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Vol 41

Poetry.

THE GIFT OF CHRIST.

Christ gave no higher gift to earth
Than this which makes our better birth
Within:
Teaching us lives whose ardent fire
Of grand resolve shall lift us higher
To him.

Earth-trials tempt us oft to stray,
But this hid presence bids us stay;
And we
Take courage from our inner guide;
A legacy Thou didst provide
Of thee.

Nor is it hidden from our sight,
This holy essence, heaven-bright,
Divine:
For here and there, O Christ, we find
A life that copies heart and mind
From thine;

The grand good-deeds of one in power,
Whose noble living proves a tower
Of strength:
In his grave face we see the gift
Which to the Giver thou shalt lift
At length.

A trusting faith, a pitying sigh,
A gentle word, a loving eye,
Glimpses of that best gift of thine,
Left with the struggling sons of time,
B-low!

LITERATURE.

THE LITTLE ROSETTE MAKER.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

BUT mother, the doctor said father was better,
and you look more sorrowful than ever.
Yes, Kate, dear, because the doctor also said
your father needed nourishing food now, to bring
back his strength, and I have no money left to
buy it.

But you earn money by sewing, mother; and I
will help you more. Now that my head aches too
badly to go to school, I can sew, I guess.
You! poor little child! No, you must not sew.
It would be worse for you than studying. I must
try to find some other employment. I cannot earn
enough, by this sewing for the shops, to pay the
rent of our miserable room, and get such food as
we now have. I have just finished this work, and
will carry it home, and then make some inquiries
for something more profitable. You run up once
in a while, dear, and see if your father wants any-
thing.

Yes, mother, answered the child, and she sat
watching until her mother's figure disappeared in
the crowded street, and then resumed her em-
ployment of sorting out some bits of ribbon,
which had been given her by a neighboring mill-
ner, in return for doing some errands.

Kate's father, Mr. Reed, was an industrious
carpenter, who had always had a comfortable home
for his family until a few months before, when he
received a severe injury by falling from a building
on which he was at work. Still, the physician
spoke hopefully of his soon being out again, and
it seemed going well, when the news that the
man in whose hands he had deposited all his little
savings had absconded, and left him helpless and
penniless, caused a most dangerous relapse. Mrs.
Reed sold article after article of furniture and
wearing apparel, and struggled on, till at last,
everything being gone, they were obliged to take
refuge in one room of a wretched tenement house.
There they had been for some weeks, when our
story opens.

Kate, always rather a delicate child, had grown
thin and pale, and complained so much of head-
aches, that the doctor advised her being taken from
school. Time now hung rather heavily on her
hands. She shrank from much intercourse with
the rough vulgar children in the house, and passed
most of the day in their own room; but occasion-
ally, as when we just saw her, she would take ad-
vantage of their absence at school, and steal down
to the door-step for a short time.

"I wish I could help mother," she thought sor-
rowfully. "I wonder if there is nothing that a lit-
tle girl can do."
Just then the milkman drove into the yard. He
was an honest pleasant looking man, who always
spoke kindly to the pale, gentle girl, so different
from the noisy crowd that clamorously demanded
a ride. He drove a fine gray horse, with which
Kate had formed a great friendship, and she al-
ways stroked and patted him, or gave him a hand-
ful of grass, if she could find any in the dusty
street.

So when the milkman had passed into the house
with his cans, she commenced patting her dumb
friend, and talking to him as usual, when a bright
idea struck her, and deftly knotting some of her
ribbons together, she fastened them near the horse's
ears.

Now, old Billy, you look very handsome! she
exclaimed, stepping back to see the effect of her
work. Just then the milkman came out.
Ah, Miss Kate, he said, have you been trim-
ming up my horse?
Yes sir, answered the child, rather timidly; do
you mind?
Mind! O no; I am much obliged to you, and
so I dare say is Billy! See how proudly he holds
up his head! He will have to come some after-
noon, and take you out to ride, in return for your
kindness. And with a friendly good-morning he
drove rapidly away.

