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Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL SLUSH.

BY SEVERAL UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

Oh, the slush, the beautiful slush!
Mix'd with the mud in a savory mush,
Soaking thro' rubber, and gaiters and shoes,
Tempting to suicide, sorrow and blues!
Visions remorseful o'er memory rush—
Once I was soft as the beautiful slush.

Once I believed in Committees of Health;
Once I had visions of fairly won health;
Sweetly I trusted Inspectors of Streets;
Guileless thoughts of sincere beats;
Never conceiving the whitewashing brush
That can beautify blackest political slush.

Oh, the slush, the beautiful slush!
Even a pavement inspector might blush;
Even a mermait might murmur her hate
If doomed to a worse than amphibious fate;
Ever to paddle and jostle and crush,
Half drowned in the beautiful city-made slush.

SELECT TALE.

THE DIAMOND CRESCENT.

BY ESTHER S. KENNETH.

Who is she? asked West, his eyes lighting up
Blossy's answers, answered Mrs. Dayton very
certainly.

Stephanie, all unconscious, went quietly down
the garden walk, leading the child by the hand.
Something in that fair young face won West Day-
ton's heart.

She looks young and sad, mother. I hope you
are kind to her.

Certainly, replied Mrs. Dayton, indifferently.
He was home on a furlough, young Captain
Dayton, fresh from the land of Apaches, all cour-
age, strength and happiness. At twenty-four one
I, apt to be tender hearted, especially toward wo-
men; and if I say that the captain fell in love
with Stephanie Allyne at first sight, I shall not
be far wrong. He did not know that his mother
intended him to marry his cousin Claudia Dare.

Claudia was a blooming rose, but an heiress.
The Dayton of Flax Pond were not wealthy.
Stephanie was more properly Blossom's nurse, for
she took the whole care of the child, besides teach-
ing her. Mrs. Dayton was busy trying to keep
up the appearance of her former station, which had
once been of importance. But they were only in
moderate circumstances now, and Mrs. Dayton's
life was consumed in heart-burnings of envy at the
prosperity of others.

But she was determined that West should make
a wealthy marriage—that he should marry his
cousin Claudia Dare.

West would soon have married one of Bloss-
y's rag dolls. Claudia had no more sense or sensi-
bility. Her only attractions were, her blooming
health and animal spirits.

But this quiet governess of his little sister, sweet
voiced, brown-eyed, tender and calm, she suited
his mercurial blood temperament to a charm.

Judge of Mrs. Dayton's horror when Blossy
stole into her chamber one evening, and revealed
that West was walking with Miss Allyne in the
garden, and that he had kissed her!

She ran to the window and peeped out. Yes,
there was Stephanie's white dress under the lind-
en trees, and West's tall, dark shadow figure close
beside it.

He'll never rest now until she marries him!—
He's like his father. I know him! What is to
be done must be done quickly.

Mrs. Dayton dealt little that night. The next
morning her sharp black eyes saw a plain gold ring
on Stephanie's hand. After breakfast she went
to her room, sat down, and thought deeply.

She went to her dressing table at last, and un-
locked a private drawer. From thence she took
an old pencil-case, and unwrapped it. Something
flashed and dazzled within. It was a diamond
crescent, attached to a ribbon of blue silk.

But the diamonds were false. This was Mrs.
Dayton's secret. She had sold the jewels to pay
off the mortgage, a very heavy one on her prop-
erty, five years previously. Before that time her
diamonds were noted; no one suspected the
change.

She looked at the crescent a long time, mur-
mured thoughtfully. Yes, that will do, and put it
away again.

As she looked the drawer, she seemed to fal-
ter for an instant. But just then, in the hall, she
heard Stephanie laugh—a low soft laugh, a happy
lightness in it such as she had never heard before.
She set her thin lips, turned away her dark eyes,
penitential again.

Shall I be ruined for that child! she said scorn-
fully.

