

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

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No 47

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 19, 1873.

Vol 40

Prospectus for 1874.—Seventh Year.

## The Aldine,

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL. UNIVER-  
SALLY ADMITTED TO BE THE HANDSOMEST  
PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD, A REPRESENTATIVE  
AND CHAMPION OF  
AMERICAN TASTE.

Not for Sale in Book or News Stores.

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the  
regularity, has done of the temporary or  
timely interest characteristic of ordinary pe-  
riodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of  
pure, light and graceful literature; and a  
collection of pictures, the rarest specimens  
of artistic skill, in black and white. Altho'  
each succeeding number affords a fresh plea-  
sure to its friends, the real value and beauty  
of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated af-  
ter it has been bound up at the close of the  
year. The possession of a complete volume  
cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper  
and engravings in any other shape or num-  
ber of volumes for ten times its cost; and  
then, there are the chromos besides!

### ART DEPARTMENT, 1874.

The illustrations of THE ALDINE have  
won a world-wide reputation, and in the art  
centres of Europe it is an admitted fact that  
its wood cuts are examples of the highest  
perfection ever attained. The common pre-  
judice in favor of "steel plates," is rapidly  
yielding to a more educated and discrimi-  
nating taste which recognizes the advantages  
of superior artistic quality with greater fa-  
cility of production. The wood-cuts of THE  
ALDINE possess all the delicacy and elabo-  
rate finish of the most costly steel plate,  
while they afford a better rendering of the  
artist's original.

In addition to designs by the members of  
the National Academy, and other noted  
American artists, THE ALDINE will reproduce  
examples of the best foreign masters, select-  
ed with a view of the highest artistic suc-  
cess and greatest general interest. Thus the  
subscriber to THE ALDINE will, at a trifling  
cost, enjoy in his own home the pleasures  
and refining influences of true art.

The quarterly tinted plates for 1874 will  
be by THOS. MORAN and J. D. WOODWARD.  
The Christmas issue for 1874 will contain  
special designs appropriate to the season, by  
our best artists, and will surpass in attrac-  
tions any of its predecessors.

### PREMIUM FOR 1874.

Every subscriber to THE ALDINE for the  
year 1874 will receive a pair of chromos.  
The original pictures were painted in oil for  
the publishers of THE ALDINE, by Thomas  
Moran, whose great Colorado picture was  
purchased by Congress for ten thousand dol-  
lars. The subjects were chosen to repre-  
sent "The East" and "The West." One is a  
view in the White Mountains, New Hamp-  
shire; the other gives The Cliffs of Green  
River, Wyoming Territory. The difference  
in the nature of the scenes themselves is a  
pleasing contrast, and affords a good display  
of the artists' scope and coloring. The chro-  
mos are each worked from thirty distinct  
plates, and are in size (12x16) and appear-  
ance exact fac-similes of the originals. The  
presentation of a worthy example of Ameri-  
ca's greatest landscape painter to the sub-  
scribers of THE ALDINE was a bold and pecu-  
liarly happy idea, and its successful realiza-  
tion is attested by the following testimonial  
over the signature of Mr. Moran himself.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 20th, 1873.  
Messrs. JAMES SUTTON & Co.,  
Gentlemen,—I am delighted with the proofs in color of  
your chromos. They are wonderfully successful repre-  
sentations by mechanical process of the original paintings.  
Very respectfully,  
(Signed,) THOS. MORAN.

### TERMS.

\$5 per annum in advance, with Oil Chromos free.  
For 50 CENTS EXTRA, the chromos will be  
sent mounted, varnished and prepaid by mail.  
The ALDINE will, hereafter, be obtainable  
only by subscription. There will be no re-  
duced or club rate; cash for subscriptions  
must be sent to the publishers direct, or  
handed to the local canvasser, without re-  
sponsibility to the publishers, except in cases  
where the certificate is given, bearing the  
fac-simile signature of JAMES SUTTON & Co.

