

W. A. CHUTE,  
BUILDING MOVER,  
BEAR RIVER, N. S.

BUILDINGS of all descriptions Baled and Moved, by land or Water, without taking down chimneys or disturbing the occupants. Stranded Vessels, of all sizes, raised and floated. Rollers and engines, of all descriptions, hoisted in and out of steamers, placing them in any position.  
I am the only building mover in the Lower Provinces thoroughly fitted with the latest improvements. Having had twenty years' experience I can guarantee satisfaction. With numbers of fine recommendations.  
Also, Agent for the London Guarantee and Accident Company, of London, England.

**New Goods,**  
R. D. BEALS

—Comprising—  
**DRY GOODS,**  
Ready Made Clothing,  
**HATS & CAPS,**  
**BOOTS and SHOES,**  
Crookery ware,  
SHELF HARDWARE,  
Best Groceries,  
TIN WARE, ETC.

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.  
Eggs for Goods or Cash.  
Butter and all other Produce in Exchange.  
Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '87.

**GREAT REDUCTION.**

The whole Stock of  
**W. W. SAUNDERS'**  
will be sold at a Great Reduction during the Xmas Holiday, embracing the following well-selected lines:

**DRY GOODS,**  
**HOSIERY,** a Specialty,  
**HATS and CAPS,** BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ESSENCES, EXTRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TIN, WARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES.

William Hart, Assisted.

**Burdock Blood Bitters**

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE  
BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, INDIGESTION, DRUMPS, JAUNDICE, FLUTTERING HEART, ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, SALT RHEUM, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS, &c.  
T. MILBURN & CO., PROPRIETORS, TORONTO.

**Farm for Sale**

THE subscriber offers for sale that very nicely situated property in MIDDLETON, County of Annapolis, and Province of Nova Scotia, on the Post Road and in the immediate neighborhood of Fallgate Station, Telegraph Office, Post Office and Academy, consisting of about forty-five acres superior soil, a thriving young orchard of about one hundred and fifty Apple Trees of choice selected fruit, and conveniently divided into hay, tillage and pasture lands. It well watered, is commodious and thoroughly finished house, woodhouse, barn, stables, etc., in good repair. Terms easy.  
JONATHAN WOODBURY.

**W. D. SHEEHAN,**  
The American Tailor.

Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT:

1. They always fit close to the neck, and never dry the throat.
2. They always fit into the waist with a graceful curve.
3. The shoulders never wrinkle, and always improve on your actual build.
4. Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first-class tailors.

GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in being properly fitted by their tailors, will do well to call on me and I will guarantee a perfect fit.

**FOR SALE at the DRUG STORE.**

ASTORIA, best Symplic Nitro, Sulphuric Acid, Enox Fruit Salt, Teaberry, Tooth Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line, Vanicres, full line, Patent Cellulose, Compound, Riego's Food for Infants, Lactated Food, Chloride Lime, Diamond and Electric Soda, Instant Powders, Washing and Baking Soda, Aniline Dyes, Puffs, Toilet Powder, Soap, Perfumery, Line Juice, Mack's Catarrh Medicines, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Bar- dock Blood Bitters, Standard Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and Blank Music Paper and Books.  
L. R. MORSE, M. D.  
September, 1887.

**EXHAUSTED VITALITY.**

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great medical work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 200 pages, 8vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man, Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

**H. H. BANKS,**  
PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENT,  
Parker Market Building,  
Halifax, N. S.

—ALL KINDS OF—  
**Farm Produce Sold on Commission.**

# Weekly



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1889. NO. 30.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**  
Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER—  
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.  
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.  
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

**ONE TRIP PER WEEK.**  
**INTERNATIONAL S.S. Co.**

**FOR BOSTON, DIRECT,**  
FROM **Annapolis.**  
Fall Arrangement.

Until further notice one of the favorite Side Wheel Steamers of this Company will leave Annapolis every THURSDAY, p. m., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston direct.

