

Almanacks 1866.

N'S New Brunswick Almanack and
for 1866, can be obtained singly
or by the dozen for retail from
J. LOCHARY & SON,
the old Farmers' Almanack always
a Nov. 30, 1865.

tion of Partnership.

herely given, that the partnership
existing between James Moran and
son, of St. George, in the County of
der the firm of James Moran & Son,
dissolved by mutual consent.
owing to the said partnership are to
y the said James A. Moran, who is
settle all debts due to and owing
run.

JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN.
September 16, 1865.

BE SOLD.

, if applied for immediately
ied by the 15th of April, the
ill be let and possession giv-

THAT a stably situated House for
business next to the Record Of-
ice, has been newly shingled and is
a good repair; contains 8 rooms and
d.

A L S O.—
Town Lots, in good situations for
business. Apply to subscriber,
payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

Rubber. Rubbers

AT THE
Albion House.

IN S. MAGEE,

is received an assortment of
us, Misses,

Ladies,
Gent's,

ber Overshoes.

adies Rubber, Balsam Plaster, a nice
the present season, which with a lot

lens and Ladies Boots,
SKELETON SKIRTS,

and the balance of stock of
TER DRY GOODS.

all CHEAP for Current Money
Bills taken at the usual discount.

ONE NEW GOODS.

RECEIVED and now open for sale
the very LOWEST PRICES:

its, Bonnets,
ers, and Ribbons.

AWLS, MANTILLAS,
FANCY DRESS GOODS

rey and White Cottons,
g, Stripes, and Regattas

its, Silicas,
Crashes; Towel-

ling & Table Li-

cus, Shirt-fronts,
llars, and Fan-

ry Neck Ties,
lars, Rubbers,

Boots and Shoes

ce of Summer Stock daily expected
"Europe," and when received
old at a very small advance on st.

D. BRADLEY.

dies Seminary,

F. ANDREWS, N.B.

RENDALL will receive a limited
of young Ladies as boarders, in addition
to pupils.

course of instruction comprises the
French, English, and Italian
Languages;

and Arithmetic, Geography, including
of the Globes; Astronomy, History,
nd Singing, plain and ornamental Needle

French, Italian, Music, and Singing class-
open to ladies who desire to pursue any of
anches of study exclusively.

reatest attention is paid to the comfort
manages, religious instruction, and person-
ness of the pupils.

TERMS:
l and Tuition, including all the branches
Italian, £50 per annum.

DAY PUPILS.
lish, 23 0 0 per ann.
to, including French, 8 0 0
sic, 8 0 0
el for season 0 5 0

REFERENCES.
G. Percy, D.D. Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.
ie, Esq. high school, Wm Andrews, M.A.,
or McGill College, Montreal.
S Bacon, S Denison, M.D. Henry Cunard
hatham.

W Q Ketchum, J W Street and Geo D
Esq's, St. Andrews.

FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-

Garments for Boys & Girls
Jackets, Sacks, Pants,

Waists, &c. &c.

h pattern can be used with ease.

JAS. McKINNEY.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A.W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1866.

No 23



ELECTION.

CHARLOTTE TO WIT.

ALEXANDER T. PAUL, Esquire, High Sher-
iff of the County of Charlotte, having re-
ceived Her Majesty's Writ for the Election of
Four able and discreet persons to serve in the
General Assembly of this Province, for the said
County do, in obedience thereto, hereby Proclaim
and give Public Notice, that a Court will be held
in the County Court House, in the Town of
St. Andrews, on THURSDAY, the 7th
day of June next, at 11 of the clock, A.M., for
the purpose of the said Election; of which all
persons will take notice and govern themselves ac-
cordingly.

And in case a Poll shall be then and there de-
manded, I do hereby further proclaim and give
Public Notice, that Polling Booths will be open-
ed on TUESDAY, the 12th day of June next,
at 8 of the clock A.M., and will continue "open
until 4 of the clock P.M., of the same day at the
following places, to wit:—
For the Parish of St. Andrews at the County
Court House
For the Parish of St. David, at the head of Oak
Bay.
For the Parish of St. Stephen, at Salt Water near
the head of Hile Watery.
For the Parish of St. James, at or near the Kirk
on the Scotch Ridge, and at or near the resi-
dence of John King in the Halls Settlement.
For the Parish of St. Patrick, at Digdegush
Mills.
For the Parish of Dunbarton, at the Rolling
Dam.
For the Parish of St. George, at the Lower Falls
and at the Upper Mills.
For the Parish of Penfield, at the School House
near the Episcopal Church.
For the Parish of Lepreau, at or near William
McGowan's, New River.
For the Parish of West Isles, at or near the School
House, in Chocolate Cove.
For the Parish of Campo Bello, at or near the
School House in Welch Post.
For the Parish of Grand Manan, at Grand Har-
bour and at or near the residence of Lorenzo
Drake, North Head—for the purpose of

the said Election.

