



California Vinegar
Vegetable preparation,
he native herbs found
of the Sierra Nevada,
the medicinal pro-
cess extracted therefrom
the Bitters. The question
is, "What is the cause
of the disease?" The
answer is, that they remove
the great blood
poisoning principle, a perfect
restorative of the system.
History of the world has
compounded poisoning
of every disease man is
a gentle purgative and
string Congestion or In-
ver and Visceral Organs.

They good health, let
Bitters as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants

DR. J. C. CO.
San Francisco, California,
at the corner of the
Market and Beale.

I take these Bitters
and remain long
and healthy, and
do not feel the
effects of other
medicines, and
I can recommend
them to all who
suffer from
dyspepsia, indigestion,
and all the
diseases of the
digestive system.

Indigestion, Flatulency,
Acid, Sour Eructations,
Takes in the Mouth,
Biliousness, Headache,
Pain in the Region of
the Stomach, and all
the other diseases
of the digestive
system, are
caused by
indigestion,
and the
Bitters
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cure
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ET VARIIS BUNDEUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

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Vol. 43.

Poetry.

COOKING FROM THE PIONEER.

Oh! the sun was sinking in the west;
As home we rolled right cheery;
A heart at rest in every breast,
If limbs were stiff and weary.
Yet I thought naught of toil and heat,
Nor recked what might betide me;
So happy, I, to share my seat
With the girl that sat beside me.
One soft white hand in mine was placed,
She leant against me shyly;
While, to sustain her, round her waist
My arm had wandered shyly.
She glanced at me with a saucy smile,
But did not check nor chide me.
Oh! 'twas heaven the while I caught that smile,
From the girl that sat beside me.
Oh! girls were there both dark and fair,
Some sprightly and some stately;
And some there were whose winsome air
And features pleased me greatly.
But take them all, stout, short, or tall—
I care no who! I deride me—
No girl was there I would compare
With the girl that sat beside me.
Our homeward journey all too soon
Was ended and we parted;
The hand struck up the marching tune,
And I followed heavy-hearted.
With a playful pout, as we passed out,
A merry kiss she shed me—
Oh! I have a sigh as I waded good-by
To the girl that sat beside me.

LITERATURE.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

BY JAMES DABNEY.

Mrs. Jenkins was fond of sight-seeing, and her husband was equally fond of gratifying her fancy. But Mrs. Jenkins had the bad taste to always deck herself with her finest apparel and with her handsomest jewels on such occasions. She by no means believed that modesty and simplicity are the most beautiful features in a woman's dress, and her practice always accorded with her belief.
One evening she accompanied her husband to a public meeting. She was dressed more richly than usual, and had noticed before starting that the guard of her watch-chain was broken, but resisting the advice of her husband to leave the watch at home, she wore it, thinking that she would notice it closely during the evening.
As she was leaving the hall after the close of the meeting, she felt for her watch. It was gone.
"William," she exclaimed, in alarm, "I have lost my watch."
"I feared you would," said her husband. "You may have dropped it in the hall. Come, let us go back and look for it."
They returned to the hall, and a search was made for the watch, but it could not be found. Hastening home, Mrs. Jenkins searched through her clothing, but could not find it. The watch was gone, and it was vain to search for it. It had either been stolen from her during the evening, or been dropped in the hall, and picked up by some one. This much was plain, however, the watch was gone. An advertisement was inserted in the daily papers, describing the loss, and offering a handsome reward for the return of the property. This, too, was ineffectual. The watch was not heard from, and Mrs. Jenkins remained overwhelmed with grief.
Two years passed away, and Mrs. Jenkins had provided herself with a new watch and chain, having given up all hope of ever hearing from the missing articles. One morning, in glancing over one of the daily newspapers, she chanced to see this advertisement:
"If the lady who, two years ago, lost a gold watch and chain at the Hall, will send her address to A. B., City Post Office, she will hear something to her advantage."
Mrs. Jenkins could scarcely believe that she was the person alluded to in the advertisement; nevertheless, she resolved to ascertain if she were. She at once enclosed her address to the party, and, without mentioning the matter to her husband, awaited a reply.
The next day a private carriage stopped before her door, and a lady, dressed in deep mourning, and closely veiled, alighted from it, and rang the doorbell. She asked to see Mrs. Jenkins, and was shown into the parlor. When Mrs. Jenkins entered, she rose, and with

