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At his Office in Saint Andrews, N. B.
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Holloway's Pills.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND
STOMACH, WHEN IN A MOST
HOPELESS STATE.
Extract of a Letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of
Chapel Hill, Ayrshire, Scotland, dated the
15th of January, 1850.

Sir—Your valuable Pills have been the means
with God's blessing of restoring me to a state of
perfect health, and at a time when I thought I was
on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several
famous doctors, who after doing what they could
for me, stated that they considered my case as im-
possible. I ought to say that I had been suffering from
a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing
which during the last two years got so much worse
that every one considered my condition as hope-
less. I was a last resource got a Box of your Pills,
which soon gave relief and by persevering in their
use for some weeks, together with rubbing night
and morning your Ointment over my chest and
stomach, and right side, I have by their means
a long got completely cured, and to the astonish-
ment of myself and every body who knows me.

(Signed) MATTHEW HARVEY.
CURE OF A CASE OF WEAKNESS AND
DEBILITY, OF FOUR YEARS' STANDING.
Extract of a Letter from Mr. Smith of No. 5, Little
Thomas Street, Golden Square, London,
dated Dec. 12th, 1849.

T. Professor Holloway.
Sir—I beg to inform you that for nearly five
years I hardly knew what it was to have a day's
health. I suffered from extreme weakness and debili-
ty with constant nervous headaches, giddiness,
and sickness of the stomach together with a great
depression of spirits. I used to think that nothing
could benefit me as I had been to many medical
men some of whom after doing all that was in their
power informed me that they considered that I had
some spinal complaint beyond the reach of cure.
together with a very disordered state of the stom-
ach and liver, making my case seem complicated and
nothing could be done for me. One day being un-
usually ill and in a dejected state, I saw your Pills
advertised, and resolved to give them a trial, more
because I was tired of being told that I was incur-
able, than from any other motive. I took a Box of
your Pills, and so I went on persevering in their
use for six months, when I am happy to say they
acted a perfect cure.

(Signed) WILLIAM SMITH.
(Previously called EDWARD)

CURE OF ASTHMA, OF TWENTY YEARS'
STANDING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, 78 King
Street, Sydney, dated 10th of November 1849.

T. Professor Holloway.
Sir—I have the pleasure to inform you that
your extraordinary cure of Asthma have been
decreed here by means of your Pills. One is that
a lady residing near the "Penstock," who has
been having for twenty years been unable to
make the slightest exertion suffering very
severely from shortness of breath, coughing,
and spitting, but is now, to use her own
expression, able to run up the side of the first
mountain. Another case is that of Mr. Cason, Tai-
on, Hutchinson's Buildings, Clarence Street,
who was so dreadfully bad that he was confined
entirely to his bed-room for three months, prior
to his commencing with your Pills, and attended
regularly by his medical man, who pronounced
on to be in a dying state, yet he, likewise, to my
knowledge, has been restored to perfect health by
a use of your Pills, and rubbing your Ointment
night and morning into his chest.

(Signed) J. A. HEYDON.
ASTONISHING CURE OF THE EARL
OF ALDBOROUGH

by this Miraculous Medicine! after every other
means had failed!!!

A Copy of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough
dated Villa Marina, Leghorn, 21st Feb. 1845.

Sir—Various circumstances prevented the pos-
sibility of my thanking you before this time for
your politeness in sending me your PILLS as you
did. I now take this opportunity of sending you
in order for the amount, and at the same time, to
say that your PILLS have effected a cure of a
disorder in my Liver and Stomach, which all
the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and
all over the Continent had not been able to
effect; nay I not even the waters of Carlsbad and
Varenbad. I wish to have another Box and a
Jar of Ointment in case any of my family should
ever require either.

I remain, with much respect,
Your most obliged and obedient serv't.
(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

TIME should not be lost in taking it. It is Remedy
for any of the following diseases:—

Ague, Consumption, Pits, Rheumatism,
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Weakness from whatever cause, Lumbago,
Constipation of Bowels, Fevers of all kinds,
Tic Douloureux, &c. &c.
These Medicines in England are sold at 1s. 12
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The Standard, OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

Ecceis sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

No 41 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1850. [Vol. 17]

I LIKE AN OPEN, HONEST HEART.

