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The St. Andrews Standard.

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No 29

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 21, 1869.

Vol 36

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Friday, 25th day of June, 1869.

PRESENT:
His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and the Honorable the Minister of the Interior, His Excellency has been pleased to make the following Regulations under the provisions of the 8th and 5th Sections of the Act 31 Vic. Chap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs."

On, from and after the First day of July next, the Port of Three Rivers, in the Province of Quebec, now an Out Port under the Survey of the Port of Quebec, shall be a Port of Entry and a Warehousing Port for all the purposes of the Act above referred to.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk of Privy Council.

July 14

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Friday, 25th day of June, 1869.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

WHEREAS by Section 53, Chap. 6, 31st Vic. 1867, the Governor in Council is authorized to make regulations respecting Warehousing Ports and Bonding Warehouses;

His Excellency in Council on the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the authority aforesaid, has been pleased to Order, and it is hereby Declared that in each of the Ports of Hamilton, London, Toronto and Kingston, in the Province of Ontario, in Montreal and Quebec, in the Province of Quebec, in St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and in Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, each person obtaining or having the right and privilege of using any store or building, as a Bonding Warehouse, for such purposes, pay to the Collector of Customs, on the first day of September in each year, the sum of fifty dollars, and if the same shall remain unpaid for the term of one month thereafter, then the privilege of using such store or building as a Bonding Warehouse shall be cancelled.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk of Privy Council.

July 14

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
Thursday, 24th day of June, 1869.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the authority of the Act 31 Vic. Chap. 12, intitled: "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to Order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following Ports of Entry, under the Survey of the respective Ports hereinafter mentioned, that is to say:

The Port of Pugwash, Wallace and Joggins, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Amherst.

The Port of Advocate Harbour and Ratchford's River, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Parbo.

The Port of Little Bras d'Or to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of North Sydney.

The Ports of Tatmagouche and Merrigouish, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Pictou.

The Ports of Beaver River, Fabrics, and Tasset, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Yarmouth.

The Ports of Clementsport and Thorne's Cove, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Annapolis.

The Ports of Harbour Au Bouche and Little River, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Antigonish.

The Port of St. Peters, and the Port of Richmond, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Arichat.

The Ports of Great Bras d'Or and St. Anne, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Baddeck.

Port William to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Bridgetown.

The Ports of Canada Creek, French Cross, Harbottle, and Horton, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Cornwallis.

The Port of Tangier, to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Halifax.

The Ports of Bear River, Sandy Cove, Westport, and Freepoint, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Digby.

The Port of Margaree, to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Lunenburg.

The Ports of Five Islands and Truro, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Lunenburg.

The Ports of the Bay, Malbone Bay and Chester, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Lunenburg.

The Port of Wilmot to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Margaree.

The Ports of Cape Canoe, Guysborough, Isaacs Harbor, and St. Mary's River, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Sydney.

The Port of La Tour, to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Barrington.

The Ports of Langan, Louisbourg, Main A Dieu, Glace Bay, Cow Bay and Caledonia, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Sydney.

The Ports of Acadia, Bellevue Cove and Gilbert's Cove, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Weymouth.

The Ports of Cheverie, Hantsport, Walton, and Maitland, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Windsor.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk of Privy Council.

July 14

Interesting Tale.

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

Mr. John Somers was a merchant, doing business in a thriving country village. He had two clerks in his employ, but with some differences in minor points of character. Peter White was twenty-one years of age, the child of a now widowed mother, and in his choice of a profession, he had only been governed by the desire to yield to his mother and sell the surest means of honest support.

Walter Sturgis was of the same age, and equally honest, but he paid more attention to outward appearances of things, than did his companions. For instance, it galled him to put on his frock and coat and overall, help pack up pork and potatoes, and so on; while Peter cared not what he did, so long as it was honest.

One day Mr. Somers called the two young men into his counting room and closed the door after him. His countenance looked troubled, and it was some moments before he spoke.

