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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

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132 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 17, 1875.

Moetru.

UNSEEN HELPERS.

BY ALICE D. LINDSAY.

Gon sends his angels to help us: Though we may not see or hear Any token of their presence, Yet we know that they are not When we feel the burden lifted, How oft it is hard to say, "Not my will, but Thine, dear Father,"

To minister to other he Though it seem to be in vain Relief will come to our own souls,

That shall make them strong again.

Sometimes when the days are darkest And we think we cannot bear He can hear the faintest prayer. Then sudden-the sky is brighter,

"Ah Heart !" that is Goo's angels Despair not,—be brave and strong ; The darkest day must surely end,

Though it seem so sad and long. Beyond this life is joy and rest, There tears give place to song.

AN ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

overtaken by one of the fiercest gales that had ever experienced; and as it steadily in icluded that it would be wiser to tion, and concluded that it would be wiser to turn a little from my course and strike out for the grassy sections where possibly I might find, in the cabin of some shepherd, shelter from the storm of sand. So I gave Bonerges a few reassuring pats, and scudded away before the

Hotter and fiercer blew the wind from the interior, and we charged across a desert space ankle and hissing about my ears and face, until my eyes smarted severely. Chuff—chuff—

He soon had some large slices of meat sputter-ing in the huge skillet upon the coals, the odor-of which to a half-famished traveler was more

blowing now straight ahead, now in whirl-winds, was severe beyond anything that I had previ-Spanish Mexican and English hashed together. Certainly I never heard before so many words

stamping in the stalls yonder. Here is

have dragged her away?

'Dragged?—My horses were not led of their tracks are too far apart for that. Senor, both were ridden fairly and squarely.'

of from some retreat in the mountains. Nearer and nearer, and I had only one thought. What could Captain Dacre—the Englishment in front—be thinking of, to thus let loose upon himself such thander-bolts of hate and revenge. He could not find in this beautiful, uncultured, wild savage—for Zora was little else—any affinitizing attributes. With her, linked to that fierce, vindictive Spaniard, who ruled her with the same spirit exhibited towards his dog, or horse—it might be—it no doubt was—a case of love; hazardous, blinded, reckless love. Closer fand closer. Then the deadly carbine is brought to range. Zora sees it, and, with a graceful matchless evolution she wheels and comes between the target and carbineer. With a bitter malediction, Joaquin forbears, and the red garb, and drifting black hair flies forward again. Once more the matchless wheel and down once more the matchless was and drove Zora once more across to my side and donce more the matchless wheel and comes once more across to my side of the gulf following her instantive himself such that a birder in the mulke which Joaquin wore fastened to the saddle. Dacre was shot in midair, like a bird upon the wing.

He threw up his arms, and toppled backwards into the chasm. The animal ridden by Zora started suddeely, throwing her for the wards into the chasm. The animal ridden by Zora started suddeely, throwing her for the wards into the chasm. The animal reduction of a double tragedy; bu

and now we had in five a wooder but. The plate in the greatest was an all one we had in five a wooder but. The plate in the cross can, and the read greatest was all the same through the overgreen—the palm like of the same and the same and

gazing, however, there came up full against the castern horizon—two distinct forms.

The Mexican lifted his cruel goad 4 it developes without effect on either side, but

castern horizon—two distinct forms.

The Mexican lifted his cruel goad; it descended; and horse and rider united in one of the most horrible yells, that ever startled the schoes of the earth. My steed, electrified in every nerve, sprang forward with such force, that hard rider as I was, it took all my skill to prevent being unseated. We had sighted them as they crossed a slightridge, and now, through the sloughing sand, and into the bush, we dashed with the fury of a tornade. Haaling a little to the right, yet with unbroken and headlong pace, we cleared all obstacles; the Mexican, every moment or two standing clear of the saddle to survey the positions of the fugitives.

We were tapidly gaining upon them. They either had not feared pursuit, or else their provimity to some mountain fastnesses had deadened their vigilance, for we were near enough to plainly distinguish the woman's searlet tunic, before he companion, arising in his stirrups, discovered us, as we burst from a screen of ferns. We distinguished his cry of dismay, as they both pressed fiel celly forward.

On on went Zora, with her long, loose black hair lifting and drifting like a lion's mane, and the outline of her graceful form showing distinctly in the red garment, as she rose and sand with the animal, she rose and sand with the animal she rose cry to approach her. She evidently in-tended they should both leap the chasm. It was done too quickly for me to utter

with fiercer speed, came their fate.

I could hear Joaquin's breath coming in gasps, so swift was our pace, and so heavily did his steed strike upon the jarring ground. He frantically motioned his goad to the right, and then dropped it to seize his carbine. He must have a plan of cutting them of from some retreat in the mountains.

Nearer and nearer, and I had only one

He cut his borse viciously with the whip.

No agood, no good.

I had made a false move it seemed, and was good provided in the non-state of the seemed, and was good provided in the measurement of the seemed and the seemed the seemed of the seemed

degrade me!"
"You trot out after that wood or I'll have your father trounce you!" she exclaimed.
"The tyrant who lays his hand ushall die!" replied the boy, but he

was.

"Doomed for a certain time to roam the earth!" replied Gurley in a hourse voice and holding his right arm out straight.

"I say—you! Where is Lafayette st.?" called the man.

"Ah! Could the dead but speak—ah!"

"What in thunder do you want?" growled the grocer as he cleaned the cheese knife on a piece of paper.

"Thy plebian mind is dull of comprehension!" answered Gurley.

"Don't try to get off any of your nonsense on me, or I'll crack your empty pate in a minute!" roared the grocer, and "Hamlet" had to come down from his high horse and ask for a peck of potatoes.

"What made you so long?" asked his mother as he returned.

"Thy grave, shall be dug in the cypress glade!" he haughtily answered.

When his father came home at noon, Mrs. Gourley told him that she believed the boy was going crazy, and related what

to