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# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 9, 1878.

NO. 1.

## Harvest Song.

When roses were budding, and clover was sweet,  
And the grasses were cool, and long, and green,  
There was laughter and song with the hay-  
maker's feet,  
And labor went merrily on between:  
Till the hay was gathered from every lea,  
And the babbling brooks ran to tell the sea,  
"The hay is home!"  
When the wheat was yellow in all the land,  
Then glad was the earth with the harvest  
cry:  
"And the heart kept time with the linding  
hand—  
Kept time with the sheaves piled up so high:  
With the loaded wains, and the full barn's gies,  
While the babbling brooks ran to tell the sea,  
"The wheat is home."  
In the cool sweet shades where the apples  
grow,  
Under the sun where the crows turn sweet,  
Far in the cotton fields white as snow,  
Down in the swamps where the rice is best—  
There's never a land in the wide world free  
Where the babbling brooks have not told the  
sea,  
"The harvest's home."

## A Strange Adventure.

"Good morning, sir—a lovely day!"  
I started rather guiltily from the  
stopping position in which the voice of  
my unknown colloquist had accosted me.  
In truth and in fact, I was engaged in  
examining the padlocked moorings of a  
graceful little boat whose keel lay on the  
shore, and meditating to myself how  
very agreeable a row across the crystal  
lake would be through the silence of the  
purple August daybreak.  
"Good morning," I responded, turning  
to meet the inquiring gaze of a tall,  
gentlemanly-looking personage, appar-  
ently about thirty-five years of age, who  
stood leaning against a little gate. He  
was dark and handsome, with piercing  
eyes, a forehead slightly bald, and a jet-  
black mustache, trifled jauntily away  
from a small, nervous mouth; and his  
dress was tasteful and faultless to the  
last degree. He had taken off his light  
straw hat to greet me, and now stood  
apparently awaiting some more definite  
explanation on my part.  
"I beg your pardon, sir," I stam-  
mered, rather confused;—"I—I hope  
I am not trespassing on 'private  
grounds'?"  
"Why, sir, you are undoubtedly on  
private grounds," returned the stranger,  
smiling; "but I think we won't call it  
by any such harsh name as trespass-  
ing. You are staying in the neighbor-  
hood?"  
"I am staying at the 'Lake House'  
for the summer," I explained; "and I  
suppose my morning walk has led me  
further than I first intended."  
"You are about six miles from the  
house, sir," returned my companion,  
courtaneously, "and, judging from your  
occupation when I came down to the  
gate, you would not object to crossing  
back by water?"  
I laughed, and acknowledged the fact.  
"To tell you the truth, sir, I was just  
thinking how cool and pleasant a short  
row would be. In fact, if the boat had  
not been fastened, I should most assur-  
edly have braved all consequences, and  
boldly ventured the experiment."  
"I think we can overcome that objec-  
tion," said the stranger quietly, turning  
to an old ruined tree, whose gnarled  
trunk overhung the transparent tide,  
and drawing a key from its hollow depths.  
"Suppose we get up an appetite for  
breakfast together? I am not an experi-  
enced oarsman myself, and I suppose  
you understand the art of propelling on  
the water?"  
"Just give me an opportunity, and  
see if I don't indicate my education in  
aquatic matters," I said, in high good  
humor, springing into the fairy-like lit-  
tle shell, followed by my new acquaint-  
ance. "Really, sir, this is an unexpected  
treat. I scarcely know how to thank you  
sufficiently for your courtesy."  
"Then do not attempt it," said the  
gentleman, inclining his head with a  
dignified, high-bred politeness, which  
impressed me more and more in his  
favor. "I assure you my gratification  
is entirely mutual. Pull to the right a  
little; we shall get entangled in yonder  
floating sheet of water lilies if we are  
not careful. Upon my word, this is a  
most perfect morning for the water."  
"It was, indeed! Across the diamond  
glitter of the lake the golden splendors  
of an August sunrise were just beginning  
to be reflected; and in the distance, a  
range of misty, mountain-peaks  
loomed against the horizon like far-off  
sentinels, almost losing their outline in  
the blue radiance of the cloudless  
heavens.  
"I wish I were artist!" broke al-  
most involuntarily from my lips.  
My companion smiled.  
"Need a man be an artist to enjoy the  
beauties of such a scene as this?" he  
asked. "A little more towards yonder