FARE FROM ALL W. & A. R. STATIONS  
**ONE DOLLAR LESS**  
than by any other route.

**ST. JOHN LINE:**  
The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Portland and New York every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7:45, Eastern Standard time.

Tickets can be obtained from all agents on the W. & A. R. W. H. KILBY, Agent, FRED. CROSSKILL, Agent, R. A. CARDEW, Agent Commercial Wharf, Boston. W. & A. R. Bridgetown, Annapolis.

**INSPECTION**  
is invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

**Monuments, Tablets, HEADSTONES, Etc.**  
Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

**Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,**  
OPPOSITE RINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

**LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,**  
(ESTABLISHED 1860).

**N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.**  
THE CELEBRATED  
**Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,**  
—ALSO—  
**FORCE PUMP,**  
with Hoses attached if required.

We are prepared to Manufacture **WOODEN WATER PIPES** for **underdraining or conveying water under ground. Cans be delivered at any station on the line of Railway. Send for Price List.**

**BRIDGETOWN**  
"I heartily recommend **PUTNER'S EMULSION** to all who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, and I am certain that for Wanting Diseases nothing superior to it can be obtained."

**MARBLE WORKS**  
**THOMAS DEARNESS,**  
Importer of Marble  
and manufacturer of  
**Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.**  
Also Monuments in Red Granite  
Gray Granite, and Freestone.  
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.  
Bridgetown, March 19th, '89. T. D.

**A COOK BOOK FREE**  
By mail to any lady sending in her post office address. Write, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

## Poetry.

The Old Garret.

A charming old place was that great dusty attic,  
With its dim nooks enlivened with spider and mouse,  
The store-room of rubbish, the joy of the children,  
That precious old garret in grandmother's house!

There were chairs lame and backless, and books minus covers,  
A tiny tin foot-stool, a great spinning wheel,  
And such like smaller than that which was a treadle,  
A pair of wool-cards and a queer little reel.

There were bunches of odoriferous herbs on the rafters,  
"Mush better than Arugula," grandmother would say;  
And we daintily tasted of mint and of catnip,  
As we spent in the garret some rainy day.

Going up the steep stair with our clatter and laughter,  
While grandmother's chiding up after us came,  
"Now, child, be sure and not get into mischief,  
And whatever you do, pray, don't trouble the wheels!"

But how could we help it, when there they were standing,  
Just longing for some one to give them a twirl!  
So out of sheer pity we parted them lightly,  
And sent them away in the dizzy old whirl.

Then there was a cradle, the quaintest of cradles,  
With a roof o'er the head, and with red painted sides;  
How many dear babies had slept in its shelter,  
And cooed as they went on their lullaby rides!

There were roomy old chests that were filled to overflowing  
With treasures and relics of years long since gone;  
We dressed in the garments of obsolete pattern,  
And made the place ring with our clatter and song;

No zest of the pilgrim in search of rare relics,  
In olden nooks or catacombs' gloom,  
Can equal the eager and patient ransacking  
Of children left loose in an old attic room.

We made believe visits and parties and weddings;  
We sewed for the dolls, assumed house-keeping cares,  
And had circuses gay with the dogs and the kittens  
We coaxed up the steep narrow stairs;

Alas for the children, the poor little children,  
Who never in such an old garret may play!  
A garret stored full with its treasures of rubbish,  
The dearest of them on a long rainy day!

—Good Housekeeping.

## Select Literature.

The Woodman's Daughter.

CHRISTINE NELSON, THE SWEDISH NIGHT-INGALE.

In a little two-roomed hut, in the midst of a vast pine forest, among the mountains of Sweden, there lived an honest woodman, with his wife and seven children.

She had large blue eyes and rough yellow hair. When she was old enough to take notice, she did not begin to talk as other children do, but sang to herself like a bird.

