

POETRY.

DO IT NOW.

If you have a kind word—say it,
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest;
If you owe a kindness—pay it,
Life's sun hurries to the west.
Can you do a kind deed—do it,
From despair some soul to save;
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching onward to the grave.
If some grand thing for tomorrow,
You are dreaming—do it now;
From the future do not borrow;
Frost soon gathers on the brow.
Speak your word, perform your duty,
Night is coming deep with rest;
Stars will gleam in fadeless beauty,
Grasses whisper o'er your breast.
Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then today fulfil your vow;
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it—do it now.

SELECT STORY.

QUEEN OF HIS HEART.

CHAPTER I.

CONTINUED.

Then she fell to dreaming—dreaming of what? Of a few softly spoken words at the close of a small party; of a few glances that had seemed to mean so much, and in reality meant so little. She had met him in all about four times, and yet somehow he had grown to be all the world to her. He was so handsome, so charming, so many. It seemed impossible to Evelyn that any woman could see him and not love him. But he was not for her; she must put him out of her thoughts—forget him.

But it was a hard task she had set herself. How could she forget him, when his dear image filled her mind and heart, and her one wish was to see him again. She was not a coquette, and love meant to her something sacred and serious, not a mere pastime.

She took from a plush jewel case a withered rose—a memento of that happy evening. She would not think about it, but the shrivelled, yellow petals from the dried stalk and, opening her window, cast them out into the damp, misty air, where they fluttered silently down into the quiet street. That done, she turned resolutely away, with the fixed determination to think no more about what "might have been." She brushed out her thick, red-brown hair, which she wore pulled high at the back of her head, like an old-fashioned picture, and combed out the soft curls with extra precision.

It was a charming, fresh young face that the oval mirror reflected; small, all pointed with pensive, dark brows, and deep blue eyes, shaded with long dark lashes; the light above toned her hair into rich red gold. In repose she was too pale, but at the least word the soft color would flush in her cheeks. She was not a beauty by any means; her own mother considered her plain, but there was an archness, an innocence, a refinement about her that was better than mere prettiness.

Downstairs in the drawing-room Mrs. Palmer had dismissed her maid, and she was also looking in the glass, putting her head first on this side, then on that, taking a step or two back, smiling and making eyes.

"This gown does not suit me," she declared, pettishly. "What a fool I was to put it on; it makes the shoulders so high and broad. I can't think what Elise could have been about. I believe he's in love already," she went on musingly, "and I do believe I hate the man, a conceited, stuck-up old dude. Oh, Eve, dear," as the girl came in, "do you think you can alter these sleeves for me, they are frightful!"

"Why, mother, I like them. I think they suit you very well."

"Do you?" she responded eagerly. Mrs. Palmer prized her daughter's opinion, it was always so candid. "Do you really think it suits me—the color and the cut ensemble?"

"Yes, indeed I do. You look very nice this afternoon."

The gentle praise raised Mrs. Palmer's falling spirits; she gave a coquettish shake of the head, and sitting down to the piano, played a waltz, stopping to say with great decision—

"That man's engaged."

Evelyn was busy with some embroidery, a piece of red silk; she did not pause in her work, though the color seemed suddenly to blend together, and she made two or three stitches wide of the mark.

"What man, mother?"

"Why that good-looking old fogie, Sir Ralph. I am sure he's verging on fifty," the widow went on. "Do you know, I don't care for him. I don't think he looks like one of those young old men who never look their age. And Eve, did you see how horrified he seemed when you said you had been running? He thinks a woman ought not to use either her limbs or her tongue; a sort of extra starched saint would suit him. I don't fancy we shall see him again; I gave him the hint. I've had enough of him."

All this was said to a sort of running accompaniment played by one hand at the piano.

"And don't you intend to leave Brighton?"

Evelyn's face was averted, so that Mrs. Palmer did not see the look of pain that crossed her daughter's face. She was too vain and selfish to trouble about what the girl thought or felt; she only studied self, and believed that Evelyn was too strong minded to need protection or sympathy like other girls.

"The truth is, Eve, I'm fixed here till I get next quarter's money. Those dinners run up to more than I expected, so I can't afford to go till March. That is, I can't move on mass, but I intend to begin a round of visiting next week. I shall begin with the Dalrymples; Colonel Dalrymple is an M. F. H., and they have a charming house."

But that visit never came off for many reasons.

