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Poetry.

THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF OURS.

What loveliness adorns this globe!
The handy work of the Most High:
How marvellous its ample robe,
Reaching unto the aether sky!

Its landscapes charm and feast the soul;
Its mighty rolling billows awe;
Man fain would gaze on either pole,
And publish magnetism's law.

Baffled in effort to unfold
Secrets in nature, yet concealed;
With reverence oft, but sometimes bold
Conjectures more than is revealed.

I love upon the mountain top,
To drink in pleasures through the eye:
To gaze upon the waving crop,
When early autumn-draweth nigh.

To rove 'midst Flora's beauteous bowers,
To man, at first, in Eden given;
To inhale the aroma of flowers,
And feel that earth has much of heaven.

In sylvan shades to rove and muse,
Ehanced by the weird like strain;
The book of nature to peruse,
And think and love, and read again.

To follow on its gentle course,
The gathering brook, to ocean bent,
Till down the cataract it pours,
With tidal waters confluent.

To stand upon the headland high,
And gaze on true sublimity;
The meeting waves, and bending sky,
Best emblem of infinity.

If justly earth attracts the mind,
And bids humanity explore;
What may we not expect to find,
In yonder world, forevermore.

We thank the Lord for such a clime,
For such a world to mortals given,
But forward look, with hope sublime,
To find a better world in heaven.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

This girl was half reclining in a rustic seat behind the arbor. She was in a half-dreamy state. The bees buzzed in and out among the flowers near by but she did not hear them. A mocking bird alighted on a bush and poured forth his loveliest strain, but she did not note the sound. The song of the laborer and lowing of cattle that echoed from the fields did not reach her senses. At that moment she was unconscious of all the beauties of nature, of all harmonies or pleasant sounds, of all the fragrance of the country.

But she was not unconscious of a pain that was gnawing at her heart. Lately the deepest sleep that she could get could not cause her to lose the realization of that. It was ever present with her.

And why was this?
The girl's name was Ellice Burke.
She had a lover whose name was Charles Vane. They had been engaged for six months. Two weeks before this morning she had come down to this pleasant place. Heathcote Farm, as a guest of her friend, Virginia Heathcote, and had found Charles Vane already here. And almost immediately she became aware of that which caused her pain. Charles Vane, her lover, was hovering about another woman; evidently deeply fascinated by that other.

Her name was Maud Danforth. She was a very beautiful woman, and beyond all doubt had been a very decided flirt. Ellice had heard of her frequently, and had met her occasionally before she had found her here, like herself, a guest of the Heathcotes.

The last two weeks had been miserable ones to Ellice. She understood fully how matters were, but she had been compelled to hide pain under a calm and even exterior. What a bitter fact stared her in the face! The man she loved no longer loved her, as it seemed.

Charles Vane had been trying all these days to keep up the semblance of his regard for her, and had asked for no release from his engagement. There were several other guests with the Heathcotes, but none of them knew of the bond between her and Charles. They knew, however, of his affair with Maud Danforth, but what else could they call it but a flirtation? Nothing, truly, in view of her reputation.

And the realization of all this was what was present with Ellice as she sat behind the arbor, causing the pain at her heart.

Presently two people came down the garden walk together and entered the arbor; Ellice did not hear their steps. But when a man

spoke she heard that. It was Charles Vane's voice that was sounding in her ear's, and he had called the name of Maud Danforth. These two were conversing about no commonplace subject. No! and if Maud Danforth was only flirting with Vane, she had secured her victim firmly; and if it was more than a flirtation on her part, she had achieved a victory, for he was pouring forth passionate words.

"Oh! Maud," he was saying, "I love you with all my heart, madly, better than my life."
Ah! if he could have beheld the deathly white face of the girl outside, a pang of remorse as keen as he now thought his love for Maud Danforth strong must have touched his heart. Ellice Burke was hearing these words, words that aroused her fully from all dreams, yet at the same time took away her powers of volition, that numbed her heart, that bound her in the chains of despair.

"Maud, Maud, my darling," Vane continued, "is there any hope for me? Do you love me?"
There was a moment's silence. Then the answer came—an answer that showed that Maud Danforth was not flirting this time, if at however much she may have trifled in the past, she was not trifling now. Her very voice was full of triumphant happiness.