### CANVASSERS WANTED.

Any person wishing to act permanently as a  
local canvasser will receive full and prompt  
information by applying to

JAMES SUTTON & Co., Publishers,  
38 Maiden Lane, New York.

Owing to a war among the dry goods mer-  
chants at Denver, salesmen were reduced to  
two cents per yard, and every editor, reporter  
and minister in the place, now wears a shirt-  
gundy in some instances, but still a shirt.

What our country newspapers ought to  
do is to find out their backs on Latin and  
Greek, and then to print them.

### "GEORGE NEWMARK'S HYMN." FROM THE GERMAN.

Leave God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him, whatever be thy days;  
Thou'lt find him in the evil days  
An all-sufficient strength and guide.  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,  
Builds on the rock that thought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail—  
These never ceasing moans and sighs?  
What can't help us to bewail  
Each painful moment as it flies?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The harder for our billows.

Only our restless heart keep still;  
And wait in cheerful hope, content  
To take what'er His gracious will,  
His all discerning love hath sent;  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To Him who choiceth us for His own.

He knows when joyful hours are best;  
He sends them as he sees it meet.  
When thou hast borne thy fiery test,  
And now art freed from all deceit,  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And diakes thee own His loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife,  
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,  
Nor that the man whose prosperous life  
Thou enviest, is of him preferred;  
Time passes, and much change doth bring  
And sees a bound to everything.

All are alike before his face;  
"Tis easy to our God most high  
To make the rich man poor and base,  
To give the poor man wealth and joy.  
True wonders still of Him are wrought  
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

Sing, pray and sweave not from his ways,  
But do thine own part faithfully;  
Trust his rich promises of grace,  
So shall it be fulfilled in thee;  
God never yet forgot at need,  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

### ALICE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Yes," said the girl, passionately, "my life is  
too narrow, too full of petty cares. Would it be  
any broader if I married you? You don't know  
what you ask; you don't know what an unhappy,  
dissatisfied girl I am; how tired of everything  
about me. From Monday morning till Saturday  
night, I must perform the same tiresome duties.  
Then there is always the rehearsal Saturday,  
and the singing on Sunday. My father reads his  
sermon to me in the middle of the week, so that  
it is nothing new. Don't ask me to be your wife,  
Louis; you would be sorry in a year if I said yes."  
"I thought you loved me," said the young man,  
sadly.

"So I do; at least I think I do," she added with  
a curious ingenuitv. "I am sure, Louis, I love  
no one better than you; but I tell you this kind  
of life does not suit me."

What would suit you, dear?  
I hardly dare to say; but I should like to be  
something great—to be looked up to, admired—  
spoken of with enthusiastic praise. I should prefer  
to live in a city where I could see great people  
and art galleries and go to concerts—yes, and to  
the theatre, though father thinks it so wicked.

Ah, Alice, dear, your head is turned, not your  
heart; pray God not your heart. Going to the  
great city has changed you; and yet, if I remem-  
ber, you did not like your rich relatives.

No, nor they me; but they found me very  
handsome. I could make over their dresses and em-  
broidered little neck-ties, and serve them in a  
thousand ways; yet, slave-life though it was, in  
one sense, they have invited me, and I am going  
there again, to stay six weeks.

Oh, Alice!  
And then, when I come back—if I do—she  
paused a moment, for Louis' face had changed, and  
after all, she did love him better than she knew—  
I will give you your answer.

If you come back. Good-bye, Alice.  
Are you going?  
Why should I stay? You will not come back,  
Alice. Good-night, and good-bye.

Good-bye, then, she answered, proudly, and  
hurried into the porch of the parsonage, hot tears  
crowding up to her eyes.

I don't care for him at all; why should I cry?  
she asked herself angrily as she entered the parlor.  
Alice, her father called, bring me my Church  
History. Thank you, child; but what makes you  
so pale, birdie?

Nothing, father, only I'm tired. Good-night, and  
Alice sought her own room.

