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NO. 25.

Where?  
I dream in my dreamy hours,  
Alone in the twilight sweet,  
Of a pleasant nook;  
The green all prickled with flowers,  
And laughing at my feet  
A murmuring brook.  
The strong gray rock through festivity  
And dappled mossy gleams;  
The laurels nod—  
His hand the golden beetle turns  
To catch the sun—the cricket seems  
In velvet shod.  
The bird plums their pretty wings,  
And then his back he dips  
Within the stream;  
And on the branches sits and sings  
A tender note, that outward slips  
As in a dream.  
And dreamily within my dream  
A lengthening vista spreads,  
Arched by the vine,  
Where softest anemones gleam  
Mid morning-glory threads  
And eglantine.  
My dream is very fair, so soft  
The light, so sweet the shade;  
And all the hue  
Of all the blooms, a low, a lot,  
Are from the sky and sunshine made  
Of gold and blue.  
This peaceful dream, this vision sweet—  
This light upon an unknown day,  
Is it for me,  
A rest for these weary feet?  
Or gleams from that brightening ray,  
Beyond to be?

## FOUND.

She looked up at him half lovingly, half angrily, and then said with a sigh:  
"Oh, Frank, if you were only not such a blundering, awkward fellow!"  
"I perfectly agree with you, Bessie, and second the wish, still, as you have accepted me for better or for worse, you must be resigned to the inevitable."  
"But you may outgrow it; you don't mean to tell me that there is no hope?"  
"I am afraid so, Bessie, from my boyhood it has been 'ever thus.' I never dropped a piece of bread or butter but that it fell on the buttered side, and I know that if I should fall on my back I would surely break my nose; so bear with me patiently, dear."  
"A pleasant prospect I have before me, surely; and, Frank, I do really think that you might improve, if you would only try, for my sake," and again she sighed.  
She was a bright, pretty little woman, the only daughter of old Dr. Langdon, and motherless from her infancy. She had met Frank Howard at his sister's house, who had been a schoolmate of her own, and now married. He was a young lawyer with a future yet to make. They had known each other more than a year, and the acquaintance had ripened into love, and fond vows were exchanged, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his sister, who feared Dr. Langdon might blame her for her share in bringing them together, more especially as her brother had no wealth to offer, and Dr. Langdon was a very wealthy man. Still she was not heeded; the lovers met frequently, trusting to Cupid and fortune to bring all things right. They were now walking slowly through the Ramble, and Bessie's pretty features were partially hidden beneath a thick blue veil, which Frank threatened to remove every moment.  
"You look like an Egyptian mummy awaked from those yards of blue stuff!"  
"Another blunder. Why couldn't you have said that I looked like a veiled eastern beauty, instead of a withered old mummy? Oh, Frank, you have many virtues, no, don't interrupt me. You have graduated with high honors, you are studious and ambitious; they say you have shrewd sense and keen judgment. You are honorable, generous, courteous, in a word, you are almost perfect, and then, besides, you love me so well."  
"Ah, Bessie, dearest, how unspeakably devoted."  
"Yes, I know; you needn't try to tell me."  
"Without you—"  
"Yes, I know; life would be a desert. All this I know, but I also know that your helplessness and utter want of tact will get me into trouble, and ruin my very best plans."  
"But your quick wit can always find a way out."  
"Yes, but how long? My stock of excuses is almost exhausted, and my inventive genius is vanishing."  
"Oh, Bessie, you know your resources are inexhaustible."  
"I beg your pardon, sir. You are mistaken. My friends have all been in a sufficient number of times. Four times I have been to the dentist's. Five times I have spent the afternoon at my sister's, and papa said the other evening that he thought that the visiting was all on one side; and to-day, this is the seventh birthday visit this year that I have paid my old music teacher. It wasn't for papa's forgetfulness of trifles, I should certainly be found out. Oh, Frank, I'm afraid you'll never make a good lawyer; see how they have to plot, and deceive, and tell the most spiteful plot; I have to contrive everything, and that, too, at the risk of having everything

