THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table

(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger and Mail	12.50 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.37 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Sunday's going East

Passenger	6.40 p.m.
Passenger for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	8.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.24 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	8.40 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.40 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	8.40 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE OCT. 1st, 1933
Leave Georgetown

West	East
8.30 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
11.30 a.m.	10.30 a.m.
1.45 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
3.15 p.m.	Special Saturday
4.45 p.m.	4.30 p.m.
6.30 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	8.15 p.m.
11.15 p.m.	

Z—Daily except Saturday
X—Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays ONLY.
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Timothy Seed Production

Domestic production of timothy seed in Canada is still far short of consumption, so that still further production of this crop may be encouraged. Timothy ordinarily yields from 200 to 300 pounds of seed per acre, and growers have received on an average about 6½ cents per pound for the seed basis No. 1 grade, over the past three years. Canada uses annually about 10 million pounds of timothy seed and until 1931 some 9 million pounds of this was imported from the United States. Domestic production since 1931 has been greatly stimulated by educational activities and the prospect of a large domestic market. As a result, production increased from less than a million pounds to some 5 million pounds in 1932, but declined to about 2,700,000 pounds in 1933 due to unfavourable weather conditions.

The Codling Moth has Not Been Wiped Out

Reports have been published recently to the effect that in Ontario apple orchards the codling moth was eradicated or reduced to insignificant numbers by the low winter temperatures. This is far from being the case in the Niagara district. An examination of overwintering caterpillars (786) made in a Vineland orchard this week indicates that codling moth mortality is only in the neighborhood of 20 per cent. In other parts of the province, where much colder temperatures were experienced, the mortality will run much higher, but we feel reasonably certain that in all Ontario apple orchards sufficient larvae will have survived in sheltered spots to necessitate the application of the sprays outlined in the Ontario spray calendar.

Fourth Annual Exhibition of Paintings Canadian Artists

A loan collection of 40 paintings by outstanding Canadian Artists, members of the Ontario Society of Artists, will be on exhibition in the Arena on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1934. 2.30 to 5.30 and 8 to 10 p.m. each day.

Georgetown is one of the few towns in Ontario to have the opportunity of viewing this collection of pictures. No one should miss the opportunity.

In order to encourage and stimulate artistic endeavor of every kind among our own people in Georgetown and the surrounding community and link it up with this Exhibition

The Second Annual Arts, Crafts and Hobbies Show

will be held in the

ARENA, GEORGETOWN

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

May 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1934

2.30 to 5.30 P.M and 8 to 10 P.M. Daily

The object of the Show is not the winning of prizes, but to provide an opportunity for all those who have any creative faculty to bring their work together in one place so that each may be stimulated to fresh and better efforts along artistic lines.

Only two prizes are being awarded—both group prizes—a softball baseball and two bats to the class in Georgetown Public School putting in the best class exhibit—and the same to the Rural School putting in the best school exhibit.

PROGRAMME DAY BY DAY

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2nd—1 to 5 p.m. Exhibits placed.
8 p.m. Exhibit open.
8.30 p.m. Platform program of Music.
Chairman

THURSDAY, MAY 3rd—3 p.m. to 5 p.m. Exhibit open
8 p.m. Exhibit open
8.30 Platform Program of Physical Work and Dramatics.
Chairman—Mayor J. J. Gibbons, Georgetown

FRIDAY, MAY 4th—3 to 5 p.m. Exhibit open.
8 p.m. Exhibit open
8.30 p.m. Platform program of Choruses, Vocal and Instrumental Solos.
Address—W. M. Cook, "Art for Every Day Living."
Chairman—A. Maclaren.

SATURDAY, MAY 5th—9 a.m. Exhibits removed.
2 p.m. Demonstration of Flying of Model Aeroplanes in the Arena. Demonstration to be put on by the Model Aircraft League of Ontario.
4 p.m. Kite Flying and Model Yacht Sailing at Golf Course.

