

COTTOLINE advertisement with logo and text: 'What is it? It is the new shortening taking the place of lard or cooking butter...'.

Miramichi Advance. THE SENATE. The filling of two existing New Brunswick vacancies in the Dominion Senate is being discussed...

THE PAUPER INSANE. An attempt to make capital against the local government on account of the municipalities it ought to pay the cost of keeping their pauper insane in the provincial asylum...

THE NEW SHERIFF OF CARLETON CO. Respecting David Irvine lately appointed sheriff of Carleton county, the Woodstock Sentinel says:— With regard to Mr. Irvine, it is to be said that, apart from any personal claims, he has won this recognition by public service...

THE VIOLATOR'S MARE-LUCK. Almost a calm followed. A change was about to come, so it was said. The northerly breeze which had been blowing since the morning was gone...

THE TROUBLE RACE. The latest despatches obtainable at 7 p. m. last night, respecting the third race, stated that the Vigilant was a quarter of a mile ahead within three miles of the home line...

THE ROAD NOW IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER AS FAR AS CAPLIN—NOTES ABOUT THE ROAD. Within the last week that trains have started to run right through to Caplin, the distance of 50 miles, the station is not yet built there but will be completed in a few days...

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY. Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable Purposes and the Grand Lottery of the present State constitution...

YACHTING. Yachting is fast becoming one of the exact sciences. Europe and America have been "in it" last week and this of New York harbor, and America seems to have had the best of it...

THE BRITISH IMPORTS OF WOOD GOODS. The British Board of Trade's returns for eight months of the year, ending with August contain, amongst other important items, a statement of the import and sawn timber imported into all the ports of the United Kingdom during that period...

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE. The race between Lord Dunsraven's Yacht Vigilant and Mr. Iselin's Yacht Valkyrie for the America Cup are being sailed off New York harbor...

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THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING. At St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, Tuesday, November 14th, 1893. Capital Prize, \$75,000. 100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

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FOR SALE. THE OBJECT of the above named Institution is to give young men and women an opportunity to fit themselves for better positions. By sending for our new circular (1893-4) which will be mailed to you free of charge, you will get full particulars of what we have done for others and what we can do for you. Send us your name and address, and we will mail you our circular at once. KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N.B.

FORGIVEN.

All the people in the house—great beehive of workmen—situated in the Rue Delambre, where Tony Robec had occupied a room for six months, took him for a widower lately bereaved, for his little son with whom he had lived alone, a small child, dressed as nicely as though he had a mother, was hardly 6 years old. However, neither the father nor the son wore any craps either on their caps or sleeves.

Every day, early in the morning, Tony Robec, who worked as a typesetter in a printing shop in the Latin quarter, went off with his little Adrian, still half asleep, on his shoulder, and would leave him at a school in the neighborhood, where after his days work was done, he would call for him, and leading the little fellow by the hand would stop at the butcher's and milkman's and take home in the child's schoolbag, just as a woman does, the necessary for their dinner, and then would shut himself up in his room till the next day.

The tender-hearted gossip of the house, who worked as a seamstress, was a still finer looking man scarcely 40 years old, but with such a sad pale face, his beard already streaked with gray and his earnest eyes looking like those of a lion in repose, and they said as they looked after him:

"That man ought to marry again. He is a good fellow and never drinks. He could easily find a nice girl to take care of him and his son. Have you noticed how clean he keeps the little boy? Never a hole or spot on his clothes. He is an orderly man. You can see it at once, and seems he earns 10 francs a day."

They would have liked to have made his acquaintance. Generally it is not difficult to make friends with one's neighbors in these popular houses, where they live half the time with their parents, and the other half in a room of their own. They had a reserved air, a polite way of bowing to them on the stairway which intimidated them.

Every Sunday the father and son clean as two new pennies, went for a walk. They had met them in the museums in the Jardin des Plantes. They had also seen before dinner time in a little cafe of the quarter, where Tony treated himself to his sole luxury in the week, a glass of wine, which he drank slowly, while Adrian, seated by his side on a leather covered bench, looked at the illustrated papers.

