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 THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
CONSUMPTION,
 acknowledged by many prominent physicians to be
 the most reliable Preparation ever introduced
 for the RELIEF and CURE of all
BRONCHITIS COMPLAINTS.

It is known remedy is offered to the public, since
 the experience of over forty years, and when
 in its season, seldom fails to effect a speedy
 cure.

**Cold, Croup, Bronchitis, Inflammation,
 Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Spasmodic
 Cough, Measles, Whooping Cough,
 Asthma, and all other Affections of the
 Throat and Lungs.**

**Bleeding at the Nose,
 Liver Complaint, &c.**

equal success that has attended the application
 of this medicine in all cases of

FELONY COMPLAINTS
 of every description of high standing to enable
 the patient to resume his usual avocations, and
 to avoid the expense of a long and tedious
 legal process. We have space only for the
 following testimonials.

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CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.
 ST. FRANCIS, C.E., Aug. 21, 1868.
 N. W. FOWLE & SON,
 15 N. STATE ST., BOSTON.

TAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY
 AS PREPARED BY
N. W. FOWLE & SON,
 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

GRACE'S SALVE
 A vegetable preparation discovered in
 the year 1840, by Dr. Wm. C. Wood, Surgeon in
 the Army. It is a simple, safe, and reliable
 remedy for all the following complaints:
 Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sprains,
 Swellings, Ulcers, and all other
 external affections of the skin.

ACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE
 Cures in a very short time
 Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Bruises,
 Rashes, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Ringworm,
 Chapped Hands, Folds,
 Frozen Limbs, Feloas, Chilblains,
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ACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE
 Used in active, removes pain at once, and reduces
 the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations,
 of the face, neck, and throat, and is a valuable
 remedy for all the following complaints:
 Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Bruises,
 Rashes, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Ringworm,
 Chapped Hands, Folds, Frozen Limbs,
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Sewing Machines.
 EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
 One of the Original WOOD
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These celebrated Machines are now on sale at
 subscribers, where the public are invited to
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Poetry

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker
 When he soils his neighbor's fame,
 If we would but help the erring
 Ere we utter words of blame;
 If we would, how many might we
 Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Al! the wrongs that might be righted
 If we would but see the way!
 Ah, the pairs that might be lighted,
 Every hour and every day,
 If we would but hear the pleadings
 Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
 Of our selfishness and pride;
 Let us hit our fainting brothers,
 Let us strengthen ere we chide;
 Let us, ere we blame the fallen
 Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ab, how blessed—ah, how blessed
 Earth would be if we but try
 Thus to aid and right the weaker,
 Thus to check each brother's sigh;
 Thus to walk in duty's pathway
 To our better life on high.

Reach life, lovee'er lovely,
 There are rewards of mighty good;
 Still we shrink from souls appealing
 With a "thine," "if we could,"
 But God who judges all things,
 Knows the truth is, "If we would!"

Interesting Case.

A DEATH FOR A DEATH.

BY FREDERICK MARION.

Long ago, when I was a child, I had my
 fortune told. The count, brown, gipsyish
 and evil, peering into my face said, "Shun
 blood-bred men; one of them will bring you
 much sorrow."

I laugh at them. Afterward, I remember
 to find I could understand how I came to
 such good fortune as the possession of Lucie
 Pomeroy's love. In no rash lover'sapture do
 I say that she was beautiful as an angel. I
 have never seen equal to the snow of her
 skin, the blue of her eyes, the pure gold of
 her hair.

She was the only daughter of one of the
 wealthiest men in change. The Pomeroy's
 were not only wealthy, but naturally noble
 men and women, of the highest caste. Lu-
 cie's brother was my friend; I became their
 guest, and my darling became my promised
 wife.

Judge Pomeroy promised me his daughter,
 and then we kept the secret amongst us. Lu-
 cie wished it so; she would not be Mrs.
 Vernon in perspective, she said, playfully, but
 with an earnest feeling beneath. I did not
 love her less because she clung as long as
 possible to the childish life that had ever
 been so dear to her. We were not to be
 married for a year.

