

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

VARIES SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 21

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 21, 1873.

Vol 40

BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.

CAPITAL
One Million Pounds Sterling,
(£5,000,000.)

Five per cent Interest ALLOWED
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

Drafts issued on St. John New York, Boston
Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,
California and British Columbia.

Open in St. ANDREWS
Every Day from 10 a. m., till 3 p. m.

JAS. S. CARNEGIE,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

WHO ARE HAPPY.

It is not he with coffers filled
With silver and with gold,—
Spurning the child whose limbs are chilled
With winter's piercing cold.

Not he who climbs the giddy height
Where proud ambition reigns,—
Who, as he urges on his flight,
The voice of grief disdains.

Not he whose cold and selfish breast
N't felt for others' woes,—
Who never has the orphan blest,
Nor wiped the tears that flow.

Not he who, when his neighbor falls,
Extends no friendly hands,
And, when his suffering brothers call,
At a proud distance stands.

Not he who labors to destroy
His brother's worthy name,
Whose base calumnies employ
His neighbors to defame.

Those are not happy. They alone
Who live to bless mankind,
Who others' sorrows make their own,
True happiness will find.

Interesting Tale.

LILY, THE LOST.

—OR—
The False Guardian.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

CHAPTER I.

FLIGHT INTO DARKNESS.

It was a wild, terrible night in the great city. A storm, such as it was seldom visited by, was abroad, raging through every street and alley as though wringing upon every living being who might be abroad.

Overhead, the signs rattled and creaked and groaned, as though they were in anger and deep distress, as well as fearful that their enemy, the wind, would not leave them alone, until it had torn them from their fastenings, and dashed them down upon the unlucky heads of those who should chance to be passing by, or else shiver them to splinters upon the pavement.

It was such a night as no one would care to be abroad in, if they could help it.
The pitiless rain came down in torrents, dashed with merciless force against the roofs and sides of the high buildings, and then poured down upon the heads of any unlucky passers-by, in what seemed to be bucketfuls.

It seemed that no one would have been abroad that night, unless dire necessity called him forth, except it might be a homeless wanderer, who had no place to lay his head.

The sky was as black as midnight.
The storm-clouds hung so low that their heavy masses seemed almost to touch the high roofs and lofty spires of the city.

The street-lamps were all aglow, but they did little to dispel the gloom.
In fact, it appeared that they rather added to the darkness than otherwise.

A half-dozen feet from them, the darkness was almost as dense as it was midway between them.
Up one of the streets which led from the wharves, and which was lined on either side with tall warehouses, came a slight figure, manfully struggling against the tempest that howled about him, and which seemed doing its best to dash him to the old stones.

As he passed through the pale glow cast out by the street lamp, it showed that he was very young,

ful looking, and that he was clad in the garb of a sailor.

Evidently he was in haste to reach some place of shelter as soon as possible, for, whenever the tempest would subside for a moment in its warfare upon him, he would quicken his footsteps into a run.

With his head bent down, to shield his face as much as possible from the blast, he was making the best time he could, when, suddenly, out from one of the narrow alleyways that opened into the street, a slight, girlish figure came flying, as though urged on by some great terror.

As luck would have it, she turned the corner just as the sailor, half blinded, was coming at full speed.

The result was, that they were dashed together with such force and so unexpectedly, that they both went down upon the wet, slippery pavement together.

The sailor was unharmed, and in an instant he was upon his feet, and assisting his unfortunate opponent to rise.

The dim light thrown out by the lamp upon the corner, showed him that it was a pale young girl, with a look of terror implanted upon her face, such a look as the fall she had received could not have brought there upon the instant.

Have I killed you? Are you badly hurt? demanded the youth excitedly.

He had to repeat his question before he received answer thereto.

Oh, no, I am not badly hurt. I don't know that I am hurt. But let me go. I must not lose a moment here. He will be after me, and if he finds me, he will drag me back, and beat me almost to death.

Who will beat you? Who will drag you back? still keeping his hold upon her arm.

