

# Milburn's

Facts and Figures . .

Wit and Wisdom . .

Rhyme and Reason .

# Magazine

Short Stories by  
the Best Authors

F. S. LEMIEUX, *Communes, Ottawa, Ont.*

General Information for Everybody

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## EDITORIAL

An earnest desire to confer mutual benefit upon all classes of the people, consumers, producers, merchants and manufacturers leads us to publish this journal. Reading matter of a high class, information of interest, wit and humor of the brightest will be found in its columns.

We trust to have it a welcome friend in every household.

Of the remedies mentioned in its columns we need only say that there is scarcely a home in Canada where some one of them, at least, will not be found, holding an honored place, worthy of confidence as a friend that fails not in time of need. These medicines are indeed all that skill, long experience and scrupulous honesty in preparation can make them.

## THE LEGEND OF THE LITTLE WEAVER

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

You see, there was a Waiver lived, wanst upon a time, in Duleek here, hard by the gate, and a very honest, industrious man he was, by all accounts. He had a wife, and of course they had children, and small blame to them, and plenty of them, so that the poor little Waiver was obliged to work his fingers to the bone a'most, to get them the bit and the sup; but he didn't begrudge that, for he was an industrious crayther, as I said before, and it was up airy and down late wid him, and the loom was never standing still. Well, it was one mornin' that his wife called to him, and he sittin' very busy throwin' the shuttle, and, says she, "Come here," says she, "jewel, and ate the breakquest, now that it's ready." But he niver minded her, but went on workin': So in a minit or two more says she, callin' out to him again, "Arrah! lave off slavin' yourself, my darlin', and ate your bit of breakquest while it is hot."

"Lave me alone," says he, and he dhruv the shuttle faster nor before.

Well, in a little time more, she goes over to him where he sot, and, says she, coaxin' him like, "Thady, dear," says she, "the stirabout will be stone cowlid, if you don't give over that weary work and come and ate it at wanst."

"I'm busy with a pattrern here that is brakin' my heart," says the Waiver, "and intil I complete it, and master it intirely, I won't quit."

"Oh, think of the illigant stirabout, that'll be spilt intirely."

"To the devil with the stirabout," says he. "God forgive you," says she, "for cursing your good breakquest."

"Aye, and you too," says he.

"Troth, you're as cross as two sticks this blessed morning, Thady," says the poor wife, "and it's a heavy handful I have of you when you are craked in your temper; but stay there if you like, and let your stirabout grow cowlid, and not one o' me'll ax you agin," and with that off she went, and the Waiver, sure enough, was mighty crabbed, and the more the wife spoke to him the worse he got, which, you know, is only nath'ral.

Well, he left the loom at last, and wint over to the stirabout, and what would you think but when he loked at it, it was as black as a crow; for you see it was the height o'

summer, and the flies lit upon it to that degree, that the stirabout was fairly covered with them.

"Why then bad luck to your impidence," says the Waiver, "would no place sarve you but that? and is it spiling my breakquest yez are, you dirty bastes?"

And with that, being altogether craked-tempered at the time, he lifted his hand, and he made one great slam at the dish of stirabout, and killed no less than threescore and tin flies at the one blow. It was threescore and tin exactly, for he counted the carcasses one by one, and laid them out on a clane plate, for to view them.

Well, he felt a powerful spirit risin' in him, when he seen the slaughter he done at one blow, and with that he got as consited as the very dickens, and not a stroke more work he'd do that day, but out he wint, and was fractious and impidint to everyone he met, and was squarin' up into their faces and sayin':

"Look at that fist! that's the fist that killed threescore and tin at one blow—wahoo!"

With that all the neighbors thought he was craked, and faith the poor wite—herself thought the same, when he kem home in the evenin', after shpendin' every rap he had in drink, and swaggering about the place, and lookin' at his hand every minit.

"Indade an' your hand is very dirty, sure enough, Thady jewel," said the poor wife, and throve for her, for he reasle into a ditty comin' home, "you'd bether wash it, darlin'."

"How dare you say dirty to the greatest hand in Ireland," says he, going to bate her.

"Well, it's not dirty," says she. "It's throwin' away my time I have been all my life," says he, "livin' with you at all, and stuck at a loom nothin' but a poor Waiver, whin it's Saint George or the Dhraggin I ought to be, which is two of the sivin champions of Christendom."

"Well, suppose they christened him twice as much," says the wife, "sure, what's that to us?"

"Don't put in your prate," says he, "you ignorant shtrap," says he, "your vulgar, woman,—you're vulgar—mighty vulgar; but I'll have nothin' more to say to any dirty snakin' trade agin—divil a more waivin' I'll do."

"Oh, Thady dear, and what'll the children do then?"

"Let them go and play marvels," said he. "That would be but poor feedin' for them Thady."

"They shan't want for feedin'," says he, "for it's a rich man I'll be soon, and a great man too."

"Usha, but I'm glad to hear it, darlin'—though I donna how it's to be, but I think you had bether go to bed, Thady."

"Don't talk to me of any bed, but the bed of glory, woman," says he—lookin' mortal grand.

"Oh, God sind we'll all be in glory yet," says the wife, crassin' herself, "but go to sleep, Thady, for this present."

"I'll sleep with the brave yit," says he.

"Indeed, and a brave sleep will do you a power o' good, my darlin'," says she.

"And it's I that will be the knight!" says he.

"All night, if you plaze, Thady," says she.

"None o' your coaxin'," says he, "I'm determined on it, and I'll set off immediately, and be a knight arriant."

"A what?" says she.

"A knight arriant, woman."

"Lord be good to me, what's that?" says she.

"A knight arriant is a rale gentleman,"

says he, "goin' round the world for sport, with a sword by his side, t. kin' whatever he plazes for himself, and that's a knight arriant," says he.

Well sure enough, he wint about among his neighbors the next day, and he got an owld kettle from one, and a saucepan from another, and he took them to the tailor, and he sewed him up a suit of tin clothes like any knight arriant, and he borrowed a pot lid, and that he was very partikler about, becase it was his shield, and he wint to a friend o' his, a painter and glazer, and made him paint on his shield in big letters.

"I'M THE MAN OF ALL MIN THAT KILLED THREESCORE AND TIN AT A BLOW."

"When the people sees that," says the Waiver to himself, "the sorra one will dar' for to come near me."

And with that he towld the wife to scour out the small iron pot for him, "for," says he, "it will make an illigant helmet;"—and whin it

(Continued on page 2.)

## WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

Gradually the ideas of men are changing as the search light of science illumines their minds with progressive discoveries. Columbus, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, all had to fight against the prejudice of their kind before their discoveries were generally accepted as truths. And now some of the theories of these great men are supplanted by the work of later investigators.

For many years it has been an accepted idea that there could be no life upon the surface of the moon, yet this is now quite disproved, for by late researches it appears that a highly intelligent race inhabits our beautiful satellite. At one period the narrator states that through a too steady diet of the green cheese for which the moon is so famous, almost the entire race became afflicted with dyspepsia, but that through their secret means of communication they were able to procure a bottle of B.B.B., the recognized remedy for this disease upon the earth. It being then the first quarter of the moon there were of course two horns for everybody, and it is stated upon good authority that there is now no dyspepsia to be found in the moon. The wisdom of the moon men and women sets a bright example to all sufferers upon earth. Let all follow it.

## THE MISSION FIELD IN FAR ALGOMA.

The Missionary's Companion.

Mr. Geo. Buskin, missionary for the International Mission to Algoma and North-West, who is one of the best known and most respected gentlemen in that immense Territory, attributes his escape from severe illness through summer complaints to the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which he has kept at hand for several years. He writes as follows: "I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been to me a wonderful, soothing, speedy and effectual remedy. It has been my companion for several years during the labors and exposures of my missionary work in Algoma. Well it is for old and young to have it in store against the time of need which so often comes without warning. Yours truly,

GEO. BUSKIN, Missionary.

Toronto, Jan. 25, 1895.

## WHERE THE CORN JUICE FLOWS.

My son, afore you lave yer home, I wanter say ter you, Thar's lots of pitfalls in the world to let young roosters through. So keep a pad ock on yer mouth and skin yer weather eye, But never advertise your self as being monstrous "fl." Don't run to dress—of all the orts with which the airth is strewed, The most consarned useless thing is what they call a dood, An' don't be forever loafin'

Whar  
The corn  
Juice  
Flows.

I know you think I don't know much, but take a fool's advice, An' never go to a saloon to play at cards or dice,

For tho' I don't hold playin' cards itself as any crime, I know these bar room games use up a heap of cash an' time; An' ev'ry little while ye know, the reg'lar drinks must come, Until yer head goes swimmin' on a reservoy of rum.

Sometimes you'll jaw about the game an' likely come to blows, Fer ye don't know what will happen

Whar  
The corn  
Juice  
Flows.

They say a wise man takes his drink and goes about his biz, Tho' I think he's a wiser one who let's it be whar 'tis.

