

Drifted Apart.

BY MATTIE MINTOSH.

When they were united in wedlock,
He loved her fondly, I know,
For he often kissed her so kindly,
And tenderly told her 'twas so:
Often he'd sit him close by her
And call her his dear, little wife,
He'd say, as he smoothed her dark tresses,
That she was the joy of his life.

If she with her work grew weary,
Or passed a bad, gloomy day,
Or a tear should steal to her eyelids,
How quickly he'd kiss it away.
Often and often she'd wonder
If woman had ever before
Been blessed with such a companion,
Or would be again evermore.

Time rushed them right into the future,
And somehow they drifted apart,
Though the gulf that keeps them asunder
Was shallow and near at the start.
His business was urgent and pressing,
Hers turned to burdensome care,
And the troubles and sorrow of others
Neither seemed willing to share.

She sits at the head of his table,
With dignity wears his proud name;
She gives him the courtesy due him,
He graciously gives her the same.
Their halls are filled with bright splendor,
They visit the witty and wise;
To the world they are happily living,
And yet they live in disguise.

Often her heart with its aching
Sighs for an old happy day,
When he, with his love and his kindness,
Kissed softly her tears all away.
The world, with its beauty and gladness,
Can never fill the void in a heart,
Nor bind, in a loving affection
Together, those drifted apart.

—Woman's Work.

Sparks From my Anvil.

In my boyhood, for some time, we
lived three miles from church, and on
stormy days the children stayed at
home, but father and mother always
went to church. That was a habit
they had. On those stormy Sabbaths
when we stayed at home, the absence
of our parents seemed much protracted,
for the roads were bad, and they
could not get on very fast. So we
would go to the window at twelve
o'clock to see if they were coming;
and then we would go at half-past
twelve to see if they were coming, and
at a quarter to one, and then at one
o'clock. After a while, Mary for
Daniel or DeWitt would shout: "The
waggon's coming," and then we would
see it winding out of the woods, and
over the brook, and through the lane,
and up to the front of the old farm
house; and then we would rush out,
leaving the door wide open, with many
things to tell them, asking them many
questions. Well, I think we are many
of us in the King's waggons, and we
are on the way home. The road is
very bad, and we get on slowly; but
after awhile we will come winding out
of the woods, and through the brook
of death, and in front of the old
heavenly homestead; and our depart-
ed kindred who have been waiting
and watching for us will rush out
through the doors and over the lawn,
crying, "The waggons are coming,"
the King's waggons are coming."

How much of this world are you
going to take with you into the next?
Will you have two pockets—one in
each side of your shroud? Will you
cushion your casket with bonds and
mortgages and certificates of stock?
Ah! no. The ferry-boat that crosses
this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing
heavier than an immortal spirit.
You may, perhaps, take five hundred
dollars with you two or three miles,
in the shape of funeral trappings, to
Greenwood Cemetery, but you will
have to leave them there. It would
not be safe for you to lie down there
with a gold watch or a diamond ring.
It would be a temptation to the
pillagers. If we have made this world
our God, we shall see our idol, when
we die, ground to pieces by our pillow,
and we shall have to crink it in bitter
regrets for the wasted opportunities of
a life time.

Oh, man! believing in an entire
Bible, where did you come from?
Answer: "I descended from a per-
fect parentage in Paradise, and Je-
hovah breathed into my nostrils the
breath of life. I am a son of God."
Oh, man! believing in a half-and-half
Bible—believing in a Bible in spots
—where did you come from? Answer:
"It is all uncertain; in my ancestral
line away back there was an orang-
outang and a tadpole and a polywog,
and it took millions of years to get
me evolved." Oh, man! believing
in a Bible in spots, where are you
going to when you quit this world?
Answer: "Going into a great to be,
so on into the great somewhere, and
then I shall pass through on to the
great anywhere, and I shall probably
arise in nowhere." That is where I
thought you would fetch up. Oh,
man! believing in an entire Bible,
and believing with all your heart,
where are you going to when you leave

this world? Answer: "I am going
to my father's house; I am going into
the companionship of my loved ones
who have gone before; I am going to
leave all my sins, and I am going to
be with God and like God forever and
forever." Oh, the glorious certitudes
of orthodoxy!

