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## Doering.

### A STRIP OF SEAS.

BY LUCY LAROM.

I do not own an inch of land,  
But all I see is mine,—  
The orchards and the mowing fields,  
The lawns and garden fine;  
The winds my tax collectors are,  
They bring me tidings divine,—  
Wild acents and a shillee sences,  
A tribute rare and free;  
And more magnificent than all,  
My window keeps from me  
A glimpse of blue immensity—  
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns  
Great fleets and argosies;  
I have a share in every ship  
Won by the inland breeze  
To loiter on any road  
Above the apple trees.

I freight them with my untold dreams  
Each bears my own pickled crew;  
And nobler cargoes wait for them  
Than ever India knew—  
My ships that sail into the east  
Across that outlet blue!

### HEZ AND HIS RIVAL.

How a Temptation was Resisted.

You see we was rather tough on our way,  
Where Hez and I went, with our bit  
of tent and pickers, shooting-irons, and such like,  
meaning to make a pile of gold. We went to  
Washoe, and didn't get on; then we went to  
St. Lawrence, and didn't get on there. Last we  
went right up into the mountains, picking our  
way among the stones, for Hez sez: "Look  
here, old hoss, let's get what no one's been  
after. If we get what the boys are at work  
already, they've took the cream and we get  
the skim milk. Lets you and me get the  
cream and let some of the others take the  
skim milk."

"Good for you," I says; and we tramped on  
day after day till we got right up in the heart  
of the mountain, where no one hadn't been  
before, and it was so still and quiet as it made  
you quite deaf.

"This'll do, Dab," says Hez, as we put up  
our bit of tent on a pleasant green shelf in  
the steep valley place. "This'll do, Dab;  
that's yaller gold spangling them sands and  
running in veins through them rocks and  
yaller gold in the pockets of the rock."

"Then let's call it Yaller Gulch," I says.

"Done, old hoss!" says Hez and Yaller  
Gulch it is.

We set to work next day washing in the  
bit of a stream, and shook hands on our luck.  
"This'll do," says Hez. "We shall make a  
pile here. No one would dream of hunting this  
out."

"Say, stranger!" says a voice as make us  
both jump. "Do it wash well?"

And if there wasn't a long, lean, ugly, yaller-  
looking chap looking down at us as he stood  
holding a mule by the bridle.

Why, afore a week was over, so far from us  
keeping it snug, I reckon there was fifty peo-  
ple in Yaller Gulch washing away and making  
their piles. Afore another week was over  
some one had set up a store, and next day  
there was a gambling saloon. Keep it our-  
selves! Why, stranger, I reckon if there was  
a speck of gold anywhere within five hundred  
yards our chaps would sniff it out like vultures  
and be down upon it.

It wasn't no use to grumble, and we kept  
what we thought to ourselves, working away  
and making our ounces the best way we could.  
One day I proposed we should go up higher  
in the mountain; but Hez said he'd be blown  
if he'd move; and the next day, if he'd wanted  
me to go, I should have told him I'd be blown  
if I'd move; and all at once from being rich-  
chums, as would have done anything for one  
another, Hez and me got to be mortal enemies.

Who should come into the Gulch one day  
but an old store-keeping sort of fellow with  
a pretty daughter as ever stepped, and from  
that moment it was all over between Hez and  
me. He'd got a way with him, you see, as I  
hadn't; and they always made him welkin at  
that store when it was to me. "How do you do?"  
and "Good mornin'" to me. "I don't know  
what love is, stranger, but if Jael Burns had  
told me to go and cut one of my hands off to  
please her, I'd ha' done it."

But it wouldn't do. I soon see which way  
the wind blew. She was the only woman in  
the place, and could have the pick, and she picked  
Hez. I was 'bout starved the first time I

met them two together—she a hanging on his  
arm and looking up in his face, worshipping  
him like some of them woman cads worship a  
great big strong he; and as soon as they war-  
got by, I swore a big oath as Hez should never  
have her.

But Hez and Jael were spliced up and I allus  
kept away. When I wanted an ounce or two  
of gold I worked and when I'd got it I used to  
drink—drink, because I wanted to drown all  
recollection of the past. Hez used to come to  
me but I warned him off. Then Jael came  
and when she began to talk to me about for-  
giving him, it only made me more mad, than  
ever, and so I went and pitched at the flower  
end of the gulch and they lived at tother.

Times and times I've felt as if I'd go and  
ping Hez on the quiet, but I never did, thou I  
got to hate him more and more, and never half  
so much as I did eight two years arter, when I  
came upon him one day sudden, with his wife  
Jael, looking pooter than ever, with a little  
white-haired squaler on her arm. An it riled  
me above a bit, to see him so smiling and hap-  
py and me turned into a blood-shot, drink-  
ing, raving savage that half the Gulch was feared  
of and 't'other half daren't face.

