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## MY WIFE'S NOSE. The Advantages of a Keen Sense of Smell.

BY ROSE THIRY COOKE.

Not that it was handsome. I have over and over heard people say, "Miss Clement would have been pretty but for her nose." I thought she was pretty in spite of it. The nose was large, it is true, and peculiar, but she had lovely gray eyes, with dark lashes, darker than her nut brown hair, a sweet, mischievous, sensitive mouth, and a skin of rose-leaves. Still I think I should have loved her if she had been positively ugly. There was that in her face which transcended all its form of coloring—there was a Goodness! I always was a fool about Nancy, and here I am demonstrating it in print. Nanon Clement had French blood in her veins; her name came from a Breton grandmother. Certainly she showed her race in the grace of her bright sweet manner, the sparkle of her conversation, the taste of her dress; perhaps she showed it in her nose.

After she condescended to marry me, I must say my little woman proved herself a deft and bawdy housekeeper. Our small cottage was neat as a pin, but not painlessly so. It was all lived in, all home-like—no shut-up rooms, no over-fine upholstery too good to use. The carpets were not Brussels, or the chairs rosewood, but everything harmonized in tint in every room, and all the ornaments were good of their kind.

I hate a room filled with fancy work, like a show-counter of an agricultural fair or a worsted shop; neither tortured crevices nor abominations in canvas or paper littered up our bright rooms; there was no tinsel on the chairs, no linen covering on the sofas. An indescribable breath of purity and freshness filled the house. I think this was owing to her nose. I confess, though I had to smile when I saw her daily tours through the premises with that dilate feature high in air, delicately sniffing at the "door of every closet and chamber, and pointing upon any breath of evil as a hawk on its prey. There was no musty nook in our house; the first faint scent of damp earthiness was detected; the corner, the crack, the bottle that generated it was scented, scraped, scrubbed, dried and sunned on the instant; neither was any sour bread endured an hour; no meat out lived its usefulness or its pleasantness in larder or refrigerator; no pickles went beyond the verge of proper pickledness; our eggs were always fresh, for Nanon asserted that a fresh egg had its own clean odor. Heaven's! what a nose was that which could pierce an eggshell!

My life was somewhat harassed, so doubt for my wife developed a turn for locating smells. "Jack, where have you been?" she would say, repulsing me suddenly after the first kiss with which she always received me coming from the office at night, and which politeness I was always expected to return—"where have you been?" with a keen flash and quiver of eye and eyelid.

"Why, Nan?" "Because you smell of machinery." "By George" (clear reader, forgive the expletive. I never swear, but a man must have some safety-valve). "I wouldn't have your nose, Nan, for five hundred dollars!" "And I wouldn't be without it for five thousand. Tell me, now, haven't you been somewhere?"

"Yes, I have been to several somewhere. I reluctantly admit, Mrs. Gardner, that I went to Snell's printing office to see about some bill heads, and spent half an hour studying out their new press."

"I thought so," was her satisfied rejoinder. "I know the smell of machine oil very well."

Another time I am greeted with another shudder.

"What is it now, Nan?" I enquire, in abject tones of dismay.

"I smell cigars in your whiskers."

"Surprising!" I reply. "I do not remember having hidden any smoke."

"Nonsense! I mean smoke, of course."

"Nan, I believe in Darwin now and forever. Your great-grandfather must have been a pointer. I stood on the platform of a crowded car, coming up town, by a man who smoked all the way, and the wind was fair to spoke me, too."

"It is bad to have a nose sometimes," says my wife reflectively.

"But it would be worse to have none."

But if I groined in spirit about Nan's nose sometimes it was not long before I had reason to bless it. There was a small-pox panic in the city, but we had not feared it, for our quarter was high and clean, and in now way exposed to infection; so we were very careless about being vaccinated. One night we had been to a concert with a cousin of mine from Boston. There were many encores, which lengthened the per-

formance, and our seats were near the stage. George Stevens was to take the midnight train, and the station was at least a mile from the concert hall. He must be there early to get some baggage rechecked, and it was half past eleven when we reached the door and found it raining. Only one carriage was left on the stand, but I had it brought up to the door at once; though it was not a nice one, it was at least a shelter. I helped Nanon up to the step, but the moment her head entered the vehicle she shrank back, and jumped down to the pavement.

"I can't go in that thing, Jack. It smells of something dreadful!" "Don't be absurd, Nanmy," said I. "Keep your handkerchief to your face and get in. George will be late."

"I can't, Jack; I can't. Please don't get in there, George. I know you'll have something if you do; we all shall. Oh, don't do it!"

