JOHN WHITE'S THANKSGIVING.

"Thanksgiving—for what?"
And he muttered a curse;
"For the plainest of food,
and an empty purse;
For a life of hard work,
and the shabbiest clothes?
But it's idle to talk
of a poor man's woes!
Let the rich give thanks,
it is they who can;
There is nothing in life
for a laboring man"
So said John White
to his good wife Jane,
And o'er her face
stole a look of pain.
"Nothing, dear John?"
And he thought again.
Then glanced more kindly
down on Jane.
"I was wrong," he said;
I'd forgotten you;
And I've my health,
and the baby, too."
And the baby crowed—
'twas a bouncing boy—
And o'er Jane's face
came a look of joy;
And she kissed her John,
as he went away;
And he said to himself,
as he worked that day;
"I was wrong, very wrong;
I'll not grumble again;
I should surely be thankful
for baby and Jane."

—Selected.

A THANKSGIVING GIFT.

Two smiling middle aged faces looked at each other across the library table. Mr. Clover was recounting to his wife the prospects of success which had opened in his business this fall.

"Yes, my dear," he said, "we must do something unusual by way of a Thanksgiving offering this year. What shall it be?"

"How much shall it be, first?" said Mrs. Clover.

"Well, say a thousand; we can spare it as well as not."

"I know what I'd like to do—have the church refreshed and some new carpets put in. That stained ceiling and that worn path up the center aisle do distress me."

Everything in Mrs. Clover's house was fresh and shining. Her eyes were spoiled at home for shabby things abroad.

"Well, I'd like to beautify the church," said Mr. Clover. "I'll speak to some of the committee after prayer-meeting, and tell them what we propose."

"Will they let us?"

"Let us? Well, I guess so."

"And let us have some choice about colors and carpet, I hope?"

"Oh, you'll see; you'll have it all your own way."

Mrs. Clover looked beaming. In fact, two very happy people went to prayer meeting that night.

"Nice folks," said Ebeneser Grist, the sexton, as he saw them pass up the aisle; "but *sometimes* there's a leetle of the 'strut and crow' about 'em too!"

Indeed, good Mr. Clover was that minute meditating a little Thanksgiving speech in the meeting, which perhaps might have had the echo "crow" only too audible in it for captious ears.

But the speech never was made; for he had not been five minutes in the meeting before there came some words out of the New Testament which seemed to pull his heart right down from its place of jubilation and stick it full of thorns. A shadow fell over his ruddy face, and his wife, who did not in the least understand it, immediately reflected it in her own.

The words which had this unhappy effect were these:

"Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

And there sat, across the aisle, nearer the door, but still within reach of every uneasy side glance, a brother who had something against Mr. Clover. It was only poor old Deacon Simon. His face was thin and severe, his hands shook; his hair was white; his clothes were shabby. He had been made deacon because of his burning zeal; but the severity of his spirit had not made him popular in the church. He was often at odds with his brethren. Poor Deacon Simon, who often stood testifying for old ways of righteousness, and whose sensitive spirit was so rasped by the indifference with which his testimony was received!

Only last month he had objected to a children's October Sunday where there should be autumn leaves and kindred "frivolities" brought into the church. Then Brother Clover, who looked so good-natured but had a choleric temper of his own upon occasions, had fired up and spoken hasty words to the deacon, words as rude as a blow. They had been received in silence; they had never been apologized for; there had been little intercourse between the two men since.

"I won't apologize," said Mr. Clover now to himself. "I told him the truth, and nothing less would have stopped his talk, and served our turn."

"If thy brother had aught against thee—" hummed the unwelcome words in his mind.

"He was going to spoil a good thing. We couldn't stir hand or foot in this church if somebody didn't put down his domineering spirit. I'm glad I did it."

"If thy brother hath aught against thee—" repeated the echo.

"He'd no business to lay it up against me! He ought to thank me for telling him the down-right truth."

"Leave there thy gift before the altar—" repeated memory again.

"Stop a good thing because I don't please an old curmudgeon like that!"

"First be reconciled with thy brother—" sang the inexorable verse.

"There's no such thing! Might as well try to be reconciled with an old bear. There's no use wasting words with him."

"Then—then come and offer thy gift."

"Pshaw!—pshaw!—What a fool I am! I haven't heard a word Dr. Parsons has been saying. Now whose going to offer prayer? Dear—if it isn't Simon!"

There were few of the customary greetings between the Clovers and their neighbors when the meeting was over. Without waiting to see any member of the business committee, Mr. Clover hurried headlong out of the church. His wife lost no time in asking for an explanation.

"Oh, I'm all upset; I'm such a fool!"

