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**Daisies.**  
Out in the meadows, so fresh and so dewy,  
Out in the meadows at breaking of day;  
Opening their eyes at the first beam of sun-  
light,  
"We wish you good-morrow," the daisies  
say,  
Golden and white,  
In the morning light,  
"We wish you good-morrow," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields in the glory of noontide,  
Out where the bees and the butterflies play;  
Through their white lids looking up into  
heaven,  
"We love the bright sunshine," the daisies  
say,  
Golden and white,  
In the noonday light,  
"We love the bright sunshine," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields when the bright sunlight  
faded,  
And gilded the hilltop with lingering ray,  
Closing their eyes as the day's glory died,  
"We wish you good-night," the daisies say.  
Golden and white,  
In the sunset light,  
"We wish you good-night," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields in the still sweet starlight,  
Hushed all confusion and noise of the day,  
Fast asleep, with their golden eyes hidden,  
"We wake on the morrow," they seem to  
say.

## JEMMY'S MADMAN.

LETTER FROM MISS JEMMA BURNSIDE TO  
THOMAS BURNSIDE, ESQ.

[How the *Republican* got hold of this  
letter does not matter. Let it suffice  
that it has it, by consent of all parties,  
who hope that in some extraordinary  
way it may greatly advance the moral  
and emotional interests of other young  
men and women.]

My DEAR TOM:  
I have had an extraordinary adventure.  
Prepare to shiver. Of all places  
set as traps for the unwary traveler,  
H— is the most trying and unmiti-  
gated. I should recommend all inexperienced  
young women (like myself) before  
I received this sad lesson) to settle  
one point definitely before starting on  
their travels; if H— must lie in their  
way, determine either to start from it,  
or to go there last, prepared to stay.  
When I left the Plainville train and entered  
the hot, crowded waiting-room, I  
went at once to the ticket-master and asked:

"How long shall I have to wait for  
the train to Mountain Ash station?"

"Six hours," answered the wooden  
man, without a glimmer of natural  
emotion.

I know I groaned aloud as I turned to  
view the prospect over. The day was  
simply—Tophet—the waiting-room  
as I remarked, was crowded—and  
with the most unpromising set of cross,  
elderly, traveling-agent-like tourists it  
was ever my misfortune to meet; nothing  
that offered a chance of entertain-  
ment—plenty of babies, sour, sticky,  
some sleepy, some audibly wailing, all  
more or less decorated with gingerbread  
crumbs around their noses. I do some-  
times find comfort and consolation in  
watching babies on a journey, or per-  
haps the elderly person, unaccustomed  
to travel, who engages your attention by  
means of an umbrella, and receives  
answer to her numerous questions with  
an air of open suspicion which suggests  
her belief in the creed that travelers are  
always liars; these oddities, you know,  
are always amusing, but yesterday  
morning it seemed as if all the interest-  
ing and all the eccentric elements of mi-  
gratory society had been eliminated,  
only the dreariest commonplace remain-  
ing.

I wanted to take a walk, but my pro-  
phetic sles assured me that those pave-  
ments, radiating heat, were no better  
than burning plowshares—only a martyr  
could be expected to enjoy such a prome-  
nade; the very grasshoppers in distant  
fields chirped with a noise like hissing.  
You see, Thomas, unaccustomed, how  
gloomy was the situation; and yet, out  
of these unpromising elements, your in-  
genious sles developed an adventure  
of vast dimensions—so vast, in fact, that  
I doubt if you ever let me travel, alone  
again. (Not *vernon*.) Perhaps you  
would like me to hasten the narrative;  
very well.

Upon this scene of anguish and gloom  
entered the liveliest of strangers; his hat  
had clapped on—no hat without a  
cock could possibly have been straight-  
ened before a glass—his coat also looked  
hasty, and if a doubt remained that the  
young man was in a hurry, one glance  
at his movements would have dissipated  
it forever. He was looking anxiously  
through the crowd, and I was observing  
this unseemly energy with languid  
amusement, when suddenly I met his  
eye; and oh! Tom, the most bewildering  
thrill went through me! Can you be-  
lieve that his look meant recognition?  
—not recognition only, but relief, secrecy,  
mystery and Heaven knows what besides!

I expected him to hail me as a sister  
at least, after that joyful glance; instead,  
he dropped into a seat and began a steady

stare, which, for a moment, I returned  
as if fascinated. Tom, wasn't it shock-  
ing? Of course I changed my seat; I  
divided into the ladies' room; I drank po-  
tations of ice-water that would make a  
doctor faint with horror, in the hope of  
interrupting, at least, that unwinking  
gaze; but all in vain. Like the ancient  
mariner, he had fixed me with his glitter-  
ing eye.

You needn't put on your sneer and  
mumble "flirtation" no such thing. I  
flatter myself I know what a look of ad-  
miration is by this time; and I solemnly  
assure you that, incredible as it seems,  
there was nothing in this man's orbs  
that even hinted such a thing. There  
was something horrible in the fixity of  
his stare. I felt that something unusual  
caused it. I scented a mystery, and  
dreadful suspicions flocked into my  
mind.

It is not at all clear what I might have  
done, if left to myself—but just at that  
critical moment a big, hasty wasp came  
bumping in through the window and set-  
tled in my hair. I suppose he was en-  
tangled—at all events, he refused to  
leave.

