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Andrews.  
respectfully announces to the  
St. Andrews and vicinity,  
ENDED A STORE at the  
where he will keep for  
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LUMBER YARD, from which  
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W. B. MORRIS  
st. 4, 1871.

## MAILS.

all arrangements at the Post  
draws, as follows:  
ARRIVE.

West, daily by train, Sunday  
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# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

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[£2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 32

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 7, 1872.

Vol 39

**BANK OF**  
**British North America.**  
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JAS. S. LOCKIE,  
MANAGER, St. Stephen.

## Poetry.

JIMMY.

Jimmy and I are fellows for play!  
Never tired of it, rain or shine.  
Jimmy was six the last birthday,  
While I was only—sixty-nine!

So little Master Commonsense  
Gives himself superior airs,  
Guiding my inexperience  
By the wisdom under his own white hairs.

Sometimes it happens the hoary sage—  
Over-anxious for Number One—  
Turns to account my tender age,  
And I am most atrociously "done."

No matter how it may chance to be,  
Jimmy's argument never fails:  
The copper is always wrong for me,  
And Jimmy is winner, heads or tails.

Well, I have lived to be boy and man,  
Dad and grandad, yet, I vow,  
Never was I in my threescore and ten  
Half so sharp as Jimmy is now!

And really the question bothers me,  
As I stop in my play to look at him—  
What will the Twentieth Century be,  
If the Nineteenth's youngsters are all like  
Jim!

—[Harper's Magazine.

## Interesting Tale.

THE RECTOR OF RIVINGTON.  
BY ELSIE B. CHESBORO.

The Rector of Rivington sat in his study. He was a venerable-looking man, on whose pale face some deep sorrow had left its trace. As he sat leaning thoughtfully back in his chair, his dark eyes fixed on the glowing clock in the grate, his countenance wore a troubled, anxious expression.

He was not alone; his daughter, a girl of eighteen, was with him, and her face, too, was clouded by sadness. As she tossed back her bright curls, and raised her eyes lovingly and trustingly to her father, who had so tenderly supplied her mother's place, proving that men, too, have a deep fount of tenderness in their nature, which at times can even be maternal; the parent's heart smote him for the pain he was inflicting.

But the rector of Rivington never paused when he had a duty to perform; however painful that duty was, he walked up unflinchingly to it, even as the brave soldier walks up unflinchingly to the cannon's mouth. Turning his sad eyes on his daughter, he said,

"My child, you know that your happiness is as dear, even dearer to me than my life, and I cannot willingly consent to your throwing it away."

"Yes, father," she said, while the tears gathered in her eyes, and fell slowly down in great drops on her lap. "I know how tenderly you love me, and how you have been father, mother, nurse, and friend to me, throwing only sunshine around my way, and shielding me from every sorrow, and—"

"Yes, my child," interrupted the rector, with emotion, "and will continue to do so, if you will only permit me. My child, my child, I cannot stand quietly by and see you throw the jewel happiness away, and not put forth my hands to stay you, my voice to implore you."

His tones were full of emotion, while his frame trembled with the intensity of his feelings.

"My child," he continued, "if ever a parent's heart is stirred to its deepest depths, it is when he sees the daughter he has tenderly nurtured link her fate with that of a drunkard. I cannot stand by and see this sacrifice without crying out, 'My

God, my God, give me the strength to bar out from my home this terrible evil; give me the power to shield and to save my child from this gigantic misery—a misery so deep that no plummet can sound its depths—its fearful depths."

Alice Carington's face grew deadly pale as her father spoke, and she cried out in tones of agony, "O father, spare me all this; I have not the strength to send from me the only man I love save my father. It is a dreary thing, dear father, for a woman to tear out from her heart the love of her girlhood and her womanhood, and to walk forevermore alone. How can my lips ever say to the man I love, 'Go, I cannot marry you.'"

My child, you must. I love him, father. Tear your love out of your heart, before it rends your heart, he said, bitterly.

O, father, she moaned.

Better that, my child, than hug an affection which can bring you only sorrow—a grief whose talon claws will rend apart your very body and soul. Alice, you know not what it is to be a drunkard's wife.

I will reform him after we are married, she said, eagerly.

Reform him first, and marry him afterwards, my daughter; but a woman sally overrates her strength when she marries a drunkard to reform him.

George Granville loves me, father; and you know where there is love on the husband's part, there is influence on that of the wife.

The rector shook his head sadly, and replied,

My child, where the vices of men are confirmed, women can possess very little influence over them. I know that your sensitive heart shrinks back at the idea of being a drunkard's wife; with your ignorance of men, you think that love can accomplish miracles with them, and that the drunken lover will prove a sober husband. Ah, my child, many a poor, foolish woman has wrecked her hopes of happiness on just such a fallacy as this.

