POOR COPY

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,] Our Queen and Constitution. [Editors & Proprietors.

XLV.—51 WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893. WHOLE NO.—2436.

Board of Works Jan 93

FIRE ASSURANCE
—AND—
COLLECTING AGENCY.

The Subscriber has been appointed AGENT or the undermentioned First Class Fire Assurance Co's., viz:—

The Atlas Assurance Co.
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Capital.............................$6000,000,00

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE Co. OF TORONTO,
Net Cash Assets........................$1,240,391,00
Unused Capital.........................500,000,00
$1,740,391 00

Farms and mercantile risks taken at lowest rates. Losses promptly paid.

WILLIAM DIBBLEE,
Agent for County of Carleton.

As Police Magistrate, I will collect accounts and Notes to amount of $80 and under without cost
Woodstock, April 2, '87 —14 W. D.

QUEEN HOTEL,
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First-Class Livery Stable in Connection.

ROYAL HOTEL,
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☞ *The Proprietor's highest aim is to satisfy the public.* (14)

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LOANS NEGOTIATED.
OFFICE—Main Street, Four Doors Below Town Hall. —44

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Castration done by latest method.
April 15th, 1892—1yr-15

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Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London.
Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.
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Special Certificate in Midwifery!
SPECIALTIES—DISEASES OF EAR, NOSE, THROAT AND SKIN.
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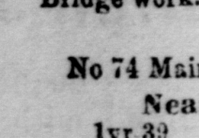

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OFFICE—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen St.

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DENTIST.
Graduate of Pennsylvania Dental College. All modern improvements, including Crown and Bridge work. Painless extracting.
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No 74 Main St., Woodstock,
Nearly opposite Post Office
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REMOVAL!
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HAS REMOVED HIS DENTAL OFFICE
TO
Cor. Main and Queen Streets,
next door above Garden Bros. Teeth extracted without pain by use of the New Vegetable Onæsthetic
Woodstock, N. B., Feb 8th., 1893.—tf-6

FOUNDED A.D. 1710. THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD. SUN OF LONDON. INSURANCE OFFICE. ENGLAND
A. E. JONES, Agent, Woodstock.

Poetry.

Christmas.

O ring a low, O ring a loud, O rhyming Xmas bells,
Above the towns and villages, the valleys and the dells;
With heraldings of blessedness and every sort of glee
From the stockings by the chimney to the starry Xmas tree;
For you shout the birth of Happiness, and toll the knell of Care,
So ring aloft, O jolly bells, upon the frosty air!

There's the cake within the oven, and the candy set to cool,
And the raisins and the spices, and the holiday from school;
There's the doughty old Plum Pudding with its raisin-freckled face,
And as for nuts and oranges they fairly fill the place.
If you tiptoe in the pantry when there's not a soul about,
You're sure to get a cake or nut, without a single doubt!

O, the mystery and whispering, and the popping out of sight,
The rolling up of bundles and the tying of them tight;
And the craning of the children's necks, and prying all about,
Into holes where, if you put a pin, you couldn't pull it out!
And finally the giving of the dolls and drums and rings—
Dear, it sends your heart a-thumping just to think about the things!

Then the present little Bennie gives Papa from Baby store,
He has hoarded up his pennies, why, for near a year or more!
And how Papa must prize it, though you need not be obtuse
To see 'twill never meet the claim of beauty or of use.
Yet many things are homely in the life we all must live
That are beautiful and useful in the happiness they give.

So ring a-low and ring a loud, O chiming Xmas bells,
And bear good will and laughter on your undulating swells,
As the motion of the ocean bears a wave upon its way,
To forever curve and hollow till Eternity's decay.
So ring a-low and ring a loud, you merry Xmas bells,
For many a tale of God and man your glorious music tells.

Duvva Morgan-Smith.

