



ker's California Vinegar
urly Vegetable preparation,
on the native herbs found
of the Sierra Nevada
California, the medicinal prop-
erties are extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
asked, "What is the cause
of success of Vinous Bitters
answer is, that they remove
toxins, and the patient recov-
ers."
They are the great blood-
giving principle, perfect
Invigorator of the system.
The history of the world has
on compounds possessing
qualities of Vinous Bitters
sick of every disease man is
are a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion of the
Liver and Visceral Organs,
and
can enjoy good health, let
can Bitters as a medicine,
use of alcoholic stimulants

McDONALD & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston, N. C.
Druggists and Dealers.

can take these Bitters
directions, and remain long
er their bones are not de-
cayed poison or other means,
is wasted beyond repair.
household remedy for
at wonderful invigorant
the sinking system.
emittent, and Internal
which are so prevalent in the
great rivers throughout the
especially those of the Mis-
sissippi, Illinois, Tennessee,
Kansas, Red, Colorado, Bre-
ckinridge, Pearl, Alabama, Mis-
souri, James, and many others,
tributaries, throughout our
country during the Summer and Au-
tumn months, and during seasons of
malaria, are essentially necessary
for the purpose of removing
the liver, and other abdominal
their treatment, a purgative
powerful influence upon the
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moving the dark-colored
with which the bowels are
saturated, and generally restor-
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or Indigestion, Headache,
shoulders, Coughs, Tightness
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Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bil-
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mation of the Stomach, Indis-
position, Pain in the region of
and a hundred other painful
the offspring of Dyspepsia.
I prove a better guarantee of
a lengthy advertisement
of King's Evil, White Swell-
ing, Erysipelas, Swollen Neck,
Inflammation, Indolent
Mercurial Affections, Old
sores of the Skin, Sore Eyes
these, as in all other constitu-
tional diseases, are removed
their great curative powers in-
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tent Fevers, Diseases of the
Kidneys, and Bladder, these
no equal. Such Diseases are
cured blood.

Disinfectants, - Potent
ants and Minerals, such as
poisonous, Gold-busters, and
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of the Bowels. To guard
take a dose of WAINMAN'S
occasionally.
Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters,
Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pa-
Caruncles, Ringworms, Scald
Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scouris,
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are destroyed and removed. No sys-
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single, at the dawn of wom-
en's life, these Tonic Bitters
so decided an influence that
is soon perceptible.
-In all cases of jaundice, rest
your liver is not doing its work.
enable treatment is to promote
of the bile and favor its re-
turn to its proper place.
the Vitiated Blood when-
its impurities bursting through
Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores;
then you find it obstructed and
the veins; cleanse it when it is
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McDONALD & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston, N. C.
Druggists and Dealers.

The St. Andrews Standard.

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Wearing the Cross.

Of late years the fashion of wearing crosses has very much increased. We do not refer to crosses of various shape, such as Maltese crosses and the like, but to the well-known conventional cross whose form is associated with the Crucifixion. In most cases this is probably done as a mere matter of taste and fancy, without any thought of the origin or meaning of the symbol. But in many other cases the cross is used not merely as an ornament, but as a badge; and this not by professed Roman Catholics, but by the multitudes of semi-Romans who ape the usages of the Roman Church. Ostentatiously as ornaments, and superstitiously as charms, crosses are thus everywhere seen. In fact, their prevalence has been spoken of by Roman Catholics as significant proofs of the spread of their creed in England.

We are aware of what is argued as to the use of symbols by which devout thoughts or feelings are said to be helped. But when crosses are hung on necklaces or girdles, and in other conspicuous ways obtruded on sight (even upon handles of umbrellas and chair-backs), there is not likely to be any real spirit of devotion or humility in the wearer. The custom savours far more of boasting pride or silly vanity.

To those who wear crosses as personal ornaments, while they profess to be followers of Jesus, the crucified One, we commend for consideration the following lines by the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar:

"I am crucified with Christ—
With him nailed upon the tree:
Not the Cross, then, do I bear,
But the cross it beareth me.
Solemn Cross on which I died,
One with Him, the Crucified."

