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MES BRADLEY, St. Andrews.

notice.

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a 20th Nov., 1872. THOMAS HIRWELL, Missoner District No. 1.

NOTICE

the following Non-Res- Parish of St. George, has for the year 1872, and their three months from sold according to law: - property..... \$8.40. NALD CAMPBELL, 1872. Collector.

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* from London. d Chests good Coopee J. W. STREET

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ILY SHOULD HAVE nal Weed Sewing hines. hines are now on sale to the public are invited to emselves.

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given, that His Excellency seal, by an Order in Coun- th instant, and under the s, by the 2nd Section of the has been pleased to order lowing articles be transfe- which may be imported ly, viz: - Colen Netting and Flash, e of Gloves and Mitts. By Command. S. M. HOUGHTON, Commissioner of Customs.

The St. Andrews Standard.

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VARIIIS BEMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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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.

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JAS. S. CARNEY, AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

Let To-morrow take care of To-morrow.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow, Leave things of the future to Fate. What's the use to anticipate sorrow? Let's troubles come, never too late. If to hope overmuch be an error, 'Tis the one that the wise have preferred— And how often have hearts been in terror Of evils that—never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow, Permit not suspicion and care With invisible bonds to enchain thee, But hear what God gives thee to bear. By His spirit supported and gladdened, Be cheer'd by forebodings deterred, But think how oft hearts have been addened By fears of what—never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow, Short and dark though our life may appear, We may make it still shorter by sorrow, Still darker by folly and tear. Half our troubles are half our invention; And how often from blessings conferred, Have we abruak in the wild apprehension Of evils that—never occurred.

Interesting Case.

MR. BONSALE'S MATCHMAKING.

My uncle, Alexander McFarlane, was waiting breakfast, an event very uncommon with him, for Aunt Nancy was the soul of punctuality. Never-the-less she was a little late this morning. Eight o'clock was the breakfast hour, and it was now fully ten minutes past.

Aunt Nancy was not my Uncle McFarlane's wife. He was a widower of some fifteen years' standing. Fifteen years before his wife had left him a delicate little boy for a keepsake, and had gone away, whispering with her last breath that she was very happy. Her mother and sister, who had come to the house to nurse her, remained after her death, according to Uncle McFarlane's particular request. He would be so glad, he said, if it were not exacting too much of a sacrifice, to have Mrs. Howard and Nancy stay with him, keep up his house, and attend to his little boy. So Mrs. Howard, who was a widow with a very straitened income, rented her little house in the New England village where she had always lived, and came to reside over Mr. McFarlane's spacious mansion and liberal housekeeping in Greenwich Street, New York—my Uncle McFarlane lived in Greenwich Street, a fact which marks the date of my story with sufficient exactness.

Mrs. Howard had been dead three months, and still Aunt Nancy presided over Uncle McFarlane's household. Neither of them had ever thought of a change as either necessary or desirable. Nancy had been a fair, prim, and somewhat quiet girl when she came to live in Greenwich Street. She was still a fair, somewhat prim woman of thirty-five, with pretty, soft brown hair, violet-blue eyes, and a pure, soft, somewhat changeful complexion. She was not in the least like a modern young lady's heroine. She had no particular aspirations beyond the limited and old-fashioned one of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She did not consider herself a martyr to uncongenial circumstances, because she made Uncle McFarlane's shirts and mended his stockings, and even the fact of going down into the kitchen, to do up his immaculate ruffles, when old Mrs. Brown's hands were too lame, and the chambermaid's too unskillful to be trusted with them, did not awaken in her mind any desire to rush out into the world in search of a career. No such fancy had ever entered Nancy Howard's head.

She was absolutely "contented with her present condition," willing to go on making Uncle McFarlane's shirts, keeping his house, spoiling his child, and "making it pleasant for him," as she simply said. Her great pleasures consisted in doing those little embroideries, visiting the poor, going to church, and reading the English classics, with now and then a novel. If she had any trials she kept them to herself, confiding them to no spiritual director, newspaper editor, or female friend. Such was Nancy Howard at five-and-thirty.

My Uncle McFarlane was a fine gentleman in the true sense of the phrase. He was unimpeachable in integrity, unspotted in morals, in manners absolutely perfect—a little set in his way, and possibly somewhat particular in eating and drinking. He was also given to amusing himself in a quiet way with the peculiarities of those about him. But he never willingly hurt or neglected any one, and he had a certain genial graciousness of manner, which made all his employes, from Mr. Saunders, his confidential clerk, down to Black Sam, the carman, and Davy, the errand boy, feel the better when he spoke to them.

