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The Standard.

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 5. SAINT ANDREWS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1898. Number 8.

MONTHLY ALMANAC					Days
Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	
1	2	3	4	5	31
6	7	8	9	10	30
11	12	13	14	15	29
16	17	18	19	20	28
21	22	23	24	25	27
26	27	28	29	30	26
27	28	29	30	31	25
28	29	30	31		24
29	30	31			23
30	31				22
31					21

USEFUL MEMORANDA.
Average time of sunrise this week, 4.1m. after 6
Do. Sunset 5.1m. before 6
Moon's First Quarter, on the 31 at 5.5m. after 1
Do. Full 10.1m. before 8
Do. Last Quarter 19.1m. before 8
Do. New 28.1m. after 9
High Water at Full Moon 5m. after 11

From the Gentleman's Magazine. THE PHYSICIAN'S FEE. BY G. F. HILLY. (Continued.)

She opened the paper—Good Heaven! she exclaimed—a bank note for a generous sum told from its folds, and the astonished girl read, instead of a recipe—
"It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

CHAPTER III.

TRULY it is more blessed to give than to receive, when the object of our charity is known to be deserving. Young Herbert felt it to be so on his return home. He knew that his patient was poor, for every thing he saw spoke of extreme poverty—the humble dwelling, the scant furniture—the incoherent expressions of the sick woman, and if these were not enough, the purse with its few bits of copper and silver; and he knew she was worthy. The neatness and order of the room—the demeanor of the daughter—every thing around and about them convinced him that his gift was well bestowed. What argument he found for this conclusion in the brilliant charms of Ellen—and they never shone so conspicuously as in her assiduous attention to her poor mother—is not for us to say. Suffice it, that when young Herbert laid his head on his pillow, he felt more satisfied with his evening's performance than if he had received a good fat fee from a proud patient.

But how shall we describe the motions of Ellen on learning the contents of the pretended recipe? It would be difficult to paint them in all their variations. How deep was her intense delight at the unexpected treasure—coming in this, her sorest need; and then came other feelings. Should she accept this gift—from an entire stranger, too? Would it be proper? But had she a right to reject it? Was it not intended for her mother as well as herself? These and a thousand similar questions she put to herself, without, however, being able to solve them to her satisfaction. Never before did she so much desire her mother's counsel and advice. But when she thought over the situation in which she was placed, with no possibility of earning any thing by her own hands so long as her parent continued sick, when she thought of the extra expenses that must necessarily be incurred to provide articles for a sick room; and when she remembered, too, that she had not funds enough of her own to procure more than a week's provisions, small as were her wants—she decided at once to accept the gift.

We shall not attempt to analyze poor Ellen's feelings, as she sat that night by her mother's bedside, watching her uneasy slumbers. She thought—as it was natural that she should—much of her benefactor, but not in the light of a benefactor solely. There was an under-current of feeling, as she dwelt upon his personal appearance—his fine manly form—his expressive countenance, and his sympathetic tones, which she did not attempt to fathom. She suffered the stream to flow on in its seductive brightness, without questioning its source or destination. Thus she passed a sleepless, but not a wearisome night.

In the morning her mother's symptoms appeared much more favourable. Though wandering at times, she did not exhibit those distressing tokens which so alarmed Ellen the evening previous. It was with no small anxiety that she now awaited the expected visit of the physician. She listened with a throbbing heart to every approaching footstep—fearing yet desiring his presence. How should she acknowledge his donation—how express her gratitude? Should she be silent respecting it, or should she represent to him the true state of the case, and inform him that she should consider his gift as a loan, until she should be able to repay it? This last thought struck her the most favourably, and she resolved to be governed by it. She had scarcely arrived at this conclusion, when a chaise rattled up to the door. Presently footsteps were heard on his stairs. She started, and the blood flushed her cheeks as some one rapped on the door. She opened it, and the young physician entered. He, too, was slightly embarrassed. Hastily paying his respects, he approached the bed, and inquired after her patient.

