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A SHORT SERMON.

Children who read my lay,
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right—
Right things in great and small;
Then though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have right.

This further would I say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven will show through.

For as you see and know,
That of this world is grow;
And that the blossoms blow
While on the tree,
Gone never, never yet
On limbs of thorns were set;
So if you good would get,
Good you must let.

His journey through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do,
One and all.

When you work and when you play,
Each day, and every day,
Then peace shall glad your way,
Though the sky should fall.

Whose Was The Guilt?

Ellis Tremayne laid his fork down with a gesture half of impatience, half of discouragement, and a frown that had no business on the forehead of a six months' married man, the husband of the prettiest of women, corrugated his handsome white forehead.

"You seem not to have the slightest appreciation of affairs, Ellis," I have explained time and time again that I am living up to my income—not saving a penny—and yet you still persist in demanding money for every trifle and taking your fancy."

Ellis Tremayne spoke more decisively than Ellis had ever heard him, and she mentally noted him with a frown, and parted her red lips and leaned back in her chair with a very aggrieved look on her lovely face.

And yet it was lovely.

Mr. Tremayne thought as that same moment as he looked at the delicate pink and snow complexion and the large dark blue eyes that had played such a havoc with his heart a year ago—at the full, exquisite lips that had only seemed made for smiles and kisses then, that now were rapidly condemning their lack of discovering the day of their idol—their own were parting to utter words that he knew were coming, that did come.

"You are just as mean and cross as can be! What's the use of living at all if you don't have what you want?—if you can't have things like other people? I tell you I do think you might let me have some money this morning; I need it most awfully."

"I am almost tempted to say that cannot be done, Ellis, since it was only a week ago to day I handed you twenty-five pounds—a sum amply sufficient for even the most inexperienced financier on which to keep a family of two."

"Twenty-five pounds? You speak as though it were a fortune! I tell you, Ellis, I must have things like—like other people. How can earth do you suppose I feel when Mrs. Coddington or Mrs. Bellum calls for me to drive, wearing their elegant carriage costumes, and I in the same dress I appear in on the street and at church?"

"So you hope to rival the wife of a millionaire and the only daughter of a wealthy banker, do you?—you, the wife of a cashier at Wingfield & Sons, on seven hundred a year? Ellis, have nothing to do with women who are unconsciously, perhaps, sowing seed of discontent and extravagance in your heart."

"I am neither discontented nor extravagant, Ellis—you shall not say so. But I must have some money to get a new suit. Oh, Ellis, such a heavenly suit of purple, and you know I can wear so well and particular shade. Honestly, I have a dress to wear to Mrs. Lamar's reception."

Ellis ate his egg, with very little show of satisfaction, and his silence, while bitter thoughts were rushing through his mind, was taken by Ellis as a sign of consent.

"She was not slow in pressing her advantage, it wasn't cost over twenty pounds, Ellis—very reasonable, indeed, for I shall make it

nearly all myself, and I'm sure you won't be displeased at that. Then say yes, won't you, Ellis, dear?"

A settled white look came around his handsome mouth.

"If you care more for show and fine clothes than for my respect and the consciousness that you are my economical, prudent wife who is helping her husband save instead of almost galling him into debt, you can have the money."

Her eyes flashed as delightedly as a child's over a new toy. She had accomplished her desire, and his cold, yet touching words had fallen unheeded before that—

"You can have the money."

She sprang from her chair behind the coffee urn, and threw her arms around his neck, kissing his handsome worried forehead.

"You darling! I knew you would not say 'no,' for all you read me such a lecture on economy. Really, Ellis, when you see how lovely I shall look in my new silk, you will not grudge the money, will you? You like to see me look as pretty as I used to before we were married, don't you? And you're not angry, dear? You do love me?"

Her sweet girlish face all slight with happy enthusiasm, her blue eyes dancing with such honest delight, her smooth cheek lying against his, and her dainty little hand stroking his whiskers,—of course Ellis laid down his napkin and pushed back from the table and kissed her.

She was his wife—sweet, pretty, delicate as a mountain pink, he loved her—loved her dearly, truly, as in the days when he had won her, thinking what a rare flower she was.

He loved her, and was willing, yes, anxious to increase her happiness by every honest means in his power—only Ellis was extravagant and unreasonable in her demand for dress and style that was beyond the capabilities of the well-salaried man that he was.