The next day Claudia Dare was expected on a
visit. Blossy and exultant as ever, she came,
and immediately challenged West's attentions.

She is my cousin, a jolly girl, but I do not love
her, you know, said West, whispering to Step-
hanie in the hall as he went to order his horse sad-
dled; for he was going to ride with Claudia. She
delighted in races, adventures, and hairbreadth es-
capes.

They galloped away laughing. Stephanie
watched them from the nursery window without a
thought of envy. Mrs. Dayton, who had also
watched their departure from the hall-door, came
quickly up the stairs.

A few moments afterwards she sent for Step-
hanie to come to her chamber.

Her mind was fully set now. She began with-
out finching:

Miss Allyne, I have missed a valuable article.
I have reason to suppose you have taken it.

A flash of the beautiful brown eyes, a blanching
of the round cheek, but Stephanie did not, could
not speak.

I have no expectation of recovering my diamond
crescent, continued Mrs. Dayton. If you would
conceive to rob me, you would plot to conceal your
booty safely. But I hesitate about putting so
young a girl in the hands of the police.

Good heavens! cried Stephanie, what are you
talking about? Mrs. Dayton, you must be crazy.
I steal from you! Good heavens!

Those heroics are all wasted on me, Miss Al-
lyne. But, as I said before, I hesitate at sending
you to jail.

Stephanie turned deathly faint. She thought of
her old parents, whose manstey she had been for
years, of her young brothers looking to her for a
sister's influence.

I will be merciful to you. Go to your room and
pack your trunk. I must send you away, but you
need not go without refuge, she heard Mrs. Day-
ton say.

Blindly she obeyed. What awful fate was this
which had fallen upon her? She was bewildered
with terror and grief. She hardly knew what she
was doing as she mechanically placed her clothing
in her trunk and locked it. But soon Mrs. Day-
ton stood beside her.

Here is a railroad ticket. Go to this address.
The people will receive you. You can hide your
shame there until you repent. Go at once. Peter
will take you to the depot; the train starts in half
an hour.

Utterly broken and speechless, the poor girl
passed out of her new paradise. Three hours of
railroad travel, and she was set down at an old
farmhouse on Mad River, where an aged couple,
one blind, the other deaf, permitted her to alight
with them.

West Dayton was not satisfied. It was so
strange that Stephanie should leave Flax Pond
on a visit to her family just then, when their re-
lationship was new and so alluring. He tried to
warn himself that perhaps he did not understand
Stephanie, their acquaintance had been so brief.

Might she not as Mrs. Dayton intimated be a light
girl?—had not his head been easily turned by a
sympathetic figure, a pair of pale pink cheeks? But
those brown eyes were true and pure in their
depths; that he would swear to. He was restless,
indifferent to his guest, unhappy. By no means
could he find out where Stephanie had gone.

She said she wished to go home, said Mrs. Day-
ton, disapprovingly. I am indifferent about her
character, that I do not like.

At first he did not doubt that she would come
back. One week went by, two, three, and she did
not return.

His furlough was short, only two weeks more.
He could not give her up so. He looked wretch-
ed. Claudia pouted. Mrs. Dayton grew alarmed.

You surely were not in love with the girl?—
she said, affecting amazement.

I do love her, mother! and she must be found!
he flashed forth. Cannot you find out where her
home is?

I haven't the least idea, coldly.

He dashed away from her as she sat on the pi-
azza, and strode down the garden. Little Blossy
caught his arm and drew him to a seat.

I know where Miss Allyne is, West, and I want
you to get her back.

Where is she, Blossom? catching the child on
his knee.

Up Mad River, at old Grandfather Allyne's house.
Mamma told her that she stole her diamond cre-
scent, and sent her off. But she didn't; it is in
the little drawer now. I saw it. It most killed
Miss Allyne. I like her; get her back, West.
Mamma is cross to her.

With a cry of exultation, West Dayton tossed
the child into the air, and then set her down—
At dinner time he was missing.

Mad River brawled sullenly among its stones.
A horseman on its bank looked across with burn-
ing eyes. He had just escaped from a railroad
disaster. His coat was torn, his right hand cruelly
burned by steam, but he pressed on.

We must swim it, Prince. Get the steamer, sir!
The noble animal breasted the tumultuous cur-

rent, struggled up the opposite bank. It was
night; a red light came out in the tumble-down
old house where Stephanie lay languishing in a
low fever, wretched, and longing for death. They
were kind to her, the neglected old mother-in-law
of the fashionable Mrs. Dayton, and her blind hus-
band prayed for the sick girl night and morning.

The bounding hoofs of a horse, a man's pene-
tratory voice, a well-known step—the fainting girl
sprang up in her pillow, and was clasped to West
Dayton's breast. Almost dying as she was, she
yet wept with joy.

Darling! my precious! poor little bird, so cruel-
ly used! he cried. But you are safe now, Step-
hanie. I stand between you and the world.

She was cherished back to life and strength—
But she had been cruelly wounded, and she was
so timid that he almost feared sometimes that her
reason was affected. But she gained confidence
with happiness, and they went out alone into the
world together, husband and wife.

Mrs. Dayton read their marriage in a Wash-
ington paper, and turned very white. Claudia went
home; with her disappeared all prospect of the
Dare fortune.

Encounter with a Gorilla.

BY PAUL DU CHAILLÉ.

He was about twenty yards off when we
first saw him. We at once gathered together,
and I was about to take aim and bring him
down where he stood, when Malouen stopped
me, saying in a whisper, "Not time yet."

We too, then, for, in silence, gun in
hand. The gorilla loomed at us for a minute
or so out of his evil gray eyes, then beat
his breast with his gigantic arm—and what
arms he had!—then he gave another howl
of defiance, and advanced upon us. How
terrible he looked! I shall never forget it.

Again he stopped—not more than fifteen
yards away. Still Malouen said "not yet."
Good gracious! what is to come of us! our
guns miss fire, or if we only wound the huge
beast?

Again the gorilla made an advance upon us.
Now he was not twelve yards off. I could
scarcely plainly his furious face. It was distort-
ed with rage; his huge teeth were ground
against each other, so that we could hear the
sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn
forward and back rapidly, which made his
face move up and down, and gave a truly
frightful expression to the hideous face. Once
more he gave out a roar which seemed to
slush the woods like thunder; I could really
feel the earth trembling under my feet. The
gorilla, looking into the eyes, and beating
his breast, advanced again.

"Don't fire too soon," said Malouen; "if
you do not kill him, he will kill you!"

This time he came within eight yards of us
before he stopped. I was breathing hard
with excitement as I watched the huge beast
Ma-mouen said only "not yet!" as the gorilla
came up. Then he stopped. Malouen said
"now!" and before he could utter the word for
which he was opening his mouth, three musket-
balls were in his body. He fell dead almost
without a struggle.

He was a monstrous beast, but not, I think,
not among the tallest. His height was five
feet six inches. His arms had a span of
seven feet two inches. His broad, brawny
chest measured fifty inches round. The big
toe of his foot measured five inches and three
quarters in circumference. His arms seemed
like immense bunches of muscle only; and
his legs and claws like feet were so well fitted
for grasping and holding that I could see how
easy it was for the negroes to believe that
these animals, when they conceal themselves in
trees and watch for prey, can seize and
pull up with their feet any living thing, leopard,
ox, or man, that passes beneath.

The face of this gorilla was intensely black.
The vast chest, which proved his great power,
was bare, and covered with parchment-like
skin. His body was covered with gray hair.
While the animal approached in its fierce way,
walking on its hind legs, and facing us as but
few animals dare face man, it really seemed
to me to be a horrible likeness of man—
[Sketches of the Gorilla Family.]