He—Moses Grinler. He has beat me to-day, and so he has every day for a long time. He will kill me if he comes here and finds me. I have run away from him, and I never will go back. Please let go my arm. I am afraid that he will come.

The girl said this in piteous tones, while casting an apprehensive glance up the alley-way, as though she was each moment expecting the appearance of her oppressor.

And so you have run away, have you? said the youth, still keeping his hold, despite her pleadings. Where are you going for shelter on such a night as this? Unless you have one, you cannot live a half an hour in this storm.

I don't know, said the girl, in a wailing tone. I haven't got a friend in the world, nor a spot to lay my head, unless it is at Moses Grinler's, and I will die before I will go back there, and be beaten every day as I have been. I can go down to the wharves, and drown myself. The black water, there, will give me a home to-night. It would be better for me than to go back. Let me go. It seems to me that I can hear his step coming down the alley now. Be merciful, and don't give me up to him!

I'm not going to, said the youth, still keeping fast his hold upon her. There's nobody coming. It was only the wind you heard. And so you don't know where you are going? You have got no place to lay your head, unless it is in the waters of the bay?

None, she answered. But I can hide some where, where Moses Grinler cannot find me. Only let me go. Why will you be so cruel as to keep me here?

Do you think that I am going to be so cruel as to let you go shelterless to night, or, what is worse, to let you go and drown yourself? I haven't got a very good home myself, when I am ashore, but such as it is, you shall share it with me to-night. Old Meg shall find a place to stow you away in. Come with me, and let us get there as soon as we can. You are wet through now, and I am not much better, though I don't mind it much myself.

But will not Moses Grinler find me, and drag me back again?

I don't believe that he can scent us out, but if he does he will have to drag me along with you. Come, let us hurry away, if as you say, there is prospect that he may follow you. We won't let him get on our track, if we can help it.

The girl did not answer by words, but she did not struggle to escape from him now. Instead of that, she placed her hand in his, as though she was willing to trust him to effect her deliverance. It seemed so strange, at first, for her to find a friend, that she could hardly trust him. But now, she was willing to do so, after his words, and a glance into his frank, open countenance.

Clasping her little hand tightly in his, the young sailor hurried her along the street. The wind howled, and the rain poured down in torrents, but he braved the tempest manfully, doing the best he could to shield his frail companion from its fury.

At length, the entrance to a narrow street was reached, one almost as dismal as the alley from which the girl had emerged, and up this the youth and his companion turned. Past a number of ill-looking houses they hurried, and then he paused before one, which, if anything, was more dilapidated than its neighbors. Despite the tempest,

the door stood wide open, and from within came the sound of a confusion of voices, which told that a great crowd of human beings was herded together, like so many cattle. It was, in fact, one of the poorest tenement houses of the city.

Mind the stairs, said the youth, to his companion. I live way up to the top, and there is a good many of them, or would be, if some weren't broken, and others gone entirely. Keep close to me, and don't mind anything you may hear, or anything you may meet, going up. I've got lots of pretty near neighbors, and some of them are noisy all the time. But they never did me any harm yet, and I'm not afraid that they will.

It was, as he said, a long way up, and the stairway was as dark as possible, save where a light shone out through a crack in the door of some room upon the landings. The girl would have had many a fall, had it not been for her companion, who warned her when a broken stair was reached. He had been over them so often that he knew their whereabouts even in the darkness.

At length, the top landing was reached, and they paused before a door, on which the youth made a signal for admittance.

At first, no sound came from within, but he repeated his summons, saying, as he did so, impatiently:

Open the door, Meg! Are you asleep so early as this, that you don't hear me?

Then came a sound of shuffling feet from within, and the door was unfastened, and thrown open, showing the wrinkled face and decrepit form of an old woman.

So it is you, Willie? she said; I thought it might be some of the crew from below when you knocked. It was such a wild night I thought that you would stay about the ship. Bless my soul and body, who have you got here?

Her eyes fell for the first time on the form of the girl as she uttered this exclamation.

