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20th Nov. 1872
MAN HUPWELL,
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TEL COMPANY.

ven that a Fourth
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scribes are required to
of December, 1872, to
W. B. MCKELLS,
Secretary.

NOTICE

Following Non-Resi-
dents of St. George, has
the year 1872, and
with the cost of ad-
in three months from
of according to law:—
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LD CAMPBELL,
Collector.

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Cheats good Congee
J. W. STREET

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ines are now on sale a
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of the Bay, the point
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cultivation; cuts 25
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on the premises.

TEA.

from New York.
FROM TEA.
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J. W. STREET

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[52 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 16

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 16, 1873.

Vol 4

BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.

CAPITAL
One Million Pounds Sterling.
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Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,
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Every Day from 10 a. m., till 3 p. m.

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

Poetry.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

BY FRANCIS L. KEELE.

At home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet,
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, " 'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have
rolled,
Whose hair is grey, whose face is wrinkled,
Whose eyes are dim, and whose spirit is cold,
A voice whispers sadly, " 'Tis some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed,
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;
No matter what element cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's
child's girl.

No matter how deep he is sunk in sin;
No matter how much he is shunned by his kin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's
boy.

That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have
been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and
mild;
For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

Interesting Tale.

PEGGY'S PANDOWDY.

W'at, you take your apples, said the ordinary
a sale, neighbor Kempton, Peggy's uncle having
decided that he should relish an old-fashioned pan-
dowdy, such as his mother used to make forty
years ago.

If you can make such a one, he had said, I'll
give you a gold ring, Peggy, as fine as a wedding-
ring, as good as a wedding-ring as you are likely to
get, for you, he added, breathe his breath; and
so Peggy had applied to neighbor Kempton for the
recipe.

W'at, you take your apples, repeated Mrs.
Kempton. Bless me! ain't that there pot a-billing
over?

No, said Peggy; it's only Nancy dishing the
cabbage.

W'at, as I was saying, you take your apples,
and you— There's Ben's boat just a-coming up
the river, if I live! He went out after mackerel
this morning. The tide's dead ag'in him, and the
dinner done o' a turn already.

And the pandowdy, meekly suggested Peggy.
Oh, as I was saying—my mind skips about
like a flea; it goes by telegram, I have so much
to think of. But you take your apples, and—
S-kos alive! if the clothes-line ain't broke and
let the things on to the ground, and father's now
fussing—the first time they ever see the wash too!

And in the tumult that ensued Peggy effected her
escape, feeling fully competent to take the apples
and go ahead, after so many admonitions to that
end. She next resorted to the "Cook's Counsel-
lor," which advised her to line a deep pan with
paste, slice the apples, sweeten with New Orleans
molasses, spice to the taste (apparently overlook-
ing the fact that tastes differ); cover with paste,
and bake in a moderate oven—brick oven pre-
ferred.

On these hints Peggy proceeded. She didn't
care a fig for the promise of a ring. What was a
gold ring for her? Jewels of Gokonda, when,
but for her own folly and the malicious inter-
ference of another, she might now be wearing a real
wedding-ring, the happiest wife in Christendom!

For when she had first come to live with her
uncle, John Brierly, Matthew Royston had set his

heart upon her, and she had in no wise objected,
accepting his devotion as a matter of course. But
Aunt Brierly had other views for Matthew Roy-
ston. She had made up her mind to marry him to
her own niece, Patty Pratt; and when Aunt
Brierly had made up her mind, it wasn't an easy
thing to unravel. If he couldn't be managed by
fair means, he should be managed by foul. And
wasn't all fair in love? She contrived to arouse
Matthew's jealousy concerning another admirer of
Peggy's, and with sly and subtle insinuations to
harbor his soul with the fear lest he was being
chosen by his sweetheart not for himself, but his
prospects. And yet her insinuations were so well
timed and so deftly handled that the poor lev-
ern youth conceived that they were deductions
drawn from his own experience and observation
rather than suggested by Aunt Brierly. So one
day he forbade Peggy, up and down, to accept any
attentions but his own, though there was only an
understanding between them, which, as every body
knew, is apt to lead to a misunderstanding. He
had never said, in so many words, "Will you
marry me, Peggy?" or "Name the day, sweet-
heart," though they both hoped it would come to
that in time.

