GATES'
INVIGORATING SYRUP

For Coughs and Colds.

For Complaints of the Bowels, nothing can be found to equal it. It comes so highly recommended that we say it is worth a trial.

For Asthma and Palpitation of the Heart.

Sick Headache, Stomach and Liver pills yield at once.

This is a medicine of the whole system, imparting vigour and healthy circulation to most diseases. It has been well tested already, and we feel safe in saying that we say of it.

Only 50c. a bottle, $5.50 per Doz.

Intercolonial Railway.

86. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. '87.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1886, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation	11.20 a. m.
Express to Sussex	4.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec	6.10 p. m.

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 6.10 p.m. train to Halifax.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Truro Accommodation	8.30 a. m.
Express from St. John and Quebec	12.05 p. m.
Picton Accommodation	1.40 p. m.
Day Express	7.50 p. m.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
November 19th, 1886.

Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

1886 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1887

Miles.	TRAINS GOING WEST.	Exp. dy. A.M.	Acc. M.W.F. A.M.	Acc. dy. P.M.
	Halifax—leave	7 00		2 30
1	Richmond		6 15	2 35
14	Windsor Junction	7 40	7 15	3 20
21	Newport	8 43	8 12	4 22
27	Windsor	9 00	10 05	5 35
31	Hantsport	9 22	10 27	6 00
40	Hantsport Landing	9 41	11 05	6 30
44	Wolfville	9 54	11 25	6 47
48	Port Williams	10 00	11 35	6 56
51	Kentville—Arrive	10 15	11 55	7 15
	Do—Depart	10 30	12 25	
59	Berwick	11 05	1 17	
66	Aylesford	11 23	1 40	
69	Kingston	11 41	2 10	
116	Middleton	12 42	3 20	
116	Bridgetown	12 45	3 55	
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 25	4 10	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Exp. dy. A.M.	Acc. T.T.S. dy. A.M.	Exp. P.M.
	Annapolis—leave		6 00	1 35
14	Bridgetown		6 35	2 15
22	Middleton		7 55	3 26
92	Kingston		9 25	3 16
99	Aylesford		9 00	3 34
107	Berwick		9 28	3 52
115	Kentville—arrive	A.M. 10 15	9 45	4 30
	Do—depart	5 40	10 50	4 45
124	Port Williams	6 00	11 10	5 00
128	Wolfville	6 10	11 19	5 09
132	Hantsport Landing	6 30	11 37	5 22
137	Hantsport	6 56	12 05	5 44
144	Windsor	7 54	12 55	6 10
152	Newport	8 10	1 16	6 32
136	Windsor Junction	10 00	3 23	7 35
139	Richmond	10 42	4 01	
139	Halifax—arrive	10 45	4 10	8 10

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Scotia" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis same days.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Digby for Annapolis every Sunday, Thursday, and Friday, p. m. returning from Annapolis same days.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3 30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

The Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

Steamers "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St. John every Monday, and Thursday a. m., for Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All-Rail Line leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston at 8 40 a. m. and 7 20 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets by various routes to all stations.

P. INNES,
General Manager.

Kentville, Nov 12, 1886.

CONSUMPTION.

Have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a valuable treatise on this disease, to any sufferer who will send their Express and Post Office address. Please address

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

Best of All.

[illegible] it can give
To [illegible] all its precious things,
What men call precious, and for which they toil
To wind pearls and worthless off rings.
For what are gems? what is tawny gold,
And rarest spices from sweet Indian bowers,
And silken fabrics shimmering fold on fold.
The earthlier products of the Eastern world?
They cannot save the soul a single pain,
Or to the weary heart bring hope again.

What is the flash of wit, the *salon's* glow?
The [illegible] may flush, and leap, and sparkle up
From marble tables white as wintry snow;
And brim blood red the gold-encrusted cup;
The air may languish, filled with perfume sweet;
Etruscan vases [illegible] with roses red;
And velvet carpets, sinking beath the feet,
Give back no echo from the stateliest tread:
But no man hearts crave something more than this,
Somehow also can never give them bliss.

Far more is prized a gentle, kindly touch;
The more caressing fingers on the hair;
A low word spoken. Ah! how very much
These little tokens do to lessen care!
It scatters little of our home be bare
Of luxury, and what the world calls good,
If we have only one true space there,
By whom our better selves are understood;
Where deepest heart-throbs swell for us alone,
With whom in thoughts and wishes we are one.

Selected Serial.

OPENING PLAIN PATHS.

