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Vol 36

THE REIGNING SENSATION! Stone, Murray & Co's



Which has acquired a National Reputation of being

THE BEST EVER SEEN!

WILL EXHIBIT IN

ST. ANDREWS,

FRIDAY, July 14th,

Corner King and Park Streets.

Performances at 8 o'clock and Evening.

Admission 50 cents. Children under 10 years 25c.

THE TROUPE THIS SEASON.

At regular intervals and variety of talent, cannot be

entirely of FIRST CLASS ARTISTS.

who have no rivals in their astounding specialties,

and whose intensely exciting performances can be

seen in no other exhibition in the world.

The Press terms with laudatory eulogies of the

excellent excellence of the Mammoth Troupe,

and overflowing audiences, fashionable and critical,

attest with rapturous applause, and other mani-

festations of popular delight, the thorough appre-

ciation of

THE PROLIFIC TALENTS

of the Matchless Cluster of Artists of the

LEADING CIRCUS OF THE WORLD!

The exhibition will be given with the same unpar-

alleled splendor that has always characterized the

entertainments of STONE, MURRAY, and they

are warranted to be the most

REFINED AND ATTRACTIVE

Arenic Performances ever offered to the Public.

LOOK AT THIS SUPERB CATALOGUE:

THE PREMIER EQUESTRIENNE OF THE WORLD!

The Great

John Henry Cooke,

The Champion Rider of the Universe!

THE TALLEST BROTHERS.

The Amazing Gymnasts, from the Hippodrome,

Paris, their first season in America.

MURRAY & HUTCHINSON.

The Peerless Acrobat!

MISS EMILY COOKE.

The Dashing English Manège Equestrienne!

THE SNOO BROTHERS.

The Unequaled Posturers and Equilibrists!

Sir COLUMBUS.

The Inimitable Italian Contortionist, (his first season in America.)

MR. DEN STONE.

The Popular American Clown!

MR. HARRY NORTH, and his Companion MR.

CHARLES RIVERS, the two best Tumblers in the World.

Sig. FERDINAND SANGRINO.

The Spanish Champion Rider!

MR. BURT JOHNSON, the champion Leaper and

Vaulter.

Most GEORGE COOKE, the Artistic

Protean Equestrian.

BARRY & REEVES, the

Congre Pantomimists.

The above Artists will be aided by a complete force of

Auxiliary Talent, super-added to

HUTCHINSON'S ACTING DOGS.

MURRAY'S TRAINED HORSES.

and BEN STONE'S COMIC MULES.

The Grand Equestrian Procession will parade the principal

Avenues on the morning of the Exhibition Day.

The attractions of this Circus are in the Pavilion,

and are not exhausted in a "stock market" street show—

STONE and MURRAY have what the Patrons pay to see.

A MASONIC STORY!

DIVULGING THE MASON'S WORD.

(From the Boston Masonic Monthly.)

Curiosity and timidity are two important

traits in the character of Ralph Stogey. The

former quality some years ago made him desir-

ous of learning secrets of the masonic fratern-

ity; but as he had heard that not gridirons

and pugnacious goats with sharp horns are

made use of during the ceremony of initiation,

to satisfy himself on this point he endeavored

to "pimp" an intimate personal friend, Jacob

Sleeton, whom he knew to be a mason.

I'd give fifty dollars if I knew the signs and

password. If you tell me about the password

and grip, I'll promise never to ask you another

word about Masonry. Come now Jacob,

you've known me since I was a boy, and you

ought to know me as well as I am a little

curious, I never blab. Will you tell me?

Surely you don't doubt your old schoolfellow?

Out with the password, and I promise you I'll

be mum as a mouse.

When Ralph had completed his request

which was spoken in a loud tone, Jacob turned

his head, thinking that the words might have

been overheard by a gentleman who happened

to be walking behind them.

This gentleman proved to be a Mr. Hinslow,

who, a few weeks before had been dismissed

from his position as keeper in the Bellevue

Hospital, charged with stealing spoons. The

charges against Mr. Hinslow had not yet been

formally proved; but a committee of the Com-

mon Council were to inquire into the facts of

the case at an early day, and Jacob had been

appointed a member of that committee.

The last question propounded by Ralph

angered Jacob, and as he turned his eyes and

beheld the man who had stolen the spoons, in-

stantly an idea entered his mind. He conceived

an admirable plan for punishing Ralph,

and resolved to immediately put it into ex-

ecution.

If I tell you the password, said Jacob pur-

posely slackening his pace to allow Mr. Hin-

slow to pass before him, if I tell you the Ma-

sonic password, you promise never to divulge

it even to a brother.

Never! exclaimed Ralph exultingly think-

ing that at last his curiosity was to be satis-

fied.

Upon your soul you swear it?