So now he kissed her tenderly, and then took out his purse and laid a bank-note on the tablecloth.

"There's your new silk, dear—may you enjoy it."

His forbidding manner had so entirely disappeared, that Ellis's heart was encouraged to undertake another pet plan. So as she deliberately folded the note away in her pretty little crimson Russian pocketbook, she began so quietly that Ellis was quite captured by storm.

"I was wondering if it would not be a good plan if we went up the house for August, dear, and went somewhere. It will do you so much good, I'm sure, and there will be no expenses here while we're away. Can't we go to Hurlings?"

She opened the battery very suddenly, almost staggering Tremayne.

"Oh, Ellis, no. It would involve a larger expense, ten times that it costs at home."

Then seeing that well known, martyr-like expression settling on her face, that always drove him to desperation, he added very hastily:

"If you can manage it, go yourself. I dare say some of your fashionable friends will chaperon you."

"Oh, may I, may I, really? Indeed, I will manage it! I don't need many new things, I'm sure. I have enough for the silk, and with a little more I can easily get what I absolutely need. Ellis, you are a darling!"

He laughed—not very joyously.

"I'm glad you think so. Well, I'm off."

Two hours later, Mrs. Ellis Tremayne, dressed in an unexpectably elegant walking costume, started out on her shopping tour, to meet at the silk counter Mrs. Galfrey Coddington, carelessly tossing over rare pieces of evening silk.

"I'm so delighted to have your taste on my new silks, my dear Mrs. Tremayne. Do tell me which you prefer the salmon, or the pearl blue, or this summer pink? I intend to have a couple of them for Hurlings."

"Hurlings?—at Hurlings?—at Hurlings?" Mrs. Tremayne's cheeks glowed, and she said to her friend, "I hope to see you at the shore, Mrs. Coddington, and in either this exquisite maize or silver pink!"

"So you will be there? Do join our party—only Galfrey and sister Blanche and Nellie Bellum and I—for next Thursday week. Have you engaged rooms? What shall you get now?"

"I was certainly very delightful to be talked to thus, but, once home, there occurred little qualms of conscience, as very gradually, she felt herself draw into arrangements she knew were far beyond her reach."

And yet she consented to Mrs. Coddington's kind offer that Mr. Coddington should secure rooms for her with his party.

She made up her mind that the elegant

stock of clothes that two hours ago she thought needed only a little renovation and a small addition to make it all that was necessary, would not do at all.

And so besides the money her husband had given her being spent in the dozen and one trifling necessities that a well-dressed toilette demands, there was folded away into a seldom-used compartment of Mrs. Tremayne's pocket book an unrecipit bill for fifty pounds, made out to Mr. Ellis Tremayne.

Ellis's blue eyes were dancing and her cheeks flushed when she was set down with her parcels from Mrs. Coddington's carriage at her door.

She had time to spare before Ellis came in to the five o'clock dinner to look over her purchases, that after all seemed very few and small considering that horrid bill in her pocket that she dreaded to show her husband, for all flashed gaily of manner.

"Ah, is there any need to tell him now?" she reasoned, as she removed her walking suit and donned a lovely black tissue. "Not the slightest use to tell him before I go away. He'll only make a fuss, and I do hate a fuss. Besides, after I'm home again, perhaps I can save it out of the house money."

So she quieted her conscience with the hope of a future, and the next day, finding it impossible to get ready by herself in time to go with Mrs. Coddington's party, was obliged to hire the services of a high-priced dressmaker, whose bill for her work she tucked away in her pocket-book also, and thus sweetened the indebtedness of her husband to be paid when she returned.

Ah, when she returned.

If she had only known, as she kissed her daintily hidden hand to her husband as he stood waiting her off, with a look in his eyes in which was mingled love, sternness, pride, annoyance and harassing worry.

"One of the prettiest women at the seaside, and certainly the best dressed. She must be a banker's wife, at the least. Who did you say you understood she was?"

Old Mr. Wingfield put up his eye-glasses as Mrs. Tremayne went by, fair to see as a fairy, in her carriage dress, a tender cream tint, with her lace-crowned, pink-lined parasol making faint rosy shadows on her clear blonde face and brilliant golden hair.

"She is Mrs. Ellis Tremayne, from London, with the Coddingtons, I believe, and putting up at the Paragon. A regular beauty, isn't she?"