Shall I take that blood-stained Cross,
Cross of Agony and shame,
Cross of Him, who fought my fight,
Cross of Him who overcame?
Shall I deck myself with the
Awful Cross of Calvary?

Shall I drag thee through the crowd,
Mid the laughter that is there:
Whirl thee through the giddy waltz,
Bound upon my neck or hair?
Awful Cross of Calvary,
Shall I deck myself with thee?

Shall I make that lowly Cross
Minister of woman's pride,
Drawing eyes to me that should
Fix upon the Crucified?
Awful Cross of Calvary,
Shall I deck myself with thee?

Shall I call this glittering gem,
Made for show and vanity—
Shall I call this gaudy cross,
Cross of Him who died for me?
Shall I deck myself with thee,
Awful Cross of Calvary?

A correspondent of one of our religious periodicals (Old Jonathan) says that these lines, in large print, were exhibited in a bookeller's window in Park Street, Bristol. A young girl's attention was attracted as she passed; and having read the poem, purchased a copy and fixed it on the nursery wall; telling her nurse that she could never wear her crosses again; and she never did. The editor of that magazine, in narrating the incident, mentions that some years before, meeting a teacher coming out of his national school, with a cross suspended from her neck, addressed her in some such terms as these: "Suppose you had a loved friend who had met a violent death at the hand of an assassin—would you like to wear as an ornament, an emblem of the weapon by which the cruel deed was done?" pointing, as he spoke, to the cross at her neck. "I never thought of that before," she exclaimed in an earnest tone; and, as if in honor of the idea, she instantly removed the cross. In the case of a teacher, or a mother, the example set to the young may be an additional motive for consideration.

"The crucifixion has never been painted," No artist, however sincere, has had either the daring or the power to set it before us as it was. The pencil and the brush fail to represent the details of such a death. They are too coarse and horrible to find expression in a mere picture. True, every stage in the agony of Jesus has been made, again and again, the subject of representation; but all have left us with a feeling that there must have been much more behind which no artist could set down. We are familiar with the various renderings of the trial in the judgement-hall, the scourging, the act of crucifixion, and the figure of Jesus on the cross. But in every one that I ever saw there is a special halo of solemnity shed around

the scene. There is a redeeming air of sad poetry about it, which is heightened by the patience of that Divine face and the wondrous misery of the white-haired mother and the weeping Magdalene. We can find no true picture of the crucifixion. But this we can do: we can steadfastly resist that conception of it which dims our sense of its terrible truth; we can refuse to let it stand apart from the world of rudeness and suffering in one of sentiment and religious romance. If not, we miss that quick sense of the Lord's sympathy with men which sanctified the tribulation of the first disciples, and may consecrate our own, however hard and coarse it may be. In these days the cross is an ornament. It is now jewelled, gilt, pretty. It tinkles among the trinkets of the miming girl, who hangs it round her neck before the glass. It is worn by the painted harlot as well as by the simple nun. We forget its rudeness, its burning blushing shame."

JACK EVERTON'S RETURN.

A True Story,

BY FLORENCE P. ALLEN.

My name is George Anstruther. I am of the firm of Anderson & Anstruther, attorneys, New York, but at the time of the occurrence which I am about to relate, I was only senior clerk in the lower office of the old firm.

I shall relate just what occurred without a single addition or deduction. Those who know me will not doubt my word, and those who do not know me, will not accuse me of an attempt to deceive them, when I assure them on my honor that what I relate certainly took place. I am constrained to speak of myself more than is my habit, for it is of Jack Everson, my dearest, and in fact, the only friend I ever had, of whose return I am to tell. At my father's death I was left alone in the world with the exception of a sister, several years older than myself, and a half-uncle, who was appointed my guardian. Uncle Rufus was a hard, miserly man with no love for his half brother's child, and he disposed of us, and our affairs, as quickly as possible. Sarah was found a situation as English assistant in a school, and I was sent to college with the understanding that I was to study hard, get through quickly—possibly, and after the completion of my college course, take all responsibility of myself off his hands.

It was during the first of my second year that I, going up the dark, narrow stairway leading to my room, with my arms full of books, met Jack Everson for the first time. As I was passing him, my foot caught, and I nearly fell, but recovered myself at the expense of dropping my entire burden.

