

ATS & CAPS

IN LARG VARIETY.

g—the Oxford, Dolly Varden, Duke
d many other styles to numerous to
Also—the March Shakespeare Paper
rivalled for its perfect fit and durability,
with a full line of Gents. Furnishing

ns, Curls, Switches in Jute and Lines,
Loop Skirts and small wares. Ladies
d childrens BOOTS & SHOES, worked
HIPPERS and OTTAMANS.

els, in White and colored, plain, striped
ked, Cottons—in bleached and un-
Harrack & Miller's White Cottons,
tto, tickings, &c.
 motto is "Small Profits and quick
e above stock shall be sold at the lowest
ance on cost.
her the store on the corner of Water
Streets, and opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-
e.
Orders taken for the elegant "Davis
Machine," which has been so celebrated
ed State—a sample of which can be
store. For price and conditions can be
be-subscribers.

S. SHERLOCK.
St. Andrews.

NOTICE.

sequence of a serious accident occurring
persons leaving obstructions on the
id side walks; the public are hereby no-
tified that any person leaving rubbish or
tens on the street or side walks in this
ill be prosecuted on the penalty according
Saint Andrews 20th Nov. 1873.
THOMAS HIPWELL,
Commissioner District No. 1.

PUBLIC NOTICE

by Given, that the following Non-Res
Property in the Parish of St. George, has
ced as under for the year 1872, and
e amount, together with the cost of ad-
e, is paid within three months from
the same will be sold according to law—
amin Hanson Property \$8.40.
DONALD CAMPBELL,
orge, Sept. 29, 1872. Collector.

SEWING MACHINES.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
of the original Weed Sewing
Machines.

cel rated Machines are now on sale
er's, where the public are invited to
and test for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,
Agent.

able Farm for Sale.

Subscriber offers for sale his Property at
eashe, which commands a splendid view
unopposedly over the Islands and sur-
g country. The place is pleasantly situ-
unded by the shore of the Bay, the Saint
ad runs thro gh it, rendering it a most
e country residence and farm, in a plea-
ghornd, within six miles of the town
address. The farm contains 100 Acres
f which are under cultivation; cuts 25
ay, has good pastureage, is well watered
roughly fenced; on the premises are a
ble Dwelling House, with two large
ad out-houses.
roperty will be sold with or without the
For further particulars, apply at the
ED OFFICE, or to

JAMES ORR, Jr.,
on the premises.

BLACK TEA.

Ex Sole, "Pointer" from New York.
Cheats } SOUCHONG TEA.
Cheats }
Sale in bond or duty paid at lowest rates
TOOD CLEWLEY & CO.
St. Stephen.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
King Street.
Int Stephen N.B
J. NEILL, Proprietor

Canada Ale.

Casks } Canada Bitter Ale.
2, 1872. J. W. STREET

ICE is hereby given, that His Excellency,
e Governor General, by an Order in Coun-
ing d—e the 26th instant, and under the
ty v. s. 1 in him, by the 2nd Section of the
ctoria, ap. 10, has been pleased to order,
rect that the following articles be transfer-
ed the list of goods which may be imported
under free of duty, viz:—
Cotton and Wollen Netting and Flush
the manufacture of Gloves and Mitts.
By Command.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

NEW IMPORTATION.

asks "Bridges & Son's" best Stout
orter,
uses "Guinness" Dublin Porter, guaran-
ee and pints.

J. W. STREET.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 4.]

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 22, 1873.

Vol 40

Poetry.

MEMORIES.

There dawn dear memories of the past,
To charm us as we muse alone,
Still as the line on rivers cast
When long bright days have almost flown
Sometimes they come and fill the mind
As stars the heavens when clouds are few,
And there a cherished welcome find,
Though old yet seeming ever new.

They are the treasures time has made
To show forth the bygone years;
Though dim sometimes, they cannot fade,
For each some hallowed beauty bears.
Long slumbering joys each gently wakes,
Forms of the past each gently weaves,
E'en as a cloudless sunset makes
A cool and splendour 'mong green leaves.

They are our day-dreams of a time
Ere life had felt a touch of care;
Loved like some sweet bell's toly chime,
That faints upon the Sabbath air.
They are the echoes of the past,
And with us when alone they dwell;
For all their wondrous mysteries last,
Like sounds of ocean in a shell.

Miscellany.

THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

He was a young man with a reasonably good
education and pleasing presence. An average
American of the city-bred sort; bright, active,
and very much in love with her.

She, pretty and sensible, though trifling and
showy on the surface, loved him after a certain
shy, unspoken fashion.