Much of the time I was absent from the
 city, but our meetings were only the sweet-
 est to that. At these times Lucie was never shy
 of her affection. Her sunny, gold eyes
 looked into mine with unwavering trust; she
 would kiss my lips and cheeks, and roll the
 curls of my black hair over her fingers, in
 open enjoyment of our relation to each other.
 I never thought of doubting her love for me,
 and yet—

Lucie's twentieth birthday was celebrated.
 She was to have a party, or floral festival.
 The family were at Rose Hill, their country
 seat. It was done weather. I read Lucie's
 little note with a pang of regret:—

"DEAR:—Will you not come? I am
 twenty years old, you know, and we are to
 have dancing and a feast in the garden. My
 Princess of Nassau is bidden, and the purple
 banners are all in blossom. We have a
 pavilion on the lawn, and Vale has written
 an ode for the occasion which he declares very
 fine in idea, but very bad poetry. Please
 come."
 "LUCIE."

I could not go. I had never been busier,
 or my presence more needed on the spot. I
 wrote to Lucie and told her so.

But after the letter had gone, my partner
 said:—
 "Vernon, one of us must go east, and see
 Sone & Seidon. I had rather you would go
 than I."

I jumped at the chance. This firm, with
 whom we dealt, were not fifty miles from Lu-
 cie's home. I could reach Rose Hill the very
 night of the festival and go on to—bury
 the next day. Circumstances favored me,
 after all.

I set off, gently exhilarated. Western rail-

road travelling is not excessively diverting,
 and during those twenty four hours I lived in
 a day-dream, dwelling on my happiness, past,
 present and to come. Yet so tedious is a
 night spent on the rail, that I should have
 welcomed daylight quite as heartily. I think
 if I had not expected to meet my betrothed
 wife before another sunset, I reached New
 York at noon, and took the express for Oak
 Hill.

The way towards Rose Hill was pleasant.
 The silvery lake, the white villas among the
 graceful shade trees, the grouped cattle under
 the willows, the orchard glades, the banks of
 clover and buttercups, and the rose-rich way-
 side gardens made a living panorama which
 delighted me. New England pastoral life
 was sweet after the mercantile activity of Chi-
 cago.

The sun was setting as I reached Oakville,
 the railroad station of Rose Hill. Not being
 excited, the carriage was not in waiting, and
 having no my luggage lock I sat in the
 baggage room. I set off across the fields.

The lake glistened like gold between the
 trees; warm pink shadows fell every nook
 of the forest. Down in the low meadows the
 frogs had commenced a stiff piping, and
 across the hills the redstart called for its mate
 as it flew seaward. The bland air was full
 of the scent of new-mown hay. I inhaled
 of anise, sweet clover, and bayberry that lay
 dying in the swales.

At last reached the road that skirted the
 village and led to Rose Hill. The swift light
 strokes of horse's feet made me turn my head
 to see who rode so gaily.

The horse was blooded and beautiful. The
 rider turned upon me a handsome and exult-
 ing smile.

A fine night, in
 it is, I said.

He passed, gaily—mockingly, it seem'd to
 me. His horse's steel bound feet glittered up
 the hill; a silken tassal swung over the man's
 blood curls as he rode. Steel and rider dis-
 appeared over the hill.

I stopped to look at the white village which
 lay in the valley to my right. The gilded
 spire of the church caught the sun's last rays.

In the distance I could hear the herds boy
 shouting to his cattle. The woods grew brown
 and still; a star peeped out; the dew fell,
 and the fragrance of the violets stole up. A
 nightingale called from a thicket of alders.

"Alone!"
 The word was not a request but a demand.
 A woman, bent, hideous, neglected, started up
 from the roadside into my path. To see such
 misery in so sweet a scene touched me with a
 deep sadness.

It is money, mother, I said. You are
 old and feeble. Do not sit there on the damp
 grass; go to some decent lodging house.

She called me "anither!" cried the woman,
 with a mocking laugh, the shrillness of which
 revealed a nature wicked indeed. This fel-
 low with his soft speech and white hands,
 Ha, ha! Do I look as if I was the mother of
 a brave lad? Do I look as if I ever dandled
 a child and curled his hair, and sang
 lullabies?

