



California Vinegar
Vegetable preparation
the native herbs found
of the Sierra Nevada
the medicinal pro-
the extracted therefrom
Alcohol. The question
ed, "What is the cause
success of VINEGAR BIT-
er is, that they remove
and the patient recov-
they are the great blood
giving principle, a perfect
vigorator of the system.
History of the world has
Appointed possessing
disease of VINEGAR BIT-
of every disease man is
a gentle Purgative as
heaving Congestion or In-
Liver and Visceral Organs.

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

DONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston 284, New York.
Suggists and Dealers.

in take these Bitters
efforts, and remain long
their houses are not de-
poison or other means
wasted beyond repair.
usually proclaim VINEGAR
wonderful Elixir, and that
a sinking system.
effort, and Intermitt-
ich are so prevalent in the
at rivers throughout the
pecially those of the dis-
son, Illinois, Tennessee,
ansas, Red, Colorado, Bra-
Pearl, Alabama, Media,
e, James, and many others,
staries, throughout out-
ring the Summer and Au-
tably so "faring seasons of
d dryness, are invariably
extensive derangements of
liver, and other abdominal
r treatment, a purgative,
and influence upon these
is essentially necessary.
My heart with love is all glow,
my's VINEGAR BITTERS, as
y remove the dark-colored
in which the bowels are
and fine stimulating the
liver, and gently restor-
functions of the digestive

r Indigestion, Headache,
indigestion, Coughs, Tightness
in the chest, Sour Eructations of
Taste in the Mouth, Bil-
iation of the Heart, Inflam-
mation, Pain in the region of
a hundred other painful
of off-putting of Dyspepsia,
prove a better guarantee of
lengthy advertisement.
King's Evil, White Swell-
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
e Inflammatious, Indolent
Mercurial Affections, Old
of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
ee, as in all other constitu-
WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
is great curative powers in
sle and infatigable cases,
anitary and Chronic
Gout, Bilious, Remittent
at Fevers, Diseases of the
Glands, and Bladder, these
e-cure. Such Diseases are
ed Blood.

Diseases, Persons con-
ts and Minerals, such as
sisters, Gold-brothers, and
advances in life, are sub-
of the Bowels. To guard
a dose of WALKER'S VINE-
occasionally.

Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter,
itching, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
tules, Ringworms, Scalds,
es, Erysipelas, Itch, Scars,
of the Skin, Humors and
e Skin of whatever name or
ally dog up and carried out
in a short time by the use of

and other Bitters, Jack-
son of so many thousands, are
cured and removed. No sym-
ptoms, no venereal, no unpleas-
ant the system from worms

le Complaints, in young or
single, at the dawn of wom-
anhood, of life, these Tonic Bit-
e decided an influence that
is so perceptible.

In all cases of Jaundice, red
our liver is not doing its work,
able treatment is to promote
of the bile and favor its re-
purpose and VINEGAR BIT-

ie Vitiated Blood when-
it impurities build up through
Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores;
in you find it obstructed and
in veins, cleanse it when it is
lugs will tell you when. Keep
e, and the health of the system

DONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston 284, New York.
Suggists and Dealers.

YOUR PRINTING DONE
FFICE.

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MODERN PHARISEES.

In others we are apt to see
Their failings and their faults alone,
And, like the ancient Pharisee,
Forget and overlook our own.
To all their virtues we are blind,
Although they may possess far more
Of real good than selfish we
Will ever give them credit for.
If God, as Scotland's poet says,
Would give us power ourselves to see,
How small the faults of friends would seem
How great, alas, our own would be!

MY NEIGHBOR.

"Love thou thy neighbor!" I am mute;
He lives across the way,
And plays upon the German flute
Some twenty hours a day.
On him I do not waste my labor,
Nor even try to love my neighbor.
"Love thou thy neighbor? I am dumb;
She lives next door to me;
A single dame, with years o'ercome;
Her age is forty-three.
Ah! it was surely foolish labor
For me to try to love my neighbor.

