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Those wishing to consult him during this present week can find him at the above stables.

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CORNS, Callouses, Bunions, Warts, Chilblains, Ingrown Nails treated without pain. Proprietor of the Cure, Wart and Bunion Cure. My Methods are infallible.
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GENTLEMEN:
You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
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Repairing, Pressing and Alterin a Specialty.

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Tenders for Steel Bridges.
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Steel Bridges," will be received until Saturday, the 17th May, 1890, for the construction and delivery of 11 pairs of Steel Plate Girders for deck bridges of forty (40) feet clear span.
Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., and at the office of H. W. Robertson, 136 St. James st., Montreal, where forms of tender may be obtained.
All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., April 21st, 1890.

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If you want a nice Rose, Cream, Cocoanut or Fruit Pudding for Dessert you should try a package of
EXCELSIOR PUDDING,
PUT UP BY
The Dominion Food Co.
Ask your grocer for it and take no other.
A. L. RAWLINS, Jr., Agent, St. John, N.B

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CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
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CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions.
LARGE BOTTLES!
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MOST ECONOMICAL;
AS IT COSTS BUT
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Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

Rob Lindsay's Luck

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

SYNOPSIS.

Lady Laura Tresham was a charming girl; she was Blanche Charnley's special friend and confidante; the rector himself was fond of her, and even the elegant and aristocratic Col. Treherne was deeply in love with her—after his own fashion. Tresham is a visitor at Guestwick Rectory, Blanche's home. The rector announces that Robert Lindsay, the son of an old friend is coming. Curiosity is aroused, and all are anxious to see the American. He arrives sooner than expected.

Robert Lindsay turns out to be a handsome, honest, fearless fellow, and Blanche concludes that he is splendid. Lady Laura, however, can express neither approval or disapproval.

But before many days had passed Lady Laura found room for more than temporary interest or temporary annoyance. Rob Lindsay had proved himself beyond repulse. He was good natured, which virtue carried him along. He had a touch of what is natural to all American, presumption and was not past feeling and expressing a romantic interest in the beautiful Lady Laura Tresham. He even went so far as to purloin a pretty little mauve glove of hers, before her eyes, and then to seem entirely unconscious of its whereabouts. This was a significant incident in the history of the twain.

Lindsay and Col. Treherne walk together on the terrace. In drawing a cigar case from his pocket Rob drops the glove. Treherne afterwards tells Lady Laura in whose possession the glove is. Lady Laura practically tell the Colonel to mind his own business, but afterwards seeks its return from the presumptuous visitor. Lindsay pleads so diplomatically that he is permitted to replace the glove in the pocket from which he had so reluctantly produced it. Lady Laura finds herself unwillingly developing something like admiration for Rob Lindsay, although she recognizes the fact that it will not do to encourage him.

Lady Laura resolves to check the imperturbable Robert, and Col. Treherne advances so far in favor that he asks the ever momentous question, to which, as yet, Lady Laura has given no decided answer, and is apparently in a quandary. In the meantime the straightforward speeches and pleasing characteristics of Rob Lindsay have made him a great favorite. Blanche Charnley's brother, Ralph, comes home from Oxford, and in a week the two young men are inseparable companions. A hunting party is organized, and the American improves the opportunity of displaying his powers as a shot. He becomes in a small way the Nimrodian hero of the day.

Lady Laura in a fit of pique engages herself to Col. Treherne, but latterly she becomes conscience-stricken. The little plotter, Blanche, vows that she shall not marry Treherne. In desperation Lady Laura begs a private interview of Lindsay and pleads with him to desist from his "persecution." He becomes penitent, and then bold; avows his passion and asks why he should not be permitted to win the woman he loves.

She in turn becomes fearful, then angry, and leaves him, but not without a little sense of dread—not of him, but of the future—the future with Col. Treherne. Ralph and Blanche start on a tour round the world. Lady Laura goes to London. There her existence is so drear, monotonous and alarmist that she ends by writing Blanche to come to her. Blanche intuitively knows what that means and drops Rob Lindsay a note.

[CONTINUED.]

Two days after this, a carriage containing Miss Charnley and apurtenances drew up before the iron entrance to Sir Jerrymann's town establishment; and the visitor, after having been received with state and ceremony, was delivered into the hands of her friend.

