Poetry.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

"Dear father," said a lovely boy,
With sweet and pensive look,
As rising from the nursery floor,
He closed his favorite book,
And snugly, against his little breast.
With tiny hands the Bible prest.

"Say, father, when my body dies,
And sleeps within the tomb,
And my freed spirit mounts the skies,
To find with Jesus room,
Shall I not there, on that bright shore,
This sacred volume have once more?"

"My child," the father quick replies,
"This book God's will declares;
It points unto the glorious prize
Which every victor bears;
It tells us how the conquest's won,
By love to God through Christ his Son.

"And when the crown of life is given,
Our warfare is complete,
And every wish and thought in heaven,
Unbounded love will meet.
And like a swelling, mighty flood,
Exalting raise in praise to God

"Eternal pages will unfold
New beauties every hour;
And our immortal eyes behold
God's wisdom, might and power,
E'er shining through the wondrous plan—
Redeeming love to fallen man."

All wrapt in solemn thought, awhile
The little one did stand,—
Then with a sweet but placid smile
He raised his soft white hand,
And from his bosom gently took
His precious treasure, God's own book

Then hardly conscious of his voice,
He said,—and wiped a tear.—
"I'd love with angels to rejoice,—
My Jesus to revere,—
But can't I sometimes steal away,
And read how David loved to pray?"

Pen Illustrations from the Lord's Prayer.

"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESSPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESSPASS AGAINST US."

"I'll never forgive him—never!"

"Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing.

"He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this Holy Bible, I"—

"Stop—husband! John! remember he is my brother, and by the love you bear me, forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I allow—but O! John, he is very young and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wiped but with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John—O please, don't say anything dreadful!"

The sweet faced woman prevailed—the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken, but he still said, "I will never forgive him—he has done me a deadly wrong."

The young man who had provoked this bitterness, humbled and repentant, sought in vain for forgiveness from him, whom in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke settled his heart against him.

In his little store sat the young village merchant, one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached, but he took no notice until a hatless boy burst into his store, screaming at the top of his voice, "Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river—little Johnny Locke."

To dash down the paper and spring for the street was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac, he flew till he reached the brink of the river pallid, and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eyes, was little Johnny lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair hanging disheveled around her, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved; he breathed, and opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face, while she with a choking voice thanked God. Another form laid insensible stretched near the child.—From his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred, had, at the risk of his own life, been the saviour of the child. He had struck a floating piece of driftwood, as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable.

John Locke flung himself down on the green sward, and bent over the senseless form. "Save him," he cried, huskily, to the doctor who had been summoned; "restore him to consciousness, if it be for only one little moment—I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," replied the doctor.

The wounded man opened his eyes—they met the anxious glance of his brother in law, and the pale lips trembled forth—"Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, God is witness, as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you, and in turn ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand and beaming smile was all his answer.

Many days, the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life, and never were there more devoted friends than those who hovered over his sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living.

"O! if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in heaven," said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a living trouble. "Never, now I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness, never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness towards the erring. For there is a new meaning to my soul, in the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling judgments upon myself, while I have impiously asked—"For give us our tresspasses *as we forgive those who trespass against us.*"

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

The prayer was carelessly said, and the boy bounded up and away. The ripe fields glistened in the amber light of morning, the dew trembled as if in ecstacy after the smile of the sun, and the peach trees on father Bligh's plantation, as it was called, turned their rosy cheeks for an early kiss. Not a living soul was seen about the old man's grounds, and now Jack remembered that the farmer had gone on a visit to a sick and dying son.

He was alone—the peaches were so near they laughed in his face, and the tempting limbs seemed stretching over the garden wall. Jack stood irresolute, longing for the fruit. Little by little, he let one suggestion after another climb over his conscience, and down in his weak heart.

"It would'nt be stealing," he said to himself; "for if old Bligh was at home he'd let me have as many as I want; oh! how nice they look. Nobody sees me, so I'll just take two—it's no harm" He had climbed the fence, and stretched forth his hand, when a deep solemn voice sounded quite near, saying, "Lead us not into temptation." Jack turned cold and faint at these supernatural tones, as he thought them, and almost fell to the ground.

Another moment and an arm was around his neck—his father's arm. There were tears in his eyes as Jack looked guiltily up, and his voice trembled as he asked, "Is this my son?"

Jack burst into tears.

"And did you pray this morning?" asked his father.

"Yes, but not with my heart;" sobbed Jack.

Ah! how many, like poor Jack, ask solemn gifts of God in thoughtless words, and blame his providences because they are not carried from danger and temptation, bodily. God help them to say from the heart, "Lead us not into temptation."

"BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

Although Mary Lee was almost a young lady, she did go to her little room when she first felt the shock of the disappointment, and letting her sunny curls drop over her face, wept with all the *abandon* of a child. For weeks she had nursed the thought of an anticipated pleasure, enjoying them by day, dreaming of them by night. And now a trifling indisposition of the aunt with whom she was to take her river journey, would detain her till the next trip—perhaps a week. All that beautiful sunny day she brooded over her loss, and there entered her heart a strange feeling of anger, when her aunt remarked at the dinner table, that she might have gone, after all, for her faintness lasted but a few moments. "But I expect there's some kind providence in it," murmured the sweet woman, smiling at Mary.

Mary tried to smile in reply, but her heart was rebellious, and she said to herself, "There was no other providence in it but just to disappoint me."

Alas! how often is God dishonored thus though our weak, willful judgment.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Wharton and Mary, in alarm, as the husband and father almost staggered into the room, and sank, pallid as a corpse, into his seat.

"The boat—Mary—my child. Oh! if she had gone; he faltered." "I am unmanned—I have seen a wretched father shrieking over the wreck of his whole family."

A few moments passed in awful silence. Mary's cheek blanched to the hue of her father's, and a nameless terror froze her heart. When he had grown calmer, Mrs. Wharton said—"The *Reindeer* is burned—your cousin Ella lost—two of our neighbors burned in her—O! heaven—spare me such a sight as long as I live;" and he shuddered with an icy chill.

Mary arose, and though every limb trembled with the excitement of the shocking news, she dragged herself to her chamber, and fell prostrate before her God. "Have I dared to doubt Thee?" she sobbed, "to think rebelliously of Thy way? O! Father, forgive me, I knew not what I did."

When the little family circle gathered, unbroken, in the pleasant sitting-room, they knew that in a home near by, hands were wildly rung, shrieks uttered, and tears falling over the dead. Mary wept, and would not be comforted, and her sobs grew louder, and her tears fell faster, as with a low, tremulous voice, her father said the Lord's prayer, and he faltered and paused as he repeated the words, "Deliver us from evil."

"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM."

"Hosannah!" the shout resounded through heaven. "Hallelujah!" with a rich burst of harmony, every harp of gold sent forth its strains, and melody such as no mortal ear hath ever heard, floated among the pearly columns, and along the golden streets. The Prince sat on the throne, whose splendor, even angelic vision could scarcely bear. Seraphs bent their bright heads before him, the brightest spirits of light waved their celestial wings, and all the host of heaven chanted the triumph strains, "Thine is the kingdom!

Hark! from yet advancing ranks coming from the glory beyond the brightness of the throne, their white garments glistening, their flowing locks shining in the silvery radiance of eternity, the strain is caught and echoed back again—and with a new impulse of worship, the saints and the martyrs add,

"AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY."

And heaven and earth respond,

"AMEN."

A Child's Death.

The death scene which I want to describe, is not of a ripe Christian, but of a little boy only two years and four months old! It was such a scene of wonder and pleasure to me, that I would fain have all the Sunday School children in the land acquainted with it.

A few nights ago, just as I was going to bed, a lady came in, and asked me to go over to a neighbour's house and see "Little Robie," who was dying. Her statement of the strange scene induced me to go. Just before I went in, he had several times called, "Come, children, come!" and I found that all the little ones in the house—who had gone to bed—had been brought into the chamber by his parents to take their last farewell. He called each one by name. One by one they kissed him. Oh! it was a sight of great tenderness and many tears. One of his brothers was absent at a boarding school, and him he did not call as he did the rest, but said, "Tell Willie come." After the children had retired to bed again, he repeated again and again the call, "Come, children, come! come, children, come!" and whenever his parents would ask, "Where, Robbie?" he would answer, "To heaven."—Then he would say as he lay on his back, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, "Please. God, take Robbie; God, please take Robbie." The expressions were continually interspersed with, "Pa, come—ma, come to heaven. Come, children, come to heaven."

For three or four hours he lay thus gazing intently upward, as though he was looking into heaven; and almost incessantly, during that time, uttering these expressions in an audible and almost ringing tone.

Once he asked for a white rose. "Please, ma, get Robbie a white rose." A red one being the only one convenient, it was brought. When it was offered, he rejected it, saying, "No, ma, Robbie don't want that." After awhile he asked again for a white rose.—When it was brought, he said, "let me smell it. That will do; put it away now." There was but little intermission, during the last few hours of his life, of the above remarkable expressions, so that he must have uttered them scores, perhaps hundreds of times. At one time, as I stood over him, gazing with wonder, repeating the hymn,

"There is a happy land,"

he ceased to talk while I spoke, showing that the subject agreed with and filled up his thoughts; but as soon as I had done, he began again, "Please, God, take Robbie," &c. Again he was silent during most of the time that prayer was offered at his bedside. The last words he spoke were almost inaudible, a mere whisper—"Come, children, come;" he had not breath to utter the last word, and the fluttering spark of life went out.

