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NO. 5.

**Untouched by Time.**  
Time sallies forth with scythe in hand,  
To reap his harvest off the land,  
And leave his foot-prints in the sand.  
He marks his progress with decay,  
Streaks the dark mountain side with gray,  
And over earth holds regal sway.  
On beauty's cheek he leaves his trace,  
Carves deeper wrinkles on the face,  
And takes what he can ne'er replace.  
Our childhood's home, the haunts of youth,  
Our later pleasure grounds, forsooth,  
Bear marks of Time's corroding tooth.  
He drapes the fields with fringe of gloom,  
Makes of the sea a mighty tomb,  
And earth goes mournfully to her doom.  
Nay, Time may have a monarch's power,  
With cruel greed our realm devour,  
But Love has its triumphant hour.  
Time enters not within the soul,  
O'er faith and hope has no control,  
Nor marks the boundary of the goal.  
Though palaces and temples fall,  
And underneath the funeral pall  
Is laid the dearest one of all,  
With songs immortal and sublime,  
Love lifts us to a loftier clime,  
For Love is still untouched by Time!

## WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining room in the Mayberry mansion was all a glitter with floods of gaslight and the genial glow of fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy fires all over the splendid mansion before the weather became cold enough, was one of his "eccentric freaks." Mrs. Mayberry called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss of the head and a smile, almost of contempt, directed at the hale, hearty, honest-faced old gentleman who had married her for her pretty face, ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower with his handsome half-grown son for a not very desirable incumbent.

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their seven o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate, in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberrys, father, son and the haughty, well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to refrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger, while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—no, not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named."

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fuss, and seeing around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is but an every-day occurrence—I shall not do it. And as to the guests on my list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have any worse failing than poverty. There is not a 'common,' vulgar person among the whole ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride which he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing. She knew from experience that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision; and this was one of these times.

"We will have dinner ordered from twelve o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey, with cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery, all on the table at once. For dessert, pie, cheese and cider and nothing more. Marguerite, shall I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?"

Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond rings almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of, to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurds, and the Masons, and that Thyrza Green and her lame brother, and that little old Wilmington, and his grand-daughter, and—"

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her gently—"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine before he went to India. Since he came home with his son's orphan daughter and lived in such 'obscure'—comfortable although plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him

as more worthy than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall depend upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at the table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will we go, do you think?" The little wizened old man looked fondly at her over his steel rimmed glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to dinner, eh, Winnie? You wouldn't be afraid of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folk of the family? Remarkably fine folk, I hear, for all I can remember when Joe was a boy together with myself. Fine folk, Winnie, and you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have many recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented, honest labor is the honestest thing in the world, and the best discipline, but somehow, I can't tell why, but I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go." And thus it happened that among the ten guests that sat down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing board that cold, blue-skyed day, Winnie Wilmington and the little old man were two—and two to whom Ernest Mayberry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and expected.

Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood for a moment before the fire; "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention, indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty for one little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes glisten when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts, they won't want anything to eat for a week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who—Mrs. Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A ladylike, graceful little girl, with beautiful eyes enough to excite the boy for admiring her."

"The boy! You seem to have forgotten your son is twenty-three—old enough to fall in love with and marry—even a poor, unknown girl, you were quite enough to invite to your table."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good, virtuous girl, why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

"Grandpa!"

Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely, drooping face.

"Yes, Winnie, you want to tell me something?"

She went up behind him, and leaned her hot cheek carelessly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer.

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something. I—Mr. May—Ernest has spoken—he—wants me to—oh, grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his.

He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So that is what comes of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, you know."

"And you are sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it isn't my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble on his face as he came straight

up to Winnie and took her hand, then turning to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, for I should have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to only tell you how dearly I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed and both families are beggars."

His handsome face was pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on my account; I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut beneath the heavy frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad. You stay here and tell Winnie I am just as willing she shall be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father; he and I were boys together, a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in remarkable time, and presenting his wrinkled, weather-beaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face and keen, troubled eyes, that nevertheless lightened at the sight of his old friend.

"I'm glad to see you, Wilmington. Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is a comfort."

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit down. He crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday at this time, I would say, 'God speed you in your wooing of Winnie Wilmington. As it is—for the girl's sake I disapprove.'"

