

## CAPS

1877.

My Varden, Duke  
to be numbered in  
Shakespeare's plays  
it fit and droll ally.  
Gents. Furnishing

a Jute and Linen,  
d wares. Ladies  
& SHOES, worked

TAMANS.

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Shakespeare's plays  
it fit and droll ally.  
Gents. Furnishing

Profits and gains  
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BRADLEY,  
St. Andrews.

33.

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Nov. 1872  
H. H. WELLS,  
ner District No. 1.

## NOTICE

Following Non-Res-  
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according to law.  
ly ..... \$8.00.  
J. CAMPBELL,  
Collector.

## CHINESE.

(SHOULD) HAV  
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es are now on sale  
public are invited to  
view.

S STOOPE,  
Agent.

for Sale.

sale his Property at  
and a splendid view  
of the Bay, the water  
rendering it a most  
and farm, in a plea-  
sant mile of the town  
contains 100 Acres,  
cultivated, with 25  
rags, is well watered,  
the premises are a  
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JAMES ORR, Jr.,  
on the premises.

FEA.

rom New York.

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paid at lowest rates.  
CLEWLEY & CO.,  
St. Stephen.

HOTEL,

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ILL, Proprietor.

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la Biter Ale.

J. W. STREET

that His Excellency

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it may be imported

Netting and Flash

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Command.

BOUCHETTE,

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STATION.

Son's best Stout

b'n Porter, quaris

J. W. STREET.

## The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[22 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 34

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 20, 1873.

Vol 40

## Poetry.

A SURMISE.

BY LOUISA RUBINELL.

Our mortal day breaks from the great unseem,  
Whither once more it darkly vanished;  
Two shadowy goals with faltering steps between—  
O, tell me, which is life, and which is death?

Nor is this but an idle questioning;  
For every step must cross some dark surprise,  
Since life and death are what the moments bring,  
And we would know them through their strange disguise.

Jo, we shall have that blossomed in the shade,  
And grief that out of sweetest dreams awoke;  
Doubts that grow clear, and certainties that fade;  
A weary crown, a light and easy yoke.

Wrongs we shall see made servants of the right;  
The noblest victories won by those that fail;  
Great hearts that triumph, falling in the fight;  
Death hand to hand with life, behind the veil!

Thus evermore we must our pathway tread,  
Mid lights that beckon, shadows that dismay;  
Till the bewildered heart, so strangely led,  
Wonders if life or death shall win the day.

As one might wonder, waking from a swoon,  
And seeing the far horizon half alight,—  
Is it the morning broadening to the noon?  
Or is it evening sinking into night?

Or as one standing on the silent shore  
If it be ebbs or flows can scarcely guess;  
Whether the lesser flowing to the shore,  
Or but the greater lapsing to the less.

O shrouded mystery! the baffled soul,  
Long coasting round thy solemn boundaries,  
Divines the rounded brightness of the whole,  
That first must wane upon these mortal skies.

The tide, when it lays bare the lonely stand,  
But lifts more high the great mid deeps of sea;  
Does death work life? Does losing fill the hand?  
Does darkness feed the light that is to be?

O, then it is no longer life and death,  
But life and life, in ever circling light!  
Then ebb and flow of fortune or of breath  
Are equal tides that lift us to our height!

## Romance in Real Life.

A foreign correspondent of an American paper relates the following story:—Paul Starns, the late clerk of the Alabama Reconstruction Convention, has been sojourning in Europe. At Rome he made the acquaintance of Iscippi Geza, one of the wealthiest and most influential Hungarian noblemen, who was about to depart for Naples where his family was passing the summer. The handsome American had made the most favorable impression upon the Royalist, and was invited to accompany him to Naples. Iscippi Geza, the Count of Temesvar, found his lady in very feeble health, and the physician had given up all hope. A few weeks after the Countess died, and Paul Starns had meanwhile so endeared himself to the aristocratic friend, that another invitation was tendered to accompany the Count to his castles in Hungary. Only a short drive from the city of Temesvar lies the beautiful castle Rudowitz, the ancestral seat of the Gezas. It was presided over by the young Countess Paula, a young lady of the pure Hungarian type, the only child and heir of Iscippi Geza. The young American was quite struck by the intense beauty of the lady, and before three weeks had elapsed the two were as friendly as if they had grown up together. During the hunting season distinguished guests arrived at the castle, among whom Prince Esterhazy, of Movara, was the most prominent. The Prince was about thirty years of age, and had lately been promoted to a captaincy of the guards, Major General Prince Esterhazy, the captain's father, and Count Geza had been most intimate friends for almost a life time, and both desired to still stronger tie the bonds of friendship by uniting their children. This was the main object of the Prince's visit, for the necessary preliminary arrangements had long ago been agreed upon by the two parents. Paul Starns had meanwhile cared nothing at all for the distinguished guest, but had mainly passed his time in studying modern languages. To his utter surprise Count Geza insisted upon his joining the dinner party one certain day; and the old gentleman got quite enthusiastic while he continued, "We have a great surprise for our guests today, and you must witness the proudest event of my life." But the surprise was different from that expected. Captain Esterhazy proposed, and was flatly refused. A burning bombshell could not have caused a more profound sensation than the Countess Paula's declaration that she would never marry the captain. Some angry words followed, and Captain Ester-

