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Editor and Proprietor.

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—ACTON— PUMP FACTORY —AND— PLANING MILL THOS. EBBAGE, Man. I have resumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made. Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice. Deep Wells a Specialt. PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME **Our Planing Mill** Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention. Shop at foot of River Street. THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

Poetry.

LOVE'S BELIEF.

Could we feel once more the breath
Of kisses but dreamed of now,
And the touch of a hand, long cold in death,
Like velvet upon the brow,
Would it be more sweet than the Faith to meet
The love that was first our star,
Ere she passed away to that realm of day
Where the fadeless gardens are?

'Tis the autumn time again
And on such a day as this,
In the long ago, from my heart was ta'en
My darling, my love, my bliss;
With the woods in grief, and the perishing leaf
A-whirl in the blast so chill;
But the thought that she but tarries for me
Is green in my heart's trust still.

Fair was she as the Morn!
And long in this vale of tears
True mates were we, till asunder torn;
But woe that at first so seers,
And racks and rends, has, in Faith's amends,
Passed off, like the dying leaf,
To be merged in the bloom of springs to come,
In the glory of Love's belief.

Why, even the dread of those
Wild storms to entire space,
Is lost in the thought of their whirling snows
Soft-heaping her resting-place—
Light fold upon fold in the churchyard old,
With the whiteness serene and pure
Of my spirit bride, my adored, my pride
In her home of the blest secure!

Oh, no! not the ghostly breath
Of kisses but dreamed of now,
Nor the touch of a hand, long cold in death,
Like velvet upon the brow,
Could compare with the sweet, strong Faith to meet
The love that is still my star,
Though passed away to that realm of day
Where the fadeless gardens are!

—*Nathan D. Urner.*

Select Family Reading.

Aunt Ann

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

It was the beautiful voice of Alice Stanley that first attracted Mr. Archibald Verne as he sat in his pew on Sunday, for he could not see her from where he sat; and it charmed him so deeply that he began to take pains to discover at what concerts she sang, and to hire seats to hear her. Then he found out that she was beautiful, and it was very easy to get an introduction to her and after that easier still to fall in love with her. And then he began to call occasionally with flowers and books, and all the little offerings a gentleman is privileged to make his lady friends.

He was handsome, he was rich. Whether his connections were of good social position or not did not matter, for no one ever saw any of them. He had the graceful manner of a parlor knight, and all the accomplishments necessary; and he had romantic eyes if he had not a romantic heart.

Alice liked romantic eyes, and the manner of society. She was flattered by the attention of a man so highly thought of—the guest of the best people. So agreeable in his manners, so well bred. Finally she felt that when he should say, "Will you?" she could not say, "No." And coming to this point she was pleased to think that he was rich, for she could not doubt that there would be a welcome in his heart for poor old Aunt Ann, who was her charge and care, and had been since her parents died; and she betrothed herself to him happily when the words she had dreamed of were really spoken, and waited for him to mention the subject of Aunt Ann himself. At last he did so. It was after the day was set for their wedding.

"Where will your aunt go after we are married?" he asked. "Has she any relatives?"

"Not one besides myself," Alice answered. "We are the last of our race."

"I thought so," said Archibald. "And as I feel kindly to the old soul, I tell you what I'll do. I'll buy her into the Gold Ladies' Home at Primrose, and she'll be comfortable and out of our way. Eh, Alice?"

"I dont want Aunt Ann out of my way," said Alice. "She is my dear friend and companion. She is not so very old, Archibald—not suitable for such a life at all. In fact while I have my voice and my fingers to keep her from it no such fall shall be here. I can earn all we need."

"But you forget, my love," said Archibald, my wife can't sing in public, or teach little girls their notes. She will be Mrs. Archibald Verne. You'll have no private purse, and as I hold the purse I shall provide for your aunt as I think proper."

"The proper way is that she shall live with me," said Alice, quietly.

"But a wife must obey her husband—that you acknowledge is right," said Archibald.

"We are not yet married," said Alice, still more quietly.

"But we shall be in a few weeks," said Archibald.

"When I am married my aunt will live with me," said Alice. "Share my home as she has always done, be my friend, my companion always."

