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W. B. MORRIS.
1872.

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Machines are now on sale a
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No 22

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 16, 1872.

Vol 39

BANK OF
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AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.
For the Standard.
An Evening by the River.
The wind and wave have died together—
Together had linger'd then pass'd away;
Spoke farewell in the sultry weather,
Over the streamlet over the heather,
The dying wind and the dying day.
Far away in the summer leaven
Flashed a stream in the perfumed air;
I saw thy face, and a smile from Heaven
Seemed for a moment to linger there.
Never again, ah! never—never,
Shall we wait and watch where of old we stood,
The low good night of the hill and the river
The faint lights fade, and the worn stars
Quiver—
Twin grown one in this solitude.

Interesting Tale.
Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.
CHAPTER I.
I say, Fred, why don't you make up to that
pretty widow? They say she has fifteen hundred
pounds a year.
Which do you suppose she would be likely to
bestow upon a poor fellow like me, who has not a
shilling.
Why, man, that's the very reason I am advising
it. If you had shillings of your own, you would
have no occasion to look out for these other
people; and as she has plenty, she need not care
to get more. It is all plain sailing. She is a nice
little body, and if I were not booked already, I
would have a try myself.
The young man addressed as Fred, could not
help laughing at this bold assertion on the part of
his good-humored friend, who was a little fat,
bald-headed man, with small, twinkling gray eyes,
full of fun, but not exactly such as were calcu-
lated to inspire or express the tender passion, par-
ticularly as the lady in question was of rather a
sentimental turn of mind, very pretty, and not
thirty years of age. She had married at sixteen
a man more than old enough to be her father, and
she had not lived unhappily, although it could
hardly be expected she should feel for him the ar-
dent affection of which her nature was capable.
However, he was very well contented, and at his
death left her in possession of an income amount-
ing to fifteen hundred pounds a year, unfettered
by any restriction whatever.
She had been a widow about two years, and had
already had half a score of offers, at least; for a
well-endowed widow is one of the most attractive
objects in creation to the lords thereof—that is, to
such of them as are unprovided with helpmates.
But the lady was not to be easily won, and among
the many candidates for her favor, two titled sui-
tors had been rejected—the one because he was a
spendthrift, the other as being too much addicted
to brandy and water.
I really think you might stand a chance, Fred,
continued the little fat man, whose name was Ma-
son. You are just the sort of fellow such a woman
would take a fancy to; and I don't think you have
much objection, independent of the cash.
Objection! Why, Mason, she's an angel.
Ala! ha! ha! an angel! Come, that's a little
too strong; but she's a woman, which is more to
the purpose. Now, I'll tell you what, Fred; I'll
give you a list of some other offers, and if you don't
make the best of it, that will be your own fault.
The young man smiled and shook his head. He
had no faith in the hope held out to him; and
much as he admired the charming person alluded
to, it seemed to him madness to suppose that a wo-
man, still young, with an ample share of beauty

