



It's California Vinegar  
Vegetable preparation,  
the native herbs found  
in the Sierra Nevada  
California, the medicinal pro-  
cess extracted therefrom  
of Alcohol. The question  
asked, "What is the cause  
of success of VINEGAR Bitters  
is, that they remove  
the great blood  
poisoning principle, a perfect  
purifier of the system,  
the history of the world has  
compounded possessing  
qualities of VINEGAR Bitters  
of every disease man is  
a gentle Purifier as  
elieving Congestion or In-  
Liver and Visceral Organs.

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

EDWARD & CO.,

Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Chicago, Ill., New York,  
Boston and Dealers.

can take these Bitters long

their bones are not dried

and other means

wanted beyond repair.

WINEGAR Bitters

wonderful principle that

is sinking system.

nilent, and intermit-

ent are prevalent in the

the rivers throughout the

the Middle, Illinois, Tennessee,

Illinois, Kansas, Colorado, Bra-

Pearl, Arkansas, Mobile,

Alabama, and many others.

ributaries, throughout our

uring the summer and Au-

stably so during seasons of

of dysentery, are invariably

estimate the consequences of

liver, and other abdominal

in treatment, a purgative,

ful influence upon these

is essentially necessary.

for the purpose equal

WINEGAR Bitters, as

remove the dark-colored

th which the bowels are

are time stimulating the

liver, and generally restor-

functions of the digestive

Indigestion, Headache,

colic, Coughs, Tightness

ziness, Sour Eructations of

ad Taste in the Mouth, Dis-

ruption of the Liver, Indur-

gences, Pain in the region of

ad a hundred other painful

the offerings of Dyspepsia,

prove a better guarantee of

a long life advertisement.

King's Evil, White Swel-

Excesses, Swelled Neck,

ous Inflammations, Indolent

Material Affections, Old

as of the Skin, Sore Eyes,

as, as in all other constitu-

WINEGAR Bitters, as

dr great curative powers in

and curative cases.

numatory and Chronic

Gout, Bilious, Remittent

in Fevers, Diseases of the

Minors, and Blacker, those

equally. Such Diseases are

and Blood.

Diseases.—Persons en-

ta and Minerals, such as

esters, Gold-beaters, and

advance in life, are subject

of the Bowels. To guard

and a dose of WINEGAR Bitters

occasionally.

Diseases, Eruptions, Tetis,

itches, Scabs, Pimples, Fur-

unculæ, Ringworms, Scald

ed, Erysipelas, Itch, Scour,

of the Skin, Humors and

a Skin of whatever name or

ally dug up and carried out

a short time by the use of

and other Worms, bur-

of so many thousands, are

royed and removed. No sys-

no vermifuge, no salicine

the system from worms

ra.

le Complaints, in young or

single, at the dawn of wom-

turn of life, these Tonic Bitters

decided an influence that

a soon perceptible.

-In all cases of jaundice, red

or liver is not doing its work

able treatment is to promote

of the bile and favor its re-

s purpose. See VINEGAR Bitters

to Vitiated Blood when

impurities bursting through

impurities, Eruptions, or Sores,

a you find it obstructed and

veins; cleanse it when it is

ings will tell you when. Keep

and the health of the system

McDONALD & CO.,

and Agents, San Francisco, California,

and Chicago, Ill., New York,

and Dealers.

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Vol 43

## Poetry.

### THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF OURS.

What loveliness adorns this globe!  
The handiwork of the Most High:  
How marvellous its ample robe,  
Reaching unto the aether sky!

Its landscapes charm and feast the soul;  
Its mighty reeling billows awe;  
Man fain would gaze on either pole,  
And publish magnetism's law.

Baffled in effort to unfold  
Secrets in nature, yet concealed;  
With reverence oft, but sometimes bold  
Conjectures more than is revealed.

