

## Acknowledge Him.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."—Prov. iii, 6.  
If you should ask me how to live  
And not grow dim,  
This is the answer I would give;  
"Acknowledge Him."  
And then your light would brighter grow  
Beneath His care.  
Lift up thy voice and thou shalt know  
He answers prayer.  
O, soul, just show the world His praise,  
Acknowledge Him in all thy ways.

Perhaps to thee thy burden seems  
A heavy load;  
Perhaps no sunshine ever gleams  
Upon thy road;  
Perhaps—perhaps thou choicest, when  
Thy choice was made,  
The path that ever since has been  
Within thy shade.  
O, soul, let not thy light be dim;  
In all thy ways acknowledge Him.

Come, cast thy burden on the Lord—  
He cares for thee,  
Thy path He'll brighten thro' His word,  
Till thou canst see.  
A creature He hath made of you—  
Let Him direct,  
And thou wilt find thy pathway true  
In each respect.  
O, soul, to Him all praises be,  
For Christ the Lord hath died for thee.

When social life or business care  
Thy mind will fill,  
Just take it to the Lord in prayer  
And ask His will,  
Then, though the world may laugh and say,  
"Thy sight is dim,"  
Take courage, and from day to day  
Acknowledge Him.  
O, soul, let angels now record;  
"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."  
—Harold McGill Davis.

## Keep hold of the Promises.

A STORY OF ANSWERED PRAYER BY A  
MINISTER'S WIFE.

I remember a day during one winter  
which stands out like a boulder in my  
life. The weather was unusually cold.  
Our salary had not been regularly paid,  
and it did not meet our needs when it  
was. My husband was away travelling  
from one district to another most of  
the time.

Our boys were well, but my little  
Ruth was ailing; and at best none of  
us were decently clothed. I patched  
and repatched, with spirits sinking to  
their lowest ebb. The water gave out  
in the well, and the wind blew through  
the cracks of the floor. The people in  
the parish were kind and generous but  
the settlement was new and each  
family was struggling for itself. Little  
by little, at the time when I needed it  
most, my faith began to waver.

Early in life I was taught to take God  
at His word, and I thought my lesson  
was well learned. I had lived upon  
the promises in dark times, until I  
knew as David did, who was "my  
fortress and my deliverer." Now a  
daily prayer for forgiveness was all that  
I could offer. My husband's over-  
coat was hardly thick enough for  
October, and he was obliged to ride  
miles to attend some meetings or  
funerals. Many a time our breakfast  
was Indian cake and a cup of tea  
without any sugar. Christmas was  
coming; the children always expected  
their presents. I remember the ice  
was thick and smooth and the boys  
were each wanting a pair of skates.

Ruth in some unaccountable way had  
taken a fancy that the dolls that I  
made were no long suitable; she  
wanted a large nice one, and insisted  
on paying for it. I knew it was im-  
possible; but oh, how I wanted to give  
each child its present. It seemed as if  
God had deserted us. But I did not  
tell my husband all this. He worked  
so earnestly and heartily. I supposed  
him to be as hopeful as ever. I kept  
the sitting room cheery with an open  
fire, and tried to serve our scanty  
meals as invitingly as I could. The  
morning before Christmas James was  
called to see a sick man. I put up a  
piece of bread for his lunch—it was the  
best I could do—wrapped a plaid shawl  
around his neck and then tried to  
whisper a promise as I often had, but  
the words died away on my lips. I  
let him go without it. This was a  
dark, hopeless day. I coaxed the  
children to bed early, for I could not  
bear their talk. When Ruth went I  
listened to her prayer; she asked for  
the last time more explicitly for her  
doll, and for skates for her brothers.  
Her bright face looked so lovely when  
she whispered to me; "you know I  
think they'll be here early to-morrow  
morning early, mamma" that I thought  
I could move heaven and earth to save  
her from the disappointment. I sat  
down alone, and gave way to the  
bitterest tears. Before long James  
returned, chilled and exhausted. He  
drew off his boots, the thin stockings  
slipped off with them and his feet were  
red with cold. Then as I glanced up  
and noticed the hard lines in his face  
and the look of despair, it flashed across  
me James had let go too; I brought  
him a cup of tea, feeling sick and dizzy  
at that thought. He took my hands

