



Waterbury's California Vinegar  
 a purely Vegetable preparation,  
 from the native herbs found  
 in the Sierra Nevada  
 California, the medicinal prop-  
 erties are extracted therefrom  
 without the use of Alcohol. The question  
 is asked, "What is the cause  
 of the success of Waterbury's  
 Vinegar?" The answer is, that they possess  
 the power of relieving Congestion of In-  
 flammation, and the various dis-  
 eases, and the patient recov-  
 ers. They are the great blood-  
 purifying principle, a perfect  
 and invigorating of the system.  
 In the history of the world has  
 been compounded possessing  
 the qualities of Waterbury's  
 as sick of every disease man is  
 as a gentle purgative as  
 the relief of Congestion of In-  
 flammation of the Liver and  
 various Organs,  
 is cured.

Will enjoy good health, let  
 Waterbury's as a medicine,  
 the use of alcoholic stimulants

H. McDONALD & CO.,  
 General Agents, San Francisco, California,  
 and Charles St., New York,  
 all Druggists and Dealers.

can take these bitters  
 in any direction, and remain long  
 without their bones are not dan-  
 gerous to the system.

Thousands of people, in every  
 part of the world, are suffering  
 from the various diseases  
 of the liver, and generally restor-  
 ation of the digestive

Remittent, and Intermit-  
 tent, which are so prevalent in the  
 great rivers throughout the  
 world, especially those of the  
 Amazon, the Congo, the Niger,  
 the Senegal, the Nile, the  
 Indus, the Ganges, the  
 Brahmaputra, the Irrawaddy,  
 the Salween, the Mekong,  
 the Chindwin, the Sittoung,  
 the Salween, the Mekong,  
 the Chindwin, the Sittoung,  
 the Salween, the Mekong,  
 the Chindwin, the Sittoung,

of Indigestion, Hoarseness,  
 of the Throat, Coughs, Tightness  
 of the Chest, Sour Eructations of  
 the Stomach, Pain in the Mouth,  
 Pain in the Throat, Pain in the  
 Lungs, Pain in the Region of  
 the Liver, and a hundred other  
 ailments, are the offspring of  
 Dyspepsia. The only  
 remedy that will give a  
 permanent cure, is  
 Waterbury's California  
 Vinegar.

of the Liver, and generally restor-  
 ation of the digestive  
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Inflammation and Chronic  
 Catarrh of the Bladder, Discharge  
 of Pus, Stricture, Hemorrhoids,  
 Piles, Gonorrhoea, Syphilis,  
 Scrophulous Affections, Old  
 Ulcers, and all other  
 diseases of the Urinary  
 System, are cured by  
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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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## LITERATURE.

### THE CAPTAIN'S LOST ARM.

It was at one of those evening camp fires in India, that he told his story. Far in the distant jungle sounded the cry of the terrible and wild beasts that reigned there—it sounded over the plains and came to our ears with the most dismal of monotones. We could easily imagine how gracefully the tiger crouched there, how like flame his eyeballs gleamed.

Above us was the deep, deep purple of an Indian sky, its stars burning with a lustre that our cooler English never knows. The faint blaze of our fire threw eerie glimmers out into the darkness.

There were four of us. We were half lying along the ground, each of us industriously pulling at our choicest. There had been a silence of a quarter of an hour, when Chartiers, looking at the Captain as he calmly smoked, said: "Now Roland, isn't it a favourable time to redeem your promise of a year ago?"

Captain Roland looked up questioning. I believe there was no greater favourite in the regiment than Roland, and there was no danger of spoiling him either. He was about thirty-five years old,—he had been in India about ten years, and thus far escaped fevers and wounds, though no man had exposed his life more bravely—but he never did it fool-hardily.

His left arm was gone, but none of us knew how it was lost—it had not been in battle.

In reply to his look, Chartiers said, "You know you promised to tell us how you happened to lose your arm."

Roland shuddered perceptibly as he withdrew his cigar from his mouth and said: "Yes, I did promise, and I hope it will do me good to tell that story once. I've kept silent about it but I haven't forgotten it. You see a man remembers a thorough fight a long time."

