How a Pastor Should Take Care of his Health.

The following is a brief outline of an address delivered by the undersigned before the Yarmouth County Ministerial Conference, and which was requested by that body to be published in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. G. E. DAY.

Yarmouth, March 11.

Of the many blessings with which we are favored, physical health occupies a prominent place in the foremost rank. Without it, the fairest advantages and the most splendid opportunities lose their lustre and fade away. Its possession enhances the value of other blessings, and materially lessens the great disadvantages. This is true in any case; it is emphatically so in that of the pastor. From the nature of his calling as a servant of the Most High God, from the character of his work as an ambassador of men to the throne of the Infinite, and as a conservator of interests that are transcendent and priceless, it is of supreme importance that he should have "a sound mind in a sound body." As the dying taper flickers with unwonted brightness, so the mind sometimes breaks through its environments, and seems to possess in the midst of physical weakness unusual strength. But, as a general rule, our corporeal and mental natures act and react upon each other. What injures the body is apt to depress and weaken the mind, and what causes a serious mental disturbance almost invariably does harm to the body. Any interruption of a pastor's health often sends him from the zenith of faith to the nadir of doubt in an incredibly short time. This sudden change may produce results which eternity alone will reveal. The lapidary is most cautious when cutting a diamond, because its very dust is precious. The hand of the surgeon is most firm when he probes a wound near a deep-seated artery. The pastor in dealing with souls has need of the greatest courage, the strongest faith, the deepest tenderness, and the highest love. Verily every faculty should be awake and every energy engaged, for a word of his may uplift a soul from despondency and doubt, or send it earth-ward and hell-ward forever. That there is great need, therefore, for a pastor to preserve his health is a self-evident fact. As an axiom it needs no proof. The question is, How can this be done?

I. The matter of *diet* is to be considered. Physical life is made up of waste and repair. Waste is going on constantly in various ways. Every movement of head, or trunk, or limb produces it. Repair is produced chiefly by the food which is taken into the stomach, digested and assimilated. If the waste is greater than the repair, there is a diminution of weight and strength; the body presents a shrunken appearance; and if this state of things should long continue death will ensue. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that the physical system should be supplied with suitable food sufficient to prevent undue waste. The desirability of selecting what is nutritious and digestible, and of having proper quantities, can easily be seen. If the quantity be sufficient but the quality be poor, there will not be the needed supply. If the food be indigestible it will not be assimilated, and therefore the system will suffer loss.

What is found by experience to be injurious, whether food or tobacco, should be avoided, however pleasant it may be to the taste. What is known to be beneficial should be used, even if the appetite should not crave it. The idea said to be entertained by Prof. Agassiz, that a fish diet contained a good deal of phosphorous, and was therefore an excellent brain food, has lately been exploded. The chief value that such a diet is to the brain lies in the fact that it often induces drowsiness and, thus rests the mind.

In regard to the proper time for eating, it may be safely said that our meals should be at least five hours apart, and never more than six. Food should not be taken into the stomach when a person is overheated, very tired, or greatly excited. Late suppers should be avoided. They generally produce nervousness, restlessness, dyspepsia, and sometimes apoplexy. If food should be needed after the regular meals have been taken, something light and digestible only should be used.

II. Another subject on which I wish to remark is *exercise*. The human system requires it as really as it does sufficient food. The Italian proverb, *dolce far niente*—"it is sweet to do nothing"—is not a very commendable one. It may be sweet to do nothing, but it is not advantageous. What seemed to be a curse,—"in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread,"—is really a blessing. Why is the blacksmith's arm so muscular? It is exercise that makes it strong. Why is the pilot's eye so clear and keen? It is because the sight is improved by exercise. The pastor must use his physical powers in order to possess good health. When? Not much exercise should be taken before breakfast or soon after meals. The body requires food almost immediately after a person awakes in the morning. Ignorance or carelessness in regard to this matter has been attended with serious consequences. Some delicate individuals, by taking violent exercise before breakfast, have very suddenly passed away.