You know how I hate them? No  
doubt I acted like a lunatic—I pranced  
about shaking my head and tearing my  
locks—and I caught sight of the man  
whom I had quite forgotten. He had  
risen to his feet, looking much excited—  
what happened next was as much his  
fault as the wasp's—I snatched my bag,  
rushed out of the door, still tearing my  
hair—and I ran down the street. Tom,  
as if I had been six years old, hotly pur-  
sued by the man—the wasp still fast in  
my hair, doubtless much disgusted, and  
buzzing like ten thousand rolled into  
one.

You may judge if your sister was  
frightened—I don't think I knew what I  
was doing, until I found the broad Con-  
necticut before me, the wasp free at last,  
and long since departed, and the dread-  
ful man out of sight. I breathed once  
more. Are you sympathizing? Worse  
is to come. The river bank was very  
steep, quite a precipice, in fact. After I  
had cooled off a little under an old will-  
ow—I was quite rural all around (I  
counted five more geese besides my-  
self, two ducks and a hen)—I peeped  
over the brink, and there, twenty feet  
down, the river purled along, cool, dim  
and tranquil, and great ferns waved at  
the base of the rocks, sending their  
sweet, damp smell into the hot air, so  
green and fresh, that I longed to drop  
down among them and spend the five  
long hours of waiting in a peaceful nap.

Prepare, Tom—I am coming to a sad  
confession.

Half way down was a smooth wide  
ledge; I felt sure I could reach it, for I  
had not forgotten how I always followed  
you up apple trees and over ridge-poles,  
in the days of your youth. Tracing back  
the cause of crime, you will find that  
you are to blame for what follows; I  
trusted to the foolish instruction of a  
misguiding elder brother, and blindly  
sought my own destruction.

"Don't be frightened. You fell down,  
I see. All right, sit still and I'll come  
to you in a minute. Be sure to sit per-  
fectly still." So saying he vanished,  
leaving me with my mouth wide open,  
and the scream, so to speak, frozen within  
me.

Now, Tom, I can't stop every time to  
depict my state of mind. Very please to  
fancy it, for the thought of postage on  
this letter already weighs me down, and  
I must hasten to state the facts.

In two seconds or thereabouts Mr.  
Madman appeared—where do you think?  
Wading through the water around a  
bend in the river. He came just below  
me and holding up his arms, cried,  
"Jump! I believe I observed, 'Go  
away!' He answered, scolding origi-  
nally, 'Jump, don't be afraid!' Then,  
seeing the need of further argument, he  
added, 'I'm here to catch you.' I  
didn't tell him that this reason power-  
fully dissuaded me from the step—or the  
jump—but I thought it. I said, how-  
ever, 'I can't. I won't. Oh, do go  
away!'"

"Nonsense!" said he, very rudely.  
"Go away and leave you hanging up  
there like a stranded mermaid? How  
will you get down, if I don't stay?  
Come, won't you?"

Then, seeing that I sat stock still and  
put my hands over my face—for really,  
I can't help remarking that I was  
frightened to death—he said, with a cool  
determination that froze my marrow,  
"Very well; if you won't come to me, I  
must go to you, that's all." A hint that  
I inebriatedly answered with another  
scream.

No use; he climbed like a cat; I  
couldn't but admire his agility; but  
don't think I admired the way he swung  
himself beside me and seized both hands.  
Oh, Tom! Of course I struggled wildly.  
The dreadful man then threw his arm  
around my shoulder—no doubt I should  
have pitched off into the river if he  
hadn't, but I'd rather have done it—and  
all the time he was talking in the most  
soothing way, which didn't soothe me  
in the least, as you can well imagine.

"Poor child!" I heard at last. "Molly,  
Molly, be still a minute. You don't  
know me. I'm Cousin Charlie."  
This gave me a hope that I was mis-  
taken after all and the man was no  
lunatic, but merely a blundering victim  
of myopia, who took me for somebody  
else. I turned on him fiercely and said,  
"You are right; I don't know you at  
all."  
"Certainly not," he assented, cheer-  
fully. "This years since last we met,  
but I'm glad to meet again. Aren't you  
a preserver, Miss Molly? Your  
father telegraphed me this morning to  
meet and look after you. Considering  
this little adventure, it's well he did.  
Are you given to tumbling off hill-tops,  
Cousin Molly?" He was clearly laugh-  
ing at me! I grew frantic.

"My name's not Molly! You take me  
for somebody else. My father is dead—  
he couldn't have telegraphed you this  
morning—let me go, let me go!" I cried,  
wriggling like an eel.

"You may have forgotten your name,"  
with great calmness. "You know you  
forgot to take a trunk this morning.  
Shall we go back and get it?"

I could only stare at him, speechless.  
I was prepared to argue the point of my  
identity, though he must be a bat indeed  
not to discover my mistake at the dis-  
tance which then separated us, but to be  
so taken for granted, with this air of  
supernatural information as to who I  
might be—I confess it prostrated my  
powers of repartee.

"Come, we won't pretend any longer,  
Molly, that we don't know our name  
and our cousin, Charlie Thorne. Why  
should I be here if you were not you and  
I were not I?"

I may frankly say I didn't like his  
tone, which was in fact adapted to an  
intelligence of eight years or there-  
abouts. Filled with rage, I turned to  
him and said loudly and distinctly:  
"I don't know what you mean. My  
name, in the first place, is not Molly. It  
is Jemima Burnside. I live in the city  
of Boston, and I am on my way to visit  
friends at Mountain Ash station. Here"  
—diving into my pocket—"is my hand-  
kerchief with my name on it—here's a  
letter from Tom addressed to me"  
(provisionally received this morning be-  
fore I left Plainville). "Read it, read it,  
if you don't believe me, and do let me  
go!"

