

Poetry.

REST.

By LAURA M. LATIMER.
And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that might be filled with all the fullness of God—Eph. iii, 19.

I prayed to have this love of Christ,
For O, I longed to know
The breadth and length, and depth and height
Of Jesus' love below.
He came and swept away all props,
On which I leaned with pride;
For only into empty hearts
Comes Christ the crucified.

He humbled to the dust my pride,
And yet, the bruised reed
He did not break—so tenderly
He healed the hearts that bleed.
The Saviour could not enter in
A heart so full of sin;
I wept when his clear light revealed
The vanity within.

The calm, so sweet, has come at last,
The post tossed heart finds rest,
The tempest drove the weary bird
Into the sheltering nest.
The storm without is just as fierce,
The blast is at its height,
But all within is calm and still,
At evening-time, 'tis light.

For this new life, so sweet, dear Lord
What can I say to thee?
I never dreamed that Thou couldst give
Such perfect rest to me.
For years I heard thy pleading voice,
"O cast your care on me,"
And yet I knew not how to trust
Those weary cares to thee.

More heavy grew the burdens then—
The weight I could not bear;
Helpless I cast them at His feet,
The burdens and the care;
And O, the quiet peace and joy,
The fullness of His love,
Who cast the every care on Him,
Will taste the joys above.

AT A WELSH COMMUNION SERVICE.

We are strangers, but we gather,
Children of the same great Father,
Where the solemn prayer is offered, and the sacred
hymn is sung,
And the unfamiliar faces
Wear the dear familiar grace,
That can make the aged lovely, and add beauty to
the young.

We have listened to the preacher,
In the name of the Great Teacher
He has told us of the Hope that must purify the
life;
He has shown us the good part,
And with lowly, reverent heart
We renew our vows to God ere we go back to the
strife.

Then we see the sacred sign
Of the broken bread and wine,
And we press a little closer where the table has
been spread;
Far from home, ere long to feel
What the Spirit shall reveal,
And to have our zeal grow stronger, and our
hearts comforted.

Not a word we understand
Of the language of the land;
And we cannot swell the singing, and we cannot
join the prayer,
And although the quick tears rise
In the people's glowing eyes,
We know not what has moved them, nor the feeling
they declare.

Yet we all are one in love
Of the Lord who reigns above,
And we keep His feast together, and we are not
strangers yet.
He understands us, too,
His will we also do,
His grace avails to save us, and He will none forget.

Oh, brothers in the Lord
We speak no mutual word,
But we hail you as our kindred, for we together
roam;
"We seek the same glad rest,
And some day shall be blessed
Together with our Father with a welcome to our
Home."

The Fireside.

NELLY'S TEMPTATION.

By MARY E. C. WYTH.
"I think I shall go by the Mill road to school
this morning," said Nelly May to her little brother
Fred, as the two started out from home, one fine
October morning, to walk the mile that stretched
out through pleasant fields between their father's
house and the school-room.
"Oh! please don't," said Fred, pleadingly.
"That is an ugly, rough road."
"But the hickory nuts grow there," said Nelly.
"There may be some fallen by the bridge. I
shouldn't wonder if it were there."
"I know there aren't," answered Fred. "John
and I came by there yesterday, and there wasn't
one."
"Oh! that was yesterday," said Nelly. "There
may be lots to-day."
"And it's ever so much farther, and you'll be
late at school," persisted Fred, holding back.
"There is no danger of being late," answered
Nelly. "But it isn't much farther, and you may
as well come along."
"I don't want to," urged little Fred, beginning
to cry. "I'm tired, and it is a long way. Mother
said we were to go straight to school, and not
loiter."

"Who is going to loiter, I'd like to know,"
said Nelly. "You aren't shaking, Fred May.
You're just the laziest boy I know. 'Tired, tired'
That's all you can say," continued the little girl
quite crossly, and getting angrier every moment.
"I guess I walk as many steps as you do and carry
this great heavy lunch-pail and all my books into
the bargain, while you have only that twenty-cent
baggy reader and Arithmetic. I'm not tired, and
neither are you, so just march along. I'm going
the Mill way, whether you like it or not. So!"

"See, mamma," she said, "see, Henrietta! only
seven years old, and not used to walking, began to
cry, as he followed behind his sturdy ten-year-old
sister, who trudged briskly over the uneven Mill
road, instead of following the smooth pike, which
was not only the shortest way to school, but also
much the pleasantest walk.

For a few minutes Nelly walked very fast and
with firm steps, holding her head high, and looking
straight before her. Presently Fred's little
whimpering cry attracted her attention. She looked
around. The little boy was almost running, as he
tried in vain to keep up with her.

