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## Poetry.

### OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby?  
Little Dot;  
With her eyes so sparkling bright,  
And her skin so soft and white,  
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—  
Tell you what,  
She is just the sweetest baby  
In the lot.

Dot, she is a little darling,  
And to me,  
All her little ways are witty;  
When she sings her little ditty,  
Every word is just as pretty  
As can be—  
Not another in the city  
Sweet as she.

You don't think so?—never saw her?  
Wish you could!  
See her with her playthings clattering,  
And her little tongue a clattering  
Little dancing feet a pattering—  
Think you would  
Love her just as well as I do,  
If you could!

### SCRAPS.

Original package—An infant.  
Domestic infidelity—Gold feet.  
The children's kingdom—Lapland.  
Stockings are a lot of dress.  
A natural bridge—the bridge of the nose.  
Counterattractions—Handsome lady clerks.  
Late trains—Young men on midnight benches.  
Those who pitch it strong—Those in the tar bus.

Why is a man who never lays wages quiet  
but one who does? Because he's no better.

## Miscellany.

### Care of Boots and Shoes.

Boots and shoes, if taken care of properly, will usually last two or three times longer than they usually do, and at the same time fit the feet more satisfactorily and keep them dry and comfortable in wet and cold weather. The upper leather should be kept soft and pliable, while the soles need to be hard, though impervious to water. The first thing to be done with any pair of new shoes for old use, is to set each one on a platter or for dinner plate, and in boiled linseed oil, sufficient to fill the vessel to the upper edge of the sole. Allow the leather to absorb as much oil as it will in eight hours. Linseed oil should not be applied to upper leather, as it will soon be rubbed off, rendering the leather tough and hard. But if the soles be saturated with oil, it will exclude the dampness, and so enlarge the pores so that the soles will never get loose from the upper leather. If the shoes be sewed, the linseed oil will preserve the thread from rotting. Now, wet the upper leather thoroughly when the boots or shoes are to be put on the feet, so that those parts which are tight may render a trifle, and thus adapt the form of the shoe to the foot more satisfactorily than when the upper leather is not wet. Keep them on the feet until the leather is nearly dry. Then give the upper leather a thorough greasing with tallow and neat's-foot oil. If shoes be treated in this manner, and a row of round-headed shoe nails be driven around the edge of the soles, they will wear like copper and always set easy to the feet—Boots and shoes should be treated as suggested, and worn a little several months before they are put to daily service. This is the true way to save your shoe money.—[Hearth and Home.]

Professor Halliday of the University of Melbourne, Australia, may be remembered by some as the enthusiastic introducer of a cure for poisonous snake bites, and who allowed himself to be bitten by a snake and nearly lost his life by the failure of his daring nostrum to counteract the effects. Notwithstanding the ridicule to which his delusion to science subjected him on that occasion, he has persevered in his efforts, and undoubtedly success has at length rewarded him. He has found an antidote for snake poison which has proved successful in the most fatal cases. It is simply liquid ammonia injected into the veins. A small syringe with a sharp point for the purpose of making the injection is manufactured and sold in Melbourne, and now few travel in the country without one.

Paddy, who is dead now? said some one to an Irishman.

Faix, I don't know, unless it's the man in the coffin.

## Interesting Tale.

### MYRTLE'S STEP-MAMMA.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Digby Lawson, a young traveller, being caught in a snow storm, sought shelter in an old fashioned house, whose mistress received him cordially, and conducted him into a small dark sitting room, whose cheerfulness was scarcely increased by the lazy blaze that smouldered in the wide fire place. A small dark faced girl, so diminutive in stature that he took her at first for a child, sat in a rocking chair before the fire, wrapped up in a shawl.

You had better go to bed, Myrtle, said the woman, as she shoved a chair to the young man.

The girl leaped forward and looked towards the windows. It was barely twilight of a winter evening.

Humph, she said with a toss of her small curly head, and settled back to her rocking chair, without so much as a glance toward the stranger, whose gaze seemed drawn towards her involuntarily. The woman passed between them, and bent toward him.

Don't mind her, she's a touch of her head, said Digby, leaning forward and looking at her.

She glanced uneasily at the young girl, and stood a moment, then went out.

Digby Lawson sat and looked at Myrtle. Well, she said presently, lifting a pair of immense black eyes, do I look as though I had good sense or not?

As though you had good sense of course, laughed Digby, in his good natured literal way.

Myrtle regarded him steadily a moment, smiling a little reproachfully, and then said in a sharp defiant tone:

She may try and try, and I won't be afraid of her.

Digby had no reply to make to this. He had not gentlemanly instincts to betray by questioning the curiosity he felt, and so he remained in a puzzled silence, wondering what the relation was, the relation between these two women, so unlike each other, so mutually antagonistic.

Presently the woman came back and told him to come out to supper.

He followed her to the kitchen.

What did she say to you? she asked as she put him to the table, and her expression was so eager, her eyes lit up so unpleasantly, that the young man resolved inwardly that she should obtain no information from him. He shrugged his shoulders significantly.

How long has she been this way? Born so? he asked, with a sympathetic air.

The woman looked relieved.

About three years now, she answered. She's a great trial to me.

Your daughter?

Oh dear no, only step daughter.

She rose and left him. He finished his supper and went back to the sitting room.

Myrtle was just quitting it, and as she went out, she said angrily, I can't abide Stephen Bird for an hour. I shall never be fool enough to try him for a life time, you may be very sure of that.

She slammed the door after her, and stood an instant in the passage way facing Digby Lawson, with her slender black brows puckered into an indomitable scowl. She seemed about to speak, but apparently thought better of it, and giving the young man a haughty, half defiant little nod, passed him, and he heard her at the end of the passage.

He found his hostess in the sitting room, and a coffee looking red faced fellow was lounging in Myrtle's chair.

My son Stephen, the woman explained, and relaxed into silence.

My son Stephen, you recalled a few sulky attempts at sociability, but was evidently in an ill humor.

Digby Lawson took his departure the following morning, without seeing any one but his hostess, and she did not ask him to remain to breakfast, so he went away without it.

The goals were nearly impassable with snow, but with the sun shining upon him, and such inhospitability behind, the young man rather welcomed the prospect. There was a small town a few miles ahead, he knew.

As he urged his recruited steed forward, the black charged eyes of the girl he had seen the night before, haunted him.

When he reached the village he made some inquiries, and learned that the woman had entertained him in such loath fashion was named Phebe Andros. She had been housekeeper for Myrtle's father, and he, a great invalid, had been so won by her qualities as nurse, that he had married her, and dying soon after, had left her guardian to his daughter and her large property. Myrtle, it was said, was to marry Stephen Bird, her step-mother's son.

Digby's informant wondered some at the girl's story, but did not intimate the suspicion

of any unfair influence being exerted upon her, and he rather stared when the young man repeated what Phebe Andros had hinted at to her intellect. He had never heard of anything of the sort, though it had been observed that Myrtle was greatly changed and seldom went out.

Digby Lawson went his way, but the further he progressed, the more vividly rose before the small scornful face of Myrtle Andros, and when he thought of her as the wife of Stephen Bird, it was with an old thrill of repugnance.

Business recalled him, after a little, by almost the same route, and he altered his course a few miles for the sake of passing by the Andros mansion.

He had no very sufficient excuse for calling, but he found it difficult to pass. The sight of a face at one of the sitting room windows which might be Myrtle's decided him.

He got off his horse, and went slowly up the path to the house.

The face disappeared from the window, and he presented itself at the door before he had time to knock. It was Myrtle's, but it had grown thinner to haggardness, and the great black eyes, circled with shadows, seemed to have absorbed all the vitality of the small tender frame.

Miss Myrtle, he exclaimed, are you ill?

She laughed. If I am, my disease is named Stephen Bird. Have you come back, sir, to test the tender hospitalities of my step-mamma?

I was passing, and seeing your face at the window, thought I would call a few moments. Aren't you going to invite me in?

Not I. I shall be locked up again, if you come in.

Again?

She nodded. Step-mamma turned the key upon me when you were here before. That is nothing uncommon. People who have such limber tongues as mine often have to be locked up, step-mamma says.

The mockery of her tone and look was something indescribable. She had the air of one doomed to desolation. Digby noted of her little hands, as she held them closely clasped before her, trembled with nervousness.

He looked at her anxiously. Miss Myrtle, he said, I may be presumptuous, but it seems to me you are in trouble. I have spoken to me with a frankness for which I may be indebted, both to eum-tance and your whim. But it appears to me that you have spoken out of a full heart. I should like to be of so much to you.

The dark face lighted electrically, and clouded again.

I don't know how you can, she said gloomily.