I wrenched myself from a grasp that  
suddenly became nerveless. Such a face,  
Tom! It makes me shiver now to think  
of it. He stared at the letter under his  
nose as if his address was in Greek, he  
held the handkerchief I had thrust upon  
him, rigidly, as if it turned to stone.

"I—oh, pray forgive me!" he stam-  
mered. "I can hardly believe you even  
now. What shall I say to explain to  
you—the fact is—oh, Miss Burnside, it  
is really too bad that I should have  
to begin my apology by stating that I took  
you for a lunatic!"

"Of course I stared and exclaimed,  
"Why, but I took you for a lunatic!"  
"What?" he cried, mildly, "why  
should you take me for a lunatic?"  
This was too much. I retorted bit-  
terly "Why should you take me for a  
lunatic? It doesn't seem half so bad to  
say a man is—"

"Oh, yes it does," he said, beginning  
to laugh; "to him. We have our feel-  
ings, too, and such a charge would be  
sadly mortifying. But please let me  
state the extenuations of my case. My  
uncle, Mr. Harris, telegraphed me—wait,  
here is the telegram," drawing a  
crumpled paper from his vest pocket,  
where it had evidently been thrust after  
reading. I read:

"GATES STATION, June 10, 187—  
To Charles Thorne, 149 Main street, H—  
Meet Molly at 10:30 train. She has lost  
her mind, wandered away this a. m., and  
took train for H—. Wears gray dress and  
blue veil. Carries small bag. No lug-  
gage. Stop her, for God's sake."  
J. G. HARRIS.

"You understand, don't you? The  
train was in—I had barely time to reach  
the station as the crowd poured out.  
She was not in it. I entered the station  
and there I saw you—the only one who  
could possibly be my poor cousin. I  
think you are wearing a gray dress and  
blue veil!"

He was only a man, helpless about de-  
tails of feminine costume, but he was  
right, and I told him so.

"You really look something like her,"  
he continued, regarding me.

"Thank you," I said, promptly.  
"I was about to add that my Cousin  
Mary is a raving belle—but you don't  
deserve it now," he answered, with out-  
rageous impertinence. "But it seemed by  
this time as if we were old friends, Tom—  
you know one can't tumble off a cliff  
or climb stocking-fogged up the same, and  
preserve any great formality of respect."  
"No, you are only too good not to al-  
lude more distinctly to that wasp at the  
station. I see all now. No wonder you  
thought I was crazy."

"Oh—it was a wasp? Ah, yes."  
Once more I didn't like his tone; I  
knew he was ridiculing my prejudices,  
but I can't help it—twice a man I  
should be afraid of them.

"But your cousin?" I said, and he  
started as if I had fired off a cracker.  
Privately, between you and me, I believe  
he had forgotten her. He now made up  
for it, however, and looked so unhappy  
that I did all I could to help him get  
rid of me. He pulled and hoisted me  
up the rocks at last, and, once on top, so  
far forgot himself as to make jokes on  
my misfortune.

"Which do you prefer, Miss Burnside,  
the lightning express down the bank, or  
the accommodation back again?"

"To this I coldly answered by his sugges-  
tion that he had better go get his shoes  
before the ducks and geese ate them up.  
Oh, Tom, I must hurry. There is  
much more to tell, but I reserve it for  
another letter—unless I forget it. He  
thore knows our friends here—he came  
out and called on them last evening, and  
said he would come again. That, how-  
ever, I shall believe when I see him.  
Your sex are all deceivers, Tom, you've  
often said so, and I mean to believe you.  
This is all the adventure—I give you  
leave to put it in your next novel. Your  
most affectionate sister,

JEMIMA BURNSIDE.  
P. S.—As usual, I left out the most im-  
portant part. Mr. Thorne's cousin is  
all right. She didn't come to H— at  
all, but was traced by a detective and  
brought home that same evening. Poor  
girl! Mr. Thorne says that the doctors  
give hope of her recovery in time.

Yours,  
J. B.  
—Springfield Republican.

A Wooden Belle.  
The Punch and Judy idea is over 2,000  
years old. The Celestial Emperor Kao  
Tau (B. C. 206) was shut up in the city  
of Peh-ten by an army of barbarous  
Huns. With his majesty was a states-  
man, Chen Ping, who, happening to  
know that the wife of the besieging  
chieftain was a very jealous woman, de-  
vised a scheme. He caused the portrait  
of a very beautiful girl to be forwarded  
to her, with a message that if her hus-  
band would permit the emperor to go  
forth unharmed, the young lady should  
become his property. The chieftain's  
wife never mentioned the portrait to her  
husband, but at once began to persuade  
him to raise the siege, which, in fact,  
he would have done forthwith had he not  
been privately informed of the picture  
and warned at the same time that the  
whole affair was simply a ruse. There-  
upon he sent to say that it would be  
necessary for him first of all to have a  
glimpse of this beauty in the flesh; and  
later on he repaired by agreement to the  
city, but the city was where he beheld  
the young lady moving about and sur-  
rounded by a number of attendants.  
His suspicions being thus allayed, he  
gave orders to open a passage through  
his lines to the Emperor Kao Tau and  
suite, who promptly made the best of  
their way out. At the same time the  
Hun chieftain entered the city and pro-  
ceeded to the spot on the wall where the  
young lady was awaiting him, still sur-  
rounded by her handmaids; but on ar-  
riving there he found that the beauty  
and her attendants were simply a set of  
wooden puppets which had been dressed  
up for the occasion and were worked by  
a concealed arrangement of springs.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

A few months ago a young man of  
Grinnel, Iowa, married the girl of his  
choice. One day recently he received a  
package containing a note and a cigar.  
The note explained that the cigar was a  
wonderful fine one. The unusual  
character of the gift, coupled with the  
fact that the young husband did not  
recognize the name of the donor, aroused  
his suspicions and he showed his present  
to his wife. She recognized the writing  
as that of a former suitor. She then  
carefully unrolled the cigar and found  
several grains of strychnine concealed in  
the end that is usually bitten off before  
smoking.

"While there is little need of caution-  
ing the majority of people against ex-  
posing themselves during a thunder  
storm," says the *Boston Transcript*,  
"the killing of two children in a sum-  
mer-house near New York is a reminder  
of the possibilities in an electric visita-  
tion. None but the foolhardy, ignorant  
of what is known about atmospheric  
electricity, and what takes place in a  
lightning stroke, will neglect to watch  
the probable nearness of approach of  
the electric cloud, and take measures ac-  
cordingly, such as removing from the  
vicinity of tall isolated objects, avoiding  
currents of air, and getting away from  
chimneys and walls. Professor Olm-  
sted used to say that more people were  
killed annually by lightning than by  
railroad and steamboat accidents put  
together."

Helen Petrie, the Grace Darling of the  
Shetland Islands, has just died at King-  
horn. She was a native of Unst and  
during a great gale, May 26, 1856, when,  
in sight of the islanders, the last of the  
home-seeking fishing-boats was capsized,  
two of its occupants being drowned, and  
the other two, clinging to the overturned  
boat, were drifting out with the tide,  
she and her sister-in-law, her father, a  
one-armed man of seventy, steering, put  
off in a small punt and effected the res-  
cue which none on shore would venture  
to attempt. Helen Petrie, who received  
the Royal Institution's medal for this  
feat, was a small woman, little used to  
boats. Two years later she saved three  
lives under precisely similar circum-  
stances; then she went over to the main-  
land and ended her days as a domestic  
servant. "She was a simple minded,  
straightforward, strictly pious woman."

Politeness is a great thing. It does  
much to make our sojourn here below  
more pleasant than it otherwise would  
be. It is oil on troubled waters; grease  
on the wheels of every-day life. If a  
person does wrong, that person should  
apologize for it, at least this is the way  
a St. Louis lady looked at the matter.  
She was ironing in the third story  
of a building on O'Fallon street and laid  
the iron carelessly on the window-sill,  
when a slight jar caused it to fall on  
O'Fallon street, or rather on the head of  
James Reade, who was passing at the  
time. The *Republican* gravely states  
that "the lady who was indirectly the  
cause of the unfortunate affair called  
upon the man during his illness and ex-  
pressed her regrets for what had hap-  
pened." Of course the expressing of re-  
grets made things all right. The man  
died that night, but it must have been  
a great consolation to his friends to know  
that the lady "regretted" the trivial  
fact that she had killed him.

An application of electricity has been  
successfully made in France which  
threatens an entire revolution in motive  
power, and the substitution of electricity  
for steam. A letter to the *Petit Journal*,  
of Paris, states that after several experi-  
ments the proprietor of the sugar manu-  
factory at Sermaise (department of  
Marne) a few months since succeeded in  
unloading their beet-root boats by elec-  
tricity, at a distance of 300 feet from the  
factory. Their farm battery is propelled  
by the same agent. It excites great as-  
tonishment to see the horse-gin (mangle)  
turning with great velocity, and without  
the horse that formerly worked it. Two  
wires which conduct electricity to the  
gin or mill from a distance of 700 metres  
(2,100 feet) explains its continual move-  
ment. Encouraged by this practical  
success, the mill proprietors have caused  
to be constructed an electro-magnetic  
apparatus which by means of a steel  
cable conducts the power to a great  
depth, and performs the labor of eight  
oxen. The inventor says that he will  
soon be able to produce a much greater  
force.

The Emperor William sleeps on a bed  
hard enough to have suited the Duke of  
Wellington, does not smoke or use snuff,  
is fond of flowers and especially of fresh  
air, drinks one glass of Burgundy a day,  
eats early and fares frugally. He is  
eighty-two years old and can ride horse-  
back like a trooper.

Philadelphia has an ordinance  
against the sale of oysters in summer,  
and an Oystermen's Protective Associa-  
tion that employs detectives to get evi-  
dence against the offenders.

**Give Me the People.**  
Some love the glow of outward show—  
Some love mere wealth, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!  
What's all the gold, that glitters cold,  
When link'd to hard or haughty feeling?  
What's 'ere we're told, the nobler good,  
Is truth of heart and manly dealing?  
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it—  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!

A lowly roof may give us pride  
That lowly flowers are often fairest;  
And trees, whose bark is hard and bare,  
May yield us fruit, and bloom the rarest!  
There's worth as sure, 'neath garments poor,  
As 'ere adorned a lofty station;  
And minds as just as those, we trust,  
Whose claim is but of wealth's creation!  
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**  
Bookkeepers have the ruling passion  
strong in life.  
Net prophets—Those who predict lots  
of mosquitoes.  
A doctor is judged by his skill as well  
as by his cures.  
A Rockford (Ill.) man has a cherry  
orchard containing 3,500 trees.  
The Emperor of Germany has frequent  
and threatening fits of fainting.  
A scolding woman, like a train conduc-  
tor, is pretty much on the rail.  
The "audiometer," an instrument for  
measuring the sense of hearing, is a late  
scientific invention.  
It is estimated that American shop-  
pers spend nearly \$100,000,000 every sea-  
son over the counters in London.  
The family cat at the White House  
was a present to Mrs. Hayes from a gen-  
tleman in Asia. It is a Siamese.  
Remark by the small boy of the  
period: Let me see the circus of a na-  
tion, and I care not who makes its laws.  
A college orator in a spiked-tail coat  
points the way to true greatness, and  
then goes and rents himself as a pitcher  
for a professional nine.—*Playmate*.

