

# The St. Andrews Standard.

POST-PAID.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH,

VARIS SUNDIUM EIT OPTIMUM.—Ct.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

No. 10

SAINT-ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCT. 6, 1873.

Vol. 42

**Poetry.**  
"Growing older," Well, Spring must vanish  
O'er the blossoms and the wood-lain bloom;  
How sweetly memory seems to banish  
Your fragrance, lost in the rose perfume!  
And what if I die, in her turn gone speeding  
Away from the hot mid-summer glare?  
The harvest for tropic suns is pleasing  
The peach grows ripe in the sultry air.  
The keen, clear breath of the cool October,  
With its crimson glory of wood and sky,  
Will bring new life, if the heart seem sorer  
Than filled with a joy that cannot die.  
Too deep for smiling, it knows December  
Holds the blessed Christmas morn; and  
Of a lovelier Spring that it can remember  
Sheds its Easter joy secure.  
—**Charles, Almost a Lastaway**

"I don't care," said Florence Lindsay, under  
her breath, "I don't care one bit!" But there  
was a light in her bright eyes, which had a  
glance of the kindly smile which she would have  
been very plain that the young lady was  
no longer the exact truth.  
"Was that not your friend?" James Hazeltine  
said, looking at her. "I saw her looking at her  
little cousin, and she laughed lightly, as she  
sawed, although her cheeks burned hotly."  
"Which one, Mr. Hazeltine?—I have no  
memory, you know?"  
"Charles Worthington, wasn't it? Odd he  
didn't speak. I suppose he ought to feel  
miserably crushed. Of his new friend?"  
"I don't know, I'm sure." It was hard work  
for Florence to answer steadily, but pride con-  
quered, and she was soon laughing and talking  
in her usual way, as though nothing had oc-  
curred, to disturb her in the least, although  
underneath all her consciousness was reproach-  
ing her deeply.  
She knew very well that she had been leav-  
ing him of late, and she felt her innermost  
heart that poor Charles had just come to feel  
aggrieved. In truth, she had admitted the  
fact to him, when he, after enduring his heroic  
suffering for a while, had spoken to her on the  
subject, and had promised faithfully to "be  
good" again. Therefore, on this pleasant Sun-  
day evening she had arrayed herself in the  
prettiest white dress which she knew, Charles  
especially liked, and had taken her seat on the  
wide veranda to await his coming. Could she  
help it, if James Hazeltine, seeing her there  
alone, paused at the gate for a moment? And  
could she help giving him permission to enter,  
when he asked her laughingly, "If I might do  
so? Certainly she could not, and it was very  
unjust and unkind of Charles to take offence  
at it, when he, coming up the street a few  
minutes later, saw her sitting there in the  
twilight together, and it was extremely dis-  
agreeable to her to be so much in the way,  
as though he were unconscious of her  
very existence.  
"I wish I had spoken," she thought, but it  
was too late now, and so she watched his tall  
figure disappear around the corner, and then  
glanced up to meet James Hazeltine's eyes  
looking down at her with a half-smile, half-  
sorrowful smile, which she had never uncom-  
fortable than ever.

After all, what else had Charles to behave  
so absurdly? He had been very much in-  
jured, and they had fallen back on the best of  
terms until lately. In fact, during the last  
year it had become an understood thing that  
"Charles Worthington," and "Flo Lindsay" would  
make a match some day, although it  
was not as yet a regular engagement.  
Affairs had gone on very smoothly for some  
time, when James Hazeltine unexpectedly made  
his appearance in Glenohm—home of a long  
vacation "on account of his health," he said,  
although people whispered that it was on ac-  
count of irregularities in his conduct at college,  
but for whatever cause his vacation was given  
him, it was at least apparent that he intended  
to make it as pleasant as possible, and to that  
end he immediately began to pay particular  
attention to his cousin's playmate—Florence  
Lindsay.  
Now Florence was not by any means a  
"careless coquette," or anything of the kind,  
she was just a bright, pleasant, thoroughly

of seriously significant glances which puzzled  
her greatly.  
"Is there something black on my face?"  
she asked James Hazeltine, in an undertone,  
"why do they look at me so?" and he answer-  
ed her with a light laugh and a compliment,  
alter his usual fashion; but later when they  
were walking homeward, he told her, watching  
her face narrowly, the while, how Charles and his  
brother had started off on Monday in a little  
sloop, and had not since been heard from.

Poor Florence! It seemed as though her heart  
stoppel beating, and she turned dizzy and  
faint, but she was a brave little girl, and she  
made no sign, only when they reached the gate  
she turned and looked up at him with a white,  
shocked face and wide, tearless eyes, that  
frightened him.  
"I cannot ask you to-night," she said,  
"I must be alone. Thanks, and good night,"  
and James Hazeltine, gazing after her as she  
disappeared, understood her and himself as he  
had never done before, and felt in his heart a  
new sudden jealousy of the man, who might  
even now, be lying at peace with all mankind  
under the moonlit waters of the bay.

