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SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, NOV. 1, 1871

Vol 38

Poetry.

JEAN.

Nae mair will I press your hand, Jean,
Nae mair will I kiss your cheek,
Naething is left of the love, lass,
Ye swore to me yester week:

Naething is left of the dream, Jean,
That was as sweet and fair,
For a' the joy I was dreamin' lass,
Has vanished awa' in air.

Ye might hae told me the truth, Jean,
When I asked ye face to face;
I wanted your whole love, lassie;
Ye've gi'en me a second place.

You might hae told me before, Jean,
That ye lo'd our Jamie sae true,
That ye'd gie up lair and siller
To hae him at home wi' you.

My pair heart would hae been weel, lassie;
I lo'd wi' it a', but ah,
You might hae told me the truth, Jean,
Ye'd no love to gie awa'!

Interesting Case.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

A handkerchief lay upon the doorkill. It was a white, fine handkerchief of soft cambric, trimmed with lace, and spotted, nay, soaked, with blood. I knew that it was blood in an instant. Nothing else could make a stain like that—so red and terrible.

It was an awful sight to see on the threshold of that room, in the pure light of the spring dawn. I could not speak or cry out.

For a moment I could not move; I could only stare at that object on the floor, and at the blot, red and bright, as of a smearing hand, on the panel of the door. What did all this mean in the name of heaven?

At twelve the previous night I had said, "Please, Ned, dream, Guy," and he had answered, "I shall sleep too sound for dreaming; for I am very tired. Be sure and wake me at six, Ned." Then had "Good night," and I "Good night" also, and that was the last. Who had entered that room since? Whose handkerchief was that on the sill? Whose fingers had made that mark upon the door?

With a shudder, I broke a dream spell which lay upon me, and burst into the room. The window was wide open. The long lace curtain had fluttered out, and was tangled in the branches of a vine which grew there. The clear faint light of earliest day lit the room; and by it I saw lying in the middle of the chamber, with his face upon the floor, in a pool of blood, my cousin Errol. Then I found voice to scream aloud.

Help! help! There has been murder done! And the room grew dark before me, and I staggered back, clutching the wall.

Only for a moment; the next, hurried footsteps coming down the stairs, wild cries, a woman's scream, a man's cry. The room was full, and they looked at him helplessly, as I had looked not knowing what to do. In a few minutes two amongst them—an old man and a lad—had lifted the body up, and laid it upon the bed—a terrible thing to see, with set teeth, and staring eyes wide open.

It was a servant girl, I think, who ran for the doctor, and brought him to look at the dead man, to whom no physician's art could give breath again. And soon there were two policemen in the room, and a crowd about the door, and curious neighbors coming in to make inquiries of the terrified land-lord.

The rosiest faces in the house were pallid. There were strange quivers in all their voices. They huddled together in silent groups, as though for protection. Even I, who loved Guy, so well, felt rather horror than grief as yet.

Murdered—murdered, in his own bed, in a quiet, respectable hotel, in a country town, on the very eve of his wedding-day, with not an enemy that I knew of in the world; a generous, great-hearted fellow, with a heart full of love for everybody, who had said to me, as the moon arose the night before, "To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life."

When the coroner questioned me, I had little to tell; but the handkerchief was examined, and in a gaping wound in the breast was found the point of a small stiletto, hardly larger than a needle, broken off as it seemed, by the struggles of the victim.

The porter to whose duty it was to see to the fastenings of the doors, had her report to make also. The night before, while we were out, a woman had called and asked to see my cousin Guy Errol; a tall, poor-looking person, with her face muffled up in a handkerchief. The portress left her a moment to inquire if he was at home, and

return with a negative answer; to find the woman and the doorkill gone. No robber had ever entered the house; so she trusted to the common latch, and said nothing about it. In the morning the door was as she had left it. It was very strange—the night before my cousin had missed his bed-room latch key, and we had laughed together about the getting rid of it just as he needed it no longer.

No one had laughed louder than the young Spaniard, Don Cabello, who had grown so intimate with Guy of late, and who sat so close beside him at that moment. It was at the house of his betrothed; and she, Cornelia, was standing in the window, looking out at the moon. She had been very grave that evening, but that was not surprising in one who was to leave her childhood's home on the morrow.

When we laughed, I saw her, by the mingled light of the moon, and the shaded lamp on the mantel, shudder from head to foot, and in a moment she arose and crossed the room, seated herself at her mother's feet, and hid her face in her lap.

There she sat all the evening. Guy went to her in a little while, and drew a chair close to where she sat and played with an accepted lover's boldness, with her golden curls. Just then Don Cabello took up a guitar which stood close by, and began to sing. The words were Spanish, but I understood enough to know that it was a love-story—one which breathed this sentiment: "I will win my best beloved, though the whole world should say nay." And his eyes glittered and his cheeks flushed, and I thought—

"Far in the groves of Spain doth dwell,
Some maiden whom that youth loves well."
The next day appeared when the song was done, but Cornelia never lifted her head or spoke one word. To me she said "Good night." To Don Cabello—by chance of course—"Good-bye." To Guy she only gave her hand, but he drew her into the shadow of the vine-arbour, and they were alone together a moment.

When Guy rejoined us in the garden path Don Cabello said, "So! it was sweet—that last line."

And Guy blushed like a girl.
That was a few short hours before; and now while his bride waited for him in her wedding garments, he lay there dead—murdered by some unknown hand, and on the morrow the task of telling Cornelia that he was no more, I shrank from it with terror.

I, who was to have been "best man"—who had sympathized with that love since its first dawn—who had said often, "Guy and Cornelia are made for each other." I loved him like a brother, and towards her I felt as towards a sister. Yet there was no one else.

Suddenly I thought of Don Cabello. I sent for a cab, for I was as weak as one in a fever, and drove to his hotel. I found him in his own apartment lying full length upon a lounge, smoking a cigar. When I stood before him, pale as any sheet, I am sure his cheeks blanched also.

Edward, my friend, he cried, what has happened?

And I answered, Guy is dead!

He stared at me. Then he said, "Is this some joke, some phantasm?"

Don Cabello had been pale before—he was livid now. Great drops stood upon his forehead. He gasped out, "Tell me—what has happened? When was it? Who is suspected?"

But when I had told the story as I knew it, save that I did not speak of the bloody handkerchief, for some inexplicable reason, Don Cabello would not undertake the task I longed to impose upon him.

I cannot tell Miss Cornelia; I should wonder and be abrupt, he said, in his soft Spanish accent. Look; I am not brave enough; see how my hand trembles.

As he held it up, it truly shook like an aspen leaf.

And so I went alone. I remember little of the scene—only the mother standing with clasped hands before her daughter in her wedding garments; and her bridesmaids, awestricken like two fair statues; and Cornelia, first staring at me with wild, wide open eyes, and then seeming to freeze into ice as we looked at her, motionless and white; then, suddenly, without a word or cry, falling to the floor and lying there, like one dead. There she lay for hours, and was very ill afterwards for many days.