"It was when I was in the—regiment, before I was transferred to this. That was almost eleven years ago, and I was a good deal younger, and rushed into all sorts of scrapes,—though I'd had under the same circumstances as happened that day I should do the same thing over again. I was a lieutenant in those days, and that morning I was sent out in command of half a dozen men in pursuit of a deserter, who was reported to be hiding in that place we call Marvel's Gully. You know the place? There are not many of us soldiers but do know it. The sun glared down with unvarying, cloudless heat; a gentle heat blew over the earth like the breath from an oven ten times heated; it struck against me as I rode, and I shuddered as I felt it; for it seemed the breath of some great monster that would devour this lack-lack lank. I am more used to the breeze now, but it used to make me the most homesick of anything."

"We rode as fast as we dared in the heat, and by noon had reached the wretched village where we were ordered to search for the deserter. I did not much like the job, and rather hoped we should not find him; but we did, and while we were safely secured the miserable wretch, a party of natives came up in great excitement, and begged us to go down to the gully with them, saying that that morning a young girl, the pet of the village, had gone down some kind of an errand and that they were afraid she had fallen the victim of a tiger one of them had seen lurking about after the girl started."

"The men in my command were weary and disinclined to go, and some of them had had rather disagreeable experience in such expeditions. But I thought of the little girl and hoped the tiger had missed her; and in anticipation I felt the power of killing him before she had fallen into his power. So I told the natives I would go with them, and I left my men in the village, with strong suspicions that they would all be drunk when I came back."

"With my gun over my arm—I had bathed then—I stole softly along over the baked earth with my dusky companions, who did not seem to mind the heat at all, but went on with skins glittering in the sun, with eyes that looked stealthily on every side as they advanced. It was the first time I had hunted a tiger, and from the moment we started, I felt a strange excitement, more painful than exhilarating."

"In an hour's time we reached the gully—a deep bed of a dry stream, a place where at some seasons rushes a torrent of water. The place was not so dry but in some parts it grew a wild luxuriance of vegetation, a gorgeous blossoming of deep colored flowers, and the air was sickening and heavy with the perfume of them. As we came to the ruins I thought the half dozen natives with me gave some signs of a disposition to shrink out of too near an approach to the apposed lair of the beast. I did not know much about those fellows then; but I have learned to think since, that on the whole they are as brave as the average of us human beings."

"I had reached the thickest part of the tall scrubbery, and saw ahead the gleam of an open space—a part of the empty bed of the stream. With my gun cocked, I carefully pushed aside the leaves feeling as if some dreadful sight was to meet my eye. And true enough—in the open space, but under the shade of a broken-leaved tree sat a high tiger—sat upon his haunches like a cat, panting, but apparently enjoying his rest and his anticipated feast. Lying in front of him, so near that his paws touched her, was the motionless insensible body of a girl of sixteen or seventeen, her long black hair streaming on the ground, her face upturned and colorless!"

"I could not tell whether she was dead or not. In the first horrible fascinated moment I did not move; I forgot that I had a gun. The tiger looked down at her touched her a little with his paw, just as I had a hundred times seen a cat do with a mouse. His motion dispelled my immobility. I raised my gun, and took careful aim, and fired."

"The beast looked up wildly, bounded forward, over the girl, then fell down, and lay still, the blood oozing from his breast. I dashed through the branches and I towards the girl, bearing the natives push along some way behind. One of them must have been in advance of the rest, for before I had reached the girl's side, I heard a shrill cry of warning and horror from the rear, and in the same instant I saw the tiger struggle to his feet again; I saw the green and yellow glitter of his eyes, the snowy sheen of his fangs. All that I saw in an instant—the next he had sprang upon me. I felt, it the second of the greatest physical horror I can imagine, his teeth crushing through my flesh—then I felt him leaping away with me, then mercifully the blackness of unconsciousness came to me."

Captain Roland paused for a moment, his face white, the hand that held his forgotten cigar trembling a little. He had spoken in the low quiet tones that impressed so deeply; and by the quietness of that camp fire, with the distant howls of force brutes in the air, with that solemn sky over head, we all felt the horror of the story he told.

"When I awakened the blazing sun had long since passed the meridian; long horizontal rays of yellow light came in narrow bars between the two boles of the trees of a grove a few rods away. I was lying on an open plain, in a place I did not know, though I could not believe it to be far from the gully. But I could not feel, much less think, at first. By degrees a sense of pain had begun to grow upon me. I was bruised all over my body; I ached every where. Only my left arm was free from pain, and I looked down in wonder at it, glad that something had escaped."