and we sat for an hour without a word,  
I wanted to die and meet God and tell  
Him His promises were not true.  
My soul was so full of rebellious de-  
spair. There came a sound of bells,  
a quick stop and a hard knock at the  
door. James sprang up to open it.  
There stood Deacon Pike, a box came  
for you by express just before dark,  
I brought it round just as soon as I  
could get away. I reckoned it might  
be for Christmas. At any rate, I  
thought they shall have it to night.  
Here is a turkey my wife asked me to  
fetch along, and these other things, I  
believe belong to you. There was a  
basket of potatoes and a bag of flour.  
Talking all the time, he hurried in  
the box, and then with a hearty "good  
night" rode away. Still without speak-  
ing James found a chisel and opened  
the box. I drew out at first a thick  
red blanket, and we saw that beneath  
was full of clothing. It seemed at that  
moment as if Christ fastened upon me  
a look of reproach. James sat down  
and covered his face with his hands,  
"I can't take them," he exclaimed,  
"I haven't been true, just when God  
was trying me to see if I could hold  
out. Do you think I could not see  
how you were suffering? And I had  
no word of love to offer. I know now  
how to preach the awfulness of turning  
away from God." "James" I said  
clinging to him, "don't take it to  
heart like this" I've been to blame, I  
ought to have helped you. "We will  
ask Him together to forgive us. "Wait  
a moment dear, I cannot talk now."  
Then he went into another room. I  
knelt down and my heart broke; in an  
instant all the darkness all the stub-  
bornness rolled away. Jesus came and  
stood before me but now with the lov-  
ing word "daughter." Sweet prom-  
ises of tenderness and joy flooded my  
soul.

I was so lost in praise and gratitude  
that I forgot every thing else, I don't  
know how long it was before James  
came back, but I know that he had  
found peace. "Now dear, wife," said  
he "let us thank God together," then  
he poured out words of praise, Bible  
words, for nothing else could so well  
express our thanksgiving. It was  
eleven o'clock, the fire was low and  
there was the great box and nothing  
touched but the warm blanket we  
needed so much. We put some fresh  
logs on the fire, lighted two candles  
and began to examine our treasures.  
We drew out an overcoat, I made  
James try it on, it was just the right  
size, and I danced round him, a while  
for all my light heartiness had returned.  
Then there was a cloak, which he  
insisted on my putting on. My spirits  
always effected his and we both laughed  
like children. There was a neat suit  
of clothes, also, and three pairs of  
woollen hose, a dress for me and many  
yards of flannel, and a pair of Arctic-  
over shoes for each of us. In my  
overshoes was a slip of paper—I have  
it now, and I mean to hand it down to  
my children. It was Jacob's blessing to  
Asher; "Thy shoes shall be iron  
and brass and as thy days, so shall thy  
strength be." In the gloves evidently  
for James the same dear hand had  
written "I the Lord thy God will hold  
thy right hand, saying unto thee,  
"Fear not I will help thee." It was a  
wonderful box and packed with  
thoughtful care. Then was a suit for  
each of the boys, and a little red gown  
for Ruth, there was mittens, scarfs,  
and hoods. Down in the centre was  
another box, we opened it and there  
was a great wax doll. My foolish tears  
again flowed forth, and James wept  
with me for joy. It was too much,  
"there" we both exclaimed again, for  
close behind the doll came two pairs of  
skates. Then books for ourselves,  
stories for the children, aprons and  
underclothing, knots of ribbon, a gay  
little tidy, a lovely photograph, needles  
buttons and thread, and last but not  
least we took out a muff with an  
envelope containing a ten dollar gold  
piece. We examined every thing we  
took up. It was past midnight and  
we were faint and exhausted in spite  
of so much happiness. I made a cup  
of tea, drew the table up before the  
fire, and as we refreshed our bodies  
with food, we talked over all our past  
life, of the goodness of God and how  
sure His promises had always proved,  
and thereby our spirits were renewed  
and a less imperfect faith became  
ours.