The tears that had been slowly falling from the girl's eyes, now came down in torrents. She laid her head on the table beside her, and sobbed passionately. Her father was prepared to see her grieve, but he did not anticipate so wild a storm of grief as this. He knew that his child loved, with all the ardor of her affectionate nature, the man who had sought her in marriage; but one terrible falling overshadowed these qualities; he was a drunkard. He could plunge a woman into misery, but he could add nothing to her happiness.

And while the girl wept, the rector of Rivington sat with his eyes fixed upon her. He knew that he could give her no comfort; he might even seem, in her eyes, like the cruel destroyer of her peace; but with the bitter remembrance of the past still gnawing at his heart, he felt that he had a stern duty to perform; and with the help of his heavenly Father, he would do it.

He waited until her passionate grief had spent itself; then he approached her, and parting aside her curls, kissed her lovingly on her wet cheek. He drew her to a chair near him, and said, with deep emotion thrilling in his tones,

"My child, let me tell you the history of a man's life and a woman's death, and then answer me, if I do any wrong in crying out from the very depths of my heart, 'My Father in heaven, save my child, my precious child, from the doom of the drunkard's wife.'"

Alice Carington looked with wondering eyes at her father; she had never seen him so deeply moved, and there was a tone of agonized passion in his voice that told of some hidden woe.

The rector of Rivington leaned back in his arm-chair, and closed his eyes for a moment, as if looking inwardly. His face was pale, and it evidently cost him a painful effort to unearth the sad story that had been buried so long. At length opening his eyes and fixing them on the fire with that peculiar gaze which we sometimes see in the eyes of those who are exploring the dim recesses of the past, the rector commenced, in low, earnest tones, his story, while his daughter fixed her mournful eyes on her father as he thus spoke:

Clarence Medway was the son of an English gentleman, a man of wealth, culture and refinement. He gave his children every advantage which money could bestow, and his daughters and sons, with one exception, grew up all that the most loving parents could wish. But this one, this boy Clarence, was a wild dissipated fellow, plunging into shameful excesses, and wasting the precious hours of youth in the haunts of folly and the houses of crime. He gave his parents many an anxious hour, as such boys always do; fortunate, most fortunate was it for them that they slept the quiet sleep of the grave before this boy, dishonored and degraded, brought untold misery to the hearts that loved him.

The rector's voice trembled with emotion, but recovering himself, he continued:

This boy tenderly beloved by his parents, and

who had been so carefully reared, grew from bad to worse; and when he reached reached man's estate, he was a confirmed drunkard.

There lived on the next place to Medway Manor a lovely girl, named Alice Richmond, younger by a year than you, my daughter, for she was only seventeen. She was a sweet, dove-like girl, gentle and loving, the idol of her parents and friends, and rich in every blessing that made life desirable. There never had been a sorrow on her heart; and no minor note waivered through the songs that she sang. Oh, that so fair a life should have been so cruelly blasted,—battered, too, by the man to whom she had given the priceless gift of her young affections.

Clarence Medway sought her in marriage. He hid from her his body and soul-destroying vice; she knew not that the man who breathed passionate love-words in her ears, was an habitual drunkard. She had heard him called 'wild' and in her girlish fondness, her girlish ignorance, she thought she could tame him down, and make him a quiet, sober, domestic husband. Her parents, however, knew that she was about to peril her happiness, and expostulated with her, my daughter, even as I have expostulated with you. But she could not see the great, black, frowning rock standing out in that seemed a smiling sea; she knew not how, on that rock, the rock of intemperance, her fairest hopes would suffer a cruel shipwreck. While the parents were expostulating, the lover was urging, and one stormy night, Alice Richmond, taking her destiny in her own hands, stole forth from her happy home and married Clarence Medway.

The rector of Rivington arose from his seat and hastily paced the floor. He stopped in front of his daughter, who was watching him, with sad, anxious gaze, and said,

There are some moments which sit like hideous nightmares upon the heart, and that we can only bear by God's help; and that the memory of what I am now telling you.

Again he took his seat. It was evident that nothing but an overwhelming sense of duty made the father confide this sad story to his daughter's keeping.

Well, they were married, this happy young girl and this drunken young man. The fatal step was taken,—taken by her with love and faith, taking sweet songs in her trusting heart. It took her some time to discover what an error she had made; how she had buried every joy; how she now stood on the desolate shores of a sad reality, far away from the peaceful pleasures of the old home that she had forsaken. What she suffered as the hideous knowledge broke upon her, none save herself could tell. Still she loved, and trusted, and hoped, and prayed; but the dark clouds grew more lowering, the more deeply her husband drank.

