



DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.
A GREAT REMEDY FOR
ANEMIA,
induced by many prominent physicians to be
the reliable preparation ever introduced
for the relief and cure of all
COMPLAINTS.

It is especially adapted to the public, and
has been used by thousands of men and women,
and is the only medicine that has been
found to be so effective in all cases of
Anemia, Chlorosis, Indigestion,
Neuritis, and all the ailments of the
blood.

MONETARY COMPLAINTS.
The only medicine that has been found to be so effective in all cases of
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NOT BE DISCREDITED.
The only medicine that has been found to be so effective in all cases of
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RE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.
The only medicine that has been found to be so effective in all cases of
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PLEASANT TO TASTE.
The only medicine that has been found to be so effective in all cases of
Anemia, Chlorosis, Indigestion, Neuritis, and all the ailments of the blood.

ARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS.
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Portry

WOMAN.

(DISSECTED BY A MAN.)

A woman is like—but stay—
What a woman is like, who can say?
There is no living with or without one?
Love like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye;
Boy—boy—always buzzing about one.

When she is tender and kind,
And like to my mind,
(And Sally was so, I remember):
She's like to—oh dear!
She's a gold—very dear,
As a ripe melting peach in September.

If she laugh and she chat,
Play, joke and all that,
And with smiles and good humor she meets me,
She's like a rich dish
Of venison and fish
That cries from the table, "Come eat me."

But she'll plague and vex you,
Distract and perplex you;
Folk boistered and ranging,
Unsettled and changing.
What do you think she is like?
Like a sand? Like a rock?
Like a wheel? Like a clock?
Ay, like a clock that is always at strike.

Her head is like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but money can dwell on,
Her heart's like an orange, so nice;
She gives for each lover a slice,
In truth, she's to me,
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man.

Like a mill, like a pile,
Like a sail, like a whale,
Like an axe, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man.

Like a fly, like a shower,
Like a fox, like a pie,
Like a pea, like a soap,
Like a thief, like a brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman

Interesting Tale.

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]
THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My heart ached for the wretched man. His
depression was over; his nerves unstrung; the
normal sensibilities of a fine moral nature,
quicker, after a brief torpor, into most acute
perceptions. Such a beggarly face! Such
hopeless eyes! I see the picture now, as a
haunting specter.

Let the memory of this hour, so burdened
by pain and repentance, be as a wall of
defense around you in all the future, I said.

He looked at me drowsily. Slowly shaking
his head, he replied:

"Such memories are no defense. My soul
is full of them. When temptation assails,
they fall away, and I am at the mercy of the
devil, who rushes in, like a hungry wolf, to
kill and to destroy."

He there no help for you, then? I asked.

"He there his eyes and very still. If an
artist could have seen his face then, and
faithfully caught its expression, those who looked
upon the image must have felt such pity in
their hearts as makes the eyes grow dim with
tears."

I fear not, he answered, after a little while
in a hopeless kind of way.

"It cannot be. I spoke confidently and
sincerely. No man is given over to such
torment. There must be, and there is, a way
of escape from every evil."

"Exempt the evil of a bad and degrading
habit—that vile second nature," he answered.

"The steady current of which is forever bearing
him down, downward, downward, toward a storm-
wrecked ocean. He may seize the oars in
alarm, as I have done scores of times, and
pull against the current, making head for a
little while. But human strength avails not
here. The arms grow weary, the spirit flags—
it is easier to drift than row, and down the
current bears him again. It is the history of
thousands and tens of thousands, and I am no
exception."

"It cannot be, I answered. There is help
for every man, no matter how weak, nor how
beset by enemies, else God's word must fail."

"Does help, I think, he answered, in a
gloomy, despairing kind of way.

"No! no! no! Quickly and emphatically
did I reject his conclusion."

"Have it as you will. I shall not argue the
point. He spoke almost bitterly."