out removing her veil, said, with quiet dignity, "Mrs. Jenkins, I presume?"
"Yes," replied that lady, "and may I ask to whom I am indebted for this visit?"
"I must beg to be permitted to refrain from mentioning my name," said the lady. "I am here on an errand of justice, and it is most probable that we may never meet again. Therefore I would rather remain unknown to you."
"As you please," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I suppose your visit is in relation to the watch and chain which I was so unfortunate as to lose two years ago."
"It is," replied the lady.
"Can you tell me any means by which I can recover it? I am willing to pay a liberal reward for it."
"I desire no reward," said the lady, "and I have come, not only to tell you of your lost property, but to restore it on one condition."
"I grant that condition," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, eagerly, "provided it is not unreasonable."
"It is simply this: that upon receiving the articles again, you let the matter remain silent."
"That I readily promise," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I suppose the person that took them from me naturally desires to be unmolested. I shall be perfectly satisfied with the return of my property."
The lady handed Mrs. Jenkins her long lost watch and chain. Nothing was missing. Everything was in complete order as when she had last worn them.
"Everything is there, I believe," said the lady.
"Yes," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "everything is perfect. Will you tell me how you knew they were mine?"
"I was told so by the person from whom I received them."
"Did that person take the articles from me?"
"No, you lost them, and they were found."
"When were they returned to me?"
"I may as well tell you the whole story," said the lady, after a pause. "You will never know any of the parties concerned; and I see no harm in telling you."
"Two years ago you attended a public meeting, in company with your husband. You wore the watch and chain which I have just restored to you. It seems that the guard which held the chain to your dress was broken, and this, I suppose, accounts for your losing it. Sitting near you was a gentleman of wealth and position, but who was then greatly harassed by pecuniary difficulties. He had gone to this meeting to obtain relief from his distressing thoughts. He knew your husband by sight, and in this way knew you. After the meeting was over, and as he was going away, he noticed a handsome gold watch and chain lying on the floor where you had been sitting. As it was a lady's watch, he at once supposed it to be yours. He picked it up, and looked around for you, but you had gone. Putting it in his pocket, he left the hall, intending to call at your house the next day and return it; but, during the evening he thought he would sell the watch, use the money in the effort to recover from his business troubles, for every cent was of great value to him then, and, when he had fairly recovered, present you with a better and handsomer watch and chain, in the place of that which you lost. At last he determined to adopt this plan, and the next day started out for the purpose of selling the watch. His conscience reproached him so slowly, however, that he turned aside before reaching the place where he intended to make the sale, and concluded to postpone it until later in the day. He started out a few hours later on the same errand, but with the same result. Something, he could not tell what, seemed to hold him back, and prevent him from disposing of the watch. He would start out frequently with a firm determination to sell the watch, but each time his conscience would reproach him so greatly that he always abandoned his plan. This continued for several months, and at last the gentleman resolved to throw the watch away, and with it end the whole matter. Each time he did so his conscience restrained him even more powerfully than when he wished to sell the watch.
"At last he carefully sealed up the articles, and deposited them in his safe. He succeeded in getting through his difficulties, and in maintaining his mercantile position."
"Why didn't he return the articles, and have done with them?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.
"He was ashamed to do so," replied the lady. "It was a sore subject to him, and he never enjoyed much peace after the watch came into his hands. A short while ago he died. On his death-bed he revealed to his

wife the history of the watch, and begged her to return it to you. At her desire I am here to-day to discharge this duty. The gentleman of whom I have been speaking was a dear friend of mine, and I knew him to be a good and upright man. In a moment of weakness he yielded to a great temptation, and was only kept from a greater sin by the strong power of conscience.
As the lady ceased speaking, she rose, and bidding Mrs. Jenkins good-morning, took her departure. Mrs. Jenkins respected her promise, and never sought to know the name of the man whose story she had heard; but she always believed the lady who returned her watch to be his wife.

THE TURKISH ARMY.