"No, mesdames," said the concierge of the house, who was sentimental to her friends, "that widower will never marry again. A Sunday or two ago I met him in one of the paths of the Montparnasse cemetery. His wife, no doubt, is buried there. I made me to see him with his motherless child. He must have adored his lost one. It is rare, but he is inconsolable."

His history was a very simple and not a happy one. He was a conscientious workman, but only moderately clever at his trade, and it was not before a long time that he succeeded in setting type well and in earning his livelihood in a small way, and that was why he never had thought of marrying until he was over 30 years of age. He should have chosen a serious minded girl, acquainted with poverty, as he had been himself. But love laughs at reason, and Tony lost his heart to a young flower girl 19 years old, who, although she was virtuous, had a very frivolous character, thinking only of dress and knowing how to make herself look like a princess with her lovely face, a few bits of ribbon and some bright colored stuff.

He had put by a small amount of money, sufficient to furnish the apartment quite well, and besides the usual furniture, had bought a wardrobe with a looking glass in it for 80 francs in the Faubourg St. Antoine in order that his sweetheart could see herself in it full length, and then he married his Clemanine, and at first they were blissfully happy. How they did love each other, to be sure!

gardens, rolling her baby before her in a little straw carriage. But, although Tony toiled harder than ever, working besides in a newspaper office at night, he could not earn enough for their expenses and fell into debt. Then, when the child became strong enough to wean and was left during the day at the children's refuge, the mother, who was often unoccupied, fell into the dangerous habit of gadding about in the streets alone.

You can imagine the difference between the poor man, grown old before his time with care and worn out with hard work, and this frivolous girl, only 23 and as pretty as a picture of Greuze. One evening, on coming home with his little boy, for whom he had stopped as he passed by the refuge Tony Robec found a letter on the mantelpiece for which he opened the envelope, Clemanine's wedding ring fell out. In this latter the heartless creature bade him and her son good bye and asked their forgiveness at the same time.

The romantic jurnymen of the present day, who always acquitted outraged husbands who kill their wives and their lovers under the pretext of "passionate crimes," would have no objection to Clemanine and even a little despising if they knew that he felt more sorry than angry. He wept a great deal, and when little Adrian said to him: "Where is mamma?" he kissed her on her forehead, and he kissed the little fellow passionately and replied: "I do not know."

Clemanine had gone away at the beginning of May—ah, me, and how much she owed him! Responsible sometimes—and Tony, when the July rent day came sold nearly all his furniture and paid his debts and went to live in the Rue Delambre, wishing to be as far as possible from his former home. And there he lived quietly and honorably with his little boy, and his neighbors took him for a widower.

Toward the end of September he received a letter from his wife, four lines long and departing pages, whereon the ink was all blotted with tears. Her lover, a medical student, had gone away for his vacation to his family far down in the south, and he did not write to her or give her any sign of life. She, the traitress, was abandoned, betrayed in her turn, and she repented and begged and implored to be forgiven. This made poor Tony suffer terribly. But do not get excited, ferocious jurnymen, who have all of you, a heart like the Moor's of Venice, and give back, if you please your esteem to the poor fellow, for he was proud and did not answer his culpable wife's epistle.

He heard no further news of Clemanine till one Christmas day. Now, for many years he had had the touching custom of going on that day with his wife to carry a humble bouquet—a few half frozen violets, with a little rose-bud in their midst—to their firstborn's little Felix's tomb, who had died when he was out at nursing, and for whom, wishing to have his grave near to them, they had bought a right of burial for five years at Montparnasse, the concession of which had been already renewed.

For the first time Tony Robec had to make this pilgrimage alone with his little boy Adrian, and as he passed through the gates to the cemetery under a funeral winter's sky—and now, cruel Othello of the jury, you will again despise this weak-hearted husband when I tell you that he suffered more than ever as he remembered his absent wife, the fugitive.

"Where is she now?" thought he. "What has become of her?" But on reaching Felix's tomb, which he had some trouble in finding, he stopped surprised.

There was laid on his tombstone two or three playthings, such as a rattle, a wooden rattle, a wooden trumpet, a polichinelle and a wooden dog—which had just been placed there, for they were quite new and had evidently been bought that very day at some cheap street stall.

