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NO. 9.



Weakness.

is a whole materia medica for the relief and cure of the ordinary kind, than in these cases with never fails to give a new lease of life, to restore healthy secretions, and elasticity. One of the complaints is Leucorrhoea, brought on either by the system or by some even by general debility, and when danger begins to turn of life, Yonkers' relief is the only remedy. The doctor, and their cure have been the surprise of the world. It is a splendid medicine, and it is the power to carry you disease.

Heart and Kidney Weakness.

is, Feb. 25, 1880. Dear Sir: I was afflicted with Heart and Kidney weakness, and other ailments, and after taking two bottles of Yonkers' relief, I am now a healthy man, and I am able to do my work as usual. I am a great admirer of your medicine, and I am sure it will do good to many others. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. M. HOBSON.

Plaint, Dyspepsia, Weakness.

I have been practicing as a remedy for Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness, and other ailments, and after taking two bottles of Yonkers' relief, I am now a healthy man, and I am able to do my work as usual. I am a great admirer of your medicine, and I am sure it will do good to many others. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. M. HOBSON.

Dr. Smith's

for \$9.00

self-measurement

by mail.

WARD,

DWAY.

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GREASE.

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The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still.

The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;

The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,

The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain,

The dread to take our daily way and walk in it again.

We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,

Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know;

But this we know: Our loved and lost, if they should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be;

Yet, oh! how sweet it is to us—this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—blessed is the thought,

So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell you naught;

We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death—

Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of death.

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,

So those who enter death must go as little children sent.

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead,

And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

JENNIE'S SUBTERFUGE.

"Tell me who is here this summer?"

Fred Dayton lighted a fresh cigar.

His companion replied:

"My wife has a pretty cousin with her this year. An heiress, too, Fred."

"What's the figure?"

"Fifty thousand, from a grandfather, is her own right, and probably as much more when her bachelor uncle leaves this world."

"Is there any chance?"

"She is fancy free as yet, I believe. But after all you have no occasion to look out for an heiress with your fortune."

"Bless your innocence, Tom! I could easily dispose of fifty thousand more, if it only brought finery for the future Mrs. Dayton."

Leaning from an upper window, but concealed by a thick running vine, a lady caught the words of the conversation.

"Upon my word," she soliloquized.

"I am really much obliged to you, Tom! So his friend will try to win my money, will he? The impudent puppy! I'll make him pay for this, or my name is not Jennie Willett."

There was a spice of coquetry in the heart of the pretty heiress, and she grimly resolved that if the suitor for her money had a heart, she would add to the sting of her refusal of his offer by wounding that organ, if possible.

So, when Mr. Fred Dayton was presented by pretty Mrs. Hogan to her cousin, he found himself greeted with a graceful cordiality that was flattering as well as delightful.

It was on the programme for the pleasures of that sunny June day, that a party was to wander in a shady woods for half a mile, to seek a spot famous for wild strawberries, and there to enjoy a picnic luncheon.

So, as the walkers marshaled for their procession, it fell out that Miss Jennie Willett found by her side Mr. Fred Dayton.

He was in the net Miss Jennie was spreading for him before the strawberry field was reached.

And the lady?

Commencing her flirtation with her heart full of pique and a desire for revenge, she would not admit to herself what had made her morning so pleasant.

She told herself that it was mere gratification that her plans were working so nicely, and the prospect was now fair for her to make Mr. Dayton smart for his insolence.

Yet—and she stifled a sigh at the thought—it was a pity this delightful defence, this effort to please, was all assumed to gain her money.

She recalled words that proved her new suitor to be no mere puppy, but a man who had read much and thought deeply.

The summer days passed swiftly and smiling smiles hovered over the faces of the others when Mr. Dayton and Miss Willett were mentioned or were noted in each other's company, for the flirtation was carried on briskly.

It was only flirtation to punish him for his insolence Jennie sternly told her heart, when she caught herself musing over his words; sighing too, sometimes, as she thought the pleasant summer was drawing to a close, and she must soon dismiss her cavalier from her side forever.

For, and her cheeks burned then, it

was to her money all this winsome court was paid, and the smiles, the deference, the attentions were all for the sake of handling her grandfather's legacy.

And while the heiress sighed and mused, the wooer was blessing the lucky hour that brought him to N— for the summer.

He had forgotten the foolish speech he had made about the heiress, and had given his heart to the woman; and he thought how proud a man might be of her beauty and taste when the voice of society praised his wife.

The day came when the full heart found vent in speech, and as the young couple walked in a shady, lovely lane, Fred's words, warm and tender, spoke the true and sincere passion in his heart.

