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NO. 1.

The Old Year and the New.
The good old year hath run his race,
And the latest hour draws near;
The cold dew shines on his hoary face,
And he hobbles along with a listless pace,
To his lonely and snow-covered resting place,
In the northern hemisphere.
See how his stiff joints faint and shrink
As the cold breeze whistles by;
He hath a bitter cup to drink
As he watches the sun in his hour-glass sink,
Standing alone on the icy brink
Of the gulf of eternity.
His scanty robe is wrapped more tight
As the dim sun declines down;
And no stars arise to cheer the night
Of him whose temples they once made bright,
When crimson roses and lilies white
Hail his golden crown.
He feels—his lips—no power at hand
To check him from tumbling over;
The hour-glass clicks with its latest sand,
And each movement falls like the stroke of a brand.
On one already took weak to stand—
He falls—he is seen no more.
And, lo! in the east a star ascends,
And a host of music comes—
A young lord, followed by troops of friends,
Down to the broad equator wends,
While the stars that travel above him bend
Over a sea of floating plumes.
—Miles O'Reilly.

THE AGATE RING.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Evening's shadows were closing in over a great and populous Western metropolis. Without, the storm-king reigned supreme; the wind blew its fitful, violent gusts; the snow-flakes fell thick and fast, and the air was sharp and chilling. To an interior scene, where non- of the accessories to comfort and content existed save warmth and light, we would conduct the reader this cheerless wintry night, the fourth evening preceding that most joyous of all merry seasons in the year, Christmas night.
While without, despite the falling snow and general inclemency of the weather, a thousand merry sleigh-bells kept time to the happy harmony of cheerful hearts and intensified the smiles of hopeful anticipation on joyous faces, within the walls of the city prison, a picture of gloom and gloom alone existed. Here, with no hope of participation in the gay festivities of the season, moody or sullen under restraint, or reckless and phlegmatic under long usage to incarceration, the hundred and more prisoners behind the iron-barred doors either converse in a low, dreary undertone, or stand gazing at the few late visitors in the corridors importuning them for pecuniary or other favors. To one of the cells, where its two occupants are seated on the iron bed engaged in earnest discourse, let turn our attention.
The elder of the occupants of the cell is a young man not more than thirty years of age, and whose manner, words and dress betoken the gentleman. The prison register tells us that this man is held on a charge of forgery. His companion is a more boy, whose pale, and features tell a story of suffering and want more than of vice or crime. It is he who is speaking.
"Yes, Mr. Vane, they tell me I can leave here to-night, a free man. After keeping me here for nearly a month, until the weather is too cold to tramp it far without freezing to death, they say that, as the only charge against me is vagrancy, I am free to leave here, provided I leave the city within twenty-four hours. A dreary outlook, indeed, I have no home, no friends. Except your own, I cannot come a better kind voice for years. I will leave when the turkey goes the evening round. Is there anything I can do for you outside?"
A look of thoughtful meditation crosses the other's brow at the query. Then a quick flush comes across his face, succeeded by one of intense pallor.
"It is hopeless to try it!" he murmurs, "and yet— Yes, my friend, you can do me a favor. I am held in this prison on a charge of forgery. Since I have been here systematic bribery and influence have rendered my incarceration a complete isolation from all my friends. I have sent letter after letter from here to the woman whom I have loved to the woman who pledged herself to become my bride. Guilty in the eyes of the world, condemned by the sentence of my own lips, I must atone for the crime of another, unless she gives me permission to speak. Oh, but to see her for one brief hour! Then, with her avowed sanction to the sacrifice, knowing her to be still true to me (for if she knew all she could not but love me the more), I could suffer in the blessed belief that when my period of punishment was ended she would be mine!"
The tramp gazed upon his companion with genuine sympathy in his eyes.
"What can I do for you?" he asked, impatiently. "I do not know your story beyond the few words you have just told me, but I know you are an innocent man, and your friendship for a

poor vagrant has won my heart to you. Command me in anything in my power, I will do it for you!"
"Thank you, my friend," said the other in a subdued tone of voice. "My story I will not tire you with. Suffice it that it is in the interest of a certain man to procure my conviction speedily, and to prevent me communicating with the woman I love. I am satisfied that not only have my letters to Inez Salto been detained, but that his misrepresentations to her have prevented her coming to me. See here," he said, producing a letter, sealed, addressed and stamped. "When you leave here will you place it in the most convenient letter-box? And here," taking from his finger a ring, a plain circlet containing a peculiar agate setting, "is a slight remembrance from me. No. Take it, it is her ring, but it is all I have left of value, and it may save you from starvation."
The tramp took the missive, but declined the ring.
"You must," persisted the prisoner. "You will need what you may obtain from its sale to keep you from freezing and hunger."
He pressed it upon the tramp as he spoke, and started with an exclamation of alarm as a form quickly passed the door of his cell.
"Can he have been listening?" he murmured. "What, going?" as the turnkey opened the door. "Good-bye! Good-bye!"
The tramp left him with moistened eyes and a choked utterance. Through his tear-dimmed eyes he did not notice the form which followed him steadily; kept him in view and watched him as he dropped the letter given him by his fellow-prisoner into a letter box.
"It must not reach its destination," muttered the man, who was none other than the enemy referred to by the prisoner in his conversation with the tramp. "I have played my cards to skillfully to be trumped now. If Inez Salto ever sees Edward Vane my plans will end in their reconciliation and his liberty."
He consulted his watch as he spoke, it was seven o'clock. The last mail had been collected for the night, and as an idea seemed to strike him, he left the spot, walking hurriedly away.
It was fully ten o'clock in the evening when he returned. The street was deserted, yet he looked cautiously around as he lifted the cover of the slot in the end of the letter box into which the tramp had dropped Edward Vane's letter. Into the hole used for the admission of letters he slipped a small, compact package, narrow and long. It was, however, touching a fuse which protruded from the end of it to the light-end of a cigar he had in his mouth, when he withdrew a few yards—waited till he heard the report of a sharp explosion in the letter box. He had succeeded. Edward Vane's letter would never reach its intended destination. A charred mass with the other letters in the box its mission ended where the tramp had left it.