I need not tell of the delight of the  
children in the morning. The boys  
raised a shout at the sight of the  
skates. Ruth caught up her doll and  
hugged it tightly without a word, but  
she went into her room and knelt by  
her bed. When she came back she  
whispered to me. "I knew it would  
be here mamma, I want to thank God  
for it you know."

"Look here wife," said my husband  
"see the difference." We went to the  
window, and there were the boys out  
already skating with all their might.  
My husband and I both tried to ex-

press our thanks to the church in the  
East from whom our box had come,  
we have endeavored to give God  
thanks every day since. Hard times  
came again and again, but we have  
trusted in Him, dreading nothing so  
much as a doubt of His protecting care.  
Over and over again we have proved  
that "they who seek the Lord shall  
not want any good things."  
W. H. M.

"Blessed are the Peace-  
makers."

A good man, eminent and beloved  
as a teacher of the young, says that  
many years ago he adopted the follow-  
ing for one of the rules of his life as a  
teacher: "I will be blind when I  
might see, deaf when I might hear,  
and dumb when I might speak. I will  
put out all the fires I can, and never  
kindle any." Associated almost con-  
stantly with young people, earnestly  
desiring not only to instruct them,  
but also to help them to become noble  
unselfish, peace-loving and peace-mak-  
ing men and women, experience had  
taught him that it was one of the best rules  
for him to follow.

Would not his rule be a good one for  
anybody, old or young, to adopt who  
aims to be a peacemaker? Is there  
anything un-Christlike in it? "I will  
be blind when I might see. That does  
not mean that our eyes should be closed  
to anything we ought to see, not even  
to evil when we ought to see it. Deaf  
when I might hear. That does not mean  
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of which a Christian should be prompt  
to manifest disapproval. Dumb when  
I might speak. Nor does that mean  
that our tongues should be tied when  
our eyes have seen or our ears have  
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any. That would show Christ's spirit.  
To do that would make one a peace-  
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misunderstanding, or an estrangement,  
that fire may often be quenched by  
the peacemaker, and thus Christ's work  
be done. But it is easy to fan the fire  
to a fiercer flame, and thus the devil's  
work be done. The teacher's rule is a  
text on which any of us can think out  
a long and a good sermon.

Once in my boyhood I was playing  
around the workshop of a builder who  
was largely interested in a water-power  
mill on the river near us. The machin-  
ery of the mill was out of order and  
needed repairs. This builder had  
secured two men, mill-wrights, from  
another town to do the repairing. They  
were at their employment in his work-  
shop within my sight and hearing, and  
from some cause had got into a loud  
and bitter controversy. They were  
very angry with each other. Their  
employer was a neighbor and friend  
of ours, a Christian man. He was  
soon drawn to the spot by their loud  
voices. It was near the close of day,  
and the sun shone in at the windows of  
the west. He drew near to the ex-  
cited and angry disputants, and in a  
kindly, calm and gentle voice, but so  
distinct that I heard every word, said,  
"My friends, let not the sun go down  
upon your wrath." The altercation  
ceased in a moment. There was a  
brief silence, and then one of the men  
replied, in a subdued voice, The sun  
shall not go down upon my wrath.

The man who might have fanned the  
flame had put the fire out. It was  
more than fifty years ago, but it made  
an ineffaceable impression upon my  
young heart.

Our old neighbor and friend long  
since went to that other world, where  
peacemakers are welcomed, and where  
like the pure in heart, they see God.  
I do not know how often he practised  
the grace, but he did it then so natu-  
rally and so well that it could hardly  
have been unfamiliar work, and he  
has, no doubt, long since learned the  
full meaning of the beatitude, "Blessed  
are the peacemakers, for they shall be  
called the children of God."—The  
Congregationalist.