Those whose princely robes are
woven out of heart-strings; those
whose fine houses are built of skulls;
those whose springing fountains are
the tears of oppressed nations—have
they successfully cheated God? The
last day will demonstrate. It will be
found out on that day that God vindic-
ated not only his goodness and his
mercy, but his power to take care of
his own rights, and the rights of his
Church, and the rights of his oppres-
sed children. Come, ye martyred
dead! Awake, and come up from the
dungeons, where folded darkness
hearsed you, and the chains like
cankers peeled loose the skin, and
wore off the flesh, and rattled on the
marrowless bones! Come, ye martyred
dead, from the stakes where you
were burned, where the arm uplifted
for mercy fell into ashes, and the cry
of pain was drowned in the snapping
of the flame and the howling of the
mob; from the valleys of Piedmont,
and Smithfield Square, and London
Tower, and the Highlands of Scotland!
Gather in great procession, and to-
gether clap your bony hands, and to-
gether stamp your mouldy feet; and
let the chains that bound you to
dungeons all clank at once; and gather
all the flames that burned you in
one uplifted arm of fire, and plead for
a judgment. Gather all the tears ye
ever wept into a lake, and gather all
the sighs ye ever breathed into a tem-
pest, until the heaven-piercing chain
clank, and the tempest sigh,
and the thunder groans announce to
earth and hell and heaven a judgment!
Oh, on that day God will vindicate
his own cause, and vindicate the cause
of the troubled and the oppressed!
It will be seen in that day, that though
we may have robbed our fellows, we
never have successfully robbed God.

If you had your own way, you
would probably desire all possible
worldly prosperity. You would have
a garden and a river running through
it, geranium and cactus on the sides,
and the grass and flowers as beautiful
as though the rainbows had fallen.
Then you would build yourself a
house—a splendid mansion with
costly upholstery, and every hall in it
set with statues and statuettes; and
you would have the four quarters of
the globe pour in all their luxuries on
your table, and forks of silver and
knives of gold, and expensively ap-
pointed equipages, with high-stepping
horses; and you would desire to live,
if possible, a hundred years, and not
have a pain or ache until the last
breath. You say, "Why does not
God give us all these things?" The
reason is because he is wiser. It
would make fools and sluggards of us
if we had our way. No man puts his
best picture in the portico or vestibule
of his house. God meant this world
to be only the vestibule of heaven, and
heaven itself is the great gallery of
the universe toward which we are
aspiring. We must not have things
too good in this world, or we should
be content to remain always in the
vestibule without penetrating into the
gallery of heaven. You are surprised
that aged people are so willing to go
out of this world. I will tell you the
reason. It is not only because of the
bright prospects of heaven, but be-
cause they feel that seventy years of
nettlesomeness is enough.

A man said to me in the cars,
"What is religion? Judging from the
character of many professors of
religion, I do not admire religion." I
said: "Now, suppose we went to an
artist in the city of Rome, and while
in his gallery, asked him, 'What is
the art of painting?' Would he take
us out in a low alley and show us the
mere daub of a pretender at painting?
Or would he take us into the corridors
and show us Rubens and Raphaels and
the Michael Angelos? When we ask
him, 'what is the art of painting,' he
would point to the works of these
great masters and say, 'that is paint-
ing!' Now, you propose to find the
mere caricatures of religion, and to
seek after that which is the mere ten-
sion of a holy life, and you call
that religion. I point you to the
magnificent men and women whom
this gospel has blessed and lifted and
crowned. Look at the masterpieces
of Divine grace if you want to know
what religion is."—T. DeWitt Tal-
mage.

Our fireside conversation, our
thoughts as we pass along the streets,
our spirit in the transaction of busi-
ness, all have some amount, small
though it be, of moral value.—Goul-
bourne.

Concerning Converts.

How many of our converts will prove
steadfast to the vows they have made?
How many of them will hold out to the
end and receive a crown of life? These
are not difficult questions to answer.
Indeed we can tell just the number
with unerring certainty that will hold
out, prove steadfast—just so many as
are faithful to God. All who trust in
the Lord, and go forward in humble
and loving obedience to his will, cer-
tainly will be successful in maintaining
their vows of Christian living.