And sad and disappointed the poor prisoner waited in his lonely prison cell for the reply.
Christmas Eve! The suppressed excitement of the preceding few days, the busy preparations crowded into the happy and swiftly-flying hours, had culminated in decorated parlors, ablaze with light of lamp and minor candle-lights on festooned and present-laden evergreen trees. Happy, light-hearted children made their homes ring with laughter and mirth, passed and repassed the windows, revealing the bright background of light and beauty and opening a veritable vista of paradise in the eyes of a miserably-clad, half-starved man who had wandered along the streets of the most aristocratic portion of the city in the hope of receiving a pittance from the passers-by. But all were too thoroughly engrossed with their own enjoyments to heed poor, homeless, starving John Alden, the tramp!
"If they would only arrest me again!" he murmured, bitterly, as he walked wearily along. "The person with something to eat and warmth is better than this aimless wandering. The ring!" he continued, as he gazed at the circlet on his finger. "Oh, no! not yet. The laughter and mirth I ever possessed shall not go until I am absolutely starving."
He little knew how near he was to it as he stumbled tremulously down to the steps. And then he had a dim remembrance of ringing a door-bell, and of a strange sensation in his head. Then, when he awoke realized what breathing existence was, he was lying on a sofa in the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had faintly away.
A young lady, petite and pretty, stood regarding him with a sympathetic, anxious expression, as he opened his eyes.
"Poor man!" she said to the housekeeper. "He must be very hungry and cold!"
"I will attend to his wants, Miss Inez," replied the woman.
In his sense of dreamy languor, induced

by the wandering reason gradually returning to full consciousness, the tramp murmured, almost involuntarily:
"Inez?—yes, that was the name—Inez Salto. Poor Mr. Vane. Is the ring safe?"
"Mercy on us! what is the man saying?" ejaculated the housekeeper as Alden half arose and raised his hand to see if the ring was still on his finger.
"His ring!" cried Inez Salto, for it was the young lady in question at whose doorstep the tramp had so strangely fallen; "where did you get it?"
"Pardon me, I was wandering in my mind. Hunger and cold—"
"Something for the poor man to eat, Mrs. Rousby?" peremptorily ordered Miss Salto. "Now, tell me all about it. You knew Edward Vane? I am Inez Salto."
And he told her all of his incarceration with Edward Vane; of the mailed letter which she had never received; after which, acting under a wayward impulse and filled with a new idea, she hurried on her wraps and was soon whirling away in a carriage to the city prison.

There were two guests at the Salto mansion on Christmas day who were little expected there the day previous. They were Edward Vane and John Alden, but the latter, arrayed in a neat suit of clothes and fresh from the hands of the barber, but little resembled John Alden, the tramp.
For Inez Salto had gone straight to the prison, and then the true story came out. It seemed that about three weeks before \$1,000 had been abstracted from John Salto's money-drawer, and a forged check on a well-known business man substituted. Edward Vane, Arnold Peters and Mr. Salto's son were clerks in the place, and suspicion, augmented by Arnold Peters' covert insinuations, at once attached itself to young Vane, who was arrested, Peters, by bribery and other cunning schemes, had intercepted all Vane's letters, and by false stories and insinuations had almost persuaded her of her lover's guilt and lack of love for herself. Then Vane told her the entire story. It was her brother who had committed the forgery, but rather than expose him, out of love for her, he had resolved to suffer for another's crime.
John Salto was not long in procuring bail for his wronged clerk, and under promises of reformation, which he well kept, young Salto was not prosecuted. He confessed his crime and evinced sincere contrition, but had not courage enough to free his fellow-clerk from the crime. The matter was hushed up, and Arnold Peters disappeared.
A pleasant Christmas dinner led to better acquaintance with the fellow-prisoner of Edward Vane, and when the latter became old John Salto's partner and son-in-law, the ex-tramp became an employee of the firm, and all through the influence of the Agate ring.

Advice on Winter.
What this country is yearning for just now is a sleighing that will come on along in November when it should stay. We've cutters, horses and good-looking girls enough in this country, and for the government not to furnish a better article of sleighing is an oversight that blocks the wheel of commerce and interferes with the bright dream of love. Some winters we have a little sleighing that melts right off, and other winters it gets all covered up with snow so as to be of no use. We would throw out the suggestion that Congress abolish the present snow used for sleighing, and construct a more permanent sleighing by making the roads beds of plate glass, and have them greased with lard oil daily from a sprinkler. Of course the oil would be a trifle costly, but the saving in time to the public, and the corps of officers who would officiate on the sprinklers would compensate for the expense.
Then another need of the season is a different kind of ice. The style of ice now in fashion may be good enough to give body to cream in the summer season, but it is entirely too fragile and brittle to be safe for the use of skaters. We want a kind of ice made without any air holes in it, and a kind that is just as thick in one place as it is anywhere. Then could the gay skater and skates go bounding over the frozen surface of the deep—mill pond without fear of a premature bath. Then too, if a plan could be devised to raise the temperature of the ice a little, it would be better for awkward and timid skaters like ourselves. We frequently sit down on ice, and the amount of cold hid in a few square feet of ice offers too much encouragement to the latent rheumatism. If this ice could be taken in by the fire, or heated by the Holly system, we should not be skater often than now.—Ed. L. Adams, in *Marathon Independent*.