I like an open, honest heart,
Where frankness loves to dwell,
Which has no place for base deceit,
Nor hollow words can tell;
But in whose throbbings plain are seen,
The import of the mind,
Whose gentle breathings utter naught
But accents true and kind!

I scorn that one whose empty act
And honeyed words of art,
Betray the feelings of the soul,
With perfidy's keen dart;
No more, kind friends, in such confidence,
Nor in their kindness trust,
For black ingratitude but turns
Pure friendship to disgust.

Contempt is but a gentle word,
A feeling far too mild;
For one who confidence betrays,
And guilt has sore beguiled;
That bite which hellish friends evince,
When in dark torments tossed,
Is not more loathsome to the soul,
Than one to honor lost.

Then give me one with heart as free
And generous as the air,
Whose ready hand and greeting kind
Give proof that truth is there;
Whose smiling countenance well shows
Affection warm is found,
And springs as pure as saints, whose note,
Through Heaven's vaults resound.

Reported for the Montreal Herald.

MR. GOUGH'S FIRST LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Gough delivered his first Lecture at
the Cote Church on Wednesday evening.—
There was a very numerous and highly re-
spectable audience, and on the platform we
noticed the Rev. Dr. Cramp, Messrs. Court,
Orr, Dougal, DeWitt, Brown, Osgood, and
some other.

The manner of the lecture was perhaps
the most remarkable we have ever seen—
his action violent and sometimes grotesque
but his words uttered with great rapidity,
yet falling with the utmost clearness and dis-
tinctness from his lips. We attempt a sketch
—and only a sketch—of the matter.

Mr. Gough began by saying that he did
not come there as a teacher, nor did he de-
sign to give a literary or an entertaining
discourse, for, he was sorry to say, he was a
man of no education; but he did come to
speak of that which he knew—to testify of
that which he had seen. It was the misfor-
tune perhaps of lecturers on temperance to
meet with no opposition—not no opposition,
but none of that open kind which could stir
them up to attempt novelty of argument—
Temperance men had the consciousness even of
the liquor seller—that he wanted was that
those who said they approved should stand
up shoulder to shoulder in the battle against
that hard-headed, black-hearted, treacherous,
vile, cowardly enemy, to intemperance.

To induce them to do so he would adduce
facts—such as he could prove. Let him then
point out the general difference on this sub-
ject—While we are ready to dispense, to scorn
to hold up as a moral leprosy the effect we
countenance, patronize, uphold and even
legislate and pray for the cause. The most
inoffensive man, he continued, in this city
shall go into the grocery and get drunk.—
he shall leave it and shoot his neighbor in
the street, or he shall go home and murder
his wife. You try him, sentence him, and
hanging him. What do you do? What do you
do to the cause? You give another license to
produce the effect again. In Congress they try
simultaneously to get rid of grog and flogging
in the navy—the one produces the other—
Oh sir, said a young man to me, I left my
home to go to sea, and in four years have
been four times flogged, and each time it was
on account of drink! No man can know the
torment of that dreadful punishment; but those
who have had the lash laid on by the stal-
wart arm of the brawny boat-wine's mate,
making the white skin curl and the red blood
stand at every blow. That again is how we
treat the effect. In Columbus, Pennsylvania,
two men—one named Potts—were drinking
in a grog shop. The landlord made a bet
that Potts would drink more than the other.
He drank twelve glasses and fell to the
ground. A coroner's inquest was held, and
the cringing, mean, cowardly, miserable,
time-serving, blasphemous rascals, who sat
upon it, after swearing an oath to return a
faithful verdict, declared that the deceased
or a horse had been poisoned, in pursuance
of such a bet the owner would have got the
value of it. But this father's son, mother's
child, child's parent—this man—this im-
mortal spirit was cut off in a joke and disposed
of with a lie. I would rather have the verdict
of the Black Jury who sat on the body of a
man found drowned on the beach on a wild
winter's day, who because a little of the wool

was off the back of his head, found that the
deceased was a person unknown, who came
to his death by a blow on the head, given by
some individual unknown, with some instrument
unknown, and then thrown overboard, and
drowned, and afterwards washed ashore and
found. (Loud Laughter.) That again is the
way we treat the cause. A liquor seller told
me—I have sold liquor sixteen years, and
seen none of these things. I replied, you
are like the man firing shots from Boston a-
cross to Boston, and tell him not to fire any
more, for men and women are lying dead on
the street. He replied, I have seen nothing
of this, though I have been firing dozens of
shots. No, sir, I should reply, but you are
not where the shot hit. If intemperance de-
stroyed the body, only it would be a small
thing. I well know that worms will eat this
poor frame of mine; but it destroys both tem-
perament and tenant. We are fearfully and
wonderfully made, and have no right to de-
stroy one string of the wonderful instrument.

