The Weekly Observer

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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The Public cordially invited to call in

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Aug. 16, 1888.

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For one dollar and twenty-five cents THE OBSERVER and *Farm and Fireside* will be sent one year to any address. Remember, no extra charge.

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We have taken the Stable lately occupied by F. N. Steeves, corner Foundry and Main Streets, and solicit a share of patronage. First class rigs to hire. Horses boarded on reasonable terms. Careful attention given to traveller's teams.

A good Hostler always in attendance.

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Moncton, Nov. 1, 1888.

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☞ Special attention given to hipmen Hay, Potatoes, Lumber, etc.

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Personally Selected.

We invite everybody to inspect our

SHOW ROOMS.

Not necessary to come as a customer, but come as a visitor and see what

BEAUTIFUL GOODS

we are showing. We take pleasure in showing these Rooms open to

THE PUBLIC,

and do not want anybody to miss the opportunity.

H. G. & F. A. MARR.

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—o—

An Illustrated Literary Journal for BOYS and GIRLS.

16 Pages Monthly. Published at Cleveland, Ohio.

It contains departments of

Stories; Social Etiquette; Temperance; Nature and Science; Our Girls; Inquiries Answered; Humorous; Good Health; Music; Home Recreations; Adventure; Art; Puzzles, Etc.

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND is bright, sparkling and pure; just the paper that every father and mother, who have the welfare of their children at heart, will feel disposed to place upon their reading table. The editor has had twelve years experience in editing for the young, and all this experience is brought to bear upon making up OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND.

This valuable Young People's paper will be sent together with THE WEEKLY OBSERVER one year for $1.15. TWO GOOD FAMILY PAPERS FOR ONLY $1.15. Now is the time to subscribe.

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THE EMPIRE, since its establishment has steadily maintained, unprecedented success, and already occupies the second position of Canada's Leading Weekly Newspapers. In order to place the WEEKLY EMPIRE in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion, for a few months, the publishers have determined to send it

Three Months Free

to every farmer who will send his name and address on a postal card before the 1st February, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR $1.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Jan. 17, 1888.

I Must Not Drink.

If I would be a gentleman
I cannot, must not drink;
For that will cause all manliness
Below the brute to sink.

If I would be a noble man
I cannot, must not drink;
Or far from purity and truth
I shall for ever shrink.

If I would be a useful man
I cannot, must not drink;
For will the idler drinking makes
Be helpful, do you think?

If I would be a Christian man
I cannot, must not drink;
Behold the wretched drunkard now
Trembling on ruin's brink.

No; if I would be pure and good,
And holy, true, and wise,
I must not touch the poison-cup.
'Tis death in any guise.

—*Temperance Banner.*

Beyond the Veil.

Why dread the clouds that hide the sun
When poets say that every one
Has got a "silver lining!"
And if the melting god of day
Should shine in one unbroken ray,
We mortals in our thankless way
Would soon forget his shining.

We need the darkness and the veil,
The sob of anguish and the wail,
To bring out all our brightness!
As, when spring comes, a glorious bride,
And winter's mold is pushed aside,
The clods but show the difference wide
'Twixt them and daisy's whiteness.

Then let us not rebel and cry
Against the will of the Most High,
But do our simple duty.
Put all our needless fears to rout,
And pierce, by faith, the clouds of doubt,
Then shall the promised sun shine out
In rays of dazzling beauty.

Grandmother's Dream.

We shall have a visit from the Indians before night, remarked my grandmother, looking across the breakfast table at grandfather.

Well, I hope we will, replied grandfather a little doggedly. You are eternally predicting an Indian raid, and just to please you I hope we shall get a call from at least a hundred.

Look out, Peter Barnes! You may have cause to regret that speech before you are a day older. I dreamed last night just how they came, and what they did, and it makes my blood run cold to think of it.

Grandfather made no reply, realizing that she always had the better of him in an argument, and the meal was finished in silence,

A year before my relatives, both of whom were nearly 70 years old, but strong and hearty, sold out their farm in Ohio and located in western Kansas. Their children were all married off, and the old couple were entirely alone. They had a stout and comfortable log cabin, good farm, and had already made many improvements.

