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W. B. MORRIS.
4, 1871.

MAILS.

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to be forwarded by Train
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SO, F. CAMPBELL,
Post Master.
Feb 7 St

MACHINES.

AMILY SHOULD HAVE
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Machines are now on this
re the public are invited to
themselves.

AMES STOOP,
Agent.

NGE HOTEL,
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J. NEILL, Proprietor

SOUL TEA.

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Half Cheats good Cooe-

J. W. STRENT

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

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[32 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 31

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 31, 1872

Vol 39

BANK OF
British North America.
Head Office—London, England.
CAPITAL
One Million Pounds Sterling,
(\$5,000,000.)
Five per cent **Interest** ALLOWED
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.
Drafts issued on St. John New York, Boston,
Portland, also on Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,
California and British Columbia.
Open in St. ANDREWS
Every Day from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.
JAS. S. LOCKIE,
Manager, St. Stephen.

Interesting Tale.

A NIGHT EDITOR'S STORY.

My story is a ghost story, and one of the genuine articles, I conclude, from putting together my preconceived ideas of ghosts, and the particular experience I have to relate on this occasion. It was an experience so strange, so terrible, and so fraught with poignant grief, that for a long time after the occurrence I shrank from all mention of it; but time, the great alleviator, enables me now to sit down and give a calm account of the events to which I refer.

I was night editor on the Hawbuck "Morning Sentinel." My associate in the local department was Ward Stiffin, a young fellow of keen perceptions, really wit, and active ability. He had clear eyes, a concentrative brow, a rather pale complexion, a long, straight, jet-black moustache, and an open, wide-awake look that was a perfect index to his character. Nothing escaped his observation. He was indefatigably industrious, and picked out all the news, delving out items from the most apparently barren ground. He was the best local news ever had, and our department, soon after his advent, outstripped all contemporaries in the variety and spirit of our city news.

Ward had one fault, however. The social bow possessed powerful attractions for him, and it was too often evident that he had imbibed more freely than a sound judgment would indicate. To be sure, he was seldom unfitted for business—not more than once in three or four months—but he was pursuing a course which, if persisted in, must, I endeavored to persuade him, result in his downfall. I talked to him often about it, but although he listened pleasantly, my words seemed to be uselessly expended. He was the same free and easy, light-hearted and convivial fellow, and hard-working and valuable assistant.

He would frequently choose a topic of popular interest, and write thereon a series of descriptive articles in a free, gossiping vein, just calculated to catch the public attention. This was in addition to his regular work as city editor. The amount of labor he accomplished, and the ease with which he performed it, frequently filled me with astonishment.

Well do I remember when he chose for his theme "Dregs and Scum." He penetrated the vilest haunts of the lowest classes, and described their habits in a wonderfully vivid manner. Their vices, their misfortunes, the bright spots in their lives, together with scraps of adventure and incident—exciting, amusing, and pathetic—were all treated with rare spirit and grace by his ready pen.

Of course in this pursuit he visited the resorts of thieves, villains, and desperadoes, and plunged into scenes against his safe exit from which there were many chances.

"We will see what can be fished up from the slime," he would say, with a mocking laugh, and start off on one of his midnight excursions. Or again he would announce that he had an appointment to visit some distinguished friends, the true purport of which remark we all well understood.

Ward and I, when at work, occupied a room by ourselves, while the managing editor, and Bailey, his assistant, had another apartment, just across the hall.

One night, about half-past eleven, Ward said to me:

Well, Peck, I guess I'll go out and see what I can see. I've sent in a couple of columns, and Dobbin will be on the lookout to report if anything turns up. I'll be back by half-past one or two.

Dobbin was a middle-aged, seedy individual, of ability, but no particular occupation, who loafed around the office most of the time, in readiness to assist, for a small remuneration, in any department that happened to be crowded. He frequently

lent his aid to Ward in reporting police cases, accidents, rows, and the like.

Hold on, Ward, I said, looking him in the face, hadn't you better wait until to-morrow night?

Why? Oh! I know, you think I'm not exactly well balanced. But I'm all right. I'm in just the mood for it to-night, too.

Yes, you always are, for that matter. Where do you propose to go to-night?

Down to Muggins' Forks.

The very worst place in the city! The concentration of vice and desperate lawlessness.

You're not in earnest, Ward? You are not going there to-night, are you?

That's just where I'm going. You know their great mogul, Barney Buck, is awaiting his trial for that highway robbery scrape, and I want to hear their comments. Jove! won't it be a rich treat?

I heard they were going to have a talk about it.

Yes, Muggins' Forks is to hold an indignation meeting. Ha! ha!

Well, Ward, I wouldn't go, that's all.

Well, Peck, I don't want you to go, but I'm going.

You may take this, if you want it; and I unlocked a drawer, and drew out a six-shooter.

No! he exclaimed, laughing in scorn. You had better take it.

But he persisted in declining.

