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No 33

## Poetry.

### My Home, I'll Think of Thee.

I'll think of thee my youthful home,  
Yes, ever think of thee;  
And when I sing of thee  
Oh then I'll sing of thee!

For why should not thy memory live,  
And highest, holiest be,  
Of all the thoughts that in me dwell,  
My childhood's home of thee.

'Twas there I first was taught to speak,  
To know and meditate  
On all I saw above, below,  
And God their Maker Great;

'Twas there my senses first were charmed  
With songs of melody,  
That ever calm and soothe my mind  
Like tears of sympathy.

'Twas there I heard my mother sing  
The songs of other times,  
And listened while my father told  
Of distant lands and climes;

And there I first was taught the ways  
Of Truth and Holiness,  
That are engraven on my mind  
As guides to usefulness.

'Twas there the happiest of my days  
Were passed so sweetly by,  
While sitting round the cheerful hearth  
With friends of nearest tie;

But the reflection, oh, how sad!  
When memory takes her range,  
The full destroyer hath been there  
And wrought a wondrous change.

Yet, I'll think of thee, my youthful home,  
Yes, ever think of thee;  
And when I sing of thee  
Oh then I'll sing of thee!

For why should not thy memory live,  
And highest, holiest be,  
Of all the thoughts that in me dwell,  
My childhood's home of thee.

## Miscellany.

### MY PUNISHMENT.

A Lesson for Wives.

BY EMMA GARRISON.

The love we bear our friends is in no way  
commensurate to their merits or demerits. In-  
deed, I have sometimes thought that we turn  
towards those who are prone to error with a  
tender fondness than we ever feel for the  
upright, inflexible ones, who never cause us a  
heart-ache, or an anxious misgiving. Be that  
as it may, however, I am quite sure that I  
loved my husband fully as well as Mary  
Sloan loved hers, and she married the  
minister.

He was an old soldier of mine, this self same  
minister, Stephen March by name.  
Better marry him, Mary, my old father  
said, shaking his gray head, wisely, and let  
Tom Milburn go along—he's a good fellow in  
his way, but his wild habits will cause the  
woman who marries him many a heart-ache.

I'd sooner take the heart-ache, father, than  
a husband I couldn't love.  
Ay, ay, that's always the way of women—  
Well, well, have it your own way—but mind,  
I wish my hands clear of you—as you make  
your bed, so you must lie.

I took my old father at his word, and mar-  
ried Tom. He was wonderfully gratified when  
I rejected Mr. March, the minister, and ac-  
cepted him; he seemed to regard the act as  
a personal compliment.  
I can scarcely believe it, Mary, he said, as  
we sat together beneath the lonesome chestnut  
tree, the westward going sun throwing a  
shousand glances.

He did make me a good husband. For a year  
no two robins were ever cozier or happier in  
their summer nest than we in our little sub-  
urban cottage. Tom was a model of steady-  
ness and propriety.

I'm doing quite as well, as if I'd married  
the minister you see, father, I said, exultantly,  
one afternoon, when he was down to drink tea  
with us.

We were sitting on the porch, waiting for  
Tom, who was coming up from his shop, look-  
ing as smart and trim as possible, in the new  
black suit I had cut and made for him with  
my own hands. Just then, Stephen March  
went by, in his old-fashioned "one horse shay,"  
and put on his neck face, and rusty hat, to  
say, good evening! My father laughed, and  
patted my cheek, in a half-pleasant, half-re-  
proving manner.

Don't exult too much, Molly, he said, "a  
new broom sweeps clean, you know."  
It'll always sweep clean with us, father—  
no trouble will ever come between Tom and  
me—he's a changed man—he'll never do  
wrong again.

Then, see that you don't, was his gruff re-  
joinder; you had tender enough in your girl-  
hood; don't let it ever get the mastery over  
you again. If Tom ever leans towards his  
old habits again, win him back by love—that'll  
be the only way—unkindness and reproaches  
would drive him to a desperate end.

For pity's sake, father, I interrupted, burst-  
ing into tears, what's the use of this horrid  
lecture; I've done the best I could since my  
marriage.

There, there, now—no whimpering—I  
don't dispute what you say—you mean well, I  
know, and so does Tom; but you haven't  
come to your hour of trial yet. We can't al-  
ways live in the sunlight, Molly—by-and-by  
when the darkness comes—don't forget your  
old father's advice. A woman may love her  
husband into the right path, but she never can  
drive him—remember that, Molly.

My hour of trial came even sooner than I  
sage old father dreamed it would; and not  
withstanding his timely warning, it found me  
unprepared. On a winter afternoon six  
months later, I sat in my cosy, little supper-  
room making pinfines and dainty slips for the  
little rose-bud of a babe, that had come to  
make our cup of life run over. Tom was  
down to his shop, but in the course of the af-  
ternoon I received a written message from  
him.

"Two of my old friends are in town, he wrote.  
I shall show them around awhile, and be home  
at nine o'clock sharp. Have a good  
supper, Mary."

I coaxed baby into a profound nap, and  
then went to work in good earnest. Tom was  
a kind of an epicure in his way, and I was  
bent on pleasing him. I made biscuit and  
waffles, and light cream-cakes—I broiled veni-  
son, and steamed mackerel, and then I laid  
my dearest dainties and china. Nine o'clock  
came, but Tom had not come! I replenished the  
stove, and sat down to my sewing. An hour  
went by, but no Tom. The biscuit began to  
fall; the waffles grew tough, and the veni-  
son blackened and shrivelled up, and the mack-  
erel tasted deliciously alone.

Baby waked with an imperative cry. I  
took her up and nursed her to sleep again, and  
by that time the clock struck eleven. Still,  
no sight or sign of Tom; and the supper, over  
which I had expended so much pains, com-  
pletely spoiled. I could have cried from sheer  
boredom. Tom had never been absent from  
home a single night since our marriage—  
What would detain him now? The wind  
that had been howling dimly all the evening,  
rose to a gale, while I sat watching and  
waiting; and rain and sleet began to beat  
sharply against the windows. A dreadful  
fear seized upon my heart. Something had  
happened to Tom—he was ill—dead, waylaid  
and murdered on some lonely corner; or he  
never would stay away on such a night, and  
cause me so much anxiety.

I took the babe from her crib, and carried  
her up to my bed-chamber; and then I raised  
the sash, and leaned out in the driving sleet,  
to watch and listen. The suburban part of  
the town in which we lived seemed awfully quiet  
and desolate; the occasional barking of a dog,  
or the footstep of a solitary pedestrian, being  
the only sounds of life that broke the dismal  
silence of the wind and rain. At last, after wait-  
ing until my limbs ached with cold, I heard  
the bells, at the shawms, and the clocks in  
the city, ringing out the hour of twelve; and  
a moment after, a faltering, uncertain step  
beat the wet pavement in front of our door.

Not Tom's step, surely, for that had a peculiar  
ring of its own, that I could distinguish on  
a London thoroughfare. Yet this pitiful, shuf-  
fling tread came nearer and nearer, until it  
sounded just beneath me. I looked down  
through the driving sleet, and saw a dark form  
on the porch.

"Who's that?" I called out; not you, Tom  
is it?

Ye-ye-yes, Mary, what's left of me; come  
down, won't ye; and let a feller in; it's pre-  
cisely cold down here.

A burning, stinging sensation of shame and  
humiliation ginged through me to my very  
finger-tips, as the thick, half-articulate words  
reached my ear; for I knew the voice, chang-  
ed as it was I went down and unlocked the  
door. Tom entered, bringing with him a sick-  
ening odor of tobacco and whiskey punch.

That you, Mary? he said, catcling at my  
arm, "ain't you goin' to tell a fellow, how-  
dy?"

But I sprang past him without a word, and  
flying up the steps, entered my chamber, and  
closed and locked the door. I heard him  
founder about in the parlor, crashing over the  
chairs, and imploring for a light; and know-  
ing how wet and comfortless he must feel, my  
woman's heart urged me to go down and ad-  
minister to his wants; no matter if he had done  
wrong. But I was too proud; he had broken  
his promise, and disgraced me and my child,  
and I was bent upon making him see how  
deeply I resented it.

The "two, small hours" of the night went  
by slowly enough; and when, at last, the gray  
light of a cheerless morning broke through  
my windows, the pain in my head and at my  
heart was terrible. Baby awoke, and began  
to cry and shiver, and I was forced to carry  
her down. Tom met me, at the foot of the  
stairs, with his old firm step, but his face wore  
a white, remorseful look that was pitiful to  
see.

Mary, he said humbly, beginning the mo-  
ment he saw me, forgive me—don't look so—  
my own feelings are punishment enough—For-  
give and forget this once, Mary, and as God  
is my witness, I'll never stand before you in this  
plight again.