Not too much exercise should be taken by a pastor at one time. By long continued efforts the body will be deprived of too much vitality, and more harm than good will be done. The kind of exercise to be taken must be regulated by circumstances. Farming, gardening, walking, riding on horseback, and boating, are all good at the proper time.

III. The next subject that claims attention is *sleep*.

Sleep is invaluable. It is absolutely necessary. It has been called "tired nature's sweet restorer." Some persons require much more sleep than others. The first Napoleon, it is said, had good health with only four hours' sleep in twenty-four. He was certainly an exception to the general rule. Most persons need eight or nine hours' sleep per day. For a pastor to get the greatest benefit from this blessing, he should retire quite early to rest for the night. Several reasons may be named why this should be done. (1) Sleep before midnight, as a rule, is much more valuable than that which is obtained after that hour. (2) If a person sits up late he is apt to become nervous and unable to sleep soundly during the night. All care should be laid aside, if possible, when a person retires to rest. Sleeping-rooms should be well ventilated, and a little fresh air allowed to come in during the night. Some people deprecate the idea of breathing night air; but what other kind of air can we breathe at night? Unless we have well-ventilated sleeping-rooms and a little fresh air at night, there will be a morning headache and a good deal of lassitude. A person should never retire to bed for the night with cold extremities. Apoplexy, congestion of the lungs, or inflammation of the bowels might ensue if there should be a lack of care in this matter.

A hard-worked pastor should endeavor to get a few minutes sleep before dinner. It is worth more than three times as much afterward.

In regard to early rising, that is a matter which circumstances must regulate. If a person can get his eight or nine hours' sleep and rise early, by all means let him do so. But let no one deprive himself of a necessary amount of sleep for the sake of being an early-riser.

IV. Another matter worthy of attention is *bathing*.

This is necessary to health. Bathing, with proper friction afterwards, opens the pores of the skin for the escape of the insensible perspiration. It is thus a preventive of colds and other ailments. Bathing should not be carried to excess. Once or twice a week is usually sufficient. It should not be indulged in soon after meals, nor in very cold water. Should this advice be disregarded, too great a shock might be experienced by the nervous system, and the most serious consequences follow. As this is a matter which will be regulated by experience, I need not enlarge on it here.

V. The next subject to be referred to is *study*.

A good deal of time must be occupied by the faithful pastor in this important work. I need not refer to the causes which render this necessary. They can be easily known. How is study to be done? Set apart a certain time which will generally be the most favorable, and which will be least liable to interruption. Do not study too long at one sitting, nor more than two or three hours a day. The reason I adduce for such advice is this. Prof. Liebig, the celebrated German chemist, says that two hours' severe study make as great a drain on the human system as ten hours of hard manual labor. Some of the most noted English and Irish chemists state that three hours of close study will cause as great an expenditure of nervous energy as a full day of bodily toil. Too much study causes nervousness, irritability, dyspepsia, disease of the kidneys, and other serious bodily ailments. Care should be taken in this matter by studious pastors.

VI. *Recreation* must also be taken into account.

Pastors, like other men, need a day of rest. Monday, I think, should be taken for this purpose. There are some who imagine that the time thus employed is lost. Nay, verily. Does the fisherman waste his time, even in the busy season, by mending his nets? Does the mechanic act unwisely by taking time to sharpen his tools? Does the pastor waste his time by resting one day in seven to recreate himself? By no means. It is necessary for the preservation of his health. Some say, let the pastor work if he needs a change. Gardening, farming, and other kinds of manual labor are good; but they do not always take the place of recreation. They do not give sufficient rest to the mind. That is generally active when we are engaged in physical toil. Shooting, fishing, or some other kind of innocent recreation that gives the mind a relief from study is needed by almost every pastor. Henry Ward Beecher used to say that many pastors were dying of starch and broadcloth. They were afraid to take the needed recreation. If our pastors would take Monday as a day of rest, and Saturday for light work, such as reviewing for the Sabbath, there would be fewer removals of our ministers on account of broken health.