ADMISSION 10 CENTS

THE HEARY SMILE

It's the smile that comes from the heart that counts,
And means what it's meant to mean;
It backs up the clasp of a friendly hand
And the joy in the eyes that gleam;
It's fuel to the fires of friendship too,
And the absence of "thin-veiled" guile
Makes you wish you had nothing to do but bask
In the light of a friendly smile.
The mechanical smile is a meaningless thing—
A grimace that comes and goes
When convenience calls it to do its "turn"
To cover an empty pose;
And the smile of he who would favors ask
Will vanish like fading light
If his wish is met with a negative nod
By one who feels sure he is right.
Yes, many and varied are styles we see
In the course of our daily task,
Each, with a different thought behind,
Some, a concealing mask.
Others a habit from etiquette learned
That form of us all a part,
And others, thank heaven! that mirror the soul
And spring from a kindly heart.
Oh, give me the man with a welcoming smile,
That spreads like a beacon light,
And bids me take haven from storms of the day
And the cold, dreaded shadows of night.
A profile of friendship! The pledge of a pal!
Oh, why can not more of us learn
Such a smile on one's face found birth in a heart
Where the fires of love brightly burn!

BETTER LEFT UNSAID

If you have something pleasant to say about a person, you cannot say it too emphatically, nor too often. If you have something unpleasant to say, write it on a scrap of paper and put the paper in the fire. If you have something to say that will add to the general hope and cheer, speak it out. If you have a conviction that life is a practical joke on unfortunate humanity, there is a no special reason for talk about it. It is bad enough to be gloomy and disillusioned yourself. Why should you try to destroy the hope and faith of others?

It pays to put into speech every kind thought, every inspiring hope, every courageous determination. The thoughts that sap the courage, drain away the ambition, and destroy hope had better never be spoken.

Not Contagious

The Inquiring One—I understand that your father is ill. I hope it is nothing contagious.

The Lazy One—I hope not. The doctor says it is overwork.

TEETHING FEVER
Relieved!
Mrs. Edward James' baby had two teeth when less than three months old. She writes: "He has 16 now and can truthfully say I owe it to giving him Baby's Own Tablets while cutting his teeth. They kept him fit and well." Teething is a restless feverish time for babies but the little one can always be soothed and the fever reduced by giving sweet, safe Baby's Own Tablets. Very easy to take, no after effects. Price 25c everywhere, or Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS
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CARROLL'S RED-HOT 10¢ SALE
That little dime—so small and yet so great—power is bestowed upon him overnight, for mark what he will buy at Carroll's! 42 things you need—everyone leveled to 10c per sale. It's dime time!—time to shop at Carroll's and SAVE.

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Gordon's Hot Horse RADISH Jar 10c
Patrico Kingsend SNACKS 2 tins 10c
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Benson's or St. Lawrence CORN STARCH pkg. 10c
Eddy's Respsi MATCHES 6 boxes 10c

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The Mar

By RALPH ANDRE

JIMMY BEDFORD clenched his teeth to keep them from chattering. For weeks he had tried to summon courage to propose to Janet Ames. It was his last chance, for tomorrow he would sail for South America. He forced himself to look at her. Her lips were parted, her head cocked in that pert little way she had. Bewitchingly lovely, vibrant with health and love of life, infinitely sweet and desirable she seemed.

Her bright glance caught his and held. Something in the misty depths of the soft brown eyes gave him a breathless courage. He had a wild impulse to shout but the tightness in his throat made his voice low and husky. "Janet . . . I—that is—I love you. Will you marry me?"

She retreated a step that brought her face into shadow. Seconds ticked into eternity, became minutes, hours, years, before she answered. "No, Jim my, I cannot . . . we would always be poor . . . can't you see, Jimmy? It's—it's—because you're so easy going. You're just a mark, a dear lovable mark . . . be like Bernard Wagner. No one imposes on him. He is a man of the world and he uses modern methods . . . bound to succeed . . ."