BY ROWE BENNING.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

As it drew on towards high noon and the tide began rolling in, the figure on the sands came nearer, and at last, just as Mrs. Vosburg's dinner-horn sounded, Delia, who had been for some time lost to view, made her appearance from behind a near clump of bushes, and there the travellers had their third welcome.

"It seems but a very little while since we ate our breakfast, doesn't it, Margaret?" observed Mr. Humphreys, as they rose to obey the summons.

"I don't know, father," returned Margaret, laughing; "if I were to judge of the time by the quantity I feel capable of disposing of, after all this salt air for a tonic, I should say that our breakfast had been at some very remote hour in the past."

And after they were once seated at Mrs. Vosburg's table, with its bountiful supply of good things, Mr. Humphreys agreed with Margaret to let bygones be bygones, and give their best attention to the present.

In the afternoon, when the two gentlemen had seated themselves on the shaded seat for a business talk, the girls wandered off to another resting-place, a seat just at the bend of the highest point, that had also been one of Margaret's fav rites.

The view was, to their inland-bred eyes, very wonderful. Out before them to the left stretched the boundless ocean, its gently tossing waves with their white caps shining in the afternoon sunlight. Sea-birds, solitary and in companies, flew screaming over the water, and now and then dipped into it after their finny prey. Straight before the girls, with miles of that silver-flecked water between them, lay a long, sandy flat; at the point of which a lighthouse stood like a sentinel to warn and guide. The glass windows shone now in the burning sun against the dazzling background of white sand. A great steamer, its black hull suggesting its destination to foreign lands, was standing out directly before them, headed for mid-ocean. Three barks, whose sails like the wings of immense gulls, were spread out between sea and sky, scarcely seeming to move in the soft, summer air, were gliding along in a row towards the harbor, a snorting, puffing tug in advance.

The world seemed a long way off. What did it signify here that one girl was rich and the other poor while God's sea and sky stretched out before them and above them thus, their fulness of beauty equally free to both?

They talked of many things in that tranquil hour. Margaret had never been so gentle, nor had Delia thus shown her her best before. Right things were beginning to grow in each: Christian faith and humility and charity in the one, self-respect and true independence in the other.

"We have you to thank, Margaret," Delia said, "and we do so constantly. Father thinks by the time it is too chilly for him here he will go back quite strong, and able to look after things in the office, gradually of course at first. A doctor from New York drove out here the other day with the min ster, and he said time and care would reinvigorate him again for work, though it would probably be a full year before he would be well again, his system was so run down. But he must have care; and I purpose he shall. One of these teachers has secured a position for me where a vacancy will occur at Christmas. Until then I can make my fancy things pay my way, and some day I hope to repay you for what you have done for us."

Margaret smiled. "You know that would not make me happy, Delia. Do it for some one that stands in need of it, when you can. I am going to leave that note out on the interest Olive talks about, and that Miss Usher used to tell us of, and see what it will bring. But, Delia, I have heard you say you would never be a teacher."

"I have said a great many more foolish things than I care to remember," was the frank reply. "I don't believe there ever was another girl so nonsensical at 17."

"You are not so now, then," Margaret said, with quiet decision.

"Thank you," Delia said simply, while she put the words away to think over and reflect on at her leisure, thanking God for the encouragement they held.

Then they talked of many things, until Margaret, looking at her watch, found it was near five, and that was the hour set to return.

So they rose and took a long look, as though to stamp upon their memory the pleasant picture. The outward-bound steamer was only a distant spot on their horizon now, but another, with differently headed prow, had taken its place. The fishing boats had been followed by scores of others. A busy, changing life had been going on below, and they could not be mere onlookers always.

"I have enjoyed my day very much," Margaret said, turning to her companion. A like thought had been in Delia's heart, though she had shrunk from being the first to express it; now she echoed Margaret's declaration heartily.

"And I wish," added Margaret, "you may have every success in all your work; I think you deserve it;" and then the "rare pale Margaret," as the girls called her, put her arm about Delia's slight figure and pressed a kiss on her cheek—a caress and a kiss that Delia felt even in her dreams at the close of her happy day.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAITINGS BY THE WAY.

Olive had told Miss Acsah that the next day should surely witness her presence up at the Rock, but she had yet to learn that "while man proposes, God disposes." That evening, just before she and Cathie had gone up stairs, Norah had come in from the kitchen to say that her brother had just stopped in with the news that one of "the bit childer" had managed that day to fall into his mother's washtub; fortunately the water was not hot enough to scald him seriously, but he was painfully hurt, and his mother had a felon on a finger of her left hand that had kept her awake for some nights past till she was almost worn out.

"And you want to go and take care of the little sufferer and rest the poor mother?" interrupted Olive.

