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## Poetry.

### THE GIFT OF CHRIST.

Christ gave no higher gift to earth  
Than this which makes our better birth  
Within:  
Teaching us lives whose ardent fire  
Of grand resolve shall lift us higher  
To him.

Earth-trials tempt us oft to stray,  
But this hid presence bids us stay;  
And we  
Take courage from our inner guide;  
A legacy Thou dost provide  
Of thee.

Nor is it hidden from our sight,  
This holy essence, heaven-bright,  
Divine:  
For here and there, O Christ, we find  
A life that copies heart and mind  
From thine;

The grand good-deeds of one in power,  
Whose noble living proves a tower  
Of strength:  
In his grave face we see the gift  
Which to the Giver thou shalt lift  
At length.

A trusting faith, a pitying sigh,  
A gentle word, a loving eye,  
Glimpses of that best gift of thine,  
Left with the struggling sons of time,  
Blessed!

## LITERATURE.

### THE LITTLE ROSETTE MAKER.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

BUT mother, the doctor said father was better,  
and you look more sorrowful than ever.  
Yes, Katie, dear, because the doctor also said  
your father needed nourishing food now, to bring  
back his strength, and I have no money left to  
buy it.

But you earn money by sewing, mother; and I  
will help you more. Now that my head aches too  
badly to go to school, I can sew, I guess.

You! poor little child! No, you must not sew.  
It would be worse for you than studying. I must  
try to find some other employment. I cannot earn  
enough, by this sewing for the shops, to pay the  
rent of our miserable room, and get such food as  
we now have. I have just finished this work, and  
will carry it home, and then make some inquiries  
for something more profitable. You run up once  
in a while, dear, and see if your father wants any-  
thing.

Yes, mother, answered the child, and she sat  
watching until her mother's figure disappeared in  
the crowded street, and then resumed her em-  
ployment of sorting out some bits of ribbon,  
which had been given her by a neighboring mill-  
ner, in return for doing some errands.

Katie's father, Mr. Reed, was an industrious  
carpenter, who had always had a comfortable home  
for his family until a few months before, when he  
received a severe injury by falling from a building  
on which he was at work. Still, the physician  
spoke hopefully of his soon being out again, and  
a seemed going well, when the news that the  
man in whose hands he had deposited all his little  
savings had absconded, and left him helpless and  
penniless, caused a most dangerous relapse. Mrs.  
Reed sold article after article of furniture, and  
wearing apparel, and struggled on, till at last,  
everything being gone, they were obliged to take  
refuge in one room of a wretched tenement house.  
There they had been for some weeks, when our  
story opens.

Katie, always rather a delicate child, had grown  
thin and pale, and complained so much of head-  
ache, that the doctor advised her being taken from  
school. Time now hung rather heavily on her  
hands. She shrank from much intercourse with  
the rough vulgar children in the house, and passed  
most of the day in their own room; but occasion-  
ally, as when we just saw her, she would take ad-  
vantage of their absence at school, and steal down  
to the doorstep for a short time.

"I wish I could help mother," she thought sor-  
rowfully. "I wonder if there is nothing that a lit-  
tle girl can do."

Just then the milkman drove into the yard. He  
was an honest pleasant looking man, who always  
spoke kindly to the pale, gentle girl, so different  
from the noisy crowd that clamorously demanded  
a ride. He drove a fine gray horse, with which  
Kate had formed a great friendship, and she al-  
ways stroked and patted him, or gave him a hand-  
ful of grass, if she could find any in the dusty  
street.

So when the milkman had passed into the house  
with his cans, she commenced patting her dumb  
friend, and talking to him as usual, when a bright

idea struck her, and deftly knotting some of her  
ribbons together, she fastened them near the horse's  
ears.

Now, old Billy, you look very handsome! she  
exclaimed, stepping back to see the effect of her  
work. Just then the milkman came out.

Ah, Miss Kate, he said, have you been trim-  
ming up my horse?  
Yes sir, answered the child, rather timidly; do  
you mind?

Mind! O no; I am much obliged to you, and  
so I dare say is Billy! See how proudly he holds  
up his head! He will have to come some after-  
noon, and take you out to ride, in return for your  
kindness. And with a friendly good-morning he  
drove rapidly away.

I must run up and see if father wants anything,  
thought Kate, turning towards the house. A toil-  
some journey up many a long dark flight of stairs  
brought her to the poor room they called home,  
but Mr. Reed was asleep, and Kate, softly closing  
the door, returned to the yard.

