

The St. Andrews Standard.

& CAPS

GE VARIETY,

ford-Dolly Varden, Duke
ther by to numerous to
Monarch Shakespear Paper
its perfect fit and durability
line of Gents. Furnishing

witches in Jute and Linen,
and small wares. Ladies,
BOOTS & SHOES, worked
and OITAMANS.

te and colored, plain, striped
and in black and un-
Miller's White Cottons,
p. &c.
Small Profits and quick
it shall be sold at the lowest
t.

re on the corner of Water
d opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-
n for the elegant "Davis
uch has been so celebrated
a sample of which can be
or price and conditions en-
r.

AMES BRADLEY,
St. Andrews.

Notice.

serious accident occurring
iving obstruction to the
the public are hereby no-
person leaving rubbish or
streets or side walks in this
ned on the penalty according
ws 20th Nov. 1872.
THOMAS HILLMAN, Esq.,
Commissioner District No. 1.

U NOTICE

at the following Non-Res-
lie Parish of St. J. George, has
er for the year 1872, and
together with the list of sub-
which three months from
the said according to law:
Property \$3.40.
ONALD CAMPBELL,
8, 1872. Collector.

GOUL TEA.

in London
Half Chest good Congo
J. W. STREET

MACHINES.

FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
ginal Weed Sewing
achines.
Machines are now on sale
re the public are invited to
themselves.

AMES STROP,
Agent.

Farm for Sale.

offers for sale his Property at
h commands a splendid view
Bay, the Islands and sur-
the place is pleasantly sit-
e shore of the Bay, the Saint
ough it is, rendering it a most
science and farm, in a pa-
within six miles of the town
he farm contains 100 Acres,
under cultivation; cuts 25
nd pasture, is well watered
ed on the premises are a
ing House, with two large
s, to be sold with or without the
r particulars, apply at the
or to

JAMES OBER, Jr.,
on the premises.

ACK TEA.

inter' from New York.
SOUCHONG TEA.
or duty paid at low rates
ROD CLEWLEY & CO.,
St. Stephen.

ANGE HOTEL.

ing Street.
Stephen H. E.
J. NEILL, Proprietor.

ada Ale.

Canada Bitter Ale.
J. W. STREET

by given, that His Excellency
General, by an Order in Coun-
28th instant, and under the
him, by the 2nd Secy to the Hon.
10, has been pleased to order
following articles be trans-
ed which may be imported
duty, viz:
d Woollen Netting of 19 inch
dure of Olives and 1 date.
By Command.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 20

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 14, 1873.

Vol 40

BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.

CAPITAL
One Million Pounds Sterling,
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Five per cent Interest ALLOWED
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Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,
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Open in St. ANDREWS
Every Day from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.

JAS. S. CARRIGY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

Scandal on the Brain.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Of all the many maladies
And many human ills,
That rack the frame and fire the blood,
In spite of drugs and pills,
The one that takes the deepest root,
And gives the greatest pain,
And makes the patient venom us,
Is "Scandal on the Brain."

Blighting, biting, trying, rying,
Seeking spot and stain,
Those are the sure unerring signs,
Of scandal on the brain.

There's Miss Fitz Pray, the dear good soul;
She never thinks of self;
But keeps a record of her friends
Quite handy on the shelf!
And when she's nothing else to do,
She takes the volume down,
And enters all the scraps and bits
Of gossip round the town.

Some people dress and go to church,
With faces long and grim;
And meekly say their morning prayers,
And sing the Sunday hymn!
But just as soon as church is out,
Some shady nook they gain,
To ease their minds, and treat their friends,
To "Scandal on the Brain."

Says Beam to Mote, oh, have you heard
The strange and shocking news,
How Mr. Giff and Mrs. Giff,
Have taken separate ways?
And how the selfish Politician Gale
Was seen—now don't you tell—
Cut walking with a married man,
I know him very well.

And then there's so much bitter talk
About that Nancy Hogg,
They say she really went to ride
With Ebenezer Nogg;
And when the young man started off
To leave the forward Miss,
The neighbors heard a faint report;
It must have been a kiss!

Now don't you think last Monday night,
When I went out to walk,
I met Ned Humble's wife, and we
Had such a splendid talk!
She told me all about the fair,
And I told her, you see,
The awful case about the Flints
That live at No. 3.

And thus you'll find, wherever you go,
That some will talk and pry,
And seek to have a finger in
Some other body's pie!
But never mind, they're sure to feel,
Themselves the sharpest pain;
When suffering with this dread disease
Of "Scandal on the Brain."

