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MODERN PHARISEES.

In others we are apt to see
Their failings and their faults alone,
And, like the ancient Pharisee,
Forget and overlook our own.

To all their virtues we are blind,
Although they may possess far more
Of real good than selfish we
Will ever give them credit for.

If God, as Scotland's poet says,
Would give us power ourselves to see,
How small the faults of friends would seem
How great, alas, our own would be!

MY NEIGHBOR.

"Love thou thy neighbor!" I am mute;
He lives across the way,
And plays upon the German flute
Some twenty hours a day.
On him I do not waste my labor,
Nor even try to love my neighbor.

"Love thou thy neighbor? I am dumb;
She lives next door to me;
A single dame, with years o'ercome;
Her age is forty-three.
Ah! it was surely foolish labor
For me to try to love my neighbor.

"Love thou thy neighbor? Heaven forbid!
He has of gold, silver,
And at usurious rates doth lend
Me small sums of his store.
And whosoever should I squander labor
Or waste my love on such a neighbor?"

"Love thou thy neighbor? Nay, not so;
This were too much to say;
My heart with love is all aglow,
But finds a happier task.
Ah! not in vain my heart has sought her;
You see? I love my neighbor's daughter."

"COME HOME, WILLIE!"

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

The night was bitterly cold. I was glad to turn up the collar of my top coat to shield myself somewhat from the wind, which seemed as if it would pierce through the warmest covering, as I took my way home from the house of a friend. Passing along by one of the private gardens which adorn our beautiful city, I heard a noise as of some one crying bitterly, and soon reached the place whence the sounds proceeded. Seated on the parapet-wall of the railings was a young working man in his garb of toil, with an infant on his knee, and by his side sat a fair young creature, evidently his wife and the mother of the babe which lay in its father's arms. Alas! that those arms should be so unworthy of the precious burden.

"Come home, Willie!" she sobbed out as I passed, and in the moonlight I could see her sweet young face dimmed with tears as she pleaded with her husband.

"No, I won't come home! I'll sit here as long as I like; just you hold your tongue!" he replied angrily, caring nothing for the entreaties of his young wife.

"Give me the baby, Willie; oh! do give me the baby! she'll catch cold, Willie!" and the mother tried to take the babe from its father's arms.

"No you won't have the child! It's comfortable enough where it is. Don't think, Jessie, that I care for your crying. You can cry your eyes out for all I care; so you may just as well stop it. Hold off! I tell you, or I'll dash—"

A scream from the mother interrupted his brutal words, and, unable to restrain myself, I was about to step forward to the young mother's assistance, when a "bull's eye" flashed along the street. I had stepped a short distance from the group, uncertain at first whether I should interfere, as I was afraid that it might be productive of harm instead of good, until my anger at the young man's unfeeling conduct impelled me to interpose. The watchman, however, had unexpectedly appeared upon the scene and as he heard the sound of the weeping, quickened his steps.

"Come, now, don't make any noise here, Willie's off home!" he exclaimed in the rather gruff tone of his calling, and wife

and husband rose, the babe still in its father's arms.

"Oh, sir, don't do anything to him! It wasn't him; it wasn't him; it was only me crying. Don't do anything to him sir!" pleaded the young wife with tears in her eyes.

He would have had a hard heart, indeed, who could have been insensible to her supplication. I could see the watchman's eye glisten as she placed her hand on his arm and looked fearfully up into his face. Ah! yes! under his official sternness he had a soft heart, that guardian of the night. Very likely he had a fond wife at home, and perhaps beloved children, for whom he would have given his own life. No wonder then that the tears glistened in his eye and that when he next spoke, it was in a softer tone, in which pity for the poor wife overcame his anger at the drunkard's husband. Yes, there lay the secret of the whole scene. Yet the young workman—a decent, comely looking young man, was not so much under the influence of the horrid curse but that he could walk steadily along, his gentle wife walking beside him, and pleading with him to give her the "baby," but when they turned the corner of the silent street and were hid from my view, the child was still in the arms of its father.

They reached their home, a humble one in a lowly quarter of the town, but the neatness which reigned around betokened the presence of woman's gentle hand. He lay down to sleep off the effect of the drink which he had taken, while his loving wife, after seeing him comfortably reposing, with a sad and sorrowful heart attended to her child.

One would have thought who had heard the storm of abuse which William Malcolm showered upon his wife, in language which at times was horrible to hear, that he was a brutal wretch, devoid of feeling; but he was a man of the kindest of husbands, and loved his babe with an almost womanly love. But when the demon DRINK had taken possession of his soul, ah! then—alas! that so many should know the horrid brutality which the poison instils into the heart of its victims.

The hours sped slowly on. In the middle of the night, the anxious mother was awakened by a strange noise, which she had never before noticed in her child's breathing. The mother's heart was alarmed, and in her anxiety she awakened her husband.

"Willie, Willie dear, there's something the matter with baby!"