"Then, I say, there is help for every man,"

no matter where he is or what he is. We
cannot fall so low that the Everlasting arms
are not still beneath us, ready to bear us up-
ward to mortal heights of safety.

Oh, that those arms would bear me up-
ward! almost groined my poor friend. I have
no strength in myself. I cannot climb. Un-
less lifted by another, I must perish.

So bad as that? I said.

Just so bad, he answered, slowly and bit-
terly. This second nature I have made for
myself, is my ruler. Reason, conscience, the
love of my wife and children, my good repu-
tation, pride, manliness—all human powers
and virtues are its slaves. And such a bond
age!

There was not a ray of hope in his dreary
eyes.

You must try again, I said, cheerily. No
man need be a slave.

Easily said! was his impatient answer;
while yet all men are slaves to some habit
from which they cannot break.

Say, rather, from which they will not
break.

You look me with idle words.

No; I speak only the words of truth and
sobriety. There is human strength, and
there is divine strength. The Everlasting
arms are always beneath us, ready to bear us
up, if we will but lean upon and trust them.
Human strength is but as a broken reed; di-
vine strength is sure as God himself. It never
fails.

There came into his heavy eyes a feeble
play of light. The stern rejection that sat
upon his lips faded off.

In our own strength, nothing, I said; in
God's strength, all.

I saw his hands moving in an uncertain
way. Then they rested on against the other
solidly they were clasped together in a
kind of prayer, while his eyes flew upward
in a half-deprecating appeal to God, his lips
beginning out the words—

"Save me, or I am lost!"

Even now, memory gives back the thrill
that swept along my nerves as his cry pen-
etrated my ears.

Never from any human soul went up, un-
heard, a prayer like that. He who once and
forever took upon himself our nature, and who
went in all points tempted as we are, yet with-
out sin and who is touched always with the
feeling of our infirmity, stands close beside us,
looking at the door of our hearts, that he
may come in and help and save us. All this
is power before him. Impure desires flee
from his presence like night birds when the
sun arises; and the cords of evil habits are
broken, as the withes that bound the arms of
Samson, at his lightest touch.

I waited for a little while without speaking,
watching him closely, to see if he would rise
to anything like confidence. Gradually, the
hard, desponding look faded from his counte-
nance, and I saw a calm resolve begin to show
itself about his mouth.

One effort more, he said, at last, speaking
slowly, but very firmly. One effort more, but
in my own strength. I have tried that too
often, and shall never try it again. I give up
the struggle as hopeless. If God fails me, I
am lost.

What a fearful crisis! If God fail? He
never fails—never nearer to us, nor stronger
in our hearts, than at the moment when, despair-
ing of our own strength, we turn to him. The
only danger lies in our not trusting him fully.

But how shall I trust him? How shall I
get a transfer of his strength to my will?
How is it that his power can supplement my
weakness? I am always down in the valley
of sin and shame; how am I to get upon the
mountains of purity, peace and safety? Will
he bear me up on the wings of an eagle?
Or must I climb and climb, from day to day,
until I reach the summit?

"You must climb, I said.

"I cannot, I have no strength. I have
tried it a hundred times, and failed. He
answered with returning doubt.

"And will fail again, if you trust in your
own strength. But with God given strength,
used as your own, the ascent is sure."

"Ah! I see! Light broke all over his face.
"See! I see! he repeated. God does not
lift us out of our sin and misery, but gives us
strength, if we ask him in all sincerity,
which we do ourselves."

Yes.

"It is very simple and clear. He draws a
long breath of relief, like one who has a load
taken from his mind.

"The law of our dependence on God for
help, I said.

"Yes. And now I see the meaning of this
moment, in an old hymn I often heard sung
when I was a boy, and which always struck
me as a paradox:—

"When I am weak, then am I strong."

"The Christian poet, I answered, lifted into
something of inspiration, often sees truth in
clearer light than we who are down among
the mists and shadows.