High Wolf, one of the Cheyenne  
chiefs, was knocked flat on the ground  
with a hail stone the size of a man's fist  
during a storm at Wichita, Kansas.  
There are no two more people who look  
upon each other with more distinguished  
contempt than the miser and the spend-  
thrift, and I guess they are both right  
about it.—*Josh Billings*.

It is a little singular, although no less  
true, that one small but well-constructed  
fly will do more toward breaking up a  
man's afternoon nap than the outdoor  
racket of a full brass band.—*Waterloo  
Observer*.

The average urchin little fears  
The policeman stout or slim—  
That is, upon a scorching day,  
When a cool, refreshing swim  
is involved.  
—New York Star.

**What "Boom" Means.**  
The current word to express a pecu-  
liar and frequent phenomenon in  
American politics is "boom." It is de-  
rived from the Western idiom describing  
the freshets in rivers and creeks. In  
those streams that are far from the  
stable equilibrium of tidal waters there  
are very great inequalities of volume.  
Some of them vary from six inches of  
dust in a dry time to sixty feet of water  
during a season of rains, and all have  
their times when the usually thin and  
shallow streams come pouring down in  
a yellow flood, bearing fence rails and  
corn stacks and other signs of the in-  
vasion of the riparian farms, and laden  
with the dog-gone explosives of the set-  
tlers and the vexations of the travelers  
delayed at the fords. The stream is pow-  
erful while it lasts, but that is only for  
a day or two, and while it is at its height  
of temporary greatness it is called a  
"boom." "Lost Creek or the Dry Fork  
is a-booming," is the way in which the  
natives describe these passing ebullitions  
of nature.

**The Land of Midian.**  
The words "Midian" and "Midian-  
ites" are, of course, familiar to every  
reader of the Bible; even the little  
schoolgirl knows that to be mer-  
chants of this nation—Ishmaelites—that  
Joseph was sold. But we doubt many  
persons who are not advanced geographi-  
cal students have at all a clear idea of  
the situation of this country, and still  
more, whether they know that it was in  
very ancient times resorted to by Egyp-  
tians for gold and copper and for the  
highly-prized "blue-green stones"—i. e.,  
turquoises. Midian, the Madyan of the  
Arab geographers, is that part of the  
Arabian desert which lies to the east of  
the northern portion of the Red Sea, a  
narrow strip of country, extending  
lengthwise from the head of the Gulf  
of Akabah to the Hejaz. It is mostly  
barren and mountainous, and, although  
under the dominion of Egypt, is still in  
the possession of the children of Ishmael,  
the wandering Bedouin.—*The Spectator*.

**OF DISEASES**  
TREATABLE BY USING  
**XICAN TANG**  
**MENT.**  
OF ANIMALS.  
Scratches,  
Horns and Galls,  
Scurvy, Canker,  
Screech Worm, Grub,  
Foot Rot, Hoof All,  
Lameness,  
Swainy, Founders,  
Sprains, Strains,  
Sore Feet,  
Stiffness,  
and every hurt or accident,  
nily, stable and stock yard it is  
most favorite.  
Always good.  
**TEST OF ALL**  
**MENTS**  
N. 1. No 27  
**MUSIC BOOKS.**  
**EL OF JOY!** 35 cts.  
First favorite.  
**VS!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
**EVER!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
**ENGLISH SONG!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
**OF GEMS!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
**THE DANCE!** 35 cts.  
Always good.  
Illustrated for retail price.  
**ISON & Co., Boston.**  
12 Broadway, New York.  
100 South Street, Philadelphia.

**SEWING MACHINE**  
IN THE WORLD  
MADE EVERYWHERE  
WILSON, CLARK & CO.  
100 N. 3rd St., Phila.  
**ONIFIER**  
Stable concentrated Lye  
FOR SOAP MAKING.  
Saves each can for making 100  
cans of soap.  
VEGETABLE STRENGTH  
Get with (re-called) Concentrated  
stock with salt and train, and worst  
cases.  
**NET, AND BUT THE**  
**ONIFIER**  
MADE BY THE  
Salt Manuf'g Co.,  
PHILADELPHIA.

**AND DURABLE**  
20  
NEW YORK  
THOMAS  
**OCKS**  
WITH  
W.R.S.  
PICTURES  
BOARDS  
SHIPS  
\$2.10 \$3.00

**THE ORGAN CO**  
Largest! Most Successful!  
ENTS have a Standard Value in a  
**Markets**  
**Of the World!**  
Largest! Most Successful!  
ENTS have a Standard Value in a  
New Designs constantly be-  
ing added to a Catalogue.  
Waltham St., Boston, Mass.

**THE ORGAN**  
THE BEST!  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

**COD-LIVER OIL**  
LIVER OIL

Warranted the best by the high-  
est in the world. Given highest  
Prestigious and pure Oil.  
W. H. Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

Warranted the best by the high-  
est in the world. Given highest  
Prestigious and pure Oil.  
W. H. Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

**MEN** Learn Printing and  
publishing. \$10 to \$100  
weekly. Substantiated a paying situa-  
tion. Worcester, Massachusetts, Wis.

