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Poetry.

Mr. Nobody.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In every body's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

He who always tears your books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from your shirt,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see?
We have the will to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts the damp wood on the fire,
That kettle cannot boil,
He is the best that brings in mail,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one sees them but
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the doors
But none of us are aware,
We never leave the lights unclose,
To let the curtains flare.
The ink we never spill, the boots
That lying round you see,
Are Mr. Nobody's. They all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

The Mythology of Greco-Roman Scripture.

Another Yarn.—Of the kind of the former,
discouraged, spun out.

Jupiter was the principal Son among the
household gods, and was "King among them."
Another cognomen he bore was Zeus,
just as we see him; he was the chief of all
the notable Myths, and dealt in thunderbolts.
Neptune and Pluto were his brothers, and
with them he shared the spoils of the world.
Heaven was his celestial portion, where he ruled
supreme, and in that sphere was feared. He
was always looked up to as a "great character"
in his way, and was never looked down upon.
He frequently stepped down from above, to
the earth, to visit his subjects, and to see
the sublime to the ridiculous. His adventures
upon our terra firma are not all recorded,
as it was thought they would not bear the light
of day, inasmuch as he always endeavored to
conceal his "good times" from his Queen Juno,
and his wife knew better and justly
called him "a very good fellow" in his private
doings. Thus many a "jolly good fellow" of
the present time may be heard to say in a
high-toned manner, "I am a very good fellow."
"Yes," says Juno, "but your exploits and ex-
cesses have formed many subjects for the gods
and refined poets. Art represented
him as the model of dignity and majesty of
him, although there was nothing mean about
his Majesty, and he was not always upon his
dignity; his countenance was represented as
being grave but mild, he could quickly change
from grave to gay, and not infrequently
when in his "laps," all things were "lively and
active."

He is seated on a throne (and remained there
until he was thrown out) with a sceptre in one
hand, a thunderbolt in the other, and with both
heavenly to and fro, when not perfectly
satisfied. An eagle stands beside the throne,
but not on the throne, being then quite in-
ferior to the Great Republic.

"Bird of the sun!" to thee
The earliest hint of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy peep that tells us so.
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne."

The Greek Artists represented Jupiter as
quite a Lion among the godesses, giving to
his hair a resemblance to the mane of that
raring and devouring animal; he was lionized
in many other ways.
Juno was not only the sister, but, dreadful
to relate, the wife and queen of Jupiter. It
seems that the mythological morals of rela-
tionship were not strictly attended to, and
marriages taking place in heaven needed no
immediate registry there was no such record
office then instituted which was rather a grim
looking, nor was there any officer to grant
marriage licenses, and maintain the race after-
wards, which was a grimace, however Juno
exercised a small amount of influence in
her purely capacity, but was inclined to be
a very jealous wife for which she had doubtless,
like a multitude of wives, very good reasons
of course; she was fairly represented in Song
and Sculpture, in company with, and on the
right hand of Jupiter. She wore with a great
deal and was the Mother of Mars, Vulcan

and Hebe. Her favorite bird of song was the
Cuckoo which was held sacred to her, and is
to the English.

"Hail, beautiful strain of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven begins thy rural song,
And woe thy welcome sing."

Neptune, whose favorite time was "Rule
Britannia," was a regular "Old Salt," having
dominion over the sea, and was often "other
sense-over." He is represented with a trident,
the symbol of his water-power, and always
"forking up," which probably gave rise to the
nautical phrase of "forking out" when sailors
are "letting go" on the run, or on the loose.
Although there were plenty of as good fish to
be caught in the sea, Neptune contented him-
self, with one Mermaid, when he took to the
bosom of his deep. She was called Amphitrite,
a Nereid, but was crossed-eyed; then oppor-
tunity was often crossed in domestic
verbs, being a free translation.

"He was married to a Mermaid,
At the bottom of the Sea."
He was the father of Theseus, and the de-
scendant of a lot of other heroes, entirely too num-
erous to mention now.

There was a Thessalian legend that Nep-
tune, like our Moses, once snatched a rock
with him, when out upon the first horse
that had ever been seen, this origin of the
horse's tale and now very stale was then con-
sidered to be "very like a whiff," but the
legend has been handed down to us through
the Nursery, where the looking horse has
established its preeminence above all other tra-
ditionary sources of amusement from the time
of the Ark in the smallest of boxes. Neptune
however never rode "the high horse" of his own
fashioning, for he always preferred the mare,
don't you see? yet legends of old counted
him in various ways with horses, as if he had
been a "horse himself," as the saying is, and
for aught we know, he might have been a
better. He was of a capricious and near
rebel disposition, and had some "family jars"
with Minerva, Jupiter, Bacchus, and Juno;
with Bacchus especially, whose jars were
doubtless, but like a model husband, he had
sufficient discretion, when his valor failed, to
keep on good terms with his wife.

