AUCTIONEERS

PETER BROWN, Auctioneer, Oakwood, Ont. Sales promptly attended to. Charges moderate.

T. R. JAMES, CAMBRAY, Ont., Licensed Auctioneer, for the County of Victoria. Farm stock and all other sales carefully attended to. Charges moderate.—29.

BARRISTERS, &c.

STEWART & O'CONNOR, Barristers Notaries, etc. Money to loan at very lowest current rates on best terms. Office corner Kent and York-sts., Lindsay. M. Stewart, L. E. O'Connor, B.A.

MOORE & JACKSON, Barristers, etc., solicitors for the County of Victoria and the Bank of Montreal Money to loan on mortgages at lowest current rates. Office William-st., Lindsay. Alex. Jackson. F. D. Moore,

PHYSICIANS

DR. R. S. RYERSON, 60 College-st, Toronto. Eye, ear, nose and throat specialist.

DR. JEFFERS. Office hours 9 to 11 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.; 7 to 8 p.m. Residence 80 Wellington-st. Telephone No. 43.

DR. McCULLOUGH of Peterboro, will visit Lindsay first and third Wednesdays in each month at the Simpson House. Hours, 2 to 4 p.m. Consuleation in Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose diseases.

DR. WHITE, graduate of Toronto University Medical Faculty, also graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, and member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office Lindsay-st. Telephone 107.

DR. A. GILLESPIE, C. A. and S. O Office and residence corner of Lindsay and Russell-sts. Licentiate of Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburg. Licentiate of Midwifery, Edinburg. Special attention given to Midwifery and diseases of women. Telephone 98.

DENTISTRY

W. H. GROSS, Dentist, Lindsay, Headquarters for good Dentistry. Member of Royal Dental College, Ont.

DR. SUTTON, dentist, Lindsay, Honor graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. All the latest improved methods adopted and prices moderate. Office over Anderson & Nugent's opposite Veitch's hotel.

DR. E. A. TOTTEN, dentist, Lindsay. Graduate of Toronto University and Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Every department of dentistry is done in a practical and scientific manner at moderate prices. Office over Morgan's Drug Store.

DR. F. A. WALTERS, dentist, Lindsay. Honor graduate of Toronto Univertity and Royal College of Dental College. All the latest and improved branches of dentistry successfully performed. Charges moderate. Office over Gregory's Drug Store, corner Kent and William-sts.

DR. NEELANDS, dentist, Lindsay. Extracts teeth without pain by gas (Vitalized Air) administered by him for 26 years with great success. We studied the gas under Dr. Cotton, of New York, the originator of gas for extracting teeth. Dr. Cotton writes Dr. Neelands that he has given the gas to 186,487 persons without an accident. Dr. Neeland uses the best local pain obtunders. Beautiful artificial teeth inserted at moderate prices. Please send a postal card before coming. Office nearly opposite the Simpson House.

Reduction In Prices

Artificial Teeth $6 to $8.50 per set.

Guaranteed best workmanship, best teeth and rubber. Plates guaranteed not to break. No charge for extraction when plates are ordered.

Dr. Day, Dentist

Office over Armstrong Bros.. • Lindsay

MONEY TO LOAN

A LARGE AMOUNT of private funds to loan, 4½ to 5 per cent. WM. STEERS, Solicitor, Dominion Bank Building, William-st., Lindsay.

G. H. HOPKINS, Barrister, Solicitor for the Ontario Bank. Money to Loan at Lowest Rates. Office No. 6 William-st., south.

FARMERS AND OTHERS wishing to borrow money on farm property will find it to their interest to write or see me before placing their loans. Business strictly confidential. H. C. HAMILL, lot 57, con. 6, Fenelon, Islay P. O.—41-tf.

THE UNDERSIGNED are prepared to loan money on farm, town and Village property, at very lowest rates of interest, private or company funds. McSWEYN & WELDON, Solicitors, etc., Ontario Bank Building, cor. Kent and William-sts., Lindsay. In Omemee every Monday.

TO BORROWERS—We are loaning money on real estate mortgages at the lowest current rates. The business is done in our own office and the principal and interest repaid to us without any expense of remitting. We also purchase mortgages and debentures. To INVESTORS—We invest money for clients on mortgages, also upon municipal debentures, investment stocks and bonds. McLAUGHLIN & PEEL, Barristers, etc., Lindsay.