The location was not thought to be a dangerous one, although a few miles below the last hamlet in that section, and three miles in advance of the location of the previous settler, the Indians had raided this part of the country the year before; but the soldiers had given them a severe rebuke, and it was not believed that they would dare to venture back again. Grandfather was certain that he would not be interrupted in his peaceful pursuits, and was annoyed that grandmother should croak of evil.

More because it was the custom than from any idea that he would ever have any use for it, grandfather kept a rifle in the house, and one day, when a settler who was owing him money and could not pay, brought a revolver to him as the only offset he could offer, grandfather took it and laid it up on a shelf.

In her young days grandmother had been an emphatic romp. She could skate, play ball, pitch quoits, ride at a gallop, shoot a rifle, and even to the day she was married went by the name of "Bailey's Tomboy," yet after all, she made a good wife, and was the making of Peter Barnes.

She stood in the door that morning and watched Peter bring his horse and plow and drive off through the fields to his work, half a mile away. Then she looked at the west back at the sun, and went in and took the rifle down from its hooks. It had been loaded for months, and she drew the bullet, carefully wiped the barrel, and loaded the weapon again as nicely as a hunter could have done it. Placing it in a corner, she went to an old chest, fished out powder, lead, caps and bullet moulds, and soon had fifteen or twenty shining bullets on the table. Then the revolver was got down, cleaned up, loaded, and finally she went to the door to look for her husband.

She could see him following the plough in the distant field, and the happy songs of the birds were anything but harbingers of a coming affray in which more than one of these shining bullets would find a human target.

Peter Barnes, you are an idiot! spoke the woman, watching him a moment. I don't want harm to come to a hair of your head, but you will get a fearful lesson before noon this day!

The arms being in good order the woman shut the door, nailed it up and then nailed boards over the windows on the inside. The south door fastened with a bar, and she was satisfied with its strength. She went to the spring filed two pails with water, picked up and carried in the ax and then cleared the table of dishes, not stopping to wash them. Then she sat down in the south doorway and waited—waited for the Indians attack which she had dreamed of and predicted.

An hour passed and she had not changed her position. Half an hour more wore away, and then she suddenly leaped up and seized her rifle. She had seen the horses stop and begin to rear and plunge as they came near the south end of the field, which was fringed by the forest. She saw her husband pulling them and using the whip, but in a moment more the animals dashed off at full speed. Just as they started grandmother heard a faint "Yi! yi!" and the next moment caught sight of a score of savages as they dashed out of the woods and made for her husband.

Just exactly as I dreamed, she whispered to herself, lifting the rifle clear of the floor.

Grandfather caught sight of the redskins as soon as they broke cover, and he wheeled and made for the house at the best pace. For a few rods he held his own, but then his seventy years began to tell on him, and the shouting Indians began to gain. They were thirty rods behind him at the start, but before half the distance to the house had been traversed they were not ten rods behind:

Run, father! run for your life! shouted grandmother, waving her hand to him; and he did his best.

But the old man did not have it in him He was within rifle shot of the door, when the redskins bore him down to the grass, right in plain sight of his wife. Five or six of them halted to take care of the prisoner, and the rest, whooping and yelling, made for the house. Grandmother stood square in the door, and the rifle was slowly lifted.

When the foremost savage was twenty rods away, out on a line with the barrel, there was a quick report and the Indian fell forward on the grass. Then she stepped back, closed the door, and the next moment the shouting demons jumped against it. The door stood like a rock. Baffled and disappointed, the Indians backed at the boards with their tomahawks, as if to hew their way in. Striking away, one of the blows fell on a knot in the plank and the knot fell at the woman's feet, while a hole as large as a man's fist was left in the door. Encouraged by this the Indians were chopping away, when grandmother seized the revolver, took swift aim and a horrible yell mingled with the report. The Indians then fell back to where they had left their prisoner, and were out of range.

Grandfather had his arms tied behind him, and after a few minutes walked out a few feet in advance of his captors. He looked at the house, then looked back and refused to obey the command given him. The Indians advanced, drew their tomahawks, and then the captive shouted:

Nancy! Nancy! unbar the door, leave the rifle in the house and come out here. They won't hurt you!