It was some moments before the answer came.

Jennie had to battle with a desire to put her little hand in his, and give him back love for love.

She had to school her face and steady her voice before she could answer.

"Mr. Dayton, my answer to you must be to recall to your memory your conversation with Mr. Hogan on the porch the evening of your arrival. Every word of it was distinctly audible in my room."

"Then you have been playing with me?" he cried, fiercely.

"I have been endeavoring to prove to you that my money had a human appendage."

It was well for her composure then that he turned abruptly from her, and strode rapidly homeward, leaving her to turn into a narrow by-path in the woods, and sob out all her pain in solitude.

For she realized now, in bitter humiliation, that whatever Fred Dayton had sought in wooing, he had won her heart.

As the tears chased one another down her cheeks, one of the unerring instincts of true love came into her heart, and she felt deeply and keenly that the love she had insulted and rejected, was not the false suit of a fortune-hunter, but the true heart—seeking which is the only sure guarantee for wedding happiness.

She crept slowly home at last, hiding her swollen eyes under her veil, and went to her own room.

Upon her dressing-table lay a letter, and as she read it, there came into her busy brain a quick, luminous idea.

"I'll try it," she said. "My eyes are in splendid condition. I'll try it."

She took her open letter in her hand and went mournfully into the room where luncheon was in progress of demolition.

As she appeared, Fannie cried:

"Jennie, what is the matter? You look as if you had been crying your eyes out."

"The S— bank is broken!"

"By Jove!" cried Tom, "all your money was in that."

Jennie hid her face on Fannie's shoulder and sobbed:

"Uncle George was married last week!"

"Never mind, Jennie. Come to my room, darling," said Fannie.

And Jennie suffered herself to be led away.

"Fred Dayton wants to see you, Jennie," said Tom, "in the parlor."

"But will you please read Uncle George's letter while I am gone?"

She left the room gravely.

She found Mr. Dayton waiting in the parlor, marching up and down with true masculine impatience.

Before she went in she looked a moment at the tall, graceful figure so buoyant with animation, the handsome face radiant now with impatient hope, and in her heart there was a glad little song, with the refrain:

"He loves me! He loves me!"

All the gladness was banished from her step and face, however, as she slowly advanced to meet her lover.

He could wait for no formality of greeting.

Abruptly, earnestly, with his whole soul in his voice and eyes, he said:

"Jennie, you rebuked me sharply to-day for my presumptuous, insolent speech to your cousin. I acknowledge that I deserved it, but now that the money is gone, will you not believe me that the dearest wish of my heart is to win your love?"

"You are sure it is me you love?" she said, in a very low voice.

"Before I had known you a week, darling, I had quite forgotten that you were an heiress; I only knew that you were the only woman I could ever love, or whose love would be precious in my heart. Surely you may trust me now. Be my wife, and every hour shall prove to you how sincerely and tenderly I love you. Speak to me, Jennie. Why do you hide your face?"

She did not tell him it was to hide her smiling mouth, her dancing eyes, but she allowed him to draw her gently into a close embrace, to take in his own her soft little hand, and tell her sweet and loving words.

"You will be my wife?" he whispered, and then she looked up.

"Yes, I will," she said, blushing, but looking bravely into his eyes, "for

believe you love me, and I love you with my whole heart."

"Stop!" for his lips were approaching hers, to close the speech. "Don't kiss me yet. I forgot to mention that Uncle George drew all my money from the S— bank before it broke, and has it in safe deposit elsewhere. Now you may kiss me."

"But, Jennie," Fannie asked, when she and Tom joined the lovers some time later, "what on earth were you crying about?"

Jennie never told, but Mr. Tom Hogan made some guesses at a private interview that Jennie would neither deny nor confirm.

Our Increasing Longevity.

A New York paper remarks: We have more than once called attention to the fact, for it is undeniably a fact, that the people of this republic are steadily increasing in duration of life. Almost any one can see this from observation, if he live in a large city, or from reading the death notices in the newspapers.

In yesterday morning's journals, for instance, the deaths of not less than ten persons are recorded as over seventy-two years of age, one of them seventy-nine and two eighty-six. Nor is this in any way unusual. Almost any daily death record here will show a preponderance of old people—meaning those of sixty-five or more. Sixty was considered old even thirty or forty years ago; but now, when a man of sixty dies, the comment often made is, "he ought to have lived longer; young man yet."

