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SAINT ANDREWS N. W. BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 21, 1869.

Vol 36

Interesting Tale.

THE MINISTER'S SON.

The cold December wind was whistling down the wide-mouthed chimney, and Mistress Fairchild, shivering her candle from the draft, stopped to listen to its crooning, as she had listened during all the Decembers of fifty winters.

She was getting a little hard of hearing now, and some-times Keziah's snoring sounded vastly like the sighing of the wind. But to night it was old Boreas surely, driving cold and pitiless out of the north-west, rattling the quaint little window sash of the parsonage house, and swaying the great hickory tree in the back yard, until its knotted limbs scraped against the ivy eaves.

Mistress Fairchild set down her emptying jug upon the ample stone hearth that would scarcely cool off the whole winter long from the glow of the sacred household fire always burning there. She was very particular about her sponge, and nobody's skill in Barstow was quite equal to Mistress Fairchild's snowy loaves.

The tall clock in the corner, with its hour glass and symbol serpent carved upon the door that concealed a closet as capacious as Master Humphrey's, now struck nine—a sharp decisive stroke, which conveyed something of reproach at the lateness of the hour that saw its mistress stir. She nodded back at it with an air which seemed to concede intelligence to the tall malagony case and white visage of Old Time, as much as to say, "Don't vex yourself, old comrade. It's Saturday night."

She was a spare old lady, bent a little at the shoulders, with a pale cheek, a mild eye, and an almost saintly light about her unwrinkled brow, where the smoothly lanced silver hair lay. Her dress had something of the Quaker primness about it, although she did not belong to that sect. It was a petticoat of some dark serge like stuff, and a short gown of the same, crossed at the bottom by a plain mull handkerchief. There were scissors and housewife dangling at her side, and her neat low quartered shoes, were clasped with antique buckles. The only other sign of worldliness her costume displayed was a narrow edge of real old English lace that bordered her close cap.

The kitchen was neat, modeled on the generous ideas of our forefathers, with a monumental chimney that looked ready to swallow the interior. There were kettles and firepots and rosy corners holding comfortable chests cupboards, filled with household gear. The little tinkling windows, curtained with dimity, were wreathed with the good mistress' scarlet runner and musk roses, in summer time, and held in sea on their pots of balsam and sweet marjoram. But now the snow birds came to them from the gray branches of the orchard, and the ground looked white and wan under a spectral gleam of moonlight.

It stole into a corner where stood an old-fashioned high post bed of goodly dimensions, a hillock of down, covered by a blue and white counterpane of the dame's own weaving, with spotted valances, and coarse, but lavender scented linen, still holding the ironed creases. There was the lad's red chest, with its antique padlock, standing in the same corner, and a wooden stool, deeply marked by the initials "G. F.," cut, evidently, by a boy's jack-knife.

Old Keziah, a serving woman in the family of such long standing that she imagined she had acquired a right in fee simple to her master and mistress, had already gone up to her chilly little refrigerator of a bedroom, bearing a long tallow candle that corresponded to her long person, and stopping to squeeze at every third step, with a motion of a folding machine.

The dame felt a little more at ease, when Keziah was snug in bed; for, like the ancient manner, that rigid damsel held her to the practical rule of life, by a particularly alert eye. The old minister's wife had her pet notions she loved to indulge in secret and alone—foolish little notions, she thought in her heart, they were, yet no less dear to her fresh unwithered fancy.

She stepped softly across the painted boards of the kitchen floor, with due regard to the good pastors quiet, who must by this time have reached the twelfthly of the next day's sermon. The great oak door that opened outward to the drafty shed, was barred and braced with the same stout wood. It possessed that excellent invention of our forefathers, a flapped hole for the lazy house cat. The latch was wood, and beside it dangled a wooden peg, attached to a thong of leather, which was the only bolt or bar the dwelling afforded against house breakers and thieves.

Dame Fairchild did not even make use of this primitive device. She simply tatched the portal, and glanced with a half tender, half apologetic look up to the admonishing face of the old clock, that said as plain as words could say "Saturday night, comrade; the door has not been barred these twenty years. Who knows but my lost boy may chance to come home on just such a night as this?"

