

D STORE,
(Water Street,
Andrews.

peetfully announces to the
Andrews and vicinity,
FD A STORE at the
here he will keep for
Stock of

OUR,

ONS, AND

eries.

ther with

D WARE

ually found in such an
ests by attention to business
s, to merit a share of public

for the "Travellers Accident
o," of Hartford, and already
and accident.

EMER YARD, from which
er for building and other pur-
transact business as an Au-

W. R. MORRIS.

4, 1871.

MAILS.

il arrangements at the Post
ews, are as follows:

ARRIVE.

West, daily by train, Sunday

St. George, daily at 6 P. M.

m Chamcock and Boaboe

nday, Wednesday and Friday

P. M.

om Grand Manan, Campo

ello, Indian Island, Lord's Cove

nd Fairhaven, on Tuesday and

Sunday at 8.30 A. M.

Thursday and Saturday at

10.30 A. M.

DEPART.

Sunday excepted, 8.30 A. M.

St. George, daily at 6 P. M.

amcock and Boaboe, Monday,

Wednesday and Friday, 7 A. M.

o Grand Manan, Campo Belle,

Indian Island, Lord's Cove and

Fairhaven, Wednesday and Sa-

nday at 8.30 A. M.

Thursday and Saturday at

10.30 A. M.

ers to be forwarded by Train

8 A. M.

all hours during the day, the

for delivery 1 hour and 20 m

re the arrival of the Train.

GEO. F. CAMPBELL,

Post Master.

ews, }
72. } Feb 7 '81

G MACHINES.

Y FAMILY SHOULD HAVE

original Weed Sewing

Machines.

ted Machines are now on sale a

where the public are invited to

for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,

Agent.

CHANGE HOTEL,

King Street.

Stephen N. B.

J. NEILL, Proprietor.

ONGOU TEA.

Trejan" from London.

is & Half Chests good Congo

J. W. STREET

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

VARII SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 33

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 14, 1872.

Vol 39

BANK OF
British North America.
Head Office—London, England.
CAPITAL
One Million Pounds Sterling,
(\$5,000,000.)
Five per cent **Interest** ALLOWED
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.
Drafts issued on St. John New York, Boston,
Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,
California and British Columbia.
Open in St. ANDREWS
Every Day from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.
JAS. S. LOCKIE,
MANAGER, St. Stephen.
American Canning.

Some years ago, during the heat of a coffee speculation in B. town, when every body was holding on, waiting for the article to advance, an old merchant, keen as a razor, whose store was packed from the first to the fourth floor with prime green Rio, concluded, from which he well understood, that prices had reached their acme. He was too old a hand at the bellows not to know, that the moment he, with his immense stock, began to sell off, the alarm would be taken, and down would go the prices. Quietly sending off a pretty stiff invoice of the article to auction, and giving the auctioneer a gentle hint to mind his own business, he attended the sale and bade readily at prevailing prices for the coffee. Other holders, who knew that he had about four times as much on hand as they had, concluded that it was safe to do it when he did, and so stood up manfully and bought largely. While old Mr. —'s carmen were tumbling his purchases into the front door of his warehouse, five times as many were carrying coffee away from the back door. One day he failed to appear at a coffee sale, and most of the dealers took the alarm, and prices declined a little. During the afternoon, a pretty large holder, who had always been ready to buy when he saw Mr. — willing, met him in the street, and asked the rate of coffee.

"I don't know what it's going at to day," replied the old fellow, as cool and pleasant as an ice cream.

"It declined a little this morning."

"Did it?" responded Mr. —, with what seemed to his fellow tradesmen a strange manifestation of indifference.

"Yes, certainly! Haven't you heard it before?"

"No; but I expected as much."

"Why, we shall be ruined if the prices go down!"

"Not all, I presume," replied Mr. —, with an unmoved countenance.

"Why, you are into it deeper than any of us."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. —, in well feigned astonishment; "why, I have not a single bag in my store!"

The next day the bubble burst, and a d. z. grasping speculators, who had been for a month or two dreaming night and day over their golden gains, were ruined.

An Account of the Drunken Sea.

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Drunken Sea from the beach of Soberland, where you take shipping, as far as Point Just-Enough. The clear and smooth water is scarcely so much as rippled by the light breeze which wafts from the shore the fragrance of a thousand flowers. No mist ever broods upon the water, no cloud overcasts the soft blue sky. The glorious image of the sun by day, the silvery face of the moon by night, are nowhere seen to so much advantage as in the mirror of Pleasant Bay, for so this part of the Drunken Sea has been most appropriately named. The current being always towards Point Just-Enough, and the wind, if you can apply that name to the gentle breath which no more than fills your sails, always in the same direction, the passage is so smooth and easy that it is not unfrequently happens that the voyager finds himself close upon the Point almost before he is aware that he has left Soberland.

The voyage is usually performed in boats made out of porter hogheads, or wine pipes, or spirit puncheons. It is astonishing what excellent sailing boats these vessels make, when divided longitudinally, and furnished with sails and oars. Riches having the advantage everywhere, upon the Drunken Sea as well as upon land, the boats which are used by the rich are much more elegant, easy, and commodious, although perhaps not faster sailers, than those which are used by the poor. Besides the fares, there are certain tolls payable by all persons who sail upon the Drunken Sea. These tolls are so considerable as to form a principal part of the revenues of some of the im-

perial governments of Soberland. Notwithstanding the expense which is thus necessarily attendant upon sailing on the Drunken Sea, the number of persons, rich and poor, who sail upon it, exceeds all calculation; the rich paying the expense out of their superfluities, the poor out of their necessities. Some, however, insist that in the end the poor bear the whole expense, and pay out of their necessities for the rich man's voyage as well as their own.

The voyage to Point Just-Enough becomes more and more agreeable the nearer you approach the Point. The air becomes still more soft and balmy, the blue of the sky and water still more delicious, and even the sombre objects of Soberland, now somewhat in the distance, seem to acquire a certain mellowness and splendor from the new medium through which they are seen. In the meantime, a corresponding change takes place in the passengers themselves; they experience an agreeable sensation of warmth, commencing at the pit of the stomach, and gradually extending from thence over the whole body; their pulse beats quicker and stronger; their breath acquires an agreeable odour, not unlike that of the sea on which they sail; their eyes become brighter and softer, and sometimes even seem to sparkle; their cheeks flush a little; their hands are sensibly warmer to the touch; their looks and gestures become animated; they feel increased strength and courage, and readiness for action; their ideas succeed each other with greater rapidity and vivacity, and are a little less obedient to the will; they regard themselves with more complacency, their neighbours with more charity; gentlemen become less solicitous about the seat of their cravats; ladies, of their cuffs and collars; all become less serious; less disposed to deliberate; less inclined to prayer, or any other solemn religious duty; less scrupulous about right and wrong; less tight-laced; not so very sober; more gay, good-humored, frolicsome, frivolous; more inclined to singing, jesting, and light conversation; more voluble, energetic, eloquent; more ready to tell secrets, either of their own or their neighbours; more inclined to quarrel suddenly.

All voyagers to Point Just-Enough agree in the account which they give of their passage across Pleasant Bay, and of the agreeable sensations experienced on approaching the Point; but they disagree very much in their statements respecting the Point itself: some say that it is farther off, others that it is nearer; some that it lies more to the north, others more to the east; many assert that it recedes as you approach it, while some maintain that it moves forward, and comes to meet you before you have more than half crossed Pleasant Bay.

