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JAS. S. CARNEGIE,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

THE DAISY.

My heart is like that daisy, she said,
Silver white with a flush of red,
That steadfast stands in the meadow grass,
While the golden summer hours pass:
Soft and slow
The long hours go,
And the breeze is murmuring low.

In the tangled hedge of the meadow grows,
Faded and fragrant, a briar rose,
Flushing like increase on the air,
The wealth of its perfume rich and rare,
Floating sweet
Through sunny heat,
Far aloft to the daisy's feet.

Over the daisy's patient head,
Fit the butterflies, brown and red,
Bearing the loves of flower and tree—
Have ye never a love for me?"
Half afraid,
The daisy said,
While the bright wings over her played.

The bright wings flash and are gone again;
Naught have they brought but a little pain,
To throb and ache in the daisy's heart—
Sitting forever alone and apart,
Ah! so far
From the rosy star
That scarce is conscious daisies are!

Put courage! little daisy, she said;
Fear not to love though hope is dead:
The heart that loves, though it loves alone,
Something better than penance doth own:
Hearts are strong,
Though life be long,
And the blind bird sings the sweetest song!

BRITISH NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

During the past year the British National Lifeboat Institution has saved with its boats the lives of 553 persons, nearly the whole of them from dangers that would have precluded any ordinary boats from proceeding to their aid. In addition to this service in the way of life, the boats have saved in the year 25 ships. A noble and picturesque venture was that of the St. Ives lifeboat, which was launched five times in a heavy gale of wind, to the rescue of the crews of three vessels wrecked on the coast on the stormy 31st of February last. The wind and tide twice carried the boat to leeward, but by unyielding persistence, fresh crews taking the place of those exhausted, she succeeded in saving the crews of the vessels, with the exception of two men, who perished before they could be reached. Only three mishaps occurred to the Society's boats during the year. The cause of two of these was a heavy sea, washing men out of the boat. The Ramsgate lifeboat—which during the past 20 years has, without the loss of a single life employed by her, saved several hundred people—thus lost one of her men in February.

SAFETY ON THE SEA.—

Twelve years ago there were forty-two steamers running between the United States and Europe. The increase, since 1861, has been ninety-seven steamers. The oldest company plying on the Atlantic is the Cunard. It has carried nearly a million of passengers since it began operations in 1840, and lost none. The next is the Inman line, which has carried 787,000 passengers, and lost 177 in the "City of Boston." The Anchor line has carried 150,770 since 1865, and lost 230 in the "Hibernia," "United Kingdom" and "Cambria." The Bremen line, since 1858, has conveyed 482,000 persons, and lost no lives; the National line, 217,000, and lost none; the Williams and Gouin, 250,000, with but two lost, by jumping overboard at the sinking of the "Colorado"; the French line carries no

steering passengers, though owning the largest vessels afloat. Finally, the White Star line has, since organized, carried 61,000 passengers, losing 546 by the wreck of the "Atlantic." Total number of lives lost, 975.

Interesting Tale.

THE NIGHT PURSUIT.

The night lowered dark and stormy around the lonely island of Sarbroo, in the South Pacific Ocean.

The tall cocoanuts lined the beach, tossed their heads wildly to and fro, and the great seas came thundering upon the sand, sending showers of spray far inland.

About two hundred yards from the beach, in a little log house, sat an old missionary—the Rev. John Sturges—with his only daughter, Laura, who had accompanied her father to this distant shore, that she might be near to comfort him, and administer to his wants.

A lover girl than Laura seldom greeted mortal vision.

The light of the lamp upon the coarse table in one corner of the rough but neatly swept floor, fell upon her chestnut hair, seeming to encircle it with a halo; while the pure innocent expression of the young face might have moved a heart of stone. The eyes of this girl were of deep hazel, her skin was transparently fair, her form perfect in its graceful proportions.

