



INSUMPTION, NG COMPLAINTS.

It is known remedy to the public, and
the experience of over forty years, and when
in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy

Cold, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza,
cough, Hoarseness, Pains or
coughs in the Chest and Side,
Bleeding at the Lungs,
Liver Complaint, &c.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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E VARIIS SEMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cyc

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Interesting Tale.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

I think Edith St. Ledger was the laughtiest, proudest woman I ever saw. I do not believe in pride of any description. Let us have unlimited self-respect, and something of self-esteem, but no pride; for all pride is false and sinful in the sight of Heaven.

Yet Edith St. Ledger had it in almost every form. She was born with a taint of it, and it had been the daily and hourly lesson taught her by her proud father, until, at twenty-one years of age, she was all his vain old heart could desire.

She was proud of her ancient and romantic name, brought down through many generations from a princess whose beauty and accomplishments had made her the envy of queens; proud of her aristocratic home, of her untainted name, of her own fair self. Indeed, like Miss MacBride.

"She was proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride."

Yet she was not at all supercilious or overbearing, with all her pride; she was too well-timed and too proud for that. And she had many friends, though no intimates; and she had had many offers, as one so fair and attractive must needs have—eligible ones, too; young Wallace, son of a retired merchant and worth half a million—spotless integrity, and the beauty of an Apollo; Correll James, a dandy, rolling in wealth; Albert Lachon, wealthy, and a scion of nobility. But Edith St. Ledger turned them all away from these and many others, and still sat beneath her father's roof, "in maiden meditation, fancy free." "Waiting for a king in a golden chariot, drawn by twenty-four steeds, to come and call for her." So said some.

"But whatever the cause might be, I was very glad that she still sat there, on one morning in June when I received a note from her."

It is very lonely here just now," she wrote, and I am pining for something of society. I want you and a few friends to come down for a fortnight or three weeks. The country is at its best, and I promise you a pleasant visit. Jerrald extends an invitation to your brother, and requests him to bring a few of his friends. Jerrald was Miss St. Ledger's brother, a gay, pleasant youth one year younger than his sister, and with only a small portion of the family pride.

I showed the letter to John. We will go, of course? I asked.

Of course, John responded. It seems to me Miss Edith has come down a peg, to ask us, and we ought to encourage her in her efforts to reform. Yes, we'll go. I will take Charley Dorris, Jerome Leicester, Leander Covill, and Ben West. That will be just a nice little company.

Ben West! I exclaimed. Why, John, he mustn't go.

I'd like to know why? I demanded John. Plain enough, I answered; he is neither rich nor aristocratic, and is not at all of the St. Ledger set. He is a wild, reckless wayward, and I am sure they will never forgive you if he goes.

I can't help it, then, said John. Jerrald said bring some friends, and Ben West is my best friend, and he goes, if I do.

I was vexed and alarmed, but knew it was useless to say more. Ben West, the wildest, strangest, most unceremonious of mortals, who had nothing but his handsome face and his wit to recommend him! He to be a guest of the St. Ledgers! Not a bad fellow, I guess, people said of him, but so peculiar—but so wild, always the after clause following whatever meagre praise had been bestowed.

That he was peculiar, was undeniable. He had been around the world, and worked his passage all the way. He had been expelled from college when half way through for non-observance of rules; had studied for law and medicine, and after six months at each, discovered that neither was congenial to his tastes. Then he became a temperance lecturer. Ben's father had died a drunkard, and I used to think his only serious and earnest thoughts were upon the temperance question. At length he took to farming, and in this he succeeded well, and as he told us, had one of the best farms in the West. But he tired of that, and, renting his farm, came East, and was now clerk in a mercantile establishment. I remember John was a partner in the house, and I think this clerk was dearer to him than any of his upper ten friends. And it was through this that Ben West got into our set. He never sought it, never was presuming or familiar in any way. But there was not a man of my acquaintance that carried his head any higher than Ben West. And somehow he commanded respect, with all his wild ways and careless whimsies.

