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No 1

Poetry.

A WINTER MEDITATION.

The icy touch
Of unpropitious winter has impressed
A cold stagnation on the vital tide
But let the months go round, a few short months
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have
lost.

And all this uniform untinted scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.

From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feels the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintained,
Who sleeps not, nor is weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts,
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.

Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
Of favour or of acent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand,
In nature, from the broad majestic oak,
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, as with him all seasons please.

The Four Seasons of Life.

I came at Morn—'twas Spring; I smiled;
The fields with green were clad;
I walked abroad at Noon, and lo!
'Twas Summer—I was glad.

I came at Noon—'twas Autumn eve,
And I with sadness wept;
I laid me down at night and then
'Twas Winter—and I slept!

Miscellany.

To our Young Readers.

We once heard of a lively little girl who asked
her mother to let her stay up till twelve o'clock
at night on the last day of the year. What do
you think it was for? She wanted to open the
window in order to let the old year out and the
new year in! Wasn't that a curious idea? Well,
dear children, that is something like what we are
going to do. We want to open a window
in order to let our thoughts of the old year fly
out and our thoughts of the new year fly in.

Surely every little boy and girl will always
recollect the long, long, beautiful summer of
1867, in which they spent so many bright and
happy days on the sands and in the fields,
and when it seemed as if the sun scarcely knew
how to give up shining, and the fog and chills
of autumn were never going to make their ap-
pearance. But they did come at last; and here
we are in the winter, with all the summer
flowers gone, and its green leaves buried
in the dust. The season of summer life is not
always so long and beautiful as it has been
this year. Sometimes the cold chills of au-
tumn and winter come in like a thief in the
night, before they are ready to come. Are they not?
So it is with the cold chills of death. Some-
times we pass through the four full seasons of
life; opening our joyous eyes upon the light
and gladsome spring of youth; then passing
busily through the green vigor of manhood;
afterwards going on through autumn of ad-
vancing years, and at last sinking down
through the winter frosts of old age into the
tomb. At other times the death chills of win-
ter suddenly come in upon the youthful bloom
bringing on the last long sleep while yet
in early spring. Let all our young readers
therefore, look back over the past year, and
remember its hopes and joys; reflect upon
the uncertainty of the future. Have they
thought of this? Have they been striving to
know more of God, to be brought nearer to
Jesus, and to be ready for the hour of death
and day of judgement?

But now that our old year thoughts have
flown out, let our new-year thoughts come in.
This is new-year's day. Did you ever stand
at an open window, and listen to the strains of
distant music, only able to catch a few confused
sounds, and wondering what the tune was,
whether a song or a march, whether sad or
lively? Such are the sounds of the coming

year, dear children. You know not what they
will bring you, whether joys or sorrows, most
likely some of each. But whichever it be, the
music they carry with them will be full of
your heavenly Father's love, if you only open
your hearts to the Lord Jesus, and ask him to
dwell within you by his life-giving Spirit.
Do not be anxious, then, about the things that
are to come. If your sins are forgiven, and
your souls made new, you will be able to sing
daily of God's mercies; and whether you die
early, or live through "the four seasons of life,"
to good old age, you will join at last in the
sweet music of heaven, and sing for ever and
ever the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Interesting Tale.

From the London Family Herald.

Forward and Aft: OR, The Captain's Son and the Sailor Boy. A SEA TALE.

CHAPTER II. (continued.)

Ever since the Josephine had left port,
there had been growing amongst the crew a
disposition to prevent their favorite, Tom, the
sailor boy from being imposed upon and pun-
ished, as he had been, for no other reason
than the wilfulness of the captain's son, and
the caprice of the captain's wife. Not a man
on board liked the spoiled child of the cabin.—
No fancy, either, had they for his mother;
because, right or wrong she always took her
son's part, and oftentimes brought the sailors
into trouble. The last time Tom had been
punished a grand consultation had been held
in the fore-castle, at which the boatswain pre-
sided; and he with the rest of the crew, had
solemnly pledged themselves not to let their
messmate be whipped again, unless, in their
opinion, he deserved it.

This was the reason why the boatswain, one
of the best men in the ship, had sulked when
he heard the captain's call. He had seen him
come out of the cabin with Tom, and had
rightly anticipated the duty he was expected
to perform. Such great control does the habit
of obedience exercise over seamen, that al-
though he was ready to die before he would
suffer Tom to be whipped for nothing, much
less inflict the punishment himself, the boat-
swain felt a great disinclination to have an
open rupture with his commanding officer.—
The pre-emptory order last issued by the cap-
tain, however, brought affairs to a crisis there
was no avoiding; he either had to fly in the
face of quarter deck authority, or break his
pledge to his messmates and his conscience.

This, Wilson could not think of doing; and
looking his captain straight in the face, in a
quiet tone, and with a civil manner, he thus
addressed his superior:—"It does not become
me, Captain Andrews, so to do as you say, to go
for to teach my betters—and—and—"
Here the worthy boatswain broke down, in
what he designed should be a speech, intended
to convince the captain of his error; but
feeling unable to continue, he ended abruptly,
changing his voice and manner, with "But
if you want the boy whipped you can do it
yourself."

Hardly had the words escaped the speaker's
lips, before the captain, snatching up his belay-
ing-pin rushed at the boatswain; intending to
knock him down; but Wilson nimbly leaped
aside, and the foot catching the rope, he came
down sprawling on the deck. Languidly re-
gaining his feet, he rushed towards the cabin,
wild with rage, for the purpose of obtaining his
pistols. Several minutes elapsed before he re-
turned on deck; when he did he was much
more calm, although in each hand he held a
cocked pistol.