A smart fellow, Wagner. He had gone into the building contracting business in their home town. Every one knew that "Bunny" Wagner was a comer; a hard-headed business man; a competitor who was hard to beat. Ruthless in his methods but popular, nevertheless. Men hailed him on the street, in clubs, everywhere. They liked his brisk style and easy cordiality. He succeeded at everything he tackled.

Dumb and miserable, Jimmy watched her; wondered if that firm little chin would relent; knew that it would not. Then dully, slowly, the rest of her soft accusation burned in. His chin came up and the glance from his mild blue eyes was level. His voice was steady as he held out his hand and said good-by.

Jimmy pitched his camp on the bleak mountainside where the icy blasts from the eternal snows on the rugged peaks of the Bolivian Cordileras hurtled down and tore savagely at his frail tent. He threw himself into his work with grim purpose. He saved his money as never before.

It became a byword that anyone could make a touch from "easy-going Jimmy Bedford." To his Aymara Indians he was "Don Santiago" (St. James). No one knew that the smiling, optimistic Jimmy carried a constant dull ache in his heart. He could not forget Janet Ames, but he stubbornly resisted an overwhelming desire to write to her. The silence between them held for three heart-rending years. At the latter end of his contract he tore open a letter from Bernard Wagner with cold misgivings as her last words came to him again.

"Dear Old Friend Jimmy:" It began. A puzzled frown spread over Jimmy's face as his eyes strayed to the signature at the bottom. He read, bewildered.

". . . and if you could just let me have a small loan—say twenty-five—

"Otherwise, things have been going well for your old pal. You, of course, remember Janet Ames. Well, old boy, I'm the lucky fellow . . . thought once you had the inside track . . . be married in June. . . ."

The letter dropped from Jimmy's cold fingers and he sat staring . . .

Home. Jimmy swung from the train and looked about the station for his father and mother. They would be along. He was glad to be back. He said it several times as if it were a ritual to which he must cling. It was nice to see old faces, familiar sights. Everything looked the same. Not quite.

His roving glance took in the office and yard diagonally across the street. The windows were dirty and vacant, the yard deserted. A swinging right angle sign creaked noisily in the wind. "Bernard Wagner, Contractor," it said. Jimmy rubbed his chin. "Bunny" would have moved into the new ten-story bank building he had built. Jimmy's eyes strayed to it, a block up the street. It was not yet finished. It, somehow, looked dead.

"Jimmy," said a timid voice at his elbow.

"Janet!"

His heart contracted as he looked at her with wondering eyes. She was making a brave effort although the glistening eyes belied the smile on her sensitive mouth. Her dress was neat but a trifle shabby. Why, it was the same one she had worn that last night! He remembered those pink flowers and the lacy what-you-call-it around the top of it. Her shoes. He realized by her heightened color that he was staring; that she was painfully aware of her clothes, and he looked again across the street.

"Where's 'Bunny' now?" His voice was wracked with pain. It sounded thin and metallic as it came from the top of his throat.

"He's gone, I—" Her voice trailed off and he wheeled in amazement. She was fumbling in her purse. He could only see the point of her chin. It was quivering. Presently she found what she sought and held it out—an envelope. Dumbly, mechanically, he opened it and drew out a check. It bore his signature; and on the paper it said,

"Pay to the order of Bernard Wagner

"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. . . ."

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course the main theme of the address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

"Does your husband confide his business troubles to you?"

"Yes, every time I buy anything."

Batik-Making in Java

On May 2, 3 and 4, at the second annual Arts, Crafts and Hobbies Exhibit, in the Arena, Mrs. A. O. M. Bruyns of Limehouse will show a collection of antique Javanese batiks, made by hand after the process described in the following article by Wm. O. Krohn:—

"The quaint little brown Javanese appear distinctly picturesque in their batik shirts called sarongs. The name 'sarong' is derived from a Malay word meaning to surround or envelop, and this name is to keeping with the mode of putting them on. They are not stepped into or put on by being slipped over the head, but are wrapped around the body and with a single twist of the wrist applied to the upper edge they are fastened in place; no pins, buttons, hooks and eyes, or patent snaps required. The average sarong is about two yards long and one yard wide, beautiful in pattern and color, and the genuine article has no duplicate for the designs thereon are executed in free hand. The designs show the most painstaking care. The more colors there are, the longer is the time required in the making.