She had sat perhaps half an hour longer, when an  
ice-cart came lumbering by. Somewhat to  
Kate's surprise, it stopped, for in that wretched  
house, no one could indulge in such a luxury as  
ice.

The driver, a bright good-humored looking lad,  
jumped out, and coming up to Kate, asked, with  
a mixture of frankness and bashfulness, "Was it  
you, miss, who made some ribbons for Mr. Gray's  
horse?"

"The milk man?" answered Katie, wondering-  
ly. "O yes, I put some ribbons on him just now."  
I met him down the street, and asked him how  
he came to be so gay; for you see, he continued,  
it just happened to take my fancy, as I've put a  
new set of harnesses for my horse, and want them  
to look as nice as anybody's. I think a heap of  
my horse, and so I says to Mr. Gray, do you sup-  
pose she would make me some? And he said I'd  
better come up here and ask you.

I'd be very much obliged to you, if you would,  
miss, he added, and will pay whatever you like.  
I should be very glad to make them, said the  
child, but, blushing deeply, I have no more rib-  
bons.

O, buy whatever you want, and I'll make it all  
right, said the lad, carelessly.  
Yes—but I have no money, said poor Kate,  
stammering, as if her poverty were something to  
be ashamed of.

O yes, I understand, with a look at the mis-  
erable building. Well, let me give you the money—  
if you will be kind enough to buy the ribbons, he  
added with natural politeness, and he produced his  
pocket-book, and handed Kate a bill.

"What colors will you have?" she asked, as if  
in a dream. Was it possible that after all she  
could be going to earn some money, and help her  
poor mother a little!

Whatever you like; only be sure they are  
bright. When can I have them? he asked, pre-  
paring to resume his seat.  
I will have them ready to-morrow.  
All right, he answered, and drove off.

Kate paid another visit to the attic, but her  
father still slept. As she was once more descend-  
ing the stairs, she met her mother, looking more  
pale and weary than when she went out.

"I have found no better work, Katie, dear," she  
sighed.  
"But I have, mother," responded Katie, joyous-  
ly, and she eagerly related the incident of the morning.

Now you have come, may I run and buy the  
ribbon?  
Do you know where to go? asked her mother,  
brightening somewhat, at the sight of her child's  
delight.

O yes! the milliner who gave me the ribbon is  
very good-natured, and I guess will tell me.  
Very well, run along then, dear; and Kate  
needed no second bidding.

The milliner had the required ribbons, and ad-  
ded several hints as to the best method of making  
rosettes, and Katie was soon at home, and at work.  
The rosettes were quite ready when the ice-man  
called the next day; and he paid liberally for  
them, and promised to send other customers.

He was as good as his word, and for a few days  
Kate was almost constantly engaged in making  
rosettes of different hues, to fill the various orders  
brought her by the ice-man and Mr. Gray.

With the proceeds of her work Mrs. Reed had  
bought more nourishing food for her husband, who  
was now gaining rapidly, and declared that he  
should soon be able to earn almost as much as  
Kate.

One day, when she was finishing the last set  
which had been ordered, and was thinking how  
much she hoped to be able to sell more, the doctor  
entered.

Kate was an especial favorite of his, and after  
examining his patient, he turned as usual, to chat  
with her.  
"What are you so busy about this fine morning,  
Miss Kate," he asked, when you ought to be out  
in the bright sunshine?

Kate readily explained her new business, to  
which the doctor listened attentively.  
"And so that is your last order?" he said, mus-  
ing. Well, well, I hope you will soon have more;  
and be hurried off.

A few days passed, and only one more applica-  
tion for rosettes had come in. Kate began to fear  
that all her work was done, and felt quite dis-  
couraged.

One morning, however, the doctor rushed in,  
somewhat to Mr. Reed's surprise, as it was sooner  
than he had expected another visit.

Ah, good morning, Mr. Reed, said the doctor,  
cheerfully. Getting along nicely? And he hastily  
felt his pulse, and asked some few questions.

Famous! We shall have you out soon! But  
where is my little friend? he asked, looking about.  
I came to see her to-day.

She will be back in a moment, doctor, said Mrs.  
Reed. I sent her on an errand. Here she is now,  
she added, as the door opened, and Kate came in.

Well, Kate, how's the rosette business? Flour-  
ishing as ever? The color don't rub off your rib-  
bons on to your cheeks, anyway, he said, with a  
pitying glance at the child's pale face. I wish I  
could turn you and your father out to grass. It  
would be the best thing for both of you.