The fire upon the hearth had sunk to a deep

steedy glow, which she did not bury, as was her wont, under the heap of gray ashes. On the contrary, she threw an additional stick against the great red cave of the back log, that lit up the quaint, low studded room, with sunset splendor, and gleamed out of the frosty window, she thought, sighing heavily, and for his sake, shall be welcome."

The vision rose unbidden to the good dame's mind, of old Tim, the tinker and country jack-at-all-trades, who in a drunken fit, had come uninvited to the parsonage, and befouled her fair linen sheets. But she had spared the vagabond all reproach had given him a warm blanket, and bound up his hurt head, and sent him away with a comfortable pair of woolen socks of her own knitting for his chilled feet. To the dame's eyes, softened, almost to the similitude of an angel's, this drunken Tim was one of those little ones of whom our Lord speaks.

The little chores were all done; and the kitchen, in the prime of its youth, looked very sweet and calm. Through the collar door came a fruity smell from where the seek-no-further and golden pippins lay resting in their snug bins. The flickering light along the wall showed the knots of yarn, and strings of drying pumpkins and apples. No speck of dust, or sign of litter revealed itself anywhere. There was a Sabbath-day quiet about the abode of the old minister and his wife, as if some token of God's love had been hung upon the door-post, whereby all care and unrest were warned away.

Dame Fairchild went at last, as was her custom, to the bed chamber, and touched the carved letters on the stool, lingering, with his old woman's hands, as if she were soothing a sick brow.

In her heart she was softly praying for her lost boy. Could it be that twenty years had slipped by since he went away from her? Yes; and still the mother's trust and tenderness did not despair. The picture of him as of boyish spirits—rose up before her in that our sacred moment.

Ah, well, she murmured, ministers' sons, they say, are likely to go astray; but it was all along of the Squire's daughter, who forgave her for playing fast and loose with my poor boy's heart.

Dame Fairchild did not lift the lid of the red chest; for she knew the faded copy books and the school-boy's kit which it contained, by heart. Slowly she opened the passage door; and with her face calm and saintly in its tapers, she looked into the minister's study.

Come in, Hannah. Why do you stop to knock? You are always as welcome as the clover in June.

And the aged minister rose from his heavy oaken chair, with an habitual air of gallantry. I feared to disturb some train of reasoning, if I entered abruptly, said the thoughtful wife. Luckily my reasonings for to night are all poisoned in my crabbed characters here, and he touched a pile of manuscript before him.

God grant that they may be effectual in pointing some sinner to the way and the life. I have freed my brain from the web of doctrines that held it, and now I am at liberty to enjoy the repose of Saturday night, which is hallowed to my mind, as the threshold of to-morrow. My thoughts were busy with old fancies and people. To tell you the truth, Hannah, I was thinking of our little girl who died years back. She was a winsome thing; and if we could have reared her in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, she would have filled our house with pleasantness. But it struck me for the first time, to night, if she had lived she would have been a woman grown by this time, and perhaps married, with her own babies upon her knee. So who knows but two old birds might have been alone in the nest, all the same? We have not forgotten how to chirp and twitter still, and make sweet music in each other's ears; so we have no shadow of repining in our hearts, for God's mercies are now every morning, and fresh every evening.

The dame seated herself in her favorite high backed rocking chair, and crossed her hands upon her lap; while in the low lamp light, her face looked paler and more shadowy than ever.

God knew what was best, she said. It needs a sight clearer than mortal ken, and more than the wisdom of the serpent to rear children up righteously, so that they go not astray.

The old minister let his hand fall tenderly on the old dame's head. It was whiter than his own, perhaps, although he was the elder; but his expression shewed a spirit and energy which was wanting to the old woman's saintly face. His short clothes of soberest cut, with large shoe buckles of silver, were in the fashion of the time. The grave, sad air of a clergyman of the old school, sat easily by him and was much softened by benevolence.

You are always thinking of our poor boy, Hannah, he said at last. Be sure that you are appointed cross. We set such high hopes on George, perhaps some of the dross of worldly ambition stole into our hearts. We loved

young life with such fervor, that God chose we should be bereft.

I have teased myself much, said the old dame, lifting her appealing face toward his, with the thought that we did not study the temper of our boy, as we ought. It was hard for us grave and serious minded folks to enter into the feelings of an ardent young nature. Perhaps we forgot that youth is the play spell of life, and made religion irksome and unlovely.

