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Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DEC. 11, 1867.

No 50

Hoetry.

HE JUST AND PEAR NOT.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence, And trim their words for pay ; In pleasant sunshine of pretence Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact ; though clouds of night Down on thy watch tower stoop; Tho' thou shouldst see thy heart's delight

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem In shelter to abide, We were not made to sit and dream; The safe must first be tried.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam, Set not the bushel down; The smallest spark may send his beam O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe, wee to him on safty bent, Who creeps from age to youth, Failing to grasp his life's intent, Because he fears the truth.

And, as thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought

Entercsting Cale.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the east-I that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, was a piece of canvas glowing with soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it palette in hand, his large brown eyes

dreamily filled with a sort of inspiration.

In a comtertable easy chair by the door, sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace cap with plenty of white satin ribon fluttering from it, and a silver grey popin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement, "to see how Frank was guiting along."

way that sunset light touches the topmast branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown subdued gold at that, it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair.

Frank laughed good humoredly.
Well, mother, she is pretty enough.
Yes, I don't deny she is pretty enough.

pleasantly. What have you discovered about Miss Teller that isn't charming and womanly

Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pre ty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like nsense, said Mrs. Seymour, sharply.

Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.

Mother, I think one day she will be my

Frank! Frank! you are crazy!

Not that I know of, and Mr. Seymour, composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his palette from a dainty tin tube, and mixing for a wirl who is in no respect equal to you. thoughtfully.
We know so little about her, thought Mrs.

Seymour. To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good is mily, if she does live in half a house, and takes in linen-tembroidery for a living. But then, she has no style compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia did always fancy our Frank.

Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand despairing.

Note that the delening check and sparkling eve, but in every respect my superior. Grace Passengers Teller is one of the loveliest women that over breathed this terrestrial air, as well as the most beautiful. Mother I love her, and she has beautiful. Mother I love her, and she has five or six thousand despairing.

Totals Solvent State of the control of the loveliest women that over breathed this terrestrial air, as well as the most beautiful. Mother I love her, and she has five or six thousand despairing. dollars of her own. But, dear me! a young ton an in love is the most headstrong creature trank, Frank, I never thought to see my

then put on her mouse colored silk bonnet and gray shawl, and set out on a tour of investiga-

the reason why, thought the indefatigable wi-

Mary Elton on an elaborate piece of embroid-ery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carputed with the cheapest ingrain and cartained with very ordinary punk and white chintz, yet it looked anug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet-blossomed panning cave a delivate and velvetblossomed pansies gave a delicate refinement to the details of every day life.

pretty, though there was tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been different under different circum-tances. Grace Teller was a lively blond, with large blue eyes, rose leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold tell over her forebead like an aureola.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade eye of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheeks,

no harm in earning one's living in an shonest way, returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was she was thinking in her inmost mind.

It's very preity; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a great many similated between Miss Teller and your pictures.

Frank laughed good humorediv.

Mary came over to Grace's side and stopped to kiss her check. I should be quite lost with Grace, said Frank gra

tione? demanded the young artist,
What have you discovered about

to remove shawl or bonnet, who do you suppose your paragon of a Mis-Teller is? The loveliest of her sex. returned Frank,

the top of her lungs. a factory girl!
Well, what of that? Frank Seymour, you never

to say to common factory girl?

I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl, mother, said the young man, with

for a girl who is in no respect equal to you.

No, she is in no respects my equal, returned Frank, with red-lening cheek and sparkling eye, but in every respect my superior. Grace Passengers

Grace Teller had been crying; the dew was yet on her eyelashes, and the unnatural crimson on her elsecks, as Frank Seymour and paper, has a powerful effect in drawing came in and Mary Elton considerately slipped custom.

out to search for a missing pattern.

I should rather think so, said Frank, booking admiringly down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies.

my little Grace has consented to make sun-

ed Mrs. Randall with some surprise.

Quite well, in fat, I have had the manage.

On the third night of the storm the snow

to remove shawl or bonnet, who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?

The loreliest of her sex. returned Frank price to loave the heiress behind, and be plain for a Miss Teller is?

The loreliest of her sex. returned Frank price to loave the heiress behind, and be plain for a Miss Teller is?

The loreliest of her sex. returned Frank price to loave the heiress behind, and be plain for a Miss Teller is?

The loreliest of her sex. returned Frank price to loave the heiress behind, and be plain for the total price to loave the heiress behind, and be plain for the top of her longs, a factory girl?

Well, what of that?

What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to say to common factory girl?

I should pronounce her a very uncommon to say that 1 tell you that 1 owed my daily bread to the factory?

I should remove the heiress behind, and be plain for a while, and when I saw how one to loave the heiress behind, and be plain for the saw how on the saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willulness rose up within me, and I ry-solved I would maintain my incomposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willulness rose up within me, and I ry-solved I would maintain my incomposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willulness rose up within me, and I ry-solved I would maintain my incomposite the tribute of the saw how on the saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willulness rose up within me, and I ry-solved I would maintain my incomposite the tribute of the saw how on the

life was at a loss for an answer.

Month ending Corresponding Nov. 30, '67 M'th last year 5.821 07

Totals . \$15.465.53 Increase \$535.03.

Good.-Why don't you trade with me

Frank, Frank, I never thought to see my son marry a factory Girl.

And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on quietly touching up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the picture.

So you are determined to marry me, Frank in spite of everything?

