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From the "Volunteer Service Gazette."  
Royal Arsenal Rifles—Church Parade.

On Sunday afternoon, the 28th Kent (Royal Arsenal) Rifles attended Divine service at Holy Trinity Church, Woolwich, which was crowded in every part. The lessons selected for the occasion were read by Lieut. Colonel W. R. Buck, commanding the corps. The following hymn was sung before the sermon. It had been written expressly for the occasion by Lieut. Colonel Buck, the music being specially composed by the Rev. W. M. Buck, Vicar of Sutton-cum-Seaford, Sussex, his father: THE CAPTAIN OF SALVATION.—Heb. ii. 10.

Soldiers of the Captain!  
Stand, for Him, and fight—  
Hardness, glad enduring,  
Armoured in His might!  
He is that Great Victor  
Praised in angels' songs—  
Glory of each soldier  
Who to Him belongs.  
SOLDIERS OF THE CAPTAIN!  
Stand, for Him, and fight—  
Hardness, glad enduring,  
Armoured in His might!  
Leader never vanquished—  
More than conquerors, too,  
Through Himself, He maketh  
All His soldiers true:  
For the foe, triumphant,  
He must still prevail—  
So, His soldiers faithful,  
With Him, cannot fail.  
SOLDIERS OF THE CAPTAIN, &c.  
Take ye, then, the helmet,  
Breastplate, shield, and sword—  
Thus equipped, for battle,  
Ready at His word:  
Fierce though be the warfare,  
Sure is the reward—  
And, though dark the conflict,  
Bright the promised crown,  
SOLDIERS OF THE CAPTAIN, &c.  
Jesus! Captain! help us  
Soldiers go to be—  
Living, dying, ever  
Fighting, Lord! for Thee:  
To go to march forward  
In His ranks of Thine—  
Waiting but the order  
From Thy voice divine!  
SOLDIERS OF THE CAPTAIN, &c.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. James White, incumbent of the church, and chaplain to the 28th Kent, who chose for his text the words at the beginning of the above hymn, "The Captain of salvation." During the course of his address he said that the primary essential of an army was a good leader, and next to that, good soldiers. He expressed the need for such men in the army of the living, and they would never see from the cry of war, a cry in which some must be wrong, and must be right. It was on account of such evils as these that the men bore him had, and they were to keep the horrors of the war from their hearts and homes—England was the only country in which war volunteers; there was no conscription in any happy land, and thousands of men had voluntarily come forward and offered their services for the public good, willing, if occasion required, to fight and die for their Queen and country. He invited them obediently to come forward and enter the service of the Captain of salvation, whose love and sympathy were with them, and who had himself been made perfect through suffering.

The hymn, "O Paradise! O Paradise!" having been sung by the choir, and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. J. White, the volunteers marched off from the church to the martial time of the foregoing hymn, which has just been adopted as the "Regimental March" of the corps, for use on parade, and in the field, etc., on all occasions.

[The Rev. Vicar Buck, brother, and Lieut. Col. Buck, a nephew of our respect- able friend, Walter M. Buck, Esq., C. B., formerly a resident of Saint Andrews.—Ed. Standard.]

A man, wearing a nice spring hat was arrested yesterday in the Providence Market on the 20th day, and was very anxious that he should know of his discharge, after his release he was observed about town with his nice hat on, having upon it the tolling legend, "This hat belongs to a man who sold No. 178, the officers having been very careful of his property, but failed to remove the hat."

The latest addition to the umbrella is a pane of glass, inserted in the front breadth through which the holder can see his way.

## A CHOICE OF EVILS. Between a Lion, and a Minister.

A little head-trong piece, a pretty little head-trong piece, every old woman in the neighborhood called Bessie Allan; and when she and George Knight, her mate in most of her frolics and adventures, were together, any thing, the same authorities declared might be expected. Nevertheless, all the neighborhood were Bessie Allan's friends; they all loved the little bright head, the dimpled mischief of the rosy face, the glistering of the brown eyes, with their long, bright, half-curved lashes that knew so well the demure trick of veiling the lustre underneath them at the auspicious moment; and making the face too tempting for anything but forgiveness and kisses.

