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Hope, Love, Patience.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold
Thy rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, hope and patience, they must be thy
graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep
school,
For as old age on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe and there sustains it, so
Do these uphold the little world below
Of education—patience, love and hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in solemn show,
The straightened arms upraised, the palms
aloop,
And robes that touch, as down they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow on grass in snow.
Oh, part them never! If hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But love is subtle, and will prove divine
From her own life that hope is yet alive.
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
Woe back the fleeing spirit, and half supplies;
Thus love repays to hope what hope first
gave to love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When o'erthrust'd at length
Both love and hope beneath the load give
way,
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, patience, nothing loth,
And, both supporting, does the work of both.
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

"EDGETT'S THANKS."

"Ain't it strange?" said Polly.
The mellow gold of the summer after-
noon lay like a veil over the artist's
characteristically untidy studio; the
tall red hollyhocks reared their crests
at the window, and a cat-bird was
whistling sweetly in the branches of
the Canada plum tree beyond.
Mr. Edgett, the artist, had gone on a
sketching tour, and Mrs. Molus, the
landlady, had promptly availed herself
of the opportunity to "clean up things
a bit"—a process which was systemati-
cally frowned-down by Mr. Edgett
when in possession of the premises.
Polly was a rubicund-faced, red-
armed girl of twelve, awkward and
clumsy in the extreme degree—but
she was, as Mrs. Molus expressed it,
"a regular spider to work."
"There ain't no grown girls," said
the landlady, "as you'll get more work
out of than you will out of Polly."
And as she scrubbed away at the
floor, her fascinated gaze involuntarily
riveted itself upon a half-completed
sketch of a woman's head upon the
easel—a spirited thing, with wild, back-
ward-flowing hair, eyes full of red
savage light, and firm lips apart.
"Wherever I go, and whichever way
I turn," said Polly, in despair, "they
follow me—them eyes! The thing ain't
alive, be it?"
"That is high art, Polly," said a
grave voice, close to her elbow.
And she nearly upset her cleaning-
pail in the start produced by seeing Mr.
Edgett himself, portfolio, portable
easel, furled umbrella, and all, strapped
across his shoulders.
He had found the summer meadow
too hot, and had returned before the ex-
pected time.
"What are you doing?" he demanded,
sharply.
"Please, sir, I'm a-scrubbin'," said
Polly, rising clumsily to her feet, and
dropping a stiff bob of a courtesy.
"Missis she said—"
"Your missis is a fool, Polly!" crisply
spoke up the artist, "and you are an-
other."
"Please, sir, that's what they always
said at the workhouse," said Polly,
despairingly.
"But, nevertheless," encouragingly
added Mr. Edgett, "you are a good
judge of art. The eyes follow you, do
they?"
And with a shudder, Polly admitted
that they did.
"That woman, Polly," said the artist,
laying down his portfolio, "is Medea."
"Didn't never live hereabouts, did
she?" said Polly, curiously.
"No, she murdered her children
some centuries ago—did Medea."
Polly stared harder than ever, in un-
mitigated horror.
"I hope they gave her a good, round
turn in jail," said she. "I likes little
children—I does. If I'd all the money
I wanted—"
"Well?" said Mr. Edgett.
"I'd build a great, big house, and
I'd take in all the orfings and work-
house children, and them as boasted no home,
and—"
"Polly!"
The shrill voice of Mrs. Molus inter-
posed at this juncture, and Polly's
chateau on Espagne tumbled into
Chateaufort.
Mr. Edgett was a great artist, un-
doubtedly, but somehow his pictures
did not sell. And before the glossy
green of the maple leaves in front of the
house had turned to scarlet, Mrs. Molus
informed him with considerable an-
guish that "there was other parties wait-
ing for the room, as could be depended
on, and she'd trouble him to move out
his things afore nightfall."
Mr. Edgett looked at his lean-jawed
landlady with a troubled, lazy gaze.
"Would you mind waiting a week,

