



R. BITTERS
is a California Vinegar
Vegetable preparation,
in the native herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada
California, the medicinal pro-
perties extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
asked, "What is the cause
of success of **VINEGAR BITTERS**?"
The answer is, that they remove
the great blood
poisoning principle, a perfect
purifier of the system,
the history of the world has
compounded possessing
properties of **VINEGAR BITTERS**
of every disease man is
in a gentle Purgative as
cleaving Congestion or In-
flamed and Visceral Organs,
enjoy good health, let
a Bitters as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants

McDONALD & CO.
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Chicago, Ill., New York,
Boston and Dealers.
can take these Bitters
without, and remain long
their bones are not de-
ranged or other means,
wasted beyond repair.
VINEGAR BITTERS
is a wonderful principle that
is sinking system.
nilent, and intermit-
tent are not prevalent in the
west rivers throughout the
specimens of the Mis-
sissippi, Illinois, Tennessee,
Kansas, Red, Colorado, Bra-
vo, Pearl, Arkansas, Mobile,
Alabama, and many others,
tributaries, throughout our
country during seasons of
dyspepsia, are invariably
estimated to be the cause of
liver, and other abdominal
in treatment, a purgative,
and influence upon these
is essentially necessary.
for the purpose equal
to the **VINEGAR BITTERS**, as
it removes the dark-colored
bile which the bowels are
in a state of stimulation,
the liver, and generally restor-
es the functions of the digestive

Indigestion, Headache,
coughs, Coughs, Tightness
ziness, Sour Eructations of
ad Taste in the Mouth, Dis-
tention of the Heart, Indur-
gation, 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-
lerness, Swelled Neck,
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
Inflammation, Indolent
Material Affections, Old
sores of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
and in all other constitu-
tional diseases, **VINEGAR BITTERS**
is a great curative power in
and extractable cases.
numatory and Chronic
Gout, Bilious, Remittent
in Fevers, Diseases of the
Kidneys, and Bladder, those
equally. Such Diseases are
ad Blood.

Diseases.—Persons en-
tailed and Mineral, such as
cancers, Gold-busters, and
advance in life, are subject
of the Bowels. To guard
a dose of **VINEGAR BITTERS**
occasionally.
Diseases, Eruptions, Tetel,
itching, Scabs, Pimples, Pus-
tules, Ringworms, Scald
head, Erysipelas, Itch, Scour,
of the Skin, Humors and
a skin of whatever name or
rally dug up and carried out
in a short time by the use of

and other Worms, larv-
of so many thousands, are
royed and removed. No sys-
tem, no vermifuge, no salina-
re the system from worms

Complaints, in young or
single, at the dawn of wom-
en 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-
sults purpose. **VINEGAR BITTERS**

Vitiated Blood when
impurities bursting through
imples, 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,
Boston 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 vain 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 uncon-
sciousness 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 woolsen fabrics and
their damasked ware, 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 ware are so distinctly marked with
the seal of nationality. Col. Fabra is un-
deniably greatly pleased at the apprecia-
tion of his country which the Spanish display
has met in America, 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 beau-
tiful books will be destroyed; put them
under 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-
tent 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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the wife of Charles Vane!

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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!

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to this because he found in America a
great interest in all that concerns Colum-
bus, whose life had been so pleasingly por-
trayed by Washington Irving as to make
all its details very well known to people of
education. There was a world of kindly
thoughtfulness in the act which merits the
heartiest appreciation at our hands, and it
is entirely in keeping with the conduct of
the Spanish Commissioners since they ar-
rived in this country. The lovers of fine
etching will be surprised at the import-
ance and value of the works which have
been surrendered to the public mercy, and
will estimate at its worth the noble gener-
osity of the Spaniards. The works on ar-
chitecture, though purely of Spanish ori-
gin, have a French paraphrase side by side
with the Spanish text, so that those who
desire to study them can do so if they pos-
sess either these languages. The illustra-
tions are of the first order and show a fine
mastery over chromo-lithography.

Anecdote of a Newfoundland Dog.