"So you haven't a pound over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest—it is a terrible thing to happen to him at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry, perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be of any use, and I'll start the boy myself, if you say so. Eh?"

Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment.

Wilmington went on: "I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring up my girl to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse with thick emotion.

"Wilmington! God will reward you for this. May He a thousand fold!"

Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh?"

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.

A man from Chicago would not confess astonishment at anything he saw in Nevada. As he was passing a hotel in Virginia City, a cap blew from one of the chimneys. It was a circular piece of sheet iron, painted black, slightly convex, and the four "supports" were like legs. The wind carried it down street, and it went straddling along like a living thing. The Chicago man inquired what it was. "A 'bug' from the hotel," was the reply. "By George, I never saw anything like that!"—he began, and then added, "outside of Chicago."

**Not the Kind She Wanted.**

"Are these young chickens?" asked a lady of a market woman.

"Oh, yes, indeed, lady. They're nice and tender—as fine as any you ever saw," said the woman.

"They don't look like it," remarked the customer, pinching one of them critically.

"It's the honest Christian truth I'm telling you, lady. I raised 'em myself, and could give you their age to a day if my old man was here, for he put it down in the almanac the self-same day they were hatched. And they're nice and fat, too, lady see,"—holding up the choicest in the lot.

"You're quite sure they are not tough, then? Young chickens are sometimes nearly as tough as old ones, you know."

"Yes, yes; very true. But I'm certain you'll find these tender. I had a couple out of the same brood for dinner, Tuesday, and they were as nice as could be."

The customer opened her purse and took out a brand new trade dollar, as she placed her basket on the stall, and the market woman bustled around with a feeling of charity in her heart for all humanity, as she brought out a fresh quire of wrapping paper, and prepared to fill what she believed would be the biggest order of the morning.

"You'll stand by what you said about those chickens?" queried the lady, pausing with the coin in her hand.

"And I believe you are here every market, ain't you?"

"Oh, yes, lady; I'd sooner have ten of 'em spile on my hands than to say a single word that wasn't true, and if you don't find it just as I told you, come back and get your money."

"They won't do for me then," said the lady, putting back the money and picking up her basket. "I want a fowl that'll do to make soup for a couple of days without falling all to pieces, and then do for pot-pie afterwards. Times are very hard, and the best choice figuring to keep boarders now-a-days without losing money."

The market woman watched the landlady in speechless wonder until her figure was lost in the crowd, and then she huddled down again over her charcoal furnace and muttered:

"Why didn't I stick to the truth and close out the lot to her. She may search this market over and not find anything that ever wore feathers that can stand bilin' like these old roosters will. Well, well; honesty's the best policy after all, but it don't always look that way. Here you are, lady—chickens? Just the thing for boarders. Three years old last fall, and tougher'n a boot-black."—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

**A Chinese Dog Story.**

Siu Chuan nourished in his household a dog to which he was much attached. One day as Siu Chuan was sleeping heavily in a thicket, the governor of the province, who was out on a hunting expedition, chanced to pass, and ordered the grass of the thicket to be fired in order to frighten from it whatever game it might hide. The dog tagged at Siu Chuan's clothing, but could not arouse him; then running to a stream hard by plunged into it, and returning to where his master lay rolled himself over and over, wetting the grass. This performance he repeated several times, till he had so saturated the ground that his master was safe from the flames; then, exhausted and cruelly burned, he laid down by his master's side and died. Siu Chuan, awakening, was not slow to comprehend the danger to which he had been exposed, and the means by which it had been averted. With many tears he carried home the body of the dog, wrapped it in a costly shroud, and placed it in a handsome tomb, which the governor caused to be called ever afterward, "The Tomb of the Faithful Dog."

**How a Match was Broken Off.**

The Jersey City (N. J.) Journal says: A comical affair occurred in Newark recently which promised to have a serious result. Mr. Heisfelder, who is, or was engaged to marry Miss Schellbroener, both Germans, was escorting the young lady, who was to act as bridesmaid on the occasion, to a wedding. They were late, and took a short cut to the church along the canal towpath. On the way they had a lovers' quarrel, and the damsel said Heisfelder insulted her. She sheered off from his side, but sheered too far, and tumbled head over heels into the canal. The young man went immediately after her, and with much difficulty hauled her 185 pounds of avoirdupois and her wet bridesmaid's clothes to dry land. But her wrath was not cooled though her body was, and she went home alone, and now says she will not marry Emil at all. This may be entitled a comedy of errors on the tow-path.