Nevertheless, I shivered a little when he was introduced to Edith St. Ledger. But he carried himself like an emperor, and Edith was as coldly gracious as to Leander Covill, the millionaire.

Perhaps she doesn't know who he is, I thought, and dreaded the time when she should see him. Not that she would be at all uncivil, or by word or deed express her displeasure; but I felt that John and I would surely lose favor in her eyes; and she was such an aristocratic friend for one to claim. I was only a silly city girl, you know.

We chanced to stand by the hall door that evening, when Mr. St. Ledger and lady, and brother John, came from the garden.

Who is this Mr. West, John? He is the only gentleman of the party I have never seen.

It was the even voice of Mr. St. Ledger. I watched Edith's face as the answer came—"One of my clerks; the best fellow that ever breathed"—but her face was cold and I reserved as ever.

A clerk! Ah! he must be quite remarkable to deserve such praise from you, Mr. D. So. And I knew his old heart was shut forever to Ben West by his freezing tone.

This is the gentleman who has pursued so many different vocations, and is altogether so peculiar, is it not, whom I heard your brother speak of last winter?

It was Edith St. Ledger that spoke, and I saw now that she knew Ben's history.

Yes, I said, and I ought to apologize for his presence. He is not of our set; but John calls him his best friend, and was determined to bring him. I was much opposed to it.

It is damp here in the air; let us go in, and Edith closed the door and turned toward the parlor.

So the conversation ended, and I was no nearer her feelings upon the subject than before.

The next morning we entered upon the pleasures we had planned. There was an exploring expedition to the woods in search of a suitable spot for a prospective picnic.

Miss St. Ledger was unusually brilliant that day, and Leander Covill lingered at her side, spellbound. Everybody knew the bachelor-millionsire was "head and ears" in love with Miss St. Ledger. And everybody knew that Miss St. Ledger was as cold to him as she had been to his predecessors. Coquetry was not her line. Her lovers never heeded her in the clear eyes, and the proud turn of the head, meant "as surely as the spoken word did. And yet they never would believe it until it came from her lips.

She was icily cold to Leander Covill that day. I walked just behind him, and saw it all. Every attempt at a compliment was met with that proud curve of the neck and head. And I said to myself—"His fate is sealed, and why can't he see it?"

We had prepared ourselves with small baskets containing dinner, to be eaten in the woods. Our respective escorts carried them, but Miss St. Ledger held her own.

I beg of you, let me carry that, pleaded Mr. Covill for the third time.

Let us all rest under this tree, was Miss St. Ledger's only response. And there was a general halt along the line, and a rest of a few moments.

Come laggards, cried Ben West, starting up, I am in haste to reach the wood. Let us go on and get dinner.

Everybody laughed, as they always did when Ben West spoke. He said so many funny things that people were always prepared for them, and laughed whatever the words proved to be.

Mr. West, called the voice of Edith St. Ledger, and all the conversation was hushed to listen.

Mr. West turned courteously. Well, Miss St. Ledger.

Will you be so kind as to carry my basket—it is getting very tiresome?

With the greatest pleasure, and Ben West resumed his place with the basket in hand.

No wonder there was a moment's silence, and Leander Covill's lip curled. For who ever knew the proud Edith to ask a favor of any man before?

We reached the wood, and our escorts resigned the baskets for us to prepare lunch, while they cleared away the underbrush.

Ah! sighed Ben, as he seated himself in the circle around the dairy feast. It was the thought of this moment that strengthened me through our weary pilgrimage. This was the beacon light that lured me on—this the staff on which I leaned.

A general laugh went around, but Mr. Covill curled his lip.

What a clown the fellow is! he said just loud enough for Miss St. Ledger's ears.

I saw her curve her neck, and when we returned she walked with Ben West.

The next day we had an equestrian excursion. Mr. Covill sought my side—to pique Edith, I thought. But she rode on, seemingly unconscious, with Jerome Leicester, until his girls had to be tightened, when Ben West who had ridden alone, filled the vacancy.

