

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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Vol 42

## Poetry.

### A GUY FROM THE SEASIDE.

Come down, ye gray-beard mariners,  
Unto the washing shore!  
The morning winds are up—the gulls  
Bid me to dream no more.  
Come, tell me whither I must sail,  
What peril there may be,  
Before I take my life in hand  
And venture out to sea!

We may not tell thee where to sail,  
Nor what the dangers are;  
Each sailor soundeth for himself,  
Each hath a separate star;  
Each sailor soundeth for himself,  
And on the awful sea  
What we have learned is ours alone;  
We may not tell thee these.

Come back, O ghostly mariners,  
Ye who have gone before!  
I dread the dark, impetuous sides;  
I dread the farther shore.  
Tell me the secret of the waves;  
Say what my fate shall be—  
Quick! for the mighty winds are up,  
And will not wait for me.

Hail and farewell, O voyager!  
Thyself must read the waves;  
What we have learned of sun and storm  
Lies with us in our graves;  
What we have learned of sun and storm  
Lies with us in our graves.  
The winds are blowing out to sea,  
Take up thy life and go!

—[Harper's Magazine.]

### HOW FATE SETTLED IT.

#### CHAPTER I.

She wasn't pretty! Alas, that I should have to confess it in the very beginning of our story. You, who don't like her but pretty heroines with flowing golden hair and azure eyes, will have to lay this aside, for I can't help it. She wasn't pretty in the general acceptance of the term. She didn't have flowing golden hair. Her hair was brown, and to save trouble, cut short to her head, about which it had a fashion of creeping and curling in a very unorthodox style. Her eyes were brown, too, very wide awake brown eyes, with now and then a sparkle of mischief in their depths, but oftentimes full of a sadness that very rarely found expression otherwise. Her complexion was very good, though nothing extraordinary—not the faintest resemblance to alabaster! Just now there were a few freckles scattered over it, caused by picking blackberries the afternoon before, and letting her bonnet swing from her neck by its strings, instead of reposing in its rightful place. Her nose—alas! her nose was undeveloped "pug"! Not French "retousse," but American pug! Teeth good, of course, in a firm, sensible mouth, neither too large nor too small. No romantic white clothed her "petite" form either, but the trim little figure was dressed in a neat cut, as she sat at her writing-table, scattered over with pens, ink and foolscap paper.

She wasn't writing, but she had been, for her forefinger bore traces of warfare with ink. You will like her still less when I confess to you that she was literary! Wrote poems for the county newspaper, for which she was paid vast sums of flattery, and notoriety, and stories for a periodical, whose publishers were very kind to the new beginner, and gave her enough to keep her in muslin dresses, white aprons, and pink ribbons during the summer—one nice dress and two pairs of number two shoes during the winter. She had aspirations, of course, for something higher and in her day dreams very often saw herself headed in shining type as the distinguished authoress, Miss Edith Carden! But she was a sensible little girl, and knew she must take things slowly. I mean she had been sensible, but this morning such a prospect had opened before her wondering eyes of wealth and ease, travel and every earthly pleasure, it seemed to her, that no wonder she sat there with the letter in her hand, dazed and speechless.

There she sat, ever since the mail boy had thrown her letter in at the window. The beds were not made up stairs, and she heard her stepmother rattling the dishes in a warning manner in the kitchen. The baby was crying, too, in a most piteous manner, and Andrew Jackson was thumping on the stairs for "Edith" to bring him some string for his kite; but what cared Edith? Let us look over her shoulder, and see for ourselves the words that have opened this vista of glory to these young eyes.

"Dear Miss Edith," the letter began, "You will no doubt be surprised when you see the signature of this letter, and still more when you read its contents, for if you ever knew my name, no doubt it has faded from your memory. But, dear child, the memory of your brown

eyes, so like your mother's, as they looked up into mine from your place upon my knees, is still very dear to me. You called yourself my "little wife" then Edith, and during all these I have watched and waited for you, my darling. You thought your father sent you north to school, did you not? I begged him not to let you know differently, because I was afraid you would learn to dislike me if you knew that I had sent you there. I did not come at once and take you out of your poverty and struggling, because I wanted you to grow up just the steady, earnest, self-reliant little woman that you are. O child, I have watched you, and my heart has ached for you often, but I knew it was all just the discipline your impatient spirit needed. You did not know that I was a silent member of the firm for whom you have been writing, and have read eagerly everything you have written; longing all the time to take my pen out of its rough surroundings and give it a setting of gold. And now my darling, I want you—I need you more than I can tell you, and I love you dearly. I know you—every phase of your character, every feature of your face, and I want you for my wife. I have more money than we shall ever spend, and I want to take you to Europe, where your spirit can revel in all that it has longed for, and that has seemed unattainable. Will you come to me, Edith? I do not ask you to love me just at first, but will you try?

#### "Your best friend,"

PHILIP MAY.

When she had read the letter for the fiftieth time, Edith bent her head upon the table and wept passionately. Why had this temptation come to her just now? Only to show her her own weakness? For you see, Edith, like all girls of twenty, had her love dreams, and it was only last week she had listened to the "old, old story," as Will Ellis had whispered it in the moonlight, and with pulses throbbing with joy had placed her little hand in his with the promise to be his wife, whenever he could "take care of her." And she loved him—O, she loved him—better than she ever could love any one, she thought, even as she read the letter. But ah, the temptation! No wonder the poor "little girl had nothing to do but cry.

She was not quite so ignorant as Mr. May thought, for just before her father died he had told her of her benefactor and friend Mr. May, but only the bare facts, being a man always chary of his words. He had not even told her where he was—but, on the slender foundation given her, she had built a romance to suit herself. An old lover of her mother's, so she dreamed, who had cared for the daughter for the mother's sake. An old gentleman by this time. Some day perhaps she would meet him and thank him for all his kindness. But she had never, in all her dreamings, imagined anything like this. His wife! To be taken out of this dull uninteresting life of monotonous drudgery. Out of this town, that seemed to be sleeping the sleep of P' Van Winkle, never dreaming of anything beyond its own ken. Out into the broad world! To Europe—the love's took her very breath away. And then, the love's and sympathy that would be hers, such as she had never known! For, though she loved Will Ellis, and knew that he loved her, she was dimly conscious that there were heights in her nature to which he could not reach, and depths to which he could not descend. Then it would be years before Will could take her out of the place she called home into a real home. But with this thought her heart smote her, and she paused. What! Could she give up Will because he was poor and she must wait for him, just for the sake of the wealth of the other man, whom she did not love, could lavish upon her? Was Edith Carden but a mercenary little wretch, after all?

Just at this point of her musings, her stepmother's plaintive voice reached her: "Edith, are you never coming down? My head aches, and baby is so cross, and—" The voice died away in very faintness.

With a weary sigh, and quite an unheroic-like shrug of the shoulders, Edith took up the burden of her daily life again. But all through the busy day—either cooking, washing dishes, or walking the floor with the baby; trying strings for Andrew Jackson, or cutting paper dolls for the twin girls—the thought was still omnipresent. What should she do? Which road should she take?