So Aunt Brierly sneaked in her quiet way at
Peggy for being under a man's thumb before her
time came, hinted that she had found a master, if
not a lover, questioning if such things were done
in the green leaf, what would be done in the dry,
till poor foolish Peggy, giddy with youth, and in-
experienced in the ways of wily women, began to
believe that Matthew was arrogating to himself au-
thority over her: that was too unkingly a love—
which was very likely the case—and so walked
into the snare Aunt Brierly had spread for her.
One day, as they sat together, Sam Fortin was
seen to drive up with his new turn-out.

He has come to take you to drive, said Aunt
Brierly.

I sha'n't go, said Peggy, decidedly.

Of course not, continued her aunt; I c-u-l-d
advise you to such a step. It wouldn't be wise. A
woman cannot begin too early to learn the lesson
of obedience.

I sha'n't go, protested Peggy. But it isn't be-
cause I mean to learn obedience.

No? If you haven't begun before this, you will
never get the lesson, child. Sam's got the hand-
somest team in the place. He's a match to be
proud of, too! I wish he'd ask Patty to ride!

I hope he may.

I trust he won't understand why you decline,
in the midst of honeyed accents.

Well, I haven't declined yet.

Only because you haven't been asked.

And the result was that Peggy accepted, and
Matthew came and found her gone, and accepted
Aunt Brierly's version of the fact, which didn't
vouchsafe a drop of oil off the troubled waters,
since she did everything in her power to irritate
him, while preserving the mask of peace-maker.

As a matter of course, an unpleasantness ensued,
which owed more than half its animus to Aunt
Brierly's arts. The lovers did not speak or look
at each other, except by stealth, for over a week,
each one waiting for the other to say the words
which both were dying to speak and hear.

But just as Peggy had about made up her mind that
she couldn't endure such silence much longer, she
beheld, apparently by chance, that Matthew Roy-
ston had been to see Patty Pratt, and had invited
her to a cherry-making.

That's shabby enough, if Patty is my niece, said
Aunt Brierly. I wouldn't blame you now if you
should give him as hard a nut to crack. There's
nothing like obliging a young fellow to come the
whole way in a making up, without holding out a
little finger to him, specially when he's in the
wrong. I suppose he expects you'll get frightened
at this and speak first, and I've noticed that those
who speak first in a quarrel always have to take
the blame.

Aunt Brierly was getting ready the brick oven
while she spoke for the week's baking. She had
a flushed face and a nervous manner, not usual
with her, as she threw into the oven a handful of
paper which she had caught up just as Peggy en-
tered, and she was about to lay on the kindlings
and apply the match, when she stumbled and fell
against a pine knot that Uncle John had brought
in to heat the oven, and there was no baking nor
anything else done that day but running for doc-
tors, while a soft hoverer between life and death.

Well, Aunt Brierly was sick five months, if she was
a day; and when she had recovered from her
shock as much as ever she would, though she could
not move a hand nor frame an intelligible sent-
ence, she signified her desire to be dressed and al-
lowed to sit, propped up, in the big arm-chair, to
look out at the window and see what the world
was about, to see the maples, that had just hung
out their green banners when she took to her bed,
reddening in the October sun, and the Rev. Moses
Precept and his wife in light kids leaving brother
Pratt's door in a coach.

How the earth had turned round while she had
been lying flat on her back, and the baking not

done! The grass that had only begun to look
green and feathery when she was stricken down
had been mown and harvested, leaving brown,
barren fields; and the grass-tuffs that had only
put out a few tender feelers were now purple and
dusty with fruit; and the trees that had dropped
their blossoms in pink and fragrant showers were
now dropping great golden pippins and rosy gilly-
flowers. No, the earth never stood still, whatever
other folks might do. But what under the sun
were Mr. Precept and his wife doing at brother
Pratt's with a coach all to themselves? She tried
to put the question to Uncle John, but the words
got all shaken up together upon her tongue, so
that it was more of a conundrum than ever. It
was like one of those games where you are given
the letters of a word, and left to spell it out for
yourself. But as Uncle John could not guess, she
did her best to intimate by rule but energetic
signs that Mr. Precept was the object of her curi-
osity.

