The Family.

"Me, Too!"

"WE'LL seek for flowers in the woods,"
I heard a mother say;
"For in their shady solitudes
My children love to play.
"Come, Willie, call the other boys,
Ere falls the evening dew;"
And then another little voice,
Soft pleading, said: "Me, too!"

Oh, childish heart that could not hear
Her name should be forgot!
Oh, childish love that longed to share
With all the common lot!
Such tone should ne'er be heard in vain,
So tremulous and true;
A link in that sweet household chain,
She claimed her right—"Me, too!"

But not alone in childhood's years
The heart gives out this cry;
'Tis heard amid the silent tears
Of life's deep agony.
The lonely soul, athirst for love,
Will cry as infants do;
And lift, all other tones above,
Its passionate "Me, too!"

Formed by one hand we live and die;
Before one throne we kneel;
The longings of humanity
Send up one deep appeal.
Our nature's tendrils interwine,
Fed by one common dew;
None seek in solitude to pine,
Each heart-throb says: "Me, too!"

God teaches us in rank to stand
Firm as brave spirits should;
Joined heart to heart, and hand to hand,
In holy brotherhood;
And casting off the ice of pride,
Wear warm hearts mild and true.
Nor from the weakest turn aside,
Who feebly cries: "Me too!"

And, little child, who sweetly plead,
With love learnt long ere speech,
Lift up thy golden baby head
To hopes thou yet shalt reach;
For when His angels gather in
His holy ones and true,
In that fair garner thou shalt win
A place—He needs thee, too!

—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

My Morning Glory.

I had a little sister once. When I was five years old, she died. The grief of losing her sank deep into my heart; and weeks went by before I could be happy in the play-room, where we had so often been together, or could endure the sight of her little books and toys.

Often I stole away alone to the church-yard where she lay, and sat for hours near the little mound that covered her pretty form; for I did not feel so lonely when I sat beside her there.

I had always been a quiet child; but this sore trouble completely took away my spirits and made me almost ill. At last my parents became alarmed for my health, and proposed to take me to the seaside. But I begged so hard to remain near my little sister, and was so unhappy at the thought of leaving her, that at last they let me stay.

"Mamma" I said, "you know you told me Teddy would come out again from under that ground—that God was going to raise her up again. I want to be here when she comes."

"My boy," my mother said, "our little Teddy is not coming back just now. God is not ready yet to bring her body out of the ground, He has her soul safe up in heaven with him. If you love Jesus, God will take your soul up there too, and then you will see dear Teddy. When the right time comes, God will raise up your body and Teddy's."

"Must *I* go into the ground, too? And will I come out all bright like Teddy?"

"Yes, my boy."

"But, mamma, I don't see *how*. How can it ever be?"

My mother opened her hand and showed me a little seed which she held there. She bade me take that little seed and bury it in the ground. She said that God meant to have the seed buried in that way, so that after a time it might grow up and make beautiful flowers—that God could take care of it in the ground and not forget it. She told me that when our friends died and we had to lay them down in the ground, God liked to have us feel quite sure that he could take care of them and would not forget them. And he liked to have us feel sure of seeing them again some day.

Then my mother said that whenever I put a seed into my garden, I must remember that God is just as able to raise up Teddy as to make little seeds grow and bear beautiful flowers.

Every day I loitered for hours about the spot where I had buried the seed, and even brought my book and studied my little lessons there. I somehow felt that upon the coming up of that plant, depended the raising of my little sister—that if my mother's word proved true about the seed, I should have a sure prospect of some day seeing little Teddy again. So I watched and waited anxiously for many days, and the time seemed very long.

At last, one morning after a very rainy night, I went out, and saw, to my intense delight, two small green leaves peeping above the ground just where I had buried my seed.

To this day I can remember the thrill of joy I felt at that sight. It was not merely delight at finding that I was to have a flower of my own, but to my childish heart it seemed an assurance straight from heaven that my little Teddy would be taken care of and given back to me again.