Still bar room talk an' sich does more than drink ter spoil a man, For the mind absorbs more pizen than the stomach ever can, So ef you will indulge, my lad, don't hang about the bar,

But down yer booze an' plank yer dues and git away from thar, Fer, barrin' liquor men themselves, thar's no one ever rose

That made it his headquarters  
Whar  
The corn  
Juice  
Flows.

I s'pose this kinder talk from me may seem a little odd, Bein' as how I've allus drank my share of forty rod, But if I had to live again the years that's past an' gone, I'd undertake to organize a temperance club of one, Fer now that you are leaving home ter steer yer own canoe.

Some theorees I hev allus held is sorter fallin' through, An' I'd feel a good deal better ef my son afore he goes

Would boycott all the places  
Whar  
The corn  
Juice  
Flows.

Mr. Dooley—"Gimme a bar of soap, please." Shopman—"Yes, sir. Do you want it scented or unscented?" Dooley—"Aw, niver mind; I jist take it wid me."—*Boston Budget.*

THE LEGEND OF THE LITTLE WEAVER.

(Continued from 1st page.)

was done, he put it on his head, and the wife said, "Oh murther, Thady jewel, is it puttin' a great heavy iron pot on your head you are, by way iv a hat?"

"Sartinly," says he, "for a knight arriant should always have a weight on his brain."

"Bot, Thady dear," said the wife, "there's a hole in it, and it can't keep out the weather."

"It will be the cooler," says he, puttin' it on him;—"besides, if I don't like it, it is easy to stop it up with a wisht o' straw, or the like o' that."

"The three legs of it looks mighty queer, stickin' up," says she.

"Every helmet has a spike stickin' out o' the top of it," says the Waiver, "and if mine has three, it is only the grandther it is."

"Well," says the wife, getting bittier at last, "all I can say is, it isn't the first sheep's head was dressed in it."

"Your sarvent ma'am," says he; and off he set.

Well, he was in want of a horse, and so he went to a field hard by, where the miller's horse was grazin' that used to carry the ground corn around the country.

"This is the identical horse for me," says the Waiver, "he is used to carryin' flour and male; and what am I but the flower o' shovelry in a coat of mail; so that the horse won't be put out of his way in the laste."

But as he was ridin' him out of the field, who should see him but the miller.

"Is it stalin' my horse, you are, honest man?" says the miller.

"No," says the waiver, "I am only goin', to exercise him," says he, "in the cool o' the evenin', it will be good for his health."

"Thank you kindly," said the miller, "but lave him where he is, and you'll oblige me."

"I can't afford it," says the Waiver, running his horse at the ditch.

"Bad luck to your impudence," says the miller, "you've as much tin about you as a travellin' tinker, but you're more brass. Come back here, you vagab'one," says he.

But he was late;—away galloped the Waiver, and tuk the road to Dublin, for he thought the best thing he could do was to go to the King o' Dublin (for Dublin was a grate place then, and had a king iv it's own), and he thought maybe the King o' Dublin would give him work.

Well, he was four days goin' to Dublin, for the baste was not the best, and the roads worse, not all as one was now; but there was no turnpike then, glory be to God! whin he got to Dublin he went slraight to the palace, and whin he got into the court yard, he let his horse go and graze about the place, for the grass was growin' out betune the stoness; everythin' was flourishin' thin in Dublin, you see.

Well, the king was lookin' out in his drawin' room, for divarshun, whin the Waiver came in, but the Waiver pertended not to see him, and he went over to a stone sait under the windy—for you see there was stone sates all round about the place for the accomodation of the people, for the king was a dacent obleeigin' man,—well, as I said, the Waiver went over and lay down on one of the sates, just under the king's windy, and pertended to go asleep; but he tuk care to turn out the front of his shield that had the lettlers an it,—well, my dear, with that the king calls out to wan of the lords of his court that was standin' behind him, howldin' up the skirt iv his coat, accordin' to raison, and

says he: "Look here," says he, "what do you think of a vagabone like that, comin' under my very nose to go to sleep? It's thrue I'm a very good king," says he, "and I 'comodate the people by havin' sates for them to sit down and enjoy the raycreation and contimplation of seein' me here lookin' out o' my drawing room windy for diversion; but that is no raison they're to make a hotel iv the place, and come and sleep here. Who is it at all?" says the king.

"Not a one o' me knows, plaze your majesty."

"I think he must be a furriner," says the king, "bekase his dress is outlandish."

"And doesn't know manners, more botoken," says the lord.

"I'll go and circumspect him myself," says the king,—"folly me, says he to the lord, waivin' his hand at the same time in the most dignacious manner."

Down he went accordinly, followed by the lord and whin he went over to where the Waiver was lyin', sure the first thing he seen was his shield with the big lettlers an it, and with that says he to the lord "by dad," says he, "this is the very man I want."

"For what, plaze your majesty?" says the lord.

"To kill that vagabone draggin'," says the king.

"Sure, do you think he could kill him," says the lord, "whin all the stoutest lords in the land wasn't aqul to it, but never kem back, and was ate up alive by the cruel desaiser."

"Sure don't you see there," says the king pointin' at the shield, "that he killed threescore and tin at one blow, and the man that done that I think is a match for anything."

So with that he went over to the Waiver and shook him by the shoulder for to wake him, and the Waiver rubbed his eyes as if just wakened, and the king says to him: "God save you," says he.

"God save you kindly," says the Waiver, pertendin' he was quite unknownst who he was speakin' to.

"Do you know who I am?" says the king, "that you make so free, good man."

"No indade," says the waiver, "you have the advantage of me."

"To be sure I have," says the king, mighty high; "sure, aint I the king o' Dublin," says he.

The Waiver dropped down on his two knees forinst the king, and says he, "I beg God's pardon and yours for the liberty I tuk, plaze your holiness. I hope you'll excuse it."

"No offence," says the king, "get up, good man. And what brings you here," says he.

"I'm in want of work, plaze your rivrence," says the Waiver.

"Well, suppose I give you work?" says the king.

"I'll be proud to sarve you, my lord," says the Waiver.

"Very well," says the king, "you killed threescore and tin at one blow, I undershtan'," says the king.

"Yis," says the Waiver, "that was the last trifle o' work I done, and I'm afread my hand'll go out o' practice if I don't get some job to do, at wanst."

"You shall have a job to do immediately," says the king. "It's not three score and tin or any fine thing like that, it is only a blaguard draggin, that is disturbin' the country and ruinatin' my tinanthy. wid aitin' their powlthry, and I'm lost for want of eggs," says the king. "Troth, thin plaze your worship," says the Waiver, "you look as yellow as if you'd swallowed twelve yolks this munit."

"Well, I want this draggin to be killed," says the king. "It will be (Concluded on page 5.)"

Skilled Physicians Fail to Cure Scrofula.

B. B. B. Succeeds in the Worst Cases.



MRS. W. BENNETT.

DEAR SIRS.—After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for Scrofula in the Blood I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by a skilled physician, but he failed to cure me. I had three Running Sores on my neck which could not be healed until I tried B. B. B., which healed them completely, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole. As long as I live I shall speak of the virtues of B. B. B., and I feel grateful to Providence that such a medicine is provided for sufferers.

MRS. W. BENNETT, Acton P.O., Ont.

ANOTHER.

SCROFULA CURED.

DEAR SIRS.—For a long time I was troubled with Scrofula and Bad Blood. Two years ago I cut my foot severely and my blood was so bad that the wound did not heal. Friends told me to try B. B. B., and I got two bottles; before I had used them my foot was well and the impurities driven out of my system. To all sufferers I recommend B. B. B.

GEO. E. MORRIS, Bear River, N.S.

YET ANOTHER.

Worst Kind of Scrofula.

DEAR SIRS.—I had an Abscess on my breast and Scrofula of the very worst kind, the doctors said, I got so weak that I could not walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I asked if I might take B. B. B., and he said it would do me no harm, so I got to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find B. B. B. a grand blood purifier, and very good for children as a spring medicine.

MRS. JAMES CHASE, Frankford, Ont.

HOUSEHOLD FACTS.

Receipts for Housekeepers.

ANTS, RED.—Sprigs of winter-green or ground ivy will drive away red ants. Branches of wormwood will serve the same purpose for black ants. The insects may be kept out of sugar-barrels by drawing a wide chalk-mark around the top near the edge.

BILOUSNESS.—For biliousness use B. B. B. according to directions.

BITES AND STINGS OF INSECTS.—Wash with a solution of ammonia water.

BITES OF MAD DOGS.—Apply caustic potash at once to the wound, and give enough whiskey to cause sleep.

BOOTS.—To make leather boots water-proof, saturate them with castor-oil; to stop squeaking, drive a peg into the middle of the sole.

BOTTLE-CLEANING.—Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coals.

BURNS.—Apply Victoria Carbolic Salve.

CHARCOAL.—It is well to keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

CHIMNEY OR PIPE.—Throw salt or a handful of sulphur in the grate.