Research shows that there never was a period when the art of making batik did not flourish in Java. The robes of idols in prehistoric times were decorated in much the same way as is now prevalent.

The process of making batik by the old free-hand method is interesting at every stage. First, the plain cotton muslin is repeatedly washed in cold water to remove all starch and dressing the fabric may contain. After being thoroughly dried in the tropical sun, it is boiled in either coconut or castor oil to render it clear in mixture as well as soft and silky. Next the oil is taken out by repeated boilings in water containing ashes of burned rice straw, the lye-like properties of which attack the oil but not the fabric. Wax, made of beeswax and rosin, is then applied. If the cream white color is to prevail as a background, the entire piece of goods may be dipped and melted wax be laid on the entire surface of the cloth with a brush. The wax is allowed to harden. Wax must be applied to both sides, to prevent the invasion of colors where not desired. The portion that is to remain creamy white is kept covered with wax throughout the process, so that it will not be penetrated with the color of the dyes into which the garment is to be dipped. Where white is to predominate the design is etched into the layer of wax by means of a "Kotpoint" brass tool, kept heated by means of a torch-like lamp. If green leaves and trailing vines are desired the pattern of these is melted into the wax by the deft artist, and the garment is dipped into green dye and then dried in the sun. If blue flowers or birds are wished, a pattern of these is etched into the wax by the same melting process and then dipped into blue dye—the color affecting only the exposed or denuded portion of the cloth; and so on with the various patterns and colors until the garment is completed. If the background is to be colored, or if a large portion of the garment is to be in the various colors, the process is somewhat different. In such a case the melted wax is laid on in designs that have been previously sketched by means of charcoal. This is deftly done by applying the wax from little heated brass containers, and spreading it upon the cloth through little tube-like spouts of varying caliber. This method of filling in the design with wax, rather than etching it out of a sheet of wax on the cloth, is perhaps the more common at the present time and is the prevailing method employed where batik work is taught in the schools outside of Java.

Six weeks is the average time required to make a good sarong. Those worn by the women are usually more elaborate and more variegated than those worn by the men. The Javanese girl begins early in life to learn this art of batik-making and when she becomes skilled the one choice piece of work is laid away in her 'hope chest.' As in the cases of other handicrafts, this fascinating one of batik-making is being imitated. Instead of free-hand work the colors and patterns are stamped somewhat in the manner of block printing in India. Other of these imitation sarongs are made by machinery, not unlike the process of manufacturing calico. But the distinction between the genuine handmade sarong and the machine-made sarong is easy if proper attention is exercised."

GLARE LIGHTS

All over this continent the automobile death rate is now almost fifty per cent higher during the hours of darkness than during the hours of daylight. The truth of the menace of night driving is due to ill-adjusted, neglected and poor lights on motor cars. And the worst of all perils of the night is the glare light. That can be found in expensive cars and on old ones. Headlight glare has made night driving "a game of blind man's bluff" that often ends in tragedy. Glare is responsible for a larger percentage of fatalities than any other one light fault. While many of the accidents occurring in darkness could be prevented by careful driving or by proper care of equipment, glare is essentially a problem beyond the pale of carelessness, according to the conclusions arrived at by special investigators. This is definitely established by scientific research in the field. Physiologists have found that if it takes one second for a man's eyes to contract and adjust themselves to the glare, it requires sixty seconds—a full minute—for his eyes to return to the focus required for night driving without glare. It has been shown that the driver of a car going twenty-five miles an hour who is subjected to the glare of headlights, is blind to any object in his way after passing the glare for from 111 to 148 feet. Going at forty miles an hour he is unable to see clearly for from 177 to 236 feet.—Brandon Sun.