I must say I was vexed. The driver swore by all the saints, and the devil besides that, no sick man or anything out of the way had ever been in his carriage "since the world was made." But nothing convinced Nan. She became painfully excited, and I was painfully forced to give up the matter or be downright cruel. But George would not be persuaded. He looked at me with a sort of contemptuous compassion; but I forgave him, for he had never been married. So Nan and I walked home, and George drove off to the station. I was sulky and Nan was vexed. She knew I had made a great effort to please her, and she knew George had sneered inwardly at my complacency, for her perceptions were keen and quick, so she made herself unusually lovely to ward me; and, better still, when George was seized with small-pox a fortnight after and brought to the edge of death, and by police investigation I found out that the indignantly virtuous hack-driver had that very evening of the concert taken two small-pox patients to the hospital, all Nan said was, "Oh, Jack, how good you were to let me walk home!" To which I answered, "Bless your dear nose!"

But I was doomed to be still further indebted and reconciled to that wonderful organ. A year or two after the small-pox affair, Nan's old grandmother, a decrepit Frenchwoman of ninety, died in Paris, and in a fit of pique left all her money and jewels to Nan's mother, whom she had utterly ignored since her marriage, to Mrs. Clement's great distress. But her son had turned out a dissipated, worthless fellow, and at length was shot in a disreputable duel, and in the last year of her life Madame Dupare quarrelled with the niece she had adopted, and cut her off with a mourning ring. The inheritance amounted to only a few thousand dollars in money, but the most valuable part was the jewelry, for besides sundry quaint old rings of enamel, carbuncle, and sapphire, a pair of two of cameos and garnet bracelets, were a comb and necklace of diamonds, an heirloom in the family, of great value. Now Madame Dupare had had the forethought to leave these to Mrs. Clement in such a way that they could be alienated or sold, adding a few cutting remarks as to her probable need of money, since she had married that "vaunted American." Poor Mrs. Clement! she was past sneers this long time, and the inheritance came to Nan, and in due time reached her, after dangers by land, sea and the customs-house.

Of course some ubiquitous reporter for the papers heard this item of news somewhere, and made a telling little paragraph. The diamonds, in reality worth about fifteen thousand dollars, figured as a "seventy-five thousand bequest of jewels" in big capitals. All the circumstances were arrayed before the public, copied into city papers, repeated into weeklies; and from that time our lives became a burden.

What should be done with those diamonds till we could take them to New York and sell them? Nan did once put them on, having first sent our girl off on an errand, looked under every sofa and chair, behind the doors, into the closets. She even closed the register lest a man should lurk in the cellar, and shut all the blinds, for fear of opera glasses across the way. Then she lit the gas, put on her wedding gown and the diamonds, and enjoyed herself. I must own she looked as lovely as a goddess; the comb sparkled like a comet of stars (for it was set starwise in a quaint old fashion) in her hair, and the brilliant made a river of light about her delicate round throat. Diamonds evidently were the proper ge. for her. They kindled the deep sparkle of her eyes; they illuminated the naughty little head with a sort of fitness not describable. Her rich soft gown of ermine silk, with its tails and folds of rare old lace, delicate as frost work; the little graceful figure and piquant, high bred face, evidently were meant for diamonds, or diamonds for them.

"Nan!" said I, "don't sell the things. We don't need to, and they are lovely on you." Nan turned slowly round and looked at me with a curious smile.

"Oh, Jack! is that your idea of the eternalness of things? Shall I wear those sparkles to church, or to tea parties? Once a year, perhaps, there is a wedding here that might be blinded with my finery, unless everybody looked at the bride, as they ought. And besides," she added with sudden energy, "do you want, our lives made a nuisance with these things? How have we spent the last ten days?"

I looked back with dismay; not a day had passed that we had not racked our brains for a place to hide those diamonds. They had been respectively dwellers in the stove under the ashes, down the register pipe, in a pickle jar full of bran, deep among piles of sheets in the linen chest, lost in the cedar closet, in the crown of Nan's Sunday bonnet, and the pocket of my wedding coat, laid away in a drawer. Once they were twenty-four hours in a loaf of bread, all night in an old-fashioned foot-stove. Time fails me to recount their wanderings. We neither slept quietly nor took needful exercise; and when people came to the house and asked to see them, the very friends of our bosoms, even, they were treated with base subterfuges, and went away disappointed.

I cannot say we told any high angled and respectable lies; we descended to meaner depths. One inevitable answer to friendly requests was, "Did you think we were so silly as to keep them in the house?" winning retributively under the commendations of our sense sure to follow, and the appalling tales of other people who had been so idiotic as to do such a thing, and had been robbed, or murdered, or frightened to death in consequence. We went to the expense of two revolvers, and borrowed a dog, who barked at every mouse in the wall, and awoke us to horrible suspicions and tremors.

But at last the business which detained me in W— was finished, and I could make arrangements for our journey. And then came the important question, "How should we carry our precious charge to New York?" It would never do to pack them in a trunk. I proposed to Nan to wear them.

"And be murdered, of course," she indignantly answered.

I thought they could be hidden under her dress and hat, but this she would not hear to; she was afraid her very consciousness would betray her. So at last we put them in an ordinary morocco hand-bag, which she never let go of one moment in all the day's journey. This was enough to attract attention in itself, but we got safely to the hotel where we were to stay, and drew a freer breath.