At the moment of which we write, she sat upon a little stool at her father's feet, her bright head resting upon his knee and a satisfied smile hovering about her pretty mouth as she felt the caressing touch of her parent's hand.

Laura, said he after a while, do you never feel tired of living so far away out here with me in the Pacific Ocean?

Tired? Oh, no papa—indeed. Alas! I feel that it is selfish of me to keep you here. Tell me, darling, do you not sometimes think of Charles Graham?

A vivid blush came upon Laura's cheek; her bosom heaved.

Oh, never mind, papa, she said softly. That means you do think of him.

I will not deny it, she answered, gently, burying her face upon his bosom. But Charles, you know, has promised to wait for me; so I am satisfied.

Mr. Sturges smiled.

It is most true that his ship arrived off this place. You know, he said he would call here on his way home from Australia.

Yes—he said so, when we parted from him, she answered, her bright eyes gleaming with joy. I hope he will come soon, said Mr. Sturges, a shadow crossing his brow.

Laura looked at him earnestly.

Papa, she said, at length, do you not think that your fears of a rising among the savages are groundless?

No, dearest, I do not. That fellow, Henry Weelton, I am afraid, is doing great mischief here.

The person to whom he alluded was a dark-browed man—a boatswain's mate, who had deserted a vessel which, several months previously had touched there to take in a supply of water.

Weelton had called frequently on Mr. Sturges, and had been particularly attentive to Laura, who, however, by every means in her power, had shown him such attentions were to her far from agreeable. The boatswain's mate, however, who was a coarse, conceited man, had continued his unwelcome visits, and finally had even had the audacity to propose to Mr. Sturges for Laura's hand, in the presence of the young girl herself.

Both father and daughter had then given him to understand that his company was no longer desired; and he had gone away with a countenance which had made Laura fairly shudder—it was so demoniacal—so full of bitter hatred.

Since then he had not again introduced—had shunned both, whenever they chanced to meet him in their walks.

The behavior of the natives, who had hitherto been friendly to them, also seemed to change. Dark, sullen glances often directed toward them by the island people convinced the former that Henry Weelton was at work, endeavoring to turn the natives against them. Vainly Mr. Sturges had endeavored to counteract this influence. Weelton was a man who had great power for evil—a wily, cunning villain, who knew how to deal with the ignorant islanders.

If so, said Laura, in answer to her father's last remark, if the islanders are really turning against us, had we not better quit the island?

That is what I have been thinking of. I feel that delay is dangerous in this case.

Yes, papa. These people have fearful passions, when once they are aroused; in spite of all your teachings, and I shudder to think what might be the result of our staying here. Good Heaven! she suddenly added, drawing back. Oh, papa, somebody's at the window!

Mr. Sturges glanced toward the window just in time to see the hideous face of a savage, which had been pressed against a pane, hastily withdrawn. He rose, and moved to the door, which he quickly opened, peering out into the gloom.

At first he could see nothing; but he finally made out a number of dark forms gathered together on the beach, apparently holding council. Through the gloom he could faintly distinguish, in the phosphoric light from the white waves, a number of long spears and heavy war clubs carried by the party.

Laura, he whispered, quickly returning, we must fly!

The young girl turned as pale as death. Keep up a brave heart, Laura; Heaven will help us!

She caught the gleam of his brilliant eye, and her spirit seemed nerved with almost superhuman resolution. In a moment she had thrown on her bonnet and shawl, and was at the side of her father who had donned his hat and coat. He cast a wistful look at his books in a rude book-case in one corner; but there was no chance or time to take them away with him.

Even as he moved toward the back door with his child, a savage yell broke forth, and the tramp of approaching feet was heard. He rushed out with Laura; at the same moment, something whistling past his head proclaimed that he had been seen. It was a spear, which, just grazing the side of his hat, lodged in the trunk of a tree a few feet beyond.

The missionary hurried along until he reached a thick clump of shrubby growth by the side of the path; and then, with his child, he escaped himself therein. The tramp of feet drew nearer; but, thanks to the darkness, the fugitives had not been seen to hide themselves; and soon the natives, believing that they had kept hastening on, rushed past them.

