



ISUMPTION,

COMPLAINTS.

own remedy is offered to the public, since experience of over forty years, and when season, seldom fails to effect a speedy

id, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza,

Cough, Hoarseness, Pains or

ness in the Chest and Side,

Headache at the Lungs,

Live Complaints, &c.

has succeeded in all cases of

LMONARY COMPLAINTS

any phlegm of high standing to employ

write, none of whom advise to of this

signature. We have space only for the

W. FOWLE & SON,

NOT BE DISCREDITED.

ness of evidence in our possession we select

rom L. J. BACINE, Esq.

re, Montreal. "Having experienced the

results from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am induced to express the

highest praise which I have to its efficacy. For some

months I have been afflicted with a severe and

accompanied with acute pain in the

chest, and have been unable to rest. The

remedy, however, has effected a complete

cure, and I am now able to resume my

usual avocations. I can only say that I

am indebted to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for

my recovery. I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Yours, L. J. BACINE, Esq.

BE FOR WILKING COUGH.

ST. FRANCIS, C.E., Aug. 11, 1886.

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Yours, L. J. BACINE, Esq.

LEASANT TO TASTE.

quantity allowed to pass over the irritated

ce removes the difficulty.

ARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND

IMITATIONS.

er, they imitate its name only, without pos-

sessing its medicinal qualities. Beware of

counterfeits. The name of Dr. Williams is

on the wrapper, and is blown in the glass.

W. FOWLE & SON,

TRENTON STREET, DORSET.

And for sale by all Druggists.

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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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Vol 37

## Poetry

### THROUGH THE WHEAT.

Once, when my heart and I were young,  
We wandered, restless, by sea and strand,  
And lingered a little space among  
The grassy valleys of Switzerland;

Where watchful summits forever frown,  
Through blue air slanting, clear and keen,  
Wearing proudly their icy crown,  
While happy handlets smile between;

Where rapid torrents rejoicing run,  
Leaping the cliffs in strength and pride,  
Like snow-white ribbons, in wind and sun,  
Fluttering down the mountain-side;

Where smoke-like cloudings of tender blue  
Dapple the slopes in sunny spots,  
And sweetly change on a nearer view,  
To drifts of fairest forget-me-nots.

Often at eve, when the sun was low,  
And the mountain shadows grew dark and vast,  
I watched the cottagers, winding slow  
Home to rest when their toil was past.

Two walked lovingly side by side,  
Speaking softly, as lovers speak;  
He with an air of manly pride,  
She with a blush on her sun-browned cheek.

Hand in hand, through the evening red  
They went—through the shadows damp and sweet—  
Choosing a narrow path that led  
On and on through the growing wheat.

Sunset touched him with rosy light,  
Sunset brightened her loosened hair—  
Poor and plain, they were fair to sight,  
For youth and love are forever fair.

And often as sunset claims the air—  
For the time and scene are vanished now—I  
Think of that simple, loving pair,  
And wonder whether they kept their vow.

Whether under some myrtle tree,  
Their wedding smiles were sweetly blest,  
They weave the even warp and woof  
Of their quiet lives in calm content.

Or whether they parted in scorn and wrath,  
As myriad lovers have done before,  
And choosing each a separate path,  
We are thence divided for evermore.

Or whether still, as across the land  
The dew shadows grow damp and sweet,  
Perennial lovers, with hand in hand,  
The walk, knee-deep in the growing wheat.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July.

## Miscellany

### A few Maxims for Young Girls.

Never make your appearance in the morning  
without having first bathed, if only with a  
sponge and a quart of water, brushed and ar-  
ranged your hair, dressed yourself neatly and  
completely.

Keep your clothing, especially your under-  
clothing, in perfect order. Never let pins do  
duty as buttons, or strings take the place of  
proper bands.

Examine every garment when it comes  
from the wash, and if necessary, mend it with  
readiness and precision. Do not sew up the  
holes in your stockings, as we have seen some  
careless, untidy girls do, but take in a broad  
margin around the hole, be it small or large,  
with a fine darning needle and darning cotton,  
and cover the fracture with an intelligent  
stitch so close as to be as strong as the body  
of the stocking, and fine enough to be un-  
perceptible.

Stockings mended in this way need darning  
but a very few times in the course of their  
existence.

Never carry coarse embroidered or laced  
handkerchiefs. Fine plain ones are much  
more ladylike.

Avoid open-work stockings and very fancy  
slippers. Fine plain white hose and black kid  
slippers, with only a strap or rosette in front,  
are more becoming.

