**Almanacks 1866.**

IAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and ster for **1866**, can be obtained singly s, or by the dozen for retail from
J. LOCHARY & SON.
of the old Farmers Almanac always

rews Nov. 30, 1865.

**lution of Partnership.**

is hereby given, that the partnership subsisting between James Moran and Moran, of St. George, in the County of under the firm of James Moran & Son, ey dissolved by mutual consent.
s owing to the said partnership are to d by the said James A. Moran, who is to settle all debts due to and owing l firm.
JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN.
rge, September 16, 1865. 4i

**O BE SOLD,**

in, if applied for immediately
*posed of by the 15th of April, the will be let and possession giv- en on 1st May next*
THAT desirably situated House for business next to the Record Office; has been newly shingled and is in good repair; contains 9 rooms and ied.
ALSO,—
er Town Lots, in good situations for urposes. Apply to subscriber.
f payment liberal.
D. GREEN.

**Rubber, Rubbers**
AT THE
**Albion House.**
IN S. MAGEE,
as received an assortment of
ns, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,
**bber Overshoes.**
adies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice the present season, which with a le
**lrens and Ladies Boots,**
SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
TER DRY GOODS,
ell CHEAP for Current Money
Bills taken at the usual discount.

**ORE NEW GOODS.**
RECEIVED and now open for sale he very LOWEST PRICES:
**ts, Bonnets, ers, and Ribbons.**
WLS. MANTILLAS.
FANCY DRESS GOODS
ey and White Cottons,
, Stripes, and Regettas
**ts.**
**Silicias,**
and CORSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
ens, Shirt-fronts,
lars, and Fan-
y Neck Ties,
lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes
**of Summer Stock daily expected ner "Europa" and when received ld at a very small advance on st.**
*D. BRADLEY.*

**ies Seminary,**
**. ANDREWS, N.B.**
**KENDALL** will receive a limited f young Ladies as boarders, in addition y pupils.
se of instruction comprises the
**ish, French, and Italian Languages;**
and Arithmetic, Geography, including the Globes; Astronomy, History, Singing, plain & ornamental Needle
nch, Italian, Music, and Singing class- en to ladies who desire to pursue any of ches of study exclusively.
atest attention is paid to the comfor inners, religious instruction, and person- of the pupils.
TERMS:
nd Tuition, including all the branches ian, £50 per annum.
DAY PUPILS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| sh, - | £5 | 0 | 0 | per ann. |
| including French, | 8 | 0 | 0 | |
| - - | 8 | 0 | 0 | |
| or season - | 0 | 5 | 0 | |

REFERENCES.
Percy, D D, Quebec: J Thompson Esq, Esq, high school, Wm Andrews, M A, McGill College, Montreal.
acon, S Benson, M D, Henry Cunard ham.
Q Ketchum, J W Street and Geo D r's, St. Andrews.

**FOR SALE.**
Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-
arments for Boys & Girls
s Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.
itern can be used with ease.
3. *JAS McKINNEY.*



# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—*Cic.* [$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 33 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1866. No 22


## ELECTION.

CHARLOTTE to wit.

I ALEXANDER T. PAUL, Esquire, High Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, having received 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 by me at 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 accordingly.

And in case a Poll shall be then and there demanded, I do hereby further proclaim and give Public Notice, that Polling Booths will be opened 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 Tide Waters.
For the Parish of St. James, at or near the Kirk on the Scotch Ridge, and at or near the residence of John King in the Baillie Settlement.
For the Parish of St. Patrick, at Digdeguash Mills.
For the Parish of Dumbarton, at the Rolling Dam.
For the Parish of St. George, at the Lower Falls and at the Upper Mills.
For the Parish of Pennfield, at the School House near the Episcopal Church.
For the Parish of Lepreaux, 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 Pool.
For the Parish of Grand Manan, at Grand Harbour and at or near the residence of Lorenzo Drake, North Head,—for the purpose of taking the said Poll.

And I hereby further Proclaim and give Public Notice, that the said Election will be closed on SATURDAY, the **16th** day of June next, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the County Court House, and the persons chosen to serve in the General Assembly, will be then and there, openly declared. Of all which said Proclamations all persons will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

ALEX. T. PAUL,
High Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews.
May 16, 1866.