I must run up and see if father wants anything,
thought Kate, turning towards the house. A toil-
some journey up many a long dark flight of stairs
brought her to the poor room they called home,
but Mr. Reed was asleep, and Kate, softly closing
the door, returned to the yard.
She had sat perhaps half an hour longer, when an
ice-cart came lumbering by. Somewhat to
Kate's surprise, it stopped, for in that wretched
house, no one could indulge in such a luxury as
ice.

The driver, a bright good-humored looking lad,
jumped out, and coming up to Kate, asked, with
a mixture of frankness and bashfulness, "Was it
you, miss, who made some ribbons for Mr. Gray's
horse?"
"The milk man?" answered Kate, wondering-
ly. "O yes, I put some ribbons on him just now."
I met him down the street, and asked him how
he came to be so gay; for you see, he continued,
it just happened to take my fancy, as I've got a
new set of harnesses for my horse, and want them
to look as nice as anybody's. I think a heap of
your ribbons, and so I says to Mr. Gray, do you sup-
pose she would make me some? And he said I'd
better come up here and ask you.

I'd be very much obliged to you, if you would,
miss, he added, and will pay whatever you like.
I should be very glad to make them, said the
child, but, blushing deeply, I have no more rib-
bons.
O, buy whatever you want, and I'll make it all
right, said the lad, carelessly.
Yes—but I have no money, said poor Kate,
stammering, as if her poverty were something to
be ashamed of.
O yes, I understand, with a look at the miser-
able building. Well, let me give you the money—
if you will be kind enough to buy the ribbons, he
said with natural politeness, and he produced his
pocket-book, and handed Kate a bill.
"What colors will you have?" she asked, as if
in a dream. Was it possible that after all she
could be going to earn some money, and help her
poor mother a little?
Whatever you like; only be sure they are
bright. When can I have them? he asked, pre-
paring to resume his seat.
I will have them ready to-morrow.
All right, he answered, and drove off.
Kate paid another visit to the attic, but her
father still slept. As she was once more descend-
ing the stairs, she met her mother, looking more
pale and weary than when she went out.
"I have found no better work, Kate, dear," she
sighed.
"But I have, mother," responded Kate, joyous-
ly, and she eagerly related the incident of the
morning.
Now you have come, may I run and buy the
ribbons?
Do you know where to go? asked her mother,
brightening somewhat, at the sight of her child's
delight.
O yes! the milliner who gave me the ribbon is
very good-nature, and I guess will tell me.
Very well, run along then, dear; and Kate
needed no second bidding.
The milliner had the required ribbons, and ad-
ded several bits as to the best method of making
rosettes, and Kate was soon at home, and at work.
The rosettes were quite ready when the ice-man
called the next day; and he paid liberally for
them, and promised to send other customers.
He was as good as his word, and for a few days
Kate was almost constantly engaged in making
rosettes of different hues, to fill the various orders
brought her by the ice-man and Mr. Gray.
With the proceeds of her work Mrs. Reed had
bought more nourishing food for her husband, who
was now gaining rapidly, and declared that he
should soon be able to earn almost as much as
Kate.
One day, when she was finishing the last set
which had been ordered, and was thinking how
much she hoped to be able to sell more, the doctor
entered.
Kate was an especial favorite of his, and after
examining his patient, he turned as usual, to chat
with her.
"What are you so busy about this fine morning,
Miss Kate," he asked, when you ought to be out
in the bright sunshine?"

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"What are you so busy about this fine morning,
Miss Kate," he asked, when you ought to be out
in the bright sunshine?"

Kate readily explained her new business, to
which the doctor listened attentively.
"And so that is your last order?" he said, merrily.
"Well, well, I hope you will soon have more;
and be hurried off!"
A few days passed, and only one more applica-
tion for rosettes had come in. Kate began to fear
that all her work was done, and felt quite dis-
couraged.