At a recent concert it was the subject of remark that in what fine "voice" the singers were; in commending his good judgment the leader will pardon us for whispering that he always recommends Dr. Bell's Cough Syrup for clearing and strengthening the voice.

A Humorous Tells How Wire is Made.

Byrdette, the Burlington *Housekey* funny man, is traveling about the country, lecturing and writing letters to his paper. While in Johnstown, Pa., he was taken through the Cambria iron works. His description of the manner in which wire is made there is an amusing combination of fact and fun.
Did you ever see them make wire? It is simple enough. I can make it now. You start in with a great ingot of steel that will weigh as much as the new court-house, and you come out with a tiny thread of wire, fine as a boy's mustache. And it is done quickly. The work runs on like the days on a thirty-day note. After the wire comes from the roughing rolls—you know what they are, of course; I do—you just take a kind of an iron paddle, very heavy and strong, but very similar in shape to the one made of shingle, upon the broad end of which you used to sit, while your gentle mother held the small end in her active hand. The iron paddle of the Gaultier iron works is perforated with holes, very large at one end and very small at the other. You beat and file down the rough, large wire until you get it pushed through one of these holes, then the reel takes hold of it, and you wouldn't believe me if I told you how rapidly that wire was reeled up, sent through another and another process until it was ready for the market. All the steel for the Brooklyn bridge is made here, every pound of it. I went in to see them galvanizing the wire for this bridge. Formerly, this wire was all coiled as soon as it came through the bath. Coiled hot, it cooled in the coil, and its tendency was to remain coiled. You have often noticed that when you were swearing at a bit of wire you wanted to straighten out. They used to have sixteen machines at the Brooklyn bridge, just for straightening this wire. But now they do things better than that at the Gaultier company's works. They trot the wire along about one hundred and fifty feet between the bath and the reels; it cools while it is straight, and its tendency is to keep straight and to spring from the coil. If you go to the Brooklyn bridge now you will find these sixteen machines for straightening wire as idle as a colony of tramps. It is a very simple process. I might have thought of it myself, but I didn't.

The Bath in Cold Weather.

Dr. Arthur W. Edis, writing to the *British Medical Journal* on the subject, says: "Now that the weather is becoming very cold in the morning, the question of giving up the cold sponge bath, or converting it into the tepid bath, forces itself upon the attention of many who, without being invalids, are not in such robust health as to enable them to establish a reaction after even temporary immersion in cold water. The French method of providing a small tub of warm water to stand in whilst dressing, on returning from a bath in the sea, is a luxury few will forget who have experienced it. This method of having a warm water bath is one that might, with advantage, be more frequently followed during the winter months by all who indulge in cold bathing. In place of sitting in an ordinary sponge bath of tepid water, a far more invigorating plan is to fill the hand basin with cold water, pour a small canful of warm water into the bath placed close to the wash-stand, then stand in this, and sponge with cold water from the basin. Where the full-length bath is employed, a momentary immersion in water at fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and then getting out into a foot bath in which a little warm water has been placed, when soap or a flesh brush may be used and another immersion in cold water resorted to, enables one to enjoy the invigorating effects even in the coldest weather. Thinking it possible there may be many who will be glad to avail themselves of the hint, I venture to draw attention to the subject."

In Pursuit of Vast Estates.

The *New York World* has an article giving a history of some large estates in America and England that various families are striving to recover. The article closes with the following tabulated summary, which gives the names of the various estates, the number of heirs to each, and the amounts which the claimants seek to recover:

Heir	Estates
Anneke Jans	1,000 \$317,000,000
Baker	87 250,000,000
Carpenter	8 200,000,000
Chadwick	5 37,000,000
Edwards	160 90,000,000
Hyde, N. S.	200 12,500,000
Hyde, A. M.	150 360,000,000
Hyde, B. K.	1 5,000,000
Jennings	1,835 470,000,000
Kern	2 2,000,000
Leske	100,000,000
Mackey	1 10,000,000
Merritt	80 10,000,000
Shepherd	20 175,000,000
Trotter	230 200,000,000
Townley	1,800,000,000
Lawrence-Townley	30 500,000,000
Van Horn	20 4,000,000
Webber	61 50,000,000
Weiss	4 20,000,000
Grand total—20 estates	3,868 heirs; value of estates, \$4,740,500,000.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes occupies a house in Beacon street, looking out upon a charming view of the Charles river. He built the house himself and filled it full of books. Many of these are theological books, for, inheriting his father's theological tastes, the doctor is fond of reading commentaries and annotating them. In the attic Dr. Holmes keeps his bench and tools, for he is mechanic as well as professor, doctor and writer. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says that Holmes began to write poetry in his fifteenth year, and when he penned a line which had in it the sentence:
"The raging billows murmured into calm," his mother who belonged to the Jackson family of Boston, said to her son: "You are a poet."