Faithfulness to God is the sole con-
dition of success on the human side.
God will do his part. He will never
forsake any one. He will certainly
continue with all who will continue
with him. His grace is sufficient to
enable all who trust in him to overcome
the power of sinful habits, temptations,
and the influence of evil associations,
together with all the artful cunning of
Satan, and to lead a consistent life.

To be sure, faithfulness implies
prayerfulness, the study of the divine
word, attendance upon the services of
God's house, fellowship with Chris-
tians in the work of the Church, the
observance of the Lord's day, together
with other plain and helpful duties.
No one ever made shipwreck of faith
while diligently engaged in the service
of the Master. Converts while need-
ing the constant sympathy and thought-
ful consideration of older Christians
should never be allowed to put their
dependence in men, however true and
faithful they may be. Let them be
faithfully shown what Jesus, their
Saviour, is able to do for them, and
then let them place their trust implicit-
ly in him. Let them be taught to
build their hope of eternal life on the
infallible word of God.

1. Let them be fully assured that
Jesus Christ is fully able to save from
sin, its guilt and its power. "Where-
fore he is able to save them to the utter-
most that come unto God by him." (Heb. 7: 25)

2. He is not only able to save but
to keep. "For God is able to make
him stand" (Rom. 14: 4). "Now unto
him that is able to keep you from fall-
ing... to the only wise God our
Saviour be glory and majesty" (Jude
24, 25). "I know whom I have be-
lieved, and am persuaded that he is able
to keep that which I have committed
unto him against that day" (II. Tim. 1:
12). "For in that he himself hath
suffered, being tempted, he is able to
succor them that are tempted" (Heb.
2: 18). Let converts be shown this
little word *able*, and how they confi-
dently trust the power of the Lord
Jesus to keep them. They are per-
fectly safe under his protection and
blessing.

3. He is also able to build up in the
faith. "Brethren, I commend you to
God and the word of his grace which is
able to build you up, and to give you an
inheritance among them that are sanc-
tified." (Acts 20: 32.) But he is even
able to do more for us than we are able
to ask or even understand. "Now
unto him that is able to do exceeding
abundantly above all that we ask or
think, according to the power that
worketh in us, unto him be glory in
the church by Christ Jesus throughout
all ages, world without end." (Ephes-
ians 3: 20, 21.)

Oh, what a Saviour! How safe are
those who trust him.

"The arm that bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well."

—Telescope.

The Preacher.

WHY OBADIAH OLDSCHOOL "LIKED" HIM.
I was over to Smithville the other
Sunday. They have a new preacher
there. When we came home from
church the friend with whom I was
staying said, "Well, Oldschool, how do
you like Brother Jones?"

"Very much," I replied, "for he
preached a faithful gospel sermon, and
preached it withunction."

"But did you see how awkward he
was? Why, he knocked the hymn-
book off the pulpit with one of his
clumsy gestures. And then he said,
'You oughter,' and 'them folks that
does so,' and used any amount of bad
grammar. You did not like that, did
you?"

"Of course not. But in spite of those
little infelicities of manner and style he
is a grand preacher, and I will tell you
why. First of all he don't preach him-
self. He seems to forget all about him-
self. He talks and acts like an am-
bassador who has been sent on a
mission, or who claims attention not in
his own name, or by reason of any skill
that he has in presenting his message,
but on account of the message itself,
and the dignity and claims of the send-
er. There is nothing so trying to me
as self-consciousness in the pulpit.
Better any awkwardness than that.
In the second place, I like Mr. Jones
because he believes in God. You can
see that especially in his prayers. He
talks with God just as Abraham did

when he stood before Him pleading for
Sodom. He evidently realizes that the
church is God's house and that God
himself is therein some special manner
to welcome His people and to hear
what they have to say to Him. Such
prayers make me feel that I am at
Bethel, standing by Jacob as he wrest-
les with the angel of the Lord. It is a
great thing, I tell you, for a preacher
to have such faith in God's presence as
Mr. Jones has, to be able to stand be-
fore a congregation so absorbed in com-
munion with God that he forgets all
else in the fervor of his devotion.