I love upon the mountain top,  
To drink in pleasures through the eye:  
To gaze upon the waving crop,  
When early autumn-draweth nigh.

To rove 'midst Flora's beauteous bowers,  
To man, at first, in Eden given;  
To inhale the aroma of flowers,  
And feel that earth has much of heaven.

In sylvan shades to rove and muse,  
Efficient by the weird like strain;  
The book of nature to peruse,  
And think and love, and read again.

To follow on its gentle course,  
The gathering brook, to ocean bent,  
Till down the cataract it pours,  
With tidal waters confluent.

To stand upon the headland high,  
And gaze on true sublimity;  
The meeting waves, and bending sky,  
Best emblem of infinity.

If justly earth attracts the mind,  
And bids humanity explore;  
What may we not expect to find,  
In yonder world, forevermore.

We thank the Lord for such a clime,  
For such a world to mortals given,  
But forward look, with hope sublime,  
To find a better world in heaven.

### A NOBLE WOMAN.

This girl was half reclining in a rustic seat  
behind the arbor. She was in a half dreamy  
state. The bees buzzed in and out among the  
flowers near by but she did not hear them. A  
mocking bird alighted on a bush and poured  
forth his loveliest strain, but she did not note  
the sound. The song of the laborer and lowing  
of cattle that echoed from the fields did not  
reach her senses. At that moment she was  
unconscious of all the beauties of nature, of all  
harmonies or pleasant sounds, of all the frag-  
rance of the country.

But she was not unconscious of a pain that  
was gnawing at her heart. Lately the deepest  
sleep that she could get could not cause her  
to lose the realization of that. It was ever  
present with her.

And why was this?  
The girl's name was Ellice Burke.  
She had a lover whose name was Charles  
Vane. They had been engaged for six months.  
Two weeks before this morning she had come  
down to this pleasant place. Heathcote Farm,  
as a guest of her friend, Virginia Heathcote,  
and had found Charles Vane already here. And  
almost immediately she became aware of that  
which caused her pain. Charles Vane, her  
lover, was hovering about another woman;  
evidently deeply fascinated by her.

Her name was Maud Danforth. She was a  
very beautiful woman, and beyond all doubt,  
had been a very decided flirt. Ellice had  
heard of her frequently, and had met her oc-  
casionally before she had found her here, like  
herself, a guest of the Heathcotes.

The last two weeks had been miserable ones  
to Ellice. She understood fully how matters  
were, but she had been compelled to hide pain  
under a calm and even gay exterior. What a  
bitter fact stared her in the face! The man  
she loved no longer loved her, as it seemed.

Charles Vane had been trying all these days  
to keep up the semblance of his regard for her,  
and had asked for no release from his engage-  
ment. There were several other guests with  
the Heathcotes, but none of them knew of the  
bond between her and Charles. They knew,  
however, of his affair with Maud Danforth,  
but what else could they call it but a flirtation?  
Nothing, truly, in view of her reputation.

And the realization of all this was what was  
present with Ellice as she sat behind the arbor,  
causing the pain at her heart.

Presently two people came down the garden  
walk together and entered the arbor; Ellice  
did not hear their steps. But when a man

spoke she heard that. It was Charles Vane's  
voice that was sounding in her ears, and he  
had called the name of Maud Danforth. These  
two were conversing about no common place  
subject. No! and if Maud Danforth was only  
flirting with Vane, she had secured her victim  
firmly; and if it was more than a flirtation on  
her part, she had achieved a victory, for he was  
pouring forth passionate words.

"Oh! Maud," he was saying, "I love you with  
all my heart, madly, better than my life."  
Ah! if he could have beheld the deathly  
white face of the girl outside, a pang of re-  
morse as keen as he now thought his love for  
Maud Danforth strong must have touched his  
heart. Ellice Burke was hearing these words,  
yet at the same time took away her powers of  
volition, that numbed her heart, that bound  
her in the chains of despair.