Dr. Finckh, in his just published travels to western Siberia, tells us that the great road from Nijni-Novgorod to Tiumen in Siberia, is bordered with a few gaps, by an alley of birches, which are sometimes in double rows. This, as Dr. Finckh ventures to conjecture, must be the longest avenue in the world. It was planted by order of Catherine II., and was to have been continued to Irkutsk. It was forbidden under the severest penalties—banishment to Siberia or death—to fell the smallest of these trees, a precaution which, with this unique avenue would never have been finished. Many of these trees are now shattered by age, and those planted in their stead are no longer protected against damages or destruction by laws so severe as formerly.

The will of ex-Governor McArthur, now before the United States circuit court at Washington, is a rather queer document. More than fifty years ago the testator, who lived at Chillicothe, Ohio, died, and left an extraordinary will. He was a man of great wealth, but very peculiar. His estate amounted to some millions of dollars, but by his will was not to be divided until the youngest grandchild should reach the age of twenty-one years, and then he appointed equally among the entire family. The will was indefinite in an important particular. The old man neglected to say whether he meant living grandchildren or included those yet unborn. The executors declined to act under these unusual conditions, and the county court appointed a trustee to take charge of the property. Fifty years passed away after the old man's death, and grandchildren continued to be born. Finally some of the heirs thought it about time an understanding was arrived at, and went into court, and the case is before the courts yet and the grandchildren continue to be born.

Fifteen-ton loads of lumber, piled on immense eight-wheeled wagons and drawn by teams of six or ten horses or mules, are to be seen on the mountain roads in California. The driver sits on a very high seat, with one foot on a powerful brake, and usually handles the reins and long whip with seeming carelessness. The *San Francisco Argonaut*, however, pictures him as an exciting juncture: "Let a score take place: a herd of runaway cattle appear at a bend and set the horses wild, and then see what will happen. The day-dreamer will become a giant of strength; he is up in a flash; he shortens his hold upon the reins, and feeling his wagon start up beneath him, places a foot of iron on the brake. The horses snort and rear and surge; the harness rattles, the dust rises, the load shrieks again, and the huge wheels turn fatally faster and faster. The instant may hurl the driver down into the valley with its struggling train—a mad rush to the other side of the way may end all in one horrible plunge. Muscle, eye, brain, skill are then brought to work so splendidly together that the peril is averted, and the looker-on, who knows not the way of the land, regards the teamster with profound respect thereafter."

An Ill-Fated House.

The house built by Commodore Rogers with his prize money long years since in Washington, has brought bad luck to many inmates. Philip Barton Key, after being shot by Sicks, died there, it being the headquarters of his club. Mr. Seward and his son Frederick, just resigned, were living there when nearly assassinated by Paine. Two members of Tyler's cabinet, Palmer and Gilmer, killed by the explosion of a gun on the Princeton, had lived there. The secretary of war, John C. Spencer, was living there in 1829, when his son was hung at the yard-arm of the brig Somers for mutiny. Secretary Belknap lived there when he became involved in disgrace. Superstitious people believe there is always a curse attached to houses built with prize money.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The small boy who asked for "more stuffin'" right out before all the company got all the "dressing" he wanted after dinner was over.—*Merrill*.

On Christmas Morning.

Heaven is nearer,
The skies are clearer,
The sun shines brighter,
Our hearts are lighter,
On Christmas morning.
Heaven is nearer,
Our friends are dearer,
The air is rarer,
The earth is fairer,
On Christmas morning.
Joy-bells ring praises;
The soul is lifted;
On music's pinnons,
From self's dominions,
On Christmas morning.
The shadows drift,
Of sin, seem lifted;
And care and grieving
Find sweet relieving
On Christmas morning.
Mankind seem purer;
Our hope seems surer,
Our doubting ceases,
We hail Christ Jesus
On Christmas morning!
—George Hirsorge.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A novel scheme—A proposition to write a romance.
Out on a fly—A canary escaped from its cage.—*New York Herald*.
Missouri girls are sweet enough to be called Mo-lasses.—*New York News*.
"Tis rather nest upon your foot
A pair of socks to find;
'Tis rather dear upon your ear
When skates slip up behind."
—Free Press.

Mr. Gough says he found this greatly changed in England. There are three pledges—the total abstinence and the moderation pledge, and the more total abstinence than when was there before.
It's Chicago's boast that she could more hugs within her borders than any other city in the Union. [To the copyposter: Be careful in setting up word "border" not to insert an "a." *Rocheester Express*.]

"Mamma," said a five-year old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't let me take care of baby again. He was bad that I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."—*San Francisco Post*.

"How far," asks an exchange, "does bees go for honey?" The answer to the conundrum is unknown to us, but it is a well-known fact that a bee will miles off of its way for the purpose of stinging a barefooted boy on the heel. *Norristown Herald*.
"I want to sell you an encyclopedia," said a book agent to one of our foremen, pork men, the other day, who, by way, is better posted on pork than he on books. "What do I want with your encyclopedia?" snarled the pork man. "I couldn't ride one if I had it." He thought it was a new variety of velocipede.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space,
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case,
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of ink, air,
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirt to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!
—New England Homestead.

