



Walker's California Bitter
is a purely vegetable preparation,
free from the native herbs found
in the ranges of the Sierra Nevada
of California, the medicinal prop-
erties of which are extracted therefrom
by a gentle process. The question
frequently asked, "What is the cause
of the success of WALKER'S Bitter
answer is, that they remove
the cause of disease, and the patient recov-
ers. They are the great blood
life-giving principle, a perfect
and invigorating of the system,
in the history of the world has
been compounded possessing
able qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS
the sick of every disease man is
They are a gentle Purgative as
tonic, relieving Congestion or In-
flammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs,
Diseases.

will enjoy good health, let
VINEGAR BITTERS as a medicine,
the use of alcoholic stimulants
is not.

H. McDONALD & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco, California,
Washington and Charleston Sts., New York.
All Druggists and Dealers.
You can take these Bitters
in directions, and remain long
without their bones are not do-
mineral poison or other means,
organs wasted beyond repair.
If Thousands proclaim VINEGAR
most wonderful invigorant that
need the sinking system.
3. Remittent, and Intermit-
tent, which are so prevalent in the
great rivers throughout the
states, especially those of the Mis-
sissippi, Illinois, Tennessee,
Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Rio-
Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile,
Roanoke, James, and many others,
vast tributaries, throughout our
country during the Summer and Au-
tumn, are so during seasons of
out and dry, are invariably
attended by extensive derangements of
the liver, and other abdominal
organs in their treatment, a purgative,
powerful influence upon these
organs, is essentially necessary,
to cleanse the system, and restore
the healthy functions of the digestive

system or Indigestion, Headache,
the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness
of the Chest, Sour Eructations of
the Stomach, Biliousness, Consti-
pation, Pain in the region of the
Lungs, Pain in the region of the
Lungs, and a hundred other painful
affections, are the offspring of Dyspepsia,
which is a better guarantee of
than a lengthy advertisement.
4. King's Evil, White Swell-
ings, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
rotund Inflammations, Indolent
Ulcers, Mercurial Affections, Old
sores of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
in these, as in all other con-
ditions, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
in their great curative powers in
the most intractable cases.
5. Inflammatory and Chronic
Rheumatism, Gout, Blisters, Remittent
fevers, Discharges of the
ver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these
are no equal. Such Diseases are
Vitiating Blood.

6. Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters,
in Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
sules, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald
of the Skin, Erysipelas, Itch, Scour-
ings of the Skin, Humors, and
of the Skin of whatever name or
literally dug up and carried out
in a short time by the use of
Bitters.

7. Scalds, and other Worms, bur-
rowing under the skin, and
destroyed and removed. No sym-
ptoms, no verminous, no anthelm-
intics will free the system from worms
Bitters.

8. In all cases of jaundice, rest
at your liver is not doing its work,
resistance treatment is to promote
the bile and favor its re-
turn to its proper place in the
system.

H. McDONALD & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco, California,
Washington and Charleston Sts., New York.
All Druggists and Dealers.
17521

The St. Andrews Standard.

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EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

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No. 15

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 15, 1874.

Vol 42

Poetry.

A HUSBAND'S IDYL.

This night, sweet wife, to our twin life
Another year of love hath brought
Its golden gleam; for I hold
That all the sands of life are gold,
While Love is shepherd of the fold,
And spins all gifts of baser sort.

We keep, I say, our troth to-day,
As fair and freshly full of love
As when we walked, so long ago,
Across the crisp December snow,
To knit us heart to heart below,
And soul to soul, we hoped, above.

One year! who knows? Time ebbs and flows,
And men still say, "The year hath died!"
But we, my darling, on the verge
Between these years shall sing no dirge:
To us, 'tis but a passing surge,
A simple turning of the tide.

For love in truth renews our youth,
And with the new brings back the old,
As the far moon for evermore
Brings back the tides that e'er and o'er
Thro' countless years have blessed the shore
With fruits and argosies of gold.