I had been drinking hard for about a week  
when early one morning, as I lay in my ragged  
bit of a tent, I woke up, sudden like, to a  
roarin' noise like thunder, and then there came  
a whiff and a rush, and I was swimming for  
life, half choked with the water that had car-  
ried me off. Now it was hitting my head, play-  
ful like, agen the hardest corners of the rock it  
could find in the Gulch; then it was hitting  
me in the back or pounding me in the front  
with trunks of trees swept down from the  
mountains, for something had bust—a lake or  
something high up—and in about a wink the  
hill settlement in Yaller Gulch was swept  
away. I sot on a bit of rock, and there was  
the water rushing down thirty or forty feet  
deep, with everything swept before it—mules  
and tents and shanties and stores, and dead  
bodies by the dozen. Just then I hears a wild  
scream, and looking down, I see a chap  
half swimming, half swept along by the torrent,  
trying hard to get at a tree that stood 't'other  
side.

"Why, it's you, is it Hez?" I says to  
myself as I looked at his wild eyes and  
strained face, on which the sun shone full.  
"You're a gone coon, Hez, lad, so you may  
just as well fold yer arms, say amen, and  
go down like a man. How I could pop  
you now, lad, if I'd got a shooting iron—  
put you out of yer misery like. You'll  
drown, lad."

He made a dash and tried for a branch  
hanging down, but missed it and got swept  
against the rocks, where he shoved his  
arm between two big bits, but the water  
gave him a wrench the bone went crack,  
and as I sat still there, I see him sweep  
lower and lower, till he clutched at a bush  
with his left hand and hung on like grim  
death to a dead nigger.

"Save yer right," I says coolly. "Why  
shouldn't you die like the rest? If I'd  
had any go in me, I should have plug-  
ged yer long ago."

"Hollo!" I cried then, giving a start,  
"it ain't 'tis—tarnation! It can't be!"

But it was.

There on 't'other side, not fifty yards  
lower down, on a bit of shelf of earth that  
kept crumblin' away as the water washed  
it, was Jael kneeling down with her young  
'un, and, as I looked, something seemed to  
give my heart a tug, just as if some c on  
all pulled a string.

"Well, he's 'bout gone," I says; "and  
they can't hold out but 'bout three minutes.  
What's it got to do with me? I shant  
move."

Just then, as I sot and chawed, telling  
myself as a chap would be mad to try and  
save his friends out of such a flood, let  
alone his enemies, darn me! if Jael didn't  
put that there little squaler's hands to-  
gether and hold them up as if she was  
making it say its prayers—a born fool!

When that thin string seemed to be pulled,  
inside me like, agen my heart; and I  
couldn't help it—I jumped up.

"Say, Dab," I says to myself, "don't you  
be a fool. You hate that lot like pyson,  
you do.—Don't you go and drown your-  
self."

I was 'bout mad, you know, and couldn't  
do as I liked, for, if I didn't begin to rip  
off my things, wet and hanging to me.  
How they did stick!—but I cleared half  
on 'em off, and then, like a mad fool, I  
made a run and a jump, and was fighting  
hard with the water to get across to Hez's  
wife and child.

It was a bit of fight. Down I went,  
and up I went, and the water twisted me  
like a leaf; but I got out of the roar and  
shower, on to the bit of a shelf where Jael  
kneelt; when, if the silly thing didn't begin  
to hold up to me her child; and her lips,  
poor darling, said dumbly, "Save it! save  
it!"

In the midst of that rush and roar, as I  
saw that poor gal, white, horrified, and  
with her yaller hair clinging round her,  
all my old love for her comes back, and I  
swore a big oath that I'd save her for my  
self or die. I love her down into ribbons  
for there wasn't a moment to lose, and I  
swam that bairn somehow on to my  
shoulders, she watching me the while; and  
then with my heart beating madly, I  
caught her in my arms, she clinging tight-  
ly to me in her fear, and I stood up, think-  
ing how I could get back, and making  
trial to leap. The flood didn't wait for  
that, though. In a moment there was a  
quiver of the bank, and it went from be-  
neath my feet, leaving me wrestling with  
the waters once more. I don't know how  
I did it, only that, after a fight, and being  
half-drowned, I found myself crawling  
on the side of the Gulch, ever so low down,  
and dragging Jael into a safe place with  
her bairn. She fell down before me,  
hugged my leg, and kissed my feet, and  
then she started up and began staring up  
at me, ending by asping old Hez cling-  
ing there still, with his sound arm rammed  
into a bush, and his body swept out by the  
fierce stream. The next minute it she  
seized me by the arm, and was prying at  
him, and she gave a wild kind of shriek.