She had no one to go to for counsel or aid. Her stepmother, whose large form and red cheeks were so ludicrously disproportionate to her faint voice and delicate constitution, who lay on the lounge all day and read yellow-backed novels, had nothing in common with her. She would at once think of appealing to the baby for advice. At last, when the twins and the baby were asleep, Andrew Jackson peacefully playing marbles with neighbor Jackson's boy, and Mrs. Carden dozing over a new book, Edith stood at the gate in the twilight,

still doubting and hesitating. She had changed her color for a pretty light maudlin, and placed a pink rose in the ribbon, that held back her hair; and, though she wasn't beautiful, was a pleasant sight to most a lover's eyes. Will Ellis thought so, anyway, and he quickened his step as he came up the street. How handsome he looked! and how dear he was to the little fluttering heart of our Edith! Could she give him up? Will didn't know it, but the momentous question was solved as he stooped over the gate, whispered "My precious little comfort!" and kissed the crimson cheek.

An hour later, Edith ran swiftly up to her room, and with rapid fingers, not giving herself time to think, wrote Mr. May the decisive letter. She was very grateful to him for all his kindness, and especially for the offer he had made her; but she could not be his wife, simply because he could make her a wealthy woman, and gratify her tastes for travel and books, because she promised already to be the wife of the man she loved and who loved her. She was very sorry, because he did not know her. Did not know how silly and childish she was, and how unworthy his love. Would he forgive her and still be her friend?

She was not content until the letter was in the office. Then she went about her work with a glow at her heart, and thanked God that she had been able to choose aright—that she had not yielded to ambition, and made three hearts miserable for the sake of the golden god.

Still there was a queer little pang of pain in the midst of her satisfaction, as she thought of the sorrow her answer must give the man who had been so faithful a friend through all her childish years.

#### CHAPTER II.

One day two weeks later, Edith was ironing out in the roomy old kitchen, giving the finishing touches to the ruffles of her pink muslin, which she was to wear at a picnic with Will Ellis the next day. She had heard not a word from Mr. May, and there was a touch of sadness in the brown eyes as she thought of it, and wondered if he would give up being her friend because he could not be her husband.

"Edith," said her mother, flung open the door, "there is a gentleman in here to see about getting board. Will you see him?"

Edith was accustomed to such demands as this, for Mrs. Carden was unable to deal with anything more matter-of-fact than the romantic adventures of Clarissa Howard or Edward Fitzalan. So she shut the door again on the stove, set the baby a little further back on his blanket, calmly took the twins out of the apple-barrel, in which they were apparently standing on their heads, and then followed her mother into the sitting-room.

The gentleman was standing with his back toward her, gazing out of the window as she entered, but turned quickly when she spoke. If there was one thing especially sweet about Edith Carden, it was her voice—that low, clear voice, full of depth and richness, which so few American women possess. Her words were few and commonplace, but the music of her voice gave them a charm.

"You wish to see about board?" she said, simply.

The stranger was a young man, certainly not more than thirty years of age, with black, silky hair thrown carelessly back from his forehead, and keen gray eyes, that just now were wonderfully pleasant as he bowed to the young girl.

"Yes," he said, "I am an artist, and wish to pass the summer in your town, to sketch scenery about it. Can you give me a summer home?"

It took but a few moments to make the arrangements. They had always taken a summer boarder, and the gentleman's room was soon ready. Andrew Jackson was sent with the new comer, who gave his name as Walter Edwards, to the depot, to help with his luggage, and Edith went back to her ironing. But some way she was haunted by the kindly gray eyes and pleasant smile. She had noticed, too, the book he had in his hand, a blue and gold "Oven Meredith," and longed for a glimpse at its pages. She would ask him to loan it to her some day, she thought, and then her mind went back to Mr. May, from thence to Will Ellis and the picnic, and so associated with the pleasant thought, that she pulled the washpan over, and plunged in the water with perfect impunity.

The summer passed by slowly and pleasantly. Mr. Edwards proved a very pleasant companion, and Edith grew to like him very much. He was very quiet, but helped the girl in a great many ways, loaned her his books and magazines, and sometimes read aloud to her his favorite poems, while the nimble fingers favored; for the mending-basket was never empty. Very often their reading was broken in upon by

handsome Will Ellis, who made no secret of his appropriation of sweet Edith Carden. His face glowed so at his coming. Then Mr. Edwards would take himself and his book away, and leave the lovers alone.

But, as the days wore on, there came a shadow over Edith's face. The brown eyes were often sparkled with mischievous happiness, and the red lips had a sorrowful droop, that would have made one who loved her long to clasp her in his arms and kiss them back to smiles. The gray eyes noticed it all, and were not long in finding out the cause.

One evening Mr. Edwards had taken his sketch-book, and walked out toward one of the green hills that gave the town of J—its only beauty. He was not sketching though, and the gray eyes looked dreamy as a girl's. He went to his favorite seat under the overhanging rock, and sat there idly watching the sunset, when suddenly he was startled by a voice on the opposite side of the rock.

"I tell you, Edith Carden, I will not stand it! There is a limit to every man's patience. Everybody in town is twitting me with being thrown over far that artist fellow, and you know yourself that you are always with him."

"For shame, Will Ellis!" said the low sweet voice, that had made Walter Edwards heart throb quicker since the first day he had heard it. "If you cannot trust me more than that—if your love can be turned to suspicion by the idle taunts of a few gossip mongers, it were well that we came to an understanding. Mr. Edwards is my friend, has helped me in a great many ways that you could not, but you wrong both me and him when you hint of love between us. I have known there was something wrong for weeks, Will, and it has almost broken my heart, but I am glad the explanation has taken place. I cannot love one who doubts my honor."

"But, Edith," said Will, "all I ask of you is to give up your friendship for this Edwards of whom you know so little. You know he loves you, everybody knows it, and you are out in his company as much as mine."

"Stop, Will, a moment!" said the calm voice, and think. When was I in his company except on the two occasions when you could not take me to the lectures, but could take your cousin Laura to the party at Mrs. Moore's, and the ball at the Lee House? Ah, Will, I meant to spare you this—I did not mean to tell you that I had discovered the double game you were playing, but you have forced me to it. You gave Henry Jackson a note to carry, and I gave it to my little brother, who supposed of course it was for me. Not looking at the direction, I read it, and then sent it to Miss Laura. Take your ring, Will. You and I are friends."

"Edith! Edith! Surely you are not in earnest! I love you in spite of my folly!"

"No, Will, you do not love me, and my idol has fallen to the dust."

And Mr. Edwards knew by the light step on the grass that she had gone away alone. He had listened to the conversation with changing emotion, but now there was an unmitigated gleam of triumph in the gray eye mingled with the pity he felt for the girl in her lonely sorrow. He was not long in following her to the house.

As Edith entered, Andrew Jackson met her at the door. "There is a man in the house," said he, "and a kiss from him."

The young man was given to such wild statements that Edith paid no heed to this, and was passing on, when her mother's voice arrested her.

