

Leslie's
Publications

Illustrated Newspaper
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
week. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

Illustrated Magazine
with serials, fiction, and
other interesting matter.
Published every
month. Price 10 cents.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVII.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 4, 1880.

NO. 4.

Neighbor Jones.

I'm thinking, wife, of neighbor Jones, the man with the stalwart arm—
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm.
When men are all around us, with hearts and hands a-sore,
Who own two hundred acres, and still are wanting more.
He has a pretty little farm—a pretty little house;
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a mouse;
His children play around the door, their father's heart to charm,
Looking just as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm.
No weeds are in the cornfield, no thistles in the oats,
The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath the beechen shade,
Learn all their gentle manners from a gentle milking maid.
Within the field on Saturday, he leaves no crumbled grain
To be gathered on the morrow, for fear of coming rain;
He lives in joy and gladness, and happy are his days;
He keeps the Sabbath holy—his children learn his ways.
He never had a lawsuit to take him to town,
For the simple reason there are no tences down;
The bat-room in the village does not have for him a charm,
I can always find my neighbor on his forty-acre farm.
His acres are so few he plows them very deep,
'Tis his own hands that turn the sod, 'tis his own hands that reap;
He has a place for everything and everything in its place;
The sunshine smiles on his fields, contentment on his face.
May we learn a lesson, wife, from prudent neighbor Jones,
And not sigh for what we haven't got—give vent to sighs and groans?
The rich ain't always happy, nor free from life's alarms,
Best are those who live content, though small may be their farms.
—Atlanta Constitution.

FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Dr. Silas Walsh one day sat in his office reading a very interesting book. It was a part of his business, this reading, for the book was a science within the scope of his profession. He was comparatively a young man, and had the reputation of being an excellent physician. While he read some one rang his office bell. He laid aside his book and went to the door, and when he saw what was upon the stepping stone he was indignant.
It was a ragged, dirty boy, known in Ensworth as "Hammer Jim"—ragged and dirty, and with the vileness of the slums upon him—a boy vicious and profane, against whom every other boy was warned—a boy who was called a thief and a villain, whom no efforts of the overseers had been able to reclaim, and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of him. His true name as the overseers had it was James Amerton. About his father no one in Ensworth had ever known. His mother had died an inmate of the poorhouse.
On the present occasion, Jim's face was not only dirty, but bloody; and there was blood on his grimed and tattered garments.
"Please, sir, won't you fix my head?" I've got a hurt."
"What kind of a hurt?" asked the doctor.
"I'm afraid it's bad, sir," said the boy, sobbing. "One of Mr. Dunn's men hit me with a rock. Oh!"
"What did he hit you for?"
"I dunno, sir."
"Yes, you do know. What did he throw that stone at you for?"
"Why, sir, I was picking up an apple under one of his trees."
Dr. Walsh would not touch the boy's head with his finger. There was no need of it. He could see that there was only a scalp wound, and that the blood had ceased to flow.
"Go home," he said, "let your folks wash your head and put on a clean bandage."
"Please, sir, I ain't got no home, and I ain't got no folks."
"You stop somewhere, don't you?"
"I stop at the poorhouse when they don't kick me out."
"Well, boy, you are not going to die from this. Go and get somebody to wash your head, or go and wash it yourself and tie your handkerchief on."
"Please, sir, I ain't got no—"
"Hold up, boy. I haven't got time to waste. You won't suffer if you go as you are."
And with this Dr. Silas Walsh closed the door and returned to his book. He had not meant to be unkind; but really he had not thought there was any need