"My mother rested exceedingly well last night," said Ellen, "and appears much better this morning—do you not think so, sir?"
"Why—yes—here is a surprising change!" said Herbert, as he felt Mrs. Lemand's pulse. I could not desire a more favorable case. But she requires great care and attention. Have you no friend, Miss Lemand, to assist you in the arduous duties of the sick chamber."

"I once had not, Mr. Herbert; for the poor—those who most need the blessing of friendship—are generally deprived of it. When we were in prosperity we reckoned friends; but when adversity came upon us, friendship took her departure."

"It is a bitter lesson we all must sooner or later learn," said Herbert. "I was early taught it. When I most desired friends, I found them not; but when I needed not their aid, then they crowded around me."

You said you once had no friend; have you been so fortunate as to secure one, Miss Lemand?"
Ellen felt her cheeks glow at this question. She hesitated a moment before replying; then, with a throbbing heart, and a slightly trembling voice, she said—"He who remembers the widow in her affliction—who feels it more blessed to give than to receive—has proved himself a friend indeed!" and she fixed her gaze earnestly on the young physician.

He started at this delicate acknowledgment and, taking Ellen's hand, with some warmth replied, "Miss Lemand, I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I thank God, who has given me the power, as well as the will, to do an act of kindness. But the trifle I left last evening must not be alluded to. We must be better friends—become better acquainted. You were not always as you now appear—you have seen better days. Am I too bold in thus seeking your confidence?"

Charles Herbert was a man of generous impulses. He walked through the world with a warmer heart, and had a more exalted opinion of human nature than most men. He was enthusiastic in his attachments. When once the fountain of feeling was stirred, it generally overflowed. Left in early life an orphan, he had struggled on unaided—buffeting the waves with a strong arm and a determined heart. He entered on the study of medicine with barely a change of raiment—a poor student thirsting after which others would have sunk. He bore up against trials which would have crushed a less determined man. The elements of greatness were implanted in his nature, and all the array of adverse circumstances could not subdue them. His career was upward and onward, as will be the course of all those who have fixed an eye on the goal, resolved to win it. He was now, at an early age in the enjoyment of the confidence of a numerous and wealthy class, reaping the harvest of his early sufferings. He ranked high as a young physician, and every day was adding new strength to his claims. Such was Charles Herbert; and with this brief exposition of his character, the reader will not be surprised at his address to Ellen, and the sudden proffer of his friendship. With such a cast of mind, the barriers of restraint are soon broken down and though Ellen shrunk with an instinctive delicacy from entering at once into a narration of her past history, she could not reject his friendly overture.

CHAPTER IV.

The winter months had passed away—Spring had come with her train of flowers and choir of singing birds, and nature was decked in her beautiful garments. It was evening, and the streets of the city were thronged with a gay crowd, enjoying the delicious atmosphere and the rich splendor of night. Every moving thing seemed glad, and in keeping with the freshness and beauty of the season. But, let us step apart from the crowd, and enter this genteel, looking house. The rooms, if not richly, are handsomely furnished. Every thing gives evidence of being arranged by the hand of taste. Its occupants consist of two females. One a middle-aged lady, bearing the marks of recent illness, reclines on a sofa: the other a beautiful girl of about nineteen, whose simple white dress sets off a form of exquisite proportions, is seated at a neat work-table, reading aloud in tones exceedingly rich and clear. The picture is one of pure, unadulterated comfort, and, were it not for the lines on the brow of the elder—those legions of care and suffering—one would suppose that sorrow had never shaded so fair and bright a scene.

"It is a sad story, mother," said the young lady, as she finished and laid aside the book, "and it bears a painful similitude to our own dark history."
"Without its happy termination, Ellen," replied the mother. "Perhaps if there had been a good physician nigh, the story would not have closed so darkly," and Mrs. Lemand fixed her eyes with an arch meaning on her daughter. A smile and a sigh struggled on the lips of Ellen.
"Our obligations to Mr. Herbert are many and great," said she, while a faint blush stole over her features. "Had it not been for him we might still have been the occupants of a hovel, and dependent on the precarious means by which we so lately were supported."

