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THE GOLD COIN; OR THE LITTLE STREET BEGGAR.

A Story of "Happy New Year."

It was the morning of a new year that had just set in. Bright, golden and beautiful. The sun glistened like jeweled rain in the cloudless sky. The chiming of the silver bells of the bells struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was cold, though not piercing; bracing, though not biting—just cold enough, in truth, to induce life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl—a child of poverty—on that new-year's morning—walking the streets with the ragged crowd that sweeps past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, and those badly worn, that she could but with difficulty move one before the other. Her cheeks shook at every step she took, and her lips looked truly purple. Alas, poor Elsie Gray!

She was a little beggar. Just like the old year was the new year to her. Just like the last year last year's wants and last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this. The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor, her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar.

In the old and cheerless room, gleamed no bright fire of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old withered ones, decked her time-stained walls. There was no sound of merriment within the door, to say to the Widow Gray.

"A happy New Year to you Mrs. Gray," Heaven seemed to have called her and made her smile from the happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It had provided to all appearances, no decorations, no laughter, no gifts, no flowers for them. What? Were they outcasts? Had they outraged their rights on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the bounty of the living charities around them? Not a shame that the world that it must be answered for them.

Miss Gray was poor. Like Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and bearded fingers, and stamped her feet in their remnants with all the force left in them; and the big tears stood trembling in her large, blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as if they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted and fainted. What wonder that she cried, even though those hot tears only dripped on the hard pavement. They might as well fall there as flowers; the many human hearts that passed her, were full as they and hardened!

She would have turned back to go home, but she thought again of her poor mother, and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar. Where would street beggars go? What streets are there, and a name and numbered for them? Surely, it was not home, then where should they go? It was this thought that brought those crystal tears, that started those deep and inexpressible sobs, that checked her instant utterance.

A young boy—a bright, looking little fellow—stepped to pass her, as she walked, and kept, and sobbed. He caught the glances of those tears in the sunshine, and the light smote his angel heart. He knew not what want and suffering were. He had never known them himself—never once heard of them—knew not even what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked her the cause of those tears. She could make no reply—her heart was too full.

"How any one hurt you?" asked the feeling little fellow. She shook her head negatively. "Have you lost your way?" he persisted.

"No," answered the child, quite audibly. "What is the matter, then?" he asked. "Neither poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat—our room is cold and there is no wood for us. Oh, you don't know all."

"But I will," replied the manly boy. "Where do you live?" "Will you go with me?" asked Elsie, her face brightening.

"Yes, let me go with you," said the boy, "show me the way."

Through street, lane and alley she guided him. They reached the door of the hovel. A cold breath of the wind whistled in at cracks, and crevices, and keyholes between them, as if inviting them in. They entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow, and gave her a sweet smile. "Elsie, have you come?" she faintly asked.

"Yes, mother," answered the child, "and I have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to see where we live. Did I not bring him, mother?"

"No, my child," said the mother, "if he knows how to pity you from his little heart, but he cannot pity me yet—he is not old enough."

The bright-faced, sunny-hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if this was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sad upon the wasted mother, but they glittered with wonder when turned toward Elsie. Suddenly they filled with tears. The want, the woe, the barrenness, the desolation, were all too much for him. He shuddered at the cold, uncovered floor. He gazed mournfully into the empty fireplace. His eyes wandered wondering over the naked walls, looking so uninvitingly and cheerless. Putting his hand in his pocket he grasped the coin that his mother had that very morning given him and drew it forth.

"You may have that," said he, holding out to the child.

"Oh! you are too good. You are too generous, I fear," broke in the mother, as if he ought not to take it from him.

"Mother will give me another, if I want it," said he. "It will do you a great deal of good, and I do not need it. Take it, take it, you shall take it," and he was instantly gone.

It was a gold coin of the value of five dollars. Mother and child went together. Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on this New-Year's day. Then they let their fancies run and grow wild and roared as they chose. They looked at the glistening piece. There was bread and fuel, and clothing, and every comfort in its depths. They continued to gaze upon it.

