never could have left her, though I never could have, I said, 'Here's mother's minister, for sure'; and I've never let go of that a minute."

"There was a moment of silence. Then, with a little shake, as though to drive away an unwelcome mood, she asked, briskly: "You don't feel cold, do you, after being caught out in that shower?"

"Not at all; I am not subject to colds. How old is that house where I stopped?"

"Madame Merrill's? Older than I am. We were born here, and it's just about my sister and I, and it's just about my age, forty-four years. A little more, perhaps. Queer place."

"Was she a native of this town?" "Oh, no, belonged to some rich family down below quite a ways. He did too. Captain May called it so, too."

"How did they come to build up there?" Mirabel asked.

"That is what nobody ever exactly knew," he answered. "Some said he lost all his money nearly, and thought he could make a fortune chopping off the logs and sending timber down to market. He bought up a good share of the top of the mountain for a song, built two saw-mills, and drove with a rush. But the money went out a sight faster than it came in, and after a while everything stopped. That mill down there is one. Belongs to Clinton Judd now. Most all the land is sold out, I guess the widow hasn't much but a piece around the big house."

"He is dead, then?" "This twenty years. Some said he was dreadful jealous of his wife. He was a great many years older—twice as much, I guess, and she was married, and he brought her away for that. Nobody knew him much. The men who worked for him were all afraid of him as they were of me. He'd fly into the most dreadful passion for nothing, and out with a pistol he always carried about in his pocket, till they were scared of him."

"But his wife remained here? She told me that she had never been down the mountain since she came."

"Like as not; I never knew her to. After she got a certificate of the captain's death, she sent off for a brother of hers, who was shut up in some asylum, and had him brought home, and he been with her ever since. He's a poor, harmless simple, who sits out in that 'court,' they call it, where the sun shines on him, or in by the stove most of the time. But every summer he has a posy-bed and one of sweet herbs. The house is no longer full of them. Did you see those hollow walls?"

"Yes." "Nobody knows whether the old captain intended to ever finish them up for the house, or whether it was just one of his odd notions to make folks believe the house was finer than it was."

"Why do they call her 'madame'?" asked Mirabel.

"I don't know; the name seemed to grow to her. Mother used to talk about her when she first came. I guess it was hard for her. She was a young girl, and my mother once her father was a doctor. She went and stayed two days till it died. Mother never told much about that time to any one, but as long as she lived after she always spoke kindly of the poor woman, and I guess she knew her better than any one else. But it was some years before Mrs. Merrill was ever seen in the meeting-house—we had a minister reglar then—or in any house. She never has neighbored amongst as the rest of us do, but if any body's sick or in trouble, then she's like to come with some medicine or nice dish she's wonderful at getting up. She told me that she was a doctor, and she was a doctor. But after the captain took to being away most of the time she began to get around among the choppers and charcoal burners' shanties, and they're as hard a lot as ever was born, and she got her down in York, as poor as a saw-mill rat. The only way is to have a good morning meal prompt and reglar."

"Humph!" said an unseen listener behind them. "Now, if you are through lecturing, you can come in and eat. Miss Vane, I hope you'll enjoy your morning meal."

shifting, changing lot. It's hard work, and the men most always drink, and the women are too shiftless for anything. They drink too, half of them. It's a wonder how Madame Merrill can stand some of them in the same room."

"Do they improve?" "Yes, if they stay any I'm bound to say they do. The trouble is they go. It's about like throwing corn into that mill-race down there; the Lord only knows where it will find a place to take root and sink out."

"Does any one ever help her?" "I never knew of anybody but Mercy Task."

Mirabel remembered the girl she had seen in the store that afternoon. "That is Teddy's teacher, is it not?" she asked.

"It was, and Mercy is a smart girl; she has faculty, and that's a dreadful convenient gift. But I don't think she's very contented, not very," and the woman's voice lingered on the words with an accent of regret.

"The sun had quite gone now, and the twilight shadows were creeping into the plain wide room, where the stories of lives with their longings and disappointments had been so plainly spoken. The faces seemed to float about them, and aching hearts to throb into the silence with their questionings."

"It was a relief when the active party who had been to the barn for eggs returned noisy and exultant. It brought the practical housekeeper quickly to her senses."

"Well, I don't know when I ever did such a thing before," Mrs. Dame explained, "I cover on the sugar."

"It was a relief when the active party who had been to the barn for eggs returned noisy and exultant. It brought the practical housekeeper quickly to her senses."

"As for Mirabel, she wrote her letter to Joy Alden the next day, in which she related in merry vein her 'adventure,' as she called it, and wove in the story she had heard."

But after the wax on this was stamped, she found a little blank book, and in this she wrote, with clear remembrance of the words: "God never sends you anywhere that he does not send an opportunity with you."

And below that—"I will try and find mine."

CHAPTER VII. PROFESSING.

It was an hour or more later than the usual early breakfast-time when Mirabel came out to the little porch on Sabbath morning, and found Mr. Dame, with Paul and the children, already gathered there. Mr. Dame, in deference to the day, had slipped his jack-knife into the depths of his pocket, but his fingers were continually forgetting and starting out for the forbidden plaything, only to be summarily drawn back and set to being an amputating willow twig."

Mirabel took the low spint chair usually reserved for her and drew in a long breath of delight.

"How pure the air is!" she exclaimed; "it is like a draught of elixir."

"What is that?" put in Teddy.

"Silly, Teddy, don't ask so many questions," said his father.

"Why not?" urged the boy. "Miss Vane, if I am going to be a minister, mustn't I ask lots of questions?"

"You mustn't say 'lots,' though," corrected Paula.

"Heaps, then," amended Teddy.

"Miss Vane, does God know everything?" "Of course."

