

The St. Andrews Standard.

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E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 40

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 1, 1873.

Vol 40

& CAPS

IRON VARIETY.

Oxford, Dolly Varden, Duke
other styles to numerous to
be Monarch Shakespeare Paper
or its perfect fit and durability,
all line of Gents. Furnishing

Switches in Jute and Linen,
s and small wares. Ladies
s BOOTS & SHOES, worked
s and OTTAMANS.

White and colored, plain, striped
tations—in bleached and un-
& Miller's White Cottons,
ings, &c.
Small Profits and quick
lock shall be sold at the lowest
ost.
ore on the corner of Water-
and opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-
ket.

JAMES BRADLEY,
St. Andrews.

NOTICE.

if a serious accident occurring
leaving obstructions on the
the public are hereby no-
ticed that the cost of ad-
vertising notices in this
paper will be paid by the
party in default according

drawn 20th Nov. 1872
THOMAS HIRWELL,
Commissioner District No. 1.

NOTICE

that the following Non-Res-
ident in the Parish of St. George,
has under for the year 1872, and
together with the cost of ad-
vertising notices in this
paper will be paid by the
party in default according to
law:—
RONALD CAMPBELL,
Collector.

G MACHINES.

FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
Original Weid Sewing
Machines.
These machines are now on
hand for the public are invited to
try them.

JAMES STOOPE,
Agent.

Farm for Sale

offers for sale his Property at
Richmond, a splendid view
of Bay, the Islands and sur-
rounding country. The place is
pleasantly situated, the soil is
rich, the water is pure, and the
climate is healthy. The farm
contains 100 Acres, and is
well cultivated; cuts 20
good pastures, is well watered,
and on the premises are a
siding house, with two large
mills.
It will be sold with or without
the her particulars, apply at the
place, or to

JAMES ORR, Jr.,
on the premises.

SLACK TEA.

Pointers from New York.
SOUCHEON TEA.
and or duty paid at lowest rates
TODD CLEWLEY & CO.,
St. Stephen.

HANGE HOTEL,

King Street.
Stephen N.B.
J. NEILL, Proprietor

Canada Ale.

Canada Bitter Ale.
J. W. STREET

rely given, that His Excellency
General, by an Order in Coun-
cil, the 28th instant, and under the
in him, by the 2nd Section of the
Act, has been pleased to order,
he following articles be trans-
ported, which may be imported
duty free, viz:—
and Wollen Netting and Fish,
excepted of Gloves and Mitts.
By Command.
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

IMPORTATION.

bridges & Son's best Stouts
ness Dub in Porter, quarts
J. W. STREET.

Poetry.

PRASE.

Flower blossom, tell me true,
Why was your perfume given to you?
"That all might know," the flower contested,
"How God blesses the lowliest."
Robin red-breast, let me hear
Wherefore your voice is so sweet and clear?
"A thankful heart," then whistled he,
"Is the secret of all melody."
Waiving corn-field, speak me fair,
How did you come by your yellow hair?
"When the sun gave me his after kiss,
What return would I make but this?"
Stars illumine the depth of night,
Where did you borrow your kindly light?
"From the fountain whence all beauty flows
A drop was given to us that glows."
Brooklet, running away in the sun,
Where did you gather your bubbles, each one?
"God's snows and rains have lent unto me
That which I hasten to give to the sea."
Where did you find the colors seven
That paint your picture, rainbow, in heaven?
"When first God said, 'Let light begin,'
These were the colors that entered in."

THE STANDARD.

The "Aldine."

