

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[25 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 45

SAINT ANDREWS-NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 10, 1869.

Vol 36

## Poetry.

### True Courage.

If in years of fierce endeavor,  
All your efforts have been vain,  
Struggle on, believing ever  
That the victory you will gain.  
Are you friendless? you can conquer  
Foes without and foes within;  
What are trials, pains, and hunger,  
When there is a prize to win?

Noble nature prove ascendant  
In the world's ignoble strife,  
And true courage is descendant  
Of the dauntless soul in life.

On life's defeat scene of action,  
Though defeat may oft appear,  
Laurels, prizes, wealth, and station  
Are for those who persevere.

## Interesting Tale.

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Mamma, let me take him just a moment—  
please, do!

The white satin-covered, fringed room—  
snow swan down, soft and pure as sea foam,  
was thrown back so that the cool air might  
flow upon the fevered forehead of the little  
child who lay upon the sofa. He lay there  
with his eyes glittering with natural bright-  
ness, and the pallid gold of his curling hair  
pushed away from the baby's brow. Wealth  
could not avert the hot touch of fever, and  
little Vere Trevorton, heir to all the broad  
estates of the Hall, could purchase no indemnity  
to himself!

Mrs. Trevorton knelt beside him, watching  
him with agonized tenderness every quiver  
of the little mouth—almost counting the throbs  
of the rapid pulse—with her costly silks sweep-  
ing her floor around her as if they had been  
her wings. She was a tall, ungainly looking  
woman, with large black eyes, and hair dark  
er than the purple gloss of the raven's wing.  
Edith Trevorton, her step-daughter, leaned  
over top of the crib, with eyes of pitying love  
upon the child's face. A slender grace-  
ful thing of seventeen, with soft blue eyes,  
and a complexion of blonde fairness, one would  
have thought it impossible to help loving Edith.  
But when Charles Trevorton, upon his death-  
bed, executed the will bequeathing his estates  
first to his son, and then, in case of his little  
Vere's death, to Edith, the daughter of his first  
marriage, he unconsciously kindled the fire of  
jealousy which had burned fervently ever since  
in Mrs. Trevorton's heart. How could she  
love the girl who was perchance to profit by  
her son's death?

Do let me take him mamma, urged Edith,  
softly. I know it would relieve the pain—and  
I would hold him so carefully.

Mrs. Trevorton made a movement of impa-  
tience.

Go back to your lover, child, she said, in  
accents of irritation. What is it to you whether  
my boy lives or dies? Except indeed, that  
when the bell is heard over him, you become  
a great actress.

Edith's eyes filled with tears.

Mamma, she exhibited passionately, you  
are unjust! I would use to care him!

But Mrs. Trevorton only curled her lip  
scornfully, and Edith, with swimming eyes,  
and a full heart, passed into the adjoining  
room, where her lover, a handsome man of  
about twenty-six, was carelessly turning over  
a portfolio of engravings.

Tears fell, said he lightly. Nay, let me  
brush them away before they fall.

I am very foolish, Charles, said Edith, try-  
ing to smile; but mamma is so unkind, and—  
Then dearest, give me a husband's rights to  
take away from her cold dominion. "I promise  
you there shall be nothing but sunshine in  
our home!"

But Edith shook her head, sighing.

I could not leave dear little Vere while he  
is so sick. O, Charles! if Heaven would but  
be pleased to restore him to health, I should  
never be unhappy again.

And how much longer must I wait for my  
promised wife? said the young man, half just-  
ing, half vexed.

Don't ask me now, dearest Charles; but some  
time perhaps the hour may come. But hush!  
there is mamma calling me.

She hurried back to the apartment she had  
just quitted. Mrs. Trevorton stood before a  
small mahogany table, upon which was arrang-  
ed the spools, glasses, and cups of cooling  
drink—her face very pale.

Edith, he is very, very much worse; where  
is that medicine the doctor left to be taken  
in case of extreme danger. Quick, tell me—  
there is not an instant to lose!

Medicine, mamma? I laid it out that table!

said Edith, her very lips growing white as  
she saw the deadly change that had come over  
the infant's face.

Then where is it, Edith? it was placed in  
your charge?

Some one must have taken it away, said  
Edith nervously opening and shutting the  
drawers, and examining every corner of the  
table.

I certainly placed it here.

Edith, you and you alone know where it is!  
said Mrs. Trevorton, passionately. Are you  
determined to let my child die before your  
eyes? Confess at once that you have con-  
cealed the medicine—do not burden your con-  
science with so dreadful a crime!

Mother, sobbed Edith wildly, as surely as  
I stand here before you, I have not seen the  
medicine since I left it on that table. It must  
be here somewhere. Do not speak so harshly  
to me; you know that I would lay down my  
life for my baby brother!

But all search was vain—and before the  
doctor could be summoned from the neighbor-  
ing village, the baby's brief life was over—  
and only a little waxen corpse remained to be  
laid in the statefully furnished vault of the Tre-  
vorton's of Trevorton Hall.

Mrs. Trevorton was surrounded by sympa-  
thizing friends in this her hour of grief; words  
of comfort were whispered in her ear, and  
gentle hands bathed her brow in perfumed  
water and smoothed back the dishevelled  
tresses from her fearful face. But Edith the  
lonely, sat alone, in a sort of bewildered  
trance; people kept aloof, and regarded her  
with shuddering horror.

For Mrs. Trevorton had turned upon her in  
the first wild tumult of grief, denouncing her  
as a murderess!

To be sure, said the servants, whispering  
together, it all seems as though Miss Edith  
had planned it out beforehand—after Master  
Vere, Miss Edith was to inherit all the pros-  
perity—and it was so easy just to turn the  
medicine-powder. The doctor says that they  
would have kept the dear sweet innocent alive,  
if they had been given in time—only think of  
it!