"Oh, playthings," Adrian exclaimed as he saw the poor offerings. "But his father, having perceived a piece of paper pinned to one of the toys, stopped and picked it up and read there these words, written in a handwriting he well knew: 'For Adrian, from his little brother Felix, who is now in heaven with the Christ child.'"

Suddenly Tony felt his son press up against him and heard him murmur in a frightened voice, "Mamma!" and Tony saw a few words of kneeling under a clump of yew trees a woman clad in a beggar's dress and shawl, and, oh! so pale and with such sunken eyes, who stretched her clasped and supplicating hands toward him. Between ourselves, sanguinary gentlemen of the jury, I do not believe that Tony Robec thought of them when he taught us both by words and by example to "forgive offences," for this workman was really religious. But his plebeian heart was ignorant of self-love and rancor. He trembled less from anger at the memory of the outrage he had suffered than from pity at seeing the woman he had so tenderly loved in such a miserable state, and he pushed his little son gently toward her.

The concierge of the house Tony inhabited stood at the door. "Madame," he said, "this is my wife who has been for six months in the country with her mother, who was very ill, and who has come home again." And as they went up stairs he was obliged to support, almost to carry, the wretched woman, who had burst into sobs and was nearly fainting from emotion and from joy.

When he reached his humble room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair he possessed and placed her son in her arms again. Then he went to his bureau, opened a drawer, from which he took out a small paper box in which he had kept Clemanine's wedding ring and went and replaced it on her finger, and then, for the first time, without a word of anger or reproach about the past, with the great generosity of simple hearts, he kissed her silently, reverently on the forehead, so that he might be sure he had forgiven her. —Francis Coppee in Philadelphia Press.

Imported Jokes.
The surgeon major goes the round of the sick ward.
"Well, No. 6, how are you getting on?"
"Oh, doctor, I'm as hungry as a horse!"
"As hungry as a horse? Very good (turning to the sergeant in attendance); put down half a gallon of hay for No. 6." —Il Corriere dei Bagni.

"What will you do when you are grown up, Toto?"
"I shall be a soldier."
"But you will run the risk of being killed."
"By who?"
"The enemy."
"Toto, after a moment's reflection. Then I'll be the enemy." —La Tribuna.

"How dare you take off your hat to that fellow?"
"Why not?"
"You ought to know that he was mixed up with a very dirty gambling story."
"Indeed? Tell me all about it."
"The fact is, I don't remember whether he was the swindler or the victim." —El Liberal.

Turacoletti has discovered a stratagem for saving himself from annoyance on certain occasions. He pretends to be deaf. Yesterday he met a friend who said to him: "Will you lend me five francs?" "What? I didn't hear," said Turacoletti.

"Lend me 10 francs."
"You said five the first time!" —Il Motto per Ridere.

A Prospector's Luck.
We were camped alongside of an emigrant train in Nebraska, and just after supper a woman about 40 years of age, who was smoking a pipe, came over to our fire and seized the crowd up, and said: "I've got sunthin' to say. I'm a plain-spoken woman. When I've got a thing on my mind, I don't beat around the bush."
"We looked at her with curiosity and surprise, and she leaned against the wheel of a wagon and continued:

"I've been a widder for three years. Over that I've got a span of mews, a good horse, a new wagon filled with housekeeping stuff, and I can rake up about \$80 in cash. I cum along with the party to take up a claim. I'm good-tempered, healthy, and can swing an ax or hold a plow with most anybody. As I said, I'm a plain-spoken woman. If there's a critter among you who wants to get married, let him stand up while I take a look at him."

The eleven of us promptly stood up.
"Git into line," she continued, with a wave of her hand. "I hain't after beauty or eddiness, but I can't take up with a fellow who'd skeer a wolf to death."
She passed down the line and then returned half way and said to a middle-aged man named Remington:

"You'll do. I reckon. There's a preacher in camp, and I won't take fifteen minutes to settle things. All of you as want to see the marrying come on."
We followed the couple, who were made man and wife inside of twenty minutes, and next morning as we passed the wagon on the road to town the woman looked out and bowed and said:
"Sorry for the other ten of ye, but perhaps you'll meet with another train soon and strike luck."
—Louisville Commercial.