Gloomy Thoughts and Gloomy Weather.
Dull, depressing, dingy days produce dispiriting reflections and gloomy thoughts, and small wonder when we remember that the mind is not only a motive, but a receptive organ, and that all the impressions it receives from without reach it through the media of sense, which are directly dependent on the conditions of light and atmosphere for the action, and therefore immediately influenced by the surrounding conditions. It is a common-sense inference that the impressions from without reach the mind through imperfectly-acting organs of sense, and these

THE STANDARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Advertising Terms

1 week.	2w.	3w.	1mo.	2mo.	3mo.
1 inch, \$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.50	\$4.50
2 inches, 1.50	2.50	3.50	4.50	6.00	7.25
3 inches, 2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	7.00	9.00
4 inches, 2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	8.00	11.00

Local notices 10 cents a line, no charge less than 75 cents.

Advertising by the year as may be agreed upon. Bills payable quarterly.

New Rotary Power Job Press.

We have added to the Standard Office an "Allen New rotary power Job Press," and having tested its merits, pronounce it a No. 1 machine, capable of throwing off upwards of a thousand sheets an hour. With an addition of fancy type, we are prepared to execute with neatness and despatch, orders for blanks, bill heads, envelopes, cards and other printing, and solicit a share of public patronage.

Visitors to St. Andrews and travellers generally, will be pleased to know that Mr. ASKINS KENNEDY has opened the building formerly called the "International," on Water Street, opposite the Manchester House. The hotel has been newly painted and papered, and a large all erected, which affords increased accommodation. As usual, this house is supplied with the best from Provincial and United States markets. The popular character of KENNEDY'S HOTEL will be maintained; and the genial disposition of its proprietor, will render his house as deserving of patronage as heretofore, as he spares neither pains nor expense to accommodate his guests.

St. Marks Lodge, No. 5.

J. F. CAVY, W. M.
Geo. F. SICKNEY, Secretary.
Meets first Thursday in each month.

ST. ANDREWS LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION.

W. D. FORSTER, President.
Geo. S. GIMMER, Vice do.
J. R. BROADBENT, Secretary.
J. M. HANSON, Treasurer.
Committee: R. Stevenson, J. Mowatt, R. B. Hanson, M. J. C. Andrews, W. D. Hagg, W. Morrison.

California Items.

With the 1st of December in San Francisco came the time for the turning over of the city offices to the occupancy of the newly elected city government; but the 1st of December passed before the litigation involved was cleared up, sufficiently at least to allow the transference. It is now accomplished, and that with the calling of Rev. T. M. Kallioch, the associate pastor of Dr. Kallioch, to be the Secretary of the Mayor. His successor as associate pastor is announced by the "Evening Bulletin" to be Rev. A. J. Frost, D. D., whose resignation at San Jose was returned. Some associate pastor would seem to be needed, with Dr. Kallioch and Rev. T. M. Kallioch in the service of the city government.

We have had a good deal said, this way about the fearful monopoly of land-owners. With the adoption of the New Constitution it was believed the landed possessions of the State would be divided among the middle and poorer classes. But now our worthy Senator Sargent testifies that in many sections of the State aggregated capital alone can develop their resources. There are lands as rich and valuable for agricultural resources as any on the Coast but were their cultivation to depend on their being taken up and cultivated by individual settlers, their resources might never become available, as it is only by the combined action of capital that the necessary sums for irrigation and facilities for transportation can be obtained, without which these lands would be worthless. This is true also of timber lands, and it shows how easy it is for labor to fall out with capital, and by doing so antagonize with its own best supply.

Details of the last Chilean victory are that 11,000 Peruvians and Bolivians were marching northwards from Noria to unite with 5,000 under the President of Bolivia. They were attacked on the 21st of November by the Chilean advanced corps of 6,000 men in an "intrenched position at Dolores." The Chileans heavy cannon committed great ravages among the enemy, whose cavalry unsuccessfully charged three times upon the guns. In the evening the reserve Chilean force came up and decided the day. The allied forces were driven back, their camp taken with 13 cannon. Many wounded officers, including the Bolivian General Villegas, were taken prisoners and another of the allied generals killed. The losses of the Chileans were heavy.

One hundred and fifty French Communists were pardoned on the 15th inst.

There is great distress among the poor classes in Rome.

The padrone Anacarlo was convicted in New York, on Friday, of kidnapping seven Italian boys and holding them in servitude.

To Subscribers.—We have sent out bills to subscribers, and as we cannot afford to send a collector we hope they will be prompt in payment. It is now near the close of the year, and as some satisfactory payment must be made, we will not repeat the request. Our desire is to commence the new year with all accounts closed. To those who have paid, we tender our thanks.

The St. Andrews Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, DECEMBER 31, 1879.

THE PAST AND PRESENT.

In our issue last week we availed ourselves of the privilege of "wishing our readers a merry Christmas," and trust they enjoyed it, as the time was adapted for special interchanges and fellowships of good cheer, and were reminded of Him who came with "good tidings of great joy to all people." The time was suitable for renewing friendships—and we all know that cheerfulness is profitable to any one—it makes brighter weather in the heart, and fills the soul with harmonies. We pity those who are cast down and dejected, with whom everything in life appears adverse to their desires, and whose moroseness is the result of their invariably looking at the dark side of the picture of life—instead of making the best of everything, and feeling cheerful even under difficulties. With such people, it seems as if it was always winter weather—they are icicles—and require "to swallow a sunbeam occasionally that there may be more sunshine in the soul." It would make the world brighter and better, besides cheerfulness contributes to vigor of mind and promotes health, and makes brighter weather in the heart. There is sunshine and brightness all about us, and all that is required, is to open our windows and doors and let them in. "Let bygones be bygones,"—old animosities be forgotten, and commence 1880 with resolutions to open a new book where the record of kindly feelings and genuine friendship may be recorded.

