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JAS. S. CARNEGIE,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

For the Standard.
AN AUTUMN IDYL.

See yonder hill whose crest height of trees
In crimson banner'd with a heraldy of leaves;
How peacefully stand 'gainst the glowing sky,
A golden glory with its rosate tints to vie?
The scale of nature's lyman through all its thrills,
The rustling leaves, the murmuring song of rills,
A psalm of life vibrating o'er its floats,
Its wrens and robins here and there for notes,
Their farewell paring to the stricken leaves
That flaunt their glories to the Northern breeze;
To-day embannered by the wooing breath
That glows to-morrow o'er their cheerless death,
'Tis thus with life and love. To-day—all bright
and fair.

The flowers unfold, soft breathes the summer air;
To-morrow—faded, flowerless and forlorn,
They wake all withered on a cheerless floor.
A too unkindly frost has tipped the flower
Whose bloom and perfume cheered us for an hour,
That feathery growth beneath hope's azure sky
All radiant bloomed when fortune's sun was high;
More dear became before misfortune fell,
As all bright things—before they say farewell.

Summer's over! Summer's over!
Glorious stand the stricken trees,
Gleaming crimson in the sunlight,
With their panoply of leaves.

Like the doomed in Aztec story
Ere the dreadful sacrifice,
Summer stands her vesture glorious
Gleaming with the rainbow's dyes.

As the face of one who dying,
Just before their latest breath,
Gleams with an immortal radiance
Ere the eyelids close in death.

So the last fond smile of summer
Lingers on the stricken flower,
Gilds it with a nobler beauty
In its last—its dying hour.

Let thy deeds be true and noble
In the Summer days of youth,
That thy Autumn may grow golden
With the leaves of faith and truth.

That life's flower may bloom more brightly
In a summer glow the sky,
Where the crimson royal roses
Never fade and never die.

Beautiful Forever.

We do not know to whom the reader is indebted
for the following lines, but think few will read
them without pleasure, and that some may profit
by the lesson they teach.

How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair—
Not by lothens, dyes and pigments;
Not by washes for your hair,
While you're young be pure and gentle:
Keep your passions well controll'd,
Walk, work, and do your duty,
You'll be handsome when you're old.

Snow-white locks are fair as golden,
Grey as lovely as the brown,
And the smiles of age more pleasant
Than a youthful beauty's frown,
'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen be these your maxims,
When your sixty you'll rejoice.

Our young maidens should, as Cicero says,
"Follow Nature as Divinity." Powders, paints
and washes but help the destroyer. Time, to
fade the fairest brow, and rosiest cheeks,
'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice.

"Snow-white locks are golden." There is no
use in trying to be what is not. "Follow
Nature as a Divinity." She must not be
caricatured. Age has beauty as well as
youth. Who will deny this to the well spent
life? Though the body grow old and infirm,
the mind may gladden, and age be most beau-
tiful without the gloss of art. We find fault
with what is spurious only. The beautiful
in Nature is essential to the pleasures of the
well-organized mind, and that mind which is
most matured and enlightened is most suscep-
tible of it. If beauty were not essential to the
mind we would not have the flowers of the
field to "minister delight to man and beautify
the earth." "Solomon in all his glory was
not arrayed like one of these"—not even ar-
rayed like that little wild flower, on the ruins,which Mr. Hemans says, "it glads destruction
with a smile and beautifies decay." We
repeat, "Follow Nature as a Divinity." Let
the girls learn lessons of modesty and beauty
from the innocent flowers. Even in their
dress they may copy in admirable designs from
the flowers, and learn of the harmony of col-
ors, and charm of light and shade, but away
with your dyes, powders, paints, washes and
"water-trials."

Interesting Calc.

POLLY'S VICTORY.

An extemporized stage, a princess lovely as the
light, a French count, brilliant costumes, and acting
that is not to be spoken of made up the "out-
ensemble" that delighted the good people of the
Pittston, for one night at least. The proceeds
were to be devoted to charitable purposes. Thomp-
son went the cause and publisher, and with every
"coming on" of Kitty Benson, the beauty of Pitt-
ston, such a vigorous clapping of hands ensued
that one was fain to hold his ears, or be deafened
with the applause.

The National Hall was decorated with banners,
Deacons and doctors and lawyers had spent a
week on its embellishments. The Pittston band
had been practising for months, and wound up
by playing "Hail, Columbia," in their grandest style.
Very reluctantly the people left the scene of
entertainment, all talking together.

The wide green in front was brightened all
over by the illuminated windows, save where the
posts and primitive chains made long shadows in
the grass.

"It beats all hollow," said Deacon Simpson; "but
I felt sort of guilty."

Well, I dunno, responded Aunt Methuin; it's
got up for a charitable purpose, but I reckon
'aint a great many removes from a theatre after
all. What an awful smart young man that French
count was! They say he's clerk to the new store.
And I declare for't I didn't feel kinder bad for
Bob Langton when he was amakin' love to Kitty,
all in gold and scarlet, with his bobbin' white
feathers.

Wasn't Kitty just a little witch? queried Lab-
by, the deacon's daughter; she looked so soft,
real pleased. If I'd bin Bob Langton I'd rather
took the count myself than the clodpouter. What
a country lad he was, to sure! I never could a
believed that was Bob, never! and the count was
so handsome!

The crowd began to thin. Sundry vehicles
filled with "wimmin folks," drove off at a jg
trot pace.

Pretty little Polly Lee, who had taken the part
of a country lassie, stood at the foot of the steps,
revealing under her carelessly arranged shawl
a pair of snowy shoulders, and the knots of crimson
ribbon that adorned her white dress.

Polly's little heart was aching despite the red
lips and the bright color of her cheeks. For that
one night, at least, Bob Langton had been her
lover. Had she lived a century in those few
ecstatic hours? How she gloated over the thought
that Bob had been at her feet! Had talked all the
romantic nonsense in which lovers generally in-
dulge as if he meant it, little thinking what the
light of Polly's eye, the trembling of her hand and
the voice, all indicate—little dreaming, while he
thought it very good acting, and looked jealously
on at the back of the stage at the French count
on his pink and silver knees at the feet of his own
betrothed, that little Polly had loved him long be-
fore she exchanged her pinafores for the maiden's
dresses—had loved him with an overwhelming
passion that few natures experience.

Well, it's all over, sighed Polly, tying the strings
of her shawl under her dumpled chin; angry
with herself that she said it—that she could not
crush this hidden passion that seemed in her sweet
eyes unmade.

Suddenly the lights were extinguished, and Bob
stepped out of the vestibule.

Polly, have you seen Kitty? he asked. She
promised to wait for me.

I saw her, said somebody under the lamp-post
—probably one of Kitty's rejected suitors. She
was a-going home along of that French count.

Bob's face grew white as he stood there, and he
shut his teeth, once, with a click.

Polly, you've a good way to go, he said, in a
voice as calm as before, and there's no moon.

Caleb promised to come, said Polly, peering out
into the road.

Caleb is old and forgetful, responded Bob; so
we'll play out the role a few moments longer. I
go right by the gate, you know.

Polly took Bob's left arm quite frightened to
feel the heavy, rapid beating under it, and lis-
tened to his purposeful task, and was so grieved
for him that she almost forgot her own great trou-
ble for she knew that Bob loved Kitty, and she
feared that Kitty was not true to Bob; not, at
least, as she would have been.

Good-night and good-by, little Polly, said Bob,
as they reached the gate that led to Widow See's
cottage. You've always been my steadfast friend;
you must not forget me, Polly.

Forget you! half sobbed the girl, who felt the
meaning in his words. Oh, I—never, never—
No, I'm sure you never will, Bob responded,
with a new pang; for in one swift moment he
divined that this sweet child loved him.

You see, Polly, he went on, in a lower voice,
circumstances may compel me to leave Pittston
I've a fine offer from a friend of mine in the Mel-
ton factories, and very likely I shall accept it. If
I do I shall leave in the six o'clock train to-mor-
row afternoon. Good-night, little friend, and
his voice sounded in Polly's ears just as it had in
that memorable never-to-be-forgotten moment
when he had said, in the parlance of the play, how
fondly he loved her.

At all the Pittston breakfast-tables next morn-
ing the little drama was discussed. Some half re-
gretted that they had lent their countenance to a
play; others recalled the mimic scenes with real
pleasure; while others would-be critics, pointed
out, detected and laughed at critical mistakes.

I say, Kitty, said boisterous Tom Benson, I
didn't blame the count for going on as he did last
night—though it's my opinion he is a scawlag in
private—for you did look confoundingly handsome.
I'd kissed me myself if I'd been in his place.

He didn't kiss me, said Kitty, offended on the
instant. He only seemed so, and you know it.
Now, Kitty—honor bright, said Tom, in such a
comical manner that he set the whole table to
laughing, and brought flaming roses into his sister's
cheeks.

And if Bob wasn't jealous! My! wasn't he
though? cried precocious young William, a boy
of ten. I seen his eyes snap!

Hold your tongue, sonny, said his mother, smart-
ly. The files of babies like you talking that way!
—I'm sure Kitty only did what she had to do, and
she made the prettiest princess ever I saw.

How many have you seen in the course of your
life, mamma dear? queried Tom.

No matter, was the somewhat tart reply. I
rather think I have seen as many as you have,
Kitty, do take some toast?

I haven't any appetite, mother, replied Kitty,
tongue-tied; and the petted beauty sauntered away
from the breakfast table and going into another
room, began to set back the somewhat disarranged
furniture. Then she took up her photograph al-
bum, and turning up a meek but rather handsome
face, she stood studying it for some moments.

"He can't hold a candle to Bob!"
This elegant but forcible sentence she repeated
and then started at Willie's rap on the window.

"I say, sis, the store clerk's coming, and so was
Bob; but Bob he saw father and stepped into the
pottery's shop to get some sally, I guess to steady
his nerves. I tell you Bob looked cross!"

Let him look cross, muttered Kitty, as she
smoothed her hair, and cast a rapid glance in the
mirror. "I never saw such a tyrant. He'll scold
me, I suppose, for walking home with Mr. Lloyd.
Well, he should have come out sooner, not left
me the last thing to attend to. You're not mar-
ried yet, Mr. Robert Langton; and, flushed with
sentiment, looking more beautiful than ever, she
responded to Mr. Lloyd's modest knock.

Just gentleman, with Auburn locks fresh
curled, a spotless tie of the latest fashion, and
kicks that had not been cleaned too often, hop-
ed Miss Kitty's exertion had not been too
much for her. He had heard on all sides the
most charming compliments, etc., etc., to which
Kitty replied graciously thinking all the same
of Bob, and what he would say.

I thought I must call on my way to the
store, Mr. Lloyd, as, rising he saw the album
open at his picture. The crimson flow to
Kitty's cheeks as she caught his glance.

What a fool I was! she exclaimed mental-
ly.

Do you know, I think it would be a sweet
idea to be photographed in character, you and
I, he said, his eyes shining, and ill concealed
triumph in his manner. I am sure you look
every whit a princess. I never saw better
dressing on any stage. I think I will call up-
on that idea he continued seeing that Kitty
remained silent; and if you will allow me,
Miss Kitty—

I wouldn't be taken in that costume for a
kingdom! shouted Kitty. I'm sure that I
should feel foolish every time I looked at the
picture.

This had come over her: the resemblance
of him in his smock frock and the top boots
his straw hat and whip in hand—noting of
all this had distracted from the nobility of his
appearance.

And yet he hasn't tyrannize, she muttered,
conscious that she was too willing to exoner-
ate her lover, and almost ready to apologize,
but yet determined to rule her little kingdom
still. She trembled when she heard his step,
but drew her head up haughtily and pressed
her lonely lips together.

Good morning, Kitty! said Bob, and her
quick ear detected the constraint in his voice:
so she stole her heart.

I met Mr. Lloyd at the gate, he said, and
now it was not constraint, but passion, that
changed the rich tones.

Yes, he has been here, Kitty said, quietly.
He's a fool! cried Bob, and threw his hat
violently on the table. The album had not
been shut. He had never liked seeing that
wiping face in the same book with his
own; now he took the leaf in his hand and
rudely tore it out.

There! exclaimed Bob, reducing card and
page to atoms; that's what I will do to him if
he isn't careful!

Bob looked magnificent, and Kitty thought
so for all her anger; but she was angry.

I wouldn't act like a mad-man if I was jeal-
ous, she said passionately.

Bob calmed himself in a moment, and by a
mighty effort.

It was foolish, he said, with a strange smile
not at all like me, was it? Kitty, I'm com-
ing to say good-by. You promised me on your
honor that you would never let that fellow
go home with you again. What must he
think of you, seeing that he knows you are en-
gaged to me? However, that's all over; I
made up my mind this morning. The woman
who deliberately breaks her promise is
no wife for me. Good-by, Kitty; I'm off
to-night. You won't see me in Pittston again;
and I wish you joy of your conquest.

A word might have changed him, but Kitty
could not speak. A frightful dizziness seized
her, though she was conscious of holding out
her hand mechanically; and when her mother
came to look for her, she found her huddled
up on the sofa, utterly unconscious.

At the depot that night Bob met little Pol-
ly. She had come down, with her mother, to
send a letter by him, and she slipped a little
bouquet of heart's ease in his hand.

That's the girl I should have loved, he said
to himself bitterly; but oh, my God; my
heart is bound up in Kitty Benson, and she
has played me false. But I'll forget her, so
help me Heaven!

He never saw a friend, Polly, remember
me, said Bob and sprang on the train.

Pittston heard of him no more. There was
a rumor that Kitty Benson was engaged to
Mr. Lloyd, but nobody really knew.

Two years had passed, and Bob said often
to himself that he had unlearned his lesson.
One day, when he was in the overseer's room,
a card was brought to him. He read the
name; his whole face brightened. Hurrying
down stairs, he entered the office.

He was a small, womanly figure, her head
turned away from the light, and by her side
sat a boy not half grown.

Why, Polly! he said, in the old rich voice
that had once made such sweet music in Pit-
ston choir, you don't know how really glad I
am to see you. Why, child you look thin and
sick.

Yes, Mr. Langton, I have been quite ill,
and so has little Harry; but we are both well
now. You know you said once if ever I mar-
ried a fit and I must remember you. Well—
she made a little pause—mother is dead, and
—and—Caleb would go to the poor house. So
here we are, you see.

Her voice trembled, but she restrained her
tears.

My dear little friend, exclaimed Bob, rus-
fully, a word of sympathy in his honest eyes.
And I thought I might get a piece in the
mills, she added, unsteadily.

Yes, yes, said Bob, reflexively: I have it;
just the thing for you—light easy work. You
shall board with Mrs. Crisp, over the way,
and Harry shall go to school. How will that
suit?

Oh, Mr. Langton! cried Polly, with a
great sob, and hid her face in her hands.

Well, it's all settled, said Bob, who had
turned away for a moment. Let us try to
look things bravely in the face, my nice little
friend.

So Polly found a home and easy work, and
Bob found himself thinking of her. The old
conviction forced itself upon him; it was she he
should have loved; and seeing often that gen-
tle face, with its timid brown eyes, there
grew in his heart the sweetest sympathy, so
near akin to love that it deceived him.

One day he asked Polly to marry him. He
had taken her for a walk, and they strolled
into the edge of the sweet smelling woods,
where the cherryberry peeped up from the
blossoms at their feet. Poor little Polly had

just been saying to herself, "Why won't he
speak of Kitty?"

