

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

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[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 36

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1872.

Vol 39

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## Interesting Case.

### TIMM'S STRATEGY.

#### A STORY OF EARLY CALIFORNIA LIFE.

Mapes was chivalrous by nature—he believed in "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." His enthusiasm was aroused by the recital of stories of deeds of desperate daring while he was not doing them; but he was not a success won by indirect means. Timms, on the contrary, believed there was policy in war, and that the end justified the means, particularly if the end was attained. Companions from infancy, their lives had been spent in competition for scholastic and such other honors as the locality afforded, without even a momentary break in their friendship. But now, in early manhood, they struggled for a prize of incalculable value, with an ardor that threatened a complete rupture of friendly relations. The heart and hand of Eliza Reed, the neighborhood belle, were to be won; and to these none other need aspire, in the face of such formidable competition as that of Mapes and Timms. They alone had a right to lay siege to the heart of that variable, irritable, imperious beauty, and for months the strife between them had gone on. Each one had called into play all personal resources; for the local society had taken such an interest that it was divided into two factions, known as the Mapesites and Timmsites. And yet Miss Eliza could not be brought to express a preference; if she rode with one to day, she'd walk abroad with the rival to-morrow.

Courtesy is delicious to a woman; and Eliza would not have been feminine had she been in haste to have made an election. Nevertheless, she did not intend to miss her opportunity. She knew well the war could not always last, and feared that when one of the aspirants for her favor withdrew from the contest, the love of the other, wanting the stimulus of competition, would grow cold; hence she had made up her mind that, upon the first favorable opportunity, she would signify to Mapes that his suit, so often pressed, was at last accepted. The opportunity, it seemed, was not to be long wanting; for invitations were given out for an apple-bee in the neighborhood, and Eliza found means to convey an intimation to Mapes that she expected to meet him there, and counted on his escort home at the conclusion of the frolic.

The appointed evening, looked for with such nervous anticipation by Mapes, came at last. He felt that it was the most important of his life, and arrayed himself as only a rustic dandy can. His way lay across a meadow, through which ran—or rather loitered—a deep but narrow stream, spanned by a single log. It was so dark when he reached this primitive bridge that he was compelled to feel his way slowly across. As he progressed it commenced to swing lightly—something very unusual—until he reached the centre, when, to his confusion, it gave way, and he was launched into the water. He scrambled out, then suddenly the night became luminous with that lurid light to which people refer when they say, in speaking of some profane wretch, "He swore until all was blue." Whatever illuminating qualities this lurid light possessed, it had no drying ones, and Mapes was forced to bid adieu for the night to all hopes of plighting his troth to the loved Eliza.

As usual, Eliza Reed was the belle of the occasion. Good looks, entire self-possession, and a keen satirical wit always assured her that position; and this night she shone with unusual brilliancy, until, as the hours wore away, and Mapes came not, she began to lose herself in pondering, and at length she asked Timms:

Is your friend Mapes ailing?  
I guess not, replied Timms; saw him to-day. He wasn't complaining.  
He denies himself much pleasure, said Eliza, in not coming here to-night, for this is the place

where we always have a good time. Aunt Judy knows how to give an apple-bee.

You let Mapes alone, answered Timms; "he knows what he is about."  
What do you mean? asked Eliza.  
Oh, I mean, replied Timms, "that Mapes is the prince of good fellows, and gets invitations where the rest of us don't."

Where is Mapes to-night? asked Eliza, now fully aroused.  
I don't know for sure, answered Timms. He told me to-day there were special reasons for his coming here, but that he had an invitation to the rich aristocratic Squire Hutton's who is celebrating his daughter's birthday, and that he didn't know which way he would go, and Timms turned away to talk to the next prettiest girl in the room.

Petted young women are seldom logical or patient. When the party broke up, Eliza accepted Timms's escort to her home, and before they arrived there she had consented to become with the least possible delay, Mrs. Timms. The next morning the engagement was announced, and preparations for the wedding commenced. Timms was exultant. Happy Timms!