"Oh, it's only a slight cold she's got. She'll be better in the mornin'," he muttered, half awake and rather angrily at being disturbed, and then turned to sleep. Sleep visited not the mother's eyes; anxiety for the child was above all other thoughts. She lay awake listening to the hoarse noise, and half afraid again to disturb her husband. Even she thought it was only a cold which the child had got, an ailment to which it was rather prone. In the stillness of the night, and with all her feelings strung to hear the slightest note of alarm, she fancied the child's breathing was getting hoarser. Yes, there was no doubt of it; her babe was getting worse.

"Willie, dear Willie, do waken, dear! Baby's very ill."

"What? Who says baby's ill?" he exclaimed, starting up.

"Hush, Willie, do you hear that strange noise?"

The father was now thoroughly awake and in his right mind. Yes, he heard the noise—a hoarse, creaking noise which accompanied the child's every breath. He was alarmed now, and love for his babe was the uppermost feeling in his heart.

"Hain't you better go for the doctor, Willie?" asked his wife gently.

"Oh, yes, Jessie! I'll go at once," and the father hurriedly prepared to depart.

"Don't be long, Willie dear."

"Never fear, Jessie! I'll be as fast as I can."

Out into the night; the wind blew right in his teeth, as if it would shiver his very frame. But what cared he for the wind? Was not his child ill—perhaps dangerously ill? The thought sent a thrill of agony through his heart, and he rushed on faster than before. The nearest doctor must be sought. He reached the house and rang the bell.

"Is the doctor in?" he asked with quivering lip.

"No, sir, he was called out some time ago," and the servant maid, none the more civil because she had been awakened from her sleep, closed the door.

He must go for his own doctor then. "Oh that he would be in!" He rushed through the streets, the watchman, as he walked his weary round looking suspiciously at him as he passed. He rang the bell. Minutes seemed to pass, and still no one answered. At last the door was opened.

"Is Dr. Smith in?" He was almost afraid to look the servant in the face, lest he might read the dreaded answer in her eyes.

"Yes."

Strange that that simple word should have such power to lift such a load of anxiety from his mind.

William Malcolm was ushered into a room and the doctor presently came in. The father hurriedly described the symptoms of his child's illness—the creaking noise which accompanied its breathing. That was enough. Croup. The doctor knew the symptoms too well.

"I shall be along immediately. Put the feet in warm water as soon as you get home."

With a lighter heart than he had left it the father returned to his home. Alas! that he should be fated to have his heart weighed down by a still heavier load of agony. His babe was worse; unwilling as he was to believe it, there was no getting away from the dreadful thought.

The child lay in its cot, its face livid, breathing with so much difficulty that sometimes the poor mother thought it would be suffocated. The father told her what the doctor had advised, and she immediately proceeded to do what she could. But the fire was out, and it was some time before she could get it lighted, and longer still before she could have warm water. While she was thus engaged a rap came to the door; it was opened, and the doctor entered. He went at once to where the babe lay with closed eyes, unconscious of the sad hearts that stood around.

"Poor thing!" the doctor muttered, in too low a tone, however, for the parents to hear him. Various remedies were tried; all that a skillful physician could do was done, but of no avail. The child was past all human help, and reluctantly and soothingly the kind doctor told the agonised parents. The mother sat tearfully down to watch her dying babe the father stood as if stunned—he could not at first take in the full extent of his sorrow. As the bitter thought became fully realized in his mind he caught the doctor by the arm, and with wildness in his tone cried out—

"Oh! doctor! save baby; save her—save her! She must not die, doctor! If she dies doctor, I've killed her. Oh, save her! save baby! Oh, doctor can't you save baby?"

The doctor quietly placed him on a chair. "William, your child is past all human aid—no power on earth can save her. Do you forget this: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord?' Be a man, William, and don't give way thus."

Oh! it is difficult to comfort the heart when the object of its dearest affection is convulsively breathing the last breath, and nothing can save—not all the gold on earth, not all the love in the most loving of hearts.

The doctor spoke comforting to the sorrowing father, who hung over his dying child, watching every motion of its little

frame with intense earnestness. A sudden paroxysm, a short struggle, and the first born lay asleep in its mother's arms. Asleep in Jesus, at last! No more should the feeble breath be painfully drawn, nor the little limbs racked with convulsive pain; no more should the bright blue eyes look lovingly into the mother's face nor the sweet voice lisp a childish welcome to the welcomed father.

The kind doctor had departed, his last words directing the sorrowful heart to that future where they might meet their beloved one, and the parents were left alone in the presence of the dead. The poor mother looked a last fond look on her dead babe; the father buried his head in his hand and wept—strong tears such as only a man can weep.

The sun rose in all the sparkling brilliancy of a winter morning, and the warm sunlight streamed into desolate dwelling, making it still more desolate. Why did the sun shine on sorrow like theirs? Ah mourner! does it not lead the weary soul from this sin-dimmed world, to where thy babe rests lovingly, in the sunlight of its Father's smiles.