Now I was happier than I had been for many weeks, and as my morning glory grew and blossomed, my trust in God's power grew stronger, till at length all the heavy weight of sorrow was lifted from my heart.

It was half a century ago that my morning glory bloomed and faded, but the hope its flowers brought me has never grown dim, and I thank God daily for that hope of the glorious morning of the resurrection.—*Sunday School Times.*

The Lady and her Thimble.

"This little implement (the thimble) seems in danger of going out of use, along with the bodkins, the fire-dogs, cinder-boxes, and many other familiar articles of domestic use, now superseded by new inventions. All sorts of sewing are now done by machinery, and the time will come when the needle and the thimble will be as little seen in the handes of women as the distaff and the spinning-wheel."

We are sorry this elegant extract is not credited. Some one may go to the fount-in-head of wisdom. But one thing is plain—there spoke the man and with authority as much knowledge of the practice of matters of which he speaks as many men have who nevertheless speaks as those having authority. We trust the pernicious doctrine will not be promulgated, for quite enough women are [illegible] the needle, and taking "to lifting [illegible] is, lolling on a sofa, and [illegible] sensation novels.

"All sorts of sewing are now done by machinery" —are they?

About the time printing was introduced as an art, we might have heard, "The time will come come when the pen will be little found in the hands of men; all writing will be done by machinery." Indeed!

"Oh but writing is necessary for printing" Precisely; and a knowledge of sewing is necessary for the machine.

Those who know will assure you that sewing does not consist of taking stitches merely; that one person can work a machine faster than two can prepare work for it, and that a machine is invaluable to save the hard drudgery of stitching and strait seams.

But at least half of the sewing of a family consists in fitting, basting, altering, and mending. Whether it be the boy's clothes, the girl's dresses or the stockings of the family that need mending, the machine is as useless as the tinder-box referred to for the purpose.

It is admirable in its place, and only rivalled by that prince of inventions, the wringing-machine, which so saves the wear and tear of women's wrists, to say nothing of the clothes. We wish it had been invented five hundred years ago.

Every machine to its place; but sewing is a feminine employment, a graceful one and useful—only hard when it becomes drudgery. A woman's education is as incomplete without a thorough knowledge of the principle and practice of sewing as a man's without the use of his pen. We are active people and must do something, and sewing is just the employment which leaves the mind free and keeps the fingers out of mischief. For want of it men smoke! Is that better? And down in Tennessee women dip snuff!

Instead of discarding sewing, let us have it taught in our public schools, and regard it, as it truly is, as one of the fine arts.

Agriculture.

Dickering.

The following chapter on this subject is from Mitchell's "My Farm of Edgewood:—

Sometime or other, if a man enter upon farm life—and it holds true in almost every kind of life—there will come to him a necessity for bargaining. It is a part of the curse, I think, entailed upon mankind at the the expulsion from Eden, that they should sweat at a bargain. When a Frenchwoman, with her hand full of gloves, behind her dainty counter, asks the double of what her goods are worth, you are no way surprised. You accept the enormity as a symptom of the depravity of her race, which is balanced by the suavity of her manner.

But when a hard-faced, upright, Sabbath-keeping New England bank-officer, or select man, asks you the double, or offers you the half of what a thing is really worth, there is a revulsion of feeling which no charm in his manner can drive away. Unlike the case of the French shop-woman, I feel like passing them—on the other side of the street.

And yet all this is to be met—and conquered, I suppose—by whoever has butter, or eggs, or hay or fat cattle to sell. I ventured once to express my surprise to a shrewd foreman who had charge of this business—for I manage it by proxy as much as I can—that a staid gentleman with his ten thousand a year of income, should have insisted upon a deduction of two cents a bushel in the price of his potatoes, in view of a quart of small ones that had insinuated themselves in the interstices; I think I have his horse-laugh now, as he replied, "Why, sir, it's the way he grew rich."