"Well, who told Him things? He couldn't know unless He was told, could he?"

"Teddy, if you go on in this way," said Mirabel, laughing, "your theology will be terrible, it will be so utterly beyond any one to answer it."

"I'd like to see God, wouldn't you?" the boy said in a lower tone, directing his questions now to Paula, who was a great favorite of his.

"Hush! hush! don't ever try to look the sun straight in the face?"

"And your work is all done for the day, is it?" Mirabel asked of Mr. Dame, merely for the sake of saying something.

But Mr. Dame shook his head and glanced up the open window near by. No one was in sight, and he took courage. "No, Miss Vane, I can't justly say it is. I had to tend to the cows, because, you see, she wanted the milk, but the rest of things I let wait till after breakfast. A man ain't much, Miss Vane, till he's had his breakfast."

"That may be true," assented Mirabel. "It is now, for all the world," went on Mr. Dame, growing bolder at the sound of his own words: "I've often noticed that for a fact. A body's never good for much in the morning so long as they have an empty stomach, and an empty stomach don't make so much matter for dinner or for tea, but a body must get started right in the morning. They should keep calm and quiet until they've had the morning meal. Hedidn't hear the clatter with which his wife just then set down a pile of plates on the breakfast table. "It's a law of the human frame," he went on, waxing eloquent, as he did when he took his turn in holding forth at the "store" or "town-meeting." "I've read a good deal and thought a good deal about it, and it's true; that, if a man has to wait too long for his breakfast, evil most always gets into him, and there's no telling where it will lead to. It may break out in stealing a horse or robbing a bank or even worse. Every household ought to have its breakfast reglar and prompt; a good one, too, not just thrown together and half cold, good. A good cup of coffee sets a body for the day, if there's plenty more goes with it. But nobody ever did any great work before breakfast. I heard Clint Judd once tell of a rich cousin of his, down in York, who bought stocks, and who said he couldn't get his breakfast till he'd made his thousand dollars or so first. But just see how he came out. First, he got so poor a stomach that he couldn't eat any breakfast, and next, he didn't have any to eat, and died as poor as a saw-mill rat. The only way is to have a good morning meal prompt and reglar."

"Humph!" said an unseen listener behind them. "Now, if you are through lecturing, you can come in and eat. Miss Vane, I hope you'll enjoy your morning meal."

"Yes, a sight of them; but they're a

"I enjoy them all," Mirabel said, politely.

"I'm so glad every time you call us to table, Paula exclaimed, as she took her seat. "Everything is so nice and tastes so good," and under such an open compliment as that, the frowns had to melt away from Mrs. Dame's forehead, and the atmosphere grew more genial.

The two "hired men" did not come on Sabbath, but, at any time, they had their meals in the kitchen, and generally Mr. Dame took his with them.

(To be continued.)

A Matrimonial Catechism.

He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand he said: "Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all house-keeping."

"Yes; I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath, "maybe."

"And can you do your own dress-making?" I was comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmaker's bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said, frankly, "I can make everything I wear, and especially pattern bonnets."

"You are a jewel," he cried, with enthusiasm, "come to my arms."

"Wait a minute—there's no hurry," she said, coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry in coal?"

"Why, my love, I should hire that work done."

"Can you make your coats, vests, trousers, and other wearing apparel?" "But that isn't to the purpose."

"Can you build a house, dig ditches, weave carpets, and—"

"I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken the most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attached you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the professions you speak of, I will send you my card."

And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a two-for-a-quarter cigar, with which he speedily satisfied himself.

—W. S. Caine, M. P. of Liverpool, England, is making an extensive tour through India. He writes very interesting communications to the London Baptist. He gives a graphic and pleasing picture of the view from the car windows:

A herd of black bucks, bounding away as the train crosses them; big monkeys squatting in groups under trees, or leaping from branch to branch with their babies cuddled up in one arm as they swing with the other; mud-villages, with quaint groups of natives; picturesque bull-carts, and great wells, from which oxen with gaily painted horns draw water all day long; men and women tilling the fields with spade and hoe, or cutting the lush crops of sugar-cane, which are sometimes piled in heaps by trained elephants, who work with the precision of a machine. Towards evening, a stealthy lynx or jackal, or a bushy-tailed mongoose, comes out of its hole, or a great flock of wild ducks darts down from the sky into a still pool of water, in which grave re-crested storks are wading.

Sometimes the line runs through vast tracks of pasture in which flocks of sheep and goats, herded in true patriarchal style, or groups of zebu or black buffalo may be seen from the passing train. The abundant bird-life of India is one of the greatest charms of the country; never molested by the natives, they are tame and fearless, indifferent to the noise of the locomotive. Green parrots, pigeons, jays, hoopoes, mynas, crows, woodpeckers, cranes, and ibis, are everywhere, and an endless variety of others, which I cannot name, perch on about with a few yards of the carriage window.

"Your name, my child?" inquired the matron of the poor little waif that applied for charity. "Mary Haddell."

"Little lamb!" feelingly exclaimed the tender-hearted matron.

A few years ago the legislature of Connecticut was discussing a woman-suffrage bill. A member arose and denounced the bill, and added: "I don't propose to make a man out of my wife."

Another replied: "The gentleman doesn't propose to make a man out of his wife. It would be a blessing for the country if his wife could make a man out of him!" The House went wild, and for the time business was suspended.

An earnest young Scotch minister once preached a sermon in the church in the vestry after the conclusion of his sermon. "My sermon seemed to rouse the people up, Mr. McNeil," said he; "I do hope great good will result." "Verra like, verra like," replied the elder; "God often does great things wi' sma' means. Ye'll no forget Samson, and the wonderful things he did wi' the jaw-bone of an ass."

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