"Maud, Maud, my darling," Vane continued,  
"is there any hope for me? Do you love me?"  
There was a moment's silence. Then the  
answer came—an answer that showed that  
Maud Danforth was not flirting this time, it  
was however much she may have trifled in the past,  
she was not trifling now. Her very voice was  
full of triumphant happiness.

"Oh, Charles, I do love you."  
Then hush and sky and flower faded from  
the sight of Ellice Burke, and all became dark  
to her. She heard no more, and in unconscious-  
ness she found a temporary relief. She never  
knew how long or short the time was in which  
she lay in that condition. When she came to  
herself and rose, mechanically listened for the  
voices in the arbor. When several moments  
had passed and she heard no sound, she knew  
that they had left it. Then with a sigh her  
head fell back upon her arm again.

Oh! the bitter pain at her heart. She knew  
now that heretofore hope had not quite fled,  
that she had still cherished the thought that  
perhaps Charles Vane might love her best,  
that only a temporary fascination might be  
drawing him to Maud Danforth. But now the  
whole miserable truth that she was nothing to  
him was apparent.

At last she was able to rise to her feet. She  
managed to reach her room unobserved by any  
one. She looked the door and sank down  
upon a sofa. It seemed as if despair was con-  
suming her heart. Would this blow kill her?  
"Am I dying? Am I dying?" she asked  
herself.

Then a long dry sob shook her; then another,  
and another; then came a burst of tears, the  
first that all this agony had caused her to shed.

Blessed tears! they soothed and calmed  
her. They quieted to an extent the keen  
agony that had been gnawing at her heart.

When the bell rang for dinner she bathed  
her face. Looking in the glass she saw no  
special change in herself. She had suffered,  
but her countenance did not show it particularly.

She was glad of this.  
"Of course I shall have to wear a mask," she  
murmured to herself.

A sad smile touched her lips. "I suppose I  
will have to be gay," was her thought. "I will  
bear it here for a day or two, and then I will  
go away."

And at dinner no one could have guessed  
how she had been and was suffering.

A day passed. To the sensitive girl there  
came no thought of any but one course she  
should pursue. She could never, never again  
think of Charles Vane as her lover. She  
would release him.

But this was what she shrank from. She  
dreaded to approach him on the subject. She  
was bearing it all bravely but that seemed too  
much.

Circumstances assisted her, however. She  
was sitting behind the arbor again, not dream-  
ing this time, but wide awake to the bitter reality  
when she heard the voices of some persons  
coming down the path to the arbor. Very  
soon she knew that the persons were Charles  
Vane and Maud Danforth. They entered the  
arbor, Charles making a commonplace remark  
as they did so. Then there seemed to be a  
pause in their conversation.

Ellice rose to go. She did not wish to hear  
any of their love-making. No! she could not  
bear that now. Then she heard words that  
caused her to stay.

"Does Ellice know yet?" asked Maud.  
"No," replied Vane: "I dread to tell her."  
Ellice's hands clasped tightly together. So  
Maud knew all then.

"Poor Ellice!" Maud continued, "I pity her.  
But oh, Charles, I love you!"  
Ellice knew that there was a great quiver of  
pain in Maud's voice. She knew that these  
two were suffering for the wrong they were  
doing her. Should she hide her pain and help  
them? She took counsel with her heart and  
decided that she would. A second later she

stood in the arbor with them.

"I know that you love each other," she said  
quietly, feeling that they would understand  
her. "I have known it for some time."

Probably Maud and Vane expected a burst  
of wrath to fall on their heads the next mo-  
ment. But it was not so. It was a noble heart  
that they had wronged. Ellice reached out  
her hand to Maud.

"I am sure I wish you very much happiness,"  
she said, gently.

Then she turned to Charles Vane. "Please  
to forget all that has ever been between us,"  
she said gently.

"Forgive me, Ellice!" he stammered.  
"I forgive you freely," she uttered.

