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### All Round the Year.

All round the year the sun shines bright,  
The pale moon sheds her softer light;  
The day a brilliant beauty shows,  
The night in drowsy stillness goes.  
The massive links of mountain chains,  
The dimpled swells of fertile plains,  
The tongs of trees, the roots of flowers,  
At least are always here,  
And Nature keeps her sacred powers  
All round the year.

All round the year the brave hearts beat,  
The ruddy limbs are strong and stout,  
With youth and health the toasts lie  
Of glawing cheek and flashing eye;  
No chilling influence need we know  
In summer's shine or winter's snow;  
Warm hands to clasp, warm lips to press,  
Warm friends forever dear,  
Warm life, and love and happiness  
All round the year.

All round the year the trusting soul  
May find the word of promise whole;  
The eye of Faith once firmly stayed,  
No doubt can move, no sorrow shade;  
The flight of time, unknown above,  
Breaks not our Father's boundless love;  
Unbroken be the tranquil light  
That folds our lesser sphere—  
As ever pure, and calm and bright,  
All round the year.

Then mourn not, friend, the cutting air,  
The fields so white, the trees so bare;  
Let no false grief employ your tongue,  
Nor wish the year forever young;  
The flower must fade, the leaf must fall,  
But one great Power is over all,  
If thro' the ceaseless round of change,  
One unchangeable Will appear,  
Unmoved, undaunted may we range  
All round the year.

—Elsie Goodale, in Sunday Afternoon

### MARY'S LOVE LETTER.

"So you won't marry Hawkins Jessup?" said Squire Bergamont, knitting his black eyebrows together until they formed an ominous black arch across his forehead, and nearly frightened his bright-eyed daughter out of her senses. But Mary Bergamont stood bravely to the guns of her little titmouse.

"No, father," said she. "O, how can you ask me, father, when you know I don't love him, and never can?"

"Never is a long while," said the squire.

"Yes, papa, I know that," said Mary. "But, indeed, I mean it."

"You mean it, do you?" said the squire, in low and measured tones.

"Now, let me tell you what! It isn't that you don't like Hawkins Jessup, but that you have been foolish enough to go and fall in love with that young idiot, George Lake!"

Mary turned very red.

"Papa!"

"There's no use mincing matters," said the squire. "An artist, indeed! Why don't he go into white-washing and painting, and get a decent living?"

"But, papa—"

"Needn't attempt to argue with me, miss!" said Squire Bergamont, sternly. "I'll have none of it, and so I tell you. If George Lake comes into my house, he'll be put out very quick! And so you may tell him."

So saying, the squire strode out of the room. Mary looked after him with soft, sorrowful eyes. She was a delicate, oval-faced girl, with sunny brown hair and straight features, as unlike the round and positive squire's as light to darkness. But as she put down the iron with which she was "doing up" her father's shirts—Squire Bergamont would have thought it a crying sin to employ a laundress while his daughter enjoyed her ordinary health—she leaned up against the window where the arrowy sunbeams came in through the tremulous veil of heart-shaped morning-glory leaves and drew from her pocket a note written in a strong, masculine hand:

"My Dearest Mary—I love you. Will you promise to be my own wife, spite of all opposition? Will you tell me so with your own lips?"

"Ever yours, faithful to death,  
"GEORGE."

How her eyes glittered as she read and re-read the short and simple lines, pressing them finally to her red lips.

"I do love him! I will be his wife!" she murmured. "And I will tell him so the very first opportunity I get. Only papa!"

A momentary cloud stole over her serene brow at this, but it was transient.

"I don't believe in elopements," said Mary Bergamont, still riveting her eyes on the sheet of paper in her hands. "I never did. But if papa still persists in opposing our marriage, I will leave my home and go out into the world hand-in-hand with George."

Just as the revolutionary thought passed through her mind the door creaked on its hinges. A heavy, well-known footstep sounded on the threshold.

"It's papa!" cried Mary.

In her consternation our poor little

her pocket in the multitudinous fold of her dress. For a second she was in imminent danger of detection; then she hurriedly thrust the incendiary document into the yawning mouth of a paper bag of choice seed-corn, which hung by the kitchen window. And the next instant Squire Bergamont was in the room.

"Mary," said he, "go up stairs to the left-hand corner of my middle-bureau drawer and get me a clean pocket-handkerchief."

