

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affliction of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect, grew into a serious condition. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pain in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jas. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Falls, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and All Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Mendocino, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who know me best considered my life in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered here the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Augusta, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.



AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL
For Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Diseases. It is the best remedy for all these ailments, and is sold by all druggists.

Especially in Cholera Infantum, is the use of Ayer's Food. It is a most valuable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.



AYER'S FOOD
For Infants and Invalids. It is the best food for infants and invalids, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
You "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housewives, and all who are weary and worn, find relief in Walton's. It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

WALTON'S
It is a powerful, general use as well as a tonic, and is sold by all druggists.

My First Gray Hair.

BY REV. CHAS. B. FLETCHER.

"Two solitary and alone" my gray hair first appeared; it sought not the crown whereon to shine, but nestled in my beard.

Among the black it came to shine, all silvery and bright; I gazed upon it with surprise as on a beacon light.

No stranger coming from afar e'er walked within my breast; So deep an interest as I felt in this near kindred guest.

It's come to stay, I mutely said, and submissively I must be; A forerunner it of more to come who'll always dwell with me.

Ab, here thought I, a sign! light to one poor soul is given; To guide him through the rugged road that has its end in Heaven.

So riding in the strength of God, o'ercoming pain and fear, I boldly said, my stranger guest, you're warmly welcomed here.

Priugured in that single hair my future life was shown; A sermon more impressive far than any I have known.

Though still in manhood's vigorous prime, I could discern the hour, When failing health and strength assert Old Time's destroying power.

As stately comes the march of years, so comes the troops of gray; They fall their flags and pitch their tents; for they have come to stay.

These chilling frosts which never melt, now settling on my head, My hoary crown of life shall be, till numbered with the dead.

But on that bright immortal shore, mid sunny slopes and green, All things which mar our beauty here will never more be seen.

No gray hairs there shall e'er appear, nor withering age, nor wasting care, e'er assert their sway.

But in the glow of youthful prime we all shall stand complete; Before His throne, and worship there our Saviour at His feet.

Selected Serial.
NINA BRUCE.
BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

And because she couldn't kiss his face, she pressed two or three quick little kisses on the letter, and drawing her feet up under her in the great gray chair, she prepared herself for a long and happy sleep.

She unfolded the letter, giving it several loving pats as she did so, and smoothed it out on her knee.

"It looks dreadfully old and worn," she mused, "and what are these spots on the paper? Why is it rain-drops of course. Ned must have read it out of doors when it was raining. How careless of him! If some of the words are blotted so that I can't read them, I shall be obliged to scold him."

The happy face all dimpled with pleasure had no suggestion of a scold in its rosy outlines. Such laughing, merry eyes, so soon to shed their shower of "rain-drops" to those which had already fallen from Ned's eyes on Neil's letter. Thus it read:

DEAR OLD BOY!—Such dreadful things have happened here at home. You can't guess what a box we are all in. You remember the mortgage father put upon the home in order to send Nina south. Well, we hoped, father and I, that we could pay a part of it this spring, besides earning enough to get you and dear little Nina back home again, when the weather is warm enough for her to come. But first one misfortune came, and then another, until we are just completely discouraged. Father and mother bear it better than I; but I'm just like a caged lion. I tell you what, Ned, it is tough on a fellow, to lie about the house as helpless a baby, and all this splendid sleeping going to waste, and all of that nice wood waiting to be hauled to town and turned into cash, and horses just eating their heads off, and doing no good at all, and mother having the left of everything on her shoulders. I just cry like a baby, sometimes, to see her wading about in the snow, shoveling her own paths, doing the chores, and bringing the water. It's the toughest of all, Ned, this last that is just upon me.

But you will be wondering what it is. First, father was taken down with rheumatism, and it is yet so bad that he couldn't do his bed most of the time. The doctor looks real serious when he comes, and I'm afraid that father's pretty badly off. Not that he's dangerously sick, but he may be a cripple, or something of that sort. I tell you what, Ned, this climate is very well in the summer time; but it's anything but fine when winter comes. Here's the thermometer down to zero every day, and it has been as low as twenty-five and thirty degrees below zero, several times. Here's father laid up with rheumatism, and me with a broken leg, and not wood enough to last us a week.