The Turkish army is composed of three hundred and fifty thousand men, with a reserve about as numerous; but at least a third of both forces may be said to exist upon paper only. The 350,000 men are divided into nine corps d'armee, of which two are stationed in Constantinople and the neighborhood; two in Asia Minor; two in Syria, Palestine, and the surrounding country; one on the borders of the Danubian Principalities; one on the frontier of Persia; and one at, and near, Bagdad. These different corps are again subdivided much after the French and German fashion. Each one consists of two divisions; each division of two brigades; each brigade of two regiments; each regiment of three battalions; and each battalion of three companies. This is the infantry only. To each division there is attached a brigade of cavalry and about forty or fifty field guns. Each army corps is commanded by a military pasha of the first class, called a "Mushir," and considered equal in rank to a field-marshal in other armies. The division is commanded by a "Ferik," or military pasha of the second class, equal in rank to a general of division in the French service; and each brigade by a "Liva," or military pasha of the third class, equal in rank to a brigadier-general. The regiments are each commanded by a "Mir Ali," or colonel; besides which there is a "Kaimacan," or lieutenant colonel; with a "Bimbashi," or major, at the head of each battalion; and a "Ushasi," or captain, with two "Mushir," or lieutenants, in charge of each company. In theory the Turkish army is perhaps the best and in practice it leaves much to be desired. * * * The men are never less than three, and often twenty or even more, months in arrears of pay. To pay them requires hard cash, and that is an article almost unknown in the Ottoman Empire.

Of the men—the rank and file—of the Turkish army, it may truly be said that, considering all things, they are by far the most orderly and obedient troops in the world. Making or revolt among them is almost unknown. * * * They are all Moslems, and consequently all fanatics. "What is written is written," and no effort of man can alter it, is an axiom of their faith. Enthusiasm is almost unknown among them, at least under their Turkish officers. The Turk makes no pretence of cleanliness. Without as within, his habits of dirt are indescribable. His barracks-room would send a sanitary commissioner into fits. Not long ago the troops in Damascus had twenty-one months' pay to receive; for nearly three years the Turkish warrior knows nothing as to the cost, the material, or what time clothes ought to last. He has neither daily nor weekly press to enlighten him.
In one, and only one, thing the Turkish soldier is not cheated. He is well fed, and gets his full allowance of the rations allowed him. The reasons for this are, as I believe, almost invariably Moslems, who, whatever their faults may be, do not prey upon the government in the same manner as do the foreigners, the Jews, and the native Christians of Constantinople. In Turkey the system of raising men is simple in the extreme. The authorities look out for a few villages where young and able men are to be found. These villages are surrounded in the night by troops, and a raid made at daylight next morning upon all the houses; much in the same manner as a nest of hornets, or the favorite haunt of some well-known wild creature, would be attacked. The women, free, but the young and able-bodied men are retained, made prisoners of, and marched away to serve for five years in some far off army camp. If asked regarding the pluck and bravery of the Turkish officers, I would reply that they are in this respect perhaps second to none in the world. But of their competency it is impossible to say more than Mark Twain did of Brigham Young's piety. "If you ask

me concerning his godliness," he said, of the Mormon chief, "I must treat it as a conundrum, and give it up." Among the colonels, lieutenants-colonels and majors are often to be found men of fair education and good military attainments. But in the lower ranks among the captains and lieutenants, anything above mediocrity is rare indeed. The great injury with which they are treated as regards their pay—their being kept months and months in arrears, and obliged to borrow money at something like one hundred and twenty per cent per annum for their daily wants—has much to do with this. If the average Turkish officer has any rule of faith and practice, it is that "enough for the day is the evil thereof," and that the morrow must care for itself.

The field officers of regiments are generally, or at least very often, men who have received some military education at the college in Constantinople; have learned French; perhaps a little English, and are promoted to their position without having passed through inferior ranks. But the captains and subalterns seem rarely if ever, to advance beyond their present rank. The subalterns are generally young men, very poor, and do much of the hard work which in our service falls to the sergeants or sergeant-majors. The captains are also poor, and have generally a wife to support.

Of the merits of the Turkish troops when under arms, little can be said, but that they have more than once done excellent service cannot be denied, as witness the present war with the Servians aided by Russia.

A WOMAN'S INGENUITY.—A Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travelers into eleven bedrooms and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven separate bedrooms.

"Now," says she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait a few minutes I'll find a spare room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she puts the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said, "I've accommodated all the rest and have still a room to spare, so if one of you will step into No. 11, you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course, there is a hole in the saucer somewhere, but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any, of the travellers was the "odd man out."

A Train in Collision with Elephants.—Big stories come from big lands—take the land of Niagara for an example. The land of the Himalayas, too, has its sensational narratives on a grand scale; and these, with the spread of the Anglo-Indian press, are obtaining a wider notoriety every day.
A short time since as a train was proceeding at a fair speed in India, the engine driver noticed a herd of elephants advancing towards him along the line. He immediately sounded the whistle and his assistant put on the brakes. In an instant, however, they were in the herd. The leading elephant, a huge tusker, was apparently only enraged by the whistle, and charged the advancing train. There was a tremendous concussion, the elephant was knocked off to one side, mutilated and writhing, and the train after a series of violent jerks which nearly threw it off the line, came to a standstill against the bodies of two other animals of the herd. There was not a great deal of damage done, but the passengers were much frightened, and the engine was considerably damaged about the front.

