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Poetry.

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PIDGEON POST.

Plume thee, mine angel dove,
Plume thee for flight;
Swift to the home we love
All things on earth above,
Hither! ere night.

One little line I find
Near thy white wing.
He thou know'st well will find,
Fly, then! outstrip the wind;
Fly, gentle thing.

Dread not the stormy sea;
Sweep through the cloud;
Rock not if mount or lee;
Sweep not to tower or tree,
Nor minister proud.

Fly, through the winter wild,
Thou, sweet, art come,
To tell him of all safe-ty—
Wife, mother, sister, child—
In freedom's home.

Go! gracious in the sight
Of Heaven above;
Good spirits guard thy flight;
Fond hearts pray, day and night,
For thee sweet dove!

MOTHER'S PET.

BY MARY WATERBURY.

Blue eyes and golden curls, short in stature,
Bright in form and gentle in manner! Just the
one for the pet of the household; just the one for
mother to "pet" and spoil him she did, from the
time when he said his "Now I lay me" "God
bless, papa, God bless mamma, &c." until he was
old enough to wear a frock coat, and that equally
graceful ornament, vulgarly called a stove pipe.
Standing in his long, white night gown he could
repeat, with due solemnity of manner, his hymn—
"I want to be an angel, and then, if mamma did
not say 'good-night, pet,' and say it with the
most melodious intonations, he would evince an
extremely unangelic temper.

"Say, 'good-night, pet,' say it pleasant," and
pleasant it must be, before the white forehead
would lose its folds and the red-mouth smile so-
berly.

"I wish you would say 'good-night, pet,'"
would suggest, but mother would frown at her,
and hug and kiss the exacting little fellow till he
was fully content. The curling of his hair was
the trying ordeal of the day, and Lou offered daily
a sacrifice of time and temper upon this golden
altar.

How snarly his hair! I wish you'd cut it off,
says Lou, giving an impatient twitch to the yellow
threads.

O-o-o-o-o! you hurt, Willie! would snarl,
dodging the descending comb.

Don't hurt the child, Lou. Why are you not
more careful? mother would say, and straight-
way take the job herself, previously fortifying the
sufferer with a piece of jelly cake or a lump of
loaf-sugar.

Years slipped away, years are in the habit of
doing, and "Mother's Pet" arrived at the dignity
of round abouts, or round abouts, for a plurality
of that article of apparel was incompatible with
the family funds, which were always at ebb tide.
Willie must go to school; he must have a liberal
education and a profession. How? When? What?
Where? These were the questions daily con-
sidered and discussed by father and mother and
Lou; but as they did not get beyond the insur-
mountable "how," in their planning, Willie's edu-
cational prospects were unflatteringly particu-
larly as he seemed quite indifferent, and employed
his time in worsted embroidery and reading of
stories on the hay mow or the parlor sofa.

When will that boy wake up? Lou often asked,
impatiently. He is just like a girl!

Which must be very bad.

Well it is, mother. I believe in boys being boys,
and girls being girls.

We would feel more troubled about Willie than
we do now, pleads his mother, if he were like some
boys, all the time in the street.

But he needsn't make worsted roses, and dogs,
and neck ties, if he isn't in the street. He could
read something useful, and study. He will never
know anything, and the anxious sister almost grew
gray with her worrying, for it was not quite time
for age to powder her hair.

A few more beads were slipped off from "Time's
string," and Lou left home to teach, full of high
resolve, that father and mother should lack for no
good thing, and Willie should be sent to school,
where he would be "made to learn."

Lou toiled early and late, and wore the clothes
of "carefulness," and sent all surplus salary home.

Then Willie went to school—to the Academy,
where his principal occupations were to "assist in
the marketing, go to the post-office, help 'swarm'
the bees, guess at Latin and do as he inclined
generally. If bills were promptly paid, the soul
of the principal was at ease with regard to the
pupils progress. Under such instruction it was
not strange that Lou was disappointed upon her
return home, to find that "little Latin and less
Greek" had become incorporated with her brother's
mentality.

