

Durham

AND GREY



Chronicle

COUNTY ADVERTISER.

[\$1.50 per Annum.]

[VOLUME 4, NO. 7.]

White & Johnson, Publishers & Proprietors.]

DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, MARCH 17, 1870.

James Brown,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
Durham, Ont.

J. F. Halsted, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., HAN-
OVER, Ontario.

Medical Advice Gratis.
F. W. PRITCHARD, A. M. M. D.,
formerly Surgeon C. S. Army—
Residence one door South of Jas. Brown's
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will give advice, FREE OF CHARGE,
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R. T. Porter, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GRAD-
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made up and collected. \$50,000 to
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George Isaacs,
SADDLER, HAR-
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erate. All orders left
at the CHRONICLE OF-
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Wagon & Carriage Shop.
H. STOREY IS NOW PREPARED
to furnish Carriages, Carts, Wag-
ons and Sleighs, manufactured from
the best material, at the cheapest possible
rates. All work warranted. Shop, opposite Mr.
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Groceries, and General Wholesale
Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

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Specification and Estimates, every
description reasonable; Funerals furnished
at five hours notice, in the best style at the
lowest terms.

HUGH ROSE,
General Blacksmith, opposite
of Waley's, Boot and Shoe
Store, Lower Town, Durham.
Good workmanship, punctuality and moder-
ate charges are the rules at this Smithy.

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Cabinetware and Chair
Factory,
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SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR.

WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY
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and as good as at any other establishment
in the County. All work warranted.
Ware-room, One Door North of the sign
of the big chair.

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punctually attended to.

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the Montreal Telegraph Company. Office
open every day (Sundays excepted) from 8
a. m. to 8 p. m.

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FRESH MEAT
ALWAYS ON HAND,
AT THE
"Durham Meat Market."
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EVERY FACILITY FOR DOING
FIRST-CLASS WORK AT THE
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This House is furnished with all the re-
quisites to insure the comfort of travellers.
The Table supplied with the best of the mar-
ket affords choice wines, liquors, and
kitchen goods constantly on hand. There is
also a good livery in connection with this
house. Charges moderate.

HALF-WAY HOUSE,
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Proprietor. Having leased the
above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J.
Hart, I am prepared to offer first-class ac-
commodation to travellers, and the public
generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Ci-
gars always on hand. Superior Stabling
and an attentive Hostler. Stages called daily.

CORNISH'S HOTEL,
ORCHARDVILLE. This House has re-
cently been refitted and furnished in
first class style, with a view to the comfort
and accommodation of the travelling public.
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brands always on hand. Good Stabling and
an attentive hostler. Stages called daily.
Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel,
HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR,
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Licensed Auctioneer for the County of
Grey.

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J. E. LIOTT, Proprietor. The above
Hotel has been entirely refitted and
furnished with a view to the comfort and
convenience of its guests. Wines, Liquors
and Cigars of the best brands always in
stock. The Larder will at all times be
supplied with the best of the market will
afford. Good Stabling. Charges moderate.

PURE DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
HORSE, CATTLE, PATENT AND
PROPRIETARY MEDICINES,
Toilet and Fancy Articles,
ESSENCES, EXTRACTS, &c., &c.

DUYESTUFFS
of every kind and warranted of the best
quality.

LIQUORS! LIQUORS!
A complete assortment of Liquors of
the finest brands, for family and
medicinal purposes, including the celebrated

FRENCH WINES,
recommended by all the leading physicians
of the day.

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FINEST
COAL & NIGHT OILS,
LAMPS AND LAMP CHIMNEYS,
in great variety.

F. & S. have now facilities for supplying
all the newest medicines and preparations
which may be brought before the public
from time to time.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully
compounded, and accuracy guaranteed.

Shop open (for dispensing only) on
Sunday from 2 to 4 p. m. Night calls
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What Makes a Man.

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife,
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with Kings to dine;
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest, or trim cravat;
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor Mr. Beer, nor Sir, nor Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Nor ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er,
Nor Judge's robe, nor Mayor's mace,
Nor crown that deck the royal race;
These, all united never can
Aveil to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That truly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That smugs the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and Him alone;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse and ban;
That is the soul that makes the man.

Thinking.
Thinking, not growth, makes perfect
manhood. There are some who, though
they have done growing, are still only
boys. The constitution may be fixed,
while the judgment is immature; the
limbs may be strong, while the reason-
ing is feeble. Many who can run, and
jump, and bear any fatigue, cannot ob-
serve, cannot examine, cannot reason or
judge, contrive or execute—they do not
think.

Accustom yourself, then, to thinking.
Set yourself to understand whatever
you see or read. To run through a book
is not a difficult task, nor is it a very
profitable one. To understand a few
pages only is far better than to read the
whole, where mere reading is all. If
the work does not set you to thinking,
either you or the author must be very
deficient.