The train was despatched by an English gentleman who was travelling in the train, and his tusk secured, after which the train proceeded on its journey. The remainder of the herd scampered away, and turned when about a mile off on a knoll, looking in a dazed, stupid kind of way at the train as it moved off.
The southern negroes exhaust ingenuity in diabolical devices for punishing their children. In Charleston, this week, a negro Joe Mayek, was arrested for maltreating his son, about fourteen years old. The cruel father, because the son was weary, tied him up by his hands, his feet, touching the ground, after which he whp

ped him severely, then put molasses on his naked body, so that flies and insects could torment him. The inhuman father was sent to jail for ten days.

THEN AND NOW.—When John and Peter Delmonico first started business in New York, John was fat and round, and full of fun. Peter was grave and reserved, and as polite as Chesterfield in his happier moments.

John and Peter Delmonico grow rich very surely, but they did it very slowly.

"How much for roast beef, John?"

"Sixpence with potatoes, sir, and a delicious gravy."

"John, I want a particularly nice kidney chop, thick, done just right. Cook it yourself, John. How much?"

"Cook it myself? Let me see. With the kidneys turned twice, I really couldn't do it for less than a shilling sir."

So it was in 1827, when John and Peter, the originators of the new system in this country, opened their modest place in William street, then as far up town as prudence permitted them to go. Now the concern has a capital involved amounting to \$500,000 and an annual expenditure of \$1,000,000. The costliest dinner they ever prepared was for Sir Morton Peto, which cost him \$15,000.

A married couple were attacked in the street by a dog. The wife screamed and tried to run, but her husband caught her by the shoulders and held her firmly between the infuriated beast and his person, while he whispered in a hoarse voice: "Don't you dare let go of me, darling. I'll stand by you even if he does bite." Never losing his presence of mind for an instant, the daring man baffled every attempt of the fierce brute to get at him. The owner of the dog interfered, and, as the couple moved off, the husband was heard to say: "If you had only let that dog bite you, Matilda, I might have sued the city for \$10,000 damages. But you never did have much sense."

NEW WEAPONS OF WAR.—A series of trials of the Hotchkiss revolving cannon were recently begun at Sandy Hook under U. S. army auspices. Seventy shots were fired, at four targets, the nearest of which was placed at 2,000 yards distance. The shells burst between the first and second targets, hitting the four screens 206 times. A new magazine breech-loading rifle was also tested, and a firing speed of 6 shots in 6 seconds was attained. The cannon trials are soon to be resumed, when the capabilities of the gun will be put to the severest tests. The inventor, Mr. B. B. Hotchkiss, claims that the weapon has an effective range of 6,000 yards.

POLITICAL WARFARE.—We will hail with pleasure the approach of that time, should it ever arrive, when the affairs of this new country shall be conducted as the affairs of a great and prosperous country ought to be conducted, namely, on sound principles of government, irrespective entirely of the wretched personalities and scandals which are made to do service now. Are there no party lines upon which the battle can be fought without recourse to a system vituperation, disgraceful to journalism.

William J. Sharkey, surrendered to the United States by the Spanish government, and coming home on the Franklin with Tweed, will be remembered as the New York murderer, who, after he had been condemned, was liberated from the city prison by a woman who had been faithful to him through everything, and who allowed him to dress himself in her clothes and leave the prison, while she remained behind. She afterwards joined him in Cuba, and after a little he abused and beat her so shamefully that she returned to New York. It is to be hoped that he will now meet with something like a recompense for his double villainy.

Colorado potato bugs have been washed ashore at Milestone and other places in Connecticut in such numbers of late as to poison the air. The captain of a New London vessel says that they came on board in such swarms while at sea, that they had to close the hatches.

A woman has spread dismay among her fashionable Newburyport relatives by appearing among them wearing the same bonnet she wore when she married and went to Texas, twenty-five years ago.

A Lowell organist played in another church than his own recently, and was complimented by the organ blower for the proficiency shown in his voluntary. "By the way," added the man who manipulated the wind instrument, "I've blown that voluntary before."