It was the bright and beautiful Swedish summer, so that the woodman's children were out of doors nearly all day. The birds were singing all around them, and Christine learned to imitate their sweet notes.

There is no spring or autumn in Sweden. Summer changes to winter almost in one day. When the singing birds had taken wing, and flown across the sea to the warm south, little Christine murmured like the dying storm, and imitated the sighing of the wind among the trees.

Her infant soul was filled with nature's music; for she heard no other in the lonely hut in which she lived.

Yet she must not think Christine could not talk. She would answer when she was spoken to, but she was always singing to herself.

The winter before Christine was three years old, her eldest brother became the happy possessor of a fiddle. It was small and old, but to the woodman's children it was a prize and treasure.

How Christine loved to stand by her brother's knees, and sing to his fiddle. The door and window of the low brown hut were half blacked with snow. All without was wild and bleak.

Father sat by the fire and told them tales of the towns they had never seen, for no work could be done in the depth of that iron winter.

Nothing delighted the children so much as the description of the summer fair at Wexio, the nearest town, until it became their talk by day and their dream by night.

In short, they set their little hearts on visiting this wonderful fair, which was only a few miles from their little hut.

They must not think of spending money there; Oh, no! but could they not earn a very little somehow, among so many people?

For these little foresters thought in their own simplicity, that Wexio must be a magnificent place indeed.

At last a delightful idea occurred to the eldest brother. He and Christine would go into partnership.

He would fiddle, and she would sing. Christine entered into his project heart and soul.

the trees grew thinner, they saw the brown roofs of the village of Djungty, and here, also, was the little fair. Christine could they do better than to rest a while at this by ('by' is Swedish for village), and try their fortune with the simple folk who were more like their own father and mother.

The baby violinist took the fiddle from her brother and began to sing one of the old national Swedish airs.

More than one kind-hearted villager gave a coin for the infant singer as they listened to the dear familiar voice.

With what unmeasured pride and satisfaction the children counted their gains—in all equal in English money to three-pence halfpenny, more than the baby had could hold!

With such a beginning what untold wealth might be awaiting them at Wexio! Away they started, elated with success and emboldened by praise.

But once again upon the road to Wexio, a new difficulty presented itself. What would they do with their treasure? Where would they put it safe while they were playing and singing in the fair? They were so poor, that even little Christine knew the value of money and felt with her brother that they could not be too careful. A pocket was an unknown convenience to either of them.

Christine remembered that father and mother put their money in a stocking. They looked at their bare feet and laughed; they had no stockings in which they could hide it. And, oh, they should meet with robbery on the road! With a coin in each hand and a weight of responsibility at their hearts, they trudged on, gathering all their courage as they entered Wexio.

Their cheeks glowed with tears and exercise, and their eyes danced with excitement as the two violinists began to play their very best.

The baby and the fiddle became one of the "attractions," until a crowd gathered around the children.

For people were saying: 'How is this? Did you ever see such a mite of a child play and sing like this before?'

And there were some so otherwise that they began to ask: 'Is Christine playing the fiddle, or does the fiddle play Christine?'

So the crowd grew bigger and bigger, but the brave child sang on.

It was so great a crowd at last, that the judge of the district, Mr. Thormerbjelm, began to wonder what was the matter. Like many others he joined the throng to try and find out.

Happy for Christine, he was a very tall man, more than six feet high, so that he could see over other people's heads; and more than that, he had a love of stinging, that made him appreciate this little wild bird from the woods as no one had done.

He too, stood to listen; and as he caught the echo of Christine's singing, he thought it was the sweetest, the most enchanting voice he had ever heard.

Now the judge was a man of great insight. When he sat in court, all sorts of men were brought before him.

He was so used to reading these facts he could tell a man's character and capabilities by his looks.

He saw the child's whole soul was poured forth in her song; and as he glanced down into the honest innocent eyes of the little brother and sister he grew more and more interested.