Oh, said Uncle John, reluctantly, it's—a—
wedding! It's Patty and Matt Royston; they
couldn't wait for you to get out, because Matt's
going into business out West.

Peggy was beating a pillow as he spoke, and in-
stinctively Aunt Brierly's eyes were turned upon
her; and such wild, astonished, frightened eyes that
Peggy will never forget them to her dying day;
eyes, too, with something like a tear in them, in
their startled depth. Then she was on her feet in
an instant, reaching out vainly toward the door,
and uttering a flood of incoherent words, as if she
would assure them she had important business on
hand that must not be neglected; then she sank
back exhausted among her pillows, and the yellow
sunlight fell across her face, and a leaf floated
past the window, and Aunt Brierly's soul floated
out into the unknown.

Peggy was thinking of some of these things as
she went about her humble task of making the
pandowdy—of such a part of these things as had
fallen within the scope of her experience. There
was good reason why a gold ring had no longer
any meaning to her, or a gift of finery to hold, when
she should see her betrothed himself, when
nobody heeded whether she looked well or ill?
No; she was making the pandowdy to please
Uncle John, who had always stood her friend, hop-
ing its flavor might bring back his youth for a lit-
tle. Let other women who had husbands or lovers
to please deck themselves in finery, but it was too
late.

Once she might have coveted such things,
but that was all over. Nothing could restore
to her the supreme confidence of youth;
nothing could bring back those warm June
nights when she and Royston had watched the
stars slide across the heavens, had noted the
heavy fragrance of dew-drenched flowers as
they wafted the fields, or had seen the
belated fisher-men come in with masses of
quivering silver tangled in their nets, and had
listened to the rattle of voices on the other
side, or taking a boat, had moved, silently as
the stars themselves, across the half-luminous
expanse of water, where the pines seemed
broken into stardust; and now and then a
fish had leaped to the surface, a cock had
crowed from some distant farm house, an owl
had played in its rookery and made the chord
complete. Peggy never stepped out now on
dainty shoes, or to carry a gift to some
sister; she never felt the inspiration of that
sacred time, come upon her like a t-mber
melody waking one at dead of night—like an
old hymn that her mother sang when she was
a child in the cradle, a hymn laid up in the
heart in lavender and scented with sweet
briar, and speaking of infinite love and hap-
piness.

Ten years had passed since Aunt Brierly
had been stricken down in the act of lighting
the fire in the brick oven, and they had not
been years calculated to touch Peggy lightly.
She was no longer the rosy, lifting lass that
Royston had left behind; she had lost some-
thing of her rounded contours, much of her
bloom; her mouth had settled into a sad
personified, her eyes had the appearance of
looking on other scenes than those about her.

For all they were bright eyes, as if their
light had reflected from tears rather than
from joy. Yet in the mean time often had
not been looking who found her comely enough
to share their hearts. And yet her disappoint-
ment had not soured her; she might say that
it had ripened her instead. She could laugh
as heartily as the rest when attention served,
only it was apt to curl in a sigh, she relied
quintings and Parish pinks, and loved to see
the younger generations at their pastimes.
She kept the Uncle John's house like a war-
work, could fashion almost any garment you
might name, sent butter and honey to market,
sang in the choir, read metaphysics, and had
facility, as neighbor Kempton said, for every
thing but getting married!

Patty Pratt had died the second year of
her marriage, but in all the eight succeeding
years nobody in the place had ever heard or
spoken of the young flower Royston. He
had passed out of mind as entirely as the
leaves of that dead and gone summer time;
but of the wind of all but Peggy, in whose

heart remembrance was still green and living,
Peggy rolled but her past reflectively, and
lined a deep pan as daintily as the tailor boss
lines her nest with a rose leaf; then she pared
the apples, thinking of the cheery winter eve-
nings when Royston had helped out with her
stick, and the fire had pattered over the back
log, and the kettle had sung on the hob, and
heaven had not seemed far away, since Aunt
Brierly was taking tea at brother Pratt's—
Sliced apples and spice and molasses, spice
and molasses and sliced apples, and a caropy
of paste, and the nice thing was done! But
mind you, Peggy, the baking is half the bat-
tle!