And Mary went out with a dubious glance at the nail on which the bag of "Early Sugar Corn" hung.

"When she returned the room was empty, and Squire Bergamont was just climbing up into his lumber box wagon, in front of the picket fence.

"Bring it out here," said the squire. "I'm going over to Miss Polly Pepper's to get my empty cigar case. She might have had the sense to return it herself!"

He stowed the pocket-handkerchief away in his pocket, and was just taking up the reins when Mary rushed out again, crimson to the very roots of her hair.

"Father, that bag of seed-corn?"

"O, it's all right—it's all right," said the squire, placidly. "I promised a little to Miss Polly Pepper, and this is already shelled."

"But, father," gasped poor Mary, "let me tie it up first."

"Nonsense," said the squire; "I just folded over the top, and it'll go as snug as a thief in a mill, right atop of my bags of meal."

Away he rattled over the stony road as he spoke, and poor Mary ran back into the kitchen to cry herself into a second Niobe.

"O, my letter!" sobbed she; "why was I such an idiot as to put it there?"

Miss Polly Pepper, a giant spinster of a very uncertain age and a very certain infirmity of a temper, opened the bag of seed corn as the squire drove off.

"Might brought it before, said she, "Promised it to us last fall. I do despise these folks that are always putting off things. Mercy upon us! what's this?" as she drew out the note; "some receipt that that shiftless Mary's tucked away here to get out of the way! No, it ain't. It's a love-letter—and to me—My dearest Mary—and signed at the foot George Washington Bergamont; and that's his name. Well, I do declare! Ain't he far gone? All opposition. I s'pose he means Mary and my two brothers-in-law, that think a woman over forty hasn't no business to marry! But I'll see 'em funder afore I'll let 'em overturn my matrimonial prospects—see if I don't. Tell him with my own lips. Of course I will! I'll go right over there at once. Delay is dangerous! And see if he really is in such a hurry."

Miss Polly's fingers trembled as she took her little cork curls out of their papers, and pinned on a fresh collar tied by a blue ribbon.

"Blue's the color of love," said she to herself, with a simper, "and it was so romantic of my dear George to think of proposing in a bag of seed-corn!"

The squire was at his supper when Miss Pepper walked in, flushed with her long expedition on foot.

"Sit down and have a bit, won't you?" said the squire. "Mary, fetch a clean plate."

Miss Pepper took advantage of the momentary absence of her stepdaughter elect to proceed directly to business.

"George," cried she, almost hysterically, "I am yours!"

"Forever and ever!" said Miss Pepper, flinging herself upon the collar of his coat.

"Are you crazy?" said the squire, jumping up.

"You asked me to be your wife," said Miss Polly, meltingly.

"I didn't!" said the squire.

"Then what does this letter mean, eh?" demanded Miss Polly. "It's a clear declaration of love as ever was writ. And good ground to sue on."

The squire stared at the sheet of paper as Miss Pepper waved it triumphantly over his head.

"But I didn't write it," gasped he.

"Then who did?" demanded Miss Pepper.

Just at this moment Mary, entering with fresh tea and a clean plate, caught sight of the letter.

"It's mine," she cried, with a sudden dyeing of the cheek and a glitter of the eyes. "My letter! How dare you read it, Miss Pepper?"

"I got it out of the bag of seed-corn," protested the spinster.

"And I put it there for safe-keeping," blushingly acknowledged Mary Bergamont. And Mary confessed, "George Lake, papa."

Miss Pepper went home, crying very heartily, with mortified pride and dis-

### Freaks of Moths.

A writer in *Nature* says: I was coming by one of the lake steamers from Como to Menaggio in September, 1875, and saw a humming bird hawk-moth fly to some bright colored flowers on a lady's hat on deck and hang poised over them for a short time and then fly away. During the process it made one of those short familiar darts off for a moment and then returned, after the manner of the moth when disturbed, and it remained long enough to convince me that it had tested the flowers and found them wanting. Another incident comes across my mind while writing this, which though it does not exactly bear upon the point, yet is of a somewhat kindred nature. I was crossing from Harwich to Antwerp in August of the same year, and as the weather was fine and the boat crowded, I remained on deck all night. About four o'clock in the morning I saw what appeared to be a bird or a bat flying rapidly about the rigging. As I was watching it the funnel of the steamer poured forth a thick column of black smoke, owing to the fresh coaling it had just received. Off went the creature as soon as it perceived the change, or, at all events, as soon as the change took place, and flew for some time in and about the smoke, now darting through it close to the funnel mouth, and then letting itself be borne along with it for some distance, as if in sport, looking very strange and weird-like in the process. After awhile, as the full daylight broke, it left the smoky region above and came down toward the deck, and I then discovered it to be neither bird nor bat, but a specimen of the death's-head moth, Sphinx Atropos, whose flight I then witnessed for the first time. After running the gauntlet of several of the passengers, who tried to catch it with their hats, it settled somewhere on the spars or woodwork of the boat and escaped, perhaps to renew its flight in similar manner the following day.

### Origin of Meteorites.

This is a subject which has long been discussed by mineralogists, who are much divided on that question. Prof. Tschermak, after prolonged study comes to the conclusion that the active agent in the process is volcanic. He points out that the bodies which fall to the earth are angular in form; that they have no concentric structure even in their interior; that their external crust is not an original characteristic; and that they are evidently fragmentary. Examination of the crust has shown that during the latter stages of the flight frequently take place. From such evidence of this character, Prof. Tschermak has been confirmed in his views. He argues that the finding of hydrogen in meteoric iron is a proof that permanent gases, and perhaps vapors, which are the great agents in transmitting volcanic energy, have played a part in the formation of meteorites; and although we may never have the possibility of obtaining direct evidence of the volcanic activity which is supposed to have hurled these mysterious masses of stone and metal into space, yet such proof as the violent gaseous upheavals on the solar surface, the action of our terrestrial volcanoes, and the stupendous eruptive phenomena of which the lunar craters tell the history, lend powerful support to any theory assuming that meteorites owe their formation to volcanic agency.

### Diphtheria Cured by Sulphur.

A few years ago, when diphtheria was raging in England, a gentleman accompanied the celebrated Dr. Field on his rounds to witness the so-called "wonderful cures" which he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy, to be so rapid, must be simple. All he took with him was powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wine glass of water, and stirred it with his finger, instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in a man, beast and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone at a time upon it, let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die.

### Fashion Notes.

Mexicaine grenadiers are revived. Bonnets are more worn than hats. Mastic is the latest shade of putty color, and is the color for gloves at the moment. Kilt skirts must be of the same length all around. Bonnette muslin is a new fabric in diaphanous goods. Quantities of pearl beads, white and tinted, are used in spring millinery. Bonnet coronets are very high, and turned very far back at the side. The new styles of dressing the hair are as varied as the bonnets and hats. Dolmans, French saques and Carrick capes will all be fashionable spring wraps. Short Carrick capes appear on many of the spring basques, ulsters and saques. Flat cottage crowns are given either close fitting or flaring, or coronet brims, according to fancy. The correct length for the kilt skirt allows it to escape the sidewalk two and a half inches all around. Havana brown and black are favorite combinations of color for checked and basket wren spring bonnettes. Bourrette is a term applied indefinitely this season to all irregularly woven all wool, and cotton and wool, dress goods. Chinese green, Mexican blue, Mandarin yellow, orange, cardinal red, scarlet, crimson and clear rose, are among the popular colors. Spanish combs and slides, Greek circlets, and large-headed pins of tortoise shell, silver filigree, jet, gold and ivory are used in fashionable coiffures. The new, short costume which the *Bazar* hopes to make popular consists of four pieces: the cutaway jacket, the waistcoat, the scarf and pleated skirt with hip yoke. The new ornaments for bonnets are in the shape of golden feathers, gold and silver flange flies, bees and beetles, with steel points scattered over the wings and bodies and forming the eyes. Puffs, bandeaux, switches, coronet braids, chataine braids, Mercedes coquetries, frizettes, banged fronts, love locks, and curls and small ringlets are all fashionable in the spring styles of hair dressing. Habit basques, with short fronts and with the back elongated to form the draperies of the skirt, like the back of a polonaise, will be worn in the spring over demi-trained skirts, founced to the knee in front, and with only one or two flounces in the back. The hair at present is dressed high on the head, around a Spanish comb, narrow in the back of the head, and dropping low on the nape of the neck—in a short chataine and one or two short curls, and banged and waved on the forehead, or made to look more natural than nature itself, with a Mercedes coquetry, which is an artificial banged and curled front.