A gentleman connected with the New-
foundland fishery was once possessed of a
dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On
one occasion a boat and crew in his employ
were in circumstances of considerable per-
il, just outside of a line of breakers, which
—owing to some change in the wind or
weather—had, since the departure of the
boat, rendered the return passage through
them most hazardous. The spectators on
shore were quite unable to render any as-
sistance to their friends at sea. Much time
had been spent, and the danger seemed to
increase rather than diminish. On friend
the dog, looked on for a length of time,
evidently being aware of their being great
cause for anxiety in those around. Pres-
ently, however, he took to the water, and
made his way through to the boat. The
crew—supposed he wished to join them, and
made various attempts to induce him to
come aboard, but no! he would not go
within their reach, but continued swimming
about a short distance of them. After a
while and several comments on the pecu-
liar conduct of the dog, one of the hands
suddenly divined the apparent meaning:
"Give him the end of a rope," he said;
"that is what he wants." The rope was
thrown—the dog seized the end in an in-
stant, turned round, and made straight for
the shore; where a few minutes after-
wards boat and crew—thanks to the intel-
ligence of their four-footed friend—were
placed safe and undamaged. Was there no
reasoning here? No acting with a view to
an end, or for a given motive? Or was it
nothing but ordinary instinct?

The Shadow of an Ass.

The Greeks had a proverb which ran
thus: "To dispute on the shadow of an
ass." This took rise from an anecdote
which Demosthenes is said to have related
to the Athenians, to excite their attention
during his defence of a criminal, which
was being but inattentively listened to.—
"A traveller," he said, "once went from
Athens to Megara on a nice hired ass.—
It happened to be the time of the dog days,
and at noon. He was much exposed to
the unmitigated heat of the sun; and not
finding so much as a bush under which to
take shelter, he bethought himself to de-
scend from the ass, and seat himself under
its shadow. The owner of the donkey,
who accompanied him, objected to this,
declaring to him that when he let the animal
he did not think the use of its shadow
was included in the bargain. The dispute
at last grew so warm that it got to blows,
and finally gave rise to an action at law.
After having said so much, Demosthenes
continued the defence of his client; but
the auditors, whose curiosity he had pi-
qued, were extremely anxious to know how
the judges decided on so singular a cause.
Upon this, the orator, commenced severely
on their childish injustice, in devoting
with attention a paltry story about an ass's
shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a
cause in which the life of a human being
was involved. From that day, when a
man showed a preference for discussing
small and contemptible subjects to great
and important ones he was said "to dispute
on the shadow of an ass."—Exchange.

The Duke of Northampton is anticipat-
ing his Grace of Westminster in declining
to renew leases for gin palaces on his es-
tate. The licensed victualler leases on
his Clerkenwell estate are being compelled
to close their establishments one by one;
the houses already closed presenting a
dejected appearance.

A report has just been issued by Captain
Tyler on the railway accidents of the year
in Great Britain. He shows that by such
accidents 5,755 persons had been injured
and 1,299 persons killed. Greater caution
and more effective management in the
working of the system are insisted upon.

[Scientific American.]
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH RAILWAYS.
A few months ago the London Times editorially instituted a comparison between English and American railways. It took the somewhat paradoxical ground that, as Scotland had the worst possible climate, and therefore the most perfect gardeners, and as France has the least material for the kitchen, and therefore turns out the most perfect cooks, so America, having the worst possible railroads, has the most perfect system of management, and the safest. An American editor suggested that under such circumstances the wise thing for the English to do would be to spoil a few of these railways, in order to bring their safety up to the American standard.

Recent accidents have brought out the correspondents of the Times on the same subject, and as there is a popular impression that everything in England is safer than in our own country, it may interest our readers to see what Englishmen say on the subject of railways, English and American. "Traveller," in a late number of the Times, starts out with the declaration that "English and American railways present at one point a marked and, to us Englishmen, a humiliating contrast." He then proceeds to show that, while Americans have established over running trains a control with is almost perfect, the English still maintain the rude and ineffective methods which were in use at the very dawn of railway travelling.

"When the driver of an English train sees danger before him, he shuts off steam. His fireman begins in haste to turn a lever. The guard, warned of impending peril, makes his way as quickly as possible to a similar lever to another part of the train. In ten to fifteen seconds, the combined efforts of the fireman and guard have applied the brake to fourteen wheels, probably one fourth of the number on the train. Ordinarily the feeble action of our brakes is cut short by a shattering collision, and the death or injury of many of the passengers." Such is the English traveller's testimony as to his own country. Of the American roads, he says: "In presence of similar danger, the American driver touches slightly a little handle which stands up before him. In less than two seconds every wheel in the train is grasped by a powerful brake; and before the train has traversed a distance greater than one and a half times its own length, it is brought to stand."

