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Poetry

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbour bar, wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master has passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer, no other hand
As it answered mine when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

The red sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in the days of yore;
We will clasp them, he'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore.

JERRY THE MISER.

It was a cobbler's shop, breaking the row of
small private houses in a shabby suburban
street. How it came there nobody knew; what
is more, nobody cared.

Near the door, on this particular afternoon,
were two females, the one elderly, the other
graceful and young; both in deepest mourning.
Fronting them were two London street Arabs,
as ragged as they were mischievous; before the
shop stood the oldest being, imaginable, a
little old man about four feet high, and with a
not over-clear face, iron-grey hair on which
rested a worn skin cap, shaggy brows, rather
low legs, and a dirty leather apron. In irate
tones he was addressing the boy.

"On with you, you young rascals! If you
come playing your hopscotch and Sally come-
ups before my window again, I'll flay you."
Before the muscular fists the boys fled, hur-
ling back derision. "Well done, Jerry—old
Jerry, the miser!"

The cobbler, for he hardly merited the more
emphatic title of shoemaker, paid no heed, but
glancing up from his bent brows at the two
women, asked, "And what may you want?"

"We—we see," began the younger, look-
ing timidly towards the square card in the window.
"You have apartments to let?"

"No, I've rooms—rooms! I don't know noth-
ing about apartments, I ain't up to them, nor
the rooms ain't neither. Do you want to see
'em?"

"We did wish."
"All right; come along!" and the little man
swung on his heel.

The two women, hesitating looked at one
another.

"We had better see them mother," said the
younger, with a wan smile of encouragement.
"His bark may be worse than his bite, and all
the other places are so dear."

Following the cobbler through the shop, he
led them upstairs to the rooms. There were
two communicating by a door with each other;
they were poorly furnished, but clean. As the
women looked at them the cobbler stared at
them silently.

"Well, he asked, 'what do you think of them?'
They will do very well, said the widow, 'I'll
only—the price!'

the daughter went through the shop. The
mother, never left the house. But Jerry,
like most cobbler, was a man of observation,
and he made such comments as the following:
"She's a beauty, she is; but awful white and
red. It's my opinion, it's hard times with
them up stairs, and all that sort of thing."
Then when the girl went out earlier and
came home later, even with a sadder, more
depressed expression, "I'll tell you what it is,
Jerry! she's seeking work and doesn't get it."
One evening a few weeks after Mrs. Weston
and her daughter rented the cobbler's apart-
ments, the latter entered the shop later than
usual.

The primer lamp was flaring dimly, and
Jerry, a loon on his knee, was hard at work.
After the customary salutation, the girl was
passing on, when the cobbler's voice arrested
her.

"Say, your mother's ill, ain't she?" he asked,
nursing his knee with both arms.

"Yes, Mr. Crayshaw, I am sorry to say she
has been for some while ailing. She—she—
and the young voice trembled with fear—
"Yes, yes, I'm well, thank you."

"Ah, that's the fault, you see, of having no
money. Good evening."

He resumed his work, and the girl scarcely
cheered by this little episode, went, with a
heavy heart, up stairs.

Mrs. Weston was so ill she was lying on her
bed. The candle was in her room, and in the
parlor grate burned a few sparks of fire, over
which was a success. On the table was a
teacup, and a portion of a previous day's loaf.
It was such a depressing welcome home after
the weary, weary day, that with difficulty the
poor girl could control her emotion.

"Is that you, Clara?" asked the widow's feeble
voice.

"Yes, mother," she replied, "I'm here."
"Come to me, my child!"

Clara pressed her white hands to her bosom,
made an effort and passed into the bedroom.
But her mother's first words beat down all her
noblest efforts, heroic self-repression.

"Clara, dear, you had better success today!"
The girl dropped to a chair, and burying her
face in the cushion, burst into a paroxysm of
weeping.

"No, mother," she sobbed, hysterically. "It's
the same old, old story; I can get nothing.
What shall we do? I feel heart broken."

"Clara, Clara, my child," ejaculated the moth-
er, fondly embracing her, "do not give way.
What, indeed, will become of us then? My
brave, brave girl do not weep thus."

"Pray let me mother; I shall be better after
this."

She apparently was right, for at the end of a
few moments she looked up calmer and her
tears ceased.

"I am a miser, and I am proud of it. Some
men are called painters and poets. I'm called
cobbler and miser."

"Really," said Clara, a little amused, "a little
frightened, looking at the glowing coals; 'I
should have sincerely thought so.' That shows
your ignorance," responded Jerry. "Can't you
see my speculation, it's cheaper to keep one
good fire than two small ones? So I'm going
to sit by yours. Also clapping two persons tea
together is cheaper than taking it alone. It
makes only one for the pot necessary. You
perceive, now, I am a miser. I want to take
my tea here."

