



er's California Vinegar  
urly Vegetable preparation,  
on the native herbs found  
ages of the Sierra Nevada  
California, the medicinal pro-  
h are extracted therefrom  
of Alcohol. The question  
asked, "What is the cause  
led success of VINEGAR BIT-  
tens is, that they remove  
age, and the patient recov-  
They are the great blood-  
giving principle, a perfect  
Invigorator of the system,  
the history of the world has  
in compound possessing  
qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS,  
ack of every diseased man is  
are a gentle Purgative as  
relieving Congestion or In-  
Liver and Visceral Organs,  
etc.  
I enjoy good health, let  
ARBITERS as a medicine,  
use of alcoholic stimulants

EDONALD & CO.,  
d Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston S.C., New York.  
Druggists and Dealers.

can take these Bitters  
reactions, and remain long  
d their bones are not dar-  
d poison or other means,  
I wanted beyond repair.  
onsands proclaim VINEGAR  
a wonderful Invigorant of  
he sinking system.

mitment, and Intermitt-  
ent are so prevalent in the  
rivers throughout the  
specially those of the Alis-  
son, Illinois, Tennessee,  
Kansas, Red, Colorado, Ber-  
e, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile,  
oke, James, and many others,  
tributaries, throughout our  
luring the Summer and Au-  
tumn, and during seasons of  
ad dysentery, and invariably  
extensive derangements of  
liver, and other abdominal  
ir treatment, a purgative,  
rful influence upon these  
is essentially necessary,  
artle for the purpose equal-  
at's VINEGAR BITTERS, as  
ly remove the dark-colored  
th which the bowels are  
as time stimulating the  
liver, and generally restor-  
functions of the digestive

r Indigestion, Headache,  
olders, Coughs, Tightness  
ziness, Sour Eructations of  
all Taste in the Mouth, Bil-  
itation of the Heart, Indur-  
ings, Pain in the region of  
d a hundred other painful  
offspring of Dyspepsia,  
prove a better guarantee of  
a healthy advertisement.  
King's Evil, White Scall-  
Eruptions, Swelled Neck,  
as Inflammations, Indolent  
Mercurial Affections, Old  
s of the Skin, Bore Eyes,  
as, as in all other constitu-  
tutions of the Human Organ-  
ism, a great carative power in  
to and intractable cases.  
matory and Chronic  
Gout, Bilious, Remittent  
d Fevers, Diseases of the  
kidneys, and Bladder, these  
equal. Such Diseases are  
ed Blood.

Diseases.—Persons en-  
s and Minerals, such as  
setters, Gold-batters, and  
advance in life, are sub-  
the Bitters. To guard  
a dose of WALKER'S VINE-  
gar occasionally.  
scases, Eruptions, Tetter,  
dches, Sores, Pimples, Pus-  
bombs, Ringworms, Scald-  
s, Erysipelas, Itch, Scour,  
of the Skin, Humors and  
Skin of whatever name or  
ily dug up and carried out  
a short time by the use of

and other Worms, bur-  
n of so many thousands,  
ayed and removed. No sys-  
no vermifuge, no anthel-  
the system from worms  
Complaints, in young or  
single, at the dawn of wom-  
n of life, these Tonic Bit-  
decided an influence that  
soon perceptible.  
In all cases of female res-  
liver is not doing its work,  
ble treatment is to promote  
the bile and favor its re-  
purpose use VINEGAR BIT-

EDONALD & CO.,  
d Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston S.C., New York.  
Druggists and Dealers.

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STANIS SEMENOV EST OTTUMEN—CIG.

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## POETRY.

### THREE WORDS.

One morn I knelt at a low white rail,  
At a beautiful rail of love,  
And I breathed a prayer that angels bore  
To the golden shores above,  
And heard the words they seemed to weave:  
"You're asked, loved child, so now receive."

One eve I knelt at a portal sweet,  
In the hush of twilight gray,  
My lips moved not, and prayers alone  
Ascended the heavenly way,  
And a gentle voice of wondrous kind  
Then whispered: "You've sought and now  
shall find."

I've spanned the years of life's long span,  
I've followed the theory road,  
I've felt my burden heavy, too,  
And my cross a weighty load;  
But now I see a silver star,  
And I know that the golden gate's ajar.