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"The Ottawa Spotlight"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF NATIONAL AFFAIRS

By Wilfrid Eggleston

Ottawa, April 25—Parliament Hill put on a double feature program last week, with the South Oxford by-election thrown in for good measure. Mr. Rhodes brought down his budget, and Major C. H. Douglas presented his panacea for present-day conditions.

The Budget at a Glance

Here is a picture of the annual financial statement of the country in the simplest possible terms:

Receipts last year (April 1, 1933 to March 31, 1934) from all sources totalled $314,000,000.

The ordinary running expenses of the country came to $347,000,000.

In other words, we spent, just on the usual expenditures, about $3 millions more than we took in.

In addition we had to find $42,500,000 for special expenditure, mainly unemployment relief for 1933-34 and previous years (the accounts are slow in reaching Ottawa, sometimes).

Finally, we had to gave up for the Canadian National Railways the healthy sum of $38,500,000, so that it could pay interest on its bonds.

All in all, we paid out $158,500,000 more than we took in.

Where did it come from? We had to borrow it. Therefore, that 158 million was added to the public debt, which is getting on to the three billion mark.

Better than Last Year

That, it must be confessed, is not a very good showing. It is 36 million worse than most commentators expected. Still, it is about 23 millions better than last year.

It must be remembered that the year under review included three of the worst months Canada has ever faced, from a revenue and trade standpoint. The last nine months of the year were much better. If conditions continue to mend, the deficit next year will be again much smaller.

The New Tariffs

The poor taxpayer was able to breathe a bit easier. That old 4 pound off sugar was a popular move, even if it doesn't come into effect until July 1. Mr. Rhodes had to find some way of picking up elsewhere the nine millions he would lose this coming year from the cut in sugar tax, and he turned on the gold mines. A few of the low-grade ore producers will be hit, but the general reaction to the change is favorable. After all, the gold producers have been enjoying a premium of 70% on their gold, by a purely chance circumstance, and with so much distress prevalent it is only fair that they should take on a bit more of the tax burden.

The Tariff Changes

The most important tariff change is the removal of a 1½% on the excise tax collected on British preferential imports. This doesn't sound much, but it all helps. In addition there were quite generous reductions of a number of specific commodities. Rayon yarn and carpet materials are among the important commodities made free.

On the whole, the budget may be summed up as follows: It doesn't go very far, but it's all in the right direction. The financial report is bad, but it shows signs of improvement.

It is not a 'general election' budget.

Anyway, I'm afraid the wallop the government got from the electors of South Oxford will drive the idea of a general election out of their heads for some time. If the Conservatives hadn't made such a fuss over that by-election, sent down powerful forces, and openly predicted they were going to win it, nobody would have paid much attention to the result. If the Liberals, under the circumstances, hadn't been able to win South Oxford, heaven help them in a general election.

Major Douglas and Social Credit

Parliament Hill is now divided into two camps, those who believe that Major Douglas has a solution for Canada's economic ills, and those who don't. Perhaps there are a few indecisive bodies in between. The visit of Major Douglas had the curious effect of convincing his disciples more than ever that his solution is the one; and of intensifying the disbelief of the sceptics. Anyway, it's not a bad idea to have people thinking about these things.

LIGHTS INSTANTLY—JUST LIKE GAS

This range actually lights right at the burner exactly like natural gas. Just strike a match and turn a valve. A new dial type safety carburetor changes gasoline into gas just like the carburetor of a gasoline engine. This gas lights instantly at the burner, just like natural gas. After the generator has been heated sufficiently the dial is turned to burning position for continuous operation.

This new visible dial control works like a snap switch and gives positive control of fuel at all times.

Diner—"Waiter what kind of soup is this?"

Waiter—"Golden soup — fourteen carrots."

