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widely by many prominent physicians to be  
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the ailments of the Lungs.

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## POETRY.

### IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl  
When fortune seems our foe;  
The better bred will push ahead  
And strike a braver blow.  
For luck is work,  
And those who shrink  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the play,  
And clear the way  
That better men have run.

It never pays to foster pride,  
And squander wealth in show,  
For friends thus won are sure to run  
In times of want or woe.  
The noblest worth  
Of all the earth  
Are gems of heart and brain;  
A conscience clear,  
A household dear,  
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,  
Or enter to a feud;  
To fawn and flatter, much less repine,  
To pore or to feud.  
The faults of men  
Are fewer when  
Each sees his own canoe;  
For feuds and deils  
And pander's p's  
Unbound'd mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health  
In duelling after gain;  
And he who thinks that gold  
Is cheaply bought with pain.  
An humble lot,  
A easy cot,  
Have tempted even kings,  
For station high,  
That wealth will buy,  
Not oft contentment bring.

It never pays to— a blunt refrain  
Well worthy of a song,  
For age and youth must learn this truth,  
That nothing pays that's wrong.  
The good and pure  
Alone are sure  
To bring prolonged success,  
While what is right  
In Heaven's sight  
Is always sure to be.

### LOVE ON THE OCEAN; OR, THE MUTINY OF THE LASCAR.

The day was sultry, and scarcely a breath of  
wind fanned the heated brows of a number of pas-  
sengers who were grouped together beneath the  
awning that covered the wide and spacious quar-  
ter-deck of the Lady Eversham, a large ship be-  
longing to the powerful East India Company's  
service, which, at the time of this sketch, was in  
the zenith of its power. The huge sails hung al-  
most motionless from the immense yards, and a  
general air of languor pervaded all hands, from  
the captain down to the cabin boy.

In there a prospect of a breeze, Mr. Syl-  
vester, a young lady who occupied a large  
laundress chair close by the rail.

Not at present, Miss Dean, I am sorry to say.  
There—there, Alice! I do not wish to see you  
speaking to that young man; he's nothing but a  
sailor, you know, and only of an inferior rank.  
Remember our family dignity if you please.

The young lady's face turned crimson as the  
coarse reproach reached her ears; and the young  
man in question, who was taking the place  
of third mate of the ship, looked as if he were  
vexed at eating the portions of men who were  
gazing complacently at him, and through the me-  
dium of his gold spectacles, and never once deigned  
to notice the indignant looks of the young sailor,  
who had walked away to attend to some matter  
that demanded his attention.

Alice Dean was the daughter of an officer in  
the army, who had served his country faithfully in  
many portions of the globe; and, after an hono-  
rable career in his profession, and fallen a victim to  
the malignant climate of Calcutta, and his heart-  
broken wife survived him but a few months. Thus  
Alice, at the age of eighteen, was left alone in  
the world; and had, indeed, would have been  
her fate had not an uncle (a brother of her  
mother's) taken compassion upon her destitute  
condition, and thrown the mantle of his protec-  
tion about her.

He was a crusty, fussy old bachelor, and amassed  
a large fortune in the East by his services as a  
lawyer in the service of the East India Company,  
which at one time could boast of a navy and ar-  
my of his own.

The old fellow, Mr. John W. Smith, name, had  
resolved to leave India and return to the shores of

his native land, which he had left when a boy;  
and, of course, Alice accompanied him. She was  
the only relative left in the world, and he recog-  
nized her as the lawful heiress to all his vast prop-  
erty.

There were many other passengers on board, all  
of rank, and possessing more or less importance  
in the land which they had left many miles astern;  
and they will be introduced to the reader as the  
occasion occurs.

Ah, by the way, Captain, where did you pick  
up that fellow, that Sylvester, I think he calls  
himself? And the old gentleman wiped his glasses  
with a silk handkerchief.

Oh, I shipped him in Calcutta. The poor devil  
had been cast away, and told me such a pitiful  
story, that I finally was obliged to take him in  
place of my third officer, who died of cholera.

Deuced sorry to hear it, captain! I don't like  
fellow.

Why, Mr. Wilkes? Has he offended you?  
No? Oh, no sir! I should have punished the  
fellow, you know; but he's rather officious to my  
taste, there, Miss Alice; and her family dignity  
must not suffer, you know.