It is one I found friendless and homeless in the street, Meg, answered the youth. I was afraid she would perish in the storm to night, so I brought her home.

Hey-a-day, screamed Meg. I would like to know what you are going to do with her? Where is she going to sleep to night, Master Willie?

She can have my bed, he answered. This floor is as soft as one as I want to-night. Just stir round now, Meg, and get us something to eat, and we'll arrange our lodgings afterwards.

Just as you say, Master Willie, we can't get up a great part in honor of your visitor, 'cause there ain't anything in the house to get it up with. But I guess from the looks of the gal she is as used to hard fare as you or I.

The girl shrank back from the old woman as though she were in fear of her, but the youth whispered in her ear:

Never mind her, she ain't half as bad as she looks and talks. But don't tell her about your running away. She likes drink so well that if she thought she could get any money out of Moses Grinler to buy it with, she would let on about you in a minute. But she uses me well, and as this is all the home I have when I'm ashore, I have to make the best of it. Someday I'm in hopes to have a better one. But it will be a long day to it, I suppose.

It made the girl, whose name he found to be Lily, take one of the rickety chairs beside him, and sit there in silence while old Meg hobnobbed round and prepared the frugal supper. When it was ready he pressed her to eat, but she could hardly swallow a morsel. Every step she heard on the stairs she thought was that of Moses Grinler, and her fear was so great that it completely took away her appetite.

Willie was as good as his word. He gave up his bed to the friendless girl despite her protest against it, and then stretched himself out by the door, ready to wake at a moment's notice and do battle with Moses Grinler should he put in an appearance.

CHAPTER II.

A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

The next morning was clear and beautiful. The storm had cleared away with the darkness and the sun shone with redoubled brightness.

Willie was early astir, and Meg and the young guest soon followed his example.

Meg soon had their humble repast in readiness, and when it had been partaken of, Willie announced his intention of going at once to the duty about the ship, telling Lily to remain within doors until he came back.

On no account was she to stir forth until she saw him again.

But the girl was in agony of fear at the thought of his departure. She was sure that Moses Grinler would find her and drag her back to his cheerless home again, and there beat her until it would seem as though he would take away her life. All that he could say to her did not calm her fears, and so he promised that if it was a possible thing he would get leave of absence and return in an hour's time at the farthest.

With this Lily was forced to be content, and when he was gone she sat trembling by

the window that overlooked the street, keeping a double watch for the coming of her friend and her enemy. Old Meg busied herself with her duties about the room, keeping her tongue in constant motion to find out all that she could of the history of her companion. But she learned but very little, for the girl was mindful of the warning Willie had given her and so kept a close watch over her tongue.

Thus she sat, while an hour went by, and then to her joy she saw Willie returning. He saw her face at the window and waved his hand to her, and then in a little time he came bounding into the room, bearing the good tidings that he had succeeded in getting a leave of absence for the day.

Meg, finding that she could learn but little of the history of their guest gave it over in despair, and declared that as Willie was going to remain at home, she was going out to pass the day with some cronies of hers. The youth offered no objections to this. He was rather glad than otherwise to have her gone. So donning her hood and faded shawl she hobbled down over the stairs and departed.

The first time came for dinner, Willie declared that she must prepare it, so he sat by and watched her while she laid out the table and cooked the food in a far neater and homelier manner than he had ever seen old Meg do it, and he couldn't help thinking how much rather he would have her to do his work than the old woman who had done it so long.

At last Lily announced that it was ready, and they were just in the act of drawing up to the table, when there came a knock at the door. The girl turned as pale as death and clutched a chair for support, while Willie went and opened the door.

A cry escaped her lips, for she beheld Moses Grinler standing there.

To Willie he was a stranger of course, but his hard features, and the look of triumph upon him, when he caught a glimpse of the girl within told him as plainly as words could have done, who it was that stood before him.

Can I come in, he said in a tone which he meant should be an amiable one. I see my girl is here, and I wish to have a talk with her.

Certainly, said Willie, stepping back and placing a chair for him. You can come in, but the girl shall not go with you unless it is of her own free will.

