RBITTERS
FREE FROM
CALIFORNIA
ALCOHOL
R BITTERS
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DONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charlton Sts., New York.
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DONALD & CO.,
gents, San Francisco, California
nd Charlton Sts., New York.
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The St. Andrews Standard.

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Poetry.

THE EMPTY PLACE.

Bright faces come and go, fair shapes
Dance up and down the wall;
A presence in the crowded room
Takes precedence of all.
We see it night and day, howe'er
By shine or shadow crost.—
A little vacant spot, wherefrom
One little face is lost.

The sound of music swells and falls,
And laughter fills our ears,—
A silence, hollowed out of life,
Is all our spirit hears.
That silence, like a hush of prayer,
Can drown the loudest speech,
And piercing sharp through laugh and song,
Our inmost sense can reach.

O little garments in the drawer,
With such precision spread!
O little chair against the wall!
O little cradle-bed,
Uncurtained, in the silent room,
And pillowless and cold!
O mother's arms and tender hands,
That have no babe to hold!

We know full well the world and wealth
Of which we are bereft;
But where our words wherewith to tell
The emptiness that's left!—
Wherewith to span that shoreless void
Sound its unfathomed deeps,
And picture to the common sense
The sacred thing it keeps.

A BLUENOSE IN THE CHINA SEA.

[In last week's impression, we published a few extracts from our young friend Mr. F. A. Stevenson's journal, of one of his voyages to China, and give the remainder in the present issue. The selections hardly do our correspondent that justice which he merits, but the article is so lengthy that we have not space for it.—*Ed. Standard.*]

Friday, 26th May—commenced raining in morning early, at noon cleared up, in the afternoon the wind increased, all sail set, ship making 12½ and 13 knots.

Sunday 28th. Too rough for muster—we have a muster every Sunday at 12 o'clock—the ships company take their place alongside of the boats they belong to; I belong to boat No. 5; the boats are examined, each man answers to his name when called, every man must be clean looking and dressed in his best: this is about the only notice taken of Sunday unless that we may have a little better dinner (if possible) than on other days. The food on board these ships is the very best and plenty of it.

Last trip we had a clergyman on board and had service in the cabin Sunday mornings; after the decks are washed down no more work is done unless taking in or making sail. Sunday is a dull day on board ship; the wind is increasing, the seas breaking over us every few moments, making us tremble from fore and aft, you can't imagine how a long iron ship trembles when a heavy sea strikes her. I like to stand clear aft and watch the ship rise up and mount the great waves—you would imagine she was alive. The glass is falling and every indication of a heavy storm; the hatches are all battened down, ports all closed and secured; it is getting dark, the moon occasionally shows itself between the clouds, giving us a view of the mad, wild waves, rushing, roaring and breaking as they pass us—now there is a heavy squall coming on us; it looks like a black solid mass of clouds and makes the ship shiver—then it is dark all around and over us—the wind howls through the rigging and spars, the cattle moaning, the hogs squealing, and everything looking dismal enough; not a soul out on deck, the officers in charge in their places on the bridge are peering through the darkness, the spray flying over them in torrents; the squall passes, the moon comes out and everything goes on as if nothing more than usual had taken place.

Tuesday 30th May is a fine day; wind still ahead quite a sea running but pleasant on deck. Another Chinaman died last night; we will want a new stock coffins in Hong Kong.

There is no Monday in this week. This day accounted for by the difference in time between San Francisco and Hong Kong. Coming back we will have two days the same name, so that the time will be correct. We simply lose one day going to Hong Kong and gain two returning.

Wednesday, 31st May. Fine day, wind still ahead—all hands mustered to-day to find out about the new hand not on the articles and working as sailor, the examination and search was not satisfactory to the Purser.

One year ago to day I was on my way to San Francisco on the train. We are 1900 miles from Yokohama.

Thursday, 1st June 1876. Fine day, very little sea on, very pleasant on deck a lovely night almost as light as day, the ocean is alive with Porpoise, jumping clear out of the water and playing all around us; you cannot imagine the feeling one has standing alone on the deck of a large ship, thousands of miles from land on a night like this; no one to be seen but the officers on the bridge, and the man on the lookout, nothing to be heard but the smothered sound of the propellor, the bell telling the hour, and the lookout answering "all's well ahead, sir!" the beautiful moon shining on the water, making it look like a vast mirror, the intense quiet of the hour, calls up recollections of the past, some of them very sad, and others of hours of happiness gone never, never, to return. There is certainly no place on earth more suitable for a man to review his past life and to form new resolutions than out on the ocean.