SYMPTOMS.

Now when you see a person nod,
And wink, and whisper sly,
About what "they say," or have said,
And end it with a sigh!
Just set that man and woman down
As rabid; for 'tis plain,
They've got the most malignant type
Of "Scandal on the Brain."

Detroit, Mich., advertiser for "a large num-
ber of marriageable girls." New England pa-
pers please copy.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Will you be home to-night, Annie? The per-
son who asked this question, a tall muscular, good-
looking young farmer, was leaning upon Squire
Moore's front gate talking to the Squire's pretty
daughter, who stood inside of it. At the simple
words passed his lips he reddened suddenly to the
very roots of his hair, as if he had just been guilty
of some great impropriety.

He was bashful—extremely bashful was David
Winthrop—at least, in the presence of young la-
dies, most of all in the presence of the girl he
loved. No young man in all Wilkes county owned
a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence
among his cronies of stock and crops and such
like. But the sight of a pretty foot or face com-
ing his way affected him queerly. On such oc-
casions he never knew what to do with his hands
and eyes, and seemed always to feel like screwing
himself into the nearest mouse hole until the dan-
ger—that is to say, the young lady—was past.

The state of things being considered, no one
ever understood how he contrived to muster up
courage enough to enlighten Annie Moore on the
subject of his preference for herself. The matter
probably remains to this day as much a mystery
to him as it is to others.

Miss Annie, however, had a fair share of tact
and womanly cleverness stowed safely away some-
where in the recesses of her pretty little head, al-
though it was carried jauntily upon the inexperi-
enced and rounded shoulders of fresh eighteen.

She did not need to be reminded that David
was worth, in a worldly way, much more than any
of her other suitors, and that he was good looking,
good hearted and intelligent enough to satisfy any
but an over fastidious person of her class. He
was unexceptionable in short, barring his uncon-
querable and excessive bashfulness, which, indeed,
was a never failing source of merriment to the
young people of their little circle.

And so when David, in his awkward, blunder-
ing, half-frightened manner, began shyly to exhibit
his preference for her in various little ways such
as waiting on her to and from singing-school, con-
stituting himself her escort when she went Sundays
on horseback to the lonely little church in the
woods, and singling her out as the recipient of
whatever attentions he could find the nerve to pay,
at the frequent parties in the neighborhood, Annie
did not frighten him out of his budding passion by
any show, either by surprise or marked prefer-
ence, but took it all in the easiest, pleasantest,
most unobtrusive manner possible. The girls tittered
and nudged each other's elbows, and the young
men cracked furtive jokes at the expense of her
timid suitor, but she stood up for him like a
real kind-hearted, independent Western lass, as
she was, and tried to encourage him out of his
shyness as far as she consistently could.

She never seemed to notice any of his unfortu-
nate blunders, and very likely helped him along
considerably when his feelings reached the culminat-
ing point, one moon-lighted Autumn evening, as
they were walking together from a corn look-
ing.

That had been just one week ago. Annie had
said "yes," and had agreed to take the responsi-
bility of bringing father and mother "around" on
the subject. David had not been to the house
since. Probably he felt very much like a dog who
fears to venture upon the premises of a person
whose sheep fold he has plundered. Thus it hap-
pened that as yet the powers that were knew noth-
ing of the momentous secret which they kept be-
tween themselves, fearing to divulge. And now
Annie, who wished to put off the ordeal of avowal
as long as possible—at any rate to gain time for
one more confidential talk with David on the sub-
ject—said hastily, in reply to that stammered
query of his with which we have prefaced this nar-
ration: "Mother is going over to Aunt Ruth's
with father to spend the evening, and she wants
me to go too, but I guess I won't. I've been
working on father's new shirts all day, besides do-
ing the baby work yesterday, and I'm about tired
out." Then she added, before he could reply:
"Don't come until 8 o'clock, I shall be about thro-
putting things to rights by that time."

Of course David was not too obtuse to under-
stand that he was specially favored by this ar-
rangement, and he so far forgot his bashfulness
as to petition awkwardly for a parting kiss, which
was at once refused in the most inexorable manner
possible.

"No, you shan't! There, now! Do take your-
self off, will you? I've think I didn't see you
forgetting around Em Jones at Deacon Anderson's
social last night? I've not forgotten that, sir!"

Oh, now, Annie! Just one!