So then, we cry, no year shall die,
Nor any year be newly born
Unto our hearts, so long as twin
They rule all seasons, and within
Our souls we end, yet still begin,
The quest of love from dawn to dawn!

SELECT TALE.

MY FIRST YEAR IN CANADA.

BY E. E. E.

My interest in Canada is of recent date, but
was first excited in me when, as a mere child,
I listened with eager attention, and oftentimes
repetition to "stories about Canada," related
for our amusement by a near relative, who had
spent five years with more distant relations in
this country.

As I grew to riper years that interest was not
diminished, and I fondly hoped and even believed
that I should some day visit the New World,
and behold for myself the wild but picturesque
scenery so often described, and be able personally to
judge of the habits, so different from our own, which
so completely took captive my childish fancy.

How little did I then think when I should
find myself on the distant shores of Canada!
It should not be on a visit of some months' dura-
tion, as I then imagined, but to find my home for
life in its bosom, and to be dependent for my life's
happiness on the love and kindness of its inhabi-
tants, and more especially on the tender and watch-
ful affection of one who wooed me from my quiet
happy Scottish home with words of love and the
promise of a life devoted to my happiness.

I bade farewell to dear old Scotia on the second
of July of last year, and after a tedious voyage,
and a trying one so far as seasickness and other
discomforts to which those who commit themselves
to the mercies of the mighty deep are liable, I ar-
rived at Quebec on the sixteenth of the same
month. This town filled me with feelings of
strange interest, being the first Canadian city in
which I had set foot, and one so strikingly different
from our own Scotch towns. The narrow streets
and wooden tenements seemed very grotesque to
my unaccustomed eyes, as also the mode in which
the town is built, one part of it having the appear-
ance of being literally built on top of the other—
We spent a couple of days in the town, leaving
on the evening of the second day for Montreal.

As a town, Montreal is more like our own cities
than any I have yet visited in Canada; possessing
as it does, many fine buildings, open streets, and
imposing places of business.

We drove for several hours through the principal
streets of the city and its environs, visiting the
cemetery, which impressed me as a most lovely
spot in which to sleep the last long sleep which
knows no waking. The following day we "did"
the Lachine Rapids, but in experience it was so
much less frightful an undertaking than represented
in the pictures I had seen of it, that I felt pro-
portionately disappointed. On the third morning
we left Montreal for the small village on the banks
of the Ottawa where my lot was now to be cast,
which we reached on the evening of the same
day.

As we neared my future home my husband,
fearing that on my arrival I might be disappointed
with it, or with the house he had prepared for my
reception, by the most unflattering descriptions of
both tried to prepare my mind for the same.

I began at length to think that our abode must
be near akin to a hovel, and I confess that my
heart sank a good deal at the anticipation.

My father's jokes, wherewith he was wont to
tease me before I left home, about the "wigwam"
which was to be my future abode seemed nearer
realization than either he or I then supposed—
Sufficient to say, however, that these fears were
soon agreeably dispelled, for though the house it-
self could certainly bear no comparison with the
solid stone structure in which my youth had been
passed, yet the different apartments were both
comfortably and neatly furnished, and proofs of
my husband's taste and desire to please my own
met me on every side.

I trust Canadians will pardon me when I ex-
press an opinion, which has doubtless been ex-
pressed by many of my countrymen before me,
and to which by this time they are probably quite
accustomed, viz., that the Canadian homes are as
a rule, woefully inferior to those of the old country,
and so much so that persons here in comparatively
affluent circumstances, are content to inhabit
dwellings which would be regarded by any of our
artisans as entirely beneath their occupation.

I was much delighted with the lovely scenery
around my home, and especially with the mighty
river which flowed at a short distance from it—
The rivers of my own country seemed but as
streamlets, or "burns," as in Scotland we desig-
nate such, in comparison with the imposing waters
of the Ottawa.

As we sat at breakfast on the morning after
our arrival at home my husband began to tell me
of those who constituted the society of the place,
and to name the families with whom I should prob-
ably be most intimate.