What shall we do mother? she asked, des-
pairing.

Mother did not look as easy and hopeful as of
yore. A shade of anxiety crept over quiet face
as she said:

We can hope. Willie is young; he will see the
importance of an education as he grows older.
When it is too late, answered Lou.

It was the second evening after her return, and
Willie had absented himself immediately after tea.
As the evening drew to a close and the hour
for retiring came, Lou noticed her mother's anx-
ious and restless, and her father's look of dis-
pleasure. At last the father retired and, as soon
as he had closed the door, the mother said:

Put on your things, Lou, and come with me to
find Willie.

Find Willie! Lou exclaimed. He is a large
boy to be lost. Nearly sixteen.
Keep quiet. Your father will hear you, and he
has no patience with him.

They threw water-pots over their heads and
stole out into the dark, damp night.

Where can we go? What can we do? Lou
asked, with some impatience.

We can go where we can see the hotel, he may
be there, or in the billiard saloon, or perhaps,
somewhere about the street, O Lou! I couldn't
say this to any one but you. I couldn't even say
it to myself, once. To think my dear, gentle, lit-
tle boy should be wandering about the streets at
night.

Don't mother, Lou said, feeling her mother's
hand tremble on her arm, and noting the quiver
of her voice. Don't worry about him; he will
come out all right.

There! didn't you hear him? That was his
voice, and the mother peered eagerly through the
darkness, and held her breath to listen. But they
heard nothing more than the shivering sigh of the
poplars that bordered the walk and an occasional
sound of coarse laughter or song from the bar-
room.

Don't stay here any longer, Lou said, shaking
with the excitement and cold. He will be home,
soon. Boys will be boys, mother, and we can't
help it. So she urged her mother into the house,
and they sat down by the fire to get warm. They
were silent for a while, then the mother said:

You remember, Lou, when Willie was small how
he used to stay in the house and read and sew.
You thought he would never be like other boys;
but I would give all I possess to have my gentle
little boy again. I saw his basket of worsted the
other day, with a pen-cushion partly worked and
the needle left in it, just as he used it last, the day
before he went to school.

Can't you and father control him, asked Lou,
absolutely.

Your father can't punish him, any more, and I
can do nothing but try to persuade him to do right,
excepting to pray for him. I can do that.

I'll see what I can do, said Lou, with great
determination, and after she went to bed all sorts of
plans flitted through her brain, by which she was
to win her brother from love of street associates
and late hours.

The next morning Willie appeared at the table
with heavy eyes and an unamiable expression.

What made you stay out so late, Willie? began
Lou. Her tone was pleasant enough, but there was
a rigidly, virtuous expression on her face,
which the young man did not like.

Because I wanted to, he replied.

Is that your candid opinion? he asked, looking
coolly across the table, and holding a mouthful
of buckwheat cakes half way between his
mouth and his plate.

Yes, and I do think it a shame for you to worry
father and mother so, and waste your time, and
wear your best coat every day, and Lou finished
her sentence with a truly feminine period—a burst
of tears, for she had taken cold, and had a head-
ache, and was nervous, and anxious, and disap-
pointed.

I hope you feel better, Willie said, rising from his
unfinished breakfast, with a flushed, indignant
face. If you have sent me to school, and if you
did buy that coat, you have no right to talk to me
in that way.

O, Willie! pleaded his mother. Do eat your
breakfast. These cakes are so nice. Sit down
and I'll bake you a nice, warm one. Lou means
what she says for your good.

I'll do it to please you, the boy said, hesitating-
ly, but I do wish Lou would attend to her own
affairs.

Lou did not "attend to her own affairs" and
consequently, the brother and sister were very
unhappy together, and introduced discord into
their home.

