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NO. 32.

The Joy of Incompleteness. If all our lives were one broad of our light, clear unclouded; Il all our paths were smooth and fair. By no soft gloom enshrouded; If all life's flowers were fully blown Without the sweet unfolding, And happiness were rudely thrown

On hands too weak for holding— Should we not-miss the twilight hours, The gentle haze and sadness? ald we not long for storms and shower To break the constant gladness?

It none were sick and none were sad, What service could we render? I think if we were always glad We scarcely could be tender: Did your beloved never need Our patient ministration, Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed, Its sweetest consolation.

It sorrow never claimed our heart. And every wish were granted, Patience would die, and hope depart-Life would be disenchante And yet in heaven is no more night.

Such unimagined new delight Fresh grace from pain will borrow As the poor seed that underground Seeks its true life about it. Not knowing what will there be found When sunbeams kiss and love it: So we in darkness upward grow, And look and long for heaven,

But cannot picture it below,

'Til more of light be given.

Turned from the Door.

"No tramps here," said I, and I shut the door in his face, I did. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating up the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. "No tramps here; I'm a lone woman, and I'm afraid of 'em."

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, champ, champ, came the man back again, and knocked at the doorknocked not half so loud as he did be fore-and I opened it, hot and angry This time I saw his face—a pale ghost o a face—with yeilow-brown hair, cropped close, and great, staring blue eyes, and ne put his hand against the door and held it open. "How near is the next house, ma'am?"

"Three miles or more," said I; "no drinks to be got there; it is Miss Mitten's, and she's as set agin tramps as I

"I don't want drink," said the man though I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. I've been wounded, and am not able to walk far. and my clothes are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, where I can rest till I'm better; all my money was stolen crust, to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it."

mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if it hadn't been I'd seen so We dr

"and you only want a to camp. chance to rob and murder me. Get away with you."

came to the door and motioned with her mouth to me, 'Do let, him stay, auntie,' and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a chick of sixteen.

"Go away with you:" says I, louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave a kind of groan, and took

his hand from the latch, and went champ, champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there he was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint touch, like a child's now.

And when I opened again he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than

ver.
"Well, of all impudence!" said I.
He looked at me and said: "Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to

I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," and just then it came to my mind I hoped that my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, mind you, wanted to see his, and would seen a would seen.

And I surved, and Charlie had the and I turned, and Charlie had the

uld so ld soon. I have been wounded, as you see,"

organized society. Tramps are my come here, mother?" abountation. And as to keeping all night, you can't expect that of decent cold. Said I:

smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea draving on the kitchen stove, and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the clenched hands; and said he:

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another knitting for my Charlie, and as I went to use Rob so!" to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old to-bacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie with the fringe around it, and written on it in ink, "From C. F. to R. H.;" and on the inside was a bit of rumpled old letter; and when I spread it out I saw on the top, "My dear son."

I knew the beggar must have dropped "Oh, Rob, my dear friend." it, and my heart gave one light thump, as though it had been turned into a ham-

a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and candles and the nice comfortable smells might as well not have been at

all. I was cold and wretched.

And over and over again I had to say beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well-organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old Charlie. fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long, for as I sa there, dash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Halloa, mother!" And I went to the door, and had him in my arms my great, tall, handsome brown son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder-straps, and as hand-some as if he had never been through any hardship's. He had to leave me to put he horse up, and then I had by the fire my own son. And Drusilla, who had been up stairs and had been cryingwhy, I wonder?-came down all in flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her and she kissed him, and then she went to set the table and how nice the things smoked on a loth white as snow; and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once in the midst of all I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I knew I turned pale, for Druilla said: "What is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?"