Not many minutes were required to show Blanche Charnley exactly how affairs stood. Laura looked pale and harassed. The last two months had left their traces upon her so unmistakeably, that in the face of her impatience, Blanche felt constrained to pity her. But it was not until late at night, when, having retired to their room, they were safe from all chance of disturbance, that she brought her energies to bear openly upon the matter in hand. Then, Laura being settled herself, after her usual fashion, for a comfortable "talk," she dashed at the subject.

"Now, Laura," she said collectedly, "be good enough to tell me all about it."

Thus taken by surprise, Lady Laura found her color again, and then, after twisting Geoffrey Treherne's ring around her finger for one nervous moment, lost it again, and was dumb.

"My dear child," persisted Blanche, after the manner of the most elderly and experienced of matrons, "My dear child there is no earthly use in pretending now, because it is very much too late, and we are in far too critical a position; so we may as well be perfectly frank and truthful—as frank as Mr. Rob Lindsay would be himself, for instance."

But Laura, covered with convicted guiltiness, did not speak, perhaps in consequence of having most unaccountably found her color once more at the last clause of the sentence.

"So, as we are to be so frank," Blanche went on, I may as well begin by asking you a few frank questions, which you are under obligations to reply to frankly, however much they may startle you. Will you answer them, Laura?"

"Yes," answered Laura, in the lowest of obedient voices.

"Well," said her friend, "question first: Do you want to marry Geoffrey Treherne?"

"N-o!" very low indeed.

Blanche nodded.

"I thought not," she said. "Miss Laura, no weakness if you please. Question second: Do you want to marry Robert Lindsay?"

A little cowardly catch of Laura's breath, and then a decidedly dead silence.

"I will give you three chances, like the children do," said Blanche. "There you weak-minded little creature." (With delightful inconsistency, inasmuch as Lady Laura Tresham was by no means a little creature.) "Once! Do you want to marry Robert Lindsay? Twice! Do you want to marry Robert Lindsay? Three times——"

"I—don't know!" broke in her victim, "Oh, Blanche, please don't!"

"You don't know?" echoed Blanche, indignantly. "Call yourself twenty years old, and don't know your own mind yet! Yes, you do know, and I know too. You do want to marry Robert Lindsay, and you would marry him to-morrow, if you were not a miserable coward—afraid of Geoffrey Treherne, and afraid of Mr. Jerrymann, and afraid of everyone else who is kind enough to insist that you have not a will of your own. Oh, you ridiculous little simpleton! How you do try my patience!"

In this manner, openly convicted of cowardice and weakness, and all other capital crimes, the fair culprit was completely subjugated, and very naturally gave way, under the combined weight of her misfortunes.

She was miserable, she said, in the greatest depression. She did not want to marry Geoffrey Treherne; but—but how could she help herself? She wished she had never gone to Northumberland!

Altogether the scene, in its thorough girlishness, was not without its whimsical side. In the short pause that followed this declaration, Blanche looked into the fire smiling a little, notwithstanding her thoughtfulness.

"Laura," she said, at last, I have not asked question third. When Robert Lindsay comes to London—comes here—will you see him?"

Laura looked up with a faint start.

"When comes?" she faltered.

"I said when," answered Blanche. "And I meant when. I have written to him, and told him to come."

CHAPTER XI.

Certainly Blanche Charnley had her girlish hands full during the following week. Perhaps no young lady in the world had ever felt a greater consciousness of secret guilt than that beautiful arrant coward, Lady Laura Tresham, and this consciousness rendered her by no means the most animated of companions. She was harassed and dejected, and even Blanche's most spirited arguments, failed to inspire her with anything of courage. Consequently Blanche waited with some impatience for Robert Lindsay's appearance. She had not decided as yet what his appearance would bring forth, or what he would do; but, having infinite faith in his powers, she at least decided that he would settle the matter one way or the other.

"If I were in your place," she said, severely, to Laura, when she had arrived at this decision, "I would not wait for anyone to settle my love affairs for me. I would settle them myself. I would write to Geoffrey Treherne, and tell him that I wouldn't marry him. I should like to know what calamity such a course would bring forth. You are not a Circassian, I hope, or a Turk, or a Chinese woman. If you are," with excessive tartness, "I have not heard of it yet."

"I am not waiting for any one to settle my love affairs," said Laura. "It is too late now," with a little sigh.

Blanche shrugged her shoulders satirically.

"Too late!" she began. "Robert Lindsay——"

Lady Laura rose from her chair, pale-faced and subjugated, and walked to the window.