point, if you please, sir. Now we are  
out in the channel, and you can pull as  
hard as you choose. The boat will al-  
most move of herself, in fact."  
He threw down his oars and leaned  
back in the stern, adjusting his straw  
hat so as to shield his eyes from the  
too vivid glare of the morning sun-  
shine.  
"One scarcely thinks of civilization in  
such a secluded spot as this," he mur-  
mured, lazily. "I suppose there isn't  
a living soul within a mile of us, always  
excepting birds and fishes."  
"I suppose not," I assented.  
"But, nevertheless, the forms and  
ceremonies of society cannot entirely be  
cast aside. May I know whom I have  
had the pleasure of helping to an hour's  
pleasure?"  
I drew my card from my waistcoat-  
pocket, and handed it across, with a  
smile.  
"Vernon Cheveley, eh? A very  
pretty name, sir. I congratulate myself  
on making your acquaintance. Will  
you allow me to reciprocate your frank-  
ness?"  
He bowed low as he presented me  
with a crumpled bit of brown paper  
that he extracted from an old cigar-case.  
Upon it was inscribed, in staring letters  
of red ink, the one word, "Albert."  
"Albert—who?" I involuntarily  
questioned.  
"Albert, sir!" returned my compan-  
ion, starting into a sitting posture, and  
regarding me with stern dignity.  
"Prince Albert, sir! Albert of England,  
Scotland and Wales!"  
I stared at him, aghast. Was this man  
mad, or dreaming?  
"To your knees, sir!" he said, with a  
sharp, sudden imperiousness. "Have  
you no reverence for royalty?"  
I obeyed his quick sign, almost before  
I knew what I was doing. He smiled  
complacently, at the same time drawing  
a gaudy tinsel star from his pocket, and  
gravely affixing it to the left breast of  
his coat.  
"Yes, my friend," he went on, im-  
pressively, "you are now in the presence  
of the prince consort of Great Britain!  
Men have amused themselves by dis-  
seminating the idle tale that I was dead;  
that's all they know about it; I am not  
dead; and, what is more, I shall never  
die. I am privileged with the gift of  
everlasting existence. As long as I wear  
this jeweled star, death can never come  
near me!"  
I felt the cold perspiration oozing  
from every pore in my body. I could  
almost feel myself grow pale as I be-  
came fully convinced that I was on top of  
the solitary lake alone with a madman!  
I had heard, when first I came to this  
mountain retreat, that there was a large  
asylum somewhere in the vicinity, but I  
had never given the affair a second  
thought. Now I was reaping the con-  
sequences of my own folly and reckless-  
ness.  
His dark, piercing eyes roved restles-  
sly from object to object. Suddenly they  
rested on my appalled countenance.  
"You don't believe what I am say-  
ing?"  
The remembrance of what I had often  
read and heard about the expediency—  
nay, the positive necessity—that existed  
for indulging monomaniacs to the top of  
their bent, in whatever whim might  
possess their minds, occurred to me, and  
I hastened to reply, "Of course I be-  
lieve it! Why shouldn't I?"  
"Ah, why shouldn't you, indeed?  
But people are so sceptical now-a-days.  
Now, when Victor Emmanuel was stay-  
ing at my house, and Pope Pius came  
down by way of the Mediterranean—  
Take care where you are going?"  
I had thought to take advantage of  
the new path into which his troubled  
mind had wandered, to divert our course  
a little more shoreward; but his cunning,  
roving eye was upon me in an instant.  
"It is getting very hot here," I  
stammered. "I thought, perhaps, we  
should find it cooler on shore."  
"Ah-h-h!" he hissed, putting his face  
so close to mine as to glare up into my  
eyes, under the very shadow of my wide-  
brimmed hat; "you're a traitor and a  
hypocrite, like all the rest of 'em! But  
I'm prepared for you. See!"  
And with a burst of laughter, so dis-  
sonant that the very tide seemed to  
tremble and quiver, he flashed a long,  
sharp knife in the air, describing a  
circle of gleaming light around his head.  
My blood seemed turned to ice in my  
veins as it dazzled across my vision.  
"Put up the knife, your Royal High-  
ness," I said, counterfeiting an off-hand  
ease that I by no means felt. "Where's  
the use of it between friends? Let's  
talk about the queen."  
I was the mere anxious to secure his  
attention, as I saw moving figures on  
the shore, scarcely half a mile away  
from us, the flutter of a white handker-  
chief, and then a total disappearance of  
the figures. Help was at hand, I felt  
quite sure, if I could only manoeuvre so  
as to reach it.