"Oh, Charles, I do love you."
Then hush and sky and flower faded from the sight of Ellice Burke, and all became dark to her. She heard no more, and in unconsciousness she found a temporary relief. She never knew how long or short the time was in which she lay in that condition. When she came to herself and rose, mechanically listened for the voices in the arbor. When several moments had passed and she heard no sound, she knew that they had left it. Then with a sigh her head fell back upon her arm again.

Oh! the bitter pain at her heart. She knew now that heretofore hope had not quite fled, that she had still cherished the thought that perhaps Charles Vane might love her best, that only a temporary fascination might be drawing him to Maud Danforth. But now the whole miserable truth that she was nothing to him was apparent.

At last she was able to rise to her feet. She managed to reach her room unobserved by any one. She looked the door and sank down upon a sofa. It seemed as if despair was consuming her heart. Would this blow kill her?
"Am I dying? Am I dying?" she asked herself.

Then a long dry sob shook her; then another, and another; then came a burst of tears, the first that all this agony had caused her to shed.

Blessed tears! they soothed and calmed her. They quieted to an extent the keen agony that had been gnawing at her heart.

When the bell rang for dinner she bathed her face. Looking in the glass she saw no special change in herself. She had suffered, but her countenance did not show it particularly. She was glad of this.

"Of course I shall have to wear a mask," she murmured to herself.

A sad smile touched her lips. "I suppose I will have to be gay," was her thought. "I will bear it here for a day or two, and then I will go away."

And at dinner no one could have guessed how she had been and was suffering.

A day passed. To the sensitive girl there came no thought of any but one cause she should pursue. She could never, never again think of Charles Vane as her lover. She would release him.

But this was what she shrank from. She dreaded to approach him on the subject. She was bearing it all bravely but that seemed too much.

Circumstances assisted her, however. She was sitting behind the arbor again, not dreaming this time, but wide awake to the bitter reality when she heard the voices of some persons coming down the path to the arbor. Very soon she knew that the persons were Charles Vane and Maud Danforth. They entered the arbor, Charles making a commonplace remark as they did so. Then there seemed to be a pause in their conversation.

Ellice rose to go. She did not wish to hear any of their love-making. Not she could not bear that now. Then she heard words that caused her to stay.

"Does Ellice know yet?" asked Maud.
"No," replied Vane: "I dread to tell her."
Ellice's hands clasped tightly together. So Maud knew all then.

"Poor Ellice!" Maud continued, "I pity her. But oh, Charles, I love you!"
Ellice knew that there was a great quiver of pain in Maud's voice. She knew that these two were suffering for the wrong they were doing her. Should she hide her pain and help them? She took counsel with her heart and decided that she would. A second later she

stood in the arbor with them.

"I know that you love each other," she said quietly, feeling that they would understand her. "I have known it for some time."
Probably Maud and Vane expected a burst of wrath to fall on their heads the next moment. But it was not so. It was a noble heart that they had wronged. Ellice reached out her hand to Maud.

"I am sure I wish you very much happiness," she said, gaily.
Then she turned to Charles Vane. "Please to forget all that has ever been between us," she said gently.

"Forgive me, Ellice!" he stammered.
"I forgive you freely," she uttered.
That was all she said. She left the arbor and went up to the house.

"I do not think she cares much," Vane said to Maud.
So little did he understand the woman he had once professed to love passionately.

Maud Danforth shook her head. "She is a woman," she said simply. She masks her pain behind a smile.

I know not how much agony may have been at her heart when she said these words so lightly. She is very noble and generous—more so than I could be under like circumstances. Heaven bless her!"

A day more passed away. Ellice announced to her hostess that she was going away.

"You are very sudden, Ellice," Virginia Heathcote cried. At any rate you will not go till after the excursion down the river to the Glen. We are all going."
"When is it?" Ellice asked.
"Day after to-morrow."
And as Ellice had no reasonable excuse for hastening off sooner than that, she had to remain.

The afternoon of the excursion came, and a gay party of young people left Heathcote Farm. The Glen was four miles distant.

They reached their place. It was a picturesque place. Shaded and cool. The time sped merrily away to a portion of the party. At length some one proposed that they should search along the river bank for a boat with which to amuse themselves. The proposition was hailed with delight, and soon some eight or ten of them found themselves at the river shore. Among them it chanced, were Ellice Burke, Maud Danforth and Charles Vane.

Two boats were found tied to the shore. One was large enough to hold several persons; the other was a mere shell that could only accommodate two. It was light and dry, however. Nearly all clambered into the large boat.