"Love thou thy neighbor? Heaven forbid!
He has of gold, silver,
And at usurious rates doth lend
Me small sums of his store.
And wherefore should I squander labor
Or waste my love on such a neighbor?
"Love thou thy neighbor?" Nay, not so;
This were too much to say;
My heart with love is all glow,
But finds a happier task.
Ah! not in vain my heart has sought her;
You see? I love my neighbor's daughter.

"COME HOME, WILLIE!"

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

The night was bitterly cold. I was
glad to turn up the collar of my top coat
to shield myself somewhat from the wind,
which seemed as if it would pierce through
the warmest covering, as I took my way
home from the house of a friend. Passing
along by one of the private gardens which
adorn our beautiful city, I heard a noise
as of some one crying bitterly, and soon
reached the place whence the sounds pro-
ceeded. Seated on the parapet-wall of the
railings was a young working man in his
garb of toil, with an infant on his knee,
and by his side sat a fair young creature,
evidently his wife and the mother of the
babe which lay in his father's arms. Alas!
that those arms should be so unworthy of
the precious burden.

"Come home, Willie!" she sobbed out
as I passed, and in the moonlight I could
see her sweet young face dimmed with
tears as she pleaded with her husband.

"No, I won't come home! I'll sit here
as long as I like; just you hold your
tongue!" he replied angrily, caring no-
thing for the entreaties of his young wife.
"Give me the baby, Willie; oh! do give
me the baby! she'll catch cold, Willie!"
and the mother tried to take the babe from
its father's arms.

"No you won't have the child! It's
comfortable enough where it is. Don't
think, Jessie, that I care for your crying.
You can cry your eyes out for all I care;
so you may just as well stop it. Hold off!
I tell you, or I'll dash—"

A scream from the mother interrupted
his brutal words, and, unable to restrain
myself, I was about to step forward to the
young mother's assistance, when a "bull's
eye" flashed across the street. I had step-
ped a short distance from the group, un-
certain at first whether I should interfere,
as I was afraid that it might be productive
of harm instead of good; until my anger at
the young man's unfeeling conduct im-
pelled me to interpose. The watchman,
however, had unexpectedly appeared upon
the scene and as he heard the sound of the
weeping, quickened his steps.

"Come, now, don't make any noise here,
Bathsheba James!" he exclaimed in the
rather gruff tone of his calling, and wife

and husband rose, the babe still in its
father's arms.

"Oh, sir, don't do anything to him! It
wasn't him; it wasn't him; it was only
me crying. Don't do anything to him sir!"
pleaded the young wife with tears in her
eyes.

He would have had a hard heart, indeed,
who could have been insensible to her sup-
plication. I could see the watchman's
eye glisten as she placed her hand on his
arm and looked fearfully up into his face.
Ah! yes! under his official sternness he
had a soft heart, that guardian of the
night. Very likely he had a fond wife at
home, and perhaps beloved children, for
whom he would have given his own life.
No wonder then that the tears glistened
in his eye and that when he next spoke, it
was in a softer tone, in which pity for the
poor wife overcame his anger at the drunk-
en husband. Yes, there lay the secret of
the whole scene. Yet the young work-
man—a decent, comely looking young
man, was not so much under the influence
of the horrid curse but that he could walk
steadily along, his gentle wife walking be-
side him, and pleading with him to give
her the "baby," but when they turned the
corner of the silent street and were hid
from my view, the child was still in the
arms of its father.

They reached their home, a humble one
in a lowly quarter of the town, but the
neatness which reigned around betokened
the presence of woman's gentle hand. He
lay down to sleep off the effect of the drink
which he had taken, while his loving wife,
after seeing him comfortably reposing,
with a sad and sorrowful heart attended to
her child.

