THE TWO SISTERS.

'Joan,' said Grizzle, 'have you seen aught o' my black cat the morn?'

'Ou, ay. I saw the beast an' gave him a kick for his thievin'. He had a bit o' my tripe in his mouth, an' was chokin' an' glowering as though he wad gang clean out o' his head. Gin I catch him at his tricks again there'll no be enouch o' him left to mak' a dinner for Auld Sandy's dog.'

'Hoot, hoot, Joan? Ken ye no the words o' Holy Writ: 'The merciful mon is merciful unto his breast, an' 'With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again?'

'Weel, Grizzle, the beast is nane o' mine, an' gin any mon catches me stealin' his dinner frae him he may serve me as he chooses.'

'There, now, Joan, ye're clean wrang. The puir beast hae no the sense to ken like a human. An' his nature bein' to steal, it is clear that he maun hae been predestined to live in that way for the glory o' God. Hoo, then, can ye reconcile it wi' yer ain conscience to abuse the puir beastie?'

'An' hoo cud I hae kicked him for it, gin I had na been predestined to do it? Answer me that, noo, Grizzle.'

'Hech. I sadly fear ye were so predestined, an' that it shows ye to be yet in the gall o' bitterness an' the bond o' iniquity, bein' even as Pharaoh whose heart was hardened by the Laird.

'Gin Pharoh were like ye, Grizzle, an' cared mair for a beast than for a human, 'twas noa hard matter to harden his heart.'

'The Laird kens weel that a puir beastie is better nor a human, whiles. Deed, I misdoubt me sair that He'll hae some o' them in glory, for though the Gude Book says 'Without are dogs,' it says nae word o' cats.'

'Hoot, toot, what blasphemy are ye sayin', Grizzle? I fear ye are ane o' those unwary souls 'wrestin' the Scripture to their ain destruction, as Paul says. Mind ye not the words o' John: 'If any mon shall add anything to this book, God shall add unto him the plagues in this book?' Haud yer tongue, Grizzle, an' be mair careful hoo ye speyk o' the Laird's decrees.'

'It's no blasphemy. Let no mon think o' him el' mair highly than he ought to think, saith the Gude Book; and I hae thought lang syne, Joan, ye were takin' too much upon yersel'. The Laird did na ask you aboot His decrees, an' whan gat ye private information o' them?'

'Gin ye speyk that gait to me, Grizzle, I'll never speyk to ye again.'

'Sma' loss will it be then, Joan, gin ye spend yer time tellin' me the Laird has predestined me to the ill place. I hae nae wish to hear ye talk till ye can say some thing pleasanter to hear nor that.'

The fury of the sisters was now at white heat. They sat, each with kilted skirt, on her own side of the fire-place without speaking for an hour. Then Joan suddenly rose and, going to her huge work-basket that stood on the east window ledge, took out a piece of chalk and a string. Coming back, she measured accurately from the middle of the one door the little cottage possessed to the middle of the fire place, and drew a chalk line connecting the two. Some articles of Grizzle's that were on her side she put across this line, and then sat down and, taking up the big old Bible, began to read. Grizzle watched her a minute, and then, muttering to herself, 'Gin she gaes to heaven she'll fin' me there too,' took up an old Bible that lay on her side of the room and began to pore over it.

The cottage had but a single room. It faced the south, and opposite the old-fashioned divided door was the narrow fire-place. On each side of the chalk line that now lay across the red brick floor was a bed, a chair, and a little stand. The upper half of the door was open, and the summer sunshine and the sweet summer air came in like a benediction, while the two gray old women—for the were past 50 years old—sat like incarnations of hate and wrath and read their Bibles

When the sun began to set, Joan rose, and bringing out the simple stores that were in the cottage, divided them and the dishes without a word. Then she gave Grizzle half the ready money, and then closing the door, began to prepare her evening meal. Grizzle did the same.

This was the beginning of a terrible life. And the rest of it was according to this beginning. For twenty years they lived, those two sisters, one on each side of that hideous chalk line. Every tender thought and loving action in the past that should have drawn them together once more was recalled to add bitterness to that estrangement. It was a sight to make angels weep when the two knelt down, each at her own bedside, at night and prayed the Lord to have mercy on the heathen, and those in foreign lands, to prepare His true servants for their entrance into glory, ending with the awful cry, 'Come, Laird Jesus, come quickly, an' tak' Thine ain hame, an' let Thine enemies who will na repent perish in the ill place forever. An' Thine shall be the glory. Amen!'—or at morning, when the rose flush of the dawn came through Joan's window and tinged the gray faded forms with a lovely hue, as they knelt by their separate little stands and said 'Our Father!'—or to watch them walking on the Sabbath day to kirk, and sitting decorously side by side in the narrow pew, while they joined in the psalm-singing or said Amen with solemn unction to the prayers, or listened to the gospel of peace and forgiveness. A strange and horrible sight, and one never seen before or since. Yet, hold! Are there no husbands and wives, no brothers and sisters and friends who have knelt down with hot hatred in their heaats and said the 'Our Father' together! Let him that is without sin among us cast the first stone.

