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Female Doctors Will Never Be.

A St. Louis doctor factory recently turned out a dozen female doctors. As long as the female doctors were confined to one or two in the whole country, and these were experimental, the *Sun* held its peace, and did not complain; but now that the colleges are engaged in producing female doctors as a business, we must protest, and in so doing will give a few reasons why female doctors will not prove a paying branch of industry.

In the first place, if they doctor anybody it must be women, and three-fourths of the women had rather have a male doctor.—Suppose these colleges turn out female doctors until there are as many of them as there are male doctors, what have they got to practice on? A man, if there was nothing the matter with him, might call in a female doctor; but if he was sick as a horse—and when a man is sick he is as sick as a horse—the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor. And why? Because when a man wants a female fumbling around him he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious, or febrile, with his mouth tasting like cheese, and his eyes bloodshot, when a female is looking over him and taking an account of stock.

Of course these female doctors are all young and good looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and she should sit up close to the side of the bed, and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to a hundred and fifty and she would prescribe for a fever when he had chills. Then if he died she could be arrested for malpractice. O, you can't fool us on female doctors.

A man who has been sick and had male doctors, knows just how he would feel to have a female doctor come tripping in and throw her fur lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves, and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of marine blue eyes, with a wrinkle in the corner, and look him in the wild, changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose he knew his tongue was coated so it looked like a yellow Turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out five or six inches of the lower end of it, and let that female doctor put her finger on it, to see how it was furried? Not much! He would put that tongue up into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission.

We have all seen doctors put their hands under the bed-clothes and feel a man's feet to see if they were cold. If a female doctor should do that, it would give a man cramps in the legs.

A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach, and liver, and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there; but if a female doctor should do the same thing it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor. O, there is no use talking, it would kill a man.

Now, suppose a man had heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosy mouth would be looking right in his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats to minute? You bet! And she would smile—'we will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and her ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and—

Well, what would he be doing all this time? If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from her temple, and kind of stay there to keep her hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move around to the back of her head, and when she had counted the heart beats a few minutes and was raising her head, he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for luck, if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it in the bill; and then a reaction would set in, and he would be as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over her nervous, and then make out her prescription after he got asleep. No; all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practising on him, and she would kill him dead.

The *Sun* is a woman's rights paper, and believes in allowing women to do anything that they can do as well as men, and in favour of paying them as well as men are paid for the same work, taking all things into consideration; but it is opposed to their trifling with human life, by trying to doctor a total stranger. These colleges are doing a great wrong in preparing these female doctors for the war path, and we desire to enter a protest in behalf of twenty million men who could not stand the pressure.

Telling a Story.

They were sitting on the veranda after tea, when the man with a story began to tell it.

'By the way,' he said, 'I heard a good thing in town to-day.'

'Was it very warm in town?' asked the woman who stays at home.

He assured her that it was, and went on: 'I met Jack Rollins—'

'What, little Jack?' exclaimed the old gentleman. 'Why, I remember when Jack's father first came to Huckleberryville, long fore he married Hulda—the Smith, you know, ole Billy Smith's darter. Ole Billy was a curus chap. Did I ever tell yer 'bout that scrape him and me got inter in there winter of thirty-five—no, 't was thirty-four—yes—no—Well, I diremember exactly wich; but anyhow, Billy and me, we—'

'Yes, yes; we know all about it, Uncle Ben,' said the man with a story. 'As I was saying, I met Jack Rollins, and he and I thought we'd go down to the beach and have a swim—'

'You are getting on swimmingly now,' observed the retailer of second-hand puns.

'Well, as I was saying,' resumed the man with the story, 'Jack and I went down to the beach, and—'

'You had a nice boat,' answered the woman who interrupts.