She looked away from him as she spoke, but he looked at her sourly.

"I've always said I'd never have a mother-in-law about my house, and an aunt-in-law would be worse," he said, slowly. "We shall live at a hotel, and an old-fashioned person like that would be in the way. You don't notice it, perhaps, but your aunt is very old-fashioned and quiet—quite—impossible."

"Yes, I understand the slang," replied Alice, "and other things are also quite impossible. For, instance, that I should insult Aunt Ann."

She looked him in the face again as she spoke and drew from her finger her engagement ring, in which a costly diamond gleamed like a star.

"I release you from your engagement," she said, quietly, and dropped it into the palm of his hand, outstretched at the moment, in a gesture which had followed the word impossible.

The politeness and elegance, which were only the veneers of a coarse nature, chipped off under the pressure of anger.

"So," said Mr. Archibald Verne—"so you are willing to give up the advantages of a marriage with me and go on earning your living by your music, for the sake of a common old Scotch aunt nearly in her dotage? No, do, Alice; you want me to yield to you—that is all; but I will never do it. I'll go as far as to board the old creature, plainly, in the country, but I'll not have her with us. There's a compromise. Put on your ring and make the best of it."

Alice arose, with indignation in her eyes.

"Thank Heaven, I have not learnt what you really are too late!" she said. "All is over between us."

She left the room as she spoke. Archibald Verne waited ten minutes but she did not return; fifteen, and still he was alone. He rang the bell, and the one servant, hurrying in from the kitchen of the neat little flat, came wiping her rosy hands on her apron.

"Tell Miss Alice I am waiting," he said, sternly.

The woman took the message, and returned with a little twisted note, which he tore to fragments after he had read it, and scattered in the air as he hurried down the street.

After this each went a separate way. Alice sang and taught music as before. Archibald lived the life of a gay bachelor.

How he came to speculate no one knew, but that he did it was certain—he doubled his fortune. He was spoken of as a millionaire—he bought a palace; he drove splendid horses. Suddenly there was a crash. Where the money went it was hard to say, but it was gone. A red flag flew from the door of Archibald Verne. The millionaire was gone, as the soap-bubble goes.

Where the poor man, Archibald Verne, went, nobody asked but his creditors.

Ten years pass like a dream—ten years were gone—but looking at the face of Alice Stanley one would scarcely have believed it. Fresh, fair, and sweet as a rose-bud she sat in a beautiful apartment looking out upon the sea. At the next window Aunt Ann was seated. Her plain cap of spotted muslin was exchanged for one of real lace fastened with a diamond pin. Her alpaca gown no longer hung plain and straight to the tops of her prunella shoes. Rich silk, cut by a modiste of distinction revealed neat satin slippers and silk stockings. She had a pencil in her hand, and was making little calculations.

Suddenly she paused.

"When I look back how strange it seems that I should be a rich woman, Alice," she said. "Who ever could have believed Cousin Luckie would have hoarded and saved and added to leave it all to me. Well, well, I'm truly glad. I shall leave you beyond the sordid troubles of this world when I go, and, my dear, you are rewarded for your kindness to me. You would not leave the old auntie or send her to the poor house. You rather gave up a rich husband I know you never told me about it, but I heard something and guessed more. And tell me, have you grieved for him, darling? Have you been unhappy?"

Alice shook her head.

"No," she answered; "I regret the man I fancied that I loved, but I thank Heaven that I was saved from uniting myself to one so coarse and mean. I should have married him from mercenary motives only after that last interview, and I should have been justly punished when he lost his fortune—"

At this moment a knock came upon the door. Two ladies were announced. They had inquired for "the elder Miss Stanley," and at her bidding were shown in at once.

"We are strangers, my dear Miss Stanley," said the spokeswoman, "but your philanthropy is well known, and we come to you to beg. We have a home for old and poor persons in this place. It receives forty, and there is a vacancy which we wish to secure for a very unfortunate man. He was once rich, but lost his fortune and fell into habits of dissipation. Finally his health broke down. He is only forty, but one would fancy him seventy, and his physicians say that he can never support himself. Such a gentlemanly person. So elegant in his manners. What we desire is that you should head a subscription for the purpose of buying him into the Home. But as we are strangers we should be glad if you would come with us to see him. Our carriage is at the door."