Miss Nancy is a little late this morning! observed Uncle McFarlane, as Brown, his man, brought him the paper.

Yes, sir. She was out till after twelve last night, at Sam's, sir!

Indeed! How was that?

Well, you see, sir, Sam's girl was took with a quick consumption last spring, and his wife ain't very rugged either. Miss Nancy, she's been there a good deal, and when Sisy was struck with death last evening, she sends for her. So Miss Nancy, she went and stayed till it was all over. It was a great comfort to them, sir. You see, Sam's wife, she's got a little young baby, too, and altogether it comes hard!

I should say so, indeed. We must see that every thing is done, Brown. Find out when the funeral is to be, and let me know, and tell your wife to send them something comfortable when she goes to market. But here comes Miss Nancy. Send up breakfast, Brown.

Breakfast was usually a somewhat silent meal, save for Alick's chatter with his aunt; for Mr. McFarlane always read the paper, invariably asking Miss Nancy's permission.

Why do you look at me so closely, Alick? asked Miss Nancy, as she caught her nephew's gaze fixed upon her.

I was thinking how pretty you are! answered Alick, with his usual frankness. I think you are a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina Schuyler, that they make such a fuss about. And I don't want her for a stepmother. So there!

What is that about Miss Schuyler? asked my uncle, laying down his paper. It strikes me that you are taking rather a liberty with that young lady—to say nothing of myself.

It wasn't me, father; it was Mr. Bonsall, answered Alick. Mr. Bonsall asked me if I wouldn't like pretty young lady like Miss Regina Schuyler to come into the house; and I told him no—I didn't want any one but Aunt Nancy. Then he said Aunt Nancy was an old maid; and I said, if she was forty old maids she was a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina—and so she is!

We won't discuss that matter! said my uncle, annoyed, but representing his annoyance, as usual. You need not mind Mr. Bonsall. We all know his ways!

There was something in his father's tone which made Alick aware that he had better drop the subject. Uncle McFarlane went on with his paper, but now and then glanced over it with an expression of some interest. Nancy is pretty! he said to himself. There is something in her face which reminds me of my mother.

Breakfast being over, my uncle put on his overcoat, asking, as he did so, his invariable question, "Have you any commands for the city?"

And by the way, please see that everything is done for Sam's family. The poor woman will perhaps be the better for some port wine, or ale, and let everything be nice about the funeral. I will take the expense on myself. Sam is a good faithful fellow.

Really Nancy is very pretty! said my uncle, as he walked out of the house. I never thought much about it before, but she is decidedly pretty. Miss Regina Schuyler, indeed. Really Bonsall is too bad to put such notions into the boy's head. And Mr. McFarlane pursued his way to the office, unconscious of the fate awaiting him there.

Any letters, Saunders? he asked, as he passed the clerk's desk. I see the packet is in.

Yes, sir. They are on your desk, and Mr. Bonsall is waiting to speak to you in your room. What says Mr. McFarlane? said the clerk to himself, as his principal passed on. I don't believe he ever before forgot to ask for my wife. I hope nothing is wrong. Mr. Saunders had an invalid wife, who was indebted to Mr. McFarlane for many little comforts.

Mr. Bonsall was waiting in the office. He was a stout man with red hair and whiskers, and a bluff, uncompromising manner. He had a habit

on which he prided himself, of always "speaking his mind"—that is, of saying everything and anything which came into his head—a habit which did not cause him to be beloved by his acquaintances. He and Uncle McFarlane had once been partners, and they still kept up a kind of intimacy, at which many people wondered.

Well, Bonsall, how goes the world with you? asked my uncle, leisurely taking off his coat and overcoat.

Oh, well enough. If it don't go to suit me, I make it, that's all! answered Mr. Bonsall. But see here, McFarlane, I didn't come here to banter compliments. I want to talk to you about a serious matter.

Well, what is it? asked my uncle, preparing to listen, not without a longing glance at his foreign letters and papers.

I'm going to speak my mind, as I always do, said Mr. Bonsall. I want to know what you intend to do about Nancy?

About Nancy? repeated my uncle, with a little start. What about Nancy?

Aye, what about her?—that's just it. Of course you can't go on as you do now. It was well enough when the old lady was alive; but her death changes all that, and folks will talk. Nancy's an old maid, to be sure—forty, if she's an hour—

Thirty-five! said my uncle, correcting him.

