



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A perfect invigorator of the system. The history of the world has all corroborated the medicinal qualities of this medicine. It is a gentle purgative, and relieves Congestion of the Liver and Visceral Organs.

I enjoy good health, let me tell you. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a medicine, use of alcoholic stimulants.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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POETRY.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Oh, who can feel the tender power
That music to the soul reveals,
And in their hearts not bless the hour
When first it to them conscious steals!

'Tis the heart that passes by
Or treats its power with silent scorn—
Ah, they should see no pitying eye,
But constant know life's keenest thorn.

Where is it not? In tree and flower,
In winds that waft their fragrant breath;
From myriad strings saliv'ry shower,
To earth falls shimmering from the sky.

It warbles in the tiniest stream,
And trembles in the thunder's roar;
It whispers in the lover's dream,
And murmurs on the ocean's shore.

It tames the untamed savage heart,
And calms the anxious brow of care,
It soothes the fevered brain to rest,
And scatters gladness everywhere.

The soldier in the battle slain—
The sinner on his death-bed thrown—
By it are charms of conscious pain
And die without a moan.

It is the same for lord or slave;
The babe upon its mother's arm,
The old man passing to the grave,
Alike will feel its blissful charm.

So lovers tell their woes in song,
Or speak their joys in tender strains;
And, be life's journey short or long,
Still music rules it of its pains.

Such is its power. It matters not
The kind of music that we hear—
Its soothing strains are ne'er forgot,
When once they fall upon the ear.

From youth to age the journey through,
Its gentle ways are felt by all;
It will our hopes and strength renew,
And cheer us on, whate'er befall.

LITERATURE.

"Little Jinks."

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

I never could be harsh with any one having a real love for his mother; more, the moment that I saw that his case was a deserving one, I was ready to exert myself to the utmost to help him out of the mire. My own mother had a hard struggle to keep her harum-scarum boy in order; but sooner than cause a tear to gather in her eye, I would have chopped off my right hand. She was my idol whom I used to worship in secret; and many a time when she thought me fast asleep, I have been peeping out from under the blankets, watching her sewing, and wishing that I were strong enough and big enough to work for her myself. But let me explain. I received the following note one morning as I entered the office.

"I missed my purse when I reached home, so my pocket must have been picked some where between the Mansion House and Finsbury Square."

This brief communication was signed by a well-known banker, a jolly old bachelor living in Finsbury Square. He was a little man and inclined to be fat; but he had a large warm heart—as I had discovered long before—and seemed to live in a kind of genial atmosphere, liked by everybody and envied by none. I even felt a momentary surprise that a thief had found it in his heart to victimize such a man.

Calling at his house, the following ensued: "It is not so much the money that concerns me," he said; "though the loss of that would be serious to a poor man, but in the inner pocket I had stowed away some papers an old memorandum which I shall miss very much. If you just get me them you can let the poor wretch keep the money."

This proposal was against all law and order, and he must have known it; but I had to remind him of the fact.

"Ah, yes, I know," he said in his quick way with a merry smile. "It's against the law, of course, but you detectives can easily stretch a point when you have a mind to; and besides, I only throw out the hint. Get the contents of the inner pocket—the rest also, if you can."

"You did not feel yourself tugged or jostled anywhere on your way home?"

"No, I felt I came here."

After eliciting all the facts I could in connection with the matter, I returned to the

office, determined to work with a will to trace his purse and its contents. But I did not even hear of it. No one among my numerous acquaintances seemed particularly flush of money the empty purse was not picked up anywhere or brought in; and I began to fear it had left London and the thief with it.

In this, however, I was mistaken. A little before 10 o'clock next morning while we were chatting away, a slim morsel of a boy made his appearance, with his eyes all red and swelled with crying, and asked if this was the detective's office. We all stared around and gazed at the little intruder. The strangest thing about the boy was his "shyness"—he was a mere shadow of a boy, though he had a prepossessing little face in spite of the blurring effect of the crying.

Being answered in the affirmative he remained a moment silent, during which I could see by the quivering of his lip that he was struggling hard to appear manly and firm while making his next speech; he then suddenly produced the purse of Mr. S., the banker, and hastily got out the words:

"If you please, I'm a thief—and mother is dead and I've come for you to put me in jail."

He was choking and shaking all over as he got the words out, but it was no use. A blinding rush of tears came to his eyes and the heavy purse dropped at his feet.

There was a strange silence in the room. Nobody rushed forward with a pair of handkerchiefs, or grasped him by the collar to hustle him off to the cell. He was so small, so forlorn and pitiful looking.

I touched him gently on the shoulder. "What's your name?" I asked; but I was not prepared for the change which this question produced. His face flushed up and every tear burst out of his eyes, as he said:

"My name is Willie Bell, but they call me 'Little Jinks' now. That's why I ran away from the 'House.' But I pitched into them before I left—not for that, but for something else."