The quarter-deck he found bare; the crew
with little Tom in their midst, having retired
to the fore-castle, where they were engaged in
earnest conversation. The second mate was
at the wheel, the seaman who had been at
the helm having joined his comrades, so that
the only disposable force at the captain's com-
mand was the chief mate, the steward, and
himself, the cook being fastened up in his
galley by the seamen. On the fore-castle
were fifteen men. The odds were great; but
Captain Andrews did not pause to calculate
chances—his only thought was to punish the
mischief-maker of his crew, never thinking of
the possibility of failure.

Giving one of his pistols to Mr. Hart, and
telling the steward to take a captain's bar, the
captain and his two assistants boldly advanced
to compel fifteen sailors to return to their duty.

CHAPTER III.

They were met as the rock meets the wave,
And dashes its fury to air;
They were met, as the foe should be met by the
brave.

With hearts for the conflict, but not for despair,
While the captain, mate, and steward, were
making their brief preparation for a yet more
arduous undertaking, the men of the Josephine,
with that promptness and resolution so com-
mon amongst seamen when they think at all,

had determined upon the course they would
adopt in the impending struggle.

Although the numerical discrepancy be-
tween the two parties seemed so great, the
actual difference in their relative strength was
not so considerable as it appeared. The sail-
ors, it is true, had the physical force—they
were five to one—but the captain's small band
felt more confidence from the moral influence
that they knew was on their side, than if their
numbers had been trebled without it.

Habit ever exercises a controlling influence,
unless overcome by some powerful exciting
principle, and men never fly in the face of
authority to which they have always been ac-
customed to yield implicit obedience, but from
one or two causes—either a hasty impulse,
conceived in a moment, and abandoned by
actors frightened at their own audacity; or, a
sense of wrong and injustice so keen and poi-
gnant, as to make death preferable to further
submission.

Aware of custom's nearly invincible power,
having often seen seamen rebel, and then at
the first warning gladly skulk back to their
duty, the captain unhesitatingly advanced up
to the weather gangway to the break of the
fore-castle, and confronted his mutinous crew.
The men, who were huddled around the end
of the windlass, some sitting, others standing,
talking together in low tones, only showed
they were aware of the captain's presence by
suddenly ceasing their conversation—but not a
man of them moved.

Captain Andrews, though quick-tempered,
was a man of judgment and experience; and
he saw by the calmness and quietness of his
men, that their insubordination was the result
of premeditation—a thing he had not before
thought of—and he became aware of the diffi-
culty of his position. He could not for his
life, think of yielding; to give up to the sailor
would, in his estimation, be the deepest de-
gradation. And moral influence was all he
could rely upon with which to compel obedi-
ence—feeling that if an actual strife com-
menced, it could but result in his discomfiture.
His tone, therefore, was low and determined,
and, with cocked pistol in hand, he addressed
his crew:—"Men, do you know that you are,
every one of you, guilty of mutiny? Do you
know that the punishment for mutiny on the
high seas is death? Do you know this?—
Have you thought of it?"

Here the captain paused for an instant, as
if waiting for a reply; and a voice from the
group around the windlass answered, "We
have."

Rather surprised at the boldness of the re-
ply, but still retaining his presence of mind,
the captain continued: What is it then that
has induced you to brave this penalty? Have
you been maltreated? Have you not plenty
of provisions? Your regular watches below?
Step out, one of you, and state your griev-
ances. You know I am not a tyrant, and I
will from you nothing more than you pro-
mised to the shipping articles."

At this call, the eyes of the men were all
turned towards Wilson, the boatswain, who,
seeing it was expected from him, stepped out
to act as spokesman. Respectfully touching
tarpaulin, he watched for the captain to ques-
tion him. Observing this, the captain said,
Well, Wilson, your messmates have put you
as the ringleader of this misguided move-
ment. I am certain you have sense enough
to understand the risk you are running, and
desire you to inform me what great wrongs it
is that you complain of. For assuredly you
must feel grievously imposed upon, to make
you all so far forget what is due to yourselves
as seamen, to be to your captain, and to the
laws of your country!"

I am much of a yarn spinner, Captain
Andrews, and I can turn in the piles of a
spice smoother and more ship-shape than the
ends of a speech; and it may be as how I'll
runle your temper more than it is now by what
I have to say, commenced the boatswain.

Never mind my temper, sir, interrupted the
captain, proceed!

We all get plenty to eat, Captain Andrews,
and that of the best, continued Wilson; his
equanimity not in the least disturbed by the
captain's interruption. We have our regular
watches, and don't complain of our work, for
we shipped as seamen, and can all do seamen's
duty. But sailors have feelings, Captain
Andrews, though they are not often treated as
if they had; and it hurts us worse to see those
worked double tides who can't take their own
part, that if we were mistreated ourselves;
and to come to the short of it, all this row's
about little Tom there, and nothing else.

Is he not treated just as well as the rest of
you? Has he not the same quarters and the
same rations that the men are content with?
Who wants him double tided? demanded the
captain, his anger evidently increasing at the
recitation of Tom's name; and the effort to re-
strain himself being almost too great for the
choleric officer to compass.

You can't beat to windward against a head-
sea, Captain Andrews, without a ship's pitch-
ing, no more than you can reel a toe, sail,
without going aloft. Wilson went on, with-
out change of manner, though his voice be-

came more concise and firm in its tone. And
I can't tell you like some of them shore claps
what you don't want to hear, without heaving
you aback. We ain't got anything agin you,
if you was left alone; all we wants is for you
to give your own orders, and to keep Mrs.
Andrews from bedeviling tom. The boy's as
good as ever forled a royal, and never skulks
below when he's wanted on deck; but he
stands his regular watches, and then, when he
ought to sleep, he's everlastingly kept in the
cabin, and whipped and knocked about for the
amusement of young master, and that's just
the whole of it. We've stood it long enough,
and won't return to duty until you promise—

"Silence, sir!" roared the captain, perfectly
furious, and unable longer to remain quiet.—
Not another word! I've listened to insolence
too long by half already! Now sir, I have a
word to say to you, and mind you heed it.—
Walk aft to the quarter-deck.

