Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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Editor of *The Crescent*."

COUGHS. "Mt. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1882. "I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend it to any one similarly affected.
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ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

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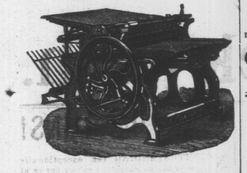

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Weekly Monitor.

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VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1885. NO. 25.

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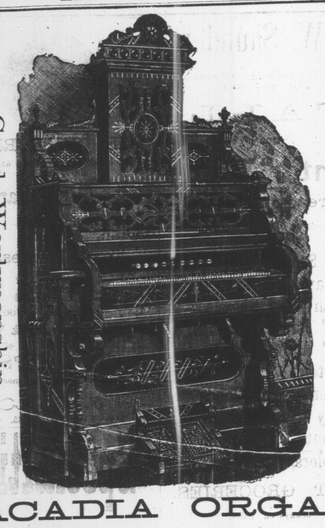

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ON first class Real Estate security, $35,-000. None but first class security will be taken.
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Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

Poetry.

Parson Snow's Hint.

The sermon was affecting and so many hearers wept,
That no dust would have arisen had the not floor just been swept;
In fact a score of brothers were impressed to that extent,
That they didn't see the 'passer' when it on its mission went.

When the preacher had concluded, he looked round upon the crowd.
And he said: 'I'll make a few remarks if I may be allowed;
I'm not used to mincin' matters, and what I'm about to say,
Will be addressed to you my friends, in my accustomed way.

'This is my first sermon 'mongst you, and it pleases me to see
That the fountains ob your feelings am broke up so easily,
But dar's one thing I has noticed that hab filled me wid unrest,
And left the knife ob discontent a stickin in my breast.

'I understand de salaries ob preachers dewn dis way
Come frum de contribution-box—now, what I've seen to-day
Hab sowed some seeds ob doubt and fear within my aged breast,
Dat had done commenced a growin' in a way dat I can't rest.

'Although old age hab somewhat dimmed the keenness ob my sight,
It hain't had no effect as yet upon my appetite;
And anything dat threatens to decrease my bread and meat,
Just takes me by the tender ha'r and lif's me off my feet.

'But de best tings in dis worl', my friends, can all be overdone,
And dis weepin' ober sermons we must all admit is one;
Use your handkerchuffs wid judgment, and no matter who you are,
Keep a dry eye on the passar! Let us now unite in pra'r.'

—*New York Mercury.*

Select Literature.

His Little Rustic.

The situation was romantic.

He was leaning over a rail fence, wiping his warm brow with a somewhat soiled but very handsome handkerchief when he discovered her.

She was kneeling in the grass a little way off, hunting for wild strawberries which she dropped into a partially filled pail.

Her sun bonnet had fallen back, and now revealed a very flushed face and a tumbled mass of brown hair.

He thought her profile very pretty, and her wrist, as it was disclosed below her print sleeves, shapely and white. He wished she would look up, as he was growing curious concerning the color of her eyes. He felt sure they were brown.

Just at that moment a whirr of wings caused him to turn his eyes in another direction, and he saw a covey of wild prairie hens just sitting upon an angle of the fence in near range. He lifted his gun quickly to his shoulder, took aim, and fired.

The birds all flew away unharmed. But the girl in the grass gave a little shriek, and sprang so hastily she tipped her pail of berries over, and they all disappeared in the long, tangled grass.

'Oh, how provoking!' she cried, in a tone of real vexation, as she looked down at her empty pail.

'Allow me to help you to pick them up,' said our hero gallantly, as he sprang over the fence with an easy bound and bent to his task as lightly as if he had always picked berries from tangled grass for a livelihood, instead of attending to the foreign business of one of the largest commercial houses in the world. He picked away in silence for fully five minutes without looking up.

It was now the young lady's opportunity for inspection. She saw a medium sized, strongly built figure clothed in a hunting suit evidently new; a head of closely cropped hair, suspiciously near baldness upon the crown; a peculiarly pallid complexion, a very handsome moustache, well waxed and glossy, and, as he lifted them up just then, two very liquid and languid eyes.

