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of Water Street,
Andrews.
respectfully announces to the
St. Andrews and vicinity,
ENDED A STORE at the
where he will keep for
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W. B. MORRIS
st. 4, 1871.

MAILS.

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draws, as follows:
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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

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[£2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 32

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 7, 1872.

Vol 39

BANK OF
British North America.
Head Office—London, England.

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Every Day from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.

JAS. S. LOCKIE,
MANAGER, St. Stephen.

Poetry.

JIMMY.

Jimmy and I are fellows for play!
Never tired of it, rain or shine.
Jimmy was six the last birthday,
While I was only—sixty-nine!

So little Master Commonsense
Gives himself superior airs,
Guiding my inexperience
By the wisdom under his own white hairs.

Sometimes it happens the hoary sage—
Over-anxious for Number One—
Turns to account my tender age,
And I am most atrociously "done."

No matter how it may chance to be,
Jimmy's argument never fails:
The copper is always wrong for me,
And Jimmy is winner, heads or tails.

Well, I have lived to be boy and man,
Dad and grandad, yet, I vow,
Never was I in my threescore and ten
Half so sharp as Jimmy is now!

And really the question bothers me,
As I stop in my play to look at him—
What will the Twentieth Century be,
If the Nineteenth's youngsters are all like
Jim!

—[Harper's Magazine.

Interesting Tale.

THE RECTOR OF RIVINGTON.
BY ELSIE B. CHESBORO.

The Rector of Rivington sat in his study. He was a venerable-looking man, on whose pale face some deep sorrow had left its trace. As he sat leaning thoughtfully back in his chair, his dark eyes fixed on the glowing clock in the grate, his countenance wore a troubled, anxious expression.

He was not alone; his daughter, a girl of eighteen, was with him, and her face, too, was clouded by sadness. As she tossed back her bright curls, and raised her eyes lovingly and trustingly to her father, who had so tenderly supplied her mother's place, proving that men, too, have a deep fount of tenderness in their nature, which at times can even be maternal; the parent's heart smote him for the pain he was inflicting.

But the rector of Rivington never paused when he had a duty to perform; however painful that duty was, he walked up unflinchingly to it, even as the brave soldier walks up unflinchingly to the cannon's mouth. Turning his sad eyes on his daughter, he said,

"My child, you know that your happiness is as dear, even dearer to me than my life, and I cannot willingly consent to your throwing it away."

"Yes, father," she said, while the tears gathered in her eyes, and fell slowly down in great drops on her lap. "I know how tenderly you love me, and how you have been father, mother, nurse, and friend to me, throwing only sunshine around my way, and shielding me from every sorrow, and—"

"Yes, my child," interrupted the rector, with emotion, "and will continue to do so, if you will only permit me. My child, my child, I cannot stand quietly by and see you throw the jewel happiness away, and not put forth my hands to stay you, my voice to implore you."

His tones were full of emotion, while his frame trembled with the intensity of his feelings.

"My child," he continued, "if ever a parent's heart is stirred to its deepest depths, it is when he sees the daughter he has tenderly nurtured link her fate with that of a drunkard. I cannot stand by and see this sacrifice without crying out, 'My

God, my God, give me the strength to bar out from my home this terrible evil; give me the power to shield and to save my child from this gigantic misery—a misery so deep that no plummet can sound its depths—its fearful depths."

Alice Carington's face grew deadly pale as her father spoke, and she cried out in tones of agony, "O father, spare me all this; I have not the strength to send from me the only man I love save my father. It is a dreary thing, dear father, for a woman to tear out from her heart the love of her girlhood and her womanhood, and to walk forevermore alone. How can my lips ever say to the man I love, 'Go, I cannot marry you.'"

My child, you must. I love him, father. Tear your love out of your heart, before it rends your heart, he said, bitterly.

O, father, she moaned.

Better that, my child, than hug an affection which can bring you only sorrow—a grief whose talon claws will rend apart your very body and soul. Alice, you know not what it is to be a drunkard's wife.

I will reform him after we are married, she said, eagerly.

Reform him first, and marry him afterwards, my daughter; but a woman sally overrates her strength when she marries a drunkard to reform him.

George Granville loves me, father; and you know where there is love on the husband's part, there is influence on that of the wife.

The rector shook his head sadly, and replied,

My child, where the vices of men are confirmed, women can possess very little influence over them. I know that your sensitive heart shrinks back at the idea of being a drunkard's wife; with your ignorance of men, you think that love can accomplish miracles with them, and that the drunken lover will prove a sober husband. Ah, my child, many a poor, foolish woman has wrecked her hopes of happiness on just such a fallacy as this.

The tears that had been slowly falling from the girl's eyes, now came down in torrents. She laid her head on the table beside her, and sobbed passionately. Her father was prepared to see her grieve, but he did not anticipate so wild a storm of grief as this. He knew that his child loved, with all the ardor of her affectionate nature, the man who had sought her in marriage; but one terrible falling overshadowed these qualities; he was a drunkard. He could plunge a woman into misery, but he could add nothing to her happiness.