The boatswain, though he heard the order
plainly, and understood it clearly, paid no at-
tention to it.

Do you hear me? asked the captain. I
give you whilst I count ten to start. I do not
wish to shoot you, Wilson; but if you do not
move before I count ten, I'll drive this ball
through you—as I hope to reach port, I will!

Raising his pistol until it covered the boat-
swain's breast, the captain commenced count-
ing, in a clear and audible tone. Intense ex-
citement was depicted on the faces of the men;
and some excitement was shown by the quick
glances cast by the chief mate and the stew-
ard, first at the captain and then at the crew.
Wilson, with his eyes fixed on the captain's
face, and his arms loosely folded across his
breast, stood perfectly quiet, as if he were an
indifferent spectator.

Eight! nine! said the captain, there is but
one left. Wilson, with it I fire if you do not
start.

The boatswain remained motionless. Te-
escaped the commander's lips; and as he did,
the sharp edge of Wilson's heavy tarpaulin hat
struck him a severe blow in the face. This
was so entirely unexpected, that the captain
involuntarily threw back his head, and by the
same motion, without intending it, threw up
his arm and clenched his hand enough to fire
off the pistol held in it; the ball from which
went through the flying jib, full twenty feet
above Wilson's head.

The charm that held the men in check was
broken by the first movement towards action,
they made a rush towards the captain and his
supporters. Bravely, though, they stood their
ground; and Frank Adams, the sailor intro-
duced with Tom in the fore-castle, received the
ball from the mate's pistol in the fleshy part of
his shoulder, as he was about to strike that
worthy with a hand-pike. Gallantly assisted
by the steward, the captain and mate made
such resistance as three men could against
fifteen.

The odds were, however, too great;
and the fray, the three were soon over-
powered and the contest was made in favour
of the weaker party by the appearance in the
fray of the second mate. He, during the
whole colloquy, had been at the wheel, forgot-
ten by both parties. His sudden arrival,
therefore, as with lusty blows he laid about
him, astonished the seamen, who gave back
for an instant, and allowed their opponents to
regain their feet. They did not allow them-
selves much time, however, to profit by their respite,
for in a few seconds, understanding the source
from whence assistance had come, they renewed
the attack with increased vigour, and soon
again obtained the mastery. But it was no
easy matter to confine the three officers and
the steward, who resisted with their utmost
power, particularly as the men were anxious
to do them no more bodily injury than they
were compelled to, in effecting their purpose.

So absorbed were all hands in the strife in
which they were engaged, that not one of them
noticed the fact that what had been the weather
side of the barge at the commencement of
the affray, was now the lee; nor did any of
the men—all seamen as they were—observe
that the vessel was heeling over tremendously,
her lee-scuppers nearly level with the water.
A report, loud as a cannon, high in the air,
first startled the combatants; then, with a
rushing sound, three large heavy bodies, fell
from aloft, one of which striking the deck near
the combatants, threatened all with instant de-
struction, whilst the other two fell with a loud
splash into the sea to leeward.

In the new danger, both the victors and
vanquished were equally interested, and at the
same instant looked aloft to discover the cause.
The first glance convinced every one of the
necessity for prompt and vigorous action.—
Their position was, indeed, fraught with dan-
ger. Left without a helm-man, by the second
mate going to the assistance of the captain, two
barrels, close holed with a stiff breeze blow-
ing, had come up in the wind, and was now
flat aback; that is the wind, instead of blow-
ing against the sails from behind, was before
them. The fore and main royal, and top-
sail, with all their gear, had been
carried away, and the ship was gathering
sternway at a rate that would soon run her
under.

The nature desired for self preservation com-
bined with the instincts and habits of both of-
ficers and men, caused them entirely to forget
the fierce contest in which they had just been
engaged—their thoughts were changed from
each other to the ship and its situation, and
the officers were at once permitted to regain
their feet.

No sooner did Captain Andrews find himself
at liberty, than he at once assumed command,
and issued his orders as loud and clear as if
nothing had interrupted his authority.

To the wheel! to the wheel! Mr. Hart!
All hands ware ship! were his first words;
the men with alacrity hurried to their stations,
whilst the mate ran to the helm.

The captain's wife and son had been in the
cabin, anxiously awaiting the result of the con-
troversy on the fore-castle, but alarmed by the
falling spars, they had hurried on deck and
were now on the poop. In the hurry and
confusion consequent upon the ship's hazardous
position, all hands were so busy that geo-
nary paid attention to Charles and Mrs. Andrews;
and they were too much alarmed to take due
care of themselves, else they would have
sought a less exposed situation. As the spunk-
er jibbed, Charles stood nearly amid-ships on
the deck, and before he had even time to shriek
the boom struck him and hurled him over the
monkey rail into the sea. His mother, who
was close to the main-mast, saw him just as
he went over, and terror-stricken, sunk down
in a swoon, without uttering a sound. Unable
to swim, a puny child in the angry waves of
rough Atlantic, the case of Charles seemed a
hopeless one; but rescue came from a source
he could not have expected.