'No, I didn't,' sharply answered the man with a story; 'you see, the tide—'

'Oh, that reminds me of a funny thing that happened to a lot of us fellows when we were in the army!' exclaimed the war veteran. 'It was just after the second Bull Run, and the major—'

The war veteran was reminded of this 'funny thing' invariable seven evenings a week, and though he always told it from beginning to end, nobody ever listened to it. It is not necessary, therefore to repeat it here.

After he had finished, however, the man with a story began again. 'The tide, you see, was way out, and Jack said we might as well go up to the hotel—'

'Oh, tell us!' again interrupted the retailer of second-class puns.

The man with a story frowned on the punster and continued, 'Go, up to the hotel, and see who was there. Charley Sprague—'

'Is Charley one o' Squire Sprague's boys?' queried the old gentleman. 'The squire and me—'

'No, Charley isn't one of the squire's boys, Uncle Ben,' was the rather peevish rejoinder of the man with a story. 'Charley—'

'Do you remember what a time we had that night it rained so?' suddenly asked the young lady with the erratic mind.

'It's awful dry,' remarked the amateur agriculturist; 'if we don't have rain soon, I guess my potatoes won't amount to much.'

'What a horrid dress that Boston woman had on to-day!' said the young lady in the rocking-chair.

'We had a bully time on the river to-day,' interjected the boy in the flannel shirt.

'Shall you go to the mountains before you return?' asked the young gentleman who was doing the agreeable to the young lady with the low forehead.

The man with a story saw it was no use. So he gave it up in despair and walked sadly away, leaving the others to chatter at their own sweet will.

But, mark you, he will tell that story to every one of them separately before the week is out, and probably two or three times to most of them. They will come to the conclusion finally that it would have been much better for them to let the man with a story tell it at once and have done with it.

A Transaction Which Pleas'd Everybody.

Clerk.—'Mr. Seallum, here is a gentleman who came to buy a watch.

What shall I charge him for this one which he has chosen?'

Mr. Seallum.—'Let me see. Well, let him have it for fifty dollars.'

Clerk.—'But he was recommended here by our friend, Mr. Amicus, who told him we would put it away down for him.'

Mr. Seallum.—'Ah! That alters the case. Tell him our regular price is one hundred dollars, but seeing he is a friend of Mr. Amicus's we shall let him have it for seventy-five. But tell him to be careful and let nobody know what he paid for it. We positively cannot afford to sell them at that figure. Only do it as an accommodation to Mr. Amicus, you know.'

Gentleman pays the seventy-five dollars and goes off happy in the belief that he has made a big bargain. He esteems Mr. Amicus more dearly than ever. So does the chap-keeper.

Pain Cannot Stay.

Where Polson's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known. Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external arising from inflammatory action. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline will give efficient proof of its superiority over every

Modifying the Proportions of a Room.

In most rooms, as we find them, some treatment is necessary to modify a defect in proportion, because even where the question has been well considered in the building, the floor joists must be set on one level, and this is determined by the most important rooms on each floor leaving the other rooms in faulty proportion of length and width to height. The most universally recognized rule for determining the height of a room is the sum of half the width and the square root of the length. The adoption of this rule results in bringing the angle formed by the ceiling and wall just within the angle of vision of a person standing in the centre of the room without raising the eyes; but of course the rule can only be strictly observed in one room on each floor, unless a double tier of joists is set above the smaller rooms, or unless it is possible to have the floors of rooms in the same story on different levels, either course involving difficulty and expense. There is no defect in proportion that can not be modified in more than one way; that is to say, to assert that a room is either not wide enough or not long enough, or both; so that in treating a room with a view to modifying its apparent proportion, the treatment that is most convenient may be made to answer the purpose in almost any instance; to apparently shorten a room being the same as to apparently increase its width and height, and so on. Thus six remedies are at hand, one or two of which will suffice, under any circumstances, to make a room appear higher, lower, wider, narrower, longer, or shorter.