ALL FOR LOVE

(Continued from Page 4)

The young gentleman, with a cool, almost sarcastic look, watched the objects as they passed, and the little boy drove on, whistling as if his life depended on it.

Then the young lady leaned over and began a conversation in a low voice with her companion, to which he replied in the same tone. The lady had thrown back her veil, disclosing a face of such rare loveliness that it seemed a down-right shame, not to say sin, to hide it behind that odious brown covering. The driver turned around to catch a better view of her face, and the young lady met the full splendor of those dazzling dark orbs. The boy instantly turned, and began whistling louder than ever.

"What a handsome boy!" said the young girl, in a low tone, yet loud enough for the "boy" in question to hear. "What splendid eyes! I thought there could be but one such pair of eyes in the world, and those—"

Her companion made a slight gesture that arrested the name she would have uttered; and, glancing at the boy, said, rather coldly:

"Yes; he is handsome, if his face was washed."

"Now, Ray," said the young lady, laughing, "that is altogether too bad. Those radiant eyes are destined to break many a heart yet!"

"That they are!" mentally exclaimed the lad.

"How fortunate for some of your admirers, Ermie, he is not a few years older," said Ray (we may as well call him at once, and have done with it). "Those dark, bright, handsome eyes wouldn't have left you the faintest trace of a heart; and then what would poor Ranty have done?"

"Pshaw, Ray," said Erminie, with a most becoming blush; "what nonsenst! Oh, look! we are almost here. There is Dismal Hollow, and there—there— I declare! that's Mr. Toosypegs himself, riding out of the pine-woods. Why, he hasn't changed the least in the world since I saw him last."

The little driver gave his cap a pull further over his face as Ray shouted to Mr. Toosypegs.

The next moment, that disconsolate wooer was by the side of the gig, shaking hands with Ray and Erminie, and asking a dozen questions in a breath.

"How did you come? When did you come? How did you meet?" breathlessly demanded the astonished and delighted Mr. Toosypegs.

"I called for Erminie at her convent. She is not going back any more; my visit will probably be a short one. I hope Miss Toosypegs and all our friends are well?"

"Yes; all well. I'm very much obliged to you. Did you pass through Judestown?"

"Of course. How else could we get here?"

"And didn't you meet Miss Pet?"

"Miss Lawless? No. Was she at Judestown?" said Erminie, eagerly; while Ray found something so attractive among the trees that he could not possibly remove his eyes from it. "Oh, I should have liked to have seen her so much!"

"Yes; she went to Judestown this morning, and has not got back. My goodness! it is the greatest wonder you didn't see her. What a pity she didn't know you've come? she would be here in a flash."

"Is she to be married, do you know, Mr. Toosypegs?" said Erminie, in a low voice; "we heard she was."

The little boy glanced from the corner of his eye, and saw a faint red on the dark cheek of the tall, handsome, Spanish-looking gentleman beside him.

Mr. Toosypegs turned pale; even his very freckles grew the color of buttermilk curds at this question.

"Get married! Good gracious! I was just saying so. Oh, I knew very well she would go and heave herself away on somebody. Who is she going to be married to, Miss Minnie?"

"I don't know; it was this little boy who told us," said Erminie, glancing toward him.

"Well, I don't know, neither; only hearn tell," said the lad, shortly.

"Perhaps it is only a report. When will you come over to the cottage, Mr. Toosypegs?"

"This evening, Miss Minnie; and I guess Aunt Prisciller will come, too. She hasn't had any new caps or collars since you went away, and has ever so many to get made."

"Very well; I will make them. Good-bye, until then," said Erminie, smiling, as they drove on.

A short time sufficed to bring them to the cottage.

The driver was invited in, but declined, and turned to go.

"If you see Miss Lawless on your way, will you tell her to hurry here?" said Erminie, as she alighted.

"Yes'm; all right!" said the boy, closing his hand over the coin Ray gave him and then, touching his cap to Erminie, dashed away.

Lucy's delight exceeded all bounds at beholding "young mars'r and misses" again, and then Ray and Erminie, with some difficulty extricating themselves from her violent caresses, went up-stairs, and entered the room of Ketura.