Friday 2d June. A lovely morning, the wind has come around in our favor, if this wind keeps good, we won't be many days before sighting land, and then perhaps I may be able to write something interesting. This evening I witnessed a most magnificent sun set, never in my life did I see anything that would compare with it, no artist ever lived that could put on canvass anything approaching the grandeur and loveliness of this sight. When my attention was first called to it, it appeared like a large city on fire. I imagined I could see the dwelling houses, large warehouses and churches with their tall spires all in flames, the city seemed to be built at the foot of a large mountain and in the reflection of the fire I could see the farm houses and the well laid out farms with groves of trees on them just as distinct as I have ever seen them on land. Gradually that scene faded away and the clouds that formed my picture were lined and edged with such a beautiful bright gold color, that was dazzling to the eyes, then as the sun sank lower the bright colors seemed to expand and vary into every imaginable shade until the sky all around appeared as if frescoed. Gradually the moon put in its appearance, and the lovely picture died away leaving us another moonlight night.

Saturday 3rd June. Fine day, ship under canvass, wind not very strong; towards night wind increasing; quiet day on board, nothing unusual happened.

We arrived in Yokohama on the 9th June, met the "Oceanic" there, she having made the passage in 5 days and 20 hours from Hong Kong. Went on shore in Yokohama and bought some curios. We left at 6 a. m., all along our course are Islands of every shape, covered with as fine a forest as can be found in any part of the world; the clearings on the sides of mountains runs across them giving them the appearance of well tilled farms all laid out in ridges. They are mostly rice fields, some of them tea fields. We passed light houses away out on prominent heads of land—one cannot help noticing the peculiar shapes of the Islands in this part of the world they seem to rise out of the Ocean in any spot and every place and in every conceivable form, we are sailing through the China Seas.

Japan boats and vessels of all sizes are constantly passing us. The peculiar manner in which they rig their vessels is interesting, from the smallest to the largest the sails are hung from the topmast, the boom or yard at the top being the only piece of wood used to give the sail its shape. They sail very fast Sometimes there are more than one woman with her family on board, but never more than two. What a description one could write of the peculiar manner in which they eat and the kind of food they have, the same description answering the Japanese would do for the Chinese—their food, and the manner in which they eat it being similar. Both countries use the "chop-sticks" and the first thing a child learns is the use of them. Rice of course is the standard article of food, wheat bread is a luxury.

The Japanese might be called a Brunette nation in color, both men and women are well formed, very healthy and pleasant looking, most of the time smiling and seem to be anxious to give Europeans a favorable impression of them. They are very polite, their politeness must be natural, they are far ahead in this respect to many of the people living in Canada or the United States.

Monday, 12th June, we passed quite a large island on which is a volcano. They call it "Smoky Jack." We passed very close to it and looking at it through a glass it presented a very wonderful and strange appearance. Long before we came up to it we could see a large cloud hanging over the Island, which of course is the smoke from it, there is no fire to be seen, but all up the side of the mountain and from the top the smoke issues and then collecting enters the cloud.

We arrived at Hong Kong at 6 o'clock a. m., 16th June. The harbor is a very fine one, almost surrounded by mountains and high land. We anchored considerable distance from the city on the opposite side. June and July being what is called the Typhoon season large vessels lay over in case of a Typhoon so as to be out of they way of vessels dragging and having room to work them in case of necessity.

I had experienced some hot weather in New York, Boston and up the Sacrimento river, but never felt anything compared to the weather here, the air is close and hot, no wonder people dress in light clothes in this county.

I wish I could give you a description of Hong Kong that you could understand to say it is a splendid city would not answer; like every large city it has its dirty-looking streets and its fine ones. The European part of the city is like a fairy land; magnificent buildings, lovely gardens embellished with everything that nature and wealth can produce. It is an English city with people of every nation under the sun living in it. The police are Europeans, Sikhs and Chinese.

On Sunday a few of us went on board the "Victor Emanuel" one of the old line of battle ships, such as Nelson had in his time. At present this ship is kept for a recruiting ship as well as for prisoners. She is the flag ship, all the other men-of-war take their orders from her.

While taking a walk on shore with a friend I came across a large garden party at the officers quarters, there were a large number of ladies and gentlemen present promenading and playing games of different kinds. The band of the Regiment was playing and I can truly say I never saw such a splendid looking entertainment in my life.

