

A FLY ON THE WHEEL.

Note of a 200 Mile Jaunt on a Bicycle.

"O magic wheel,
Of unnumbered wheels,
How part of myself thou art,
As we roll along
Thou bringest through
That people the busy mart."
—The Wheelman, Sept. No. 3.

DEAR SIGNOR,—It can hardly be necessary for me to enter into a panegyric on the bicycle as a practical vehicle of locomotion or a means of health-giving enjoyment. It has now nearly outgrown the prejudice which met it on its first appearance, and has come to be regarded as an institution. In the hands of such men as Keith, Falconer and Lennox who have ridden from John O'Grat's to the Land's End, or of our own friend Perry Doodittle, who has completed his ten thousand miles on a bicycle. It has been proved to be something more than a toy; and worthy of a wider recognition as a practical and

USEFUL MEANS OF TRAVEL.
Whether for an hour's ride, a day's run, or a week's tour, it is equally available, always ready to hand and foot, requiring no food and far less care than a horse; untiring, and, if properly used, uncomplicated, whatever amount of work be required of it. The moral aspect of the question is also worthy of consideration, not only is its use beneficial to health, but conducive to temperance—for no man of intemperate habits can ever be a successful bicyclist—and it never takes its rider into low company. The great majority of bicycle riders are

MEANS OF EDUCATION.
and correct habits, whose physical condition enables them to accomplish without excessive fatigue, a day's run that few horses could attempt; and who can appreciate the beauties of nature sufficiently to enable them to enjoy without weariness the ever-changing scenery incidental to a country tour. If bicycling increases in popularity as much in the next five years as it has done in the past, the G. P. R. James of the future instead of commencing his novels with the well-known "solitary horseman," will in deference to the popular taste begin his opening chapters with a "solitary wheelman." Among the varieties of the silent steed are numbered statesmen, authors, poets, artists, doctors and even ministers of the Gospel; and I had almost forgotten to add, editors. With such a class of men as its leading spirits there is little fear of the noble sport ever being brought down to the level of jockeys and blacklegs, while its constantly increasing popularity has created a freemasonry among the craft which extends the world over, wherever a wheelman is found. As for its pleasures, they can be better felt than described. None but the initiated know the delight of a rattling spin over a smooth country road, in the

EARLY SUMMER'S MORNING,
while the woods are musical with the song of birds, and the air is filled with the sweet scent of the newly-cut hay and clover, mingled with the faint odor of the far off skunk. Excuse me if I appear to verge upon the poetical, but the theme is so worthy of an abler pen; worthy even of the graphic descriptive powers of a certain Clinton paper's Gode-rich correspondent, or the soul-stirring lays of the inspired Hubbard, the bard of Milwaukee. However, when I'm on my bicycle I'm on my hobby, and I'm not to be excused if I trifle rather occasionally. But not to digress further, I will endeavor to give you some account of my wanderings. I had for some time contemplated a week's holiday on the wheel, and with this end in view, I made preparations and planned my route; and having carefully packed my luggage, mainly consisting of a clean pair of socks and pocket comb, which, with one or two other necessities I strapped on the handle bar, I was ready for the road. On Thursday, September 27th, at 4.15 p.m. I left town, accompanied by two other members of the club, whose native modesty makes them dread to have their names in print. The weather looked decidedly threatening, and their was evidently a storm somewhere in the vicinity, but we were bound to go, and went

AFTER CROSSING THE BRIDGE
we took the road to the right, past the brewery, and on past Fisher's farm, up to Smith's Hill, which we reached at 5 p.m. and immediately started in the direction of Lucknow. Shortly after leaving the Hill it began to rain, but as it is a principle among bicyclers never to turn back, we at once struck a 15 mile cut for the Nile, where we arrived slightly damped, and, as the weather showed no signs of improvement, decided to remain for the night. Next morning was cloudy, but fine, so, after an early breakfast, we started at 6.40 a.m. for Lucknow. The road was fine and the pace consequently lively, which soon began to tell on our junior member, who was not accustomed to touring, and he fell somewhat to the rear. On reaching Belfast we remained for a smoke and sent him on ahead giving him 15 minutes start. Another sharp spin brought us to

LUCKNOW
at 8.10, our friend having arrived about 5 minutes previously; while here we met Mr. Skidd, a local wheelman, and hoped also to have seen Mr. Cameron, but he was presumably in the arms of Morphieus, it being considerably before banking hours. We were informed here that the road to Wingham was somewhat hilly, and it certainly fulfilled our expectations. It much resembles the road to Porter's Hill, only more so, and entailed a good deal of pedestrian exercise. The natives call the distance 12 miles, but if I rolled out it would be at least 14. Within three or four miles of Wingham we got some fairly good road, and I pushed ahead into town, closely followed by Harry. After waiting some time and seeing no sign of our friend, Harry started back for him, and found that the youth had become a victim of the ambulance—in other words, being rather "tucked out." He had induced a good natured old gentleman to take him and his machine into his buggy and give him

