The Family.

In Memoriam.

Sarah Elder, died at Mantua, Newport, Jan. 15, 1864.

The battle fought, the victory won,
The garment of the flesh laid down,
The "well done" uttered by her Lord,
She weareth now the immortal crown.

No more by the dark streams which flow
Through earthly valleys, dim and drear,
She dwells within the light of God,
And walks by waters still and clear.

Care's iron hand can never press
Its clasp upon her brow again,
No restless vision—haunted sleep,
Or waking thoughts be worse than pain.

Whatever cross it seemed good
For her dear Lord on her to lay,
She clasped the earnest of his love,
And waited for the fuller day.

While some grew weary on the road
From which our feet so quickly stray,
Relying on the promised grave,
She firmly trod the narrow way.

However rough that way might seem,
However hard the hidden cross,
She thought of glories unrevealed,
And counted all things here but dross.

At rest forever; Oh how sweet!
For earth's tired pilgrims thus to be,
Secure from sin, at Jesus feet,
From care and pain forever free.

Not as the dead we think of her,
With rayless eye, and pulseless hand,
But with the crown and harp of Heaven,
At home within the better land.

The poor will miss her open heart,
The sorrowing miss her gentle tone,
The sick will mourn that she is gone,
The lonely heart feel more alone.

The mantle that she wore, may we
Fold round us, as we act our part,
And if we would her glories share,
Bind the same precepts to our heart.

L. J. E.

Christian Messenger please copy.

Dream-land.

There is a world of unrealities, conjured up by the imagination, and peopled with the creations of fancy. It is unknown to the practical matter of fact individual, who could hardly breathe in its subtile atmosphere, or subsist on aliment so ethereal as is there dispensed. The sentimentalist and the lover of fiction are the frequenters of this dream, or cloud land, and roaming amid its bowers, rich with a bloom and beauty that belong not to this "solid ball" on which we tread, or mingling in its scenes of splendour and fascination, they feel with the poet that to them "the uses" of this outward world are indeed "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." In this region of enchantment are to be met, forms of more than mortal loveliness; beings whose superhuman excellence is unmixed with any of the weakness, that pertain to frail humanity. Here the heroic is found in its superlative degree; disinterestedness and self-sacrifice walk and talk in person; while deeds of charity and acts of generosity abound to such an extent, as finds no parallel in this mundane scene, certainly as it at present exists. Within the charmed precincts, we are describing, time passes on, not with the dull monotony of every day life, but presenting ever-varying pictures of romantic incident, or wild adventure. Each coming day brings new combinations of circumstances to interest, to thrill, to entrance. Thus life resembles one long gala season of novelty, excitement, and enjoyment. Amid the whirl of events, and the "exits and the entrances" of the actors that "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," all is to the idealist a luxurious trance, a bewildering intoxication. He has drunk indeed of a cup that "inebriates," not "cheers," and restless and disquieted, unless steeped in his "Elysian dream," he yields himself unresistingly to the dominion of a spell, which holds in abeyance all the nobler faculties of his nature. What but the power of Almighty Grace can break such a spell; and arouse one, who has fallen asleep on this "enchanted ground?" Trusting to that grace, to cause our admonition to reach the conscience, we would solemly address such a one in the words employed to one of old—"What meanest thou O sleeper? arise, call upon God." Thou art under a fatal influence and delusion, aptly set forth in the Divine Word—"And it shall be as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth, but he awaketh, and his soul is empty; or as where a thirsty man dreameth, and behold he drinketh, but he awaketh and his soul is faint." Thus thy spiritual necessities are all unmet, and thou art perishing from want; yet thou ignorest thy real situation, and amusest thyself with unrealities, waiting thought and feeling on what has existence only in thy imagination. Think, O! think, that immersed as thou art in spirit, in these unsubstantial vanities, thou art hasting on surely, rapidly, to eternal realities. These will soon surround thee, and what if thou only then awaken to the true state of things! Has not the transition been sudden in many instances, from revelling in scenes of fictitious delight, and standing an unclothed spirit in the presence of God? Beware! that it be not the case with thee.