Both knew it, and had not exchanged a word,
hardly a look expressive thereof.

Like children, one was afraid, and the other
dare not.

It has been remarked by a certain orator, that
"happiness is like a crow." Love is much of
a feather. It sits in the treetop, sings its song, and
all the birds of the forest are more or less charmed.
But, anon it flies to the ground and feels itself
upon common place things. The poets never
speak of it; yet love eats—really eats like any
other creature. Take away its dinner, and it is a
poor-spirited bird.

With great wisdom our great man had appre-
hended this fact, and though he was a trifle
ashamed of it, worked hard that his love might have
something to eat. He toiled that he might tempt
the shy bird to live with him by the offer of a good
dinner.

Instead of being ashamed, he should have been
glad. He was ashamed, and on this fact hangs
the curious part of this little love tale. She, too,
had some worldly wisdom, though she hid it from
him. The idea of love being dependent on din-
ners! Yes, it was so, and it was not nice to think
of it. Therefore she did not.

The English of all this is that he was at work in
a store trying to win enough money to enable him
to marry her. Very proper in him, to be sure.
Virtue is always rewarded, and his employers had
given hints that if he was good he should be
"taken in."

With her hoped-for love in view, he tried hard
to be very, very good. But the firm suddenly
suspended, failed and utterly stopped, and the poor
boy was penniless.

"Virtue never is rewarded," he said to himself,
in disappointment. Virtue is its own reward, only
it is hard to see it without a cent in the world. The
store and hope were locked up the same day, and
he went to his lodgings almost broken-hearted.
How or where he was to win a living heart was a
problem. He sat down in his forlorn little room,
to consider the matter. Very little thought could
he give to it. A greater question appeared and
drove it away. A darker shadow extinguished
the gloomy prospect, and it was very dark indeed.
A poet would have said that even the stars were
blotted from his darkened sky. It was worse than
that, for the gas was shut off.

She. She is a very vexatious subject sometimes.
He knew it now and was sorrowful. The history
of their love was not remarkable, but its aspect
under the present circumstances was peculiar.
They had met at some party, been introduced,
spoke, danced, and he had called on her invitation.
He called twice, three times—many times. They
went to see the pigs, when the cattle fair came
round. They had read the same books, enjoyed
the same flavor of Joseph's candy, and had been
out to walk together in the moonlight without
their rubbers on. Her father and mother ap-
proved, and everything went on as smoothly as
Stewart's syrup.

His prospects were good, and she was of a snit-
table age to know her own mind. It was common-

ly reported that they were engaged. It is never
safe to believe reports. They were not engaged,
though they both adored the same things. How-
ever, if they were not engaged, there was every
prospect that they would be, if nothing happened.
Why not? He was to be a partner soon, and she
could support her properly. Something did hap-
pen. The firm wound up, as we have seen.

Under these unhappy circumstances, what ought
he do? He could not even think. He was ab-
solutely without means of support, and the en-
gagement should be broken off. Engagement!—
They were not engaged. Yes, they were. Had
she not accepted of him from him; had she not
gone to the Sunday school concert with him; had
they not "sat up" ever so late after everybody had
gone to bed, at least a dozen times? Had not
her mother invited him to tea, and had not her
father taken off his hat to him in the street? He
was the recognized suitor for the daughter's hand,
and something ought to be done about it.

Under his present circumstances, he ought not
to be engaged to her—he was not; and yet it was
a delicate question. To solve it was a sad trial to
him. He slept upon it, and awoke the next day
to find that the trial had made a man of him.
Trials always burn away the cheap surface, and
bring out the gold within.

He had not told his love. They were not en-
gaged. Still, he had shown her great attentions,
and his advances had been received cordially. Un-
der his present circumstances, chivalry and honor
forbade further advance. He must cease to visit
her. He must leave her free—open to more di-
vantageous offers. He must leave her forever and
forget her.

No; he could not do that. He could go out
West and begin life anew; but forget her. For-
get her! No! He could not—could not. And
here he made a discovery. He loved her. With
all her apparent shallowness she was a splendid
girl at heart, and he loved her, and must leave her.
And how could he explain or tell her how it was
with him?

How could he ask her to wait—wait for him—
perhaps for years. Wait while he searched for a
clerkship, that, when obtained would not support
them both. Her father was a man of business,
and possessed of some wealth. What would he
say to such folly.

Surprised at the sudden strength of character
his trouble had developed, he took a manly stand
and resolved he would call on her, bid her fare-
well, and leave her with his love unsaid. He
would suffer alone. Perhaps time would cure the
smart. People said it would, though he did not
believe it then. Come what might, he would stand
no longer in a false position. He would see her at
once.