Now they saw within its rim, pictures of delight and joy—visions of long robes and wreaths, and decorated with evergreens and flowers, visions of smiling faces and happy children; visions of merry voices and the chiming music of bells, the absent of innocent tongues, and the laugh of glad hearts. All! What a philosopher's stone was that coin! How it turned everything first into gold, and then into happiness! How it grouped around him and his friends, and filled their ears with kind voices! How it garlanded his hours of that day with evergreens and hollytown roses! How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests, and those guests, too, all satisfied and happy. O, what bright rays shone forth from that trifling coin of gold! Could it have been as bright in the child's or man's dark pocket?

No; else it had before then burned its way through, and left its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such visions in the rich man's hands? No; else his avarice would have vanished at once, and his heart have flowed with generosity! No; it was only in such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine and emitted such brilliant rays, and revealed such sweet and welcome visions! Only for such as they.

That night returned the angel boy to the bleak house, then filled with happiness and light with joy; but he was not alone—his mother was with him. Blessed boy! He passed the whole New-Year's day in making others happy. And how much happier was he himself! How his little heart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought with him, and take out one by one, the gifts which were stored there, and how overjoyed was he to see his mother, and to see the sick woman grow suddenly strong and almost well under the influence of her kind efforts! He wondered if their happiness could possibly be as deep as his own, if their New-Year's was as bright as this, as his own was to him! He knew not how any one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away into the silent past. The little girl, Elsie Gray, is a lady. Not a lady only in name, but one in very deed, in heart, in conduct. She dwells in a suburban cottage, and her husband is wholly devoted to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who on the New-Year's festival assisted her so tenderly in the street, and went home with her. Her poor mother sleeps, peacefully in the churchyard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy.

Are there coins either of gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight at the beginning of the New Year?

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME.—Six things are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be "warmed by affection and lightened up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventillator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh vitality day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy, must glory, nothing will suffice except a blessing from above.

Canada and New Brunswick Railway.

To the Editor of the Quebec Chronicle.

Sir,—Both Canada and New Brunswick are under obligations to Messrs Forsyth and Rhodes for bringing the subject of a railway extension from River du Loup to the Bay of Fundy so clearly and intelligently before them.

\$250,000 from each Province would indeed be a cheap expenditure to insure such a desirable connexion, and Upper Canada alone in having such a market as New Brunswick and the North Eastern portion of Maine thrown open to them by such means would in a couple of years be a gainer to more than this amount.

In every way St. John is equal to Halifax as a harbor, but the people in St. John seem to be not aware of this, and instead of building railways to join Canada are busy themselves to connect with their great rival Halifax, as if Halifax would not be compelled to go to St. John.

Mr. Tessier talks of the mountainous country between River du Loup and Woodstock, but says nothing of the enormous mountainous country between Metis and Ristigouche, the former are mere mole hills compared with the latter. Representing one of the constituencies in New Brunswick, through which the extension to Woodstock would pass, and as I happen to have some practical knowledge of that part of the country, I have no hesitation to say the engineering difficulties are by no means such as Mr. Tessier would have the public believe, and I am clearly of opinion that a first class road fully equipped with all the appliances necessary, can be built over the entire line for less than eight thousand pounds currency per mile.

The distance of one line over the other in point of construction, time and cost is so immediately in favor of the line from River du Loup to Woodstock, that it is only a wonder any one can be found to advocate the Robinson line for a moment.

The nearness of the River du Loup and Woodstock line to the American territory, would be rather an advantage than otherwise. The inhabitants of the North Eastern portion of Maine would hail the consummation of such a work as one of the greatest boons that could be conferred upon them, and would be quite as ready to protect it in time of war, as we would ourselves. It would give to them all the advantages of a railroad without incurring the expense of construction.

In the great confederation of which the railroad is to be the precursor, who knows but Maine may knock at the door to be admitted, for she is eminently a free soil State and longs for the day a slave once on her soil may be a free man. The advantage to the North Eastern portion of Maine would gain by the construction for this road, would prevent the construction of the contemplated road from Bangor to the Kistook country, which the western and central portion of Maine are so anxious to see built. A bill passed the Legislature of Maine last session referring the matter to the people, and it was defeated by the North Eastern portion voting against it, believing the River du Loup and Woodstock line would give them greater advantages, as it would secure to them the advantages of Canada and New Brunswick markets in addition to their own. Abandon this road for the Northern or Robinson line, and in a few years the whole traffic of the upper St. John goes to Bangor.

