



Walker's California Vinegar is a purely vegetable preparation, free from the native herbs found in the Sierra Nevada of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted from a use of Alcohol. The question is asked, "What is the cause of the disease?" The answer is, "The cause of the disease is the use of Alcohol. The cause of the disease is the use of Alcohol. The cause of the disease is the use of Alcohol."

will enjoy good health, let WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR be your medicine, the use of alcoholic stimulants is a mistake.

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POETRY.

WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

When I mean to marry?—Well—
'Tis idle to dispute with fate;
But if you choose to hear me tell,
Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste with eager feet,
A mother's daily toil to share;
Can make the puddings which they eat,
And mend the stockings which they wear.

When maidens look upon a man
As in himself they would marry,
And not as army soldiers scan
A sutler or a commissary;

When gentle ladies who have got
The offer of a lover's hand
Consent to share his "earthly lot"
And do not mean his lot of land.

When young mechanics are allowed
To find and wed the farmers' girls,
Who don't expect to be endowed
With rubies, diamonds and pearls.

When wives, in short shall freely give
Their hearts and hands to their spouses
And live as they were wont to live,
Within their sires' one-story houses.

Then maiden—'if I'm not too old—
Rejoice to quit this lonely life,
I'll brush my beaver cease to scold,
And look about me for a wife!

LITERATURE.

Flower of the Daisy.

It was just a week before Christmas, and, perched on his three-legged stool, in the counting-room of the great house of Worthington Brothers, old Joe Darling, the ancient book-keeper of the firm, was finishing his Saturday night's entries.

While thus engaged, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning his head, he saw his old gray-haired employer, the sole proprietor of the firm, beside him.

"It's the last time, my old friend," said the merchant, pointing to the ledger; "the news this evening decides everything. Unless something happens before the first of January, Worthington Brothers must close doors and wind up business, Joe."

Old Joe started as he listened to these melancholy words, and a tremor ran through him.

"Don't say that! don't say that, Mr. Worthington!" he exclaimed. "And he dashed his hand forward with his old landowner's handkerchief as he spoke. "Don't say that! Worthington Brothers will suspend payment, sir!"

"Worse than that, Joe," returned the merchant, with a heavy sigh. "I see no hope of resuming. The great failures in Europe have hopelessly involved us—as that—" he stopped with a gloomy expression in his eyes—"as that, on or before the first of January," he added, "the house will close its doors. I could bear that; but, when I think that the name of Worthington Brothers will be dishonored!"

There the old merchant broke down. Joe Darling seized his hand, and cried in a trembling voice:

"Don't, don't!—don't say that, sir! Don't use that word 'dishonored'! It is not so bad! 'Ruin'! ruin! utter ruin!" groaned the merchant.

"No, no; not ruin! See here, sir. I—I— you see, I have saved a little!"

And old Joe drew from his pocket-book, with unsteady hand, certificates of deposits in various banks.

"Take it, sir! It was made in your service! honestly made—there's not a dirty shilling in it, sir. It is yours—and—"

He thrust the papers into the merchant's hand. But Mr. Worthington pushed them back.

"No, old friend," said the merchant, sighing deeply, but speaking in a voice of resignation; "no, that is not the way Worthington Brothers do business. If we fail, it shall be honestly—alone—after honorable exertion. We will not drag down our friends, and you Joe, our oldest and best. No, the house has kept faith and honor for fifty years. If ruin comes will go down alone. It is not our fault. I will do my duty and trust in God, Joe, to the end."

As he spoke the old merchant went to his safe and took out a roll of bank notes. Then he directed the various employees to be sent for,

and paid them all up to the end of the then present week. He had a kind word for each, and an inquiry about every man's family or concerns; and then he turned to his desk. But the men did not go.

"What are you waiting for, my friends? Can I assist you in any manner?" asked the old merchant.

"If you please, sir," said the foremost of the party, "we would like to leave our money in your hands. Eh?"

And the speaker turned to his companions, who uttered a hoarse murmur of assent.

"Leave your money in my hands?" said the merchant.

"Just so, sir," was the reply. "We hear tell how times are hard with the Worthington Brothers, and the house in difficulties. Now we don't want our money as yet, Mr. Worthington. Eh? Do you?"

And he looked toward those in the rear. Another growl of assent replied.

"All which," the spokesman added, "goes to show, sir, that we are not in want. Keep the money, Mr. Worthington!"

The merchant gazed, with deep emotion, at the rough, honest faces.

"Thanks, thanks, my kind friends!" he said. "This proof of your friendship touches me deeply, but I cannot accept your offer. Such a small sum, besides, would do but little service. No, no—keep it, and may God bless you and yours!"

