

BE SOLD.  
in, if applied for immediately  
prior to the 15th of April, the  
will be let and possession given  
on 1st May next.

THAT desirable situated House for  
business next to the Record Of-  
fice; has been newly shingled and is  
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and  
bath.

A L S O.—  
er Town lots, in good situations for  
purposes. Apply to subscribers.  
payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

#### Division of Partnership.

is hereby given, that the partnership  
subsisting between James Moran and  
Moran, of St. George, in the County of  
under the firm of James Moran & Son,  
lay dissolved by mutual consent.  
is going to the said partnership are to  
be paid by the said James A. Moran, who is  
to settle all debts due to and owing  
to the firm.

JAMES MORAN,  
JAMES A. MORAN.  
wge, September 16, 1865.

#### Almanacks 1866.

LIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and  
cister for 1866, can be obtained singly  
or by the dozen for retail from  
J. LOCHARY & SON,  
by of the old Farmers Almanac always

Nov 30, 1865.

#### Rubber.

#### Rubbers

#### AT THE

#### Albion House.

#### H. S. MAGEE.

Has received an assortment of

ens, Misses,

Ladies,

Gent's,

#### Over shoes.

Ladies Rubber Over shoes, a nice

r the present season, which with a lo

ldren and Ladies Boots,

SKELTON SKIRTS,

and the balance of stock of

NTER DRY GOODS.

sell CHEAP for Current Money

a Billie taken at the usual discount.

#### MORE NEW GOODS.

RECEIVED and now open for sale

the very lowest prices:

ts, Bonnets,

ers, and Ribbons.

AWLS, MANTILLAS,

FANCY DRESS GOODS

rey and White Cottons,

ng, Stripes, and Regattas

its.

Silicines

and COARSE CLOTHS

Crashes; Towel-

ling & Table Li-

ners, Shirt-fronts,

ollars, and Fan-

cy Neck Tes,

ars, Rubbers,

Boots and Shoes

ce of Summer Stock daily expected

amer "Europe" and when received

sold at a very small advance on St.

D. BRADLEY.

#### dies Seminary.

T. ANDREWS, N.B.

KENDALL will receive a limited

of young Ladies as boarders, in addition

to pupils.

course of instruction comprises the

glish, French, and Italian

Languages;

and Arithmetic, Geography, including

of the Globes; Astronomy, History,

and Singing, plain & ornamental Needle

French, Italian, Music, and Singing class-

open to ladies who desire to pursue any of

branches of study.

tuition is paid to the comfort

of the pupils, and religious instruction and per-  
sonal supervision of the pupils.

TERMS:

and Tuition, including all the branches

Italian, \$200 per annum.

DAY PUPILS:

glish, 25 00 per ann.

to, including French, 8 00

use, 8 00

rel for season 0 00

REFERENCES:

G. Perry, D.D. Quebec; J. Thompson Esq,

Esq, High school, Wm Andrews, M.A,

for McGill College, Montreal.

S. Bacon, S. Benson, M.D. Henry Cunard

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W. Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo. D.

Esqrs, St. Andrews.

FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,

and Worked Col.

Garments for Boys & Girls

Jackets, Sacks, Pants,

Waists, &c. &c.

pattern can be used with ease!

JAS. McKINNEY.

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARIIS SEMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1866.

No 18

## Poetry.

### JEANIE BELL.

I am thinking, Jeanie Bell,  
On the happy past and these—  
Far apart though now we dwell  
Yet apart seemest near to me.  
Many a year has flown away  
Since we parted on our last farewell—  
Oh the weary weary day  
I left home home and Jeanie Bell!

Oh how often Jeanie Bell,  
Have we wandered by the sea,  
Building castles, shell on shell,  
Shouting in our childish glee,  
Roamed by hazel-skirted streams,  
Gathered berries in the dell!  
One long feast of golden dreams  
Seemed our life then, Jeanie Bell.

Dost thou mind, dear Jeanie Bell,  
Those long winters so dear,  
When all gathered round the fire,  
Grandma's wondrous tales to hear  
Of the elves and fairies bright  
Sporting in each moonlight dell!  
All my gloom is changed to light  
When I think of Jeanie Bell.