One year passed by; a year of misery to the drunkard's young wife, and a sweet child came to gladden her heart. Then came, when this babe was only a few months old, a scene so terrible that I can scarcely tell it to you. For weeks, Clarence Medway had drunk deeply, until, reason leaving its throne, he grew mad,—yes, mad as any lunatic chained in Bedlam. Raving and dangerous, his brain on fire with the accursed stuff he had been drinking, he was carried home from a low den to the young wife whose life he had made miserable. For days, that devoted wife hovered over his bed; shocked at his situation, crushed to the very marrow by grief, she yet clung to the frantic maniac to whom she was chained by matrimony. He did not recognize her as she bent over him; he did not know who it was that loved him; his wild eyes, with pity but in fear. For days and nights that loving woman watched and wept,—wept as she heard the madman's ravings, and saw his fingers point to imaginary spiders which his disordered fancy saw on the wall.

One night, when the watchers, all save one, the loving wife, had withdrawn for a few moments into a distant room, Clarence Medway leaped from the bed, and seizing a loaded gun, which stood unobscured in a closet, levelled it at his wife and shot her dead—dead. Oh! my God, she died,—shot to the heart by the monster she called husband!

Large drops of agony stood on the rector's brow, and he covered his face with his hands; when he raised them again, his daughter started back, for he was then pale, and his lips trembled with emotion. But he went on with his story; he had no need to stifle to the task; there was too much at stake to cease now,—even his daughter's happiness.

This dreadful act, done in a fit of drunken madness, restored him to his senses. He threw himself on the ground wildly, and called upon the name of the dead wife who had loved him so tenderly and borne so patiently with him. But too late, too late! The pure spirit had winged its flight above, and the drunkard's wife had found rest and peace in heaven. Long and loud wails went up from that stricken man's heart; he implored forgiveness for the past, and for his dreadful deed; but, though the wan lips smiled on, they made no

answer. O, my God, my God! cried the rector, clasping his thin hands, I thank thee that thou didst, at length, pour peace into this miserable man's heart, for nowhere could he have found it but in thee.

It was decreed that he should drink more deeply of the cup of suffering. When the fearful deed was bruited abroad, Clarence Medway was arrested and thrown into prison. During those long and weary days of his imprisonment and trial, deprived of the accursed liquor that had made him a brute, a madman and a murderer, he came into the full possession of his senses. Then his eyes were opened, and he saw what a bitter wrong the drunkard did not only himself, but all who have the misfortune to love him. Stung in the solitude of his cell, as memory carried him back to his wife; crushed by the fearful crime he had committed; deeply humiliated by his painful position, Clarence Medway passed through his trial for the murder of the woman whom he had sworn to protect. I cannot go over the distressing details of that proceeding, when the life of this unfortunate man hung trembling between time and eternity. On the day the verdict was to be delivered, the halls of justice were crowded; silent the criminal sat, awaiting the words that were to consign him to life or death. They came, and as he stood up to receive his sentence, his ears heard the dreadful words, "Hanged by the neck until dead," then all grew black,—black as midnight,—and he was led away from the room.

All this while the girl had refrained from speaking, but these words seemed to electrify her, and she caught her father's hand convulsively, and said,

How? did they hang him?

He walked from that dreary scene in the courtroom, my child, to his cell in the prison, and prepared to meet his ignominious fate. In vain his friends strove to obtain a pardon; petitions were sent to those in authority, but there was no pity for the miserable wretch who had murdered his wife in a fit of drunken delirium.

Time wore on, and the day of execution arrived; he had pressed his sweet child to his bosom for the last time, and rained tears of sorrow on its young head. His friends had taken a sad and solemn farewell of him, and now all that was left for him to do, was to mount the scaffold and give his life for that precious life he had taken.

The rector shuddered, and his thin fingers grasped nervously the hand of his daughter, that lay on his lap.

It was a lovely day, full of balm and beauty, when the gloomy procession moved from the prison. The gallows were reached, and the hangman stood ready to usher the soul into eternity. There was a breathless silence; the crowd stood around, some pitying the poor wretch who the demon drink had brought to this fearful end. Suddenly there was a loud clattering of horses' feet, and a shout went up—

Alice pressed her father's hand, as she exclaimed—

Thank heaven, he was saved!

A shout went up, replied the rector. A pardon! a pardon! and that man, with the rope almost around his neck, overcome by his feelings, fell fainting to the ground. He was removed by his friends from the scene, and in a quiet home they nursed him lovingly and forgivingly through the long fit of illness that ensued. They uttered no reproaches, for well they knew that his poor heart was tortured by the keenest of all reproaches, self-reproach. When he recovered, taking his precious child with him, he left the beautiful shores of England forever.

