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JAS. S. CARNEGIE,
AGENT, St. Andrews

Poetry.
FISHING—MAY AND I.
Beneath the quivering arch of leaves
Where sunlight flickered through,
While birds sang merry songs of love,
Each to its mate so true,
Where just below the mossy bank
The laughing stream flowed by,
We came, with fishing line and rod,
My blue-eyed May and I.
Oh, how her merry laugh rang out,
Startling the birds above!
And I forgot the shining fish
While whispering words of love.
And how the sunlight, falling through
The tangled web of green,
Came trembling down to crown her head—
My blue-eyed May, my queen!
Ah! years have passed since then, and she
Hath with them passed away;
But nature smiles no whit the less
For troubled hearts each day!
The leaves, the birds, the bank, the brook,
Their missions still fulfill;
But memory only cheers my heart,
And keeps me happy still.
[Harper's Magazine.]

Interesting Tale.
THE RIGHT KIND OF A WIFE.
Then it is decided?
Yes, mother, I have proposed and been accepted.
We must be reconciled then, I suppose. But really Howard, your brother and I look on it as a great misfortune; you could have done so much better than marry a poor girl like her. Not that she lacks beauty, style, or accomplishments; but those distressing country relatives will ever be a skeleton in our house, and she looked completely around the elegant apartment, where wealth had done its utmost to proclaim its possessor entitled to the front rank in the world of fashion. The room was large and the ceiling very high, the carpet of the finest texture, and of a pattern on which velvet buds seemed bursting into bloom, and flowers almost promised perfume if trodden upon. The chairs were of the latest pattern, and luxurious as the most indulgent could desire, even the arm being a little couch itself. The walls frescoed, and the design the same as the carpet. The lady who seemed but a part of her surroundings, was a handsome woman, with whom time had dealt very daintily, and who might have been supposed an older sister, instead of the mother of the fine looking young man she was now addressing.
My brother did not consent me in the choice of a wife, he replied, a little bitterly, "and I sometimes wish he had chosen one a little less aristocratic, and whose family was not quite so proud. Her expensive habits, if not checked, will yet embarrass us both. William sees it, but the fear of her family keeps him from remonstrance. She has always been accustomed to such luxuries, and how can I deprive her of them? he pleaded with me when I asked him if he could not curtail his expenses."
Are you suffering embarrassments in pecuniary matters, my son? asked the surprised and startled lady.
"Not at present; but William's dividend was much smaller this year than last, and the fact made me cautious for him."
Mrs Stuart hesitated a moment, and then said: "Why not bring your bride home to me? There is no need of the expense of two establishments; the lady will not object surely."
The young man thought for an instant and then replied:

I will, mother, if you will promise to forget that she is a farmer's daughter, reared in the country, and always to remember that she is Mrs. Clayton's niece, and your son's wife!
"My son, you either forget to whom you are speaking, or think I have lost my self-respect."
Neither, mother: forgive me. I know you are a lady always; but the heart I have have won would be as deeply pained by cold politeness as another would be by open neglect.
I will treat your wife as a lady should be treated in my house, and can promise nothing more until my heart prompts it.
With this answer Howard Stuart was forced to be satisfied; and it was decided that a suite of rooms should be fitted up for the young bride in Mrs. Stuart's residence, she being a widow, and the dwelling being her own by right of dower.
No expense was spared, and the apartments were declared faultless by even Mrs. Clayton, the future occupant's aunt, who was admitted to have the most exquisite taste of all Mrs. Stuart's fashionable friends. The rooms were elegant, and the furniture of the most recherche style.
And to these the fair bride came, with a heart brimming with love and happiness. She was an only child, and had been loved and petted as such loved ones usually are. Her father was a farmer from choice, laboring but little, and enjoying to his capacity the care of the beautiful acres he called his own. He had received a collegiate education and a diploma for the practice of medicine. But his great, warm, loving heart, shrunk from the vocation, and having an abundance of means, he invested it in broad acres; and finally built a handsome residence on his purchase and called it home.
Here he brought a delicate, refined and beautiful woman as his wife, and here Daisy—as he would call his first and only child—was born.
She grew up a miracle of beauty and temperance; the idol of her parents, and delighting in the grand old farm and its appurtenances almost as much as her father did.
It was pleasant to see her of a summer day, rambling over the grounds, with her hand in her father's, and followed by nearly every animal on the farm, not restrained by fences, and exhibiting almost human jealousy by their ill-humor at each other when favor was bestowed by parent or child. Mr. Danton kept no inferior stock, and it seemed in some cases, as if the instinct of his choicest kind was as much superior as the blood; and he valued them, not so much for what they would bring in dollars and cents, as for their excellence over their kind. He was a practical farmer, and a wealthy one, and one of the most popular men, politically and socially, in the country. Daisy repined a little when she was obliged to go from her home, where she was beloved by all, to finish her education at a seminary in a neighboring town; but it was not long; for here she learned much not down in her list of studies. From her companions and classmates she heard of the great world that she had read about, and pined for its novelties. Descriptions of fashionable life, as given by them had a charm for her almost bewitching; and when, soon after her final return home from school, Mrs. Clayton, her father's only sister, wrote, begging a season for her in New York, where she resided, her parents left her to decide, and her answer was soon given.
No preparation was needed; a large check from the father on the banker was all that the aunt required. And so Miss Danton—Daisy no more—was re-creating her school girl dreams.
She created a sensation, and her fashionable aunt was proud of her; but never more so than when she received the offer from Howard Stuart, of the firm of Stuart & Brothers.
It was a mutual attachment, and they only waited the consent of the parents. This was reluctantly given, although the lover's letter had been endorsed by a most eulogistic epistle from Mrs. Clayton. The wedding was to take place at her house, the parents coming for the occasion. It was a grand affair, as everything was of which the lady had the supervision, and when the parents returned to their far away home, they felt that instead of gaining a son, they had indeed lost a daughter; their only one, and so dear.
The young wife soon learned, in her splendid home, by an insidious teaching, that she was not expected to converse of her parents, or aught concerning them. She had no cause to complain of her husband or any of his family: indeed, his great love for her seemed to increase rather than diminish, and his lady mother was always kind and pleasant. William evidently admired her, as his brother's wife, while his old-fashioned lady delighted to lead her along the new paths she herself was treading, evidently giving herself great credit for her amiability and kindness in so doing. This was all very pleasant, more especially as her aunt was absent from the city, having accompanied her husband to Europe to remain several months. But gradually a yearning, that was almost pain, crept into her heart, to see the dear old home again, that seemed almost entirely shut from her

life; to see her gentle mother's smiles and feel her kiss, and hear her father's voice in blessing once more! Even the animals on the farm seemed like absent friends she was pining to see. And why should she not see her parents, she asked herself, and why were their names tabooed by the people by whom she was surrounded, and who ranked them only in style and fashion. She would know; and sought the information by timidly asking her husband, whom she tenderly loved, to take her home for a visit.
"Home! he repeated, pleasantly, "are you not at home, darling?"
But to my home, to my dear father and mother. Howard, you know where I mean! and the voice quivered piteously.
Yes, Daisy, I know what you mean, but we cannot go at present. Sometime perhaps.
But I can go alone. Please let me do so, and stay just a little while. I am so hungry to see the old place again.
It would not be proper, love, to travel so far alone. Across two States! just think! You have only been at my home three months; are you tired of it, or me?
She shook her head, but did not speak her voice was too full of tears; and he came and sat upon the luxurious couch beside her.
Daisy, I am about to say something that I fear will wound you; but it had better be said now, than later. When I married you, my friends of ferred but one objection, and that was your parents' position in the social scale; but I convinced them that you would identify yourself with our family, and allow nothing of your former life to annoy or embarrass us. Your parents are excellent people, I am sure; but they would be no happier to be dragged into a station they are not fitted to occupy. And certainly, you would not wish me to leave my business in the city every three months to visit your father, and keep him from his labor on the farm! If he should need pecuniary assistance, I will gladly and freely render it. More, I presume, he will not expect. I will take you to visit them, for a short time, once a year, and when we are keeping house you can ask them to visit us. Will that do?
The tears were all gone now. Surprise and indignation had dried them. She saw that her husband was laboring under a ludicrous mistake, either by fault of his early teachings or by the misrepresentations of others; the former most likely, and a little excitedly she asked:
Howard, what do you know of my father or his circumstances?
Nothing, except what your aunt told me; that he was a farmer, and highly respected by those who knew him best. A little eccentric, I think she added, and I know that he has given me a pretty, accomplished, and I hope loving wife.
No flattery, if you please, sir! And so, if my father should become poorer than he now is, you would assist him?
Certainly, as your father, I feel bound to do so. And would you take him or my mother into your home if one should die before the other?
If it would make either him or her happier; although I should doubt the policy of the proceeding.
It is not likely you would be subjected to the trial, as neither of them is partial to city life. I must write to them, and with your permission I will write that we will spend the anniversary of our marriage with them.
Do so, if you please; but not a long visit, remember.
I will remember.
And that evening she wrote a long letter to her parents telling them more than she had ever done before of her handsome son-in-law (they had only seen for a few hours at the gay wedding).
A letter from her straying lamb's wife, said Dr. Danton, as he looked over the large pile of letters and papers that had just been brought in.
The mother clutched at the pithoric package with a hungry look in her eyes, that did not escape the keen glance of her companion, busy as he seemed to be with his letters. She laughed a little as she returned the letter to him.
Thinks the old Daddy poor, does he, he muttered as he read. Will help him if he necessary—nice boy! Not coming home until the anniversary of their wedding. And yet seems willing to wait—is going to have some sport, then she says, to pay for waiting. Well, that ten thousand I had intended as a present for him, on his visit, on his in the bank and accumulate—or stop—I will invest it in Daisy's name and send her the record. You may write to her to that effect, and be mechanical in folding the letter and gave it back, and then sat silent for some moments as if in deep thought.
The long silence surprised and pained the wife, and she came and laid her still beautiful hand upon his shoulder, with the same caring touch she would have done twenty years before.
You are not going to allow this to fret you, my husband?