and a handsome fortune, would bestow her hand
upon a poor banker's clerk, with a salary of eighty
pounds a year.
The idea is preposterous! What a presumptu-
ous fool she would think me, he said to himself,
as he walked off home.
And yet Mason's words had left an impression
on his mind that all his reasoning could not quite
efface, and he found his thoughts continually run-
ning upon the pretty young widow, until he really
was in love, and began to think that more unlikeli-
hoods had happened in the world than such an
alliance.
Frederick Bayfield was the son of a clergyman
who held a considerable living in Westmoreland.
He was a good man, and highly respected, but he
died in the prime of life, leaving his widow un-
provided for, and his son, who was graduating at
Cambridge, without the means of completing his
term at college and with no prospect before him
but to obtain employment either as a tutor, or as a
clerk.
Mrs. Bayfield obtained a pension as a clergy-
man's widow, and Frederick got an engagement
as third master in a school near London; but he
did not like the occupation, and determined to give
it up as soon as he could find anything else to do.
He tried writing poetry, but though pleasant to do,
it was not profitable. Then he advertised for a post
as private secretary, but received no answers; at
last, by the merest chance in the world, he hap-
pened to make acquaintance with Mr. Mason, the
chief cashier in Redgold's banking-house, and
through the influence of that gentleman was ad-
mitted into the establishment as a junior clerk.
He was now about twenty-six, in person tall
and well formed, with handsome features, and a
deep, clear, melodious voice, which, neither in
man nor woman, is a charm irresistible. It was
on these qualifications Mr. Mason had founded his
little romance; and finding that Bayfield was
nothing loth to enact the hero, he resolved to do
all in his power to bring it to a happy issue, for he
really liked the young man, and was anxious to
promote his interests.
It was on the third day after the conversation
with which this chapter commences, that Mrs. Il-
ford came into the bank to draw three hundred
pounds, and when Mr. Mason had handed her the
notes over the counter he said:
You are not going to walk through the streets
with all that money about you, are you?
Oh, no, she replied. I am going to my aunt's
at Sydenham, and shall take a cab to the station
at London Bridge.
You'll excuse me, Mrs. Ilford, but I really do
not think it is safe for you to go to the London
Bridge Station with three hundred pounds in
your pocket. There's always a gang of pickpock-
ets at these railway stations. You had better let
me go with you, and see you safe into the train.
I don't apprehend the least danger, Mr. Mason,
still, if you have time, and will be so kind, it will
perhaps be safer.
It will be much safer, depend upon it, to have
somebody with you. Ladies are apt to get
flurried if there happens to be any bustle on the
platform. Oh, bother! now I think of it. I
can't go myself for I shall be wanted; but Mr.
Bayfield will be happy to go, I am sure. Here,
Bayfield, I wish you would see Mrs. Ilford to the
station, and see that she does not lose her pocket-
book while she is getting into the train. She has
a large sum of money about her, and is very like-
ly to get robbed of it unless there's somebody with
her to keep a look out.

Bayfield had come forward, his fine eyes beam-
ing with pleasure, and, taking his hat, he said he
would procure a cab.
No occasion whatever, said the lady, as she
looked at her intended escort. We may as well
walk to the stand—it is not far.
The young man bowed, and followed her out at
the door, when he offered his arm, which she ac-
cepted, and they walked away together, to the
great delight of Mason, who saw them through the
window, and thoroughly enjoyed the success of his
maneuver.

CHAPTER II.
How long shall we have to wait for the next
train to Sydenham?
Twenty minutes, Sir. There's one just started.
Twenty minutes! echoed the lady, who was
leaning on the arm of the inquirer; and one only
just gone. How unfortunate that we were not in
time for it.
I cannot say I think so, was the earnest reply;
and as it was received without any manifest signs
of disapprobation, our hero ventured a little further
saying that it was impossible for him to regret a
circumstance that had procured him so much
pleasure.
Ah, I see you know how to flatter. However
I will give you credit for sincerity as far as this—
it must certainly be pleasant to walk about here
than to be confined to that desk. Don't you get
dreadfully tired of it, Mr. Bayfield?
I do, indeed; but it is useless to quarrel with
our destiny. Fortune does not favor all.