The following extracts from the Election Law, are published for general information:

Sec 35.—"The resident electors shall vote in the district in which they are registered; the non-residents at the Court House or building used therefor in the Shire Town, unless they have selected another polling district."

Sec. 40.—Presiding Officers, Poll Clerks, Candidates and their agents, may poll their votes in the district where they are acting, though they do not reside therein, if, on the day of nomination their names are certified and entered as qualified by the Sheriff on the book containing the check list, and the Sheriff shall strike such names out of the list of the district in which they are qualified to vote."

ALEX. T. PAUL,
May 16, 1866. Sheriff.

### To the Electors of Charlotte County.

GENTLEMEN,—You are again called upon to exercise your constitutional right of selecting representatives to serve you in General Assembly.

The adoption or rejection of the expressed wishes of Her Majesty in respect to a consolidation of the British North American Colonies is one of the prominent subjects for your consideration, upon which your mind is to be tested by your support of such candidates who respectively profess such adoption or rejection.

Imperial policy points to a union alleging as reasons therefor the permanent welfare of our mercantile interests, the stability and more intimate connection of British relations, and readier and more efficient means of defence from invading enemies.

The practical issue upon which you are now called to cast your vote is, FOR Imperial or AGAINST Imperial policy.

The measure of Union is one which no more belongs to Canada than to New Brunswick or any other Province, and embraces in its results the whole Empire.

A scheme of Union was lately presented to you, which from the haste in which it was pressed on your consideration was, as not to be wondered at, rejected as the safer course to be pursued, and this by many who were in favor of union if time for consideration had been afforded, that they might be satisfied that such terms were obtained as would be mutually equitable, and that it was in accordance with Imperial desire.

The basis and conditions of a Union again being open for negotiation, an opportunity will be presented to your representatives for the exercise of the most watchful and enlightened statesmanship, you having first by your free and loyal voice given your adherence to the Imperial policy.

Recent developments have confirmed me in the opinion I have publicly expressed in reference to a union, to be accomplished by fair legitimate and constitutional means, and on the best attainable terms.

GENTLEMEN ELECTORS,—You have other interests 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 constitution 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 capable to represent you, it is your undoubted right to select such in preference, and in this case whilst anxiously solicitous 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.

Ss. Stephen, May 21, 1866.

## Miscellany.

### FATHER AND SON;

OR THE

**Peddler's Secret.**

Toward the close of a lovely spring day, a traveler emerged from a copse bordering on the West Comford road, and springing over the stile took the direction of Aspendale, a village about two miles distant. His dress was of a superior order, and yet travel-stained and neglected.

A few yards behind him, but unobserved by the former, came a peddler. The two travelled on together some distance, though the peddler, being an aged man, gradually dropped behind. At last he turned aside into a lane, and the young man proceeded alone.

The day had been one of those balmy ones we sometimes have in June; the sky of that soft blue white it possesses only in the early year, when the spring is just verging into summer. All was bright all was harmonious, all was beautiful.

The traveler was a man of eight or nine-and-twenty; but he looked rather older, for his face, though partially concealed by a thick beard, was pale and haggard. Yet, for that he was handsome; but though there was something in his aspect and carriage that was graceful and easy, there was at the same time something repulsive—something almost dangerous in the expression of his dark, ever-vigilant, and somewhat bloodshot eyes.

Half an hour after he had leaped the stile he entered the village of Aspendale, and making his way to the Red Lion, seated himself in the tap-room and called for some brandy.

The stranger, after eagerly swallowing the brandy, sat dozing in a corner, enjoying the coolness of the air, which was wafted in at the open window, and seemed to listen anxiously to the conversation of his companions.

Nation good luck that of Daniel Keen's said one of the countrymen, who was, conversing, and whom his companion designated Jack Finch. Nation good luck, I must say, wasn't it? Why, they do tell me as the squire left him a matter o' two hundred pounds.

Ay, sure he did such, for I driv' him over t'other day to the bank to get the brads.—Such a lot o' shiners! two hundred golden guinies all in a bag at once.

Well, people has strange notions. Ain't he living up there by hisself? Tain't safe. Why, he might be robbed and murdered, and nobody none the wiser.

They were interrupted by the entrance of Peter Coombs, the peddler, who having swung his pack from his back, turned around, and thus addressed the company:

Morning to ye, Muster Finch; morning, Muster Brown! Morning to you, sir!

This last observation was addressed to the traveler, who at the sight of the peddler, started, muttered a reply which was not distinguishable, and sunk back, as if wishing to avoid observation.

Now, Peter, said Finch, hast got any knives, man?

Yes, sure I have, answered the peddler, producing some from his pack. Them's the sort; splendid steel—cut like a razor.

Let's look, said Brown, who had commenced trying the quality one of his horny palms. Have this one, Jack, t'other's got a flaw in the blade, close to the handle; do you see?

Ah! so it has; dang it! that's a pity, 'cause I like that handle best. Come, Peter, what's the damage, man? Two and sixpence; well, that ain't dear, as things go, is it Brown?

No, I can't say as it is; only I wish the the other wasn't damaged, I'd have that one myself. You ain't got another one, Peter?

No, replied the peddler; them's the only two I've got of them sort; but I'll bring you over one the next time I come.

The peddler placed the knife in his pack and commenced to devour huge slices of pork and bread, which he had brought with him.—The countrymen, having drank their beer, rose, and bidding Peter good-morning, and mumbling to themselves that "that stranger was a mighty uncivil chap, and that they didn't half like the looks of him," departed.

The peddler's meal being finished, he lit his pipe and began to smoke, but, fatigued with his long walk, he laid his head on the table, and soon fell asleep.

About half an hour after this, when the peddler awoke, the stranger was gone. Strapping his pack on his back, he began to look around for his stick. It was not there.

Well, he said, I could have sworn I brought that stick in here with me; but I suppose that I left it up at Daniel Keen's: I'll go back and see. I wouldn't lose my old horse for any money.

Cheerily strode the peddler up the hill leading to old Keen's house. He was an honest, faithful old man, and his occupation taking through all parts of the country, he had imbibed a strong love for the natural and picturesque. The view which spread itself before him as he rose to the drown of the hill was very beautiful, gloriged, as it was, by the warm tints of the setting sun, and he sat down and gazed on it. He sat for some time, drinking its beauties, till the waning light warned him it was time to be moving.

Arrived at the house, the peddler knocked at the door. He then pulled the string as he was wont, and pushed the door to enter; but it was fastened. He tapped again, and he waited; but he got no answer.

Daniel Keen's house was situated in a lonely place, and of late the place had fallen into decay, and one side had been pronounced dangerous.

The peddler waited a few minutes, and then tapped a third time; he was beginning to feel uneasy. It was too early under ordinary circumstances, for the old man to have retired to rest, and he feared he might be ill.

When he knocked the third time, he listened for he fancied he heard footsteps descending the stairs They approached the door, softly, and he heard some one breathing shortly and quickly on the other side of the door.

In another instant the door was opened and the peddler entered, and it was quickly closed again, and the bar dropped in its place.

Towards ten o'clock a cottager, who lived on the West Comford road, saw a man at his door, pale and trembling. The man whose name was Blackman, did not bear the best of characters. He was a notorious poacher.

What's the matter? asked the cottager, when he had opened the door. You look as if you had seen a ghost.

Something's wrong up at Keen's Jack; and, if I haven't seen something as would frighten anybody.

What did you see, mate?

I'll tell you. You see, I was just going down to Blissett's Bottom, to see if I could find a hare or a leveret or two, when as I goes past old Keen's, I see a light moving about.—Think's I, that funny. What's the old fellow doing at this time of night? I goes on, but somehow I didn't think it was all right; so I goes back, and just as I gets up to the door, I sees the light pass from one room to the other. Surely, says I that's never old Keen; and knocked at the door. The light had come into the sleeping-room just before I knocked. As soon as I had, I heard footsteps go back up the stairs, but nobody came to the door; so then I looked in at the window, for the shutters wasn't fastened, and there I saw a terrible sight. The candle was on the table, and on the floor lay a man—poor old Daniel; and I think he was dead, for his face was white, and there was blood on his gaberdine and on the floor. Just as I was looking in, there was a noise, then a cry, and then a groan, I can tell you, mate, I was so scared I didn't stop for nothing, but ran off here as fast as I could.

We'll go back, said the cottager, whose name was Bedwell, and call up Jabez Banks as we go along.

The two men started for Banks' cottage and in less than half an hour the three were back at the lone house inhabited by Daniel Keen.

