



# The St. Andrews Standard.

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No 4

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JAN. 26, 1876.

Vol 43

## Poetry.

### "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie."

Old England's sons are English yet,  
Old England's heart is strong;  
And still she wears her coronet,  
A flame with sword and song,  
In their pride our fathers died,  
And we, so die we;  
Still we still, gainway who will,  
Sceptre of the sea!  
Stand fast! let heart and hand be  
ady;  
First word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

Some say we're made of Trade our king;  
Some say our blood is cold;  
That from our lips no longer ring  
The trumpet notes of old.  
With life and cheer they gather near  
The sleeping lion's den;  
O Teuton fair, O Russ, beware  
Of these "shopkeeping" men!  
England, stand fast! let heart and hand be  
eady;

Be thy first word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

We're Raleighs still for Raleigh's part,  
And Nelsons yet unknown;  
The pulses of the Lion-heart  
Beat on through Wellington.  
Hold, Briton, hold thy crowd of old—  
Strong foe and steadfast friend;  
And still unto thy motto true,  
Defy not, but defeat!

England, stand fast! let heart and hand be  
eady;

Be thy first word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

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Be thy first word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

Be thy first word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

moment, leaning on her knife while she  
read the letter aloud:

My dear little boy—I shall leave California  
by the first of December, and hope to be  
with you Christmas. I send this inside  
Grandma Washburn's letter, so it will go safe.  
I hope to find Taffy a good boy. You must  
come with grandpa to meet me at the station  
Christmas Eve. With ever so many kisses,  
Papa.

Taffy listened as intently as if he had never  
heard a word of it before, and as soon as it was  
through he read it a second time.

"Well, read on the outside, then. You  
didn't read that?"

"Taffy White, Esq. That's all. Now don't  
plague me any longer. Run out like a good  
boy."

But Taffy knew his power too well to be  
rid of so easily, and it required the combined  
bells of two Baldwin apples, a steam of rain, a  
doughnut and two figs to get him into the  
back kitchen, where Silas was boiling potatoes  
for the pigs. Here for ten minutes he watched  
the kettle and questioned Silas; and then  
getting restless, insisted upon being let out  
into the dooryard again.

"Now, don't ye go to fussin' with the sex,"  
said Silas, as he lifted him down the slippery  
step. "I knowed a little boy once 'bout as big  
as you be 't cut all his toes on one foot clean  
off, just playin' with his father's axe."

"I shall skate some on my little sled, then,"  
he said in a disappointed tone.

"Well skate away," returned Silas, "only  
don't get under the horses' feet in the road."  
Hardly had the door closed upon him, when  
with a prodigious jingling of bells, a big double  
sleigh dashed along the road past the house,  
toward the village scarcely a mile away. Had  
Taffy been a size smaller, or had the driver not  
been looking directly at him, he might not  
have been seen, and the horses might have  
gone over him before he had known they were  
there. As it was, the team was pulled up just  
in time.

"Hallo, Taffy!" shouted one of the party.  
"Aren't you getting lost? Jump in and have  
a ride. We're coming right back."

Taffy was only too willing.  
"Let me tie your sled on behind," said the  
driver, one of the neighbor's boys and a great  
friend of Taffy's. "We're just going to the  
store, after some cooking things, and the folks  
won't know you gone till you get back."

No sleigh skinned along the ground  
after the horses, till the village store was  
reached and the boy got out.

"You'd better stay in the sleigh, Taffy," said  
one of the boys, the largest. "We can't be  
more than ten minutes, for the women folks  
are in an awful hurry for their stuff."

Five minutes passed. The shrill sound of  
the approaching train struck his ears.

"It's the cars," said Taffy to himself. "Nobody  
ever lets me see the cars as much as I want to,  
and Granpa Washburn always pulls my hand  
so when they go by."

In an instant he was out of the sleigh, and  
going as fast as his little legs would carry him  
to the station, which was hard by. When the  
train rolled up to the platform, Taffy was there  
awaiting it; and having had it stopped before  
he was on the stem of the rear car.

"I'll just peek in," he thought; "Granpa  
Washburn won't let me see anything, ever."

The brakeman opened the door for him and  
closed it behind him, and the next instant the  
train was off again.

Taffy wasn't frightened. Far from it. He  
climbed into a seat by the side of a fat old  
woman, and looked around him very com-  
posedly.

And now, while he is sitting there, trundling  
away from home at the rate of twenty miles  
an hour, we will seize the opportunity to tell  
the reader who Taffy was. In the first place,  
his name wasn't Taffy at all; only plain  
Johnny. A fancied likeness to the picture in  
"Mother Goose" of the legendary Welshman  
gave him the name while he was yet in arms,  
and it stuck to him. Taffy's mother died  
before he was two years old, and he was left  
in the care of his grandmother, who spoiled him  
pretty much as all grandmothers spoil their  
children's children, when the opportunity is  
given them. His father, unsettled by his loss,  
went to Australia, and afterward to California;  
and now, after two years' absence, was on his  
way back again. He was, according to his let-  
ter, to reach home on Christmas Eve, and here  
was Christmas Eve coming on as fast as the  
hands of the clock could scramble round the  
dial plate.

By and by the conductor came along. "Where  
are you going, my little man?"

"California,"  
"California,"  
"Yes. Go to find my papa."

"You're a runaway, I'm afraid. Where's  
your ticket? How are you going to pay for  
your ride?"

Very deliberately and slowly Taffy put his  
hand in his pocket and took out the remain-  
ing Baldwin apple, which he laid in the hand  
of the conductor.

"You'll do," said that official, laughing. "I'll  
look out for you when we get to Springfield."

And he passed on.

It was four o'clock when Taffy commenced  
his journey, and it was half-past six when the  
train rolled into Springfield station. Some-  
thing unusual had happened, as was evident  
from the excitement among the throng of peo-  
ple upon the platform.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the  
passengers, as he stepped from the car.

"The Eastern express has run into a freight  
train, a mile out, and the track will be blocked  
all after midnight."

Taffy heard the question and reply, but  
understood neither. He had a vague idea that  
he was in California, and, undismayed, set out  
in search of his father. It was bitter cold; but  
he pulled on his mittens and walked into the  
street. The shouts of the hack drivers and  
the glare of the lights confused him somewhat;  
and he kept on, looking into all the stores and  
shops where the lights were the brightest.

"I guess my papa would be where 't  
wasn't warm to-night," said he to himself. "I  
just wish he would come out!"

Just in front of the largest and most  
brilliantly lighted stores on the street his  
foot slipped and he fell. One of his mitt-  
ens came off and his cap rolled into the  
street. Somebody stopped to pick him up, and  
said "Poor little fellow!" and his heart  
gave way all at once. He was carried,  
and in lamentation into the store, and set  
in the next place, in the midst of a  
sympathetic din that continued him still  
more. The most ingenious questioning  
and cross-questioning failed to extract any  
information from him that his name  
was Taffy, and he lived with Granpa  
Washburn, and that he had come to California  
on the cars to find his papa.