"Your names are guarantees for your sincerity, ladies," said Miss Stanley, looking at the cards in her hand; "I know the Home, too. I have visited it. A pleasant place. Tell me the poor man's name, and let me have your paper. Here, Alice, read it to me; I have not my glasses."

Alice took the paper, gazed at it, and started violently.

"Archibald Verne!" she ejaculated. "Is it possible that he has come to this?"

"You know him, then?" asked one of the charitable ladies. "He lived in New York—had a splendid residence there, at one time. A slender man, with light hair, and very regular features."

"Yes, it is the Mr. Verne we know," said Alice.

Then Aunt Ann held out her hand, took the paper and wrote something on it in pencil.

"You shall have the check to-morrow," she said.

"How kind! How good! You have subscribed the whole amount—the five hundred dollars!" ejculated the ladies, in a breath.

They were profuse in compliments and thanks; but Aunt Ann only answered them with a smile they could not understand.

"I am sure Mr. Verne would have been glad to do the same for me."

"It is strange how things come about," she often said to Alice after that. "I should not have gone into the old woman's Home, if you had agreed that Mr. Verne should put me there, while I could have earned my bread in anybody's nursery or kitchen; but how little I thought, as I sat behind the screen in our little flat, and heard him propose buying me in, that I should do the same by him in ten years' time, and be be thankful for it."

Whether Mr. Verne was thankful or not, no one can tell. He lounges in the invalid chair some one sent him, and eats the fruit forwarded by the same friend and idly reads books that come as mysteriously. Perhaps he fancies they come from Alice, but it is Aunt Ann who sends them, saying, "I should like such things, if I were in his place; and I suppose he does. If it is revenge it is an amiable phase of that emotion."

"I tell you!" exclaimed the young medical student, "our professor's a great surgeon." "How's that?" asked his chum. "Well, a fellow was brought in with a crushed leg. The professor said it must come off. So he hacked away, and, by gosh! cut off the wrong leg." "You don't call that great surgery?" "Wait a bit. The professor said it would be terrible for the poor fellow to go about with no legs at all, so he spliintered up the crushed leg, instead of cutting that off too, and now he is as good as ever. Wonderful skill, the professor's."

The rations on which a poet's brain is fed—Inspirations.

THE STRAW THAT SAVED.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A certain young man, living not a thousand miles from the city of New York, had, at the age of one-and-twenty, come into the possession of a large fortune. Immediately thereupon the fair-weather friends assembled about him, and sought to make life pleasant for him. He was fond of company; full of life; with no restraint save his own conscience; and he was easily led on into the glare and glitter of convivial enjoyment. His mother had died when he was a youth of sixteen, and his father had lived but a year longer. And he had no near relative to counsel or to guide him. Once he had loved a beautiful young girl; but his dissipated course had frightened her parents, and they had forbidden him their house until he could truly mend. This had so angered him that he had torn the image out from his heart, resolving that he would never be a slave!

And he was living a brilliant, glorious life, he knew, or, at least,—he told himself so. He drank deeper and deeper; and, anon, he came to the gaming-table. In short, every vice that a wealthy spendthrift might find fleeting pleasure in he indulged in. And the circle of friends clung to him closely. They swore by him, and declared him a trump. They drank his wine, and robbed him of his money; and if a new source of pleasure could be found, they all went in for the enjoyment, and he paid the bill!

One day, after his eye had become bleared, and his step uncertain, he met the girl he had once loved in the street. He read pity in her sweet face, and saw tears in her eyes; and he tried to steel his heart; yet he thought of her until his wild friends were again around him.

One day he went to the bank and drew out a thousand dollars. That night he sat down in his own apartments with his own wine upon the sideboard, and his own cards upon the table, and played with his dear friends! The wine flowed freely, he drank deeply; and the game went on recklessly. They played for high stakes, and played fast and late.

On the following morning the young man awoke with a bursting head and aching eyes. By and by he called to mind the events of the night. He looked into his pocketbook and into his purse. Empty, both! And he remembered that he had given his checks to various members of the party for large amounts. He found the stubs, and they told him he had drawn his checks to the amount of over two thousand!

