

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

ET VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 16

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 20, 1870.

V. 137

Poetry.

For the Standard.

"Past is Death's Bitterness."

Past is death's bitterness, the light fades from the day,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

Oh! golden night of June, rich in its summer
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

Oh! eyes that shine like yonder starry firmament,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

How of we lingered 'till the golden sunset
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more,
And he who has been, is no more.

most expedition, if you will assist me a little.

With the greatest pleasure.

The student thereupon went to a wardrobe, and tranquilly took out a skeleton, which he landed to the dame.

Will you have the kindness to place this at the bottom of my trunk? folding it up.

What is that? asked the landlady, recoiling a little.

Push that! Oh! the skeleton of my first landlady. He was inconvenient enough to claim the rent of three terms that I owed him, and then I—be careful that you do not break it—it is number one of my collection.

Monsieur! exclaimed the dame, growing visibly pale.

The student without replying, opened a second drawer and took out another skeleton.

This my landlady in the Rue l'Ecole de Medicine. A very worthy woman, but who also demanded the rent of two terms. Will you place it on the other? It is number two.

The landlady opened her eyes as large as portulacae.

This, continued the student—this is number three. They are all here! A very honest man, and whom I did not pay either. Let us pass on to number four.

But the landlady was no longer there. She had fled almost frightened to death.

From that day no more was said about the rent.

Sitting in Sunshine

To sit in sun-line, calm and sweet, is an excellent thing for an invalid.

These words met the eye of Mr. Stephen Strongway, as he glanced over the pages of a book taken at random from the centre table in his wife's parlor.

To sit in sunshine, calm and sweet, even taken only in a physical sense of the words; while to sit all the time in mental sunshine—

Mr. Strongway dropped his head upon his hand, and a sigh stole almost unconsciously from his lips at the thought.

He was worthy of his name—a strong man, mentally and physically, and withal a strong man's impulse of not to say content for content, in what-ver form it was manifested.

Mrs. Strongway was a delicate creature—loving, trusting, and timid. She was overwhelmed by her husband's attempt of weakness, and shrank from exhibiting her affection toward him; and she and her children drooped under the chill which the shadow of his staleness constantly kept upon their home.

But now Alicia, his wife, was ill—dying; and his thoughts were turned to soft strains; and the sentence, "to sit in sun-line, calm and sweet," struck home to his inmost soul. His wife had never had any sunshine of home, or of love, in which to bask; but he resolved it should be so no longer.

Alicia's early home among the mountains was for sale, and she wished it, he would purchase the old home, as a summer retreat in future years, for herself and her children.

In future years? Nay, what had the grave-faced family doctor told him only that very day!

He dashed the tears impatiently from his eyes. The doctor must be mistaken. Alicia could live! It was not too late to repair the ravages his coldness and unkindness had made.

Even as he thought this, a hollow cough struck upon his ear, and his wife crossed the hall and entered the parlor.

Alicia, he said, gently, you are very ill. She looked at him, and her soft brown eyes filled with tears.

in future, if I have the power to bring it a round your path.

He kept his word. And did Alicia die?

On the contrary, she disgraced her physician forever by growing strong and well, and healthy and happy in the calm, sweet sunshine of her husband's love. It never waited again. And she and her children have lost all their fear of him, in this strangely altered state of things; while all who have business dealings with him of late, can scarcely recognize the once stern and haughty and masterful man.

"To sit in sunshine, calm and sweet," is indeed "good for an invalid." It is good for all. Read it, if in that blessed heart-convulsion you sit to day, thank God humbly for the gift for some there are on whose darkened paths no ray of radiance, no gleam of true affection ever falls.

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

Advice to Young Men.

A Lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestions to young men: Dear gentlemen, between the ages of "eighteen and forty-five," (I) listen to a few words of gratuitous advice. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock; an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought, to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent, with music, chess, or other games, to land variety; but, mind, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and come often. A girl—that is a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of a father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should pit his oft repeated threat in execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast.

And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognosis of displeasure. In such cases, a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one does not get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus.

Even then, sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to.

Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then beware! monosyllabic responses will be all you need expect. And if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and, taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder and, it is to be hoped, a wiser man.

Do not get angry; but the next time you come, be careful to keep within bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and, as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better a poor daughter's feelings, but still must disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances.

And now, young men, think about these things, and don't, for a party's sake, don't—throw down your paper with a "pshaw" but remember the safe side of ten.

[This "Martyr to Late Hours" shows herself to be a sensible lady, one, doubtless, of thousands who have thus been made "martyrs," so called, to silly, foolish, or "cheeky" young men under "forty-five"—silly, such as know no better; bashful, such as seem afraid to start; "cheeky" those "old young men," who presume that long visits are ever and always most welcome from them, especially by the young maidens; we heard one of the older class of maids say, that she is wont to remark, when she thinks a young man has staid about long enough, and yet seemingly ignorant of the laws of etiquette or decency—"Did you ask for your hat?" a hint that seldom fails of accomplishing the desired end.

Let the foregoing "advice," with the above hints and suggestions, be heeded by all those for whose instruction they are kindly offered. Few social habits in good society are more reprehensible than those late hours, prevailing in the country as well as in the city. Much evil has been thus produced. Some parents wisely offer to send such young men to bed, when it is time to lock up the house for the night, which usually serves as a hint to leave. Parents should either do so, or remain with their daughters' visitors until they leave. A hint to the wiser is sufficient.

How Good Farmers Save Money.—

They take good papers and read them. They keep accounts of their farm operations.

They do not have their implements strewn over the farm, exposed to rain, snow, or heat. They repair their tools and buildings at the proper time, and do not suffer a subsequent threefold expenditure of time and money.

They use their money judiciously, and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is "cheap."

They see that their fences are well repaired, and that their cattle are not found grazing in the meadows, or grain fields, or orchards.

They do not refuse to make experiments in a small way of many new things.

They plant fruit trees, well, care for them, and of course get good crops.

They practice economy by giving their stock good shelter during the winter, also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half rotten, or moldy.

They do not keep tribes of cats and snarling dogs around their premises, who eat up more in a month than they are worth in a life time.

Lastly, they read the advertisements, know what is going on, and frequently save money by it.

Successful farming is made up by attention to little things. The farmer who does it best earns his money with best appreciation, and uses it with best results.

Such men are the salt of the earth.—[Independent.]

While men were sawing into sections for butchers blocks the trunk of an ancient elm which had been cut down to make room for improvements in South Boston they met with an obstruction in the very core of the tree, which was the operation of the saw. The speculations concerning the cause were various, but none of them included, or even in the slightest degree hinted at the real cause.

A section of the wood was taken out, when it was found that the obstruction had been caused by a tree barrel, which ran up the very cord of the tree and was indeed, when it was cut through and examined, filled with the wood constituting its pith. It was a gun of no modern make, but much more substantial in construction, and in calibre and massiveness of proportion suggestive of an old Queen Anne musket. How the gun barrel got there, or how much of it may be imbedded in the tree are yet secrets. At the time the gun was hid down away—say some two hundred years ago—as the tree will probably be found to be two hundred and twenty years old—there was not a great deal of iron lying around loose.

Fashionable lady going out of church: What a powerful sermon! I never was so impressed with the duty and privilege of giving freely. I am determined to do better, and to send this very week, another new silk dress to my daughter.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Why don't you get married? said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth faced, innocent looking youth.

Well, I—said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes on vacancy with a puzzled and foolish expression.

Well go on, said the cross questioner, inclining imperceptibly, nearer to the young man. Now just tell me right out—you what?

Why, I—pshaw, I don't know.

You do know, I say you do; now come, John, I want to know.

Oh I can't tell you.

I say you can. Why you know I'll never mention it; and you may tell me, of course you know, for haven't I always been your friend.

Well you have, I know, replied the poor beleaguered youth.

And I'm sure I always thought you, liked me, went on the maiden, in tender mellow accents.

Oh I do, upon my word; yes indeed I do, Maria, said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly; and he found Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.