Upon my soul I swear it! responded Ralph.

By this time Mr. Hinslow had passed on be-

hind them, leaving Ralph and Jacob about

three yards behind.

I solemnly swear.

I think I can trust you. Well Ralph, I'm

about to make known to you one of the great

secrets of Masonry. When you wish to form

the acquaintance of a Mason, all you have to

do is to whisper in his ear the mysterious pass-

word. That password is Spoons!

Spoons! O that be! ejaculated Ralph.

I tell you truly the Masonic password is

spoons.

Spoons! Ha! ha! ha! and Ralph made a

feeble attempt to laugh. Spoons!—that's a

strange password! You must think I am a

confounded fool.

I am earnest Ralph. When Masons get

into a difficulty, and need a assistance, they roar

out the word "spoons" three times. Were you

to say "spoons" three times even here in the

public streets and a Mason should hear you, he

would immediately rush to your assistance,

thinking you needed it.

Ralph did not believe him, and to show that

he could not be so easily gulled, he roared at

the top of his voice "Spoons, spoons, spoons!"

Ere the second syllable had passed his

mouth Mr. Hinslow turned round and faced

him. "You said 'spoons' did you? Take

that and that!" As he spoke, Hinslow struck

Ralph between the two eyes, and under the

ear, the second blow lifting the inequitable

man off his feet, so that he staggered and fell

to the pavement completely stunned.

I'll give you spoons? roared Hinslow, as he

advanced and repeatedly kicked the prostrate

man. As Ralph made no effort to rise, the

enraged Hinslow went on kicking him, and

slowly passed on, occasionally looking be-

hind to see if Ralph were following to obtain

satisfaction.

Ralph did not require satisfaction, thinking

he might get too much of it; so he prudently

postponed returning to consciousness until his

enemy had disappeared.

As he rose to his feet, he said to Jacob in a

subdued tone, why did that man strike me?

Because you uttered the Masonic password

but could not respond to the counter-sign. He

is a Mason; and as he was solemnly bound

to do, immediately answered by striking the

counter-sign, with his hand. You were un-

able to answer his counter-sign, and for that rea-

son he knew you to be a clandestine mason—

a man who has learned the secrets in an im-

proper way. Therefore it is his duty to chast-

ise you. Your life may yet be forfeited for

that indiscretion.

My life! but by all that is good, I thought

you were only humbugging me when you said

that "spoons" was the password.

Sh-h-h! beware! said Jacob, putting his

hand on Ralph's mouth. Never utter that

word again. Masons are ubiquitous, and you

might lose your life. As it is, you are in dan-

ger; for all the fellows in the city will be

immediately convoked to adopt measures that

may discover the man who has betrayed them.

My life, as well as yours, is in jeopardy.—

Promise me that you will never again utter

that password.

And so "spoons" is the password! Ralph

was at last convinced that his old friend had

been telling the truth. Well, may I be broil-

ed on a Maccabean's gridiron, and turned with

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seeing, there was the regular mixture of "City

Arabs," "Costermongers," and other "Na-

tives" of the lanes and by lanes of the Metro-

polis, who came vent to a small amount of real

native chaff, in which such individuals gen-

erally excel, and which tended to keep some of

the people good humored who otherwise might

have got impatient. Umbrellas and hats par-

ticularly came in for their share of ridicule,

and the cries of "umbrellas down," with the

eager signs of anxiety and excitement con-

sequent on "false alarms," tended to relieve

the monotony of waiting. At length, how-

ever, the carriages began to pass along one by

one in their appointed order, containing more

or less important members of the Court of St.

James, until at last the royal carriage appear-

ed in view. It was drawn by eight most

beautiful cream-colored horses, with splen-

d brass mounted harness of the most elaborate

and costly description, and outriders.

I felt afraid of losing even a glance at the

Queen in such an eager crowd, but happily

glanced at the right time—when the carriage was

passing right in front of where I stood, there

was as it were a general wave of the heads

before me to the right and left, that enabled

me to get a full view of her face, just as she

was in the act of looking out and bowing to

the people on our side of the carriage in re-

sponse to their loyal cheering. In front of her

sat the princess Louise and Beatrice, and by

her side one of the young princes. Her Ma-

jesty looked in good health, and I was much

pleased with the motherly character of her face,

adorned as she was with her favorite Mary

Queen of Scots' cap, which became her well

the crowd immediately afterwards dis-

—some to wait till her return, to see her

again—others to their homes, and still others

to resume their daily toil. I having to do the

latter, made my way as best I could back

through the wet and sloppy streets, feeling re-

warded for my pains, and satisfied that I would

not soon forget "my first sight of the Queen."

[From July number "New Dominion Month-

ly"]

HOUSTON AND THE VOLUNTEER.—One