

Poetry.

"ME, TOO."

"We'll seek for flowers in the woods,"
I heard a mother say;
"For in the shady solitudes,
My children love to play.
Come, Willie, call the other boys,
Ere falls the evening dew;"
And then another little voice,
Soft pleading said, "Me, too!"
Oh, childish heart that could not bear
Her name should be forgot!
Oh, childish love that longed to share
With all the common lot!
Such tones should never be heard in vain,
So tremulous and true;
A link in that sweet household chain,
She claimed her right, "Me, too!"
But not alone in childhood's years,
The heart gives out this cry;
'Tis heard amid the silent tears
Of life's deep agony.
The lonely soul athirst for love,
Will cry as infants do,
And lift, all other tones above,
His passionate "Me, too!"
Formed by one hand, we live and die;
Before one throne we kneel;
The longings of humanity
Send up one deep appeal.
Our nature's tendrils intertwine,
Fed by one common dew;
None seek in solitude to pine,
Each heart throbs to, "Me, too!"
God teach us then in rank to stand
Firm as brave patriots should;
Join heart to heart and hand to hand
In holy brotherhood;
And casting off the ice of pride,
Wear warm hearts mild and true;
Nor from the weakest turn aside,
Who feebly cries, "Me, too!"
And, little child, who sweetly plead,
With love learned long ere speech,
Lift up thy golden baby head
To topos thou yet shalt reach;
For when his angels gather in
His holy ones and true,
In that fairer thou shalt win
A place—He needs thee, too!

—Churchman's Family Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

(From the Sunday Magazine.)

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

(Continued.)

But what is the use of minutely describing my temptation. In ten minutes the accordion was folded up in silver paper, and I had parted with my cherished half-sovereign.
As we walked home, I enlarged on the delight I should have in playing on my accordion. "It is so easy, papa: you have only to draw it in and out; I can even play it at dinner time, if you like, between the meat and the puddings. You know the Queen has a band, papa, to play when she dines, and so can you."

My father abruptly declined this liberal offer; so did my grandfather, when I repeated it to him, but I was relieved to find that he was not in the least surprised at the way in which I had spent his present.

This, however, did not prevent me feeling sundry twinges of regret when I remembered all my good intentions. But alas! my accordion soon cost me tears of bitter disappointment. Whether from its fault, or my own, I could not tell, but draw it out, and twist it about as I might, it would not play "The Blue Bells of Scotland," or any other of my favorite tunes. It was just like the piano, every tone must be learned: there was no music inside which only wanted winding out of it, as you wind the tunes of barrel organs.

My mother coming in some time during that melancholy afternoon, found me sitting at the foot of my little bed holding my accordion and shedding over it some of the most bitter tears that shame and repentance had yet wrung from me.

She looked astonished, and asked, "What is the matter, my child?"
"O mamma," I replied, as well as my sobs would let me, "I have bought this thing which won't play, and I have given Mr. Miller my golden opportunity."

"What, have you spent your half-sovereign?" I thought you were going to put poor little Patty Morgan to school with it and give her a new frock and tippet."

My tears fell afresh at this, and I thought how pretty little Patty would have looked in the new frock, and that I should have put it on for her myself. My mother sat down by me, took away the toy, and dried my eyes. "Now you see, my child," she observed, "one great difference between those who are earnestly desirous to do good, and those who only wish it lightly. You had what you were wishing for—a good opportunity; for a child like you, an unusual opportunity for doing good. You had the means of putting a poor little orphan to school for one whole year—think of that, Orris! In one whole year she might have learned a great deal about the God who made her, and who gave his son to die for her, and his Spirit to make her holy. One whole year would have gone a great way towards teaching her to read the Bible; in one year she might have learned a great many hymns, and a great many useful things, which would have been of service to her when she was old enough to get her own living. And for what have you thrown all this good from you and from her?"

"I am very, very sorry. I did not mean to buy the accordion; I forgot, when I heard Mr. Miller playing upon it, that I had better not listen; and I never remembered what I had done till it was mine, and folded up in paper."

"You forgot it! It was too late?"
"Yes, mamma; but O, I am so sorry, I am sure I shall never do so any more."

"Do not say so, my child; I fear it will happen again many, many times."
"Many times? O mamma! I will never go into Mr. Miller's shop again."

"My dear child, do you think there is nothing in the world that can tempt you but Mr. Miller's shop?"
"Even if I go there," I sobbed, in the bitterness of my sorrow, "it will not matter now for I have no half-sovereign left to spend; but if I had another, and he were to show me a most beautiful toy in the world, I would not buy them for this, not if they would play of themselves."

"My dear, that may be true; you, perhaps, would not be tempted again when you are on your guard; but you know, Orris, you do not wish for another toy of that kind. Are there no temptations against which you are not on your guard?"