The tremor in his voice, and the humble, en-  
gaging look in his eyes, went straight to my  
heart. I longed to clasp him in my arms, and hold  
him there safe from all future temptation; to  
assure him that his error should be forgiven  
and forgotten, but the devil-hardened my  
heart.

You've broken the promise you made me, I  
replied, coldly, I can never trust you again.  
He put out his hands to grasp mine, but I  
turned away.

Mary, Mary, for God's sake, don't say that,  
he entreated; you must trust me again. I  
wasn't my fault; I didn't mean to break my  
promise; the boys led me into it before I  
knew what I was about; but 'tis the last time.  
Come here, baby; you'll forgive poor papa,  
won't you?

The child sprang towards him with a gleeful  
laugh, but I drew her back.  
No, I said, you've disgraced your child by  
your shameful conduct, and I never want her  
to call you father again.

Mary!  
I mean what I say. You've deceived me.  
I'm going home to my father.

It staggered back a step or two, and lean-  
ed against the wall with a look of misery on  
his pale face, that will go with me to my dying  
day.

Mary, he murmured, holding out his hands,  
come back—don't take the baby from me—  
come back, and forgive me.  
But I turned away.

No, I replied, I'm going back to my fa-  
ther; I forgive you, but I never wish to see  
you again.

Very well, you shall have your wish.  
The calmness and decision of his voice  
startled me into my senses, but I had time to  
move or speak, he had darted past me, and  
the next instant I heard the street door close  
with a slam. I chided like that of death  
that I had never been absent from home a  
single night since our marriage—  
What would detain him now? The wind  
that had been howling dimly all the evening,  
rose to a gale, while I sat watching and  
waiting; and rain and sleet began to beat  
sharply against the windows. A dreadful  
fear seized upon my heart. Something had  
happened to Tom—he was ill—dead, waylaid  
and murdered on some lonely corner; or he  
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the bells, at the shawms, and the clocks in  
the city, ringing out the hour of twelve; and  
a moment after, a faltering, uncertain step  
beat the wet pavement in front of our door.

happened, Mary, between you and Tom?  
O father, I have been cruel, cruel. I have  
I have driven him away—where is he? let me  
go to him.

'Tis too late, he answered gloomily; he en-  
listed last night, and his regiment marched at  
day break this morning. I warned you of  
this, Mary, but you wouldn't heed me.

The truth of his words was slow to strike  
me but when it did, it felled me like a cruel  
blow, and for days and weeks even, I was un-  
conscious of all things in the delirium of a sud-  
den fever. That long night of watching and  
exposure to the winds and sleet, had done its  
work.

From the border village where-in I dwell  
I could hear the distant rush and roar of battle.  
The war was at its height. A hundred happy  
valleys ran crimson with the blood of brave  
hearts; all the balmy odorous air shook with  
the thunder of artillery, and the green hills  
were darkened by the sulphurous smoke of  
death and carnage. And out in the mist of  
all this, facing death at every breath, was my  
husband. I had driven him there, had parted  
from him in anger, and hoped never to look  
upon his face again, that, dearer a thousand  
times than my own soul. Even then it might  
be lying white and lifeless amid the mangled  
bodies, on some blood-stained battle-ground.

My Tom's face so brave and handsome, so  
brave and handsome, so full of unpretending  
love! I had banished him from me, driven  
him out with bitter cruel words, all for one lit-  
tle fault, because he had yielded in his hour  
of temptation; I, so full of all manner of wick-  
edness myself. A loving word a little gentle  
entreaty, would have won him over for all  
time yet knowing this I had withheld them  
and driven him out into danger. God would  
grant me my desire; I should never look up-  
on his face again.

Day after day, night after night, I sat think-  
ing all this over, and hoping and waiting for  
some tidings from Tom, but none came, and at  
last, feeling myself on the very edge of mad-  
ness, I made a desperate resolve. I would go  
in search of Tom, I would find him, and beg  
his forgiveness, though I followed him to the  
ends of the earth. Accordingly, I made my  
preparations.

The very last thing my poor Tom had done  
before enlisting, was to make a deed of gift  
of all his property to me, to the wife who had  
treasoned him with such heartless cruelty. I in  
turn, transferred it to baby, in case I should  
never return, and then consigning her to my  
mother's keeping, I packed my trunk with  
linen and bandages, looked up my happy little  
cottage, and started on my long journey.

The seventeenth regiment, the one to which  
Tom belonged, was somewhere in the vicinity  
of Richmond, so the papers stated, so it was  
in that direction that I bent my steps. I reach-  
ed the headquarters of the grand Potomac army  
just after a prolonged and bloody battle, and  
in a torture of agonizing suspense proceeded  
to make my enquiries.

Yes the seventeenth was there, but it had  
been in the heat of the fray, and suffered ter-  
ribly. Days of lingering anguish dragged by  
before the list of losses could be made out;  
days, when in the midst of that sublime hill  
country, with the tropical glory of a southern  
summer about me, I experienced all the agony  
and remorse that it is possible for a human  
soul to bear. At last the tidings came, Lieut-  
enant Tom Milburn was wounded, and a pris-  
oner.

I would follow him, no matter where! my  
determination never wavered. I made my way  
to Fortress Monroe, and after indescribable  
trouble and delay, I succeeded in getting a  
passage in a flag of truce ship to Richmond.  
One fair, breezy morning I found myself in  
the very heart of the Confederate capital, a  
weak, lonely woman a stranger in a strange  
land. But my endorsements were satisfactory  
and I enjoyed considerable freedom. "Stun-  
taneous" with my arrival, I began my search  
but for days it seemed utterly in vain. No  
one seemed to know anything of the prisoner  
whom I sought.

One afternoon heart-sick and weary, I wan-  
dered down the busy thoroughfare, on my way  
to see some military depot. The sun was  
going down with unusual splendor, gilding  
all the windows, and making the distant waters  
gleam like gold.

A bath of blossoms filled the air, and soft,  
melancholy sound of music, mingled with deep  
trill of drums, filled in from the surrounding  
camp. A feeling of inexpressible loneliness  
took possession of my soul; my husband seem-  
ed to be separated from me by a distance as  
finite as eternity itself; I should never, in  
truth look upon his face again.

At that instant, a squad of Union prisoners  
passed by me, closely guarded. They had  
just come from the Libby, and were on their  
way to the far South. Their tattered uni-  
forms, and pallid wan pinched faces, caught  
my attention, and brought the hot tears to my  
eyes. Tom was like one of these. Just then  
an inexpressible something about the air and  
bearing one of these prisoners made me stand  
still, with a wild flutter at my heart. Could  
it be, or was I insane, dreaming? I must  
know!

What is it? he questioned eternally, what has  
happened?

Tom! I called gently.  
He turned his face full upon me; it was wan  
and haggard, but Tom's own face.

O my Girl, O Tom, have I found you at  
last?  
He sprang from the ranks, at the sound of  
my voice, extending both his to clasp mine  
but the sword of the rebel captain who com-  
manded them flashed between us, driving the  
prisoners on.

O Tom, I called after them, my heart is  
breaking, forgive me, forgive me!  
He tamed for an instant, his poor face glow-  
ing with tender pitying love; then the  
tyrant drove them round a corner, and the  
forgiving face faded from my sight; and  
all the world with it, for I fell senseless  
where I stood. Stranger care hands raised  
me up, and stranger care brought me back to  
life, once more I began my search. I follow-  
ed Tom southward, down to the sickly sun-  
dried cities, from hospital to hospital to fol-  
lowing the faintest clue, only sustained by my  
deadliest hope, and love. Terrible scenes  
met my eyes in those burning summer days  
—scenes that can never be blotted from my  
memory.

But to return to my story, the summer  
waned away and autumn came robing all the  
Southern country in its gorgeous livery—still  
my search was unavailing; I could find no  
trace of Tom. My hope grew weaker and  
weaker, and after a short while went out,  
and at last found myself in the Union lines  
again with a dull despair settled down upon  
my soul. But my hands not neglect the  
work that had been given them to do. Un-  
tiringly and tenderly I administered to the  
wants of the brave men who were risking all  
for their country's sake; and as the days wore  
on and the great crimson tide of war ebbed and  
flowed, my constant labor began to work out  
on its own reward. At feeling half spent to  
resignation filled my heart, I tried to be wil-  
ling to give my husband up; to look forward  
to an eternal reunion of love and forgive-  
ness. It was hard, how hard, only those can  
tell, who know that the gasses of some dis-  
tant battle ground are springing up above the  
heads of the husbands and fathers, and sons  
and brothers, dearer to them than life. But  
at last I conquered, and was able to say sin-  
cerely, "Gods will be done!"