The idea struck me as novel; but upon reflection I am inclined to think it was well based. As I said—often as possible I accomplish this business by proxy; and, in consequence, have made some bad debts by proxy. But proxy is not always available. There are customers who insist upon chaffering with the "boss." Such a one has dropped in on a morning in which you happen to be deeply engaged. He wishes to "take a look" at a horse which he has seen advertised for sale. The stable is free to his observation, and the attentive Pat is at hand; but the customer wants a talk with the "Squire."

It is a stanch Canadian horse, for which you have no further use. You paid for him, six months gone, a hundred and fifty dollars; and you now name a hundred dollars as his price. I never yet met a man who sold a horse for as much as he gave—unless he were a jockey; I never expect to.

"Mornin', Squire."

"Good morning."

"Bin a lookin' at y'er hoss."

"Ah!"

"Middlin' lump of a hoss."

"Yes, a nice horse."

"I'n know as you know it, but sich hosses a'nt so salable as they was a spell back."

"Ah!"

"They're gittin' a fancy for bigger hosses."

Silence.

"Put that pony to a heavy cart, and he would n't do nothin."

"You are mistaken; he's a capital cart-horse."

"Well, I don't say but what he'd be handy with a lightish load. Don't call him spavined, do ye?"

"No, perfectly sound."

"That looks kinder like a spavin"—rubbing his off hind leg.

"A'nt much of a hoss-doctor, be ye?"

"Not much."

"Don't kick, does he?"—

"No."

"Them little Kanucks is ap to kick."

Silence, and an impatient movement, which I work off by pulling out my watch.

"What time o' day 's it got to be?"

"Eleven."

"Really! I must be a goin'. Should like to trade Squire, but I guess we can't agree. I s'pose you'll be askin' as much as—sixty—or—seventy dollars for that are hoss—would n't ye?"

"A hundred dollars is the price—and I gave fifty more."

"Don't say! Gave a thundering sight too much, Squire."

"Pat, you may put up the horse; I don't think the gentleman wants him."

"Look o' here, Squire; if you was to say—something—like—seventy, or—seventy-five dollars now—there might be some use in talkin."

"No use but if you"—impatiently—turning on my heel.

"—Say, Squire—ever had him to a plow?"

"Yes."

"Work well?"

"Perfectly well."

"Fractious any? Them Kanucks is contrary critters when they've a mind to be."

"He is quite gentle."

"That's a good pint; but them that's worked till they git quite kinder gits the spirit lost out on 'em—a'nt so brisk when you put 'em to a waggin. Don't you find it so, Squire?"

"Not at all."

"How old, Squire, did ye say he was?"—looking in his mouth again.

"Seven."

"Well—I guess he is; a good many figgers nigher that than he is to tew, any way."

"Patrick, you had better put this horse up."

"Hold on, Squire," and, taking out his purse, he counts out—"seventy—eighty—and a five—and two—and a fifty—there, Squire, 't a'nt worth talking about; I'll split the difference with ye, and take the hoss."

"Patrick, put him up."

At which the customer is puzzled, hesitates, and the horse is entering the stable again, when he breaks out explosively.

"——Well, Squire, here's your money. But you're the most oneasy man for a dicker that I ever traded with—I'll say that for ye."

And the horse is transfered to his keeping.

"S'pose you throw in the halter and blanket, Squire, don't ye?"

"Give him the halter and blanket, Patrick."

"And, Patrick, you 'an't got nary old curry-comb you don't use, you could let me have?"

"Give him a curry-comb, Pat."

"Squire you're a *clever* man. Got through y'r hayin'?"

"Nearly."

"Well, I'm glad on't. Had kinder ketchin' weather up our way."