For a few days Timms was not much seen in public, perhaps for want of courage to wear his honors openly, perhaps for want of courage to meet other contingencies—who knows? But a man cannot make arrangements for his own wedding from a fixed standpoint, and he was compelled to venture out. In a quiet and secluded way he met Mapes. The meeting to him was a surprise; he smiled feebly, and extended his hand. But Mapes, intent on business, strode squarely up to Timms and planted a vigorous blow on one of his eyes, which caused that gentleman to measure his length in the dust. Timms sprang to his feet and showed fight, but another blow on the other eye sent him again to grass, where he continued to lie.

Get up, said Mapes.  
You'll knock me down again, said Timms.  
Yes, returned Mapes, I will.  
Then I won't get up, said Timms.  
You're an infernal scoundrel, said Mapes.  
I can't help your saying so, answered Timms.  
You saved the log, said Mapes.  
What log? asked Timms.  
You saved the log, repeated Mapes, advancing a step.

Yes—stop, said Timms, I saw the log.  
Well, you needn't think, said Mapes, that after your marriage you're going to tell that story, and make me a laughing stock.

I'll never speak of it, winned Timms.  
Perhaps you won't say Mapes, but I'm going to swear you before I get through. There's another thing; you won the woman by your d—trickery, and I know it is in you to abuse her; so I'm going to swear you to treat her kindly.  
I'll swear, said Timms.  
Hold up your hand, said Mapes.  
Timms held up his hand.  
Now repeat after me:—

"I, Silas Timms, solemnly swear that I will never bring to the knowledge of any human being, that I saw the log whereby Daniel Mapes fell into the creek and lost a wife; and further, that I will, she consenting, marry Eliza Reed, and always treat her kindly, so help me God."

Timms repeated the oath, verbatim.  
Now get up and go home, said Mapes. I don't think you'll be married till you eyes get out of mourning, and by that time I'll be far enough away. But don't think I'll lose sight of you; and if you don't keep your oath you'll see me.

Timms arose from the ground, shook off the dust, and walked away; but when he had secured a safe distance, he shouted back exultingly:—"Mapes, she's an angel!"

In twenty years Daniel Mapes had learned many things, and among them was this: Life is very much as we make it. In other words, the world is like a mirror, and looks at us with the face we present. It returns scowl for scowl, and smile for smile. It echoes our sob and our laughter. To the cold it is as icy as the northern seas, to the loving it is as balmy as the idles of the tropics. He had learned a still harder lesson, which was to forget the griefs, the sorrows, the slights, the wrongs and the hates of the past. The effect of the lesson was to make it appear that the lines, to him, had fallen in pleasant places. His rotund form and firm muscles bespoke a good digestion, while a cheerful countenance told of mental peace. A fair woman named his husband, and children called him father. A beautiful home in the Santa Clara Valley was theirs; besides which, Mapes had many broad acres of land, as well as many head of stock running nearly wild in the counties of Monterey and San Luis Obispo.

Once in each year the cattle that graze on California's hills are gathered in bands at convenient places to be claimed by their owners—such assemblages being called rodeos—Mapes had been down across the Salinas Plains, upon a rodeo; and, being on his return, on his mustang, he saw, far in the dis-

tance, an equally lone traveller. Slowly the distance decreased; and as they approached, Mapes—with California prudence—slipped his revolver upon his belt, and within easy reach of his right hand. A near look assured Mapes that he had no occasion for weapons; the coming man was of middle age, but his look was worn, weary, dejected and hopeless—in local praise his manner was that of a person who had lost his grip; and those who have met that terrible misfortune are never high-way robbers, grip, being the very quality wanted in that hazardous pursuit.

The travellers met, with a long, inquiring gaze, when from their lips simultaneously burst the words, Mapes!—Timms! After a moment of mute surprise, Mapes, spurring his mustang, drew nearer Timms.

So—not at last, I have been waiting to see you this many a year.