"What are you crying for, baby?" she asked, as
she waited for Fred to come up. "You're a
great boy, I must say."
"I don't want to go this long, rough way,"
Fred said, as he tried to choke back his sobs. For
Nelly's scornful tone, as she pronounced the words
"baby" and "boy," stirred the little lad's pride.

"You wouldn't want to, either, only you think
maybe Nancy Lewis will be at the bridge, and
you'll get some of her grapes without going to her
house," came mother said you mustn't go to her
house any more."

"You naughty, hateful boy!" cried Nelly,
catching Fred by the arm, and giving him a little
shake. "How dare you say such a thing! You're
as mean and hateful as you can be. I was just go-
ing to offer to carry your books for you, but now
I shan't. You may carry them yourself, and I've
a great mind to make you take this dinner-pail
too."

Poor Nelly! Her cheeks were red, and her
eyes flashed, while her pretty mouth parted with
all its beauty as the two rosy lips puckered to-
gether into a very ugly pout.

Fred said, "more, and the two children
walked on in silence for some moments.
Then a voice that seemed to come from inside
her heavy bonnet spoke so plainly to Nelly.
"Fred is right, and you are wrong," it said.

"You know that you are only walking on this
road in the hope of meeting Nancy at the bridge,
and getting some grapes from her without exactly
going to her house for them. Your mother forbade
you to go to Nancy's house for any more grapes.
You think you can still get the grapes by coming this
way, and you do not care for your weak little
brother. Perhaps he may fall ill from this long
trudge. Your mother told you to be kind to him,
and to take good care of him. And you promised
to do so. You promised to think of your verse too.
And you have quite forgotten it."

Nelly walked very slowly now. The pout gradu-
ally left her lips, and her eyes had a serious look,
quite different from the angry glance of a few mo-
ments before. She turned to Fred, who was
telling along quietly by her side. How small and
weak he looked! She remembered the words of
Dr. Gray the family physician, when consenting to
her request for Fred to go to school in the autumn.

"Yes," he had said, "I think the walk on the
pike will be good for him on fine days, especially
with such a stout, kind sister, to hold his hand and
take good care of him. Yes, I think it will be safe
to trust him with Nelly. She will lead him into
no harm."

And now—she was leading him over a long rough
road, and treating him, oh! not kindly and care-
fully very uncomfortable.
The voice spoke again: "You know that you are
not coming this way for nuts, but for grapes; you
tried to deceive Fred, and because you are your real
motive, and told him of it, you became angry, and
spoke crossly, and shook him; you have added sin
to sin. And all because you have forgotten your
verse." And just then Nelly remembered.

Her verse for the day had been, "Lead us not
into temptation, but deliver us from evil." She
had promised her mother to think of it during the
day. And before an hour had passed she had quite
forgotten it.

"O dear!" said Nelly, with a sigh; "What a
wicked girl I am!" Fred held the words, and
looked up quickly. He saw a great tear roll down
his sister's cheek.
"Don't cry, Nelly," he said. "I'll walk my
best. You aren't such a wicked girl. I wish we
had a grape vine, and you could have all the grapes
you wanted, and then you wouldn't want to go to
Nancy Lewis so much. She is a cross, naughty
girl, and she makes you cross too. That's all."

Nelly put down her books and the pail, and knelt
down in the road and flung her arms around her
little brother.
"You dear little forgiving thing!" she said
tenderly to Fred. "That's all,—that's all,—that's
enough, I think. I've been as mean as mean can
be. And I'm ashamed of myself; and I must
stop right here and ask God to forgive me, and to
lead me not into temptation."

And there with arms around Fred, Nelly
prayed for forgiveness and help; and, rising to her
feet she took Fred, books, lunch-pail and all,
up in her stout arms, and carried them back to the
turn where the Mill road branched off from the pike.

"There now," she said, as she put Fred down
and turned her back to her geography cover.
"We'll go the straight, safe road, and after a while
I'll give you another lift; and if you see me start-
ing off into temptation again to-day, Fred May,
you just call out, 'Lead me not,'—and I'll remem-
ber my verse; will you?"

"Yes, I will," said Fred, smiling brightly.
"I'm rested a good deal now, and I don't believe
you'll need to carry me any more. You're a good
sister, Nelly."—Sunday-School Times.

"WHY DON'T YOU ASK JESUS?"
By HOPE LEVARD.
Cobler Hans was as nice a man as there was in
the village. That is, he was generally; but now and
then Hans would get to the tavern, and the Ger-
man host looked good to him—nasty, bitter stuff
though it was—and then the kind and the kind
wife and mother, Mrs. Hans, as the villagers called
her, for no one could pronounce that awful last
name that Hans wrote on his bills.