One morning, however, the doctor rushed in,
somewhat to Mr. Reed's surprise, as it was sooner
than he had expected another visit.
Ah, good morning, Mr. Reed, said the doctor,
cheerfully. Getting along nicely? And he hastily
felt his pulse, and asked some few questions.
Famous! We shall have you out soon! But
where is my little friend? he asked, looking about.
I came to see her to-day.

She will be back in a moment, doctor, said Mrs.
Reed. I sent her on an errand. Here she is now,
she added, as the door opened, and Kate came in.
Well, Kate, how's the rosette business? Flour-
ishing as ever? The color don't rub off your rib-
bons on your cheeks, anyway, he said, with a
pitying glance at the child's pale face. I wish I
could turn you and your father out to grass. It
would be the best thing for both of you.

Well, never mind that now, he added hastily,
as he saw the wistful look in Kate's eyes, at the
thought of the country. I am in a tremendous
hurry, but ran in to tell you that I mentioned your
rosette-making to a friend of mine, who is the cap-
tain of a company of soldiers. There is to be a
grand parade in a few weeks, and he wants all
the horses in his company decorated for the occa-
sion. See, he has sent you the materials; and the
doctor, opening a package, displayed the rolls of
ribbons, which to Kate's eyes seemed enough to
stock the shop of her friend the milliner.

O doctor, I thank you so much! she began, with
glittering eyes, but the doctor cut her short with:
There, never mind that; I am in a hur-
ry, and so are you, and was leaving the room,
when he suddenly pulled something from his pocket.
Oh, I forgot, there is a pattern of what he
wants; and he disappeared.

Great was the rejoicing in that poor room,
and busily Kate worked. All was completed
by the time her kind friend returned, bringing
with him Captain Stearns of whom he had
spoken.

The captain was entirely satisfied with the
work, and much pleased with the little girl,
who so modestly answered his many questions.
I have little girls of my own, he said, but
should not like to see them as pale as this as
you are, little one. When you grow stronger,
you must try to find country quarters, he
continued, turning to Mr. Reed.

But the doctor's time was too precious to
admit of a long visit, and after a few more
kind words, the two gentlemen departed, leaving
Kate in ecstasies over the amount of money
the kind hearted captain had paid her.

Now, mother, let me take one dollar and go
and buy father a real splendid dinner, and you
shall lay away all the rest, and she said, but
seemingly, wouldn't you please give up work-
ing for to-day, and take a nice walk as you
used to? Then, perhaps, you wouldn't look
so very tired.

Yes, Mary do, urged Mr. Reed. I'll tell
you what we will do, he added, in a more
cheerful tone than his wife had heard him for
many weeks. The doctor said I might go out
a little. The day is quite fine, and we might
celebrate Kate's having earned such a fortune
by getting into the horse-cars after dinner and
riding out of town a short distance.

With a scream of delight, Kate caught the
dollar from her mother's hand, and rushed off
for the dinner.
A happier party was seldom seen than that
poor family on their unwanted holiday. The
fresh air greatly revived Mr. Reed, and they
ventured quite into the country, where Kate
could gather wild flowers, and a faint color
found its way into her cheeks.

O father, if we could only live in the coun-
try, she exclaimed that evening, as she sat
arranging her flowers over and over again.
Perhaps we shall sometime, little girl, was
the reply. You make money so rapidly, who
knows but you will be able to get a country
home soon?

I am afraid not, father, answered Kate, half
laughing at the idea.
"There's many a true word said in jest,"
however, as Kate soon found.
Not many days after Captain Stearns' visit
the doctor appeared again.
Well, really Kate, you are becoming quite
the rage, he said, gayly. Captain Stearns
was so much pleased with you and your ro-
settes, that he has persuaded the colonel of his
regiment to have every company decorated in
the same way; and the captain will be here
to-day with an order, and materials for I don't
know how many hundred rosettes.