Well, never mind that now, he added hastily,  
as he saw the wistful look in Kate's eyes, at the  
thought of the country. I am in a tremendous  
hurry, but run in to tell you that I mentioned your  
rosette-making to a friend of mine, who is the cap-  
tain of a company of soldiers. There is to be a  
grand parade in a few weeks, and he wants all  
the horses in his company decorated for the occa-  
sion. See, he has sent you the materials; and the  
doctor, opening a package, displayed the rolls of  
ribbons, which to Kate's eyes seemed enough to  
stock the shop of her friend the milliner.

O doctor, I thank you so much! she began, with  
glittering eyes, but the doctor cut her short with:  
There, never mind that; I am in a hur-  
ry, and so are you, and was leaving the room,  
when he suddenly pulled something from his pocket.  
Oh, I forgot, there is a pattern of what he  
wants; and he disappeared.

Great was the rejoicing in that poor room,  
and busily Kate worked. All was completed  
by the time her kind friend returned, bringing  
with him Captain Stearns of whom he had  
spoken.

The captain was entirely satisfied with the  
work, and much pleased with the little girl,  
who so modestly answered his many questions.

I have little girls of my own, he said, but  
should not like to see them as pale as this as  
you are, little one. When you grow strong-  
er, you must try to find country quarters, he  
continued, turning to Mr. Reed.

But the doctor's time was too precious to  
admit of a long visit, and after a few more  
kind words, the two gentlemen departed, leaving  
Kate in ecstasies over the amount of money  
the kind-hearted captain had paid her.

Now, mother, let me take one dollar and go  
and buy father a real splendid dinner, and we  
shall lay away all the rest, and she said, but  
seemingly, wouldn't you please give up work  
for to-day, and take a nice walk as you  
used to? Then, perhaps, you wouldn't look  
so very tired.

Yes, Mary do, urged Mr. Reed. I'll tell  
you what we will do, he added, in a more  
cheerful tone than he had heard him for  
many weeks. The doctor said I might go to  
a little. The day is quite fine, and we might  
celebrate Katie's having earned such a fortune  
by getting into the horse-cars after dinner and  
riding out to town a short distance.

With a scream of delight, Katie caught the  
dollar from her mother's hand, and rushed off  
for the dinner.

A happier party was seldom seen than that  
poor family on their unwanted holiday. The  
fresh air greatly revived Mr. Reed, and they  
ventured quite into the country, where Kate  
could gather wild flowers, and a faint color  
found its way into her cheeks.

O father, if we could only live in the coun-  
try, she exclaimed that evening, as she sat ar-  
ranging her flowers over and over again.

Perhaps we shall sometime, little girl, was  
the reply. You make money so rapidly, who  
knows but you will be able to get a country  
home soon?

I am afraid not, father, answered Kate, half  
laughing at the idea.  
"There's many a true word said in jest,"  
however, as Kate soon found.

Not many days after Captain Stearns' visit  
the doctor appeared again.  
Well, really Kate, you are becoming quite  
the rage, he said, gayly. Captain Stearns  
was so much pleased with you and your ro-  
settes, that he has persuaded the colonel of his  
regiment to have every company decorated in the  
same way; and the captain will be here to-  
day with an order, and materials for I don't  
know how many hundred rosettes.

But what has brightened you up so, Mr.  
Reed? he asked, turning to the invalid.  
Living such a good child, I fancy, answered  
Mr. Reed, smiling fondly on Kate.  
O no doctor! going into the country, cried  
the child, and seizing her precious flowers, she

continued, did you ever see anything so love-  
ly, doctor? And we went out where such  
lots of them grew! I away to the end of the  
car route, where there was such a lovely little  
house, all buried in vines, and no one living  
there. I don't see how any one who had ever  
been there could bear to leave it! Do you  
know where it is? as the doctor looked up with  
a strange expression.

I should think I did, he answered slowly,  
and as if thinking aloud. The very thing!—  
What a fool not think of it before!

Yes, Katie, he continued, that is the house  
where I was born, and lived many years—  
Since my mother died it has been shut up, and  
sadly needs some one to take care of it. I do  
not like to have it go to ruin, and have often  
wished I could find some good tenant—some  
one I could trust. Suppose I let to you, Katie?

He added, playfully. You are getting so rich,  
you can well afford to rent it. I have got to  
go out there now, and if you will put on your  
hat, you may go too, and see if it suits you.

May I, mother? and seeing the answer in  
her mother's eyes, the hat was on, and Kate  
in the chaise in a twinkling.