Original issues in Poor Condition  
Best copy available



ving Licenses were  
Council at its late  
\$20.  
ALE.  
St. Andrews  
Campobello  
do  
do  
St. Andrews  
do  
do  
do  
St. George  
do  
do  
do  
do  
Campobello.

e, diphtheria, contin-  
arabia. A receipt  
dished ordering the  
of dwellings and  
ntry. The receipt  
has been raging for  
to the grave in some  
rising generation.

TRIVALS.  
J. G. Hovey, Mrs.  
G. B. Fairnsworth  
Lewis, Truro; C. A.  
St. John; Jas. Mc-  
Geo O'Brien, Bangor;  
ary E. Lowell, Alt S  
r Miller, J. E. Miller,  
Wilson, St. Stephen;  
r. Geo. Hannah, St.  
h, St. Stephen; Geo  
pt Morrison and lady,  
rrel, Mrs. G. Farrell  
McVicar, Mascarenes,  
Ottawa; F. H. Hall,  
R. Main, St. Stephen;  
ing, child and maid,  
Miss Kellie Calais.  
ohn; H. Porter, wife,  
ston; Rev F Towers,

don.—A London jour-  
astounding article,  
in East London the  
go to church, or care  
hat no movement is  
se people with relig-  
d that they number  
How is it possible  
d most civilized capi-  
a state of things can  
of people fairly fed,  
nt, who care nothing  
e could believe that  
na might be guilty of  
ely it cannot exist in  
—and yet the "London  
to the fact, that "East  
no church and want

news and travellers gen-  
l to know that Mr. Asotz  
d the building formerly  
onal," on Water Street,  
ester House. The hotel  
steel and papered, and  
ach affords increased ac-  
ual, this house is supplied  
E-Fresh and United  
e popular character of  
it be maintained; and  
the proprietor will render  
of patronage as hereto-  
other pains nor expense to  
his.  
my21-1y.

on the southeast coast  
a failure, a good catch  
ported on the western  
t Point Micaux. The  
fair thus far. Haddock  
in Ladise Bay, than for  
ng have not been caught  
ty.

ernment has advanced a  
Porte for 3,000,000 francs  
is by Albanians into Ser-

voted the protective tariff  
s closed. The constitu-  
e the anti-tariff agita-  
nd call a national meet-  
prepare for a vigorous  
of the new tariff at the  
s in October.

Hitchings of Waterville  
very of a gold bearing vein  
eastern part of Penobscot  
issays which he has made  
will prove of value.

e of the depression of trade  
e, England, operatives will  
rica.

astor of Brooklyn church,  
rown Henry Ward Beech-  
New Brunswick on a lec-  
will lecture in Fredericton  
of Friday, August 1st.

MED.  
nt., Mr. William Ingram,  
onshire, England, aged 58.  
dge on the 4th of July,  
Grimmer, wife of Jessie  
77 years 4 months and 22

aining this morning, had for the hay-  
makers but good for the growing crops.  
Rev. F. Towers is at Kennedy's Hotel.  
The newspapers report, that important  
changes are about to be made in the Do-  
minion Cabinet.

**SHIP NEWS.**  
PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.  
ARRIVED.  
July 19, Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, gen.  
cargo.  
" 21, Jane, Craig, Portsmouth, bal.  
CLEARED.  
July 21, Clara, J. Britt, Portland, 4100  
sleepers, J. S. Leighton.

**New Rotary Power Job Press.**  
We have added to the Standard Office an  
"Alden New rotary power Job Press," and  
having tested its merits, pronounce it a No. 1  
machine, capable of throwing off upwards of a  
thousand sheets an hour. With an addition of a  
fancy type, we are prepared to execute with  
neatness and despatch, orders for blanks, bill  
heads, envelopes, cards and other printing, and  
solicit a share of public patronage.

**Special Notices.**  
**Hall's Vegetable Sialina Hair Re-  
newer** is a scientific combination of some of  
the most powerful restorative agents in the vege-  
table kingdom. It restores grey hair to its origi-  
nal color. It makes the scalp white and clear, re-  
cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the  
hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by  
which the hair is nourished and supported. It  
makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is un-  
surpassed as a hair-dressing. It is the most  
economical preparation ever offered to the public  
as its effects remain a long time, requiring only an  
occasional application necessary. It is recom-  
mended and used by eminent medical men, and  
officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Mas-  
sachusetts. vol16-no17

**A CARD.**  
To all who are suffering from the errors and  
indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early  
decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a re-  
cipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE.  
This great remedy was discovered by a mission-  
ary in South America. Send a self-addressed  
envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station  
D, New York City. vol16-ly.



**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS**  
This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst  
the leading necessities of Life.  
These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and  
act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the  
**Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,**  
and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigor to  
these great MAIN-SPRINGS OF LIFE.  
They are confidently recommended as a never  
failing remedy in all cases where the constitution,  
from whatever cause, has become impaired or  
weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in  
all ailments incidental to Females of all ages;  
and as a GENUINE FAMILY MEDICINE, are  
unsurpassed.