But, dear me, sighed the lady's maid, to  
think of her pretending to be so fond of Mas-  
ter Vere all this time, and she so pretty and  
meek-looking too! O, the hypocrisy there is  
in this world!

Edith heard the whispers, and they chilled  
her very blood; but there was deeper humili-  
ation yet in store for her.

Charles Melton called a day or two after  
the funeral. Edith was sitting, in her deep  
mourning weeds, beside a window, appear-  
ingly watching the stormy splendor of a Decem-  
ber sunset; but she never saw his glory. As  
Charles approached she rose and instinctively  
extended her hand. He did not take it, how-  
ever.

Edith, he said, coldly and gravely, until  
this dreadful shadow of doubt and suspicion is  
removed from between us, we can never be  
brother and sister again.

Can you give me explanations of the strange  
circumstances attending Vere Trevorton's  
death?

None save what I have already given, said  
Edith, with the calm voice that belongs only  
to despair. I cannot account for the disap-  
pearance of that medicine; but oh! it is  
dreadful to be charged with hastening the  
death of the brother whom I loved so tenderly—  
so truly, Charles, can it be possible that  
you too suspect me?

You must pardon me, Edith, he said, if I  
demand to receive back the truth, I ought to  
you a year ago. I can never call by the name  
and holy name of wife one upon whom the  
blight of suspicion rests.

You are free, said Edith's reply. The only  
I have of retelling this horrible accusation  
is to "live it down!"

Years came and went—gray winters piled  
their drifts of snow high around the pilared  
mausoleum where little Vere Trevorton slept  
amid his laughing ancestry, and smiling sum-  
mers wreathed it in roses and rich mantles of  
verdure. Edith, a pale, broken hearted  
woman whose young bloom had faded long ago,  
was in Italy, vainly hoping that the sunny  
skies that bled eternally over the blue waves  
of Naples would restore health to her  
broken-down constitution. Ere she left home  
she had pleaded vanity for her step-mother's  
blowing; but it had been sternly with-held.

And now, in foreign climes, Edith Trevorton's  
heart, which had endured the obloquy of so  
many years, was breaking at last.

It was a wild and stormy night in February.  
Mrs. Trevorton sat in her luxurious boudoir,  
beside the glow of a shining wood-fire, read-  
ing. She was as stately and beautiful as of  
old, but around the curves of the small  
mouth the deep lines of pride and sorrow had  
left their indelible impress. But there was  
all her old majesty in the petulant motion  
with which she turned to listen to a servant  
who had just entered.

I beg your pardon, mamma, but there is a  
woman below who has just dragged herself to  
the door through the storm, and she says she  
has a confession to make to you before she  
dies. Please, mamma, the housekeeper says  
she thinks she's going fast!

A confession! said Mrs. Trevorton, curi-  
ously struggling with annoyance in her mind.  
What can the poor thing mean. Well, I sup-  
pose I may as well go down and see her.

She's a dreadful looking old creature,  
mamma, said the servant, as he followed his  
mistress down the softly carpeted stairs.

Even with this preparation, however, Mrs.  
Trevorton was indubitably shocked at the  
ghastly presence of her strange visitor. Pale,  
attenuated and shrunken, with tattered gar-  
ments and wild hair wildly confined by  
the rude net she wore, a woman lay gasping  
on the bed in the housekeeper's room.

Send them away! she whispered to Mrs.  
Trevorton, motioning towards the servants.—  
The lady obeyed.

You have forgotten me, I see, she said, when  
they were alone together. I am the nurse  
who was with you when your boy died, ten  
years ago. Don't start, lady—let me tell my  
story while strength remains. I have done a  
crime in preserving silence all these years—  
and now with death pulling at my heart-  
strings, I would fain make what little amend  
I can.

Is your son-dead here?

Mrs. Trevorton shook her head.

It is well, said the woman. I could not  
confess were he here to listen. "Do you re-  
member the awful day your little one died?"

Do you remember how the medicine disap-  
peared? and how Miss Edith was believed to  
have destroyed it, lest her brother, who stood  
between her and the possession of all these  
estates, should recover? I know that Miss  
Edith would have shed her own blood rather  
than that a hair of the child's head should  
come to harm. Miss Edith was as  
innocent as the child in her hands—the world  
may know it now! Listen, lady, and un-  
derstand me. The medicine, you may recollect,  
was left upon a table, wrapped in paper.

After the doctor departed I arranged the table,  
and removed a pile of old papers that lay  
there. The circumstance was so trifling that  
I did not even remember it, until some day  
after the funeral, when, in looking for some  
missing article, I found that packet of medi-  
cine slipped by accident among the papers  
which I had myself taken away. Through  
my carelessness your son died, and Miss Edith's  
whole life was blighted. Lady—seven then  
I dared not avow the truth. I feared that you  
would kill me in your hot anger. No—I  
lovely left the shadow of calumny upon Miss  
Edith. You were surprised that I went away  
from the Hall so abruptly—you did not know  
all! Since then I have never known a happy  
moment, and now, with the damp of death  
upon my brow, I confess to you the secret  
which has followed me like a grim skeleton!

Mrs. Trevorton had grown very pale, and now,  
as the dying woman placed in her hand the little  
packet of medicine, found in issue paper, she  
uttered a will of fullness of remorse.

"My husband's daughter—and is it thus I have  
fulfilled the charge he laid upon me to cherish  
and protect her?"

The next morning, Mrs. Trevorton and Charles  
Melton were on their way to Italy; but the worn  
out patient, who had spoken after so many years  
of silence, was at rest in the peaceful shadow  
of death.

The beautiful spring-like glow was glowing  
above the land of orange and palm, when the two  
young people reached the city where Edith was  
born.

—The time had long gone by when Edith was  
pertaining to earth could interest her.