She was seventeen, and though all the neighborhood might in some way be called her lover, yet she never had that single and individual lover who belongs to young girls' dreams; for with all her gay spirit there was a certain shyness—almost like that of the little wild-woman animals, which allures you and then escapes you—and no admirer had ever approached the lovely, frolicsome, piquant thing near enough to become a lover. That is to say, until this present epoch, of which we are about to speak; and then one day the new minister—yes, the new minister, young, heart-whole, handsome, and beloved by some of the old women of whom mention has been made, and some of the young ones too, to be nothing less than an angel in disguise, for if such things had happened once, they reasoned, then they might happen again—just as he rose in the pulpit, saw Miss Bessie come walking into church, and it was all over with him.

He knew, in fact, that his hour had come. He sat down afterward, and reasoned the matter out with himself. A child, indeed, she was, he confessed, but then an utterly lovely one. Not precisely the material for a minister's wife, according to old-fashioned theories, but then he had abandoned old-fashioned theories in that respect. His wife was to belong to him, not to the parish, and in time she would be everything the fondest parish could wish. And as for anything more that could be urged, there was but one answer—he loved her. A month ago he had never seen her; now, life would be a hard struggle to the grave without her. A month ago he had never seen her, yet he was sure he had only been journeying toward her, and he was as determined to make her his own, and as confident that he should do so, as if he had seen it written in the book of fate. When Mr. Beckwith determined on a thing, he was in the habit of accomplishing it.

It actually seemed to all the neighborhood, at about that time, as though Bessie Allan were Bessie herself with exuberance and the mere delight of youth and health and sunshine. The sewing-circles and the prayer-meetings were only so many places for her wiles and witticisms—possessed with glee at the one, a coquetish little Puritan at the other under all her glances—always contriving to go home with some other gallant than the minister. The Bible class was the only place that tamed her much, and these she grew more and more silent; her veil gradually lowered and lowered till it shielded her face; and as long as her unshielded tears could fall quietly, and only blister the leaves of her testament unperceived, she said; but when a hysterical burst became inevitable, without a word of warning she would rush away, as if in danger of her life. Nobody else dreamed what it meant. Mr. Beckwith thought he knew. Poor little Bessie! If ever a young falcon out of the forest objected to the clipping of her wings, she was one, for she felt the band tightening around her. Evidently she was in the mood of those who mean to have their fling out because they know an end is coming. She loved him—yes, she loved him who was afraid; but he was a minister, and she didn't want to love a minister.

If so good a man could be piqued, he was perhaps piqued into the resolve for conquest; he was determined to teach the tantalizing thing, that it was happiness she was flying from, and not torment, as she seemed to believe; he was all the more fixed in his intention to win her—to win her and to tame her. But not one opportunity for his winning and taming did he get.

"What in the world is the matter with the girl?" said her mother.

But the father only nodded his wise head and bade the mother leave her alone. He looked at the absurd little portrait of his short-waisted aunt Dorothy, of whom Bessie was the image and superscription, and remembered the story of her courtship as he heard her tell it. "It will all come right mother," he said.

"It's all wrong now," said the mother. "And these truntings will be the death of me if they don't come to an end soon."

Perhaps Mr. Beckwith thought they would be the death of him. If he did, he could devise no way to overcome them. Half-promised as she was by those melting lips of hers, he could not arrive within sufficient distance again of the rebellious little maiden to exact the rest of the promise. That his power was felt, and not only felt but recognized, was evident enough, or she would never have tried to escape him so. In the mask of nonchalance, or in the mask of nonchalance, which ever way it was, she was equally inaccessible.

If there was to be a picnic now in the parish, an occasion where all were on a level, this young woman announced her intention of going before Mr. Beckwith had the chance to invite her, in the company of another suitor, and nobody in that house had ever been much in the habit of gaining Bessie Allen. When evening meeting was over, she was not the one to wait for the minister; she caught her father's arm, and said, "Quick! Don't let anybody take me!" And after that mark of confidence, the proud and loyal father, happy slave of a spoiled mistress, would not have surrendered her to the minister himself, who was, it was very likely, plotting on behind with her mother and the lantern. When the sewing circle closed its sessions, Bessie said Yes to the first spruce young Corydon that stepped forward.

But, for all that, there was a change in Bessie. Nobody ever heard her voice coming out of the window now; nobody heard her old sweet laugh, like the music of a brook; there was a curious little frown between her eyes when on her modest caprice.

It was just at this season, as it happened, toward the close of the bright September days, that flaming handbills were posted up at every corner and on every empty fence proclaiming the approach of Eden's great Scriptural Show and Gymnastic Entertainment, which the villagers were not, however deluded into supposing anything other than a circus. Miss Bessie, of course, read the handbills in common with others, and straightway announced to her astounded family that she was to be a patroness of the great Scriptural Show to the extent of a single ticket.