WHO WROTE IT

There are tens of thousands of poems the authorship of which no one knows, and possibly never will know. The following is one of them:

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed,
Or thoughtless word, the heart of one
or friend,
Nor would I pass unseeing, worthy need,
Or life by silence where I should defend.

Let me tonight look back across the span
Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say:
Because of some good act to boast or brag
The world is better that I lived today.

THE GOATS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

The dogs of Newfoundland have been justly honored among their kind, great picturesque fellows that they are. The huskies of the far north have had front page publicity for their large work in drawing heavy loads across the barren wastes of snow. In Sir Wilfred Grenfell's home at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, I have seen the bronze tablet erected to the three husky friends he was forced to kill and skin to save himself from freezing when he was "adrift on an ice pan."

But who has written of the Newfoundland goat? The milk giver which keeps alive the children of the daring fishermen on that perilous coast? To be sure one does not become the intimate friend of a goat. At least I never succeeded in gaining the confidence of one. Although I helped chaperon four Tigerblints on the long voyage from New York to St. Anthony, I parted a stranger from those aristocrats, imported by the Grenfell Association to enrich the native breed.

It is the Nanny of whom I wish to give my respects. To climb over rocks all day, nosing out bits of grass, to search for moss and twigs, to feed on pasture that would starve a cow, then at night to clamber down to sea level and give wholesome milk!

Yet Nannie has a good time in her own way, butting into and investigating her environment. Father, mother, even the little kids wear wooden yokes, to keep their hungry noses outside the palings of the precious gardens. Precious, because in some outports the women have carried soil from back in the valleys to fill hollows in the rocks beside their houses.

One family I visited was mourning the loss of a young goat. Nanny had disappeared. Vanished. Could a bear have came down out of the forest behind the mountain and carried her off. Could she have slipped into a remote crevice and starved there? After a week's search her boyish owner had abandoned hope. One afternoon while he was clambering over the rocky slope behind the cottage, looking for blueberries, he heard a faint bleat. He called, "Nannie!" The answer seemed to come from beneath his feet. He knelt down to peer into the square opening of the root cellar. In the damp dark below stood Nanny, lonely but serene. She had feasted on the potatoes and carrots stored there, and drunk the water that seeped in from above. How to get her out? All the neighbors climbed up to stare and make suggestions. I advised waiting until the men returned from their traps at sea. But her mistress lowered herself down the rickety ladder, caught Nannie in her arms, and with a mighty thrashing of hoofs and horns booted her once more into daylight. With a whisk of her tail Nannie was off, looking for blueberries herself.

Dogs and goats cannot exist together. The great huskies, always hungry, are kept clogged or chained in the daytime, while the goats are turned loose to feed. Where the goats can be securely penned in at night the dogs are allowed to run free. The tinkling bells of feasting goats, the mournful howl of imprisoned dogs are as characteristic of Newfoundland as the smell of drying codfish and the damp saltness of the sea breeze.

When in the isolation of a northern winter the supply of dried fish is exhausted, hunting fails and no seals come near the shore, Nannie must be sacrificed for food. Her family may feel like cannibals, but she saves their lives. No wonder they pet her. One goat of my acquaintance comes every morning to the same rock beside "the bridge" as these seafaring folk call their verandas, to have a little visit and a bit of bread with her mistress.

Nannie deserves not only the bread. Like her brave owner she deserves the respect due from those who live easily to those who struggle gamely against the hostile forces of nature.—Our Dumb Animals.

Would-Be Singer—Professor, do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Singing Teacher—Well, it might come in handy in case of a ship wreck.

RICH RED BLOOD is what You need
Take C. C. & B. Tonic Tablets For Health--Strength--Vigor
HAVE YOU STOMACH TROUBLE? Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Heartburn, Nausea, Constipation, Headache, Dizziness, Sleeping Sickness, Food Disorders, Pain Before or After Eating, Bloated Feeling, Sour Stomach, Gas Pains, Indigestion? When causing any of the above conditions you need C. C. & B. Tonic Tablets and at once. They will build up the system and thus relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.
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