Very well; have your own way. But, be cool, and keep a sharp look-out. And, promise me one thing, Ward: that you will not drink anything more to-night—at least till you get back.

He had been slowly moving toward the door, and now rushed out suddenly, exclaiming, with a laugh:

All right; I guess not.

After he was gone, I moved uneasily in my chair for some moments, and at last, with an effort, bent myself to the work before me. Presently Bailey came in on an errand.

Where's Stiffin? he said.

Oh! he exclaimed with a scowl. Begone! long! Till half-past one, I said.

Well, I hope he'll get back. And with the last word the door swung shut, as Bailey retired.

I echoed an amen to his wish. We all liked Ward, and felt an interest in him. He was so young, so bright, and capable of so much.

My head was not clear that night. I could not think straight, nor bring my energy to bear on the task before me. So I took my meerschaum down from the shelf, scraped it out carefully, went to a private drawer, and filled the pipe with genuine Turkish tobacco that I kept on hand for rare occasions like the present one. For it was not often that my brain baffled me, and when it did, a pipeful of this tobacco would invariably set things going swimmingly. I suspect it contained a liberal admixture of those fascinating, trenchant drugs, for which the East is famous, for its effect was always, indescribably exhilarating. It gave me new energy, new life, and a quick, far-sighted penetration that could grapple with any problem within the scope of my learning or information.

Perhaps I took a more liberal allowance than usual that time. I do not know that I did; but I never felt so keen or so fascinated by any work as on that particular night. I worked on steadily and unintermittently, conscious of no effort, and completely absorbed in the task before me.

I do not know how long I had thus sat when a very strange incident occurred. It was the beginning of the strangest experience of my life—an experience whose parallel I hope never to pass through again.

My tasks were completed, with the exception of one or two trifles, and I leaned back in my chair and yawned. Happening to look around—I know not what impelled me to look around at that particular moment—I beheld the door open noiselessly, and Ward Stiffin enter. It was about two o'clock, or after.

What is the matter, Ward? I cried, for there was a bright red wound on his forehead, and every vestige of color seemed to have faded from his face.

He paid no attention to my inquiry, but proceeded to his desk and sat down. He walked with his usual quick step, and immediately on seating himself took pencil and paper and began to write:

"Ward! I say."

Still he did not reply. His pencil travelled over the paper rapidly.

"Ward!" I spoke loudly and sharply.

But he paid no attention to my voice. I concluded he was so absorbed as not to hear me, though that would not be like him. I felt curious to know how he had received the wound on his forehead, which, however, I concluded from his cool behavior could be nothing serious.

I took a newspaper, rolled it up into a bunch, and threw it at his head, thinking to startle him.

He seemed to go through him, and he kept on writing apparently undisturbed.

I gazed at him, spell-bound.

Finally he threw down his pencil and arose.

"See here, old boy!" I exclaimed, springing up and starting toward him.

But, without even so much as looking at me, he walked quickly to the door, opened it, seemed to glide out, and closed it noiselessly after him.

I followed him hastily. Going into the outer hall I expected to overtake him, but he was not in sight. I ran across an office boy.

Did you see Mr. Stiffin, just now? I asked.

No, sir.

You did not see him?

No, sir. There hasn't been nobody here.

How long have you been here?

A few minutes. I was waiting for Sim.

Ward certainly just came out here from my room.

Guess not—leastwise I didn't see him.

I was bewildered. I returned to my room, was just about to sit down to my table, when I bethought myself to examine what Ward had written.

I went to his desk, and, to my intense astonishment and horror, read the following:

MURDER.—Mr. Ward Stiffin, local editor of this paper, came to his death at the hand of assassins shortly before 2 o'clock this morning. He had been attending—as a spectator—an indignation meeting at Muggins' Forks, and while leaving, was set upon by three ruffians, and severely beaten. One of the trio accomplished their murderous design by striking a fearful blow on his forehead with a small bar of iron. They left his body in a cellar way in Pinche's alley.

At first I was so transfixed as to be able only to hold the paper in my hand and stare at it. I read it twice over, scanning each word and letter in a horrible fascination. It was Ward's handwriting—there was no mistake about that; and Ward had written it, for I had seen him.

Strange to say, no suspicion of a practical joke entered my head for an instant. A calm reflection would doubtless have suggested that explanation of the affair. But I did not reflect calmly. I pounded upon a conclusion without delay, and that was that Ward had been murdered, and that I had seen his ghost!

Strange proceeding, would it not be, for a man to appear after being killed, and write his own obituary? However, the strangeness of the preposterousness of the idea did not enter my mind then. I simply accepted it at once, with all its horror and wildness.

As I said, I held the paper in my hand, and read it carefully. I was in a sort of stupor for a few seconds, and then came suddenly the desire to act. The place mentioned as the receptacle of Ward's body must be searched immediately.

I laid the paper down and went to the door. As I opened it, emitting quite a commotion among the papers, I sprang back to the table.