Select Tale.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

It is at once painful and perplexing to be answered by a heavy sigh where one expects an exclamation of pleasure and admiration; so it was not wonderful that Mrs. Austin, under these exact conditions, looked anxiously into her husband's face. She was holding up for his inspection a large wax doll, one of the treasures for Madge, the blue-eyed darling of four years, who was counting the days until Santa Claus should come. Every stitch of Miss Dollie's elaborate costume was the work of Mrs. Austin's busy fingers in hours when Madge was dreaming of full stockings and Christmas trees, and the last stitch set, the result was displayed for 'papa's' approval.

Now papa was quite as devoted a parent to Madge and two-year-old Harold as mamma, and took deep interest in all nursery matters. It may be that the memory of two other curly heads and baby faces that had brightened the nursery for a few brief months and then had been hidden by coffin-lids, deepened the love for the children who came later to comfort the aching hearts. But it is very certain that the little Austins were as much loved and petted as children could be, and did not dream more hopefully of Christmas treasures than their parents did lovingly of supplying them.

So it was with some alarm, too, that Mrs. Austin put aside her last triumph of needlework and threw her arm around her husband's neck.

'What is it, Charlie?' she asked.

He drew her into a loving embrace before he said, sadly:

'I met my father again to-day. Margaret, it will kill me to have things go on so. He was downright shabby, feeble and broken; looking so old and so sick that I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. But he could not speak to me. I said all I could say in the street, and tried to follow him home; but he stopped short and said: 'I do not know you sir! You will cease to annoy me!' And I could not make a scene in the street.'

There was a choking sound in Charles Austin's voice as he ceased speaking, but, being a man, he kept back the sob that would have followed. Mrs. Austin's tears were falling fast.

'At Christmas time, too,' she said. 'It seems useless to send presents, Charlie; he has sent them back every year.'

The story this conversation referred to was an old one, a true love marriage made in the face of disinheritance and paternal displeasure. Mrs. Austin had been a poor girl, employed in the factory of Simon Austin, then a man of great wealth and good social position; a man purse-proud, arrogant, and full of his own importance. When his only child, his idolized, indulged son and heir, told him of his love for pretty Margaret Hay, a factory-girl, living in the factory boarding-house, wearing calico dresses, and earning a mere living, the old man was a maniac in his fury.

He would not see that the girl was pleasing in manner, refined in taste, well educated and sweet-tempered, one to brighten any home, and make any good man thoroughly happy. He gave a fierce command that the matter should end then and there. Charles Austin, utterly unaccustomed to be crossed in any fancy, refused obedience, never before exacted, and the conversation ended in a stormy quarrel and the young man's expulsion from home.

But with a good fortune that does not often follow disobedient sons, Charles was at once taken into the employ and favor of his mother's brother, an eccentric old bachelor, who gave the young couple a home in his own luxurious house. It was a new life to the old gentleman, and he took the keenest interest in all the household affairs as Margaret managed them, loved and mourned the older children, and dying, when Madge was but a year old, left his entire large estate to his 'beloved nephew, Charles Austin.'

And while the sonshine of prosperity had no clouds for his wayward son, the father's fortunes had gone all away. Some commercial panic was the first blow to Simon Austin, and an effort to repair the loss by speculation only added to disaster. He missed the cool, clear head of the son who had of late years been his active timber, the judgment he had first trained and then trusted to guide his large business. He was angry, and his angry impulses led him into dire blunders, until he grew so involved that there was no escape, and he failed for more than his entire fortune.

At once Charles hastened to him, offering his entire wealth to save him, only to be met by a proud, fierce refusal to be under any obligation to a disobedient child or his beggar wife.

Over and over again, as poverty became more and more bitter to the man broken and aged, did his son implore him to allow him to help him, offer him a home, love, care, obedience even, only to be thrown back with angry scorn.

A proud man always, Simon Austin cherished his wrath as the last remnant of the old arrogance, and would not bend one inch. He found letters telling him anonymous sums of money were in the bank in his name, and wrote back refusing to claim them. He mistrusted every offer of service, as dictated by his son, and returned to Charles every scrap of aid sent to him, often perplexing his son by sending what had not come from him, though he always refused to believe this.

And being old and broken in health, he sank lower and lower, unable to fill lucrative positions and taking the work that gave him barely food and the poorest clothing.