And while the girl wept, the rector of Rivington sat with his eyes fixed upon her. He knew that he could give her no comfort; he might even seem, in her eyes, like the cruel destroyer of her peace; but with the bitter remembrance of the past still gnawing at his heart, he felt that he had a stern duty to perform; and with the help of his heavenly Father, he would do it.

He waited until her passionate grief had spent itself; then he approached her, and parting aside her curls, kissed her lovingly on her wet cheek. He drew her to a chair near him, and said, with deep emotion thrilling in his tones,

"My child, let me tell you the history of a man's life and a woman's death, and then answer me, if I do any wrong in crying out from the very depths of my heart, 'My Father in heaven, save my child, my precious child, from the doom of the drunkard's wife.'"

Alice Carington looked with wondering eyes at her father; she had never seen him so deeply moved, and there was a tone of agonized passion in his voice that told of some hidden woe.

The rector of Rivington leaned back in his arm-chair, and closed his eyes for a moment, as if looking inwardly. His face was pale, and it evidently cost him a painful effort to unearth the sad story that had been buried so long. At length opening his eyes and fixing them on the fire with that peculiar gaze which we sometimes see in the eyes of those who are exploring the dim recesses of the past, the rector commenced, in low, earnest tones, his story, while his daughter fixed her mournful eyes on her father as he thus spoke:

Clarence Medway was the son of an English gentleman, a man of wealth, culture and refinement. He gave his children every advantage which money could bestow, and his daughters and sons, with one exception, grew up all that the most loving parents could wish. But this one, this boy Clarence, was a wild dissipated fellow, plunging into shameful excesses, and wasting the precious hours of youth in the haunts of folly and the houses of crime. He gave his parents many an anxious hour, as such boys always do; fortunate, most fortunate was it for them that they slept the quiet sleep of the grave before this boy, dishonored and degraded, brought untold misery to the hearts that loved him.

The rector's voice trembled with emotion, but recovering himself, he continued:

This boy tenderly beloved by his parents, and

who had been so carefully reared, grew from bad to worse; and when he reached reached man's estate, he was a confirmed drunkard.

There lived on the next place to Medway Manor a lovely girl, named Alice Richmond, younger by a year than you, my daughter, for she was only seventeen. She was a sweet, dove-like girl, gentle and loving, the idol of her parents and friends, and rich in every blessing that made life desirable. There never had been a sorrow on her heart; and no minor note waivered through the songs that she sang. Oh, that so fair a life should have been so cruelly blasted,—blasted, too, by the man to whom she had given the priceless gift of her young affections.

Clarence Medway sought her in marriage. He hid from her his body and soul-destroying vice; she knew not that the man who breathed passionate love-words in her ears, was an habitual drunkard. She had heard him called 'wild' and in her girlish fondness, her girlish ignorance, she thought she could tame him down, and make him a quiet, sober, domestic husband. Her parents, however, knew that she was about to peril her happiness, and expostulated with her, my daughter, even as I have expostulated with you. But she could not see the great, black, frowning rock standing out in that seemed a smiling sea; she knew not how, on that rock, the rock of intemperance, her fairest hopes would suffer a cruel shipwreck. While the parents were expostulating, the lover was urging, and one stormy night, Alice Richmond, taking her destiny in her own hands, stole forth from her happy home and married Clarence Medway.

The rector of Rivington arose from his seat and hastily paced the floor. He stopped in front of his daughter, who was watching him, with sad, anxious gaze, and said,

There are some moments which sit like hideous nightmares upon the heart, and that we can only bear by God's help; and this is the memory of what I am now telling you.

Again he took his seat. It was evident that nothing but an overmastering sense of duty made the father confide this sad story to his daughter's keeping.

Well, they were married, this happy young girl and this drunken young man. The fatal step was taken,—taken by her with love and faith, taking sweet songs in her trusting heart. It took her some time to discover what an error she had made; how she had buried every joy; how she now stood on the desolate shores of a sad reality, far away from the peaceful pleasures of the old home that she had forsaken. What she suffered as the hideous knowledge broke upon her, none save herself could tell. Still she loved, and trusted, and hoped, and prayed; but the dark clouds grew more lowering, the more deeply her husband drank.

One year passed by; a year of misery to the drunkard's young wife, and a sweet child came to gladden her heart. Then came, when this babe was only a few months old, a scene so terrible that I can scarcely tell it to you. For weeks, Clarence Medway had drunk deeply, until, reason leaving its throne, he grew mad,—yes, mad as any lunatic chained in Bedlam. Raving and dangerous, his brain on fire with the accursed stuff he had been drinking, he was carried home from a low den to the young wife whose life he had made miserable. For days, that devoted wife hovered over his bed; shocked at his situation, crushed to the very carth by grief, she yet clung to the frantic maniac to whom she was chained by matrimony. He did not recognize her as she bent over him; he did not know who it was that loved him; his wild eyes, with pity but no fear. For days and nights that loving woman watched and wept,—wept as she heard the madman's ravings, and saw his fingers point to imaginary spiders which his disordered fancy saw on the wall.