suspect by your awkwardness. If I tell you to meet me at the right entrance of the park, you take the left, and so much time is lost until we find each other. Then if I say four o'clock, you come at five."  
"That only happened once, when I could not get away from the office."  
"That was a slight excuse; but listen how precisely I told you the other day, that if the shade in my room was down at eight o'clock, I would be able to meet you the next day at Nellie's, but if it should be up, that I would not come."  
"Certainly, that I understood."  
"Yes; but what did you do? All you had to do was to pass the house at eight, glance up at my window, and go on. Instead of that, you awfully fellow, what did you do but come at six o'clock?"  
"My impatience, dear!"  
"That's very fine. If you had even walked up and down; but, no. You stationed yourself opposite my window like a sentinel, and looked up so pointedly, that any of the neighbors must have noticed it, if they were at the windows. I saw you from the sitting-room where I was reading to papa, and my heart thumped with fear. At last I ran up to my room and waved my handkerchief for you to go away. Unhappy idea! It is scarcely to be believed, but you smiled and nodded so confidentially to me, that I could have shaken you to pieces. I was so vexed. Then I waved my hand imperiously that you should go away, and as you at last started I drew a long breath, when to my horror you deliberately took off your hat, smiling sweetly!"  
"It's too bad in you, Bessie, to be so hard on a fellow."  
"Oh, my dear, I haven't yet finished. You shall hear more of your blunders. To continue: You had gone. I was calm; ate my dinner, and found out from papa that he was going to Brooklyn in the afternoon; then ran up to my room and set by the window until five minutes before eight, hoping to catch a glimpse of you; you know the gas lamp is opposite. Then pulled down my shade and went down to papa, with the peaceful conviction that all was nicely arranged for the afternoon. Now, sir, what happened? Some one had blundered, for the next afternoon I was at your sister's; but where were you?"  
"But I understood your 'imperious wave' to mean that you could not come, and so I staid at the office and read hard, thinking of you all the time, while you and Nellie were probably abusing me."  
"It's too bad, Frank, but we cannot go on in this way. You must go into society, meet me somewhere, and call on papa."  
"Society? I go in your fashionable society? Impossible! I tremble on the threshold of a strange parlor. Not a chair, table, or any article of bric-a-brac would be safe in my vicinity, and think how mortified you would be to see the cups and saucers of your friends in ruins. No, my child, you must think of some other plan."  
"Then you must call on papa."  
"You forget that your yourself told me that he said you should not marry before you were twenty-five, and that he would have no long engagements, and as you won't be twenty-one in six months, I should receive my dismissal and you would forget me before your next birthday. Be patient; in a year or two I shall be in a position to ask bravely for my little girl; it is willing to wait for me."  
"I will always wait for you, Frank. That is not it, but I want papa to know you and like you. He is a little gruff, I must admit, to young gentlemen, but I know that he would like you. Haven't you any acquaintance who knows papa, some steady old lawyer. Be careful of you'll stumble over that stone."  
"Thanks, but I saw the stone. The steady old lawyer I don't see."  
"Come with my sister."  
"She will not bring me."  
A silence.  
"Oh, Frank, I have it, I have it," and she grasped her own arm excitedly. "How provoking that I should have left it home. Never mind, I'll send it to you to-morrow."  
"What is it? What do you mean?"  
"Listen, and she whispered something in his ear. "Do you comprehend?"  
"Fully."  
"And will you play your role with an innocent face?"  
"I promise you I will."  
"Between Union Square and Thirtieth street."  
"You live?"  
"Oh, Frank, how stupid. There it was lost. Oh, if you blunder this time, I'll never forgive you. To-morrow between four and five, I will send it to you."  
"All right, I'll make no mistake this time."  
"Soon after the lovers parted.  
The next morning Bessie kissed her papa with a very long face.  
"Now what's the matter? Are you cross because breakfast is a little earlier this morning?"  
"Oh, no, papa; only I'm afraid to tell you."  
"Out with it, child. Have you set the curtains on fire, or what?"  
"No, sir, but I'll scold when I tell you that I've lost my Roman bracelet."  
"What, that expensive thing that you bothered me about last Christmas?"  
"Yes, papa."  
"Where did you lose it?"  
"Between Union Square and Thirtieth