It is a difficult task for the pen to describe the
artistic beauties of the October ALDINE, a number
which flashes with rare gems of art, even as the
October foliage assumes Oriental splendors. There
are four full-page pictures in this issue, each a
master production, by celebrated artists. Mr. John S.
Davis has a lovely picture called "Nutting," a
group of children beneath chestnut trees; Mr.
Alexander Lawrie gives a grand view of Eliza-
beth Valley, in the world-famed Ashcroft dis-
trict of New York; Mr. Holman Hunt, the fam-
ous English artist, is represented by "The Eve of
St. Agnes," and Mrs. Greville has a characteris-
tic sketch of an old house in New York City, the
Harlem Mansion. Besides these great pictures,
Mr. Kruseman Van Elten gives a mid-summer
view on Salmon Brook, in Conn., Mr. J. McEntee,
of the National Academy, has a brilliant and
dreamy October sketch called "Falling Leaves,"
as good as anything which ever came from the
pen of this famous artist; a bird picture of a
dock and sparrows, called "Opulence and Indig-
ence," is after Gustavus Lutz; an original Ameri-
can landscape scene represents the sight of wild
goose over a ready lake; there is a magnificent
portrait of the beautiful and accomplished Anglica
Kaufmann; and Benjamin Vanier, one of the
most popular painters at Düsseldorf, has a charm-
ing German interior, called "Poor Pansy." The
remaining illustrations are a little gem, "The
Summer Shower," and a view of "The Hinfen-
see, in Upper Bavaria." No art journal in the
new world has ever attempted to give in one num-
ber so many rare and beautiful pictures. The
literary contents of the October "Aldine" are un-
usually brilliant and piquant; as crisp as the air
of October. In poetry Geo. W. Sears writes of
"October," Marie S. Ladd, of "Endeavor," W.
W. Bailey, of "The Forest Spring," W. L. Sho-
emaker, of "The Red Lily," and Nellie C. Has-
tings, of "A Dead Life." A better collection of
poems seldom appears in an American magazine.
In romance Lucy Ellen Gurnsey has a gracefully
written story called "Penelope's Web," and W.
F. Yocum, a thrilling tale of the "Loss of the 'Oro-
fino.'" James Jackson Jarvis writes of "The
Lady of Belleguardo," who was the intimate
friend of Mrs. Browning; Mrs. M. Despard de-
scribes the old "Harrison House," Francis Tiffany
has an essay on "The Race for Depicting Reality,"
in which he narrates the love life of Moliere;
there is a lengthy sketch of Angelica Kaufmann;
and Cath Brittle has an amusing chapter on
"Curious Advertisements." Dr. Fuller-Walker,
the editor of the "The Aldine," has articles on
"St. Agnes," "Salmon Brook," "Falling Leaves,"
"Elizabeth Valley," "Among the Birds," and "A
German Interior." He also writes of the "Con-
tinent Park Brasses" in the art column, and of Phi-
lip Gilbert Hamerton's "Intellectual Life," and
the President of Spain's (Emilio Castelar) "Old
Rome and New Italy." The musical department
contains a variety of art poems and literary
sketches of the highest order. Subscription price
\$3 including Chromo "Village Belle" and "Crops
and the Moor." James Sutton & Co., publishers,
28 Maiden Lane, New York.

Now put your hat on the trench-coat hook,
and out it in the chaise brook, for when the
south-west wind blows, he'll surely go for that
angle worm.

A STRANGE ADOPTION.