I said nothing; but it was this: Kind o' like the ghost of a step, going champ, champ over the frozen snow; kind o' like the ghost of a voice-saying: "Let from me three days ago. You needn't me lie on the floor before your fire, and be afraid; let me lie just before the fire. and only give me a crust, the stalest like some one that had a mother down on the wintry road, freezing and starvord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his But I put it away, and only thought of

We drew up together by the fire when much of these impostors. The war was tea was done, and he told us things ust over, and every beggar that came about the war I never heard before—how along said he was a soldier and traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been foolish times had. And then he told me hi enough to help limped away out of sight, as he thought, and then—for I was at been set upon by the foe and been badly the garret window — shouldered his crutches and tramped with the strongest. wounded; and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow had saved him, and "No doubt your pockets are full of carried him away, fighting his way back

"I would never have seen you but for way with you."

Drusilla, that's my niece, was baking man on earth I love, it's Rob Hadaway

see your mother, Charles?" said I.
"Why, I'd love him, too, and anything I could do for him, for the man

who saved my boy's life, couldn't be enough. Send for him, Charlie."

enough. Send for him, Charne."

But Charlie shook his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother," said he, "I don't know whether Rob Hadaway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner. And military prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but I can find no trace of him. And he has a mother, too, and she

is so fond of him! She lives at Green

And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped in his hand.

thing unless it's through some well with it while he lived. How did it

Drusilla came to the door and said;
"Let him stay, auntie," with her lips again, but I took no notice.

"A wandering tramp left it here.

Never your Rob, my dear, never your Rob, my dear, never your I wouldn't have turned away a person I wouldn't have turned away a pers So he went, and this time he did not really in want. Oh, no, no; it's another come back, and I sat down by the fire, pouch, child, or he stole it. A tall fellow with blue eyes and yellow brown hair; wounded, he said, and going to his

And Charley stood staring at me with clenched hands; and said he: "It was my dear old Rob, wounded and starving!—my dear Rob who saved candle to cheer myself up, and I went to the work-basket to eet a sock I had been such a night as this, mother. My mother,

"Condemn me, Charlie," said I, "con place to lie, and I drove him away—I, I—and he's lying in the road now. Oh!

And then—I never saw the girl in such aking. Down went Drusilla on her taking. knees, as if she was saying her prayers, and says:

"Thank God. I dared to do it!"

And says she to me:
"Oh, aunt, I have been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. to myself what I heard our pastor say often: "Never give anything to chance of the wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and have been so frightened all the while."

The Lord bless you, Drusilla," said

"Amen." said I. And she, getting bolder, went on.

"And I took him some hot short-cakes and apple sass and tea," says she, and I took him a candle and a hot brick for his feet, and I told him to eat and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fair fax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in and put the key in my pocket, and I told him that he should have one night's rest, and that no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body."

Drusilla said it like an actress in

tragedy, and went off into hysterics the nouth. She'd been expecting to be half murdered, you know, and the girl, who was sixteen, always before minded me as

if I was her mother.

Never was there any old sinner so happy as I was that night, so thankful to the good Lord; and it would have done your heart good if you had gone to see the two meet in the morning-Charsee the two meet in the morning—Char-tie and his friend Rob. And Charlie, who got well, and a mother, who was not so poor either, helped Rob into busi-ness. And he got well over his wounds at last and grew as handsome as a pic-ture, and to-day week he is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give you anything I have," said I, "and I won't refuse you even Dru-silla," when he asked me, telling me that he loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him,

and I am to give Drusilla away, and bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to be in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive beggars from the door now as Tused, and no doubt I'm imposed ipon; but this is what I say: "Better be mposed upon always than to be cruel to one who really needs help." And I've read my Bible better of late, and I know who says, "Even as you have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me.

A True "Air-Line" Dispatch.

Steam, electricity, girls, boys and ever so many other creatures—not to mention balloons, arrows, pigeons and other birds —carry the messages of the busy world from one part to another; and men have found out how to make even the air their news carrier.

I don't mean in any of the old ways, by bugles, and whistles and fog-horns,

office has in use a tube nearly two miles in length, besides a good many others not quite so long.—St. Nicholas.

How They Met and Parted.

