THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1892. No. 32.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

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Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S

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OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7.00 a m.

Express west close at 10.20 a. m.

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Kentville close at 7 00 p m.

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Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday, Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cransick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROCK, D. D., Rector of Horton.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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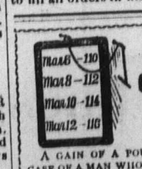
WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.



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A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50C. AND $1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF **INCA FLOUR**

A first-class grade of family flour. Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Supersedes all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

Dealers supplied by I. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

POETRY.

Two Worlds.

'Tis but a step betwixt this world, where fail
Men's hearts, with doubt, disquietude, unrest,
And that bright world, of certainty most blest,—
Between the two hangs but the thinnest veil.

Whence do we come, and whither go?
What is our life, and why so full of pain?
Ever men ask,—and ask of men in vain.
Faith solves some riddles,—we in part may know.

Heaven answers all; and heaven alone
Life's severed ties and broken threads will bind.
Earth's blighted hopes their full fruition find,
And men, adoring, know as they are known.

—*Selected* (*Virginia Dare.*)

Sewick'ey P. A.

SELECT STORY.

The Legend of the Mayflower.

It was in fair Acadie years and years and years ago, when the old forests still stood in their pride. Like fond friends the tall oaks stood beside the sea, and waved and beckoned to the Indian fishing in his canoe out on the harbor; while inland, beside the silver lake, like grey haired mourners the moss covered hemlocks kept their silent watch over the graves of departed chiefs. O, the dear old forests of Acadie! They and the dusty friends they loved and sheltered shall soon have passed away.

Then Acadie was beautiful. It is still so; for is it not well known that when tourists pass along its coasts, as they behold the many charms slowly unrolling before them, continually pause to exclaim, how beautiful! how charming! how exquisite!

But it is a faded beauty they look upon—a beauty like that which in the soft dim twilight lingers over hill and dale, long after the sunset of a glorious summer day. A strong hand has smitten the faithful grey-bearded watchers, and they lie lifeless upon the graves they watched; the wildbirds have long ceased to sing those sweet Indian airs which often cheered the dark-eyed maiden as she watched through the leafy shades for the coming of her brave lover; and all is so changed now.

And still Acadie is beautiful. But there is one spot whose charms contrast strangely with all other Acadian scenery. This is the enchanted Mahone, the home of sweet Wenola, daughter of the Indian brave, Gatockwa. Every lover of beauty who has visited this spot, confesses that there is something in the beauty of Mahone which he cannot explain. Yes, there is something in the tender grace that clothes the hills which holds the admirer spellbound; something in the soft pale moonlight which often hushes to silence the merry laughter of the tourist party rowing over the harbor, and stirs from their hearts strange feelings of mingled awe and pity never felt before; something in the whispers of the wind which often makes the light-hearted stranger maiden sad, and she weeps and wonders why she weeps.

But it is only strangers who are thus moved. Those who have lived there since childhood have become accustomed to those sad sights and sounds, and lightly laugh while around them unnoticed the few remaining pines sway in their sorrow, and all unheard are the plaintive moans of the east wind, and the long gasping sobs of the ocean. Ah, no wonder the ocean sobs here forever, for this was the home of the lovely Wenola.

On the south-west side of the bay, a little distance from the shore, dwelt this sweet-hearted maiden with her father, the brave Gatockwa. Anyone may easily find the exact spot, for the three oaks which shaded the door of the wigwam where Wenola often sat at sunset, and awaited the coming of Gatockwa from the hunt, are still standing. They are old and grey now and bent with age; but with their feeble strength they will stretch out their skeleton arms, and beckon to the fishermen in the little skiff, and the lovers and barefooted lads and lassies on the shores, to draw near and listen while the wind whispers the story of Wenola's love, and the waves sob afresh at the tale.

But the fisher is thinking of the fond wife and rosy-cheeked little ones awaiting his return, the lovers hear only the music of each other's voices and see only the love-light beaming in each other's eyes, and the little lads and lassies are busily seeking among the sand and smoothe, round pepples, so that few ever hear the tale that is told again and again over the spot where Wenola lived and died.

Let me tell you the story as I heard it in the dusk of the twilight from the lips of the cold, damp, east wind.

O! Wenola, Wenola! When she was sad, dark and deep were her eyes as the calm silent lake at even; when she was merry they were bright as the glittering river when the stars dance on the light ripples But there shone in them an unearthly beauty, when at even before she lay her down to sleep, she gazed toward heaven till the long dark lashes lay upon her brow, and with her hands clasped over her breast, she prayed in her simple way for Gatockwa, and the forest trees, and always ended with "O Great Spirit, take care of Wenola's friends the flowers."

O! Wenola, Wenola! That prayer had the sad melody that is heard in the faint strains that are wafted to us in the evenings of the Indian summer from the Land of the sunset, the Indian's hereafter, when out of pity the Great Spirit parts the curtain in the west, and lets some of the rich hues of glory shine in on the autumn leaves changing them to scarlet and gold, and then, lest too much should burst upon our vision, spreads over all a soft misty veil.

O! Wenola, Wenola! How she loved the flowers! The violet conversed with her and learned to be meek. The lily listened in breathless stillness to her prayer, and became the emblem of purity. Every flower caught some virtue from the true-hearted Indian maid.

O! Wenola, Wenola! Silently and gradually a great change came over the life of the Indian maid. Her life came to be a part of the life of the forest flowers; so that when in summer the blossoms smiled, joy lighted up Wenola's face, and when in autumn the blossoms faded Wenola slowly drooped. The rich bloom would leave her cheek, and the beautiful head sink low over her breast. When Gatockwa would call for his arrows and bow, the dreamy eyes would slowly open, and a tremulous far-off voice would answer "Yes, my father." Then as if recalled by the words, the half flown spirit would return bringing the light again to her eyes, while the ever-willing hands would reach Gatockwa his bow and arrows, and then clasp each other round his neck, while she proudly kissed him good-bye ere he strode forth into the forest. But when he had gone she would sit motionless in the wigwam, with her head bowed upon her hands, and so Gatockwa would find her on his return. Then would he look upon her sorrowfully, for well he knew that her spirit was hovering between Acadie and the flowers' spirit land. She had often told him that it was so. Afraid lest her spirit should float too far away to hear his call, he would hasten from the hunt, sit down beside her, take her hands in his, and tell her the stories she loved to hear, until the soul again beamed through her features, smiles wreathed her lips, and he knew that she was once more his own daughter, Wenola. So would pass the long dreary winter; but with the unfolding of the first spring flowers the red would glow again in Wenola's face, and the soft ripple of her laughter would mingle again with the note of the wild bird's song.

But at last one winter came, longer, colder and drearier than the others. O! Wenola, Wenola! Long she waited for the first spring blossom. Every night she prayed more earnestly with the Great Spirit to melt the snow that she might once more see the faces of her flower friends, but the snow fell heavier and faster and the sun himself seemed frozen. At last the light gradually faded from her beautiful dark eyes and her willing feet could no longer run at Gatockwa's bidding. Slowly she was dying as fades the daylight on a calm summer evening. O! Wenola, Wenola!

The strong brave chief sat in sorrowful silence beside his dying daughter. His sinewy arm had often sped the arrow to the heart of the king of the forest and the foe of his tribe. He had gloried in his strength. Here stood stern death before him, with his cold, greedy eyes fixed upon Wenola, demanding her life; and Gatockwa stood powerless to refuse. As he looked pityingly at his daughter his heart was bleeding, and his strong frame was convulsed with agony. Must he give to the cruel monster his only child? O! Wenola, Wenola!

He bent over her as if to shield her from the blow death soon would deal. He gazed anxiously upon her face, and noticed that her half closed eyes were turned toward the door of the wigwam. He had laid it open that the bright rays of the setting sun might cheer her last moments. The flush of the soft pink clouds in the west was reflected upon the snow-rift at the door and it was upon this that the eyes of Wenola were resting. A faint smile parted the pale lips, and slowly she raised her wasted hand and pointed to the right and then feebly motioned him toward it. Bowed beneath his weight of anguish he staggered to the door to see what it was his child desired, that he might gratify her last wish. When he reached the spot, brushing his hand across his eyes to clear his dimmed sight, Gatockwa beheld instead of the flushed snow, a bed of beautiful pink blossoms. Eagerly now he bent forward to pluck a spray for Wenola, for he knew that the sight of them would restore her. With all the heavy weight suddenly lifted from his heart, he hastened to her side, and placed the blossoms in her hand. But she did not smile to thank him as she had always done. Her eyes remained closed. Suddenly the truth flashed upon him. He raised his hands over his grey head; and cried aloud in his bitter agony, "O! my Wenola, my Wenola!" But she remained unmoved. The breast heaved no longer. She was dead. He knew it. O! Wenola, Wenola! The monster death had struck the blow in that short time that he had left her side.

The strong brave chief first stood erect, with arms on which the muscles suddenly became swollen to great knots, stretched heavenward; he set his teeth while his eyes glowed like coals and looked defiantly upward as if he was standing before some foe he meant to conquer. Then the proud head slowly bowed, the eyelids drooped, the arms fell, and trembling with agony he sunk powerless beside the couch of Wenola, his head bowed upon his knees and in silence.

In the hush that succeeded, a warm fragrant breath floated from the blossoms at the door and gently stirred the the chieftain's long gray locks, and fanned his fevered brow, while sweetly but faintly were borne to him the words, "Farewell, my father." 'Twas Wenola's breath that floated over him; 'twas Wenola's spirit that bade him farewell. Her spirit had passed into the snow rift and changed it to the beautiful fragrant blossoms.

Gatockwa neither felt the soft breath, nor heard the sweet farewell. He sat motionless and silent. Four days and nights he sat thus, thinking of his beautiful daughter. Now he saw her standing by the wigwam at sunset awaiting his return; now as he paddled o'er the lake she sat behind him and talked in her childish way to the white lake lillies; now she sang snatches of gay Indian airs; and now,—O! now he saw himself returning to his silent wigwam with no one to greet him. But he must bury his child. O! Wenola Wenola!

He must lay her to rest in some spot where she had loved to stay. He knew all her favorite paths and haunts. Carefully wrapping her in a cloak of ermine, Gatocka lifted her in his arms and softly stepped out of the wigwam. But a great change had been wrought in the forest while he sat by his dead daughter. The snow had disappeared, and all Wenola's loved paths had become covared with the fragrant pink blossoms her eyes had rested on while dying. Carefully he stepped lest he should tread upon one of them, for he knew how tenderly Wenola had cherished even the smallest flowret. At last he found a spot beside a lake where he had often seen her sit at evening. It is a spot where the sun always lingers longest to kiss good night. Here the grey-haired chief tenderly lay his burden down in the sunlight. First kneeling he carefully picked the blossoms that grew thickly there and lay them on Wenola's breast, and then dug her grave. Tremblingly he lay her softly down in her new resting-place, looked down long and sorrowfully upon her, and covered her from his sight. Then with grey hair streaming he madly rushed into the forest and was never after seen. The same pink blossoms soon grew thickly over Wenola's grave, and have since spread not over Acadie alone but far west in other countries. Little children now in their May-day rambles gather the beautiful clusters and twine them into the crown they place upon the brow of their May Queen. They call them Mayflowers but they are Wenola's spirit. O! Wenola, Wenola!

This is the story you will hear from the lips of the east wind, if you visit the enchanted Mahone, and answer the beckon of the three old trees that watch over the spot where Wenola lived and died.—*Lunenburg Argus.*

From the Humblest Beginnings.

Shoemakers have produced Admiral Sir Cloudesly Shovel, Sturgeon the electrician, Samuel Drew the essayist, Bloomfield the poet, and Thomas Edwards the naturalist. Elihu Burritt, famed as "the learned blacksmith," was the son of a shoemaker. Tailors have been distinguished in the person of John Stow the historian, Sir John Hawkson, Admiral Hobson and President Andrew Jackson. Cardinal Wolsey, DeFoe, Akenside and Kirk White were sons of butchers. Bunyan was a tinker, Joseph Lancaster a basket maker and Richard Cobden's start in life was equally obscure. The greatest names identified with the invention of the steam engine were those of mechanics; Newcomen, a blacksmith, Watts, a maker of mathematical instruments, and Stephenson, an engine firemen. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of a tavern-keeper, Sir Humphery Davy was an apothecary's apprentice, and Michael Farady, the son of a blacksmith, was a bookbinder. Among those who have given the greatest impulse to astronomy was Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker, Kepler the son of a German inn-keeper and himself a waiter at the tables, d'Alembert, a foundling, Newton, the son of a farmer in a small way, and La Place, of a poor peasant. At one time in his life Abraham Lincoln thought seriously of learning the trade of a blacksmith, and Andrew Jackson was apprenticed to a tanner. All honorable work is manly. Boys, whatever you find to do, do it well. And while you work, study without ceasing, and some day, some of you, too, may become famous and helpful to others, which is a good deal more to the point.

Early Chickens and their Food.

Cracked corn, wheat screenings, hay seeds, or anything that the chicks will eat, may be given them. It is a practice with some to feed corn meal in the shape of dough, and such food is excellent as a portion of the ration, but not as an exclusive food. If the cornmeal dough is first cooked as bread it will be more wholesome, and the mess will be improved in quality if the meal is mixed with milk instead of water. Chicks should never be fed much sloppy food. Dry, hard food is more suitable for them, and a luxury for them will be a mess of lean meat cut up fine in a meat cutter. For green food for chicks the clover leaves from barn sweepings, scalded, is excellent, and mashed potatoes will be highly relished. Keep little chicks busy all the time by inducing them to work at scratching for seeds. Exercise is very important in raising chicks, as it serves to prevent leg weakness, promotes appetite and renders them less liable to bowel disease.

Well informed lumbermen declare that there is more timber in the forests of Maine to-day than there was ten years ago because care has been exercised in the felling of trees recent years. Only good-sized trees are cut now-a-days, the smaller being allowed to stand until they obtain a proper growth. A great amount of pulp wood is cut on second growth tracks, but in lumber operations no small trees are felled. There is less destruction by fire now than formerly.

SKODA'S OINTMENT, the Great German Skin Cure, and finest Cosmetic made. Removes Blackheads, Pimples, etc., as if by magic. 8 oz. tubes in elegant cartons 50 cts.

MARCUS LITTLEFIELD.

Rheumatism of the Joints AND INHERITED HUMOR of the BLOOD

Banished by Skoda's,

AFTER PHYSICIANS HAD PRONOUNCED THEM INCURABLE!

MARCUS LITTLEFIELD LIVES AT WEST WINTERPORT, ME. A FARMER BY OCCUPATION, HE ENJOYS THE RESPECT OF ALL WHO KNOW HIM. IN CONVERSATION WITH A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SKODA DISCOVERY CO., NOT LONG SINCE HE RELATED THE FOLLOWING STORY:

"Ever since I was **born**, I have been troubled at times, more or less, with a **HUMOR** on my hands, face and neck. For fifteen years it has been on the **increase**. I have been gradually failing in health, and for three years past it has **itched and burned** so badly, that all the way I could get any rest at night, was to **bathe in strong carbolic acid**, and this only relieved me for a few hours. In addition to this, eight months ago, **Rheumatism in my neck and shoulders set in, drawing my shoulders so out of place**, that for three weeks I did not have my clothes off. Physicians said I could never get well. I was unable to do any work, and was a great sufferer. I doctored with several Physicians, including Specialists in Boston, and **took nearly all the advertised sarsaparillas and blood purifiers**, but received **no benefit** whatever. I had given up all hopes, and my friends thought I could live but a few months. I began the use of SKODA'S DISCOVERY and TABLETS, according to directions, and also used SKODA'S OINTMENT. After using **THAN** external ally. **week**, there them but **one** was a visible change in appearance. My skin that was literally **covered** with **pimples** and **blotches** began to clear up. My **appetite became good**, less pain in my shoulders, and **I gained rapidly**. I have now used less than two courses of these REMEDIES, and my **Rheumatism has entirely disappeared**. SHOULDERS THAT WERE DRAWN OUT OF PLACE AND WHICH THE DOCTORS SAID COULD NEVER BE GOT BACK AGAIN ARE AS GOOD AS NEW AND IN PERFECT POSITION. My skin is **free from blotches and pimples**. I have **gained twenty pounds in flesh**, can go into the woods at sunrise, and chop cord wood until dark, and not get tired, a thing I could never do before in all my life, and **am able to work all the time**. My friends are **astonished** at the results, and not more so than my self. They consider it **almost miraculous.**" **GOLD**

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Hereditary Consumption

REWARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Great Winter Competition of The Ladies Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the following words first occur in the Old Testament: "KNOWLEDGE," "WIFE," and "LOVE"? Where does the following words first appear in the New Testament: "JUDEA," "FAME," and "REST"?

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark date on each letter to be taken as the date received) at the office of the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week during 1892) will get $200; the second correct answer, $100; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five golden silver service, and the best 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $2. Every fifth correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will get a special prize. Competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be our authority in every case.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by $1 to say for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Canada) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Money should be sent by post office order or registered letter. Address, THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE Peterborough, Canada.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

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