When the pandowdy came to the testable
wearing a healthy brown. Ah, said Uncle
John, tasting it prospectively, that looks some-
thing like! Heyday! it carries me straight
back to the time when I was a little shaver,
picking up the windfalls for mother's pandow-
dy.

Ah, Peggy, Prof-wor blot couldn't hold
a candle to you. It smells as if all the spices
of Araby the blind had been let loose in it!
Ah, Oh! Humph! Pandowdy indeed! Fan-
tiddle sticks!

What's the matter? asked Peggy, taking
alarm.

That's what I'd like to know. Per-
haps it's the modern receipt for pandowdy;
but it ain't no more like my mother's than
swan are like geese. Well, well, cooking
ain't the art it used to be. I ain't seen a
pumpkin pie that de-erved the name these
dozen years, and hickwheats don't taste as
they used to cold mornings when I was a boy,
and mother fied "em."

I'm so sorry, said Peggy; but the de-
fect of old thing isn't half done. When the
top looked so promising, who would suspect that
there was only raw apples and dough floating
in it, as I have underfoot? Its downright hy-
po-crity! I shall never believe in pandowdies
again.

How did you bake it? asked Uncle John,
disconsolately.

In the stove oven, to be sure. Perhaps you
thought that I had baked it in the sun.

Ah, that's it. My mother always used the
brick oven; and so did— And these Uncle
John pushed back his chair and left the room.

I never thought of the brick oven, said
Peggy to herself. It hasn't been used since
Aunt Brierly had her shock. I wonder if it
would be safe? I'll try it tomorrow if I'm
alive.

The brick oven was in the winter kitchen
at Brierly Farm, and, as Peggy said, had
never been used or disturbed since the day
of Aunt Brierly's shock. The kitchen itself
had fallen into disuse as a kitchen since her
time, having been turned to use as a storeroom.
So when to-morrow came Peggy
made her pandowdy ready, and went into the
old kitchen to light a fire in the brick oven,
match and kindlings in hand. The rusty
door of the oven gave on its hinges, as if loath
to be called into service again after so many
years of idleness, and disclosed a newspaper
tied together carelessly, and a handful of
kindlings thrown upon it, just as Aunt Brierly
had left them when paralysis seized her.

Wondering what scrap of forgotten news she
might find in an old daily of ten years back,
Peggy took the newspaper up with a sort of
slender, shook, and smoothed it out, and let
fall from among its folds a letter, yellow and
torn and crumpled. She picked it up without
much concern, saw that it was addressed to
Miss Margaret Brierly, opened it, and read
a few impassioned lines from Matthew Roy-
ston—a few lines imploring her to forgive his
miserable exactions, and to send him some
sign of her favor. He feared that he might
have forfeited her regard; but if she still
loved him, would she write a line in answer,
or send a message by the bearer, or meet
him at the stile in Lover's Lane at twilight
or, if this were inconvenient—send the humble
lover—would she set a light in a window of
the best room, which, being seldom used,
would signify to him that he would be welcome
at Brierly Farm?

And all this dated ten years ago! And
she had not written the line he asked for, not
sent the message, nor set the light in the
window, nor met him in the soft spring twi-
light at the stile in the Lover's Lane!

No wonder he had married Patty Pratt!
Peggy came near having a shock herself at
this revelation of the old brick oven, and it
was after twelve by the kitchen clock before
she came to her senses, and vaguely remem-
bered that she had been meaning to heat the
brick oven and bake the pandowdy. Was it
yesterday, or the day before?

Just then Uncle John came in to his din-
ner, and found the table not set, not a regis-
table on the fire, the tea-kettle dry, the must-
ard black as a coal, and the pandowdy wait-
ing for a baking! Had Peggy run away?
And then he stepped into the old kitchen,
and found her, with the yellow letter over it,
and upon her lap, her hands folded over it,
and her eyes staring hard at the oppo-
site wall. Peggy, Peggy, what's the matter,
child! he called twice before she heeded.
Then she was on her feet in a trice, rubbing
her eyes as if she had been dreaming.