And by and by he was left to himself, after  
having been furnished with a cup of duty  
of luns and craney, and his tears were soon  
dried in contemplation of the evening's  
crowd of visitors which thronged the  
various departments of the establishment.

After a while he got to wondering at the  
big piles of blankets which towered high  
above his head on the counters, and what  
they were for, and where all the beds  
were they belonged to.

How long he slept he could not have  
told; but he was awakened by voices that  
seemed to him to be his own. He lazily  
opened his eyes, and saw a line of the  
sober-looking men, and his heart was  
beating with a quick, pleasant-looking man, with  
big whiskers.

"You may put in two pairs of the finest  
ones," he was saying. "With the dress  
suits and the oil of cotton they'll  
make something of a load. The accident  
on the railroad has delayed my journey  
home for a few hours; and, as I have the  
chance, I may as well take something with  
me to make my welcome warmer. Christ-  
mas, too, you know."

"Where will you have them sent, sir?"  
asked the clerk.

"There," said the tall gentleman, hand-  
ing him a hotel card. "Send them in my  
time before ten o'clock. I shall remain  
until the first morning train until the first  
train arrives. I presume, though I would  
give a hundred dollars if I could get to my  
journey's end to-night. I have planned  
getting home Christmas Eve for six  
months past, and it's hard to be disappoint-  
ed."

"Yes, sir; must be, sir," said the busy  
clerk. "Here, Tom!"

"Get down that long basket and put in  
those packages on the counter and two  
pairs of those best Middlesex blankets."

Taffy's eyes closed again, but opened  
when Tom reappeared with a huge basket,  
something like a cradle in shape, into  
which the goods were carefully deposited,  
the blankets on the top, and over all a  
white cotton covering, to keep them from  
being soiled.

"How much it looks like a bed thought  
Taffy."

It did look inviting, truly. And it  
would be so much warmer and nicer than  
sitting on hard box with cap and boots on.  
The basket was near him—so near he  
could put his hand on it. The clerk  
was all busy and none of the crowd ever  
came to that corner of the store, which  
was quite in the shade. The longer Taffy  
looked the more irresistible was the tempta-  
tion, until at last he pulled off his boots  
and put them deep down in the basket;  
then his cap and comforter; and finally,  
after making sure that no one was looking  
got in himself, burying himself out of

sight between the two great blankets. In  
another minute he was sound asleep as he  
ever was in his own little crib at home.

Half an hour afterward the basket was  
seized by a strong clerk, tossed into the  
express sleigh, with a score of other baskets  
and bundles, and a few minutes later was  
tossed out again up by the porter to the  
room of the tall gentleman, who was im-  
patiently awaiting it. Two or three huge  
trunks were in the room, one of them  
open, apparently ready to receive the  
newly-made purchases.

"Boy! call for the basket in half an  
hour," said the porter and went out.

As soon as the door closed the tall gen-  
tleman moved the basket to the side of the  
open trunk. Then he took off the cotton  
covering and threw it on a chair. Then he  
lifted the top blanket; but no sooner  
had he done so than he let it fall again—  
not lack in the basket, but upon the  
floor—and stood staring with all his might  
at what it had covered. There lay Taffy,  
in a nest under his head, his brown curls  
knotted and tangled, his eyes shut, sleep-  
ing away as peacefully as if he had been  
in a real bed and under the direct eye of  
his grandmother.

The longer the tall gentleman gazed the  
more he wondered.

"How on earth," he thought of himself,  
"did this little chap get mixed up with my  
purchases? He couldn't have been pack-  
ed in by mistake, and I certainly don't re-  
member buying a boy. He may be able  
to tell me something about it himself—  
here, Tommy, Jacky, Billy, or what's your  
name, wake up!"

Taffy opened his eyes—not very wide at  
first; but in a minute or two, becoming  
conscious that he was no longer in the  
store, but in a strange room, he grew wide  
awake, and sat up in the basket. Then he  
felt for his boots, and very delicately  
drew them on, keeping his eyes all the  
while fixed on the tall gentleman, who, in  
return, watched him with a sort of amused  
astonishment. Then he put on his cap  
and wound his comforter twice round his  
neck.

"Well," said the tall gentleman, in a  
very pleasant sort of voice, "and what are  
you going to do now?"

"Find my papa," said Taffy, stoutly.  
"Your papa? What's his name?"  
"Papa. 'At's all his name."  
"But where is he?"  
"California."

"You've got some way to go, my dear  
little fellow, before you find him, then."  
Where did you come from?"  
"Granpa Washburn's."

"What?" said the tall gentleman quick-  
ly. "Say that again. What's your name?"  
"Taffy White."  
The tall gentleman caught him up under  
the arms and held him under the gas-  
light.

"Are you sure you're Taffy White?" he  
asked, earnestly—so earnestly that Taffy  
thought he was scolding and began to cry.  
"Where were you going? How came you  
here? What were you doing in that  
basket?"

"I guess I run away. I just peeped in  
the cars, and then they kept going till I  
got to California. 'Em me get down!  
Papa! I want my papa!"

He pulled his little handkerchief from  
his pocket, as he found his feet again, and  
with it came his treasured letter. The  
tall gentleman caught sight of it, glanced  
at the inside, and then watched Taffy up  
for the second time; not however to ex-  
amine him by the gaslight, but to hug and  
kiss him over and over again.

"Don't you know me, my dear darling  
precious little boy?" he said at last.  
"Don't you remember Papa? Of course,  
you don't; but I am your papa, for all  
that. How did you get here in that basket?  
I can't understand it."

Taffy was too much bewildered at first  
to make an explanation, and it took some  
minutes to make him duly appreciate the  
fact that he had found his papa; or rather,  
that his papa had found him. Then, when  
he had little by little related the main  
facts of his journey and his subsequent ad-  
ventures, there was more kissing and hug-  
ging and a little crying; but it wasn't for  
sorrow.

"We'll send Granpa Washburn a des-  
patch right off, Taffy boy," said his father;  
"I've no doubt they've offered a reward  
for you already. Then we'll have supper,  
for you must be as empty as a tin can by  
this time. And after supper, if you're not  
too sleepy, we'll take a run round among  
the toy stores. They won't shut up till  
late, and it's only nine o'clock now."

It wasn't too late, and they did take a  
tour among the toy shops. Taffy com-  
plained of being tired, and gave a certain  
amount of package; that he "looked like a  
miniature St. Nicholas; but no more so  
than the lad who toiled on, behind, covered  
from view, all but his legs, with a choice  
selection of smoking jones, g. agents, hand-

leds, and other miscellaneous articles,  
enough to set him up in a very respectable  
business.