Oh, I didn't tell you about my leg, did I? It's such a bother writing letters and getting the items all in their proper places. I was hauling a load of wood to town, and the "hole" gave out just this side of Brown's, on that hill. Something broke—I haven't found out just what, and I didn't much care—I only know that the wheel fell on top of me, and I thought I was dead for a while, I can tell you. It takes just such a place as that to sharpen up a fellow's wits, and set him to thinking. Up to everything in less than a minute, and I wished that I hadn't decided to wait until I was a rich man before I gave myself to God. Somehow or other, they look a good deal different when fellow "thinks" he's dying. I never seemed to think before that a boy like me could die.

Well, Ned, I fainted after awhile. I thought that I was dying, with all my sins forgiven, and it was a pleasant feeling at all. I would have given anything, just then, if I had been there to pray for me; for God answers her prayers, you know. When I came to myself, I was at home.

After my leg was set, Dr. Downey had imparted the pleasant (?) information—that it would be weeks before I could use it again. I began to look things squarely in the face, and I said:

"If's no use revelling over spilt milk, Neil, my boy. What's done, is done, and can't be helped; and all that father and I intended to do must go undone."

Then I thought of other things, Ned, and I came to the conclusion that you must do it all. It's tough, I know; but when father failed, I just lifted his load on top of my own, and said that I would carry both; and I did it too, until I got hurt. Now, Ned, old fellow, do you think that you can manage in some way to earn enough, aside from your own and Nina's expenses, to pay your way home again? I don't see how you're to get here if you don't.

Mother don't complain. She's a plucky little woman as ever lived; but it just breaks my heart to see her go about in the snow, her face growing thinner, and her smile sweeter every day; and that smile of mother's—there's something about it that goes right to my heart. They—father and mother—said that you and Nina must not know of our misfortune. I agreed with them as far as Nina is concerned; for it would do her no good, and might make her sick, worrying about us; but I said to myself: "Ned's got to be a man, and I'll tell him, and he can never begin earlier in life than now. He won't sit down and cry over our troubles, but he'll go to work like a man, and help us out of them. You're my other half, Ned, and I expect great things of you."

Neil's letter ended abruptly; and, just under his name, on the white margin of paper left below there were some lines added in Ned's writing. They were written with a lead pencil, and read:

"I won't disappoint you, Neil. I will take the burden of my own and father's cannot carry, and I will carry all. God helping me, I will be a man, and do a man's work from this day forth."

"Oh, and to think how I mistrusted him, when he was struggling along under such a burden," cried Nina, with a sudden shiver of horror.

Turning the letter over, she looked at the date.

"February 1," said "and so suspicion of this has crept into any of your letters to me. They think that I am a little helpless girl, and must not be worried; but I can help too; and, as Ned says, 'with God's help, I will.'"

When Ned wrote, she took the letter to him, and confessed that she had read it.

"Don't think that I shall be weak and childish, while the rest of you are all so brave and strong," she said brightly.

"I shall find some way to help, as well as you. I can't bear to think of the mortgage put on our home, for my sake," she added, sadly.

"We won't worry about it now," replied Ned; "but we will do our best to get rid of it. If you won't let your father's Primrose, I shall be more than glad that you do know. It is such a help to me to be able to talk with some one about it. Men can earn money but it takes a woman to know how to economize and lay it by."

"They," said Nina, smiling, "since we are going to be partners, let me see your bank book. How much have you laid by in all?"

"The extra ten for two months," said Ned; "and fifteen dollars beside."

"Twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed Nina. "That's fine! I'll tell you what, Ned, I'll tell you what I would help all I could; but I wanted to get enough to help considerably before I told them."

"I should think that you had enough to help considerably already," said Nina.

"And now," said Ned, "you have found this in the time to give me a little advice. A fellow up the road wants me to do an errand for him, and he will pay me a dollar for my trouble. Every dollar counts big just now; and if I don't do it some one else will."

"Do the errand by all means," said Nina; "that will make thirty-five dollars to put away. What is it he wants you to do, Ned?"

"He wants a little jug of whisky to keep in the house in case of rattlesnake bites," said Ned.

"Then you're not to take it to him. Not even if he pays you ten dollars for it," said Nina, decidedly.

"But the snakes are dangerous, Nina; and there's nothing like whisky for snake bites."

"Ned," said Nina, solemnly, "do you really think he wants it for snake bites? What kind of a man is he?"

"The fact is, Nina, and I might as well own to it, he looks like a man who would let a snake bite him every day in the week for the sake of drinking whisky. His breath smelled like a barroom when he asked for it, and I made up my mind that he kept himself pretty well pickled in liquor so as to be prepared for the worst."