And the recollection seemed to afford the little man a kind of fierce pleasure. "Oh, so you run away from the 'House.' I suppose your mother was pretty poor, Willie—not well off—eh?"

"That's it, sir," he cried, with a sudden intelligence flashing out of his tearful eyes. "That's how she died—of her fearful eyes."

"That's how she died—of her fearful eyes—because she hadn't enough to eat. I tried to save her by stealing the purse after I ran away from home; but when I got home—she couldn't eat—and she died without knowing what I had done. Do you think they'll tell her in heaven that I stole it?"

He appeared so anxious for a negative that I was forced to say: "I don't think they will, Willie, because that would be sure to make her unhappy—wouldn't it?"

This brought a fresh burst of sobbing and then he said: "I hope I'll be hanged. I want to die now. It's no use living without mother, and every body else is cruel. There's nobody to put their arms around me when I am hungry. I—I—I'm trying not to cry—I made it all up before I came that I wouldn't cry—but somehow, I can't help it. It seems very hard that God should take her away, for I loved her so, and I'm such a small boy."

I could not get out an answer, and nobody else seemed ready to speak. I picked up the purse and motioned him to follow me into another room, and there poor Willie told me his mother's history, and a sad and history it was.

It was the old story—a garret, pinching want, and a hard struggle for bare life, which finally drove the mother into delicate health and the boy into one of the "Homes" of London.

But here poor Willie's troubles increased. The boys of the "Home" crowded around the strange little arrival, and dubbed him "Little Jinks." No rudeness or unkindness was meant—it was their custom, and he had to give up asking them to call him Willie, for "Little Jinks" they would have him and nothing else. The first day passed all well enough—he made one or two acquaintances, and at night, when all was asleep, and the cold moonlight stole into the dormitory, he had a good cry, keeping his head muffled in the bedclothes to stifle the sound.

But fresh griefs were in store for him. In an evil hour he had confided to some of his new acquaintances some particulars of his own life and history; and the next day, when he found them torturing one of their number a mute named Johnnie, he horrified them by firing up, knocking down one of them, releasing the sufferer, and daring them to touch him again.

An excited circle instantly formed around him. "What is it?" cried one, frowning.

"It's Jinks, the beggar, the starved brat," spitefully answered the froward boy, gathering himself up and wiping the blood from his nose. "Why couldn't he stay in his hole and not come in among gentlemen?"

"What's he done?"

"Stuck up for Johnnie."

"Oh, my! Ha! ha! ha!" and the jeering laugh ran round all.

"I don't care what you say," chokingly returned Jinks, blushing to the ears, and then turning dangerously white. "You're a pack of cruel brutes."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the boys—"What a pity his mother isn't here. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Don't speak of my mother; I warn you, don't!" said Jinks, with a strange flashing of the eyes.

"Ho! ho! ho! Do you hear him? His mother's a beggar, too."

"Of course she is. He told me so, and my uncle threw her a farthing on the street one day. Ho! ho! ho!"

The last speaker didn't get his laugh out, for though he towered up tall and strong, Jinks had flashed through the air at his throat like a bloodhound. They fought long and fiercely, and small as he was Jinks seemed to be getting the best of it, when one of the assistant masters suddenly appeared on the scene and put an end to the struggle.

And now Jinks experienced the danger of going against the majority. The small boy and himself gave the true version of the story; the other boys, one and all, gave quite a different one, and the majority carried the day.

Jinks and Johnnie were taken in and carried till every bone in their bodies ached, and then shut up in separate little rooms on the ground floor with a lunch of dry bread and a mug of water each.

Poor Jinks thought it high time to make his escape from a place where he was so miserable and get back to his mother. In getting through the window of the room in which he was confined he fell to the ground and was considerably shaken. Before he could rise to his feet his terror increased by a policeman arriving on the spot.

"Oh, sir," he managed to gasp out, "I'm only little Jinks, you won't stop me? They beat me all over for nothing. But I didn't mind that but they called my mother a beggar, and I'm running away from them. Oh, do let me go. Mother will be glad if you will let me off, indeed?"

The policeman looked down at the little atom with his torn shirt and stains of blood coming through his pitiful face and wildly pleading eyes. He didn't shake him or grasp him roughly. No, he took the boy up in his arms. He tried to speak to him, but for a long time the words stuck in his throat, and when he did get them out they were strangely husky, and not at all harsh or unkind.

"Poor little fellow!"

The unexpected words went straight to "Little Jinks' heart. If the man had kicked him, he would have been alone; but the kind words drew from him a convulsive sob, and must have set his brain reeling, for the next thing he was conscious of was the policeman putting a sort of fiery stuff into his mouth out of a flask, and telling him to keep up a good heart, for he wouldn't let anybody touch him.