**Relative Strength of Wood and Metal.**

The Cincinnati Gazette contains an interesting report of recent experiments made at the Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College, with their mammoth testing machine, for determining the strength of different kinds of metal, timber, etc. "The first six tests were of tenacity. A quarter-inch annealed wire broke at 2,160 pounds; another piece of annealed wire, of the same size, broke at 3,860 pounds; a piece of iron, half-inch square, broke with 13,660 pounds; a bar of Bessemer steel, scant half-inch square, only gave way under 30,320 pounds, the two latter tests showing clearly the comparative strength of iron and Bessemer steel. A piece of hickory, one and a half inches square, broke at 10,460 pounds, and a piece of black walnut, same size, at 3,270 pounds. The arrangement of the machine for transverse tests was illustrated by breaking a bar of apple wood, one inch square and one foot long, supported at the ends and weight applied in the middle, with only 960 pounds. A two-inch cube of white Waverly sandstone was crushed with 12,560 pounds. Such cubes of oak stood a test of 7,000 and 8,300 before being crushed. The last experiment was the breaking of a 15x16 inch iron screw bolt, which was accomplished by a pressure of 25,800 pounds. All specimens of metal could be seen to stretch very materially before breaking, becoming of less diameter near the place of rupture. It was interesting to note the heat generated when this stretching took place, which is ascribed to molecular friction. The tests followed each other rapidly, and the gentlemen present, who included rolling-mill operators, practical engineers, and manufacturers interested in the experiments, were delighted at the prompt and accurate working of the machine. Prof. Mendenhall is desirous of making tests of the comparative strength of the various materials used by manufacturers, builders and others, and will be very glad to receive any and all specimens which may be offered. The result of those tests would seem to be of great value in many building and other enterprises, yet Professor Mendenhall states that he was actually obliged to buy specimens for the tests above described.

**Items of Interest.**

A ringing bell, like an onion, is peal upon peal.

Between a brass-band leader and his men there is nothing but a word and a blow.

The poet was thinking of the bottom of an oyster stew when he wrote "Little drops of water, little grains of sand."

The German farmers are complaining of large importations of Russian grain, which are swamping German markets and depressing prices.

Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, the great mind owners of Nevada, propose to send to the Paris exhibition one solid brick of silver four feet square.

When it was said that Mars had three moons, it was remarked: "Think of young people living in a planet where there is no shady side of the street at night."

The horseshoe at Niagara is now a right angle, rather than a curve. The rocks in the center have been eaten away from year to year, and now the side walls are crumbling.

Russia's captures during the war, as compiled from official sources by Le Mende Russe, aggregate twenty-nine pashas, seven hundred and four cannons and 73,128 officers and men.

There is an iron safe in Cincinnati which lay for six years on the bottom of Lake Erie with \$20,000 in it. It was got by diving bell process, and now serves its old purpose in an express office.

In Queen Victoria's crown there are 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,173 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds, one large ruby, seventeen sapphires, eleven emeralds, four small rubies, and 237 pearls.

To remove foreign bodies from the throat an English naval surgeon recommends blowing forcibly into the ear. Powerful reflex action is produced, during which the foreign substance is expelled.

Blessed is the man who had rather subscribe for a newspaper than borrow one, and blessed is he who when he borrows one will return it without getting it soiled and torn.—*McDuffie (Ga.) Journal.*

**A Gambler's Varying Luck.**

A gambler told this story to a Cincinnati reporter: "There used to be an actor here who was a great gambler. His name was Johnny Mortimer. He was a member of the stock company at Pike's in 1862. He was a magnificent dresser, and prided himself on being the best dressed man in town. One December night I saw him, after the play was over, come into a house at the corner of Vine and Fifth. He was dressed to perfection—overcoat, shining plug, cane, watch, big chain—everything gorgeous and the best. There were no players and the game was idle, but he made them open up for him. He bought \$20 worth of chips, and lost. He changed in \$20 more, and lost. He lost all his money and then offered his clothes. He was allowed \$200 for his overcoat, and lost that. He passed over his coat and got \$10 worth of chips, and lost. He played in his watch and chain, his vest, his hat, his cane—even his shoes and pantaloons—and got desperate. He asked me to go and get something for him to drink to keep him warm and get an old barrel for him to walk home in. He then offered his necktie as his last chance, and was allowed fifty cents for it. His five chips won, and he struck a streak; won his clothes back and came near breaking the bank."

**A Rich Man's Economy.**

The late Sir Titus Salt, the famous alpaca manufacturer, though immensely rich and generous, had the habit of economy. He was always careful not only of his money, but of such trifling things as blank leaves of letters, which were not thrown into the waste basket, but laid aside for use. When he began to make money he thought of buying himself a gold watch, but he resolved that he would not buy it till he had saved a thousand pounds. How proud he was of that watch in his after life! It was worn by him till the close of his life, and when his own hand became too feeble to wind it, he handed it to others to be wound in his presence. He had little knowledge of literature and little love of it. "His library," as his biographer records with pride, "was large and well selected; but his knowledge of books was limited, and the range of his reading confined to religious publications and the daily press." In his old age some one asked him what books he had been reading lately. "Alpaca," was the quiet reply; then after a short pause he added, "If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day, you would not have much time left for

reading."

In the old burying ground at Newport is a curious headstone, which chronicles the death of a son and daughter of William and Desire Tripp, "also his wife's arm," amputated February 20, 1776. The age of the arm appears to be omitted, but it was doubtless interred with decent ceremonial. A portrait of the arm is cut upon the stone.

When you are ashamed to be seen eating them in the street, when your neighbor has apples and you have none, and you make no nocturnal visit to an orchard; then—be assured you are no longer a boy in heart or years. I sympathize with that clergyman who, in pulling out his handkerchief in the middle of his discourse, pulled out two bounding apples with it that went rolling across the pulpit floor and down the pews. These apples were, no doubt, to be eaten on his way home, or to his next appointment. They would take the taste of the sermon out of his mouth.

"In planting a homestead, what a help it is to have a few old maternal apple trees near by—regular old grandmothers, who have blossomed and borne fruit until the very air about them is sweeter than elsewhere, and who have nourished robins and wrens in their branches till they have a tender, brooding look. There is a crop of sweet reminiscences, dating from childhood, and spanning the season from May to October."

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# THE CAREER OF PIUS IX.

The Pontificate of Pius IX., who was elected Pope as the successor of Gregory XVI., on the 16th of June, 1846, is drawing to a close. The King of Italy is no more, and at the death of the present Pontiff, when it shall occur, the two most prominent actors in the drama of recent Italian history, so fraught with momentous events, will have passed off the stage.

There are many who recall the startling impression made by the liberal measures of Pius IX., on his first accession to power, and the enthusiasm among the friends of Italian liberty which was excited in those days of hope. The intolerable misgovernment in the Papal States imperatively required a radical change in the system of internal administration, and Pius IX., under the influence of a constitutional monarchy, took to organize a constitutional monarchy in which laymen should have large share of power. The reduction of taxes, the liberation of political prisoners, the charters given to railway and telegraph companies, the improvement of agriculture, the patronage of education, the reform of ecclesiastical institutions, the relaxation of restraints upon the press, and other measures consequent in spirit with these, seemed to usher in an utterly new period of liberty and prosperity in the Roman kingdom. But the Pope had still larger aims. Italy was groaning under the tyranny of Austria, and of the petty sovereigns who were under Austrian influence. That Italy should be emancipated from oppression, and combine into a confederation of which the Pope should be the head—becoming thus once more a nation among the nations—was another design which Pius IX. cherished, and which he hoped to realize. All these fair dreams and bright beginnings were shattered in pieces. The revolution of 1848 was attended with consequences which the Pope had not foreseen. A tempest arose which he could neither quell nor control. On the one hand, there was Austria, which had endeavored to prevent his election to the papacy, which had done what it could to prevent and to baffle his project of reform and his concessions to liberalism, and which stood in mortal hostility to everything that could be called Italian liberty. On the other hand, there were the radicals, the republicans of the Mazzini type, who demanded a democratic system, and were determined to wrest all secular authority from ecclesiastics. The Pope found himself in a place where two seas met. The liberals were bent on driving him to a more advanced position, than he was prepared to take up, and to involve him in an open war with Austria. How a man of greater talents and sagacity might have succeeded in preserving himself and his cause in such a storm, it is not for us to say. On the 24th of August, he fled from Rome to Gaeta. The French occupation of Rome followed. Thereafterward, the idea of liberal and partly lay government for Rome was abandoned by the Pope. The success of France, in alliance with Sardinia, in the war with Austria paved the way for the extension of the rule of Piedmont over all Italy. The Papal States were absorbed in the Italian kingdom, and Victor Emmanuel took possession of the Quirinal.—*Ex. & Chronicle*

