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Vol 41

WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at this office, until 10 o'clock on Wednesday, the Twenty-First January next, (1874) for the construction of Fourteen Locks, and Fourteen Regulating Weirs, a number of Bridge Abutments, and Piers, the intervening Reaches, Raceways, &c., on the northern side of the WELLAND CANAL, between Thorold and Fort Hathois.

The work will be let in sections, five of which, numbered respectively 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7, are situated between Fort Hathois and St. Catherine's Cemetery; and three (numbered 12, 13, and 14) extend from the northern side of the Great Western Railway to near Brown's Cement Kiln.

Maps of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the works, can be seen at this office, or at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold, on and after Monday, the 5th day of January next, (1874) where printed forms of Tenders can be obtained.

Contractors are notified that Tenders will not be considered, unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures and the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same.

For the due fulfillment of the Contract, satisfactory security will be required on real estate, or by deposit of money, public or municipal securities, or bank stocks, to an amount of five per cent on the bulk sum of the contract.

Ninety per cent only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest, or any Tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 29 December, 1874.

SELECT TALE. AN UNINVITED GUEST.

It was nearly three o'clock on a hot summer's day; the long polished counters of our bank, the Royal Domestic Bank, were crowded with customers—money was flowing in and running out in the usual business like manner. From a raised desk in my private room, I, the manager of the Royal Domestic Bank, looked out on the busy scene with a certain pride and pleasure.

The Royal Domestic is not a long established institution, and, without vanity, I may say that much of its prosperity and success is attributable to the zeal and experience of its manager. In corroboration of this statement, I might refer to the last printed report of the directors—read before the shareholders at their annual meeting—in which they are pleased to say:—

"But, after all, perhaps, I might be thought guilty of undue egotism and conceit, if I repeat the flattering terms in which they speak of me.

A clerk put his head inside my door.
"Mr. Thrapstow, sir, to speak to you."
"Send him in, Roberts," I said.

Charles Thrapstow I had known from boyhood; we had both been reared in the same country town. The fact that his parents were of considerably higher social status than mine, perhaps made our subsequent intimacy all the pleasanter to me; and caused me to set a value upon his good opinion greater than its intrinsic worth. Thrapstow was a stockbroker, a very clever, pushing fellow, who had the reputation of possessing excellent judgment and good luck. At my request, he had brought his account to our bank. It was a good account; he always kept a fair balance, and the cashier never had to look twice at his cheques.

Charlie, like everybody else in business, occasionally wanted money. I had let him have advances at various times, of course amply covered by securities, advances which were always promptly repaid, and the securities redeemed. At this time, he had five thousand pounds of ours, to secure which we held City of Damascus Water Company's bonds to the nominal value of ten thousand. My directors rather demurred to these bonds, as being somewhat speculative in nature; but as I represented that the Company was highly respectable, and its shares well quoted in the market, and that I had full confidence in our customer, our people sanctioned the advance. I had, perhaps, a little uneasy feeling myself about these bonds, for they were not everybody's money, and there might have been some little difficulty in finding a customer for them in case of the necessity for a sudden sale.

Thrapstow came in radiant. He was a good-looking fellow, with a fair beard and mustache, bright eyes of bluish grey, a nose tilted upwards, giving him a sunny, resolute air; he was always well dressed, the shiniest of boots, the most delicate shade of color in his light trousers and gloves, the glossiest of blue frock coats, a neat light dust coat over it, a blue bird's eye scarf round his throat, in which was thrust a massive pin, containing a fine topaz, full of lustre, and yellow as beaten gold.

Well, I've got a customer for those Damascus bonds writing at my office; sold em' well, too—to Billing Brothers, who want them for an Arab firm. One premium, and I bought at one discount.

"I'm very glad of it, Charlie," said I, and I felt really pleased, not only for Thrapstow's sake, but because I should be glad to get rid of the bonds, and the directors' shrugs whenever they were mentioned.

"Hand them over, old fellow," said Charlie, "and I'll bring you Billing's cheque up in five minutes. You won't have closed by then; or if you have, I'll come in at the private door."

I went to the safe and put my hand upon the bonds.

Charlie stood there looking so frank and free, holding out his hand for the bonds, that I had not the heart to say to him, as I ought to have done: "Bring your customer here, and let him settle for the bonds, and then I will hand them over." I should have said this to anybody else, but somehow I could not say it to Charlie. There would only be five minutes risk, and surely there was no risk at all.

The thing was done in a moment; I was carried away by Thrapstow's irresistible manner. I handed over the bonds, and Charlie went off like a shot.