"Alas! he sighed; your closing words re-
mind me of the depths at which I lie, and the
almost infinite distances above me to which I
must ere out of danger."

And to which you may surely rise if you
will. I answered, with cheerful assurance.

By God-given strength only! he spoke
solemnly.

Aye; never, never for an instant lose sight
of that! Never, no matter how strong you
may feel that you have grown, trust in your-
self. In the hour of temptation, look upwards,
praying in the silence of your heart for
strength to resist.

Best of friends! he exclaimed, in deep emo-
tion; You must have been sent to me by God.
Hope dawned on a night that has been starless.
I see the way of safety—for me the only way.
No one knows but myself how hard I have
tried to reform, nor in how many ways I have
sought to escape from a terrible thralldom.
But all has been in vain. When this ro-
moreless appetite that has enslaved me, as-
serted itself, my will became as nothing.

Long time we talked, I saying all that I
could to strengthen him.

On the next Sunday, much to my surprise
and pleasure, I saw him at church with his
wife. I could not remember when I had seen
him there before. At the close of the ser-
vice, as I moved down the aisle with the
crowd, some one grasped my hand and gave
it a strong pressure. I turned and looked into
the face of the friend I had tried to save.

"Oh, Martin! I said, as I received a glance
full of meaning, and then returned his hand
pressure.

We walked for a few moments side by side
without speaking, and then we separated by
the crowd.

On the Sunday following, he was at church
again; and Sunday after Sunday found him
in the family pew that for years, had seen him
so rarely.

Three or four months went by, and Martin's
feet were still in the paths that led upwards.
But one day, I was shocked to hear that he had
fallen again. On careful inquiry, I learned
that he had been with his wife to an evening
entertainment, given by a citizen of high
rank and standing, whose name is on every
lip as munificent in charity; but who, what-
ever may be his personal conviction, is not
brave enough to banish wine from his gen-
eral board to which he invites his friends.

I learned still further, to my grief and
pain, that the glass which broke down the
good resolution of Martin, and let in upon
the fierce flood of repressed appetite, was pro-
ffered by the hand of this good citizen, as
he

I lost no time in going to my poor friend.
I found him away down the valley of humili-
ation, his soul in the gall of bitterness. Shame
and sorrow were in his heavy eyes; but not
despair. I took hopeful notice of this.

It is very hard for us, all but God-forsaken
wretches! he said, bitterly, after the first
formal sentences had passed between us. Mr.
— is a man of generous feeling. He
gives, in a princely way, to churches and to
charities; is one of our best and most liberal
citizens; and yet, after I have taken a few
steps heavenward, he puts a stumbling block
in my way and I fall back towards hell!

You could not have fallen over any stum-
bling block man or devil might place in your
way, I answered, if you had been walking in
divine, instead of human strength.

Will do I know that, he replied.

And so, I said, let this sad fall keep you in
a more vivid remembrance of human weak-
ness. Never for one instant trust in yourself.
Stand perpetually on guard. The price of
your liberty is eternal vigilance.

It is a hard fight, he said, with a sigh, des-
pondingly.

Life is a warfare, I replied. We are all
beset with enemies, who know too well our
vulnerable places, enemies that never sleep;
implacable, cruel, ever seeking our destruction.
I, you, all men have them. Trusting only in
human strength, no one gains a victory; but
in divine strength the issue of a battle is sure.
And so, my friend, gird up your loins again,
be wary and vigilant.

Hope and courage came back into his heart.
"Beware of ambush," I said, as I parted
from him that day. "The enemy coming on
you unawares, is more to be dreaded than
when he forms his line of attack to the sound
of trumpets. Seek no conflicts; keep off his
ground; but when he comes forth to meet
you, giving challenge, do battle in the name of
the Lord."

(To be continued.)

The Story of a French Freemason—How His Life was Saved.

(From the London Times.)

