

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E VARIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cyc.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVII.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 24, 1880.

NO. 13.

The Cloud.

The cloud lay low in the heavens;
Such a lifted cloud it seemed,
Just lightly touching the sea's broad breast,
Where the rose light lingered across the west
Soft and grave as in innocence rest,
While the gold athwart it gleamed.
It looked such a harmless cloudlet,
Seen over the sleeping wave,
Yet the leen-eyed mariner shook his head,
As slowly it crept o'er the dusky red,
"See! the rocket lines are clear," he said,
And his lips set stern and grave.
And o'er ever the eve was midnight,
That cloud was lowering black,
Dimmed the light of the stars away,
Dimmed the flash of the starry spray,
As the breakers crashed in the northern bay,
Winds howling on their track.

So in life's radiant morning
Many a tiny care or cross
Just trouble the peaceful course of love,
As if the strength of its way to prove,
As it to whisper, my surface may move,
But my roots can laugh at loss.
It may seem such a little jarring,
Only experience sighs,
For, with time's sad learning to sharpen the
glance,
He sees the "rib in the lute" advance,
Knows how late may seize upon circumstance
To sever the closest ties.

Ah, me! in the fiercest tempest
The life-boat its work may do;
But what can courage or skill avail
When the heart lies wrecked by passion's
gale,
When change or death has fared the sail,
When treason has bribed the crew.
Then watch, oh! hope and gladness,
Watch for the rising cloud;
Sun it away, frank warmth of youth;
Blow it away, bright breeze of truth;
For, oh! there is neither mercy or truth
Should it once your heaven enshroud.

LOVED AT LAST.

Hugh Fenton stood looking at her, his face full of white pain, his grave, handsome eyes showing eloquently the anguish and desolation of his spirit.

For a moment earlier, Lola Bourne had refused him—gently, tenderly, with distress on her sweet, pure face, and keen regret that she was forced to make him suffer so, in her low, pitiful tones.

But, for all her sweetness and tenderness, and sympathy and distress, she had been resolute.

"I do thank you for your regard for me, Mr. Fenton—I shall ever remember it as one of the brightest spots in my life. But," and her voice had lowered to an inexpressible gentle tone, whose very carefulness and pitifulness had denuded him. "I do not love you, and I would not dare marry where I did not love."

She was so sweet and winsome to see, so womanly and delicate for a girl of nineteen, and so lovely in her beauty—slight, graceful, dignified, always a little more grave and thoughtful than other girls of her age and position in society, and even more grave and dignified since the troubles had come upon her that left her to face the world without parents or money.

Hugh had always worshiped her, since the time a year or so before when her father had taken him home to dinner one evening, and introduced him to Mrs. Bourne and Lola, with an after ardent recommendation to their notice and friendship.

And now when, in one little half-year, there had occurred the startling series of pitiful calamities to the girl, her parents both taken from her, and the magnificent home literally sold over her head, it had been, as Lola said, one of the brightest memories of those inexpressible weary times that Hugh Fenton had offered her his hand and love, his name and fortune.

Only she could not accept because, as she had gently, honestly told him, she did not love him; and to stroke her as Lola Bourne, Hugh Fenton's fortune and social position were no temptations whatever.

Hugh stood looking at the sweet, pure, pale face that his heart and soul so longed to gather to his breast, and kiss forever away the sad shadows out of the dusky eyes.

"But I cannot have you go out in the world and be buffeted about as a cruel destiny arbitrarily chooses," he said. "Lola, even if you don't love me, let me take you and care for you! Lola, my dear little girl, do you think I can endure the luxuries and elegancies of my lonely home, knowing the woman I love, the woman I want, is working for daily wages, perhaps hungry, perhaps not suitably clothed, often weary and lonely, and certainly with no one to cherish and protect? Oh, my darling, be merciful! Come home, and let me teach you how to love me. I will try to be content with what you can give me—friendly trust and regard. Lola, think again, I pray you!"

She shook her little dusky head, that was so firmly and proudly poised on her fair white throat.

"It cannot possibly be, dear Mr. Fenton. I am not afraid to face the world, but I am afraid to bestow my hand where my heart cannot be given!"

And with her firm, gentle resolution, he had to be content; and he went away from the plain little lodging-house, where, in exchange for music lessons to two refractory girls, Lola was allowed comfortable accommodations—went away with his heart crushed to the very earth, and feeling as if never again would the sun shine golden-bright for him.