They were friends in a moment.

It ended, however, by the kind policeman carrying "Little Jinks" to his mother; and the poor woman when she heard the account received him with open arms, and there he remained with her until the day of her death, and the day, indeed, on which he stole the purse to keep her from starving.

When he brought the stolen purse in, he found his mother dying. But the following conversation took place between them:

"Who gave it to you?" she managed to ask, and then a guilty, fearful remorse began to gnaw at "Little Jinks' heart.

"A woman down there," he got out. "But could you not get up and walk about mother? You would look better then, and perhaps you could eat."

"No, Willie, dear. I'm afraid."

"Little Jinks" seemed to see the words that were coming, and a great wall burst from him as he placed his little hand on her mouth.

"Oh, mother, don't say that, or I'll die!" he wildly said. "I'll run for a doctor—oh, how fast I'll go—and you'll be well tomorrow, won't you?"

And a good man.

After speaking the prayer, "Little Jinks" had but one thought—how could he let his mother die without confessing his crime? Every moment it was at the tip of his tongue, but then he thought the awful news would strike her dead in his arms. He let her sleep on while he watched her breathing.

Toward morning she stirred slightly and opened her eyes.

"Kiss me, Willie," she said.

It was only a whisper but he heard every word.

"Now put your arms around me—tighter, tighter."

These were her last words. Her breathing got fainter and slower; and then her eyelids drooped. Willie's screams brought in some of the neighbors.

They took him gently from the room and were kind and good to him, poor though they were; but when they told him that his mother was away somewhere and would not be back for a while, he had such a wild burst of grief that they were afraid of his slender life. But he was calm at last, and then he insisted on going out—no, he would not tell where, but he would go.

He slipped out when they were in the next room, and found his way to Scotland Yard, and this ended his story.

I didn't take him away and lock him in a cell. No, I took him home to my wife and then paid a visit to the banker. After giving him the purse and contents entire and unbroken, I told him "Little Jinks' story pretty much as I have now put it before the reader. As I have already indicated he was of that derided class called 'soft-hearted,' and long before I had finished he was blowing his nose and wiping his eyes, and finally, crying and sobbing like a child. But when I stopped and asked him if he wished to press the case, he started right back in his chair and looked perfectly fierce.

"Mr. Reynolds," he cried, do you 'take me for a monster?' "No," he added, after a minute. "I will not press it—nor will I let you press it. Do you hear me? I am determined. I will see Willie—you'll let me see him, won't you? I think I shall like Willie, and perhaps Willie might like me. This is a big house, too; he wouldn't fill up much space in it; and besides, he'd be somebody to talk to. But Mr. Reynolds, here—stop—if you say another word about pressing the case, as you call it, I'll kill you on the spot!"

THE MADEIRAS.

Less than five hundred miles separate the Azores from that other group of islands, the Madeiras, named from its principal member, that most lovely and well-known of the Portuguese possessions. It comprises the islands of Porto Santo and Madeira, and three uninhabited islets, appropriately named Desertas.

Porto Santo enjoyed the priority of discovery, having been first visited by Bartolomeo Perestrelo in 1418, six years after Dom Henrique, the Great Infante, inaugurated that bold search for the unknown which raised Portugal to the foremost rank of nations. Begun by pursuing the Moore, who had been routed from the Peninsula, into their own country, it was through the accidental drifting of an expedition from the west coast of Africa that these islands, which are only three hundred miles from Morocco, were discovered. The whole group was known by the Romans, and termed Insule Papuarie.

Porto Santo, though only eight by three miles in dimensions, is the home of six thousand people. Its little town of Villa Balsa is scarcely known by name; yet notwithstanding its unimportance it has its own historical boast that it was the home of Columbus, who here found his wife, and here dreamed of undiscovered world to which it was to be his mission to show the way.

Porto Santo having been settled, Madeira, the sister-island having been thirty-five miles distant, could not long remain unknown. The great black cloud to be seen, always seen hanging on the southwestern horizon, never changing in form or position, had already attracted attention, and accordingly Joan Gonçalves Zarco and Tristao Vaz Teixeira, the following year, sailed for it, and had their eyes gladdened by the sight of lofty hills covered so luxuriantly with forest trees that they named the island Madeira (the island of wood). All the many works that have been written descriptive of the story of Robert Machin and Anne d'Arfet, who, fleeing from the wrath of lady's family to the shores of France in the year 1344, were driven by opposing winds to this lovely spot, where they lived and died, and in the little church of Machico, which has de-

rived its name from the English lover, a portion of the cross is shown which indicated their graves on its rediscovery.