'Yes they are brown,' he said, mentally, as he met her glance. Aloud, 'I think your pail is quite as full as it was before, mademoiselle. I shall take pleasure in assisting you to completely fill it, if you will allow me.'

And his silence and glances, and the perfect modulation of his voice, was as delightful to Lisle Ashley as it had been to a score—nay to a hundred—women before her.

'I—I thank you,' she stammered; 'but I have enough for tea now, and it is late and I must go.'

'But you have not enough for tea if I go with you,' said our hero, with a respectful demeanor which was one of Richard Westbrook's most taking qualities with the ladies.

If a man's manner, glance and tone are only deferential and respectful, nothing pleases a woman more than a certain amount of boldness in words and actions.

'You see,' he continued, in answer to her look of surprise. 'I am lost. I left a party of friends this afternoon, and wandered through the woods in search of game until I am completely bewildered. They have the lunch basket. You are the first human being I have seen in hours and I have dined on a few berries. I have no idea how far I am from Benton station, where I am to join my friends at 7 o'clock. And now it is 5.'

'Oh,' said Lisle, looking very sympathetic, 'indeed, you are to be pitied. You are five miles from Benton station, and you must be hungry, I know. Well, now you may go home with me—it is just half a mile from here. Aunt Ruth will welcome you. And the hired man is going to Benton Falls this evening. You can ride with him.'

'But my train goes at 7.'

'Well, there is another at 9. And Joel may go early enough to get up there for he 7 o'clock train. I will help him with the cows so he can get off.'

Richard glanced down at the slended hands and wrists.

'You milk cows? Impossible!' he said.

'Oh, I do not make a business of it,' Lisle answered calmly; 'but I can do it, when occasion requires. I would not be a thoroughly genuine country girl if I could not. Now here is a fence to climb. Will you please go first and then help me over?'

'I thought country girls always leaped the fence,' said Richard, as he sprang lightly over and gave her his hand.

'They can do it, but they cannot display their agility on every occasion,' retorted, as she stepped to the ground at his side. 'There's Uncle William's house—that old one over yonder. And the white cloth is hanging out of the attic window to tell the men in the hayfield that supper will be ready as soon as they can get down to the house.'

'How delightful primitive life is out here?' mused Richard. 'I feel as if I was in another world from the one I left this morning.'

'You are from Lake Resort, I suppose.

'Yes, I have been there for a week; my home is in Albany, New York. I was induced to come to Lake Resort on account of the fish and game in the neighboring localities. But I came out here this morning and have tramped all day and never shot a bird.'

'You tried, though,' said Lisle, mischievously. 'But here we are now; please take a seat on the veranda in the shade while I tell Aunt Ruth we have company to tea and help her pick over the berries.'

'What a charming, fresh, unspoiled child of nature she is,' thought Richard, as she disappeared. 'Sweet eyes and mouth and a pretty figure, and so simple and unaffected. Ah! that is what attracts a man after he is worn out with the artifices of fashion and disgusted with the shams of society. What an ideal life one would lead here with such a companion as that, far from the din and turmoil and strife of the world.'

'Tea is ready, sir,' a very sweet voice announced; 'walk this way if you please. I suppose you would like to wash your hands and face perhaps. You may step into auntie's room at the left here.'

How pretty and restful and homelike the rooms were; how dreamily the sound of the mowers came in through the open window; how motherly Aunt Ruth appeared in her big apron, as she greeted him with cordial simplicity, touched with a slight awe of his city origin; how charming the table appeared to his hungry eyes; with its healthful country fare!

'You had better sit down—you and Lisle,' said Aunt Ruth. 'Joel will be getting off to town now, about six he says, if it will accommodate you any, and the men will be here in a few moments, so it'll be pleasanter for you to have your tea before they come.'

And Richard sat down to a tete-a-tete tea with Lisle, in her print gown and slightly sun-burned face, guiltless of powder, and enjoyed it more than any stately dinner which he ever attended, where ladies lured him with beautiful faces and sumptuous costumes and glittering jewels.

Then in came Uncle William, with his loud voice and his burly frame, to break the spell, and half a dozen red faced and perspiring farm hands with him.