After a slight pause in the conversation, he
gravely remarked that probably the person who
supplied us with milk might call. At this to me
astonishing announcement, I could by no means
keep my trifling faculties in order, but burst into a
fit of uncontrollable laughter. Before my mental
view arose a vision of the rubeicund visage, and
by no means stately proportioned dame who sup-
plied us with the same commodity at home, favor-
ing with a visit, and treading on our parlor carpet
with the hob-nailed shoes in which that personage
was wont to encase the ample understandings
with which nature had endowed her.

My husband I feared might be offended at my
sudden and prolonged merriment, but instead of
that it seemed to infect him also, and he joined in
the laugh with me.

I may state that though the anticipated visit has
never been paid, I have had the pleasure of meet-
ing often the expected visitor, and have found her
very different indeed from the individual who was
recalled to my mind by the above conversation.

I have also discovered that in Canada a man's
company is chosen not so much for what he does,
as what he is, certainly a nobler actuating prin-
ciple than that which obtains so much at home.

My housekeeping went on, on the whole, very
satisfactorily, though some difficulties beset my
path at first. My chief trouble was the cooking
stove, which to the Canadian is almost a household
god, but which, to my Scotch eyes, seemed a very
clumsy substitute for wide kitchen ranges and
open hearths. I sighed for the cheerful blaze of
the wide kitchen fire-place—the blaze to believe
in whose existence no faith was required. It is al-
most ludicrous now, when I think how long trying
I found it not to be able to see the fire, and how
doubtfully uncertain I felt when I put anything on
the stove to cook that it would ever arrive at a
stage fit for eating. Oftentimes, when no one was
by, I have I surreptitiously opened the stove door,
that I might regale myself with a temporary but
cheering view of the dancing flames within. The
result of this, however, was not satisfactory, as con-
cerned the vitality of the wood, and I found that
for this indulgence I had generally to pay the pen-
alty. Had I been the most inexperienced of be-
ginners, instead of having had several years' ex-
perience in practical housekeeping, my mistakes
could not have been more absurd, or apparently
contemptible. I knew not how to regulate the
heat, and thus at one time, when I wanted some-
thing cooked hastily, my fire would be perversely
in a dying condition; and again, when I wished
it slow, it would persist in blazing and roaring as
if it meant to set the house on fire.

Had it occurred to any one that these difficul-
ties, and many others which seem now too trifling
to repeat, could have arisen, doubtless they would
have enlightened me on the mechanism of their
much-loved cooking apparatus. As it was, I men-
tally concluded that American cooking stoves
were humbugs, and had to wait for experience to
teach me otherwise.

I miss as much as ever the open and cheer-
ful fireplaces of dear old Scotia, but am con-
vinced that so far as cooking a variety of dishes
at the same time is concerned, the stove is
infinitely the most convenient; and thus I
have become reconciled to its black face in the
kitchen, and have learned to feel towards it
some of the regard of a true born Canadian.

I would fan, however, banish it from the
parlor, where, through its agency, such pleas-
ing results are not to be attained; and, of
course, through the cold days, and colder

evenings of a Canadian winter, have I sighed
for the cosy circle which was wont to gather
around our fireside at home, the "bonnie blith-
er blink" of which will ever be dear, even in re-
membrance.

I know that our fires would not be ade-
quate to heat Canadian houses, so as to make
them habitable in winter; and that Canadians,
when they visit the old country, shiver over
our much-loved coal fires, and declare that
while their faces are being roasted, their backs
are freezing. This has been my own ex-
perience some times, when our winter has been
more severe than usual, and thus I thoroughly
appreciate the equally distributed heat which
the stove sends forth, making one part of the
room as comfortable to sit in as another.

Nevertheless, I have got my husband to
promise that in our new house we shall have
fireplaces in the sitting rooms; and thus, though
not pretending to be able to do with-
out the friendly warmth which the stove af-
fords, we shall also enjoy the cheering and
heart warming glow which he appreciates as
well as myself.