One day Hans had been taking beer, and Gretchen
being in his way, was shaken very hard and sent
out of the house. Little Annie Prawl found her
sitting in the lane. When Annie tried to comfort
her, Gretchen told her how strangely her father acted
at times. How he almost fell on the stove one day,
and one night fell flat in the ditch.

"Why is it like the man father read about that
Jesus cured," said little Annie.
"What was the matter with him?" asked Gretchen,
drying her eyes.
"He had a devil."

"Well, I asked mother last month what made
father act so and she said, 'It's the devil gets in
him, dear.'"
"But he isn't here now," said Gretchen, doubt-
fully.
"O! he'll do anything he's asked to do, just the
same. But," and Annie's voice was less confident,
"I suppose your father's old he ought to ask him-
self."

Gretchen had no answer to this. She was older
than Annie—old enough to be a dim idea in her
father would not help himself though she had not
a suspicion that her father drank.
"I wish he would ask him," it's dreadful to have
him so; and he's worse each time."

Annie could offer no comfort beyond a loving
kiss, and an offer to "play house," with Henrietta,
her darling dolly, as baby. The children played
for an hour very happily, till the nurse came to call
little Annie to lunch, when she parted from Gret-
chen with the whispered words, "Let us ask Jesus,
anyway."

That night beside two little beds two little chil-
dren prayed for that man who was indeed, "pos-
sessed of a devil," for the love of liquor is a great
evil within a man, only to be cast out by Jesus
himself. That loving Jesus heard the children's
prayers, and put into little Annie's heart an idea
she had never had before.

"See, mamma," she said, "see, Henrietta! only
seven years old, and not used to walking, began to
cry, as he followed behind his sturdy ten-year-old
sister, who trudged briskly over the uneven Mill
road, instead of following the smooth pike, which
was not only the shortest way to school, but also
much the pleasantest walk.

For a few minutes Nelly walked very fast and
with firm steps, holding her head high, and looking
straight before her. Presently Fred's little
whimpering cry attracted her attention. She looked
around. The little boy was almost running, as he
tried in vain to keep up with her.

"You naughty, hateful boy!" cried Nelly,
catching Fred by the arm, and giving him a little
shake. "How dare you say such a thing! You're
as mean and hateful as you can be. I was just go-
ing to offer to carry your books for you, but now
I shan't. You may carry them yourself, and I've
a great mind to make you take this dinner-pail
too."

Poor Nelly! Her cheeks were red, and her
eyes flashed, while her pretty mouth parted with
all its beauty as the two rosy lips puckered to-
gether into a very ugly pout.

Fred said, "more, and the two children
walked on in silence for some moments.
Then a voice that seemed to come from inside
her heavy bonnet spoke so plainly to Nelly.
"Fred is right, and you are wrong," it said.

"You know that you are only walking on this
road in the hope of meeting Nancy at the bridge,
and getting some grapes from her without exactly
going to her house for them. Your mother forbade
you to go to Nancy's house for any more grapes.
You think you can still get the grapes by coming this
way, and you do not care for your weak little
brother. Perhaps he may fall ill from this long
trudge. Your mother told you to be kind to him,
and to take good care of him. And you promised
to do so. You promised to think of your verse too.
And you have quite forgotten it."

Nelly walked very slowly now. The pout gradu-
ally left her lips, and her eyes had a serious look,
quite different from the angry glance of a few mo-
ments before. She turned to Fred, who was
telling along quietly by her side. How small and
weak he looked! She remembered the words of
Dr. Gray the family physician, when consenting to
her request for Fred to go to school in the autumn.

"Yes," he had said, "I think the walk on the
pike will be good for him on fine days, especially
with such a stout, kind sister, to hold his hand and
take good care of him. Yes, I think it will be safe
to trust him with Nelly. She will lead him into
no harm."

And now—she was leading him over a long rough
road, and treating him, oh! not kindly and care-
fully very uncomfortable.
The voice spoke again: "You know that you are
not coming this way for nuts, but for grapes; you
tried to deceive Fred, and because you are your real
motive, and told him of it, you became angry, and
spoke crossly, and shook him; you have added sin
to sin. And all because you have forgotten your
verse." And just then Nelly remembered.

Her verse for the day had been, "Lead us not
into temptation, but deliver us from evil." She
had promised her mother to think of it during the
day. And before an hour had passed she had quite
forgotten it.

"O dear!" said Nelly, with a sigh; "What a
wicked girl I am!" Fred held the words, and
looked up quickly. He saw a great tear roll down
his sister's cheek.
"Don't cry, Nelly," he said. "I'll walk my
best. You aren't such a wicked girl. I wish we
had a grape vine, and you could have all the grapes
you wanted, and then you wouldn't want to go to
Nancy Lewis so much. She is a cross, naughty
girl, and she makes you cross too. That's all."