Very true; nor does she always select the most
worthy object to shower her favors upon. Do
you ever go to the Crystal Palace, Mr. Bayfield?
Not very often. They give but few holidays at
our house.
But the gardens are delightful in the evening at
this time of the year, said the lady. You cannot
think how much I enjoy going in sometimes after
an early tea, when I am staying with my aunt—
We have season tickets on purpose.
Frederick Bayfield was no coxcomb, yet he
could hardly misunderstand the purport of this
communication, and his heart beat fast, al-
though he did not intimate either by word or
look the happy thoughts that were passing in
his mind, and the conversation turned on gen-
eral subjects till the train was ready to start,
when the young man handed his fair charge
into one of the carriages, and then he remem-
bered for the first time the object of his attend-
ance, which both he and the lady had so en-
tirely forgotten that the pocket-book with the
three hundred pounds in it might have been
on the alert; but fortunately it was all right,
and Frederick went back with a clear con-
science, elate with new born hopes of happiness
and prosperity.
Well, how did you get on? Mr. Mason asked,
in an undertone. I think I managed that toler-
ably well, didn't I?
Yes, admirably. I will tell you all about
it by-and-by.
The opportunity, however, did not occur till
after business hours, when the two friends
went together to dine at a chop-house close by,
and then Bayfield related all that had passed,
including Mrs. Ilford's voluntary statement
that she was in the habit of walking in the
gardens of the Crystal Palace almost every
evening.
Did she tell you that? By Jove! your
fortune is as good as made. You will go down
to Sydenham to-morrow, of course?
Don't you think that will be too soon? I
might look as if I thought she meant it.
Well, what then? She did mean it, and
will be disappointed if you don't go; and
what's more, will be vexed with herself for
having given the hint, which might damage
your cause materially.
This argument being exactly in accordance
with Bayfield's own inclinations, he made up
his mind to act upon it, and at six o'clock on
the following evening was strolling leisurely
round the basin of the great fountain of the
Crystal Palace, looking anxiously in every
direction for the pretty pink bonnet that had
been such a prominent object in his dreams
the night before.
At length it appeared; but its brightness
was considerably diminished by the proximity
of a man's hat—an object he had by no means
calculated upon in his blissful visions of this
evening, and he was, of course, disgusted.
Nor was his dissatisfaction lessened on a near-
er approach by the discovery that the wearer
of the said hat was a baronet of good estate,
who looked at Redgold's. He was evidently
endeavouring to make himself agreeable to the
charming widow; and to judge from the
sparkling of her eye, and a brilliant color
that suffused her cheek, showed he was not
unsuccessful.

Poor Bayfield! It was a bitter pill for him
to swallow, for not only were his golden
dreams all melted away into empty air, like
the dissolving views at the Polytechnic, but he
had begun to fear he had placed himself in a
very ridiculous position. The thought was
intolerable—far worse, indeed, than the disap-
pointment, and he was brimful of angry, re-
sentful feelings.
What did she mean by it? Had she lured
him there by her deceitful wiles only to see
how far his presumption would lead him, and
laugh at his folly? Yes; the fact was plain
and he would have made a hasty retreat if he
could have done so unobserved; but Mrs.
Ilford had already seen him and was ap-
proaching with a smile of recognition, so that
he had no alternative but to meet the party
which consisted of the widow herself, Sir
Francis Lowe, her escort, and an elderly lady,
who, he concluded, was the aunt she had men-
tioned. He tried to look unconcerned, but
felt it was a failure; and any one who had
observed the arch and somewhat mischievous
expression of Mrs. Ilford's face, might have
supposed she was quite cognizant of his watch-
ful look, and rather enjoyed the same.
As he drew near he lifted his hat, and was
about to pass on, when his steps were arrested
by these words, spoken in the most bewitch-
ing tone—
How do you do, Mr. Bayfield? I am glad
you have taken my advice. The garden is
look beautiful in the evening, do they not?
Surprised and delighted at this allusion to
his yesterday's conversation, his answer was
not remarkably coherent, but his voice,
though a little tremulous, sounded very musi-
cal, and he looked exceedingly handsome; so
the lady smiled, and turning to her elderly
companion said—
Aunt, this is a gentleman I told you of,
that was so kind as to see me to the train yes-
terday, and to look such care that I should not
lose my money.
The last words were accompanied by a shy