CLEANING LAMP-CHIMNEYS.—Newspapers are the best thing for cleaning lamp-chimneys. When filling the lamp, drop the least kerosene on a piece, then rub the chimney till it shines.

CLINKERS.—To remove clinkers

from stoves or fire-brick, put in about half a peck of oyster shells on top of a bright fire. Repeat if needful.

COLD ON CHEST.—Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures Coughs, Colds and Tightness of the Chest.

COLORS FADED.—Hartshorn will usually restore colors that have been taken out by acid.

CONSTIPATION.—This disease poisons the blood by causing impure matter to accumulate in the system. B. B. B. is a perfect regulator of the bowels, drives out all impurities and cures constipation.

COUGH.—Boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons. Mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

CUTS.—A drop or two of creosote on a cut will stop its bleeding.

DISINFECTANT.—Chloride of lime should be scattered at least once a week under sinks and wherever sewer gas is likely to penetrate.

DYSPEPSIA.—A distressing complaint which is the cause of many other diseases. During January, 1895, we received 68 testimonials from persons residing in various parts of Canada, from east to west, invariably certifying to a perfect cure of dyspepsia even in the severest cases. Since 1880 over 12000 testimonials have been received.

FLIES.—20 drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a hot shovel will go far to banish flies from a room, while a bit of camphor gum, the size of a walnut, held over a lamp until consumed, will do the same for the mosquito.

FURNITURE, TO CLEAN.—First rub with cotton waste, dipped in boiled linseed oil; then rub clean and dry with a soft flannel cloth. Care should be taken that the oil is all removed.

GILT FRAMES.—To restore gilt frames, rub with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

GREASE SPOTS.—To remove grease spots, thoroughly saturate with turpentine, place a soft blotting-paper beneath, and another on top of the spot, and press it hard. The fat is dissolved, then absorbed by the paper, and entirely removed from the cloth.

Tremendous Collision on the T.F.R.

Fortunately no Lives Lost.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

A collision took place to-day on the Tired Feeling R.R., which passes through this section, between a bad case of dyspepsia and a bottle of B. B. B., the case of dyspepsia was completely telescoped between the first and last dose of B. B. B., and not a vestige now remains of what was one of the best known and longestablished cases in the country. The B. B. B. seemed to walk right through it and sustained no damage from the encounter.

In addition to the above our reporter learns further facts of interest and was permitted to copy the following letter which is certainly interesting:

DEAR SIRS.—Two years ago life seemed a burden. I could not eat the simplest food without being in dreadful misery in my stomach, under my shoulders and across the back of my neck. Medical advice failed to procure relief, and seeing B. B. B. advertised, I took two bottles of it and have been entirely free from any symptoms of my complaint since. MISS L. A. KUHN, Hamilton, Ont.

NOT ONE DAY FREE FROM HEADACHE.

Three Years of Suffering. Headache Every Day, and no Relief From Doctors or Medicine Until B. B. B. Made a Complete Cure.

DEAR SIRS.—I had severe Headache for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicines and all others I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must try B. B. B. because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for Headaches and as a Blood Purifier, is the best in the world, and am glad to recommend it to all my friends, MISS FLORA McDONALD, Glen Norman, Ont.

THE LATEST AND BEST

A True Emulsion That Heals the Lungs, and is Pleasant to Take.

See What They Say.



A BABY SAVED. DEAR SIRS.—My baby had a terrible cough which seemed to stick to him. I took him to the doctor, who said it was Whooping Cough, but it got worse all the time, and I was greatly alarmed, for baby was just like a skeleton. When he was four months old I tried Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, and after using one and a half bottles my baby is entirely cured. He is now seven months old and as healthy as any child. No other remedy but the Emulsion was used. MRS. J. G. THOMPSON, Callender, Ont.

DOCTORS SAY IT IS THE BEST. GENTLEMEN.—I recommend Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with pleasure. Last July I took Congestion of the Lungs and was in bed for four weeks. I was very weak and could not speak above a whisper. Dr. Lawson, of Hamilton, attended me and sent a bottle of Milburn's Emulsion. It is the very best made and soon restored my voice and brought me back to health again. Truly yours, A. P. SMITH, Wheatlands, Man. With Wild Cherry Bark and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Makes Weak People Strong Makes Thin People Fat Makes Sick People Well It is a remarkable flesh builder. A soothing remedy for Throat and Lung Troubles, and (if taken in time) wards off Consumption and Pulmonary Diseases. In Asthma, Bronchitis and Chronic Coughs its effects are prompt and certain. PRICE 60c. AND 1.00 PER BOTTLE.

**THE KNIFE USED WITHOUT EFFECT  
B.B.B.  
RESTORED PERFECT HEALTH.**



**MISS REINHARDT.**  
GENTLEMEN.—After having undergone two operations for Kidney Complaint without securing the least relief, and hearing of some remarkable cures made by B.B.B. in our neighborhood, I decided to try it. I was given up by the doctors after the operations failed, and it was providential that I heard of B.B.B. After the use of six bottles I experienced so great relief and so great a change for the better that I felt the good effects would be lasting, as indeed they have been. The seventh bottle perfectly cured me and I am now stronger and better than I ever was before. People who saw me before I took B.B.B. and who see me now can scarcely believe that I am the same person.  
FABIOLA REINHARDT, Quebec, Que.



**Mr. McCONACHIE.**  
**SOUND AS A DOLLAR.**  
GENTLEMEN.—About three months ago I was all used up with Rheumatism, suffering more than torture from it frozen by. I took three bottles of your valuable medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters, and now feel all O.K. again. Some six years ago I took a few bottles of B.B.B. and found it the best medicine I had ever used. I had the very best of health until this attack of Rheumatism, but now I am glad to say that B.B.B. has made me as sound as a dollar.  
A. McCONACHIE, Kenabutch P.O., Ont.

**The Only Cure for Dyspepsia  
B.B.B.**



**ERNEST MCGREGOR.**  
**WORST KIND OF DYSPEPSIA.**  
GENTLEMEN.—I write to inform you that for years I had been troubled with Dyspepsia, and having tried other medicines which entirely failed, I at last found relief and cure in Burdock Blood Bitters, of which I took two bottles, the result being a perfect cure. Although only a young lad I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for four or five years, but I can say now that B.B.B. does its work faithfully in the worst kind of Dyspepsia and has proved itself the only cure for me.  
ERNEST MCGREGOR, Whitby, Ont.

**A PERFECT CURE FOR  
DYSPEPSIA.**



**HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.**  
GENTLEMEN.—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor, started to use B.B.B. and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all.  
BERT J. REED, Wingham, Ont.

**SPOTS AND BLEMISHES,  
Troublesome Scrofula,  
POSITIVELY CURED BY B. B. B.**



**LORENZO FULISTON.**  
DEAR SIRS.—I am thankful to say that through the use of B.B.B. I am strong and healthy today. I was troubled with Scrofula and spots and blemishes all over my body. Being recommended to try B.B.B. I did so, and am positively sure that it made a perfect cure. The first bottle was very successful, and before I had taken half of the second I was completely well. I recommend B.B.B. to all comers.  
LORENZO FULISTON, Sydney Mines, C.B.

**CONSTIPATION CURED  
99 TIMES IN 100  
BY  
B.B.B.**



**MRS. FISHER.**  
**A Splendid Remedy.**  
SIRS.—I think it my duty to make known the great benefit I received from B. B. B. I was troubled with constipation and debility, and used three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, which relieved me from suffering. I esteem this splendid remedy above all others and recommend it to all suffering from constipation.  
MRS. E. FISHER, Brantford, Ont.

**ON ALL SIDES**  
LIVING WITNESSES  
TELL HOW

**BBB FOR THE BLOOD** **Burdock BLOOD BITTERS** **BBB FOR THE BLOOD**

**CURES**  
All diseases of the Stomach,  
Liver, Kidneys, Bowels  
and Blood.

**Severe Headache EVERY DAY.  
B.B.B. A COMPLETE CURE.**



**MISS FLORA McDONALD.**  
DEAR SIRS.—I had severe headache for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicine and all others I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must try B.B.B. because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for Headaches and as a Blood Purifier, is the best in the world, and am glad to recommend it to all my friends.  
MISS FLORA McDONALD, Glen Norman, Ont.

**B.B.B. Saved His Life.  
Once Pale and Weak—Now Well and Strong.**



**THOS. MITCHELL.**  
DEAR SIRS.—Last winter I was very thin and reducing very fast owing to the bad state of my system. I suffered from Biliousness, Bad Blood and Lost Appetite, and the result was very severe Dyspepsia in addition. A friend induced me to try B.B.B., and although I had but little confidence in it I did so. From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine, and now feel quite strong again and can eat almost anything without ill effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend B.B.B., for I feel that it saved my life.  
THOS. MITCHELL, Joynt P.O.

**BILIOUSNESS CURED BY B. B. B. WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED.**



**BILIOUSNESS CURED.**  
GENTLEMEN.—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness and find it the best remedy for this complaint. I used several other remedies but they all failed to do me any good. However, it required only two bottles of B.B.B. to cure me completely, and I can recommend it to all.  
Yours truly,  
WM. ROBINSON, Wallaceburg, Late of Keith, Ont.