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School House in Welch Post.
For the Parish of Grand Manan, at Grand Har-
bour and at or near the residence of Lorenzo
Drake, North Head—for the purpose of

constitutional means, and on the best attainable
terms.

GENTLEMEN ELECTORS.—You have other in-
terests also to be protected and promoted. You
have had trial of my ability to represent you; the
ablest and most discreet men should peculiarly at
this time be your choice.—of such, our constitu-
tion makes you the judges. If you are unwilling
to accede to the wishes of Her Majesty, and there
are other candidates whom you consider more cap-
able to represent you, it is your undoubted right
to select such in preference, and in this case whilst
anxious solicitors for the welfare of our common
country, I shall feel that in yielding to the urgent
wishes of many of you to proffer my services as
one of your representatives, I have not selfishly
acted, and can retire with greater satisfaction to
the more pleasurable pursuits of private life.

I am, Gentlemen, with every respect,
Yours, &c.
JAS. G. STEVENS.

St. Stephen, May 21, 1866.

TO THE ELECTORS OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN.—At the coming election I shall
be a candidate for your suffrages. In so doing
I have no promises to make. I have served you
seven years. My conduct for the past must be
your guarantee for the future. I am still in favor
of a union of the Colonies, being rejected at the
last Election, I feel that it was Confederation that
was rejected, and not my services.

Yours truly,
JOHN MCADAM.

May 24, 1866.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

GENTLEMEN.—I will at the ensuing Election,
offer myself as a Candidate for the Representa-
tion of the County. If successful, my strongest
efforts will be made to promote a Union of the
CANADIAN and MARITIME PROVINCES. The pros-
perity of them all I believe, for many reasons, de-
pends upon their Confederation under a just and
judicious Scheme.

Your oh. Servant,
JAMES W. CHANDLER.
St. Andrews, May 24, 1866.

To the Electors of Charlotte County.

GENTLEMEN.—Yielding to the solicitations of
numerous friends from various parts of the county,
I offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages at
the ensuing general election.

Deeply impressed with the necessity of a union of
the British North American Colonies, I shall
support, if honored with your confidence, the ac-
complishment of such union, feeling assured that
it can be obtained upon terms of justice and equi-
ty to all. And while thus assenting to an imperial
policy so affectionately urged upon us, we are ac-
cording for our country commercial and political
advantages of incalculable importance. If elected,
these and all other interests shall receive my most
watchful care.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours most respectfully,
FRANCIS HIBBARD.

May 25.

To the Electors of the County of Charlotte.

GENTLEMEN.—At the urgent request of many
of my friends in the several districts, the County
I am induced to come forward, at the ensuing
Election, as Candidate for the representation of
this County in the Provincial Parliament.

For many years I have served you faithfully in
the Legislature, WITHOUT LOOKING FOR OFFICE,
HONOR, or RECOMPENSE, caring only for your
varied local interests, and the general interest of
Province at large, and will do so again if honored
by your support and confidence.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours most respectfully,
JOHN THOMSON.

St. George, N.B., May 17, 1866.

LUDICROUS SCENE IN A CHURCH.

An aged clergyman speaking of the solemnity at-
tached to the ministerial office, said that during
the whole term of forty years that he had
officiated there, he had never been
but once disturbed in the pulpit.

On that occasion he noticed a man, directly
in front of him, leaning over the railing of the
gallery, with something in his hand which he
afterwards discovered to be a huge clow of
tobacco, just taken from his mouth. Directly
below him sat a man fast asleep, with his head
back and his mouth wide open.

The man in the gallery was intently enga-
ged in raising and lowering his hand, taking
an exact observation, till at last, having got it
right he let fall his quid, and it went plump
into the mouth of the sleeper below!

The whole scene was indescribably ludicrous
that for the first and last time in the pulpit,
an involuntary smile forced itself upon the
countenance of the preacher.

A traveller stopped at an inn to breakfast,
and having drunk a cup of what was given to
him, the servant asked, "What will you take,
sir, tea or coffee?" "That depends upon cir-
cumstances," was the reply. "If what you gave
me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee,
I want tea. I want a change."

In an action for a breach of promise of mar-
riage, defendant's counsel asked the plaintiff—
"Did my client enter into a positive agreement
to marry you?" "Not exactly," she replied.
"but he courted me a good deal, and he told my
sister that he intended to marry into our
family."

Poetry.

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have!—dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make this toilet very spruce,
This silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe,
Please, Lonic, try and hide it—
Just think, it's Sunday, and my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peering at our feet,
(Tho' to be sure they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses!—
I'll disappoint them though to-dry,
"And cross myself," pray, did you say!
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now, Lonic, pray feel may water-fall,
Do you think it large? Ain't too small?
What better things does give
My Rats and Mice, do they set straight?
Please hurry, Luce, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie!" as I live.

