

Rowell & Co.,
pruce St.,
N York.

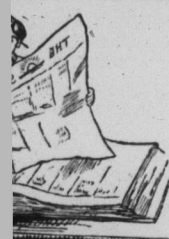
Our Establishment.
vertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce
an establishment intended to
nt and systematic placing of ad-
apers. It is conducted upon the
uence to be the right ones for
its to the advertiser.
erment. American newspapers,
ers of the city of New York, and
cities, Baltimore, Cincinnati,
apers, but also the small con-
regularly and keep on file the
newspapers of every description

y to Newspaper Adver-
to American
newspapers.

sactions to newspapers, and do
also the management of other
such as books, sign-boards, post-
branch of advertising we make
dealings to newspapers. Pub-
graphical limits of the United
Canada.

he Service which it is
ss to Render to
Advertiser.

tain an established credit
and have at hand a schedule of
space in its columns, to be able
an advertiser who wishes to
the prompt insertion of the
any extra charges for the service
a complete quotation of the price,
any duplications of the advertise-
ment, forwarding the copy for
uses for postage or messenger
papers to see that the adver-

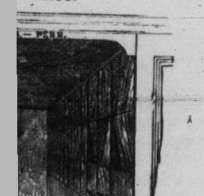


and in the manner that the ad-
management that we will not
d, in any instance, say more
than what is asked for. It is
subject to the inspection of the
plainly and factually. It is
so that when the advertiser
uses of no responsibility. We
promptly upon his assurance
of reaching a whole paper or
occurs, it is our duty to admit
expense for labor, postage,
it that the publisher of the
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traced.

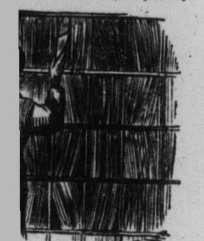
Promise.

ertisers who entrust their ad-
management that we will not
d, in any instance, say more
than what is asked for. It is
subject to the inspection of the
plainly and factually. It is
so that when the advertiser
uses of no responsibility. We
promptly upon his assurance
of reaching a whole paper or
occurs, it is our duty to admit
expense for labor, postage,
it that the publisher of the
der the specified service for
traced.

angement for News-
Files.



tem for filing newspapers,
ordered to search and labelled
the paper is intended to
can place his hand upon any



ne with the same readi-
word in a dictionary, a nam
library catalogue.

ey to be Expended:
le experience as advertisers
understanding of what they
strictly honest of the pro-
ch person a plan of adver-
ment of \$5,000, and on sub-
and our own damaged
own, he not having contin-
ed \$20 or \$30. In such
seen saved, if at the com-
tion the question had been
are you prepared to dance?

f Our Patrons a
e Importance.

importance to us, for the
influence with publishers,
identical among them that
relating to be done, or not
upon, and to this end our
and good faith.

itled to Our Best
ces.

the advertising for any
sider then entitled to our
et using a paper which we
in purpose, we say to and
extend a good deal of
ery, much more than the
warrant, but we are
a patron must be upon
direction the patronage of
ce.

"Times," June 14, 1878.

P. Rowell & Co., estab-
in New York City. Five
business conducted by Mr.
se to go into this kind of
is satisfaction of control-
complete advertising con-
sured, and one which
other country. It is this
ing down a complete busi-
diplomatic method. And no
m of American can escape
ration upon all topics
laced readily at the dis-

ell & Co.,
ce St.,
ork.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 14, 1878.

NO. 33.

Growing Old Gracefully.

Softly, oh! softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and care did they often bring nigh thee
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are washing the
ocean;

Far from the waves that are big with com-
motion;

Under full sail and the harbor in sight!
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chill-
ing;

Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;

Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling,
Far from the port of the land of the blest.

Growing old peacefully,
Peacefully and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow,

Where the bright faces of children are seen;

Never a year from their youth wouldst thou
borrow,

Thou dost remember what lieth between.
Growing old willingly;
Gladly, I ween!

Rich in experience that angles might covet;

Rich in a fate that has grown in thy years;

Rich in the love that grew from and above it;
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.

Growing old wealthily;
Love and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are light-
ened.

Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;

Many a face at thy kind words has brightened,
"It is more blessed to give than receive!"

Growing old happily;
Blest, we believe.

A BIT OF A RIDE.