But further appeal was broken off by a tanta-
lizing little laugh, and when, rendered desperate
by this, he tried to revenge himself, at the very
moment when he thought he was secure of the
coveted bliss and stooped his head triumphantly
over his struggling prisoner, the rosy, laughing
face, vanished suddenly from under his arm and

was off and away up the garden path leading to
the house almost before he could realize what had
happened.

For one moment David, who stood gazing rue-
fully after her thought of pursuit and a recapture.
But before he had time to put his plan into execu-
tion his tormentress, after stopping to give one
mocking farewell wave of her hand from the front
porch, vanished inside of the hall door. So
there was nothing to be done but to turn reluct-
antly from the gate and take the road homeward.

If you could have looked into the family sitting-
room at Squire Moore's shortly before 8 o'clock on
that same evening you would have had a cheery
picture before you. The after supper clearing
away was over, for the sitting room was also the
room where the daily meals of the family were
eaten. The leaves of the old fashioned dinner ta-
ble had been let down, and the table itself, cov-
ered with a bright oil cloth, set back against the
wall. The crumpled had been carefully brushed
with a turkey wing from the neat house-made car-
pet, and Annie's workstand was drawn up in front
of the ample and blazing fire of hickory logs which
crackled cheerily in the old fashioned fireplace.

A beautifully piled tray of red-checked apples
and a plateful of cracked walnuts were on it, in
close proximity to Annie's coquish work basket,
made of pine cones by her deft little hands, and
daintily lined blue silk.

On one side of the fireplace sat Mrs. Moore, fat,
fair, more than forty, and at peace with all the
world. She sat swaying backwards and forwards
at intervals in her low rocking-chair, knitting as
she rocked and refreshing herself now and then
with a mouthful from a half eaten apple which lay
within easy reach, just upon the corner of the ta-
ble; or touching in a caressing manner with the
tip of her foot a sleek, lazy looking gray cat that
lay purring and blinking on the hearth rug before
her.

Annie sat on the other side of the table deftly
drawing her needle in and out of a long piece of
white cambric, and with her head as busy as her
hands with trying to contrive some clever means
of incidentally mentioning the visit she was mo-
mentarily expecting to her mother, without excit-
ing the suspicion of its being a pre-arranged affair.
She would have given a good deal to have been
able to say in an off-hand manner that she wouldn't
wonder if Mr. Winthrop were to drop in; at he
was in the habit of calling occasionally on Satur-
day evening at about this time. But she recol-
lected with a twinge of conscience how hard she
had tried to persuade the old lady to accompany
her husband on the promised visit to Aunt Ruth's
in spite of her fore-warnings of a coming spell of
"neurality," which had intimidated her from ven-
turing out into the damp night air; and also she
had plead headache as an excuse for not going
herself. She knew that her mother was quite
sharp enough to draw her own inferences from
these two facts and the additional one of her being
dressed with more than usual care to spend an
evening home.

I shall not dare to tell her now, she said to her-
self. She'd be sure to think that I might have
David all to myself. So like a wise little puss, she
was silent.

I'll venture my word on it, you would not have
wondered at our bashful young farmer's desperate
outburst if you could have seen Annie Moore,
as she sat sewing by the fire that frosty night in
November. She had just before supper, indulged
in what a Western girl would call "a fixing up."
A neat-fitting dark chintz dress, looking as fresh
as when it had first come out of the village store,
a dainty white linen collar and cuffs, and a corset-
ribbon filled apron of white muslin and a blue neck-
ribbon tied in a cunning bow, were the chief items
of Annie's toilette. But she looked as sweet and
pretty as if hours had been spent in donning satin,
lace and jewels. Her rich, wavy, gold-brown hair,
was carried in shining folds away from her warm
red cheek and caught up in the meshes of a silken
net at the back.

Eight o'clock and past! Worried Mrs.
Moore was dozing over her knitting. Her
shadow on the opposite wall bobbed about in
grotesque mimicry as she nodded to and fro—
now crushing the voluminous white satin
lows on her apron cap against the back of
her chair—now almost falling, while her fat
hands at length dropped listlessly in her lap,
and her ball of yarn rolled down upon the
hearth. Pussy, cowering, it was soon busy in
unwinding and converting it into all sorts of
Gordian knots.

All at once came a double rap at the door
—an undacious double rap—which said "Let
me in!" so loudly and impatiently, and in such
a self-assured manner, that Annie, rendered
nervous by suspense, started up with a little
scream and set her foot on Madame Puss's
tail, who in turn gave vent still more loudly
to her amazement and displeasure.