Nelly put down her books and the pail, and knelt
down in the road and flung her arms around her
little brother.
"You dear little forgiving thing!" she said
tenderly to Fred. "That's all,—that's all,—that's
enough, I think. I've been as mean as mean can
be. And I'm ashamed of myself; and I must
stop right here and ask God to forgive me, and to
lead me not into temptation."

And there with arms around Fred, Nelly
prayed for forgiveness and help; and, rising to her
feet she took Fred, books, lunch-pail and all,
up in her stout arms, and carried them back to the
turn where the Mill road branched off from the pike.

"There now," she said, as she put Fred down
and turned her back to her geography cover.
"We'll go the straight, safe road, and after a while
I'll give you another lift; and if you see me start-
ing off into temptation again to-day, Fred May,
you just call out, 'Lead me not,'—and I'll remem-
ber my verse; will you?"

"Yes, I will," said Fred, smiling brightly.
"I'm rested a good deal now, and I don't believe
you'll need to carry me any more. You're a good
sister, Nelly."—Sunday-School Times.

"WHY DON'T YOU ASK JESUS?"
By HOPE LEVARD.
Cobler Hans was as nice a man as there was in
the village. That is, he was generally; but now and
then Hans would get to the tavern, and the Ger-
man host looked good to him—nasty, bitter stuff
though it was—and then the kind and the kind
wife and mother, Mrs. Hans, as the villagers called
her, for no one could pronounce that awful last
name that Hans wrote on his bills.

One day Hans had been taking beer, and Gretchen
being in his way, was shaken very hard and sent
out of the house. Little Annie Prawl found her
sitting in the lane. When Annie tried to comfort
her, Gretchen told her how strangely her father acted
at times. How he almost fell on the stove one day,
and one night fell flat in the ditch.

"Why is it like the man father read about that
Jesus cured," said little Annie.
"What was the matter with him?" asked Gretchen,
drying her eyes.
"He had a devil."

"Well, I asked mother last month what made
father act so and she said, 'It's the devil gets in
him, dear.'"
"But he isn't here now," said Gretchen, doubt-
fully.
"O! he'll do anything he's asked to do, just the
same. But," and Annie's voice was less confident,
"I suppose your father's old he ought to ask him-
self."

Gretchen had no answer to this. She was older
than Annie—old enough to be a dim idea in her
father would not help himself though she had not
a suspicion that her father drank.
"I wish he would ask him," it's dreadful to have
him so; and he's worse each time."

Annie could offer no comfort beyond a loving
kiss, and an offer to "play house," with Henrietta,
her darling dolly, as baby. The children played
for an hour very happily, till the nurse came to call
little Annie to lunch, when she parted from Gret-
chen with the whispered words, "Let us ask Jesus,
anyway."

That night beside two little beds two little chil-
dren prayed for that man who was indeed, "pos-
sessed of a devil," for the love of liquor is a great
evil within a man, only to be cast out by Jesus
himself. That loving Jesus heard the children's
prayers, and put into little Annie's heart an idea
she had never had before.

"See, mamma," she said, "see, Henrietta! only
seven years old, and not used to walking, began to
cry, as he followed behind his sturdy ten-year-old
sister, who trudged briskly over the uneven Mill
road, instead of following the smooth pike, which
was not only the shortest way to school, but also
much the pleasantest walk.

For a few minutes Nelly walked very fast and
with firm steps, holding her head high, and looking
straight before her. Presently Fred's little
whimpering cry attracted her attention. She looked
around. The little boy was almost running, as he
tried in vain to keep up with her.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MADE IN ENGLAND
DOSE: 1-15

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: the ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal attack. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has been proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with these and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.
In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I tried a terrible cough, and passed a sleepless night. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me a permanent cure. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

Group.—A Mother's Testimony.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was seized with a violent cough, and he would not eat or sleep. I tried a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and he was cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always proved a reliable remedy for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Cherry Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, and have never since been troubled with a cough. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MADE IN ENGLAND
DOSE: 1-15

PARKS' COTTON YARNS.

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.
For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.
No. 55 to 105.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREY.
Made of good American Cotton with great care. Colors numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarns to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throloide Frames, which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, most in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 lbs. of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without less, as the American, and also saves a good deal of waste.

When acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

WE have put more twist into this yarn than formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

W. M. PARKS & SONS,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

W. M. PARKS & SONS,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

W. M. PARKS & SONS,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

W. M. PARKS & SONS,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

W. M. PARKS &