HOW BRITAIN'S SHIPS SENT ENEMY SCURRYING TO PORT

The Story of the Great Battle in the North Sea --- One of the Most Gallant Deeds in the British Naval History.

The Glasgow Herald gives the following full and vivid account of the great battle fought off the coast of Jutland. Its correspondent summarises in the brilliant despatch the incomparable fight put up by Admiral Beatty and his battle cruiser squadron against the flower of the German high seas fleet, which will go down to history as one of the most heroic battles in the annals of the British navy.

When the full story of last week's naval battle comes to be told (says the "Glasgow Herald") it will probably be found that if the extravagant stories in circulation on Friday did not materialize, the result of the fight was much more satisfactory than the first official announcement led one to understand. That, at any rate, is the outstanding impression gained from a visit to one of the East Coast ports to which some of the ships engaged have returned. It is the military situation all over again.

The optimists are at the front, the croakers are at home, and so these people are shaking their heads gloomily over the Admiralty announcement. It is a heartening experience to get into touch with the men who have been through the fight. There is no pessimism there. They are firmly convinced that our ships gave as good and better than they got, nay, that if the full tale of German losses were told by the enemy the battle would be hailed as one of the finest actions of the British.

The whole truth may or may not be told, but taking it even from the official announcements there is much to encourage, and from beginning to end nothing which shall not increase our pride and our confidence in the Navy and the men who control and man it. Whatever the enemy's mission "during an enterprise directed northwards," whether to break out into the Atlantic or to carry out another raid on the British coasts, it failed.

Our battle cruisers met them, encountered first their battle cruiser squadrons, gave them a merciless pounding, then when enemy reinforcements came held up the German battle fleet in a gallant but hopeless fight till our Grand Fleet arrived.

The Germans Bolt for Home.

Then the Germans, having bravely engaged the weaker force, bolted like bullies for home. Sir David Beatty could have avoided fight, but it is not the British way. He knew the British Grand Fleet was speeding to his aid. He knew that to engage the whole might of the German navy was to sacrifice ships, and to sacrifice men. But he knew also the high stakes he played for, and right gallantly did he do his part.

Three of his battle-cruisers have gone to the bottom, with their gallant crews of officers and men. Others have come in bearing their battle scars; but Sir David Beatty's reputation stands untarnished. "You have not lost faith in Beatty?" one of the Tiger's men was asked. "Lost faith in Beatty? No—and we never shall." That is the spirit of the men. They are proud to have been in the fight. They believe—they are sure—we won, and they say, "Wait some days, and you will see." The men may be hopeless, unreasoning optimists, but from the crews of super-Dreadnoughts, battle-cruisers, and flotillas you get the same story. They say they speak of what they saw.

In a battle which ranged from 12,000 yards eight capital ships went down like tin cans filled with water; smaller craft exploded, and went up like a pinch of snuff; and destroyers were wiped out like so many flies. They may be wrong, but that is the impression you get wherever you go. "Wait some days, and you will see." It seems a far cry to the Dogger Bank, to that far-off winter day when Beatty sent the Germans fleeing home, and the poor old Blucher, left to her fate by her faster consorts, turned her bottom to the sky and disappeared.

Only once since then have they tried the raiding game. They raided Lowestoft and bolted, and it was a matter of minutes between a clean pair of heels and a battering to death. Since the Dogger Bank scraps have occurred little affairs of small craft, exciting enough in their way, and affording scope for seamanship, initiative, and gunnery but having no real bearing on the ultimate issue of the supremacy of the seas. For the big ships it has been a long and weary wait.

It has not been what we all believed on Friday, the titanic death struggle of the rival fleets, but it is the biggest thing in respect of the forces engaged that we have had, and from the attitude adopted by Germany, are likely to have for many a day. For the one outstanding fact is that once again when brought to challenge of our main fleet the Germans ran away.

Scenes at the Ports.

The morning brought the ships and with them the news. There had been losses, grevious losses, but naval battles take their toll. The news spread like fire, and for very many it was sad, [illegible]. The grey old town is filled [illegible] womanfolk of the officers and the men, and the battle losses hit them hard.