That night the little hotel bedroom,  
which was a chamber of peace; and when the  
church bells rang in the blessed Christ-  
mas no heart within their sound felt the  
benign influences of the time more deeply  
or swelled with a purer gratitude toward  
him whose birth it commemorated than  
that which beat against the tired little  
head of the wandering Taffy.

A BREVIOUS COURT.—At a recent trial  
in the Elko County Court our friend  
Bishop, of the Humboldt brewery, was  
called as a witness. Mr. Bishop is one of  
the "solid men" of Elko, where he has  
been in business ever since the town was  
started in the winter of 1858. Upon being  
sworn, Counselor Rand, one of the attor-  
neys in the case, who by the way, is also  
an old resident of Elko, said:—"Where I  
reside? What for you ask me such foolish  
things? You drink at my place more as a  
hundred times." "That has nothing to do  
with the case you're residing." "De shurrly  
de shurrly! Oh, by the way, offering gen-  
tleman on his shurrly has a string of marks  
on my cellar door, just like a rail fence."

His honor here interceded in the coun-  
sellor's behalf, and in a calm, dignified man-  
ner requested the witness to state where  
he resided. "Oh, excuse me, shudge; you  
drinks at my place so many times and  
pays me nothing. I thinks you know old  
Bishop! he keeps the brewery."—Nevada  
Silver State.

Two ladies in London having resolved to  
enter the legal profession, have taken chambers  
in Chancery Lane. One of them, Miss Orme,  
is said to have acquitted herself remarkably  
well at the Ladies' College at Cambridge, and  
is a sister of Professor Mason's wife. The  
account given is that two ladies, Miss Orme  
and Miss Richardson, have commenced busi-  
ness as conveyancers. Their chambers are in  
Chancery Lane. Although this step has been  
recently taken, much business is already con-  
fided to their hands. It is also said that a  
daughter of Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., is well  
known as a preacher in the Tunbridge district  
of Kent, in which her father resides.

Louville has been amused by a row in a  
fashionable boarding house. A boarder re-  
fused to either pay his bill, or to go away until  
the month for which he had bargained had  
expired. The landlady was told by the lawyers  
that the money was not legally due until the  
end of the month, and that she must fulfill her  
part of the contract before she could sue him.

She next took the case into her own hands,  
put damp sheets on his bed, fed him on the  
poorest viands, and put a whining puppy in  
the room next to his. He retreated after  
three days of endurance.

There is nothing like knowing what to  
do in sudden emergency. The other  
morning, when a man fell overboard from  
the Fulton ferry steamer, a long-haired  
man who sat reading a newspaper rose up  
and called out: "Stop her—back her—go  
ahead—throw him a plank—stop the boat—  
give him a rope—lower a boat—where's  
a life preserver—stop this boat!" The  
victim was saved. Of course he would  
have been drowned but for the efforts of  
the long-haired man.

Alanson Palmer, who a few years ago  
owned some of the fine steamers on the  
great lakes, and who as great wealth made  
him one of the most powerful citizens of  
Buffalo, died the other day in an insane  
asylum, penniless and crazy, at the age of  
eighty-one years. He lost his wealth in  
reckless speculation.

It takes four things to make a thorough  
gentleman. You must be a gentleman in  
your principles, a gentleman in your taste,  
a gentleman in your person, and a gentle-  
man in your manners. No man who does  
not combine those qualities can be justly  
termed a gentleman.

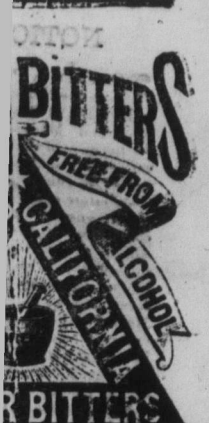
An Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery  
store kept by a woman, says: "Her toma-  
toes are as red as her own cheeks; her  
indigo as blue as her own eyes; and her  
pepper as hot as her own temper."

Good nature is more agreeable in con-  
versation than wit, and gives a certain air  
to the countenance which is more amiable  
than beauty. It shows virtue in its fairest  
light; takes off in some measure from the  
deformity of vice, and makes even folly  
and impertinence supportable.









# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JAN. 26, 1876.

Vol 43

## Poetry.

### "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie."

Old England's sons are English yet,  
Old England's heart is strong;  
And still she wears her coronet,  
As in their pride our fathers died,  
If need be, so die we;  
And will we still, gain say we will,  
The sceptre of the seal  
England, stand fast! let heart and hand be  
steady:

Be thy first word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

Some say we're made of Trade our king;  
Some say our blood is cold;  
That from our lips no longer ring  
The trumpet notes of old.  
With jibe and jeer they gather near  
The sleeping lion's den;  
O Teuton fair, O Russ, beware  
Of these "sleeping" men!

England, stand fast! let heart and hand be  
steady:

Be thy first word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

We've Raleigh still for Raleigh's part,  
And Nelson yet unknown;  
The peacock of the Lionheart  
Peat on through Wellington.  
Hold, Briton, hold thy creed of old—  
Strong foe and steadfast friend;  
And still unto thy motto true,  
Duty not, but duty!

England, stand fast! let heart and hand be  
steady:

Be thy first word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

Faint not, nor fall, ye sons of those,  
The bravest of our men;  
Our nearest friends may be our foes  
When turns the wheel again.  
The while we pray in Heaven's good day  
The reign of justice may come,  
Until its dawn with weapons drawn  
We wait the tuck of drum!

England, stand fast! let heart and hand be  
steady:

Be thy first word thy last—Ready, ay ready!

### Taffy White's Christmas.

BY CHARLES E. BURN.

It was the 24th of December. A sharp,  
stinging sort of day, that made the boys on  
their way to school pull their caps down tighter  
over their ears, and stick their well-mittened  
hands deeper in their pockets.

On the front steps of the Washburn mansion  
stood a sturdy little fellow of four years,  
vigorously kicking the lower panels of the  
door, and endeavoring by signs to attract the  
attention of the inmates. He was well pro-  
tected from the cold; his warm fur cap and  
heavy woolen coat showing hardly more than  
the tip of his little nose, which the sharp  
air had painted a bright pink color.

"Emme come in! Emme come in!" he  
shouted, impatiently, as he ceased kicking for  
a moment, to rattle the door knob.  
The door suddenly opened.

"Now, Taffy White, go right away from the  
front door this minute. You feet are all over  
snow, and I ain't going to have you stamping  
through the front entry all day. There's  
enough to do in the kitchen without keeping a  
girl to run round after you with a broom. If  
you want to come in, go round the other way."

"But I want to come in this door, Gran'ma  
Washburn. I got some business."

"Your business ain't very driving, I guess  
why don't you go and stay with Silas, in the  
back kitchen? It's nice and warm there,  
and maybe he'll tell you a story."