Well, five years don't matter much. She's an old maid, as I said. Still, folks will do talk, and you ought to get rid of her. The truth is, McFarlane, you ought to marry again; and of course you can't with Nancy in the house.

You think so?

Why, of course, not. There's Miss Regina Schuyler, now. She'd jump at the chance of marrying you; but you don't suppose she would set up housekeeping with Nancy Howard, do you?

I must beg, Bonsall, that you will not bring Miss Schuyler's name into question, said my uncle. Such liberties are not to be taken with respectable ladies.

Liberty or not, she would have you in a minute. And there's another thing about it. Nancy Howard is dead in love with you, herself, and of course you can't marry her—that is out of the question.

Nancy Howard! repeated my uncle, in a tone of bewilderment.

To be sure, man. Any one but you would have seen it, though Nancy is not the woman to throw herself at any man's head, I'll say that for her. My wife has known it this long time, and I can see it, too. Of course you can't marry her. She is old, and poor, and plain, and in delicate health besides. So of course, all you can do is to get rid of her.

Send her home to her native place with a pension, marry Regina Schuyler, and begin life anew.

Does Mrs. Bonsall really think that—that Miss Howard entertains such sentiments? asked my uncle, as Mr. Bonsall paused a moment: "Woman see such things more clearly than a man."

Of course she does. She was talking of it last night. Nancy ought to have a change, says she, if she don't she'll go off like her sister. She's a quiet, patient creature, says she; but it is easy to see what all her. Now, you see, her being consumptive is another reason why you can't marry her. So, there! I've spoken my mind, as I always do; and I hope you will have sense enough to set upon it.

I shall certainly set upon it! said my uncle, calmly.

And soon, I hope! said Mr. Bonsall, rising. The sooner the better! echoed my uncle. I quite agree with you. Thank you, Bonsall, thank you!

I think I did a good piece of work this morning! said Mr. Bonsall to his wife, as he was preparing to go out. I spoke to McFarlane about Nancy! And he repeated the subject of the conversation. Mrs. Bonsall was a quiet, kind hearted woman, but like her husband, she sometimes spoke her mind. She did so on this occasion.

florist's where he bought some beautiful hot-house flowers, and two nice hyacinth bulbs in pretty glasses, which last he sent to Miss Saunders.

Father, may I go up and see Tom Saunders? asked Alick after tea. Aunt Nancy was sitting at her work table, fresh and neat from top to toe. She was composed as usual, but my uncle fancied, he observed a slight change in her manner to ward himself. Probably Alick's remarks might have disturbed her a little.

Certainly my son. And be sure to ask particularly, how Mrs. Saunders finds herself. I quite forgot it this morning. I was the more ready to let Alick go as I wished to consult you on a matter of great importance to us both. And then, in his usual kind, somewhat formal manner, he opened the subject. He was desirous, he said, of going abroad for some time, perhaps for some years. He thought the change would be good for Alick, who showed signs of delicate lungs.

Aunt Nancy's heart fluttered and her color went and came; but she had long been chooled in self control, and she made no other sign. It won't be for long! said the quiet, break heart to himself, little guessing what was in store.

My uncle continued. I don't know exactly how he would do it, but he made it plain that neither he nor the boy could live without Nancy. Would Nancy consent, to become his wife, and be a mother to Alick in fact, as she had long been in name? And so in an hour the matter was all settled.

We are asked to a wedding! said Mrs. Bonsall to her husband some six weeks after ward.

A wedding—whose wedding? asked Mr. Bonsall, not greatly interested.

Nancy Howard's! answered Mr. Bonsall fairly struck him dumb.

Yes; Nancy and McFarlane! answered his wife, enjoying her husband's discomfiture. They are to be married at St. Paul's, very quietly, and sail for Europe as soon as possible.

The duce they are. And after all I said to him!

After all you said to him! echoed Mrs. Bonsall. The mischief! you told me what you said to him, and especially as to Nancy's being talked about. I knew you had married old Miss Paget in the same way.

Oh, well, I don't know. I dare say he might feel a little of a sacrifice at first; but by this time he has persuaded himself that liberty never was such a woman, and that the favor was all on her side. I don't think, for my part, McFarlane will ever regret it.

And I don't think Uncle McFarlane ever did.

—FROM THE ALDINE for May.

What we say, and Why we say it.

"Language is the armory of the mind, and contains at once the record of past victories, as well as the weapons of future conquests."

Being gild-ed or bothered with a longing to know the why and the wherefore of certain curious sayings and things, we rummaged among some dusty boxes, and satisfied our hungry soul for a brief moment. Digestion being still active we give a "rehash."