Not without a furtive tear or two he arrayed
himself in his best and went out in search of a
breakfast. How ill seeming his present wardrobe
and his poverty. He must leave his costly lodg-
ing place at once, would begin to economize im-
mediately by buying a cheap breakfast at some
restaurant. It was a sad meal; the wretched food
and dismal saloon wearied him, and somehow the
bread was salt. He crept into a dark corner and
rumpled his damp napkin in a vain effort to be
cheerful. Then he went out at the strange hour
of ten in the morning to find her home. The
streets were full of people hurrying on and on to
their business or pleasure. For him there was
nothing. He had never been in the streets at that
hour, and they seemed strange and foreign. Her
home was quite at the other side of the city, at
the far end of the horse railroad. How many
times he had gone that way. He must walk now.
The cars passed on empty in endless procession, in
a way he had not noticed before. He would not
hurry, for it was such an unreasonable hour to call,
he paused to look in a print store. There was a
picture hanging there representing a family gathered
in homely comfort round a simple meal in
some Scottish hut. Semi-poverty in every line of
the engraving; but there was also love and peace,
children and happiness. He gazed long and ear-
nestly at it, Love and want. Somehow they were
not friendly except in pictures. The picture was a
lie, and yet it was true. Love is greater than po-
verty. A policeman said, "Move on, move on,"
and hustled by the crowd, he was compelled to re-
turn to his present sorrow.

With a heavy heart he took up his cross and
his way at the same time. He would be a man at
any rate, and see it through, whatever happened.
Refusing to look to the right or left, he went
steadily on, and presently, with a beating heart
and nervous fingers, rang her father's bell.

She herself opened the door to him. Smiling,
clad in simple morning suit, and, as if to add to his
sorrow, full of winsome merriment and gaiety.
She asked him into the parlor, that she was just
then sitting a leather duster through, and they
both sat down in the flicks of sunshine and shadow
behind the group of window plants.

After some commonplace she said:
See! The slip of geranium I cut from the bou-
quet you gave me. It has rooted already. I'm

glad. It will make a nice plant—a remembrance
of the flowers.

He smiled faintly, and pretended to be interest-
ed. Somehow his thoughts would wander to some-
thing else. For a moment he was silent, and she
said that he was not very amusing, and that she
should return to her duster.

But he had a story to tell her.
A story! Now that was worth while. She sat
down in a low chair before him, arranged her
drapery as pretty as possible, and said:

"Begin, please. I'll be good."
He had a brilliant idea. He would tell his
whole story objectively, and see what she said to
it. He would sketch his own case, and while pre-
tending to amuse her, draw from her manner and
answers some hint of what he had best do. If she
took it as mere fiction, no harm would come of it,
and he could depart with a clear conscience. What
if she took it as truth? What if she saw through
the pretence? That was not very likely, and—
yet—if she—

She was impatient.
The story, please—if you have not fallen asleep.
Poor boy! He has to work so hard!

He began.
"Once upon a time there was a young man—"

"How interesting!"
"I say there was a young man, and he fell very
much in love with a young la—girl—"

"Girl is better."
"Please don't."
"Pardon me. Go on."

With an effort he resumed, while his eyes be-
gan to grow very bright. She noticed it in silence,
He loved her very much, though he could not
tell whether she returned his love or no. He had
been no over act.

"Had not proposed—yes mean."
Yes, and for a most excellent reason. His busi-
ness prospects did not warrant it. Though every-
thing was smiling and cheerful, still he thought it
best to wait till certain events of a financial na-
ture took place.

"Couldst support? Very proper in him to wait."
He winced under this and with an effort
continued the story.

He expected a promotion, and hoped that
when it came he should be in a position to
marry.

How very nice! And she smiled in a pecu-
liar way that puzzled him.

With some hesitation he went on.
Well, just as everything seemed at its best
it—everything broke down.

How sad! I don't like the story. Tell me
something that's pretty and nice.

This was the most cruel blow of all. He
at once froze up. She was a shallow, heart-
less thing, unworthy of his love, and he
felt to thinking how he had been deceived.
She sat the while in calm silence, toying
with her feather duster, and inwardly har-
assed by a storm of conflicting emotions.
Love, doubt, sorrow, and a great happiness
struggled for expression. She glanced slyly at
him. He seemed crushed by a great sor-
row. His fingers were nervous, and the lids
shading his eyes moved quickly, as if to keep
something back.

A dreadful pain shot through her heart and
she pressed her hand on her breast to deaden
it.

In a constrained voice she said:
Is that all?