"He's a gone coon," I says, though she  
couldn't hear me; and I was gazing over  
her beautiful white face, and soft, clear  
black, as I thought that now she was mine  
—all mine. I'd saved her out of the flood  
and there was no Hez to stand in our way.

"Save him!—save him!" she shrieked in  
my ear.

What, Hez? Save Hez, to come between  
us once more? Save her husband—the  
man I hated, and would gladly see die?  
Oh, I couldn't do it; and my looks showed  
it, she reading me like a book the while.

No, he might drown—he was drowned—  
must be. No; just then he moved. But  
nonsense! I wasn't going to risk my life  
for him, and out my own throat like, as to  
the future. She went down on her knees  
to me though, praying again at where Hez  
still floated; and the old feeling of love for  
her was stronger on me than ever.

"You're asking me to die for you, Jael!"  
I shouted in her ear.

"Save him—save Hez!" she shrieked.  
"Yes, save him!" I groaned to myself.  
"Bring him back to the happiness that  
might be mine. But she loves him—she  
loves him; and I must."

I gave one look at her—as I thought my  
last—and I couldn't help it. If she asked  
me dumbly, as she did, to something ten  
times as wild, I should have done it; and  
with a run I got up well above Hez afore  
I jumped in once more to have a fight with  
the waters till I was swept down to the  
bush where he was. I'd got my knife in  
my teeth to cut the brush away and let him  
free, but as I was swept against it my  
weight tore it away, and Hez and I went  
down the stream together; him so down-  
up that he lay helpless on the water. Some-  
thing seemed to tell me to finish him off.  
A minute under water would have done it,  
but Jael's face was before me, and at last I  
got to the other side, with her clinging  
alongside us; and if it hadn't been for the  
hand she stretched down to me I should  
never have crawled out with old Hez—I was  
that done.

As I dropped down panting on the rock  
Jael came to my side, leaned over me and  
kissed me, and I turned away, for the next  
moment she was crying hard, and bring-  
ing her husband to, and I was beginning  
to feel once more that I was a fool.

I ain't much more to tell, only that the  
flood went down almost as quick as it came  
up, and Hez got all right with his broken  
arm, and did well. They wanted mule-  
to be; but I kept away. I felt as if I'd  
been a fool to save him, and I was kinder  
shamed like of it; so I took off to Triest,  
where, after chumming about, I took a  
going voyage to Panama and back, and  
the sea seemed to suit me like, and so I  
stuck to it.

For the Scientific American.  
Centennial Notices.

Every year it is said, the battleship, of  
Waterloo is carefully planted with batter-  
ed bullets, odds and ends of accoutrements  
and other rubbish, which in the following  
year are dug up and sold to credulous tour-  
ists, as relics of the conflict, by the en-  
terprising natives. Not long ago the Ger-  
man government was ruthlessly victim-  
ized by some ingenious Arabs who man-  
ufactured and sold as real some spurious  
specimens of rare and ancient pottery.

Almost any one, indeed, who travelled  
through Europe can add scores of instances  
of like deceptions being practised which  
probably have come under his notice; so  
that at the present time, antiques in Na-  
ples, coins in Rome, pipes and pottery in  
the East, and the thousand bits of bric-a-  
brac that travellers delight in gathering  
are either the handiwork of the present in-

habitant of the historic localities, or, far  
more likely, have their origin in Birming-  
ham, England, that world's supply shop  
for all heterogeneous articles, from big  
Japanese dolls down to pins.

We did cherish the idea that the relic  
manufacturing industry had not traversed  
the Atlantic; and although we might se-  
cretly laugh at the friend who proudly  
exhibits Waterloo bullets and Roman obols,  
we were fain to accept as genuine flint lock  
muskets which have been through the Re-  
volution, or the moth-eaten old uniform  
kept in the garret since the days of 1812,  
and now brought out for exhibition in the  
Centennial season. But this era of confi-  
dence has passed. We now point the finger  
of scorn at the musket, and express doubt  
as to whether the uniform is not one on  
which army officers have been testing the  
much-exercised mirth of the public.

We much  
have continued in our innocence, despite  
the fact that General Washington's head-  
quarters have sprung up over the land  
like mushrooms, access taking the suppo-  
sition that the hero must have been en-  
dowed with ubiquity, or else have spent his  
existence in travelling from one to the  
other; but when we regard the number of  
his favorite and only chairs, at least one  
of which is now deemed indispensable to  
every well regulated furniture store, and  
the quantities of the abnormal written docu-  
ments attributed to the father of his Coun-  
try, which photography reproduces in an  
infinite and genuine originals, our credu-  
lity gives way, and we warn our reader  
against Centennial relics. During the past  
winter we have certainly seen thirty quilt  
ed petticoats which the fair wearers as-  
serted as belonged to Martha Washington,  
and this is in only one city. How many  
such garments Philadelphia possesses, we  
cannot divine. All along Broadway, con-  
spicuous small boys are vending musty,  
yellow, and ragged newspapers; and not a  
single anniversary of any revolutionary  
event can occur but that copies of the par-  
ticular ancient paper containing the ac-  
count of the conflict are sold in New York  
in editions so large that the long since  
dead publishers would have dreamed their  
fortunes secure had their original publica-  
tions achieved one half the circulation. La-  
fayette buttons are appearing by the gross;  
and as for Franklin's canes, their name is  
 legion. There is a strong and growing de-  
sire for these things, which bids fair to es-  
tablish a new and patriotic industry devo-  
ted to their manufacture.