Perfectly Legal.
A young man, who probably belonged to the class known as "third men" among farmers, called on a Detroit lawyer for advice. For 83, says the Detroit Free Press. Then he laid down three silver dollars and said:—
"Spoken I put 83 in a savings bank?"
"Well?"
"Then I take a pen and put 000 after the figure 3?"
"Well?"
"Would it be agin the law?"
"No, no unless you tried to draw the \$3000."
"But I'm not going to try to, I probably shan't even ask for the 83."
"What's the object?"
"Girl out my way, I love her. She partly recip. She'd recip altogether if she thought I had lots of sugar."
"And you'll show her the bank-book?"
"But after your marriage, what then? How'll you ever explain?"
"Easy as greese. Just tell her that the bank has failed, and that we must live for each other alone. Law can't tech me, eh?"
"No."
"Good day. Got the 83 in the bank now, and here goes to nail the ephers. Mary Ann, thou art

my own sweet whippoorwill, and I'll bet a penful of hogs agin an ox-yoke thou art."

He Could Not Hear.
A man with 'Inspector' on his cap stood a little way from me. A woman who had purchased a ticket halted a minute, and then walked up to the inspector and said—
"I don't want to waste any steps in walking around. I do get so awfully tired. Can you tell me where the building is that has the artificial human beings?"
The inspector stared at her a minute and then said to her:—
"No, madame, I cannot tell you. I have never heard of them."
A man near who had heard the question said to her:
"I have heard of them. They are over in the woman's building. Just ask for the lady managers.—Chicago Inter-Ocean."

With the Children.
BITS OF WIT AND WISDOM FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES.
One day after a race in the garden with the birds and butterflies, Lottie came in flushed, happy and out of breath to her invalid mother's side.
"What lovely pink roses my little girl has in her cheeks," said mamma. "I would give a fortune for such a pair."
Lottie affectionately patted her mother's faded cheek.
"O, mamma dear, you have roses, too," young Lue. And I love pink ones—just as well as I do pink ones!" —Youth's Companion.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.
Mamma—Come, little daughter, you must wash your hands after playing with the cat.
"But you will run the risk of being killed!"
"By who?"
"The enemy."
"Toto, after a moment's reflection. Then I'll be the enemy." —La Tribuna.

PANSIES ARE NICE, BUT—
Little Mary had been playing hard all the morning, and when the dinner-bell rang she ran in quickly and took her place. She found only some flowers on the table. Looking at a dish of pansies, she said to her mother: "Pansies are awful nice, but oh, I wish it was hash." —Youth's Companion.

BIG THOUGHTS IN LITTLE HEADS.
Tommy—Papa, you tell me to have big thoughts. If the thoughts I have fill my head, how can they be any bigger?"
Papa—"I don't think they fill it, dear, when they slip out so easily." —Harper's Young People.

She Was a Taragon.
"Yes, there was one girl who lived right along with us for twenty-two years," said the old lady, with a reminiscent sigh, "and she might have been with the family yet if she had wanted to stay."
"She must have been a jewel," said one of the callers.
"Yes, we never had any trouble about her about wages or after-noon out or anything of that kind."
"Good cook?"
"Excellent. She could play the piano beautifully, too."
"Did you let her do that?"
"Oh, yes. And she read the papers to us and kept the library in order, and could keep accounts and paint on china and embroider on silk as nicely as anything you ever saw."
"I never heard of the like! How in the world did you happen to let her go?"
"Well, there came a young man along one day—a professor in college—and said he wanted her, and here's one of her children now. Come, darling, and sit on grandmother's lap." —Chicago Tribune.

He Wanted More Realism.
"What you want," said Jaw-slugger, "is a tragedian, 'is more realism, see."
"But," replied the manager, "we have real water, real horses, real fire engines and about everything in that line except real stars."
"That's right," said the star, disdainfully to notice the sarcasm, "dat's all right, but 'tain't 'nough."
"What would you suggest?"
"Let's give 'em Ten Nights in a Bar-room with real liquor."
—El Liberal.