The wife heard every word of it, and the trembling tones of the old man's voice made her heart ache. But she knew that the Indians had forced him to make the appeal and that it was only a ruse for them to get another prisoner. She made no reply, and directly the redskins forced the old man to speak again.

Nancy, he called, the Indians say if you don't come out they will murder me right here.

It was the hardest struggle of her long life; but grandmother realized that both would certainly be murdered if she complied, and that if she held out there was hope that help might come from immigrants or hunters before night. Tears came to her eyes, and she could not choke down her sobs as she thought of her husband's fate; but she was determined to resist to the last. As she did not reply, one of the Indians, who could speak English quite well, stepped out and shouted:

Come, hurry up, quick. You no come out, we kill old man.

Peter Barnes, shouted out grandmother, her mouth at the kept hole, I know that you don't want me to come out, and I shall not come. I have the rifle and revolver, and I shall defend the house to the last! Be on your watch for a chance to break away and run to the house.

The Indians understood sufficient of the speech to know that the woman did not propose to surrender, and they gathered around the prisoner and held a consultation. At length, leaving two of their number to guard him, the others, fifteen in all, made a detour and collected on the north side of the house. They had no arrows to fire the house from a distance, but gathered brush and piled it against the north door to force the woman to come out.

She had no loopholes on that side, but going upstairs she softly removed a strip of "chinking" from between two of the logs, thrust through the hand holding the revolver and shooting by guess, badly wounded one of the savages.

With a great whooping and yelling the rascals drew out of range and held another consultation. In a few minutes they all reappeared on the south side, gathered about grandfather, and directly struck a course for the woods from which they had first issued, grandfather being led along behind. The woman watched them with the greatest anxiety, believing that they had abandoned the siege and that she would never see her husband again.

She watched and waited for about half an hour, and was just thinking of opening the door when a faint whooping reached her ears from the woods. A moment afterwards grandfather came flying across the fields, waving his hands to her as soon as leaving the woods. Two or three minutes later the Indians burst out of the woods in full cry, but were forty rods behind the fugitive.

Grandmother realized that an escape had been made, and she laid down a revolver and stood ready to open a door. As the fugitive got within twenty rods, being then thirty rods ahead of pursuit, she began to unbar the door. She had only touched it when some one leaped against it—not one, but four or five. Finding it fast, the savages, for such they were, set up a howl of rage and retreated out of range. Grandfather was standing still, about fifteen rods from the door, and the woman did not have to look twice to see into the game. One of the Indians had donned the prisoner's clothing, jammed the familiar hat over his forehead and the pursuit was all a sham. Before he had left the woods four or five Indians had made a detour and softly approached the house, so as to be ready to leap in when the bar came down from the door. It was not grandmother's wit, but their own haste in leaping out, which had revented the capture of the house and her death.

The savages then tried another plan. They brought the old man out of the woods, naked except his shirt, tied him to a wild plum tree just out of rifle range of the house, and then set about maltreating him, hoping to work on the woman's sympathies. Grandmother could see every movement made, and she was nearly crazed to see them assault the old man with knives and clubs. They picked him until he was covered with blood, though not seriously wounded in any pot, and, cutting a number of switches from the hazel bushes, they whipped him until they were tired of the sport. The old man groaned a little, but they could not make him cry out as they hoped to do; and in his heart he hoped that grandmother would not be imprudent enough to attempt interference. Her heart, big with sympathy and distress, and her eyes full of tears, the woman allowed the savages to get ahead of her.

Several of them moved back out of the range of the knothole, skulked around to the north side of the cabin, and grandmother's first intimation of their presence was when she heard the crackling of flames in the brush which they had previously piled against the north door. As soon as the flames were lighted the savages drew off a few rods and commenced shooting at the spot over the door where she had pulled out the chinking to shoot at them before. Notwithstanding the whistling of the balls, which every moment came through into the garret, the woman mounted the ladder with a pail of water, dashed the contents out through the crevice, and mere accident guided the dash so that the flames were drowned out.

