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REMEDY FOR

UMPTION,

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ELIAP and CURE OF ALL

COMPLAINTS.

ready to offer to the public, some

of over forty years; and when

it seldom fails to effect a speedy

recovery.

It is in all cases of

roup, Bronchitis, Influenza,

g, Measles, Fever,

the Chest and Stomach,

ing at the Lungs,

c Complaint, &c.

any that has attended the applica-

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E VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

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## BANK OF British North America.

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JAS. S. LOCKIE,  
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## Poetry.

### THANKSGIVING HYMN.

The following is a copy of the beautiful Hymn  
sung in St. Paul's, London, at the National  
Thanksgiving Service, for the Prince of Wales  
recovery, on which occasion, the Queen, Prince  
and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor  
were present. The hymn to the same music was  
sung in the Presbyterian Church in this Town,  
on the 15th inst., the day appointed by the Gov-  
ernor General, to be observed as Dominion Thanks-  
giving for the recovery of the Prince: [Ed.  
STANDARD.

I.  
O Thou our souls' salvation!  
Our hope for earthly weal!  
We, who in tribulation  
Did Thy mercy kneel,  
Lift up glad hearts before Thee,  
And eyes no longer dim,  
And for Thy grace adore Thee  
In eucharistic hymn.

II.  
Forth went the nation weeping  
With precious seed of prayer,  
Hope's awful vigil keeping  
Mid rumours of despair;  
Then did Thy love deliver!  
And from Thy gracious Hand,  
Joy, like the southern river,  
O'erflowed the weary land.

III.  
Bless Thou our adoration!  
Our gladness sanctify!  
Make this rejoicing nation  
To Thee by joy more nigh.  
O be this great Thanksgiving  
Throughout the land we raise  
Wrought into holier living  
In all our after days.

IV.  
Bless, Father, him Thou gavest  
Back to the loyal land;  
O Saviour, him Thou gavest  
Still cover with Thine hand.  
O Spirit, the Defender,  
Be his to guard and guide,  
Now in life's midday splendour  
On to the eventide!

Amen.

Borrowing, is a bad thing at the best; but  
"borrowing trouble" is perhaps the most fool-  
ish investment of "foreign capital" that a man  
or woman can make. An amusing instance  
of this species of "operation" is set forth in a  
down East newspaper, wherein a man thus  
related his experience, in a financial way, on  
the occasion of the failure of a local bank.  
"As soon as I heard of it, my heart jumped  
right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I,  
'poison! I got any bills on that bank? I'm  
gone, if I have—that's a fact. So I put on my  
coat, and I put for home just as fast as my legs  
would carry me; fact is, I run all the way—  
And when I got there, I looked keenly, and  
found that I hadn't got no bills on the bank  
—nor any other. Then I felt easier.

There have been a thousand instances of  
borrowing trouble when it was not a whit bet-  
ter secured than in this example.

"My Father's Cummin."—A young ur-  
chin was employed to sweep the chimney of  
a house in Macleodfield, and having ascended  
to the "summit of his profession," took a sur-  
vey. This completed, he prepared to descend,  
but mistaking the flue, he found himself, on  
his landing, in the office of a limb of the law,  
whose meditations were put to flight. The  
sensation of both parties it is impossible to de-  
scribe—the boy, terrified lest he should be  
punished, stood riveted to the spot, and the

lawyer struck dumb, started from his seat the  
very image of horror, but spoke not. Sooty,  
however soon found a tongue, and in accents  
which only increased the terrors of the man  
of the law, cried out, "My father's cummin'  
directly." This was enough. The presence  
of such an equivocal being, so introduced, un-  
nerved his heart; with one bound the affright-  
ed lawyer flew down stairs, and sought refuge  
in the street from the enemy.

## Interesting Tale.

### A TALE OF STORMY WATER.

BY MRS. ROTHWELL.

#### CHAPTER I.

"The sea's rising, Bella. You'd best not let  
Dan go."  
"Tell Maggie Urquhart, then. It's more her  
concern than mine."  
The speakers stood on the crest of the hill that  
topped the village, looking over the harbor and  
the wide expanse of swelling white-tipped waves  
that lay beyond. Far as the eye could see they  
tossed and foamed; rising, sinking, breaking into  
creamy froth, rolling soft and silky in long grace-  
ful swells; here bright and sparkling, catching  
and flinging back the rays of the western sun,  
there dark and sombre, where lay over them the  
sullen shadow of a cloud. Beautiful, very beau-  
tiful, any one viewing the scene must have said.  
Treacherous, very treacherous, as those who had  
christened the village below well knew.