Nay, said the minister, it is difficult to do full justice by any human soul; but, surely, we kept in mind that George had a tender mouth, and could not be checked too high. It was the Squire's daughter, with her arts and wiles, that beguiled to his ruin; and yet who could be harsh even toward her, remembering her loveless life, wedded to a dissolute man, and her early, unwept grave?

It he could but know, said the dame, with a quivering lip, that there are no reproaches awaiting him here, no thought of shame and ignominy, only tenderest pity, who can tell but he would leave his way-forgotten to rest in the world, and come back, and find rest in the old home.

We can trust him in God's keeping, can't we do, that there is neither height, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth by which to measure our Heavenly Father's compassion?

Then the old man took down the great clasped Bible from its place on the shelf, under the psalm book and Dr. Watt's hymns; and with tears, such alone as a mother weeps dropped from the dame's cheeks, read the story of the prodigal son.

About four o'clock of the afternoon previous a man was being thrust out summarily from the red tavern at the cross roads, into the wintry cold. This was an event very likely to happen, when some poor wretch had lost his money and brains at the counter of Mr. Birch, who was never known to be troubled with a man who would not exercise common prudence.

His clothes were very poor, with numberless windows and loop holes to admit the light of day, and the pitiless cold. There was some suggestion of a shirt beneath his outer garment, and a tax end of a handkerchief was twisted about his throat. Thrust out upon the road, by the strong hands of Mr. Birch, he drew his tattered coat across his chest, and buttoned it with the one button remaining.

His steps wavered with a weakness that easily stimulated intoxication. He had not gone many paces from the tavern, he fore he set down upon a snow bank, in the angle of a snake fence, to cough; and this time, a gush of blood came to his lips.

The tavern keeper's wife had pitied him from the depth of her woman's nature; but dread of her husband had stopped the plea of mercy on her lips. Secretly however she put on her short cloak, and hood, and with meat and bread in her apron, followed upon the road, but she did not look up. His gaunt, unshaven face almost touched his knees.

You must stir yourself friend, said the good wife, lightly shaking his shoulder, and checked at the sight; for it is piercing cold. Why then away are you bound now?

Might it be far to Barstow? the man inquired, half rousing himself at last from his stupor.

No more than a matter of two miles up the turnpike. Do you folks live at Barstow? No, no; I haven't got any folk.

Well, then go the old minister; they never were known to turn a dog from the door; and if I had my way no more would I, she added with a sigh. They say the old lady is forever taking on about a wild son of hers—that cut off from home high twenty years ago and never has been heard of since. She looks for him back still, but the story goes that he was drowned at sea.

A sudden gleam shot from the tramp's filmy eyes, and a gurgle rose and died away in his throat, as he abruptly turned and set his gray, despairing face toward the long perspective of the turnpike.

Here, said the woman eagerly, is some bread and meat. Take it and eat it on the road.

Taint no use, he replied, without turning round. I'm too far gone to keep any grog down. Last week there was a gnawing and a burning here always, and he touched the fluttering rags on his chest; but I've got past starvation. Ha! ha! and laughed feebly with a dreadful sound. All I want is a hole to crawl into; for the cold nips my bones and makes them rattle.

Take my cloak, said the woman impulsively, the hot tears brimming her eyes; and she stripped the garment from her shoulders and laid it upon the shivering wretch with a motion of pitying love that I think must have the angelic smile from out the scene's heavens.

The man's "God bless you" ended in a great sob; and this time he did not turn back, but drew his languid steps away from the tavern, resting when he must, while the woman watched him with dim eyes, wondering if that

"God bless you" would lighten Mr. Birch's curse.

