# The Family.

## The Old Year's Gifts.

What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Many a hope, and many a fear,
Many a joy, and many a pain,
Pleasures I ne'er shall know again,
For the world grows sad as we grow older,
But smiles no less on each beholder.

What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Love so sweet, and its burning tear,
Longings that mocked me, hopes that died,
Infinite wants unsatisfied
And instead of thanks would not scorn be fitter
For gifts like these, unsought and bitter?

What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Doubt and darkness, not yet made clear,
Little of knowledge, but more of strife,
Days and nights with weariness rife;
While the earth's wild moan of discordant sorrow
Forever ascends from morrow to morrow.

What have you brought to me Old Year?
Life the shorter, and death more near;
Dreamings ended, and hearts grown cold—
Slumbering 'neath the damp earth-mold.
I thank you, Old Year, for this you have taught,
To hope for little and fear for naught.

Forgive, forgive, O sad Old Year!
My tears are dropping upon your bier.
Solemnly tolls the midnight bell—
For all, Old Year, I loved you well.
One sweet hope broods like peace o'er my heart.
And not with the year will it thence depart.

## The Boy who don't Care.

"James, my son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten, when you ought to be studying your lesson. You will get a bad mark if you don't study," said Mrs. Mason to her son.

"I don't care," replied the boy, as he continued to amuse himself with the gambols of Spot, his pretty little kitten.

"But you ought to care, my dear," rejoined the lady with a sigh. "You will grow up an ignorant, good-for-nothing man if you don't make a good use of your opportunities."

"I don't care," said James, as he raced into the yard after his amusing playmate.

"Don't care will be the ruin of that child," said Mrs. Mason to herself. "I must teach him a lesson that he will not easily forget."

Guided by this purpose, the lady made no provisions for dinner. When noon arrived, her idle boy rushed into the house, as usual, shouting,—

"Mother, I want my dinner!"

"I don't care," replied Mrs. Mason very calmly, working on with her needle without looking up.

"I'm very hungry, mother," rejoined the boy.

"I don't care," repeated Mrs. Mason.

James was puzzled. His mother had never so treated him before. Her words were strange words for her to use, and her manner was so cold that he could not understand what it all meant. He was silent awhile, then he spoke again,

"Mother, I want something to eat."

"I don't care," was the cool reply.

"But recess will soon be over, mother, and I shall starve if I don't get some dinner" urged James.

"I don't care."

This was too much for the boy to endure. He burst into tears. His mother seeing him fairly subdued, laid down her work, and calling him to her side, stroked his hair very gently, and said:

"My son, I want to make you feel the folly and sin of the habit you have of saying 'I don't care.' Suppose I did not really care for you, what would you do for dinner, for clothing, for a nice home, for education? You now see that I must either care for you, or you must suffer very seriously. And if you must suffer through my lack of care for you, don't you think you will also suffer if you don't care for yourself? And don't you see that I must suffer too, if you don't care for my wishes? I hope, therefore, you will cease saying 'I don't care, and learn to be a thoughtful boy, caring for my wishes, and your own duties."

James had never looked on his evil habit in this light before. He promised to do better; and, after receiving a piece of pie, went off to school a wiser if not a better boy.—*S. S. Advocate.*

## The Church Mouse.

The old church tower was the most delightful residence Dame Mouse could have chosen for herself and family.

There they could sit and watch the rushing throng on the pavements below without fear of molestation.

The young mice themselves were never allowed to leave the tower, but they had inquiring minds, and asked many questions about the objects which they saw.

"What are those creatures down there that keep continually moving to and fro?"

"They are men my child."

"And of what use are they in the world?"

"O, of great use. They build towers for us to live in, they make granaries, and store away corn for us to eat, and manufacture all our bread and cheese. So you see that even man was not created for nothing. I suppose no creature was except the cat."

Dame Mouse was quite noted for her wisdom and discretion. If she had a fault it was being too fond of visiting her neighbors and running about to see what she could see. Sometimes her six sons and six daughters took advantage of her absence to go abroad themselves.

They had never been farther than the top of the first flight of stairs, however, till one day the eldest, a hare-brained fellow, took it into his head to go just to the front of the stairs. Then he ran on a little farther, and a little farther, till he found himself in the street.