Now they tell me, Jeanie Bell,  
That thy once dark raven hair  
Is now white, while, thin and pale  
Is that face of beauty rare  
Which to love was but to see;  
Yet I heed not what they tell;  
Thou art ever young to me,  
Evermore sweet Jeanie Bell.

MARY J. MCCOY.

## Miscellany.

### THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

#### OR

#### THE INQUIROR SILENCED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Service had commenced in the neat little  
sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Fairmount  
had consecrated to the worship of God. The  
minister had read the Psalm and the Scripture  
Lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn.  
The eyes of his people were fixed intently  
upon him, for he was not only a good, sound,  
eloquent preacher, but he was a fine-looking  
one, too, and thus enchanted usually not only  
the attention of the true but the false wor-  
shipper. The house was very still—the clear,  
melodious tones of the speaker were the only  
sounds that floated on the balmy, golden air  
which the mid-summer Sabbath morning had  
breathed into that holy place. The first syl-  
lable of the second line was trembling on li-  
pits, when a rattle at the door, and entrance of  
two persons, a lady and gentleman, dissolved  
the charm. A lady, every eye turned  
from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watch-  
ed with more than ordinary eagerness the  
progress of the couple. A most searching  
glance were they subjected to, and when they  
were fairly seated in the front pew, immedi-  
ately before the pulpit, what a hurrying of vi-  
lions there was, eyes and low many whispers.  
In vain sought the good, the sound, the  
eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. to vent again  
the attention of his hearers. They had eyes  
and thoughts for nobody but Widow C. and  
Willow C.'s young and dashing-looking at-  
tendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she  
said an hundred times or more, that her heart  
was in the grave of her buried one, that she  
would never marry again? Hadn't she re-  
fused always to walk out or ride out with any  
of the unpropitious gentlemen of the vil-  
lage? Hadn't she said she didn't feel as  
though she could ever wear anything but  
mourning? And in spite of all her protest-  
ations, hadn't she come out, all at once, dressed  
all in white, and walked into church in broad  
daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gen-  
tleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have  
pleaded guilty to all these charges, grave ones  
though they were, and to the last two, how  
many witnesses might have been subpoenaed.  
She was actually dressed in white. A beau-  
tiful robe of India muslin, tucked to the waist,  
with an open corsage, displaying an elaborately  
wrought chemise, drapery sleeves trim-  
med with the richest of Mechlin lace, under  
sleeves of the same expensive material, a  
white crapesshaw, a white lace hat with orange  
buds and flowers, white kid gloves and light  
garters—such was the description every lady  
had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon  
as service was over. And the gentlemen—  
he too was dressed in style. Didn't he wear  
white points of the latest pattern, and a white  
vest and coat of satin finish, and white and  
a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and  
tenderly, and lovingly, on the fair creature

beside him? Ah yes, he did so, and there  
was no farther room to doubt. Willow C.  
had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid  
aside her mourning, put on bridal attire, and  
was going to be married in church. But who  
the beau was, or whence he came, was more  
difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang, the  
minister prayed, and preached—the people  
wondered when the ceremony would take  
place. By, to their astonishment, they were  
left to wonder. For when the benediction  
was pronounced, Willow C. and the strange  
gentleman walked with the rest of the congre-  
gation quietly out of the church. When they  
reached the pavement, he offered his arm very  
graciously, and she placed her hand very con-  
fidingly on the beautifully soft coat-sleeve, and  
they passed on.

What a nooning that was in Fairmount!  
What a world of conjectures, surmises, in-  
quiries, and doubts rolled over and over in  
the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but  
sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. "The like  
of such a thing had never occurred before in  
the annals of the village. There was some-  
thing new under the sun—a lady had a beau,  
and nobody knew of it. Willow C.! Didn't  
you ever, not only the right, but the left, turn  
that day? Ah, we wonder they hadn't drop-  
ped out—surely they must have been crisp and  
crimson."

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded  
house that afternoon; no complaint to him  
though. The magnet was in the pew before  
him. Every one was sure the wedding would  
take place then; but everybody was again  
sadly disappointed, and it tongues had run  
at railroad speed before they travelled then  
on the electric wires. The minister might have  
preached in Greek that day and his sermon  
would have been quite edifying. But one  
subject engrossed the village mind. The  
widow's beau—that was the topic.