I thought my mother spoke in a tone of sorrow. I knew she lamented my volatile disposition; and, crying afresh, I said to her—"O mamma, do you think that all my life shall never do any good at all?"
"If you try in your own strength I scarcely think you will. Certainly you will do no good which will be acceptable to God."

"Did I try in my own strength to-day?"
"What do you think, Orris? I leave it to you to decide."
"I am afraid I did."
"I am afraid so, too; but you must not cry and sob in this way. Let this morning's experience show you how open you are to temptation. To let it make you think you shall never yield to such temptation again is the worst thing you can do; you need help from above; seek it, my dear child, otherwise all your good resolutions will come to nothing."
"And if I do seek it, mamma?"
"Then, weak as you are, you will certainly be able to accomplish something. It is impossible for me to take away your volatile disposition, and make you thoughtful and steady, but 'with God all things are possible.'"

"It is a great pity that at the very moment when I want to think about right things, and good things, all sorts of nonsense come into my head. Grandpapa says I'm just like a whirligig; and besides that, I can never help laughing when I ought not, and I am always having lessons set me for running about and making such a noise when baby is asleep."

"My dear child, you must not be discontented; there are certainly disadvantages; they will give you a great deal of trouble, and myself too; but you have one advantage that all children are not blessed with."
"What is that, mamma?"
"There are times when you sincerely wish to do good."

"Yes, I think I really do, mamma; I had better fold up this thing, and put it away, for it only vexes me to see it. I am sorry I have lost my golden opportunity."

And so, not without tears, the toy was put away. The silver and the copper remained, but there was an end of my golden opportunity.

My birthday had been gone by a week, and still the shilling and the penny lay folded in their silken shrines.

I had, however, quite recovered my spirits, and was beginning to think how I should spend them, particularly the shilling, for I scarcely thought any good could be done with such a small sum as a penny. Now there was a poor Irish boy in our neighborhood, who had come with the reapers, and been left behind with a hurt in his leg.

My mother had often been to see him; while he was confined to his bed, she went regularly to read with him, and sometimes she sent me with our nursemaid to take him a dinner.

He was now much better, and could get about a little. To my mother's surprise she found that he could read perfectly well. One day, when she met him, he "thanked her for all her favors," and said he should soon be well enough to return to old Ireland.

As we walked home one day my mother said to me—"Orris, if you like, I will tell you of a good way to spend your shilling. You may buy poor Tim a Testament."

I was delighted and gave my immediate assent. "Well, then," said my mother, "that is settled. I should have given one myself to Tim, if you had wished to spend your shilling in something else. And now, remember, you must not change your mind; papa is going to the town to-morrow, you may go with him and get one then."

To-morrow came, and with it a note to me from my two cousins, saying that they were coming over to spend the afternoon with me, and see my Indian corn, and my plants which I had planted myself.

I was very proud of my corn, and still more proud that my cousins should think it worth while to come and see it, for they were three or four years older than myself, and did not often take part in my amusements.

By dint of great industry I finished my lessons an hour earlier than usual, and ran into the garden to see how my corn looked. Old gardener himself admitted that it was beautiful; the glossy green leaves fell back like silken streamers, and displayed the grain with its many shades of green, gold, and brown.

I thought how delightful it would be if I could build a kind of bower over against it, in which my cousins could sit and admire it at their leisure. There were some hop plants growing just in the right place: I had only to twist them; and there was a clematis that could easily be pressed into the service.

I set to work, and with a little help from him, soon made two or three low arches, over which I carefully trained the flowering hops, and mingled them with festoons of clematis. The bower seemed to be worthy of a queen at the least; and no doubt it was really pretty.

I was just carrying some pots of balsam in flower to set at the entrance, when my father came. "Well, Orris," he said, "mamma tells me you want to go to the town. Be quick, if you do, for I am just ready to start."

"Just ready! O, papa, surely it is not one o'clock? If I go this bower will never be finished by three."

"Certainly not, we shall scarcely be home by three; but why need it be finished?"
"Don't you remember, papa, that Elsie and Annie are coming?"
"Oh, I had forgotten that important fact. Well, then, if they are to sit in this bower, I think you must stay at home and finish it; you can go with me some other day."

Now my father knew nothing about the Testament, or he would doubtless have given different advice. While I hesitated, anxious to stay, and yet afraid not to go, my mother drew near, and I thought I would leave it to her to decide.

"The child wants to finish her bower, my dear," said my father; "therefore, as it is not particularly convenient to me to have her to-day, she may stay at home if she likes, for, I presume, her errand is of no great consequence."

My mother made no answer; in another moment he was gone, and I was left with a long hop tendril in my hand, and a face flushed with heat and agitation.

I thought my mother would speak, and advise me to run after my father, but she did not; and I went on with my work, conscious that her eyes were upon me.