Very sadly the son and his wife talked of the impossibility of helping one who would not let any appeal touch him, until suddenly Margaret cried:

'Charles, I have an idea! Let me try to win your father over. I will send him a Christmas card.'

'My dear, he would not open the envelope.'

'But it will not go in an envelope. Don't ask any questions. Let me try, and see if your father will not dine with us to-morrow.'

'Dine with us! Margaret, you must be crazy!'

'Not a bit of it. Just let me have my own way, dear.'

'Do you ever fail to get that?' was the laughing query, for something in his wife's face gave a fresh hope to Charles Austin's heart.

* * * * *

It was a very mean room in a very poor house where the sun of a bright Christmas morning wakened Simon Austin. Everything in the shabby place told of the lack of woman's care and love. Dust hung upon everything; disorder reigned. There were no dainty trifles of needlework; the curtains were dingy and crooked; the carpet torn and dirty.

Very wearily and slowly the old man dressed himself, lit a fire in the grate and rang for the poor breakfast his landlady provided. Dinner and tea he was supposed to buy outside, and very often his muddy coffee, stale bread and tough chop or steak were the sole repast of the twenty-four hours.

It was Christmas Day, and no business took the old man abroad; so after the untempting tray was removed, he took a newspaper and drew shiveringly to the fire. But before he had read one column there came a knock at the door, and then it opened wide and closed again behind a child—a little girl in a quaint Mother Hubbard cloak and hat, with large blue eyes and clustering golden curls, and holding a large flat basket full of fresh, beautiful flowers. While the old man gazed at her in silent amazement, she said, in a sweet, childish voice:

'If you please, dear grandpapa, I am your Christmas card!'

'You—you are what?' he said, utterly bewildered.

'If you please, dear grandpapa, I am your Christmas card!'

'Who sent you here? What is your name?'

'Mamma brought me here! I am Madge Austin, dear grandpapa—' and then, half frightened at the strange face and the poor room, the child's eyes filled and her lips trembled. 'I want to go home!' she whispered.

'Don't cry!' Mr. Austin said, finding his senses, and taking her into his arms, very tenderly, too. 'Don't cry, dear, I will take you home.'

'Oh, if you please, because my big doll is there and all the toys Santa Claus brought, and brother Harry. What did Santa Claus bring you?

'Nothing!'

'Oh!' with a very deep-drawn sigh, 'was it because you are up so many stairs? But he always comes to our house, and mamma said, perhaps, to-day, he would bring us our grandpapa! We haven't got any now, you know, and mamma said if he did come, we would love him just the same as papa, and he would love us. And please, grandpapa, so we will.' And here the child put her little arms round the head bent low before her, and lifted the face quivering and tear-stained.

'Oh, don't cry! Oh, please, men don't cry; only naughty girls and boys! Oh!' and again the terror found voice in the plea: 'I want to go home!'

'Yes, yes! I will take you home. Bring your flowers, child. This is no place for flowers or—or—Christmas cards!'

Down the crazy old stairs the old man led the child, tenderly watchful that the little feet did not slip nor stumble. Through the sunny streets, unheeding the cold, she walked beside him, prattling of her home, and of the dear grandpapa that she had been taught to love.

That was the crowning amazement. No child in a few short hours could have been taught to talk of the estranged parentas this child talked. She had told the old man of the prayer she said night and morning, 'Please, dear Lord, send my grandpapa home!' of the talks with her mother about the unknown relative whom she had to reverence and love, should he ever come home, opening to the hardened but, oh, such a lonely heart a hope of rest and affection, that he felt it would be bitter as death to thrust aside now.