Certainly not, sir; replied the captain, who  
was a man hated and feared by the officers and  
men for his petty and overbearing, tyrannical  
nature; while to his superiors and persons of rank  
he was cunning and obsequious. In his attentions,  
and ever solutions to gain the favor of those in  
power, no matter how it was to be secured.

From that day he was the bitter unrelenting  
enemy of the unfortunate young man; and, at  
every opportunity, never failed to insult him. But  
Sylvester never allowed his temper to gain the  
ascendancy, and bore the cowardly treatment with  
the patience of a martyr.

The homeward-bound ship was favored with a  
breeze at last; and with all sail set, and the  
foam and bubbles left a broad track astern. The  
crew was composed entirely of Lascars, headed by  
a serang and tinidel, and numbered in all ninety  
men. The passengers had, also their native ser-  
vants, which swelled the foreign element to about  
one hundred dark-skinned East Indians.

Their dusky, graceful forms, could be seen glid-  
ing about decks, but their features were  
indicative of treachery. Kept under, and cowed  
down, by the right discipline of the captain, they  
lead a miserable life; and not a day passed but  
what one of them was stretched bleeding on the  
deck by the brutal blows of the master, or his tool,  
the mate.

Their dark eyes would flash with the fury of  
tigers in their native jungle as they were forced to  
witness the deeds of cruelty; and many a time  
had Clarence Sylvester heard the low mutter of  
discontent, and a wild hope for vengeance. Thus,  
unhappiness and discontent spread rapidly through  
the ship, and for the crew was literally a floating  
hell.

But in the cabin, it was different; there, all  
was peace and harmony. The young men, and  
there were several, were assiduous in their atten-  
tions to the young ladies, much to the disgust of  
the female portion, who were somewhat slighted,  
and consequently looked upon Alice with aver-  
sion and envy.

Alice had first been attracted towards Clarence  
Sylvester through sympathy for his situation; and  
he being a fine-looking young man, her sympathy  
gradually changed to admiration for the manner  
in which he bore the taunts and ridicule of his  
enemies.

As for Sylvester's own feelings, he secretly  
worshipped her; and considered the fair girl but  
little inferior to an angel.

During the long, weary hours of the night-  
watch, when the inmates of the cabin were buried  
in slumber, Alice would come on deck to enjoy  
the beauties of a tropical night; and the young  
sailor would stand by her side, half entranced,  
drinking in the sweet melody of her voice, and  
treasuring up each word and smile. Many were  
the stolen interviews that were enjoyed in this  
manner; and the young girl finally looked for-  
ward with pleasure for the still, calm hours to  
come, when, free from the annoyance and fustian  
flattery that she was forced to enjoy through the  
day, she could enjoy a sensible conversation with  
Clarence.

Alice did not dare to analyze the feelings which  
agitated her bosom; and, without considering the  
consequences, allowed the strange emotions which  
surged through her heart, and to which she had  
heretofore been a stranger, to have entire control  
of her mind.

But no word of love ever escaped from the  
guard lips of the sailor; in his manner he was  
tender, polite and attentive nothing more.

Clarence, for some time, had been debating the  
propriety of calling the captain's attention to the  
state of affairs existing forward, which had now  
arrived at such a pitch, that curses and threats,  
both loud and deep, were often heard. Waiting  
for a favorable opportunity, he approached  
that magnate one afternoon, and, in a respectful

manner, stated his suspicions, and ventured to re-  
monstrate against a system of treatment that, in  
his opinion, was likely to result in mutiny, blood-  
shed and disaster.

"Ha, ha, ha! You fool! what kind of a cock-  
and-bull story is this? Gentlemen!—turning to  
the passengers, who were, as usual gathered on  
the quarter-deck—what do you suppose this  
young fool has had the impudence to tell me?"

"What is it, my good fellow—anything exciting?"  
drawled out a major of infantry, who was the ex-  
quisite of the ship.

All the passengers gathered around the cap-  
tain, eager to hear the news, and enjoy a laugh at  
Clarence's expense.

Why, he's afraid of a mutiny; and had the im-  
pudence to give me advice in regard to my duties.

In the meanwhile the victim of the laugh that  
echoed around was waking up and down, ap-  
parently paying no attention to the coarse re-  
marks of his captain; and not until that worthy  
called to him in a loud and insulting manner did  
he deign to cast even a glance towards the group.