"I knew the mystery would one day be cleared  
up," she said, calmly, when they recounted the  
story to her. "But I thought I should not  
let me die under the burden of so great an in-  
justice. Do you remember, Charles, I said I  
should 'live it down'?"

But you must not talk of dying! said Melton,  
earnestly. You must live to make us all happy.  
I wish, dearest, to take you back to your native  
land as my beloved and honored wife. I have  
never ceased to love you all these years!

Edith shook her head.

"It is too late," she said. "The roses are al-  
ready in bud, which will be strewn over my grave.  
Do not look so grave, mamma; I have forgiven  
you years ago! The doctors say I am in a de-  
cline; they talk of consumption; but I know that  
I am dying of a broken heart."

The smile with which she spoke was like moon-  
light over tombstones—so wan, so sadly sweet.

When the violent storm had once withered under  
the mid-day sun, not all the rainy rains of April  
can revive its bloom; and thus it was with Edith.  
She died, and was buried under the masonry  
of Italy, the sweetest martyr that ever perished  
from the love of earth!

But she was happier in her blossom-covered  
grave than Charles Melton and Mrs. Trevorton  
were on the earth, the victims of a remorse which  
never slept.

## THE COLONISTS.

It was evening at the fort, and Charles de  
LaTour and his wife sat talking over their  
schemes. As the dusk came on, a  
bright fire on the hearth blazed below the tall  
brass chandelier—logs of well-seasoned walnut sent  
up a steady flame, while curling wreaths of  
clear blue smoke ascended at the sides. The  
commandant sat in a long hunt, was not  
inclined to move, and Marie, notwithstanding her  
enquiries in general to prosecute her  
labors at the loom, was enjoying so earnestly  
the conversation and the charm of the fireside

that she sat "carding her reels," not disposed  
to shorten the twilight hour.

Suddenly, a slight disturbance was heard  
below. Footsteps sounded on the stairs, a  
man entered, and, without speaking a word,  
threw the door open.

The air and the man of the stranger  
commanded respect and hospitable authority;  
and his dress was costly, though not in the  
fashion of France. They stood for a few mo-  
ments in silence, then Charles de LaTour,  
dusting forward, threw his arms round the  
stranger, and kissing him on both cheeks, ex-  
claimed, "My father!"

The elder LaTour warmly returned his  
son's salutation, they embraced his daughter  
in law. The surprise was soon over, and  
they seated themselves round the fire, and  
Charles and Marie, in their excess of happi-  
ness at this realization of their fondest hope,  
feeling as if all their anxieties had vanished.

But it was soon evident that the father was not  
at ease. He withheld all his son's attempts  
to engage him in conversation; and Marie,  
concluding that after the fatigues of his voyage  
he was in want of rest, hastened to prepare a  
bed, and advised his retiring to repose.

The next morning the father and the son  
went over the fort, and Charles pointed out  
what he considered requisite to be done to  
make the post defensible. The father only  
shrugged his shoulders with expressions of  
contempt.

"You are throwing away your time," he  
said, "in vain attempts to do what is impos-  
sible. The way of France is over here."

"Not yet, my father," said the young man.  
"Our Indians are faithful, and with your ad-  
vice surely we can carry on our work."

When the promised reinforcement arrived, it  
will require a strong force to reduce this fort."

"All that you can do is useless," replied his  
father. "Why attempt what is impossible?"

"To the resolved mind nothing is impossi-  
ble," answered Charles.

You speak like a visionary youth. My ex-  
perience does not warrant such ideas. The  
young are hopeful; but it is idle to contend  
against fate and destiny.

What would you have me to do father?  
asked the young man, as he looked up with a  
doubtful and distressed air.

A grin smile passed over the features of  
Charles de LaTour, as he said: "There is no  
use in perplexing ourselves about what has  
been, or might still be done, had we the op-  
portunity and the means. If the French Gov-  
ernment had so willed, this territory could  
have been preserved to France. It is no  
irrevocably lost. You may be instrument of  
destroying these Indians, who, you say, are  
disposed to be faithful. You may throw away  
your own life, and sacrifice that of your wife,  
who, so young and devoted, deserves a better  
fate; but to preserve the fort to France is  
impossible. Nor is it possible for you to re-  
turn to France, to poverty and neglect. No;  
you have been accustomed to command; you  
are fitted for the highest; it depends on yourself  
to choose."

Charles de LaTour had listened to his fa-  
ther's words with fixed attention. He now  
looked up. What am I to choose, my father?  
he asked. What would you have me to do?

Give up the fort to the English, was the  
answer.

The young man started back with horror  
and dismay.

Never! never! he exclaimed. Rather  
than betray my country and my king, I would  
reign over a hope of happiness on earth, and  
not even my father, shall convince me I am  
not right in so doing.

Charles de LaTour turned contemptuously  
on his heel and walked away. Fool! was the  
only word he uttered. An invincible feeling  
of repugnance chained Charles for some mo-  
ments to the spot. What had passed seemed  
a fearful dream.

While he remained immovable, not in doubt  
but in dismay, Charles de LaTour came sud-  
denly back. Charles, he said, in a tone of  
authority, cast away these absurd scruples, un-  
fit for a man of your age and sense. What is  
the King of France to you now? The King  
of England can give you rank and prefer-  
ment. You can gain sums such as you have  
never touched. Do not cast away needless ad-  
vantages which may never again come within  
your reach!

Never! never! will I grasp the reward of  
a traitor.

The father was silent for a moment. Twice  
he turned to depart, twice came back. Then  
in a tone of tenderness that was not wholly  
assumed, he said: My son, must we part then  
forever on earth? Has a parent's advice and  
entreaties no weight with his offspring, his  
only remaining child, for whose welfare he  
has spent his prime, and to whose care he looks  
as the solace of his declining years?

His son was sorrowful but not irresolute.—  
He could not be fixed. I cannot follow your ad-  
vice, he said; yet I would not say adieu for-  
ever on earth.

He grasped his father's hand, but Charles  
sternly shook him off, and, without another  
word strode away. Charles returned to his

apartment, a tumult of conflicting emotions  
struggling in his breast. He felt as if he had  
been unfaithful to his father, though the advice  
of that parent had been so strangely disrepa-  
rable, that he could not bear the idea of dis-  
obeying it even to his wife.

To Marie's eager and repeated enquiries  
about his father, he returned evasive answers,  
pained to himself and perplexed to her; and  
Madame de LaTour, unable to extract any sat-  
isfactory reason for the short stay and sudden  
departure of M. de LaTour, at length decid-  
ed that natural reluctance at parting with his  
father caused the dejection, and abstracted man-  
ner of her husband. She exerted herself to  
revive his spirits, but her efforts to maintain  
their usual lively conversation failing, she took  
refuge in her labors at the loom, and the even-  
ing passing wearily away, they retired to rest.

Charles could not sleep. His father's words  
sounded continually in his ears, and the dread-  
ful idea of his parent being a traitor, torment-  
ed him to agony. He rose and looked out  
through the narrow casement. It was quite  
dark, the air was dull and heavy; nothing  
could be distinctly discerned. The clouds  
moving slowly from the east, now and then a  
star was visible, while the moaning of the  
wind through the forest, mingled with the dis-  
tant murmurs of the sea, seemed to fill the  
footsteps at regular intervals. It was cold;  
but unwilling to return to his sleepless couch,  
he dressed himself, and again took his place  
at the window. The darkness seemed to have  
deepened, yet, as he peered into the gloom  
around, was it imagination, or did something  
move? Was it a racoon or a cat? He looked  
more keenly. He looked more keenly. He  
was gathering round the walls. Instantly he  
closed the casement, and sounded his whistle.

In a moment he was answered by the cries of  
his own soldiers, the shouts of the enemy, and  
the yells of the Indians. Then commenced a  
rapid discharge of musketry, which was quick-  
ly returned by the commandant and his  
little garrison. They were not long in per-  
ceiving that they were far outnumbered by  
their assailants.

Melanie de LaTour awoke in terror.—  
Starting up, and finding her husband gone,  
the sound of cannon and musketry, the tumult  
of the combat, the flashes of light, told her that  
the fort was at a siege. She rose and groped to  
the window. Charles had closed the shutter,  
she dared not to open it; but stood trembling  
listening to the fearful clatter. And the  
shouts and confusion, one word distinctly  
reached her ear—it was the voice of Charles.

Merciful heaven! she exclaimed, as the  
dreadful truth flashed on her mind. It is his  
father who attacks us.

Then, as fresh cries and groans became dis-  
tinguishable, she remembered that she ought  
to attend to the wounded, and immediately dis-  
cended to the court. Two men were bring-  
ing in a sword, his arm shattered by a ball—  
Marie was distracted by the sight and danger  
of the danger to which her husband was ex-  
posed. She would have flown to the rampart, but  
wounded Swiss required aid, and another and  
another bleeding soldier was brought in.

Seizing a lamp, she hastened for the requisite  
appliances, enclosed the wounded limbs in  
scoops of bark, and wound bandages round,  
then administered a few drops of cordial, in  
which she infused a decoction of the plant now  
called *Boneste*, the properties of which were  
known to the colonists.

The contest lasted till break of day. The  
assailants, with resolute bravery, repeatedly  
advanced to the attack; but were as often driv-  
en back. Marie busied with the wounded, and  
would not suffer herself to think of danger;  
but the point of a dagger seemed to pierce her  
heart, when the voice of Charles de LaTour,  
hoarse with rage and exertion, rose above the  
tumult, while the soldiers of the garrison van-  
ished their fury in imprecations against the father,  
who thus assisting the enemy, would have  
sacrificed his son. But morning dawned, and  
the assailants retired. Charles did not de-  
scend from the rampart till he had provided  
against another attack. His wife flew to meet  
him, but Charles was dejected and incapable  
of excitement. He had no satisfaction in hav-  
ing repulsed his father. No consolation in  
seeing him retire with redoubled shame, de-  
fied to add to the degradation of treachery.—  
"New Dominion Monthly," for November.

What is the difference between a surgeon  
and a wizard? The one is a copper and the  
other is a sorcerer.

Why is America like the net of reflection?  
Because it is a roomy nation (informer)

P. M. Court, Esq. was severely injured last  
week by falling over a loose plank in Port-  
land bridge, St. John.

An Omaha girl fired one shot at a fellow-  
with a revolver, and told him she had fired,  
when he married her, and all is lovely now.

A G. O. barkeeper advertises whiskey  
that will make one drunk, and a card of in-  
vitation will store his name in a account.

"Industry must prosper," as the man said,  
who was holding the baby while his wife chop-  
ped wood.



# TELEGRAPH NEWS.

LONDON, Nov. 5th.  
George Peabody died at half past 11 o'clock to-night at his residence in this city.

While the gunboat "Thistle" was on a trial trip off Sheerness this afternoon her boiler exploded with terrible effect. Ten men were killed outright and eight were seriously wounded.

A party of priests were attacked by a party of Orangemen it is supposed, at Cavan, Ireland, yesterday, and it is thought that one of them is fatally injured.

New York, Nov. 5th.  
The schooner "W. H. Clava" from Nassau, arrived at Key West on Thursday morning, with 129 men who were taken from the Cuban steamer "Lillian." She was captured by the English authorities at Nassau while at anchor in the harbor. The vessel is said to be badly damaged and condemned as unfit for service.

Gold 125 1/2.

LONDON, Nov. 7.  
The Queen opened the new bridge and visited the city with state ceremonies. Crowds of people thronged the streets and the houses in the neighborhood were gaily decorated.

Dispatches from Florence announce that King Victor Emmanuel is dying.