So I waited until the last and rites were over. I did what I could to discover some clue to the fearful mystery; then important business forced me to leave the place for several months. But I took with me two things fastened from sight, in a little basket—the bloodstained woman's handkerchief, and the point of the stiletto, which had been broken in my cousin's bosom. By means of these, I had sworn to discover the murderer before I died. I felt sure that I should do so, though as yet I had not the faintest suspicion to lead me, not a clue of any kind.

I was absent about six months. During that time I never heard from Cornelia or her

parents. On my return, my first visit was to the woman whom I almost looked upon as having been my cousin's wife, whom I expected to find heart broken; who, for all I knew might be dead or mad—for hearts and minds both break for sorrow, sometimes.

I could have wept for very shame, as I took my way along the pretty, quiet street. As I entered the gate I saw the outlines of two forms under the trees at the farther end, and bent my steps that way.

As I came near I saw that one was a woman, whose golden hair and exquisitely moulded form told me, though her face was turned from me, that it could be no one but Cornelia. The other was a man, and his arm was about her waist, and her head rested on his shoulder. Did I dream, or had some new love blotted Guy's memory so soon from the heart of his betrothed? With hasty steps and painful brow, I strode on, and stood before them. It was indeed Cornelia; and her companion was Don Cabello. They saw me, and stood apart. Then he, with his own light musical laugh, outstretched both hands.

Welcome back my friend Edward, he said; we have thought of you, and talked of you, and this new moon brings you.

And Cornelia put her hand out also—her little white hand; and though I was wroth with what right had I to speak. So I kept silence.

In the house we found the good old mother and father. They at least loved Guy, and his friend and cousin they welcomed me. Apart from Cornelia and Cabello.

We feared the blow would kill her; but Don Cabello has been so kind and gentle, he has healed the wound I think. They are to be married in the spring.

To them I would not say what I thought of Cornelia, though I could not command myself to utter meaningless compliments. But the next day, when Cornelia and I were by chance alone with each other, I said to her, in the old time Cornelia when I thought you loved Guy, I used to say to myself, May heaven send me such another girl. Now, I pay that I may never love a woman.

Why? she asked faintly.

Best when the turf lies over me she should forget me as you have forgotten him.

I have not forgotten Guy, she replied.

I laughed bitterly.

If you knew all, she said, you would think better of me, perhaps. Did you never guess? I fear the whole world would read my heart sometimes. I was very young when I betrothed myself to Guy—very young indeed.

But you were engaged some years.

Yes, she answered. Oh, Edward I was such a child that I did not even guess how I would feel, and I thought I loved him. I might have thought so still, had I never seen Cabello. When he came here he did not know that I had promised to be Guy's wife.

And she paused and covered her face with her hand.

He told me that he loved me, she said, and I knew I loved him. But I had no thought of breaking my faith Guy. I told him I was betrothed. I forbade him to utter such words to me again. I hoped he would never enter our doors, and tried to put away thoughts which I felt very wrong. Guy was good and kind. I uttered a vow he'd never guess that I did love him as I thought. But Edward, you know Cabello came here still even upon the day of his wedding; seeing him could not forget him. But I did my duty to your cousin; I was true to Guy in word and act. That evening Edward, Cabello came early. I was alone here. I was sad and weary. I felt that he should have stayed away. I despised myself for my weakness. In this very room where I am sitting now, I sat, and he came and sat down beside me. Then he spoke fiercely, so he frightened me. You are a miserable sense of duty. You shall not speak thus, I cried. You insult me! Go! But pride gave way, and in my anguish I was mad, he said. On the morrow he would depart, and I would never see him more. He kissed my hands and took from them a handkerchief which I held. This has wiped away your tears, he said; let me keep it. And he laid it on his heart. You came then with Guy, and know the rest. I thought that night I had hidden him good bye for ever. And I would have been a good wife to Guy—would have learned to love him in time, for he was very good, and deserved all love and tenderness. But that night ended all. Fate interposed a barrier between us. He was dead. At first, I was a prey to remorse and sorrow; but by and by—Edward! forgive me as Guy does, if he can look upon me from heaven—Cabello loves me—I love him. What could I do or say?

As she spoke, an awful fancy dawned upon me. It grew and strengthened—it stabbed sharply. I tried to drive it away, but it was immovable. Against my own will I felt constrained to ask the question:—

You say he stole a handkerchief from you; what was it like?

A twin to this, she answered, with a wondering glance, as she drew one from her pocket. They were worked by the Moravian nuns in the same pattern.

Will you lend me this? I say.

She looked puzzled. I think she thought: my brain wandering, and rather permitted me to take the handkerchief than give it to me.

After that, I could not rest until I found myself in my lodging, and locked in the room where I had kept my trunks. In one of these the casket I had told you of was kept. I looked at it ten minutes before I dared to open it.

Then when the casket was unlocked, I spread Cornelia's kerchief on the table slowly. I examined it carefully. Then I unfolded that blood stained one, and spread it beside it. I could not look again for a long time, but at last—yes, at last I took courage. Cornelia had said that the handkerchief Don Cabello had taken was a twin to the one she held. I had found that twin! Every rosebud, every leaf, every dainty scallop—the blood stains only distinguished one from the other.

How many hours I sat there staring at the terrible proof of the soft voiced Spaniard's guilt, I do not know! but the sun was setting when I arose, and the sky was streaked with crimson and flecked with gold. In such a scene of sunset radiance Guy and I had walked to Cornelia's house on that evening before his murder. The thought nerved me. One more proof and I was armed against the Spaniard. I had no doubt of gaining it. For the time, I seemed almost gifted with second sight.

I folded the two handkerchiefs together and placed them in my bosom. There, also, I concealed the tiny point of the stiletto, and with those in my possession, took my way to the hotel where Cabello dwelt.

In his room, I found him putting the last touches to a toilet which would have been as diffident on any other man, but which was only elegant when worn by him. He was going to some place of amusement that evening with Cornelia, and was in haste.

I bowed with his peculiar courteous grace, and as I looked at him and thought of him, I could not wonder that he had won Cornelia's heart. I could scarcely believe that of which I fancied I had proof.

Then I said to myself, "There are other handkerchiefs like these. Guy himself may have had one belonging to Cornelia. Unless I find the weapon from which this point in my bosom has been broken, I will keep silence."

Then I closed the door, and locked it, and began my search. I opened delicate boxes full of perfume; I opened boxes where jewels lay, cases of combs and brushes, and elegant accessories to the toilet. Then I came to a case of weapons, and my heart beat fast; but what I feared to find was not there.

After this, I thoroughly searched the rosewood bureau. Dainty piles of garments, lined like snow, cravats of splendid hues, slippers and smoking-caps. Save these, I found nothing, until I came to a small drawer which was locked. I paused. Already I felt like a thief in this receptacle, probably, Don Cabello kept money or valuables. Let me pause here, and return—bury my suspicion in my own heart and allow Cornelia to be happy.

I turned away. My hands was upon the lock of the door, when, whether it was imagination or reality, I know not, something rustled like autumn leaves blown by the wind; and, turning, I saw for one moment the form of my cousin, Guy Errol, standing beside me. A shadowy figure pointed to that locked drawer; a ghastly voice whispered, "Avenge me!" and it was gone.

Gone! No sign remained of its presence—no sound, no shadow told that it had been there. But a power moved me to act. I went to the case of weapons. I found a pistol, loaded, amongst them; and deliberately I placed the muzzle at the key hole of that drawer, and blew off the lock. When the smoke cleared away I opened it. Within I saw a roll of calico—nothing more. Yet this was nothing; for, unfolding it, I saw a woman's kerchief, with ragged edges. It was soiled with dust; and there were spots upon it—red and dark spots of blood. The garment dropped from my hands, and, as it fell, I heard the clink of metal. I caught it up again and felt it all over. In the skirt was a pocket—in that pocket something hard.

I drew it forth, and saw a stiletto, tiny and elegant, with gold and gems encrusted on the handle, and—"the point gone!"

Half an hour after this I stood in the parlor of Cornelia's home, with a relentless purpose in my breast. I was waiting for the return of the two lovers—waiting as some wild beast in the forest waits for his prey. By-and-by I heard them. Their feet kept lightness time on the path, of the old garden. They came in laughing—two beautiful human beings as the moon ever shone on. I stood before them like a ghost.

I think he guessed something of the truth by the way he looked at me. And she—oh, how her face changed in an instant as she cried "Oh, Edward, Edward! what fearful thing has happened?"

Ask him, I answered; ask Don Cabello Rogot. Ask the murderer of your betrothed husband!

I shall never forget her white face, or her voice, as she screamed, "Edward is mad, Cabello! It is false, false, false!"

Yes, he answered. He is mad—quite mad. He has no proof—no—

He paused suddenly, and caught Cornelia to his heart.

Look! he cried; He is jealous—he would divide us! Fear not, my best beloved!

I sprang forward. I interposed between them. Don Cabello, I cried, remember the blood-stained handkerchief dropped at my door; remember the broken weapon, and the woman's garment, wherein it lay folded in that locked drawer. I have proof sufficient to hang you, Don Cabello Rogot. You, and you only, murdered my cousin Guy Errol!

As I spoke, the Spaniard's olive cheek blanched to the hue of death. He looked at me with furious eyes; at Cornelia, and they were soft.

I loved you—I loved you! he cried; you also loved me. The blood of the Castilians is in my veins, I could not give you to that Englishman! 'Madre de Dios!' she shrieks from me—she hates me! Enemy do what you will with me!

And Cornelia had, in truth, shrunk from him—her white hands clasped, her blue eyes starting from their sockets, shrunk from him with a look more terrible for him to see than one of hate. I looked at Don Cabello.

"Go," I said, while I relent. Your curse has come upon you. To God I leave the judgment, so that you never look on her face more. In pity for me, I spare you for a while. But if the ring-sum finds you in this land, remember the hand of the law is strong, and I have proof. Go!

A moment he stood looking at her. The next, I heard his measured tramp without upon the garden-path; and something in white, floating robes, with mad eyes, and lean upon its lips, sprang at my throat, gibbering and screaming like a fiend—a weak thing, that the next moment dropped senseless at my feet.

The next morning, men upon the riverbank, found the body of a gentleman, elegantly dressed, floating on the water; and those who knew him recognized Don Cabello Rogot.

To-day, there is a lady in a lonely house upon a country farm, and speaks only in Spanish, though she is of English birth; and whose golden hair has blanched to snowy white. She does not know me when she sees me, for Edward Campion; but I know her, alas! and her name is Cornelia.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

An old sailor finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it, with the following soliloquy: "Rum, I hope; gin, I think; trucks, by jingo!" and then threw them back into the water.

The French have a story that Sir Walter Scott once offered his youngest daughter her choice between a dower of 100,000 francs or "Quentin Durward." She asked to read the MS. took it surreptitiously to a publisher, found that he would give her 120,000 francs, and dutifully and meekly told her father that she would rather have the MS. than the money. Sir Walter was deeply touched by this mark of filial devotion. The Paris journal which tells the story says that a French girl would never have done such a thing as that. She would simply have had the 100,000 francs—and—she would have found some way to have gotten the romance also.

A Scotch lady, who was discomfited by the introduction of gas, asked with much earnestness, "What's to become of the poor whales?"

Iron Telegraph poles are coming into use in Germany.



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TELEGRAPH NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 27.
Sir Roderick Murchison was buried to-day. The services were attended by a large number of distinguished personages, including Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley.
Reported that the French National Assembly and Government will return to Paris before December.
The Governor of the Portuguese Colony of Goa, on West Coast of India, telegraphs that a revolt is threatened and asks assistance.
French Government yet owes the Swiss Confederation for the maintenance of Bourbak's army.
Cardinal Antonelli is seriously indisposed, and the gravest apprehensions are entertained.
Montpensier takes his seat in Cortes as soon as his daughter's health will permit.
Joe has formed in the Baltic, and there is danger of interruption to navigation.
New York, Oct. 28.
No signs of Russian fleet.
Gen. Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, died at Nice, France, Thursday evening.
New York, Oct. 28.
The arrest of Tweed causes much local excitement. His bail was fixed at two millions which he gave.
The Citizens' Committee of Investigation report the embezzlement of Tweed and other amounts to nearly twenty millions.
Sensational reports of an organized band of Communist incendiaries to burn the principal cities in the United States are circulated.
London, Oct. 29.
In closing his address at Greenwich, Mr. Gladstone said the nation could not but be gratified by the economies effected by the present Government through the abolition of official patronage, the concentration of military and naval forces, withdrawal of troops from Canada and New Zealand, introduction of system of army reserves, and abolition of purchase system in army.
The House of Lords might need reform, but nothing should be done precipitately. The Lords had not acted wisely in rejecting the ballot bill, which would again be introduced at next Session. The Contagious Disease Act would be dealt with at the next Session in a manner which would commend the sympathies of the nation. Other measures would be brought forward, which he hoped would meet with the approval of Parliament and the country. At the conclusion a resolution of thanks enthusiastically passed.
Dublin, Oct. 30.
The trial of Kelly for the murder of Constable Galbot, commenced to-day.
Paris, Oct. 30.
The French Assembly propose to remove from Versailles to Paris in order to secure better accommodations during the cold weather.
New York, Oct. 30.
The sentence of Hawkins, a leading Mormon, to three years imprisonment and a fine of \$500 for Polygamy, is causing great excitement at Salt Lake city.
Brigham Young has fled.
The Mayor and other prominent Mormons are under arrest for murder.
Extraordinary activity in re-building Chicago is manifested, and thousands of mechanics are wanted.
Gold 111½.

THE HORTON CASE.

