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Poetry.

OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby?
Little Dot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so soft and white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Dot, she is a little darling,
And to me,
All her little ways are witty;
When she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so?—never saw her?
Wish you could!
See her with her playthings clattering,
And her little tongue a clattering
Little dancing feet a pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do,
If you could!

SCRAPS.

Original package—An infant.
Domestic infidelity—Gold feet.
The children's kingdom—Lapland.
Stockings are a lot of dress.
A natural bridge—the bridge of the nose.
Counterattractions—Handsome lady clerks.
Late trains—Young men on midnight benches.
Those who pitch it strong—Those in the tar bu-
sines.

Why is a man who never lays wages quiet
but one who does? Because he's no better.

Miscellany.

Care of Boots and Shoes.

Boots and shoes, if taken care of properly,
will usually last two or three times longer
than they usually do, and at the same time
fit the feet more satisfactorily and keep them
dry and comfortable in wet and cold weather.
The upper leather should be kept soft and
pliable, while the soles need to be hard, though
imperious to water. The first thing to be
done with any pair of new shoes for old use,
is to set each one on a platter or for dinner
plate, and in boiled linseed oil, sufficient to fill
the vessel to the upper edge of the sole. Al-
low the leather to absorb as much oil as it will
in eight hours. Linseed oil should not be
applied to upper leather, as it will soon be
come dry, rendering the leather tough and
hard. But if the soles be saturated with oil,
it will exclude the dampness, and so the large
pegs so that the soles will never get loose
from the upper leather. If the shoes be
sowed, the linseed oil will preserve the thread
from rotting. Now, wet the upper leather
thoroughly when the boots or shoes are to be
put on the feet, so that those parts which are
tight may render a trifle, and thus adapt the
form of the shoe to the foot more satisfactorily
than when the upper leather is not wet. Keep
them on the feet until the leather is
nearly dry. Then give the upper leather a
thorough greasing with tallow and neat's-foot
oil. If shoes be treated in this manner, and a
row of round-headed shoe nails be driven
around the edge of the soles, they will wear
like copper and always set easy to the feet—
Boots and shoes should be treated as suggest-
ed, and worn a little several months before
they are put to daily service. This is the true
way to save your shoe money.—[Hearth and
Home.

Professor Hall of the University of Mel-
bourne, Australia, may be remembered by
some as the enthusiastic introducer of a cure
for poisonous snake bites, and who allowed
himself to be bitten by a snake and nearly lost
his life by the failure of his daring nostrum to
counteract the effects. Notwithstanding the
ridicule to which his delusion to science sub-
jected him on that occasion, he has persevered
in his efforts, and undoubtedly success has at
length rewarded him. He has found an anti-
dote for snake poison which has proved suc-
cessful in the most fatal cases. It is simply
liquid ammonia injected into the veins. A
small syringe with a sharp point for the pur-
pose of making the injection is manufactured
and sold in Melbourne, and now few travel in
the country without one.

“Paddy, who is dead now?” said some one to
an Irishman.

“Faix, I don't know, unless it's the man in
the coffin,” but did not intimate the suspicion

Interesting Tale.

MYRTLE'S STEP-MAMMA.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Digby Lawson, a young traveller, being
caught in a snow storm, sought shelter in an
old fashioned house, whose mistress received
him cordially, and conducted him into a small
dark sitting room, whose cheerfulness was
scarcely increased by the lazy blaze that smol-
dered in the wide fire place. A small dark
faced girl, so diminutive in stature that he took
her at first for a child, sat in a rocking chair
before the fire, wrapped up in a shawl.

You had better go to bed, Myrtle, said the
woman, as she shoved a chair to the young
man.

The girl leaped forward and looked towards
the windows. It was barely twilight of a win-
ter evening.

“Humph,” she said with a toss of her small
curly head, and settled back to her rocking
chair, without so much as a glance toward the
stranger, whose gaze seemed drawn towards
her involuntarily. The woman passed be-
tween them, and bent toward him.

Don't mind her, she's a touchy old
head, said Myrtle, as she touched her head
against the wall.

She glanced uneasily at the young girl, and
stood a moment, then went out.

Digby Lawson sat and looked at Myrtle.

Well, she said presently, lifting a pair of
immense black eyes, do I look as though I had
good sense or not?

As though you had good sense of course,
laughed Digby, in his good natured literal
way.

Myrtle regarded him steadily a moment,
smiling a little scornfully, and then said in a
sharp defiant tone:

She may try and try, and I won't be afraid
of her.

Digby had no reply to make to this. He
had not gentlemanly instincts to betray by dis-
tressing the curiosity he felt, and so he
remained in a puzzled silence, wondering what
the relation was, the relation between these
two women, so unlike each other, so mutually
antagonistic.