Mrs. Molus?" said he. "I—I do not
feel exactly well, and—"
"I should mind it very much," Mrs.
Molus acrimoniously answered. "I
think I mentioned as the room was let,
and I must beg you to clear out right
away."
So, Mr. Edgett, with throbbing pains
in his head, and a sick, dizzy sensation
at every movement, packed his few mil-
lions and color-tubes, and started
away.
"I am sorry that I must leave here in
your debt, Mrs. Molus," he said, cour-
teously, "but—"
"I am sorry, too!" snapped the dame,
with her thin lips viciously compressed.
"But I hope soon to hear from my
uncle in England, and settle all liabilities."
"Fine words butter no parsneps,"
said the landlady, bouncing back into
the house, like an attenuated india-rub-
ber ball.
Mr. Edgett walked slowly and pain-
fully along, until he reached a sweet-
smelling pine copse, where the shadows
lay dense and deep, and the sound of a
hidden waterfall filled the air with ten-
der mysteries.
"There's an old deserted mill here
somewhere," he said to himself, "I
know, because I sketched it, one
showery day last June. It is cool—cool
and shady—with the noise of dripping
water in one's ears, and I can rest there,
without fear of let or hindrance."

Twenty-four hours afterward, little
Polly, all dust and pallor, came into the
drug store in the village.
"Come, then, what's wanting?" said
the pert assistant, who wore a paper
collar and an imitation gold watch
chain.
"Wot's good for 'eadache?" demanded
Polly, "and fever? and light-headed-
ness? I've got ten cents here, and—"
"Come, girl, clear out of here!" said
the assistant, superciliously. "We
don't want any tramps around."
"I ain't a tramp!" said Polly, with
tears in her eyes and a lump in her
throat. "And I want ten cents' worth
of wot's good for—"
"Where is the case?" demanded the
druggist himself, a shrewd, bald-headed
Scotchman.
And Polly led him to the deserted mill
in the pine woods, where Eustace Edgett
lay, tossing in delirium.
"Child," said he, "do you know what
is the matter with this man?"
Polly shook her head, with her apron
to her eyes.
"I know he's sick," said she, "and
he's no one to nurse him but me. He
knows me, he do—and he says, 'Polly,
you ain't such a fool, arter all.' He was
kind to me, an' he give me a ten-cent
piece once—no one ever did afore—and
I took it to buy medicine, I did!"
"Notas I know an'—"
"He must be removed to a hospital
at once," said the Scotchman. "He is
ill of variola—in other words, small-
pox."
"He mustn't never be took nowhere
where I can't take care of him!" howled
Polly; "for he was good to me!"
When Eustace Edgett's life-bark
drifted back again to the shores of con-
sciousness, two facts met him, face to
face. One was the certainty that his
life was owing to Polly's faithful care;
the other was a black-edged letter from
England, briefly stating the demise of
his uncle, and curtly congratulating
him upon succession to ample wealth.
"Polly!" said the artist, lifting his
heavy eyes to the place where his faith-
ful, red-armed little nurse sat darning
stockings, by the window.
"Sir!" said Polly.
"I'm a rich man at last," said Mr.
Edgett.
"Is you, sir?" said Polly, momen-
tarily fearful that the delirium had re-
turned.
"You shall have your Utopia," said
Edgett.
"Sir!" said Polly.
"The big house, you know," ex-
plained the artist, "for the homeless
children. And we'll call it 'Edgett's
Thanks.' In the meantime, Polly, you
shall go to school."
"But I don't want to go to school,"
said rebellious Polly. "I don't need no
book-learning to take care of the chil-
dren!"
"But you know, Polly," urged Edgett,
"the house can't be built all in a day!
It will take years and years. For Ed-
gett's Thanks must be worthy of its oc-
casion. And you've got to stay some-
where in the meantime; so boarding-
school is the place for you, Polly."
Eustace Edgett went to England to
assume the mantle of his own responsi-
bilities. Polly retired reluctantly enough,
to a school where "young ladies of de-
fective education" were especially
fostered; and the huge, red brick walls
of Edgett's Thanks roared themselves,
by slow degrees, as near as possible to
the spot where its endower had lain
under the roof of the deserted mill,
fighting for his life. And in ten years
he came back again.
The playground was musical with the
merry voices of little children. A tall,
fair-haired young lady stood in their