To make a room appear higher, the plane surface of the ceiling should be depressed by the mouldings of the cornice, by panels, or, in the absence of these, by hands of color performing the same office. A vertical system of line should be adopted in mural decoration, and the mantel should be lower.

To make a room appear lower, exactly the opposite treatment should be adopted; that is, to increase the plane ceiling adopt a horizontal system of mural decoration, with a dado and a high mantel.

To make a room appear wider is accomplished to a certain extent by making it appear lower; but where this is undesirable, or where it is insufficient, the effect can be reached by adopting a mural decoration on a graduated scale of form, decreasing upward, so that two or more patterns at the top similar to those at the foot are found to occupy the same space as one at the foot, and this effect can be much increased by a gradation of color upward from dark to light.

To make a room appear narrower is accomplished to a certain extent by making it appear higher; but when this is undesirable or insufficient the effect can be obtained by adopting a strongly drawn, large pattern in strong color for mural decoration.

To make a room appear longer is an extent accomplished by making it appear lower and narrower; but where these are undesirable or insufficient, the effect may be obtained by decreasing the scale and strength of color of the mural decoration adopted at the ends.

The make a room appear shorter is accomplished to an extent by making it appear wider and higher; but the effect can be achieved by increasing the scale and strength of color of the mural decoration adopted at the ends.

Any of these effects can be modified or increased by the treatment of the floor surface, whether by carpets, rugs, painted boards, or by parquet flooring, lines running across a room, or rugs laid down at intervals, having the effect of shortening, and consequently to an extent of heightening and widening, a room. Lines running in the length increase this dimension, and to an extent reduce the height and width. A polished floor in creases the apparent height of an apartment by reflecting all vertical lines and prolonging them.

These are the main devices for modifying proportion without actual alteration, and the extent to which any should be used must depend upon the degree of the defect. In many instances serious defects may be cured by a little judicious carpentry, such as increasing or decreasing the height or width of doors or windows. Where the windows are too high, or where it is desirable to continue an unbroken horizontal line, a transom bar may be introduced in the window-frame, affording an opportunity for stained glass lights above, and the usual shades or casements below.

The panelling of doors may be also made to assist any scheme, long unbroken panels having the effect of increasing the height of the floor, and a number of horizontal panels having the opposite effect.—[A. F. Oakley, in Harper's Magazine for March.]

Examples and Blotches.

Call at Geo. Rhyns' drug store and get a package of McGregor & Parkie's Carbolic Cerate. It is composed of Vaseline, Carbolic Acid and Cerate, and has

NOT WELL QUALIFIED.

A College Student who was Anxious to be a Blacksmith.

'You say that you are strong and hardy?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Not afraid to work?'

'No, sir.'

'Can you get up early in the morning?'

'Yes, sir.'

'In perfect health and strength?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And very anxious to become a blacksmith?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What proof can you give me that you possess all these qualities?'

'I was a University student.'

'Did you graduate?'

'No, sir; I failed to pass the examination.'

'Failed to pass the examination?'

'Yes, sir. I gave more attention to developing my muscles than my mind.'

'Well, you had better give up the idea of becoming a blacksmith. You no doubt possess the necessary robustness, but you haven't intellect enough to make a good horse-shoer. You ought to have a rich father.'

Has a Married Man Any Rights?

'Say,' said a friend to us the other day, 'you are an old hand at it. I don't get married the other day, and only understand much about the business. But has a married man any rights left when he once assumes the hyemeneal responsibilities?'

'Rights? Yes, lots! He's a right to foot all the bills, to kindle the fire, to draw the water, to—'

'Stop! I mean this. Let me give you an instance. Every empty box and drawer find valve, and, in fact, every available receptacle of every description is stuffed full of my wife's toggery, and when I want to put away a few cuffs and collars—'

'Hold hard! I know what you mean. Listen, young man! If your bedroom were two hundred yards long and lined from the clapboards to the ceiling with drawers, and you wanted a place to stow away a couple of shirts, you couldn't find a nook that wasn't full of hairpins, tufts of frizzes, pads scent bottles, odd gloves, powder, puffs, rings and things. So just accept the inevitable. Wrap your personal property up in an old newspaper and hide the parcel behind the wood box. Reforming woman's love for the diffusiveness of property is a bigger row than you can hoe.'