### Houses Twelve Stories High.

In the West End of London, in a neighborhood known as Queen Anne's Gate, a banker named Hankey has built some enormous "mansions" overlooking St. James' park, and not far from the Metropolitan railway station of that name. The houses are the highest in England—twelve stories—perhaps the highest in the world. They are let in flats, upon a new associated principle; and Mr. Hankey has chosen for his own apartments the highest story; where he commands the purest air, with views of the parks, Surrey Hills, and northern heights. The suites of apartments are so eagerly sought after by those who wish to avoid the cares of housekeeping that Mr. Hankey is building a second block of houses twelve stories high. The tenants are chiefly bachelors, whose suites contain a bed-room and sitting-room; but there are also family suites of ten rooms. Elevators, of course, travel to each story, and electric bells and speaking-tubes are in every room. There is a "wine-cellar" for each tenant; the male servants are in liveries; the females wear a neat and uniform dress; and one quarterly payment covers the expense of servants, taxes, gas, water, and indeed every ordinary item of housekeeping, even down to the expense of furniture.

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

#### Recipes.

**LIGHT DUMPLINGS.**—Take as much light dough as will make a loaf of bread, work into it one-half pound of raisins, tie loosely in a cloth and boil one hour and a half.

**SOUTH MILK PANCAKES.**—Add enough flour to one quart of sour milk to make a thick batter; leave it over night; in the morning add two well-beaten eggs, salt and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little boiling water; cook at once.

**GOOD FAMILY APPLE SAUCE.**—Two quarts of water, a pint of molasses, a root of ginger, and boil all together twenty minutes; put in while boiling a peck of apple, cored and quartered apples. Stew till tender.

**CHEESE STEW.**—Sift one cupful of flour upon a pastry board, make a well in the center, and put into this two tablespoonfuls of cream, three ounces of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the yolks of two eggs, and a half teaspoonful of salt, a dust of pepper, and a little nutmeg; if the paste is too stiff, use a little milk until you can work it without breaking; roll out thin, cut it in narrow strips, lay them on a buttered tin, and bake to a pale yellow; serve as a relish, hot or cold.

**PIGEON PIE.**—Take six young pigeons, have them neatly drawn, trussed and singed, stuff them with the chopped livers mixed with parsley, salt, pepper, and a small piece of butter. Cover the bottom of the dish with rather small pieces of beef. On the beef put a thin layer of chopped parsley and mushrooms. Season with pepper and salt. Over this place the pigeons. Between each two put the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Add some brown sauce or gravy. Cover with puff paste, and bake the pie for an hour and a half.—*Forest and Stream.*

**Farm Notes.**

It is found that 1,500 pounds of potatoes are required in cattle feeding to form the same quantity of flesh that 100 pounds of beans would do.

Dryness is one of the essential requirements in a poultry house. Exposure to damp, particularly at night, frequently produces attacks of the most fatal kind, in its severest stages, contagious disease termed roup.

In hot countries and dry seasons the quantity of milk yielded in less, but the quality is richer. Cold favors the production of cheese, while hot weather augments the amount of butter.

Most soils are improved by the application of suitable manure, but the kind required varies with the nature of the soil. Lime is a good manure for clayey soils and gypsum for sandy ones, because the former retains and the latter attracts moisture.

If milk cows be fed upon dry hay it cannot be expected of them to give full supplies of milk, for without succulent food the udder cannot, except upon a limited scale, carry on its milk secreting operations. In view of these facts every farmer should make it a part of his business to raise a sufficient quantity of beets, carrots and parsnips to give each milk cow on his farm half a bushel daily during the winter and early spring.—*German Town Telegraph.*

Brood mares, cows and heifers in calf require, from the demands on their system, feed of extra quantity and nutritive value. While they should not be kept fat, their condition ought to be such as to stand the drafts upon their vitality and endurance. Warm and dry shelters should be furnished, that they may escape from winter storms. To permit them or young, growing animals to run down in condition during the winter is the worst kind of management. They ought to be kept growing all the time and thriving.—*American Farmer.*

**Cause and Cure of Croup.**

Swelling of the udder, or mammitis, or garget, is sometimes caused by partition effect of inflammation caused by partition. It sometimes results from cold taken by the cow lying in a wet field, or upon cold, damp ground. It is always accompanied by fever, or by a chill, during which the animal shivers and trembles. The proper treatment consists of removing the fever by a dose of salts, and afterward giving saltpetre (nitrate of potash) in half ounce doses, twice in one day. If there is a chill, the animal should be well rubbed with woolen cloths, made hot, and then wrapped in some hot blankets. A brisk purgative should be given, and the udder fomented with hot water for two or three hours. The milk should be drawn by a milk tube, and to facilitate this a weak solution of soda should be injected by means of a syringe.—*American Agriculturist.*

Postmaster-General Key started in life as a school teacher at fifteen dollars a month.

### The Bloom of the Heart.

Under the blue of the mid-May sky,  
Watching cloud-shadows drift idly by,  
Free from the thrudom of fate and sin,  
Lulled by the murmur of breezes and stream,  
Twitter of songster, flutter of spray,  
That sweetly blend with the waking dream,  
And whisper one magical word away;  
Held by the spell of an exquisite face,  
A voice that is dearer than all things do,  
Ah, but the world is a fairy place  
In the bloom of the heart, the May of the year!

Sitting alone in the waning light,  
In the dead November's leaden death,  
Watching the mist rise ghostly white,  
And blend in the shadows, and quiver earth;  
Musing for eyes on the night-have-been—  
Peck of faded, and the fancies green—  
The tender hopes and the fancies green—  
That faded and fluttered from life's fall  
Haunted away by vanished face,  
A voice that is hushed in the midnight  
Ah, but the world is a weary place  
In the gloom of the heart, the gray of the year!

### Items of Interest.

A cow belle—The milk-maid.  
One-armed men always shake with left hand.  
New York city is said to have an end of ten thousand marriageable women.  
"What will the present year be worth?" asks an exchange. Bring forth July, of course.—*Fulton Times.*  
No less than 247 Indians have had the dust in frontier wars during the year. And each bite cost the U. States \$11,578.24.  
A woman in St. Louis had her broken last week by the explosion of steam-engine with which her drea were playing.  
A drunken policeman in Toledo, fired at a dog, and narrowly missing shooting an editor in his office on other side of the street. The editor wrote that policeman up.  
Here is a guileless advertisement the *Paris Figaro*: "A young man couple desire to know a lady or gentleman without heirs who would be fortunate to some young married couple."  
**THE GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS GOOD**  
She never sighs;  
She never grumbles;  
She never cries  
When down she tumbles.  
She never scolds;  
She never frets;  
She never spoils  
Her silken tresses.  
With cap on head,  
And wee hands folded,  
She's put to bed,  
And never scolded.  
Oh, she's a pearl!  
No mischief scheming;  
There's such a girl—  
Don't think I'm dreaming.  
But not to tell  
Her name were folly;  
You know her well,  
For she's your Dolly.  
—George Cooper, in *Nur*

**Throwing Old Shoes after a Boy**  
The slipper or shoe is popularly supposed to be thrown for good luck in some parts of Europe the custom to throw it after sailors about to go voyage, and after all who enter perilous enterprises, such as marriage. A writer in *Notes and Queries* traces back to the Hebrews, where it has a different meaning, symbolizing a fer of authority or dominion. Hence in this custom may be found Psalm ix, Psalm six, and in Deuteronomy he supposes that the receiving shoe was an evidence and symbol of accepting or accepting dominion or authority; the giving back a shoe the act of rejecting, or resigning it. He after the bride was a symbol of the father or guardian renouncing his authority over her, and the receipt of shoe by the bridegroom, even if a dowry, was an omen that that authority was transferred to him. There doubt that such was something meaning of the transfer of a shoe is related by a Danish poet that a Norwegian king in the eleventh century, having conquered a portion of Ireland and Scotland, sent to his Irish shoes and command to wear them with honor on Christmas day royal state, and to own that he was power and kingdom from the Irish and Norway and the Isles. If such a normal meaning of shoe-throwing has now lost its significance, of one shoe, as dozens or more are, and in some countries wheat, rice, or money, or take the place of shoes. The supposed meaning is that the shoe thrown after a married couple will give them luck.