"Boys," he said at length, "I have been doing a very foolish thing. I have lent my name to the— I thought my friends and they have ruined me. I gave them accommodation notes, and they promised solemnly that these notes should pass their hands, save to such men as I might accept. Of course I took their notes in exchange. They have now failed and cleared out, and have left my paper in the market to the amount of seven or eight thousand. I may rise again, but I must give up my business. Everything in the store is attached, and I am left utterly powerless to do business now. I have looked over your accounts, and I find that I owe you about a hundred dollars each. Now I have just a hundred dollars in money, and a small piece of land on the side of hill just back of the town house. There are four acres of land, and I have been offered a hundred dollars for it, by those who have land adjoining. I fear this blow which has come upon me, and I convey this land to my brother; so that he can convey it to whom he pleases. Now I wish you would make your choice. If I could pay you both money, I would; but as I cannot, one of you must take this land. What say you? You, Walter, have been with me the longest, and you shall say first."

Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, and he said:

"I am sure I don't want the land, unless I could sell it right off.

"Ah, but that won't do, returned Mr. Somers. If you take the land, you must keep it. Were you to sell it, my creditors would say at once that you did it for me, and that I pocketed the money."

"Then I am willing to divide the hundred dollars with Peter, for if I had the land I should do nothing with it.

"You need not divide the money, for I can easily raise the hundred dollars on the land. My brother will do that. But I imagined that you would prefer the land for I knew the soil was good, though quite rocky. However, what say Peter?"

"Why, I will take the land, returned Peter, or I will divide equally with Walter—each of us to take half of the money, and half of the land."

"But what should I want with the land?" said Walter. "I could not work it. I should hardly like to descend from a clerkship to digging and delving in blue frock and cowhide boots."

"Then it is easily settled, rejoined Peter, for I should prefer the land."

Walter was blushed with this, and before night he had the hundred dollar bill in his pocket, and Peter had the warrant deed of the four acres of land upon the hillside. Both of the young men belonged to the village, and had always lived there. It was only five miles from the city, and of course many city fashions were prevalent there. It was under the influence of this fashion, that Walter Sturgis refused to have anything to do with the land.

Times were dull, and business slack, even though it was early spring. Peter White's first object, after having got the deed of this land, was to hunt up some kind of work. If

he had been a mechanic, he might have found some place, but he knew no trade except that of salesman and book keeping. A whole week he searched in vain for employment, but at the end of that time he found an old farmer who wanted a hand, though he could not afford to pay much. But Peter, finally, and with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind: he would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily; until the ground was open, and he should have half the time to devote upon his own land; and in part payment for his services, Stevens was to help about the ex work that the youth might need. Next Peter went to the hotel, where there was quite a stable, and engaged a hundred heads of manure, the landlord promising to take his pay in produce when harvest time came. So Peter White put on a blue frock and cowhide boots, and went to work for farmer Stevens.

In the meantime Walter Sturgis had been to the city to find a situation in some store, but he came back hopeless. He was surprised when he met Peter driving an ox team through the village. At first he could hardly believe his own eyes. Could it be possible that this was Peter White, in that blue frock and cowhide boots?

On the next day, a relation from the city came to visit Walter. The two walked out, and during the day, Walter saw Peter coming towards them with his team. He was hauling lumber which Mr. Stevens had been getting out during the winter. Walter saw how coarse and humble his quondam clerkmate looked, and he knew that Peter would hail him if they met; so he caught his companion by the arm, and dodged into a by lane. Peter saw the movement, and understood it, but he only smiled.

By-and-by the snow was all gone from the hillside. The wintry garb was removed from that spot before it left other places, for Peter's lot lay on the southern slope of the hill, and thus had all the advantages of the warm sun all day, without any of the cold north and east winds. The youth found his land very rocky, but none of them were permanent; so his first move was to get off some of those obstructions; and as Mr. Stevens' land was not yet clear from snow, he was able to give his young workman considerable assistance. They took two yokes of oxen, and two drags, and went at it, and in just five days every rock was at the foot of the slope, and made into a good stone wall. Peter then hauled his hundred loads of manure which he had bought for seventy-five dollars, and a part of it he plowed in, and part he saved for top dressing.

Peter now worked early and late, and much of the time he had help.

Mr. St. Stevens was surprised at the richness of the soil, but there was reason for it. At the top of the hill there was a huge ledge of rocks which had encumbered the hillside, and at some former period had come tumbling down from the ledge; and the rocks, lying there for ages, perhaps, and covering nearly half the surface of the ground, had served to keep the soil moist and mellow.

The first thing Peter planted was about a quarter of an acre of water melons. He then got in some potatoes in an early garden sowing, such as sweet corn, peas, beans, radishes, cabbages, tomatoes and so on. And he got his whole piece worked up and planted before Stevens' farm was free from snow.