Many may inquire, "What was this child's character in life?" Without being a very precocious child, he was thoughtful and observing. He seemed to have an intense love of flowers, and music. He was a pattern of neatness and cleanliness. For some weeks before he became sick, he showed a remarkable unselfish disposition. A spirit of gentleness, meekness and kindness showed itself continually. Some one teased him just before his last sickness about his fondness for tin trumpets, of which he had several. "Never mind," said he, "God will give Robbie wings pretty soon, and me fly to heaven to blow my music there." Perhaps we may infer from this that his heart was being prepared for what he saw and heard on his death bed. It did seem to us as if the spirit of God had somehow fitted him for heaven, and opened his spiritual sight to behold the bliss and glory to which he was approaching.

The chamber where Robbie died seemed now a hallowed spot. One of the little children well expressed this a while after his death: "Ma," said she, "I was always afraid of a dead person; but there seemed to be a glory about him." The whole scene is indelibly impressed on the memories of all present—a scene that should startle the sinner, confound the infidel, and delight the Christian.—[Presbyterian Herald.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE OF TWO SISTERS.—Last week the bodies of two sisters, Sarah and Elizabeth Buckle, were found in Camberwell Canal. They were formerly what is termed "fancy-ironers," and by their exertions obtained an excellent living. An uncle, however, left them a legacy of £1,000 and they immediately began to frequent theatres, ball rooms, and such places, until the whole was expended. They were afterwards unable to obtain work; and no doubt extreme poverty led them to terminate their existance. A verdict of temporary insanity was returned by the Coroner's Jury on Wednesday.

A HAPPY HOME:—To build a happy home six things are requisite. Integrity must be the architect, tidiness the upholsterer It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilater, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

A divine (Rev. Mr. R——, whose heart is as full of loving-kindness as his head is of wit and learning) was settled in the town of F——, in Middle-ex County, Massachusetts. On the the first Sabbath following, after morning service, one of the deacons introduced him to a parishoner:

"Mr. R——, allow me to introduce you to Mr. P——; he is one of the pillers of our church."

"Indeed!" said Mr. R——, "I observed Mr. H—— during the sermon, and it occurred to me thee that he was one of the *sleepers*!"

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Be ever gentle with children God has given you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say, "I talk to them pretty much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round your table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness fade, and a cold world frown on them; but amid all, let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

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30 VARIETIES Hair Brushes; 10 do Nail do,; 9 do. Tooth do; 33 do Dressing Combs; 8 do Find To th Combs; 46 do. Perfumed Extracts; 30 do, Pomatums and Creams for the Hair; all just received and for sale low, together with an innumerable list of Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Fancy Articles, &c., &c., &c.

Scalozer's Stove Varnish, Eye Ointment, Furniture Polish, Selfy Coloring, African Pills, Magnetic Electrifier, and Tonic Extract; all maintain their position as good members of society.

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Insurances on Vessels, Cargoes Freights, &c., are taken by (out door) Underwriters, at fair rates, through this Agency. O. D. WETMORE,
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ALL KINDS of HATS and CAPS constantly on hand. Our prices—the very lowest.
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BY Railway, Steamer, and Packet-Ship, the Subscriber has completed his Spring Importations of BOOTS and SHOES. The Stock is very large and varied, and will be sold Cheap for ready pay.
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'Eastern City' & 'Admiral.'

STEAMER EASTERN CITY will leave BOSTON on the 14th March for ST. JOHN. Returning on THURSDAY Morning, 17th March, for EASTPORT, PORTLAND, and BOSTON.

☞ Steamer ADMIRAL leaves Boston 21st April for St John. Returning on Monday Morning 24th April, for Eastport, Portland and Boston,
GEORGE THOMAS,
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An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her
SOOTHING SYRUP,
For Children Teething,
which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflamation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is
SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give health to yourselves, and RELIEF and HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for over ten years, and can say, in CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH, we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED, IN A SINGLE INSTANCE, TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest comendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter WHATWE DO KNOW, after ter ten years' experience, AND PLEDGE OUR REPUTATION FOR THE FULFILMENT OF WHAT WE HERE DECLARE. This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most EXPERIENCED and SKILLFUL NURSES in new England, and has been used with NEVER FAILING SUCCESS in THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC, and overcome convulsions, which if not speedily relieved is followed by DEATH. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of DYSENTARY AND DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—DO NOT LET YOUR PREJUDICES NOR THE PREJUDICES OF OTHERS stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle.—None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper. Sold by Druggists throughout the world.
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For sale wholesale and retail by
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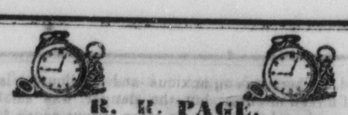
The Proprietors will spare no labour or pains in their power, to continue the "Intelligencer" a paper deserving the confidence and esteem of its patrons.