The sister returned to her teaching. It was not
as easy as before. Her duties were greater and
anxiety about home filled her leisure moments.
But she worked on, month after month, growing
weaker and more nervous, until she was unable to
teach. Then she went home, entirely disheartened.

Will had grown taller, was more manly and
considerate. Of his own accord, he brought home
his books from school, and began to study, system-
atically, by himself.

Why do you leave school? Lou asked, one day.
There is no need of stopping now. I have some
money left yet and then I shall be able to teach
again soon.

You will never send me to school again, was
the decided reply, as he bent over his books.

But I want you to go to college, Will. You
remember that night when we thought mother
was dying, how she wanted me to promise that I
would see that you had an education. Ever since
that night it has seemed as if I could not give it
up.

I am getting an education, was the second la-
conic answer.

But how can you go to College, Will? You
must keep right on in school and get ready.
"Fretting will never do it," Will said, shutting
his book and turning around so that he could see
his sister, as she lay on the sofa. The fact is, he
continued, "I have always been a baby and al-
ways will be, if I let you and mother pet me and
babble me. At any rate, I am going to take care of
myself from this time on, and, maybe, I'll take care
of you, if you are good, he added with a merry
twinkle in his blue eyes.

My dear boy! said the mother, with a happy
smile. I do wish he could go through college. He
would make a splendid man.

So Lou exclaimed with a sigh, and straight-
way fell to forming all sorts of intricate plans for
sending her brother to college. This kept her in a
state of anxiety and depression, for

"Hearts are broken, heads are turned,
Big game is in the air."

Willie, mean while, did the first thing that came
in his way—to take a district school for the winter,
for small pay and "boarding round."

That's never do, said Square Neck. A boy of
his sort would be kicked out the first day.

The other two thought it very likely. But, said
Mr. Camp, the wages is a consideration. He
wouldn't want more'n a dollar to pay a woman.

This decided the matter, and Will entered upon
his duties.

I don't know how to, said Bob Bicker, the "big
boy" of the school, but somehow he didn't raise
the fight in me like some men teachers do. He's
so cool a fellow can't get mad.

The prospect of the school was not large, but
quite a nice little sum found its way into Lou's
work-box.

There followed a few weeks of nothing to do
and idleness' usual accompaniment, depression
and discontent. Will, however, at length re-
ceived a letter from Mr. Faby, the editor of a
country paper, offering him a place in his office.

Learn to be a printer! said Lou, with some dis-
dain.

Learn to be an editor, Lou, amended his mother.
"I want him to be a printer, grins."

Willie's hopeful eyes darkened a little. It had
seemed a grand thing to him, this opening into the
broad world, but Lou and his father had taken all
his brightness away, and he sadly realized that, after
all, he was to be only a "printer's devil."

His mother's quick eyes noticed the shadow on
his face, and said:

I think it will be a good thing for you, Will.
Benjamin Franklin was a printer.

But, interposed Lou, "discontentedly, all
printers are not Benjamin Franklins. No, you
see, mother, if this is not the end of Will's
having a liberal education, and she turned
over on the sofa and cried a wailing cry.

Will said nothing, but as there was a dis-
heartened look on his face that went straight
to his mother's heart, and as he left the room
she followed him out.

Don't mind Lou, she said. She is sick and
nervous. She is really anxious for you to go
to the highest college, and so on; but if you
do the best you can all the time, it will be all
right in the end.

Still Willie did not trust himself to speak,
but kiss his mother good night and went up
to his little room. He lighted his lamp and
looked around on his few possessions. It was
the room he had slept in ever since he was old
enough to sleep alone, and little by little, he
had collected quite a store of books and pic-
tures. All the past came rushing in one great
wave upon the shores of the present. He felt
that he came to one of the turning points in
his life when a mistake might be fatal, and
where none but himself could decide. Should he
undertake this trade of printing or dally
along with teaching and transient work, hop-
ing to go to college. If he did the former

the time would soon come when he could help
his father and mother, and Lou; if he did the
latter he would be a burden to them, and might
fail of his object after all, settling down into a
miserable, shiftless, lack of all trades, and
good at none. He sat with his head leaning
on his folded arms, thinking, planning, hoping,
doubting, until the oil in his lamp burnt out
and he was left in darkness. The striking of
the hall clock aroused him. The twelve sharp
strokes had hardly died away when he heard
a faint tapping at his door. Opening it he
saw Lou's pale face.