The employees retired on this, not daring, it seemed, to intrude further on the head of the house.

"Father in heaven, I thank Thee!" murmured the merchant, and turning away, he picked up the evening paper to hide his emotion. As his eyes fell upon it a paragraph attracted his attention. It announced the failure of the bank in which the savings of his old book-keeper had been deposited.

With a sigh he handed it to Joe Darling and said:

"I deeply regret this, my old friend. My ruin was enough."

Old Joe read the announcement with a sinking heart, and echoed the sigh of his old friend.

"The Lord's will be done, sir!" he said; "you ought to have all, but I am now penniless. Your trouble is greater than mine. Any letters, sir, by tonight's mail? Any resources or important intelligence?"

"No resources, Joe, and bad news—almost worse than all."

"Worse, sir?"

"Yes, yes. You remember my son, Charley—of course, you remember him. You know he went about two years since to live with Van Zan & Co., at Antwerp?"

"Yes, sir; what of him?" don't tell me—he is not dead, sir?"

"No—that pang is spared me, but I have had very bad news of Charley, my old friend. I wrote recently announcing our situation, and recommending his return, and Messrs. Van Zan & Co. replied that he left them nearly a year ago."

"Left them?"

"Yes, yes. He had fallen into evil courses and they reprimanded him—when he went off, no one knew whither. Letters were written to me by the house, but they must have miscarried. Nothing has since been heard of Charley. I fear he has taken to more evil ways still. He may be dead, indeed! Unhappy that I am! All connected with me seem to turn out badly!"

The merchant uttered a groan. Old Joe looked at him with deep commiseration.

"I am more unfortunate than you are, Mr. Worthington," he said, in a low tone. "I had a son—a noble boy—he is dead, sir! You knew my Edmund! He was so handsome, so spirited, so bold; and he was lost at sea! He was on a whaler—the ship foundered, and the crew was lost. My poor Edmund! We are truly unfortunate fathers, sir!"

There the conversation ended, and the merchant and book-keeper separated.

Through the following week great efforts were made to collect the resources of Worthington Brothers. But slight success crowned the merchant's efforts to rescue the house. Friends of past years seemed to have grown cold, and regretted their inability to render assistance; and it was only with great sacrifices that the house succeeded in making all its payments up to Christmas Day. In this, however, the firm succeeded, and as Mr. Worthington looked his safe and put on his hat, he drew a long breath of relief; then taking his old book-keeper's arm, he went home with a thankful heart, and as they separated at the corner, he murmured:

"Let us keep a good heart yet, old friend."

Christmas morning, and the snow was falling,

and the wind whirling it round like mail. A thousand goblins seemed laughing and turning somersaults and hailing each other as they sported round the chimneys and whistled through the key-holes and gables, and with mirth at the coming of Christmas, and old Joe Darling's small house, in a remote street of the great city, seemed specially honored by the hobgoblins who shook the windows until they rattled again.

A great fire was burning and the breakfast table was set, and old Joe was rubbing his hands in front of the hearth and looking out of the window, when a voice behind him, with a rush of laughter in it and sounding like a silver bell, exclaimed:

"Christmas gift, father, dear. I have caught you."

Old Joe turned around. A he did so a pair of rosy lips pressed his cheek and two arms clung about his neck, belonging to a little fairy of seventeen.

"Why, you look like a sunbeam, Daisy," he said.

And indeed the face resembled one so bright was her eyes. Daisy was small, with a neat, cozy figure, in a plain but pretty dress; and you saw at a glance that this was one of those little fingered fairies, who are the blessings of the houses in which they rule.

The latter smiled, and fondly pressed his hand over her hair. As he looked at her he thought of his well-nigh penniless condition and heaved a sigh.

"Poor little body bird! I have nothing for you," he said, sighing again.

But Daisy did not seem to regard the circumstances as at all depressed. On the contrary her face glowed, and turning her bright face toward one side, she whispered:

"I've got a Christmas gift for you, father, dear."

"Have you? Now, you've gone and worked your little fingers to the bone. It's a carved, or—"

"No, indeed, I've done nothing of the sort—that is not your present."

The rush of joyous laughter in the girl's voice nearly drowned her words. She seemed overflowing with some secret. Their talk was interrupted, however, by the appearance of Mother Darling and her flock, with old Uncle John, looking wise and secretive.