street. You know where my old teacher lives?"  
"Well, I'm sorry, for you won't get another in a hurry. You must be more careful."  
"Oh, papa, you will advertise, won't you? Some honest person may have found it."  
"Small chance. Honest people are not over plenty in New York. But I will try."  
The next morning's Herald contained the advertisement, and in the afternoon, Mr. Frank Howard's card, lawyer, No. 7, Nassau street, was handed to the doctor in his office, and Frank entered with a slight air of embarrassment.  
"Good-day, sir," said the doctor.  
"Good-day, Dr. Langdon. I have been so fortunate to find a bracelet."  
"Ah, yes, the bracelet; that is fortunate. My daughter will be delighted."  
Stepping to the door he called Bessie, who was, as can be imagined, not very far distant.  
"Mr. Howard, my daughter. This gentleman has found your bracelet, Bessie."  
"Oh, how delightful," she said, clapping her hands, and making a demure bow to Frank. "I am impatient to see it."  
Frank plunged his hand into one pocket; it was not there; into another, and another, but it was in none.  
"Oh, I have left it in my hat," he said, and rushed into the hall.  
"Just like him," thought Bessie.  
"A queer fellow," said her father.  
"He came with a package. Here it is," said he, and handed it to the doctor, who opened the paper.  
Who can describe the consternation of Bessie, the astonishment of the doctor, and the desperation of Frank, when the doctor took from the paper Bessie's Russia leather case marked with her name!  
"Your case?" said the doctor, looking sharply at Bessie; "how do you explain this mystery, sir?"  
Before Frank could reply, Bessie threw herself in her father's arms, and between sobs and laughter told him the whole story and ended by saying, "But, papa, did you ever hear of such a blundering individual?"  
The sequel one can foresee. The doctor forbade any more secret meetings, but allowed Frank to visit the house, and in a year's time consented to the marriage, on the condition that Bessie should not leave him, to which they both gladly agreed.  
"We'll be married at home, Frank," said she, "for I never would risk taking you to church. You would stumble up the aisle, and respond 'no' when you were asked if you took 'this woman to be your wedded wife,' and I should die of shame."  
"Have mercy, thou woman full of guile, and be sure that I never would make that blunder. Only do let the service be short, please, knowing my impatience to call you my own little wife. After all, innocence and honesty have their own reward, for while you did not lose your bracelet, I have won a jewel worth all the world, and, darling, you will at least admit that in loving you I have not been a blunderer."  
Albany Argus.

## A Farmer Gives a Lesson in Law.

The average American farmer certainly knows how to look after his interests, and he has a keen wit that is hard to get over. For example: Some days ago, the conductor of a freight train saw a couple of fine-looking ducks on the river near the track. He had a shotgun in the caboose car, and stopping the train for a few minutes, he got off and shot both of the birds. He thought this was something to congratulate himself on, and when he reached his home he invited a little party of friends to partake of the fruits of his prowess. A couple of days after this the conductor happened to be stopped at the place where the ducks had been shot. He got out his gun and walked down to the river with the intention of bagging a couple more, if possible. He had scarcely reached the edge of the river before a man, who looked like a farmer, approached him and said:  
"Are you the man who shot those two ducks here before yesterday?"  
"Yes, that was me," said the sportsman, rather proudly.  
"Well, those ducks belonged to me. They weren't any of your wild ducks, but were tame ones."  
"Oh, pshaw! you can't fool me. I guess I know a wild duck from a tame one."  
"Will you pay me for the ducks?" said the farmer coolly.  
"No, sir, I won't. You can't prove the ducks were not wild ones."  
"All right," and the farmer started off to the nearest village.  
"Where are you going? What do you intend to do?" asked the conductor.  
"Well," said the farmer quietly, as he leaned against a tree, "I am going to a 'quire to make an information against you for killing wild ducks out of season. If you insist that those ducks were wild, it'll cost you five dollars a duck. If you come to the conclusion they were tame, it'll only cost you two dollars and fifty cents a duck. Now, what'll you do?"  
The conductor stared at his tormentor, scratched his head, said something about ducks generally, and these ducks in particular, and then paid the five dollars. He does not carry a gun in his case any more.