Also, how many prayers we hear that
are evidently meant for the audience
rather than for God!
"I like Mr. Jones, in the third place,
because he believes that all men are
sinners and is not afraid to tell them so.
How plain and emphatic, and yet how
tender and loving was his statement
that 'the whole head is sick and the
whole heart faint.' I tell you, Solom-
on, unless a preacher is thor-
oughly orthodox on depravity he won't
do much good. You must convince
them of sin before you can get them to
welcome a Saviour."

"My fourth reason for liking Mr.
Jones is that he believes in the Bible.
He is constantly appealing to the law
and the testimony. His sermon brist-
led with quotations. They were not
from the theologians or from the poets,
but from the Word of God. When he
found a 'Thus saith the Lord' for any-
thing he was satisfied, and insisted that
his hearers ought to be. I am sick of this
modern rationalistic style of
preaching. We don't want in the pul-
pit messages from men but messages
from God. I like to hear a preacher
who speaks with authority, because he
speaks the words of his Master and
mine. How absurd for the most learn-
ed man to try to prove that which God
has proclaimed as true in His Holy
Book.

"My fifth reason for liking Mr.
Jones as a gospel preacher is that he
evidently believes in the assurance of
faith. He thinks that if people are
converted they ought to know it and
be happy in the knowledge. He has
no patience with the moping, sighing
sort of Christians who hope that they
have a hope. He evidently knows in
whom he has believed, and is persua-
ded that God is able to keep him, and
he thinks that we all ought to have the
same knowledge and persuasion.

"I have many more reasons for liking
Mr. Jones, but I will give you only
one of them now. He is as indignant
as Paul was with the Christians who
continue in sin that grace may abound.
He believes in our showing our faith
by our works. He believes that if we
love a holy God we will want to like
Him. He believes that we ought to be
pressing towards the mark for the
prize of our high calling, that we ought
to work out our salvation with fear and
trembling, to perfect holiness in the
fear of God. I tell you, Solomon, we
have too many philosophical preachers,
too many poetic preachers, too many
dramatic and pictorial preachers; what
we need in this age of abounding
worldliness is plain, earnest, pungent
gospel preaching. And when I hear a
man in the pulpit who speaks as if God
had sent him to try to save a perishing
sinner, I don't criticize his grammar, or
his gestures, I honor him as an am-
bassador of my Lord."—Interior.

WHINING.—What is the reason that
some people are always whining and
making a poor mouth, as if they were
the most afflicted under heaven, when
they are really highly favored? Here
is a man for whom nothing ever seems
to be right; if it is not one thing, it is
another thing, and he is a poor, mis-
erable sinner. So he is, but possibly
not in the sense he meant it. Or
there is a woman who never can see
the bright side of any thing; if her
husband has work, then he is over-
worked; if he is slightly ill, then he is
almost a corpse; if he has \$100 at free
disposal, he has nothing. And so it
goes on. Why do not men and wo-
men who claim to be Christians, fol-
lowers of him who gave up every-
thing for poor humanity, stop such
silly behavior and quit themselves like
men and be strong? Such whining is
not only unchristian, but silly, indica-
tive of mental weakness. Alas! that
it is so often accompanied by bitter-
ness. Or is it a purely physical affec-
tion caused by the liver? Would that
it were, or then we could have more
patience with the malifestations. But
it is a sign that the heart is not right
—not the physical heart which pro-
pels the blood through the veins, but
the scriptural heart, "out of which
are the issues of life."—The Moravian.

THE BEST.—A Quaker lady, who is
herself the best known recommendation
of her prescription, suggests the fol-
lowing cosmetics: For the lips, truth;
for the voice, prayer; for the eyes,
pity; for the mind, charity; for the
figure, uprightness; for the heart, love.

Happiness and Usefulness.