The Cabinet at Washington is not quite so clear as the citizens at Gloucester were that Capt. Knowlton did the State service in cutting out the "Edward A. Horton" from the custody of Canadian officials. Secretary Boutwell has declined to issue new papers to the stolen schooner and has confined himself to the promise that he will consider the application further when full accounts of the transaction are received.
"Full accounts" are hardly likely to make the transaction appear anything else but what it is in the light of the law of nations—a simple act of piracy. For the future amicable relations of the two countries concerned, it is encouraging to find that the feat of the Gloucester skipper has awakened any preposterous enthusiasm unless among the constituency which has the distinction of sending Gen. Butler to Congress. On the other side, it is equally encouraging to find that too much indignation has not been expended upon it. The Canadians are content to regard it as a simple violation of the custom regulations, while the feeling in Great Britain has found expression in the suggestion of the London "Times" that an impartial commission should be appointed to settle any international difficulty which may grow out of the episode. No better proof could be given of how rapid has been the growth of mutual confidence between the two great English-speaking communities during the past twelve months.
The magnitude of the cause of dispute is entirely immaterial in international difficulties. The temper of two nations is the essential thing. It is as in the parallel case of two individuals, one of whom has suffered wrong through the agency of the other. If the injured party believes that his neighbor regards him with feelings of animosity, he will be very quick to resent the aggression upon his rights. If, on the other hand, he has the consciousness that the offender would not consciously injure him, he will be content to await the clearing up of the matter, and will cheerfully accept the apology or reparation which may be tendered him. Such, fortunately, is the tendency of the present relations between Canada and the United States—relations which cannot fail to be of mutual advantage and of essential service to the cause of civilization and humanity.
FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Saturday morning the house of Mr. Patrick Nash at

the Cove, St. Stephen, was destroyed by fire, and a girl of eight years was burnt to death. The dwellings of Mr. Joseph Johnson and Thomas Burns, adjoining were also destroyed. All the parties are heavy losers, the insurance being small.

ARRIVAL OF THE ORONTES.—The troop ship Orontes arrived at Halifax on Saturday morning from Portsmouth. She brought out for Halifax 1 assistant for the Control Department; 4 officers and 32 men of the 60th Rifles; 2 officers and 16 men of the 61st Regiment; 84 men of the Royal Artillery; 5 men of the Army Hospital Corps, and also some small detachments for Bermuda. She left Portsmouth on the 12th Oct., and on the 20th, in lat. 50, long. 41 experienced a heavy gale, during which part of her bulwarks were stove, and lost two cutters. A boy named Francis Jones was struck and probably killed by a rope, and was immediately washed overboard. After repairing she will proceed to Quebec to take the 60th Rifles to Halifax, and will then take home the 78th Highlanders now in that garrison. [News.]

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—Accounts from this Office have been made out for advertising, subscriptions, &c. Many of them are due upwards of twelve months, and it is hoped they will be paid when presented.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, NOV. 1, 1871.

The great fires in Michigan and Wisconsin have destroyed an immense amount of property and life. In almost every Western paper there are lists of dead and missing; severe as the Chicago conflagration was, it was small in comparison to the unparalleled fires in Michigan and Wisconsin, where so many lost their all and hundreds of lives were sacrificed. The people in those States stand as much in need of assistance, as the residents of Chicago. In another column we publish a thrilling account of a person who witnessed the fire in Michigan.

What are the School Trustees doing towards preparing for the introduction of the new School Law? In most towns of the Province, meetings have been held, and arrangements entered into for commencing the new year on the Free School system. The people have all to say now, and will be jealous in granting money to any institution over which they have no immediate control, or in other words whose trustees or directors they have no voice in electing.

THE TOWN OF ST. GEORGE is making rapid strides towards taking its place among the places of note in this County. Several new buildings are being erected, among them one by Mr. A. H. Gillmor, which for beauty of design will rank favorably with any in the County. The mills are working night and day, and are then hardly able to keep up with the demand for dimension and other lumber. St. George can boast of a first rate hotel, "Frisbie's" where travellers want will be supplied, and attention paid to their comfort. Mr. Frisbie's Card may be seen in our advertising columns.

If the writer of the letter signed "Ajax," would devote his time to advocating the introduction of manufactures and extension of business in the town, instead of meddling with the personal quarrels and encounters of people, he would be better employed. We will publish what we believe to be for the benefit of the Town and country, and will thank him if he has any business to mind it. His letter has been consigned to the stove.

The "Telegraph and Journal" has passed into the hands of Mr. Elder; owing to failing health, it is said, Mr. John Livingston has been obliged to leave the business. Mr. Elder is favorably known as a journalist; he is a polished writer, ardent, and a good scholar. We heartily wish him success as proprietor and editor in chief of the "Telegraph and Journal," and to the late proprietor Mr. Livingston, a return to robust health.

On Wednesday Evening a fire took place in the Millinery establishment of Mrs. Magee. A lamp was placed in the Show window which had been tastefully arranged with a large and new supply of fashionable goods, ignited one of those ladies' acquisitions, termed "jute switches," and set the whole window on fire, consuming we learn upwards of \$500 worth of valuable goods. By the exertions of some few thoughtful persons the fire was got under, and considerable valuable property saved. The goods were insured.

It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, that in consequence of the fire Mrs. Magee has postponed her opening until Saturday next, when she will display an entirely new stock of Millinery.

Capt. Geo. W. Street, late of the 16th Regt., son of Geo. D. Street, Esq., is at present on a visit to his relatives and friends in this town. Capt. Street has resided for some years in Ireland.

POSTAL CHANGES.—From advertisements in the "Daily News," we notice that changes in the conveyance of the mails and the hours of departure have been made. The mails from St. John and the United States for St. Andrews and St. Stephen are to be conveyed by railway and arrive in the evening, daily, Sundays excepted. The

mails from St. John to St. George will be conveyed by Stage. In our next issue we will publish the official notice. The mails close at 7.15 in the morning.

CARDS.—In our advertising columns will be seen Mr. Donaghy's Card. His new residence is quite equal to the requirements of the town; his rooms are neatly furnished, the attendants prompt and attentive, and he is prepared to cater to the wants of customers.

Mr. Williamson, whose card will be seen, is prepared to fill physicians' prescriptions, and also to supply such groceries as are generally required.

RARE.—On Monday last, Dr. Leary, Botanic Physician, left at this office, a full grown ripe strawberry, with a vine on which were several half grown strawberries, some blossoms and new shoots, which he plucked from his garden.

The brig Bachlor, arrived on Friday last from Sydney, C. B., with a cargo of coal to W. Whitlock.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November is at hand. This number concludes the Forty-third Volume—a volume which has been crowded with the most varied and entertaining matter, profusely illustrated, there having been in its 960 pages as many as 418 engravings, many of which have surpassed in excellence any that had ever hitherto been presented to the reader of a popular illustrated magazine.

The November Number opens with a very carefully considered paper by M. D. Conway, on "Edouard Frere and Sympathetic Art in France." Mr. Conway's object is to show what has been done by a school of artists who have found their subjects and motives in the common life of the people, accomplishing in painting the mission which Charles Dickens accomplished in literature. This paper is illustrated with eleven engravings, after pictures by the French artists.

"A New England Village," by N. H. Eggleston, is a description of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, including an interesting resume of the early history of the Housatonic Valley. As the home of Jonathan Edwards, John Sergeant, Benjamin West, Catherine Sedgwick, and Cyrus Field, and for sometime the residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne, this region is especially interesting to Americans. The article is beautifully illustrated with portraits and effective pictures of natural scenery. Among the latter may be mentioned two splendid engravings—one of Monument Mountain, immortalized by Bryant's well known poem; and another, of the beautiful lake called by Miss Sedgwick "The Stockbridge Bowl," and by Fanny Kemble "Mountain Mirror," including in the view the cottage in which Hawthorne wrote "The House of Seven Gables." There are numerous other well written articles, making Harper's the most interesting and best Magazine published in the United States.