"You have often heard, my daughter, that God never resorts to ordinary means to accomplish His ends, and that He often causes good to spring from what we in our finite judgment call an evil. Instance my late sickness. To that we are indebted for the acquaintance of Charles Herbert—by him we learned the existence of that letter, the receipt of which has worked the change in our situation."

"True," said Ellen, "but we might have received the letter without the doctor's aid."
"We might, my dear, but"—continued her mother who never neglected an opportunity to enforce a useful lesson—"I had rather ascribe the changes that have taken place to a wise providence than to a blind chance."

And it was in this devout reliance that Mrs. Lemand found strength to bear patiently the ills of life. She had been schooled in adversity, as we have seen; but a submissive, docile spirit had shielded her in the hour of trial. "Thy will be done," were the magic words that buoyed her life-bark up, when tossed on a tempestuous sea. It formed the burden of a favourite song of hers, written by a friend of her husband and presented to her.

But how are we to account for this happy change in the circumstances of Mrs. Lemand? To enable the reader to understand it fully, he must go back with us to the sick chamber, which we left rather abruptly. We mentioned that Mr. Herbert took a deep interest in the welfare of the family, and made an offer of his friendship. He was one of those characters with whom one feels at home on a short acquaintance. We have all met with such in our intercourse with the world—men who win our confidence almost at first sight. Strangers though they are, the heart, as it were, goes out to meet them, and by a sort of spiritual magnetism, the affections become cemented in the solid bonds of friendship.

Mrs. Lemand's sickness continued for some weeks, and her recovery was slow. In the frequent visits of Herbert—and they were not all professional—he learned the history of his patient. This knowledge added to the interest he felt for the mother and daughter; and he determined in his own mind to restore them, if possible, to their former comfortable situation. We will not say that it was friendship alone that prompted him. If he had and his motive however, it will appear.

One morning, about six weeks after his introduction, he called rather early and unexpectedly. He apologised for his unannounced visit, by stating that he hoped he was the bearer of good tidings. Mrs. Lemand, who had so far recovered as to be able to sit up, smilingly remarked—
"If your tidings are very good, as a judicious physician you will break them to us gently, for we have been so long used to adversity, that like light to the recovered blind, sudden joy might be injurious."

One who can bear suffering so well need not fear from such a cause," replied Herbert. "But I am as much in the dark myself—here is what will solve the mystery," and he handed Mrs. L. a packet, sealed with black, and bearing a foreign post mark. "On looking over the papers," continued he, "I noticed an old advertisement, stating that there was a valuable letter in the Post Office, directed to Mrs. Ellen Lemand. I took the liberty of calling for it,—now for the mystery!"

Mrs. Lemand hastily broke the seal, and glanced over the letter. It fell from her hands, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "This is indeed good news," she exclaimed in an excited voice—"unexpected news!" Read the letter, Ellen—aloud, that I may not be mistaken—that our friend may share with us in joy—if, indeed, I do not dream?" Ellen took up the letter and read as follows:

Weymouth, England, Jan. 17, 18—
MY DEAR MADAM—It becomes my duty, as executor to my lamented friend, your late uncle, William Rakely, Esq., who died on the 30th ult. to inform you that he has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed to you the sum of £5000, as a testimony of respect for your late mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Thorpe. I am, madam, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
HENRY JAMISON.

"This is indeed good news!" said Herbert springing from his seat and clapping a hand on the mother and daughter. "Permit me to give you joy—heartfelt joy, on this occasion!" The reader must imagine the feelings of Mrs. Lemand and Ellen—thus raised, as they were, from the depths of poverty to independence. The legacy was in due time received from England. Mrs. Lemand procured another residence, and with a truly grateful heart, prepared to enjoy the blessings so unexpectedly allotted to her.