Two years after its final settlement by the Portuguese, the vine was imported into Madeira from the island of Candia or Crete, and found so congenial a soil that its wine became renowned as the most delicious beverage it has been granted man to taste. Madeira has been a household word in every language of Europe, but in 1850 there were only four hundred pipes remaining on the island; and though Madeira is still offered for sale in every city of the United States at reasonable rates, it is not difficult to imagine its source. The Madeira wine of commerce was itself a compound of the various productions of the island, known by special names as Bala, Sercial, etc., each possessing a distinctive character. At one time the production amounted to twenty-five thousand pipes a year, but in 1852 the same terrible disease which spread over the other Atlantic islands and appeared among the vineyards, and destroyed its culture, taking from the island a fair name, ruining thousands of wealthy people, and depriving man of a blessing; for since man will yield to the craving nature has implanted in him, and everywhere furnished the means of gratifying, it is a blessing when he can drink of wine like this rather than some vile substitute. Fortunately the *adidum* appears to have been destroyed or to have disappeared, and new plants introduced from the United States and Europe are thriving with every promise of restoring to the island its former celebrity among wine-producing countries. The miller which attacked the vines has not impaired the fertility of the island in any other respect.

Its lofty mountain sides are covered with valuable timber. Pines are of extraordinarily quick growth. The *Japanea regia*, the fruit of which is termed by some the Persian and by others the English walnut, and better known as the Madeira nut—here attains its highest development.

Spice trees flourish, the red pepper exclaiming in flavor the product of Cayenne. Oranges and other tropical fruits thrive without care, and strawberries ripen in February in the open air. The temperature varies from an average summer heat of 72° to a winter of 60°, giving an annual mean of 66°, which has made it the favorite resort of consumptive invalids from all parts of Europe. Whether it is the best in the world will appear when Tenerife is considered. It is enough to say at present that the humidity of the Madeira winter, due to a long prevalence of rain, and the excessive discomfort occasioned at other times, by the dry, noxious, and almost insufferable *Leite*, or east wind, which blows from the coast of Africa where it is known as the *harmattan*, and equally drenched, are not experienced on the Spanish island, but are, in a measure, compensated by the greater comforts that are at the command of the wealthy invalid in Madeira. The island is easily reached in four or five days by steamers from England and Portugal. The English language is spoken as commonly as the vernacular, and private hotels are numerous, where extensive suits of apartments, excellent attendance, and the most delicate *cuisine* are obtainable. Hammock-bearers accustomed to the business tenderly carry the consumptive for daily exercise, and the number of these during the season when the island is most frequented is not a pleasant spectacle for the robust and healthy visitor. [Extract from a paper from the March number of *Harper's Magazine*, entitled "A Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Islands," by Dr. A. L. Gihon.]

THE AFFABLE MAN.—A mother and babe was among the passengers waiting at the Central depot yesterday. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story overcoat and a rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her he remarked:

"Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?"

"She faintly nodded.

"Does he seem to feel it much?" continued the man.

She shook her head.

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seeming greatly interested.

"He was up to a few moments ago," she snapped out; "but I'm afraid he has smelt so much whiskey that he'll have the delirium tremens before night."

The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterwards seen buying cigars and cinnamon.

Boarding school miss: "O, Charlie, I expect to be graduated at next commencement." "Graduated! what?" "Why, in white tulle."

A Self-feeding Engine.

An English mechanic has contrived to make a steam engine do its own stoking. A large sheet-iron hopper is set above the mouth of the furnace and in front of the boiler. This is the receptacle for coals. Below the hopper a steel crusher is made to run somewhat rapidly, and as the coals fall by reason of their own gravity upon this grinding apparatus, they are reduced to the uniform size of cubes by the action of the crusher. Thence the squalid fuel drops upon a pair of iron disks, or fans inclosed in a box, and running in opposite directions at a high velocity. The fans are in fact the furnace feeders, for as the box has but one opening, and that leads to the fire, they literally blow the coals into the latter and distribute them equally over the whole surface of the fire-bars. The feed is regulated in quantity according to the heavy or light work the engine may be doing, by means of a single adjusting screw. This is the automatic stoker. The furnace fire is fed and steam is kept in the boiler without the turning of a shovel, and all that the fireman has to do is to smoke his pipe and whistle "Down in a coal mine."

An Ecclesiastical Tooth.