There was no need to pull the doorbell of the stately mansion to which Simon Austin led his grandchild. Eager hands were waiting to open its portals wide; eager eyes were watching for the coming of the pair. Tender arms and strong hands led Simon Austin into the parlor; Margaret's kisses fell warm and caressing upon his wrinkled cheeks; Charlie's hands removed the shabby overcoat; baby Harold clung to his knees, shouting:

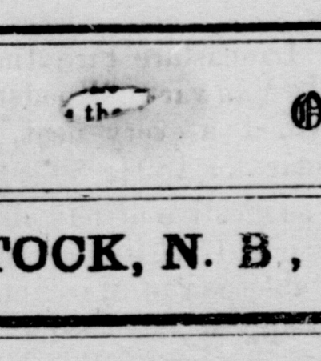
'Dandpa's tum! Santa Tlaus bringed dandpa!'

There was no pride could stand against this loving, sincere welcome, so pride collapsed.

'You really want me, Charlie?' the old man faltered. 'It is not mere charity?'

'Hush!' whispered Margaret. 'Do not grieve him by such a word. He will never be happy until you come home, dear father.'

And so Christmas once again gathered up the tangled threads of estrangement and knit them into strong bands of home-love.—*By Anna Shields.*



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IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR
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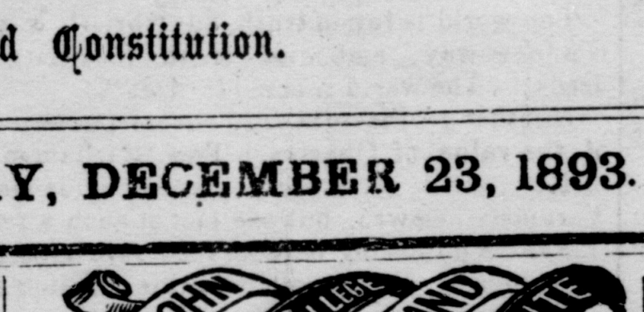

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THE PRETTIEST DISPLAY OF
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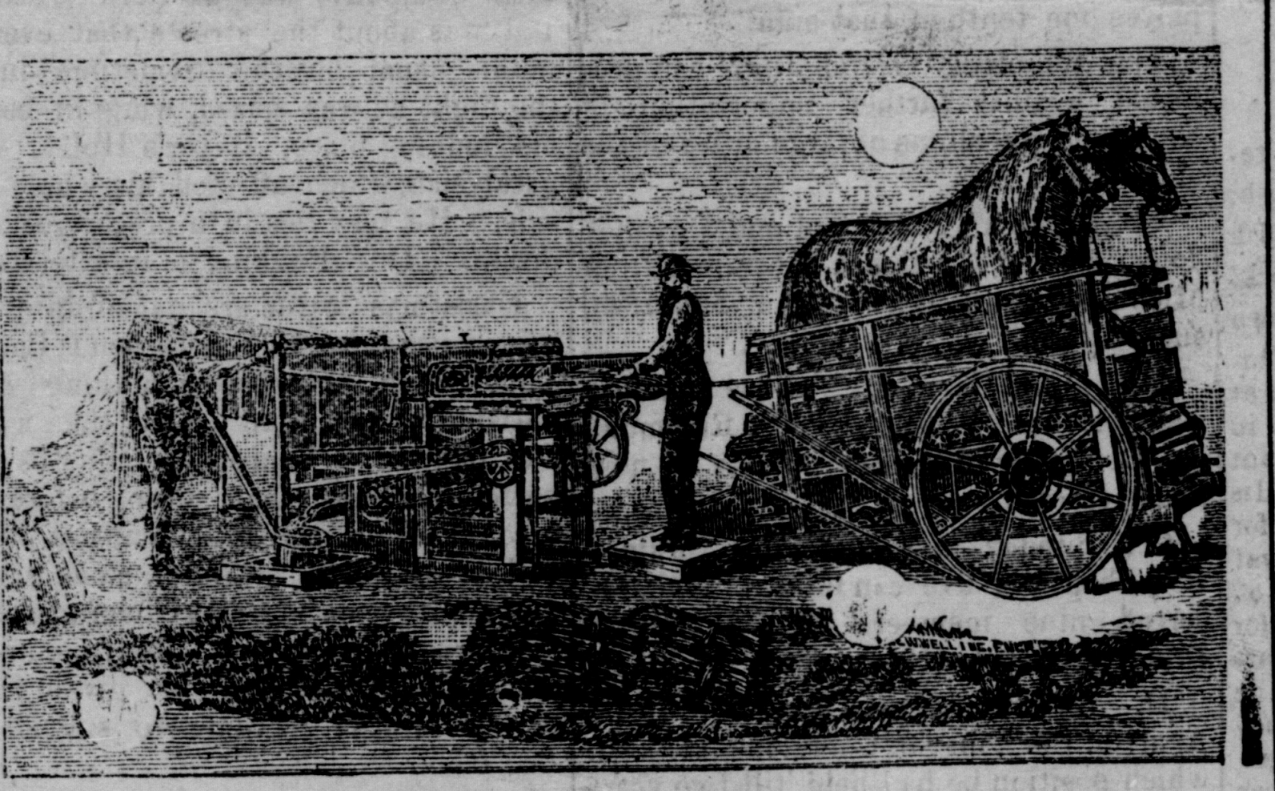