'Tis eve, and stars so brightly shine,  
As I rap at a twilight door.  
An angel guide stands closely by,  
My friendly help once more;  
Then comes a voice that bids me hope:  
"My child, you've knocked and now I'll open!"

### OUR DAVIE.

Outside there was a heavy, threatening  
November sky, from which the lurid sun-  
set had died utterly, leaving no light save  
the faint glimmer that came from the glit-  
tering covering of snow that lay an inch  
deep everywhere.

Later on, when a clear moon shone out  
over the desolate landscape, it made almost  
a pretty picture of Braver Castle, with its  
background of leafless trees and cloudy  
sky; but not such a pretty picture as the  
one you could have seen through the un-  
sheltered windows of the quaint old hall, if  
the windows had not been too high to be  
reached from the outside.

Sir David Dewar, the bachelor owner of  
this fine old place, liked light and comfort;  
and plenty of room to move about in; and  
as it was nobody's place to interfere with  
his little whims, he generally got what he  
wanted; so sitting now well back in his  
great armchair, with his kindly face a little  
severe, and his gray head bent in earnest  
thought, he looked as though no wave of  
trouble had ever touched his life.

There was another figure in the great  
room, too, on which the brilliant light  
seemed to have concentrated itself—the  
figure of a child—a boy who stood on the  
white fur hearth-rug, with a quaint, old-  
fashioned face raised somewhat stubbornly  
and thin, restless hands fidgeting with the  
buttons of his coat. Little Davie Dewar  
one of Sir David's orphan nephews, de-  
serves a paragraph of description entirely to  
himself, if only for the sake of his face—a  
beautiful face that artists would find fault  
for its perfection of form and coloring, but  
that mothers looked at with an aching  
heart, reading only too clearly the signs of  
delicacy in the brilliant dark-fringed eyes  
and flushing cheeks. To night, however,  
there was something beyond excitement  
in the shrinking form; and he looked so  
white and wan and miserable that when  
Sir David, who had been hardening his  
heart for punishment, raised his head  
and suddenly the sternness melted out of  
his face, and he stretched out his hand say-  
ing: "Come here, my dear, a little nearer."  
The boy started when he spoke, and  
shrank back, just raising his piteous un-  
childlike eyes, and then dropping them to  
the rug at his feet.

"Come here," repeated Sir David, a  
little impatiently, for he hated to think  
that he was hard upon the boys, and that  
they were afraid of him.

The lad shuffled off the rug, half sulky,  
half frightened, and came close to the old  
man's chair, blinking his great eyes in the  
light like a young half-tamed owl; and  
when Sir David said, very kindly: "I don't  
wish to be hard on you, my lad, but I will  
have the truth," he said, in a low, sweet  
voice that trembled from sheer fright and  
weariness: "Yes, Uncle David."

"I only want to know about this boat-  
ing," said Uncle David, encouragingly.  
"Yes, in a lower, sulkier voice."  
"Well, my dear, after all I have told you,  
were you out on the river last night?"  
There was a pause. Uncle David, with  
his quiet, kindly eyes on the boy's face,  
waited with real anxiety for the reply; but  
David the younger made no answer at all;  
he stood first on one foot, then on the  
other, with such a guilty, frightened look,  
on his face that the old man's heart ached.  
"Well," he said at last, sadly, "tell me the  
truth, Davie, my man, and I'll believe you."  
"No," said Davie, very low; and then he  
threw himself, a sort of tangled heap,  
down on the floor at his uncle's feet, and  
sobbed out: "No, no, no!"

Uncle David was puzzled and distressed.  
"I promised to believe you, Davie," he said,  
"so I must, I suppose; but I shouldn't like  
your mother to think I'd brought you up to  
lie. I don't quite understand it, all the  
same. Hew would have told, I think."

"Oh, not Hew," said Davie, lifting a flushed,  
tear-stained face, and speaking eagerly;  
"I'm sure, oh, I'm quite sure, Uncle David."  
But Uncle David silenced him with a  
quick, warning touch, and they both sat  
listening to the sound of rapid, firm steps  
along the stone passage—to a merry whistle  
which came nearer and nearer until it  
paused abruptly on the threshold, in the  
middle of a bar—to an impetuous hand on  
the lock. Uncle David turned his eyes  
quickly to the fire; little Davie hid his face  
in his white, trembling hands; but after  
that momentary pause, although they  
neither of them looked up, they both knew  
instinctively that Hew was in the room.