Ward's manuscript had blown off with the rest, and I stooped down to look for it. Just then I heard Bailey's step in the outer hall, and I called out:

Bailey! Bailey! Come in here, for God's sake!

What's up, Peck?

He entered hastily, and spoke with surprise and anxiety. I can't distinctly recollect much less account for my manner on that night.

It's just as I feared, I said, still searching for the missing paper.

What is it?

Ward.

What of him?

He is killed.

Ward killed? How? When? Who brought the news?

I suddenly paused in my search, and started at him blankly, as he asked the last question.

Why don't you answer me? His voice was full of business and distress.

Who told you? Where is he?

In a cellar way on Pinche's alley.

Who brought the news? Will you answer that?

He brought it himself—or rather his ghost did, I answered doggedly.

See here, Peck, said Bailey sharply, don't have any fooling on such a subject. Are you joking, or are you not?

Joking! No, no! I wish I was! But, come on! I seized him by the shoulder and endeavored to drag him toward the door. We must find his body.

Bailey thought I was out of my head, and I do not blame him. He disengaged himself from my grasp, and wheeled about, facing me.

Now tell me what you mean? He said, sternly, with a voice and manner that brought me back to coherence.

In as calm a manner as possible, I related to him the events of the few minutes just passed.

When I had concluded, he eyed me narrowly, and his face bore an incredulous look.

You don't believe me, I said. But be kind enough to help me for a moment, and we will soon find the paper. The wind blew it on the floor.

We searched for some time, but in vain. I felt rather chagrined, and was doubly anxious to find it. But it was not to be found. We searched every stray scrap.

It must have fallen into the fireplace, I said. See—there are its charred remains, now.

Yes, I see, said Bailey, looking at me, pityingly. But never mind to-night, Peck. You had better go home and get rested.

This infuriated me.

You are trifling! I ejaculated. You don't believe me. But I am neither drunk nor crazy. I have spoken the truth, and you or some one else must go with me immediately to Muggins' Forks.

Bailey poohed, and endavored to persuade me out of this idea, whereas I left him without ceremony.

I made my way into the street and walked swiftly to police headquarters.

I was well acquainted there, and without being obliged to enter into minute explanations, was furnished with an escort of two officers.

Been a fuss at the Forks, did you say? remarked one of them, after we had got well on our way.

Yes—in fact there has been a murder—

Whew! that's coming in pretty strong.

No. I might not have been believed if I had. It is rather a singular affair, take it all through. But if we search the cellar ways on Pinche's alley, it's my opinion that we'll find the dead body of Ward Stiffin.

Both men uttered startled exclamations at this, and demanded to know my reasons for thus speaking.

I then detailed to them the particulars that they have already been related, at which they uttered sundry expressions of surprise and incredulity.

But we hurried on faster than ever, and in due course of time reached that quarter of the city known as Muggins' Forks. It was in a state of comparative quietude, being dark and silent, lights glimmering only here and there out of low groceries.

Soon we turned on Pinche's alley, a narrow, dirty, dark lane, from various quarters of which arose stenches almost unbearable. We walked slowly and cautiously along, guided by the light of one of the policemen's lanterns, which cast about a ghastly glimmer, seeming to make visible the foulness of the air and the corruption which left not untainted one inch of space. With hesitating steps and dread anticipation we pursued our horrible search. Down into damp places and nests of filth we peered, with drawing from each as soon as we had scanned it thoroughly.

We found it.

It lay partially doubled up, but the head and face were visible. I looked first at the forehead, and there was a bright red wound, corresponding precisely with the one I had seen on—what?

We carefully gathered it up and straightened it out, and composed the limbs in a less painful posture. There were two hands that worked with loving through trembling touch.

It was taken to the hospital in order to ascertain beyond peradventure whether or not life was extinct. The physician said he must have been dead an hour.

I thought, when I returned to the office, that Bailey looked upon me with an expression akin to awe. But I was in a mood far from triumphant. I had loved Ward dearly, and was bowed down with grief at his untimely and terrible death.

I set forth all sickening details of the excitement that followed, of this talk about my part in the tragedy, of the fruitless search for the murderers.

Afterward Bailey made me give him a more explicit account of the strange manner in which I received information of the tragic event.

And, as I minutely described each circumstance, he alternately opened his eyes wide, scowled, laughed, and looked wise. What else could he do.

I do not attempt to give any explanation of what I have related. The facts—or my memory of them—have been laid before the reader. But, as I think them over, questions obtrude themselves upon each other.

Was I dreaming? If so, is the method in a dreamer's? And can a stimulated brain receive an impression from a dream so vivid and indelible as to be indistinguishable from the memory of an actual fact? If so, what is memory but a delusion, and to what extent can we trust our recollections? But why pursue the subject?

TRUST THE TEACHER.

BY THOMAS K. BECKER.

"I believe in free inquiry. I am not going to believe tidings just because you say so. Every man must investigate for himself," so I see and hear it said again and again with regard to items of religious faith.

