

TESTIMONIAL FROM JOHN S. MURRAY,

FRUITERER, FLORIST AND PROPRIETOR OF THE STRATHMORE
NURSERY, COTE ST. ANTOINE

ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST, MONTREAL.



[Mr. J. S. MURRAY.]

Mr. Thomas H. McLean :

MY DEAR SIR: It would be doing the public great injustice were I to refrain from informing them of how superior a **DYSPEPTIC REMEDY** they possess in your **EGYPTIAN BITTERS**. It has been my misfortune to suffer nearly twenty years, without intermission, from Dyspepsia and its terrible accompaniment, deep melancholy, which had all but driven me within the hideous walls of a lunatic asylum. So dreadful are the effects of that disease, when fully fastened upon the patient, that no one short of having felt its baneful influence can conceive one-tenth the sufferings its victims are destined to endure. Even while I pen these few lines my former fears of mental aberration, produced by dyspepsia, induce cold chills to thrill through my blood while an involuntary shudder shakes my nerves as if a barbed arrow, twanged from the red man's cross-bow, had penetrated my body. Sometimes my mind, while influenced by these vagaries, would be engrossed with phantoms of a spiritual form, and anon they would vanish to assume the opposite; now I would experience all the ecstasy flowing from spiritual contemplation, and quicker than lightning that phase also would give place to another of a deep, dark, melancholy aspect that invariably superinduced hatred towards humanity deeper in its nature, if it were possible, than Milton's dark fiend infernal, conceived after many days, towards the man of Uz. During all these years of suffering, I had recourse to almost every specific within the covers of the *Materia Medica*, together with all extraneous remedies, (for every comer and goer had his nostrum), but all to no purpose—"the hell of all diseases," as Burns has characterized the "toothache," held imperial sway—sticking to me "as close as the ghost of Ossian stuck to his horse's saddle crupper."

Now, however, I have been restored to health, both physically and mentally, and my recovery is due, under a benevolent Providence, to a generous use of your **EGYPTIAN BITTERS**, which I unhesitatingly, unconditionally and conscientiously recommend to all suffering from dyspepsia and its concomitants.

Yours very gratefully, J. S. MURRAY, 682 Dorchester Street.
MONTREAL, 26th August, 1878.

P. S.—If testimony outside of my own were necessary to establish the above facts, abundance of names from the leading gentlemen of Montreal can be produced.