## BRUTAL MURDER OF A FATHER.

A man named Joseph Charet, of St. Anne de la Perle, was committed to the Three Rivers Jail by Deputy Coroner Beckett, of Three Rivers, for wilful premeditated murder. The facts, as far as known, are as following:—The accused, who is hunchbacked, is short of stature and addicted to liquor, aged 24. His victim, who was his father, was an old man of 69 years and named Hamer Charet, who was quietly sitting smoking his pipe, some ten days ago, when his son, the prisoner, who had often said his father was too old to live, came quietly behind him with the old man's walking stick and struck him a fearful blow on the head, from the effects of which he died last Friday. The coroner's jury unanimously, on hearing the evidence, returned a verdict of wilful murder.

The Synod of the Reformed Episcopal Church for New York was in session last week. A constitution was adopted which provides among other things that each congregation shall be entitled to two representatives at the Synod, and to one additional lay representative for every thirty communicants, all the representative being communicants. There was a lively discussion over the question of presidency, but it was settled by a compromise which gave the right to preside over the Synod to the Bishop assigned by the General Council of the jurisdiction in which the Synod is held. As the Bishops have no diocese the broadest members contended that they ought not to preside over a representative body. Bishop Fallows said there were now one hundred self-supporting parishes with about ninety clergymen.

At 2,000 yards the rifles used by the "Turks" will bury a bullet a foot and a half deep into hard clay. The great loss of life in the Russian ranks may be ultimately traced to American apophony.

Boys don't swear, as you cherish the good opinion of people, don't use profane language. It doesn't make you any more of a man, but it does make you less respected by. Your father may swear, but it makes him shudder when you do it. Your mother may not be a Christian, but pains her to know that you do swear. It corrupts the mind, and lowers your own self-respect. It cannot possibly do you any good—then don't swear. Promise yourself you won't, and keep your covenant. If you don't begin, you will not have any desires to do.

IRELAND.—A considerable amount of snow has fallen in Belfast.

The Duke of Connaught has sent to the Mayor of Cork, a cheque for 100 guineas, to be distributed amongst the local charities of Cork.

The death is recorded of an old man named John McElabb, of Eden, Carrickfergus, at the advanced age of 101 years. Deceased was a native of Glenarm, County Antrim.

Three deaths from excessive drinking have occurred in Dublin within a few days.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

MR. EDITOR.—I read in your last paper the proceedings of the county council, and was amazed to see that three of the councillors brought in a report, recommending a handsome sum to be paid to *Revisors*, in other words themselves. A motion "that the Report of the committee on compensation to Revisors be adopted" was decided in the affirmative by 19 yeas to 11 nays, the names being recorded. Ratepayers will remember this at next election. Why not have the decency to wait for the passage of an Act authorising remuneration to Councillors? What a farce to pay \$37 40 to Councillors from the small Parish of Clarendon, where I am informed there is scarcely a corporal's guard of voters. All honor to Odell, Stevenson, Hanson, and the remainder of the noble eleven who voted against such outrageous taxation.

Yours,

Jan. 28. AN OLD RATEPAYER.

The entrance to the STANDARD office is from the side door on the wharf.

## The St. Andrews Standard.

Saint Andrews, January 30, 1878.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—From Telegraph intelligence in another column, it appears that a Peace has been signed by Russia and Turkey, and that there is every probability of the war having ended. The terms are hard, but the Turks have themselves to blame. It is pleasing also to learn that Earl Derby has withdrawn his resignation as a cabinet minister and it is believed Lord Carnarvon will do so likewise.

It is to be regretted that by later dispatches peace is not as yet settled—still appearances are favorable to that much desired end.