Tom, the sailor boy, who was on the taffrail
relaying the spunkier-shot to windward, re-
cognised the captain's son as he floated clear
of the stern; and actuated by the generous
gallant spirit that had so endeared him to his
messmates, he shouted to the mate that Char-
les was overboard, and fearlessly spring into
the sea, to his assistance. Tom was an excel-
lent swimmer, and he found no difficulty in
supporting Charles' delicate form until the bark
bore round, when they were both picked up
and taken on board.

The joy of the mother at having the idol of
her heart restored to her, the grateful feelings she
and the father felt towards the deliverer of
their child, we will not attempt to describe;
only the results will we give to this heroic
action. Tom was treated by the captain as a
son; the crew were forgiven for their muti-
nous conduct, and cheerfully returned to duty;
and Tom, now a distinguished naval officer,
dates his first step on the ladder that leads to
eminence, from the day he so narrowly escaped
a severe whipping.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

No 1.

An individual whose history is one of the most
concise, and at the same time comprehensive
in the Bible. He lived at a period when the
worship of idols was at a height in Israel, and
Baal the acknowledged god at the court of
Samaria. But of all the idolaters either in
Dan or Bethel, he seems to have been among
the most daring. He was engaged for some
time in a work which, although not in itself
sinful, had been expressly forbidden by God
about five hundred years before, when the
judgement, was particularly mentioned that
would fall on any one disobeying that command.
We have the entire narrative, telling us of
the reign in which he lived—his name place
of abode, his work, his punishment, and the
fulfilment of the prophetic curse all in one
verse. Who was this man?

A gentleman, one evening, was seated near
a lovely woman, when the company around
were proposing conundrums to each other.—
Turning to his companion, he said:
"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

She gave it up.

"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror
reflects without speaking; a lady speaks with-
out reflecting."

"Very good," she said. "Now answer me,
Why is a man unlike a mirror?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Because the mirror is polished and the
man is not."

A United States judge is credited with the
authorship of a joke. He was recently trying
a case of alleged infringement of patent. A
bran-dusting machine was brought into the
court room, that the jurors might see it at
work. The judge looked at it a moment or
two and then remarked: "I hope combs I will
not be guilty of throwing dust in the eyes of
the jury with that machine."

A lecturer who undertook to cure the an-
dergitudes of Cambridge, in England, of
smoking by giving them a lecture on the evils
of smoking, was surprised to find some forty hard-
core students in attendance, each with a pipe parching
with tobacco.

A Louisville court has decided that a man
may not open his wife's private letters.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JAN. 1, 1893.

The Standard being issued on this the first morning of 1893, we embrace the privilege of wishing our readers one and all "a happy and prosperous new year," and tender them our acknowledgments for past favors; as this is the first number of volume thirty five, it would be gratifying to us not only to increase the number on our list, but that those who have had the benefit of our labors and have not paid us, would do so at their earliest convenience.

California Fever.

We regret to record the virulence of this depopulating fever among our young men and indeed their seniors, since the passage of the new tariff to that cause and other matters connected with it, attributed this dangerous exodus. It is only last week that some young men natives of this place, sober, industrious mechanics, left here for California, in company with others from different parts of the County; and we are sorry to state that others are preparing to move to the same country next season.

Cannot the Dominion Government devise some means of retaining the bone and sinew of the country? Cannot it be made attractive to emigrants, and should not inducements be held out to those who have assisted in clearing the forests, building our ships and houses, and tilling the soil, to remain in the Province? They do not grumble and desire to live under British rule; it becomes then a matter for serious reflection, and one which should not be permitted to pass unnoticed, particularly when it assumes such serious proportions, and threatens ultimately to depopulate the population of the country, which is by no means what it should be in numbers.

We are neither alarmists, sensationalists, nor fixations, nor any other ists than LOYALISTS; and for that reason we desire to see the population increase in prosperity and numbers. But we cannot blind our eyes to facts which stare us in the face, nor shut our ears to the well founded complaints of those who fought for and won the political change under which we now live.

Why did not the Government, Senate and Commons apply the pruning knife to their own extravagance before placing increased burdens on the laborer and others, in the shape of duties on flour, meal, tea, molasses, &c, which enter so largely into daily consumption and are really absolute necessities of life. Not content however with placing these impositions, they must needs put on a stamp duty, and tax newspapers—taxing both the physical and mental powers of the people—a policy which will result disastrously to the interests of our common country. This may be strong language—but desperate cases require desperate remedies, and no false delicacy should be permitted to prevent a moderate expression of opinion.

GOLD LACE, &c.—We have seen numberless paragraphs in our exchanges with reference to some of our Legislators wearing Court Dresses. Did they not know, or have they forgotten that the Executive Council of our own Province, formerly wore satin breeches, cocked hats, silk stockings and shoe buckles, at the opening of the Legislature. If so, we remind them of the fact. Let them refer to some of our Judges, and Departmental officers, who will corroborate what we state. Did not the Speaker and Clerk, &c., of the Assembly also wear immense powdered wigs? All this happened at a time when the population was about half what it now is.

RAPID PASSAGE.—The British clipper brig "Lizzie Billings," Madge, of St. John N. B., run from Holmes Hole to Little River Bay of Fundy, in 24 hours and 36 minutes where she backed her topsail to receive a pilot; having run the distance of 253 miles in the short space of time mentioned above.—This beautiful vessel also bent from the Port of Havana, Cuba, into Holmes Hole, in 13 days, and out of that time she had too 34 hours in a gale from the N. W. and being in ballast was blown 98 miles to the S. E., notwithstanding, she made the run from Havana to Beaver Harbor, Bay of Fundy, in 14 days.

The season so far has been very cold, the thermometer yesterday morning was 8 below zero. What between thaws and intense frost many persons are suffering from colds.

A. J. Smith, Esq., M. P., has to address the citizens of St. John, by request, on the political situation of New Brunswick.