"She entered the room and was introduced to Mr. Jones. 'Who is to be my husband,' said Mrs. Carden, tranquilly. Edith could only stare at her in blank amazement. 'It has been settled, and we have been corresponding a good while,' said the widow, 'but I thought I would say nothing about it until it was too late to make a scene—my nerves!'"

"I have nothing to say," slowly said Edith. "I hope you will be happy."

She walked unsteadily out of the room and up stairs, and sank upon the floor in her own room too dizzy to think. What was to happen next in her life? O God, if it might be death! But she stilled that prayer with another for strength, and there all alone in the dusk of the evening, fought her life-true hand to hand.

"Say, Edith!" said a voice at the door; "I want to come in. Here's a letter Mr. Edwards brought from town for you, and ma says, won't you come down? Mr. Jones ain't had no supper, and say—is he my par?"

She took the letter, and fighting her lamp opened it without much interest, but started painfully as she recognized the handwriting. The temptation again! Just as she was weak and faint from her struggle, she must have the little over again, for it was Mr. May's handwriting.

"Edith darling," the letter said, "I can't give you up! I have given you time

now to reconsider my question. Again I lay my heart and fortune at your feet—Darling be merciful! My life will be a blank without the one for whom I have lived so many years."

Here now was a way of escape from all her troubles. Her lover had proven false, and she knew her love had been but a fancy. Why not, then accept this man's offer and take what pleasure life had in store for her? But ah! would it be right? Would it not be wronging her mother's friend and her own benefactor, to give him in exchange for his own noble and generous heart and wealth, only her poor hand? She had no heart to offer. Alas, for our poor weak Edith! There, in the sacred privacy of her own room, she was forced to own it—that unmarked, unthought, she had given her love to the owner of the dark gray eyes, who had been so much help to her in his quiet many way, but of whom she knew so little. This way why the blow of her lover's treachery had fallen so lightly. Unheeding her stepmother's call, she seized her pen and wrote again rapidly, begging Mr. May to forget that she had ever loved—that so unhappy a girl had ever marred the brightness of his life. Then she called her little brother in feverish haste, and had him take the letter to Mr. Edwards and ask him to mail it for her. Eager to get it out of her hands, out of the house, before she should be tempted beyond her strength.

The night was one feverish unrest. She lay pondering her life problem. What must she do? She could rejoice over one thing—her stepmother's marriage—for it gave her freedom to go where she chose and labor as she pleased. She would go far away, to some city where her identity would be lost and she could struggle on alone with no one to aid or hinder. Nature is very merciful, and in spite of the novel writers, there are very few people who pass entirely sleepless nights from pain or trouble. So Edith forgot her sorrow in sleep, and awoke the next morning feeling stronger and better than before in weeks. But when her work was over, and she went up to the old rock on the hillside, where she had passed so many quiet, happy hours, she broke down again, and threw herself on the grass in utter grief.

"What ails you little Edith?" said Mr. Edwards, kneeling beside her. Will you not tell me?"

She could not speak for awhile, but looked up very gratefully into her friend's face. Very tenderly he lifted the little blue veiled hand that lay on the grass beside him, and raised it to his lips.

"I am going away tomorrow, Edith, and if this little hand were not already pledged I would ask its owner to go with me as my wife."

The trees, the flowers, and even the grass hid at them, seemed whirling in a mad whirl before Edith's fearful eyes. This was a little more than she could bear, and for one moment she lost her consciousness, which was only restored by a rain upon her lips, cheek and brow, and she found herself in Mr. Edwards's arms.

"I was cruel, little girl," he murmured. "I know your hand was free, but I wanted your heart too. Is it mine, my darling?"

Do you suppose I am going to tell you what she answered? I only know it was highly satisfactory to her lover, who did at all look like the same quiet Mr. Edwards as he sat on the bank, his gray eyes fairly ablaze with triumphant joy.

"And are you willing to be a poor man's wife, Edith?" he asked, presently.

"If you are the man," she said, demurely, her face almost radiant as his.

"But now am I to reconcile this with the answer you gave me last night?" he asked gravely.

The brown eyes opened widely in amazement. "Last night?"

"Yes," he said, taking a letter from his pocket.

In astonishment unparelleled she recognized the letter she had sent Mr. May the night before.

"Why, Walter, she stammered.

"Yes, darling," he said, "I must confess it. Walter Edwards and Philip May are one and the same person! I had watched and loved you too long, Edith, to give you up so lightly, and after I received your first letter, I determined to come here under an assumed name and see for myself if you were to be happy with your lover, and the rest you know."

"That I thought you—"

"Yes," he laughed, "I know you thought I was an old man—your mother's lover, didn't you, Edith? But it was a mistake. I was only a boy of fifteen when you used to climb on my knee and call yourself my little wife. I was mistaking in J—two summers. Are you very angry with me for deceiving you, little one?"

"Everybody's laughing," broke in Andrew Jackson's discontented voice, followed by that youthful head and shoulders, as he climbed over the rock. "I reckon you're

going to be married like ma and Mr. Jones." A merry burst of laughter ended the love scene, and the pair left Andrew to his morose meditations.

So Fate took the tangled skein of Edith Carden's life out of her hands and straightened it for her. She married the man of her choice and went to Europe after all.

#### Telegraphic News.

**OTTAWA, Jan. 2.**  
A telegram from Fort Garry states that the Davis-Schultz party has gained 18 out of 24 constituencies.

The evidence already taken in Tanner's scandal investigation, which has been going on at Montreal for some time, has afforded most positive proof of the fraudulent nature of the transfer of the properties, and fixes the onus of the affair upon Messrs. Archambault and Danseman. It also appears that the deed conveying property of the Government to Middlemiss & Co. is illegal.

Lepine, who was elected in Manitoba to the Local Legislature, is Maxime Lepine, not the person who is under sentence for the murder of Scott.

**YARMOUTH, Jan. 2.**  
A sad calamity occurred at Central Chebogue on Thursday. The house of Mr. T. Perry was burned while he was at a funeral, and Mrs. Perry was burned to death. Deceased was an aged lady and was ill at the time. It is supposed that she was using paraffine oil, and that it ignited on her person.

The Post Office at East Bay, Cape Breton, and its contents, were totally destroyed by fire yesterday, New Year's morning.

**LONDON, Jan. 2.**  
Snow fell in the South of England, yesterday, and a heavy gale prevailed along the coast last night.

**NEW YORK, Jan. 2.**  
Gov. Tilden, of New York, was inaugurated yesterday.

The Roman Catholic clergy refuse to bury the remains of the victim of murder, Augustus Paradis, at St. Marie, Canada, in consecrated ground, and there is great excitement.

**LONDON, Jan. 2.**  
Alfonso awaits the arrival of a Spanish frigate at Marseilles to proceed to Spain. He will visit the armies before entering Madrid.

**NEW YORK, Jan. 2.**  
At the burning of a residence near Blairsville, Pa., last night, two persons were burned to death, and three others fatally injured by jumping from windows.