I had scarcely looked at him up then, but as he bent to assist me in recovering my scattered property, I glanced at him furtively, and as he straightened himself back, and looked at me with his wide blue eyes, I could not help smiling back at him; he was so bright and handsome, and yet so boyish looking.

"Thanks," I said, hesitatingly, wanting to say something more, and hardly knowing how to express myself.

"You are very welcome," he answered, and then, the color deepening in his fresh face, "I am a new boy, sir. Can you tell me where I am to room?"

I could scarcely repress a smile as I heard this newly admitted collegian calling himself so candidly "a new boy," but I did not betray my amusement.

"We are pretty full now," I said. "You will probably room with some one else. Have you no direction?"

He handed me a slip of paper on which was written in Professor Henry's bold hand "Anstruther, No. 15," and I looked at him with a new interest.

"I am George Anstruther," I said, and then he raised his hat in a gentlemanly way, which contrasted oddly with his boyish appearance.

"I am John Reginald Everson, commonly called 'Jack.' I hope we shall be friends."

"I hope we shall," I answered, with a cordiality which was unusual with me, for there was something about the handsome young fellow that impressed me favorably, and laughing, he took part of my books from my heavily laden arms, and followed me to my room.

It was almost wonderful the friendship which sprang up between my room-mate and myself; we were so different in every way. I was silent and reserved, even in childhood—"sullen" and "moody" my father and sister had always called me; and as my Mother—the only one who had ever understood me—died while I was very young, I had grown more undemonstrative and self-contained every year. I was grave and taciturn, fond of study, and old-looking beyond my years, caring little for company or gaiety, while Jack was just the reverse. He was

thoughtless, light-hearted, and rollicking, full of the oddest whims and fancies, and always the first in any mischievous frolic; and the ruling spirit of the "good times" among the other students. It was indeed wonderful how we grew to love each other as we did. Everybody liked Jack, from the freshest of the freshmen to the most dignified of the professors; and everybody was heartily sorry when, on the death of his father, he left college, and did not return.

For the next year or two I saw nothing of him. I obtained a situation as junior clerk in the lower office of a law firm in New York, and worked steadily and faithfully, hoping for promotion. I was wretchedly lonesome in the great city, for it was not easy to break through my habitual reserve and make new friends. But one evening as I sat in my dreary room at my boarding-house, almost overpowered by my loneliness. "A gentleman to see you, sir," roused me, and I, wondering who it might be, went down into the parlor.

Could it be Jack Everson who rose to meet me? I almost doubted my own eyes, but the cordial "college-grip" assured me that it really was, and I was more glad than I could tell to see the dear fellow again. I could scarcely realize that it really was Jack for some time, he was so altered. He had left college as a boyish and irresponsible as ever, in spite of his tall figure and broad shoulders, but the years since had changed him greatly.

How handsome he was! My admiration for him was almost womanish, and I stared at his bright face, with its wide, honest eyes, his heavy drooping mustache, and its crown of golden hair, until he fairly laughed at me. He remained in New York that winter, and we roomed together, as we had done in college. That was the happiest winter of my life; but when spring came, Jack, seeing, as he thought, a business chance in the West, left me once more, hopeful, light-hearted, and sanguine as ever.

I heard from him at intervals during the after years, and he seemed to be doing finely in his new home; but one day there came, figuratively, a thunderbolt into my quiet life—Jack was married!

I did not believe it at first, not until a long letter came from Jack himself, so full of genuine happiness, and overflowing with descriptions of the "dearest little girl in the world" (she was a girl from Maine, by the way, who had gone West as a teacher), that I stifled the feeling of regret which rose in my heart, and sent my love and best wishes to Jack and his young wife.

About a year after that, a little daughter was born to the young couple and then not a month after, the news came that Jack—strong, healthy, handsome Jack—had been stricken down with fever, and, after a short illness, was dead.

No mother could have mourned more sincerely over the death of her best-loved child than I did over the death of my only friend. I was never a loving man myself, and when Jack was no more, I felt I was entirely alone, and that his vacant place would never be filled. I should never marry, I should never have another friend like the one I had lost: but when the first shock was over, I thought of the young wife with no one but her baby to comfort her in her great sorrow—alone in a strange land—and I felt that it was my duty to care for her.