The former presents his compliments to his Patrons, without an Address this year.

Our correspondents have commenced the new year by furnishing us with the following critical notices of the Sabbath School Festivals. We may state that the writers are not members of the congregations and will accept of thanks for their friendly offices in supplying the information contained in their interesting letters:—

Sabbath School Xmas Exhibition.

A very interesting exhibition, of the Wesleyan Sabbath School in St. Andrews, showing the progress made by the scholars, was held on Christmas Day evening. The attendance of scholars was large, and a number of their parents, and friends were present.

Previous to the beginning of the exercises, the Superintendent the Rev. Robert Wilson, addressed a few pointed remarks, to the children, impressing on their minds, that the credit and reputation of the school, was in their keeping, and trusted their conduct would be such, as became Sabbath School scholars, and the house of God. The well known hymn, Come, come away, was sung, and prayer offered up, after which, the children in due order, when called, came up on the platform, and repeated their hymns, dialogues and recitations, sang solos, duets and choruses, when all done so well, we will not attempt to particularize—but the lookers on could not help feeling surprised at the ease, grace, and self-possession displayed by the actors in the programme, from the child of four to those of maturer years, evidencing great care in their training by the Superintendent and Teachers. At the conclusion of the exercises, four handsomely bound Bibles were presented to those children who had succeeded in inducing most scholars to join the school, then each child and teacher was presented with a Book, as a Christmas gift from the school. Two large girls now appeared on the platform, one bearing in her hand a well filled purse, the other a sheet of paper, from which she read in a clear voice the following address:—

To the Rev. ROBERT WILSON.

Rev. Sir, We whose names are hereunto subscribed, members of the Wesleyan Sabbath School St. Andrews, and others, being desirous of doing something for the cause of Him, who has done so much for us, beg to present you his faithful minister, our Pastor and Superintendent, this Purse, the proceeds of our work; as a token of our love and esteem for your kind care and watchfulness over us.

Signed by twelve of the children. Xmas Day, St. Andrews, N. B., 1892.

The other then presented the purse. To the address Mr. Wilson made an impromptu and feeling reply, expressing thanks for the present.

John S. Magee made a few remarks expressing the pleasure and satisfaction with which he witnessed the evening's exercises, complimenting the children for their good behavior, and said, he could not conceive a more appropriate manner of celebrating the advent of Him, who said, suffer little children to come unto me, than by thus providing for the comfort and pleasure of the children, concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the Rev. Superintendent of the school, for the pains taking zeal displayed by him in the management of the school, resolution was seconded and the congregation unanimously rose to their feet, as a token of their approval.

The Superintendent thanked the persons present for their kind mark of approbation, saying it would encourage him to work on with renewed energy, and in the providence of God his life was spared to another Christmas, he had no doubt but what he would be with them, and hoped to show greater marks of improvement, than on the present occasion. Six months ago they had only fifteen scholars, now they numbered more than sixty.

This pleasant meeting was closed by all joining in the first verse of the National Anthem—the Superintendent pronouncing the benediction.

We must not omit to state that a collection was taken up in aid of the Sabbath School and a handsome amount received. Also that the Bibles presented to scholars, was the gift of Mr. Smith, of Chelsea, Mass., U. S., and is not the only mark of his liberality received by the School.—[Com.]

Baptist Sabbath School Concert.

A glad some time is Christmas. Yes, Christmas is a glad some time. There is as we may say, no anticipation of what the year will bring before us; we see in the stable of Bethlehem our redemption perfected, God's love bestowed, heaven opened, man blessed, and Christ glorified. Church doors open, and people are invited to enter.

On Xmas evening last, I had the pleasure of being present at the Concert given by the Children who attend the Baptist Sabbath School, in their Chapel. The neat little gothic building was filled to overflowing, the gallery, pews, platform and aisles being literally packed. The children were nicely dressed in costumes suited to the season, and filled the large platform. Precisely at 7 o'clock, the Melodian, presided at by Miss Amy Steven, pealed forth the notes of the opening piece—"Full and Harmonious," and the whole School joined in singing. After the singing, the Pastor called upon the Rev. Mr. Steadman, who offered an impressive prayer.

The children sang, "Who shall sing if not the children." "Christmas," was then recited by one of the scholars. The "dying Soldier," and other recitations and dialogues followed, interspersed with singing. Some of the dialogues were original—Behaviors in Sunday School was one of the best, and I understand to the production of a lady in town. The

Lecture on Homeopathy (by a gentleman from a distance.) Master Amos Steadman, a little fellow about two feet in height and scarcely three years old, was distinctly and well delivered, "singing the action to the word." Many of the places were sung with taste. The National Anthem, concluded the Concert. The Pastor thanked the inhabitants for the large attendance and patronage they had bestowed, and informed them that the Christmas Tree with its varied fruits would now be exposed to view. Upon the flags being removed a large fir covered with presents and numerous wax tapers suspended from the branches, called forth expressions of delight. Mr. Samuel Clinch was deputed to distribute the presents, amounting to over one hundred and fifty, and in doing so—there was now an entire change of programme, he named the recipients of each gift handing each to a committee of ladies appointed to deliver them. I noticed some very valuable presents to the Pastor and his amiable parsonage, among whom I believe he is much admired. In his concluding remarks he stated, that the Sabbath School within six months had been increased from 25 to 133 the number on the register, and that 103 received books from the library regularly. As one not belonging to the communion, but deeply impressed with the energy and force of character of its devoted pastor, I have hastily thrown together this brief notice of his Sabbath School Concert, hoping that you have not prepared one yourself you will give it a place in your columns.—[Com.]

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.—We understand that the following programme, issued by the Evangelical Alliance, will be acted upon.

