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names.

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Almanacks 1866.

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a Nov. 30, 1865.

tion of Partnership.

herely given, that the partnership

existing between James Moran and

son, of St. George, in the County of

der the firm of James Moran & Son,

dissolved by mutual consent.

owing to the said partnership are to

be paid to James A. Moran, who is

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him.

JAMES MORAN,

JAMES A. MORAN.

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Waists, &c. &c.

h pattern can be used with esse.

25. JAS. McKINNEY.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

EX VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CIC.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1866.

No 44

Poetry.

WHY!

I have something, maiden,
Much I long to say,
But I dare not breathe it
In the garish day.
Come with me and ramble
In the woodland near;
There in shaded silence
You the tale shall hear.

Blissful visions haunt me,
Breeding day-dreams sweet;
Growing more ecstatic
Chance we but to meet.
Morning, noon, and night-time,
Steal such rapturous thought—
For a clear defining
Vainly have I sought.

Can you tell me truly,
Will you tell me why,
Swells my bosom always,
Passing one by one?
Why I treasure fondly
Words her ripe lips spill?
Why her sunlit glances
Through me quivering thrill?

Why my throbbing pulses
Leap with sudden pride,
Lingers she a moment
By my trembling side?
Has this marvel meaning?
Lovely maiden, guess—
Raise your drooping eyelids—
Whisper softly—yes.

Reveal the guarded secret,
Wherefore blushes hide?
Speak I my silent darling—
Be my loving bride?
Never word she deems;
But her azure eye
Filled with wondrous meaning,
Teaching me the why.

THE AIR—A BACHELOR.

The air is a bachelor, merry and free,
He roves at his pleasure o'er land and o'er sea;
He ruffles the lake, and he kisses the flower;
And sleeps when he lists in a jessamine bower.

He gives to the cheek of the maiden its bloom,
He tastes her warm kisses, and breathes their perfume;
But transient-like often the sweets that he sips
Are lavished next moment on lovelier lips.

Miscellany.

THE FIRST LOVE AND THE LAST.

It is an old story I am about to tell; that
story which, thank heaven! people never tire
of listening to, any more than we do of seeing
the buds swell and the leaves unfolding, and
the world made young again by the coming
of spring—the story, to which we listen,
our own youth comes back, and once more
the flowers bloom, and the skies are blue, and
our hearts are beating joyously, and it is May.
I am not young now, neither is the day on
which I am soberly writing this little record
of a long past period, a balmy one of spring,
or anything like it; and yet may come back
to me as I recall that day of which I am go-
ing to speak.

A lark was singing far up in the blue sky,
a few sheep were pasturing in the green dis-
tance, and a tall figure dressed in gray, with
gun on his arm, and one or two dogs frisking
around it, was coming leisurely along the sea-
wall. I had been fully intent but the minute
before upon the sketch of an old boat I was
making, but now I felt but the beating of my
heart, and saw nothing but Mark Sutherland
coming leisurely along the sea-wall, with his
dogs playing around him.

The little picture was never finished, for at
the instant that I became conscious of the ad-
vancing figure, I dropped my brush, and hope-
lessly ruined my distance by a great smear of
vandyke brown. It was never finished, no—
but I have it yet, and I mean it shall be laid
beside me in my coffin.

He was a long way off when I first saw
him, and yet it seemed almost the next instant
that he was standing beside me speaking. My
heart had not left off beating and I could feel
the color hot in my face as I looked up, but
my fiery little terror took exception to his
dogs, and flew at them with tumultuous
disapproval, taking his attention off me for the
moment.

When this little fracas quieted, he put his
gun on the bank, made his retrievers lie beside
it, and sat down himself by me.

Have you had good sport? I asked, by way
of saying something—anything.

No, he answered, but I don't comprehend.
I didn't expect any. I came out here because
I thought I should see you, and I wanted to
tell you a piece of news and ask you a ques-
tion.