VII. *Medicine* is another subject to which reference must be made.

The human system requires but little medicine, except when there is an acute attack of some serious disease. The restorative power of nature is remarkable. If not meddled with she will do wonders. Some persons, and probably some pastors, destroy their health by almost constantly taking medicine. It is a great mistake to act thus. If there should be a congested condition of the head or some minor troubles, a mild aperient or a gentle tonic or stimulant might be used with advantage. If dangerous symptoms should be seen, of course remedial agents should at once be employed.

VIII. *Cheerfulness* is the last subject, to which I will now refer.

It is of very great importance for the preservation of health to maintain a cheerful disposition. More pastors are killed by worry than by work. "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil," is the advice of the Psalmist. Cares, numerous and great, will come upon us. By prayer and faith we should cast them upon Him who careth for us. We are the Lord's. We serve Him. The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. He will not fail us. Let us trust Him, and not be afraid. Cheerfulness is an excellent panacea. Let us keep it always, for our Saviour is at the helm; the mists will soon clear away, and a fulness of glory shall be ours on the other shore.

Mr. Spurgeon on Young Preachers.

"When we give ourselves up to the Lord Jesus Christ," Mr. Spurgeon said, "the first point is to give ourselves up thoroughly and heartily, and to mean what we do. The next thing is to try and make ourselves as much worth having as we can be. There isn't much about us that *is* worth having, but what little there is should be improved to the very utmost, and the friends who come to this training-class come that they may improve themselves in public speaking, that they may speak so that what they say may be acceptable to the people. In speaking, it is necessary to know something, and to have something to say; but the next thing is to know how to say it. If a man goes to earn a piece of meat, his wife must know how to cook it, or it won't be of much use. Sermons should be savory. There is a way of holding out the truth, so as people may dislike it. The spirit in which we preach and teach is exceedingly important. You cannot be loving in manner unless you are loving in spirit. You cannot even be forcible in manner unless you have force in your own spirit. I trust that every one of you will try and make all he can of himself, and will not think much of himself. The ruin of a man is the notion that there is anything in him. We had a young brother once who preached and did a little good. After a short time he began to wear an enormous white bow. One Sunday morning a deacon brought a foot-rule down the aisle with which to measure it. (Laughter.) That was not a very well-spirited action, and the young man did not much like it, but he still continued to wear the bow. There are brethren who need being taken down; but when they are down they frequently rise very quickly up again. I think lady helpers are the best sort to train you. (Laughter.) Among other things I have heard it said that there would not be a Pope if he were married, because no man living would believe himself to be infallible if he had a wife. (Laughter.) I do not think there is anything so wise as for a man to have a wife better educated than himself, so that when he makes a mistake she may say, "My dear, I noticed that you said so-and-so. It ought to have been so-and so." He doesn't like it even from her, but it goes and comes very nicely from her, especially before she is his wife. Very softly and very sweetly she can suggest to him little amendments and little improvements, and he is likely to get better. (Laughter.) Well, if ever you do tell one another of your faults, you will do it, I am sure, with great kindness, but you must not hesitate to do it. Nobody is more your enemy than one who flatters you. I wish you, my young brethren who are going forth to preach, that God may make something of you in the days to come. There is room in the world for a great many more useful preachers. You know in all trades and professions that there is a great crowd at the bottom of the ladder, but there is always lots of room at the top. Ordinary clerks are as common as blackberries on hedges, but for the really first-rate clerk there is always room. The reason why so many persons are poor is because they do not understand their own trade. Go in, then, young fellows, to do everything first-rate! You have a first-rate Master, whom you serve, and you have a first-rate gospel to preach, and a first-rate work before you in saving souls. Try to do your very best, and if you do your very best, then, however poor you may be in natural power, you need not be ashamed. It may be if you attain to nothing but the common rank, if you do the work for the Master faithfully he will accept it, and he will know just as much that your work was true to him. If you can only tell your knowledge of Christ, do it; there are some people who cannot do it. Sometimes a nimble ninepence will bring in more than a lazy half-sovereign. May God bless you."—*London Baptist.*

Never-Dying Words.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

The natural-science class was up for recitation at Picton Academy, and the teacher was brightly explaining the theory of sound to a dozen deeply interested boys.