One week more and Alice was on her way to  
the city, to live over again what had been betwixt

a life of torture—rendered endurable, however, by  
one cherished, underlying purpose. Her mind was  
made up. People told her she had talent. Her  
father, even, who seldom praised, had once said  
that he feared for his poor motherless girl, because  
she had genius.

Madame Le Muir had just given audience to  
a pertinacious old woman, and whose story of  
wretchedness had drawn largely upon her sym-  
pathies. Indeed, she had had several calls that  
morning, none of them pleasant; but she seldom  
permitted the poor to leave her empty-handed,  
and she was wont to say that such people were  
better worth studying than all her books. From  
their voices, gestures, their paths and their plead-  
ing, she learned much.

There was a knock at the door of her beautiful  
parlor, and Marie, her favorite maid, came in.  
Another applicant? asked the madame.  
Yes, but perhaps it is not best that madame  
see her, though she is very different from the rest.

What is she like, Marie?  
Like a rose, madame—the dearest flower of a  
country-maid, said the girl, with a face so sweet  
that I almost hope you will see her. After those  
sorrowful ones, I think it would do you good,  
madame.

Perhaps it would. Ask her up; I am rested  
now.

Very beautiful was the slight young creature  
who entered the parlor a moment afterward. Her  
dress was of pure white, as fresh and delicate as  
it could well be. Upon her head was a pretty hat,  
edged with a single fall of lace. A cape as sim-  
ple in its fashion as her face was pure and inno-  
cent, fell to her waist. Smooth, though well-  
worn, gloves fitted her hands, and she looked as  
the maid had said, a very rose for freshness and  
beauty.

For some moments the great artist gazed de-  
lightedly upon this vision of natural grace—so  
pure, so refined, so artless.

What did you wish of me, my dear?  
The girl started and trembled a little. Her  
cheeks were covered with blushes as she said, lift-  
ing her blue eyes reverently.

I saw you last night.

Well, and what did you think of me? asked  
the woman, smiling.

I thought—oh, I thought that to be as gifted and  
as great as you, I would sacrifice—sift—life  
itself.

And perhaps honor?  
The woman's eyes glittered. Her voice was  
very low, and sounded as if it came from between  
closed teeth. Who are you? she asked, a mo-  
ment after.

My name is Alice Grahame. I am only a coun-  
try-girl, but I feel there is that within me would  
rise me to greatness. I have a talent for the  
stage. I can recite for you if you wish it. Oh,  
madame, you have influence; your position is  
great; your name is written among the stars—will  
you let me come where you are? Will you find  
me some humble place where I can learn to be  
like you?

Like me—to be like me! Poor child, are you  
mad?

Alice looked at her, startled by the hollow ring  
of her voice.

I say, are you mad? Come, now, you want me  
to be your friend. I will be the best friend ever  
you had. Oh, you are so like what I was once!  
Heaven keep you from becoming what I am?  
You shrink from me. That is as I would have it.  
Keep as far from me as you can—you are too pure  
to touch me. Listen: My father was a clergyman—  
a quiet, holy, devoted man. Perhaps he  
sometimes forgot he was a child; but he loved me.  
I was addicted to the habit of reading and me-  
moring plays. Night after night I sat up, de-  
vouring the tragedies of Shakespeare, until at last  
the passion became so overpowering that I deter-  
mined to seek the city and enter upon the theo-  
retical profession. I had no mother to wound;  
she was dead. My beauty attracted instant at-  
tention. Success turned my head—Batteries ruined  
me. To-day I am a mother and no wife; and well  
for me if my son does not curdle the name of the  
mother who bore him.

Alice was weeping.

You are young and beautiful. When you ask  
to come here you cannot dream of the perils that  
may beset you. Like me, you may live to cry  
out, "I am lost!" Like me, you may hear that  
your father has gone broken-hearted to the grave;  
that the man who loved you, and whom you loved  
—if there be such—is the husband of a happy  
wife. You may weep for the priceless love you  
threw from you, for a life of care, of hardship, of  
dreary, of hateful splendor. There, child, I didn't  
mean to make you cry; but I do say, that will-  
ingly would I die to-morrow could I bring back  
my innocent youth. Go home, young girl; and  
when you are tempted to be great, think of the  
star you saw last night, blazing with a false lu-  
stre; and remember how to-day you have seen  
the setting of every fair star of hope in the human  
bosom.

