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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

23rd day of October, 1867.

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. 44, intitled: "An Act to amend the Act of the present Session, intitled: "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. Where 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 such application, and make such order thereupon subject to the approval of the Treasury Board, and in his judgment, be necessary for the relief of the parties, and consistent with the interest and security of the revenue.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk of Privy Council.

nov 18.

Government House, Ottawa.

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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 obey 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 fore-cabin 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.

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Interesting Tale.

COUSIN JACK'S COURTSHIP.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet bags were all piled up in the corner of the spacious old-fashioned parlour.

How melancholy they looked, those emblems of parting and adieu. Not even the merry laughter of two or three young girls who were gathered round a stalwart, handsome fellow of about thirty, could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief-maker, turn-out for Chester, sitting by the distant window, wiped his spectacles every five minutes, and declared, pettishly, that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to his old eyes.

Aye, you may laugh, girls, said Jack, applying himself vigorously to the refractory lock of a portmanteau. Perhaps you may one day discover it isn't such a laughing matter.—Think of the loss the whole family is going to sustain in my departure.

But you'll come back soon, Jack, dear, coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all his cousins, and the one who kept up a fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense.

There she sat, on the biggest trunk of the collection, the brown curls hanging about her round face, and her eyes flashing with a curious mixture of fun and tear.

I'm not certain of that, Miss Minnie, said Jack, decidedly. If I succeed in finding a location to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thornville, and turn landed proprietor on my own account.

Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property! laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.

I don't see anything so ridiculous in the idea, observed the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his fair relatives. At all events there is no incalculable advantage that may result from my departure.

At what time, Mr. Oracle?

The fact that you have played your last freak upon me, you tormenting little mix!

Don't be too certain of that, Cousin Jack, said Minnie, shaking her long curls. What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I haven't settled with you for several little pieces of impertinence, but pray don't imagine they are to go ten, six!

My diamond sleeve-buttons to your coral necklaces that you don't improve upon me with in the next three months, Minnie, said Jack gaily.

Dame, said Minnie. Girls, all you hear the wager, don't you? I always coveted Jack's diamonds.

But you won't have them, Mademoiselle.—How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I ring for lights, Uncle Chester? and by the way, have you written up that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne?

All in good time, said the old gentleman, depositing his large silver bowl spectacles in their case. You young people are all in a desperate hurry.—Tell Lacey to carry a light into the library, girls. And Minnie, where is my gold pen? I won't be very long about it, and then we will have a nice long evening to gossip about Jack's prospects.

While Mr. Chester sat in his easy, red-curtained library receiving the letter he had been writing to his college friend, Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacey, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down as a planter in that vicinity, and requesting Mr. Thorne's aid and co-operation in the selection of the same, Minnie opened the door.

Papa, there's some one down stairs who wants to see you immediately, for just a minute.

Very annoying, said the old gentleman.—Just as I was finishing up this letter of Jack's. However, I can seal it afterwards, Minnie, suppose you glance over it, and dot the i's and cross the t's; I'm not so much of a penman as I used to be.

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique oak table to attend to the claims of his urgent guest.

Oliver Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant hair before the dressing mirror of her own apartment, two hours later, when Minnie ran in with a countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

My dear Minnie, what has happened? exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hair brush and setting all her own tresses ripple down unheeded over her shoulders.

I've won the diamond sleeve buttons, Olive! But, ah! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only knew it—and Cousin Jack!

Sit down, you little rascal, said Olive, gently forcing her sister into a chair, and explain to me this mysterious riddle.

Well, you must know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorne, and he was so tired longer than I expected, almost an hour

in fact, and I could not help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter.

A parody!

Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had, so I wrote that Jack was in search of a wife, and heard of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in life, and all that sort of thing. In short, wherever papa had written land or estate, I wrote wife. Wasn't it fun? But you know I never once thought of sending the letter, I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well, I signed it with a great flourish of trumpets, and just then who should come in but papa and the stranger.—Of course I fled—and when I came back the letter was sealed, and safe in Jack's pocket, and, Olive, it was the wrong letter!