Heaven is helping us, whispered Mr. Sturges to his child. We must remain quiet a few moments longer, then we will endeavour to get to the beach unobserved.

They remained motionless, hardly daring to breathe, until they felt safe to emerge from their hiding place, and made for the beach, at a spot where, in a small cove, Mr. Sturges kept his only little canoe. Just as they launched the frail vessel, another yell proclaimed that they were again seen; and through the darkness they could dimly perceive the forms of the natives as they came on.

Quick, my child! cried Mr. Sturges, as he helped his daughter into the canoe, we must paddle out to sea, and may Heaven keep our canoe from swamping in this storm!

A shower of spears whistled round the fugitives; but, fortunately, not one touched them. In a moment they were in their canoe paddling far out upon the dark waters. The wind roared and shrieked around them, the great sea tossed the little boat as if it was an egg-shell, and it seemed at times as if the little craft must certainly roll over. Laura resolutely assisted her father; but she felt as if she escaped from their present peril were impossible—felt that they must eventually be swallowed up by the mad waves.

The fury of the storm seemed on the increase. The sea rose higher, and the water at times almost engulfed the canoe, filling it.

Mr. Sturges, however, by rapid and expert handling, still contrived to keep the little vessel afloat.

What is there? Laura suddenly inquired, pointing towards something dark astern of them, and apparently rapidly gaining.

A canoe!—exclaimed her father, a large canoe; the savages are in pursuit!

It is all over with us, then, gapped Laura. At that moment, from a sudden opening in the dark cloud, the moon burst forth, throwing a broad glance of silvery light athwart the waters.

Mr. Sturges then discovered that the large canoe, which was full of natives, was indeed rapidly gaining upon them.

Vainly he strained himself at the paddle; vainly his lovely daughter also exerted her self; the natives drew nearer every moment, shouting exultantly as they came on.

The fugitives were now paddling on a course diagonal with the shore, and which carried them toward a high, rocky promontory, jutting out into the sea from the Southern extremity of the island. As they drew near this promontory, the face of the missionary lighted up with hope; for he had, not long since, discovered there an under sea cavern, of the existence of which he believed the savages knew nothing—the opening to this retreat being concealed by a rock, overgrown by thick masses of seaweed.

Soon, however, he perceived that he must be overtaken ere he could reach the place. A further exertion was useless. There was the natives' canoe less than thirty fathoms distant, speeding along toward the smaller one with the rapidity of an arrow. In this extremity Mr. Sturges resolved to resort to prayer.

He threw himself upon his knees in the

canoe and prayed if it so pleased Him, to take the petitioner, but to spare his lovely child. Meanwhile, poor Laura, who had also stopped paddling, was praying that her father might be saved, even though she were destroyed.

Mr. Sturges concluded his prayer. Now he stood upright in the boat, gazing towards his enemies as they came on.

Thus gazing he did not observe a stately ship, which suddenly came booming round the promontory under reefed topsails. The suddenness of this vision, hitherto concealed by the high land, was not without its effect upon the natives, all of whom now stopped paddling, and looked toward the strange craft.

Go ahead, screamed the evil voice of W edon, who was among them. Never mind the ship, but first get these runaways in your clutches.

The natives again took to their paddles. On came the canoe; and in a few minutes it must have reached the fugitives.

Mr. Sturges and his daughter now beheld the strange ship, which, not distant further than a quarter of a mile, was booming straight along toward them.

If we can only reach that vessel, he said to his daughter. Quick, Laura! paddle again. With superhuman strength they paddled to ward the ship; Mr. Sturges now and then shouting and pausing to waive an arm to her. Finally, overpowered by their exertions, father and daughter were obliged to pause—

Their pursuers were close upon them—so was the ship.