of professional service on his part; and certainly he did not want that had boy in his office.
But Dr. Walsh had not been alone cognizant of the boy's visit. There had been a witness in an upper window. The doctor's wife had seen and heard. She was a woman.
She was not strong and resolute and dignified like her husband. Her heart was not only tender, but it was used to aching. She had no children living; but there were two little mounds in the churchyard which told her of angels in heaven that could call her mother! Acting upon her impulse, as she was very apt to act, she slipped down and called the boy in, by the back way, to the wash-room. He came in, rags, dirt and all, wondering what had called him had not frightened him. He came in and stood looking at Mary Walsh, and as he looked his sobs ceased.
"Sit down, my boy,"
He sat down.
"If I help you will you try to be good?"
"Why not?"
"Cause I can't. Taint in me. Every-body says so."
"But can't you try?"
"I dunno."
"If I should help you, you would be willing to try to please me?"
"Yes—I should certain."
Mrs. Walsh brought a basin of water and a soft sponge, and with tender hand she washed the boy's head and face. Then with a scissors she clipped away the hair from the wound—curling, hand-some hair—and found it not a bad wound. She brought a piece of sticking plaster, which she fixed upon it, and then she brushed the hair back from the full brow and looked into the boy's face—not a bad face—not an evil face. Shutting out the rags and dirt, it was really a handsome face.
"What's your name, my boy?"
"Hammer Jim, ma'am; and sometimes Ragged Jim."
"I mean, how were you christened?"
"Which?"
"Don't you know what name your parents gave you?"
"Oh—yes. It's down on the 'seers' book, mum, as James Amerton."
"Well, James, the hurt on your head is not a bad one, and if you are careful not to rub off the plaster it will very soon heal up. Are you hungry?"
"Please, ma'am, I haven't eat nothing to-day."
Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread and butter, and a cup of milk, and allowed the boy to sit there in the wash-room and eat. And while he ate she watched him narrowly, scanning every feature. Surely, if the science of physiognomy, which her husband studied so much, and with such faith, was reliable, this boy ought to have grand capacities. Once more, shutting out the rags and filth, and only observing the hair, now glossy and waving, from her dextrous manipulations, over a shapely head, and marking the face with its eyes of justrous gray, and the mouth like a cupid's bow, and the chin strong without being unseemly—seeing this without the dregs, the boy was handsome. Mrs. Walsh, thinking of the little mounds in the churchyard, prayed God that she might be a happy mother; and if a boy was to bless her maternity she could not ask that he should be handsome than she believed she could make this boy.

Jim finished eating and stood up.
"James," said the little woman—for she was a little woman and a perfect picture of a lovable and loving little woman—"James, when you are hungry and have nothing to eat, if you will come to this door I will feed you. I don't want you to go hungry."
"I should like to come, ma'am,"
"And if I feed you when you're hungry, will you not try to be good for my sake?"
The boy hung his head and considered. Some might have wondered that he did not answer at once, as a grateful boy ought; but Mrs. Walsh was deeper than that. The lad was considering how he must answer safely and truly.
If he'd let me be good, ma'am, but they won't," he said, at length.
"Will you try all you can?"
"Yes, ma'am, I'll try all I can."
Mrs. Walsh gave the lad a small parcel of food in a paper, and patted his curly head. The boy had not shed a tear since the pain of the wound had been assuaged. Some might have thought that he was not grateful; but the little woman could see the gratitude in the deeper light of his eyes. The old crust was not broken enough yet for tears.
Afterward Mrs. Walsh told her husband what she had done, and he laughed at her.
"Do you think, Mary, that your kindness can help that ragged wail?"
"I do not think it will hurt him, Silas."
It was not the first time Mrs. Walsh had delivered answers to the erudite doctor which effectually stopped discussion.
After that Jim came often to the door

and was fed; and he became cleaner and more orderly with each succeeding visit. At length Mrs. Walsh was informed that a friend was going away into a far Western country to take up land, and make a frontier farm. The thought occurred to her that this might be a good opportunity for James Amerton. She saw her friend, and brought Jim to her notice, and the result was the boy went away with the emigrant adventurer. And she heard from her friend a year later that he liked the boy very much. Two years later the emigrant wrote that Jim was a treasure. And Mrs. Walsh showed the letter to her husband, and he smiled and kissed his little wife, and said he was glad.
And he had another source of gladness. Upon her bosom his little wife bore a robust, healthy boy—their own son—who gave promise of life and happiness in the time to come.
The years sped on and James Amerton dropped out from the life that Mary Walsh knew. The last she heard was five years after he went away from Ensworth, and Jim had then started on the golden mountains on his own account, to commence in earnest his own life battle.
But there was a joy and pride in the little woman's life which held its place and grew and strengthened. Her boy, whom they called Philip, grew to be a youth of great promise—a bright, kind-hearted, good boy, whom everybody loved; and none loved him more than did his parents. In fact, they worshipped him; or, at least, his mother did. At the age of seventeen Philip Walsh entered college, and at the age of twenty-one graduated with honor; but the long and severe study had taxed his system, and he entered upon the stage of manhood not quite so strong in body as he should have been. His mother saw it and was anxious; his father saw it and decided that he should have recreation and recuperation before he entered into active business. Dr. Walsh was not peculiarly able to send his son off on an expensive travel, but he found opportunity for his engagement upon the staff of an exploring expedition which would combine healthful recreation with an equally healthful occupation. The expedition was bound for the Western wilderness, and we need not tell of the parting between the mother and the son. She kissed him and blessed him; and then hung upon his neck with more kisses and then went away to her chamber and cried.
Philip wrote home often while on his way out, and he wrote after he had reached the wilderness. His accounts were glowing and his health was improving. Three months of forest life and forest labor, of which Philip wrote in a letter that had to be borne more than a hundred miles to nearest post, and then followed months of silence. Where was Philip? Why did he not write?