What Came of Trying.

Long ago among the chorus singers of  
the theatre of Bergamo, Italy, was a poor  
tailor, who modestly tried to use all his  
talents for the support of himself and his  
mother. One day the celebrated singer  
Nozari went to this tailor for a pair of pan-  
taloons. Noticing that the poor man's  
face was familiar, he made enquiries, and  
found he belonged to the open chorus.  
"Have you a good voice?" asked Nozari.  
"Not particularly," answered the tailor.  
"I can hardly reach A."  
"Let me hear," said Nozari, stepping  
to the piano. "Commence."  
The tailor commenced, and with diffi-  
culty reached G.  
"Now the A."  
"I cannot, sir."  
"Sing the A, unfortunate fellow."  
Again a great effort, and A was reached.  
"Now the B flat," cried Nozari.  
"I am not able."  
"I say the B flat, or, by my soul, I—  
don't be angry; I will try."  
A. B flat.

"Do you see that it is possible?" ex-  
claimed Nozari, triumphantly. "And I  
tell you, my son, if you practice assiduous-  
ly, you will be the first tenor of Italy."  
Nozari was not mistaken. The poor  
chorister became the celebrated Raimondi.

Lord Maitstone, an English nob, was  
finer the other day, for taking his dog to  
a first class compartment of a railroad car,  
contrary to rule, and against the protest  
of a vicar who occupied the same compart-  
ment. The owner of the dog was very  
angry at the objection to his presence,  
and he was Lord Maitstone, and his dog  
had always travelled with him and always  
should. The court gave him the highest  
fine possible, \$10 and costs. This is the  
way they punish snobbish in good old  
England.

The iron horse has but one ear—the en-  
gineer.

Pluck will carry a man where a palace  
car will not.

"Mamma, don't you want some nice  
candy?" said a shrewd little child. "Yes,  
dear I should like some." "Then, if you'll  
buy some, I'll give you half!" lisped the  
polly girl.

### The Late Colonel Kingsmill.

Colonel William Kingsmill died on Saturday  
morning at the residence of his son, Mr. Nicol  
Kingsmill, No. 132 Wellington street. His  
death was somewhat sudden and unexpected,  
although he had not been very well for a few  
days previous. He was in his eighty-third  
year. He was in full possession of his faculties  
up to the evening before his death, and evi-  
dently passed away in his sleep.

Colonel Kingsmill was born in Kilkenny,  
Ireland, in 1791. He was the son of Major  
Kingsmill, of the 1st (Royal) Regiment who  
served in the American war and was present  
at the battle of Bunker's Hill. He was educa-  
ted at the Kilkenny College, and joined the  
66th Regiment when very young. With his  
Regiment he served in Spain during the Pen-  
insular war and was present at Basaco, Torres  
Vedras, the siege of Badajoz, the battle of the  
Pyrenees, etc. After success had crowned the  
British arms, and Napoleon had been taken  
prisoner, the 66th Regiment was ordered to  
guard him during his captivity at St. Helena.

Col. Kingsmill was then lieutenant in the  
regiment. The 66th subsequently came to Canada,  
when Col. Kingsmill retired from the service  
as senior captain. On the breaking out of the  
rebellion in 1837 he was again in arms, and  
raised two regiments of volunteers. He after-  
wards commanded the 3rd Incorporated Militia,  
but retired on his appointment to the office of  
Sheriff of the District of Niagara. He held  
the position of Sheriff for a period of twenty years,  
and resigned it in consequence of failing health  
brought on by the laborious nature of his  
duties. He was subsequently appointed post-  
master of Oneida, and held that office till the  
time of his death, performing its duties by  
deputy. Col. Kingsmill was a very much  
respected resident of this city. He was always  
ready to assist in any good work, for the Church  
or in the interests of society. He was a stand-  
fast adherent of the Church of England, and  
it was seldom that he was not a representative  
of some congregation at the Synod. In the  
interests of temperance he laboured assiduously,  
and, although his name seldom came before  
the public in that connection, his work, which  
was carried on in a quiet and unostentatious  
manner, was none the less effective. A true  
soldier, he retained his love for everything per-  
taining to military matters to the last. His  
reminiscences of Napoleon were exceedingly  
interesting, and everybody was pleased when  
he would tell anecdotes or give personal recol-  
lections of the great Emperor. It is under-  
stood that for some time Col. Kingsmill was  
engaged in preparing a book on the history of  
Napoleon during his captivity. Had he lived  
to complete it, it would, no doubt, have been a  
valuable contribution to the history of that  
period. He has also written largely during his  
lifetime on educational and military topics.  
His letters to the public press under the nom-  
de plume of "Veteran," several of which ap-  
peared in the columns of "The Mail," have  
always commanded great respect. As a lec-  
turer he has appeared very often, and his  
kindly advice to the prisoners, whom he visited  
in the goal, and the cabmen, in whom he took  
an especial interest, will long be remembered  
by them. He had four sons and two daughters.  
Two of his sons who joined the army died not  
very long after. His other sons are Judge  
Kingsmill, of the County of Bruce, and Mr.  
Nicol Kingsmill, of the firm of Crooks, Kings-  
mill, & Cattamach, at whose residence he died.