He started abruptly and said:
Yes—no.

If so, tell me more.
He brightened up and said: There is no
more. It is a story about a friend of mine
and I want to know what you think he ought
to do. He cannot propose, because it is not
chivalrous to ask her to wait. And yet he
ought not to leave her without an explanation.
An explanation would be an awful—
a proposal. Now what should he do?

With feminine prudence, she avoided the
question by asking another.

Does she love him?
I do not know.

With a sudden impulse she said:
Has he told her?

He was quite disconcerted by the bold
thrust, and was silent. She held her hand
over her mouth to keep her face smooth.
Tears and a great joy struggled to reach the
surface.

How can I tell—yet—
Here he told her full in the face. Their
eyes met, and he said slowly:

I think he has
She rose abruptly, and began to dust the
books on the table. The light in her heart
waxed hot. Love and mid-nightly reserve
struggled for the mastery. He, with a curi-
ous-blinking eye, looked at all, and thinking her
the most mercenary and heartless girl he had
ever met, rose, took his hat, and said he must
go. She turned upon him quickly.

Go! Go where?
Excuse me. Did you not know that I
intended to go West?

No. How should I? Do you return soon?
No. Perhaps not for years.

Indeed. Oh! I think I understand. I saw
it in the papers that your employers had failed.
A hard experience for them. I suppose you
go West in search of business?

She did not know how she said it, for her
heart seemed quite dead within her.

He stiffly led out his hand as if to bid her
formal good-by. She took it timidly and
said:

Is it good morning or good-by?

He hesitated.
It is good—
Before he could finish, she said, with her
face turned away: I wish I knew if that story
was true or not.

It is a true story.
Somehow her fingers tightened round his,
and she drew near to him. She pressed back
her hair from behind her ears with her free
hand, and said merrily:

Not chivalrous to ask her to wait.
Love and modesty had fought hard, silent.
There she came to him, and, putting a hand on
each shoulder, looked into his face without
fear, and said:

Not chivalrous to ask her to wait.
Not a word more. He looked down upon
her fair face. Tears were lurking in her
eyes, and her lips quivered.

Love victorious.

Within a year they were married. They
were engaged in all his poverty. She was a
true woman, and she won the good fight of
this life through her engagement. Had she
dishonored his poverty, he would have been a
failure.

Love is ever victorious.

Early Fall Ploughing.

Norman Spurr thus gives his views upon
this subject, in the "Dutchess Farmer":
Another great improvement that seems to
be lost sight of is, ploughing in the early part
of fall of those fields which are intended for
corn the next season, and have lain grass sev-
eral years. Some of those advantages are as
follows; and to make sure of all of them, the
land should be ploughed before the middle of
September:

1st. The land can be ploughed cheaper
than it can in the spring, because the
teams are kept cheaper and you are not so
much hurried with team work.

2nd. If the land is all cut up by the plough
and turned over, which should always be done
you get rid of the worms which eat up a large
share of the corn on such fields, except the
wire worms.

3rd. The crop is much easier to take care
of by having the land at planting time as mol-
low, light, and lively as a field is in Septem-
ber that was ploughed in June, as farmers
frequently do, for rye.

4th. You get as much better a crop of corn
by preparing the land in that way, as you do
by preparing the land for rye by summer
fallowing.

5th. You in this way are always sure that
the land is well cultivated for oats, and will
never need to have a field two seasons to get
the land subdued, and only get about one
large crop.

6th. If you intend to spread manure over
those fields, it is much better to have the
land ploughed first and then let the manure
be left on the surface, or harrowed when you
harrow before ploughing.

7th. It is a wonderful sight easier and
pleasanter to let the land grow mellow itself,
by letting those old grass roots die and rot on
their own hook and at their own expense, than
it is for you to plough, harrow and hoe, and
hurry their decay in a shorter length of time.

8th. It is much easier to kill all those grubs
by ploughing the land, so that they never get
there, than it is to be digging them out of the
corn and repanting all the forepart of the sea-
son.

9th. It makes a farmer feel more cheerful
to see every kernel of corn he plants growing
vigorous and healthy, unimpeded by those
grubs, than he can feel after they have eaten
one half, and are making a vigorous charge
for the rest.

10th. If the second and third planting get-
ting, there is no danger of soft corn among the
first planted, and then the land is ready to
seed one year earlier.

Now all the objections I know of are these:
—1st. You lose a little seed in both fall and
spring which you would get 2nd. If you
manure the field, it is harder work for the
team to haul it after the land is ploughed,
unless you leave roads for that purpose. Now
if these two objections are a majority over
the other ten advantages, then let your still
old sworded lands lay till late the next spring,
and then raise corn and worms together, until
one overpowers the other.

