

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

ET VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

132 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 8

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 19, 1873.

Vol 40

**BANK OF**  
**British North America.**  
Head Office—London, England.

CAPITAL  
One Million Pounds Sterling.  
(\$5,000,000.)

**Five** per cent **Interest** ALLOWED  
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

Drafts issued on St. John New York, Boston  
Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,  
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,  
California and British Columbia.  
Open in St. ANDREWS

Every Day from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.

JAS. S. CARNAGY,  
AGENT, St. Andrews.

**Interesting Sale.**

**CICELY'S VALENTINE.**

BY BLANCHE SHAW.

PAUL WYTHE, Esq., bachelor, aged twenty-eight, bright five feet ten, eyes blue, hair brown, income ample, and, in short, a very unobjectionable young man, sat in his disordered elegant apartment, in deep meditation. Judging from appearances, the burden of his thoughts was both perplexing and serious; for there was a deep wrinkle on his brow, and he pulled restlessly at his merschaum. Finally, he pulled the last from his lips, and smoothing out the wrinkles by a gigantic stretch, remarked with an air of conviction:

"Bah! I'm a conceited fool!"  
After this very probable confession, he regarded his pipe with a languid expression for a few minutes, then he threw it on the table with a recklessness that rarely threw the cohesion of its atoms, and exclaimed with spirit:

"By Jove! I'll try it, anyway!"  
And wheeling around by the table, he seized a pen and began to convert it into palpable substance, or, in plain English, under the auspices of good St. Valentine, to offer his heart, hand and fortune to Miss Cicely Howe, governess in the family of John Milington, Esq.

To resolve in one thing—to do, another. And this truth Paul Wythe discovered and accepted, when, as he dipped his pen in the ink, he felt the limited ability that nature and art had given him to arrange words and phrases into intelligible sentences, rapidly and pitilessly fade away. He stared hopelessly at the paper, and then at the ceiling as if he hoped that inspiration from that quarter would settle upon him. Finally, he dashed off a few lines, with the air of a man who was taking an illegal liberty with the name of a capitalist, and heard the footsteps of outraged Justice already behind him. He looked at what he had written one minute, and the next he tore it into shreds. But to take a cross off to the end after several performances of a like nature, he at last achieved a result that approximated to satisfaction, and without risking a second reading, he sealed and addressed it to "Miss Cicely Howe." Then he dashed off an elegant little note to Miss Isabel Milington, eldest daughter of the house of Milington, and bade her "excellence" of Stockton, to accept an invitation to attend a select soiree at her residence the following evening. This completed his literary work for the day, and ringing for his servant he despatched both letters to the post-office; after which he relighted his merschaum, and surrendered himself to its influence and the contemplation of what he had done. The latter, to an uninterested observer, did not seem at all formidable; for Cicely was a demure little damsel, not at all likely to make a man drink cold coffee, or think she was called to head a revolution. Besides this, she was a governess, and this ought to have stripped the act of every shade of audacity, for a governess could not be supposed to be otherwise than overwhelmed by the honor of a proposal from a man for whom every belle in Stockton had angled. O no, that was clear! But, you see, Paul did not look at the case in this light. He thought of the time when Cicely's father was a prosperous merchant, and she as great a belle and pet as Miss Milington, only a hundred times sweeter and more lovable by the gentle dignity that took the place of the other lady's supercilious haughtiness. He thought of this, and asked himself if this dignity would not be aroused, and she think that he had presumed upon her present position, to dare to make his proposal with no encouragement but the few words of ordinary courtesy that had passed between them, when, at her employer's bidding, she had come into the parlor to play for Miss Isabel's friends to wait. Paul grew uncomfortably warm when he thought of all this, and finally concluded to cool off, by taking a

walk. It would at least divert his mind, and help along the time that must elapse before he would know the worst.

"Celeste," said Miss Milington, languidly to her French maid, "go down and see if the postman left any letters for me."

"Oui, mademoiselle." And she disappeared, to return in a few minutes with two letters.

Isabel took them, and looked at the first. It bore her name, written in a well known hand. The pink on her cheek deepened, and she was about to tear it open, when "she glanced at the second, and saw that it was addressed not to her, but to Miss Cicely Howe."

"Here, Celeste," said she, extending it to her. Then she stopped short. The writing on the letter was certainly the same as on hers. The flush on her cheek deepened still more, but it was not from pleasure. Paul Wythe writing to Cicely Howe! What could be the meaning of that? Could it be that under her dignified saintlike airs the girl was playing a game for her own benefit?