The Prince and Princess, Napoleon, have been summoned to his bedside, and have left for Florence.

The Convention for the proposed Cable between the United States and Belgium was signed yesterday in Paris, by the Belgian minister.

The Cable is to be laid from Ostend to some point between Maine and Georgia, by an American Company.

New York, Nov. 8.

The money market opens with more stringency.

CUSTOMS DIFFICULTIES ON THE BORDERS.

We clip from an American exchange the following extraordinary items:—

"There occurred at Port Huron yesterday one of the most extraordinary acts, on the part of the Collector of Customs, we have ever heard of."

A party came from Montreal over the G. T. Railway with the intention of passing to this city, and from there to St. Louis.

Among the party were Mr. Potter, President of the G. T. Road, and Mr. Briggs, Managing Director.

The party came in the directors' car to Port Huron, where they were met by the Collector, who demanded that Mr. Briggs should pay \$1,250 in gold as duty on the car.

Mr. Briggs stated that there was no intention of letting the car remain in the United States, and proposed to give a bond for its return; but this would not satisfy Mr. Sanborn.

It was then stated that it was the daily practice to pass to and from the United States and Canada, and only the freight cars of the Blue-line, but also the Pullman sleeping cars, that officers of the government had repeatedly gone to Canada in cars from this side, and that not long since a party of railway officials had gone from Detroit to Port Huron in one of the cars of the Michigan Central without paying any duties, but all this produced no effect on the collector, who actually collected \$1,250 in gold on the car.

Sir Richard Grosvenor, Marquis Westminster, who died in London on Monday, was not distinguished in politics, though he had some influence, but he was the possessor of probably the largest estate in England.

His wealth was enormous, yielding, it is said, an annual income of nearly three millions of dollars. The manner in which this vast fortune was obtained was remarkable.

The first Earl Grosvenor was in comparatively slender circumstances, but was the owner of a large tract of low-lying land in Westminster, which yielded him but little and which was regarded as of little value.

The rapid growth of London towards the land attracted the attention of a master builder named Cubitt, who led a number of the unproductive acres, turned them into city lots and began erecting houses. The value of the property now increased with marvelous rapidity.

Upon it was built the present aristocratic portion of London known as Piccadilly and Belgrave. Cubitt acquired immense wealth by his enterprise; but the lucky owner obtained the lion's share. In a few years, it is stated, the lots owned by Cubitt will revert to the present owner, whose fortune will then be increased to probably \$4,000,000 per annum.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.—This grand gathering of Catholic Bishops, Priests and Cardinals will be opened on the 8th of December, the anniversary of the Immaculate Conception. Nine hundred Bishops, Archbishops and Patriarchs, each accompanied by a theologian will form part of the assembly, together with a hundred theologians of the Pope, almost all Bishops, fifty Cardinals and eight or nine generals of religious orders. The latter escorted respectively by two theologians. A musical mass will be celebrated on the first day at St. Peter's in which the most celebrated singers of Italy will take part. The communion service will be administered by the Pope in person, with the singing of Veni Creator Spiritus and of Sum Tuum Precor.

MILITARY.—The troopship "Tamar" from Quebec, with the 53rd Regiment, and a company of Royal Engineers on board, arrived here yesterday. The Engineers will be placed on board H. M. S. "Barracouta," for conveyance to Bermuda, when the "Tamar" will take on board a company of the Royal Engineers and proceed to Jamaica, where she will disembark the 53rd and Artillery and return to Halifax with the 84th, who relieve the 1st Buffs. The troopship "Albatross" also arrived yesterday from Quebec.

with the 29th Regt., on board, and will embark a battery of Artillery here, and proceed to Barbados. After leaving the 29th and Artillery at that place she will sail for England with the 47th Regiment which will be relieved by the 29th. [Halifax Colonist.]

WORK FOR SOLDIERS.—The Field Marshal commanding in Chief has sent to Chatham a circular regarding the employment of soldiers in trade in the construction and repair of military buildings, in which he calls attention to the circular issued by the Secretary of War approving such employment of the military.

The Duke of Cambridge calls the attention of general and other officers commanding to the advantages of the proposed system. In consequence of the reception of this circular steps have been taken to carry out the plan. Returns have been called for all of those soldiers who by trade are carpenters, plumbers, painters, glaziers, bricklayers, and gasfitters, who might be employed in the repair of public buildings; but every soldier who happens to be one of these trades will not be allowed the privilege of earning extra money by working in his trade for the Government.

To be eligible for this he must be a soldier of good character, and have over two years' service.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, NOV. 19, 1893.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Today is being observed as a day of Thanksgiving for the harvest.

The stores and public offices are closed, business generally suspended, and the churches are open for public worship. This is only right and proper—for we all have reason to be thankful for the numerous blessings and mercies vouchsafed to us by Divine Providence.

Lieut. Saxby's prediction as to a violent commotion of the elements early in November has proved correct. Our exchanges contain accounts of storms which in several instances caused considerable damage.

In Cape Breton the gale of the 4th was the severest known there for many years. The waters rose to their highest point of ordinary spring tides—cattle were drowned—eight vessels were driven ashore at Cow Bay, and a fire-ship was blown to pieces.

At North Sydney vessels were driven ashore and were injured from collision. At Lunenburg the treacherous work and blocks of the Coal Company were carried away, and a barge from London for Paton driven ashore and became a total wreck. In Nova Scotia the storm was also severe, and some damage was done.

The tides all over the Province during last week were higher than for many years. On Sunday last the "Daily News" says, St. John experienced a severe storm, which broke up that portion of Red's Point Wharf damaged by the late storm, which was being repaired; and on the Carleton side the Breakwater was carried away, one house was blown down and others were injured.