A LIFT INTO TOWN.
The principal objects of interest in the neighborhood appear to be bridges and railroad crossings which are quite numerous. Our appearance was the signal for

anxious enquiries respecting the members of the Goderich cricket club, who were to have been there to play a return match, but who had not put in an appearance. One or two appeared to think we were simply the advance guard of the club, who were all coming on the wheel. After about an hour's rest in Wingham, my two companions started for home, via Blyth, and I was left to pursue my journey alone. Another hour's rest and dinner at the Brunswick, made me feel more like going, and as I

SEAFORTH BEFORE DARK,
I had no time to lose. The road from Wingham to Bluevale was a good mud road, and very fair riding. On reaching Bluevale, I found the bridge over the river gone, and had to carry the machine across a dam, through a saw mill and over a pile of slabs, which occasioned about 20 minutes delay. On reaching the gravel road I found it good to within about 2 miles of

BRUSSELS,
when it became so bad that I had to dismount and walk. On arriving at the hotel the first familiar countenance that met my gaze was that of our esteemed friend, "Gif." We smiled. I then called on our old friend, Mr. Rogers, of the county council, but as my time was limited, having to make Seaforth before dark, I could only make a few minutes' stay. I did not like to say anything to hurt our friend's feelings, or I might have suggested that he stir up the pathmaster to improve the execrable roads in that vicinity. I don't wonder that I saw no bicycles in Brussels. Leaving there at 4.1 I rode for about a mile and a half when I was again obliged to take the shoe-leather route, the road consisting of a pile of stones on one side and a foot or more of mud on the other. This state of things continued as far as

WALTON,
some 5 miles from Brussels. Here the road became ridable and I put on **ALL STEAM FOR SEAFORTH,** and reached the Queen's hotel just about dark, somewhat tired and as hungry as a wolf. If Mr. Stephens had observed the amount of supper I stowed away, he wouldn't consider bicyclers very profitable travellers to entertain, and might think himself lucky that he had not the whole club. I certainly did full justice to his excellent table. After a good night's rest, I felt as fresh as a daisy and ready for another start, but the weather was unfavorable. Saturday morning was raw with a drizzling rain, so I had nothing for it but to wait for a clear up. Towards mid-day it looked brighter, and at 2 p.m. I determined to make a start for Stratford. The road

FROM SEAFORTH TO DUBLIN
was in a horrible condition—nothing but mud—and I had great difficulty in pushing the machine through it. After passing Dublin it improved wonderfully, and I made good time from there to Mitchell which place I reached at 3.40, and after a few minutes rest and a schooner of lemonade, made a fresh start. A few miles out an apple orchard by the roadside looked so tempting that I dismounted with the idea of helping myself to a few, and was just about to climb the fence when it occurred to me that there might be a dog on the premises. My suspicions were well founded, as just then a young girl came out of the house, accompanied by an ugly looking collie, who evinced decidedly hostile intentions. I asked her for a few apples and as she did not appear to understand me, pointed to the tree. She evidently grasped my meaning as she plucked three or four and came forward with them, but her approach showed her to be a rather pretty little Dutch girl. I endeavored to express my thanks for her kindness, but as she did not understand English and I was equally at a loss for Dutch, a good deal had to be taken for granted. A little further on I climbed

SEABACH HILL,
which is said to be the highest point in Western Ontario, and from the top obtained a magnificent view in all directions. Looking east I could see far beyond Stratford—in fact the whole county appeared like a panorama around me. From here I had a rattling spin down grade through Sebringville, and as the weather again threatened rain, I struck a lively gallop to beat it into

STRATFORD,
which I succeeded in doing by about ten minutes, arriving at the Windsor a few minutes before six. The first man I met on my entrance was our old friend, Sergeant O'Conroy, formerly of the British, who appeared rather surprised to see me, and especially at my mode of travelling. Sunday morning was clear and bright, with every prospect of a fine day, but as the had been considerable rain in the night I concluded to remain till after dinner, to give the roads time to dry a little. 2.30 p.m. saw me again in the saddle and on the road to St. Mary's. This was the most thoroughly enjoyable ride of the whole trip. With a bright, clear sky overhead, a breeze in the right direction, and a fine gravel road under me, it seemed the realization of an ideal bicycle ride, and I spun along at a glorious rate. As most of your readers have doubtless visited