She paused, her yellow face turned up in
 the twilight, her pointed head shaking, her
 d-d-p-set eyes twinkling upon me maliciously.

Your mother, perhaps, would take cold to
 sleep by the roadside. She has a warm bed,
 and rest, and shelter, while I sleep on the
 stones and snatch my food from the dogs—
 for what? Because I had a child who was
 beautiful!

She suddenly thrust her hand into her
 bosom and drew forth a long fair curl, which
 she held up in the moonlight. Her old arm
 shook so that it twisted and splintered in the
 light.

Her hair!—her bonny hair! she cried,
 her beauty. Curses rest upon the hand that
 defiled that fair head—my curse, my blackest
 curse go with him!

She thrust the curl into her bosom and
 hobbled suddenly away out of my sight. Lingering
 a moment with a breast full of compassion,
 I continued my way at last.

The hill before me was steep and long; I
 ascended slowly. The moonlight flooded the
 road. I could hear the faint and distant sound
 of music, I thought.

Sweeter and clearer came the bursts of
 melody. Then the colored lights shone
 through the trees, and I was close to the scene
 of festivity. Was my darling dancing as
 light heartedly as if I were there?

An arch of illuminated roses said "Wel-
 come" over the gate. The white dresses of
 the ladies gleamed among the shrubbery as I
 went up the avenue. Silvery calling voices
 and bursts of gay laughter resounded through
 the luxuriant sweets of roses and lilies.

I sank into a rustic chair under the avenue
 elms, wondering where I should find Lucie,
 and listening to the measured strains of the
 dance music. The startled birds twittered
 over my head; the fragrant air blew deliciously
 around me. I lingered.

I was ardently in love, but thirty-six hours
 travel by rail, and a three mile walk will
 tell on the most devoted lover. Within five
 minutes' walk of Lucie, I sat still and rested.
 Yet I listened for the faint echoes of her dis-
 tant laugh, whose gay sweetness I should have
 known amid a hundred.

The stately avenue was in pale shadow, but
 the lights of the gay vista flung a gleam down
 half its length. I sat in heavy shade and
 feasted my eyes upon the distant picture, with
 its moving figures and glowing colors, until
 of the merry riot came two sedate and
 graceful figures, Iaving the dancers and soft-
 ly approaching me. They moved slowly;
 they were evidently in earnest conversation.

At length, they stopped where the light drop-
 ped off near my feet. The lady's face was in
 shadow, but the glowing vista's rays touched
 the man's blond hair and beard, and showed
 him to be the rider who had passed me so ex-
 altantly.

But I could not forget, said you, by a low ap-
 pealing voice. I have put those words of mine
 between us, yet I've come back to you. You
 I regret it. It was best that we should not
 have met again.

The gentle tones were Lucie's. Like a lov-
 ing voice sounded the fortune-teller's warning
 in my ear. "A blond haired man will bring
 you much sorrow."

Have you so hard a heart, then? Are you
 indifferent that I love and worship you? Lu-
 cie, you were once kinder than this.

You cannot forget me, said my Lucie, be-
 cause you still love. Two years ago I told
 you that we must part. We have met twice,
 since then, and not by my will.

And yet, last summer, I did not mean to
 come. I was riding to the town. My horse
 took the old familiar path; I was startled
 when I found myself at your gate. You were
 not so cruel then as you are now.

You took me by surprise as I was walking
 in the garden; I could not resist.

And I was unwelcome then, as now, and
 you hoped I would not come again?

The music of that voice I cannot transcribe.
 O, this is all wrong! I cried my darling's
 tenor voice. Basil Gray, I do not love you
 —I never did—you must leave me.

But you may, Lucie. Only let me try to
 teach you.

She shook head—"No, no!" And then
 came the revelation of our engagement.

I saw the man's eyes glittering in his
 blanched face; I saw his resolute look.

And do you think that I will give you up
 to him? he asked. No, softly laying his hand
 on her white arm, "I will kill you first."

She recoiled, looking into his fierce face
 with shock of d-believing eyes.

Do you think me as tame as that, to let
 another man take you? he asked. My
 Saxon blood were I aggrist, indeed.