Train yourself to useful occupation. Re-  
member it is wicked to waste time, and noth-  
ing gives such an impression of vanity and ab-  
solute silliness as a habit of idling and never  
doing anything to do.

If you are in your father's house take some  
department of household labor upon yourself,  
and a part of the sewing, and make it your  
business to attend to it. Do not let a call from  
the idle girl, or a visit from that, or an invita-  
tion from the other, interfere with the per-  
formance of your duty.

Let your pleasure come in as a recreation  
not as the business of your life.

If you can, cultivate some art by which you  
can gain an independent livelihood. Do it  
whether there is necessity for it or not. Do it  
quietly if you will, but do it. There is no  
telling when or under what circumstances you  
may need it.

### The Oiled Feather.

"Come, bring the oil flask, there's a pet,"  
said Samuel Parsons to his wife, as he finished  
screwing on a new lock to his front door.

Sam, of course, needn't have said, "there's a  
pet," unless he liked; but he used to think  
that it was a great shame that women were  
called all sorts of pretty names before they  
were married, but none afterwards. I say,

says Sam, many of the poor creatures are  
cheated with them there pretty names; poor  
folks! they think they'll always get them;  
but they become mighty scarce, after the finger  
is in the ring.

We don't mean to tell all the  
names Sam called his wife before they were  
married, but now he called her "pet," and  
as soon as she heard the loving word, she  
threw down her duster on the chair, and ran  
off to the kitchen for the flask. The flask had

a feather in it, as such flasks generally have;  
and Sam, taking the said feather between his  
finger and thumb, oiled the key of the  
street-door right well, and then locked it, and  
unlocked it a dozen times. At first it went  
stiff, and required some strength of wrist to  
turn it; but, as it was worked to and fro, and  
as the oil began to make its way into the  
work, it worked more and more easily, until

at last, I may say, Sam's little son, who was  
standing by, was able to turn it almost with a  
cough; and then Sam pronounced that it would  
do.

The operation finished, Sam thought he'd  
just give his knife a touch of the end of the  
feather; less than a drop out of the flask  
would do; just a mere touch—that was all it  
wanted; and presently, to young Tommy's  
great delight, his father made the blade go up  
and down, click. Tommy evidently approved  
of the result, for he began to click, click, with  
his tongue and the roof of his mouth, in imi-  
tation; and how long he might have delayed  
his father, we can't tell; it were not that  
Mrs. Parsons caught him up in her arms and  
made off with him; she calling Tommy a  
"saucy rogue," and kissing him all the way,  
and he on his part, clicking, as though  
his mouth were a cutter's shop, and you were  
opening and shutting every knife in it.

Some folks might think that Sam Parsons  
had done enough in the oiling way for one  
day; but there was one thing more to do, and  
then he would be quite ready to take his pota-  
toes to market. One or two of the wheels of  
his wagon had been a trifle creaky, and so he  
took the grease pot, and gave them a touch of  
its contents. You could have rolled all the  
nuts upon them into the side of a couple of  
marbles, but it was quite enough; the wheels  
gave over their creaking. If the old proverb  
be true, "Silence gives consent," no doubt  
they approved of what Sam had done.

Now, then, I'm off to market, said Sam.  
Good bye, I may, pet. Oh that little word  
"pet," didn't the cunning fellow oil his wife's  
temper, and even almost her very joints, for  
her day's work, when he called her that little  
name? Good bye, Tommy, my darling. Oh,  
you cunning man, there you are with your  
oil! I'd rather tell you, when Tommy was  
naughty, and his mother reminded him that  
she must tell his father when he came home,  
and father would be sore grieved if his dar-  
ling was naughty, wasn't Tommy good? I'd  
childhood he was, he was able to reason  
thus much in his mind: "Tommy is father's  
darling, and he won't vex him; darling ought  
not to vex those who love them. Never mind  
good reason, if there's a flaw in the logic;  
nursery logic is sometimes very funny reason-  
ing; but it answered the purpose: naughty  
Tommy became good, and click clicked about  
the house as merry as a cricket, instead of  
sprawling and bawling on the ground; and  
all because his father happened to call him  
"darling" before he went out.

I say, Polly, said Sam Parsons to his one  
servant maid, as he left the house, don't forget  
to clear up those irons, if you can manage it;  
there's a good lass; you'll find the oil flask  
hanging behind the kitchen door. And so,  
with a cheerful smile on his countenance, Sam  
Parsons took his departure for market. Ah,  
cunning Sam; before he went he oiled his  
wife and child, and now he oiled his servant  
maid; and when he turned his back upon his  
own door, he left smiling faces and glad hearts  
behind him, and I warrant, he found them all  
smiling to receive him, when he came home.