But what has brightened you up so, Mr.
Reed? he asked, turning to the invalid.
Having such a good child, I fancy, answered
Mr. Reed, smiling fondly on Kate.
O no doctor! going into the country, cried
the child, and seizing her precious flowers, she

continued, did you ever see anything so love-
ly, doctor? And we went out where such
lots of them grew! I went to the end of the
car route, where there was such a lovely little
house, all buried in vines, and no one living
there. I don't see how any one who had ever
been there could bear to leave it! Do you
know where it is? as the doctor looked up with
a strange expression.

I should think I did, he answered slowly,
and as if thinking aloud. The very thing!—
What a fool not think of it before!

Yes, Kate, he continued, that is the house
where I was born, and lived many years—
Since my mother died it has been shut up, and
sadly needs some one to take care of it. I do
not like to have it go to ruin, and have often
wished I could find some good tenant—some
one I could trust. Suppose I let to you, Kate?
he added, playfully. You are getting so rich,
you can well afford to rent it. I have got to
go out there now, and if you will put on your
hat, you may go too, and see if it suits you.

May I, mother? and seeing the answer in
her mother's eyes, she was on, and Kate
in the chaise in a twinkling.
A few hours later she came home radiant.
The house was lovely—perfect, and furnish-
ed, too! And the doctor said there were to
be a great many buildings erected near there
that fall; and there would be a fine chance
for her father to get work as soon as he was
strong enough.

The doctor confirmed her statements; and
amid the heartfelt thanks of Kate and her
parents, produced a formal lease of the place,
made out in Kate's name, which she with the
most intense gravity signed; and the next
week saw her as happy a girl as any in the
land, in her new home.

THE QUEEN'S INCOME.

(From Cassell's Magazine for July.)

Let us endeavour to ascertain the practical
working of the system under which the Crown
is supported in Great Britain. The first point
to be touched upon is the extent to which all
the arrangements are penetrated with the idea
of constitutionalism. The nation desires that
there shall always be harmonious co-operation
between the responsible Government of the
day and the members of the Royal Household.
This is effected by making the great officers
of the Household—the Lord Chamberlain,
Master of the Horse, Mistress of the Robes,
&c., removable with every change of Ministry.
The scandal and friction which would be oc-
casioned if a Prime Minister's conduct were
criticised from officials in daily contact with
Royalty is thus avoided, and the independence
of the Ministry secured. Again the nation
does not wish to endow a monarch that on the
one hand, his wealth may be applied as mere
caprice or tyranny suggests, perhaps for the
detriment of the freedom of the subject. On
the other hand the nation would be disgusted
at the spectacle of an avaricious or penurious
Sovereign who hoarded his income, and so
proved himself a dwarfed and unworthy repre-
sentative of the majesty of the State. To
counteract both tendencies, the civil list is di-
vided into classes, the object for which the to-
tal of each class is to be applied being speci-
fied by Act of Parliament. In this way the
maintenance of the desired amount of State
patriotry and magnificence is insured. Fi-
nally, the actual issues in each of the classes
are subject to the examination of a Treasury
official, the object of the civil list, most busi-
ness it is to see that the prescribed total is not
exceeded. But this system, however bene-
ficial and constitutional, certainly imposes on
the country some correlative obligations. If
the Crown, after surrendering all its landed
property, receives an income so divided as to
place only £100,000 a year at its absolute dis-
posal, the remainder being appropriated under
conditions which render any considerable econo-
my impossible, it seems but reasonable that the
country should make special arrangements for
special exigencies. Hence it has always been
understood that the nation will grant a dowry
to a son or daughter of the reigning sovereign,
and will bestow pensions on the various mem-
bers of the royal family. A royal marriage
may be an advantage to the State by strength-
ening a national alliance already existing, or
effecting a new one; or it may be the occa-
sion of all sorts of political complications and
trouble. In either case it is of the last im-
portance that any proposed marriage should,
if suitable, have the sanction of Parliament;
if unsuitable, its veto. Now, the granting or
withholding of the dowry gives to the House
of Commons exactly the needed power. If
now we are asked to ascertain the cost of mon-
archy the task is by no means difficult. Her
Majesty receives a Civil List maintenance of
£385,000 a year. To this we must add £31-
000, the revenue derived from the Duchy of
Lancaster, and £17,000, the annual cost of
maintaining the palace in the occupation of
the Crown (such as Buckingham Palace and
Windsor Castle) which is provided for in a
vote of Parliament. These items amount to
£433,000. The Prince of Wales has £100,
000 a year, of which £60,000, is derived from
the Duchy of Cornwall, and £40,000, from an