He selected a secluded village in America for his home, and the grace of God having visited his heart, he studied for the ministry, and was admitted to orders. On one subject—for they knew not his fearful story—the people among whom he lived, called him crazy; and that was the subject of temperance. His heart was stirred to its depths, when he saw the monster drink raging through the great Republic, blasting with his fiery breath the sweet flowers of home; laying bright hopes low; breaking hearts, and destroying reputations; killing the body and murdering the soul. This man went forth the sworn champion of temperance, imploring men, for the sake of the God who made them, for the sake of the friends who loved them, and for their own sakes, to break the manacles which made them slaves,—laves of the most cruel master under whom poor humanity ever served.

It is this sad, sad history, my child, that comes to me in warning tones, and save, save your daughter, while yet you may, from the miserable fate of the drunkard's wife, lest she, too, share the doom of Alice Medway.

The pale face of Alice Carington grew still paler, and she asked in low, eager tones

My father, who was Clarence Medway?

For one moment, the rector of Rivington

looked at his daughter; then he said, in tones whose touching pathos she never forgot,

Your father, my child, your poor father, she sprang from her seat; she threw her arms around her father's neck, and sobbed out passionately.

God pity you, my poor, stricken father.

He has pitied me, my child, even as you pity me.

And the father and daughter sobbed aloud as they drew nearer to each other in deepest sympathy and tender love.

Long years have passed since the rector of Rivington sat in his quiet study and told this sad story of his life to his young daughter. No longer young, Alice Carington now sits there alone; for her father has gone to his eternal rest. Her mother's history sank deeply into her heart, and she chose to live single, rather than to become a drunkard's wife.

Serene and happy, her days passed in deeds of gentle mercy, and she sheds around her the precious perfume of a pious life. She has folded the wings of silence over her early love, the remembrance of it never disquiets her, and she daily thanks heaven for giving her the strength to put away from her lips the glittering cup held by Love, in whose depths were concealed the deadly poison of despair.

Men of America, God has given us a good heritage; majestic rivers, lofty mountains, vast forests, a balmy climate, and a fruitful soil.

Some flowers of Eden we still do inherit, But the trial of the serpent is over them all.

This serpent is Intemperance, that is trailing its hateful fangs through this fair domain, crushing, as it goes, the beautiful buds of home, withering hopes, and destroying body and soul. This serpent it is that clings to us in our grand march onward, to stand side by side with our sister nations, their conquer in all save vices.

Truly, it is time for the daughters of America to protest, when her sons are selling their fair birthright for a mess of pottage.

ACROPOS of the Daily Vandal style of treatment, so much talked of in the present era, we have seen no description of it so succinct and clear as the following: "The starboard sleeve bore a yellow pop vine in full leaf, on a red ground, with numbers of grey birds, badly imitated by the seams, flying hither and thither in wild dismay at the approach of a green and black hunter. An infant class was depicted on the back, and in smacking up the garment

truant scholars, were scattered up and down the sides and on the skirt; while a country poultry fair, and a group of hounds hunting, badly demoralized by the gashers, gave the front a remarkable appearance. The left sleeve had on it the alphabet in five different languages."

STORY OF A MISER.—The Italian, Turin, says the following scene occurred a few days ago at a railway station: "On a bitter cold day a millionaire applied at the ticket office for a third class ticket. 'What?' exclaimed the official, who knew him, 'you sir, take a third class on such a day as this?' 'Why, I must,' was the cool reply, 'since there is no fourth class.' 'I beg your pardon,' answered the official, handing him a ticket, 'but there is—here is one.' The man of wealth hastily paid for it, and rushed forward to take his place. On the door keeper asking to see his ticket the traveller produced it, but was rather taken aback on being told that the ticket would not do for him. 'And why not?' he exclaimed. 'Why, sir, because it is a dog ticket!'

We commend this to our brethren of the faculty at Bryn Mawr Hospital Medical College. It shows science and a kind heart: A celebrated physician was called upon recently by a person suffering from rheumatism, who insisted upon his doing something for him. The physician wrote a prescription, and as the patient went out of the room, said to him, I wish you would let me know if that does you any good, for I have myself been very much troubled with the rheumatism lately."

ANTI TOBACCO MOVEMENT.—Lady—"Ah, Leggett! I wish I could induce you to part with that pipe!" Leggett—"Why, mum, I shouldn't ha' thought you smoked; but you're werry welcome to it, and you'll find it as nice a little pipe as ever you put between your lips!"—Fun.

INFANT PRODIGY: "Why is your hair so gray, mamma?" Mamma: "Well, because you're such a naughty child sometimes!" I. P.: "What a naughty child you must have been! Poor grandma's hair is quite white!"

Master—Hallo, Pat, where are you off to now?—on no good, I know. Pat—Faith, no, yer honour; for sure, I was going to look for you!

If you expect good cattle, look first at the calves; if you wish good men, look carefully after the children.

Success does not consist in not making blunders, but in never making them the second time.