I have great faith in oil, said Sam Parsons;  
I oil almost everything; this very morning I  
oiled the lock of my street-door, and my pen-  
knife, and greased my wagon-wheels; and I  
oiled my wife and child; and I gave the ser-  
vant-maid a touch too; and I tell you what it  
is, neighbor Joe, I slip along famously, where  
I find many another sticks fast.

Rusty Joe's turn will come to give him a  
fresh tye when the penknife was spoken  
about; and so as to the wife, his conscience

reminded him how heartily he behaved to  
her at breakfast.

What do you mean by oiling your wife,  
man? said Rusty Joe, rather tartly; you  
haven't been sneaking, have you, and knock-  
ing under to a woman? and Rusty Joe edged  
away from "Pulsed Sam's" side, as though  
he were near some slimy serpent.

No indeed, answered Sam, I've not been  
knocking any way, neither over nor under;  
but I just gave her and the bantling a loving  
word before I started for home; and I said  
a kind word to the lass, to cheer her up  
through her work for the day; and for the  
matter of that, I gave the old apple woman a  
touch of my oiled feather too; few people say  
kind words to her, and I did, and I dare say  
it helped her through the day too! I wouldn't  
cringe to any one living, continued Pulsed  
Sam, not to the Queen herself; but to cringe  
is one thing; to be civil, respectful and loving,  
according as the case requires, is another; I  
never know ill to come of it, and I've often  
known good. Yes, neighbor, I've known the  
good of it in my own house, and over and over  
again. There's my Jenny. You don't know  
the work there's a little creature; bless  
you! she'd work herself to the finger-bone, if  
you give her a kind word; I have known her  
sit up seven nights with me, without taking  
off a stitch of her clothes, that time I  
broke my leg; and when I said to her one  
morning, as the day was breaking, and I  
looked at her eyelids, Jenny, my darling, I  
said, "I may say, Sam's little son, who was  
standing by, was able to turn it almost with a  
cough; and then Sam pronounced that it would  
do."

And she looked so shyly like at me,  
that I felt the tears come in my eyes. Oh,  
neighbor! couldn't you see as she said it; for  
these women have a way of speaking that don't  
belong to men. Some-times I think there's a  
kind of pipe that makes music in their throats  
but ever since that day, I've been ten times  
as loving as I was before; and I try to say a  
kind word, not only to Jenny, but to every  
one I meet. I believe, neighbor, continued  
Sam, "that women are of that nature, that  
they'll do anything for love; no use of our  
driving them, or scolding and ordering, blam-  
ing them about; that only makes slaves of  
them; but give them a little love, and they'll  
do wonders."

As Sam Parsons found that his neighbor  
was listening, he was encouraged to go on,  
and then he received no answer. And I do  
the same, said Sam, by every girl that comes  
to service me. So-and-so made me a good  
kind word, and she made me a good kind  
word, and she made me a good kind word,  
and she made me a good kind word, and they  
all have hearts, and the same kind of oil will reach  
them all.

Thus discoursing, Sam Parsons arrived at  
his own farm-yard. There was Jenny his wife  
ready to meet him with a kiss; and there was  
Tommy, who received his father with a click,  
click, leaving it a matter of speculation as to  
whether he had not been clicking ever since  
the morning till now. And then there was  
the iron, which alone as though they were fresh  
from the shop; and she knew she'd just catch  
her master's eye. And when Sam went into the  
kitchen, there he saw a great heap of his  
stockings, that Jenny had been darning; and  
when Sam sat down at tea, there was a pig  
that Jenny had made; and if Sam had been a  
little boy instead of a grown man, he cer-  
tainly would have patted his chest and smacked  
his lips, and so expressed his opinion, that  
you would think that Sam Parsons had oiled  
his throat, for he was at peace with Jenny  
his wife, Tommy his son, and Polly the ser-  
vant maid. Good humor promotes digestion,  
and our readers will be glad to hear that Sam  
at last put well upon that good supper, and had  
pleasant dreams, and woke up refreshed, to be  
happy and make others happy all day long.

A Dancing Disease in Madagascar.

The patients usually complained of a weight  
or pain in the præcordia, and great uneasiness,  
sometimes a stiffness about the nape of the  
neck. Others, in addition, had pains in the  
back and limbs, and in most cases there seems  
to have been an excited state of the circula-  
tion, and occasionally, even mild febrile sym-  
ptoms. If they happened to hear the sound of  
music, or singing, they got perfectly uncon-  
rollable, and bursting away from all restraint,  
escaped from their pursuers and joined the  
music, when they danced sometimes for hours  
together with amazing rapidity.