"Don't Blanche:" she exclaimed. "Don't talk to me about Robert Lindsay. It is too late, and I am miserable enough." And she had scarcely uttered the words, before she turned paler still, and started from the window, crying out, suddenly, "Oh, Blanche, there he is!"

Blanche flung down her book, and hurried to the window, and to her excitement and delight, her first glance fell upon the stalwart figure, which had so often been the subject of her good-natured admiration—the figure of Robert Lindsay in person.

Laura drew back, excited and nervous.

"I—I can't see him!" she cried. "I—I really can't! What shall I do?"

Blanche fired in an instant like some small order of domestic fire-work. If she was to defeat Geoffrey Treherne, she must defeat him now; if she was to help this indefatigable tender-hearted Rob, she must help him now; is she was to save Lady Laura from a life of half-love and slow disappointment, she must save her from it this very instant.

"You cannot see him!" she exclaimed. "Say you have not the courage to see him, and you will be right once; say you are weak-minded enough to be wicked, and you will be right again. You have been weak enough to treat Geoffrey Treherne shamefully (not that he doesn't deserve it, because he does); but you have still treated him shamefully, and now you are too weak to right him, and right yourself, and right the man who loves you, and who is worth five hundred thousand Geoffrey Trehernes. You won't see him!" with terrible calmness. "Very well, don't see him, and I will go back to Northumberland before breakfast to-morrow morning, and you can marry Geoffrey Treherne, and be wretched for life."

Lady Laura put both hands up to her face and covered it, her cheeks burning, her ears burning, the very tips of her ears burning; burning the setting so loudly that she was sure the room echoed with it.

Blanche drew from her trim belt a trim little jewel of a watch.

"I will give you two minutes to decide," she said, emphatically. "The footman will be here in three, and if by that time you have not spoken, I shall ring for your maid to pack my trunks."

The first minute had passed, and the second was half gone, when Laura lifted her face, and broke the ominous silence.

"I—I will see him," she faltered.

Blanche shut her watch with a little click, just as the servant opened the door.

"Show the gentleman into this room, Martin," she said; and, as the man withdrew, she turned to Laura. "I shall stay in the room long enough to speak a dozen words to Mr. Lindsay, and then I shall go downstairs," she said. "Laura, you have no need to be afraid that you are not ready to meet him. Your cheeks are on fire, and you look like an angel. Don't, my dear, be sensible, and think what Lady Laura Treherne would be twenty years hence."

Laura had no time to speak. Her breath was fairly taken by this master-stroke of rapidity and diplomatic movement. The fact was, that if she had had time to speak, or even to think, she would have been so full of misgiving that she would have upset the best-laid plans in the universe, and of this Blanche Charnley was very well aware. But with the shock of Blanche's sudden indignation and that stroke concerning Lady Laura Treherne's future, accumulating at once, she found herself absolutely free to let things take their own course.

She did not know how much Blanche had written to Robert Lindsay; she had not even dared to guess heretofore; but when the two met, a full recognition of the truth flashed upon her.

"I am not going to ask you any questions now," said Blanche, after the first greetings had been exchanged. "I am going to leave you to say what you have to say to Laura. Mr. Lindsay, two weeks ago the young lady told me that she was wretched and despairing, and guess why! Because, if she is not saved from it, in less than three months from now she is to marry Geoffrey Treherne. Once you told me that if you could save her from it, you would; and so, as there was no time to lose, I sent for you. Save her if you can."

Lady Laura did not look at her visitor, when Blanche's exit left them alone. She dared not even glance up, but waited in silence, her burning blushes almost stinging her delicate skin. She was thinking that this was worse than all the rest. Rob Lindsay was thinking that this was his last chance, and that there would be a hard struggle before he would let it slip away from him, and be lost.

"You see that I have come back again, Lady Laura," were his first words. "And I think there is no need of telling you why I came."

"Excuse my saying so—" she said, trying to appear cold, and quite conscious that she appeared nervous; "but I really don't know why, Mr. Lindsay."

"Then I suppose I must even tell you again," Rob replied, quietly. "The reason is an old one, Lady Laura, and one I have given more than once before. It is a simple one, too. I came back because I love you."

She was conscious of a sudden throb of the smoothly-beating heart Geoffrey Treherne's warmest words had never had the power to stir. She was conscious, too, of a quicker pulse beating, and an exultant thrill rulling her in spite of her confusion. He had not given her up after all. He loved her yet.