How happy religion makes its pos-
sessor's life! It fills the days with
sunshine; it gilds every apartment of
the heart with the glory of God. The
soul finds what it yearned for. The
wealth of worlds would be a miserable
substitute for the love and favor of
the Lord. But the smile of the
Divine Father, the spiritual sustaining
and sanctifying presence of the pre-
cious Saviour affords peace and pleasure
even in the absence of temporal neces-
sities. And how useful religion makes
the owner's life! He cannot live to
himself. A marvelous element of
power belongs to him. His influence
must be felt. His habits and happi-
ness are contagious. Everywhere and
always his character is photographing
itself upon others. As that character
is one of patience, prayerfulness,
purity, light and love, he is every day
elevating those about him. And then,
when he passes away from this mortal
scene, his usefulness does not cease.
For, as the cedar, when dead, diffuses
perpetual fragrance, so the godly
man's memory is precious—his works
follow him."—J. H. Hitchens.

Christian Obedience.

Some people think of obedience as
if it were nothing else, and could be
nothing else, than servitude. And it
must be admitted that constrained
obedience is so. He who obeys by
compulsion, and not freely, wears a
chain upon his spirit which continually
frets and torments, while it confines
him. But this is not Christian obedi-
ence. To obey with the whole heart,
in other words, to obey as Christ
would have us, is essentially the same
as to be perfectly resigned to the
will of God; having no will but his.
And he must have strange notions of
the interior and purified life, who
supposes that the obedience which re-
volves constantly and joyfully within
the limits of the Divine will, partakes
of the nature of servitude. On the
contrary, true obedience, that which
has its seat in the affections, and which
flows out like the gushing of water,
may be said, in a very important sense,
to possess not only the nature, but
the very essence of freedom.—Selected

Random Readings.

Submission is the footprint of faith
in the pathway of sorrow.

The more the diamond is cut the
brighter it sparkles, and in what seems
hard dealing God has no end in view
but to protect his people's graces.—
Guthrie.

There is this difference in making
sure of heaven and making our calling
and election sure. We do the former
by trusting in Christ; the latter by
working for Christ.

Truth lies in character. Christ did
not simply speak truth; he was truth,
truth through and through; for truth
is a thing not of words, but of life and
being.—Robertson

Fight the good fight of faith, lay
hold on the life eternal, whereunto
thou wast called, and didst confess the
good confession in the sight of many
witnesses.

Like the tranquil lake that reflects
the images of things above—sun and
stars, and fleecy clouds—so should the
heart reflect the light and beauty of
the world celestial.

We can deny ourselves, but we cannot
cleanse ourselves. The sheep can
go astray alone, but can never return
to the fold without the assistance of
the shepherd.—

To do no good in this world and be
simply useless and worthless to man-
kind, even without positively bad
action, is to waste life and sin against
God. No one has a moral right thus
to spend his life.

If a crooked stick is before you, you
need not explain how crooked; lay a
straight one down beside it, and the
work is done. Preach the truth, and
the error will stand abashed in its
presence.—Spurgeon.

Divine grace, even in the heart of
weak and sinful men, is invincible.
Drown it in the waters of adversity,
it rises more beautiful, as not being
drowned indeed, but only washed;
throw it into the furnace of fiery trial,
it comes out purer and loses nothing
but the dross.—Archbishop Leighton.

No man is so good but that he can
wisely turn over a new leaf, and resolve
to live a better life than hitherto. Vow,
and then pay the vow to the Lord, for
this is right. Who is faithful in all
things? Forgetting the past, it is for
each to press forward to better things
every day.

Enjoy the little things of every-day.
The great favors of fortune come to
but few, and those that have them tell
us that the quiet, homely joys, which
are within the reach of all, are infinite-
ly best. Then let us not cast them
away, but treasure every sunbeam, and
get all the light and warmth from it
that the blessing holds.