"Ellice and I will go into the small boat," said Maud Danforth to Charles Vane, the three being yet upon the shore. "I can row splendidly, and we will get along first rate."
Maud felt that she should like this girl. She cherished nothing, but gratitude and friendship toward her, and wanted a chance to express something of her feelings. Of course Vane consented to the arrangement.

"You must be careful," he said.
"Oh, there is no danger," cried Maud.
"A piece was given Charles in the larger boat, and with merry shouts they flashed away from shore.

For some time they kept together. Then Maud and Ellice drifted behind.

A silence fell between them. Maud glanced at Ellice with wistful eyes.

"Ellice," she commenced.
But that sentence was never completed, for "Halloo!" came sounding merrily across the water. "Hurry, Maud!" cried some one from the other boat.

Maud rose to her feet and waved her handkerchief. Her signal was returned with shouts and laughter.

Then some way or other, how she could never tell, she lost her balance and fell over the side of the boat. She had only time to scream, and then there was a rush of water about her ears. Ellice Burke rushed toward her and managed to seize her as she rose to the surface.

But alas! the weight of the two upon the side of the shell was too much. In a moment it overturned, and Ellice was struggling in the water too! She kept her presence of mind and managed to grasp the boat.

"Maud, Maud," she cried, seize the boat and you are safe.

And with her assistance, Maud, half drowned as she was succeeded in getting a hold beside her.

But a fearful fact became apparent. The overturned shell would not sustain the weight of both of them. It was slowly, slowly sinking.

"Oh! heaven!" gasped Maud, "we must die!"

Ellice Burke glanced over the water. The other boat was coming swiftly to-

ward them, but could never reach them in time. In an instant her resolution was formed.

"Maud," she said, "cling fast to the boat and you shall be saved. He loves you, and for his sake you shall live."
Then, before Maud understood her intention, she released her hold of the boat. Maud had one glance at her face before she disappeared. Then, with a great light shining out of her eyes, the noble woman went down to her death.

Maud Danforth was saved. She became the wife of Charles Vane!

And very often the face of Ellice Burke, as it looked on that never-to-be forgotten day, comes before her vision and she realizes fully what a generous heart was broken for her, what a noble existence was sacrificed for her that she might have life and love!

Spain at the Centennial.

We quote the following from the Philadelphia letter of the special correspondent of the New York Times:

Col. Francisco Lopez Falco, the chief Spanish Commissioner, has remained at his post during all the heats of summer with remarkable singleness of purpose. The Spaniards certainly teach us a lesson of pure nobility in many ways. Their departments are fitted up as museums, and offer enormous contrasts to those of almost every other nation, which are fitted up like retail stores. They came here entirely from good will, without a thought of making money by the sale of their goods, for the men who sent them, in nine-tenths of the world's Spanish display, sent no price list. When it became evident that there were many would-be-purchasers, the Spaniards, instead of taking advantage of the enthusiasm over their woolsen fabrics and their daisied wares, placed upon them the most moderate prices. Their superb porcelain water coolers—"alcarazas"—were valued at forty-five, fifty, and sixty cents apiece, their finest porcelain, and their fine specimens of glassware in proportion. The experience of those who are desirous of buying various objects is that there are not a few nations who have no fixed price and who ask three times what they are willing to take. And among those who are more conscientious the prices are exceedingly high, and when the duties are added to them they become absolutely prohibitory. There are very few countries whose objects are so honorable as the Spaniards, and at the same time there is not whose wares are so distinctly marked with the seal of nationality. Col. Falco is undoubtedly greatly pleased at the appreciation here of the Spanish display. He has met in America, and he has evinced more than in many ways, in which the most expensive works on architecture and art, with volumes of exquisite titles and volumes of photographs of Spanish cathedrals of the grand gothic type have been surrendered to the public hands. In the Spanish Government building, which the Commission fondly call the house of the King (for they entertain a personal regard for their young Alfonso, like the feeling the English have for the Queen), these valuable books are spread out upon comfortable counters for the convenience of the public. Col. Falco was remonstrated with by zealous Philadelphians: "Your beautiful books will be destroyed; put them under glass cases." "Not at all," said Col. Falco; "they are here to be destroyed if using them will do it. It will be sufficient recompense to us if but one out of all who turn over the leaves gets a new thought for his art or a new comprehension of Spain. And the more they are used the better will Spain be known. I should be ashamed so to take them back to Spain clean and new and unused." Now that was very noble, and was in accordance with the exclusive attention of a separate article. But, not satisfied with this display, or with the numerous things that have already been a fad in other quarters, Col. Falco wrote to Spain for photographic views of Los Palos, the port from which Columbus sailed for this land and the convent of La Rabida, where he found refuge. These have just arrived and are about to be exhibited in the main building. They will be placed in a square frame supported by a pedestal about five feet in height, and full descriptions in English text will be placed at the head of each photograph. The Spanish Commissioner was induced to