"Hullo!" he said, shading his eyes, and  
sending his clear, ringing laugh into the  
hall before him; "I've had such a jolly  
time out in the stables! What are you up  
to here, you two?"

He looked so bright and handsome stand-  
ing in the doorway, with the snow glitter-  
ing on his uncovered curls, and rough  
tweed coat, that Uncle David sat for a mo-  
ment looking at him before he spoke.  
Then he said: "Hush, Davie! Hew, come  
here and let me look at you!"

They were as different in appearance as  
light from darkness, night from day; those  
two brothers, these two nephews of Sir  
David's; little Davie, was and delicate and  
beautiful—Hew, as strong and proud as a  
young eagle, with honest, eager eyes, and a  
boyish laugh that it did one good to hear;

but they were very fond of each other for  
all of that—loved each other with that  
strange unalterable love which lies between  
brothers often more than we think, and that  
never died out between these two until the  
very end.

"What is it?" the boy asked, pushing  
back his heavy hair with one hand; "what  
is Davie crying for? and what is the ques-  
tion?"

"I was asking Davie," said the old man,  
leaning forward so that he could lay his  
hand on the soft, silky curls at his feet,  
"about the boat. After I have forbidden it  
so many times, some one had it out last  
evening; and disobedience, as you know,  
Hew, must be punished."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Hew.  
"Did you take it?" Uncle David asked,  
bringing the question home with an em-  
phasis that startled the boy, and made a  
red flush, that might have been guilt, rise  
to his forehead.

The young eyes lit up with a flush of al-  
most insolent pride, and the young head  
was turned defiantly toward the gentle old  
man, while the clear voice said: "Me! Uncle David? Then suddenly a pair of  
great wan eyes in piteous entreaty, a little  
nervous hand touched the strong brown  
one that was hanging at his side, and he  
hesitated.

The whole truth flashed across him in an  
instant, as he shook off the slight touch  
and moved over to the window; and there,  
as if concluding an unfinished sentence,  
he said: "Why, yes, I did!"

"Oh, Hew!" said Uncle David, startled.

And then he added quickly: "But, thank  
God, you could not tell a lie!"

The quick red flush crept up again over  
the happy boyish face, but not such a guilt-  
y red as that which dyed the white fore-  
head on Uncle David's knee. Little Davie  
rose unsteadily, and put his hand out to  
the hand that had sheltered him in every  
trouble of his life—the strong hand that  
could dare to bridge the gulf between them  
and touch him now. He shivered a little,  
and Hew said: "What, cold, Davie, with  
such a fire? Good-night, Uncle David, we  
are going to bed."

"I must punish him," Uncle David  
thought, when he was left alone, because I  
said so. My dear boys, how can I have the  
heart to do it? So the good man with a  
faltering hand, dealt out justice to the two  
boys he loved almost equally—the one for  
his weakness, the other for his strength.

Out in the passage, Hew waited for an  
instant, expecting, what? Whatever it was  
it did not come, however; for Davie, wait-  
ing too, said nothing, and Hew presently  
put his hand on the child's trembling form,  
and understood and forgave the cowardly  
heart that could shrink from any physical  
pain, but could dare to tell a lie. "I'm in  
for it now," thought the boy, with a sort of  
dogged pride—"the first I ever told, and to  
Uncle David too! but—for him!"

To be sent to school at once! That was  
the verdict, Uncle David pronounced in  
his study next morning, and that Hew  
listened to with assumed indifference.

"And when?" he asked directly.

"Well, to-day," said Uncle David; "it is  
much better to get it over at once!"

"Uncle David," said the boy, coming a  
step nearer and softening his voice, "I may  
say good-bye to—him?"

"Well, I'm afraid not," said Uncle David,  
clearing his voice, and looking worried and  
perplexed. "He is so ill, you see;  
Morris was up with him last night!"

"I know," said Hew. Then all his pet-  
ulant anger seemed to die utterly out, and  
he came and stood close in front of Uncle  
David's chair, and spoke earnestly. "Uncle  
David, promise me—promise me on your  
sacred word of honor, that if—anything  
happens to Davie, you will send for me di-  
rectly. It is unjust and terrible to send me  
away now, the lad went on, almost beside  
himself with excitement; "but I will bear  
it as well as I can, if you will swear that  
to me."