"No," said Ned, "the lady had been trying to sell him some hair oil, and that was a different color to obtain, and always brought the highest price. She said that she didn't care how much it cost her, but she must have some, if it could be bought any where. I think I never saw any one with hair just the shade of your hair."

CHAPTER XIII.

NINA DISPOSED OF HER HAIR.

After Ned had gone away on his usual trip, Nina drew out the bottom drawer of her bureau, and took from it a long box, in which she kept the hair that had been cut from her head.

"Such a large plate," she said, as she lifted it from the box. "I wonder how much she may be willing to give for it! I do hope that I shall not be too late."

She put it back in the box, and wrapped it all in a piece of paper. Then, stepping out into the other room, she asked Lute, who was standing by the door, if he would go to the store and buy a few more of those little primroses.

"Only at six-pence," said Lute, "and I am tired enough to try something else for a while. What do you want?"

"I want you to take a walk with me, if you will," said Nina.

"Of course I will," said Lute, gathering the six-pence up in a mass and tucking it into a pocket. Lute's habit of carelessness still clung to her, and was, perhaps the most difficult to overcome of all her bad habits.

"Where are you going, Nina?" she asked, as she stepped over the work-basket, which she had left by the chair in which she had been sitting.

"I don't know that I can tell you where it is," said Nina; "but I can find the place. I want you to go with me, to keep me from getting lost among these dreadful crooked streets."

A few minutes later, the girls were walking down the street together, chatting as merrily as though they had been the best of friends all their lives.

Nina told Lute that she had heard of a young lady who wished to purchase hair of the color of her own, and she was going to try to sell her useless hair.

"Only six," she said, "how fast my hair is growing out already. I shall never need it for myself, and a few dollars will come very acceptable just now."

"Your hair is much finer than ever, now that it has grown a little," said Lute, who was not so sensitive on the subject of Nina's hair, as she had been at first.

"There is just enough of curl in it to make it look so pretty about your face," said Lute.

"Oh, Lute," cried Nina, suddenly stopping in the middle of the street, "I have just seen a girl who looks just like the girl in the picture that you showed me the other day. Why, no," she added, instantly.

"See, there is another, and another. Oh, Lute, the whole field, over the fence, is purple with them."

"They are only wild flowers," said Lute, indifferently; "there are millions of them here in the spring."

"But they are so pretty," exclaimed Nina; "and that little yellow blossom."

"That," said Lute, "is a primrose, and there are almost as many of them as of verbenas."

"A primrose," replied Nina; "Mr. Thornton called me a T as primrose. I see now why he did it. It was because of my yellow hair."

"You just ought to see the wild plums, that grow all over the prairie, down where my Aunt Susan lives, on the San Marcos River," said Lute, enthusiastically.

"They are the most beautiful of all. Some are bright red, and like velvet, and some are purple. I tell you what, the fields look pretty then."

"I believe that the flower angel is partial to Texas," said Nina, as she filled her hands with wild verbenas and primroses.

"Sweet river of shadows, Most beautiful stream, Beneath thy green arches, Thy bright waters gleam; Thy waters, reflecting The smile and the frown Of those bending o'er thee, The sky looking down. The palace, the cottage, The ware-house, the store; The convent, the church spire; Old ruins, and more. The trees which adorn thee, And reaching across, Clasp roundland hands o'er thee, And mingle their flow. Oh, river of shadows, Slow winding about, The streets of thy city, Gazing in, and out, Still turning, and turning, About its great heart, Advancing, retreating, But loath to depart."

Two Kinds of Temper.

Within two days the Listener witnessed a couple of incidents on Washington street, which illustrated admirably the difference there is in people. Passing along near the corner of Temple Place he saw two stout elderly ladies standing side by side—one facing one way, however, and the other the other way, staring at each other with various eyes. They were a little grinning crowd about them, and when the Listener came quite up to them he saw what was the matter. In meeting and undertaking to pass, the clothing of these two elderly ladies had come in contact, and a projecting button upon the dress of one had caught in the lace on the garments of the other. Instead of leaving the disengagement to one of the two, to be managed with deliberation and discretion, each was tugging away spitefully at the point of juncture.