There is a slight inaccuracy in this statement. Car wheels are usually in groups of four or six, and the brake is applied to two wheels in each group. On the English roads, the train is a string of small carriages, and only a portion of these are provided with brakes. Our plan is more "democratic," but more safe; and if the non-exclusiveness of the American railway cars can be an objection, that difficulty is met by palace cars, in which an extra price is charged.

The Centennial is in danger of an Explosion.

Many people may shudderingly congratulate themselves that they were not blown up at the Exhibition a while ago. It has leaked out that the Centennial buildings were for more than a month exposed to the danger of a fearful explosion, several bottles of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and other powerful explosives having been placed on exhibition in a glass case in the United States building by an officer of the torpedo station at Newport, R. I. Any slight accident might have set these tremendous compounds going, and the results would have been fearful to contemplate. The facts were reported at Washington and they were ordered to be removed.

A Gold Fever prevails in French Guiana. Mr. Woodbridge, the British consul at Cayenne, writes home that there is a general abandonment of agriculture there for gold seeking. A company has been formed for the search of gold in rivers. These being in a great part deep and rapid, will require turning into other channels. A large number of natives have become very rich of late by gold washings.

THE TURKS have a sort of national superstition, that they are to lose Constantinople, and there are not wanting some who think that their power in Europe will pass away with the present Sultan. A rival to Dr. Cumming has appeared in the person of a venerable gentleman at Beyrout, who fixes the duration of the empire at four years. A Maronite from Beyrout says that the man's prophecies have a wonderful effect upon the Mussulmans of Syria. He foretold the fall of Abdul Aziz several weeks previous to that event, and is sure that his words will prove equally true with regard to Marad. The seer is said to obtain his knowledge of the future, like Dr. Cumming, from the book of St. John, but it is about as safe now-a-days to predict a change of Sultans in Turkey, as it has been to foretell a revolution in Mexico.

During the Regatta of Thursday the "Walastock" ran into a birch canoe in which were two young lads—Burt Campbell and Henry Osborne—throwing them into the water and badly damaging the canoe. They were got out without any other injury than a good wetting.—Farmer.

Cardinal Manning gave an address on Monday night on intemperance in Stockport. He alluded at length to the evils of intemperance, and spoke in favor of the principle of the Permissive Bill.

MASONIC.—The Grand Lodge of New Brunswick has been in session in St. John during the past week. The following officers for the current year were elected:—
R. T. Clinch, Grand Master;
W. H. A. Keane, Deputy Grand Master;
Thos. F. Gillespie, S. G. Warden;
Wm. D. Foster, J. S. Warden;
James McNicol, Jr., G. Treasurer;
W. F. Bunting, Grand Sec.;
R. Duffell, S. G. Deacon;
J. A. Clark, J. G. Deacon;
J. Boone, G. Director of Ceremonies;
L. B. Messcott, Asst. Do.;
C. A. Hanford, G. Sword Bearer;
W. Osburne, G. Standard Bearer.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, GCT. 4, 1876.

LATEST NEWS.

The Eastern Question is becoming more complicated every week, and it is probable will end in general war. The fact is now patent that Russia has been supplying the Servians with men and munitions of war. And it is reported, the Czar has written to the Emperor of Austria,—correspondents assert—"to induce Austria to take joint action for the immediate occupation of Bulgaria by the Russian army, and of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Austrian army, watching of the Bosphorus by navies of both powers, and Servia to retain her present independence. The British fleet is still in the Mediterranean, and it remains to be seen, whether England intends to support the Mahomedan Turk.

The Servians had again been repulsed and among their dead were several Russian officers. The sugar rice and coffee crops at Porto Rico were ruined by a terrible hurricane. Twenty-eight vessels were stranded.

A ferry boat in Yonghal harbor was swamped, and fourteen farmers and three wives were drowned.

Babcock was acquitted with safe robbery. Nearly three millions of the Public Debt of the United States, during September.

The R. C. Cathedral Bazar was opened at St. John on Monday. Many of the articles are valuable and costly, and are to be disposed of by lottery.

Lunenburg has returned Davidson to the Local Legislature.

The Toronto Nation, an ably conducted journal has been discontinued—cause, want of support.

The Ontario Legislature is to meet, it is said this month. The Session will be an early one.

THE CENTENNIAL AWARDS have been made public, and we are gratified to notice that New Brunswick exhibitors have been awarded medals in minerals, manufactures, machinery and agriculture. The Bay of Fundy Red Granite Company for Wrought Iron Granite, and the Lake George Antimony Co. for Regulators of Antimony; both owned by Charles County men have received medals. Canada has made her mark at the Great Exhibition.