The wrong letter?

It was rather a dim light, and papa's eyes are not so piercing as they were wont to be, and my impertinent missive was gone, while the real bona fide letter lay there among a heap of discarded papers. And I hadn't the courage to confess my misdeeds—papa is so opposed to my innocent jokes—and Jack is of such indelible letter! I shall certainly win the sleeve buttons, Olive, but what a tornado there will be when my mischief comes out.

And Minnie looked so bewitchingly lovely in her alternate paroxysms of terror and laughter, that Olive, grave elder sister as she was, had not the heart to lecture her as usually as she deserved.

The crimson sunset of the very next evening shone radiantly into the spectral sanctum of the worthy old Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, justice of the peace, and chairman of all the agricultural meetings for ten miles around. It was no scholarly-looking library, like that of his ancient comrade, Chester, but a square light room, with four uncurtained windows, and ornamented with numerous black-framed engravings of prize cattle and giant turkeys.

He was seated in a leather-cushioned arm chair, looking over a large file of agricultural journals, to find some coveted information on the subject of "phosphates" and "super phosphates," when a servant brought him a card and a letter.

The gentleman is in the parlor, sir.

Jabez Thorne had laid aside his newspapers, and glanced at the card, which bore the inscription of "John Lacey"—then at the letter, which purported to be introductory to that individual.

Hum—hum—from an old college chum, Chester, as I live. Remarkable change in his handwriting, but times alters us all.—Haven't heard from him in twenty years—hallo! what is this? A pretty cool request, upon my word—suppose you want a wife, and has a letter to possess a daughter—has lots of money—wants me to aid him with my well known experience in such matters. What does the old rascal mean? ejaculated the old man, the fringe of gray hair that surrounded his bald head standing absolutely erect with indignation. I'll send Tom to kick the impudent young scamp out of the house!

But with a moment's reflection came calmness.

Well, after all, I don't see what there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry.—Guess I'll see what Mary says. An excellent family, those Chesters—and this letter is just like Zedek's letter—he was always singular in his notions. Rather unlike the ordinary method of coming to an understanding in such matters, but there is nothing like a dash of originality in this world, and if the boy is rich and Mary don't object—at all events, I'll see him on the subject.

And Jabez Thorne thrust the letter into his pocket and strode determinedly into the parlor where young Lacey was very quietly awaiting his appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment; he was half disposed to be angry with his guest's cool self-possession.

I had thought of settling in this vicinity, Mr. Thorne, said Jack, and the ceremonies of greeting had been exchanged, and understanding from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property that you might be disposed to part with—

Piece of property? I said the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again; but he controlled his emotion, and only answered, Really, sir, this is a very strange request. One can hardly be expected to answer definitely upon so very short notice.

Certainly not, Mr. Thorne, I have no wish to hurry you, said Jack politely; but I am rather anxious to do for myself, and if you would favor me with a brief description of the prominent features of—

But Mr. Thorne was fidgeting uneasily in his chair.

What do you mean, sir? he exclaimed, wrathfully.

Jack was rather perplexed at his cavalier reception, but he answered as courteously as possible.

Why, sir, of course, it is not best to be precipitate on a matter of such importance.

This is a fair specimen of the "rising generation," thought the indignant Jabez, they are

about as impudent a set of jackanapes as I want to see. But I owe something to my long friendship to old Zedek—I won't turn the puppy out of doors just yet.

I suppose it is healthy? asked Jack, blandly.

What is healthy?

Your property. Sometimes, in these low grounds, diseases are very apt to prevail, and—

Does he suspect my Mary has the fever and ague? thought Mr. Thorne, leaping briskly out of his chair as though an insect had stung him.

I'll send my daughter to you, young man; that will settle the matter at once.