It is something what we found.

It MUST BE TAKEN DOWN, "Egg" or "two."

This expression arose from a conversation of St. Dunstan, intended to check the prevailing vice of drunkenness. He was the inventor of a way of ornamenting the drinking cups used at a feast, with little pegs one above another, of gold or silver, as the material of the cup might be, so that the guest might at each toast empty his glass from the upper peg to the next below. It, of course, he frequently filled it to the top peg, he would no doubt, soon become "a peg too high."

Whence it is not difficult to see we draw the saying that a man is a peg too high, of a peg too low according to the state of his spirits—and conduct.

seems to have been derived the curious custom of pranking largely of "Easter Eggs." Thus too Yule, the old name for Christmas is derived from Yule, a Saxon feast at the winter solstice.

While speaking of Saxon deities, we will cite some cases where superstition also has borrowed from the same source. LUCK probably comes from his Saxon mightiness, LUK; and the Deuce, whom naughty people invoke so frequently and profanely, was once reverently addressed by the Gauls as DUCES!

So too Ochus Boccus, a magician and demon, and Necus, a malign deity who frequented waters, may be the origin of the names Hocus Focus, and Old Nick.

In the days of the week we preserve similar devout recollections of "those of olden time." Sunday and Monday are the days consecrated to the Sun and Moon respectively; Tuesday to the Saxon Tiu; Wednesday or Woden's day—seems to have been the especial property of Woden, the Scandinavian God of War; Thursday and Friday recalls us to the Saxon belief—to the deities Thurso and Friga, while Saturday, a day especially delightful to boys, is by the most cutting irony sacrificed to the venerable Saturn of the Romans, whom that wicked boy Jupiter drove from the throne of Olympus.

ROMANCE OF ARITHMETIC.—The most romantic of all numbers is the figure nine, because it can't be multiplied away or got rid of anyhow. Whatever you do it is sure to turn up again as the body of Eugene Aram's victim. One remarkable property of this figure (said to have been first discovered by Mr. Green, who died in 1794) is that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like, and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 makes 9. Three times nine are 27; and 2 and 7 are 9. So it goes on up to ninety times nine, which gives 81. Very good; add the digits; 9 and 9 are 18, and 8 and 1 are 9. Going on to any extent it is impossible to get rid of the figure nine. Take a couple of instances at random: Three hundred and thirty nine times nine are 3,051; add up the figures and they are nine. Five thousand and seventy one times nine are 45,639; the sum of those digits 27; 2 and 7 are 9.

A comical twin story is reported from Dublin. A barber was waited upon one evening by a nice young gentleman, who desired the hairdresser a lowest term per week for keeping his comely caput in condition. A moderate sum was named and accepted. Thereafter the new customer appeared regularly every day for a "close cutting, and often twice a day. In short, the barber marvelled much at the rapidity with which this young man's beard and hair grew, and the mystery was only solved after a considerable lapse of time, when one day "two of him" came into the shop at once for a shave. The original customer who made the bargain had a twin brother so exactly like him in person and appearance that "one couldn't tell 'em from which," and the two had been getting the attentions of the tonor for the price paid by one.

A mysterious attempt to murder has occurred in England. A pawnbroker at Oldham received a few days ago a key, and a day or two after a small box, which was locked, but had no key. The pawnbroker found that the key fitted the lock of the box, and he opened it. The result was startling. A pistol had been placed in the box, and was to arrange to discharge its contents into any person who might open the lid from the front. Fortunately for the pawnbroker, he had turned the box round in order to pull up the lid, and the bullet from the concealed weapon passed through the window of the room.

An illustration of absent mindedness is told of an excitable young drug clerk who filled his customer's bottle with the liniment desired, and receiving therefor a nice new twenty five cent plaster, pasted it on the box and put the label in the cash drawer.

A young woman, applicant for a school in Ulster county, sent to the committee a "composition" beginning: "Looking from the window, I see the beautiful hills, mountains, clothed in snow, the spire of the church, steeples pointing toward heaven, and people, all strange to me, yet with a smile they seem to say, 'I think I know your business, Ma'am.'"

Of all things in the world that are "letter late than never," going to bed certainly ranks first.

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with things as they go.

The loss of the "Atlantic" has so frightened an old lady in the suburbs that she has had the well in the yard filled up for fear of what might happen.

The following concise and comprehensive note was sent to an Illinois merchant by a neighboring farmer the other day: "Send me a trace chain and two hinges. Jane had a bany last night—also two pullocks."