annuity on the Consolidated Fund; the Prince
of Wales has £10,000; the Duke of Edin-
burgh and Prince Arthur, £15,000 each; the
Princess Royal or Crown Princess of Ger-
many, £8,000; Princess Alice, Helena and
Louise, £6,000 each; the Duke of Cambridge
£12,000; the Duchess of Cambridge £6,000;
and the Princess Teek and Princess Augusta
of Mecklenburg Stralitz, £5,000 and £3,000
each respectively. These annuities amount to
£132,000, and adding this with the Duchy of
Cornwall, to our former total, we reach a total
charge of £625,000 a year. Now the Crown
Lands produce a profit of £375,000, and the
other branches of hereditary revenue about
£13,000, which sums are carried to the Ex-
chequer. Thus the net results of the system
we are discussing is that royalty costs the British
taxpayer less than a quarter of a million a
year. Now taking Professor Leone Levi's es-
timate that the taxation of the working class-
es amount to 12½ per cent. of their taxable
incomes, and calculating the proportion which
the cost of royalty bears to the general expen-
diture of the nation, we arrive at this result,
that in the case of a skilled artisan with a tax-
able income of £100 a year, the maintenance
of royalty costs him ninepence a year. Such,
is the outcome of the Constitutional contract
the nation has made with its Sovereign. His
every spirit bears the mark of that spirit of
compromise which finds its expression in this
saw, "The King reigns, but does not govern"—
which gives the monarch a veto he is never
supposed to exercise—which, in short, de-
fines every act of Government to be the act of
the Sovereign, and yet it is sincerely distrustful
to any other intervention of the Crown than its
implied in sanctioning an act of Parliament.
Of course, arrangements carried out in such a
spirit as this cannot be expected to excite much
enthusiasm; on the other hand, they certainly
disarm criticism. And this is just what has
been achieved by the civil list contract. It
works without friction, is thoroughly constitu-
tional, and, moreover, has made it altogether
impossible for a Republican to attack royalty
in England on the score of cost. Many of the
criticisms which have of late years been di-
rected against the civil list have demonstrated
this. They were left to be trivial and pitiful,
and as a contribution to the discussion of the
relative merits of royalty and republicanism.
Wartless. A logical republican would object
to a king if the crown cost him nothing; and
an ardent propagandist of Divine right would,
we suppose, kiss the sceptre though he were
begged in maintaining it. But once grant
that constitutional monarchy, however illogical
its theory, is desirable simply because it works
well, and it is difficult to see how it could be
maintained more cheaply or more agreeably
than by the civil list. In short, in this as in
other matters, the British nation has aimed
rather at practical utility than at the theoretic ex-
cellence. The result has been undoubtedly
satisfactory. To the ordinary British subject,
proud of his country, and prouder still of his
constitutional freedom, the Queen may be no
more than the hereditary chairman of the
Cabinet which governs the nation; to a
myriad of that greater Britain on the
silver seas, the great Empress is a potent-
iate whose personal will environs their exis-
tence, and whose influence is felt in every event
of their lives. And it is the highest achieve-
ment of our crowned republic's common sense
to have thus developed a government which is
in unison with her sober, practical, British
ideas, and which yet furnishes that emblematic
in a person, essential for the mere enthusias-
tic loyalty and the more exuberant devotion
of Celt, Hindoo, or Parsee.

