

The St. Andrews Standard.

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E. VANIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.

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VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 24, 1878.

NO. 30.

A Summer Evening in the Country.

The summer sun is setting,
The sky is red in the west,
And over all hangs silence,
And a feeling of peace and rest.

The sultry day is over,
The light begins to fade,
The farmer's weary horses
Are standing in the shade.

The golden light of sunset
Shines on the corn-fields round,
And the breeze, as it passes over,
Makes a sweet rippling sound.

The range of distant mountains
Looks dark against the sky,
And right across the river,
A path of light doth lie.

I gazed till my eyes were dazzled
At the slowly sinking sun;
Till the stars peeped out above,
Telling the day was done.

Evan and the Squire.

I sat spinning at my little wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling, and, looking up, there was young Squire Turner, with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed and blushed; and I rose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he, "I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I; and I sat a chair for him, for he was grand; the squire's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmothers, who brought me up, always said, "Tandem is as handsome as a horse, and Beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a row to each other beside the haystack in the green in the church lane. I never meant to deceive, but grandma was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor struggling surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grandma came in from the dairy five minutes after the squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of the fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfathers; but I didn't foresee that, when the half year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it with would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way watching me knit or spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine, and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But, squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's.

He made me angry, and I spoke up.

"For that matter, the squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than you do just now."

"May be you like him better," said Evan.

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

For he had been scolding me. There was no other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though. I knew he would come

round again, and mayhap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses when you will.

So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in from a lonely ride, and shutting the door, stood between grandamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay his rent when due."

I opened my lips. grandamma's hand covered them. grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou art young, lass," he said "and they are right who call thee pretty. Say, could'st thou like the squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh?" cried grandma. "Sure you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and a bunch of white roses on Christmas eve," cried grandpa. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out, I knew.

"Will have him, and be a rich lady?" said grandpa.

And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

"She'll never ruin her poor grandpa," sobbed grandamma.

Ah! it was hard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no hope for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it in my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandamma called me a deceitful wench, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring, and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of the dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke. The days passed on, and he never came near me.

"Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought. "To hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I loved him so."

And grandpa would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed and moaned, and talked of the work-house. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grandpa said to me, "It seems that your sweetheart is not over fond of you, nor over anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?"

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"Perhaps you know all about it," said grandpa. "You are going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there, they say. That's what takes him."

"I told you so," said grandmother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They've sold the house, and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for yourself, if you choose to take the trouble," said Dame Coombs. "I'm no chatterbox, to tell falsehoods about my neighbors." And she went away in wrath.

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters fast closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about

the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandmother's knee.

"It's true," said I.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say:

"Give me to whom you will, then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept up stairs and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as his accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! And grandpa grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I said, "But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word."

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folks said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and you braw grand lover cannot make ye smile; ye are na that ill, either."

"No, I'm well enough," said I.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your all, I might tell you a cure," she said.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grandpa and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it was my shroud they were working at, instead.

And one night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there I knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world; "for how can I live without Evan?" I said.

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she said; "ye sent him frae ye for sake of the young squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?"

But she caught my sleeve.

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the snow wreath in the sun sin the squire wooed ye. Was it your will that that loved the ground ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Do for Locke's place passed the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he: 'There's na a drop o' true bluid in a woman's gin she is false.' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grandma rode home. There, 'tis all I kin—will it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I; "heaven bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grandmother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh, don't tell me, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You I've loved and honored my life long—I'd rather die than think it."

She turned scarlet.

"True love?" said she; "you've but one love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face."

And she looked down and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I have loved for fifty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way, and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then, when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his

eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here," he began.

But I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but even after all that has passed, I—"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offense—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob and think he thought me mad. At length strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how when he honored me by the offer of his hand, I angered my grandparents by owing to the truth, and of the ring grandpa had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then, as I looked all the rich color faded out of the squire's face, and I saw the sight seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and a fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Canadian ship Golden Gate has not sailed yet. I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grandpa that I would never wed him."

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men; who rode away with the break of the morning and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden Gate, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me, but our young squire? Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent our grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was high two, the thing I needed to make us quite happy happened—and from far over the sea, where he had been three good twelvemonths, came our squire, with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the hall had a mistress at last—and a mistress who loved the squire as I loved Evan.

Words of Wisdom.

Ennui is the ghost of murdered time. He is rich who is poor enough to be generous.

If laughter is the daylight of the soul, it is his twilight.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.—Theodore Parker.

Dare to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong.

If you wish to know whether anybody is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you.

When we are alone we have our thoughts; and in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

Every one looking downward becomes impressed with his own greatness, but looking upward, feels his own littleness.

Life is the living. The marble palace is not always the bower of love. Every kind word is a flower which will beautify our final home. Every good deed is an evergreen, which will mark our resting-place.

"Suppose," said an Iowa lawyer to a witness he was trying to badger recently, "suppose I should tell you that I could bring a dozen men of your town to this court room who would say they would not believe you on oath, what would you say?" And calmly the witness made reply: "I would say you lied." A gentle smile diffused itself all over the court room and the unflinching witness stood down.

Japanese Assassins.

The Japanese assassins who recently murdered the Minister Okubo (the Emperor's favorite minister) were a curious set of murderers. According to the Tokio Times they announced their purpose before executing it. A Japanese paper has a box wherein persons may drop communications designed for publications, which box is opened every afternoon at three o'clock. On Wednesday a letter was found signed on the outside by a fictitious name, but within by two of the assassins, Shimada and Oho. The title of the composition was "Zan kan jo," which may be translated "A letter on the murder of the traitor," and its contents were substantially as follows: "We are about to assassinate Okubo for five reasons: First, he is selfish and tyrannical, preferring despotism to liberty; secondly, he considers and uses the law as his plaything, and is very arbitrary and proud; thirdly, he employs the public money in a foolish and extravagant manner, fourthly, he will not admit patriots to a share in the government, thus exciting rebellion; fifthly he does not know how to sustain the national dignity in dealings with other governments." This document which covered thirteen pages of manuscript, and which was clothed with scholarly language, was handed in to the police by the proprietors of the paper when its character was discovered. In the meantime the six assassins had met Okubo, cut him to pieces, washed their hands at a neighboring spring, and proceeded to the palace, where they proclaimed the deed and gave themselves up to justice.

The mikado of Japan spared no effort to do honor to the remains of his murdered adviser. The prince imperial bowed humbly before the inanimate body, and the seven sons of Okubo, one after another, down to the little one of four, laid bundles of green, bound with white ribbon, before the casket. The fate of the assassins is not known, but as torture has not been abolished, their punishment was no doubt terrible.

A Bridge Two Miles Long.

The railway bridge across the Tay at Dundee (Scotland) is over two miles long. Including the extension on the northern shore, the exact length is 10,612 feet—that is to say, it is longer than the Victoria bridge, Montreal, and Britannia tubular bridge taken together. This great length is taken in eighty-five spans of varying width. There are longer viaducts over marshes and meadows, but there is no bridge of the same length over a running stream. The greatest difficulty which the engineers encountered arose from the varying character of the bed of the river. Near the shore, the rocky bed was easily reached, and on it piers were built of brick throughout. Further out it was found that the rock suddenly shelved away to a great depth under clay and gravel. There the cylinders, filled with concrete, which form the foundation, were made of much greater diameter, and, above the high-water level, iron pillars were substituted for brick. The level at the shores is between seventy and eighty feet above the sea; in the middle it is 130 feet above high-water mark. The platform on the top of the bridge, which carries the single line of rails, is only fifteen feet wide.