And before Jack could express his surprise, his clerical host had banded the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than that of her father. She was sitting in white muslin, with a bouquet of crimson moss-rose buds in her bosom, and a spray of the same exquisite flowers in her hair, for some rural party or picnic, and at first also lately refused to enter the room.

What an idea! she exclaimed, blushing to the very tips of her tiny, shell-like ears. To be put on exhibition, like one of your prize cattle! No indeed! Let the young man go back where he came from. A pretty impression he must have of the ladies in this quarter of the globe!

But my love, Zedek Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a fine looking fellow, and rich into the bargain. Go in and talk to him a little while, there's a good girl, I can't stand it a minute longer.

And old Jabez wiped his forehead on the perspiration was standing in big beads.—Mary burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

The whole affair is so ridiculous! she exclaimed.

But she adjusted the moss roses, nevertheless, and tripped demurely into the parlor.

Now if there was a determined point in Jack Lacey's character, it was his aversion to women in general, and if there was any one thing on which he prided himself it was his old bachelorism. Imagine his vexation and dismay, therefore, when after a formal introduction, old Mr. Thorne withdrew, leaving him tete-a-tete with a pretty creature in white muslin and roses. It was embarrassing every time he looked at her, and she evinced an exceedingly great disposition to laugh.

Well, thought Jack, the manners and customs of this locality are rather odd, to say the least of it. I come to consult an old gentleman about purchasing land of him, and he bounces out of the room and sends in his daughter. What on earth can I say to her, I'd like to know?

And Mary, glancing slyly in the direction of the door, and came to the conclusion that he had beautiful Spanish eyes and a mustache decidedly superior in style to the hair ornaments of the young gentleman of Thornville.

Mr. Lacey looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he to escape inconspicuously by the open French window. That would not be very dignified proceeding, however, so he resigned himself to destiny by making a few remarks on the weather.

It had the much desired effect of breaking the ice, however, and he was greatly surprised with the arch vivacity of Miss Thorne. Only once did she seem confused; it was when she had been describing a fine grove of cedars that belonged to her father's land, regretting at the same time that he contemplated selling it.

I believe I should like to become the purchaser, said Jack. Your father has informed you that I had some idea of settling here.

Mary grew scarlet and murmured some incoherent sentence or other. The conversation was eventually checked, and Jack, perplexed at the effect, for which he could perceive no really visible cause, rose to take leave.

Will you just mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him to-morrow morning? he inquired.

All the roses in Mr. Thorne's garden could not have rivalled the hot glow on Mary's cheeks as she fled out of the room without a word of reply.

He dreamed of blue eyed Mary Thorne that night, and rose feeling decidedly satisfied that he could have a reasonable excuse for calling at her father's house so soon.

I certainly can't be in love, quoth he, mentally, but how Minnie would tease me if she thought I was in any danger of being not only for a farm but for a wife.

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves of his pet luxurians with a gigantic pair of scissors, that morning when young Lacey sprang over the hedge and said to him with a buoyant.

Good morning! Well, sir, he went on. I have seen the property, and a perfectly delightful. A fine, healthy investment. No disease about it, I'm convinced.

Thank you, Mr. Thorne, dubiously.

And I would like to make a second and a more thorough inspection in your society, sir if you please.

Really, Mr. Lacey, said the old man sharply my daughter has not come down stairs, and—

What the mischief has the daughter to do with the matter, thought Lacey, but he said:

Of course I will await any time that may be convenient to you, sir. I observe a good deal of roughness, but I cannot doubt there is very great susceptibility to improvement. A little judicious cultivation will accomplish wonders.

Let me tell you, young man, began Mr. Thorne in a towering rage, but Lacey saw that he had unconvincingly committed some arch blunder, and he hastened to say:

In short, sir, I am now determined to secure this rural gem at any price. What is the sum you demand?

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down upon the gravelled walk, overpowered with the avalanche of anger which he found impossible to shape into words.