The tide here rose to an unusual height on Saturday and Sunday, carrying away wood piled on wharves and breaking up large beams of logs collected after the late storm. In fact from the old Rat wharf down to White Point all the wharves are gone, and the wood piled on the banks was floating about the harbor on Sunday last. On Monday night there was a strong wind and heavy sea, but we have not heard of further damage.

TURNIPS.—For the last week the annual "turnip glut" has been kept up from early morn to dewy eve. Double teams loaded with turnips have been driven to the vessels at the wharves, for shipment to St. John, Boston and New York. The quality is good, but the roots are not so large as they were last year. We will endeavor to ascertain the quantity shipped this fall, which from appearances must be very large; and trust the farmers will realize remunerative prices for their labor pursued under so many disadvantages during the season just passed.

A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL.—It is a pleasure to record that parents of the pupils attending Mr. Whyte's School, are pleased with the progress made by their children; we learn that there are nearly 70 scholars on the register and that said they come; at the rate of increase Mr. Whyte will soon require another assistant. He is entitled to all praise for working up a School which had been run down.

Punctuality, assiduous attention to the scholars with great aptitude for teaching, are the secret of the success which has attended his labors. In addition to an English education, the languages are also taught French, Latin, Greek and German.

The "Schooling Times" states that some families in Milford and Calais were nearly smothered last week, by eating cheese purchased from a grocer in Calais. Immediate medical

aid prevented any fatal results. The cheese was purchased from a respectable firm in Boston; it is supposed that the poison was introduced at the manufactory.

Subscribers who received their bills a few weeks ago, and have not paid them will have themselves to blame if they are put to expense after the 17th instant.

We are requested to correct a mistake which occurred in awarding the premiums at the Agricultural Fair. In consequence of the numbers of some of the articles having accidentally fallen off or become mixed, the first premium on Wheat was awarded to Jas. McFarlane instead of J. C. Bartlett, who was justly entitled to it. It was purely a mistake, and Mr. Bartlett's name will appear on the records as having the first prize wheat.

"Truth" is one thing, and "policy" another. It may appear on certain occasions "expedient" or "politic" to support a man or to oppose him; but there, as has been frequently asserted, "no honesty in politics, no truth."

Highness, an inordinate love of the "shaves and fishes," and a desire for place, power and prominence. That is goodness, we are simple enough to believe, that we have public men holding high official positions, who work for the welfare of our common country; and we are liberal enough to believe that many of the clever Opposition are sincere in their views, and that in some cases they have succeeded in carrying out arrangements of great benefit to the people.

To our present rulers, we have as far as our judgment dictated, accorded our best support; we did so without arrogating to ourselves any great amount of influence, and without hope of reward—neither of which have we received. While doing so, we admit that we did not approve of every act, and thereby became "a tame follower." We have been disappointed in some things which we have not been gazetted—of course to our own Province. But this never led us to abuse the Ministers from New Brunswick.

They are not men, and cannot always carry a point from the simple fact that they are outvoted at the Council Board; we do not hold that they should throw up their seals of office because they cannot have their own way in every case. We never have joined in the cabals raised against either Mr. Tillyer or Mr. Mitchell, believing that they were working for the benefit of the Province. True, we did not approve of Mr. Mitchell's advocating the North Shore Line for the Intercolonial Railway, but he was working for the benefit of his constituents who placed him where he is. These gentlemen know that we have not so limited either office or enrollment, not that we are better than others, and would refuse a position, when offered, if we felt ourselves competent to fill it.

One of the recent appointments we did not support, and that was Mr. Hinck's as Finance Minister, and we candidly said so at the time; we notice however that some who published opposition in our record some few years ago, are now acquiescing in his appointment; they may however have good reasons for the change in their opinion.

Correspondents should bear in mind to send their letters before Wednesday morning, as we cannot undertake to publish them the day they are received. Tuesday morning is the latest time that letters for publication can be received for Wednesday, issue. "One of the People" and "Tax Pay" received after the paper was made up, we have not had time even to read the letters.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto Globe says:—

I understand the Government have ordered to be paid to the New Brunswick Government, to be by them paid over to the Eastern Extension Company, the sum of \$547,590. A further sum of \$292,560 has been paid to the New Brunswick Government, being for the advance towards the construction of the Eastern Extension line. A balance of \$144,000 to the Company will be paid as soon as the line is balanced, which will be completed in a month or so. The whole cost to the Government for the Eastern Extension Railway as part of the Intercolonial will be \$894,000.

Among the many incidents told in connection with the Stonewall disaster disgraceful to human nature, perhaps the worst is the account of the behavior of Capt. Washington, of the steamer Submarine, No. 12. The second engineer of the Stonewall declares (and his statement is supported by other eye witnesses) that Capt. Washington passed by the drowning persons without offering any assistance, and that the "wash" from the Submarine smothered many of the struggling swimmers to the bottom.

The Officer's Quarters in this City, as well as the Barrack Store Rooms and offices, have been handed over to Deputy Adjutant General Mansell, who will occupy them for the present. It is probable that in a few days all the military possessions in Fredericton will be handed over to the local authorities. [Fredericton Reporter.]

An Ottawa despatch states that the Government is sending out printed forms or bonds for security to be given by all public officers through the country. [Yes, and they are double bonds, (with securities) and the signers are obliged to make affidavit that they are worth the amounts named. [Ed. Stand.]

The COUNTY COURT closed its sittings on Friday last. As before stated the business is increasing in this Court, which will make the session of the Circuit Court, shorter.

To the Editor of the Standard.

MR. EDITOR:—I have some experience of fire engines, and likewise at fire; and I state, without fear of successful contradiction, and I can bring abundant proof of the fact—that engine No. 2 did poor service at the fire on Capt. Green's premises, and that "Turrent" engine is a much better engine. I and many others who are not grumblers and pay our taxes, feel that the purchase of No. 2 engine, is a heavy loss to the Town. Asking permission to have these few lines published in the paper, I am,

Yours, AN OLD FIREMAN.