Alice went from the madame's palace-house  
heavy-hearted. Life and its aims seemed changed  
to her, as she turned her face homeward.

"Oh, father! oh, Louis!" she cried, softly, "I  
could not have lost you both. God help me hence-  
forth to be content."

So she returned to the old parsonage, and Louis  
—who had expected that she would find a home in  
the city—heard she had come back, and hastened  
feet-footed, to the dear old grey house.

Together they stood again in the porch, and  
this time there were sweet, caressing voices—and  
the perfume of the roses wafted by them—and a  
kiss was given and returned—the precious kiss of  
brotherhood.

### Singular Imprisonment.

A singular accident occurred at a Griswold  
street banking house, Detroit, Saturday noon  
by which one of the employees of the establish-  
ment came near losing his life through suffoca-  
tion. It appears that the gentleman who  
was the sufferer had occasion to enter the  
inner chamber of the vault about fifteen  
minutes before the hour for closing the bank  
had arrived, when an assistant in the cash de-  
partment who has charge of the keys came  
along, and without even as much as locking  
into the vault (thereby neglecting to turn off  
the gas, which is kept burning during business  
hours) carelessly slammed the inner door and  
locked it. Unconscious of the fact that he  
had imprisoned a human being, he forced the  
massive door of the vault into position, turning  
the key and depositing it in his pocket and  
took his customary station at the desk. In  
the business routine of this establishment the  
day books are regularly posted before closing,  
in order that no interruption may occur up-  
on reopening for the afternoon's transactions,  
and the involuntary prisoner, who superintends  
his department, not being present to give the  
usual orders, an inquiry was raised as to what  
had become of him. After a few moments' pa-  
tient waiting it was decided to send for him,  
and with this view a messenger boy was de-  
spatched to hunt him up. The boy soon re-  
turned saying that he had made a diligent  
search but without result. As the man's hat  
and coat were hanging on the rack it was  
evident that he could not have gone far, and  
it was decided to wait for him until twelve  
o'clock before closing the books. The City  
Hall bell soon tolled the hour, and the gentle-  
man engaged in the bank prepared to go to  
dinner, leaving one of their number at the  
door in charge of the missing man's clothing.

In going out the teller remarked in a joking  
manner that his colleague had been imprisoned  
in the vault. This caused the gentleman  
who closed it so much uneasiness that he at  
once decided, notwithstanding the burst of  
laughter which his undertaking might create,  
to swing both doors of the vault and walk in.

This was immediately done, when to the  
horror of those outside he uttered a shriek and  
called for assistance. To rush into the vault  
and turn on the gas, which had become ex-  
tinguished, was but the work of an instant,  
when the prostrate form of the poor fellow  
was discovered in a position which revealed his  
sufferings, and also showed how hard he  
had struggled to regain his liberty. The ap-  
parently lifeless body was carried out of the  
vault and placed on a sofa in the director's  
parlor. Several physicians were immediately  
summoned, who aided by the bank employees,  
made every possible effort to resuscitate him.  
After a half-hour's assiduous labor, during  
which time proper restoratives were applied,  
animation was restored. [Detroit Free Press.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME FOR GIRLS  
—The Home for Young Girls at Woodhouse,  
Wanstead, is henceforth to be known as the  
Princess Louise Home for Young Girls. Her  
royal highness and the Marquis of Lorne, it  
may be remembered, paid the institution a  
visit during the summer, and the change of  
name is one result of the gratification felt by  
the distinguished visitors, at what they saw.  
The home is in truth, deserving of the widest  
support, since its object is to save young girls  
from the ages of 11 to 15, from abandoned  
lives. In any case in which a subscriber or a  
friend of a subscriber finds a young girl, from  
destitution, neglect, or any other cause, in  
peril of becoming lost, the circumstances are  
communicated to the secretary, who brings  
them before the committee. They exam-  
minutely into the case, and if it is such a one  
as the society is established to meet, admission  
is given to a most comfortable home, where  
every attention, physical, moral and religious,  
is afforded. The Home at Wanstead was  
once the mansion of a merchant prince of the  
City of London, and contains 34 rooms, with  
all possible appliances for a considerable estab-  
lishment. Here are fed clothed educated,  
and trained for service 100 young girls, saved  
from the streets. The work has been going  
on 40 years, under the direction of Mr. J. R.  
Talbot, the still active secretary, who was the  
originator of the institution, and an influential  
and active committee. The number admitted  
into the establishment since its existence is  
1,122; 800 have been put into service, 162  
restored to their friends, while 19 only have