Indeed, persons of sound constitution, quick mind, active temperament, are, in a sense, young at sixty, for they are in possession of all their faculties, capable of any ordinary amount of work, and still have a considerable future. Many of the most responsible places in firms and corporations in this city are held by men of seventy or thereabouts, and they evince no disposition to retire. New York is noted for vigorous old men. In no city on the continent, and in hardly any city in Europe, can so many hale, active men of sixty-five and upward be found. Walking in Broadway, Wall or Broad street, in Fifth avenue or any of the principal thoroughfares, one can hardly fail to be struck by the gray or white hairs and wrinkled faces, coupled with erect, elastic forms and suppleness and rapidity of movement. There appear to be numberless ancient heads on comparatively young shoulders. The opinion long prevailed that rural regions and rural pursuits favored longevity; but if it were so once, which is very dubious, it is not so now. Great centers supply ease, comforts, material facilities and save an endless amount of friction, while the country, its monotony, lack of interest, fatiguing round of small concerns and very hard work wear on the strongest system. Men in cities generally live not only much more, but much longer.

Captain Eads' Ship Railway.

Captain Eads' bill for the construction of a ship railway across the American isthmus is favorably received in the Mississippi valley, where his engineering skill is fully appreciated. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat confesses that it was staggered at first by the proposition to transport the largest ships that cross the Atlantic over the isthmus, but inasmuch as Captain Eads has explained that several passes through the Cordilleras have been surveyed, over which grades of only one foot in one hundred are entirely practicable, the feasibility of the proposal is regarded as much more apparent. Such a grade would need to be extended only 3,000 feet from the shore line of a harbor down into the water to put the railway thirty feet deep, and enable the largest ships to float over on a car, or cradle, designed to support them during their transit. This car, or cradle, would itself be supported on about 2,000 wheels of two feet diameter, resting on twelve rails laid on a solid road-bed, about fifty feet wide. A loaded ship and car, weighing together about 10,000 tons, would impose a pressure of five tons on each wheel. This would be less than the pressure put upon the rails of ordinary railroads by the wheels of their locomotives. Six or seven tons to the wheel is the ordinary weight imposed by the four driving wheels when at rest, and this is largely increased by the irregularities in the road when these are moving at high velocities. The weight of the car and the ship would be distributed over about 22,000 square feet of road-bed, thus giving a pressure on the earth of less than one-half a ton per square foot. This would be only equal to the pressure per square foot of a stone wall six feet high. If ships can be transported by a railway across the isthmus within the next four or five years, it will probably be ten years sooner than a canal can be made ready, and it will cost not more than one-third the money.

Mr. Seth Green, the fish-culturist, thinks that trout "can hold conversations with each other like men."

The public are cautioned to ask for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and take no other. Price 25 cents.

Secretary Thompson's Cigars.

Secretary Thompson believes in patronizing home industries. He is one of the most inveterate smokers connected with the administration. He smokes twelve cigars every day of his life. He imports them from Indiana. They are strong, rank and crude enough to raise the dead. For fifty years Mr. Thompson has smoked his twelve Indiana cigars a day, and says that, in his opinion, they are much more palatable than any of your higher-priced Havana cigars. These cigars cost him exactly \$1.90 a day, as the price of this Indiana luxury, of the superior brand smoked by the secretary, is exactly \$10 per hundred. None of his associates, however, appreciate his cigars as the secretary does. When General Grant called upon the mariner the latter handed out some of his fine, black, Wabash, age-cured cigars and handed one to Grant. The general is a hardened smoker; but, after he had taken about six pulls at one of the mariner's cigars, he began to cough and bark like a young man in his first coy attempts at smoking. "How do you like the cigars?" asked the mariner, remarking at the same time that they were choice. "Are they?" observed Grant, "where did you get them?" "These cigars," said Mr. Thompson, "were made from tobacco grown in my county." "I should say they were," said Mr. Grant.

"What do you think of them?" inquired Mr. Thompson. Grant had a time stopped smoking. He paused, looked steadily at the cigar, which had turned up on one side and was beginning to go out, and then replied: "I can safely say this, Mr. Thompson, I never in my life smoked a cigar like it."

"That is what everybody says," observed Mr. Thompson, highly pleased with the compliment.

As he turned away Grant quietly dropped the Wabash production into a spittoon, and skillfully lit one from his own pocket before the secretary turned around. Then it was, and only then, that the conversation which had lagged up to this time became spirited as the two friends puffed clouds of smoke at each other. Grant manipulated a cigar of a very delicate aroma, while Mariner Thompson poisoned the air and made things blue with his coal-black Wabash weed.

Mr. Thompson has smoked these black cigars, twelve a day, for fifty years. Within this period the mariner of the Wabash has consumed 219,000 cigars, which at the price before mentioned would have cost \$21,000.—Washington Letter to Chicago Times.

