

A True Story of Real Life.

No. 22 MCGILL STREET.



MISS LOTTIE BOOTH.

PASSING by this quaint, old-fashioned house nestling among the tall lilac bushes one would scarcely dream of the interesting history related to a *Star* reporter by Miss Lottie Booth, a young lady who resides there. Miss B.'s bright and happy way of telling the story lent an added charm to its interest.

A scrap of paper saved Miss Booth's life. To a little scrap of paper she owes the pleasure of many happy days. This is how it happened:

Said Miss Booth: "My condition was a most deplorable one. I really thought my heart was affected, for it almost stopped beating at times, and I would have fainting spells that left me weak and helpless. Day by day I grew weaker. I could eat nothing with a relish. Food was really distasteful to me. Oh, how weary and tired of life I was. At night I might have slept had it not been for horrible dreams and visions that flitted through my brain. Often I would awake screaming and crying."

One day Miss Booth sent to the drug store to have a prescription filled. The clerk wrapped the bottle up with a circular. When she undid the wrapper Miss Booth picked up the circular and read it. It opened her eyes. It told her that often times heart troubles were caused by that dread disease Dyspepsia. "I believed that circular," said Miss Booth, "and I stopped taking the doctor's medicine at once. The circular said take Burdock Blood Bitters for Dyspepsia. I did so. One half bottle was all I used before I began to get well. I took eleven bottles altogether. Now I am well and sound. The scrap of paper and Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."