News is a precious commodity, indeed, in
these wilds; but please remember my Scotch
blood, in expecting an answer to the question.
He did not seem to be attending to what
I said; he had taken up one of my sable
brushes and was absently playing with it, but
he threw it down the next minute, and said
said softly:

Hester, I have got an appointment that I
been trying for, and I shall leave for India
next month—that's my news.
My heart had been beating so wildly, seem-
ed to stand suddenly still, and drop down—
down. The water and the green marsh rocked,
blended hazily into each other, and the sky,
and then a voice that sounded dim and far off
but was my own, too, said, It is good news,
I suppose.

Good news! Well, yes I hope so.
He stopped a minute here. His voice was a
very deep one, for he was a large, broad chested
man; but when he spoke again it had a
soft undertone in it that used to ring in my
ears afterwards—it does now.

I thought it good news this morning, for
without it I could not think of a wife. That
troubled me little enough till lately—till ah! I
till I knew you, Hester. My dear, I think
you have guessed my question.

Guessed it! Ay yes, but my face was
down upon my hands; he could not hear the
cry that was stifling in my heart, and he went
on gently, pitilessly—

But I shall not get an answer to it so—
Will you go with me to India?
I did not answer—I could not. Ah! those
who have had deliberation to kill their own
happiness, to raise up themselves the barrier
that shuts them out from hope, and love, and
life, will know how hard it is—will pity me.

Will you be my wife, and go with me to
India?
I cannot. And no wonder that he made a
sudden movement of surprise, for I myself
wondered to hear the harsh passion of my
own voice.

You cannot! What a fool I have been
then. I hoped—I hoped—Hester, is it pos-
sible that you have not known what I have
been thinking of all this time?

Knowing what he had been thinking about!
Ah! the light and life and joy of those mo-
ments when I had dared to hope that I did—
Ah! the anguish of feeling now that they had
been in vain.

Look at me, Hester, I don't think I under-
stand you, my dear, he said patiently and
gently. You say you cannot be my wife, and
yet—tell me you cannot love me and I am
answered at once.

He put his arm over my shoulder as I leant
forward, with my face buried in my lap,
and whispered—
I think you don't love me, Hester.

Oh, I do, Mark, I do! I cried, lifting my
head; but I cannot marry you. I shall have
to give you up.

Give me up, my dear love! and he held me
closer.
I cannot go to India.

Why not? and he looked half-amazed, half-
amused.
I could not bear the glance of his kind dark
eyes, I shrank away from his arm, and said:
I cannot leave Milly.

To our own thinking I had pronounced our
doom now; but Mark Sutherland could laugh,
and said:
Well, then, you shall not; Miss Milly shall
go too.

Ah! I felt it could only be; but Milly would
die in India. We came home because the
climate was killing her.

And you will not leave her.
I promised Mamma, before she died, that I
never would; that if married it should not
separate us; that my home should be Milly's
till she did not need it, I answered, faltering
under something in the look of his face that
was new to me. Up to this time I had been
thinking of myself, now I was reminded that I
was giving pain to him.

He was silent two or three minutes, looking
away into the distance. He had taken his
hand from my shoulder.

Well, Hester, said he presently, gravely,
not unkindly—but ah!—as it seemed to me,
very coldly—"you have simply to choose be-
tween your sister and myself. You are best
able to judge of your sister's claims upon you;
of my own, I will only say that I love you—

I never thought or cared much about women
till I saw you, so I am not likely to change
my liking or to forget it; and if you had mar-
ried me—but I will not try to plead my cause
against your sister's. It is for you to decide
and for me to abide by your decision.

I looked aside up to the smiling blue
heavens, at the calm, stream flowing on its
tranquil path to the sea, at all the sun-basking
peace around me, and prayed with a prayer so
passionate that seemed like a loud demand,
that I might not be forced into shying with
my own hands the young happiness of my life.

I cannot and will not do it, I said in my heart;
yet knowing at the same time that I must and
could.

Then Mark spoke again:
Would you like a little time to consider the
matter? I need not leave the Hollies till to-
morrow evening, or, perhaps, the next day.

No, I answered—with or without my own
will I never knew. I know what I must do.
I cannot leave Milly.

And Milly cannot go. That decides it,
then. Well, I have nothing to say; I am the
last man in the world to try and persuade any
one against their judgment.

