

The St. Andrews Standard.

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8 VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1866.

No 18

TO BE SOLD,
gain, if applied for immediately
disposed of by the 15th of April, the
face will be let and possession given
on the 1st. My next

THAT desirable House for
business next to the Record Of-
fice; has been newly shingled and is
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and
attached.

ALSO.
corner Town Lots, in good situations for
business purposes. Apply to subscriber,
if of payment, legal.

D. GREEN.

Resolution of Partnership.

ICE is hereby given, that the partnership
subsisting between James Moran and
A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of
St. Andrews, under the firm of James Moran & Son,
a day dissolved by mutual consent,
and the said James A. Moran, who is
bound to settle all debts due to and owing
said firm.

JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN,
St. George, September 10, 1865.

6. Almanacs 1866.

ILLIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and
Register for 1866, can be obtained singly
outs, or by the dozen for retail from
J. LOCHARY & SON,
Appl. of the old Farmers Almanac always
ready Nov. 30, 1865.

Rubber, Rubbers
AT THE
Albion House.

H. S. MAGEE,
Has received an assortment of
pens, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,

Rubber Overshoes.
Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice
or the present season, which with a le-
children and Ladies Boots,
SKELTON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
ENTER DRY GOODS,
sell CHEAP for Current Money
on Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS.
RECEIVED and now open for sale
at the very lowest prices:

ats, Bonnets,
and Ribbons.
AWLS, MANTILLAS,
FANCY DRESS GOODS
Grey and White Cottons,
Frey, Stripes, and Regattas
nts.
Slippers,
and CORSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
nens, Shirt-fronts,
pillars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
Lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.

ce of Summer Stock, duty expected
amer "Europe" and when received
sold at a very small advance on "st-
D. BRADLEY.

ies Seminary,
F. ANDREWS, N. B.

RENDALL will receive a limited
of young Ladies as boarders, in addition
to pupils.
of instruction comprises the
French, and Italian
Languages,
and Arithmetic, Geography, including
of the Globes; Astronomy, History,
and Singing, plain and ornamental Needle
work, Italian, Music, and Singing classes
to ladies who desire to pursue any of
these studies exclusively.
constant attention is paid to the comfort
and religious instruction, and person-
als of the pupils.

TERMS:
and Tuition, including all the branches
Italian, £50 per annum.
DAY PUPILS.
ish, 25 0 0 per ann.
e, including French, 8 0 0
c, 8 0 0
for season 0 5 0

FOR SALE.
Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-
garments for Boys & Girls
s Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.
atern can be used with ease.
JAS. McKINNEY.

Poetry.

ON LIFE'S RING.

BY HATTIE TING.

I was floating, floating, floating,
Dreamily upon the bay
Of calm waters—and life's burden
Like soft hands upon my lay.
All around were lotus blossoms,
Swayed by every passing gale,
And cool winds from woods of balsam
Filled each broad and airy sail.
I sat forth in calm airy sail,
My soul's pinnace was float,
Idling, idling near life's breakers—
Foolish helpless little boat.

Till a coming storm aroused me,
With its frantic rush and roar,
And I found the rudder useless
Which I'd toyed with heretofore.
But when close the storm howling,
I sent forth the imploring cry
To the Head of all earth's naives,
"Help! Great Captain or Lillie!"
And at once the heaven Pilot
Came aboard my trembling bark,
And, though all around was darkness,
Safe y' steered my little ark.

Steered from out those stagnant waters,
Into life's great roaring tide—
Gave helm, and chart, and compass,
That I might in safety ride,
And now I sail sailing sailing,
O'er Time's wide and changing sea,
With brave bands of earnest workers,
Seeking Truth's wharves to be.
And I find 'tis far more blessed
Than to breast life's swelling tide,
Than to drift upon those waters
Where whole hosts have dreamed and died.

Miscellany.

A HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Wilkins, how much can you make at your
business?" blurted out the old captain, with-
out seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on job-
work, sir; and as soon as I get my hand in
I can easily make from twelve to fourteen dol-
lars a week."

"And how much will it take to support your
family?"

"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily
get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about four
hundred dollars a year?"

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Captain Walker gazed
into the face of his visitor, and then he asked:

"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart I have, but
one of my errands here is to get you to write
me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and
children."

Captain Walker sat down to his table, and
wrote out the required pledge, and then, in a
trembling, but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins
signed it.

Wilkins said the old man, as he took his
visitor by the hand, I have watched your con-
science, and weighed your words, I know
you speak the truth. When I bought the cot-
tage from your creditors six years ago, I paid
them one thousand dollars for it. It has not
been harmed, and is as good as it was then.

"Most of the time I have received good rent for
it. Now, as you shall have it for just what
I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me
such a sum as you can conveniently spare, till
it is all paid. I will ask you for no rent, nor
a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of
the estate, and in return I will take but a
single note and mortgage upon which you can
have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man
for his kindness, but he only sank back into
his chair and wept like a child; and while he
sat with his face buried in his hands, the old
man slipped from the room. And when at
length he returned, he bore in his hand a neat-
ly covered basket.

Come, come, the captain exclaimed, cheer
up, my friend. Here are some tidbits for your
wife and children—take them home, and be-
lieve me, Wilkins, if you feel half as happy in
my favor as I do in bestowing it, you
will be happy to need it!

"Oh, God! God!" exclaimed the man, and
exclaimed the kindness, "I die on the in-
stant!"

Stick to the pledge, Wilkins, and I will
take care of the rest, said the old captain.
his friend, as he took the basket. If you have
time to-morrow, call on me, and I will arrange
the papers.

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the
streets his tread was light and easy. A bright
light of joyousness shone in every feature, and
as he wended his way homeward, he felt, in
every avenue of his soul, that he was once
more a man.

The gloomy shades that ushered in the night
of the 31st of December had fallen over the
snow-clad earth. Within the miserable dwell-
ing of Mrs. Wilkins, there was more of com-
fort than we found when we first visited her,
but yet nothing had been added to the furni-
ture of the place. For the last six days her
husband came home every evening, and went
away before daylight every morning; and, dur-
ing that time, she knew that he had not drank
any intoxicating beverage, for already his face
had begun to assume the stamp of his former
manhood, and every word that he had spoken
had been kind and affectionate. To his child-
ren he had brought new shoes and warm
clothing, and to herself he had given such
things as she stood in immediate need of; but
with all this, he had been taciturn and
thoughtful, showing a dislike to all questions,
and only speaking such words as were neces-
sary. The poor, devoted wife began
to hope. And why should she not? For
six years her husband had not been thus be-
fore. One week before she had dreaded his
approach; but now she found herself waiting
for him with all the anxiety of a former year.
Should all this be broken: should this new
charm be swept away? Eight o'clock came,
and so did nine and ten, and yet her husband
came not!

Mother, said little Charles, just as the clock
struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a
dreamy slumber, isn't this the last night of the
old year?

Yes, my son.

And do you know what I've been dream-
ing, dear mother? I dream that father had
brought us a New Year's present, just the
same as he used to. But he won't, will he?

No, my dear, we shall have no other pre-
sents than food; and even for that we must
thank dear father. There, lay your head in
my lap again.

The boy laid his curly head once more in
his mother's lap, and with fearful eyes she
gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife
was on her feet, watch! But hardly had
the sound of the last stroke died away, ere the
snow-crust gave back the sound of a foot-fall,
and in a moment more her husband entered.
With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to
his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her
heart, as she saw that all was open and bold—
only those manly features looked more joyous,
more proud than ever.

Lizzie, said he, in mild, kind accents, I am
late to-night, but business had detained me
and now I have a favor to ask of you.