**A SCALY ERUPTION, UNENDURABLE ITCHING.  
Suffered Three Years—Now Perfectly Cured by B. B. B.**



**MR. GEO. TRIBE.**  
GENTLEMEN.—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for Skin Disease, from which I have been suffering for three years. I have used six bottles and am now entirely cured. I tried other remedies, such as Donald Kennedy's Medical Discovery and the Cuticura Remedies, but all to no good. I doctored one year with the best physicians in the land; they pronounced my disease a Scaly Eruption but could not remove it. It came on in red blotches and spread over my body; the skin became dry and formed hard white scales. The itching was intolerable, but I am now completely cured and I owe it all to B.B.B. I advise all sufferers to use it, as its equal cannot be found.  
GEO. TRIBE, Stratfordville, Ont.

## In the Far Northwest

Something of the Sturdy Men who Live in the Great Lumber Camps.

Amid All the Cold and Snow they are a Healthy Lot—The Beneficent Influence of the Pine Saves Them.

In the forests of the far Northwest where the lumbermen work in the open air through the coldest of cold winters, subjecting themselves to exposures that would mean death under other conditions, such a thing as lung trouble is almost unknown. Out from early morning till late at night, in all sorts of weather, stopping neither for snow nor rain the lumberman works away among the great pine forests cutting and shipping the lumber from which the homes of the nation are built, and yet with all his exposure he is as a class as healthy as any to be found in the whole country.

Physicians have long known that the reason for this lies largely in the beneficent influences of the newly cut pine, and for years specialists worked to separate and refine the soothing, healing qualities of this giant of the forest, without success until Dr. Wood discovered the secret and gave to the world his Norway Pine syrup.

Physicians even yet recommend a trip to the pine forests for patients afflicted with lung troubles, but this luxury is not practical for the great majority of people. It is expensive, and involves the loss of time. Dr. Wood and his Norway Pine Syrup bring all the soothing influence of the pine right to the homes of the people, and at a price that all can afford. Norway Pine Syrup combines the balsamic odor of the newly cut pine, and all its potent lung healing virtues, with other soothing medicines of recognized worth, and this has been accomplished too without the introduction of a single harmful drug. It never sickens nor nauseates even the most sensitive, but on the contrary exercises a gentle strengthening, appetizing influence very favorable to a speedy recovery from the debilitating influences of such diseases as those of the throat and lungs.

Norway Pine Syrup is a positive cure for every form of throat and lung disease down to the very borderland of consumption. It is sold under a guarantee to give satisfaction, and it has never failed to do all that was promised for it.

A case in point is that of Mr. M. Unger, a well known resident of Union Corner, Northumberland County, Pa. In a recent letter Mr. Unger says:

"I feel that I should add my testimony to the many you must receive for such a wonderful preparation as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I contracted a very serious cold from wet and exposure, which brought on bronchitis and severe coughing. My mother, four brothers and three sisters all died of consumption, and I was very much afraid that I would succumb to that dread disease. The doctors failed to help me, and I tried several remedies without relief. I finally tried Norway Pine Syrup, and found with it instant relief, and a perfect cure. I am now entirely well, and am grateful to you for your medicine."

Following are a few testimonials from those who have been benefited by Norway Pine Syrup. Every one is guaranteed to be genuine:

"I am a board sawyer, and my work exposes me to the changes of the weather. I contracted a severe cold and coughed all the time, it clung to me all winter long, I tried every kind of cough syrup that I saw or knew about, but could not get anything that did me much good;

finally I ran across your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and received great relief after taking one bottle and very soon the cold was broken up and the cough gone. I never took anything in the line of a cough syrup before that did so much good. I shall always recommend Norway Pine Syrup to everyone,

"I. H. BROOKS,  
"North Haverhill, N.H."  
"I was troubled with my throat. The doctor called it bronchitis, but could not cure me. C. A. Riley, of Centralia, Pa., told me he had sold two gross of Norway Pine Syrup, and that everyone spoke highly of it. Thought I would try it; was entirely cured. Now I always keep it in the house, and find it invaluable for coughs, colds and croup. It is so pleasant to take, my children like it.

Your truly,  
"M. H. YOST,  
"McKeansburg, Pa."  
GENTLEMEN—I had a bad cold which developed into "La Grippe." Had several doctors, but they could not cure me. Tried a bottle of your Norway Pine Syrup, with the surprising result that I was cured with the one bottle. Will always recommend the Pine Syrup for la grippe and throat troubles.

Your truly,  
"JACOB HANMIES,  
"Lyons Station, Pa."

### ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!  
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!  
Though clever at ruses,  
And sharp at excuses,  
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave,  
boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!  
'Tis better than money and rank,  
boys,  
Still cleave to the right,  
Be lovers of light,  
Be open, above-board, and frank,  
boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!  
Be gentle in manners and mind,  
boys!  
The man gentle in mien,  
Words, and temper, I ween,  
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true boys!  
Be visible through and through,  
boys!  
Leave to others the shamming,  
The "greening" and "cramming,"  
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!  
Henry Downton.

### DATES OF FIRST OCCURRENCES.

Postoffices were first established in 1464.  
Printed musical notes were first used in 1473.  
The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.  
America was discovered in 1492.  
The first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493.  
Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood-engraving in 1527.  
Jergens set the spinning wheel in motion in 1530.  
Religious liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholemew in 1572.  
Cervantes wrote Don Quixote in 1573.  
The first printing-press in the United States was introduced in 1629.  
The first air-pump was made in 1650.  
The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.  
The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.  
The first society for the Promo-

tion of Christian Knowledge was organized in 1698.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first prayer-book of Edward VI. came into use by authority of Parliament on Whit-Sunday, 1549.

### WONDERS OF THE BODY.

The skin contains more than 2,000,000 openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat glands. The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones. An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute. The full capacity of the lungs is about 320 cubic inches. About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration. The stomach daily produces 9 pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about 5 pints. There are more than 500 separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and bloodvessels. The weight of the heart is from 8 to 12 ounces. It beats 100,000 times in 24 hours. Each perspiratory duct is one-fourth of an inch in length, of the whole about 9 miles. The average man takes 5½ pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. A man breathes 18 times in a minute, and 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogsheds of air every hour of his existence. To maintain the body in health and strength, B.B.B. should be occasionally used. It regulates all the organs and expels all impurities.

### A GOOD CONUNDRUM.

"Gentlemen," said the secretary of the debating society, "supposing there were a hundred ears of corn in a barn, and a greedy rat came and carried them all off to his nest, taking with him three ears each time he left the barn, how many visits would he have to make to get the hundred ears?"

"Thirty-four," replied one gentleman.

"Wrong," said the secretary.

"Thirty-three," replied another.

"Wrong," said the secretary.

"Well, it must be one or the other," said another gentleman.

"Wrong," said the secretary, with a smile.

"Well," said an old gentleman, angrily, "he must make thirty-four visits, for three times thirty-three are ninety-nine, and to get the hundredth ear he must make the thirty-fourth visit."

"Gentlemen," replied the secretary, "you are all wrong. The rat made one hundred visits. You see each time he paid a visit he only took one ear of corn, but, mind you, he carried his own ears away with him on each occasion." A. W. H. Rugby.

### A COMMON SENSE THEORY.

Regarding the Treatment of Chronic Diseases.

The brain is the great electro-motor power of the body, sending out its multitude of wires in the shape of nerves to operate on all the organs of vitality, to keep all the organs in action, and to stimulate the pulse to beat, the heart to throb, and the vital current to flow. The heart is the grand organ of circulation—a double force pump to supply a perfect distribution of the blood. The liver secretes bile, nature's true cathartic, and likewise filters the blood of its impurities. The stomach is the grand central receptacle of nature's fuel—food. The lungs are the bellows of nature to fan the vital

## ALMOST CRAZY With Suffering From Constipation.

Expected to be in the Asylum. After all other remedies failed B. B. B. made a perfect cure, restoring robust health



MR. C. L. KILMER, TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN—

To say all I ought to in favor of B.B.B. would be impossible. It has been a great health restorer to me and I do swear by it. I am a different man now to what I was ten years ago when it was expected I would be in the asylum, but now I am in perfect robust health and it was the B.B.B. that did it. I suffered for five or six years from constipation, sometimes so severely that I went out of my mind. I tried various doctors, both in the country and in the city, and took medicines too numerous to name, but everything failed to have the desired effect. When I used Burdock's Blood Bitters, however, it succeeded beyond all expectations, requiring only two bottles to cure me. To make it

still more certain that B.B.B. is the real cure for constipation I may say that some two years afterward I felt the symptoms returning and took one bottle more and from that time to this present day (over eight years) I have never had any return of the disease. I never knew any medicine to work so well. It does not seem to be a mere reliever but a sure and certain cure as I can certify to for hundreds of dollars worth of medicine and advice failed to do me any good but three dollars worth of B.B.B. made a permanent cure that has given me years of health and comfort.