"Oh, father, Eva is lost!"
Such was the exclamation of John, my youngest
brother, as, out of breath from running, and wild
with excitement, he dashed into the kitchen, where
we sat round the breakfast-table in our new home
in Western Canada.
"Eva lost! Explain yourself!" said father, turn-
ing quickly to him.
John dropped into a chair, gave a gasp or two
to recover breath sufficient to speak, and said,
"You know she went with me after the cows. They
were off in the woods, and it was night by the time
we found them. We were driving them home,
and just got to the edge of the woods, when of a
sudden, I felt her hand withdraw from mine. I
stopped and called to her, but she made no reply.
Then I began searching for her, but in vain; she
had mysteriously disappeared. Once, as I was
leaving the spot, I thought I heard a little cry, and
stopped and called to her, but received no answer."
We were all very much startled at this bit of
news. The girls fell to weeping, and mother
showed signs of relapsing into hysterics, while
father, Fred, and I stared blankly into each other's
faces.
Eva—the bright, fairy, little three-year-old—
the pet of the whole family—gone—lost? Im-
possible!
Did you make a thorough search for her? asked
father, addressing John.
Yes—as complete as I could.
Well, we must look for her, said he, rising to his
feet. Light the lantern, boys, and prepare to fol-
low me. Wife, you and the girls stay here till
we get back. We'll doubtless find the child.
We left the house, and proceeded to the spot
where John (who accompanied us) said he had
missed Eva. Holding the lantern close down to
the earth, we commenced a diligent search for the
little child, but all in vain, not one trace of her
could we discover. At last, when it was near
midnight, wearied with our fruitless quest, we re-
turned to the house.
A sleepless night I passed. Eva's face was ever
before me—that sweet childish face with its wealth
of golden hair and its large blue eyes. Should I
ever see it again?
Day broke; and ere the sun peeped over the
eastern horizon, I, accompanied by the whole fam-
ily, were at the edge of the woods searching for
lost Eva. Vain search! Not even a foot-print of
the little one could we discover.
And so the days passed, till a month had flown
by, but still no clue of the missing Eva.
Mother was taken ill. The physician was sum-
moned, and pronounced her in a dangerous state.
She grew rapidly worse, and the doctor finally
gave up all hopes of her recovery.
The uncertainty of her daughter's fate is killing
her, was his decision.
One day, at dusk, as I was wandering aimlessly
through the woods, near where Eva had disap-
peared, a low cry suddenly brought me to a stand-
still. I listened. The cry was repeated. Good
heavens! was I dreaming! The cry was Eva's!
But from whence did it come? I listened around.
Nothing met my gaze but a forest of trees, and a
few birds and squirrels skipping about on the
branches. Again I listened; then, as the cry was
repeated, I gave a start of surprise. It seemed to
come from directly under my feet!
Where was Eva that I should hear the sound
of her voice under the earth on which I was then
standing. While I was thus deliberating, a slug-
gy head was suddenly thrust up out of the earth a
short distance away, and the next instant the
shoulders and body of a large grey wolf followed.
The animal paused a moment to shake himself,
and then trotted leisurely off through the forest.
It did not observe me, as I was standing in the
shadow of a large oak.
No sooner was the wolf out of sight than I ran
forward to the spot where it had emerged from
the earth. A large black hole, fringed at the
mouth with some bushes and a heavy growth of
grass was what I saw; and while I knelt beside it,
a low faint cry reached my ears. Like lightning
the whole truth in regard to Eva's mysterious dis-
appearance burst upon me. She was at the bot-
tom of the hole, in the wolf's den.
His wolfship had doubtless found her lying on
the ground the night she was lost, and taken her to
his den to adopt her, as one of his cubs. Wolves
frequently do such things, especially when they
have lost their own young.
Now the question arose, how shall I get her
out? To be sure, I might light one of the lucifer
matches I carried in my pocket, and go down for
her; but suppose there was another wolf within?
I had a revolver; but, even with that, it would be
a ticklish matter for me—a youth of seventeen—to
beard a wolf in his den.
Shall I go down? I glanced nervously into the
Stygian darkness as I put that question to myself.
I thought of home—of my father—my poor sick
mother, whose life might even now be saved were
her child restored to her. The thought gave me
courage.