When the scraping of the queer old fiddle ceased with the end of the song, he made his way through the crowd and spoke to them—first to the boy, and then to his little sister.

But little could he find out from their replies, for the gift that he placed in their baby hands completely overwhelmed them both—Swedish coin about the value of sixpence.

Christine was thoroughly frightened. The responsibility of carrying such unimagined wealth, with all the pennies which the good-natured villagers of Lingy had given her, was too much for the little creature. She thought there was but one plan to be tried, and that was 'father's hat.'

She would play and sing no more but insisted, with her resolute will, that they must run off home directly, as fast as they could, to put the money there.

It seemed to the judge they had vanquished; and how was he to find them again? No one in Wexio knew anything about the little hat, but Christine loved to stand by her brother's knees, and sing to his fiddle.

The door and window of the low brown hut were half blacked with snow. All without was wild and bleak.

Father sat by the fire and told them tales of the towns they had never seen, for no work could be done in the depth of that iron winter.

Nothing delighted the children so much as the description of the summer fair at Wexio, the nearest town, until it became their talk by day and their dream by night.

In short, they set their little hearts on visiting this wonderful fair, which was only a few miles from their little hut.

They must not think of spending money there; Oh, no! but could they not earn a very little somehow, among so many people?

The same quiet and persevering force of will which led Christine to learn to play her brother's fiddle, led her to throw her whole heart and soul into these singing exercises.

Step by step she went on and on, always learning, always excelling. How proud was Judge Thormerbjelm when he found that, whenever she sang, her brilliant young voice drew crowds to listen, until the name of Christine Nelson was known not only in her native Sweden, but throughout the world.

Long years had passed since the tall Swedish judge dropped the silver coin into the baby singer's hand, and laid the foundation of her fortune.

And now, when every listener was admiring her, and every lip was praising her, do you think little Christine forgot the dear father and mother in the woodman's hut? Oh, no, no, no! Her heart was as warm and true as when she insisted upon running home to put her treasure in 'father's hat.'

If you saw her in her beautiful home you would find a glass case in the hall, and in that glass case a little peasant's frock, of coarse check—the very one she wore in Wexio fair; and amongst her most cherished treasures you would find the portrait of the honest woodman and his hard-working wife.

## How the Bakers Went Early to Meeting.

The new minister who was called here to a resemblance to the former incumbent, unless it might be in a similar impression that he made of honest purpose and purity of thought.

The old pastor had been gentle and meek in all his ways, studying hard to give his people most excellent sermons, coming back sometimes from a four week's vacation in summer with aching head and all-nerve nerves, never dreaming of asking for a small living, which should have been voluntarily offered. If the congregation dropped into careless habits, he deeply regretted them, but offered no reproof.

This new minister remarked to himself—for his wife was not with him—that it was high time to bring this church to a knowledge of its delinquencies. The time for opening the services on Sunday morning was nominally at half past ten, but not more than half the congregation were present at that hour.

A number came in during the first hymn. The reading of the Scriptures was a favorable time for the entrance of the Smiths, Browns, and Plummers. A group waited near the door until the long prayer was over, and if the young daughters of Peter James did not rustle up the aisle near the close of the anthem, the congregation knew that they were out of town.

The young clergyman waited a few weeks until he had called upon a large portion of the people. He began at first to visit the sick, and this plan became a stepping-stone to the confidence of those who were well.

One Lord's Day, after reading the notices, he said: 'I am kindly receiving the suggestion that I make this morning, but I want to call your attention to the hour for opening our worship. It is announced at half-past ten. This does not mean twenty, twenty-five, or fifteen minutes of eleven. It means precisely half-past ten, and the organ prelude is as much a part of our service as the hymn or the sermon.'

No one could remember a similar reproof from that pulpit, much as it had been needed. The congregation, recovering from the first shock, rather liked the new sensation. Smiles rippled over the sober faces and glances had been received. A general straightening up of the audience was, apparently, the result of a stern mental resolve.

