



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
CONSUMPTION,
Indicated by many prominent physicians to be
the most reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all
G COMPLAINTS.

Known remedy is offered to the public, com-
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to which it is adapted, and which it cures
in the most rapid and certain manner.

Cold, Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza,
Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stomach
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The St. Andrews Standard.

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Vol 37

Poetry.

The Happy Woman.

Her days are filled with homely tasks,
Her heart with love's content;—
What'er she has, she enjoys, nor asks
For what Heaven hath not sent.

She looks out toward the purple hills
Through small-paned windows gray;
The sunshine ripples o'er the sills,
And the home-made carpet gay.

A soul serene, through clear, mild eyes,
Her baby gazes forth;
His silence seems than speech more wise,
His smile a cherub's mirth.

A home-spun wool of noiseless dools,
Her life makes little show;
For words come largely for her needs
And ne'er like rivers flow.

And ne'er of duty doth she prate,
But straightway does the deed
Most needed, whether small or great,
Fulfilling thus Love's creed.

In baby-hood among her toys,
She happy was for hours;
And now, amid her household joys,
She builds enduring towers.

And now as then she giveth joy
To all who near her dwell,
And feds the restful harmony
Which from her soul doth well.

A Virgin.

The hands of my watch point to midnight,
My fire burns low;
But my pulse runs like the morning,
My heart all aglow.

My darling, my maiden, is felled
And wrapped from the chill,
And slumber lies down on her eyelids,
Pure, light, and still;

She needs not the watch-care of angels
To keep off fear and ill.

The throbbing of heart is ever
A sweet, virgin prayer;
The thoughts of her heart, like incense,
Fill the chaste and silent air.

And how can evil, or fear of it,
Enter in there?

Harper's Magazine

Interesting Tale.

HASTY WORDS.

A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

Mother, please look here and see my pretty
black horse. When I am a man we'll have
one just like it.

I glanced at four-year-old Harry, who had
constructed a most wonderful edifice in the
middle of my sitting-room.

I am afraid it would not keep out much
snow, said I.

But it would be nice in summer, said Har-
ry, laughing merrily and springing to my side;
he threw his little arms around my neck, say-
ing, "O mamma! I love you so!"

Harry, said I, kissing him, will you run and
tell Bridget to have warm biscuit for tea?
He started quickly, and as he started he
caught his foot in a light stand upon which I
had placed a rare Parisian vase, with a rose
bud just unfolding its petals in it. The stand
fell over, and the vase (a gift from my dead
mother) was shattered.

You naughty boy, I cried, angrily, you de-
stroyed my vase, and put them in the coal hole.
He looked up at me with a sad face, and
scratching his little fingers as he did so, he
said, "I'm sorry, mamma."

Only six cents a box,
TH. W. FOWLE & SON, BOSTON,
Troy, N. Y.

Coming to me he placed a five-cent piece
in my hand, saying, "Will that buy you a
new vase, mamma?"

What a little fellow possessed me to take the
coin, his severely cherubed treasure (a kind
neighbor had given him for some little office),
and throw it from me, I know not. Harry
picked it up with tears running down his face,
and sat down upon his stool with his hands
folded so meekly. Presently he said, "May
I go and play with Edith Porter?"

I don't care where you go, said I, crossly,
so you keep out of my sight.

Harry went to the closet where his coat and
hat hung, put them on, and came and stood by
my side.

Mamma, will you please forgive me? I'm
so sorry; and he put his lips up for a kiss. O

God forgive me, I pushed the little fellow
away. He stood by the door a moment, look-
ing pitifully at me; it is twenty-five years
ago to-day since he stood there, but I can see
him with his blue coat and red and grey
worsted skating cap, and the little red mittens,
as if it was but yesterday. But I looked
coldly at him, the door opened and shut, the
little feet went slowly down stairs. I heard
him go out; unfettered the gate. Looking out
of the window, I saw the little fellow lift his
face with a smile as he saw me, which gave
place to a pitiful quiver of the lips, as he saw
I took no notice of him. I watched the dark
figure going down the street with a strange un-
settled feeling, all the little not and mittens were
no longer visible. A sudden impulse
moved me to call him back, but I crushed it
down.

