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## Poetry.

### RICH AND POOR.

#### A SEASONABLE DITTY.

The following beautiful poem was written by the lamented and gifted Thomas D'Arcy Moore, we select it for the people's enjoyment as for its sentiment.

The rich man sat by his fire,  
Before him stood the wine,  
He had all heart could desire,  
Save love of laws divine;  
A daily growth of wealth,  
And the world's good word through all,  
Wife, and children, and health,  
And clients in his hall.

The rich man walk'd about  
His large luxurious room,  
His steps fell soft as the snow without,  
On the web of a Bunsen's loom;  
Without, the bright snows had  
Made lustres of all his trees,  
And the garden gods look'd cold and sad  
In their snowy draperies.

The rich man look'd about  
Under the leaden sky,  
And struggling up the gully road,  
He saw a poor man go by;  
He paused and look'd on the gate,  
To husband his scanty breath,  
Then he fell down on the threshold safe  
The counterfeits of death!

The rich man turn'd his head  
And close his curtains drew,  
And by his warm hearth, gleaming red,  
The wine flung home fast flew;  
Without, on the cold, cold street,  
The poor man's head reclined,  
A snow-pelt over him blown,  
A body without a mind!

The rich man sleep'd that night  
Was warm, dreamy, and deep,  
Till near the dawn, when a spectre white  
He saw, and heard it weep;  
He rose, and stepping forth,  
Rebeld a sight of woe—  
His brother, Ah! on the earth—  
Slain, and laid in the snow!

The snow received the head  
Rejected by the brother;  
'Twas of colder cause he lay there dead  
Than the cold of the winter weather!  
His blue lips gaped apart,  
And the snow that lap'd his frame,  
Lay through life on the rich man's heart  
After that night of shame.

### LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO.

#### Perfect Spectacles, Eye Glasses, &c.

A well fitting pair of spectacles to a short sighted or long sighted person is one of the greatest boons which modern science has conferred upon humanity. To ensure the possession of such an article one cannot do better than look upon the Montreal Branch House of the great Spectacle house of Lazarus, Morris & Co., up stairs of No. 255 Notre Dame Street. Here are polite attendants whose experience in the matter of fitting a defective eyesight with an excellent pair is of many years standing. The utmost pains are taken to suit every customer's sight, and the spectacles are of so many different sizes that there is no trouble in accomplishing the object. All the perfected glasses purchased at this establishment are guaranteed for five years, and if during that period the pair bought fail to give satisfaction in any way, they will be immediately changed for another pair.

The high character which the perfected spectacles enjoy is due to the great pains which is taken in their manufacture, and the number of tests which the lenses have to undergo before they are allowed to take their place as part of the perfect spectacles which Messrs. Lazarus, Morris & Co. have for sale. One of the great faults with cheap spectacles is the fact that in very few cases are the lenses found to be alike, a fault which can never be found with those of the perfected spectacles, as the utmost pains are taken to ensure the most exact similarity between the two lenses. Hence it is that the wearer of these spectacles is not troubled with that weariness of the eyes which frequently afflicts the wearer of a cheaper article.

Parties from a distance can have their eyes suited with a glass by corresponding with Messrs. Lazarus, Morris & Co. who will for ward a card with instructions.

This card is got up on optical principles, and on it are printed specimens in various sized type. The applicant on receiving the card tries which is the smallest type which he can read at a distance of fourteen inches, and having found that out, communicates the fact to the firm, who will, by return mail, send him a pair of spectacles that will fit him to a nicety.

The business done by Messrs. Lazarus, Morris & Co. on this continent is immense.

In the United States 2000 agents are employed, while in the Dominion of Canada in every place of any note, this firm has a representative. Their advertising is enormous, every paper in the country coming in for a share, and to this fact is due a share of the immense popularity which their spectacles have found wherever they have gone.

Every agency is visited three times a year by Mr. Lehwass, the traveller for the firm, who its difficult sight at different places in his route. This gentleman is stopping for a few days in this city.

Thus it will be seen that the business is carried on in a very systematic manner, and that nothing is left undone to make the public thoroughly acquainted with the many excellences of these really magnificent spectacles.—[Montreal Transcript.]

George F. Stickney, Sole Agent for Saint Andrews.

A Western farmer being obliged to sell a flock of Oxen to pay his hired man, told him that he could not keep him any longer. Why did you man, I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money. But what shall I do with the farmer, when my cows and oxen are all gone? Why, you can then work for me, and get them back.

"How is it you never go with any bad boys or get into any bad scrapes?" asked one fellow of his playmate.

"Oh, that's 'cause I don't say 'no' easy."

We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a great deal more than a bag of money. We have no doubt saying 'no' easy has ruined many a child and man, and woman, too—saying 'no' as if you did not quite mean it.

When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do doubtful things say 'no' as if you meant 'no' and nothing but 'no'.