The slender girl faltered before the spirits
 she had evoked. But even that Meophisto-
 phelean laugh was musical.

What will you do? she asked, her clear
 eyes on his face?

Let me show you?

With the world, he pressed her lightly
 from the ground, and lifting one hand over her
 mouth, then bore her swiftly towards the gate.

I leapt to my feet, but a hand like iron
 dragged me back to my seat. Before I could gain
 my equilibrium, a figure, wild and strange,
 darted from my side, and leaping behind me,
 seemed to strike him with her closed
 hand upon the neck. But he stopped, groaned
 and fell, and Lucie struggled from his arms
 as he fell. Instantly the horrible old woman
 was over him, one knee planted upon his breast,
 her skinny fingers clenched in his soft blond
 hair.

Die, like a dog! she shrieked. She might
 have died on the ground, the spot where she
 fell, dying—when she knew that she was be-
 trayed—and hid from her scorned eyes,
 as she died. She never dared you, but by
 her beauty. I curse your dying glance! By
 these rags, I curse you—by these staking hands—
 by this hollow bosom where she has lain!
 For years I have sought you, saying, "It shall
 be a death for a death!" But now you are
 dying. I send you into another world laden
 with my maledictions!

With a strange cry she slipped from the in-
 sensible body and lay upon the ground.

I put my clinging darling from my breast,
 and approached the bodies. The man's blond
 face was rigid in death. I lifted the old wo-
 man's gray head; a fine stream of blood was
 trickling from her parted lips.

I lifted her, laid her on the grass, seeing
 that she had burst a blood vessel, and that no
 aid could avail to save her life. I wiped the
 blood from her lips, and took from one of her
 clenched hands a small sharp knife. Then I
 put back the gray hair from her face, and see-
 ing by the look of her eyes that she recognized
 me, leant to hear her last words. A look of
 terrible appeal brightened those sunken orbs;
 she trembled with the effort to speak; the
 single word "Alice!" broke gaspingly from
 her, then, with unspeakable anguish, she lifted
 her haggard face to heaven and died.

Afterwards I heard a recital of her story.
 Her name was Jane Dale. She had been

the mother of a large family, and was singu-
 larly devoted to her children. One by one they
 died, leaving her, at last, with the young-
 est, a beautiful girl named Alice. Around
 this child her torn heart strings clung. When
 Alice was sixteen, her beauty attracting the
 attention of Basil Gray, a wealthy man of plea-
 some, he found means to accomplish her ruin.

At her death, the miserable mother went mad,
 and leaving her home, wandered about the
 country, treated kindly by the people, de-
 spite her occasional fits of violence, and seem-
 ing to have no aim but to find her child's de-
 stroyer. This she succeeded in doing to a deadly
 certainty.

Lucie became my wife. I tell her that I
 believe in gipsy for me telling

WILLIAM HAVERLY.

About thirty years ago, said Judge Pomeroy,
 I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in
 search of some books, that I wanted. While
 there, a little ragged boy, not over twenty
 years of age, came in and inquired for a geo-
 graphy.

Plenty of them, said the salesman.
 How much do they cost?
 One dollar, my lad.

The little fellow drew back in dismay, and
 taking his little hand out of his pocket, he com-
 menced to count some pennies and little silver
 pieces that he held in his hand, but they were all
 damp with sweat. Several times he counted them,
 then looking up, said—

"I didn't know they were so much; he turned
 to go out, and even opened the door, but
 closed it again and came back. I have only
 got sixty cents, said he; you could not
 let me have the geography and wait a little
 while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little eyes looked up for
 an answer; and how he seemed to shrink
 within his ragged clothes, when the man not
 very kindly told him he could not.

The dis-appointed little fellow looked up to
 me with a very poor attempt at a smile, and
 left the store. I followed and overtook him.

And what now? I asked kindly.
 Try another place, sir.
 Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?
 I asked.

Oh yes, if you like, said he, in surprise.
 Four different stores I entered with him
 and each time he was refused.

Will you try again? I asked him.
 Yes; sir; I shall try them all, or I should
 not know whether I could get one.