It was six o'clock at night. We were too tired to go down town, and having ordered some dinner, Nan proceeded to array herself for that ceremony.

But what should we do with the diamonds? There was but one thing now. Nanon put the comb in her hair and overlaid it with those soft and abundant curls till not a star peeped to light, and over all she pinned a little black lace handkerchief, out of date as to fashion, but mightily picturesque. The necklace was worn under her high dress of dark silk, and for fear the shape of the ornament would show, she had tied herself up, as to the throat and shoulders, in a scarf of some delicate sort of lace. She looked like an invalid angel; but who cared? The jewels were covered up, and the evening looked in our hand-bag.

In the evening friends came in to see us. They stayed till ten o'clock, perhaps. Nanon, very tired, went up stairs before me a few minutes. When I reached our room, I found her sitting by the open window. She did not stir for a moment, but when I was partly undressed, said she had let her lace handkerchief in the parlor, and must go for it. Presently she came flying back.

"Oh, Jack, Uncle Ward wants to see you. Can't you put your cloths on and come down?"

"Why, what made him so late?" said I, rising hastily, for Mr. Ward was my mother's only brother, and had been like a father to me in my early orphanage.

"I don't know," she said, her face pale with excitement, "but hurry, dear; it is so late!"

I made good speed, as the old ballads say, yet when we reached the parlor there was no Uncle Ward there. I turned to Nan with surprise in looks and words.

"I didn't say he was here, dear; he wasn't. But there is a burglar in our room—under the bed! I think—and I want to get you down here."

"Nan!" I exclaimed.

There is, there is! Oh, Jack, I smell the horrid tobacco the minute I went in, but I thought he would suspect if I went, I think, and I opened the window so I

could call if you delayed long, and so you would not perceive the smell too and make remarks about it. Please get a policeman right away!"

What could I do? Could I tell that supercilious and condescending creature, the clerk, that my wife smelt a burglar and wanted a policeman? Yet I had faith to believe that she did, knowing her as I did. I took refuge in the presumed weakness of the sex, told Nanon to sit in the parlor. I came back, and with shame on my countenance and a lie to my tongue, represented to the clerk that my wife was very nervous, and had an idea not to be reasoned away that there was a burglar in our room. Would he kindly send for a policeman? With mild contempt on every lineament he rang a bell and gave the needful order, and in five minutes the article arrived. We mounted the stairs to 45 and began our search. There was no body under the bed or in the closet, but the policeman signed me to shut the door, and inserting a key from his pocket into the wardrobe door, which I suddenly observed was without the key Nan had used after putting away her cloak and hat, he laid violent hands on a slight, wiry, jilting fellow, who tried to slip past him, but submitted when he saw there were two of us.

On investigation next day he disclosed that we had been watched all the way from home, my wife's devotion to her hand-bag observed and understood, but from her not putting it down—an instant, and our transit from the station to the hotel being very brief and in broad daylight, it had been impossible to obtain possession of the prize, and he had resorted to lying in wait in the wardrobe till we should be safely asleep. The burg had been opened, of course, but only the empty cases found.

Neither of us slept much that night. The diamonds went to breakfast with us, and in a carriage from the hotel stable we conveyed them to the jeweller with whom we had before communicated. They were sold and the money deposited in a bank before dinner time, and we went home a much happier pair than we left it.

I had weighed in my mind by this time all the advantages and disadvantages of my wife's peculiar faculty, and concluded that its good outweighed its evil. With a satisfied and grateful heart I said again that night, "Bless your dear nose, Nan!" —Harger's Bazar.

## SMITHERSON.

A military-looking gentleman got off the train at Valden, the other evening, and stepped up to a party by the name of John on, who was standing near by, eagerly inquired:

"Excuse me, sir, but is your name, ah?"

"Smitherson?"

"No, sir, my name is Johnson."

"Do you know of any Smithersons hereabouts?"

"Smitherson, Smitherson—can't say that I ever heard the name before. Step over with me to Bell's saloon, and perhaps we will find some one there who can give information."

Over to Bell's they went. The bar room was full, and the inquiry went round:

"Bill, do you know any Smitherson?"

"Tom, do you know any Smitherson?"

So on. Not a single acquaintance of Smitherson could be found. The stranger seemed very anxious to find Smitherson and, as he left the saloon, a crowd followed him, a rumor having got about, (no doubt, taking its rise from the military air of the stranger) that a revenue officer was in search of a Government defaulter, or a crooked whiskey man. Up the street the crowd wound its way, and stopped in front of Hirsch's Hotel. By this time the entire town was aroused. "Smitherson" was on every lip. Mothers clasped their babies to their breasts and rushed towards the hotel. Negroes gazed anxiously at each other and contorted their lips into the semblance of an old-fashioned wood burning engine funnel, dissipated by a late collision in their endeavor to pronounce the word "Smitherson." Almost the entire town was now gathered about the stranger, and, as he opened his lips, you could hear a hog's whistle light on a bale of cotton.