Things were in a dismal condition in-
deed. John Jasper walked up and down
his big store with his chin on his chest,
looked dolefully at the accounts on file,
at the pile of books with enormous
amounts of figures on the wrong side,
at the empty barrels and boxes which
seemed likely to be filled again;
helped stray customers to tea or calico,
"charged it," or put the small change
in his till with equal indifference.

Truth to tell there was little that was
sizable left on his shelves. The new
store at the other side of the town swal-
lowed his profits and his customers.
The place was well nigh given over to
flies and spiders, and was soon to be
wholly given over to one Phineas Webb,
in consequence of the failure of the
party of the second part to meet the
conditions of his mortgage. Even
motherless Kathie Jasper, the merriest
little soul that ever lived, seemed to
have come to a realizing sense of misfor-
tune, for once or twice in the twenty-
four hours the dimples would die out of
her cheeks and the laugh out of her
eyes, and she would go to comfort her
father.

"I know you're fretting again, Dad-
dy," she said on one of these occasions.
"What's the use? Now you mustn't,
you really mustn't. There's only you
and me, and we shan't starve. Some-
thing good will be sure to happen."

"I wish I knew what it was," said
John Jasper, moodily looking down into
his daughter's blue eyes.

"Maybe Will will come back with his
pockets full of money."

Kathie had meant to say it playfully,
but in spite of her, pink flushes crept
painfully up into the roots of her yellow
hair and down under the neck of her
ruffled blue calico.

"Will will have no money, and if he
has he won't come here with it. I dare
say I was a fool for pecking him off,"
said Jasper, with a groan. "He
couldn't have 'an worse care of you
than your old father has."

"Never mind, Daddy," said Kathie,
sparkling, though with an effort. "You
did it all for the best, and it will come
out right."

She was off, but she came back and
got hold of her father's hands.

"Daddy!"

He dropped the wisp of hay he was
mutilating and attended.

"You don't think I made old Webb
angry, so he'll do anything dreadful?"

"He can't do anything but come down
on the mortgage. I suppose he'll do
that."

Kathie's blue eyes grew moist.

"You know, daddy, I couldn't—kiss
him. Ah!" and Kathie made an in-
voluntary grimace.

"A good many girls would have kissed
twenty thousand dollars," said her father,
"and jumped to it."

Then, seeing the wistful expression on
her face.

"But I don't know as I want Phineas
for a son-in-law."

At this Kathie giggled and ran away,
relieved.

Meanwhile, Phineas Webb sat in his
real estate office with Peter Drake. The
blue shade was down, and the door in

the inner room was open to afford an
easy means of egress for Phineas, in
case any one appeared, he having rea-
sons of his own for not wishing to be
seen.

The two sat with heads together,
Peter with a blue pencil in his hand and
a sheet of much-marked paper before
him.

"So the money was due three days
ago?" asked Phineas Webb.

"Yes."

"Well, it's just as well not to be in
too great a hurry. You serve a notice
on John Jasper to-night. Go yourself
to see how they take it; and be a little
stiff, you know—a little sharp. Tell
them I'm out of town, and you have to
look after my interests for me."

Phineas Webb took Peter's pencil and
slowly marked with it half round the
paper, but with no definite results.
Presently he looked up.

"Drake," said he, "can't you be a
little extra rough?"

"Don't know but I might. You think
they're going to give you trouble?"

"N-n-no-not exactly," drawled Webb.

"But I want the father, and the girl,
too, well frightened. Of course they'll
want a little time or something—people
always do—and you give 'em to under-
stand that if the money isn't forthcom-
ing—and of course it won't be—we're
going to shut right down on 'em."

Peter Drake having recovered his pen-
cil, began rasping his scalp with it.

"It isn't very nice work," said he,
ruefully.

"No matter about that. I pay, you
know, and you do," said Webb, "and if
you manage well, you know, I'm never
mean."

Drake looked as if he had his own
private thoughts about that. He made
no further remark, but instead continued
some intricate figuring on the sheet of
paper which lay before him.

"Well," said he, "you mean to make
some sort of a compromise?"

"Perhaps I might—perhaps; but
you're not to know anything about that.
I rather think I'll happen in with my
valise while you're asleep, or just after."

Drake grinned, and Webb viewed the
grim suspiciously.

"The fact is," said he, a little sheep-
ishly, "I'm going to make a bold stroke
and try to get the girl with the prop-
erty. I've been thinking of marrying for
some time, and I don't quite like the
look of pushing the Jaspers so when
they're in trouble. At the same time,
they've lost it fair and square. Nothing
like a little management—eh, Drake?"