A. E. M.

Round Shoulders.

I speak of "round shoulders," hollow chests, and stooping forms. There are perhaps, not three persons in any school of fifty pupils but have them. It is so among people of nearly all professions and occupations, sexes and ages. Indeed, our whole arrangement of society could have been no better calculated if on purpose to produce them. Military men and sea-captains are usually exempt, and so are Indians and those peasant women of Italy and other countries that carry burdens on their heads. School-teachers are often exempt, though not always. Ladies with excessive vanity often escape.

Now what are the causes of this deformity, the consequences, and the remedy? Frst and in general, round shoulders are caused by the prevailing practice of doing everything in a bent-over position from childhood up, so that, like the pumpkin growing between two rails, we grow into bad forms. The low desks in our school-rooms, and the habit of placing our books on them and bending over to study, produce round shoulders. I never knew a school house with desks high enough, and do not believe there is one in America—perhaps not in the world. They ought to be so high that bending over them would be impossible, and the top adjustable, so as to be set at any angle of inclination. The desks we use in all our offices, shops, and places of business, are constructed as if man was hardly yet metamorphosed from some lower order of four-footed beings to what God made him—upright.

The positions which we assume in our work tend to produce stooping.

The chairs we sit in are mostly made for deformed people. Persons with square shoulders are pained and made uneasy by setting in them. It is even questionable whether our chairs were not better without backs—I mean those in which we sit to write and do work, and not our chairs for parlour and sitting-room use—than that they should, as they now do, crowd the shoulders forward and cramp the chest, and those with backs should be made after a normal and not abnormal standard.

The way in which we lie in bed helps to produce round shoulders. High bolsters and higher pillows on top of them may make a bed look fine, and may be very convenient for those who wish to watch their pretty toes all night; but if we wish to rise in the morning an inch taller than when we went to bed, and preserve an upright form, we must not seek it by such means. True, the head should be kept higher than the feet, but not by bending the neck or back. Let the foot of the bed be a little the lowest; and if we lie on the back, lie without a pillow; or if on the side, with one high enough to keep the head in a line with the body.

But enough of causes which may vary for different persons. Let us look at effects:

First, round shoulders and stooping forms detract from a fine personal appearance, either when standing, sitting, or walking. Women like a beautiful face, eyes, feet, hands, fine dress, ornaments, splendid houses, horses, etc., etc., and take great pains, often run great risks of life, to obtain them. Why not work as hard for fine forms?

But laying aside all thoughts of good looks, and turning for a moment to our ability to "do and to dare," we find that a truly graceful posture is the only easy one; that where the "bearing" of the body is not correct, as in stooping, we wear ourselves out by spending strength to support ourselves in an unnatural position; that those who go about their business gracefully, do more, and do it easier, than the awkward.

Stooping is unhealthful. The lungs are cramped, and do not fully inflate. This brings on consumption; and besides, the blood being only half oxyginized, we only half live. Nothing is so important as securing good health and good feelings as thorough breathing.

Plato said no republic was complete without te gymnasiums. This is true of all schools; and more, in all cities and towns the gymnastic hall, well ventilated, lighted, and warmed, where the sedentary, the studious, those confined much in doors, both male and female, can, in appropriate costume, throw off the restraints of a confined life, and take vigorous body training under a master, with music, is full as important as was the gymnasium in the days of Plato.—*Home Journal.*

Early Flowers.

A correspondent of the *Morning Journal* gives the following advice on the culture of flowers:—

To those of you who love early flowers, I would recommend to sow, in pans, pots, or boxes, well drained (oyster shells and charcoal broken up make a capital drainage) the following varieties of flower seeds: Ageratum, Antirrhinium, Delphinium Chinense, Dianthus Heddeuigi, a few Nasturtions, and some German Stocks, Salpiglossas, Phlox Drummondii, Pansy, Petunia, Mignonettes, Scabious, Helichrysum, Lobelia, Mimulus, and some Sweet Peas, in small pots. Soak your Mignonette and Sweet Peas in warm water over night, and to facilitate sowing the former mix in a little dry earth or sand. Make your compost rather light and sandy, not over rich and not very fine. It is well after drainage is put in to put on some moss or straw, half rotten horse manure, on which put your compost. I find it best to water the seeds immediately after sowing, then lightly cover with fine sandy earth. The smaller the seed the less covering is required. Sow your seed thickly with the intention of transplanting in other boxes before finally transferring to garden. It is a good plan to put a pane of glass on the seed, resting on the rim of your pot or box. Keep moderately moist, always watering when needed (this time of year) with terpid water. As soon as the seed appears above ground, give a little air. If the sun is very bright, shade a little with paper, only in the middle of the day. When your plants are well up, remove the glass and expose fully to the sun.