"Friends," said he, "is there not a single man, woman or child, in this assemblage, who is acquainted with one 'Smitherson'?"

A dead silence followed.

"No one knows Smitherson, eh? Then my mission is at an end. It's of no consequence; I merely asked out of curiosity. I was once looking over a New York city directory, when I came across the name 'Smitherson.' Seemed to me a strange name, and I was curious enough to find out if any one by the name of 'Smitherson' existed in these parts. I am now inclined to think that there is not."

When the crowd ascertained that the stranger was merely a Bohemian editor on

a drunk, they dropped their brick-bats and allowed to go in peace.—California Cancer ratic.

Mr. Hepworth, Dixon's new look on America entitled "The White Conquest" (not yet reprinted here), has the following anecdote of a "heathen Chinese":—"You can form no notion of the impudence of these rascals," says a San Francisco magnate denouncing the Chinese. "Only the other day, in our rainy season, when the mud was fifteen inches deep in Montgomery street, a yellow chap, in fur tippet and purple satin gown, was crossing over the road by a plank, when one of our worthy citizens, seeing how nicely he was dressed, more like a lady than a tradesman, ran on the plank to meet him, and when the fellow stopped and started, just gave him a little jerk, and whisked him, with a waggish laugh, into the bed of slush. Ha! ha! You should have seen the crowd of people mocking the impudent heathen Chinese as he picked him up in his soiled tippet and satin gown!" "Did any one in the crowd stand drink all round?" "Well, no; the heathen Chinese either turned the laugh aside." "Aye, how was that?" "No white man can conceive the impudence of these Chinese. Moonface picked himself up, shook off a little of the mire, and, looking mildly at our worthy citizen, confessed like a girl, saying to him in a voice every one standing round could hear, 'You Christian; me heathen; goodness!'"

## VARIETIES.

The extreme height of mis-ery is a small boy with a pair of new rubber boots and no mud or slush in reach.

Forty-one re-headed girls go to one school in New York. Prediction: Forty-one bald headed men in the near future.

"You didn't laugh at my stupidity before we were married; you always said I was a duck of a love," grumbled a complaining husband. "Yes, that's so," replied the wife, and a duck of a lover is almost sure to make a goose of a husband."

"See here, concluder, why don't you have a fire in this bar?" "Well, you see, one of the directors is a clothing man, and another is a doctor, and another is a drug store keeper, and another runs a tomb stone factory, and you know in this world people must live and let live."

The wise man changes his mind; the ignorant man will not. The former will acknowledge his error and correct it, but the pertinacity with which the latter adheres to his opinions, always bears a just proportion to his ignorance.

A wee bit of a boy, having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish I'd got an amuzer house-keeper; I've got tired of seeing 'er round."

The Worcester Gazette says, "A Waterville girl worked the motto, 'I need the every hour,' and presented it to her chap. He says he can't help it. It takes him two hours to milk and feed the pigs, morning and night, and business has got to be attended to." If Waterville in this State is the one referred to, the Gazette may rest assured that it is the only town in this State where pigs are milked.

An ex-Governor of Nebraska tells the following story of himself: While on an electioneering tour in one of the frontier counties, he was lodged at a log hostelry where the accommodation was so scant that his Excellency and a son of the Emerald Isle were assigned to the same bed. On retiring the Governor remarked to Pat that he would have to stay a long time in the old country before he could sleep with a Governor. To which Pat replied, "Indade, ye'd have to be a mighty long time in the old country before yer Honor would be Governor?"

## Taking Advantage of Leap year.

"Young ladies have the advantage of saying anything they please during leap year," she said, eyeing him out of the corner of her eyes with a sweet look.

His heart gave a great bound, and while he wondered if she was going to ask the question which he had so long hesitated and feared to do, he answered, "Yes."

"And the young men must not refuse," said she.

"No, no! How could they," sighed he. "Well, then," said she, "will you?"

He fell on his knees and said, "Anything, anything you ask, darling!"

"Wait till I get through. Will you take a walk, and not hang round our house so much?"

And he walked.



Telegraphic News.  
Provincial Legislature.

Fredericton, March 21.  
(Special Despatch to Standard.)  
The following Bills were read a third time and passed.  
Bill to authorize the appointment of Parish Officers of St. Louis, Kent, for 1776.  
Bill to regulate winter roads in Madawaska.  
Bill to protect the low lands or intervals on the River St. John, Madawaska was agreed to in committee, with amendments.  
Also Bills to incorporate the St. John Woollen Manufacturing Company.  
To incorporate the New Brunswick Potato preserving company.  
To incorporate the New Brunswick Ice company.  
To empower the Common Council of Fredericton to issue Debentures to raise money for the completion of new City Hall.  
Hon. Mr. Crawford committed a Bill to establish a civil court in each parish for the collection of small debts; he withdrew the second section which took away the jurisdiction from Magistrates, the principle of the bill to appoint a Magistrate for each parish to have jurisdiction to the extent of \$40 in the collection of debts, and \$20 in actions for damages, was concurred in, and progress was reported with leave to sit again.  
The House in Committee agreed to the remaining sections of chapter "Justice Civil Courts" of the Consolidated Statutes with amendments.

