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SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 10, 1872

Poetry.

AUTUMN EVENINGS. If we could live as we have lived ; If time had left no stain ; If we could dream the holy dream

Of childhood's days again ; If once again we rushed to cull The wild flowers joyously ; How sweet, and bright, and beautiful, These autumn eves would be

Oh ! blessed blessed be the hours, Although they linger not, When pure and sinless hearts whre in By mount, and stream, and grot {

When reckless in the moonshine cod We bounded joyously ; How sweet, and bright, and beautiful,

Those ev'nings used to be !

Enteresting Cale.

THE SCENE PAINTER'S WIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I won't take your answer now," he said very seriously. "I shall wait for you at the ddof to night You can't mean to break my heart, Caro line ; the answer must be yes." She broke away from him hurriedly. "Hark,

abe said, "there's the evertitre ; and in half an hour I must be upon the stage.' I passed the captain in the dark passage, and : few paces farther on plassed some one else whose

face I could not see, but whose short hurried breathing sounded like that of a person who had

The performances with the figer. Captain Jocelyn was in his usual place, with a bourguet in his hand. It was New-Year's night, and the house was very full. I had been looking all routh fff some time, when I was startled by the sight of a face in the pit. It was Joseph Waylie's face, soly pale and fixed as death -a face that meant mischief. "The mak heard sounching against bis wite." I

pit. It was Joseph Wayne & lace, ashy pale and yonder.— Is that you, Ars. Wayne ? A bad busi-fixed as death — a face that meant mischief. "file has heard something againse this wife," I thought. "I'll run round to him directly I can get out of the ring, and make matters square. Some confounded scandal-monger has got hold of him, and has been poisoning his mind about Caroline of the rest. "I'll run round to him directly I can get till the room was clear of all but me. They think I deserve this, Waters, she said, hifting her white face from the dead man's shoulder, and has been poisoning his mind about Caroline lifting her white face from the dead man's she and the captain." I knew there had been a good where she had hidden it ; but I meant no deal of talk in the theatre about the two-talk Give me the letter.

deal of talk in the theare about the two takes which I had done my best to put down. Captain Joselyn threw his bouquet, which was received with a conjustish smile and a bright up-ward glance that seemed to express profound deight. I know that that was more stage-play; but how must it have fooked to the joalous man, glar-ing with fixed eyes from his place at the back of the pit! I turned to look at him as the curtain

about Joe," she said to me. "I don't think it for my frivolity ; but Joe didn't deserve such a could have been him you still fit the pit last night." "I saw him as surely as I see you at this mo-ment, my dear," I answered. "There's no posfate. I know it was thelt malielous talk that did the mischief" sibility of a mistake. Joe came back last night and Joe was in the pit while you were on

the tiger." This time she looked really frightened. She put her hand to her heart suddenly, and began "Why didn't he come home to me ?" she cried.

"and where did he hide himself last night ?" "I'm afraid he must have gone out upon the drink, my dear." "Joe never drinks," she answered. While she stood looking at me with that pale cared face, one of our young men came running

towards us, You're wanted, Waters, he said shortly.

Where ? Upstairs in the painting-room Joe's room ! cried Caroline. Then he has c

ck. I'll go with you. She was following me as I crossed out the young man tried to stop her. You'd better not come just yet, Mrs. Waylie

he said in a burried way that was strange to hum It's only Waters that's wanted on a matter of And then, as Caroline followed clo

apon us, he took hold of my arm and whispered "Don't let her come." I tried to keep her back, but it was no use. know it's my husband who wants jott, she id. They've been making mischief about the

I ou shan't keep me away from bim We were on the fidrrow stairs leading ainting-room by this time. I couldn't keep Caro

fine off. She pushed past both of us, and finto the room before we could stop her.

You'd better wait a bit, my dear, I said. No, no ; give it to me at once, please.