The next afternoon as Mrs. Palmer with her party entered the Hove Rink, the first person her eyes alighted on was the tall stooping stranger who had pursued Evelyn; he was standing watching the rinkers with his hands behind him, clasping a stick. The widow, in a flashy costume of red and black, claimed his attention, but only for something less than a minute, for Evelyn, who had come with the laudable intention of enjoying herself, followed close upon her mother. She wore the same costume she had the day before, navy blue braided in black and trimmed with astrac; two other girls and four young men were with them.

"Your man," Mrs. Palmer observed, in a stage whisper, while she flashed her eyes from his face to her daughter's. She meant nothing by the words; they were merely an excuse for keeping up the animated appearance which she imagined became her.

Evelyn glanced at him also; until that minute she had completely forgotten him, but as she encountered his interested gaze she turned hastily away, saying to herself that she did not like the look of him.

"Dick, did not who that man is?" Mrs. Palmer commanded, and five minutes

later he had entered into conversation with the stranger, who seemed anxious to strike up an acquaintance as Denny was.

Evelyn was fond of rinking; the quick movement, the whirl of the flying wheels, the music, all had a charm for her. She was a graceful skater, and as she skimmed past the man, his eyes followed her with unvoiced admiration. Just then Mrs. Palmer's little feet became unmanageable, and after a brief struggle and a little, frightened cry for help, she sank into an elegant position at the feet of her valiant Dick—whether by design or accident no one knew. The tall stranger and her boy lover rushed to the rescue, and between them escorted her to a chair.

"I am afraid you are very much shaken," the former said, courteously. "Will you allow me to fetch you a glass of wine?"

"No thanks; please do not trouble. I shall be all right directly," and she gazed up at the odd looking face bent above her with a faint smile.

"A cup of tea?" Dick suggested full of anxiety.

"Ah! I allow me to get you one," and without more ado, the stranger hastened away.

Mrs. Palmer at once forgot her tumble, and turning to her boyish admirer, with a little sigh of satisfaction said eagerly—

"Who is he, Dick?"

"In the army, staying at 'The Grand,' a swell, I think," poor Dick answered bravely, and unflinchingly cutting his own throat, for when the swell reappeared Mrs. Palmer bestowed on him one of her sweetest smiles, which caused the boy a sickening pang of jealousy.

"It is most kind of you," she said gratefully taking the cup he offered her, and then, somehow, they managed to discover some mutual friend, whom both had known long ago and had not met for years, but who served as a sort of introduction.

"It is odd that you should be acquainted with the Gregs," she said. "They are connections of my late husband's family. Gregory Greg? Ah! he must have been one of the sons. I mix them up so; such a big family, and I haven't met them for quite ten years."

"My sister! People always make that mistake. Evelyn is my daughter. Dear girl, she looks old for her age; any one would take her to be nineteen. Ah, I was married long before I was that age," and Mrs. Palmer sighed softly.

It was a falsehood, but she had told it so often she had grown to believe it was true.

"Really!" her new friend ejaculated. "You astonish me. I don't like to doubt a lady, but at the same time I can hardly credit it. I imagined there was about two years' difference in your ages."

"Well, I assure you it is true, and what is more she keeps me terribly in order. I know she will scold me dreadfully for talking with you," Evelyn's mother added with a babyish pout.

"Surely not," he said, bending down to look at the upturned face. "She could hardly be so cruel. Will you not allow me to take you home? I am a personal friend of some of your own relations."

"Yes, of course. It would be barbarous to treat you as a stranger now, especially after all your kindness. Do call; I shall be delighted," and after giving her address, which he entered in a Russian leather note book, she shook hands and skirted away.

"Eve, dear, I have made such a delightful friend," she announced, going at once to her daughter. In a selfish way she was very fond of Evelyn, but stood rather in awe of her. She knew she was a person both of which qualities the widow was lamentably devoid. "He is an intimate friend of the Gregs, your poor father's relatives."

"I thought they were only distant connections," Evelyn said coldly, "and as we never see them or hear from them, the fact that that man knows them cannot interest us."

"That man, Eve! He is a gentleman, a captain in some crack regiment."

Evelyn lifted her eyes to the speaker's searching glance.

"What regiment, mother?"

"Oh, dear me, how tiresome you are," Mrs. Palmer cried peevishly. "As if I could ask him a hundred and one questions and he is staying at 'The Grand,' and a man could not do that unless he had money."