He rose deliberately, but did not go, for I
sat still.
Are you going home? he asked, after a
minute. Hester, don't look so sad; you are
feeling for me—don't do that. I should like
to think of you when I am over the seas; as
happy as I would have tried to have made you,
think of me sometimes as a friend. I don't
expect to forget you, Hester. Good bye.

His hand, as he held it out, shook ever so
slightly, but it held mine in a firm pressure for
an instant. Then he let it drop, stooped and
picked up his gun, whistled his dogs around
him, and strode away again along the sea wall,
without once turning to look back.

Milly and I were both orphans. Our father
and mother had both died in India, and we
were sent home to the care of our sole rela-
tive, my father's only sister, an elderly maiden
lady, living in a kind of lady-like poverty at a
dull little village at Kent. Aunt Dolly died
when I was seventeen and Milly twelve, leav-
ing to us the little cottage that had been her
home and ours, with everything it contained;

no very valuable bequest, but all the poor
soul had to leave; and here Milly and I—not
heirless, no, but destitute, neither—con-
tinued to live with the dear old servant who
had been our aunt's faithful companion and
our kind, affectionate nurse ever since, father-
less and motherless, we had been sent to Eng-
land.

There were not many people to visit at
Hillstead—the rector, the doctor, and the fam-
ily at the Hollies comprised them. I think
we were the most intimate at the Hollies; for
the children there were Milly's contemporaries,
and her sworn admirers and friends. I first
saw Mark Sutherland at the Hollies—he was
Mr. Sutherland's cousin and I had heard of
him often before I saw him. He had led a
wild, adventurous kind of life, wandering all
over the world for his simple pleasure, I sup-
pose, since I never heard that he had any other
object in doing so. I had formed my idea
of him; to be sure the reality was not in the
least like it. No, quite otherwise, and yet,
after the first few minutes, I would not have
changed the real man for the ideal for worlds.

Do not suppose that I speculated much upon
Mark's character in those days; such as he
was I loved him, dearly loved him—ah! he
would never know how dearly, for had I not
given him up?

As one in a dream I went home; as one in
a dream I crawled slowly up the steep winding
lawn to our cottage; saw Milly on the garden
gate waiting for me, come flying out into the
lawn to me, all her golden hair streaming
straight out behind her, heard her call me,
saw me to be sure, but my own voice answer-
ed, saw and heard all the familiar sights and
sounds of every day life as we do sometimes
in dreams, all made strange and perplexing by
some dreadful sense of pain and trouble.

Yet, said Milly, as we sat at tea, you're not
eating anything, you look pale and glum,
you've sat out in those horrid marshes till the
sun has made you sick. I shall not allow you
to go out there again, mind that.

It pleased Milly to play the elder sister, and
I was always content that the little one
should do what pleased her. She was my dar-
ling, the one thing that my solitary life gave
me to love till I saw Mark; I had set my
heart on him, but it cost me dear. I remember
that the child was in more than usually high
spirits on that evening, that she teased me to
talk to her, and finally flew up to bed in a
childish fit of anger, because I could do neither
one or the other. At any other time I should
have gone after her, coaxed and caressed her
into good temper, but now, with a feeling of
relief that was gone, I sat at the window
staring out into the dark, scented night, and
counted the cost of the sacrifice. Long, long I
sat there, long after the moon had risen, had
set, and the stars began to grow dark before
the streak of gray light in the east.

I thought of Mark; of what I had done,
of what I had given up, until I was nearly
mad, for when I had stood up and closed the
window, before going up to my room, I had
said to myself that I would write to Mark
Sutherland when morning came, and tell him
that I had once more chosen between the two
I loved and chosen differently. Therefore I
hoped that I was mad; but I went up stairs
quite resolved and quiet; I undressed without
ever once glancing toward the bed where my
little sister lay; I meant to lie down on my
pillow without doing so, but oh! I could not
say my prayers and leave Milly without the
kiss I always gave her before I slept.

So I went up the bed, drawing back the

curtain, looked down upon what had been my
sole earthly treasure. The child looked pale
in the cold gray dawn, her golden hair was
tossed back from her face, and covered the pillow
and while I stood and gazed, my madness dy-
ing away my old self-coming back, she stirred
in her sleep, two great tears welled out from
the closed eyes and with a heavy sob mur-
mured "Hester?"