E. McLEOD,
G. A. HARTLY,
Editors and Proprietors.
St. John, July 28, 1859.



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SAMUEL BLACK.
Cambridge, Q. C., July 22, 1859

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BY a careful analysis it has been found to contain 15.608 grains of Solid Mineral Substance to each pint of Water, and is a sure cure for all diseases of the blood.
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Your stomach is

RAW AND INFLAMED,

your food distresses you, and you can only take certain kinds and even of that your system does not get half the nourishment it contains, as the acrimonious fluid of the canker eats it up; then your complexion loses its bloom and becomes sallow or greenish and your best day is gone. For want of nourishment your system becomes loose and flabby, and the fibres of your body become relaxed. Then follow a train of diseases which the Medical Discovery is peculiarly adapted to

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PILES.

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you have both the preventative and the cure, with his great and good quality, that it will never, under any circumstances, do you an injury. Yours truly,
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Extracts for the Hankercheif, &c. &c.

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THE UNFAILING REMEDY
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FOR
DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA,
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DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA,
ACIDITY, FLATULENCY,
ACIDITY, FLATULENCY,
ACIDITY, FLATULENCY,
Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,
Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,
Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,
JAUNDICE,
JAUNDICE,
JAUNDICE,
Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
FEVER AND AGUE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,
FEVER AND AGUE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,
FEVER AND AGUE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,
Neuralgia, Nervousness,
Neuralgia, Nervousness,
Neuralgia, Nervousness,
OPPRESSION AFTER EATING,
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When individuals of the highest respectability and influence voluntarily tender their certificates in favor of a medicine which has cured them of a long-standing and distressing disease, it is certainly most urgently suggestive to the invalid, and should preclude his longer deferring to make use of

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
OXYGENATED BITTERS.
OXYGENATED BITTERS.
OXYGENATED BITTERS.

[From President Smith, of the Wesleyan University.]

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Feb. 28, 1859.

SETH W. FOWLE & CO.—Gentlemen: I first made use of the "Oxygenated Bitters" some seven or eight years since. Having suffered for twenty years from a form of Dyspepsia, which was attended with a nervous headache, on an average of not less than one day in a week, I was induced by the unpretending recommendation of Dr. Green "to try one bottle, and if no benefit was received to discontinue its use."

The use of one bottle warranted a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful observance of the accompanying directions. The result was an almost entire relief from the usual dyspeptic symptoms, and their depressing, painful consequences. I believe these Bitters produced an entire change in the habits of my system, and upon the active energies of the digestive organs. I now deem myself as exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons. These Bitters have also been of service to other members of my family.

Very respectfully yours,
AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

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FOR SALE
Everywhere, Everywhere, Everywhere,
Everywhere, Everywhere,
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Prepared by Seth W. Fowle & Co. Boston, and for sale in St. John by S. L. Tilley, agent; R. D. McArthur; P. K. Inches; John Chaloner; G. S. Reed; J. F. Secord; T. Walker & Son; G. F. Everett & Co, and in Fredericton by G. C. Hunt, and by all dealers in Medicine.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

℞ A compound remedy in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alterative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove an immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints—Scrofulous and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases, Tubercles, Pimples, Blotches, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Syphilitic Affections, Mercurial Disease, Dropsey, Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux, Debility, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's fire, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurity of the Blood.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year by the timely expulsion of many of them rankling disorders are nipped in the bud, multitudes can by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and scrofulous sores through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if but assisted to do so through the natural channels of the body by an alterant medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and lives longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy and all is well; but with this pulsum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disorder'd or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputition, of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by peperations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many peperations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.

During late years the public has been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any Sarsaparilla, but often the active properties we possess whatever. Hence bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
Price, $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues where ever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need but do more that assure the people its quality is kept up to be the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,
FOR THE CURE OF
Costiveness Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentry Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions, and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsey; Tetter, Tumors &c. Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a dinner Pill for Purifying the blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensative can take them pleasantly and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for 1$ 00,

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