Celeste still waited.  
"Mademoiselle spoke?"  
"Never mind, Celeste. You can go down till I ring for you." And Celeste left Miss Milington alone with the letters.

She let them both lay unopened in her lap, and thought intently for five minutes. Some time ago Miss Milington had decided that, according to the proper order of things, Paul Wythe and his fortune should be her legal prize; and in view of this end she had lavished on him her sweetest smiles and most gracious favor. Both had been received religiously, and she had considered the result inevitable, till this letter, like a loose brick in an arch, suddenly dropped before her, and down tumbled all the rest. She picked up the letters and looked at them. There could be no doubt of the genuineness of the writing. The only question was, "Why had he written?"

That was the mystery, and between it and its solution was only that thin piece of paper. Isabel Milington called herself an honorable girl, and had any one dared to hint to her that she could be guilty of a dishonorable action, her haughty indignation would have extinguished the offender, had she been twice the size of an elephant. But as she sat looking at the letter, a very contemptible spirit whispered something into her ear. She bade it be still at first, but it came again; this time she listened. She hesitated a moment, and then, casting a frightened glance behind her, she tore open the letter, and the lines that had caused her author so much mental distress lay before her. She read them over twice, and then, with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, she crumpled the paper in her hands, and exclaimed:

"What a blind, infatuated fool I have been, to let them dupe me so completely!"  
She sprang up and walked the floor rapidly till her temper cooled, and then she threw herself into her chair, and thought curiously on the situation. Her meditation occupied but few minutes, at the end of which she smoothed out the letter, put it back in the envelope, and said, simply:

"They've played their cards. It is my turn now, and I think I hold trumps. We'll see."

She put the letter away in her desk, read her own note, and then rang for Celeste to dress her. Miss Milington's soirees were exceedingly select, being composed of only a few picked jewels. Miss Milington declared that they should be "sans ceremonie," and she exhorted herself that this one should be particularly enjoyable. She was unusually brilliant and gracious, and had not Paul Wythe's heart and head been full of something else he would have thought himself very happy in her smiles. As it was, he was betrayed into several sweet speeches and numerous tender glances, before feelings, smiles and thoughts were suddenly revolutionized by the approach of Mamma Milington and the following dialogue:

"Isabel, shall I send for Miss Howe to play for a waltz?" And in the most sympathetic voice Isabel replied:

"No, mamma; Miss Howe came to me after dinner to say that she was not well, and begged to be excused this evening. I will play for them. Please excuse me, Mr. Wythe." And she went to the piano, leaving Paul staring at her mother, totally disqualifying to affirm whether she was a woman or a rhinoceros. In a short note of unhappy fate he had begged Cicely to give him an answer that evening, when she came in to play. Her objecting to appear could have but one meaning—she thought him a conceited, presumptuous puppy, not even worthy of a "no."

This fact overtook Paul with a force and clearness that overwhelmed him; for, in spite of his protestations of modesty and fear, he believed that his hopes were not all built on sand. He fancied that more than once Cicely's color had deepened under his gaze; and at the bottom of his heart he had expected "yes."

He was badly hurt, but he was a man, and in a moment he rallied like one. He realized that Mrs. Milington was a human being, said a few proper things to her, and then, procuring a part-

ner, waltzed, and made himself agreeable till he could with a show of decency make his escape.

While this little drama was being enacted in the parlor, Cicely sat in her room, expecting every moment a summons to the parlor; but the time passed by, no caller came, and with a feeling of disappointment, which she tried hard not to notice, she took a book and read till her drooping lids warned her to retire. Had Paul known the dream that came to her with slumber, he would not have spent his night quite as sleepily as he did.

The next morning Isabel astonished all by appearing at breakfast, and treating them to a flow of amiable conversation that so astonished and engrossed them that her mother forgot to make her stereotyped inquiries in regard to Miss Howe's health, and regret her indisposition of the past evening. Isabel congratulated herself, for she knew that if it were not done then and there it would never be thought of again, and that avenue of discovery closed. Cicely and the children left the table, and Isabel's spirit went with them. She sipped her chocolate in silence, till her mother remarked:

"Why did Mr. Wythe leave so early last night, Isabel? Was he ill?"  
"I'm sure I can't tell," she replied. "I'm not his medical adviser. Ugh! what a barbarous practice it is to rise before twelve. My brain is all fuddled."