GOOD.—Why don't you trade with me? said a close fisted trade-man to a friend one day. The reply was characteristic:

You have never asked me, sir. I have looked through an the papers for an invitation in the shape of an advertisement, and found none. I never go where I am not invited. Those who consider they do not require to advertise, don't need custom, they

Two young ladies holding converse over a

But your mother thinks me far below (you "Fit? Yes; as if I'd been melted and pour in social position."

I wish no higher social position, as long as SIXTY FEET UNDER THE SNOW. of sno w, which I could not expect to see remove d for three or four months!

In the fa'l of 1837 I vo'unteered to remain premises with smoke, bad enough to blind one alone on the coast of Labrador all the winter, and then my stock of water would soon be ex-In the fa'l of 1837 I vo'unteered to remain but otherwise she was calm and self possessed, afraid you'll make a dreadfully strong-willed, because there was a good deal of stuff of one and readily parried the old lady's interroga- obstinate sort of a busband.

was on the programme.

Miss Grace! You here? Why when did you come from Factoryville?

You are acquainted with Miss Teller? ask

That in case the well were covered up, I should remained all summer.

The not hesitate to confess, went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eye, that to the calico factory I owe my bread.

Very laudable, I'm sure, said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the blue clear.

And the manage came down thicker and factor than ever, the wind increasing to the northeast—a pertect extensive calico factories from which our vill-pricane. I got in a good supply of water, piled a roaring fire, and sat down to listen to the low line, wind to great my harks greater than ever, the wind increasing to the northeast—a pertect hurricane. I got in a good supply of water, piled a roaring fire, and sat down to listen to age takes its name.

D ar me! ex-mi-med Mrs. Seymour, turning the howling wind, to read my books, smoke attree case. D ar melex-mined Mrs. Seymour, turning pale, and sitting down upon a divan near her. Why, they say the heires of the old gentieman who owned the Factoryville property is the frictest girl in the country.

Grace, said Frank gravely, and almost sternly, what does the mean?

Lant help owning the calico factories. Frank. ternly, what does this mean?
I and help owning the calico fectories, Frank.
Don't you love just as well as if I didn't?
The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm
My hitle deceiver! But why did you not sider that the same God who was watering loved ones at home, was also present in my

> sparks up my chimney, and then howd down, "will you please to go to the other side; this fe was at a loss for an answer.
>
> And poor Mrs. Seymour for once in her fe was at a loss for an answer.
>
> And poor Mrs. Seymour for once in her into my house. Then again the gale would the formula of the side; this into my house. Then again the gale would the formula of the side; this into my house. moan and whine, like some one in pain, or a dentist: "Tis the after nost grider aloft EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAIL- pant and shrick, as if some poor creature were perishing in the drifts; then would com: a on the starboard quarter.

At length the sounds grew gradually fainter and fainter; the wind seemed to be dying away until at last all was as still and silect as the grave, except it may be, a low, muffled growl, very, very far off.

I dropped to sleep. How long I slept I know not, but when I woke all was dark, and my fire was nearly out. I jumped up, laid some splits on the ashes, but there was not draft enough to kindle them, and the room was distributed to see droves of rats pass across the walk before him. Wherever he went he saw rats great fat fellows with nimble feet and bright eyes. draft enough to kindle them, and the room was Strange to say although he had a cane he full of smoke. When I opened the door I did not strike at the 'pets' that gave him so full of smoke. When I opened the found one solid wall of snow filing up the much annoyance.

This however, was no more than Finally he took a friend by the arm, and, form an arch over it. Can it be possible, thought I, that k am buried alive beneath the

Taking my shovel, I dog into the white mass that blocked my door; but after excavating some five or six feet, no daylight appeared It was evident that the tilt was many feet beeath the surface; being situated at the foot of the hill, which rose some sixty or seventy feet in the rear, I came to the conclusion that from the brow of the hill out to perhaps the that I had the deliriums. You have taken a well or even beyond, was all one solid block weight from my mind.

To dig my way out would be difficult, if Yes, but, Frank—
Well, but, Grace!
Do you really love me?
For the answer he took both the fair deliscate hands in his, and looked steadily into her brador:

In one of the interesting series of hapers on Terra Nova, or Coast Life in New of all land; which appears to the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering of the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering on the interesting series of hapers on the suppossible, and certainly somewhat dangering on the interesting series of hapers of hapers on the supposition of the interesting series of hapers of hapers on the supposition of the interesting series of hapers on the supposition of the interesting series of hapers of hapers on the supposition of the interesting series of hapers of haper

but otherwise she was calm and self possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

Very warm this morning, said the old lady, fanning herself. Do they have warm weather where you come from Miss Teller?

I believe it's very sultry in Factoryville, said Grace, composedly, taking another needle ful of white silk.

Factoryville! is that your native place?

Perhaps then you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who is superintendent of this Parker's father—who is superintendent of the parker's fat

Miscellanu.

A WESTERN RAT STORY .- The Cairo De. mocrat is responsible for the fallowing lively story, with a natural Western denouncement:

If there was one person for every two rats

I expected Going back to my fire place I finally he took a friend by the arm, and, looked up the flue, and the snow seemed to walking aside with him, in a very mysterious

Have you seen rats on the side walk this Thousands of them, said the frien l. The stranger's face brightened in and in-

I'ts all fright, said he, you see the truth is I have been drinking like a fish, lately, and when I saw so many rats I was fearful.