In compliance with Col. Kingsmill's request  
he will be buried at Niagara. The funeral  
cortege will leave Toronto on Tuesday by the  
City of Toronto. The funeral will be accorded  
full military honours.—[From the Toronto  
Mail, May 8.]

[The deceased gentleman, was an uncle of  
the late Dr. Wm. Bradley, whose family still  
reside in St. Andrews.] Ed. STANDARD.

"Who frow dat peanut at me?" asked a  
darkey when struck on the cranium with a  
sand-bag thrown out of a balloon.

An exchange says that a resident of  
Madison, Conn., lately buried his seventh  
wife. Was she dead?

"I would not, for any money," says Jeare  
Paul Richter, "have any money in my  
youth." That's the way we feel. We  
would rather have it now.—Danbury News.

Being asked what made him so dirty, a  
street Arab replied, "I was made as they  
tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works  
out."

A despairing swain, in a fit of despera-  
tion, recently declared to his unrelenting  
lady-love that it was his firm determina-  
tion to drown himself, or perish in the  
attempt.



California Vinegar  
vegetable preparation,  
native herbs found  
in the Sierra Nevada,  
a medicinal pro-  
cessed therefrom  
whol. The question  
"What is the cause  
of various diseases  
of the system, such  
as congestion or In-  
flamed Visceral Organs,  
is good health, let  
it be as a medicine,  
alcoholic stimulants

ALD & CO.,  
San Francisco, California,  
Charleston S.C., New York,  
etc. and Dealers.  
make these Bitters  
us, and remain long  
in bones are not dis-  
eased or other means,  
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ars, Coughs, Tightness  
as, Sour Eruptions of  
ate in the Mouth, Bil-  
of the Heart, Inflam-  
Pain in the region of  
hundred other painful  
flappings of Dyspepsia,  
a better guarantee of  
ghy advertisement.  
ig's Evil, White Swel-  
lness, Swelled Neck,  
inflammations, Indolent  
cepal Affections, Old  
the Skin, Sore Eyes,  
as in all other constitu-  
ant's Virena's Bitters  
ent curative powers in  
and intractable cases.  
dory and Chronic  
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evers, Diseases of the  
ey, and Bladder, these  
Such Diseases are  
Blood.

ises, Eruptions, Tetter,  
as, Spots, Pimples, Pus-  
ules, Ringworms, Scald  
Erysipelas, Ecz, Scars,  
the Skin, Humors and  
of whatever name or  
dug up and carried out  
short time by the use of

other Worms, Inck-  
so many thousands, are  
and removed. No sys-  
o verminages, no anthel-  
the system from worms

omplaints, in young or  
le, at the dawn of wom-  
of life, these Tonic Bit-  
cided an influence that  
on perceptible.

all cases of Jaundice, rest-  
is not losing its work,  
treatment is to promote  
to bile and favor its re-  
purpose. Use VIRENA'S BIT-

Flitiated Blood when-  
purities bursting through  
les, Eruptions, or Scars;  
n find it obstructed and  
ns; cleanse it when it is  
ill tell you when. Keep  
the health of the system

DONALD & CO.,  
Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston S.C., New York,  
Suggate and Spence.



fire was through  
the United States  
million of dollars  
to stagger belief  
they have proof  
recommended the  
the detection and

light, the large barn  
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barn.

E.D.  
the Rev. W. Rich-  
Miss Margaret  
Andrews.