ST. MARY'S,
I need say no more than it appears to be very prettily situated on the north branch of the Thames, and has a fine agricultural country around it. On enquiring the way, I found I had a choice of two roads, one straight on, across the river, the other down by way of Thorndale. I made the mistake of choosing the latter, and afterwards taking a wrong turning got into some mud-splashed lines, so that instead of making London before dark, I found myself at 6 o'clock just entering Thorndale, with 12 or 14 miles further to go. As it was getting dark, and I had no lamp, I was reluctantly compelled to stay there for the night, and as there were only two hotels, one about as bad as the other, I chose the first I came to. The people of the house were respectable enough, but there were such a hard-looking crowd of hoodlums about that I began to think I had got into the same class as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Their looks, however, must have been the worst of them, as I had no trouble with them. Next morning, at 7 a.m. I was again under way for London. The roads were decidedly

poor until I struck the gravel road a mile or two east of Crumlin, when I had

FAIR RIDING INTO LONDON.

where I arrived about 9 a.m. My original intention was to have gone on through St. Thomas and Wallacestown, over the route of the Chicago tourists, as far as Wallace, and home by boat, but when I got among my old friends of the Forest City and Ariel clubs, their solitations, in addition to the attractions of the fair, changed my plans, and I remained. On Wednesday I ran

DOWN TO ST. THOMAS
and back, to see the place and renew my acquaintance with Capt. Hepinstall, of the St. Thomas club; and the same evening joined the party of freshmen on the fair ground by electric light. Friday morning saw me en route for home, over the old familiar route. After passing St. John's, where the bridge was not yet repaired, and another place further on where the road was new it became so good that I rode from 10 miles below Lukan to the Central hotel at Exeter, some 23 miles, with a disagreeable, other 13 miles brought me to Brucefield, where I halted for dinner; and then came the cream of the trip, the 10 miles from Brucefield to Bayfield, the finest stretch of road I was ever on. The staunch old wheel seemed to know she was

ON THE HOME STRETCH,
as she bounded along with scarcely an effort, the rapidity of the pace making her sing under me like a delightful Thomas cat. 48 minutes at this pace saw me in Bayfield, and after a halt of 5 minutes at Morgan's, I entered on the last stage of my journey, and reached home shortly after 4 p.m., in good order and without having loosened a spoke or nut during the trip. I may remark, in conclusion, that I never felt better in my life, and would recommend any individual suffering from indigestion, biliousness or loss of appetite, to supplement the Scriptural injunction by the purchase of a bicycle and to "go and do likewise."

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A Warning to Senseless Parents and Cruel Nurses.

Few people seem to properly estimate the great wrong of frightening children. Nearly every household has its "ugly old man," or its "great old bear." The terrible old man or the great old bear are powerful factors in nursery discipline. "Come along here, now," a mother or a nurse will say to a child, "and let me put you to bed." "I can't wait to go to bed now," the child replies. "You'd better come on here now, or I'll tell that ugly old man to come and take you away. There he comes now." This has the intended effect, and the child, trembling in fear, submits at once and goes to bed, probably to see in imagination all kinds of horrible faces. The sad death of a little girl, which occurred recently, shows that so strong an impression that "boogies" make on the minds of children. The little one was a beautiful child, and everyone at the fashionable boarding-house where her parents were spending the summer months loved her with that purity of affection which child so gently old and young can inspire. She would stand at the gate and clap her little hand with glee when her father came to dinner and when he would take her on his shoulder she would shout and call to everyone to look how high she was. One day a large, shaggy dog came into the garden and snarled at her. She held a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away. She was terribly frightened, and the black nurse, who stood near, was not slow in making a mental note of the impression the dog had made. Several nights afterward, when bedtime came, the child was unusually weeping.

"Yer'd better come heah and get in dis bed," the nurse commanded.
"I don't want to."
"All right, den. Ise gwine out an' call in dat ole dog what gwoked at yer. When he comes an' fin's yer outen bed he'll bite yer head off."
The little girl grew deadly pale.
"Nuthin' would suit dat dog better den to get a chance at yer. Tother night he cetch a little girl across the road an' eat her all up."
The child screamed.
"Come on heah, den, an' I won't let him ketch yer."
The poor little thing obeyed. Her father and mother were at an entertainment and there was no appeal from the negro woman's decision. When morning came the little girl did not wake with her glad "good morning" to "mamma." She had tossed all night and a hot fever had settled upon her. She grew rapidly worse, and the next day the physician declared that there was no hope for her. She became delirious and, struggling, would say:
"Dog shan't have mamma's little girl."
It was a sorrowful circle that surrounded her death-bed. The parents were plunged into a grief which none but the hearts of fathers and mothers can feel.