Yours truly,  
C. L. KILMER,  
Toronto.

spark to a brighter purer flame, they oxidize and purify the blood, giving it vital vigor from the air we breathe. The bowels, the skin, and the kidneys are the sluice ways or escape, safety valves of nature to carry off morbid and effete matter from the system. This constitutes the great mechanism of life. If the liver fails in its office, the blood becomes clogged with impurities, the bowels cease their proper action, other organs become overtaxed, perverted, or debilitated, and serious illness ensues. By errors in diet or mode of living, the various functions of these organs become impaired, often require correcting or gently stimulating to aid and right them in their work. The blood is veritably the life, without it in its purity, there can be no health. Cleanse the fountain and the tributary streams will flow freely and purely. Keep the lungs filled with pure air, supply the stomach with simple, plain, easily digested and nourishing food. Keep the brain actively and cheerfully engaged in pleasing thought, cultivating a healthy moral tone of mind. Keep the bowels regular by a proper action of the liver. Keep the skin clean and the kidneys free to carry off impurities that accumulate. Keep the circulation equalized by bathing, exercise, and gentle but natural stimulation, and sickness will be a stranger to your home. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS Nature's grand Restorative, Renovator, Blood Purifier, Liver and Kidney Regulator, and Matchless Tonic will act directly in harmony with Nature's laws. It is a safe and purely vegetable compound that acts at once and at the same time on the great outlets of dis-

ease, the bowels, the kidneys and the skin, by regulating and stimulating the secretions to a healthy action, while hand in hand with the purifying process comes the invigorating tonic influence. It purifies the blood from all humors, from a common pimple to a scrofulous sore of years duration. It regulates the liver, acts powerfully on the kidneys, stimulates the absorbents, and the organs of secretion, and is the great health restoring Tonic for Female Weakness and all forms of Nervous and General Debility, and all those Chronic Maladies that tend towards a Consumptive or Scrofulous condition. Thus it is no highly vaunted cure-all, but simply acts in harmony with Nature by unerring common sense principles. For abundant proof of our claim, we refer to our numerous voluntary testimonials that its constantly increasing popularity are daily bringing forth, which we cheerfully supply on application. Among other remarkable cures may be mentioned: Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Biliousness, Chronic Headache, Chronic Sores and Blood Humors, and Nervous and General Debility. WHEN OTHERS WHO DESPAIRED WERE CURED, WHY MAY IT NOT CURE YOU?

Do not with disgust, my friend, from medicines recoil, But another quarter spend for Haggard's Yellow Oil,— And you will find that there is an honest patent medicine.

Externally it cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Lameness, Burns, Scalds, Chillsains. Internally it cures Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Soreness of the Chest, etc.

**THE LEGEND OF THE LITTLE WEAVER.**

(Concluded from 2nd page.)

no trouble in life to you; and I am only sorry that it isn't better worth your while, for he isn't worth fearin' at all; only I must tell you that he lives in the county Galway, in the middle of a bog, and he has an advantage in that."

"Oh, I don't value it in the laste," says the Waiver, "for the last three-score and tin I killed was in a soft place."

"When will you undhertake the job, then?" says the king.

"Let me at him at wast," says the Waiver.

"That is what I like," says the king, "your the very man for my money," says he.

"Talkin' of money," says the Waiver, "by the same token I'll want a thrille o' change from you for my travellin' charges."

"As much as you please," says the king, and with the word, he brought him into his closet, where there was an owld stockin' in an owld chest, burstin' wid golden guineas.

"Take as many as you please," says the king; and sure enough, my dear, the little Waiver stuffed his tin clothes as full as they could howld with them.

"Now I'm ready for the road," says the Waiver.

"Very well," says the king, "but you must have a fresh horse," says he.

"With all my heart," says the Waiver, who thought he might as well exchange the miller's owld garron for a better.

And maybe it's wonderin' you are, that the Waiver would think of goin' to fight the dhraggin' afther what he heard about him, whin he was purtendin' to be asleep; but he had no sitch notion, all he intended was to fob the goold, and ride back to Duleck with his gains and a good horse. But you see, 'cute as the Waiver was, the king was 'cutter still; for these high quality, you see, is great deasurers; and so the horse the Waiver was put an was learned an purpose, and, sure, the munit he was mounted, away powdered the horse, and the devil a toe he'd go but right down to Galway.

Well, for four days he was goin' ever more, until at last the Waiver seen a crowd o' people runnin' as if owld Nick was at their heels, and they shoutin' a thousand murders, and cryin' "The dhraggin, the dhraggin!" and he couldn't stop the horse nor make him turn back, but away he pelted right forinst the terrible baste that was comin' up to him, and there was the most nefarious smell o' sulphur, savin' your presence, enough to knock you down; and, faith, the Waiver seen he had no time to lose, and so he threw himself off the horse, and made to a three that was growin' nigh hand, and away he clambered up into it as nimble as a cat; and not a munit had he to spare, for the dhraggin' ken up a powerful rage, and he devoured the horse, body and bones, in less than no time; and thin he began to sniffle and scent about for the Waiver, and at last he clapt his eye on him, where he was, up in the three, and says he:

"In troth you might as well come down out o' that," says he, "for I'll have you as sure as eggs is mate."

"Divil a foot I'll go down," says the Waiver.

"Sorra care I care," says the dhraggin, "for you're as good as ready money in my pocket this munit; for I'll lie under this tree" says he, "and sooner or later you must fall to my share."

And sure enough he set down, and began to pick his teeth with his tail, afther the heavy break-quest he made

that mornin' (for he ate a whole village, let alone a horse) and he got drowsy at last, and fell asleep; but before he wint to sleep, he wound himself all around about the three, all as one as a lady windin' ribbon round her finger, so that the Waiver could not escape.

Well, as soon as the Waiver knew he was dead asleep, by the snorin' of him—and every snore he got out of him was like a clap o' thunder—that mirit the Waiver began to creep down the three as cautious as a fox, and he was very nigh hand the bottom, whin bad cess to it, a thievin' branch he was dipindin' an bruk, and down he fell right a top of the dhraggin; but if he did good luck was on his side, for where should he fall but with his two legs right across the dhraggin's neck, and my jew'l, he laid howlt o' the baste's ears, and there he kept his grip, for the dhraggin wakened and endayvored for to bite him, but, you see, by reason the Waiver was behind his ears, he could not come at him, and with that, he endayvored for to shake him off; but the devil a stir could he stir the Waiver; and though he shuk all the scales in his body, he cud not turn the scale agin the Waiver.

"By the hokey, this is too bad, intirely," says the dhraggin; "but if you won't let go," says he, "by the powers o' wild fire, I'll give you a ride that'll astonish your sivin small sines, my boy;" and with that, away he flew like mad, and where do you think did he fly? by dad, he flew straight for Dublin, divil a less. But the Waiver bein' an his neck was a great disthress to him, and he would rather have had him an *inside passenger*; but anyway he flew and he flew till he kem slap up agin the palace of the king, or bein' blind with the rage he never seen it, and he knocked his brains out; that is, the small trifle he had, and down he fell spacheless. An' you see, good luck would have it, that the king o' Dublin was lookin' out in his dhrawin room windy for divarshun, that day also, and whin he seen the Waiver ridin' an the fiery dhraggin (for he was blazin' like a tar barrel) he called out to his coortyers to come and see the show.

"By the powders of war here comes the knight arraint," says the king, "ridin' the dhraggin that's all a fire, and if he gets into the palace yis must be ready with the fire engines," says he for to put him out.

But whin they seen the dhraggin fall outside, they all run down stairs and scampered into the palace yard for to circumspect the curiosity; and by the time they got down, the Waiver had got off the dhraggin's neck, and, running up to the king, says he,

"Plaze your holiness," says he, "I did not think myself worthy of killin' this facetious baste, so I brought him to yourself for to do him the honor of decapitation by your own royal five fingers. But I tamed him first, before I allowed him the liberty for to dar' to appear in your royal prisance, and you'll oblige me if you'll just make your mark upon the onruly baste's neck."

And with that the king, sure enough, drew out his sword and took the head off the dirty brute, as *clane* as a new pin. Well, there was great rejoicin' in the coort that the dhraggin was killed, and says the king to the little Waiver, says he, "You are a knight arraint as it is so it would be no use for to knight you over agin; but I will make you a lord," says he.

"Oh Lord!" says the Waiver, thunderstruck like at his own good luck.

"I will," says the king, "and as you're the first man I ever heard tell of that rode a dhraggin, you shall be

called Lord Mount Dhraggin," says he.

"And where's my estates? plaze your holiness," says the Waiver, who always had a sharp look out afther the main chance.

"Oh, I didn't forget that," says the king, "It's my royal pleasure to provide well for you, and for that reason I make you a present of all the dhraggins in the world, and give you power over thin from this out," says he.

"Is that all?" says the Waiver.