London, March 20.  
Nearly all the railroads north of the River Tay remain more or less blocked by snow. The Caledonian lines are covered with snow 20 feet deep. The mail from Dunfermline to Perth, yesterday took fourteen hours instead of the usual forty minutes. The cold today is intense.  
All railways converging at Aberdeen are blocked by snow for the past 30 hours. Telegraph communication in Scotland is almost totally interrupted. Sixteen trains blocked on the Caledonian railway alone.  
Steamer *Isabel*, from Rochelle for Bristol was wrecked on Saturday night on Havener's Rocks between St. Ives and Lands End. Six corpses were washed ashore. The crew, 30 in number, all undoubtedly perished.  
The Italian Ministry has resigned. Signor De Pretis will form a new cabinet. The Seine continues to subside slowly.  
The Prince of Wales and suite arrived at Aden on their return from India.  
The long expected eruption of Vesuvius commenced on Friday night. Lava is flowing toward Pompeii.

Mrs. Gen. Grant's Watch.  
We copy the following nice little bit of jobbery from a United States exchange:  
Five years ago, General Ingalls presented to Mrs. Grant a unique gold watch. It is now with the following description printed on it:

MEMORANDUM.  
This watch was manufactured for presentation to Her Majesty Queen Victoria of England by Chas. Oudin, Paris, France. It represents the coat of arms of Great Britain. The stem indicates the crown of England. Instead of figures on the dial, twelve letters, "Dieu mon Droit," are substituted. The letter D next the stem, represents 12. Each letter is made of onyx and diamonds, set in crystal.  
On the reverse is shown the Order of the Garter, with the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock in diamonds.  
The watch is a stem winder, chronometer and repeater, striking the hours and quarters. In order to hear it strike, push with the thumb nail a small catch on the side of the watch toward the stem. The setting of the hands is done by pressing on the opposite a small projecting pin, and while the pin is depressed, regulate by moving stem. The crystal on each side is cut of solid Brazilian stone.  
The chain was prepared by Tiffany & Co. New York city, in leopine style, and consists of black enamelled armor plates, linked together with rubies and diamonds. The pendant is a locket in form of a shield, with a lone star of pearl on a black enamel field. On the reverse side is the letter G in diamonds.  
Before an opportunity offered to present the watch to the Queen, it was purchased by a friend of Gen. Ingalls, and shortly afterward fell into the latter's possession.  
It has never been worn, and has no duplicate in the world.  
It is now presented to the first Lady of the United States of America, Mrs. President Grant.  
117 West Thirteenth street, New York city, April 18, 1871.  
Compliments of Gen. Rufus Ingalls.  
General Ingalls had four copies of this memorandum printed, one of which has fallen into the hands of the editor of the New York Sun. The Sun says the value of the present was \$4800, and argues that the promotion of General Ingalls, four years afterward, to the office of Quartermaster General, was procured by this indirect bribery. General Ingalls, says the watch cost only \$180! The jewel alone would be worth ten times that sum.

Accident.—A correspondent informs the *Nova Scotia* that Matthew Doyle, a blacksmith, was severely injured while assisting in shunting cars at McAdam on Saturday afternoon.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO.—On the 30th inst. the managers of the International Steamship Co. will put a second steamer—the "City of Portland"—on the route between Boston, Portland and St. John. The third steamer owned by the company, the "New Brunswick," will not be fully put on the route the ensuing season, but will be retained for excursions to Philadelphia or to such points as it will prove profitable to run the boat.—*Portland Press*.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, MARCH 22, 1876

Publisher's Notice.  
We have given timely notice to persons indebted 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 LEGISLATURE is to use an oft repeated phrase dragging its slow length along, very little has been done, with the exception of the passing of the codified laws, a very necessary work, as it will clear away the rubbish which has been accumulating for years, simplify, and render easy the administration of justice, as far as the mystification of the law permits, and the ability of special pleaders "to make the worse appear the better cause" is frustrated.

The financial statement, submitted by the Provincial Secretary, is not one that will give much satisfaction, for several reasons: weak and undrilled as the opposition is, still there is ability sufficient among them to call for explanations on some items. The Government's friends think the expenditures excessive, particularly in certain instances; the officials certainly are not overpaid, but the sums expended are large. All this, and much more might be said by any friend of the government, who are the people's servants and not their masters, and it is only performing their duty for any members of the House to examine the public accounts, and demand explanation where it is necessary. It is not pleasing to learn that the expenditure was in excess of the estimate for 1875, \$6,242.27, and that the estimate fell short by \$18,583.82 the receipts being \$593,916.18—the estimate \$612,500.00. This, as we before said, is not a satisfactory exhibit. It is not easy, however, to judge of these matters unless one is on the spot to receive explanations, which, perhaps, may show the expenditures were positively necessary. In another column we give the Estimates and Income and Estimated Expenditure for 1876 from which it appears that reductions are to be made on some important items.