Many and sad were the changes years, and sorrow and a sort of chronic remorse for her past acts had wrought in her. She sat in a large easy-chair, unable to move any portion of her body but her head; her hard, dark, grim face, bony, sharp, and hollow, the protruding bones just covered by a wrinkled covering of skin; but the fierce, blazing black eyes were still unchanged.

Erminie with the exclamation, "My dearest grandmother!" went over, and throwing her snowy arms around her neck, kissed the dark, withered cheek.

The old woman glanced at her, and saw the now beautiful, feminine, but perfect image of Lord Ernest Villiers. The same large, dark, beautiful violet-blue eyes; the same fair, silken, golden hair; the same clear, transparent complexion; the same elegant, graceful movements; the very expression of the features complete. All her old hatred revived at the sight of the lovely, high-born girl. With a quick, fierce gesture, she pushed her asid, and strove to glance around for the other she expected.

Ray stepped forward, and touched his lips tenderly to her forehead.

Holding his hand, she made him stand off where she could the better see him, and then she scrutinized him from head to foot. There, before her, he stood, the living embodiment of what her own son had been at his very age, the very image of him she had so passionately loved and so sadly lost. She could scarcely persuade herself that Reginald had not risen from the grave to meet her again. There was his very gipsy skin and eyes of darkened fire; the curling locks of jet, and tall, princely form; but the expression of the mouth was different; his smile was Erminie's, exactly; and altogether there was a strong, undefined, puzzling resemblance between them that for a moment darkly clouded the brow of the gipsy as she observed it. The only being in the wide world she cared for now, was Ray. Erminie might win all other hearts, but the gipsy Ketura's was as flint to her. She had hated her from the first: she hated her still; she would hate her until the last, for the sake of the race from which she sprung.

Seeing she was not wanted, Erminie left the room to change her traveling dress; and Ray, seating himself beside his grandmother, proceeded to tell her of his studies, his progress, his hopes and ambition for the future. One name he did not mention, that of Pet Lawless; and yet it was thrilling and vibrating at his heart-strings as he listened impatiently for the quick, sharp clatter of her horse's hoofs.

But hours passed, and she came not; and Ray, angry at himself for caring or feeling so deeply disappointed, descended to join Erminie at the tea-table.

"What is Miss Lawless to me?" was the impetuous thought that sent the fiery blood careering to his brow. "She an heiress, and I a pauper— a beggar, with the tainted gipsy blood in my veins. We were friends — something more, perhaps — in the years that have passed; but neither of us understood our relative positions, then. No; proud as she is, she shall never know I have dared to lift my eyes to her father's daughter. I was a fool to come on here at all. I have heard she has driven dozens of better men crazy with her witchery; and can I rely on my own strength to shield me from her arts? Pshaw! she will not think it worth while, though, to stoop to flirt with me. I, a menial, educated by the bounty of her uncle. I am safe enough, and will think of her no more."

A very laudable resolution it was, on the young gentleman's part, but one which he found some difficulty in carrying out, inasmuch as Mr. and Mrs. Toosypegs and Admiral Havenful came in just then; and after the first greetings were over, the whole conversation turned on Pet, her tricks, frolics, flirtations, capers and caprices; and Ray found himself listening with an intense eagerness that he was half-inclined to be enraged at himself for feeling.

Then, just as night was falling, the gallop of a horse was heard coming through the forest-road; and, a few minutes later, Pet alighted at the gate, darted up the walk, burst, like the impetuous little whirlwind she was, into the cottage, clasped Erminie in her arms, and kissed her again and again, until Ray—though nothing earthly would have made him own it, even to himself—would have given untold wealth to have stood in his sister's gaiters. Three somewhat furious embraces that quite took away Erminie's breath being over, Miss Lawless found time to glance at the rest of the company and seeing Ray, as he stood, tall and dark, and silent, by the window, went over and held out her hand.

There was something more nearly approaching to timidity in the action, and in the quick glance and quicker dropping of her resplendent eyes than any one had ever seen Pet manifest before. Ray bent over the little dark hand, whose touch sent a quick, sudden thrill to his inmost heart; and thought that in all his life, he had never seen any one so beautiful as she looked then, with her veiled eyes, and drooping ringlets, and long, waving plumes that bent over her hat, touching her glowing cheeks as if enamored of the darkly splendid face beneath.