The neighbors everywhere around came in, of ccurse, to remonstrate with the wretched pair, and to go home and gossip about them, but the sisters turned a deat ear to all remonstrance, and even, when occasion demanded, sent a stone into the enemy's camp that mightily discomfited them. For to more than one Joan made answer: 'Look at hame an' min' yer children that quarrel like cats on a simmer night. As for me I pray daily that Grizzle may be converted gin it be the Laird's will, for I wad na dictate to Him what he shall do.'

And Grizzle, in answer to all entreaties to leave, said, 'Na, na. There's room enouch, an' I maun be here. Gin Joan repents I maun be at hand to forgive her, though I sair misdoubt her heart has grown as hard as the nether mill-stone, being as the apostle says, without natural affection.'

The summer went and came and went and came again with late sweet flowers, and tender breaths of wind across the hills, and the sisters watched them, Joan from the east window, Grizzle from the west. The winter storms howled around the cottage, and the snow drifted high around the windows, and the sisters listened as they sat, each on her own side of the fire, in dreary, uncompanionable companionship.

And twenty years went by.

It was a wild, wet morning in March. Mr. Maclesie, the minister, was coming down the road that led from the manse into the village, when a woman came running up to him.

'Oh, sir, come quick to the Gray cottage. The sisters nae had a stroke, an' they're baith lyin' helpless in their beds. Hech, sir! it's an awsome sight!'

'Oh, when did this happen? when did this happen?'

'I dinna kin, sir. I gaed in the morn, for there was nae reek fro' the chimney, an' I thought it strange, an' I found them there, baith stricken in a single night. Heck, sir! Puir Grizzle has lost her mind, an' lies talking o' the cornfields fifty years syne, an' singin' auld sangs as gin she were a lass again. But Joan does na speyk.'

They hurried to the cottage, and found it even as Elsie had said. The moment they entered Joan called the minister. He came to her.

'Send Elsie away,' she said, speaking with difficulty, but distinctly. 'I wad speyk wi' ye.'

Mr. Maclesie dismissed the old woman and then returned to Joan's side. He sat down by the narrow bed and listened for what she had to say.

'I aye thought,' she said, still speaking with difficulty, but yet clearly, 'that the ministers were right when they said that the Laird's decree provided for the prayers o' the righteous. He foreknowin' the same fro' a' eternity, an' I've heard ye preach that same doctrine, you ken weel, Mr. Maclesie.'

'I ken nae ither way to reconcile the decrees o' the Laird wi' our ain free will' he answered thoughtfully.

'Now, gin the Laird has made provisions for ye to pray for puir Grizzle that she'—the hard voice shook for a moment but she went on—'may come to hersel' an' let me forgive her era she gaes awa' —an' ya sald not do it—ye ken that the Laird's a hard task master, an' He'll be sair displeased wi' ye, Mr. Maclesie.'

The old man looked at her with his keen, sad eyes. 'I'll pray for Grizz'e Joan, but—'

She broke in eagerly. "Ye might forget, Mr. Maclesie. Ye're gettin' an auld mon, ye ken. Mibbies ye cud pray here, an' now, an' I sald knew that a' had been done that cud. It's a fearsome thing, sit, to think o' me bein' inside the gate a-singin' an' a-harpin' an' a-dancing' for joy an' my puir Grizzle, that was sic a bonny lass when she was young, skreelin' outside in the dark an' the cold. She was aye afear'd o' the dark, Grizzle, an' she was sic a bonny young thing, an' gude to me. Hech, sir! it were only last week whan Sandy McPheron was drouned, an' she cam' to me an' sent awa' a' the auld women an' tuik me in her young arms an' cried o'er me, an' said she'd serve me a' her life. An' she was gude to me. Aye, gude for mony a weary year an' lang. Mr. Maclesie, think ye that she'll no ken onything again before she gas awa'?

'I canna tell, Joan.'