The voyage homewards from Point Just-Enough is much less agreeable than the voyage outwards; the air gradually loses its balminess, and the landscape its brilliant colours; the current and wind, too, although gentle, yet being against you, make it necessary to tack, and thus render the passage tedious. There are few who do not experience, as they return, some diuretic effect, as well as a slight degree of thirst, the latter of which continues after landing, and even until bedtime, unless removed by tea or coffee. The night's sleep is less soft and refreshing, but at the same time heavier than if no visit had been paid to the Point in the day; and on awakening the next morning, a degree of languor is experienced, and sometimes even a little throbbing at the temples, which symptoms, however, disappear either during the making of the toilet, or soon after breakfast, and are succeeded by a strong desire for another voyage to Point Just-Enough. This desire being gratified with as little delay as possible, the same sensations are experienced, and the same consequences ensue; and thus a habit is formed, which increases in strength, until at last a daily visit to Point Just-Enough comes to be considered almost as a necessary of life.

Pleasant Bay is therefore covered from early morning until a late hour at night with boats conveying passengers of all ranks and descriptions to Point Just-Enough and back again. The intercourse is, however, by far the greatest from dinner-hour until tea-time, the evening being generally considered the most fashionable as well as the most convenient and agreeable time for the voyage. Some dine before they set out, but the greater number take their dinner on board.

Tipsey Island is always full of visitors. The sensations experienced on this island differ only in degree from those which are felt at Point Just-Enough. The pulse and heart beat a little quicker and stronger, the eyes become brighter, the skin hotter, the face more flushed, the voice louder, the gestures more vehement, the conversation less connected, the pleas rambling and incoherent. Some dance, some sing, some swear, some fight, all stagger about; some become loyal, others patriotic, some poetical, others philosophical; all are vehement, disinterested, magnanimous, chivalrous. It is usual to remain several hours, and even to pass the night upon the island. A few remain upon it for several days together; but as it is con-

sidered discreditable to be seen upon it in the morning, those who regard appearances usually leave for Soberland some time before daybreak: many fall asleep on the island, and are carried in that state to their boats. In the morning, all awake unrefreshed, with a parched mouth, hot skin, red eyes, aching head, and no appetite for breakfast, and spend the day drinking soda water at the great fountain on the quay of Soberland, which looks toward Pleasant Bay, and longing for evening in order to return to Tipsey Island, or at least as far as Point Just-Enough.

Tipsey Island is said to have been first discovered by Noah, who planted vines upon it. It was afterwards sacred to Bacchus, whose temple, situated about the middle of the island, is in a high state of preservation. It has been visited by Alexander the Great, and most of the illustrious men both of ancient and modern times, the names of many of whom are to be seen, carved with their own hands, upon the bark of the vines. Its daily visitors sing a song which runs nearly as follows:—

The sea, the sea, the Drunken Sea;
The blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever free.
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the soul, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled monster lies,
Or like a cradled monster lies.
I'm on the sea, the Drunken Sea;
I am where I would ever be,
With heaven above, and hell below,
And ruin where'er I go.
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.
—What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride, to ride
On the fierce, the foaming, madd'ning tide!
When every wild wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles off its tempest tune;
And Soberland far below,
And how on the horrors the storm doth blow,
And how on the horrors the storm doth blow,
I never was on the Sober shore,
But I loved the Drunken Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born, was born on the Drunken Sea,
For I was born, was born on the Drunken Sea.

I have lived since then in claim and strife,
Full fifty summers a jovial life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
And never have sought or sigh'd for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea,
Shall come, shall come, on the Drunken Sea.

We recommend this excellent parody on the favorite song of "The Sea" to be sung at all public temperance meetings.

Error of giving Infants Medicine.

Many mothers are continually administering medicines of one kind or another, and thereby deranging instead of promoting the healthy operation of the infant system. Instead of looking upon the animal economy as a mechanism in a state to work well under certain conditions, and having in virtue of that constitution, a natural tendency to rectify any temporary aberrations under which it may suffer, provided the requisite conditions of action be fulfilled, they seem to regard it as a machine acting upon no fixed principles, and requiring impulse to be driven by some foreign impulse in the shape of medicine. Under this impression, they are ever on the watch to see what they can do to keep it moving; and, altogether distrustful of the sufficiency of the Creator's arrangements, they no sooner observe a symptom than they are ready with a remedy. Such persons never stop to inquire what the cause is—whether it has been, or can be, removed—or whether its removal will not of itself be sufficient to restore health. They jump at once to the fact that disease is there, and to a remedy for that fact. If the child is convulsed, they do not inquire whether the convulsions proceed from tooth-ache, indigestion, or worm; but forthwith administer a remedy to check the convulsions; and very probably the one used is inapplicable to the individual case; and both the disease and the cause being in consequence left in full operation, instead of being removed, the danger is increased.

I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that a child can encounter few greater dangers than that of being subjected to the vigorous discipline of a medicine-giving mother, or nurse; and wherever a mother of a family is observed to be ready with the use of calomel, cordials, and other active drugs, the chances are that one-half of her children will be found to have passed to another world.

Even when the child is under the care of a professional adviser, it is by no means safe from the risk arising from the exhibition of heterogeneous medicines. Whenever a child

is seriously ill, there is not only great anxiety on the part of the mother, but much sympathy on the part of friends and neighbours, every one of whom has her own story of what was done with such another child in the same situation, and the great good obtained from such and such medicines. In vain the mother may urge that the physician has seen the patient, and already prescribed a different course. Enquiries are poured in with an earnestness proportioned to the danger, just to try the vaunted remedy without letting the doctor or interrupting the use of his medicines. Anxious for the relief of her child, the mother often yields before her bitter judgment can come into play to prevent it, and is a short time the child perhaps suffers from this abuse of incompete or dangerous remedies, which aggravates the original disease. Those who are accustomed to a fleet before they act, would be amazed if they were to witness the perilous follies sometimes perpetrated in this way, and the perfect self-complacency with which the anticipated results are looked for from the individual doses, so matter how much they may counteract each other.

The system of concealment from the family physician, into which the adoption of "every body's" advice is so apt to lead, is itself an evil of the first magnitude. By inducing him to ascribe effects to wrong causes, it necessarily tends to mislead his judgment, and may thus render him also unwittingly an instrument of mischief. The maternal anxiety which lies at the root of the error is highly natural, and every sensible parent will make allowances for its impulses, even where they are ill directed and injurious to himself. But the fair and proper way for the mother is, not to act upon the suggestions of others without the knowledge of the medical attendant, but to state simply, and in an honest spirit, that certain suggestions have been made, and inquire whether they meet with his approbation or not. If they do, they will then be adapted by him to the necessities and peculiarities of the individual case, and the different parts of the treatment be carried on consistently and safely. If, on the contrary, they do not, the physician will have the opportunity of assigning a reason for the disapproval, and of pointing out the greater fitness of the means already employed; and if the parent shall not be satisfied with this explanation, he can then, either decline further responsibility, or take care that the trial be made with as much safety and prospect of advantage as possible. [Dr. Combe on the Management of Infancy.]

A Chinese City.

Canton is the happiest looking city I have seen in China, and everywhere the people seem ready for fun. Children are born in the boats, and live all their lives in the boats, and the mother of them often rows or skiffs with the child strapped on her back. Upon some of her children are tied bamboo flutes, so that if the darling tumbles overboard it is easily fished up and in. Then there are grand boat restaurants where parties go to feast, free from the dead air of the narrow streets, and enjoying the free air of the river. At night the river is gay as the city, for the gates of the city—gates by the score within the wall gates of the city—obstruct all night locomotion, while the river is open and free. I love to reel in a boat-house at night, breathe the cool air, hear the squeaking oar or harp of the Chinamen, see his fire crackers, pop into his restaurant, hear the ladies squall, and the mothers and fathers snore. Canton is divided by its streets into hundreds of apartments at night, and in or over each apartment is a gate closed at night. For order and peace every little community within these gates is responsible to the authorities, for there is no local police. The system works well—shuts up shops at dark, sends people to bed early, stops all night gallies, all theatre going, all courting and bawling, brings husbands home early, and keeps him from straying at night, and bangs into you if you do not sail straight.

An Ingenious Clock.

