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POETRY.

The Parties' Table Cloth.
Here is the fairest table, vined
Over with clothed bull-work bright
Here is the cloth they left behind.
After the feast, was done last night.
Never such drapery met my eyes;
No carpet so soft, no wool I've found;
Draped with downy downy down,
Louded with seed pearl all around.
Service of omelette fly were;
Spoons of gold from the table's heart;
Silver eye-glass of collar size;
Napkins fringed by the gentleman's art.
Wine from the spice wood's vintage, poured
Out of the bubble's Venice glass;
Bread from the golden of wild peas stored,
Cut from the buds of saffron;
Meats from the larder, sweet and sour,
Fashioned slope for lady lips,
Out of the cores of pungent leeks,
Out of the purple haws and hips,
Fruits from the water-green, elder, grape,
Berries red with ruby glow;
Whirls of eddy size and shape,
Folded in leaves of brier rose.
Sailing toad stools ranged at chairs;
Moon and sky for a chandelier;
Crickets and green-roaches, near
Up in the green orchestra.
Ah, what a supper it must have been!
Beautiful, genteel, fancy, rare;
Ah, if I only had fairy kin!
Ah, if I only had been there!

The Montreal River.—Whoever is responsible for the riot which disgraced Montreal on the 12th, the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie is certainly not the party, for he seems to have taken extreme precautions in advance to prevent a disturbance. The Ottawa Free Press states that on the 11th, Mr. Mackenzie requested the different regiments commanding to telegraph the commanders of batteries at Kingston and Quebec to hold themselves in readiness, and to telegraph also to the Mayor of Montreal, so that if he wanted to make a requisition for these troops he could do so in time to enable them to move on the way. No reply being made, the Premier sent a copy of the same message to the Lieut. Governor of Quebec, and he accompanied this by another telegram, expressing the hope that to prevent further disturbances the Quebec Government would take steps for the maintenance of public order. It was a matter of the last importance to prevent a breach of peace, adding that whatever might be thought of the pretense or the impudence of the procession, all parties coming within the law should be protected. The officers in charge of the militia in Montreal were ordered to collect their men and have them in readiness at the armory on the morning of the 12th. Still the Mayor stirred not and the military remained inactive, while lawless bands were allowed to roam around the streets with the deplored result which has been manifested—a result which will be felt for many a long day to come. Mr. Mackenzie, on Saturday, telegraphed to the Mayor asking if he apprehended any disturbances; the Mayor replied that with the city police he could preserve order, but asked for the assistance of the river police to be held under the orders of the Mayor.

Tenacious Superstitions.—The superstitions of the Bulgarians are somewhat numerous, but the introduction of railways among the Turks seems to have produced a class of "engine myths" new to comparative mythology. "Eh, what are engines worked by? Steam?—The Turkish wise answer know better. No; a fine young devil is trapped in England, shut up in that great fire box on wheels, and bribed by the devil of a little cold water now and then to ally its bestial. Mr. Buckley—a traveler has found this devil theory deeply rooted, and once saw a Turk stripped, and a young man in his garments, being a cup of water from a passing locomotive had got on them, which he believed

to have been produced by the devil spitting.
Chas. Hackney of Checheville, Cal., early in the spring appointed July 5 as the day on which he would commit suicide. He had been a drunkard, and had reformed; but he said it was impossible for him to withstand temptation much longer, and he was determined not to live except soberly. He was well educated, and held positions of honor and trust. On the fourth he got very drunk, and was exceedingly hilarious, saying he was enjoying his last spree. Early on the following morning he killed himself, according to promise.

Stewart's Womens Hotel in N. Y. concerning which so much mystery has been maintained, will soon be ready for occupancy. The interior work in the parlors and chambers of the hotel has been almost completed, and much of the furniture has been placed in the rooms. The principal part of the furniture to be used in the building has been made expressly for this purpose, and will be of unique pattern. The gas used will be manufactured on the premises, and an artesian well has been dug from which an abundant supply of water is expected. It is understood that the hotel will be opened about the first of the coming year. It is the intention of the managers to exclude visitors from the building until that time.

A German post-man was recently the subject of an attack no doubt suggested by last year's tragedy in Vienna. He was carrying a large sum of money and an attempt was made to rob him. The postman was nearly killed, but the would-be assassin was caught and is in prison. The German postal authorities are now considering the question of supplying letter carriers with arms. They have it believed, decided upon arming them with a sword, the idea of giving them a revolver has been abandoned.

Romance in Real Life.
John D. Lewis, says the Brooklyn Eagle, head of the dry goods firm of Lewis, Hart and Co., corner of Church and Canal streets, while out riding in Central Park about a year ago, was thrown from his carriage and killed. Up to the time of his death very little was known of the early history of Mr. Lewis. Although supposed that he had negro blood in him, Lewis passed for a white man, and always represented that he had no living relatives. After his death, however, a strange romance in regard to him was developed. Henry Lewis and Mary Smith, brother and sister, both with half negro blood in their veins, arrived from Canada and claimed to be half brother and sister and the only heirs at law of the deceased. Suit was commenced and tried at the March Special Term of the Supreme Court, before Judge Barrett, to set aside the will of Mr. Lewis. The will was a very peculiar one. After bequeathing \$15,000 to different parties, it directed that the income of the estate, worth about \$251,000 in unincumbered real estate, be paid to Miss Bizzie Barton Taylor, until she was lawfully married. If she had any children the estate was to go to them, and if she died unmarried or without children, the will directed that she be buried in the same grave with the testator, and that the estate be expended in decorating the grave. On the trial it was proved that Lewis was the son of a Virginia slave woman.