The present war has been prolific in il-
lustrations of the value of Freemasonry in dan-
gerous emergencies, and the anecdotes are
endless of the lives saved by its means.
Among the cart loads of wounded of both
nations which arrived from Sedan were two
men, whose consideration for each other was
so marked as to occasion inquiry. They were
the Prussian and the French uniform respect-
ively, and though neither could understand a
word of the other's language they shared their
ration, and seemed to be interchanging signals
of amity all day long. Their story was a very
simple one. The Prussian who is an officer,
and a man of 35 or so, with a stern, grave face
and a heavy overhanging moustache, had met
the Frenchman, who is at least a dozen years
his junior, on the battlefield, the latter being
supported by a couple of comrades.

Twice did the wave of the conflict bring
these men in contact, and on the last occasion
the Prussian, who was himself badly wounded
in the chest, pressed the young Frenchman
hard, and had indeed his sword uplifted to ad-
minister the coup de grace, when the latter,
who was faint from the loss of blood, made a
hasty sign to his victor which caused the latter
to stay his hand. Parley was impos-
sible, both from the exigencies of language and
the turmoil of battle; and besides, both men
lost consciousness and fell at each other's side.

It turned out that the young Frenchman had
been a Freemason a few months before the
outbreak of the war, and he had instinctively
made the sign by means of which mem-
bers of the fraternity are taught to ask their
brethren for help. The Prussian was an old
Mason, who recognized it instantly, who, as
instinctively paused, and before there was
time for consideration both men fainted away.
When consciousness was restored they found
themselves side by side, and with the land
dying round them.

By a strange coincidence, their wound-
ers' such that each could give the other
some slight relief, and the late enemies em-
ployed their weary hours, in which they lay
disabled and unattended, in rendering their
kindnesses to each other, and in thus convert-
ing the friendship, which had begun so strangely,
into a bond of brotherly love. When help came,
they were permitted to keep together, telling their
story with considerable effluence to the doctor,
who after some time came to them on the field.

This gentleman, who was not a military sur-
geon, but a member of the blessed society
which dwelt from Geneva, raised his hands in
pleased astonishment at the tale he heard,
and at once showed himself to be a Free-
mason too; so that three brethren of the mys-
tic tie were to be seen wondering over the
strange chance which had thrown them to-
gether.

The wounded men were supremely satisfied
at the result, and their story has given them
quite a celebrity among their fellow-sufferers.
At Igas, where the French prisoners were
placed after the capitulation of Sedan, and
where, it is but too true, they were all but
starving some of their numbers contrived to
make it known to their captors that they were
Masons, and though this was ineffectual in
any instance, the sturdy and unimpaired
Prussian laughing the Masonic gestures to
scorn, when he succeeded in obtaining the
little comforts which were priceless. A stout
trooper was seen handing a warm fricassee
to one prisoner, and giving part of his ration
to another; and explained this conduct to an
inquirer with a sheepish smile which spoke
volumes. "They are my brothers," though I
have fought with them, and they are hungry
and cold, and must be helped. They would
do it for me." These are mere typical cases.
But it is impossible to mix much with the
troops, particularly after a battle, without
hearing of kindred instances of Masonic use-
fulness.

A Savage Grizzly.

On the 18th ult., says the San Jose Inde-
pendent, three men whose names are unknown,
but who had been keeping a dairy on a
San Benito Rancho, came to their death in a
most horrible manner. On Thursday one of
their cows strayed away and was lost. On
the next morning before breakfast, two of
them started out to take a look for the mis-
sing animal. After travelling on the ravine for
some distance they discovered the cow lying
among the brush.

Thinking she was asleep they went up to
start her home; but it appears that the cow
had been killed by a grizzly, who was at this
ed the bear leaped upon the foremost one, and
throwing him to the ground, tore out his en-
terails, and then seizing the second, caught his
head in his mouth, and bit it entirely off, man-
aging it fearfully. The bear then resumed
his position by the body of the dead cow.