Presently the woman came back and told
him to come out to supper.

He followed her to the kitchen.

What did she say to you? she asked as she
put him to the table, and her expression was
so eager, her eyes lit up so unpleasantly, that
the young man resolved inwardly that she
should obtain no information from him. He
shrugged his shoulders significantly.

How long has she been this way? Born
so? he asked with a sympathetic air.

The woman looked relieved.

About three years now, she answered. She's
a great trial to me.

Your daughter?

Oh dear no, only step daughter.

She rose and left him. He finished his sup-
per and went back to the sitting room.

Myrtle was just quitting it, and as she went
out, she said angrily, I can't abide Stephen
Bird for an hour. I shall never be fool enough
to try him for a life time, you may be very
sure of that.

She slammed the door after her, and stood
an instant in the passage way facing Digby
Lawson, with her slender black brows puck-
ered into an indomitable scowl. She seemed about
to speak, but apparently thought better of it,
and giving the young man a haughty, half-
defiant little nod, passed him, and he heard
at the end of the passage.

He found his hostess in the sitting room,
and a coffee looking red faced fellow was
lounging in Myrtle's chair.

My son Stephen, the woman explained, and
relapsed into silence.

My son Stephen, she explained a few sulky
attempts at sociability, but was evidently in
an ill humor.

Digby Lawson took his departure the fol-
lowing morning, without seeing any one but
his hostess, and she did not ask him to remain
to breakfast, so he went away without it.

The goals were nearly impassable with
snow, but with the sun shining upon him, and
such inhospitability behind, the young man rather
welcomed the prospect. There was a small
town a few miles ahead, he knew.

As he urged his recruited steed forward, the
black changed eyes of the girl he had seen
the night before, haunted him.

When he reached the village he made some
inquiries, and learned that the woman had
entertained him in such loath fashion was
named Phebe Andros. She had been house-
keeper for Myrtle's father, and he, a great
invalid, had been so won by her qualities as
nurse, that he had married her, and dying soon
after, had left her guardian to his daughter
and her large property. Myrtle, it was said,
was to marry Stephen Bird, her step-mother's
son.

Digby's informant wondered some at the
girl's story, but did not intimate the suspicion

of any unfair influence being exerted upon
her, and he rather stared when the young man
repeated what Phebe Andros had hinted at to
her intellect. He had never heard of any-
thing of the sort, though it had been observed
that Myrtle was greatly changed and seldom
went out.

Digby Lawson went his way, but the fur-
ther he progressed, the more vividly rose be-
fore the small scornful face of Myrtle Andros,
and when he thought of her as the wife of
Stephen Bird, it was with an old thrill of re-
pugnance.

Business recalled him, after a little, by al-
most the same route, and he altered his course
a few miles for the sake of passing by the
Andros mansion.

He had no very sufficient excuse for calling,
but he found it difficult to pass. The sight of
a face at one of the sitting room windows
which might be Myrtle's decided him.

He got off his horse, and went slowly
up the path to the house.

The face disappeared from the window, and
presented itself at the door before he had time
to knock. It was Myrtle's, but it had grown
thinner to haggardness, and the great black
eyes, circled with shadows, seemed to have ab-
sorbed all the vitality of the small tender
frame.

Miss Myrtle, he exclaimed, are you ill?

She laughed. If I am, my disease is named
Stephen Bird. Have you come back, sir,
to test the tender hospitalities of my step-
mamma?

I was passing, and seeing your face at the
window, thought I would call a few moments.
Aren't you going to invite me in?

Not I. I shall be locked up again, if you
come in.

Again?

She nodded. Step-mamma turned the key
upon me when you were here before. That
is nothing uncommon. People who have such
familiar tongues as mine often have to be locked
up, step-mamma says.

The mockery of her tone and look was
something indescribable. She had the air of
one doomed to desolation. Digby noted of
her little hands, as she held them closely
clasp before her, trembled with nervousness.

He looked at her anxiously. Miss Myrtle,
he said, I may be presumptuous, but it seems
to me you are in trouble. I have spoken to
me with a frankness for which I may be in-
debted, both to eum-tance and your whim.
But it appears to me that you have spoken
out of a full heart. I should like to be of
so vice to you.

The dark face lighted electrically, and cloud-
ed again.

I don't know how you can, she said gloom-
ily.

Will me just what the trouble is.

She glanced over her shoulder.

It is a wonder step-mamma is not here be-
fore now. I haven't any trouble but Stephen
Bird, she said jarringly. He'll be the death
of me, if I live long enough.

Do they want you to marry him?

And you won't?

I won't—emphatically.

Have you said so?

About twenty-four times a day, for the last
year.