When either mice or children begin to go wrong, they are apt to go both farther and faster than they intended.

A butcher's cart had stopped in front of the church, its wheels having become entanged with that of an omnibus. While the drivers were scolding and abusing each other, mouse jumped into the cart unperceived. Then he in his turn became so engrossed with his dinner that he did not perceive that the cart had started till he was a long, long way from home. He was terribly frightened, and resolved to leave the cart and hasten home the first opportunity; but no opportunity offered the whole day long, for whenever the butcher stopped and sprang out, he said "Wolf, Wolf," and the great dog which had been trotting under the cart, then took possession of the driver's seat. He thought when night came he would at last be left alone, but although the cart was wheeled into a stable, Wolf was shut up three too, and howled and barked all night at the moon, which shone through a window, but at sunrise he fell asleep.

The mouse crept slowly out of the stable, and climbed into the first vehicle he saw, which proved to be a milkman's wagon. He rode about till the man had been his rounds, and was considering what he should do next, when a little girl came alon gerying, "Straw-ber-ress! strawber-rees!"

She stopped to bargain across the area railing with a round-faced Irish girl, and in order to make the change set down her baskets.

Mouse crept into one of them unobserved, and hid himself under the fresh green leaves. Then the little girl went on crying as before, "Straw-ber-rees!" She sold a great many baskets, and at last she came to the one which contained the mouse.

"These are the finest," said Bridget taking the basket from the girl, and, raising the leaves, out sprang the mouse.

"Och, you little villain!" exclaimed Bridget, and dropped basket and all.

Mouse hid under the front steps till they had done looking for him, and then peeping out, he saw a carriage standing at the house opposite. He darted from his hiding place, and scrambled up among the draperies of the coach.

Presently the white-gloved coachman let down the steps, and several persons got in; and among them a pretty pink and white creature, wraped in clouds of illusion lace. The orange flowers which she wore filled the carriage with their fragrance. It was in fact a bridal party, and the pink and white young creature was going to be married.

They drove a long distance, and drew up at last in front of a church. What was mouse's joy to see his own familiar tower, and his mother, and brothers and sisters all looking over the railing.

None of the wedding party observed that a little mouse followed them into the church, nor did he, in his turn, pause to witness the marriage ceremony, but hastened up stairs as fast as he could run.

MORAL

Ye parents who have children dear.
And ye who ehe have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

## A Domestic Sketch.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been to our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding and helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer!

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I will sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm cheered him, and nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left the stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpet and furniture were sold, and she who had been mistress of the mansion shed no tears. "Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us; we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured, as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be dispensed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which was readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables—they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes, replied the father, "and you make such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessarily purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructres to a family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and the flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no, was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father" said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not a going to be rich again—for then we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us so happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please don't be a rich man any more."

## Up.

The oak-tree's boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.

# Temperance

## Teetotalism and the Grace of God

In the little town of A—— there resided, in the year 1862, a worthy tradesman named Lewis who was an active Class-Leader of the Wesleyan church, and a zealous Teetotaler. The office of this good man was one day entered by a person well known to him, whose name was Powell; whereupon the following conversation ensued:—

*Powell.* I am come to take the Teetotal pledge, Mr. Lewis.

*Lewis.* I am afraid to take down your name, Powell; for I do not want my book filled with signatures of those who may break their vows.

*Powell.* It is come to this, sir: I must either renounce drink, or cut my throat.

*Lewis.* Well, if you have really made up your mind, let me have your name; but you must observe that Teetotalism will not do everything for you. You also need the grace of God; and you should pray to Him to enable you to keep your pledge."

To this Powell made no reply; but Mr. Lewis observed a curl of the lip, significant of the scepticism of the man. The signature, however, was taken, and they parted. After the lapse of a few weeks, Mr. Lewis met Powell in the street, and accosted him thus:—"Well, Powell, have you kept your pledge?"

*Powell.* Yes, sir.

*Lewis.* Are you not now a happier man?

*Powell.* No, sir: I am miserable.

*Lewis.* How do you account for that?

*Powell.* I cannot tell; and I am so weak that I cannot work, I cannot eat, I can do nothing.

*Lewis.* This is but the reaction after your former drinking habits. Cheer up: this will subside, and you will be a stronger and better man than ever you were.