I think I could make you happy, little Pol-
ly—I am sure I could. My circumstances
are very easy. I have earned a home, and
you will be to me the sweetest, most constant
companion that ever man could have, said
Bob.

Polly clasped her hand, and felt as if her
heart would leap from her bosom. Oh, what
a life spread out before her—what love—what
hopes, what rich fulfillments! Never had
mightier temptation beset a human bosom—
She paused a moment, then turned around,
the light of victory shining in her gentle eyes.

Why won't you speak of Kitty? she asked.
He started. The little blood flow to his
cheeks, his brow. She could see him tremble
from head to foot.

Kitty is—nothing to me, he tried to say,
but could not,—he buried or married, for all
I know, he answered in a harsh voice.

No; Kitty Benson is neither married nor
buried, said Bob, steadily. Misfor-
tune has overtaken her, as it did me. Her
father lost his farm, and it's killed him; her
mother died soon after; her eldest brother
went to sea; and Wally is in a store. Oh, sis,
perhaps I should not tell it, but I know that
ever since you left her senseless that morning
she has been very sorry and very true. I
know she would come here to the mills but for
her pride; I know dear little—Polly, her voice
trembled now—she has refused some good
offers of marriage, because—because her heart
was not her own to give. Oh, ought I to tell
you all this?—have I a right to plead her
cause?

You blessed little angel! he murmured,
brokenly.

A girl is living out—sweet and beautiful
as she is—servant; and she will live so all
her life, working hard for others, unless—un-
less—

Polly broke down. Bob had never been
so moved in his life. The old sweet love had
rushed back upon his soul.

But I have asked you to be my wife, he
said, in a low, most indistinct voice.

And I say no! a thousand times no! I don't
love you. A frightful dizziness seized
her, though she was conscious of holding out
her hand mechanically; and when her mother
came to look for her, she found her huddled
up on the sofa, utterly unconscious.

And months after, when Kitty Langton
knelt down to call blessings upon her husband,
and Polly bowed the knee in her own lonely,
luncheon hour, there was a crown upon such
beautiful head, but Polly's was the brightest.

A TOAD UNDESSIGNED.—Audubon relates
that he once saw a toad undress himself. He
commented by pressing his elbows hard against
his sides, and rubbing downwards. After a
few smart rubs his hide began to burst open,
along his back. He kept rubbing until he
worked all his skin into folds on his sides and
hips; and then he gave up one hind leg with his
hand, he hunched off one leg of his pants the
same as anybody would. When stripped of the
other hind leg he cast off skin forward between his fore
legs into his mouth and swallowed it. There-
by raising and severing his head, swallowing
as his head came down, he stripped off his skin
underneath, and it came to his fore legs then,
grasping one of those with the opposite hand,
by a single motion of his head and while swal-
lowing, he drew it from the neck and swal-
lowed the whole.

ABOUT A WELL WRITTEN INSCRIPTION.—
Whatever pleasure I have felt during my
travels, at the sight of a statue or monument
of antiquity, I have felt still more in reading a
well written inscription. It seems to me as if
a human voice came from the stone, and
making us hear through the lapse of ages,
addressed man in the midst of a desert, and
told him that he was not alone; that other
men, on that very spot, had felt and thought,
and suffered like himself. If the inscription
belonged to an ancient nation, which no longer
exists, it leads the soul through infinite space,
and inspires the feeling of its immortality, by
showing that a thought has survived the ruins
of an empire.—[Paul and Virginia]

THE BIBLE IN INDIA.—In the British Em-
pire in India, fourteen versions of the whole
Bible are printed in as many different lan-
guages, the principal tongues of the empire.—
The whole New Testament is published in
five others, and twenty separate books of the
Bible in seven more. Within ten years there
have been circulated of Bibles, in whole or in
part, 1,334,340 copies, and of other Christian
tracts and books, 8,605,033 copies.

A country schoolmaster asked a small pupil
of what the surface of the earth consists, and
the little fellow answered, "Land and water
air!" Varying the question slightly, that the
fact might be impressed upon the boy's mind,
he asked, "What, then, do the land and water
make?" To which came the lambed and re-
sponse, "mud."

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your choice

AN WARPS

OR
N WARPS

ED QUALITY AND
LENGTH,
AT
MAGEE'S,
St. Andrews.

2, 1872.

Notice.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES,
Sept. 24, 1872.
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fied as pupils at the Gram-
mar the first of October; ext.
CHAS. O'NEILL,
Secretary.

& CAPS

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Telegraphic News.

Ottawa, Nov. 2. Sir Francis Hincks has given up his house here and stays at the Russell House. The Toronto "Globe" will have it that Hon. Mr. Tilley takes his place and virtually confesses him to be the best qualified to fill it.

On the same authority Mr. Gibbs of Ontario becomes Minister of Customs. Lieut. Governor Archibald leaves for Nova Scotia, where he remains for some days. On his return he goes back to Manitoba. He has straggled since his arrival the allotment of half-breed lands in Manitoba, each of them receiving 140 acres.

L. N. Bournay, of Montreal, has been appointed to the third Judgeship in Manitoba.

The Dominion Government have sent new Commissions to gentlemen recently appointed Queen's Council by the Ontario Government.