'Hech, sir! It's sair to bide here an' she not ken. It's mony a year I micht hae talked to her an' did na' an' noo the Laird has ta'en awa' the poo'er. O' Mr. Maclesie! pray! wi's' yer might! I maun hear her speyk till me onct an' say, 'Joan, good night!'

The voice of the speaker had risen almost to a scream, and suddenly it pierced the dull ears of the form that lay gibbering and laughing on the other bed.

'Joan, puir Joan!' it said. 'I maun send the ithers a'awa an' Joan, for she has nase but me noo.'

Then the voice died away in a sigh.

Mr. Maclesie went over to the other bed, and, lifting, half dragging, brought it accross the little room, across that dividing line, and set it close to Joan's. As Grizzle's bed touched her's, Joan burst into tears. The old man lifted the poor helpless hand, and laid it on her sister's. 'I forgive thee, Grizzie, as I hope to be forgiven!' he said somenly, and Joan repeated the words after him. Then he knelt and prayed.

Oh, what a scene was that! Without a leafless rose bush was tapping against the narrow little window in the wild March wind. Within, those two poor beds stood side by side and both inside the line that had divided them so long, and on the beds those striken forms lay motionless as death. One, 'babbing o' green fields,' and one, with face of agony and wild, beseeching eyes lifted to the old minister's face as he lifted it to Heaven and prayed:

'Father forgive them, for they knew not what they did!' he said, and Joan sobbed 'Amen!'

'They've been stumblin' alang owre the reuch stanes side by side, but far apart, hurtin' one anither sair ilka day an' a' day lang. Oh, tak' them hame to Thee, an' hap them up in one anither's airms till they hae learned Thy name is love. An' Thine be the poo'r an' the glory, amen.'

As he rose from his knees and looked down at Joan, the tears were running down her face, but it had lost its look of hopeless, helpless agony. He laid one hand on the head of either sister as he said: 'Laird mak' His face to shine upo thee. The Laird lift up the light o' His countenance upo' thee an' gie thee peace. Then he went away.

But at midnight there was a knock and a cry at the manse door. 'Come to the Gray Cottage sir, sune's ye can!'

The minister dressed himself hurridly, and went down. There was a knot of neighbors at the door, but they made way for him to pass. And there with the moonlight streaming throw ihe open door upon them, and the fire-light on the old divided hearth flashing, and dancing, and throwing its kindly flame high as though it would fain see them more clearly, and the flickering of the dying candle that the old woman who had been watching held above her head, casting the faces now in light and now in shadow, lay the two sisters dead in one anether's arms.

'I had ga'en asleep, sir,' said the old woman, 'in the chimney neuk, when of a sudden there cam' a screech fit to wak the deid. I jumped up an' luiked an' there were Joan an' Grizzie happed' in one anither's airms, suttin' up straight in bed. But before I cud' get there they had fa'en back as they are now, an' baith were gane.'

Two days afterwards the sisters were buried in the old kirk-yard. And over the grave the old minister put a simple stone with the words:

'In their death they were not divided.

—[Eva L. Ogden in The Current.

"Foolin' Away Money."

Is what one farmer remarked to another, while in town, each on the same errand—buying artist's materials. One seemed to enjoy the "foolishness," and in his heart did not feel he was spending his foolishly—thinking of the really fine pictures which adorned the cosy rooms of his country home, with a feeling of love and pride for the daughter who had such good taste in decorative art, and was such a "splendid cook" too, always trying to make home pleasant in every way. He had the money to gratify her and was happy to do so. The other stood with his hands in his pockets, with mouth drawn down at the corners, and took the money from his wallet with the air of a man taking a seat in a dentist's chair.

This is his solitary meditation: 'Well I know my Mary can paint nicely; yes, I know she earned the money to pay for what few lessons she has taken and she earned the five dollars I have spent today. I could have invested this in eggs that would have hatched a lot of chickens. I would have furnished the feed for them and she could give me half the chickens, but she wouldn't. She has awful high notions — thinks farmers might be gentlemen and their wives and daughters ladies, with their homes full of all sorts of "flummery." Money jingling in my pocket is sweeter music than a piano, and the pictures on my government bonds and greenbacks are more to my taste than any canvass painted by the most famous artist. A farmer does not need any painted landscape when he can see the "cows in the corn." I do not know why my children hate farming so, unless they take after their mother. She is always complaining; she says she has nothing for her convenience; and even made a fuss when I made the last deposit in the bank. She wanted it to buy a dress to wear to church (she looks awful nice yet in the alpacky I bought her five years ago). My barn is just a model; my horses are all thorough bred, as are the rest of my stock. My carriage is as fine as any in town, and everything on my farm is first class. My house—well, yes, it is a little cramped; but the children will not stay any longer than the law requires, for I am afraid the boys are a little fast. When I am gone how quick the money will vanish—wish I could take it with me. When the time comes the neighbors will be surprised at my bank account. If the folks at home knew they would fret more than ever for a new house and all the fine things to fix it up. A farmer ought not to spend much time in the house, and if the wimmin folks are kept busy every minute they will not have much time to think about it. I am a sharp well-to-do farmer, and have made money."