One afternoon, soon after the awful battle  
in front of Richmond, I sat in a Southern hos-  
pital. The air was torrid and heavy, and the  
suffocating stifles sun sloped down towards  
the lurid west through clouds of sulphurous  
smoke. All day long I had been at my post  
administering to the wants of the wounded men  
who were arriving before me in long double  
rows heading cooling draughts to parched lips  
and applying ice-cold cloths to burning foreheads.  
At last there came an interval of repose, and I  
sat down by the low window to rest and me-  
ditate.

The red sun dropped lower and lower, and  
a lurid twilight came, hot and murky, with a  
low westerling moon, and a stifling breath of  
battle. Every moment the stifling breeze, rising  
and falling with a wall of human like pain  
brought in the boom of some distant bat-  
tery or the sharp crack of a solitary picket gun.  
The roar of ambulance wheels was incessant  
our losses had been fearful, and our dead and  
wounded were pouring in. I sat there listen-  
ing and thinking, thinking of days gone by, happy  
summer afternoons, when the bees hummed  
amid the sweet briar on our cottage porch,  
and the winds were sweet with flower scents,  
and I wandered down the mossy wood path,  
with baby in my arms, to meet Tom coming  
home from his shop. But those days were  
gone, and so was Tom. I had my wish—I  
could never look upon his face again.

At that moment, a murmur of voices in an  
adjoining ward attracted my attention. The  
board partition was thin, and I could hear dis-  
tinctly:

Mary, Mary where are you?  
Over and over again I heard these pitiable  
inquiries the poor sufferer's voice plaintive with  
pain and loving tenderness.

Mary I was wrong—but you will forgive  
don't, O don't take the baby away!  
Something in the words, and in the touching  
tremulous tones, went to my heart like a knife.  
I sprang up, and flew round to the entrance.  
But the surgeon barred my way.

Not this way, madam, he said imperatively  
this man's life hangs by the slightest thread,  
and the country can't afford to lose him.  
But I pushed him aside, and leaping for-  
ward, caught one glimpse of the deathly face  
lying on the low cot bed, and that glimpse was  
sufficient.

Let me pass, sir, I said, that man is my  
husband.  
Still he held me back, with a grasp like  
steel.

Can't help it madam—he must not be dis-  
turbed.  
Mary, Mary bring the baby—can't you ever  
forgive me?—moaned the plaintive voice with-  
in.

I wrenched myself from the surgeon's hand  
and pushed into the room. There he lay, a  
colonel's leaves gleaming on his shoulders, and

ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN  
AMMONTON TRACT OF  
ND IN NEW JERSEY

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a deep crease cut across his brow. My Tom, I have him at last.  
Doctor, what do you think of him? I questioned.  
He'll not last till daylight, madam, was his brief response.  
A pang, like death, shot through me.—Must he die, and never know how bitter had been my repentance? I determined on a desperate effort.  
He can only die, doctor, I said, and I must speak to him.  
Tom, I whispered, kneeling by the cot, and passing my arms under his head, I am here—Mary, your wife—don't you know me?  
A faint tremor stirred his white face, his eyes quivered, and then flared wide open gazing into mine with a solemn tenderness, as if they had already held the mysteries beyond the vale of death. Then a faint smile came to his lips, and he put his poor feeble hand, and caressed my hair in his old fond fashion.  
Yes, it is Mary, he murmured dreamily—bless your sweet face my darling—where is the baby?  
At home, Tom, waiting for you, I replied eagerly my heart throbbing on my lips—and O Tom, I have searched for you, and followed you so long—ever since that last morning—Tom, Tom, I was cruel, and wicked, but you must forgive me, I have suffered so much—speak to me, or my heart will break.  
His eyes filled with tears, and a happy glow brightened his pale face.  
My darling, my poor little darling, he murmured fondly, I will never cause you such trouble again.  
I pillowed his head on my bosom, and sang to him, as I would have sung to an infant, and in a little while he fell asleep.  
The night went by, and morning came, with a ringing roll of drums, and the distant thunder of battle. At noon the surgeon stole in on tiptoe, and felt his pulse.  
Well, madam, he said curtly, you have saved his life.  
We are at home now, Tom, and baby and I in our happy little cottage, with the sweet briar blooming on the porch, and the wrens twittering and building their nests under the eaves.

#### TELEGRAPHIC.

London, Aug. 9.  
The Government will immediately despatch large body of troops to Canada to repel the threatened Fenian invasion from the United States.

In the House of Lords last evening the bill to abolish Church rates was rejected by a large majority.

A terrible railroad casualty occurred at Bay Head, Wicklow County, Ireland, to-day. The express train from Dublin for Wicklow, when at the above named locality ran off the track and eight passenger coaches were precipitated into the sea. The railroad at that point runs along the summit of a high bluff. The loss of life was frightful. One person only in the whole train, a man, named Morris escaped alive.

In the House of Lords this evening the Government submitted a new postal treaty with the United States for reducing the rates of postage between the two countries.  
In the House of Commons this evening in answer to an inquiry, Lord Stanley, Foreign Secretary said that Sir Frederick Bruce the British Minister at Washington had been empowered to investigate the matter of the recent killing of Captain Spoor by a United States soldier.

Thirty persons were killed outright by the railroad accident at Bayhead, to-day.

Consols 94½, 5-20's 70½. Corn 38½ Gd.

Gold 140½.

By consent of the Government trial of Gen. Fariola, who was reported to have turned Queen's evidence, has been postponed.

Washington, Aug. 12.

Jury in Sumratt case after being out 78 hours reported they could not agree and were discharged.

New York, Aug. 12.

Gold 140.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The Rev. G. McDonald of the Parish of St. Francis, Victoria, was drowned while crossing the St. John at Port Kent, on Tuesday the 30th ult.

The deceased gentleman, who was a Catholic Priest, was crossing at a Ford, when from some unexplained cause, the body of the carriage became detached from the fore wheels, and was carried off with its occupant into the deep water. The body of the deceased was found three miles below the place where the accident occurred.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A BOY.—We are informed that Dr. Turner the agent of a Western Insurance Company, who visited Calais last week, would have been drowned on Sunday but for the heroic exertions of A. W. Seymour, a lad about 13 years of age. It appears that Dr. Turner went into the river bathing being no swimmer he got beyond his depth, and was sinking for the third time, when young Seymour heroically plunged in and brought him safely to shore, though in an exhausted condition. The boy doubtless saved his life, and for a lad of his age it was certainly a remarkable feat. [St. Croix Cour.

FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

The Hon. A. G. Archibald, Secretary of State for the Provinces arrived in this city last evening from Truro. We are glad to learn that Archibald's election for Colchester may now be considered certain.

Mr. M. S. Cordella arrived last night from

a cruise, and will sail in a few days for Bermuda and the West Indies.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—H. M. G. Garden, Esq., to be Local Deputy for the survey and sale of Crown Lands, Seizing Officer under Chapter 12, and Commissioner for Labour under Chapters 8 and 9, Volume 1, Revised Statutes, for the County of Carleton, in the place of James R. Hartley, Esq., resigned.  
John D. Wilson and Henry Hutton to be Inspectors of Petroleum and Coal Oil; the former former for the Port of Saint Andrews, the latter for the Port of St. Stephen in the County of Charlotte.

#### The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, AUG. 14, 1867.

CIRCUIT COURT.—Since our last the Court has been busily occupied with the cases, working from 9 in the morning until 5 in the evening. In addition to the cases mentioned in our last issue, we give the following as those remaining to be tried:  
John F. Grimmer, vs. Daniel Post—Verdict for Plaintiff \$42.  
John B. Key, vs. Robert Thomson, M. D. This case is exciting a great deal of interest. The testimony is voluminous, and when "doctors differ" it is no easy matter to arrive at a correct opinion. The cause is not yet decided.

John Traflet, vs. John Kirk, Administrator of Geo. Kirk deceased.

Timothy Noonan, vs. John Sullivan and Jas. Sullivan.

Joseph McCallum and Richard McCallum, vs. Warren Powers.

John Stewart, vs. A. H. Gillmor.

John S. Magee, vs. Chas. W. Warlaw.

Fred. M. Marchie, vs. Jas. Hogan.

Francis Hubbard and A. H. Gillmor, vs. Jas. Darling.

William T. Rose, and James H. Frink, vs. Wellington Gillmor.

Zachariah Chipman and John Bolton, vs. The Provincial Ins. Co. of Canada.

The same, vs. Chas. Duff, Gent one, &c.

The same, vs. Chas. Holstead, Gent one, &c.

Doe dem Faults, vs. Haley.

Ross, vs. Ross.