Discouraging.

A man who said he was trying to get enough money together to reach Toledo yesterday entered an office on Grisswold street and told his story, and added that his name was Caesar.

"Any relation to Julius or Augustus?" queried the citizen.

"Well, no, I want to be honest and square about this thing, and I tell you honestly that I am not related to either."

"Then I can't help you any. You are nothing but a common son of a—, and it won't make any difference whether you ever get to Toledo or not. If you were related to the great Julius I should feel in duty bound to help you."

The man backed out without another word, and entering the office next door he walked up to the occupant with the remark: "My name is Caesar, and I am closely related to Julius and Augustus. Can you spare me ten cents to help me get to Toledo?"

"Sir, you are a base deceiver!" replied the other. "You are no more related to the Caesars than I am! Had you come in here and told me a straight, truthful story I should have given you a quarter! You can go, sir!"

The men went out, and he determined to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Halting the first man who came along, he said:

"I have been telling folks that my name was Caesar, and that I was trying to collect money enough to take me to Toledo. Now, the real truth of the matter is that I am named Clark, and I wanted the money to buy whisky. That's the solemn truth, and can you help me with ten cents?"

"Ten cents! Why, you base liar and deceiver, I'll hand you over to the police!" exclaimed the other.

"I've told you the truth."

"And it's enough to send you up for six months! Don't you dare ask me for money!"

The tramp sat down on a cold stone block, took his last chew of tobacco, and mused:

"I've lied and I've told the truth. I've told the truth and I've lied. I made a much one way as the other, and nothing out of either. Looks now as if I'd got to play deaf and dumb or go to work!"—Detroit Free Press.

Remember girls, it is possible for a young man to show a great amount of interest in you, and possess very little principle.—Yonkers Statesman.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A gentleman of Flatbush, Long Island, has returned from a European tour of ninety days, and, profiting from his previous experience and a knowledge of the language of the countries he visited, succeeded in limiting his hotel and traveling expenses to \$375, the return steamship ticket costing \$100 included. He does not describe his manner of living, but states that he spent half his time in the British Isles, and visited Holland, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and France.

Cincinnati can boast the most enterprising constables of this country, beyond doubt. The Enquirer tells of a certain constable who heard of the death of a colored girl and went post-haste to the house, where he discovered he was the first on the scene. He hastened off at once to notify the coroner, but fearing that in his absence some other constable might come in and take the case from him, he pinned his professional card to the flesh of the child's breast, and left it sticking there while he was absent.

The long pending suit brought by citizens of Louisiana against General Neal Dow, to compel payment for property which he seized for the use of his troops during the war, has been decided in the supreme court against the plaintiffs, thus reversing the decision of the circuit court. The suit was intended to be a test case, and if it had been successful not one of the Union commanders in the late war would have been exempt from litigation of this character. Judge Clifford, of Maine, dissented from the opinion of the court.

It appears, according to the Shipping List, that certain parties in New York, and also elsewhere, have taken the uncrystallizable sugar obtained from corn, commonly called grape sugar, reduced it by pulverization to a fine white powder, and then mixed it with yellow refined sugar, returning the mixture to the original packages, and selling it as the product of the refinery branded upon the barrel. It is said that a large profit accrues to the mixer, and that already the scheme has been carried on much more extensively than would at first be imagined.

The service of a citation of the probate court can be made by telephone in St. Louis.—In a case decided last week the sheriff testified that he read the citation to two of the four parties in action through the telephone, and took from each of them an acknowledgment of service. He did not know the parties by their voice, and made the return on the faith given to the responses of those who represented themselves, in answer to his interrogatories, to be mentioned in the citation. The court deemed it reasonable to presume that if it had had notice, or if anyone else had answered the officer's inquiry in their name, they would have proved the fact on the trial. The return of the officer was accordingly taken to be literally true.

R. B. Roosevelt is quoted by the Rochester Democrat as saying that "the man of the future has got to know the language of beasts and birds and fishes," and Seth Green is described as adding:

"Why, I tell you, I know they hold their conversations just as regularly as we do. How'd those trout of mine out at the ponds know the difference between a plain, long stick and a regular fishing rod, as they do, if they didn't talk it over and compare notes? Why, they'll most break their heads bumping them together to get out of the way of a fish-pole, and you see I couldn't scare them at all with that long stick to-day. They know the difference, too, between the man who carries a pail about dinner time and the man who don't. I can tell you."

Boys and Their Mothers.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure love and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy pallid, sick, and courageous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy