

# The St. Andrews Standard.

Published by W. SMITH. E. VARIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.  
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### Summer.

Oh, brightest season of the year,  
Thou white-robed goddess, all divine,  
We bow in homage at thy shrine,  
And roses wreath o'er spring's cold hair!  
So like thy sister thou art seen,  
Arrayed in drapery of green;  
With every skirt as only nature wears  
When she in happy mood appears,  
In soft and sunny hours—  
Beloved and brodered o'er with leaves  
And garlanded with flowers;  
White on thy head a floral crown we place,  
And to thy hand a lily for thy maid;  
Oh, summer queen, with air of grace,  
Don't forget sweetly in thy youthful pride,  
Oh, peerless queen, with bonnie face,  
Cuter sweet blossoms—strew them far and wide

Pair fields of waving grain  
With myriad webs of shining spinn,  
The tangled thick upon the waving plain;  
And tatted blossoms lift their yellow heads  
To catch the dewdrops shaken from the blades;  
A noisy dance the morn advances,  
For dew-wet flag o'er all nature!  
The cooling steals its mellow light along,  
Meeting morning mists and waking song,  
Till soon in golden-skirted clouds advance,  
Receding in the distance  
Of blue, oh, soft, luxuriant summer!

Grass and clover are now sweeping over  
The heather and lawn;  
The lilies are blowing and violets showing  
The gold hearts glowing and glad to the  
Sole here, amid the shattering wood,  
The robin and the blue-bird brood.  
The thrush at night attest their delight  
The reo-hour is night;  
The willow wakes with their lone reply;  
Then, in happily choral they toll the  
Bells of day-dawning sky!

Now the birds their tresses twine  
With garland beads of eglastrine,  
And softly o'er hill and vale  
Go to be the sweet and wading gale;  
I walk through mead wide,  
I watch the rippling river's tide,  
I see o'er, delicate and rare,  
Perfume the warm and ambient air;  
I nature sings in melody,  
Notes of sweetest harmony.  
For thee, oh rosy, blooming summer—  
It sings for thee!

The glad earth throbs beneath thy feet,  
O'er thee, oh warm and dreamy summer,  
While grateful nature smiles to greet  
Thy happy-see,  
The heavens rejoice in thy glad voice  
And winnowing breeze.  
Oh, soft, sweet showery summer!  
Lute apple-blossoms with arbor blush,  
And cherries smile with tinted flush;  
The peach-tree buds are crimson-red,  
While the wild warblers pipe overhead,  
For thee, oh fragrant, fraternal summer!  
The busy little honey-bee,  
Makes merry drone in locust tree—  
Now by its coming, and its going,  
And by its humming it is showing  
The love it bears to thee—  
To thee, oh honey-laden summer!  
The love it bears to thee!

Meriden, Conn. Luther G. Riggs.

### HAZEL.

An April day, with a sky that one hour was sunny and smiling as a baby's blue eyes, and the next black with tempestuous wind and rain clouds, and a tearing, cold, easterly wind.

Three times that day there had been violent little hail-storms, followed by sudden, peaceful clearings of the tumultuous sky; and Hazel May, at five o'clock of the capricious afternoon, was sitting disconsolately at the window, looking out at the lovely, velvety lawn, where the croquet-hoops had been put up, and at the courageous out-putting hyacinths, in the sunny western border.

All the little house was in exquisite order, for Hazel and Isabel had skillful, willing hands, and there was only themselves to do for.

There was full and plenty of everything, from wardrobe to refrigerator. Sickness never troubled the little family, and dear friends were many and true; and yet this little Hazel—seventeen her last birthday—felt that life was scarcely worth the having.

And all because of Clyde Remington, with his smiling blue eyes and handsome mouth and melodious voice.

In a word, Mr. Remington had spent the early winter at Judge St. Lawrence's, and Hazel had met him at an evening company. From that time on he had been most marked in his attentions, so that people had set it down as a foregone conclusion that there was a very delightful understanding between them. Eggybody declared it was just the thing.

Judge St. Lawrence's wife—Mr. Remington's haughty sister—was pleased, and had called most graciously on the Misses May.

Isabel could find no possible fault, and Hazel—bright, happy, charming Hazel, with her bronze-brown hair and wonderful brown eyes—was the proudest girl in all the world; glad, and proud and happy.

And then, all at once, without a word or a sign, he went away—entirely away, he and Judge St. Lawrence and Mrs. St. Lawrence—and not a word of explanation, or regret, or apology left behind.

It could not have helped being an awful blow to Hazel, but she bore it wonderfully at first. She was indignant, and indignant, and indifferent, by turns, until her woman's heart asserted itself, and then she broke down and cried out all her true agony on faithful Isabel's breast.

"Try not to care, dear—can't you? Believe in him still, and make up your mind that it will be all right yet—that he will explain and come back again. Can't you?"

And strengthened by such tender counsel Hazel tried to be brave and patient. But the days grew into weeks, and midwinter came, with the joyous holiday greetings that Hazel had looked so fondly forward to. Earliest spring came, and now mid-April, and no word or sign had ever reached her.

Was it any wonder that Hazel leaned her bright head against the window, and let the thick tear-drops fall, fast and hot?—very much, wonder that her heart was hurt and sick and almost past endurance?

With the first pattering rain drops Isabel came in, a look on her sweet, grave face that in all her life Hazel had never before seen there.

She went up to Hazel, stopping to lay her little parcels on the table as she went, and then separated from them a newspaper that she opened and folded slowly; and then went closely up to the figure leaning so disconsolately, half tearfully, against the window.

"Dear, you know I never hesitate if I have bad news for you, little sister, and I know of no better way for you to bear it than to ask your Heavenly Father to help you. Clyde Remington married—see for yourself in this paper that was handed to me in the street."

When she thought of the kisses and caresses his happy wife would receive poor little Hazel! Life seemed a very dreary thing to her in those days that followed, when she tried, honestly and conscientiously, to endure.

A soft, feverish cheek against Isabel May's cheek; tears standing in the pleading eyes; and lips quivering piteously, and two fair arms coaxingly twined about her neck.

"Please—please say yes, Isabel! Please let me go; I want to so very—very much. I must go!"

Isabel expressed the hot, tear-wet face tenderly.

"I don't know what I ought to say, child. No good can come of it—no possible good to you! And suppose—just suppose, dear—that Mr. Remington should recognize you, and discover your foolish, romantic motive? Hazel, I don't know what to say."

"Say yes. Let me do it! How could he know? How could any one in the world suspect that the applicant for the position of lady's maid for Mrs. Clyde Remington was—the girl who who wants to see him so badly once more?"

There was such a little catch of pain in her hesitant words.

Has applied for the vacancy Annie has made, only she has no references. Do tell me it will be prudent to engage her, dear."

Hazel seemed to have lived a thousand years in that awful, awful moment that she waited with averted face, hushed heart, held breath, for the answering sound of his beloved voice.

"Certainly, my darling. I would always trust to a woman's intuition in such cases. By all means, if you think best."

And it was as if a soul doomed to perdition had heard a remission of sentence, and saw the gates of paradise temptingly opened for its entrance—Hazel turned her death-white face, and saw what the calm pleasant face had told her—that it was not—it was not—oh, God was good—it was not her Clyde Remington.

Twenty years older, very like him, twelve years older; but, oh—oh, not her darling!

"Then you will come?—I will give you fifteen dollars a month—will that suit you? And be here promptly on Monday, please."

And Hazel went away, never to forget that hour so long as she lived—to remember it even in heaven.

### Perfect Through Suffering.

The oak, the flower, and all things brave and sweet  
With storms have striven;  
Strength through the striving, freshness from the rain  
Are ever given.  
Fruit buds that tremble with the threat of life  
They faint world weave,  
Because of weakness, seek for greater strength  
And skill receive.  
Brightest the stars that gleam through midnight skies  
Or storm-rest cloud;  
Sweetest the faith that breathes in hearts  
By bier and shroud.  
The heart is bound by links of selfish love  
Or earthly love—  
One stoops and breaks the chain, but fastens it  
To things above.  
The Comforter draws nearest when the soul  
For comfort pleads,  
And so we find the path of pain and loss  
To Jesus leads.  
—Mrs. S. L. Howell.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Laugh of the 'schoolgirl'—"He! he! he!"  
Denmark has only 1,960,675 inhabitants, and that is 200,000 more than ten years ago.  
The law can never make a man honest. It can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.  
A Dakota man has a novel Indian relic in the shape of a perfectly formed skull, with an arrow-head shot into the eye and piercing the brain.  
Kicking a boy for cutting a shade tree with a knife cost a Gatesburg (Ill.) man \$12,000. The lad was taken with a spinal disorder, which has disabled him ever since.  
Another severe outbreak of scarlet fever, which occurred near Manchester, England, has been traced by the health officers to the distribution of the infection through the milk supply.  
The men engaged in grain elevators are found to succumb very quickly to pulmonary diseases. The life of a "scooper" is variously estimated at an average of three to five years.  
"I wish I was worth a million dollars," said a gentleman. "What good would it do you, for you don't spend your present income?" inquired a friend.  
"Oh, I could be economical on a large scale."  
The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's house at Peekskill, N. Y., which he has been building and fitting up for several years, will be when finished, the finest country home belonging to any American clergyman.  
An unfortunate Indianapolis man, who lost several toes by a car-wheel, was consoled by an Irishman near by with: "Whist, there, you're making more noise than many a man I've seen with his head off."  
John Long, of Drumore, Pa., was recently driven out of his home by swallows. They swept down the large chimney, drove the fire out of the stove, and the occupants of the kitchen; they covered the window panes, and were estimated to be over 5,000 in number.  
A Terre Haute (Ind.) physician told the county medical society that one of his patients, a young woman, was attacked with frightful pains in her legs; that after two weeks of suffering she recovered, and it was found that she was six inches taller than before. The report was received in impressive silence.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

The new "catch blankets" to be used for the purpose of rescuing people from burning buildings have been tested by the members of Engine Company No. 12, in Boston, and apparently are likely to prove very efficient. One man jumped from the second-story of the engine house and was caught in the blanket without touching the ground.  
With a view to the protection of the birds of the country, the French government has taken action, and has enacted laws prohibiting the killing of other than birds of passage, and those only under certain limitations. The law is much more stringent than the so-called game laws in this country, and is strictly enforced against all offenders, no matter how trivial the violation.  
The plan for utilizing Genesee falls at Rochester, is really being carried out. The power is to be controlled by letting the water fall into perpendicular cylinders in such a manner as to compress air with tremendous force; and this air is to be conducted in pipes to various points for use in running machinery. The first novel application of the power will be to the propulsion of street cars. If the scheme proves successful, Niagara will be tried.

The republic of San Domingo has seen a small part of the ashes of Christopher Columbus to Genoa, where the great navigator was born, and to Pavia, where he was educated. The precious vase will arrive in Italy soon, and a monument to Columbus will be erected in the University of Pavia. The librarian of that university has published a learned article on Columbus as a student there. An American writer, Mr. Henry Harris, has gone to Genoa to make studies on the history and genealogy of Columbus, so that with all these researches the life of the discoverer will not be mythical, like that of Shakespeare.

A Russian army officer has been condemned to long penal servitude for deliberately killing his wife in a street in Odessa. The lady, Madam Vera Majewski, young, handsome, and but lately married, was walking with him, when he suddenly quarreled, and loud words were heard. In a moment he drew a knife from the breast of his uniform, and inflicted two furious stabs upon his companion, who endeavored to save herself from further injury by flight, whereupon he drew his saber, ran after her, and cut her down with such tremendous force that she fell dead upon the pavement, her head literally cleft in twain by one savage stroke.

A dangerous combustible, largely used by silk dealers, is said to be German black silk twist. A fire in a New York bonded warehouse, whereby \$5,000,000 worth of stored silks were put in jeopardy, spontaneously broke out, it is said, in a lot of this dangerous material. There were many boxes of it in the place. It is imported by merchants in large quantities from Germany. The raw silk is sent thither for coloring. The chemical used in the German process gives the thread a glossiness and weight which cannot be obtained elsewhere. So dangerous, however, becomes the material when thus prepared, that in its exportation it is packed in perforated boxes to permit free access of air. Even thus packed it is still held dangerous, not only to export but to handle. No shipping company will knowingly permit it to be taken on board their vessels, nor will any insurance company take it to be taken on board their vessels. To evade both the insurance and shipping laws, the exporters give a different name to this class of goods.

### The Wonderful Adaptability of Paper.

The adaptability of paper to numerous important and widely-varied uses is wonderful. What other substance can be so satisfactorily substituted for wood, iron and such common materials to the extent that paper can be? It is impossible to find anything else which, like paper, may be so differently and dexterously prepared, as regards flexibility, thinness, strength, durability, imperviousness to fire and water, etc., that it can be readily made into paper, washbowls, dishes, bricks, napkins, blankets, barrels, hoses, stoves, wearing apparel, curtains, bonnets, newspapers and writing sheets, wrappers, carpets, coating for iron ships, flower-pots, parchment paper, covers for the leads of pencils, jewelry, lanterns, car-wheels, dies for stamping, typewriter shoes, roofing and many other things. It is this tendency on the part of paper to take the place of everything else, to become a universal substitute, so to speak, which leads to the conclusion that the future has a grand development in store for it, and that in the years to come its manufacture will hold a magnificent position among the great industrial interests of the world.

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Local notices 10 cents a line, no charge less than 75 cents.

Advertising by the year as may be agreed upon. Bills payable quarterly.

New Rotary Power Job Press. We have added to the Standard Office an Alden New rotary power Job Press...

SNAKES AS LIFE DESTROYERS. The less of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible.

Visitors to St. Andrews and travellers generally will be pleased to know that the Standard Office has been removed to the new building...

15 Pounds Gained in Three Weeks and CURED OF CONSUMPTION. Messrs. C. Craddock & Co., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. ANDREWS LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION. W. D. FOSTER, President. Geo. S. GILMER, Vice do. J. M. BRADFORD, Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE. COUNTY INDEBTEDNESS. Editor Standard.

Dear Sir.—The Warden of this Municipality at the last meeting of Council, among other matters in his address, mentioned that "the financial position of the County was not as he and they would like to see it."

bear it; is it not with difficulty they now meet the burden, then is not retrenchment in salaries imperatively demanded.

A TAX PAYER.

Mr. Editor.—I read in St. John papers letters purporting to come from Saint Andrews, complaining that the Customs officers who attend the steamer neglect their duty.

Notice to Subscribers.

A change about being made in the Standard Office, it is necessary that all accounts due for subscriptions, advertising, etc., should be paid without delay.

The St. Andrews Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JULY 31, 1880.

A RETROSPECT.

It is rapidly approaching a half century since the STANDARD was first issued. At that time St. Andrews carried on a large trade with Great Britain and the West Indies.

Her merchants were men of capacity, enterprise and energy—one of them owning forty sail of vessels, among them ships, barques and brigs; only one small vessel a schooner was registered here.

At that period the C. C. Bank was doing a large business and was the only money institution in the Province with the exception of the Bank of New Brunswick at St. John.

At that time, the STANDARD was ushered into the world, and was welcomed by its contemporaries the St. John "Courier," "Observer," "City Gazette," "Watchman," "Chronicle," and "Colonist," all which papers have long since been discontinued.

How we have adhered to these principles we leave our readers to judge. It has ever been our aim to advocate the

interests of this Town and Province to the best of our ability, and were instrumental in past years of advancing the prosperity and commercial status of St. Andrews.

The Flagship Northampton, Admiral McClintock, at present off St. John, will it is hoped visit the Port of St. Andrews, where she can anchor within a stone's throw of the town.

DEATH.—We regret to learn the death of Mr. Jarvis Clark, Lightkeeper at Bliss Harbor, which occurred on Monday last.

Mr. J. W. Youmans has arrived here, and will organize classes in vocal music. His success in Calais, St. Stephen and other towns in this Province, is a guarantee of his popularity as an instructor of vocal music.

Henry Jack, Esq., is with his family who are here. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Jack's health has improved since her sojourn in this climate.

Sir S. L. and Lady Tilley, went to St. John this morning.

Mr. D. O'Neil with a brother student from college, are spending their vacation with his sister, Miss O'Neil.

Sir Edward Blackett, Bart., aged 78, is about to marry his third wife, aged 18.

To conclude—in a lengthy review of the "Past and Present," and wishing our readers "a very happy new year" it was added, "we do not know what is in the womb of futurity, it may, or may not be, the last time we will have the privilege through these columns of extending our annual greeting."

THE SCHOOL REGULATIONS which were noticed at some length in these columns, were so sharply criticised by the teachers at the meeting of the Provincial Institute, held last week in Fredericton, that it is probable the requisite changes will be made.

We frequently receive newspapers from friends in Great Britain, and on looking over the advertising pages, we read the following, and also an announcement that the Canadian Government will pay the fares of about 3000 laborers from Quebec to Manitoba.

CANADA. 3000 AGRICULTURAL LABORERS AND NAVIGATORS WANTED IN THE VARIOUS PROVINCES OF THE DOMINION. NOW IS THE TIME TO GO OUT!

This is a specimen of the way in which the Government are carrying out their policy of encouragement to the working men of Canada.

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FISHERIES DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 13th July, 1880. By an Order in Council, dated 8th instant, the Regulation of 13th March 1879, prescribing a close time for the Lobster Fishery, is amended by extending the fishing season, during the current year for ten days.

The "ONLY" LUNG PAD. Manufactured by the "Only" Lung Pad Co., Detroit, Mich.

THE ONLY LUNG PAD. Absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, all Throat and Lung diseases, relieves and cures Consumption.

Eligible House. For sale or to Let. That eligible two story Dwelling House, situated in the town of St. Andrews, formerly occupied by the late James W. Street.

DR. J. E. GRANT, Surgical and Mechanical DENTIST. 41 Main St., MAINE.

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\$1500 TO \$6000 A YEAR, or \$3 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women to us well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above.

MANHOOD. We have recently published a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY of the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Impotency, Impediments to Marriage, etc.