Clara looked at the table; upon it was a new
loaf, fresh butter, eggs, and a neat package of
tea.

"Oh, Mr. Crayshaw—she began.
"Are you going to refuse?" he snapped.
"Mayn't I have tea?"

"How could I refuse?" she began, when he
interrupted her.

"Then don't lose time. See to the kettle.
I'll boil the eggs."

Similar behavior from some people might
have given offence, but there was such a quaint,
old way about Jerry that it rubbed it of that
power. He was so old, and snapped and
started as if really his suggestion was the
result of deep rooted meanness. Instead of the
contrary, Mrs. Weston did make some demur,
but Jerry shut her up at once.

"I see. She's frightened at your taking tea
with such a fascinating fellow as I am," he
said. "Leave the door ajar, then the old lady
can take a squint at us now and then, and join
the talk. I'm a wild young sprig, I confess."

Clara could not refrain from bursting into a
merry peal of laughter. Jerry's gray eyes
twinkled with delight under his shaggy brows
as he looked up at her.

Well, the two bustled about the cobbler's
certainly the brightest until they were fi-
nally seated at a very comfortable tea.

During the meal, Mrs. Weston thought it
right to inform their new friend something
of their history.

In her husband's lifetime they had been
well to do. At his death they could have
lived comfortably, had not a Mr. John Burge
suddenly brought heavy claims on
the dead man's property.

"I never quite understood what it was, I
only know he must have been paid," said
the widow dolorously. "But we haven't
some papers we ought to have had to prove it."
So he took from his every penny and
left as you now see.

"A confounded villain," exclaimed Jerry,
cracking his egg with the bowl of his spoon,
as if it had been Mr. John Burge's bald
head he had got under it.

"Then all our friends deserted us!"
"Except one, broke in Clara with height-
ened color, which was not unnoticed by the
cobbler."

"But one as yet," added the widow. "He
is a gentleman, Mr. Crayshaw, who—who was
once a very great friend of my
father's. He was in Australia at the
time of our trouble, and though we wrote
to tell him we have not heard a syllable
since. You know the world, Mr. Cray-
shaw."

"I do ma'am," answered Jerry, emphatically,
"and I know it's a sight better than
people would try to make it."
"Ah!" cried Clara gratefully, her face
radiant as involuntarily she extended her
hand. "You think he may be true?"

"He'd be the greatest villain under the
sun if he were not my dear, dear old
man's child; adding to himself, 'Poor
child, poor child, she then has to learn that
lovers' vows are easier broken than shoe-
strings, and thought about as little!'

After all this, still protesting that it was
cheaper for him, as a miser, to supply Mrs.
Weston's fire, than to burn one of his own,
he frequently passed his evenings with
them. He also procured Clara some shoe
tending to do, which, though hard and diffi-
cult work, was something.

At the end of the week he was grimac-
ing at a boy through the blinds in the win-
dow, when Clara came to pay the rent.

"Take it away," he said; "let it stand
now."

"Oh, we could not think of that," began
the girl. "We were going to ask you if
you would not mind a portion of it being
left for next—"

"Take it away," reiterated Jerry, getting
into a fury, "I won't touch a farthing. I
like being a creditor, for I can charge in-
terest."

This kindness after all you have done,
robbed Clara, her tears falling.

"Go away," roared Jerry, "I ain't going to
have a scene here, they'll be taking me up
for assault and battery next. Be off; and
I'll be up to tea in five minutes."

"Blas your generous heart, which no as-
sumed roughness can hide," exclaimed
Clara gratefully, as she hurried from the
shop.

Sitting down Jerry bent his head on the
cushion, and bright tears trickled from his
eyes into the bowl in his lap.

"Poor things, poor things," he murmured,
"she's got to learn that vows are broken
easier than shoe strings, and—"

He was interrupted, by the shop door
opening. Looking up, he found before him
a tall, well dressed man with a bronzed
face, and thick beard and moustache. Jerry
started.

"Pardon my intruding," said the stranger,
"but can you give me the address of Mrs.
Weston and her daughter? I heard they
were living somewhere in this street."

"No," said Jerry. "What do you want
with 'em?"

"They are friends of mine. I should
think, have friends in this neighborhood?"
"In the land I came from, friend, the
rank is not the guinea's stamp. But I'll
seek elsewhere."

"Stay a moment; I'll enquire."

gures sick headache. The medical use
of the grass-hopper are excellent only
those of the eucalyptus and camomile,
while as a food he's delicious as ambrosia,
and nutritious as penicillin. It is a good
thing for us, after all, this plague of grass-
hoppers.

The Congregationalist prints a long list
of opinions from ministers and laymen as to
what is the proper length for a sermon. The
average sentiment seems to indicate 25 or
30 minutes.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

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