Although Halifax is a few hours steaming near England, still, she lacks the one thing needed, return cargoes for our ocean steamers, and the distance to the interior is too great to supply this deficiency with lumber. Portland has already proved itself deficient in the same commodity. This cannot be said of either St. John or Saint Andrews, which are always abundantly stocked with sawn lumber. I have passed over those magnificent harbors along the gulf shore, for this reason, five months in the year they are sealed up with ice, and it is at that very season for railroad purposes they would be most needed.

I am happy to say great interest is excited in New Brunswick on this important matter, and you, Mr. Editor, have your full meed of praise for what you have written in its favor, and it is to be hoped that the people will not be satisfied with mere promises, but will use all the legitimate means within their power to urge the governments on with the work.

I am, Sir, Your Obedt. Serv't., JAMES TREBUTTS.

There are now seven coal burning engines in use on the New York and New Haven Railroad, and costs only about half as much to perform the same amount of labor with them now as when they burned wood. The Providence and Worcester Railroad burns nothing but coal, and has materially reduced its fuel expenses. The New York and New England Railroad on this road was \$47,000 per

annum last year, using coal exclusively the expenditure on this account was but \$20,000.

THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.

Mr. Charles Livingstone, one of the members of the African expedition, sends some further particulars. The members of the expedition appeared to be in good health and spirits. Mr. Livingstone supplies a few interesting details respecting their medical treatment of themselves, their modes of obtaining fresh provisions, and the entomological experiences incidental to voyaging in a bad ship in a warm climate. On the sanitary question, he says:

We have all lost faith in quinine as a preventative of fever (though it is invaluable in curing it), and have dropped the daily use of it. The fever is very easily cured. As soon as we feel it commencing, we take some pills, composed of jalap, rhubarb, a very little calomel, and quinine, and perhaps an additional dose of quinine; and they never fail to cure. So that, as soon as they operate, fever goes. The disease has curious effects. One dreams amazingly, and even dreams when awake. The mind seems intensely active. On recovering, and, in my case, about eight o'clock each evening, you begin to think strongly of an English dinner; and how you would walk into it, devouring the roast beef and potatoes! This raging appetite continues for an hour or so, and there is little or none next morning. Sometimes one wakes up in the middle of the night, and the stomach, or the fancy is after the roast beef again. At times one feels excessively irritable; nothing goes right. There is also a strange tendency to imagine oneself insulted, and a longing desire to kick some body into the river or elsewhere. I had always some enough left, however, to know that all this was the effect of fever. We enjoy the best of health when moving about, and working very hard.

Regarding occasional shooting excursions. Mr. Livingstone writes—

We had some leisure this time to collect birds, etc., and take photographs of interesting objects. As soon as the steamer stopped, Dr. Kirk and myself (Dr. Kirk being the physician and botanist of the party), were ready to jump ashore with our instruments and guns. Once we had no fresh provisions, not even a fowl—nothing, in short, in the meat line, but one piece of salt beef which came to an end only too quickly. But as large flocks of guinea-fowl come in the dry season to the river to drink, we manage to shoot some of them. One evening I went with my gun to get something for next day's dinner. The time being sunset, I found a flock roosting on a tree, and crossing a muddy creek, got quite near without being seen. At the first I brought down a brace, and at the second a third; but all three fell plump into the river, and before we could hook them the alligators snapped them up, to my no small disgust, and the very great prejudice of our next day's dinner. We were afterwards more fortunate in shooting a fine water-buck. He was standing on the bank, staring with unfeigned astonishment at our steamer. At about forty yards distance he fired, and the second bullet brought him down. These animals are very good eating—at least we thought so.

Their frail and small like bark seems to have been terribly afflicted with the kitchen plague of cock-roaches.

Our cabin (says Mr. Livingstone), has tens of thousands of cockroaches. Open a locker, or raise a cushion, and they tumble about by hundreds. At night they jump down from the roof on our faces, crawl down the back, go everywhere, devouring clothes, boots, bedding of books, and even lifting our toes, when they can get nothing they like better. They swarm all over the ship. As a fellow in Punch said of the police, so we can say of the cockroaches and the whole ship—"They are a bad set, we'll never be right till they're done away with altogether."

