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Poetry.

THE SHORE.

'Tis sweet to tread along the shore
When Phœbus tinges Nature o'er
With golden light;
When o'er the ocean's heaving breast
His slanting rays in beauty rest,
Serene and bright.

'Tis sweet to muse where waters roll,
And Nature's music strikes the soul
With thrilling power;
Where wild, tumultuous billows play,
And upward heave their snowy spray,
A glittering shower.

The sea-gulls skimming far and wide,
Like specks upon the foaming tide,
Drift to and fro—
Now yonder rugged peak they brave,
Now resting on the whirling wave,
They onward go.

Yon bark that fears not wind or tide,
But onward through the storm does glide
To reach her goal;
Reminds me of my body driven,
O'er Time's tempestuous sea to heaven,
To leave the soul.

How sweet the joys of solitude,
Where earthly troubles ne'er intrude,
Where nature reigns
Free from the evil heart of man,
That spreads despair on every hand—
O'er her domain.

If there's a joy on earth below,
A place where peace and comfort flow,
Unknown before,
'Tis surely where the waters sigh,
And screaming sea birds wildly fly
Along the shore.

'Tis there fond fancy loves to dwell,
'Tis there fond memory lifts the veil
From former years;
From life's vicissitudes now past,
Its sunny gleams, its sky o'ercast,
Its joys and fears.

'Tis there fond hopes illumine the breast,
On bright futurity to rest
In sweet repose;
Reflecting on the Great Supreme,
Who brings life's fitful feverish dream—
To peaceful close.

W. B. MASON.

Left-Handedness.

Various attempts have been made to account satisfactorily for the use of the left in preference to the right hand in those in whom this peculiarity exists, but according to the "Lancet," without success. Dr. Pye-Smith takes up the question, and disposing of the theories that left-handedness is to be accounted for by transposition of the viscera, as asserted by Von Rœr and others, or by an abnormal origin of the primary branches of the aorta, proceeds to argue that right-handedness arose from motives of fighting adopted, from being found to be followed by the least serious consequences. "If a hundred of our fighting ambidextrous ancestors made the step in civilization of inventing a shield, we may suppose that half would carry it on the right arm, and fight with the left; the other half on the left, and fight with the right. The latter would certainly, in the long run, escape mortal wounds better than the former, and thus a race of men who fought with the right hand, would gradually be developed by a process of natural selection." Of course the habit once acquired, of using the right hand more than the left, would be hereditarily transmitted from parent to child.

AN OLD STUMP.—Now, what do you think that this picture represents? You will not easily guess. This is an uncle travelling with his niece. A "happy thought" has struck that imposing looking guard, and he is putting them into an empty compartment, with the remark that "young couples on their wedding tour like to avoid observation." That old goose is so pleased that he is hurriedly giving the wily official half-a-crown. But he will have to give his niece something much handsomer if he expects her not to tell her aunt and cousins.

Rev. William Spear, D.D. ("China and the United States") says it is amusing to witness the eagerness of the Chinese when, once in many years, a slight snow falls in the winter, to gather it into bottles, in which they suppose its precious virtues will be preserved after it melts, and be an efficacious remedy for fevers.

The secrets of Nature are the secrets of God, and man should inquire into them with reverence and without boldness.

Interesting Tale.

THE MANAGING WIFE.

Ezra Newton had just finished looking over his yearly accounts. Well, asked his wife, looking up, how do you come out?

I find said, her husband, that my expenses during the last year have been thirty-seven cents over a thousand dollars.

And your income has been a thousand dollars? Yes. I managed pretty well, didn't I? Do you think it managing pretty well to exceed your income? said his wife.

What's thirty-seven cents? asked Mr. Newton lightly.

Not much, to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved, instead of falling behind.

But how can we save on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken it all.

Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of your items.

The most important are—house rent, one hundred and fifty dollars; and articles of food, five hundred dollars.

Just half. Yes, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there, Elizabeth. I like to live well. I had enough of poor board before I married. Now, I mean to live as well as I can.

