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JAS. S. CARNEY,
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Poetry.

LEAD ME RIGHT.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road,
I do not ask that Thou should'st take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart
Should bleed—
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Enough in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord—till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

Puffing Ujuz.

"Puffing," or dead head advertising, is unjust, from the fact that it does a good thing for the man of brass, the man who ignores decent manners and ordinary fairness, while it does nothing for the man who pays their way and give value received without begging or bagging. The only plan is to cast off the beast. It is enough to say that your prices are so much a life and stick to it, mildly, perhaps, but so firmly that your active minded parasite will suddenly arise and begin to wonder why he has been sitting so long on your doorstep. He may make a last, desperate effort to gain his point, but your quiet, strong refusal will again, slowly, but surely, and resolutely, "so much a line." And the best walks out in the night, wiser, or perhaps he comes back and accepts your terms—on credit.

Necessity of Ventilation.

I hold that the breathing of impure air is a fruitful source of disease of the right heart after middle age. How many people ignorantly favor its occurrence by confining themselves to a closely shut, non-ventilated, hot, stifling room, in which the carbonic acid has accumulated to two or three per cent of the air they breathe! How many are thus destroyed by being compelled, through the exigencies of life, to pass the greater part of their time in pits and manholes where ventilation is defective, or in which the air is rapidly poisoned by noxious fumes and offensive emanations from the materials undergoing the process of manufacture! How many are falling victims to the poisonous influence upon the heart of the atmosphere of an underground railway! What do these facts suggest? How are these evil results to be prevented? The simple answer is: Let the rooms in which you live be effectually ventilated by an incoming current of air filtered from all adventitious impurities, and so divide that no draught shall be felt; and by an outgoing current which shall remove from the apartment the carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, sulphurous acid gas, and a fetid hydrogen and other noxious compounds, as rapidly as they are generated. Apply the same principle to public buildings, the streets, schools, and public places, and to all places in which people are accustomed to congregate.—[Popular Science Monthly.

[From the London Daily Telegraph.] AMONG THE BREAKERS.

Skill and Heroism—A Brave Boy.

If Mr. Goeben will only build us the right sort of ships, we will make bold to promise him that a breed of first-rate British sailors will never be wanting to man them. The school where salt water learning is taught stands open night and day all round our coasts; no board, except star-board and larboard, has much to do with it; the seas and the winds are gratuitous instructors; the tides and eddies, the rocks and shoals of our shores, are stern examiners; our fisher-lads "learn their letters" in the puddles of the beach, get the grammar of seamanship with "Daddy" in his fishing boat, and train themselves as no other race of sailors can for the joys and dangers of a seaman's life. A story comes from the Devonshire coast which really ought to be as good as a brand new iron-clad to all these who have been uneasy about the naval supremacy of Britannia. We recommend it to the nervous people, official and unofficial, who think that steam and iron are going to supplant manhood, skill, and naval knowledge; or that the glory of Albion is gone if any power launches an extra inch of armour beyond the thickness of our last leviathan. The hero of our tale is a little fellow, and the narrative itself is brief; but if the First Lord can only keep the patent of such boys as Frederick Perriam in the possession of England we shall behold the old flag safe enough—whether it be carried by timber or metal keels—and "Peter the Great" will make any great difference to us. The boy we mention was out on Friday morning last, in his father's dingy at Exmouth, doing such odd jobs as a fisher-lad might be sent upon—getting in lines or dropping crabs; or perhaps night books for conger. Londoners and landmen may well recollect that the morning was wet and windy. At the mouth of the Exe it was blowing "great guns" from the north-east; and the tide was running out, as it does sometimes run, with a gale from over Littleham cliff to drive it. Our small hero—a water-baby from the birth—had miscalculated the strength of his fourteen years; he got his crab-pots or conger-lines properly settled, but when he headed for home his boyish muscles could not possibly make way against wind and tide. He had "lost his lee," and was very rapidly drifting out into the open water, carried farther and farther into a wild sea by a boat only meant for harbor work. From Exmouth a north-easterly gale howls straight down the Devonshire coast, piling the breakers on sand and cliff foot all the way past Teignmouth and the red rocks off St. Mary's Church. A large ship caught in that bad night with Teignmouth bar half a wash, and the wind ever so little too gasterly, would be in a sorry plight. But here was one poor little fisher boy, going apparently to certain death, in a tiny bit of a boat which in any timid or inexperienced hands was as good as lost the moment it drove beyond the protection of Exmouth Spit. Let landmen and ladies try to realize the position. Home and safety going hopelessly astern, fading behind in the cold spray; a boiling sea around; far ahead the naked rocks of Stoke; on the port hand the raging tempestuous Channel; on the starboard side the Dawlish shore, if only he could reach it; but a white, mad, deadly, hungry, line of breakers thundering along every inch of that shore, and yet no safety, or chance of safety, except on the other side of the dreadful, unbroken line.

Anybody but a water-baby was indeed lost at ready in such a strait. Little Fred Perriam was quite sailor enough, however, to understand his tremendous peril, and, being sea-born and sea-bred, he did the right thing as cleverly as any Admiral of the Blue could have counselled him. He managed to step his little mast and get the sail hoisted, and so he let the dingy run before the wind, avoiding the big waves that followed, and edging carefully away from the Dawlish side. Getting near to the shore, the next thing was to look keenly for the slightest appearance of a break in the band of surf. If he could have found ever so little a bit of shelter, opening into smooth water, there was hope for life; but if, while looking for it, he came a single fathom too near the white rollers, his fate was sealed. Keeping far enough to windward to escape the broken belt, he coasted his dreadful fringe. All the way there was not a break; not a chance—a line of bayonets could not present a grimmer certainty of death; while if he were carried on a mile past Dawlish, the tide and wind would have their will of him, and hurl him upon the awful edge of Teignmouth Bar. Again our small hero acted like a captain of the fleet. Dribbling dropping his sail and nudging the mast he threw out his anchor, and let the little cock-shell come head to wind and sea, just outside the three white breakers. If Dawlish people could help a poor sailor-boy he knew they would; and sure enough they soon sped his plight. Admiral Craigie—the same gallant officer, we think, who sailed in the "saucy 'Arcturion," in 1811, and afterwards set free over two thousand slaves on the coast of Africa—was there, and caught sight of the lad. The good old mariner at once called attention to it; but, indeed, the coast-guard did not need his warning, for their gaze was already on the fisher-boy and his boat. Yet so terrible was that thundering space of white water between the dingy and the shore, that the boldest hand did not dare to push out from the beach. The chief officer at the coastguard station would not risk his men; the men themselves shook their heads at the raging breakers with a groan of sorrow for the boy; the best they could do was to telegraph to Teignmouth, for the life-boat, and to hope and pray that the anchor might hold and the cock-shell keep afloat until the lifeboat was brought, or the tide turned. When the flood made, the sea, they knew, would go down, and the shore become bare, and if the little lad was not by that time "flotsam and jetsam" or the lifeboat had not arrived, he might thus be saved. Meanwhile Frederick Perriam, riding in his dingy on the brink of death, quite understood the position. Water-babies learn the sea language early; he took the same circumstances all in, and comprehended that nobody dared come out for him in such a sea. He was, however, the best judge of all about the point of waiting for the flood-tide; he could see that the dingy would fill and sink before that time, and failing instant help, there was but one chance. This was to "up anchor," hoist canvas upon her again and steer for the shore, through the best of that surf which was all too bad for the stoutest hand upon Dawlish Beach. The water-baby, nevertheless, made his mind up, and "spiked all hands" to face the immense task.