The House of God.

Notwithstanding the numerous at-  
tractions of our time, so unfriendly to  
sanctuary service, what multitudes of  
hungry hearts are being satisfied with  
the "fatness of His house!" Never,  
we are confident, has the privilege of  
sitting where "strength and beauty are  
in His sanctuary" been more widely  
appreciated than at the present. Never  
have greater numbers in the aggregate  
sought His courts, or have exclaimed  
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had rather be a door-keeper in the  
house of my God, than to dwell in the  
tents of wickedness. Many souls in  
Christian and heathen lands not only  
find delight in God's earthly temple;  
they also anticipate with joy an  
entrance into the heavenly city.  
In the marvelous description

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late the liver.

given by the revelator of that abode,  
the temple of earth vanishes away, and  
God becomes evermore all and in all;  
I saw no temple therein; for the Lord  
God Almighty and the Lamb are the  
temple of it. We claim that the world  
is coming to see the value of religious  
truth as never before. A bright, hope-  
ful view of Christ's kingdom is fully  
justified by the facts. Depression  
should never rest upon our spirits.  
The hour calls for men and women of  
buoyant faith, for those who rejoice  
even in the midst of obstacles, thank-  
ful that all over the earth multitudes  
assembled for worship, and have  
the truth of God sealed upon their  
hearts for edification as they sit to-  
gether in earthly temples.

O, let us never lose confidence in  
the Gospel, God's merciful provision  
for needy souls. It matters not that  
we are unable to explain the secret  
philosophy of redemption. It is enough  
to know that Jesus was "wounded for  
our transgressions," and that "by His  
stripes we are healed." The world is  
waiting to hear this glad announce-  
ment. Only let it be delivered by  
us in sincerity, tenderness, and full-  
ness of consecration.

## Prayer the Secret of Power.

Dr. James A. Duncan had, on an  
important occasion, delivered a sermon  
of wonderful intellectual and spiritual  
power. He was asked, "What is the  
secret of such a sermon as that? He  
replied, The secret of that sermon is  
thirteen hours consecutive prayer."  
Charles H. Spurgeon, when asked for  
the explanation of his success, said,  
"Knee work! knee work! C. G.  
Finney, after spending a whole day in  
the woods, fasting and praying, preached  
at night to a phenomenally irregu-  
lar congregation. The sermon was  
accompanied by such divine power that  
the whole congregation, except one  
man, an elder in the church, fell pro-  
strate upon the floor and voiced their  
agony under conviction in such loud  
outcries that the preacher was forced  
to stop. William Bramwell, a most  
eminent divine, is said to have spent  
six hours a day in secret prayer. Such  
devotion was the secret of his power.  
Genuine revivals are born of God  
and promoted in answer to prayer.  
They usually break out in the prayer-  
meeting as a result of renewed con-  
secration and importunate prayer by  
the church. Its kindlings are felt in  
the hearts of the faithful, and break  
out in a flame that reaches the whole  
community. If a revival is wanted,  
let the church go to praying for it.

Too much prayer cannot be mingled  
with revival work. It arouses the  
energies and quickens the faith of the  
Church, and overcomes opposition,  
brings conviction on the unsaved, and  
is accompanied with the power that  
draws men to Christ. Pray for a re-  
vival.—Exchange.

CONVERSION is the executing of the  
right-about-face command of the Cap-  
tain of our salvation. Every soldier  
knows what that command calls out,  
"Right-about-face," every soldier  
wheels on his heel to the right and  
faces in the opposite direction. In  
obedience to his captain's command,  
he immediately faces the other way.  
The sinner is facing toward death,  
judgment, and everlasting punishment.  
Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, is  
exclaiming, "Right-about face. The  
penitent sinner hears the command,  
recognizes its authority, and executes  
the movement. He faces the other  
way—faces toward Christ, and forgive-  
ness, and heaven. He is a convert-  
ed man—a new man. He rejoices in  
the possession of a sweet peace which  
comes into his soul as the result of  
rendering a prompt, cheerful obedience  
to the voice of his heaven-commissioned  
Commander.