"I hope—" Evelyn began, but Mrs. Palmer cut her short.

"Yes, he is; I know what you are going to say, and he is coming to call. It is like to my own house."

"Mother, you will repeat asking that man, I am certain," the girl said, earnestly, but 'mother' only laughed lightly, and Dick coming up at that moment claimed her attention.

Two afternoon later, as the ladies were seated by the drawing room fire taking afternoon tea, a loud rat-tat-tat disturbed the tranquil silence of the house. Mrs. Palmer, after hastily arranging her fringe, struck a becoming attitude, whilst Evelyn strained her ears to listen, her heart beating in quick painful throbs. Had he come back? In another minute, perhaps, he would be in the same room; she would again see the face that had so fascinated her. Not till she thought he had come did she know how she had hungered and longed for him. What an age seemed to elapse before the white and gold door opened, and the voice of Captain Gordon, Mrs. Palmer welcomed him with pretty effusion; Evelyn bowed when introduced. The color had died out of her face, leaving it pale and grave; her mouth looked almost hard as she sat staring steadily before her at the fire.

"You see I have availed myself of your kind permission, Mrs. Palmer," their visitor said briskly. "I trust you are not feeling any ill effects from your fall?"

"I had forgotten it," the widow answered lightly. "Fortunately, I am not very heavy. You will take a cup of tea of course? Cream and no sugar, I suppose? It is quite good out of fashion."

"I believe it has, but I seldom touch it. You know, out in India, and then followed some rather highly colored sketches of Indian life.

The first call was rather a long one, but Captain Gordon was very entertaining, and the widow was truly sorry when he said 'good-bye,' apologizing for the length of his visit. He went away, leaving his listeners impressed with the belief that he was a wealthy bachelor strolling about the world tired of everything, and was delighted to have met two ladies so fresh, so original, so clever as Mrs. Palmer and her daughter.

"He is not delightful!" the little woman explained enthusiastically almost before the door closed on him.

"He is the most conceited man I have ever met," the girl said, with a contemptuous curl of her lip. "He could talk of nothing but his adventures, just as if no one else had ever been to India and hunted big game. And oh, his compliments, mother! You must admit they were execrable."

Mrs. Palmer tossed her golden curls, and gave Evelyn a disdainful glance, as much as to say, "You do not like him because he only noticed me."

"I thought I should have said something rude once or twice," the girl went on scornfully. "He must have thought us simpletons, mother, to talk as he did."

"I admit nothing of the sort. Naturally, as most of his life had been spent abroad, his ways and customs were un-English, but he is a perfectly gentleman."

Evelyn stuck staunchly to her colors. "I don't think he is, and if those are Anglo-Indian manners, I don't like them," but despite her opposition, the intimacy between Captain Valentine Gordon and her mother was a network of wrinkles.

In her secret heart Mrs. Palmer neither liked or admired him, but she liked him both. She was really greatly flattered by his obvious admiration for herself, though at times she felt rather uncomfortable and doubtful when she found the small eyes fixed on Evelyn, who was never even civil to him—in fact she was often downright rude, refusing to accept any trifling gift from him, and only speaking when obliged, generally taking her self off the minute he offered her and spending the time with her young brothers and sisters. Mrs. Palmer in her way objected to this; she found the tele-tele very pleasant. And so three weeks passed, and Sir Ralph Tempest did not return.

CHAPTER II.

"He will never come again," Evelyn often told herself—that is whenever she allowed her thoughts to dwell on the subject, which was not often. But she was wrong. He did come again, and as it often happens, when he was not expected, and when she was not even thinking of him. It was on a cold dull afternoon of Mrs. Palmer had gone to an 'At-home,' and Evelyn, who had been kept in the house by a bad cold, was curled up in a big chair before the drawing room fire, reading one of those long novels of the day. In the midst of a thrilling scene, the sound of a gently given double knock came to her, but she paid no heed and had forgotten it before the door was opened and someone entered—entered quite softly, as if to catch her unawares. She made a pretty picture in her ruffled reddish hair showing in soft little curls about the nape of her neck; her head was bent over the book, which was resting on the arm of the chair. Then she looked up and saw him, and the book slipped to the ground, her eyes of a sudden grew soft, dark and misty; she held out her hand at once and he felt it tremble in his.