"Humph! A cold welcome, my little Mother Cary's Chicken," grunted the admiral. "Why don't you kiss him like you did Snowdrop? That's no way to welcome a friend you haven't seen for three whole blessed years."

Ray's eyes met hers and the color flushed to her very brow; then, withdrawing her hand, she tossed her saucy head till all her jet curls flashed and sparkled, and throwing herself into a seat, began talking to Erminie, as if for a wager.

"Who told you we were come?" asked Erminie.

"No one," said Pet. "It was an inspiration from on high, I expect, that told me I should find you here."

"It's a wonder you did not see us at Judestown; we remained there some time."

"Well, how do you know I didn't see you?" said Pet.

"Why, you surely—O, Pet! did you see us, and never spoke?" said Erminie reproachfully.

"Well, I was otherwise engaged, you know—in fact, there was a young gentleman, a very young gentleman, in the case—and I couldn't very well have presented myself any sooner than I did," said Pet.

"One of her lovers," thought Ray, with a curling lip.

"Guess what the little boy who drove us over, told us about you, Pet," said Erminie, laughing.

"What? Nothing naughty, I hope."

"Well, I don't know, that's as it may be. Shall I tell you what he said?"

"Of course; I like to hear what people say about me."

"Well, then, he said you were going to be married."

"Not possible! What an astounding revelation. Did you think I was going to be an old maid?"

"Then it is true? Is it any harm to ask who the happy man is, Pet?

"Well, I haven't quite decided yet. I have some four or five on trial, and I generally put them through a severe course of martyrdom every day. The one who survives it (not more than one can possibly survive it), I shall probably make miserable for life, by bestowing upon him my hand—and heart, I was going to say, only fortunately they forgot to give me one when I was made."

Erminie laughed and then the conversation became general, and two hours imperceptably slipped away. Ray having wrought himself up to the belief that Miss Lawless was a heartless flirt, worthy of no higher feeling than contempt, he, in order to resist the dark witchery of her magnetic eyes, wrapped himself up in his very coldest mantle of pride, and addressed just as little of his conversation to her as he possibly could, without being positively rude. Pet, as proud in her own way as himself, noticed this herself, and her cheek flushed, and her eyes flashed, for a moment with anger and pride. Then these signs of emotion passed away, and she grew her own, cool, reckless self again, talking away recklessly, and laughing contemptuously at all sentiment, until Ray was more than ever convinced that the world had completely spoiled her and that she was as arrant a coquette as ever made a fool of a sensible man.

As, they arose to go, Ray, feeling himself bound in courtesy, offered to escort her home, but Pet coldly and curtly declined; and vaulting into her saddle, dashed off at a break-neck pace, madly reckless even for her.

Looking back once, she caught a glimpse of a tall dark form leaning against a tree with folded arms, and watching her still. Did she, with her light, sparkling, thoughtless nature, realize the struggle going on in that young heart, between love and pride, at that moment?

Of course the arrival of Ray and Erminie precluded her "exploring expedition," as she called it, to the sea-shore. The next morning, and part of the afternoon, were spent with Erminie; but reaching home a little before sunset, she suddenly remembered it, and started off on the spur of the moment, like a female Don Quixote in search of adventures.

"It's too late to begin a regular search," thought Pet, as she ran down the bank leading to the shore, "so I'll just have a look round the place and come back some other day, and have a real good hunt for smugglers."

Fifteen minutes brought her to the beach, and there she paused to look round. The sands for a long distance out were bare; but the tide was slowly tramping inward. On the other hand, a huge wall of beetling rocks and projecting crags met her eye; but these walls of rock were so smooth and perpendicular, and so dizzily high, that the boldest sailor, used to climbing all his life, would have hesitated before attempting to clamber up. There were two paths leading to the shore—the one Pet had just descended, and another about half a mile distant. Between these the massive wall of rock chose to indulge itself in a sudden impetuous rush out, forming a huge projecting shoulder, up which a cat could hardly have climbed safely. The tide always covered this a considerable length of time before it could reach the sands on either side, so that a person caught in high tide on either side, found himself cut off from crossing over to the opposite side, unless he had a boat, or could swim.