"I cannot tell you the sensation that came over me as I saw, not my arm but a mass of flesh, and the linen of my gilet—a mangled object without shape."

"Just above my elbow, my arm regained its form; it was not apparently injured there. There was no sensation in it,—it was for the time being incapable of suffering."

"At the first moment I did not remember the cause; then I looked about me for the tiger, for it must have been he who had brought me here. I found him; he was lying close at my head—utterly motionless; I could see his eyes, and I knew by them that he was dead; it was my shot that had killed him at last, though he lived to taste a partial revenge."

"I began to suffer acutely. A little side all my real pains, I thought of the dreadful death that awaited me. I could not live long in that situation, perhaps not even if found and cared for; but that I did not expect. I was young and hopeful. I had friends whom I loved in the far-off and pleasant England. My heart bled as I thought of them, and I tried to banish such ideas from my mind, but I could not. Again and again they would return, and I lived over all my happy life at the old manse-house, which is my home. At last, when the sun had finally gone down, and a full moon had swung itself up the horizon, staring wildly at me a sort of stupor came over me, and I fell into a heavy sleep which was more stupidly than sleep. Thus I spent the night alternately waking and falling off into a sort of trance. I thought it likely that I should fall a prey to some wandering beast, but I was not troubled by the thought. But heaven had decreed that they should find some other food that night."

"In the earliest light of the morning, before the sun was up I became conscious that someone was kneeling by my side, had laid a cool hand wet in water upon my head, and was holding drink to my lips. I started wide awake at this, and looked vaguely at the girl—for it was a girl, the one whom I had seen lying at the feet of the tiger in the gully."

"With her, and looking down at me with mute horror in their faces, were the half dozen men of my command. They lifted me upon a stretcher, and put an awning over it; then they travelled slowly along to the village where I had left them."

"The girl had not been materially injured by the tiger, but was in a swoon when I first saw her. She had roused to life by the time we saw the tiger gallop off down the gully with me in his mouth, and she had hurried back as fast as she could, with the natives who had come out with me, and told my men. They had tracked me there, not expecting to find me alive."

"I never saw human being so grateful to any one as that girl was to me. Through all my long illness at her village she tended me with entire devotion, and it is just as true that she saved my life, as that I saved hers. I knew that I should not have survived that day's work if it had not been for her. As it was, it was almost a year before I could enter again upon my active duty."

"You remember that woman who came to the camp some six months ago,—that handsome native woman, with the beautiful eyes? Yes; well, do you wonder that I was angry when some of you made a disagreeable joke about my knowing her? That was the woman who found me that morning. She is married, and was going off up the country, and came to bid me good-bye, fearing she should never see me again."

"Now, gentlemen, I have only to hope you may never suffer what I did in that twenty-four hours."

A Chicago girl, who claims to have proved it by experiment, says that by putting a lover in the light of a blue-glass window he can be made to propose at one sitting.

An editor, speaking of Spiritualism, says— "We don't believe in any medium, except the circulating medium, and that has become so scarce that our faith in it is shaky."

## POETRY.

### A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

When Spring comes laughing,  
 By vale and hill,  
 By wind-blown walking  
 And daffodil—  
 Sing stars of morning,  
 Sing morning skies,  
 Sing blue of speedwell  
 And my Love's eyes.

When Summer cometh,  
 Full-leaved and strong  
 And gave birds gossip  
 The orchard long—  
 Sing hid sweet honey  
 That no bee sips,  
 Sing red, red, roses,  
 And my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters  
 The leaves again,  
 And piled sheaves bury  
 The wide-wheeled wain—  
 Sing flutes of harvest  
 Where men rejoice,  
 Sing sounds of reapers  
 And my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter  
 With hail and storm,  
 With red fire roaring  
 And angle warm—  
 Sing first and going  
 Of friends that part;  
 Thence glads meeting  
 And my Love's heart.

The 'Times' of London and the 'Times' of New York.

Some figures regarding the two Great Papers. The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, describes a visit to the office of the New York Times and speaking of his conversation with the proprietor says:—

"I asked Mr. Jones how they were doing in the Times. 'I don't mind showing you our business,' he said, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket-book. I have lost a memorandum I made at the time, but I think they were: Receipts for 1876, \$829,600; expenses, \$668,900; profits, \$154,900. This is, I am nearly sure, the total. It showed nearly \$13,000 a month profit. With its general substantiality the income is hardly an adequate reflection of the paper's real and future value. I understand that of the expense, nearly \$70,000 a month, the paper bill was something like \$30,000—nearly double the composition bill."