These directions apply more particularly to the finer seeds. You can raise all the sorts I have referred to in your kitchen or your sitting room window.

How Harry became a Christian.

A TRUE STORY.

Harry, a boy about thirteen years old, had been for a long time anxious to give his heart to the Saviour and become a Christian; but there seemed to be something in the way. He did not know exactly what to do. He had been to talk with his minister a number of times, who had tried to lead him to trust in Christ, but he could find no peace. He carried a weary and troubled heart, until one day his teacher, hearing that he had been seeking the Saviour, took an opportunity to talk with him.

"Harry," she said, "I understand that you have been thinking about religion lately."

"Yes, I have," he replied. "I want to be a Christian—I want to give my heart to the Saviour, but I can't."

"Why, what is your heart, that you can't give it to him."

He looked up half astonished at so odd a question, and after a moment's consideration he replied:

"I don't know. I can't tell what it is."

"Well then, Harry, get the dictionary, and we will see what it is."

So he got the dictionary, and found it to be the affections, the love.

"Yes, *the love*; now put that word in place of heart, and do you mean to say you cannot love the Saviour?"

"Yes?" Harry said, looking as if he had got hold of a new idea; "but I want to love him. I have prayed that he would give me a new heart, (correcting himself,) a new love, but he does not give it to me."

"Why, how can he, when your old heart is full of something else? There is no room for the new love. There is something for you to do first. You must make a place for the new love by repenting of your sins, by laying them upon him. You must give up everything for him. Did you ever hear of the Indian and the missionary? The Indian wanted to be a Christian. The missionay said he must give up all for Christ, and then he would be a Christian. 'Well,' said he, 'I give up my blanket.' No, that is not enough.' 'I give up my gun.' 'Not enough yet. 'I give up my dog.' 'More yet.' The Indian dropped his head and wept. He had nothing else to give. 'Are you sure that is all?' At last he said, 'I give myself to him.' 'Aye, that will do.'"

Harry understood it. "Yourself is your heart, and your heart is your love, Harry. You can give it to the Saviour; ask him, and he will help you to do it. He is good, and has done much for you. He only asks you to love him. Why, Harry, how can you help loving him?"

"I don't know how I can help it," he replied, "but it appears as if there was something in the way."

"Whatever that is, you must take it out of the way; you must open the door of your heart and the Saviour will come in."

After a few minutes his teacher said, "Now, Harry, will you give yourself to the Saviour? Will you make up your mind to it?"

"*Yes, I will,*" he answered.

He went home and cried out on entering the room, "O mother! I have given myself to the Saviour," and burst into tears.

His mother was overjoyed, although she could not help mingling her tears with those of her only son and only child, for whom see had prayed so long.

May this account of Harry's experience lead some of the children who read this, to do as Harry did. Go to Jesus and say, "I will give thee my heart. Take it and give me a new heart, a new love, that I may grow to be like Jesus, and do his holy will day by day;" and the blessed Saviour will answer your prayer if you are in earnest: for he has said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

Cure for a Cold.

When you feel the cold coming on, at evening prepare to take an oat-meal gruel sweat. Make a quart or so of oat-meal gruel; strain it, and drink it as hot as it can be taken. This should be done while you are hugging close to the fire, wrapped up in blankets. After perspiring for some half hour or more, retire to a warm bed, well covered with blankets, and remain there (or at least in-doors,) the next day. Take special care against again taking cold the first time that you go out afterwards. This oat-meal at once relaxes and opens the pores of the skin.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Temperance.