See here; I have just a few words to say to you  
my young cock-a-hoop; in future, when I wish  
for your advice, I'll ask for it. I am captain of  
this vessel, and will allow no meddling interference.

Get out of this, or I'll kick you off the  
quarter-deck!

Clarence advanced one step towards the fuming  
bully, and calmly folding his arms looked the ty-  
rant straight in the eye.

"You'll kick me, will you, you contemptible bul-  
ly? I have borne with your abuse and vile lan-  
guage because I would not lower myself by taking  
notice of you; but if you dare to lift your hand to  
me, you'll regret it—mind what I say!"

The bully's face turned red with passion, and  
doubling up his fist, he rushed at the young man  
who jumped nimbly aside, evading his furious blow,  
and striking out with his right, he sent the square,  
massive form of the captain sprawling on the  
deck. Up jumped the dastardly hero, calling on  
his steward to bring up his pistols, and appealing to  
his passengers as witnesses of the indignity he  
had received.

"Mutiny! mutiny! and you at the head of it!  
But I'll take it out of you. Lay aft here, all hands!  
Mr. Sampson! (the mate), seize him up, sir—seize  
him up, and give him three dozen!"

The mate advanced at the head of the Lascars  
to obey the captain's order; but Clarence fought  
with all his strength, and caused several of his  
enemies to measure their length on deck; and not  
until the male portion of the passengers joined in  
against him did they succeed in securing their  
victim.

In the meanwhile, Alice, who had been below  
in her state-room, was aroused by the noise and  
bustle on deck; and, hurrying up the companion-  
way, arrived in time to see Clarence surrounded  
by the ship's company, who were engaged in seiz-  
ing him up to a grating, having first divested him  
of his shirt. For an instant she stood as if rooted  
to the spot, and her eyes wandered first from one  
then to another in amazement, as if she failed to  
comprehend the meaning of the affair.

A large Lascar now stepped out from the ranks,  
bearing in his hands the implement of torture and  
degradation—the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Now, Mr. Sampson, see that full justice is meted  
out, and show no favors; said the captain.

Then he wiped his swollen and discolored face,  
fairly glowing over the opportunity which he had  
long been waiting for. But before the Lascar  
could carry out the work of command, and before  
the murdered cat had whistled through the air,  
Alice bounded forward and covered the body of  
the young man with her own graceful and light  
form. Facing the astonished crowd of spectators,  
with eyes that blazed with anger and indignation,  
she waved back the burly native who was about  
to deal the fatal blow.

"Cowards! grasped forth the excited girl; is  
this the way Britons treat men? Is this a spec-  
imen of your justice? Give me a knife one of you!

And snatching one from a Lascar who was stand-  
ing close by, she severed the bonds that bound the  
young man, and, placing the knife in his hand  
dashed below.

So sudden and unexpected had the brave  
girl effected her purpose, that Clarence was  
free almost before the captain and the passen-  
gers had recovered from their astonishment.

A few sullen glances, and a muttered threat  
of future vengeance, were all the satisfaction  
the discomfited bully received for the resistance  
he had offered, and the young man was  
allowed to retire to his state room; while the  
strange conduct of his fair defender was severely  
canvassed, for want of a better subject to  
engross their time and attention.

In the meanwhile, Clarence busied himself  
in carefully cleaning and loading a pair of pis-  
tols, which he placed securely in the bosom of  
his shirt. He was fully convinced in his own  
mind that the wily crew meant mischief; and  
he resolved to be prepared for any emergency  
that might turn up. He had the first watch  
and busied himself in securing some provisions

and water in the stern-sheets of the quarter-  
boat which hung at the davits.

He had to proceed with caution, in order to  
elude the snake-like vigilance of the Lascars,  
whose suspicions, in all probability, had been  
aroused by the unusual scene so lately enacted  
on the quarter-deck, and the various scornful  
remarks of the captain in regard to Clarence's  
fears of a mutiny.

Before the eight bells struck, Clarence had  
finished his task to his entire satisfaction; and  
the boat had been cleared away, ready to lower  
at a moment's notice. Masts, oars and sails  
were secured in their places; and with his  
heart filled with dismal forebodings, he left  
the deck as the relieving officer made his ap-  
pearance and assumed the responsibility.