George and Charles Worthington, who  
started for Easton on Monday, in a small sail-  
boat, have not since been heard from, and it  
is supposed the boat must have been capsize,  
in the squall on Tuesday night. So said the  
next morning's paper, and Florence reading  
the brief notice, bowed her head and wept bit-  
ter tears, such tears as she had never  
wept before, in all her young life—tears of  
heart-felt sorrow and unavailing regret.  
"How that was too late, she could see  
justly her wrong she had been, just how  
careless she had been, and words must  
have come to her. She could see it all now  
that it was too late, and the hardest thought  
of all to bear, was that he had gone away  
angry with her at last.  
If she could only take them back—the  
foolish words of that last night—if her last  
memory of his face could have only been a  
pleasant one, but it was too late—she  
should always think of him as he looked  
that night—her last words to him had been  
unkind and false.  
And so the day dragged wearily by and  
when night came, and she sat in the dimly  
lighted parlor with no companion but her  
flickering thoughts, she heard James Hazeltine's  
voice at the door, inquiring for her.  
"I can't see him," she said, "he should not  
have come here now; but before she  
could make her escape, he came in.  
"Don't go," he said, "I am not going to  
stay; I only came to say—James Hazeltine  
was actually as confused and ill at  
ease as a school-boy—to say that I would  
not take anything for granted yet. They  
may have been blown out to sea—or upset  
and taken on board some outward bound  
ship—anyway, I wouldn't worry about it  
yet."  
"You are very kind," she answered, only  
—if you please, I can't speak of it now";  
and then, although she tried bravely to  
keep the tears back, one plashed down on  
the hand that clasped her own.  
"We will hope for best my way," he  
said, and then, with a sudden change of  
manner—"I came also to bid you good-bye  
—I go back tomorrow—a sudden move but  
—I wish you, I think—good-bye; and God  
bless you," and he was gone.  
A minute later and she heard the gate-  
way click again. He had forgotten so  
nothing, she thought, and then she heard him  
on the veranda; it could be none other  
than his step, and yet—and yet—it sound-  
ed differently. The door opened behind  
her, and rising to her feet, she saw—not  
James Hazeltine—but smiling down on  
her with a world of love and tenderness in  
his blue eyes—Charles!

alone I was obliged to give it up, and subse-  
quent events prevented my ever returning to  
that part of the country; although I am  
satisfied and have the means, I hope some day  
to take up a staff of men to work the leader  
out, and prospect the district more thoroughly,  
for I am thoroughly convinced that it was a  
very rich district. Gold, silver, copper and  
antimony are at present being worked and re-  
turn a handsome revenue. As I was coming  
down the Burnett, I came on a small vein of  
stream tin, but was unable to trace it; however,  
there must be more in the neighborhood and  
it was very pure, being assayed at above 60  
per cent. In Navajo Creek I found some of  
the prettiest wash I ever saw, beautifully  
shaped crystals, mossagates, corneal, &c.,  
but nothing to indicate the presence of  
diamonds, nor even garnets. As I had no need  
of hurrying, I travelled very slowly, taking a  
fortnight to do the hundred and sixty odd  
miles.—From the New Dominion Monthly for  
October.