And with this return to general and polite conversation, the bargaining is over. It may be amusing, but it is not inspiriting or elevating. Yet very much of the country-trade is full of this miserable chaffering. If I have a few acres of woodland to sell, the purchaser spends an hour in impressing upon me his "ideas" that it is scattered and mangy, and has been pirated upon, and that wood is "dull," with no prospect of its rising; if it is a cow that I venture in the market the proposed purchaser is equally voluble in descriptive epithets, far from complimentary: she is "pooty well on in years," "rather scrawny," "not much for a bag"—and this, although she may be the identical Devon of my Short-Horn friend. If it is a pig that I would convert into greenbacks, he is "flabby," "scruffy"—his "pork will waste in bilin'". In short, if I were to take the opinions of my excellent friends, the purchasers, for truth, I should be painfully conscious of having possessed the most mangy hogs the most aged cows, the scrubbiest veal, and the most diseased and stunted growth of chestnuts and oaks with which a country-liver was ever afflicted.

For a time, in the early period of my novitiate, I was not a little disturbed by these damaging statements; but have been relieved on learning, by further experience, that the urgency of such lively falsehoods is only an ingenious mercenary device for the sharpening of a bargain. But while this knowledge puts me in good temper again with my own possessions, it sadly weakens my respect for humanity.

Temperance.

The Liquor-Traffic and its Effects on this Continent.

The following extract from a sermon recently preached by the Rev. Mr. Bonar, of Montreal will be found replete with facts and reflections of the deepest interest to all:—

"I have somewhere seen it stated that there are 400,000 persons engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors on this continent. The capital invested in the business is variously estimated at from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. $100,000,000 worth of what the good God annually gives as food for man and beast, is, by these distillers worse than distroyed,—perverted to their own selfish gain and their neighber's destruction. In our own city of 100,000 inhabitants, there is a licenced liquor-seller for every 300 persons over fourteen years of age. The number of unlicensed places, which do a profitable business, is estimated, by those that ought to know, at about 150. If 500 men and women should enter our city to kidnap our children and cut the throats of our young men, the whole population would be aroused and banded together to avert or prevent the danger. Why then should we not band together to prevent that physical, mental, and spiritual death which this traffic so certainly, though slowly inflicts?

"This traffic enriches those who prosecute it, but it is the great source of pauperism to the country. The wealth of the country consists in the clear heads and strong arms of its inhabitants. But the use of alcoholic liquors incapacitates a man for vigorous work: it deprives him of the disposition to labour; it relaxes his muscles and leads directly to idleness; it addles his brain and reduces him to a fool or devil. The habitual drinker of wine, spirits, ale, or beer, first becomes dull and indolent, then stupid and idiotic. Men of the finest geniuses, the most acute minds and profound learning, have dwindled under the touch of this withering demon to the merest insignificance, and been hooted by boys for their silly actions, or chained in a madhouse as dangerous to society. There is to-day, on Blackwell's Island, New York, a man who a few years ago, was one of the most learned and eloquent, acceptable and promising young ministers in the land. He refused an invitation from the First Presbyterian Church of Troy to settle as colleague-pastor with the Rev. Dr Deman. He is now a drivelling idiot not by the visitation from God, but through his own use of liquor. Of 87 persons admitted to the New York hospital in one year, the insanity of 37 was occasioned by the use of ardent spirits. The physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital report that one-third of the insane in that institution were ruined by intemperance. In fact, drunkenness is temporary delirium: just as a man comes under its influence, he approximates to idiotism or madness.

"This continent has justly been called the granary of the world. Here there is food enough and to spare. There is profitable employment for all who have the health, the heads and the hands to labor. Here men and women blessed with health need never long be dependent upon charity. Yet it is said in Canada and the United States there are 250,000 persons who subsist on beggary and crime, or drag out a miserable existence in penitentiaries and alms-houses. 175,000 of these wretched persons were brought to this by the use of intoxicating liquors. They themselves, confess it. It was rum, brandy, whiskey, and beer that did it. It is said on good authority that more than one-half of all the bankruptcies on this continent may be traced directly or indirectly to the same cause. The use of alcoholic liquors tends directly to beggary and pauperism.