"Go to the circus!" came the astonished chorus of remonstrance.

"It isn't a circus," said Bessie. "It's a Scriptural Show. There are texts from the Bible on every cart."

"They take the livery of God to serve the devil in!" exclaimed her father.

"I don't see any such necessity," she rejoined. "It's an opportunity for studying natural history, such as seldom occurs, the hills say."

"Much natural history in those dancing women and riding men?"

"Oh, as for that part, I shouldn't think there could be any thing more interesting than the sight of those people springing through the air from their trapezes," said the well-informed young person, "and showing what fine bodies they can make for themselves. Like pictures of the heathen gods!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Allen; "nonsense. Your head's turned. You, a deacon's daughter!"

"Yes, my child," said her father. "I agree with your mother here. I've never denied you much, Bessie, but I feel that I must deny you this. You can't go to the circus."

"You!" said her mother, "that the minister has paid attention to!"

That settled it. Nothing but iron could have kept Bessie from that circus after those fatal words. She confided to George Knight at once her intention of going to the circus; and when the mighty show came into town, she watched her chance and harnessed the lily herself into the little open wagon, and set out with George Knight, unseen and unmissed for a time, to visit the beasts and the gymnasts of the forbidden entertainment.

"What the minister can see in that girl," said old Miss Sparks, looking through the window as the wagon whirled by, "I can't see. She's an engaging rogue, that's true; but I shouldn't want to marry her. But as nobody wanted Miss Sparks to marry her, it didn't do much signify."

Bessie was in great spirits. She was disobeying; that in itself always kindled her marriage-mood. Then she felt sure that Mr. Beckwith would disapprove, and that was another excitement. She had a foreboding that the time was coming presently when her free agency would cease; till it did cease she was defiant. And accordingly, well-pleased with her success thus far, she and George sang and laughed till the road rang with their overflowing gaiety as they drove along and put the filly through her paces.

It was only a couple of miles below the road grew dusty and thronged. People were coming and people were going. All sorts of vehicles jostled together. Far off they could hear the strains of a band rising

and falling on the wind till they were in an ecstasy of expectation, as they grew silent and listened. Both began to line the way, with lemonade and mineral waters and worse; and presently the tents rose on their slight like white clouds, the flag waving its long folds over them. And now they were in the great space before the tents, crowded with teams, with foot passengers, with men leading piebald horses and Shetland ponies, with boys crying their wares, with the voice of the Bostonian and the learned pig on the attention; and through it all came the burst of the band again in some tripping dance music, the rattling of the benches and the creaking of the monkey and parrots; and then the great canvases seemed to swell and soar, and a girl, all gaze and flowers, was running up the air on a rope stretched from pole to pole far overhead, dancing from saucelike to saucelike as it seemed to the rapt Bessie. What transport! she thought; and she sat with her head thrown back, regardless of everything but this flying wooder in the air, till suddenly a shriek rose from the great tent—a shriek that was repeated in the crowded square—the shriek of a thousand voices—one awfully

and agony from all the people, who stood again by all the wild beasts within; the lion had broken loose!

What a scene it was! what a dreadful scene! Men were yelling as they ran, children were screaming, women were fainting, the crowd was surging and plunging this way and that in a frantic effort to escape. Bessie, suddenly called from her rapt reverie with that spirit in the air, gave one look—one look of horror—tried to pull the rein, and, weak as a child, fell back upon the seat. The filly turned her head, and then, with staring eyes and foaming nostril, stood upright one moment, and the next bolted away from the broken traces and left all standing. George Knight, with a scream, flung himself from the wagon, and was swallowed in the flying multitude, but Bessie sat stone-still, her heart beating with great knocks, as unable to move as one paralyzed.

What swift thoughts swept through her mind! This was the end of all her wickedness. This was what she deserved for all the pain she had given father and mother—she, their only child, their hope, who should have been their joy! This was what she deserved, it flashed across her for making bleed the heart of the man that loved her. Deserved? Ah, no one could quite deserve to be torn to pieces by the teeth of a wild beast. If she had but been true to herself, if she had less to see her power, feared less for her liberty, what peace and pleasure might have been hers the instant! And now—she remembered the Christian girls in the Roman amphitheatre; she had not even a martyr. She had wanted to study natural history; she had a fine chance. She could not stir. In another moment the brute would be done his havoc there, and come leaping through the canvas. Another shriek; a great bursting wave of shrieks. Ah, yes, there he came, tall in the air, tawny mane, bristling eyes, blazing—coming in great bounds through the already half-deserted place, coming straight for her! She cowered an instant, then sprang to her feet, and glared full at the advancing monster. It was too much. With a wild cry herself she turned—but only to hide her face in Mr. Beckwith's breast, as he climbed into the wagon behind her.