The vagaries of the Rev. Mr. Tooth, vicar of St. James' Church, Hatcham, London, bids fair to inaugurate a revolutionary movement in the Church of England. After a month's confinement in Horseman-gate jail the reverend gentleman has been liberated by order of Lord Penzance, all the requirements of the law having been met by the surrender of the church to the new curate appointed by the Bishop of Rochester. The surrender, however, was more nominal than real, since the vicar and churchwardens refused to give up the keys, and the building was taken possession of forcibly by breaking open the doors against the remonstrances and protests of the churchwardens. It does not appear that Mr. Tooth has expressed any contrition for his contumacy, or that he has entered into any promise of future submission. On the contrary, he still maintains the illegality of the court of Lord Penzance, and refuses to acknowledge its jurisdiction over him. The members of his late congregation earnestly sympathize with him, and in many other places he is spoken of as a martyr for conscience sake. If, then, there has been a compliance with the law, it has been rather by constraint than from choice; and looking at all the circumstances of the case, it does seem that the authority of this new court had been defied to the last, and that Lord Penzance himself was glad to escape from an embarrassing position by releasing Mr. Tooth under any decent pretext.

The example of Mr. Tooth has given boldness to others; and already an agitation has commenced within the Church for the practical repeal of the Act. That such men as Mr. Pusey and Canon Edmonstone, and in face of the resistance which will be offered, and the demands which will be made, it is not unlikely that a modification of the law will be proposed and that this coercive policy will be abandoned.

This will aid the work of disestablishment in a very sensible degree. * * * It is impossible to deny to these gentlemen credit for sincerity and earnestness. But consistency requires that they should renounce their connection with the Church before they attempt to pull it to pieces. In other words, they have no right to eat the bread, and luxuriate in the emoluments of the Church, and at the same time teach doctrines and observe rites which are subversive of its formularies, and which are utterly at variance with their own ordination oaths.—*Scottish Am.*

A CAPTIVE.—R. R. Andrews, of Halifax, charged with fraud, took passage in a vessel bound from Cape Island for Portland, Me., which put in here on Wednesday of last week, in order to avoid the law. Detective Hunt, who had been in pursuit of Andrews, and was in Yarmouth at the time, got wind of his movements, and Constable Fader and Nickerson on Thursday afternoon proceeded to Hunter's Island with the intention of boarding the schooner. Whilst endeavoring to procure a boat for that purpose, the schooner proceeded to sea, but her commander (Swain), it appears, during the night concluded to return and surrender Andrews. The schooner accordingly was run back and anchored off the bar in the morning—Andrews, it is said, being ignorant of the locality. Capt. S. sent a message to town, the result being that Detective Hunt and Constable Fader proceeded to the schooner, and arrested Andrews. Detective Hunt started with his prisoner the same evening for Halifax. Andrews, we understand, was agent of an insurance Co.

A NEW USE FOR GLYCERIN.—Physicians and dentists who use small mirrors to explore the throat and teeth, astronomers employing large mirrors out of doors, all who have occasion to use spy glasses in foggy weather, and especially those near-sighted persons who cannot shave themselves without bringing their noses almost in contact with the looking-glass, are doubtless aware that the luster of mirrors becomes soon dimmed by the breath, by dew, and generally by water in a vaporous state. The way to prevent this troublesome fog is simply to wipe the surface of the mirror before using with a rag moistened with glycerin. By this substance, watery vapor is completely taken up.

A WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.—Mrs. Bridget Welsh, a widow, was burned to

death at Douglassfield, near Chatham, by falling into the fire-place, Saturday forenoon. She was alone in her house, and from the position in which she was found it is believed that she had a fit and fell in the fire.

A great robbery of jewelry has been committed at the Duke of Cleveland's country seat near Eastbourne, England. The thieves gained entrance to the house by a window and carrying off a necklace valued at £3,000, a valuable gold watch, notes, gold and other property. No clue has yet been gained as to the identity of the thieves.

The St. Andrews Standard

St. Andrews, March 14, 1877.

THE LEGISLATURE.—It is the general opinion that the Legislative Session will terminate next week; there is still considerable business to be done, but as usual at the close of the Session it will be hurried through.

The steamer *Stroud* is to receive \$1450 for the service between the Harbor ports. It is to be hoped that the owner will be prepared to afford that accommodation to St. Andrews, which its claims demand, and that reasonable time will be given for shipping freight and for passengers, by a stoppage of at least half an hour.

Mr. Cotterell's bill to amend the Assessment Act relating to aged persons was postponed for three months.

The Attorney General in reply to question, said the vacant seat in the Executive had not been filled, but hoped it would at no very remote day.

The Municipality bill was under discussion, and several Sections agreed to and amendments made. From the discussion it appears that the County pay of Sheriffs and the appointment of Alms House, Commissions, etc., remains in the hands of the Sessions.

A bill relating to mechanics and material men something similar to the lien bill, but free from its objections; is an extension of the "guarantee system"—was introduced, and will probably pass the Legislature.

It is likely that the County Councilors will receive pay for their services, as it will be optional for each Parish to vote a sum for their services, the amount named was \$1.50 per day.

The Legislative Council's bill requiring constables to give security for costs in certain cases, was lost in the Assembly.