"I don't want no story. I want to come in  
the front door, and I want my papa's letter."

"Bless the boy," said Mrs. Washburn, im-  
patiently, "he will have his own way, and there  
can't any of us help it. Come in, then, and  
don't keep me standing in the door with my  
lone arms, all day."

Taffy's point was gained, and he marched  
behind his grandmother into the kitchen  
conscious of having achieved a signal victory.

"There," said Mrs. Washburn, wiping the  
flour from her fingers on her apron and taking  
down a letter from behind the clock:

"There's your letter. And now what are  
you going to do with it?"

"Keep it," replied Taffy.

"But you can't read it. I should think you'd  
want to keep it nice, to show papa when he  
comes."

"I want you to read it to me, then."

"Well, then, do read it to him, Jane. It's  
the quickest way to get rid of him. We shan't  
have any peace till you do."

So Jane stopped shopping since noon for a

moment, leaning on her knife while she  
read the letter aloud:

My dear little boy, I shall leave Califor-  
nia by the first of December, and hope to be  
with you Christmas. I send this inside  
Grandma Washburn's letter, so it will go safe.  
I hope to find Taffy a good boy. You must  
come with grandpa to meet me at the station  
Christmas Eve. With ever so many kisses,  
PAPA.

Taffy listened as intently as if he had never  
heard a word of it before, and as soon as it was  
through read it a second time of it.

Jane was obstinate.  
"Well, read on the outside, then. You  
didn't read that."

"Taffy White, Esq." That's all. Now don't  
plague me any longer. Run out like a good  
boy."

But Taffy knew his power. You will be glad  
to see him, and it required the combined  
brilliance of two Baldwin apples, a steam of raising a  
doughnut and two figs to get him into the  
back kitchen, where Silas was boiling potatoes  
for the pigs. Here for ten minutes he watched  
the kettle and questioned Silas; and then  
getting restless, insisted upon being let out  
into the dooryard again.

"Now, don't ye go to fussin' with the axe,"  
said Silas, as he lifted him down the slippery  
step. "I knowed a little boy once 'bout as big  
as you be, 't cut all his toes on one foot clean  
off, just playin' with his father's axe."

"I shall skate some on my little sled, then,"  
he said in a disappointed tone.

"Well, skate away," returned Silas, "only  
don't get under the horses' feet in the road."

Hardly had the door closed upon him, when  
with a prodigious jingling of bells, a big double  
sleigh dashed along the road past the house,  
toward the village scarcely a mile away. Had  
Taffy been a size smaller, or had the driver not  
been looking directly at him, he might not  
have been seen, and the horses might have  
gone over him before he had known they were  
there. As it was, the team was pulled up just  
in time.

"Hallo, Taffy!" shouted one of the party.  
Are n't you getting lost? Jump in and have  
a ride. We're coming right back."

Taffy was only too willing.  
"Let me tie your sled on behind," said the  
driver, one of the neighbor's boys and a great  
friend of Taffy's. "We're just going to the  
store, after some cooking things, and the folks  
won't know you gone till you get back."

No sleigh skinned along the ground  
after the horses, till the village store was  
reached and the boys got out.

"You'd better stay in the sleigh, Taffy," said  
one of the boys, the largest. "We shan't be  
more than ten minutes, for the women folks  
are in an awful hurry for their stuff."

Five minutes passed. The shrill sound of  
the approaching train struck his ears.

"It's the cars," said Taffy to himself. "Nobody  
ever lets me see the cars as much as I want to;  
and Gran'ma Washburn always pulls my hand  
so when they go by."

In an instant he was out of the sleigh, and  
going as fast as his little legs would carry him  
to the station, which was hard by. When the  
train rolled up to the platform, Taffy was there  
awaiting it; and hardly had it stopped before  
he was on the stem of the rear car.

"I'll just peek in," he thought; "Gran'ma  
Washburn won't let me see anything, ever."

The brakeman opened the door for him and  
closed it behind him, and the next instant the  
train was off again.

Taffy wasn't frightened. Far from it. He  
clambered into a seat by the side of a fat old  
woman, and looked around him very com-  
posedly.

And now, while he is sitting there, trundling  
away from home at the rate of twenty miles  
an hour, we will seize the opportunity to tell  
the reader who Taffy was. In the first place,  
his name wasn't Taffy at all; only plain  
Johnny. A fancied likeness to the picture in  
"Mother Goose" of the legendary Welshman  
gave him the name while he was yet in a rum-  
ble and it stuck to him. Taffy's mother died  
before he was two years old, and he was left in  
the care of his grandmother, who spoiled him  
pretty much as all grandmothers spoil their  
children's children, when the opportunity is  
given them. His father, unsettled by his loss,  
went to Australia, and afterward to California;  
and now, after two years' absence, was on his  
way back home. He was, according to his let-  
ter, to reach home on Christmas Eve, and here  
was Christmas Eve coming on as fast as the  
hands of the clock could scramble round the  
dial plate.

By and by the conductor came along. "Where  
are you going, my little man?"

"California,"

"California?"

"Yee. Goin' to find my papa."

"You're a runaway, I'm afraid. Where's  
your ticket? How are you going to pay for  
your ride?"

Very deliberately and slowly Taffy put his  
hand in his pocket and took out the remain-  
ing Baldwin apple, which he laid in the hand  
of the conductor.

"You'll do," said that official, laughing. "I'll  
look out for you when we get to Springfield."

And he passed on.

It was four o'clock when Taffy commenced  
his journey, and it was half past six when the  
train rolled into Springfield station. Some-  
thing unusual had happened, as was evident  
from the excitement among the throng of peo-  
ple upon the platform.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the  
passengers, as he stepped from the car.

"The Boston express has run into a freight  
train, a mile out, and the track will be blocked  
all after midnight."

Taffy heard the question and reply, but  
understood neither. He had a vague idea that  
he was in California, and, undismayed, set out  
in search of his father. It was bitter cold; but  
he pulled on his mittens and walked into the  
street. The shouts of the hack drivers and  
the glare of the lights confused him somewhat;  
but he kept on, looking into all the stores and  
shops where the lights were the brightest.

"I guess my papa would be where it was  
awful warm tonight," said he to himself. "I  
just wish he would come out."

Just in front of the largest and most  
brilliantly lighted stores on the street his  
foot slipped and he fell. One of his mittens  
came off and his cap rolled into the  
street. Somebody stopped to pick him up,  
and said "Poor little fellow!" and his heart  
gave away all at once. He was carried,  
and in lamentation into the store, and set  
in the warm place, in the midst of a  
sympathetic din that comforted him still  
more.

The most ingenious questioning  
and a cross-questioning failed to extract any  
further information than that his name  
was Taffy, and that he lived with Gran'ma  
Washburn, and that he had come to Califor-  
nia on the cars to find his papa.