"No, not about the queen," said the  
poor maniac; "that grieves and afflicts  
me." He closed his knife as he spoke.  
"But, do you know," he continued, "I  
am haunted?"  
"Haunted?" I said.  
"Yes—haunted by a horrible, ugly  
old woman—a witch, or ogress, a female  
fiend. Now, do you know," he said,  
moving close up to me, and speaking in  
a low, mysterious voice, "she won't let  
me alone?"  
"No?"  
"She won't. Sometimes she climbs  
up among the stars at night, and sits  
there winking through my bed-room  
window all night long. Sometimes she  
comes jumping down from the clouds  
among the rain-drops, and sometimes—  
There she is now, with three pairs of fins,  
and a face like a fish's!"  
He uttered an alderick shriek, as he  
looked down into the clear, shining  
depths.  
"Let's escape from her!" I ex-  
claimed, vigorously seizing my oars.  
"She can't follow us on to dry land,  
that's certain. Pull away!"  
"No, she can't. We might hide  
among the woods, only, if she should  
turn into a squirrel, and jump up and  
down among the trees—she does some-  
times!"  
"Well, then, I'll borrow a gun, and  
dispose of her," I said, still pulling de-  
spairingly towards the shore, while the  
perspiration, cold and clammy, as mid-  
night dews, streamed down my temples.  
"What are you in such a hurry for?"  
demanded my companion, rather mo-  
roosely. "Hold hard a little, can't  
you?"  
I checked my exertions. Evidently,  
he was in no humor to be trifled with.  
"No hurry at all," I said, as calmly  
as possible; "only, you see, the old  
witch is following you up pretty close, and—"  
"We are too near the shore," he in-  
terrupted, abruptly.  
We were within a few rods of the  
chattering bushes that I knew contained  
help. Oh, heaven, could I but have  
reached their friendly shelter. How  
like a mass of lead my heart sank in my  
bosom, as I saw him catch up the oars,  
and strike out once more in a contrary  
direction.  
But as he turned his head away, I  
caught up the sheathed knife, and flung  
it hurrying on the shore.  
"What's that?" he demanded, turning  
quickly round.  
"It's your watch," I said, as uncon-  
cernedly as I could. "Don't you think  
we ought to go ashore and see what has  
become of her?"  
His eyes roved restlessly along the  
green bank.  
"I don't know; what do you think?"  
"Why, she is your enemy. No doubt  
it was she who spread the report of your  
death. You ought to address her in a  
conciliatory manner; and if you could  
once bring her to terms, what would pre-  
vent you from assuming your proper  
station once more in England?"  
"That's very true. Here, head her  
in toward the land. I wonder I never  
thought of that before!"  
Poor fever-brained lunatic! Even in  
the consciousness of my own mortal  
peril, my heart ached for the crazy  
fancies of his sick fancy.  
We were close to the friendly land;  
the long, silver-green tresses of the wil-  
lows almost touched my throbbing fore-  
head, when my strange companion start-  
ed to his feet with a yell that aroused all  
the echoes floating over the peaceful  
lake.  
"Traitor—spy! double-dyed villain!  
you have been deceiving me. Your  
hirelings lurk among yonder bushes.  
But it is in vain! the royalty of England  
shall never fall a prey to base artifices  
like these!"  
He sprang towards me like an infuri-  
ated tiger. At the same instant the  
shore seemed to become alive with  
hurrying figures; and with a last im-  
pulse I caught up the rope that lay coiled  
in the bottom of the boat, with one end  
affixed to an iron hook, and threw it  
desperately shoreward. I could see a  
tall form plunging waist deep in the  
water to grasp at it; and then the cling-  
ing arms of my terrible companion were  
wreathed round me, and I knew no  
more.

"Are you better, sir?"  
"Better? Yes—no—I can't tell.  
Where am I?"  
"Here, at the little inn, snug in bed;  
but you've had a stormy time of it.  
What on earth possessed you to go out  
in a boat with that poor gentleman?"  
"Mad, isn't he?" I asked, with all  
the frightful occurrences of the morning  
crowding back upon my mind, as one  
may remember the hideous phantasies of  
a troubled dream.  
"Mad as a March hare, sir; thinks  
he's Prince Albert. They say he's the  
worst case in all the asylum—escaped  
last night, and has been wandering  
about the shores all the morning."

"Is he safe at last?"  
"Yes, sir; they had a deuce of a time  
getting hold of him though. He threw  
you overboard as if you had been a wil-  
low twig, and then swam like a fish  
himself. Dick Dayton—that's his  
keeper, sir—says he's got the strength  
of twenty Samsons in those long arms of  
his."  
Thus ended that long frightful morn-  
ing among the peaceful solitudes of  
Shadow Lake; but I carry an everlast-  
ing memorial of it, in the shape of a  
single lock of hair that gleams, white as  
silver, among the chestnut luxuriance  
that curls over my temples. While I  
live, and while that lock retains its  
ghastly whiteness, I shall never remem-  
ber my peril and deliverance without a  
shudder.

### Words of Wisdom.

What have kings that privates have  
not, too, save ceremony?  
Men of genius are often dull and inert  
in society, as the blazing meteor when it  
descends to earth is only a stone.  
Excessive indulgence to others, es-  
pecially children, is, in fact, only self-  
indulgence under an alias.  
Get too many suits brought for you by  
the lawyer, and you will get none brought  
to you by the tailor.  
When a man has nothing in the world  
to lose, he is then in the best condition  
to sacrifice for the public good every-  
thing that is his.  
There is a wonderful vigor of constitu-  
tion in a popular fallacy. When the  
world has once got hold of a lie, it is  
astonishing how hard it is to get it out  
of the world.  
There are few men who, were they  
certain of death on their seventieth birth-  
day, would think of preparation. To-  
morrow may be the gate of an eternity,  
and they go on in their folly.  
Moral influence: The influence of a  
good example is far-reaching; for our  
experience and conflicts with the world  
lead us at times to indulge in misanthropic  
sentiments, and charge all men with sel-  
fish and impure motives.  
A man of genius never seeks applause;  
while the little-minded of those who have  
but a small portion of intellect, try by  
their vanity and conceited boasts to  
build upon the mental resources of  
others their own fame and reputation.  
However, it is for the best, for they soon  
fall to their proper level—once they  
reach it they never rise.  
True kindness must often set impulse  
aside and seem to sacrifice itself for the  
time, that it may eventually justify its  
own principles. Would we be truly mer-  
ciful, we must consider the contingencies  
that may rest upon our impulsive kind-  
ness. If to please one individual we  
sacrifice the happiness of twenty, or in-  
cur the risk of doing so, we are cruel in  
our benevolence. If to relieve present  
distress we create a greater woe in the  
future, we are most unmerciful.

### A Feathered Bandit.

John Burroughs, in *Scrivener* for  
January, calls the shrike a "bird with  
the mark of Cain upon him." He says:  
"But let me change the strain and con-  
template for a few moments this feath-  
ered bandit—this bird with the mark of  
Cain upon him—(*Colyris borealis*), the  
great shrike or butcher-bird. Usually,  
the character of a bird of prey is well  
defined; there is no mistaking him.  
His claws, his beak, his head, his  
wings, in fact his whole build point to  
the fact that he subsists upon live crea-  
tures; he is armed to catch them and to  
slay them. Every bird knows a hawk  
and knows him from the start, and is on  
the lookout for him. The hawk takes  
life, but he does it to maintain his own,  
and it is a public and universally known  
fact. Nature has sent him abroad in  
that character and has advised all crea-  
tures of it. Not so with the shrike;  
here she has concealed the character of a  
murderer under a form as innocent as  
that of the robin. Feet, wings, tail,  
color, head and general form and size are  
all those of a song-bird—very much,  
indeed, like that master songster, the  
mocking-bird—yet this bird is a regular  
bluebeard among its kind. Its only  
characteristic feature is its beak, the  
upper mandible having two sharp  
processes and a sharp, hooked point. It  
cannot fly away to any distance with the  
bird it kills nor hold it in its claws to  
feed upon. It usually impales its vic-  
tim upon a thorn or thrusts it in the fork  
of a limb. For the most part, however,  
its food seems to consist of insects—  
spiders, grasshoppers, beetles, etc. It  
is the assassin of the small birds, whom  
it often destroys in pure wantonness, or  
merely to snap on their brains, as the  
Gambou slanders a wild cow or bull  
for its tongue. It is a wolf in sheep's  
clothing. Apparently its victims are  
unacquainted with its true character  
and allow it to approach them, when  
the fatal blow is given.