glance at her negligent squire, who coloured,
and looked rather foolish.
Yes, my dear, said the old lady. I remem-
ber you told me so; and I am sure I'm very
much obliged to you, sir, for it was my money
my niece was in charge of, and I should have
been very sorry to lose it.
Frederick, who was conscious that he was
not much entitled to much gratitude, blushed
and stammered a few words, to the effect that
he was glad to have been of any use.
All this time Sir Francis Lowe, whose
countenance was never impressing; stood
apart, surveying our hero with savage scorn,
devoutly wishing he was at the Polar regions,
or any other uncomfortable regions, so that he
was out of the way; for he could not help
feeling at a disadvantage in point of person
appearance, having a red nose and pimply face,
the effects, it was rumored, of intemperate
habits.
He was tall, but by no means graceful, being
high shouldered, and altogether an ungainly
figure; but then he was rich, and moreover
his name was coupled with a title, consequently
he was no insignificant rival in poor Bay-
field's eyes—for we all know that wealth and
high rank are powerful plunders in the Court
Cupid, and often gain the day when, without
their aid, the claimant would assuredly be
nonsuited.
[concluded in our next.]

Fashionable Screws.
Fine ladies not unfrequently play at philan-
thropy. Such times as they can spare from dress
and amusement they give to framing plans of re-
lief for the poor. These are always planned that
give their inventors a prominent position, that im-
prove society in its holiday clothes, and that de-
pend for success on other people's pockets.
Sometimes it is a concert, where you have to buy
a ticket at an exorbitant price to hear indifferent
music badly rendered by second-rate professionals;
or it may be an amateur affair, when the enter-
tainment is yet more dreary, and you have to ap-
plaud with greater vehemence to cover the lack
of interest and intrinsic merit; or it may be am-
ateur theatricals, when you pay a week's living to
see Lady Calliprize in tights and Miss Auricomus
with her back hair down. But you have to do it.
Your fine lady friends count on your support; and
hold you to your sacrifice by the honour of your
knighthood and as the confession of your service.
If you are rich and a parvenu it is all very
well. You do not miss your guineas, and you are
content to pay handsomely for a front seat among
the upper ten; and to be able to discuss my Lady
Calliprize and Miss Auricomus among your own
set with the air of a man who knows his world
is a privilege worth a handsome outlay.
If you are one of themselves, you pay of course
for the honour of your order, though you think it a
bore all the same; but if you are only one of the
hangers on, one of the semi-detached fringe, the
impecunious appearances that float about the
great world, mere gilt and not gold, and very
thin gilt too, you know then what the force of
the fashionable screw is when it is put on you, and
you have to submit to be squeezed if you would
still be received. There is, of course, the honour
of the thing. Well, the honour counts for some-
thing, certainly; but your spare guineas have
their own eloquence too; and when you have to
live up to the mark of the people whose households
would cover your units, you find your margin en-
croaching on your capital in an alarming manner.
You would not mind so much, perhaps, if you
could distil any amusement out of your expendi-
ture. But, save from that barren honour of fasso-
ciation, the philanthropic pleasures which fine
ladies get up among themselves are mostly of the
deadest, dullest kind. Concerts, private theatricals,
raffles, bazaars, fetes chaumettes—what a sense
of weariness steals over us as we jot down the list!
—[The Saturday Review.]

THE IDEAL OF EARTHLY FELICITY.
Ethel (who disapproves of a minimum of jam
to a maximum of bread): "I dare say the
Queen and her courtiers eat a whole pot of
jam every day, Harry!"—[Punch.]

HOW TO ECONOMISE COAL.—The most
practical suggestion yet made towards econ-
omy of coal seems to be the use of solid but-
toms in ordinary fire grates. It is asserted,
and indeed proved, that a fireplace no
exceedingly small a plate of iron placed upon
the grate will halve the consumption of coal,
reduce the smoke, and leave a cheerful, free
burning fire. Quite sufficient air enters
through the bars, no poking is necessary, and
the fire never goes out till the coal is consum-
ed. There is no ash and no dust, every par-
ticle of fuel being consumed. Any house-
holder can try this experiment, and reduce his
coal bills says 30 per cent, at the cost of a shil-
ling.—[Spectator.]