"Stormy Water?" Perhaps some imaginative  
mind, not forgetful of the nomenclature of his na-  
tive land, had given it its fanciful name. Perhaps  
the restless waves alone had suggested it. How-  
ever that may have been, Stormy Water the place  
was called, and bore out its name. Not a vessel  
sailed the coast whose skipper did not dread his  
long, low-lying, rugged shore, which would have  
been more dangerous yet but for the landmark  
afforded by a lofty blasted pine tree some distance  
inland. Not a wind blew under Heaven but  
seemed to concentrate its fury on this place, and  
fish even the peaceful waters of the little harbor  
into foam. When other places were in stillness,  
it blew at Stormy Water, and when elsewhere  
there was a stirring breeze it blew a hurricane  
there.

On this December afternoon it threatened a  
storm—threatened it to the wise, where the gay  
and thoughtless saw only brilliance and play-  
away in the south hung some low dark streaks  
of cloud, whose red edges whispered of coming  
wind; and over the sea, where the sun was slow-  
ly sinking, an ominous yellow streak boded evil.  
These well-known signs were pointed out prophe-  
tically by Reuben Wilson, as he stood with Mrs.  
Hurst at Reuben Gate.

"I know the signs, Bella. I haven't lived at  
Stormy Water, boy and man, for five and fifty  
years, not to know them well. I never saw that  
streak yet that a storm did not come round the  
Cat's Head after it; and I guess this won't be the  
time it'll fail."

"Tell Maggie Urquhart so," repeated Mrs.  
Hurst, gloomily.  
"You're wrong, Bella. I am an old man, and  
an old friend, and I take a friend's liberty to speak  
my mind. I take as much thought of Dan as if  
he was my son (I might have had one like him if  
it had been the will of the Lord), and for his sake  
I think well of the girl of his choice. What has  
she done that you should be so set against her?"

"I don't say that she's done nothing," said Mrs.  
Hurst.  
Reuben Wilson, comfortably unconscious that  
two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative,  
saw nothing to cavil at in this reply—in the words,  
at least; but the tone and spirit he combated.  
"No, you don't say it, Bella; but in every look  
and act you speak it pretty plain. You can't ex-  
pect a young man to stay for ever at home. Dan's  
as fond of you as a son ever was of his mother;  
but of course he wants a home of his own and some-  
one to keep it. You've got other children and  
can spare him."

Mrs. Hurst said nothing; but shading her eyes  
with her hand, looked seaward, where a white sail  
glimmered the blue water far away.  
"Ay, there they go," said the old man, mourn-  
fully. "I've told them what's coming; but it's no  
use to preach to the young, and the greed of gain  
is in their heart besides. All the fish in the sea  
wouldn't tempt me round the Cat's Head to-night.  
Speak to Dan, Bella; don't let him go."

"I might as well hold my tongue. He won't  
listen to me."

"Perhaps not if you speak hard, like you do  
sometimes now. A young man's not to be driven,  
Bella, no more than a young girl. He's no father,  
and you'd ought to be both parents to him, instead  
of one."

"I was, as long as he thought so; but he's mine  
no longer—he's not my son no more."

There was a wail in her voice in spite of her

hard words that touched Reuben's heart with pity.  
"Don't take it so much to heart, Bella. It's  
only the way of nature, and you hadn't ought to be  
so jealous. She's kind and good, and when Dan  
gets her you'll only be having another daughter  
instead of losing your son."

Mrs. Hurst's dark eyes flashed.  
"Jealous! me jealous of her?" she cried, sar-  
castically yet very bitterly. "I guess so! And if  
you think I'll ever own Margaret Urquhart for a  
daughter you don't know me yet. Before Dan  
marries her, I'd rather see them both in that wa-  
ter and the foam their shroud!"

The old man looked terror-struck.  
"Bella, that's a curse! Unsay it for the love of  
mercy, or you'll repent it as sure as the Lord has  
heard it this day."