I waited seven minutes to three, and I sat watching the hands of the clock, in a little tremor, despite my full confidence in Thrapstow; but then I had so thorough a knowledge of all the rules of banking, that I could not help feeling that I had done wrong. A few minutes, however, Charlie's white hat and glittering topaz would soon put in an appearance.

Just at a minute to three the cashier brought me three cheques, with a little slip of paper attached. They were Thrapstow's cheques for fifteen hundred—twelve hundred and three hundred odd respectively, and his balance was only five hundred odd.

I turned white and cold. "Of course you must refuse them," I said to the cashier.

When he went out, I sat in my chair quite still for a few moments, bewildered at the sudden misfortune that had happened to me. Charles Thrapstow was clearly a defaulter; but there was this one chance—he might have given the cheques in the confidence of selling those bonds, and placing the balance to his account. In due course, these cheques, which were crossed, would have been brought to the clearing-house, and have been presented on the morrow. But it seemed that his creditors had some mistrust of him, and had caused the cheques to be demanded out of due course.

The clock struck three. Charles had not come back. The bank doors closed with a clang I could endure the suspense no longer. Telling the bank porter that if Mr. Thrapstow came, he was to be admitted at the private door, and was to be detained in my room till I returned, I went out, and made my way to his office, which was only a few hundred yards distant. He was there. The clerk, a youth of fifteen, knew nothing about him. He was in Chapel Court, perhaps, anywhere—he did not know. Had he been in within the last half hour? Well, no; the clerk did not think he had. His story, then, of the customer waiting at his office was a lie.

With a heavy heart I went back to the bank. No; Mr. Thrapstow had not been in, the porter said. I took a Hanson, and went off to the office of Mr. Gudgeon, the solicitor of the bank. I told him in confidence what had happened, and asked his advice. "Could I get a warrant against this Thrapstow for stealing the bonds?"

"Upon my word," said Gudgeon, "I don't think you can make a criminal matter of it. It isn't larceny, because you abandoned possession of the bonds voluntarily. No, I don't see how you can touch him. You must make a bankrupt of him, and then you can pursue him as having fraudulently carried off his assets."

But that advice was no good to me. I think I ought to have gone straight off to the police office and put the affair in the hands of the detectives. Dignified men of law like Gudgeon always find a dozen reasons for inaction, except in matters that bring grist to their own mill.

I went home completely disheartened and dejected. How could I face my directors with such a story as I had to tell? The only excuse that I could urge of private friendship and confidence in the man who had robbed us, would make the matter only the worse. Clearly at the same time that I told the circumstances to the directors, I should be bound to place my resignation in their hands, to be put into force, if they thought fit. And there would be little doubt but that they would accept it. How damaging, too, the story would be to me, when I tried to obtain another appointment!

I had promised to take my wife and children for an excursion down the river, as soon as the bank closed; and the youngsters, eagerly reminded me of my promise, I replied so savagely and sternly, that the children went off in tears; my wife, coming to see what was the matter, fared little better.

I must have had a sunstroke or something, she told me, and brought bandages and eau de Cologne. I flung them away in a rage, and went out of the house. I must be doing something, I felt, and I got a cab and drove to Thrapstow's lodgings.

Mr. Thrapstow wasn't coming home that night, his landlady told me; she thought he was away for a little jaunt; but she didn't know. He occupied the ground floor of a small house in Eccleford street, Finsbury, two rooms opening into each other. I told the woman that I would sit down and write a letter. She knew me well enough, as I had frequently visited Thrapstow, and she left us to myself. Then I began to overhaul everything to try to find out some clue to his whereabouts.

He had evidently been burning papers recently, and a quantity of them. I found nothing legible except one little scrap of paper, which the fire had not nearly reduced to powder, on which I saw the name Isabel shining with metallic lustre.

Then I went to the bedroom, and searched that. I carefully searched all the pockets for letters or other documents, but I found nothing. The keys were left in all the receptacles; an instance of Charlie's thoughtfulness of others in the midst of his rascality.

Lying upon the wash stand was a card which was blank upon one side, but on the other had the name of a photographer printed upon it. The card was wet, as if it had been soaked in water; and near the upper end of it was a round irregular cut, which did not quite penetrate the card. It had evidently once had a photograph fastened on it; accordingly, the card had been wetted to facilitate the removal of the photograph, whilst the face of the portrait had evidently been cut out, in order to place it in a locket or something similar.

It struck me at once that the photograph about which a man on the eve of flight would take so much trouble, must be of a person very dear to him; probably his sweetheart. Although I had been intimate with Thrapstow, he had always been very reserved as to his own friends and associates, and I had no clue to guide me to any of them except the photographer's card.