One would have thought who had heard
the storm of abuse which William Mal-
colm showered upon his wife, in language
which at times was horrible to hear, that
he was a brutal wretch, devoid of feeling;
but he would have been mistaken. When
sober, he was one of the kindest of hus-
bands, and loved his babe with an almost
womanly love. But when the demon
DRINK had taken possession of his soul,
ah! then—alas! that so many should know
the horrid brutality which the poison in-
stills into the heart of its victims.

The hours sped slowly on. In the mid-
dle of the night, the anxious mother was
awakened by a strange noise, which she
had never before noticed in her child's
breathing. The mother's heart was
alarmed, and in her anxiety she awakened
her husband.

"Willie, Willie dear, there's something
the matter with baby!"

"Oh, it's only a slight cold she's got,
She'll be better in the mornin'," he mut-
tered, half awake and rather angrily at
being disturbed, and then turned to sleep.
Sleep visited not the mother's eyes; an-
xiety for the child was above all other
thoughts. She lay awake listening to the
hoarse noise, and half afraid again to dis-
turb her husband. Even she thought it
was only a cold which the child had got,
an ailment to which it was rather prone.
In the stillness of the night, and with all
her feelings strung to hear the slightest
breathing was getting heavier. Yes, there
was no doubt of it; her babe was getting
worse.

"Willie, dear Willie, do waken, dear!
Baby's very ill."

"What? Who says baby's ill?" he ex-
claimed, starting up.

"Hush, Willie, do you hear that strange
noise?"

The father was now thoroughly awake
and in his right mind. Yes, he heard the
noise—a hoarse, croaking noise which ac-
companied the child's every breath. He
was alarmed now, and love for his babe
was the uppermost feeling in his heart.

"Haven't you better go for the doctor,
Willie?" asked his wife gently.

"Oh, yes, Jessie! I'll go at once," and
the father hurriedly prepared to depart.

"Don't be long, Willie dear."

"Never fear, Jessie! I'll be as fast as I
can."

Out into the night; the wind blew right
in his teeth, as if it would shiver his very
frame. But what cared he for the wind?
Was not his child ill—perhaps dangerous-
ly ill? The thought sent a thrill of agony
through his heart, and he rushed on faster
than before. The nearest doctor must be
sought. He reached the house and rang
the bell.

"Is the doctor in?" he asked with quiv-
ering lip.

"No, sir, he was called out some time
ago," and the servant maid, none the more
civil because she had been awakened from
her sleep, closed the door.

He must go for his own doctor then.
"Oh that he would be in!" He rushed
through the streets, the watchman, as he
walked his weary round looking suspi-
ciously at him as he passed. He rang the
bell. Minutes seemed to pass, and still no
one answered. At last the door was
opened.

"Is Dr. Smith in?" He was almost
afraid to look the servant in the face, lest
he might read the dreaded answer in her
eyes.

"Yes."

Strange that that simple word should
have such power to lift such a load of an-
xiety from his mind.
William Malcolm was ushered into a
room and the doctor presently came in.
The father hurriedly described the sym-
ptoms of his child's illness—the croaking
noise which accompanied its breathing.
That was enough. Croup. The doctor
knew the symptoms too well.

"I shall be along immediately. Put the
feet in warm water as soon as you get
home."

With a lighter heart than he had left it,
the father returned to his home. Alas!
that he should be fated to have his heart
weighed down by a still heavier load of
agony. His babe was worse; unwilling
as he was to believe it, there was no get-
ting away from the dreadful thought.

The child lay in its cot, its face livid,
breathing with so much difficulty that
sometimes the poor mother thought it
would be suffocated. The father told her
what the doctor had advised, and she
immediately proceeded to do what she
could. But the fire was out, and it was
some time before she could get it lighted,
and longer still before she could have
warm water. While she was thus engaged,
a rap came to the door; it was opened,
and the doctor entered. He went at once
to where the babe lay with closed eyes,
unconscious of the sad hearts that stood
around.