O, would to God I had! Well, I reeled all
through the attic room. At four o'clock I put
away my work and sat by the window. Con-
science began to reproach me for my conduct.
—"Don't cry," said I, "my beautiful vase is
a ruin."—"What is the value of all the vases
in the world compared with your child? Have
you not spoken too soon to that dear little Har-
ry who is always so cheerful and obedient? And
this is not the first time either, and you
calling your self a Christian mother, too! Sup-
posing Harry should be suddenly taken from
you! Wouldn't your cruel words haunt you
forever?"

I could bear this no longer. I rose and
picked up the key I had about the room to
give it a more airy appearance.

Then I went to the window, peering anx-
iously through the gloom, but seeing nothing of
my joy. My heart became terribly heavy;
it is suspense was unbearable. Has Harry
gone to school or to his play? I ran into Mrs.
Porter's. "Have you seen Edith?" was the
question I first uttered. "Have you seen
Harry?"

He was over here at half past ten; he had
Edith went over to Miss Gray's. I think—
What she thought I never knew, for that
moment I did not know, but I felt that
—"Mother, mother! Harry's Loring is
downed! We were riding on the mill pond,
and the wheel was a hole in the ice, and
Harry didn't see it, and—"

Hush, Edith! said his mother, looking at
him fearfully. Have I Mrs. Loring?

There was a great silence in the room,
broken only by the little sweet voice of a
canary, and the purr of a Maltese cat. Pres-
ently Mrs. Porter came towards me, and
placed her hand so lightly on my shoulder, say-
ing, "Edith, my poor child!"

I never moved, but sat with my wide open
eyes upon an awful picture. A child gray
afternoon, a pond, little boys playing upon it,
one little figure, well known to me suddenly
disappearing through the treacherous ice,
down, down, the little body grasping at cruel
weeds, the sweet mouth full of water, and
these wicked sinful words rising through my
ears, "I don't care where you go, so long as
you keep out of my sight." There was a
mist before my eyes, a ringing in my ears. I
remember leaving the house with a feeling of
going where my Harry was. Then came a
horrible sense of the earth giving way under
my feet and I knew no more.

A pleasant feeling of warmth, a languid
sense pervaded my system; I opened my eyes
and glanced around the room. A strange
woman, by the fire; at the foot of the bed
my husband, with his hand over his eyes.
I tried to think where I was and what had
happened, but in vain. Then my attention
was attracted by a little figure in a red flannel
night dress, curled up in a big chair—my
Harry! Then it all flashed across my mind
I sat straight up in bed, with a faint "why!"

What is it? said I, feebly.

You must not talk; lie down. O darling,
darling! and the strong man wrapt like a child
and the little figure came and jumped on my
bed, and putting his arms around my neck
cried, "Mamma, I'm so sorry!"

The strange woman came
forward and took Harry away, saying, "Be
careful, Mr. Loring; everything depends
upon quiet."

Tell me all now, said I. I must know. I
had such a horrible feeling. O Harold, I
dreamed Harry was drowned!

His face grew white. He was near death;
George Gray got him out of the pond; Gray
sent down to the office for me; I went after
Dr. Hooper, and came right up. There was
but a spark of life left, but we succeeded at
last.

How many days was it, Harold? said I.
Seven weeks, said I. Impossible!

You have been very sick with brain fever,
Edith. You were very near death; for days
we despaired of ever seeing you conscious
again. You would say, "Harry is drowned,"
and I made him drown himself. Last night
Dr. Hooper said the crisis was at hand; if
you lived through the night you would get
well. O Edith, I am so thankful you were
spared to me!

I have been so weak and sinful, Harold,
said I; and then told him all, not keeping
back anything.

He heard me through, stroking my hair in
a gentle fashion. When I finished, he said:
It has taught you a lesson, Edith dear. And
that was all.

I soon recovered. For a long time I could
not bear Harry out of my sight. It seemed
as if I could not do enough to atone for my
wicked conduct. The thoughts make me shud-
der now—if it had been that Harry had never
come back to me, and that the last words he
heard from his mother's lips were so unkind,
one of them has heard a cross-hasty word
from me. Oftentimes my patience has been
sorely tried, but one thought of that horrible
death to which Harry came so near drives the
demon away.