hazy alluded to American intruders and beggars. Some bluster about a duel followed. Finally Paul Starns left for Italy. Over a year has since elapsed, and the Countess was in such feeble health that a journey to Italy had been strongly advised. She had persistently refused to see any of the Esterhazy family again, and the Count Geza was inconsolable when he witnessed the sufferings of his only child. At Rome a sudden change overcame the Countess; she regained her health. And Count Geza was not a little surprised when he was one day told that she had married Paul Starns at the theatre, and she would marry him or not marry at all. On the 12th of May the wedding took place.

## The Synod of the Church of Scotland's ADDRESS TO THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AT HALIFAX.

The Synod appointed a Committee to draw up an address to the Governor General, and knowing that His Excellency would be in Halifax this Summer—appointed the members of the Presbyterian Synod in the city to present it to him. They invited a few friends of the Church to accompany them, including the Chief Justice, the Customs, The President of the Legislative Council, The Recorder, James McDonald, M.P., Dr. Avery, Hon. W. A. Henry, James Thompson, G. P. Mitchell, John Duell, &c., &c., and presented it to His Excellency on the 5th inst., in the Province Building. We have much pleasure in giving both the Address and the Reply:

ADDRESS:  
TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF DUFFE-  
RIN, K. P., GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE  
DOMINION OF CANADA, &c., &c., &c.

May it please Your Excellency:  
We, the Ministers and Elders of the Presby-  
terian Church of the Maritime Provinces in con-  
nection with the Church of Scotland, in Synod as-  
sembled, beg respectfully to welcome your Ex-  
cellency, as the Representative in this Dominion of  
Her Majesty the Queen.

The warm and considerate interest which your  
Excellency manifests for all that concerns the wel-  
fare of this Dominion, secures the increasing re-  
gard of our people.

We congratulate your Excellency upon the  
rapid progress already made under your Ex-  
cellency's Administration in the work undertaken by  
your predecessors; and upon the prospect that  
ere long, all Her Majesty's North American pos-  
sessions shall be united under one Government.

Convinced, however, both from the sacred word  
of God, and from human experience, that Right-  
eousness exalteth a nation, and that no mere ma-  
terial greatness can secure permanent prosperity,  
we will ever strive to promote the cause of an  
enlightened Christianity throughout the land, mainly  
for its own sake, but also for its connection with  
the social well-being of the people. Grateful to  
the Giver of all good, for the national peace and  
God, in His mercy may long preserve to this land  
its present civil and religious privileges; and that  
His abundant blessings may rest upon your Ex-  
cellency's person, family, and administration.

Signed, in name and by appointment of Synod,  
at Pictou, this Thirtieth day of June, One Thousand  
and Eight Hundred and Seventy Three, by  
D. MACRAE, A. M., Moderator.  
PETER KEAY, Clerk of Synod,  
St. Andrews, N. B.

## REPLY.

To the Ministers and Elders of the Presby-  
terian Church of the Maritime Provinces,  
in connection with the Church of Scotland.

GENTLEMEN,—  
It has been my fortune on many previous oc-  
casions to have the honor of receiving deputations  
from the Presbyterian Churches in this country.  
From all these deputations I have heard with deep  
satisfaction expressions of loyalty to the Crown,  
and contentment with the political constitution  
under which they live.