I'm heating the brick oven for the pan-

dowdy, she answered, gathering her kindlings.
Didn't you know it's after twelve, Peggy?
he mildly suggested, picking up the letter
that had slipped to the floor.

What's this, eh?
It's mine give it to me, she cried.

It's nothing—only a scrap of old paper,
you see. It's my own. I found it in the
oven. Do give it to me. I have a right to
it, but Uncle John was already adjusting
his spectacles, conscious, in a sort of hazy
way, that something had troubled Peggy, and
that this yellow rag was the something, which
it was his duty to look into.

Nobody's going to eat it, chill! he said.
And you found it in the oven, eh? Pretty
place for a love-letter. I wonder it didn't
heat the oven without any kindlings or
other fuel. You didn't answer it, I reckon?

Answer it! I never laid eyes on it be-
fore to-day, said Peggy, with eyes that struck
fire.

It's been a good while on the road, eh?
April 23, 1863. Why, that's the same day
as Sophy had her shock! Ah! Oh! Humph!
And he married Patty Pratt! Ahem! Ain't
it most dinner-time, Peggy?

Dinner! Bless me yes. And there's the
pandowdy done to a crisp. No; what am I
talking about? It hasn't been the oven!
And Peggy was alert and busy in half a
minute.

Uncle John made no further reference to the
letter; but about a month later, when Peggy
sat knitting in the twilight, and wondering
what her twilights would have been like if
Aunt Brierly had not been so kind, somebody
opened the door, came to her side, and stooped
and kissed her on the brow.

Is it time to light the lamps, Uncle John
she asked.

Uncle John has brought about a great
illumination already, said a voice that seemed
an echo from the past, but which in reality
belonged to Matthew Royston himself. Uncle
John was so me all about that precious pan-
dowdy, and the brick oven, and a love-letter
that had been ten years on the way to you,
Peggy dear, we have been a long while making
up our quarrel. Shall we end it with a wed-
ding-ring?

And they did. But I think they owed it
all to the pandowdy!

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF CALIFORNIA.—A
pedagogue in Curlew, who was "had up" for
unmercifully wetting the back of a little girl,
justified his action by explaining that "she in-
sisted in fingering paper pellets at him when
his back was turned." That is no excuse.

The Town Crier once taught school up in the
mountains, and about every half hour had to
remove his coat and scrape off the dried paper
wads adhering to the nap. He never permit-
ted a trifle like this to unsettle his patience;
he just kept on wearing that gaudy until it
had no nap, and the wads would not stick.
But when they took to dipping them in mu-
cilage he made a complaint to the board of di-
rectors.

"Young man," said the Chairman, "if you
don't like our ways, you'd better sling your
blankets and git." Francis Mulford told stale
war for more'n six months, and he never said
a word again the wads.

The Town Crier briefly explained that Mr.
Mulford might have been brought up to paper
wads, and didn't mind them.

"It ain't no use," said another director, "the
children he got to be amused."

The Town Crier protested that there were
other amusements quite as diverting, but the
third director had a word and remarked:

"I perfectly agree with the Crier; this
younger better travel. I consider as paper
wads live at the root of poplar education;
ther a necessary adjunct of the school system.
Mr. Chairman, I move and second that this
your schoolmaster be shot."

"The Town Crier did not remain to observe
the result of voting.

A farmer's daughter recently married a
wealthy and respectable travelling agent,
on a short acquaintance. He has just left
with a note advising her not to fall in love
with strangers hereafter. That man evi-
dently had some solid ideas.

That fellow who went around last fall
predicting a mild and open winter, says his
prophecies would have come out all right if it
hadn't been for the new-fangled invention of
"atmospheric waves."

A gentleman addressing a passionate love-
letter to a lady in the same town added this
curious postscript:—"Please send a speedy
answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

A professional robber of hen-roots in
Ohio recently testified in court that he could
wing two chickens' necks with each hand at
the same time, and never permit a single
squawk to escape from the victims.

"A penny for your thoughts, mi-," said a
gentleman to a pert beauty. "They are not
worth a farthing, sir," she replied. "I was
thinking of you."