All these three combined or rather rapidly
successive noises, aroused Mrs. Moore, and
she started wildly into an erect posture, rubbed
her eyes with her fist, and exclaiming:
"Bless my soul, Annie! What was
all this? Somebody at the door? What time

is it anyhow, and who can it be? So late as
this, too?"

It is not very late, mother. Only a little
after eight. I'll go and see who it is, said
Annie, demurely, at the same time taking the
one candle from the table.

No! Here, Annie, you wind up my ball
and brush up the hearth while I go to the
door. Don't that eat!

For the old lady's feet were all this while
struggling in the perplexing meshes of the
unwieldy yarn.

In her hurry Mrs. Moore forgot to take the
candle with her; and as she stepped out into
the small, unlighted front entry, she unwittingly
closed behind her the door of the room she
had just left. Almost at the same moment
she put her hand on the handle of the outer
door, and opening it, she suddenly found her-
self in the ardent embraces of a pair of stout
arms. A whiskered face was brought into
close proximity with her own, and before she
could fully realize her position, she received a
prolonged kiss—a hearty smack, given with a
significant gusto which indicated that the
unknown was taking his revenge for some past
slight—paying off some old score; for it said,
as plainly as words could have done. There,
take that! And all this told upon her unoffend-
ing, virtuous matron lips!

Oh! Murder! Murder! Taint Joshua
neither!

For she had by this time divested herself
of the impression that it was her usually sober
spouse returned in a strangely exalted con-
dition, thus to indulge in such unwonted
demonstrations of conjugal affection.

Get out! Get out! I say! Murder! Fire!

Thieves! Annie! Do come here! Here is a
man kissing me like mad!

But the intruder had by this time discover-
ed his mistake; and it did not need the indig-
nant pummeling and pounding of the old
lady's respectable fists to make him relinquish
his hold and race off as if pursued by some
avenging spirit.

Annie nearly choked with smothered laugh-
ter, in spite of her trepidation, now came to the
rescue.

Oh, I never was so took aback in all my
born days! The mean scamp! Who could it
have been? Annie have you any idea?

But that dithful daughter was to all ap-
pearance as innocent and ignorant as an in-
fantile dove. She tried to soothe the indig-
nant matron by representing that it might have
been (1) one of the neighbors who, under the
influence of a wee drop too much, had mistak-
en the house, and—the housewife!

She searched the entry for the missing spectacles,
arranged the rumpled cap ribbons, wound up
the tangled yarn, stirred the fire—all in the
most amiable manner possible—and at last
had the satisfaction of seeing her mother sub-
side into the rocking chair, and her usual
tranquility of spirits.

But Mrs. Moore was fully awake now.
She had got a new idea in her head; and
instead of setting herself for another nap, she
pursed her train of thought and her knitting,
both together, with wonderful rapidity. At
length, copping and looking keenly at Annie
over her spectacles, she said:

It may be a queer notion of mine, Annie,
but I've a fancy that man was David Winthrop.
Oh! but Annie's face didn't catch fire
then! You might have lit any number of
candles by it.

These suspicious symptoms did not escape
the eye of the skillful inquisitive, who calmly
continued: Pears so to me; cause then the
awkward way he gripped me with his great
paws!

No answer. But Annie was wonderfully
busy. She bent over her work and drew her
needle through so quickly, that the thread
snapped, and then she didn't have time to talk
she was so taken up with trying to coax the
thread through the eye again!

I flexible Mrs. Moore went on: I don't
believe that kiss was intended for me after all.
Do you Ann? Well, of course we know it
wasn't. But then I do wonder who it was
intended for? And I wonder if you don't know
something more about it than you seem fit to
tell.

Me, mother?

Yes, said mother, you was mighty anxious
to get me an' pa off to Aunt Ruth's to-night,
but I noticed you was slicked up extraordinary
for all you wasn't going.

Here Annie lost her needle, and went down
on the floor to find it.

Now, Annie, she went on. I'm gittin' old
I know that, but I haven't quite lost my eye-
sight yet, nor my hearing neither. I've sur-
mised a little somethin' about the gcin' on
between you an' David afore now. What are
you a playin' possum fur? Out with it, I say.
Taint fair to be tryin' to come it over your
old mother.