Sunday, January 31st. Subject—The person, Work, and Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Monday, January 31st.—Thanksgiving for general and special mercies during the past year to Nations, Churches and Families; and Confession of Sin.

Tuesday, January 7th.—Prayer for Nations for Kings, and all in authority; for the observance of the Lord's day; for the removal of obstacles in the way of Moral and Religious Progress; and for Internal and International Peace.

Wednesday, January 8th.—Prayer for Families, for Schools, Colleges and Universities; and for Sons and Daughters, in Foreign Countries.

Thursday, January 9th.—Prayer for Christian Ministers, and all engaged in Christ's service; for God's ancient Israel, and for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Friday, January 10th.—Prayer for the sick and afflicted; for widows and orphans; and for the Persecuted for Righteousness sake.

Saturday, January 11th.—Prayer for the Church; for the increase of holiness and activity, fidelity and love; and for grace equal to the duties and dangers of the times.

Sunday, January 12th.—8 months. Subject—Christian Charity.—1 Cor. 13.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

LONDON, Dec. 29.

The Fenians seem to be unusually active all over the country.

Nearly every hour in the day dispatches are received by the authorities announcing either a contemplated move by the Brotherhood or its absolute occurrence.

Telegrams of quite a serious nature have been received from Cork, giving the details of another Fenian coup de main on Friday night.

About midnight, a large party of men with blacked faces, stormed the Martello Tower, near Cork; the guards of the Tower were overcome and scattered, and the victors hastily collected together a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition and escaped without harm or molestation.

The late operations of the Fenians have had the effect of rekindling the public excitement which had nearly died out.

Many improbable rumors are afloat, including one that a Fenian cruiser had been seen off the Irish Coast, and was chased away by the British war vessels.

A man was arrested in this city on Friday evening on the charge of having fired the fuse which caused the recent terrible explosion at Clerkenwell.

From the information in the hands of the authorities it is believed the true culprit has at last been captured.

The Austrian frigate "Novara," in command of Admiral Tegethoff, having on board the remains of the late Arch Duke Maximilian, arrived at Cadix on Friday afternoon.

Consols 92½. 5 20's 73½.

Gold 158½.

Two Persons Burned to Death.—A sad and fatal accident occurred early on Christmas morning about six miles from the Suspension Bridge, in a house or shanty on the line of the Western Extension road. After daylight it was discovered that the house was burned down, and that Mrs. Noble, the occupier, and a young lad named Williams, about 14 years of age, had perished in the flames. The remains of the woman were found on the floor of her bedroom where it is supposed the fire originated through her incapacity and mismanagement. The body of the lad was found near the door of the house, he having apparently been endeavoring to make his escape.

—One of the Virginia conventionists, who wears a white choker, is compared by an irreverent correspondent to a tar baby in a cream pot. There are those who wear "white chokers" in other latitudes, who it were well had been, "tar babies," but are sheep in wolves clothing.—Alum! who killed Cock Robin.

—George Peabody has given Cyrus W. Field a magnificent silver tea service of twelve pieces.

We notice in the "Union Advocate" the death of an old friend Mr. Richard McLaughlin at the advanced age of 88.—We remember many years ago, of seeing 50 span of horses owned by him coming down the Miramichi, from the North West, for provisions. When quite a youth he made us a present of an excellent pony, which we brought here with us. Mr. McLaughlin at one time, carried on a very large lumbering business, and was considered a man of means.

One apparently strong ground of complaint on the part of our millers is the duty of ten cents per bushel on corn, while foreign meal is admitted at 25 cents per barrel, thus giving an advantage of about fifteen cents to the foreign miller. We have been informed that the Government will give grant permits to grind corn "in bond," which may then be "duty paid" at the rate of meal. It is also promised that this duty on corn will be entirely removed at the March session of Parliament.—[Intelligence.]

In Williamsburg, N. Y., Henry Roger's house was entered by burglars on 25th Decr., and \$15,000 in stocks and bonds stolen. The burglars took things easy, including in a lunch in the dining room, where they counted their spoils, including \$900 found in the pantaloons pockets of Mr. Rogers, which they stole from his bedside. The family were all asleep upstairs.

Importing Earthquakes.—The New York Tribune says that the earthquake which Secretary Seward recently purchased with the island of St. Thomas, has got as far north as Auburn, and on Wednesday morning shook the Secretary's own house. It would seem that the Senate, be fire confining Mr. Seward's treaty should see to it that we do not import tropical tornadoes and earthquakes in purchasing tropical lands. [Rather smart for our Yankee friends.]

—English papers praise the heroism of those in the life boat service as displayed in the recent storms. At Holyhead, when the storm was one of the worst ever known on that head coast, the life boat with its coxswain of 70 years, went out five times in one night and saved the crews of three vessels. All round the coast we have the same scenes of courage and peril.

A CHAPTER OF CRIMES.—In Cincinnati Wednesday a man entered D. Hume's jewelry store, and selecting some diamonds threw snuff into the clerk's eyes, and escaped with a tray containing \$10,000 worth of diamonds. He was chased and arrested, but fifteen or twenty valuable diamonds were lost in the street.

A return has just been presented to the Russian Government which shows that at the end of 1892 there were 1743 miles of railway opened—a figure whose smallness will surprise most persons. The number of railway travellers during the year was only a little over six millions, and the gross income was under a million and a half sterling.

The old custom of preaching by the sand glass has been revived in an English church. It needs turning every twenty minutes. It is stated that many old churches still have the highly wrought iron stands on which the old hour glass used to stand, mostly of the age of the Commonweal.

ITEMS.

Mr. Robert Ray, Union Mills, had part of the third finger of the left hand cut off whilst shoeing a horse in his shop about ten days ago.