Do Not Be Duped
A recently advertised and highly-puffed remedy for deafness has lately been exposed as an unmitigated fraud. Not so with Hagar's Yellow Oil; none name it but to praise John Clark, of Millbridge, testifies that it cured him of deafness.

A Life-Saving Present.
Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan., saved his life by a simple Triplicat Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, which he used to procure a large bottle, that completely cured him, when Doctors, change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, it is guaranteed to cure. Triplicat Bottles at J. Wilson's drug stores. Large size \$1. (1)

Shall the People of Canada be subject to Military Government?

From the Toronto World (Independent)
At this stage of the history of our country, when, after the people of Ontario have passed through a general provincial election with that order which has always distinguished the men of our province, reformers and conservatives alike, but when at the last of the elections, the hostile government of Manitoba, by sending a battery of artillery from Winnipeg into our province professing to preserve order, but in reality to overthrow and intimidate our fellow citizens of Ontario who were not rioting or law breaking but holding peaceable discussions and meetings usual before an election, surely it is in season for our people, irrespective of political party leanings, to ask themselves: *Shall the people of Canada be subject to military government?*

If we understand the men of this free province, we are quite sure the answer will go forth emphatically "no." The battle and smoke of the political battle which ended in the contest of Algoma having cleared away, we—who are belonging to no party, but are Ontario first, last, and always,—can look on the act of the dominion government free from feelings of party hostility, and with some degree of confidence appeal to the great and terrible danger we are subjected to should the use of artillery be brought into requisition on every occasion where two partisan justices of the peace make affirmation that they apprehend disturbance at an election, and request military aid in preserving order.

The government of Sir John A. Macdonald has received fair play from this journal. Never have we said a harsh thing of him in a partisan spirit. We have supported, and still support much of his trade policy, but that is no reason why we should not protest against a soldierly army with weaponry of death being imported into our election affairs. Had the soldiers been our own fellow citizens of Ontario the offence would have been great, but the soldiers of a province hostile to us, with interests antagonistic to ours, having been sent with their murderous artillery and their guns, to shoot down, if an excuse could be got, our fellow provincials, was in our opinion one of the greatest outrages ever perpetrated on the elector and freemen of our country.

The people of those usually in sympathy with Sir John A. Macdonald in a province will remember, in elections to come, the unjustifiable attempt to overawe for the first time in the history of confederation the people of this country by exercising their right of electing a representative, the introduction of armed men placed under the command of a hostile government.

We are not here discussing the boundary question, nor are we expressing any opinion on the merit or demerits of either the Mowat government or the opposition, but the people of the province would be lacking in all that makes a patriot and patriotic if they permit, without protest, the presence of armed soldiers in our election contests.

Caution.
We advise all who are afflicted with a cough or cold to beware of opiates and all medicines that smother and check a cough suddenly, as serious results surely follow. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam loosens and breaks up coughs and colds in a safe and effectual manner.

Results Tell.
The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the extraordinary power over pain of Polson's Nervine never fails to perform wonders in every case of pain. It cannot fail, for it is composed of powerful pain subduing remedies. It goes right to the bottom, and pain is banished at once. Nervine cures all kinds of pain, internal or external. Go to Wilson's drug store and get a 10 or 25 cent bottle, and be delighted by its promptitude in doing its work. At Wilson's.

"I had been for eight months unable to work, and felt as though I would as lief die as live, through Dyspepsia and Indigestion. I weighed at the time of getting a bottle of McGregory's Speedy Cure 130 lbs.; used 3 bottles, and now weigh 165 lbs. and never was better in my life. It was McGregory's Speedy Cure that brought me around." So says William Fell, Hamilton. Go to G. Rhyland's drug store and get a free trial bottle or the regular size for fifty cents and one dollar.

Says Dryden
"She knows her man, and when you rant and swear, Can draw you to her with a single hair." But it must be beautiful hair to have such power; and beautiful hair can be renewed by the use of **CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER**. Sold at 50 cts. by J. Wilson.

A Common Annoyance.

Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, which might easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured Lotie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she praises it highly.

Kars, Sept. 1st, 1883.
Wm. Churchill & Co., Gents.—I have been troubled with Catarrh for the past two years. Your Fountain of Health was recommended to me by Mr. Lindsey of this place. After using one and a half bottles all symptoms of Catarrh have disappeared, and my health is so much improved that I have gained several pounds in flesh. I am yours truly,
WM. LALIMBER.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.
I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and we all pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has ever taken for six years.
WM. T. McCLEER.
The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.
W. H. BISHOP & Co.