The Bakers lived upon a farm about a mile from the village. The head of the house—a most worthy man in every respect, and prompt enough in business relations—was yet persistently and uniformly late at church on Sunday morning. The horse was brought to the door fully three-quarters of an hour before his owner was ready, and Mr. Baker, a grown-up daughter, Susie, little Tim, and a bachelor brother passed that time in nervous irritability or hopeless patience. 'I like to have 'em get pretty well along,' was the good-natured reply to all suggestions of haste.

So three members of this family were highly pleased with the new minister's reproof, and inwardly hoped that 'Pa' would appropriate the whole of it. He had no idea of taking more than his own share, and only observed to his pastor, 'Well, you hit the heel of Achilles a hard blow to-day.'

But a fixed determination to be on time the next week, by force of strategy, took possession of a majority of the Baker household.

'I will get to meeting early for once,' resolved the house-mother when Saturday night came and the stool winding up the old clock, whose place was in the west entry. 'I'll put this clock along twenty minutes. It's the first time in my life I ever did such a thing, but I will not have the deacon's folk laughing to see us come in late. There's no earthly reason why we should, either.'

It actually seemed as if the clock ticked out its pure astonishment at being hurried along and she was glad to shut the door and lose the sound.

Just as she looked through the east window Sunday morning, David the bachelor brother, aroused from sleep, and reflected that it was meeting day. 'And I know what I'm going to do. I'll put the clock along half an hour before I let the boys out. I'll see if my bald head must go up that aisle after everybody's there. Wonder I never thought of doing it before!'

He went into the kitchen and threw up the windows. The fragrance of sweet-briar and honey-suckle floated in, and he went for the late Mr. Diogenes, who lived in a tub and went through the streets with a lighted lantern in broad daylight looking for an honest man. 'It's my opinion,' says Bro. Talmage, 'that Diogenes stole both the lantern and the tub.' The classical dictionaries will have to be amended if Bro. Talmage's optimism prevails.

The Alert Watchman warns us of approaching danger, a hacking cough warns us of consumption. Take time by the forelock and use Hagar's Pectoral Balm, the surest, safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Susie woke up two hours earlier than usual, for her young head was burdened with a scheme for taking her father to meeting on time. 'I shan't dare tell mamma the line of her thoughts, 'for she never deceives pa in any way, but I do believe I'll put the clock along just a little. Then we shall gain a few minutes without any fuss. Everybody will look at us and smile if we go in late to-day. Uncle Dave must have gone out. I don't want a soul to know.' So stealing down stairs on tiptoe, through the kitchen, a pretty figure and fresh herself as the early morning, she opened the glass door which covered the face of the clock, once more speeded the hands twenty minutes on its course, and then rushed back to her bed.

The next one to disturb the silence of the long room was Mr. Baker himself. He glanced about him in surprise. 'What's happened here? It's so late! Well, I've a good mind to put the clock along, and hurry 'em up a little this morning. Believe I'll try and start off twenty minutes earlier. It's about a good joke, to make 'em think I'm late as usual—a pretty good joke, and I'll do it.' By the time he had turned the minute hand forward it was seven o'clock. Calling to his wife that she must hurry up, or she'd be late, he went out to the barn in a state of inward delight.

An interested observer would have noticed that little Tim was the only one entirely at his ease through breakfast. When the family started off in the carry-all each one except the child began to have a secret misgiving that by some mistake the clock was turned too far ahead. It seemed surprisingly early. There was altogether a lack of directness in the sun's rays, not usually noticeable on their weekly ride. No sign of church-going was visible at any of the neighbors' houses. One of the Maynard boys, standing in the open barn, threw up his cap as they passed. At the Walker's David caught a glimpse through the window of the old gentleman standing before a small looking-glass, and just beginning to shave. Actually at Deacon Smith's they were studying their Sunday-school lesson in the sitting-room. He hoped no one but himself had made these observations.