'Storm coming up from the nor'west, he said. 'Guess my hay'll catch it, but I've only a half-day's mowing down. All the rest up in snug stacks at noon. Neighbor Brown has three acres lying yet. I'm lucky for once! Whew! there comes the thunder! A regular night of it, I guess we'll have.'

So it proved. Joel could not go to town, as the little station five miles distant was designated, and the night set in storming furiously.

'Richard not at all reluctantly, accepted the cordial invitation to remain until morning. A train went to Lake Resort at 5, but as at that hour it still rained, he turned over upon his comfortable couch and concluded to wait until evening.

He was in no haste to leave Lisle Ashley's sweet presence.

He idled away the day in a delicious way. Lisle sat over a great basket of mending, while he read aloud, or talked in his rich thrilling voice, of foreign lands and people.

'How well she listens. So few people possess that accomplishment, too,' he thought, and she had read a great deal, and had been several years at school in a distant city.

'I have stacks of books,' he said, 'which it seems selfish in me to keep in trunks, now that I have read them. You might as well enjoy them, and I would feel then I was doing something toward a return for all your kindness.'

So he sent the books, and a note with them, of course; and of course Lisle replied; and letters followed for several weeks. And then he ran down to Berton station to pass Sunday at 'Uncle William's farm.'

After that he came down every week or two until October. They read, and talked and walked, and drove together, and it was all heaven to Lisle and a veritable Eden to Richard. He was deeply in love with the girl's innocence, sweetness, and unaffected good sense.

He was fascinated with the repose and calm of this quiet retreat, so unlike the restless rush of his whole life. He felt as if he could live and die a happy and contented man with Lisle his only companion if he could remain here.

But the world, his business duties, lay elsewhere—in a world of commerce and fashion—and he did not ask Lisle to share that world with him.

He went back to Albany in October without having committed himself, yet knowing that he loved and was loved by Lisle.

All his happiness he found in her letters. Other women seemed false, fictitious when compared to her.

Still he could never think of her in these circles where he had been reared. Her simple grace and unaffected manner would seem like a lack of polish there. She could be cruelly criticized, and how would she ever manage a train!

Ah, no! he did not feel equal to the occasion, and yet he was wretched without her.

He wrote her tender letters full of love and respect, and he called her the star of his life and the light of his heart. He spoke with eagerness of their next meeting—at holiday season—but he never intimated a desire or intention to have her with him in his eastern home.

As for Lisle, she poured out her heart to him—all its wild sorrow, terrible loneliness, and sweet affection thrilled through her written words.

Her letters were a source of mingled delight and despair to him. To be loved by so charming a creature was the most exquisite happiness, yet his heart was tender, and he could not bear to give her pain. He could only pray time to fly that he might seek her presence.

He passed the holidays with her. In her neat cashmere dress, and with the sunburn all bleached away, she was prettier than when he had parted with her. And before a blazing woodfire they passed delightful hours with books and each other.

Ah, yes, it was a beautiful dream. But would it not become a painful reality if he translated her from her native soil? She was sweet rather than handsome; she listened rather than conversed; she was simple and unassuming rather than picturesque in attire. She would not be at home in his world; and constrained Aunt Ruth and loud Uncle William, would they not be a laughing stock for his circle?

Yet how could he leave her again? Still he did leave her, with only 'be true to me little sweetheart; I shall come again in a few weeks,' as a promise asked or given, or a hope to lighten the dark gloom for Lisle.

He felt unhappy and miserable as soon as he left her. Yet he would go again soon.

It was, after all, very delicious to have such a sweetheart hidden away in a sly nook where no one knew of her—where their woolngs were as sacred and as free from gossip as the twittering of the birds in a leafy forest.

Would it not be cruel to drag her out before the cold-eyed criticism and vulgar comment and merciless dissection of the world?

He had dreaded opening her first letter after his return. He felt sure it was one agonized cry of loneliness and despair.

Yet he was conscious of a keener sense of disappointment than of relief when he found it was, indeed, a very pleasant, friendly letter, relating occurrences at home, books she had read, and her ideas of them, with a polite reference to the pleasure his visits had given her.

