

& CAPS

5 VARIETY.

rd. Dolly Varden, Duke
er styles to numerous to
onarch Shakspeare Pages
perfect fit and durability,
ne of Gents. Furnishing

ches in Jute and Linen,
d small waives. Ladies,
JOIS & BROS., worked
OTTAMANS.

and colored, plain, striped
s—in bleached and un-
Miller's White Cottons,
Ac. Small Profits and quick
sale will be sold at the lowest
on the corner of Water
opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-

MES BRADLEY,
St. Andrews.

notice.

erious accident occurring
ing obstructions on the
the public are hereby no-
erison leaving rubbish on
eets or side walks in this
on the penalty according

as 20th Nov., 1872.
THOMAS HIPWELL,
missioner District No. 1.

NOTICE

t the following Non-Race-
s for the year 1872, and
either with the cost of ad-
dition three months from
be sold according to law:—
Property \$8.40.
NALD CAMPBELL,
1872. Collector.

OU TEA.

" from London.
all Chests good Congee

J. W. ST. E. T.

MACHINES.

MILY SHOULD HAVE
inal Weed Sewing
hines.
achines are now on sale a
the public are invited to
hemselves.

MES STOOP,

Agent.

arm for Sala

ers for sale his Property at
commands a splendid view
of the Islands and sur-
e place is pleasantly situ-
shore of the Bay, the Saint
gh it, rendering it a most
ence and farm, in a plea-
thin six miles of the town
farm contains 100 Acres,
nder cultivation; out of ad-
pasturage, is well watered
d on the premises are a
House, with two large
s sold with or without the
premises, apply at the

JAMES ORR, Jr.,
on the premises.

CK TEA.

iter' from New York.

UCHONG TEA.

r duty paid at lowest rates
D. CLEWLEY & CO.,
St. Stephen.

NGE HOTEL,

g Street.

ophon N.B.

I. NEILL, Proprietor.

da Ale.

Canada Biter Ale.

J. W. STREET

given, that His Excellency
meral, by an Order in Coun-
cil 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:—

Woolen Netting and Flush,
are of Glazes and Mitts.
By Command.
S. M. ROUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

5 VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 22

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 28, 1873.

Vol 40

**BANK OF
British North America.**
Head Office—London, England.

CAPITAL
One Million Pounds Sterling,
(\$5,000,000.)

Five per cent Interest ALLOWED
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

Deposits issued on St. John New York, Boston
Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,
California and British Columbia.

Open in St. ANDREWS

Every Day from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.

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 brook is murmuring low.

In the tangled hedge of the meadow grows,
Fleeting and fragrant, a briar rose,
Flushing like incense on the air
The wealth of its perfume rich and rare,
Floating as sweet
Through sunny heat,
Far aloof 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 thrub 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 pence 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 Life-
boat Institution has saved with its boats the lives
of 553 persons, nearly the whole of them from
boats that would have perished 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 pic-
turesque 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 3d of Febru-
ary 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 be-
fore 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, wash-
ing 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 Feb-
ruary.

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 pas-
sengers since it began operations in 1840, and lost
none. The next is the Inman line, which has car-
ried 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
Kue, 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 num-
ber of lives lost, 975.

Interesting Tale.

THE NIGHT PURSUIT.

The night lowered dark and stormy around the
lonely island of Saborro, 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 a juv-
enile sister 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 hover-
ing about her pretty mouth as she felt the care-
ssing 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, bury-
ing her face upon his bosom. But Charles, you
know, has promised to wait for me; so I am satis-
fied.

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
Weedon, 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 de-
serted a vessel which, several months previously
had touched there to take in a supply of water.

Weedon 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 de-
sired; 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 intruded—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
Weedon was at work, endeavoring to turn the na-
tives against them. Vainly Mr. Sturges had en-
deavored to counteract this influence. Weedon
was a man who had great power for evil—a wil-
ling, 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, some-
body'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 with-
drawn. 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 to-
gether on the beach, apparently holding council.

Through the gloom he could faintly distinguish, in
the phosphoric light from the white waves, a num-
ber of long spears and heavy warclubs 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 wist-
ful 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 shrubbery growing by the side of
the path; and then, with his child, he excoined
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 na-
tives, 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—the savages had gone
some distance, when they emerged, and made for
the beach, at a spot where, in a small cove, Mr.
Sturges kept his own little canoe. Just as they
launched the frail vessel, another yell proclaimed
that they were again seen; and through the dark-
ness 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 pad-
dle 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 mo-
ment 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
escape 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 seas rose higher, and the water at times al-
most 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, gasped Laura.

At that moment, from a sudden opening in
the dark cloud, the moon burst forth, throw-
ing 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,
the existence of which he believed the
savages knew nothing of—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.
All 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 ex-
tremity 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 sud-
denness 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
Weedon, 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
pausing and pausing waving an arm to her.
Finally, overpowered by their exertions, fa-
ther 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, for
the ship was now directed straight toward the
savages' boat, which it soon struck, dashing it
to pieces and passing over it, killing Henry
Weedon outright, and leaving the other occu-
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, blush-
ing 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
him during the remainder of his life.

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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. 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 seri-ous.

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 d-uce! How's Jackson! Well, I
never should have thought that. How can
Howe be Jackson? 'Surname and arms.' I
suppose, of some rich uncle? I have seen him
gazetted.

A. Good by.
B. (Detaining him) 'Good by!' What a
sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtu-
ous man of the name of By! 'Good by!' To
think of Ashton standing at the corner of the
street, doing aloud on the integrity of a Mr.
By!

A. Ludicrous enough. I can't help laugh-
ing, I confess. 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 exempt 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 gravest
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 fire
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. The— 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 *How*?

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

A. The d-uce you are! I always took you
for an 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 ac-
knowledge I have been tire-some, I confess it
is a bad habit, this word catching; but con-
sider 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 every-
thing 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