How he reached the parsonage, long after midnight, who can tell? He had crawled part of the way. There were times when his reason left him, and he fancied oddly that he was a gay, careless boy. There was the willow fringed brook, where he had fished at every turn; and the gray stone walls, where squirrels whisked their tails; and the maple grove, and the cow lane; yes, and he should know it well; there was the low roof of the parsonage, with its gable end painted red, and the row of cherry trees along the garden fence, where he had often held his little sister Faith to pick the fruit in her apron. He wondered if he should see Faith's rosy face at the window. No—there was the old knot red hickory that chafed the mossy eaves. Many a night he had swung himself down from his chamber by its limbs, so secretly to dancings and junk-tings. His mother never reproached him, but looked paler and soberer every day. They wanted him to get religion; and who knows but he might have got it, but for some great trouble—it was so long ago he had almost forgotten what—that crazed him and took him off to the tavern. It might be all true what the old man preached, though Sunday was such a long and tiresome day. Eternity seemed very near now, he could almost touch it with his hand. There were some words he must have heard years back that kept sounding in his ears. They were "Lord have mercy upon me a sinner." It wasn't the first time he had haunted about the old place. He had seen his mother's shadow and heard her voice. He knew where old man kept his drawers; they laid up in the till of a chest of drawers, but that God, he had never got so low as to touch any of it. He must steal away now to the shelter of some hay rick, where they might find him cold and stiff on the morrow. He would not burden the old folks with his carcass. He crept to the window, put his knees into the snow bank by the rose bush, and then the glow of the fire must have outlasted him long when they found him he was kneeling by the bed, with his matted locks scattered, and a wonderful look of George Fairchild's on cheek and brow, and a little dark stream showing where his life blood had ebbed away.

The calm of Sunday-morning had come; and in trembling hope, with her child's head upon her arm, at last, the old dame turned to him who said "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

TAKE THE CENSUS.—Madam, will you please inform me of the number of inhabitants in this house?

"Sir?"

"The population in this mansion?"

"Well there are eight in the room overhead."

"How many?"

"Eight."

"Are they all adults?"

"No they are all Smiths, except two boarders."

"Smiths—black or white smiths, madam?"

"I'll have you to understand that I don't live in a house with niggers?"

"I don't allude to their color—meant their calling."

"Oh, that's it. Well, if you had been here last night, you'd have found out, for they were calling watch as loud as they could scream."

"Madam, I merely wish to know how many people you have in this house, and what they do for a living."

"Yes, yes, now I understand. Well, let me see, there's the two Mullines—that's one."

"That makes two, madam."

"Well, if you know best, count them yourself. 'Tis my business to inquire, madam."

"Well, you'd better attend to it, then, and not bother me."

"Madam, I am out with the census, and—"

"Well, you act out of your senses, I should think, to come into my house asking such questions."

"It is in accordance with an act of Legislature, madam."

"Well, tell Mr. Legislature, or whatever his that he acts very foolish sending you around, asking such shallow, silly questions."

THE STORY OF A MEXICAN BOY.—When George Scott entered Mexico in 1848 he made a protegee of a young Mexican named Carlos Carmona. Don Carlos became the General's guide among the Halls of the Montezumas. On his return to the United States Gen. Scott brought along with him Don Carlos. Soon after the old General secured for his young friend the post of outler at West Point, giving him \$800 for a trading capital. He entered the service for the students from 1850 to 1862. During that period he accumulated several thousands of dollars, learned French thoroughly, and acquired a good English education by due improvement of his spare hours. In 1863 he returned to the city of Mexico, built the Don Carlos Hotel and set up a Mexican land office. His house became the headquarters of all Americans, and even the fleeing ex-rebels from the South frequented his hospitable ho-

was on the high road to affluence, when a few days ago, when endeavoring to separate two fighting gamblers, a pistol shot fired by one of the belligerents struck and instantly killed Don Carlos, thus ending in a most tragic manner an eventful career.

The Suez Canal.

MR. DANIEL A. LANGE, the London representative of the Suez Canal Company, has communicated to the Times the results of some experiments recently made on the canal with the Egyptian corvette Latif, a vessel carrying 10 Armstrong guns and driven by engines of 300 nominal horse power. The object of these experiments was:—1st, To ascertain the speed required to steer a vessel of the dimensions of the Latif so as to keep her course straight, in navigating the canal. The experiments showed that this can be effected at a speed of 3 2 and 3 7 knots an hour. 2. It was further important to ascertain by practical trials the rate at which a vessel could proceed through the canal without disturbing the embankments. The result proved that a speed of 5 4 and 6 4 knots an hour no harm is done to the banks. 3. The last question to determine was the loss of speed incurred by a vessel navigating in the canal, compared with the open sea, in smooth water. It was found that the loss of speed owing to more confined water area of the canal amounted to one fourth, using of course the same power in both cases. Mr. Lange confirms the official announcements already made—viz, that the navigation of the Suez Canal would be opened on the 17th of November, to all vessels without distinction of nationality, provided they do not draw more than 24 feet 7 inches English, the canal being then (eight meters) equal to 26 1/2 English feet in depth. Messrs. Harne, also directors of the Societe Maritime des Messageries Imperials, have announced that the steamship "Godavery" will be despatched from Marseilles on the 10th of November to Port Said, where she was expected to arrive on the eve of the inauguration of the canal. After the opening ceremony she will pass through the canal and continue her voyage direct to Calcutta. The Godavery's extreme length is 305 feet. Her tonnage (English) is 1380 gross and 965 register, and her draught with a full cargo is 17 feet 9 inches. [Engineering.]