—The office of the Grand Trunk Railway in London, Ontario, was entered by burglars on the morning of the 22nd inst., the safe was blown open and a large sum of money stolen.

—Two ship yards in Quebec have been reopened—its proprietors having provided against interference by the Ship Carpenters' Union.

—The Board of Firewards of Halifax have imported one thousand feet of new leather hose from England.

—A colored woman died at Preston the other day at the advanced age of one hundred and fifteen years. Halifax was, at her birth, only three years old.

The mercury was down to 22 deg. below at Bangor on Friday morning.

—A slight shock of an earthquake was felt Bangor on Wednesday morning.

DIED.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 29, aged 56 years Mr. Alexander Watson, of the firm of A. & J. Watson, ironfounders and ship owners. Mr. Watson was a native of Wigtownshire, Scotland and emigrated to this country with his father and family in 1829. As an artisan and ingenious man, he had few equals; he was enterprising and established the first Iron Foundry in this place; his general knowledge of mechanics was such, that he was frequently consulted on, and his opinions were generally acted upon. He leaves a large family and relatives to lament the loss of a good husband, affectionate father and kind relative, and the community the loss of an excellent mechanic and loyal citizen. Mr. Watson was a member of the Scotch Church in this Town.

The funeral will take place this day at 2 o'clock p.m.

At St. John, K. C. on the 22nd inst., Charles W. Stockton, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, aged 45.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

Dec. 27, Schr. Sisters, Blackford, Westport, Potatoes, &c. master.

28, Sarah Glass, Glas, Boston, ballast.

Delta, Fuller, Red Beach, wood, W. Anderson.

30, Jane, Clark, Boston, Express good.

31, Lacon, Bradford, New York, Flour &c.

J. R. Bradford and others.

Helen McLeod, Cogswell, Boston, ballast.

Dec. 30, Schr. Sisters, Blackford, Trenton, N. S. Molasses &c.

Arrd at Liverpool, 14th ult., Georgiana, from St. George N. B.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given, that at the ensuing Session of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, application will be made for the passage of an Act incorporating the St. Andrews

Steamboat Wharf Company, for the purpose of holding and managing said Wharf property, and collecting tolls and charges therefrom.

Jan. 1, 1893.

All of which will be sold cheap for CASH—wholesale and retail.

A. D. STEVENSON.

100 Barrels choice brandy CANADA FLOUR, direct from Montreal.

Just received and sold at a price.

400 lbs. CHEESE, of a fine quality, and 25 Barrels of

NO. 1 NOVA SCOTIA APPLES.

Jan. 1, 1893.

A. D. STEVENSON.

Accommodation Stage

ST. ANDREWS & ST. STEPHEN.

On and after this date, an Accommodation Stage will run between the above named places, THREE times per week each way.

LEAVING ST. ANDREWS

Tuesdays, Thursdays & Saturdays.

AND ST. STEPHEN

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,

at 8 o'clock, A. M.

HARDY & BRIDGES,

C. C. BRIDGES,

St. Andrews, Dec. 18, 1892.

EVENING SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces, that he purposes opening an Evening School, on

Monday, 10th inst., four evenings in each week, in Miss Fitzgerald's school room, Queen Street. The usual branches of an English education will be taught, and particular attention given to Penmanship and Book-keeping.

The Room will be kept comfortable and warm, and girls as well as boys will be received as pupils. Miss Fitzgerald will assist in the female department.

Terms will be low—by the week or month, to suit the scholars. Hours of attendance from 7 to 9 p.m.

JAS. F. MULLIGAN,

Teacher.

Geneva, Old Tom Gin,

Whiskey, &c.

Ex the "Acadia" from Belfast and "Arctura" from Liverpool via St. John.

65 Hbls.

30 Qr. Casks

300 Green Cases

40 Red

15 Cases best Cognac Brandy.

18 Hbls. Fine Irish Whiskey.

10 Cases Old Tom Gin.

20 do 4 doz. pint flasks do.

20 do Scotch Whiskey, &c. &c.

Dec. 11.

NOTICE.

ALL Parties having Accounts against the County, and intending to present them for payment next April, are requested to file the same in the office of the Sub-

scriber, on or before the 15th day of MARCH next, that they may be examined and submitted to the Grand Jury.

By order of the Court of Sessions,

GEO. S. GRIMMER,

Clerk of the Peace for Charlotte County.

St. Andrews,

Dec. 9, 1892.

Courtesy 3 mos.

Department of Marine

Public

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Ex the "Acadia" from Belfast and "Arctura" from Liverpool via St. John.

65 Hbls.

30 Qr. Casks

300 Green Cases

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY

FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES

RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Proves its superiority to all other Remedies at once

It is the only one that cures the patient in a few minutes

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North British and Mercantile
Insurance Company,
OF EDINBURGH & LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

FIRE & LIFE

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.

NICHOLAS T. GREATHAD Esq., Agent for St. Andrews and vicinity.

HENRY JACK, General Agent.

Aug. 9.

FLOUR.

IN STORE—Ex extra "Julia Clinch" and

"Maria Jane," from New York,

1,000 Barrels Flour, various grades.

Jan. 30. C. F. CLINCH.

NEW FRUIT.

Ex Steamer from Boston:

30 Boxes } Layers Raisins.

20 half do. } J. W. STREET.

Oct. 3.

JOHN BALSON,

Shipbroker and Commission Agent,

KENNEDY'S ARCADE,

Water St.