*Powell.* Sir, if I drop down dead on the road, I won't break my pledge.

*Lewis.* Have you followed my advice? Have you prayed to God?

*Powell.* No, sir. To be honest with you, I don't believe in prayer.

*Lewis.* Can it be, then, that I am looking into the face of an infidel?

*Powell.* I don't know what you mean by the term 'infidel;' but I don't believe in prayer.

*Lewis.* Do you believe in the existence of God?

*Powell.* I do, sir; and for good reason. Some time since I was on the Brecon racecourse, playing a thimble-rig with one of my "pals," who had stolen a sovereign from a gentleman. He was charged with the theft, and denied it with an oath, saying that he hoped God would strike him dead that moment if he had taken it. He dropped down dead instantly; and it was then found that he had concealed the sovereign in his mouth.

*Lewis.* But if you believe in God, and that He punishes sin, why do you not also believe in the efficacy of prayer?

*Powell.* I cannot believe that He would listen to such insignificant beings as we are.

*Lewis.* Do you not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?

*Powell.* No, sir.

*Lewis.* Then I suppose your notion is, that when you die, you simply expire as a dog?

*Powell.* Precisely. When I die, I expect there will be an end of me.

*Lewis.* We differ materially in our views. I believe in a future state, in which the man who has lived religiously here will be happy for ever, and the man who has persisted in rebellion against God will be everlastingly punished for his sin. Now, suppose you should be right and I wrong; shall I fare worse than you?

*Powell.* Certainly not. There can be no difference in things reduced to nothing.

*Lewis.* Then reverse it. Suppose I should prove right; what then?

*Powell.* The difference would be great then, sir.

*Lewis.* Now, Powell, depend upon it I am right; and you had better see to it, and pray about it.

Having said this, Mr. Lewis invited his friend into his office, and continued:—"Now I want you to do me a favour. I want you to kneel by my side, and let me pray with you."

*Powell.* O dear, no. I could not think of praying to God, since I do not believe that He will hear me.

*Lewis.* It can do you no harm; and I think out of respect to me you might do this.

He yielded. They knelt together. Mr. Lewis laid his case before the Lord, and implored mercy for him. After prayer, Powell, now evidently moved, bade Mr. Lewis good night, and retired. Several days elapsed, when Powell came again to the shop of his friend, and the following conversation ensued:—

*Lewis.* Well, Powell, how is it with you now?

*Powell.* Thank God, sir, I am better.

Mr. Lewis was pleased to hear these accents, but thought he referred to benefits he had derived from his new habits of temperance.

*Lewis.* Then you do not feel the cravings for drink as strongly as you did?

*Powell.* I have kept the pledge, sir; but, better than that, I have been to the blood of Christ.

As he said this, the tears came coursing down his face, which at the same time was lighted with an unwonted joy.

*Lewis.* Bless God for that! Now, Powell, you must unite yourself to the church of Christ.

*Powell.* O no, sir; I cannot do that. I dare not do it. You don't know what a sinner I have been. I should only bring disgrace upon the church.

*Lewis.* It is no matter what sort of character you have been: if the Lord Jesus Christ can receive you we can receive you too. Tell me now, more particularly how you came by this change of feeling.

*Powell.* You remember that night when you prayed with me in your office. As I arose from my knees and left your house, I felt like a man turned inside out—all my sinfulness seemed exposed to view: in my distress I prayed to God for Christ's sake to have mercy on me. I felt that He really did hear me, and was encouraged to continue to pray and trust in His mercy; and now I feel He has forgiven all my sins.

Reader! Have you passed through any such experience as this? Have you "felt like a man turned inside out," and been distressed on account of your sinfulness? Have you trusted with a broken and contrite heart upon the merits of Christ for mercy, and realised "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins?" Then unite yourself to the people of God, and prove your gratitude to your Saviour by consistency of your life.—Powell entered into the class of his friend Lewis, and remains a steady witness of the reality of spiritual religion, and of the power of the Gospel to regenerate he heart J. A. M.

TRUE WORDS.—No mind so bright but drink will befool it; no fortune so ample but brandy will beggar it; the happiest it will fill with misery; the firmest health dissipation will shatter; no business so thriving that whisky cannot spoil.