Not so long as her letters breathe the same tone as they do now. She loves her husband and is proud of her parents, and wishes to surprise him some day; and see, I can help her; and he gave her a letter that he had thrown down to take Daisy's, and in which the political leaders of his party had offered him the nomination for Governor of his native State.
Oh! and you will accept? he said, excitedly.
Is my domestic, gentle wife growing ambitious?
Not for myself—but for our darling. We have only her, and I cannot endure the thought that those should look down upon her who hold their position by dabbling in the dirty paper of the street! how dare they?
Why, how proud we are becoming! I am humdrum farmers, who have pained our pretty daughter off upon one of the firm of Stuart & Brother, who is evidently ashamed of his act in talking her.
Don't, I beg! and the smile came back to the pleasant face again.
An hour ago I should have answered this letter differently. I hate the bickering and strife that must come with my acceptance. I dread to leave the old farm if I should be elected; and you, my gentle wife, do not crave a residence at the capital.
No, but for my darling's sake I will go cheerfully.
And in less than half an hour the letter of acceptance was written, and the quiet, gentleman farmer, was hurried into the political arena.
Howard Stuart cared nothing for politics, and if he saw the name, never thought of it in connection with the family of his wife. And something more vital consequence to himself was transpiring, that brought a look of care and unrest to his face, that troubled his young wife exceedingly.
What is it, Howard? she said one day, as he came from a private interview with his mother perturbed and almost feverish.
I would be foolish, Daisy, to trouble you with business matters; especially when they are as desperate as they are.
But you go to your mother! tell me, please; and she came and drew his arms around her, and laid her beautiful head upon his breast coaxingly.
But I went to her for assistance. Would it startle you very much, darling, to know that in one week I should be bankrupt?
And will you? she asked, looking eagerly in his face.
I hope not, but am afraid of it. Some heavy notes have involved us, and a delayed vessel is keeping us out of a large sum, and if she is delayed a week longer I tremble for the credit of our house. I thought possibly my mother could help us to a few thousand, but her dowry is so tied up that only the interest comes to her, and much as she wished to aid us, she can do nothing.
How much do you need just now, Howard?
Five thousand all! A sum that I could readily obtain, but for these failures that have rendered the money market so stringent. He added—
I never supposed your father illiberal, Daisy, and Will's father-in-law can help us more than your's can; they live snugly up to their means, with all their display.
Will you excuse me a moment, Howard? and she glided from his side and left the room. When she returned, she gave him a small book from a banking house in the city, in which ten thousand dollars was entered to her credit.
It is yours, Howard! My father intended it for you on your visit to him, but as you seemed in no haste to come, he transferred it to me.
Mr. Stuart sat in mute astonishment, hardly crediting his senses, why have you kept this from me, Daisy?
For several reasons; and one was that you might love me, in spite of my accidental surroundings.
Is your father wealthy?
I do not know what you people in the city call wealth, but this sum is only a little more than he once paid for two imported animals on the farm.
The man of business looked with a sort of wonder on a woman who had kept a secret so well.
I do not like to accept this. Neither I nor my family deserve it at your hands; for they at least have patronized you unpleasantly, I am sure.
And now you refuse me a little retaliation? she said poutingly. If you do not receive it I will take it and go home.
He drew her closely to him as he said, in the low tone that pleased her so well, and made me bankrupt in heart as well as business.
The family were electrified at the information, and each one expressed a different cause for surprise.
Who would have thought it? exclaimed fashionably weary Will: Why Howard your wife is a jewel among women!
What a goose! said the wife, to put her money into the firm, when she might have