They moved the head from side to side with  
a monotonous motion, and the hands, in the  
same way, alternately up and down. The  
dance was never joined in the singing, but ut-  
tered a deep sighing sound. The eyes were  
wild, and the whole countenance assumed an  
indecipherable abstracted expression, as if their  
attention was completely taken off what was  
going on around them.

The dancing was regulated very much by  
the music, which was always the quickest pos-  
sible—it never seemed to be quick enough.  
It often became more of a leaping than a  
dancing. They thus danced to the astonish-  
ment of all, as if possessed by some evil spirit  
and with almost superhuman endurance—ex-  
hausting the patience of the musicians, who  
often relieved each other by turns—then fell  
down suddenly, as if dead; or as often hap-  
pened, if the music was interrupted, they  
would suddenly rush off as if seized by some  
new impulse, and continue running until they  
fell down, almost or entirely insensible.

After being completely exhausted in this  
way, the patients were taken home, the mor-  
bid impulse, apparently, in many cases, dis-  
appeared. Sometimes the disease thus stopped,  
never to recur, but more frequently there  
was a return. The sight of dancers, or any-  
thing which, by association, seemed connected  
with the disease, determined a recurrence of  
the fit.

Torn to Pieces by Wild Beasts.

A Circus Band falls into a Menagerie Cage.

The Middle-town (Missouri) Banner says:

The little village of Middleton, was lately  
thrown into a painful fever of excitement, on  
the morning of May 12, by an awful catastro-  
phe which occurred to the band lately attach-  
ed to James Robinson & Co's Circus and  
Animal Show, and led by Prof. M. C. Sexton.

The managers had determined to produce  
something novel in the way of a band chariot,  
and conceived the idea of mounting the band  
upon the carcasses of performing Nundon  
lions. Although repeatedly warned by Prof.  
Sexton of the extreme danger, the managers still  
persisted in compelling the Band to file upon  
it. As the driver endeavored to make a turn  
in the street, on the morning of the accident,  
the lead-ers came on angled and threw the  
entire team into confusion, and he lost control  
of them, and becoming frightened they broke  
into a violent run. The fore-wheel of the  
cage came in contact with a large rock with  
such force as to cause the braces and struts  
which supported the roof to give way, thereby  
precipitating the entire band into the  
cage below. For an instant the vast  
crowd were paralyzed with fear, but for a  
moment only, and then arose such a shriek of  
agony as was never heard before. The awful  
groans of the poor victims, who were being  
torn, lacerated by the frightful monsters below, was heart-  
rending and sickening to a terrible degree. Every  
moment some one of the band would leap over  
the sides of the cage to the ground with a wild  
spring and faint upon striking the earth, so  
great was the terror.

A hardware store which happened to stand  
opposite was invaded, and pitch-forks, crow-  
bars, and long bars of iron, and, in fact, every  
available weapon, was brought into requisition.  
The side doors of the cage were quickly torn  
from their fastenings, and then a horrible sight  
was presented to view. Mingled among the  
brilliant uniforms of the poor unfortunate  
lions and arms, and from their sockets and  
hilt, and the savage brutes glared ferociously  
upon their sickly green-colored prey upon the  
crowd. Prof. Cuss. White arrived at  
this moment, and gave orders in regard to  
extinguishing the dead and wounded—he well  
knowing it would be a difficult and dangerous  
undertaking to remove them from the horrid  
place. Stationing men with forks and  
bars at every available point, he sprang  
bravely into the cage, and the savage monsters  
commenced raising the wounded, and pass-  
ing them upon the outside to their friends.  
He had succeeded in removing the wounded,  
and was proceeding to gather up the remains  
of the lionesses, when the mammoth lion, known  
to the showmen as old Nere, sprang with a  
frightful roar upon his keeper, fastening his  
teeth and claws in him, in his neck and shoulder,  
lacerating him in a horrible manner. Prof.  
White made three efforts to shake the monster  
upon him, but without avail, and gave orders to  
fire upon him. The contents of four of Col's  
Navy were immediately poured into the car-  
cass of the ferocious animal and he fell dead,  
and the brave little man, notwithstanding the  
fearful manner in which he was wounded, never  
left the cage until every vestige of the  
of the dead were carefully gathered together  
and placed upon a sheet, preparatory to burial.

It was found that three of the ten who mount-  
ed the cage a short time before were killed  
 outright, and four others terribly mangled.  
The names of the killed are August Schuer,  
Conrad Freiz, and Charles Givner. Col-  
lins were procured, and an immediate burial  
determined upon, as the bodies were so fright-  
fully torn and lacerated as to be unrecogniz-  
able to their most intimate friends.