Mothers, bear patiently with those little
ones. Are there not many whose eyes rest-
ing on this simple story fill with bitter tears at
the recollection of the unkind words, and
even blows, to little children laid away for-
ever?

Who would not give all their worldly pos-
sessions, yes, years of their lives, to recall
those hasty words that made their child's lips
quiver pitifully and the clear eyes dim with
tears? Ah, you cannot have them back for a
moment to kiss the sweet red lips. They are
gone, and your sin remains.

An Island of Silver in Canada.

We have before alluded to the silver island
of the north shore of Lake Superior, in the
British possession, just below Thunder Cape
and some fifteen miles beyond Fort William.
The island is quite small in dimensions—say
one hundred feet by forty—and the most of
it is submerged at high water; a small part
at one end is about eight feet above the lake
level. This island was entered by the Mont-
real Mining Company as a part of a tract
embracing 103,000 acres; and the island was
subsequently purchased of them by Capt. W.
B. Evans, for himself and associates.

The Montreal Mining Company first made
the discovery that the island contained silver,
and by their agents sent a shaft on the island;
but these knew little of mining, and the
water coming in upon them, further
working of their mine was abandoned as use-
less. It was only this last summer that Capt.
Evans and his company completed their bar-
gain with the Montreal company for the is-
land, and secured it by paying, or agreeing
to pay \$25,000 for the entire 103,000 acres.
They went immediately at work upon improv-
ing the mine in a "workmanlike manner."

Their first step was to surround the island
with a breakwater, to serve as a breakwater and
an ice-breaker, and within these ribs a coffer-
dam was built and puddled with clay, leaving
the effect of making the whole interior of the
island nearly water-tight, at least from the in-
trusion of the lake. The next step was to
set up a large siphon pump, worked by steam,
by which the inside was pumped dry, or near-
ly so, and it has since been found that a very
little working of the pumps daily keeps the is-
land clear of water entirely. They then went
to work laying bare the vein, and now have
exposed seventy feet in length, and find it to
be a true fissure vein with perpendicular walls
—the vein of silver matrix being calcareous
spar some little quartz intermixed.

The vein is eight feet wide, and eyes wit-
ness as from there state that for one quarter
of this width, it will average 70 per cent. of pure
silver. On the first trial after the water was
gotten out, six tons over \$35,000 in four days,
and up to the latest account of the working had
been continued at about this rate. Already
123 barrels of native silver, estimated to be
worth \$75,000 to \$100,000, having been ship-
ped. The yield of this mine, computed by
the ton, is not less than a dollar to the pound.
The mine now employs about forty men, and
will increase their force immediately.

The "royalty" paid to this to the English
Government is very small—not exceeding one
twentieth. Eye-witnesses of intelligence,
judicious, and experienced report that Capt.
Evans will probably take out of silver, up to
the opening of navigation next spring, from
\$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 in money value! The
steamer Meteor conveyed down the lake on
her trip before last sixty two barrels of
silver.

It is silver island in no humbug, but an ac-
tual, bona fide affair, in which the most won-
derful results have already been obtained, and
all bids fair to make in yield and richness the
most remarkable mining discovery in this
country for many years. Some masses of sil-
ver went down on the Meteor larger than a
man could lift. A part of the island vein, say
two feet of the eight feet in width, is wonder-
fully rich, and it is from this portion that the
large silver masses are extracted. Other
richnesses of silver are reported as having
been found on the main north shore, in range
of the silver island, and Capt. Hodson, of Port-
age Lake, has gone east to organize a com-
pany to work them.—[U. S. paper.]

A STORY OF GENERAL THOMAS.—Among
the stories told of the late General Thomas is
one of an incident which occurred when he and

his chief of staff, General Garfield, were in
speaking the fortifications of Chattanooga in
1864. They heard a shout, "Hello, Mister
You! I want to speak to you!" and General
Thomas found that he was the person ad-
dressed by an uncouth, backwoods East-Tennes-
sian. He stopped and the dialogue which
ensued was as follows:

Mister, I want to get a far-lough,
my man!

On what grounds do you want a far-lough,
my man?