SUMMARY.
Mr. John Livingston, the retiring editor and proprietor of the "Telegraph and Journal," was presented on Saturday evening with a handsome and valuable gold watch and chain by the employees of the establishment—Globe.

The coal beds of Alaska are extensive and of good quality, generally bituminous, but often of the purest anthracite. The coal, it is said, can be mined and delivered at San Francisco at a cost of from five to six dollars per ton.

Two thousand women of Utah have petitioned the authorities at Washington in favor of polygamy and against the action of the Federal agents stationed in the district.

American papers chronicle a rise in price of coffee, which is said to be owing to short crop in Java. Ceylon and Brazil, the principal coffee-producing countries. The estimated deficit is 100,000 tons.

The London Morning Post, regarded as a semi-official organ, in its issue of the 25th, pronounces the rumor regarding the establishment of a regency, in consequence of the Queen's prolonged illness, as entirely devoid of foundation.

A Washington dispatch of the 24th says that the only solution that the United States Government has determined on in the Horton case, is to collect a fine of her for entering port without papers.

The people of Truro, N. S., offer to provide \$5,000 by assessment, if the Nova Scotia Government will furnish the remaining sum necessary to the erection of the proposed Provincial Model School building in that town.

The Scotch sea fisheries have been immense the past year.

A resident of Wisconsin recently celebrated his 78th birthday day by plowing two acres of land.

While a woman with a sick child in her arms was being tried in an English police court, the child died.

When a man wants to speak at a public meeting in Prussia, he must first obtain permission of the authorities.

Among the furniture necessary in the church in Baltimore, when the Episcopal Convention is in session, is said to be 295 spirituous.

The total issue of "iron crosses" in connection with the late Franco-German war is estimated by the German War Ministry at about 40,000.

A Night of Terror—The Tornado of Fire in Michigan.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A MAN WHO STAYED TO SEE IT OUT—TAKING REFUGES IN A WELL.
Allison Weaver, who reached Detroit from Port Huron on Wednesday, had a narrow and curious escape from being roasted alive in the north woods. Weaver is a single man, about 50 years old, and served all through the war in an Ohio regiment of infantry. Up to two weeks ago he was at work for a man named Bright, ten miles from Forestville, and the next day all the men employed about the place either followed his example or made haste to reach their homes. On leaving Bright informed his men that the fire would sweep that way, and warned them to lose no time in making their escape. Having no property to lose or family to care for, Weaver determined, as he says, "to stay and see the circus out," meaning that he intended saving the mill if possible. He has a stubborn sort of a spirit, and the fact that everybody else went induced him to stay.

As soon as the men left he set to work and buried all the provisions left in the house, and during the day also buried the knives and other light machinery of the mill, as well as a stove and a quantity of crockery ware. There was plenty of water in the vicinity of the mill, and he filled several barrels full, besides wetting down house, mill, stock, and everything which would burn, scattering several hundred pailfuls of water on the grounds around the buildings.

When night came, and the fire had not appeared, he began to fear his absent comrades. But his self conceit soon left him. About 10 o'clock the heavens were so light that he could see the smallest objects around him, and there was a roaring in the forests which sounded like the waves beating against rocks on the shore. He began to suspect that he would soon receive the visit predicted, and accordingly made preparations for it. In leveling up the ground around the shingle mill, earth had been obtained by digging here and there, and Weaver went to work and dug one of these pits deep enough for him to stand up in.

He then filled it nearly full of water, and took care to saturate the ground around it for a distance of several rods. Going to the mill he dragged out a four-inch plank, sawed it in two, and saw that the parts tightly covered the little well. "I calculated it would be tech and go," said he, "but it was the best I could do." At midnight he had everything arranged, and the roaring then was awful to hear. The clearing was ten or twelve acres in extent, and Weaver says that for two hours before the fire reached him there was a constant flight across the ground of small animals. As he rested a moment from giving the house another wetting down, a horse dashed into the opening at full speed, and made for the house, where he stopped and turned toward the fire. Weaver could see him tremble and shake in his excitement and terror, and felt a pity for him. After a moment the animal gave utterance to a sort of dismay, ran two or three times around the house, and then shot off into the woods like a rocket.

Not long after this fire came. Weaver stood by his well, ready for the emergency, yet curious to see the breaking in of the flames. The roaring increased in volume, the air became oppressive, a cloud of dust and cinders came showering down, and he could see the flames through the trees. It did not run along upon the ground, nor leap from tree to tree, but it came on like a tornado, a sheet of flame reaching from the earth to the tops of the trees. As it struck the clearing he jumped into his well and closed over the planks. He could no longer see, but he could hear. He says that the flames made no halt whatever, nor ceased their roaring for an instant, but he had hardly got the opening closed before the house and mill were burning like tinder, and both were down in five minutes. The smoke came down to him powerfully, and his den was so hot that he could hardly breathe.

He knew that the planks above him were on fire, but remembering their thickness, he waited till the roaring of the flames had died away, and then with his head and hands turned them over and put out the fire by dashing up water with his hands. Although it was a cold night, and the water had at first chilled him, the heat gradually warmed it up until he says that he felt very comfortable.

He remained in his den until daylight, frequently turning over the planks and putting out the fire, and then the worst had passed. The earth around, was on fire in spots, house and mill were gone, leaves, bush and logs were swept clean away as if shaved off and swept with a broom, and nothing but soot and ashes were to be seen.

After the fire had somewhat cooled off, Weaver made an investigation of his "caches," and found that considerable of the property buried had been saved, although he lost all his provisions, except a piece of dried beef, which the fire had cooked in an oven without spoiling it. He had no other resources than to remain around the place that day, during the night, and the greater part of the next day, when the ground had cooled enough so that he could pick his way to the site of the burned village. He was nearly twelve hours going the twelve miles, as trees were falling, logs were burning, and the fallen timber had in some places heaped up a breastwork, over which no one could climb.—[Detroit Post.]

THE NEW BRUNSWICKERS at Worcester, Mass., united in procuring four handsome badges for the St. John Crew. They were made by Mr. Thos. Gard, now of Worcester.

formerly of this city, and they are of gold, about one and a half inches long. They consist of the Arms of the City of St. John, with the motto, supported by a small arc on which the "Champion" is engraved. D-pendent from each end of the arc are small gold-on ornaments, well shaped and of the spoon pattern. The lettering and figures in the shield are of blue enamel. The present is a very handsome one.

Announcement.

Mrs. MAGEE will be prepared with an entirely new stock of MILLINERY, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c., for the opening
ON SATURDAY NEXT,
the opening of Wednesday having been postponed in consequence of the fire.

John S. Magee

Begs to call attention to his large and well assorted stock of BLANKETS, which are very cheap, as they were bought before the great advance in the price of Woollen goods.

JOHN S. MAGEE

Has a large stock of New and Fashionable DRY GOODS, which he will sell cheap.

JOHN S. MAGEE

Has a large stock LADIES', MISSES', and CHILDREN'S BOOTS, Shoes and Rubbers. Also a good assortment of KNEE BOOTS, for the Boys.