"Of course," said Uncle David, promptly,  
though his voice was very husky; but don't  
say any more now, because you forget  
yourself. You may look at the child, too,  
if you like, but don't speak to him or arouse  
him in any way, because he is in such  
pain. I trust you."

Trust him! who, indeed, could Uncle  
David trust if not the boy he had loved so  
long—the boy who was running up stairs  
now, and in another moment would be  
standing at the door of a hushed and dark-  
ened room, watching a tangled head upon  
the pillow? The quick, deep sobs trem-  
bled away into silence, the angry heart was  
suddenly stilled, as Hew stood in the door-  
way for a moment, and heard the rapid, un-  
even breathing of the restless little sleeper.

That was the end of it all, as far as most  
people were concerned. Davie got a little  
better as time went on; and when Hew  
came back from school—happy, cheerful,  
and the winner of two prizes—every one  
was ready to receive him joyfully. Uncle  
David held him at arms-length, and tears  
in his eyes, as he said: "My dear lad, this  
is like old times—I have forgotten every-  
thing."

At that Hew turned his head for an in-  
stant to a certain chair in a certain sunny  
window, from which a pair of eyes watch-  
ed his every movement; but he was only  
met by a gentle laugh, and a flush that  
crept up over the white, delicate face, as  
he went across and sat down upon the arm  
of the chair, taking the thin hand in his.  
He saw then that the truth of that old  
story would never be rightly known by  
any one, for much suffering and much

sorrow had blotted out all remembrance of  
that one day from poor Davie's life.

He was silent for a minute, perhaps, and  
then he said, startling them all by his vehem-  
ence; "Then we start fair, Uncle David! I  
feel such a great rough fellow beside you  
two."

And Davie said, with the quick tears in  
his eyes: "Not rough, dear Hew—just  
strong."

Fourteen years afterward came a time  
that I suppose never will be forgotten—a  
time of heroism and bloodshed, of wars and  
rumors of wars in the Crimea—a time of  
terror and suspense and heart sickness at  
home. How many householders in England  
gave up one life to that terrible game of  
war—gave it freely and willingly, never  
counting the cost!

You may count those dead heroes by the  
miniatures and locks of hair hidden away  
from sight to this day, among the most  
precious treasures; by the medals that  
came too late to honor those short lives, but  
are the crowning glory of many homes;  
by the silver hairs that shone in the brown  
tresses, and the wrinkles that furrowed  
smooth white brows. You may count them  
easiest of all by the names that were added  
to every churchyard, in that year of grace  
'55, to the memory of the glorious dead  
who died in the Crimea.

Out of the home with which we have to  
do they chose their best and bravest, and  
sent him forth, with the safeguard of many  
prayers, into the far East. And he said  
good-bye to them all in his pride, and kept  
up their hearts by his bright and fearless  
spirits, and went eastward with the rest;  
and Uncle David looked a little older, per-  
haps, and Davie fancied the house was not  
as pleasant as it used to be, and grew tired  
of his sofa in the sunny window, until such  
time as the months had rolled on their slow  
course, and the troops were coming back.

Then they brightened up the old house  
for the heir's return, and the bells rang out,  
and they gave a great feast in honor of their  
boy; for Hew was one of those who did re-  
turn—proud and bright and glad, and with a  
Victoria Cross upon his breast.

There was nothing to remember, nothing  
to forget, at this home coming; and Hew  
thought that nobly but himself recollected  
that little story of his boyish life, as he  
stooped for Uncle David's trembling kiss,  
and for the touch of Davie's clinging wel-  
come hands.

That was a grand evening; but in the  
midst of all the fun and merriment and  
speeches, Hew's eyes were always turning  
to a certain corner by the fire, from  
which a pair of dark eyes watched his every  
movement; and at last, when there was  
a pause, he rose with a flush on his face,  
and said: "Uncle David! all of you, gentle-  
men, charge your glasses—To the heroes  
of the Crimea who have not come back!"  
And they all drank in silence.

"One more toast," cried Uncle David, who  
was proud and excited. "Gentlemen, I pro-  
pose our own private hero—our own boy,  
Hew—and Davie!"