been dismissed for misconduct. The average  
number received in each year is 35.

### Origin of "Uncle Sam."

Immediately after the declaration of the  
last American war with England, Ebert An-  
derson of New York, then a contractor, visited  
Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated,  
and where he purchased a large quantity of  
provisions—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors  
of these articles at that place were Ebenezer  
and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman  
invariably known as "Uncle Sam," generally  
superintended in person a large number of  
workmen who on this occasion were employed  
in overhauling the provisions purchased by the  
contractor for the army. The casks were  
marked "E A—U S." One of the workmen  
asked the meaning of the U S, for United  
States was little known then. The reply was  
it must mean "Uncle Sam" Wilson.

The joke took among the workmen, and  
passed currently, and Uncle Sam himself  
being present, was occasionally rallied by them  
on the increasing extent of his possessions.  
Many of these men being of a character de-  
termined "food for powder," were found  
shortly afterward following the recruiting drum  
as d pushing toward the frontier lines, for the  
double purpose of meeting the enemy and  
eating the provisions they had lately put in  
good order. Their old jokes of course accom-  
panied them, and before the first campaign  
ended, this identical one first appeared in print.  
It gained favour rapidly till it penetrated and  
was recognized in every part of our own  
country. It originated precisely as above  
stated.

Blackball has always been famous for the  
beauty and spirit of its women. In the ante-  
r-revolutionary days the family once boast-  
ed seven dashing sisters, so full of life and fun  
and frolic that they were known the country  
over as "the seven Blackball boys." None  
but could ride a horse bareback, row a boat  
or swim far out in the Sound. Handsome and  
fearless, they were accomplished women and  
good housekeepers, withal; hence they had  
not lack of suitors. Of the oldest, it is narrated  
that when a male cousin, while on a visit to  
Blackball became much interested, but did  
not dare to speak, she, one day, met him going  
up stairs as she descended, and meeting him  
more than half way (in a double sense) stop-  
ped, saying, sweetly: "What did you say,  
cousin?" To which, the tremulous young  
man replied: "Oh, I didn't speak—I didn't  
say anything." "High time you did, cou-  
sin. High time you did," replied she, as she passed  
on. The young man took the hint, and a hap-  
py married life ensued.

The Edinburgh Daily Review records an  
amusing conversation which took place in the  
galleries of the Free Church Assembly one  
day lately: Young lady—"There's old Dr. A  
—going to speak. Isn't he a bore?" Old  
Lady (laughing)—"Well I suppose he is;  
but do you know I rather like him?" Young  
Lady—"I can't bear him." Old Lady (after  
some time)—"Who is that nice old gentle-  
man speaking?" Young Lady—"Ah, that's Mr.  
B.—of C.—" Old Lady (hesitatingly)—  
"Don't you think he is—rather pretty?"  
Young Lady (indignantly)—"No, indeed, I  
do not. Allow me to inform you that that is  
my father." Old Lady—"Oh, indeed, then I  
am glad that I hit the mark so gently, be-  
cause 'Old Dr. A.—is my husband. No I  
suppose we have both got a lesson, my dear;  
don't you think so?"