**A Rival to the Bank of England.**

The London correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury says:  
"The Bank of England is threatened with serious competition. The London bankers do not see the advantage of depositing all their reserves at Threadneedle street, seeing that they are allowed no interest. Moreover, the Bank of England always keeps its reserves very low, so that when the time of pressure comes there is not such absolute security as there ought to be. It is now intended to form an Association Bank, into which the bankers will send their deposits. Members of the association will be permitted to withdraw the amount of half their reserve on depositing approved bills not having more than twenty-one days to run. The reserves above a certain amount would be turned to profitable account by making short loans on government securities."

Among the manufactures of St. John N. B., that of Messrs. S. R. Foster & Son is well deserving of notice. The Standard Nail and Tack Works have been in successful operation since 1849, and have taken a high place among the "institutions" of the Dominion. The manufacture of nails, shoe nails, tacks and brads is here carried on by means of complicated machinery, some of which have been constructed by Mr. S. R. Foster, and does credit to his inventive skill. About 600 tons of iron, 100 tons of brass, copper and zinc, and 200 chaldrons of coal are used annually. Sixty hands are constantly employed, and the machinery used, including twenty-three tack and shoe nail, and seven cut nail machines, is kept in motion by a twenty horse power engine. Many tons of nails, tacks and brads of all weights, sizes and shapes are annually produced, having a value of \$100,000.

Messrs. Foster & Son send their products in large quantities to all parts of the Dominion, England and South America. And from these points they are widely distributed, some of them finding their way as far distant as Australia.

Wherever—so we have been informed by uninterested parties—Messrs. S. R. Foster & Son's nails and tacks have been introduced they have gained the highest reputation for superiority in shape, strength and finish. The demand for them is yearly increasing and having outgrown the premises now occupied, the manufacturers are about building a large brick edifice, which will contain all the improved facilities which long experience can suggest.

In conclusion, we recommend those of our friends who are desirous of learning how to skillfully and rapidly "put a head on things," to visit Messrs. Foster & Son's and watch the evolutions of machinery constructed for the purpose.—*American Canadian.*

**FROZEN.**—The Annapolis Farmer says: "On Monday, the 14th Dec., the weather in Annapolis was excessively cold, and several persons were slightly frost bitten."

Mr. J. H. Parker, Clerk of the Peace, drove from Bridgetown in the morning, and on returning in the afternoon the cold was so severe that he fell asleep in his carriage, and was found in a semi-frozen condition near Saw Mill Creek. Had it not been for the kindness of Messrs. Howe & Whitman, who brought him to Annapolis as fast as the horse could carry them, he would now be numbered with the dead. On arriving at Commercial House, Mr. Parker was placed under the care of Dr. Chipman, and in about an hour and a half showed some signs of vitality. After being carefully attended for the remainder of the night, he was sufficiently restored to take the morning train for his home in Bridgetown.

## The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JAN. 6, 1875.

**WEEK OF PRAYER, 1875.**—The British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance has issued its annual circular for the week of prayer throughout the world, which commenced on Sunday last. Union Services will be held in the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist Churches in this Town alternately. The topics selected as suitable for exhortation and prayer, as recommended by the Evangelical Alliance, are as follows: Sunday, Jan. 3.—Sermons—Christ, the one Prophet, Priest and King; Monday—Thanksgiving and Confession; Tuesday—Prayer for national objects; Wednesday—for home objects; Thursday—for foreign objects; Friday—for missions; Saturday—for religious revival; Sunday—Sermons—the essential unity of Christ's Church, and the obligation binding on all its members, to manifest it "in the bonds of peace."

**PRESENTATION.**  
It affords us much pleasure to insert the following merited complimentary Resolutions, and extract of minutes of "Greenock Church Choir," acknowledging the valuable aid rendered by Miss Stevenson at the Organ, during the absence of Miss M. Mowat, the organist. It is unnecessary for us to say more, than that the choir improved while Miss Stevenson presided at the organ, which she plays with great taste and skill; and we respectfully suggest to the Choir to secure Miss Stevenson's services as permanent Organist.

The International Steamship Company after 1st January, only run one steamer a week between Boston and St. John. The steamer *New Brunswick* leaves Reed's Point Wharf, St. John, every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock.

Sir John A. Macdonald was elected for Kingston by a majority of 15.

**OFF THE TRACK—NO MAILS.**  
The train from McAdam for St. Stephen ran off the track before reaching Watt Junction, and the St. Andrews train was despatched to St. Stephen with passengers, baggage, and it is said, the mails. The train returned to St. Andrews where it arrived at half-past ten last night, with a small St. Stephen mail, but no Western, St. John, or other mail matter. Where the blame rests, we are not in a position to state, but we know that the public are put to serious inconvenience. A special train with the mails arrived here at noon to-day.

**NO LECTURE.**—In consequence of Miss Armstrong not having arrived last night, no temperance lecture was delivered.

**SURGICAL OPERATION.**—We are informed that Dr. Knowles of St. Stephen, assisted by Drs. Swan and Holmes of Calais, on Wednesday last, successfully removed a tumor from the neck of Quiney Bridges, eldest son of Mr. C. C. Bridges of this place. The boy is improving.

We are happy to announce that our respected Postmaster, Mr. Campbell, who was ill for the past week, is recovering, and able to discharge the duties of his office.

**MASONIC.**—The following is a list of officers of St. Marks, No. 5.—James McKinney, W. M.; W. D. Foster, S. W.; James Stoop, J. W.; George F. Stickney, P. M. Sec.; S. T. Gove, Treas.; E. Lee Street, S. D.; J. Vroom, J. D.; Joseph Kilpatrick, Son. S.; Thomas Richardson, J. S.; John Conley, I. G.; Cornaby Morrison, O. G.

**The New Postal Treaty with Canada.**  
New York, Dec. 30.—The postal treaty with the Dominion of Canada, which was completed yesterday and approved by the Cabinet, was signed last evening. Under the treaty, letters and printed matter for any part of the Dominion will be sent under our stamps at rates, and while letters will begin to be thus carried only from the first of February, the carriage of papers will begin from the first day of the new year, when the new rate of two cents per pound for printed matter goes into effect in the United States. It is estimated that under the new arrangement our government will lose not more than \$20,000 per annum, while the convenience and business interests of the people will be greatly advanced.

It is possible that a similar arrangement will be perfected with Mexico after a while, and the sea route on letters to Cuba also will be lowered. The Postmaster General is also desirous of establishing a weekly slow mail to England, under which a three-cent postage stamp will carry a letter from any part of Great Britain and Ireland. The double rate would still be called for on letters sent by the fast steamers, but the single rate would be a saving and convenience to thousands of poor people who have friends in the old country. Mr. Jewell thinks he can get the slow mail carried for forty dollars per ton, and this would enable him to arrange for three-cent postage.

**TEA SOIREE AND CONCERT.**—It will be noticed that the Choir of the Baptist Church purpose holding a Tea Soiree and Concert in Stevenson Hall, on Wednesday evening next, 13th inst. We can promise a pleasant entertainment to all who attend, as our Baptist friends spare no expense or efforts to give satisfaction.