Three minutes to be likelihood of an occasion for the interference of the police presently, for the faces of the two ladies were growing redder and redder, and their eyes flashed more and more furiously. Presently one lady gave a desperate tug; the lace gave way and the tie was severed. But instead of feelings of the lady whose lace had been liberated, she looked at the other, and said:

"Next day, passing over almost the same ground, the Listener saw a pretty girl, brown-eyed, ruddy-checked, and short-haired, and a stout Irish woman in a bonnet, a red and black shawl and a green poplin dress, were walking in the same direction, step all at once they fast, just as the two women of the day before had been. The young girl smiled faintly and good-naturedly. The Irish woman took in the situation and exclaimed:

"There, miss, 'fraid it's a sign that we'll meet in Heaven!"

The young lady smiled more pronouncedly and said:

"Wait a moment and I will unfuse it. With half a minute's work she disentangled the snarl."

"Ah, miss, remember it," said the Irish woman, as she moved on, radiant with smiles, "we're to meet in Heaven, sure!"

—Boston Transcript.

In Brief, and To The Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

—Mrs. May Babo (on a Cunarder)—This ocean mail is five miles across, Silas M. Hay Rube (contemptuously)—Five miles!—It's a mile, Mandy, it's ten. I ain't bragging my geography yit.

—Sunburner believes in unlucky numbers, For instance, he says it's unlucky to have thirteen persons at table when there is only dinner enough for ten.

—A Medical writer asks: "Does position affect sleep?" Well, rather; if you're hung up by your trousers on a spiked fence you won't sleep soundly.

—Can dogs find their way home from long distances? It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of it can find its way home. If it's a good one he's apt to get lost if he goes around the corner.

—Hunting yesterday? Kill anything? "No, I got disgusted and came home early." "What was the matter?" "Dropped my flask on a stone and broke it after I'd got five or six miles into the woods." "No power, flask?" "None, flask! No, I guess you don't go hunting much, do you?"

—There's something about your daughter, Mr. Wagoner said reflectively, "there's something about your daughter, there is," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is," I had noticed myself. It comes every evening about seven o'clock and it doesn't get away usual about two. And some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate, and see what there is in it."

—The tonic and alternative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are too well known to require the tedious aid of any exaggerated or foolish certificates. A Witness of the remarkable cures effected by this preparation are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land.

C. C. RICHMOND & Co., Omaha.—For several years I was a sufferer with Neuralgia in my head, so that all my hair came out and left my head entirely bald. I used "Minard's Lotion" freely on my head, which entirely cured my trouble, and I am now growing my hair again. I am now growing my hair again, and I have a good head of hair as I ever had, and would recommend all to use "Minard's Lotion" who are bald or thinning hair from disease. I don't think I'll positively give you a good crew again.

Our Own Sunday School PAPERS.

Reduced in Price. 50 PER CENT on all orders sent to the publisher.

THE CANADIAN RECORD, a religious paper with notes on the Sunday school lessons. 50 cents a year. In clubs of five or more 30 cents a year.

THE YOUTH'S VISITOR, illustrated, 25 cents a year. In clubs of ten or more 15 cents a year.

THE GEM, illustrated, 15 cents a year. In clubs of ten or more 8 cents a year.

These are the BEST and CHEAPEST S. S. Papers for Canadian Schools. In ordering, take no pains off above rates when sending cash.

Samples sent free on application to J. E. HOPPER, Publisher, St. John, N. B.

MILL SUPPLIES.

RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING, Warranted Superior Quality. Diston's Gang and Circular Saws, EMERY WHEELS, OILS of all kinds, STEAM PACKING, LATH TURNING, &c.

Our Stock includes everything wanted by Mill Owners.

ESTES ALLWOOD & Co. PRINCE WILLIAM STREET SAINT JOHN, N. B.

J. E. COWAN. Commission Merchant.

"BELL" ORGANS. Unapproached for Tone and Quality. CATALOGUES FREE. BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

THOMAS L. HAY.

DEALER IN HIDES AND Calf Skins, AND SHEEP SKINS. STOREROOMS IN SYDNEY STREET. Where Hides, and Skins of all kinds will be bought and sold.

Residence—41 Paddock Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Book and Job PRINTING.

Of every description. EXECUTED.

NEATLY, & PROMPTLY.

CHEAPLY.

At This Office.

THIS PAPER may be found on every street in the city.

NEW YORK.

August 3:

Trust your money in life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money Turn not from In temptation's Seek help, and She will say Faith in her Trust your money Worthy of her

Trust your money Love will guide Love no cloud of Hiding no shadow What may you Trust your money Worthy of her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You will find a Which perhaps But a mother's Many griefs that Trust your money Grateful for her

Trust your money She will prove In life's mortal You