Help! help! screamed the missionary, springing up. We are pursued by savages. His shrill voice was evidently heard by the ship, for she now directed straight toward the fugitives' boat, which it soon struck, dashing it to pieces and passing over it, killing Henry Weelton outright, and leaving the other crew pants striking out for the shore.

Mr. Sturges and his daughter were then picked up, to meet with an agreeable surprise to discover in the captain of this vessel Laura's lover Charles Graham.

My prayer has been answered, said Sturges solemnly, as he embraced his weeping, blushing daughter.

We have to add that they had a safe and speedy passage home, and that Laura, soon after, was united to Captain Graham.

Mr. Sturges found a comfortable home with them during the remainder of his life.

Wit Made Easy.

A. Here comes B., the liveliest yet most tire-some of word catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress. Well, B., my dear fellow, I hope I see you well.

B. I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eyesight.

A. Good. Well, how do you do?

B. How? Why, as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?

A. Nonsense. I mean how do you find your self?

B. Find myself? Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost.

A. A corrigible dog! Come, now, to be serious.

(B. comes closer to A. and looks very serious.)

A. Well, what now?

B. I am come to be serious.

A. Come, now, nonsense, B.; leave off this. (Laying his hand on his arm.)

B. (Looking down at his arm) I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve.

A. Ah, ah! You make me laugh in spite of myself. How's Jackson?

B. The duce! How's Jackson! Well, I never should have thought that. How can How be Jackson? 'Surname and arms,' I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have seen him gazzeted.

A. Good by.

B. (Detaining him) 'Good by!' What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of the name of By! 'Good by!' I think of Ashton standing at the corner of the street, looking aloud on the integrity of a Mr. By!

A. Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing in jest. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain.

B. Don't except it, then. You need not take everything that is given you.

A. You'll want a straightforward answer some day, and then—

B. You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all.

A. It's great nonsense, you must allow.

B. I can't see why it is greater nonsense than any other pronoun.

A. (In despair) Well, it's no use, I see.

B. Excuse me; it is of the very pratest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. It performs all the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the word. It rains. It is five weather. It freezes. It thaws. It (which is

very odd) is one o'clock. 'It has been a very frequent observation' it goes. Here it goes. How goes it?—(which, by the way, is a translation from the Latin *eo*, is it: *eo*, I go; is thou going; it, he or it goes. In short—

A. In short, if I wanted a dissertation on it, now's the time for it. But I don't; so good by. (Going)—I saw Miss M.—last night.

B. To whom?—you did! Where was it?

A. (To himself) Now I have him, and will revenge myself. Where was it, eh? Oh, you must know a great deal more about it than I do.

B. Nay, my dear fellow, do tell me, I'm on thorns.

A. O, thorns! very odd thorns. I never saw a thorn look so like a pavement.

B. Come, now, to be serious. (A comes close to B, and looks tragic.)

B. He, he! very fair, egad. But to tell me where was she. How did she look? Who was with her?

A. Oh, oh! How was with her, was he? Well, I wanted to know his name. I could not tell who the devil he was. But I say, Jack, who's I too?

B. Good. He, he!—fair. But now, my dear Will, for—sake, you know how interested I am.

A. The durn you are! I always took you for an ad-interested fellow. I always said of Jack B., Jack's apt to overdo his credit for wit; but a more honest, disinterested fellow, I never met with.

B. Now, my dear Will, consider, I acknowledge I have been tir-ome, I confess it is a bad habit, this word catching; but consider my love.

(A. falls into an attitude of musing.)

B. Well.

A. Don't interrupt me. I am considering your love.

B. I repeat; I am truly sorrow. What shall I do (Lay his hand on his heart) I'll give up this cursed habit.

A. You will? Upon honour?

B. Upon my honour.

A. On the spot?

B. Now, this instant. Now and for ever?

A. Strip away, then.

B. Strip! F! what!

A. And you'd give up that cursed habit.

B. Now, my dear A., for the love of everything that is sacred, for the love of your love.

A. Well, you promise me sincerely?

B. Heart and soul!

A. Come B., I now see you can give up a jest, and are really in love; and your mistress, I will undertake to say, will not be sorry to be convinced of both. Women like to begin with merriment well enough, but they think ill of a man who cannot come to a grave conclusion.—'Washing Cap Papers,' by Leigh Hunt.