When your wife scolds, be gentle and say, "My dear, I love you still."

## TIMELY TOPICS.

A characteristic phenomenon in Dakota is the morning mirage, seen on the prairies just before sunrise in the clear, cold, still weather. At such times, wide reaches of country ordinarily cut off from the view by rising grounds or belts of timber, will be raised, as it were, above these obstacles. Towns and other prominent objects, twenty miles away, are no longer invisible, but are clearly revealed, with all that lies between them and the spectator. The windows may be counted in houses which, at other times can no more be seen than if they were at the antipodes, and near objects, usually just within the range of vision, seem to be brought much closer. As the sun's orb rises above the horizon, the vision sinks below it.

Keepers in a menagerie divide their charges into six classes, hay animals, cat animals, monkeys, elephants, birds, and fishes. If a keeper of the cat animals is killed, or if he leaves his situation, the management look about for an experienced man to take his place. If they cannot find any, they promote one of the oldest and truest hay animal keepers to the vacant position. The cat animals comprise everything of a naturally savage nature, including the lions. The hay animals include deer, giraffes, and the like. In the elephant class are included rhinoceroses and hippopotami. It requires a particularly steady and trustworthy man to care for the "cats," which can never be handled or changed from cage to cage without precautions, no matter how tame they may seem to be.

In Washington City is a living curiosity in the shape of a boy of many colors, known around the neighborhood as "White Head Sam." His name is Samuel Lewis, and he is the only child of his mother, with whom he lives. He is about eleven years old, and is remarkably well grown, but presents a very singular appearance, his face being of a light yellow, his cheeks darker than the other parts of the face, and his head is covered with short, white, fleecy hair; his eyebrows are a yellowish white, and his eyes, once a pink tint, are now a dark red, and they seem continually on the move. His body, legs and arms are as white as the fairest Caucasian, and the tops of his feet and the backs of his hands are as black as the ace of spades, and besides these peculiarities, he has a double row of teeth. He is a boy of more than ordinary intelligence, and attends school.

The Lenox Library, in New York, generously given to the public by the collector, Mr. James Lenox, is the most comprehensive and valuable collection of rare books and manuscripts in America, and in some respects rivals in importance the celebrated European libraries, though of course not covering so extensive a field. It is well known to professional literary men and bibliophiles, though the general public are largely ignorant concerning it. The institution was incorporated in 1870, when Mr. Lenox made over to the trustees his invaluable collection, the work of a long career, with all the opportunities that large wealth and extensive research could furnish. The library building was also provided by the public-spirited gentleman, the total value of his gift amounting to upward of a million dollars. Among the specimens of early typography which it contains is a copy of the Mazarin Bible—the first book ever printed with movable types—the work of the old German printers Gutenberg and Faust between 1450 and 1455. It is beautifully illuminated, and cost \$2,650.

The Hudson Highlands.

A writer in an exchange thus describes the far-famed Hudson river scenery: Range upon range of mountains rise, until the far-stretching domes and ridges seem to hold up the eastern rim of the sky. Along the path wild flowers waste their sweetness, and the brilliant cardinal flames in all its native glory. At this point, I suppose, a more magnificent view is obtained than at any other spot on the river. From this summit we take in most of the Highland range, including the peaks on both sides of the Hudson, and gaze far away into New England, unto the stretching landscape into smoke decays. The Rhine, the Volga or the Guadalquivir boasts nothing more grand than our own familiar stream. Although we can claim no Drachenfels or Bingen—Sweet Bingen on the Rhine—or castled Heidelberg; though we meet no moss-grown ruins and craggy rocks crowned with strongholds, each of which has a name and a tragic history, yet our own sunny river winds between shores of equal beauty, and that day is to be marked with a "white stone" in which the enraptured tourist first looks upon its scenery. By the way, the Palatines from Germany settled the city of Newburgh in 1709, as well as my own town of Little Falls. This is an interesting fact to our people here. Through the bounty of "good Queen Anne" they found a home and a shelter on our shores.