One night, when the watchers, all save one, the loving wife, had withdrawn for a few moments into a distant room, Clarence Medway leaped from the bed, and seizing a loaded gun, which stood unobscured in a closet, levelled it at his wife and shot her dead—dead. Oh! my God, she died,—shot to the heart by the monster she called husband!

Large drops of agony stood on the rector's brow, and he covered his face with his hands; when he raised them again, his daughter started back, for he was then pale, and his lips trembled with emotion. But he went on with his story; he had no need to stifle to the task; there was too much at stake to cease now,—even his daughter's happiness.

This dreadful act, done in a fit of drunken madness, restored him to his senses. He threw himself on the ground wildly, and called upon the name of the dead wife who had loved him so tenderly and borne so patiently with him. But too late, too late! The pure spirit had winged its flight above, and the drunkard's wife had found rest and peace in heaven. Long and loud wails went up from that stricken man's heart; he implored forgiveness for the past, and for his dreadful deed; but, though the wan lips smiled on, they made no

answer. O, my God, my God! cried the rector, clasping his thin hands, I thank thee that thou didst, at length, pour peace into this miserable man's heart, for nowhere could he have found it but in thee.

It was decreed that he should drink more deeply of the cup of suffering. When the fearful deed was bruited abroad, Clarence Medway was arrested and thrown into prison. During those long and weary days of his imprisonment and trial, deprived of the accursed liquor that had made him a brute, a madman and a murderer, he came into the full possession of his senses. Then his eyes were opened, and he saw what a bitter wrong the drunkard did not only himself, but all who have the misfortune to love him. Stung in the solitude of his cell, as memory carried him back to his wife, crushed by the fearful crime he had committed; deeply humiliated by his painful position, Clarence Medway passed through his trial for the murder of the woman whom he had sworn to protect. I cannot go over the distressing details of that proceeding, when the life of this unfortunate man hung trembling between time and eternity. On the day the verdict was to be delivered, the halls of justice were crowded; silent the criminal sat, awaiting the words that were to consign him to life or death. They came, and as he stood up to receive his sentence, his ears heard the dreadful words, "Hanged by the neck until dead," then all grew black,—black as midnight,—and he was led away from the room.

All this while the girl had refrained from speaking, but these words seemed to electrify her, and she caught her father's hand convulsively, and said,

How did they hang him?

He walked from that dreary scene in the courtroom, my child, to his cell in the prison, and prepared to meet his ignominious fate. In vain his friends strove to obtain a pardon; petitions were sent to those in authority, but there was no pity for the miserable wretch who had murdered his wife in a fit of drunken delirium.

Time wore on, and the day of execution arrived; he had pressed his sweet child to his bosom for the last time, and rained tears of sorrow on its young head. His friends had taken a sad and solemn farewell of him, and now all that was left for him to do, was to mount the scaffold and give his life for that precious life he had taken.

The rector shuddered, and his thin fingers grasped nervously the hand of his daughter, that lay on his lap.

It was a lovely day, full of balm and beauty, when the gloomy procession moved from the prison. The gallows were reached, and the hangman stood ready to usher the soul into eternity. There was a breathless silence; the crowd stood around, some pitying the poor wretch who the demon drink had brought to this fearful end. Suddenly there was a loud clattering of horses' feet, and a shout went up—

Alice pressed her father's hand, as she exclaimed—

Thank heaven, he was saved!

A shout went up, replied the rector. A pardon! a pardon! and that man, with the rope almost around his neck, overcome by his feelings, fell fainting to the ground. He was removed by his friends from the scene, and in a quiet home they nursed him lovingly and forgivingly through the long fit of illness that ensued. They uttered no reproaches, for well they knew that his poor heart was tortured by the keenest of all reproaches, self-reproach. When he recovered, taking his precious child with him, he left the beautiful shores of England forever.

He selected a secluded village in America for his home, and the grace of God having visited his heart, he studied for the ministry, and was admitted to orders. On one subject—for they knew not his fearful story—the people among whom he lived, called him crazy; and that was the subject of temperance. His heart was stirred to its depths, when he saw the monster drink raging through the great Republic, blasting with his fiery breath the sweet flowers of home; laying bright hopes low; breaking hearts, and destroying reputations; killing the body and murdering the soul. This man went forth the sworn champion of temperance, imploring men, for the sake of the God who made them, for the sake of the friends who loved them, and for their own sakes, to break the manacles which made them slaves,—laves of the most cruel master under whom poor humanity ever served.

It is this sad, sad history, my child, that comes to me in warning tones, and save, save your daughter, while yet you may, from the miserable fate of the drunkard's wife, lest she, too, share the doom of Alice Medway.

The pale face of Alice Carington grew still paler, and she asked in low, eager tones

My father, who was Clarence Medway?