Physician's horses have a wonderful faculty, it is said, of recollecting the houses of their master's patients. At any rate, for a long time the doctor would have to pull the off time, when passing by the obscure street, down which the animal had daily been accustomed to trot. Nor was it long before his nag was wont to prick up his ears and street; for, with an instinctive sagacity, the noble beast knew that a longer call than usual was made on a certain patient, in a certain house. Indeed, at a particular hour in the day, he invariably bent his steps to that quarter. So accustomed had he been in the practice, that one day, at the usual hour, he started off on his own account with an empty chaise. When the doctor found the horse was missing, knowing, perhaps, his nature, better than the groom; he did not trouble himself about the elopement, but proceeded to call upon the forecast patient. There stood the animal, sure enough, at the accustomed spot, safe and sound, leisurely grazing the ground as usual. Herbert parried the jokes good humoredly played upon him by

Mrs. Lemand, as he best could. It was a marvel, to her, she said, that the doctor's horse should have such a liking to that particular post before her door—and she appealed to Ellen to solve the mystery.

This very act of the horse hastened an event which his master had long brooded over. When Ellen was appealed to, she left the room in some confusion. Her mother continued to banter Herbert, declaring she should not consider herself bound to pay a fee for every visit the horse took it into his head to make. She should surely protest the bill, if the doctor charged for every call.
"This is what troubles me," said Herbert, with more emotion than the occasion seemed to require—"I fear you will not allow my charges. Yet—" and he hesitated in some confusion—"yet—madam—I will make bold to present the bill." And he seated himself at the table, and scribbled on a piece of paper as follows—
Mrs. Ellen Lemand to Dr. Charles Herbert—Dr. For—family visits, \$—
Received payment in full by her daughter's hand.
CHARLES HERBERT.

"If this be allowed," said he, as he handed Mrs. L. the paper—"my hopes are sealed." She glanced her eye over it, and then, with a flushed countenance, and quivering lip, took the pen and wrote on the back of the paper—
"ACCEPTED, WITH ELLEN'S CONSENT!"
And Ellen! Why, she was a dutiful child, and—ratified the bargain!

PRINTERS' PROVERBS.

We recommend attentive perusal of these Proverbs to persons who are in the habit of frequenting Printing Offices.
Never inquire thou of the editor for news, for behold it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee without asking.
When thou dost write for his paper, never say unto him "what thinkest thou of my piece?" for, it may be, that the truth may offend thee.
It is not fit that thou shouldst ask him, who is the author of the article; for his duty requires him to keep such to himself.

When thou dost enter a printing office, have a care upon thyself, that thou dost not touch the type; for thou mayest cause the printer much trouble.
Look not at the copy which is in the hands of the compositor; for that is not labor in the sight of the Printer.
Neither examine thou the proof sheet; for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou may'st understand it.

PREFER thy country paper to any other; subscribe immediately for it, and pay in advance; and it shall be well with thee and thy little ones.

PORTING THE QUESTION.—What question? why any kind of question. There is nothing like choosing a proper time, place and manner. Circumstances, trifling in themselves, may alter the most important calculations. By asking a favor in the morning when it should be done at night, by selecting a dull day, when every body is in bad humor, you spoil every thing, and deserve bad luck for your want of discrimination.
There is no describing the cheerful influence which a bright blue sky, a glorious sun shine and clear moonlight night have upon the dispositions of men and women.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duty—maintains good order—who manifests an interest in the general welfare of society—whose deportment is upright and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ask whether he shoves the plane, swings the hammer or draws a thread.

THE HORSE.

(Continued from No. 6.)

We must, however, mention that the two horses slightly affected got well in a very few days, and the worst was at work, we think, in less than three weeks. They were kept at posting a considerable period without ever experiencing any return from that complaint or any other. The history of the worst case was this—The mare had for some time been looking unthrifty in her coat; this was attributed to an excessive hard day's work (when they were busy) but as she continued to eat and work as usual, no further notice was taken of it, until, from business being slack, they began to rest and physic such horses as they thought most needed it—this mare amongst the rest. After her physic she was again put to work as usual, though observed not to be so well, supposed from the physic's having weakened her, and that she would soon get round. Another day being busy on the road she was set to work, and to this day's work all the mischief was attributed, she being next day in the state described—covered with lumpy sores and glanders.