ITEMS.

A shock of an earthquake, which lasted several seconds, took place at St. Astorgol, October 12. Tables and other articles of furniture were shaken from their places, and many people were seized with dizziness.

A recent number of Punch was not allowed to enter Paris because it had a stinging caricature in it—an imperial velocipede rider, trundling his bicycle on a tight rope, and on one end of his balance pole "repression," on the other "concession." It was called a "perilous passage."

Leitz is going to Paris in December, and is expected to appear in public.

The Paris hospitals are to be heated by electricity, instead of coal, hereafter. The experiment was successfully tried at the Hotel Dieu recently.

Sportmen in Europe predict a severe winter, because the woodcock have arrived in their haunts unusually frequently only in November—a fortnight before time.

The Parish School has been reopened. Terms:—Juniors \$1.00 per quarter. Advance \$1.50. Classics and Mathematical Branches also taught.

SPECIAL CLASSES in French and German, for young Ladies have been formed. A few more pupils can be taken. Hours—2.15 to 3.45. For terms, &c., apply to the teacher.

D. WHITEY, Teacher. St. Andrews, Aug. 4, 1869.

SPECIAL NOTICE. THE Subscriber being about to remove from this place, is under the necessity of enforcing payment of all bills and balances of accounts due to himself or the late firm of Clinch, McLean and Co. All such remaining unsettled on the First day of August next, will then be placed in the hands of a Magistrate or an Attorney for collection.

CHAS. F. CLINCH. St. Andrews, July 5, 1869.

S. ALMOND, Superintendent of the St. Stephen Rural Cemetery. Importer of Marble and Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES &c. Stone Cutting in all its branches executed at moderate rates. Having competent and efficient workmen in his employ, he is prepared to fill all orders at the shortest notice. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Workshop Union St., St. Stephen.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

LONDON, Nov. 19. The London Shipping Gazette pronounces Suez Canal a magnificent success.

The four oared match between the Tyne and the Thames was won by the Tyne crew.

Despatches from Cairo on the Suez Canal show that the enterprise is successful in every respect.

A collision occurred yesterday on Grand Trunk Railroad near Kingston, Canada.

The storm of Wednesday caused great destruction of shipping on Lakes Ontario and Erie with loss of life.

The Empress Eugenie in her steam yacht, has passed the Suez Canal.

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The STANDARD OFFICE is removed to Baiting Building, Water Street, opposite the store of G. Bradley, Esq., Entrance from North side of building.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, NOV. 24, 1869.

OUR FISHERIES.

In the Return to the Address of the House of Commons, "For a return of all Licences granted during the past year to American Fishermen to fish in the waters of the Dominion, there is a great deal of interesting information respecting the Fisheries. That the Minister of Marine and Fisheries has attended to his duty, and promptly where required, is abundantly evident from the return; it is also plain that he understands the true bearing of the question better than the Secretary of the Colonies, or the former Governor-General; it is not the first occasion we have commended the Minister's ability; and the excellent management generally of the Department under which he presides. He knows the advantage the Americans possess over our fishermen in the protection afforded by the import in American markets of fish caught and cured by Provisionalists, and the evils of a nominal licence fee of 50 cents, as being likely to degenerate into a tacit relinquishment of the exclusive right of fishing.

During the year 1866 about 800 American vessels prosecuted fishing in Dominion waters, many of them making two or more voyages; out of that number only 454 took out licences, of which 354 were issued by Nova Scotia, 89 by P. E. Island, and 11 from New Brunswick.

In 1867 the number was less, only 269 licences were granted by Nova Scotia, and none by Canada or New Brunswick. The excessive duties levied by the U. S. government, amount almost to prohibition, the tariff is for

Mackerel \$2.00 per barrel
Herrings 1.00 " "
Salmon 3.00 " "
Other pickled fish 1.50 " "
All other 1.00 " "

Indeed the duties on other Dominion products are equally heavy.

In 1866 the several Provinces paid in gold, American duties on provincial caught fish exported to the United States \$220,000, while during the same year Americans paid \$13,000 although they took from our fisheries over \$4,000,000 worth of fish!

As the question of the Fisheries is one of paramount importance to the people of the Maritime Provinces, and one of their greatest natural sources of wealth, we give the following reliable information, which shows how American fishermen get rich while our men employed in the same calling, barely obtain a living:

A British vessel of 71 tons, built and equipped at St. John, costing \$1,800, expressly for the mackerel fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 204 Bay of Chaleur, took 600 barrels of fish, which sold in Halifax and Boston for \$5,000. After paying expenses (including \$300 in gold for customs), a profit of \$1,200 accrued to the owners. An American vessel from Newburyport, (Mass.) of 46 tons, 130 then, took a licence at Port Margrove, (N.S.), paying \$16. The whole cost of vessel and voyage was \$3,200 or \$2,400 Halifax currency. She fished 210 barrels of mackerel, which sold in Boston for \$13,000, about \$9,110 in gold, leaving a profit of \$6,710.

Comment is unnecessary. The Minister suggests in that by which provincial fishermen may be placed on a somewhat less disadvantageous footing in comparison with United States citizens, by charging a higher rate per ton for licences—regulated as well as compensating our own fishermen and traders for the tax levied on fish exported to the United States markets, as to forming a fund for the maintenance of a Marine Police, made requisite by the presence of foreigners.

We will refer to other matters in the Return affecting the fisheries around islands in Passamaquoddy Bay and elsewhere along the coast.

A MISSIONARY MEETING was held in the Wesleyan Church here on Monday evening last, which was largely attended. Several animated addresses were delivered, and the claims of Missions powerfully advocated. The speakers were—Rev. Messrs. Dutcher, McKeown, Pitblado, and Mr. Magee.

Mr. JOHN D. WILSON, and his family have removed to St. Stephen. He is connected with the Customs, his duties it is said, pertaining to the Railway. It is expected the sum arising from Export duty will be largely increased.

The old Wyer house, purchased by Mr. H. O'Neil, is being new shingled and thoroughly repaired, and will be ready for a tenant early next spring.

Mr. P. Donaghy, has purchased the adjoining lot for building purposes.

We would remind those who are favorable to the formation of a Young Men's Christian Association, that a meeting for that purpose will be held in Russell's Hall, on Monday evening next. It is to be hoped that there will be a full attendance, and that an Association will be formed such as almost every town in the Province possesses. These societies are composed of married and unmarried men, among them, some well advanced in years.

The weather for the past week has been variable, alternating between sunshine, rain, and frost. On Saturday it blew a gale, accompanied by the heaviest rain storm this fall.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for December received this morning, and contains the usual amount of original and selected interesting and instructive articles, with additional attractions such as a Fashion Plate, an engraving of Pope Pius IX, Father Hyacinth, Jas. Fitz, Jr., a piece of music, &c. Price \$1.50 per ann. Published by J. Dougall & Son, Montreal.

We are indebted to Mr. Thos. Jackson for copies of the latest California papers, giving full particulars of the late accident on the Pacific Railway, and Mining news, &c.

Several people in Fredericton affirm that there was a slight shock of Earthquake felt in that city on the morning of the 9th inst.

It is said that the Postmaster General of the U. S. will also issue an order prohibiting carriage through the mails, of circulars got up by "swindling firms" for the purpose of defrauding the public. Some twenty of these firms are on the black list of the Government detectives. The order will be hailed with satisfaction by publishers and others; in the Provinces who have been taken in by those daring swindlers.

The great and good Mr. Peabody, it has just been announced, a few days before his death gave \$750,000 additional to the building fund which he had established in London.

BAD FOR MRS. STOWE.—The Quarterly Review, in its second edition, on the Byron Mystery, completely contradicts Mrs. Stowe's statement, asserting that Lady Byron herself explicitly disclaimed the charge. Mrs. Stowe's reputation for truth has suffered materially, by attempting to misrepresent at the dead post.