A youth of 17 years, at Utica, N. Y., while trying to turn a back hand spring a few days ago, injured his spine and died on Saturday.

The solemn man of the Temperance Club hunts round for the den of vice, he hooks his fish with kindly bait and pulls him out in a trice; he takes him round to an eating house and strings his nerves with a meal, then tosses him up to the signing place and so's him right on his head.—Halifax Herald.

During a recent terrific thunder storm near Walton, N. Y., a railroad train was struck by lightning. The lightning was so intense and constant that the train seemed to be enveloped in a sheet of electrical fire. A fearful crash came, and instantly the engine was in a volume of electricity, balls of fire encircled the driving wheels as they revolved. Nearly every person on the train experienced a severe shock. A large tree nearby was shattered.

UNNATURAL PARENT.—Last October a Swiss widow, named Hendrickson, placed her two small children in the Protestant Infants' Home, near Dalhousie square, entreating the matron in the most affectionate manner to take care of them for a short time. Ten days, however, had scarcely elapsed before the authorities of the Home learned that the woman had made acquaintance with a respectable character, and was leading a life of shame at Lachine. No time was lost in looking her up, and as she is a strong, healthy woman, well able to support her children, they were made over to her. Nothing further was heard of the occurrence until yesterday, when Caroline Ouellet, living at No. 22, Queen street, with whom it is said the woman Hendrickson resided for some time, made her appearance at the Infants' Home with one of the children, and asked admittance for it, saying it had been thrust upon her by the mother and that she could not keep it at her house, as one of her own children was suffering from a chronic illness. According to the rules of the Institution, the matron, Mrs. Wilson, could not admit the child until more enquiries were made, and she accordingly directed Mrs. Ouellet to take care of the child for the night and bring it again next morning. On hearing this the woman became furious and threw the infant behind the stove. She was ordered out of the building with the child, but again refused to take it away, flinging the helpless infant on the steps. The matron then took charge of the infant, and a policeman took the infuriated woman to the central station, where she was locked up for the night. Meanwhile, a child she had left at home, a boy of 11 years, far advanced in consumption, having no one to attend to him, grew worse, and this morning was on the point of death when a gentleman hearing of the sad occurrence, came to the station to bail out the unfortunate woman, who returned to her desolate home only a few moments before the boy expired. Her grief, when brought before the Recorder this morning, was intense. As no evidence was adduced against her she was discharged. The police are now looking for the real culprit and the cause of all the trouble. Mrs. Hendrickson alias Booth, who is supposed to have left the city, and gone to Quebec. The tale is a sad one and we hope that no accusation of harsh treatment will justify her against any one in the premises.—Montreal Star, 23d.

Adrian Stevens the inventor of the steam whistle, died recently at the age of eighty-one. As a civil engineer, Mr. Stevens was well known, and appreciated by many persons. The claims of Mr. Stevens were brought before the scientific world some few years since, and a subscription was raised which gave the inventor of the steam whistle the comforts he required in his old age.

ANCIENT ORNAMENTS OF CYPRUS LADIES.—They had delicious ideas of taste and beauty, those Cypriot ladies of the olden time. We have never seen more beautiful jewelry than they wore. Their parriages were of a thousand forms, and they wore necklaces in many shapes, and some of the ladies of ancient Karium, when they wished to pay vows to the temple, by good luck gave their necklaces. We say by good luck, for this it happens that we have become heirs to them, and know that they were necklaces of fine gold beads, of beads and agate, of alternate links of gold, and of agates cut in long shapes mounted with gold caps finely ornamented

and having agate pendants with gold settings. The children of those days seem to have worn little bracelets of delicate chain-work, with a round gold button at the clasp. There are several of them here.

Objects in enamel are numerous, and cloisonne enamel was one of their favorite styles of ornamenting jewelry. There is a pair of heavy gold bracelets on which the bands forming the cloisons remain, but from which the enamel has disappeared. In fact, the enamel has mostly vanished from all the specimens of cloisonne work but in a few it remains in a disintegrated condition, while in one of the gold necklaces from which the enamel has nearly vanished one little fragment remains, giving the clear translucent glint of a vitreous substance, and showing that the entire necklace must have shone once with the lustre of emeralds. A large pendant, set with an eye-like agate, is a splendid specimen. * * * * * And there are some things here in silver which were they perfect would ravish the eyes of our lady readers, and ever which some of them who love old art will find in delightful raptures. These are silver belts worn by the ladies of Cyprus in the ancient years. Within the past year or two a fashion has prevailed among ladies in America of wearing broad metallic belts of silver or other metal. Could an American lady possess one of those belts of Cypriot make in its original freshness, or its face made, she would be very happy. Delicately engraved in patterns, inlaid or overlaid with gold, they are exceedingly beautiful. From a brief examination of some of these, we are struck with the idea that when they were made silver was more precious than gold, and that the gold which shines out of them was used for color to set off the beautiful patterns in silver. Do not imagine, dear matron, from our account that you will see a shining silver belt, the zone of an ancient Venus, when you visit the museum. But you will see rows of rough, dark, ashy looking fragments, the glow of ancient splendor showing through the decay. The slender form of beauty, once surrounded by this belt of rare and delicate workmanship which retains today the contour of the form it encircled, in dust of the old island of Cyprus, and the metal zone is almost dust as well.—WALTER C. PHOENIX, in Harper's Magazine for August.

He was selling picture frames. He was a nice looking young man, and depended on his looks for custom. He called at a house in one of our back streets, and his knock was answered by a middle-aged lady in black. "Wilson?" he mentally examined, then putting on his most pleasant look he said:

"Good day, an' a beautiful weather for those that are left to enjoy it." Then noticing that the lady was in tears, he continued: "But we are cut off from this life, sometimes without a moments warning, and our friends are taken from us one by one, and madam, bearing of your sad misfortune, I called to offer my sympathy, and if you will allow the trouble to look over these, I've no doubt you'll find one that will exactly fit the picture of your dear, dead husband."

"See here, young man! you git off that d-d step, and dust, I ain't got any dear, dead husband, nor don't want any either; I'm mad clear through, to think that, that darn dress-maker didn't put any pocket and bow on this black silk, and I don't want any more of your gab, so wait!" He waited. S. S. DALL.

POST-OFFICE HONORS.—The following amusing reminiscences of the Post-office Department at Washington are sent to us by a gentleman who was formerly one of its most able and distinguished officials:—When Francis Granger was Postmaster General, he used to take great pleasure in heading off incompetent office seekers by producing the neat and well lettered books of the then financial officer of the department, the genial John Marron, and asking the applicant if he could keep accounts as neatly as those were kept. This question never failed to prove a rather Judge Callahan, on assuming the charge of the department, having previously been a member of Congress, was already ac-

quainted with some of the clerks, whom he had met in the course of business, and one day, when contemplating some rhapsodies, he had called before him among others, Mr. Marron, present chief clerk of the Appointment Office. In a half-sarcastic, half-jealous manner, the judge said:

"Well, Mr. Marron, do you think the department could get along without you?"

The quick answer was evidently free from much apprehension of danger: "I don't know how that may be, judge; but I know that I couldn't get along without the department."

He was retained. The dull routine of office was often enlivened, by reports, Dimas, sometimes called "the Earl," was perhaps the bigger way. He delighted in rallying the staff and said John Smith as having been one of the three militia at the "Bladensburg races." Said he, "The red-coats got a little the better of you at first, but you beat them in the long run."—Editor's DRAWING in Harper's for August.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)
The Nook & Cranny Told by a Swimmer.

At noon yesterday a policeman found a boy bathing in a slip near the foot of Broad street, and he called to the lad to come out and be arrested like a man for breaking the ordinance.

"Is it for the ordinance for a boy to fall into the river?" cried the latter.

"No, sir; but you are naked."

"Does the law say that a boy has got to have his clothes on when he falls in?"

"The ordinance prohibits bathing here, and now you come out."

"Is it bathing when a fellow cuts his foot on a piece of tin, knocks his head against a bonnet, and swallows four outish and a grub of mud?"

"I want you to call the officer, and say 'What for?' called the boy, and the policeman said 'You're out of your mind.'"

"I can't swim," sorrowfully answered the latter. "I've had truth, I've jumped in here to see and draw my tongue, but my hair pulled off and she's out of the bottom." As I have no witness I don't go to trial.

"I'll bring you out," growled the officer, as he made for a boat. But the boy disappeared and was seen no more. While the officer was looking over the water the half of a good sized seal pie suddenly slid down the back of his neck and into his boots, and a musical flourish was heard to say:

"My shield, on him! his wife beeches turned around, and his coat is strong and up, but I feel as clean as new stamped from the post-office, and for what an appetite I've got for your corn balls!"

A PINE PLANT OF THE QUEEN.—The finest point to which attention may be directed was recently illustrated by our friend Hyacinth, who announced the possibility of his going to Greenland on Decoration day.

Hyacinth has a soldier brother buried in the cemetery, and Mrs. H. suggested that, if he did go, he should provide him self with flowers to deck "Dear Will's" grave.

Lots in the way he returned, Hyacinth asked Mrs. H. "Did you go to Greenland?" asked Mrs. Hyacinth.

"Well, I'm real sorry you went off with out my flowers to put on Will's grave," said the kind hearted little woman.

"Oh, never mind," said the complacent Hyacinth—"I left my visiting card."

"Po-haps brother Will was just as well pleased with this delicate mark of attention."—EMERSON'S DRAWING, in Harper's Magazine for August.

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