Two men hailed each other from the opposite bank of a stream and exchanging greetings, many friendly questions were put and answered. The men were evidently delighted to meet each other, and their only regret appeared to be that they encountered one another in a place where it was impossible for them washing-stand all to herself in every sick-room, and the more she washes her to clasp and shake hands, the river not being fordable on account of its swiftness and the rocky and treacherous nature of its channel, while the nearest bridge was five miles above. Both men lamented these unfortunate circumstances very much, but at length a way of getting over the difficulty suggested itself to one of them, whose pet name was "Broncho Bill."

"I say, Sam!" cried Broncho, "it's a little rough for old triends and neigh bors to meet away out here, thousands of miles from home, and then have to part in this way. Got your pistol with

yer?"
"I hev," cried Sam; allers carry

"Good! That's some comfort; if we can't get across this yar steam to shake hands, why, thar's nothing to prevent us from takin' a shot at each other. Jist ride up to yer left thar a rod or two. Thar, now, jist one good old neighborly

The men rode aside, and bang! bang! rent their pistols.
"Yer smashed the pummel of my sad-

dle," cried Broncho; "yer see the hoss shied a little jist as yer turned loose, or yer might a plumped me good."
"Yer done better, Bill; you got into
the flesh of my left arm bout half an

inch. Good morning to you, a safe jour ney to yer, and tell the folks at home we met and had a good sociable time to-"Thank yer, and the same to you;

bet I'll give 'em a good account of you."
Sam then turned to our friend, and with tears in his eyes, said: "God bless him! It is a great comfort to meet an old friend and neighbor like him away out here in this wilderness place. A kinder, more accommodative and agreeable gentleman never lived. I wouldn't a-missed seein' him for fifty dollars.— Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

The Fate of Arctic Explorers.

Behring's Straits derives its name from Vitus Behring, a Russian naval captain in the service of Peter the Great, who died from exposure on the Arctic coast nearly a century and a half ago. Baffin, whose name is borne by the bay which he discovered, met a violent death. James Hall, under whom he had previously served, hart a similar Still earlier in date Sir Hugh Willoughby, who sailed to discover a northeast passage, was, with his whole crew, frozen to death. Sir Hendrick Hudson became famous as a discoverer. and his voyage to the mouth of the river which bears his name was simply because his crew would not endure the severity of the Northern climate. He afterward discovered Hudson's bay, and on his return voyage was the victim of a foul smells are never to be neglected. he loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and I am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister from Greenbank is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home took an exploring voyage, was imprisoned in the ice for four-winters, and floors of dwellings should always be was only rescued by a Russian ship raised from three to four feet above which happened to learn his condition.

The mysterious fate of Sir John Franktion beneath, and the site should be lin hardly needs ...ore than a mere reference here, but it may be added that Dr. higher than the surroundings, so as at all times to prevent dampness or pres-Kane, who commanded the Grinnell expedition, was a martyr to his enthusiasm. The disease which he contracted while in search of Sir John Franklin carried him to the grave soon after his return. He died early, but had already won distinction and conferred honor upon his country.

Wealth of the Rothschilds.

is at least \$500,000,000, and that they can life into Michigan railroad enterprises by bugles, and whistles and fog-horns, nor by the new methods of air-telegraphs and speaking-tubes; but—well, here is considered a pretty penny. Stories of the Rothschilds will always be told, as the Rothsc Messages are written upon bits of paer, and these are put into a little box. they will be about any and everybody thought to be enormously rich. After per, and these are put into a little box.
The box is round, and covered with stuff called felt, so that it may fit snugly he seems to be most interested in some into a long, air-tight tube. The box being in, a strong blast of air is turned on, and away goes the box, blown to the other end of the tube, where it strikes a to hold our tongues." They are reticent other end of the tube, where it strikes a bell, letting a clerk know it has arrived.

To get it back to the sending office, the air is pumped away from behind, and the box is then carried on by other air which rushes in to fill the empty space.