A concern called the "Check Bank," with a capital of £1,000,000, is about to begin business in London. It will pay no interest on deposits, discount on bills, enter into no financial speculative transactions, but will simply receive money on deposit, pay checks, and place its unused funds with leading bankers, whose names will be published from time to time. The useful features of its system for which it relies for business are stated as follows:

Checks will be provided in convenient books and may be had for amounts limited from £1 (\$5) to £10 (\$50) each. The charges for ten checks will be 1s. (24 cents), may be drawn on the forms provided by the bank.—They are crossed and payable to order, and therefore as they require indorsement by the person in whose favor they are drawn, they serve as receipts. No customer can possibly overdraw his account, for no blank check will be supplied until the full amount for which it can be filled has been deposited. It will be impossible, that checks of the bank against overdraft accounts should be in circulation.

In the year 1100 lived in Kent, England, Elizabeth and Mary Chalkbrot, who were joined together after the manner of the Sissone's wives. Their will ordered that the income given by the lands of which they disposed should be perpetually applied to the distribution of an annual dole of cakes and cheese. A few days ago the church wardens of the parish made the distribution for this year. The cakes are made of flour and water, and bear the date 1100, together with the imprinted effigies of the sisters.

A test of an European "fire-proof" floor has been made in Boston, in a brick building erected for the purpose on High street. It had two floors. They were sealed on the under side with cement. Two cords of wood were put inside and burned. The floors were covered with two inches of water by means of a steamer, and the timbers and floor were uninjured.

The shoe heel is hereafter to be made upon the idea of common sense and common comfort. Paris makes the move, and, of course, the fashionable world will follow. The heel will be low and made as dear as possible like the Italian heel.

& CAPS

VARIETY.

rd. Dolly Varden, Duke or styles to numerous to monarch Shakspeare Pages; perfect fit and durability, ne of Gents. Furnishing

ches in Jute and Linen, and small wares. Ladies, JOIS & BHOES, worked

OTTAMANS.

and colored, plain, striped s—in bleached and un-

Miler's White Cottons, &c. Small Profits and quick shall be sold at the lowest

on the corner of Water opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-

for the elegant "Davis" h has been so celebrated, sample of which can be price and conditions en-

MES BRADLEY, St. Andrews.

otice.

erious accident occurring ing obstructions on the the public are hereby no-erous leaving rubbish on-rects or side walks in this-ct on the penalty according.

20th Nov., 1872. THOMAS HIPWELL, Missioner District No. 1.

NOTICE

the following Non-Res- Parish of St. George, has for the year 1872, and either with the cost of ad- tain three months from be sold according to law:— Property \$8.00. NALD CAMPBELL, 1872. Collector.

OU TEA.

from London. all Cheats good Congee

J. W. STUBBETT

MACHINES.

MILY SHOULD HAVE inal Weed Sewing hines.

achines are now on sale a the public are invited to themselves.

MES STOOP, Agent.

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s sold with or without the particulars, apply at the

JAMES ORR, Jr, on the premises.

CK TEA.

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rdy paid at lowest rates OD CLEWLEY & CO. St. Stephen.

NGE HOTEL,

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ophon N.B. I. NEILL, Proprietor.

da Ale.

Canada Biter Ale. J. W. STUBBETT

given, that His Excellency eral, by an Order in Coun- ch instant, and under the m, by the 2nd Section of the has been pleased to order allowing articles be trans- e which may be imported uty, viz:— Women Netting and Flush, are of Gloves and Mitts. By Command. S. M. HOUCHEFF, Commissioner of Customs.