"Come down in our vaults," said Mr. Jones, "and see a paper writing machine my son has invented; it is the only one of the kind in the world."

His son had been put in a machine shop and made a thorough machinist, and then sent to London to work in the London Times office as a press machinist, where he had been about one year. At present this young man is the mechanical superintendent of the Times establishment. The Times uses Walter of London Times press—these compact little giants, about as big as a beetle, which roll off and fold huge editions, printed on both sides. The New York Times can print about 33,000 papers an hour, as I understand."

"Did Walter invent that press or any part of it?"

"I think," said Mr. Jones, "that he invented more of it than he admits. He is very modest on the subject, but mechanics tell me he is very sound."

I asked again: "Do not some of our American papers approximate to the income of the London Times?"

"No. Its advertising patronage is almost incredible. I think he said two or three millions sterling of uncollected, par-agraphic advertising."

The young superintendents machine was a tube of water, sprayed so as to make a bouquet of water over the whole width of an endless roll of paper, as it was passed over a roller placed between the dry roll as if unwound, and another roller which took up the damp paper and rewound it. While we were chatting there, six miles of

paper were unrolled, wet and rolled again, I asked Mr. Jones how the Times came to be started.

"It was started, one Sunday, he said, or rather resolved upon, by Raymond and myself, as we were crossing the river at Albany to see some friend of his at the New York Tribune, he as a reporter, and writer, and I in the business department. The Tribune continued a thing as to its circulation and receipts. Raymond said: 'If they can make that amount of money we can hardly fail.' So we came down to the city from Albany and made our arrangements. When we resolved to build in 1857, we called for thirty per cent. more. That is all the money this paper ever called for, less by \$25,000 than our net earnings in a dull year like 1876."

THINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen a farmer build a house so large that the sheriff turned him out of doors. I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in an insane asylum. I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence. I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father began—penitence.

I have seen a young girl marry a young man of absolute habits, and repent of it as long as lived. I have seen a man depart from the truth when candour and veracity would have served him a much better purpose.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want, and themselves to disgrace. I have seen a prudent industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family, when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.

I have seen a young man who despised the council of the wise and a advice of the good, end his career in poverty and wretchedness. I have seen a man engage in a law suit about a trifling affair that cost him more in the end than would have roofed all the buildings on the farm.

About three weeks since, a woman living with a farmer in Gosholm township, had a dream, the principal feature of which, was a funeral with all its accompaniments. It made a deep impression on the woman's mind, and she told the people with whom she was living, that "something awful was going to happen." Of course they laughed at the affair, and tried to persuade her to put no stress on the matter, but with no good result. On Thursday last the woman came to town, and went to the Post Office, when she received a letter from some relatives in the old country, wherein was given the information that the woman's son had been killed a few days previous to the writing of the letter, and at the precise time when the woman had the singular dream.

How a Woman Drives a Truck.—Did you ever see a woman drive a truck? She holds it between her feet and steers with her feet, and pushes it a little ways into the carpet. Then with the other hand she takes up the hammer, always with the wrong side down. She hits three or four delicate blows, not raising the hammer half an inch from the head of the truck, but pinches her fingers, lets it go, and hits it sideways so that it enters the floor on a bias. Then she pulls it out, selects another tack from the box, and sticks a dozen into her hands while doing it. Finally, with an effort, she makes the point clutch the floor, and with one blow she settles the matter by knocking the head off.

Assessors Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed Assessors in Rates and Taxes for the Parish of St. Andrews, hereby give Notice thereof, and request all persons liable to be rated to bring in to the Assessors within thirty days after publication of this notice, true statements of their property and income liable to be assessed.

And for her the Vote then lost and be posted at the small building between the streets of Capt. Wilson and Green, on King Street; in pursuance of the provisions of the Assessment Act of 1875. Dated 25th day of April, 1877. S. H. WHITE, Clerk. J. R. BROWN, J. R. BROWN, Assessors. R. D. SMITH, Rates.

Original issues in Poor Condition Best copy available