Ladies and landmen should here try to comprehend the conditions of heaving a little boat in a heavy surf. With plenty of oarsmen to pull at the right time, with good care taken to approach the terrible tumbling chaos of savage sea stern on, so that the roller fouling after may lift the bow and not break over and swamp the craft; with a steersman as cool as frozen steel, with the right moment, a perfectly straight course, and no end of good luck, clever rowers may take the shore prosperously in a heavy surf once out of seven times. Here an Exmouth boy had to manage it with a dingy under sail, stem first, nobody to trim the boat, and the wind upon his quarter. However, by this time it had become one of two things for him—he must either sink at anchor or else run the gauntlet of those mighty billows, which will surely smash his frail craft, and roll him dead and battered among the wet stones if he makes the slightest mistake, or loses one single point of the game. There is a moment's lull; he gets the mast stepped, bales hard again, and waits for the next pause in the wind, which seems to be howling to the breakers not to let him escape. Then comes another lull, and he gets his lug hoisted, cuts the anchor adrift with his ready knife, and lays the dingy's head away from the gale. Gunned down in the hissing water flies the frightened cock-shell, skimming for a moment parallel to the line of surf; as when a horse, desperately ridden, vainly tries to shirk the fence; and then, with a silence which is more than any cry, the little lad jags the helms down, bears up end-on, for the neck of the great combing wave, and takes it on "the bang" with his sail well full. All right, so far; the huge billow leaves him—hurls him—lowers him—launches him safe and straight into the seething hell of green and grey and white between two hills of water; and then, while the under tow drags at his keel and stops his way, the next billow, flaming in, shuts the gird from him, beaming his canvas. If he falls off a point, or catches the stroke of that sea before he gets another puff from the tempest, he is a drowned boy; but there he calmly sits, titter in one little hand, and shoot in the other, holding his boat as level as an arrow. Now, then, for one moment let the tempest howl its worst; let it blow "ten thousand top-sail sheet blocks," so that it may flatten down the crest of the coming death, and send a helpful blast over it into the peak of the sail! It does that; the wind cheats the sea of his life; for at the supreme moment it freshens, it caught the sail, gave the cock-boat new impetus, lifted her forward just in time to take the roller handomely—and the lad drives in as swift as a sea-gull on the crest of this second breaker, which drops him safe and sound within reach of a dozen strong arms; so that, with a snarl of spray in the face, which might be Amphitrite's parting kiss to her water-baby, the fisher-lad is trundled up to land. The old salts who saw the boy perform the wonderful feat of seamanship say that a finer spectacle of courage and self-reliance could not have been witnessed. Only fourteen years old, and small for his age, is Frederick Perriam, of Claremont-road, Exmouth, but he is a true bred sea-boy, of that coast which produced Drake and Raleigh, and we had rather hear there were twenty more of this sort between Start Point and the Bill of Portland than have the Czar make us a new year's gift of his iron-clad, "Peter the Great."

To KEEP INSECTS OUT OF BIRD CAGES.—Tie up a little sulphur in a silk bag and suspend it in the cage. For mocking birds this is essential to their health, and the sulphur will keep all the red ants and other insects from the cages of all kinds of birds. Red ants will never be found in a closet or drawer, if a small bag of sulphur be kept constantly in these places.

Unconscious Cerebration in Dreams.—An instance of a renewal in sleep of an impression of memory calling up an apparition to enforce it (it is the impression which causes the apparition not the apparition which conveys the impression) occurred near both half a century ago. Sir John Millar a very wealthy gentleman died, leaving no children. His widow had always understood that she was to have the use of his house for her life, with a very large jointure; but no will making such provisions could be found after his death. The heir at law, a distant connection, naturally claimed his rights, but kindly allowed Lady Miller to remain six months in her house to complete her search for the missing papers. The six months drew at last to a close, and the poor widow had spent fruitless days and weeks in examining every possible place of deposit for the lost document, till at last she came to the conclusion that her memory must have deceived her, and that her husband could have made no such promise as she supposed, or have neglected to fulfill it if he made one. The very last day of her tenure of the house had just dawned, when in the grey of the morning Lady Miller drove up to the door of her man of business in Bath, and rushed excitedly to his bedroom door, calling out— "Come to me! I have seen Sir John! There is a will!" The lawyer hastened to accompany her to her house. All she could tell him was that deceased husband had appeared to her in the night, standing by her bedside, and had said solemnly, "There is a will!" Where it was remained as uncertain as before.

Once more the house was searched in vain from the cellar to loft, till finally wearied and in despair, the lady and her friend found themselves in a garret at the top of the house. "It is all over," Lady Miller said. "I give it up, my husband deceived me, and I am ruined!" At that moment she looked at the tall figure which was leaning weeping. "This table was in his study once! Let us examine it!" They looked, and the missing will, duly signed and sealed, was within it, and the widow made rich to the end of her days. It needs no corollary to explain how her anxiety called up the myth of Sir John Miller's apparition, and made him say precisely what he had once before really said to her, but of which the memory had waxed faint.—[From "E-says," by F. P. Cobbe.

How to Read.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson says, in a recent number of the "Woman's Journal": "I was once called upon to prescribe intellectually for a young girl of fair abilities who showed no want of brains in conversation, but had a perfect indifference to books. She read dutifully and torpidly whatever was set before her—novels, travel, history—all were the same; each page flung out the previous page, and her memory was within it, and she would ask me to teach her to read; she justly, in the request, and I consented to the experiment on condition that she would faithfully read a single book in the way I should direct. She consented. It was the time of Keats's visit, when everybody was talking about the Hungarian revolution. The book I chose was 'Hungary in 1848,' by Brace, of far more interest than now—I prescribed it in daily doses of one chapter. If possible she was to read that—the chapter being short—but under no conceivable circumstances was she to read more. After each chapter she was to put down in a blank book I gave her, a note or remark suggested by it. She must mention something that had interested her, or seen the explanation of some word, or anything else she pleased. Her comment might be only to say that George was a traitor, or to inquire how his name should be pronounced; but at least there should be one sentence of remark per chapter. From time to time I was to see what she had written, and answer her question, if any. This was the prescription, and she took it courageously. I knew in advance what would be the greatest difficulty. It was to keep her to one chapter. It seemed to her such a mistake, such a waste of opportunity, when she could so easily manage five or six chapters in a day. Had she done so, all would have been lost; so I was inexorable. The consequence was that she never failed to read her chapter; and when she got to the end of it, for want of anything better to do, she read it over again, or went to work with her note-book. It was a very nice note-book, and she wrote a beautiful hand. When I came to look over the pages, every few days, I was astonished at the copiousness and variety of her notes. On some days, to be sure, there would be but a single sentence, and that visibly written with effort;

but almost always there were questions, doubts, and criticisms, all of which I met as I could. I found my own mind taxed by hers, and finally re-read every chapter carefully that I might be ready for her. And at the end she told me with delight that for the first time in her life she had read a book.

Where was the magic of the process? I suppose mainly in the restraint, the moderate pace, and the necessity of writing something. "Reading," says my Lord Bacon, "maketh a full man; writing, an exact man." To clearly define and systematize what you know, write.

NO BRAINS.—Judge Ray, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts got off the following hard bit at "moderate drinkers":—

"All those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whisky, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. No person can use whisky for years with moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known: I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms across his breast, said: "I offer myself as one whose experience contradicts your statements. Are you a moderate drinker? I am. How long have you drunk in moderation? Forty years. And never were intoxicated? Never. Well, remarked the judge, scanning the subject from head to foot, 'yours is a singular case; yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of whiskey, sat down to dine on the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread he dropped some crumbs into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whiskey and feeding them. It worked well. Some of the fish ate it and became drunk, and floated helplessly upon the surface. In this way he easily caught a large number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whiskey with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to take it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He prepared a net, and after much effort, caught the fish, carried it to a colored neighbour, and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment and then said—'Sambo, I understand this case: this fish is a mullet head, it ain't got any brains.'"

In other words, added the judge, alcohol affects only the brain; and, of course, those having none, may drink without injury. The sum of laughter, which followed drove the "moderate drinker" from the house.

Opokerit Candles.

So much money has been expended in advertising opokerit that in England the public generally look upon the candles purporting to be made from it as, in fact, nothing more or less than the adulterated candles long furnished to the trade. The suspicion is, however, entirely unfounded, as the candles are really made of purified opokerit, which is paraffin of the best quality. Opokerit, or native paraffin also called earth wax, was found embedded in shale near Slavik in Moldavia, in the neighborhood of coal and rock-salt deposits. It is as afterwards discovered in the Carpathians, and has since been found in the English mountains which latter sources the English manufacturers obtain their principal supply. The crude mineral has a brown, green or yellow color, is translucent at the corners and exhibits a resinous fracture. It is naturally brittle, but can be kneaded like wax. When exposed to the air it becomes black and waxy, and when rubbed is negatively electrified and yields an aromatic hydrocarbon odor. The low melting point of 66° C. renders the admixture of certain other less fusible substances necessary in the manufacture of candles. The illuminating power of candles made from opokerit has been expressed by the following comparison instituted by Dr. Leffebly: To afford a given amount of light, must be taken of opokerit candles, 754; paraffin candles, 891; wax candles, 1,150. The candles can be colored with mauve and magenta, and they then present a fine appearance.—[Scientific American.

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another, who had taken the last apple in the dish: "I was going to take that."

A western woman has just discovered that if dishes are washed in very hot water and get on the edge to drain, they will not need wiping.

A rural miss stepped into a Troy, N. Y. drug store the other day, and asked for a bottle of 'Jack of clubs.' She wanted jockeyclub perfumery.

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