

# The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1892.

[Editors & Proprietors.]

WHOLE NO.—2336

**FIRE ASSURANCE**  
COLLECTING AGENCY:  
The Subscriber has been appointed AGENT for the undersigned First Class Fire Assurance Co., viz—  
**The Atlas Assurance Co.**  
of London, England, Established 1805.  
Capital... \$600,000.00  
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF TORONTO.  
Net Cash Assets... \$1,260,381.00  
Unpaid Capital... 800,000.00  
\$1,740,381.00  
Fares and merchandise risks taken at lowest rates. Losses promptly paid.  
**WILLIAM DIBBLEE,**  
Agent for County of Carleton.  
At Police Magistrate's Office, Woodstock, April 2, 1891. W. D.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
FREDERICKTON, N. B.  
J. EDWARDS, Proprietor.  
First-Class Livery Stable in Connection.

**ROYAL HOTEL,**  
45 King Street, - - - St. John, N. B.  
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**LOUIS E. YOUNG, L.L.B.,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &  
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED.  
79 Main Street, Next below Post Office.

**J. J. GALLAGHER,**  
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SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COLLECTIONS.  
LOANS NEGOTIATED.  
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**W. FRED KERTSON,**  
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**DR. P. T. KEIRSTEAD,**  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,  
**Turner House,**  
CHAPEL ST., WOODSTOCK.

Special attention given to Diseases of  
Women and Children.  
414 P. 45-1.

**W. D. RANKIN, M.B.C.M.**  
Office and Residence at Jas. Wolcott's  
Chapel Street, Woodstock.

**I. B. CURTIS, M.D. & C.M.**  
(McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL)  
Office and Residence—In Building lately occupied  
by Lorenzo Shaw,  
HARTLAND, N. B.  
Since 30.

**JAMES BAIRISTO, M.D.,**  
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Office and Residence—At W. E. Thibault's, next  
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**Dr. W. N. HAND,**  
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**Dr. M. F. BRUCE,**  
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PRACTICE LIMITED TO  
**MYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.**  
Office—40 Coburg Street, St. John.

**W. D. CAMBER,**  
DENTIST.  
SILVER AND GOLD used for  
the PAINLESS EXTRACTION  
OF TEETH.  
Office—In Connell's Woodstock Block, Queen St.  
J. C. HARTLEY, F. B. CARVELL.

**The Liverpool**  
& London  
& Globe  
INSURANCE COMPANY.  
Assets, \$38,046,884.66.

The Norwich & London Accident Insurance Association.  
ESTABLISHED 1865.  
Office—Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.  
HARTLEY & CARVELL, Agents.

**CHAS. P. PARKER,**  
HOUSE, SIGN & DECORATIVE PAINTER.  
All Kinds of Painters Work Done.

**PAPER HANGING,**  
Graining and Staining.  
GOOD WORK AND LOW PRICES.  
**Woodstock, N. B.**  
(Inc-15)

**HERBERT DIBBLEE,**  
Gold, Silver, Nickel, Oroids,  
Brass and Copper  
**PLATER.**  
Manufacturer of all kinds of  
HARNESS TRIMMINGS  
and COMPOSITION BLIND HANDLES.

Coverage and Blotch Work Flashed at short notice.  
Also, Engraving, Enamelling, Jewellery, etc., Replated.  
Call or send for prices for plating.  
All work warranted to wear and look as good  
as new.  
Light Articles such as Watch Cases, Jewellery, etc.,  
can be sent by mail.

**TAKE NOTICE!**  
\$2,000  
WILL buy one of Aroostook's best FARMS:  
containing 116 Acres fine soil, 74 Acres under  
cultivation, raised this year 34 bush. Oats, 5 Acres potatoes that will average with  
the best, and cut 40 tons Hay; small house, good  
barn 30 x 40, good 2000 ft. well watered; located  
one mile from Fort Fairfield Village, on the  
most public road in the country. This is a great  
bargain, and will be sold on easy terms, as the  
owner has other business to attend to and does not  
want it. Call on or address  
C. ROGERS,  
Fort Fairfield, Me.  
Jan-23-92.

**BLANKS** Of all kinds can be procured at the  
Sentinel Office. Cheapest prices.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.]

XLIV.—4.

