

GLAND SETTLEMENT IN
NEW JERSEY.
MONTMONT TRACT
IN NEW JERSEY
...
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Poetry.

The Return of the Birds.

A tender azure fills the sky,
Where milky-white clouds shine;
And sweetly blue the hills lie
Along the far horizon line.
Beneath a spotted-tinted veil
The green curves to left and right;
And through the slender mist each hill
Is visible in the April light.
The maple's silver tapering stems
Are tipped with buds now Spring is here;
And decked with tiny coral gems
The tall elms at the gate appear.
The beechen branches, decked with shade,
Reach timid buds toward the light,
Where, looking out across the glade,
The snowy dog-wood blossoms white.
The pale arbutus gently trails
Its buds where southern slopes are seen;
On steel blue wings the swallow sails
Over sunlit fields of gleaming green.
They catch the winds blow soft and bland,
As toward speeds each feathered wing;
An emerald vesture robes the land
To greet the herald of the Spring.
Hark! what a song is heard distinctly
The forest birds as they appear,
Poured from the thicket's sacred throat
In yonder flowering aspen.

An answer comes, full, sweet, and clear,
As each bird on the first notes clear,
It is the lark's voice I hear
From out the elm-tree's leafy top.
Perched on the last year's naked stalk,
With every wind the sparrow sings;
Before me, down the garden ways,
In unconcern the catbird strays.
Oh, birds, that fill the sweet south wind
With songs that make the woodlands ring,
From lands your flight has left behind
What welcome things do you bring?
Southward the earth is clothed in green,
The blossoms fall from off the tree;
The rich, old, reaching vine are seen
Along the borders of the sea.
Oh, sweet new year, that smiles at last,
Rich gifts with larger harvests blend,
And knit our friendship strong and fast
Our noble land from end to end!

CHANGES IN THE TARIFF.

ANIMALS.—Horses, per head, \$15; Horses, cattle, \$10; Swine, \$2; Sheep, \$1.
ACID.—Sulphuric, half cent per lb.
STARCH.—2 cents per lb.
OILS, viz: coal and kerosene, distilled, purified and refined, 15 cents per gallon.
FACED.—63 cents per gallon.
SUGARS.—Sugar, 10 and above No 9 Dutch Standard, one cent per lb. and 25 per cent ad val.; below No 9: three tenths of one cent and 25 per cent ad val. Cane sugar, a cup of sugar or of sugar cane, syrup of molasses or of sugar molasses, two tenths of one cent per lb. and 25 per cent ad val. and 25 per cent ad val. Molasses, not for refining or manufacturing, 25 per cent ad val.
PERFUMED AND FANCY SOAPS 25 per cent ad val.
BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS, not being foreign reprints of British copyright works, not blank account books, not copy books, nor books to be written or drawn upon, nor reprints of books printed in Canada, nor printed in Canada, nor printed sheet music, 5 per cent ad valorem.
TYPE, 5 per cent ad valorem.
ALCOHOL.—FORSYTH, 10 per cent in addition to present duties—two quart and ten pint bottles to contain a gallon.
WINE of all kinds, 10 cents per gallon and twenty per cent ad valorem—five quart and ten pint bottles to contain a gallon.
ESSENTIAL OILS, left and bottles, lemons, oranges and citrons, or the rind of such when imported in bulk, for the purpose of being distilled, 10 cents per gallon and 25 per cent ad valorem; for the purpose of being distilled, 10 cents per gallon and 25 per cent ad valorem; for the purpose of being distilled, 10 cents per gallon and 25 per cent ad valorem.
CASKS, BARRELS, and other Packages, containing sugar, molasses, cane juice, molasses or syrups, and embryos containing sulphuric acid 15 per cent ad valorem.
The following are to be added to the free list—push for hatters, flour (wheat or rye)

fish bait, grain of all kinds, Indian corn, Indian meal, railroad frogs, steel claims and fish plates, and cocon in bean and shell.
The Treasurer is also instructed in the case of "ships' cables" to read "half inch, instead of three quarters."

Interesting Tale.

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER VI.—(Conclusion.)