He smiled loudly and ironically and passed on a wiser if not a better man.

To Weak for Him.

'I understand that you have broken your engagement with the beautiful Miss Figgeworth,' said Colonel Wilfin to a young man.

'Yes; decided that we could never get along together.'

'What evidence had you of the incompatibility?'

'Striking evidence. The last time I was at her house she showed me a decided weakness in her character. Now, if there is anything in this world I admire it is strength. In my grand admiration for strength, my dear colonel, I lose sight of a hundred faults.'

'Why, my friend,' the colonel replied, 'Miss Figgeworth is a lady of strong character.'

'No, no, she's weak. Now, colonel, you know I am a man of the world and attach more importance to strength than a less schooled man would.'

'Is she too girlish in her manner?'

'Oh, no.'

'Vacillating in her tastes?'

'No, quiet steadfast.'

'Then, how the deuce is she so weak?'

'Well, you see, while I was with her the other evening the rest of the family were away from home. While we were talking pleasantly a servant entered and said that the washerwoman had come and wanted her pay, and she, without making any attempt to stand the woman off, deliberately paid the amount. I can't stand anything like that, and I am convinced that she would not do for my wife.'

'Quite agree with you,' the colonel replied, after a moment's reflection. 'Such weakness of character would soon break a man up. Fortunately, I didn't marry that kind of a woman.'

Good Tidings.

To the victim of pains and aches no tidings can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's Nerviline cures exactly like the bill. Nerviline cures rheumatism. Nerviline cures cramps. Nerviline cures headache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for internal or external pains. Trial bottles costing only 10 cents may be had at J. Wilson's drug store. Buy one and test it. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25 cents. Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

A Banker's Testimony.

'For a Cough, Cold or any Bronchial affection. "Pectoria" in my opinion, is just the thing. I have used it in my family for Coughs and Colic for the past four years with the most unvaried success, and to-day my opinion of it is that I continue to think still more of that which I began thinking well of.'

Throw up Your Chin.

The whole secret of standing and walking erect consists in keeping the chin well away from your breast. This throws the head upward and backward and the shoulders will naturally settle backward and in their true position. Those who stoop in walking generally look downward. The proper way is to look straight ahead, upon the same level with your eyes, or if you are inclined to stoop, until that tendency is overcome look rather above than below the level. Mountaineers are said to be 'as straight as an arrow, and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much. It is simply impossible to stoop in walking if you will heed and practise this rule. You will notice that all round-shouldered persons carry the chin near the breast and pointed downward.

We Know Where He Got That Information.

Some of our richest men started in life in a very modest way, and are still plain, unpretentious people, but their sons put on a great deal of style. One of the latter, who was better posted about other people's affairs than about his own family's, remarked, aneringly, to an acquaintance:—

'Your father was nothing but a simple stonemason.'

'I know where you got that information,' quietly remarked the other.

'From whom did I get it?'

'From your father.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because your father used to be my father's hod carrier.'

She Declares It Saved Her Life.

Mrs. F. Taylor, of Toronto, was a great sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, which for a long time defied all treatment. At last she tried Hagar's Yellow Oil, and declares it saved her life.

The Agency of a Cough. Let any person with a fresh cough imagine it gaining on him day after day and year after year. Let him couple with it the dread of consumption, the long years of weakness, the months of acute suffering, the agonies of death. He will then not hesitate to obtain the best cough remedies at the first appearance of this evidence of disease. Mr. E. Dickson, of Danville, Que., says I have been for several years alarmed by an affection of the lungs. After a time I obtained and used several bottles of Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam. Before the first was finished I raised a number of hard glue globules and my troubles left me entirely.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. Wilson.