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stead of buying sugar a few pounds at a time, she purchased a barrel, and so succeeded in saving a cent or more on the pound. This, perhaps, amounted to but a trifle in the course of a year, but the same system carried out in regard to other articles yielded a result which was by no means a trifle.

There were other ways in which a careful house-keeper is able to limit expense which Mrs. Newton did not overlook. With that object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, and to get the full value of whatever was expended.

The result was beyond her anticipations. At the close of the year, on examining her bank book—for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not occasion to use in one of these institutions—she found she had one hundred and fifty dollars besides reimbursing herself for the money during the first month, and having enough to last another.

Well, Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance? asked her husband at this time. I guess you have not found it so easy to save as you thought for.

I have saved something, however, said his wife. But how is it with you?

That's more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income, (that's one good thing.) We have lived full as well, and I don't know but better than last year, when we spent five hundred.

It's knack, Ezra, said his wife, smiling. She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted some time or other to surprise him with it when it would be of some service.

She may possibly have saved up twenty-five dollars, thought Mr. Newton, "or some such trifle," and so dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the end of the second year Mrs. Newton's savings including the interest, amounting to three hundred and fifty dollars, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how she had succeeded, supposing as before that it could be but a very small sum.

However he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars.

He added: as I before allowed you one half of my income for household expenses, it is no more than fair I should do so now.

That will give you a better chance to save part of it than before. Indeed, I don't know how you have succeeded in saving anything thus far.

As before, Mrs. Newton merely said that she had saved something, without specifying the amount.

Her allowance was increased to six hundred dollars, but her expenses were not proportionally increased at all; so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the savings-bank to six hundred dollars.

Mr. Newton, on the contrary, in spite of his increased salary, was no better off at the end of the year than before. His expenses had increased by a hundred dollars, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby. In spite of his carefulness he was not an excellent man in business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary, from time to time, till it reached sixteen hundred dollars.

He had steadily preserved the habit of assigning one-half to his wife for the same purpose as heretofore, and this had become such a habit that he never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the whole or not.

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Mr. Newton lived in the same hired house for which he had paid an annual rent of one hundred and fifty dollars. Latterly, however, he had become dissatisfied with it. It had passed into the hands of a new landlord who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable.

About this time a block of excellent houses were erected by a capitalist, who designed to sell or let them as he might have opportunity. They were more modern and better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived, and he felt a strong desire to move into one of them. He mentioned it to his wife one morning.

What is the rent Ezra? inquired she. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the corner house; two hundred for either of the others.

The corner one would be preferable on account of the side windows. Yes, and they have a large yard besides. I think we must hire one of them. I guess I'll engage one to day; you know our year is out next week.

Please wait, Ezra, till tomorrow before engaging one. For what reason?

I should like to examine the house. Very well, I suppose tomorrow will be sufficiently early.

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called on Squire Bent, the owner of the new block and intimated her desire to be shown the corner

house. The request he readily complied with; Mrs. Newton was quite delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

Are the houses for sale or to let? she inquired.

Either, said the owner. The rent is, I understand, two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Yes, I consider the corner house worth at least twenty-five dollars more than the rest. And what do you charge for the house to a cash purchaser? asked Mrs. Newton with subdued eagerness.

Four thousand dollars cash, was the reply, and that is but a small advance on the cost. Very well, I will buy it of you, added Mrs. Newton quietly.

What did I understand you to say? asked Squire Bent, scarcely believing his ears. I repeat that I will buy this house at your price, and pay the money within a week.

Then the house is yours. But your husband said nothing of his intention, and in fact I did not know.

That's had the money to invest, I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him for the present.

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction.

They soon stood in front of the house in which he desired to live.

Wouldn't you like to go in Ezra, she naively asked.

Yes—it's a pity we haven't got the key from the Squire.

I have the key, said his wife, and forthwith walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

When did you get the key of Squire Bent? asked her husband.

Yesterday, when I bought the house, said his wife quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed at his wife in profound astonishment.