Drake suppressed the grin and nodded.

"But why don't you go and arrange it
at once?" he ventured, not liking the
prospect of the father's probable distress
and the daughter's blue-eyed indigna-
tion.

"Why, that would be making it too
easy," was Webb's explanation; and pre-
liminaries being arranged, the hired
conspirator addressed himself to his
legitimate duties, while his chief re-
mained in an easy chair and whiled away
the time in the perusal of the local
journal.

"Whew! What's this?" shouted he,
presently, bringing down the front legs of
his chair with a thump.

"Our well-remembered citizen, Wil-
liam Manners, has returned."

"That's Jasper's clerk, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do they call him 'well-remem-
bered' citizen for?"

"Popular among the boys," said
Drake, drawing a straight line carefully
with his ruler.

"Hasn't brought back any money?"

"Guess not."

And with this assurance Webb breath-
ed freer; but the news of the return of
Kathie's former lover fortified him in
his determination to manage his little
affair that very evening.

After nightfall, supper finished, John
Jasper and his daughter got together in
the store, John's long limbs dangling
from a barrel, and Kathie, in a very be-
coming white muslin, adorning a pro-
strate rye-bag, while two flickering oil
lamps from overhead shed a sickly halo
on each.

John had had a presentiment of evil—
very naturally, for his mortgage was
three days over due, and although he
had had no notice to that effect, his
knowledge of the world must have told
him what to expect, only for a desperate
clinging to hope which made him call
his expectations presentiments and treat
them as fancies.

Discussing these phenomena, father
and daughter looked up and saw Peter
Drake coming, like a fate. Some one
else was coming from an opposite direc-
tion—two young men, one a neighbor,
the other a stranger, at first sight, with
a black hat pulled down over his eyes.

"Webb's man Friday," exclaimed the
neighbor in a whisper just loud enough
to reach every one's ears.

Peter Drake rubbed his hands nervously,
walked into the store, refused the

proffered chair conspicuously solitary in
the circle of light, and sat down in a
gingerly manner on the outside edge of
a salt sack.

In came the two companions, and
walked straight up to John Jasper.
Kathie was for running to greet them,
but a look from her father checked her.

"Why, it's William Manners!" said
John Jasper in his kindly way, and held
out his hand. Then Kathie gave hers
sedately.

"I was afraid I might not be wel-
come," said Will, after a pause.

"Oh, yes," said Jasper, gently,
"You're welcome, William. I might
have been a little hasty a while back,
but I was afraid you were going to get
my girl away from me, and starve her,"
he added with a laugh.

"I suppose we might have done some-
thing foolish if we had been left to our
own devices."

Jasper seemed not altogether pleased
with the answer, and Kathie went back
to her rye bag and remarked to Drake
that the evening was growing cool. The
company generally felt a sense of em-
barassment.

William Manners and his companion
looked at each other, and at Drake un-
easily, and a whisper passed between
them.

"I see you are engaged, sir," said
William, "and I'll come in another
time. Good by, Mr. Jasper. Good by,
Miss Kathie," and passed out.

Kathie bit her lips to keep the tears
from coming. So, after all, Will had
forgotten her, worse than forgotten her.
Her heart swelled, her breast heaved.

It was as much as she could do to re-
member Drake's presence. She got up
and went to the door.

As she did so something caught her
eye. Up a gentle declivity which led
directly down to Jasper's store, just in
front of the pump and horse-trough,
which belonged to Jasper's establish-
ment, stood a sugar cask. For a mo-
ment the cask presented to Kathie im-
agination the appearance of a huge tor-
toise. A head thrust itself forward and
then drew back. This happened
again and again in the course of a few
seconds.

The same sight presented itself to
Will Manners walking away dejected
and mortified.

"I wish I had stayed away," he said.
"Is that Drake in the habit of visiting
there?"

"Why, no," said his companion, "and
I guess he is on some kind of unpleasant
errand to night. Jasper's mortgage
hasn't been paid."

Will Manners gave a whistle.

"Why couldn't I have gone another
time?" he said.

It was at this moment that the head
retraced catching a gleam of lamplight
on its oil surface.

"Eolios!" said Manners. What's
that?"

"Some boy after scrapings," sug-
gested his friend.

"Webb, by the living Jehosaphat!
watching his man Friday," cried Wil-
liam. "What's that for, I wonder?"

"Two or three longers drawn to Jas-
per's store by some secret bond of sym-
pathy, or it might have been curiosity,
dropped in and perched themselves on
barrels."

