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Vol 42

Poetry.

"Silver Gray."

A new and popular song, by S. Turney.

When these locks are silver gray,
When this life fast ebbs away,
When this form is rack'd with pain,
Will your early love remain;
Will the gems I gave to you
(Tokens of affection true)
Be as prized with loving care,
As in days of old they were.

Should fierce passions away my soul,
Robbing me of self control,
Causing you to shed a tear,
Will you speak in tones still dear:
Or should fortune's fickleness,
Bring us deep and dire distress,
Through our sorrow and our pain
Will your early love remain.

PERILOUS VOYAGING.

A NIGHT RIDE ON A RAFT.

Those familiar with the lumber regions of the United States and Canada, know that the great streams which float the huge rafts of timber down the various ports and mills along their course, are often made serviceable for other purposes. Sometimes the lumberman or shingle-maker takes his family with him to the scene of his winter's labors; and in the spring, when the season's work is ended, places them—wife and children, sometimes a round dozen—on a raft of logs or shingles, and, keeping close to the shore, floats down ten, twenty, or thirty miles to his home. The hunter, who has for weeks hunted and trapped in the vast forests along these streams, binds his packages of furs together, makes himself a conveyance by lashing half a dozen logs firmly to each other, and accompanies his journey of a hundred or more miles in twenty-four hours.

As a general thing, there is little risk in such a journey. If the weather is fair, and the river clear of floating lumber, there is hardly more danger than there would be in making the distance behind a pair of farm horses in a country wagon. People, however, if they live in constant contact with danger, grow careless in time, and often risk their own lives and those of others where there is no apparent necessity.

And so it happened in the instance I am about to relate. John Allen was a well-to-do farmer of Woodstock, on the River St. John, and, besides the income derived from his land and dairy, he owned, in connection with his son, a tract of wild timber, some dozen miles up the river, beginning to turn its advantages to account in a small way, the two had erected a small shingle-mill near the shore and kept half a dozen men at work. The result of the first year was so satisfactory that it was resolved to increase the facilities of the manufacture, and that it might be done understandingly, they determined to visit the mill for a personal examination.

They were to have one of the farm-hands drive them up as far as they could get with a team; and from that point it was hardly more than a mile to the mill. More than half the way, the road was merely a rough cart-track through the woods, making the journey rather a tedious one; but by starting very early in the morning, they calculated to make all the necessary investigations and get back early in the afternoon.

This was the plan agreed upon, and the time set was the following Saturday. As soon as it became known in the house, the two youngest boys, Harry and Jack, were wild with excitement.

"Mayn't we go too?" they shouted in concert. "Please let us go. We never saw a shingle mill."

"A shingle mill isn't much to see," answered their father. "And, besides, you'll be getting into all sorts of danger."

"Oh! no, we won't. We'll be so careful if you'll let us go. It would be such a nice ride."

"Why don't you let them go, father?" said Mrs. Allen. "They won't take up much room and they'll enjoy it so much."

"Well, well," said the farmer, good-naturedly, "let 'em go, then; let 'em go. I shall have to take the double wagon, if they do, though; and that's big enough for the whole family."

"Why not take the whole family then?" said Mrs. Allen, half in earnest. "I've hardly been out of doors the whole winter and spring, and I should enjoy the ride as much as the boys."

Farmer Allen laughed.

"Any more of you want to go? What would you do with the baby?"

"Take her, of course. You don't suppose weather like this would hurt her? She needs the air as much as anybody."

"Are you really in earnest, mother?"

"Certainly, I don't see why you can't make a pleasure jaunt out of it as well as a business one. I haven't been so far away from home for five years, and I guess the house could get along without me for half a day. Becky can get dinner for the men at noon, and we should get home by two or three o'clock at the latest."

"Well, just as you say, then. I'm sure I've no objections. We'll have to start pretty early, and, instead of having one of the men go with us, I shall have to drive."

So the matter was settled.

The next Saturday morning the party set out, all in the highest possible spirits. Innumerable charges were left with Becky as to what to do about dinner, and how to dispose of other household duties, if they should not return at the time expected. A huge basket of lunch was placed under the seat, much to the satisfaction of Harry and Jack, who had been too much excited in regard to their journey to care for breakfast.