No right to endorse.—A man has no right to endorse when the failure of the first party to meet his obligation will render the creditors of the endorser liable to loss in consequence of such endorsement.

He has no right to endorse for another man unless he make provision for meeting such obligation, independent of and after providing for all other obligations.

He has no right to endorse unless he fully intends to pay what he promises to, promptly, in case the first party fails to do so.

Few endorser's prepare for this. His relations to his family demand that he shall not obligate himself to oblige another simply at the risk of defrauding or depriving them of what belongs to them.

He should never endorse or become responsible for any amount, without security furnished by the first party. It should be

made a business transaction—rarely a matter of friendship. It is equivalent to a loan of capital to the amount of the obligation, and the same precautions should be taken to secure it.

A man has no more right to expect another to endorse his note without recompense than to expect an insurance company to insure his home or his life gratuitously.

It is not good business policy for one to ask another to endorse his note promising to accommodate him in the same manner. The exchange of signature may have, and usually does have, a very unequal value. It is better to secure him the amount, and exact a like security for the amount of responsibility incurred.

It is better to do a business that will involve no necessity for asking or granting such exchanges. It is always safe and just to do so.—[Prairie Farmer.]

Brougham is certainly one of the greatest, yet one of the most greatly over-rated, men of the age. He has survived men of far more original powers, such as Coleridge, Foster, Wilson, and Wordsworth—men of nicer statesmanship, such as Peel—men of more stalwart purpose and manly intellect, like Wellington—and men of more polished taste and of more oratorical brilliance, like Canning; but there, still in the firmament, lingers the old star—not so fresh as it was in its lustre, and never equal in fire and splendour to some of its contemporaries, but which seems not to be able to learn the lesson of setting. Yet, for all this, Henry Brougham is not one of the master spirits of the time, although he is one of the most influential men of the time. He belongs to this age and not to all ages. He can do and say everything, except that which was never either done or said before him. He is in no point whatever, amidst all the subjects he has touched, or torn, or toyed with, an original. In the Universe, the Infinite meets and marries the Finite in every particle of matter; but amidst all the topics which Brougham during his long life and multifarious studies, has written about, there is not, so far as we remember, a single gleam of upper vision—a single blink connecting him or his reader with another sphere of existence. He may write and has written, very ably about the Being of a God; but all you can gather from his arguments, is that there is a kind of immense Cyclops (or Demiurge with one eye) at work in the sooty yet spark-sprinkled forge of creation. He believes in design, but never even seeks to overlook the awful gulph between design and the designer behind it, or to seek to gather up, between the faint indications of nature, and the fuller institutions of man's soul, the true idea of God.

Apart from the essential coldness of his creed there is a want of all true imagination or sympathy with it. A strong thinker on many subjects he is, and a great orator on all; but, certes, the gods have not made him poetical and this of itself excludes him from the sphere of Bacon and Burke, who to intellect of a far greater grasp, and to knowledge for their age still more extensive, unite the richest fancy and imagination. Crabbe was reminded when he met Brougham of Burke; but this could only be owing to the fluency of his talk and the variety of his information and not to that stream of brilliant and memorable sayings which broke irrepressibly from Burke's lips.—[George Giffiths.]

Accident to NEAL DOW.—The Portland Advertiser says, that the Hon. Neil Dow met with a serious accident in his steam tannery last week. He was walking across one of the beams about 16 feet from the floor, when, becoming blinded by the smoke and steam, he fell. The fall was broken by striking another beam, but he came down upon the top of a boiler, striking a hoe, which inflicted a severe wound upon his body. Close by was a vat of scalding hot water into which he came near falling. He was insensible for some time.

ITALY. A Turin telegram of the 23d says the King of Sardinia that day signed the nomination of Cavour and Desambrois as representatives of Sardinia in the Congress.

M. Ruoscompagni arrived at Florence 21st.

AUSTRIA. Military preparations continued to be made against the apprehended troubles in Hungary.

A rumor prevailed in Paris on the 22d, that a revolution had actually broken out in Hungary, but it lacked confirmation.

One of the Vienna journals had received a second warning from the government.

INDIA AND CHINA. The Calcutta mail of Nov. 23, and Shanghai N. Y. 12, reached Aden, Dec. 16.—The only news telegraphed is that Exchang Shanghai was quoted at 6-7-1/2.

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