He did not say he had bowed himself to the demon Avarice and worshipped him, and will continue to worship him until the weight of his gold crushes him to death, and his family care nothing for the departed except the gold to quarrel over. How many lives such as this has the world seen? Does it pay to get money and fail to have the love of our wives and children?

The Ottawa Orgies.

At any other time than the present, when all eyes are averted from the capital to the Northwest, the midnight orgies of the house of commons would attract a great deal of attention than they do. But the way in which the public business is being misconducted must not be lost sight of. The responsibility for scenes that would disgrace a ward meeting is repudiated by both factions. Independent public opinion says that the great bulk of it rests upon the shoulders of the government, who have seized an opportune moment to force through a bill possessing several objectionable features. The condition of this country is at the present time such as to claim the solitude of every thoughtful mind. Our undertakings are almost, if not quite, beyond our strength. Our national debt is out of all proportion to our numbers and de resources. We find ourselves compelled to put down, at an enormous cost, an insurrection that is the bitter fruit of misgovernment. The C. P. R. syndicate is knocking at the door of the public treasury for more millions, and offering as security therefor nothing which call their own. The present hour is one of doubt and depression, and the future lowers ominously before us. It is under such circumstances that Sir John A. Macdonald, whose right hand seems to have forgotten its cunning, calls upon upon the representatives of the people to create a new class of officials, to add to the burdens under which we already groan. No more maladroit proposition could have occured to him. It shows that he has learned nothing from his boundary award and license law blunders, and that he has degenerated from being a Conservative statesmen to be a Bourbon boss. His party recently so united and vignrous, is rapidly becoming demoralized, and his opponents are congratulating themselves that at the last he has given them a grievance upon which they can appeal to the people The premier has over-reached himself, and has made himself responsible for the indecencies of the recent all-night sittings. It were better for his good name that he should go out of office at once than that he should retain it by such tactics. It is time to call a halt. If the majority in the house will not call it let the majority, who have done all that is required of them in the way of criticism, act upon our suggestion. Walk out of a chamber which is no longer the resort of gentlemen.—[Toronto News

AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

Mrs. Olaf Kraner Tells Some Stories of the Land of Ice.

Mrs. Olaf Kraner is an intelligent little Esquimaux woman, 27 years of age. She relates that she was born in the northern part of Greenland, and lived there until she was 15 years of age, when reports having reached her father of the warmer, better country Iceland, the frmily emigrated there on a dog-sled. During her stay of five years in Iceland she was, to use her words, 'eddicated,' and learned, among other, things of America, and her people. Having a great desire to satisfy her curiosity concerning us, she came with a number of Icelanders to British America, and from the eastern cost finally came to Manitoba.'

To a reporter she said: 'My country is different from this. I will explain how we build houses in my country. We press the the snow into hard bricks and build a tent-shaped house. Inside we lined the walls and floor with fur. We have an opening left for a door, which is high enough for a child eight years old here to go in and out. We hang a fur curtain up at the opening. We make our fire in the centre of the snow house; the fires are of lean meat, oil and bones, for we have no wood in my country—not so much as a match. Fires are started with a flint, but flints are scarce, and the man who owns one is considered well off. The smoke from the fire is kept in the house, and as we use oil on our faces the smoke and oil make us of a dark color.

'We never wash, for there is no water and it would freeze on our faces. A lady in my country uses plenty of oil, just as the ladies here think they look nice with powder and paint. The ladies of my country have an easy time, no work but the making of clothes and the care of her children; only if the baby cries she will not take care of it. She throws it into the corner of the snow house and when it is quiet she takes and pets it. I will explain to you how we marry in my country. The man must steal his wife. If he is caught trying to get her he is killed, for if he is not sharp enough to steal her they think he is not sharp enough to keep her. After he has married her he can never leave her. If he does he is killed. We have no religion in our country, but we think a good man will go to a good place and a bad man to a bad place. We are kind to each other, only we are not kind to the sick, for we think if they were of any account they would not be sick. We have but one sickness. Sometimes it lasts three years, sometimes six years. I think it is what you call consumption. When a man dies we stick him in the snow and his spear with him.