Presently, to my great relief, gardener came up, and asked her some questions about the flower-beds. She went away with him, and I breathed more freely, comforting myself with the thought that I could easily buy the Testament another day.

Good Resolutions.—A little girl of six years old was a little while ago called home to God. About a year before her death she had a small writing desk given her. After her death her mother unlocked it, and found this writing; it looked like her first writing:—
"The minute I wake up in the morning I thank God.
"I will mind my father and mother always.
"I will try to be kind and not get cross.
"I want to behave like God's child.
"Five very precious rules for a little child to make his or her own."

"My son," said the Rev. Leigh Richmond, "remember you must die, and you may die soon. If you are to die a boy, you must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation; or else a boy's ignorance, a boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's idolatry, a boy's destruction. Remember all this, and beware of sin; dread the sinfulness of an unchanged heart; pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon; and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus."

PERSONS in Town and Country will please remember that I always keep on hand the best assortment of Baths, Tin Ware, Black Tin Goods, Japaned Ware, and a large variety of Miscellaneous Goods, and the All of which I offer at reasonable rates for wholesale and retail buyers. Inspection solicited.
Corner of Prince and Duke Streets, near the Blue Wire Works, Plate and Dish Covers, cheap
J. H. R. JONES, April 17, 1866.

MASS. ROGERS & Co. :
Gent.—In reference to the case of Epithelioma of the Lip, in which I used your Ointment, I beg to say that the patient entirely recovered, and has continued well ever since. I have also used your Medicine in some cases of obstinate Skin Diseases, with much benefit. I believe it to be a valuable remedy in many other intractable cases.
H. H. READ, M. D.

AND STILL THEY COME!
Stonoxill, Guyborough, April 17, 1866.
MASS. ROGERS & Co. :
Gent.—Your Medicine has made another wonderful cure. Thomas Cooper, Esq., of Lachar Lake (storekeeper), got some for his wife, who had been afflicted with scrofula for seven years, and nothing she got from the doctors did her any good. Mr. Cooper says her face was in a dreadful state with running sores, but now well. As he expressed it, "It made a total cure of her."
Yours truly,
S. F. MILWARD, J. F. JOHN CHALONER, and FELLOWS & CO., Foster's Corner.

ROGERS & Co., Amherst, N. S. :
BATHS, TIN WARE, &c.
PERSONS in Town and Country will please remember that I always keep on hand the best assortment of Baths, Tin Ware, Black Tin Goods, Japaned Ware, and a large variety of Miscellaneous Goods, and the All of which I offer at reasonable rates for wholesale and retail buyers. Inspection solicited.
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J. H. R. JONES, April 17, 1866.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW GOODS.—The subscriber has received per R. M. S. Cuba, via Halifax: New Dress Goods, in Winceys, Prints and Coburgs; Fancy Regatta and Striped Shirts; Grey and White Cottons; French Kid Gloves; Stays, Hosiery, Braces, &c. All of which will be sold low. Imperial Buildings, 3 King street; New Brunswick House, 20 Charlotte street.

SIMON NEAL'S.
ARTISTS.—Oil and Water Colors, in tubes, pans and cakes, also in boxes, at from 30 cents to \$12 each; 11 luminating Wax Flower and Photographs; Wax Flower and Grecian Painting Materials; Brushes, in Sable, Camel and Hog Hair; Palettes, in Mahogany and Earthen ware; also, Ink Sticks, Crayons, Pencils, Black, White and various colors; Varnish, Mastic and Grecian; also, Not and Poppy Oil; Mill Boards, Mahi Sticks, Tin Foil, Tinsel Paper and Drawing Pencils. All at first cost. For sale by
GEO. A. BAYARD, 7 Market Square.

DR. LAROOKAH'S Sarsaparilla Compound. For sale by
GEO. A. BAYARD, 7 Market Square.

DR. KNIGHTS' HAIR DRESSING.—Use Dr. Knight's Hair Dressing. It is superior to all others; contains neither Oily nor Alcoholic. For sale by
GEO. A. BAYARD, 7 Market Square.

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1865.

Fall Importation

OF

DRY GOODS!

The Subscribers have received the greater portion of their
FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF
DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF
WOOLLENS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS,
Wincies, French Merinoes, Coburgs,
LUSTRES, ALPACCAS, LLAMAS,
Dress Stuffs, of all descriptions.

Shawls, Silks, and Velvets.
RIBBONS, LACES, MUFFLERS.
PRINTS, GREY AND WHITE COTTONS,
SHEETING, REGATTA SHIRTINGS,
Osnaburghs, Linings, Hollands, Linens,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, HABERDASHERY.

Superior Cotton Warps,
AND
Fishing Thread.