Ammonia in the Kitchen.

The pantry shelves are getting grimy, or finger-marks around the door latches and knobs are looking dark and unsightly. For lack of time they are left day after day, for it is hard work to scour all the time, and it wears off the paint, too. The husband keeps his bottle of oil, or perhaps a large can holds it, he never stints in that. Now suppose his wife has her bottle of spirits of ammonia to use: she takes her basin of water and a clean cloth, just puts on a few drops of the fluid, and wipes off all the dirt; it is worth more than half a day's labor, and does not hurt the paint either. She could put a few drops in her dish water and see how easily the dishes could be cleaned; a few drops on a sponge would clean all the windows in the sitting-room, making them shine like crystal. It would take the stains off the teaspoons, and a teaspoonful in the mop-pail would do more good than ten pounds of elbow grease applied to the mop handle. A housewife has just as much right to make her work easy and expeditious as her husband has. If she does not do it, the fault is her own in a great measure.

A rapid writer draws his pen through the space of a rod (16 feet) in a minute in writing thirty words; in forty minutes the distance equals a furlong. Sixteen curves or turns of the pen is the average in writing a word; in a minute we must make 480 turns; in an hour 28,800. In five hours (a day) 144,000; in 300 days 43,200,000.

Items of Interest.

Head man—The phrenologist.

The muscles of the human jaw exert force of 534 pounds.

The only people who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

There is a sad lack of work among the laboring classes in Italy.

Texas is larger than France by more than 40,000 square miles.

Lost at sea—the boy who doesn't know his alphabet past B.

An ordinary gas flame requires a much air as nine persons.

How to make a match safe—Suck the head of the match in water.

The light of lightning, and its reflections, will penetrate through a distance of from 150 to 200 miles.

It was an American belle, just back from Europe who said of Switzerland: "Pretty place, but it struck me there were too many lakes and too few young men."

It is said that following many vocations has ruined the life of many a man. Following none has ruined a great many more.

A heavy dew is regarded as the precursor of rain, because its formation indicates that the air is saturated with moisture.

Before paper came into use letters were written on wooden tablets, made from birch or beech wood, and hence is derived the word book.

When a man is deeply, madly, irrevocably in love, even the air seems filled with lumps of sugar, while the shingle on the house that contains his Dulcinea look like sheets of molasses taffy.

SOUVENIR.

A wonderful thing is seed—The one thing deathless forever! The one thing changeless—utterly true—Forever old and forever new, And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom; Plant hate, and hate will grow; You can sow to-day—to-morrow will bring The blossom that proves what sort of thing Is the seed—the seed you sow.

The Journal's printers are selected with great care. None but the brightest intellects in the profession are suffered to manipulate the lead that presses the pure gems of thought that ripple from the æsthetic department. Yesterday a sad-eyed person made his appearance and politely requested the foreman for a job. "You may go to work," said the foreman, "but if you do not prove satisfactory you may expect summary dismissal." "Very well," said the man, "I can stand a summer's dismissal at this season of the year. This shocked the foreman, but he had presence of mind enough to say, "Go winter your alley at once and go to work." "Yes," answered the villain "I will fall to immediately." "Spring then!" yelled the foreman. "I don't think you autumn make me"—but before he could say therest he was a stark dank corpse.—St. Louis Journal.

Chinese Barbers.

The Chinese mode of wearing the hair makes the flowery land the paradise of barbers, and the Chinese barber has no counterpart the world over. From dawn he is in the streets carrying upon his shoulders at either end of a long bamboo, adorned with an effigy of a child, a mechanical creature, the paraphernalia of his craft. Eagerly on the lookout for any one whose poll is not perfectly shaven, as soon as he detects such an one he has him in a trice installed on a stool beneath a large parasol fixed in the ground. In the twinkling of an eye Ah is ready, and the skull under his manipulations soon becomes as smooth as ivory. That done he passes on to the pigtail, which he brushes, perfumes, and dresses with the greatest care. Useless as it seems to us, it really is by no means so. The schoolmaster brings it smartly to beat on the fingers of recalcitrant youth, the ass driver has no other instrument wherewith to stimulate his beast, the man tired of life employs it as a hanging rope, and lastly the executioner seizes hold of it when he decapitates a man.

Week-Day Rhymes.

The following two sets of week-day rhymes are common in the North of England—

Monday's hair is fair of face,
Tuesday's hair is full of grace,
Wednesday's hair is full of woe,
Thursday's hair has far to go,
Friday's hair is loving and giving,
Saturday's hair must work for his living,
But the hair that's born on Sunday
Is brisk, bonnie, wise and gay.

Born on Monday will have health,
Born on Tuesday will have wealth,
Born on Wednesday will have good luck,
Born on Thursday will meet with losses,
Born on Friday will meet with crosses,
Born on Saturday will do no good,
Born on Sunday has nothing particular.

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And a feeling of peace and rest.

The sultry day is over,
The light begins to fade,
The farmer's weary horses
Are standing in the shade.

The golden light of sunset
Shines on the corn-fields round,
And the breeze, as it passes over,
Makes a sweet rippling sound.

The range of distant mountains
Looks dark against the sky,
And right across the river
A path of light doth lie.

I gazed till my eyes were dazzled
At the slowly sinking sun;
Till the stars peeped out above,
Telling the day was done.

Evan and the Squire.

I sat spinning at my little wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling, and looking up, there was young Squire Turner, with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed and blushed; and I rose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bony to look at with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courted he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said, "I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I; and I sat at a chair for him, for he was grand-father's landlady; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grand-mother, who brought me up, always said, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the church lane. I never meant to deceive, but grand-mother was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor struggling surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grand-mother came in from the dairy five minutes after the squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of the fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grand-father; but I didn't foresee that, when the half year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it with would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grand-mother on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlady, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way watching me knit or spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine, and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But, squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the school-masters.

He made me angry, and I spoke up. "For that matter, the squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than you do just now."

"May be you like him better," said Evan.

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

For he had been scolding me. There was no other name for it.

Well, Evan was worth with me and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though. I knew he would come

round again, and mayhap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses when you will.

So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grand-father came in from a lonely ride, and shutting the door, stood between grand-mother and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay his rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grand-mother's hand covered them. Grand-papa drew me to him.

"Thou art young, lass," he said, "and they are right who call thee pretty. Say, could'st thou like the squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh?" cried grand-mother. "Sure you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and a bunch of white roses on Christmas eve," cried grand-mother. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grand-father's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out, I knew.

"Willst have him, and be a rich lady?" said grand-papa.

And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grand-mother. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grand-papa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grand-papa free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

"She'll never ruin her poor grand-papa," sobbed grand-mother.

Ah! it was hard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no hope for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it in my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grand-mother called me a deceitful wench, and grand-father looked as though his heart would break.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring, and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of the dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke. The days passed on, and he never came near me.

"Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought. "To hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I loved him so."

And grand-mother would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grand-papa sighed and moaned, and talked of the work-house. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grand-mother said to me, "It seems that your sweetheart is not over fond of you, nor over anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?"