to this because he found in America a great interest in all that concerns Columbus, whose life had been so pleasingly portrayed by Washington Irving as to make all its details very well known to people of education. There was a world of kindly thoughtfulness in the act which merits the heartiest appreciation at our hands, and it is entirely in keeping with the conduct of the Spanish Commissioners since they arrived in this country. The lovers of fine etching will be surprised at the importance and value of the works which have been surrendered to the public mercy, and will estimate at its worth the noble generosity of the Spaniards. The works on architecture, though purely of Spanish origin, have a French paraphrase side by side with the Spanish text, so that those who desire to study them can do so if they possess either these languages. The illustrations are of the first order and show a fine mastery over chromo-lithography.

Anecdote of a Newfoundland Dog.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside of a line of breakers, which owing to some change in the wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend the dog looked on for a length of time, evidently being aware of their being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard, but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance of them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined the apparent meaning: "Give him the end of a rope," he said; "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there no reasoning here? No acting with a view to an end, or for a genuine motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?

The Shadow of an Ass.

The Greeks had a proverb which ran thus: "To dispute on the shadow of an ass." This took rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians, to excite their attention during his defence of a criminal, which was being but inattentively listened to.—"A traveller," he said, "once went from Athens to Megara on a nice hired ass.—It happened to be the time of the dog days, and at noon. He was much exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun; and not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter, he bethought himself to dismount from the ass, and seat himself under its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring to him that when he let the animal he did not think the use of its shadow was included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm that it got to blows, and finally gave rise to an action at law. After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this, the orator, commenced severely on their childish injustice, in devoting with attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones he was said 'to dispute on the shadow of an ass.'—Exchange.

The Duke of Northampton is anticipating his Grace of Westminster in declining to renew leases for gin palaces on his estate. The licensed victualler-lessees on his Clerkenwell estate are being compelled to close their establishments one by one; the houses already closed presenting a dejected appearance.

A report has just been issued by Captain Tyler on the railway accidents of the year in Great Britain. He shows that by such accidents 5,755 persons had been injured and 1,239 persons killed. Greater caution and more effective management in the working of the system are insisted upon.

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WATERBURY'S
California Vinegar
Vegetable Preparation,
the native berries found
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California, the medicinal
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is, "What is the cause
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is, that they remove
the acid, and the patient recov-
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giving principle, perfect
regulator of the system.
The history of the world has
compounded possessing
of WATERBURY'S
of every disease man is
a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion or In-
Liver and Visceral Organs,
enjoy good health, let
a BITTERS as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants

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can take these Bitters
without, and remain long
their bones are not dis-
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efficient, and interest-
ing are so prevalent in the
of the world, the Missis-
sippi, Illinois, Tennessee,
Texas, Red, Colorado, Bra-
zil, Florida, Alabama, Mobile,
Louisiana, and many other
tributaries, throughout our
country, the Summer and Au-
tumn, are invariably
of dyspepsia, are invariably
of the liver, and other abnor-
malities, a purgative,
and induce upon these
is essentially necessary.
for the purpose equal
of WATERBURY'S
to remove the dark-colored
in which the bowels are
are time stimulating the
liver, and generally restor-
functions of the digestive

Indigestion, Headache,
coughs, Croup, Tightness
of the chest, Sour Eructations
of the Mouth, Belching
of the Heart, Indigestion,
of the stomach, Pain in the
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of the skin, Sore Eyes,
as, as in all other constitu-
of WATERBURY'S
in great attractive power in
and extractive essences.
of the skin, Sore Eyes,
as, as in all other constitu-
of WATERBURY'S
in great attractive power in
and extractive essences.

Gout, Bilious, Remittent
of the liver, and other abnor-
malities, a purgative,
and induce upon these
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of WATERBURY'S
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in which the bowels are
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