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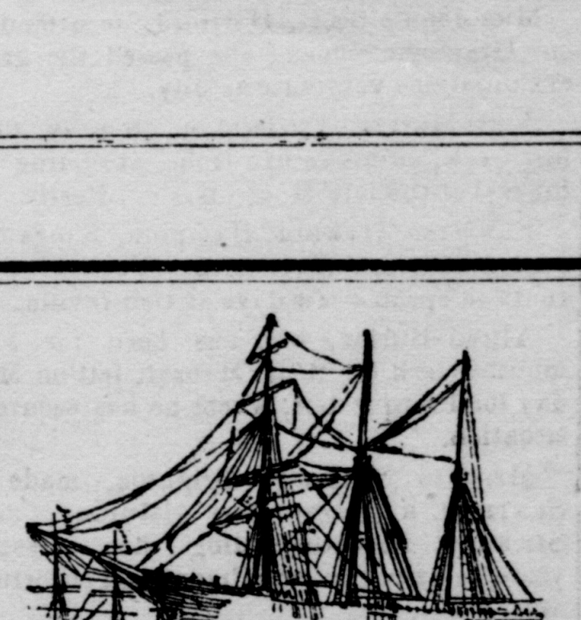
Connell's Block. C. R. WATSON.
Woodstock, November 11, 1892 – 46



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13—Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness......	.25
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Call or send for PRICE LIST for plating.

All work warranted to wear and look as good as new.

☞ Light Articles such as Watch Cases, Jewelry &c., can be sent by mail.

Local & Foreign Items.

Matthews, Democrat, has been elected Mayor of Boston.

Kentucky elected eight women as county school superintendents at the recent election. One of them is a widow, about 45 years old, and the mother of fourteen children, seven of whom are under 12 years of age.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS,
Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

The opinion which Lord Beaconsfield once expressed with reference to the House of Lords may be, not unprofitably, reproduced at the present juncture in British politics. This is what he said of the Guilded Chamber: "Nobody wants a second chamber, except a few disreputable individuals. It is a valuable institution for any member of it who has no distinction, neither character, talents, nor estate. Is it not monstrous, then, that a small number of men, several of whom take the title of Duke and Earl from towns which they never saw, which never heard of them, which they did not form, or build, or establish, I say, is it not monstrous that individuals so circumstanced should be invested with the highest of conceivable privileges; the privileges of making laws? I say there is nothing in a masquerade more ridiculous."

Cholera has again broken out in Russia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla, the king of medicines, conquers scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism and all other blood diseases. Hood's and only Hood's.

A new market is suggested for Canadian hemlock in India.

Chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites are cured by bathing in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

The Princess of Wales has, it is said, discountenanced dancing.

CHRONIC COUGHS are permanently cured by Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam.

Cholera is spreading rapidly in Athens, as is influenza in London.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

The Fredericton *Herald* has just enter upon its fifth year: may it continue to prosper.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Garden Bros. Druggists.

During the past three years in Ontario, Canada, the loss to strikers has been estimated at $160,000.