We have entered fully into this case to show the fully, generally speaking, of people physic their own horses in urgent cases.

Here we see from this common mistake, that horses' physic must be always purges, almost religious consequences follow. But had a veterinarian been called in at first, instead of opposing exhausted nature by another depression, he would have given new life and vigour to the constitution by a physic too generally neglected, (though dangerous improperly used), tonics. To those who are at too great a distance for the veterinarian's aid, whenever there is a running at the nose let it be kept well sponged up the nostrils several times a day, and keep the head pointed. It added to this the horse has a swelling under the jaws, watch its increase carefully, and give four drams of aloes in a ball. Give three of these balls, allowing just sufficient time between each for the physic to settle, resting the horse during the time. If you find by this treatment the lump under the jaw approaches suppuration, have patience till it is ready for the lance, then operate: you need not fear glanders here. Keep poulticing, and feeding the horse well with soft food, and he will soon recover. If very weak and poor give tonics. But should the swelling increase slowly, and not appear likely to come to a head, with the running at the nose as before, keep the horse carefully from this rest. Feed well and give tonics.

FOOD AND WORK.

We will now endeavour to fulfil the promise made last week to our correspondent, signing himself "a young Horsekeeper." The two questions as to the quantity of food horses require, and the work a horse ought to perform being blended together, we must answer under one head. The quantity of work, that is the distance which a horse may go through day after day, depends upon the price and the weight the horse is made to carry or draw; as well as the quantity and quality of his food, and the description of horse. Thus the cart horse from seldom exceeding a walk, frequently works ten and twelve hours per day, though eight hours is sufficiently long, and no horse constantly remaining without food for a longer period at one time can be kept in good condition. The weight this description of horse can occasionally draw is enormous. We know one which drew three and a half tons weight from Barclay and Perkins' brewhouse, over Blackfriars Bridge, (some years ago before the paving was altered, and when it was much more difficult than it is present) up Ludgate Hill and the Old Bailey. This horse constantly drew two tons, frequently in situations where three horses were generally employed. Brewers' horses draw little more than three quarters of a ton each besides the dray, and are well fed; they work from twelve to sixteen hours. The racer if taken, at to him a moderate pace; compared with the unwieldy dray horse, would be flying, and could travel more than one hundred miles in one day. But urged at his fullest speed, and that too with only a very light weight, one mile would most probably equal five yards at their utmost speed exhaust them.) For this reason, therefore, it is, all his powers are reserved for the last of the race, and he is only seen at his fleetest a few yards from the winning post. Neither could the cart horse be kept to the extent of his powers long. To draw the utmost weight his strength would allow, he would be exhausted in drawing to such success over a less space of ground than the racer is, at his fullest speed; neither is this exhaustion temporary, permanent marks remaining for ever after, which shew the horse has been made to exert his powers artificially. But we shall here, after have to treat of this, having shown the two extremes of horses with their extremes of work, we will now consider the food, and point out the proper work of the cart horse. Some are of course naturally much stronger, and better able to do more work than others; and that a weaker, smaller, and worse horse, well fed, is better able to do more than a flue, large, strong horse, ill fed. Horse masters and carmen will find that it is much more profitable, neither to overwork or ill-feed their horses; and all those who give but little nutritious food, will find the smaller horses most profitable; as they may be kept in condition on what a larger horse will starve; and a small horse in condition, can evidently do more than a wretched, starved, all skin and bone, with hardly a muscle enough to keep his skeleton upright, or spirit sufficient to move it along.

ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.—A learned astronomer of Bremen has made a calculation which is enough to make one tremble for the dreadful fate of posterity. According to the calculation of this sage, after the lapse of 83,000 years, a comet will approach to the earth in the same proximity as the moon after 4,000,000 years it will approach to the distance of 77,400 geographical miles; and then if its attraction equals that of the earth, the water of the ocean will be elevated 12,000 feet, and a deluge will occasionally ensue.