O, Willie, she said shivering, and drawing
her wrapper close about her. I can't go to
sleep. I saw your light and was afraid you
were sitting up. Aren't you going to bed?

Yes, Willie said, drawing her into the room
and making her sit down. I've been think-
ing the whole thing over—about an education
and a profession, or learning a trade.

But, interrupted his sister, you should not
decide hastily. There is plenty of time.

That is the rub! There isn't plenty of time
I ought to be earning enough now to support
myself and do something besides. This living
from hand to mouth isn't what—I was going
to say, what it's cracked up to be.

Why didn't you? asked Lou, diverted a
moment.

Because you are my guest, and you don't
like slang, Willie answered, with the air of
one who talks merely for the sake of talking,
and whose thoughts run in a track counter to
his tongue.

Well! What are you going to do? Lou
asked, hesitatingly and after a long pause.

Will looked straight at the wall and answer-
ed briefly:

Be a printer's devil.

He expected an indignant protest from his
sister—argument, entreaty, but he did not get
a word of remonstrance. Looking toward
her, in surprise, he saw that she saw that her
eyes were as clear and pleasant as though he
had simply informed her that he was going
to church.

What do you think of it? he asked.

Just this, answered Lou. You must decide
for yourself, for you must live your own life.
Whatever you do, you cannot succeed if you
depend upon others. I have been thinking it
all over, Lou, and I think where we have fail-
ed, has been in advising you so much, and try-
ing to keep you in leading strings. About
your education, the time may come when you
can go on with it. I am sure I hope so.

I am glad you feel like that, Lou, Willie
said, much relieved. You are right. I must
be more independent and stick to it, or, as
Lincoln says, "find what I can do and then
keep pecking away at it."

I don't want to discourage you, Will, Lou
said, as she lingered in going out, but Mr. Faby
is such a disagreeable man; I don't b like
you can get along with him. Then Plankville
is such a large village; there will be so many
will boys.

Lou! Will said, almost sharply, am I a
baby?

No but I wish you were, Lou answered,
uncertain whether to laugh or cry at her own
absurd idea.

Well, I don't! I want to be a man, and do
a man's work. But as you'd better go to bed,
You'll be nervous, as you tell about, to-mor-
row. Good-night, night, with unusual conde-
scension, the curly head bent down for a brother-
ly kiss.

Willie wouldn't let about me, thought
Will.

Poor boy! thought Lou, I wish I could have
all his troubles, and give him a pleasant easy
life.

Poor child! sighed the mother, as she crept
quietly to her pillow, "may God keep him from
as well!"

Guarded by that prayer, Will Drayton,
left his home and began life for himself.

The office of the "Plankville Post" was in
the third story of a dingy, brick building and
consisted of two rooms, where presses, large
and small, forms, type, copy, exchange, bills,
cards, devil, journeyman and editor, were
engaged in hopeless confusion, and covered
with dust and printers' ink.

Promising! was Will's mental comment, as
he looked about him, waiting for something to
do.

Here, young man—Drayton, or whatever
your confounded name is, you may roll, and
Mr. Faby shoved the then incumbent of the
place, unceremoniously aside.

Will gave his employer one cool glance, as
he took his post.

I know his trouble, he decided. Red neck!
Encouraging! Glad mother and Lou don't
know it.

side to the ripe steak or roast, and the soft
just like mother's," and this comforted the
mother's heart and Lou's, for they thought the
"Pet" was even better off than if he were at
home.