Nov. 8.

STORM.—On Wednesday night, the 27th ult., there was a very severe storm at Cape Breton. At Cow Bay there were seven vessels and one steamer wrecked, but no loss of life. Six cows and a horse were overtaken by the tide and drowned. [News.]

Professor Jardine, on taking leave of his charge, was the recipient of a handsome address from the students of the New Brunswick University, where he has occupied the position of Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy for a couple of years.

The London correspondent of the "Elgin Courier" states that Mrs. Leigh's children are commencing an action for damages against "Macmillan's Magazine," and they might perhaps try for an injunction against the publication of anything further from Mrs. Stowe.

New York, Nov. 8.

Late advices from South America says the volcano Parícutine in the State of Canaan, about twenty miles from the capital, burst forth with terrific violence on midnight, 4th ult., vomiting immense quantities of smoke, flame, sulphur and ashes. It was feared that all the towns and villages in the vicinity had been burned in the ashes, and that few, if any, of the unfortunate inhabitants escaped destruction. A short time after the eruption the River Canaan was observed to rise very suddenly, bringing down the dead bodies of men and animals in great numbers.

By order of the Queen, funeral services will be held over the remains of the late Geo. Peabody in Westminster Abbey, on Friday, Nov. 12th.

New York, Nov. 9.

A severe storm has prevailed on Lake Ontario since last Saturday night, and several disasters to the shipping are reported.

ITEMS.

The "Reporter" is informed that our Legislature will meet on the 15th of February.

The first through train of passenger cars—or, for there was only one then—passed from Fredericton to the junction on Tuesday last.

The grading of the Houlton Branch Railway has been contracted for Messrs. William Love, Loring Thompson, and William Thompson, Jr., and the work will be proceeded with immediately. [Courier.]

They have had a heavy storm in the Gulf, and thereby Lieut. Saxby's predictions have been fulfilled.

The King of Prussia has appointed the 10th of November as a day of fasting and prayer, to implore Divine guidance and protection in the great religious movements now agitate Europe.

The American ship J. F. Whitney was lost in the Indian ocean on the 8th of April. Thirty-two men perished. After fourteen days of intense suffering, through want of food and water, the captain and eight men, in a small boat reached a group of islands, whence they were forwarded to Bombay.

Lady Hincks, has arrived per Moravian. WINTERLY DRAWNERS.—Cold and damp winds are noted for producing great disturbances in the circulation, whence proceed bronchitis, asthma, and pulmonary disorders, generally resulting from our variable temperature. A chill, cold, or cough should have instant attention, before serious consequences spring from neglect. All may use, with perfect confidence, Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam, with the certainty of curing their ailment, and averting all future danger. This Balsam will soothe your irritable membranes, and give indescribable relief from that torturing cough. If taken at bedtime it will give sound, unbroken, and refreshing rest.

The quickest and surest remedy for subduing pain, taking soreness out of harness galls or shoulder, is Dr. Dove's Soregum Oil Liniment. If you want to relieve the pain successfully you must use the doctor's preparation.

Dr. Wilson's Anti-Bilious Pills relieve constipation, correct the stomach, increase the appetite, so that the coarsest food is relished. When this is accomplished, all other complaints must yield to the restoring influence of these Pills; and returning strength of the vital functions will prevent the nervous and other distressing symptoms which none but sufferers can describe.

ary possessions in Fredericton will be handed over to the local authorities. [Fredericton Reporter.]

An Ottawa despatch states that the Government is sending out printed forms or bonds for security to be given by all public officers through the country. [Yes, and they are double bonds, (with securities) and the signers are obliged to make affidavit that they are worth the amounts named. [Ed. Stand.]

The COUNTY COURT closed its sittings on Friday last. As before stated the business is increasing in this Court, which will make the session of the Circuit Court, shorter.

To the Editor of the Standard.

MR. EDITOR:—I have some experience of fire engines, and likewise at fire; and I state, without fear of successful contradiction, and I can bring abundant proof of the fact—that engine No. 2 did poor service at the fire on Capt. Green's premises, and that "Turrent" engine is a much better engine. I and many others who are not grumblers and pay our taxes, feel that the purchase of No. 2 engine, is a heavy loss to the Town. Asking permission to have these few lines published in the paper, I am,

Yours, AN OLD FIREMAN.

Nov. 8.

STORM.—On Wednesday night, the 27th ult., there was a very severe storm at Cape Breton. At Cow Bay there were seven vessels and one steamer wrecked, but no loss of life. Six cows and a horse were overtaken by the tide and drowned. [News.]

Professor Jardine, on taking leave of his charge, was the recipient of a handsome address from the students of the New Brunswick University, where he has occupied the position of Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy for a couple of years.

The London correspondent of the "Elgin Courier" states that Mrs. Leigh's children are commencing an action for damages against "Macmillan's Magazine," and they might perhaps try for an injunction against the publication of anything further from Mrs. Stowe.

New York, Nov. 8.

Late advices from South America says the volcano Parícutine in the State of Canaan, about twenty miles from the capital, burst forth with terrific violence on midnight, 4th ult., vomiting immense quantities of smoke, flame, sulphur and ashes. It was feared that all the towns and villages in the vicinity had been burned in the ashes, and that few, if any, of the unfortunate inhabitants escaped destruction. A short time after the eruption the River Canaan was observed to rise very suddenly, bringing down the dead bodies of men and animals in great numbers.

By order of the Queen, funeral services will be held over the remains of the late Geo. Peabody in Westminster Abbey, on Friday, Nov. 12th.

New York, Nov. 9.

A severe storm has prevailed on Lake Ontario since last Saturday night, and several disasters to the shipping are reported.

ITEMS.

The "Reporter" is informed that our Legislature will meet on the 15th of February.

The first through train of passenger cars—or, for there was only one then—passed from Fredericton to the junction on Tuesday last.