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"Perhaps you know all about it," said grand-mother. "You are going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"I told you so," said grand-mother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They've sold the house, and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for yourself, if you choose to take the trouble," said Dame Coombs.

"I'm no chatterbox, to tell falsehoods about my neighbors," And she went away in wrath.

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters fast closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about

the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grand-mother's knee.

"It's true," said I.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grand-father ruined and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say:

"Give me to whom you will, then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept up stairs and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grand-father's old face! And grand-mother grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folks said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and you braw grand-oldest canna make ye smile; ye are na that ill, either."

"No, I'm well enough," said I.

"Gin ye'd tell me your all, I might tell you a cure," she said.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grand-mother and Dorothy Plim were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it was my shroud they were working at, instead.

One night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world; "for how can I live without Evan?" I said.

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly. It was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she said; "ye sent him frae ye for sake of the young squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?"

But she caught my sleeve.

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the snow wreath in the sun sin the squire wooed ye. Was it your will the lad that loved the ground ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Do for Locke's place passed the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he: 'There's na a drop o' true bluid in a woman's gin she is false.' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grand-mother rode home. There, 'tis all I kin—will it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I; "heaven bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grand-mother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh, don't tell me, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth-ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You've loved and honored my life long—I'd rather die than think it."

She turned scarlet.

"True love!" said she; "you've but one love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face."

And she looked down and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I have loved for fifty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way, and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then, when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the house-keeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his

eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here," he began.

But I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but even after all that has passed, I—"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offense—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob and think he thought me mad. At length strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how when he honored me by the offer of his hand, I angered my grand-papa by owning to the truth, and of the ring grand-mother had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then, as I looked all the rich color faded out of the squire's face, and I saw the sight seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and a fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Canadian ship Golden George has not sailed yet. I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grand-mother that I would never wed him."

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men; who rode away with the break of the morning and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George, and told him a tale that made his heart tight and sent him back to me, but our young squire! Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent our grand-father the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was high two, the thing I needed to make us quite happy happened—and from far over the sea, where he had been three good twelve months, came our squire, with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the hall had a mistress at last—and a mistress who loved the squire as I loved Evan.

Words of Wisdom.

Ennui is the ghost of murdered time. He is rich who is poor enough to be generous.

If laughter is the daylight of the soul, a smile is its twilight.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.—Theodore Parker.

Dare to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong.

If you wish to know whether anybody is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongues.

Every one looking downward becomes impressed with his own greatness, but looking upward, feels his own littleness.

Life is the living. The marble palace is not always the bower of love. Every kind word is a flower which will beautify our final home. Every good deed is an evergreen, which will mark our resting-place.

"Suppose," said an Iowa lawyer to a witness he was trying to badger recently, "suppose I should tell you that I could bring a dozen men of your town to this court room who would say they would not believe you on oath, what would you say?" And calmly the witness made reply: "I would say you lied."

A gentle smile diffused itself all over the court room and the unruffled witness stepped down.

Japanese Assassins.

The Japanese assassins who recently murdered the Minister Okubo (the Emperor's favorite minister) were a curious set of murderers. According to the Tokyo Times they announced their purpose before executing it. A Japanese paper has a box wherein persons may drop communications designed for publication, which box is opened every afternoon at three o'clock. On Wednesday a letter was found signed on the outside by a fictitious name, but within by two of the assassins, Shimada and Cho. The title of the composition was "Zan kan jo," which may be translated "A letter on the murder of the traitor," and its contents were substantially as follows: "We are about to assassinate Okubo for five reasons: First, he is selfish and tyrannical, preferring despotism to liberty; secondly, he considers and uses the law as his plaything, and is very arbitrary and proud; thirdly, he employs the public money in a foolish and extravagant manner, fourthly, he will not admit patriots to a share in the government, thus exciting rebellion; fifthly he does not know how to sustain the national dignity in dealings with other governments." This document which covered thirteen pages of manuscript, and which was clothed with scholarly language, was handed in to the police by the proprietors of the paper when its character was discovered. In the meantime the six assassins had met Okubo, cut him to pieces, washed their hands at a neighboring spring, and proceeded to the palace, where they proclaimed the deed and gave themselves up to justice.

The mikado of Japan spared no effort to do honor to the remains of his murdered adviser. The prince imperial bowed humbly before the inanimate body, and the seven sons of Okubo, one after another, down to the little one of four, laid bundles of green, bound with white ribbon, before the casket. The fate of the assassins is not known, but as torture has not been abolished, their punishment was no doubt terrible.

A Bridge Two Miles Long.

The railway bridge across the Tay at Dundee (Scotland) is over two miles long. Including the extension on the northern shore, the exact length is 10,612 feet—that is to say, it is longer than the Victoria bridge, Montreal, and Britannia tubular bridge taken together. This great length is taken in eighty-five spans of varying width. There are longer viaducts over marshes and meadows, but there is no bridge of the same length over a running stream. The greatest difficulty which the engineers encountered arose from the varying character of the bed of the river. Near the shore the rocky bed was easily reached, and on it piers were built of brick throughout. Further out it was found that the rock suddenly shelved away to a great depth under clay and gravel. There the cylinders, filled with concrete, which form the foundation, were made of much greater diameter, and above the higher level, iron pillars were substituted for brick. The level at the shore is between seventy and eighty feet above the sea; in the middle it is 130 feet above high-water mark. The platform on the top of the bridge, which carries the single line of rails, is only fifteen feet wide.

Ammonia in the Kitchen.

The pantry shelves are getting grimy, or finger-marks round the door latches, and knobs are looking dark and unsightly. For lack of time they are left day after day, for it is hard work to scour all the time, and it wears off the paint, too. The husband keeps his bottle of oil, or perhaps a large can holds it; he never stints in that. Now suppose his wife has her bottle of spirits of ammonia to use; she takes her basin of water and a clean cloth, just puts on a few drops of the fluid, and wipes off all the dirt; it is worth more than half a day's labor, and does not hurt the paint either. She could put a few drops in her dish water and see how easily the dishes could be cleaned; a few drops on a sponge would clean all the windows in the sitting-room, making them shine like crystal. It would take the stains off the teaspoons, and a teaspoonful in the mop-pail would do more good than ten pounds of elbow grease applied to the mop handle. A housewife has just as much right to make her work easy and expeditious as her husband has. If she does not do it, the fault is her own in a great measure.

A rapid writer draws his pen through the space of a rod (16 feet) in a minute in writing thirty words; in forty minutes the distance equals a furlong. Sixteen curves or turns of the pen is the average in writing a word; in a minute we must make 480 turns; in an hour 28,800. In five hours (a day) 144,000; in 300 days 43,200,000.

Items of Interest.

Head man—The phrenologist.

The muscles of the human jaw exert force of 504 pounds.

The only people who really enjoy heat are the doctors.

There is a sad lack of work among the laboring classes in Italy.

Texas is larger than France by more than 40,000 square miles.

Lost at sea—the boy who doesn't know his alphabet past B.

An ordinary gas flame requires a much air as nine persons.

How to make a match safe—Soak the head of the match in water.

The light of lightning, and its reflections, will penetrate through a distance of from 150 to 200 miles.

It was an American belle, just back from Europe who said of Switzerland "Pretty place, but it struck me there were too many lakes and too few young men."

It is said that following many vocations has ruined the life of many a man. Following none has ruined a great many more.