RETURNED.—The many friends of our townsman Mr. Andrew Lamb, gave him a hearty greeting on his return this week, after an absence of upwards of fifteen months. In October 1876, Mr. Lamb left here for Kimberly Diamond Fields, South Africa, having received an appointment at the mines. In due time he arrived in England, and after paying a hasty visit to his native country, Scotland, proceeded to Africa, where he remained until his return. Mr. Lamb looks well after his long voyage, and his host of acquaintance here, were pleased to see him again with his amiable family. His eldest son, Mr. Herbert Lamb, has remained at the Diamond Fields. In common with his other friends, we bid him a hearty welcome home.

FIREWARD MEETING.—The Firewards appointed by the County Council held their meeting on Monday evening last in Engine Room No. 1. Present: Messrs. D. Clark, W. D. Forster, G. Swift, T. T. Odell, T. A. McCurdy, Eber Stinson, J. M. Hanson, John Jones, Angus Stinson, Thomas Hipwell. The oath of office was administered by the Warden. The following officers were elected: Donald Clark, chairman; T. T. Odell, Secy.-Treasurer; W. D. Forster, chief; Geo. Swift, assistant.

Committees for Districts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, hook and ladder, engine, tank, furniture &c., were appointed. The thanks of the Firewards were given to the Secretary-Treasurer for his generous offer to perform the duties free of charge, as it will effect a saving to the ratepayers of five per cent, which last year we observe by the accounts amounted to thirty dollars. This is carrying out his promise at the Municipal election—"that he would use his efforts to lessen taxation," and he is doing so in many ways.

ERRATA.—In publishing the proceedings of the County Council last week, one or two inaccuracies were made, which are now corrected, viz.—the poor assessments for St. Andrews and St. George should be as follows: St. Andrews \$900, St. George \$1000. The total of county contingencies should be \$2,550. The sum voted to T. A. McCurdy for service as night watch was \$150, the balance \$350 was for other services. The errors were not discovered until too late for correction in last edition.

After running a week longer than expected the Belle Brown is hauled up for the winter. The Stroud has taken her place.

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.—The last Royal Gazette contains a proclamation convening a meeting of the General Assembly "for the dispatch of business," on Tuesday the twenty-sixth day of February next. The assembling of the legislators is rather later than usual, but it is probable our rulers have in view a short session, as it will be the last for the present house, and possibly the last time some of the members will have the privilege of sitting as legislators.

MASQUERADE.—On Friday evening last, a masquerade was held in Stevenson's Hall, which was well conducted under the directions of Mr. G. Harold Stickney. The hall was fairly filled by spectators, and the various Characters well sustained. At 8 o'clock, Mr. Stickney opened the entertainment by playing a grand march on the piano, during which the masquers entered in pairs and marched round the hall. We can only mention a few of the characters represented, and must say all were sustained; the costumes were fanciful and looked well. Among the most prominent characters were an Indian Chief and squaw, a Bey of Tunis and wife, Highland Chief and Lassie, Irish Characters, Volunteer Officers, County Squire, Mariner's Russian Bear, Flower Girls, Goddess of Liberty, Red White and Blue, Faith, Hope, and Charity, Spanish Ladies, &c. After the march a call was made for polkas, quadrilles, waltzes, &c. Mr. Holden performing on the violin and Mr. Stickney on the piano. Then the order "unmask" was given, and there was much amusement in discovering the young people who had impersonated the various characters. Dancing was kept up for a couple of hours, in which several of the spectators joined, and all retired to their homes much pleased with the entertainment. The whole affair passed off creditably to all concerned.

## ST. ANDREWS PARISH OFFICERS

Appointed for 1878.

The following is a list of the persons appointed to all the Parish offices for the present year:

Commissioners of Arms House.—E. S. Pollock, A. W. Smith, Thos. Black, Samuel Billings, J. F. Mulligan, D. Rankin, T. Hipwell. Constables.—Mark Hall, L. Chase, W. Henan, T. A. McCurdy, W. Rollins, C. Morrison. Commissioners of Bye Roads & Highways.—T. Hipwell, Andrew Boyd, T. McCulloch. Surveyors of Roads.—Geo. Gibson, E. Hume, John Townsend, F. Dennesser, W. Linton, J. Gallagher, A. McFarlan, J. Denley, J. Lochran, R. Peacock, Angus Chait.