It actually seemed to, as though the lady  
tried to make all the talk she could. After  
ten, arm in arm, with the strange gentleman,  
she walked the whole length of the village  
and away out into the cemetery, and never re-  
turned till the moon was high.

A nice looking dress she had drawn  
Grandma W. as she listened to the widow's  
wonderings. "I'm glad I didn't go to wash it,  
all drabbed up with dew as it must have been,  
but I don't suppose she thought or cared a word  
about it. She was so carried away with him—  
But I'll give her a piece of my mind, she first  
time I have a chance, see if I don't. Cheat-  
ing as all in this way."

But the good old dame began to fear by  
Wednesday night, she should never have the  
desired chance. She hurried through her  
brushing on Monday, and hobbled over to the  
widow's as soon as possible, but the door was  
locked, and one of the neighbors said, Mrs. C.  
and the gentleman, went off in a carriage, no-  
body knew where, very early in the morning.  
Look out, Willow C.! Your character is on  
the carpet!

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care,  
for the next day she went a sitting with her  
beau, and the next day a rambling with him  
away off to the mountains, and on the next  
forenoon went with him to the station house,  
and there not only wept as she parted from  
him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

What, in broad daylight? exclaimed Grand-  
ma W. well if ever I see or heard the like  
of it.

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grand-  
child, wondered to herself, if it were any worse  
in broad daylight than at any other time.—  
Perhaps you will wonder too. We do at  
least.

There was a very large attendance that  
afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing  
society. Everybody went that could possi-  
bly leave home. And what a chattering there  
was when the bustle of assembling was over.  
There was but one topic, but that was  
all sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau  
for the gentleman must be her beau, or at  
least he ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something  
to wonder about. But suddenly every magis-  
trical tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of num-  
bly seemed to have fallen on the group, as  
looking up, it perceived the very lady about  
whom they were conversing so eagerly, stand-  
ing in the doorway.

Good afternoon, ladies, said she, in her usual  
quiet, ladylike way. I am glad to see so large  
and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day  
for our meeting; and then she proceeded to  
the table, helped herself to a block of patch-  
work, inquired for sewing silk, which having  
she sat down in the only vacant chair, and com-  
menced hemming a very red bird with a yel-  
low wing, on to a very green twig, which  
latter had already been hemmed on to a square  
piece of white cloth and the whole when com-  
pleted was designed to form the twentieth  
art of a bed-spread. She seemed all engrossed  
with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one.

Everybody had wondered if she had heard  
what they were saying when she came in, but  
her placid countenance soon reassured them  
the most fearful, an every one longed to com-  
mence a personal attack.

Old Grandma W. was the first to venture.  
She meant "to do up the matter" very deli-  
cately, and in so roundabout a way the lady  
should not suspect her of curiosity. So she  
began by praising Mrs. C.'s dress. "Why, it's  
a real beauty," said she; "where did you get  
it?"

I bought it, was the quiet reply.

Here?

No.

Where, then?

In New York, last spring.

O, you did, did you? But I thought you  
wasn't never going to wear anything but black  
again. Every eye scrutinized the lady's face  
this time in search of a blush, but it continued  
as pale as was usual, while she answered:

I did think and say so once, but I have finally  
altered my mind.

You have, ha! But what made you?

O, I had good reasons. Here the hearers  
and lookers-on winked expressively at each  
other.

But didn't you spoil your beautiful white  
dress Sunday night, wearing it way up there  
to the burying ground?

I did not.

You didn't do it? But how could you  
help it? There was a wonderful heavy dew.

I did not wear it.

Here was a damper to the old lady. She  
had such a long le-ture to read on extravagance  
and she was so determined to do it too, when  
unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs.  
C.'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the  
time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start.

She would not be so baffled again. She  
would find out all about that black before she  
went home, that she would! So she began  
saying, your company went away this  
morning, didn't they?

They did, was the answer, a wee bit of em-  
phasis resting on they.

He didn't stay very long did he?

Not as long as I wish he had, was the em-  
phatic answer this time. And how the ladies  
did look at each other. It was as good as a  
confession.