There was no delicacy shown regard-
ing the host's feelings, nor perhaps any
needed, for he might have taken Drake
into his private rooms if he had desired.
Drake had brought blue lightning from
Kathie's eyes to fall on his devoted
head.

Whatever faint hope John Jasper may
have had of the clemency of Phineas
Webb, was at an end. Whatever hopes
Kathie may have had of Will returning
like a hero of romance to pour out his
wealth at her feet, seemed at an end.

As far as mere human sagacity could
fathom, Webb was master of the situa-
tion. He smiled complacently, though
his quarters were by no means comfort-
able, as he pictured to himself the grati-
tude of the father, the smiles of the
daughter, when he should have come in,
thrown down his valise, left undisturbed
since the day previous with a due atten-
tion to art, and should have made his
contemplated speech.

As Phineas adjusted his necktie and
picked a little uneasily at a fragment of
something adhering to his coat sleeve,
the only thing that disturbed his Napo-
leonic mind was the disposition to be
made of John Jasper, when he should
have him, as it were, on his hands.

Head clerk in a revised grocery, with
the shining name of Webb above the
door, was the direction his strategic
thoughts took as he twitched at various
parts of his apparel with a view to emerg-
ing. A moment more and he would
have been on his way, but the sound of
approaching footsteps sent his head back
into his shell.

Will Manners and his friend were
walking back. As they passed the pump,
Will said:

"Jasper's cask?"

"M—m," was the answer.

"He'll be wanting to take it in. Let's
send it to him."

Before Phineas could collect his valise
and his wandering wits he was on his
way. Crash went the huge cask, hit
against the high-door-post, gave a re-
bound, went wheeling about, and landed
its passenger in a dazed incoherent heap
on the floor at Jasper's feet just as
Drake was saying "Mr. Webb hasn't
got back," just as a bystander growled:
"I saw him going into the office yes-
terday."

Whatever it might have been to an-
other man it was no joke to Webb to
have his entrance spoiled. He got up
all in a heap and shook his fist in the
supposed direction of the young men
who had hastened his journey; but be-
ing still too giddy for accuracy, found
himself attacking John Jasper. Kathie,
hurt and miserable as she was, burst
into a peal of merry laughter at the
sight. The man was in a red hot fury
and reeling, his traveling suit and white
lunen collar adorned with small moist
saccharine particles, his hair on end,
yet, under all, the gloss and polish of
his first toilet was plainly visible.

Will Manners and his friend came
running down into the store. Explana-
tion and apologies ensued.

As for Webb, his discomfiture was
total. A special scheme of turning on
Drake in indignation flashed through
his dazed brain, but he did not feel able
to think it out, and something in Drake's
manner seemed to suggest possible dan-
ger. Then Kathie's laughter was dis-
piriting. Instinct told him that he
could make no impression on her that
night, and while he was still slowly
growing out of his bewilderment, he saw
John Jasper and Will Manners shaking
hands in a way that spoke volumes.

"Let the old place go," said Jasper.

"What do I care if Kathie is only
happy."

Kathie looked happy. Her eyes were
shining. Something new was astir.
Somebody started three cheers, and un-
der cover of the noise, Webb and his
man Friday walked out.

In an incredibly short space of time, by
some mysterious management, a woman
made her appearance on the scene, and
then two or three others. All John
Jasper's unsold candles were burning in
impromptu candlesticks, the floor fresh
sanded, new cut paper hung in the place
of the old. Minister, fiddlers, and
guests were summoned, and a wedding,
gay and merry, if not fine, took place in
the old store that had been Jasper's so
long, and was now to pass back into its
former owner's hands.

Before the evening was over it got
about that Kathie's romance was com-
pleted in true romantic fashion, for Will
had indeed come back with his pockets
full, and insisted on helping her father
out of his difficulties for Kathie's sake;
but the lovers trembled in the midst of
their happiness to think how near they
had come to a misunderstanding that
very evening.

As for Webb, after his shaking up
was well over, he was rather glad things
had happened as they had, and sechev-
ed matrimony, dramatic effects, and
sugar cakes thenceforth.

Coffin Rock, Oregon.