Upon—my—word—sir! he began, you talk as if this was a mere matter of business!

Jack was puzzled enough. It is the way I have heretofore been accustomed to treat such affairs.

Heretofore—you have been accustomed to—And pray, sir, how many such little affairs have you had on your hands? shrieked old Thorne, growing purple in the face.

Oh, several, sir, I am not so inexperienced as you suppose, said Jack, smiling.

And are you not ashamed to confess it? No; why should I be?

Get out of my garden, you young rascal! screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity. To come here and try to buy my daughter, as if she was a patch of potatoes! Go, I say!

Your daughter, Mr. Thorne?

Yes, your daughter, you jack-a-dandy!

But sir, I'm not bargaining for your daughter, I'm bargaining for that piece of land across the river.

Don't tell me ex-plain-d Mr. Thorne, ingenuously away at the fastenings of his pocket book, your uncle's letter has informed me of your atrocious intention.

Will you allow me to see the letter, sir?

Thorne jerked it out of his compartment where it lay, and tossed it angrily towards Lacey. He opened it, and in spite of annoyance and mortification, burst into laughter at the sight of Minnie's dainty handwriting.

My dear Mr. Thorne, we are all the victims of a very ridiculous mistake, said Lacey. My uncle never wrote this letter, it is the work of my mischievous cousin Minnie. The genuine document must have been left behind.

And you didn't come to look for a wife? I came to purchase real estate.

I view-w-w! old Jabez Thorne whistled loud and long, the silver offered his hand to his guest with a hearty laugh.

Well my boy, I'm heartily sorry I called you so many opprobrious names, but Mary and I thought you were after her. I must go and tell the little mix what a mistake we have made.

Stay a moment said Jack, laying his hand on the old man's arm, as his eye detected the distant flutter of Miss Thorne's light dress among the trees, will you allow me to make the necessary explanation myself? I am not at all certain that, after I have selected a home I shall not enter into less business like negotiations for a charming life to preside over it.

As you please, my lad, said the old gentleman chuckling. I'll give my consent, if only to stone for my villainous treatment of you a while ago.

He resumed his garrulous operations, occasionally pausing to laugh to himself, while cousin Jack sprang up the path to seek Mary.

They were absent a long time; in fact as old Jabez thought, an unreasonably long time before he discerned, through the dense foliage of the acacia hedges, their advancing forms.—Mr. Lacey looked exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaned on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed, and her lips wreathed in timid smiles.

What does she say, dear old pit-familias, said Jack demurely.

A week or two afterward Minnie Chester received a neat little package containing the diamond sleeve buttons, and the following billet:

DEAR MINNIE—I've lost my wager, but I cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stake, for I have won something infinitely more valuable.

From which we may conclude that the result of Miss Mary's "consideration" was favorable.

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.—To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie.

To ask a doctor how many persons he had killed.

To ask a lady whether she would like a bean.

Even was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother. And Adam was the only man who never utilized his wife about the way matter used to cook.

What mis will ruin any man—mismanagement.

ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
MONTON TRACT OF
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Two females in the Sucker state, recently driving on a plank road, were applied to for toll. "Well," says one, "how much is it?" "For a man and a horse," replied the gate-keeper, "the charge is fifty cents." "Well, then, get out of the way, for we are two gals and a mule," said the other. "And away they went, leaving the man in mute astonishment."
A gentleman was praising the beautiful hair of a lady, when one of those terrible children who seem to have been sent on earth as scourges of hypocrisy and falsehood, exclaimed, "My hair would be as handsome as Aunt Jimima's if she'd let me take as much care of it as she takes of hers. Aunt Jimima never sleeps in her hair, but always puts it away in the bureau before she goes to bed."
Flax seed occasionally given to horses or cattle will make them shed their hair, and whether old or young, soon get sleek and fat. It is the only thing that will fatten some old horses. So says an exchange.
Thomas Hood died composing, and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a lively Hood.
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