But this is not all, this vice destroys body
and soul—intellect and spirit—it comes with
withering, blasting, blighting, poisoning, and
burning influences—crushes him who makes
to stand up and look towards heaven in good
like form, with commanding intelligence, and
converts him into a mean, manless, debased
and brutalized thing. We have too much
treated drunkards as if they were mere things
and I have much wondered at it, when I have
passed a grog shop in the early morning, and
seen swept out at the door, with all the hor-
rible leavings of the stinking den, some poor
creature with perched, cracked lips, from
which issued fumes enough to poison even
the pure air of the morning. The gentle
breeze would part even his locks to reach
his burning temples; but his hair is closely
matted and tangled and half-open eyes, and
there he lies—his arms listlessly extended on
his sides, without motion, fomenting in re-
gradation. Look at that and remember that
it is a child of God Almighty—a living man,
one who could stand on his feet and say to
the sun, I am greater than thou, for thou
art a lifeless orb, while I, I shall live for ever.
If I advise a young man to avoid drink lest
he become a drunkard, what will he say—
"Do you take me for a fool? No! no man
was ever such a fool as to become a drunkard
intentionally and at once. But you will not
say that every man who becomes a drunkard
is a fool. There have been drunkards, of
such high intellect that they might stand,
"with one foot on the daisy, while the other
touched the dust of the stars." It depends
more on the temperament and constitution of
any given man than on any thing else, whe-
ther he shall become a drunkard or no, if he
follow the drinking customs of the world—
Take three young men as much alike as men
can be, who differ physically. One is a cold,
phlegmatic man who never laughs and never
cries for: who never takes part in politics
nor in any other excitement; who resembles
an organ, on which by the same kind of grind-
ing you can always bring out steadily the
same tune—the Rose of Alandale—the Psy-
chological hymn, and so on. He is a good sort
of a man enough; but when he shakes your
hand, he gives you only the tips of his fingers
—or if you get more, the whole feels like a
dead fish. It is hard to offend him, for he
does not really understand an affront, and he
wants every joke explained to him twice—
Such a one makes your moderate drinker.

Another shall be so close-fisted, that he
would, if he could, wring one of the pillars
of a Spanish quarter dollar, like a man in
Albany who said he had been a member of
the Church for thirteen years, and, thank
God, it had never cost him a quarter of a dol-
lar." The Lord bless your stingy soul,
that was the reply. Such a man would
never become a drunkard—There was a
man in Connecticut who never could become
one. He one day went into a grocery and
asked for a drink. When he had drunk it,
he asked what there was to pay. "3 cents,"
I'm a member of the House of Representatives
and I guess I shall be here 60 or 70 days,
"ording as business goes on. I'm in the
habit of drinking a little—"ording to cir-
cumstances, may be three or four glasses a
day, some more, some less. I guess I'd like
to find some steady place, where I could liquor
regular while I'm in the city, and I'll take it
here if you'll let me have it for two cents."
If such a man ever turned drunkard, that
great hunter for curiosities, Mr. Barnum,
would buy him up and show him through
the country.

Take another. He is of a nervous tem-
perament, easily excited. He can sing a
good song; tell a good story; make himself
the life of society; and spend, as it were, a
garden of green things around him wherever
he goes. Every one loves him for his open
heartedness; his very tread in the streets is
full of good spirits and good humour. Such a
man will become a drunkard.—And yet I
hear young men say, "I'm not such a fool."
Let me explain how they become so.—
They begin, not because they want to drink,
but because it is general, at public dinners,
at public suppers, or at private parties. While
waiting for the railway cars, one day when it