And still the sorrow-stricken father sat there, his head buried in his hands as if to shut out all recollection of his loss. The tears were bitter tears that trickled thro' the clasped hands, but they were sweet in the relief they brought a repentant heart. And when his wife went and knelt beside him and gently whispered, "Willie," the husband raised his head, and saw the sweet face looking lovingly through its tears into his.

"Oh, Jessie!"

The strong arms were thrown round her neck, and the bereaved ones in their deep sorrow clung to each other with a stronger love—a love knit by the bonds of death. By the side of their dead babe, in the presence of Him who can heal all sorrows, husband and wife knelt lovingly together and prayed—a deep and earnest prayer, that God helping them, another drop of the accursed drink should never again touch their lips. And although the bright blue eyes were closed, a sweet smile hovered over the dead child's face, an angel's testimony that the prayer had been heard in its Father's home.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.—If a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water. If a prop be placed within six inches of a convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If, after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound, and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of the plants grow near to each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral, and they will twin round each other.

TO TELL THE TIME WITHOUT A WATCH OR CLOCK.—Attach to one end of a horse-hair or piece of silk a foot long, a brass button or gold ring, and tie the free end round the forefinger; then support the arm by the elbow on a table, letting the button or ring hang freely just within a tumbler. In a few moments the pendulum—for such it is—will begin to oscillate, increasing in swing until it strikes the glass a definite number of times, and then subsides. The motion is due to the muscular tremor, and the striking is due, no doubt, to the influence of the will.

"This seat is engaged," said a pretty young maid, as I entered a car one day. "To whom?" "A young gentleman," she pointedly said. "Then where is his baggage, I pray?" Her rosy lips opened like rosebuds, in spring; her face in deep blushes was dyed; as muttering crossly, "You hateful old thing! why, I am his baggage!" she cried.

The Canker Worm.

A gentleman writes to the Boston Globe as follows concerning this pest and the way of ridding trees from its ravages:

The people of this village who have apple trees are just now in ecstasy over the new-discovered means for capturing the canker worms, and the process is so simple yet so effective that it should be known and thoroughly used wherever that pest has made its appearance. For a few days past a gentleman has watched with vexatious regret the progress of devastation upon his finest fruit trees and was about to apply the axe as a remedy, when noticing how easily worms are beat or shaken off the tree, experimented to prevent their return and found that fine, dry ashes, lime or plaster heaped around the trunk of the tree would surely prevent their ascent, and being voracious eaters they soon perish on the ground, or may be readily gathered up and destroyed, as they collect in multitudes, attempting to climb up the lime and fall back without reaching the firm bark of the tree. The plan has been satisfactorily tested, and the lime heaps about the trees in nearly every garden show the determination to preserve valuable fruit by thus arresting the blighting scourge. A steep slope around the trees may be made with dirt, then cover with fine, dry ashes or lime, and scatter up a little on the bark, and the worms are effectually stopped. They cannot climb up a loose, dry, floury substance. The worms are nearly done eating for this year, but it will be worth while to apply this remedy in season next year.

The Great Famine in Madras.

A calamity greater, says the Saturday Review, than any that has yet occurred in India during British rule, is now threatening the Presidency of Madras. The famine of this year, which the Government is now fighting to the extent of its resources, is to be succeeded by another due to the failure of the Southwest Monsoon, which will continue over another year and which will inflict with double rigor a people already weakened by past suffering. It is reported that even during the present famine more people have been found dead in Madras in one morning than died during the whole of the Bengal famine, and it is asserted that more than half a million of inhabitants have already succumbed.

The difficulties of the situation are increased by the lack of means of intercommunication. There are very few railways, and most of the train is taken into the interior by bullock carts. But there is no food for the animals any more than there is for man, so that practically there is no way of carrying relief into the distressed districts.

It will be seen that in this case eight portable and cheap field railways will be of great utility. There is no fear of scarcity of grain provided money be obtained to buy it and means of transportation suitable for the purpose be at hand. The funds are already being raised by appeals to the charitable in England, and to inventors and manufacturers the world looks for the necessary railways or other modes of carriage. It has been proposed that men be used for traction purposes on these roads instead of bullocks, six men being estimated equal to one brute. It is hardly necessary to add that the cheapness of the system proposed will be an important consideration, as the routes will probably be both long and numerous.

It is said that some people have what is called "spontaneity," and some haven't; but nobody ever sat down on a pin cushion yet without manifesting something surprisingly like it.

In his lecture in Kenosha, on "The Girl You Love," Brother Huntley says: "He should love her and let his love for her be known. If a woman is loved she wants it to be known to the world." Unless the girl is dumb, and has lost both hands by a kerosene explosion, she is apt to relieve the young man of all trouble in giving his proposal publicly, especially if there is another girl who tried to get him.

"Is that a friend of yours?" said a gentleman to a party who was sailing rapidly down the street. "Can't tell 'till next Saturday," returned the individual addressed; "I've just lent him a sovereign."

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