For one moment, the rector of Rivington

looked at his daughter; then he said, in tones whose touching pathos she never forgot,

Your father, my child, your poor father, she sprang from her seat; she threw her arms around her father's neck, and sobbed out passionately.

God pity you, my poor, stricken father.

He has pitied me, my child, even as you pity me.

And the father and daughter sobbed aloud as they drew nearer to each other in deepest sympathy and tender love.

Long years have passed since the rector of Rivington sat in his quiet study and told this sad story of his life to his young daughter. No longer young, Alice Carington now sits there alone; for her father has gone to his eternal rest. Her mother's history sank deeply into her heart, and she chose to live single, rather than to become a drunkard's wife.

Serene and happy, her days passed in deeds of gentle mercy, and she sheds around her the precious perfume of a pious life. She has folded the wings of silence over her early love, the remembrance of it never disquiets her, and she daily thanks heaven for giving her the strength to put away from her lips the glittering cup held by Love, in whose depths were concealed the deadly poison of despair.

Men of America, God has given us a good heritage; majestic rivers, lofty mountains, vast forests, a balmy climate, and a fruitful soil. Some flowers of Eden we still do inherit.

But the trial of the serpent is over them all.

This serpent is Intemperance, that is trailing its hateful fangs through this fair domain, crushing, as it goes, the beautiful buds of home, withering hopes, and destroying body and soul. This serpent it is that clings to us in our grand march onward, to stand side by side with our sister nations, their conquer in all save virtue.

Truly, it is time for the daughters of America to protest, when her sons are selling their fair birthright for a mess of pottage.

ACROPOS of the Daily Vandal style of treatment, so much talked of in the present era, we have seen no description of it so succinct and clear as the following: "The starboard sleeve bore a yellow pop vine in full leaf, on a red ground, with numbers of grey birds, badly imitated by the seams, flying hither and thither in wild dismay at the approach of a green and black hunter. An infant class was depicted on the back, and in smacking up the garment

truant scholars, were scattered up and down the sides and on the skirt; while a country poultry fair, and a group of hounds hunting, badly demoralized by the gashers, gave the front a remarkable appearance. The left sleeve had on it the alphabet in five different languages."

STORY OF A MISER.—The Italian, Turin, says the following scene occurred a few days ago at a railway station: "On a bitter cold day a millionaire applied at the ticket office for a third class ticket. 'What?' exclaimed the official, who knew him, 'you sir, take a third class on such a day as this?' 'Why, I must,' was the cool reply, 'since there is no fourth class.' 'I beg your pardon,' answered the official, handing him a ticket, 'but there is—here is one.' The man of wealth hastily paid for it, and rushed forward to take his place. On the door keeper asking to see his ticket the traveller produced it, but was rather taken aback on being told that the ticket would not do for him. 'And why not?' he exclaimed. 'Why, sir, because it is a dog ticket!'

We commend this to our brethren of the faculty at Bryn Mawr Hospital Medical College. It shows science and a kind heart: A celebrated physician was called upon recently by a person suffering from rheumatism, who insisted upon his doing something for him. The physician wrote a prescription, and as the patient went out of the room, said to him, I wish you would let me know if that does you any good, for I have myself been very much troubled with the rheumatism lately."

ANTI TOBACCO MOVEMENT.—Lady—"Ah, Leggett! I wish I could induce you to part with that pipe!" Leggett—"Why, mum, I shouldn't ha' thought you smoked; but you're werry welcome to it, and you'll find it as nice a little pipe as ever you put between your lips!"—Fun.

INFANT PRODIGY: "Why is your hair so gray, mamma?" "Well, because you're such a naughty child sometimes." "I. P.: "What a naughty child you must have been! Poor grandmamma's hair is quite white!"

Master—Hullo, Pat, where are you off to now?—on no good, I know. Pat—Faith, now, yer honour! for sure, I was going to look for you!

If you expect good cattle, look first at the calves; if you wish good men, look carefully after the children.

SUCCESS does not consist in not making blunders, but in never making them the second time.

Telegraphic News.

London Aug. 3.—Admiral Alden and the officers of the American fleet were banquetted yesterday by the mayor of Southampton at the ruins of Netley Abbey.

The London press consider the letters of Sumner and Banks and the alleged Democratic victory in North Carolina, indicative of the election of Greeley.

Thanksgiving services for the success of the new loan are to be held in all French churches to-morrow.

Monday will be observed as a holiday here and at Liverpool. The Bank of England will be closed. No business transacted on stock or cotton exchange.

New York, Aug. 3.—The New York "Herald" despatch says that letters have been received by Stanley from Viscount Enfield, Lord Granville, and Livingstone's son. Granville and Livingstone's son say they have no doubt of the genuineness of the letters from Dr. Livingstone.

The latest news from North Carolina states that the election is very close, and will require an official count.

Kookuk, Iowa, seven women and children were buried by the fall of a building. All were wounded—one fatally.

Gold 114 1/2 a 1/2.