"Do you know," he continued, after telling them how every sound made tiny waves in the air, just as a stone does when thrown into still water, "that some wise men are of the opinion that those waves, or pulsations, never altogether cease after they have once been started? Nobody, of course, has delicate enough hearing to catch their meaning; but there they are all the same, just as when they first made an impression upon the ear for which they were intended, and they will continue to pulsate until the end of the world. So you see, boys, if that be true, no utterance that goes from our lips into the air can ever be lost, but must live on long after our voices are forever silent. All the words that have been spoken since Adam first opened his mouth are preserved in the air; and if our sense of hearing were only sharp enough, we might hear Noah giving directions at the building of the ark, David singing before Saul, Christ preaching the sermon on the Mount, Shakespere reading 'Hamlet' to his admiring friends, Washington giving commands to his army at Yorktown, and so on down through the centuries to what was said by ourselves the day before yesterday."

Seeing how eagerly the boys were listening, Mr. Maynard thought it a good chance to teach them something more than science, so he continued in a somewhat graver tone:

"If, then, all the words that you and I have spoken, all the speeches we have made, kind or unkind, respectful or impertinent, true or false, cross or good-natured, are still in the air about us, even though we cannot hear them, how would we like it if they all could be heard? Wouldn't some of us be made to feel a good deal ashamed? What do you think? You often sing, 'Kind words never die;' but suppose unkind words never die either?"

Nobody in the class was brave enough to answer, so Mr. Maynard wisely dismissed it, and, soon after, school broke up for the day.

Fred Newton and Will Munroe walked home together, as they almost always did, being great friends; and they had both been unusually quiet for a time, when Fred suddenly exclaimed:

"Say, Will, that was a queer thing Mr. Maynard told us this afternoon about never-dying words. I don't half believe it myself."

"It does seem a funny thing, Fred, and I don't quite like it either," replied Will. "A fellow is always saying things he oughtn't to, and it isn't pleasant to think of them being up there in the air still, even if people can't hear them."

"Why, of course," rejoined Fred, who, as all his friends knew, and some of them at the expense of their feelings, had a very ready tongue, and a sharp one at that. "You can't always stop to think just what you're going to say, especially when your man is up about something."

"That's so," concurred Will promptly, "When I get mad I just rip out the first thing that comes handy; and it isn't always what I'd like Mr. Maynard to hear, I tell you. I'm just precious glad he can't make out what is up there in the air."

"Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk, any way," returned Fred, who seemed anxious to drop the subject. "Let's hurry up and pitch into the football."

And the two boys made haste to the ball-field, where they played vigorously until dark.

When Fred Newton went home that evening he found the parlor empty, and a fine big fire blazing cheerily in the grate, before which he stretched himself at full length upon the soft rug. He had not been there very long before such a babel of voices filled the room that at first he was nearly bewildered; but after a little it seemed to him he could distinguish what some of the voices were saying, and not only that; but they all sounded strangely like his own. So he raised his head, and listened eagerly to see if he could find out what it all meant. Presently he heard what he felt sure was his own voice, answering somebody in the most disagreeable of tones, thus: "No, I won't do anything of the kind! Who was your servant last year, miss?" And it gave him a very uncomfortable twinge of conscience to remember that he had said those very words to his sweet little sister Ede only last week, when she asked him to carry a large parcel to one of her friends. Of course to do so would have taken him a good deal out of his way just then, but he need not have given her such a cross answer, at all events.

Next he heard the words of a slang verse, which brought up in his mind the poor, harmless, crippled, old colored man, who sometimes came begging to his father's door, and whose life the boys made miserable by their cruel teasing. Somehow or other the words did not feel quite so funny as Fred heard them now; and if his cheeks did not redden a bit, it was only because they were already glowing with the heat of the fire.

Then this sentence, muttered in a very sulky, wilful tone, fell on his ear: "Mean old thing! Won't let a fellow have any fun;" and it recalled to him what he had said under his breath when his father had firmly forbidden him to be out at night with Frank Rudolph, Ned Jones, and the other boys whose fathers were not so particular. Fred couldn't help a little start for fear his father might possibly be in the room now, and overhear his son's undutiful speech after all.