A good little boy in St. Albans' told his  
big brother that if he would put his foot upon  
the chair he would cut it off. His big brother  
laughingly complied when the little fellow  
deliberately chopped it off with the hatchet.  
The good little boy couldn't tell a lie, and will  
probably have his head put on postage stamps  
a hundred years hence.

—The town of Orono has just cleared up a  
debt of \$23,000, incurred in aid of the Por-  
tland railroad (now part of the North  
American and European railroad) twenty  
years ago. (The work was suspended, not  
however, through any fault of the town, and  
finally changed hands, having paid \$30,000  
interest on it, or more than the original debt.)  
"This debt," says an official of Orono, "was  
lung like a dead weight upon us for twenty  
years."

—Postmaster General Croswell received a  
postal card from a genius "out west," which  
bore the following inscription: "I wish I was  
a Post Master I never was and how I could  
run it wance." The writer requested the  
Postmaster General to call the President's  
attention to the matter.

—The last rail on the international bridge  
over the Niagara river at Buffalo was laid  
on the 2nd inst., completing an all communi-  
cation, via the Grand Trunk railroad between  
Portland Boston, New York, Buffalo, Detroit,  
Chicago and San Francisco.

## S & CAPS

LARGE VARIETY.

Oxford, Dolly Varden, Duke  
y other styles to numerous to-  
the Monarch Shakespeare Paper  
for its perfect fit and durability,  
full line of Gents. Furnishing

h, Switches in Jute and Linend  
d's and small wares. Ladies'  
ens BOOTS & SHOES, work-  
RS and OTTAMANS.

White and colored, plain, striped,  
Cottons—in bleached and un-  
ack & Miller's White Cottons,  
kings, &c. "Small Profits and quick-  
stock shall be sold at the lowest  
cost."  
store on the corner of Water-  
t, and opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-

taken for the elegant "Davis"  
which has been so celebrated  
as a sample of what can be  
For price and conditions en-  
rifer.

S. SHERLOCK,  
St. Andrews.

## ROMANCY

OR  
IL CHARMING?

facinate and gal—the love and affect-  
they choose, instantly. This simple  
all can possess, free by mail, for 25  
a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Charms,  
advice, &c. A queer, exciting, roma-  
F. WILLIAM & CO., South Kington  
mar 5 ly

## ICE.

Ann, having left my bed and  
my just cause, I hereby forbid all  
bores or trusting her on my ac-  
not pay my debts for her contract-  
JOHN SCAMMOND,  
et. 1, 1873. Sgd

## NOTICE.

of a serious obstruction occurring  
leaving absconded on the  
walks; the public are hereby no-  
any person leaving rubbish or  
the streets or side walks in this  
incurred on the penalty according

Andrews 20th Nov, 1872.  
THOMAS HIPWELL,  
Commissioner District No. 1.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

in, that the following Non-Res-  
y in the Parish of St. George, has  
under for the year 1872, and  
nt, together with the cost of ad-  
paid within three months from  
he will be sold according to law.—  
RONALD CAMPBELL,  
pt. 28, 1872. Collector.

## IG MACHINES.

Y FAMILY SHOULD HAVE  
original Weed Sewing  
Machines.

used Machines are now on sale  
where the public are invited to  
t for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,  
Agent.

## BLACK TEA.

"Pointer" from New York.  
SOUCHONG TEA.  
and on duty—paid at lowest rates  
TOOD CLEWLEY & CO.,  
St. Stephen.

## CHANGE HOTEL,

King Street.  
Stephen N. B  
J. NEPL, Proprietor

## Canada Ale.

Canada Bitter Ale.  
J. W. STREET

every given, that His Excellency,  
or General, by an Order in Coun-  
the 26th inst., and under the  
in him, by the 2nd Section of the  
p. 10, has been pleased to order,  
the following articles be trans-  
fered to which may be imported  
of duty, viz:  
and Wollen Netting and Flash  
manufacture of Gloves and Mitts.  
By Command,  
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,  
Commissioner of Customs.

## IMPORTATION.

Bridges & Son's best Stout

business" Dublin Porter, quarts-  
J. W. STREET.