THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1893. No. 20.

The Acadian.

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

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CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

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

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

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

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible or the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 10 a m.

Express west close at 10.20 a. m.

Express east close at 4 25 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 00 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

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

COLIN W ROSCOE, } Ushers
A DEW BARSS }

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

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Grontlund, B. A., Pastor Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p m on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 30 p m, on Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m. except on the first Sunday in the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.

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

Canon of St Luke's Cathredal, Halifax.

Frank A. Dixon, } Wardens.
Robert W. Storrs, }

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

Masonic.

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

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

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

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

APPLE TREES for SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S

MARCUS LITTLEFIELD.

Rheumatism of the Joints AND INHERITED HUMOR of the BLOOD

Banished by Skoda's,

AFTER PHYSICIANS HAD PRONOUNCED THEM INCURABLE!

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

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

BETTER THAN COLD

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed

GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

NOTICE TO HORSEMEN.

We have leased the Blacksmith Shop formerly occupied by I. J. Brown, and will do General Work in our line. Our intention is to make a specialty of Horse Shoeing. All we ask is a trial, and if we don't suit you, don't call again.

GEORGE WOOD.

Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1892. 3m

A MONTO MILLS MIRACLE.

A Tale That Reads Like a Novel.

THE STORY OF GEORGE HEWITT—HELPLESS FOR THIRTY YEARS—AT LAST FINDS RELIEF IN A SIMPLE WAY—THE STORY CORROBORATED BY RELIABLE WITNESSES.

Orangeville Post.

For several months The Post, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago The Post despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked him if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that was'nt able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and it less time than it takes to tell it the quildriver and the obliging Mr Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell The Post all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr Benson was not at home, and The Post at once suspected that a gentleman of between 50 and 60 years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other that the famous Geo. Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr Hewitt gave him the following narrative:

MR HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why, you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myraid of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to-day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with some vigor and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in The Post and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr W. J. Mills, our popular postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely [illegible] Good at eyes. It was the appeals [illegible] we hetre or an apparition. "Thi[illegible] in the [illegible], sir," said the grateful [illegible] RGUSON CO[illegible] enthusiasm, "it is my [illegible] to shout on [illegible] write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boom which cannot possibly be too widely known."

THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness to the whole affair. He had known Mr Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs Benson and the cheerful Mr Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr Williams' Medicine Co. Mr Hewitt's lavish expressions of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this little village of Mono Mills mighty closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can certify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of The Post conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Every one in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On The Post's return to Orangeville, Mr Richard Allen, ex warden of Dufferin county, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr Hewitt. He had heard all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in the wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astounding." The Post was surprised to hear that Dr Williams' Pink Pills were extensively used in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us, that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr Williams' Medicine company.

Dr Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to the females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weaknesses. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow checks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr Williams' Pink Pills can be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatement.

For Scrofula

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 327 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Rielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

For all blood diseases, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you.

The Wooden Hat.

Somewhere about the year 1870 a travelling millwright, footsore, and with the broadest Northern dialect accoutered, stopped at Soho, the engine factory of Boulton and Watt, and asked for work. His aspect was little better than one of beggary, and Boulton and Watt had holiday. Boulton had gone to some other shop, when, as he was turning away sorrowfully, Boulton suddenly called him back. "What kind of a hat's ye have on yer head, me mon?" "It's ju t a timmer, sir." "Timmer, mi mon; let's look at it. "Where did you get it from?" "I jist made it, sir, me ain self." "How did you make?" "I jist turned it in the lathe." "But it is oval, mon, and the lathe turns things round?" "Aweel! I jist gar'd the lathie gang another gate, to please me. I'd a lang journey afore me, and I thought to have a hat to keep out water, and I hadna muckle silver to spare, and I made me sae." By his inborn mechanism the man had invented an oval lathe, and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune. Boulton was not the man to lose so valuable a help, and so the after-famous William Murdoch, the originator of locomotives and of lighting by gas, took suite and service under Boulton and Watt, and in 1784 made the first vehicle impelled by steam in England, and with the very [illegible]ds and brain cunning that had before produced the "timmer hat."

Poultry Feeding in France.

In France and some other parts of the old country those who raise poultry on a large scale have a feeding apartment for all surplus stock that is intended for the market, and each one of the fowls is put in a little coop fixture just large enough for the body with the head outside. They are then placed in a revolving fixture in large numbers, but each one in a separate apartment by himself. There are rows of fowls thus fixed one above the other, and the man with the food goes up on an elevator feeding one row after another until he gets to the top. He has an instrument with a tube attached, the end of which is placed in the fowl's mouth, and by one turn of the little crank on the machine the fowl's coop is filed.

In this way they have no exercise whatever and will fatten very rapidly, and the breeder who adopts this method always gets the highest market price paid for his fowls when ready to be sold.

"I know my dear," said the young doctor to his wife, "that we are not rich; but after a while our luck will change and We will have everything we want. You must learn to have patience."

"Don't preach what you don't practice. You'd learn to have patients we would soon be out of trouble," and she whisked out of the room so full of feeling that she slopped over at the eyes.

Some farmers seem to fear to dip deep enough in the feed box, keeping their young stock, dry cows and such other stock as are not bringing in an immediate profit, on rations so low as to be of no profit to the feeder.

In successful farming, new conditions and new questions arise constantly, and require a man of resource to cope with them.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY PA[illegible] his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical [illegible] should take them. PILLS. They [illegible] physical and [illegible] energies, both

EVERY [illegible] should take them. [illegible] cure all suppressions and [illegible] which inevitably entail sickness [illegible]

YOUNG [illegible] should take these PILLS. [illegible] they will cure the results of youthful [illegible], and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.
Brockville, Ont.

JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Neuralgia of the Heart! Chronic Dyspepsia! Awful Constipation! Rheumatism!

CURED BY GRODER'S SYRUP

SAINT JOHN, N. B., October 11, 1892.

To THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.

Gentlemen: I, John A. Kimball, of the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, shoemaker, do solemnly declare that:

I cannot speak in too high praise of the wonders that Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup has worked in my case. It THE is an act of justice as well as duty for me to tell the public through you just what your remedy has done for me. I am 45 years of age. My life during the past 23 years has NEVER BEEN FREE FROM SUFFERING UNTIL NOW. Since I began to take GRODER'S Syrup; KIND CHRONIC NEURALGIA of the heart of 20 YEARS STANDING has entirely disappeared. My distress from SEVERE CONSTIPATION has been an unending torture for the past ten years, but your remedy is fast restoring healthy action of the stomach and bowels. Rheumatism THAT has ceased to trouble me. I am no longer a gloomy, melancholy dyspeptic. There is NO ACHE or pain in any part of my body. My food digests readily and causes me no distress whatever. Your medicine is the first of the hundreds I have tried that has given me [illegible] CURES statement, [illegible] believe in Groder's Syrup and desire other sufferers to obtain help as I have. *It will cure them as it has cured me.*

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the "Act respecting extra-judicial oaths."

Done and declared at the City of St. John, Province of New Brunswick, this 11th October, A.D. 1892. JOHN A. K[illegible]

Before me, J. E. BARNES,
A Justice of the Peace in and for the City, County of Saint John.

At all Druggists. $1.00 per Bottle.

The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., L'td.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.