When did he come?

Saturday evening.

Was you looking for him?

I had been expecting him a fortnight.

Why, do tell, if you had, then, and you never  
told out either. Had he business in the  
place?

He had.

What was it? This was rather more direct  
and blunt than the old lady had meant to  
put it, and she forthwith apologized by saying  
faintly, you see that—

—I'm only—dressed—

O, I'd as tell you know as not, said the lady  
with a charming air of "nervous"; he came to  
see me.

O, Willow C. didn't your good name go  
down then. Be careful what you say next, or  
you'll have only a remnant of character to go  
home with, and remnants always go cheap.

He did, did he, and he didn't come for nothing  
else then? And was you glad to see him?

Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest  
moments of my existence.

Well, said the old lady, hardly knowing  
how to frame her next question.

Well, he's a real good looking man any  
way.

I think so too, and he's not only good look-  
ing, but he's good-hearted; one of the best  
men I ever knew.

You don't say so then? But is he rich?

Worth a hundred thousand or so, said the  
lady, carelessly.

Why, do tell, if he is. Why, you'll live  
like a lady, won't you? But what is his  
name?

Henry Macdonald, was the answer.

Macdonald! Why, wasn't that your  
name before you were married?

It was.

Then he's a connection, is he?

He is.

Do tell, if he is then? Not a con-in I  
hope. I never did think much of marriages  
between cousins.

But what connection is he, then, do tell,  
now?

"He is my youngest brother!"

If ever there was a rapid progress made in  
sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies,  
it was by those composing this society, for the  
next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered  
not an eye raised. [Had the latter been done  
and the roughest expressive glances which passed  
between Mrs. C. and the minister, who  
unobserved had stood on the threshold, a si-  
lent spectator and curious hearer, perhaps,  
mind you, we only say perhaps, they might  
have guessed more correctly the name charac-  
ter, standing and profession of the Widow's  
Beau.]

HOW A BLIND MAN SEES.—Our friend  
Trotter or has just set off on a great hairy for that  
doubt: he seizes the handle, opens the door  
hastily, shuts out two or two lovely words waits  
for an answer, but rubs off again somewhere.  
Ask him what his pantomime means, and he will

tell you that he was in quest of a certain tri-  
of boys that promised to meet him there; that  
he "looked" into the club room and found that  
they were not there; at least he thinks not,  
judging by the sound of his own foot against  
the floor on which they usually sit, and his  
own voice, the room seemed empty. And  
empty it really is. The well known story told  
by Mr. Andler, one of a blind messenger to Edin-  
burgh, entirely corroborates this fact: "I had  
occasion," he says, "to send out one of those  
blind men with a mattress. I gave him the  
bill with it, that he might receive payment.—  
But, to my surprise, he returned with the  
account and mattress too. "I've brought back  
both, ye see, sir," said he. "How so?" "In-  
deed, sir, I didn't like to leave it yonder, else  
I'm sure we would never see either—there's one  
a stick of furniture within the door!" "Oh,  
sir, two taps on the floor w' my stick soon tell  
me that!" And true enough was the blind  
man's guess; for guess it must still be called,  
though in both cases cited it was shrewd  
enough to pass for wit.—[London Quarterly  
Review.]

#### A Monster Publishing House.

The largest publishing house in the world  
is that of Messrs. Mame & Son, of Tours,  
France, which was founded towards the end  
of the last century. One account of it which  
we have seen says there are in it a printing,  
binding, and publishing establishment, self-  
contained and complete in every respect, where  
the children are brought up with the factory  
before them, where their fathers have worked,  
and where their highest point of civilization is  
to be employed when of sufficient age. With-  
out any help whatever from without, a book  
is not manufactured; and, in point of fact, the  
books now exhibited there were so manufac-  
tured on the premises, printed on paper made  
at their own mill, printed with type of their  
own casting, and illustrated with plates of  
their own engraving. The cheapest books  
published in the world are sent out from this  
establishment. There are employed under the  
roof 1900 hands and as many more out-  
side of doors. Eight hundred volumes are con-  
stantly undergoing the process of publication,  
and twenty thousand copies are issued every  
day. Of these many are small books, being  
principally educational, amusing and religious,  
the latter consisting of miscellanea, trivials,  
prayers, &c. In the department of law, or  
of science, there are thousands of books bound  
in boards, besides an immense stock in sheets.  
The binders constantly employed number  
seven hundred! There is nothing to equal  
the magnitude of the Messrs. Mame's establish-  
ment in any other part of the world.