Beza to announce that he has removed his place

of business to that eligible stand, Kennedy's Ar-

cade, fronting the Market Square, and two doors

south of the "ALBION HOUSE," where he respect-

fully solicits a share of patronage which an ex-

ensive experience, enables him to conduct

IN Store and for sale a constant supply of Flour

Provisions, Dry and Pickled Fish, salt; also

the celebrated "Vermont Oil," whole and retail,

with Lamp, Chimneys, and Burners; all of which

will be sold at the lowest possible rates.

Also, 20 Barrels Choice Apples.

Exporters of Lumber can be accommodated

with wharfage to any extent, at the most central

wharf in the Port, at moderate charges. Particu-

larly, if they will be given to shipping business

entrusted to his care.

Masters of Vessels will find it to their interest

to give him a call.

St. Andrews, February 1st.

NOTICE.

John S. Magee,

Respectfully announces that he has now re-

ceived the greater portion of his Fall

and Winter stock of New Goods,

—upwards of—

50 Bales, Cases and Packages

consisting of all the most desirable

goods for the present season in

COTTON GOODS.

Prints, Gray shirtings, White shirtings,

Striped Shirts, Regatta's, Reels, Denims,

Cotton Flannels.

WOLLEN GOODS.

A Cloth, tweeds, Unioncases, Confederate

Gray, Stone-colored, Flannels, Camp

Quilts, Flannels in cotton and wool, and all

wool Saxony, Wales, Twilled, Plain, Red,

White, Blue, Yellow, Gray, Fancy Crimean

Flannels.

HOMESPUNS good for

Boys or Men's wear.

Pilot cloths, Beavers and Whinnies, "Mantle

cloths in black and coloured, Washings,

Dogskin, Tweeds, &c. &c.

DRESS GOODS.

In all the new styles, Thinets, French Mer-

inoise, British Lustres and Coburgs, Tweeds,

Gala Plaids in all wool and cotton & wool.

Chaffs, Poplinettes.

A few SUPERIOR BLACK SILK DRESSES

Trimming Goods in all the new style

Bogies, Tinsel Velvets, Plain Velvets, &c.

MILLINERY goods of all descriptions.

Skeleton Shirts, La Belle, Bun-ton, Pro-

menade, Excelsior, and other styles.

Ballroom shirtings, all colours.

A nice assortment of Zephyrs, Himalaya and

Field Long and Square SHAWLS.

READY MADE CLOTHING, Brecons, wooled

socks, Neck ties, Scarfs, and Mufflers for

gentlemen.

Ladies and Children

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

with a variety of other goods so numerous

Railroad Hotel.

Water street, Market Square,

St. Andrews.

The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel

and thoroughly refitted it, is now prepared to ac-

commodate Permanent and Transient Boarders.

Every attention will be paid to secure their com-

fort.

The tables will be supplied with the best of the

market affords.

The rooms are spacious and airy.

N. B. Livery Stable in connection.

MICHAEL CLARKE,

Proprietor.

Successor to Edward Pheasant.

St. Andrews, May 15, 1867.

Offer for sale Ex "Emma" from Cardenas:

125 HDS. very bright Centrifugal

SUGAR,

74 Boxes Brown Havana do,

50 " White do,

Also—Ex "Follie Jones" from Remedios

58 Hlbs. } Strictly Prime Remedios

25 Hlbs. } Molasses,

25 Hlbs. } Choice Sugar.

Western Insurance Co.

Limited, of England.

Capital £4,000,000 Sterling.

Losses promptly adjusted and paid, without

reference to London.

The Subscriber has been appointed Agent of the

above Company, and is prepared to take risks

against Fire on liberal terms.

Feb. 19.

GEO. D. STREET.

Wm. H. Williamson,

Druggist

RESPECTFULLY announces to the Inhabitants

of St. Andrews and vicinity, that he has re-

ceived his former business of a Druggist, in the

shop formerly known as Mr. Spence's building,

adjoining the Union Store, Water Street, where

he is prepared to make up Physicians' prescrip-

tions, and medicines for cattle &c.

He has also for sale Drugs, Chemicals, Family

and Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet ar-

ticles, paints, oils, Varnish, Glass, putty, &c.

Every article of solid prepared for use.

The whole will be sold low for cash. American

money taken at a discount.

Aug. 24.

Anthracite Coal.

A few tons of Anthracite coal, for sale by

J. W. STREET

Oct. 10th, 1867.

Refined Crushed Sugar, Wines

Louder Porter, Pale Ale, &c.

Ex the "Choice" from London via St. John.

20 Hlbs refined Crushed Sugar,

20 chests } Congou 50 half do

50 half do } TEA. Oolong Tea

10 Kegs Bi Carbonate Soda,

4 bags Java Coffee.

140 cases "Bridges" London Porter & Pale

Ale,

12 Qu Carls } Pale & golden Sherry, Ale,

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12 Qu Carls } Pale & golden Sherry, Ale,

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2000 Gallons
Albertine Oil.

Just received from the manufacture at St.

John, and will be sold wholesale or retail at the

lowest rates by the Subscriber. Please, enquire

for yourselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN BALSON

Kennedy's Arcade, Water St.

St. Andrews, Aug. 20, 1867.

Sugar & Molasses.

Ex "Loyalist" from Barbados via St. John.

17 Hlbs. } Choice

8 do } Barbados Sugar.

18 Hlbs. } do Molasses.

June 27, 1867.

1868. Almanacks. 1868.

McMILLAN'S New Brunswick Almanack and

Register for 1867, can be obtained singly

at ten cents, or by the dozen for retail from

J. LOCHARY & SON.

A supply of the old Farmers Almanack always

on hand.

St. Andrews Nov. 30, 1867.

LONDON

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established in 1769.

CAPITAL £5,000,000 STERLING

Office—Lombard Street and Charing Cross.

This Company will effect insurances on the favorable