About fifty miles above Astoria we
passed the far-famed Coffin Rock, the
indirect cause of the great Yakima war
of 1856. It is a huge granite stone just
in the edge of the river, on the Wash-
ington side, and was used from time im-
memorial as a place of burial by the In-
dians. It rises about two hundred feet
above the water, is several hundred
yards in length, covered with a dense
forest of pines and fir trees at its base,
and on top is bare and broken with im-
mense fissures. A single fir tree stands
upon its point like a solitary sentinel
above the resting-place of the Indian
warrior. The Indians were accustomed
years ago to bring their dead here for
interment. The corpse was placed in
the canoe used by the departed in life,
and at his side his bow and arrows, his
pipe and blankets, and all he owned on
earth, and then he was laid away in
some cleft of the rock. Afterward the
friends of the departed would return to
bring supplies of dried salmon and other
edibles which they imagined the dead
needed in the hunting grounds of the
Great Spirit. Finally the sacrilegious
pale-face, being in need of canoes for
mundane purposes, found it more con-
venient to borrow those of the dead
braves than to make his own, and acted
accordingly, dumping the bones of the
departed chiefs into the crevices of the
rock and wearing off their blankets. This,
of course, incensed the red men, and
finally brought on the Yakima
massacre and subsequent war.—Letter
to San Francisco Chronicle.

The man steals much who attempts
to swallow unmeditated beef.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A Hampton, N. H., man asserts that
he has produced a species of hens with-
out feathers.

The Italian government has decided
to hold an Exposition in Rome in 1881,
beginning January 1, and ending June
30.

The London *Lancet* warns parents
and others against boxing children's
ears. A blow on the ear has not only
ruptured the drum, but caused inflam-
mation of the internal cavity of the ear,
which, years after, terminated in abscess
of the brain.

Marquis Antinori, at the head of an
exploring expedition in equatorial Africa,
writes to his brother from Mahak
Nonza, in the kingdom of Shoa: "I
am very happily residing among this
raw-flesh eating people. The king goes
bare-foot, dresses like the rest, uses his
fingers for a knife and fork, and wears
only a gold pin in his hair as the sign of
his royal rank."

John Burroughs says a man has a
sharper eye than a dog or a fox, or any
of the wild animals, though not so
sharp an ear or nose, but the birds have
much keener eyes. How quickly the
old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere
speck against the sky, and how quickly
the hawk discovers you if you happen to
be secreted in the bushes or behind the
fence near which he alights.

Patagonia is a very attractive country.
Its climate is of the coldest, its men are
of the tallest, and its women are of the
ugliest specimens of the human race.
Its mice are likewise gigantic, and the
natives display an ineradicable propen-
sity to tell lies. This delightful coun-
try is destined to become very important
in consequence of the recent discovery
of gold therein. From the Cordilleras
to the Atlantic, from the Santa Cruz to
Terra del Fuego, the country teems with
gold.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* prints a
startling record of Illinois for the last
twenty years. It shows that in that time
314 murderers have been sent to Joliet
prison for the following terms: Nine-
ty for life, four for long terms that are
practically for life, twenty-three for
twenty-five years and upward, twenty-
one for from twenty to twenty-five
years, and the remainder for from one
year to nineteen years. Of this num-
ber 100 have been pardoned, sixty-two
have been released in other ways,
twenty-one have died, or gone to the in-
sane asylum, while 131 remain in pris-
on.

Those who may be anxious to preserve
old and decaying trees may be glad to
try the following method, which is re-
commended by the *Gardener's Chroni-
cle*, in preference to plugging them
with concrete: "However much care
may be bestowed upon it, it is impossi-
ble to make cement adhere to a living
tree, and before long the water, percolat-
ing about the bark, will find its way
slowly but effectually into the hole, and
pursue its work. The only effective
way of curing such a disease is to make
a plug of oak or other hard wood, smear
it with tar, and hammer it tight in the
hole. If there is any recuperative
power left in the tree the bark will soon
grow over the plug and the wound be
perfectly healed, which will never hap-
pen with the concrete process."

A Diplomatic Answer.

The old man Smith, of Richfield, is a
self-sufficient sort of old fellow, and
prides himself upon his riding abilities.
One day he espied his young hopeful
leading a colt to water rather gingerly,
and remarked:

"Why on earth don't you ride that
beast?"

"I'm 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me."

"Bring that horse here," snapped the
old man.

The colt was urged up to the fence,
and braced on one side by the boy while
the old man climbed on to the rails and
stocked himself on the colt's back.
Then he was let go, and the old gentle-
man rode proudly off. Paralyzed by
fear the colt went slowly for about
twenty rods without a demonstration.
Then like lightning his fore legs
bunched