Hon. Mr. Tupper arrived yesterday and the Privy Council meets daily.

The "Gazette" contains the appointment of J. M. Geldert, of Halifax, to be landing waiter.

London, Nov. 2. The Municipal elections throughout England yesterday, resulted in heavy Conservative gains, which are attributed to the passage and enforcement of the Licensing Act.

London, Nov. 2. John Francis Maguire, Irish member of Parliament for Cork and editor of the Cork "Examiner," died last night, aged 57.

New York, Nov. 2. The inquiry into the recent Eastern Railroad disaster at Seabrook, resulted in finding the switch changed by some unknown person, and exonerating the Company and its employees from blame.

Gold 111 1/2.

Co-operation in England.

There are, as is pretty well understood two kinds of co-operation—productive and distributive. That is to say there is the plan developed under various methods, of conducting branches of manufacturing industry on the principle of giving capitalists and workmen a proportionate share in the profits, and there is the plan of combining together to purchase food and clothing at first prices, and to sell them to the members of the association and others at a cost which will cover the expense of distribution, and possibly give a bonus to the members besides.

The progress which has been made by this class of co-operative societies in twenty years was illustrated by Mr. Thomas Hughes, M. P., in a recent lecture at Bolton. The latest returns showed that there were 1,500 of these Societies in the Kingdom, with upwards of 400,000 members, who, being all head of families, represented probably three million of people.

In 1870, the amount of goods purchased by Co-operative Societies, was seven and a half millions sterling, and there was received for goods sold upwards of £8,200,000. The net profit made in 1870 by these Societies was £550,435, and the bonuses on the purchases made by members amounted to £467,164.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—Dr. Stevens, a French physician, saw a butcher killing a pig. He observed that he stirred the blood of the animal, added a handful of common salt to it while stirring, which immediately made it crimson; and the stirring being discontinued, it remained fluid. The change of colour awakened his curiosity. The butcher could give no explanation of the phenomenon, except that it happened from jellifying and spoiling. Dr. Stevens seized a vessel, caught some blood, and made several experiments by putting salt into it, and found that the blackest blood was changed instantly to a bright vermilion by salt. "And," said he, "there is a fact that may lead to a practical rule." He had observed, in cases of yellow fever in the army, that the blood drawn was very thick and fluid, and on adding salt, it became vermilion, and retained its freshness; whereas putridity of blood is one of the characteristics of yellow fever. He therefore abandoned the usual mode of treating it, and gave his patients a mixture of various salts, and in a very short time reduced the mortality of fever in the West Indies from one in five to one in fifty.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION OF 1873.—During the World's Fair of 1867, the Emperor Napoleon entertained a large number of powerful sovereigns, and Paris rejoiced in the gaiety and gain thereby produced. On next May day an exhibition is to open in Vienna which is expected to be still grander than that of 1867. The Emperor of Austria will then entertain sovereigns and princess from every European nation; the Prince of Wales will be President of the Commission of Management; and, besides the Sultan of Turkey and the Khedive of Egypt, the Shah of Persia and the Tycoon of Japan are to be there. Canada has been invited to contribute specimens of her products, and we trust the Dominion will be well represented.

SOMETHING NEW IN INSURANCE.—The insurance principal has been applied to rather a delicate matter in Austria, for we are told that a Company has been organized in Vienna to insure people against getting married, i. e., to insure those who are exposed to such catastrophes against the effects of their own imprudence. That is, whenever one of the assured married he received a certain sum from the underwriters. The business went on swimmingly, and a great many policies were issued when unfortunately, all the officers of the company took it into their heads to get mar-

ried simultaneously, which so absorbed the assets that outsiders were left to be prayed upon by handsome women without any hope of pecuniary consolation.

THE DEAD RESTORED TO LIFE.—A most wonderful instance of reanimation is just now exciting the attention of the people of Quebec city. A young lady aged sixteen, and who was on the point of being married, was lately seized with a severe attack of typhoid fever, and sank so low as to be considered dead. According to custom the room was put in funeral order, and the undertaker sent for, when he just as he was drawing the measure from his pocket to calculate the length of her coffin, to his utter amazement the supposed dead girl sat right up erect in her bed. With great presence of mind he threw a handkerchief over her eyes to prevent her seeing the change her bedroom had undergone, till the parents had removed the extra lights and hangings around. Soon afterwards the girl asked for food, of which she partook more heartily than before, and she is since doing well.

Publisher's Notice. Accounts from this Office for Subscriptions, Advertising, &c., are made out, and our friends will be called upon, when we trust they will pay them, as money is required for some improvements we are making in the office. To those who have already responded we tender our thanks.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, NOV. 6. 1872.