Paris, Aug. 2.—Le Temps is inclined to doubt the authenticity of Livingstone's letters published by Stanley. It quotes the opinion of the German Geographer, Rupert, who discovered various geographical blunders in the letters. He thinks that a part of the narrative was invented by Stanley, and hence the whole is valueless, and hints that it is possible Stanley never saw Livingstone.

New York, Aug. 3.—Speaker Blaine has written a letter to Senator Sumner sharply denouncing the course of the latter in "announcing an open alliance with Southern secessionists," and lamenting the present "fellowship of Robert Toombs, Jefferson Davis and Charles Sumner."

The greater part of North Carolina remains to be heard from, but the Democrats confidently claim the State. The majority, who ever won, is likely to be small.

WORTH ATTENTION.—A case of scientific investigation at Cornell University, by Professor Low, is full of interest to farmers, and especially to dairymen. The milk furnished by the milkman attracted the attention of the Professor, by its peculiar appearance of the cream, which had a rosy look. When subjected to a powerful microscope, there appeared a large number of living organisms of different stages of growth. The investigation was pushed by the Professor, and the cause ascertained. The milkman admitted that he allowed his cows to take their drink from a stagnant pool, instead of giving them good, pure water. It was shown that the foul organisms are taken up by the cows when drinking such water, pass into the circulation, enter the blood, and even taint the secretions, making the milk a mass of filth. This fact has heretofore been brought to the attention of dairymen, and cannot be too carefully attended to by those having the care of cows for dairy and domestic purposes.

A Bad Habit.

There are certain newspaper writers who display a "vanity of information," which causes them to appear verbose and flippant; men whose egotism in efforts to make a show of superior knowledge gives rise to very disagreeable impressions upon the minds of readers who would cheerfully acknowledge a certain superiority of authorship, if the certificate were not thrust in their faces. Here is an example in point, chosen as a mild instance of the habit:

"I find a much earlier mention of Mr. Browning, or to speak more exactly, a mention of him at much earlier period, in Mrs. Mitford's charming 'Recollections,' etc."

Why did not the writer give the correct phrase at once: "I find a mention of Mr. Browning at much earlier period." Can there be any other reason for this folly than a feeling which may be interpreted as follows: "I know that the phrase just written is a bad one, most people do not know it, therefore I am going to show them what I know about grammar." So the author chooses a disagreeable way to do it, and the logical result is an egotistical writer, all of whom should be properly noticed in the catalogue which "some one" is going to make of "people I would like to kick—if I were not afraid."

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Wm. Innes, at Halifax, attempted to commit suicide while drunk the other day by cutting his throat with a pocket-knife. He miserably failed of success.

Captain Brown, of the Anchor Line of Steamers, and Mr. Stuart, a gentleman interested in Scottish emigration, paid a visit to Victoria County last week for the purpose of selecting a site for a Colony to be brought out from Scotland next spring. The place selected is in the Parish of Perth, on the eastern side of the St. John, and immediately above the mouth of the Mooniac. Here a short distance back from the river, it is contemplated to settle fifty families next Spring. Two will come from Stone Haven, Scotland. Captain Brown has made highly favorable arrangements with the Anchor Line of Steamers, for the passage of the Colonists across the Atlantic.

SUPPOSED MURDER OF A MISSIONARY.—It is reported that Rev. James G. Gordon, one of the Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church from the Lower Provinces, has been recently killed on Erromonga, one of the new Hebrides islands in the South Pacific. Rev.

G. N. Gordon was killed on the same island eleven years ago. The brothers were natives of P. E. Island and men of singular zeal and perseverance. There is some room still to doubt the truth of the report, which has come by way of San Francisco. When Mr. Gordon was last heard of by his friends in Nova Scotia he was on Erromonga, but not supposed to be in any danger.

Munificent Contributions.

The Wesleyans have met with great success in their movement to establish an Endowment Fund for the Sackville Institutions.

The Lieutenant Governor has subscribed \$1,000; Hon. Thomas R. Jones, \$1,000; William A. Robertson, Esq., \$1,000; A. L. Palmer, Esq., \$1,000; Z. Chipman, Esq., \$1,000; J. S. Turner, Esq., \$1,000; C. W. Wetmore, Esq., \$500; Capt. Prichard, \$500; A. A. Stockton, Esq., \$500; W. H. Tuck, Esq., \$500; Hon. G. E. King, \$200; Mrs. G. E. King, \$300; Mr. Berryman, St. Stephen, \$200; Hon. John McAdam, \$200; B. R. Lawrence, Esq., \$200; Isaac Burpee, Esq., \$200; Hon. W. Todd, \$1,200; G. W. Burbridge, Esq., \$100; J. Harrison, Esq., \$100; George Nixon, Esq., \$100. Other parties we believe, have subscribed with like liberality, the whole sum secured in New Brunswick thus far being about \$12,000. As \$12,000 was subscribed by the Conference, and an equal amount raised in Halifax, nearly \$40,000 of the amount required has thus been obtained in a very short period. \$60,000, we understand, is the minimum sum to be raised, the maximum being \$100,000.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, AUG. 7, 1872.