I want to go home and see my wife?

How long since you saw your wife?

Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three
months.

Three months! good naturedly exclaimed
General Thomas. Why my good man, I have
not seen my wife for three years.

The East-Tennessean stopped whistling for
a moment, and stared incredulously; at last
he said, Well you see, me and my wife ain't
that kind.

Even General Thomas' grinness was not
proof against the laughter which he rode away
to conceal, leaving the astonished soldier with-
out an answer. We give it as told by Gen.
Garfield.

Great War Swindle.

An enormous swindle has been perpetrated
upon some of the outlying French towns by a
renegade Frenchman, named Schleg, former-
ly a teacher of languages. He found four
birds of his own feather ready to join him,
and for them and himself he had uniforms
made which were exact copies of those worn
by the Uhlans. Their method was to always
keep a certain distance in advance of the
Crown Prince of Saxony, and to pass them-
selves off on the people of the villages which
were in their way as a species of avant
garde, sent by the Crown Prince to collect
money for the army. They they always suc-
ceeded in obtaining from the frightened
villagers by means of threats, and they
invariably gave receipts for the same. When
the real Uhlans arrived a few hours
later, to levy the war tax, they would be al-
ready with protestations that the money had already
been paid; and in evidence of this the spuri-
ous receipts would be shown. At first little
attention was paid to these protestations and
complaining, the soldiers considering it as only
one way of trying to evade the levy. But
the same scene was repeated so many times,
and in every town through which they passed,
that at last they began to suspect that some-
thing was wrong. Closer investigation re-
vealed the real state of things, and Schleg
and his men were surprised at Leinsdorf, where
they were trying to raise 25,000 francs;
170,000 francs were found in their possession.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—1870.—The Execu-
tive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance
have caused to be prepared and issued the fol-
lowing programme for the Annual Week of
Prayer, beginning Sunday, New Year's Day,
January 1, 1871.

SUNDAY, Jan. 1.—Sermons—Subject—In-
spiration of Holy Scripture; its efficiency and
sole authority for religious faith and practice.

MONDAY, Jan. 2.—Prayer—Gratitude re-
view of the past, calling for renewed confidence
and for an increased devotedness; humiliation
for the worldliness of the church; and for na-
tional sins provoking divine judgments.

TUESDAY, Jan. 3.—Prayer—For nations;
for all in authority; for soldiers and sailors;
for all who have suffered in recent war; and
for the blessing of peace.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4.—Prayer—For the
conversion of children; for Sunday schools,
and all seminaries of learning; and for the
raising up of more laborers in Christ's service.

THURSDAY, Jan. 5.—Prayer—For the out-
pouring of the Holy Spirit on all who profess
and call themselves Christians; for the in-
crease of charity; and of affectionate com-
munion and co-operation among all in every
land who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincer-
ity.

FRIDAY, Jan. 6.—Prayer—For the circu-
lation of the Word of God; for a blessing on
religious literature; for an end of religious
persecution; and for the removal of all hin-
drances to the spread of the Gospel.

SATURDAY, Jan. 7.—Prayer—For Chris-
tian Missions; for the conversion of the world;
and for the glorious appearance of our Lord
Jesus Christ.

SUNDAY, Jan. 8.—Sermons—Subject—
Faith, Hope and Love—essential Witnesses
for the truth.

During the late "difficulties" Southern sol-
diers were quite as fond of joking each other
as they were of doing that same at our ex-
pense. This time a "No. 1 Calumet" friend,
who is proud of his "tar and turpentine" State;
a North Carolina regiment, marching by a
camp occupied by troops from Virginia, one of
the latter asked, bantering,

"Sey, got any tar left?"
"No," General Lee has used it all up, put-
ting it in the trenches here."

"Ah! What's that for?"
"To make the Virginians stick to their
posts."