THE SAN JUAN BOUNDARY QUESTION, which has been decided in favor of the United States, by the German Emperor, WILLIAM, has given great satisfaction to our "considers over the border." The American papers are exulting over the acquisition of territory, and are looking forward next to obtaining our fisheries, and afterwards to the great North Western portion of the Dominion. The settlement of the International does not appear to have lessened their grasping propensities; they want the Dominion too, for say they, "the whole boundless continent is ours." Not quite, the Dominion of Canada is a distinct nationality, and is likely to remain so. The sympathies of its people are strongly in favor of the "old flag," and they prefer a responsible to an irresponsible system of government. It is true that they are willing and ready to exchange commodities, and to supply the American markets with lumber and other products of the Dominion, and to live on the most friendly terms; but when they desire to set up for themselves, it will be as an independent nation, as they possess all the elements to make a nation—good soil, an excellent climate, rich mineral and other resources, and a hardy, energetic and intelligent people, who are at present the fourth marine power, and are fast becoming the third. The Dominion is not in favor of annexation.

The Judges are acting cautiously and taking their time before giving their decision on the School Assessment cases, the great point to be decided is the constitutionality of the Act itself—that once settled will decide the fate of the Act, which so far has worked admirably. The attendance of Scholars is much larger than ever before, and the School examinations show a satisfactory progress. The action of the opponents of the Bill will only entail additional expense upon themselves, as the law costs will be added to the next assessment, in those places where it has been opposed.

MR. FROUDE'S LECTURES in New York, have drawn large audiences, and have been well received. His lecture on Ireland was characterized by an intimate acquaintance with the history of that country, and a fairness of criticism seldom found in lectures; he showed where England and Ireland had acted unjustly towards each other. A celebrated Catholic clergyman, Father Burke, is reviewing the lectures on Ireland.

The Schools have commenced on the new term under favorable auspices. The Trustees have engaged the services of MR. VROOM, a First Class Teacher, for the Advanced School in this District. Mr. Davis having resigned. We trust that the school will be increased in pupils, and that it will attain a high character, under its new and successful teacher.

The Horse disease we regret to say made its appearance here since our last issue, in a mild form however. The Mail Stages did not consequently leave for St. George and St. Stephen, which caused a temporary inconvenience for a few days. The mail stage and track horses attacked, are we learn recovering. Some of the horses in the upper Parishes have taken the disease, causing no small inconvenience to the farmers. In the vicinity of the town there are but few cases, as teams are arriving daily with loads of turnips which are being shipped principally to the United States; very few are shipped for St. John.

THE SCOTTISH AMERICAN JOURNAL, one of the best and ablest of our United States exchanges, will commence the publication of a new story in its next issue—a most interesting romance entitled "The Wolf of Hasenoch," from the pen of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. The "Scottish American Journal," is a reliable journal, and gives lengthy articles from the British newspapers. Price \$3 per ann. A. M. Stewart, Proprietor and Publisher, New York. Now is the time to subscribe.

A Starch manufactory has been started at Fort Fairfield, Maine. Why cannot New Bruns-

wick have one; we have Cheese factories, Soap and Candle, and other factories, now let us have a Starch factory.

COAL.—There is a supply of Coal now in the market, both English and Sydney. The price is rather higher than last year—\$7.50 per chaldron, but it appears to sell readily even at the advanced price.

TO-DAY.—We have received a weekly journal with the above title; it is illustrated and devoted to "Literature and Art, Popular Science, Humor, and the Home Circle." It is beautifully printed on toned paper, contains sixteen pages, in quarto form, and is edited by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis. As an inducement to subscribers, they will receive a beautiful Five Dollar Oil Chromo. Price \$2.50 a year, with Chrono. Published by McLean, Stoddard & Co., Philadelphia. Boston Office, 3 School Street.

Country produce is brought into Town, in large quantities, and sold at remunerative prices. A good quality of Apples raised in the County realize fair prices.

The Fredericton "Express" says, under the heading of "Large vegetables," that Mr. J. Driscoll's, in Fredericton, may be seen, having been produced in the garden of A. F. Randolph, Esq.; Two Mangel-Wurtzel, turn the scale at 18 lbs.; three White Belgium Carrots weigh 19 lbs.; three Inter-medium carrots look a little over six lbs.; and a couple of fine, smooth Parsnips weigh 3 1/2 lbs. The King-pin however, is a mammoth Marrow Squash, ticketed at 156 lbs., and can just be squeezed inside of a 7 feet 3 inches tape.

Immigrant Swindles in Chicago.

Chicago, after New York, is the largest immigration depot in the world. Out of the 271,651 immigrants who arrived in New York in 1871, 165,000 passed through Chicago en route for the West. The rapidly with which the number increases the respectable citizens of the reliability city to make new efforts to prevent the appalling swindles upon immigrants which have made the Western capital a by-word and a reproach among the working populations of the West. Latterly the impositions practiced upon the newly arrived have become so outrageous that the newspapers have dragged the land-sharks who do the mischief into the light of day, and they seem likely to receive the punishment they so richly merit.

Some of the swindles are almost incredible in daring and consummate impudence. When, for instance, an emigrant train arrives on the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne, the Michigan Central, the Michigan Southern or the Great Eastern Railroads, it is met about forty miles from Chicago by a host of runners, who sell the emigrants tickets to cross the city in omnibuses, at half a dollar each, whereas the intelligent traveling public pays nothing at all, but is conveyed across at the railway company's expense. A little nearer Chicago, a second gang assaults the unsuspecting emigrants with the announcement that the first gang were swindlers, and that conveyance across the city is free. Of course the emigrants joyfully believe this, and they are willing to accept the services of the second gang, who pack them into wagons when the train reaches Chicago, and cart them around until they miss connections, when they persuade them to enter various emigrant hotels, where they are fleeced unmercifully, and often robbed by violence. There are ten hotels in Chicago whose proprietors have amassed colossal fortunes by this system of keeping emigrants for several days from proceeding on their journeys, and endeavoring by every means to plunder them. The most effectual remedy yet suggested is the establishment of a huge general hotel and transit agency, under city control, and one which shall do completely away with any necessity for runners, giving them no opportunity to steal or swindle.