"Do you understand me?" he said again. "I think you do, and I will tell you something else, Lady Laura. I think if Col. Treherne were here he would understand too, for he is an honorable man, at least; and I think sometimes the worst of men are more merciful than the best of women. I told you I loved you when we were in Northumberland, and I said I would not give you up; and I have not given you up—yet."

There was a slight pause before the last word, and a slight stress upon it, when it was uttered, which made Laura Tresham's heart beat hard.

She could see there was more steadiness in his manner than there had ever been before, and she fancied there was more bitterness, for though he had not wholly flung aside his good-humored audacity, he stood before her, a man who felt that to some extent he had been wronged, and who was now throwing his last stake.

"But I have not come back to ask you to pity me," he went on. "Perhaps sentiment is not my forte; at any rate, it seems that I am always at a loss for fair speeches. I have not come to say that my heart will be broken, if, three months hence, Laura Tresham is lost to me for ever in Lady Laura Treherne. Hearts are not easily broken in the nineteenth century. I will not even say my life would be blighted, but this I will say, Lady Laura Tresham, simply and honestly, I have loved you—I do love you; and the true woman who hears such words from the lips of a gentleman, will understand, simply and honestly, all that they mean. The last time," he went on, "that we were so close together at the Priory, I said to you that if you would tell me that you loved Geoffrey Treherne, I would leave you at once. You dared not tell me so, and yet Geoffrey Treherne's ring is on your finger now, and you are almost his wife. Is that quite fair to Col. Treherne, Lady Laura! Asking pardon for the apparent irrelevance of the remark, is it exactly what Basil de Tresham (whose patrician blood is supposed to be as honorable as it is blue) would be likely to countenance?"

"I wish Basil de Tresham——" Lady Laura was beginning, disrespectfully, when she recollected herself, and stopped. In her desperation she had almost been sacrilegious.

"If you were going to say that you wished Basil de Tresham had never been born," said Rob, sagaciously, "I am compelled to say that my wishes coincide with yours most heartily. You have cause to think that, perhaps, it would have been as well. Ah, Laura! but for Basil de Tresham my love would not have been audacity, and Geoffrey Treherne's success his birthright."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Word has been received of the safe arrival at St. John's, Newfoundland, of the overdue schooner Ferland, after a long, tempestuous voyage from New York. The Ferland passed through 200 miles of packed ice.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

Rev. Dr. Mockridge has resigned the rectory of Christ church, Windsor, and accepted to call to be the senior curate of the church of the Holy Trinity; Toronto.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis is immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure

Four or five of the Charlottetown city councillors are keepers of saloons and two of them have been jailed for the illegal sale of liquor.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

In ten years the population of Moncton, has increased 100 per cent.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

The Sultan's Curiosities.

One cannot be surprised to hear that the sultan thinks of turning his innumerable curiosities into money. Those who have been allowed to visit the Dar-es-Saadet at Yildiz—a rare privilege nowadays—are wondering ever since, [illegible] motive or superstition [illegible] majesty so long. Nor [illegible] rising that a London [illegible] should hesitate to [illegible] luing these miscellaneous [illegible] experts of the [illegible] consummate [illegible] nce would find [illegible] than they [illegible] deal with there [illegible] thing is certain [illegible] at nobody can form an idea how much this astonishing collection is worth. We may suppose from the choice of a jeweler no advice [illegible] im, that the sultan puts most value on his gems. Certainly they are so many and so huge that all the crown treasures of Europe could not equal the display—if only they be genuine. But there is grave doubt on that question, to begin with.

Since the gates have been closed to all but a few favored visitors, there has been no effective supervision of the guardians, who it must be supposed, are not paid more punctually than other officials. It was [illegible] their complaint of purloining strangers that the old facilities were without [illegible] and some think they had [illegible] ve quite different from honest ind[illegible] in that protest. When those m[illegible] are overhauled, however, thou[illegible] objects more precious than g[illegible] will be unearthed. As an [illegible] hief succeeded in stealing th[illegible] ts from St. Irene just befo[illegible] closed, and sold them [illegible] eman resident at Pera [illegible]

This gentleman [illegible] more than a [illegible] d in Standard.

[illegible] former Khedive.

[illegible] passage from comic [illegible] nd that in the beginning [illegible] a was practically sur[illegible] y all the government [illegible] at those of their staffs [illegible] h might be employed in [illegible] 'Cell Creve,' the 'Belle [illegible] rice de Mardi-Gras' and [illegible] vres of Offenbach into [illegible] e of the harem ladies. [illegible] ive gave a grand ball to [illegible] ession. One of the items [illegible] n this occasion was the [illegible] mporary bridge over the [illegible] f £8,000.