Artistically viewed, Neptune who when
most at home, was still at sea, had a serene
look with him, but when he frowned, then one
might look out for squalls, and his great
strength, and slept on mussel beds; when he
rode upon the waves he ruled, he was gen-
erally accompanied by Dolphin outriders and
other fishy attendants, and with him and his
all things were not so swimmingly.

Pluto descended the lower world, or in
terminology stage of rest, or much disquiet, as
one is inclined to regard it, and the company
you meet there; it is known as Hades, with
his river Styx, and an old stock of a ferryman
called Charon, and plenty of it on his face,
there is nothing of a pleasant nature to relate
of this god, as

"Ever where he gazed, a gloom pervaded space."
He was represented physically like his
brothers Neptune and Jupiter, but his gloomy
expression made all the difference, he bears a
two-pronged fork in his hand, an article which
when we ourselves have been puzzled, when
sented down to pasture of peace or song, per-
adventure Pluto's fork had better purposes to
serve, and was intended for the dispatch of
other business, at all events he made "a poor
mouth" over it. Mars, before mentioned as
the Son of Jupiter and Juno, was the god of
war and battles, he was evidently connected in
this great inquiry, and born to this great sin;
he was trained up amongst tumults and strifes,
as we, poor mortals, are nowadays amidst
swords and schisms: Terror, Fear and Strife
were his dread or kindred, and they frequently
murred the happiness of the social circle—
The Aeneas at Athens took its name from
him, as the "Hill of Mars," whence there
once sat twelve godlike judges to try him for
sundry revolutionary deeds, which he had origi-
nated and executed; the jury, being the
first of the kind on record, were probably com-
posed of peers of his own rank, as they had to
try into the whole affair, possibly they, they
may not have agreed among themselves, as
their verdict remains unknown, if they did not
arrive at anything definite, of course they
had to remain dumb-bell. The Aeneas
County of the State of Maine has also its
Aeneas, or "Mars Hill," whereas once and
deft twelve Boundary line surveyors, of
the true masonic stamp; but Mars was doubt-
ful if Mars had anything to do with the great
and sanguinary Aeneas war. Mars is gen-
erally represented as a warrior brave and
bold, with an air peculiar to himself, as living
in his own atmosphere; he wears a cuirass as
a cuirass, his armor bearing being a
shield, which he held as he held a shield, he
is now supposed to be at peace, and
happily so we are, and that War may ever be
remote, so we are it be.

Pluto.

Lovers like armies get along well enough,
till engaged.

To the Editor of the Standard,
Mr. Editor.—There is an old English Pro-
verb, which says, "Touch a man's pocket,
and you immediately cause a feeling
sense of mistrust, and a corresponding tighten-
ing of the purse strings," not considering that
by a little judicious outlay, incalculable bene-
fits, and enduring permanent good frequently
results from such an investment of capital.

To listen to the various accounts of plans
and schemes entered into, or talked about, by
the good people of St. Andrews, for promot-
ing the prosperity of the town, and all, or
nearly all, ending in failure, would lead a
stranger to conclude that "this penny wise
pound foolish" policy had been followed by them.

How is it that a Town so well situated for
business, having facilities for superior to most
places, by land and sea, and yet no effort put
forth to improve these advantages? Do not
the men who most labor, look too much to
those above them for help? When by making
their strength, and small means, but so
concentrated the effort may be small, but if properly
conducted and arranged great results would fol-
low; an overbold power when brought prop-
erly to bear on the object, works marvels.

Or do not those who move a little higher,
look down with supercilious scorn on those
who do the coat and labor? Is it wise, for
the few part of the great body of society, to
sneer and scorn at the toils and toils of the
body; brains and nerves are good to direct
and govern the motions, but without
bones and sinews, the body would be useless,
having no strength, or motion to move.

Seeing that that society is a vast, com-
plicated piece of machinery, in which every in-
dividual is called upon to do a part, and in a
space in order that the machine may work
smoothly, without jarring or friction, each
part must fit its appointed position, and work
harmoniously; the time must first be by
their "power of governing, against the
strength and endurance of the machine, neither
must the working power, like the discontented
pandemonium, cease to work
unless it be the rule.

As I said in my last "where there's a will,
there's a way," one of those who have, the
way, opened up for us by a boundless Providence.
The highway of all nations free of all
charges, and on the other hand, by the
railway, both these are ready to contribute
to our general prosperity, by aiding out,
with only to let that "will" be put in motion.

Vox populi, Vox Dei, is a proverb often
quoted, and very applicable to our circum-
stances, if only acted on, for the voice of the
people, like the voice of God, is irresistible, let it
then be united, and declared with one great
shout, we will, and no power on earth can
hinder, or retard its progress for one moment.
Numerous instances might be cited in which
the people by their united will, backed up by
energetic action, have conquered and won for
themselves, and their posterity the inalienable
rights of all the human race, freedom of thought,
speech, will and action; by it Dynasties have
been swept away, nations conquered, cities
founded, the wilderness made to produce the
staples of life, commerce and manufactures to
flourish and spread; until the whole earth is
filled with their enterprise.

Should we who claim to be descended from
the worthies who achieved so much, degenerate
into listless, inactive, unambitious drones; let
for nothing but to make burlesque burlesque,
and stepping stones to other men's prosperity;
away with the idea! about the very thought,
route to action, combine your energies, show
to the men of St. Andrews purpose to be self-
supporting, and depend upon it, you will accom-
plish your object.

I am Sir, yours, &c,
St. Andrews, Progress.

Sending to Heaven for a Minister.

The people of one of the out parishes of
Virginia wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at
the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince-
Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted
more a man of that rare talent, for they
had run out considerably, and need building
up. They wanted one who could write well,
for some of the young people were very nice
about that matter. They wanted one who
could visit a good deal, for their former min-
ister had neglected that, and they wanted to
bring that up. They wanted a man of very
gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a
great deal of that. And so they went on de-
scribing a perfect minister.

The last thing they mentioned was, they
gave their last minister \$300, but if the de-
voted would send them such a man as they wanted,
they would raise another \$300, making it
\$600. The doctor sat down and wrote them
a reply, telling them that they had better forth-
with make out a call for old Dr. Deight, in
heaven; for he did not know any one in this
world who answered this description. And

as Dr. D. had been living so long on spiritual
food, he might not need so much for the body,
and, possibly, he might be able to live on \$100
a year.

An Infant of three months old Talks.

The following letter published in the St.
Charles (Minnesota) Herald a fortnight ago,
from the pen of Dr. Buddick a most respect-
able physician of the place is a wonderful in-
stance of precocity. Several persons visited
the family, and vouch for the correctness of
the Doctor's statement. He says:—

I wish to make known to the public one of
the most remarkable, indeed, wonderful in-
stances of infantile precocity, in the line of
talking, that I ever heard of. I doubt, indeed,
if anything like it is to be found in any of the
records of strange things. I was called upon
a few days ago to attend a sick child, a daughter
of William and Mary Jane Henning, living
in the southwest part of St. Charles town-
ship. I found the child, aged a few days, un-
der five months, very ill. After administering
medicine to the child, I was startled to
hear it say very distinctly "Mamma, baby
don't want any more." Completely aston-
ished, I inquired of the mother how long the
baby had talked. As though it were no un-
usual occurrence, she easily said it commenced
talking a few days before it was three months
old. Deeply impressed with this precocious
and premature development, I watched the
child with the deepest interest. It does not
prattle, as is usual with infants when first
trying to talk, stammering upon and stammering
words. It speaks clearly and coherently, a
regular sentence that clearly expresses the
thought or idea. It seems to think, and then
express its thoughts calmly and clearly. It
seems to note the anxiety and wishes of others.
A little four-year-old brother was out of the house
and several members of the family inquired
where he was. He soon came in, when the
baby, seeing him, said to his mother: "Oty
has come home." It will be quite in the
earliest while the mother is at work, and when
it is hungry, will say "baby wants dinner," or
"mamma take baby up," as plainly as a child
of five or six years of age. I may as well
mention the fact that another of the children
commenced talking at eight months old. At
all together I consider it a phenomenon worthy of
public record. Nor do I think it any the less
incomprehensible that this talking wonder is

J. H. SODERSTROM, M. D.

The Terrible Earthquake in India.

—Late East Indian papers give accounts of
the late violent earthquakes which shook va-
rious parts of Bengal, between January 10th,
and 11th.
It was most severely felt in Cachar and
Assam. The earthquake was felt as far west
as Calcutta as Dinapore. Cachar, where it
was most severe, is on the line of the volcano
action which, stretching from the Eastern
Himalayas, runs down the coast of Burma,
where there are several extinct volcanoes, to
the Eastern Archipelago, where volcano phe-
nomena, on a large scale, are of frequent oc-
currence. At the latter place the earth was
agitated by a great wave; rising in a swell
twenty feet high, tossing trees and buildings
about, and making the hills reel as the con-
vulsion passed. The river changed its course
and ran upwards for an hour, tossing the water
fifty feet into the air, and forcing numerous
water spouts. The earth opened in hundreds
of places, vomiting up volleys of blue and
white, and spouting forth burning lava and
lava, in some cases closing over what it had
swallowed, and in others remaining in yawning
gorges, showing the roofs of houses twenty
feet below the surface. The convulsion was
felt over all of Lower Bengal at the same time
and continued with slight shocks for several
days.

To Clean the Eye of Dust.—When
the eye is irritated by dust or intrusive particles
of any kind, the proper practice is to keep it
open as if stung. A sort of rotary move-
ment of the ball takes place, the surface be-
comes covered with water, the particle is
gradually impelled to the corner of the eye,
and is there floated out, or can be easily re-
moved without any of the disagreeable con-
sequences that attend shutting and rubbing.

Why is the letter Y like a lady?—Be-
cause it quakes & pays.

Self evident.—The Ritualists ought to be
Romanized by rites.

Never confide your secrets to your relatives
—blood will tell.

Why is a prudent man like a pin?—Be-
cause his head prevents him going too far.

Defence is the air apparent.
Many public singers attract crowds draw
well as the moonlight.
Schoolmaster.—"What is the plural for pen-
ny?" Sharp boy.—"Twopenny, sir."

A Ratty Invention.—A Nashville drug-
store has invented a rat paint made of a pepper
tincture of phosphorus. You first catch the
rat and then you paint him. After dark he
looks like a ball of fire, and going among his
fellow rats they get scared to death at the
sight of his countenance, and vacate the
premises, the "bright particular" rat following
and burying the rat.

A Remarkable Character.

In the Court of Probate, on Saturday, the
case of "Kingdon and another v. Rookes" was
heard. [The plaintiff propounded the will
of the Rev. Dr. Charles Rookes, a notable
character in Devonshire. Deceased was or-
dained in 1827, and some time afterwards was
deprived of his benefice, in consequence of his
having been guilty of seduction. This caused
isolation from his friends, and he formed a
scheme for the restoration of the Jews, and
devoted his last days to a Dixie Commission to bring
them within one fold. He assumed the title
of "Restoration General" and "King of all
Kings." Afterwards he claimed the royal su-
periority of England, and wanted the officials
of Exeter, from the mayor down to the coroner,
that he would fine them £100,000 per day for
delay in recognizing his authority. He order-
ed them to recognise him as "His Most Sacred
Majesty Charles the Third," and he per-
sistently issued royal proclamations against
vice, swearing, and drunkenness, the last being
a charge for which he had to answer before
the bishop. He advertised his religious views
in the newspapers, and thus became the most
remarkable man in Devonshire. By his will
he bequeathed only £50 to his wife and she
disputed it.

For the plaintiff it was contended that de-
ceased conduct arose from notoriety, but that
withstanding the extravagance of his lan-
guage he had no delusions. His invariable
answer to remonstrances was, "When I give
three-pence for a shirting call me mad."—
Before the case proceeded, a compromise
was agreed to, and it was agreed that a
rental should be taken for the will.

WOLF HUNT IN FRANCE.—The Courier de
Marseille gives an account of a chase which
recently took place in the neighborhood of
the village of Mellefort after a she wolf, which
appeared to have amply sustained the family
reputation for ferocity. The animal first at-
tacked a woman named Louise, who levelled
a blow at her with a spade, but unfor-
tunately missed his aim; then his antagonist
threw herself upon him, bit his way. After
rushing about the streets of the village she
made her way into a wood, where a poor
old infirm man was seated. She rushed at
him and wounded him fearfully in the side
and head, and tore his shoulder. All this was
done so quickly that no help could be rendered.
A minute after, however, finding herself
surrounded by a number of men, she sprang
over their heads, rushed down a deep descent
and crouched amidst a clump of trees. A-
mongst the crowd was a man named
Grogie, a waggoner, a very brave fellow.—
This man made up his mind to be the death of
this terrible beast. Regardless of those who
reminded him of his infirmity he broke thro',
the crowd and made his way to the thicket.
The excitement rose to its highest pitch. The
wolf, seeing her eyes around soon espied her
enemy, and started upon him when he most
expected to plunge into her chest the point
of a picklock with which he had armed
himself. Then, without in the least degree
losing his presence of mind, he, by a desper-
ate effort, turned the brute right over, pinning
her down on the side, when she was easily
despatched with a few blows.

Woman was created before man, of course,
because everybody knows that Eve was the
first man.
An advertisement says—"Ladies wanting
cheap shoes, will do well to call soon, as they
won't last long."
An angry street carter wants to know why the
young street cars are always going the other
way?—We give it up.
—A man in Connecticut having advertised
his wife for "leaving his bed and board," the
hag-ridden spouse retorted as follows:—"I went
away from the lady to go to my board," and
the "bed" belongs to my own mother."

An Irishman describes metaphysics as fol-
lows:—"Two men are talking together, and
one of them is trying to explain something he
don't know anything about, and the other can't
understand him."

"What would you do, James, if you sudden-
ly had a large sum of money left you?" said
a lady to a gardener, a respectable married
man, a laborer in the village. "I don't know, Miss,"
was the answer. "But I think I should have
summed to drink."

If a young lady "throws herself away," un-
derstand and she has married for love; if she
is comfortably settled," understand that she
has married a wealthy old man whom she
hates.