Why don't you run away?

Where would I run to? Everybody is on
her side.

I am not. Will you marry me, Myrtle—
that is if I give you satisfactory evidence of
respectability?

Myrtle shrank a little, and her face turned
scarlet, but she said simply:

I like you; I did from the first. It would
not be very hard to marry you, and be forever
free of Stephen Bird.

Be at the gate then at dusk. I will come
by in a carriage.

Myrtle gave him her hand on it, and went
in just in time to intercept her step-mamma
in the hall. But she came from the back part
of the house, and had seen nothing.

At dusk Digby Lawson drove slowly past
the Andros gate. It swung wide as he did so
and Myrtle ran out.

They were married within a few hours,
and the intensity of the chagrin and amaze-
ment of Stephen Bird and his mother it would
be impossible to portray.

Myrtle had to wait a little for her property,
which was under the control of her step-mamma
for a length of time, but she got it all at
last, and oddly enough, never regretted her
hasty marriage.

Did you see Mr. Murdock return oars? in
quired the counsel in an Irish commercial case.

Yes, yr honor, he was the reply.

On what ground did he refuse them? was
next asked.

In the back yard, said the witness Teddy,
amid the laughter of the court.

A contemporary says that change is in it,
self an evil. Is a little change in one's pocket
an evil? Is the occasional change of one's
linen an evil? Is a change from bad to good
an evil?

[From Hitchcock's New Monthly Magazine] Home, Sweet Home.

One of the sweetest and most touching mo-
lodies ever published, is the favorite old song
of “Sweet Home.” In the drawing room, in
the concert hall, or on the stage it is certainly
a universal welcome. No matter by what
artist it is sung, it falls on the ear like a spell
and it seems like an inspiration. It charms by
its simplicity and truth, and when far away
from friends, home, and dear associations, to
hear the sweet old song it almost seems like
the sainted hymn of some valued friend from
the beautiful Spirit Land.

When Jenny Lind came to this country she
gave this popular song a new extent; not that
she sang it particularly well, for most people
were not much impressed with her rendering of
it; but the fact of her singing it at all was
enough to blow the dust off the faded music,
and make a place for it on thousands of piano-
fortes.

The late Major Noah declared that he never
heard the song really sung, but once; and
when we relate the incident, many of our read-
ers will remember it. Years ago there ap-
peared at the Park Theatre a beautiful young
actress, Miss Grove, who played in John How-
ard Payne's domestic drama, “The Maid of
Milan,” and sang the song, where it belongs,
of “Home, sweet Home,” with a sweetness and
pathos that drew tears from the eyes of thou-
sands.

Miss Grove was a mystery. She came
here unannounced; she played and sang like
an angel, she was very young and very beau-
tiful, and all at once she disappeared, not one
knew how or why. It seemed all a dream—
in pathetic parts, like that of Clara, we have
scarcely ever seen her equal. We remember
but one, and she, a beautiful girl, in her pa-
thetic parts such showers of real tears,
that the audience could see them rolling down
her cheeks and falling down upon her bosom.

In such a case, one would hardly avoid weep-
ing from sympathy. After playing such a
part, we have seen this young lady's eyes red
next morning at the breakfast table.

We forgot by what means we found out the
romance of this sweet Miss Grove; but the
facts were, as nearly as we can remember, af-
ter a lapse of so many years, the following:
She had been educated for the stage in En-
gland by her father, who hoped to make a for-
tune by her talents and beauty. After a suc-
cessful tour in “the provinces,” as the theatres
in England out of London are called, an en-
gagement was made for her to play at one of
the minor theatres of that city. The manage-
ment of a fine young actor, fell in love with his star,
and she returned his passion. The father
forbade the match, but they stole a march on
him and were privately married. The same
morning at rehearsal, the father by some
means found out the conspiracy, and taking his
daughter from the theatre, he forced her into
a carriage, and going as rapidly as possible, by
railway and stage to Liverpool, carried her on
board an American packet ship which was
just sailing, and so brought her to New York.
The manager of the Park was obliged to change
the bill of performances that night, and a few
miles afterwards the lovely Mrs. Yarnold
graced the boards of her husband's theatre, and
for a long period we never took up a London
paper without seeing her name, and thinking of
the time when we heard her sing “Home,
sweet Home.”

While winding up your watch at night think
of the good acts you have done that day. You
will not overwind.

At a negro ball, in lieu of “not transferable”
on the tickets, a notice was posted over the
door, “no gentleman admitted unless he comes
himself.”

A lady advertising for a husband, is very
particular to have it understood that “no one
need apply who are under six feet.” That
female is strongly in favor of hy-men!

A negro, on a trial in Philadelphia for steal-
ing, put in a plea of insanity. To prove this
it was said he might have stolen the big roast-
er, but only took the small chickens.

True Philosophy.—A country poet, after
looking about over life, has come to the following
rhyming conclusion:

Reverend the proprietors of a distillery at
Millard, Ont., not having enough stock in their
pens to drink the slop, turned it into the Mis-
sissipi. Forthwith the other inhabitants of this
beautiful river, that perhaps never tasted any-
thing stronger than its hitherto giving fluid, were
seized with a desire to go on one grand “ben-
der.” By the time the fluid reached Plain-
ville, the whole river presented a scene of the
wildest revelry among the fish. Bass, salmon
and white perch vied with each other in all
kinds of ridiculous gymnastics. They appear-
ed in shoals upon the top of the water, scam-
ped in the air, and jumped upon the dry land,
and in their drunken spree greatly imitated
the ridiculous performance of a higher order
of animals. A wagon load was caught while
in this tipsy condition, and sold in the market.

Oh! I wouldn't live for ever—I wouldn't if
I could!
But I needn't fret about it, for I couldn't if I
would.

The following letter from Mr. Botsford, on the
rumor of his dismissal, by the Executive
Council, from the office of Chief Clerk of the
Legislative Council, explains itself.

FREDERICTON, January 31st, 1870.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED IN THIS PROVINCE.

GENTLEMEN.—The Editor of the Reporter
newspaper, in this City, having in his last is-
sue promulgated a new charge against me,
and having by authority of some member of the
Executive Council; and having undertaken,
entirely unauthorizing it to speak for me also; I
now feel called upon to state publicly, that as
the Clerk (gazetted some twenty-two years
ago in London, by virtue of Her Majesty's
warrant) of an independent branch of the
Legislature, I have recently been charged with some of the most tried in secret, con-
demned unheard, and judgment pronounced
against me by the Executive Council of this
Province. If this be the case, I can only say
that that Honorable body has acted without
giving me the slightest notice of what the
charges were, by whom preferred, upon what
evidence sustained, or what their judgment
has been.

Under these circumstances, I think I may
fairly ask of you, gentlemen of the four-
th Estate, to suspend at least your judgment un-
til I shall have been informed of such charges,
if any, and have had the opportunity of being
heard thereon before the Legislative Council,
(the constitutional tribunal for such an en-
quiry) or some other body whose proceed-
ings are conducted upon the common principles
of justice and fair play.

May I not also ask that you give an inser-
tion to this communication in your respective
newspapers, and oblige

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE BOTSFORD,
Clerk Legislative Council of N. B.

Change of Food Needful.

Man, when confined for any considerable
time to one kind of food, is more liable to dis-
ease than when his regimen is varied. The
disease common among sailors on long voyages
is an illustration of this. Now, what is true
of man, is equally true of the various species
of animals. Domestic animals, when confined
for an undue period of time to one kind of
food, sicken and die. Barnyard cattle suffer
from the same cause. For their nature has
formed a variety. In summer the different
kinds of grasses, with their rich juices, tempt
their taste and improve their flesh. Yet, even
then, we obtain an argument for a variety of
food, from the fact that cattle which are fed
with grain or vegetables put on fat more rap-
idly than when they partake of grass alone.—
But in the winter our ordinary dry food is
not as conducive to growth as the summer
grasses. “Fodder,” as it is familiarly termed,
has lost much of its original properties in cur-
ing. You will find the defect in part supplied
by roots of various kinds. Among these, tur-
nips, carrots, beets, and the like, have their
value. But these, or something of the kind,
should be provided to give variety to our win-
ter supply of stock food. Farms, look to this,
and see if the best cattle and the best flocks of
sheep, are not those which have been furnished
with a variety of food during their farm-house
confinement. Would you have good stock?
—then have good bins full of roots for their
winter feed.—[Rural American.

HALF A MILLION DEATHS FROM FAMINE.
The Bombay (India) Gazette, a well-infor-
med journal, estimates the deaths from want of
food in all Rjpotana at not fewer than half
a million; and besides, pestilence has, as
usual, followed famine. For the last two
months the people have been cut down by a
most persistent fever and murrain, or swelling
of the limbs and face, caused by living on
the husks of grain, and the best flocks of
sheep, are not those which have been furnished
with a variety of food during their farm-house
confinement. Would you have good stock?
—then have good bins full of roots for their
winter feed.—[Rural American.

DRUNKEN FISH.
Recent the proprietors of a distillery at
Millard, Ont., not having enough stock in their
pens to drink the slop, turned it into the Mis-
sissipi. Forthwith the other inhabitants of this
beautiful river, that perhaps never tasted any-
thing stronger than its hitherto giving fluid, were
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