### [From the London Civilian.]

#### Man-Hunters.

It has been the custom with philosophical writers to draw comparison between the social life of various ages in the history of man as the surest test of the progress of civilization. They point to the gradual growth of the gentler and domestic virtues, and the slow decline of those rude and lawless passions which are the invariable characteristics of a barbarous epoch. Woman has been selected by many profound minds as a test and key to the civilization of the various races of mankind. As her position has been one of honor or degradation, so have the philosophers measured the precise status of ancient tribes, of whom all other traces have been wholly disappeared. Indeed the position of woman has always attracted the attention of the thoughtful historian, and even those writers who regard the history of man as a mere collection of battles and sieges find time to bestow some attention upon this now all powerful member of the human family.

They have told us that in a rude state of society she was a mere vessel of her lord and master; that he bought her, sold her, divorced her or wedded her at his will. Chaffering for a wife with a covetous old father has formed a picture in many a book of travel, and has afforded a fund of thought for many a philosopher. The savages of New South Wales still affect to steal their wives, the Chinese still buy them, and in Turkey woman is still regarded as an appendage of the household—a chattel, a mere doll. She is worth so many sequins; or, if she be white and not a slave, she may be divorced at will. All this, of course, indicates the rudest civilization. In countries where the woman has been thus treated she has not even dreamed of the great things which were in store for her, nor of the possible eminence her sex might yet be destined to achieve. In Western Europe her position has been one of continual and rapid improvement. Ages have passed since she was a mere purchased toy of her lord, and although in the phraseology of the law, she is still better than a chattel, she has yet contrived so to change the face of society that we scarcely recognise in the dashing and clever 'girl of the period' the lineal descendant of those prim grandmothers who shed such lustre on the homes of England in the staid era of the Georges. Courtship had ceased to be the prosaic, demure business it once was, in the times when a girl might do with propriety as a regularly instilled into her mind as the Church Catechism. We have now no charming fireside pictures of the shy and lovely girl and the dashing and fearless lover. The whole practice of courtship has changed. The woman courts the man is hunted. We sigh as we look over a collection of old engravings illustrative of the domestic life and virtues of our great grandmothers. There is, of course, the harsh, scornful, and witty, perhaps, as it is now in its fossil state of preservation in old engravings. There are the old looks of grey and roundels, and, of course, the modest lover singing from the same page. Woman in those days was still in a state of vassalage; she had not developed into the being of a superior order who now assumes the reins of government in civilized society, and dictates her will to the world. *Nous avons change tout cela*. Woman is now a power. She rules with a rod of iron.

## Interesting Tale.

### A WATER-CURE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLAN.

They all went down to the shore, and stepped into the boat, all the summer boarders at Mrs. Beal's farm, ten of them, five ladies, and five gentlemen. But there were eleven of the party; for it would never do to overlook Prince Charles.

Prince Charles was one of those Newfoundland dogs who are worth their weight in gold, a great strong, shaggy knowing creature, a splendid swimmer, and as handsome as a picture. His master wouldn't have taken any money for him. His master was Mr. Charles Blandon, the gentleman who, with his two hands on the side of the boat, over which he has been leaning, looks round to listen while Miss Bertie Nelson strikes the light guitar. Just behind Bertie stands Mark Tracy who shuts his teeth hard, and thinks that Charles Blandon need not have taken such pains to place himself by the young lady's elbow, and that his looking over to see the color of the water is a mere pretence. John Shore stands just behind Charles, and Nettie Lane, Jane Clement and Fred James sit in the stern, Fred with the tiller. No matter about the other three, Prince Charles lies in the bottom of the boat.

This is a company of city folks who are spending a few weeks in a plain country place, and enjoying themselves much more than if they were at some styled hotel where all their time would be spent in dressing and dancing. The five young ladies are devoted and inseparable friends, and all belonged to the last but one graduating class of the Normal School. Not one is over eighteen. Three of the young men, Charles Blandon, John Shore and Mark Tracy, are college students on a vacation. Fred James is older, a patriarch of nearly thirty.

Now while they go skimming over the pond with laugh and song, and just, let us go back a few days to explain.

Bertie Nelson, being as much a belle as a girl just out of school can be, has had rather more than a fair share of attention from the young men, a fact which did not in the least displease her. How could it? It was only when she noticed that Charles Blandon and Mark Tracy were less friendly with each other on her account that she felt disturbed. She was a sweet and truly amiable girl, and liked to see everybody friends; and it must be owned that she wanted them to think very well of her. However, that was no harm.

My dear, says Mattie Lane, who was the eldest of the girls, there can be no doubt but both Mark and Charles are in love with you. Bertie blushed crimson. I should think you'd be ashamed to talk such nonsense! I exclaimed in vexation. I am only seventeen years old, and little at that, and I don't mean to think of a bean till I am twenty.