There is a legend in India that somewhere near the centre of the empire there is a spring which makes every man that drinks it a villain. There are thousands of such springs in Europe and America. This is one of the effects of alcohol. It breaks down the conscience, excites all the evil passions, and hurries man to the perpetration of every abomination and crime. Give a man liquor and he is prepared for any deed of darkness and shame. He can lie, and steal and fight, and swear, and murder his nearest friend. No vice is too filthy, no crime too tragical for the man under the influence of liquor. The daily newspapers, and the more reliable records of our courts tell of acts committed under this influence which disgrace humanity and curdle the blood in our veins. Husbands torture and butcher their wives; mothers strangle their infants; children slaughter their parents and commit other barbarities, which but for liquor they would have shrunk from with horror and loathing. Four-fifths of all the atrocities committed in Christendom proceeded from the use of those stimulants.

1863 Fall & Winter Supply 1863.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

E. W. SUTCLIFFE has much pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public both in the city and country, that he has completed his stock, which is unusually large, and bought with care in the best markets for cash:—consisting of—

248 chests half chests and boxes TEAS, fm 33 a 60c.
40 bags and 25 bbls Jamaica Coffee,
15 " choice Java, 20 bags Costorico do.
45 hhds very choice P. R. Sugar,
34 bxs Havana do
16 brls Best Refined Crushed do
Puns and tierces choice Molasses,
190 brls Extra State Flour; 56 do very Superior Pastry Flour,
barls Oatmeal, Corn Meal, Split Peas & Beans,
4572 lb Annapolis Cheese, some dairies to which the prizes was awarded at the Exhibition, English, Cheshire, Gloucester, and Stilton Cheese,
40 Firkins and 94 Tubs Butter,
85 Casks and 54 boxes Crackers and Biscuits in great variety,
Nonpariel, Greening Bishop Pippins, Spitzenburg Vandeveers, Golden Russets, Orange Greenings, Baldwins and other choice APPLES, Oranges, Lemons, Dates and Figs, 500 bxs, half and qtr bxs Raisins, 40 kegs, half and qtr best Malaga Grapes, choice Pickels, Sauces, Jams and Jellies, English and French Cocoa and Chocolate,
45 cases Spices of the best quality,
Currants in tierces and barrels, best quality, Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel, and a variety of other sundries which will be offered through the season at such prices as those purchasing cannot but exclaim how cheap and how good.

E. W. SUTCLIFFE,
Tea, Coffee and Grocery Mart,
Nov 25. Branch Brunswick street.

SAMUEL STRONG & CO.

150 Granville Street.

Have by the arrival of the ships "Glenroy" and "Pascoe Glenfell," and steamer "Alrec," from Liverpool, and brig "Relief" from Glasgow, now nearly completed their

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

THE Goods per above vessels, in addition to those received per previous arrivals, comprises

Supfi. Cloth, Beaver and Pilot do.

Reversable Coatings, Black and Fancy Doeskins, Tweeds, Whitneys, Sealskins, &c., Coburgs, Lustres, Alexandra Cloths, Prints, Checks, Winceys, &c. SCANDINAVIAN WINCEYS, (Quite new style), Wincy and Cross-over Skirtings, Flannels, Serges and Sheetings; Gents' Crimean Shirts, Scarlet and Ponceau DAMASKS, " Drab, Crimson, and Black Moreens, Printed Table OIL CLOTHS; Reels Linen Threads,

—ALSO—

An Extensive and Rich addition to the former large stock of Ladies'

Fall and Winter Mantles,

Dress Trimmings, Ornaments, Ostrich Plumes &c.