I heard Edith St. Ledger laugh as she never laughed before that day; and I wondered if she had really turned coquette. He did not seek her side on our return, and she rode with Charles Dorris, her old, proud self again.

Our picnic came off in due time, just when the strawberries were ripe. It was largely attended, and Ben West was the life of the company. It was that day I read the proud heart of Edith St. Ledger. We were standing together, with Mr. Covill, under an oak, a little apart from the others. Ben had said some very funny thing, in that grave way of his, and there was a perfect shout of laughter raised.

What a brainless clown that West is, Covill said. I believe he never had a serious or sensible thought in his life.

Edith St. Ledger turned away her face, and seemed to be looking at a group of children. But I saw a deep, quick color rise to her face, her lips quivered, and her large, cold eyes grew warm, and filled with tears. And then I knew that Edith St. Ledger loved Ben West.

They did not seek each other's society after this, openly, at least; and I think I was the only one of the party who had a suspicion of her secret.

It was the third week of our visit, and we were to start cityward in two days. Ben West was not going back with us. He had received communications from the West, and must return to his farm.

I was out in the garden, sitting just outside a rustic arbor. It was late twilight, and I did not see that there were forms approaching until I heard the voice of Ben West and Edith St. Ledger as they entered the arbor. Well, I could have gone away, but I sat still and listened. And dare you say you would not have done the same?

I was mad, crazed, I knew, ever to think of you, I heard Ben West say. But I did think of you—and to think of you is to love you. I give to you the first and last love of my heart. I did not know I could love until I saw you. I know I am not the shallow senseless clown you think, Edith St. Ledger. I sometimes feel like grinding these men who sneer and scoff at me under my heel, knowing and feeling that in the sight of God, I live a better life than they. The mortal does not live—never did live—who could say I ever harmed soul or body. And many a one does live, thank God, who thinks kindly and gratefully of me to day. I tell you this not to boast, but because I cannot bear to go away, never to see you again, without telling you what I am, not what I seem. He paused here, and I heard the voice of Edith, low and tremulous:

I have not thought as harshly of you as you think I have thought. I think—and so something of a sob choked her speech.

Edith, can it be—O Edith! and I knew that Benjamin West was a happier man just then than he ever dreamed of being on earth.

The silence was broken by him. I go West to-morrow night on the twelve o'clock train. I have a humble, a very humble home to offer you. There will be no voice to bid you go; and will you go with me?

If I go, it must be without the consent of parents or friends. You know what they would say. I love you, I love you—but oh, how can I leave them all? She broke off, weeping softly.

You must think of this, Edith, and do just as your heart tells you. I offer you my whole life and God knows I will tenderly care for you. But do not come unless you can give yourself in love and faith to my keeping. I shall bid farewell to my friends to-morrow evening. If you say "good night," I shall know what it means, and at eleven I will be in the lane with a carriage. Good night, Edith, and he kissed her and was gone.

The next evening the gentlemen lingered long over their wine.

Come, Ben, drink with us this last night of a pleasant month, cried young St. Ledger, holding up a glass invitingly.

I never drink wine, or any liquor whatever, I heard Ben answer as we passed out of the room. And a beautiful flush of joy and content stole over Edith's face.

An hour later, Ben West made his adieu. He passed around the room, shaking hands and speaking words of farewell, and came to Edith last.

I may never see you again, Miss St. Ledger, he said quietly; but I saw his hand tremble and his face quiver. "Good by." And I held my breath to hear her response. It was low, and not audible across the room.

Good night, Mr. West. I trust we shall meet again, and she gave him her hand. And I alone knew the emotions of those two hearts.

I did not retire with the household that night, but waited in my room till almost eleven. Then I stole softly down to the hall, just as Edith St. Ledger, cloak-d and veiled, was gliding through the door. I laid my hand on her arm.

Hush! I said, as she started in terror. I heard all in the arbor to-night, and I want to ask you if you know what this step means. No more ease and idleness, luxury and pleasure. Ben West is a poor man and a farmer.