A heavy dew is regarded as the precursor of rain, because its formation indicates that the air is saturated with moisture.

Before paper came into use letters were written on wooden tablets, made from box or beech wood, and hence is derived the word book.

When a man is deeply, madly, irrevocably in love, even the air seems filled with lumps of sugar, while the shingles on the house that contains his Dulcinea look like sheets of molasses taffy.

A wonderful thing is seed—The one thing deathless forever! The one thing changing—utterly true—Forever old and forever new, And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom; Plant hate, and hate will grow; The blossom that proves what sort of thing is the seed—the seed you sow.

The Journal's printers are selected with great care. None but the brightest intellects in the profession are suffered to manipulate the lead that preserves the pure gems of thought that ripple from the aesthetic department.

Yesterday a sad-eyed person made his appearance and politely requested the foreman for a job. "You may go to work," said the foreman, "but if you do not prove satisfactory you may expect summary dismissal." "Very well," said the man, "I can stand a summary dismissal at this season of the year."

This shocked the foreman, but he had presence of mind enough to say, "Go to work, winter your alley at once and go to work." "Yes," answered the villain, "I will fall to immediately." "Spring then!" yelled the foreman. "I don't think you autumn make me"—but before he could say the rest he was a stark dank corpse.—St. Louis Journal.

Chinese Barbers. The Chinese mode of wearing the hair makes the flowery land the paradise of barbers, and the Chinese barber has his counterpart the world over. From dawn he is in the streets carrying upon his shoulders at either end of a long bamboo, adorned with an effigy of a chimerical creature, the paraphernalia of his craft. Eagerly on the lookout for any one whose poll is not perfectly shaven as soon as he detects such an one he has him in a trice installed on a stool beneath a large paraffin fixed in the ground. If the twinkling of an eye Ah is ready, and the skull under his manipulations soon becomes as smooth as ivory. That done he passes on to the pigtail, which he brushes, perfumes, and dresses with the greatest care. Useless as it seems to us, it really is by no means so. The schoolmaster brings it smartly to bear on the fingers of recalcitrant youth, the ass driver has no other instrument wherewith to stimulate his beast, the man tired of life employs it as a hanging rope, and lastly the executioner seizes hold of it when he decapitates a man.

Week-Day Rhymes.

The following two sets of week-day rhymes are common in the North of England.

Monday's hair is fair of face,
Tuesday's hair is full of grace,
Wednesday's hair is full of wit,
Thursday's hair has far to go,
Friday's hair is loving and giving,
Saturday's hair must work for his living,
But the hair that's born on Sunday is brisk, bonnie, wise and gay.

AGAIN.

Born on Monday will have health,
Born on Tuesday will have wealth,
Born on Wednesday will have good luck,
Born on Thursday will meet with losses,
Born on Friday will meet with crosses,
Born on Saturday will do no good,
Born on Sunday has nothing particular.

Our Foreign Born Citizens.

The San Francisco Evening Post has the following sensible remarks upon adopted citizens and their rights:

So much is said in this vicinity about foreigners who interfere with our affairs and attempt, without warrant, to run the political machine, that it is not inadvisable at times to go back to the "election facts" in relation to the rights of foreign born citizens, their numbers in this and other communities, and especially as to their patriotism and service. There is a singular inconsistency exhibited in all this talk about foreign opinion and its interference with American action, traditions and sentiments. When a man has sworn allegiance to the United States, forsown it to his home and lived there his allotted time, he is an American and not a foreigner—so the laws affirm, and public opinion should sustain it. As a rule, denunciation manifests itself only when the foreign born citizen begins to take an active interest in home politics, and finds that the American methods of citizenship form an effective means of enforcing his own opinions. Those who are so much alarmed at this course—especially so of the Democratic or any Hunker form of political action—are found on the other and, encouraging, passively or actively, those organizations of foreign born residents and citizens which, based on old national, social and even religious grounds, are, to our thinking, in reality dangerous to that homogeneousness of character and design which is the safety of representative government. The reason why the secret and semi-secret foreign associations are encouraged in many ways by old political hacks and managers, is not very mysterious. Such bodies give opportunity for intrigue. Managers and leaders therein find it an advantage to become politicians also. Mutuality of interests makes men kind to each other, in both deed and judgment. These influences are, of course, adverse to the old nationalities, on which they fatten, becoming too much Americanized. The outcry against foreigners interfering with American politics is, in truth, an outcry against such citizens really becoming American in opinion and character. At least that is the case in this locality.

Romantic Escape.

An extraordinary story is told by the New York papers of the adventures of three young girls from Toronto, who arrived in that city on Thursday last. They were aged fifteen, fourteen and thirteen years, and were in search of engagements on the variety stage. At least they told O'Neill, the shoe dealer, that story when they stopped at his store to ask the way to Egyptian Hall. They were not dressed well, neither did their appearance nor manners indicate that they had been graduated from parental control, or qualified for the dubious avocation which they professed. Mr. O'Neill contrived to send for Officer Grassick while he entertained the girls. The eldest became very indignant when she saw the uniform of the policeman. "There's another nasty sneaking detective! now keep mum and let me talk," she said. To the officer she declared they were sisters and variety singers who had come to New York to engage at Egyptian Hall. No cross-questioning by the officer interrupted the mouthpiece of the trio into any variation from this statement. The two younger girls could not be made to say anything. Still the declaration was so much at variance with the active and mental development of the girls that the officer decided to let them tell their story again at the police station. Their icy assurance melted under the brisk walk that the officer treated them to. Even before they arrived the youngest girl was ready to tell the truth. She said it was all a story about their being variety singers or sisters. "Lillie (the oldest girl) said that a variety singer in Egyptian Hall had written to her to come on and sing there and make lots of money. She persuaded us to come with her."

Thus exposed the girls dropped their sisterhood and described themselves to the sergeant as Lillie Gray, aged fifteen, of 65 Queen street, Toronto; Minnie Dixon, aged fourteen, of 18 Great King street, Toronto, and Theresa Rafferty, of 55 Victoria street, Toronto. The day before Superintendent Waring had received a telegram from the Chief of the Toronto police, asking if three such girls had arrived in New York, but the telegram had been overlooked.

Lillie Gray is a blonde, with very irregular features and a singularly sharp stare. She said her father had been an officer in the British Navy, but died a few years ago off the New Zealand coast. Her mother emigrated to Toronto soon afterwards, and earned her living as a dressmaker.

Minnie Dixon is the most attractive looking of the three. She said that her father was dead, and her mother a stewardess on a steamer that plies between Toronto and Niagara.

Theresa Rafferty is short even for a girl of thirteen, but what she lacks in length she has acquired in breadth. Her father, she said, is a laborer, and her work is worth enough to be a help to the family.

Crops in Ontario.

The Toronto Globe has eight columns of Ontario crop reports, and says that in regard to more important crops they bear out the highest anticipation. Both fall and spring wheat has been very largely sown. The former is everywhere spoken of as good or above the average. It is an extraordinary large crop but it is not yet beyond danger of rust and heavy dews. Spring wheat is not so promising as fall, but is likely to be a generous crop. The area of oats, and especially barley is less

because of the greater breadth of wheat and the low price of barley. Oats generally are spoken of as good and barley more uniformly so. Peas, with smaller areas, promise an unusually abundant crop. Hay is about the average. Potatoes will be a great crop. Apples will be plentiful, but all other fruit is rather short. From Quebec returns are now uneven and not so favorable as in Ontario.

The St. Andrews Standard.

Saint Andrews, July 24, 1878.

Dominion Candidature.

Some outside newspapers are solicitous to have everything their own way at the Dominion election, and have set forth their platform—Protection—as the *sine qua non* upon which members are to be elected, they even go further and insist that the McKenzie government should be defeated at the polls, and that the Pacific Scandal adherents must be elected. Well, it is not probable that they will realize their desires. The majority of the people, are not in favor of a retrograde movement, nor are they anxious to replace the present government by electing men charged with extravagance and corruption. We have always been of opinion, that each County knows best who to send to represent it in the House of Commons, but it appears some partisans of the defunct Macdonald government, not content with advocating protection, would also dictate to this constituency who it should elect, and in the worst possible taste, ridicule the gentleman who has represented the County for the past five years—Mr. Gillmor, and are endeavoring by every means to bring out an opponent to him, but they will have their labor for their pains. Mr. Gillmor is meeting with assurances of support not at all from his old friends, but also from many who did not support him at the former election. We do not know of any man in the County, who would not be distanced in an election race, with A. H. Gillmor, and we derive the opinion from the very best source—the leading men among the electors. It is absurd to state that Mr. Gillmor has "neglected the interests of his constituents and done nothing for Charlotte County." We will at nothing time show what he has done for the benefit of his constituents. This however we admit, he has not done—viz—he has not sought office, nor made himself rich by plundering the public chest, nor has he been the means of displacing officials who voted against him, and up to the present time are covertly using their influence, (if they have any,) to prevent his reelection—but they ought to know that Mr. Gillmor is the "Peoples Candidate."

A meeting of the St. Andrews branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was held on Thursday evening last in Stevenson Hall, the President Dr. S. T. Gove in the chair. The meeting was not large; Mr. Toland, agent of the Society delivered an address, detailing its operations and urging its claims. The following persons were appointed office bearers for the ensuing year:

Dr. S. T. Gove, president; J. R. Bradford, Vice President; Mr. R. Glenn, Secretary. Committee—S. Maloney, T. Wyer, Geo. Gunnison, D. Clark. The Committee were directed to appoint collectors, and thanks were voted to collectors of last year.

With a Comment on Two. Gillmor is going to run again for Charlotte, N. B. We trust that Charlotte will reject him. Halifax Herald. She will, Charlotte doesn't like him because his head is too badly "counted towards Biddy" i. e. McKenzie—St. Croix Courier.

We copy these extracts for the purpose of showing the undignified mode of political warfare adopted by Opposition journals against the representative of an intelligent constituency, and likewise to give an unqualified contradiction to the erroneous statements. Charlotte will undoubtedly elect her son—A. H. Gillmor—by a large majority than heretofore. She can trust him as an independent and honest man, who has advanced the interests of his native county. He neither uses "cant" nor the hypocritical cry of protection to deceive his constituents, and has no "Pacific Scandal" or other disgraceful act to cover up; he knows and feels that he is the people's choice.—Standard.

The Carleton Sentinel noticing the reconstruction of the local government, pays the following deserved tribute to the member from St. Andrews.

Hon. B. R. Stevenson has retired from the office of Surveyor General, an office the affairs of which have, certainly, been managed in such a way as to serve the public interests, during Mr. Stevenson's incumbency.

Mr. Adams recently appointed Sur. General has issued his card to the electors of Northumberland. The election is to be

held on the 24th for nomination, 29th polling, and August 2, declaration. The local papers state that he will be opposed, but that he will be elected.

DEATH OF REV. WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

With feelings of deep sorrow we received the sad tidings of the sudden death of the beloved pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this town, Rev. Wm. Richardson, which took place in New York on Tuesday morning the 16th inst. Mr. Richardson's health had been impaired for some months, and he decided to try what effect a milder climate would have on a bronchial affection from which he had been suffering; and the congregation having granted him a vacation of two months, the Rev. gentleman and Mrs. Richardson left here on the 20th May last; after leaving his wife with her relatives in Toronto, he proceeded to New York, and from thence to Bermuda, where he remained for several weeks, and we are informed was invited by the Presbyterian congregation there to become their pastor, and it is probable, he would have returned there at the close of his engagement here.

Intimation having been received that he might be expected in St. Andrews on the 18th inst., the writer with other of the Rev. gentleman's friends went to the Steam-boat wharf to receive him, and were doomed to disappointment. When the mail was delivered in the evening, he received from a member of his family residing in New York the painful intelligence of his esteemed pastor's death. A letter from Dr. Orniston an intimate friend and brother clergyman of Mr. Richardson, to one of the Elders, also gave similar melancholy information which rapidly spread through the town, causing a feeling of deep sorrow, not alone among the congregation, but shared in by the whole community, by whom he was deservedly respected and esteemed, for his true piety, and christian feeling to all classes.

Mrs. Richardson was in Toronto when her beloved husband arrived in New York and was summoned by telegraph to meet him there; but alas! just half an hour before she arrived he had yielded up his spirit to that Holy Being, whom he had served so humbly and faithfully, as one of his ambassadors. Our esteemed Pastor had been taken ill while on the passage from Bermuda, and on arrival of the Steamer at the dock, was conveyed to the nearest hotel, and the ablest medical aid procured, but the disease, English cholera, had made such inroads on his delicate constitution, that all efforts to arrest it were unavailing, and he peacefully passed away. Mrs. Richardson, his dear partner, feels her great loss deeply; she had the consolation and sympathy of a young lady, who was formerly a member of the deceased gentlemen's congregation here. The remains were taken to Toronto on Wednesday last for interment. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the congregation of Greenock Church are cast down at the loss they have sustained.

The following tribute to the memory of his late Pastor, was passed by the officers and congregation of the Church.

Whereas, The Sovereign Disposer of events has been pleased in the exercise of that power which to him only belongs, to remove suddenly by death from his post, as one of the Watchmen on the Walls of Zion, the Rev. William Richardson, the beloved and faithful minister of this Congregation:—

Resolved,—That the Elders and Trustees feeling the great loss thereby sustained by themselves and the congregation, desire to place upon record, their testimony on this behalf, and to express their deep and heartfelt sympathy with the affectionate Widow in the bitter trial through which she has been called to pass; and they trust that she will be sustained by the Almighty arm of Him who has declared himself to be the "father of the fatherless and husband of the widow."

A copy of the proceedings of the meeting including the Resolution was forwarded by the Secretary, Mr. Polley, to Mrs. Richardson.

DIVINE SERVICE.—The Rev. Dr. WATERS

will preach on Sunday next, the 28th inst., in Greenock Church, at the usual hours morning and evening. As the Doctor was an intimate friend of the late lamented Pastor, Mr. Richardson, it is probable he will deliver a funeral oration, on the occasion. The many friends of our lamented Pastor, are respectfully invited to attend. Seats free.

ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

The cession of the Island of Cyprus by the Porte to the British Government, gives England a large and fertile tract and further foothold in the Mediterranean against Russia. It may be regarded as a step towards the British absorption of the Holy Land and Egypt. Cyprus is the easternmost island of the Mediterranean, about 70 miles northwest of the coast of Palestine. It is 148 miles long by 40 broad, and has a population of 100,000. The agricultural and mineral resources of the island, which is the richest and most fertile in the Levant, have been very little developed, and British enterprise and skill will bring them out. There seems to be a field also for British shipbuilders for the mountains of Cyprus are covered with fine timber.