**Irish Humor.**  
A most amusing book is 'The Adven-  
tures of Mick Callaghan, M. P.,' just pub-  
lished in London.  
In the course of events Mick gives as-  
sistance to a man driving pigs to market.  
Both being hungry they go into an eating  
house, and one of them takes up a dirty  
newspaper, which is well marked with  
mustard.  
"Mustard!" said Larry; "legal that minks  
me as Micky Murphy and Dan Collins two  
friss av moine that come over to England  
for the rapin av the harve t, an' walkin  
on the quays in this town; an' moine ye,  
now Danny had never been over before, but  
Micky had never been out of the car radius  
hungry after the voyage they didn't know  
what to do at all, at all. When Danny see  
"Ristorant wra't up over a shop, 'See now  
see he, 'that's a place to ate,' in in they  
both goes; an' thin, sur, they see the wait-  
er wid a towel over his arm, an' sez Dan-  
ny, sez he, 'What can we get to ate?' Any-  
thing at all, sez the waiter. 'Thin bring  
a plate of mate,' sez Danny. So in come  
the waiter wid a plate of mate an' a large  
bowl of mustard; an' moine ye, now, an-  
ther Micky nor Danny had ever seen must-  
ard before in all their born-days. 'What's  
to pay for the mate?' sez Danny. 'A shill-  
in,' sez the waiter. 'And what's  
that?' sez he, pointin' to the bowl. 'That's  
mustard,' sez the waiter. 'An' what do  
ye do with it?' 'Ye ate it with the mate,  
to be sure.' 'An' what's to pay for it?'  
'Nothin,' sez the waiter. 'Thin Danny  
looks at Micky; an' Micky looks at  
Danny, an' they both wink. When the  
waiter turned his back, sez Danny, 'See  
here, now, Micky,' sez he, 'I'll tell you  
we'll do; we'll pocket the mate for the  
journey, an' ate the stuff they gives for  
nothin,' an' with that Micky rolls up the  
mate in his handkercher an' puts it in the  
crown o' his hat; an' Danny, he kep' stir-  
rin' up the mustard; an' after a while  
he opens his mouth an' takes a great gol-  
lop at it.—Down goes his head, an' the  
tears kep' runnin' down out av his eyes.  
"Danny, sez Micky, what does he do  
with the mate with ye?' 'I'll tell you  
what he do; he give it to the waiter, an'  
at all. 'But, sez he, 'Wintin'er I thin',  
of the death o' my poor great-grand-ather,  
that were kilt at the battle o' the Boyne,  
I can't kape from cryin' at all.' 'Do ye  
take on ye like that?' sez Micky. 'Here  
now, we're over in F., and an' we'll make  
a power o' money, at the rapin before har-  
vest's over.' All this time Danny he  
was stirrin' a mustard, an' he bands the  
spoon o' Micky. He takes a big spoonful  
of it, an' the tears come runnin' down his  
nose. Danny wakes up. 'Micky,' sez he,  
'what does he matter with ye?' 'Fegs!'  
sez Micky, 'I'm cryin' because ye warn't  
kilt along with yer great-grandfather at  
the battle o' the Boyne! Ha, ha, ha! Be-  
gorra, he gave him a rawlitt for his ill-  
phann that wraive!

**Diamond-Hunting in Queensland.**  
As I thought it  
useless my prosecuting the search single-  
handed, I decided on working back down the  
river and following the Burnett down as far as  
Gayudah; so I struck my camp, started back,  
camping the first night at a place called the  
Flag-stones, which was a likely looking place  
for gold. Near this place I found two small  
diamonds, one weighing one quarter and the  
other three-eighths of a carat, both pretty little  
stones, perfect octahedron and pure white,  
but I never found any more. Before I started  
down I discovered an opal reef, several speci-  
mens of which I took back with me, and two  
of which are now in the museum of Sydney,  
New South Wales. The opal run in veins  
through a sort of half decomposed reef of  
silicious formation, which was very hard, and  
it was found almost impossible to separate the  
opal from the matrix without destroying it. I  
am positive that if I had followed the leader I  
should have struck a richer vein, which might  
have paid for the working; but being as it were

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Perhaps a gentle-  
man is a rarer specimen than some of us  
think for. Which of us can point out  
many such in his circle? men whose char-  
acteristics, whose truth is constant, and  
not only constant in his kind, but elevated  
in his degree; whose want of cleanness  
makes them simple; who can look the  
world honestly in the face with an equal  
manly sympathy for the great and the  
small.

The printing-office has indeed proved a  
better college to many a boy, has graduat-  
ed more useful and conscientious members  
of society, has brought more intellect out  
and turned it into practical, useful  
channels, awakened more minds, general-  
ly of more active and elevated thoughts, than  
many of the literary colleges of the  
country. A boy who commences in such  
a school as the printing-office will have his  
talents and ideas brought out, and if he is  
a careful observer, experience in his pro-  
fession will contribute more toward an  
education than can be obtained in almost  
any other manner.—*Printing Trade's  
Journal.*

"Uncle Pete" was asked to subscribe  
fifty cents to his parish's school yesterday.  
"Can't do it, I tell ye. Kase dere's mighty  
hard times 'round here," sez Uncle  
Pete, de crops is good and we have  
plenty of money dis winter. "You see  
a food in how kin dat he when I see Mr.  
James up dar at de bank yesterday. De  
farmery Bank done busted, jis like dat  
Freedom-Bank did. Can't write nuthin'  
honey, but I'll send de printin' my good  
saw and back of de want to see some of  
it. This proposition was not accepted."  
"I'll bet a sh'ep," sez an old farmer,  
to his wife, "that our boy Linsley is giv-  
ing 'tuz'!" "Why, what our earth makes you  
think so?" sez the old farmer's mother.  
"Cause he's grinnin' at the cart and  
grinnin' at the pump, and grinnin' at the  
fence, and grinnin' at the oxen, and grinn-  
in' at everything," sez the wife. "And de  
experienced man," sez the old farmer,  
"received a love-letter dis mornin'."  
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de experienced man," sez the old farmer,  
"received a love-letter dis mornin'."