JOHN S. MAGEE

Sells for small profits—Take a note of THIS.
Look out for the splendid sign board, painted glass, over the shop door, head of Market Wharf, which reads

JOHN S. MAGEE.

Walk right in and see his splendid stock of Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps, Shirts, Gloves, Mitts, Socks, &c.

REMOVAL.

New Grocery Store.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to the public for the liberal share of patronage extended to him since he commenced business, and respectfully announces that he has removed to his new building on Frederick Street, where he has just opened a fresh stock of GROCERIES AND LIQUORS, which he offers at reasonable prices. A supply of Montreal Ale and Lager Beer, on tap and bottled. Also for sale the celebrated Portland Oil. He trusts by strict attention and efforts to please to merit a share of patronage.
P. B. DONAGHUE.
St. Andrews, Nov. 1, 1871.

REMOVAL.

W. H. WILLIAMSON, ever grateful for the kind support and patronage he has hitherto received, begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his establishment to the store formerly occupied by Miss Irwin, corner of Water and Edward streets; where he will keep as usual.
St. Andrews, Nov. 1st, 1871.

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Groceries,

Paints, Glass, Putty, and all the other ceteras commonly found in a Druggist Shop.
St. Andrews, Nov. 1st, 1871.

Frisbie House.

(NEW HOTEL.)
ST. GEORGE, --- Charlotte Co.,
S. F. FRISBIE, PROPRIETOR.

In connection with this establishment is a good Livery Stable.

PAINT & OIL,

Ex "Choice" from London.
6 Hbds. } Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil,
2 Qu. Casks } Brandram Bros. & Co.
1 Ton No 1 White Lead
Nov. 1. J. W. STREET.

JOHN MCCOULL,

GENERAL AGENT.
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER
St. George, N. B.

REFERENCES: Hon. B. R. Stevenson, Sur. General, W. Whitlock, Esq., St. Andrews; Jas. A. Moran, and Alex. Young, Esqs., St. George; Chas. F. Clinch, Esq., St. John; J. Morchie, and David Main, Esqs., St. Stephen.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any claims against the Estate of Hugh Maxwell, late of St. Andrews, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within three months from date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to H. H. HATCH, ISAAC SNOODGRASS, Executors.
St. Andrews, Oct. 25, 1871. 3m

FLOUR, CO

Oct 28

Landing ex "Mar"
230 Bbls extra
10 1/2 bbls fam
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20 bbls heavy M
5 " clear
200 Bushels Corn
Oct 25, 1871.

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Magee large and well assort- K E T S, which are bought before the of Woolen goods.

MAGEE few and fashionable OODS,

MAGEE DIES, MISSES, and Shoes and Rubbers, of KNEE BOOTS, for

MAGEE like a note of THIS. did sign board, painted, Head of Market Wharf

MAGEE. his splendid stock of Hats and Caps, Mitts, Socks, &c.

ery Store.

ms his thanks to the pub- ics of patronage exten- sion and efforts to please nage

AND LIQUORS. able prices. A supply of nd Lager Beer

L. ON, ever grateful for the mage he has hitherto re- his friends and the public removed his establishment occupied by Miss Irwin, Edward streets; where he

HEMICALS, nes, Perfumery, les, Groceries, d all the et ceteras com- gist Shop. st, 1871

House.

(HOTEL.) Charlotte Co., IE, PROPRIETOR.

is establishment is a good ry Stable.

T & OIL, e from London. and Raw Linseed Oil, brandam Bros. & Co. to Lead J. W. STREET.

McCOULL, AL AGENT. on Merchant, and IONBER ge, N. B.

Hon. B. R. Stevenson, Sur- floek, Esq. St. Andrews; d Abm. Young, Esq. St. Clinch, Esq. St. John; J. rid Main, Esq., St. Ste-

ring any claims against the Maxwell, late of St. Andrews, ted to present the same duly e months from date hereof; debited to the said Estate are make immediate payment to ATCH, Executors. L. 25, 1871. 3m

LOUR, CORN, PORK, &c. OCTOBER 23d, 1871. Landing ex "Mary Ellen," from New York. 230 Bbls extra State Ohio and fancy Flour. 16 1/2 bbls family "2 Tierce "Sugar cured" Hams. 20 bbls heavy Mess Pork. 5 " clear 200 Bushels Corn, &c. Oct. 25, 1871. J. W. STREET.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA Thursday, 12th day of October, 1871. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 1st Section of the Act 31st Vic. Cap. 51, intituled: "An Act for better securing the payment of the duty imposed on tobacco manufactured in Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to Order, and it is hereby Ordered, that the Port of Guelph, in the Province of Ontario, be and the same is hereby added to the list of Ports mentioned in the said Act, at which raw or leaf tobacco may be imported into Canada.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk Privy Council. oct 25 31

Government House, Ottawa, Thursday, 12th day of October, 1871. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 8th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Cap. 6, intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the place known as "McAdam's Junction," in the Province of New Brunswick, situate at the intersection of the European and North American Railway, and the Railway between St. John in the said Province of New Brunswick and Bangor, in the State of Maine, in the United States of America, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry to be designated and known as the "Port of McAdam's Junction."

WM. H. LEE, Clerk Privy Council. oct 25 31

New Brunswick and Canada Railway and Branches.

ON and after Monday, October 16th, until further notice, Trains will run daily as follows:— TRAINS leave St. Andrews at 9 a. m., and St. Stephen at 10 15 a. m., for Woodstock and Houlton. DOWN TRAINS leave Woodstock and Houlton at 9 a. m., for St. Andrews and St. Stephen. These Trains connect at McAdam Junction with Trains on European and North American Railway to and from Boston, Portland, and Bangor, St. John and Fredericton.

HENRY OSBURN, MANAGER. Railway Office, St. Andrews, Oct. 16, 1871. D. J. Scoley, Agent, Water St., St. John, N. B.

Wood for Sale. Persons requiring good Cordwood can obtain the same delivered from the Cars, by leaving their orders at the Railway Store. A few firkins of choice Dairy Butter for sale. October 18, 1871. B. MORRIS.

Public Notice. COMMENCING ON TUESDAY, the 24th inst., the Allan Line of Contract Packets will leave Halifax for Queenstown and Liverpool, every alternate TUESDAY in place of Saturday as at present. JOHN McVILLAN, P. O. Inspector. P. O. Inspector's Office, October 6th, 1871. oct 16 31

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. CAPITAL £1,000,000 Sterling. Head Office—London, England. Interest allowed on Money deposited at Four per cent. per annum. Sums of \$10 and upwards Provincial currency, will be taken on deposit at interest. Drafts granted on New York, Boston and Portland in U. S. Cy., at a per cent. Drafts granted also on Canada, Nova Scotia and England. Sight Drafts on New York, Boston and Portland in U. S. Cy., bought at par. American currency bought and sold. Notes discounted. Current accounts opened to be drawn upon by Cheques. OPEN FOR BUSINESS St. Stephen daily from 9 a. m., to 1 p. m., and in St. Andrews, on Wednesday, and Saturday from Four to Six p. m. JAS. S. LOCKIE, AGENT.