I wrote to her at once, offering her any assistance in my power, and in return received a letter, written in a faint, school-girl hand, thanking me warmly for my kindness, (as she termed it), and telling me that she and her baby were just starting for the East. Jack's business, which had seemed so prosperous, had, on being settled up after his death, yielded her barely enough to carry her away, and she gratefully accepted my invitation to make her home with me—for a little while, she said—"until baby gets a little older, and I am strong enough to teach again."

Such a brave little woman as she was! All through the letter she spoke of the care and kindness of Mr. Flournoy—Jack's former partner. "He has been so kind," she wrote; "he saw to everything after Jack's death, and took every bit of care and responsibility, leaving me to myself until the worst was over. Poor man! that unkind speculation into which Jack persuaded him, was the ruin of the whole firm, but he begs me not to worry over it. It can't be helped now," he says; and has done everything in his power to help me."

I went down to the depot to meet her in her arrival and as I saw the sweet, flower-like face of the little lady whom the conductor pointed out to me as Mrs. Everson, my heart warmed towards her at once, and when the baby, a laughing, cooing, pretty child, with Jack's own wide eyes, looked up at me and put out her fat,

white arms for me to take her, I was melted completely.

I was then a senior clerk, and Sarah (my sister) and I were keeping house, in a quiet way, just outside the city; and we took the poor little woman into our home and hearts at the same time. Sarah fell in love with her at once, and as for the baby, no words could express her admiration for it.

My sorrow for Jack found relief in caring for his widow and child as tenderly as I could; and as the days went by, I tried to make her forget, as much as possible, the great grief which shadowed her young life. And now I come at last to the strange part of my story.

It was on the evening of the 29th of March, 1869, I remember the date, for it was on that day that the great case of Lindsay vs. Harris came up for trial. There was a great deal of business on hand that day, and I remained after hours to look after some papers. It was rainy, cloudy, dark weather, and I lighted the gas in my little room much earlier than usual; there was no one in the building after six o'clock except the janitor and myself. It was a quarter past eight when I finished my work, and I was sitting by the fire, dreading to go out in the storm, when I was startled by a knock at the door down stairs—a knock which echoed loudly through the passage way—and as I wondering who should come at so late an hour, Grey, the janitor, looked in upon me.

"A gentleman to see you, sir; an old friend, he says."

"Show him up," I said, wondering a little what "old friend" it was, and then, as I turned to the fire again, a cheery voice rang out as of old:

"Hello! George, old fellow, don't you know me?"

Know him? I could have sworn to that voice anywhere, and springing to my feet, I saw Jack Everson, dear old Jack, with the old mischief in his wide blue eyes, the old merry smile on his handsome face, standing in the doorway.

The surprise and the great rush of joy were too much for me, and for the first time in my life I turned deathly faint. When I came to myself again, he was bending over me, full of tender solicitude.

"I ought not to have startled you so," he said self-reproachfully. "It was just like my carelessness—dear old George!"

And then we sat down before the fire, side by side, and Jack talked on in his laughing, whimsical way, to give me time to collect myself, while I watched him with my heart full of thankfulness—touching him in my foolish, womanish way—now the bright looks falling over his forehead, and then his hands, to assure myself that it was in reality he, and not a dream. He rattled on in his old way for awhile, and then, growing suddenly grave, sat looking at the fire without speaking.

Some way, although I had been wondering vaguely how the strange mistake about his death occurred. I had not spoken of it, but now, looking up at his dear face, I said—

"It's the oddest thing Jack, about you." It was rather embarrassing to tell him that we had thought him dead during all these past months, and as he looked up with his quick bright smile, I stopped short.

"It was a little queer!" he said, with one of his whimsical expressions; and then with a little shadow on his face, he asked abruptly, "How are Allie and the small one?"

"Very well, indeed," I answered, and was launching into a glowing description of the baby's many accomplishments, and the place the little mother had in our hearts when he stopped me with a smile.

"Business first," he said, and then growing very grave, he moved his chair nearer to me, and said earnestly: "The truth is, George, there was a deal of trickery about that Chicago business, and I am determined that justice shall be done to poor little Allie."