NOTICE OF SALE

To John H. Fleming and Clara Fleming his
wife, and all others whom it may in
any wise concern:
NOTICE is hereby given that under and
by virtue of a Power of Sale contained
in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bear-
ing date the seventh day of April in the year
of our Lord one thousand eight hundred
and eighty-four, Restated in Book No. of
the York County Records, pages 656, 657,
658 and 659, and made between the said
John H. Fleming therein described as of
the Parish of Brighton in the County of York
and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer,
and Clara his wife of the first part; and
Oscar M. Hart, of the County of York, in the
State of New York, in the United States
of America, Foreman in a Shoe Factory,
of the second part there will for the pur-
pose of satisfying the moneys secured
thereby, default having been made in the
payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction
at the Court House in the City of Freder-
icton, at twelve o'clock in the noon on
Saturday, the First day of June next, the
Lands and Premises mentioned and de-
scribed in said Indenture as follows: "That
certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate,
lying and being in the Parish of Brighton,
County of York and Province aforesaid, and
bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning in
the northerly angle of Lot number Four
on the South side of the Howland Ridge
Settlement Road (hereinafter decided to
be the Magnet of A. D., 1863, South 40 deg.
East eighty chains of four poles each to
the general rear line of the Settlement
Road, thence along said rear line North 50
deg. East twelve chains and fifty links to
Lot number six (located to Thomas W.
Boyd) thence along the side line of said
Lot number six North 40 deg. West,
eighty chains to the Settlement Road
'above-named, and thence along the same
outh 50 deg. West twelve chains and
fifty links to the place of beginning, be-
ing known as Lot number five, North
Range, South-east Howland Ridge Set-
tlement, and containing one hundred
acres and conveyed to the said John H.
Fleming, by the New Brunswick and Nova
Scotia Land Company, limited, by deed
bearing date the seventh day of Septem-
ber, A. D., 1882, together with the buildings
and improvements thereon and appurten-
ances to same belonging."
Dated this thirty-first day of January,
A. D., 1889.

ODEER M. HARTT, Mortgagee.

J. A. & W. VANWALT, Sols. for Mortgagee.

New Brunswick Railway Co.

ALL RAIL LINE

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Jan. 7th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

(Eastern Standard Time).

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and in-
termediate points.8 45 A. M.—Express for Fredericton Junc-
tion, Vaneboro, Bangor, Portland,
Boston, and points West; St. Ste-
phen, St. Andrews, Headton, Wood-
stock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Ed-
mundston, and points North.12 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St.
John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction,
St. John, and points East.3 10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction,
Vaneboro, Bangor, Portland, Bos-
ton, and points West; St. Andrews,
St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock
and points North.6 30 P. M.—Express from St. John and
intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6 50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and
points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4 45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and
points north.H. D. McLEOD, F. W. GRAM,
Supt. Southern Division.Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,
St. John, N. B., March 29th, 1888.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1888. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November
26th, 1888, the TRAINS of this Railway
will run daily (Sunday excepted),
as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.30

Accommodation..... 11.20

Express for Sussex..... 16.35

Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping car runs daily on the 18.10
train to Hall.On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,
a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be at-
tached to the Quebec express, and on
Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleep-
ing Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 7.00

Express from Sussex..... 8.35

Accommodation..... 13.30

Day Express..... 19.20

All trains are run by Eastern Stand-
ard Time.D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent,
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.

HAY for SALE.

A Lot of PRESSED HAY

—AT—

ELY PERKINS'S.

Fredericton, Aug. 22.

PER S. S. "POLYNESIAN."

2 TON Close Link Cable Chain;

6 Blacksmiths Anvils;

30 dozen Whip Thongs;

75 dozen Connecting Links—new &
patent links.

1 Box Water and Ayre Slips.

Just received and for sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Long-

Blood Disease
the perseve
SarsaparillaThis medicine
causes a radica
The process, in
quite so rapid
persistence, th
resistance testFor two ye
were pain in
other troubles
and dyspepsia
medicines a
began to
and after a
completely cured
Lawrence st.Last May
on my arm.
effect and I wa
eight weeks. A
Ayer's Sarsapa
bottles healed
science with me

Wonde

Another marke
medicine was
sight."—Mrs.
Springs, Texas"I had a dr
er and sister
and sister
presume the m
winter, Dr. F.
Fla.) recomme
Sarsaparilla, a
For five month
not had a blem
last three mon
Chambers st.,"Last fall a
with a dull, h
did not notice
gradually grew
almost unbearable
part of this th
began taking
after faithful