One day Dr. Walsh came home pale and faint, with a new-paper crumpled and crushed in his hand. Not immediately, but by-and-by, he was forced to let his wife read what had been seen in that paper. She read, and felt like one mortally stricken. It was a paper from a far distant city, and it told the sad fate of the exploring party under the charge of Col. John Beauchampe, how they had been attacked by an overpowering body of Indians, and how those not massacred had been carried away captive.
Poor little woman! Poor Dr. Walsh! But the mother suffered most. Her head, already taking on its crown of silver, was bowed in blinding agony, and her heart was well-nigh broken. The joy had gone out of her life and thick darkness was round about her.
And so half a year passed. One day the postman left a letter at the door. The hand of the superscription was familiar. Mrs. Walsh tore it open and glanced her eyes over the contents. Oh, well! Oh, rapture! Her boy lived, was well, and was on his way home to her. When Dr. Walsh entered the room he found his wife fainting, with the letter clutched tight in her nerveless grasp.
By and by, when the great surge had passed, husband and wife sat down and read the letter understandingly.
"Thank God! I found a true friend, or I should say, a true friend found me," wrote Philip, after he had told of his safety and his whereabouts. "But for the coming of this friend I should have died ere this. He heard of me by name, and when he learned that I was from Ensworth, he bent all his energies for my release. He spent thousands of dollars in enlisting and equipping men for the work, and with his own hand struck down my savage captor and took me thenceforth under his care and protection. God bless him! And he proclaims, both to bless him, for he's coming home with me."
Upon their benched knees that night, the rejoicing parents thanked God for all his goodness, and called down blessing upon the head of the unknown preserver of their son.
And in time, radiant and strong, their Philip came home to them—came home

a bold and innocent man—fitted for the battle of life—came home knowing enough of life's vicissitudes, and prepared to appreciate its blessings.
And with Philip came a man of middle age—a strong, frank faced, handsome man, with gray eyes and curling hair.
"This," said the son, when he had been released from the mother's rapturous embrace, "is my preserver. Do you know him?"
The doctor looked and shook his head. He did not know.
But the little woman observed more keenly. Upon her light broke over her powerfully.
"Is it he?" she whispered, putting forth her hands—"Is it James Amerton?"
"Yes," said the man—a stranger now no more. "I am James Amerton! and I thank God who has given me an opportunity thus to show how gratefully I remember a man's kindness to me, my more than mother."
And he held her hands and pressed them to his lips, and blessed her again and again, telling her, with streaming eyes, that she, of all the world, had lifted him up and saved him.
That evening Mrs. Walsh, sitting by her husband's side and holding one of his hands, said to him:
"Once upon a time, a pebble was kicked about in the waste of sand. A lapidary saw it, and when he had brushed away the dirt from the surface, he applied his chisel, and broke through the crust, and behold—a diamond pure and bright!"
Beggars Tricks in London.
One of the tricks is for the beggar to get into an omnibus and tender the conductor half fare at the end of the journey. There is sure to be a row, which attracts plenty of attention, and the beggar, being detained by the conductor, has an opportunity for telling a moving story. The result is that he has his fare paid and receives a contribution besides. As often as not the beggar, in this instance, is a pickpocket or the friend of pickpockets, and the scene is got up at the end of the ride either to attract attention from the light-fingered doings that have just taken place or to provide a suitable occasion for the exercise of such doings. It is also a favorite beggar device for a youth and a girl to go out into a thoroughfare at a busy time. A suitable spot reached, there is a scuffle, the girl falls, and the lad runs away at the top of his speed. She rises howling, gathers a crowd and relates, in a voice much broken by sobs and tears, that she has had a half crown snatched out of her hand by the boy, who is now out of sight—that the money had been brought in half an hour before by the mother as her day's earnings, and that she (the girl) had come out with it to purchase food for her little brothers and sisters, who had not yet broken their fast; and now—as she takes care to ask—what in the world is she to do? Here comes a passion of weeping, and ere many minutes go by the half crown—that has never been lost—is pretty sure to be made up, with interest. This is a trick that may be practiced every half hour with some slight change of locality. But it is necessary for the girl to have acquaintances within reach, who back her up in case any inquisitive or benevolent individual should insist on accompanying her home. Here, however, she never has much to dread. Professional beggars have trusty acquaintances in hand in most quarters. And even were it otherwise, there is a freemasonry among the body which enables all its members to recognize one another at sight; and there is an esprit du corps among them, too, which incites them to support one of themselves, although a perfect stranger, through thick and thin when called upon to do so. A kindred trick is for the professional vagrant to light a candle some dirty evening and go poking about a gutter in search of—say a florin. The coin is always described as the last of the searcher's store, and wanting which he or she will have to go without food and lodging for the night. Another effective "dodge" is for a very feeble-looking individual to crawl slowly along in the neighborhood of one of the hospitals, toward the close of the hours appointed for dispensing medicines to out-door patients, and then, tripping up and falling heavily, to break a bottle of stuff on the pavement. Similarly, children are taught to excite compassion by yelling over broken vessels in the street, and declaring at the same time that they dare not now return home, as step-father, aunt, step-mother or some relation popularly understood to be the incarnation of all unkindness to children, would punish them terribly for the mishap.