Weight of Goals & Hay.—E. Lorimer. Collector of Rates.—W. A. Rollins. Parish Clerk.—T. A. McCurdy. Pound Keepers.—T. Finley, A. Markee. Firewards.—T. T. Odell, W. D. Forster, Donald Clark, T. A. McCurdy, Angus Stinson, G. Swift, W. Shaw, J. Jones, J. M. Hanson, Eber Stinson, Thomas Hipwell. Collector Common Rents.—L. Chase. Assessors of Rates.—J. R. Bradford, C. O'Neil, and J. D. Grimmer.

Port Wardens.—C. E. O. Hatheway, Sargent Maloney, J. R. Bradford.

Wharfingers.—Hayden C. Guptill.

Committee on Town Property.—T. T. Odell, R. Stevenson, J. R. Bradford.

Surveyors of Dams.—D. Rankin, A. Boyd.

Revisors.—T. T. Odell, R. Stevenson, C. E. O. Hatheway.

Inspectors of Fish.—H. C. Guptill, W. Hicks.

Collector on School Lands.—J. R. Bradford.

Surveyors of Lumber.—Jas Stevenson, Geo. Gunnison, Peter Fitzgerald, James Ross, Alex. Campbell.

An accident took place on the N. B. & C. railway on Saturday last, the engine having run off the rails and was jammed in the Shogomook bridge about two miles this side Canterbury. The trains were delayed for a couple of hours, but all is right again, and the damage not serious.

Ma. Benoit from some cause unknown to us, will not lecture here this evening, where a full house awaited him.

## FREDERISTON NEWS.

BEXONON, the caricaturist, lectured here on Thursday night last to a moderate house. The lecture was very amusing and his sketches of local men which were rapidly drawn in sight of the audience were very good. Some of the leading members of the Reform Club were made the subjects of his pencil and in most cases the faces were recognized before half finished. Not the least interesting part of the entertainment was the sale of the pictures at its close, some of which created lively competition.

The complimentary address to Mr. Fenety which was very numerously signed was presented on Friday evening in the City Hall before a thousand persons. Mr. Fenety made an appropriate reply. The address was beautifully engrossed on parchment, and was accompanied by a

handsome and costly silver *epergne*, the finest article of its kind ever seen in this city.

Two rinks (eight players) of the Curling Club left here yesterday for Picton to take part in the grand bonspiel to be held there this week. The matches with the St. John Clubs were postponed on account of the soft weather.

Yesterday was election day for Alderman and resulted in the return of all the old Council with one exception.

The skating carnival postponed from last week came off last night (Monday) and despite the unfavorable weather was a great success. Several scores of costumes were on the ice including the usual—courtiers, negroes, indian chiefs, &c. and some hundreds of spectators looked on. Some of the characters were both novel and original and were well represented. Another carnival will probably be held sometime next month.

Yesterday's (Monday) storm brought a foot of snow and now we have good sleighing.

The Legislature is expected to meet about the 26th of January.

London, Jan. 28.

The Standard's Constantinople correspondent says the Porte has received a telegram to the effect that the preliminaries of peace have been signed and the Turkish delegates and Grand Duke Nicholas would reach Adrianople on Saturday.

The same correspondent also states that England had the Porte's permission to enter the Danubian.

The Post publishes the following as the official version of the preliminary condition of peace: First—autonomy for Bulgaria, the boundaries not defined, under governor to be appointed according to stipulations of Constantinople Conference, and the Turkish military forces to be withdrawn to certain localities to be determined upon; Second—Independence of Roumania, with a compensation for territory near the mouth of the Danube, which she will make over to Russia.

Rome, Jan. 27.

The Pope's unfavorable symptoms continue. His Holiness is in very low condition, but it is not believed that there is any serious cause for alarm at present.

The Provincial Treasurer of Ontario on Tuesday submitted the estimates of expenditure for the current year. The current expenditure is placed at \$2,622,653.62, which is an increase of \$4,077.01 over 1877. The expenditure on capital accounts will be \$418,956.66, showing a decrease of \$24,940.58. The amount voted for refunds in 1877 was \$104,319.27, which with a vote of \$19,223.87 to complete the services of 1875 made a total of \$123,543.14, a decrease for this year of \$33,829.38. The total amount of the estimated expenditure for 1877 was \$2,616,046.89; the total amount for 1878 is \$2,542,353.93 a net decrease of \$73,692.95.

## NEW INVENTIONS.

In an improved Trace Hopper devised by Mr. William K. Hardenbrook, of Albia, Iowa, there is a combination of a double hook or holder with the frame that connects the back strap, crupper strap and straps that support the breeching. The traces are securely held in whatever position the horse may be.