Yes, I will go down, wolf or no wolf, I conclud-
ed, resolutely, drawing my revolver and matches
from my pocket. One of the matches I lighted,
and then, with my cocked revolver in my hand, I
began crawling into the cave. Once I paused ir-
resolute, my knees beginning to tremble; but then
setting my teeth firmly together, I pressed on. A
little further, and my heart gave a great bound as
I saw, curled up on a pile of leaves at the bottom
of the den, little Eva. No wolf, or other animal
of any kind, was visible.
Tenderly I lifted her up, and kissed her pale
cheeks. The soft blue eyes opened. "Walter!"
came in a whisper from between the quiv-
ering lips. "Yes, dear," I said. "Hush! don't
cry till I get you out of this horrid place."
She wound her chubby arms around my neck,
and nestled closely against my breast. Turning,
I began slowly to crawl out of the den.
I had nearly reached the mouth, and was be-
ginning to congratulate myself in not meeting with
the wolf, when, chancing to lift my head, I saw a
light that fairly froze the blood in my veins with
a fear and horror.
Standing at the mouth of the den was the wolf;
his lips wide apart, revealing a double row of long,
sharp looking fangs, his eyes glowing down upon
me like balls of fire!
For a moment I was as one paralyzed. But
only for a moment. The next, and I had taken
aim with my revolver at the brute, and pulled the
trigger.
A report that fairly stunned me, the shock of a
heavy body falling on me, a sudden, terrible pain
in my arm, followed by a spurt of blood in my
face, and I knew that the wolf was attacking me.
Desperately I used my weapon on the fierce ani-
mal. The cave was filled with hot, suffocating
smoke, and the reports of my revolver were deaf-
ening. But the wolf still clung, still tore me in
a terrible manner.
My strength was going fast. Desperately I
struggled with the wolf; but, weakened by loss of
blood, stifled by the sulphurous smoke of my re-
volver, I succumbed to his attacks, and fell on the
hard ground in a deep swoon.
When I awoke, I was lying in bed in my own
room. The physician stood at my side, anxiously
gazing in my face; and close by sat mother, with
Eva on her lap.
Two weeks had passed since father and my
brothers rescued me from the wolf. During the
whole time I had been delirious, they told me, but
was now convalescent.
Mother was well. The restoration of Eva to
her had infused new life into her veins, and raised
her from her bed of sickness, where the loss of the
little one had placed her.
The Irish Sun Fish.
In a recent issue of the New York "Sun,"
notice was taken of five fishermen who were
drowned off the Irish coast by the struggles of
a Sun fish, which the men were endeavoring
to capture.
As interesting discussion arose in Ireland
between Mr. Brady, the English Inspector of
Fisheries, and Mr. Wollpoll the Irish Inspector
of Fisheries, in regard to the size and charac-
ter of the fish. The English and Irish in-
spectors describe different kinds of fish, though
both bore the same name.
The Sun fish spoken of by Mr. Brady, is the
Scleractia Maxima, or Black Shark, which
reaches a length of thirty or forty feet, and is
the largest species of fish proper that swims in
the sea. It exceeds the Tunny and the Sword-
fish, and were it as ferocious as the
White Shark, it would be the terror of the
ocean. Luckily it never devours animals of
any size and has never been known to attack
man. This Shark lives in the Northern
Atlantic and its capture is regularly under-
taken by the hardy Icelanders for the oil that
is contained in the liver. It is a sluggish
monster and can be easily approached by a
harpooner. They wander down as far as
Portugal on the European coast, and as far
as New York along the shores of America.
On account of its size no good figure of it has
ever been taken.
The Sun fish that Mr. Wollpoll, the Irish
Inspector means, was the Cephalus or
Orthogoriscus Mola, a remarkable fish also,
looking like a huge head only, tailless and
covered with a tough leathery hide beset with
prickles, and belonging to the order of Plecto-
gaster or a-sid-jawed fish, to which the well-
known Puffer, Shark or Balloon-fish also be-
long. This fish basks sometimes apparently
asleep on the sea, and is often caught near
our shores, reaching a weight of several hun-
dred pounds. It is also called a Sun-fish,
and sometimes Moon fish or Head fish.
If a positive scientific name, no matter how
old, were always added to the popular name
of an animal when it is noticed, much con-
fusion would be avoided.
"Ah! Mr. Simkins, we have not enough
chairs for our company," said a gay wife to
her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, my
dear, but too much company," replied the
husband.

ST. PATRICK'S CENTRAL Agricultural Society's FAIR.