A minister, preacher, or pastor is a man who equips and ascertains truth in the department of religion. It would seem not all unreasonable to ask in behalf of such, that they receive for their teachings the same attention and respect that is given to men who investigate other departments of truth, and declare their discoveries to their fellow men.

I am not able to see why it should be disre-

ditable, or humiliating, to receive as true the sayings of a minister, any more than the sayings of a doctor or a lawyer, a chemist or a schoolmaster. No doubt the days have been in which religious teachers were arrogant and dictatorial. Their arrogance needed chastening, and has received it. But it is certainly both unwise and unfair to recoil from the one extreme of blind and slavish superstition, to the other extreme of proud and superficial independence.

Men accept, unquestionably, thousands of truths which they have never proved and cannot prove now. Not one man in a hundred has ever proved that seven times nine are sixty-three—proved it by writing seven 9s in a column and adding them. The teacher told a child again and again in a school, a hundred and thirty-two facts called the multiplication table. The child swallowed those facts, and has believed them ever since, without any pretence of investigation or reasoning. This is not creditable to any man. For he has gained, unconsciously the highest of all proof that these statements of his teacher were true, in that he has acted on them for a score of years, and they have never brought him into controversy or trouble. This kind of proof is experimental proof. It is not investigative.

In this land of common schools it is difficult to find any one who doubts the roundness of the earth, and that it rotates on its axis, and revolves around the sun. Yet more than a hundred highly educated Lutheran ministers in Germany, within the last 3 years, expressed their amazement and horror at such unscriptural faith. We in turn laugh at their old-fashioned bigotry and stupidity. Yet I may be allowed to doubt, that one reader in a thousand in this land, can really prove that the earth is round that it rotates on its axis, or revolves round the sun. We all committed these things to memory, and recited in the schools of our childhood; some of the evidences, namely: the gradual appearing of a ship at sea; the actual circumnavigation of the globe by voyagers; the shape of the shadow of the earth when cast upon the moon in an eclipse, and other like proofs. But very few have ever been to sea and noticed a ship "hull down" ten miles off. Few of us in looking at an eclipse, are positive that the shadow is cast by the earth. Millions of people saw eclipses before any one dreamed that the earth was standing in its own light. And few or none of us have ever deliberately undertaken to sail around the globe. In short, we have not investigated this assertion. We have not tested its evidence. Yet we believe it.

Our farmers, with beautiful docility, take home with them each year from one to five almanacs, and believe them implicitly as regards the hour of sunrise and sunset, the phases of the moon, and, along the seaboard, the times of the tides. Nevertheless there are not twenty farmers in the land that can prove that the almanac is accurate, but they all apply the higher test of experiment. And since the almanacs usually turned out to be accurate in everything except the predictions of the weather, and the advertisements of patent medicines the farmer trusts them more implicitly than they do the Bible.

And it is not a little amusing to notice how cheerfully these same citizens will listen to a travelling lecturer impeaching the Bible, when they would not listen to any man that sneered at the almanac. As a matter of fact, the average farmer or citizen can neither prove nor disprove the truth of one or the other. Yet millions of men live by the almanac, patent medicines and all, and ever dream that they are forfeiting all claim to intelligent manhood, free thought, progress, and love of truth. In short, they are living experimentally.

We read histories. Happy is the man who preserves his peace of mind by reading but one. And when in our schools and colleges, juvenile students have read the appointed history, or compend of history, they come out appraising that they know. How do they know? Have they investigated? Are there ten men in the United States who have had access to the original authorities in English history? I think not. If a man be a Roman Catholic, he believes one set of assertions, and if he be a Protestant, he believes another set of assertions, as to certain alleged events. And it is by no one thought to be unmanly to hold firmly certain opinions as to Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Mary of Scotland, Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, and other noted men.

It would seem, however, as if we ought to apply the same test to religious teachings that we do to the teachings of the almanac, and of the schoolmaster. Granted that they are taught by a teacher or a professor of good reputation, the wise presumption is that they are true; that it is foolish to dispute them promptly and even flippantly because they seem improbable or unreasonable after five minutes' acquaintance.

If the receiving and believing, and acting, by a given scheme of religious truth, produce certain good results in the receiver or professor, the scheme itself is proved true by its good effect. This, in the long run, is the only safe

[Continued on fourth page]

Telegraphic News.

Ottawa, July 27.
The campaign in Ontario is now progressing most favourably for the Government party.

Eight men have thus far been returned by acclamation. They are, Lewis and Currier from Ottawa city, Speaker Cockburn, for Northumberland, Brooks for Sherbrooke, Pope for Compton, Kirkpatrick for Frontenac, Wright for Ottawa county and McDougall for Three Rivers.

The extremely disgraceful conduct of an organized band of Grit rowdies at Kingston on nomination day is provoking the indignation of all respectable people. On that occasion the Premier of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald, the representative of Kingston, and the ablest statesman of the Dominion, was on several occasions intentionally and deliberately insulted by the roughs, who had gathered there for that purpose.