Between himself and his employer there
was no trouble, for from the first Will "kept
cool," and treated Mr. Faby politely. The
blustering editor had grown so used to reci-
procity that when Will met his rudeness by a
quiet, gentlemanly demeanor, he was comple-
tely unarm'd, and soon gave on trying to quar-
rel and fight alone. When Will had been in
the printing office a year, he was called home
by the illness of his father.

Though Mr. Drayton was a stern man, and
had been a severe disciplinarian, he loved his
children devotedly, and was warmly loved by
them. Will, in particular, had become a
man, better understood his father, and realized
that even where he had been most severe, he
had been actuated by a sense of paternal ob-
ligation.

Now the old man was drifting away from
them—beyond their misapprehensions, their
love, their care. The sea had been rough,
but the harbor, smiling beneath an unsettling
sun, was very near.

Do you know me, father? Will asked, stoop-
ing over that rigid face. There was a faint
moving of the lips which shaped, rather than
syllabled the words, "your mother and sister
—care—for—them."

Before the assurance could be given, the
dull eyes were glazed, and the dull ears closed
forever.

The trust was sacred, and, though the bur-
den was heavy for young shoulders, Will never
thought of regretting that it must be borne.—
His mother mourned that he must be so bur-
dened, and Lou fretted herself into a slow
fever, because she must be dependent where
she was so anxious to help, but Will went
quietly on with his arrangements. The first
of changes was needed, and in a few weeks we
find Will at the head of the family.

Plain sewing would help, Lou suggested,
one day.

Yes, answered Will, with a little ache in his
heart to think it must be true, and opening
his consumptive wallet for the fourth time, to
find only a fifty-cent bill.

Family expenses were heavy, his wages
were low, and confinement to the close air of
the office with much night work, was wearing
upon his health. Nervous headaches were
frequent, when mother and Lou were in des-
pair because they could not keep him in the
house and nurse him.

No thank you, said Will, as Lou entreated
him to stay home, just this afternoon.

But you are sick, Will. You really are,
persisted Lou.

Never was sick in my life, not since the
chicken-pox and the measles.

But you are, and you'll die, just because
you won't take care of yourself, and then you'll
will be a curse to mother and me?

This was a new view of the case. It sobered
Will, but he answered cheerily. More
need of my working now, then, and hurried
away.

All day the thought "how can I earn more
money?" was lodged in his brain, like a night
mare, and at night his head looked as if it had
been the work of a lunatic.

This is pretty good, said Mr. Faby, with an
ouch.

Good night, said Will, going out.

It was raining dismally. The streets were
dull and deserted, but just over the foot bridge
a bright light glimmered from the billiard sal-
oon.

That is it, Will exclaimed, and hurriedly
entered the warm room.

At first he stalked cautiously, but as his
excitement increased, he lost all judgment,
and lost and won larger sums than he ever
possessed. His overstrained nerves began
to give away—his head trembled.

Give a glass, Drayton. It'll steady your
hand.

Hardly realizing what he was doing, Will
seized the glass and drank its contents eager-
ly. The effect was magical. He seemed
like another person. His play was success-
ful.

Guess I'll take another, he said, and another
was drunk.

I'm afraid I've taken too much. Think I'll
go home.

Poor boy! sighed Mrs. Drayton, the next
morning. I do wish you needn't work so late
nights, it's killing you, and she bustled about
to get hot water to put at his cold feet, and
if it bathed his head that throbbled as if it
went by a trip hammer.

Mother and Lou never knew what made
him sick that day, but they never saw him in
such a condition again.

Mr. Faby grew more and more addicted to
evil courses, and was not loth to resign his
editorial charge, as it seemed interred with
his spending all of his time with his lion ex-
traneous, and when some gentleman proposed
Will Drayton's name, he heartily commended
him.

A downright smart chap, no mistake, as
cool and pleasant as a nut juice.

This was the highest praise Mr. Faby could
bestow. [Conclusion on Fourth Page.]