People stopped in the road and gazed upon the hillside in wonder. Why had that spot never been used before? For forty years it had been used as a sheep pasture, the rocks having forbidden all thoughts of cultivating it. But how admirably it was situated for early sowing, and how rich the soil must have been with sheep running over it so long! An adjoining hill shut off the east winds, and the hill itself gave its back to the chill north.

Peter had planted an acre of corn, an acre of potatoes, and the rest he had divided among all sorts of produce. Then he went to work for Stevens again, and in a few weeks he had more than paid for all the labor he had been obliged to hire on his own land.

In the meantime, again, Walter Sturgis had been looking after employment. His hundred dollars had been used up to the last penny, and just then he accepted a place in one of the stores in the village, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. He still wondered how Peter White could content himself in such business. Peter used to be invited to all the little parties when he was a clerk, but he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis went to these parties was highly edited by them. Also, when Peter was a clerk, there were several young and handsome damsels, who loved to look in the sunlight of his smile, and one of them he fancied that he loved.

After he had got his hillside planted, he went to see Cordelia Henderson, and asked her if she would become his wife at some future period, when he was prepared to take such an article to his home. She told him she would think of it and let him know by and by.

Three days afterwards he received a letter from her, in which she stated that she could not think of uniting her destinies with a man

who could only delve the earth for a livelihood. Peter shed but a few tears over the unexpected note, and then he reasoned on the subject, and finally blessed his fate, for he was sure that such a girl was not what he needed for a wife.

When the first day of July came, Peter reckoned up his accounts and he found that Mr. Stevens was owing him just two dollars, and all he owed in the world was seventy-five dollars for manure.

On the third day of July he carried to the hotel ten dollars' worth of green peas, beans and radishes; and in three days afterwards he carried to the city twenty-eight dollars' worth. Towards the end of the month he sold one hundred and thirty dollars' worth of early potatoes, peas, beans, etc., etc. Then he had early corn enough to bring him fifteen dollars more. Ere long his melons were ripe, and a dealer in the city had engaged them all. He had six hundred fair melons, for which he received fourteen cents apiece by the lot, making eighty-four dollars for the whole.

During the whole summer Peter was kept busy in attending to the gathering and selling of the product of his hillside. He helped Mr. Stevens in laying so that he could have some help when he wanted it.

When the last harvest came, he gathered in seventy-eight bushels of corn, and four hundred bushels of potatoes, besides turnips, squashes, pumpkins, etc., and eighteen bushels of white beans.

On the first day of November, Peter White sat down and reckoned up the proceeds of his land, and he found the proceeds of land, and he found that the price had yielded him just five hundred and five dollars, and besides this he had corn, potatoes, beans and vegetables, enough for his own consumption. That winter he worked for Mr. Stevens at getting out lumber for twenty-five dollars per month; and when spring came he was ready to go his land again.

In the meantime, Walter Sturgis had worked a year at a fashionable calling for three hundred dollars, and at the end of the term he was the absolute owner of just two dollars.

Say, Peter, you aren't going to work on that land of yours another season, are you? asked Walter, as the two met in the street one evening.

To be sure I am, was the response. But here's Simon wants a clerk, and I told him I guessed you would be glad to come.

What will he pay? Three hundred.

Ah, Walter, I can make more than that from my land.

Sturgis opened his eyes in astonishment. Your joking, he said.

No sir, I received five hundred and five dollars in money last season. Seventy-five of that went for manure; but some of that manure is now on hand, as I found the land so rich last year and not to need much more than half of it. This season I shall have two hundred dollars' worth of strawberries, if nothing happens unusual.

And you don't have to work winters for this?

No four months labor is about all I can lay out to advantage on it.

Walter went to his store, and during the evening he wondered how it was that some folks had so much luck.

During the second season Peter had experience for a guide, and he filled up many gaps that he left open the year before. His strawberries turned out better than he anticipated, and he made a better arrangement for his melons. And then from all that land whereon he planted his early peas, he obtained a crop of much value. It was but an hour's drive into the city and he always obtained the highest prices, for he brought the earliest vegetables in the market.

On the first day of November he had cleared seven hundred dollars for the season, over and above all expenses.

One morning after the crops were in, Peter found a man walking about over the land, and as the young man came up, the stranger asked him who owned the hillside.

It's mine sir, replied Peter.