"Sure, Miss Olive, it's kind yez are wid the thought of it, but Mrs. Wingate 'd niver forgive me for lavin' whin herself is not in it."

"You may go all the same," insisted Olive; "I can get Mrs. Welsh, you know; and I'll send Ted up after you to-morrow night." Ted was the chore-boy. So Norah departed amid an outburst of thanks.

"I'll be monarch of all I survey to-morrow," said Olive gaily, after the departure. "Mrs. Welsh, you see, will do just as I want. When Norah's here, I'm only second housekeeper, after all. Stay and help me, can't you?"

But Cathie shook her head. "I'm due at my uncle's as early as possible. Aunt has prepared any quantity of work for a dressmaker and me to-morrow, and I'll do the best I can to please her and leave a good impression."

So after Olive had watched Cathie down the steps, she turned towards the kitchen. Ted had lighted a fire and was busy filling the tea-kettle.

"Ted, the first thing, you may run over and ask Mrs. Welsh to come and help me to-day. Norah has gone home; her nephew has scalded himself."

Ted came back in a few minutes with a message. "Mrs. Welsh has got neuralgia dreadful bad. Hasn't slept a wink for two nights or days. She's very sorry, miss."

"Oh, my! Well, go for Mrs. Roony, then; she's the next best."

Again Ted appeared. "Mrs. Roony has gone away four miles to her daughter's; they didn't know when she'd be back."

"All right, then," exclaimed Olive, her spirit rising to the occasion, "I'm equal to the emergency myself. Ted, you just pound the steak for me, and I'll be stirring up something fresh."

"I'm afraid I ought to go and feed the horse first, miss. The judge said he'd be wanting him the very minute he eats breakfast."

"Et tu, Brute," quoted Olive, and then added, in a language that Ted understood, "Well, go on, then; I'll have it all to myself for once, and I've often wanted the chance."

"Isn't this nice!" she exclaimed, as she sped around the large, clean kitchen, cool with the sweet morning air coming through its two screen doors, while outside the birds were singing in the fruit trees, and the dew lay shining on every leaf and blade of grass. "I believe my forte is, as I told father, in a kitchen, and I'm just discovering it."

But there was not much time for soliloquy. The hands of the kitchen clock seemed fairly to fly, and breakfast should be ready in the dining-room for the judge at his punctual appearance at seven. Olive hurried about, of course taking a good many unnecessary steps; and though she had made some progress in the culinary art since her sister's departure, she made up her mind that to get up a tempting meal, of steak done just to a nicety, coffee clear and lively, pop-overs light as their name indicates, and fried potatoes crisp and not dry, and to accommodate the oven and the gridiron to one another, require either two sets of hands or one very experienced pair. She had to set the table as she could, by snatches; and to add to her complications, Rex appeared on the scene, dragging a knickerbocker suit minus two buttons, and with his curly head in a state of great confusion.

Olive had decided not to tell her father of the check in their domestic machinery, feeling that his well-meant but unpractical suggestions might be just a little trying. Fortunately he did not come in from his walk until the clock was on the last stroke of the hour; then everything was in place on the table, and Rex was just mounting into his high chair, while Olive tried to assume the fresh and bright ways she had read were essential to a housekeeper.

"I must be a little late in to dinner," the judge said; "I have to drive out to P. to see a master-builder there, and I may not be able to catch him at home until the noon hour."

"Oh dear, and I do so want to hurry," was in Olive's heart, but she did not say it.

"Are you going to use Prince this afternoon?" she asked.

"No; he can be at your disposal if you wish."

The kitchen seemed a little warmer after Olive got back to it from settling the dining room, but she had considerable enthusiasm left, and marked out a line of work that would take time and study to carry out.

The dishes were finished and her hands were just diving into the flour-barrel when the door-bell rang. As she had been kitchen-maid only long enough to get two spots of crock and one burn on her fresh cambric, she covered these up with a clean, white apron, dusted off her face and hands, and answered the summons, to find at the door two city acquaintances, who were boarding at the principal hotel, and who were not supposed to know anything about a kitchen. Olive entertained them as well as she could with a somewhat absent mind, but when they rose to go she did not press them to extend their already lengthened call.

We will not recount the busy tasks that followed, crimsoning Olive's face, and dampening that, if not her ardor, with perspiration. Judge Esmond was, as he had predicted, late by a full half hour, but the dinner was a success, and Olive rose from the table feeling that she had earned a good time.

"Harness Prince for me before three," she said to Ted, and then took up that unpleasantest part of the day's duties, the after-dinner work, in very good spirits.