"Faint heart never won fair lady" may be
true, but when your girl's father wears a num-
ber twelve, with a Scotch sole, and takes par-
ticular pains to show his dog kennel and
armory, and you feel your knees giving way,
your teeth begin to rattle and your eyes to cha-
ter, then, in such instances, the saying is not
applicable.

COWPER'S celebrated line, "England with all
thy faults I love thee still," was thus parodied by
a whimsical Irishman:—"Ireland, with all thy
faults, I love thy still."

A LITTLE boy, carrying home some eggs from
the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?"
asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No,"
said the little fellow, "but the shells came off."

A woman's heart is the only true place for
a man's likeness. An instant gives the im-
pression, and an age of sorrow and change
cannot efface it.

A SCHOOLMASTER asked his scholar if any
of them could quote a passage of Scripture
which forbade a man having two wives, where-
upon nearly the whole school tried out, "No
man can serve two masters."

"I say, Pat, do you know what time the boat
sails?" "How do you know my name is Pat?"
"I guessed it." "Then you can guess what
time the boat sails!"

COQUETTES are like weather cocks—only fixed
when they are moody.

Doctors never allow ducks on their premises,
they make such personal remarks.



California Bitters
gettable preparation,
native herbs found
of the Sierra Nevada,
the medicinal prop-
erty extracted therefrom.
What is the cause
of VIZCAGN Brea,
that they remove
the patient recov-
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of VIZCAGN BITTERS
every disease man is
gentle, Purgative as
ing Congestion of In-
and Visceral Organs,
y good health, let
TERS as a medicine,
alcoholic stimulants

ALD & CO.,
San Francisco, California,
Boston, New York,
and Dealers.

ake these Bitters
as, and remain long
bones are not de-
sion or other means,
d beyond repair.
d proclaim VIZCAGN
terful invigorant that
king system.

nt, and Internit-
so prevalent in the
vers throughout the
lly those of the Mis-
n, Illinois, Tennessee,
s, Red Cholera, Dysen-
y, Albigus, Molecu-
met, and many other
aries, throughout our
the Summer and Au-
y so during seasons of
yess, are invariably
sive derangements of
and other abdominal
atment, a purgative,
essentially necessary.
for the purpose equal
VIZCAGN BITTERS, as
more the dark-colored
which the bowels are
time stimulating the
and, generally restora-
tions of the digestiva-

digestion, Headache,
rs, Coughs, Tightness
s, Sour Eructations of
the Mouth, Bilious-
of the Heart, Inflam-
Pain in the region of
hundred other painful
Eruptions of Dyspepsia,
a better guarantee of
thy advertisement.

g's Evil, White Swel-
uplets, Swelled Neck,
inflammations, Indolent
curial Affections, Old
the Skin, Sore Eyes,
as in all other constitu-
s's VIZCAGN BITTERS
eat curative powers in
nd intractable cases.
tory and Chronic at-
t, Bilious, Remittent
vers, Diseases of the
ys, and Bladder, these
al. Such Diseases are
Blood.

seases.—Persons en-
und Minerals, such as
ers, Gold-beaters, and
uce in life, are subject
a Bowels. To guard
dose of WALKER'S VIZ-
onally.
ses, Eruptions, Tetter,
s, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
cles, Biting worms, Scald
ryapelas, Itch, Scouris,
he Skin, Humors and
in of whatever name or
ing up and carried out
hort time by the use of
Other Worms, lurk-
so many thousands, are
land removed. No spe-
vermifuge, no anthelm-
he system from worms
omplaints, in young or
le, at the dawn of wom-
of life, these Tonic Bit-
fied an influence that
n perceptible.
all cases of jaundice, rest-
er is not doing its work,
treatment is to promote e-
bile and favor its resur-
use VIZCAGN Brea-

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