The Attorney General committed the bill relating to fences, trespasses and pounds, Mr. Baile in the chair. The mover said the bill was put through the Committee last year, but by an accident was not sent to the other branch of the Legislature.

The bill was agreed to.

Hon. Mr. Stevenson committed the bill to amend the law relating to the sale of spirituous liquors, Mr. Austin in the chair. The mover explained that the measure was to provide that no person, excepting anyone having a wholesale license, should have a remedy against any person to whom he might sell mixed or unmixed liquors on credit.

The bill was agreed to.

The Official History of the Centennial Exhibition is a splendid bound neatly printed, and ably edited work published by the National Publishing Co., Philadelphia. Our thanks are due to the publishers for this valuable book which contains nearly 400 well executed engravings, and 918 pages of instructive and interesting reading. This excellent book is entitled to an extensive sale, and a large patronage in all those countries which had exhibits at the Centennial. It is sold to subscribers at \$3.50, in extra fine satin cloth; in Library style (Morocco back and covers), at \$4.00. We will be happy to show the work, and obtain the names of subscribers. It is undoubtedly one of the most valuable publications issued from the press.

HYMENIAL.—Under the proper heading today is inserted the marriage of Miss DeWolfe, eldest daughter of Edward DeWolfe of this town. Her liking for newspapers, has culminated in taking for a partner for life, the senior editor of the *Georgetown Advocate*, published in Massachusetts. She has shown rare discrimination in her choice; her good sense and sound judgement will be a valuable aid to our contemporary, and it is probable there will be satisfactory impressions and proofs. We wish the happy pair a long and pleasant journey through life.

We learn that Mr. Joseph Wilson, a former resident of St. Andrews, died at Falmouth, N. S., last week. He was the youngest brother of the late John Wilson.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.—The St. Andrews Reform Club, intend having a torchlight procession this evening, preceded by the Band, after which they will return to Stevenson's Hall, which is to be thrown open to the public, to listen to the speeches. The Club already numbers 100 members. So the reform marches on.

Subscribers in arrears, will confer a favor on us by forwarding the amounts due this office. We have been lenient, and now in justice they should respond promptly, as we need the money. It is to be hoped that other measures will not require to be adopted to obtain what is due us.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

St. John we regret to say has been again visited by a disastrous fire—one of the worst we ever remember of taking place in that city. Early on the morning of Thursday last fire was discovered in the cellar of M. C. Barbour's dry goods establishment, on Prince William Street, which it is supposed caught from the furnace. The firemen were promptly at the spot, and aided by the heavy rain fought the flames, standing at their posts while explosions occurred, and walls fell. The fire spread to adjoining buildings occupied as some of the most fashionable stores in the city, viz—Watts & Turner, Beard & Verring, Steves Bros., J. A. F. Burpee & Co., Ken & Thorne, J. H. Golden, Fairhall & Smith, Geo. Hutchinson and others, and sad to relate five persons were burned in the ruins, the ceiling of Watts & Turner's store having fallen upon them, viz—E. D. Watts, Geo. Budd, Le Baron A. Kerley, Samuel Lester and Daniel Conboy. Mr. Watts was a brother of Samuel Watts, Esq., of Woodstock, the others were respectable young men, clerks in the store. The loss of property is estimated at nearly \$300,000, which is covered by insurance to the extent of \$162,000. The highest praise is given by the daily papers to the firemen, who stood at their posts, never flinching while walls were falling near them, and explosions occurring when they were at work.

The Misses HANSON, two lady teachers of this County, left here on Thursday, to make their future home in Victoria, V. I., where they carry with them the best wishes of their many friends in this neighborhood. It appears, that the statement published in a St. John paper a few weeks ago, that these ladies had been appointed to lucrative situations as teachers, was not true, as the Superintendent has since published a letter, in which he says, "no teacher from the Maritime Provinces has been employed." We have no doubt however that the Misses Hanson, from their talents and success as teachers, will obtain employment in that profession. Persons possessing their qualifications are a gain to any colony.

OFF TO CALIFORNIA.—Six young persons left here on Thursday last for California. Thus the exodus goes on, and yet the accounts received from the Pacific Slope, are not by any means encouraging. Some succeed by hard work to obtain a livelihood, but others again, have found it a difficult matter for the past few months to obtain employment at low wages. These are facts derived from reliable sources. Where a mechanic or laborer is wanted there are a hundred ready to fill the order.

COMPLAINTS have been made by subscribers of the irregularity with which they receive the *Standard* on the days of publication. The fault lies with the carrier, and we have remedied it by employing a lad whom we believe will deal justly with our patrons.

PRESIDENT HAYS is up to his eyes in business. Many of the Republican party have been urging for the appointment of their friends to seats in the Cabinet; but Mr. Hays has made his own selection, and adheres to the pithy phrase in his inaugural—"He serves his party best, who serves his country best."