"One would never have suspected it from your conversation a few minutes ago."

Isabel did not think proper to notice this remark, and she soon left the table. She went to her room, and throwing herself on a lounge, closed her eyes to think on her next move in the game. She was satisfied with the result so far. Paul had accepted Cicely's non-appearance for a dismissal. He had been hurt by it, of course, that was but natural; men are seldom jolly over such things. One thing, he was too proud to try again, and pride and her smiles combined would soon heal his wounds. She stamped her foot angrily. The idea of her mother's governess daring to win a thought from the man she had honored with her favor! But she'd teach her to know her place! She little thought, as she sat so composedly at the breakfast table, that all her wiles had been discovered.

The deceitful thing!  
At this stage Miss Milington's reflections were interrupted by Celeste, bearing a card, and the card bore the name "Paul Wythe." Her eyes sparkled. What could bring him at that time in the morning? Was it possible that pride had done its work so soon? She arose hastily.

Quick, Celeste, arrange my hair, and make me presentable. And charming in her disability, she went down to meet Paul. She at once saw that he had suffered more than she had expected. He was pale and nervous, and his whole manner was totally unlike his usual elegance. She thought it best not to notice this, and holding out her hand, she asked:

"Are you come to make your peace for deserting us so early last evening?"  
Yes, he replied. To make my peace, and ask your prayers.

"Pay no heed! Can it be that Mr. Wythe has found a quarter where he cannot prevail?"  
She could not resist sending this shaft, but she regretted it as soon as it uttered. He turned pale, and laughed harshly.

"We often find things that are not altogether delightful. But it is your prayers against wind and water that I beg now. Miss Milington, I sail for Europe to-morrow."

It was her turn to pale now. She had not dreamed the hurt could be so deep.  
"For Europe, Mr. Wythe? The half-faltering—Is it not very sudden?"  
Yes, but life is all made up of sudden things. Will you wish me a safe voyage, Miss Milington?

She had recovered herself by this time, and said earnestly:

"With all my heart, Mr. Wythe; and I'll add for those you leave, the wish of a speedy return. We shall miss you sadly."

Her voice had just the slightest amount of tenderness, but he caught it.

"Thank you. It is worth a sacrifice to learn that there are some who value us. I shall remember this gratefully. Miss Milington, and a sweet memory is a rich blessing for a man to take with him to a land of strangers. God bless you, Isabel! Farewell!"

He held her hands tightly a moment, and was gone, and she sank upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears. And this was all her plotting and stealing had done for her—put the ocean between them, driven him from her. She wept violently a few minutes, and then she started up.

What fool I am to give away thus! What does the ocean amount to in these days? Nothing; besides, it is she, not I, that he fears. He will teach himself to hate her, and love me in his absence. Bah! he loves me, and she sinks upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears. And this was all her plotting and stealing had done for her—put the ocean between them, driven him from her. She wept violently a few minutes, and then she started up.

What fool I am to give away thus! What does the ocean amount to in these days? Nothing; besides, it is she, not I, that he fears. He will teach himself to hate her, and love me in his absence. Bah! he loves me, and she sinks upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears. And this was all her plotting and stealing had done for her—put the ocean between them, driven him from her. She wept violently a few minutes, and then she started up.

What fool I am to give away thus! What does the ocean amount to in these days? Nothing; besides, it is she, not I, that he fears. He will teach himself to hate her, and love me in his absence. Bah! he loves me, and she sinks upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears. And this was all her plotting and stealing had done for her—put the ocean between them, driven him from her. She wept violently a few minutes, and then she started up.

What fool I am to give away thus! What does the ocean amount to in these days? Nothing; besides, it is she, not I, that he fears. He will teach himself to hate her, and love me in his absence. Bah! he loves me, and she sinks upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears. And this was all her plotting and stealing had done for her—put the ocean between them, driven him from her. She wept violently a few minutes, and then she started up.

What fool I am to give away thus! What does the ocean amount to in these days? Nothing; besides, it is she, not I, that he fears. He will teach himself to hate her, and love me in his absence. Bah! he loves me, and she sinks upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears. And this was all her plotting and stealing had done for her—put the ocean between them, driven him from her. She wept violently a few minutes, and then she started up.