When the intensely hot days of August
began, I ceased to think of fire and fuel, ex-
cept to wish that they could be banished en-
tirely from our domestic economy. Many
were the warnings I had received at home as
to the intense severity of a Canadian winter,
but no warning voice was lifted up to prepare
me for the overpowering heat of a Canadian
summer.

It has struck me as strange that Canadians
themselves enlarge so much on the formi-
dability of the winter, and yet in the summer
months, which I find to be so pleasant, and
unusually warm, I find it so difficult to do, some-
times, I feel as if I must expire for want of air,
be scorched by the intense rays of the sun, or
melt away altogether. I feel thankful that, I
had escaped part of the summer, and devoutly
hope that, by the next, I should be better
inured to a Canadian climate.

We had many pleasant picnics and croquet
parties, both of which I enjoyed thoroughly.
I thought it strange at first to set off to a pic-
nic at three or four in the afternoon, as we
sometimes did. At home a picnic is almost
always a whole day's excursion, the party
setting off very often at six or seven in the
morning, and not returning till the same time
in the evening. I think the plan adopted in
this part of Canada at any rate (I have not
much experience in others) is the best, as the
other, from its excess, often proves as much a
toil as a pleasure.

At the first picnic to which I was invited I
was much astonished at the infinite variety of
cakes which, with cold fowl, tea, &c., consti-
tuted the repast; but I was fated to be more
surprised still at the deliberation with which
the company set about demolishing them.
No one seemed to think of refusing as the
plates were handed to them in turn, and as I
felt very hungry I was fain to follow the ex-
ample of the rest, though feeling ashamed of
the quantity and variety of eatables which
were heaped on my plate.

I fancied the astonishment with which
could they see me, my friends at home would
regard the heaped plate before me, and how
shocked they would be at my strange forget-
fulness of good manners. At home it is con-
sidered almost vulgar to take an additional
supply on one's plate until the first is disposed
of, but in Canada it is different, and I am, to
a great extent, a believer in the wisdom of the
maxim that it is good to do as Rome does.

In Canada, meals and meal times are quite
differently arranged from what they are among
the same class in Scotland. A Canadian
seems to attach more importance to his break-
fast than to any other meal, meat and potatoes
being indispensable components, while at home
all the skill and energy of the cuisine is brought
to bear on the dinner, which every English-
man, and Scotchman too, considers a thing of
serious importance.

Again, in Canada, we hurry past all our
meals as early in the day as possible, dispos-
ing altogether with the late, before-breakfast
supper, which is a distinct repast, and not the
"tea," so often called by the same name in
this country. As a rule, the middle class in
Scotland dine late in the afternoon, contenting
themselves with a comparatively light break-
fast, a light lunch, and reserving all their
energies for dinner, tea, and supper, which fol-
low each other in pretty close succession.

As the summer glided swiftly by, and gave
place to the cold, clear days of autumn, I be-
came more enamored of Canadian scenery
even than at first. When the trees laid aside
their dress of living green, and donned their
autumn garb, I felt an almost rapturous ad-
miration of the variously tinted foliage in which
they were arrayed.

When the bright tints gave place to the
more sober browns and yellows to which I had
been accustomed, and at length the autumn
rains ruthlessly swept the leaves from the
branches so lately gay with their bright cover-
ing, I began to long for winter, and mentally
to prepare for the coming ordeal. The pre-
parations which my husband seemed to think

necessary were, on the whole, rather alarm-
ing.

Such a putting up of stoves, double win-
dows, and so on, seemed as if winter were
going to be no joke, truly. I felt half afraid
of it, and yet impatient of its approach, but
was altogether pleased when, at length, my
husband summoned me one morning to behold
the white covering in which the earth was en-
shrouded, and which I regarded as the herald
of the coming winter.