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Thought is fleet; instantaneous was the capture mingling with the agony, instantaneous the motion with which she pushed him from her. "Go! go!" she cried. "I can't have my filly kill you too! Oh, as he did not move, 'if you love me, go.'" "It is because I love you that I shall stay," murmured Mr. Beckwith, swiftly, in her ear; "that I shall never go until I hear you say so much."

"Oh, you know it!" she cried, and faintly on his shoulder, just as the keepers sprang with their ropes upon the poor old toothless lion, was laid his frolic and enjoyed the scare, and of Mr. Beckwith—a muscular Christian, with a pistol in his pocket having made his harmless acquaintance, moreover, inside the tent—had not felt it necessary to be much afraid.

It was George Knight's seat that Mr. Beckwith occupied that evening as they drove slowly home, after the capture of the filly and the mending of the broken traces. Mr. Beckwith having made the most of the three hours in which he had Miss Bessie on his hands; and Bessie herself, tired and weak, lying restfully, if you will believe it, within the arm that enfolded her.

"Bessie," he was saying, "this is only the second lion in the way. What was that first one which always drove you from me so?"

"—I was afraid," murmured Bessie. "Afraid of me?"

"And then—and then you took it so for granted?"

"Oh, indeed," said the minister, frowning his closer still; "and what if I took it for granted that you were going to the parsonage with me next month?"

"Oh, I'm not fit!" cried Bessie, with a start.

"If you make one objection," said her lover, "I shall stop at Justice Pettigrew's, on our way, and take you home with me to-night!" And there with that tender arm about her, that face about her own, all in the soft September twilight and under the lamp of the evening star, what could Bessie do but yield?

"I don't know what father and mother will say," she whispered, as at last, having left the wagon, they clung together on the porch one moment, and saw the father's listening toward them down the long country.

"Father Allan," said the minister, walking boldly in, with his arm around their naughty darling, "this is a will-o'-wisp that I have captured, and that I intrust for just three weeks longer to your care. It has come from the circus, and it is bound for the parsonage; and there," said Mr. Beckwith, "it is going to turn into the light of the house, the spirit of the fresher, the sunshine of home!"

A Chicago poet, upon hearing that Napoleon was about to erect covens upon her Pueria lute, has burst forth into the following verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do the men and ows between, and not by the dim religious light of the ritual; oh, for the cow may plunge, and the milk-pail, and check the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pall!"

The other day a man in Milwaukee found four boys playing cards on the hay-mow, and he was proceeding to give them a lesson when one of them spoke up and said: "We want's playing cards. Tom Lester's another is dead, and we were up here showing him the pictures on the keels so he wouldn't feel lonesome."

Peter McNamee, of Rochester, who thought he could memorize a bill by looking through his eyes, changed his mind when he found himself on the wooden roof a moment afterward.

Kansas teacher—"Where does all our grain product go to?" "To the hopper?" "Grasshoppers?" "That's what they do!"

The hair from a lady's braid should be made use of on the lapel of a gentleman's coat, unless the parties are engaged.

What is that which, by losing an eye, has only a nose left? A nose.

Telegraphic News.

London, July 17. A meeting was held in London, yesterday, in favor of raising a monument to Lord Byron. General Wilson promised the co-operation of Americans. Floods in England and Wales are subsiding. Forged notes on the Banks of England and France are in circulation. The Bank of England has a larger amount of gold than ever before. Latest advices indicate that dissatisfaction is increasing among the Carlists, and that the adherents of Don Carlos are abandoning him and fleeing into France. New York, July 17. Immense quantities of lumber were destroyed by fire in Canada West. Gold 114 1/2 to 114 3/4.

The Birds and the Insect Pests.