The Snow on Saturday night has made good traveling, many of the roads were almost bare after the rain. The merry jingle of sleigh bells can be heard at almost all hours. The country teams are bringing in wood, of which there still appears to be an abundant supply.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY** passed off in the most orderly manner. Services were held in some of the Churches. In the afternoon some calls were made, and family gatherings took place in the evening. Not a single case of drunkenness was reported, all places of business were closed, and the day was observed with becoming propriety. We record with pleasure this decided improvement on similar occasions heretofore.

**THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STATE PAPERS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1, ST. ANDREWS,** is advertised to be held on Thursday, the 14th inst., in No. 1 School building. The Report of the Trustees will be read and other business transacted. We trust there will be a full meeting.

**MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.**—It is currently reported that the Provincial Legislature will meet for the despatch of business on Friday, 12th February. We give the report, without any official knowledge of its correctness; at all events, there are various matters which require the legislative pruning hook, and the work cannot be commenced too soon.

**JAMES JOHNSON, Esq.,** of the Customs Department is gazetted and entered upon the duties of Commissioner of Customs, vice Bonchette's retired. This appointment will give much satisfaction in New Brunswick, as well as being an excellent one for the Dominion.

**DR. WM. LIVINGSTON,** of St. John, who was ill for some time, expired at his residence on the 1st inst. The Doctor was a man of culture, an able politician, having been at one time a powerful aid to the liberal cause in this Province, through the *New Brunswick*, a paper of which he was for some time editor. Dr. Livingston was a successful medical practitioner, and was universally respected by a large circle of friends.

**WATER MEETINGS.**—Impressive services were held in the Episcopal and Methodist Churches on New Year's Eve. The exercises were closed at 12 o'clock, and the benediction pronounced. After which the Episcopal and Presbyterian Church bells, and the new Town bell rung out a merry peal.

The International Steamship Company after 1st January, only run one steamer a week between Boston and St. John. The steamer *New Brunswick* leaves Reed's Point Wharf, St. John, every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock.

Sir John A. Macdonald was elected for Kingston by a majority of 15.

**OFF THE TRACK—NO MAILS.**  
The train from McAdam for St. Stephen ran off the track before reaching Watt Junction, and the St. Andrews train was despatched to St. Stephen with passengers, baggage, and it is said, the mails. The train returned to St. Andrews where it arrived at half-past ten last night, with a small St. Stephen mail, but no Western, St. John, or other mail matter. Where the blame rests, we are not in a position to state, but we know that the public are put to serious inconvenience. A special train with the mails arrived here at noon to-day.

**NO LECTURE.**—In consequence of Miss Armstrong not having arrived last night, no temperance lecture was delivered.

**SURGICAL OPERATION.**—We are informed that Dr. Knowles of St. Stephen, assisted by Drs. Swan and Holmes of Calais, on Wednesday last, successfully removed a tumor from the neck of Quiney Bridges, eldest son of Mr. C. C. Bridges of this place. The boy is improving.

We are happy to announce that our respected Postmaster, Mr. Campbell, who was ill for the past week, is recovering, and able to discharge the duties of his office.

**MASONIC.**—The following is a list of officers of St. Marks, No. 5.—James McKinney, W. M.; W. D. Foster, S. W.; James Stoop, J. W.; George F. Stickney, P. M. Sec.; S. T. Gove, Treas.; E. Lee Street, S. D.; J. Vroom, J. D.; Joseph Kilpatrick, Son. S.; Thomas Richardson, J. S.; John Conley, I. G.; Cornaby Morrison, O. G.

**The New Postal Treaty with Canada.**  
New York, Dec. 30.—The postal treaty with the Dominion of Canada, which was completed yesterday and approved by the Cabinet, was signed last evening. Under the treaty, letters and printed matter for any part of the Dominion will be sent under our stamps at rates, and while letters will begin to be thus carried only from the first of February, the carriage of papers will begin from the first day of the new year, when the new rate of two cents per pound for printed matter goes into effect in the United States. It is estimated that under the new arrangement our government will lose not more than \$20,000 per annum, while the convenience and business interests of the people will be greatly advanced.

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The visit of Eastern potentates to Great Britain has been productive of good results. The Sultan has not forgotten the lessons which he learned in the West. He has since endeavored, with no mean success, to place the Turkish navy in an effective condition; and he has established schools for girls, besides instituting other wholesome reforms. The Shah of Persia has also in many ways shown that he has had his eyes opened by the industrial activity and social elevation of the British. Now that the Sultan of Zanzibar contemplates a journey to Great Britain, it is expected that similar advantages will follow to the people over whom he rules. It is thought that he will make the visit next spring. Had he done so a year or two ago, there would have been no difficulty in checking slavery as carried on by his subjects. He will learn other things on his tour besides the fact that a sovereign may be powerful without other people being oppressed, and that the tear of Sayyid Barghash may be accepted as a sign of an advance in civilization in a region which much requires fresh light and a proper direction of energies.

**WORTHY OF IMITATION.**—The *Telegraph* says: "The ladies of the Wawoig congregation, through Mrs. Wm. John Orr, a few days ago, presented their pastor, the Rev. William Millen, a comfortable and substantial fur coat to prepare him for the severities of the winter in the discharge of his official duties. The Rev. William Millen, acknowledges to have received on Christmas Eve, from the young men of his Baccabee congregation and other friends there, a sum of money enabling him to purchase a handsome and comfortable pung. The money was presented to Mr. Millen through Messrs. John Kerr and Robert McCollloch, jr." [Thoughtful Presbyterians.]

There is no greater work on earth than that of developing everything in man—of bringing it into harmony, of holding it back from wrong-doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellence. He builds a great thing who builds a pyramid; but he builds a greater thing who builds a character.

**EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.**—On Wednesday night the store of Mr. Randolph was entered by thieves, and a large quantity of watches, meerschaum pipes, one handsome brown overcoat, a brown reefer jacket, a suit of grey homespun, and other fancy articles, to the value of from three to four hundred dollars, stolen therefrom. The person or persons who successfully accomplished the robbery seem to have had the plan of operations well laid out. The workshop of Mr. Poole, carpenter, was first broken open, a brace and bit and a chisel being taken. These tools were used upon the lower door at the side of the building occupied by Mr. Fitzrandolph, a hole being cut through it, and the bolt driven out.—*Digby Courier, Dec. 25.*

**ACCIDENT.**—On Thursday evening, D. M. MacKenzie, of MacKenzie Bros., while in his store on King street, was informed that his house on Orange street was on fire. He rushed for the scene, and when passing through King Square slipped and fell backward. His hands were in his pockets at the time, and he fell heavily and broke his collar bone. His house was not on fire, but Mr. Bridgstock's chimney, next door was burning.

A respectable-looking matron one day entered one of the omnibuses that run regularly between Edinburgh and Leith. The omnibus was completely filled, so that on going in she could not find a seat. Looking about her, one of the passengers said, "Ye ha'e naething to sit doon on, honest woman." "I ha'e something to sit doon on," was her reply; "but I dinnae see where to put it."