'I will explain for you how we hunt in my country. The men kill whales, walruses and seals. The first man who strikes his spear into an animal gets the skin, and the meat is divided between the others. The meat is eaten raw. The people like best the blood and fat. The skins are used for clothes which are sewed up with animal's sinews. Our sleds are made of skins and bones, and are drawn by dogs. When the dogs are well trained they are driven without reins.

'The beds of my country are made of the furs. If a man lives alone he makes the furs into a sack and crawls into it when he wants to sleep. We sleep when we are sleepy and eat when we are hungry. Our night time lasts for six weeks, but we have always light from the snow and stars. Our daytime we don't like—the sunlight and snow burn our eyes like they would drop out of our heads. The two months twilight is the most pleasant time. My people grow no taller than a child of 8 years in this country, and they never live to oe over 60 years of age.

'This climate,' concluded Mrs. Kraner, 'weakens me. It is very warm.' And indeed the little lady wore her sleeves short, exposing her arms. Short arms they were and peculiarly shaped. The arms of the Esquimaux men are straighter, from being used more. Mrs. Kraner's height is 40 inches, her weight 120 pounds.

'What did you think of the people of this country when you first saw them?' was asked Mrs. Kraner.

'Oh,' she replied, 'they looked so big they almost scared me to death; and I was much frightened when I first saw a black woman.

Headache.

Headache is one of those distressing complaints that depends upon nervous irritation, bad circulation, or a disordered state of the stomach, liver, bowels, ect. The editor and proprietor of the *Canada Presbyterian* was cured after years of suffering with headache, and now testifies to the virtue of Burdock Blood Bitters. 2

Josh Billings' Guide to Health.

Never run into debt, not if you can find anything else to run into.

Marry young, and if you make a hit keep cool and don't brag about it.

Be kind to your mother-in-law, and if necessary, pay for her board at some good hotel.

Bathe thoroly once a week in soft water, kastell soap, and avoid tite boots.

Exercise in the air, but don't saw wood until you're obliged to.

Laff every time you feel tickled, and laff once in a while anhow.

If you have daughters, let your wife bring them up; if she has common sense she can beat all your theories.

Hold the baby half the time, and allwuss start the fire in the morning and put on the tea-kittle.

Eat hash washing days, and be thankphul if you have to shut your eyes to do it.

Notwithstanding much has been said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the matter has never seriously claimed your attention. Think of it now! If, by the usa of a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla you avoid the evils of scrofula, and transmit a healthy constitution to your offspring, thank us for the suggestion.

Use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap for Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Scaley Eruption, itch, and all diseased conditions of the skin 1m

Good Humor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is the sense of humor or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and works of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous points of things, and can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull the advent of a genial, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppresside to hear persons constantly striving to say funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatent question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view instead of being irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I never can find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then, with a comical look, she said: "I never could guess conundrums, I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and then she felt happy; and so what might have been an occasion for hard words and unkind feelings because just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Some people have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are repoved. It does just as well oftentimes to laugh things off as to scould them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

Why Mr. Huff Didn't Come.

His name was Huff, and he came from Washington, D. C. For some time he associated with a crowd of young persons with a crowd of young persons with tight trousers who haunt the lobby of the Park theater. On Friday night a slick young man came up to the theater and made the acquaintance of Huff's eminently sociable friend, Adamson, who is an usher. Said the smooth young man; 'I'd like to get some good partner in a forgery racket.' Said Adamson; 'I've got a friend who is the finest man in the country at first-class forgery. His name is Huff, and he's a daisy.' Thus the slick young man and Huff became fast friends. After they had talked over the discouragements offered to the poor, downtrodden, hardworking criminals of America, Huff said that he would forge checks on anyone, but he wanted a smart person to pass them off. Then the slick young man introduced a black-eyed, low-browed, sharp-nosed friend, a very villian in countenance.

'I want to make big money,' said Huff.

'You've struck the right gang this time,' said the black-eyed man. 'I'm a goer in for big money, too. Shake your friend as soon as you can, and we'll go about our racket now.'

So it came to pass that Huff and the black eyed man walked down to 6th avenue arm in arm. While they walked thus pleasantly Huff talked gayly of the golden harvest which was to be reaped, and touched tenderly upon the subject of billiards and racing.