A GOOD "GOAK."—Here is a joke almost good enough for Sheridan. Somebody in Kansas attempted to inclose a public well which ran through his farm, and somebody else said, "it was one of the plainest cases of highway robbery he ever heard of." In these desperate days in which wit and humor are supposed to consist mainly in bad spelling we ought to be thankful for even such a small favor as this.

DEATH OF HON. MARSHALL S. BIDWELL.—We learn that this eminent lawyer, who played so important a part in the political struggles which led to the rebellion in Upper Canada, and who was banished from the country by Sir F. Bond Head, for alleged complicity in that movement, died at New York on the 24th ult., aged seventy-four.

THE CHOLERA IN EUROPE.—The cable brings the unwelcome news that the cholera has broken out in Buda, Austria, and Wexford, Ireland. In the last-mentioned place only one death is mentioned; while in the former no less than ninety-four cases are reported, twenty-seven of which have proved fatal. Of the cases, twenty-nine are said to be those of soldiers, who were taken ill almost simultaneously, and of whom five have died.

MANITOBA VOLUNTEER FORCE.—All the men who have been serving in the Manitoba Volunteer force and are entitled to their discharges, have taken them at Fort Garry, except eighty-five men who were returning to their homes in Ontario and Quebec. These eighty-five men left Fort Garry, via the Thunder Bay route, on the 7th inst., and may be expected to reach Toronto before the end of the month. Many of those discharged at Fort Garry have accepted employment under the Boundary Commission at Pembina for

the winter. The men now remaining on service at Fort Garry, with those on the way up, will number 300 in all. The time of seventy-four of these will expire on the 1st of May next, and the remainder have engaged for twelve months from the 1st of October, and for such further period as the Government may require their services, not exceeding, however, two additional years in all.

The Slave Trade.

The British Government has commissioned the ship-of-war "Sir Bartle Frere" to proceed to the Eastern coast of Africa, in order to destroy if possible the slave traffic in that region. Dr. Livingston's letters reveal a state of matters in Eastern Africa that is disgraceful to human nature, and to the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century. Britain has effectually stopped the accursed traffic on the Western coasts of Africa, and she is now resolved to do similar service on the Eastern coast. France, and Germany, and the United States, it is hoped, will follow British example, and join in this holy crusade to put down a most unwholesome and inhuman trade, which yearly causes the death of thousands and plunges thousands more into unspeakable misery. The Arabs appear to be the chief agents in carrying on the odious traffic; and, as Dr. Livingston says, the money is furnished mainly by British subjects at or near Zanzibar. We are happy to learn also that effectual steps are being taken for putting a stop to the cruel traffic carried on for some years in natives of the South Sea Islands.

LEMBING PROSPECTS.—In the Province of Quebec preparations for lumbering during the coming winter are on a less extensive scale than last year's. In the Saginaw district (where 300,000,000 feet of logs are still lying in the small streams) there is a marked falling off.

SUMMARY.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY INDIANS.—On Monday night last in the vicinity of Oly River R. R. Bridge, a man named Totten was relieved of his purse and its contents, by two Indians, who stopped his horse, and brought down his trunk, in a manner that would have killed him if he refused, in good English demanded his money or his life. He gave them his purse and followed them to Truro, where he reported them to the Authorities. A constable arrested one of them on Tuesday morning at the depot and conveyed him to Mr. King's office, where he left him to go in search of the others. In a few minutes after, however, the wily one made good his escape to the woods. Both are still at large, and their names are said to be Vass (father and son).

AN UNEXPECTED LODGER.—The steamer "New York" had among its passengers yesterday a lady and gentleman from Boston who put up at one of our principal hotels. The lady had been sick on her passage with typhoid fever and after arriving retired to her room. In a very short space of time the proprietor of the hotel was surprised to learn that an unexpected lodger desired accommodation of the best description in honor of being the latest addition to her Majesty's faithful subjects. The surprise in fact was general and probably greater to no one than the said latest addition who, at last accounts, was progressing favorably. [Tribune.]

The disasters reported to have occurred in the valley of the Po seem to be of a most distressing nature. But they are such as may be almost expected to occur whenever an unusually heavy rainfall takes place around the sources of that historic river. The bed of the Po has in the course of ages been greatly raised by the deposition of matter brought down from the mountains by its waters. Its valley to a considerable extent would long since have been transformed into a lake or chain of shallow lakes, had not its banks been artificially raised as its bed became more and more elevated. Yet through ceaseless care is taken to keep up the strength and relative altitude of the embankments, the fact that the bed of the river is for a long distance many feet above the level of the adjoining country, constitutes as ever present danger difficult in rainy seasons to guard against.