They drove to their usual hitching-post under a rock-maple tree, and alighted. Tim hurried to open the gate.

It was locked. No trace of the sexton crew; only the cool sweet air rustled through the trees. Above, the white clouds rolled up in great fleecy masses, as if they were trying to afford a deeper look into blue sky, and the Sabbath morning stillness rested upon the sacred place of the peace of God. Four people looked inquiringly at each other. 'We are making up for past offences,' said David with a faint smile.

'Perhaps there isn't any meeting to-day,' suggested Susie, and immediately felt as if deception was driving her deeper and deeper.

'It's the strangest thing I ever knew,' remarked Mrs. Baker, and then wondered if she had told a lie.

They found a window that was unfastened. The boy opened it, and opened a side door. He proposed that they take a ride, but this plan was promptly vetoed by his mother. When the family entered the building and looked at the clock, it was five minutes past nine.

The young minister, who had been writing a new sermon through the week, had not succeeded in rounding the closing period. It had occurred to him that a few minutes alone in the church might furnish the needed inspiration. Living close by, he walked over; but what was his amazement to be met at the entrance by Mr. Baker, and after him by the whole family.

'What is the meaning of this?' he exclaimed.

Mr. Baker had by this time returned to his usual sense of humor, a glimpse of which he showed.

'Why, you see, brother, you made such an impression on us last Sunday that we thought we wouldn't go home at all, so we stayed through the week and here we are.'

'No,' interposed Uncle David, 'that is stretching the story; we came here last night so to be up in good season this morning.'

'But what is it, friends? You are giving me an awful sense of responsibility.'

'Well,' answered Mr. Baker, 'I'll own up. I thought I'd be on time, and please my wife and daughter this morning, so I gave the clock a little push, and I suppose it too far ahead—that is all.'

'O, pa!' cried Susie, with burning cheeks, 'it is all my fault. I got up and put the clock ahead twenty minutes, so we could come early to-day.'

This was too much for Uncle David's generosity.

'O, come, I put it along this morning myself half an hour when I first went out.'

'Well,' burst in Mrs. Baker, 'I did better than any of you, for I put it along twenty minutes late last night when I locked up the house.'

By this time the minister had dropped upon a seat while the family, after staring at each other for a moment, followed him in a paroxysm of laughter. Then the clergyman wiped his eyes, shook hands all around, and hastened home just as the sexton appeared in the yard. The minister entered his pulpit at the usual time in some trepidation, for fear that the church might be Baker family would overcome his gravity. But no such result followed. The hearty laugh had only aroused quickness of thought and energy of speech, and he preached with unusual power.

The family clock was never made to swerve from its faithful time-keeping again. The discovery of a remedy for hydrophobia, which may last supercede M. Pasteur's horrible processes, and deliver from the agonies of his torture chambers future generations of hapless dogs, rabbits, and guinea pigs. A Dr. Peyraud has presented to the Academy of Medicine of Paris a very important paper on rabies, and obtained a patent hearing when he formulated the good effects of injections of essence of ganey for its cure. It is to be inferred that Dr. Peyraud's remedy has been the subject of successful experiment, and the Academy has appointed M. Trahoat to carefully examine the matter and report to them.

Almost Driven Insane. 'I had such distress in my stomach and head that I thought I would lose my reason, but on trying Burdock Blood Bitters I received great benefit. I have used three bottles and am now as well as I ever was in my life. Thank you, your medicine.' Miss Lizzie Douglas, Redville, Ont.

# The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors clean it; hence the increased demand for Alteratives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed, and health and strength rapidly returned." J. T. Armstrong.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and do not work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"We have had Ayer's Sarsaparilla recommended to us when asked to name the best blood-purifier of all countries."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla continues to be the standard remedy in spite of all competition."—T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**  
PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.,  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$3 a bottle.

Farm Economy.