A century ago there was no incorporated bank in this country. Now there are within the United States 307 chartered State banks, 2,118 national banks, 666 savings banks, and 2,375 private bankers, making a total of 6,066 banks and bankers.
War kills its thousands, but a cough its tens of thousands; Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, however, always kills a cough. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

English farmers will derive small comfort from the report on American competition which Messrs. Read and Pell are preparing for the royal commission of agriculture. They affirm that the resources of the United States for supplying England with food are receiving every day a new development, both in the extension of agricultural enterprise and in the facilitation of transport. Mr. Gladstone suggested some time ago that the farmers should turn their attention to raising fruit, vegetables, poultry, eggs and butter, but the London Echo apprehends that even in this limited field they will be outdone by foreign competition. In that case nothing will avail them but a universal reduction of rents.
The railway for the ascent of Vesuvius is now finished. It is 900 meters in length and will enable tourists to ascend by it to the edge of the crater. The line has been constructed with great care upon a solid pavement, and it is believed to be perfectly secure from all incursions of lava. The mode of traction, says the Engineer, is by two steel ropes put in movement by a steam engine at the foot of the cone. The wheels of the carriages are so made as to be free from any danger of leaving the rails, beside which each carriage is furnished with an exceedingly powerful automatic brake, which, should the rope by any chance break, will stop the train almost instantaneously. One of the chief features of the undertaking was the water supply, but that has been obviated by the formation of two very large reservoirs, one at the station, the other near the observatory.
One of the greatest boons to the rural population of England of late years has been the establishment of cottage hospitals. The first institution of the kind was at Savernake, in Wilts. In 1867 a poor farm laborer was injured by machinery, and had to be carried miles to a doctor, and then forwarded ten miles further to a hospital. The case so impressed the Vicar of Savernake that the idea occurred to him to try and establish a cottage hospital. He found warm and generous contributions in Lord and Lady Ailesbury, the chief landowners of the parish. Lord Ailesbury gave a large sum and a site in a lovely situation, and in due time the thing was done. During the past year 211 cases have been treated with every comfort, convenience and attention, at a cost per bed of \$3.75 a week, and the mortality among them was only a decimal fraction more than three per cent., against nine per cent. at Guy's, ten per cent. at St. Bartholomew's, and sixteen per cent. at St. Thomas's, the great London hospitals. In case of amputation the advantage is enormously in favor of the cottage hospitals, in consequence of the purity of their air.

The attempt at destroying the life of the czar was, in the eyes of the Detroit Free Press, an elaborate and wonderful piece of work. A house within 160 feet of the railroad embankment was hired four months before the explosion; it was occupied by three men and a woman; a well was dug ostensibly for water but really to convey the sand from the tunnel, 160 feet long, dug from the house to the railroad. The tunnel was scientifically bricked throughout, and the loose sand in the chamber under the railroad, where the explosive material was stored, was supported by boards upheld by triangular frames. These could not have been brought without carts and horses, while there were fifty wagon loads of bricks used in the construction of the tunnel. That so prodigious a work could be carried on without exciting either curiosity or suspicion, is one of the startling features of the affair. The few persons visiting the house found lamps burning before the sacred images and the walls covered with the portraits of the emperor and empress, as is the custom of the orthodox Russians. If, as is blindly hinted, the conspiracy is found to reach high up in the circles of Russian aristocracy, it is singular that the fact of the czar's taking the first train instead of the second, according to his habit, was not known in time and the mine exploded under the right train. The outcome of so much labor and expense was astonishingly small.
Speaking of the disaster to a railroad train while crossing a bridge over the Frith of Tay in Scotland, the New York Evening Post says: It is the custom to jock the doors of English railroad carriages. Of these there are two to each vehicle for passengers, one being on each side. It is impracticable, from the construction of these cars, to escape from their windows; and thus, even had any of the hapless persons who were hurled into the Frith of Tay still breathed thereafter, and retained the strength and possessed the knowledge to swim, preservation by such means would have been made hopeless because