Bella had repeated already—almost before the  
dreadful words had passed her lips—but she was  
not the woman to recant. Her face was set in  
rigid lines as she said: "Good evening, Reuben.  
I'm sorry I spoke rude to an old friend. Here's  
Dan coming; 'tis no use talking."

"You're not going to fish to-night, Dan?"  
Reuben said, as he turned and faced the young  
man coming up the hill. "There's a storm brew-  
ing."

"No fear! We'll be safe round the Cat's Head  
and in Skale's Cove before it breaks. Even if it  
does come, there's a sight of fish. I shall make  
well on this trip, and you know why I want it,  
Reuben."

The words reached his mother's ear, and there  
was an additional shade on the dark face as he  
joined her side.

"Are the nets ready, mother? I've got to be  
on the beach in half an hour."

"It won't take you half an hour to get to the  
boat, will it?"

"Not altogether; but—but—I've got something  
to do in the village before I go."

Very dark, indeed, grew the shadow on his  
mother's face. She knew where and what his  
business was too well.

"Tell Maggie Urquhart to ask you not to go  
round the Cat's Head to-night," she said gloomily.  
"May be you'll listen to her. You want to me!"

"Maggie knows me better, mother. She wouldn't  
ask me to give up the first of to-morrow's fish for  
her own silly fears."

"No; she thinks of having a rich man; that's  
all she cares for—not whether you risk your life to  
be one."

The bitter words stung the young man to the  
quick. His brow contracted and the veins swel-  
led in the broad, massive throat with suppressed  
passion. But Dan Hurst had self-command; re-  
spect for his own parent, and his heartfelt wish  
to gain her good will for the chosen of his heart,  
overcame his natural anger at her cruel insinua-  
tions, and when at last he spoke, it was low and  
gentle that the words came.

"Mother, you wrong Maggie. She would rather  
take me with nothing but the clothes I stand in  
than have me risk a hair. (Mother, if I stay at  
home to please you this time, will you in return  
please me?)"

"How?"

"By making welcome here the girl I have chosen  
for my wife."

"No."  
The young man lifted the nets from the kitchen  
floor and glanced at the clock.

"Where's the young one? Sissy, Jenny, good-  
bye. I'm off. You never saw such a pile of  
fish as I'll bring home to-morrow. You think of  
me among them all at sunrise. Mother, say good-  
bye, and bless me as usual before I go."

"I can't bless a disobedient son, Dan."

"Mother, you're not in earnest? You have  
never let me go without a God-bless-with-you."

"You go against my will."

"Am I to go so, mother?"

"As you choose."

As the sullen words left her lips her son  
turned from her side, and his steps crashed the  
gravel on the path. With a wild cry she  
darted after him, and stood at the door watch-  
ing with keen eyes, but he never turned his  
head. A passionate appeal, a wild reclamation  
so glad from her heart, but paused upon her  
lips, where pride set its baleful lock. What  
would she not have given to have called him  
back—to have pressed him to her heart again,  
and have poured blessing on his head? What  
One atom of pride, one ray of her self-will—  
And while she'd battle with the demon, and  
conquered it, the time passed and Dan was  
gone. Gone, unsuspected and unmissed, into the  
coming storm.

Maggie Urquhart stood at the open door  
taking a broken heart. Very likely she had  
taken up her position there to see Dan this  
sooner on his way; but this as he did not say,  
of course we cannot tell. She was a fair, gen-  
tle-looking girl, with soft eyes and tender  
smile; not beautiful as perhaps the betrothed  
of a young fisherman should have been,  
but fortunately it is not only the lovely who  
are beloved. Her dress, though neat, was  
poor, and signs of poverty were plainly visible  
about the low whitened dwelling; but Dan,

like all foolish lovers, thought he held the  
world's best treasure as he clasped her in his  
arms.

Good-bye, darling. I've no time to stay;  
the boats are waiting.

Going, Dan? Is the wind fair and the  
night fine?

Both, my precious one. Oh, Maggie, I'll  
bring back what will be worth the world to  
me. The making of our home, Maggie—my  
wife!

She blushed, as a girl generally does when  
called by a sweet name not yet her's, but soon  
to be. Good night, Dan, she said simply, and  
kissed his cheek. He returned the kiss in  
another fashion.