midst, her flaxen curls blown about, her
eyes shining like blue stars, with a close-
fitting dress of deep, blue serge, outlined
the prettiest of figures.
Involuntarily Eustace Edgett raised
his hat.
"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he;
"but is there a girl by the name of Polly
Browning here?"
"I am Polly!" she cried, blushing
to the very roots of her golden
hair. "Oh, Mr. Edgett, didn't you
know me? I should have known you in
China or Japan!"
The artist stared at the willowy
figure, the soft, shy eyes, the air of
delicate refinement.
"Polly turned into a princess!" cried
he. "Well, I'm ready to believe any-
thing now."
Miss Browning held out her slender
hand.
"Welcome to Edgett's Thanks," said
she, with quiet dignity. "Will you
walk over the buildings now?"
Of course he didn't go back to Eng-
land, and of course he married pretty
Polly, and of course they both live at
Edgett's Thanks, with a family of three
or four hundred little children. And
Polly is radiantly happy—and so is her
artist husband.
For what greater bliss can there be in
this world than to do good and to love?

"The Schoolmaster is abroad."
This well-known and oft-quoted phrase
has a noble origin. It is taken from the
following sensible bit of eloquence of
Lord Brougham, the eminent English
orator:
"There have been periods when the
country heard with dismay that the
soldier was abroad. That is not the
case now. Let the soldier be abroad—
a less important person in the eyes of
some, an insignificant person, whose la-
bors have tended to produce this state
of things. The schoolmaster is abroad.
And I trust more to him, armed with
his primer, than I do to the soldier in
full military array, for upholding and
extending the liberties of the country.
The adversaries of improvement are
wont to make themselves merry at what
is termed the march of intellect, and
here, as far as the phrase goes, they are
in the right. The conqueror moves in a
march. He stalks onward with the
bride, pomp and circumstance of war,
banners flying, shouts rending the air,
guns thundering and martial music
pealing, to drown the shrieks of the
wounded, and the lamentations of the
slain.
Not thus with the schoolmaster, in his
peaceful vocation. He quietly advances
in his humble path, laboring steadily
till he has opened to the light all the re-
cesses of ignorance, and turn up by the
roots the weeds of vice. His is a pro-
gress not to be compared with anything
like a march, but it leads to a far more
brilliant triumph, and to laurels more
imperishable than the destroyer of
his species, the scourge of the world,
ever won. Such men—men deserving
the glorious title of teachers of mankind
—I have found laboring conscientiously,
though, perhaps, obscurely, in their
blest vocation, wherever I have gone.
Their calling is high and holy; their re-
nown will fill all the earth in after ages,
in proportion as it sounds not far off
in their own times."

Born to be Drowned.
The Seattle (W. T.) *Intelligencer* of a
late date says: A fatality to be drowned
seems to hang over the members of the
Love family, old and well-known resi-
dents of Portland, Oregon. A way back
in Illinois, one of the brothers, when a
boy, fell into a well and was drowned.
Some years ago another brother, who
had come to manhood, was drowned in
the Columbia slough. About a year
ago still another brother, William Love,
was drowned in the slough, in nearly
the very same spot where his brother
was drowned years before. About a
month ago Albert Love, a son of
William Love, went to work on the
steamer Calliope. A few days ago the
Calliope went down the river to raise
the sunken steamer Maria Wilkens, and
while walking along the guard of the
boat he fell into the river. Of the sev-
eral men working around the steamer
none could swim. Before assistance
reached him the young man sank in
sight of his relatives and friends.

A Conclusive Answer.
Dr. Murphy was boasting recently
that the climate of Minnesota beats the
climate of California or any other State,
and with a triumphant air of exultation,
exclaimed: "Look at me! behold my
beautiful rounded form. When I came
here I weighed only ninety-seven
pounds, and now I weigh two hundred
and seventy-five pounds. What do you
think of that?" One of the sons of the
late Bishop Willoughby, standing by,
said: "Why, doctor, that's nothing,
look at me; I weigh one hundred and
seventy-five pounds and when I came to
Minnesota, I weighed only six pounds."
The doctor left.—*St. Paul (Minn.)* *Pro-*
ceeder Press.