A Good Excuse.
Judge—You are charged with assaulting this man.
Prisoner—I plead guilty, your honor, but I have a good excuse, I addressed this man civilly three times and he never answered me.
Judge—Why, this man is deaf and dumb!
Prisoner—Well, why didn't he say so—Schalk.

Her Time of Probation.
He—Gladly, I must beg of you, while you are an engaged girl to observe a few of the limits of propriety. Your flirtations are the talk of the town.
She—Well, but you knew I was a flirt when you asked me to be your wife. You can't expect that marriage will make any difference.
He—I don't expect it—of course not! But I should like you to show some slight sense of decorum until we are married—Puck.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda
Scott's Emulsion is a perfect and a wonderful Fish Product. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, WASTING DISEASES, CHRONIC COUGHS and COLDS. PALATABLE AS MILK.
Scott's Emulsion is only put up in reliable packages. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Made by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

Hotels.
Hotel New Netherland.
FIFTH AVENUE, CENTRAL PARK AND 50th ST. NEW YORK.

The most elegant, the safest, the strongest and most complete hotel place of the world. On the European plan, with a grand restaurant, cafe and billiard room. Artistic light and cold water supply. Bath room and toilet facilities. Electrically ventilated, rendered healthful and comfortable by the use of the latest scientific methods. Making all rooms delightfully cool in the hot season and warmly comfortable in other hotel construction. All plumbing of the most modern description. Every pipe or outlet being ventilated from the roof over the city. Water for drinking cooled and even better purified from the city supply. Heating system, which, unlike any other, renders all organic matter from the water, both in the pipes and in the radiators, and physical solution, but at the same time thoroughly purified, thereby rendering it a perfect equal to the finest chemically distilled water, pure and sparkling, without the aid of chemicals in any form whatsoever. All rooms of every description, even to clothes closets, are lighted by electricity, thus avoiding the vitiated air caused by gas and the danger of its falling down.

The hotel is more thoroughly fire-proof than any building ever constructed, no wood being used except in the furniture. Steam boilers outside of the building. Elevators in every room. Long distance telephone in every room. Long distance telegraph in every room. One block from the Grand Avenue Hotel and near the Grand Central Station. Fifth Avenue across and Fifty-Ninth Street, New York City. Theatres, restaurants and all amusements within easy reach. The price of rooms will range from \$1.00 per day upwards.

Hotel Normandie.
BROADWAY AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Home strictly first class in all appointments, and in a most central and delightful location, easy of access to places of amusement and business, and one block from the Metropolitan Opera House, the Casino, the new Broadway Theatre and the new Empire Theatre.

ADAMS HOUSE.
ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL.
WELLINGTON ST. - - - CHATHAM, N. B.

Importance Notice!
Just entered at Custom Houses, Chatham and Newcastle, direct from Great Britain, marked J. D. C. per SS. Demara from London; SS. Assyrian from Glasgow; SS. Sardinian from Liverpool.

Canada Eastern Railway.
FALL 1893.

Intercolonial Railway.
1893—FALL ARRANGEMENT—1893.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
J. D. GREAGHAN, CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda
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SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

CANADA HOUSE.
Corner Water & St. John Streets, CHATHAM.
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS. Located in the business centre of the town. Stable and stable attendance first rate.

REVERE HOUSE.
Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B.

Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLE ON THE PREMISES.
Daniel Desmond, Proprietor.

TO LET.
The residence and premises on St. John Street (opposite the Protestant) known as the Hon. John M. Johnson property.

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The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.
It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Finest Milk.

This wonderful Nerve Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nerve Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of falling health from whatever cause. It performs this by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nerve Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this Great Nerve Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF
Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headaches, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia and Chronic Cough, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Falling Health, Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Nervous Tremors and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Bile and Carbacines, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhoea, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Debility of Infants.

NERVOUS DISEASES.
As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nerve Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nerve Tonic has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.

A SURE CURE FOR ST. VITUS' DANCE OR CHOREA.
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My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three one-half bottles of South American Nerve Tonic and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and an sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Falling Health, from whatever cause.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.
The Great South American Nerve Tonic
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