The Crown Lands affair was referred back to the Committee, before whom the Surveyor General will appear, and give, we trust, such explanations as will be satisfactory to the Legislature and country. Of this we feel satisfied, that whatever he has done, has been for the benefit of the Province, and that every dollar received has been faithfully accounted for. Outsiders cannot understand why accounts have been lessened or increased, nor would it be any evidence of statesmanship to make public the intentions of Government or their reasons for certain procedure, unless they were put on their trial before the "faithful commons." Besides it is manifestly unfair and un-British to condemn any one without being heard in his defence, and impartial investigation being held.

The Government will be pestered by applications for assistance to proposed Railways, and in the present depressed state of the Province, will require to act with firmness and resist the attempts to fasten a debt on the Province.

THE GRAND SOUTHERN RAILWAY.  
We learn, or more correctly speaking, the line between St. Stephen and St. John, is under contract to H. Blanchard & Co., of Boston. The work is to be commenced in May, to be completed by July 1878. Our St. George friends are energetic and will leave no effort unsparingly to have railway connection with the outside world; the opening of this railway will materially enhance the value of the lands near St. George, Lepreau and other sections. The manufacturers at these places will form an important item in furnishing freight for the road, and it is probable new industries will spring up which will promote their prosperity. The sum asked from the County in aid of the line is \$50,000. It has been surmised that this line is looked forward to as forming part of the proposed "Megantic Railway," and that the harbor of Letang is to be the shipping port. We give the report as received from authentic sources, merely adding that New Brunswick will surpass any Province of its area and population for being intersected by Railways.

LUNATIC ASYLUM.—The Report of the Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, a pamphlet of 18 pages, is an interesting public document. From it we regret to learn that lunacy is on the increase in this Province, a fact which cannot be denied, and it is equally impossible to assign the cause for such unpleasant information. At the close of the fiscal year, Oct. 31, 1875, there were 257 persons in the Asylum, being a larger number than any previous year.

Greenock Church Call Accepted.  
The members and congregation of the Presbyterian Church, St. Andrews, who have been without a resident clergyman since the lamented death of their late beloved Pastor, Rev. P. KEAY, A. M., will learn with satisfaction, from the following minute of Presbytery, that Rev. Wm. Richardson, A. M., has accepted the call recently tendered him. The Rev. gentleman preached here with much acceptance, last December.

A letter was read from Rev. Wm. Richardson, of Ontario, accepting the call to Greenock Church, St. Andrews. The induction was appointed to take place on Thursday, the 20th of April, at half past seven o'clock, p. m., Rev. Mr. Begg to preach and preside, Rev. Mr. Quinn to address the pastor and Rev. Mr. Millen the people.

An Open Sea Port During Winter Months.  
It appears from the debates in the House of Commons, that members from Ontario and Quebec assert that the Dominion has not an open seaport during the winter months, and urge the running of powerful steamers in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence to keep them open for the purpose of having Quebec become a winter seaport, and also the establishing a submarine Telegraphic system in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. The hon. member for Charlotte, Mr. GILLMER, indignantly repudiated the statement of Mr. Faragins and his statements that the only ports in the inner Bay of Passamaquoddy were in American territory was grossly incorrect.

Dr. TUPPER also said, "He was bound to concur with the hon. member for Charlotte with regard to the inaccuracy of Mr. Faragins in the particular mentioned."  
Mr. DOMELLE member for Kings County came nobly forward and said, "He thought it was hardly fair to the Maritime Provinces to say that St. John and Halifax were not open ports, and there would be communication with them all the year round through our own Dominion when the Intercolonial Railway was opened through. It was not long since they had the largest harbour ship in the world floating in the harbour of St. John; he alluded to the ship *St. Lawrence*. Halifax harbour, with few exceptions, was always open in winter. St. Andrews was also a winter harbour, and a good deal might be made of it eventually."

PATENT PIPE WRENCH.—We notice that our young friend Mr. EDWARD G. CLINCH, of Messrs. Clinch & Sons, Musquash, has obtained a patent for a new Wrench, from the Patent Office at Washington through the "Scientific American" Patent Agency of Messrs. Munn & Co. Those gentlemen have had 20 years experience in soliciting patents and have succeeded in obtaining for applicants SIXTY THOUSAND, in fact more patents have been secured through their agency than in any other part of the globe. They do not encourage an applicant, whose invention they deem worthless but honestly inform him that he cannot succeed; again, when they deem an invention, after due examination, worthy of a patent, they invariably succeed in obtaining it for the applicant. We trust that Mr. Clinch who has also patented his wrench in the Dominion will realize a handsome profit from his invention and we also congratulate him on his success.