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer, Luce, are you blind!
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion now, you know,
(Pray does the paint and powder show
Through my loose veil?)

Miscellany.

[From our Young Folks, for June.]

MOTHER MAGGIE'S MISCHIEF.

Old Mother Maggie was about the busiest
character in the forest. But you must know
that there is a great difference between being
busy and being industrious. One may be
very busy all the time, and yet not in the
least industrious; and this was the case with
Mother Maggie.

She was always full of everybody's busi-
ness but her own,—tip and down, here and
there, everywhere but in her own nest, know-
ing every one's affairs, telling what every one
had been doing or ought to do, and ready to
cast her advice gratis at every bird and beast
in the woods.

Now she bustled up to the parsonage at the
top of Oak tree, to tell old Parson Two-whit
what she thought he ought to preach for his
next sermon, and how dreadful the morals of
the parish were becoming. Then, having per-
fectly bewildered the poor old gentleman, who
was always sleepy of a Monday morning,
Mother Maggie would take a peep at Mrs.
Oriole's nest, sit chattering on a bough above,
and pour forth floods of advice, which, poor
little Mrs. Oriole used to say to her husband,
bewildered her more than a hard northeast
storm.

Depend upon it, my dear, Mother Maggie
would say, that this way of building your nest,
swinging like an old empty stocking from a
bough, isn't at all the thing. I never built
one so in my life, and I never have heard of
anywhere I call upon you. It's all on ac-
count of this swaying and swaying about in
such an absurd manner.

But, my dear, piped Mrs. Oriole, timidly,
the Orioles have always built it in this man-
ner, and it suits our constitution.

A fiddle on your constitution! How can
you tell what agrees with your constitution
until you try? You own you are not well;
you are subject to headaches, and every phy-
sician will tell you that a tilting motion dis-
orders the stomach and acts upon the brain.
Ask old Dr. Kite. I was talking to him about
your case only yesterday, and says he, Mrs.
Maggie, I perfectly agree with you.

But my husband prefers this style of build-
ing.

That's only because he isn't properly in-
structed. Pray, did you ever attend Dr.
Kite's lectures on the nervous system?

No, I have no time to attend lectures.—
Who would set on the eggs?

Why, your husband, to be sure; don't he
take his turn in setting? If he don't, he
ought. I shall speak to him about it. My
husband always sets regularly half the time,
that I may have time to go about and exer-
cise.

O, Mrs. Maggie, don't speak to my hus-
band; he will think I've been complaining.

No, no, he won't. Let me alone. I un-
derstand just how to say the thing. I've ad-
vised hundreds of young husbands in my day,
and I never gave offence.

But I tell you, Mrs. Maggie, I don't want
any interference between my husband and
me, and I will not have it, says Mrs. Oriole,
with her little round eyes flashing with indig-
nation.

Don't put yourself in a passion, my dear;
the more you talk the more sure I am that
your nervous system is running down, or you
wouldn't forget good manners in this way.—
You'd better take my advice, for I understand
just what to do, and away sails Mother Mag-
pie; presently young Oriole comes home, all
in a flutter.

I say, my dear, if you will persist in gos-
siping our private family matters with that
old Mother Maggie—
My dear, I don't gossip; she comes and
bores me to death with talking, and then goes
off, and mistakes what she had been saying for
what I said.

But you must cut her.

I try to, all I can; but she won't be cut.
It's enough to make a bird swear, said Tom-
my Oriole.

Tommy Oriole, to say the truth, had as
good a heart as ever beat under bird's feath-
ers; but then he had a weakness for concerts
and general society, because he was held to
be, by all odds, the handsomest in the woods,
and sang like an angel; and so the truth was,
he didn't confine himself to the domestic nest so
much as Timothy Timonae or Billy Wren—
But he determined that he wouldn't have
old Mother Maggie interfering with his af-
fairs.

The fact is, quoth Tommy, I am a society
bird, and nature has marked out for me a
course beyond the commonplace, and my wife
must learn to accommodate. If she has a bril-
liant husband, whose success gratifies her am-
bition, and places her in a distinguished public
position, she must pay for it. I'm sure Billy
Wren's wife would give her very bill to see
her husband in the circles where I am quite at
home. To say the truth, my wife was well
enough contented till old Mother Maggie in-
terfered. It is quite my duty to take strong
ground, and show that I cannot be dictated to.

So, after this, Tommy Oriole went to rather
more concerts and spent less time at home
than ever he did before, which was all that
Mother Maggie effected in that quarter. I
confess this was very bad in Tommy; but
birds are no better than men in domestic mat-
ters, and sometimes will take the most unrea-
sonable course, if a meddling Mother Maggie
gets her claws into the nest.