"I never heard you come in. Did I call?" she asked, looking slightly awestruck.

"Yes, and I must ask you to forgive me for coming in unannounced."

He had taken a chair close beside hers, and leaning forward picked up the book she had dropped, and the girl let her startled eyes rest on his. How comely he was; so different, so entirely different from Captain Gordon, she shuddered at the very thought of that new friend of her mother's. Little did she guess of the perplexing thoughts that were crowding through Sir Ralph's mind, as he turned the leaves and talked of the tale she had been reading. He was wondering all the while if Evelyn Palmer was what she appeared to be, or if she was vain, shallow, and frivolous like her mother. "Like mother, like daughter," how those words troubled him! How they troubled him ever since he had known the girl. He longed to call her his own; he loved her as he had never loved any woman, and yet he was afraid—held back by the fear that she might grow like her mother. He had gone up to town intending to put an end to it; he had been so disgusted with poor airy Mrs. Palmer on that afternoon that he felt it would be intolerable to be connected with her in any way, but though he entered into every sort of gaiety, Evelyn's pure sweet face haunted him always, and he felt he must go again, and so returned, determined to sift her character to the very bottom.

There was a brief silence between them, during which Sir Ralph looked tenderly at the girl who attracted him in spite of himself and that strange barrier of mistrust that rose between them. He wished of his heart. The thought of Mrs. Palmer repelled him when he would have told the girl all that was in that heart. It was cruel to judge Evelyn by her mother, cruel and unjust, and afterwards he bitterly regretted the doubt that had caused him to hesitate as he did.

"Did you have a pleasant time in town?" she asked speaking first and blushing a little under his persistent gaze.

He shook his head, smiling at her.

"No, I cannot say it was very pleasant. Evelyn was glad to get me home again. I suppose you are looking forward anxiously for the season?"

"I don't know," she said, puckering her brows. "Sometimes I think I shall not like it at all, and at others I feel as if I should enjoy myself immensely. I love dancing so I ought to."

"Do you?" Then after a pause, "Do you know I should not like my wife to waltz with anyone but me." He had put down the book and was staring before him, stroking his moustache.

"That would be intensely selfish," Evelyn laughed, "unless you are very first rate."

"Do you think it is selfish," he asked, looking at her. "Would you refuse such a simple request?"

"I—I thought we were talking of your future wife," she faltered, growing crimson. "I don't know what I should do. I have never thought of it."

He leaned towards her and bent his glowing eyes upon her; she looked so guileless, so innocent in her confusion, that he drew nearer to the window.

"I wonder if you will care to hear all I should like to say," he began, speaking softly, so softly that her heart throbbled in a wild way, and her eyes dropped as she answered, as lightly as she could—

"Is it something important?"

"Very to me, but to you—well, I am rather in suspense."

"Then had you not better speak and make things certain?" she said archly.

"Evelyn, you must give me hope; sometimes I have fancied that you cared for me a little. Is it so, dear, or am I wrong in imagining that such great happiness can be for me?"

He had taken her hands in his, he had drawn her towards him. The girl felt she was slipping into heaven, the man was thrilling with his first love, when a shrill babyish laugh without made them start from one another; the door was flung open, and Mrs. Palmer and Captain Gordon came in, talking one against another.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

JULY 1.—Robert MacKay of Campbell, was visiting at Jas. P. Boies today. George and Daniel Spencer have made an improvement on their barn and out buildings.

Our road master, L. A. Smith, has commenced work today with a large force under statute labor. He intends doing it as well as possible. Every young man should do their road work, for they need it as much as anyone to drive on.

Our esteemed school teacher, Miss M. E. Parker, is giving up teaching. She intends going to Boston to take charge of a school there at a higher salary. She will be missed very much.

All our young ladies and gents drove down to Boistown yesterday, to see the Foresters parade. In the evening Rev. E. Bell preached a Foresters sermon.

E. Bell has gone to P. E. L. on a visit for his health. He left another young man in his place.

Sandie Johnston has returned home from Houlton, where he has been working for the last two years.

Rev. J. McArthur, Presbyterian minister, preached yesterday to a large congregation. William McLellan has gone to Houlton to work.

Bob McNeill of Nashua, is here today with his grey stallion.

David McLellan had his house, barn, and other buildings, with all their contents burned on the 24th. He had one thousand dollars insurance on the buildings.