Daisy had procured somewhere, the handsomest Christmas tree imaginable—a bushy cedar full of light blue berries, and, having returned from church, whither she went dutifully with the rest, she proceeded with the aid of Uncle John, her prime friend and favorite, to deck the wondrous tree with its brilliant ornaments. As evening drew on it was finished, and a coted on the side-board—its paper baskets, and presents, and tapers, making it a magical spectacle to the young Darlings, who gazed at it with open-eyed wonder.

Then the Christmas dinner appeared and riveted all eyes. The great roast turkey and round of beef, and flanking side-dishes roused wild enthusiasm in the young ones. Old Joe devotedly said grace, and the youthful members of the Darling family, chirping like a flock of birds, called the other's attention to the splendid banquet.

All set down. Old Joe looked around.

"There's one seat too many," he said.

"I set it there, brother," said Uncle John, tranquilly.

"For whom, brother? Have you invited some friend?"

"No brother I thought of our Edmund."

The old book-keeper looked wistfully at his brother, and then went and held out his hand to him.

"Thank you, brother," he said in a low voice returning to his seat.

When the first pang had passed, it seemed a satisfaction to old Joe to gaze at the vacant chair and to think of his son being present and enjoying his happiness. And when, at last, their desserts came and the wine was poured out, the old man looked toward the vacant chair as he raised the glass to his lips.

Suddenly the voice of Daisy rang out, half choked with laughter:

"Why we are forgetting our tree!" she cried; "we are really losing sight of our tree, uncle, dear. Do anybody ever?"

And, not waiting for "anybody" to reply, Daisy started up, and, assisted by Uncle John, bore the magical cedar in its neat box covered with evergreens to the centre of the table.

Night had now come, and the tapers on the tree were lit. As the fairy spectacle of many-colored baskets, candy cornucopias and garlands flashed forth in the mellow light of the tapers, the young Darlings uttered a suppressed cheer, and "Pet," in curl and pinfolds, made a desperate attempt to carry the prize at the point of his baby spoon.

"No Pet," cried Daisy, "wait till sister gives you yours! But first Uncle John is going to tell a beautiful story! Will you listen, father dear, and mother? It is lovely."

The laughter in the voice made all look at Daisy. Why did the child's cheeks flush so, and why that dawning light in her eyes?

But now Uncle John riveted everybody's attention. For the moment he was the centre of excited interest for the whole Darling family. He seemed to feel the responsibility resting upon him. He reflected for a moment—smiled dreamily; thumbed on the table—then began:

"The tale I am going to relate, my dear young friends," said Uncle John, "I must inform you is strictly true in every particular. It was written down by the King of the Goni, and then caught up in the beak of a great bird called a roc, and the Prince Camaralzaman, having been shipwrecked on a desert island where the bird came to feed, killed the roc, and the story has been in the Palace of Bagdad, where the Prince lived, ever since."

At his commencement the young Darlings exhibited an astounding interest. As he told the story, his eyes resembled two saucers; his mouth opened to its utmost width; and, in the excess of his attention, he very near swallowed his baby spoon. No one looked at Daisy. With one hand shading her eyes from the light, and the other placed upon her breast, she looked at Uncle John or furtively toward her father.

Uncle John continued:

"Having told you, my dear children, how the story came to be known, I will next proceed to relate it for your entertainment."

"Once upon a time in the city of Bagdad an old merchant whose name was Barizze, which, being interpreted, is Worthington. About Bagdad—not unlike the name of our own family—served the good merchant Barizze, whose caravans brought to Bagdad all the treasures of the East. But misfortune came. The caravans were overwhelmed in the sands of the desert. The merchant was near when Barizze would probably be compelled to strew dust upon his head and wander through the streets of Bagdad, crying, 'Barizze, the merchant, is ruined!'

"This happened," continued Uncle John just before the great festivity which comes on the twenty-fifth day of the month of snows. About-ben-darling came home that day, thinking of the misfortunes of his father, and also of the great suffering of his own—for all of us must suffer, my children. His only son had been lost at sea, and the heart of About-ben-darling was sad. He returned to hold the festivity of the cedar tree, but his heart felt heavy. About-ben-darling is miserable!" he said, "there is no man more miserable!"

"As he thus spoke his daughter Paribanon, his children, signified the Flower of the Daisy. About-ben-darling came home that day, thinking of the misfortunes of his father, and also of the great suffering of his own—for all of us must suffer, my children. His only son had been lost at sea, and the heart of About-ben-darling was sad. He returned to hold the festivity of the cedar tree, but his heart felt heavy. About-ben-darling is miserable!" he said, "there is no man more miserable!"

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"Here Pet suddenly burst forth, 'Why, it's like our tree!' he cried; only he left out the 'in' 'tree.'"