It was a splendid April morning, and but for the brown looks of the fields and the thinly-leaved trees would have seemed like June. The sun shone and the birds sang and everything seemed delightful. The two boys were constantly finding something new to admire in the things about them, and their merry shouts often occasioned a sympathetic "coo" from the part of the baby, who stared with his big round eyes at the commonest objects as if they were the most wonderful things in the world.

It was after eleven o'clock when they reached the mill. The wagon had been left at the end of the road, a mile back, the horses taken out, and a bag of oats emptied upon the ground for them. They were both steady going old veterans, used to the narrow and the plow, and would stand just where they were left, hours at a time. The farmer, however, had taken the precaution, after putting the bridles in the wagon, to tie the halter to one of the wheels.

The mill stood close down to the water's edge, and, in front and all around it were heaps of blocks, refuse timber, logs, and shavings. It was not a very romantic looking place, but the children were delighted with it.

The long ride had given them all a good appetite. A rough table was made out of some boards laid across a couple of stumps, and the contents of the big basket were soon placed upon it. Lunch finished, the farmer and his son began their investigation, while Mrs. Allen and the children wandered about, looking for arbutus and gathering pine-cones. There was more to be looked after about the mill than expected, and it was two o'clock before the job was finished.

So busy had they been that the gradual clouding up of the sky had not been noticed, and it was not until the sudden pattering of rain began upon the leaves, that the little party began to look about them.

"It's nothing but an April shower," said Tom. "We shall have to get under the shelter of the mill till it passes over."

"Don't you believe it," returned the farmer. "We have had rain hanging around for a week past, and we've got it now, sure enough. Do the best we can we shall be drenched. You run on ahead, Tom, and put the horses in, so as to be ready by the time we get there. We'll be right after you."

Obedient to his father's advice, Tom hurried rapidly along the path leading to the spot where the team had been left, while the remainder of the party followed after as fast as they could. The place was reached at last. The wagon was there, the two bridles lay just where they were thrown, but the horses were gone.

For a moment the farmer stood dumb-founded. Then he began to examine their tracks.

"It's plain enough," at last he hurriedly said. "They've slipped the halter and have started back home. You'll have to see if you can overtake 'em, Tom. I'll take your mother and the children back to the mill. The wind is rising, and it is setting in for a cold, raw storm."

The rain came faster and faster, and by the time they had regained the shelter of the mill they were thoroughly wet through. A fire was soon kindled in the little cracked stove used by the shingle makers the winter before, and the time spent in waiting for Tom's return was employed in drying their clothes.

An hour passed away. The storm grew more and more furious. The rain poured down in

torrents, and the great tops of the pine trees bent and writhed in the terrible gusts, which became more and more frequent. The river, always rapid and strong, and now a fierce, turbulent stream, whose middle current nothing could cross in safety.

At last Tom burst in the mill.

"It's of no use," he exclaimed. "We've got to stay here or swim home. I went clear to the main road, more than five miles from here, and found that the horses have turned the wrong way, instead of going home. If they had gone straight back, the men would have known that something had happened and come for us; but there's no chance for that now."

At this Harry and Jack began to cry, and even Mrs. Allen looked dismayed.

"Staying here to-night is out of the question," said Mr. Allen. "We must get home somehow. We haven't a morsel to eat, and every hour we stay makes it worse. We're in for a long storm, and the road half the way from here to the turnpike will be underwater within twelve hours."

"What shall we do, then?" asked Tom who was holding his dripping coat before the blaze.

Mr. Allen shook his head.

"If it was fair weather I should know what to do quick enough; and I don't know but we shall be obliged to come to it any way."

"Why what do you mean, father?" asked Mrs. Allen, anxiously.

"I should take the shingle-raft lying there by the landing. It is staunch and strong, and just as safe as any boat that ever floated on the River St. John."

Mr. Allen had all a woman's dread of the water, and her heart sank at once. But the idea of being compelled to remain for two or three days in that desolate spot, without food or a chance to sleep, was more dreadful yet, and she felt almost like urging her husband to carry out the desperate idea he had announced.

"We've got to decide upon something very quick," continued the farmer. "It'll be dark in an hour, and then we shall have no choice."

He went to the window and looked out for a moment at the river. Then he came back to the stove.

"It storms fearfully; but then we're pretty high as wet as we can be, now. I believe we can keep in shore without much trouble, and at the rate the stream is now running we should reach Woodstock in less than an hour if I've done it in worse weather than this."