We do believe, that if there were less quibbling, and more honest disposition to arrive at a correct decision, the witnesses would not be kept so long on the stand as they have been for the last few days. The following address from the Grand Jury, was presented to His Honor Mr. Justice Allan, to which he made a feeling and suitable reply:—

GRAND JURY ROOM, August 7th 1867.

To His Honor.

JOHN C. ALLEN, Esquire.

We congratulate your Honor on your accession to the Bench of the Supreme Court of our Province, and tender to you a hearty welcome on this your first visit to your judicial capacity to this County.

We appreciate your remarks in reference to the duty of the people of this Province, how as to the great changes lately accomplished, in now rendering a willing and helping hand, that the best possible results may be obtained from our union in the New Dominion.

We feel assured that the Bench of our Province will by your elevation to the same suffer no diminution in the dignity, talent and integrity that has hitherto made it conspicuous among the Judiciary of British North America.

Wishing that you may be long spared in health and happiness to administer the important duties entrusted to you.

We are yours most respectfully,

On behalf of the Grand Jury,

DAVID BROWN,

Foreman.

A novel and pleasing feature in Court proceedings, was the presence of a number of the fair sex on the bench, Monday last, which must have been gratifying to His Honor the Judge and the gentlemen of the long robe. We have no doubt they were highly delighted with the oratorical powers of the learned Counsel, and legal acumen displayed in the examination of the witnesses. The presence of ladies it is admitted has a most beneficial bearing on any assembly graced by them.

DEMOCRAT'S MAGAZINE.—We are in receipt of an advance copy of this queen of Magazines for September. The fashion plates, patterns and music, alone are worth more than the price of this "Magazine de Mode." The interesting and well written tales—useful recipes, architectural designs with much other useful information, should be a sufficient inducement to any one to subscribe. Terms \$3 per annum with a valuable premium. Address—W. J. Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York.

LECTURE.—On Monday evening last the Rev. B. F. Rattray, delivered his second lecture on Temperance, in the Baptist Chapel. The Rev. gentleman's style, language and convincing arguments met with general approval. He is truly, an able temperance lecturer, and the facts he adduces from observation and reading, shew that he is a man of thought, and a warm advocate of temperance.

WESLEYAN SABBATH SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—Being our day of publication, we regret to say, that we had not the opportunity on Wednesday last, of availing ourselves of the kind invitation extended to us by the Pastor of the Church, to attend the Sabbath School Festival; but from our youthful reporter we learn, "that everything passed off in splendid style." A few friends in the congregation anxious to encourage the children, generously placed the Railway Cars under the control of the teachers, who with the scholars, parents and a few invited guests, numbering about 120, went out to Chaucok Lake, to enjoy a holiday.

Having arrived at the Lake, some amused themselves by climbing the mountains, and enjoying a magnificent view of the surrounding country, with the Bay and beautiful islands; others in rambling along the banks of the Lake, and others in the usual juvenile exercises of running, swinging, &c. Of the commissariat department, we may just say, that it was richly and abundantly supplied,—there was indeed "enough and to spare."

In the afternoon the company was called to order, and a number of appropriate pieces of music were sung, the whole winding up with the "national anthem." They then returned to town about 6 P. M., every one delighted with the days proceeding,—the children anticipating a similar excursion, if spared another year.

The Writ for the House of Commons have been issued, and are returnable on the 24th of September. The Proclamation appears in an Extra of the Canada Gazette of the 7th inst. ant. Parliament is summoned for the 24th, but it does not say "for despatch of business. It is high time for the Candidates cards, if they intend issuing any. Mr. Bolton is the only Candidate we have heard of for Charlott.

He is and has been a consistent Confederate, and we take this opportunity of stating to the friends of Union, that notwithstanding the battle has been fought and won, that it is necessary Union men should be elected for the House of Commons, as well as our House of Assembly. Do not be caught in the trap which wily politicians have set, "that it makes no difference whether Union or Anti-Union men are elected." Stand by your colours, and do not even for one moment relax your efforts. Remember that your opponents will collect their scattered forces and make an assault on your strong hold (confidence) and if they can, they will endeavor to turn your victory into a ignominious defeat. They even now have the tenacity to assert, they will send men to Ottawa to thwart the Government party, and will do so, unless you rise in your might, and elect Bolton or some other genuine Union man. These are plain words, but the times demand great plainness of speech. Bolton for Ottawa, Stevenson and Rose for our local Legislature. We enjoy Responsible Government, and any member accepting an office of emolument must vacate his seat.

THE BAZAAR held by the ladies of All Saints Church, in aid to assist in completing the new Church, was opened yesterday. The building was tastefully decorated, and a large variety of useful and ornamental articles offered for sale "at prices which defied competition." The steamer from Calais brought a large number of persons from that city and St. Stephen, and the train from Woodstock also contained a respectable representation of the people from the upper country. The Steamer Queen, from Eastport, Campbell, and St. George was literally crowded with excursionists from those places to attend the Bazaar, which continued through the day and evening to be the great centre of attraction. The day being fine several persons from the country drove in their carriages, the Town was unusually lively. Every one appeared pleased not only with the Bazaar, but with the splendid scenery, and expressed themselves much gratified with their visit.

The ladies who presided at the tables plied their vocation with all those graces and winning ways which soften the heart of the most crusty old bachelor, with pockets buttoned to preserve his purse,—and whether he would or not, his purse relaxed, and in a very short time he was obliged to refill it, only to be emptied again. The Bazaar is to be open again, this evening at half past six when tea will be provided and articles unsold will be disposed of at Auction.

The Election in Northumberland resulted in the return of Messrs. Gough and Kelly by a show of hands. These gentlemen are strong unionists. Their opponent Mr. Gillespie an "anti," did not even demand a poll.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bacon, R. C. Bishop

of Portland, Me., was on a tour of duty in the Northeastern portion of his diocese last week, and left here on Monday last for Portland.

The Hon. Wm. Todd has published a letter declining the Senatorship, to which he was appointed. We regret this, as he would have been a credit to this County; and it is to be feared Charlotte will not have another offer of a representative at the Senatorial board.

We notice by St. John papers that there is an excellent system adopted by the Schools at the North Shore, of competition at which the Chief Superintendent and Inspector are present. By this means, a healthy rivalry is carried on among the pupils and also as was recently the case between the best scholars in the different schools. The parents are thus in a position to judge of the progress made by their children, and the system enables the Chief and Inspector, to form some opinion of aptitude of the Teacher to impart instruction and also of his attention to his duties. It is much better, than the hurried examinations usually practiced.

We understand that several vessels were wrecked at Grand Manan and vicinity during the late severe gale, but have failed in obtaining the names.

Dr. JACK, President of the University of New Brunswick, is in town. We are pleased to learn that he has recovered from his late severe illness.

The Hon. S. L. Tilley may be expected here in a short time. A lecture from him prior to the elections would not be amiss, he would be sure of a large and attentive audience.

Good!—A Buffalo telegram of the 5th has the following: The court martial convened at Fort Porter for trying seventeen of the privates of battery M, fourth artillery, for parading with the Fenians at their late picnic, was concluded to-day. I learn that fifteen of the prisoners have been found guilty and sentenced to eighteen months at the Albany jail.

ITEMS.

The Circuit Court opened yesterday in St. John, the Chief Justice presiding.

The Catholic Bazaar recently held at St. George netted a \$1000.

In the case of Captain Pettigrove, charged with the casting away of the Shooting Star, the Grand Jury found no bill.

The Synod of New Brunswick, in connection with the Church of Scotland, is to meet in St. John, on Wednesday, this day.

Good progress is being made in the preliminary work of constructing the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. A number of men are employed at a point about two miles west of Berwick locating the line.

ARRESTED SUICIDE.—A Corporal of the Marine Artillery of the "Royal Alfred" made an attempt at suicide yesterday afternoon. It appears the unfortunate man had been absent from the ship on "a time," and the look out party discovering his whereabouts, he hastily jumped into the first lake in Dartmouth to escape them. He was rescued from a watery grave with very great difficulty.—[Recorder.

NATURE'S PICTURES.—Nature is transparent, open handed, bewitching as a child. She never gives us completed pictures, but let us watch her at her work. The thorough manner in which Grace's Celebrated Salve does its work is best appreciated by those who have occasion to use it, whether for a gunshot wound or a simple cut.

John C. Braine, a lieutenant in the Confederate navy, is in trouble and in prison, and writes a long letter to Raphael Semmes of the subject, which the latter publishes. Lieut. Braine tells the story of his capture of the "Chesapeake," the "Roanoke," and other exploits in the Confederate service, and closes with a reference to his present situation and the seeming neglect of his friends. It appears that he was arrested at Savannah, where he was engaged in business, in September of last year, and has since been kept without a trial in the Kings County Penitentiary. He complains that not one of his Southern friends have been to see him, and that he is destitute of money to pay counsel to urge his case.

DIED.

At St. Patrick, on the 3rd inst., George McKay, Esq., J. P., aged 75 years, an old and respectable resident of that Parish.

At St. George, on the 11th inst., after a few hours illness, Isaac Knight, Esq., aged 79 years, deservedly regretted by all who knew him.

Suddenly at St. John, on Sunday morning, the 11th inst., John Morris Robinson, in the 62nd year.

#### Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

Aug 6, Schr. Waterwheel, Reynolds, Lubbo Ballast.

8, Jane, Clark, Boston, ballast Master.

Matilda Stinson, St. Stephen, Molasses & J. McLean & others.

13 Brig Juno, Williams, Salem, Ballast.

Harriett, Britt, Bangor, Express goods.

Delta, Fuller, Redbeach, Meal, H. O'Neil.

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Matilda Stinson, St. Stephen, Molasses & J. McLean & others.

13 Brig Juno, Williams, Salem, Ballast.

Harriett, Britt, Bangor, Express goods.

Delta, Fuller, Redbeach, Meal, H. O'Neil.

CLEARED.  
Aug. 7, Schr. Franklin, Coats, Walsboro, 403 telegraph poles, 1000 sleepers, R. Ross.

Ard at Lepreau, 11th inst., bark Hyack, Robinson from Boston.  
Ard at Havana, 31st ult. brig Charles H. Kelley, Reed, from St. Stephen, N. B.

#### RURAL CEMETRY.

PERSONS wishing to have Burial Lots in the Rural Cemetery, are notified that by paying Eleven dollars, and leaving their names with the Secretary or G. F. Campbell, Esq., within the next two months, they will be allowed to select in turn; after which the price will be raised to Fifteen dollars per lot.  
Applications in writing from persons wishing the appointment of Superintendent, will be received for one week.

ALEX. T. PAUL, Secretary.

Aug. 14.

#### Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale that valuable Farm on Boesche Point, called the Varden Farm, containing 100 Acres, with a House and Barn thereon, having a shore frontage on Passamaquoddy Bay. The farm is well known, and does not require further description. An undivided title will be given.  
Terms—25 per cent on day of sale, the residue in one and two years, with approved security. If not sold before 18th September next, will on that day be offered at Auction, at 12 o'clock noon.

SOPHIA KAHILL.

Bocalsee, Aug. 5, 1867.

#### Notice of Assignment.

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given, that Dennis Bradley and James Bradley, of the County of Charlotte and Province of New Brunswick, lately doing business at Saint Andrews and Saint Stephen, in said County, under the Firm-name of "D. BRADLEY & SON," have this day made an assignment by Deed, purporting to be of all their estate real and personal, to the undersigned Lewis A. Mills of Saint Stephen in the County aforesaid, and Geo. S. Grimmer of Saint Andrews, in said County, Barristers at Law, for the benefit of all of their creditors, who shall execute the Deed of Assignment within three months from the date hereof. The said Deed may be found at the office of said L. A. Mills, in Saint Stephen aforesaid.  
Dated St. Andrews, 21st July, 1867.

LEWIS A. MILLS, Assignee.

GEORGE S. GRIMMER, Assignee.

Morning Journal 3 m.

#### Mail Contract.

SEALED Tenders will be received at this Office until Thursday, the 15th August inst., noon, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails between  
ST. GEORGE and ST. ANDREWS,  
Six times per week each way, commencing on the 1st September next.

The Mails are to be conveyed in a vehicle drawn by one or more horses at a uniform rate of speed of not less than five miles per hour, and on such days and at such hours as may from time to time be appointed by the Postmaster General.

Tenders must be made on the proper printed forms, which can be obtained from any Postmaster; must state the sum per annum for which the service will be performed, and be addressed to the Postmaster General, Fredericton.

JOHN McALLAN, Postmaster General of N. B.

Post Office Department, Fredericton, August 1, 1867.

#### SALE OF LUMBER LANDS.

For sale at Public Auction, on Saturday, the second day of November next, at 11 A. M., in front of the Custom House, Saint George, N. B., pursuant to an order of His Honor Mr. Justice Weldon, in a proceeding at the instance of the Heirs of the late Wellington Hatch, under section 4 chap. 4 of the Public Statutes, "of Infants and Guardians."

ALL that certain tract of land, situate in the Parish of Saint Patrick, in the County of Charlotte, known as Lot Nos. 105, 106, and 107 in Range seven, Clarence Hill, containing 565 acres more or less, granted to the said Wellington Hatch by grant, dated 2nd Sept. 1861.

Also—All that other tract of land situate on Clarence Hill aforesaid, known as lot D. in Range six, containing 175 acres more or less granted to the said Wellington Hatch on the 14th January A. D. 1861.

Also—That tract of land situate in the said Parish of St. Patrick on the South Western bank of Saint Patrick Lake, containing about 400 acres, surveyed in 1840 or 1841 by C. R. Hatheway, Esquire, and heretofore owned by Otis Turner, purchased by said Wellington Hatch at a Sheriff's Sale under Execution against the said Otis Turner.

The above tracts are well wooded with valuable timber.

Terms of Sale twenty per cent on day of Sale; thirty per cent on delivery of deed, balance in 6 & 12 months with interest, secured by Bond and Mortgage or other satisfactory security.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned or Benjamin R. Stevenson, Solicitor for infants.

Dated 30th July, 1867.

GEORGE F. CAMPBELL, Guardian.

#### Cases Brandy.

100 Cases Pale and Brown Brandy, vin. '64, just Received.

J. W. STREET, Feb. 5, 1867.

#### ST. HELEN CROW.

Ex "Carrie Wright" from

132 B. BOXES best quality Glass (assorted sizes)

St. Andrews, July 28th, 1867.

#### Tea, Pipes, Corks, &c.

Ex "Tecumseh" from Liverpool

2 Hds. "Murphy's" Whisk

20 Qr. Casks "Whisk

3 Hds. "Allsopp's" pale A

200 Gross Corks (assorted).

15 Boxes Woodstock & Min

20 Chests

10 Half "fine Congou T

15 Doz. Stone Bottles (as

July 15th, 1867.

#### Probate County

In the matter of the Estate of

late of the Parish of St. Ste

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WHEREAS Martin Horan

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ALEX. T. PAUL,  
Secretary.

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**132 B** BOXES best quality Crown Window  
Glass (assorted sizes).  
J. W. STREET.  
St. Andrews, July 28th, 1867.

**Tea, Pipes, Corks, Allsopp's Ale.**

Ex "Tecumseh" from Liverpool via St. John  
2 Hhds "Murphy's" fine old still  
20 Qr. Casks Whiskey.  
3 Hhds "Allsopp's" pale Ale.  
200 Gross Corks (assorted).  
15 Boxes Woodstock & Miner's Pipes.  
20 Chests  
10 Half "fine Congou Tea.  
15 Doz. Stone Bottles (assorted). &c. &c.  
July 15th, 1867. J. W. STREET.

**Probate Court.**

In the matter of the Estate of Patrick Egan,  
late of the Parish of St. Stephen in the Coun-  
ty of Charlotte, deceased.  
WHEREAS Martin Horan and Patrick De-  
vey, Executors of the last Will and Testa-  
ment of the said Patrick Egan, have this day  
filed their Account with the said Estate, and  
have prayed the Creditors and next of Kin of the  
deceased, and all persons interested in the said  
Estate, may appear and attend the passing and  
allowance of the said account.  
Notice thereof is therefore hereby given, to all  
the Creditors and next of Kin of the said de-  
ceased, and to all persons interested in the said  
Estate, and they are hereby cited to appear be-  
fore me at a Court of Probate, to be held at the  
Office of the Registrar of Probates in Saint An-  
drews, in the said County of Charlotte, on Fri-  
day the twenty third day of August next, at the  
hour of Eleven in the forenoon, to attend the  
passing and allowance of the account of the said  
Executors.  
Given under my hand and the seal of  
the said Court, this 19th day of July,  
A. D. 1867.  
E. R. STEVENSON, GEO. D. STREET.  
Registrar of Probates, Judge of Probates for the  
County of Charlotte.  
Geo. S. GRIMMER,  
Proctor for Executors.

**Good Time coming at Last.**

JOHN S. MAGEE begs to call particular  
attention to his stock of Bleached and Un-  
bleached Sheetings and Shirting Cottons.  
Yard wide Unbleached from 8 cents per yd.  
Nice bleached Cotton at 10, 12 & 16 cts.  
Dress Goods in Delaine at reduced prices,  
20 cent delaine now selling for 15.  
Mens Straw Hats at half price.  
Call before they are all gone.  
Womens Serge Congress Boots are offered  
at 75 cents per pair.  
Skeleton Skirts at reduced prices. A new  
stock of 2 1/2 yd wide Bleached Skirting, late-  
ly received.  
Ribbed White Cotton Hosiery, 12 cts per pair  
ALBION HOUSE,  
Water St., St. Andrews.

**Kerosine Oil.**

Ex "Jane" from Boston.  
**10 B** BLS. Refined Kerosine Oil.  
J. W. STREET.  
July 17, 1867.

**NOTICE.**

ALL persons having claims against this Department,  
are requested to present the same to  
this Office, made up to the 30th instant.  
JOHN M-MILLAN,  
Postmaster General.

**NOTICE.**

CROWN LAND DEPARTMENT, 3rd July, 1867.  
Jst. It is Ordered by His Excellency in Council,  
cl. That all claims date all correspondence  
by Mail or Telegram with the Crown Land  
Department must be prepaid, and no Letters &c.  
not so prepaid, will be received after the 1st day  
of August next.  
Petitions for Land already surveyed will be  
transmitted free of postage, either through Local  
Deputies or Labour Act Commissioners.  
In cases of Petitions for unsurveyed Lots, a  
sum of one dollar must be deposited with each  
Petition.  
2nd.-A uniform rate of charge of \$3 per lot  
will hereafter be made for cost of survey of all  
Lots surveyed at the expense of Government, one  
dollar of which will be credited to the Postage  
Fund, and \$2 to the Survey Fund.  
3rd.-Local Deputies and Labour Act Com-  
missioners corresponding with the Department,  
or transmitting Returns or Land Petitions, will  
prepay the postage, and render their accounts  
quarterly for payment.  
CHAS. CONNELL, Sur. Gen.

**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1867.**

New Brunswick & Canada Railway  
and St. Stephen &...  
TRAINS leave St. Andrews for Richmond Sta-  
tion every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday,  
at 9 a.m., and St. Stephens for Richm. at 4 Sta-  
tion every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at  
9 30 a.m.  
Returning  
will leave Richmond for St. Andrews every Tues-  
day, Thursday and Saturday at 9.00 a.m., and for  
St. Stephens every Monday, Wednesday and  
Friday at 9.00 a.m., until further notice.  
An Express Train will leave St. Andrews  
every Saturday at 3 30 p.m. Returning will leave  
Richmond and Houlton Stations every Monday  
at 2 30 a.m., in time for Boat to Boston same  
day.  
AGENTS.  
D. J. SEELY, Water street, St. John; G. W.  
VANWORT, Woodstock.  
HENRY OSBURN,  
St. Andrews, July 9, 1867. MANAGER.

**JOHN BEET,**  
Fancy Steam Dyer,  
St. Stephen.

ALL articles of Wearing Apparel dyed in the  
most approved manner, and warranted to  
give satisfaction.  
Articles left at the store of J. Lochary & Son,  
will be duly forwarded.  
June 26, 1867. 3mpd

**T. McVAY & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL

DEALERS IN  
Dried Smoked and Pickled Fish, Flour,  
Meal, Provisions, Country Produce,  
General Groceries, &c.

SOUTH SIDE MARKET SQUARE,  
ST. ANDREWS.

**Bourbon Whiskey.**

Ex "Harriet" from Boston.  
1 Hhd fine Old Bourbon proof Whiskey.  
2 Puncheons do do 40 O. P.  
JAMES W. STREET.  
June 12th, 1867.

**New Fancy Goods.**

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., May 8th, 1867.  
ALBION HOUSE, Water St.,  
Market Square  
JOHN S. MAGEE is now daily receiving  
his stock of  
New Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,  
which were bought when markets were at low  
rates, and are offered at low prices. Inspection  
by intending purchasers is solicited.

**Refined Crushed Sugar, Wines**

London Porter, Pale Ale, &c.  
Ex the "Choice" from London via St. John.  
20 Bbls refined Crushed Sugar,  
20 chests Congou 50 half do  
50 half do TEA. Oolong Tea  
10 Kegs Bi Carbonate Soda,  
5 bags Java Coffee.  
140 casks "Bridges" London Porter & Pale  
Ale.  
4 Hhds Pale & golden Sherry, Ale.  
12 Cases best Champagne, qts & pints.  
2 Hhds 12 Qr Casks Port Wine,  
2 Puncheons fine Old Jamaica Rum,  
5 casks "Brandram Bros" best boiled and  
Raw Linned Oil.  
25 Cwt do best White Paint, &c. &c.  
May 29. J. W. STREET.

**Skeleton Skirts**

very cheap at the ALBION HOUSE.  
Gents you will find nice light summer COATS  
sate and straw Linens at the  
ALBION HOUSE.

Balance of Stock of Paper Hangings offered at  
cost; about durable Cloths for BOYS' WEAR  
at the ALBION HOUSE.

A large variety of Summer DRESS GOODS, in  
all the new styles, at the Albion House.

A well selected stock of Cambric PRINTS at the  
Albion House.  
Hemp Carpets at the Albion House.

A large stock of all kinds of New and Fashion-  
able DRY GOODS, for sale at the  
Albion House.

Be sure and call at the ALBION HOUSE before  
purchasing-and you will save money.

The ALBION HOUSE is situated at  
the corner of Water & King Streets,  
SAINT ANDREWS,  
Look out for the sign.

**Gin & Brandies.**

MAY 22, 1867.  
Ex the "Waverly" from Charante and  
"Ceres" from Delishaven, via Saint John.  
30 Hhds. GENEVA.  
24 Qr. Casks  
160 Cases  
7 Hhds Jas. Hennessy & Co's  
25 Qr. Casks best pale and col'd  
150 Cases "Brandies."  
15 Hhds "Vine Growers Co's"  
26 Qr. Casks do. do.  
200 Cases  
J. W. STREET.

**CARD.**

Opening of New and Fashionable Mill-  
nery.  
Mrs. MAGEE has much pleasure in informing  
the Public that she will be prepared on Saturday  
next to display her new stock of Millinery and  
Fancy Goods. The readers of the Standard and  
all other persons are particularly invited to call,  
and examine the same.  
May 8. Mrs. J. S. MAGEE.

**NOTICE.**

It has been ordered by His Excellency the Ad-  
ministrator of the Government in Council,  
That on and after the first day of May next, all  
the Fees, Perquisites, and other Revenues, (except  
the Commission allowed on Postage Stamps) de-  
rived at any of the Post Offices in this Province,  
in connection with the duties thereof, shall be col-  
lected by the officer in charge, and accounted for  
belonging to the general Revenues of the Post  
Office, to the Head of the Department.  
JOHN M-MILLAN,  
Postmaster General.  
Fredericton, N. B., 6th March, 1867.

**Flour and Corn.**

Ex schr. "Romp" from New York.  
100 Bbls Flour, 100 Bags Corn.  
April 9th, 1867. J. W. STREET.

**London White Lead & Oil.**

Ex the "Eleanor" from London.  
5 Hhds. Boiled and Raw Linned Oil,  
14 Ton best ground White Lead,  
4 Cwt. best Putty, &c. &c.  
J. W. STREET

**TODD, CLEWLEY & CO.**

WHOLESALE GROCERS,  
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Offer for sale a large stock of  
FLOUR, Pork, Tea, TOBACCO  
Molasses, Sugar, Sateratus, Spice,  
and other Grocery goods and Provisions, at low  
est rates.

**Havana Cigars.**

17 M Havana Cigars.  
Imported and for sale by  
TODD, CLEWLEY & CO.

**REMOVAL.**

THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks  
for past favours, and to inform her num-  
erous customers and friends that she has removed  
to the house on Water Street, adjoining  
Miss Kerr's, where she will continue to  
carry on as formerly.

**Dress Making, Mantle Making and**

Always having on hand the latest styles in French,  
English and American fashions.  
MACHINE STITCHING, PINKING and CRIMPING  
executed with neatness and dispatch. Patterns  
cut to order.  
Mrs. CHALMERS.  
3m

**NEW GOODS.**

The Subscriber has just received, and is now open-  
ing a large stock of well  
Selected Dry Goods,  
suitable for  
Spring & Summer  
use, comprising in part,  
Alpacas, Delaines, Trilbets, Coburgs, Mohairs,  
Prints, Grey and White Cottons,  
Stripes and Regattas,  
Fancy Flannels, Hats, Caps, Boots  
and Shoes, together with a large stock of  
READY MADE CLOTHING.  
Intending purchasers will please call and ex-  
amine.  
P. S. Persons indebted to the Subscri-  
ber, will please call and settle their accounts  
and save further trouble.  
St. Andrews, May 22, 1867. 4i

**NOTICE.**

To ALL whom it may concern.  
THE Subscriber has now all accounts made  
out, and will feel thankful to those indebted  
to him to call on or before the 20th inst., and  
settle their accounts, and save expenses. Should  
this be neglected, at the above period the ac-  
counts in his hands will be positively sued, and  
expenses follow.  
British House, D. BRADLEY.  
St. Andrews, June 4, 1867.

**Timothy Seed,**

HARVEY TIMOTHY SEED, for sale by  
April 3. J. INGLES STREET.

**NOTICE**

IS hereby given, that all Auctioneers in the  
County, retaining their Auction Licences after  
the publication of this Notice, will be com-  
pelled to pay an annual County Tax of \$8 00.  
Auctioneers wishing to exempt themselves, may  
resign their commissions, and are requested to  
transmit them to the County Treasurer to be duly  
forwarded to the proper office.  
St. Andrews, May 10, 1867.  
GEO. S. GRIMMER,  
Clerk of Peace.

**NEW GOODS,**

**THE SUBSCRIBER**  
**Has just Received**

PER  
Steamers "CANADA" and "ARABIA,"  
VIA BOTON  
Part of our "Spring Goods" being carefully  
selected from Manufacturing Houses of  
the "Firm Class" in "Great Britain."  
And will be disposed of at a very

The balance of "our stock" will arrive per steam-  
ers "Europa" and "Asia" when a full description  
of goods and prices will be given.

Remember our "Motto" will be  
SMALL PROFITS TO MEET THE TIMES

**WHITE**

WARPS! WARPS!  
From the New Brunswick Cotton Mills, pre-  
pared for the Loom-quality warranted.  
Also a Lot of those superior White Warps,  
from the  
ROYAL RIVER MANUFACTURING CO'S MILLS,  
No. 8, 9, 10.  
Just received at the Albion House, and offered  
for sale at lowest market rates.  
JOHN S. MAGEE.

**GREY, BLUE AND YELLOW.**

Just received two Bales of  
BLUE,  
GREY, SCARLET,  
YELLOW FLANNELS,  
at the Albion House, good value will be sold  
cheap, to make room for further importation.  
JOHN S. MAGEE  
WHITE and UNBLEACHED COTTONS. I am now  
offering superior articles in White and Unbleach-  
ed Cottons, at low rates.  
JOHN S. MAGEE.

**E. & N. A. Railway.**

**Summer Arrangement.**

ON and after WEDNESDAY, May the 1st  
Trains will run as follows:

UP TRAINS.  
Leave St. John for Shediac and  
Point du Chene at 7.00 a.m.  
" " " " " " 2.00 p.m.  
" " " " " " 5.30 p.m.

DOWN TRAINS.  
Leave Shediac for St. John  
at 6.30 a.m.  
" " " " " " 8.00 a.m.  
" " " " " " 5.30 p.m.

The 2 P.M. and 5.30 P.M. Up Trains and the  
6.30 A.M. and 12.30 P.M. Down Trains carry  
Freight.

Freight for Stations between St. John and  
Sussex will go by 5.30 Train.

Freight must be at St. John and Sussex Sta-  
tions one hour and at other Stations half an  
hour before the time of departure of the Train  
by which it is to be forwarded, except that freight  
intended to go from St. John by the 2 o'clock  
train must be delivered at the Station before 12  
o'clock.

GEO. THOMAS,  
Chairman.

Railway Commissioners Office,  
St. John, N. B., Apr. 17, 1867. apr 18

**NOTICE.**

WHEREAS my wife Mary, left her bed  
and board in January last, without just cause  
of provocation, I hereby forbid all persons  
trusting her on my account, as I will not  
pay any debts of her contracting.  
SAMUEL COMMACK.  
L'Etang, June 17, 1867. 4 m

**MAGAZINE.**

DEMOREST'S Monthly Magazine, universally  
acknowledged the Model Parlor Magazine  
of America; devoted to Original Stories, Fables,  
Sketches, Architecture and Model Cottages, House-  
hold Matters, Gems of Thought, Personal and  
Literary Gossip (including special departments  
on Fashions), Instructions on Health, Gymnastic,  
Equestrian Exercises, Music, Amusements, &c.;  
all by the best authors, and profusely and art-  
istically illustrated with costly Engravings (full  
size), useful and reliable Patterns, Embroideries,  
Jewelry, and a constant succession of artistic nov-  
elties, with other useful and entertaining literature.  
No person of refinement, economical housewife,  
or lady of taste, can afford to do without the Model  
Monthly. Single copies, 30 cents; back numbers,  
as specimens, 10 cents; either mailed free.  
Yearly, \$3, with a valuable premium; two copies  
\$5 50; three copies, \$7 50; five copies, \$12, and  
special premiums for clubs at \$3 each, with the  
first premium to each subscriber. Address  
W. JENNINGS DEMOREST  
No. 473 Broadway, New-York.  
Demorest's Monthly and Young America, to-  
gether, \$4, with the premiums for each.

**NOTICE.**

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 28th Feb. 1867.  
It is ordered in Council, That any person who  
has procured Land under the Labor Act; (or  
his Assigns) before the 1st day of January, 1861,  
but has not yet resided and improved as prescrib-  
ed by the Regulations, may apply to have the  
Sale cancelled and the Lot advertised for sale by  
Public Auction, subject to the payment of the  
value of existing improvements; and if such person  
or his assigns, be the purchaser, fifty per cent of  
the labor returned will be credited on the pur-  
chase.  
It is further ordered, that all Sales before 1st  
January, 1861, to persons under the Labor Act,  
and not yet granted, shall be cancelled on the 1st  
day of November, 1868, and the Lots then be-  
come vacant, unless such persons do previously  
perform the necessary conditions of payment, im-  
provement, and residence, or avail themselves of  
the privilege above offered.  
The equitable interest of the parties (or their  
assigns) who may have made improvements on  
the Land, or performed labour in part or in whole  
for such Lands, have any claim thereon upon the  
Government of this Province.  
CHARLES CONNELL,  
Mar 27-3m Sur. Gen.

**LETTERS**

REMAINING in the Post Office, St.  
Andrews, June 20, 1867.  
Coakly Alice S. Rudge William  
Dick Samuel W. Rouse Dr  
Donnell John H. Shaw John M.  
Henly Capt. Alp. Williams Mary Alice  
McDonald William Wilber Eliza  
Matal Miss A. Wood Joseph  
Persons calling for any of the above will please  
say "Advertized."

G. F. CAMPBELL, P. M.  
P. O., St. Andrews, June 20, 1867.-2i

**Refined Petroleum.**

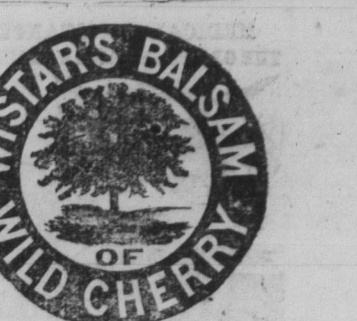
Ex Steamer from Boston.  
**20 B** BLS. No. 1. Kerosine Oil.  
J. W. STREET.

**FISH, FISH.**

THE Subscriber has received on consignment,  
a lot of -  
Barrels and half barrels Pickled HERRINGS,  
Dry COD and POLLOCK.  
Also a supply of Smoked Herrings.  
Jan. 30. C. F. CLINCH.  
(Acadian 4i)

**Choice Fish.**

A few Bundles 50lbs each Bundle, choice Pol-  
lock Fish, for family use, are offered for sale by the  
subscriber, at One dollar and twenty five cents  
per bundle.  
JOHN S. MAGEE,  
Albion House.



**WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.**

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR  
**CONSUMPTION,**  
and acknowledged by many prominent physicians to be  
the most reliable preparation ever introduced  
for the RELIEF and CURE of all

**LUNG COMPLAINTS.**

This well known remedy is offered to the public, sanc-  
tioned by the experience of over forty years; and when  
resorted to in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy  
cure of

Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza,  
Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Palao or  
Soreness in the Chest and Throat,  
Bleeding at the Lungs,  
Liver Complaint, &c.

The unequalled success that has attended the applica-  
tion of this medicine in all cases of

**PULMONARY COMPLAINTS**

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ  
this remedy in their practice, and as a result, we have a space only for the  
names of a few of these:-  
ALEX. HAYES, M.D. A. A. CHES, M.D.  
E. STORRS, M.D. W. H. WHEW, M.D.  
Wm. A. RIST, M.D. W. B. LEWIS, M.D.  
F. FELLOWS, M.D. A. F. SELWYN, M.D.  
S. J. FLEMING, M.D. H. D. WATKIN, M.D.  
H. G. BARROW, M.D. Wm. A. SHAW, M.D.  
BRADFORD KNAPP, M.D. A. H. MACANAB, M.D.  
S. H. THOMAS, M.D. E. H. FIDELL, M.D.