Capt. Webber, with Lt. Bolton, published in London a resolution against Confederation, a couple of years ago, and last summer while crossing the Corrientes from Buenos Ayres to Peru. He was buried on the 5th of the month. Capt. Webber was accompanied by Lt. Wallace. When at the height of 15,000 feet they were attacked with "quinta," rapid inflammation of the lungs caused by tarred air, and Capt. Webber rapidly succumbed. Mr. Wallace has returned to his quarters at Gibraltar.

We had the pleasure of Capt. Webber's acquaintance when stationed here with his Battery of Artillery during the threatened "Finnish Invasion" in 1861. He undoubtedly was a strong opponent of Confederation.—Ed. STANDARD.

DEMORSE'S YOUNG AMERICA.—This sprightly juvenile is constantly improving. A new and most interesting feature consists of a beautiful chromo series of Audubon's American birds, each a separate picture of which is to frame, a charming set for a child's room. "Our Paris Doll," accompanied by a letter to the little ones, by Mme. Demorse, is another great feature, not to speak of the special Christmas attractions and novelties, and a new story by the author of "Jack and Rosy" altogether. The December number ought to be 2000 copies for ten thousand additional subscribers to "Young America,"—\$1.50 with a beautiful premium. Publication office, 838 Broadway N. Y.—Subscriptions received at this Office.

The Toronto "Leader" says:—"We have been assured by persons who have lately returned from the Red River country that the present difficulty has mainly been caused by a small Canadian party in the settlement which derives its inspiration from the "Globe" newspaper. This party has made use of articles and letters in the "Globe" to excite the half breeds, who have been disrespectfully spoken of, and they have come to believe that a "reign of terror" for them is about being inaugurated. We have hope, as already stated above, that the present difficulty will be got over by mutual explanations and a friendly talk."

WOODSTOCK LOCALS.—Material improvement is being made on the Woodstock Hotel building.

The Messrs. Bunn's new steam flour mill is in successful operation, turning out good flour.

Several new buildings are under way at Upper Woodstock. Notable among them Mr. Ketchum's brick building is externally finished and looks well.

Messrs. Haydon, Parsons & Dickinson have made marvellous progress with their large wooden building on Main Street.

The three different Lodges of British Templars in Town are doing well.

WESTERN EXTENSION is to be opened on the 1st Dec. Our thanks are due for a card of invitation, to E. R. Burpee, Esq., C. E. After the guests pass over the Road, they will assemble in the Car Shed in rear of the Rink, St. John, where a dinner will be served.

THE RAILWAY.—Mr. Burpee is making arrangements for a grand opening of the Railway on the 1st December. It is stated, too, that matters are approaching a crisis between the New Brunswick Company and American Company in regard to the question of who owns the road.—[Globe.]

ITEMS.

The death of Earl Derby and the Marquis of Westminster has left two vacancies in the Order of the Garter. Prince Arthur is named as one of the successors.

Chicago needs more than anything else, a good well trained servant. Such a thing as a good well trained servant, is no more to be found than a living specimen of the mound builders. The few female servants that may be found are mainly interested in area and back door flutters, with a view to early matrimony.

The suicides in the British army in the 1868 were one in 10,000.

Miss ROGERS has, during the week, been canvassing this town for subscribers to a book entitled "Violet Keith," written by Mrs. T. of Montreal, and has been quite successful in her labors. Miss Rogers is now going from here to Charlotte County, we commend her and her book to the kind consideration of our friends in St. Andrews and St. Stephen.—[Standard.]

It is stated that Mr. J. P. Jossat, the publisher who lost a fortune on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and lost it in subsequent ventures, now works as journeyman printer in Philadelphia.

The British Government allows the son of King Theodore of Abyssinia \$3000 a year. Real estate is a good deal depressed in Montreal on account of the depression of the business for the past two years.

Father Hyacinth intends to deliver a Lecture in French at Cooper Institute, New York, on the 9th of December.

Phurlock Wood, it is said, is about to resume his connection with journalism by assuming editorial charge of the Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

Wheat has been sold at thirty cents in Iowa this fall; the average price in the State has been fifty cents.

Orders have been issued to have salutes fired on the arrival of the British man of war bearing the remains of George Peabody.