Name't, dear Thomas, and you shall not
ask a second time, cried the wife, as she laid
her hand confidently upon her husband's arm.
And you, will ask me no questions? con-
tinued Wilkins.

No, I will not.

Then continued the husband, as he bent
over, and imprinted a kiss upon upon his wife's
brow, I want you to dress our children for a
walk, and you shall accompany us. The
night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is
well trodden—

But—

Ah, no questions! Remember your prom-
ise.

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what all this meant,
nor did she think or care; for any thing which
could please her husband she would have done
with pleasure even though it had wrenched her
very heartstrings. In a short time the two
children were ready; and Mrs. Wilkins put
on such articles of dress as she could command
and soon they were in the road. The moon
shone brightly, the stars peeped down upon
the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the
travellers from out their twinkling eyes of
light. Silently Wilkins led his way, and si-
lently his wife and children followed. Several
times the wife gazed up into the face of her
husband; but from the strange expression
that rested there, she could make out nothing
that tended to satisfy her.

At length a sudden turn in the road brought
them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage
where, years before they had been so happy.
They approached the spot. The snow in the
front yard had been shoveled away, and a path
led up the piazza. Wilkins opened the door,
his wife, trembling followed, and whence she
knew not, then her husband opened the door,
and in the entry met the smiling face of Cap-
tain Walker, who ushered them into the par-
lor where a warm fire glowed in the grate,
and where everything looked neat and com-
fortable. Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze upon
the old man, and then upon her husband—
Surely, in that greeting between the poor man
and the rich, there was none of that constraint
which would have been expected. They met
rather as friends and neighbors. What could
it mean?

Mark! the clock strikes twelve! The old
year is gone; a new, bright-winged circle is

about to commence its flight over the earth.

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife
within his own, and then drawing from his
bosom a paper, he placed it in her hand, re-
marking as he did so:

Lizzie this is your husband's present for the
new year.

The wife took the paper and opened it—
She realized its contents at a glance, but she
could not read it word for word, for the stream-
ing tears of a wild, frantic joy would not let her.
With a quick, nervous movement she placed
the priceless pledge next her bosom, and then,
with a low murmur, like the gentle whisper-
ing of some Heaven-borne angel, she fell, half
fainting into her husband's arms.

Look up, look up, my own dear wife, uttered
the redeemed man, look up and smile upon
your husband and you, too, my children, gather
about your father—for a husband and a
father henceforth I will ever be. Look up,
my wife. There—now, Lizzie, feel proud of
me, for we stand within our own house! Yes,
this cottage is once more our own, and nothing
but death shall take us hence. Our good, kind
friend here will explain it all; O, Lizzie, if
there be happiness on earth shall henceforth
be ours! Let the past be forgotten, and with
this, the dawning of the new year, let us com-
mence to live in the future.

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their
knees, clasped in each other's arms, and cling-
ing joyfully to them, knelt their conscious hap-
py children. A prayer from the husband's lips
wended its way to the Throne of Grace; and
with the tears, trickling down his aged face, old
Captain Walker responded a heart-felt "Amen."

Five years have passed since that happy
moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his
pretty cottage from all incumbrances, and a
happier or more respected family does not ex-
ist. And Lizzie, that gentle, confiding wife, as
she takes that simple paper from the drawer,
and gazes again and again on the magic pledge
it bears, weeps tears of joy anew. Were all
the wealth of the Indies poured out in one
glittering blinding pile at her feet, and all the
honors of the world added thereto, she would
not, for the whole countless sum, give in ex-
change one single word from that pledge which
constituted her husband's present.

A Thousand Dollar Bill.

Away back in the State of New York lived
a Dutch farmer, well to do in the world, who
always kept around him a thousand dol-
lar bill. With this in his pocket and a shabby
coat on his back, he prides himself on playing
tricks with strangers—particularly such coun-
try merchants as had recently commenced
business in the neighborhood, and were not
acquainted with his pecuniary circumstances.