was so cold that I was absolutely forced
against my custom to go into a tavern to warm
myself at the stove, I met a gentleman of a
class of which we have too many in the U
States—fine gentlemanly looking man, with
good coats, well put on. They are usually
of a very sociable disposition, peculiar with
young men, and with some title, military or
civil. They are Generals, or Major's or
Colonels, or Judges, or something of that
sort. They are the greatest curse, too, that
the community can have. I have sometimes
traced their lives till death's fingers were
feeling their hearts, and what must then be
their reflections? God has given me health,
influence fine appearance, the means of in-
fluencing young men, and I have never ex-
erted one good influence. It was one of this
class of whom I speak. Coming into the bar
room he approached a young man sitting
there—Jim, what will you take? "Well,
I guess, Judge, I won't take anything." "Oh
come along; what will you take? "Well, I
guess, if I must, I suppose, I'll take brandy."
That's the way young men begin. And yet
at the beginning it is easy to avoid it. As
the Quaker told his boy, it is easy to leave off
drinking as to open his hand. How? said
the boy. Why John, when thou puttest the
glass to thy lips, just open thine hand, and
thou wilt drink nothing.

I speak as one who can look back to seven
dreary years, during which all around me
was green and bright, and beautiful, and
lively, and touching, was converted into bit-
ter ashes. When I was as it were in a field
that constantly bubbled up around me, and
approached my lips—Oh, Father of Mercies
let the hut of poverty be my shelter; let those
whom I love hold me in derision; when I
anticipate good, let evil come—let terror,
and death fall on me, let all these things be,
but save me from the fate of a drunkard.

After alleging that drunkenness was a
disease which could never be cured, and
which would constantly break out again up-
on the slightest indulgence, Mr. Gough illus-
trated the observation by the following:—
I once travelled in Connecticut with a
driver whose conversation made up one of
the most pleasant rides I ever had. He had a
fine span of horses, and he said to me—If
you had only seen me eight years ago, when
I was carried out of Willington with all my
family, and all my goods in a one horse cart,
—and such a horse! I could not see his
head. When I pulled one string he would
turn round a little; and the only impression
whipping made on him was to make him go
side ways. Now I'm driving back with a
fine span, and a Temperance man. Hurrah!
"He said: I had a son ten years of age,
who came into the house one day with his
face all blooded." I asked him—Dick,
have you been doing it? Fighting? What
have you been fighting for? I've been fight-
ing. I shook the boy violently, and insisted
upon his telling me. Then Dick said—
There was a boy, who told me that my father
was a drunkard, and I whipped him, and will
whip him again, if he says so. The man
added—I could have fallen down and bled
the child's feet with my tears, and yet, I cur-
sed him ten years longer.

Men are sometimes put into Jail for whip-
ping their wives. Now do you ever find a
sober man doing so? I don't care what pro-
vocation—how long a tongue she has—how
slovenly she may be—the man who will raise
his hand to strike his wife, is an unmitigated
wretch, villain, poltroon, and cowardly scound-
rel. But the sober don't do it. I was once
asked to go and talk to a very hard case. I
do not generally believe in going to these
hard cases; for I conceive it to be the duty
of their friend rather than that of strangers.
If he will come and see me, I will talk to him
as long as he desires; but if I go to him I im-
mediately excite his pride, and he asks, who
told you I was a drunkard? I told my friend
my objection, and the reply was not very
encouraging—"Well he is a brute, he lately
whipped one of his little girls through the
snow, so that she will bear the marks during
her life. But said he, I verily believe he
loves his wife, she is lying sick just now and
if you go up perhaps you will get a chance
to say something." I went, knocked at the
door, and asked for a tumbler of water. He
knew me from seeing me at temperance
meetings, and asked me in. He was an aw-
ful looking man, a shoemaker. I began by
talking of all subjects in the world but politics
and temperance. At last I spoke of his chil-
dren—"You have two fine children? Yes
You love them? Well I ought. Would
you not do anything to benefit them? Why
yes, I said, now you won't be angry with
me, because you know who I am, if I ask
you, if you were never to drink more, whe-
ther that would not benefit them. Sertainly,
he replied, I said, you love your wife?—
Sertainly, it's natural. Don't you think you
would do what you could to please her? I
ought. And do you not think it would please
her if you were to sign the pledge? By
thunders, replied the man, by thunders, I
thunders, would. I think if I were to sign the
pledge, had as the old woman is she would be
on her legs again in a fortnight. I got pen
and paper, and he signed the pledge. The

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children who know what was going on
and whispered to each other, father has taken
the pledge. The wife in the next room heard
it too, and called Luke! Luke! We went
into the room, and never shall I forget the
scene. Her eyes black and lustrous, as if a
ray of heaven came from them, with her long
thin fingers she grasped my hand, and thank-
ed me, and then began to tell me what a good
kind, tender hearted husband he was to her,
only when the drink came, there was little
difficulty. The man could bear it no longer.
He turned down the border of her white night
dress, and showed me a great black spot on
her neck which he had made. I never saw
a man sob as he sobbed. Thus are women
crushed, and thus they are ever willing in
the hour of joy to forgive, and forget their in-
juries.