Messrs. George H. Thompson and George P. Muldon, of Omaha, Neb., have devised a Wooden Spring for vehicles which is so constructed that it may be adjusted to sustain a greater or less load, and which will quickly recover its shape when pressure upon it is removed.

Mr. Lorenzo Meeker, of Oregon, N. Y., has invented a new lifting jack by which a heavy weight may be lifted either from the ground or from the top of the device. There is a combination of a vertically sliding bar, a peculiarly constructed clutching device, and a lever fulcrumed on the tubular standard, by which the vertically sliding bar is guided.

In a new Car Wheel patented by Messrs. H. Schibel, Jr., George M. Seeley, and John Schibel, of Bridgeport, Conn., annular elastic packing is interposed between the cylindrical faces of the tire and the web, the object being to absorb the jar, deaden the sound, and diminish the force of concussion, thus affording a better riding wheel and reducing the wear on the tire.

St. John Glass Works.—Mr. Richard Davis, who was formerly connected with the Glass Works at St. John, purchased the building and plant of the works, and intends putting the establishment in good order, for an early resumption of manufacturing window and other descriptions of glass. Some of the enterprising merchants of the city are aiding Mr. Davis in his praiseworthy efforts. There is a good opening for the business, and it is to be hoped the enterprise will receive the encouragement which it merits.

Two shocking scandals are reported in the Toronto papers, A Church of England clergyman at Ottawa is charged with seducing a girl, 17 years of age, and Rev. H. E. McMeekin, of Lancaster Townships, (Presbyterian) is being prosecuted for a recent assault.

The Permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia has assets amounting to \$391,602.41, while its liabilities are \$510,904.31. Among the latter is \$171,577 due the Centennial Board of Finance, but it is expected

that it will be settled on payment of \$40,000, which will leave the company all right, as it has got the expenses about down to receipts now.

The Grand Trunk officials here find that instead of decreasing the amount of grain here for shipment to, Europe is constantly increasing. There is now something like 350 car loads in the yard waiting to go into the elevator. In addition to the amount there is a number of loaded cars along the road between here and Island Pond. There are now two ships, loading at the elevator and six more have been chartered in addition to the steamers which leave weekly. The fine iron clipper ship "Lake Michigan," of the Beaver line, will load grain, as will the "Lake Erie" of the same line. These are both large ships and will take good cargoes.—*Portland Press*.

THE MOSCOW MYSTERY.—Public interest in the remarkable case now being investigated at Moncton has deepened during the last day or two.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.—During the storm of Thursday night last the fishing schooner *Little Kate* went ashore at Duxbury, Mass., the entire crew of fishermen were drowned. The crew were all related either by blood or marriage, and belonged to South Boston. The names are as follows:—John A. Hines, captain; Martin Hines, Thomas Hines, Owen Hines, Jr.; Michael Hines, Michael Cosgrove, John King, Patrick King, Martin Fay, Morgan Flaherty, Mich. Flaherty, Thomas Glynn and Michael O'Donnell.

Seven widows and twenty one fatherless children are left by the disaster.—*Freeman*

Pansies and violets were found in bloom in the garden of the Misses Hill at Milltown, N. B., last Saturday.

The disasters and mishaps to Calais vessels have been very numerous the past month.

The weather the past week has been noted for its sudden changes.

There is now an abundance of snow in the woods in most localities.

TEMPERANCE.—It is estimated that through the efforts of Maine Reformers seventy thousand drinking men have been induced to sign the pledge in New York State during the past two months.—*Whig and Courier*.

## DIED.

On the 23d inst. J. Elizabeth Ann wife of Mr. Wm. Tatton, aged 54.

On the 25th inst., after a lingering illness, Jane, wife of Mr. John Brown, of the Customs, aged 45, leaving a husband and large family, with many friends, to lament the removal of an affectionate wife and mother, and kind neighbor.

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sionally at his office, at Woodards Cove Grand

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Grand Manan, Nov. 10, 187

NOTICE is hereby given that the next session of the Court will be held at St. Andrews and St. John's.

With the usual powers of erecting a line of Railway Town of St. Andrews with dary of the Province, at a reaching the Railway of the Scot Railway Company.

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DR. J. E.

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