"All!" says the king, "why you ongrateful little vagabone, was the like ever given to any man before?"

"I believe not indeed," says the Waiver; "many thanks to your majesty."

"But that is not all I do for you," says the king, "I'll give you my daughter too in marriage," says he.

Now you see that was nothin' more than what he promised the Waiver in his first promise; for by all accounts the king's daughter was the greatest dhraggin ever was seen, and had the devil's own tongue and a beard a yard long, which she purtinded was put an her by way of a penance, by Father Mulcahy, her confessor; but it was well known was in the family for ages, and no wonder it was so long, by reason of the same.

**ABSCESS IN BACK. PARALYSIS.**

Steady Recovery and Cure by B. B. B.

A REPRESENTATIVE FARMER SPEAKS.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he had decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower part of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN, Welland P.O.

**FAME.**

To Emerson is this story attributed:—On being asked by a friend what he lectured for, he replied: "F-a-m-e." "What do you mean by that?" inquired the other. "Fame and not a thing else."

**HELPLESS and HOPELESS**

TIRED OF LIFE.

DYING OF DYSPEPSIA.

NOW STRONG AND WELL.

B. B. B. DID IT.

(From the Toronto Star.)

No. 22 MCGILL STREET.

Passing by this quaint, old-fashioned house nestling among the tall lilac bushes one would scarcely 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 out-

through my brain. Often I would awake screaming and crying. One day Miss Booth sent to the drug store 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



MISS LOTTIE BOOTH.

rivalled 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

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."

**ACTOR SULLIVAN ON HIS PROFESSION.**

John L. gives it as his unbiased opinion that the stage is not going to the dogs. This is encouraging, coming from one who, it is but reasonable to presume, would at once, and vigorously, denounce any deterioration in the profession of which he is so exemplary an ornament.

**HUMAN NATURE TRIUMPHS.**

Historian—Why have the Quakers so nearly disappeared?

Observer—The girls married outsiders who would buy them pretty bonnets, and the boys married girls who wore pretty bonnets.

**JOY IN QUEBEC.**

A Lady Saved.

Life was a Burden and all Remedies Failed Till B.B.B. was Tried, now Digestion is Perfect, and Health has Returned.

DEAR SIRS,—Until lately I suffered continually from Headache caused by Constipation, which rendered my life a burden to myself and to others. After trying doctors and remedies without number and with no good results, I was advised to try B.B.B. I now rejoice that I did so, for two bottles have completely cured me. I now eat well, and my digestion is perfect. I believe there is no remedy equal to B.B.B., and I recommend it to all sufferers.

DAME ADJUTOR LACHANCE,

**DYSPEPSIA.**

Prominent symptoms of Dyspepsia, which arises mainly from wrong action of the stomach and bowels, are variable appetite, faintness, heartburn, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, costiveness or diarrhoea alternately, low spirits, tired, all-gone feeling, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve Dyspepsia in any form, and it has cured cases of twenty-five years' standing which other treatment failed to benefit.

**INDIGESTION CURED.**

GENTLEMEN,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B.B.B. and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

MRS. DAVIDSON,  
Winnipeg, Man.

**"IT CURED MOTHER,"**

GENTLEMEN,—My mother was suffering from dyspepsia and had no appetite. Everything failed to cure her until, one day while visiting a friend's house, I saw a bottle of B.B.B. on the table; on enquiring what they used it for, I soon found out what it cured, and when I went home told mother that she should try it; she said she had no faith in anything and objected to try it. Notwithstanding her objection I went in the evening and brought home a bottle, but it was in the house for a week before we could induce her to take it. At last, as she was getting worse all the time she consented to try it, and on taking half the bottle found it was curing her. Another bottle cured her, and we believe, saved her life. We are never without B.B.B. now. It is such a good remedy for headache as well. E. WESTON,  
15 Dalhousie St., Montreal.

**CONSTIPATION.**

Constipation is irregular and insufficient action of the bowels, and is one of the most prevalent diseases, affecting probably three-fourths of mankind. It not only causes impure blood but also gives rise to sick headaches, debility, piles, foul humors, fevers, etc. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the bowels be kept regular. B.B.B. acts directly upon the bowels, liver and stomach, and is a natural remedy for Constipation. Its success is proved by the overwhelming evidence of thousands of reliable testimonials.

**The Most Excellent Remedy.**

DEAR SIR,—I have suffered greatly from Constipation and Indigestion, but by the use of B.B.B. I am now restored to health. I cannot praise Burdock Blood Bitters too highly; it is the most excellent remedy I ever used.

MRS. ANNES J. LAFON,  
Hagersville, Ont.

**A Prompt Cure.**

GENTLEMEN,—Having suffered over two years with Constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B.B.B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache.

ETHEL D. HAINES,  
Lakeview, Ont.

**Considered the Best.**

DEAR SIR,—I also can bear testimony to the value of your wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, B.B.B. I have used it as well as Burdock Pills for over three years, when necessary, and find them the best remedies I have ever used for constipation.

MRS. GREGOR,  
Owen Sound, Ont.

**Impure or Bad Blood.**

Such symptoms as boils, pimples, blotches, sores, eruptions, rashes, tetter, and nearly all skin diseases are proof that the blood is impure, and if not cleansed these troubles may be followed by severer symptoms such as Ulcers, Tumors, Abscesses, Old Sores, Scrofula, and Cancerous Affections. In Burdock Blood Bitters we have a remedy that has cured the severest forms of bad blood from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and that is purely vegetable, so that the user, while certain of benefit, runs no risk of harm.

**Erad Blood Cured.**

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for bad blood in various forms and find it, without exception, the best purifying tonic in use. A short time ago two very large and painful boils came on the back of my neck, but less than one bottle of B.B.B. completely drove them away and made me strong and well.

SAMUEL BLAIN,  
Toronto Junction,  
Late of Collingwood, Ont.

**Shingles Cured.**

Extract (by permission) from a private letter from J. Harris, Esq., Port Hope, to W. N. Harris, Toronto. "I am better of my ailment (shingles). With doctor's approval I got a bottle of B.B.B., took about two-thirds of it, and was cured. A friend much worse than I, of the same complaint, tried the B.B.B. on my recommendation and was cured. I believe the B.B.B. to be a first-class liver and blood tonic."

**BILIOUSNESS  
—OR—  
Liver Complaint**

The signs of Liver Complaint are foul coated tongue, sleepy, weary feeling, aching shoulders, headache, nausea, irregular bowels, yellow eyes, bad breath, etc. As a cure for all bilious troubles, Burdock Blood Bitters stands to-day unequalled, acting at one and the same time on the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood; it thus regulates the four cardinal points of health, opens the clogged outlets for effete matter and strengthens the entire system. B.B.B. cures even the worst forms of liver complaint from which relief seemed hopeless until B.B.B. was tried.

**Biliousness Cured.**

DEAR SIR,—I think it my duty to let you know what B.B.B. has done for me. I have spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' medicine and got no benefit. I was unable to work for three years with Liver Complaint, Indigestion and Kidney Troubles. Being advised to try B.B.B. I did so, and now feel like a new man. I have used seven bottles, and the effect is wonderful. I think there is no better medicine made.

WILLIAM WHITE,  
Oakdale, Ont.

**A Successful Remedy.**

SIRS,—Having used your B.B.B. for some time with great success, I must say that for my complaint, biliousness and acid stomach, I have never found its equal. I use it when necessary and recommend it to my friends.

ALEXANDER HOPKINS,  
Aradoc, Ont.

**SCROFULA.**

Scrofula breeds consumption, vitates the blood, and destroys the vitality of the body. It arises mainly from an impure condition of the blood and may lurk undeveloped for years until favorable circumstances cause its appearance. It is recognizable chiefly by these symptoms: sore eyes, eruptions, skin diseases, abscesses, tumors, ulcers, running sores, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the secretions, expels all foul humors from the system, and eradicates Scrofula even in its worst form. Cases of over 25 years' standing have been cured by B.B.B.

**Scrofula Cured.**

DEAR SIR,—I had an abscess on my breast and scrofula of the very worst kind, the doctors said. I got so weak that I could not walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I asked if I might take B.B.B., and he said it would do me no harm, so I began to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find B.B.B. a grand blood purifier and very good for children as a spring medicine.

MRS. JAMES CHASE,  
Frankford, Ont.

**Severe Abscess Cured.**

DEAR SIR,—I had an abscess just behind my right ear, in August, 1891. After suffering for three months, I began to take B.B.B. and after one month's use of it I was very much better, and the abscess entirely disappeared in four months. I am certain that Burdock Blood Bitters is an excellent remedy.

FLORENCE M. SHAW,  
Solsgrith, Man.

**WAR AND ITS AWFUL COSTS.**

The cost of the Mexican war was \$66,000,000.

The total number of men in the world's navies is 237,000.

In the last 200 years France has spent £993,000,000 in war.

The engines of a first-class man-of-war cost nearly \$700,000.

In less than 300 years Great Britain alone has spent £1,359,000,000 in war.