Notice. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 28th June, 1871. NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor General, by an Order in Council bearing date the 22nd inst., has been pleased to order and direct that, with reference to the Order in Council of 6th May inst., in addition to "Union Collar Cloth" paper, Collar Cloth Paper be admitted free upon affidavit of the importer that it is only for use in the manufacture of Collars, Cuffs, Fronts and similar goods. By Command. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. July 19

MANCHESTER HOUSE, October 1871.

ODELL & TURNER

Have received per Steamships "SIBERIA" "ALLEPO," "SAMARIA," &c., their Stock of

Autumn & Winter Goods, Comprising in part

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls, Mantles,

Cottons, Prints,

Winceys, Flannels,

BLANKETS,

Carpetings,

BROAD CLOTHS,

PILOTS, BEAVERS, TWEEDS and DOESKINS,

Cotton Warps,

HOSE, &c.

Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons,

and a general assortment of MILLINER'S STOCK.

READY MADE CLOTHING, and Gent's Furnishing Goods. A nice stock of

Perfumery and Fancy Goods, from Messrs. RIMMEL & Co., London and Paris. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

RAILROAD STORE, (Lower end of Water Street.) St. Andrews.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces to the inhabitants of St. Andrews and vicinity, That he has OPENED A STORE at the above locality, where he will keep for sale a Stock of

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, AND GROCERIES, together with

HARDWARE, and other articles usually found in such an establishment; and trusts by attention to business and reasonable prices, to merit a share of public patronage.

He is also Agent for the "Travellers Accident and Life Insurance Co.," of Hartford, and is ready to take risks in life and accident.

He has also a LUMBER YARD, from which he will furnish Lumber for building and other purposes; and will also transact business as an Auctioneer. W. B. MORRIS. St. Andrews, Oct. 4, 1871.

Executor's Notice. ALL persons having claims against the Estate of JOHN INGRAM, late of St. Andrews, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. LUCY MARIA INGRAM, Executrix. St. Andrews, Sept. 19, 1871.

Government Railways!

Summer Arrangement. 1871.

ON and after MONDAY, the 8th May next, Trains will run as follows:— GOING EAST.

No. 2 Will leave St. John at 7 A. M., Hampton at 8 A. M., Sussex 9 A. M., Petitedocia 10 10 A. M., Moncton 11 14 A. M., Paines 11 40 A. M., Shediac 12 09 P. M., and arrive at Point DuChene 12 15 P. M.

No. 4 Will leave St. John at 11 15 A. M., Hampton at 12 27 P. M., and arrive at Point DuChene 7 35 P. M.

No. 6 Will leave St. John at 2 30 P. M., Hampton at 4 14 P. M., Sussex 6 P. M., and arrive at Petitedocia 7 30 P. M.

No. 8 Will leave St. John at 5 P. M., Hampton at 6 P. M., and arrive at Sussex at 7 P. M.

No. 10 Will leave Pains Junction at 11 40 A. M., Dorchester 12 32 P. M., Sackville 1 33 P. M., and arrive at Amherst at 2 10 P. M.

GOING WEST. No. 1 Will leave Sussex at 7 A. M., Hampton at 8 A. M., and arrive at St. John at 6 A. M.

No. 3 Will leave Petitedocia at 5 30 A. M., Sussex at 7 40 A. M., Hampton at 9 35 A. M., and arrive at St. John at 10 10 A. M.

No. 5 Will leave Point DuChene at 8 A. M., Shediac 8 06 A. M., Paines at 8 38 A. M., Moncton at 8 59 A. M., Petitedocia 2 15 P. M., Sussex 4 10 P. M., Hampton 6 P. M., and arrive at St. John at 7 30 P. M.

No. 7 Will leave Point DuChene at 10 45 A. M., Shediac 10 53 A. M., Paines 11 35 A. M., Moncton 12 30 P. M., Petitedocia 2 15 P. M., Sussex 4 10 P. M., Hampton 6 P. M., and arrive at St. John at 7 30 P. M.

No. 9 Will leave Amherst at 6 A. M., Sackville 6 44 A. M., Dorchester 7 18 A. M. and arrive at Paines at 8 30 A. M.

Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 8 are Passenger, Mail and Express Trains. Nos. 2, 5 and 7 connect at Paines Junction, daily, with Nos. 9 and 10.

Nos. 3 and 6 are Freight Trains, but will carry Passengers from St. John to Hampton and intermediate Stations only.

Nos. 4, 7, 9 and 10 will be mixed Trains. Freight for Stations East of Petitedocia, may be delivered at St. John Station before 8 o'clock A. M., and for Stations West before 12 noon, on the same day on which it is to be forwarded.

Freight to be forwarded from Petitedocia by the 6 A. M. train must be delivered at that Station before 7 o'clock the preceding evening, and from other Stations than St. John at least half-an-hour before the advertised departure of any Freight Train.

Steamers to and from Prince Edward Island, Pictou, Port Hood and Cansu, Richibucto, Miramichi, Bay Chaleur, St. John's, Paspébié, Gaspé, Rimouski, Quebec and Montreal, connect at Point DuChene as specially advertised.

Stages connect at Amherst for Truro and all places in Nova Scotia. At Salisbury, to and from Hopewell, Hillsboro' and the Albert Mines. At Shediac, to and from Cocagne, Richibucto, Miramichi, and other places on the North Shore of New Brunswick. LEWIS CARVILLE, General Superintendent.

Railway Office, St. John N. B., April 21, 1871.

POST OFFICE, ST. ANDREWS, June 21, 1871.

Notice to the Public. MAILS are despatched daily at 3 45 P. M. for Saint John, St. George, St. Stephen and the United States.

And on Mondays and Thursdays at 9 A. M.; Express Mails to United States.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, by TRAIN at 9 30 A. M., for Houlton, Woodstock, Canterbury station, Fredericton, and St. John and all intermediate Way Offices.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9 A. M., by Packet for Grand Manan, Campo Bello and West Isles.

On and after 1st July, Mails for Ontario and Quebec will be forwarded by Express Mail, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, closing at 9 A. M., via Portland, U. S.

Mails Received. Daily from St. John, St. George, St. Stephen, and United States at 7 A. M., also from United States at 2 30 P. M. on Tuesdays and Fridays by Express mail.

From Houlton, Woodstock, Canterbury, Station, Fredericton and intermediate Way Offices, by Train, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 P. M.; and from Grand Manan, Campo Bello and West Isles on Tuesdays and Fridays by Packet.

Money Orders issued and paid between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M.

Postal Cards, with Post Office and Revenue Stamps, furnished as supplied for.

GEO. F. CAMPBELL, P. M. Government House, Ottawa, Monday, 31st day of July, 1871.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Minister of Customs, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 8th Section of the Act 31st Vic. Cap. 6, intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that, on and after the 1st day of September next, Musquash and Quaco, in the Province of New Brunswick, be and the same are hereby constituted and erected into Out Ports of Entry, and it is further ordered that Musquash be placed under the survey of the Port of St. John, and the northern limits of this out port to be the line of demarcation between the Counties of St. John and Albert.