Fresh Goods to arrive by each Cunard Steam-er, via Halifax.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
JOHN ARMSTRONG & CO.
November 23, 1865.

CHILDREN
TEETHING.

MRS. WINSLOW.
An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to
SOOTHING SYRUP,
For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—it will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is
SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this syrup for over thirty years, and can say, in confidence and truth of it, what 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 the highest commendation of its magical effects and medicinal virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare. In exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most EXPERIENCED and SKILFUL 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 GASTRIC DISTRESS, COLIC, AND WIND COLIC, and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhoea 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. None genuine unless it be fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper. Sold by Druggists throughout the world.

Price only 35 cents per Bottle.
J. C. CLEMENTSON,
29 Dock Street.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
GRANITE HALL,
No. 10, MARKET SQUARE.

RETAIL
Clothing Establishment!

The universal low-priced system for CASH Payments adopted by the Proprietor, has been perfectly successful. IN HIS RETAIL TRADE FOR 1866.

THE STOCK COMPRISES
Every Article in the Clothing Trade,
Suitable for the wants of the Laborer, Mechanic, Farmer, or Soldier, or Business, or GENTLE CUSTOMER.

THE STOCK OF
CLOTHING
Is the largest in the Lower Provinces!

THE SYSTEM ADOPTED IS THIS:
Every Article warranted to be what it is represented when Sold, or the
MONEY RETURNED!

The Stock of Clothing is the largest kept on hand in the Lower Provinces!

FURNISHING GOODS,
SHIRTS,
BRACES, TIES,
Handkerchiefs,
HOSIERY, &c.,
UNEQUALLED IN THE CITY.

ENGLISH-MADE IRON FRAMED
Overland Trunks,
The best Travelling Trunk known.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
RUBBER COATS,
From the lowest quality to the very best CLOTH MACKINTOSH.

Garments
Made to order, in the best manner, from the best assorted Stock in the City!

STRANGERS FROM THE COUNTRY,
AND ALL OTHERS,
Are invited to examine the Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

THOMAS R. JONES.
May 24th, 1866.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

Sarsaparilla Compound,

The great Spring Medicine and Blood Purifier.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

Sarsaparilla Compound

Cures Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

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Cures Scrofula and Salt Rheum.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

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Cures Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, and Dropsy.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

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Cures Epilepsy and Rheumatism.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

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Cures Pimples, Pastules, Blotches and Boils.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

Sarsaparilla Compound

Cures Pain in the Stomach, Side and Bowels.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

Sarsaparilla Compound

Cures Uterine Ulceration, Syphilis, and Mercurial Diseases.

DR. LAROOKAH'S

Sarsaparilla Compound

Is double the strength of any other Sarsaparilla in the market.

EVERYBODY

Should Purify the Blood and invigorate the System, by the use of

DR. LAROOKAH'S

Sarsaparilla Compound.

\$1 per Bottle—6 Bottles for \$5.

DR. E. R. KNIGHTS, CHEMIST,

MELROSE, MASS.

DR. KNIGHTS'

HAIR DRESSING!

A dressing for Children's Hair, which can be used without fear of injury to its growth or texture, has hitherto been unobtainable. Most, if not all, of the Hair Dressings heretofore sold at the Drug Stores are composed chiefly of oil and alcohol—ingredients which are antagonistic to the life of the hair.

Contains neither oil nor alcohol, is purely vegetable in its composition, and is the most perfect HAIR RESTORER AND INVIGORATOR that has ever been made available to the public.

Persons whose hair has been thinned by sickness or age, should give this preparation a trial, with the assurance that a luxuriant growth of hair will result, unless the roots are dead, when such an effect is impossible.

KNIGHTS' HAIR DRESSING
Is an elegant preparation, exquisitely perfumed, inclines the hair to curl, will not soil the skin, nor any article of apparel, and is fast superseding the pernicious articles which have so long deceived a credulous public.

Large Bottles—Price \$1.
Prepared by Dr. E. R. KNIGHTS, Chemist, MELROSE, MASS.

For changing gray or faded Hair to its original color
DR. KNIGHTS'

Oriental Hair Restorer
SHOULD BE USED.

And is the only preparation for that purpose upon which the public can rely with confidence.

KNIGHTS' ORIENTAL HAIR RESTORER
Restores gray and faded hair to its original color.

KNIGHTS' ORIENTAL HAIR RESTORER
Removes dandruff and cures nervous headache.

KNIGHTS' ORIENTAL HAIR RESTORER
Prevents the hair from falling out, and promotes its luxuriant growth.

KNIGHTS' ORIENTAL HAIR RESTORER
Is the only preparation of its kind that performs all that it promises.

KNIGHTS' ORIENTAL HAIR RESTORER
Acts directly upon the roots of the Hair, and its effects are Speedy and Permanent.

Large Bottles—Price \$1.