The western journals are beginning to wake up to the fact that the idea which we broached some time ago, relative to the wholesale slaughter of the prairie chickens and other feathered game having its result in an increase of grasshopper infection, is founded on substantial truth. It is admitted that the destruction of the birds has been enormous, and that they have trapped by thousands and led to the hogs, on the theory that pork can be salted and sold while birds cannot. Now, let the journals suggest to their readers the necessity of game laws, rigorous ones, which will impose heavy penalties not merely for killing the chickens, but for exposing them for sale, and let local authorities see that such enactments are enforced to the letter. If this be done, and if the western inventors will give more attention to devising exterminating machinery, by next year the hoppers, between the scorching from the miasmas and the hungry crops of the birds, will find life utterly devoid of pleasure, and perhaps may be induced to migrate out of the United States territory, say to Mexico. There is another reason why the birds should be spared, and that is the potato bug. Prairie chickens and quail, it is said, will eat the insects, and other birds are said to feed upon them greedily.

Singular Explosion.

At the works of Hewes & Phillips, Newark, N. J., a few days since, it became necessary to remove the rings from a steam piston, which was hollow, with two sets of packing rings. The rings were found to be rusted and corroded fast, and the piston was placed on a fire in the blacksmith shop to loosen them by heat. In a few minutes an explosion occurred, and the piston was blown to pieces, injuring one man so that he died in a few minutes, and hurting another badly about the face. On a close examination of the pieces, it was believed that marks of an old crack were found. It is thought that, when hot and under pressure, some steam may have leaked through into the piston and subsequently condensed, and the crack may then have been rusted tight. When the piston was heated, this water inside became converted into steam and caused the explosion.

The Electric Light for Locomotives.

Experiments with the electric light as a head light for locomotives have recently been made in Russia on the railroad from Moscow to Kursk, with successful results. The apparatus consisted in a battery of 48 couples, which produced sufficient illumination to light up the track for a distance of from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet ahead. A correspondent of Les Mondes suggests that a small electric machine would serve the purpose much better than a galvanic battery, liable to injury by agitation. It is proposed to connect the mechanism directly with the front axle, the revolution of which will set the former in operation. The chances of danger usually attendant with the speed; but arranged as above described, the intensity of the light would increase in like ratio, up to certain limits. In running slowly, the illumination would be comparatively feeble; but in such a case the bell, whistle, and other signals would afford warning in ample time.

New Remedy for Burns.

There has been in hospital for many months a case of extensive burn, in which different applications have been tried. Every new dressing succeeded well for a time, but soon it ceased to prove of advantage. The last agent that has been used, and is used at present, is salicylic acid. The effect is more beneficial than obtained by any of the former remedies. The method of using it is to form an emulsion with olive oil, one part of the salicylic acid to sixteen parts of oil. This mixture is painted over the ulcerated surface once or twice a day. It gives rise to a slight smarting sensation when first applied, but that soon passes off.—New York Medical Journal.

Chas. Flaherty a youth of sixteen years, one of the survivors of the ill-fated vessel Atlantic, died on Saturday at his parent's residence, Paterson, N. J. He was among those who took to the rigging with the chief officer, and who heroically took off his coat and wrapped it around a lady who was frozen in the rigging, in the vain effort to save her life. After great hardship, with the aid of a life-preserver, reached shore, but never recovered from the effects of that terrible night.

P. E. Island—The Crops.

The crop prospect on this Island is most cheering.

The country never looked better at this time of the year. The spring, though somewhat late, was exceedingly favorable to farming operations, and the weather has since been most propitious. Grain of all kinds looks healthy, and hay promises to be a heavy crop. Potatoes look uncommonly well.—Charlottetown Patriot.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JULY 21, 1875.

Publisher's Notice.

Persons indebted to the STANDARD OFFICE for the paper, advertising, &c., will please pay our collector, and those at a distance can remit by mail. Many owe us for a year and upwards, and we trust that they will liquidate their accounts without delay. There is no good reason why publishers should not be paid as promptly as others. We are happy to learn that the postage is now pre-paid by publishers, subscriptions &c. must henceforward be paid in advance.

Breaking up of the Camp.

All things must have an end, and as a consequence, the Brigade Camp closed its military exercises on Thursday evening last, to the regret of the military and likewise to the townspeople, who entertain the most kindly feelings for the Brigade—horse, foot, and artillery.