PURE BRED JERSEY BULL.—From an advertisement in our columns, it will be seen that the Jersey Bull owned by the C. C. Agricultural Society, is to be sold at Shaw Grange on the 13th October. The animal is a fine one, aged three years, and must be kept in the County for three years for service.

DEATH OF MR. KEANE, M. P. P.—The death of W. H. A. Keane, Esq., a member of the Legislature for St. John, is announced, aged 72. Mr. Keane held several civic offices, as well as in the Temperance and Masonic bodies; and was highly esteemed for his kindness of heart and other estimable qualities.

Messrs. Willis & Mott, proprietors of the Daily News have purchased the large "News Building" in St. John, and are to make improvements on the premises. We congratulate our contemporaries on their prosperity.

It is believed there was a heavy blow to the westward last night, heavy black and white clouds were driven eastward with great velocity.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October is not only plentifully stored with light reading-matter, but has also all those other characteristic attractions which have given it the foremost place in periodical literature.

This Number, contains the conclusion of GEORGE ELIOT'S "Daniel Deronda"—the great novel of the age. The Fourth Part of "A Woman-Hater" will awaken fresh curiosity as to the authorship of this remarkable story. Mrs. CRAIK'S "The Laurel Bush" and JULIA HAWTHORNE'S "Garth" are continued. There are also three excellent short stories.

The illustrated papers in this Number cover a great variety of subjects. J. H. BRADLE contributes a piquant and beautifully illustrated article on the mining region in Utah.

The poetry of the Number is contributed by PAUL HAYNE, RACHEL POMEROY, HELEN S. CONANT, and CHANDLER MOULTON.

The Editor's "Easy Chair" contains a suggestive criticism of "Daniel Deronda," an exposure of the contents of Mr. Flint's celestial mail-bag; some new suggestions concerning Jenkins—also some about American innkeepers. The other Editorial departments are up to their usual standard.

The death of the lamented Mr. Keane, leaves a vacancy, in the representation of St. John, which will be filled up before the assembling of the next session. We will look with some interest to the expressed views of the candidates, as no doubt there will more than one offer. Old party cries will not answer now to elect any man. The policy of the Government, it is probable, will form the main canvas. The School Law being a settled fact, it is time that question was left out of local politics—that "hobby," is to employ a popular term "used up." At the same time, candidates should briefly state whether they approve or disapprove of the law.

Some Farmers have stated that the recent proceedings at the meetings for the formation of a Farmers' League, have resulted in a very unpleasant feeling, and will cause a difference among neighbors who lived on friendly terms. We give the statement on the authority of a respectable farmer.

The Rev. W. Richardson left here on Tuesday morning to attend the meeting of Synod at Halifax, this week.

Rev. Mr. Crawley, will preach in Greenock Church on Sabbath-evening next, 8th inst., at half-past 6 o'clock.

SPLENDID TOMATOES.—Mr. Glenn, has raised from six plants a large quantity of beautiful tomatoes which are fully ripe. We will ascertain the quantity, &c.

The Temperance Union, a well conducted paper published at Belleville, Ontario, has a new dress of type, which improves its appearance. It is doing good work in the cause it advocates.

Fredericton Notes.

The boat races which took place on Thursday last under the auspices of the "St. Ann's Boating Club," attracted a large number of spectators. Among the aquatic celebrities present was Ross of the "Paris Crew," and Wallace Ross the famous sculler. The race in which most interest centered, was between a crew from the "Neptune Club," St. John, and one from "St. Ann's Club," and resulted adversely for Fredericton, through one of the crew spraining his wrist, at about 100 yards from the start. Had not the accident occurred, the result might have been different as the St. Ann's crew were leading and rowing well.

The Club held a "Social" in the evening, which was well attended, and afterwards entertained the "Neptune crew" and a number of other guests at a dinner in the Queen Hotel.

In the recent matriculation examinations at the University of New Brunswick, Walter Leonard of Saint Andrews, led the class of fourteen with an average 826 marks, a higher number than has been attained by those entering for some years past.

Dan Duccello's "Centennial Circus" failed to draw a crowd, and he departed.

The up-river boats have not commenced running yet, the river being too low.

Work on the Normal School building is progressing rapidly; some of the stone-dressers are employed at night.