PITY THE POOR DYSPPEPIC.—Poverty with perfect health is rather to be chosen than riches and dyspepsia. Try the magic effect of a dollar bottle of FOUNTAIN of HEALTH.

A Blessing to all Mankind. In these times when our newspapers are flooded with patent medicine advertisements, it is gratifying to know what to procure that will certainly cure you if you are bilious, blood out of order, liver inactive, or general debilitated, there is nothing in the world that will cure you so quickly as Electric Bitters. They are a blessing to all mankind, and can be had for only fifty cents a bottle of James Wilson.

IN THE TREATMENT OF DYSPEPSIA

... have in Dr. Wheeler's COMPOUND ELIXIR of Phosphates and Calisaya a remedy worthy the attention of all those suffering from the protean disease. We frequently meet with cases in which all ordinary means of treatment are of no avail: the stomach and bowels continue disordered, the liver torpid, tongue heavily coated, disagreeable taste in the mouth, acidity, water-brash, flatulence, head ache, drowsiness after eating, and irritability and restlessness with a depression of spirits. Here the food is not digested and assimilated, the blood becomes impoverished, and constitutions speedily impaired. The great number of these cases in which the Elixir has proved successful has demonstrated beyond question its efficacy in this distressing affection.

GOLD

for the working class. Send 10 cts. for postage, and we will mail you FREE a royal, valuable box of samples of goods that will put you in the way of making more money for a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. No capital required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both the sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50c. to \$5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing them. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address: THOMSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 1922-

Eye, Ear and Throat.

DR. RYERSON,
317, Church Street, Toronto, Ont.,
L. R. C. P., L. R. C. S. E. Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat, Trinity Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to the Mercer Eye and Ear Infirmary, late Clinical Assistant, Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, may be consulted.

THE WINDSOR HOTEL
STRAFORD.

A Certain Remedy.

If your blood is impure it will manifest itself in blotches, pimples and acne, festering and unsightly. Burdock Blood Bitters will thoroughly cleanse the blood and eradicate all foul humors from the system.

Why suffer from nervous prostrations when you can buy a guaranteed cure at Wilson's drug store.

A Case Five Cases, Scotch, etc.
The finest healing compound under the sun is McGregor & Parkie's Carbolic Cerate. There is no cure but will succumb to its wonderful healing properties. It is an invaluable dressing for sores, festering, etc. Price, 25 cents at G. H. Rhyns' drug store.

Less and Gills.

Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1884. Gentlemen.—I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters. The first bottle Nearly cured me; The second made me as well and strong as when a child. And I have been so to this day. My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious Kidney, liver and urinary complaint. Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—'Incurable!'

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him, and I know of the 'Lives of eight persons' In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters. And many more are using them with great benefit. They almost Do miracles! Im

Mrs. E. D. Slack

DANIEL GORDON, CABINETMAKER

Leading Undertaker,

Has on hand the LARGEST STOCK of First-Class Furniture in the County, and as I now purchase for cash, will not be undercut by any one. I offer Tapestry Carpet Lounges, from \$5.00 upwards. Whainots, good, from \$2.50 up. New Back Chairs, from 25c. up, and everything else in the same proportion.

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wanted for The Lives of all who have been afflicted with the Great Handicapped. The largest Handicapped... less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Apply to become a successful agent. Terms free. Address: HALLET BOOK Co., Portland, Maine. 1922-

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ESTABLISHED 1865. Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson

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. 1903-4

SCROFULA

All scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases. A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores. 'Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me. Yours respectfully, Mrs. A. S. O'BRIEN,' 16 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilder of 78 East 24th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known writer on the Boston Herald, E. W. Ball, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June 7, 1882: 'Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent cure for all blood diseases.'

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Eczematous eruptions, Catarrhs, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality. It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

PREPARED BY