This reminds us, that to-morrow will be the 1st January, 1880, and of wishing our readers one and all

"A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."

This makes our forty-seventh annual greeting, and as we do not know what is in the womb of futurity, it may, or may not be the last time. Very few can say that they have been for nearly half a century uninterruptedly employed every week at the same calling. Glancing back to the first issue of the STANDARD, not one of our old contemporaries is left, nor indeed, is there one of our old associates in the land of the living; true—they were much older in years, but even so, were they alive many of them would not have arrived at the allotted span of "three score years and ten." No one, unconnected with the Press, has any idea of the constant, never-ending work connected with a newspaper and job office, particularly when for many years, the principal labor devolved upon one person. Few, very few, could have stood it; and we therefore feel thankful that we have not worn out with constant labor and increasing years, for our conferees know by experience, that the labor in the editorial chair is as onerous as type setting. It is not the mere reflecting public opinion and advocating measures, editorially, but the gathering and arranging local items, reading and intelligently selecting items of news, that will wear out the strongest constitution. And even when an editor exercises his best powers, to present the latest news, and his thoughts on a variety of subjects, some people will not be satisfied. Their demands are legion; they want heavy articles on political subjects, and as a matter of course, according to their own predilections; others want light reading such as stories—others articles on trade or agriculture, &c., with lots of marriages, deaths, record of crime, and reports of public meetings, Courts, elections, and amusements. It is no small hardship after working all day, to spend a whole evening (even when a complimentary ticket has been received) watching any kind of an entertainment, for a notice which must be thought over and written out perhaps during the night for next day's paper. The "free ticket" business was discarded by us long ago—believing that pay and be paid, was far preferable, and more independent. Besides type setting, ink and paper costs a hundred per cent more than a "free ticket." Then it appears to be a pleasure to some people to point out trifling errors, such as misspelled words, a wrong letter, or misplaced line; while those very people never mention a month or a year's work that may be correct, and did not "tramp on their toes." Then if an editor after a thorough examination of any measure, is convinced

he was in error, makes a confession and changes his ideas—he is said to have "turned his coat for pecuniary gain." This has led sensitive minds to continue on a side the knew was wrong, rather than lay themselves open to the charge of changing their views, or in vulgar parlance "jumping the fence." Partyism may be necessary, but it is not adapted to small communities, and to be carried out, requires the expenditure of public money, which is required for other and better purposes. It is not necessary to be either a tame follower, or toady to any Government, to obtain patronage. Let the work be given out at contract and then, there will be fair play. Misrepresentation, hard names, and vile epithets, are not arguments, and recede on the heads of those who employ that method of political warfare.

No man, nor Government, ever was perfect; they all have their failings, and instances are not wanting to prove that party, was above principle with them notwithstanding the honesty of their intentions; aye, and office and salary influences them. They are very solicitous to propitiate the Press, and where they cannot succeed in doing so, have lately purchased Pleading Offices, and employed writers to advocate their views, and support their measures.

As senior member of the Press in this Province, we heartily wish our Brethren of all shades of politics "a Happy New Year."

The poet says—"now is the winter of our discontent," and really some people are not content with any kind of weather; should it be mild, they wish it was colder, and would like more snow for hauling in the woods, then they are not satisfied for they complain there is too much snow, and the drifts compel them to pass through the fields, requiring forces to be taken down and a round about passage to their homes; and when a thaw occurs, they assert the roads are impassable, the horses plunge along and cannot haul even a light load, and so on through the chapter of discontent. So far the present winter, there has been no cause for fault-finding, as the weather has been all that could be desired. A couple of cold days to remind us that it is winter—sufficient snow to make good travelling, fine, clear days, with a bracing atmosphere, and a slight shower occasionally, which furnishes soft water for washing, packing the snow and rendering the going good. While we are writing, snow is falling, with a slight north-west wind. Let us all be thankful for such weather as is ordered, and be satisfied with such things as we receive—feeling that contentment is a great blessing.

The Grand Southern Railway Company have given notice, that they will apply to the Legislature at its next session for an extension of two years to finish their line; and as other lines have had the time for building their roads extended, no doubt the application of our St. George friends will be accepted to.

BLUE BOOK.—We have received from the Surveyor General a Pamphlet of 64 pages, entitled—"Information for Intending Settlers, with a description and Map of the Settlements, established under the 'Free Grants' 'Labor' Acts. Also general information respecting the Province, and the means of procuring Grants of Crown Lands." We have had only time to give this little brochure a hasty glance, but believe it will be of much service to persons who intend to become settlers in New Brunswick. The pamphlet is neatly printed at the Evening "Star" Office, Fredericton.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.—The January number of Ballou's Monthly Illustrated Magazine is a marvel of beauty and goodness, filled to repletion with the best of engravings, stories, poems, and essays,—a remarkable combination of all that a first class magazine should contain. The new type and new form of the magazine are aiding it to force its way, right direct into the hearts of the people, and, when it has secured a lodgement there it will remain, for no one can read it and not like it.

Published by Thomas & Talbot, 23 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass., at \$1.50 per annum.

GONE AWAY.—The *Monitor Académic* reports the disappearance from Shodiac of Mr. D. B. White, Principal of the Grammar School, he having left for parts unknown, leaving behind debts to the value of \$4,000. On his way, White realized on two carloads of produce, which he sold at Moncton and had this amount to the good.