James McLellan of Texas river, has returned home from out west, where he has been working for some years.

George W. Parker is doing some fine painting on the new church.

Sanders Price has commenced to build a new wagon house.

It is the talk that Miss Gertrude Gilmore of Stanley, has applied for our school.

Edith Spencer and Isabel Stanish, have gone to Ludlow to visit friends.

William Smith has a fine light grey colt, which stands sixteen and a half hands high.

The Lynch Bros. have all their drivers at the Barr, where the corporation commences. The twirling driver has also got to work with George Van Hornes as well.

Mr. Richards has made a quick drive of his lumber for the season.

Sanders Price took the largest drive out of McBain brook this spring. The like has not been done for many a year.

The ladies have started a sewing circle, of Consumption and Scrofula diseases. It is the talk that Miss Gertrude Gilmore of Stanley, has applied for our school.

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WILL BE BURIED ALIVE.

Mindreader Seymour to be Planted in Six Feet of Earth.

A despatch from Toledo, Ohio, says: "Seymour, the mind reader, was in Toledo yesterday on his way to Chicago, where he is going to be buried alive after the manner of the Indian magicians who say they can expel an animal by allowing their tongues and controlling the heart and mind."

"My coffin has gone ahead," said Mr. Seymour. "It is a facsimile of the one in which General Grant's remains now rest and cost \$5,000. It is made in three sections, one fitting inside the other. I will be buried six feet deep in this coffin. Signals will be arranged so if things do not go right I can communicate with the soldiers on the outside who will guard the grave. Directly after I am buried a crop of barley will be sown over the grave. I will remain buried till the germs sprout, grow, ripen and are harvested. Then the disinterment will take place. I won't come back to earth until September 24th. I am positive I can do it and the scientific men who are assisting me are beginning to think so too."

Discovered at last—a remedy that is sure, safe, and Painless. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of the cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market. See that it is made by Putnam & Co., Kingston.

The First Patient.—Young Dr. Meyer is sitting in a crowded theatre. Enter Johann, his servant, who says in a loud voice, "Oh, doctor, come home at once, there's a patient waiting for you. Then he whispers into the doctor's ear. I have locked the front door so he can't get away."

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENTS.

Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured of such diseases as Consumption and Scrofula diseases. None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

The Careful Wife.—Why don't you stop reading? Husbands—readers of this paper will find a remedy for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cured in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Accounted For.—But you are not French; you are Irish. I want a French nurse. Shure, mum, an o'm Frinch. Nonsense. I sat still from your brogue that you are Irish. Ah, mum, that's due to me havin' been employed in Dublin for tin years.

F. G. BLACKLOCK, of Cape Spencer light station, tried all kinds of remedies for rheumatism, but he left him almost unable to walk, and at last got Dr. Manning's German Remedy. Before he had finished a bottle he could walk without a cane. This marvelous painkiller is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinalgia, Strains, Colic, Chills, Croup, and all pains and aches, either internal or external. An invaluable household remedy. Sold everywhere. Price 50 cents.

Hush Treatment.—Judge Duffy—You have been up here twenty times for being drunk. I'll have to punish you, O. yes, nobody ever offers to reward me for being sober, and I've been sober time and again, but let me get drunk, and then I get it in the neck every time.

MR. JOHN NICKERSON, an Officer of the International S. S. Co., says: For years I have suffered with Catarrh, and spent hundreds of dollars on Doctors and Patent Medicines until my case was pronounced incurable. I was finally cured by Harvey's Catarrh Cure, which I consider to be worth its weight in gold. I would not be without it at any price.

In the Crowd.—Mrs. Tompkins (on parting from her pastor)—I declare, Dr. Forthright is as innocent as a child! Tommy—Well, he ought to be; didn't he travel here for half fare?

Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animal, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mr. Waite (trying to entertain his lady love's 6-year-old sister)—Do you know who I am? Flossie—Yep. Pop says your Edith's last chance.

ARE YOU DEAF?

Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. Chase, Orillia, Ont.—13 w.

He Knew.—Miss Winterbloom (visiting Mrs. Simpson)—What beautiful silver you have, and so heavy too! Willie Simpson—You'd think so if you had told it over from the neighbors.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, swellings, stifles, sprains and all swellings of the throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

He—Well, if you won't tell me your age, I'll ask your father. She—He won't give me away. He—I only wanted your age.

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