The Nomination for Parliament.

Ere another issue the nomination for the Dominion Parliament will have taken place. There is no doubt that the assembly will manifest that love of good order and friendly feeling which has heretofore characterized such gatherings in the County of Charlotte. The two Candidates should have a fair hearing. It was believed that Mr. McAdam would have been elected by acclamation, but it has been decided otherwise. Mr. Gillmor opposes Mr. McAdam. Well he does so, at the instance by request of some persons whose names have not yet transpired, but it is reasonable to suppose are not confederates.

Mr. McAdam comes out openly as a supporter of the Canadian Ministry, as they have shown their sympathy in favor of New Brunswick. He will probably refer to his career in the local Legislature and Government, and also to the measures brought forward by him and passed, for the benefit of the Province, and Charlotte County particularly. But it is not likely he will allude to his many generous acts, which, of themselves, would be an inducement to the electors to vote for him.

Mr. Gillmor may be expected also to refer to his experience as a representative. He will also probably allude to the public debt of the Dominion—the prospect of increased taxation—the revenue collected in the various Provinces, and other matters of interest.

Mr. Gillmor does not state in his card to the Electors, that he will support the present Government; but he does say, that if elected he will "enter Parliament independent as to the political parties now existing."

The candidates should state whether they will support the Government or the Opposition. We do not mean that they should give an unqualified support to the Government on all questions, but on their general policy. To elect an avowed opponent of the Ministry would be tantamount to disenfranchising the County—simply because he would be powerless to effect any good for the benefit of his constituents.

The movers and seconders may also have something to say in favor of the respective candidates. But after all the matter of choice may be said to be settled; the people's minds are made up.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.—If we can credit the reports in the American papers, it appears that Gen. Grant's prospects for re-election to the Presidential chair are becoming clouded. As was to be expected the Democrats are daily being united, and the Republican organization is said to be lessened by desertions from its ranks. Some of the leading men such as Sumner, Banks and others, are coming out strongly for Mr. Greeley. There are three months yet to recover from the shock, and there may be a change. The Democrats are strong and able bodies of men, and are putting forward all their strength to oust Grant and elect Greeley.

A SENATOR is wanted for Charlotte County. Mr. Mitchell has resigned his seat in the Senate and now the Western Section of the Province looks for the honor which it is entitled to—the appointment of a man from this county. The idea is a good one, and emanated from our big contemporary the "Courier;" we are willing to support his artillery with our small arms. But say, has not the position already been filled on paper for a Northern man. We sometimes guess facts.

Many applicants were disappointed at not obtaining some of the girls brought out by Miss Rye, but we had the pleasure of meeting that lady, who explained the real state of the case. The fact is she has had 900 applications, and is filling them up as fast as circumstances will admit; the truth is the demand exceeds the supply.

The Scotch Church Sabbath School Festival was held at Mowat's Grove, yesterday, and was largely attended. We understand that all present enjoyed themselves.

We have heard some reports prejudicial to our young friend and candidate for the local Legislature, Mr. John C. Brown, which as an impartial public journalist we deem it an act of justice to Mr. Brown to contradict.

It has been asserted that Mr. Brown has been solicited to offer for this County by Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Gough to oppose the local Government if elected. Now we know that the lamented John Bolton with the approval of other gentlemen invited him to offer, and tendered him their support and influence. Again, it has been circulated that he is opposed to the Free School Law; whereas he has never expressed any opinion upon the law, its benefits or otherwise. Mr. Brown comes out on his own merits, as a candidate to represent his native County, in the Legislature where his respected father served the County for upwards of a quarter of a century with so much credit to his constituents and honor to himself.

Pic Nic.—By reference to another column it will be seen that the congregation of "All Saints' Church," purpose holding a Pic Nic on Chamcook Mountain, Wednesday next. The spot is a delightful one, and the fact of an efficient committee having the affair in charge, all who go, may rely upon spending a pleasant day and enjoying themselves. The St. Andrews Band will be in attendance, and discourse sweet music.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Christopher Hatch, who has been in poor health for several months, was found dead in his bed, on Sunday morning last, at Mr. Bradford's hotel. Mr. Hatch was third son of the late hon. Harris Hatch, and in the 53rd year of his age.

At a Special Session held on Saturday last, Mr. Thos. Hipwell was appointed Commissioner of Highways for the Town, and Commissioner of the Alms House for the Parish of St. Andrews, vice Mr. E. Phelan, left the Province.

THE NOMINATION for St. John, took place on Saturday last. Full reports of the Candidates Speeches are given in the City papers. Mr. Tilley's defence of the Government, and of his own course during the past five years, was able, eloquent, and convincing, and will tell largely in his favor. It is pleasing also to know that the four candidates who offer for the County are supporters of the present Ministry. It is admitted on all hands that Mr. Tilley will be elected by a handsome majority. The truth is St. John cannot afford to lose him, nor will the anti-confederates who are opposing him with perhaps a few confederates, who have become discontented because they have not succeeded in obtaining offices—reap any advantage from their factious opposition.