What fool I am to give away thus! What does the ocean amount to in these days? Nothing; besides, it is she, not I, that he fears. He will teach himself to hate her, and love me in his absence. Bah! he loves me, and she sinks upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears. And this was all her plotting and stealing had done for her—put the ocean between them, driven him from her. She wept violently a few minutes, and then she started up.

Paul's sudden departure was a fine day's wonder, and many were the causes assigned for it by the industrious gossips of Stockton. The most popular one was that Isabel had jilted him, but her unfeigned regret soon dispelled that idea, and possibilities and probabilities floated helplessly on without a helm.

While curiosity was thus suffering in the outer world, Cicely, in her world, the school-room, was torturing her heart, and brain, too, with useless questions about this same young man. Paul's shoes had not been born of himself. The deepening color and drooping eyes were not fancies of his own; but the traitors of a love that had grown deeper and stronger each time she had heard his voice and met his gaze, for both had told of something deeper than common courtesy; and she let herself dream little daydreams, and hope half formed hopes, till suddenly she perceived the sweet illusion gone, and staring pitifully hard and plain before her, the cruel bitter truth that life's brightest hopes begin and end in dreams. She shrank and writhed before it, but with a woman's courage she hid her hurt, and tried not to see a pair of merry blue eyes look at her from the depths of the nominative case and features.

Six months passed from the time of Paul's flight, and again Miss Milington held a soiree. This time Cicely sat at the piano, and Isabel waltzed with an exquisite who was done up in blonde moustache and eyelashes. After several turns, she stopped by the piano, and said:

"I am tired, Mr. Lumly; let us wait a little."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Milington. By all means. How could I be so thoughtless?"  
Isabel leaned on the instrument, and he worked it off vigorously. She said nothing and he remarked:

"How charming these little reunions are. They are delightful enough to make the most discouraged man in love with life again."

Isabel smiled languidly.  
"Ah, flatterer! You only wish to say something pleasant."

"No, upon my honor, I only say the truth; I am too happy that you are pleased with my appreciation. Ah, bless me! I have another pleasant little thing to tell you to night."

"Indeed! Pray tell it at once."  
No, I'll read it to you.

He took a letter from his pocket, and after scanning it through his glasses a few minutes he read:

"Give my best and most sincere regards to Miss Milington, and tell her that her memory has cheered me through many a lonely hour since we parted."

He folded the letter, and added, "Is not that nice?"  
Her heart beat fast, but she smiled carelessly, and said:

"Tell me the author of the sentiments before I say."

She knew well what the answer would be, but her color did not change when he replied:

"Paul Wythe."

"Indeed! I certainly appreciate it very highly. And for the first time her quick ear detected Cicely Howe losing time in the waltz. But Cicely caught it at once, and while her fingers flew swiftly and correctly, her ears were strained to hear the conversation, which was:

"I am truly pleased. When did you receive that letter from Mr. Wythe?"  
"O! to night?"  
Where is he now?"  
In Berlin."

Will he return soon?"  
I think not; he says nothing about doing so, and tells me to address him there. Are you sufficiently recovered to wait?"

Isabel said not, but that she would promenade. They went away; and Cicely, having played five thousand and five, instead of "O-er Thousand and One Nights," thought it time to stop the music, which she did. Soon after the soiree stopped, too, and she retired to her chamber, to berate herself soundly for not being able to sleep, just because a man who did not care two straws for her was in Berlin. She slept at last, but only enough to relax the tension of her nerves, without soothing them; and the next day, for the first time since she had the care of these young minds, her pupils said that she was cross. Everything went wrong. Jennie would not comprehend the nominative, and devious's wife was impenetrable as calculus to Joannette's mule-headed mind. She struggled through this nothing, but when they came to recite French, with no visible substance on which to write their exercises, she broke down, and said:

"Children, I will not submit to this any longer. You have been very naughty all this morning; and besides, this is the third time that you have come into your French class unprepared. Go at once for some paper, and every moment you are absent I will add to your lesson."

Jennie disappeared to execute the command. The dread of these extras made her very expeditious, and she soon returned, bearing a supply of paper whose quality strongly suggested illegal foraging.

Where did you get that, Jennie? asked Cicely.

Out of sister Belle's desk; but she told me I might have it. And, Miss Cicely, I found something for you there, too. This letter; I wonder how it got there?

