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Vol 42

Poetry

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear,
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet food water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbour bar, wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master has passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

The red sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in the days of yore;
We will clasp them, no'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore.

JERRY THE MISER.

It was a cobbler's shop, breaking the row
of small private houses in a shabby suburban
street. How it came there nobody knew; what
is more, nobody cared.

Near the door, on this particular afternoon,
were two females, the one elderly, the other
graceful and young; both in deepest mourning.
Fronting them were two London street Arabs,
as ragged as they were mischievous; before
the shop stood the oldest being, imaginable,
a little old man about four feet high, and with
a not over-clear face, iron-grey hair on which
rested a worn skin cap, shaggy brows, rather
low legs, and a dirty leather apron. In irate
tones he was addressing the boy.

'On with you, you young rascals! If you
come playing your hopscotch and Sally come
ups before my window again, I'll flay you.'
Before the muscular fist the boys fled, hurl-
ing back derision. 'Well done, Jerry—old
Jerry, the miser! Yahi!

The cobbler, for he hardly merited the more
emphatic title of shoemaker, paid no heed, but
glancing up from his bent brows at the two
women, asked, 'and what may you want?'

'We—we see,' began the younger, look-
ing timidly towards the square card in the window.
'You have apartments to let?'

'No, I've rooms—rooms! I don't know noth-
ing about apartments; I ain't up to them, nor
the rooms ain't neither. Do you want to see
'em?'

'We did wish.'
'All right; come along!' and the little man
swung on his heel.

The two women, hesitating looked at one
another.

'We had better see them mother,' said the
younger, with a wan smile of encouragement.
'His bark may be worse than his bite, and all
the other places are so dear.'

Following the cobbler through the shop, he
led them upstairs to the rooms. There were
two, communicating by a door with each other;
they were poorly furnished, but clean. As the
women looked at them the cobbler stared at
them silently.

'Well, he asked, 'what do you think of them?'
'They will do very well, and I'll say, I'll
—only—the price!'

'Six shillings a week, in advance.'
'Six shillings?' ejaculated the girl.
'Do you think it too much?'

'On the contrary it is cheap.'
'You know a lot of 'em world to say that.'
How do you know I shan't clap on another
shilling?'

'I don't let I should not fancy you would.'
'About reference,' began the widow.
'Don't want any, you say in my way; and, as
when you leave the house it must be
through the shop, you can't take the furniture
without my knowledge. I'm settled.'

'If you please, here is the first week's rent.'
The cobbler took it, and handed out a receipt,
nodded, and left his lodgers to themselves.
Seated again on the bench, meditatively he
scratched his grizzled chin and contemplated
the six coins in his horny palm.

'Two holes a week, for they,' he remarked.
'Happy, you miser, how could you do it?'

The cobbler's lodgers proved very quiet.
They did not interfere with his handiwork, and
he, apparently, did not interfere with them.
His rent was paid to the day.

They rarely spoke, save exchanging the
ordinary morning and evening salutations when

the daughter went through the shop. The
mother never left the house. But Jerry,
like most cobblers, was a man of observation
and he saw such comments as the following:
'She's a beauty, she is; but awful white and
red. It's my opinion. It's hard times with
them up stairs.'

Then when the girl went out earlier and
came home later, even with a sadder, more
depressed expression, 'I'll tell you what it is,
Jerry! she's seeking work and doesn't get it.'
One evening a few weeks after Mrs. Weston
and her daughter rented the cobbler's apart-
ments, the latter entered the shop later than
usual.

The primer lamp was flaring dimly, and
Jerry, a loon on his knees, was hard at work.
After the customary salutation, the girl was
passing on, when the cobbler's voice arrested
her.

'I say, your mother's ill, ain't she?' he asked,
nursing his knee with both arms.

'Yes, Mr. Crayshaw, I am sorry to say she
has been for some while ailing. She—she—
and the young wife trembled with fear—
'you speak.'

'Then you must give her lots to eat, and
pounded Jerry, staring out of the window.
The best thing for weak people is a nice, roast fowl
and a bottle of wine. Why don't you give
them to her?'

'I wish I was able, or even to provide her
less expensive dainties; but—' and the
tears fell fast—'I cannot!'

'Ah, that's the fault, you see, of having no
money. Good evening.'

He resumed his work, and the girl scarcely
cheered by this little episode, went with a
heavy heart, up stairs.