The price of lumber is low, and the market consequently depressed. Manufacturers are receiving but few orders, and freights are dull. There is no reason for

disparagement, however, as such fluctuations are not unusual.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE APRIL FAIR will be held to-day in the Church School Room.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS.—The N. B. & C. Railway will issue round trip tickets during the months of July and August, at Hamilton and Woodstock to St. Andrews, St. Stephen and return at \$3. Also to St. John and return at one fare \$3.50, for those wishing to see the great boat race. The tickets are good for ten days.

Hon. B. R. Stevenson arrived here by train on Saturday last.

AUCTION SALE.—Mr. Hatheway will sell at Auction, on Saturday next a lot of new goods, at which he intimates great bargains may be had.

During the eloquent speech of Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords, the following apposite remark which means a great deal that is interesting to Canadians. He said that "England has lost some of her most precious possessions through a policy which every Englishman must deplore, and which would not have occurred if the principle which now governs her relations with the colonies had then been observed."

It has long been a familiar saying, that "those who cannot take a hint must get a kick" the "kick" has been applied not long since on a particular occasion and has had the desired effect, for a noted worthy of this town was heard to say, "I have always taken an active part in the administration of the public affairs of the town and never got any thanks for it, now I will let others try it and they may learn to appreciate my efforts!" the public hope he will keep his word.

The Reform Clubs and other temperance organizations of the County, are contemplating holding a convention to take into consideration the adoption of the Permissive Bill.

The St. Andrews De Nio club met on Monday evening, and decided to hold a picnic on Wednesday, the seventh day of August next, at Colonel Moratt's grove. Committees were appointed to carry on the different departments, and we are safe in stating from past efforts that our young friends will make it a pleasant gathering and success.

A FREEMAN last week entered Mr. J. P. Moratt's freezer, at Campbellton, to make some repairs, and while he was doing so some person shot the door, rendering it impossible for him to get out when the repairs had been completed. Some of the parties in Mr. Moratt's employ very fortunately came along after some time and opened the door, and found the Freeman "half frozen." He has been confined to his bed since the unfortunate occurrence.

Haying has commenced in this vicinity, but has been retarded by the frequent showers. The crop generally though rather light is of good quality.

English Boats Fired Upon by Russian Cruisers.

The Times' Constantinople despatch says the captain of an English steamer reports he was stopped off Gallipoli by a signal from the English fleet, directing him to take on board a Lieutenant sent by the Admiral to report the following:

"Two days ago a man-of-war's crew was cruising off the Russian lines, and the crew on landing, were immediately made prisoners. The Lieutenant, midshipmen and ten men in the boat, not returning to the English fleet, another boat was sent to look for them, but upon approaching the place this boat was fired upon, two bullets passing through the sides of the boat without injury."

Atrocious Murder.

An agricultural laborer named Watkins, his wife and three children have been murdered with revolting accessories at Langibely, near Newport, Wales. A Spanish sailor on a tramp has been arrested at Newport, believed to be the murderer. Object plunder.

There is plenty of grain in the West for the summer consumption.

A war-party of Indians 1,600 strong is said to have gathered near Canon City, and another of a thousand warriors has concentrated in central Idaho. Capt. Sperry, with 50 volunteers had a fight near Willow Springs, Oregon, with the savages, and himself and nearly all his men killed. The Umatillas have had a fight with the Snakes, and a war party of Indians which tried to cross the Columbia River was turned back by a steamboat loaded with troops, the soldiers landing afterward and destroying the Indian camp.

Prince Bismarck, in his speech closing the Congress on Saturday, declared that he did not hesitate to affirm that this Congress deserved well of Europe. The plenipotentiaries would have the consciousness of having, as far as was possible, restored and assured peace. He entertained a firm hope that the European understanding would remain durable, and that the cordial relations established among the plenipotentiaries would consolidate good relations between their Governments.

General Howard last week attacked the hostile Oregon Indians at Beasley's Mill. The Indians were about 400 strong. General Howard repulsed them three times, and was still fighting. He captured from 400 to 500 head of stock, together with

provisions, ammunition, etc. It is believed that the fight was with the main body of the hostile Indians in Oregon. The scattered bands are now trying to get together to raid back into Oregon. The Klamath Indians remain peaceable, but the settlers are alarmed by rumors which have been set afloat for some unknown purpose. The vigor of the campaign is said to have averted the danger of a general Indian war in the Northwest.

An active Volcano in the Moon.

When examining the surface of the moon, May 27, 1877, Dr. Hermann J. Klein of Kohn, noticed what seemed to him to be a new crater on the Mare Vaporum, a little to the northwest of the well known crater of Hyginus. Being deep and dark, it formed a conspicuous object on the dark gray Mare Vaporum. Communicating his observation to Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, he was assured by that veteran self-illustrated astronomer that no such crater appeared in any of his numerous drawings of that part of the lunar surface; nor is it shown by Schroter, Lohrmann, or Madler, who carefully drew the same region with the fine refractor of Dorpat. In April, 1878, Dr. Klein laid the discovery before the Seleneographical Society, and since then the crater has been observed by several English students of the moon. The Mare Vaporum lies close to the center of the visible surface of the moon, so that objects in this region are very slightly affected by lunar libration. The region has been closely studied by many, and it contains several well-known craters, some of them less than a mile in diameter, it is evident that the large crater described by Klein is new.

Western tramps are becoming worse and worse. They boarded a freight train at Iowa last Thursday, and took possession of the whole concern. The Governor of the State having by proclamation declared them outlaws, they invaded Wisconsin on the following day and captured several trains in a similar way. Gov. Smith has ordered all the militia in Southern Wisconsin to be ready to report at any moment to the local authorities, and gives to all Sheriffs and Chiefs of Police extraordinary powers. He intends to make organized tramping in that State disgraceful.

The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was celebrated in Philadelphia by the Orange lodges by a parade through a number of streets. The line was formed at 10:30 o'clock at Broad and Girard Avenues, and the start was made shortly after. The number in line was unusually large for Philadelphia, as the order is not very strict there.

The Orange demonstrations on the 12th inst. throughout Great Britain passed off very quietly except at Wislaw, Scotland, where serious rioting prevailed. Swords and revolvers were freely used, and at least fifty persons were seriously injured. Before the rioting could be quelled it was found necessary to summon the military, at the sight of whom the mob dispersed. There were also some slight disturbances in Belfast, but nothing serious.

An official statement announcing the conclusion of the Anglo-Turkish alliance, is published in Constantinople. The statement says that England has engaged to pay the Porte \$750,000 present yearly, whereas the revenue of the Island of Cyprus is only \$600,000 per annum.

Great frauds have been discovered by Commissioner Hoyt at the Crow Creek Agency. Theft, perjury and every other kind of fraud, it is said, have been committed either by the Agent or through his connivance. The Indians are not a little restive and dissatisfied, as is but natural under such an administration of affairs as is disclosed.

An attempt was made on Tuesday night to assassinate Mr. Goff, the president of the Boston, Montreal and Portland railroad, at his home in Swetsburg, P. Q. Two shots were fired through the window of his library where he sat.