The man looked about, and then went away, and on the next day he came again with two others. They looked over the place, and they seemed to be dividing it off into small lots they remained about an hour, and then went away. Peter suspected the land was wanted for something. That evening he stepped in at the post office, and there he heard that a railroad was going to be put through the village as soon as the workmen could be set at it.

On the next morning Peter went out upon his land, and as he reached the upper boundary and turned and looked down, the truth flashed upon him. His hillside had a gentle easy slope, and the view from any part of it was delightful. A brook ran down through it, from an exhaustless spring in the ledge, and the locality would be cool and agreeable in summer and warm in winter. At the foot of the hill, on the left, lay a small lake which the river ran in sight for several miles.

Of course, he said, quizzed Peter, they think this would make beautiful building lots. And

wouldn't it? Curious that I never thought of it before. And then when the railroad comes here, people from the city will want their dwellings here. But this land is valuable. It is worth—let me see—say six hundred dollars a year. I can easily get eight or nine hundred dollars a year for what I can raise here, and I know that two hundred dollars will pay me a good round price for the labor I perform on it. And then when my peach trees grow up, and my strawberry beds increase—no—it's more valuable to me than it could be to any one else.

When Peter went home he could not resist the temptation to set down and calculate how many house lots his land would make; and he found that the hillside would afford fifty building spots with a good garden to each one.

But he didn't think of selling.

Two days afterwards six men came to look at the land, and after travelling over it and sipping up some stakes, they went away. That evening Peter went down to the hotel, and the first thing he heard was,

Alas, Peter, you've missed it. How so? asked Peter.

Why, how much did you get for your hillside?

What do you mean? Haven't you sold it?

No sir.

Why, there was a man here looking at it a week or so ago, and to day he came and brought five city merchants with him, and I can take my oath that each one of them engaged a building lot of him. One of them spoke to me about what a lovely spot it was; and I told him nobody would think of building there until you got the rocks off. But you haven't sold it though?

No, not an inch of it.

Why, that man told me he had engaged to pay four hundred dollars a choice lot of twelve square rods.

Then he will find his lot some where else till I sell out.

Some conversation was held, and then Peter went home, on the following forenoon, the very man who had been the first to come and look at the hillside, called to see Peter, introduced himself as Mr. Anderson.

Let's see—I believe you own some two or three acres of land here on the hillside, he said very earnestly.

I own four acres there, replied Peter, very exactly.

Ah, yes—well; it doesn't make much difference. I don't notice how much there was! I thought I should like to build there; if you would sell the land reasonable, I might like to purchase. It would be enough to afford me quite a garden; though I suppose it would cost about as much to sell such land as the produce would be worth.

That would depend upon how you worked it, said Peter, dryly.

O yes, I suppose so. But you are willing to sell out, I suppose.

Certainly.

The man's eyes began to brighten.

How much should you want for it? he asked.

Well, I don't know. What could you afford to pay?

Why, I suppose I could afford to pay a great deal more than it is worth. Rather than have it I would pay—well—say—two hundred dollars, or two hundred at the outside.

I don't think there is much use of our talking, sir.

But you paid one hundred, only if I mistake not.

I had my choice between one hundred dollars and the land, and I chose the latter, but as you seem to labor in the dark, I will explain to you. In the first place, there is not another spot of land in this section of the country, that possesses the natural advantages which this one does. I can have my early peas and vines up and bared before my neighbors get their ground plowed;—as I have my early sweet corn market ahead of all others, save a few hot house owners, whose plants cannot compare with mine for strength and size. Then my soil is very rich, yields fifty per cent more than most other land. Now look at this. During the last season I have realized over eight hundred dollars from this land and next season I can get more than that, for my strawberry vines are flourishing finely. There are not any two farms in this town that can possibly be made to realize so much money as my hillside, for you see it is the time of my produce, and not the quantity, that does the business. A bushel of my early peas on the twenty second of May, are worth ten times as much as my neighbor's bushel on the first of July and August. Two hundred dollars will more than pay me for all my time and trouble in sowing my land; so you see I save this year six hundred dollars interest.

Then you wouldn't sell for less than six hundred, I suppose? said Mr. Anderson, carelessly.

Would you sell out a concern that was yielding you a net profit of six hundred dollars a year, for that sum, sir? asked Peter.

A-hem—well—ah—you put it rather curious.

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Dec. 7. J. W. Stone