RBITTERS
FREE FROM ALCOHOL
CALIFORNIA
R BITTERS
r's California Vinegar
ly Vegetable preparation.
n the native herbs found
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are extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
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wer is, that they remove
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They are the great blood
giving principle, a perfect
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enjoy good health, let
R BITTERS as a medicine,
se of alcoholic stimulants.
DONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
n and Charlton Sts., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.
an take these Bitters
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their bones are not de-
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wasted beyond repair.
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wonderful Invigorant that
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prove a better guarantee of
lengthy advertisement.
King's Evil, White Swel-
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
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Mercurial Affections, Old
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WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
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McDONALD & CO.,
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gton and Charlton Sts., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.

POST-PAID.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—*Cic.* [$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

No 16 SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 19, 1876. Vol 43

Poetry.

A PARTING.

"Good-by, then!" And he turned away,
No other word between them spoken;
You barely could have guessed that day
How close a bond was broken.

The faint, slight tremor of the hand
That clasped her own in that brief parting,
Only her heart could understand,
Who saw the dew drop starting.

Who felt a sudden surge of doubt,
Come rushing back unbidden o'er her,
As with the words her life without
His presence loomed before her.

The others saw, the others heard
A calm, cool man, a gracious woman;
A quiet, brief farewell, unstirred
By aught at all uncommon.

She knew a solemn die was cast,
She knew that two paths now must sever;
That one familiar step had passed
Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant
A trivial parting, lightly spoken;
She read the bitter mute intent,
She knew—a heart was broken.

—*Barton Grey.*

GENERAL JACK.

The Story of a Diamond-hunter.

Pretty much everybody has heard of General Jack's penchant for diamonds, and a great many of us know the man himself—a sturdy character, sound and firm on his feet as a horse-block. A florid face rather hard; a square chin, determined lips closing over white teeth, cold gray eyes looking right at you from under a hedge of eyebrows sandy in color, dusted with gray, a large straight nose; and a big diamond on his expansive shirt front. His voice is deep and stern, rather hoarse, too, and harsh; its volume is tremendous whenever it comes freighted with a crash of oaths. General Jack is self-made; began as a driver of a pair of mules on a canal route, then took to a menagerie, was ring-master in a circus, owned a circus, came to be a millionaire and a politician with a passion for diamonds, and has, he says, been buying 'em ever since. "It's a weakness, and I've paid for it. Tiffany's people always send for me when they've got in anything new, and the Amsterdammers know me."

It is said that those who want to come it over General Jack—no easy thing to do—always approach him on his diamond side. He takes it as a compliment to be asked to show his collection and does show it. But he is a good judge of character for all.

One day General Jack had a visitor, a man of forty years, with grizzled hair and a stoop in his shoulders—a pallid face, somewhat bloated from long indulgence in liquors. "You don't know me, General Jack!" said the man.

The General was puzzled a good deal. "Hombre, I've seen you somewhere. Stop—I have it! Good Lord, Cary, what have you done to yourself?"

"It's fifteen years ago, General," said Cary apologetically.

"Only fifteen! Zounds! You were a handsome young young fellow then; I thought you were a genius. And your wife was lovely."

"Don't mention the past—she's a wreck—six children to care for; and I am—what you see. I want you to do something for me before the black dog devours me."

"Hombre, it's the drink that does it."

"I want you to save me from the drink, General."

"This man" (the general says, when he tells the story), "this man, Mark Cary, was what you might truly call one of these here genuises. When I knowed him—and loved him, too, as everybody had to do—he was editing a neat little paper in a Virginia town, and happy as a June bug. One of your Apolloses—tall, square a step like a spring board, blue eyes full of fire, Hyperion curls like—a man every inch. The things he couldn't do with the dumb bells want worth trying; he could beat my best man at a square leap; sat a horse like a center or Comanchy, and put a pen in his hand, or call on him for a speech and by sounds you couldn't mate him nowhere. I used to get him to write my bills and advertisements for me—he'd been a treasure in that line if he'd only taken wages. As for poetry—well. I'm no judge, but if he couldn't pump all these here centenniallers I'm Dutch! His wife was just the sweetest little lady ever you see, and could pour out tea like an angel. And now here he was, gone to seed."

"How come t Cary?

It was the war, poverty sickness, long struggles in adversity, long lassitude and loss of spirits, chagrin, all that turned in.

"I think I'm gone, general, but Margaret won't hear a word of it. She told me to come to see you and ask you to help me."

"Where is the little woman, Mark?"

He named a wretched tenement house. General Jack drummed on the table with his fat fingers a moment. "Not in want, I hope, Cary?" said he at last.

"Not quite, general; but the times are hard; I can't get away, and there is no telling how long it will be before that comes, too."

"Come, let's go and see her," and the general and Cary, without a word, led the way to his poor lodgings.

The general does not say much about the interview that insued, but I know from other sources that the wife and children had a good supper that night.

"Come to my office—down town, here's the number—to-morrow at eleven, Mark, and I'll talk with you. Madam, I'll see you again," and the general withdrew.

"See here, Mark," said the general, next day, "you're broke down. The little woman can't do anything with you, and your own backbone's turned to injun-rubber. You ain't worth a damn!"

"That is just about the conclusion I am coming to myself, general," said Cary, with pathetic sincerity.

"I know better!" cried Jack, vehemently pounding the table with his fist; "I mean to take you in hand now, and make a man of you!"

"I wish to heaven you would!" cried Cary.

"I mean to! you're the very fellow I've been looking for this year or more. You're honest and capable you know all about geology, mineralogy, and that sort of thing, don't you? If you don't you can learn. Stop! listen! you are up to my diamond passion—well, there's where I want you! I want a man—an honest man—a capable—to go to South Africa for me, and find me the biggest diamond there—a dozen of them, if you're so minded! Will you go? Stop! I'll take care of the little woman and provide for her if you do not come back. The sea voyage will give you a chance to taper off, drop the drink, build yourself up, and all that; when you get there you'll be all right again, and then you can use your brains again in finding me that diamond. I'll pay you good wages, and all you find is mine. Is it a bargain? Strike hands on it if it is!

"If Margaret says yes, I'll go, General. And God bless you, anyhow!"

"Come home to lunch with me, then, and we'll ask her. She'll likely be there."

Not only she but all the children were there, and in the newest of clothes, for Mrs. Jack had been at work too, and Mrs. Cary told her husband with tears in her eyes, "We needn't go back to that dream of horror any more."

So it was all settled in a few minutes. Cary's family were to have the cottage on the General's farm and an ample allowance; the eldest boy and girl to go to school, and Cary himself to go after the big diamond. In a week Mark Cary sailed, with a chest full of books in which to study up the subject; and the little woman and her children were happy on the farm—happy, at least as they could be with Cary away in quest of the big diamond.

How did that quest fare? I must let General Jack tell it in his own way, as he takes the key of his safe from his pocket, preparatory to opening it, and stands on the hearth before the grate, warming his stout calves, and emphasizing his narrative with gestures of the key:

"Never was mistaken in a man in all my life, before that! Made all my money by looking into people's faces to see if I could trust 'em or not. And this here Mark Cary—well there's half a million o' diamonds, great and small in this here chest, let alone bonds, and I'd left him here with the safe open and nobody else in the house, and gone off say to Europe or the Sandwich Island's perfectly easy. But, you see—well, there's such a thing as tempting people too far. Cary got along splendidly at first. He wrote to his wife and me regular all along the voyage, and when he got to the Cape he sent a photograph that we might see how he was spruced up. I could see the old curls was coming back to his hair, the old fire to his eyes, the old roundness to his cheek; and the little woman was more in love with him than ever. He went up country, and by and by his letters began to come regular again, and diamonds, too—small ones, but one or two good sized ones, so that in their sum they might be taken to be worth full as much money as I had put up for him. One day he sends me a real brilliant two-carat fellow, and simultaneously draws on me for £500, saying he was going to another place in the hope to find a diamond worth the venture.

"After that, no more from Mark Cary. More than a year went by, and not a word did I get from him, nor did his wife know more than me. The little woman was well nigh crazy, and as I had no good news for her, I didn't tell her any. I had written in a private way to a correspondent of mine, at Natal, and heard what I was afraid of—that Cary had gone all to the bad again—and it cut me deep; but I never let on, even to my own wife. No news—eighteen months and more went by, and not a single word from Cary. I kept out of the little woman's way all I could, for the sight of her would have distressed a politician, let alone a stone wall; but one stormy night she burst in upon my wife and me as wild as she could be. "General Jack," she says, wringing her hands, but never shedding a tear, and turning on me a face I couldn't look at for the pity of it; "General Jack, I cannot be the pensioner of your bounty any longer! You are the best man that ever lived and I'm the most wretched of women, but that's no reason why I should keep on imposing upon you." So I says to her, "What's up?" for I was pretty sure now she had news of Mark, and nothing good. "Have you heard from Cary? General Jack," she says, solemn like, "I know my husband is dead! I know that he has been false to you, and it has killed him! It's killing me!" I was struck all of a heap. "Never mind, little woman, never mind!" I was going on to say, when my wife broke in, 'how did you learn this, Margaret?' she asked. "In a dream, a dreadful, awful dream!" said the poor creature, and then she broke down, burst out crying, and couldn't say any more. So we sets to console her the best way we could but didn't make much headway at it. I told her I would be cruelly hurt if she didn't let me keep my promise to Mark, but her last word was she couldn't, darsen't and wouldn't live on me.

"Just then the front-door bell rang, and when William opened it the raggedest buzzard of a man broke past him and came rushing into the sitting-room here where we were. He hadn't a whole stitch nor a clean stitch on him, that fellow hadn't; his hair was long and wild, and his beard also; his feet bare and his face would have won the premium over a Connecticut hatchet for sharpness. All the same that little woman knowed him as soon as he stopped at the door, turned as white as a sheet, held her two hands together tight, and just sighed between her set teeth, "Mark!" I thought she'd go over, but she was too true grit for that. He never noticed her nor nothing else. He came straight up to me, and kind 'o steadied his staggering feet by holding on to the table, and looked me in the face and said, cool and calm like, but in a monstrous thin, reedy voice. 'General Jack, I've been a thief and a traitor, a sot, and a vagabond for more than a year; but I have lived long enough to make you amends. Here's your diamond; take it quick, for I'm dying!" and he put a bundle of rags about as big as your two fists in my hand, and went over just like he was shot.

"The little woman gave one cry, half joy, half terror, and had him in her arms the next instant, his head in her lap, and she smothering him with kisses, while my wife, cool as a statue; turns to William and says, 'Have some soup made,' and the first thing I saw she had the brandy bottle and a spoon, and was down on her knees beside him. 'He's just starving to death, general, that's all,' says she. And I wasn't nowhere in that ring, while them women was bringing him round with little doses of beef tea and brandy, kisses and pattings, and calling him all the loving names in the dictionary. By and by he sits up—'Where is it?' says he, and makes me hand that parcel of old rags out of my pocket, where I'd slipped it in the hurry of the moment, and upwrap and unrap until out there shined—but sho! there some thing you cannot describe."

And at this point in his narrative the general always unlocks his safe and produces his great diamond. "There it is! Biggest diamond in America! Finest jewel in the world! Look at it! That man fetched him all the way from Africa, by way of Australia, and hadn't a cent in in his pocket half the time! Hadn't had a bite to eat from Omaha here, but held on to the diamond and said nothing—only starved!

"Well! he told me all about it; not that I believe all his sentimental trash though. People with his sort of fa o' are honest because it is their nature. If they get wrong, their nature beats and kicks them and pulls their ears till it sets them right again; that's all of it. His story was that he hadn't been at the new place more than a week before he lighted on the big diamond kicked it up with his toe. He no sooner saw it than he knew it was a fortune for him if he kept it. Then, he says, the devil entered into him, and he got on an all-fired rollocking bust, and ran away to India to sell the stone to a rich inaharajah there. But just as he was concluding the bargain he ran away again—he don't say the devil tempted him this time, though. Then he landed in Australia; and kept up his jollification till he hadn't a red left; but all this time he held on to the diamond, because it was mine, not his. So he makes up his mind to come home, and works his passage across to California. And then, for fear lest he should be tempted again, or get robbed, begs and borrows his way home. Now, that I call pretty much of a temptation for a poor man to overcome, don't you? Look at the stone—it's worth $80,000 as it's cut, and that Mark Cary didn't know he was going to get a penny for it, outside his wages, as agreed on. But he brought it on all safe! It isn't every man who would do it—but the way I got rich was in looking in men's faces and seeing if they're honest. And I never was wrong in judging a man's character in my life."

General Jack will not tell you, what is nevertheless the fact, that, after his famous diamond was cut, he had it appraised, and paid Mark Cary its value, less the advances made to him and his family. He will not tell you of Cary's fine plantation and his fine prospects; of how he is a temperate man, a good citizen, and the best of fathers and husbands—made so by Gen. Jack's ministry; but he will show you the big diamond, if you call upon him, with exquisite pleasure, and relate to you with gusto such portions of its history as do not reflect too great credit upon himself.

A Traiterous Austrian.

A lieutenant in the Austrian army, a baron, and a member of one of the most noble families, recently sold to a Russian officer plans of several important Austrian fortifications, receiving for the service a million roubles. The rascality was only discovered when the lieutenant made an offer to sell copies of the same plans to a French officer. The Frenchman communicated the fact to his Government, and the French Government to the Austrian Gov't. Of course the baron is not only in disgrace, but will be severely punished. The French papers claim great credit for the honorable course pursued by their officials; but it is hinted that the real cause fo. this exhibition of national friendship lies in the expectation and hope that some day not far in the future the soldiers of France and Austria may be found fighting side by side against a common enemy.

Ingenious Advertisements.

The *World's Atlas* says: "I have been told that the best form of advertisement, even in this advertising age, is what is know as the 'packing case.' An ingenious tradesman places outside his shop a board, directed to the Duke of Omnium, purporting to be the lid of a case containing goods to be delivered to that estimable nobleman. When the British public is supposed to be sufficiently acquainted with the fact as to the Duke's being a customer of the shop, the lid is taken inside, pianed, and reappears with the Marquis of Carabas's name; and so on through the peerage. But I cannot help thinking that a hair-dresser, celebrated for his dye, went too far a little while ago, when he announced by means of this system that he was supplying a gentleman very well known in London society with two dozen bottle of 'Restorative.' Using hair dye is not a criminal offence, I believe, even under the Julian Act, though I wont speak for certain, but it is nevertheless a practice one likes to keep to oneself."

Americanized English.

An editor of real ability makes a great mistake when he departs from pure English. The temptation to emphasize a sentence or make it lively with slang is sometimes a strong one from its well-known effects on a certain class of readers. It should, however, be avoided, and in leaving it aside the editor will have his reward in the increased confidence of all classes. The "English" of the modern paragraphist often goes beyond all bounds, and justifies such criticism as the following:

"New York newspapers accuse each other of a "life-long struggle for alliteration, varied with the parturient pangs of rhetorical novelty."

And if this straining after shallow rhetorical effect and feverish aim for absurd alliterations so often lead writers astray, can we wonder that even in the very men who criticise it, as in the above quotation, a similar tendency to extravagance is visible?

Here is a sample of one of those comments which excited the wonder of Saturday Reviewists:

"A Chicago paper announces that Nilsson is to take the Chicago soul and slap it into Elysium.' It isn't Nilsson who is going to take the Chicago soul, and it isn't Elysium she's going to slap it into."—*Exchange.*

So much has been said and published with reference to Mr. Gillmor's vote on the Petroleum Question, that we publish what he did say. Mr. Gillmor is a Free Trader, he went to Parliament untrammelled by pledges, and voted according to his convictions. He wished to leave the Tariff as it is, and his constituents, and indeed the constituency of Province, did not desire a protective tariff:—

Dominion Parliament.

DUTIES ON PETROLEUM.

Hon. Mr. CARTWRIGHT moved the House into Committee of Supply.

Mr. COLBY proposed an amendment, of which he had given notice some weeks before, to reduce the duty from 15 cents to 7½ cents per gallon.

[A long debate followed in which several supporters of the government advocated the reduction. A large majority of the Maritime members, (26) opposed the amendment, only six supported it.]

Mr. GILLMOR found that there was some difficulty in voting in this matter. Those whom he represented complained of the tax, but there were other considerations. The question was embarrassing to the Government, and this influenced his vote to a considerable extent. The tariff of the Government was approved by the Maritime members; it met with his approval, and he thanked them for it. He had never seen the Government pressed so closely as on this question. He feared that they might have introduced a protective or national policy, but he was glad they had resisted the pressure, and now it was the duty of the Maritime members not to desert the ship. Compromises had to be made, if the ship had to be run. In this he did not think there was any necessity for sacrifice of principle. If the tariff had to be readjusted in this matter there was no knowing where it would stop. His constituency felt this tax to be onerous, and that it flung all the trade to the Americans much coal oil being smuggled. He regretted that the motion had been made, held that the Government policy should be in this case supported, seeing that the Government had adopted a course which was in the general interest.

What They are Worth.

Mr. George Jones, as Chief owner of the *Times*, is the richest newspaper proprietor in New York next to Bennett. The estimated value of the leading journals is given as follows, including the buildings erected for their use: *Herald* $2,000,000; *Times*, $1,000,000; *Tribune*, $1,000,000, subject to the mortgage; *World* (no building), $300,000; *Evening Express*, $250,000; *Evening Post*, and building, $700,000; *Commercial Advertiser*, $150,000; *Evening Mail*, $100,000; *Sun*, $200,000.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Some horrible crimes by children are often reported from England. Recently William Gilbert Harrod, a boy only twelve years of age, was indicted at the Lincoln Azzizes, for wilfully murdering two boys, one ten years old. Towards the elder the two boys he appears to have entertained an ill-feeling for some time, and according to a letter written by him whilst in custody, he and the murdered boy fought with hedgestakes. After beating him over the head until he was dead, Harrod threw the body into a pond, where it was found the next day. The jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and he received a sentence of fifteen years of penal servitude.

Two Boston women have expended $700 in money, a year of time, and nearly all their eyesight in embroidering a flag for the centennial show.

Always carry a law book with you. A George Beedle shot at Sheriff Newton in Afton, N. Y. the other day, but a law book in the Sheriff's hands stopped the bullet after it had gone through fifty leaves.

A bill introduced in the New York Assembly provides that either party may obtain a divorce for adultery, wilful desertion, abandonment, cruelty or intoxication or when either has been in prison for three or more years subsequent to marriage.

Charles Hodges and Amy Robinson of Jersey City, respectively seven and six old, eloped on Sunday, and were found in a barn, where they had gathered a quantity of provisions, intending to live together the rest of their lives.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available