ALL'S BLUE.—Many persons are being attacked with the "blue mania." Nothing but blue glass, a blue everything will suit. The blue glass theory has been dissolved, its originator proved to have been misled—and that some manufacturers have made a fortune out of the deception. Gen. Pleasanton's claims to the discovery have been disputed by a person in San Francisco, who asserts that he discovered the properties claimed for blue glass, nearly fourteen years ago. The demand for blue window glass and blue lamp chimneys is dying out.

The *Scottish American* says:—"On all hands, and from all quarters, there are reported indications of reviving commerce. Business houses are receiving large orders, and experience an unwonted degree of activity. The money market is firmer; American securities are going up in foreign markets; public confidence is being restored; and there is every prospect that with the opening spring there will be the dawn of returning prosperity."

The mild weather for the past few days gave indications of spring, but old boreas is not so very easy to part with—"winter still lingers in the lap of spring."

MR. JOHN FORD, a former resident of this town, but now of Chicago, states that himself and sons have steady work at his new home. He still "feels an interest in old St. Andrews."

Correspondence.

THE TOWN BELL.

MR. EDITOR.—Can you inform the public, why the Town Bell, which cost so large a sum has not been repaired so that it can be rung? And why the party who cracked the bell has not been made pay for the damage? I was informed by one who was present on New Year's Eve when the bell was cracked that the person who rang it was well known. Is the public to suffer for such unruly conduct.

[Let our correspondent make a complaint, if he knows the person who cracked the bell, and it is likely measures will be adopted to bring him to justice.]

The Law and the Ladies.

Chief-Justice Meredith, *mutatis mutandis*, has probably incurred the odium of all those members of the gentler sex whose notice has been attracted to one of his recent judicial utterances. Our readers can decide for themselves whether his language is likely to be forgiven or forgotten, when they learn that while rendering a certain judgement in the Court of Review, Quebec, he formally and emphatically declared: "All actions for breach of promise of marriage are ridiculous and vexatious." As women, for the most part, are the plaintiffs in such actions, a declaration like this, from the lips of a Chief-Justice, must have caused a flutter in the dove coots of the Dominion. A sympathy, not unnatural under the circumstances, with beauty in distress, must prove our excuse—if excuse be needed—for devoting a paragraph to the question at issue.

If the word *many* were substituted for all in the unpalatable proposition of the Chief-Justice, hardly any objection could be made to its orthodoxy. The most notorious case on record—we allude, of course, to that of "Bardell vs. Pickwick"—is undeniably ridiculous. So, also, when sweet seventeen sues a rich, recalcitrant grey beard, and estimates at an exorbitant figure her damages for blighted hopes, there is much that is ridiculous in the shameless and incongruous demand. Nor is the element of ridicule less glaring when some antidote to love in the shape of a *femme pauvre* files her claims with despairing energy against some boy, who has been seduced into an offer of marriage by her false, golden tresses, and her sympathetic blush, which was purchased at the chemist's. But these are exceptional cases, and by no means exhaustive of the catalogue. There are times when actions for breach of promise are almost forced on the plaintiff, and when to refrain from prosecuting would be a dereliction of duty. An unprotected girl may become affianced to a suitor who jilts her heartlessly for what he deems a more eligible party. He assigns no reason and offers no apology for his cruel conduct. He may even insinuate among her friends that the lady herself is to blame. What is to be done in such a case, when a fortune hunter snafu refuses either to fulfil his engagement or to admit his cowardice? It is all very well to say that the confiding girl is well rid of her treacherous betrothed; but her reputation is tarnished, and the world is conscious. It is better, it may be, to brave ridicule in court, and to expose a poison in the legal pillory, than to suffer in silence under injurious imputations.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Eight months ago Mr. Hayes wrote a manly letter accepting the nomination of the Cincinnati convention, and declaring that if elected, he should aim to accomplish seven results:—

1. A reorganization of the civil service upon a system which will secure purity, experience, efficiency and economy.
2. The regulation of appointments with a strict regard for the public welfare.
3. The speedy, thorough, and unsparring prosecution and punishment of all public officers who betray official trusts.
4. The restoration of a sound currency.
5. The maintenance of a system of education unsectarian and free to all.
6. Simplicity and frugality in the management of public affairs.
7. The restoration of a fraternal spirit of harmony between the people of the North and the South.