Not a letter which he could find fault with, yet not a satisfactory letter at all.

In his reply there was perhaps more of ardor and warmth than ever before. It was a long time before he received a reply to this—so long he grew almost breathless with suspense.

Then there came a brief letter telling him that she was about to start for New York city on a visit to an old schoolmate.

'She went abroad two years ago, and made a somewhat romantic marriage a year later,' Lisle wrote. 'She has since returned, and has all winter been urging me to visit her. I hope you will find time to run up and call while I am there.'

Richard laid down the letter with almost a chill at his heart.

His sweetheart in New York! And she 'hoped he would call!' Why had she not allowed him to escort her on her long journey? Was it not his right? Why did she treat him in this distant manner?

He went to New York before she had been there two days and called; but she was not at home.

She was the guest of people of wealth and fashion, he judged by appearances; and again an uncomfortable query arose in his mind. How would she appear in this new element? He had an opportunity to judge of this ere many days passed.

On his return, disappointed and unhappy, that evening he found a handsomely engraved card awaiting him, asking his presence at No. 1280 to a reception given in honor of Miss Lisle Ashley.

He did not attempt to see her before that evening. Somehow a sudden barrier had arisen between him and the idol of his dreams which rendered him slightly afraid of her.

It was with a great deal of trepidation and many fears that he presented himself on the evening appointed at No. 1280.

When he entered—he was late—he found himself in the midst of a brilliant circle of society people—many of them his intimate acquaintances.

And presently he descried the object of his search across the hall, conversing easily with Senator Romaine, the most intellectual man of his circle.

Yes, it was Lisle. She was dressed in a beautiful trailing garment of rich material, which fitted her round figure perfectly, disclosing her lovely throat and bare arms. She wielded a handsome fan with skilled grace, and charmed the brilliant senator with her accomplished art of listening, as well as with her bright repartee.

Just as Richard approached her, her hostess advanced from an opposite direction, and, without seeing him, or not conscious that he had not yet paid his respects to her guest, bore her off to some new suppliant to her favor.

It was half an hour before Richard found an opportunity to reach her side. Then he had only time to give her the formal greeting of the evening, to hold her gloved hand one moment, to meet her calm, sweet gaze with reproving, searching eyes before she was again called away.

She was a social success, and immediately popular.

'So naive, so bright, so simple and childlike, so cute,' were a few of the expressions Richard heard applied to her, as the evening wore on.

'A wildrose in a hot house atmosphere,' he thought. 'How long before she will lose her freshness and sweetness, I wonder. Ah, how lovely she is! I never dreamed she could be so lovely. And yet I would rather see her in her print gown. How dare these people discuss her so, my own, my wild rose, my love!'

His eyes followed her wherever she moved. Such easy grace, such an unconscious air of her own loveliness, such fine conversational abilities as she possessed. Senator Romain was heard to say that she was one of the most charming he had ever met.

And she was one of the loveliest, it seemed to Richard. Her fashionable coiffure, her elegant toilet, the touch of powder on her complexion, completely transformed the pretty rustic to a beautiful belle.

Richard's heart swelled with pride and pain. Why had he been so tardy? Why was she not his acknowledged now? Why, indeed?

He had no opportunity to see her alone that evening. But on taking his leave he asked if he might call the following afternoon.

'Yes, she would be charmed to see him.'

He called at the appointed hour, to find Senator Romaine just before him, and two other callers later.

She entertained all graciously, but Richard left without a tete-a-tete.

He was obliged to return to Albany that evening, and business detained him there several days. When he returned to call again he found her gone out for a drive with Senator Romaine.

Mrs. Metcalf, her hostress, entertained him with a maddening account of the brilliant senator's devotion.

'Such a success as dear Lisle has made at once,' she said. 'I am quite charmed though I expected it. Demure and unassuming, and simple as she was at the academy receptions, Lisle was always a belle. She would look absolutely plain some days in her quiet dress and with her still ways, and in the evening she would astonish us all by her exquisite toilets and brilliant manners. The society youths and the staid old intellectual professors were equally wild over her. I always thought she would make a brilliant marriage. I have been urging her for a year to come to New York, but she was fascinated some way with that lonely country nook where her uncle resides. I am so glad I dragged her out of it, and what a handsome couple she and Senator Romaine do make. Everybody speaks of it.'