The Remedy.

Be the number of drunkards what it may, that drunkenness exists, and that to a frightful extent, cannot be denied. And the question of chief concern is: How can it be remedied? Can the axe be laid at the foot of the tree? Or is the evil incurable? And must the process of destruction go on till all that is sublime in intellect, cheering in liberty, and holy in religion, fades and disappears before it? Must the eye as it glances onward through the vista of futurity, instead of meeting with the bright and joyous scenes of progressive improvement, until it reaches and rests on the predicted visions of mellenial glory—instead of this, must it meet only with poverty, and crime, and decay, and desolation as exhibited in diminshed trade, in less productive husbandry, in forsaken dwellings and augmented numbers of ragged, squalid wretches lounging in bar-rooms, hanging round the doors of dram-shops, staggering along the public avenues, or snoring in the gutters of those lanes and by-paths, which lead, not to the bread, but to the beer and rum-selling grocery?—Must this be so by any necessity of nature? Or is there yet a remedy? There is—here, as elsewhere—remove the cause, and the effect ceases.

If we would rid ourselves of the curse of the drunkard's drunkenness, we must rid ourselves of the use of the drunkard's drink. There is no alternative, the prevailing usage of society must be annulled or provision made, and made by us, for its future maintainance—a frightful provision; a provision of muscle, and of mind, as well as of money!

I repeat it, there is no alternative; this whole existing system of moderate drinking must be abolished, or the expense of sustaining it provided for by us, and by those who shall live after us; as it has hitherto been, by those who lived before us. Yes, as the years roll round, we must consent to the decimation of our families, and the families of our friends and neighbours that we may furnish therefrom victims for the dyspepsia, the dropsy, the delirium tremens; and inmates for the poorhouse—the house of correction—and the house of silence! More than this having furnished the victims of destruction, we must furnish also the elements of destruction, and the minister of destruction.

We must pay for the growing of the grapes and grain; then for the manufacture of the whisky and the wine, and then for the distribution of both, by those privileged venders, whose exclusive right it is to dispense among the people from their licensed stalls, these elements of death.

Frightful system! What a wreck of life; what a waste of money its continuance must occasion.—*Dr. Nott's Lectures on Temperance.*

Miss Evans the Temperance Lecturer.

The Rev. Theodore Cuyler, in a letter to the N. Y. *Evangelist*, gives an account of this young person who had recently given a lecture before two thousand people in his church. After some preliminary remarks Mr. Cuyler says:—Orator is not the word exactly; she is a modest maiden of sixteen, with a clear sweet voice, a pleasant face and a warm Christian heart. She talks right on with the utmost simplicity and directness, eschews all clap-trap and buffoonery, and when she is through, hundreds are ready to enroll themselves in the ranks of pledged abstainers. Full-grown men are impressed by her artless eloquence, and, 'a little child leads them.' Her speaking in our church reminds us of the pastor who prepared a powerful discourse expressly to reach a six-foot sinner of strong intellect in his congregation. But when the man soon after presented himself for admission to the church, he stated that he was led to Christ by some touching stories his little daughter had brought home to him from the Sabbath School.

I confess I felt a few misgivings when I introduced the little maid with her "jockey" and scarlet feather to the pulpit; especially as the house was crammed with nearly two thousand. But I remembered that Father Abraham had lately gone to the United States Capital to hear Miss Dickinson, and so I hid behind the illustrious precedent. Her speech was seasoned with the salt of true religion, and it would have aided rather than hindered the deepest revival feeling. She seems to have been raised up of Providence to do a work for that neglected class who are now marching hellward almost unchallenged—*the tipplers.* Her history is singular. Miss Susannah Evans is a native of Aberdare in Wales; her father was a dram-seller and a drunkard. A Sunday School recitation pronounced by her at an anniversary was the means of reforming her father. Discovering that she possessed a gift for persuasive speaking she began, at twelve years to address her Welsh country folk on temperance. In London and Manchester she was soon welcomed by crowds of auditors, and last year she determined on a mission to America. Large audiences had gathered to hear her at New Haven and elsewhere; she is overwhelmed with invitations to lecture; her head does not seem to have grown dizzy with success; and, for one, I believe she has been sent over to us to aid in forwarding that temperance revival so sorely needed, and whose symptoms are growing apparent on every side.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

Everv 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 influences 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 bilious disorders, pains in the side, &c The Bowels sympathise by Costiveness, Diarrhoea and Dysentery. The principal action of these Pills is on the stomach, and the liver, lungs, bowels and kidneys participate in their recuperative and regenerative operation.

Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

Are two of the most common and 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 remedy 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 fomentations 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,	Rheumatism,	Sore-throats,
Burns,	Ring Worm,	Sores of all kinds,
Chapped Hands,	Salt Rheum,	Sprains,
Chilblains,	Scalds,	Stiff Joints,
Fistulas,	Skin Diseases,	Ulcers,
Gout,	Swelled Glands,	Venereal Sores,
Lumbago,	Sore Legs,	Tetter,
Mercurial Eurp-tions,	Sore Heads,	Wounds of all kinds.

Piles.

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "Holloway, New York and London," are discernible 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 civilized world, in boxes at about 25 cents, 62 cents and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes

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

☞ Dealers in my well known medicines can have Show Cards, Circulars, &c., free of expense, by addressing Thomas Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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June 23.

THREE YEARS OF Successful Warfare!

With great loss of Life to the Enemy.

Imagine the Destruction of 51,516 BOXES Woodill's Worm Lozenges

SOLD IN 1866.

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Because when properly used they never fail.

Those who use them are confident that they contain no mercury, or anything injurious.

Those who once use them, will use nothing else.

They are eagerly taken by children.

They are used and prescribed by the Profession.

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jan 26

PORTRAITS OF Eminent Wesleyan Ministers.

RECEIVED per steamer, and for sale at the Wesleyan Book Room.

Portraits of Seven Presidents of the British Conference, Engraved in first class style on one *steel plate*,—(size of plate 16in. by 12in.)—faithfully copied from the latest photographs. The arrangement of the portraits is exceedingly artistic, and the Picture most unique and pleasing. The Seven Presidents are the following:—Rev's. Thos. Jackson, John Hannah, D.D, S D Waddy, D.D., F A West, W W Stamp, John Rattenbury and Charles Prest—Price $1.

ALSO,—A New Photographic Group of *One Hundred Wesleyan Celebrities*, size 11in by 8½in. This group of portraits includes many of the eminent Ministers of the past and present generations,—surrounding the venerated Founder of Methodism himself. Besides the portraits of John and Chas. Wesley, we have in this picture John Fletcher, Dr. Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Dr Bunting, Dr Newton, Rich'd Watson, Dr Beecham, Joseph Sutcliffe, Gideon Ousely, Dr Hannah, Thos Jackson, Dr Dixon, Dr Lomas, Wm Arthur, M.A., Samuel Jackson, Chas Prest, Luke H Wiseman, John Farrar, Alfred Barratt, P McOwen, Dr Jobson, Gervase Smith, Theos Lessey, Dr Waddy, S Romilly Hall, E Grindrod, John Rattenbury, Geo Scott Saml Coley, Wm Morley Punshon, A M, with numerous other ministers of note. Price, with key, $1.40. Nov 5.

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We have testimonials from many of the best physicians and gentlemen of standing, among whom we mention the Hon. Paul Dillingham, Lieut Governor of Vermont; hon Bates Turner, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont; Dr. J B Woodward, Brigade Surgeon U. S. Army.

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AN Antibillious Compound, long in use and Complete in action. By combining Aperient, Tonic and Aromatic properties they remove all oppressive accumulation, regulate the secretions of the liver, that Achilles' heel of almost every human fabric—strengthen the stomach, induce a healthy appetite, and impart tranquility to the nervous system. Sold wholesale and retail by

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Feb 10.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS,

ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.

NO STRAINING.

NO GRIPING.

NO TENESMUS.

NO PILES.

NO FALSE CALLS TO THE WATER CLOSET.

BUT A BRISK AND THOROUGH EVACUATION FROM THE BOWELS IS ALWAYS SECURED.