**CANNOT BE DISCREDITED.**

From the mass of evidence in our possession we select  
the following:-  
From J. J. RACINE, Esq.,  
of La Motte, Montreal. "Having experienced the  
most cheering results from the use of Dr. Wistar's  
Balsam of Wild Cherry, I am induced to express the  
great confidence which I have in its efficacy. For nine  
months I was most cruelly afflicted with a severe and  
obstinate cough, accompanied with acute pain in the  
side, which did not leave me, summer or winter. The  
symptoms increased continually, and so reduced was I  
that I could walk but a few paces without resting to  
recover from the pain and fatigue which so slight an  
exertion occasioned. At this juncture I commenced  
taking the Balsam, from which I derived immediate relief,  
and after having used four bottles I was completely  
restored to health. I have used the Balsam in my fam-  
ily, and administered it to my children, with the happiest  
results. I am sure that such Cautious as use the Bal-  
sam can but speak in its favor. It is a preparation  
which has only to be tried to be acknowledged as the  
remedy par excellence."

**A CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.**

Meers, SEW W. FOWLE & SON, St. Andrews, C.E., Aug. 11, 1866.  
Gentlemen-Several months since a little daughter  
of our ten years of age, was taken with Whooping  
Cough in a very aggravated form, and nothing we could  
do for her seemed in any way to relieve her suffer-  
ings. We at length decided to try a bottle of Dr. Wistar's  
Balsam of Wild Cherry. In three hours after she had  
commenced using it, she was greatly relieved, and in less  
than three days was entirely cured, and is now well.  
I have since recommended the Balsam to many of my  
neighbors, who have used it, and in no case have I  
known it fail of effecting a speedy cure.  
Yet are at liberty to make use of the above your  
think proper. If it shall before anybody to use your  
Balsam I shall be glad to be acknowledged as the  
Yours,  
P. GUTHRIE,  
Proprietor of the Courier de St. Hyacinthe.

**Clergymen, Lawyers, Singers,**

and all those whose occupation requires an unusual ex-  
ercise of the vocal organs, will find this the only Remedy  
which will effectually and harmoniously relieve their  
difficulties. This Remedy, unlike most others, is ex-  
tremely

**PLEASANT TO TASTE.**

A small quantity allowed to pass over the irritated  
part of voice removes the difficulty.  
**BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND**  
**IMITATIONS.**  
Remember, they imitate in name only, without re-  
producing the virtues. Say none unless signed "J. Fowle &  
Sons" on the wrapper.  
**WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY**  
is prepared by  
**SETH W. FOWLE & SON,**  
15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.  
And is for sale by all Druggists.



**GRACE'S SALVE**

This Salve is a vegetable preparation, discovered in  
the 17th century, by Dr. Wm. Grace, surgeon to King



# MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY.

STOPS THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN.

IN A FEW MINUTES.

# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Prevents its operation in all other medicines at once. It is the only medicine that can be used in all cases of pain, and it is the only medicine that can be used in all cases of pain.

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# NEW FRUIT.

Ex Steamer from Boston.

30 Boxes } Layers Raisins.

20 half do. } Layers Raisins.

Oct. 3. } Layers Raisins.

JAW STREET.

Selling off! Selling off!

At British House.

THE Subscribers now offer for sale their large

and well assorted stock of Dry Goods. The

stock consists in part of the following—viz:—

Broad Cloths, black and colored Dressings

Casement, Tweeds, Checkings, Russel Goods

Homespuns, French De Laine's, Merinos, Tweeds

Polines, Alpaca's, Parachutes, Alexander Goods

Leaves, Alpaca's in black and colored and figures

Prints, woad and grey Cottons, stripes, Tickings

Cravats, Cambrics, Satins, Tulle, etc.

Paletots, Barges and Woolen Shawls, Parasols

Umbrellas, Corsets, Hoop Skirts and Shirts

Holers, in Cotton, Wollen and Silk, Gloves

Portia Shirt Collars, Neck Ties, Braces, Pocket

Handkerchiefs in Cotton Linen and Silk, Merino

Woolen and Cotton Undershirts and pants, Cloth

and Linnen Table Covers, Scotch and Hoop

Carpetings, Blankets, flannels in grey, scarlet,

blue and fancy checks, Cotton Warps.

Also a large assortment of Ready-made Cook-

ing, Boats and Suits.

The whole to be sold without reserve as the

subscribers are determined to close their Dry

Goods business in St. Andrews.

DEB RADLEY & SON.

50 Bales, Cases and Packages

consisting of all the most desirable

Goods for the present season in

COTTON GOODS.

Prints, Grey sheetings, White sheetings,

Striped Sheetings, Regattas, Rites, Denims,

Cotton Flannels.

WOLLEN GOODS.

In Cloth, tweeds, trousseings, Confederate

Grey, Stone-washed, Blankets, Camp

Quilts, Flannels in cotton and wool, and all

wool Saxony, Welch, Twined, Plain, Red,

White, Blue, Yellow, Grey, Fancy Crimean

Flannels. HOMESPUNS Good for

Boys or Men's wear.

Pilot cloths, Beavers and Whineys, Mantle

cloths in black and coloured Sealskins,

Dogskin, Tweeds, &c. &c.

DRESS GOODS.

In all the new styles, Thibets, French Mer-

inos, British Lustres and Coburgs, Tweeds,

Gala Flannels in all wool and cotton & wool,

Challis, Poplins.

A few SUPERIOR BLACK SILK Dresses

Trimming Gowns in all the new styles

Bagie, Tinsel Velvet, Plain Velvets, &c.

MILLINERY goods of all descriptions,

Skeleton Skirts, La Belle, Bon-ton, Piu-

munade, Excelsior, and other styles.

Balsoral sheetings, and colours.

A nice assortment of Zephyr, Himalaya, and

Paul Long and Square SHAWLS.

READY MADE CLOTHING, Braces, woolen

socks, Neck ties, Scarfs, and Mufflers for

gentlemen.

Ladies and Childrens

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

with a variety of other goods so numerous

at the Standard would hardly contain their

names.

To all of which, public attention is invited.

Give us a call and see what we have got—

All goods sold at a small advance on cost to

ensure a speedy sale, and in no case can we

make a second price.

JOHN S. MAGEE,

ALBION HOUSE

Water St.

REMOVAL.

JOHN BALSON,

Shipbroker and Commission Agent.

KENNEDY'S ARCADE,

Water St.

Begs to announce that he has removed his place

of business to that eligible stand, Kennedy's Ar-

cade, fronting the Market Square, and two doors

south of the "ALBION HOUSE" where he respect-

fully solicits a share of patronage which an ex-

tened experience, enables him to conduct.

IN Store and for sale a constant supply of Flour

Provisions, Dry and Pickled Fish, salt; also

the celebrated, Albertine Oil, wholesale and retail,

with Lamps, Chimneys, and Burners; all of which

will be sold at the lowest possible rates.

Also, 20 Barrels Choice Apples.

Exporters of Lumber can be accommodated

with wharfage to any extent, at the most central

wharf in the Port, at moderate charges. Particu-

lar attention will be given to shipping business

entrusted to his care.

Masters of Vessels will find it to their interest

to give him a call.

St. Andrews, February 1st.

KEROSENE OIL.

Ex "Emma Pemberton" from Boston,

10 Casks Kerosene Oil.

J. W. STREET.

show Rooms.

29 Dock Street, St. John.

F. CLEMENTSON, has on hand and for sale

every description of the above ware direct

from the manufacturers in Staffordshire which he

offers for sale wholesale and retail on the most

reasonable terms.

An inspection solicited.

St. John, Oct. 19, 17 F. CLEMENTSON.

# Wm. H. Williamson.

Druggist

RESPECTFULLY announces to the In. habitants

of St. Andrews and vicinity, that he has re-

sumed his former business of a Druggist, in the

shop formerly known as Mr. Snodgrass' building,

adjoining the Union store, Water Street, where

he is prepared to make up Physicians' prescrip-

tions, and medicines for cattle &c.

He has also for sale Drugs, Chemicals, Family

and Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet ar-

ticles, paints, oils, Varnish, Glass, putty, &c.

Every shade of paint prepared for use.

The whole will be sold low for cash. American

money taken at a discount.

aug 21

Anthracite Coal.

A few tons of Anthracite coal, for sale by

J. W. STREET

Oct. 25th, 1866.

Brandy.

To arrive per "Swift" from Charotte,

14 Hhds. Martell, & Co. Cognac,

22 Br. Casks do do do do do do

10 Cases do do do do do do

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