Nothing could be better than this programme; but in the excitement of the canvass, it was nearly forgotten. In defiance of the candidate's plea for harmony, Republican orators revived the memories of civil strife and vied with each other in heaping obloquy upon the party which in the name of peace and reconciliation had already got control of one of the houses of Congress. The Republican party, thus put in the false position of disturbers of the public peace, was brought to the very brink of ruin. It carried barely a majority of the whole electoral votes, and its right to the votes of two States was involved in serious doubt. That doubt has been resolved by the just decision of a tribunal worthy of the great occasion; but the decision itself might have been defeated by parliamentary opposition, but for the wise words of the candidate, written frankly, in the outset, and declaring his purpose, if elected, to organize an administration which should regard and cherish the truest interests of the Southern States.

A Newark woman married a policeman because she explained, her mother was robbed of two dresses, and she thought a policeman was a good thing to have about the house.

A GAMBLER'S TUCK.

A correspondent of the *Boston Herald* writes: Hartford, of course, has its complements of gamblers, and prominent among them is one Patrick Sheedy, who is very well known throughout the entire northern part of our country, to the "profession," at least. When the races took place at Charter Oak Park last fall, Sheedy was very nearly broken, and, in order to build up his fallen fortunes, he, with a few others, "put up a job" in a race. On the strength of what he thought was a "dead sure thing," Sheedy borrowed \$2,000 from a friend, went into pools heavily, and lost; for the job was spoiled by a horse that no one had counted on as a winner. This broke Pat, and he, being a man of his word went to his backers, explained things, borrowed some more money, promising to return the entire amount borrowed as soon as he could win it. He left town, and it was told around that Sheedy had gone to the Black Hills. Four months passed without a word being heard from him, but his backer said to inquiring friends: "Don't you worry; I don't think 'Sheedy' is a man of his word every time, and I'll get my money!" And he did, for a short time after a package came to the backer by express containing the entire amount borrowed, with a handsome sum for interest. Soon after a deposit of \$15,000 was sent by Sheedy to one of the banks here, and last week Sheedy came home with a new suit of clothes, a Jurgenson watch in his pocket, and also a roll of \$15,000 in bank bills. He had broken all the gamblers in Cleveland, made a haul in Cincinnati, and at the last game of fate he played rose from the table a winner of \$12,000 and the bank broke. On Saturday he left for the Hot Springs in company with three gentlemen, two of whom go for their health.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES.—The proceedings in the House of Commons last night 9th inst. were disgraced by the customary squabble. Mr. Masson ventured to suggest that the Premier had been misled in a certain matter. The Premier instantly fired up and (we quote from a Ministerial organ) bellowed out: "I throw back that imputation with the utmost scorn with which it is capable of being thrown back. I can only tell the hon. gentleman that I don't care what his opinion is." Mr. Masson then asked a question touching upon the subj. but got no answer, as the Premier declared that he was "not to be catechized by a my hon. gentleman." The Hon. Mr. Mitchell administered a mild rebuke, and the Hon. Mr. Cartwright, evidently ashamed of his leader, endeavored to change the subject.—*Star.*

One hundred and twenty-five more emigrants will leave New York for Australia on the bark *Sierra Nevada* on Saturday next under the auspices of the New South Wales Government. On April 15 the ship *Annie H. Smith* will be dispatched with another consignment of greater proportions.

Turkey had at last advices 184,500 troops, stationed on the Danube, namely: 20,000 at Rustchul, 20,000 at Widdin, 20,000 at Taltsha, 20,000 at Tarna, 15,000 at Silistria, 20,000 at Schumla, and the remainder scattered in smaller garrisons.

Several important changes have been made in the Canadian tariff. The duty on cigars is reduced from 79 cents a pound to 50, and on oil from 15 cents to 6 cents per gallon. The duty on tea has been changed from 3 and 4 cents per lb. to 5 and 6. Ale and beer in casks, from 5 to 12 cents per gallon. Drawn tubing and piping from the free list to 17½ per cent. ad valorem.

MARRIED.

In Georgetown, Mass., on the 7th inst., by the Rev. D. D. Marsh, of the Peabody Memorial Church, Wm. B. Hammond and Miss M. Louise DeWolfe of St. Andrews, N. B.

DIED.

In Chicago, Martin, youngest son of Mr. John Ford, formerly of St. Andrews, aged 13 years.

Ship News.

ARRIVED.
Zephyr, Cogan, Eastport, Herring's, March 6—Emerald, Harwell, Rod Beach, Plaster.
Olesea, Hooper, Eastport, last.
Cardens, March 1.—Schr. Nellie Clark, Clark, St. John.

CLEARED.
March 13—Olesea, Hooper, Bids. E.ther, Maloney, St. John, lastest.

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To take order for the magnificent new ILLUSTRATED DOMINION'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE for so much an order. Agents can make \$10 a day. A magnificent work, prepared expressly for Canadian readers, and published in Canada. Don't fail to send for descriptive circular and private terms—New Book—New plan. Address, H. B. BIGNY & BROS., 28 & 30 St. Francis Xavier Street Montreal. 1 Feb. 28, 1877.

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