Parish of Saint  
son, Esq., aged  
on Saturday last  
family and many  
of much beloved,  
of acquaintances  
and respected as

Columbia, on the  
y E. Seelye, Esq.,

W.S.  
DORRIS

r. Bree, Machias,  
Maloney, Boston,  
Boston, ballast,  
New York, Hiles,  
rens, New York,  
port, Fish &c.

st. Boston, 3200  
Ross.  
Maloney, Boston,  
rs, R. Ross,  
evens, Eastport,  
rt, scrap iron.  
Windor, ballast,  
nd, 4200 sleep-  
st. n, 2300 sleep-  
& Glenn.

U.E.

passing on or at-  
er half of Water  
s' Division of the  
wed by the under  
d for sale. Apply  
IE ROBINSON

ON.

their ad to offer for  
RSDAY, the 1st  
noon:

l property situated  
er Street and ex-  
about 1000 feet,  
ions thereon. The  
a substantial kind  
a dwelling house;  
ll.  
rs to run, is renew-  
rent, or the im-  
a valuation.

ATHWAY,  
auctioneer,  
21

tractors.

will be received at  
St. George, until  
FAY, at noon, for  
HASONRY of  
m of the  
t Railway.  
ns can be seen at  
nd after Thursday,  
nd to reject any of  
the of the Com.

N. GREENE,  
Chief Engineer.

REMENT.  
a, May 13, 1876.  
on AMERICAN IN  
ies, 11 per cent.  
J. JOHNSON,  
owner of the steam

## SPRING TRADE, 1876.

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

SPECIAL LINES IN

**PRINTS, CAMBRICKS, COTTONS,**  
**Dress Goods, Cashmeres, Alpaccas,**  
**Woollens, Linens, Hosiery, Hats, Caps & Flowers.**

Also, 12 Bales new Paper Hangings,

4 Cases Stationery and Ink.

May 17—nmpd

ODELL & TURNER.



### TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by this Depart-  
ment at Ottawa, till the 20th May next, for  
the construction of a Light Keeper's Dwelling  
House at Bliss Island, Charlotte County, N. B.  
Plans and Specifications may be seen at the  
Office of the Collector of Customs,  
ST. ANDREWS.

ST. STEPHENS

and St. GEORGE, N. B.  
where forms of tender can also be procured by  
tending Contractors.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned  
and marked on the outside "Tender for Bliss  
Island Dwelling."

WM. SMITH,

Deputy Minister of Marine, &c.  
Department of Marine and Fisheries,  
Ottawa, 15th April, 1876.



### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Grading, Tracklaying, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Secre-  
tary of Public Works and endorsed "Tender  
Pacific Railway," will be received at this Office  
on Monday, 22nd May next, for the  
Excavation and Grading required to be ex-  
cuted on that section of the Pacific Railway ex-  
tending from Cross Lake eastward to RAT  
FOUR LAKES, about 37 miles  
in length, also for the Grading required from  
the WESTERN end of the 13th Contract to  
the ENGLISH RIVER, a distance of about 80 miles;  
also for tracklaying and other works of Con-  
struction west of Fort William.

For Plans and Specifications, APPROXIMATE  
QUANTITIES, FORMS OF TENDERS, and other  
information, apply to the office of the Engineer in  
Chief, of Ottawa.

No tender will be entertained unless on the  
printed form, and unless the conditions are com-  
plied with.

By order, F. BRAUN,

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, April, 1876

### ASSESSORS NOTICE.

THE undersigned having been appointed As-  
sessor of Rates and Taxes for the Parish  
of Saint Andrews, hereby give Notice thereof,  
and request all persons liable to be rated to bring  
in to the Assessor within thirty days after pub-  
lication of this Notice, true statements of their  
property and income liable to be assessed.

And further, the Valuation List will be posted  
at the small building between the stores of Cap-  
tain and Green, on King Street; in pursu-  
ance of the provisions of the Assessment Act of  
1875.

Dated 26th day of April, 1876.

S. H. WHITLOCK, Assessors

J. R. BRADFORD, of Rates.

R. DENSMORE, Rates.

CHARLOTTE GENERAL SESSIONS.

APRIL 6, 1876.

ORDERED—That all persons to whom

LICENSES TO SELL LIQUORS

may be granted in future, be required to take

out and pay for the same within twenty days after

the close of the Session granting the same, and

that the name of all parties to whom Licenses may

be granted and who fail to comply with this notice,

be published by the Clerk of the Peace in any

newspaper printed in this County, said entries to be

published within ten days after the expiration of

twenty days aforesaid.

ORDERED—That a copy of this notice be pub-  
lished forthwith in the STANDARD COURIER and  
Journal, two weeks in each.

Extract from minutes.

GEO. S. GRIMMER,

Clerk of the Peace.

### MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Post  
master General, and marked "Tender for  
Mail Service," will be received at Ottawa, until  
12 o'clock, noon, on Friday, the 21st April, 1876,  
for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails six  
times per week each way, between St. Andrews,  
St. George and St. Stephen, for a term of four  
years on and from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information  
into conditions of the proposed contract may be  
seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained  
at the Post Offices at St. Andrews, St. George  
and St. Stephen, or at the office of the subscrib-  
er.