Mr. Wingfield put his eye-glasses slowly back, staring after the Coddington carriage. "Mrs. Ellis Tremayne. I suppose her husband is here?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed, I think I heard young Bellum say he was unable to leave his business—a book keeper or something, I believe, for a firm in the city."

Mr. Wingfield arose from his chair, with an odd smile on his face.

"Mrs. Tremayne must either be mistress of the wonderful economy of making a pound travel both ways, or else—"

A boy with a yellow envelope tapped him on the shoulder.

"Oh, a telegram; from my son, I presume. Wait a minute."

He deliberately opened his glasses and opened the despatch.

"Come at once. Everything traced to T. And as he returned the paper to the envelope he looked up to see Mrs. Tremayne dashing by again, her face radiant with pleasure and excitement as Bellum trailed and laughed with her."

The pretty house seemed so lonely and deserted after Ellis had gone, and Ellis Tremayne threw himself wearily on the lounge in her boudoir, his face wearing marks of strangely contorted discouragement and excitement.

For an hour or two he lay there, his eyes closed, his figure motionless, and then he arose with a half groan of mental distress.

"This will never do. I shall go mad if I stay here with only my thoughts for—"

He had gone over to the little dressing bureau carelessly, taking up two little papers that Ellis had entirely forgotten to hide, and a pallor, even more marked than his late deadly paleness, overspread his face, as he saw the formidable bill.

Then something very like an oath came from his set teeth.

"My temptation be on her head—my—"

He sprang suddenly to his feet, as the door bell pealed imperiously, and listened with no ordinary curiosity as a man's voice demanded to see Mr. Ellis Tremayne and heard the servant usher his companion into the drawing-room.

Then he went slowly, slowly down stairs into the presence of Mr. Wingfield and an officer.

"Mr. Tremayne, you are discovered in your neat system of embezzlement. O.M.C."

Ellis stepped haughtily back.

"One moment, gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Wingfield, I am discovered. Twenty-four hours later I would have been beyond pursuit; as it is, what is the diff' rence between a limited life abroad and this?"

Quick as a flash the pistol gleamed in the gaslight.

A report, a heavy fall that thundered through the house like a doom, and the husband of a woman too unwomanly to bear her share in the burden of life—the woman enjoying her brief hour of pleasure on the sunlit ocean shore—the woman who had it in her power, as all women who are wags have, to go to destruction in some means or another, this husband, who was less wicked than weak, went to his reward.

And who shall say whose was the guilt? Hers or not, who knelt and sobbed over his dead face, and tried to reason into silence an inner voice that refused to be still.

Sister wives, be you careful, lest, although your hands and hearts are not stained with a crime like this—and many a wife's hands and heart are thus reddened to-day—be careful that it lay not at your door that your husband's loss all their faith and trust in woman's sacred vows. Yours is a blessed privilege to share eagerly in their economies and many petty grievances that no household is without—that small that now they are, if not accepted in the spirit of patience, love and forbearance, are the little vexes that destroy the vine beyond the hope of recovery.

A DULL CLERK.

Pickernell, a successful dry goods merchant of Boston, was waiting upon at his hotel by a gentleman-farmer who was desirous of getting a boy, for whom he was guardian, a "place" in Boston—of course he was an uncommon smart boy, quick at figures, strong of intuition, and every way fit, as he should "judge" to become a merchant.

Pickernell thought it over, and said he would try and make a place for him. In due time the boy arrived at Pickernell's store, his broad face ruddy with health, and snappy from the morning wash, his hair sleeked, his clothes new and uncomfortable, and a stiff discy cutting his ears. He announced himself as the boy, who wanted a place.

"Ah, you are the boy, are you?" said Pickernell.

"Yes, I s'pose so," said the youngster.

"Well, come in here then; I am very busy, but I will examine you in a few practical questions."

"Well, said Pickernell, suppose a lady should come in here and buy a dress of fifteen and a half yards of calico for eleven and a half cents a yard, what would it come to?"

The boy looked at his questioner, at the ceiling, at the floor, in a state of great bewilderment.

"How much calico?" he asked.

"Fifteen and a half yards."

"What price?"

"Eleven and a half cents."

"He thought a moment."

"Well," said he, "I'm darned if I be- lieve any woman ever wanted so much cloth for a dress as that."