SUNLIGHT A NECESSITY.—Sunbaths cost nothing, and are the refreshing, life giving bath that one can take, whether sick or well.

Every householder knows the necessity of giving her washbasin the benefit of sun from time to time, and especially after a long rainy season.

The sunbath cost nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people who are still d-l-l-d with the idea that those things can be good or useful which cost money. Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beneficent gifts to man—sunlight, fresh air and water, are free to all; you can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health, then see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time; that you bathe for an hour, or so, in the sunlight; and that you quench your thirst with no other fluid than water.—Journal of Health.

The editor of the Horticulturist says: We have known quite a number of instances—indeed, so often as to make it quite a rule—that old orchards apparently dying out have been brought back to fruitfulness by the liberal use of wood ashes, also stirring the soil. Potash is the most important element in the successful growth of all kinds of fruit trees. An old gentleman told a club, not long ago, that he had known a man to make and preserve an orchard of apple trees in a flourishing and productive condition, originally placed on very poor ground, by sprinkling every year around each tree, to the circumference of the extent of its branches, half a bushel of ashes. We consider this a very important item.

TO STOP POTATOES ROTTING.—An experienced agriculturist informs us that about four years ago he applied lime to potatoes that had commenced to rot, and that it immediately arrested the decay. Since then he has made it a common practice to apply slacked lime to his potatoes as he takes them in. He puts a thin layer of lime upon the floor where the potatoes are to be laid, and sprinkles some of it over them about every ten inches, as they are put down. He considers this as perfectly protecting them from rotting, as he has never had a rotten potato since he has practiced it, and he believes, also, that potatoes thus used are rendered better by the action of lime. We advise farmers to try this plan, if they have any kind of potato that is liable to decay in the bin, as the lime can generally easily be had by them all.

ANECDOTE OF A HORSE.—Last year, during a tour for toothpicks, I made a temporary stay at a small house in Bedfordshire, when a horse in the back yard grasped with his mouth the handle of the door of the room in which I was sitting, and by a twist of the head, turned the spindle and entered the room. The mistress of the house, knowing his habit, put a piece of lead sugar into his mouth, when he immediately backed out again, grasped the handle and closed the door after him. The woman told me that when the horse was disengaged in the yard he often came inside for a piece of sugar in that way.

A romantic youth promenading in one of our fashionable walks, picked up a thimble. He stood awhile meditating upon the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying:—

Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer! In it as he finished, a stout, elderly negro, heeled out of an upper window and said:—

Massa, jist please to bring dat fiddle of mine in de entry—I jist dop't it there to try you.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Batter Pudding.—One pint of milk, four eggs, ten tablespoonfuls of flour. Bake in three deep pie plates fifteen minutes. To be served with sauce.

Mountain Cake.—Cheap and nice; one cup of sugar, two eggs, one half cup of milk or water; two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg to flavor.

Jumbles.—One quart of flour, one teaspoon of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, one half teaspoonful of soda, one third, cup of sweet milk. When they put in the oven sprinkle sugar over them.

A Pious young lady of New York was last Sunday endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She said that for seven years he ate grass just like a cow. Just then a small boy asked:—

Did he give milk? We are not informed as to the teacher's reply.

A Home missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkling of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

A Mr. Ross, of Philadelphia, is the owner of four year old horse that is only twenty seven inches high, and weighs but 135 pounds. He is perfect horse in every respect, brown in color, with a long tail.

A JENIAN INVASION THREATENED AND
HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED WITHOUT
DEBATE!!

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the right edge, suggesting it was once part of a bound volume. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

the Silver Leafed, Silver Card, Receiver, Silver

the Rev. Mr. Harvey, and the advantage
that much abused Island as a home for

16, Martha Ann, Brown, Campobello, bal
18, Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, Sund
19, Delta, Fuller, Red Beach, Plaster,
Rose,

Ed. Chandler,
C. J. Brydges,
A. W. McElean,
Commissioners.
Commissioners' Office,
Ottawa, 24th March 1870.—4. April 6

Feb. 9.



Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