She held a letter toward her teacher with a propitiatory smile. Cicely took it and looked at it curiously. It certainly bore her name, but it was also certainly open, and she was equally sure she had never seen it before. She was puzzled; and it was some time before she comprehended that the best way to get at its meaning was to read it, and the name on the envelope unquestionably gave her the first right to do so. She drew it from the envelop and read the letter that Paul had written to her on the eve of St. Valentine. It would be difficult to describe how Cicely felt when she read those words; I doubt if she could tell herself. The children said that she rose from her seat very pale, and told them they were dismissed for the day. They rushed out of the school room, and then she went to her room, and after an hour's mental sleep chase, began to think calmly on her discovery. There could be but one solution to it. Isabel had stolen and hidden the letter, intending that she should never know it had been written. This was the secret of Paul's sudden departure. She saw it plainly now; and the keen sense of the wrong done her aroused a fierceness of anger she had not believed herself capable of. Isabel herself could not have clenched her hands or walk her room more savingly. But soon over anger there came another feeling—a feeling so sweet and gentle that it drove all bitterness from her heart and filled it with the purest joy. I loved her! No matter if they never met again; nothing could ever rob her of that sweet knowledge. He loved her; she had not given her heart in vain. She sat down and read the precious letter over and over again. She was so happy she almost forgave Miss Milington.

But she could not live for ever on the delightful fact; another fact equally real rose before her, and that was, that her residence in the Milington mansion must come to a speedy end. To remain there after what had happened would be impossible. Her first thought was to resign her situation at once without a word of the cause; but upon reflection she saw that that would not do. She was alone in the world, depending on her good name for her bread; an act of that kind would bring it in question, and she felt that she had no right to let feelings of delicacy for a woman who had wronged her so deeply, place her in such a position. She took the letter in her hand, went to Mrs. Milington and told her all. We will not attempt to tell this lady's grief and shame; for, though cold and worldly, she was just. She would have brought Isabel to acknowledge her sin, but Cicely would not consent to that. All she asked was, to be allowed to depart with a good name; and that night, with her salary in her purse, and her wardrobe in one little trunk, she was set down at the door of an aunt, the only friend who had not deserted her with prosperity. The aunt, as a matter of course, was an old maid, and likewise a female edition of Solomon and Socrates combined. To her Cicely told her woes. She listened and sympathized, and it was through her advice and influence that a few weeks later Paul Wythe, sitting in his Berlin lodgings, read the following note:

Mr. Wythe,—I received this opened, one week ago.

Where did you get that, Jennie? asked Cicely.

Out of sister Belle's desk; but she told me I might have it. And, Miss Cicely, I found something for you there, too. This letter; I wonder how it got there?

She held a letter toward her teacher with a propitiatory smile. Cicely took it and looked at it curiously. It certainly bore her name, but it was also certainly open, and she was equally sure she had never seen it before. She was puzzled; and it was some time before she comprehended that the best way to get at its meaning was to read it, and the name on the envelope unquestionably gave her the first right to do so. She drew it from the envelop and read the letter that Paul had written to her on the eve of St. Valentine. It would be difficult to describe how Cicely felt when she read those words; I doubt if she could tell herself. The children said that she rose from her seat very pale, and told them they were dismissed for the day. They rushed out of the school room, and then she went to her room, and after an hour's mental sleep chase, began to think calmly on her discovery. There could be but one solution to it. Isabel had stolen and hidden the letter, intending that she should never know it had been written. This was the secret of Paul's sudden departure. She saw it plainly now; and the keen sense of the wrong done her aroused a fierceness of anger she had not believed herself capable of. Isabel herself could not have clenched her hands or walk her room more savingly. But soon over anger there came another feeling—a feeling so sweet and gentle that it drove all bitterness from her heart and filled it with the purest joy. I loved her! No matter if they never met again; nothing could ever rob her of that sweet knowledge. He loved her; she had not given her heart in vain. She sat down and read the precious letter over and over again. She was so happy she almost forgave Miss Milington.