Two hours had passed since the first appearance of the Indians; grandmother had killed one and wounded others, and such a firing and yelling had been kept up that the redskins were fearful that help might come to the woman, and therefore they withdrew. She counted them as they went away to be sure that none was left behind. They took the dead one on their shoulders and the wounded were assisted along, each between two of his companions. They entered the woods, and after an hour had passed without their reappearance grandmother realized that all danger to her was over. She opened the door, took a scout around the house and then her eye fell upon the horses. The animals had made a long run when first taking fright, going across the fields for a mile or more, and were now coming toward the house, dragging a portion of the plow after them. In ten minutes the woman was galloping toward the nearest settlement, carrying both rifle and revolver. A ride of an hour brought her to the hamlet, and seven or eight men quickly mounted their horses and returned with her. The cabin had not been disturbed, and leaving their horses there, the men, headed by the anxious and tireless woman took up the trail of the Indians. Following it for an hour, nearly always on the run, they suddenly heard the reports of rifles, followed by whoops and yells.

Two bachelors named Turner had a cabin and a farm in the direction of the shots, and the pursuers realized that the Indians had attacked them. They were hurrying to the rescue, grandmother leading, rifle in hand, when she suddenly gave a sign of warning, and all sank down. She had caught sight of grandfather and his two guards. Through the sparse timber the men could see grandfather bound to a tree and his guards standing near by, but their faces turned in the direction of the battle, which was raging beyond.

Like so many tigers the pursuers crept forward, and only halted when within eight or ten rods of the captive They silently arranged for a volley which should riddle the bodies of the guards, and would have delivered it in a moment more but for grandfather. He caught sight of them, and his joy was so great that he could not repress a loud shout. The Indians turned on hearing it, and also catching sight of the pursuers, gave a yell and darted away. A volley was fired as they fled, and the one behind made a great leap into the air and fell over like a log, four or five bullets having struck him in the head.

The other one ran directly for his companions, and his news raised the seige of the Turner cabin in a moment. Finding that a revengeful foe was on their trail, the Indians made all haste out of the neighborhood and could not be overtaken.

Grandfather was like a child when released. He laughed and cried by turns, threw his arms around grandmother, shook hands with the men and acted like one gone crazy. He had been cruelly used by the rascals, and was so weak when he attempted to start homeward that the men had to carry him most of the way. The couple were not a week getting out of the state, going back to their old home; and in time grandfather recovered and was about again. But to the day of his death, when grandmother took occasion at the breakfast table to say that she had dreamed of this or that, he never again charged her with being whimsical, or expressed a desire to see her midnight visions fulfilled.

A MESSAGE TO CHEESE-MEN.

With a Few Pointers on the Shipping of Cheese.

The Outlook Points to Low prices in Butter—A Feather in Canada's Cap—What a Canadian Dairyman Saw in England.

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LETTER NO. VII.

More space than was intended has been given in these letters to the meetings of the British Dairy Farmers, and yet it seems as if more has been left out than written. The reader will notice how closely we have been studying the question as a problem, leaving out the lighter matters of places, people, and incidents. Not a word of

SOCIAL FESTIVITIES,

excursions, banquets, speeches, new acquaintances and pleasant gossip, no hing of scenes and sights new enough and striking enough to make a new-world dairyman forget that he had ever heard of milk, nothing about the country seats and parks, the village greens, the homes of cottagers, lords, and even of royalty—for our excursion ended with a visit to Sandringham, the home of the Prince of Wales, and a banquet given by His Royal Highness; nothing about the old cathedrals and castles, and yet the writer confesses to dropping an hour's dairy conference (at Framlingham College) much as a boy would drop a book for any new sight or sport, for a tramp to the near-by castle, that was the first one he had ever seen; and yet, after three months of sight seeing, full satiated to the point of indifference, an afternoon at Canterbury Cathedral was an experience never-to-be-forgotten.

And so, reader, if these letters be heavy reading, remember that the imperative conditions of the theme, and the real purpose of the letters forbid the freedom that writers usually enjoy; and let your interest in the subject make the letters easier reading. It may be that when the study is completed we may all feel inclined for two or three gossipy letters which may be the creaming, as it were, of the interesting features of the trip, and having no other than this figurative reference to dairying.