By and by he was left to himself, after  
having been handled with a superfluity of  
buns and candy, and his tears were soon  
dried in contemplation of the ever-varying  
crowd of visitors which thronged the  
various departments of the establishment.

After a while he got to wondering at the  
big piles of blankets which towered high  
above his head on the counters, and what  
they did with them, and where all the beds  
were that belonged to.

How long he slept he could not have  
told; but he was awakened by voices talk-  
ing, it came to him, in his ear. He lazily  
opened his eyes, and saw close by the pile  
of blankets, against which his back was  
resting, a tall, pleasant-looking man, with  
big whiskers.

"You may put in two pairs of the nicest  
ones," he was saying. "With the dress  
suits and the oil of cotton cloth they'll  
make something of a load. The accident  
on the railroad has delayed my journey  
home for a few hours; and, as I have the  
chance, I may as well take something with  
me to make my welcome warmer. Christ-  
mas, too, you know."

"Where will you have them sent, sir?"  
asked the clerk.

"There," said the tall gentleman, hand-  
ing him a hotel card. "Send them in any  
time before ten o'clock. I shall remain  
until the first morning train until the first  
train arrives. I presume, though I would  
give a hundred dollars if I could get to my  
journey's end to-night. I have planned  
getting home Christmas Eve for six  
months past, and it's hard to be disappoint-  
ed."

"Yes, sir; must be, sir," said the busy  
clerk. "Here, Tom!"

Tom came.

"Get down that long basket and put in  
those packages on the counter and two  
pairs of those best Middlesex blankets."

Taffy's eyes closed again, but opened  
when Tom reappeared with a huge basket,  
something like a cradle in shape, into  
which the goods were carefully deposited,  
the blankets on the top, and over all a  
white cotton covering, to keep them from  
being soiled.

"How much it looks like a bed thought  
Taffy."

It did look inviting, truly. And it  
would be so much warmer and nicer than  
sitting on hard box with cap and boots on.  
The basket was near him—so near he  
could put his hand on it. The clerks  
were all busy and none of the crowd ever  
came to that corner of the store, which  
was quite in the shade. The longer Taffy  
looked the more irresistible was the tempta-  
tion, until at last he pulled off his boots  
and put them deep down in the basket;  
then his cap and comforter; and finally,  
after making sure that no one was looking  
got in himself, burying himself out of

sight between the two great blankets. In  
another minute he was sound asleep as he  
ever was in his own little crib at home.

Half an hour afterward the basket was  
seized by a strong clerk, tossed into the  
express sleigh, with a score of other baskets  
and bundles, and a few minutes later was  
tossed out again by the porter to the  
room of the tall gentleman, who was im-  
patiently awaiting it. Two or three large  
trunks were in the room, one of them  
open, apparently ready to receive the  
newly-made purchases.

"Boy! call for the basket in half an  
hour," said the porter and went out.

As soon as the door closed the tall gen-  
tleman moved the basket to the side of the  
open trunk. Then he took off the cotton  
covering and threw it on a chair. Then he  
lifted the top blanket; but no sooner  
had he done so than he let it fall again—  
not back in the basket, but upon the  
floor—and stood staring with all his might  
at what it had covered. The boy Taffy,  
is now under his head, his brown curls  
knotted and tangled, his eyes shut, sleep-  
ing away as peacefully as if he had been  
in a real bed and under the direct eye of  
his grandmother.

The longer the tall gentleman gazed the  
more he wondered.

"How on earth," he thought of himself,  
did this little chap get mixed up with my  
purchases? He couldn't have been pick-  
ed up by mistake, and I certainly don't re-  
member buying a boy. He may be able  
to tell me something about it himself."

Here, Tommy, Jacky, Billy, or what's your  
name, wake up!"

Taffy opened his eyes—not very wide at  
first; but in a minute or two, becoming  
conscious that he was no longer in the  
store, but in a strange room, he grew wide  
awake, and sat up in the basket. Then he  
felt for his boots, and very deliberately  
drew them out, keeping his eyes all the  
while fixed on the tall gentleman, who, in  
return, watched him with a sort of amused  
astonishment. Then he put on his cap  
and wound his comforter twice round his  
neck.

"Well," said the tall gentleman, in a  
very pleasant sort of voice, "and what are  
you going to do now?"

"Find my papa," said Taffy, stoutly.

"Your papa? What's his name?"

"Papa. At all his name."

"But where is he?"

"California."

"You've got some way to go, my dear  
little fellow, before you find him, then."

"Where'd you come from?"

"What?" said the tall gentleman quick-  
ly. "Say that again. What's your name?"

"Taffy White."

The tall gentleman caught him up under  
the arms and held him under the arm-  
pits.

"Are you sure you're Taffy White?" he  
asked, earnestly—so earnestly that Taffy  
thought he was scolding and began to cry.

"Where were you going? How come  
you here? What were you doing in that  
basket?"

"I guess I ran away. I just peeped in  
the cars, and then they kept going till I  
got to California. Em me get down!  
Emme! I want my papa!"

He pulled his little handkerchief from  
his pocket, as he found his feet again, and  
with it wiped his eyes. The tall gentleman  
caught sight of it, glanced  
at the inside, and then snatched Taffy up  
for the second time; not however to ex-  
amine him by the gaslight, but to hug and  
kiss him over and over again.

"Don't you know me, my dear darling  
precious little boy?" he said at last.

"Don't you remember Papa? Of course  
you don't; but I am your papa, for all  
that. How did you get here in that basket?  
I can't understand it."

Taffy was too much bewildered at first  
to make an explanation, and it took some  
minutes to make him duly appreciate the  
fact that he had found his papa; or rather,  
that his papa had found him. Then, when  
he had little by little related the main  
facts of his journey and his subsequent ad-  
ventures, there was more kissing and hug-  
ging and a little crying; but it wasn't for  
sorrow.

"Well, send Gran'ma Washburn a deep-  
th right off, Taffy, boy," said his father.  
"For I've no doubt they've offered a reward  
for you already. Then we'll have supper  
for you must be as empty as a tin can by  
this time. And after supper, if you're not  
too sleepy, we'll take a run round among  
the toy stores. They won't shut up till  
late, and it's only nine o'clock now."

It wasn't too late, and they did take a  
tour among the toy shops. Taffy coming  
home so loaded down with brown paper  
parcels and packages that he looked like a  
miniature St. Nicholas, but no more sat  
than the old who toiled or, behind, covered  
from view, all but his legs, with a choice  
selection of rocking horses, &c. &c. hand-

sleds, and other miscellaneous articles,  
enough to set him up in a very respectable  
business.

That night the little hotel bedroom,  
was a chamber of peace; and when the  
church bells rang in the blessed Christ-  
mas no heart within their sound felt the  
benign influence of the time more deeply  
or swelled with a purer gratitude toward  
him whose birth it commemorated than  
that which beat against the tired little  
head of the wandering Taffy.