The movement seemed ominous to Timms, and he cried out, Don't, don't shoot! I have no weapons. I never told the reason why you didn't attend the apple-bee, nor ever breathed a syllable about the saved log—upon my solemn oath.

I wasn't thinking of the ducking, said Mapes.  
Don't come any nearer, returned Timms. I have always tried to use that woman well; but she would not be used well!

It is no use to go over the grounds to me, Timms.  
But, replied Timms, you have no idea what that woman is; you wouldn't blame me if you only knew. She's broadest me till I ain't half a man.

Oh, I see, said Mapes.  
No, you don't see, replied Timms. You don't see half. Look at this scowl—taking off his hat and showing a long scar on his scalp, that was done with the skull-knife.

You have suffered, said Mapes.  
Suffered, returned Timms. You ought to have sworn her, too. If you only knew how I have thought of you, and of my oath to you; and how I have borne blows and been quiet—how I have been called a brute and fool and kept silent—how I have endured taunts and sneers, hunger and discomfort, without a word of reproach—you would forgive me; you wouldn't harbor thoughts of revenge.

Let us dismount and have a settlement, for I see my chance has come at last.  
Mapes would you take the life of an unarmed man?

Timms, you're crazy! Let me explain. It isn't for vengeance that I have wanted to see you. I have heard about you often—know all your life and experiences; and I have only wanted to meet you and offer you a home and friendship, employment and opportunities for prosperity, here in California. I owe you no debt but one of gratitude for the inestimable value you did me by that little job of carpenter work; and that I mean to pay. Come with me.

He took Timms' horse by the bridle, turned him about without remonstrance, and they travelled on in silence.

After a while Timms raised his eyes timidly from the ground, and said:  
Mapes, she's the devil!

A RESOLUTIONARY STORY.—A wealthy Scotman named McAlpine had settled near Saratoga Lake, not far from the centre of the State of New York. Being a Loyalist, he fled for safety to New York city, leaving his wife and family on the farm of some five hundred acres. Shortly after his retreat three men entered his house for the purpose of planning with their faces and hands blackened. Mrs. McAlpine recognized one of them as being a neighbor's son, named Elias Palmer. Among the furniture brought from Scotland was a looking-glass, said to be the largest in the country in those days. Palmer was taking it down from its place when Mrs. McAlpine said:—Elias I know you; my a good meal you have eaten in this house and slept quietly here too; and whenever you want to feel ashamed of yourself, look in that glass. Twenty years afterwards the writer saw the mirror in question in possession of said Elias Palmer. [From an article by Charles Hays, in the "New Dominion Monthly" for Sept.]

MARK TWAIN ON HIS TRAVELS.—I got into the cars and took a seat in juxta position with a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company for her—it insured her against ever getting married to anybody except a blind man. She was old enough to be great grandmother to Mary that had a little lamb, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a barbox and a cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said, the exigencies of the time required great circumspection in a person who is travelling. Says she, What? Says I, "The orb of day shines resplendent in the vault above." She hitched around uneasy like, then raised her umbrella, and said, I don't want any of your sass—git out! I got out.

The Ownership of the Highways.  
We copy the following, from Belcher's Almanack for 1870:—