LARGE CUCUMBER.—Mr. Eber Stinson appears to be a successful gardener, if the produce of his ground is an indication of the fertile soil and judicious cultivation. Among the products are many fine specimens of roots, &c., and his cucumbers are of very large size, one of them weighed 2 lbs. 11 ounces, girth 11 inches, length 13 inches; others are very nearly as large.

We notice by the San Francisco Call, that Mrs. McFarlan and Mrs. Connick who were here a few weeks ago, visiting their relatives, had arrived safely at San Francisco, and were staying at the "Morton House."

One of the Halifax Champion oarsmen, Obed Smith and his brother Mark, were drowned on the 1st instant. Their schooner was run down by the R. M. Steamship Nova Scotia, during the thick darkness. The schooner had no lights. Much sympathy is expressed for his family.

The weather has been very fine for the past week, clear sunshine and bracing air, but the mornings and nights remind one that fall is fast dropping into the arms of colder weather.

Negotiations are pending for the purchase of the property known as Bradfords, at Bay Side, at present owned by Mr. Pettigrove. Mr. Daggett of Grand Manan is in treaty for the property, but no legal documents have as yet been drawn up.

Dr. Tupper and family left here on Monday to reside in Toronto, having let his farm to Mr. Guphill of Grand Manan for a short term.

Letter from California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 16, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:—The old Standard is looked for as anxiously among the St. Andrews boys here (and there are many of them), as letters from their friends. All the boys were amazed at a letter written by the self-styled "high-spirited" WILLIAM SCOTT, a St. Andrews boy, and published in the St. Stephen Journal. This Wm. Scott attempts to describe the State of California, and drops into a description of his hiring to do something he does not understand, and expects the highest wages—mark his presumption! It hurts the feelings of this "Easterner" to know, that he cannot obtain as high wages as a man that under-stands logging, and he rejects the generous offer made him. Were he "Down East," he would be offered \$10 a month instead of \$30. Mr. Scott appears to be as ignorant of this country and its habits as he is of the country he left. He says that "hiring men by the month, and paying the day's work done, is something not known down East." 26 days is a month down East, and if Scott had any experience in logging camps there, that if he laid by one day, he would find it would be deducted on pay day, and worse still his bill would be discounted, or he would have to wait until late June for payment; and if his employer did not fail before that time, he would be a more fortunate man than the writer was. Here, when work is done, the cash is ready and one gets it. It is true an overcoat is worn here more than it is in New Brunswick, not on account of cold, but from fashion, as women wear fur summer evenings at the sea coast but it is not so cold that a fire is required. He also complains that "parties here write home false, and glowing accounts about business, &c." Well, people emigrating should remember that man is liable to exaggerate, that railroad companies spend thousands annually to foster emigration, and spread glowing descriptions, and often enlist the aid of private persons to further their schemes.

Scott also says—"this is an over-taxed community." Let us compare it with his native province. The poll tax is \$2 (seamen exempted), the tax on vessel property is 1 1/2 per cent, on two-thirds of the value; land property 1 1/2 per cent, and in San Francisco people only pay poll tax if they do not own more than \$500 dollars worth of property. Bank deposits are paid by the Bank; depositors receive nine per cent, annually after 3 months deposit, and the very poor pay no taxes.

Again with reference to the steamers which play between San Francisco and Eureka—one built last season is a staunch vessel, and I would think it no risk to be a passenger in either of the other boats were they to go to Australia. Then as to peoples lives they are valued according to their worth.

Fighting is little practised; should a respectable citizen be insulted—the pistol is used, and the verdict is "justifiable homicide." But should an assassin take life, the officers of the law are at once on his track, and he is hunted down. Were the officers in the County of Charlotte as alert as those in California, it is not likely that W. S.'s description of this country would have been written.

The Chinese are not favorites here; they work cheap—are industrious, sober and some what intelligent. They pay tribute to the six Chinese companies, who furnish labour; any that will not pay has the death penalty inflicted, and some poor "hoodlums" are blamed for killing an oriental. I admit they are very immoral, they use a knife on the least pretext, providing they can get clear, and are noted thieves.

Scott speaks of "Mexicans and Foreigners," he should remember that he is the foreigner and the Mexican is the native.

I know of many excellent people who have immigrated to Eureka, but possibly Scott is so mixed up with "roughs" that he never meets those people.