Owing to the fortunate circumstances of my  
life, I have passed many years in the midst of a  
Presbyterian population, and I can only repeat  
what I have said on other occasions, that I have  
had frequent opportunities of observing the ben-  
eficial influences which the Presbyterian Church  
exercised on its congregations, and of remembering  
to how great an extent industry, Christian  
charity, and other virtues which adorn high civiliza-  
tion flourish under the effects of its teaching. I  
feel certain that similar good influences will be  
found to exist in the Churches of Halifax and the  
Maritime Provinces generally.

I thank you, as Her Majesty's Representative,  
for your expressions of attachment to the Crown,  
with which I feel that all sections of religious de-  
nominations will cordially concur with you, al-  
though I may, without any prejudice to other com-  
munities, repeat that among none do loyal senti-  
ments show themselves in a more satisfactory man-  
ner than among those who have had the benefit of  
belonging to the Presbyterian Church.

In conclusion I beg to return to my sincere ac-  
knowledgments on behalf of Lady Dufferin and  
myself for the cordial welcome you have accorded  
us, and to assure you of the pleasure we both feel  
in visiting so important a city as Halifax, and of  
becoming acquainted with the people of Nova  
Scotia.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 6, 1873.

## MANDY MIDGE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Mandy Midge is coming up to-morrow, said  
my hostess, lifting her eyes from a letter  
she had found beside her plate at the break-  
fast table. Dear me! How glad I am!

Oh, aunt! shrieked pretty Lena Brooks  
from the opposite seat, oh, aunt, what a  
name! Mandy Midge! Gracious me! did you  
ever hear anything like it, Mr. Grant?

Mandy! echoed B. the Brooks.

Midge! cried her brother. Oh, dear, dear!  
Midge!

I, as a stranger, kept silence, while the old  
lady took off her glasses and looked rather  
reprovingly down the table.

I don't see anything so curious in the name,  
said she. We always called her Mandy for  
short. She was christened Amanda; and  
the Midge was first-rate people—good family;  
and she's a nice little thing—a very nice little  
thing, indeed.

Little Miss Midge! laughed Lena. Oh,  
how funny!

Young folks see fun in a good many  
things, it seems to me, said Aunt Morris;  
but I hope you've done laughing about  
Mandy.

Then there was silence on the subject, but  
down on the river bank after a while the girls  
began it over again.

Mr. Grant—think of it, Mandy Midge—  
I can imagine her. Mandy. Oh!  
I was Belle who said that—Belle who was  
always laughing and giggling over everything.  
And then Lena began with a little squeal of  
laughter, peculiar to her.

I do wonder what she looks like.

I, a young fellow of five and twenty, sat be-  
tween the two girls. I had my portfolio and  
pencils with me, and a volume of "Little  
Women," which Belle was pretending to  
read, principally because some one had told  
her that she looked well with her eyelids cast  
down. What idiotic things we said to each  
other as we sat under the trees upon the grass!

"Little Women," which B. he was pretending  
to read, principally because some one had told  
her that she looked well with her eyelids cast  
down. What idiotic things we said to each  
other as we sat under the trees upon the grass!

Little Women? I asked, reading the title.  
Miss Midge, all of them, I suppose. The  
Misses Midge.

Then with my pencil I wrote on the fly-  
leaf, Dedicated to Miss Midge.

Illustrate it, cried Belle. And then I  
drew a three-leaved clover, and a little  
woman standing under its shade with a big  
hoop and a big waterfall. And under it I  
scribbled:

"Little Miss Midge stood under the clover."

"Waiting for some one to help her over,"

added Belle. I wrote it down.

"Mandy Midge stood on a bridge," scream-  
ed Lena. What rymes with bridge?

"Nothing but Midge," cried Belle.

And she heard the frogs holler, "Mandy  
Midge!" added I.

The absurd verses were all written down.  
Another picture of a little woman stand-  
ing on a bridge, with a frog twice her size on  
the rock in the river below her, added; and  
"Illustrated by B. Grant," written beneath.

And then the girls began to giggle, and  
together—those two giggling girls and myself.  
It was so easy to be a wit in their estimation  
that I became a sort of peripatetic jolly joker,  
in the course of the afternoon, and quite  
filled the margin of "Little Women" with  
jests and puns, mostly awakened by the name  
of the expected guest.

On our way Belle vowed that she would  
keep the book for ever, and that when I be-  
came a celebrated artist she would sell it at a  
high price as my first production. And then  
we quarrelled about the authority of the  
poetry, and I settled it by saying, "as Captain  
Cuttle says, we'll 'make it over' jointly."

There was neither sense nor wit in any  
thing we said, and I for one knew it well  
enough, but I never guessed how I should rue  
the day, or to what grief that idiotic jingling  
would bring me.