The Rev. Mr. Street, Episcopalian Minister, formerly of New Brunswick and recently of St. Albans Church in this city was admitted to the Roman Catholic Church this morning.

The reported trouble in the Court of Arbitration at Geneva is denied. There was no session of the Board of Arbitration to day.

Roundell Palmer and family have gone on an excursion to the other end of the Lake.

Mlle Christine Nilsson's marriage was celebrated in Westminster Abbey this forenoon with much grandeur and magnificence.

The Bank of England specie has increased £474,000.

Paris, July 27.
The French Assembly passed the tariff bill by a heavy majority.

There has telegraphed to the Perfects of various departments in France that they can have one hundred thousand men if necessary from the army to suppress the strikes now in progress.

Stanley, the New York "Herald" correspondent, arrived in Paris, and a complimentary dinner will be given him by Minister Washburne.

New York, July 27.
In the remaining portion of Livingston's letter to Mr. Bennett, received last night, he gives some interesting facts relative to personal appearance, habits and intelligence of certain tribes of Africans, and enters his protest against African slave trade as barbarous and inhuman.

Two men were carried over the Falls, near Clifton, Ontario, on Friday afternoon. Their bodies have not yet been recovered.

At Niagara Falls, on Friday, a boy and girl were carried over the falls by high wind. A tornado at Van West, Ohio, yesterday, destroyed much property and several lives.

Gold 114½ to 114½.

London, July 28.
The presents received by Nilsson on her marriage amounted to £20,000. The Princess of Wales sent a diamond bracelet to her.

Paris, July 28.
The French Government proposes, now that Juarez is dead, to resume diplomatic relations with Mexico.

New York, July 29.
A large steamer seen ashore 30 miles north-east of Key West on Saturday, is supposed to be the "Hienville." The steamer "Kus" has gone to her assistance.

The steamer "Colorado" has arrived at San Francisco.

New York, July 29.
Gold 114½ to 114½.
Burger, Hulbert & Livingston's sugar refinery, in this city, was burned to day. Loss \$300,000. Insured.

Protection in America.

The American workman is protected to death. He may well pray, Save me from my friends. He has so long been at the mercy of political quacks, that but for a robust constitution he would have died. Their care is worse than the disease. Indeed what for the duties for revenue as well as protection several flourishing branches of industry have been already killed off.

The Chicago Tribune gives its readers in a late number a comparative estimate of work men's wages in England and the States that is not particularly calculated to encourage the immigration of skilled labor. In Sheffield masons receive \$12.25 a week in gold; carpenters \$11.25; and blacksmiths \$10.25. In New York masons receive \$22.96 in green backs; carpenters \$18.60; and blacksmiths \$16.79. If the gold is turned into greenbacks there will be no great difference in the wages of these classes, except in that of the masons; of which class the latter appear to have about 57 per cent, in excess of their rivals.

But there is another side to the picture. The comparison of prices shows a difference that counterbalances any little advantage the American has on the score of wages. The difference, as given in the Tribune by an Irishman who has tried both countries, appears almost incredible. Boots and shoes for himself and his family cost, he says 350 per cent more than on this side of the Atlantic; their hats and caps cost 200 per cent more; house rent nearly 200 per cent more; and other things in proportion. Fuel and nearly all the other necessities of life are in a similar ratio, more expensive in America than in England, so that the seeming improvement in circumstances promised by a slight advance of wages is all a delusion.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.—Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez, is at present leased from the Chilean government by a gentleman residing in Valparaiso. There are but twelve people in all now living there, whose occupation is the cultivation of the soil and the care of the live stock, which consists of some fine cattle and a few fowls.

A NOVEL ROAD WAGON.—Duluth "Herald" says:—One of the Red River wagons brought here by the "Frances Smith" is a novelty in its way, having in the after-part of it a well arranged berth for two persons. This berth extends over the hind wheels of the vehicle, and while moving over smooth ground or when resting over night, the "passengers" can go to bed a la Pullman palace car. It is a good thing, this comfortable wagon, and we have no doubt we shall see more of them.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JULY 31, 1872.

ELECTION CARD.—Mr. John C. Brown's card to the Electors, appears in another column. It is brief, modest, and to the point; he does not make flattering promises, but says he will endeavor, if elected, "at all times to carry out the well understood wishes of the people, and guard well their interests." It will be his aim "to carry out those principles of progress, economy, and justice," which his father always advocated. His prospects are reported to be good. Mr. Brown is a young man of fair education and attainments, and possessed of considerable ability, and is a son of our respected friend, the late Hon. James Brown, who represented this County so ably in the Legislature, for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Mr. A. H. GILLMOR's card to the Electors is published in another column; he offers his services for the Dominion Parliament. Mr. Gillmor is so well known in this County, that it is not necessary to refer to his services in the Local Legislature and Government; his past political record is before the people. Mr. Gillmor always polled a large vote when a candidate, until the question of confederation came up in 1866 when he was rejected. He says in his card, that if "elected at the present time I shall accept the situation," and that he will "enter Parliament independent as to the political parties now existing." He will not doubt give his views at length on the political situation, at the hustings.