"What is it?"

He knew he would have to tell her in the end, and beside it was really a relief to him to do so. She asked some close questions.

"Tell me what you said," she demanded.

"Well, he said we were just teaching the children to make play out of worship. That made me mad, and, says I, 'Deacon Simon, if you'd been there when they brought the children for Christ to bless, you'd have been one to rebuke them, as sure as fate. That's just your spirit right through.'"

"What did he say?"

"Not a word, though he kind of flushed up. Guess he was mad. You see, I was. The way I spoke was as bad as the words."

"You've got to ask his pardon."

"Yes," groaned her husband.

"You might as well do it now. I'll go the rest of the way alone; you go right back and find him."

"It won't be a mite of use, Ellen. The minute he hears of the church being redecorated he'll be mad again. He can't abide anything new."

"But you'd have done your duty. I'd go right off."

Mr. Clover turned slowly but obediently. There was nothing of the 'strut' or 'crow' in his manner now. He looked quite cowed and humbled.

Deacon Simon lived quite out on the edge of the town. There he had inherited a farm and homestead. He had toiled hard over his stony acres and they had yielded him a scanty living, yet he was deeply attached to the old place, as everybody knew.

Mr. Clover was surprised as he entered the old-fashioned hall to find the carpet taken up and only a big packing-box ready to be nailed up standing there in place of furniture. The parlor, too, was bare, except for some chairs piled up, two-and-two, as if for removal. One of these was given him and he was asked to wait for a few moments. Presently he heard the Deacon's well-known voice at evening devotions in the next room. And these were the words that trembling old voice was speaking:

"O Lord, we thank Thee that Thou has blessed to us the shelter of this home so long. Now, go with us, as we go from hence. Thy will be done. O Lord, Thou my wife's folks—for a while at least. We've lost our home here, you know, and I don't see just how to begin again yet. I'm an old man to begin again."

"But we can't spare you! We can't spare you out of the church. We can't spare you out of the prayer-meeting."

Deacon Simon looked searchingly at Mr. Clover's honest, earnest face, and presently tears dimmed his eyes.

"You really mean it; you're saying it in earnest!" he said. "Well, thank the Lord! Seems to me now I can go in peace. I made sure everybody would be glad and it hurt me most of all just now, I—I have loved the church. Nobody prayed deeper out of his heart for it than did I."

"No; and I tell you we can't spare such praying; we won't either, if I can help it. Come, I wan't to talk this all over. I've got some money to invest. This is the very place I've been looking for to put it in; near to the town; rising in value every day. Martin's going to put it in the market; I'll buy it of him, if you'll stay here and keep it for me."

The deacon could not keep the light from rising in his face, but he said steadily:

"The farm won't bring you the interest of your money. I've done my best on it, and I know."

"Never mind, it'll be trebled in value in ten years for building lots. And besides, wouldn't it pay if there were some capital put in, you know, fertilizers and new machines? Wouldn't I like to try the experiment! But I couldn't do it alone. Won't you stay and help me out in it?"

Deacon Simon had been a proud man. He had never asked sympathy or help in his life. To have them poured upon him unasked in this hour of his desolation was very sweet to him; sweeter than he had words to express. His heart clung to the old place. He could not refuse the friendly offer thus made to him.

"What a Thanksgiving this will be for us!" he said as he bade his visitor good-night.

"You won't mind, Ellen," said Mr. Clover to his wife that night, "if the church is not decorated this year, will you?"

"No," she replied; "it can spare the paint better than it can Deacon Simon's prayers."

"You don't think I've fetched the gift off the altar by changing my plan with it?"

"No!" And presently she repeated: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—M. E. Bennett, in Christian at Work.

The Sleeping Frogs.

Among the many creatures that sleep in the winter are the frogs, with their two very hind legs, short fore legs, and with big black eyes on each side of their big mouths.

When the cold days come, and the water begings to freeze in the pond, the frogs know that it is time to go to bed for all winter. Down they go, and their families with them, to the bottom; then they begin to dig with their long hind feet into the soft mud. They work themselves down into their beds backward, until at last they are covered under the mud, all except the tips of their noses. There they go to sleep. After awhile they have an ice-spread over them, and they cah sleep safely all winter. They do not get hungry all this time.

After awhile spring comes, and the sun grows bright and warm. Jack Frost carries away their covering, and old Father Frog begins to push his nose up out of the mud until his ears are uncovered. Then he nudges Mother Frog. "Wakeup!" he says. "Don't you hear everybody busy up there?" And oh! how sleepily she is, poor thing! But he had tried the water and found it warm, and they must not rest any longer.

IF YOU SUFFER

The Fault Is Your Own.