JOHN McMILLAN,

Post Office Inspector.

## MEGANTIC HOTEL,

St. Andrews, N. B.

THE Subscriber respectfully an-  
nounces to his friends and the public in gen-  
eral, that he has taken the above named House,  
and thoroughly fitted it for the reception of

TRAVELLERS

AND PERMANENT BOARDERS.

From long experience as a hotel proprietor,  
and by careful attention to the wants and com-  
fort of his guests, he hopes to receive a liberal  
share of patronage.

He also keeps on hand a well selected Stock of  
Liquors, &c.

A LARGE STABLE and careful hostler on  
the premises.

JAMES NEILL,

St. Andrews, Oct. 15, 1875.

J. C. COCKBURN, M. D.,

Will practice the different departments of  
Medicine & Surgery.

Office—presently occupied by E. Lee Street, Water  
Street.

Residence at his father's, head of Edward Street.

St. Andrews, Dec. 15, 1875.

### ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having legal claims against  
the estate of the late Edward Lynd, Jr.,  
of Saint George, in the County of Charlotte,  
deceased, are requested to file the same duly at-  
tested within three months from the date hereof, and  
all parties indebted to the said Estate are  
requested to make immediate payment to the  
undersigned or to

JAMES BOGUE

of Saint George as her agent.

Dated the 29th December, A. D. 1875.

SARAH LYND

Administratrix.

GEO. MCCORMY

Solicitor.

### EXECUTORS NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having any claims against the  
estate of James W. Street, Esquire, late  
of Saint Andrews, merchant, are requested to  
present them duly attested within three months  
from this date, and all persons indebted to the  
said estate, are requested to make immediate pay-  
ment to

MATILDA STREET,

GEO. D. STREET,

S. D. BERTON,

St. Andrews, April 3, 1876.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1

SEND 25c to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for

samples of 100 papers, containing lists of 2000 news-

papers, and estimate of cost of advertising.

\$12 a DAY at home. A. sent wanted. Outfits and

terms free. TRUCK and CO., Augusta, Maine.

### PROBATE COURT.

COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE.

In the matter of the Estate of Ellen Davis,  
late of the Parish of Saint Andrews, in the County  
of Charlotte deceased.

WHEREAS Patrick Britt Executor of the last  
Will and Testament of the said Ellen Davis, de-  
ceased, at the time of her death, hath this day filed  
his account with the said Estate, and hath proved  
that the Creditors and next of kin of the deceased,  
and all persons interested in the said Estate, may  
appear and attend the passing and allowance of  
the said account.

NOTICE therefore is hereby given, to  
all the Creditors and next of kin of the said de-  
ceased, and to all persons interested in the said  
Estate, and they are hereby cited to appear before  
me at a Court of Probate, to be held at the Office  
of the Judge of Probate at Saint Andrews in the  
said County of Charlotte, on Saturday, the Sixth  
day of May next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in  
the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowance  
of the Account of the said Executor.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said  
Court, this Fourth day of April A. D. 1876.

GEO. D. STREET

Judge of Probates for Charlotte  
County.

S. H. WHITLOCK Registrar of Probates for  
Charlotte County.

## Visiting Cards

IN PRETTY STYLES.

AT

### Reduced Rates.

Persons requiring them will please leave their  
orders as early as convenient, at the  
STANDARD OFFICE.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND  
CANADA RAILROAD  
Company.

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of  
this Company, will be held at their Office,  
in St. Stephen, on TUESDAY, the 9th day of  
MAY next, at 10 A. M.

HENRY OSBURN,

Manager.

Railroad Office, St. Stephen,

March 3, 1876.

### ST. ANDREWS FOUNDRY

THE SUBSCRIBER having become Propri-  
etor of this Foundry, respectfully informs the  
public, that he is prepared to execute orders for

Foundry Work,

with punctuality and despatch.  
STOVES of approved patterns, MILL and  
SHIPS CASTINGS, and other foundry business  
attended to.

STOVE and STOVE PIPE for sale.

He returns his thanks for the liberal support  
given to the late firm of Lamb & Co., and from  
long experience and knowledge of the business,  
trusts to receive a continuance of patronage.

JAMES COAKLEY.

St. Andrews, Feb. 23, 1876.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

E. CAMERON, M.D.

Physician, Surgeon,  
AND ACCOUCHEUR.

Dr. CAMERON may be consulted profes-  
sionally at his office, at Woodlands Cove Grand  
Manan.  
Grand Manan Nov. 10, 1875

MISS NEILL,

TEACHER OF THE

PIANO & ORGAN.