A New England merchant, who had ac-  
cumulated vast property by care and in-  
dustry, yet still was busy as ever in adding  
veals and store to store, though consider-  
ably advanced in life being asked by a  
neighbor how much property would satisfy  
a human being, after a short pause replied  
"A little more."

RESPONSIBILITIES OF A SEA CAPTAIN.—If  
we regard the ship as a living monster forcing  
its way by its own peculiar organs of locomo-  
tion through these billows and storms, we  
must consider the state room of the captain as  
the seat of its brain. The duties of the com-  
mander of a sea-going steamer are not only  
extremely various, but which involve the pos-  
session of a combination of mental qualities  
and attainments most diverse in their charac-  
ter, many of them being such as are seldom  
conferred by nature, and are very difficult  
of attainment, but which are absolutely es-  
sential to the successful execution of his charge.  
He must be a good ruler. No monarch can  
be more absolute than he in the control of  
everything on board his ship, from the time  
of his dismissing the pilot at the commence-  
ment of his voyage, to his taking the pilot at  
the end of it. He has, however, three differ-  
ent communities to govern, entirely distinct  
from each other, and involving quite different  
methods and principles of treatment in the  
emergencies that occur. There are, first, the  
company of cabin passengers; secondly, the  
ship's company, consisting of seamen, engi-  
neers, firemen, cooks and stewards, sometimes  
amounting to hundreds in number; and, thirdly,  
the emigrants—a body of men, women, and  
children, to the number often of more than a  
thousand.

Thus the commander of one of these ships  
has to control a heterogeneous community often  
more than one thousand souls.

These, all packed together in the closest quar-  
ters, in the ship which he commands, he has  
the responsibility of conveying through mists  
and gales and driving storms of snow and rain,  
breasting the heaviest seas, and threading his  
tortuous way among tides and currents, and  
through fleets of fishermen, and among fields  
and mountains of floating ice, with only a plank  
between his little world of human hopes and  
fears and the world of waters, which, when  
in their angry moods, rage and roar around  
him, as if eager to make the ship and its con-  
tents their prey. He has to find his way over  
the pathless deep by means of stars which are  
constantly in motion, and by the sun, which  
on no two days pursues the same track through  
the sky. The needle of his compass is li-  
able to be disturbed in its indications by many  
causes. A blow struck upon any portion of  
his iron ship may derange it; and upon the  
variation of its chronometer to the amount of  
the fraction of a second during the voyage the  
question may depend whether he shall strike  
upon a rock or enter the port in safety at the  
end of it. One would suppose that the soli-  
tude and anxiety which would attend the sus-  
taining of responsibilities like these would be  
overwhelming. But they are not so. No  
class of men enjoy better health, or lead lives  
of greater freedom from anxiety and care,  
than these commanders. The reason is, that  
they are a class thoroughly qualified for their  
work; and men do not easily what they do well.

—From "The Ocean Steamer," by Jacob Ab-  
bott, in Harper's Magazine for July.

The True Secret.

At the house where I was staying there  
were two little sisters who nobody could see  
without loving, for they were so happy togeth-  
er. They had the same books and the same  
playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up be-  
tween them—no cross words, no pouts, no  
slaps, no running away in a pout. On the  
green before the door, trundling hoops, playing  
with Rover the dog, or helping mother, they  
were the same sweet tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel, how is it that  
you are always so happy together?" I said to  
them one day.

They looked up, and the eldest answered,  
"I suppose it is because Addie lets me and I  
let Addie."

I thought a moment. Ah! that it is, I said,  
"the lets you and you let her; that's it."  
Dear my friends, did you ever think what  
an apple of discord 'not letting' is? Even now  
while I am writing, a great cry was heard  
under the window. I looked out.

"Gerty what is the matter?"  
"Mary won't let me have her ball," bellowed  
Gerty.

"Well, Gerty would not let me have her  
pencil in school, cried Mary. "and I do not  
want her to have my ball!"

"Fie, fie! is that the way sisters should  
treat each other?"

"She shall not have my pencil," muttered  
Gerty; "she will only lose it."  
"And you will only lose my ball, retorted  
Mary, "and I shall not let you have it."

But these little girls, Addie and her sister,  
have got the true secret of good manners,  
Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie.

Happiness consists in being perfectly satis-  
fied with what we have got and with what we  
haven't got.

"My dear," said a cross-grained husband  
to his long suffering wife, "do you intend to  
make a fool of me?" "No, my love; I intend  
to save me that trouble."

Charles Dickens' effects will be sold on  
the 7th August.