Mrs. Weston was so ill she was lying on her
bed. The candle was in her room, and in the
parlour grate burned a few sparks of fire, over
which was a success. On the table was a
teacup, and a portion of a previous day's loaf.

It was such a depressing welcome home after
the weary, weary day, that with difficulty the
poor girl could control her emotion.

'Is that you, Clara?' asked the widow's feeble
voice.

'Yes, mother, it is I.'
'Come to me, my child!'

Clara pressed her white hands to her bosom,
made an effort and passed into the bedroom.
But her mother's first words beat down all her
noblest, heroic self-repression.

'Clara, dear, you had better success today!'
The girl dropped to a chair, and burying her
face in the coverlet, burst into a paroxysm of
weeping.

'No, mother,' she sobbed, hysterically. 'It's
the same old, old story; I can get nothing.
What shall we do? I feel heart broken.'

'Clara, Clara, my child,' ejaculated the moth-
er, fondly embracing her, 'do not give way.
What, indeed, will become of us then? My
brave, brave girl do not weep thus.'

'Pray let me mother; I shall be better after
it.'

She apparently was right, for at the end of a
few moments she looked up calmer and her
tears ceased.

'There,' she smiled, 'I am better now. It is
good to give way at times, you know. At least,
can't help it, and our lot is so hard; but we
shall get used to it.'

'Haid! It breaks my heart to contemplate
it, when I think of you, Clara. What a
different future did I and your father intend
for you. But why could I imagine such a villain
as John Barge ever existed?'

'Ah, my dear mother! look around at this
place, and remember the pleasant home that
once was ours. Now we are alone, with not a
single friend in the world.'

'Not one. Oh, yes, mother believe me, one,
and she is here, quickly. He—Gilbert—will be
true—trust me he will.'

'Why then, Clara, has he not written?'

'I do not know, I cannot say,' exclaimed the
daughter, piteously; 'but, oh pray, pray, mother,
do not take that hope from me. Let me
believe in Gilbert. It is my only support in
this bitter misery.'

The widow touched with a pleading counten-
ance, was about to reply, when, interrupting
herself she said, 'Clara, I fear some one is in
the parlour. See who it is, my dear.'

The girl obeyed, and started at the weird
scene she beheld.

Seated before the grate, on a three-legged
stool was the cobbler, feet in the leather
apron and cap. On his knees was a pair of
bellows, which he was working with consummate
skill, evidently a master of the art, sending the
coals into bright flames, that threw flashes of
lurid color over a quaint figure and the room.
Upon hearing Clara, he turned almost with
a snarl.

'How do you expect to boil a saucepan with
such a fire as this,' he growled. 'Never was
halter as mad as you, I'm certain. Now look
at that; ain't that a picture?'

Clara did look, and saw that not only were
the coals increased, but that they were not
from their own store.

'It is quite cheering,' she managed to say;
'but—I fear, Mr. Crayshaw, you have been
robbing yourself.'

'Robbing myself?—me?—not a bit. I'm a
miser. Didn't you hear the boys call me so?
Jerry the miser? he snarled. 'I'd rob any-
body sooner than myself.'

'I am a miser, and I am proud of it. Some
men are called painters and poets. I'm called
cobbler and miser.'

'Really,' said Clara, a little amused, a little
frightened, looking at the glowing coals; 'I
should have sincerely thought so.' That shows
your ignorance, responded Jerry. 'Can't you
see my speculation, it's cheaper to keep up one
good fire than two small ones? So I'm going
to sit by yours. Also clabbing two persons tea
together is cheaper than taking it alone. It
makes only one for the pot' necessary. You
perceive, now, I am a miser. I want to take
my tea here.'

Clara looked at the table; upon it was a new
loaf, fresh butter, eggs, and a neat package of
tea.

'Oh, Mr. Crayshaw—' she began.

'Are you going to refuse? he snarled.
'Mayn't I have tea?'

'How could I refuse—' she began, when he
interrupted her.

'Then don't lose time. See to the kettle.
I'll boil the eggs.'

Similar behavior from some people might
have given offence, but there was such a quaint,
old way about Jerry that it robbed it of that
power. He was so old, and snarled and
stared as if really his suggestion was the
result of deep rooted meanness instead of the
contrary. Mrs. Weston did make some demur,
but Jerry shut her up at once.

'I see. She's frightened at your taking tea
with such a fascinating fellow as I am,' he
said. 'Leave the door ajar, then the old lady
can't take a squint at us now and then, and
join the talk. I'm a wild young sprig, I confess.'

Clara could not refrain from bursting into a
merry peal of laughter. Jerry's gray eyes
twinkled with delight under his shaggy brows
as he looked up at her.

'Well, the two bustled about the cobbler's
kitchen the brightest until they were fi-
nally seated at a very comfortable table—
During the meal, Mrs. Weston thought it
right to inform their new friend something
of their history.'

In her husband's lifetime they had been
well to do. At his death they could have
lived comfortably had not a Mr. John Barge
suddenly brought heavy claims on
the dead man's property.

'I never quite understood what it was, I
only know he must have been paid,' said
the widow dolorously. 'But we haven't
some papers we ought to have had to prove
it. So he took from us every penny and
left us as you now see.'

'A confounded villain,' exclaimed Jerry,
cracking his egg with the bowl of his spoon,
as if it had been Mr. John Barge's bald
head he had got under it.

'Thea—all our friends deserted us—'
'Except one, broke in Clara with height-
ened color, which was not unnoticed by
the cobbler.'

'But one as yet,' added the widow. 'He
is a gentleman, Mr. Crayshaw, who—who
was once a very great friend of my
father's. He was in Australia at the
time of our trouble, and though we wrote
to tell him we have not heard a syllable
since. You know the world, Mr. Cray-
shaw.'

'I do ma'am, answered Jerry, emphatic-
ally; 'and I know it's a sight better than
people would try to make it.'

'Ah!' cried Clara gratefully, her face
radiant as involuntarily she extended her
hand. 'You think he may be true?'

'Had he the greatest friend under the
sun if he were not, my dear,' said the old
man cheerily; 'adding to himself, 'Poor
child, poor child, she then has to learn that
lover's vows are easier broken than shoe-
strings, and thought about as little.'

After all this, still protesting that it was
cheaper for him, as a miser, to supply Mrs.
Weston's fire, than to burn one of his own,
he frequently passed his evenings with
them. He also procured Clara some shoe
making to do, which, though hard and diffi-
cult work, was something.

At the end of the week he was grimac-
ing at a boy through the blinds in the win-
dow, when Clara came to pay the rent.

'Take it away,' he said; 'let it stand
now.'

'Oh, we could not think of that,' began
the girl. 'We were going to ask you if you
would not mind a portion of it being
left for next—'

'Take it away,' reiterated Jerry, getting
into a fury, 'if won't touch a farthing. I
like being a creditor, for I can charge in-
terest.'

This kindness after all you have done,
sobbed Clara, her tears falling.

'Go away,' roared Jerry, 'I ain't going to
have a scene here, they'll be taking me up
for assault and battery next. Be off; and
I'll be up to tea in five minutes.'

'Blas your generous heart, which no as-
sumed roughness can hide,' exclaimed
Clara gratefully, as she hurried from the
shop.

Sitting down Jerry bent his head on the
counter, and bright tears trickled from his
eyes into the bowl in his lap.

'Poor thing, poor thing,' he murmured,
'she's got to learn that vows are broken
easier than shoe strings, and—'

He was interrupted, by the shop door
opening. Looking up, he found before him
a tall, well dressed man with a bronzed
face, and thick beard and moustache. Jerry
started.

'Pardon my intruding,' said the stranger,
'but can you give me the address of Mrs.
Weston and her daughter? I heard they were
living somewhere in this street.'

'No,' said Jerry. 'What do you want
with 'em?'

'They are friends of mine. I should
think, have friends in this neighborhood?'

'In the land I came from, friend, the
rank is not the guinea's stamp. But I'll
seek elsewhere.'

'Stay a moment; I'll enquire.'
Jerry, carefully closing the door after
him, sat down on the stairs and enjoyed a
muto chuckle, fearfully apoplectic in
character. On the landing he repeated it,
with much movement of the legs. Then he
entered his lodger's parlor.

Drapping into the chair placed ready
for him by the fire, rubbing his knees, his
face one beaming smile, he cried: 'Does
anyone believe in man? I don't. Does
anyone believe in Australian gold diggers?
I don't. Does any one believe in lovers
keeping their vows? Lor' bless you, I
don't, not a syllable.' Then turning to the
astonished woman, he proceeded: 'Look
here; I'll give you a riddle. Suppose a
certain Australian should come to Eng-
land; suppose he should come to me; sup-
posing he should come into this room, how
would a certain party behave; would she
laugh? Would she faint?'

'Oh mother, Jerry, Clara, starting up, I
know what he means. It is Gilbert.'

'My dear redoubt,' interrupted the widow
restraining her.

'Yes, she's right,' exclaimed Jerry, with
a snarl.

Flying to the door, almost precipitating
himself over the balustrade he shouted:
'You Australian, come here. You nug-
get of fidelity, come here!'

There was a bang of a door, a firm,
rattled tread on the stairs, and the bearded
stranger shot by Jerry into the room.

'Clara, my poor Clara, he cried.
'Gilbert! she ejaculated, rushing into
his arms.'

The cobbler, after another caper, dis-
creetly retired to his shop, and left his
superhuman excitement by a charge at the
boys in the street.

Richard Fernside a rich Australian cat-
tle owner, proved indeed a nugget of felicity.
There was a grand wedding, to which
Jerry was asked, but he answered he was
far too wise a man to make himself un-
comfortable. Instead, he sent the bride a
gold bracelet as his wedding gift, a present
affectionately treasured by Clara.

Years after the young wife, in her home
at the antipodes, received the following
characteristic letter:

'My dear, While writing this, I'm
going off. When you get it I shall have
left. So this is to say good-bye. Bless
you. I am a kindless old man, and, you
know, a miser; but I am not going to give
my money to you. What would £1,000 be
to your Australian digger? A drop in the
ocean. Besides, you can do without it—
No! It goes to the hospital for children, to
which I have long been an unknown sub-
scriber. Good-bye. Bless you—bless you
all!'

Your old friend,
JERRY, COBBLER AND MISER.

'That letter too, was treasured, and in
the heart of the bright, cheerful home, it
was held in cheerful memory.'

HERE'S COMFORT.—An enthusiastic lo-
cust masticator says that, 'like the body
of the ant, when, as is well known, an
is admitted,' formic acid is extracted; that
of the grasshopper contains an acid or
really excellent stomachic qualities—
Masked and triturated he is a sovereign
remedy for gout, diabetes, and consump-
tion, spread in plaster he relieves the wor-
st forms of pleuro-pneumonia; dried, and
used as snuff, he obliterates catarrh and

gures sick headache. The medical use
of the grasshopper are excelled only by
those of the eucalyptus and cundurango,
while as a food he's delicious as ambrosia
and nutritious as penicillin. It is a good
thing for us, after all, this plague of grass-
hoppers.

The Congressional prints a long list
of opinions from ministers and laymen as
to what is the proper length for a sermon.
The average sentiment seems to indicate
25 or 30 minutes.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

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St. Andrews, Aug. 20, 1874.

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*Cujus Animam (from Stabat Mater) Wagner. 40
*Bromland—Morceau de Salon. Mayhew. 45
*Echoes from the Palaces—Morceau Wagner. 40
*Venedic Ragatta—Transcribed. 40
*Merry Foresters—Forest scene. 50
*Rocking Waves—Transcribed. Mayhew. 40
*The Scottish Lassie—Leverie. Pacher. 40
*Fair Land—Reverie. Novel. 35
*Springing Jewels—Polka. Christie. 50
*Think of me sometimes—easy waltz. Wagner. 20
*Temperance March (easy) 20
*Men are such Deceivers (easy polka) 20
*Molly Darling—easy March. 20

Peters' Household Remedies, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.
Collection of 12 numbers for \$4.
Peters' Family Music, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.
Collection of 12 numbers for \$4.
La Creme de la Creme, Nos. 1 to 15. Contains 24 pages difficult music in each number. 50cts each; yearly 12 numbers for \$4.
PUBLISHED BY
J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, N. Y.

DICTIONARIES.
Received per S. S. Sinton:
One Case of Dictionaries from 5 cents up to \$100.
BASE BALLS.
Peck & Snyder's Dead Red and White BALLS, the Junior, Young America and other cheap balls and Base Ball Material. For sale by
H. R. SMITH,
14 King St., St. John.

STOVE FOUNDRY.
THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully announce that they are prepared to execute orders for Foundry Work, with punctuality and despatch. STOVES of approved patterns, MILL and HIPS CASTINGS, and other foundry business attended to. Particular attention paid to Blacksmith Work of every description, and satisfaction guaranteed. By punctuality and a desire to please, they hope to merit public patronage.
A LAMB & CO.,
St. Andrews, Oct. 22, 1874.

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to the late Mr. James A. Reed, of Waverley, Parish of St. Patrick, will please call and settle their accounts with the undersigned within thirty days from this date, and all persons having any legal demands against said Estate, will please present them for settlement within thirty days.
MARY ANN REED,
Sole Executrix.
Co. of Charlotte, Oct. 14, 1874.

Lebanites for Sale.
THE TRUSTEES OF SCHOOLS, ST. ANDREWS, District No. One, offer for sale LEBANITES in sums of from \$100 to \$500, and on the credit of the District.
Jan. 21, 1874.

The Standard.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
A. W. SMITH,
At his Office, Water St., St. Andrews, N. B.
TERMS
\$2 50 per Annum—if paid in advance.
3 00 if not paid till the end of the year.
ADVERTISEMENTS
inserted according to written order or continued until forbidden if no other directions.
1 week 2 w 3 w 1 m 2 m 3 m
1 Inch 1 00 1 50 2 00 2 50 3 00 4 00
2 " 1 50 2 00 2 50 3 00 3 50 4 50
3 " 2 00 2 50 3 00 3 50 4 00 5 00
4 " 2 50 3 00 3 50 4 00 4 50 5 50
Advertising by the year as may be agreed on.
All letters addressed to this office must be post paid.

BOOTS & SHOES.
LADIES, MISSES AND GENTLEMEN'S Boots and Shoes, in a variety of styles, at the BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY, ALSO—A supply of imported Stock, consisting Ladies and Misses Boots, Arctic Overshoes, and Rubbers, which will be sold at the lowest terms.
J. M. HANSON,
St. Andrews, Dec. 9, 1874.

C. E. O. HATHEWAY,
AUCTIONEER.
Office, - - Water St., St. Andrews.
SEPT. 30, 1874—3m.

RING LOST.
LOST on Saturday morning last, 1st inst., a Lady's Gold Ring, set with brilliant in shape of a Maltese Cross, with an Emerald in the centre. It being a family memento, the finder will not only receive the thanks of the owner, but likewise a liberal reward, on leaving it at the Standard Office.

BAY RUM
10 Gall good Bay Rum, for sale at the ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE.
Nov. 5. E. LEE STREET.

For sale or to Let.
THE Two story Dwelling HOUSE and Lot corner King and St. Andrew's streets. The property is pleasantly situated, and with slight repairs would make a pleasant residence. Possession given immediately. Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE.

BULBS.
Just received—a quantity of choice HYACINTHS and other BULBS. Also Hyacinth GLASSES, at the ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE, Oct. 21. E. LEE STREET.

Goods remaining in Store
31 Chests } Five Congo TEA.
32 half " } do do do do do do
20 " } Breakfast and Long Tea
6 " } Oolong
LIQUORS,
8 Hbds. } Cognac BRANDY.
10 Cr. Casks } do do do do do do
200 Cases qt. } do do do do do do
50 " pt. flasks } do do do do do do
30 Hbds. } do do do do do do
15 Cr. Casks } Best Pale GENEVA.
250 Cases } CLARET.
15 " } CHAMPAGNE.
25 Hbds. } Best Scotch & Irish WHISKY.
25 Cr. Casks } do do do do do do
50 " pt. flasks } do do do do do do

PAINTS & OILS.
2 Tons Brandram Bros. best white Paint, do do do do do do
5 Casks Boiled and Raw Oil.
J. W. STREET & CO.
GIN, WINE, &c.
Ex "Choice" from London.
40 Hbds. } Best Pale Geneva.
30 Cr. Casks } do do do do do do
20 Hbds. } do do do do do do
30 Chests } Congo Tea.
20 Hbds. } do do do do do do
10 Hbds. } Best Crushed Sugar
20 Casks "Bridges" & Sons' best Sugar
Peters' Family Music, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.
30 cases "Guinness" Dublin Porter, quarts and pints.
5 do London Brown Stout & Pale Ale.
20 Cr. Casks } Pale Sherry.
31 Ton "Brandram Bros" Best White Lead
do Boiled and Raw
4 Cr Casks } Lined Oil.
J. W. STREET.



Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is frequently asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of Walker's Bitters?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of Walker's Bitters in healing the sick of every disease, and vital organs beyond repair.

If men will enjoy good health, let them use Walker's Bitters as a medicine, and avoid the use of alcoholic stimulants in every form.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair. Grateful Thousands proclaim Walker's Bitters the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon those various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. Walker's California Bitters, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored, viscid matter with which the bowels are clogged, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulder, Gonorrhoea, Brightness of the Stomach, Disinfection, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrophulous, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Gout, Scrophulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases. For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are cured by Vitalized Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Painting and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

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