Newly Discovered Principles in Purgatives.

Dr Radway's Pills are the best Purgative Pills in the world, and the only Vegetable Substitute for Calomel or Mercury ever discovered. They are composed of

VEGETABLE EXTRACTS FROM ROOTS, HERBS, PLANTS, GUMS, SEEDS, FLOWERS, BARKS, FRUITS AND WEEDS, PREPARED IN [illegible]

One grain of the [illegible] the medicinal properties of Radway's Pills possess a greater curative power over disease than a thousand of the crude and [illegible] materials that enter into all other pills in use. These Pills are composed of the active medicinal principles of the Roots, Herbs, Plants, Flowers, Gums &c of which they are composed. One dose will prove their superiority to all other pills. They

PURGE, CLEANSE, PURIFY, HEAL, SOOTHE, CALM, STRENGTHEN, INVIGORATE,

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Their Great Combinations.

They are Aperient, Tonic, Laxative, Alterative, Stimulant, Counter Irritant, Sudorific.

AS EVACUANTS,

They are more certain and thorough than the Drastic Pills of Aloes, or Croton or Harlem Oil, or Elaterium, and more soothing and healing than Senna, or Rhubarb, or Tamarinds, or Castor Oil.

IN SUDDEN ATTACKS OF

Inflammation of the Bowels or Stomach, Liver, Spleen, Pancreas or Kidneys, Bilious Cholic or Bilious Fever, Congestive or Congestive Fever, Small Pox, Measles, or Red Fever.

SIX TO EIGHT OF DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS WILL PURGE THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THESE FROM THE SYSTEM IN SIX HOURS.

One dose of Dr. Radway's Pills will cleanse the intestinal canal, and purge from the bowels all offending and retained humors, as thoroughly as lobelia or the best approved emetic will cleanse the stomach, without producing inflammation, irritation, weakness,

STRAINING,

or other unpleasant symptoms. There are no other pills in the world that will secure this desideratum.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL

AS ALTERATIVES,

They exert a more powerful influence over the liver and its secretions than calomel, mercury, blue pill, benoline or importance in cases of Liver Complaints and Spleen Difficulties, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Bilious attacks, Headache, &c. In the treatment of Fevers, either Typhus, Typhoid, Typhoid, and other reducing Fevers, they are superior to opiums. Their influence extends over the entire system, controlling, strengthening, and bringing either fixed and wasting energies, and by their influence to the natural performance of their functions, cleansing and purifying the blood, and expelling from the system all diseased deposits and impure humors.

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ONE TO SIX BOXES WILL CURE

Costiveness,	Jaundice,	Rush of Blood to the Head,
Constipation,	Congestive Fever,	Obstructions,
Connection,	Sleeplessness,	Dropsy,
Heart Disease	Gen'l Debility,	Acute Erysipelas,
Diseases of Kidney & Bladder	Dimness of Sight,	Headache,
Disease of Liver,	Fits,	Bad Breath,
Biliousness,	Worms,	Inflamation of the Intestines,
Typhus Fever,	Quinsey,	Apoplexy,
Slip Fever,	Dyspepsia,	Enlargement of the Spleen,
Malignant Fever,	Headache,	Scurvy,
Loss of Appetite,	Melancholy,	Whooping Cough,
Indigestion,	Hysterics,	Worms,
Inflammation	Amenorrhœa,	Bad Dreams,
Palpitations,	Fainting,	Pleurisy
Scarlet Fever,	Dizziness,	
Bilious Fever,	Retention of Urine,	

I AM CURED.

"I have taken a dozen of Radway's Pills, of three boxes each, and they have cured me of constipation, dyspepsia and costiveness. I have taken Brandreth's, Morison's and many other pills for years, and could not obtain relief to any extent. I tried the use of them pills for a week, by the advice of a friend, and I am cured. I feel like a new man."

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"I have taken Radway's and Lover's Pills, which have cured all sorts of pills, they will give you no mercury, and leave you free from the bad effects of mercury, and leave you free from the bad effects of mercury, and leave you free from the bad effects of