But what of that? Before night he had drank brandy enough to steady his nerves, and make him once more happy.

Another evening came, and again his friends were assembled around his board. He had got up a grand supper for them this time, and after the various courses of food had passed in order, came the wine and the toasts. And one of the friends—one to whom a large check had been given—got up to offer a sentiment.

"Fill up! Fill up!" he cried, "while I give you the toast of the evening. Here's to our sober and thrifty host! May he be ever as sensible as he is at this moment!"

It was drank with cheers—three times three.

It was observed that from that moment the spirits of their host seemed to fail him. He became moody and abstracted. By and by some one bantered him upon it, and asked him what was the matter. He answered:

"I was thinking, did Tom tell the truth when he said I was sober and thrifty?"

And thereupon they all exclaimed: "Of course he did! He! Was ever a man soberer, or more thrifty?"

"Because," pursued the host, pathetically, "I shouldn't want a friend to lie on my account!"

"Olio! Sensible to the last! Fill up!"

But the host would drink no more. He bade the other enjoy themselves as much, and as long, as they pleased; but they must excuse him.

Without him, however, the sport lagged; and when they found that there was to be no card-playing they soon dispersed.

And after they were gone, the young man sat down alone, and thought; and the words, "Sober and thrifty!" "Sober and Thrifty!" rang in his ears, and he repeated them aloud. And then he repeated—"May he be ever as sensible as he is at this moment!" And then, with a smiting of his clenched hand upon his bosom, he exclaimed:—

"Tom did not lie! I will not let him lie!"

On the following day the youth went to the bank, and was closeted for half an hour with the cashier. On the morning of the next day a paragraph appeared in all the morning dailies, announcing,—"We are really pained to announce that A—— B——, the young man who was left the inheritor of a fortune, little more than two years ago, has lost every dollar. Misfortune has befallen him; false friends have betrayed him; so that now, his note for less than a hundred dollars, has gone to protest!"

On the next day after this the young man (we will call him Fred), went to Tom Amberly, to whom he had given hundreds and thousands, and asked him for a loan of a hundred dollars.

"Pon my honor, Fred, I wish I had it; but, really—"

The youth waited to hear no more. He tried half a dozen others, and with the same result, save that one man, who had won two thousand dollars from him at one sitting, offered to give him five dollars, but he wouldn't lend him!

Then Fred went to his rooms, and sold off his furniture, and gave them up; and from that time was lost to sight for several months.

It was along towards Christmas time that the daily papers came out, on a certain morning, with a paragraph which, to a certain set, was startling:

"We are happy to state that a sad mistake was made, a few months since, in the announcement of the entire loss of Mr. A—— B——'s fortune. He had at that time been very unfortunate, and, through some strange mistake, a note of his went to protest; but he is all right now. The cashier of the bank where his account is kept informs us that he will honor the young man's check for half a million with pleasure. All is well that ends well."

Within four-and-twenty hours of that time Fred was in receipt of a dozen gushing notes from as many different individuals offering him any help in their power to give, and begging him to remember the old friendship. Only one of them did he answer, and that was the note from Tom Amberly:

"Do you remember, Tom, that you once offered a toast in my rooms in honor of myself: and you called me your 'Sober and thrifty host.' And I resolved in my heart of hearts, from that moment, that you had not lied!"

And when the Christmas bells were ringing Fred led the dear girl of his old-time love to the altar, and took her hand in wedlock, promising that the Night had passed, and that the Morning had dawned upon a new and better life.

BOYS? OR GIRLS?

You like boys best? Well, each one to his taste. A man-child was the hope of the Hebrew woman; and what mother of to-day is not prouder of having a boy than of having a girl? It will be so, no doubt, to the end of the chapter; but, all the same, one boy is more troublesome than six girls, and gives his mother more anxiety, take it all in all, than twenty. He cries more from the first. He tumbles about more. He has more little illnesses, and he is hungrier. He has a much greater objection to learning his letters, and he does more mischief.

Look at Mrs. B's. four girls now, all in a row, like a set of steps, one flaxen head just a little below the other. What meek little things they are. How fearful of being called naughty! They spend hour after hour dressing little dolls with bits of silk, or playing fox and goose on a slate.

