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JAS. S. CARNEGIE,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

COMIC MISERIES.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit,
Sets all the room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself a happy dog,
For all your merry ways,
But learn to wear a sober phiz;
The stupid, if you can,
Is such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

You're at an evening party, with
An group of pleasant folk,
You venture quickly to crack
The least of little jokes,
A lady doesn't see the point,
And begs you to explain,
Alas for one that drops a jest
And takes it up again!

You're talking deep philosophy
With tears starting to her dim eyes,
To edify a clergyman,
With suitable discourse,
You think you've got him—when he calls
A trifled across the way,
And says you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day!

You drop a pretty jest—de-not
Into a neighbor's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears;
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old authentic one,
Just breaking up the point of it,
And leaving out the pun!

By sudden change in politics,
Or sudden change in Polly,
You lose your love of love, and fall
A prey to melancholy;
While every body merrily
Your mirth is under pain,
They think you're very grief a joke,
You're such a funny man!

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit,
(To pay the party wine);
You're looking very dismal, when
My lady-bouces in,
And wonders what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin!

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy tale of woe,
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose,
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news:
You quarrel with your wife!

My dear young friend, whose shining wit,
Sets all the room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself a happy dog,
For all your merry ways,
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
The stupid, if you can,
Is such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

Two Boston girls lately saved the life of
a gentleman of their party on Mount Wash-
ington who had slipped over a bank, and
was liable to be dashed in over a precipice.
One of the girls, lying flat upon the ground,
aid out over the bank from which the gentle-
man had slipped, clinging meanwhile to the
fast of the second lady, who in turn clung
to a sharp rock above. The gentleman
was drawn up slowly and with great effort,
having with pardonable indelicacy grasped
his preserver about the ankles. "Pardon-
able indelicacy," is the way the correspondent
of the Boston Transcript puts it, and it is very
good.

A man who came home from a Saratoga
ball in a crowded coach declared that he had
no objection to jugs on his fingers, but he
had a decided objection to "belles on his
fingers."

EYES OPEN.

"Our minister said in his sermon last evening,"
said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous whole-
sale dry goods merchant on Market street, "as she
dusted her mantle of porcelain and marble on
Monday morning, 'that he who wanted to be good
must be on the constant lookout for opportunities;
that God does not find our work, and bring it
ready fitted to our hands; but He spreads the
world before us, and we are to walk through it as
Christ and the apostles did, with eyes open, look-
ing for the sick and suffering, the poor and op-
pressed.'"

"Now I am certain," continued the lady, "as she
replaced a marble Diana in the centre of the man-
tel, 'I should like to do something good every day
—one feels so much better when they go to rest
at night; and I'll just keep my eyes open to-day,
and see if I come across any opportunities that
under ordinary circumstances I should let slip.'"

Half an hour later Mrs. Beach was in the nur-
sery with the washerwoman, who had come for the
clothes.

"I wish Mrs. Simms," said she, "as she heaped
the soiled linen into the basket, 'that you would
get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday;
we are going out of town to remain until Satur-
day, and I shall want a good supply for such a
careless little scamp as he is.'"

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman,
"I've got behind hand a good deal since Sammy
got the whooping cough; but now that he is bet-
ter I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping cough?" Poor little
follow. How old is he?" questioned the lady.
"He was three last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady. Look
here, Mrs. Simms, went you just open the lower
drawer of that bureau, and take those four green
worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown
them, you see, since last winter, but they're al-
most as good as new. Now, if you want them for
little Sammy, they'll do nicely without altering, I
think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach?" answered the wash-
erwoman, with tears starting to her dim eyes. "I
haven't words to thank you, or tell you what a
treasure they'll be. Why, they will keep the lit-
tle fellow as warm as toast all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes,"
said the lady smiling to herself, as she thought,
"My eyes have been open once to-day."

Not long afterwards Mrs. Beach was on her way
to market, (for she was a notable housekeeper),
when she met a boy who had lived a short time in
her family the year before, to do errands, and who
she knew, for he was a bright, good-hearted,
merry-faced boy, and had been a great favorite
with the family, and Mrs. Beach had become in-
terested in him; but this morning she was in quite
a hurry, and would have passed the child with a
courtesy, but lastly "How are you, Joseph, my boy?
Do come and see us," had it not struck her that
Joseph's face did not bear its usual happy expres-
sion. She paused at the memory of last night's
sermon flashed through her mind, and she asked
—"Is anything the matter with you Joseph?"

The boy looked up a moment, with a half con-
fiding, half fearful expression into the lady's face;
the latter triumphed. "Mr. Anderson's moved out
of town," he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly
brushed cap from his hair; "so I've lost my
place, and little Mary's sick; and that makes it
very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sym-
pathies warmly enlisted; "but never mind, Joseph;
I remember, only night before last, my brother
said he would want a new errand boy, in a few
days, for his store, and he will give a good one or
two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-day, and get
the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's white face brightened. "O! I should be
so glad of it, Mrs. Beach."

"And see here, Joseph, I'm going to market, and
perhaps I can find something nice for little Mary." The
lady remembered that Joseph's mother, tho' a
poor seamstress, was a very proud woman, and
felt that this would be a gentle way of presenting
her gift.

So she found some delicate pears and grapes,
and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary,
who, as she learned, was ill with a fever, before
she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it
was a pity that she did not see Joseph as he sprang
into the chamber where little Mary lay wearily
moaning on her bed, while her mother sat busily
stitching in one corner, and held up the chicken
and the fruit, crying, "Good news! good news!
I've got all these nice things for Mary, and a place
at two dollars a week!"

O! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the
bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped
from her mother's fingers, as the tears ran down
her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the lib-
rary, reading in some new book, when she heard
her husband's step in the hall. Though the morn-
ing had been so pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy,

and the day had gone down in a low, sullen, pen-
etrating rain.

Now Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the
love of a true wife, but he was not a demonstra-
tive man, and the first beauty and poetry of their
married life had settled down into a somewhat
bare, every-day, matter-of-fact existence. But her
heart was warm to-night—warm with the good
deeds of the day, and remembering her resolution
of the morning, she threw down her book and ran
down stairs.

"Henry, dear," said the soft voice of his wife,
"has the rain wet you at all? Let me take your
coat for you."

"Thank you, Carry, I don't believe I'm anywise
injured, but you may help me, just for the plea-
sure of it, and he stood still, while she removed
the heavy coat, with all the softness of touch and
movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it
up, and then the husband drew her to his heart
with all the old-lover tenderness.

"You are very thoughtful of me, Carry, my
wife," he said.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as
she went up stairs—music set to the words, "Eyes
open! eyes open!"

A Leap into the Rapids.

The following is from the Montreal "Gazette"
of Saturday, 29th ult.—It is an old superstition
that there is a fatal fascination about eddies and
whirlpools of every kind. The promontory of
Lacada, the cape of Misson, the rock of the
Lobrel, and the Horse Shoe Falls have all their
legends of self destruction, caused by a spinning
vortex of whirlpools, and the cry "Lacada, Lacada,"
is heard at the sight of the swirling waters. Less poeti-
cal, perhaps, but more real, is the suicide of the
stranger into the Lacine Rapids yesterday.

As the steamer "Bohemian," on her way to Mon-
treal, which she reached last evening, came within
sight of the rapids, and everyone's attention, was
turned to the rocky channel over which they were
about to shoot, a great commotion suddenly took
place, and the cry resounded, "Man overboard!"

A sense of danger immediately seized upon all,
and there was a thrill of fear lest an accident like
that of the "Louis Ranaud" might be renewed.
The facts were soon ascertained to be these. One
of the passengers was standing on deck, a little
apart from the rest, and seemingly engaged, like
himself, in watching the current. Suddenly he
drew himself up to his full length, threw his arms
aloft, and raising a loud cry sprang forward into
the water. He sank like lead, but soon emerged
again and made a struggle, whether spasmodic or
otherwise, for his life. Those who were nearest
him immediately rushed forward to the side of the
steamer over which he had gone, and gave the
alarm. It took only a moment to decide that there
was no means of rescuing the unfortunate man.
None of the boats could be lowered, because none
could live in such a tide, as was fully demon-
strated in the late case of the "Ranaud." Neither could
the steamer herself render any assistance, because
being so near the rapids, it was not safe for her to
slow her engines, or to execute any lateral move-
ment. The poor man had therefore to be left to
his fate, and he went down in sight of all the pas-
sengers. He rose to the surface a second time,
only to remain a moment, then sank to appear no
more. The man was a cabin passenger, of very
generally appearance and supposed to hail from
Cleveland, Ohio. He was tall, of dark com-
plexion, and well dressed. His satchel, the only
article belonging to him, was handed over, by or-
der of Capt. Bailey, to the Water Police, and a
being opened, was found to contain half a dozen
socks, some socks, handkerchiefs and other effects,
but nothing whatever leading to his identification.
It was surmised by some that he was intoxicated,
but the more general belief is that he was labor-
ing under mental aberration.

Antiquity of Umbrellas.

Dr. Morrison, the great missionary to
China, states that there is mention made of
umbrellas and parasols in books printed in
China more than 1,500 years ago, and that
most wonderful traveller, Layard, relates that
he discovered on the ruins of Ninevah, in Baby-
lonia, a representation of a king in his chariot
with an umbrella over his head. In India we
also find the umbrella has been used in re-
mote ages, and principally as an emblem of
royalty, its shape differing very little from
that in modern use. In Burmah the princes
use a very large umbrella, and it requires a
separate attendant to carry it out, and his
position is a recognized one in the royal
household. One of the titles of the king is
as follows: "King of the white elephant and
lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." The
emperor of China, who never does anything
on a small scale (if he can help it) has no
less than twenty-four umbrellas carried
before him when he goes out hunting. It is
used in that country as a defence against rain
as well as sun and is principally made of a
sort of glazed silk or paper, beautifully painted.
Umbrellas are mentioned as in use, or at least
known, in England 150 years ago. In

Cambridge, we read that early in the last
century umbrellas were let out on hire for so
much per hour, like sedan chairs. Jonas
Hawway, the founder of a hospital in London
who had the courage to carry habitually an
umbrella. He died in 1786, and it is said
that he carried an umbrella for 30 years; so
the date of their introduction for general use
may be said to date from 1756.

SEA BATHING.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune has
been down at Long Branch interviewing the
Bathing Masters. From his report we culled
the following hints by the most noted of them
a veteran of 60:

"Do you think it is hurtful to bathe often?"
"Well, it is to some, and it ain't to others.
Now, I've been wet several hours every pleas-
ant day during the season for 32 odd years.
Of course, I'm not so good as I was. There
is no mistake that sea bathing every day is
healthy, but you shouldn't stay in too long.
Fifteen minutes is long enough for anybody.
I don't know but living on the coast ac-
complishes the same result as bathing. I've
bathed children and ladies, and seen them cum
right up. I've seen them cum here sick and
go home well. A little girl cum to me once
with a terrible swelling on the side of her neck
and face. It was very hard, and the child
was very poor, and her mother asked me if
bathing would cure her, and I told her I
thought it would. It is a good thing for sore
throat, and no mistake. Well, I began with
that child, and I washed the swelling with
salt water, and rubbed it with my hand. I
bathed her every day, rain or shine, and, sir,
the swelling went down and the child got
cured. Her mother said I was the best doctor
in the world."

"What is the best time to bathe?" "Well,
he answered, when the tide is about half
and half, half ebb and half flood, say from 11 to 2
o'clock. When the tide is full, it is dangerous.
You can't catch cold bathing. I never had a
cold in my life, and I never knew a person,
30 or 40 years old, who ever caught cold. No, sir,
I can't be did. I tell ye people get cured of
colds here, but it is most for strong, con-
sumptive. And sea bathing is very good for
rheumatism. It is a good thing for rheumatism.
I know several people who were cured of lame
backs here. I'll tell ye one thing ye ought to
put in yer paper, he continued, suddenly
shutting his leg, and that is to tell people not
to wipe the salt water off their bodies when
they come out. Let it dry in. It hardens
the flesh and muscles. But all the good of
the bath is gone if ye scrub yourself with a
towel. If salt water is good, why der want
to wipe it off. There was an old gentleman
here last year who used to give me 50 cents
every day to rub him in his bath house with
a coarse towel. Well, sir, I kept it up for
two weeks, and the old man didn't think he
felt so well for it, and so we stopped, and he
took my advice, although I wasted the half
dollar a day and let the water dry on him. I
told ye, sir, it makes the skin as slick as a
whistle."

Another Bathing Master was also of opinion
that bathing is good for throat diseases, and
he gave many instances where cures had been
effected: one in particular, where the measles
had left a little girl with a very bad disease
of the throat, which had affected her so much
that she was unable to walk, and bathing en-
tirely cured her. He also said that, according
to Dr. Sayre, baths should only be taken on
an empty stomach, and he was sure the Doc-
tor is right, and that they should be taken
just before lunch. It was Dr. Sayre's opinion
that it was not good to stay longer than ten
minutes in the water, and that while in the
water it is better to be active. Yet two
parties say that persons on their grounds often
stay in two hours. There were present at our
conversation a boy about 16 years of age, who
said to me that he was in the water about four
hours every day, and that it did him good.—
He was certainly as hearty in appearance as
any boy I ever saw. He said it gives him an
appetite, and makes him eat about as many
hours as he bathes.

