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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 REPRE-
SENTATIVE 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 possessor 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 fac-
ility 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 but 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.,
Cincinnati.—I am delighted with the proofs in color of
your chromos. They are wonderfully successful repre-
sentations of the original paintings, and very respect-
fully,
(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 rates; 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,
39 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 give their backs on Latin and
Greek.

"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 bitterness.

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 chooseth 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 makes 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 wisdom still of Him is wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

Sing, pray and serve 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 forsook 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 ingenuousness. "I am sure, Louis, I love
no one better than you; but I tell you this kind
of life don't 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 en-
broider dainty 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 before

a life of torture—rendered endurable, however, by
one cherished, underlying purpose. Her mind was
made up. People told her she had taken it. 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 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 your last night.
Well, and what did you think of me? asked
the woman, smiling.
I thought—oh, I thought that to be as puffed and
as great as you, I would sacrifice—almost—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 moment
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—all
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 clergy-
man—a quiet, holy, devoted man. Perhaps he
sometimes forgot he had a child; but he loved me.
I was addicted to the habit of reading, and me-
morizing 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—flattery ruined
me. To-day I am a mother and no wife; and well
for me if my son does not curm 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 hardy-won
ease, 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 waited 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 by force closing,
in order that no interruption may occur of
reopening for the afternoon's transactions,
and the involuntary prisoner, who supposed the
department, not being present to give the
usual orders, an inquiry was raised as to what
had become of him. After a few moments
patient 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
apparent 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 gentle-
man 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
apparently lifeless body was carried out of the
vault and placed on a sofa in the director's
parlor. Several physicians were immediately
summoned, who sided by the bank employe,
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-
ine 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 es-
tablishment. 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, Ebbert 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 "wood for powder," were found
shortly afterward following the recruiting drum
as it pushed 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, the 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.

Blackhall has always been famous for the
beauty and spirit of its women. In the ante-
revolutionary days the family once boasted
seven dancing sisters, so full of life and fun
and frolic that they were known the country
over as "the seven Blackhall boys." None
but could ride a horse back-saddle, row a boat
or swim far out in the Sound. Handsome and
fearless, they were accomplished women and
good housekeepers, withal; hence they had
no lack of suitors. Of the oldest, it is narrated
that when a male cousin, while on a visit to
Blackhall 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 happy
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 I 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. Alban's had his
big brother that if he would put his to 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 \$25,000, incurred in aid of the Pen-
nobscoot 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
hung like a dead weight upon us for twenty
years."

—Postmaster General Croswell received a
postal card from a gentleman "out west," which
bore the following inscription: "I wish I was
a Post-Master. I never was man if I could
run the Springfield P. O. and so 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

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

h, Switches in Jute and Linen
tr 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.
s "Small Profits and quick-
stock shall be sold at the lowest
cost."
store on the corner of Water-
r, and opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-
taken for the elegant "Davis"
which has been so celebrated,
a sample of which can be
For price and conditions en-
rlier.

S. SHERLOCK,
St. Andrews.

ROMANCY

IL CHARMING,"
facinate and gain the love and affec-
they choose, instantly. This sin-
ill can possess, free by mail, for 25
a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Charms,
advice, &c. A queer, exciting, con-
s F. WILLIAM & CO., South Kildin-
mar 31y

ICE

r Ann, having left my bed and
my just cause, I hereby forbid all
bores or trusting her on my ac-
count pay any debts of hers in this
JOHN SCAMMOND,
ct. 1, 1873. Sgd

NOTICE

of a serious accident occurring
leaving obstructions on the
walks; the public are hereby no-
any person leaving rubbish or
the streets or side walks in this
on the penalty according
ct. 1, 1873. Sgd

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
ne will be sold according to law.—
nson Property \$8.108
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
TOYD CLEWLEY & CO.,
St. Stephen.

CHANGE HOTEL,

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

Canada Afc.

Canada Biter Ale.
J. W. STREET

e city given, that His Excellency,
to General, by an Order in Coun-
the 5th 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
of Gloves and Mitts.
By Command,
R. S. M. BOUCHEE,
Commissioner of Customs.

IMPORTATION.

Bridges & Son's "best Stout
business" Dublin Porter, quart-
J. W. STREET.