Possibly, replied Mattie, with great coolness, letting down her back hair as she stood before the dressing table, and shaking it out with both hands. You are not obliged to think of a bean; but you can't help it if a bean thinks of you.

The company had all been on a tramp in the woods that afternoon, and the girls were now brushing up to be ready for tea. The doors between their chambers were open and they ran to and fro, as girls will, exchanging confidences, borrowing hair-pins, helping arrange each other's hair, admiring each other's dresses, and laughing and joking.

Such a lovely dress, said Bertie, smiling out the tunic of a green-striped organdy. It just sets off your fair hair and fresh complexion. Now I am so sorrowful and horrid that I always look worse in the last dress than in the one before.

Presently they were all ready, and went rustling down stairs in a pretty, flower-hued procession, a light perfume hovering about them, their faces bright with smiles. Bertie and Mattie Lane brought up the rear, their arms around each other's waists. Bertie's cheeks were very red, for she had not forgotten the conversation about beans; but before tea was done she had quite got over that non-sense, and was chatting away as gayly as ever. Then in the evening they all went down and walked on the shore of the pond near the house.

It so happened that Bertie and Charles Blandon got by themselves, and stood, with the moon shining in their faces, talking quite seriously. Charles was a generous young fellow of twenty, and he told his companion what he meant to make of himself, and how determined he was to be a great man.

I am going to be a doctor, and I mean to be a first class one, he said proudly. As soon as I graduate, I shall commence my studies

Then I am going to Paris for lectures. What are you going to do then? asked Bertie, much interested.

I shall put up a sign, and get married! Charles laughed as he brought out these last two words with a jerk, but he also blushed so deeply that Bertie could see the color by the moonlight.

She hardly knew what to say, and was beginning to feel a little embarrassed, when a step sounded near them, and a shadow fell across their path.

Do I interrupt? asked Mark Tracy's voice, in a not very pleasant tone.

O no! answered Bertie, hastily, Charles answering not at all. It is time we should go into the house. Where are the girls?

They had all gone in Mark said. Come then I said Bertie; but after a few steps found that only one of the young men followed her. Charles remained standing on the shore, with his back to them.

Isn't you coming? Bertie called out to him, sorry now that their friendly talk had been interrupted.

No! he answered quite shortly. I didn't mean to offend you, Mark said, in a tone that showed he was himself annoyed. But, really, he is too touchy.

Bertie glanced back, and saw Charles still standing where they had left him. Perhaps he isn't vexed, she answered, gently.

Mark glanced down at her pretty face. Yes, he is! His dislike for me breaks out at the least provocation.

Why? Bertie exclaimed. What can he dislike you for?

Mark hesitated. He didn't want to reply. He dislikes me because I like you! for he suspected that Bertie would not be displeased with Charles for that. He knew but too well that Charles was the favorite, and he felt a little temptation to say something which would injure him—not very much, but enough to make this girl think a little less of him.

Without meaning to, Bertie helped him along. She really liked Charles Blandon very much, and wished to know all she could about him. Besides, she had begun unconsciously to take pleasure in having him spoken of.

I hope that you and he haven't quarrelled about anything, he said, presently.

I'm in for it now, thought Mark, and went on without giving himself time to think. It is nothing very great; but since you ask, I will tell you. It is a little affair that happened at college.

You see, some of the fellows play cards, and sometimes they play for money. Well, one night Charles played an unfair trick and won, and I laughed him up for it. I thought it was made all up; but I don't believe he has ever forgiven me. Perhaps I oughtn't to have told; but I know you won't mention it.

O no! answered Bertie, firmly. Charles Blandon, whom she had begun to make a hero of, a gambler and a cheat. For that was the plain English of it. She didn't want to hear any more. She didn't want to hear anything just now. To her this was a dreadful shock. She had been very strictly brought up, and had none of those easy ways by which many girls excuse almost any sin in a man. She knew that she was a good girl and she didn't want to be on friendly terms with a dishonest young man. And yet, it was hard, for really Charles was very pleasant, and glad that since Mattie was playing and singing, she was not obliged to talk, but could sit by a window, and make believe, listen, in truth, she could not for her life tell what Mattie was singing. After full half an hour she saw Charles Blandon strolling slowly up toward the house.

Let's go to bed, she said hastily to Jane Clement. I am tired and sleepy. I don't want to speak to him again to night, she thought as she hurried up stairs just as Charles' graceful form appeared in the door. Then the next day was the sail.

There hadn't been much chance for any one to talk at breakfast time; and while they were on their way to the boat Bertie kept close to Mattie and Jane, one on either side of her. It was only when they reached the shore that she was obliged to speak to Charles. He stood there ready to hand the girls on board, and there was no escape for her.

I am sorry I spoke so rudely to you last night, he said in a very low voice, as he handed her over the rocks among which the boat was drawn up. Will you forgive me?