OPENING OF THE WATSON HOUSE.—The public spirit of St. Stephen people is acknowledged on all hands; they have resolved not to let it flag, and have induced Mr. Rutherford to re-open the Watson House, which he has refitted and remodelled in modern style. On Monday evening the 21st, a sumptuous dinner was given to its popular manager, at which the leading merchants and others of St. Stephen were present. After the viands had been done justice to, several brief speeches were delivered in which complimentary allusion was made to the host and business of the House. Several from St. Andrews were sadly disappointed as they were prevented from being present owing to the non-arrival of the "Helle Brown," but they can console themselves with the fact, that when visiting St. Stephen they can have the satisfaction of stopping at a good hotel, with polite and attentive waiters.

The St. John "Globe" says "Mr. DeVeber's candidature has compelled Mr. Tilley to emerge from his naturally aristocratic seclusion." Well, well; to mention Tilley's name and aristocracy in the same connection, is the height of absurdity. It has often been said that all is fair in war—particularly an election war; but this description of attack is of the no-quarter, guerrilla stamp. Any one reading in St. Andrews knows, that Mr. Tilley is as easy of access at his summer residence as the humblest inhabitant, that he is blessed with that sound common sense, which teaches him that any position of honor which he holds, is derived from the people, from whom he sprang, whose unthought votes gave him a seat in Parliament, and we feel confident they will repeat the adage again, as he has done nothing to forfeit their confidence. We honestly state that Mr. Tilley mixes as freely among the "dear people," as our contemporary puts it, after election as before it. And he has given tangible proof that he can be generous, yet forgiving, to a political foe. St. John cannot afford to lose his services.

The "Freeman" supposes that Mr. Tilley will now emerge from the "obscurity in which he has enshrouded himself since he was compelled to come to St. John to look after his election." Between "aristocratic seclusion" and the "obscurity in which he has enshrouded himself," his election has been made sure. He does not require to leave his own constituency, and seek a rotten borough for a seat in Parliament.

WELL DONE!—A friend informs us that Dr. Dow will retire; and that Hon. Mr. Fraser will be elected by acclamation. Let Charlotte send a man who will support the Local Government and say so at the hustings.

T. T. O'Leary, Esq., of the firm of O'Leary & Turner, left Halifax in the Steamship "Austrian" for England. Dr. Bayard and several St. John merchants took passage in the same steamer.

Miss RYE arrived at St. John on Friday evening last, with 103 boys and 65 girls. A general and we may add a just complaint is made of the disposition of these girls. Favoritism or some other cause has prevented several applicants from getting girls, although their applications were made last year and renewed again this year. Much dissatisfaction is expressed and not without good cause. If applications made and renewed are of no service, then what is the use of applying. One of the girls states that there are "lots of young women of good character in the Unions and factories, who would be glad to come to Canada on the same terms as those brought out by Miss Rye." There are plenty of vacant places for them, and

it is a matter worthy of consideration whether it would not be advisable to send an agent to Great Britain for two or three hundred; situations are open for them.

Mr. TILLEY received an ovation from his enthusiastic constituents at St. John, on Friday evening last; many of the leading citizens were present at the meeting. He made a brief speech which was heartily received by the audience, and a resolution unanimously passed endorsing his conduct as their representative for the last five years.

The Hon. Mr. Mitchell was elected by acclamation in Northumberland. From all quarters the prospect is, the Ministry will have a large majority. Indeed, it is very little use to elect a man in the Maritime Provinces who will support the Ontario grists; they are the enemies of the Lower Provinces.

The wreck of the steamer "New England" was towed from the Wolves to Eastport harbor by the steamer "New York," on Saturday night and Sunday morning last, assisted by U. S. cutter "Moosewood." It is the intention of her owners to beach her, take out the Engine, &c., and strip her.

The Elections in Canada have so far resulted in favor of the Ministry, and from the reports in the papers it appears that their majority is in a fair way of being increased. I then New Brunswick expects to receive grants for public purposes, her representatives in Parliament will require to support the Ministry.

SUMMARY.

The heavy rain yesterday retarded haymaking, but was of great service to the growing crops, which look well and promise an abundant yield.

The public schools were re-opened on Monday last, after the midsummer holidays. A large number of scholars were in attendance.

The letter of "Progress," on the "want of a Public Hall of proper dimensions," received too late, will be published in our next number. Night trains have commenced running between St. John and Bangor.

Late despatches brought the intelligence that Dr. Livingston had written to Mr. Bennett, of the "Herald," who had received his letter. This settles the fact of his being alive.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is received, and is filled with the usual amount of original and selected matter. The frontispiece is a well executed portrait of the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is full of attractive and instructive matter, and has sixty five engravings, as usual it presents a brilliant array of contributors, including the names of Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Emilio Castelar, Justin McCarthy, Fort Crayon, Bayard Taylor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Eugene Lawrence, C. K. Tuckerman, George Ward Nichols, Kate Putnam Osgood, Constance F. Woolson, and others.