**SIXTY YEARS OR MARRIED LIFE.**—The 60th anniversary of the marriage of John Grimmer, Esq., on Jan. 29, 1814, took place at Mr. Grimmer's residence on Tuesday 29th ult. There were present the children, grand-children &c., and every one present enjoyed the occasion in the best fashion. We hope Mr. Grimmer may live to see many more such anniversaries.—*Courier.*

An order from headquarters to the Post Master at Fredericton directs that all printing for the office at Fredericton must be performed in St. John, that is at the office of that admirable citizen and patriot, Mr. Spenser Anglin. As it is impossible to send to St. John for announcements in time to advise our people of changes in the mail regulations, our citizens will be obliged to go without the necessary information.—*Reporter.*

**VANCEBORO AS A PORT OF ENTRY.**—The *Why* is informed by Mr. Horace Haynes Express Messenger, that \$17,778.51 in American gold has been paid at the port of Vanceboro as duties on goods imported from the British Provinces from January 1st, 1874, to and including December 31st, 1872; the goods being in charge of the messengers of the Eastern Express Company during the transit.

**THE BASS FISHERY.**—The following regulation has been made by the Governor-General in Council under the Fisheries Act:—  
"In the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick bass shall not be fished for caught or killed by means of any kind of net having meshes of a less size than six inches (extension measure). This regulation to be in force on and after the 23rd day of December inst."

**CHARLOTTETOWN SMALL-POX CASES.**—No new cases of small-pox have appeared in Charlottetown. A daughter of Mr. Green died of the disease on Christmas.

**SMALL POX RAGING AMONG THE INDIANS.**—Small pox of the most malignant type is raging among the Indians at Pickanook on the Gattapan river near Ottawa. On the 27th, the bodies of nine children were being buried. The Indians are in a pitiful state of destitution. The male portion are either dead or have left the place.

**A MURDERER HANGED.**—John Murphy was executed at Carson, Nevada, on Thursday, for the murder of J. R. McCullam. He was a native of Scotland and at one time travelled with John C. Hoeman giving sparring exhibitions. On the scaffold he made some remarks professing belief in spiritualism, at the same time uttering horrible blasphemy.

**PAYMENT OF \$500,000.**—It is stated that a gentleman, whose liberality to the Established Church of Scotland has made his name a household word, contemplates giving half a million pounds sterling to the Dissecting bodies in Scotland. Mr. Baird, of Gartsherrie, is evidently intended.

**STAIN HAS A KING AGAIN,** at least on paper. Atonso, of a bad Bourbon stock, is en route to that troubled land, to assume the crown.

**OBITUARY.**—Mr. James Hale, Superintendent of the Money Order Branch of the St. John Post Office, died yesterday morning, after a long illness of disease of the lungs. Mr. T. B. Smith, during the illness of Mr. Hale, has discharged the duties of the office.

The death of an old resident occurred yesterday morning John Ward, Esq., son of the late Mayor John Ward, one of the Loyalists, died at the advanced age of 92 years. He was born in this city, and his father was for a long time associated with the commercial interests of the Port.—*Daily News.*

Sir James Ferguson, Governor of New Zealand, accompanied by Hon. John Russell and Leslie Hawks, are in New York.

Acting Mayor Vance of New York has recommended the commissioners of charities and corrections, for violation of duty in exercising undue leniency toward Tweed, and a Governor Dix has approved his action in so doing. New Commissioners have been appointed.

A Havana despatch says that ten steamers have been purchased for the purpose of taking a filibustering expedition to Cuba from New York, to be commanded by Gen. Jordan.

#### MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, December 20th, by Rev. Gleason Estabrook, Mr. Edmond H. Dawson, of St. Andrews, to Miss Zephora M. Hartley, of East Florenceville, daughter of G. S. Hartley, Esq.

At St. John, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. F. H. J. Briscoe, A. M., Rector of Trinity, Francis Brigley Hazen, Esq., to Edith Mary, daughter of Francis Ferguson, Esq., of the city of St. John.

#### DIED.

On the 31st December, Mr. John McLaughlin, aged 94 years, leaving an aged widow and family to lament their loss. Mr. McLaughlin was a native of Co. Antrim, Ireland, and emigrated to this Province half a century ago, and settled on a farm at Bay Side, in the then Parish of St. Andrews. A few years ago he sold his farm and purchased a cottage in town, where he resided up to the time of his death. He was deservedly respected by all who knew him.

At St. John, on the 1st inst., at his residence, Charlotte street, William Livingston, M. D., of Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, Scotland, aged 71 years.

## Ship News

### PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

**ARRIVED**  
Jan. 2, Linds, Evans, Eastport, ballast.  
5, Sargossa, Burrows, Boothbay, ballast.  
6, Ida Grover, West, Portland, ballast.

**CLEARED**  
Jan. 2, Linds, Evans, St. John, old iron.  
5, Ida Grover, West, Portland, 60,000 herring.

## Vocal and Instrumental

### CONCERT

#### AND

### TEA SOIREE.

IN

STEVENSON'S HALL,

Wednesday Ev'g.,

JANUARY 13, 1875.

**THE CHOIR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH** will give a Concert in connection with a Tea Soiree to be held in Stevenson's Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 13 1875. Tea on the Table at 6 P. M. Concert to commence at 8.

The Instrumental Music will be furnished by members of the Quirette Band. The "Estes" Organ and "G. M. Guild" Piano will be used for accompaniment.

Tickets will be sold at the store of E. Saunders, and at the door. Admission 50 cents. Children under 12, 25 cents.

If the weather is unfavorable the concert will be off Thursday evening, 14th.

St. Andrews, Jan. 6, 1875.



Representative and Champion of American Art Taste.  
PROSPECTUS FOR 1875—EIGHTH YEAR.

# THE ALDINE,

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,  
ISSUED MONTHLY.

A MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION, WONDERFULLY CARRIED OUT.

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artists, has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which so invariably followed each attempt in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an ability to meet it were shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.

THE ALDINE, which is now published with all the regularity, has been of the temporary or timorously characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of art, light, and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the end of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in its kind or character. The possession of a complete volume can not duplicate the quantity of the paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes for ten times its cost; and then, there is the chromo, besides!

The national feature of THE ALDINE must be taken in its narrow sense. True artistic composition. While THE ALDINE is strictly American in its origin, it does not confine itself entirely to the reproduction of native art. Its mission is to cultivate a broad and appreciative taste, one that will discriminate only on grounds of intrinsic merit. Thus, while placing before the patrons of THE ALDINE, as a leading characteristic, the productions of the most noted American artists, attention will always be given to specimens from foreign sources.

The artistic illustration of American scenery, original with THE ALDINE, is an important feature, and its magnificent plates are of a size more appropriate to the satisfactory treatment of details than can be afforded by any inferior page. The judicious interposition of landscape, marine, figure, and animal subjects, sustain an unabated interest, impose a labor where the scope of the work confines the artist too closely to a single style of subject. The literature of THE ALDINE is a light and graceful accompaniment, worthy of the artistic features, with only such technical discussions as do not interfere with the popular interest of the work.