That was all she said. She left the arbor  
and went up to the house.

"I do not think she cares much," Vane said  
to Maud.

So little did he understand the woman he  
had once professed to love passionately.

Maud Danforth shook her head. "She is a  
woman," she said simply. She masks her  
pain behind a smile.

I know not how much agony may have been  
at her heart when she said these words so  
lightly. She is very noble and generous—more  
so than I could be under like circumstances.  
Heaven bless her!"

A day more passed away. Ellice announced  
to her hostess that she was going away.

"You are very sudden, Ellice," Virginia  
Heathcote cried. At any rate you will not go  
till after the excursion down the river to the  
Glen. We are all going."

"When is it?" Ellice asked.  
"Day after to-morrow."

And as Ellice had no reasonable excuse for  
hastening off sooner than that, she had to re-  
main.

The afternoon of the excursion came, and a  
gay party of young people left Heathcote  
Farm. The Glen was four miles distant.

They reached their place. It was a picture  
esque place. Shaded and cool. The time  
sped merrily away to a portion of the party  
at length some one proposed that they  
should search along the river bank for a  
boat with which to amuse themselves. The  
proposition was hailed with delight, and  
soon some eight or ten of them found  
themselves at the river shore. Among them  
it chanced, were Ellice Burke, Maud  
Danforth and Charles Vane.

Two boats were found tied to the shore.  
One was large enough to hold several per-  
sons; the other was a mere shell that  
could only accommodate two. It was light  
and dry, however. Nearly all clambered  
into the large boat.

"Ellice and I will go into the small  
boat," said Maud Danforth to Charles  
Vane, the three being yet upon the shore.  
"I can scull splendidly, and we will get  
along first rate."

Maud felt that she should like this girl,  
she cherished nothing but gratitude and  
friendship toward her, and wanted a chance  
to express something of her feelings. Of  
course Vane consented to the arrangement.

"You must be careful," he said.  
"Oh, there is no danger," cried Maud.

"A place was given Charles in the larger  
boat, and with merry shouts they flashed  
away from shore.

For some time they kept together. Then  
Maud and Ellice drifted behind.

A silence fell between them. Maud  
glanced at Ellice with wistful eyes.

"Ellice," she commenced.

But that sentence was never completed,  
for

"Halloo!" came sounding merrily across  
the water. "Hurry, Maud!" cried some  
one from the other boat.

Maud rose to her feet and waved her  
handkerchief. Her signal was returned  
with shouts and laughter.

Then some way or other, how she could  
never tell, she lost her balance and fell  
over the side of the boat. She had only  
time to scream, and then there was a rush  
of water about her ears. Ellice Burke  
rushed toward her and managed to seize  
her as she rose to the surface.

But alas! the weight of the two upon  
the side of the shell was too much. In a  
moment it overturned, and Ellice was  
struggling in the water too! She kept  
her presence of mind and managed to grasp  
the boat.

"Maud, Maud, she cried, seize the boat  
and you are safe."

And with her assistance, Maud, half  
drowned as she was succeeded in getting a  
hold beside her.

But a fearful fact became apparent. The  
overturned shell would not sustain the  
weight of both of them. It was slowly,  
slowly sinking.

"Oh, heaven!" gasped Maud, "we must  
die!"

Ellice Burke glanced over the water.  
The other boat was coming swiftly to-

ward them, but could never reach them in  
time. In an instant her resolution was  
formed.

"Maud," she said, "cling fast to the boat  
and you shall be saved. He loves you, and  
for his sake you shall live."

Then, before Maud understood her in-  
tention, she released her hold of the boat.  
Maud had one glance at her face before  
she disappeared. Then, with a great light  
in her eyes, the noble woman  
went down to her death.

Maud Danforth was saved. She became  
the wife of Charles Vane!

And very often the face of Ellice Burke,  
as it looked on that never-to-be forgotten  
day, comes before her vision and she real-  
izes fully what a generous heart was broken  
for her, what a noble existence was sacri-  
ficed for her that she might have life  
and love!

### Spain at the Centennial.

We quote the following from the Phila-  
delphia letter of the special correspondent  
of the New York Times:

Col. Francisco Lopez Fabra, the chief  
Spanish Commissioner, has remained at his  
post during all the heats of summer with  
remarkable singleness of purpose. The  
Spaniards certainly teach us a lesson of pure  
nobility in many ways. Their depart-  
ments are fitted up as museums, and offer  
enormous contrasts to those of almost every  
other nation, which are fitted up like  
retail stores. They came here entirely  
from good will, without a thought of mak-  
ing money by the sale of their goods, for  
the men who sent them, in nine-tenths of  
the whole Spanish display, sent no price  
list. When it became evident that there  
were many would-be-purchasers, the Span-  
ish, instead of taking advantage of the  
enthusiasm over their wondrous fabrics and  
their domesticated wares, placed upon them  
porous water coolers—"alcarazas"—were  
valued at forty-five, fifty, and sixty cents  
apiece, their lustered porcelain, and their  
fine specimens of glassware in proportion.

The experience of those who are desirous  
of buying various objects is that there are  
not a few nations who have no fixed price  
and who ask three times what they are  
willing to take. And among those who  
are more conscientious the prices are ex-  
ceedingly high, and when the duties are  
added to them they become absolutely pro-  
hibitory. There are very few countries  
whose objects are as honorable as the Span-  
ish, and at the same time there is no  
whose wares are so distinctly marked with  
the seal of nationality. Col. Fabra is un-  
deniably greatly pleased at the apprecia-

tion of his country, and he has evinced  
this in many ways, but in nothing more  
fully than in the manner in which the  
most expensive works on architecture and  
art, with volumes of exquisite taste and  
volumes of photographs of Spanish cathed-  
rals of the grand gothic type have been  
surrendered to the public hands. In the  
Spanish Government building, which the  
Commission fondly call the house of the  
King (for they entertain a personal regard  
for their young Alfonso, like the feeling  
the English have for the Queen), these val-  
uable books are spread out upon comfort-  
able counters for the convenience of the  
public. Col. Fabra was remonstrated with  
by zealous Philadelphians: "Your beauti-  
ful books will be destroyed; put them un-  
der glass cases." "Not at all," said Col.  
Fabra; "they are here to be destroyed if  
using them will do it. It will be sufficient  
recompense to us if but one out of all who  
turn over the leaves gets a new thought  
for his art or a new comprehension of  
Spain. And the more they are used the  
better will Spain be known. I should be  
ashamed so to take them back to Spain  
clean and new and unused." Now that  
was very noble, and was in accordance  
with the old idea of the Spanish Hidalgo  
par sang. Certainly all Spain's chivalry  
has not been laughed away by Cervantes.

Throughout the summer Col. Fabra and  
his assistants, Count Donadio, Alvaro de  
la Gandara, and Col. Marin, have remained,  
working away at the Spanish display, writ-  
ing to Spain for new things, and arranging  
them to the best advantage. The treasures  
of the Government building, or the House  
of the King are so numerous that they de-  
mand the exclusive attention of a separate  
article. But, not satisfied with this dis-  
play, or with the numerous things that  
have already been a field in other quarters,  
Col. Fabra wrote to Spain for photographic  
views of Los Pulos, the port from which  
Columbus sailed for this land and the con-  
tinent of La Rabida, where he found refuge.

These have just arrived and are about to  
be exhibited in the main building. They  
will be placed in a square frame support  
by a pedestal about five feet in height,  
and full descriptions in English text will  
be placed at the head of each photograph.  
The Spanish Commissioner was induced to

ward them, but could never reach them in  
time. In an instant her resolution was  
formed.

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and you shall be saved. He loves you, and  
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