On Wednesday last, as previously announced in these columns, a review was held on the Camp Grounds. The troops went through company and brigade movements, and formed into companies, marched past the grand stand, where His Honor the Lieut. Governor with his staff stood, presenting arms as they passed, the Bands playing the National Anthem. They afterwards went through a variety of manoeuvres, which were witnessed by a large number of persons from the town and surrounding country, and across the border. The Field Battery firing and exercises were greatly admired; indeed a finer body of men, and better up in drill, we learn from a military friend, are not in the Dominion. Their horses are fine animals, and move as regularly as "sold troops." The Battery is entitled to great praise having been recently formed. At four o'clock the men were dismissed, and invited guests, went on board the River Steamer Belle Bros, on the "Officers Excursion" to St. Stephen. Our reporter says, they had a pleasant sail to Calais where they arrived at six o'clock. A large number of the excursionists proceeded to St. Stephen, while others remained in Calais. The fog set in so densely that it was deemed prudent not to return during the night; many secured beds at the hotels, while others remained on board the steamer, where they had a jolly time—sleep of course was out of the question. Some of the officers returned to St. Andrews during the night by Coach, and next morning the large party arrived by steamer.

On Thursday at three o'clock the troops marched into town, accompanied by the Field Battery, to the martial strains of the Bands. Several visitors from abroad were present, among them Col. Macshane, of the St. John Battalion, and some retired officers of Her Majesty's 22nd Regt. The troops took up position in rear of Fort Tipperary, along the margin of Katy's Cove. Skirmishers were thrown out, the Artillery occupying the right and left flanks to support the infantry, which were lodged in a wood; the object being to storm and capture the Fort. The skirmishers opened fire, the Artillery supporting them by heavy cannonading. The main body of the army advanced and a general engagement commenced; the whole body fought its way up the walls, when several leaped over the inclosure and charged with rousing cheers, taking the old Fort. This gallant action ended the attack; the troops were then formed into line, the officers and colors in front, and the General Orders were read by Brigade Major ISAACS, the substance of which were: The striking of the tents next morning—the Parade of the Infantry, and the hour of leaving by train—the isolated companies by steamers. The Brigadier's thanks to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men for the creditable manner in which their duties were performed. The Brigade Major, Lieut. Col. Inches and officers commanding were congratulated upon the efficiency of the Brigade, and the fact of each corps having its full numbers. The Woodstock Field Battery was lately organized and equipped is reported by Lieut. Col. TAYLOR as having made great progress in their drill. The Brigadier will report favorably with respect to the Camp, Major General Smyth, Commander-in-Chief.

The Brigadier Major then read the list of the crack shots in the battalion, of whom Private Perkins was the best. He was one of those chosen to go to Wimbeldon, but was prevented from going by urgent private business. Governor TILLEY then addressed the Brigade, complimenting the officers and men on their efficiency, expressing the belief that there was not a better drilled Battalion in the Dominion, and he thought that should their services ever be required to defend the country from an invading foe, they would be found ready. In his younger days he had commanded a company of militia and had taken an active part in militia affairs. He regretted that Maj. Gen. Smyth, whose duties required his presence in a distant

part of the Dominion, had not been present to view the excellent manner in which the brigade had performed the various movements. His Honor concluded his felicitous address, expressing the hope contained in the General Orders—that the men may be equally successful in their avocations as citizens, as they have been as soldiers while attending the camp; and that it afforded him much pleasure to bear testimony to the excellent conduct of the men. Brigadier MACNELL then called for three cheers for the Queen, which were heartily given, and three cheers for the Lieut. Governor, which were also heartily responded to. Mr. James Cocksley then called for three cheers for Col. Maunsell, which the populace and troops heartily gave. The troops were then formed into column and marched to the Camp, when they were dismissed.

On Friday morning at 6 o'clock, the 71st York, and 6th Carleton Battalions preceded by their Bands, marched to the Railway Station, the Bands playing while the troops were embarking, and when "all aboard" the Band played the National Anthem, and the Train moved off amid the cheers of the residents who had assembled to see the Brigade depart. The Deer Island and St. George companies left by the tug steamer, and the St. Stephen company in the river steamer during the day.

The July term of the Circuit Court will be opened on Tuesday next, 27th instant.

Spurs the Crows.