Yes, she said, I know. It means a better life than I have lived. It means something nobler than I have ever known. Ben West is the only man I ever loved, and I am going with him. Good night. And she was gone. She is won; they are off over, bank, bush,

and scour. They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar, I said to myself as I sought my pillow.

You can imagine next morning. A little note told the story, and Edith St. Ledger's haughty father crushed it under his heel, and cursed his daughter forever.

But curses are not as terrible as they used to be in this cursing age. For Edith West is very, very happy, she writes me, and her husband is drarer to her every day, and her beautiful children are the flowers of the West.

And she hasn't a bit of pride left. Besides all this her father and mother were out to visit her last fall, and he brought back with him, and showed me proudly a curl of "the baby's" hair. So it ends like a fairy tale you see—Surely, love casteth out pride.

LORRRAINE.

So much interest attaches to this French Province now claimed by Prussia, that we copy the following history of it, for the information of our readers:

LORRRAINE was an ancient Kingdom in Germany; Lothair's Kingdom, Lotharii Regnum.—Lotharingia, Lorraine. It was dismembered some nine hundred years ago. Upper Lorraine became a duchy by itself in 1044. It was given to Stanislaus, ex-King of Poland, in 1736. At his death in 1766, instead of reverting to any German, it was hounded into the possession of the French, who, of course, hold on to it. Lower Lorraine is a part of Belgium, and the earliest severed fragment has long been a part of Prussia. The French portion became the Province of Lorraine, and is the only territory now understood by that name. It is about a hundred miles square, bounded north by Belgium, east by Alsace, south and west by France. Its principal towns are Metz, Nancy, Bar le Due, and far to the south, Epinal. In the western part French is spoken, in the eastern a dialect called German Lorraine. The population of the Lorraine in 1862 was 1,296,125. Its mines furnish coal, iron, salt, silver, lead, copper, cobalt and antimony. The slope of the Vosges is rich in mineral resources.

What shall become of Lorraine? Its inhabitants would prefer to remain in France. France has no coal lands to spare. The Vosges form a better boundary between two nations than any line in Lorraine, or in its west boundary. The powers of Europe would not willingly see France weakened by the loss of Lorraine.

The Mother of Napoleon I.

Carlo Bonaparte and Letitia Ramolini were his parents. They had loved and been betrothed when she was only fourteen years of age; but their families were active political antagonists, and the marriage was deferred about two years, when the Paoli party, to which Carlo belonged, became absolute masters of Corsica and active strife ceased. They were wedded in 1766 by the archbishop, and received the blessing of her parents at the nuptials.

Count Marbeuf, the conqueror, was made Governor of Corsica, and Carlo Bonaparte and his family were highest on his list of personal friends. Ten years after that conquest the Corsican nobles sent Carlo to Paris as their representative in the popular branch of the imperial government of France. Leaving Letitia in charge of their growing family, he took Joseph and Napoleon with him. They crossed the sea to Leghorn and journeyed to Florence, where Carlo received from the Grand Duke, Leopold, a letter to his sister, Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France. She made Carlo a welcome guest at Versailles, when Napoleon, then ten years old, first looked upon that gorgeous palace of which he was afterward the master. Carlo left Joseph in a school at Autun, and thro' the influence of Governor Marbeuf he was allowed to place Napoleon in the Military Academy at Brienne, where the afterward eminent Pichegru was one of his instructors.

Six years later a heavy weight of misfortune fell upon Letitia. Carlo was attacked by the same disease which terminated the life of his most illustrious son at St. Helena thirty-six years afterward. He was alone to Montpellier, in France, for advice and remedies, and there he died, in 1785, under the hospitable roof of a girlhood companion of Letitia, the mother of the celebrated Marshal Junot.