But she could not live for ever on the delightful fact; another fact equally real rose before her, and that was, that her residence in the Milington mansion must come to a speedy end. To remain there after what had happened would be impossible. Her first thought was to resign her situation at once without a word of the cause; but upon reflection she saw that that would not do. She was alone in the world, depending on her good name for her bread; an act of that kind would bring it in question, and she felt that she had no right to let feelings of delicacy for a woman who had wronged her so deeply, place her in such a position. She took the letter in her hand, went to Mrs. Milington and told her all. We will not attempt to tell this lady's grief and shame; for, though cold and worldly, she was just. She would have brought Isabel to acknowledge her sin, but Cicely would not consent to that. All she asked was, to be allowed to depart with a good name; and that night, with her salary in her purse, and her wardrobe in one little trunk, she was set down at the door of an aunt, the only friend who had not deserted her with prosperity. The aunt, as a matter of course, was an old maid, and likewise a female edition of Solomon and Socrates combined. To her Cicely told her woes. She listened and sympathized, and it was through her advice and influence that a few weeks later Paul Wythe, sitting in his Berlin lodgings, read the following note:

Mr. Wythe,—I received this opened, one week ago.

The epistle was certainly short, and not particularly sweet; but it seemed to agree amazingly with Paul's idea of a proper letter. He jingled up, overrunning his chair by the seat, without picking it up, rang for his servant, and ordered him to pick up everything. The man looked his astonishment, but Paul touched no explanation, and the next day he was still more amazed by being discharged, and seeing his master "go West."

Paul had a speedy journey. He arrived home in good health and surprising spirits, and just one month after his arrival, Miss Milington received cards to attend the marriage of Mr. Paul Wythe and Miss Cicely Howe. She did not accept.

An Indiana editor hired a band to serenade him twice a week, and he responds by a column of thanks next day.

The only man who ever had any reputation for honesty in a Utah town is now in jail for stealing a drove of cattle.

English papers predict that Americans won't use the postal cards more than a month before they will become disgusted.

A Virginia paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

After the chaplain of the Wisconsin State Prison had taught a convict how to write, the fellow forged in order by which he made his escape.

The famous copy of Shakespeare, in the library of the late Edwin Forrest, was burned the other day. The book was printed from the original MSS., and was valued by connoisseurs at \$5,000.

rice.  
rious accident occurring  
g obstructions on the  
the public are hereby no-  
tion leaving rubbish or  
vise or side walks in this  
on the penalty according

20th Nov., 1872  
OMAS HIPWELL,  
Clerk District No.

OTEL COMPANY.

given that a Fourth,  
ent on the Capital Stock  
in ordered by the Direc-  
subscribers are required to  
their respective shares on  
ay of DECEMBER, 1872, to  
W. B. MORRIS,  
Secretary,

1, 1872.

TION.

MARY, has left my bed,  
at any cause or provoca-  
persons from harboring  
count, as I will not hold  
ny debts of her contract-

MOS H. BARTLETT,  
3ip

& CAPS

L. VARIETY.

ed. Dolly Varden, Duke  
er style, and Ladies,  
OUTS & SHOES, worked  
d OTTAMANS,  
and colored, plain, striped  
in bleached and un-  
Miller's White Cottons,  
No.

tehes in Jute and Linen,  
id small wares. Ladies,  
OUTS & SHOES, worked  
d OTTAMANS,  
and colored, plain, striped  
in bleached and un-  
Miller's White Cottons,  
No.

for the elegant "Davis  
has been so celebrated  
sample of which can be  
price and conditions en

MES BRADLEY,  
St. Andrew.

NOTICE

the following Non-Resi-  
dents of St. George, has  
for the year 1872, and  
the with the cost of ad-  
vality three months from  
se sold according to law—  
roperty ..... \$440  
NALD CAMPBELL,  
1872. Collector.

DU TEA.

"from London.  
all Cheats good Con-  
gong

J. W. STREET

MACHINES.

MILY SHOULD HAVE  
NAL Wood Sewing  
hines.  
achines are now on sale  
the public are invited to  
enelves.

MES STROOP,  
Agent.

arm for Sale.

rs for sale his Property at  
demands a splendid view  
y, the Islands and sur-  
place is pleasantly situ-  
ations of the Bay, the Saint  
to it, rendering it a most  
nice and farm, in a pleas-  
h six miles of the town  
farm contains 100 Acres,  
ider cultivation, is well watered  
the premises are a  
House, with two large

JAMES ORR, Jr.,  
on the premises.

K TEA.  
at from New York.  
UCHONG FEA.

duty paid at lowest rates  
D. CLEWLEY & CO.  
St. Stephen.

GE HOTEL,  
Street.

PHEN N.B.  
NEILL, Proprietor.

da Ale.  
Canada Biter Ale.

J. W. STREET.