"Who wants to go to Sunday school? I've had enough of Sunday-school," said the familiar voice again; and this time it brought up the picture of his mother's sad, shocked face when he had blurted these very words out last Sunday almost before he knew it.

And so it went on until it seemed as if every hard, naughty, unkind word that Fred Newton had ever said was pulsating through the air of that parlor,—white lies and black lies, cutting things said before people's faces, and cruel things said behind their backs, and every one of them seemed to have sting in it, just as if they were a swarm of hornets, so that poor Fred was fairly writhing in mental agony, when suddenly another voice, this time not his own, but his beloved mother's, overpowering all the others as it called out merrily:

"Why, Fred dearest, what's the matter with you? You're squirming about on the rug like an eel in hot water. You shouldn't go to sleep so near the fire."

And Fred, springing to his feet with a cry of relief, threw his arms round his mother's neck, and giving her a hug worthy of a young bear, while the tears brimmed his bright eyes, exclaimed with a vehemence that quite astonished her:

"Mother darling, I'll never say an unkind word again!"

It would, of course, be too much to expect that Fred kept his promise to the very letter; but this may be said at all events, that both his temper and his tongue were under better control ever after.

Only Believe.

As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark 5:36.

A pious servant of Christ says: Several years ago, when I was going home one day from church, I encountered an old gentleman who looked very unhappy. I approached him and said: "My dear friend, you seem not to be happy."

"O no," he replied, "indeed I am not."

"Why," I continued, "are you not sure of your salvation?"

"No," he answered; "I am not; and yet I have made it a subject of prayer for twenty years."

"Prayed for it twenty years," I said, "and yet not saved? Then I will tell you a story. Some time ago I saw a respectable man who, being lame on one side, used to be carried about in a little carriage. At the corner of a street he saw a beggar who was suffering in the same way, and was also blind, and who asked alms of him. The gentleman offered him a dollar, saying as he held it out to him, 'Here, my poor friend, is a gold dollar for you.' Now the poor man was not only lame and blind, but deaf also; and thus, while the gift was held out to him in all its richness and value, he continued to beg for two pennies, until the gentleman caused his carriage to be wheeled close to him, and again he shouted into his ear, 'Here is a dollar for you,' and then he accepted the gift with great joy. Is it not the same with you," I said, "dear friend? God has given his own Son. He offers you forgiveness of sins in his blood. But you keep praying for that very thing."

"What," answered he, "can I be saved in so simple a way?"

"Certainly," I replied. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Whosoever believeth in him hath everlasting life."

"O, how I see it," he exclaimed, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Is there not many a burdened soul which has gone sorrowing and doubting for many years, and whose only need is to grasp the meaning of Christ's precious words, "Only believe?"

Standing Before God.

We find the following in the recently published sermons of the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks:

"Just think of it. A man who, all his life on earth since he was a child, has never asked himself about any action, about any plan of his. Is this right? Suddenly, when he is dead, behold he finds himself in a new world, where that is the only question about everything. His old questions as to whether a thing was comfortable, or was popular, or was profitable, are all gone. The very atmosphere of this new world kills them. And upon the amazed soul from every side, there pours this new, strange, searching question, 'Is it right?' This is what it is for that dead man to 'stand before God.'

"But, then, there is another soul which, before it passed through death, while it was in this world, had always been struggling after higher presences. Refusing to ask whether acts were popular and profitable, refusing even to care much whether they were comfortable or beautiful, it had insisted upon asking whether each act was right. It had always struggled to keep its moral vision clear. It had climbed to heights of self-sacrifice that it might get above the miasma of low standards which lay upon the earth. In every darkness about what was right, it had been true to the best light it could see. It grew into a greater and greater incapacity to live in any other presence, as it had struggled longer and longer for this highest company. Think what it must be for that soul, when, for it, too, death sweeps every other chamber back and lifts the nature into the pure light of the unclouded righteousness. Now, for it, too, the question, 'Is it right?' rings from every side; but in that question the soul hears the echo of its own best-loved standard. Not in mockery, but in invitation; not tauntingly, but temptingly; the everlasting goodness seems to look in upon the soul from all that touches it. That is what it is for that soul to 'stand before God.' God opens his own heart to that soul, and is both judgment and love. They are not separate. He is love because he is judgment; for to be judged by him, to meet his judgment, is what the soul has been long and ardently desiring. Tell me when two such souls as these stand together 'before God,' are they not judged by their very standing there? Are not the deep content of one and the perplexed distress of the other already their heaven and their hell? Do you need a pit of fire and a city of gold to emphasize their difference? When the dead, small and great, stand before God, is not the book already opened, and are they not already judged?"

For The Pulpit.

SOME DON'TS.

The *London Methodist Recorder* serves up a list of "don'ts" to its ministerial readers, following the line suggested by the popular book bearing that title:

Don't preach too long. Better to leave the people longing than loathing.

Don't go on after you are finished. Let the clatter of the mill stop when the corn is ground.

Don't try to make up in length what is lacking in strength. Quantity can never become a substitute for quality.

Don't imagine that the demand for short sermons is a sign of diminished piety. Men may respect the cow, though they cry for condensed milk; and the Word of Life comes now from many voices beside the pulpit.

Don't imitate others. Better be a poor original than a fine copy.

Don't catch the pulpit twang. Talk *to* men in as natural a tone as you talk *with* them.

Don't mumble your words. Chew your food, but not your language.

Don't drop your voice at the close of a sentence. Men have as much need to hear the end as the beginning.

Don't speak monotonously. The voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible.

Don't indulge in mannerism. Simplicity is desirable in high places—the pulpit especially.

Don't preach old sermons unaltered. Grown men look awkward in boys' clothes.

Don't stop making sermons. That means do not cease growing until you cease living.

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety is pleasing, and God has given you ample choice of themes.

Don't disparage science. Nature is a transcript of the Divine Mind, and to study her reverently is to think God's thoughts after him.

Don't condemn books you have never read, theories you have not studied, or men you do not understand.

Don't hesitate to speak out on public questions, but do not introduce party politics into the pulpit.

Don't be afraid to speak on every-day duties. Teach men how to live; God will teach them how to die.

Don't seek popularity. Let it seek you.

Don't indulge in long prayers. Heaven is not hard up for information, and protracted petitions drag heavily.

Don't pray in stereotyped forms. Freshness of phraseology lightens the wings of devotion.

Don't forget the children. Their attention is worth winning, and you may often reach old hearts through young ears.

Don't be disheartened if every sermon does not save a soul. Hearts may be pierced though we see not where the arrows lodge.

Don't be satisfied without fruit. The hand should pluck a few ears, though the sheaves have to wait the harvest.

Don't preach worse at the end of your term than at the beginning. Better be scantily clad at first than naked at last.

Don't neglect preparation. The bullet cannot fly if no powder has been put into the barrel.

Don't neglect prayer. The finest pipes can give forth no music till filled with the Divine breath.

FAITH IN SORROW.—Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss, writing to a bereaved friend, said: "What you want is to let your intellect go overboard, if need be, and to take what God gives just as a little child takes it, without money and without price. Faith is His; unbelief ours. No process of reasoning can soothe a mother's empty, aching heart, or bring Christ into it to fill up all that great waste room. But faith can; and faith is His gift; a gift to be won by prayer—prayer, persistent, patient, determined; prayer that will take no denial; prayer that, if it goes away one day unsatisfied, keeps on saying: 'Well, there's to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow; God may wait to be gracious, and I can wait to receive; but receive I must and will.' This is what the Bible means when it says: 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' It does not say the eager, the impatient, take it by force, but the violent, they who declare: 'I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me.' This is all heart, not head work."

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FOR SALE: Capital Stock, and four years Stock, divided on each payable half-yearly. Dividends paid on Capital Stock for half-year ending Dec. 31, 1886, was four per cent., on four-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS REED,
Secretary-Treasurer.

apl9 tf

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND

is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.

Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of

LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS.
FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH.

This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.

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