[The same Whyte, taught a Superior School in St. Andrews, and noted as dishonorably when he left here.

Local and other Matters.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. O'Neil for kind remembrances from their market during the holidays. At such times, they always remember the Press.

The Dominion Parliament meets for "the despatch of business" on the 12th February. The early opening will be beneficial to the country.

We are informed that the local holiday trade has been better than was anticipated.

CALENDAR.—We have received from the Pilot Office a nicely printed Calendar in colors, for 1880, with vignettes of the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, for which we thank the publisher.

It is evident that there is a screw loose in election affairs in Maine. Some towns have been "counted out" as it is termed, and it appears they are up in arms against the Governor and his Council. The Governor contends that he has done nothing more than obey the Constitution and laws, and apply them as he is sworn to do.

The Mining industry in the State of Maine, has become a legitimate and paying business, in which foreign capital is invested.

Leadville, Colorado, is in a bad state; the vigilance committee have made short work of several desperadoes, but the gamblers and thieves have banded together requiring the presence of two companies of soldiers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January fully sustains the brilliant record of this popular Monthly in both its literary and artistic features.

The Number opens with the reproduction of Keat's remarkable poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes," with nine beautiful illustrations by Abbey.

Frank Mayer, the artist, contributes an entertaining sketch of "Old Baltimore and its Merchants," with nine illustrations.

A paper entitled "The Isms of Forty Years Ago" contains some very novel descriptions of the most remarkable movements and experiments of the reformers of 1840, especially those of New England, and is illustrated with excellent portraits of Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing, William Miller, Edward Quincy, George Combe, Lydia Maria Child, Victor Priesnitz, Samuel Hahnemann, Samuel Thompson, Sylvester Graham, Abby Kelley Foster, John Pierpont, and Isaac Pitman.

Mr. A. A. Hayes, Jr., continues his interesting series of papers on Colorado, with a vigorous and comprehensive description of the sheep raising industry, which is illustrated with fifteen admirable pictures by Rogers.

Some recent educational institutions in Brooklyn—the Attendance Schools and the Truant Home—for the enforcement of compulsory education, form the subject of a suggestive paper by Miss F. E. Fryatt, illustrated by Miss Jessie Curtis and Sol Eytinge, Jr.

Besides Keat's poem, there are two others which are illustrated: "Zibane," by Z. B. Gustafson, based on a touching incident in the recent Zulu war, and furnishing Mr. Reinhart with motifs for two excellent pictures; and a "Christmas Anthem" by Philip O. Sullivan, with two exquisite illustrations by Miss Oakley. A. H. Louis contributes an unillustrated poem entitled "Music and Words."

One of the most interesting articles in the Number is Edwin DeLeon's concerning Ferdinand DeLesseps as Minister at Rome in 1849, accompanied with a portrait. John Habberton finds in the Report of the Fisheries Award Commission some very curious information relating to the habits and haunts of fishes, which he presents under the title of "First Families of the Atlantic."

In addition to all these varied attractions there are graceful and timely discussions of current topics in the *Editor's Easy Chair*, full intelligence concerning the latest books in the *Literary Record*, and an *Editor's Drawer*—a mine of rich humor and anecdote.

A despatch from Dexter to the Bangor Commercial says that additional developments in the famous Dexter bank case are promised. A Boston accountant has made thorough examination of Barron's accounts from the commencement of his connection with the bank, and as a result of his report the bank officers have prepared a demand against the Barron estate. Barron's defalcation, with interest, amount to nearly \$5,000. The demand of the bank will be handed to Executor Copeland as soon as he arrives in town. If the estate does not settle, a suit will be commenced against the estate at the January term of court in Bangor. Almost everybody in Dexter now believes, it is said, that Barron was a defaulter and a suicide.

THE EVACUATION OF CABUL.

More than a month ago snow fell at Cabul. As the mountain passes became blocked the inhabitants grew sullen and the hillmen defiant. There was an explosion in the Bala Hissar, the royal arsenal; the populace threatened to revolt on account of the arrest and abdication of the Amer, and Gen. Roberts found himself compelled to abandon the city and retreat to the fortified cantonments of Sharpur, some miles from the city. A native chieftain roused the old war spirit, and occupying the capital, completely surrounded the British, and sent troops to cut off reinforcements advancing up the mountain passes.

All communication with Gen. Roberts was last week cut off, and one relief column is in peril of total destruction from the cold weather, the snows and the tribe men. There are about 7,000 men in the cantonments of Sharpur, with provisions for about five months on hand. Fully 30,000 natives are in arms and watching a chance for an attack. In London the greatest anxiety prevails, the lately established restrictions upon the press, by which the movements of the troops are clouded in mystery, being particularly exasperating to the public.

An attempt has been made by a member of the British Government to break the force of Mr. Gladstone's eloquent speeches in Scotland. None other than Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has applied himself to the task. At a great Conservative demonstration in Leeds he complained that Mr. Gladstone's comparison of the expenditures of the Liberal and Conservative Governments was fallacious, as he made no allowance for the extraordinary war expenditure made necessary by the Boer complications. This really seems like bagging the whole question at issue, since the point of contention with the Liberal party is that most of those complications were unnecessary, and would have been avoided if the Government had adopted a more judicious policy. The Chancellor of the Exchequer then denounced the recent speech of Mr. Bright, as favoring the formation of a republic in Britain, whilst as to the war in Afghanistan he repeated the assertion that the policy of the Government was one of defence, not of annexation. It is this the best the Government can advance in favor of their own policy their case is becoming desperate. They may have the best possible intentions, but the force of circumstances is setting in strong against them.