O, it's no matter, Bertie replied, without looking at him, knowing that he was looking very earnestly at her, knowing also that Mark Tracy was watching them from the boat.

What's the power of having that great clumsy dog with us? Mark asked sharply, as Prince Charles came trotting over the rocks. He's as heavy as a man.

I'll pay his passage, Charles Blandon answered flushing angrily. He's going anyway. Oh yes! the girls all said in chorus, the Newfoundland being a favorite with them.

Presently they were off, and in spite of the little cloud over the two young men, there was apparently a gay and happy party. They sang choruses, Bertie sang to her guitar, and

they enjoyed the day, and the scene. It was very beautiful, clear and bright, with a slight breeze from the west, and the loveliest sparkle in the water. Fishes jumped and sank again, looking like jewels as the sun shone on them, and bird-songs and perfumes came off from the shore.

If only Mark hadn't told me that! I should be happy, thought Bertie.

If I hadn't snatched her up so last night, she would talk to me to day, thought Charles, leaning over the boat-side, close behind Bertie.

What does he want to stick so close to her for? thought Mark Tracy having hard work to keep a pleasant face on him.

They went across the pond to a beautiful wood's point where they got out, and took a two miles' walk through the woods to a wonderful cascade which they had made this expedition to see. This cascade was in the depth of the woods, where a brook after wandering slowly, mile after mile, gathering smaller streams here and there, came suddenly to a mossy ledge between two tall trees, and made a leap into the basin below.

Exclamations of delight broke from all the party as they came out in front of this waterfall. Green branches far aloft hung their leafy tent to keep out the sun beams, all but a few golden drops that would sift through, flowers embroidered the soil all around, and were sprinkled with happy by the falling waters, and all sorts of vines and shrubs grew luxuriantly under the trees.

The company spent an hour in this charming retreat, then unwillingly started to return, lading themselves with flowers, cones, and branches of young acorns. Mattie, who sketched very nicely, made a little drawing of the fall, and put Bertie into it.

Arrived at the point again, there was their boat all right, and Prince Charles mounted guard over the luncheon basket.

Good fellow! said his master, patting him on the head. He is always faithful if he is only a quadruped.

As he spoke he happened to glance at Mark, who colored, and looked uneasy. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and perhaps he would not if Charles suspected him.

I'm famished! Mattie exclaimed. Do give the basket here as quick as you can. Bustle round girls, and get the cloth spread. Now there!

But in spite of Mattie's gravity and good nature, and in spite of the efforts of others, there was a stiffness over the party. Without knowing what was the trouble, they all saw that there was a coldness between Mark and Charles, and that it had increased since the morning. So they hurried through their luncheon quickly, and started for home.

Beautiful as it had been for home, it was still more so now. The sun was setting, and three bright reflections on the water every ripple crested with crimson flame, the breeze had freshened, and their boat flew before it like a bird.

Better sit down Mark, Fred James said.—The wind is gusty and you may upset us. Mark turned angrily to answer, mortified at being spoken to reprovingly, when at a puff of air the sail struck him, before they knew what had happened, he was overboard.

Out, Prince! Catch him! cried Charles Blandon, hastily pulling his coat off, all thought of civility gone.

Bertie caught his arm. Don't jump overboard! she prayed her face as pale as death. Let Prince get him. Don't beg of you!

No! Charles! Fred James put in. I throw this rope. There he comes!

Charles held himself in readiness, determined to go after his friend if Prince should prove unsuccessful.

The girls hushed their cries, and, clinging together, leaned to watch. The young men took in the sail, put the boat on board, and used their oars.

Next time, Mark had gone over so suddenly that he was perfectly paralyzed, and could not have swum a stroke, even if he had not been encumbered with his clothes. He felt the water close over him, gasped shivered and sank. Was it a moment or a year?

It was time enough for him to recollect that he had told of Charles Blandon, poor, generous Charles, who had always been a true friend to him; and not only that, but to recollect every wrong thing he had done in his whole life. It was terrible. Then the darkness gave to light, he saw the sunshine and the sky as he rose to the surface, but without hope. He felt powerless to struggle, and had sense enough to know that he should soon sink again.

O Lord, have mercy on me! he gasped, as the fresh air struck in his face.

A short rang in his ears, something near him splashed the water, and breathed heavily something fastened in his coat collar and drew him up as he was sinking again, and he felt Prince Charles' shaggy mane against his face. He was pulled aloft, strong arms grasped him, lifted him, clasped him, and Charles Blandon, bursting into tears of joy, bent and kissed him on the cheek.

Dear old boy, if you had gone when my last word to you was a cross one, I should never have got over it.

Photographers, Engravers, Printers, Stationers, and all other trades, are invited to send their names to the Editor, who will be glad to insert them in the Standard, and to give them the best of the press.

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