Pickernell put another question.

"How much would five and half pounds of tea come to at seventy-five cents and three quarters per pound?"

He received this pretty much the same as the other, and after waiting a minute, he asked:

"Was it green or black tea?"

Without answering Pickernell put another question:

"Suppose I should send you out with a two dollar bill, and you should buy four- teen and a half pounds of beef at seven and a half cents a pound, how much money would you have left?"

The boy looked at him for an instant, then indulged in a low whistle.

"You don't s'pose," said he, "you could get beef anywhere at seven and a half cents a pound, do ye?"

Pickernell gave up at this. He asked him no more questions, but sent him back next day with a letter, stating that he didn't think he would answer.

An anxious mother in Scotland, taking leave of her son on his departure for England, gave him this advice: "My dear Sandie, may ain bairn, gang south, and get a' the silver ye can from the southern-tak' every thing ye can. But the English are a brave, brawny people, an' take care of them. Sandy. Nae; fight a bairn, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

VARIETIES.

So sad, so fresh the days that are no more.—Tennyson.

Patience is power in a man, warning him to rein his spirit.

Tiny bows of ribbon are now the rage among Paris ladies for earrings.

The only sin which was never forgiven in each other is difference of opinion.—[Emerson.]

A Chicago man has cleared six thousand dollars this year from eight acres of blackberries.

"I don't believe it's of any use to vaccinate for small pox," said a brickworkman, "for I had a child vaccinated and in less than a week after he fell out of a window and was killed."

At the marriage of an Alabama widower one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridle tour. "Dunno, sah; when old missus's alive he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridle to the new one or not."

A certain Detroitier would feel like kicking any one who hinted that his mind was not always keenly interested in his business. And yet, the other noon, when he locked his desk to go to dinner he dropped his key on the floor without noticing the loss, put on his hat and gloves, and was ready to go out, when he called to the office-boy and asked: "Joe, have you seen my desk key around?" Joe hadn't. They hunted around for two or three minutes without finding it, and the gentleman said: "That's just like one of my tricks. I've gone and locked that key up in the desk."

"What exquisite preserves, Mrs. Smoothly! How do you have such splendid luck with everything you put up?" complimented one of the ladies at the tea-table.

"What are they, by the way?" Mrs. Smoothly was taken by surprise, but recovered herself, and called the servant. "I have not tasted them yet," she said, "and have really forgotten what I ordered the girl to put on for you. Bridget, what are those preserves?" "Thin, ma'am? Thirty-five cents a can; sorry the nicker less and the grocer take, and them big green things in the dish beyond are fifty cents for a little glass jar." Tableau of silence, and a good-hearted honest girl out of a job two hours later.

THE SNOWS OF OTHER DAYS.—There was the usual crowd of idlers at the Central Market after dinner yesterday, and it was in order to discuss the weather. They fell to talking about snow storms, and Brother Gardner arose and said:

"Gentlemen, I s'pose I have seen deeper snow than any human bein' in this crowd."

"What was it?" asked one.

"In Nevada," he replied.

"How deep was it?"

"Just seventy-nine feet, an' if 'twasn't I hope to die."

"Fool!" answered a doubter. "How was you able to walk around wid the snow so deep?"

"Be a little carful, Mizzer Johnson," warned Brother Gardner. I didn't say I was walking around dar 'tall."

"Den how was it?"

"I was in charge of a balloon, sah, an' we sailed right along as if dar was only six inches of snow on the hills. I wasn't fool 'nuff ter be walkin' when I could ride."

AN HONEST CONDUCTOR.—A conductor on an eastern railroad was approached by a seedy looking individual, who wanted a free ride, as he didn't have any money.

All right," said the conductor, "go forward into the smoking car, and I'll fix you all right."

Soon afterwards the conductor appeared in the smoking car to collect fare from the passengers. He took up fare from everybody except the dead beat and another man, who happened to be the superintendent of the road. The superintendent noticed that he had overlooked this man, and asked him why he had done so.

"Why, that a conductor," was the reply.

"His appearance does not indicate it. Look at those clothes," said the superintendent.

"Well," said the conductor, "he can't help that. He's a conductor on a western road, and he's one of those fellows who are trying to live within their salaries, and that's what he has come to."

This was satisfactory to the superintendent, and the man obtained his ride without further inquiry.