Paine's Celery Compound Earth's Only Cure For All Forms of Rheumatism.

Hundreds of twinges of pain and hours of agony every day; weeks and months of helpless suffering, and still you go on from bad to worse, until you become crippled and deformed.

If you are a constant martyr to rheumatism and its tortures, the fault is your own. You might easily have avoided all the agonies of past days and nights, had you used Paine's Celery Compound.

You cannot plead the excuse that you did not know of such a disease-conquering medicine. You surely have heard your friends speak of it. The newspapers have heralded thousands of victories won by Paine's Celery Compound over rheumatism; and if your physician has failed to tell about the great modern rheumatic cure, he has kept the truth from you for his own benefit.

If you are now in agony, you are certainly in peril. You must today give up experimenting with useless medicines and use a truly scientific remedy like Paine's Celery Compound, which will surely remove the cause of your suffering, and permanently cure you.

You are not by any means in a hopeless state. Be assured, Paine's Celery Compound will deliver you from your present bondage of agony. Notwithstanding your past failures with nervines, sarsaparillas, bitters and pills, Paine's Celery Compound will give you the new life you are so eagerly looking for. Try it; there can be no failure.

Mr. W. McWilliams, of Bradford, Ont., an old sufferer from rheumatism, says:

"Unsolicited, I forward this testimonial as to the value of Paine's Celery Compound. I am pretty well up in years and was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. I purchased and used six bottles of your medicine, and am now perfectly well; I have no rheumatism left."

—Customer—"The suit is all dusty." Schomberg—"Ah, mine vrent, dot gomes from der schalk vere ve marks de prices down so offen.—

Established 1780.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

The Car-Wheel Puzzle.

Here is a question that frequently puzzles even railroad men to answer. The wheels of a car are firmly fastened to the axles, and the wheels cannot turn unless the axles turn. But the outer rail of the curve is longer than the inner rail. Does the outer wheel turn faster than the inner wheel, or does the latter slip? A railway expert thus explains the mystery: If you will examine closely, you will see that the wheels, instead of being perfectly flat on the rim, are beveled, making the outer circumference smaller than the inside circumference. When a car turns a curve it has a tendency to go off at a tangent, or, in other words, to jump the track, which it would do were it not for the flange on the inside of the outer wheel, which presses closely against the rail. The rail touches the inner wheel quite a distance from the flange. The result is that the diameter of the outer wheel, while it rests upon the rail, is greater than that of the inner wheel. The difference in diameter equalizes the difference in the length of the curved rails. Both wheels revolve with the same speed at their axles, but the outer wheel traverses a greater distance, because its diameter, from the axle to the point of contact with the rail, is greater.—Golden Days.

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS

From Chronic Catarrh—But Instantaneous Relief Follows the First Application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Don't Neglect the Simplest Cold in the Head, it May Develop Into This Disgusting Malady Almost Before You Can Realize it.

Rev. Dr. Bochror of Buffalo says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. We consider it a godsend to humanity, and believe that no case can be so chronic or deeply seated that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure."

Diner—"Isn't that a pretty small steak?" Attendant—"Yes; but you'll find it will take you a good while to eat it."—Boston Traveller.

HEART'S HEALER.

Mrs. Mugger, Wife of Capt. Charles Mugger, of Sydney, C.B., Got Relief in 30 Minutes From Heart Disease of Four Years' Standing, and Declares She Owes Her Life to Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart.

"It affords me great pleasure to commend Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I was sorely afflicted with heart trouble, accompanied with dizziness, palpitation and smothering sensations. For over four years I was treated by best physicians, and used all remedies known to man. I determined to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. The first dose gave me relief inside of thirty minutes. I used two bottles, and feel today I have been completely cured."

Editor (to comic phagraphist)—"Your jokes lack originality." Comic Paragraphist (irritably)—"So does your criticism."—Tit-Bits.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting, and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35 cents.

Mrs. Blande—"They say that Maglin married for money." Mrs. Swarve—"Anybody could see that, who ever saw his wife."—Boston Transcript.

A NEW MAN.

C G Chapin, Jeweler, of Burk's Falls Says He is a New Man Since Using the Great South American Nervine—His Testimony is Endorsed by Thousands of Others.

"For years I have been greatly troubled with nervous debility and affection of the kidneys. I believe I tried every proprietary medicine under the sun, but none seemed to give me any relief until I had tried South American Nervine. To my surprise the first bottle gave me great relief. I have persevered in taking it, and can say that I have not felt so well for years. I do heartily recommend this great cure."

Postponed.—"Then they didn't start on the honeymoon that night?" "No. It was after three o'clock, and they had to wait until the next day to get her father's check cashed."—(Brooklyn Life.