Nov. 3. 2m. 150 GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

Every Man his own Physician.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

—AND—

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

The Stomach is the great centre which influences the health or disease of the system—Abused or debilitated by excess—indigestion, offensive breath and physical prostration are the natural consequences. Allied to the brain, it is the source of headaches, mental depression, nervous complaints and unrefreshing sleep. The Liver becomes affected and generates bilious disorders, pains in the side, &c The Bowels sympathise by Costiveness, Diarrhœa and Dysentery. The principal action of these Pills is on the stomach, and the liver, lungs, bowels and kidneys participate in their recuperative and regenerative operation.

Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

Are two of the most common and virulent disorders prevalent on this continent, to these the Ointment is especially antagonistic its 'modus operandi' is first to eradicate the venom and then complete the cure.

Bad Legs, Old Sores, and Ulcers

Cases of many years' standing, that have pertinaciously refused to yield to any other remedy or treatment, have invariably succumbed to a few applications of this powerful unguent.

Eruptions on the Skin.

Arising from a bad state of the blood or chronic diseases, are eradicated, and a clear and transparent surface regained by the restorative action of this Ointment. It surpasses many of the cosmetics and other toilet appliances in its power to dispel rashes and other disfigurements of the face.

Female Complaints.

Whether in the young or old, married or single, at the dawn of Womanhood, or the turn of life, these tonic medicines display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible in the health of the patient. Being a purely vegetable preparation, they are a safe and reliable remedy for all classes of Females in every condition of health and station of life.

Piles and Fistula.

☞ Every form and feature of these prevalent and stubborn disorders is eradicated locally and entirely by the use of this emolient; warm fomentations should precede its application. Its healing qualities will be found to be thorough and invariable.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bunions,	Rheumatism,	Sore-throats,
Burns,	Ring Worm,	Sores of all kinds,
Chapped Hands,	Salt Rheum,	Sprains,
Chilblains,	Scalds,	Stiff Joints,
Fistulas,	Skin Diseases,	Ulcers,
Gout,	Swelled Glands,	Venereal Sores,
Lumbago,	Sore Legs,	Tetter,
Mercurial Eruptions	Sore Breasts,	Wounds of all kinds.

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "Holloway, New York and London," are discernible as a Water-mark in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

☞ Sold at the Manufactory of Professor Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes at about 25 cents, 62 cents and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box

☞ Dealers in my well known medicines can have Show Cards, Circulars, &c., free of expense, by addressing Thomas Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Avery Brown & Co. Agents in Halifax, N. S.
June 28.

New and Popular Works

JUST RECEIVED

At the Wesleyan Book Room.

Krummacher's Suffering Saviour,
Hanna's Last Day of the Passion,
Ashdown's Life of our Lord,
Stories from the Lips of the Teacher,
A Present Heaven, by the author of The Patience of Hope,
Quotations from the Poets,
The Christian Cabinet, &c. &c. &c.
ALSO—A choice assortment of Sabbath School Books. April 8

A Word to the Inhabitants of

GUYSBORO'.

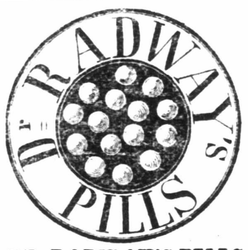
J. A. WALKER,

MARBLE Worker, having removed to Antigonish, from Truro, would intimate to the inhabitants of Guysboro' county, that he can supply them with anything in the *MONUMENT & TOMBSTONE* line, at Halifax prices (at his risk until delivered.) Liberal discount made for cash. Satisfaction warranted. Orders solicited. 1y. Sept 21.

A VALUABLE BIOGRAPHY.

Ninth Edition, 12mo., 480 pages, cloth, Portrait

MEMOIR OF THE *REV. JOSEPH ENTWISTLE.*—"It is worthy of a place in every Methodist family."—*Late Rev. Dr. Bunting.* For sale at the Wesleyan Book Room. April 6



DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.

NO STRAINING.

NO GRIPING.

NO TENESMUS.