"I shouldn't be afraid myself," said Tom; "but then there's mother and the children to think of."

"I'm not afraid, Tom," said Mrs. Allen. "And even if I were, I believe it's the only thing we can do."

"We'll try it, then," said Mr. Allen, decidedly. "Come, Tom, we've no time to lose. See if there is rope enough in the corner there for a coil to throw ashore when we get to the landing at Woodstock, and put the paddles aboard. Let me take the baby, mother. Now, boys, jump on. There's room enough for a regiment. You'll have to make up your minds to stand a good deal of water, the next hour. Push her off!"

The raft swung slowly round from its fastenings, and in another minute struck the strong current, which, though less swift than that in the middle of the river, was yet so strong as to make safe navigation a difficult task. The rain came with such blinding force that it was almost impossible to see the shore, and the increasing darkness threatened to grow into total darkness before the end of their perilous journey was reached.

It was barely three-quarters of an hour from the time they left their starting-point when the raft touched the landing-place at Woodstock, and Tom, rope in hand, jumped on shore, to throw the loop over the post which had always stood there.

To his dismay, the post was gone, and as the raft swept along he felt the rope slip through his fingers, in spite of his endeavors to hold it. There was another point, lower down where the raft might strike, if his father could keep it out of the current by his single arm. Beyond that the river made a sudden bend, and if the landing should be missed there, no power could keep them from going down the river.

He hurried to the nearest houses of the village and gave the alarm, and then flew down the street, which ran parallel with the river, to the lower landing. He was just in time to see his father spring from the raft, holding the rope, and rushing in the water up to his waist, caught hold of it to assist. Their united strength made fair to bring the raft into the eddy, and the shouts of the rapidly-advancing men, who had been raised by Tom's brief warning, gave them additional energy. Two minutes later, half a dozen strong arms

were aiding them, and the raft was slowly drawing to the shore, when the rope suddenly parted.

With a wild scream, the mother rose, with her babe in her arms, as if to plunge into the river. Then, seeming to remember the children who clung to her garments, she sank down again, and the next moment the fierce current had swept them away in the darkness.

There was but one hope more. If the ferry, five miles lower down, could be reached in time, they might be saved; and the almost distracted father and son, mounted on horses provided by sympathizing friends, galloped there. Too late! The ferry-keeper had seen some black object rush by in the darkness, and heard cries for help, which he was unable to give. They were in the hands of God, and he only could help them.

All that night Farmer Allen paced the floor of his desolate home. The friends who came to comfort him found their endeavors vain. He wished to be alone with his sorrow. Tom had remained at the ferry, determined to take a boat early daylight and follow down the river.

There was little sleep that night in Woodstock, and long before the usual time for the village to be astir, little groups were abroad in the rain, discussing the sad event of the preceding evening. Suddenly there was a stir in the direction of the little telegraph office, and the operator, who slept there, came rushing out with a sealed envelope in his hand, in a state of great excitement.

"Who'll carry this over to Farmer Allen's?" he shouted.

"What is it? Any news? Is it about his folks?"

"He'll tell you. It's his news. I've no right to tell you. I wish I had! Who'll take it?"

"I will! I will!" exclaimed half a dozen eager to be the bearer of the news.

The message was entrusted to the feet of a boy of the village, who sped over the mile which lay between the office and Farmer Allen's like a greyhound.

"Here's something for you he panted, as he burst into the house, without knocking.

The farmer took it mechanically without a thought that it concerned those whom he already looked upon as in heaven. Breaking the seal he opened the folded slip of paper, and glanced at its contents. Then with a fervent "Thank God!" he fell upon his knees, and the feeling so long pent up, found vent in tears of thankfulness.

The message was a brief one. It ran:

"Fredericton, N. B., April 19th.

"John Allen—Your wife and children were picked up at eight this morning, on a shingle raft, three miles above this city. All safe. Answer."

Swift as were the feet of the messenger they had hard work to keep pace with J. Allen's on the return. The news spread like wildfire, and within half an hour every one in Woodstock knew the contents of the despatch.

Little more need be said. Farmer Allen followed the message he sent without the loss of an hour. That was Sunday morning, and it was Thursday night before the parted household again met beneath the roof whose few hours' desolation made it yet the more sacred and precious to all.

St. Patrick Central Agricultural Society's Fair.

The Fair of the Society was held on the 27th October, owing to the inclemency of the weather there was not so large an attendance as otherwise would have been.