The French pay its costs every year 675,000,000 francs; the navy 209,000,000.

The peace footing of the Russian army calls for the services of 170,000 horses.

The annual cost of the British army is £17,000,000; of the navy, £14,000,000.

Austria spends every year 15,000,000 florins on the army. Twelve florins equal \$5.

At Austerlitz 170,000 were engaged, and the dead and wounded numbered 23,000.

The Spanish army costs 142,000,000 pesetas a year. Twenty-five pesetas equal \$5.

During the retreat from Moscow the French lost or threw away over 60,000 muskets.

The wars of the last 70 years have cost Russia £335,000,000 and the lives of 664,000 men.

Italy spends every year 14,000,000 lire on her army and navy. Twenty-five lire equal \$5.

At Waterloo there were 145,000 men on both sides, of whom 51,000 were killed or disabled.

The annual army expenditure of Greece is 18,000,000 drachmi. A drachma is about 20 cents.

It is estimated that the world's canon has cost the world's taxpayers a little over \$40,000,000.

The estimated cost on both sides

of the great civil war of the United States was \$6,500,000,000.

At Borodino 250,000 French and Russians fought, and the dead and wounded numbered 78,000.

**EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.**

The story was told by one of Lord Zetland's party when on a tour through the "distressful country" during Lord Zetland's viceroyalty.

The party was crossing a lake, a full gale was blowing and the waves were dashing over the boat. The gentleman in question, having been assured that an Irishman, if treated well, will agree with what is said to him rather than appear disagreeable, thought the occasion a good one to put the assertion to proof. Accordingly, he went up to one of the boatmen and said: "There is very little wind, Pat." Like a flash came the answer, which had to be shouted to over-top the howling of the elements: "Very little, indeed, yer honor; but fwa't there is moighty strong."

**A DISCORD.**

"You will have to give me another room," said a visitor to the hotel manager.

"What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet, so that I thought I would never get to sleep. After I got a few winks I was awakened by pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you please,' said the German, 'I'd like dot you would schnore of der same key. You vas go from B flat to G, und it schpoils der music!'"

**FLIES ARE FLIERS.**

A Russian has discovered by patient research that the wings of a fly vibrate three hundred and thirty times in a second, from which he infers that a fly can perform the distance of one kilometre per minute, which is the rate of speed of an express train. By flying straight in one direction without stopping, a fly could travel round the world in less than twenty-eight days.

**TWO HINTS ON HEALTH.**

Keep your feet dry. An eminent throat specialist says that "the best chest protector is worn on the sole of the foot."

Few people realise what the skin really is. They regard it as a body-covering and nothing more. Remember that your skin is really a lung spread over the surface of your body.—Health.

**Steadily Going Down  
A BAD STATE**

History of the Prompt Curative effect of B.B.B. in a severe case of Dyspepsia. A letter from Mr. Thomas Mitchell.

DEAR SIR,—Last winter I was very thin and reducing very fast owing to the bad state of my system. I suffered from Biliousness, Bad Blood and Lost Appetite, and the result was very severe Dyspepsia in addition. A friend induced me to try B.B.B., and, though I had but little confidence in it, I did so. From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine, and now feel quite strong again and can eat almost anything without ill effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend B.B.B., for I feel that it saved my life.

THOS. MITCHELL,  
Joynt, P.O.

**Dr. Fowler's**

Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure

**Extract**

containing all the virtues of Wild Strawberry, one of the safest and surest cures for all summer complaints, combined with other harmless yet prompt curative agents well known to medical science. The leaves

**of Wild**

Strawberry were known by the Indians to be an excellent remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery, and looseness of the bowels; but medical science has placed before the public in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild

**Strawberry**

a complete and effectual cure for all those distressing and often dangerous complaints so common in this changeable climate.

It has stood the test for forty years, and hundreds of lives have been saved by its prompt use. No other remedy always

**Cures**

summer complaints so promptly, quiets the pain so effectually and allays irritation so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler. If you are going to travel this

**Summer**

be sure and take a bottle with you. It overcomes safely and quickly the distressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel

**Complaints**

Price 35c. Beware of imitations and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers for the sake of greater profits.

**A PERFECT BLOOD PURIFIER****An Honest Medicine**

A Purely VEGETABLE COMBINATION that in a safe and natural manner ACTS DIRECTLY UPON THE BOWELS, THE LIVER, THE KIDNEYS, AND THE BLOOD, cleansing the entire system of all impurities, foul humors, and obstructions that poison the blood and create disease.

**Burdock Blood Bitters**  
Never Weakens—does not tear down to build up again; but every dose taken adds renewed strength and vigor to the enfeebled frame. IT CONTAINS NO MINERAL or OTHER POISON: no mercury or Iodide of Potassium, or any injurious article.

**Burdock Blood Bitters**  
Cures Biliousness, Constipation, Kidney and Liver Complaint, Impure Blood, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bad Circulation, Obstinate Humors, Scrofula, Old Sores, General and Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, and all irregularities of the system caused by bad blood or disordered action of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL  
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS  
Price 1¢ Per Bottle. Six Bottles for \$5.

T. MILBURN & CO.  
Proprietors, - - TORONTO, Ont.

**HIS FACE BAKED**

**Scabs, Scales, and Sores.**

THREE WITNESSES TESTIFY.

The Magistrate and the Postmaster endorse the evidence. A Remarkable Cure.

Mr. E. H. Cox writes that Mr. Edward White, of Victoria Corner, N.B., had suffered for 12 years from Erysipelas and Salt Rheum, had tried twelve doctors, but all failed to give even relief. I had the opportunity to examine his arms, shoulders and breast, they were covered with sores, but after using one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters they had healed up so that large scabs and scales fell off. I advised him to keep on using B.B.B. His face was fairly baked, and so rough and sore that the skin cracked open. The itching and burning were almost unbearable. He continued the B.B.B. until cured. Every symptom of the disease is gone. I would say in conclusion that my wife was also cured of Salt Rheum by B.B.B., and the cure has been permanent.

E. H. Cox, Victoria Corner, N.B.

**THE SECOND WITNESS.**

Mrs. E. White, says: This testimony is true. I cannot express in a letter how my husband has suffered the past 12 years. I have seen his face peel all over three times in a week with that awful Salt Rheum. He has spent everything for medicines and doctors' bills, but nothing did him any good till he took B.B.B. He has taken six bottles and is now cured. He used to scratch his flesh

all night, but now sleeps well and is free from the disease.

Mrs. E. WHITE,  
Victoria Corner, N.B.

**THE THIRD WITNESSES.**

What Mr. White says himself: For twelve previous to the last few months I have been a sufferer of the worst kind from Salt Rheum. I tried twelve different doctors, besides many patent medicines, but received no benefit. Last January



MR. E. WHITE.

I was advised to try B.B.B. by the postmaster here. I soon perceived a decided change for the better, and it only took six bottles to make a complete cure.

**MORE EVIDENCE.**

The best and most reliable people in the community testify as follows: We have known Mr. Edw. White for the past 10 or 15 years, and can

certify to the genuineness of his letter and to the facts in the case as stated by him.

J. B. BOWSER,  
Merchant and Postmaster.  
JAS. W. BOYER, Manufacturer.  
THOS. W. LETSON, J.P.

No further proof could be asked for, and the fact that B.B.B. cures all blood diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, is amply proved. For all skin diseases it is a specific.

**RUM DID IT.**

"Rum brought you here, I presume?" said the prison visitor. "That's what," replied Rubberneck Kill. "After this, when I get out, I am goin' to stick to what I was raised on—gin."

**Health Restored.**

**APPETITE REGAINED.**

**STRENGTH RETURNED.**

**Distressing Constipation Cured by B.B.B.**

GENTLEMAN,—For three years I have been terribly troubled with that distressing complaint, Constipation, and tried different medicines until last spring, when I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters, and after the use of five bottles had no more of my terrible suffering. Before I began using B.B.B. my appetite had almost gone and I was thin and very weak. but after the use of each bottle I could (and so did others) see a wonderful change in my looks and I felt my strength returning to me.

MRS. GEO. EAMAN,  
Dickinson's Landing, Ont.



**For External AND Internal Use**

**CURES CROUP RIGHT AWAY.**

DEAR SIR,—I have used Hagar's Yellow Oil and would not be without it in the house. When my little boy had Croup I gave him two doses and it cured him right away.  
MRS. A. DOMINEY,  
Ingersoll, Ont.

**FOR FROST BITES.**

DEAR SIR,—Last winter my foot was so badly frozen that I was unable to use it, but after using Hagar's Yellow Oil I was again able to use my foot. It only took one-quarter of a bottle to do the work.  
EDMUND KINGSTON  
Cypress River, Men.

**YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM.**

DEAR SIR,—About three years ago I was so bad with Rheumatism that I could not move without help. I tried different remedies but found no relief until I began using Hagar's Yellow Oil. Two bottles cured me.

MISS MINNIE CRAN,  
Willowdale P.O.