BORAX AS A CURE FOR COLDS.—During
our changeable season, when there is an
alteration of cold, warm, rainy, and foggy days,
it is worth while to know that the Medical
Record cites a number of cases in which Borax
has proved a most efficient remedy in certain
forms of colds. In sudden hoarseness or loss
of voice from colds, speakers and singers have
often obtained relief by slowly dissolving and
partially swallowing a lump of borax the size
of a pea before sneezing or singing. This
produces a profuse secretion of saliva, or
"watering" of the mouth and throat, probably
restoring the voice or tone to the dried vocal
cords, just as "wetting" brings back the mis-
ing notes to a flute when it is too dry.

Is Pat Flanagan on board this ship?
routed Nelson, during a fall in the firing at the
battle of the Nile. "I'm here, my lord," said
Kerin's son, showing himself on deck. "Then,"
said the gallant Nelson, looking satisfied, "the
battle proceed." This victory is Pat's.

The Election Court.

The Election Court, which lately met in
Montreal, adjourned until 21st inst., in order
to hear counsel on certain points raised by
Judge Mondielet, arising out of the 92nd and
101st sections of the British North America
Act. They are as follows:—

By the Imperial Act of 1867 the Provincial
Parliaments have the exclusive power of organ-
izing the local administration of justice. The
judges are to be appointed by the Federal
Government almost exclusively.

Can the Federal Parliament do indirectly
what by the Imperial Act they cannot do di-
rectly—that is to say, by the Act of 1873,
cap. 28, viz., appoint an election judge as the
judge of the Superior Court?

Can the Federal Parliament assign to pro-
vincial judges duties different from and addi-
tional to those assigned to them by the
Provincial Legislature?

Quid as to section 101 of the Union Act—
Additional Courts—are such courts to be any
court, or courts connected with the Superior
Courts only?

Are the election laws such laws as are
called Dominion laws by section 101 of the
Imperial Act, for the carrying out of which
such additional courts may be necessary?

In the Election Law of 1873 a confederated
law—a law for the confederation such as men-
tioned in section 101 of the Imperial Act; or
is it merely a sectional law, a law of a sectional
character, creating sectional courts, i. e.,
Division of Quebec or Division of Montreal?

On the appointment of judges by the Fed-
eral Legislature, be some sectional and valid
which require the authorization of the Local
Government.

If such appointments require such authoriza-
tion are they those which the Federal Gov-
ernment alone and exclusively can make?

If judges are partly appointed by the Local
Government and partly by the Federal Parlia-
ment (not by the Federal Government), is
such appointment constitutional?

Could the Imperial Parliament interfere
in any way with the provincial organization
of the administration of justice and its judg-
es?

THE EARLIEST STEAM BOATS.

Robert Fulton must be credited with the
first successful application of steam to the
propulsion of boats on the water. In 1807,
after repeated trials and failures, he completed
the experiment which so much astonished the
simple minded people who witnessed the
strange movements of the little "Clermont,"
as she slowly moved against the tide of the
Hudson. This novel in marine appliances
was of 150 tons burden, her engine having
been imported from Birmingham, England.

Though an unquestioned triumph, and one that
has conferred lasting benefits upon mankind,
a bolder conception was soon to follow, having
its origin in Canada. The "Clermont" was
only intended to navigate the placid waters of
the Hudson river, but John Molson, of Mon-
treal, launched, in 1809, the "Accommodation,"
of great dimensions and capable of braving
the turbulent St. Lawrence between that city
and Quebec. This boat was finished with
considerable elegance, and caused a sensation
when she first appeared on her natural ele-
ment. It is reported that she carried two
passengers on the trial trip, who were regard-
ed as the bravest spirits in the city, willing to
peril their lives for the experience of so novel
a mode of travelling. When the boat reached
Quebec all the inhabitants flocked to the river
in order to obtain a view of the saucy craft,
which glided through the water like a thing of
life. Her safe arrival and successful work-
ing was celebrated as an event worthy of
special regard, and the remainder of the day
was given up to hilarious rejoicing. The
fare for this pleasant "accommodation" was
eight dollars down and nine dollars up, and,
the boat was well patronized. The "Ac-
commodation" was the second boat propelled
by steam built in America. It took her thirty
six hours to sail from Montreal to Quebec, and
considerably longer time to return. [From
an article entitled "Canada's Early Marine,"
in New D mission Monthly for March.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—An extremely
sharp and intelligent American gentleman
from the West once walked into the office of
Dr. C. T. Jackson, the chemist. "Dr. Jack-
son, I presume?" said he. "Yes, sir." "Are
you alone?" "Yes, sir." "May I look the
doctor over?" And he did so; then, having looked
behind the sofa, and satisfied himself that no
one else was in the room, he placed a large
bundle, doped up in a yellow handkerchief, on
the table and opened it. "There, doctor, look
at that!" "Well," said the doctor, "I see it."
"What do you call that, doctor?" "I call it
iron pyrites." "What!" said the man; "isn't
that stuff gold?" "No," said the doctor, "it's
good for nothing; it's pyrites." And putting
some over the fire in a shovel, it soon evap-
orated up the chimney. "Well," said the
gentlemanly man, with a woe-begone look,
"there's a widow up in our town has a whole
hill full of that, and I've been and married
her!"

Government House, Ottawa.

Friday, 6th day of March, 1874.
PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN
COUNCIL.

WHEREAS doubts have arisen as to whether
any or what duty is payable on the article known
as "Blond Felt" or "Patent Felt" and it is expedi-
ent that such doubts be removed.

His Excellency, on the recommendation of the
Treasury Board, and under the provisions of the
4th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6,
has been pleased to order and declare that it is
hereby ordered and declared that the articles
known as "Blond Felt" or "Patent Felt" may be
imported into Canada free of Customs duty, under
the article mentioned in the Free List (Schedule
C) of the Customs Tariff now in force as "Felt for
Hats and Boots."

W. A. HIMS WORTH,
Clerk Privy Council.

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Post-
master General, and marked "Tender for
Mail Service," will be received at Ottawa, until
12 o'clock, noon, on MONDAY, the 7th April,
for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails be-
tween

Saint John and Digby
—AND—
St. John and Annapolis.

For the term of Four Years from the 1st May
next, to be performed as follows, viz:

From the 1st April to 15th December, four
times per week each way between St. John
Digby and Annapolis, and from the 15th Decem-
ber until the 1st April twice per week, each way
between St. John and Digby, extending the
trip to Annapolis whenever the navigation of the
Annapolis is open.

Separate Tenders are also invited for the con-
veyance of Mails between the same points, six
times per week, from 1st April until the 15th
December, and three times per week from the 15th
December until the 1st April.

The conveyance to be made by a seaworthy
and commodious passenger steamboat, of sufficient
power and capacity to perform the round trip in
twelve hours, including a reasonable detour at
each port of arrival for the exchange of Mails.

The vessel employed in this service is to be subject
to the approval of the Postmaster General in re-
gard to safety, accommodation for passengers and
rate of speed.

The Mails are to be conveyed to and from the
several Post Offices at the expense of the Con-
tractor.

The contract, if satisfactorily executed will con-
stitute in force for a term not exceeding four years,
the Postmaster General reserving the right to
terminate the agreement at any time, previous to
the expiration of four years, should the public
interest in his opinion, require it—upon giving
the Contractor six months previous notice of his
intention so to do.

It is to be clearly and distinctly understood that
persons tendering for the above service that they
will not receive any further sum or subsidy from
the Government for the performance of the service
beyond that stipulated in the contract to be paid
by the Post Office Department.

Printed Forms of tender and guarantee may be
obtained at the Post Office at St. John, or at the
office of the underscriber.

JOHN McMILLAN,
Post Office Inspector,
St. John, 24th Feb. 1874.

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