Immediately following the meetings of the British dairy farmers, I determined to learn the present state of the English market and our own standing therein as producers. This line of investigation embraced a run through England, Scotland and Ireland, and its chief feature was a series of

INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING IMPORTERS

of Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin and Bristol. The lessons learned in these interviews were of exceeding value, and I will try to give the chief points without going too much into voluminous detail. First of all, I must deliver two special

MESSAGES TO OUR CHEESE-MAKERS,

with which Mr. Widgery (of Bristol) charged me. On the side of every cheese box the figures of the weight of the cheese it contains should be *stencilled* in plain figures. Stencils are frequently used for the *names of factories*, and this is well; but the weights are nearly always written in *pencil*, often badly written, indeed, sometimes not readable. It often happens, too, that pieces of the box, on which the weight is written, slit off and the weight is lost. "It is impossible, as things are to tally 1000 cheeses twice alike!" From the importer's point of view it is more important that the weight of the cheese be easily deciphered than that the name of the factory be made plain. The latter is a good thing, in connection with excellence of quality, to help to make a reputation and to advertise one's factory; but the former is absolutely necessary for the convenient and correct checking of weights. This may by some be thought a trifle, but to the wise man nothing is a trifle which is essential to highest success. The importer is the buyer of our goods, and it is to our interest to please him, even as it is to our interest to satisfy the consumer. Here, then, is an opportunity fo our factorymen, to make a very little extra care and labor tell profitably on our cheese exports. The second message was in the form of

A CAUTION TO SHIPPERS

The English law forbids the importation of foreign goods with English names on them intended or calculated to lead the consumer to believe them to be of English manufacture. The customs authorities will refuse to "clear" goods which appear to be so intended. For instance, they would detain goods marked with the words "Leeds," "Manchester," or "Birmingham," or even "English Cheddar." The latter would be supposed to be resting on the reputation of a particular cheese made in a certain district in England. Now it sometimes occurs that an English name on Canadian cheese gives the importer a deal of trouble to clear it and causes vexatious delay, because the name on the cheese happens to suggest to the customs officers an intention to deceive the British public. I need not say that any name on Canadian cheese is there legitimately, being a Canadian as well as an English name; but though it may have no unlawful significance, the officer will retain the goods until the importer shall have convinced him that the similarity of names is a mere coincidence. The Canadian shipper may easily provide against any such annoyance or loss to importers, by simply placing the word Canada in close connection with any name on the cheese which is English as well as Canadian. For instance, instead of "Leeds" or "Cheddar," write "Canadian Leeds," or "Canadian Cheddar."

I had not long to speak with imposters before I found confirmation of my conclusions, given in a previous letter of an

INEVITABLE FUTURE OF LOW PRICES.

A Liverpool importer emphasised the fact that for any extensive trade the limit of prices was necessarily low. When cheese becomes higher-priced than meats and other available strong foods, the quantity consumed would at once decrease. This is because in England the bulk of cheese is eaten as a food, and the consumer buys it, not so much because of any particular preference for it, as because it is a food and a cheap one. True, it is a convenient food, not requiring cooking, always ready and appetising; but these are qualities for which it does not care to pay luxury prices. In a word, he is not wedded to the consumption of cheese, and for economy's sake, will accept a substitute in other foods when the latter are cheap enough and palatable. The limit of the price of cheese, therefore, depends much upon the prices of foods available as substitutes. In the opinion of my informant the probable limit for cheese would be 50 shillings sterling landed in England.

As to butter, when it rises unduly in price, its substitute—margarine—will be used by many consumers. The limit to which prices of butter may rise before they will be so high as to cause consumption to decrease (giving place to margarine) was placed by my Liverpool authority at from 8 to 10 pence, or at about 16 to 25 cents per pound retail. This limit may be thought placed too low; but it is quite certain that there are consumers in England who will not buy butter at 8 to 10 pence when they may buy margarine at 5 or 8 pence.

If all this be true, it may be expected that, where there are not other causes—such as stiff competition—to keep down the price, both of butter and cheese, the high price itself will cause consumption to decrease and give prices a downward tendency. On the other hand, low prices will have the effect, of course, of increasing consumption and stiffening the demand. In view of the whole situation, then, we may believe that the competition of the future will be along the line of

COST OF PRODUCTION,

as well as quality of product. I have already touched upon this phase of the subject, but surely it will not be thought vain repetition to speak of such important matters as often as they press themselves forward in our investigation of the subject.