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**WORMS IN CHILDREN**

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Thanks, Doctor. My headache has left me. Send another box to keep in the house

After suffering torture from billious cholic, two of your pills cured me, and I have no return of the malady.

Our doctors treated me for Chronic Constipation as they called it, and at last said I was incurable. Your Maggiel's Pills cured me.

I had no appetite; Maggiel's Pills gave me a hearty one.

Your pills are marvellous.

I Send for another box, and keep them in the house

Dr Maggiel has cured my headache that was chronic.

I gave half of one of your pills to my babe for Cholera Morbus. The dear young thing got well in a day.

My nausea of a morning is now cured

Your box of Maggiel's Salve cured me of noise in the head. I rubbed some Salve behind my ear and the nose left.

Send me two boxes; I want one for poor family

I enclose a dollar; your price is twenty-five cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar

Send me five boxes of your pills

Let me have three boxes of your Salve and Pills by return mail

**For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Retention of Urine, &c., &c.**

Maggiel,s Pills are a perfect cure. One will satisfy any one.

**FOR FEMALE DISEASES,**

*Nervous Prostration, Weakness, General Lassitude and Want of Appetite,*

Maggiel's Pills will be found an effectual Remedy

## MAGGIEL'S PILLS & SALVE

Are almost universal in their effects, and a cure can be almost guaranteed.

*EACH BOX CONTAINS TWELVE PILLS ONE PILL IN A DOSE.*

"COUNTERFEITS! Buy no Maggiel's Pills or Salve, with a little pamphlet inside the box. They are bogus. The genuine have the name of J. Haydock on box with name of J. Maggiel, M.D. The genuine have the Pill surrounded with white powder"

Sold by all respectable dealers in medicine throughout the United States and Canadas at 25 Cents a Box or Pot.

All orders for the United States must be addressed to J. Haydock, No. 11 Pine street, New York.

Patients can write freely about their complaints, and a reply will be returned by the following mail. Write for 'Maggiel's Treatment of Diseases.'

Dec 1 6m

**Mrs. Winslow**

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention, of mothers, her

## SOOTHING SYRUP,

**For Children Teething,**

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

**Sure to Regulate the Bowels.**

Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

Relief and Health to your Infant s.

We have put up and sold this article for over 30 years and can say in confidence and truth of it, what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—*never has it failed in a single instance to effect a cure*, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after 30 years experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most EXPERIENCED and SKILLFUL NURSE in New England, and has been used with never ailing success in

*THOUSANDS OF CASES.*

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

**Griping in the Bowels,**

*AND WIND COLIC,*

and overcome convulsion, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it is the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists throughout the world.
Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street N Y.
sep 15 Price only 25 Cents per bottle,

## Prang's American Chromos

Are pronounced by distinguished Painters, Poets, and Critics the best that are now made. We challenge the most critical examination of our Chromos in oil—such as Tait's Groups, Britcher's Landscapes, Lemmen's Poultry Pictures, Correggio's Magdalena, The Flower Boquet, or the Kid's Play Ground

Our Chromos, after Water Colors, are equally artistic. They are—

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| Wood Mosses & Ferns, by Ellen Robbins, | $1.50 |
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Of the last pictures, George L. Brown, the celebrated American Artist,—unrivalled as a colorist and painter of atmospheric effect, says—

"I admire them much. I saw some splendid specimens in Europe, which were wonderful; but never supposed that even finer ones were executed in Boston. What particularly excites my admiration, is the tender and delicate half-tints, the high finish, and the *finesse* and richness of tone I think they must do much to educate the public in the way of color. How far superior to the hideous color lithographs we have been so shocked in seeing so long a time! I congratulate you on your success. GEORGE L. BROWN."

Ask for them at the Art Stores and Book Stores.

Our Chromos are sent free, to any address, within the United States, east of the Mississippi, on receipt of price.

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## Ayer's Ague Cure.

## THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

**Every Man his own Physician**

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS,**
**And Holloway's Ointment!**

### Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

The Stomach is the great centre which influence the health or disease of the system; abused or debilitated by excess—indigestion, offensive breath and physical prostration are the natural consequences. Allied to the brain, it is the source of headaches, mental depression, nervous complaints, and unrefreshing sleep. The Liver becomes affected, and generates billious disorders, pains in the side, &c The bowels sympathise by Costiveness, Diarrhœa and Dysentry. The principal action of these Pills is on the stomach, and the liver, lungs, bowels, and kidneys participate in their recuperative and regenerative operations.