I gave her the letter. It was very sho scene-painter had come back to the time to hear some portion of that interview tween Captain Jocelyn and his wife He evi-dently had believed her much more guilty than W35.

the mischief." I faircied after this that her looks changed for the worse, and that she had a kind of nervous way in going through her equestrian performances as if there was a fever upon her. I couldn't judge vo well how she went through the tiger act, as I was never on the stage with her, but the brute with its pretty girls and pincushions, was be eemed as submissive as ever. On the last day of neath the contempt of sven ex. Mavors of Ge-he year she asked our manager to let her off for nerals, much less an Imperial Hightess. The the year she asked our manager to let her off

the year she asked our manager to let her on for horn, the said light way her her and the next night. "It's the anniversary of my hus light to the Fair, firied with the prettiest

the next night. "It is the animitersary of the president of the fair, first with the pressure of the president of the sector of

She begged him very hard to let us on New-was no use. There was no rehearsal on New-to their misapprehension of the mark the only m Year's morning, and she went to the little cetter tery where Joe was buried, a three mile's walk in the cold and rain. In the evening, when she came to the wing her eyes were brighter than usual, and she shivered a good deal, more than I liked to 266: I think I must have caught cold in the cemetery I think I must have caught cold in the cemetery

This made her angry, and she used her light whip more freely than usual. One of the tiger's concluding tricks was a leap through a garland of flowers which Gird. The trick for this division into castes of the "so", line held for him. Ste was kneeling if the centre of the stage with this garland in her hands, realy for the animat's spring, when her eyes wandered to the front of the bouse, and the rans outstretched wildly. Whether the subg but to thought that she was going to trick hom or not, I don't know; but he sprang savagely at her as she rose, and in the maxing savagely at her as she rose, and in the maxing trick hom she stage with a dozen others, and the autienes, but not before he high torus Carlies' clerk and shoulder with his claws. She was insensible when we carried her fight of the remounter with the tigger there of the stage with a dozen others, and the autienes, but not before he had, torus Carlies' clerk and shoulder with his claws. She was insensible when we carried her fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tigger ave her that look, I suid; I don't much woon The fight of her encounter with the tig

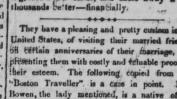
mbling dens in male attire, the other evening, took a few cards, and came away a few thousands better-finaptially.

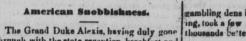
They have a pleasing and pretty cu United States, of visiting their married friends, 5H tertain anniversaries of their marriage, and offisienting them with costly and taluable proofs of beir esteem. The following capied from the "Boston Traveller" is a case in point. Mrs. Bowen, the lady mentioned, is a native of St. Andrews, and a daughter of the late Mr. Willard :-

Hoston Highlands.

SILVER WEDDING .- The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of 11. W. Bowen, Eag and wife, was celebrated last evening in a their friends (whose name is legion) gathered in the vestry of the Winthrop street M. E. Church armed with sundry silver and other missiles, prepared to surprise and over the worthy couple as soon a decoyed within the walls. on as they sh First in came host of artisans from the celebrated or gen factory of Messrs E. & G. G. Hoster Hastings, of which Mr. Bowen is the esterate liked to fée:
I think I must have caught cold in the cemetry to day, she said to me when I noticed this. I wish I could have kept this night sacred—this one fight—to my husbands memory. He has been in my mind so much to day.
She went on, and I stood at the wing watching her. The audience applauded vociferonsly, but she did not make her accustomed courtey ; and while we display our shups and shops and schools as to alter our once to alter aur manoers, dress and meals her about her work in a liales way that was to when we conceive to be the usage of good states and the work in a liales way that was bud ker work in a liales way that was and at a good about half-way through her tricks with had got about half-way through her tricks with had got about half-way through her tricks with a day of about half-way through her tricks with a day of about half-way through her tricks with a got about half-way through her tricks with a got about half-way through her tricks with a day through her tricks with a got about half-way thr superintendent. These brought with the valuable silver tea set of rare workman

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