The show of cattle and horses was fair, considering the torrents of rain that fell, but people generally are willing to have wet backs and cold hands, when a dollar is to be made. The vice-president Mr. Pat. McCullough together with the board had trouble to get judges on account of most all present having articles for competition.

The president, Matthew Stevenson, Esq., did arrive not until afternoon, owing to the storm; the judges however were in the field by eleven o'clock, to award prizes to the successful competitors.

The following is a list of awards:

Draft Horses—James Linton 1st, Richard Dyer, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd, John Monahan, 4th, George Baldwin, 5th, John Taggart, 6th.

2-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

3-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

4-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

5-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

6-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

7-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

8-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

9-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

10-year-old Cows—Matthew McCullough, 1st, George Baldwin, 2nd, Thomas Irwin, 3rd.

McCullough, 2nd, John Taggart, 3rd, John Monahan, 4th, Richard Dyer, 5th, John Taggart, 6th, John Monahan, 7th, Richard Dyer, 8th, John Taggart, 9th, John Monahan, 10th, Richard Dyer, 11th, John Taggart, 12th, John Monahan, 13th, Richard Dyer, 14th, John Taggart, 15th, John Monahan, 16th, Richard Dyer, 17th, John Taggart, 18th, John Monahan, 19th, Richard Dyer, 20th, John Taggart, 21st, John Monahan, 22nd, Richard Dyer, 23rd, John Taggart, 24th, John Monahan, 25th, Richard Dyer, 26th, John Taggart, 27th, John Monahan, 28th, Richard Dyer, 29th, John Taggart, 30th, John Monahan, 31st, Richard Dyer, 32nd, John Taggart, 33rd, John Monahan, 34th, Richard Dyer, 35th, John Taggart, 36th, John Monahan, 37th, Richard Dyer, 38th, John Taggart, 39th, John Monahan, 40th, Richard Dyer, 41st, John Taggart, 42nd, John Monahan, 43rd, Richard Dyer, 44th, John Taggart, 45th, John Monahan, 46th, Richard Dyer, 47th, John Taggart, 48th, John Monahan, 49th, Richard Dyer, 50th, John Taggart, 51st, John Monahan, 52nd, Richard Dyer, 53rd, John Taggart, 54th, John Monahan, 55th, Richard Dyer, 56th, John Taggart, 57th, John Monahan, 58th, Richard Dyer, 59th, John Taggart, 60th, John Monahan, 61st, Richard Dyer, 62nd, John Taggart, 63rd, John Monahan, 64th, Richard Dyer, 65th, John Taggart, 66th, John Monahan, 67th, Richard Dyer, 68th, John Taggart, 69th, John Monahan, 70th, Richard Dyer, 71st, John Taggart, 72nd, John Monahan, 73rd, Richard Dyer, 74th, John Taggart, 75th, John Monahan, 76th, Richard Dyer, 77th, John Taggart, 78th, John Monahan, 79th, Richard Dyer, 80th, John Taggart, 81st, John Monahan, 82nd, Richard Dyer, 83rd, John Taggart, 84th, John Monahan, 85th, Richard Dyer, 86th, John Taggart, 87th, John Monahan, 88th, Richard Dyer, 89th, John Taggart, 90th, John Monahan, 91st, Richard Dyer, 92nd, John Taggart, 93rd, John Monahan, 94th, Richard Dyer, 95th, John Taggart, 96th, John Monahan, 97th, Richard Dyer, 98th, John Taggart, 99th, John Monahan, 100th, Richard Dyer.

