

WELL & CO.,
100 N. ST.,
NEW YORK.

Our Establishment.

Being Bureau, No. 10 Spruce
street, New York, and
the management of other
advertising agencies.
We also have the
largest and best
display of every description

to Newspaper Adver-
tising.

spapers.
clones to newspapers, and do
not charge for the space
of advertising we make
inquiries to newspaper pub-
lishers, and keep on file the
names of every advertiser

Service which it is
to Render to
Advertiser.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

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NO. 34.

Companions on the Road.

Life's milestones, marking year on year,
Pass over swifter as we near
The final goal, the silent end
To which our faded footsteps tend.
A year once seemed a century,
Now like a day it hurries by,
And doubts and fears our hearts oppress,
And all the way is weariness.

Ah me! how glad and gay we were,
Youth's sap in all our veins agh,
When long ago with spirits high,
A happy careless company,
We started forth, when everything
Wore the green glory of the spring,
And all the fair world was ours,
To gather as we would its flowers!

Then, life almost eternal seemed,
And death a dream so vaguely dreamed,
That in the distance scarce it threw
A cloud-shade on the mountains blue,
That rose before us soft and fair,
Clothed in ideal hues of air,
To which we meant in after-time,
Strong in our manhood's strength to climb.

How all has changed! Years have gone by,
And of that joyous company
With whom our youth first journeyed on,
Who—where are they? Alas, not one!
I've earliest lingered on the way,
Then turned my face and slipped away;
And after him with footsteps light
The little grass took their flight,
And all the careless joys that lent
Their revelry and merriment
Grew silent, and, ere we knew,
Had smiled their last and said "adieu."

Hope faltering then with doubtful mind,
Began to turn and look behind,
And we, half questioning, were fain
To follow with her back again,
But Fate still urged us on our way,
And would not let us pause or stay.
Then to our side with plaintive eye,
In place of Hope came Memory,
And murmured of the Past, and told
Dear stories of the days of old.

U till the very dross seemed gold,
And Friendship took the place of Love,
And strove in vain to us to prove
That Love was light and innocence,
Not worth a man's regretful tear.
Ah! all in vain—'twas a cheat,
Yet no voice ever was so sweet—
No presence like to Love's, who threw
Enchantment over all we knew;
And still we listen with a sigh,
And back, with fond tears in the eye,
We gaze to catch a glimpse again
Of that dear place—but all in vain.

Prach not, O stern Philosophy!
Nought we can have, and nought we see,
Will ever be so pure, so glad,
So beautiful, as what we had:
Our shadows that we used to throw
Behind us, now before us grow;
For once we wait and watch the sun,
But now, Life's fallow meadow runs,
They clung, and in their chill we move,
Further away from Faith and Love,
A chill is in the air—no more
Our thoughts with joyous impulse soar,
But creep along the level way,
Waiting the closing of the day.

The Future holds no wonky prizes
This side Death's awful mystery;
Beyond, what waits for us, who know?
New Life, or infinite repose?
—Blackwood's Magazine.

WHEN THEY GATHERED IN THE HAY.

"Your cousin Helen is coming next
week," Robert Braith's mother said,
when he came in from his work and sat
down to read for a few minutes.
"There's her letter on the window sill
if you'd like to read it."
He took up the letter and read it
through slowly. One passage he read
over twice, before he laid it down.
"I never spent a pleasanter summer
in my life than the one I spent with you,
And if Robert is the same dear old fel-
low that he was then I shall enjoy this
one quite as much, for you know Rob-
ert and I were the best of friends, and I
have seen no one since that I liked half
so well."

He sat there in the door, with the let-
ter in his hands, and he looked away
across the meadow where the grass was
crinkling in the wind like a sea of emerald,
and thought about that summer
gone by, and the summer evening. In
that vanished one he had dreamed such
a sweet and beautiful dream, and its
memory had never left him. But he
had hidden it in his own heart, and
no one had ever guessed what it was.
Now she was coming back, and the
old dream must be lived over again,
or crushed down and kept out of sight,
if it so be that his will was powerful
enough to do that. But he doubted his
own strength. There had been times,
in the dead summer, when it seemed
as if his heart must speak out and be heard.
But his pride had kept him silent.
Here was he, a farmer; and she was the
child of wealthy parents, city born and
bred, and he argued that he had no

right to say anything to her of love, be-
cause their stations in life were so differ-
ent and so far apart. If she had been
a farmer's daughter, or the child of poor
parents, or he had been a rich man's
son, with culture and education equal to
her own, then! But always the "if"
in the way came up to stare him in the
face, and so he crushed back the words
he had almost said so many times, and
Helen Hunt had never discovered his
secret, he felt sure.

He could not help feeling a thrill of
keen pleasure at knowing she was com-
ing back; but, at the same time, he was
sorry. It would only make it harder
for him after she was gone. He knew
that she would hold the old dan-
gerously-sweet fascination in it, and her
eyes would only make him feel more
keenly what he longed to claim for his
own, and what was out of his reach.
But—and something of that same reck-
lessness which comes to all of us at
times came to him—she was coming,
and he could not help that, and he
would let the future decide its own af-
fairs. He would drift and dream, even
if the waking up at the end of it was
bitter with loss and a lifetime's regret.

The next week brought Helen Hunt.
Robert drove down to the depot after
her. She was standing on the platform,
with her face turned another way, when
he drove up. But it did not need the
sight of her face to tell him that she was
there. He would have known that tall
and graceful figure anywhere.

"I am glad to see you back," he said,
coming up beside her. His voice was
not quite steady. He had tried to make
himself cool and self-controlled, but the
presence of the woman he loved un-
manned him a little.

"Robert!" she cried, turning quickly
at the sound of his voice, with a glad,
eager light flashing up into her beauti-
ful eyes. How they thrilled him! She
held out her hand, and there was
no mistaking the genuineness of her
welcome. It spoke in words, and made
itself felt in her face.

"I hardly expected to see you back
here," he said, feeling that she would
expect him to say something, and
knowing nothing else to say. Just then
words failed to come readily at his com-
mand.

"I have been looking forward to this
for months," she said. "I was so happy
here that I have been longing to come
back ever since I went away. I hope
this summer will be as pleasant as that
one was."

"I hope it will, for your sake," he
said, and his face had a grave, pained
look in it which her keen eyes detected
at once.

"What is the matter with you, Robert?"
she said, putting her hand on his arm.
"You look as if something
troubled you. My coming has nothing
to do with it, has it?"

"How could it have?" he said, with
a little forced laugh. "I haven't felt
quite well for a few days, that's all. But
I'll come round right by-and-by. Don't
say anything to mother about it—she
doesn't know, and there's no use in her
worrying over me. She couldn't help
me if she knew."

"Is it serious, Robert?" Her eyes
were grave now, as they rested question-
ingly on his face.

"Don't ask me to tell you anything
more about it," he said, turning abruptly
away. "Men have lived through it
before now, and I shall," he added, with
another laugh. "Don't bother your
head about me, Helen, but enjoy your-
self as best you can."

It was a pleasant ride home, in spite
of the thoughts that would keep coming
into Robert Braith's mind. She was by
his side, and he loved her.

The old summer seemed to come back
again, with its "light which never was
on land or sea," to Robert. The dream
of his heart was just as sweet as it had
been in the vanished days. She had not
changed at all since then, but was the
same winning woman who had won his
heart away, and would keep it forever.

The days passed like charmed ones,
with rows upon the river, and long, de-
lightful walks at sunset time; with songs
in the brief, delicious evenings, and
quiet talks about books and the men and
women who wrote them. Robert was
not her inferior in the culture which
comes from reading good books; because
he was a farmer was no reason why he
should be ignorant and uncultivated.

He had studied, and formed wide ac-
quaintances with earnest, thoughtful
men—through the books they had writ-
ten—and in this way he had educated
himself to a much higher level than
most of the young men Helen Hunt met
in her own circle of society at home.
But, because he lacked their self-esteem
and conceit, Robert always thought of
himself as lacking something in mind
and manners, which those who came in
contact with in her own sphere of life
ought to have, and did have, for all he
knew to the contrary. Perhaps he was

right in thinking that they ought to
have it. But she could have told him
that they did not always.

One day Jerome Alstyne came out
from the city. Robert had heard that
he was a lover of Helen's, and he was
sure of it when he saw the man's face at
their meeting. But Helen's showed no
such sudden gladness as ought to express
itself in the face of a woman when she
meets the man she loves, and Robert
felt satisfied that she did not care for
Alstyne as he did for her, and the
thought brought a sense of exultation to
him.

Alstyne did not stay long. When he
went away he carried a face which had a
look of defeat in it. He had striven to
win the woman he loved, and failed.
From the bottom of his heart Robert
pitied him. He had not liked the man
very well before, but when he drove
down to the station with him, and saw
how deeply he felt the loss of what he
had hoped to win, a feeling of kindness
came over him. Must they not both
bear, henceforth, a sorrow which came
of loving one neither might possess?

"Braith, you are sorry for me—you
pity me," he said. "I thank you for
it. You understand what there is to
pity me for. You can well afford to
pity me, since you have won what I lost.
I wish you all the happiness I had hoped
for myself."

"I—I don't understand you," Robert
said, with a strange thrill at his heart.
"I have won nothing you would have
prized."

"Do you call Helen Hunt's love noth-
ing?" Alstyne cried. "I would give
the world for it, if I had it to give."

"You are mistaken," Robert answered.
"I—"

But Alstyne interrupted him.
"I am not blind," he said. "She
loves you, and you will find it so when
the day comes for you to tell her what
you mean, some day."

"She loved him! There was a world
of rapture in the thought. But—and
the haunting specter which comes to sit
by your hearth and mine came into his
heart then—their ways in life were so
wide apart that they could not be
bridged over. He could never ask this
woman to stoop to his lowly life, and
he could not lift himself to hers. And
yet she loved him! He could not for
one moment forget that. And to know
it was so sweet, so unutterably sad!

The days, after that, went by more
like a dream than ever. He tried to
keep away from her, but his heart would
not let him. He tried to school himself
to the thought that, since he might not
have her for his own, he ought not to
think of her as a man thinks of the
woman he hopes to win. But he could
not do that. He could only love her,
and tell himself that his love was but a
vain one.

But it could not always go on in that
way. Fate took the matter in her own
hands at last.

Robert was at work in the meadow
one afternoon. The loaded wagon was
driven away to the barn, and he sat
down to rest until his return. As he sat
there, Helen came down the lane. She
saw him, and came across the meadow
and sat beside him, under the old apple
tree.

What they talked about they never
could tell. He remembered, in a vague
way, that they saw a darkening sky, but
that was all, until the sudden fury of
the summer shower broke upon them.
A flash of blinding brightness, a cry
from her, a crash, as if heaven and earth
were being rent in twain—and he was
by her side, with her head upon his
knee, and he was crying out to her in a
wild, incoherent way, telling her that he
loved her.

"Oh, my darling!" he cried out, in
the wild outburst of long-pent-up pas-
sion! "I love you! I love you! and
you are dead!"

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Give the poultry shade.

Tomatoes are good for chicks.

Cut away the clusters from perennials
and shrubs as soon as the flowers fade,
unless seeds are wanted.

Dahlias depend largely upon sticks
and strings, are easily broken by storms
and need frequent care.

A cow giving 4,000 pounds of milk a
year exhausts the soil of twenty-eight to
thirty pounds of mineral matter.

Stakes are needed by gladioluses, tube-
roses and other plants. They should be
as inconspicuous as possible; if painted
stakes are used, let them be brown or
some natural tint rather than green.

The average chemical composition of
the flesh of poultry when fit for the mar-
ket in 100 parts is seventy-four parts
water, twenty-one parts nitro-genous or
flesh forming, 3.8 parts fat and 1.2 of
fat.

It is a good practice to move the fences
and plow up the fence rows, whenever
fields are laid down to grass. We can
then have clean fence rows, and get rid
of what are nurseries of weeds and col-
lections of trash.

The poultry-keeper who succeeds the
best is he who exercises the most judi-
cious supervision of his flock, allowing
natural propensities to take their course,
and who checks the sitting propensities
of aged fowls by death.

Asparagus beds are very often neglect-
ed after cutting is done. But they should
be kept free from weeds, and a strong
growth, upon which their next year's
value depends, be insured by a liberal
top-dressing of manure.

Waste places may be utilized by plough-
ing and sowing them to some late crop.
Every acre and square rod should be
made useful in some way; every farm
has spots of this kind that could be made
profitable, instead of remaining a nurse-
ry of weeds.

Young chicks should be pushed ahead
as fast as possible. If possible, a good
run should be given them. They will
do much good in the garden, if the hens
can be kept out. A light netting, for
separating chicks, dividing runs, or pro-
tecting the garden, will be found useful.

What the Birds Accomplish.

The swallow, swift and nighthawk are
the guardians of the atmosphere, says
an agriculturist paper. They check
the increase of insects that otherwise
would overload it. Woodpecker, creep-
ers and chickadees are the guardians of
the trunks of trees. Warblers and fly-
catchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds,
crows, thrushes and larks protect the
surface of the soil. Snipe and wood-
cock protect soil under the surface. Each
tribe has its respective duties to perform
in the economy of nature; and it is an
undoubted fact that if the birds were
swept off the face of the earth, man
could not live upon it; vegetation would
wither and die; insects would become
numerous; and no living thing could
withstand their attacks. The wholesale
destruction occasioned by the grasshop-
pers which have lately devastated the
West, is undoubtedly caused by the
thinning of the birds, such as grouse,
prairie hens, etc., which feed upon them.

The great and estimable service done to
the farmer, gardener and florist is only
becoming known by sad experience.
Spare the birds and save your fruit; the
little corn and fruit taken by them is
more than compensated by the quanti-
ties of noxious insects they destroy.
The long remembered crows have been
found by actual experience to do far
more good by the vast quantities of
grubs and insects they devour, than the
little harm he does in the few grains of
corn he pulls up. He is one of the far-
mer's best friends.

Watering Gardens.

To apply an inch of water to a garden
or field one acre in extent, would require
over 25,000 gallons or over 600 barrels of
water. This would weigh about 100 tons
and make 100 loads such as a pair of
horses could draw comfortably over
moderately soft cultivated ground. An
inch of water will moisten the ground
to the depth of from three to six inches,
according to its dryness and the texture
of the soil. Some clay soils, when thor-
oughly air dried, will absorb forty per
cent. of water before being saturated.
From these figures it will be seen that
common hand watering, where only a
sprinkling is given to soil that is
deeply dried, can do very little good, as
the roots are seldom reached by the
water. Deep cultivation or mulching
will accomplish the result better and
cheaper.—New England Farmer.

The London Dailies, when Parliament is in session, each employ from six to nineteen reporters to take the proceed- ings of the House of Commons, alone,

Items of Interest.

A gas Bill—Talkative William.

The sea-side: The front of your
head.

The clasp with a glass sign—The
topper.

A heavy Bet—Two hundred pounds of
Elizabeth.

The sum of the world's silver is about
\$5,600,000,000.

Did any one ever see a rail fence or
hear a fence rail?

What tradesman most resembles an
iron dog?—A tin-can.

Why is a lady's bonnet like a cupola?
Because it covers the bells.

"Here is your writ of attachment,"
said a town-clerk, as he handed a lover a
marriage license.

Farmers' daughters should be taught
to be good housekeepers, while their
sons are taught to be good husband-
men.

"Women," quoth Jones, are the salad of life,
As soon as a boom and a blessing."

"In one way they're salad, indeed," replied
Brown;

"They take so much time in their dressing."

When you see a person hobbling
around the corner in search of a chiropo-
dist you may be pretty sure there's
something on foot.

Upon examining the edge of the sharp-
est razor with a microscope, it will ap-
pear fully as broad as the back of a
knife—rough, uneven, and full of
notches and furrows. An exceedingly
small needle resembles an iron bar.

But the sting of a bee, seen through the
same instrument, exhibits everywhere
the most beautiful polish, without a flaw,
blemish, or inequality, and ends in a
point too fine to be discerned. The
threads of a fine lawn are coarser than
the yarn which ropes are made for an-
chors. But a silkwoman's web appears
smooth and shining, and everywhere
equal. The smallest dot that is made
with a pen appears irregular and un-
even. But the little specks on the wings
of bodies of insects are found to be an
accurate circle. How magnificent are
the works of nature!

THE PICKLE PAIL.

"I heard it!"

"Who told you?"

"Her friend." (?)

"You don't say?"

"I'm dreadful!"

"Yes, awful!"

"Don't tell it. I pray."

"Good gracious!"

"Who'd think it?"

"Well! Well! Well!"

"Dear me!"

"I've had my
Suspicion!"

"And I, too, you see!"

"Lord help us!"

"Poor creature!"

"So awful!"

"So silly!"

"No beauty!"

"Quite thirty!"

"Between you and I!"

"I'm going!"

"Do stay, love!"

"Can't!"

"I'm forlorn!"

"Farewell, dear!"

"Goodbye, sweet!"

"I'm so glad she's gone!"

About Porcupines.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia
Ledger says that he has killed porcu-
pines in Western Pennsylvania and
Ohio, where they are quite common,
and he adds: "The porcupine is a noc-
turnal predator, and feeds on green
corn, pumpkins, and other vegetables.
It is a great pest in the sugar camps,
gnawing the wooden sap-buckets stored
for the summer, attracted by the sweet
that has soaked into the wood. It is a
sluggish animal, and relies for defense
upon its armor of quills or spines, which
it can erect at pleasure. When attacked
it rolls itself into a ball, and presents a
bristling surface to the adversary, like a
chestnut burr. Neither it nor the Afri-
can porcupine has the power to shoot or
throw its quills; as the credulous be-
lieve. But the ambitious dog that assails
the porcupine, anticipating an easy con-
quest from its non-combative appear-
ance, will retire from the conflict a sad-
der and wiser dog. The quills readily
detach themselves from the porcupine's
back and pierce the dog's nose, and will
work straight into the flesh. The writer
has helped to relieve a dog from these
unwelcome intruders. Poor Porto was
placed on his back, and a pitchfork stuck
astride of his neck and firmly held in
the ground, while a friendly hand with
pinners extracted the quills, some of
them having worked so far in as to af-
ford only a slight hold for the instru-
ment. It is a very painful operation,
and the dog undergoing it utters mo-
dest yells and piteous whines. Only
dogs of peculiar pluck and pugness
will hazard a second encounter with the
spiny animal."