This is not the only phase of the subject that will be so imperative in its character, and so important in its bearing, that on the principle of line upon line, and precept upon precept, will demand reiteration.

I have never been accused of being a pessimist, but I have written so much in this connection that is on the dark side that it may be thought that the picture might be painted brighter. I will quote what Prof. Sheldon said in 1886, but was not seen by myself till after having penned the matter in these letters, in striking confirmation of all I have written;

"What on earth is dairy farming coming to? is a query typical of what one hears on every side, most of all in districts where cheese and butter are leading products, and where the milk trade is little known. It is likely enough true that farmers have not for many years been quite so near their wits' end as they are now. In my own time I have known cheese and butter lower in price, no doubt, than they are now, but never with a slacker trade or a more languid demand at this time of the year. The month, of March is not half gone as I write, and butter is down below what ought to be a summer's price, and almost always has been for twenty years or more. I may say, indeed, that if we row the twenty years into bulk and take the mean of them, we shall surely find that I speak within the mark. And as for cheese—well, cheese commands no sale at all worth the name; it is disposed of, no doubt, in some sort of way, from time to time, and a transfer is made from farmer to dealer; but it is not often sold outright, and once-for-all, as it used to be in days gone by."

He goes on to say that cattle, too, had not kept their value, and even the milk trade was "limp and languid;" and that farmers were in danger of being "clean beaten out by the times;" touches upon margarine, and claims that "dairying will have more to contend with as the years roll on." He despairs of the private dairy and looks to the factory system for relief. "Most of these things," he says, "are

OF RECENT GROWTH

and they have a heavy bearing on the question of dairy farming. Competition is keener than ever, but not so keen as it will be, perhaps. In any case it is clear that our present system of dairying have such a strain on them as no one expected; a strain which many of them cannot bear; and the question of factory *versus* farmhouse will soon have to be solved."

He then speaks hopefully of the strong pull being, and to be, made "against the current of depression," Canadian farmers will learn from all this that while there is no royal road before them, there are others whose road is even less smooth; and if these others may be hopeful, surely they may be.

It is pleasant to turn from this phase of the subject to some of the many good things said touching the reputation of our cheese, which reputation is, indeed, veritably

A FEATHER IN OUR CAP.

Mr. Price (Bristol) said he had entered Canadian cheddar cheese in the Jubilee class of the Frome show, in the heart of the English cheddar district, in the Cheddar Valley, and out of about 100 entries, Canadian came out best in over 80 entries! The firm got a "highly commended" on Canadian cheese. This, too, was under unfavorable conditions, for the show coming off in September, they had to exhibit the first summer cheeses.

I may here correct an error which crept into a previous letter, where I referred to samples of cheese being officially examined and none found adulterated. The number of samples were not "about 300," but 112—itself a large number, however. The following was the report cabled: "Agricultural journals admit that, seeing that 112 samples were analyzed without a single example being found of cheese containing extraneous fat, the Canadian commissioner is justified in asserting that filled cheese, common in the States, is not made in Canada.

Touching the reputation of our butter in the English market, it will require a whole letter to do the subject justice.

W. H. LYNCH.

Jan. 5th, 1889.

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READ THE FOLLOWING;
Ritcey's Cove, Nova Scotia, June 23, 1888.
GENTLEMEN—I am happy to say that the treatment which you sent me last February has effectually cured me of Catarrh. Mine was a case of long standing, and up to the present time I have been waiting for developing remains of Catarrh, but none are manifest. You may use my name as a proof that your remedy cures Catarrh. I feel grateful for the removal of such a trouble.
Yours etc., (REV.) G. O. HUBLEY.
TWO YEARS LATER.
Mill Village, Queen's Co., N.S. Dec. 22, 1887.
GENTLEMEN—Allow me to say that after two years' trial I find no unpleasant odor in the nose or, fetid breath, which used to effect others in my company. No symptoms of Catarrh remained after the second application of your remedy.
Wishing you success in doing good, I remain,
Yours sincerely (REV.) G. O. HUBLEY.
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