The opening article, 'Mount Desert,' by G. W. Nichols, is beautifully illustrated by Chas. Parsons.

Porte Crayon's Southern sketches, 'The Mountains,' are resumed with twelve illustrations by the author.

J. Augustus Johnson contributes an interesting article of travel, 'On the Orontes,' including among its illustrations some beautiful pictures of Antioch, especially timely just now, in view of the earthquake which recently devastated that city.

An instructive and entertaining illustrated paper on 'Soda Water' is contributed by J. H. Suively.

A new contributor whose name is not given commences in this number an entertaining series of papers, entitled 'Recollections of an old Stager,' which will contain notions of public men, with characteristic anecdotes illustrating their peculiarities.

Invita serial stories Harper is now especially brilliant. The present number has the opening chapters of Charles Reade's new novel 'A Simpleton: A Story of To Day.' The five Editorial Departments are filled with instructive and interesting matter. In fact Harper's Magazine has no compeer in America.

Nellie Grant in the House of Lords.

The London correspondent of the Manchester "Guardian" relates how on Monday the covers which concealed the throne and royal chairs of state in the House of Lords were removed in honour of a visit from Miss Nellie Grant, daughter of the President. This is a compliment, he says, which has never been paid to a royal visitor. The throne, &c., is always covered up during the debates, except upon the occasions when bills receive the royal assent by commission. Miss Grant entered the House shortly after five in company with Gen. Schenck and Miss Schenck. She was very plainly dressed in black. The American Minister is well acquainted with the principal peers, and his explanations were listened to with great interest by the youthful guest. She was fortunate in hearing a speech by Lord Cairns, who is very popular with the Americans just now. Another and much more brilliant party occupied the opposite seats in the Peerses Gallery—the four Burmese Ambassadors, who, clad in robes of white flowing muslin, looked cool enough to mow the very of those who were sweltering in black cloth garments.

Fatal State of Things in Mexico.

Mexico, heretofore fearfully demoralized, is going from one bad state of things to a worse, day by day. Despatches from the City of Mexico, dated July 1, shows that assassinations and kidnapping prevail everywhere and that revolutionary movements are increasing. The Mexican journals are full of complaints against the usurpation of the Government. The Postmaster General reports that during the last year there have been a hundred and twenty-eight public robberies of the mails. What other evidence is needed to show the powerlessness of the government, or rather the want of government, and utter demoralization in that country? We are informed too, that a wealthy proprietor, Miguel Uribe, was kidnapped near the capital, taken out of his carriage, in which he was riding with his family, and carried off to the mountains. Juan Carranza, another prominent citizen, was kidnapped in one of the principal streets of the capital while returning home from the theatre, and a ransom of six thousand dollars demanded of him. Mr. Bassos, a Frenchman, was kidnapped also in the environs of the city. The establishment of Arcaiza, in the town of Tecome, was entered by a band of eighty men and robbed, and a son and brother-in-law of the proprietor were murdered. In all countries, and even in our own, there are violations of the law, such as robberies and murders; but in Mexico they are not merely the crimes of single individuals or of a few individuals, but of organized and powerful bands. These bands defy the government and kidnap and rob people under its eyes. The government cannot even protect the mails. It has not power enough to protect the citizens in their homes at the capital. In fact, there is no government worthy of the name of Mexico. That country is a disgrace to the civilization of the age. It has no elements in itself of improvement, and must sink lower and lower in anarchy and degradation unless the United States assume a protectorate over it or take possession of the country.

We regret to learn that Hon. Edward Blake has sailed for England in order, it is stated, to recuperate his shattered health. It would seem that Mr. Blake must either be very ill, or else awaits himself the excuse of a trifling indisposition, purposely to leave the country just now when Ontario is being made the theatre of a most earnest political contest. The fact appears evident that Mr. Blake is ready to break with his associates of the past five years. He has to accept a secondary place among men whose superior he is in point of ability, or leave them; he probably waits a fitting opportunity to take the latter step.

We sincerely hope Mr. Blake's life may long be spared; he is a man of first class talent and of high toned principle, we should imagine, and he could be badly spared.—[Can. Sentinel]

A RELIGIOUS BOOT.—The Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Azlee of the Scotch Episcopal Church have incurred the censure of a Mr. Kenneth Bruce Stewart, a correspondent of the "Church Herald." He says that both these gentlemen have gone out of their way to allude very feelingly to the death of Dr. Norman McLeod, and in doing so have wandered "altogether from the beaten track alike prescribed by usage and good judgement."

"Why, he asks, 'should Episcopal Churches take notice in this conspicuous manner of the death of a mere layman—for, most unquestionably, although conventional courtesy gave him the title of 'Rev.', he was, in a nice ecclesiastical sense, no more?'"