Hong Kong is built on the side of a mountain, and at night when the gas and Chinese lanterns are lighted, the city has a very brilliant appearance from the water. Every light can be seen. There are very few horses and carriages used here, the sedan chair takes the place of coaches, street cars &c.

The Japanese mode of counting is with pieces of bamboo. They have 100 pieces in a box and each parcel or package that they deliver or receive must be accompanied with a *bamboo*. I think it is the most correct way that I have yet seen of counting—both the Japanese and Chinese use the bamboo for counting. The Coolies sing constantly while working, the same song over and over, the faster they sing the harder they work. The Coolies in China, what I have seen of them, are not abused and do not have to work harder than they are able; in Japan it is much different, the Coolies in Japan are abused in a scandalous manner by the bosses or head men in the Pacific Mail.

The Japanese are getting enlightened every day and this treatment will have to stop,—the idea of men working hard all day for 10 and 12 cents and being abused at the same time is outrageous.

SACREDNESS OF A PROMISE.

An eminent British Statesman is said to have traced his own sense of the sacredness of a promise to a curious lesson he got from his father when he was a boy. When home for the holidays, and walking with his father pointed to a wall which he intended to have pulled down.

"O," said the boy, "I should so like to see a wall pulled down."

"Well, my boy, you shall," said the father.

The thing, however, escaped his memory, and during the boy's absence a number of improvements were being made, amongst others the pulling down of the wall and the building of a new one in its place.

When the boy came home and saw it, he said: "O, father, you promised to let me see the wall pulled down."

Instantly the father remembered his promise, and was deeply pained to think that he had seemed careless about the plighted word.

"My boy," he said, "you are right. I did promise, and I ought not to have forgotten. It is too late now to do just what I said I would, but you wanted to see a wall pulled down, and so you shall."

And he actually ordered the masons up and made them pull down and rebuild the new wall, that as nearly as possible his promise might be made good.

"It cost me twenty pounds," he said to a friend who was buttering him about it, "but," he added solemnly, "if it had cost a hundred, I should have thought it a cheap way of impressing upon my boy's mind, as long as he lives, the importance a man of honor should attach to his plighted word."

ON THE WAR PATH.

(Woodstock Times.)

As we intimated in our last that we held ourselves prepared to prove from the public records that McMullen, to whom the Grit party is indebted for all that was gained by the cry of the Pacific Scandal, and to whom the country may give credit to for the loss it has sustained in the unfortunate defeat for a time of a great national enterprise, the squandering of a large amount of money and the general stagnation of business, to say nothing of the extension and development of political depravity, was a party that stood self-convicted of falsehood as well as the receiving of a sum of money amounting to over $20,000 for the part he took in the dirty job which still furnishes the *Globe* with its choice themes for the edification of its confiding adherents.

In the hon. J. J. C. Abbot's evidence before the Commission, on page 156 to 172, the whole of McMullen's deal with Sir Hugh Allan is fully exposed; on page 179 the demand was made by him on Sir Hugh in behalf of his American associates for $200,000 as a compensation for his failure to secure for them the charter for the Pacific Railway—which Mr. Huntingdon's charge against the government referred to. Sir Hugh, of course, repudiates the demand as exorbitant, but as he acknowledges that he has failed, he frankly agreed to refund them all their disbursements, amounting to some $40,000. McMullen then, on his own behalf, makes his demand for time and expenses, and Sir Hugh agrees to give him another $40,000, provided he will give up all the correspondence, and keep no copies of the same. To this the little Americanized Canadian agrees; But Sir Hugh—shrewd man—to make sure work, stipulates that only $20,000 be paid down, and a cheque for the balance be placed in an envelope, and all the correspondence in another, and both envelopes be entrusted to the care of a Mr. Stearns of Montreal, to be by him held till the tenth day after the close of the parliament, and then if no revelations were made, Sir Hugh was to have the correspondence, and McMullen the cheque for $20,000. But before the parliament rose, Mr. Huntingdon makes the famous charge, and the Pacific Scandal has started.