"Far Away Birds have fine feathers." is an old English proverb, and one that can be applied to many accounts we have read of the advantages of Southern climate and fertility of the land, in South America and in California. We recently received letters from St. Andrews friends in both places describing in glowing terms the beauties of the climate, the great richness of the soil and the abundance of employment for industrious hands and heads. All right no doubt; but after all some of those very writers exchange localities, and there are worse places than our own Dominion. True, money cannot be as rapidly accumulated as in Australia or California, but the climate is as healthy, and people live to a good old age. Every country has its disadvantages as well as advantages, and those who enjoy that choice blessing health and have sufficient to live on should be content. We prefer encouraging immigration to emigration.

We are not disappointed in learning that the effect "protectionist" policy attempted to be foisted on the Dominion has received its quietus in Parliament. Free, unrestricted trade is what the great majority of the people want—and will have.

THE WEATHER has been variable for the past few days, high winds, cold, and yesterday blustery with snow; towards evening rain fell, the wind rose to a furious gale, the storm lasted all night, being the heaviest rain fall for some months. The streets are covered with slush ankle deep, and travelling in the country is heavy, the season however is so far advanced that the snow will soon disappear.

UNSOUD FLOUR.—Parties in the United States have made enquiries in the St. John market, whether unsound flour can be sold there. They did not receive encouragement as the sale of bad flour is sure to be followed by dangerous results to the seller. The fact that during last year the wheat while being harvested became heated, is well known, and accounts for what is known by housekeepers as "runny" flour. The supply of Canadian flour in this market is generally of good quality, "Tee Rose" brand and "American Pigeon" are reported as excellent.

THE ESTIMATES.  
The Provincial Secretary laid before the House the Estimates of Income and Expenditure for 1876, which are as follows:—

ESTIMATED INCOME FOR 1876.

Subsidies from Gen. Government, \$11,300,000

Casual and Territorial Revenue, 700,000

Fees of Prov. Secretary's Office, 600,000

Fees Supreme Court, 2,000,000

Fees Lunatic Asylum, 2,500,000

Refunded County School Loans, 21,500,000

Miscellaneous Receipts, 1,000,000

Total, \$614,000,000

Add balance on hand 31st Oct. 1875, 81,355,77

Total, 695,355,77

Deduct proportion of Dominion subsidies, belong to year 1877, say, 75,000,000

For old appropriations, say, 15,000,000

Total, 105,355,77

Available for appropriation of 1876, 594,955,77

ABSTRACT OF ESTIMATED EXPENDITURE 1876.

Executive Government, \$24,720,000

Legislature, 25,000,000

University of New Brunswick, 8,884,000

Immigration, 9,000,000

Lunatic Asylum, 2,500,000

Public Health, 7,000,000

Pensions, 180,000

Fishery Bounty, 1,000,000

Agriculture, 1,500,000

Judicial, 16,400,000

Auditor General, 1,000,000

Education, 120,000,000

Elections, 1,500,000

Provincial Debentures, 1,500,000

Contingencies, 11,000,000

Public Works, 175,000,000

Surveys, Gov't Inspections, &c., 3,000,000

Restry Marriage certificates, 1,000,000

Provincial Debentures, 1,500,000

St. John Public Hospital, 25,000,000

Deaf and Dumb School, St. John, 1,000,000

Free Grants Act, 8,000,000

Mining Operations, 20,000,000

To provide Judges' chambers St. John, 150,000

Debates House of Assembly, 1,120,000

Centennial Exhibition, 1,000,000

Manufacturers' & Mechanics' Exh'n, 500,000

Unforeseen expenses, 4,000,000

Total, \$519,571,000

Available Income, 594,955,77

Estimated Expenditure, 58,451,39

Unappropriated, 84,374,00

The "Devil's Chain," by Edward Jenkins, that wrote "Gin's Baby," has given to the world in this book a series of pictures in which the frightful abominations of the liquor traffic are presented without a single redeeming feature. The author plunges the scalpel to the very depths of this canker on the body politic and scurries not to lay bare the corruptions of all classes through the drink traffic. His object has evidently been to present to the English people the awful effects of the license system in such a way as to rivet them upon the attention of all classes, and in this he has succeeded well. That the picture is overdrawn we do not believe. No one will see in this book anything impossible or even improbable in a country granting such broad license to the liquor traffic. The book itself is sure to claim the reader's attention while the high reputation of its author will give it an immense circulation. It has already reached a second edition. Published by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