"Now," thought Pet, "I'll have to look sharp and not let the tide catch me on the other side of that bluff there or if I do, I'll have a walk of half a mile along the beach to the other road, and after that over a mile to get home, which is a promenade I am not anxious for. I might swim across, it is true, but swimming with all one's clothes on is not the pleasantest or safest thing in the world; and all the smugglers this side of Pompey's Pillar are not worth the cold I would catch. I'll just walk over and look at the rocks and then come back again."

Following up this intention, Pet walked slowly along, scanning the high, dark, frowning rocks with a curious eye. As far as she could see, there was not the slightest trace of an opening anywhere; yet the people said that some place along the shore the smugglers had a rendezvous. Pet's keen eyes detected every fissure large enough to hold a mouse, but no trace of secret cave or hidden cavern could be seen.

"I might have known it was all nonsense," said Pet, mentally. "The notion of finding an underground cave full of robbers, and jewels, and all that sort of thing, is too much like a play, or a story in the "Arabian Nights," to be natural. However, as the night's fine, I'll just go on and look on the other side of that bluff."

By this time she had reached the high projecting boulders, and she paused for a moment to glance at the sea. It was still several yards distant, and Pet felt sure she could go down some distance, and return again before the rising tide would bar her passage.

The sun had set and there was no moon; but the starlight was bright, and the sea-breeze cool and invigorating; so Pet, in high spirits, walked on. Here and there she could catch the white sail of some boat, skimming over the waves, but the long beach was lonely and deserted.

"Well, I guess I may as well turn back now," said Pet, half aloud. "I am afraid my search after smugglers is going to be unsuccessful, after all. I haven't caught anything this evening, that's certain."

"But something has caught you, pretty one," said a voice, close behind her, so close and sudden that Pet jumped round with a startled ejaculation, and found herself face to face with her sometime tutor and discarded lover, Rozzel Garnet.

His face was flushed, his eyes were gleaming with triumph, as he laid one powerful hand on her shoulder, and held her fast.

In one instant the whole danger of her situation flashed upon Pet. She had made this man her deadliest enemy; he had probably been long waiting for an opportunity of revenge—here she was completely in his power, alone on the long, dreary, deserted beach, where her cries, if she uttered any, could reach no ear. Above her toward the high, precipitous, beetling rocks that she could not climb; on the other hand, spread out the boundless ocean, more merciful than him into whose hands she had fallen.

Like lightning, it all passed through her mind, and for one moment she quailed. But then her brave heart rose; this was no time for puerile fears, and she faced around, drew up her slight form to its full height, and met her enemy with a dauntless eye.

"Good-evening, Mr. Garnet," she said composedly, "this is an unexpected pleasure. We thought you had gone away."

"Ah! did you? Gone where, Miss Lawless?" he said with a sinster smile.

"Well—anywhere—to the county jail, as likely as not; but people don't always get their deserts in this world."

"Very true, Miss Pet; but you are, at present, in a very fair way to get yours."

"Humph! You'll allow me to differ from you there. I deserve something better than bad company, I hope; so permit me to wish you a very good-evening, Mr. Garnet."

"Not so fast, Miss Lawless; you must do your humble servant the honor of conferring your company upon him for a few days. As I have not seen you for so long a time, it would be highly impolite, not to say cruel, to hasten away so soon, now."

"Indeed! Mr. Garnet—in-deed!" said Pet, arching her brows. "Your lesson in the library did not cure you, I see. Are you aware that there is such a thing as a jail in Judestown, where refractory gentlemen who threaten peaceable citizens are sometimes taken for a change of air? Really, Mr. Garnet, I think a little wholesome correction would not hurt you in the least."

"No, Miss Lawless, I have not forgotten that scene in the library of your father's house," said Garnet tightening his grasp until Pet winced with pain. "My hand bears the mark of your sharp teeth yet; and as I am deeply your debtor for that Judas-kiss, I shall pay you in your own coin before either of us are many hours older. Did you think how near retribution was when you gave me that sharp caress, Miss Lawless?"