In New York the "pneumatic" tubes, as they are called—from a Greek word Rothschilds before they could go to war, but they are still a struggless. They are reticent to hold our tongues. They are reticent as the first business. After Baron Lionel had been dead a veek a London wag remarked: "The old baron is just as communicative as ever." The time has passed, if it ever was, when kings had to consult the astronomy of the beautiful as they are still a struggless. meaning "to blow"—are not very long ones; but in London, England, the post-office has in use a tube nearly two miles in length, besides a good many others said he.

"Don't go showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy tem, so they toid me, to go a begging with now. I read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, and so is our clergyman, agin giving any
"Where did this come from?" I feel not quite so long.—St. Nicholas.

"Where did this come from?" I feel not quite so long.—St. Nicholas.

"Where did this come from?" I feel not quite so long.—St. Nicholas.

"And now," said Fibwell, "let me me. We soldiers had not much to give, give my version." "And don't let it be you know, and he vowed never to part a perversion," added Jones, quickly.

TIMELY TOPICS.

What the Rev. Arthur Brinkman, what the Rev. Arthur Brinkman, hospital chaplain, says about nurses should be read by every nurse in the land, and, if they would "all act accordin", there would be joy among the sick the more she washes her thands at it, whether they want it or not, the more the patient will be edified. Everything should be clean about the cap, everything clean about the dress, but the nice effect of it all may be spoiled by one black finger nail that rests on the saucer." With regard to the latter clause (no levity intended) table waitresses will also please take notice

An exchange gives these directions for watering horses: "In cold weather give one pailful at a time, three times a day. This is enough unless you are working them regularly; then give a little more, but not to exceed four pailfuls a day. In warm weather when they are brought in, first sponge out the mouth and nostrils well with cold water. After a few spongings they will wait for it to be done. Then give them not to exceed a pailful apiece, and after feeding give one more pailful before you com-mence work. Don't let them go with-out long enough to make them want more than this. If allowed, a thirsty horse, when warm, will drink too much A common twelve quart pail is the size referred to above.'

A English workman thus testifies in the English Mechanic to the good quality of American wares: "But I speak of things which I know thoroughly well when I say that in very many things our manufactures are not fit to be shown in the same street with American ones; and this is not merely in knick-knacks or little ingenuities, as to which it is tolerably evident we have no pretensions to enter into any comparison. I only invite any one who doubts my state ment to compare such a rough co matter as 'cut nails.' (Our rubbish, with half of them 'split up, which tend to turn round in the wood and split it, and with conical heads, look very poo against the straight, clean nails, with well formed heads, which the Americans used to send out to Australia, and which, when I had once seen them, prevented me from ever buying an English nail again as long as I could get the

The prime conditions of health in : ouse, says the health officer of Washington, D. C., depend upon cleanliness oure air and unpolluted water, the prompt and thorough removal of all refuse, and the perfect exclusion of all foul matters arising outside the house Good ventilation is absolutely necessary floors of dwellings should always be ence of stagnant water.

The Railway, Age calls attention to tacle" of the new activity in railroad building in the West. During the first six months of this year 1,000 miles of railroad have been completed-a much greater number than has been finished in any half year since the panic. It is proba-ble that during the last half of the pres-A writer in a Paris journal claims to be in a position to know that the present capital of the different Rothschild houses Vanderbilt schemes have infused new Vanderbilt schemes have infused new Vanderbilt schemes have infused new Vanderbilt schemes have infused on the proprises. main lines to the West are pushing vig orously to the Black Hills country. Minnesota there is yet still greater ac-tivity, the reorganized system of the St Paul and Pacific extending a line up the Red river. The construction of the Northern Pacific is going forward without delay. The Chicago and Alton have just opened 160 miles of road to the Missouri. West of the Missouri there is extreme activity in railroad construction. Kansas and Nebraska report the build-ing of no less than a half dozen branches to the Pacific roads, aggregating 200 miles in length. In Colorado the Denver and Rio Grande has issued bonds to build 565 miles of road to Leadville, San Juan and Albuquerque. The same enterprise is shown on the Pacific slope.

