The St. Andrews Standard.

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

Vol 35 SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 2, 1868. No 49

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
23rd day of October, 1868.
PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

WHEREAS it is provided by Cap. 6, of the Act 31st Vic., Sec. 10, sub sec. 5, that "the Governor in Council may make such regulations as may be considered advisable for the appointment of Sufferance Wharves and Warehouses at which goods arriving by vessels in transit to other Ports or confined to certain days of departure may be landed and afterwards stored before entry;"—And whereas it is expedient that the accommodation so contemplated should be afforded in all cases where the same may be found necessary,—His Excellency in Council on the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the authority of the said recited Act has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered that on application to the Minister of Customs by the owner or master of any Packet, Steamer, or other vessel being a regular trader, specifying the name and tonnage of the said Steamer or other vessel, the general character of her arrival and departure, and the port to be from which she is accustomed to sail, also designating the wharf at which she is accustomed to load and the building in which it is proposed to store her cargo, it shall be lawful for the said Minister of Customs to declare the said wharf and building to be a sufferance wharf and warehouse for the purpose of the Act, and to authorize the Collector of the port to grant a warrant or licence, for a specified time, to the Master of such steamer or other vessel to land his cargo and store the same at the wharf and in the building so declared to be a sufferance wharf and warehouse, without previous entry, the said Master having previously executed a bond to the Crown in such penal sum as the said Minister of Customs may consider equitable, but not less than one thousand dollars, providing that the said master will not fail to leave in the hands of the Landing Waiter or other Officer of Customs appointed for the purpose, a report of the contents of his vessel for each voyage, and that he will in all other respects conform to the requirements of the law in such case, and will use his utmost diligence to prevent any infraction thereof by any person or persons arriving at such port in his vessel.

WM. H. LEE,
nov 25 3i Clerk Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
23rd day of October, 1868.
PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and in virtue of the authority given by the 10th section of the Act passed during the late Session of the Parliament of Canada, 31st Vic. Cap. 41, intituled: "An Act to amend the Act of the present Session, intituled: "An Act imposing duties of Customs with the tariff of duties payable under it," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to approve of the following additional Regulations respecting Drawbacks claimed on the exportation of goods under the said 10th section of the Act above referred to, viz:—

REGULATIONS.

1st. Goods having been entered for duty and having passed into the hands of the importer, in cases where said goods are found not to be the goods ordered, notice of such fact may be given, to the Collector of Customs at the Port of Entry within one month of the date of such entry, accompanied by a request for leave to return the said goods to the place and party where and from whom the same were purchased, and that the duties paid thereon be refunded; whereupon the Collector having verified the statement of the importer, and having ascertained that the package to be exported is a whole package, and that its contents are identically the same as originally entered for duty, shall report the same to the Department, and the Minister of Customs shall thereupon issue an order to the Collector to refund the duties upon the proof of exportation; Provided that if such goods are not actually exported within one month from the date of such order it shall be void and of no effect.

2nd. Whereas cases frequently arise for which no general order or regulation is provided, in which goods upon which duty has been paid require to be exported, and injury or hardship may be endured by importers, to the disadvantage of the general commercial interests of the Dominion, unless some means of redress be provided.—It is therefore ordered that in all such special cases, it shall be lawful for the Minister of Customs to consider the grounds and examine the merits of each application, and make such order thereupon subject to the approval of the Treasury Board, as may, in his judgment, be necessary for the relief of the parties, and consistent with the interest and security of the revenue.

WM. H. LEE,
nov 18. Clerk of Privy Council.

Government House, Ottawa,
23rd day of October, 1868.
PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs and under the authority given by the 5th sub-sec. of section 13 of the Act 31st Vic. Cap. 6, intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to approve of the following Regulations respecting Vessels arriving from Sea at Ports on the River St. John, New Brunswick, viz:—

REGULATIONS.

The Master of any vessel arriving with a cargo at the Port of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, bound for Fredericton, or any other Port on the St. John River, shall report at the office of the Collector of Customs before proceeding up the River, and shall take on board an authorized Officer to remain until such vessel shall have been entered at Fredericton or some other Port, provided that the said Master shall be only required to report to the said Collector at St. John the fact of the arrival of such vessel with a cargo, without producing any manifest, statement or other specification thereof, and for any failure to so report, or for refusing to take on board such Officer, the said Master shall be subject to a penalty of four hundred dollars, and if such Master shall not provide room under deck in the forecastle or steerage for the Officer's bed, with good and sufficient food, he shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offence.

WM. H. LEE.
nov 18. Clerk Privy Council.

Interesting Tale.

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE.