A look of anger as black as midnight came over the face of Moses Grinler as he took the chair which was proffered him. He looked as though he wanted to spring upon them both and lay a law at the life out of them.

Lily, why did you run away (from home last night)? A pretty race you led me hunt through the streets in the storm. But I will make you pay dear for it when I get you home again. I did think that I shouldn't find you, but it isn't so bad for an old hag which I found in a ship before. She told me that you were here.

I thought as much, exclaimed Willie. I feared that she would blab if she had a chance. But, Mr. Grinler, I can tell you one thing, this girl here can't go back with you, for you to beat and abuse her as you have done. Until she can find a better home she stays here with me.

So that is the way you crow, is it, my young cock? cried Grinler, starting from his chair so suddenly that he threw it backward. I want you to understand that the girl is mine and that I have a right to beat her until she minds me. Stand back, young 'un, and let me get hold of her. I will let you know whether she goes with me or not.

But I will let you know before you lay hands on her you will get a taste of this knife. Stand back, villain, or I shall do you mischief. He drew a dirk knife as he said this, and raised his arm with a menacing motion towards him.

Moses Grinler fell back a step and stood as though uncertain what to do.

The girl is my own, he said, after a pause, and I will have her back again. Lily if you know what is good for you, you will come with me without further trouble. You will fare the worse when I do get you home, if you don't. I will get an officer and come and take you, if you don't come peacefully. Stand back, you young scamp, and let me lay my hand upon her. I'll bring her along then. If I have to get an officer, you have got your self into trouble.

If you take a step nearer, you will get a taste of my knife. I had just as soon give a blow with it as not. It would only pay you for the way you have ill-treated her.

Willie, what does this mean? cried a voice from the doorway. Put your knife and let me settle this matter.

The youth started, and turned his eyes in that direction and beheld his captain standing there. The next instant he had thrown down his knife and was saluting him.

I always like to see where my men live, and so I come to find you, Willie. But I don't think to find you engaged in any such thing as this. Tell me what it means and let me settle the affair at once.

Moses Grinler stood like one turned to

stone, while on his face all the guilt of his wicked heart seemed depicted. The captain now gave him a glance and as he did so, he started as though he had received a blow.

No, no, I cannot be mistaken, he cried. Simon Bedlow, I've looked long for you, and heaven be thanked that I have found you at last. Villain, where is the child I entrusted to your care? Have you murdered her, that you might keep the sum of money I left for her? Speak! or I will have your worthless life.

He had sprung upon him as he spoke and caught him by the throat.

Do not kill me, cried the cowardly villain. She is alive and well. This is her. Only let me go, and every dollar you left in my charge for her I will restore to you.

See that you do so, villain. Now get from my sight and never let me set eyes on you again. Lily, my lost daughter, come to your father's arms. I've sought long for you, but thank God you are found at last.

In another moment Lily was fast clasped in her father's arms, and taking advantage of the situation, Simon Bedlow, or Moses Grinler as he had called himself of late, shrunk from the apartment.

When the first rapture of the meeting was over, the captain sat down in the humble room, with his daughter upon his knee, and told her and Willie his story. Years before when Lily was but a babe, her mother had died, and being about to go on a long voyage, he had confided her to the care of Simon Bedlow, charging him to watch over her as he would his own.

To assure his child against any mishap that might occur should he not return he had placed three thousand dollars in Bedlow's hands and constituted him her guardian.

When he returned from the voyage, he found they had both disappeared, and although he had done his best to find them, up to this moment he had got no clue. He had come to believe them dead, although there had been no suspicion in his mind all the while that Bedlow might have betrayed the trust he had reposed in him.

When he had done, Willie told of his meeting with Lily; and each saw that the hand of Providence was in it.

There is but little more to add.

Simon Bedlow disappeared with his ill-gotten gains, and they never saw sight of him afterwards. Willie is the captain of a fine ship now, and his wife, who looks so eagerly for his return, is the girl whom he first met upon that stormy night, which he was a cabin boy.