An industrious man can provide a home for himself and family; but he who only intends to remain a few years to make a fortune, will "strike it" sooner by digging clams at Katie's Cove, or fishing trout in Cham-ook Lake.

Please insert and oblige the boys from CHARLOTTE COUNTY.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is a capital number, well filled with a variety of excellent reading. Its frontispiece is a well executed portrait of the late Commodore Vanderbilt.

An English mail was at the Post office, last evening.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?—Another breach-of-promise case will be before the court at Chatham.

Three masked men entered the house of W. Carswell, at East Elgin, Ont., at 1 o'clock on Monday last, and attempted to rob him. He resisted and one of the robbers shot him, the ball entering his neck. The wounded man is not expected to live. The robbers escaped, but three are under arrest on suspicion.

Mrs. Abbot, the widow of the murdered German Consul at Salonica, has received from the Turkish Government the sum of sixty thousand dollars as indemnity for the loss of her husband. In a letter to Prince Bismarck she acknowledges the receipt of the money and thanks the German Government for its prompt measure in her behalf.

MARRIED.

On the 28th Sept. at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Mr. Tweedie, Mr. Christopher Steele, of Fallbury, Mass., to Fannie M., youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Stentiford of St. Andrews.

On the 20th ult., at the house of the bride's father, by the Rev. Wm. Milles, Mr. Joseph H. Faulkner of Carleton County, to Martha Ann, third daughter of Mr. John Maguire, of Digby, N.S.

At St. John, on the 28th ult., by Rev. D. M. Maclellan, D. D., Capt. Wm. Waycott, of St. Andrews, to Miss Priscilla D. Lane, of St.

DIED.

On the 1st inst., of consumption, John, youngest son of the late Alexander Watson in the 19th year of his age.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

Sept. 27, Mailboat, Stinson, St. Stephen, N.S., cargo.

29, Jane, Craig, Boston, oil, &c.

30, Mary E. Somers, Arkney, Sydney, ballast, Robinson & Glean.

CLEARED.

Oct. 2, Jane, Craig, St. Stephen, ballast.

WESLEY'S HYMNS

Bibles & Hymns,

in variety of Bindings.

Also—A few copies of the

METHODIST DISCIPLINE,

CHURCH SERVICES, and

COMMON PRAYERS

A SPLENDID Assortment of BIBLES

in new styles of Binding just received.

H. R. SMITH,

St. John, Oct. 5, 14 King St.

FOR SALE AT AUCTION.

At the C. C. Agricultural Fair Grounds, Bay Side, on

FRIDAY OCTOBER 13TH,

THE PURE BRED JERSEY

BULL

"DAN GODFREY."

Now at the ALMS HOUSE FARM St. Andrews

Terms and Pedigree made known at Sale, or on application to J. S. Magee, Esq., Secretary of C. C. A. Society, St. Andrews.

PER ORDER.

Sept. 26, 1876.

PROBATE COURT.

COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

In the matter of the Estate of John A. Benson late of the Parish of Grandjuman, in the County of Charlotte deceased.

WHERAS Walter B. McLaughlin, Administrator of and singular the Goods, Chattels and Credits which were of the said John A. Benson deceased, at the time of his death, both this day filed his account with the said Estate, and hath prayed that the Creditors and next of kin of the deceased, may appear and attend the passing and allowance of the said account.

NOTICE thereof is therefore hereby given, to all the Creditors and next of kin of the said deceased, and to all persons interested in the said Estate, and they are hereby cited to appear before me at a Court of Probate, to be held at the Office of the Judge of Probate at Saint Andrews, in the said County of Charlotte, on Saturday the 28th day of October next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock of the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowance of the Account of the said Administrator.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court, this 11th day of September, A. D. 1876.

GEO. D. STREET

Judge of Probate for Charlotte County.

S. H. WHITLOCK, Registrar of Probates for Charlotte County.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed, "Tender Penitentiary, Maritime Provinces," will be received at this office until SATURDAY the 22nd day of JULY, next, at noon, for the finishing and completion of a Penitentiary to be erected near Dorchester, N. B.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the International Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., on and after Monday, the 3rd day of July, where forms of Tender, etc., and all necessary information can be obtained.

Contractors are notified that Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures and the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same.

For the due fulfillment of the Contract, satisfactory security will be required on real estate, or by deposit of money, public or municipal securities, or bank stocks, to an amount of five per cent on the bulk sum of the Contract.

To the Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become securities for the carrying out of these conditions as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
OTTAWA, 26th June, 1876. }

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