I did not understand him at first, but as he was thoroughly in earnest, I was soon put in possession of the whole case, although I was experienced in such matters, I was deeply astonished at the story which Jack told me.

That Flournoy, Jack's partner, was a man lost to all sense of honesty, was plainly shown, and he was one of the meanest of swindlers—one that would rob the widow and the fatherless.

"The only way to prove this, is by means of some papers which Flournoy thinks are destroyed," said Jack. "They are in the trunk of an old case of mine. Allie has it in a trunk, with my other clothes. You'll know it by the color; an ugly one, a kind of olive-green."

It was queer how persistently he ignored himself, and left things in my hands. "You will write to Chicago," "You will do this," and the other. Everything that was

to be done I must do; it seemed strange at the time, and I stranger still it was, that he never once spoke of the happiness of seeing Allie and the baby again, although he spoke of them most lovingly and tenderly.

We talked until the fire grew low, and I had Grey walking impatiently up and down the passage, anxious for us to depart, that he might go to rest; then I rose, and investing myself in my great coat, proposed starting homeward.

As we went down the stairs we met Grey, and I stopped to give him some orders about the coals. He listened to me in his usual quiet way but his eyes were furtively glancing at Jack, and as I was turning away he touched my arm.

"Beg pardon sir—but isn't that Mr. Everson, that they said died in Chicago?" I remember his face.

"Yes," I answered, "it is he; there was a mistake some way."

And then Jack and I went out together into the storm. It was altogether too bad weather to walk, so I hailed a street car and we got in. There was no occupants save ourselves and the tired-looking conductor, who relapsed into silence and slumber in a distant corner, after receiving our fare.

It was gloomy enough riding along with the rain pattering steadily on the top of the car and beating against the windows, while the dim light from the ill-trimmed lamp flickered and flared as we rumbled along.

A suddenolt sent the door swinging open, and as I sat next it, I took compassion on the tired conductor, and with a laughing remark to Jack, bent forward to close it. It was not an easy task, for the wind blew fiercely and the door was refractory, but after a short struggle I resumed my seat, and turned toward Jack with a laugh at my victory. Imagine, if you can my consternation and after bewilderment, when I saw that he was not there!

There was no one in the car save the sleeping conductor and myself; and as I sat staring blankly about me, there came to me a sudden and overwhelming conviction that Jack Everson's return had been only the return of his spirit.

This shock, coming so soon after the excitement of the evening, was too much for me. I tried to rise to get out into the fresh air, but I could not; and after a momentary struggle I fell heavily forward.

It was days before I came to myself; I was wildly delirious all the time, and my life was despaired of; but when I recovered my health once more, I devoted myself to the work Jack had left to me. I found the papers where Jack had told me to look for them; and after a tedious time, Allie was restored to her rights, and Flournoy justly punished.

I told the story of Jack's return to Sarah, but she would not credit it. I was "light-headed," she said; "when people were half-sick, as I was when they often had strange fancies." But Allie and I, and Grey, the janitor, believed it.

Allie and I knew that dear Jack did come back for a little while—that it was love for his dear ones that brought him—and that knowledge gives us patience to wait until we can go to him.

A dancing-master committed suicide the other day. He shot his own heart off.

People who live in glass house shouldn't throw stones.

A Western exchange says: "In our obituary notice of the late Mr. —, in yesterday's issue, for the phrase 'he was a noble and pig-headed man,' read, 'he was a noble and big-headed man.'"

"My dears, I miss something or somebody, I can't tell what or who," said Jones to his children, as he sat down to tea the other night. "Praps its mother," said little Billy, "she's gone over to Aunt Jane's to tea."

An original neighbor of Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy that when he went to hoe corn, he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

A tall young man as thin as a greyhound in Lent was brought up before a Chicago court a week or two days ago, on a charge of insanity and incapacity for the management of his own affairs. A jury was about to be impaneled, and testimony adduced, when the judge said to the applicants for the writ: "No necessity to call your witnesses. Here's the writ. Take him away and have his head shaved. No evidence is ever required before this court to convict a tall man who wears an Ulster overcoat of insanity. Call the next case."