"BAD SPELLING."—In the appendix of a new
edition of "Pepys' Diary," that most enter-
taining of all memoirs, we find a letter ad-
dressed to him by no less a personage than the
Duchess of Norfolk, dated in 1681. Pepys
came into note at the commencement of the
prodigious reign of Charles II. in England;
and in this Diary, which he kept in short land
every day for ten years, presents the most gra-
phic picture of scenes, personages, and events
of that time (such as the great fire in London,
and the succeeding plague), to be found on
record. His position brought him into con-
stant intercourse with the king, court, and no-
bility; and his correspondence was with many
of the most distinguished characters of the
time. This letter of the Duchess is an unusu-
ally important one as to the matter, as it merely
begs him to look after a parcel containing some
plague. For the manner of it chiefly for the
spelling, we transcribe it in full. Here it is:

Sir: I am encouraged to give you the trouble,
knowing the regard you ever had for my Lord
Duke, and beg a favor of you, which is that
you will own, as for yourself, a parcel of Scotch
plaid of iron, or a even piece, or give me
leave to order them to be directed to you that
I may with less trouble com by them, because
in my absence I have lett entr st in town, which
is the reason I entreat this of you, but if it be
the least inconvenience, I beg you freely anwer me
so, and when comes in my way to serve you
notwithstanding, I shall to my power lett you
se I redily wold oblige you to my utmost pow-
er, as your servant.

NORFOLK.

Now, at first glance, it might be supposed
that the orthography is due to the fact, that
two hundred years ago, there was no stand-
ard of spelling; and that there were great ir-
regularities in it. It is certain, and as every-
body is made to correct them during this very reign
of Charles I., the first attempts of the kind have
been ventured as far back as the reign of
Elizabeth. But the orthography was not so
very loose in 1681 as the above letter would
indicate, at least among well educated people;
for in this collection there are many others
from divers persons, which are spelled very
much according to the present mode, with the
exception of a few well known old fashioned
terminations, which will be recognized by those
familiar with the literature of that time. The
Duchess of Norfolk, then, notwithstanding her
rank, and splendor of connections, was so
uninstructed in the first rudiments of an Eng-
lish education, that this letter must have pro-
voked a smile on the face of the accomplished
Pepys; while now it would be a diversion to
the poorest scholar in a district school. It is
not unimproved but ignorant spelling; not the
result of allowable license, when the eye were
not fixed laws on the subject, but a violation of
those which custom had already sanctioned.—
[Oliver Optic's Magazine.]

"HOW CAN I COOK?"—"Yen I first come
to Philadelphia to serve, I was very unskill-
ful," said Katrina, now a lively servant in a respectable
family; "I laugh much, and I feel ashamed
to remember how I behave ven I know so lit-
tle. Shoo—that was my boun—Shoo, he took
me to that telephone night—ven I be in Fil-
lery, but three weeks. We sit in te gallery,
and we not see goot, and Shoo said he would
get a better seat. So he puts his leg round
der post, and slides down mit der pit, and
looks up and calls out, 'Katrine! Katrine!
com down! I tik a goot place here! And I
an over and said, 'I how can I cook down
Shoo?' And he said, 'Slust slide down!'
So I puts my legs round der pillar, and I
slides down. Dunder! how the people laugh!
They laugh so dey play no more dat night upon
te stage. Every body laugh and yell, and
whistle all over der house. I was much a-
shamed den, though I knew not any harm.
But now I plashes red every time I tinks mit
it."

An eminent Roman ecclesiastic was in the
habit of beginning every argument by saying
"I make a distinction." A cardinal, knowing
his peculiarity, once asked him at a large par-
ty.

Do you think it lawful to baptize with soup?
"I make a distinction," replied the priest. If
your eminence means bona-fide soup, I should
say no; but if you mean this present mixture
should say yes, as there is no perceptible
difference between it and water.

CORNS.—Hard corns are caused by too
much pressure of the shoe, or by its being a
loose as to slide back and forth on the spot
where the corn afterwards shows itself. Medi-
cal books record several cases where paring a
hard corn has caused a bleeding which no
known means could arrest, and death ensued.
Nothing harder than a finger nail should ever
be allowed to touch a corn, which can always
be cut or kept from coming out, and the con-
venience by simply bathing the part in warm water for
half an hour for several days in succession, af-
ter which nothing will accomplish the object of
softening the part's adjacent to the actual corn
that can be picked out with the finger nail,
and the shoe can instantly wear without dis-
comfort, which in four to five days will
return in a week, or a month, or even a year,
but the same treatment will always cure it.