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT**  
Its Searching and Healing Properties are known  
throughout the World.  
For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,  
**Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers,**  
it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed  
on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures  
SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs,  
Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular  
Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,  
**Gout, Rheumatism,**  
And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never  
been known to fail.  
The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at  
533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON.  
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines through-  
out the Civilized World; with directions for use  
in almost every language.  
The Trade Marks of these Medicines are reg-  
istered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout  
the British Possessions, who may keep the Amer-  
ican Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.  
Purchasers should look to the label on  
the Pots and Boxes. If the address is  
not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are  
spurious. apr23-22

**E. CAMERON, M. D.**  
**Physician, Surgeon,**  
AND ACCOUCHEUR.  
Dr. CAMERON may be consulted profes-  
sionally at his office, at Woodards Cove Grand  
Mannan.  
Grand Mannan, June 10, 1878.

**MANCHESTER HOUSE.**  
MAY, 1879. MAY, 1879.  
Our Departments are assorted for the seasons' trade by  
**RECENT IMPORTATIONS**  
FROM  
**BRITISH AND AMERICAN MARKETS,**  
**NEW DRESS GOODS, BL'K & COL'D CASHMERE'S,**  
**Cloths, Cottonades, Prints,**  
**CAMBRICS, COTTONS, HOSIERY,**  
**CORSETS,**  
**GLOVES,**  
**FEATHERS,**  
**MILLINERY TRIMMINGS,**  
**In Silks and Satins,**  
**FRILLINGS,**  
**HATS and CAPS,**  
**COTTON WARPS,**  
**OIL CLOTHS,**  
**UMBRELLAS,**  
**SUN SHADES, &c.**  
**Wholesale and Retail.**  
**ODELL & TURNER.**  
St. Andrews, N.B.  
May 21, 1879. rpd }

**E. S. POLLEYS.**  
SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE WILLIAM WHITLOCK, ESQ.,  
Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Saint Andrews and vicinity, that he purposes  
continuing the business at the  
**Old Stand, Church Block, Water Street,**  
Near the Post Office.  
Having made large additions to the varied stock heretofore kept, he trusts by attention to the want  
of the community, to merit a share of patronage.

**IN STOCK.**  
SOAPS, Potash, Soda, Saleratus, Dried  
Fruits, Fine Navy Bread, Crackers, Biscuit,  
TOBACCO'S, Navy, Black Jack, and Smoking,  
**TEAS,**  
Oolong, and English Breakfast,  
**COFFEE,**  
Pure and Fresh Ground Java,  
Macaroon, Tapioca, Sago, Spices, Starch.  
**PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,**  
**DRUGS, GLASS & PUTTY,**  
Painters Supplies, WOOD WARE, Tub,  
Pails, Brooms, Brushes, Builders Shelf  
and Canning HARDWARE, Iron, Ste.

**AGENTS, READ THIS.**  
We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per  
month and expenses, or allow a large commis-  
sion to sell our new and wonderful inventions.  
We mean what we say. Sample free. Address,  
**SHERMAN & CO., Marshall Mich.**  
**MUSICAL!**  
**G. H. STICKNEY,**  
WILL RECEIVE  
**PUPILS for INSTRUCTION**  
ON THE  
**PIANOFORTE.**  
St. Andrews, May 21st, 1879.—tf.

**First Class Pianos.**  
The Proprietors offer for sale First Class  
Pianos 7-8 octave, black walnut and rose-  
wood, furnished with all modern improvements  
at moderate prices for cash or other approved  
payment. Pianos shipped at manufacturers  
cost, and warranted.  
**E. WILLARD & CO.,**  
Factory, 390 Tremont St. BOSTON  
Orders left at the Standard office, St. An-  
drews, will be promptly attended to.

**BENJ. R. STEVENSON.**  
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY AT LAW  
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public &c.  
Real Estate and Insurance Agency  
Offices, - - - St. Andrews, N. B.  
(St. George, on Saturdays)

**New Advertisements.**  
**Notice of Sale.**  
To Henry Rudge, of St. Stephen, in the County  
of Charlotte, Mason, and to all others whom it  
may concern.  
NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of a  
Power of Sale contained in an Indenture  
of Mortgage bearing date the 29th day of June,  
in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hun-  
dred and seventy-two, and made between Henry  
Rudge above named of the one part, and Edward  
Pheasant, then of St. Andrews, in the County of  
Charlotte, gentleman, of the other part, and duly  
recorded in Charlotte County Records Book 26,  
pages 486, 487 and 488; there will for the pur-  
pose of satisfying the moneys secured by said In-  
denture of Mortgage, default having been made  
in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction,  
on the premises, in the Town of St. Andrews, on  
Wednesday, the twentieth day of August next,  
at 12 o'clock, noon:  
All that lot of land in the town of St. Andrews,  
on the corner of Queen and Frederick streets,  
being part of the old Canal Block, so called, bound-  
ed as follows: commencing at the corner of  
Queen and Frederick streets, thence running  
on the line of Frederick Street two hundred and  
twenty six feet, thence northwesterly parallel with  
Queen Street eighty feet, thence north-easterly  
parallel with Frederick Street two hundred and  
twenty six feet, or to the line of Queen Street,  
and thence on that line to the place of beginning,  
together with the buildings and improvements  
thereon.  
Dated the 17th day of June, A. D. 1879.  
EDWARD PHEASANT,  
Mortgagee.  
Per DONALD CLARK,  
Attorney.

**NOTICE.**  
WE have this day by mutual consent dissolved  
our co-partnership heretofore existing un-  
der the name of "Beckerton & Brundage," James  
P. Beckerton will continue to keep at his old  
stand Water St., and also assume all debts to or  
from the said firm of Beckerton & Brundage, ex-  
cept parties who are notified to the contrary,  
within twelve days from date.  
J. P. BECKERTON,  
C. W. BRUNDAGE.  
St. Andrews, July 1, 1879.

**THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN  
MISERY.**  
We have recently published a new edition  
of the "CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY  
on the radical and permanent cure (without  
medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Phys-  
ical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.  
resulting from excesses.  
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents  
or two postage stamps.  
The celebrated author in this admirable Essay  
clearly demonstrates, from thirty years successful  
practice, that alarming consequences may be rad-  
ically cured, without the dangerous use of inter-  
nal medicine, or the application of the knife;  
pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, cer-  
tain and effectual, by means of which every suf-  
ferer, no matter what his condition may be, may  
cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.  
This Lecture should be in the hands of  
every youth and man in the land.  
Address  
**THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO**  
41, South St., New York.  
PO. Box, 4586.

**BRICK HOUSE AT AUCTION.**  
I am instructed by the Executor, Owen Jones  
Esq., to sell at Auction on Tuesday the fifteenth  
day of July next, at 12 noon, on the premises:  
THAT TWO STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,  
fronting on King & Queen Streets, in St. An-  
drews, formerly the residence of late Sheriff  
Jones.  
Terms at sale.  
C. E. O. HATHWAY,  
Auctioneer.  
St. Andrews, June 3, 1879. 6i

The sale of the above property is postponed,  
till Monday 21st inst., at 12 noon.  
July 14. C. E. O. HATHWAY.

**North British and Mercantile  
Insurance Company,**  
OF EDINBURGH & LONDON.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1809.  
**FIRE & LIFE**  
PRESIDENT:  
His Grace the Duke of Roxburgh, K. T.  
VICE-PRESIDENTS:  
His Grace the Duke of Sutherland K. G.  
His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, K. G.  
Sir John L. M. Lawrence, Bart, G. C. B. & K.  
CAPITAL - 10,000,000 Dollars.  
(WITH LARGE ACCUMULATIONS.)  
Risks taken as low as any other  
Office.  
The Subscriber having been appointed Secer-  
ary Agent for New Brunswick for the above Com-  
pany, is now prepared to effect insurances on  
reasonable terms.  
HENRY JACK,  
General Agent.  
W. H. MORRIS Agent for St. Andrews and  
vicinity.  
Office: Railway Depot.

**Boots & Shoes.**  
LADIES, MISSES AND GENTLEMENS  
**Boots and Shoes,**  
**BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY.**  
ALSO—A supply of imported Boots, consisting  
Ladies and Misses' Boots, Walking shoes  
and Rubbers,  
which will be sold at the lowest rates.  
J. M. HANSON,  
St. Andrews, 1879.

**NEW GOODS**  
Just opened By  
**GEO. F. STICKNEY.**  
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER  
Water Street, St. Andrews.  
**GOLD and Silver Watches,**  
**Chains, Rings, Brooches**  
**PINS, LOCKETS, SETS, STUDS,**  
**SOLITAIRES, &c., &c.**  
**BREGUET SEALS and KEYS**  
**Silver, Electroplated, Britannia**  
**Metal.**  
**BRITISH PLATE and GLASS WARE.**  
**Paper Machie, Parian, Wedgwood,**  
**BOHEMIAN, JET AND RUBBER GOOD**  
**PERFUMERY FROM LUDL OF PARIS**  
**CLEAVER & RIGGE OF LONDON,**  
Genuine EAU DE COLOGNE from JOHANN  
MARIA FARINA, JULIUS PLATZ No  
Cologne.  
**FANCY SOAPS, Combs and Brushes of all kinds**  
**Joseph Rodgers & Sons Celebrated**  
**Table and Pocket Cutlery.**  
**Hardware, Edge Tools,**  
**HOUSE FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS,**  
Agent for Lazarus & Magnis' Perfected  
**SPECTACLES**  
Cloth, Watches and Jewels Repaired,  
no30vol45.

**MEGANTIC HOTEL**  
Water Street, St. Andrews.  
**THE subscriber respectfully an-  
nounces to his friends and the public in gen-  
eral, that he has taken the above named House  
and thoroughly fitted it for the reception of  
Travellers & Permanent Boarders**  
From long experience as a hotel proprietor  
and by careful attention to the wants and con-  
fort of his guests, he hopes to receive a liberal  
share of patronage.  
He also keeps on hand a well selected Stock of  
Liquors, &c.  
A LARGE STABLE and careful hostler on  
the premises.  
**JAMES NEILL, Manager**  
St. Andrews, Oct. 13, 1878.

**Foyle Brewery,**  
Balt Houses & Distillery.  
**P. & J. O'MULLEN,**  
Manufacturers of  
**XX & XXX Ales**  
AND  
**BROWN STOUT PORTER**  
IMPORTERS OF  
**FINE FLAVORED**  
**RUM BRANDIES, WINES, &c.**  
HALIFAX, N. S.

**NEW GROCERY STORE**  
OPENED IN  
SHOP FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY CHAS. BRADLEY  
A choice assortment of  
**Family Groceries**  
**PROVISIONS, &c.,**  
such as are to be found in these establishments,  
all of which will be sold at lowest prices for  
cash or country produce.  
P. McLAUGHLIN.

**ROBINSON & GLENN,**  
DEALERS IN  
**SAWN LUMBER,**  
Railway Sleepers, Provisions,  
Groceries, &c., &c.  
**SHIPPING AND FORWARDING**  
**AGENTS,**  
Water Street, St. Andrews, N. B.  
**C. H. O. HATHWAY,**  
**AUCTIONEER**  
Office, - - - Water St., St. Andrews  
July, 1878.