They work book marks and draw pictures. They learn their lessons, as in duty bound, and when they "go out with mamma" they are as particular about the conventionalities and as careful of their clothes as she is herself.

"What good children you have," say her friends; and, indeed, they are good.

But Mrs. C.'s boys! Good gracious! How often has Tommy "snooped" preserves? What day passes that Jim does not fight with Charlie? And what from glue to liquid blacking has not Billy spilled on the home carpets? They write on the doors with lead pencil; they chalk and cut and tear all that lies in their way. They scrape acquaintance with any amusing ragamuffin they meet, and put all sorts of unpleasant things into their pockets. At any hour of the day or evening they coolly walk off, and come back when they choose; and they express themselves as desiring to learn nothing, and seem to carry out their intention. A complete scouring three times a day only keeps them partially clean, and they have no regard whatever for public opinion.

After awhile, when Mrs. B's meek girls are well-behaved young ladies, she will see with approval certain well-behaved, young men pay them addresses in proper form under her own roof; and will make up the wedding garments, and invite the wedding guests, and really feel as though she had done it all. While Mrs. C., at home during the long evenings, will wonder what can keep those boys out so late, and be shocked and horrified by the news that one of her offspring is "engaged," without a word of advice from her, either to some girl she never heard of before, or to the last girl of all others she would have chosen had she been consulted.

Ah! a boy is something to be proud of, perhaps; but for solid comfort it may be you'd better choose a girl.

C-O-U-L-D.

Spelling is an art which occasionally is a "lost art," even to the natural speller. The way in which it eludes the pens and vanishes from the brains of its pursuers, deserting the inveterate letter-writer, and the child in a spelling-match at the time of greatest need, is really surprising.

We all know the sensation of uncertainty as to whether we have spelled a common word correctly, because it "looks queer" on paper; and any one who has had experience with the various letter-games which are so popular with some people, knows how quickly one begins to feel that almost any combination of letters must spell something.

One of the quickest-witted journalists of a certain city proved himself quite a wonder in the way of anagram guessing, one rainy day, among a party of people housed in a country hotel.

At last one of the lookers-on picked up five letters from the heap lying on the table and handed them to him, saying: "Of course it will not take you a minute to form a word from these."

To the amazement of those who were watching his feats of orthography, the five letters absolutely defied his efforts to arrange them in such a way that they spelled anything; at last, when he had looked at them and worked over them so long that he had grown to feel as if there was something uncanny about them, they suddenly took their proper positions in the following order—c-o-u-l-d.

Just as the lookers on were about to congratulate him, however, he swept them together in a heap again, saying as he did so: "It's a pity I'm not Scotch, for then I might have said that was the proper way to spell something, perhaps!" and he looked greatly surprised at the shout of laughter which followed his announcement.—*Youth's Companion.*

HAPPY HOMES.

Only two words, and yet how much they mean! If some wives only knew how much depended on them in regard to the home being happy, I think they would strive harder to wield a better influence.

I think a great many homes are made unhappy by women caring more for society than they do for their husbands and children. How many men spend their evenings at saloons and elsewhere, and find it far more pleasant than they do at home,—and why? because the wife cares more for society than she does for the happiness of her husband. Oh! if some wives could only know that the society of husband and children was far better than the outside world, with all its falseness and deceit, how much happier their homes would be! Wives, think over this; those who have been the cause of husbands spending their evenings elsewhere, resolve now to make your homes happy, and you will never regret it.

Home's not merely roof and room.
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind voice to cheer it:
What is home with none to meet
None to welcome, none to greet it?
Home is sweet and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us.

—*Dell Wedereell*

Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash and reflect light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye flash and mirth-flash! A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both and is more bewitching than either.

A LITTLE WORD THAT WAS LOST.

I lost a very little word
Only the other day;
A very naughty little word
I had not meant to say.
If only it were really lost,
I should not mind a bit;
I think I should deserve a prize
For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find
Again that little word
So that no more from any lips
Could it be ever heard,
I'm sure we all of us should say
That it was something fine
With such completeness to have lost
That naughty word of mine.