**Poetry.**  
Life Worth Living.

In life worth living? Yes to him that lives:  
Whose soul hath caught the music of the spheres;  
Who, 'ere all earth jars, heavenly music hears  
And to its strains his life serene gives o'er;  
Who, when the world is full of strife and pain,  
Can find a peace that no man can attain;  
Who, when the world is full of sorrow and tears,  
Can find a joy that no man can compare;  
Who, when the world is full of darkness and gloom,  
Can find a light that no man can illumine;  
Who, when the world is full of death and doom,  
Can find a life that no man can consume.

**Select Tale.**  
ELIZA, THE NIMBLE.

What was I to do? Never was a woman  
placed in such a pitiable condition,  
I had been brought to Russia by an  
English sewing-machine company to run  
their machines at an agency of theirs in  
St. Petersburg, where a handsome shop  
had been taken.

One blustering cold day, towards the  
close of October, I found the shop door  
closed, and learned to my dismay that  
our agent had disappeared, and the ma-  
chines had all been seized for rent and  
debts. What was to be done? All the  
money I had in the world was about  
equivalent to three pounds. What was  
due to me I had left in our agent's hands,  
but I was not to be paid until I had  
returned home.

Fortunately, my room had been hired  
for the month, and had been paid for in  
advance. I had at least a roof over my  
head for a few weeks. An idea suddenly  
struck me. I had been making an even-  
ing dress on the sewing-machine for a  
Russian lady who spoke English.

She had some idea of buying a ma-  
chine. In order to hasten with the work  
I had taken to my room the body of her  
dress, and having a machine there, had  
worked it up in a few days. The machine I  
would certainly keep. It would go very  
little towards the payment of the debt  
the agent owed me.

I hurried home. Perhaps there was a  
letter with some money in it. There was  
nothing. I must find the lady, but  
how? She had left no address. She had  
hardly spoken to me. I thought I  
had heard her say that she would come  
again, and I believe that she had fixed on  
this very day. There was but one chance  
in a thousand. I must stand in the  
street and wait until she appeared.

I hastened back and took up my  
position near the shop. I scanned every  
woman passing by. It was bitterly cold  
and raw, and the wind chilled me; I  
was faint with anxiety. Suddenly a  
carriage drove up, a footman opened the  
door, and a lady, elegantly dressed,  
alighted. I tore across the street—it  
was the Russian lady.

With my heart in my mouth, I told  
her my pitiful story and begged her to  
help me. If she wanted a servant, would  
she only try me? I had a sewing ma-  
chine, and would make her dresses for  
nothing if I could only stop with her  
until I could write to my people at home.  
Her answer was quick and kind. She  
would send me money and I could get  
back to England.

"Where do you live?" she inquired  
absolutely.  
I told her.  
"Get into the carriage," she said.  
I did so. When we were off the main  
street she stopped the carriage, got out  
with me, and we walked to my lodgings.  
I opened the door. On the table was  
her dress body. It did not seem to in-  
terest her. She picked it up, however,  
glanced at it a moment, then threw it  
down on a chair and examined the sewing  
machine.

"How long would it take me to become  
proficient in working this?" she inquired  
with interest. I said approvingly.  
"Two weeks—perhaps less,"  
"Would it disfigure my hands?"  
She took off her gloves, showed her  
well-cared-for hands, her fingers glitter-  
ing with rings.

"Your beautiful hands would hardly be  
spoiled."  
"Well, then give me a lesson at once—  
at once. I will pay you for your trouble."  
She sat down, and under my instruction  
worked for an hour. She was won-  
derfully clever with her fingers and seemed  
to seize the peculiarities of the ma-  
chine at once.

"At this rate of progress, madam, you  
would become quite a good workwoman  
in ten days," I said approvingly.  
She made no reply but worked away  
for another half hour.

"It's not so tiresome after all," she  
said, "but I have had enough for to-day.  
To-morrow I will try to make a dress for  
you. I will take the machine to pieces, and show  
you how it must be put together again. You  
will oblige me very particularly by not  
going out to-day. I have to thank you  
for your patience. Keep my visit silent.  
I hope you have learned that in Russia  
it is better to keep a quiet tongue. Do  
not return to the shop. Pray take this  
for my first lesson," and she placed on  
the machine-table a piece of gold.

Next morning early there was a low  
knock at the door. I opened it, and a  
woman plainly dressed entered. She did  
not say a word. She placed a bundle  
she held in her hand on a chair, and at  
once went to the machine and com-  
menced sewing.

She was very silent, working incessantly  
on some coarse material she had  
brought with her. I sat near her, teach-  
ing her what to do. She worked on un-  
til it was past noon.