Under the head of "Amusing the Babies,"
a "fond parent" has this to say, among other
things: "My baby not three years old, is
supremely happy if allowed a piece of paper,
spread over a cane seat chair, and an ivory
knitting needle, with which she punches holes
in the paper to correspond with those in the
chair." Under similar circumstances, the
majority of babies would give a pleasing and
exciting variety to the performance by thrust-
ing the knitting needle into their eyes or up
their noses.

The "hard labor" to which Frank
Wallworth is practically that of a clerk in a
boot and shoe factory, with the necessity of
living near the shop. Many a young man
has been subjected to this dull career without
having killed his father.

Glass Bonnets.

Whatever may be said of the aim or result
of the Vienna Exposition, it has certainly been
the means of bringing together the choicest
products of the world, and of giving the people
of various nations new ideas concerning
matters of which they have never before
thought. In no direction has a wider range
been given than in the manufacture of glass,
and new forms, designs and uses of this ma-
terial are now presented to the world for the
first time. Conspicuous among these is a
lady's bonnet or head dress, which, for ele-
gance and beauty cannot be excelled. The
idea of a glass that is certainly novel, and
many objections might be made to it on ac-
count of the fragile material, but in reality the
glass is much stronger and more durable than
the delicate material's now in use for the same
purpose.

These articles, as may be imagined, come
from Bohemia, and they have already gained
a fair share of popularity. Specimens have
been sent to Paris and London, and that we
should not be behind hand in so important a
matter, an enterprising firm in Western
Pennsylvania have imported quite a number,
and will immediately begin their manufac-
ture to be ready for the fall season.

These hats are of the most delicate and
beautiful designs, and such is their adap-
tability to all occasions and occasions that they
will probably soon come into universal use.
The body of the hat is made of loose pieces
of fine glass, fastened closely together by a
gutta percha band, which allows it to conform
to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk,
which is the only piece of fabric used in the
manufacture. The trimmings on the outside
are after the prevailing mode, consisting of
wreath flowers, feathers and ribbons, all made
of delicately spun glass of wonderful beauty.
Of course all the trimmings have their natural
color, and by a patent process the glassy
appearance is so well subdued that the ma-
terial is not suspected. The most beautiful
luminescent birds and flowers are used for
ornamentation, and colored so naturally that
in appearance they are far superior to the
usual artificial goods.

It is almost incredible that so small an amount
of glass than enters into the construction of one
of these hats, for the thread is so fine that a
great space is covered without any perceptible
increase in weight. They weigh but a few
ounces, or about one fifth the average weight
of the present style. With the care that is
usually given by a lady to a new hat, these
new articles will outlast twenty of them, for
there is no wear to them; moisture will not
stain them, and if dust should settle to dim
their beauty, it is readily removed by a gentle
spray of water. The colors are so blended
that for ordinary occasions they present a
general neutral tint, but at a small additional
expense they can be made to flash and sparkle
like diamonds, either in the sunlight for a
carriage costume, or in the face of a ball room,
or at the opera.—Their cost is insignificant,
and as it is understood several well known
firms are going into the business extensively,
they may soon be expected upon our streets.
It is probable, however, they will not be
readily known, as the resemblance to the
genuine materials is so great.

Cultivation of Lobsters.

An interesting account of some recent
experiments in the breeding of lobsters is
presented by a correspondent of the Boston
"Journal of Commerce," the locality of the
trial being on the New England sea coast,
which is celebrated for lobster fruitfulness,
even if its shores are sandy. It appears
that the lobster conservatory consists of an
inlet from the sea, which has been enclosed
by an embankment. The space enclosed
contains thirty acres, and gates are provided
to permit the tidal movement of the water.

Last summer some 40,000 lobsters, of every
age and condition, were let loose in the pond.
Many of them were in their soft shell state,
and many were unsalable on account of a
lost claw, or other mutilation. Food in the
shape of refuse from the fish market, was
freely supplied to them; and a gate was put
up at the entrance to prevent their escape into
the sea.

When the ice had covered the pond holes
were cut and lobster traps were put down.
Good, sizable hard shell lobsters were at
once caught, and two things were proved:
First, the water was deep and pure enough to
keep the fish alive, and secondly, the fish
were healthy, for they had taken their hard-
ened shells, in the usual manner, and new claws
had grown in the place of those lost. In the
spring, perch and a great many other
kinds of fish were taken from the pond in
liberal quantities; and now that the spawning
season is well advanced, the farm has reached
its final and most critical stage. Some 150,
000 good, marketable lobsters have been
taken out and sold. Everything is favorable so
far.

The experiment is a very important one.