Will give instruction to a limited number of  
pupils on these instruments. Having received a  
thorough knowledge of music, and had experience  
in teaching, she solicits a share of patronage.  
Terms made known on application at her re-  
sidence, MEGANTIC HOTEL,  
St. Andrews, Nov. 10, 1875.

## Spring Goods.

Messrs. Street & Co.

offer for sale the following Goods in Bonded  
Warehouse, and daily expected from abroad:

### GIN.

John DeKuyper & Sons,  
J. H. Henkes, &  
Blunkelheim & Nylet,  
FINEST QUALITIES  
GENEVA.

### BRANDIES.

J. Hennessy & Co.,  
J. & F. Martell, Jules  
Roben & Co., and  
Vine Growers Company,  
finest pale and dark  
BRANDIES.

Whiskies, &c.

Murphy's Old Irish  
Whisky.  
Highland malt Scotch Whisky  
Bullock, Laid & Co., fine n. a. l.  
Dunville & Co., J. R. Old Irish  
Whisky.

Gooderham & Worts and Allens Old  
Irish Whisky.

Gooderham & Worts Alcohol, 95 c. o. p.

Punchesons Demerara and Jamaica R. M.

100 cases Dunville & Co., J. R. Old Irish Whisky.

60 do Flett & Co., Irish Malt Whisky, pt. flasks

20 do Camla-hi Scotch Whisky.

20 do finest old blended Glenlivet Scotch Whisky.

20 do old Crow Bourbon, quarts and pints.

20 do John Bull BITTERS.

20 do FINE OLD RUM, (15 years old).

### WINE.

PORT WINE,  
(various qualities).

SHERRY,  
(various qualities).

5 do Sparkling CHAMPAGNE.

5 do CLARET.

### ALE & PORTER.

50 Bbls. Alport's Ale, } Quarts and Pints.  
50 " Bass & Co. " }  
75 " McEwan, " }

20 Hhds. Alport and McEwan's draught ALE.

40 cases Guinness' XXX STOUT } Quarts and

60 Hhds. McEwan, do } pints.

3 Hhds. Guinness' Double Stout.

### TEA.

50 Chests } FINEST LONDON

40 Hb. do } CONGOU TEA.

### PAINTS & OILS.

40 Cwt. White, Green, Red, Yellow and Black  
Brandram's Leads in 100, 50, 25 lbs. and small  
packages. 12 Casks Brandram's best BOILED  
and RAW OILS.

And various other Goods, which they will sell low  
for cash or approved paper.

St. Andrews, May 12, 1876.

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St. Andrews, May 12, 1876.

## CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST.

Through all Rail Route via GrandTrunk  
Railway.

Passes going to Canada, California and all  
points West, will find this Route the cheap-  
est and direct.

Lowest Fare to San Francisco } \$74 AmCy  
via Portland, }  
do Boston } \$76 " "

Do do }  
Tickets for sale at the Railroad Office,  
Jan. 12—1876

C. M. LAMB, AGENT.

"STEVENSON'S HALL,"

Having been leased by the

ST. ANDREWS AMATEUR BAND

Persons wishing to rent the same for Exhibi-  
tions or other Entertainments, are requi-  
red to apply to

E. S. POLLEYS, Secretary.

St. Andrews.

Apr. 6, 1876.

HENRY R. SMITH

No. 14 KING STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

BOOKS,

STATIONARY & FANCY GOODS

ALL the Standard English and American

Publications, Magazines, Periodicals and Litera-  
ture.

Books, Letter, Note, Account, Blotting  
Tissue Papers.

FANCY AND INITIAL NOTE, PAPER AND  
ENVELOPES.

NEW BRUNSWICK SERIES OF SCHOOL  
BOOKS.

Blank Memorandums and Pocket Books.

[Fancy Goods—consisting of

Opera Glasses, Fans, Purse,

Ladies' Traveling Satchels, Games, Croquet,  
Base Balls and Hats, Stereoscopes,

Paint Boxes, &c., &c., &c.

Sunday School Union Depository

Sunday Schools supplied with Libraries and  
other Sunday School requisites at the very lowest  
price that can be imported for.

St. John, Aug. 25, 1874.

6m

## GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Friday, 4th of May, 1875

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GEN-  
ERAL IN COUNCIL.

WHEREAS it is provided by the 58th Section  
of the Act 31 Victoria, Chapter 6, intituled,  
"

**V**ISITING & BUSINESS CARDS  
NEATLY PRINTED AT THE  
STANDARD OFFICE.

ASTRUMENTS,  
Toilet Requisites, Perfumery, Brushes, &c.  
4 King St. Saint John, N.B.

WM. PARKS & SON,  
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,  
St John, N. B.

71 Ton Brandram Bros" Best White Lard  
4 Hhds } Linseed and Raw  
4 qr Casks } do Boild Oil.  
STREET

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