## He had Caught the Car.

It is a fact that has been noticed and commented upon, time out of mind, that many husbands neglect those little attentions and marks of affection of which they were so lavish during courtship. Of course, there must be a reason for a custom which, though reprehensible in the abstract, has the sanction of all but universal practice, and it becomes the duty of the philosopher to inquire into and expound it. Perhaps it is best illustrated by an anecdote which was told Causar by a friend, whose wife, by the way, manifested her displeasure in very decided terms while he was relating it. It seems that on Columbus avenue there dwelt a wedded pair who were made one last fall. No knight of old was more devoted to his "fair lady" than was the husband during the honeymoon and the moon that followed it. But ere the third moon had waned, the young wife noted—or thought she noted, no doubt it was fancy—a change. As time passed on, it became still more apparent. Her husband was loving, of course, but somehow there was a lack of the old ardor, there was a falling off in the old demonstrativeness. This troubled her, and, woman-like, she was quick to conclude that his love for her had cooled. One evening, after thinking the matter over all day, she broke out with, "You don't love me any more." "What makes you think so?" he asked, in a business-like way, scarcely lifting his eyes from the book which he was reading. "Because," she sobbed, "you never pet me any more, and you are not half so attentive as you used to be." And then she broke down into a regular cry. The husband saw that something must be done. Laying aside his book and regretfully relinquishing his cigar—and a man does hate to be disturbed when once settled for the evening—he went to his weeping wife, and led her to the window. "My dear," he said, "do you see that horse car coming up the avenue?" "I do," she sobbed. "And do you see that man running to catch it?" "Yes, dear, what of it?" "And do you see that he is straining every nerve, that he is shouting to the conductor at the top of his voice, and doing his best to make the car stop?" "I do," said the wife, whose curiosity was aroused, but what on earth has that to do—"One moment, my dear. Look again. Do you observe that he has caught the car, and that he is no longer running, but is probably quietly seated inside, taking a rest? He has got through shouting and running, because he has caught the car. Now, my dear,—at this point he kissed away her tears—"it is just so with me. I have caught the car." And with that the self-satisfied monster led his wife back to her seat on the sofa, and silently resumed his easy chair, cigar and book. —Boston Transcript.

"Eccentrics."

When a man has an income of \$5,000 per annum, and enjoys everything which a rational being should desire, he immediately becomes uneasy and worries because he can't own a yacht.

A lovely and gay bird,  
A sweet little lay bird,  
Was singing one day on a limb.  
Delighted it sat  
As it on a bat,  
Which ribbons and flowerets trim;  
Within its cool bower  
It sang for an hour,  
And never made even a moan,  
Till a bad little boy,  
In a tremor of joy,  
Knocked him down off his perch with a stone.

A man may be very good in executing orders, but he can't hold a candle to a woman in the matter of giving advice on any subject under the sun.

'Tis now the festive little boy  
In the stagnant pond goes swimming;  
'Tis now the Andell's tile  
Is obedient with trimming,  
Such as has never been before.

No man ever thinks of the awful importance of a thunder-shower until he puts on a new silk hat.

The lady who will decline an offer of marriage won't decline a package of gum-drops.

The sunbeam darts among the flowers,  
The bee doth dart through fragrant bowers,  
The swallow darts across the sky,  
The small boy darts in the apple-pie  
His finger.

One of the most lamentable and yet laughable sights which this world knows is that of a quick-tempered, corpulent man trying to lace up his shoes on a hot day, when the brass points are off the ends of the strings.

No matter how much money a man has, he never feels willing to come out openly and purchase himself an umbrella or a whisp broom.