W. M. H. LEE, Clerk Privy Council, aug 16 31

TO LET. Possession given 1st November. The Two Storey House and Lot, corner of King and Park Streets. Rent moderate. Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE. St. Andrews, Oct. 4, 1871. 1f

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of Price Owen Flagg, late of Campo Bello, in the County of Charlotte, deceased, Fisherman, will render the same within three months, and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

JANE FLAGG, Administratrix. Campo Bello, 28th August, 1871. 3m

NOTICE.

ALL Persons who have any claims against the Estate of Albert Desbriary Stevenson, late of St. Andrews, in the County of Charlotte, merchant, are requested to present the same duly attested. And all persons indebted to the said Estate, are hereby required to make immediate payment to the

MARIETTA STEVENSON, Administratrix. St. Andrews, Sep. 6, 1871. 3m

Government House, Ottawa, Thursday, 9th day of April, 1871. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

Whereas it has been represented to His Excellency that the public convenience would be promoted if the Custom House station at Esquimaux Point, which is situate in closer proximity to the Port of Gaspé, than to that of Quebec, with which it is now connected, was detached from the last mentioned Port and erected into an Out Port of Entry, and placed under the survey of the Port of Gaspé.

His Excellency the Governor General on the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under and in pursuance of the 8th Section of the Act 1 Vic. Cap. 6, intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs," has been pleased to Order, and it is hereby Ordered, that, on and after the first day of April, inst., the Port of Esquimaux Point shall be, and is hereby detached from the Port of Quebec and placed under the survey of the Port of Gaspé in the Province of Quebec.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk Privy Council. may 31

STEAMER FOR North Shore.

Tenders. WILL be received at this office until WEDNESDAY the 20th day of October next, at noon, from parties willing to enter into contract to place a good and efficient Steamboat on the North Shore route, to ply between SHEDIAU and CAMPELLTOWN ON THE RESTIGOUCHE RIVER.

CALLING AT RICHIBUCTO, CHATHAM, NEWCASTLE, SHIPTON, CARAQUET, BATHURST, and DALHOUSIE.

On return calling at the same ports in reverse order—one a week, commencing not later than the first of May and to continue until the middle of November.

W. M. KELLY, Chief Commissioner. Department Public Works. Fredericton, 1st Sept., 1871. sept 20

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. Ottawa, Oct. 13, 1871. AUTHORIZED discount on AMERICAN IN VOICES until further notice: 13 per cent R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

NOTICE. ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of James McAdam, late of the Town of St. Andrews, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within three months from this date; and all those indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

HENRY STINSON, Administrator. St. Andrews, Aug. 2, 1871. 3m

Vacuum Pan Sugar. 53 Hbds. Demerara Vacuum Pan Sugar, choice quality, just received and for sale at lowest market rates, in Bond or Duty paid. TODD, CLEWLEY & CO. St. Stephen, N. B.

SONG HOT FIFTY RS. EACH DOLLAR.

A New School Book, by H. S. PERKINS. Price \$7 50 per dozen. Contains over two hundred new and beautiful Songs, Duets, etc., by WILL S. HAYS, WEBSTER, THOMAS, and others. Everything is new, fresh, and sparkling. Sent free. Sample copies mailed free of postage to teachers for 65 cents. Liberal terms for introduction.

Address, J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, New-York.

NOTICE. Customs Department, Ottawa, 19th May, 1871. REFERRING to the notice of 6th inst., of articles transferred by Order in Council, to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, it is decided that the term "Anatto" therein mentioned means "Annatto" in either a liquid or a solid condition.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. may 31.

CONGOU TEA. Ex "Trojan" from London. 60 Chests & Half Chests good Congou Tea. April 29, 1871. J. W. STREET.

JOHN S. MAGEE Has Received.

10 Cases Boots & Shoes, for Fall and Winter wear. LADIES BOOTS. MISSES BOOTS. BOYS BOOTS.

which are made from good stock, warranted, and will be sold at a SMALL ADVANCE on cost. Also Received,—

6 Cases Canadian Tweeds, Blankets, Yarns, and Mens' Woolen Under Shirts, which were bought before the late advance in prices, and will be sold CHEAP.

COTTON WARPS—WHITE & BLUE, from the New Brunswick Cotton Mills, W. Parks & Son; the quality of which are warranted.

MILLINERY GOODS, In Ribbons, Flowers, Laces and Hats, just received.

Mrs. MAGEE has received the Autumn Fashions, and is prepared to execute orders. A further supply of NEW MILLINERY daily expected.

JOHN S. MAGEE, Million House, Corner Market Square and Water St., opposite Head Market Wharf. Sept. 6, 1871.

G. F. STICKNEY, WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER.

Has received a further supply of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Chains, Rings, Brooches, Lockets, Studs, Solitaires, Keys, &c.

Electroplated Britannia Metal and British Plate Wares, Papier-Maché, Parian, Spas, Wedgwood and Bohemian Goods.

JET AND RUBBER GOODS. CUTLERY, HARDWARE, EDGETOOLS. Toys, FANCY SOAP AND PERFUMERY, Together with a general assortment of House Furnishing & Fancy Goods. WEDDING RINGS made to order. July 19 41

BRANDY, WINES, TEAS, &c. Ex "Choice" from London and "New Lampedo" from Liverpool: 35 Hbds. 30 Qr casks Geneva, 4 p. O. L. P. 60 Casks Brown Stout London Porter & Pale Ale 16 Qr casks, 4 Hbds. Pale Sherry & Port Wine, 20 Chests, 20 Half, London Congou Tea, 10 Cases Nutmegs, 10 Bbls Crushed Sugar, 130 Cases "Hennessey" Brandy, 50 Cases Old Tom Gin, 2 doz pints, 80 doz Irish Whiskey, 4 doz cases, 18 "Bass" pale ale, qts & pints, 15 Cases Guinness's Porter—10 2 Hbds. Murphy's fine Irish 10 qr. casks Whiskey, 22 O. P. 10 Boxes Woodstock Pipes, &c. &c. Novr. 30, 1870. JAMES W. STREET

Government House, Ottawa, Tuesday, 13th day of June, 1871. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs and for the reasons given in his Report of the 8th June instant, His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, from the point of its intersection with the Boundary Line between the United States and the said Province of Manitoba (Canada) to its junction with Lake Winnipeg, shall be and the same is hereby declared to be comprised within the limits of the Port of Winnipeg under the following conditions and restrictions, that is to say:—

All Steamers, Vessels, and boats of any kind, on entering the said Province of Manitoba, on the Red River, shall be and they are hereby required to report at the Out Port of North Pembina, and to comply with all existing requirements of the Law, but, on payment of duty at that Out Port, on goods destined for any place between that Out Port and the Port of Winnipeg, they are permitted, on the warrant of the Sub-Collector, to land and discharge such goods, or the luggage of such passengers as may desire to disembark, before reaching the said Port of Winnipeg.

That in like manner, after payment of duties at the Port of Winnipeg, the same privilege be granted them as at the said Out Port, to land and discharge goods under the restrictions aforesaid at any place on the Red River above or below Winnipeg; and all steamers plying within the limits of the said Port of Winnipeg.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk Privy Council. June 28 31

BOY WANTED—from 14 to 16 years of age, who can read and write, to learn the Printing business. Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE. Aug. 2

STREET & STEVENSON, Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors &c. OFFICES—WATER STREET, ST. ANDREWS.