**PREMIUM FOR 1875**  
Every subscriber for 1875 will receive a beautiful portrait, in all colors, of the same noble dog whose picture in a former issue attracted so much attention.

**"MAN'S UNSELFISH FRIEND"**  
will be welcome in every home. Every body loves such a dog, and the portrait is executed so true to life, that it seems the veritable presence of the animal itself.

Besides the chromo, every advance subscriber to THE ALDINE for 1875 is constituted a member, and entitled to all the privileges of THE ALDINE ART UNION.

The Union owns the originals of all THE ALDINE pictures, which, with other paintings and engravings, are to be distributed among the members. To every series of \$5.00 subscribers, 100 different pieces, valued at over \$5.00 are distributed as soon as the series is full, and the awards of each series are made. The ALDINE will, hereafter, be obtained by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rates; cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publishers direct, or handed to the local canvasser, without responsibility to the publishers, except in cases where the certificate is given, bearing the fac simile signature of James Sutton, President.

**CANVASSERS WANTED**  
Any person wishing to act permanently as a canvasser will receive full and prompt information by applying to  
**THE ALDINE COMPANY,**  
55 Maiden Lane, New York

**REMOVAL.**  
JAMES STOOP, MERCHANT TAILOR, begs to intimate to his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Establishment to the building lately occupied by W. D. Hart, next door to J. R. Bradford's, where he will be happy to see his customers, and by promptness and efforts to please, to receive a continuance of the patronage hitherto afforded him. my 13

**VISITING & BUSINESS CARDS**  
NEATLY PRINTED AT THE  
**STANDARD OFFICE.**

## Bay of Fundy Red Granite Company.

**POLISHED COLUMNS AND PILASTERS, Tombs and Monuments, Mausoleums, Vaults, etc.**

Estimates made for Building work Granite supplied to dimensions. Designs furnished to order.

The Polishing Works and Quarries of the Bay of Fundy Company are now in full operation and the Company are prepared to fill orders with despatch. Further particulars and price list on application to the Secretary at St. George, N. B., St. George, N. B., March 18, 1874.

### North British and Mercantile Insurance Company,

(OF EDINBURGH & LONDON.)  
ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

### FIRE & LIFE

**PRESIDENT:**  
His Grace the Duke of Roxburgh, K. T.

**VICE-PRESIDENTS:**  
His Grace the Duke of Fife, K. G.  
His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K. G.  
Sir John L. M. Lawrence, Bart., G. C. B. & K. S.

**CAPITAL - £2,000,000 STERLING**  
(WITH LARGE ACCUMULATIONS.)

The Subscriber having been appointed General Agent for New Brunswick for the above Company, is now prepared to effect insurances on reasonable terms.

**HENRY JACK,**  
General Agent.  
Aug. 9. W. B. MORRIS Agent for St. Andrews and vicinity. Jan. 29

### STREET & STEVENSON,

**Baristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors &c.**

**OFFICES—WATER STREET, ST. ANDREWS**

### REMOVAL.

W. H. WILLIAMSON, ever grateful for the kind support and patronage he has hitherto received, begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his establishment to the store formerly occupied by Miss Irwin, corner of Water and Edward streets; where he will keep as usual.

### DRUGS, CHEMICALS Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Groceries,

Paints, Glass, Putty, and all the other articles commonly found in a Druggist Shop.  
St. Andrews.

### G. F. STICKNEY,

**WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER.**

Has received a further supply of

**GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Chains, Rings, Brooches, Lockets, Studs, Solitaires, Keys, &c.**

Electroplated Britannia Metal and British Plate Wares,

Paper Machie, Parian, Spa, Wedgwood and Bohemian Goods.

### JET AND RUBBER GOODS.

**CUTLERY, HALLWARE, EDGETOOLS, TOYS, FANCY SOAP AND PERFUMERY,** Together with a general assortment of **House Furnishing & Fancy Goods** WEDDING RINGS made to order. July 19 41

### REMOVAL.

**H. O'NEIL & SONS** respectfully inform their friends generally, that in consequence of their late Market having been destroyed by fire, they have removed for the present to the building adjoining the store of Messrs. Robinson & Glenn, where they will be happy to supply the wants of their numerous customers, and beg to return thanks for the patronage heretofore received, and trust by efforts to please, to merit a continuance of their custom.  
H. O'NEIL & SONS,  
St. Andrews, Aug. 20, 1874.

### GEO. STEWART, Jr.,

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,**

DEALER IN **DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATHY MEDICINES, DYE WOODS AND STUFFS, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,**

Toilet Requisites, Perfumery, Brushes, &c., King Street, Saint John, N. B. Orders from the Country promptly executed. **Ships' Medicine Chests Filled and Re fitted.** Particular attention given to the Preparation of Physicians' Prescriptions. api 12 7-1y

### BAY RUM

10 Gall. good Bay Rum, for sale at the **ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE,** Nov. 5. E. LEE STREET.

### ST. ANDREWS-FOUNDRY.

**THE SUBSCRIBERS** respectfully announce that they are prepared to execute orders for **Foundry Work,** with punctuality and despatch. **STOVES** of approved patterns, **MILL** and **SHIPS CASTINGS,** and other foundry business attended to. Particular attention paid to **Blacksmith Work** of every description, and satisfaction guaranteed. By punctuality and a desire to please, they beg to merit public patronage.

**A LAMB & CO.**  
St. Andrews, Oct. 22, 1873. sc22 1y

### FOR SALE.

**HOUSE and PREMISES** belonging to the Estate late L. Donaldson, Esq. fronting on King, Prince of Wales, Carleton and Wm. Henry Streets, and at present in the occupation of Mrs. Mary Jane Kyle. For price and terms apply to **W. M. MACKAY,** 133 Prince Wm. Street, St. John. May 13—nm

### REWARD.

AN attempt having been made on Monday night last, to set fire to the barn adjoining the residence of Mrs. Parker, in this town. Notice is hereby given that a reward of **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** will be paid to any one giving such information as will lead to the conviction of the offender. **NEVILLE G. D. PARKER,** St. Andrews, Sept. 9, 1874.

### NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late Mr. James A. Reed, of Massena, Parish of St. Patrick, will please call and settle their accounts with the subscriber within thirty days from this date, and all persons having any legal demands against said Estate, will please present them for settlement within thirty days.

**MARY ANN REED,** Sole Executrix. Waverly, A. C. Charlotte, Oct. 14, 1874. 21

### RING LOST.

LOST on Saturday morning last, 1st instant, a **lady's Gold Ring,** set with brilliant in shape of a Maltese Cross, with an Emerald in the centre. If being a family memento, the finder will kindly receive the thanks of the owner, but likewise a liberal reward, on leaving it at the **Standard Office.** August 4.

### ROYAL HOTEL

(FORMERLY STILES.)  
Opposite Custom House and Public Offices, PRINCE WILLIAM ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. During the past winter this house has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished. It will be opened on 1st of May next. Having secured the services of Mr. Charles Watts as Manager, the proprietor trusts that their united efforts for the comfort of their guests will give entire satisfaction. Terms \$2.00 per day.