Then I knelt down in the gray dawning, and
thanked God for my madness had passed, and
prayed that as He had given me strength to
make the sacrifice, so He would help me
never to regret it.

I did not see Mark Sutherland again; but
the next time that Milly went up to the Hollies
she told me on her return, "that he had left
the Hollies, gone away to that dreadful India,
and was never coming back again." My heart
echoed the words, but I drew Milly to me and
kissed her, and tried to be patient and tried
to forget.

I could not forget; my nature was tenacious
of what had once taken hold upon it, and the
course of our lives was too uniform and mon-
otous to permit change and variety their influ-
ence. I scarcely knew, after Mark went
away, their course was so unchanged. At
first I used to shrink and shiver at the chance
mention of Mark Sutherland's name at the
Hollies; that passed, and I pined to hear of
him with a weary, anxious longing seldom
satisfied. They ceased to speak of him after
a while, as people do after a long absent friend
and by degrees it seemed as if he was only
remembered in one poor woman's heart, who
almost came to think of him as if he had been
removed by death. So that one day Milly
came back from the Hollies, and said as she
united her hat and threw it down, "Hester, guess
who in the world do you think came to the
Hollies to night?" Not even my thoughts
suggested the right person.

"No, no," said Milly, as I named one or two
"no; who but Cousin Mark who went away
to India years ago. I was a mere child at the
time, but I remembered him instantly—a com-
pliment he did not return, by the bye; though
when he found who I was, he asked after you."

Years ago, was it since Mark went away?
Ah! as Milly said it seemed only yesterday—the
joy, the sorrow, the old plans, so freshly
now, were throbbing so once more in my heart.
He had not quite forgotten me then; but did
he remember me as I remember him?

"I do believe you have forgotten all about
him," Milly went on, "and let me tell you, I
wonder at that, for I remember he used to
be so fond of taking lovely to you, Hester, and
he is the kind of a man that women may be
proud of attracting, none the less because he
cares very little, I should say, for women in
general."

"Really, Milly, you seemed to have studied
Mr. Sutherland very closely, considering this
may be your first acquaintance with him."

She laughed, blushed, and threw back her
beautiful golden hair.

"No! I don't know as I have; he devoted
himself to me a good deal this evening, and I
couldn't help forming my opinion, you know.
There is to be a croquet party tomorrow at
the Hollies, and Mr. Sutherland made me pro-
mise to come up and bring you, if you would
come, but I told him before hand that I knew
you would not, knowing that you dislike that
delectable means for the promotion of flirt-
ing."

After this it happened that Milly either
went or was sent for, nearly every day, up to
the Hollies—where, indeed she was in the
habit of going; while I, who had long ago
ceased to care for any companionship beside
longing with a feverish longing to see Mark
Sutherland once more, and yet dreading with
a sickening dread to meet the cruel estrang-
ed glance of the dark eyes that had looked in-
to mine, full of love.

It seemed that Mark not unfrequently ac-
companied Milly part of the way home; but
he never came near enough to our cottage for
me to catch even the faintest glimpse of him,
and my little sister and somehow ceased to
talk of him after the first. So although I still
knew he staid at the Hollies, he might almost
as well have been across the ocean as far
I was concerned. And yet—oh, no! the
sense of his presence seemed home to me
upon every breath of the sweet summer air
that floated into my room; I could not sleep
at night, nor rest calmly by day; and often,
while Milly sat with her friends, I used to
wander out scarce heed where I went, im-
patient only of rest.

One day, when this terrible yearning was
strong upon me, I took my sketching material
from force of habit, and set out to walk to a
pretty wood at some distance. The cool
green fragrance of the leafy shadow was grate-
ful under the glaring sunshine, and sat down to
rest where they felt coolest. But a sudden
sound of laughter and merry voices close at
hand startled me, and, not willing to see who
the speakers were, I got up and fled swiftly
down the darkest and most tangled of the paths
that branched away into the heart of the wood.