A singular piece of testimony was evoked in the Gordon-Gordon and Jay Gould litigation on Tuesday. Thomas Smith, of Edinburgh, produced a likeness of "Lord Glencairn," and testified that he knew him from October, 1863, to March, 1870. By the description and likeness, he identifies "Lord Glencairn" and "Lord Gordon" as the same person. When he knew him Lord Glencairn was in business, but professed to be a nobleman, owning large estates. He said he was a cousin of the late Marquis of Hastings. He also had been excited, he went on to London and saw Gordon's solicitor, who said Gordon was worth £100,000.

The "Telegraph" says, on Capt. Brown's authority, that some twenty or thirty farmers with a capital of from £1,000 to £5,000 sterling, are likely to come out with the Kinross-shire emigrants to settle here. Some farmers of very large means are talking of coming, and it is greatly desirable that such a class should be encouraged, because while the able bodied man as a settler is a great gain to the country his having capital to invest adds to his value, while his own prospects are all the better. [Sentinel.]

Considerable ill-feeling is growing out of the hostile tariff measures adopted by the French and United States Governments, the result of which will, instead of increasing the carrying trade of either country, as anticipated, give much of their trade to the ships of Great Britain and Germany. At Havre, the

quays are crowded with vessels bound for the United States, but ship owners, refuse to let them sail in consequence of the ten per cent. increase of duty imposed by the United States on goods imported in French bottoms.

AMERICA'S WHEAT CROP.—According to the latest official report, the wheat crop of the United States this year will amount to 210,000,000 bushels.

In New York city, last week, the police arrested 1,572 persons for various offenses. The vital statistics for the week were 440 deaths, 211 marriages, 444 births and 53 still births. Two thousand two hundred and forty vagrants were lodged in the different station houses.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION WITH THE GULF PORTS.—In view of the rapidly increasing requirements of the marine trade of the whole of the Gulf Coast, and the necessity for telegraphic communication with the different ports in that vicinity, the Cabinet, on the recommendation of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, strongly authorized by the indefatigable representative of Gaspé, Capt. Fortin, has appropriated one thousand dollars to establish telegraphic stations at Cape Chateau and Cape Magdalen. This is a very necessary step, and one that will be a boon to the whole marine trade of the St. Lawrence.

THE LABOR QUESTION.—According to some writers, it is possible that the labor question, which is so agitating both Europe and America, may for a long day be settled in a manner that will prove starting to Trades Unionism. They say that the Heavens might easily make himself master of the situation, if he only knows it and thought proper to make his knowledge available. The Heavens might, perhaps thousands of years ago, as yet a most versatile creature. He is industrious, ingenious and frugal, and able, on occasion, to turn his hand to almost anything. His name is legion. His country is believed to contain several hundred millions of people. Less than one million of these, were they to emigrate to the United States and spread themselves through their workshops, would suffice to produce astounding results. They could not only settle the labor question directly in America, but also indirectly in Europe without putting their foot on its shore.

It is almost frightful to think of the changes which the Chinese millions might effect in the condition of the working classes among the more civilized nations, if a large emigration movement were to arise in China. No sensible man can feel sure such a movement will not arise by-and-by.

So general is the practice of conveying food to the mouth by means of the knife that an ingenious cutter, alive to the requirements of the period, has invented and displays in his windows an instrument which combines a knife and fork in one, thus obviating the necessity of using both hands at table.

MR. G. T. Nutter, General Agent of the Chicago and North Western Railway at New York, has invented a machine for lifting loaded railroad cars off the trucks and placing them on trucks of a different gauge. The work is done in less than five minutes, and will remove one of the great difficulties under which railway men are labouring in the conducting of their through freight.

MARRIED.—On the 31st, at the Baptist Parsonage, by the Rev. George Seely, Mr. Alex. Murchie, of New Brunswick, to Miss Fanny P. daughter of Captain James Clark, of St. Andrews.

DIED.—Mrs. James Campbell, daughter of the late Captain Richard Longmuir, of St. John, in the 71st year of her age.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. ARRIVED. Oct. 31, Schr Dautless, Ash, St. George, timber. Nov. 6, Brig Sias Alward, Staples, Sydney, 100 tons coal, Railroad.

CLEARED. Oct. 31, Schr Dautless, Ash, timber and scot-ling, J. Hanson. Waverly, Tarr, Gloucester, 700 bus turnips, 1081 bus potatoes, Z. Tarr.

Nov. 1, Diana, Carson, St. John, 2500 bus turnips, Jas. Russell. 5, Anna, Simpson, Boston, 176,500 shingles, 41,500 laths, 2700 bus. turnips, B. Ross.

CARD OF THANKS.

The undersigned, takes this method of returning thanks to those kind friends, who sympathized with, and aided his family, during the late illness, with which he pleased God to visit them. He now begs to inform his friends, and the public generally, that the members of his family who were ill, are now recovered, (thanks be to God), and the skillful treatment of Dr. S. T. GOVE, to whose certificate below, he directs attention.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

St. Andrews, Nov. 4. 1872. Dear Sir,—In answer to your note of this morning, I beg to state that your family are now convalescent, and that my professional visits in consequence are discontinued. I did not consider your sickness at any time of a contagious character.

Yours truly, S. T. GOVE, Surgeon, &c. J. S. MAGEE, Esq.