It is funny that about the only things ever
said good or bad about George III. are com-
prised in the following. It is likely that on
King ever lived to be so old and reign so long,
of whom so little good, bad or indifferent has
ever been said: He has a singular habit of
repeating his words. On seeing a pichard,

horse for the first time, he exclaimed "Hallo!
what's that horse painted for?" He was told it
was a pichard, he said "O, pichard!"

What is thought in England of our New
Brunswick School Series.

"Nature," the accredited organ of the lead-
ing scientific men in both the Old World and
the New, thus speaks of "The Royal Read-
ers":

The excellence of these reading books and
their adapt to the boarder culture of the
present day demand from us some notice.
The editor of the series, who has done his work
with unusual ability, tells us in the preface
that his aim has been to cultivate the love of
reading. So far as we are able to judge, this
aim he has successfully carried out by present-
ing interesting subjects in an attractive way.

Opening any one of these Readers we are
struck with the air of freshness and interest
it possesses. An intelligent child, instead of
closing the book with relief, is far more likely
to leave it with regret. And added to the
happy way in which the lessons have been
prepared, the pages abound with capital wood-
cuts, some of which are of real beauty. There
are none of the stereotyped cuts of stale child-
ren in old-fashioned dresses and hair in pig-
tails, primly grouped at play, and supposed
to illustrate the story of the goodly goody girl,
for the naughty-naughty boy. Our children
are mercifully spared from these haunting
ghosts of their childhood and have their Royal
Readers instead. But these books have a
wider scope than mere reading lessons. In
the fifth and sixth books we find a large
amount of sound scientific knowledge conveyed
in a course of lessons carefully prepared by the
editor. Then there are articles on physical
geography, the bed of the sea, the various
ocean routes, and lessons on useful inventions
besides some other novel features which we
have not room to detail. The employment of
the so reading books will certainly tend to
create a love for healthy reading, and at the
same time they seem likely to be of the high-
est service in training and furnishing the
minds of children.

BEEES AS ARCHITECTS.

Now we exercise a patient observation on
Nature, analyzing, investigating, calculating,
and combining our facts, and say coolly with
Professor Houghton, "we construct the largest
amount of cell with the small amount of
material," or with Quatrefoes, "their instinct
is certainly the most developed of all living
creatures with the exception of ants." "The
hexagonal and rhomboidal of bee architecture
show the proper proportion, between the
length and breadth of the cell, which will save
most wax, as is found by the closest mathe-
matical investigation," says one of her great au-
thority. Man is obliged to use all sorts of engines
for measuring—angles, rules, plumb lines—
to produce his buildings, and give to his hand;
the bee executes her work immediately from
her mind, without instruments or tools of any
kind. "She has successfully solved a prob-
lem in higher mathematics, which the dis-
covery of the differential calculus, a century
and a half ago, alone enables us to solve at
all without the greatest difficulty." "The
inclination of the planes of the cell is always
just so that, if the surfaces on which the
works are unequal, still the axis running
through it, it equalizes it in the true direction,
and the junction of the two axes forms the
angle 60° as accurately as if there were none."

The manner in which she adapts her work to
the requirements of the moment and the place
is marvellous. A center comb burdened with
honey, was seen by Huber and others to have
broken away from its place, and to be hang-
ing against the next so as to prevent the pas-
sage of the bees.

As it was Oct-ber, and the bees could get
no fresh material, they immediately gnawed
away from the older structure, with which
they made two horizontal bridges to keep the
comb in its place, and then fastened it above
and at the sides, with all sorts of irregular pil-
lars, joists, and buttresses; after which they
removed so much of the lower cells and honey
which blocked the way, as to leave the neces-
sary thoroughfare to different parts of the
hive, showing design, sagacity, and resource.

Huber mentions how they will find out a mus-
take in their work, and remedy it. Certain
pieces of wood had been fastened by him in
side of a glass hive, to receive the foundation
of combs. These had been placed too close
to allow of the customary passages. The bees
at first built on, not perceiving the defect, but
soon changed their lines so as to give the prop-
er distance, though they were obliged to
curve the combs out of all usual form. Hu-
ber then tried the experiment another way.—
He glued the floor as well as the roof of the
hive. The bees cannot make their work ad-
here to glass, and they began to build horizon-
tally from side to side; he interposed other
pieces of glass in different directions, and they
curved their combs into the strangest shapes,
in order to make them reach the wooden sup-
ports. He says that this proceeding denoted
more than instinct.