When Carlo died Letitia was not thirty-five years of age, and had been the mother of thirteen children. Five sons and three daughters were yet living—a race of monarchs who occupied thrones and lost them during one of the most wonderful historical dramas, enacted in the space of ten years, the world has ever known. She saw them rise and fall while her tresses were yet dark, and the beauty of her youth yet bloomed on her cheeks and sparkled in her eyes. Her sons were Giuseppe, or Joseph, who was made King of Naples in 1806, and of Spain in 1808; Napoleon, who made himself Emperor of the French and disposer of thrones in 1895; Luciana, or Lucien,

who alone refused a crown, but accepted a principality, with its title, from the Pope, in 1808; Louis, or Louis, made King of Holland in 1806, and refused the crown of Spain in 1809; and Girolamo, or Jerome, who was made King of Westphalia in 1807, when that province was erected into a kingdom. The daughters were Maria Anna Eliza, who was created sovereign of Tuscany, with the title of Grand Duchess, in 1808; Carlotta, afterwards Maria Pauline, who, as wife of Prince Borghese, became the most illustrious Italian princess of her time; and Caroline Maria Amalie, the wife of Murat, who became Queen of Naples in 1808.

The young widow of Ajaccio had no reason to dream, in wild fancy, of the splendor that awaited herself and family. The latter were mostly little children—Jerome, the youngest, an infant in her arms. She was left with scanty means for their support and education. To these she devoted all her energies, with marvellous success. Strength, we have observed, was the prominent feature in her character, and this was displayed in the hour of need. Napoleon once said, "she had the heart of a man on the shoulders of a woman. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her; she endured all, braved all." This came at times thick and fast. Joseph, ever kind and good, helped her mother with all his might as he grew toward manhood; while Napoleon, a rather dull student in school at Paris, for that wonderful career which enabled him by imperial decree, to make sovereigns of his brothers and sisters, and to confer upon his mother the title of Madame Mere, equivalent to that of Empress Mother, with an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year—from "Madame Mere," by B. J. Lossing, in Harper's Magazine for October.

GREASE ON CARPETS.—There is nothing that annoys a tidy house-keeper so much as to have her carpet spotted with a lamp oil or grease, and we therefore make known for their benefit the following recipe for extracting oil or grease spots from carpets or clothes: Cover the grease spot with whiting, and let it remain until it becomes saturated with the grease; then scrape it off, and cover with another coat of whiting, if this does not remove the grease, repeat the application. Three coats of whiting will, in most cases, remove the grease, when it should be brushed off with a cloth brush. So says one who knows.

MAKING WILLS.—Lord Clyde wrote his will at his club on a sheet of note paper, in half a dozen lines, and it was duly proved; and there is a story of an hostler, who, being at his best guess, crawled to the corn chest, raised the lid, scrawled his parting injunctions on the wood with a piece of chalk, got a post boy and a stableman to witness his signature, and so died. The box lid was taken off its hinges, and satisfactorily proved in Doctor's Commons.

An old merchant instructed his clerk thus:—When a man comes into the store and talks of honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell to him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a shilling.

A SMART POSTMASTER.—Dr. Wynter, in his work, "The Curiosity of Toit," says a letter once came to Tunbridge directed, "The biggest fool in the world, Tunbridge." The postmaster endorsed it, "The postmaster of Tunbridge cannot decide to whom to deliver this to, as he does not know the writer."

The word "go" is an intrusive little monosyllable, and the art of leaving it out when it is unnecessary is the constant study of some dull people. Not so, however, a boarding-house keeper who calls up his servants of a morning, with "Get up, you lazy jades; breakfast has got to be got, and somebody has got to get up and get it."

SCENE IN COURT.—Lawyer: How do you identify this handkerchief? Witness: By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it. Counsel: That's no proof, for I have got one in my pocket just like. Witness: I don't doubt that, as I have had more than one of the same sort stolen.

Two men in Vienna recently passed an Austrian officer, who strutted up and down the street in his gold-embroidered uniform as majestically as a peacock. "Why," said one to the other, "that officer looks as proud as if he had lost the battle of Sadovaa all alone."

Why is the bridegroom worth more than the bride? Because she is given away, and he is sold.

A teacher, wishing to explain to a little girl, the manner in which a lobster casts its shell when it has outgrown it, said:—

"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?"

"Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."