Hew bowed in his hearty, boyish way;  
but before he answered he went over to  
the sofa in the dark corner, and leaned  
against it, so that his hand could have touch-  
ed the close-ringed curls of the fair head,  
and then he said: "I can answer you best  
here, and thank you better, for Davie and  
myself, than I could among you all. You  
who have known us all our lives—you,  
Uncle David, who have loved us—know  
what we are to each other. As you have  
joined us in this toast, so let me speak for  
both in my answer, when I say that, next  
to my brother's love, I value nothing so  
much as your good opinion!"

"We have never had a word between us  
all our lives," said Davie, raising a flushed,  
glad face, so you make me very proud by  
giving me just a little place in Hew's tri-  
umph. Even this—and he touched the  
Victoria Cross—I do not grudge him in  
the least. Do you remember, he went on,  
suddenly, with his fingers still on the cross,  
once, long ago, saving me from punish-  
ment in connection with a boat? I had

forgotten all about it till this moment!"  
"Quite right," said Hew, putting his  
hand up over the other hand that touched  
the cross. "I don't think I came very cred-  
itally out of the affair, for, if I remember  
right, I told a lie!"

PROFANITY.—We are emphatically in  
the age of profanity, and it seems to us that  
we are on the topmost current. One can-  
not go on the street anywhere without  
having his ears offended with the vilest  
words and his reverence shocked by the  
most profane use of sacred names. Nor  
does it come from the old or middle aged  
alone, for it is a fact that the younger por-  
tion of the community are most proficient  
in degrading language. Boys have an idea  
that it is smart to swear; that it makes  
manly, but there never was a greater mis-  
take in the world. Men, even those who  
swear themselves are disgusted with pro-  
fanity in a young man, because they know  
how of all habits, this clings the most  
closely and increases with years. It is  
the most insidious of habits, growing on  
one so invisible, that almost before one is  
aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

The Turkish monitor which was sunk  
at Lusha was sunk in a curious way. A  
shell from a Russian mortar went down the  
funnel into the engine room, and there ex-  
ploded and destroyed the destruction  
to the powder magazine.

The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000 tons  
of salt. Should the sea be dried up, there  
would be a deposit of salt over the entire  
bottom of the ocean 450 feet deep; it is  
spread over the land it would cover it  
to a depth of 900 feet.

The Grand Bourbon, the finest tree in  
the orangery of Versailles, has departed  
this life at the advanced age of 445 years.

The Maritime Mutual Fire Ins. Co.,  
(capital \$1,000,000) went up in the smoke  
of the big fire, and no vestige of it remain-  
ed. The premium notes and assessment  
and stock books, were burned up in the  
safe, and there is nothing left of the com-  
pany except the policies in the hands of the  
insurers. Notice is given that "it has now  
ceased altogether."

Oakley S. Barker, a grandson of the late  
Commodore Vanderbilt, was arraigned in  
the N. Y. police court last week, on the  
charge of stealing a gold watch and chain  
from a young woman named Elizabeth  
Weeks. The prisoner, who was commit-  
ted for examination, has, it is said, just  
come into possession of an income of \$10-  
000 year.

Mardi Gras Attack.—On the 25th ult., a  
young lady at Hamilton, Ont., was as-  
saulted on the street and stabbed 15 times  
by a man apparently crazed.

Gen. Grant.—The London correspond-  
ent of the Birmingham Gazette writes:  
"I certainly do not envy the Mrs. Lee  
Hunter who succeeded in capturing Ge-  
n. Grant for a dinner party. He is about the  
most uninteresting guest who ever sat at  
table. He says literally nothing, and he  
does not, like Count Moltke, impress you  
with the conviction that he thinks the  
more. It is not a case of being silent in  
five languages with the ex-President of  
the United States. If words fail him, the  
impression which he conveys is that they  
fail because ideas fail also."

When you see a newspaper article which  
promises in its beginning to be an essay of  
high merit, it is well to read it for the pro-  
fit to accrue from so doing. But, as a mat-  
ter of precaution, it is better to glance first  
at the end to see if anything is said about  
two sizes of bottles—one for fifty cents and  
the other for a dollar.—Danbury News.

There was a time in the years gone by  
when a young man who carried a pencil  
over his ear was supposed to know all  
worth knowing.