### Erysipelas and Salt Rheum

Are two of the most common virulent disorders prevalent on this continent To these the Ointment is especially antagonistic, its' *modus operandi*' is first to eradicate the venom and then complete the cure.

### Bad Legs, Old Sores and Ulcers

Cases of many years standing, that have pertinaciously refused to yield to any other methody or treatment, have invariably succumbed to a few applications of this powerful unguent.

### Eruptions on the Skin,

Arising from a bad state of the blood or chronic diseases, are eradicated, and a clear and transparent surface regained by the restorative action of this Ointment. It surpasses many of the cosmetics and other toilet appliances in its power to dispel rashes and other disfigurements of the face.

### Female Complaints.

Whether in the young or old, married or single at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these tonic medicines display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible in the health of the patient being a purely vegetable preparation, they are a safe and reliable remedy for all classes of Females in every condition of health and station of life.

### Piles and Fistula.

Every form and feature of these prevalent and stubborn disorders is eradicated locally and entirely by the use of this emolient; warm fomentation should precede its application. Its healing qualities will be found to be thorough and invariable.

*Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Bunions | Skin Diseases, |
| Burns, | Swelled Glands, |
| Chapped Hands, | Sore Legs, |
| Chilblains, | Sore Breasts, |
| Fistula, | Sore Heads, |
| Gout, | Sore Throats. |
| Lumbago, | Sores of all kinds, |
| Mercurial Eruptions, | Sprains, |
| Piles, | Stiff Joints, |
| Rheumatism, | Tetter, |
| Ringworm, | Ulcers, |
| Salt Rheum, | Venereal Sores, |
| Scalds, | Wounds of all kinds. |

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words 'Holloway, New York and London" are discernable as a Water mark in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious

Sold at the, manufactory of Professor Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilised world.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorde are affixed to each pot and box.

Dealer in my well-known medicines can have Show-Cards, Circulars, &c, sent FREE OF EXPENSE, by addressing Thos. Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y

nov 6

## MOOSEWOOD BITTERS!

## PERRY DAVIS' Vegetable Pain Killer,

**The Great Family Medicine of the Age!**

**TAKEN INTERNALLY, CURES**

Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c, Weak Stomach, General Debility, Nursing Sore Mouth, Canker, Liver-Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Cramp or Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint Painters Colic, Asiatic Cholera, Diarrhœa and Dysentery.

**TAKEN EXTERNALLY, CURES,**

Felons, Boils, and Old Sores, Severe Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Swelling of the Joints, Ringworm and Tetter, Broken Breasts, Frosted Feet and Chilblains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

The **PAIN KILLER** is by universal consent allowed to have won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medicinal preparations. Its instantaneous effect in the entire eradication and extinction of **PAIN** in all its various forms incidental to the human family, and the unsolicited written and verbal testimony of the masses in its favour, are its own best advertisements.

The ingredients which enter into the **Pain Killer**, being purely vegetable render it a perfectly safe and efficacious remedy taken internally as well as for external application, when used according to directions. The slight stain upon linen from its use in external applications, is readily removed by washing in a little alcohol.

This medicine, justly celebrated for the cure of so many of the afflictions incident to the human family, has now been before the public over twenty years, and has found its way into almost every corner of the world; and wherever it is used, the same opinion is expressed of its real medical properties.

In any attack where prompt action upon the system is required, the Pain Killer is invaluable. Its almost instantaneous effect in **Relieving Pain** is truly wonderful; and when used according to directions, is true to its name.

**A PAIN KILLER**

It is, in truth, a Family Medicine, and should be kept in every family for immediate use. Persons travelling should always have a bottle of this remedy with them It is not unfrequently the case that persons are attacked with disease, and before medical aid can be procured, the patient is beyond the hope of recovery. Captains of vessels should always supply themselves with a few bottles of this remedy, before leaving port, as by doing so they will be in possession of an invaluable remedy to resort to in case of accident or sudden attacks of sickness. It has been used in

**Severe Cases of the Cholera,**

and never has failed in a single case, where it was thoroughly applied on the first appearance of the symptoms

To those who have so long used and proved the merits