> There are only nine cities in the world with a population of over a million. London leads with about 4,000,000.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

To escape sunstroke-Avoid the sun. He who is chockful of liquor is apt to

e brimful of mischief.-Lukens. A Michigan man feeds seven bushels of corn a day to his 2,000 domestic fowls. Albuquerque is the name of a foreign

city. Xqqq us, but is it not a q u rious -Rome Sentinel. When a cat is so mad that her hair tands on end she has a fur straight ap-

pearance.—Boston Globe. "Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be?" "No; she has left that off and turned expensive."

In Washington, D. C., the latest fash-ionable mania is silk worms. They are displayed in cases in the parlors and sitting-rooms.

Shakespeare says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody states that he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

It is said that "true love never did run smooth." We've never seen it at-tempt to run, but it does some of the smoothest kind of swinging on the front gate. - Keokuk Constitution.

Paul Morphy, the once noted chess-player, in his insanity imagines himself great lawyer, with an abundance of clients. The great case that absorbs nearly his whole attention is an imaginary one against parties who had charge of an estate left him by his father. He utterly repudiates chess, and denies having ever known anything about it. He lives in New Orleans.

The Gazetta di Venezia, the oldest of New Spapers, appeared in 1536, when the Venetian republic was fighting against the victorious Sultan Suleiman, who took the Levant from the republic and was threatening its very existence. The Doge of Venice, in order to inform the people and arouse them for the defence of their country, ordered the publication of the war news on a piece of paper to e sold for a gazetta, a small Venetian coin. Thence the name of the paper.

A Madison paper gives a fearful account of woman's perfidy. A young man went to take his girl for a walk, but found that she had not done her milking. With a gallantry that does credit to the Madisonian young man, he volunteered to do the milking for her while she was making her toilet. After he had got her milking done, had hung the milk-stool on the bars and set the pail of milk in the kitchen, washed his nands at the pump with soft soap and wiped them on the tail of his duster, he discovered that she had gone to a circus with another young man who did not know enough to extract milk from a milk wagon. The deserted young man kicked over the milk pail and went his way a sadder man-Peck's Milwo

> Too hot to read, too hot to write, Too hot to even be polite; Too hot to sew, too het to knit, Too hot to be "mosquite bit;" Too hot to sleep, too hot to wake. And far too hot to brew or bake:

Too hot to think, too hot to talk, Too hot to lecture or to preach, Too hot to scold, too hot to teach; Too hot for mantle, veil or glove, Too hot to dream of making love: Too hot to live, too hot to die Too hot to whistle or to sing, And oh! too hot for a sything

Human Sacrifices in India.

The British government has at last succeeded in putting down the secret society of religious murderers in India called Thugs, who, in the service of their goddees, Doorga, strangled and plun-dered travelers. The laborious process of hunting them out occupied thirty or nutting them out occupied thirty years, and it is only lately that some of the miscreants were brought before the Prince of Wales, one of whom boasted of having committed sixty-seven murders with his own hand. The god Jugger-naut is no longer suffered by the governnaut is no longer suffered by the government to crush the devotoes who flung themselves under his chariot wheels. It is not long since a host of human sacrifices were offered by certain non-Brahmin tribes; the villages where this took place used to purchase for the purpose men, women and children, the so-called Meriahs. British officers have had the difficult task of effecting the deliverance of these Meriahs and the sup-pression of the sacrifices, partly by force and partly by gentle means. A single officer Major Campbell, in the course of eighteen years, according to the Contemporary Review, rescued 1,500 mer doomed to this secrificial death. It re quired watchfulness and energy of the British officials to put down the prac ice of murdering young girls and bu ing widows. This prohibition of the practice of Suttee, and the law allowing widows to marry again, were denounced as an attack on the Brahamins religious system, and reckoned amon, the pretexts for the Sepoy mutiny. The value of human life is to a Hindoo in Science helow that of a cown he had finitely below that of a cow; he had rather kill ten men than injure one cow

12