kept her own carriage with it! and she shrugged her pretty shoulders, that were covered with a five hundred dollar shawl.
Thank you, said the relieved mother, who had a warm heart in her bosom, crested over as it was with the pride of birth and position, as she came and kissed the young wife for the first time; and with tears that were more expressive than words, assured her again and again of her gratitude. You have removed a dark shadow from our house, my daughter, and I shall never forget it.
As soon as the husband found business matters progressing smoothly again, he proposed a visit with his wife, to the old farm house.
Thank you, she replied, but I would rather wait a while; my father is very busy now. I know that you only go to please me, and two months will please me better. He was surprised, and a little hurt. Just as you like; but I wish to thank him in person for the gift that came so opportunely. I ought to have gone before.
The gift was mine, she said archly, and I want all the thanks.
After weeks of newspaper squabbling, Dr. Henry Danton, a gentleman and a scholar, and one of the most popular men in the State, was elected to the gubernatorial chair by a overwhelming majority.
Thus the party organ announced the fact with its records of full returns; and this was the paper received by the happy daughter—her mother had kept her fully posted from the time of the nomination; and she had thought, if he was successful, she would enjoy the triumph by telling the important news before them all. But when her wish was gratified her woman's heart was true to the trust, and alone with her husband only, could she take any pleasure in telling it.
Are you a Cinderella? he asked, when he understood the matter.
If I am, you are my prince, she replied, laughing though her eyes were moist with happy tears; and you will love me always, and treat as your equals my dear, dear parents, who have only me to love in all the world.
I have been a donkey, ears, hoofs, voice and all! and if you see me take the character again, Daisy, if you love me, just pull my ears, before you feel my hoof. I must tell my mother this, come! and together they sought his mother's apartment.
Mother, allow me to introduce my wife, only daughter of Governor Danton.
The lady entered into the spirit of the joke, without comprehending it and bowing in her own stately way, and said:
I am very happy to claim you as one of my family; and think my son fortunate in possessing such a good wife.
Dot, mother, congratulate her! her father has just been elected to the highest office in the gift of the people of his native State!
Are you still jesting, Howard?
No, he is not, mother, and she stopped to receive the kiss that she was given with a loving embrace.
And can you forgive us for neglect of your parents, my dear?
I have nothing to forgive! you did not know them. My mother is a lady, as your good judgment would decide if you knew her. I ought to have known it by the daughter she has reared.
The father was in no haste for a visit from his son in law; but Daisy—aided by her mother, who could respect any one her daughter loved—managed with woman's tact, to bring it about, and it would have taken a harder man to refuse the concessions the mortified young man was eager to make.
I have but one cause of complaint against him, he said to his daughter, and this is his coaxing me on until I suffered myself to be dragged from the old farm to this public life, that I so much dislike. But two years will soon pass away, and I shall feel like a boy again. Jackanapes! I can hardly forgive him yet. Because, forsooth a man lives on a farm, he must be of the earth, earthly! I wonder he and his aristocratic family do not eschew the use of bread, because it was made from grain raised on a farm, or give their diamonds to the washerwoman, because they were plucked enough to own the earth as their mother! Pshaw! I have no patience with—
But a resuming little hand curtailed the sentence, and it was not finished.

LIE DOWN AND REST.—Dr. Hall says the best medicine in the world, more efficient than all the potencies of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to travel disease, to "keep up" as long as they can move a foot or crook a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others, the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to regenerate, and slow and typhoid fever sets in, and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the first indispensable steps to assure and speed recovery. Instant relief: all beasts and birds to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system.

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