Hear many a young man say, I am not a
drunkard. I have been drunk only once or
twice. How many times must a man be
drunk in order to become a drunkard? How
many times must a man steal, in order that
he should become a thief? How many times
must he kill to be a murderer? You go into
a Lunatic Asylum, and see a man picking an
imaginary something from his coat sleeve—
another confined to prevent mischief—a third
telling a story of confirmed idiocy. What
are your feelings? Father, I think that,
that thou hast made me a man, and maintain-
ed my reason on its throne. What is it of
which the mother speaks, when she regards
her boy? Of the rosy cheeks; the fair hair,
or the well rounded limb? No; she tells
you of what he thinks, and how he speaks,
for she would rather that he were a cripple,
and a genius, than a beautiful fool. God
has a right to send any one into the world an
idiot, and if he does, he does not hold him
responsible for the controlling powers which
he has not given. But have you a right to
deprive yourself of that blessed power. He
who gets drunk once, crushes his intellect
once—gets rid once of the power to restrain
his passions. Let us then look at drunken-
ness as a cursed thing, and at the man who
does his reason, as responsible for every
word he utters, for every thought he thinks,
and for every deed he commits. When a
man was recently brought before Judge Ed-
monds for the murder of his wife, they at-
tempted to prove him mad; and so he was,
—raving mad, furious with drink. But the
jury were told this should not influence their
minds; and they brought in a verdict of
wilful murder.

But I have heard men ask if there is any
gratification in drinking? There is, I remem-
ber when it made me thrill to the tips of my
fingers; when in the club room, we were all
poets, painters, and politicians: "If there
were any mistakes in the cabinet we could
settle it, so as to give satisfaction to all con-
tending parties. We were ready to immo-
lize ourselves—we only wanted materials.—
But did you ever experience the greater gra-
tification of turning over some old book,
which instructs and employs the mind, while
it neither injures mind nor body? The gra-
tification of the drinker is but momentary and
imaginary. You don't hold it long enough
to say Ah! Ah! I have it—You get nothing,
and for that nothing you give all. More
foolish than the Chief, who gave away king-
doms for a glass bead and a button, you give
away more and receive less—you receive
that which is neither sensible to sight or
touch. You are lured by a bubble, bright and
shining in the rays of light, and you start in
the pursuit. At first the course lies through
pleasant meadows of soft grass; through gar-
dens of sweet flowers; through groves of fra-
grant shrubs. Onward you go, now by the
side of beautiful waters; now among vine-
yards and orchards, where the purple fruit
seems to press upon your head as you hurry
beneath it, in case of your prize. All is green
verdure beneath and bright sky above. By
and bye you are insensibly led to the stony
sides of a mountain, and ever grasping at, but
never uttering the bubble, which you pursue,
you find the ascent become more steep, and
you approach the burning streams of lava
from a volcano. Still you rush onward. At
last you encounter a red river of the blazing
fluid. You hesitate but still rush on—you
spring—ah you have cleared the chasm; but
still you do not hold the prize. At length
you are on the very edge of the crater, one
more stretch and you have got it. You leap
into perdition with a burst bubble in your
hand. Thousands of young men have done
so.

Mr. Gough concluded his lecture by ex-
pressing his most firm conviction that some
day, which he probably would not live to see
the cause of temperance would be triumphant.

Looking through a Halter.—A country
boy was riding a horse to one of the English
fairs for sale, when he was accosted by a
sprig of a dealer, who called out in a con-
fidential tone, "Why, Jack, the horse you are
riding is badly; look what a white face he's
got." Hey, said the boy, breaking off
whistling, "an' you'd hev a white face, too, if
you'd look'd through a halter as long as he
be."