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wa, Oct. 4, 1871.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

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[32 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 278

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 10, 1872.

Vol 9

BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.

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JAS. S. LOCKIE,
MANAGER, St. Stephen.

Poetry.

A MONUMENT.

I learned this lesson on a stone
Older than Egypt's are its time;
It stood up in the world alone—
It said, "There is but One—But One!"
And then my eyes grew dim to see.

I had a temple and a shrine
All hidden, fair from men alone;
I came with gifts, I came with wine,
My best to serve this love of mine,
And there was nothing but a stone.

Oh God! great God! thou still unknown,
I see these altars every way;
I hear the call from stone to stone,
"There is but One—there is but One!"
Death is his prophet! come and pray!"

A Lady with Frogs in her Stomach.

Dr. Cabarus, who died at Paris last year, was
one of those jovial physicians, whose presence is
usually sought in the sick room as in society, and
who effect more with humor and pleasantry than
by medicine. Being a brother-in-law of Lesspess,
the celebrated engineer, and nearly related to a
princely family of his native land, he moved in
aristocratic circles, which deeply felt his loss. One
even, by which, at the commencement of his
career, he achieved a great reputation is charac-
teristic of the man. The Duchess of D., one of
the most aristocratic ladies of the Faubourg St.
Germain, had got possessed of the idea that she
had swallowed a frog. She felt this said frog, she
declared she did, and its presence robbed her of
peace of mind, sleep, and even of health. The
Parisian physicians had the rudeness to deny the
existence of this animal; ignorant as they were
that the poor lady suffered martyrdom.

A fortunate chance made her acquainted with
Dr. Cabarus, and to him she told her tale of woe.
He felt with a seriousness worthy of Hippocrates
himself the pulse of the fair patient, inquired after
various symptoms, and, when the charming aristo-
crat had exhausted all her store of arguments to
prove her pet illusion, the youthful doctor said
after a well-earned pause, "Madame, the frog is
there, but I will remove it." He then prescribed
an innocent emetic, and went to the nearest flower
shop, where he bought a small green frog. Armed
with this confederate he presented himself once
more before the duchess, and placed a large basin
of water in readiness. The emetic began to take
effect, the duchess's eyes filled with tears, and our
doctor took advantage of the opportunity to slip
the green frog into the basin. On seeing the frog
a load was removed from the duchess's heart, and
for an instant all seemed well. The next moment
she turned pale, and as Dr. Cabarus supported her
trembling frame, she cried in a despairing tone,
"Oh, doctor, I am not yet cured, for the frog has
left little ones behind her." "Stop," cried Cabarus,
without allowing a trace of embarrassment to be
seen in his manner, "that we shall soon see."
He then threw a searching glance upon the frog
which he had by this time taken in his hand, and
uttered with a certainty that settled the whole
question, these words, "Madame, that is an im-
possibility, the frog is a male!"

Strauss is a great favorite with the fair sex.
It is related of him that when he was in St.
Petersburg, the fair Russian belles made a
frightful series of demands upon him for locks
of his hair. Strauss viewed the prospect with
alarm, as so many souvenirs would leave him
bald. A brilliant idea struck him. His dog
was a huge black Newfoundland. Its shaggy
coat was of precisely the texture of his hair;
and to-day many a Russian album is enriched
by the possession of a cherished lock of hair
from Strauss's dog.

A REMARKABLE HISTORY.

In 1838, Mr. Thomas Sheehan, now as well as
then of Dunkirk, New York, foreman in the black
smith department of the Erie Railway shops at
that place, patented, a submarine grapple, which,
though an ingenious invention, proved to be one
for which there was little demand.

This was his first invention; and the cost of its
completion, together with one year's struggle to
manufacture and introduce it, completely exhaust-
ed Mr. Sheehan's means, and reduced him to the
extremest poverty. Now Mr. Sheehan, though
not fortunate in inventing, making, and selling
submarine grapples, had, in conjunction with his
good spouse, been eminently successful in increas-
ing his family, which comprised eight children at
the close of the year of struggle above mentioned.

Eight children, and an empty larder, are rather
stern facts when a father is called upon to meet
them. His good woman was decidedly bitter, and
her acerbity, added to the really desperate condi-
tion of Mr. Sheehan's finances, produced in him a
mental state under which some men would have
permanently gone to the bad.

Not so our inventor. He sought long and anx-
iously to provide support for the hungry mouths
that appealed to him for food.

It did not detract from the trouble of this criti-
cal period in Mr. Sheehan's life, to discover that
his failure had been due, in great measure, to the
dishonesty of a partner whom he had taken in
with him to aid in conducting the grapple busi-
ness.

Just at this crisis, Mr. S. D. Colwell, of Dun-
kirk, an old friend of Mr. Sheehan's, chanced to
meet our inventor in the streets of that thriving
town, and accosted him, with

"Well, Thomas, how are the grapples? I hear
they have 'used you up.'"
"Yes," was the answer, "the grapples have done
my business. I wish I had never seen them."
"Throw 'em away," advised Mr. Colwell. "Have
you any now finished?"

"I have one almost done," said Thomas.
"Finish that; I will pay you forty dollars for it,
and have it used for picking up coal at the dock.
The money will help you in your present emer-
gency, and you can go back to your old place in
the shop and earn a good living for your family."

"I will," said Thomas.
Back to his humble home, went our inventor
with new hope in his breast, and set himself to
finish the grapple with all due speed. But, alas,
upon what slender threads do the fortunes of men
hang! A tap, the only one our inventor had of
the size required, suddenly snapped asunder, and,
as it was essential to the progress of the work, he
must have a new one or he could not go on.

In this strait, he applied to his wife to lend him
twenty five cents to buy the necessary steel to
forge the tap. But she, having no faith in the
grapple, refused, for the two very good reasons—
first, that she believed the money would be thrown
away if she gave it to her husband; and second,
that she had not the money to give him, even if so
disposed. The refusal was seasoned with some
very hot words which made it very unpalat-
able to Thomas. But he bethought him of a mer-
chant, who, in brighter days, had seen the color
of his money, and who, perhaps, would now give
him credit for the small modicum of steel he re-
quired for the tap.

To this merchant he lied, and somewhat reluc-
tant to prefer his request, began beating about the
bush; and, straying into politics, hot words passed
between them, and our friend, feeling his man-
liness would suffer too keenly by asking credit for
the steel, came away without it.

With no definite purpose he went home, pon-
dering upon how he should surmount this, now so
trifling, obstacle of the broken tap.

He found his wife making ley for soft soap, but
her acidity in no way neutralized by the alkaline
reaction. Dependent and discouraged, he sat
down, in no very enviable mood, when he chanced
to spy a piece of iron lying near the tub at which
his spouse was working. Meditating upon how he
could make that piece of iron hard enough for a
tap, he was led to a rather rude experiment, the
results of which have in the end made him a richer
man than he ever dreamed of being.

It so happened that from a distant relative, a Ro-
man Catholic priest in Ireland, our friend had in-
herited quite a library of works on chemistry;
some of these rare and valuable. He had read
some of these books to very good purpose. "There
is surely carbon in that ley," thought he. "If I
only could get that into this iron in the proper
proportion, I should have steel, and from that my
tap, and so finish my grapple."

With little hope or faith that he should succeed,
he took some of the ley, and adding, without any
particular reason for so doing, some saltpeter and
common salt, made a paste with this solution and
a hard grained saucerful of the little remaining
dust there was in the house. He then forged the
tap, and, enveloping it in the paste, put the whole
into a luted iron box and exposed it to heat for
two hours in a blacksmith's fire. To his joy and

Homey Girls.

How did that homely woman contrive to get
married? is not unfrequently remarked of
some good domestic creature whom her hus-
band regards as the apple of his eye, and in
whose plain face he sees something better
than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of
their charms are rather prone to make obser-
vations of this kind; and conscious of the fact
that flowers of loveliness go off rapidly, is no
doubt in many cases at the bottom of the question.

The truth is, most men prefer homeliness and
amability to beauty and caprice. Many women
are apt to overvalue themselves, and in
waiting for an immense bid occasionally
overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on
the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies,
generally lay themselves out to produce an
agreeable impression and in most instances
succeed. They don't aspire to capture para-
gons with princely fortunes, but are willing to
take Providence may throw in their way.

The rockiest of our laughing Junes and co-
quettish Hecbes—is factious. They reject
and reject until nobody cares to wed them.
Men don't like to be subdued or to be trifled
with—a lesson that thousands of pretty wo-
men learn too late. Miss Hannah Moore, a
very excellent and pious person, who knew
her real self, recommends every unmar-
ried sister to accept the offer of the first good
set-aside lover who falls in her way. But ha-
des whose mirror, aided by the glamor of va-
nity, assures them that they were born for
conquest, pay no heed to such advice. It is a
noteworthy fact that homely girls generally
get better husbands than fall to the beautiful
sisters. Men who are caught by a beautiful
figure do not, as a rule amount to much.

The practical, useful, thoughtful portion of
mankind, is wisely content with unpretending
excellence.