Of all the poignant scenes there stands out the little fellow in sailor suit, "H.M.S. Invincible" on the ribbon of his cap, watching with his mother for "daddy's ship," which never came back. To distracted women there came calmer moments and through grief there shone the proud spirit and calm heroism that animates the womenfolk of the British navy. The ships which came home bore eloquent testimony to the fierceness of the hammering to which they had bravely stood up, but they bore their battle scars proudly, and as they moved to their anchorage, led by the indomitable Lion, they were greeted with hearty cheers. Never was rumor so busy as she was that day, and the Admiralty announcements in the evening disposed of many a fantastic tale.

The battle cruiser squadron was shoving through the water at a good 25 knots, destroyers and light cruisers in their appointed places. The sea was smooth as a mill pond. The day was warm, a slight haze hung over the water. As the official announcement puts it "visibility was low." For well-nigh 16 hours the squadron steamed steadily on.

Then the destroyers screen reported the presence of enemy craft. Small craft, but significant perhaps of the presence of bigger. A smart little destroyer action was begun, the light cruisers dashed up to assist and soon the first phase of the battle was in full swing, later the battle cruisers joined, and when the enemy appeared with the full strength of his battle cruiser squadron all the elements of an evenly-contested battle were present. But the readiness with which the Germans accepted the challenge must have set Admiral Beatty to thinking hard. The Germans — and from their point of view it may be sound enough tactics —do not fight unless they are there in superior force.

They do not fight as the British do always and at any cost. For the first time since the war began they stood up to Admiral Beatty and his indomitable ships, and from impressions gathered from Beatty's men who have come through the fight the Germans suffered heavily during that phase. Their gunnery was good, but it was not so good, not nearly so good, as ours. It was a running fight fought at a speed which gave the advantage to our ships. The Lion, as on the memorable day of the Dogger Bank, led the line, followed by the mighty Tiger; both performed marvels of speed, and there should be further honors for engine-room staffs. Opposite them at long range was, among others, an old enemy in the Derfflinger.

In the Dogger Bank fight the Derfflinger sent a shell into the wardroom of the Tiger, and no lie has been more industriously circulated among neutrals by the Germans than that the Tiger had been sent to the bottom. It was therefore with a peculiar relish that the crew of the Tiger proceeded to demonstrate to their old enemy that they were very much alive. From the Tiger there went a shell which, as those in a position to observe reported, got one of the Derfflinger's turrets and wiped out the whole gun crew.

Others were planted with equally deadly effect on the enemy, and unless the Tiger men are greatly out in their calculations there is not much more likely to be heard of the Derfflinger.

The battle raged with tremendous violence. The air was filled with white hot steel dust and shivers, and the ears were deafened with the tremendous crash and clatter of all. Had the opposing forces remained as they were the result was inevitable. Beatty's squadron was adding to its battle honors. Smart manoeuvring and seamanship and fine gunnery were telling their tale when another factor intervened which would have sealed the fate of the enemy squadrons.

Arrival of the Super-Dreadnoughts.

With the battle cruiser squadron there had gone out from the Scottish port what in the official announcement are called "four fast battleships." The Warspite was one, sister ships of the "Lizzie" class in the Barham, the Malaya, and the Valiant were the others. The battle cruiser action was fought with the enemy lying close to neutral Danish waters off Jutland.

Everything was going well with Admiral Beatty when the four super-Dreadnoughts came up and rushed in to cut off the enemy from his southern base. Beatty was then to drive in from the northeast and either force the Germans to shelter in neutral waters or compel them to accept the challenge of the heavy battleships.

The strategy was excellent, but it was applied too late.

From the south came the reinforcements which provided the explanation of the phenomenon of the Germans accepting Beatty's challenge.

From the south came the major portion of the German grand fleet. The Warspite got the brunt of the first attack. It is said she became isolated from her consorts, got surrounded by half a dozen enemy ships, made a brilliant fight against them, and by clever manoeuvring showed a clean pair of heels. The other super-Dreadnoughts retired to the assistance of the battle cruisers who were then faced with the dreadful ordeal of tackling unsupported the flower of the German navy. It is this phase of the fight which will go down as one of the most gallant deeds in British naval history.

In naval construction you choose between speed and protection. Battle cruisers are built primarily for speed, and are not intended to face up to a prolonged fight against heavily armoured and heavily gunned ships. Beatty knew the risks he ran, but he had to hold the enemy at all costs. He knew the Grand Fleet was not far behind, and he knew what it meant if he could hold on till Sir John Jellicoe arrived. What Beatty and his men went through during these hours of Inferno no one but themselves can ever realise. Strong men, physically strong and strong of nerve, men who had looked death in the face in naval actions before, shuddered as they thought of it.

"It was like 40 thunderstorms rolled into one," said one of them. "It was as if all the ammunition in Britain and Germany had been let off in one half hour," said another. "It was hell," was the commonest description you got. The poor Queen Mary was the first to go under. A great shell punched through her over her thinner armour plating; her magazine exploded, and the gallant ship, almost our latest battle cruiser, buckled up and sank like a stone. The indefatigable went next. The German shells with poisonous gas exploded, filling the ships with their fumes, and doing great havoc among the crews at their stations; annihilating blasts from 12-in guns took the vessels like a tornado, wiping away men like flies.

A Fight Against Heavy Odds.

The Lion and the Tiger, manoeuvring with marvellous skill and speed, kept their heads up and their faces to the enemy. Soon, too, the Lion had to fall out, one of her turrets jammed and several of her guns out of commission. Then Admiral Hood, with the Invincible, the Inflexible, and the Indomitable arrived from another station. With them came the armoured cruisers of the second cruiser squadron, including the Warrior, the Defence, and the Black Prince, three gallant ships resting from their labors. The gallant and brilliant Admiral put up a great fight against heavy odds.

But fate was against him, and the Invincible, with a deadly torpedo in her side, followed her sister ships to the bottom. From 4 o'clock in the afternoon for something like four or five hours the battle-cruisers, with their four battleships, had engaged and held the enemy. Their part was finished, and never was more welcome the aid which came in the shape of the Grand Fleet.

With their arrival the balance of strength passed from the Germans. For a time they fought a running-away fight, then turned heel and made the shortest possible road for home. After them went the whole might of the British Fleet, and they chased them home in the darkness to their lair, and adding in the process to already heavy losses they had incurred in the earlier phase of the battle. Throughout the action the small craft of the British Fleet did wonders. They, too, have lost, but it will probably be found not nearly so heavily as the enemy destroyers.

One of ours claims the feat of running in alone discharging her four torpedoes, and accounting for an enemy battle cruiser of the very latest class. Then at one phase of the battle, an attack in force of destroyer flotillas was ordered on our battle cruisers. Our own flotillas rushed out to meet them in the best British style, and when the Germans speak of missing torpedo boats they will find in this incident some explanation of the failure to report. Throughout the action the Germans were assisted by their Zeppelins, but a fantastic story of a battle cruiser being destroyed by a Zeppelin bomb should be discounted. The men speak hopefully of survivors; large fleets of Dutch fishing craft were about, and the work of life saving went on steadily.

SIDELIGHTS FROM GERMANY

We have all been accustomed in our easy-going way to regard the English, and particularly the London journals, as models of enterprise in the matter of newsgetting—alert, resourceful, alive at every point, argus-eyed; with men at their service who never sleep, so keen are they in the unending quest for every item of intelligence calculated to interest their readers.

Their laurels, alas! are in danger. Things are happening in our midst of which not the ghost of a mention is made; yet the German newspapers are able to report them in every thrilling detail down to the grand final climax.

There was that revolt last week of the Fleet-street editors, for instance, and their march on Downing-street. Had it not been for the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" not a hint of that epoch-making rebellion would have leaked out; and now there is the Beard Mutiny—the fierce resistance of the married men to the "new ordinance which makes a clean-shaved face compulsory"; a mutiny which was only quelled by the cunning of the Government officials, who brought a bevy of fascinating lady barbers on the scene and bribed them to exercise their blandishments on the bearded ones.

Barefaced Effrontery.

It is our old friend the Hamburg "Fremdenblatt" that tells this exciting story with an impudence as barefaced as its unhappy subject:—

There really seems to be no end to the terrors that the married men of England are doomed to undergo. The latest official order tells them that, in addition to all their other sacrifices, they are now compelled to shave off their beards.

This latest blow has called forth a wild outburst of the flames of wrath among the ranks of the married. To understand this bitter indignation it should be remembered that the average English family man is inordinately proud of his hirsute facial adornment.

"How," he now asks himself, "can I face my wife, who since the day I became engaged to her has always seen me with a nicely trimmed beard, and never with shaven cheeks? Who will guarantee me that in such changed circumstances she will continue to love me?"

To this pathetic inquiry the Government is no more able to reply than to the thousands of other problems which vex it. The fact remains, however, that unless the shaving regulation be speedily repealed there will be a rebellion. Already, indeed, most alarming disorders have ocurred in the enlistment stations in Hackney, Richmond, and other London suburbs.

In all these places the men energetically refused to be shorn of their beards and even came to blows with the recruiting officers.

Finally, some of them were induced to succumb to the blandishments of pretty female barbers whom the military authorities had artfully bidden to appear before them. By their fair hands the recalcitrant husbands and fathers were there and then cleverly unbearded.

New Bismarck Wanted.

The chaos in Germany has brought many demands for a remedy, but few have gone so far as Professor Frederick Luckwald, who in the official "Grenzboten" or "Frontier Messenger," is permitted by the censor to call for a new Bismarck to drag Germany out of the mire:—

No one will deny that for the times through which we are passing the greatest man would hardly be great enough.

We need a political genius of the first order, another Bismarck, in fact —an other Iron Chancellor who understands the art of give and take; a man who, while bleeding France white and subjecting Russia to wholesome amputation, would really take up the struggle with England for life or death, and would still know how to ensure the respect, if not the love, of neutrals.

Unless we may soon be permitted to hail the advent of such a genius, it is difficult to see whither we are drifting. The trench warfare brings us not an inch nearer to our goal, the U boat weapon, thanks to the invertebrate policy Germany has deemed fit to adopt, is losing its sharpness, and the airship is too subject to the freaks of the weather to be entirely reliable.

In the meantime it would be childish to deny that our resources are not precisely growing. Let us pray, then, to the German God to produce for us a Bismarckian reincarnation.

Playing With Fire.

The American side of the U-boat war engages the attention of the Berlin "Post," which genially makes light of killing a few ocean passengers "in view of the larger issues involved":—

English sea power is practically a thing of the past. This much may surely be stated in view of the fact that in one single week German submarines have sunk about 25,000 tons of English shipping, a loss which the English shipyards are at present not in a position to make good.

Yet in the face of this there are still voices heard among us chiming in with the English and American whinings about the killing of a few individuals who insist on travelling in doomed English armed liners, and who must, therefore, be either brainless fools or active agents in the pay of our enemies.

It is simply absurd to expect the German Government to do more than it has done already to safeguard the lives of genuine non-combatants. If the latter enjoy the game of playing with fire, so much the greater is their risk, but to ask Germany to forego the employment of her most useful weapon in order not to spoil this pretty sport is surely asking little too much of a self-respecting Power.

As Professor Delbruck has abandoned as hopeless the task of solving the great Berlin butter tangle, and neither Hindenburg nor Mackensen has so far been summoned to wrestle with the problem, the city authorities have taken the matter in hand on their own account.

After profound cogitation and prolonged discussion they have managed to devise one of the craziest schemes ever conceived outside the spiked walks of a lunatic asylum. Henceforth the famished burghers will have to guess for their butter.

A Triumph of Genius.

The scheme is described as follows in the Berlin "Lokalanzeiger," which is full of enthusiasm about this "latest triumph of German genius":—

At length we see a prospect of an end being put to the unseemly struggles for butter that have recently disgraced the Berlin streets.

It has been decided in a certain number of police districts to make an experiment with the issues of numbered butter lottery tickets. Intending purchasers will take their stand as usual outside the butter stores. The tickets will be held by a policeman, who will request the public to guess the numbers of the tickets. Those who guess correctly will then be supplied with orders on the said store and will be assured of obtaining the quantity of butter to which their butter tickets may entitle them.

Those who guess with approximate correctness will then be attended to in the order of the nearness of their guesses, while those who have guessed the lowest numbers will be immediately commanded to go home and return the following day, when they will be given a fresh chance in the lottery.

Something in the nature of an apology seems almost needed for the further intrusion in this column of the name of Treitschke, but this evil genius of Germany has been resurrected in so curious a fashion in the "International Monatschrift," and his disentombment has been greeted with such enthusiasm by the "Rheinisch-Westfalische Zeitung," that the circumstance demands notice as a study of German methods:—

If only the German people as a whole had understood the English character as profoundly as did our great Treitschke, they would never have given our "cousins" an opportunity to let loose on them this terrible war. The devilish English machinations would have been foreseen in time, and their treacherous incitements to the Allies, her dupes, would have been fruitless.

The great historian, who has been made the butt of the gibes of our enemies, paid only one visit to London. On that occasion he made no secret whatever of the antipathy. "The city appears to me like the dream of a brandy-sodden demon," he remarked to his companion, Karl Kampe, at present Professor of History at the Heidelberg University, who contributes an article on the subject to the "International Monatschrift."

The writer gives a vivid description of a conversation on the terrace of Windsor Castle on an August day of 1895. Treitschke spoke to his companion in scathing terms of the English pride and presumption, of which he had seen so many demonstrations in various parts of the country.

Treitschke was at that time the honored guest in this country of some of those misguided souls whose peculiar kink it is to offer hospitality to men of every country but their own. Professor Kampe shows in how characteristic a fashion this moral degenerate repaid the courtesy shown him:

"Spoiled by centuries of prosperity," Treitschke remarked, "the whole nation has become imbued with a pride that reminds one of the Spaniards during the days of their world-empire under Philip II. Spain, however, could really point to tangible military conquests, whereas the English Empire is founded on deceit, perjury, and piracy."

"Never shall I forget," adds Professor Kampe "the lightning fires that came into Treitschke's eyes, nor the tones of his voice which rang out like the blows of a finely tempered sword blade on a shield of steel, when he spoke of the possibility that, sooner or later, this English presumption and contempt of others might lead to a war with Germany.

Two More N.B. Men Give Life For Cause

MIDNIGHT LIST.

INFANTRY.

KILLED IN ACTION.

John Croft, Chatham, N. B.
Acting Lance Sergt. Charles Jeudrey, Liverpool, N. S.
Persey S. Smith, Sackville, N. B.
George A. Campbell, Traverse, P. E. I.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

John Gendron, Eel River, N. B.

MISSING.

Frank Fortune, Sydney Mines, N. S.

WOUNDED.

Albion C. Walker, Georgetown, P. E. I.
Sydney M. Wright, Hester street, Dartmouth, N. S.
Lance Corporal Cyril Cass, Shubenacadia, N. S.
Wm. McAusland, Frost street, Chatham, N. B.
James D. McDonald, Sydney Mines, N. S.
Richard Morgan, Truro, N. S.
John Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Arthur J. Buckley, 109 Hilyard street, St. John, N. B.
John D. Burns, Springvalley, P. E. I.

MOUNTED RIFLES.

MISSING.

Gordon McDonald, 82 Bonnacord street, Moncton, N. B.
Frank McKenzie, Parrsboro, N. S.

Yesterday's List.

INFANTRY.

Killed in Action.

Pte. Clinton William Cossoboom, St. Stephen, N. B.
Pte. Vernon Marchant, Fredericton, N. B.
Pte. Frank Miller, Truro, N. S.
Pte. Ralph Edward Schofield, Kentville, N. S.
Pte. George Chapman, Amherst, N. S.

Died of Wounds.

Pte. William Henry Best, Stanley, N. B.
Pte. William Cheek, Moncton, N. B.

Missing.

Driver George Henry Flewwelling, Brookville, (Rockville), N. B.

Wounded.

Pte Andrew Crawford, Amherst, N. S.
Pte. Arthur Crowe, Sussex Corner, N. B.
Pte. Fred. Dufour, Edmundston, N. B.
Pte. George Henry Robertson, Bradalbane, P. E. I.
Pte. Charles Bert Stephens, Little Shemogue, N. B.
Pte. Lawrence Mitchell, Chester, N. S.
Pte. Jacob Porter, Newfoundland.

ARTILLERY.

Wounded.

Pte. Thomas Patrick White, Reserve Mines, N. S.

MOUNTED RIFLES.

Pte. Ralph Eye, Truro, N. S.
Pte. James Groom, Broughton, N. S.
Pte. James J. McDonald, New Aberdeen, N. S.
Pte. Kilburn Ray Sheron, Craupond, P. E. I.

ENGINEERS.

Wounded.

Sapper James McDonald, Robertsonville, N. B.

INFANTRY.

Missing.

Pte. Leo D'Entremont, Yarmouth, N. S.
Pte. Stephen Rydpatch Pollard, Sackville, N. B.

Wounded.

Pte. Herbert Brown, Halifax.

MOUNTED RIFLES.

Killed in Action.

Pte. Alfred Stephen Hunter, Harvey Station, N. B.

ARTILLERY.

Wounded.

Driver Wilfred Hand, Woodstock, N. B.

MOUNTED RIFLES.

Killed in Action.

Pte. Alfred McKinnon, Antigonish.
Pte. Freeman James McManus, Kempton, N. B.

Wounded.

Pte. John McRae, Woodstock, N. B.

INFANTRY.

Wounded.

Lance Corp. William Mark Hall, Falmouth, N. S.

ENGINEERS.

Wounded.

Corp. George Stevenson, River Herbert, N. S.

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Dixieland, My Home — Geoffrey O'Hara
I Gave My Heart and Hand to Someone in Dixieland — Peerless Quartet — 18024

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A Love Sick Darkey — Golden and Marlowe — 35544

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ENTENT[E]

Greek Gov[ernment] To Allies'

Agrees to Demobilization, Deport[ation] Removal of Athens' Chief o[f Police] Sentiment Not to be Suppre[ssed]

Athens, June 22.—Greece has accept[ed] mands made by the Entente powers. T[he] ted to the French Legation by M. Zaimar[is] the formation of a new cabinet is repor[ted] new cabinet will be made on non-political two adherents of former Premier Venize[los]

The ultimatum of the Entente Powe[rs] government at noon on Wednesday. Th[e] newspaper Nea Hemera, were:—Complet[e re]moval of the chief of police of Athens, not to be suppressed, deportation of ag[itators] ganda. While the dissolution of the Ch[amber] desired, the newspaper says, it may not

This version of the nature of the E[ntente] diplomatic circles to be substantially ac[curate]

ALLIED FLEET AT [illegible]

London, June 22.—The acceptance b[y] the Entente Powers is reported by Reu[ter] He cables that M. Zaimais, to whom the said to have been entrusted, went to th[e con]ference of the Entente ministers last ev[ening] name of King Constantine that Greece h[as]

Paris, June 22.—An Allied fleet has Piraeus, the port of Athens, according to [illegible]iki. It is said that the fleet eventually [illegible] party.

The fleet, made up of squadrons of t[illegible] manded by Vice-Admiral Moreau. The landing party "will depend upon events

Piraeus, the second largest city of G[illegible] of Athens. It is 100 miles below Salonik[illegible]

ITALY IN ACCORD

Paris, June 22—The Italian ministe[illegible] Greek government a note from his home adhered to the representations made b[illegible] Havas despatch from Athens today.

MUST DEMOBILIZE A[illegible]

Paris, June 22—It was stated in th[illegible] Greek army must be complete and imme[illegible]

The Allies demanded replacement o[illegible] a cabinet which would give all guarante[illegible] neutrality toward the Entente, in harmo[illegible] the Greek government. Dissolution of t[illegible] ed by general elections, also is required police officials alleged to be under forei[illegible]

ASTOR-ASTOR WEDDING AT BAR HARBOR YESTERDAY A QUIET AFFAIR

Only Members of the Two Families and Few Intimate Friends were Present at the Cesemony.

Bar Harbor, Maine, June 22—Mrs. John Jacob Astor and William K. Dick, of New York, were married at St. Saviour's church here today by the Rev. A. C. Larned, the rector. Only the members of the two families and a few intimate friends were present.

The bride wore a dark blue traveling suit and a black straw hat. Earlier in the day, with Mr. Dick, she attended communion service at the church.

Prisoners Remanded.

In the police court yesterday three drunks were remanded to jail. Thomas Keating and his son charged with lying and lurking in a Brussels street alleyway, were remanded.

Could Not Stand The Least Excitement.

Was So Weak and Run Down.

Many women become run down and worn out by their household cares and duties never ending, and sooner or later find themselves with shattered nerves and weak hearts.

When the heart becomes weak, and the nerves unstrung, it is impossible for a woman to look after her household or social duties. The least little exertion or excitement leaves her in an exhausted condition, and not fit to do anything.

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