Midnight Sunshine on Northern Fields.

A Norwegian scientist, Professor
Schubeler, has recently reported the re-
sults of his investigations to determine
the effects of the midnight sun during
the Scandinavian summers on the wheat
and other crops. The sight of the sun
shining near the Arctic circle through
the twenty-four hours consecutively for
weeks together has attracted many to
the North Cape, but few have reflected
on the phenomenon except as a physical
curiosity. In the northern parts of
Norway its uninterrupted radiation is
felt for two months (from June 23 to
August 23), and the powerful influence
of the almost unbroken sunlight on
grains and fruits, as revealed by Pro-
fessor Schubeler's researches and ex-
periments, is astonishing. His experi-
ments were made with samples of Oñio
and Bessarabia wheat, both of which
every year acquired a richer and darker
hue, until finally they assumed the
yellow-brown tint of the hardy home-
grown Norwegian wheats. Similar
color changes occurred in Indian corn
and different kinds of vegetables trans-
planted from foreign countries under
the Norwegian skies. In no case
did the experimenter find any im-
ported plant capable of being grown
in Norway less in intensity of color
after continued cultivation there, while
with many garden plants of Central
Europe after acclimatization they
seem to increase in size and weight.
The conclusion he draws is that wheat
and seeds imported from a warmer
climate, when cultivated under the un-
interrupted sunlight of a Norwegian sum-
mer, become harder as well as larger.
This discovery is of the very highest
importance for the farmers and grain-grow-
ers of our Northwestern States and Ter-
ritories, whose losses in some years
from slight excesses of cold (when the
snow covering for the winter wheat is
too thin) are enormous, but which may
possibly be avoided by planting seed
wheat hardened and invigorated in a
Scandinavian climate and by its pecu-
liar solar influences. There are many
reasons for urging this suggestion on
their attention, with a view to the de-
velopment of our great grain-growing
resources. Professor Schubeler's dis-
covery—the result of thirty years' ex-
perimentation—has been powerfully cor-
roborated by similar skilled researches
of other investigators, showing that
some plants attain in Lapmark, near or
within the Arctic circle, great robust-
ness and depth of color.
These are not, however, the only ac-
quisitions that plants make by exposure
to a night and day sun. The aroma
and flavor of wild and cultivated fruits,
capable of ripening in northern lands,
are much greater than when grown
under more southern skies. This is
particularly observed in the small
ruits which are so grateful in the early
part of the warm season, requiring in
our latitude but a short period of heat
to mature them. Dr. Schubeler main-
tains, as the result of his patient and
careful experiments, that day and night
light unintermitted engenders aroma, as
high temperature engenders sweetness;
and, while the high flavor is obtained
at the expense of sweetness, the latter
quality is of minor importance. How-
ever conflicting tastes may settle this
question the experiments of the Nor-
wegian scientist derive double interest
from the recent inquiries of Dr. Ele-
mens, illustrating the power of the elec-
tric light when applied to plants and
vegetables to quicken and invigorate
their growth. Both investigations,
though entirely independent, have led
to the same scientific result.—*New*
York Herald.

Words of Wisdom.
Ability and necessity will dwell near
each other.
A good article is always worth the
money you pay.
There is nothing so imprudent as ex-
cessive prudence.
Men may be ungrateful, but the hu-
man race is not so.
By over-sugaring of all good qualities
you may turn them to acidities.
Success in most things depends on
knowing how long it takes to succeed.
No man can end with being superior
who will not begin with being inferior.
Blushing is a suffusion—least seen
in those who have the most occasion
for it.
Knowledge without justice becomes
craft; courage without reason becomes
rashness.
If mortals could discover the science
of conquering themselves we should
have perfection.
Cheerfulness or joyousness is the
heaven under which everything not
poisonous thrives.
Agriculture is to be made an obliga-
tory study in all the elements, schools
of France. This is a recent action of
the French senate, and was adopted by
a majority of 364 votes.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The relative status of the chief coffee
consuming countries ranges as follows:
First, the United States, consuming
322,000,000 pounds; next, Germany,
which takes 218,000,000; next, France,
with 110,000,000; next, Austria-Hun-
gary, with 82,000,000; then Holland,
with 68,000,000; and finally Belgium,
with 48,000,000 pounds. These coun-
tries take eighty per cent. of the whole
product of the world. England ranks
among the third-rate consumers, and
Russia, with her 80,000,000 of people,
consumes only one-fifth of a pound per
capita.
England's greatest poet is described in
interesting fashion by a clever corres-
pondent: "Nobody would suspect him
for a poet now. His face is strong and
his eyes have a certain brightness, but
he is seamed, rather than wrinkled,
from forehead to chin; he appears to be
puffy; he is partially bald; he stoops
and shuffles; dresses ordinarily and
carelessly, and has a generally rustic
mien and denotement. He does not af-
fect, and never has affected, general
society, and the fact shows in his bear-
ing and slovenly raiment." The cor-
respondent adds that Mr. Tennyson has
made such wise investment of his large
literary earnings, that his entire prop-
erty is probably worth a million of dollars—
a remarkable fortune for a poet.

The Dukes of Bedford have converted
what was an inland sea in winter and a
noxious swamp in summer, the waters
expanding into meres swarming with
fish and screaming with wild fowl, by
the labors of successive generations of
engineers, into 680,000 acres of the rich-
est land in England, as much the pro-
duct of art as the Kingdom of Holland,
and, like it, preserved for human cul-
ture and habitation solely by contin-
uous watchfulness from day to day. The
present duke is devoted to agricultural
pursuits, and has placed one of his best
arms at the disposal of the Royal Agri-
cultural Society for experiments desig-
ned to improve the scientific knowl-
edge of farmers all over the world.

A German named Baumgardner has
invented an air-ship which is a combi-
nation of balloon and wings such as Mr.
Edison proposes to use alone. From a
published description it seems to be a
rather unwieldy craft, there being ten
or twelve wings and three cars. The
wings are moved by cranks, and an
ascent was made at Leipzig the other
day. The two assistants whom the in-
ventor took with him got scared when
the machine had mounted above the
housetops and jumped out. Baumgar-
dner, however, continued to ascend until
the balloon burst, when he came down
very suddenly. He expects to live long
enough to try it again.

It appears that the German govern-
ment has taken the matter of smoking
seriously in hand, the practice being
carried to so great an excess by the
youth of that nation that it has been
considered to have damaged their con-
stitutions and incapacitated them for
the defense of their country. In certain
towns of Germany, therefore, the police
have had orders to forbid all lairs un-
der sixteen years of age to smoke in the
streets, and to punish the offense by
fine and imprisonment. Moreover, a
Belgian physician has ascertained, dur-
ing a journey of observation and inquiry
made at the request of the Belgian gov-
ernment, that the very general and ex-
cessive use of tobacco is the main cause
of color blindness, an affection which
has occasioned very considerable an-
xiety, both in Belgium and Germany,
from its influence upon railway and
other accidents, and also from the mili-
tary point of view.

The First English Song Set to Music.

The following old English poem is
said to have been the first English song
ever set to music. It was written about
the year 1300, and was first discovered
in one of the Harleian manuscripts now
in the British museum:

APPROACH OF SUMMER.
Summer is i-comen in,
Lauds sing cuckoo;
Growth fed, and bloweth med,
An' the greenh the wide in.
Sing cuckoo.
Awe biote, after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulle sing cuckoo;
Mare sing cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo;
Wel singes the cuckoo;
Ne swik'throw naver nu.
Sing cuckoo nu,
Sing cuckoo.
The following is a literal modern
prose version: Summer is coming.
Loudly sing cuckoo. Growth feed and
bloweth med, and springeth the wood
now. Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth
cow after calf; bullock starteth, buck
verteth (i. e., harboreth among the
ferns); merrily sing cuckoo! Well sing-
est thou, cuckoo. Nor cease to sing
now. Sing, cuckoo, now; sing cuckoo!
—*Bottom Transcript.*

Past, Present, Future.

I said unto the past, 'Give back thy treasure,
For they are mine—are mine by conquest
was;
Give back the lost, the loved, the glorious
pleasures
Which round the day-dreams of my child-
hood clung!"
The past, it answered me with voice of gloom,
"Invoke me not! My joys are in the tomb."
I said unto the present, "Mock me not!
Thou art my boon companion. Dwell with
me,
And we will make sweet life a sunny spot,
When naught but things all pure and bright
shall be."
The present sighed, "My joys can never last;
My numbered hours are gliding to the past!"
I spoke unto the future; but 'twas light
So glorious circled round that shadowy
brow—
Hope's gorgeous iris—so divinely bright
That I could only kneel, and whisper low
"May every moment of the future be
Sacred and dedicat, my God, to Thee!"
—*Youth's Companion.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mexico was colonized just 100 years
before Massachusetts was.
Ships are frequently on speaking
terms, and they lie to.—*Boston Trans-*
cript.
A weak mind is like a microscope,
which magnifies trifling things, but can-
not receive great ones.
Sitting Bull has given his tomahawk
to a Canadian missionary, who has pre-
sented it to a college museum in Ottawa,
Ont.
America now has nearly a hundred
varieties of American grapes under cul-
tivation, and more than eight hundred
varieties of pears.
The London Times estimates that
there are 52,000 blind persons in Great
Britain and Ireland. Nine-tenths of
these, it thinks, could have been saved
from their affliction had the highest
special skill been called to their aid in
time.
Brass pins are whitened by long boil-
ing in copper vessels containing black
tin. The process of making white iron
pins is still a secret. There are eight
pin factories in the United States, with
an annual production of about 7,000,-
000,000 pins.
Juvenile Theology.—Mother (at tea-
table): "Jack, who helped you to those
tartar?" Jack (aged seven): "The Lord."
Mother: "The Lord? Why, what do
you mean, Jack?" Jack: "Well, I
helped myself, but father said yester-
day that the Lord helps those who help
themselves."
Some one says dandruff may be de-
stroyed by rubbing the roots of the hair
with lemon. The remedy is not as sim-
ple as it looks. It is easy enough to
pull out each particular hair and rub its
root with a lemon, but to get the hair
back in its proper place is the
fifteen-puzzle comes in.—*Norridown*
Herald.
The French academy of sciences has
awarded a prize of \$500 to Boutmy &
Foucher for their improved and safe
method of manufacturing nitro-glycer-
ine. For the past six years there has
been no death in making nitro-glycerine
at their works at Vonges, and the
health of the employees has been excel-
lent.
Near the village of Dubno, province
of Vladimir, Russia, a number of dogs
attacked a woman and tore her to pieces.
A peasant, who happened to see the
woman struggling with the infuriated
dogs, and who tried to save her, was
nearly killed himself. He was rescued
by the combined efforts of seven peas-
ants. These dogs belong to a rich man,
who takes a barbaric pleasure in keep-
ing the peasants in dread of them.
That Boy's Hair.
A Michigan doctor has written a
book upon the human hair, in which
he presents these views: Hairs do not,
as a rule, penetrate the scalp perpen-
dicularly, but at an angle. When the
angle of the different hairs is the same,
it is possible to give it the easy sweeps
and curves which we generally see it
take, but if they are by some freak of
nature misplaced, we have the rebel-
lious "frizzle-top" that are not suscep-
tible of the influence of the brush and
comb. Many a poor mother has half
worried her life out trying to train her
Johnny's rebellious locks into better
ways, believing it was Johnny's per-
verseness of manners that induced such
displacated looking head-gear, when it
was really none of Johnny's fault at all,
but simply a freak of nature in mis-
placing the radiating centers of his
"hirsute covering." Sometimes fowls
suffer from a contrivance placing of
the feathers—they run the wrong way.
The author's father had a hen whose
leg-feathers ran up toward the body,
those on the body and neck toward the
head. This gave her a perpetual "out-
of-sorts" look, and she could never fly.
The erection of the hair of animals
during anger or of human beings in
fright is caused by a change in the skin
and the angle at which the hair enters
the head or body.

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Practical Hygiene,
C. O., Burlington, Vt.

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