All was now dark, and the door resisted all their efforts; they were, therefore, obliged to return for some means of opening it.

Meantime, let us return to the peddler.—No sooner was the door closed and barred, than a hand was on his shoulder, his feet were knocked from under him, and he fell heavily to the floor. He attempted to rise, but a blow from an unseen hand laid him prostrate, and the next instant a mist floated before his eyes, and in another moment he was unconcious.

When he recovered his senses, there was a light on the table, and a man with his back toward him was in the act of wrenching open one of the cupboards. The peddlar started as though he would rise, and the movement caught the quick ear of the robber, and he turned suddenly round. As the light flashed upon his face the peddlar uttered a cry, exclaiming:

Heaven have mercy upon me! It is Fro—

Oh! you know me, then? cried the man, springing towards him; but he suddenly recoiled.

My father! he cried. What a cursed chance! I did not mean to harm him.

At the sight of his son the the old peddler closed his eyes and sank back horror-stricken; but in a moment he opened them and fixed them on his son, and as he gazed such appeared rivetted the one upon the other.

The son cowered before the meek, uplifted eyes of his poor death-stricken father. He stood for some moments spell-bound. The peddler's lips moved as if in prayer, a shudder passed through his frame as his eyes closed.

Relieved of the reproachful eyes, the man's evil passions seemed to return once more.

It's my cursed ill-luck! he said, seizing the candle. Where can the old fool have stowed his money? and he proceeded once more to search the house.

After a time he noticed a door which he had not previously opened; there was no key, but a blow from his powerful arm and it flew open. At first glance the room appeared empty; but a second glance showed in one corner an iron-bound box. To break open the box was the work of a moment, and the next, a heap of shining gold lay before him.

With a cry of exhultation he commenced to trasfer it to his pockets. When he had secured it all he seized the candle, and decended into the room below. There lay the the bodies of his father and old Daniel Keen. He was just looking at the peddler's body, fancying the chest showed signs of life, when he was alarmed by a loud knocking at the door. He hastily set down the candle and rushed up stairs. In a minute or two after there was a cry, a noise of the falling of some heavy body, and a deep groan, and then all was still again.

When the three men returned to old Keen's house they brought with them a lantern and a crowbar. The door was forced, and a sorrowful sight met their view. The room bore evidence of a struggle having taken place, and on the ground lay two old men, weltering in their own blood.

On examining the body of the peddler it was evident that life was not extinct, and one the men set off to the village, to give alarm and pocure mediael aid.

In the meantime the other two proceeded to search the house. As they ascended the stairs they were alarmed by a sound; but from whence it proceeded they could not exactly tell; but it seemed as though it came from an upper room. It was low, hollow sound, as of some one in pain. They stopped to listen, but all was silent. They advanced slowly and cautiously up the stairs, for they felt certain that the murderer was in the house and though they were not positevely cowards, they feared he might spring upon them unawares, and at any moment. On they went now startled by the loud creaking of the stairs and now alarmed by the echo of their own exclamations of terror.

Then came a low wailing, as if the wind was moaning in melancholy cadence in the trees outside, and they stopped again. Was it the wind or was it a human cry?

With many stoppings, and great excitement, they searched every room in the house. On their return they looked in at the rooms which was shut. At one moment they thought they saw a form moving in dim shade at one end of the room. Just at that moment a gust of wind extinguished the candle, which one of them had incautiously taken out of the lantern, and they were left in darkness.

Without waiting for any thing more, the two men made their way down stairs and procured another light.

At this moment they were joined by the doctor and his assistant, together with the constable and Banks; and now emboldened by numbers, they searched the house thoroughly but no traces of the murderer could be discovered.

The doctor pronounced Daniel Keen to be dead; but there was life still in the peddler, and he hoped for the best.

The excitement the next morning was great in Aspendale, and in the course of it reached West Comford and strange rumors were circulateld as to the murderer.

Circumstances also transpired which, in the minds of most people, seemed to fix the murder upon the peddler. The instrument with which the murder was perpetrated proved to be the very knife which the countryman, Brown, had refused to buy on account, of the flaw in the blade, and which was known to have been in his possesion a few hours before the murder was discovered.

If any one objected, and pointed out that the peddlar was desperately wounded, that was said to be no obstacle to his guilt, as the man might have turned upon him.