"Is it not time to go to something?"  
"Yes," I replied. "Will madam par-  
take of my simple meal?"  
"Madam! I am Eliza—and you say  
my name is Mary. I shall be very glad  
to share your food with you, if you will  
let me. If you have not enough for two,  
I will go out and buy what is wanted.  
What shall it be? I dare say I can shop  
better than you. Will you lend me your  
shawl, your furs and your shoes?"

Before I could say a word she had  
taken all on. She then laughed for the  
first time and courted to me.

"Sister Mary, Sister Mary," she cried  
in great glee, "our partnership begins  
from to-day. I am to be capital and you  
my brains. Little sister, good-by. I  
shall not be gone more than a quarter of  
an hour."

I was so astonished as to be speech-  
less. In a trice she was back, loaded  
down with packages. She had a lot of  
bread, a piece of cheese, a pot of pre-  
served, a brood of smoked geese and  
some salted cucumbers.

In a day I learned to love that woman.  
All the thought, proud manner was gone.  
She waited on me. She was up first in  
the morning. She was always busy. The  
porter of the house evidently mistook  
her for one of the two girls who had been  
in the employ of the sewing machine  
company, for one of the other of them  
had often been in my room. Some small  
extra compensation was given him for  
the new lodger.

My companion, save for daily pur-  
chases made in the immediate neighbor-  
hood for food, never went out. No one  
called on her; she never received a letter.  
A few days after the month had  
passed, when one morning, as I was run-  
ning up a seam in a piece of cloth, my  
needle struck something. It was a piece  
of paper.

"It is for me, sister Mary," said Eliza.  
She took the bit of paper, held it to  
the stove, appearing to read something,  
and then opened the stove door and  
showed me a letter. I did not know what  
she worked cheerfully all day, chatting on  
different subjects.

That night, when we were in bed, tak-  
ing in her arms, she produced, as I  
Mary, your troubles, your anxieties, are  
now over. To-morrow, early, apply for  
your passport. It will cost you to go  
from here to London, say £30. I wish  
it could have been more, but you will  
have altogether £300, which after de-  
ducting your travelling expenses, will  
leave you some money to begin your life  
with again. For me—who have learned  
to love a singularly honest and simple-  
minded woman—you shall have this ring;  
and she slipped on my finger a ring,  
but I don't wear it, the diamond might  
betray me. So far, Mary, you have run  
no risk, but next week you might be  
ruined forever, for you have harbored—

I was speechless with terror.  
"Only a woman," she continued, "whose  
own life—or the life of anyone else who  
stood in her way—she would think no  
more of taking than a cook would be  
wringing a chicken's neck. Do not be  
shocked, Mary. I shall sleep as sweetly  
to-night as if death did not threaten me.  
My story, so far as relates to you, is soon  
told."

"It became necessary for me a month  
ago to disappear. The simplest chance  
in the world threw you in my way. Had  
you been of another nationality, but for  
my English I never would have trusted you.  
You might go out, Mary, and sell me,  
Jude-like, for a sum of money that  
would make you rich for life."

I clung convulsively to her and bade  
her be quiet.  
"Through my veins, child, there runs  
the best blood in Russia, but every drop  
of it I will shed for the cause. Thank  
heaven for your lovely estate. You  
must go away to-morrow, and now good-  
night."

I begged her to come to England with  
me. She said:  
"No; my place is here. I should be  
useless there."

Next morning, out of a package of  
some rough material, she produced, as  
if by magic, a roll of notes which, with-  
out counting, she handed to me.  
"Later in the day there ought to ar-  
rive some furs for me, for poor Mary  
must not get cold. Now away with you."  
Her manner had changed.

"Get your passport. Go by Bremen  
to England, or the ice will delay you.  
Do not wait."  
Still I was irresolute. I could not  
bear to leave her. She knelt to me and  
implored me to go on. At last I con-  
sented.

My passport was given to me at police  
headquarters without a word.  
"Is it all right?" she asked very quietly.  
"See, your furs have come. They are  
very beautiful and so warm."  
I thanked her, and she was alone.

"I have permission to leave."  
"Thank God! See my work. I think  
I could do now without you."  
"You do not love me, Eliza," I cried.  
"Not love you—my sister!"  
My husband—he was sick. I loved my  
only child; in the agony of my grief—  
because his father was killed—he sucked  
poison from my breast and died. After  
that I love you best.

Then for the first time she burst into  
paroxysms of tears.  
"It is because I love you—that I might  
be your death."  
As she wrung my hand she felt the  
ring on my finger.

"Off with it. You wore your mittens  
at the police office! If they had seen  
it! Quick, let me hide it!"  
She took off my shoe and hid the ring  
in my stocking.