How A BRIDAL TOUR WAS CUT SHORT.—A gentleman named Bonnell started from Moncton a few days ago, with his newly wedded wife, on the most interesting trip which loving hearts can make together. When Conductor Trueman asked them for tickets they duly presented him with the necessary pastebord. "Where did you get these?" said he. The groom gave an answer that appeared to be satisfactory, and nothing interfered with the trip further. The gentleman put up at the "Waverly," but his visions of bliss were somewhat disturbed by the appearance of Mr. C. W. Weldon, the Deputy Minister of Justice. The upshot of that interview was that Mr. B. and his bride returned by special train to Moncton with Mr. Weldon, for the purpose of identifying the party from whom the tickets were received. This they did. The explanation of this proceeding is that a large number

of tickets between St. John and Moncton were recently found to be missing from the place of deposit at Moncton, and instructions were sent to the different Conductors to keep a look out for them. A couple of weeks ago, two of the tickets were presented to one of the Conductors, who knew them, but some difficulty arose about detaining the parties using them on their arrival here, and they got away to the West. In this case, the promptness of the Railway officials, acting with the Deputy of the Minister of Justice, secured the desired result. Mr. Weldon interviewed the suspected party, whose name has not been transpired, but who is said to hold a responsible position in the Department at Moncton. He partly admitted his guilt, but whilst steps were being taken to have him regularly committed, he escaped from surveillance, and, as last accounts the officers were after him. It is feared that he is not alone in this transaction. Mr. Bonnell, on whom, we believe no suspicion of wrong exists, concluded to stay at Moncton as he had got back there, and thus ended the bridal tour. The stealing of the railway tickets is, however, a very serious matter for the party implicated.

An Intercolonial Railway Clerk's Appropriating Tickets.  
Railway tickets have been missed from the Moncton office lately, and the Conductors have been on the look out for them. Nearly a hundred, it is said have been taken. One was presented the other day by Mr. Bonnell, who, in answer to inquiries, said he got it from a railway clerk in payment of an account. Mr. C. W. Weldon was called to Moncton to work the case up, and the young man became alarmed and went into hiding or fled. He admitted having taken six tickets and given them to Bonnell and other friends. He belongs to a highly respectable family, and is said to have no expensive vices. It is claimed, on his behalf, that owing to diseases from which he suffered some years ago he is incapable of understanding the real nature of such a breach of trust (this is said to be the legal definition of his offence) as he committed.—*News*.

The French Shore Dispute.  
The Nation commenting upon this disputed point says that the failure of the newly appointed Governor of Newfoundland's mission to Paris seems to have stimulated the Imperial authorities on the subject of the French shore difficulty. The London Standard announces that one of the first duties to be undertaken by Vice Admiral Sir A. C. Key, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief on the North American station is, to collect information respecting the Newfoundland fisheries from those actually engaged in them, and to ascertain fully the nature of the rights and privileges which are claimed by the French boats, having been dealt with by the Circles of office for more than half a century, these preposterous pretensions of the French in regard to an exclusive right of fishing, and a quasi territorial jurisdiction in the interest of the fishing, have now a chance of being effectually exploded, for they are supported by neither treaty rights nor common sense. That the British Government are now thoroughly in earnest about this matter would be more surprising were it not that the anomalous position of ten thousand colonists make further shilly-shallying dangerous. What the result of Vice Admiral Key's investigations will be, in our minds, a foregone conclusion.

New York, March 20.  
Ten inches of snow fell in Memphis, Tenn., last night. This is unprecedented. A fire this morning in Charleston, S. C., destroyed half a million dollars worth of property.  
Gold 114 1/2 @ 114 3/4.

A RUNAWAY BROUGHT BACK.—A youngster about 14 years old took passage for Portland in the steamer "Bernuda" last trip, without consulting his parents' wishes on the subject. He took with him his father's purse, containing about \$70, also without any consultation. A telegram was sent to Portland, and, on the arrival of the steamer, the lad was arrested and kept in custody until the steamer returned, when he was sent on board in charge of an officer and brought back, when he was delivered over to his parents. He had all the money with him except the price of the ticket.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

Singing in Chinese.  
The enlightenment of the Chinese in religious matters, more especially in singing, is a work of extreme difficulty. Mr. Walker, a missionary at Poochow, writes to the Missionary Herald:  
"There is one very serious drawback to the use of music as a means of preaching the Gospel in China. In singing, the words cannot be given, and this destroys the sense. For in Chinese, as a rule, every articulate sound represents at least two or three dozen different words, while the more common, such as 'ting,' 'ling,' and 'sing,' often represent two or three dozen different words, and without the help of the tones they have no meaning whatever. So when a hymn is sung to a Chinese audience who are not already familiar with it, it has scarcely more meaning to them than it would have to a foreigner just arrived. In fact I have sometimes just sung a foreign hymn to the audience, and then interpreted and explained it, and it seemed to answer as well as a native hymn."

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NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given, have by mutual consent the Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the name style & c, which expired this

The subscriber is authorized due to and by the consent St. Andrews, Feb. 5, 1876

COUNTY

THE County Court of lotte, will sit at St. Andrews, the 25th of March, next. At which time and place and other persons required are publicly notified to give

St. Andrews, Feb. 16, 18

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