I soon felt the merry voices far behind me, and
slackening my walk, I wandered on, dreamy and

absorbed as ever, till suddenly turning into
another path, I saw what caused me to stand
still and forget everything but what my eyes
looked upon. Mark Sutherland! Yes, Mark
older, darker, thinner, but Mark himself. Ah,
how the green marshes and the winding sea-
wall and the lark singing far up in the sky, all
floated before my eyes, as I saw the down-
ward bend of his stately head to look into the
face beside him—the face that looked up into
his with those candid blue eyes, and a smile
upon the soft parted lips. The smile seemed
to reflect itself upon Mark's grave face for an
instant and then he took up a little hand lying
on his arm and kissed it tenderly. I looked
no longer; I crept away; stricken with a
dumb anguish, a dreadful, soulful despair, I
crept away and went home. For I knew the
candid blue eyes, the sweet smile and the float-
ing golden hair; they were my sister Milly's.
Oh, had I not done enough? Had I not as-
sured enough? Was my cup not yet so full
but that this bitter drop must be added to its
overflow.

No I cried in my anguish, and it was gone
before better thoughts came to me, or that com-
ing, I could hold them firmly and take comfort.
By-and-by I rose from where I had flung my
self down, and sat by the window to wait
for Milly. She came along presently in the
quiet evening light, and I looked at her with
my eyes freshly opened. I had never yet
ceased to think of her as a child; I remained
in one moment how that child was a woman.
I looked at the beautiful fresh young face and
involuntarily glanced at the reflection of my
own the mirror opposite. I never could have
been in my best days what Milly was to-
now—I turned away with a sigh from the
age faded woman with pale lips and weary
eyes.

Milly came in the next instant, threw off
her hat, and coming up beside me took my
hand between her two soft hands, looked into
my eyes, then kissed me, and sat down with
her arm around me.

unmoved. Involuntarily I grasped the arm of my chair for the support, for my life seemed fading from me in the struggle. He bent over me, he lifted my faint head on his broad breast, but I shrank from him feebly.

"It is nothing. I am often faint. I am quite well again. You were saying—yes, go on Mr. Sutherland."

"I was saying—ah, Hester—I think I need not go on—you are so changed, dear," he said looking down at me with sorrowful perplexity. "Well, well, Milly led me on to hope; but I ought to have known better. You never cared for me in the beginning as I did for you."

"Surely, surely, that hygienic ought to be a hygienic law," I cried, bitterly.

"If you say that, it ought, indeed," he answered, turning from me; but I told you then Hester, that I should not forget you, and from something Milly said, and your remaining unmarried, I was 'will enough to dream—to hope."

Something—a light that dazzled my poor eyes—was breaking in upon me as he spoke. "Mark!" said I, "what did you come here to day to ask me?"

"The same question that I asked eight years ago by the stream in the driveway, Hester. I have done with India; I am no longer a poor man, and I want the one woman I have always loved. Hester, is this true? Is she mine at last?"

"For a long time, I think, after this, we forgot the existence of any one beside ourselves. Then I told Mark the little game of cross purposes we had been playing. His incredulous wonder that I could imagine he had ever thought of any one but me, touched me to the heart."

"Poor Milly he said; 'so you would have put her off with the reversion of a heart.' 'No, when she marries, may she be, what you are, Hester—her husband's first and last love.'"

THE PENIAN TRIALS.

TORONTO, Oct. 23.—The second day of Penian trials opened at 10 o'clock this morning. The court room was densely crowded. The trial of Lynch was continued. The evidence for the defence was begun by bringing up several Penian prisoners to prove that Lynch was at Fort Erie in the capacity of a reporter for a Louisville paper, and as far as they knew, Lynch had no military connection with the Fenians. They stated that they saw him at Fort Erie with book and pencil, taking notes, and having no arms. The defence also endeavored to prove a case of mistaken identity; that it was Gen. O'Neill, not Lynch, that the Crown witness saw at Fort Erie arm-in-arm with a sword. Lynch, somewhat resentful, O'Neill, and was dressed in a similar manner. The mother of John Ryan, who turned Queen's evidence, was put in the witness-box and gave her son a very bad character. She said she could not believe him under oath.