"Should you ever marry, sell the ring  
or the stone in it, and give it to me. I  
have made a bundle for you. The rest of  
your things you will give me. Here is  
a photograph of yours—you will let me  
keep it."

She took me by the hand, gave me  
one long kiss, closed the door on me,  
and I never saw her more.

My trip home was without a single  
incident. My dear mother comforted  
me. Still there was some vague feeling  
of mystery. My mind wandered in spite  
of all I could do, towards my rooming  
company. Picking up a newspaper when  
at home, some two weeks after my ar-  
rival, I read in the telegraph despatches:  
"St. Petersburg, Dec. 23.—An arrest  
of great importance has been made. One  
of the chief actors in the nihilistic  
plots, a Russian Princess, was taken, but  
only after she had killed one of the po-  
lice. Disguised as a sewing machine  
woman she had hitherto baffled the de-  
tectives."

**Origin of the Title of Peers.**  
Duke is derived from the Latin word  
dux, a leader. Marquis: this title was  
conferred upon those who held the com-  
mand of the marches, as the boundaries  
between England and Wales and England  
and Scotland were called, when those  
countries were hostile to this nation.  
Earl is a title derived from the Saxon  
word, eorl, noble. The earl formerly had  
the government of a shire. After the  
Conquest the earls were called counts,  
and from thence have taken the  
names of counties. Viscount or Vice-  
comes, was the deputy of the earl. Baron  
the title of honor in the oldest in point  
of antiquity, although the lowest in point  
of rank, of any order of nobility.

Jimmy—Ah, gwan! My father's been  
arrested 'tween times, an' dat's more dan  
you has.  
Mikey—Yah! What's achin' yer?  
Wasn't my father's sentences twice as  
long as yours?

**R. B. PORTER & CO. PARSON'S PILLS**  
—CONTINUATION OF OUR—  
**Great Cheap Sale**  
—OF—  
**FALL AND WINTER GOODS.**

You Can Save From 20 to 30 cents on Every Dollar by purchasing  
your DRY GOODS from us now.

We have one of the Largest, Best and Most Fashionable Stocks in  
Woodstock to select from.

Before Making Your Selections be sure and inspect our Stock and  
Prices which will

**Speak more forcibly than any comments  
we can make.**

**BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!**  
Please remember the address

**R. B. Porter & Co.,**  
Connell's Block, Main Street, Woodstock.

**YEARS OF VARIOUS EXPERIENCE**  
In the Use of CURE, We Alone own for all Diseases.  
TIVE METHODS, that Control, orders of  
FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY  
Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair. I  
thousands of cases, as set forth in our PAINLESS CURE, which we  
will not get up with such a vile and dangerous remedy as  
Remember, no one else has the method, appliances and experi-  
ence that we employ, and we claim the monopoly of our  
success. ERIC MEDICAL CO., 64 NIMROD ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**J. R. TUPPER,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**COFFINS AND CASKETS.**

Everything in connection with a First-Class Undertaking Estab-  
lishment always in stock.

Direct Communication, by Telephone, between Store and Residence, by day or night.  
Parties from the country requiring anything in above line, will consult their  
own interests by calling here first.

Prices that defy Competition! Hearse Second to None in the Province!  
J. R. TUPPER.

**WOODSTOCK UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT**  
47.

**STILL GREATER REDUCTION IN PRICES!**  
We are now prepared to furnish CASKETS and COFFINS at prices unheard of before.  
CASKETS, Adults size, \$12.00 CHILDREN'S Caskets, \$6.00  
COFFINS, Adults size, \$12.00 CHILDREN'S Coffins, \$6.00  
UP Everything usually found in an Undertaker's Establishment at equally low prices.  
Give us a call and see for yourself. We guarantee satisfaction in every particular.  
Orders by Telephone receive immediate attention. We are open from 10 to 12 o'clock.

We also have in stock a full line of FURNITURE, embracing PARLOR and CHAMBER  
SETS, CHAIRS, TABLES, &c., which for durability, workmanship and finish are unequalled.  
Remember the place—MAIN STREET, NEAR RAILWAY DEPOT.  
**JACOB VANWART, PROPRIETOR.**  
Woodstock, May 8, 1889—45.