"Poor thing!" the doctor muttered, in
too low a tone, however, for the parents
to hear him. Various remedies were tried;
all that a skillful physician could do was
done, but of no avail. The child was past
all human help, and reluctantly and sooth-
ingly the kind doctor told the agonised
parents. The mother sat tearfully down
to watch her dying babe the father stood
as if stunned—he could not at first take in
the full extent of his sorrow. As the
bitter thought became fully realized in his
mind he caught the doctor by the arm,
and with wildness in his tone cried out—
"Oh! doctor! save baby; save her—
save her! She must not die, doctor! If
she dies doctor, I've killed her. Oh, save
her! save baby! Oh, doctor can't you
save baby?"

The doctor quietly placed him on a chair.
"William, your child is past all human
aid—no power on earth can save her. Do
you forget this: 'The Lord gave, and the
Lord hath taken away, blessed be the
name of the Lord?' Be a man, William,
and don't give way thus."

Oh! it is difficult to comfort the heart
when the object of its dearest affection is
convulsively breathing the last breath, and
nothing can save—not all the gold on
earth, not all the love in the most loving
of hearts.

The doctor spoke comforting to the sor-
rowing father, who hung over his dying
child, watching every motion of its little
frame with intense earnestness. A sudden
paroxysm, a short struggle, and the first
born lay asleep in its mother's arms.
Asleep in Jesus, at last! No more should
the feeble breath be painfully drawn, nor
the little limbs racked with convulsive
pain; no more should the bright blue
eyes look lovingly into the mother's face
nor the sweet voice lisp a childish wel-
come to the welcomed father.

The kind doctor had departed, his last
words directing the sorrowful heart to
that future where they might meet their
beloved one, and the parents were left
alone in the presence of the dead. The
poor mother looked a last fond look on her
dead babe; the father buried his head in
his hand and wept—strong tears such as
only a man can weep.

The sun rose in all the sparkling bril-
liancy of a winter morning, and the warm
sunlight streamed into desolate dwelling,
making it still more desolate. Why did
the sun shine on sorrow like theirs? Ah
mourner! does it not lead the weary soul
from this sin-clouded world, to where thy
babe rests lovingly, in the sunlight of its
Father's smiles.

And still the sorrow-stricken father sat
there, his head buried in his hands as if
to shut out all recollection of his loss. The
tears were bitter tears that trickled thro'
the clasped hands, but they were sweet in
the relief they brought a repentant heart.
And when his wife went and knelt beside
him and gently whispered, "Willie," the
husband raised his head, and saw the sweet
face looking lovingly through its tears
into his.

"Oh, Jessie!"

The strong arms were thrown round her
neck, and the bereaved ones in their deep
sorrow clung to each other with a stronger
love—a love knit by the bonds of death.
By the side of their dead babe, in the
presence of Him who can heal all sorrows,
husband and wife knelt lovingly together
and prayed—a deep and earnest prayer,
that God helping them, another drop of
the accursed drink should never again touch
their lips. And although the bright blue
eyes were closed, a sweet smile hovered
over the dead child's face, an angel's testi-
mony that the prayer had been heard in
its Father's home.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.—If a pail of water
be placed within six inches of either side
of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable mar-
row, it will in the course of the night ap-
proach it, and will be found in the morn-
ing with one of the leaves on the water. If
a prop be placed within six inches of a
convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find
it, although the prop may be shifted daily.
If, after it has twined some distance up
the prop, it be unwound, and twined in
the opposite direction, it will return to its
original position, or die in the attempt;
yet, notwithstanding, if two of the plants
grow near to each other, and have no
stake around which they can entwine, one
of them will alter the direction of the
spiral, and they will twin round each
other.

TO TELL THE TIME WITHOUT A WATCH
OR CLOCK.—Attach to one end of a horse-
hair or piece of silk a foot long, a brass
button or gold ring, and tie the free end
round the forefinger; then support the
arm by the elbow on a table, letting the
button or ring hang freely just within a
tumbler. In a few moments the pendu-
lum—for such it is—will begin to oscillate,
increasing in swing until it strikes the
glass a definite number of times, and then
subsides. The motion is due to the mus-
cular tremor, and the striking is due, no
doubt, to the influence of the will.

"This seat is engaged," said a pretty
young maid, as I entered a car one day
"To whom?" "A young gentleman," she
poutingly said. "Then where is his bag-
gage, I pray?" Her rosy lips opened like
rosebuds, in spring; her face in deep
blushes was dyed; as muttering crossly,
"You hateful old thing! why, I am his
baggage!" she cried.

The Canker Worm.

A gentleman writes to the Boston Globe
as follows concerning this pest and the
way of ridding trees from its ravages:

The people of this village who have
apple trees are just now in ecstasy over
the new-discovered means for capturing
the canker worms, and the process is so
simple yet so effective that it should be
known and thoroughly used wherever that
pest has made its appearance. For a few
days past a gentleman has watched with
vexatious regret the progress of devast-
ation upon his finest fruit trees and was
about to apply the axe as a remedy, when
noticing how easily worms are beat or
shaken off the tree, experimented to pre-
vent their return and found that fine, dry
ashes, lime or plaster heaped around the
trunk of the tree would surely prevent
their ascent, and being voracious eaters
they soon perish on the ground, or may
be readily gathered up and destroyed, as
they collect in multitudes, attempting to
climb up the lime and fall back without
reaching the firm bark of the tree. The
plan has been satisfactorily tested, and the
lime heaps about the trees in nearly every
garden show the determination to pre-
serve valuable fruit by thus arresting the
blighting scourge. A steep slope around
the trees may be made with dirt, then
cover with fine, dry ashes or lime, and
scatter up a little on the bark, and the
worms are effectually stopped. They can-
not climb up a loose, dry, floury substance.
The worms are nearly done eating for this
year, but it will be worth while to apply
this remedy in season next year.

The Great Famine in Madras.

A calamity greater, says the Saturday Re-
viewer, than any that has yet occurred in India
during British rule, is now threatening the
Presidency of Madras. The famine of this
year, which the Government is now fighting to
the extent of its resources, is to be succeeded
by another due to the failure of the Southwest
Monsoon, which will continue over another
year and which will inflict with double rigor a
people already weakened by past suffering.
It is reported that even during the present fa-
mine more people have been found dead in
Madras in one morning than died during the
whole of the Bengal famine, and it is asserted
that more than half a million of inhabitants
have already succumbed.

The difficulties of the situation are increased
by the lack of means of intercommunication.
There are very few railways, and most of the
grain is taken into the interior by bullock carts.
But there is no food for the animals any more
than there is for man, so that practically there
is no way of carrying relief into the distressed
districts.

It will be seen that in this case eight porta-
ble and cheap field railways will be of great
utility. There is no fear of scarcity of grain pro-
vided money be obtained to buy it and means
of transportation suitable for the purpose be at
hand. The funds are already being raised by
appeals to the charitable in England, and to
inventors and manufacturers the world looks
for the necessary railways or other modes of
conveyance. It has been proposed that men be
used for traction purposes on these roads in-
stead of bullocks, six men being estimated
equal to one brute. It is hardly necessary to
add that the cheapness of the system proposed
will be an important consideration, as the
routes will probably be both long and numer-
ous.

It is said that some people have what is call-
ed "spontaneity," and some haven't; but no-
body ever sat down on a pincushion yet with-
out manifesting something surprisingly like it.

In his lecture in Kenosha, on "The Girl You
Love," Brother Huntley says: "He should love
her and let his love for her be known. If a
woman is loved she wants it to be known to the
world." Unless the girl is dumb, and has lost
both hands by a kerosene explosion, she is apt
to relieve the young man of all trouble in giv-
ing his proposal publicity, especially if there is
another girl who tried to get him.

"Is that a friend of yours?" said a gen-
tleman to a party who was sailing rapidly
down the street. "Can't tell 'till next
Saturday," returned the individual ad-
dressed; "I've just lent him a sovereign."