Without removing his clothing, he turned  
into his berth, and soon fell into an uneasy  
slumber. How long he slept he knew not;  
but he was suddenly aroused from his slum-  
bers by the noise and tumult of an altercation  
on deck. A wild cry was followed by a heavy  
jarring fall, in quick succession; and Clarence  
knew that the fatal moment had arrived.

Leaping from his berth, he hurried into the  
after cabin, and hastily aroused Alice, to whom  
he briefly stated his fears; and the next in-  
stant she opened her state-room door, a loose  
robe thrown about her. At the same instant  
a rush of many feet was heard in the direction  
of the forward cabin.

To extinguish the lamp, and give a warning  
cry to the sleeping inmates, was all that Claren-  
ce could do; and seizing the trembling form of  
Alice in his arms, he sprang to the other  
companion way, and mounted the stairs lead-  
ing to the deck.

He had just many seconds to spare, for as  
he disappeared with his precious burden from  
the cabin, a whole troupe of dusky rascals  
came rushing in, howling for blood and ven-  
geance. Like a mob torn from their beds by  
a fierce passion, burst through the bonds and  
fetters which had so long held them in check;  
and no more money could be expected from  
their hands, when once they had tasted blood  
than from a tiger.

It was the work of an instant to place the  
maiden in the boat; and throwing a hasty  
glance around, Clarence saw the deck was de-  
serted. Not a soul was visible; even the  
mate at the wheel had deserted his post, and  
joined in with his fellows.

No thing but the ghastly corpse of the mate  
met the gaze of the young man; and, with  
as little noise as possible proceeded to lower  
away the boat. It was a somewhat difficult  
job to perform, but he finally had the satisfac-  
tion of seeing it float accomplished; and drop-  
ping her astern, he made the painter (rope)  
fast to the tail-rail, and drawing his pistols pre-  
pared to render all the assistance possible to  
the unfortunate beings below.

Creeping down the companion way, he list-  
ened for a moment, and loud cries for mercy,  
mingled with frenzied yells of rage, fell upon  
his ear. Dull heavy blows, and moans of  
agony were heard on every side, which proved  
conclusively that he could render no aid to the  
unhappy victims of their own folly, who,  
one and all, had doubtless paid the fearful price  
of their temerity.

Regaining the deck, he walked cautiously  
forward, and unobserved, succeeded in gaining  
his state room, where he secured an ample  
stock of ammunition. The Lascars had re-  
laxed the lamp, and were too intent upon their  
work of rapine and murder to pay any atten-  
tion to what was occurring elsewhere; and  
peering through the half closed doors, Claren-  
ce beheld a fearful scene.

The mangled remains of the captain were  
exposed to full view, and the body, cut  
and slashed in every manner, looked as if each  
one of the mutineers had said his revenge  
by burying his weapon in the still warm body  
of his victim. The remainder of the officers  
and passengers had also met the same fate, all  
having fallen victims to the blind fury of the  
treacherous Lascars.

They had apparently satisfied their fearful  
appetite for blood; and in the midst of the  
fearful scene, their victims stretched out be-  
fore them, lying in their gore, they were  
making preparations for a drunken carouse.  
Various kinds of liquor had been found, and  
deposited on the table, and the gurgling of wine,  
and the clank of glasses, mingled with their  
wild shouts of triumph.

Scattered around the cabin were various  
papers, and one in particular attracted the at-  
tention of Clarence. It was a large and volu-  
minous looking document, covered with seals;  
and it struck the young man it might be the  
will of Mr. Wilkes or some valuable legal  
document. He resolved to gain possession of it,  
if possible; but, as it lay directly in their  
midst, it was an exceedingly difficult, as well  
as perilous undertaking.

The swinging lamp was in full view; and  
taking a deliberate aim, the bullet sped true to  
the mark, and the lamp fell shattered into a  
hundred pieces. Cries of consternation and  
dismay arose on all sides; and amid the gen-  
eral confusion which ensued, the brave young  
sailor slipped into Alice's mid, and under cover  
of the friendly darkness which prevailed, pre-  
sented himself of the paper, and turning, sought  
to retrace his steps.

The Lascars had in a measure recovered  
from the surprise into which they had been  
thrown, and half maddened by the fumes of  
the liquor which had mounted to their brain,  
an altercation ensued, one accusing the other  
of breaking the lamp. In an instant the cab-  
in was transformed into a perfect pandemonium,  
and drawing their sharp, keen knives,  
an indiscriminate melee ensued, it being im-  
possible to detect friend or foe.