As instance of this kind, he went lately to a
merchant, with his clothes all in rags, his toes
sticking out through his shoes, his hat without
a crown, and he heard a fortnight old, and
ordered a few dollars' worth of goods. The
merchant stared at him; but as there was no
hazard in laying out the articles for him, none
of which were to be cut, he executed the com-
mand. When the goods were ready, the mer-
chant stared still more to hear his scurvy-look-
ing customer ask him to charge them.

Charge them! exclaimed the man of mer-
chandise; but his clothes all in rags, his toes
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ders a small thousand dollar bill will work in a
man's gait opinion! So you'll drust me now,
will you?

Certainly, certainly, sir.

No, I'll be vip't if you do—if so be, sup-
posin' I can find siller enough in mine pocket
to buy you. As he said this, he hauled out an
old stocking, full of dollars, paid for the goods,
and giving another heavy law I haw I haw!

At the astonishment and sudden change of
opinion of the merchant, he departed.

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

The lucky miner hastens down to Victoria
or San Francisco, and sows his gold broadcast.
No luxury is too costly for him; no extrava-
gance too great for the magnitude of his ideas.
His love of display leads him into a thousand
folies, and he proclaims his disregard for
money by numberless eccentricities. One man
who at the end of the season, found himself of
\$30,000 or \$40,000, having filled his pocket
with twenty dollar gold pieces, on his arrival
at Victoria proceeded to a 'bar room' and treat-
ed 'the crowd' to champagne. The company
present being unable to consume all the bar-
keeper's stock, assistance was obtained from
without, and the passers-by compelled to come
in. Still the supply held out, and not another
drink could any one swallow. In this emer-
gency the ingenious giver of the treat ordered
every glass belonging to the establishment to
be brought out and filled. Then raising his
stick, with one fell swoop he knocked the army
of glasses off the counter. One hamper of
champagne, however yet remained, and de-
termined not to be beaten, he ordered it to be
opened and placed upon the floor, and jumped
in stamped the bottles to pieces with his heavy
boots severely cutting his shins, it is said, in
the operation. But, although the champagne
was at last finished, he had a handful of gold
pieces to dispose of, and walking up to a large
mirror, worth several hundred hundred dollars,
which adorned one end of the room, dashed a
shower of heavy coins against it and shivered
it to pieces. The hero of this story returned
to the mines the following spring without a
cent, and was working as a common laborer at
the time of our visit. A freak of one of the
most successful Californians may be appended
as a companion of the story just related.

When in the height of his glory he was in
the habit of substituting champagne bottles
full ones, too—for the wooden pins in the
bowling alley, smashing batch after batch with
infinite satisfaction to himself, amid the ap-
plause of his companions and the 'bar-keeper.'

ANECDOTE OF THE "APOSTLE OF THE NORTH."

The Rev. J. Kennedy of Dingwall, in his
"Life and Labours of the Rev. Doctor McDon-
ald," gives the following anecdote of the "High-
land Apostle." While crossing Kosook fer-
ry with the ministry of Eileanan, among their
fellow-passengers was a drunken exciseman
at whose feet a dog was lying. The ganger
observing the ministers, raised the dog, and
holding it on his arms went up to Mr. Ken-
nedy and said, "Will you christen this child?"

Mr. Kennedy, horrified, at once ordered him
away. He then presented the dog to Mr.
McDonald, who immediately rose up and said,
"Do you acknowledge yourself the father of
whom you now represent for baptism?" The
exciseman, drunk as he was, saw that he was
caught in his own snare. Looking wildly at
the ministers, he flung the dog into the sea,
and skulked back to his seat amidst the jeers
of all who were on board.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"Tell me, my dear
what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such disgrace! I have opened one of
your letters, supposing it to be addressed to
myself. Certainly it looked more like 'Mrs.
than Mr.'"

Is that all? What harm can their be in
a wife's opening her husband's letters?"