IMPORTED SAILORS.—It is a suggestive fact that the new American Steamship Company of Philadelphia think of going abroad for seamen to man their vessels. A comparison of English and American wages per month for seamen shows that in the case of one of the Philadelphia steamers, the annual difference in wages in favor of a competing English steamer of the first class will amount to about \$25,000, or six per cent. on the cost of construction. A first-class English engineer gets, according to the current rates, \$80 per month, while an American engineer asks \$240 per month. An English fireman works for \$20 per month, and an American fireman wants \$40 per month; an English ordinary seaman \$12.50 per month; an American seaman has \$40. Of course, no good American sailor could be attempted to work for less pay than the English sailor receives, and consequently the owners of American shipping seek the cheapest help they can get.

Soda-water drinkers will be grateful for the information that many syrups are made from rancid butter, rotten cheese, sulphuric acid, old boots, leather, alcohol, cochineal, fomented starch, molasses, hay, beans, glycerine, soap bitter almonds, logwood, and other pleasing ingredients. The use of these noxious mixtures reduces the cost of a glass of soda-water from 3½ to 1½ cents. So that the business is an amazingly profitable one. The various mineral waters are also frequently adulterated, though not to the same extent.

The United States Navy at present consists of 69 steamers, 20 wooden sailing vessels, 51 monitors or iron clads, and 28 tugs. Of the steamers 34 are doing duty on the various fleets, carrying in the aggregate 382 guns; 46 are laid up at the various yards, 1 is on the lakes, 6 are unassigned, and the others are being repaired, used as receiving ships or on some special service.

The St. Croix Courier states that the Orange Hall at Dumbarton was destroyed by fire on the 26th inst.; that Dennis O'Brien's residence in Grimmoek Settlement was burned on Sunday 21st, and had it not been for the watch on the steamer City of St. John,

the store of Mr. H. Todd would have been consumed by fire.

The Argus reports that Hon. Washington Long, formerly collector at Esport, has declared for Greeley and Brown.

The wagon containing the gas apparatus of Howe's circus, upset between Readfield and Waterville, Wednesday, and a kerosene lamp set things on fire.

The Biddeford Times tells of a woman worth \$200,000 who called for half an ice cream, and made his change in spruce gum.

A Hampden girl caught a thirty pound salmon in the Penobscot the other day.

A small boy tied a toy balloon to a kitten's tail in Bangor the other day, and the result, as certified to by the Commercial, was that the juvenile feline suddenly left for the scene of the Brewer flag raising.

Mrs. Perrot, wife of Nathaniel Perrot, an old and respected resident of the parish of Dalhousie, was thrown from a wagon while driving home from the town on the evening of the 26th inst., and instantly killed.

RETURN OF HON. P. MITCHELL.—Advice received from Northumberland yesterday announce the not unexpected intelligence that the Hon. P. Mitchell, has been returned for that County to the House of Commons by acclamation.—[News]

It is about as certain as anything can be not yet accomplished, that the Ministerialists will come out of the struggle in Ontario triumphant. Here and there they will probably lose a constituency; but their losses will be counterbalanced by gains elsewhere in the Province, so that upon the whole victory will declare for their cause. We judge, from various indications, that the Grit organs are at heart of the same opinion, despite their loud and vain boasting to the contrary.

DIED.

On the 24th inst., John, aged 4 years, son of Capt. Wm. Waycott.

Government House, Ottawa,

Monday, 8th day of July, 1872.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, Intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered, that the Out Port of Customs established under the Order in Council of the 25th of May, 1872, and therein designated as the Out Port of "Salmon River," in the County of Albert, and Province of New Brunswick, shall henceforth be designated and known as the Out Port of "Ama," and that the said Order in Council be amended accordingly.

Certified: W. A. HINSWORTH, Clerk Privy Council.

July 31 31

Valuable Property FOR SALE.

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

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

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

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

In Equity.

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

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

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

Dated this twenty-third day of July, A. D. 1872. BENJ. K. STAVENSON, Barrister.

July 24 4

CLARET.

A Few cases of "Fine 'St. Julien' CLARET. For sale by J. W. STREET & Co.

July 24.

Sugar and Molasses.

CAREFULLY SELECTED. 40 Puncheons Molasses. 10 Hhds Sugar. & "Vacuum Pan" do

Daily expected, direct from Barbadoes. JAS. W. STREET & CO. St. Andrews, July 9, 1872.

LADIES

Will find at the store of the Subscriber, anything and everything in the Dry Goods line. Small wares, Hosiery, Gloves, Boots, Shoes, &c., at remarkably low prices.

GENTS.

Can be furnished with a complete outfit from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, at prices that cannot but suit the consumer.

As the expected warm weather has some intention of making its appearance in a few days, I am prepared to meet my many customers with

Linen Suits, comprising Coat, Pants and Vest, with Earner Hat to match, for the trifling sum of \$4.

Store corner of Water and King streets. JAMES BRADLEY.