The next day he began to display that energy which had not particularly marked his character since the main spring of hope had been withdrawn. He took Mrs. Dennison and Myrtle out to his place to select a situation for the man who had already partially contracted for. Of course, the elder lady was to have voice in a matter which might reflect on her own position, and she was asked to make one of the party. Hugh was only acting upon her suggestions that he must have a companion for the young girl. The young fellow, the artist, came out and assisted the ladies to alight. Did Hugh mark the blush upon the cheeks of the young couple? Of course he did not. Never was there a man blinder to truth and fate than he. After Mr. Fielding had exchanged greetings with the denizens of his house, and been introduced to their nephew, he invited the latter to accompany them, and they started out on their search.

The fine, artistic taste of the boy as soon attracted Hugh's attention, and he determined that the young man was an artist by profession. It was John himself who, with becoming modesty, pointed out the spot where he would deem most suitable; and his admirable fitness striking the good opinion of Mr. Fielding, had involuntarily formed of him. There is certainly a good deal of genius about that young fellow, he remarked to Myrtle, when John was busy talking about pictures with Mrs. Dennison. He has a glorious eye—full of fire and frankness. How the young girl's heart leaped up at while she made not the least reply. Alas, Hugh flattered himself that that glowing cheek and drooping eye was an evidence of some gentle emotion of his! Learning that the young artist had made architecture his study, Mr. Fielding gave him a commission to draw the plan for the proposed residence, giving him a summary of what he should like as to size, style, and expense. He was usually a man of piercing vision, and but few things escaped his keen apprehension, yet all absorbed as he was in his own dreams, he did not notice the expressive glance and stolen pressure of hands with which Myrtle and the young man parted. Mrs. Dennison, too, bewildered by gorgeous visions of a mansion over which she had just been selected, was deaf and dumb and blind to everything but Mr. Fielding. So the party drove back to town as contented with each other as when they had started.

It was because I love you with other than paternal love, darling Myrtle. Since the first moment of my return, I have felt how impossible it was for me to resist the torrent of passion which rushes through my heart. You are to me my Myrtle—the Myrtle of old, whom I once loved with the fervor of youth. It is true that your mother—for I feel that she was your mother—was false; but, in your heart, Myrtle there is nothing but truth. You have not learned the ways of the world. You are my boyhood's dream. Will you marry me? Poor child, how she trembled! He thought it was all with maiden timidity, and put his arm round her and drew her to his side. She leaned her head upon his shoulder, sobbing: You are my father, Mr. Fielding. Oh, still remain so, or you will break my heart! Father! again he exclaimed, in a voice of such concentrated feeling that she involuntarily looked up into his pale face. I tell you I will not hear it. Wife is a much dearer term than daughter. Myrtle—how tenderly he spoke the word wife—and if you cannot be that, I must go away again back to the lonely life I led before I found you, a little sleeping, helpless child, upon the wild prairie.

With a great hearted struggle of duty and gratitude over youthful love, Myrtle flung her arms, in the old childish way, about his neck. You shall not do that, for— Hugh, I will be whatever you wish, I will be your wife, Mr. Fielding.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Fielding was reclining at his leisure upon a knoll beneath a tree, half-hidden by the long grass which rustled around him. And a volume of "Shakespeare" open at the "Midsummer Night's Dream," had nearly dropped from his hand, for he had forgotten all about the furies and the lovers of the play in musing upon his own happiness. The clink of the workmen's hammers, as they carved and polished the stone of his new house, smote upon his ears pleasantly; for as the hum of the bells of summer and summer sweets, the soft tinkle of the distant work told of a home and a wife.

The first thing which roused him from his reverie was the sound of approaching voices, conversing in low but earnest tones. Looking up, he saw his Myrtle and the young artist slowly walking arm in arm, and from, on the level stretch just beneath him. At first, he could distinguish no words, and indeed, he did not wish nor intend to, though his curiosity was excited by the absorbing interest with which they appeared to listen and reply. At last, they passed quite near him, and throwing their arms about each other, sobbed like two little children.

A pretty scene! beheld it, ye heavens! and earth! muttered Hugh, between his compressed lips, his vest buttons ready to burst with his suppressed anger. Is there no truth in woman? After yielding to their passionate grief, for a time, Myrtle sobbed and folded her hands tightly together. He could see her beautiful face buried in tears.

Go, John, she said, in that voice of forced calmness which tells most plainly of despair. I must never see you again. You will not blame me, for, in your thought, I know, you will not call me false. I should be false to every impulse of gratitude and duty did I consent to my happiness before that of my friend, my benefactor, my more than father. You know all he has done for me—all the claims he has upon me. I should rather we should both be miserable all our lives than to be the one to inflict pain upon him. You do not ask it, do you, John? No, no, I do not. His claims are superior to mine. But oh, Myrtle, it is killing me! Don't say that, John. You will be happy some time, if only to reward you for your noble sacrifice now. I know you will. Heaven will bless you. Goodbye. Her companion gazed at her as if he could not tear himself away. Go, dear John. Goodbye. Oh, Myrtle! Goodbye. He turned from her with a listless, weary step, and went away, leaving her leaning against a young maple-tree, looking after him with blinded eyes. Hugh had seen and heard it all. Slowly his anger had melted away, as he heard this youthful pair bravely recounting what was their evident happiness for him. For the first time, his own selfishness appeared to him. What right had he to require the love and duty of that young heart which had turned so much more naturally to a more fitting mate? Yes, he had to acknowledge, proud and conscious of his rare acquisitions, as he was that John Jones, with his boyish beauty and enthusiasm and fresh feeling, was a more suitable companion than he for the fair girl who had chosen him.

the happiness of two young souls for a few years of bliss for himself. He would emulate the generosity which he had just seen. He wanted to rise and call the boy to return and receive from his hands the most precious gift which he had to bestow.

While he was still debating within himself whether it was possible for him thus suddenly to forsake himself, another person was added to the scene of which he had been an unknown spectator. A lady came along the path from the cabin, looking about as if in search of some one. When she caught sight of Myrtle, she paused a moment, and looked at her earnestly—but not more earnestly than Hugh was now regarding her. She was a fine-looking woman, of perhaps forty—she looked thirty five—and beautiful as in her earliest youth. Her bonnet was swinging from her arm, for the day was warm. Her hair was put in a classic braid behind, and clustered in rich ringlets down either side of her face; her cheeks were as fair as a girl's, and flushed with exercise; her form was full, but graceful; and her step light. Is the dead alive? gasped Hugh.

She heard and saw him not; her eyes were upon the face of the young girl. She threw her bonnet and scarf upon the grass, and ran and clasped her in her arms.

My child—my own little Minnie! say, are you not? she cried, holding the surprised girl away from her, so as to gaze again upon her countenance. I am Myrtle—Myrtle Fielding. What do you mean? asked the young girl, confused by this apparition. Fielding! said the lady, in a voice which thrilled to Hugh's inmost heart. Hugh Fielding!—was it he who found you?

It was. And were you lost fifteen years ago this day, upon a prairie? speak, speak quickly, are you my child?

Are you my mother? was the response; and the two clasped hands and clung together as if they had longed for each other since the moment they were so terribly separated.

Myrtle, do I see you again? said a deep voice beside them. Both started, but it was not our Myrtle who was addressed this time. The lady gave one glance of those still glorious eyes into Hugh's and sank fainting in his arms.

Forgive, he heard her whisper, as her senses deserted her. Myrtle ran for water to the lake, while Hugh supported that beautiful head upon his bosom with a strange emotion. She was sure she saw him kissing those pale cheeks as she hastened back with her straw hat dripping from the wave.

It was too much, said Mrs. Sherwood, as she came back to life. It is weak and feeble, for well people to faint. But to find my child, and to find you, Hugh!

Whose fault was it that you were lost? he asked, with bitterness, as the dreariness of twenty years returned upon his heart. Not mine alone, was the reply. That I was not firm enough in resisting the mandates of a father, who had a selfish purpose in giving me to that man, that man, she added, with a slight quiver, who perished so fearfully, and who was father of my child; for that, I shall remember him with respect, if not affection.

When Mrs. Sherwood was recovered sufficiently to sit upon the grassy knoll under the maple, and tell the story of the past while holding tight to her daughter's hand, she gave a brief account, which she afterwards made more circumstantial, of what happened after they were surprised by the Indians and her husband murdered. Herself and her companion in suffering, the wife of the other murdered man, were driven off in the wagon; and, in an attempt to escape with her child from the back of the vehicle, she had been detected, and jerked back so rudely as to cause her to drop the infant. They would not pause to pick it up, but hurried on, unmindful of her agony. She herself chanced to have a knife in her pocket, which she resolved should liberate her by death, if no other chance of success offered; and possibly it might be of service in securing her both life and liberty. The first day, they left the wagon, and journeyed on foot through the wilderness. Her companion sank down, and died before night. She journeyed on, urged by the speed of her tormentors, until the second night, when they bowed her, hungry, weary, with bleeding feet and anguished heart, to the earth, and went off for water and food, intending to return and camp at that place. They had stopped before reaching water, because she could go no further. As soon as they disappeared down a hill side, leaving not one to watch her, she cut the things which bound her, and ran for her life. She did not know, when she arose, that she could place one foot before the other; but fear and hope gave her superhuman energy. In a few minutes, she came to a stream. In this she wanted to put them at fault. The cool water soothed her wounds, and revived her somewhat. She ran for a long time down the stream, until, coming to