Never Tempt a Man.
The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a
boy, resided with his father Governor Trum-
bull, at his residence in Lebanon, Connecticut,
in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The
government of this tribe was hereditary in the
family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the
heirs to the chieftainship was an Indian named
Zachary, who, though a brave man and an
excellent hunter, was so drunk in and worth-
less an Indian as could well be found. By
the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found
himself entitled to the royal power. In this
moment, the better genius of Zachary assumed
its sway, and he reflected seriously:
How can such a drunken wretch as I am
aspire to be chief of this noble tribe? What
will my people say? How shall the shades
of my glorious ancestors look down indignant
upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the
great Uncas? Ah—I will drink no more!
And he solemnly resolved that henceforth
he would drink nothing stronger than water;
and he kept his resolution.
Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe.
It was usual for the governor to attend at the
annual election in Hartford, and it was cus-
tomary for the Mohegan chief also to attend,
and on his way to stop and dine with the gov-
ernor.
John the governor's son, was but a boy,
and on one of these occasions, at the festive
board, occurred a scene which we will give in
Trumbull's own words:
One day the noble chieftain thought struck me
to try the sincerity of the old man's temper-
ance. The family were seated at dinner, and
there was excellent home brewed ale on the
table. I thought addressed the old chief.
Zachary, this beer is very fine. Will you
not taste it?
The old man dropped his knife, and leaned
forward with a stern intensity of expression
and his frigid eyes, sparkling with angry in-
dignation, were fixed upon me.
John, he said, you don't know what you
are doing. You are serving the devil, boy!
If I should taste your beer, I should never
stop till I got to ruin, and I should become
again the same drunken, contemptible wretch
your father remembers me to have been—
John, never again while you live tempt a man
to break a good resolution!
Socrates, never uttered a more valuable
precept. Donathoneses could not have given
it with more solemn eloquence. I was thun-
derstruck. My parents deeply affected,
they looked at me, and they turned their gaze
upon the venerable chieftain with awe and re-
spect. They afterwards frequently reminded
me of the scene, and charged me never to for-
get it. He lies buried in the royal burial
place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of
the Yantic, in Norwich, of lands now owned
by my friend, Calvin Giddard. I visited the
grave of the old chief lately, and above his
mouldering remains, I repeated to myself the
inextinguishable lesson.

SECULAR EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND.
—In a speech reported in the "Ottawa Times,"
we see that our townsmen, Mr. Macandrew, M.
P. for that thriving province, addressing
his constituents at Port Chalmers on the 6th
May last, spoke as follows, on the subject of
Secular Education:—
"We hear a good deal about secular educa-
tion. I should like to know what that means.
Does it mean the exclusion from our public
schools of all references to the Great Creator,
the God in whom we live, and move, and have
our being? Does it mean the exclusion of
all reference to a future state, and of all refer-
ence to a word beyond the grave? If this is
what it meant, then, I say, perish all secular
education! (Great applause.) Gentlemen, I
believe it means the exclusion from our public
schools of that ancient venerable and true
book—the bible—the book which translated
into our mother tongue has been the bulwark
of civil and religious liberty, and the founda-
tion stone of modern civilization. Upon no-
thing else has the glory of the British Empire
and the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race so
much depended. (Renewed applause.) Yet
we are asked to deny to our children the right
of using that book as a lesson-book. We may
allow our children to read the history of the
Carthaginians, the Romans, the Greeks, and
others, but about the Jews—the most interest-
ing race upon the face of the earth—or about
the early history of Christianity, they must read
nothing; there is no objection to their reading
the works of Demosthenes, of Virgil, and of
Shakespeare, but by no means must we admit
the writings of Moses, and David, of Solomon,
of Jeremiah, of Paul, and of the great di-
vine teacher, Jesus Christ. I really have no
difficulty in thinking about it. Am I to be
told that my children are to be taught in the
common schools to read all about the mytho-
logical living and true God? Where do you
find submer poetry, or anything but the
rarest ethics and morals than in the Bible?
And yet these things are to be kept from us!
Really it almost makes one exclaim—Oh, judg-
ment! thou art fled to British beasts; and
men have lost their reason! (Great applause.)

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