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A True Story of Real Life.

“ NO. 22 MCGILL STREET.”

PASSING by this quaint, old-fashioned house nestling among the tall lilac bushes one would scarce dream of the interesting history related to a *Star* reporter by Miss Lottie Booth, a young lady who resides there. Miss B.'s bright and happy way of telling the story lent an added charm to its interest.

Seated in the cosy parlor Miss Booth told me a story of an experience she had had that fairly outrivalled anything I had ever heard. I thought the quaint old building had its romance, and I was not mistaken. Listen, and I will tell it to you, for I did not promise secrecy, and I am sure Miss Booth will not care.

A SCRAP OF PAPER saved Miss Booth's life. To a little scrap of paper she owes the pleasure of many happy days. This is how it happened:

“Miss Booth formerly lived in the city of Winnipeg. She is well known there, and people who live on Ross Street will smile when they read this incident, because they know it's true. Eight months ago she was a bright happy girl. She is now, but there was an interval between then and now, that Miss Booth never recalls without a shudder.

From health and happiness, Miss Booth fell into a languid, spiritless state. Rapidly her health declined, and friends saw with pained eyes that there was something radically wrong with her constitution. Day by day she faded away until no one would recognize her thin, sickly-looking self as the one-time healthy, rosy girl. Doctors were consulted time and again.

“It's your heart,” they said, and wrote out prescription after prescription accordingly. For

three long, weary, miserable months Miss Booth took their medicine, but the months were not longer than the medical bill that was presented and paid regularly every month.

Said Miss Booth: “My condition was a most deplorable one. I really thought my heart was affected, for it almost stopped beating at times, and I would have fainting spells that left me weak and helpless. Day by day I grew weaker.

I could eat nothing with a relish. Food was really distasteful to me. Oh, how weary and tired of life I was. At night I might have slept had it not been for horrible dreams and visions that flitted through my brain. Often I would awake screaming and crying.”

One day Miss Booth sent to the drugstore to have a prescription filled. The clerk wrapped the bottle up with a circular. When she undid the wrapper Miss Booth picked up the circular and read it. It opened her eyes. It told her

that often times heart troubles were caused by that dread disease dyspepsia. “I believed that circular,” said Miss Booth, “and I stopped taking the doctor's medicine at once. The circular said take Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia. I did so. One half bottle was all I used before I began to get well. I took eleven bottles altogether. Now I am well and sound. The scrap of paper and Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life.”

“Let me publish your story,” I said to Miss Booth. She did not exactly like the idea of her name going into the paper, but thinking it might be the means of bringing health and happiness to others, she consented. Miss Booth moved to Toronto in December. She is the picture of health, and if you call at 22 McGill Street she will verify my story of her recovery.



MISS LOTTIE BOOTH.