Worth Its Weight In Gold.

DEAR SIRS,—I can truly say that Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. It is worth its weight in gold

HARRY PALMER, Lorneville, Ont.

It is affirmed that the Indians in North Carolina, in 1685, spoke and understood the Welsh language.

B B B. Cures Sick Headache.

GENTLEMEN,—Having suffered for a number of years with sick headache I concluded to try B.B.B., and by the time I had used two bottles I was cured, and have not had any symptoms of it since. I can safely recommend B.B.B. for sick headache.

MRS. A. A. GAMSBY, Orono, Ont.

During the week of self-denial the Salvation Army collected $4,200 in the provinces; in 1892 the collections were only $2,900.

A High Valuation.

"If there was only one bottle of Hagyard Yellow Oil in Montana I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

It has been ascertained that it is a frequent practice in England, by liquor dealers, to insure the lives of their constant customers.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases"

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

The recent order of the Militia Department prohibiting the sale of liquor, is now said to apply only to Military Camps of instruction.

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

$1.65, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Quality remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.

The first vessel to pass up to Manchester, Eng., in the canal, just completed, will be a lumber laden Canadian vessel, from Parrsboro, N. S.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by Garden Bros, Druggists.

The Lords have made a fatal amendment to the Employers Liability Bill, as it went from the Commons, England. Considerable public excitement is the present consequence and it may hasten a dissolution of parliament.

Ask for Minard's and take no Other.

We are glad to learn from our exchanges of the large number of provincialists who are returning to the Maritime provinces from the States. While regretting that, in many instances, this is a forced return, in consequence of present depressions in the United States, we hope that the parties will have no difficulty in finding such satisfactory employment as that they may have no desire to leave again their old homes. We know, however, that at the present season of the year it has been the custom for many provincialists to come back for a temporary visit.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

W. C. T. U. Corner.

Regular meeting of the Woodstock W. C. T. U., on Thursday, at 3 o'clock, p. m., in their Hall—first Thursday of every month being the Union Prayer Meeting. Women cordially invited to attend.

The Drink Curse.

Archdeacon Farrar, writing of the awful drink sacrifice, says: "At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows, ruined through drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old school fellow, a clergyman, who, after a long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes, and almost of food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink.

When I was in Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of delirium tremens, through drink. When I was at King's College I used to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim to drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist, who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happenings? Is it through the fatal fascination, and seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns? It is because drink is one of the surest of "the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."—*Ex.*

☞ To arrive, in a few days, 50 Coon Coats, at Hugh Hay's.

Drunkenness.

A sharp and probably salutary shock has been given to the highest social circles of London by the startling exposures in regard to the prevalence of drunkenness among aristocratic ladies made by Lady Frederick Cavendish and the Duchess of Bedford at the Church Congress. Hitherto allegations of widespread drinking practices among women of fashion and rank has been prejudiced gossip, but nothing that rumor ever suggested equals the outspoken revelations made by these highly placed leaders of society. Lady Cavendish said that although heavy drinking had been abandoned by the men the women were becoming inveterate tipplers, that many ladies have recourse to "pick-me-ups" at 11 a. m., brandy and soda during the day, wine at dinner, and something hot at bedtime. Lady Cavendish protested especially against the new fashion of young ladies, and old ones too, accompanying gentlemen to the smoking room after dinner and sharing not only the cigars, but also the spirits. She said that a distinguished physician had assured her that many ladies had consulted him for nervous symptoms which revealed a condition of alcoholism bordering on delirium tremens; but that alcohol was not the only fashionable failing, as chloral, chlorodine and morphia were taken in secret in boudoirs, and were adding to the maladies of modern life.—*Ex.*

A complete assortment of Ladies' Fur Capes, Muffs, Caps, Boas, etc., just opened at B B. Manzer's.

THE GRIPPE EPIDEMIC.

A SCOURGE MORE TO BE DREADED THAN CHOLERA.

Medical Science Powerless to Prevent its Spread—It is Again Sweeping Over Canada With Great Severity—How its Evil Effects Can Best be Counteracted—Only Prompt Measures Can Ensure Safety.