"Miss Midge, my niece Belle and Lena.  
Miss Midge, Mr. Grant."

We had entered the dining room by the  
long French window, and stood suddenly  
before two ladies. Dear old Mrs. Morris in  
her late lace cap and black silk dress, and a  
younger lady in some airy cloud like white  
dress, with roses in her black hair and at  
her breast. She held out a little dimpled  
hand in frank greeting, and she looked up at  
us with the dearest and most beautiful eyes

I ever saw. She was altogether the loveliest  
creature, the most bewitching, the most charm-  
ing little angel. In a word, I was head over  
heels in love with Mandy Midge before I had  
said a word to her.

A visit in the country; a kind old host-  
ess, who has known me in his school days,  
and delights in setting the dainties of her  
larder before him; two jolly girls, who laugh  
from morning to night, and another girl so  
charming that no words can describe her,  
with whom one is delightfully in love;  
who can picture anything more pleasant?

Sure of my welcome, I prolonged the visit  
to a length only warranted by a life-long friend-  
ship; but I presume that had I even felt less  
certain that I was not trespassing, I could  
scarcely have persuaded myself to leave  
Dinglewood while Miss Midge graced it with  
her presence. Who would voluntarily turn  
his back on Paradise?

But at last the time came when Miss Midge  
found it necessary to return home. In twenty-  
four hours we must part, and before they  
were over I had resolved to tell her how I  
loved her. I felt assured that she did not  
dislike me, and I hoped everything.

How I followed her about that morning!  
How I watched for an opportunity to speak to  
her alone!

At last it came. The moonlight train brought  
to Dinglewood two young men, who were  
gleefully hailed as Harry and Sam by the  
Misses Brooks, and who greeted the young  
ladies so warmly that I should have felt sorry  
if I had not set my heart upon either Belle  
or Lena.

Miss Midge, having true feminine instincts,  
slipped away by herself. Belle and Sam  
were seen to take a garden seat hard  
by. Harry and Lena ran down a green  
lane.

Mrs. Morris was heard in the kitchen,  
probably awakening the cook to a proper sense  
of the importance of dinner, and now or never  
was my chance.

I found Lena in the library, and I took a  
seat at her side. Then, I found it impossible  
to speak. What to do, I knew; but how to  
do it, I hesitated; I looked at her. I saw  
the color rise to her cheeks.

Then she took up Belle's work basket, which  
stood near.

There was a book hidden under its overflow  
of zephyr worsted. She drew it forth. I saw  
she was confused. I could not be sure that  
the confusion was pleasurable.

Did she fear to have me speak lest she  
should be obliged to refuse me, or was it that  
she felt all that I felt for her? To gain time,  
I gaped forth:

"What book are you reading, Miss Midge?"

She opened it, and turned to the title  
page.

"Little Women," said she.

A sudden recollection of the day of her  
arrival flashed upon me; an awful knowledge  
of the absurdities that back continued turned  
my whole face crimson. With my heart  
beating furiously, I stretched forth my hand  
and tried to snatch the volume from her.

"Please—give me the book," I gasped.  
"—I—have something to say to you."

It was too late. I saw her splendid eyes  
dilate—I saw her cheek grow pale. She  
grew strangely still as she turned the pages.

"Pardon, Mr. Grant," she said. "I desire  
to examine the illustrations. They are so  
orderly; so do the marginal notes. You are  
quite a genius in the comic line. A second  
Gustavus or Leech. Charming! Would  
you like to see?"

She handed me the book; between us it  
dropped to the floor. I sat staring at her as  
speechless agony as she quietly glided from  
the room.

I did not see her again before she left. No  
one could discover me at the dinner hour, and  
she took the half past three o'clock train that  
afternoon.

"What is the matter, Mr. Grant?" said  
Belle, with a very serious face, as she came  
to the corner of the veranda, where I sat alone  
that evening. "I know you feel awful about  
something, and I can't take any comfort. I  
sort of guess, you know."

What do you guess? I asked.

I found "Little Women" on the floor wide  
open, said the girl with a quivering voice, and  
I saw you rush out of the library and go into  
the woods. And I saw Mandy's face, dear  
girl, when she went away; and I see yours  
now, and it's my fault for leaving the book  
about, and I'm so sorry.

It was a jolly little soul, and I pined for  
some comfort and I told her all. When I  
ceased she put her hands to her eyes and said:  
"Don't feel so bad. It will all come right yet.  
I'm sure of that."

But as for me, I thought of cold lead and  
poison and the river all night long.

But this is not a tragedy. Belle was a strong  
prophet. She wrote a letter to Miss Midge,  
and it was ungrammatical and full of school-  
girl's slang, and not so well spent as it might  
have been, but it said what I did not think of  
saying. It told the whole truth about that  
absurd scribbling, and it wound up thus:

"But you know, we did not think what we  
were doing. And we all liked you the minute

we saw you. And a funny name don't mat-  
ter. And he is so awfully in love and so  
ashamed I think he'll die. And he's ever so  
nice. And I did it all—asked him to draw  
the pictures, and made the verses myself, and  
it was before ever we saw you, and please,  
please, please forgive him and me, for you  
know you like him. There now."

And when the answer came back, Belle  
came to me radiant, holding the letter in her  
little fat hands, and saying:

"I don't let you read one word of it! but I  
think I would go down to New York, if I  
were you, and see Mandy Midge myself."  
I went.

TOO PARTICULAR BY HALF.—There was  
a good deal of fun in the British House of  
Commons the other night when Mr. Hunt  
asked if it was true that at a recent examina-  
tion of a school in Wiltshire, the Government  
Inspector refused to allow the children to sing  
"God Save the Queen," considering the  
National Anthem to be a piece of "religious  
instruction," and so contrary to the principles  
of the Elementary Education Act. The laugh-  
ter grew greater when Mr. Foster, Vice-  
President of the Educational Council, an-  
nounced that such was the case. The In-  
spector has had a hint from headquarters not  
to be too particular.

THE CROPS.—According to the New York  
Post, which journal has made great efforts to  
ascertain the condition and prospects of the  
crops throughout the country, the present  
season is to be a good one. Contrary to all  
expectations a month ago, the cotton crop is  
very promising. Good judges estimate that  
it will exceed four millions of bales. The  
grain crop, too, all over the country, except a  
few remote points affected by local causes,  
will be large. Hay and vegetables are in  
fruit.

The "smartness" of a little D-trait boy,  
manifested in connection with that inspiring  
article, the family umbrella, deserves to be  
chronicled. He painted in large letters upon  
it, "Stolen from No. 1—A—street," and walk-  
ed about with it, chuckling with the conscious-  
ness of having invented an infallible preser-  
vative for that ancient and sacred institution.  
But life is all a fiving show—at the moment  
he was happiest, an unresponsible policeman  
arrested him for stealing it.

A Portland fruit dealer was several days  
since bitten on the fore finger by a young  
tarantula which had come over in a bunch of  
bananas from Cuba. The gentleman suffered  
severely, and was unable to sleep for several  
days and nights. It is said the bite from a  
full grown tarantula often times causes sufficient  
pain to throw the strongest man into con-  
vulsions, and oftentimes is attended with fatal  
results.

It is easy to live in the world after the  
world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live  
after your own; but the great man is he who  
in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect  
sweetness as the independence of solitude.

No man is born into the world whose work  
is not borne with him; there is always work  
and toil to work with for all those who will,  
and blessed are the heavy hands of all toil.  
—Lowell

An Illinois magistrate has fined a man \$10  
for cutting off his wife's back hair. Under  
what statute such an offence is ranked, we  
are not informed. Perhaps the general head of  
barbarous treatment and sheer brutality.

"Pretty bad under foot," said one citizen to  
another, as they "put in" the street. "Yes,  
but it's fine overhead," responded the other.  
"True enough," said the first, "but then very  
few are going that way."

The commanders of the German naval  
force have received fresh instructions from  
Berlin to prevent the surrender of the Ins-  
urgent man of war captured by them.

Some people say that a dark-haired woman married  
first. We differ; it's the light-headed ones.

A Kookuk daniel entered a store recently and  
asked for "a deck of them postal keards."

The average Kentuckian "minks when he calls  
for soda water," and in Rochester, N. Y., they say  
they will have "a little John B. Gough."

"What's the date of your bustle?" was what an  
anxious papa of Cobleskill asked his well-dressed  
daughter, after searching for the latest copy of his  
paper.

Knowledge is not power. The old proverb  
is all as true. Wisdom is power.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has  
nothing to do with, has no right to complain if  
the sparks fly in his face.

It is a remarkable peculiarity with delu-  
sions that their expanding power continues to in-  
crease as you contract them.