In the exercise of his profession, Eugene Laromie had passed through some wonderful adventures, and been nearer death than most men cared to be. His success in ferreting out and bringing to light crimes of all kinds had won for him the bitter enmity of all offenders, both political and criminal, in the city. They had repeatedly vowed vengeance against him, so they declared that there was no chance of success for them while he remained in Paris. Laromie only laughed at their threats, and kept his wits about him. He declared his readiness to meet them whenever they desired it, provided they gave him fair play.

This, however, was the last thing they intended doing. They had tried at him frequently without success and had been equally unsuccessful in their attempts at poison. They had gotten up quite conspiracies, with the hope of decoying him into their power; but he saw through them in an instant, and only laughed at them for their trouble. Still they had not abandoned the hope of capturing him; and it was certain that if they could succeed in doing so, Mr. Laromie's fate would be sealed.

One day he was lounging idly near one of the most noted shops of the Palais Royal, when a woman passed by. She was very beautiful, and was richly and tastefully dressed. She was evidently a lady, and one of the most beautiful the detective had seen. As she passed she looked at him with a fixed eye, and then smiled. Instantly Laromie lifted his hat and bowed profoundly. When he raised his eyes again he lady had disappeared. He was annoyed at this, for he was anxious to learn more of the beautiful stranger; and from the smile she had given him he knew she was not averse to such a course on his part.—Eugene Laromie was a true Frenchman in his love of gallantry; and this was the only thing that ever brought him any real danger.—Several times he had narrowly escaped death at the hands of jealous husbands; and his friends were confident that if he ever died by violence, a woman would be the cause of it.

During the day he could not help thinking of the beautiful unknown who had fascinated him. The next morning about the same hour, he took his place at the Palais Royal to watch for her. He was not kept waiting long. She soon appeared, and as she passed him, she again smiled, and this time the smile was accompanied by a bow. Acting upon a sudden impulse, Laromie started forward and placed himself at her side.

He was about to speak, when flurriedly and in a low tone said—

"Not yet, Monsieur Laromie, we are observed. To night, at the opera.

"One word, madame," exclaimed Laromie, impulsively. Whom have I the honor of addressing?

The lady laughed slightly, and then handing him a card, said, impatiently:

Go now. I will see you to night at the opera.

Laromie bowed low, and drew back, while the lady passed on. Glancing at the card she had given him, he saw written on it in a delicate hand, Julie de Noel: but whether it was Madame or Mademoiselle, the pasteboard did not state and the detective did not care. He only knew that she was a most beautiful woman, and that she had consented to grant him an interview.

Who knows, muttered Laromie, twitching his moustache absently, what may come of it? She is superb. But how the deuce did she find out my name? Well, is it strange? Every one in Paris has heard of me.

In Paris, when one wishes to learn anything respecting an inhabitant of the great city, he can be satisfied by applying to the chief of the police. To the office of his chief, Laromie now bent his steps upon an errand of this kind respecting the lady he had just parted with. In answer to his inquiries the chief consulted a ponderous ledger, and after a brief inspection, declared there was no such person in Paris.

What is it, Laromie? he asked, public business, or an assassination?

Oh, merely a little affair of my own, said Laromie, laughing.

Take care my friend, said the detective, gravely. You run great risks in these little affairs of yours. We could not afford to lose you just now.

Never fear, returned the detective gaily, I always keep my wits about me.

That night the detective was at the opera at an early hour. He waited impatiently as the audience came in, and he thought they had never been so slow before. He scanned the boxes and parterre closely, but could see the lady nowhere. As the performance began, his attention was attracted by a friend, and he turned to speak to him. As he looked back to the audience when his friend left him, his heart gave a great bound of delight. The lady was sitting in one of the retired boxes, radiant in her beauty. She saw him, and nodded smilingly. In an incredible short time he was seated by her side, pouring forth his thanks for the happiness she had given him

In reply to the questions, the lady told him she was a widow of a gentleman of a good family and great wealth. She said she saw Laromie at various places in the city; and with a blush she confessed that she had become very much interested in him. The rest we have already told.

One of Laromie's weak points was vanity, and here a pretty woman could always strike a successful blow. He had become completely fascinated with Madame de Noel; and while he sat with her in the box, the demonstrations of his adoration was so great that the lady had several times to remind him that they might be observed by some of the audience.—When the performance was over, the lady asked him if he would go home with her to supper; and he overjoyed, consented.

When they reached the residence of Madame de Noel, the carriage passed into the court yard and they left it. They entered a brilliantly lighted hall, and passed into a sumptuously furnished apartment brilliantly illuminated. A footman received Madame, and took charge of the cloak and hood which she laid aside. Laromie afterwards remembered that she looked at the man in a peculiar way as she made him have supper served as soon as possible; but he thought no thing of it at the time.