A BREVIOUS COURT.—At a recent trial  
in the Idaho County Court our friend  
Blahoff, of the Humboldt brewery, was  
called as a witness. Mr. Blahoff is one of  
the "solid men" of Elko, where he has  
been in business ever since the town was  
started in the winter of 1875. Upon being  
sworn, Counselor Rand, one of the attor-  
neys in the case, who by the way, is also  
an old resident of Elko, said:—"Mr. Bla-  
hoff, where do you reside?"—"Where I  
reside? What for you ask me such foolish  
things? You'd link at my place more as a  
hundred times." "That has nothing to do  
with the case on trial, Mr. Blahoff; state  
to the jury where you reside." "De shurly  
de shurly! Oh, by jinnity, obery gentle-  
man on dis-shurly has a string of marks  
on my cellar door just like a rail fence."

His honour here interceded in the coun-  
sellor's behalf, and in a calm dignified man-  
ner requested the witness to state where  
he resided. "Oh, excuse me, shudge; you  
drinks at my place so many times and  
pay me nothing. I thinks you know old  
Blahoff vat keeps the brewery."—Nevada  
Silver State.

Two ladies in London having resolved to  
enter the legal profession, have taken chambers  
in Chancery Lane. One of them, a Miss Orme,  
is said to have acquired herself remarkably  
well at the Ladies' College at Cambridge, and  
is a sister of Professor Mason's wife. The  
second given is that two ladies, Miss Orme  
and Miss Litchford, have commenced busi-  
ness as conveyancers. Their chambers are in  
Chancery Lane. Although this has been  
recently taken, much business is already con-  
fided to their hands. It is also said that a  
daughter of Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., is well  
known as a preacher in the Tunbridge district  
of Kent, in which her father resides.

Louville has been amused by a row in a  
fashionable boarding house. A boarder re-  
fused to either pay his bill, or to go away re-  
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# Telegraphic News.

Ottawa, Jan. 23.  
Full returns from North Renfrew to day show that White, opposition, was elected by 210 majority over M. Murray, ministerialist.

From recent telegrams from British Columbia it appears that an official state ment laid before the Legislature shows the indebtedness of the Province to amount to \$487,000 but there are other items not stated in accounts amounting to not less than \$150,000 additional.

An independent member of the House, prompted, it is rumored, by the Government, moved a resolution demanding permission for British Columbia to secede from the union, but the motion fell through for want of a seconder.

Langevin, opposition, has been elected for Charlevoix, defeating the Government candidate by 250 majority.

London, Jan. 22.  
It is stated that triple collision has occurred on the Great Northern railway near Huntingdon. The accounts are that the Scotch express collided with a mineral train, and that the express from London ran into the debris of the first two. A special train conveying doctors has left London for the scene of the collision. In consequence of the interruption to telegraphic communication by the storm nothing is known as to the loss of life.

The News states that two persons were killed and many severely wounded before the occurrence of the second collision.

Ottawa, Jan. 24.  
It is expected that all Militia corps will perform their annual drill at regimental headquarters during the ensuing military year.

A local paper states that since it became known that women were to be employed in the Public Departments as copying clerks there has been a rush of ladies of all classes to Ministers to obtain the desired work, that it has finally become such a nuisance that the services of females are to be hereafter dispensed with.

New York, Jan. 24.  
It is thought President Grant will decline to furnish Congress with the correspondence between this Government and Foreign Powers regarding intervention in Cuban affairs.

Mrs. McKenzie, wife of Hugh McKenzie M. P. of Montreal, eloped to New York with Lieut. Brydges, where they were arrested Saturday, but got away the same night to Philadelphia, thus escaping arrest on the charge of abduction, which was to be brought against them here.

Gold 115 to 113.

The St. Stephen Journal referring to the prospects of the Grand Southern Railway says:—The building of the Grand Southern promises immediate prosperity to St. Stephen, St. George, and St. John, and will no doubt, have a beneficial influence on the times throughout the whole of New Brunswick. The commencement of it implies the introduction into the country of over \$1,000,000, of foreign capital, and abundance of profitable employment to thousands of idle men, while its completion will help to develop the red-granite industry in full, open up new, and better markets, for the produce of the farmer, and the goods of the merchant, and in fine a boon to everybody.

A MERITORIOUS ACT, and one deserving of special mention, happened at Amherst Station on Thursday. While the train was backing into the depot a young lady, whose name our reporter could not learn, stepped off the end of the platform and fell across the track. William Rennie, an active and efficient, rushed forward and, at great risk to himself, pulled the young lady from the dangerous position, and barely in time to prevent a serious, if not fatal accident.—Sackville Borderer.

The Calais Times says:—The Red Granite Company expect to have their works at Red Beach completed, and be ready for orders next May. The specimens of their granite sent to various cities for examination have been much admired, and universally pronounced equal to that quarried in Scotland. These qualified to judge are of the opinion that it will prove far superior to the Aberdeen granite for many purposes.

THROUGH FISH RATES.—Arrangements have been perfected by which frozen fish may be shipped from any railway station on the North Shore to Boston, (all rail) at through rates. The charge from Miramichi and all stations South of it, including Shediac, is 75cts. per 100 lbs. prepaid. The rate from Bathurst is 90 cts. Fish leaving Miramichi, however, requires two days, as before, to reach St. John. The time between St. John and Boston is two and a half days. If the Intercolonial and the roads West would make arrangements for better despatch, a largely increased traffic would no doubt be the result.—St. Lawrence Advance.

OBITUARY.—Isaac Murray, Esq., an old and much respected inhabitant of York County, died at his residence on the Springhill Farm, five miles from Fredericton, on Thursday last, aged 77 years. The funeral took place on Sunday. Mr. Murray was a native of Durham, England, and with his brothers, was widely known and respected in this Province.

Miss MacFarlane, daughter of James MacFarlane, Esq., has won for herself a

first class position on a leading New York literary journal. Miss M. has developed into a powerful writer of romance, whose productions are eagerly purchased at remunerative prices.

THOMAS WHITE, Esq., has been offered the Commission of the Peace for the County of the Quebec Government, but has not yet accepted it.

## The Standard

SAINT ANDREWS, JAN. 26, 1875.

### Publisher's Notice.

We have given timely notice to persons indebted to this office, but their accounts still remain unsettled. After waiting so long (even for years,) they cannot find fault, when called upon by a legal officer for payment. Patience is a great virtue, but it is well not to stretch it to too great an extent. We know some who have money of ours that it would be well for them to pay before many days pass.

