

The Poet Shelley Says:

It is our will
That thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise: we might be all
We dream of, happy, high, majestic.
Where is the beauty, love, and truth we seek
But in our minds? and if we were not weak,
Should we be less in deed than in desire?

The permitted ills of modern life are multitudinous and alarming. Men and women, the old and young, of every grade and class, permit themselves to be enchained by ills which make life a drag and a burden.

The most common of these ills are sleeplessness, nervousness, headaches, dyspepsia, indigestion and rheumatism. These ills in thousands of cases have become chronic and baffle the doctors and all the ordinary remedies of our day.

There is however, a joyous hope for all sufferers; and as the poet has said, "people can be all they dream of, happy, contented, and free from pain."

To secure these blessings of a true and happy life, sufferers must look to the great agency of the day—the wonderful health-restorer—Paine's Celery Compound. Its works and results are felt in all parts of our Dominion; hope and faith have taken the place of despair and unbelief; and new life, joy and gladness lead men and women to publicly testify in favor of the grandest and noblest medicine ever given to the world.

Weak, nervous and diseased men are made strong, and given a new lease of life. Pale, sallow, nervous and overworked women are restored to health and strength, and their cheeks made to blossom as the rose.

Physicians know its value and power and do not hesitate to recommend it as a builder for the great nervous system.

In every city, town, village and hamlet of this Canada of ours, the following words should be placed at the most advantageous points:—

"PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND CURES."

(Over)