Fearful were the cries and groans that ech-  
ed around in that confined space, Clarence,  
crouching close to the floor, endeavored to  
work his way to the door without coming in  
contact with the combatants. Once his hand  
touched the cold, clammy face of a corpse; and  
with a shudder of horror he rose to his feet,  
and resolved to make a rush for the door, re-  
gardless of the wounds he might receive. He  
had already been absent some time from the  
deck; and Alice half, crazed with fear and  
excitement, was probably awaiting his return  
with feverish anxiety.

Mastering all his energies, and clutching his  
pistol ready for instant use, he sprang forward  
pushing the Lascars from his path, and skill-  
fully eluded their thrusts, and a thrill of joy  
ran through his frame as his hand came in con-  
tact with the door knob.

Another instant and he would be free, when  
he felt himself seized from behind. Exerting  
himself to the utmost, he succeeded in twist-  
ing half round; and as he did so he heard a  
knife driven with terrible force into the door  
which was intended for his body. Before this  
he could withdraw it, Clarence grappled with  
his unknown foe, and a fearful struggle  
took place.

The Lascar must have been a large and  
powerful man, for his hands grasped Clarence  
with a clutch it was impossible to escape; and  
fearing that he might receive a wound from  
one of the drunken rioters by whom he was  
surrounded, he had recourse to his pistol, and  
second time the ripple of fire among the  
blood stained deck. With a heavy crash  
his foe fell to the floor, and Clarence was free.

This time he reached the door without op-  
position, and throwing it open, sprang through  
the aperture, followed by the crowd of howling  
demons.

No doubt but what a glimmering of suspicion  
darted through their brain as to his true char-  
acter; and as if by mutual consent they ceased  
fighting among themselves in order to exter-  
minate the common foe.

Clarence ran for his life closely pursued by  
the crew, who were thirsting for his blood.—  
Gaining the tail-rail, he cleared it at a leap this  
next instant he rose above the sun face of the  
water close alongside the boat and in a mo-  
ment he was over the rail, much to the relief  
of Alice who had given him up for lost.

But their peril was not over, for although  
the Lascars had not followed the example of  
this young sailor in jumping overboard they  
soon perceived the boat towing astern, and rush-  
ing made towards the painter (rope).

The boat glided close up under the stern  
of the Lascar could sever the rope; but us-  
ing his knife bravely, he had the satisfaction of  
seeing the boat drop astern amid the cries of  
rage and disappointment of the dark skinned  
rascals.

He lost no time in making sail on his frail  
craft, and keeping off before the wind, the in-  
fated Lady Eversham soon disappeared from  
view, and both the occupants of the boat breath-  
ed freer as the huge vessel with its blood-stain-  
ed crew loomed up for an instant through the  
darkness, and then glided into seclusion.

Throwing a watchcoat over the form of the  
fair girl who cowered by his side, Clarence  
grasped the oar and guided the boat as it  
bounded on. In as few words as possible he  
answered the few questions of Alice in such a  
manner as left no room for doubt as to  
the fate of all on board; and thus the hours  
of that long night he supported the form of  
that weeping maiden, shielding her from the  
spray which occasionally flew over them, and  
whispering words of consolation and comfort  
in her ear.

(To be continued.)

### A Husband persuaded to go Home.

A Texan correspondent says a handsome  
dashing woman rode into a village in that re-  
gion, a few days ago, and alighting from her  
horse, went rapidly to a drinking saloon  
where a number of sovereigns were having a  
"high time." She singled out the finest looking  
man in the crowd, and walking up to him seized  
him by the arm and ordered him to put down  
the glass which he was about to drink. He  
dashed down the glass and rushed away; the  
lady followed and finally cornered him in the  
billiard room. She told him, in a firm, deter-  
mined voice, that the place he was in and the  
course he was pursuing would not answer for  
her husband, that he was wasting her property,  
and that she could no longer consent to be his  
poverished by him. She demanded his label,  
he refused. She took it from him, cocked it,  
and presented it at him, and told him to leave  
or die. He consented to leave. She  
marched him out as a prisoner of war to where  
his horse was tethered, ordered him to mount,  
and in a few moments the two were leaving  
town, a wife riding in the rear of her hap-  
py husband, with his old shaver in her hand.