THE RABBIT REMEDY.—The variable temperature of autumn, is always pregnant with its fatal all pulmonary disorders. Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam, diligently used, will be found to be the most efficient means of immediately banishing coughs or lung complaints in their worst form. Whenever the system is predisposed to weakness of the chest, this Balsam will be found sure to eradicate the seeds of future mischief in the lungs. A throat, hoarse, chronic cough, &c., all disappear before the successful employment of Dr. Wilson's Balsam, which in the most obdurate cases only require a moderate amount of time and fair attention.

The beauty Dr. Wilson's Family Anti-Bilious Pills is, they do their work without pain. They gently move the bowels, increase the appetite, act gently on the liver, purify the blood, improve the whole system, keep it in order, and prolong life. The especially get up to strengthen and build up the system.

A subscriber tells us that for years he has been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism; and from his having a supply of Dr. Dow's Serravallo's Oil Liment in his house, which he always keeps for his horses and stock, he was led to try it for his complaint; and to his great joy he was entirely cured. He would not part with his new found remedy for any thing.

Why should any man permit his horse to run down as we frequently see? In many cases it arises from not knowing what to do; in others, the remedy is put off from day to day, hoping relief will come of itself. Keep Clark's Derby Condition Powder's always on hand, give them occasionally as you see they are required, and do not let your horse run down. They keep him so that he feels the full benefit of his food.

The Hon. Joseph Howe reports favorably as to the settlement qualities of the Red River district. He thinks that McDougall will have no difficulty in quieting the troubles which some thoughtless letters of a government employee have caused among the half breeds.

The October statement of the Bank of Montreal shows that institution to have had over twenty millions of deposits while its discounts were only sixteen and a half millions.

An English paper says that photographs can now be printed with printers ink. They are as permanent as a printed text, and so easy of production that 12,000 may be produced from a single plate in one day.

Those wicked Viennese, who care neither for Pope or devil, are amusing themselves with a farce at the Carl Theatre, called "Father Hyacinth," in which the sainted friar comes off best in an encounter with the monks and demons of the period.

A Washington despatch says, that the President will urge the resumption of specie payments in his forthcoming message.

A few nights ago two men named Bliss and Wild, registered their names at the St. Charles Hotel, Lacrosse, Wis., as from Wisconsin. Wild left at 12 o'clock next day. Bliss was found at 4 o'clock in the afternoon in his room dead with two bullet holes through him. Wild is probably the murderer.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A despatch received at the Railway station last evening

stated that the early morning mixed train from Picton yesterday ran off the track at a culvert two miles east of New Glasgow, resulting in the death of the engine driver, James McGee, and the conductor, and smashing to pieces the cars. The mishap was caused by the failure of Sunday, which washed away a portion of the embankment around the stone-work, so that when the engine came along the rails bent, which threw her off the track.—[Daily News.]

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY.

Between John Johnson and James Johnson, Plaintiffs; and James J. Adams, John Morrison, John Bennett Key, John W. Young, Jonathan C. Allison, John B. Campbell, John D. Nash, William M. Gray, Thomas Watson, the Cases Bay Copper Mining Company, Edmund Putnam and Edmund Putnam, Junior, Defendants.

Before His Honor Mr. Justice WILSON.

The Fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1869.

To the above named Defendants, the Cases Bay Copper Mining Company and the said Defendants John W. Young, Jonathan C. Allison, John B. Campbell, John D. Nash and William M. Gray as Directors of the said Cases Bay Copper Mining Company from John Morrison, Plaintiff, Thomas Watson, and every of their workmen, laborers, servants and agents.

YOL, and each of you, are hereby strictly enjoined and commanded, under the penalty of One Thousand Dollars, and also of imprisonment, to desist henceforth altogether and absolutely from entering upon the lands mentioned and described in the first and third paragraphs of the Bill of Complaint in this cause comprising the whole of Allens Island, so called, in the Parish of Saint George, in the County of Charlotte, last is to say, all those lands and premises described in the Grant thereof in the first paragraph of the said Bill of Complaint as the "Big or low" pieces of land situate in the Parish of Saint George, County of Charlotte, Province of New Brunswick, bounded on the North by the sea shore, on the East by the sea shore, on the West by land owned by John Morrison, and the lands and premises described in the Grant thereof from John Morrison to John B. 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