"'Sharp caress,' I suppose that means a bite. If you're not anxious to test their sharpness again, Mr. Gernet, you'll let go my arm. Faith! I wish I had made one of my servants horsewhip you from my gates. that day; you would not have dared to come sneaking round like a white-livered coward, that you are—now!"

"Petronilla Lawless, take care!" he hissed, with a fierce gleam of his eye.

"Take care of what? I'm not afraid of you, Rozzel Garnet," flashed Pet. "Anything in the shape of a man who would go round playing the spy on an unprotected girl, has sunk rather low to be feared by me. Take care, you! I vow! if there is such a thing as a cowhide in the country. I shall have you thrashed for this, within an inch of your cowardly life."

"And get your attached friend, the gipsy beggar, to administer it—eh, Miss Lawless?" he said, with the smile of a fiend. "What a pity he is not here, like a true knight-errant, to rescue his lady-love!"

"It's well for you he's not, or he wouldn't leave a whole bone in your miserable skin. Let me go, I tell you! Your presence is pollution," said Pet, struggling fiercely to get free.

He held her with a grasp of iron, and watched her ineffectual efforts with a grim smile.

"I told you when we would meet again, you would plead to me," he said, with an evil gleam of his snake-like eyes. "That time has come."

"Has it, indeed?" said Pet. "Well, if you have heard or are likely to hear me pleading to anybody under heaven, I must say you have a wonderful pair of ears. I have read of a gentleman called Fine-ear, who could hear the grass growing; but, upon my word, he couldn't hold a candle yo you!"

"The time will come, girl, when you will grovel and plead at my feet, only to be spurned!"

"Now, Mr. Garnet, look here," said Pet; "you're plagiarizing a story out of 'The Arabian Night's Entertainments.' You needn't think to palm it off on me as original, for I've read it, as well as you, and know all about the glass merchant, who fancied he would marry the vizier's daughter, and have her kneeling at his feet just as I am to do at your royal highness' you know, and then he would very ungallantly give her a kick, and in so doing, smashed his basket of glass all to pieces. You needn't think to talk me in, you see; for my education has not been neglected more than your own."

"Cease that fooling," said Garnet, angrily, "and come with me. Resistance is useless. You are completely in my power, and my as well come quietly."

"I won't then! Not a step will I budge, if I die for it!" said Pet, planting her feet fairly in the yielding sand. "I am not in the habit of walking out with gentlemen at this hour of the evening, I would have you to know."

'Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'"

And Pet, with an undaunted look, that would have made her fortune as a virtuous heroine in difficulties on the stage looked unflinchingly in his face, though her stout heart was throbbing as she each moment more and more clearly saw her danger.

"Then I shall make you, by ——!" And he swore a fearful oath, while a terrible frown settled on his face. "Since you will not walk, I will bind you hand foot and have you carried. Scream as loud as you like," he added grimly; "there is no one far or near to hear you."

Holding her still with one hand, he began fumbling in his pockets, probably in search of something to bind her hands and feet. Pet cast a quick, sweeping glance around. Along the beach not a living soul was to be seen, and even the boats were now out of sight. They were close to the boulder, around which

(Continued next week)

MILBURN'S

LAXA LIVER PILLS

Are a combination of the active principles of the most valuable Vegetable remedies for diseases and disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

CURE CONSTIPATION

Sick Headache, Jaundice, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Dizziness, Blotches and Pimples.

CURE BILIOUSNESS

Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, Liver Complaint, Sallow or Muddy Complexion.

CLEAN COATED TONGUE

Sweeten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system. Price 25c. a bottle or 5 for $1.00. All dealers or THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Furniture

In All Modern Styles

Our Stock comprises the many articles you need for the comfort and elegance of home, and our reputation is a guarantee that you will get just what we advertise—the most up-to-date Furniture made and at right prices. You'll recognize their goodness as soon as you see them—they show their quality.

Call and let us show you through our warerooms. An inspection will mean a purchase.

Anderson, Nugent & Co.

THE LEADING FURNITURE DEALERS OF LINDSAY.

For nearly half a century

Perry's Seeds

have been growing famous in every kind of soil, everywhere. Sold by all dealers. 1903 Seed Annual post-paid free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO. Windsor, Ont.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma.

And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c., enough for an ordinary cold; 50c., just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; $1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.