THE DOMINION ELECTIONS appear to be turning out adversely for the ministry, seat after seat is lost, and ministerialist journals even admit such defeats "are not pleasant." What is the cause of such a change of feeling? There certainly is some reason for such a change of sentiment in those electoral districts where the contests have occurred. It is much to be regretted that any "party" is seeking aid from those who are secretly endeavoring to control legislation, and obey the behests of a foreign power. Such an unholy alliance will ultimately lead to trouble and heart burnings. No Ministry that ever existed was perfect; true, some were better than others, but in all popular governments the people have it in their power to check the wrong doings of their rulers, by directing their representatives to vote against them, and oblige them to yield up the seals of office. This however should not be resorted to except in extreme cases, such as unnecessarily increasing the debt of the country, squandering its revenue, or otherwise mismanaging its affairs.

We are not wedded to change, and dislike such frequent election contests as have taken place within the last decade, and fear the political atmosphere is becoming corrupt—men will sacrifice principle and honor to obtain seats in the legislature and government for their own aggrandizement, and use political clap-trap and misrepresentation to accomplish their ends; their motives are selfish, and they ignore the fact that "the noblest motive is the public good," and we are sorry to add that they find willing tools to aid them in the shape of party hacks, who are rewarded for their treachery from the public funds, in various ways. We express our views candidly—hit whom they may.

The Circuit Court closed on Friday afternoon.

In the cause "Treadwell vs. Douglas" the jury did not agree.

"Sinclair vs. Spence," action of trespass, no cause of action.

The sentence in the criminal case against McMullin and Scullian was pronounced on Friday. Mr. McMullin was found not guilty, but Scullian was sentenced by the Judge to 9 months at hard labor in the Penitentiary.

At a meeting of the Directors of the St. Andrews Steamboat W. & F. Company, held at the office of Wm. White, Esq., on the 22nd inst., the following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year:

HENRY OSBURN, Esq., President.

W. WHITLOCK, Esq., Sec'y-Treasurer.

The following is a list of the Directors elected at a meeting of the shareholders, held on the 11th inst.

Henry Osburn, R. Ross, J. S. Magee, H. O'Neil, T. Hipwell, W. Whitlock, J. H. Bradford.

NEW LIGHT HOUSE.—The lamps in the Lighthouse recently erected on the Sand Reef near the Eastern ballast ground, were omitted to mention, were lighted on the 1st instant, and each following night; the light is brilliant and can be seen from all points in the bay. Capt. JAMES CLARK, the oldest Queen's Pilot, at this Port, has been appointed Light Keeper, and is the right man in the right place; few however would care to exchange places with him, in his lonely and cheerless situation.

The Rev. Mr. Earle, the evangelist, has been holding revival meetings in St. John for the past fortnight and it is admitted that his labors have been blessed, by the conversion of many. The Telegraph has a carefully prepared and able article on Mr. Earle's labors.

We learn that failures in Calais are becoming more frequent than agreeable. The truth is overtrading has been carried on to such an extent as to derange business and cause "bad times." Reductions in wages are taking place all over the continent; the latest we heard of is in San Francisco, where mechanics wages have been reduced 25 per cent. It is to be hoped the worst has been reached, and that with the approaching Spring business will revive.

HOTEL REGISTERS.—We make no charge for publishing the names of travellers registered at the hotels, when the list is furnished us, as was the following:

MEGANTIC HOTEL.—A. Cameron, W. A. Buzze, D. F. Maxwell, J. W. Johnson, M. McMonagle, J. H. McCully, H. Moody, St. Stephen; J. Anderson, P. W. Campbell, D. Wetmore, St. George; G. S. Grimmer, Chambook; D. H. Eaton, Montreal.

An old-fashioned snow storm accompanied by high wind commenced early this morning and piled up drifts in many places; the weather however cleared up during the forenoon, but it still continues cold.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Provincial Legislature at its next session, to amend the Act 38 Victoria, chapter 27, as far as relates to the following matters, viz:

1st. The time of taking the vote contained in the said Act.

2d. To amend section 8 of said Acts as to the mode of making up the list of votes, and as to majority required to determine the vote.

A large majority of the ratepayers do not understand the above "notice," but we feel it our duty to inform them. The notice should have stated that the Grand Southern Railway Directors, will apply to the Legislature at its next Session to alter the time of taking the vote for the assessment of the whole County for \$50,000; and also to change Section 8 of the Act 38 Vic. as to give a simple majority of those who attend to vote, the power to carry the proposed measure. As this is a matter of great interest to the people, it would be wise to give it an attentive consideration, as they already complain of the present taxation being all they can bear. We do not wish to be understood, however, as being opposed to the Grand Southern Railway which a contemporary says "promises immediate prosperity to St. Stephen, St. George and St. John." We wish each of these places prosperity, at their own expense.

CHINESE NEWSPAPER.—A correspondent in San Francisco sent us a copy of a Chinese Newspaper published in that city named *The Oriental*, which is a curiosity. With the exception of a few lines in English, it is a mere sheet of biographical notes. And is divided into several small sized columns with wider ones running the width of the sheet, about the size of the STANDARD. It is published weekly by Cheong Wong & J. Hoffman, 817 Washington Street, San Francisco, price 10 cts per copy, and is the only Chinese newspaper in America. Advertisements sent in English are translated and published by its proprietors. The terms would gladden the hearts of newspaper men in this country—only Four Dollars per inch for one month, for three months a discount of ten per cent. is allowed. The printing is well executed.

ANDREW'S COUGH SYRUP.—We do not believe in patent medicines, or the universal panaceas advertised by impudent empirics; but when a medicine or syrup approved by physicians, and which relieve or cure a particular disease, and no other, we feel warranted in recommending it as we can do the new Cough Syrup put up by Mr. Street—Andrews Cough Syrup which those who have used it, state is a useful medicine and cures a cough.

OYSTERS.—Those fond of Oysters can obtain them at a low price at Calais, where a cargo has arrived and is being sold at 40 cents a quart, \$1.25 a gallon, all shelled. A barrel unopened can be had for \$1.75. They are said to be the best Delaware oysters. Who will send for a barrel?

Desirous to make all things square at the commencement of the new year, the accounts of those indebted to this Office are made out and will be forwarded to each subscriber, and it is expected that those persons who are indebted from one to five years, will make payment and save expense. Those generous patrons who have paid promptly will accept our thanks.

The eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, which is again active, amounted, according to the historians, to nineteen from the first to the seventeenth century, when twenty-three were recorded. In the eighteenth century twenty-three took place, and in the present century there have already been twenty-five, or one every three years.

James B. Beck, who was nominated for the United States Senate by the Kentucky Democrats, at 2 o'clock Tuesday a. m., is a Scotchman, born in Dumfriesshire, in 1822, graduated as a lawyer at Transylvania University in Kentucky, in 1846. He was a member of Congress from Kentucky, from 1867 to 1873, and gained the reputation of a skillful debater and a prudent politician.