"Silence, Pet! do not interrupt!" said Uncle John. "I continue." About-ben-darling sighed when his darling thus spoke.

"Truly, flower of the Daisy," he said, "thy cedar tree shines; but my heart is dark, and there is no gift there for me."

"There is a gift for our father, said Paribanon, or Flower of the Daisy; and, as she spoke there was a curious hidden half-laughter in her voice. There is a gift that our father will value more than all else, a package with his name on it from a distant land!"

They did not look at Daisy, who was trembling, and whose hand scarce possessed strength to draw a letter from her bosom.

Uncle John continued:

"And About-ben-darling said, 'where is this package, my child?' to which the Flower of the Daisy replied:

"Father dear, it is here! See! take it from the boughs of the holy cedar tree and give it to you!"

As Uncle John uttered the words, Daisy sprang toward with the letter in her hand.

"Here it is, father dear!" she cried, bursting into tears and laughter. It almost killed me not to tell you! Oh, take it! take it! Our Edmund is not dead."

And throwing her arms around old Joe's

neck, she sobbed upon his bosom, while his eyes full of wonder, he read the letter from his son. As he read on, he seemed to doubt whether he was reading a real letter. His eyes closed; he uttered a sigh and would have fainted had not Uncle John caught him in his arms.

The letter was written to Daisy by her brother Edmund. He had been picked up in the Pacific and carried to the South Seas by a trading vessel; thence he had worked his way to California, encountered Charles Worthington roaming about in the gold regions—they had speculated there and made great fortunes, and were coming home on the next steamer. That was the letter.

As Joe grew faint, Pet suddenly ran behind his mother's apron, uttering an appalling scream.

At the door stood a tall young man with a ferocious beard.

"How are you, father and mother," said Daisy.

They ran into his arms, uttering cries and sobs. The sailor was home again, never to leave them more; and, as Daisy rested in her dear brother's arms with her rosy cheek upon his breast, she said laughing and crying:

"Father, dear how do you like your Christmas gift?"

The windows shook as she spoke. It was doubtless the merry goblins, highly pleased with themselves and everybody else; and the holy night—the happy, blessed night—went on its way full of joy and gratitude.

A year afterward, strange to say Christmas came again, and saw the house of Worthington Brothers prosperous, and old Joe happy, and Charles the husband of the Flower of the Daisy. And again the cedar tree was lit and spread around its cheerful light, and the loud wind laughed, and the merry goblins seemed to shout, "A merry, merry Christmas!"

Not so ignorant. He sat alone in her father's parlor waiting for the fair one's appearance, the other evening, when her little brother came cautiously into the room, and gliding up to the young man's side, held out a handful of something, and earnestly inquired:

"I say, mister, wh-er 'em?"

"Those," replied the young man, solemnly, taking up one in his fingers, "those are beans."

"There!" shouted the boy turning to his sister, who was just coming in, "I knew you lied. You said he didn't know beans, and he does too!"

The girl found out to her cost that her intended knew what beans were, as the sequel showed.

The young man's stay was not what you might call a prolonged one that evening.

A Detroit insurance agent hired a boy the other day to mind his office, and went to dinner leaving the youth in charge. When he returned he found that the lad had whittled one of the table legs almost in two and dissected the cushion of the swinging chair. He was greatly annoyed and spoke sharply, when the boy burst in to tears and replied: "If you don't want to let a feller take any comfort I'm going to leave!"—Detroit Press.

The following epitaph is from a tombstone in Indiana:

Under this sod our Baby Lies,
He neither cries nor Ho! Ho!
He lived just twenty 7 Days,
And cost us \$30.

"Now then," said a physician, cheerily, to a patient, "you have got along far enough to indulge in a little animal food, and—"

"No you don't, Doctor," interrupted the patient; "I've suffered enough on your grub and slops, and I'd starve sooner than begin on hay and oats."

"Must brace up," said Sizzle, as he stood on the doorstep at 1 a. m. "I'll never do let of lady 'spect anything!" and, as Mrs. S. descended the stairs, clad in her robe de nuit, Sizzle braced up, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and, as the door opened, said cheerily, "Hullo, Maria, (hie) up yet? Got a match in yer pocket?" Of course, she did not suspect anything.

An old lady in town has become disgusted with almanacs. She says if all the people in the country were to stop buying almanacs, many of the printers who make them would put in some total eclipses of the sun and moon, and some transits of Venuses that would be visible here.—Norristown Herald.

Why is a store that don't advertise like Enoch Arden? Because it "see no sa e" from day to day.