Steers 2 years—Stewart Kerr, 1st, R. Dyer, 2nd, John Taggart, 3rd, John Monahan, 4th, Richard Dyer, 5th, John Taggart, 6th, John Monahan, 7th, Richard Dyer, 8th, John Taggart, 9th, John Monahan, 10th, Richard Dyer, 11th, John Taggart, 12th, John Monahan, 13th, Richard Dyer, 14th, John Taggart, 15th, John Monahan, 16th, Richard Dyer, 17th, John Taggart, 18th, John Monahan, 19th, Richard Dyer, 20th, John Taggart, 21st, John Monahan, 22nd, Richard Dyer, 23rd, John Taggart, 24th, John Monahan, 25th, Richard Dyer, 26th, John Taggart, 27th, John Monahan, 28th, Richard Dyer, 29th, John Taggart, 30th, John Monahan, 31st, Richard Dyer, 32nd, John Taggart, 33rd, John Monahan, 34th, Richard Dyer, 35th, John Taggart, 36th, John Monahan, 37th, Richard Dyer, 38th, John Taggart, 39th, John Monahan, 40th, Richard Dyer, 41st, John Taggart, 42nd, John Monahan, 43rd, Richard Dyer, 44th, John Taggart, 45th, John Monahan, 46th, Richard Dyer, 47th, John Taggart, 48th, John Monahan, 49th, Richard Dyer, 50th, John Taggart, 51st, John Monahan, 52nd, Richard Dyer, 53rd, John Taggart, 54th, John Monahan, 55th, Richard Dyer, 56th, John Taggart, 57th, John Monahan, 58th, Richard Dyer, 59th, John Taggart, 60th, John Monahan, 61st, Richard Dyer, 62nd, John Taggart, 63rd, John Monahan, 64th, Richard Dyer, 65th, John Taggart, 66th, John Monahan, 67th, Richard Dyer, 68th, John Taggart, 69th, John Monahan, 70th, Richard Dyer, 71st, John Taggart, 72nd, John Monahan, 73rd, Richard Dyer, 74th, John Taggart, 75th, John Monahan, 76th, Richard Dyer, 77th, John Taggart, 78th, John Monahan, 79th, Richard Dyer, 80th, John Taggart, 81st, John Monahan, 82nd, Richard Dyer, 83rd, John Taggart, 84th, John Monahan, 85th, Richard Dyer, 86th, John Taggart, 87th, John Monahan, 88th, Richard Dyer, 89th, John Taggart, 90th, John Monahan, 91st, Richard Dyer, 92nd, John Taggart, 93rd, John Monahan, 94th, Richard Dyer, 95th, John Taggart, 96th, John Monahan, 97th, Richard Dyer, 98th, John Taggart, 99th, John Monahan, 100th, Richard Dyer.

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do 2 years—Hugh Monahan, 1st, John Taggart, 2nd, Eph. Bailey, 3rd, John Monahan, 4th, Richard Dyer, 5th, John Taggart, 6th, John Monahan, 7th, Richard Dyer, 8th, John Taggart, 9th, John Monahan, 10th, Richard Dyer, 11th, John Taggart, 12th, John Monahan, 13th, Richard Dyer, 14th, John Taggart, 15th, John Monahan, 16th, Richard Dyer, 17th, John Taggart, 18th, John Monahan, 19th, Richard Dyer, 20th, John Taggart, 21st, John Monahan, 22nd, Richard Dyer, 23rd, John Taggart, 24th, John Monahan, 25th, Richard Dyer, 26th, John Taggart, 27th, John Monahan, 28th, Richard Dyer, 29th, John Taggart, 30th, John Monahan, 31st, Richard Dyer, 32nd, John Taggart, 33rd, John Monahan, 34th, Richard Dyer, 35th, John Taggart, 36th, John Monahan, 37th, Richard Dyer, 38th, John Taggart, 39th, John Monahan, 40th, Richard Dyer, 41st, John Taggart, 42nd, John Monahan, 43rd, Richard Dyer, 44th, John Taggart, 45th, John Monahan, 46th, Richard Dyer, 47th, John Taggart, 48th, John Monahan, 49th, Richard Dyer, 50th, John Taggart, 51st, John Monahan, 52nd, Richard Dyer, 53rd, John Taggart, 54th, John Monahan, 55th, Richard Dyer, 56th, John Taggart, 57th, John Monahan, 58th, Richard Dyer, 59th, John Taggart, 60th, John Monahan, 61st, Richard Dyer, 62nd, John Taggart, 63rd, John Monahan, 64th, Richard Dyer, 65th, John Taggart, 66th, John Monahan, 67th, Richard Dyer, 68th, John Taggart, 69th, John Monahan, 70th, Richard Dyer, 71st, John Taggart, 72nd, John Monahan, 73rd, Richard Dyer, 74th, John Taggart, 75th, John Monahan, 76th, Richard Dyer, 77th, John Taggart, 78th, John Monahan, 79th, Richard Dyer, 80th, John Taggart, 81st, John Monahan, 82nd, Richard Dyer, 83rd, John Taggart, 84th, John Monahan, 85th, Richard Dyer, 86th, John Taggart, 87th, John Monahan, 88th, Richard Dyer, 89th, John Taggart, 90th, John Monahan, 91st, Richard Dyer, 92nd, John Taggart, 93rd, John Monahan, 94th, Richard Dyer, 95th, John Taggart, 96th, John Monahan, 97th, Richard Dyer, 98th, John Taggart, 99th, John Monahan, 100th, Richard Dyer.