The grading of the Houlton Branch Railway has been contracted for Messrs. William Love, Loring Thompson, and William Thompson, Jr., and the work will be proceeded with immediately. [Courier.]

They have had a heavy storm in the Gulf, and thereby Lieut. Saxby's predictions have been fulfilled.

The King of Prussia has appointed the 10th of November as a day of fasting and prayer, to implore Divine guidance and protection in the great religious movements now agitate Europe.

The American ship J. F. Whitney was lost in the Indian ocean on the 8th of April. Thirty-two men perished. After fourteen days of intense suffering, through want of food and water, the captain and eight men, in a small boat reached a group of islands, whence they were forwarded to Bombay.

Lady Hincks, has arrived per Moravian. WINTERLY DRAWNERS.—Cold and damp winds are noted for producing great disturbances in the circulation, whence proceed bronchitis, asthma, and pulmonary disorders, generally resulting from our variable temperature. A chill, cold, or cough should have instant attention, before serious consequences spring from neglect. All may use, with perfect confidence, Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam, with the certainty of curing their ailment, and averting all future danger. This Balsam will soothe your irritable membranes, and give indescribable relief from that torturing cough. If taken at bedtime it will give sound, unbroken, and refreshing rest.

The quickest and surest remedy for subduing pain, taking soreness out of harness galls or shoulder, is Dr. Dove's Soregum Oil Liniment. If you want to relieve the pain successfully you must use the doctor's preparation.

Dr. Wilson's Anti-Bilious Pills relieve constipation, correct the stomach, increase the appetite, so that the coarsest food is relished. When this is accomplished, all other complaints must yield to the restoring influence of these Pills; and returning strength of the vital functions will prevent the nervous and other distressing symptoms which none but sufferers can describe.

Hear this from one of our most intelligent farmers, "Seeing a notice of Clark's Dobby Condition Powders in your paper that they were equally good for stock and having already lost a number of cows this spring from red water, I determined to try them. I had previously used other kinds of Condition Powders without the desired effect. I had not given them more than one or two doses when they began to mend, and they are now entirely over it. As this is a disorder generally considered, among us, difficult to cure, I think you should make the fact known that a remedy so simple and effective is so easily obtained. [FREDERICTON FARMER]

On the 26th October, at the residence of the bride, by the Rev. W. H. Street, Mr. John Day of Grand Falls, to Mrs. George Ketchum, of the Parish of Gordon, Victoria County.

DIED.

On Sunday last, at her son's residence, St. Stephen, Janet, relict of the late Mr. Robert Stevenson, aged 83 years and 3 months. The deceased was mother of the Messrs. Stevenson of this Town, and leaves a numerous progeny. In all the relations of life she was a most excellent woman—and was universally respected by a large circle of relatives and friends. Her remains were brought here on Tuesday, and interred in the Cemetery.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

Nov. 2. Schr. Bilow, Bulyen, St. Stephen, bel. last master.

3. Son, Han-on, Machias, ballast.

4. E. E. Kitchin, Dyer, 80 tons Rock plaster, H. O'Neill.

5. Harriet, Britt, Portland, ballast.

6. Matilda Rowan, Smith, Eastport, ballast.

9. Daisy, Sheehan, Boston, ballast.

Franklin, Costa, Boston, ballast.

CLEARED.

Nov. 3. Schr. Eliza Frances, Hunt, St. George, ballast.

6. E. B. Kitchin, Britt, St. John, 3000 bushels Turnips.

8. Mary Ellen, J. Watt, St. George, Meal & Corn, Jed Frye & Co.

KEROSENE.

30 BLS. KEROSENE—a superior article. For sale low by C. L. O. HATHAWAY.

Nov. 3.

Kerosine.

10 BLS. Kerosine. J. W. STREET.

NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Charlotte County Agricultural Society, will be held in the Town Hall, St. Andrews, Thursday, Nov. 4th, at 2 P. M. when the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place, a punctual and full attendance of members is requested.

By order of the President. JOHN S. MAGEE, Secy.

St. Andrews, Oct. 27, 1893.

JOHN M'GOULL,

GENERAL AGENT,

Commission Brokerage,

AND AUCTIONEER.

St. George, N. B.

To Contractors.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Grade Levels on Contract Number Eleven must be raised THREE FEET higher than shown on profile, at long lot land from Misses Quigley to Station One Hundred and Forty, near Acherst.

A. WALSH, ED. B. CHANDLER, C. J. BRIDGES, A. W. McLELLAN, Commissioners.

Intercolonial Railway, Commissioners Office, Ottawa, 8th Oct. 1893.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Thursday, 23d day of Sep., 1893.

PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under and in virtue of the 8th section of the Act 31 Vict., Cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs."

His Excellency has been pleased to order and it is hereby ordered, that Sheet Harbour, situated in the County of Halifax East, in the Province of Nova Scotia, shall be and the same is hereby declared to be an out Port of Entry, under the Survey of the Port of Halifax.

And it is further ordered that the Out Port of Tanguish, now under the Survey of the said Port of Halifax, be and the same is hereby abolished.

WM. R. LEE, Clerk Privy Council.

LAND FOR SALE.

50 ACRES of land under cultivation on the Western Side of the Digby River, (in the grant to Archibald Williams and others.) Apply to Gordon McKay, Boston, or the subscriber.

J. W. STREET.

St. Andrews, June 22d, 1893.

NOTICE.

MY wife NANCY having left my bed and board without any provocation, I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will not pay any debts of her contracting after the date of this notice.

Deer Island, Sep. 23. JOHN BOYNTON.

New Br. press and 31, St. Br.

FALL.

On Monday Sept. 19th, 1893.

From St. Andrew's, 10 o'clock on Monday.

From St. Andrew's, 10 o'clock on Monday.

From St. Andrew's, 10 o'clock on Monday.