The Society will hold its Annual
CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR,
On Tuesday the 14th October next,
At Hugh Monahan's Farm,
in the Parish of St. Patrick, when the follow-
ing Premiums will be offered, viz:—

Prizes 1st 2nd 3rd			
Horses.			
Best Draft Horse	\$1 50	1 25	1 00
Mare & Foal	1 50	1 25	1 00
Cattle.			
Best Colt 2 years old	1 50	1 25	1 00
Do 1 year	1 00	80	75
Neat Cattle.			
Best pair Oxen	1 50	1 25	1 00
2 years old Steers	1 00	75	50
1 do	75	50	25
Steer Calves	75	50	25
Best Bull	1 50	1 25	1 00
Bull 2 years old	1 00	75	50
Do 1 "	75	50	25
Best Bull Calf	75	50	25
Milch Cow	1 50	1 25	1 00
Heifer 2 years old	1 00	75	50
Do 1 "	75	50	25
Spring Calf	75	50	25
Sheep.			
Best Ram	1 00	90	80
Ram Lamb	90	80	70
Pair Ewes	1 00	90	80
Pair Ewe Lambs	75	60	50
Swine.			
Best Boar	1 00	90	80
Spring Pig	90	80	70
Grain.			
Best bushel Wheat	1 00	90	80
Harley	90	80	70
White Oats	70	60	50
Black Oats	70	60	50
Black Wheat	70	60	50
Pears	90	80	70
Beans	90	80	70
Grass Seed	1 25	1 00	75
Roots & Vegetables.			
Bus Early Rose Potatoes	80	70	60
Moss Roots	80	70	60
Markies	80	70	60
Jackson Whites	80	70	60
The two next best samples			
unmixed 75 cents each			
Carrots	75	50	40
Berets	75	50	40
Bushel Apples	90	80	70
Clothes.			
In samples not less than ten yards.			
Cotton & wool Satinets	1 00	90	80
Do twilled	90	80	70
Do plain	70	60	50
All wool undressed	1 00	90	80
Best pr Blankets all wool	1 00	90	80
Do do cotton & wool	90	80	70
Pair Woolen Socks	45	40	30
Double Mitts	50	40	30
Do Gloves	50	40	30
Knit Drawers	75	60	50
Domestic Hearth Rug	60	50	40
Patchwork Quilt	70	60	40
Knit Shawl	60	50	40
Stocking yarn double-d, lb.	60	50	40
Honey.			
Best Honey in the comb	1 00	80	75
Fowl.			
Best six Turkeys	90	80	70
Regulations.			
1. No Entries to be made after 10 o'clock A. M. on the day of the Fair.			
2. All Stock and other articles must be shown the property of the exhibitor.			
3. All grain and roots must be the produce of the exhibitor's farm.			
4. That a list of names and the number of articles be handed to the Secretary before 10 o'clock A. M. on the day of the Show.			
5. That any member who receives Two Dollars and upwards, shall leave one for his subscription the following year.			
6. The Society will sell their Bull on the same day, at public competition.			
HUGH MONAHAN, St. Patrick, S. p. 16, 1873. Sec'y.			

"O," gasped Mr. Monahan, as she as-
cended the stairs of her new residence, "I
really cannot run up any more stairs."
"Of course not," answered her husband, "but if
the stairs were made of drossmaker's tins, you
could run them up very easily." "I do de-
test pans," exclaimed Mrs. Weighty, the next
day, recounting the conversation to a friend.

The ex-steward of a ship, who was at one
time a respectable physician in Stockholm,
Sweden, was a witness in a case before the
Montreal Police Court a few days ago, and
testified that after having received a bribe of
\$15 to keep away from court he made ar-
rangements whereby he was arrested and com-
pelled to appear. His testimony in the case
must have been very reliable.