of the impossibility of getting out of the car. The circumstance that no solitary survivor remains of all who were in the train seems to indicate that the actual end of some at least came by suffocation in the water; and, while the chances were probably ten to one against any individual maintaining consciousness after the fall, it is likely that some at least might have done so, and that of these a few fortunate persons might have saved their lives had they not been locked up in the carriages. It may be supposed, indeed, that the concussion of the fall would dash open the doors, and this is obviously possible; but English railroad carriages are rather strongly built, the locks are made to stand severe jars, and the impact against water, even from a great height, has repeatedly, we are told, failed to force open such doors. It may well be that one result of this mournful calamity will be to turn public attention to tunnels, as affording some manifest advantages over bridges for the passage of heavy railroad trains that are meant to go at high speed. Tunnels are independent of weather of any sort. No heavy gales, snows or ice, or even electrical dangers, save in an extremely modified degree, can affect an underground passage. Certainly, after such accidents as that at Ashtabula, and the later and worse one on the Frith of Tay, most persons would feel far safer, in a winter's storm, if darting under the North or East river, for example, by a tunnel, than if crossing it by a bridge, however massive and presumably safe the latter structure might be. The first cost of tunnels must be, on the average, much greater than that of bridges. But once built, tunnels are built forever, and the expense of repairs, so grave a charge on even the best of bridges, is with subterranean roadways next to nothing. The superiority of the tunnel over the bridge in point of safety has hitherto been little considered, but late events must needs draw attention to it, and may have a serious influence on future engineering undertakings.

He Was Glad to Hear It.
A San Francisco printer, who has been deaf for thirty years, now hears as well as anybody. Some weeks ago he was troubled with pains in his head while he was setting type. He described these symptoms to his physician, who, having long made a specialty of paralytic diseases, conceived the idea that the deafness of his patient might be the result of paralysis. The printer refused to be treated, saying that he had spent all the money he had ever earned in useless endeavors to have his deafness removed, and did not care to make any further attempts in that direction. But when the doctor offered to treat him six months, if necessary, free of charge, he consented to the proposition. A species of liniment was applied to his throat and ears. He was given a mixture for gargling and supplied with a little medicine for internal use. This course of treatment was continued for two or three days before any effect became apparent. Previous to this time he had been so deaf that the discharge of a cannon within a few feet of him did not disturb him. One morning he was awakened by a sound—the first he had heard for thirty years. He was delicious with joy. He dressed himself, kissed the landlady, shook hands with the landlady and slapped his fellow-boarders on the shoulder. It was sometime before he could explain the cause of his ecstasies. He pointed to his ears, and tried to speak, but the organs of speech, inactive for so many years, could not do his bidding. At last he made himself understood to the amazed bystanders, and they knew that his noisy rejoicing was occasioned by a partial restoration of his hearing. Since that time the physician has continued his wonderful treatment, and the deafness of his patient is gradually disappearing.

Condition of Ireland.
The local government board of Ireland has issued a special report upon the condition of the island. The potato crop, the report admits, is everywhere deficient in quantity and inferior in quality, and this and the absence of peat fuel, owing to the wetness of the season, are regarded as leading causes of the distress which exists, and is expected to culminate during the winter and spring. The board anticipate a heavy strain on the poor law unions, unless work be obtained for the laboring classes. Pauperism is greatly on the increase, the largest percentage being in Ulster. They affirm that the poor law will be sufficient to cope with any distress that may arise during the winter; but in the report itself it is admitted that in some unions the rates have risen to nearly five shillings in the pound, which appears to show the necessity even now of considering very seriously what shall be done in those districts, the impoverished shopkeepers as well as the farmers being wholly unable to pay such demands.
A Newton (Iowa) company has sold six tons of evaporated pumpkins.