

BITTERS
FREE FROM
CALIFORNIA
BITTERS

California Vinegar
vegetable preparation,
native herbs found
of the Sierra Nevada
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CALIF. CO.,
San Francisco, California,
Charles St., New York
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CALIF. CO.,
San Francisco, California,
Charles St., New York
State and Benlow.

The St. Andrews Standard.

Published by A. W. Smith.

EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

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Vol. 44.

Poetry.

A FEAR.

Oh, what is happiness when fear
Starts like a pale unbidden ghost
That steals across a banquet-hall,
And spills the draught we long for most!
For when I look at her it comes,
The fear that she may leave us soon—
So perfect in the morning light,
How can the blossom last till noon!
The soft and shining baby hair
Seems but a nimbus round the brow;
The sweet amazement of the eye
Asks what they do in heaven now.
I marvel what they do there, too,
Without her in that far still land:
I tremble lest I turn and see
Great angels in the sunbeam stand—
Great angels, whose departing wings
Shall spread a shadow on the air,
Since having earth so bright, I fear
Heaven be not heaven without her there.

TURKEY.

That it may be better understood what Turkey was and is, we give a brief summary of the rise and decline of the Turkish empire.—The earliest notice of the Turks or Turcomans in history occurs about the year 765, when they, from some obscure retreat, obtained possession of a part of Armenia, called from them Turcomania. They afterwards extended their conquests over the adjacent parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe, occupying Syria and Egypt, and eventually seizing on the territory that remained to the Greek Emperors in the East.—In 1453 Constantinople was taken by Mahomet II. The Hores and the islands were afterwards overrun, with parts of Hungary, the Crimea and the shores of the Black Sea. They next took the whole of the countries which now form Turkey and Asia, as well as a considerable portion of Asia, Egypt, Nubia, and the regencies of Tunis, Tripoli and Algiers. In the 17th century their power declined. The Austrians expelled them from Hungary, and Russia stripped them of much of their territory. The Greeks formed an independent state, and emancipated themselves from the Turkish rule in 1832; the French have taken Algiers; the Danubian Principalities are under influence of Russia, and many of the provinces are like Egypt, now mere nominal dependencies of the Empire. In 1853 the Russians invaded Moldavia and Wallachia, when the Porte declared war against the Czar. In this war the Sultan was assisted by the British, French and Sardinians, and the result was the fall of Sebastopol, and the defeat of the Russians.

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.—The other day a young man called in at a Western florist's and bought a precious bouquet which he desired should be sent to a certain young lady. The bouquet was to be composed of flowers expressing friendship, esteem, respect, admiration, passionate love, and adoration. It is believed that the tribute reached its destination, because next day a woman called at the florist's and inquired:—
"Do you understand the language of flowers?"
He bowed and said he did. And you can say with flowers anything you want to?"
"Certainly, I can express in the arrangement color and fragrance and flowers, the whole gamut of passion, from timid love to jealousy, hatred and revenge."

"Then," she said, "give me a bouquet to mean 'You are a chuckle-headed, swallow tailed, slipshod clod!' I don't care how much it costs."

A Fort Madison man went into his cow stable the other day, and by mistake, mixed her up with a nice mash in a box full of sawdust, instead of bran. The cow, merely supposing the hard times had come and they were all going to economize, meekly ate her supper, and that man never discovered his mistake until the next morning, when he milked that cow, and she let down half a gallon of turpentine, a quart of shoe pegs and a bundle of laths.

A young lady of Norfolk was so agitated while dancing with the Grand Duke that she fainted in his arms. The scion of nobility merely passed her over to one of the old ladies, with the remark: "Tooglad-thinovitch," and secured another partner.

The early age of life is often passed in sowing in the mind vices.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

"Toast burned to a crisp? Coffee like mud? and beefsteak as tough as leather? I'd like to know how in thunder you think a man is going to live on such stuff as this! I'll die of indigestion in less than a week if I keep on this way. Here! take the mess away, and just pack up your duds and leave as quick as ever you did in your life," growled Mr Aaron Allen, as he arose from the table giving it a violent push that set the dishes rattling.

Mary suddenly set to work, and Mr. Allen strode out of the room, banging the door behind him.

"Well," he muttered, as he reached his study and threw himself in a chair, "this is a go! Five cooks in as many weeks, and no prospect of any thing better. It will certainly drive me distracted, trying to live in this way. I do hate to break up and board after keeping house so long, and if Sophia hadn't made such a goose of herself, she might be here yet, and all would be well."

Mr Allen was a middle-aged bachelor, whose maiden sister, a few years younger than himself had always directed his household affairs since the death of their mother, twenty years previously, when Sophia was a girl of sixteen. They had always lived peaceably enough until about two months since, when Sophia took mortal umbrage at her brother. Miss Sophia had a pet parrot, a beautiful, talkative bird, which she was very fond of. But one unlucky day she unthinkingly left the cage door open, and went out calling. Her brother came from the office before she returned, and a sight met his eyes which set his quick temper in a blaze at once, for there, on his study, sat Polly, busily engaged in tearing into minute bits some of his most important papers and documents which she had pulled from the half open drawers, while over what few remained untouched by her bill, streams of ink were pouring from the overturned stand.

"Fun! fun! fine fun!" shouted Polly, pausing a moment in her work of destruction, and cocking up one eye maliciously to the intruder.

"Yes, I'll make it fun for you—you!" sputtered Mr. Allen, using some, I am a afraid, not very refined expressions, and seizing Polly unawares he thrust her into the cage, and rushing out into the street sold her to the first person he met.

Miss Sophia soon returned and missing her bird made inquiries, when her brother at once related the whole affair. His sister stormed, and fumed, and raged and ended by calling her brother a "cruel wretch," and other endearing epithets, and declaring she would not remain in a house where she was so abused.

Mr. Allen, in a passion told her to do as she liked about it—it was immaterial to him whether she went or remained. So she departed without even leaving her future address, but her brother had no fears on her account. She had relatives to whom she could go, and plenty of money, and she was certainly old enough to take care of herself. The cook who lived in the family for years, left when Miss Sophia left, declaring that she "would not be bossed over by a man." Mr. Allen thinking it easy to fill her place, had taken five cooks in succession from the intelligence office, with what success we have seen.

"Hum," mused Mr. Allen to himself, a habit he had when alone; "if I knew where Sophia was, I'd send for her even she did act so foolishly, but I don't know, so there is an end to that. Heigh ho! what's a house without a woman to manage it, anyway? Something's got to be done, and soon, too. I can't live that way any longer. I believe I'll get married! Wouldn't Sophia fume then? But there's nobody I exactly take a fancy to. Miss Biggs is too old, Miss Steppin too vain and extravagant and I don't know any nice widows."

He sat a moment thinking deeply on this important matter, then a light broke over his face:

"The very thing! Why didn't I think of it before!"

He sat down before his desk, and drawing pen, ink, and paper toward him, commenced writing, and after frequent pauses and much reflection, finally laid down his pen, and read over what he had written.

"I guess that will do," he said. What an old fool I am! But then no one will ever know I did it."

Miss Sophia on leaving her brother's house, had immediately gone to a cousin's residing about sixty miles distant. Her relatives not knowing of her quarrel with her brother, received her cordially, and endeavored to make her visit as pleasant as possible, and she soon made herself quite at home. The New York papers came in daily, and she always perused them with interest. One day in glancing over the advertisements, certain one caught her eye, and she read it over carefully, then again, with more interest. These were the words which had arrested her attention:

"A middle-aged gentleman of wealth and position, desirous of opening a correspondence with a lady of education and refinement with a view of matrimony. Address Alpha,—Office."

"Well," mused Miss Sophia, drawing a long breath, "I really wish I drew it. There can't be any harm in trying, anyway. Wouldn't Aaron be astonished if I should get married, after all! and I don't know why I shouldn't I am sure," she said tossing her head, as much as to say "who dare contradict her!"

An hour later found Miss Sophia on her way to the post-office, with a letter hidden in her pocket which made her heart throb strangely every time she thought of it.

The letter was sent and an answer, anxiously awaited, which came in due season addressed to "Angelica" in rather a stiff unnatural hand, she thought, but then her correspondent might be disguising his handwriting, as she had hers. Miss Sophia now made frequent excursions to the post-office and one day she returned home quits in a flutter, and ran up to her room at once where she again perused the letter which she had read while walking slowly home along the quiet country road.

"Oh!" murmured Miss Sophia, "Oh, dear! what shall I do? I am all in a flutter to think of seeing him so soon, for he wants me to appoint a meeting, and of course I must. As soon as possible he says. Dear me! how anxious he is to see his own Angelica, as he calls me, and I'll own to myself that I'm just as anxious to see him. I do wonder what he is like! He must be nice, anyway, for he writes such charming letters; it is really delightful to read them."

A few days's subsequent to Miss Sophia's soliloquy, on a beautiful bright May morning, she donned her most becoming apparel, and quietly left the house, made her way to the one hotel of which the village boasted, where she called for a private parlor, and sat down to await, with what patience she might for the coming of her correspondent. A few moments of anxious expectancy, then the door slowly opened, and some one entered closing it behind him.

Miss Sophia, peering through her thick veil, saw no handsome stranger, but—could she believe her eyes?—her brother, Aaron Allen. He approached her.

"Angelica!" he said softly.

Miss Sophia threw aside her veil and sprang to her feet.

"Aaron Allen," she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Why! why! Sophia!" stammered Mr. Allen utterly confounded by this announcement. "You're here?"

"Yes, I am here, Aaron Allen; and I want to know what you mean by addressing me by that name?" demanded his sister.

"What name?" asked Mr. Allen, utterly bewildered.

"Angelica," answered Miss Sophia blushing furiously, in spite of herself.

"I—oh!—I made a mistake in the person—that's all," replied Mr. Allen, blushing in his turn. "I'd like to know what you're doing here, Sophia?"

"That's my business," she interrupted, sharply. "And now I want to know whom it was you mistook me for?"

"Well, Sophia, I might as well tell you that I am engaged to be married," said Mr. Allen sheepishly, "and am here by appointment to meet my intended."

"And I am also engaged," simpered Miss Sophia, "and I am here to meet my intended."

"Who is your intended?" demanded Mr. Allen, a fearful suspicion beginning to dawn on his mind.

"I have known him by the name of Alpha," she replied.

"By Jove! Sophia, that's my name!" "What!" shrieked Miss Sophia: you Alpha?" and she burst into a fit of hysterical tears and sobs.

"And you're Angelica?" asked Mr. Allen. He needed no answer. "Thunderation! Sophia, what a confounded pair of fools we have been!" ejaculated Mr. Allen.

"I think the best thing we can do is to go home, and live, as we live, done for many years, and let matrimony alone for the future."

And Miss Sophia thought so, too.

FAULTS.

He who boasts of being perfect, says a modern writer, is perfect in his folly. I have been a great deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until I see two Sundays come together.—You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is "lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good; but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every heart has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drops. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have nevertheless heard the bell jingle. As there is no sunshine without shadows so all human good is mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor-law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of a heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it is quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some kind nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's faults will show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the knees may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him; and the rider had better hold him up well. The fatby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle; but it's not everybody that will remember to keep his gun-powder out of the way of the candle.

A remarkable case of fraud is under investigation at Cork, Ireland, in which Geo. Humphreys, formerly City Treasurer, is charged with having concocted a false ledger of the accounts of the Glanmire cotton mills, of which Sir John Arnott was owner, by which the latter was defrauded out of the enormous sum £230,000, between the years 1872 and 1874.

"When a great man dies," says Quip "the first thing done is to resolve to build a monument to his memory, and the second is—not to build it."

The opening article in *The Canadian Mechanic's Magazine and Patent Office Record*, on Public Schools, among other things says:—"Another source of complaint by parents is the injustice of keeping a whole class in, after school hours; as a punishment for the undiscovered guilty one, because none of the children would be mean enough in spirit to point out the child, and have it punished, for what? perhaps after all some trifling infringement of school discipline. As it is, the hours for children in many of our public schools are already too long, particularly for girls residing in towns. Of what use is education without health and strength to enjoy it? and certainly too long. When a girl is kept in the close confinement of an over-crowded room from nine in the morning until half past three, and even four o'clock, in the afternoon, particularly in winter, what time has that child for exercise? the afternoon is closed for out door recreation and household duties, and evening studies close the day. No wonder so many of our girls grow up unfit for the domestic duties of life."

THE LAST SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.—The most memorable, in some respects, of all the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected was the last, called the "great siege" one of the mighty struggles of history, which began in the year 1779. The famous General Elliott was commander of the fortress. Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco, endeavored to surprise Gibraltar; but a Swedish ship gave Elliott the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than five thousand five hundred men. The enemy's force was fourteen thousand. The siege began by the blockading of the port, and a camp was formed at San Roque with the design of starving out the garrison. When the English Governor resolved to open fire upon his besiegers, a lady fired the first shot. Never did a siege war rage more furiously than did this for nearly three years. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food; "a guinea was worth a guinea," and Elliott tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week. Exciting stories are told of the privations that ran in, amidst terrible dangers, with provisions, and of the storms which threw welcome wood and cork within reach of the besieged. The rock at one time would surely have been taken had it not been for Admiral Rodney, who sailing off the strait, captured a small fleet of Spanish war ships and merchantmen, and clearing the strait of besiegers, brought his prizes into port. But all dangers were not yet averted; Gibraltar was again blockaded; scarcity broke out in the garrison, and Morocco refused her harbors to English ships. The enemy crept closer, and closer to the fortress, but relief coming every now and then enabled the English still to hold out. The bombardments were fearful to endure. "The city was almost destroyed; scarcely a house habitable; and those left standing, pierced by shot and shell." At one time the desperate garrison fell to plundering the town; Elliott shot the leaders in this outrage. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the siege early in 1783. If in that year the English had to make up their minds that they must let go their American colonies, they had at least the consolation that Gibraltar was still theirs.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas cried he "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

A boy with a wart on the end of his nose was subjected to a blue glass bath, and at the end of twenty minutes the wart had entirely disappeared. P. S.—So had the boy.

Newspapers appear to fancy it funny that the type-setters of the *Convent* makes it announce the death of a subscriber at forty-seven who had taken the paper fifty years. We cannot help it if people will order the *Convent* in advance.