**THOMAS F. RAYMOND,** Proprietor. June 12

### Debentures for Sale.

**THE TRUSTEES OF SCHOOLS, ST. ANDREWS,** District No. One, offer for sale DEBENTURES in sums of from \$100 to \$500, secured on the credit of the District. Jan. 21, 1874.

### TEACHER WANTED.

**BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES,** St. Andrews, April 8, 1874. WANTED—A Female Teacher, (First Class), to take charge of an Advance School for girls. Apply to **CHAS. O'NEIL, Sec'y.** apl 8

### Tea Tea

Ex "Lady Darling" from London via St. John. 40 CHESTS and Half Chests superior CONGOU TEA. For sale by **J. W. STREET & CO.** St. Andrews, Nov. 19, 1873. 41

### For sale or to Let.

**THE** Two story Dwelling HOUSE and Lot corner King and Barr streets. The property is pleasantly situated, and with slight repairs would make a pleasant residence. Possession given immediately. Apply at the **STANDARD OFFICE** Aug. 6.

### SEWING MACHINES.

**WHAT EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE** One of the original **Weed Sewing Machines.** These celebrated Machines are now on sale by the subscriber, where the public are invited to examine and test for themselves. Jan 16.

### JAMES STOOP, Agent.

### Copartnership.

The Subscribers have this day entered into Professional Copartnership, under the style and firm of **Street & Stevenson.** **GEO. D. STREET,** **B. R. STEVENSON,** St. Andrews, June 1, 1874.

### The Standard.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY **A. W. SMITH,** At his Office Water St., St. Andrews, N. B.

**TERMS**  
\$2.50 per Annum—if paid in advance.  
\$3.00 if not paid till the end of the year.

**ADVERTISEMENTS**  
Inserted according to written order or continued until forbidden in any other direction.

1 week 2w 3w 1m 2m 3m  
1 Inch \$1.00 1.50 2.00 2.50 3.50 4.50  
2 " 1.50 2.30 3.00 4.00 6.00 7.50  
3 " 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 7.00 9.00  
4 " 2.50 3.50 4.50 5.50 8.00 11.00

Advertising by the year as may be agreed on. All letters addressed to this office must be post paid.

### Goods remaining in Store

March 1st, 1874.

31 Cheste }  
32 half } Five Congo TEA.  
20 " } Breakfast South Long Tea.  
" } Oolong do.

**LIQUORS,**  
8 Hhds. }  
10 Qr. Casks } Cognac BRANDY.  
20 Cases qts. }  
50 " pt. Bkks. } do do  
10 " 3 pt. }  
20 Hhds. }  
15 Qr. Casks } Best Pale GENEVA,  
250 Cases }  
15 " }  
25 " } CLARET,  
8 Hhds. } CHAMPAGNE,  
25 Qr. Casks } Best Scotch & Irish  
50 Cases qts. } WHISKY,  
50 " pt. Bkks. } do

**PAINTS & OILS.**  
2 Tons Brandam Bros. best white Paint, do cold eo.  
5 Casks Boiled and Raw Oil. **J. W. STREET & CO.**

### GIN, WINE, TEA, &c.

Ex "Choice" from London.  
40 Hhds. }  
50 Qr. Casks } Best Pale Geneva.  
200 Cases }  
30 Cheste }  
20 Hhds. } Congou Tea.  
10 Hhds. }  
10 Bbls Refined Crushed Sugar  
20 Cases "Bridges & Son's" best Stout Porter,  
30 Cases "Guinness" Dublin Porter, quart and pints.  
5 do London Brown Stout & Pale Ale.  
20 Qr. Casks }  
75 Hhds. } Pale Sherry.  
31 Tons "Brandam Bros" Best White Lead  
4 Hhds. } do Boiled and Raw  
4 Qr. Casks } Lard Oil. **J. W. STREET.**

### Government House, Ottawa.

Thursday, 23rd day of April, 1874.  
PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and under the provisions of the 10th clause of the "Fisheries Act," His Excellency has been pleased to make the following regulations:—

"In the Provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick no person shall, during the months of July and August, fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or have in possession any soft-shell lobsters or female lobsters with eggs attached, nor shall lobsters of a less size than nine inches in length, measured from head to tail, exclusive of claws or feet, be at any time fished for, caught, killed, bought, sold or had in possession, but when caught by accident in nets or other fishing apparatus lawfully used for other fish, lobsters with eggs attached, soft-shell and young lobsters of a less size than nine inches shall be liberated alive, at the risk and cost of the owner of the net or apparatus, or by the occupier of the fishery, on whom in every case shall devolve the proof of such actual liberation.

His Excellency has been pleased to cancel the fishery regulation established by Order in Council of the 15th day of July, 1873, having reference to the lobster fishery, and the same is hereby cancelled accordingly.

**W. A. HIMSWORTH,** Clerk Privy Council.

### NOTICE.

**THE** General Annual Meeting of the **Bay of Fundy Red Granite Company,** for the election of Officers for the ensuing year, and the consideration of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the Company's Office, at St. George, N. B., at 3 o'clock P. M., on **TUESDAY, the 14th day of JULY** proximo.

By order, **CHARLES C. WALKER,** Secretary. June 17, 1874.—nm

### GEO. F. STICKNEY,

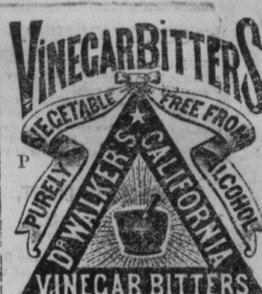
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**WATCHES, JEWELRY, CUTLERY,**

**EDGE TOOLS, HARDWARE, TOYS**

**SOAPS, PERFUMERY,** and FANCY GOODS, &c.

Agent for Lazarus & Morris' Perfected Specacles.



**Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters** are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease that is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, in Bilious Diseases.

If men will enjoy good health, let them use VINEGAR BITTERS as a medicine, and avoid the use of alcoholic stimulants in every form.

**H. H. McDONALD & Co.,** Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and cor. Washington and Charlton Sts., New York. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bowels are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

**Grateful Thousands** proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

**Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers,** which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

**Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Belching of the Stomach, Flatulency in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms,** are the off-springs of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

**Serofula, or King's Evil, White Swelling, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Scalded Neck, Gout, Rheumatic Inflammation, Rheumatism, Inflammation of the Membranes, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, &c., &c.** In these, as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

**For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Biliousness, and Chronic Inflammation of the Feet, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder,** these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

**Mechanical Diseases.**—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Typographers, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the "Bowels." To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

**For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Boils, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Bolls, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurvy, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.**

**For Female Complaints,** in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the term of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

**Jaundice.**—In all cases of jaundice, rest assured that your liver is not doing its work. The only sensible treatment is to promote the action of the bile and favor its removal. For this purpose use VINEGAR BITTERS.

**Cleanse the Vitiated Blood** whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

**H. H. McDONALD & Co.,** Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and cor. Washington and Charlton Sts., New York. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. sep 24 1873

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