Mr. Elder's address to the electors was a clear and candid confession of his views on those questions which are of moment to the people, and exhibited an amount of independence creditable to him. Mr. Barpee's plain and to the point. His election is a forgone conclusion.

THE ENGLISH LABOR-STRIKE.—The labor-strikers in England see results not anticipated by them. Having first struck to obtain higher wages, they now strike for lower prices for food, clothing and housing. Every article entering into the daily consumption of a family has grown dearer within a few months. Coal is much dearer. From Sheffield and Manchester and Leeds intelligence comes to us that in those manufacturing strongholds all articles produced by factories and shops have advanced in an unprecedented manner; and hardware 20 per cent. over old prices. It is the same with all other articles. The workmen of England receive, on an average, 15 per cent. more than before they struck, but pay 20 per cent. additional for everything they buy.

A NEW PAPER.—Catalis has two weekly papers, and is to have still another. It will be issued from the press of John A. Sears, under Liberal-Republican auspices, and will be more especially devoted to advancing the interests of Hon. E. A. Pike, who has been nominated for Congress by the Liberal Republican and Democratic Convention.

The Contest in Charlotte.

Our advices from Charlotte County, though silent as to Mr. Brown's movements in support of his candidature, state that the contest between Messrs. McAdam and Gillmor for the Dominion representation of that constituency is growing lively. Mr. Gillmor is, it seems, drawing around him the irreconcilable elements that still exist in the County, and aspires, we are told, to be an humble but admiring follower of Mr. Anglin in the House of Commons. If Charlotte desires a Dominion representative of the Anglin type, it should elect Mr. Anglin himself. It is true, he is engaged in Gloucester just now; but for all that there can be no doubt but he would prefer the representation of Charlotte to that of the far North Constituency. Therefore, if Charlotte wants an Anglin man, let it take Mr. Anglin to its political heart.

If Charlotte does not cover the distinction of having a representative in Parliament devoted to Mr. Anglin's fortunes, it will not, of course, accept of Mr. Gillmor's proffered services.

Mr. McAdam's prospects in the border constituency are highly promising. We are not surprised at it. He is sound on all points of importance to the Charlotte County electors. He is not an irreconcilable obstructive. He would not go into the House of Commons to play into the hands of the Grit Sectionalists. He would watch well over the interests of his country and Province and at the same time have an eye to the general good. As at present advised, we conclude that Mr. McAdam will be elected by a handsome majority to serve Charlotte in the new Parliament.

THE RESULT THUS FAR.

Up to last evening the following Ministerialists had been elected to represent the constituencies named:—

IN ONTARIO: Sir J. A. Macdonald, Mr. Kirkpatrick, "Currier, "Lewis, "Belletre, "Cockburn, "Merritt.

IN QUEBEC: Mr. Pope, "Brooks, "Macdougall, "Wright, "Belletre, "Baby, "Tourangeau, "Lacerte, "Price, "Langevin, "Colby.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK: Mr. Mitchell, "Pickard, "Smith, "Farris, "Connell.

SUMMARY.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has an excellent portrait of Brown, the champion sculler, sitting in his boat off Digby wharf, from a sketch by E. J. Russell; and a particularly fine view of the Mount Allison Wesleyan College and Academics, from a sketch by Prof. Grey. It has a picture of Horace Greeley, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland sketches, &c.

The Hon. J. J. Fraser was returned as Provincial Secretary, in York on Saturday, without opposition.

The potato bug is making terrible ravages in some parts of Ontario. Paris green and flour sprinkled in the early morning is the best remedy.

A coffee adulteration has been discovered which deserves to be ranked with the invention of wood-nutmegs. Some green Rio coffee, when prepared in the usual way, yielded a decoction of such peculiar taste that a close examination was instituted, which showed that more than one-fourth of the beans, though resembling the coffee bean externally, swelled up when moistened. They were formed of bread, pressed into form and coloured.

A woman, worth \$300,000 though morally worthless, was lately arrested in San Francisco for habitual drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and it was found that she had become insane through dissipation.

A Dutchman, during a fit of temporary insanity, recently tried to blow his brains with the bellows, and miserably failed to accomplish his villainous design.

There is a cashier of a bank in Massachusetts who has not taken a vacation for twenty-seven years.

San Francisco ruffians have taken to disposing of obnoxious parties by dropping torpedoes into their horses. One was thrown into a parlor a few days since and demolished doors, windows and furniture.

A woman, reputed to be worth \$200,000, recently ordered "half an ice cream" at a confectioner's in Biddeford, Me., and after finishing it paid her eight cents. Then, as she was passing out of the door, she seized a lump of spruce gum, saying, "I overpaid you half a cent; this will make us about even."

A recent eclipse was celebrated by the natives of Allahabad, India, in the usual manner. Vast numbers, in holiday trim, with wives and children, hurried down to the confluence of the two rivers and shouted with a great shout as they saw Rahn attack the sun with his voracious jaws. One of them, who went in to bathe, fell into the "voracious jaws" of an alligator, and suffered a permanent eclipse, disappearing from his friends forever.