Death of Mr. George McFarlan.  
From the Eureka West Coast Signal of Dec. 29, we copy the following melancholy particulars of the death of a native and former resident of this County Mr. Geo. McFarlan, brother of Mr. Archibald McFarlan of this Parish. It appears from the Signal, that the deceased carried with him those excellent principles, pluck and energy, which he possessed here and that in that far distant region, he enjoyed that respect and esteem, which his numerous relatives and friends in his native County of Charlotte, awarded him, and which he merited.

The announcement, on Christmas morning, of the death of Geo. McFarlan, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of Eureka, cast a gloom over the community which to a great extent interrupted and checked the festivities of the day.—Mr. McFarlan had up to the evening previous been in the enjoyment of usual good health, although more or less troubled with a disagreeable and painful sensation in the head. This so affected him that he asked the opinion of a physician late on Friday evening, but his situation was considered by no means critical. Late on Friday night he visited the Occidental Mill, in which he is a part owner, it is supposed to see that everything was right and safe. The night watchman at the Mill noticed something peculiar in his conduct, and accompanied him some distance up First street when he started home. Early on Saturday morning it was known that he was missing, and that his family were greatly alarmed at his absence, which was something unusual. A little after 9 o'clock the body of a man was discovered floating with the tide at the lower end of the City Wharf. It was immediately recovered, and the dead fact was soon announced that it was the remains of our missing fellow citizen. The body was soon after removed to Tomlinson's building, corner First and F streets, and Justice R. H. Howard notified of the fact. A jury of inquest was summoned, which after two hours of deliberation returned the following verdict:

We, the undersigned, a jury of inquest duly summoned to inquire into the cause of death, after an inspection of the body and the examination of the witnesses produced, find that the name of deceased was Geo. McFarlan; that his age is 54 years; that he came to his death on the morning of the 25th of December, between the hours of half past one and seven o'clock, by accidental drowning in the waters of Humboldt Bay.

(Signed) A. D. Serier, N. Ballock, C. Wiggins, W. R. Finch, Jos. Allen, R. Allard, E. B. Little, W. T. Vance, R. Gunther, Geo. Graham, D. S. Newell, C. G. Gardner.

There seems to be but one opinion relative to the untimely death of Mr. McFarlan—that suffering from brain disease he became bewildered, and in this condition walked into the Bay at some point on the water front, and that a peculiar condition of the system kept the body from sinking. On the day previous to burial, at the instigation of friends, a post mortem examination was held by Drs. Schenck and Gross, which, as had been anticipated, developed chronic disease of the membrane of the brain, culminating in an apoplectic attack which had been preceded by bewilderment and loss of self-control. However sadly the announcement of his death must fall on those who are near and dear, and a host of sincere friends, there is something of consolation in the fact that a cloud has been lifted as regards the cause of it.

The close year has witnessed sad havoc in the ranks of pioneers and esteemed citizens. Mr. McFarlan was one of that number. He arrived in this state in 1849, and was for a time a resident of Trinity county, being one of the Company engaged in the construction of the famous "Arkansas Dam," on Trinity river in 1850. More than one of his associates in that undertaking are now residents of Humboldt county. He came to Humboldt Bay in the year 1851, and during most of his time since he has been identified with the lumber interests of the county. Those who have known him most intimately and well, will bear us out in the assertion that George McFarlan, was good and worthy citizen, a kind and considerate neighbor and a faithful friend. His remains were buried from his residence on the 27th, and were attended to their final rest by a large concourse of friends in manifestation of the respect felt at the loss of a good citizen, and the sympathy which the widow and six fatherless children so fully deserve. Peace to his ashes.

To the Editor of the Standard.  
Sir—Referring to the intended application to the Legislature for an alteration in the Grand Southern Railway Bill, to decide the vote by a majority instead of a two-thirds vote, and to tax the inhabitants of this County to aid in the construction of the road; its advocates allege that it will be a great benefit to St. George, St. Stephen and St. John. As St. Andrews and the Islands are not named, the friends of the Grand Southern do not expect the people of those localities to vote for the bill, knowing the line will not be of any advantage to them. Yours,  
TAX PAYER.

The Austrian note, which will be presented to the Sultan with the unanimous support of the European powers, advises the establishment of the equality of all religious denominations, a revision of the system of taxation and changes in the administration of justice especially the acceptance of the evidence of Christians in court. The note proposes the establishment of a commission, composed of equal numbers of Christians and Turks, as an effective guarantee of the reforms.

Contagion in our Schools.  
The prevalence and spread of scarlet fever and diphtheria among the children of this city are facts which should awaken an anxious concern of the profession. It is unnecessary to say that the occurrence of these cases is explained by the fact of direct contagion. No matter what particular views may be advanced in regard to the *modus operandi* of the poison we hardly believe there are any, at all acquainted with the diseases in question, who would be willing to say that they are not communicable, and hence not amenable to ordinary preventive measures. But, notwithstanding this belief, a belief shared in by the most intelligent portions of the lay community, we have these diseases cropping out in the schools day by day, under the very eyes of the teachers, and without any apparent effort on their part to arrest the spread. When a child carries a contagious disease from his school to his home, there is always trouble and anxiety in the train, and not infrequently death, besides the danger of the propagation to other members of the family and among the neighboring children. In the absence of sanitary inspection in our schools, it may seem hardly fair that we urge upon an extra duty to supply the deficiency; but we are convinced that with very little trouble on their part, a great deal of good can be accomplished. And after all, in this particular the teacher is the fittest person to act, being always in direct communication with every scholar, and being the first to be informed of any illness. It would seem to be a very simple task to send the ailing child home, and at the same time to assume, especially during epidemics, that the sickness may be of a contagious character. Neglect of such precautions causes the sacrifice of many valuable lives yearly; and so long as teachers consider that they have no moral obligations in the matter, we can hardly hope for any change.

Even in the most contagious diseases the danger of infection during the incubatory symptoms is comparatively slight. This certainly is the strongest possible argument in favor of the prompt quarantining of a suspicious case. But while we allow that, with the right disposition on the part of those who have charge of the children, much disease may be prevented there is another element in the question, and one which it is more difficult to meet, because, in a measure beyond the control of the teacher, and that is the premature appearance at school of those who have been the subjects of these infantile diseases. It is well known that the power of propagation lingers in many of these disorders long after convalescence has commenced; and as such a fact is one of the difficult things for ignorant parents to appreciate, there is no wonder that, many times, the most dangerous poisons are sown broadcast.—Medical Record.

Ship News.  
PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.  
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Jan. 12—1 yr C. M. LAMB, AGENT.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having legal claims against the estate of the late Edward Lynett, Jr., of Saint George, in the County of Charlotte, deceased, are requested to file the same duly attested 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 23rd December, A. D. 1873.  
SARAH LYNETT  
Administratrix.

Geo. McFarlane,  
Solicitor.

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