Good-night, darling, and God bless you, my  
own Dan.

He was gone. One against the other, he  
muttered, as he descended the path toward the  
boats. Surely her's will make up for the  
want of the other, but I wish I'd had both.  
Ah! he did not know what on one side had  
taken the place of a blessing.

#### CHAPTER II.

They said in Stormy Water that night how  
splendid the sunset was, as the orb of day  
sank into his gold and crimson curtain-couch  
with a glory seldom seen. Maggie Urquhart  
from the cottage door watching the white sails  
glitter, saw happy visions of home joy and  
fireside pleasures in the pillow clouds. Mrs.  
Hurst upon the hill-top looked out sombrely.  
Giant arms uplifted, vengeance in the tower-  
ing and rudely vapor, a deadly glare in the  
brilliance, her conscience made for her. The  
roll of distant thunder struck terror to her  
heart, and she retreated shuddering to the shel-  
ter of her hearth as her fancy drew for her the  
image of a figure in the wreath of winding  
sheet sailing over the pale glories of the  
sunset sky.

Nine o'clock. The sighing wind grew fresh-  
er, and moaned ominously. Down in the vil-  
lage doors and windows rattled, the sharp hard  
dust whirled in the streets, and the surf thun-  
dered into the harbor and on the shore. Up  
on the hill the pine trees creaked mournfully  
and the wind made merry. A moon near the  
full lighted up the water, all afoam with flying  
drift; black clouds chased each other over the  
dark blue vault, casting broad shadows and  
hiding the brilliant winter stars.

Midnight; no doubt now. A storm; the  
king of storms let loose on earth and sea—the  
creaking of the melancholy trees; the  
rattle of the cordage of the vessels in the har-  
bor; the grinding of the skiffs upon the beach  
the long cry of men repairing past neglect  
and making sure and fast forgotten cares; the  
wails of terrified women roused from sleep,  
were lost and blended in the rush of the mighty  
wind, and the roar of the majestic sea.

Of all the loving, trembling hearts that  
beat in Stormy Water that night for the dear  
ones out at sea, we have to do with but two.  
In the white cottage, Maggie Urquhart on her  
knees by the window, her hands clasped and  
her eyes fixed on the white moon, humbly  
prayed for the safety of her lovers' life. Her  
innocent heart hardly trembled as the slow  
down broke, the storm subsided, and at last  
she lay down to rest. Dan is safe now, God  
heard me. My blessing has saved him.

But of her, the mother, who shall speak?  
Roused by the first rush of the wind, miser-  
ably conscious of every blast, she paced the  
floor that long winter's night, nor thought of  
rest or sleep. From her window she watched  
the settling, tumbling waves; with clenched  
hands pressed so vainly, she beat her  
heart; low moans broke from her overloaded  
breast, and sorrowing exclamations, but no  
word of hope or prayer. Pray! what right  
have I to pray. He is dead through me, my  
first-born, dearest son. God heard me; my  
cure has slain him.

Morning broke over Stormy Water bright  
and clear and cold. The wind had fallen, and  
but little trace remained of the storm, save  
some few uprooted trees and fences laid low,  
here and there a stranded skiff, and a lone  
line of reeds and drift, wood driven high upon  
the beach; but outside the bar there still rolled  
a mass of foaming foam. Not so quickly as  
the tempest, subsided the angry waters it had  
raised.

Perhaps Mrs. Hurst thought this as she  
watched the dawn reddening the east, and  
compared it in her mind to the dreary, lasting  
consequences that would follow a rash word—  
How she repeated the past night; how she  
tortured herself by re-reading every cruel word  
and tone; with what excess of pain & aching  
heart she longed to reverse the past; in what ashes  
of agony and humiliation her soul lay pros-  
trate; few may know! few, happily, can ever  
know; but those who have had their hearts  
under the remembrance of some bitter wrong  
inflicted on a loved and lost one—those who  
have thought a life would be too short to  
atone for one hour's sin—those who have seen  
life's happiness shut on them for a moment's  
passion or coldness—let these judge of her  
remorse and misery by their own.

To others the day was a weary one, spent  
in rest—watching for the boat; not to her  
She knew as well when they would not bring

back as though she had seen them already  
drawn up on the beach. He would not come  
her bright-haired Dan, the son of her heart,  
her darling among her household tribe. Think  
of me among the fish at sunrise. That morn-  
ing as she saw the golden flame rise over the  
hill, had she not thought? Not as he had  
meant it in his sportive talk. Not laughing  
gaily among his companions, with sparkling  
eyes, and head thrown back, as d-d-owing early  
hair, and bare, brawny arms busy among the  
shining spoils; but far down in their own do-  
main, soon to become their prey; the bright  
hair dark and matted, the blue eyes glazed and  
dull, the strong arms aching and clenched in a  
vain struggle for life—till as the image grew  
into her brain, she set her teeth, and groined in  
very bitterness of spirit, and pressed her hands  
upon her eyes to shut out the fearful sight.

To an uninterested spectator, if such there  
could have been at Stormy Water, the scene  
on the beach that afternoon would have been  
a strange one. What eager eyes, what white  
faces, what hope, what dread, what anxious,  
prayerful longing, what agonizing suspense!  
Those dearly-frightened boats; so lovingly  
watched for, oh, that they would come! Wives  
and sisters, daughters and little children, mo-  
thers of stalwart sons, betrothed brides, all  
were there; all with the same sick hearts, all  
with the strained eyes fixed upon the sea.

At last, one by one the white sails rise from  
the distant line of sky. One by one, till they  
can count five—the right number—but wait;  
how many lives do those five sails bring back?  
With a speed that seems as the crawling of  
a snail to the hearts who now bear beating, the  
boats approach, and one by one are beached  
upon the sand. Ah, the meetings! As form  
after form leaped out safe and unharmed, the wild  
embraces, the rapturous welcomes, the greet-  
ings of lip to lip and hand to hand! The fond  
selfishness which springs to the one loved one,  
and seeks no other! The perfect happiness  
after perfect pain!

Two women wait the last boat, with drawn  
lips and paling cheeks. She comes! Six  
men spring to shore, and are surrounded each  
by the circle of his home. These women stand  
aloof—there are no more—the one they seek  
is not there!

And at that moment there was a pause—a  
shiver as of recovery from ecstasy ran through  
the crowd, and all eyes turned in one direc-  
tion; all ears gave attention to Mrs. Hurst,  
as coming slowly forward she said, in a voice  
that sounded as from the grave, Where is my  
son?

There was no answer, except a sob from  
the women, and a hoarse murmur of compas-  
sion among the men.

What have you done with him, the wid-  
er's son? Have you left him a prey to the fish  
of the sea, the sport of the wind and the waves?  
Michael Graham, answer me, where is my  
son? The old man she addressed drew his  
rough hand across his eyes. Mrs. Hurst, he  
said reverently and sadly, your son is with the  
Lord.

And another man added, to a woman stand-  
ing by, Ay, he was knocked overboard by the  
sail last night in the storm.

A faint cry in the distance was lost in the  
outbreak of the mother's passionate despair—  
Cowards! murderers! did ye leave him to  
perish? did ye make no effort to save him,  
whose life was worth all yours together? Oh,  
Dan, my son, they have murdered you!

Come, come, mother Hurst! interposed one  
of the men, less gentle or more fiery than the  
rest, no names. We did all we could for  
Dan, and no men could more and if you  
knewed what the sea was, you'd wonder we  
did so much. We feel for you like men that  
know their own mother's turn may soon come  
to be like you; but you must call no names!  
Names! she said, suddenly softening, and  
her passion melting away. Oh, no; not you.  
[Concluded in our next.]

A NEW YORK HERMIT.—The meditative  
brings who dwell in caves and ancient roman-  
ces are rivaled by a modern New Yorker.  
Fulton County holds a charming mystery in  
the person of an elderly gentleman who leads  
the life of a hermit in a secluded little red  
farm house, and whose name the cautious  
world is not permitted to know. He is the  
possessor of an immense fortune, a widower,  
and a poet. No mortal eye ever beholds him  
save by accident—in which case he is the very  
flower of courtesy. His days pass in read-  
ing, writing poetry, and carrying on correspon-  
dence with Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson,  
Bryant, Emerson, and Carlyle, who regard  
him with profoundest reverence. His culture  
and his genius are said to be