BE COURTEOUS. Dr. Humphrey was once seated in a stage coach, when a gentleman and lady, on their bridal tour, wished to be accommodated with seats inside. There being but one vacant seat, the newly married pair were subjected to a separation, unless some passenger relinquished his place. This, no one seemed disposed to do, when the doctor, mounting the outside, insisted upon the gentleman occupying his seat with his bride. Subsequently the doctor was collecting funds for the college over which he presided, and was presented with a handsome donation from the strangers he had met in the stage-coach, with the remark that he knew nothing of Dr. Humphrey, or Amherst College, save that its President was a gentleman.

BENEFIT OF TRADE. Give your sons a trade. One man with a trade is worth a thousand without one. The hosts of young men in every large city who apply for employment and fail to get it, for the reason that they cannot truthfully affirm that they are educated or especially fitted for any particular business, constitute a potent argument in favor of reform. Under the apprentices system, we should have fewer ignorant mechanics and incompetent business men. A trade is a fortune in itself.

It has been proved by experiment that the more rapidly an animal is fattened the less quantity of food is required to sustain its mere vitality. Thus, an animal can be more cheaply fattened by consuming ten bushels of corn in two months, than if four months were occupied in the process. Liberal and abundant feeding is the most economical, and a saving of time in producing the same results is a gain in the profits.

A patient complained to his physician that he was pursued by a ghost the night before, as he was going home from the tavern. What shape was it? asked the doctor. In the shape of a jackass, said the man. Go home, replied the physician, and keep sober. You were drunk last night, and frightened by your own shadow.

The middle chapter and last in the Bible, Psalm CXXV. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet. The 19th chapter of 2d Kings and the 37th of Isaiah are alike. The whole number of verses in the Bible is 31,173.

Busy people about this time—painters and paper hangars.

CAPS

VARIETY.

Dolly Varden, Duke styles to numerous to match Shakespeare Paper perfect fit and durability, 6 of Gents. Furnishing

Shoes in Jute and Linen, small wares. Ladies, OIS & SHOES, worked

OTTOMANS.

nd colored, plain, striped—in bleached and tan—Miller's White Cottons, 6c. Small Profits and quick

in the corner of Water opposite H. O'Neill's Mar—for the elegant "Davis" has been so celebrated sample of and conditions ex-

IES BRADLEY, St. Andrews.

tice.

rious accident occurring g obstructions on the the public are hereby no- nally leaving rubbish or ous or side walks in a on the penalty according

20th Nov. 1872. OMAS HUPWELL, Assessor District No. 1.

NOTICE

the following Non-Res- Parish of St. George, has for the year 1872, and her with the cost of ad- tions three months from e could according to law:— property.....\$3.40. S. M. CAMPBELL, 1872. Collector.

TEA.

from London. All Cheats good Congee

J. W. STREET

MACHINES.

MILY SHOULD HAVE a nal Weed Sewing lines. Machines are now on sale a the public are invited to themselves.

MES STOOP, Agt.

rm for Sale.

rs for sale his Property at commands a splendid view y, the Islands and sur- e place in pleasantly sit- ions of the Bay, the Saint gh it, rendering it a most ence and farm, in a plea- lin six miles of the town farm contains 100 Acres, nder cultivation; cuts 25 pastureage, is well watered; on the premises are a House, with two large

old with or without the partu-ware, apply at the to

JAMES ORR, Jr., on the premises.

CK TEA.

ter from New York.

UCHONG TEA.

duty paid at lowest rates

ND CLEWLEY & CO., St. Stephen.

NGE HOTEL,

g Street.

Stephen NE

J. NEILL, Proprietor

do Ale.

Canada Biter Ale.

J. W. STREET

given, that His Excellency ical, by an Order in Coun- 6th instant, and under the im, by the 2nd Section of , has been pleased to or- allowing articles be trans- e which may be import d uty, viz: Wollen Netting and Fash- are of Gloves and Mitts, By Command, S. M. HOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.