"To whom do the highways belong? This was a question agitated in the Massachusetts at the time the law was passed there prohibiting cattle from running at large in the highways without keepers. Some pretended that they belonged to the town or country where they were located and that each individual had a right to use them for pasturage. This brought up another point, not quite so agreeable. If counties or towns owned the highways, they would readily be required to make and maintain one half of all the fences on the lines thereof, which would make a heavy and perpetual tax on the community, and be a great relief to individuals. But the common law of England, of some four hundred years standing, settles the matter very justly, where it says, 'The King himself, has no right to the highway, except for purposes of travel and repairs,—that the trees and stones, except such as are needed for repairs, belong to him through whose land the way passes.' Consequently, then, highways belong to those from whose lands they are taken, for all purposes except travel and the right to keep them in repairs; and any person has as good a right by common law, to turn his animals into his neighbor's fields to feed, as he has to turn them into the highway adjoining these fields. Wherever cattle are allowed to run at large in this Province, an incredible amount of fence must be maintained to prevent cultivated crops from the depredations of these street marauders, and, as running at large has the effect to make all animals unruly, this fence must be of a very substantial character to allow the farmer to sleep quietly and awake with the assurance that his crops were not in process of destruction. Besides, they were an annoyance to all passers by. Nervous matrons and sensitive young ladies were in constant danger of being gored by these brutes, and little children, on the way to school, must needs scold off and climb over the nearest fence for their life's sake. Taking all things into consideration, the wonder is that this universal road pasturing was ever tolerated. Those who do tolerate it must be greatly ignorant of the advantages arising from the enforcement of a law, whose effects, when strictly enforced, must be the admiration of all who have the working of where adopted. In fact, this excluding animals from the streets, so far as comfort and good looks are concerned, is one of the great improvements of the age, and shows a decided progress in civilization and refinement wherever it is practised."

The Green Countryman.  
Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall, muscular looking, raw-boned man, evidently a fresh comer from some back town in Maine or New Hampshire. According to the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked: "You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

Well, said the merchant, I don't know; what can you do?  
Do! said the man, I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want?  
Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow—one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee, like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down.

There, now, captain, said our countryman, that's just me. What will you give a man that can suit you?  
I tell you, said the merchant, if you will shoulder that sack of coffee, and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year, at \$100 per month.

Done! said the stranger; and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and were waiting to join in the laugh against the countryman, who, walking to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a book which was fastened to the wall, and hanging the sack upon it, turned to the merchant and said:  
There, now, it may look there till to-morrow, I shan't never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and \$100 a month, and it's all right.

The clerk broke into a laugh, but it was out of the other side of their mouths; and the merchant, discomfited yet satisfied, kept to his agreement, and to day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth half a million dollars.

The narrator was travelling over the Boston and Albany Railroad, recently, and went into a smoking car to enjoy his pipe. A young fellow was in the car, pretty well set up, with whom the conductor, had considerable trouble. On arriving at Springfield, the young man made a motion to get out. The conductor, however, was too quick for him, on

seizing him by the collar, he thrust him back into his seat, with the remark that he couldn't get any run there.

Lo! me out, said he to the conductor; it's a matter of the front's portance I sh'd get out; 'tis a fortune to me.

How so? asked the conductor.  
Why, you see, replied the fellow, 'f I get out and only take two glasses mo' (hie) I shall own the whole ra'toad.

SEPTEMBER.  
September strews the woodland o'er.  
With many a brilliant color;  
The world is brighter than before—  
Why should our hearts be duller?  
Sorrow and sadlet lea'  
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!  
Ah! this glory and this grief  
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this  
The time when friends are flying;  
And lovers now, with many a kiss,  
Their long farewells are sighing.  
Why is earth so gayly dressed!  
This pomp that autumn beareth  
A funeral guests, where every guest  
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here  
On some blue morn hereafter,  
Return to view the gaudy year,  
But not with boyish laughter,  
We shall then be wrinkled men,  
Our brows with silver laden,  
And then this play may seek again,  
But never more a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring  
Will touch her teeming bosom,  
And that a few brief months will bring  
The bud, the bee, the blossom;  
Ah! these forests do not know—  
Or would less brightly wither—  
The virgin that adorns them so,  
Will never more come hither.

DANCING.—A Bohemian declares that he heard a reel called out in a southern village as follows:  
Dance to the gal with the yellow shawl;  
Now dance outside and up the middle; turn to your partner, Isaac Snatch, and now to that entire stranger; saucer to the right and left; ra de tan, da da de; now to Peter Schweitchell's daughter; turn to your partner every one; set to the gal with the flaring frill; balance one and spin about to the gal with the hole in the heel of her stocking! And at the same dance he affirms that he overheard the following alterations: Look here, stranger, that's my wife you are dancing with; you dance with her again and I'll blow the top of your head off. Now look here, was the cool reply,—do you see that umbrella setting there, well, you handle that umbrella, you touch that umbrella, and I'll ram it down your throat—and then I'll spread it!