The zephyr down in the leaf  
With the violet doth daily,  
And brings its secret to me.  
The zephyr down in the leaf  
Doth bring right merrily  
The word of the cat in the alley,  
The zephyr down in the leaf  
With the violet doth daily.  
Roses are the shirt-studs of summer.—  
New York Star.

## Life.

When through the dead leaves o'er the ground  
The flowers of spring are springing,  
When through the boughs with new life  
The birds of spring are singing,  
The birds of spring are singing,  
With hand in hand, and lip to lip,  
We cheerily sing, and merrily trip,  
And love to life is clinging.  
But when, on life's horizon, May  
In sparkling light is lying,  
We taste the sweetness that for aye  
Was cooing, teasing, dlying;  
And with June's pleasant voice endow  
Life's longest left on lip and brow,  
While love with life is vying.  
—Earl Marble, in American Monthly.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Pressed for time—Mummies.  
A man called his cat "Plutarch," because she had so many lives.  
A single firm in New York city sold last spring 300,000 flowering plants.  
Why are boots and shoes like doormats? Because they are worn by the feet.  
The best-natured man will get a trifle mad when his wife tells him that she has made misters for the boys out of his last winter's ear-muffs.  
The Empress of Germany has offered a prize for the best treatise on diphtheria that shall be published within a year.  
An editor has one advantage over a king. When the editor goes out riding in his open barouche drawn by four milk-white steeds, he is never shot at by a Socialist. You have probably remarked this yourself.—Norristown Herald.  
There were running in the United States, April 1, 495 distilleries, 488 of which used daily 75,087 bushels of grain making 270,000 gallons of spirits. The other seven of the distilleries used molasses at the rate of 8,855 gallons daily, and obtaining therefrom 7,777 gallons of spirits.  
The process of tanning a human skin has just been accomplished at a moveable factory at Lyon, Mass. Two skins, about one foot and a half square, of white and black persons who were hanged, were furnished from a Boston dissecting-room, and the process of tanning was remarkably successful. The skin, as it now appears, resembles a piece of French kid.  
A lady in Madrid, Me., was in a house which was struck by lightning. A valuable gold watch which she wore stopped at the time, and although jewelers have repeatedly examined it and pronounced it perfect in every particular, it cannot be made to move. It is so charged with electricity that watch makers say no part of it can ever be made to do duty if taken out and put into another set of works.  
A small boy had seen his mother's fuff that had been badly eaten by the moth. Shortly afterward he was in his father's stable, watching the process of currying his pet pony. The animal was shedding its coat, and consequently large bunches of hair came out with each application of the comb. With tears in his eyes the little fellow rushed into the house and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! the moths have got into my pony, and I'm afraid he's ruined!"  
Beside a straw stack sat a tramp—  
A jolly tramp, and wise—  
Who, while he patched his tattered coat,  
Did thus soliloquize:  
"It seems very sad that my lone life  
Doth eke downward tend,  
And evers me into wretchedness;  
But still I'm on the mend.  
"And when I needle little cash,  
I make no loud laments,  
But by a straw stack sit me down,  
And gather in my rents."

A "Swell" in a Mining Camp.  
A few days' since, says a Leadville (Col.) correspondent, I was intensely amused by the sensation created by full-blown, white-shirted swell—timers always "go" for a white shirt who strutted through the streets of Leadville as though he were the owner of the Prospect Mine itself. This "nice young man" was attired after the most approved style of the "masher," and carried his valise in so gingerly a manner as to betray the open decision of sun miners as happened to be around at the time. Every eye turned upon the newcomer, and remarks highly the rever of complimentary were hurled at the stove-pipe, his shirt-collar, and the peculiar cut of his nether garments. Of droll son of toil, shouldering a pick, proceeded to march in the footsteps of the swell, with the mining gait of a miss fifteen in a pair of brand-new high-heeled shoes. This burlesque movement was hailed with rapturous delight to the evident dismay of "Sir White Shirt" who accelerated his pace without daring to cast a look behind, and inwardly exclaiming the folly that caused him to come to a region where the pants are variably thrust inside the boots, a where shirt-collars are unknown quantities.

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