Madame seated herself in a luxurious armchair, and Laromie threw himself on a cushion at her feet. For a long time neither spoke. A strange silence had fallen over them. All the while, however, the young man's head rested against the arm of her chair and one of her hands played carelessly with his hair.

A slight noise in the apartment caused the detective to raise his head. But he could not see much enough to see anything Madame's hand had not heavily.

Bah! It is nothing my dear, she said quickly.

At the same instant he felt himself borne to the floor by an irresistible force, and before he could collect his wits, which he did not have about him this time, he was bound hand and foot and left helpless on the carpet. Glancing up he saw that the room was full of men.

What does this mean? he demanded sternly.

It means, Monsier Laromie, replied the lady, smiling sweetly, that you will not sup with me to-night.

Laromie's coolness returned to him, now that it was too late.

It seems that I have been a very great fool, said he bitterly.

I agree with you Monsieur, laughed the lady.

Stand aside, said one of the men coming forward. Let me speak with him. Do you know me, Monsieur, he asked?

Yes replied Laromie. You are Frederick Roulier, known to the Government as the President of a socialist club, captain of a barricade, and a general promoter of disorder.—These men, I suppose, are confederates?

Precisely so, Monsieur. You have been for a long time as anxious to capture us as we have to secure you. Fortune has favored us this time, and you are now our prisoner. Perhaps you would like to know what we intended doing with you?

This is a matter of indifference to me, said the detective, coolly.

Your courage is undoubtedly great, said Roulier, but we must put it to the test. We have decided long ago, Monsieur, that you must die. We would carry out the decision to-night; but all of our club are not present. To-morrow the absent ones will return and then we shall proceed to inflict our vengeance upon you. Your heart will be cut out of your living body. May heaven preserve your soul he added, mockingly, for your earthly part is doomed,

Do not be too sure of that, exclaimed Laromie, indignantly. I was never born to die by the hands of such cowardly miscreants.

The socialist leader laughed.

Ah! Monsieur Laramie, he said sarcastically; why would you not be warned by your friends! Woman will be the death of you I fear.

Who is this woman? asked the detective, not heeding the taunt

Let me answer, said Madame de Noel.—Monsieur Laromie, she added, I am one who has long owed you a debt of vengeance. Two years ago you arrested a woman named Marguerite Poisson, charged with murdering a French soldier. She was tried by your courts and condemned to death. The woman was my mother.

Well said Laromie, calmly she was not executed.

No, said Madame de Noel, fiercely; but I owe you no thanks for that. The Emperor banished her to Algeria, to die under the burning suns of that land

But the government subsequently pardoned her, and gave her permission to return to France.

True; but the pardon was too late. When I reached Algeria my mother was dead. I swore to be revenged on you I hate you as that which caused my mother's death; and I shall witness your execution with joy.

What is your name?

Madeline Desmouline.

Then you are mistress of the chief of this club. A pretty couple, truly, and a pretty scrape you have gotten me into!

Well then, Madame Julie de Noel, alias Madeline Desmouline, if it will afford you any satisfaction, to know that instead of causing your mother's death, I tried to save her. In the discharge of my duty I arrested her. Although I believed her guilty of the offence charged against her, I pitied her. To oblige me, the chief of the secret police interceded with the Minister of Justice, and procured the change of her sentence, and finally her pardon if you doubt this, you have simply to apply to the chief of my command, and he will affirm my assertions.

The woman turned pale as death. Calming her agitation, she turned to Roulier, and said hastily, Spare him until I find out the truth of this.

Stop, said the detective, quickly. I will not allow you to intercede for me. If you would give me my freedom I would not take it from you.

The woman turned away and left the room M. Roulier directed two of his men to lift the detective, who was bound so securely as to be helpless, and conveyed him to the dungeon.—The order was obeyed. Roulier led the way, carrying a large lamp, and the remainder of the men followed, bearing the detective with them.

They passed through the hall, descended stone staircases to a large cellar, and paused before a heavy closed door. This Roulier opened and the party passed into the room.

The detective was sat down on the floor, and Roulier elevating the light said, Look around you, Monsieur Laromie. This room is very large and strong. The walls, floor and ceiling are all stone, and there is no outlet save through this heavy door by which we entered. Some years before you became connected with the police of Paris, this building was occupied by one of its principal officers for professional purposes. It is within one quarter of a mile from the Hotel de Ville, so that you are almost within hearing of your friends, though powerless to aid you. To morrow night at nine o'clock your sentence will be executed upon you. Until then we leave you to your own thoughts. Good night, Monsieur Laromie.