NO PILES.

NO FALSE CALLS TO THE WATER CLOSET

BUT A BRISK AND THOROUGH EVACUATION FROM THE BOWELS IS ALWAYS SECURED.

Newly Discovered Principles in Purgatives.

Dr. Radway's Pills are the best Purgative Pills so far discovered. They contain no mercury, nor any other mineral substance, but are composed of

VEGETABLE EXTRACTS FROM ROOTS, HERBS, PLANTS, GUMS, SEEDS, FLOWERS, BARKS, FRUITS AND WEEDS, PREPARED IN VACUO.

Being free of the use of the mineral poison, they are free from its terrible effects. Thousands of the sickly and nervous have resorted into all other pills in use. Those have tried all of the active medicinal properties known to the Vegetable Kingdom, and have invariably found the Radway Pills to be the most powerful, yet safe and reliable purgative pill.

PURGE, CLEANSE, PURIFY, HEAL, SOOTHE, CALM, STRENGTHEN, INVIGORATE, And REGULATE THE SYSTEM.

Their Great Combinations.

The Pills are a mild, Tonic, Laxative, Alterative, Stimulant, Diaphoretic and Sedative.

AS EVACUANTS,

They are more certain and thorough than the drastic Pills of Aloes or Gamboge or Hiera Picra, or Mercurial and Mineral Purgatives, thus Senna, or Rhubarb, or Jalap Pills, or Castor Oil.

IN SUDDEN ATTACKS OF

Inflammation of the Bowels or Stomach, Liver, Spleen, Fainting or Weakness, Bilious Cholic or Intense Fever, Congestion or Congestive Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Croup or Erysipelas.

SIX TO EIGHT OF DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS WILL PURGE THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THESE FROM THE SYSTEM IN SIX HOURS.

One dose of Dr. Radway's Pills will cleanse the intestinal canal and purge from the bowels all offending and retained humors in the coating, so to speak of the intestines, cleanse the stomach, stimulate the liver, inflammation, irritation, weakness,

STRAINING,

or any other disease or symptom. This we are ready to prove upon the live world that will receive this declaration.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL

AS ALTERATIVES.

They are a more sure and reliable Alterative than any other medicine in the world. Disease, in its various forms, arises from impurities in the blood. Dr. Radway's Pills purify the blood by purging it of the impurities through the bowels, which are the outlets of the system. Disease in the Liver, Lungs, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System, Nervous Debility, Acute and Chronic Inflammation, Jaundice, Dropsy, Scrofula, Consumption, Fever and Ague, Piles, Gravel, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dysentery, Costiveness, Blindness, Headache, Pain in the Side, Back, Limbs, Joints, Rheumatism, Gout, Nervous Complaints, Fevers of all kinds, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, Congestion of the Lungs, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Nervous Affections, Fever, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Worms, Epilepsy, Fits, Sudden Stoppage of Breath, Hysteria, Diseases of the Skin, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurvy, Ringworm, Blotches, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Venereal Diseases, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Inflammation of the Bladder, Urinary Diseases, Dysuria, Stricture, Leucorrhœa, Irregularities, Suppressions, Whites, Sterility, Impotence, Diseases of the Sexual Organs, Hypochondria, Hysterics, Diseases of the Nerves, Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Tooth, Ear and Face Ache, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Sudden Stoppage of Breath, Rheumatism, Gout, Dysentery, Colic, Bilious Colic, Inward Weakness, Spasms, Stone and Gravel, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, Worms of all kinds, Colic, Plethora, Apoplexy, Inflammation, Drowsiness, Dizziness, Nervous Irritability, Fits, Fever and Ague, Fever of all kinds, Fever, Inflammatory Fever, Bilious Fever, Scarlet Fever, Typhus Fever, Yellow Fever, Scurvy, Erysipelas, Itch, Ringworm, Blotches, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Tumors, Cancers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Venereal Diseases, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy