

Walker's California Vinegar
is a purely vegetable preparation,
from the native herbs found
in the Sierras of California,
the medicinal properties of
which are well known. It is
the only one of its kind in
the world. It is the cause
of the success of Walker's
Bitters, and the patient recovers
the great blood
giving principle, a perfect
Invigorator of the system,
a history of the world has
seen compounded possessing
equalities of Walker's Bitters
of every disease man is
prone to a gentle Purgative,
a relieving Congestion or In-
flammation of the Liver and
Visceral Organs.

Enjoy good health, let
Walker's Bitters as a medicine,
one of alcoholic stimulants.

McDONALD & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Chicago, Ill., New York.
Beware of cheap imitations.
I can take these Bitters
in any direction, and remain long
without their bones are not de-
ranged, and the patient recovers
the great blood
giving principle, a perfect
Invigorator of the system,
a history of the world has
seen compounded possessing
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flammation of the Liver and
Visceral Organs.

or Indigestion, Headache,
Shooting Coughs, Tightness
Dizziness, Sour Eructations of
bad Taste in the Mouth, Bil-
literation of the Heart, Inflam-
mation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of
and a hundred other painful
affections of the Digestive
system. It is a better guarantee of
a lengthy advertisement.
or King's Evil, White Swell-
ing, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
Ulcers, Inflammations, Indolent
sores, Mercurial Affections, Old
Sores of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
these, as in all other constitu-
tions, Walker's Bitters
their great curative powers in
timate and intractable cases.
Lancet, and Chronic
Gout, Bilious, Benignant
Stomach Fevers, Diarrhoea of the
Kidneys, and Bladder, these
equal. Such Diseases are
noted in the blood.

Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters,
Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Fur-
uncles, Ringworms, Scald
Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scabies,
and the Skin of whatever name
usually dug up and carried out
in a short time by the use of
this.

pe, and other Worms, bur-
rowing in the skin, and
system of so many thousands,
are destroyed and removed. No
system, no vermifuge, no anthel-
mintic, can do what Walker's Bitters
do.

ate Complaints, in man or
or single, at the day, of woman
to turn of life, these Tonic Bitters
decided an influence that it
is soon perceptible.

It is in cases of jaundice, root
your liver is not doing its work,
sensible treatment is to promote
of the bile and favor its re-
turn to the system.

the Vitiated Blood when-
ever it imparts burning
pimples, Eruptions, or Sores;
when you find it obstructed and
the veins; cleanse it when it is
scurvy, and the health of the system

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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 21, 1875.

V. 1 42

From the "Volunteer Service Gazette."
Royal Arsenal Rifles—Church Parade.

On Sunday afternoon, the 28th Kent
(Royal Arsenal) Rifles attended Divine
service at Holy Trinity Church, Woolwich,
which was crowded in every part. The
lessons selected for the occasion were read
by Lieut. Colonel W. R. Buck, command-
ing the corps. The following hymn was
sung before the sermon. It had been written
expressly for the occasion by Lieut.
Colonel Buck, the music being specially
composed by the Rev. W. M. Buck, Vicar
of Sutton-cum-Seaford, Sussex, his father:
THE CAPTAIN OF SALVATION.—Heb. ii. 10.

Soldiers of the Captain!
Stand, for Him, and fight—
Hardness, glad enduring,
Armoured in His might!
He is that Great Victor
Praised in angel songs—
Glorious of each soldier!
Who to Him belongs.
Soldiers of the Captain!
Stand, for Him, and fight—
Hardness, glad enduring,
Armoured in His might!
Leader never vanquished—
More than conquerors, too,
Through Himself, he maketh
All His soldiers true:
For the foe, triumphant,
He must still prevail—
So, His soldiers faithful,
With Him, cannot fail.
Soldiers of the Captain, &c.
Take ye, then, the helmet,
Breastplate, shield, and sword—
Thus equipped for battle,
Ready at His word:
Fierce though be the warfare,
Sure is the renown—
And, though dark the conflict,
Bright the promised crown,
Soldiers of the Captain, &c.
Jem! Captain! help us
Soldiers go to be
Living, dying, ever
Fighting, Lord! for Thee:
Stand to march forward
In the ranks of Thee—
Waiting but the order
From Thy voice divine!
Soldiers of the Captain, &c.

The sermon was preached by the Rev.
James White, incumbent of the church,
and chaplain to the 28th Kent, who chose
for his text the words at the beginning of
the above hymn, "The Captain of salvation."
During the course of his address
he said that the primary essential of an
army was a good leader, and next to that,
good soldiers. Inasmuch as the need for
such was continually appearing, and that
they were never absent from the cry of war, a cry
to which some must be wrong, and must
be right. It was, on account of such
evils as these that the men before him had
been sent to the service to keep the horrors
of war from their hearts and homes—
England was the only country in which
war volunteers; there was no conscription
in any happy land, and thousands of
men had voluntarily come forward and
offered their services for the public good,
willing, if occasion required, to fight and
die for their Queen and country. He in-
vited them cheerfully to come forward and
enter the service of the Captain of salva-
tion, whose love and sympathy were with
them, and who had himself been made
pious through suffering.

The hymn, "O Paradise! O Paradise!"
having been sung by the choir, and the
benediction pronounced by the Rev. J.
White, the volunteers marched off from
the church to the martial time of the fore-
going hymn, which has just been adopted
as the "Regimental March" of the corps,
for use on parade, and in the field, etc., on
all occasions.

[The Rev. Vicar Buck, is brother, and
Lieut. Col. Buck, a nephew of our respect-
ed friend, Walter M. Buck, Esq., C. B., for-
merly a resident of Saint Andrews.—Ed.
STANDARD.]

A man, stating a "nice thing" that was ar-
rested in the morning in the Providence
Lockport, the other day, and was very an-
xious that no one should know of his dis-
grace, after his release he was observed
about town with his niece hat on, having
upon it the tolling legend, "This hat be-
longs to a man who sold his property,
having been very careful of his property,
but failed to restore the hat."

The latest addition to the umbrella is a
pane of glass, inserted in the front breadth,
through which the holder can see his way.

A CHOICE OF EVILS. Between a Lion, and a Minister.

A little head-trong piece, a pretty little head-
strong piece, every old woman in the neigh-
hood called Bessie Allen; and when she and
George Knight, her mate in most of her frolics
and adventures, were together, any thing, the
same authorities declared, might be expected.
Nevertheless, all the neighborhood were Bessie
Allen's friends; they all loved the little bright
head, the dimpled mischief of the rosy face, the
glistering of the brown eyes, with their long,
bright, half-curled lashes that knew so well the
demure trick of veiling the lustre underneath
them at the auspicious moment; and making
the face too tempting for anything but forgive-
ness and kisses.

She was seventeen, and though all the neigh-
borhood might in some way be called her lover,
yet she never had that single and individual
lover who belongs to young girls' dreams; for
with all her gay spirit there was a certain shy-
ness—almost like that of the little wild-wild
animals, which allures you and then escapes
you—and no admirer had ever approached the
lively, frolicsome, piquant thing near enough
to become a lover. That is to say, until this
present epoch, of which we are about to speak;
and then one day the new minister—yes, the
new minister, young, heart-whole, handsome,
and beloved by some of the old women of
whom mention has been made, and some of
the young ones too, to be nothing less than an
angel in disguise, for if such things had hap-
pened once, they reasoned, then they might
happen again—just as he rose in the pulpit, saw
Miss Bessie come walking into church, and it
was all over with him.

He knew, in fact, that his hour had come.
He sat down afterward, and reasoned the mat-
ter out with himself. A child, indeed, she was,
he confessed, but then an utterly lovely one.
Precisely the material for a minister's wife,
according to old-fashioned theories, but then
he had abandoned old-fashioned theories in
that respect. His wife was to belong to him,
not to the parish, and in time she would be
everything the fondest parish could wish. And
as for anything more that could be urged, there
was but one answer—he loved her. A month
ago he had never seen her; now, life would be
a hard struggle to the grave without her. A
month ago he had never seen her, yet he was
sure he had only been journeying toward her,
and he was as determined to make her his
own, and as confident that he should do so, as
if he had seen it written in the book of fate.
When Mr. Beckwith determined on a thing, he
was in the habit of accomplishing it.

It actually seemed to all the neighborhood,
at about that time, as though Bessie Allen were
blessed herself with endurance and the mere
delight of youth and health and sunshine. The
sewing-circles and the prayer-meetings were
only so many places for her wit and witch-
eries—possessed with glee at the one, a coquet-
ish little Parisian at the other under all her
glances—always contriving to go home with
some other gallant than the minister. The Bi-
ble class was the only place that tamed her
much, and these she grew more and more si-
lent; her veil gradually lowered and lowered
till it shielded her face; and as long as her un-
accountable tears could fall quietly, and only
blister the leaves of her testament unperceived,
she said; but when a hysterical burst became
inevitable, without a word of warning she would
dash away, as if in danger of her life. Nobody
else dreamed what it meant. Mr. Beckwith
thought he knew. Poor little Bessie! If ever
a young falcon out of the forest objected to
the clipping of her wings, she was one, for she
felt the hand tightening around her. Evident-
ly she was in the mood of those who mean to
have their fling out because they know an end
is coming. She loved him—yes, she loved him
she was afraid; but he was a minister, and she
didn't want to love a minister.

If so good a man could be piqued, he was per-
haps piqued into the resolve for conquest; he
was determined to teach the tantalizing thing
that it was happiness she was flying from, and
not torment, as she seemed to believe; he was
all the more fixed in his intention to win her—
to win her and to take her. But not one op-
portunity for his winning and taming did he
get.

"What in the world is the matter with the
girl?" said her mother.
But the father only nodded his wise head
and bade the mother leave her alone. He
looked at the absurd little portrait of his short-
waisted aunt Dorothy, of whom Bessie was the
image and superscription, and remembered the
story of her courtship as he heard her tell it.
"It will all come right mother," he said.

"It's all wrong now," said the mother. "And
these tantrums will be the death of me if they
don't come to an end soon."

Perhaps Mr. Beckwith thought they would
be the death of him. If he did, he could de-
vise no way to overcome them. Half-promised
as she was by those melting lips of hers, he
could not arrive within sufficient distance again
of the rebellious little maiden to exact the rest
of the promise. That his power was felt, and
not only felt now but recognized, was evident
enough, or she would never have tried to es-
cape him so. In the mask of maiden, or in the
mask of nonnette, which ever way it was, she
was equally inaccessible.

If there was to be a picnic now in the parish,
an occasion where all were on a level, this
young woman announced her intention of go-
ing, before Mr. Beckwith had the chance to in-
vite her, in the company of another suitor, and
nobody in that house had ever been much in
the habit of gaining Bessie Allen. When
evening meeting was over, she was not the one
to wait for the minister; she caught her father's
arm, and said, "Quick! Don't let anybody
take me!" And after that mark of confidence,
the proud and loyal father, happy slave of a
spoiled mistress, would not have surrendered
her to the minister himself, who was, it was
very likely, plotting on behind with her moth-
er and the lantern. When the sewing circle
closed its sessions, Bessie said Yes to the first
spruce young Corydon that stepped forward.

But, for all that, there was a change in Bessie.
Nobody ever heard her voice caroling out of
the window now; nobody heard her old
sweet laugh, like the music of a brook; there
was a curious little frown between her eyes
when on her modest escapade.
It was just at this season, as it happened, to-
ward the close of the bright September days
that flaming handbills were posted up at every
corner and on every empty fence proclaiming
the approach of Eden's great Scriptural Show
and Gymnastic Entertainment, which the vil-
lagers were not, however deluded into suppos-
ing anything other than a circus. Miss Bessie,
of course, read the handbills in common with
others, and straightway announced to her as-
tonished family that she was to be a patroness
of the great Scriptural Show to the extent of a
single ticket.

"Go to the circus!" came the astonished chorus
of remonstrance.
"It isn't a circus," said Bessie. "It's a Scriptu-
ral Show. There are texts from the Bible on
every cart."

"They take the lively of God to serve the
devil in!" exclaimed her father.
"I don't see any such necessity," she rejoined.
"It's an opportunity for studying natural history
such as seldom occurs, the Bible says."

"Much natural history in those dancing wo-
men and riding men?"
"Oh, as for that part, I shouldn't think there
could be any thing more interesting than the
sight of those people springing through the air
from their trapezes," said the well-informed
young person, "and showing what fine bodies
they can make for themselves. Like pictures
of the heathen gods!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Allen; "nonsense.
Your head's turned. You, a decent's daughter
like me!"

"Yes, my child," said her father. "I agree
with your mother here. I've never denied you
much, Bessie, but I feel that I must deny you
this. You can't go to the circus."

"You," said her mother, "that the minister
has paid attention to!"
That settled it. Nothing but iron could have
kept Bessie from that circus after those
fatal words. She confided to George Knight
at once her intention of going to the circus;
and when the mighty show came into town,
she watched her chance and harnessed the filly
herself into the little open wagon, and set out
with George Knight, unseen and unmixed for
a time, to visit the beasts and the gymnasts of
the forbidden entertainment.

"What the minister can see in that girl,"
said old Miss Sparks, looking through the win-
dow as the wagon whirled by. "I can't see
it. She's an engaging rogue, that's true, but I
shouldn't want to marry her." But as nobody
wanted Miss Sparks to marry her, it didn't
much signify.

Bessie was in great spirits. She was disobey-
ing; that in itself always kindled her marriage
mood. Then she felt sure that Mr. Beckwith
would disapprove, and that was another excite-
ment. She had a foreboding that the time was
coming presently when her free agency would
cease; till it did cease she was defiant. And
accordingly, well-pleased with her success thus
far, she and George sang and laughed till the
road rang with their overjoying gaiety as they
drove along and put the filly through her paces.

It was only a couple of miles before the
road grew dusty and thronged. People
were coming and people were going. All
sorts of vehicles jostled together. Far off
they could hear the strains of a band rising

and falling on the wind till they were in
an ecstasy of expectation, as they grew si-
lent and listened. Another began to "line
the way," with lemonade and mineral wa-
ters and worse; and presently the tents
rose on their sight like white clouds, the
flag waving its long folds over them. And
now they were in the great space before
the tents, crowded with teams, with foot
passengers, with men leading piebald
horses and Shetland ponies, with boys cry-
ing their wares, with the voice of the Ro-
manes who pressed the claims of the fat
woman and the leant pig on the atten-
tion; and through it all came the burst of
the band again in some tripping dance ma-
sic, the roving of the tents and awen-
ing of the monkeys and parrots; and then
the great canvases seemed to swell and
soar, and a girl, all gaze and flowers, was
running up the air on a rope stretched
from pole to pole far overhead, dancing
from sauciness to sunbeam, as it seemed to
the rapt Bessie. What transport! she
thought; and she sat with her head thrown
back, regardless of everything but this fly-
ing wonder in the air, till suddenly a shriek
rose from the great tent—a shriek that
was repeated in the crowd; and then
the shriek of a thousand voices—one awfully
of fear and agony from all the people,
who stood again by all the wild beasts within;
the lion had broken loose!

What a scene it was! what a dreadful
scene! Men were reeling as they ran, chil-
dren were screaming, women were faint-
ing, horses were rearing and snorting, the
crowd was surging and plunging this way
and that in a frantic manner to escape—
Bessie, suddenly called from her wrapt re-
vering with that spirit in the air, gave one
look—one look of horror—tried to pull the
rein, and, weak as a child, fell back upon
the seat. The filly turned her head, and
then, with starting eyes and foaming nostril,
stood upright one moment, and the next
bolted away from the broken traces and
left all standing. George Knight,
with a screech, flung himself from the wagon,
and was swallowed in the flying mad-
beat with great knocks, as unable to
move as one paralyzed.

What swift thoughts swept through her
mind! This was the end of all her wick-
edness. This was what she deserved for
all the pain she had given father and moth-
er—she, their only child, their hope, who
should have been their joy! This was
what she deserved, it flashed across her
for making bleed the heart of the man that
loved her. Deserved? Ah, no one could
quite deserve to be torn to pieces by the
teeth of a wild beast. If she had but been
true to herself, to him, liked less to see her
power, feared less for her liberty, what
peace and pleasure might have been hers
the instant! And now—she remembered
the Christian girls in the Roman amphi-
theatre; she was not even a martyr. She
had a fine chance. She could not stir. In
another moment the brute would be done
his havoc there, and come leaping through
the canvas. Another shriek; a great burst-
ing wave of shrieks. Ah, yes, there he
came, tall in the air, tawny mane, brist-
ling eyes, blazing—coming in great bounds
through the already half-deserted place,
coming straight for her! She cowered an
instant, then sprang to her feet, and glared
full at the advancing monster. It was too
much. With a wild cry herself she turned
—but only to hide her face in Mr. Beckwith's
breast, as he climbed into the wagon
behind her.

What a scene it was! what a dreadful
scene! Men were yelling as they ran, chil-
dren were screaming, women were faint-
ing, horses were rearing and snorting, the
crowd was surging and plunging this way
and that in a frantic effort to escape. Bessie,
suddenly called from her rapt revering
with that spirit in the air, gave one look—
one look of horror—tried to pull the rein,
and, weak as a child, fell back upon the
seat. The filly turned her head, and then,
with starting eyes and foaming nostril, stood
upright one moment, and the next bolted
away from the broken traces and left all
standing. George Knight, with a screech,
flung himself from the wagon, and was swal-
lowed in the flying multitude; but Bessie
sat stone-still, her heart beating with great
knocks, as unable to move as one paralyzed.

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study natural history; she had a fine chance.
She could not stir. In another moment the
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come leaping through the canvas. Another
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too much. With a wild cry herself she
turned—but only to hide her face in Mr.
Beckwith's breast, as he climbed into the
wagon behind her.

Peter McNamara, of Rochester, who
thought he could memorize a bill by look-
ing him in the eyes, changed his mind
when he found himself on that wretched
roof a moment afterward.
Kansas teacher—"Where does all our
grain product go to?" "To the hopper,"
said the hopper? "Grainhopper!" "I don't
know the lad."
The hair from a lady's head should
never be worn on the lapel of a gentleman's
coat, unless the parties are engaged.
What is that which, by losing an eye,
has only a nose left? A nose.

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Beckwith's breast, as he climbed into the
wagon behind her.

Thought it flash instantaneous was the
capture mingling with the agony, instan-
taneous the motion with which she pushed
him from her. "Go! go!" she cried. "I
can't have my filly kill you too! Oh, as
he did not move, 'If you love me, go!'"

"It is because I love you that I shall
stay," murmured Mr. Beckwith, swiftly,
in her ear; "that I shall never go until I
hear you say so much."

"Oh, you know it!" she cried, and faint-
ed on his shoulder, just as the keepers
sprang with their ropes upon the poor old
toothless lion, who loved his frolic and en-
joyed the scare, and of Mr. Beckwith—a
muscular Christian, with a pistol in his
pocket having made his harmless acquaint-
ance, moreover, inside the tent—had not
felt it necessary to be so much afraid.

It was George Knight's seat that Mr.
Beckwith occupied that evening as they
drove slowly home, after the capture of
the filly and the mending of the broken
traces. Mr. Beckwith having made the
most of the three hours in which he had
Miss Bessie on his hands; and Bessie her-
self, tired and weak, lying restfully, if you
will believe it, within the arm that enfolded
her.

"Bessie," he was saying, "this is only
the second lion in the way. What was
that first one which always drove you from
me so?"

"I—I was afraid," murmured Bessie.
"Afraid of me?"
"And then—and then you took it so for-
granted!"

"Oh, indeed," said the minister, frowning
her closer still; "and what if I took it for
granted that you were going to the parson-
age with me next month?"
"Oh, I'm not fit!" cried Bessie, with a
start.

"If you make one objection," said her
lover, "I shall stop at Justice Pettigrew's
on our way, and take you home with me
to-night!" And there with that tender
arm about her, that face about her own, all
in the soft September twilight and under
the lamp of the evening star, what could
Bessie do but yield?

"I don't know what father and mother
will say," she whispered, as at last, having
left the wagon, they clung together on
the porch one moment, and saw the father
hastening toward them down the long en-
trée.

"Father Allen," said the minister, wait-
ing boldly in his arm around their
maughty darling, "this is a will-o'-wisp
that I have captured, and that I intrust to
just three weeks longer to your care. It
has come from the circus, and it is bound
for the parsonage; and there," said Mr.
Beckwith, "it is going to turn into the
light of the house, the spirit of the fresher
the sunshine of home!"

A Chicago poet, upon hearing that Nils-
son was about to erect cow sheds upon her
Pocahontas, has burst forth into the fol-
lowing verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milk-
ing do the men and ows between, and not
for the dim religious light of the fiftieth
century; for the cow may plunge, and the
man may leap, and the fire-dread ride the
gale, and elude the knell of the burning
town in the glow of the molten pall!"

The other day a man in Milwaukee found
four boys playing cards on the hay-mow,
and he was proceeding to give them "the
widen one" when he spoke up and said: "Wo-
man's playing cards. Tom Easter's moth-
er is dead, and we were up here showing
him the pictures on the keels, so he wouldn't
not feel lonesome."

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