**GROCERIES!**  
The undersigned calls attention to his Large and Fresh Stock of Goods, comprising  
**Dry Goods in great variety;**  
**Groceries of all kinds;**  
**Flour, Molasses, Fish, Canned Goods;**  
**Confectionery, Fruits; Crockeryware;**  
**HAYING TOOLS, &c. &c.**  
**FEED of all kinds constantly on hand.**

Everything will be found here that is generally kept in a first-  
class store  
Upper Woodstock,  
July 13th, 1891

**A NEW STYLE!**  
Yes, we have a new design of **BEDROOM  
SETS.** They are Ash, with dark panels,  
Swing Mirrors, perfectly true, and the price  
only \$15.50. Then we have a great variety  
of Sets in Elm, Oak and Walnut.

60 Patterns of Hanging Lamps, elegant designs and lower prices than ever,  
Upper Woodstock, March 10th, 1891—41

**W. R. WRIGHT.**

**TO THOSE INTERESTED IN Fruit  
Growing.**

It is often said that the New Brunswick is a  
splendid apple, none better, but it is not a  
short time. Why call it a good keeper  
like the American Baldwin. We have that apple  
in the Westbury which is just as hardy and  
productive as the New Brunswick, this apple being  
as good if not better than the Baldwin. We have  
a large stock of this apple on hand, and are  
eager to call and see the best apple ever introduced  
to the part of the country.  
Dr. H. H. Wright, authority on fruit  
growing says, that fruit growing is profitable  
and makes further north than was supposed  
to be possible before the Westbury was introduced.  
T. W. Wright.

**FRESH TALL ROLLS EVERY WEEK!**  
T. S. DENT & SON,  
Woodstock, Nov. 12, 1890—44

**THE undersigned having fitted up their Bakery  
with all the latest improvements, are now in  
a position to supply the public with everything in  
their line and to warrant satisfaction. We man-  
ufacture**

**BREAD, various kinds, including  
the Genuine VIENNA;  
All Kinds of CAKES;  
Coffee Buns, Sugar Buns, etc.**

**THE undersigned having fitted up their Bakery  
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**BREAD, various kinds, including  
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All Kinds of CAKES;  
Coffee Buns, Sugar Buns, etc.**

**Local & Foreign Items.**

The gross receipts of the Deaver Doll Fair  
for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten  
amounted to \$10,600. One doll brought  
\$370, two others \$400 each.

**A Pleasant Sense**  
Of health and strength renewed and of ease and  
comfort follows the use of Syrup of Fig, as it  
acts in harmony with nature to effectually  
cleanse the system when clogged or bilious. For  
sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists.

Several persons have been known to die  
in the French provinces. The weather  
throughout the European continent is in-  
tensely cold.

A tunnel which had been dug by prisoners  
in the penitentiary at Pittsburg, Pa., was  
discovered recently. The work was com-  
pleted, only a stone remaining to be laid in  
the sidewalk outside to free 800 prisoners.

Stash, dirt, wet feet, rheumatism and cold  
follow. Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment freely.  
Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment freely.

A new idea will, it is said, be put into  
practice to beat the frost at the Grand Park  
track, Chicago. Three-inch rubber  
heating pipes will be laid four or five feet  
apart and 1½ feet deep under the entire track.

Do not ever have a cold? Then take  
the late King of Warrington was very  
sick, as was his grandfather, the first King  
of the Warrington family, who had great  
power at the time he died. He could  
reach his plate when at dinner, and it became  
necessary for his accommodation that a  
semi-circular piece of the table be set  
the place where he sat.

Why let your hair turn gray when Hall's Hair  
Remover will prevent it?  
The Illinois Swiss breeders' association  
made a report for the December that the lower  
animals used Sunday rest as well as human  
beings. At any rate the association passed a  
resolution that on Sunday no animal should  
be used for any purpose except for the  
ground that such opening would deprive the  
poor folk of that repose which they need so  
much in order that they may appear as their  
best on the remaining six days."

Don't experiment with your health. You may  
be sure of the quality of your medicine, even if  
you have to take much of your food upon your  
stomach. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla,  
and so other. It is the standard blood-purifier,  
the most effective and economical.

At the marriage altar at Newport, Ark.,  
when the minister was proposing the mar-  
riage, Miss Fannie L. Jones, the bride,  
suddenly dropped the head of the groom, James  
Mason, and from the scene and screamed her  
self. She gave no reason for the deception.

**Put Up and Put Down.**  
I need a word to rhyme with this.  
I have it now: I'll put you up.  
Because me, though—then put down pills.  
I'd rather suffer from a cold,  
Than get down the old-fashioned, large, bitter  
pills, that gripe so and make such disturbances  
internally as none that a wise man will do. He  
will not get up with such a vile and dangerous  
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