a wild place where rocks and ravines promised places of concealment, she made her way up the bank, and, by fortune, stumbled into a cavern, over which she drew the vines which had before concealed it, and lay down in the darkness, for it was now twilight. Overcome by fatigue, she fell asleep, despite her fear of wild animals and her wilder tormentors. When she awoke, it was day.

All that day she did not dare to venture out. Some berries were growing among the moss at the mouth of the cave, and with a handful of these she cooled her thirst. Hearing nothing to alarm her, as soon as it again came night, keeping her knife open in her hand, she crept out, and went as rapidly as her strength would permit, still further away from the place. She walked half the night and slept the rest. The next day, she found berries; the third, she emerged from the woods into a strange country. A single cabin told of civilization. She crawled to the door, and was received by an old woman, whose husband hunted and fished for a living. There she was ill for a month, lying on a bed of bitterskins; but the people were as kind to her as they knew how to be. She had some money, but they would not take it. When she was able, the old man accompanied her a couple of days till they reached the edge of a settled country, and left her. She found out that she was a hundred miles from the spot where her husband was murdered. After various trifling adventures, by begging and working, she reached her own home, where every one had long given her up for dead. They told her about Mr. Fielding's letter, and she then knew that her little babe had perished of fright and hunger in the solitary prairie.

It was several years before she recovered entirely from the effects of her suffering and grief. She had never been a happy woman. By the merest chance she had heard, only a few weeks before, of the circumstances of a child being found and adopted by a certain man near Wakarusa. She had come, impelled by a faint hope, to that city, and there had heard more particulars.

When she heard a brief and hurried narrative, Hugh told the little trembling hand which lay in her lap, and pressed it between his own, as if to assure her that her troubles were over. Dear father, whispered Myrtle in his ear, don't you think you could be persuaded to let me pass as your little daughter, again? Go, go, he said, laughing, and find and bring back that boy you sent off in such a hurry, in an hour.

Nothing anything to be said about a double wedding? or how Mrs. Dennison, though an excellent lady, was not the mistress of the mansion? or, how the story is still told in Wakarusa of the finding of the beautiful Child of the Prairie? Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet—a dog he had brought from Warburg, and of which he was very fond. A very gruff old dog, he told before him. He worked at his desk for days together without going out, but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, he took his guitar with him to the porch, and there excited so much musical fantasy for he was a skillful musician, when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his inveterate solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology was the first of arts, "Music" said he, "is the art of prophets; it is the only art, which like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul and put the devil to flight. Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great, godly man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

A little boy in Lowell was asked how many miles make a cent. "Ten, sir," was the prompt reply. Immediately a bright faced little girl field up her hand in token of dissent. "Well, miss, what have you to say?" "Please, sir, ten mill don't make a cent. It says all the mills in town don't make a cent."

"Kisses," says Sam Slick, "are like creation, because they are made out of nothing and are very good."

"Daughter," said a fond mother, whom oil speculations had made aristocratic, "has Mr. Brown proposed to you?" "Yes, ma," replied the daughter, "he proposes that we go out this evening and get some cy-tars."

The following scene is laid in a first class hotel: Traveler—"Is there to be called at six o'clock?" Clerk (with a gold chain)—"If you will ring the bell at that hour, one of the boys will attend to your case."

Hood in describing the meeting of a man and a lion, says: "The man ran off with all his might and the lion with all his mane."

What a gentleman can, with any sense of propriety, a lady to lean on the arm.

B. R. Stevenson,
Clerk of the Peace Office,
St. Andrews, N. B.,
July 13, 1867.

Dr. Parker,
served to the Cottage in Queen's
at the Agency of the Commercial B
opposite to the Sheriff's.
St. Andrews, N. B.,
Nov. 19, 1867.

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Bedford & Co.,
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The Standard,
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