The Bank Returns.
In looking over the official Returns of the
different Banking Institutions, our attention
was especially directed to the large amounts
invested in foreign countries by some of our
most prominent Banks. The Bank of Mon-
treal has a capital of \$11,677,940; the Bank
of British North America, \$4,886,666. The
first of these institutions has invested in
foreign countries no less a sum than \$4,507,
640, and the latter, \$2,492,153. It is a
significant fact that the amount of deposits on
which the Bank of Montreal pays interest is
\$5,530,385, and that of the Bank of British
North America, \$1,452,215. The inevitable
conclusion appears to be, that all these deposits
go out of the country for speculative purposes,
increasing the capital of foreign countries, and
decreasing our own about \$8,000,000.
The difference is shown in three institutions,
and of their relative value to the country by
the fact that the Bank of New Brunswick,
which has a capital of \$1,000,000, has only
the trifling sum of \$7,488 invested outside of
the Province, and this sum is absolutely
needed to carry on its legitimate business.
The entire capital stock is therefore available
to the business of the Province, together with
\$1,001,514, the amount of deposits shown
by the Returns, while is a very large pro-
portion of the capital of the two first named
banks, are used for purposes entirely different
from what was anticipated when their chart-
ers were granted, and it is a great question if
the system of speculation in which they are
involved, is not altogether illegitimate, and
consequently should be discouraged.
It is clearly evident that so much money
being sent out of the country for such pur-
poses has a serious effect upon our trade and
commerce; cramps our energies, and is the
main cause of that stringency in the money
market which has been and is so generally
experienced the present time. One cannot
help but feel that institutions which engage in
such speculations, and are constantly with-
drawing large sums of money from the Do-
minion and investing it elsewhere, are a great
drawback to the country; and that some
legislative action is necessary to restrain their
powers, so as to prevent in some way this
constant and ruinous drain upon our resources.
—[Frederick Express.

CAN DOGS IMPART INTELLIGENCE TO ONE
ANOTHER?—With regard to dogs communi-
cating intelligence to one another, I may
mention that I have often observed them do-
ing so. According to my experience, dogs
must be much above the average in intelligence,
and the gesture they invariably employ is a
contact of heads with a motion between a rub
and a butt. It is quite different from anything
that occurs in play, and is always followed by
some definite course of action. One example
will suffice. A Sky-terrier (not exactly pure)
was asleep in the room where I was, while his
son lay upon a wall which separates the lawn
from the high road. The young dog, when
alone, would never attack a stranger one, but
was a keen fighter when in company with his
father. Upon the present occasion a large
mongrel passed along the road, and, shortly
afterwards, the old dog awoke and went
sleepily down stairs. When he arrived upon
the door-step his son ran up to him and made
the sign just described. His whole manner
immediately altered to that of high animation,
and, clearing the wall together, the two ani-
mals ran down the road as terriers only can
when pursuing an enemy. I watched them
for a mile and a half, within which distance
their speed never abated, although the object
of their pursuit had not from the first been in
sight.—Nature.

OLD PETE'S CONSCIENCE.—The colored
brother who is conscious of the infirmities of
man, and aspires to a higher and purer life, is
seldom without words to express his emotions,
albeit sometimes in phrases more direct and
blunt than elegant. So it was with an old
negro named Pete, who was very much trou-
bled about his sins. Perceiving him one day
with a downcast look, his master asked him the
cause.
"Oh, massa, I'm such a great sinner!"
"But, Pete," said his master, "you are fool-
ish to take it so much to heart. You never
see me troubled about my sins."
"I know de reason, massa," said Pete:
"when you go out duck shooting, and kill one
bird and wound another, don't you run after
de wounded duck?"
"Yes, Pete," said the master, wondering
what was coming next.
"Well, massa, dat is de way and manner
mas. De debil's got you safe; but as he is
not sure of me, he is chase dis child all de
time."—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's
Magazine for October.

A new family are the McMullens. One
of them testified under oath that his brother,
who figures conspicuously in the Canada
Pacific Railroad scandal, sold the Allen
correspondence to Opposition leaders for \$200,
000, and now the accused answers that his
brother is a liar.