It is only by thinking that a man can
know himself. Yet all other knowledge
without this splendid ignorance. Not a
glance merely, but much close exam-
ination will be requisite, for the form-
ing of a true opinion of your own
powers. Ignorance and self conceit
always tend to make you overrate your
personal ability—as a slight degree of
knowledge may make a timid mind pass
upon himself too humble a judgment.

It is only by thinking, and much im-
partial observation, that a man can
discover his real disposition. A hasty
temper only supposes itself properly
alive; an indolent indolence imagines
it as active as any one; but by close and
severe examination each may discover
something new of the truth.

Thinking is, indeed, the very germ of
self-cultivation—the source from which
all vital influence springs. Thinking
will do much for active mind, even in
the absence of books, or living in-
structors. The reasoning faculty grows
firm, expands, discerns its own power,
acts with increasing facility, precision,
and extent, under all its privations.—
Where there is no privation, but every
help from former thinkers, how much
more we expect from it! Thus great
character rises. While he who thinks
little, though much he reads, or much
he sees, can hardly call anything his
own. He trades with borrowed
capital, and is on the high road to
literary, or rather to mental, bankruptcy.

Watering Horses.
A correspondent says:—Horses should
never be kept so long without water that
they will drink largely when they get
it. Give it to them often, and they will
never injure themselves with it. No-
thing is more common than to hitch a
team to a plow, and make them work
half a day without a drop. What man
would submit to such treatment? If
the plow is started at seven in the morn-
ing, water should be given again before
ten; and again in the afternoon by four
o'clock. Even if half an hour is thus
consumed, more work will be done in a
day. In driving a horse on the road at
a natural gait of nine or ten miles in an
hour, I have often had occasion to ob-
serve that he was laboring with per-
spiration until I let him drink freely,
when he ceased to sweat and evidently
travelled more freely. Don't be afraid
to give your horses water, the danger is
in making them abstain too long, in
which case care is needed.

Selling our Birthrights.
There are many Esaus. Of the multi-
tudes of men who go up and down among
us, how many are there who have not
sold their birthrights?
Notwithstanding the fall, there is a
bright light for every one. Manhood is
the noblest heritage which can accrue
to being. Purity, honor and truth were
not all upjumbled when the first man
sinned. In these each man has still a
share. Of these, alas! thousands are
daily selling their portion for a mess of
pottage!

Esau and Jacob of old were types of
two great classes that were to exist long
after—the one weak, lustful and foolish;
the other sharp, far-sighted, grasping.
And so long as Esau remains, there will
be Jacobs to profit by their weakness,
their improvidence. So long as one man
stands ready to make over all that is best
and truest in his life and character his
fellow will be at hand eager to receive
the trust and to use it to his own self-
ish advancement.

But are we all sufficiently generous
to give up self utterly for the sake of
others? Is our generosity wise? Just
such spiritual loss as Esau's may
not be ours, in selling our birthrights,
for there is no Messiah to come in our
genealogical line; but there is an awful
loss, nevertheless. And what is the
gain? Your mess of pottage may be
for the moment very tempting; does it
favor last? Partaking of it, do you see
your birthright pass into the hands of
another and feel satisfied?

O, these messes of pottage! They
are of man's own mixing. They stand
ready everywhere. What are they?
We cannot tell. Some delightful dalli-
ance may make up one; some lustful in-
dulgence may savor forth in another;
some untold amusement, some selfish
propensity, some secret sin, some open
transgression, some destroying desire
may comprise another. But at their
best they are only pottage, and miserable
compensation for that which they pur-
chase. Is it not a little strange that
men ordinarily keen at a bargain make
such a losing thing of it in selling them-
selves?

Have we—you and I—our mess of
pottage? If not, are we about to sell
our birthright that we may procure it?
Let us take heed, lest in turn we come
to pray as did Esau, "Bless me, even me
also, O my father!" and the blessing be
gone past us forever!

Experimental philosophy—Asking
a man to lend you money. Moral philoso-
phy—Refusing to do it.

Bagpipes.

The popular conception of bagpipes is
all wrong. Or rather the character of
that instrument, as indicated by the
performances which greet our ears here
in America, is not its true one, but a
perverted most unfortunate. People
will generally agree with Henry Ward
Beecher when he says "the bagpipe is
the instrument that was made to express
what was left of sound after other in-
struments had used up all smoothness
and harmony." They will so agree, be-
cause they know nothing of the bag-
pipe's real nature.

The instrument that called forth Mr.
Beecher's definition was doubtless that
apology of the street, in the hands of
some strolling piper whose chief desire
was only to attract a crowd. With
such, nearly all are familiar. The un-
earthly bereavement with which they ter-
minate every phrase of a musical com-
position, and which, by way of variety,
they throw in at odd intervals by far
too frequent, is but too well remem-
bered. And in the estimation of many this
screed is inseparable from the instru-
ment, and a necessary destroyer of
whatever might claim sweetness else.

But listen to a band of genuine
Highland pipers, and you shall be
deceived. Not once will you hear that
most unmusical of all sounds. A little
shrill music will be of a certainty;
yet not unpleasantly so, and it will stir
you with a keener thrill than you are
wont to feel. Verily is a band of pipers
a pleasant sight, with their picturesque
Highland costume, and their ribbons
floating gaily from their pipes! See
them marching proudly up and down
before the parade line of a regiment of
Scottish Highlanders, as we have done,
and listen to the inspiring strains of
"The Campbell's are Coming," and
then condemn bagpipes if you can!

Well played, and heard at a little dis-
tance, the bagpipe has a wild sweetness
that is indeed fascinating. Hear it so
employed, and you will hardly wonder
longer that it has had such power over
Scottish hearts. Imagine its weird
melody re-echoing among the glens and
mountains of Auld Scotland, and you
can readily comprehend the added
charm it there possesses. Listening to
the unartistic player in our midst, you
may wonder how the bagpipe ever be-
came a national instrument; hearing a
piper who loves his pipe and is master
of it, you will marvel no more.

Fully identified with Scottish nation-
ality as it is, the bagpipe is yet of other
than Scotch origin. It was doubtless
imported into Scotland from Norway,
where its use is now little known. Who
invented it, we cannot tell. Scotchmen
owe a great debt to some one, for efforts
at that line. For have not the pipes
nerved many a Highland clan to valiant
deeds? Has not clan after clan of bold
retainers followed their chief with a
readier will because of their inspiring
notes? You cannot separate the bag-
pipe from history. About the only in-
strument that is, or ever has been, real-
ly and distinctly national, it will re-
tain its nationality in story and song if
not in living deeds, through generations
to come. Country-loving Scots love to
yet, as an emblem of country, or for its
own sake, and they will cling to it in
preference to any other. Let Mr.
Beecher take care how he flouts his
musical heresy in the face of Highland
kilt, if he have any regard for his rep-
utation in old Scotia!

Want and Starvation in London.
The London Telegraph, speaking of
the dire necessity there is for emigra-
tion from England, thus refers to the
want and starvation in England:
Everybody knows that in rich and
crowded London people starve to death
daily; almost everybody hastens to for-
get the grim fact as soon and thorough-
ly as possible. But the cruel knowl-
edge will not be suppressed; at intervals
far too frequent it is forced back on the
memory and conscience by such a sad
morning's work as Mr. Coroner Hum-
phreys had to perform on Saturday at
Mile end, New Town. Three inquests
were held one after the other, on per-
sons who had perished from sheer desti-
tution; all men, and all, it appeared
from the evidence, industrious strugglers
for an honest livelihood. One was an
old shoe-maker, who had been ailing for
some weeks, and who had resolutely re-
fused to see the parish doctor, lest he
should be ordered in the workhouse.—
Two half-pounds of meat in a fortnight,
his widow said, was the utmost amount
of animal food they ever had; and, after
paying rent, all the father, mother and
children had to live upon was 6s. or 7s.
per week. The other victims were
young men. Unable to get work, they
were in each case forced into the work-
house, only when they had stood out
against the dire necessity so long, that
they were physically out of the hope of
help. The Coroner might well express
himself relieved at getting to an end
with the list of cases, and affirm that
"the sufferings from want disclosed in
the evidence taken was something dread-
ful to think of." Precisely; therefore
we go our daily way, doing our best
not to think of it; and even, when some
lurid gleam of light is suddenly shed on
the perpetual and desperate battles
against poverty and death, in which men
and women are silently falling every day,
the effect produced is very slight. Peo-
ple know too well that individual efforts
are all but powerless to stop the scandal
and agony; and, despite the excellent
work done by many zealous and devoted
men among the poor, the policy of charity
is yet far indeed from that perfection of
vigilance which would render simply
impossible the dreary iteration of the
"old, old stories."

Anger in dispute, is like an unquiet
horse in a dusty way—it raises such a
cloud in the eyes of the understanding,
that it obscures its vision and impedes
its operations.

If rich and poor could but change
places for a while, they would under-
stand each other better afterwards, and
make more allowances for their respec-
tive failings.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Every fifth man in the world is a
Chinaman.

Orlando (Me.) kills 70,000 dozen of
eggs a year.

Twenty Cows is the legal price of a
wife in Nabal.

Four prominent English magazines
are edited by women.

The spotted fever has recently made
its appearance in Bristol, Pa.

One thousand and three divorces
were granted in Ohio last year.

The released Fenians are to have a
grand public reception in Dublin.

In Scotland, the Athol forest, con-
taining 80,000 acres, contains 30,000
deer.

An Indianapolis paper tells of a man
who reproved his wife with an axe-
handle.

Philadelphia covers about one hun-
dred and twenty-seven square miles of
territory.

The taxation of Turkey is at the
rate of nine shillings per head of her
population.

A conscientious gambler in Chicago
gives ten per cent of his plunder to an
orphan asylum.

At Lexington, Va., Military Insti-
tute, a memorial chapel is to be erected
to Stonewall Jackson.

The only hearse in Farmington,
Conn., has been turned into a milk cart
—no legitimate business for it.

The principal hotel at Ottumwa,
Iowa, refused to admit Fred. Douglas
as a guest when he lectured there.

The Winnipeggers recently held a five
hour open air meeting, with the mercury
at twenty degrees below zero.

Biogenes very pertinently wants to
know who is the husband of the cele-
brated mother of pearl.

An industrious and virtuous educa-
tion of children is a better inheritance
for them than a great estate.

Fortitude knocks once, at least, at
every man's door. Some men must
have been out when she knocked at
theirs.

Law is like a sieve; you may see
through it, but you must be considera-
bly reduced before you can get through it.

To ascertain the number of children
in a street—beat a drum. To ascer-
tain the number of loafers—start a dog
fight.

He that forecasts what may happen
will never be surprised. It is too late
to begin to strive when the enemy is at
our quarters.

It may not be generally known that
editors get no important item of sub-
sistence at a low price—they get bored
for nothing.

An exchange praises an egg, "laid on
our table by the Rev. Dr. Smith,"
which shows that Brother Smith is a
layman as well as a minister.

A little girl wanted to say that she
had a fan, but had forgotten the name,
so she described it as a "thing to brush
the warm off you with."

A man who cheats in small measure
is a measureless rogue. If he gives
short measure in wheat, then he is a
rogue in grain. If in whiskey, then he
is a rogue in spirit. If he gives a bad
title to land, then he is a rogue indeed.

**Roman Catholic Regulations for
Fest.**

Wednesday 2nd inst., being Ash
Wednesday, the first day of Lent, the
regulations for the guidance of the
Roman Catholics during that season
were announced in most of their
churches on the Sunday previous. The
use of flesh meat is prohibited at any
time during the first week. During the
remaining weeks flesh meat is allowed
at dinner only on Mondays, Tuesdays
and Thursdays, and at three meals on
Sundays. No flesh meat is allowed on
Holy Thursday. All over 7 and under
21 years of age are bound to abstain
from all flesh meat on the days specified
on one meal and a collation. At the
collation, eggs butter or cheese may be
used. Labouring men and servant girls,
or those whose daily duties are of an
arduous nature, are exempted from fast-
ing on one meal and a collation. Besides
the latter classes, women in delicate
health, nursing children, the sick, and
those suffering from the infirmities of
old age, are relieved from the Lenten
restrictions.

God's Omniscience.
God never forgets any thing. All
His works, from the creation of a world
to the tinting of a leaf, are finished,
perfect. Did you ever stand under a
full-boughed, heavy-foliaged tree in
summer time, and pluck one of its
myriad leaves and examine its delicate
tracery, its coloring, the very perfection
of its finished beauty, and then think of
the countless number of such leaves, of
the mighty forests whose luxuriant
growth covers so much of the world,
and reflect that among them all there
is not a leaf unfinished, each perfect in
its form and color.

And did you ever pick a flower, either
from cultured garden or by wayside
walk, enjoy its odor and bless its beauty,
and stop to think how all the wide earth
blossoms with such fragrant beauty, and
no flower of them all forgotten,—the
same careful hand filling each glowing
heart with perfume and coloring each
leaf with care? When we think of
this omniscience of this never-failing
care, we feel something of the attributes
of that Power—unseen, yet ever pre-
sent; untouched, yet ever felt—who
gives to the violet its color, to the rose
its fragrance, who tints with beauty the
tiniest leaf, and yet whose hand controls
the planets in their courses, whose fiat
rules the countless worlds.

CONSUMPTIVES.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Al-
leviator for Neuralgia, Headache, & Tooth-
ache, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, &c. It is agree-
able to use, and reliable. Sold by Druggists.

Dr. Johnson, being once in company
with some scandal mongers one of them
having accused an absent friend of
resorting to rouge, he observed:—"It
is, perhaps, after all, much better for a
lady to redden her own cheeks, than to
blacken other people's characters."

CONSUMPTIVES.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Modern
Curative for Coughs, Croup, Whooping
Cough, Sore Throat, &c. It is agreeable
to use, and reliable. Sold by Druggists.

An old author quaintly remarks:
—Avoid argument with ladies. In spin-
ning yarns among girls and women, a man
is sure to be wronged and twisted. And
when a man is worsted and twisted, he
may consider himself wretched.

CONSUMPTIVES.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Al-
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