FROM AGONY TO JOY.

Acute Sufferings From Acute Rheumatic Ailment Relieved by South American Rheumatic Cure When Hope Had Well Nigh Gone—Mrs. W. Ferris, Wife of a Well-Known Manufacturer of Glencoe, Cheerfully Tells the Story of Her Cure.

"I was for years a great sufferer from rheumatic affection in my ankles, and at times was so bad that I could not walk. I tried every known remedy and treated with best physicians for years, but no permanent relief. Although my confidence in remedies was about exhausted, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I purchased a bottle. The very first bottle gave me relief, and after taking two bottles all pain had vanished and there has been no return of it. I do cheerfully recommend this great remedy."

Smith—"I see that a bullet from one of those new rifles will kill six men, standing one behind another." Thompson—"You don't say! In that case, a man might just as well go to the front."—(Puck.

NO AVAIL

Adam Soper of Burk's Falls, Found All Remedies For Kidney Disease of No Avail Until He Used South American Kidney Cure—To-Day He is a Well Man and Gives the Credit Where It is Due.

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that today I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Reciprocity.—"If you have a million you can get into the four hundred." "Yes, and if you have four hundred, you are likely to stay in the million."

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate,
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them
too late.

One day at a time!
It is a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by.
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! What joy is at hight—
Such joy as the heart can never forget;—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Chatham, Ont. BYARD MCMULLIN.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Walsh, Ont. MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

Celtic Politeness.—Lady—"Thank you sir; but I don't like to deprive you of your comfortable seat." Hibernian—"Be th' powers, leddy, it was comfortable no longer when Oi saw you standin'."—Harlem Life.

R R R

ROMANS READY RELIEF

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain—the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

Radway's Ready Relief

Will Afford Instant Ease.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains, and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling, of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Frostbites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Ache.

DIFFICULT BREATHING

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

Malaria in its various forms cured and prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Miners and lumbermen should always be provided with it.

25cts per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen, RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS,
INDIGESTION,
DYSPEPSIA,
CONSTIPATION

And All Disorders of the LIVER.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

25 cents a box. At Druggists, or by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 7 St. Helen St., Montreal, Canada, for book of advice, free by mail.

RADWAY & CO.,
No 7 St Helen St., Montreal.

Why

Do people buy Hood's Sarsaparilla in preference to any other,—in fact almost to the exclusion of all others?

Because

They know from actual use that Hood's is the best, i. e., it cures when others fail. Hood's Sarsaparilla is still made under the personal supervision of the educated pharmacists who originated it.

The question of *best* is just as positively decided in favor of Hood's as the question of comparative sales.

Another thing: Every advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla is true, is honest.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

A Pure White Soap

Made of the finest grade of vegetable oils. . . .

BEST for Toilet and Bath.

ST. CROIX SOAP CO.,
St. Stephen, N. B.

Makes Home Happy

The Cook

Who uses

The Grocer

Who induces his customers to use

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 12th Oct., 1896, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.10
Express for Sussex	16.25
Express for Quebec and Montreal	17.30

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton, at 22.15 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	15.20
Express from Moncton (daily)	16.20
Express from Halifax	16.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Accommodation from Moncton	24.00

☞ The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are lighted by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B.,
8th October, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

FAST EXPRESS leaves St. John, N. B. at 4.10 p. m. week days, for Montreal, Quebec, etc., connecting at Montreal (Sundays excepted) for Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg and points West, Northwest and on the Pacific Coast.

For rates of fare and all other information apply at Offices, Clubbs Corner, and at Station.

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GATES' INVIGORATING SYRUP. The Best CATHARTIC. SUPERSEDES ALL PILLS.

LAGRIPPE CONQUERED.

DARTMOUTH, Sept. 24th, 1895.

MESSRS. C. GATES, SON & CO., Middleton, N.S.

This is to certify that while living at Belmont, in Colchester County, about 17 years ago, I took a very heavy cold and had severe cough and an attack of Bronchitis, which reduced me very much—was very bad for a month, friends feared my going into decline. I procured some of your Bitters and Syrup which I took and soon began to improve, and kept on gaining till I fully recovered. Five years ago I was seized with an attack of La-Grippe, which reduced me so much that I could scarcely walk without falling over. I then took Eighteen bottles of your Bitters and Syrup, which built me up and made me thoroughly well. We continue to use your medicines and never think of being without them in the house.

I am willing to make oath to the truthfulness of the above statement.

Yours very sincerely,
HENRY ARCHIBALD.

Sold everywhere at 50 cents per bottle.