**OUR CURE-ALL.**

SIR,—A few years ago I was greatly troubled with Earache. My mother tried a great many things, but all in vain; I could get no ease until at last we got a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil, and as soon as a few drops were put in my ears I felt better, and finally the pain ceased and has not since returned. We always keep a bottle on hand, for we find it to be the best remedy for Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Quinsy, Burns, Scalds, Cuts and Bruises—in fact it is our cure-all.  
W. E. SWITZER,  
Arden, Ont.

**Words of Praise From All For the Great Pain Cure Hagar's Yellow Oil.**

**FOR BURNS, BRUISES AND CUTS.**

DEAR SIR,—I have used Hagar's Yellow Oil with every satisfaction, and always keep it in the house. It is splendid for Burns, Bruises or Cuts.

W. J. GILBET,  
Kemptville, Ont.



DR. WOOD'S

**NORWAY PINE SYRUP**

==== CURES ====

**COUGHS, COLDS**

AND ALL DISEASES OF THE

**Throat and Lungs**





**BAD BLOOD**

**HAD 53 BOILS—SUFFERED SEVERELY.**

GENTLEMEN:—I was terribly afflicted with boils, having no less than 53 in eight months. During that time I tried many remedies without relief, doctors' medicine did not relieve me—in fact I could not get rid of them at all until I began using B.B.B. It completely cured me and I have not had a boil since taking the first bottle. I write this to induce those afflicted with boils to try B.B.B. and get cured for I am confident that for Burdock's Blood Bitters I would still have had those terrible boils, which shows plainly the complete blood-cleansing properties of this medicine, because everything else that I tried failed.

A friend of mine who also suffered from boils, took one bottle by my advice and, thanks to B.B.B., his boils all disappeared.

Yours truly,  
H. M. LOCKWOOD,  
Lindsay, Ont.

**Confined to Bed**  
Many Months with  
**Rheumatism**  
and **Dyspepsia**

**PACKED WITH RHEUMATISM**

DEAR SIR:—I think it my duty to let you know what B.B.B. did for me. For ten years I suffered with rheumatism in spring and fall. I have been confined to bed for months at a time, but since using B.B.B. I have not suffered from it at all. I also suffered from the dyspepsia, which has not troubled me since using the B.B.B. and I therefore think it a splendid medicine. I also recommended it to a neighbor who was in very poor health and thought to be going into consumption; she is improving every day and is as well pleased with B.B.B. as I am myself.

MRS. AMELIA BRENN,  
Hayesland, Ont.








**Severe Abscess**

**WEAK AND REDUCED NOW STRONG AGAIN THROUGH B.B.B.**

DEAR SIR:—About a year ago I got an abscess on my neck, which was so sore, and ran matter so long that I got too weak to go upstairs without resting, but I have taken six bottles of B.B.B. and the abscess has stopped running and I am quite strong again. I think it is a great blood purifier. I know of no less than three persons who have been cured of sores which had cost them a good many dollars for doctoring with when I told them how B.B.B. had cured me, and they used it and were cured in a short time.

MRS. GEO. LEDINGHAM,  
Monticore, Man.




**SICK HEADACHE**  
**Heartburn**  
**Bad Blood**

**ALL CURED BY B.B.B.**

GENTLEMEN:—I have found B.B.B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me such perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as our family medicine.

E. BAILEY,  
North Bay, Ont.



**PEOPLE CURED**  
By **B.B.B.**  
**STAY CURED**  
*No Return of the Disease*

**8 YEARS AGO, 1887**

DEAR SIR:—For seven years I suffered from Scrofula and weak lungs, and tried without success a number of medicines. At last I got a bottle of B.B.B., and, as it seemed to be doing good, I continued its use, and soon found myself able to get about the house. The second bottle made a complete cure, and from being too weak to move I became strong and well.

MARY ROWE, Iffracombe, Ont.

**6 YEARS AGO, 1889**

Office of K. Chisholm & Co.  
Grain Merchants, Brampton, Ont.

GENTLEMEN:—I suffered from a scrofulous swelling which I feared would result in an ulcer. Under the best treatment I could obtain it still grew worse, latterly presenting a very malignant and dangerous appearance, and my physician proposed to have it cut out. Hearing of the success of Burdock Blood Bitters in the case of the Rev. Wm. Stout, I followed his example and commenced using B.B.B. internally and also externally by bathing the affected part every evening. In a short time, a decided change for the better could be seen, and the enlargement gradually grew smaller and finally disappeared with the use of eight bottles of B.B.B. My general health is now much better than for years. I am grateful for what I believe saved my life, and you may use this letter as you think proper.

Yours very truly,  
JOHN D. GORDON.

**6 YEARS AGO, 1889**

DEAR SIR:—I write that you may know the good I have received from Burdock Blood Bitters. I am now on the ninth bottle of your wonderful Bitters and must confess I have received a prompt cure of a long standing disease—Scrofula. I have used dollar after dollars' worth of medicines and received no relief; but with the third bottle of B.B.B., I found great rest. I have also used three bottles of Burdock Pills; they are the best I ever took and I cannot praise them too highly. I do owe my whole life to them and can recommend them to every living soul that is afflicted with that dreadful disease, Scrofula. I was afflicted with lumps as large as an egg in my right side and large lumps in my throat, and my limbs were covered with an itching and burning rash which greatly annoyed me when near the stove. I spent a great deal of money trying to get relief and consulted the best medical treatment in the state, but all in vain; they did me no good whatever, and I had about given up when I thought I would try your medicines. Thank God they cured me and I am a well woman to-day. Your friend and well wisher,

MRS. CHAS. HUTTON,  
Berville, St. Clair Co.,  
Mich., U.S.A.

**13 YEARS AGO, 1882**

GENTLEMEN:—For twenty years I endured the most awful suffering from a scrofulous abscess on my neck, and, notwithstanding the skillful treatment of seventeen of the best physicians in Canada, failed to obtain relief. I then resorted to nearly all of the patent medicines that promised to cure, but without any benefit whatever. Finally, in an almost helpless condition, I tried

Burdock Blood Bitters. Reasoning that it would be good if applied as well as taken internally, I wet linen cloths with the Bitters and applied them, also using it as a wash upon the sores. I took these Bitters for about four months with the most astonishing and gratifying results, and for the first time in four years was able to dispense with surgical aid, which I firmly believe I shall never require again for the same disease. I feel as well and safe now as if it had never affected me. Knowing that it cured me and believing that it saved my life I most earnestly and heartily recommend it to suffering humanity.

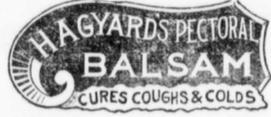
Faithfully yours,  
Late of (REV.) WM. STOUT,  
Warton, Ont. Oil Springs, Ont.

**SCOTCH STEW.**

A cheap and excellent family dish is Scotch stew soup. It is made thus: Procure a shin of beef or two (if a large quantity is to be made, as for a school or a charitable feast), put them on the fire with two gallons of water and let them boil for five or six hours, skinning the mixture all the time. Strain the liquor from the meat, and have ready a quantity of cut and well-cleaned vegetables—carrots, turnips, leeks, onions, celery, lettuce, cabbage (shred), and, if possible, green peas. Put all into the soup and boil till quite tender. Serve up the meat in the tureen with the soup, seasoning it with salt and pepper before serving.

**A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.**

Burdock Blood Bitters gives the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion, makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable.



**HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM**  
CURES COUGHS & COLDS

**THE BEST COUGH CURE.**  
The Most Pleasant and Perfect Throat and Lung Healer in the World for Children or Adults.

CONSUMPTION WAS FEARED.

DEAR SIR:—Over three years ago I was troubled with a nasty Cough and really thought I would go into consumption. A friend advised me to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and one bottle gave me great relief. After taking four bottles I can truthfully say I have never had a Cough since. When I take Cold now I am not troubled with a cough as I used to be.

MARY SHINGLES,  
Wallaceburg, Ont.

**FATHER AND CHILD CURED.**

DEAR SIR:—Last winter my husband had a severe Cold and Cough. He was not able to work, and scarcely speak. He tried several remedies without avail, but after taking one bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam was well and able to go to work. Our baby also had a severe Cough and Cold and nothing did her any good until we used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which cured her immediately. Were it not for Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam we would have lost her.

MRS. JOHN LAWSON,  
Trout Lake, Ont.

**A COMMISSIONER IN B.R.**

GENTLEMEN:—Having used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years I have no hesitation in saying that it beats everything else we ever tried for Coughs and Colds in children as well as grown up people. It relieves that tight binding sensation in the chest. We would not be without it for anything, as we have a large family of children.

WILLIAM ANDREW,  
Commissioner in B.R.,  
Balmoral, Man.

**ALL OVER CANADA**  
The People Praise it.

Read This Positive Proof.

**FOR ALL COUGHS AND COLDS.**

GENTLEMEN:—I can truly recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for all Coughs and Colds.

T. JOHNSTON,  
Gainsboro, N.W.T.