The men passed out of the cell and the heavy door closed. Laromie heard the bolts slide into the hasp, then all was silent. The dungeon in which he lay was perfectly dark, and he was so securely bound that he could not move a limb

He had no hope of escape. He was in the midst of his most inveterate enemies and he could expect no mercy from them. They had long threatened him with vengance for the injuries he had inflicted on them by detecting their plots, and now that they had him in their power he felt sure that they would carry out their diabolical threat. Though he was without hope, he was not deserted by his courage.

He was a brave man and he resolved to meet his fate with fortitude. Still he cursed his folly bitterly, and almost—though not quite ready to swear, that if he could escape this time he would not look at a woman.

He had been in the cell a little over an hour when he heard a noise as if part of the floor was being moved. He listened intently. The sound continued to be heard. Then some one spoke his name in a whisper.

Laromie! are you here? asked the voice.

Yes, replied the detective, but who in the fiend's name are you?

The voice repeated the watchword of the secret police; and Laromie was conscious of the presence of another person in the cell.

Regnard is it you? asked Laromie, who recognised the voice of one of his fellow detectives. How did you get here?

Regnard drew back the shade of a dark lantern and showed Laromie a square opening in the floor.

Through that hole, he replied. But stay! Let me commence at the beginning. What you said to the chief about your little affairs made him anxious for your safety. He sent me to watch you, so that he might assist you if you got into trouble I followed you to the opera, and rode behind the carriage which brought you here. The name of the lady, which, you recollect, you gave to the chief, did not correspond with that of the woman who resides here. I reported your presence here to the chief. It seems that he once used this building for government purposes, and there's a secret passage from this prison chamber to the upper part of the house, with which he is well acquainted, having used it years ago.—Secret was never impatted to any one out of the employ of the State: and no one else could have discovered it. The chief instructed me how to use this passage, and being still anxious for your safety, he directed me to gain admittance to the house by means of it, and learn what I could concerning you. I had no idea of finding you here. Tell me what is the meaning of your being here in this strange way?

First cut these cords and I will, said Laromie.

He was soon free from his bonds; after which he related all that had happened to him.

A plan suggested itself to me, he added.—He quickly explained to his companion the plan which had at that instant presented itself to his mind. Regnard shook his head.

It involves great risk, he said, it may be fatal to you.

Nevertheless, said Laromie, I shall try it. First show me how to escape from this place in case I find such a step necessary, and then do as I tell you.

Regnard showed him how to work the opening in the floor, and then arranged the cords so that it would seem that Laromie was still bound by them, but fixed them so that he could rid himself at a moment's warning. He left his lamp and some matches with Laromie, and then entering the secrect passage, closed the opening after him, and Laromie was alone again. He placed himself over the stone, and went asleep

The next day passed away slowly and the night came at last. Precisely at nine o'clock Laromie heard the door unlocked. It swung open and Roulier appeared bearing a large lamp. As he entered the room the light suddenly went out.

Let us close the door and stop the draft, and then we light the lamp again. I have some matches.

In response to this summons, about thirty men entered the room, and then the door was closed.

Monsieur Laromie, exclaimed Roulier, are you here?

To be sure I am, replied the detective, how could I get away?

True, muttered the socialist. Now for a light.

At this moment the lamp was dashed from his hand by a very heavy blow.

What does this mean? he exclaimed quickly.

It means, said Laromie in a loud, clear voice that you are all my prisoners!

As he spoke the room was lighted up by the glare of a dozen lanterns from which the dark slides were drawn suddenly back, and the astonished socialists found themselves in the presence of forty well armed gendarmes. The denouncement was so sudden and startling that they could not speak at first. The police were prompt, and secured their prisoners before they had allrecovered from their surprise.

Well, Monsieur Roulier, said the detective smiling, the tables have been turned this time.

The socialist glared at him, and muttered between his teeth:

You must be in league with the devil.

Perhaps I am, said Laromie, with a laugh. At all events, Monsieur, I was not ready to have my heart cut out.

The prisoners were conducted to the upper part of the house, so they did not learn the secret of the subterranean passage by which the police had entered the cell, and to the last they regarded their presence there as a piece of diabolism on Laromie's part. The woman who ensnared the detective was also arrested.

As he passed her Laromie said sarcastically I hope you will have a pleasant visit to Algeria.

She lowered her eyes and replied in a low tone, I deserve this Monsieur, for betraying mother's only friend.

The prisoners being old offenders, were all convicted, and were transported to the penal colony.

The story soon became known throughout Paris, and the old house in which the detective was imprisoned became an object of great curiosity to the citizens. The prisoners themselves, however, never learned the solution of the mystery. If they ever return to France they may hear of it.

The Schoolmaster's Toast.—The fair daughters of England, may they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociality and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination by a modest Christian deportment

A poet intended to say, "See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire," instead of which the printer made him say, "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available