Prince Bismarck believes that peace is assured, and the same feeling exists in diplomatic circles at Constantinople. General Todleben is preparing to withdraw the Russian army before Constantinople to Adrianople.

MA BEREAVED.

In Chelsea, Mass., on the 3rd inst., Andrew I. Todd, Esq., of St. Stephen, to Mrs. Marie E. Bosson, of the former place.

At Hamilton, on 16th inst., by W. M. Robinson, J. P., Charles W. Veysey, of York County, to Sophia Louisa, only daughter of Rev. John Home, formerly of Penicott, Scotland.

DIED.

On 19th inst., of rapid consumption, Margaret A. wife of Mr. Frederick Wiggins, aged 34, leaving a husband and two young children, with many relatives to mourn their loss.

At Bocabee, on the 23rd inst., Mary, wife of Mr. Peter McKenna, in the 70th year of her age, regretted by all who knew her.

At Moores Mills, St. David, on the 19th inst., Mr. Edwin W. Diblee, aged 61.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

July 23, R. Ross, Ross, Portland, ballast.

CLEARRED.

23, Dauntless, Waddell, Boston, 2,200 sleepers, R. Ross.

NEW

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PERFUMERY, F

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Genuine EAU DE C

MARIA FARINA, J

FANCY SOAPS, Combs

Joseph Roc

Celebrate TABLE a

Hardchairs,

HOUSE FURNISHING

Agent for LAZARUS

SPECT

Clock, Watches and

Water Street, S

Notice to

SEALED TENDER

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House, Saint John,

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Ottawa, July 6th

CANADIAN P

To Capitalists

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Ottawa, May 20, 18

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surface of the moon, Hermann J. Klein of Salem to him to be a Vesperum, a little he well known crater deep and dark, and diameter, it formed a the dark gray Maricanting his observa- of Athens, he was as- a self-illustrator that red in any of his num- hat part of the lunar own by Schroter, Loh- ho carefully drew the fine refractor of Dr. Klein said the Selenographical So- n the crater has been English students of a Vesperum lies close visible surface of the t in this region are l by lunar librations, a closely studied by intains several well- of them less than a is evident that the d by Klein is new.

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believes that peace is as- feeling exists in diplo- tantinople. (Gener- ing to withdraw the s Constantinople to Ad-

RECEIVED. on the 3rd inst., Andrew tephen, to Mrs. Marie E. place.

quest, by W. M. Robin- Veysey, of York County, y daughter of Rev. John nicole, Scotland.

RECEIVED. apid consumption, Mar- Frederick Wiggins, aged and two young children, o mourn their loss.

23rd inst., Mary, wife of in the 70th year of her knew her.

David, on the 19th inst., is, aged 61.

News

ST. ANDREWS RECEIVED. Ross, Portland, ballast. MARKED. Waddell, Boston, 2,200 ers, R. Ross.

NEW GOODS,

Just opened By
GEO. F. STICKNEY.
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

GOLD and Silver Watches,
Chains, Rings, Brooches,
PINS, LOCKETS, Sets, STUDS,
Solitaires, &c. &c.
BREGUET SEALS and KEYS.
Silver, Electroplated, Britannia
Metals.
BRITISH PLATE AND GLASS WARE, &c.
Papier Maché, Parian, Wedgwood,
BOHEMIAN, JET AND RUBBER GOODS.
PERFUMERY FROM LUDIN OF PARIS
CLEAVER AND RIGGE OF LONDON:
Genuine RAU DR. COLOGNE from JOHANN
MARIA FARINA, JULIUS PLATZ No. 4
Cologne.
FANCY SOAPS, Combs and Brushes of all kinds
Joseph Rodgers & Sons
Celebrated TABLE and Pocket CUTLERY.
Hardware, Edge Tools,
HOUSE FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS,
Agent for Lazarus & Morris' Perfected
SPECTACLES.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry Repaired.
Water Street, St. Andrews, July 24.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under- signed, and endorsed "Tender for Custom House, Saint John, N. B.," will be received at this office until **MONDAY, the 12th day of AUGUST next, at NOON**, for the erection and completion of the above building.
Plans, Specifications, &c. can be seen at this office, and at the office of Messrs. McKean and Fairweather, Architects, Saint John, N. B., on and after **MONDAY, the 15th instant**, where forms of Tender, &c., and all necessary information can be obtained.
Contractors are notified that Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms—unless there are attached the actual signature and the nature of the occupa- tion and place of residence of each member of the same.
For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required on seal estate, or by deposit of money, public or municipal securities, or bank stocks, to an amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract.
To the Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these con- ditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the contract.
This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.
By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Department of Public Works, St. Andrews, July 6th, 1878.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

To Capitalists and Contractors.
The Government of Canada will receive proposals for constructing and working a line of Railway extending from the Province of Ontario to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the distance being about 2000 miles.
Memorandum of information for parties pro- posing to Tender will be forwarded on applica- tion as underwritten. Engineers' Reports, maps of the country to be traversed, profiles of the surveyed line, specifications of preliminary works, copies of the Act of Parliament of Canada under which it is proposed the Railway is to be con- structed, descriptions of the natural features of the country and its agricultural and mineral resources, and other information, may be seen on application at this department, or to the En- gineer in-Chief at the Canadian Government Of- fices, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C. London.
Sealed tenders, marked, "Tenders for Pacific Railway," will be received, addressed to the under- signed, until the first day of December next.
F. BRAUN, Secretary.
Public Works Dept., Ottawa, May 20, 1878.

DIAMOND BORER FOR SALE.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the "Of- fice of the Board of Works, Fredericton," and marked "Tender for Diamond Borer," will be received at the Office of the Board of Works, Fredericton, until Saturday, the tenth day of August next, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purchase of the
Diamond Borer belonging to the Provincial Government, sit- uate in the Parish of Egin, about one mile from "Egin Corner," so called, in the County of Albert, to either with all the bit, diamonds, rods, implements and machinery belonging thereto.
This sale is upon condition that the Borer be kept within the Province for a term of not less than two years.
WM. WEDDERBURN,
Provincial Secretary's Office,
Fredericton, 10th July, 1878.

VISITORS to ST. ANDREWS can obtain agree- able and pleasant quarters at Kennedy's Hotel, one of the best houses in the Province. The rooms are large, well ventilated and nicely fur- nished, and command a view of beautiful scenery of the surrounding country, diversified by land and water, and fitted with all modern conveniences. The larder is always supplied with the best from the town and surrounding markets, while every thing in season may be found at the table, with obliging and polite waiters. The location is within a short dis- tance of the Railway and Steamboat landing and near the bathing place. Connected with the establishment, is a large livery stable. In a word, the house is a favorite resort for men of business, and visitors generally. 25-lyr

Fresh ground GRAHAM FLOUR,
at CAMPBELLS.

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN, OF LARGE EXPERI- ENCE, who has made Pulmonary Consumption a specialty, says that "although in the worst and most rapid forms of the disease, we have still to confess the medicine is almost powerless, yet in these less overwhelming and in those in which chronic which happily constitute the far greater number of cases, we have been able to induce many proofs that much may be done to mitigate, to prevent, to retard; aye, and even to arrest and cure, this most destructive of human mal- adies. His experience of fifty years leads him to assert that the "great remedy, more essential and more effectual than any other is Cod Liver Oil." BUT, WHO CAN TAKE IT? Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Lactophosphate of Lime, contains all the vir- tues of Cod Liver Oil in a form and combination most desirable to obtain its fullest effects. ANY- BODY CAN TAKE IT!
Prepared only by J. H. Robinson, St. John, N. B. and for sale by druggists generally. Price \$1.00 per bottle six bottles for \$5.