But then it wasn't really lost
When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up
And now he says it too.
Mamma said that the worst would be
I could not get it back,
But the worst of it now seems to me,
I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad; papa looks grieved,
Johnny has said it twice;
Of course it is no use for me
To tell him its naughtiness
When you love other things, they're
Very lost indeed.
But I, as a naughty word,
And for every time it has heard before

Now twenty times is heard.
If it were only really lost!
Oh, then I should be glad
Like it fall so carelessly
The day that I got mad
Love other things, you never seem
To come upon their track;
But lose a naughty little word,
It's always coming back.

—*Alice Wellington Rollins.*

DOWN TO BED ROCK.

The chariot of missions both at home and abroad will drag heavily until we get down to bed-rock on the subject of Christian stewardship. Weekly giving or laying by is the divine rule. "Every one according as God hath prospered him," is the divine standard. A recognition of God's ownership of ourselves and all we have, underlies the whole movement. When national conventions, and state conventions, and associations, and ministers' meetings, and theological professors, shall unite in a movement to discuss, and state, and restate, and affirm and reaffirm the doctrine of Christian stewardship, and apply it to every man and child in the church and shall practice it and advocate it fearlessly and sustain each other in the advocacy of it, in the home, in the prayer-meeting, and in the pulpit until the church is delivered from the withholding spirit of covetousness, then shall we begin to see the dawn of the latter day. The practice of "annual collections," or of occasional collections, answered passably well for the missionary exigencies of thirty years ago, but they will not answer for the missionary demands of to-day. At present, strained finances are characteristic of all our benevolences; such appeals, such efforts, such groaning by secretaries and agents, such entreaty, such beseeching, such frightings without and fears within, of boards and committees as the ends of the years come round and the deficiencies are feared! There is no occasion for it whatever. It can all be prevented and a tremendous uplift be given to foreign missions, and home missions, and state missions, and city missions, and universities, and colleges, and seminaries, and academies, and church extension and what not. Instead of so much talk and so many speeches and addresses and orations and anecdotes, why not devote some of the best time of a convention to practical conference on this subject?—*Dr. W. Adamore.*

TAKING CARE OF THE PENNIES.

It is really surprising to know how many people there are who live "from hand to mouth," who never save any money and have nothing laid by for emergencies. Many families, too, with a good income, spend as they earn it, and are always out of money.

Every boy and girl should learn to save a little, always to have a balance in their favor. The habit learned in childhood would prove invaluable in after life and prevent many a crime as well as much misery.

To be thrifty is such a good thing and brings more happiness than some people guess.

A prominent man of one of our large cities once said: "I had rather have my boys misers than spendthrifts." Of course either extreme is bad, but it is not necessary to chose between the two evils; wise economy is what is desirable.

Every young person should have a little account book, where everything should be set down and balanced once a month. Many a penny would be saved in this way; simply by seeing it set down in black and white, reminds you that money is being received and spent.

Parents cannot begin to teach the habit too soon, of carefully managing the income, no matter how small it may be.

The best remedy for a man who is "spell bound"—A dictionary.

Some children are like stair carpets; they can't be kept in order without the rod.

Strange but true.—The tired man who lies a-bed in the morning is not attired man.

What function does a muzzle over a dog's mouth perform? It acts as a suspender to his pants.

Young men, in commencing life, imitate the little fish. They always begin on a small scale.

The marriage tie should be a simple bean knot. It never works well when it is a double bean knot.

"I never have any trouble," said a reedy vocalist, "to get on the high notes. It's the loan notes that trouble me."

Sixty thousand people are said to be out of work in the city of Berlin. Ninety thousand are out of work in the east end of London alone.

Mr. Henry James has dramatized his own novel, "The American," his first effort in that direction. The play is in four acts. It was performed in Southport on Jan. 3rd.

Last year:
Her eyes were rheumy, and weak and red,
Her breath—you could smell it afar,
She had ringing and dizziness oft in her head
And the cause of it all was catarrh.
This year:
Her breath is as sweet as the new meadow hay;
Her eyes as bright as a star.
And the cause of the change, she is ready to say,
Was the Dr. Sage Cure for Catarrh.
Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will positively cure catarrh in the head, no matter how bad or of how long standing. Fifty cents by all druggists.