THE BOTTLE OF OIL.—Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished he was cross, at last his servant's neighbor, quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distress.

It seems to me, said the neighbor, it would be well for you to oil yourself a little.  
To oil myself!  
Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house cracked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I had my things, and it has been constantly used by everybody since.

Then you think I am like your cracking door? cried the old gentleman. How do you want me to oil myself?  
That's an easy matter, said the neighbor. Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. It, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love.

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly word was found in his house afterward. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to a creaking hinge, in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

NOT BAD.—Some temperance tracts were distributed freely through the penitentiary at Auburn, N. Y. the other day, detailing very minutely the adulterations of liquors and the frightful consequences produced by it. A short time after it was discovered that some of the convicts were egregiously drunk, and on investigation it was found that they had availed themselves of the recipes contained in the tracts to manufacture liquor on their own account. A very careful supervision is now exercised over all tracts that come into the prison.



BEST REMEDY FOR  
**UMPTION,**

many prominent physicians to be  
ble Preparation ever introduced  
ELIEX and CURE of all

**COMPLAINTS.**

shyly is offered to the public, man-  
ness of over forty years, and a host  
seldom fail to effect a speedy

roup, Frenchitis, Influenza,  
gth, Rheumatism, Pains of  
n the Chest and Side,  
g at the Lungs,  
Complaints, &c.

cases that have attended the applica-  
tion of all cases of

**VERY COMPLAINTS**  
withdrawing this standard to employ  
ment of the following:—  
1. It has space only for the  
name.

D. A. A. CARR, M.D.,  
W. H. WOOD, M.D.,  
W. D. LYNN, M.D.,  
A. PHILLIPS, M.D.,  
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M. D. R. H. FRANK, M.D.

Each testimony  
BE DISCREDITED.  
evidence in case possession, we select

**J. J. RAYNE, Esq.**  
of New York, having experienced the  
benefit from the use of Dr. Wood's  
Preparation, I am induced to express  
my belief in its efficacy. For those  
suffering with a severe and ob-  
stinate cough, or with any of the  
above mentioned complaints, I  
can not recommend it too highly. I  
have used it myself, and I have seen  
it used by others, and in every case  
it has proved to be a most valuable  
remedy. It is a most valuable  
remedy for all the above  
mentioned complaints, and I  
can not recommend it too highly.  
F. G. C. GILL,  
of the Courier & Enquirer.

**DR. WHOOPING COUGH.**  
Dr. WHOOPING COUGH, Aug. 31, 1866.  
I have used a little quantity of  
your cough medicine, and I find it  
to be a most valuable remedy for  
cough, whooping cough, and  
all the other complaints which  
it is said to cure. I have used  
it myself, and I have seen it  
used by others, and in every  
case it has proved to be a most  
valuable remedy. It is a most  
valuable remedy for all the  
above mentioned complaints,  
and I can not recommend it too  
highly.

**LAWYERS, SINGERS,**  
profession requires an order of es-  
tablishment, and I find that the  
only one that is satisfactory to  
myself, and to most others, is  
the one that is established by  
the law.

**WIT TO TASTE.**  
I have used your  
preparation, and I find it to be  
a most valuable remedy for  
all the complaints which it is  
said to cure. I have used it  
myself, and I have seen it  
used by others, and in every  
case it has proved to be a most  
valuable remedy. It is a most  
valuable remedy for all the  
above mentioned complaints,  
and I can not recommend it too  
highly.

**ESALVE OF WILD CHERRY**  
Prepared by  
**FOWLE & SON,**  
127 N. BOSTON,  
Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

**ESALVE**  
This preparation is discovered in  
the wild cherry, and is a most  
valuable remedy for all the  
complaints which it is said to  
cure. It is a most valuable  
remedy for all the above  
mentioned complaints, and I  
can not recommend it too highly.

**ELIATED SALVE**  
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