do 3 years—Stewart Kerr, 1st, J. Irwin, 2nd, Eph. Bailey, 3rd, John Monahan, 4th, Richard Dyer, 5th, John Taggart, 6th, John Monahan, 7th, Richard Dyer, 8th, John Taggart, 9th, John Monahan, 10th, Richard Dyer, 11th, John Taggart, 12th, John Monahan, 13th, Richard Dyer, 14th, John Taggart, 15th, John Monahan, 16th, Richard Dyer, 17th, John Taggart, 18th, John Monahan, 19th, Richard Dyer, 20th, John Taggart, 21st, John Monahan, 22nd, Richard Dyer, 23rd, John Taggart, 24th, John Monahan, 25th, Richard Dyer, 26th, John Taggart, 27th, John Monahan, 28th, Richard Dyer, 29th, John Taggart, 30th, John Monahan, 31st, Richard Dyer, 32nd, John Taggart, 33rd, John Monahan, 34th, Richard Dyer, 35th, John Taggart, 36th, John Monahan, 37th, Richard Dyer, 38th, John Taggart, 39th, John Monahan, 40th, Richard Dyer, 41st, John Taggart, 42nd, John Monahan, 43rd, Richard Dyer, 44th, John Taggart, 45th, John Monahan, 46th, Richard Dyer, 47th, John Taggart, 48th, John Monahan, 49th, Richard Dyer, 50th, John Taggart, 51st, John Monahan, 52nd, Richard Dyer, 53rd, John Taggart, 54th, John Monahan, 55th, Richard Dyer, 56th, John Taggart, 57th, John Monahan, 58th, Richard Dyer, 59th, John Taggart, 60th, John Monahan, 61st, Richard Dyer, 62nd, John Taggart, 63rd, John Monahan, 64th, Richard Dyer, 65th, John Taggart, 66th, John Monahan, 67th, Richard Dyer, 68th, John Taggart, 69th, John Monahan, 70th, Richard Dyer, 71st, John Taggart, 72nd, John Monahan, 73rd, Richard Dyer, 74th, John Taggart, 75th, John Monahan, 76th, Richard Dyer, 77th, John Taggart, 78th, John Monahan, 79th, Richard Dyer, 80th, John Taggart, 81st, John Monahan, 82nd, Richard Dyer, 83rd, John Taggart, 84th, John Monahan, 85th, Richard Dyer, 86th, John Taggart, 87th, John Monahan, 88th, Richard Dyer, 89th, John Taggart, 90th, John Monahan, 91st, Richard Dyer, 92nd, John Taggart, 93rd, John Monahan, 94th, Richard Dyer, 95th, John Taggart, 96th, John Monahan, 97th, Richard Dyer, 98th, John Taggart, 99th, John Monahan, 100th, Richard Dyer.

do 4 years—Stewart Kerr, 1st, J. Irwin, 2nd, Eph. Bailey, 3rd, John Monahan, 4th, Richard Dyer, 5th, John Taggart, 6th, John Monahan, 7th, Richard Dyer, 8th, John Taggart, 9th, John Monahan, 10th, Richard Dyer, 11th, John Taggart, 12th, John Monahan, 13th, Richard Dyer, 14th, John Taggart, 15th, John Monahan, 16th, Richard Dyer, 17th, John Taggart, 18th, John Monahan, 19th, Richard Dyer, 20th, John Taggart, 21st, John Monahan, 22nd, Richard Dyer, 23rd, John Taggart, 24th, John Monahan, 25th, Richard Dyer, 26th, John Taggart, 27th, John Monahan, 28th, Richard Dyer, 29th, John Taggart, 30th, John Monahan, 31st, Richard Dyer, 32nd, John Taggart, 33rd, John Monahan, 34th, Richard Dyer, 35th, John Taggart, 36th, John Monahan, 37th, Richard Dyer, 38th, John Taggart, 39th, John Monahan, 40th, Richard Dyer, 4