Droz a mechanic of Geneva, produced a clock which excelled all others in ingenuity. On it were seated a negro, shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This wonderful machine was exhibited to the king of Spain, who was delighted with it.

"The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his last merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity."

The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, barking so loudly that the king's dog, which was in the room, began to bark also. At this the courtiers, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they departed. Having desired the Minister of Marine (the only one who ventured to remain) to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister did so, but obtained no reply. Droz then observed that

the negro had not learned Spanish, upon which the question was repeated in French, when the black immediately answered him. At this prodigy the firmness of the minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of supernatural being.

JAPANESE BREACHES OF PROMISE.—After a Japanese lover has proven false to his vows, the deserted maiden rises at about two o'clock in the morning, and dons a white robe and high sandals or clogs. Her coil is a metal tripod, in which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover—and in her right she sweeps a bamboo and nail, with which she nails it to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that if her petition be heard she will herself pull out the nails which offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and each night she strikes in two more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover's life, for the goal, to save his life, will surely strike him dead. It is a curious illustration of the hold superstition yet has on the Japanese mind.

BEING TAKEN UNAWARES.—A beggar who had tried many ways for increasing his finances, at last hit on the plan of pretending to be dumb. A gentleman who was passing by knew the beggar by sight, and going up to him, asked him promptly, "Pray, how long have you been dumb?" The beggar was taken unawares, and had no time to decide on not speaking, and answered quickly, "From my earliest youth." So, sudden or startling events seem to give the mind, as it were, a good shaking, and the truth comes out in spite of ourselves. We often say on the sudden a thing which, though perfectly true, may, because of its truth, perhaps, we should keep back, if we were at ease and not taken by surprise.

DOMESTIC USES OF BORAX.—Borax is the cockroach exterminator yet discovered. This troublesome insect has a great aversion to it, and will never return where it has once been scattered. As the salt is perfectly harmless to human beings, it is much to be preferred for this purpose to the poisonous substances commonly used. Borax is also a valuable laundry use, instead of soda. Add a handful of it powdered to about ten gallons of boiling water, and you need use only half the ordinary allowance of soap. For lace, cambrics, etc., use an extra quantity of the powder. It will not injure the texture of the cloth in the least. For cleansing the hair nothing is better than a solution of borax water. Wash afterwards with pure water, if it leaves the hair too stiff. Borax dissolved in water is also an excellent dentifrice or tooth wash.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—There is a place in Oregon called Smoky Valley, where the people have a curious way of cooking. They do not have the trouble of making a fire every morning when they wish to get breakfast. They just walk out with their kettles, coffee pots, and what ever else they need, and cook them at the boiling spring. The water seems a great deal hotter than the common boiling water, and all they need to do to hang their kettles is to for a short time, and their food is nicely cooked. They are able even to bake it. The bread is put into a tight sauce-pan, and lowered into the boiling oil for an hour or two, and then drawn up most exquisitely baked, with but a thin rim of the crust over it. Meat is cooked here, and beans, which are miners' great luxury. It takes but a minute to cook eggs, or to make a pot of coffee or tea; but if there should be a slip between the cup and the lip, food would be gone beyond recovery.

A worthy man in a town near Hartford who labors under the unenviable name of Pigg—unenviable, yet highly appropriate to any descendant of Eve, the spare rib—recently married a lady whose maiden name was Young. A few days since, a child was born to the wedded pair, and a rich uncle of the young 'un, who, like Gilpin, "loves a timely joke," promised to heavily endow the boy if the parents would christen him with the maternal name. The fond but thrifty parents consented, and the youth will hereafter be known to his friends as "Young Pigg." If that youth doesn't rise up and call them all the reverend of blessed he will be a spiritless fellow.

"I say, Higgins, I met a rich old gentleman, who declared he would give five hundred dollars to see you perform Hamlet."—"You don't say so?"—"Fact, I assure you, and I'm positive he meant it."—"By Jove, then it's a bargain!" cried Higgins. "I'll play it for my ben fit. For 'ho iah, o—'—Ah, to be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a blind man."

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,100 miles long.