A pastor in one of our city churches  
invited such persons in his congrega-  
tion who felt in need of conversion to  
come forward among the seekers.  
Among those who rose to do so was a  
married lady, whose husband declined  
to permit her to leave the pew which  
they occupied. Observing the effort,  
the pastor quickly said (without calling  
attention either to the lady or her hus-  
band): If it should be impossible or  
inconvenient for seekers to come for-  
ward, let them kneel in the seat where  
they are. The woman did so, and was  
consciously blessed as she began her  
prayer. Before the service closed her  
husband was among the seekers.

REAL ENJOYMENTS.—When Profes-  
sor Tyndall quitted school in 1839, he  
joined the Ordnance Survey as a  
draughtsman. His pay was a little  
under twenty shillings a week, and he  
remarks that he has often wondered  
at the amount of genuine happiness  
which a young fellow of regular habits,  
not caring for either pipe or mug; can  
extract from pay like this. It is the  
pipe and the mug—or what are their

Use K. D. C. for indiscretions  
of diet.

equivalents—which run away with the  
means of real enjoyment. Many ex-  
cellent pleasures, many of the real en-  
joyments of life, are cheap—everything  
depends upon what our idea of enjoy-  
ment is.—Quiter.

Ignorance of God and of Jesus the  
Saviour is not bliss. The heart cries  
aloud for truth which only the gospel  
can supply. The happiest nations are  
the Christian nations, and Christian  
people are the happiest people in the  
world.

Let us trust in his providence; let  
us believe that the events of life, its  
trials and disasters, its varied experi-  
ences, come, not blindly nor by ac-  
cident, but are sent to give the right  
temper to our moral and spiritual  
nature, to fit us for the work we have  
to do in time and eternity.—J. F.  
Clarke.

## Hood's and Only Hood's.

Are you weak and weary, overwork-  
ed and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is  
just the medicine you need to purify  
and quicken your blood and to give  
your appetite and strength. If you  
decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do  
not be induced to buy any other. Any  
effort to substitute another remedy is  
proof of the merit of Hood's.

Hood's PILLS are the best after-din-  
ner Pills, assist digestion, cure head-  
ache. Try a box.

Good men are the stars—the planets  
—of the age wherein they live, and  
illustrate the times. God did never  
let them be wanting in the world; as  
Abel, of an example of innocence;  
Enoch, of purity; Noah, of trust in  
God's mercies; Abraham, of faith; and  
so of the rest.—Ben Jonson.

In a sermon an eminent preacher  
said, recently: "One quick decisive  
action is worth more than a hundred  
resolutions. Decision of character is  
a quality of manhood that all may well  
covet.

Christianity wants nothing so much  
in the world as sunny people, and the  
old are hungrier for love than for  
bread, and the Oil of Joy is very cheap  
and if you can help the poor on with a  
Garment of Praise it will be better for  
them than blankets.—Prof. Drummond

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS  
Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

There are so many cough medicines  
in the market, that it is sometimes  
difficult to tell which to buy; but if we  
had a cough, a cold or any affliction of  
the throat or lungs, we would try  
Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.  
Those who have used it think it is far  
ahead of all other preparations recom-  
mended for such complaints. They  
like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

A HIGH VALUATION.  
"If there was only one bottle of  
Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I  
would give one hundred dollars for it,"  
writes Philip H. Brant, of Montevideo,  
Manitoba, after having used it for a  
severe wound and for frozen fingers,  
with, as he says, "astounding good  
results."

## VALUABLE TO KNOW.

Consumption may be more easily  
prevented than cured. The irritating  
and harassing cough will be greatly  
relieved by the use of Hagyard's  
Pectoral Balsam, that cures coughs,  
colds, bronchitis, and all pulmonary  
troubles.