'We'll go to Chicago and have a terrific old time of it, won't we?' he said.

'That's me all over,' murmured his companion.

'Tear things all to pieces.'

'You bet.'

'Open the eyes of the natives.'

'Beautiful language: You hit my sentiments every time.'

It was a golden dream until the 23th street was reached. Then the black eyed man seemed to have an idea.

'By George,' he said, 'I forgot to mention to you that my name is Heidelburg' and that I'm a police detective, and that Inspector Byrnes has instructed me to arrest you on a charge of passing forged checks on three Washington banks, and you have run up a big telegraph bill on the chief of police of Washington, and—'

'My God,' said Huff, 'only to think! Who, who, why—why, what—'

'And I've no doubt that my friend Woolride has forgotten to mention that he is a detective too,' said Heidelberg, as he waved his hand toward the slick young man who just arrived.

Huff smiled faintly and said something about knowing it all the time. Then he walked unsteadily to police headquarters He was arraigned at the Jefferson market police court and committed to the care of the Washington police.—[New York Herald.

A Secret.

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health. Burdock Blook Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the cheek. 2

Wives From Hungary.

Twenty-five brawny looking young men and twenty-five red cheeked young women, the latter wearing high topped boots, passed through this city from New York for Mauch Chunk on the Reading road at six o'clock last evening. The young men are miners in Carbon county. They originally came from Hungary, so did the young women. The young men, who wanted to get married, sent an agent to Hungary three months ago to get them wives. The fair-haired girls were all strangers to the young men until they met them on the arrival of the steamer "Werra" at Castle Garden on Sunday. They were all married in New York before starting for the coal regions.—[Philadelphia Times.

Depend upon It.

You can depend upon Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a pain reliever in rheumatism, neuralgia and all painful and inflammatory complaints. It not only relieves but cures. 2

National Pills are sugar coated, mild but thorough, and are the Stomach and Liver Pills in use 1m

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Materials, Trimmings, Millinery, Wraps, April Fashion Notes.

Old timedness is stamped on new materials. New are the mohairs, the poplins, mousseline de laines and challiers of 20 years ago, and new are old sampler-stitch borders which decorate fine summer wools. The two former coming to us from last season, the latter of this year, and greeting elderly people with the same bright sprigs and jaunty flowerings which adorned their youth and now impart gaiety of attire to some daughter or granddaughter. Like visions of their departed spring-time, too, come those sampler-stitch borders and costumes where the quaint decoration appears on vests, fronts, cuffs, collar and back draperies, will be among the most pleasing of spring outfits. Yet not more so than white wools betrimmed with gilt or silver cords laid on in vermicelli or coral designs, as may seem convenient, sometimes profuse and imparting great richness, as where vest, collar, cuffs and portion of the skirt are thus overlaid, or again where a few touches make up in delicate suggestion for lack of abundant placing. Pale colored wools are overlaid in the same way with matching or harmonizing silken cords, and we are told that in comparison, the flatness of braid has brought about a fashionable contempt, at least for showy dresses, although in case of many stylish costumes for general wear, braid is chosen above all other garnitures. Ottoman silks are very fashionable with soft dull finish, and the cord, though not as heavy and broad as last season, yet quite noticeable. Watered silks give a change, but do not interfere with the popularity of brocade, while satin defies dismal prophecies, and is used again in handsome outfits. There never was a time when black lace has had a more leading position. It will constitute entire head dresses over a foundation of cheap silk or satin; will lighten up beautifully better qualities of the same, or afford a finish to moire or brocade, while the elegance of velvet or its representative, nonpariel velveteen, with fast pile and rich shadowings, united with lace, need only be suggested to persons of taste.

An Ex-Alderman Tries It.

Ex-Alderman Taylor, of Toronto, tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil for Rheumatism. It cured him after all other remedies had failed. 2

A Wide Awake Druggist.

J. Wilson is always alive to his business, and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for the celebrated Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption the only certain cure known for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free. Regular size $1.00. (3

Wheeler's Tissue Phospates.

AS A BRAIN AND NERVE RESTORATIVE the use of Dr. Wheeler's Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya is founded on well established physiological and chemical laws, since it is composed of those elements in our food that contribute directly to the nutrition of the nerve ganglia—the batteries that generate nerve force. In nervous debility it is seventy per cent greater value than Phosphorus pure, in pill or solution, or as Hypophosphites.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY

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

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