We entered the fifth store, and the little
 fellow walked up manfully and told the gentle-
 man just what he wanted and how much
 money he had.

You want the book very, very much? asked
 the proprietor.
 Yes; sir, very much.
 Why do you want it so very, very much?
 To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I
 study when I can at home. All the boys have
 got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besi-
 des, my father was a sailor, and I want to
 learn the places where he used to go.

Does he go to those places now?
 He is dead, said the boy sadly. Then he
 had died after a while, I am going to be a sailor
 too.

Are you though? asked the gentle man,
 raising his eyebrows curiously.
 Yes; sir; if I live.

Well, my lad, I'll tell you what I will do:
 I will let you have the new geography, and
 you may pay me the remainder of the money
 when you can, or I will let you have one that
 is not new, for fifty cents.

Are the leaves all in it, and just like the
 others, only not new?
 Yes, just like the new ones.
 It will do just as well, then, and I'll have
 eleven cents towards buying some other book
 I'm glad they didn't let me have any at the
 other places.

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I
 told him what I had seen of the little fellow.
 He was much pleased, and when he brought
 the book along I saw a nice new pencil, and
 some clean white paper in it.

A present, my lad, for your perseverance.
 Always have courage like that and you will
 make your mark.

Thank you, sir, you are very good.
 What is your name?
 William Haverly, sir.
 Do you want any more books? I now asked
 him.

More than I can ever get, he replied, glance-
 ing at the books that filled the shelves.
 I gave him a bank note. It will buy some
 for you.

Years of joy came into his eyes. Can I
 buy what I want with it?
 Yes, my lad, anything.
 Then I'll buy one book for mother, said he.
 I thank you very much, and some day I hope
 I can pay you back.

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him.
 Then I left him standing by the counter, so
 happy that I almost envied him, and many
 years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe in one of the

fast vessels that ever plowed the waters of
 the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather un-
 til very near the end of the voyage, then came
 a most terrific storm that would have sunk all
 on board had it not been for the captain.

Every spar was laid low, the rudder almost
 useless, and a great leak had shown itself,
 threatening to fill the ship. The crew were
 all strong, willing men, and the mates were
 practical seamen of the first class, but after
 pumping water for one whole night and still
 the water gaining on them, they gave up in
 despair, and prepared to take to the boats,
 though they might have known that no small
 boat could live in such a sea. The captain,
 who had been below with his charts, now came
 up; he saw how matters stood, and in a voice,
 that I heard distinctly above the roar of the
 tempest, he ordered every man back to his
 post.

It was surprising to see all these men bow
 before the strong will of their captain, and
 hurry back to the pumps.

The captain then started below to examine
 the leak. As he passed me, I asked him if
 there was any hope. He looked at me, then
 at the other passengers, who had crowded up
 to hear the reply, and said reluctantly:

Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch
 of plank remains above water. When I see none
 of it then shall I abandon the vessel, and not
 before; nor one of my crew, sir. Everything
 shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will
 not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every
 one of you at the pumps.

Three during the day did we despair; but
 the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance
 and powerful will mastered every mind on
 board and we went to work again.

I will tell you safely at the dock in Liver-
 pool, said he, if you will be gone.

And we did land safely, but the vessel sunk
 on the deck of the sinking vessel, revealing the
 tank and blessings of his passengers as they
 tumbled down the gang plank. I was the last
 to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand
 and said:

Judge Pomeroy, do you recognize me?
 I told you I was not aware that I had ever
 seen him until I stepped aboard his ship.

Do you remember the boy in search of a
 geography years ago in Cincinnati?
 Very well, sir—William Haverly.

I am, said he. God bless you.
 And God bless noble Captain Haverly.

LICHTEN PICTURE FRAME.—Cut out of stiff
 paste board two frames the size and form you
 wish. Lay one over the other, and with
 strong thread tack well together across the
 bottom, and up the sides, half an inch from
 the inner edge, leaving the top open, to slide
 in the glass picture and back. I use stiff card
 board for the back, often the lid of an old box.

Arrange the lichen on the frame according
 to your taste by plugging a small piece of
 cotton, taking care to have the glue strong, and
 not to