One Wm. McDonald, of St. Martin's, N. B., has just taken out a patent for a grate so contrived as to offer no obstruction in the way of driving. It will open as the wagon or carriage comes up to it, and will shut automatically, thus supplying a want long felt by farmers and others in the country districts.

The facts of a horrible tragedy enacted recently at Howell's station, in Rankin County, Miss., indicate that through this is the nineteenth century, a portion of the population is still in the darkness of the fifteenth. An aged colored man employed on a plantation adjoining Howell's station, was seized by a gang of negroes on pretence of being a conjurer, tied to the railroad track, and partly beaten, partly burned to death. The next morning he was found twenty yards from the track stone-dead. The murderers were arrested and lodged in jail.

The notorious James McCarron, who it will be remembered was sentenced to the Penitentiary for various crimes among which was that of robbing the Catholic Church in this city, escaped from his keeper on Thursday. A reward of \$100 is offered for his recapture.

South American tourists should hasten to ascend the Andes while yet there are any Andes to ascend. The highest peaks have sunk to a low figure, situate on Queen street, formerly occupied by late Judge Chandler.

The House contains four large rooms and four bed-rooms, kitchen and out buildings, with an excellent garden and never failing spring of water; cellar frost-proof. Excellent view of the Harbor, surrounding country, and State of Maine as far as the eye can reach.

If not disposed of at private sale up to the 17th of August next, ensuing, it will then be offered at Public Auction, on the Market Square, at 12 o'clock, noon.

B. LEARY, St. Andrews, N. B., July 29, 1872.

BIRTH. At St. Stephen, on Sunday evening, 4th inst., the wife of Jas. S. Loukin, Esq., of a son.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Christopher Hatch, aged 53.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED. July 25, schr. Esther, Maloney, Boston, ballast.

26, Sarah Glass, Glass, Providence, ballast, Robinson & Glenn.

27, Broadfield, Britt, New York, 173 tons coal, R. Ross.

Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, sundries, 29, Olive Matilda, Stinson, Boston, ballast.

Aug. 1, E. Bowby, Clark, Boston, ballast.

July 27, schr. Harriett, Sheehan, Boston, 2220 sleepers, Goodnow & Co.

Aug. 4, Esther, Maloney, Boston, 2500 sleepers, Goodnow & Co.

Essexfield, Britt, St. Stephen, ballast.

5, Sarah Glass, Glass, Boston, boards and sleepers, Robinson & Glenn.

PIC-NIC! THE ANNUAL PIC-NIC of the CONGREGATION OF "All Saints' Church," under the direction of an efficient committee, will be held on

Chamcook Mountain, (The use of which has been kindly granted by the Proprietors, the Messrs. Townsland.)

ON WEDNESDAY next, the 14th inst. Trains will be run from St. Andrews at intervals during the day for the accommodation of all wishing to attend.

Connections made with the steamboat for St. Stephen, Calais, St. George, and St. John, who will carry excursionists at reduced rates.

The "ST. ANDREWS BRASS BAND" will be in attendance.

REFRESHMENT TABLE on the grounds, with a bountiful supply of edibles, at picnic prices. For further particulars see posters.

JOHN S. MAGEE, Sec'y to Com. Aug. 7, 1872.

For Cheap Dry Goods,

MILLINERY,

Best Rouillon

KID GLOVES.

Go to JOHN S. MAGEE'S,

Albin House, St. Andrews,

IN THE SUPREME COURT, In Equity.

Between Henry Wickham, Charles Evans Thomas, and John Field on the part of themselves and the other Debenture holders in the New Brunswick and Canada Railway and Land Company (Limited), Plaintiffs, AND

The New Brunswick and Canada Railway and Land Company (Limited), Defendants.

I appoint Tuesday, the twentieth day of August next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Railway Offices in Saint Andrews, as the time and place for the examination of Statements Nos. One and Two of Receipts and Disbursements, from the 1st January, A. D. 1871 to 1st July, A. D. 1872; and Statements Nos. One and Two of Receipts and Disbursements from 1st July, A. D. 1871, to 1st January, A. D. 1872, of the Accounts filed by the receiver in this cause, on the 6th day of June last past, and by order of this Court returned to me for report thereon.

Dated this twenty-third day of July, A. D. 1872. BENJ. H. STEVENSON, Barrister.

Valuable Property FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers his House and Lot for sale at a low figure, situate on Queen street, formerly occupied by late Judge Chandler. The House contains four large rooms and four bed-rooms, kitchen and out buildings, with an excellent garden and never failing spring of water; cellar frost-proof. Excellent view of the Harbor, surrounding country, and State of Maine as far as the eye can reach.

If not disposed of at private sale up to the 17th of August next, ensuing, it will then be offered at Public Auction, on the Market Square, at 12 o'clock, noon.

B. LEARY, St. Andrews, N. B., July 29, 1872.