IT HAS BEEN WELL SAID THAT
there is great waste of time and energy by those reformers and philanthropists, who bring about man's amelioration, are always addressing themselves to the head, to the neglect of the stomach. It is an elementary law governing the human system that the Brain and the Stomach are two neighbors who cannot afford to be at enmity for any length of time without mental deterioration or destruction; and an improvement in one implies improvement in the other. By using Dr. Casper's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calcasaya the Mind and Body will become harmonized by the perfection of Digestion and assimilation of food, and the formation of Healthy Blood.

Eye, Ear and Throat.
DR. RYERSON,
317, Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE WINDSOR HOTEL.
STRAFORD,
On Last Saturday of Every Month.
June 5th, 1883. 1883.

North West Transportation Company
(LIMITED)
TO ALL PORTS IN THE GREAT NORTH WEST
via the Steamers of the North West Transportation Company, one of which will, weather permitting, leave Sarnia every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday, on arrival of Grand Trunk Trains, calling at GODERICH on Friday, LORAIN on Saturday, and Prince Arthur's Landing, Royal, Caledonia, Manitoula, Minnesota, Dakota and the North West.
SPECIAL.
The Steamer "MANITOBA" will leave Goderich, weather permitting, every ten days on Tuesdays and Fridays, alternate trips, for Sarnia, Southampton, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, Free Nelson, Silver Lake and Thunder Bay.
For further information as to rates, apply to Wm. LEE, Goderich, or to JAMES H. BEATTY, General Manager, Sarnia. June 7th, 1883. 1883-6m

DR. DOW'S



DR. DOW'S
A Sure Cure for all Affections of the Liver, Stomach & Blood, Liver, Catarrh, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Sciatica, &c. A single Pack will convince the most skeptical.

STURGEON OIL LINIMENT

STURGEON OIL LINIMENT
CURES
RHEUMATISM
Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Lumbago, Contracted Joints, Cramp in Muscles, Sprains.
BEST HORSE LINIMENT.
In Large Bottles 25c. each.
J. W. BRAYLEY, MONTREAL, P. Q.

WILSON'S Prescription Drug Store.

WILSON'S
Prescription Drug Store.
Warner's Safe Cure, Van Huron's Kidney Cure, Hagar's Catarrh Cure, Cingalese Hair Restorer, Crowfoot Indian Bitters, Warner's Nervine.

DIAMOND DYES.

DIAMOND DYES
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
100 PER. PACKAGE.

A Remarkable Result.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was a terrible sufferer from Chronic Kidney and Liver Complaint, and at one time was so bad that his life was despaired of. He was cured by four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Kars, Sept. 1st, 1883.
Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer from Costiveness, Sick Headache, and Loss of Appetite for many years, felt always tired, so that life was a burden and all seemed dark to me. I have had medical attendance, and have tried almost all the advertised remedies, but without effect. A number of my neighbors, who had used your Fountain of Health, urged me to give it a trial, three bottles of which made me feel like a new woman.
Mrs. BALL,
674, King street, Toronto.

BUCHANAN, LAWSON & ROBINSON

BUCHANAN, LAWSON & ROBINSON
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors & Blinds
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF Lumber, Lath, Shingles and builder's material of every description. SCHOOL FURNITURE A SPECIALTY. All Orders promptly attended to.
Goderich, Aug. 2, 1883. 1902-1y

ALLAN LINE

ALLAN LINE
OF ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS
LIVERPOOL-LONDON-DERRY-GLASGOW
Every Saturday From Quebec.
SHORTEST SEA PASSAGE. SPEED, COMFORT AND SAFETY.
Summer Arrangement.

TESTIMONIALS.

TESTIMONIALS.
Collingwood, Ont.—The Crowfoot Bitters I use for my Sick Headache, after twenty years of suffering without being able to find relief. Mrs. J. HOLLINGSHEAD.
Clarkburg, Ont.—The Crowfoot Bitters perfectly cured me of Sick Headache, after twenty years of suffering without being able to find relief. Mrs. J. HOLLINGSHEAD.
If you wish to get the worth of your money ask your druggist for it.
THEY ALL KEEP IT!
May 17th, 188 1891-6m

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.
The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:
"78 E. 54th St., New York, Aug. 16, 1882.
Messrs. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely find any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation in many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking the above-named medicine. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."
The above substance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect suitability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
changes, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrupulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood, and a low state of the system.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS
Best Purgative Medicine—care Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders. Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS
Best Purgative Medicine—care Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders. Sold everywhere. Always reliable.