Another thing which favored this idea was, that though the peddler was partially recovered he refused to give any account of the transaction.

An inquest was holden, but nothing transpired to throw any further light on the mystery, except that Black affirmed he looked that he looked through the keyhole, and he fancied he saw the face of a man, and, if it was a man, he was a stranger, and had a dark beard.

This called to Mr. Finch's mind the stranger, he had seen in the tap-room of the Red Lion, and a search was immediately instituted but no trace of such a person could be found; nor had an one seen him after he had left the public house.

The search for the stranger having passed, public suspicion next fell upon Blackman, and he was arrested.

On hearing this, Peter Coombs was greatly ex[illegible] and a report was circulated that the peddler had confessed.

In the course of the following day unfavorable symptoms set in, and before midnight the peddler had breathed his last. The last word that he spoke was in attestation of Blackman's innocence, and his last act to sign a deposition to that effect; but nothing could induce him to say anything more.

This was enough; and in the estimation of every one, Peter Coombs died a murderer.

And did the real murderer escape? Let us see.

A few months after, the house in which this foul deed had been perpetrated was pulled down. It was then discovered that there was a back staircase communicating with an upper room. The stairs from decay, had fallen, and at the bottom was discovered the remains of a man, in an advanced stage of decomposition. On examining the clothes, the whole of the murdered man's money was found upon him besides papers proving his identity.

It was the peddler's dissipated and long-lost son.

### May—Farmer's Month.

The present month is usually an interetsing and busy month among the cultivators of the soil. Gardeners and Farmers are now busy, all engaged in making appropriate use of the "seed time" promised by the Creator a promise that has never failed to fulfilment.

"As you plant so shall you reap." As a general thing this saying is verified. Unless one plants and sows he cannot expect to harvest. If one neglects his garden or his farm in seed time, he has no claim for reward in autumn, when the industrious man shall be rejoicing over his ingathered crops.

True, storm, drouth, matters of unfavorable nature, one kind and another, await the path of the farmer. He cannot always count on a full or a paying crop. But are the disadvantages in the farmer's case any more or any worse than in the pathway of any business or professional man? Not at all. Each has his dark days and his bright ones. Adversity and prosperity are the mixed portion of every man's lot. No one is exempt.

Be hopeful, be industrious is each man's duty. We enjoin them upon our farmers.—May is the month for activity. Plant and sow. Procure good seed. Be careful on this point. Put your grain on the part of your farm best adapted to its growth. And so of your potatoes, beans and vegetables. Barley will thrive where potatoes will do but poorly, and your field of beans will not flourish where oats will do well. Study your locations as regards late and early frosts, the effect of heavy rains, or excessive drouth.

Change grain, potatoes and other seeds with some farmer twenty miles distant. It will pay you to do so. Have your soil well cultivated. Do your work expecting pay, for the sake of pay which is the returning harvest. Some persons have a season of bustle and hurry in farming, "for the sake of getting it out of the way" of something else more important. This is a wrong theory and is worse than no farming at all. Be industrious, be careful, doing all your farm work in expectation of the bountiful harvest. One has no right to expect a good crop of anything he sows or plants, unless he bestowes care and attention. See how the master ship carpenter bestows his attention and toils for months in producing his noble craft. So it is with the master mechanic in any business; so it is with laborers in shops, saw mills, factories or anywhere—so it ought to be with the farmers and his laborers.

Farmers are realizing well now a-days for their labor. Every kind of farm produce is at a high figure and will be beyond a doubt for a year to come. Plant and sow, hoe take care, protect your growing crops watch and wait, the harvest time like that of the seed time, is promised, and the promise never can fail.

### THE ELECTIONS.

The following are the dates of the Elections in the several Counties named below:—

| | Nom. | Election. | Dec. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Carleton, | " 22, | 26, | " 8 |
| Albert, | " 25, | 29, | 31, |
| Sunbury, | " 26, | 30, June | 2, |
| Gloucester, | | 30, | |
| York, | " 26, | June 1, " | 4, |
| Queen's, | | " 5, | |
| St. John Co. | June 2, | " 6, " | 9, |
| " " City, | " 2, | " 7, " | 9, |
| Charlotte, | " 7, | " 12, " | 16, |
| Restigouche, | " 25, | 30, | |
| Westmorland, | June 1, | " 5, " | 8, |


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