A ragged little drab came to a lady's  
door, asking for old clothes. She brought  
him a vest and a pair of trousers, which  
she thought would be a comfortable fit.  
The young scamp took the garments and  
examined each, then he said, "Here ain't no  
trousers in this here!"  
Another punishment of blasphemy was  
raped at Homer O., a farmer whose crop  
had been ruined by the continual white  
weather cursing the storm. He has since  
given no sign of recovering his power of  
speech.

An honest reputation is within the reach  
of all men; they obtain it by social vir-  
tues and by doing their duty. This kind  
of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant  
nor startling, but it is often the most use-  
ful for happiness.

The country near Puerto Principe, in  
Cuba, has been so thoroughly denuded  
that the inhabitants are furnishing wood for  
the governor of the city is at Havana, consid-  
ering with the Captain-General for measures  
to prevent a famine.

Noting the present of a silver cup of  
brother journalist, a Western editor  
He needs no cup. He can drink from  
any vessel that contains liquor, whether  
the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a pipe,  
or the tip of a keg, or a bung of a bar-  
rel.  
"I lived with him nineteen years," says I  
an Indiana applicant for a divorce. "I  
all the clothes he ever bought me was  
a bunch of hair pins and a tooth brush."  
You can see by this what a hard time she  
had to keep well dressed.

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Rabbin had \$200,000 insurance on his  
life; but if he killed him off the insurance  
company would not pay it. Hence the rit-  
e question is one of practical impor-  
tance.

"Pretty hard name," exclaimed the New  
Yorker. "But my name is Harder. No-  
man's name is Harder. I bet my name was  
Harder and it is."  
The lake cost Mr. Stone just \$27.87.  
—From Eli Perkins' New Book.

California Vinegar  
gettable preparation,  
native herbs found  
of the Sierra Nevada,  
the medicinal prop-  
erty of the question.  
"What is the cause  
of VINEGAR BR-  
s, that they remove  
the patient recov-  
ers the great blood-  
ing principle, a perfect  
rator of the system,  
tory of the world has  
no need possessing  
of VINEGAR BRIT-  
even disease may be  
gouge Purgative as  
Congestion of In-  
raud Visceral Organs,  
y good health, let  
it as a medicine,  
alcoholic stimulate  
ALD & Co.,  
San Francisco, California,  
Boston, New York,  
St. Louis and Dealers.  
ake these Bitters us,  
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king system.  
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so prevalent in the  
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r, Illinois, Tennessee,  
a, Red, Colorado, Bra-  
Alabama, Mobile,  
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the Summer and Au-  
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influence upon these  
essentially necessary.  
for the purpose equal  
VINEGAR BRIT-  
eases those of the Dis-  
which the bowels are  
time stimulating the  
er, and generally restor-  
ation of the digestive  
digestion, Headache,  
eg, Cough, Tightness  
eg, Sour Emulations of  
East in the Mouth, In-  
flamation of the Heart, Inflam-  
Pain in the region of  
hundred other painful  
offerings of Dyspepsia,  
a better guarantee of  
aghty advertisement.  
ng's Evil, White Swel-  
aples, the Neck, In-  
Inflammation, Indolent  
emoral Affections, Old  
of the Skin, Sore Eyes,  
as in all other constitu-  
tians of the Venereal  
zard curative powers in  
and intractable cases.  
atory and Chronic  
nt, Bilious, Remittent  
Fever, Diseases of the  
neys, and Bladder, these  
ual. Such Diseases are  
Blood,  
Hemorrhages, Persons of  
and Minerals, such as  
stors, Gold-beaters, and  
lance in life, are subject  
the Bowels. To guard  
dose of VINEGAR BRIT-  
tionally.  
eases, Eruptions, Tetter,  
ches, Spots, Pimples, Pus-  
ules, Ringworms, Scald  
Erysipelas, Itch, Scurs,  
the Skin, Itchiness and  
skin of whatever name  
only dug up and carried out  
a short time by the use of  
nd other Worms, hur-  
of so many thousands, are  
red and removed. No eye-  
no verminages, no anthel-  
the system from worms.

Complaints in young or  
ngle, at the dawn of wom-  
n's life, those Tonic Bit-  
decided an influence that  
soon perceptible.  
In all cases of Jaundice, rest-  
river is not doing its work,  
his treatment is to promote  
the bile and favor its re-  
purpose use VINEGAR BRIT-  
Vitiated Blood when-  
impurities bursting through  
ngles, Eruptions or Scurs,  
you find it obstructed and  
void; cleanse it when it  
igs will tell you when. Keep  
and the health of the system.

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