LAGER BEER & WHISKEY.

THE undersigned offers for sale at his store
Pagan Street,
Cincinnati and New York LAGER BEER,
received weekly by steamers.
Choice Old BOULGON WHISKEY, 5 years old,
Old Irish Whiskey, favorite brands,
BRANDY on draft, vintage 1876.
June, 26. P. B. DONAHUE.

FLOUR,

Choice SOUTHERN and MICHIGAN brands.

FISH.

Bright No. 1, COD and POLLOCK,

HAM & BACON,

Home cured. Whole or cut.

SUGAR.

Bright Porto Rico and No 1
Soft-Refined.
Granulated and powdered.

TEAS.

Choice English Breakfast and Oolong.

PITCH & TAR.

OILS and PAINTS. SEEDS. LATHS.
WOOD—Dry Birch, Maple, Beech, Spruce.
The above we are selling at

Very low prices for Cash
may 18 BECKERTON & BRUNDAGE.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times and includ- ing a history of the rise and fall of the Greeks and Roman Empires, the growth of the nations of modern Europe, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.
It contains 672 fine historical engravings and 1260 large double column pages, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and extra terms. Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address,
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
May 3-4w.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY.

WE have recently published a new edition of **DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY of the radical and permanent cure** (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc. resulting from excesses.
This is in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.
The celebrated author in this admirable Essay clearly demonstrates, from thirty years successful practice, that alarming consequences may be rad- ically cured, without the dangerous use of inter- nal medicine, or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, ef- fectual, and permanent, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man in the land.
Address
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.
41 Ann St., New York.
PO. Box, 4586.

REMOVAL.

MR. BRADLEY respectfully intimates to the public, that he has removed his store, to the pre- mises at the head of Park Street, lately occupied by Mrs. Fitzgerald; where he will continue to keep for sale, a general stock of groceries and provisions.
St. Andrews, May 1, 1878—41 pd.

MANCHESTER HOUSE,

MAY, 1878.

Our Departments are now well assorted for the

Season's Trade.

NEW WOOLLENS, COTTONS, LINENS, AND

Every description of British & Foreign

MANUFACTURED

DRY GOODS.

Special Lines in

DRESS MATERIALS, ALPACCA,

Cashmeres, Cloths, Prints,

CAMBRICKS, COTTONS, HOSIERY, HATS.

MILLINERS STOCK. CAPS.

HABERDASHERY AND SMALL WARES.

Wholesale and Retail.

St. Andrews, N. B.
May 1, 1878. rpd

ODELL & TURNER.

E. S. POLLEYS.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE WILLIAM WHITLOCK, ESQ.

Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Saint Andrews and vicinity, that he purposes continuing the business at the

Old Stand, Church Block, Water Street,
Near the Post Office.

Having made large additions to the varied stock heretofore kept, he trusts by attention to the wants of the community, to merit a share of patronage.

IN STOCK.

Fresh supplies of **SUGARS**, English, Crush- ed, Granulated, Scotch (Refined), &c.
A very choice article of **MOLASSES**,
TEAS,
Oolong, and English Breakfast.
COFFEE,
Pure and Fresh Ground Java,
Macaroni, Tapioca, Sago, Spices, Starch,
SOAPS, Potash, Soda, Saleratus, Dried Fruits, Fine Navy Brand, Crackers, Biscuit, TOBACCO, Navy, Black Jack, and Smoking,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
DYES, GLASS & PUTTY,
Painters Supplies, WOOD WARE, Tubs, Pails, Brooms, Brushes, Builders Shelf and Carriage HARDWARE, Iron, Steel,

Spikes, Nails, Zinc, Lead, Tinware,
CORDAGE, Lines and Twines, Pitch, TAR, RESIN Oakum, Best brands AMERICAN Kerosene OILS. —Just received—an assortment of Chairs, BEDSTEADS, Matts.
All of which will be sold at the LOWEST Market rates.
my 1 m3

Parks' Cotton Yarns!

Awarded the Only Medal Given at the Centennial Exhibition
For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.
No. 5's to 10's.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.
Made of Good American Cotton with great care.
Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Warp to remember that our Yarn is spun on Thro- tle Frames, which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, used in making American yarn.
It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without leas—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP.

Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.
WHITE, RED, BROWN, SEATE, &c.
All fast colors.
Each 5 lb hank contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in pro- portion to the number of ends in width.
We have put more twist into this warp than it formerly had, and it will now make a more dur- able Carpet than can be made with any other ma- terial. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.
All our goods have our name and address upon them. None others are genuine.
WM. PARKS & SON.
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
June 19-8m ST. JOHN, N. B.

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Linctum will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure the case in ten days. Infants that will not take any other medicine, but that will take a morsel of this linctum, will be saved. Do not delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine.

NEW GROCERY STORE.

OPENED IN THE SHOP
Formerly occupied by Mr. Charles Bradley,

A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

Family

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS &c.
such as are to be found in these establishments

all of which will be sold at

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

COUNTRY PRODUCE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

is our motto,
GIVE US A CALL.
P. MCLAUGHLIN.

MEGANTIC HOTEL.

St. Andrews, N. B.

THE Subscriber respectfully an- nounces to his friends and the public in gen- eral, that he has taken the above named House and thoroughly fitted it for the reception of

TRAVELLERS

AND PERMANENT BOARDERS
From long experience as a hotel proprietor and by careful attention to the wants and com- fort of his guests, he hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage.
He also keeps on hand a well selected Stock of Liquors, &c.

A LARGE STABLE and careful hostler the premises.
JAMES NEILL,
Manager
St. Andrews, Oct. 13, 1875.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

OF EDINBURGH & LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

FIRE & LIFE

PRESIDENT:
His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, K. T.
VICE PRESIDENTS:
His Grace the Duke of Sutherland K. G.
His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, K. G.
Sir John L. M. Lawrence, Bart, G. C. B. & K.

CAPITAL - - 10,000,000 Dollars
(WITH LARGE ACCUMULATIONS.)

"The Subscriber having been appointed Insur- er Agent for New Brunswick for the above Com- pany, is now prepared to effect insurances on reasonable terms.

HENRY JACK,
General Agent.
Jan. 29
W. B. MORRIS Agent for St. Andrews and vicinity.

KNOW THYSELF

By reading and practicing the inestimable truths con- tained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled **SELF-PRESERVATION** Price only \$1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Is treated of Exhausted Debility, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 20 original pre- scriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most ex- tensive and probably the most skillful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and pre- cious medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a man- uel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Read for it at once. Address **PEARSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bala- gach St., Boston, Mass.**

HEAL THYSELF

BOOTS & SHOES.

LADIES, MISSES AND GENTLEMEN'S

Boots and Shoes,

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY.
ALSO—A supply of imported Stock, consisting Ladies and Misses Boots, Walking shoes and Rubbers, which will be sold at the lowest terms.
J. M. HANSON.
St. Andrews, 1878.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, Ma. 27, 1878.
No discount on American invoices until fur- ther notice.
J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs

