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To-Day and Forever.

My breath but touched the rose in your palm,
And in! how the light leaves scatter,
Leaving no semblance of bloom or of hair;
But what, I pray, does it matter?
Laugh, as they flutter away, my dear,
As they flow with the flow of the river!
We are done with dead roses to-day, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.

Your eyes but turn to the tress in my palm—
The we little tress so golden,
And low I whisper: "The sweetest calm
Was born of that sorrow maiden."
Sing, as it stinks to the mosses, my dear,
To the mosses that border the river!
We are done with old losses and crosses, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.

Laugh low! Sing softly! Love is alive
(And awake where we walk together;
But Love is fragile, and Love will thrive
Best in the sunniest weather.
So, let the past be the past, my dear,
Let it go, as the shade on the river!
We are done with old sorrows at last, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.
—Hester E. Benedict, in *Bathurst's Monthly*.

A NEAR SHAVE.

Some years ago I was accountant at the Yokohama branch of one of our great Indian banks. At the time of which I am writing the natives of Japan had not entirely lost that simplicity which made them pay so dearly for the civilization they now strut about in. The character of the lower classes had not yet been altered by innovation and reform, and the commercial relations between the sons of Nippon and the traders of the West resembled very much those which Mr. Dietrich Knickerbocker describes as existing between the Dutch traders and the aboriginal Americans under the happy reign of Van Twiller.

Trade was then good; there was less rivalry amongst bankers and merchants than at present; the greed for gain had not yet turned the heads of the natives; tea and silk paid well, and our half-yearly balance-sheets generally showed well on the right side. We had plenty of work to do, but we also had plenty of leisure, and at most times one of our staff could leave his duties for a few days' ramble up country, or a yachting expedition down the bay. For the information of those unacquainted with the office arrangements of the far East, it may be stated that all offices are divided into two distinct sections—the European and the Asiatic. In the European department are the manager or principal, the juniors, and the Portuguese clerks. All the head and book work is done here; there is no paying coin over the counter, or, in fact, any contact with the outer world beyond the mere inspection of drafts and checks handed in for payment. In the Asiatic section are the "comprador," a Chinaman, generally speaking, the petty king of the whole establishment; the "schroffs," also Chinamen, who are the actual receiving and paying cashiers, and who have absolute charge of the counter business, subject, of course, to subsequent checking by the Europeans; and the Japanese coolies. At our bank a European always superintended, at the termination of business hours, the weighing of all dollars received during the day, saw them packed and locked up in the treasury. Beyond this there was little interference with the hard-money arrangements on the part of the Europeans; and hence the comprador and schroffs were chosen, not only for their intimate knowledge of all the ins and outs of exchange, and of the thousand-and-one dodges of the natives, but for their good birth, education and respectability.

The tea season was well advanced, and we were fairly busy; the weather was oppressively hot in our dusty settlement, so the European junior had a fortnight's leave for a ramble up country. I, as accountant, did his work as well as my own, and amongst the extra duties which devolved on me was the weighing of the dollars every evening, and seeing them safely locked up in the treasury. As I went into the office one morning, the comprador met me at the door, grinning all over with excitement, and pointing to a paragraph in the daily paper which announced that one of the great native banks in Curio street had been robbed of some five thousand pounds' worth of gold coin, and that no trace had yet been found either of the robbers or their booty, remarked: "I think that belong number one clever robbery. S'pose we can keep sharp look-out also same happens to us." So I thought, and gave orders that the "momban" or

night-gate guard should be doubled, that the treasury locks should be seen to, and that every precaution should be taken to guard against nocturnal visits.