The descent was all too slow for my im-
patience, but as time went on and the snow
lay deeper and deeper on the ground, and the
cold became more and yet more intense, my
reiterated enquiry was, "Is this as deep as
the snow generally lies on the ground? Is this
as cold as we may expect it to be?" and as I
had not found the cold very intense, I was
relieved when informed, "The snow will prob-
ably lie much deeper, and we may expect the
weather to be much colder than it is at pre-
sent."

When the cold did become very severe, I
had to acknowledge that all our preparations
were certainly required to keep out Jack
Frost, and indeed, on some days, found them
insufficient for that purpose.

How I did love the sleigh driving over the
crisp snow to the merry music of the tink-
ling sleigh bells! I cannot imagine anything
more delightful than the feeling of invigoration
and gladness which one experiences when
muffled, or as we would say in Scotland,
"happened up," in warm garments and cozy
furs; one sets forth for a sleigh drive on a
cold clear day, when, though the temperature
be upwards of thirty degrees below the freeze-
ing point, the sky is bright overhead, and a
warm sun dispenses its cheering rays on all
around, transforming for the time each snowy
particle into a sparkling gem of living light,
which, but for its transience, might vie with
the diamond itself in lustre.

In my fondest imaginings of the beauty and
imposing grandeur of such a winter scene in
Canada, I had not pictured to myself any-
thing to equal what I now behold and enjoyed
daily, but which did not cease to charm, or
become commonplace, on that account.

Our winter days passed pleasantly in driv-
ing, visiting, &c., and our winter evenings in
social gatherings of various descriptions. I
particularly enjoyed our surprise parties, the
case and unconventionality of which was, I
think, the principal charm. None of the stiff
evening parties, was to be felt on these
occasions. We were not expected to be back
ourselves in flimsy garments of gaudy colors,
nor were even kid gloves or slippers consid-
ered necessary to the completion of our toilets.

Sometimes a few were invited to the house
of a friend, not to tea, but merely to call in an
easy way, and on these occasions it was cus-
tomary, before the departure of the guests, to
serve refreshments of some kind. At one of
these little parties, I received a surprise, and
I may say as, rather a severe shock to my
nervous system. After spending a pleasant
evening, with music, games, &c., to pass the
time, we were requested to adjourn to the din-
ing room, on entering which, I beheld a sight
which I may truly say appalled me; and had
I not been previous convinced of the reality of
our hostess, I should have been certainly led
to the suspicion that she was not exactly "com-
pos mentis," or, as our Scotch friends would
express it, that she "wasn't a' there." On the
table, my startled gaze beheld no fewer than
fifty immense milk cans, filled with some white
substance, having a layer of a brown color on
its surface. After an exclamation, quickly
subdued, I followed the example of the others,
and sat down to table, on which, with the ex-
ception of the vessels above mentioned, nothing
was laid but a few silver forks.

In bewildered astonishment I accepted the
fork handed me, and prepared, with the assist-
ance of the young lady seated beside me, to
make an attack on the curious compound.

I cautiously inserted my fork into the white
part of the mixture, which I thought looked
most inviting, and conveyed it to my mouth,
but no sooner had it touched my lips, than it
was quickly withdrawn and I involuntarily
exclaimed aloud, "It is snow!" This of course
was by no means an original discovery to
those to whom a "laure" party was nothing
new, but it certainly contributed in no small
degree to their amusement. I proved in this
instance that appearances are deceitful, and
hastened to turn my attention to the brown
part of the dish before me, which, though less
attractive, proved infinitely more satisfactory.

My first year in Canada is now a thing of
the past; my childish anticipations have been
more than realized, and I have never yet had
cause to regret that I left my beloved home to
make Canada my adopted country.

A fine distinction was that the preacher of
the Richmond First Baptist Church made:
"My brethren," said he, "when you were all
slaves you might have been as good as cuttin'
a slice off the maw's bone, or hookin' a handfu'
o' corn meal, or robbin' de hen roost; for you
all work hard den, my brudders, and you earn
it, my brudders and sisters. But now you is

all free men dar ain't no 'scuse wintover;
you's all on yer own 'sposibility."

Henry Ward Beecher, in the "Christian
Union," says: "Among the jokes of the last
fifty years at the occasional inebriated close
of great public dinners was the somewhat
equivocal recognition of woman and the doubt-
ful compliment, conveyed in the toast to 'The Lad-
ies—God bless them!' God has blessed the
women of Ohio with the perception that some-
thing more is needed to bring about a moral
reform than the counting of votes."

Two Inscriptions.—The "Northern Border-
er" says that a graveyard near Bangor has a
monument with the following inscription, the
first verse of which was written by the wife
before her death, and the second by the hus-
band after he had married again:

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
Repent, my love, before you die,
For you must come and sleep with I."
"I will not weep, my dearest life,
For I have got another wife;
I cannot grieve and sleep with thee,
For I must go and sleep with she."

The Magistrates of Woodstock are severe on
offenders, even after they have repented of their
sins. A lad named Wm. Grieves stole \$10 from
Mrs. T. B. Winslow the other day. He evidently
regretted the deed, for he afterwards returned the
money. This would not do, however. The little
lad was hunted out by some heartless blood hound
of the law, brought before Justice, McCaffery,
Dibble, and J. Baker, pleaded guilty, and was at
once sent to the Penitentiary for 9 months. This
looks rather hard.

WHY BARNY WAS RETAINED.—A firm
dealing largely in coal in one of our Western
cities had in their service an Irishman named
Barny. One day the head of the firm, irritated
beyond endurance at one of Barny's blunders,
told him to go to the office and get
his pay, and added, "You are so thick headed
I can't teach you any thing."

"Begorra," says Barny, "I larot wan thing
since I've been wid ye!"
"What's that?" asked his employer.
"That's fifteen hundred made a ton."

Barny was retained, or, to use the phras-
ology of a Southern gentleman who has just
won the heart and hand of one of New York's
most opulent widows, "he resumed the prime
val condition of his former rectitude." [Har-
per's Magazine.

An Indianapolis father shot six times at a
supposed burglar, and was astonished to hear
the fellow ask, "Whazzer mazzor, fazzor?
whazzor doing?"

"Breakfast for ninety nine," said a waiter to
a verdant clerk at a hotel not long ago.
Thunder! said the clerk; we can't do it.
The waiter explained that ninety-nine was the
number of the room.

It is pleasant to see a young creature come
into a horse car, seat herself for admiration,
look happy for five minutes, and then wake up
to the dismal consciousness that there is a rip
in the middle finger of her right glove.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Thursday, 25th day of March, 1874.

PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GEN-
ERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the joint recommendation of the Hon. the
Minister of Marine and Fisheries and the
Minister of Customs, and under and in pursuance
of the provisions of the 12th Section of the Act
passed in the thirty-sixth year of Her Majesty's
Reign, intituled "An Act relating to Shipping
(and to the registration, inspection and classifi-
cation thereof)," His Excellency by and with the
advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada,
has been pleased to order, and it is hereby or-
dered that Surveyors of Shipping shall be entitled
to the following mentioned fees for the measure-
ment of vessels about to be registered for the first
time under the Act, or requiring measurement for
the purpose of registry, that is to say:

For Vessels under 100 tons register.....	\$2
100 tons not exceeding.....	3
200 tons.....	4
Over 200 tons and not ex- ceeding 400 tons.....	5
Over 400 tons and not ex- ceeding 1,000 tons.....	6
Over 1,000 tons.....	7

His Excellency on the authority aforesaid has
further been pleased to Order, and it is hereby
ordered that every Surveyor of Shipping shall,
when required to travel for the purpose of mak-
ing any such measurement be entitled to demand
and receive from the persons requiring his ser-
vices such amount for travelling expenses as shall
have been actually necessarily and bona fide ex-
pended by him for that purpose, such amount in
no case however to exceed the rate of fifteen cents
for every mile actually travelled by him.

W. A. HIMS WORTH,
Clerk Privy Council.

apl 15 74