Talking of crows, a Belair stage driver says that the country people are poisoning them with strychnine, according to a time-honored religious custom at this season of the year. The fatal dose is administered by being saturated in corn, which is scattered around freely. Some of the crows die on the spot, others fly away and somersault in the sky, and others go blind and die of starvation and the stomach ache. An instance is cited of one worthy but wicked countryman gathering up 1,200 crows he had poisoned, taking their scalps and reaping his reward from the county authorities, 64 cents apiece, \$78. Crows, no doubt, perform a better part for farmers than they are given credit for. Nature furnishes scavenger birds and animals adapted to the wants of every climate. In South America the condors perform this part, aided by the buzzards; which latter birds are also an important feature in preserving the sanitary equilibrium in the southern portions of the United States. In Charlottetown, S. C., the buzzards are protected by wise laws, which impose a fine of \$5 for every one slain. The birds are so tame in Charlottetown, that they sit on the roofs of the market houses on the watch to grab up every bit of offal that is thrown out from the butchers' stalls. In the summer time, the birds being very numerous, do a large part of the city's scavenger work. In the same way crows, no doubt, are beneficial to the country in this latitude, as their name of "carrion crows" would indicate, besides making themselves generally useful in rooting out the grubs that hatch insects to destroy the labors of the farmer. No doubt, if the crows were properly encouraged to do so, they would be useful in destroying the potato bug, lately so destructive in all parts of this country. Who knows until we have tried them?

The Albert Railway.

The papers tell us that work has entirely ceased on the Albert Railway. It is well known that the contractors, McDonald, Cooke & Co., are very far behind with the sub-contractors, who are principally residents of Westmoreland County, and cannot afford to lose the large sums which are understood to be due them. It is to be hoped that the Government, when called upon to pay the subsidy, will see that those who have really put their means into the work are indemnified, as far as the subsidy will go. The Moncton Times understands that the Company are issuing bonds to the extent of \$700,000, agreeing to an act of last Session, which provides, however, that before these new bonds issue, those previously issued must be called in. The Times which has been very friendly to the Company and the work, calls upon the Company to remember that "while sympathy and aid should be extended to the contractors, so far as consistent with the interests of the people in the road, the Company should be careful to do nothing that, falling to relieve the contractors, might permanently embarrass the work." It has "grave doubts of the propriety of issuing the bonds at the present time." The difficulty in the case appears to be that the Company merely represent the Contractors, and the Contractors are undertaking to build this Albert Railway without an expenditure of any of their own means.—Watchman.

The Harry Eagle of the Isthmus.

Two passengers lodging at the Railroad Hotel, kept by Mr. Mansfield, started out to take a walk recently along the sandy beach which leads on the coast to the east of the railroad station. One of them went into the thick woods which skirt the seashore, and there saw a large bird sitting on a low branch of a tree looking very much like a large owl. He went up and hit it on the head with a stick, when the bird flew at him, sunk its claws in his breast and arm, and extending its wings dragged him some feet over the ground. His screams brought his companion to his assistance, and seeing what was the matter, he stunned the bird with repeated blows on the head and set free its captive. They then tied the bird and brought it with them to the hotel, where it has been seen by several people. The bird is evidently the harpy eagle (harpyia destructor), having a strong black beak, yellow tarsi, round

Departure of the Battery.

On Tuesday morning at six o'clock, the Woodstock Field Battery, under command of Lieut. Dibble, preceded by the St. Andrews Band, marched to the Train, accompanied by several of the inhabitants of the Town, and after the horses were secured in the cattle cars, took leave of their St. Andrews friends, the Band playing "Auld Lang Syne," and other popular airs. Three cheers were given for the Woodstock Field Battery and Lieut. Dibble, and the train moved off at a rapid pace. The Battery as stated in another column, is well up in its drill. Great credit is due to Lieut. DIBBLE, and Sergt.-Maj. LYNCH, (both of whom were awarded First-class Certificates at the School for Gunnery, Kingston, during the past winter.) for the efficient state of the Battery. It is only justice to state that the Battery has made a most favorable impression upon the St. Andrews people. It is probable that ere another year elapses the present officers will be promoted.

New Railway.

Another railway has been projected between Petitedoune Station on the Intercolonial, and New Canada, a distance of sixteen miles, and a company has been formed to build it. When made, it will form a portion of the projected line between Fredericton and the Intercolonial.

Dr. Tupper came by train on Saturday evening.

Capt. C. E. S. Parker, of H. M. 73d Foot, arrived from England last week, on a visit to his relatives here.

Dr. T. Forster, of Philadelphia, is on a visit to his friends in town.

Mr. George McParlan, who has resided in the States for several years, is at present visiting his parents here. His many relatives and friends will be pleased to see him.

Death of Capt. Hutton.