A few hours later she came home radiant.  
The house was lovely—perfect, and furnish-  
ed, too! And the doctor said there were to  
be a great many buildings erected near there  
that fall; and there would be a fine chance  
for her father to get work as soon as he was  
strong enough.

The doctor confirmed her statements; and  
amid the heartfelt thanks of Katie and her  
parents, produced a formal lease of the place,  
made out in Katie's name, which she with the  
most intense gravity signed; and the next  
week saw her as happy a girl as any in the  
land, in her new home.

### THE QUEEN'S INCOME.

(From Cassell's Magazine for July.)

Let us endeavour to ascertain the practical  
working of the system under which the Crown  
is supported in Great Britain. The first point  
to be touched upon is the extent to which all  
the arrangements are penetrated with the idea  
of constitutionalism. The nation desires that  
there shall always be harmonious co-operation  
between the responsible Government of the  
day and the members of the Royal Household.

This is effected by making the great officers  
of the Household—the Lord Chamberlain,  
Master of the Horse, Mistress of the Robes,  
&c., removable with every change of Ministry.  
The scandal and friction which would be oc-  
casioned if a Prime Minister's conduct were  
criticised from officials in daily contact with  
Royalty is thus avoided, and the independence  
of the Ministry secured. Again the nation  
does not wish to endow a monarch that, on the  
one hand, his wealth may be applied as mere  
caprice or tyranny suggests, perhaps for the  
detriment of the freedom of the subject. On  
the other hand the nation would be disgusted  
at the spectacle of an avaricious or penurious  
Sovereign who hoarded his income, and so  
proved himself a dwarfed and unworthy repre-  
sentative of the majesty of the State. To  
counteract both tendencies, the civil list is di-  
vided into classes, the object for which the to-  
tal of each class is to be applied being speci-  
fied by Act of Parliament. In this way the  
maintenance of the desired amount of State  
patriotism and magnificence is insured.

Finally, the actual issues in each of the classes  
are subject to the examination of a Treasury  
official, the author of the civil list, whose busi-  
ness it is to see that the prescribed total is not  
exceeded. But this system, however bene-  
ficial and constitutional, certainly imposes on  
the country some correlative obligations. If  
the Crown, after surrendering all its landed  
property, receives an income so divided as to  
place only £100,000 a year at its absolute dis-  
posal, the remainder being appropriated under  
conditions which render any considerable econo-  
my impossible, it seems but reasonable that the  
country should make special arrangements for  
special exigencies. Hence it has always been  
understood that the nation will grant a dowry  
to a son or daughter of the reigning sovereign,  
and will bestow pensions on the various mem-  
bers of the royal family. A royal marriage  
may be an advantage to the State by strength-  
ening a national alliance already existing, or  
effecting a new one; or it may be the occa-  
sion of all sorts of political complications and  
trouble. In either case it is of the last im-  
portance that any proposed marriage should,  
if suitable, have the sanction of Parliament;  
if unsuitable, its veto. Now, the granting or  
withholding of the dowry gives to the House  
of Commons exactly the needed power. If  
now we are asked to ascertain the cost of mon-  
archy the task is by no means difficult. Her  
Majesty receives a Civil List maintenance of  
£385,000 a year. To this we must add £31,-  
000, the revenue derived from the Duchy of  
Lancaster, and £17,000, the annual cost of  
maintaining the palace in the occupation of  
the Crown (such as Buckingham Palace and  
Windsor Castle) which is provided for in a  
vote of Parliament. These items amount to  
£433,000. The Prince of Wales has £100,  
000 a year, of which £60,000 is derived from  
the Duchy of Cornwall, and £40,000, from an

annuity on the Consolidated Fund; the Prince  
of Wales has £100,000; the Duke of Edin-  
burgh and Prince Arthur, £150,000 each; the  
Princess Royal or Crown Princess of Ger-  
many, £8,000; Princess Alice, Helena and  
Louise, £6,000 each; the Duke of Cambridge  
£12,000; the Duchess of Cambridge £6,000;  
and the Princess Teck and Princess Augusta  
of Mecklenburg Stralitz, £5,000 and £3,000  
each respectively. These annuities amount to  
£132,000, and adding this with the Duchy of  
Cornwall, to our former total, we reach a total  
charge of £625,000 a year. Now the Crown  
Lands produce a profit of £375,000, and the  
other branches of hereditary revenue about  
£13,000, which sums are carried to the Ex-  
chequer. Thus the net results of the system  
we are discussing is that royalty costs the Brit-  
ish taxpayer less than a quarter of a million a  
year. Now taking Professor Leone Levi's es-  
timate that the taxation of the working class-  
es amount to 12½ per cent. of their taxable  
incomes, and calculating the proportion which  
the cost of royalty bears to the general expendi-  
ture of the nation, we arrive at this result,  
that in the case of a skilled artisan with a tax-  
able income of £100 a year, the maintenance  
of royalty costs him ninepence a year. Such  
is the outcome of the Constitutional contract  
the nation has made with its Sovereign. Its  
every spirit bears the mark of that spirit of  
compromise which finds its expression in this  
saw, "The King reigns, but does not govern"—  
which gives the monarch a veto he is never  
supposed to exercise; which, in short, de-  
fines every act of Government to be the act of  
the Sovereign, and yet it is sincerely distrustful  
to any other intervention of the Crown than its  
implied in sanctioning an act of Parliament.