Indignation meetings of both Republicans and Democrats are being held in Maine over the "counting out" business.

The report of the Government Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad shows that the gross earnings for the year will be about \$13,500,000, and the operating expenses about 42 per cent of this amount.

BIRTHS.

At St. Stephen 14th inst., the wife of JAMES MITCHELL, Esq., of a daughter.

DIED.

On the 30th inst., after a long illness, Mr. Hutchinson Armstrong, aged 71, leaving a wife to lament her loss.
At Milltown on the 26th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Catherine Donahue, sister of the late B. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., aged 80.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS, ARRIVED.

Dec. 17, Clara, Britt, Boston, flour, &c., R. Ross.
18, Nellie Clark, Clark, Boston, bal.
" Sarah Beach, Glass, Eastport, bal.
19, H. V. Crandall, Ross, Boston, 200 bls. flour, R. Ross.
" Nettie, Britt, Boston, bal.
20, R. Ross, Clark, Providence, sundries, W. Clark.
24, Mary Ellen, Clark, Portland, bal.
27, Sarah Beach, Glass, Eastport, bal.

CLEARED.

Dec. 17, Dauntless, Tatton, Boston, 800 slopers, 2,700 bus. turnips.
" Maggie Mitchell, Sprague, St. Stephen, old iron.
18, Sarah Beach, Glass, Eastport, 20 cords wood.
29, Carrier, Dove, Ingersoll, Grand Manan, ballast.
" Sarah Beach, Glass, Eastport, 21 cords wood.

Public Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that an application will be made to the Legislature of New Brunswick at its next session, to enable an Act passed the eleventh day of April, 1872, entitled "An Act to incorporate the GRAND SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY," and the Act in amendment thereof; and to extend the time therein named for the completion of said Railway for two years.
Dated St. George, N. B., this 26th day of December, A. D., 1879.
By order of the Board,
THOMAS BARRY, President.

LECTURE.—Rev. Mr. McCull on Missionary labors in the in Greenock Church, last largely attended. A realized, which will form a purpose of purchasing a Sabbath School.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A cablegram from London, gives an account of a train, containing passengers, was blown from the river Tay, during a terrible gale on Saturday night. Not one passenger was saved, nearly two miles long.

AFGHANISTAN.—Gen. Roberts routed the enemy, and about Cabul and the line of is now clear. This is good.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly paper, a Colored Plate in every many fine Engravings, Price \$1. Copies for \$5.00. Specimen copies, 3 trial copies for 25 cents.

Vick's Illustrated Floral Garden work at 100 Pages, 400 Colored and 500 Illustrations, with the best Flowers and Vegetables, and how to grow them. All for STAMP, issue Nov. 26th. In man. JAMES VICK, Rochester.

ITS CURED PROMPTLY MANLY. I am on my feet and in all able to do my work. I am on my feet and in all able to do my work. I am on my feet and in all able to do my work.

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD-LIVER OIL. Is perfectly pure. Pronounced the best medical substance in the world. Sold by Druggists, W. H. Schiele.

SWAIN'S PANACEA. Celebrated in all parts of the world. Cures all kinds of diseases, such as Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc. Sold by all Druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICE. THE SECRET KEY TO HEALING OF Life, or Self Preservation. 300 pages. Contains fifty valuable either one of which is worth times the price of the book. Sent on receipt of 6 cents. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bullion, Mass.

A MAN OF A THO. When death was hourly expected, having failed, and Dr. J. me with the many herbs of Calculi made a preparation which cured Consumption. His child cured, and enjoying the best of health to the world. Can be truly and honestly said, he now gives this Receipt free, showing that every one can cure and prepare his own medicine. Each herb, two grains. This Herb also cures the stomach, and will cure you, FREE! remedy was discovered in America. Send to the Rev. JOSEPH T. New York City.

in the whole history of preparation have ever performed cures, or maintained action, as AYER'S CHERRY P is recognized as the world's disease of the most and long rise of wonderful cure. It universally known reliable agent to employ. It cures, which are the most serious disorders, it acts as always relieving suffering, and the protection it affords, by its throat and lungs disorders of an invaluable remedy to be in every home. No person without it, and those that never will. From their composition and effects, Play CHERRY PECTORAL exten practice, and Clergymen regard absolutely certain in its remedy will always cure where cures a.

CASH BUSINESS.—\$30 for Agents Teachers and our N.W. BOOK. Its of Prose and Poetry by Thors, elegant illustrations make it a welcome guest in the library of Theo. L. Cuyler. The new editions and reduce beautifully illustrated works with quick sales, are reasons why they in their sale. A single ever 1900 copies. E B TRENT, 305 Broadway.

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AS HARRY,
President.

LECTURE.—Rev. Mr. McCullagh's lecture
on Missionary labors in the New Hebrides
in Greenock Church, last evening, was
largely attended and listened to with
marked attention. A respectable sum was
realized, which will form a nucleus for the
purpose of purchasing a library for the
Sabbath School.

FRIEDLY RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN SCOT-
LAND.—A cablegram from London of the
11th inst. gives an account of an entire
train, containing nearly 300 pas-
sengers was blown from the bridge over
the river Tay, between Leuchars and Dun-
dee, during a terrific gale on Saturday last.
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