Re-entering my cab I drove off to the photographer's. There was no number or distinguishing mark upon the card, and the cheques seemed faint that he would be able to tell me anything about it. Indeed, at first, when the man found that I wasn't a customer, he seemed little inclined to trouble himself about the matter. The promise of the fee, however, made him more reasonable, and he offered to let me see his books, that I might search for the name I wanted to find. It was unlikely that the photograph had been done for Thrapstow; if it had, there would probably apper in the book only the useless record of his address already known to me. Then the man took his head. If I didn't know the name, it was no use looking; the card was nothing, he said; he sent hundreds out every no the. What information could he possibly give me? Then I tried to describe the personal appearance of Thrapstow. But again he shook his head. If he didn't take his likeness as he wouldn't be likely to remember him; hardly even then, so many people passed through his hands.

All this time he had been carelessly holding the cards in his fingers, glancing at it now and then, and suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. Stop a bit, he said, and he went into his dark chamber, and presently emerged, smiling strongly of chemicals. Look here, he said triumphantly. I looked, and saw a very faint, ghostly impression of a photograph. "I printed it through, and the man—they will sometimes—and I've brought it to light. Yes, I know the original of that. Again he divided into a closet and brought out a negative with a number and label to it. Then he turned to his book, and wrote down an address for me—Mrs. Maidmont, Larkspur road, Notting Hill.

Away I went to Larkspur road Mrs. Maidmont's house was a small, comfortable residence, with bright windows, verandas, gorgeous window boxes, and striped sun blinds. Mrs. Maidmont was at home, and a very neat, pretty-looking maid; and I sent in my card, with a message; On most important business. I was shown into a pretty drawing room on the first floor. An elderly lady rose to greet me with old-fashioned courtesy, at the same time with a good deal of uneasy curiosity visible in her face.

"Madam," I said rapidly, "I believe that my friend Charles Thrapstow is well known to you; now it is of the utmost importance that I should ascertain where he is at this moment."

"Stay!" said the old lady. "You are laboring under a complete mistake; I know nothing whatever of the gentleman whose name you mention; a name I never heard before."

"Perhaps Miss Maidmont my friend," I said.

Miss Maidmont is not likely to have formed any acquaintance without her mother's knowledge, said Mrs. Maidmont with dignity.

There seemed to be no alternative but for me to retreat with apologies.

I was about to take my departure reluctant, when a young girl, a charming young girl, bounded into the room; she was the original of the photograph.

"O mamma! she cried, here is a letter from poor Charles to say that he cannot possibly come here tonight! Isn't it provoking? And I want to consult him about so many things."

By the way, her mother went on, here is a gentleman, Isabel, who insists that we know a Mr. Charles—I forget the name now.

"Thrapstow," I interjected.

"A Mr. Charles Thrapstow. You know of no such person, Bill?"

"I know of no Mr. Charles, but Charles Tempest, said Isabel.

"It is singular, too, that the initials of your friend should be the same. May I ask if you have given your portrait, taken by Bistone of Kensington?"

"No more!" cried Mrs. Maidmont. "Am I to repeat once more, we know nothing about him."

What could I do under these circumstances but take my leave? In Susan, however, I found an unexpected ally. She had heard my parting words of description and she turned to me as we were descending the stairs, and said, Miss Isabel's young man is exactly like that. Half a crown and a few blandishments, which, under the circumstances, I think even my worthy spouse would have conceded put me into possession of the facts.

Miss Maidmont was really going to be married tomorrow morning, at St. Spikenard's Church, to a Mr. Charles Tempest, a very good looking young man.

Has Miss Maidmont a photograph of her lover? I asked.

She had in her own room it seemed. Susan couldn't get at it now without suspicion; but she promised to secure it, and bring it with her at nine o'clock at the corner of the street.

I was punctual to my tryst; and at nine, Susan made her appearance with a morocco case containing an exact likeness of my friend, Charles Thrapstow, massive pin with topaz in it, and all.

Miss Maidmont, I soliloquised, will find some way to warn her lover, if I tell her how she has been deceived. Even robbing a bank may not embitter a girl against her sweetheart, and so doubtless she will head and ears in love with Charlie. No; I determined on a different plan.

I rose early next morning dressed myself with care, put on a pair of pale primrose, donned my newest beaver, and took a cab to St. Spikenard's Notting Hill.