#### WHAT DID MARY SAY?

During the trial of one Coggell for kidnap-  
ping, which took place lately in Hillsboro, N. C.,  
an incident occurred which created consid-  
erable fun at the expense of wigs and counsel.  
A Miss Sloan was testifying, and was re-  
quested to state all that she knew about a cer-  
tain transaction. Witness—"I was in a sit-  
ting room, when Mary came from the kitchen  
hurriedly, and Coggell after her. He caught  
hold of her at the sitting room door, and said,  
"Mary, you have been here long enough;  
come and go home now." "What did Mary  
say?" Attorney for State—"Stop there! Sub-  
ject to the question." There a discussion of  
nearly two hours took place, in which four  
barristers participated; after which the judges  
held a long, serious and exciting discussion on  
the subject, and finally, in a very formal and  
pompos manner, stated that it was the opinion  
of the court that question should be answered.  
The court room was crowded almost to suffo-  
cation and the most intense interest was  
manifested at this stage of the proceedings.—  
The question was repeated, "What did Mary  
say?" and the witness answered, "She didn't  
say a word!"

#### USEFUL INFORMATION.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially  
clean, and who got up their linen so beauti-  
fully white, use refined borax as a washing  
powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a  
large handful of borax powder to about ten  
gallons of boiling water; they save in soap  
nearly half. All the large washing establish-  
ments adopt the same mode. For laces, cam-  
brics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is  
used, and fine crinolines (required to be made  
very stiff) a strong solution is necessary.—  
Borax being a neutral salt does not in the  
slightest degree injure the texture of linen;  
its effect is to soften the hardest water, and  
therefore it should be kept on every toilet  
table. To the taste it is rather sweet, it is  
used for cleaning hair, is an excellent denti-  
fice, and in hot countries is used in combina-  
tion with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda  
as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be  
made with hard water; all water may be made  
soft by adding a tea-spoonful of borax powder  
to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which  
it should boil. The saving in the quantity of  
tea used will be at least one fifth. To give to  
black tea the flavor of the green tea, add a

single leaf from the black currant tree.—[Gall-  
man's Messenger.]

A minister of a western village, found one  
Sabbath, a notice, which had been cut from the  
Sunday's newspaper, and placed in his desk  
for him to read to his congregation. But by  
a strange coincidence, there happened to be  
printed on the other side of the same slip the  
advertisement of a certain shoe dealer, a pro-  
minent member of his church, and without  
turning the paper to read the other side, as  
the advertisement met his eye, the good man  
concluded it was expected he would read it,  
and accordingly to the surprise of all, he an-  
nounced, at the usual point for reading notices,  
that "George S. B." kept constantly on  
hand and for sale, a large and well selected  
assortment of laces and shoes, which he will  
sell low for cash. At No. — Street — and added,  
"Brother B." — is a worthy member of the  
church and society, and deserving the patronage  
of the congregation.

The consternation of Brother B. — may  
be better imagined than described.

A hansom young gal, was set up with one  
night by a noble young specimen of the true  
American, with whiskers in his vest pocket—  
I mean a dry goods clerk—and the young gal's  
mother hearing nothing pop, rose from her  
kitchen under the impression that her boy was  
loving a wild rascal on the roof beam in the  
west room. But, on opening the door, she  
discovered traces of haggard and kissin' which  
awakened her from her peaceful repose. "My  
daughter, my daughter," this fond parent did cry,  
"oh that I should live to see this done in, my  
own home!" "I know mother, this sweet vil-  
lage maid did into her mother quick reply,  
"that it is improper, but it is an orial sootling."

A "REAL RELIQUARY OF A JOKE"—A man  
lately received twenty lashes, well laid on at  
the whipping post in an English town. The  
culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable  
applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which  
made the angry officer lay on with harder force.  
On giving him the twentieth blow, the angry  
officer could stand it no longer.