## DREADFUL PSORIASIS

Covering Entire Body with White  
Scales. Suffering Fearful.  
Cured by Cuticura.

My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left  
cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost cov-  
ering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the  
physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight  
altogether. It spread all over my head, and my  
hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then  
broke out on my arms and  
shoulders, until my arms were  
just one sore. It covered my  
entire body, my face, head,  
and shoulders being the worst.  
The white scales fell constantly  
from my head, shoulders, and  
arms; the skin would thicken  
and be red and very itchy,  
and would crack and bleed  
if scratched. After spending  
many hundreds of dollars, I  
was pronounced incurable. I  
heard of the CUTICURA REMEDY, and after using  
two bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a  
change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was  
almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of  
CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one box of CUTICURA, and  
one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the  
dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five  
years. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered  
before using the REMEDIES. They saved my life, and  
I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is  
restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight.  
Mrs. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Iowa.

## Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier, internally (to cleanse  
the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements),  
and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA  
SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to  
cleanse the skin and scalp and restore the hair), have  
cured thousands of cases where the shedding of  
scales measured a quart daily, the skin cracked,  
bleeding, burning, and itching almost beyond  
endurance, hair lifeless or all gone, suffering terri-  
bly. What other remedies have made such cures?

## IT STOPS THE PAIN.

Back ache, kidney pains, weakness,  
rheumatism, and muscular pains re-  
lieved in one minute by the Cuti-  
cure Anti-Pain Plaster. 3c.

## Best Cure For

All disorders of the Throat and  
Lungs is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.  
It has no equal as a cough-cure.

## Bronchitis

"When I was a boy, I had a bronchial  
trouble of such a persistent and stub-  
born character, that the doctor pro-  
nounced it incurable with ordinary  
remedies, but recommended me to try  
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and  
one bottle cured me. For the last fifteen  
years, I have used this preparation with  
good effect whenever I take a bad cold,  
and I know of numbers of people who  
keep it in the house all the time, not  
considering it safe to be without it."  
J. C. Woodson, P. M., Forest Hill, W. Va.

## Cough

"For more than twenty-five years, I  
was a sufferer from lung trouble, at-  
tended with coughing so severe at times  
as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms  
frequently lasting three or four hours.  
I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pec-  
toral, and after taking four bottles, was  
thoroughly cured."—Franz Hoffman,  
Clay Centre, Kans.

## La Grippe

"Last spring I was taken down with  
la grippe. At times I was completely  
prostrated, and so difficult was my  
breathing that my breast seemed as if  
confined in an iron cage. I procured a  
bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and  
no sooner had I began taking it than  
relief followed. I could not believe that  
the effect would be so rapid and the  
cure so complete."—W. H. Williams,  
Cook City, S. Dak.

AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.  
Prompt to act, sure to cure.

## Three Things Necessary



In any preparation for the cure of disease  
viz.: Purity of Material used—Adaptation  
to relief of disease—Value for the money  
invested.

Wiley's Emulsion  
of Cod Liver Oil

Answers all these requirements:  
1st. Nothing but the purest and finest  
Norway Cod Liver Oil used.

2nd. Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites  
in a palatable and readily digested form  
has always been recognized as the best  
remedy for Coughs, Colds and disease of  
the Lungs.

3rd. Wiley's Emulsion is without any  
question the best value in the market. A full  
dose of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.  
Largest bottle for the money, equal to many  
preparations of twice the cost.

PRICE, 50 CTS.  
Six Bottles \$2.50.

## BOOT CAULKS.

Just received and in stock.  
150,000 Lumberman's Boot Caulks  
For sale low by  
JAMES S. NEIL

## THE TEMPERANCE

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Full Government Deposit.

The only old line Canadian Com-  
pany giving special advantages to  
Total Abstinents.

Policies issued on all popular  
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Agents to sell our choice and hardy  
Nursery Stock. We have many new  
special varieties