The man who was first attacked did not die
immediately, but had strength enough left to
drag himself a short distance from the spot
in the mean time the other two, at the camp

having prepared breakfast, went out to call up
his companions.

Finding their trail he followed it until he
saw the cow lying in the bushes, and thinking
he would drive her home he approached the
spot, when the bear springing upon him in-
stantly killed him, mauling him in a most
horrible manner. The surviving victim who
was lying in the brush at a short distance
from the scene, witnessed his approach and
death, but was so terribly wounded that he
was unable to give any warning. The bodies
were found a short time afterward and con-
veyed to camp, where the survivor died dur-
ing the ensuing night, after relating the affair
as we have stated above. The bear is the
same one that has been in that vicinity for
the past ten years, it being known from its
peculiar track, having lost three of the toes
from one of its feet.

The Oldest Relic of Humanity.

The oldest relic of humanity extant is the
skeleton of one of the earlier Pharaohs, en-
cased in its original burial robes, and wonder-
fully perfect considering its age, which was
deposited eighteen or twenty months ago in the
British Museum, and is justly considered the
most valuable of its archaeological treasures.

The lid of the coffin which contains the royal
mummy was inscribed with the name of its
occupant, Pharaoh Merneptah, who succeeded
the heir of the builder of the Great Pyramid
about ten centuries before Christ. The moun-
tain whose crumbling tones and leathery in-
struments are now exciting the wonder gazers
of London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon
was born, and only eleven centuries or so after
Mozaim, the grandson of father Noah, the
first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to
his fathers. The skeleton of the deluge
would scarcely have been obliterated when
this man of the early world lived, moved, and
had his being.

Apocryphal of an absurd contest that recently
took place in England, in which competition
"good character, business habits, neatness of cos-
tume and respectability," were the chief points,
the following witty verses have been published.

"The Ten Little Niggers," made so popular by
the Christy's, of course suggested the lines:—

Ten little hermits, sitting in a line,
One answered saucily, and then there were nine.
Nine little hermits, trying to be great;
One looked too pompously, and then there were
eight.

Eight little hermits—one came from Devon,
Not quite gentle enough—and then there were
seven.

Seven little hermits—one was up to tricks,
Glancing at the gentlemen—and then there were
six.

Six little hermits, eager all to strive;
One fell to quarrelling, and then there were five.
Five little hermits, coming up their store;
One showed his dirty hands, and then there were
four.

Four little hermits evidenced their glee—
One not "respectably"—and then there were
three.

Three little hermits said it was "a do";
One said it badly—and then there were two.
Two little hermits wished it all was done;
One yawned too plainly, and then there was one.
One little hermit thought it "ramous fun";
She took the prize—and then there were none.

A tall, long-jegged Yankee from up coun-
try, distinguished by a little head perched on
a crane's neck, accounted with a swallow-tail
coat and pantaloons that refused to be
coaxed down to his ankles, boots shining with
tallow, and hat that scorned over a half inch of
brim, stalked into a city hotel lately to get
what he called a "fancy dinner." Being seated
at the table, and asked by a servant what
he would have:

"Waal I down, I don't know," said he, eat-
ing his soup, and the long array of friends
doux, coquettes, ragouts, a together, "kicks
shaw" on the bill of fare, which confounded
him with their variety, while he despised of
grappling with them all, "what would you
take squire, if you were in my place? I can't
eat all of I never was to have another meal
of vittles from now till the snow flies."

"Wouldn't you like some soup?" said the
waiter.

"Waal squire, you're 'bout right, I reckon;
bring on your soup, and I'll pitch into your
biled vittles. You tax all the sum they say,
it's 'hard chosin', so I'll stay on plate
'through the lot—I will if I can!"

Evil and idle words in my seem, as they are
uttered, light and trivial things; yet if light,
they are like the flames of the middle dyer,
each feather with that on the slightest
breath of wind will fan the germ of a serious
wrong.

Turkey has mastered the secrets of the
entire empire.