Thus adjured, our small feminine Machiaval
made a clean breast of it, much relieved to
find that mother had nuthin' agin' him, and
would give father a talking to and bring him
around.

But, Annie, said Mrs. Moore, dryly, in
conclusion, I want you to tell David I had
rather he'd not make such a mistake as that
again. I don't like the feel of his big whisk-

ers about my face, and moreover, I don't
approve of promiscuous kisin'!

David never heard the last of that kiss in
the dark! Old Squire Moore, of course, heard
of it and used to take great delight in slyly
alluding to the circumstances when all the
parties concerned happened to be present.—
He would shake his burly sides with laughter
at David's evident discomfort and his wife's
tart replies, while Annie would hide her
face and poke sly fun at her sweetheart, and
then both of them would laugh again at the
other two until the tears ran down their
cheeks.

Never mind, David, Mrs. Moore would say
consoling to the abashed lover, let them
laugh. He'd have been only too glad to have
been in your place thirty years ago. He had
hard work to get a kiss from me then. I hope
he occurrence will be a lesson to you and An-
nie agin the un policy of under hand doin's of
all sorts, seerin' as how they're liable to end,
in such cases in kisin' the wrong one in the
dark.

England and Russia.

The "Russian World" gives an account of
curious conversation which, it says, took place
the other day between a Russian diplomatist
and a French staff officer of rank who had
just arrived at St. Petersburg from a long
journey in Asia. The officer assured the di-
plomatist that it was the general impression
both in India and China that England would
not allow Russia to proceed any farther in the
direction of Kh-rasson. "During the last ten
years," he added, "the English Government
has taken every precaution against an advance
of Russia southwards; but it has done this in a
quarter where it was little expected that
England should extend her influence. Im-
mediately after the Chinese harbors and rivers
were opened to English trade, political
agents were sent into the interior of China and
to its western frontier, and British efforts se-
lected with great care, were authorized to en-
ter the service of the Chinese Government.—
It is owing to their ability that the insurrec-
tion which had become master of the western
provinces of the Chinese empire was suppres-
sed. Other English agents endeavored to in-
spire the Chinese Government with suspicion
as to the designs of Russia. The Chinese ex-
port trade, which amounts to 1,200,000,000
a year, is now almost in English hands. These
two States are daily binding together more
closely the friendly ties which unite them. I
have myself seen the English agents at work
in China, and it is evident to me that the
chief object of their efforts was to persuade
the Chinese Government of the special im-
portance of its western provinces. They have
succeeded so far that these provinces will
shortly be studded with forts and entrenched
camps; troops armed in the European fashion,
with excellent artillery, will also be stationed
there. In a word," concluded the officer, "I
am quite convinced that England is doing her
utmost to establish a force on the left flank of
the Russian movement southward, which at
any moment might be used as a blind instru-
ment of English policy."

IS THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD IN AEs-
TRALIA? The Colony of Victoria has school-
houses and likewise local committees of in-
spection. These schools are under the
most brilliant and successful superintendence,
these reports of the committee men are:

Visited this school and found present 254
things in an orderly manner and to the satisfac-
tion of all with whom I here conversed with.

I—on the local committee visited this school,
and found present 27 children and to all ap-
pearances everything going on all right
and Mr. — given satisfaction to all parties.

I have this day visited the school, well con-
ducted, great improvement.

Visited the school, roads very heavy,
small attendance.

Visited the school, found all in good order
and getting on well.

Visited the school, which I found in very
efficient state.

Made a visit to school, everything in good
order, but a little storm out of it.

Visited the school, organization very indif-
ferent, pensils to short.

CARBONIC ACID IN THE HUMAN BODY.

The quantity of carbonic acid inhaled in a
given time from the skin of a man, has been
the subject of some curious researches by
Herr Aulst, the result of which appears in
the Archiv fur Physiologie. The experiments
were carefully made, as it is stated, in an air-
tight chamber, in which the subject for experi-
ment was seated, and through which a current
of air free of carbonic acid, was steadily
passing while the proportion of carbonic acid
in the air on leaving the chamber was estimated
by transmission through bulbous tubes, contain-
ing a solution of a salt of barium. Thus it
would appear, from this unique test, that 62
grains of carbonic acid are exhaled from the
body of a full-grown man, through the skin, in
the brief period of 24 hours.

But, Annie, said Mrs. Moore, dryly, in
conclusion, I want you to tell David I had
rather he'd not make such a mistake as that
again. I don't like the feel of his big whisk-