Tell me just what the trouble is.

She glanced over her shoulder.

It is a wonder step-mamma is not here before now. I haven't any trouble but Stephen Bird, she said jarringly. He'll be the death of me, if I live long enough.

Do they want you to marry him?

She nodded.

And you won't?

I won't—emphatically.

Have you said so?

About twenty-four times a day, for the last year.

Why don't you run away?

Where would I run to? Everybody is on her side.

I am not. Will you marry me, Myrtle—that is if I give you satisfactory evidence of respectability?

Myrtle shrank a little, and her face turned scarlet, but she said simply:

I like you; I did from the first. It would not be very hard to marry you, and be forever free of Stephen Bird.

Be at the gate then at dusk. I will come by in a carriage.

Myrtle gave him her hand on it, and went in just in time to intercept her step-mamma in the hall. But she came from the back part of the house, and had seen nothing.

At dusk Digby Lawson drove slowly past the Andros gate. It swung wide as he did so, and Myrtle ran out.

They were married within a few hours, and the intensity of the chagrin and amazement of Stephen Bird and his mother it would be impossible to portray.

Myrtle had to wait a little for her property, which was under the control of her step-mamma for a length of time, but she got it all at last, and oddly enough, never regretted her hasty marriage.

Did you see Mr. Murdock return oats? inquired the counsel in an Irish commercial case.

Yes, yer honor, he was the reply.

On what ground did he refuse them? was next asked.

In the back yard, said the witness Teddy, amid the laughter of the court.

A contemporary says that 'change is in it, self an evil.' Is a little change in one's pocket an evil? Is the occasional change of one's linen an evil? Is a change from bad to good an evil?

## [From Hitchcock's New Monthly Magazine.] Home, Sweet Home.

One of the sweetest and most touching melodies ever published, is the favorite old song of "Sweet Home." In the drawing room, in the concert hall, or on the stage it is certainly a universal welcome. No matter by what artist it is sung, it falls on the ear like a spell and it seems like an inspiration. It charms by its simplicity and truth, and when far away from friends, home, and dear associations, to hear the sweet old song it almost seems like the sainted hymn of some valued friend from the beautiful Spirit Land.

When Jenny Lind came to this country she gave this popular song a new extent; not that she sang it particularly well, for most people were not much impressed with her rendering of it; but the fact of her singing it at all was enough to blow the dust off the faded music, and make a place for it on thousands of piano-fortes.

The late Major Noah declared that he never heard the song really sung, but once; and when we relate the incident, many of our readers will remember it. Years ago there appeared at the Park Theatre a beautiful young actress, Miss Grove, who played in John Howard Payne's domestic drama, "The Maid of Milan," and sang the song, where it belongs, of "Home, sweet Home," with a sweetness and pathos that drew tears from the eyes of thousands.

Miss Grove was a mystery. She came here unannounced; she played and sang like an angel, she was very young and very beautiful, and all at once she disappeared, not one knew how or why. It seemed all a dream. In pathetic parts, like that of Clara, we have scarcely ever seen her equal. We remember but one, and she, a beautiful girl, in her pathetic parts shed such showers of real tears, that the audience could see them rolling down her cheeks and falling down upon her bosom.

In such a case, one would hardly avoid weeping from sympathy. After playing such a part, we have seen this young lady's eyes red next morning at the breakfast table.

We forgot by what means we found out the romance of this sweet Miss Grove; but the facts were, as nearly as we can remember, after a lapse of so many years, the following: She had been educated for the stage in England by her father, who hoped to make a fortune by her talents and beauty. After a successful tour in "the province," as the theatres in England out of London are called, an engagement was made for her to play at one of the minor theatres of that city. The manager of a fine young actor, fell in love with his star, and she returned his passion. The father forbade the match, but they stole a march on him and were privately married. The same morning at rehearsal, the father by some means found out the conspiracy, and taking his daughter from the theatre, he forced her into a carriage, and going as rapidly as possible, by railway and stage to Liverpool, carried her on board an American packet ship which was just sailing, and so brought her to New York. The manager of the Park Theatre, who was overjoyed at the prospect of returning to London. One morning at rehearsal, she was suddenly missing. A few hours afterwards a letter was brought up, by a New York Pilot, informing the father that his daughter was on board an outward bound packet ship, well out at sea—the bill of performance that night, and a few more afterwards the lovely Mrs. Yarnold graced the boards of her husband's theatre, and for a long period we never took up a London paper without seeing her name, and thinking of the time when we heard her sing "Home, sweet Home."

While winding up your watch at night think of the good acts you have done that day. You will not overwind.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "no gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

A lady advertising for a husband, is very particular to have it understood that "no one need apply who are under six feet." That female is strongly in favor of hy-men!

A negro, on a trial in Philadelphia for stealing, put in a plea of insanity. To prove this it was said he might have stolen the big roast, but only took the small chickens.

True Philosophy.—A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:

Oh! I wouldn't live for ever—I wouldn't if I could!  
But I needn't fret about it, for I couldn't if I would.

The following letter from Mr. Botsford, on the rumor of his dismissal, by the Executive Council, from the office of Chief Clerk of the Legislative Council, explains itself.

FREDERICTON, January 31st, 1870.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED IN THIS PROVINCE.

GENTLEMEN.—The Editor of the Reporter newspaper, in this City, having in his last issue promulgated a new charge against me, exclusively by authority of some member of the Executive Council; and having undertaken, entirely unauthoritative, to speak for me also; I now feel called upon to state publicly, that as the Clerk (gazetted some twenty-two years ago in London, by virtue of Her Majesty's warrant) of an independent branch of the Legislature, I cannot say I have recently been charged with some offence, tried in secret, condemned unheard, and judgment pronounced against me by the Executive Council of this Province. If this be the case, I can only say that that Honorable body has acted without giving me the slightest notice of what the charges were, by whom preferred, upon what evidence sustained, or what their judgment has been.

Under these circumstances, I think I may fairly ask of you, gentlemen of the "Four-Leaf Estate," to suspend at least your judgment until I shall have been informed of such charges, if any, and have had the opportunity of being heard thereon before the Legislative Council, (the constitutional tribunal for such an enquiry) or some other body whose proceedings are conducted upon the common principles of justice and fair play.

May I not also ask that you give an insertion to this communication in your respective newspapers, and oblige

Your obedient servant,  
GEORGE BOTSFORD,  
Clerk Legislative Council of N. B.

## Change of Food Needful.

Man, when confined for any considerable time to one kind of food, is more liable to disease than when his regimen is varied. The disease common among sailors on long voyages is an illustration of this. Now, what is true of man, is equally true of the various species of animals. Domestic animals, when confined for an undue period of time to one kind of food, sicken and die. Barnyard cattle suffer from the same cause. For their nature has furnished a variety of grasses, with their rich juices, tempt their taste and improve their flesh. Yet, even then, we obtain an argument for a variety of food, from the fact that cattle which are fed with grain or vegetables put on fat more rapidly than when they partake of grass alone. But in the winter our ordinary dry food is not as conducive to growth as the summer grasses. "Fodder," as it is familiarly termed, has lost much of its original properties in curing. You will find the defect in part supplied by roots of various kinds. Among these, turnips, carrots, beets, and the like, have their value. But these, or something of the kind, should be provided to give variety to our winter supply of stock food. Farmers, look to this, and see if the best cattle and the best flocks of sheep, are not those which have been furnished with a variety of food during their farm-house confinements. Would you have good stock?—then have good bins full of roots for their winter feed.—[Rural American.]

HALF A MILLION DEATHS FROM FAMINE. The Bombay (India) Gazette, a well-informed journal, estimates the deaths from want of food in all Rjpotana at not fewer than half a million; and besides, pestilence has, as usual, followed famine. For the last two months the people have been cut down by a most persistent fever and murrain, or swelling of the limbs and face, caused by living on grass seed. The people have lost heart, and the mortality is so alarming. In some villages, from 10 to 12 per cent of the inhabitants died during the month of October alone.

## DRUNKEN FISH.

Recent the proprietors of a distillery at Millard, Ont., not having enough stock in their pens to drink the slop, turned it into the Mississippi. Fortwith the other inhabitants of this beautiful river, that perhaps never tasted anything stronger than its blith giving fluid, were seized with a desire to go on one grand "bender." By the time the fluid reached Plainville, the whole river presented a scene of the wildest revelry among the fish. Bass, salmon and white-perch vied with each other in all kinds of ridiculous gymnastics. They appeared in shoals upon the top of the water, swam in their drunken spruce, greatly imitating the ridiculous performance of a higher order of animals. A wagon load was caught while in this tipsy condition, and sold in the market.







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