What on earth do you mean Elizabeth? he enquired.

Just what I say. The house is mine, and what is mine is mine. So the house is yours, Ezra.

Where in the name of goodness did you get the money? asked her husband, his amazement still as great as ever.

I haven't been a managing wife ten years for nothing, said Mrs. Newton, smiling.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the new house that he had reason to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

FUNGUS THE CAUSE OF WHOOPING COUGH.

Dr. Letzerich, the pathologist, who some time ago published his observations on a fungus, supposed by him to produce diphtheria, has more recently made a series of experiments with another form of fungoid growth which he believes to be the cause of the very infectious disease, whooping-cough.

The spores found in the expectorated mucus causing the irritation and coughing, were allowed to vegetate into large masses, and small portions were then introduced into young rabbits by an opening in the windpipe. The wounds thus made soon healed, but the animal became affected with a violent cough. Several animals thus diseased were killed, and the air passages in each were found to contain very large quantities of similar fungus. These observations, so important to the advocates of the germ theory, have not, as yet, been confirmed by the other investigators in the same field.

Success in Life.

The great secret of success in life consists in bending all your efforts to whatever you happen to engage in. Don't let your fickleness lead you to slight your present occupation, and to think lightly of it, hoping something better will turn up by and by. The way to get along in the world is to make every step one that is ahead, and each to follow its predecessor. For full fifty per cent. of the effort of the world is wasted in indirect, diffuse, indefinite labors. Young men start out in life without purpose or aim, casting a thought on either their fitness nor usefulness for a particular calling; now doing this thing, then that; and after that nothing; one day going on, another on the right (which is wrong) or left, the next backward, and then not going on at all, which is perhaps as bad as the whole combined. The right line in life is the one which leads straight ahead. This almost always secures success. If you are creeping, do it energetically until you can get on your feet to walk; but never do both at once. And when once on your feet, never get on your hands and knees again; but strain all your efforts to your new life.

A Fight between a rat and two snakes, a copper head and a rattlesnake, took place at McKeesport, Ohio, the other day, which lasted seven hours, and resulted in the triumph of the rat. The copperhead was killed, and the rattlesnake would have suffered a like fate had he not been removed. "The rat showed considerable generosity in the encounter, and every time he was bitten, would retire to the corner of the cage, and bite the piece from his body."

A citizen of Salem, Mass., came to New York the other day to make \$50,000 by buying counterfeit money. He didn't make that sum, but lost all he had, which was \$500, and then went to the police for help, and came home being sent to the Toms. He finally went back, complaining that honest men are scarce in New York.—[Boston paper.]

IS THE BRAIN A GALVANIC BATTERY?—Among the supposed facts relied upon to prove that the animal brain is a battery, which can send currents of electricity through the nerves so as to act upon the muscles, is an experiment referred to by Mr. C. F. Varley, in a late article, which consists in connecting the two terminals of a very sensitive galvanometer with separate basins of water. If a hand be placed in each basin, and one be squeezed violently, a positive current is said generally to flow from that hand through the galvanometer to the other hand, which is not compressed. Mr. Varley, however, after various experiments, has come to the conclusion that the phenomenon is due to chemical action alone, the act of squeezing the hand violently forcing some of the perspiration out of the pores. This is proved by the fact that when both hands were placed in the water, and a little acid was dropped on one of them, a current was generated without any muscular exertion. Mr. Varley found nothing to show that electricity exists in the human body, either as a source of motive power or otherwise, and he considers the feeble electricity obtained from the muscles to be due to the different chemical conditions of different portions of the muscles themselves. As the force transmitted by the nerves is at a rate about 200,000 times slower than an electric current, he infers that it can not be an electric current itself.—[Scientific Record, Harper's Magazine for June.]

A SENSELESS IDEA.—The distributors and collectors of the census schedule were termed by the Government enumerators; it is therefore presumed that the public generally were the denotators; and if so, are we to conclude that the sum total of the British population is reduced to a mere vulgar fraction?

An honest employment is the best inheritance that can fall to any one.