### Items of Interest.

The motto of lovers—"E pluribus, bus,  
yum yum."

When a man has a house lot on which  
he cannot pay the taxes, he has a site  
too much.

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman  
whipping her boy? Because it's a hiding  
of the sun.

Why is dew like a falling star? One  
is mist on earth, and the other missed  
from heaven.

The average man doesn't want an  
elephant on his hands.—*Springfield Re-*  
*publican*. No; nor on his toes, either.  
—*Boston Post*.

A physiologist estimates that there  
are 2,400 disorders to which the human  
frame is liable, and there are plenty of  
people who believe they have every one  
of them.

The authorities of Memphis, Tenn.,  
thought the number of marriages was  
falling off, and reduced the charge for  
a license to fifty cents. A local paper  
says that the inducement has been  
sufficient and the number of marriages  
has largely increased under the reduced  
fee.

A deputy sheriff recently set out to  
arrest two brothers, who had farms a few  
miles from Waco, Texas. He found them  
at work in their fields picking cotton.  
He told them what his errand was. They  
stared at him, winked at each other,  
gently but firmly disarmed him, and  
ordered him to go to work in the field  
and there he remained, picking cotton  
for dear life, until the officials in his own  
frontier county heard of the incident and  
rescued him.

Several children were feeding a pet  
bear with corn at Austin, Texas. A car  
was dropped out of the reach of the bear,  
and a little girl handed it to him. The  
bear sportively pulled her to him, when  
a house dog, believing the child in dan-  
ger, sprang upon the bear. Bruin then  
carried the child to the further part of  
the hogshed in which he slept and re-  
turned to fight the dog, under the im-  
pression that the dog would hurt the  
child. A party of darkeys tried to pro-  
tect the child from her other protectors,  
but the little one did not escape until her  
mother had killed both bear and dog with  
a musket.

### A Female Barber.

The residents of the Fourteenth ward  
of Brooklyn are agog with a pleasurable  
excitement. A few weeks ago a young  
Frenchman opened a barber-shop on  
North Fifth near Fifth street.

A few doors above his establishment  
was one which for years had done all  
the business in the neighborhood. The  
new comer sought to obtain part of the  
patronage, and for that purpose hung  
out a sign:

SHAVING, FIVE CENTS.

No customers, however, entered. This  
surprised the young Frenchman, but as  
he had boasted that he came to stay he  
sat himself down for a grand idea.  
How he got it is thus told by himself:  
"I was sitting in my chair one day  
thinking. Well, my wife there, Louise,  
she came by me and she says, 'Louise,  
let me shave you?' I jumped from my  
chair delighted. Before a week went by  
she said she was just as good as I could  
do. So when I see that, I put up that sign  
you see in the window there:

SHAVING BY LOUISE, FIVE CENTS.  
SHAVING BY LOUISE, TEN CENTS.

"I had hardly put it up before  
gentlemen began to come in, and now  
you see she shaves are full of cups. All  
sorts of people come here to get shaved  
from old fellows who have not any beard  
to old fellows who are stiff bristles.  
Never before was so zealous so clean  
looking in this ward."

"Yes," interrupted Louise, who at the  
time was manipulating a red-headed  
youth, who with closed eyes was nestled  
in the cushion chair undergoing all the  
delight of the operation, "Yes, we do  
about the best business in the place."

"If it continues," said Louise, "we  
must get me a couple Louises."

The old-established place, a few doors  
above is deserted and the cups are cov-  
ered with dust, and the barber himself  
looks worn and weary.

### Punished for Ill-Luck.

Whenever a misfortune or accident  
of any kind happens to a Maori, his  
relatives, neighbors, friends and remote  
acquaintances assemble and punish him  
as if the ill-luck was caused by his own  
imprudence. They pillage his house,  
devour his stores of food, and beat him  
almost into insensibility. If a man's  
wife runs away from him; if his child  
falls into the fire and gets burned; if  
his boat capsizes and those in it are  
drowned—these and similar events are  
the proper occasion for applying the  
custom of the *miu*.