One evening, some weeks after this, when autumn had fairly arrived and the days began to draw in, the comprador told me as we were putting the dollars into my head that I would see them in my night myself, notwithstanding that my junior had long since returned—that some Japanese of high birth and rural position, who had never been into a European settlement before, wished very much to see our treasury, which, from its strength and extent, had gained a name as one of the sights of Yokohama. After consulting with the manager, I acceded to the request, and was introduced to the visitors. They were three in number—a burly, simple-looking old man; his wife, a buxom damsel, many years younger; and a slim, wiry youth, with sharp, restless eyes, which seemed utterly at variance with his clownishly cut clothes, and who seemed to be a sort of henchman or feudal retainer. They were soon in the raptures over the big iron gates, the complicated locks, the solid plates of the walls, ceiling and flooring, the symmetrical rows of dollar-bags, and the general appearance of security and strength. None more so than the slim retainer, who was even ultra-Japanese in his curiosity, for he inspected locks and bolts, thumped and stamped on iron plates, and inquired incessantly into the dimensions and thickness of the walls, required minute explanations about the foundations—and all with the most artless air imaginable. I, as showman, allowed them to inspect everything to their heart's content, carefully, however, inserting myself between them and the dollar-bags, for I had little faith in the immaculate character even of the high-bred, rustic Japanese, especially when I called to mind the late great robbery. They must have remained a long half-hour before I suggested that they should come round to the "Junior Hong"; and as I locked the treasury doors behind them, I think I recollect a twinkle in the eyes of the old comprador as he prepared to take himself off to his opium-pipe. However, I said good-by in the most affectionate manner. Then I started for a spin on the running-path, as our annual athletic sports were coming off, and I was in hard training.

It was pretty dark as I came back. Yokohama in those days could not boast of a solitary street oil-lamp, much less a gas-jet, and we had literally to feel our way with the uncertain aid of lanterns from house to house. Still, it was not so dark but that I could distinguish three figures on the pathway opposite, in front of a large bungalow, which had been let for some months past—a large house, with a prolific garden in front, in the midst of which was a huge azalea-bush, another of the sights of Yokohama. The three figures were close together; I could distinguish two men and one woman; and, unless my eyes rusted me woefully false, they were my rustic friends of the afternoon. However, I thought no more about it, and turned in to dinner. In another day or two we heard that the bungalow opposite had been let to a highly respectable firm of Japanese merchants, who intended to live there in European style. Workmen were to be seen day and night repairing, repainting, and generally doing up the place; brand-new furniture was discharged at the doors in van-loads; the garden, which had become neglected and overgrown with weeds, was replanted and trimmed up; and in a very short time the moldy old residence had assumed a spick-and-span appearance, which made it a prominent feature on the road.

Matters went on in the usually some what monotonous fashion of Yokohama at this season of the year. No more big robberies had been reported; nevertheless, I still kept the double guard on the bank premises, and never lost sight of the idea, that relaxation of vigilance might lure daring schemers to make an attempt on our dollar bags one of these dark autumn evenings.

One evening I was returning from my usual spin on the running-path, and was passing the gate of the bungalow in front of our bank, when something struck me as peculiar in the aspect of the place. On nearer examination, I found that the giant azalea-bush had disappeared. At five o'clock, when I left the bank, I could swear it was there, but as I now peered through the bars of the gate, there was certainly nothing to be seen. This was very extraordinary, for the Japanese are such intense lovers of all that is striking, or

picturesque, or beautiful in nature, that the removal of an object such as this gigantic azalea, merely for the sake of convenience, would be in their eyes a gross act of vandalism. I was looking further into the garden to see if by chance it had been transplanted, and at the end of the piece of ground another unaccountable sight presented itself. Through a side entrance coolies were unloading a cart of dollar-bags as fast as they could, and by the uncertain glimmer of a lantern, I could see that the man in the cart was my burly visitor of some time previous, and that the man at the house-door was he of the sharp eyes and inquisitive turn of mind, associated with the same visit. What did this mean? If men wanted dollar boxes in the ordinary course of business, they had them in during the daytime, and not at seven o'clock in the evening. Besides, what could tea and silk dealers want with dollar boxes? At the time, I put the disappearance of the azalea bush down to the energy with which the proprietors of the house were embracing foreign notions—the dollar box question was too much for me.

Judge of my surprise, when the next morning I beheld the azalea bush in its accustomed place! I certainly wasn't in any way affected by liquor the previous evening, for I was in strict training, and the disappearance of a huge azalea bush would have been a trick too great, even for the eyes of a drunken man to be deceived by. Putting this to one side, the dollar box business together, I am sorry to say that I began to suspect my rustic friends; but I resolved to wait till the evening, in order to have my suspicions verified. True enough, as I passed the gate at the same hour as on the previous evening, the azalea bush was gone, and nothing but a bare, uneven space marked its site. Well, I knew that azalea bushes are not, even in eccentric Japan, put out during the daytime, and taken in at night to nurse like tender, delicate exotics, so I called the comprador, told him what I had remarked, and desired him to watch for a night. He told the same story, and my suspicions were confirmed, that something of an extraordinary nature was going on somewhere in the neighborhood of the bungalow over the way. I set men to watch for the actual operation of carting away the bush; but on the nights when they watched, it remained undisturbed. One man reported that at midnight he had seen the gleam of lanterns fitting about in the garden, had heard voices and the sounds of digging, and I watched for a night or two, but saw or heard nothing. I put the native police on the scent, but nothing came of it, and I began to think that, after all, it was merely a piece of Japanese eccentricity.

In about a week the athletic sports came off, which meant two half holidays for the whole settlement; during which time Chinamen devoted their attention to opium-smoking and sleeping, and Japanese to drinking and lounging in wine-shops. On the evening of the last day to celebrate the victories won, and the cessation from the bondage of training, we of the "Junior Hong" gave a big dinner. It was a cold, wet night in November, and we were seated in the drawing-room, talking about the funny phases of our Yokohama life; of the fires, of the stories of men cut down and robbed by Japanese in lonely places, of the extremely clever way in which the Curio Street bankers had been relieved of their gold, of the game laws, of the absurd opposition by the government to Europeans going up-country, and of a hundred other things, when a boy came in and whispered in my ear that the comprador wished to see me. In the passage I found the old man, trembling from head to foot with excitement, and utterly unable to articulate a syllable. He seized me by the arm, hurried me down stairs through our strip of garden to the gate, and simply pointed to the bungalow opposite. The rain had changed to snow, and the keen wind blew in fitful gusts down the street, driving the snow into our faces. Through the mist and snowflakes, after some peering, I could make out the occasional glint of a lantern on the other side, and when the wind lulled for a moment, fancied I heard a grating sound, as of something being dug and shoveled up, immediately under our feet. "If I hadn't been told that such a noise had been distinctly heard during the evening by one of the coolies on watch, I do not suppose I should have noticed it, but as I now listened, it was very palpable.

It was all very mysterious, but I had long been suspicious, and as I was now certain that something unusual was taking place I came to the conclusion that

the treasury of the bank should be looked at. So I went up-stairs for the manager, placed the comprador at the door, ordered all lights to be kept hidden, dispatched a messenger to the European police station for a constable in case of need, and when the manager arrived, armed myself with a dark lantern and gently unlocked the treasury. As we peered through the iron bars into the blackness we distinctly heard the shoveling and digging sound, now much nearer. Enjoining strict silence on the part of the Chinaman and coolies outside, we entered. As yet nothing had been touched. We were, at all events, first in the field.

We trod very gently, the lantern half-darkened, and ensconced ourselves behind a row of dollar-bags. We waited fully half an hour; we could still hear the subterranean noises; but, beyond this and the occasional howl of the elements outside, there was not a sound. Suddenly we heard a very gentle tap in the very middle of the treasury, about three feet in front of our rampart of bags; then another; then a regular series; then a sound as of the application of some lever-power. We turned the lantern ray round about the floor, and beheld one of the big plates gradually being tilted up; the manager nudged me, and crept gently up to the spot. In a couple of minutes three sides of the plate were loose; a bony hand appeared, followed by a Japanese head. In an instant the manager had seized the head; I had jumped forward, turned the light full on, between us we had dragged up the remainder of our visitor's body, and in less than a minute I was smiling with grim satisfaction in the stupefied face of my very slim and inquisitive visitor of some weeks previous. We gagged him, and tied him up in the office under a guard; the manager ran out to the gate into the garden opposite, taking with him the English constable, whilst I remained in the treasury. In a few seconds I heard the sound of a scuffle, and a subsequent "Hurray, we've got the lot!" and manager and constable appeared with the burly companion of the captive now under guard, and the fair-cheeked young wife, who turned out to be a very ordinary peasant-woman. Our captives secured, I descended the hole in the treasury, found myself in a very neatly constructed cavern, which led under the road into the opposite garden, and terminated with a shaft on the site of the azalea-bush. Everything tended to show that the whole affair was a carefully laid plan; and had it not been for the azalea-bush, another twenty-four hours would have seen us the losers of a good many thousand dollars. In the bungalow we found boxes ready for the reception of the dollars and coin, probably the same I had noticed being uncared, but there was no trace of any accomplice.

However, we handed the three clever rogues over to their countrymen for judgment, and they probably found rough accommodation, with an occasional taste of torturing thrown in, for some years, at the institution on Tobe Hill. The old bungalow did not let again, but was pulled down and a substantial block of shops and offices erected on its site; so that nothing remains at present to remind the modern Yokohama banker of what we termed, when we told the story, "A near shave!"

What a Little Girl Swallowed.

Specie resumption was reached in the family of a Mrs. McCann, at St. Louis, one day recently, in a remarkable manner. The woman has a little daughter, a bright, healthy looking child of eight years, named Emma. Mrs. McCann one day missed quite a package of small currency from a bureau drawer, and all search proved unavailing. On the following Friday the child was taken sick and vomited up a dime. Little was thought of it until she had another attack and produced eight dimes in quick succession. They were somewhat changed in color from the action of the gastric juice. After a couple of hours' rest the little girl went to work again and delivered her stomach of four dimes and a nickel. The latter had been eaten half away and looked as if corroded by strong acid. Some hours after the girl had a fourth attack and laid before the astonished physicians four more dimes, two glass beads and a glove button. In all the child raised from her stomach nearly \$2. The story seemed almost incredible, but it is well vouched for. The mother says she has known of the child swallowing pins often without experiencing any evil effects, but this is the first time she ever knew Emma to make a money-bag of her bowels.

Tame otters and seals are the latest pets in fashion in England.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.
A spoonful of ox-gall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it previous to washing.

WASHING FLANNELS.—Take good soft water, make it as warm as you can bear your hands in. To wash nicely, have good hard soap. If very dirty, wash them through two good waters and then put them in a tub and put hot water on them and let them stand a short time. Write them and put them out to dry. Never use hard water nor cleansed water nor cold water on flannels if you wish them to be nice.

FRESHENING SALT BUTTER.—Churn the butter with new milk in the proportion of a pound of butter to a quart of milk; treat the butter in all respects in churning as if it were fresh. Bad butter may be improved greatly by dissolving it thoroughly in hot water; let it cool; then skim it off and churn again, adding a small quantity of good salt and sugar. A small quantity may be tried and approved before trying a larger one. The water should be merely hot enough to melt the butter.

TO CLEAN A CARPET.—First, have it thoroughly dusted and the floor well cleaned. Tack the carpet sufficiently to the floor to keep it firm. Take a half pail of water, hot as can be borne. Put in a table-spoonful of liquid ammonia. Use a stiff scrubbing brush and borax soap; scrub a small place. Have a second pail of water and ammonia; rinse off with this, and with a woolen cloth wipe as dry as possible. Renew the water often, until the whole carpet is cleansed; then open the doors and windows to dry it. This is splendid to remove grease and stains, and brightens the colors wonderfully.

UTILIZING OLD TIN CANS.—Take off the top of the can, punch holes on the opposite sides near the rim, put in a wire bail, and you have a little bucket which may serve for a paint-pot, to keep nails in, or other handy purposes. Take off the top, cut to the proper shape, and fasten on a handle by means of a screw through a hole in the bottom, and a useful scoop may be made. A sancepan for small messes may be made by cutting down a can, leaving a strip to be bent at right angles and turning around a stick to serve as a handle. A coarse grater for crackers, etc., is easily formed from a piece of tin fastened to a board. The holes in the grater should be made with an old three-cornered file.

RECIPES.
LANDY PUDDING.—One quart of milk, two large spoonfuls of flour; the yolks of four eggs well beaten and mixed with milk; beat the whites of the eggs separately, mix with four teaspoonfuls of sugar and drop on the top and bake.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Stew two quarts cranberries, putting only water enough to keep from sticking to the bottom of the kettle. Keep covered until nearly done, then stir in one quart white sugar and boil until thick. The color is finer when the sugar is added just before the sauce is done.

TO BROIL FISH.—Split the fish down the back and rub it over with melted butter or olive oil. The fire should be clear and bright, and the gridiron a wire one that can be turned without disturbing the fish. When done slip it on a hot platter, and season to taste with pepper, salt and melted butter; sprinkle some chopped parsley over the top and garnish with sliced lemon.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Mix one-half of an ounce of sifted white sugar in two pounds of finest flour, make a hole in the center and put in about two table spoonfuls of fresh yeast, mixed with a little water; let it stand all night; in the morning add the yolks of two eggs, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and sufficient warm milk to make a rich consistency; divide into rolls (about thirteen or fourteen); bake half an hour in a brisk oven.

SPRING SOUP.—A very delightful soup for this season of the year may be made in this way: Shred in thin strips one-quarter of a medium sized carrot, one-quarter of a white and the same of a yellow turnip, one small onion, two stalks of celery and four or five small leaves of lettuce; add a few sprigs of parsley minced, cover with boiling water and simmer for five minutes. Drain off the water, turn on one quart of hot soup, stock and simmer slowly until the vegetables are tender, which will be in about half an hour. Add three table-spoonfuls of French or other canned peas, boil slowly five minutes longer and serve.

A clairvoyant told a woman, in Mankato, Minn., who had lost a fur cape, that she had dreamed that a neighbor, a respectable woman, had stolen it. The lower, acting on the dream, accused the neighbor of the theft, but nothing turned up except a libel suit.

Items of Interest.

Made of awl work—shoes.
Stuck-up people—glue makers.
A habit that ladies get into—a riding habit.

A business that is always behind hand—Card playing.

France has paid Germany all but \$3,286,350 of the \$1,051,012,814 war indemnity.

The serpent and the crab change their clothing each year, and the racoon lives all the winter long on the memory of what he ate in the summer.

A Chicago clergyman startled his flock a few Sunday evenings ago by telling them "hell is not half so full of men and women as men and women are full of hell."

A drunken man was strangled to death at Caldwell, Ohio, the other day, from falling against a picket fence and getting his neck caught between two ticks.

Hearing that Mr. G. F. Train now lives on a piece of dried apple a day, the *Buffalo Express* inquires with intense feeling, "Are our dried apples to be wasted in this manner?"

The father of Charlie Ross is lecturing upon his son's disappearance, and there is pathetic, real and unaffected, in the closing passages of the lecture when he compares his quest to a search in a deep, dark abyss by the light of a taper where he hears now and then a little voice in the darkness crying, "This way, papa; here I am!" but when he goes in that direction of the sound he finds that it is only the voice of his own hopes and the whispering of his own heart.

REMEMBER'S GROWTH.
Says Gossip One to Gossip Two:
While shopping in the town:
"Old Mrs. Pugh to me remarked
Smith bought his goods from Brown."
Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,
While buying her a gown:
"I've heard it said to-day, my dear,
Smith got his goods of Brown."
Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,
"With something of a frown."
"I've heard strange news—what do you think
Smith took his goods from Brown."
Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five,
Who blazed it round the town:
"I've heard to-day such shocking news—
Smith stole his goods from Brown."

Vienna has adopted a method of raising funds to carry on its municipal government which has a lottery feature. Certificates, redeemable in 1924, bearing a low rate of interest, but endorsed by the imperial government, are issued and to induce a steady sale of the certificates, four annual drawings are to be had, at each one of which a premium of \$50,000 will be awarded by lottery. Some one of these certificates will be drawn during the year preceding. These certificates are being sold in this country through a New York bank, and a held not to violate the New York statutes forbidding lotteries, because each purchaser receives a *quid pro quo* or equivalent.

He Forgot His Catechism.

Some time ago the son of a very distinguished English nobleman entered crack cavalry corps, and his brother officers, finding that he was nervous, eccentric and credulous, of course began to play tricks on him. The regiment happened to be stationed at York, and the colonel asked the archbishop to dine at mess. The invitation was accepted and a day or two before the dinner took place a wicked wag said to Mr. B., "You know your catechism?" "Not at all," said poor B. "I've almost forgotten it." "Well, by Jove, if you'd better lose no time in setting work. Don't you know that it is the custom for the archbishop, when dines at mess, to put the junior corner through it, and you're youngest corner I wouldn't lose a minute. Not to let it fourteen be to disgrace the regiment. Poor R. rushed for a prayer book stuck manfully to his task, but found tough work. The fatal evening occurred. He couldn't eat a mouthful for nervousness. Dessert was put on the table, coffee came, and then his Grace, advanced, smiling benignly, to the lower end of the table, intending the pleasantest manner to make acquaintance with the junior officers and to them to call at the palace. Approaching, he said: "I don't think that I caught your name when we were introduced before dinner." Now, indeed these words sound, they were at once misconstrued by the unhappy youth dressed into a crafty mode of asking familiar question with which the archbishop opened—"What is your name?" Poor R. felt the ground sinking under him, every word he had learned seemed crased from his memory, as the amazement of the archbishop, one bound he disappeared from the room.

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