Now the question is what was the object that made a party, proved to be possessed of such a liking for money as McMullen, forego the $20,000 that lay waiting for him on condition that he should say nothing about what the sealed letters contained. Of course the condition was violated when Mr. Huntingdon was put in possession of facts, or supposed facts, which warranted him to make the charge, and of course Mr. McMullen forfeited his claim to the cheque for $20,000. Now the question is, did McMullen forego his claim for nothing? The grits say but little on this point, but simply deny that money was used by their party to procure the evidence, and there are marines enough among them to believe any amount of such nonsense. But Mr. McMullen knows a trick worth a dozen such denials. Those who are best posted declare that the amount paid by Huntingdon for the information and the liberty to use it was $50,000, and it would be doing an injustice to the value of McMullen's shrewdness to him at a less sum. He was in for a grab, and the Grits were bound for office, and if anything justified "a big push," this call on the party to "come down handsomely" would be met if it were twice fifty thousand dollars. There were men at the head of committies who "didn't care a d—n, when they went into affairs of that kind they went into win if it cost $20,000." McMullen knew his men, and if he did not get $50,000 it was his own fault. We think the evidence will justify the conclusion. But there is still another branch to this string of infamy that must not be lost sight of in this exposure of Grittism. We refer to the betrayal of clerks and confidential secretaries. Whether McMullen took the contract for doing all such dirty work or whether Mr. Huntingdon had other agents at work, or whether he done it himself, has never yet appeared. This much is known, however, that he would never dare to face the consequences of the Canadian law against perjury, and so both he and McMullen resolutely refused to kiss the book over any of their statements. And yet the Globe has the audacity to harp on a fabrication built upon a foundation so vile and rotten. Let it go with its fulminations we are prepared to carry the war into the darkest cavern of its African domain.

There is always a feeling of regret when we part forever with a familiar objects, no matter how humble and unimportant they may be. This, however, does not include any parting with a dog in a strange apple orchard.

The Barber Shop of the Future.

A Detroit barber has been thinking, and planning, and dreaming, and in his mind's eye he sees what can be brought about as soon as he has earned the money to pay the bill.

He sees a three-story barber shop on the corner, with elevators carrying the unshaved from floor to floor, and sending them down again. Billiard rooms, a gymnasium, a Summer garden, and a dancing hall are in the plans.

A silver fountain throws streams of Cologne water to the ceiling. The barber chairs have nickle plated legs. The razors have handles of solid gold. The walls are mirrors, in which the happy face of the proprietor is reflected ten thousand times. A band plays soft, sad strains. Angelic whispers float through space. Unseen silver fans cool the brow of each customer. While he is being shaved his boots are blacked, a ten dollar bill is slipped into his pocket, perfume thrown over him, and a tailor measures him for a suit of clothes which is not to cost him a cent. As he goes out he is given a ticket to the opera, a lottery ticket, a new silk hat, a gold, headed cane, and a stem-winding watch, and if he offers to pay for them, the proprietor of the shop softly replies; "If you has been made happy, de grand objeck am accomplished."

VARIETIES.

An "able seaman" from Ardamurchan was at the tiller of his sloop one night, shortly after the introduction of colored signal lights on ships. A steamer was approaching, and Archy saw the green and red light for the first time at sea. He astonished his shipmates by yelling out,—"Hard a-port!—hard a-port! We're gaun richt intae the 'pothecary's shop at Gourock!"

A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures not men." He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to vote at Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired the reason for doing so. "Surely, father," said the son, "you told me to vote for measures, and if Peck is not a measure I don't know what is."

Lady visitor (examining the school)—"What's the capital of Turkey?" Bright little scholar—"Please, 'm, it ain't got none—it's bankrup'!"

A Trenton editor says he dreads the Fall campaign, because of so many parades. He says he is harrassed enough now, every Saturday night by a pay-raid.

The Missouri *Republican* has tried a cabbage leaf in its hat, and the *Globe Democrat* goes about Summer and Winter with an entire head of it in its hat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What do you sell those fowls for?" inquired a person of a man attempting to dispose of some chickens of a questionable appearance. "I sell them for profits," was the answer. "Thank you for the information that they are prophets," responded the querist, "I took them to be patriarchs.

Look out for another war in about twenty years. Two-thirds of the babies born last year were boys—a sure sign.

S E T P O B T E L, are the initials of the "Society for the Prevention of Butchering the English Language."

A pig of iron bears no resemblance to a pig; but you must always remember that June berries never make their appearance until July. There are a good many singular things in this country.

Detroit policemen don't seem to be very good marksmen. "I want either to be hit or stop making such a blamed racket," said a thief in that city, at whom a police man was shooting.

A real estate man's motto—"not words but deeds."

To do buisness a man must have dollars and sense.

One handsome girl in a dry-goods store will make every man in town feel like buying his wife a dress.

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary toward winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

Salutatory of the new editor of the Madisonville (Ky.) "Southwest":—"Good morning. We intend publishing a democratic paper. If you don't like you needn't read it."

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