An Irishman recently stopped at a hotel
Des Moines, Iowa where pretty high bills
were charged. In the morning the landlord
called out the damages and presented it to
Pat. After he had glanced over it, the latter
looked the landlord in the face, and exclaim-
ed:

"Ye put me in mind of a snipe."
"Why?" asked the landlord.
"Because ye're very high all bill."

Newspaper Patronage.

Some of the definitions of what is termed
"newspaper patronage," are thus given by a
contributor:

"Newspaper patronage is composed of many
different varieties. One man comes in, sub-
scribes for a paper, and pays for it in advance.
He goes home and reads it, with a proud sat-
isfaction that it is his.

He lends it to his place-of business,
and reaps the advantage. This is newspaper
patronage.

Another man says: "You must put my
name on your books, and goes off without say-
ing a word about pay. Time passes on, you
want your pay, which is honestly due; he
gets mad and orders his paper stopped. This
is called newspaper patronage."

Another man has been a subscriber for a
long time, but he has never paid a cent. At
last he comes tired of you—santa's change,
and thinks he must have a paper in some dis-
tant city. He tells the postmaster he don't
want your paper, and it is returned to you
marked "refused." Does he call and pay?
No; he wants the money to pay for his city
paper. And this, too, is called newspaper
patronage!

Another man brings in a dollar advertise-
ment, and wants a two dollar notice given it.
If you refuse, he goes off and mutters some-
thing about competition and extravagant rates.
I think that you editors like that kind of
patronage.

Another man lives near you but don't take
the paper. He don't like the editor or the
paper is too small, or the politics don't suit
him. Yet he goes to his neighbor's, reads it,
finds fault with it and quarrels with the opi-
nions of the editor. Sometimes he sees an
article he likes, and begs for the number to
take home. This is also called newspaper
patronage.

Another man takes two or three "city pa-
pers," and can't sell off his country paper,
but he likes it, and comes into the office and
begs an almost every week. This is first-
class patronage.

Another man likes the paper; he takes it
pays for it, and does all he can to get subscrib-
ers; he never finds fault with article's original
and selected. If any little item of interest
occurs in his neighborhood, he drops in and
tells of it. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man comes and says: "The year
for which I paid is about to expire, I want to
pay for another." No discount on that kind
of patronage.

Toothache, Earache, &c.

A little work, entitled "First Help in Ac-
cidents," speak of these complaints, so preva-
lent at this season of the year, as follows:

It is a bad practice to put cotton wool, soaked
in laudanum or chloroform, into the ear for
the relief of toothache. It is true that it may
sometimes prove effectual, and procure a
night's rest, for the connection between the
teeth and the ear is very close. But let it be
borne in mind that the ear is far too delicate
and valuable an organ to be used as a medium
for the application of strong remedies for dis-
orders of the teeth, and that both laudanum
and chloroform, more especially the latter, are
powerful irritants, and that such applications
are always accompanied with risk.

The teeth should be looked after for them-
selves by some competent dentist; and if toothache
spreads to the ear, this is another reason why
they should be attended to at once; for pro-
longed pain in the head, arising from the
teeth, may itself injure the hearing. In ear-
ache everything should be done to soothe it,
and all strong irritating applications should be
avoided. Pieces of hot fig or onion should be
no account be put in; but warm flannels
should be applied, with poppy fomentation ex-
ternally, if the pain does not soon subside.

Some one has paraphrased the song "Dear
Father, Come Home," as follows: Oh, fa-
ther, dear father, come down with the stamps,
my dressmaker's bill is unpaid—she said she
would send it right home from the shop as
the stamps were made. My new dress from
—is down in the hall, the boy will not
leave without pay—I've nothing to sport with
—can't go to the ball, so please send the shop
boy away! Come down! come down! Please
father, dear father, come down! Oh, hear
the sweet voice of thy child who cries in her
room alone; oh, who could resist her most
pitiful tears? See, father, with stamps you'll
come down. Oh father, dear father, come
down with the stamps, my curls are not fit to
be seen, the hairdresser said he would not do
them up, unless I could pay him fifteen—he
only asks twenty to give a new set, and take
the old hair in exchange—besides, pa, my wa-
terfall is awfully rough, and so my black hair
will look strange. Come down! Please, father,
come down!

There is perhaps no time at which we are dis-
posed to think so highly of a friend as when we
find him standing higher than we expected in the
esteem of others.

Australia.

TWELVE years after the declaration of
American independence, an English vessel
left on the shores of Australia 595 male and
192 female prisoners who had been trans-
ported for life. They were the first Europeans
who had set foot in the wild-ness which has
now become one of the most important of the
British dominions. The colony which they
founded was called New South Wales, and
continued to receive convict settlers until 1840,
in which year it became a free settlement. It
did not require much time to teach these con-
victs that they had been set down in a land
flowing with milk and honey, nor did it re-
quire long for the news of the wonderful rich-
ness of the country to reach England, where
it stimulated hundreds of adventurers immen-
se emigration. Growing accounts were given
of the natural wealth of the country, of its
climate, and of the commercial facilities, and
even the wit-b came wild in the praises of
the new land, and we hear of Douglas-Jr. and
making his famous bon mot regarding the soil:
"You have only to tickle it with a hoe, and it
laughs with a harvest."

Australia has been divided into several
colonial governments, each of which possesses its
own Governor, who receives his appointment
from the crown, the members of which are se-
lected by the people, and which is unrestrict-
ed in its action so long as it does not put itself
in opposition to the laws and legislation of
Great Britain. The settlement of the colonies
at the beginning was extremely slow, but
since the era of steam navigation emigration
has rapidly increased. The gold discoveries
also drew thousands to the country, and, dur-
ing the last quarter of a century, the growth
of the population has been very rapid. Ve-
storia, the youngest of the Australian colonies,
is still one of the most important and populous.
Thus being largely due to the mineral wealth,
especially in gold, within its borders. It was
settled in 1835, and when we came to consid-
er that in 1871 its population had reached
759,654 inhabitants, we may well consider its
growth one of the marvels of the century.

The city of Melbourne, which was not found-
ed until 1836, alone has 193,696 inhabitants,
while Ballarat has 74,000 and Sandhurst
36,000.

During a single decade, from 1861 to 1871,
the average annual value of imports has been
about \$65,000,000, and the export in compen-
satory proportion. In 1863, the export of
gold amounting to nearly \$50,000,000 and the
total amount of gold exported from this col-
ony since the beginning of the gold exis-
tence in 1851 has amounted to \$770,000,000.

This gold has been gathered in a section
of the country nearly a thousand miles in extent,
which is by no means exhausted of its wealth,
as working the fields turned lucra-
tive em-
ployment for 55,000 miners during the last
year. The state owns 271 miles of completed
railway, and from 400 to 500 miles are being
constructed. There are 4,000 miles of tele-
graph wire in operation, with a large patron-
age, the rates being low and the tariff uniform.

New South Wales, the oldest of the colonies,
has an area of 323,437 square miles, with a
population of 501,593, exclusive of aborigines.
It is so far advanced in civilization as to have
1,150 schools, which are attended by more
than 69,000 pupils. Besides the colonies al-
ready mentioned are New Zealand, Tasmania,
Queensland, South Australia and West Aus-
tralia, which have an aggregate area of 2,564,
815 square miles. Settlements, which have
in places, reached the dignity of cities, abound
along the coast, but the vast tracts of the in-
terior remain still unexplored, and it is more
than possible that in the heart of the country
there are fields of fabulous wealth.

There is a country, almost unknown to us
same in name—yet is larger than Europe, is
extremely rich in minerals, its hills are cover-
ed with flocks, its forests are of the most val-
uable timber, its bays and harbors equal to any
in the world, and its agricultural resources are
incalculable. Its shipping has already reach-
ed 4,500,000 tons, while our own country,
with vastly more wealth, has but 4,240,207.
Up to this time the largest part of the trade
of Australia has been with Great Britain, but
from the very situation it occupies, the country
must inevitably command in the course of its
development much of the trade of western
America and eastern Asia.

When we consider that this immense coun-
try is yet in the infancy of its civilized history,
and that it has already obtained immense
wealth and power, it is safe to prophesy that
out of the great sea-bound continent is yet to
come a nation to be reckoned among the great
powers of the civilized world.—[Can. Paper.

Boy, said a hurrying pedestrian to street
gamin, may I enquire where R. Gibson's drug
store is?

Yes, mister.
Well where? rejoined the gentleman, im-
patiently.

Don't know, answered the urchin.
Justice consists in doing no injury to men; de-
ceit, in giving them no offense.

ING MACHINES.

ERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
the original Weed Sewing
Machines.
Machines are now on sale at
er's, where the public are invited to
test for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,
Agent.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

(King Street.)
t Stephen N. B
J. NEILL, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

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pure, on SATURDAY, the Fifteenth
JUNE next, at eleven o'clock,
t of Land on the Western Common-
wa, ground known as the Cricket Lot.
By order of the Seigniors.
S. H. WHITLOCK,
Auctioneer.
May 15, 1872.