Of course, arrangements carried out in such a  
spirit as this cannot be expected to excite much  
enthusiasm; on the other hand, they certainly  
disarm criticism. And this is just what has  
been achieved by the civil list contract. It  
works without friction, is thoroughly constitu-  
tional, and, moreover, has made it altogether  
impossible for a Republican to attack royalty  
in England on the score of cost. Many of the  
criticisms which have of late years been di-  
rected against the civil list have demonstrated  
this. They were felt to be trivial and pitiful,  
and as a contribution to the discussion of the  
relative merits of royalty and republicanism.  
worthless. A logical republican would object  
to a king if the crown cost him nothing; and  
an ardent propagandist of Divine right would,  
we suppose, kiss the sceptre though he were  
beggared in maintaining it. But once grant  
that constitutional monarchy, however illogical  
its theory, is desirable simply because it works  
well, and it is difficult to see how it could be  
maintained more cheaply or more agreeably  
than by the civil list. In short, in this as in  
other matters, the British nation has aimed  
rather at practical utility than at theoretic ex-  
cellence. The result has been undoubtedly  
satisfactory. To the ordinary British subject  
proud of his country, and proud still of his  
constitutional freedom, the Queen may be no  
more than the hereditary chairman of the  
Cabinet which governs the nation; to a  
myriad of that greater Britain on the  
sun never sets, the great Empress is a pote-  
ntate whose personal will environs their exis-  
tence, and whose influence is felt in every event  
of their lives. And it is the highest achieve-  
ment of our crowned republic's common sense  
to have thus developed a government which is  
in union with her nobler, practical, British  
ideas, and which yet furnishes that emblem  
in a person, essential for the more enthusias-  
tic loyalty and the more exuberant devotion  
of Celt, Hindu, or Parsee.

"Faint heart never won fair lady" may be  
true, but when your father wears a num-  
ber twelve, with a Scotch sole, and takes par-  
ticular pains to show his dog kennel and  
armory, and you feel your knees giving way,  
your teeth begin to rattle and your eyes to  
water, then, in such instances, the saying is not  
applicable.

COWPER's celebrated line, "England with all  
thy faults I love thee still," was thus parodied by a  
whisky-loving Irishman:—"Ireland, with all thy  
faults, I love thy still."

A LITTLE boy, carrying home some eggs from  
the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?"  
asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No,"  
said the little fellow, "but the shells came off."

A woman's heart is the only true place for  
a man's likeness. An instant gives the im-  
pression, and an age of sorrow and change  
cannot efface it.

A SCHOOLMASTER asked his scholar if any  
of them could quote a passage of Scripture  
which forbade a man having two wives, where-  
upon nearly the whole school cried out, "No  
man can serve two masters."

"I say, Pat, do you know what time the boat  
sails?" "How do you know my name is Pat?"  
"I guessed it." "Then you can guess what  
time the boat sails!"

Coquettes are like weather cocks—only fixed  
when they are rainy.

Doctors never allow ducks on their pre-mises,  
they make such personal remarks.

BITTERS  
FREE FROM  
CALIFORNIA  
BITTERS

California Vinegar  
gettable preparation,  
native herbs found  
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ALD & CO.,  
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Other Worms, lurk-  
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he system from worms.

omplaints, in young or  
le, at the dawn of wom-  
of life, these Tonic Bit-  
ided an influence that  
n perceptible.

all cases of jaundice, rest-  
er is not doing its work.  
treatment is to promote a  
bile and favor its re-  
posure use VINEGAR BR-

Related Blood when-  
urities bursting through  
es, Eruptions, or Sores;  
a find it obstructed and  
y; cleanse it when it is  
will tell you when. Keep  
the health of the system

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