Precisely at a quarter of three she heard the phaeton drive up; she was all dressed, Rex had gone out to a friend's, and she ran down stairs singing,

"A lad he did a-riding go."

But on opening the door she found, just feebly mounting the front steps, an old lady, a distant cousin whom her mother had held in the highest esteem, and whose home was two miles down in the valley.

"How do you do, Olive?" Mrs. Sessions said with what little breath she had left. "You see you haven't been out to see me in so long I thought I must come and see you, for your dear mother's sake, you know."

"I'm sure I am glad to see you are able to be out," said Olive, holding on to all the truth she could.

"Yes, I'm not often as smart as I was the morning, and when 'Lisha said, 'Mother, don't you want to ride into town with me and see the new Methodist steeple?' I said, 'Yes, I do, and I'll stop and see Louisa's girl too.' So while he's doing his trading—he brought butter, and eggs, and brooms, and some other things—you just let me sit and rest a while, will you?"

"Certainly, come right in here," Olive said, leading the way into the parlor.

"No, not in there," said the old lady; "some of your city folks may come in that I don't know, nor care to. Just take me into the sitting-room."

"Will you lie down?" asked Olive, doing as desired.

"La, child, no," the guest replied, sitting back in the easy chair offered; "these chairs are so easy and fit in so snug, there's no need of lying down at all, it seems to me."

But once fairly settled the old lady did not seem to have a great deal to say, and Olive found unusual difficulty in thinking of anything. She could hear Prince stamping outside, the clock was ticking as if on a wager, and once in a while the old lady would start up and make some remark, or Olive, with a qualm of conscience would repeat some bit of news, and the old lady would say, "So, so," and then there would be another silence.

"Her son will surely come for her by four," thought Olive, and then despised herself for her impoliteness. She scolded herself and wondered how she would feel when she was seventy-five, but the hour until four was the longest she ever knew. Once or twice her visitor dozed off in a short nap. Four o'clock came and went. Mr. Sessions did not make his appearance, and his mother looked patient and placid as ever. Olive began to feel that it was "now or never" for that day's ride. A nervousness that was partly fatigue took possession of her, and she could have cried when the clock struck the hour again.

"Why, 'Lisha's a good while," said the old lady, rousing up; "we won't get home to tea if he don't look out."

Olive was always thankful that she obeyed one good voice that afternoon. She went into the kitchen, lighted the oil-stove, and set on a little tin tea-pot.

"Ted, you may put Prince up; I am not going to use him to-day," she said from the door. Then she arranged a nice lunch on a tray and carried it into the sitting-room. The old lady's eyes brightened when she saw the steaming cup, and she ate and drank with hearty relish. Just as she finished "Lisha" came.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In a Panther's Den.

The lumber firm in which I was employed desired to establish a camp near the head-waters of the Wolf river, Wisconsin, and I was instructed to look over the ground and report. I left Shewano in August in a skiff, taking with me provisions, fire-arms, and a camping outfit, calculating to be gone about twenty days. I was accompanied by my dog, a large and savage blood-hound. With my axe I cleared away a place for the buildings, blazed the way to a spring, and cut down a number of small pines to be ready for firewood when winter and the men arrived.

I had a small tent with me, plenty of good provisions, and the first two or three days and nights passed without alarm. One night, as I was smoking at the door of my tent, I heard the cry of a panther from a jungle across the river. There was no mistaking the sound. The man who has ever listened to the long-drawn scream of a panther, will not confound it with the cry of any other wild beast. This fellow screamed out three or four times, with an interval of about five minutes between the screams, and then he was suddenly answered by his mate, who was on my side of the stream, and apparently not more than twenty rods away. I've had to do with various wild beasts in my time, and I never knew anything to weaken a dog like the yell of a panther. That dog of mine wouldn't have hesitated a moment to attack a bear or wolf, but the yells of those panthers made a coward of him in no time. He crawled into the tent, and I could never coax nor drive him out. However, I don't blame him so very much, for every yell sent the shivers climbing up my spine in a way to make me ashamed of myself. I heaped on the wood until I had a big fire, and after the beasts had called to each other a few times they ceased screaming, and the woods were as silent as a graveyard. In about an hour the dog regained his courage and came out of the tent and began snuffing around. By and by some small animal ran across the open ground in our front, and the dog uttered a bark and dashed after it. I heard him rushing through the woods for two or three minutes, and I was about to whistle him to return when there was one loud fierce yell from one of the panthers, a yelp of terror from the dog, and I knew that he was a goner. I whistled and called, but I had seen him for the last time.