While Lola went slowly up to the little plain room which was not so pleasant as had been the servants' rooms in her own father's house.

There was a little look of pain on her mouth and a deep, troubled expression in her eyes as she sat patiently down to some sewing.

"I could not have done otherwise—oh, it would have been dreadful to have promised to be his wife just because he could save me from this life! I wish I could love him; I have tried and tried, and I cannot."

And then, the matter thus conscientiously settled in her own mind, Lola went on in her plain, new dull little way of living, to be suddenly and sharply aroused from it a day two or three weeks later by a telegram from Hugh Fenton, that briefly said only this:

"I am dying. Will you come to me?" Dying! Her one good friend, her one dear friend. Dying! It seemed a cruel mockery to think of his dying in the flush and glory of maturity, with everything in the world to live for.

She hastened to him as fast as the first train could take her, to find him lying pale and peaceful, waiting for the woman he loved.

He could still speak, wearily, and with labor, but his face grew radiant with a tenderness that seemed less of mortal joy than the reflection from the hither shore, when she knelt weeping beside him.

"No; this is best for me, Lola," he said, tenderly. "I would rather die like this, with you here beside me, than live without you. My darling, do you know why I have sent for you?"

Even amid all the pity and desolation in her heart, she shivered at his suggestive words.

"Oh, my friend, Hugh—"

"I interrupted her, quietly."

"I want you to let me give you my name before I go, dear. I want you to know how thoroughly, how perfectly I love you. You will not refuse? It is the last request I shall make of a human being—don't refuse me this—don't send me away—don't yonder—without granting me this. It will not hurt you, Lola—I shall not be here to annoy—you will be comfortable and happy, and free as ever—and I—"

He smiled in her horrified eyes.

"Oh, Hugh—not so! I cannot take advantage of you—I dare not be so cruelly selfish—"

"I understand, dear—fully. But you seem to forget how it will take the last sting from my dying pillow, how it will lighten the way clear to the beyond, if I may know my wife weeps for me."

Her beautiful face was pale as his, her eyes glowed like dusky stars, her voice was clear, intense.

"Will it do that for you, my friend? Knowing all you know, will it please and comfort you?"

"It will make me welcome death to call you my wife one little hour."

"Then, Hugh, whenever you are ready, I am ready."

And so, a half-hour later, the family clergyman stood at the bedside, and in the presence of the dying man's mother and sister, and the gray-haired physician, Lola was made Hugh's wife.

Nor, except for the mortal pallor of her face, and the deathly coldness of her hand, did the man who loved her know of the terrible agony that was in her mind.

And the minister went away, and Clara Fenton kissed the dear, peaceful, radiant face on the pillow, and threw her arms round Lola's neck and sobbed out her anguish and gratitude, and the dear, quivering-lipped old mother blessed her boy's wife, and Dr. Sanford shook her hand warmly.

"I only wish I might have seen this under other circumstances, Mrs. Fenton," he said, and nobody but the man who loved her saw the uncontrollable shudder that surged over Lola at the sound of the new name.

An hour or so later the family lawyer was closeted with Hugh Fenton, and when Lola was called in, afterward, her husband's face was so exquisitely peaceful and satisfied that it almost startled her.

"Doctor Sanford tells me there is only an hour or so more, in all probability—everything is done, my wife. I am at peace with the world, my conscience and heaven. Sit here with me, dear, until—the last. I want your sweet face to be the last I see this side."

So there they were, she, cold, pale, strung to a nervous tension that was agony to endure, and he—perceptibly growing further and further away, until, like a baby on its mother's breast, he closed his eyes.

All through the night they watched and waited for the breath to flutter away forever, and just when the dawn began to break Dr. Sanford took his

fingers off the wrist, and turned with a choked, solemn voice:

"Thanks be to God! Hugh will live! The crisis has passed, and his pulse has been strengthening steadily for fifteen minutes."

And the next second Lola lay in a dead faint on the floor beside her husband's bed.

Her husband! And he would live! And she—did not love him! Heaven be pitiful!

Such fearful days followed, and yet nobody but these two understood anything about it, and even they did not wholly understand each other.

Such awful days, when Lola prayed that at heart she might not be a murderer; that heaven would give her strength to endure the life forced upon her; when Hugh cursed the fate that spared him, because she was so cruelly punished by the mistake of it all.

Days, and weeks, and months passed, finding Lola always at her post, always where a fond, loving wife would be; finding her growing more and more patient, and even more sweetly gentle than ever, if that were possible, while Hugh grew restless and impatient, and the one great dread of his life—the dread lest she should after while hate him instead of being simply indifferent as she was now, grew on him like a nightmare.

Until one day he announced his intention of going abroad—to gain strength, he told Lola—to rid her of him she knew so well he meant.

"And alone, Hugh?"

"Alone—certainly," he said, almost harshly in his bitterness.

For who was there in all the world to go with him?

So he made his preparations with a heart as heavy as lead—a heart that suffered untold agony as he saw the new glad light that was daily coming in his wife's eyes—joy at the speedy prospect of being separated from him, if only for awhile.

And then he said good-bye and went his way, by easy stages and frequent stops, until he reached the lovely summer land of Italy, to Florence, the city of flowers—a heartick, heartsome man, who would rather have laid down his life than to live longer the solitary, loveless existence that fate had apportioned him.

And yet—despite all his bitterness, his self-loathing, his brain and heart were all athrob in expectation of the letter from his wife he knew would be there.

Only—it was not there!

And he went slowly, despairingly to the rooms engaged by telegraph, wondering why all of life and hope and joy and love such as glorified other men's lives, were denied him, wondering—

And opening the door to see Lola waiting for him—Lola, all her passionate soul in her eyes, all her sweet, yearning nature in the low cry with which she sprang to him.

"Oh, Hugh! I could not let you leave me! I did not know until you were gone that—"

His face was pale as death. He looked at her—one glance in which their hearts were unveiled, one moment when it seemed that heaven had suddenly opened to them.

"Lola! My wife!"

"Hugh! Oh, Hugh, my darling!" And so their happiness came to them.

A New and Economical Method of Intoxication.

A New York lady has discovered why men drink, and come home fuddled and silly, and invented a means whereby the same results may be secured without losing their delightful society and companionship. The secret she imparts to all women who may be sufferers in body or mind from the inebriate habits of their lords. In the evening, she says, after we have set our hearts for some time, and he says, "My dear, I have some business to attend to and will be back in an hour or two," I say, "John, get up in the middle of the floor and turn round and round for fifty times, and it will do you just as much good as going out to see about that business."

When he has turned round about thirty times I say, "Stop, John; brace up; take another," and as soon as he stops he tumbles headfirst into a corner, or stands bowing to me and the furniture quite in his old way and to as good a purpose. In a short time he comes to himself with a flushed face, and perhaps a slight headache, but with his money all safe in his pocket. It is ridiculous to see him act in such a way, but not more absurd than to find him trying to come upstairs on the wrong side of the baluster, or engaged in conversation with the hat-rack. If my weary-headed sisters will coax their male relatives, friends and acquaintances with proper arguments, doubtless they will find their account in so doing, and all will be well. Dizziness is what men are after when they drink, and turning around in the way I speak of is the easiest and cheapest way of becoming dizzy. If our society shall receive encouragement from the public it will soon put lecturers in the field and carry the war into Africa.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The newspaper advertisement, an exchange truthfully says, is a never-tiring worker in the interests of its employer. When the bill distributor has disappeared from the streets and his bills tramped into pulp, the advertisement is performing its silent mission in the family circle. It appeals to a constituency three or four times larger than the actual sale of the paper, for there are few newspapers which do not pass from hand to hand through three or four persons with every issue.

Boston and Portland merchants ship large quantities of lumber to Brazil, because she has very few mills. The streams wash away many trees, which mill owners at their mouths would simply have to capture and land. A Portuguese who built a mill a few years ago at the mouth of the Madeira river, has recently retired with a large fortune, although he had employed only the rudest machinery and unskilled workmen. The cedar logs floating down supplied him in five months in every year with sufficient timber for the entire year's work.

The work of the Swiss earthquake commission will be watched with much interest just now on account of the great number of earthquakes, some very destructive, that have disturbed different parts of the earth within the last few months. The commission have distributed Switzerland for the purposes of observation, and each district has a chief observer assigned to it, whose business it is to make the inhabitants serve as his assistants by distributing among them a pamphlet describing the phenomena of earthquakes and the best means of observing them, and blank forms containing a series of questions, carefully prepared and intended to form a skeleton history of every earthquake that is observed. Instruments for measuring the force, direction, duration and so on, of all earthquake shocks, are to be placed in the hands of skilled observers at certain stations.

The bells of St. Mark's church, Philadelphia, were silenced by an injunction obtained by annoyed neighbors, and the court of appeals sustained the order. The result of that case has led to movements against church bells elsewhere. In St. Louis a chime in the Congregational Church of the Pilgrims has been attacked by two physicians living close by. These bells are struck every quarter of an hour, the number of strokes number being 1,116 a day, besides the tuning-pling on Sundays and prayer-meeting nights. The two physicians say, in applying for an injunction, that the noise is destructive of comfort and dangerous to health. The church officers reply that the chime is a fine one, and that the complainants would not object if they were not infidels, to whom any Christian sound would be unpleasant.

Probably in no city on the globe are there furnished such opportunities for Christian worship as in the great metropolis of the world, London. Many of the continental cities have but few churches, and it is said that in 1871 that of 23,400 funerals in the city of Berlin, 20,000 of them had no religious services whatever, either at homes, churches or at the grave. From "Mackson's Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs" for 1880, we learn that there are 872 churches of the "Establishment" in the city of London within a radius of twelve miles. Of these 345 were open for daily service; 370 were entirely free churches; at 400 there was a weekly celebration of the holy communion; daily celebration in forty-three churches; surplised choir in 375 churches; a paid choir in less than one-fourth; voluntary choir in 388, and 133 churches were always open for private prayer. It will be noted that this guide only alludes to church of England parish churches. The aggregate of other houses of worship must be very large.

That abdications is the only remedy in Russia is the moral which the *Pall Mall Gazette* draws from the recent explosion in the Winter palace. It contends that the czar is "to the desperadoes, his murderous subjects, the representative and incarnation of an intolerable evil system of government. No matter how wrong they may be, that is what he does stand for, and they believe that the only way to strike at it is to strike at him. To preach the goodness of the czar to them is therefore futile; and equally futile will it be for him to rely on the consciousness that he is a good and not a bad sovereign. It is for him to choose whether he will or will not remain at his post; but it seems scarcely doubtful that if he does remain these attempts on his life will continue; and it is far too bold an expectation that, though they do continue, he will still and always escape them. The dilemma is inexorable. The czar is threatened with destruction as a man, and the threat will never cease unless and until he consents by his own act to destroy himself as a ruler."

An Oriental Mesmerizer.

Strange stories come from India of the feats performed by a native mesmerizer named Buni, whose magnetic power would appear to be found quite irresistible by the lower animals, upon which he exclusively exerts it. He gives seances, to which the public are invited to bring all manner of ferocious and untamable wild beasts, and holds them with his glittering eye. In a few seconds they subside into a condition of cataleptic stiffness, from which they can only be revived by certain passes which he solemnly executes with his right hand. A snake in a state of virulent irritation was brought to Buni by a menagerie proprietor, enclosed in a wooden cage. When deposited on the platform it was writhing and hissing fiercely. Buni bent over the cage and fixed his eye upon its occupant, gently waving his hand over the serpent's restless head. In less than a minute the snake stretched itself out, stiffened, and lay apparently dead. Buni took it up and thrust several needles into its body, but it gave no sign of life. A few passes then restored it to its former angry activity. Subsequently a savage dog, held in a leash by its owner, was brought in, and, at Buni's command, let loose upon him. As it was rushing toward him, bristling with fury, he raised his hand, and in a second the fierce brute dropped upon its belly as though stricken by lightning. It seemed absolutely paralyzed by some unknown agency, and was unable to move a muscle until released from the magnetizer's spell by a majestic wave of his hand.

A Future Feminine Diary.

Monday.—Just I had settled my household work for the day. I was called away to serve on a jury, and had to remain in the law courts until the evening.

Tuesday.—Some riots having taken place in our neighborhood, was forced to act as special constable. Paraded the streets all day long in a state of constant alarm.

Wednesday.—Received a letter from my friend Susie, who has heard that the militia are to be called out. Visited her, and discovered that the women, as citizens, are now liable to military service.

Thursday.—Had to attend an inquest as a coroner's jurymen. A very unpleasant duty indeed, as it was held upon a man who had committed a most horrible suicide.

Friday.—Having failed to obey the orders of a county court judge, was locked up in prison for contempt. I owe this scrape to the extravagance of my husband—a man who will buy hats and coats, and will not work for our living.

Saturday.—In deep tribulation. The governor of the jail is a female, and as a matter of course, favors the male prisoners. Asked for a book, and was furnished with a work upon Roman law. Cried myself to sleep over a passage which told me that no one could obtain the privileges of a citizen without accepting a citizen's duties and responsibilities. Oh, why did I give up the privileges of a real woman for the miseries of a mock man?

A Man With a Record.

Mr. Ben F. Wilson, of New Haven, Nelson county, Ky., is now eighty-two years of age. He has been magistrate twelve years. He fines every man one dollar for each time he uses a profane oath, and has receipts for payment of the same.

He never used a profane oath. He never tasted a drop of liquor. He never smoked a cigar or tobacco, or chewed in his life.

He never saw a horse-race for money. He never knew one card from another, though he is known from his home to New Orleans.

He has been a member of the Methodist church for sixty years—class-leader and steward for fifty-nine years.

He has been going to Sunday school for sixty-four years.

He has traveled through eleven States of the Union.

The Girl who Coughed.

The editor of the *Richmond Register* got into trouble in this wise: He was at church one Sunday night, and saw near a young lady who had a cough. The next issue of his paper happened to have an advertisement of a cough medicine, which read something like this: "The young lady who was at church Sunday night with that annoying cough should go and buy a bottle of cough syrup." The above-mentioned young lady read it, and, not knowing it was an advertisement, took it all to herself and forth with pounced upon the editor for so cruelly mistreating her. It was only after a heroic explanation that she was convinced that she was not in ended in the paragraph—*Lexington (Ky.) Transcript*.

The Seven Stages.

Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.
Only a child,
Toddling alone,
Brightening now its happy home.
Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by sterner rule.
Only a youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems.
Only a man,
Batling with life,
Shared in now by loving wife.
Only a father,
Burdened with care,
Silver threads in dark-brown hair.
Only a graybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.
Only a mound,
O'ergrown with grass,
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

High heels—Some doctors' charges.
The man who dines off pig's feet is reduced to extremities.

Dead men—Those who try to do business without advertising.—*Modern Argosy*.

The directors of the Philadelphia Academy of Music have opened a free school for the training of opera singers.

Lots of men will waste a dollar's worth of time beating a salesman down five cents on his price.—*Scrubenville Herald*.

We hear a good deal of sport about finding out a woman's age; but it is even harder to find a man's age.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Hon. John A. Cuthbert, of Mobile, Ala., is still practicing law in that city, although ninety-one years old. He was an officer in the war of 1812, and was elected to Congress from Georgia in 1819.

What is the difference between smashing a window and smashing an arm? In the first instance you go through the pane, while in the second the pain goes through you.—*Philadelphia Item*.

The startling discovery has been made that there are 42,000 different kinds of weeds in the United States, not including, we suppose, widow's weeds, which, as this is leap year, are more numerous than ever.—*Waterloo Observer*.

In the eighteen years from 1860 to 1878 inclusive, the population of the United States increased fifty per cent., the imports and exports increased respectively twenty-eight and eighty-five per cent., and the currency increased 130 per cent.

Mrs. Clark, of Indiana, was thoughtless enough to present her husband with a petition signed by herself and her seven children praying for a new calico dress. Mr. Clark thereupon threw the petition under the table and his wife out of the window, and now she is a cripple for life.

An inscription in an old cemetery at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, is neatly and plainly cut in the marble slab, as follows: "Christiana, wife of John Haag, Died, February 31, 1869." How such a blunder ever got into the copy, or how even the stone-cutter could let it go on is a mystery.

A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking;
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it fall;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rose leaf—that is all.
—*Chambers' Journal*.

An ancient tom-cat on the summer kitchen;
A boot-jack raised, a solemn caterwaul;
A moment's silence, and a quick departure;
And then, a wasted boot-jack—that is all.

Words of Wisdom.
It is better to need relief than to want heart to give it.

The secret of fashion is to surprise and never to disappoint.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.

He that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.

Everything that truly and naturally belongs to a human career has its sacred side.

Alexander being asked how he conquered the world, replied: "By not delaying."

No man is so insignificant as to sure his example can do no hurt.

Youth will never live to age unless young keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness.

Our life is like Alpine country where winter is found by the side of summer, and where it is but a step from a garden to a glacier.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstinence from harm; but as the exertion of faculties in doing good.

tract.
tract.

RHAGES.

EXTRACT.
in bottles.
TER.

wa preparation
the Extracts
are as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools
for bleeding of
the nose. Our nasal
material aids in
the only specific
suffering complaint,
head, &c. Our
nasal service in
obstinate cases
of hemorrhage from
Fond's Ex-
tract.

It cures the
pains of the
stomach, and
is as quickly
acting, bleeding,
it is always reli-
able in all schools