Richard thought that he would go mad before he got away. Would that woman ever cease talking?

But how amazed he was to find that the little rustic whom he had feared to present to his circle of fashionable friends was a belle who had been always able to shine in society.

He went home and wrote her a humble little note asking her to be kind enough to appoint an hour when she would be at liberty to see him, 'without her satellites.'

He received a pleasant reply by return post, stating the hour when she would be at liberty and 'pleased to see her old friend.'

He kissed the little note as rapturously as Lisle ever could have caressed his letters in her lonely days upon the farm.

Yet, when he called, it was a very stately young lady who greeted him, while Mrs. Metcalf never left her side for one moment.

Lisle was cordial and gracious, yet Richard felt as if a thousand miles lay between him and this girl, whose charm and sweetness and worth he had been conscious for many months, but whose entire suitability, for the station of his wife he had doubted or, at least, had questioned.

And now he would have given half his life to know that he could win her.

Had he lost forever the golden opportunity for perfect happiness by his tardiness and blindness and stupidity?

So it seemed. His efforts to see her alone proved unavailing. Some one was always present when he called. Sometimes Senator Romain, calways Mrs. Metcalf

'Has your hostess constituted herself a body-guard of one to protect you?' he asked, in an ungracious aside, one day when he was thoroughly irritated by that lady's seeming unconsciousness of his restless, eager manner.

Lisle looked at him with questioning surprise and disapproval.

'I desired Mrs. Metcalf to assist me in entertaining all my callers,' she said.

'You were not always so conventional,' he retorted; 'and I see no need of it now.'

Her face flushed slowly.

'Customs in the country farm houses do not correspond with those in conventional society, you know,' she replied. 'Besides, I regret having disobeyed the strict demands of customs heretofore, and shall try to make amends in the future.

And then she asked Richard if he had seen the new painting Mrs. Metcalf had just purchased, and so changed the conversation. He left her wondering if he was the victim of some strange nightmare, or if this reserved and conventional young belle, of whom he stood in such fear, was one and the same with the sweet girl whom he had seen picking wild berries a few months before, and whose tender, heart-broken letters used to bring the tears to his eyes in pity for her loneliness after his visits.

His tears might better be shed for pity of himself now.

He heard rumors of her engagement to Senator Romaine as the days wore on, and he made up his mind to go abroad, and to go without trying to see her again.

He could not bear the confirmation from her own lips of the report, and yet he should feel compelled to refer to it if he saw her.

So he wrote her his farewell. This was his letter.

Lisle—I am going abroad in a few days for a prolonged stay. I shall not see you again before leaving. My meetings with you are too painful when contrasted with past interviews. And now that I hear the current report of your betrothal to Senator Romaine, I do not feel brave enough to see you to say even good-bye. I do not blame you, dear, for the very heroic treatment you have administered to me, I have been weak—almost cowardly—in some respects; no wonder if you are disgusted with me. Yet now in this, the last letter I shall ever write to you, I want to tell you I have given you the one great, true love of my life-time, and that if I thought I could ever win you for my wife I would be willing to serve seven years—yea, twice seven, like he of old. But I know I have 'sinned away the day of grace,' and a better man has won you. May God bless you both! I have in my possession a package of letters I think you would like returned. Be kind enough to state what address and just when they had best be sent. So large a parcel might excite comment if sent to you at Mrs. Metcalf's. I will send or leave them, carefully sealed, at any place you designate. And now, again, God bless you, and good bye!
RICHARD WESTBROOK.

Twenty-four hours later he received a tiny note addressed by Lisle's hand. His heart grew faint as he broke the seal.

How could he endure to read the formal words he knew it must contain, after the warm sweetness and tenderness of her former letters?'

How could he go through the task of sealing and returning those precious missives to their author who might have been his wife if he had not been a fool, and a knave!

He drew out the tinted sheet from its sheath and read:

Richard, if you can return the heart which has been yours since the hours we met, then return the letters also. Otherwise keep both.
LISLE.

He covered his face with his hands.

'Thank God! Thank God!' he almost sobbed.

When he went abroad a few months later, Lisle went with him—his wife.

Grant's Peculiarities.

In battle or in command he wore a blue blouse and no sword, a plain slouch hat, dark trousers and top boots. Even his horse equipments did not indicate his rank. When he went to Europe, in 1878, he was compelled to buy a new uniform, as his old one was worn out. He bought but three while general of the army. At table he ate but little, and that of the plainest, and in the latter years of his life used no wine. As an escort for ladies, the assurance of one of the brightest and most lovely women who has graced Washington social life, that 'General Grant was the most acceptable of all the escorts she had ever had at dinner,' is warrant enough for the statement that he was a gentleman in social life and at the table. He was entirely a moral man, never using profane language, and had a contempt for vice and immoral men. He was fond of children and they of him—because of positive evidences of benevolence of both head and heart.' He stood fatigue readily, and could go without food or sleep for a long time. On horseback he sat easily and rode with grace—as West Point men usually do. He had a keen memory for those who abused him, either by speech or in the press, and never forgot them. He hated and liked with manly vigor. He had one old-time virtue, fast becoming obsolete, developed in the highest—he liked his friends and would stand by them.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—What to do with blundering druggists who put up morphine instead of quinine, or otherwise imperil the lives of their helpless victims, is a problem that ought to be settled before many more graves are filled. The Hobokeu wretch with the odd name of An Ende, who fatally poisoned two sisters a few days ago, and then, in dismay at his work, tried to kill himself, is likely to recover, and some of the New York papers are quite bloodthirsty toward him. Calm public opinion would hardly justify the placing of such blunderers upon the same plane as wilful murderers. They are not proper cases for the hangman's work. With all the ingenuity that business men show in providing checks and guards against loss of their money or goods through dishonest employees or outside rascals, there ought to be some scheme devised which would make the proper filling of a physician's prescription almost a dead certainty. Such a scheme might compel the constant attendance of more than a single clerk in every drug store, and it might involve the complete wakefulness of the young mortar-pounders, but these are personal sacrifices that probably the general public would consent to see enforced.—*Boston Herald.*

Fruit Growing.

Fruit and tree-culture in Nova Scotia has received a great impetus during recent years, owing to the demand for Nova Scotia apples which has grown up in Great Britain. The valleys of the Annapolis, Cornwallis, and Avon, the northern section of Queen's county, and those portions of Cumberland, Colchester and Pictou, lying contiguous to the Strait of Northumberland, are admirably adapted to the cultivation of fruit, but as yet no steps have been taken by the Government to educate our young men in fruit and tree-culture. Russia has set us an example in this respect, which we would do well to follow. The Russian farmers have not been slow to recognize the advantages of the elaborate experiments which have been made under government direction in the culture of fruit, and the results prove that a like system would be beneficial to the farmers of Nova Scotia. The growing of apples is no more to be learned by intuition there are the intricacies of the law or the curative properties of medicines, Experience may, and no doubt has, taught many fruit growers valuable lessons, but experience is a dear teacher, and when it can be gained by a short term of scientific and practical study, it may save the fruit-grower many hours of unnecessary labour, and many days of unremunerative toil. The Fruit Growers' Association of Nova Scotia has done good service in the publication and distribution of its reports, but the time has come when its work should be supplemented by something of a more practical character. The growing of fruit is a paying industry in this Province, but it will take time and educational facilities to develop the industry to anything like its proper proportions.—*Critic.*

—As a fast train stopped at Point of Rocks, Md., the other day, the engineer was found stunned and almost life less on the floor of the cab, while near by lay a dead chicken. The fowl had evidently attempted to fly across the track in front of the train, and had come in collision with the head of the driver, killing itself and knocking him senseless.

WORDS FAIL.

"Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. SELBY CARTER, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Having been afflicted all my life with Scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in Blotches, Ulcers, and Mattery Sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, he has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

All baneful infections of the blood are promptly removed by this unequalled alterative.

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