The bells were ringing merrily as I alighted at the church door; a small crowd had already gathered on the pavement, drawn together by that keen foresight of coming excitement characteristic of the human species. Friend of the bridegroom, I whispered to the vergor, and I was forthwith shown into the vestry. The clergyman was there already, and shook hands with me in a vague kind of way.

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the board were assembling. I suppose some of the directors had got wind of Thrapstow's failure, for the first thing I heard when I got into the board-room was old Venables grumbling out: How about those Damascus bonds, Mr. Manager? I rode rough-shod over old Venables, and staidized considerably over the board in general that day, but I couldn't help thinking how close a thing it was, and how very near shipwreck I had been.

As for Thrapstow, I presently heard that, after all, he had arranged with his creditors, and made it up with Miss Maidmont. He had a tongue that would wind round anything, if you only gave him time; and I wasn't much surprised at hearing that his wedding day was fixed. He hasn't sent me an invitation, and I don't suppose he will, and I certainly shall not thrust myself forward a second time as an uninvited guest.—[Chamber's Journal.

A Cargo of Eggs worth Two Million Dollars.

One of the most valuable consignments that ever passed "across the continent," says the Chicago "Tribune" of the 23rd ult., arrived in Chicago yesterday afternoon, through the American Express Company, via the Central and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. The public will be startled to learn that one freight car contained goods "time good," they were marked), whose value exceeded \$2,000,000. The enormous cost would be in itself a circumstance worthy of note, but the peculiar character of the goods gives to the affair additional interest. The consignment was nothing more or less than a cartload of silk-worms eggs "en route" for France. They were purchased in Yokohama by the French Government, and arrived in San Francisco December 15. Only three days were lost in transferring them to this freight car, and December 18 the precious packages commenced their trans-continental journey.

The train was due in Chicago at 3.15 yesterday afternoon, and a reporter of the "Tribune" was enabled to obtain a glimpse of the cargo. In this country very few are familiar with the silk-worm and can have no idea of the appearance of the eggs. In England, where the climate is less subject to extremes of temperature, the silk-worm is common as pet as the canary. Boys and girls all boast a box of chirping silk-worms and take as much pride in spinning off the golden thread from the cocoon, as the youth of this country in the possession of marbles and such toys. The silk-worm's egg is about one quarter the size of a pin's head, and the reader may gain an idea of the number of eggs now on their way to Paris, when he learns that on this one car there are 91 tons of eggs.

An imposing ceremony was solemnized at Havre, recently, in honor of the victims by the "Ville du Havre." The cathedral, draped in black from roof to floor, was thronged by a congregation of five thousand persons. The catastrophe was surrounded by sailors of the Republican Navy; and all the civic, naval, and military dignitaries of the place were present. It is stated that the Cure's sermon was interrupted by bursts of grief from the worshippers. All the ships in the harbor dressed their flags half-mast high, and business was at a standstill.

The keepers of the insane asylum at Oasawatomie, Kansas, are on a strike in consequence of the election of an obnoxious superintendent. They left in a body at nightfall, and soon afterward a terrible storm of wind and rain arose. In the absence of their keepers, and alarmed by the noise of the storm, the inmates became mad with excitement. The trustees, who had been in session that afternoon, dared not enter the wards, and in the darkness the patients screamed, fought, and broke everything that was breakable. Messengers were sent on horseback for help, and toward morning a sufficient force had been collected to subdue the insurrection. It was then found that several of the patients had escaped.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for January, contains a lavish supply of first rate articles. It is now in its fourteenth volume and every year has increased its popularity and added new friends to its large list of admirers. Though retaining its old name, it has not the slightest connection with its former proprietor, but has for many months been the exclusive property of Mr. S. E. Shutes, its present publisher. H. V. Osborne (Toronto) still continues as its editor and is the only person employed in that capacity—giving to the magazine not a careless supervision, but direct personal attention in every particular. The magazine is improving constantly, and is splendidly adapted to the members of the household. The present number contains three engravings and other good things in proportion.

Price of magazine one dollar per year.

The Legislature of California has offered a reward of \$15,000 for the arrest of a notorious outlaw named Tuberculo Vasquez.



BIBBITERS
FREE FROM
CALIFORNIA
AR BITTERS

er's California Vinegar
only Vegetable preparation,
as the native herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada
Mountains, the medicinal
properties are extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
asked, "What is the cause
of the success of VEGAN
Bitters in that they remove
the history of the world has
no comparison presenting
qualities of VEGAN Bitters
of any other disease man is
a good Purgative as
relieving Congestion or In-
flammation and Visceral Organs,
uses.

I enjoy good health, let
me Bitters as a medicine,
and use alcoholic stimulants

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 29 Dec 1874.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available