I got but little sleep that night, feeling that I was at the mercy of the beasts if they had a mind to attack. Directly after breakfast I started out in the direction the dog had taken, and after travelling about 250 feet I came upon the spot where he had met his death. I think the panther had leaped down on him from a tree and secured a great advantage, for there had been no struggle. The pine cones were splashed with blood, and tufts of hair could be found here and there where the dog was dragged off in the direction of the stream.

I had with me a double-barrelled shot-gun and a revolver, and I determined to revenge old Tiger's death. I had noticed a big heap of drift-wood a short distance up the river, and on the other side, and from this heap a fallen tree bridged the stream. When I came to inspect this tree, I found more blood and tufts of hair, and it was plain that the dog's body had been carried across to some den in the drift-wood. I crossed by the log and mounted the heap. It was composed of limbs, trunks, and dead logs which had been flung there on the low ground in high water. It looked like a good place for a panther's den, and as I carefully moved about I held the gun ready for a shot.

My idea was to descend the heap and look for the opening of the den, but I descended in a manner entirely unlooked for. A limb suddenly gave way under my feet, and I went crashing down through the pile, which at that spot contained a hollow as big as an ordinary bedroom. Both barrels of the gun exploded as I fell and the gun was lost from my grasp. I landed in a heap on the ground, surrounded by broken branches, and enough daylight came in to enable me to see what sort of a place I had fallen into. It would be no great job to climb out, and I was making a move in that direction when I heard the faint squeals and squeak of kittens, and looked down to find a pair of wee little panthers almost under my feet. Scattered all around were bones and pieces of flesh to tell the fate of old Tiger. I was in a panther's den, and as I realized it my heart jumped into my throat until it seemed as if I could not get my breath. I was thoroughly rattled and ready to run, and for two or three minutes I made frantic efforts to clamber out. As fast as I reached a limb it broke under my weight and let me down again, but I was still trying, when I heard one of those panthers yell out. It wasn't the cry of the previous night, but a snarl of rage, and I knew I was to be attacked. Now, for what followed I have received the credit of being a very great man, but I am ready to confess that I never felt myself more of a coward. I was at bay, and cowards will fight when driven to the wall. I just bent over those cubs, drew my revolver, and in about a minute caught sight of a panther's head as she worked her way in through the drift. I took quick aim and let her have it, and she didn't kick a dozen times. I knew the other one was around there somewhere, and I didn't have three minutes to wait. He came for me by a different route, and he was almost upon me before I fired the shot which finished him.

The kittens were about two weeks old, and after the old ones had been finished I knocked the little ones in the head. When I returned to Shawano, I carried the paws to prove that I had destroyed four panthers, and as I told you, I got the credit of being a Lion-hearted Nimrod. I deserved not one word of praise. I simply had the nerve to use my revolver when pinched, and the killing of the first beast by one bullet was simply a lucky shot.

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles have, perhaps, the largest sales of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

—*St. Nicholas* tells of a dog that can count. But it can't equal a cat in running up a column.

—Rich Uncle: "Now, sir, devise some method by which your expenses will not be above your income. Mine never are." Nephew (triumphantly): "Then let's trade incomes."

—Well, old fellow, it's all settled. I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope?" "Count upon me. I never desert a friend in my fortune."

—A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there, he won't stay long I was thinking."

—Professor: "Mr. B., can you tell me with what faculty we could most easily dispense?" Student: "Yes, sir." Professor: "Good; now speak up loud. What is it?" Student (soberly): "The college faculty."

—Snowdrop: "Got my cabinet photos ready?" Photographer: "Next Wednesday week." "See here, this is a swindle. Your advertisement says 'Cabinets finished while you wait.'" "Well, you're waiting, are you not?" "Eh? Oh, yes—I see."

—A beggar, to all appearance slightly befogged, thus accosted a passer-by: "Sir, would you please give me a little money to buy a bit of bread, for I am so dreadfully thirsty that I don't know where I am to get a night's lodging."—*Nouvelles a la Main.*

—The most powerful king on earth is wor-king; the laziest shir-king; a very doubtful king, ans-king; the most commonplace king, jo-king; the leanest one, thin-king; the thirstiest one, drin-king; the slyest one, win-king; and the most garrulous one, tal-king.

—When Lord Howe was captain of the "Magnanime," a negro sailor on board was ordered to be flogged. Everything being prepared, the ship's company assembled to see the punishment inflicted. Captain Howe made a long address to the culprit on the enormity of his offence. Poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, and having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed, "Massa, if you flogee, flogee; or if you preachee, preachee; but no preachee and flogee too."

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Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

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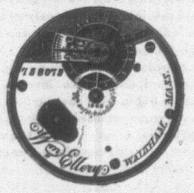

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