It is stated on high medical authority that an epidemic of la grippe is more to be feared than an outbreak of cholera. The latter disease can be controlled, and where sanitary precautions are observed the danger can be reduced to the minimum. But not so with la grippe. Medical science has not yet fathomed its mysteries, and is powerless to prevent its spread. Three years ago an epidemic of la grippe swept over this country, leaving death and shattered constitutions in its wake, and now once more it has appeared in epidemic form; not so severe, perhaps, as on former occasions, but with sufficient violence to cause great alarm, and to warn the prudent to take prompt measures to resist its inroads.

When, a few months ago, it was announced that cholera had broken out in Grimsby, one of England's important seaports, it was feared that it would reach this continent, yet this once dreaded scourge was checked and exterminated with a loss of not more than half a dozen lives. That la grippe is more to be dreaded than cholera is shown by the fact that in London last week upwards of an hundred deaths were due to this trouble, and medical science is powerless to prevent its spread, and can do nothing more than relieve those stricken with the disease. At the present moment thousands of Canadians are suffering from la grippe and the misery it is causing would be difficult to estimate. Even when the immediate symptoms of the disease disappear it too frequently leaves even the most robust constitution shattered. The after effects of la grippe are perhaps more dangerous than the disease itself, and assume many forms, such as extreme nervousness, distressing headaches, pains in the back, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, shortness of breath on slight exertion, swelling of the limbs, an indisposition to exertion, a feeling of constant tiredness, partial paralysis and many other distressing symptoms. In removing the after effects of la grippe, or for fortifying the system to withstand its shock, no remedy has met with as great success as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the blood, restore shattered nerves, and place the sufferer in a condition of sound health. In proof of these statements we reproduce a few letters speaking in the strongest and most positive terms as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of la grippe or influenza.

Mr. George Rose, Rednersville, Ont., says: "I am well to day and do not hesitate giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the credit of saving my life. I had three attacks of la grippe and was so reduced in flesh and strength I could hardly stand alone. I had no appetite, I could not sleep because my legs and feet became badly swollen and cramped. The pain was at times so violent that I could not refrain from screaming, and I would tumble about in bed and long for day to come. If I attempted to get up and walk I was apt to fall from dizziness. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did not help me, and I was so discouraged I did not think I could live more than a few months, when one day I read in the paper of the cure of a man whose symptoms were like mine. I sent for a box of Pink Pills, and by the time it was gone there was an improvement. I continued the use of the pills, found that I could now get a good night's sleep, and the cramps and pains which had formerly made my life miserable, had disappeared, and I felt better than I had in four years. I know that it was Pink Pills that brought about the change, because I was taking nothing else. I have taken in all seven boxes, and I feel as good now as I did at forty years of age."

Capt. James McKay, Tiverton, N S., says: "I had la grippe about three years ago and that tied me up pretty well. I wasn't fit to take charge of a ship, so sailed south as far as Milk River, Jamaica, as nurse for an invalid gentleman. The weather was simply melting, and I used to lie on deck at night, and in my weakened condition got some sort of fever. When I reached home I was completely used up and continued to get worse until I could hardly move about. At times my limbs would become numb with a tingling sensation as though a thousand needles were being stuck into me. Then my eyesight began to fail. If was difficult for me to distinguish persons at a distance. My face became swollen and drawn, and my eyes almost closed. The doctors could do nothing for me. I suffered terribly, was only a burden to my friends and actually longed for death, which all thought was in store for me. At this time the statement of a man down in Cape Breton came to my notice. He attributed his cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought their might be a chance for me. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon found that they were helping me, and their continued use put me on my feet again, and I went to work after months of enforced idleness, to the great astonishment of my acquaintances, who never expected to see me round again. I feel it my duty to advise the use of Pink Pills by people who are run down or suffer from the effects of any chronic ailment. They saved my life and you may be sure I am grateful."

John W. Boothe, Newcombe Mills, Ont., says:—Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good I have received from