[illegible] November came the crowning splendors of the opening of the canal. The empress of France, the emperor of Austria and the crown prince of Prussia were the most notable of the guests; but there was a multitude—amounting, it is said, to thousands—of less distinguished persons, who were entertained in a most extravagant style, £4 per head being paid for the hotel bills of each guest at the canal and £2 12s. at Cairo. The whole expenditure of the fetes came to considerably more than £1,000,000. Even literature got some pickings out of this gorgeous outlay, the author of an official history of the ceremony being paid £1,000 for "copy."

Doubtless Ismail fancied that by this costly outlay he was building up an absolute independent throne. If so, it must have been a grievous disappointment when he had to sell to the porte his new ironclads, especially precious symbols of independent power. Year after year things went on, the financial situation growing steadily worse and worse. The great Disraeli coup of purchasing the khedive's canal shares set him on legs for a time, but the end was approaching.—London Spectator.

Origin of Names of Fabrics.

Everything connected with one's business is of importance. Very few dry goods men know the origin of the names of many of the goods they handle. They may seem trivial points, but they are of interest to the [illegible] with the merchandise in oughly familiar with the merchandise in which he deals. For the information of such we give the derivation of the names of the following goods: Damask is from the city of Damascus; satins from Zaytown, in China; calico from Calicut, a town in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth and where calico was also printed. Muslin is named from Mosul, in Asia. Alpaca from an animal in Peru, of the llama species, from whose wool the fabric is woven.

Buckram takes its name from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffeta and tabby from a street in Bagdad. Cambric from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize for Bajac; dimity from Damietta, and jeans from Jean. Drugget is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thomas Blanket, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woolens into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woolen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as it is sometimes stated, but from the Greek diaspron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian vellute, woolly (Latin vellus—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit sala, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from the Indian word to bind or tie, because it is tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz from the Indian chott. Delaine is the French "of wool."—Trade Journal.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

John B. Moore, formerly of this city, has been elected an alderman of Aberdeen, South Dakota.

DYSPEPSIA.
ITS CAUSES AND ITS PREVENTION.
"In this rapid age, this age of hurry and worry, this age of money making and spending, this age of fast and careless living we find a great amount of dyspepsia. People become dyspeptic from nervous excitement and nervous tension. They do not take time to eat their meals, but do that as they do their business—in a great hurry." In this way commences an article in the *Cincinnati Lancet and Clinic*, a prominent western medical journal.
It is a lamentable truth that dyspepsia is becoming one of the most common diseases in the country. Variable appetite, nausea, "gnawing at the pit of the stomach," gulping up wind, heartburn, loss of flesh, sallow skin, dizziness, furred tongue, foul breath, palpitation of the heart at the least excitement, and sleeplessness—when all or any of these exist, life has become a burden owing to the presence of dyspepsia. Pains in different regions lead the sufferer to imagine that he is a victim to Bright's disease, cancer of the stomach, or fatal heart disease. Physicians are consulted but the patient is not cured, and there is not a frightful agony of dyspepsia but terrible mental tortures of despondent fears.
A case of dyspepsia was that of Byron Foster of West Campton, N. H. For a time he was very weak, very thin, a great sufferer. He could not eat anything, and what he did eat gave him terribly, but he used Parmelee's Vegetable Compound, and in a short time good appetite, regained his strength, increased in weight, and food did not distress him. He recommends this medicine to all who suffer with dyspepsia or any nervous disease. This remedy is a purely vegetable preparation, the discovery of the late eminent Professor Phelps of Dartmouth College. It cannot harm the most delicate, and in hundreds of instances has perfectly cured dyspepsia after other methods of treatment could not even benefit. It strengthens the nervous system, tones up and invigorates the digestive organs, gives sound sleep and perfect health. There is nothing like it, and if you suffer with dyspepsia or nervous trouble, you do yourself an injustice if you do not commence the use of this scientific preparation at once.

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Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
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MISS F. WILLIAMS,
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Burdock Blood Bitters Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.
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SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I took a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I used Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
MARY A. E. DEACON,
Hawkstone, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.
REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.
A Prompt Cure.
DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled and I was very sick. My sister-in-law advised me to try B.B.B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
ANNIE BURGESS,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B. by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, thus removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

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