But old Mother Maggie had now got a new
business in hand in another quarter. She
bustled off down to Water dock Lane, where
lived the old music-teacher, Dr. Bullfrog.
The poor old doctor was a simple-minded good
natured creature, who had played the double
bass, and led the forest choir on all public oc-
casions, since nobody knew when. Lately
some youngsters had arisen who sneered at
his performances as behind the age. In fact
a great city had grown up in the vicinity of
forest, and tribes of wandering boys broke up
the simple tastes and quiet habits which old
Mother Nature had always kept up in those
parts. They pulled the young checkerberry
before it even had time to blossom, rooted up
the saxifrage shrubs, and gawped on their roots
fired off guns at the birds, and, on several oc-
casions when old Dr. Bullfrog was leading a
concert, had dashed in and broken up the choir
by throwing stones.

This was not the worst of it. The little var-
lets had a way of offering at the simple old
doctor and his concerts, and mimicking the
tones of his bass-viol. There you go,
Paddy-go-donk. Paddy-go-donk—ampli-
fied. Some rascal of would shout, while poor
old Bullfrog's yellow spectacles would be d-
wed with tears of honest indignation. "In the
jeers of these little savages began to
tell on the society in the forest, and corrupt
their simple manners, and it was whispered
among the younger and more heady birds
and squirrels, that old Bullfrog was a bore, and
that it was time enough to get up a new style
of music in the parish and to give it to some
modern performer.

Poor old Dr. Bullfrog knew nothing of this
however, and was doing his simple best, when
Mother Maggie called in upon him one morn-
ing.

Well neighbor how unreasonable people
are! Who would have thought that the youth
of our generation should have no more consid-
eration for established merit! Now for my
part, I think your music-teaching never was
better, and as for our choir, I maintain con-
stantly that it never was in better order, but
—well, one may wear her tongue out, but one
can never make these young folks listen to
reason.

I really don't understand you, ma'am said
poor Dr. Bullfrog.

What, haven't heard of a committee that are
going to call on you, to ask you to resign the
care of the parish music?

Madam, said Dr. Bullfrog with all that
energy of tone for which he was remarkable,
I don't believe it—I can't believe it. You
must have made a mistake.

I mistake! No no, my good friend, I never
mistake. What I know, I know certainly.
Wasn't it I that said I knew there was an
engagement between Tim Chipmunk and Nan-
ey Skidde, who are married this blessed day?

I knew that thing six weeks before my bird
or beast in our parts; and I can tell you, you
Rather a hard hit.

are going to be ungratefully and scandalously
treated, Dr. Bullfrog.

Bless me, we shall be ruined! said Mrs.
Bullfrog; my poor husband—
O, as to that, if you take things in time, and
listen to my advice, said Mother Maggie, we
may yet pull you through. You must alter
your style a little—adapt it to modern times.

Everybody now is a little touched with the
operatic fever, and there's Tommy Oriole has
been to New Orleans and brought back a
touch of the artistic. If you would try his
style a little,—something Tyrolean you see.

Dear madam, consider my voice. I never
could hit the high notes.

How do you know? It's all practice;
Tommy Oriole says so. Just try the scales.—
As to your voice, your manner of living has
a great deal to do with it. I always did tell
your passion for water injured your singing.

Suppose Tommy Oriole should sit up to his
half his days up to his hips in water injured
as you do, his voice would be as hoarse and
rough as yours. Come up on the bank, and
learn to perch as we birds do. We are the
true musical race.

And so, poor Mrs. Bullfrog was persuaded
to forego his pleasant little cottage under the
cat-tails, where his green spectacles and honest
round back had excited, even in the minds of
the boys, sentiments of respect and compas-
sion. He came up into the garden and estab-
lished himself under a burdock, and began to
practise Italian scales.

The result was that poor old Dr. Bullfrog,
instead of being considered a respectable old
bore, got himself universally laughed at for
aping fashionable manners. Every bird and
beast in the forest had a gibe at him; and old
Parson Two-whit thought it worth his while
to make him a pastoral call, and admonish him
about courses unbefitting his age and stand-
ing. As to Mother Maggie, you may be sure
that she was that dear old Dr. Bullfrog had
made such a fool of himself; if he had taken
her advice, he would have kept on respectably
as a nice old Bullfrog should.

But the tragedy for the poor old music-teacher
grew even more melancholy in its termina-
tion; for one day as he was strolling consol-
ingly under a currant-bush in the garden, practis-
ing his poor old notes in a quiet way, thump
came a great blow of a hoe, which nearly broke
his back.

Hullo! what ugly beast have we got here?
said Tom Noakes, the gardener's boy. Here
he, Wasp, my