Capt. Henry Hutton who had been in poor health for some time, attended the Camp with his Company from St. Stephen. On Wednesday he was seized with fits and was confined to his tent during the day. He was attended by the Doctors of the 71st and 67th battalions, likewise by Dr. R. K. Ross, who was in town at the time. He was ordered to his hotel in town, and Mrs. Hutton sent for. She arrived in the afternoon, when her husband was conveyed to town for greater quiet. Notwithstanding the efforts of the medical gentlemen, Capt. Hutton expired at about 4 o'clock on Saturday morning. The flags in town were flying at half-mast. In the afternoon his remains were inclosed in a handsome coffin and conveyed by steamer to St. Stephen for interment. Capt. Hutton was deservedly a favorite with all who knew him, and his family have the warmest sympathy of his friends here in this affliction.

The Wimbleton shooting by the marksmen of the Dominion has been highly successful. We are pleased to learn that Pvt. Loggie has won one of the prizes.

The Megantic Railway—rather 30 miles of it were opened last week. Hon. Dr. Tupper's speech on the occasion has not yet been received. Lady Franklin, wife of Sir John Franklin, died in London on the 18th inst.

Admiral Tupper.

Two well dressed men obtained admission to the house of Mr. M. M. Danse, 59 West 11th street, New York, by representing themselves to be Crown water tax collectors. They had no sooner entered than they seized Mrs. Danse, who was alone, gagged and handcuffed her, and then admitted five of their confederates, when all proceeded to ransack the house from top to bottom. They obtained \$4,000 in Virginia State bonds, but overlooked \$10,000 in N. York currency securities. After the departure of the robbers Mrs. Danse succeeded in attracting the attention of the passers-by, and was rescued from her fearful position. No clue to the thieves was found.

Ship News.

- PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. ARRIVED. July 5, Jane, Craig, Boston, ballast. 6, Matilda, Stinson, St. S. ophen, general cargo. 14, Daisy, Hopper, Dorchester, 100 tons coal, N. B. & C. Railway. 15, Harrie, McQuoid, Boston, Flour and meal, B. Clark. 16, Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, general cargo. Mary Ellen, Britt, Sydney, coal. Willie, Carson, Boston, ballast. 19, H. V. Canfield, Maloney, New York, 205 tons coal, R. Ross. CLEARED. July 2, Esther, Maloney, St. John, ballast. 6, Martha A., Glass, St. John, do. 8, Christina, Andrews, Liverpool, deals and ends, Robinson & Glouin. 9, Arctic, Daugherty, Calais, fish. 12, Julia, Clinch, Maloney, Musquash, ballast.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the Department, at Ottawa, Till the 31st July next, For the construction of TWO BEACON LIGHTHOUSES, On Washad-moak Lake, Queen's County, New Brunswick.

Also, for the construction of Beacon Light House at Spruce Point and Marks Point, St. Croix River, Can-late County, New Brunswick.

Plans and Specifications of all the Light Houses may be seen at the Agency of this Department, St. John, N. B., and of the St. Croix River Light House at the Office of the Collector of Customs, St. Stephen, N. B., where Forms of Tender case also be procured by intending Contractors. Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tenders for Light Houses." WM. SMITH, Deputy Minister Marine & Fisheries, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, 30th June, 1875. 31 July 91

Valuable Stand FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale that valuable stand for Travellers' House or Tavern, situated near the junction of the Main Road and Great Road to St. George. On the premises are a well finished story and a half House, with a large Barn; there are 18 acres of cleared land, a portion of which is under crop of Oats and Potatoes, also a kitchen garden with beans, peas, cabbages, &c. The above stand is well calculated for a Tavern or private residence, being within 5 miles of the Town of St. George. Terms made known by the proprietor on the premises, or at the "Standard" Office. JAMES ORR, JR., St. George, July 18, 1875.

Government House, Ottawa.

Monday, 14th day of June, 1875. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE ADMINISTRATOR IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th and 54th sections of the Act passed in the Session of the Parliament of Canada, held in the 31st year of Her Majesty's reign, chapter 81 and intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs." His Excellency, by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered that, Isaac, in the County of Guysborough, Province of Nova Scotia, be and the same is hereby constituted an Out Port of Customs under the survey of the Collector of Customs at the Port of Guysborough—to take effect from the first of July next. W. A. HIMSWORTH, CLERK PRIVY COUNCIL. July 7 81

ed wings, which nevertheless stretch some six feet. The head is grayish white, with long round feathers forming a crest on the crown, which give to it an owl-like aspect. It is found in Guiana and other parts of South America, but it is exceedingly rare on the Isthmus. It is about two and a half feet in length and six feet stretch of wings.

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