Mr. Martin, the defendant's counsel, then made an able speech in his behalf. Solicitor General Cockburn replied, reviewing the evidence for the defence. He said the evidence must convict the prisoner, and although the witness believed the prisoner to be a newspaper correspondent, not a particle of evidence was adduced to show that such was the case. The proprietor of the paper had not been summoned. The judge then charged the jury, who retired for about an hour, and returned with a verdict of guilty. The judge then passed sentence of death.

BUFFALO, Oct. 25.—The Courier of this city, has a special despatch from Toronto, which says that great excitement prevails over the sentence, but the people seem to concur in it and will oppose any attempt to procure a reprieve.

LARGE LOAN TO CANADA.—We understand that Her Majesty's Government have agreed to give the imperial guarantee for a sum of £1,000,000 to be raised on the security of the revenues of the confederated British colonies in North America. Of the sum to be thus raised £3,000,000 is to be applied to the construction of the long-talked-of International Railway between Halifax and Quebec, or rather to the junction of that line with Grand Trunk at Rivière du Loup. The remaining £1,000,000 is to be applied by the Confederated Government to the purchase of the territorial rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, leaving to that company still the right of trading over the territory and holding the trading posts which are necessary for carrying on its trade. The delegates from Canada are expected in England daily to complete the arrangements with Her Majesty's Government. The Governors of the Hudson's Bay Company are, we believe, prepared to recommend to the proprietors the acceptance of the £1,000,000 as the purchase money of the territorial or sovereign rights which they hold under their charter. We are also informed that the claim of the company against the United States Government arising out of the Oregon question is likely shortly to be settled, and that the amount to be received under this head will be somewhere about £280,000. [News of the World.]

A London letter to the Chicago Evening Journal has the following:—"The old saying that there is no cure for broken neck has just been practically disproved by a Surgeon at Greenock. He was called in to see a young girl who had just fallen a distance of eighteen feet, and thoroughly dislocated her neck. When he reached her the face was nearly reversed, and looking over the back. He supported the back with the left knee, took a grasp of the head, and began to pull gradually and pretty strong, whereupon the girl's eyes opened, and there was an effort at breathing. Increasing the pressure, and parts suddenly came to their natural position, and after a minute or two regular breathing was established. Close attention was afterwards paid to the case, and after much fever and occasional con-

vulsions, and the child recovered, and is now as well as ever. I believe there is not another similar case on record. Of course, much time must not elapse between the injury and the treatment."

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, OCT. 31, 1866.

The policy of Confederation meets with the approval of the English Press. From late files of London papers we notice, that the leading members of the Derby Government are strongly in favor of a Union of the B. N. A. Colonies, and do not hesitate to avow the wisdom of the Colonists in advocating Confederation. The Rt. Hon. the Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Carnarvon in reply to the toast, "The Health of Her Majesty's Ministers," given at the dinner of the "British North American Association" to the delegates from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, acknowledged the compliment in an able and lengthy speech, from which we select the following passages. His Lordship said:

You had the kindness to state that you hoped I should feel the same interest in this great colonial question which was manifested by my predecessors in office; and I believe whatever differences of opinion may prevail among us upon many political subjects, we all feel the same anxiety in everything that touches the welfare and honour of our colonies (hear, hear). As far as I am concerned, among the whole range of English politics I know of no subject of such deep engrossing importance as that which relates to the condition of our colonies, comprising as they do so many races, so many interests, and so many forms of government; and it is that true with respect to our colonies at large, surely it is not less so in reference to that important group of our North American provinces (hear, hear). When we wish that those provinces may prosper, we only wish that they may continue to advance in the career on which they have already entered. I know nothing more impressive—nothing more gratifying—than the present position of our North American Provinces (hear, hear).

I know that the sight of blue books is not the most poetical one in the world, and the perusal of them probably forms the dullest and most prosaic portion of those duties which are incumbent on every one who takes part in the political life of this country. But yet to my mind there is a great deal of poetry in the long columns of figures which speak of the steady and regular march of the prosperity of our country and of her colonies (hear, hear), which shows how year by year our commerce increases in geometrical ratio throughout the whole length and breadth of the empire (hear, hear). I say there is poetry also in those tables which show an annual increase in the demand for the waste Crown lands of our colonies, because it tells of a conquest which is being waged in the wilderness; it tells of civilization brought home in innumerable ways to hundreds of thousands of our fellow creatures (hear, hear).

It is even something better than poetry to see that a 10 per cent. tariff is sufficient in the colony of Nova Scotia to provide for most of the charges of that province, and to find that there is annual financial surplus applicable to the development of its great natural resources. Man, therefore has not been slow in this case to profit by the gifts of nature; and I believe that any one who might return to that colony would hardly recognise the scene before him so great as has been the march of improvement during the interval (hear, hear).

The Dramatic Performance given by the Amateurs of H. M. Cordelia, on Monday night, in aid of the funds for the erection of the New Church, was well attended. The Farcies were "The Castle Spectre" and "The Omnibus"—or a convenient distance. The parts were very well sustained, reflecting great credit upon the Manager, Mr. R. H. Sutton, and his shipmates. Dr. Warren also favored the audience with two popular songs, which were loudly applauded, but the gallant Doctor did not respond to the encore. At the close the thanks of the audience were tendered to Com. DeWahl, officers and crew of the Cordelia, to which Com. DeWahl returned thanks. The "Cordelia" carry with them the good wishes of our people.

The Rev. Mr. Home's lecture last Thursday evening, on "Capital Punishment" was well received. The arguments against the "barbarous laws" were derived from Scripture, other authentic sources, and from an intelligent public opinion. His subject was divided under three heads, each of which was treated in a masterly manner, and in chaste language. The chair was occupied by the Sheriff, and at the close, a complimentary vote of thanks was given to the Rev. lecturer for his able, instructive and interesting lecture.

LECTURE.—We are requested to announce that John Boyd, Esq., of St. John, will deliver a lecture in the Town Hall, on Thursday Evening, at half past 7 o'clock. Subject—"An unwritten page in the World's History." The proceeds to go to the new Episcopal Church building fund.

The Revisors held their Court on the 25th

inst., when 19 names were added to the list of voters.

SUDDEN DEATH.—David Chasty, an industrious, sober man, gardener to J. W. Street, Esq., was found dead in Mr. Street's cellar, where he had been at work all day. An inquest was held by Dr. Gore, coroner. The verdict of the Jury was—"Died from natural causes."

LECTURES.—We are requested to state that a course of lectures, will be delivered by a number of talented clergymen and others, in aid of the building fund of the new Methodist Church. The first lecture will be given on the 7th November, subject—"Britain among the Nations."

"Musa's" letter is received, and is under consideration. He has not sent us his name and in another particular has not complied with our rules, writing on only one side of the sheet.

VESSELS LOST.—The Deputy Treasurer informs us that he has received information from the British Consul at New Orleans of the loss of the "Alpine" at sea on the 8th instant. Also of the loss of the "Island Belle," Miscon Island on the 30th August last. The ship Thialatta was abandoned at sea, and was broken up. The Registers of these vessels are at the Treasury Office, here.

The "Cordelia" left here yesterday for Campo Bello, and is to winter at St. John or Halifax.

The Festival of the Presbyterian Congregation is to take place this Evening in Gove's Hall.

Owing to the storm yesterday, the New Brunswick did not leave Portland last evening. The weather has not yet cleared up, but the wind has changed to the north west.

We are happy to learn that Dr. C. M. Bailey, Dentist of Calais, is stopping at the International Hotel, for a few days, to attend to the wants of the people in this vicinity; and we hope he will receive a generous welcome in the shape of plenty of patients; certainly there is work enough here to be done, and to neglect such an opportunity as the present affords, would seem to be a most short-sighted policy on the part of those requiring such operations. Dr. Bailey's present connection with Dr. Wilder, who is well known to our inhabitants for many years, is a guarantee of himself of his faithfulness and skill; and we hope that Dr. Bailey will find it to his interest to visit St. Andrews once or twice a year.

AN "ULTIMATUM."—The New York Times Government organ—publishes the following telegram from Washington, 24th inst., in relation to the Alabama and Shenandoah claims:

"Mr. Adams, our Minister to the Court of St. James, was some time since instructed to make a peremptory demand for indemnity for the losses sustained by our commercial interests. To this demand Mr. Adams received an evasive reply. He was immediately instructed to repeat the demand. He did so, but no definite response has yet been received, but the tone of the English newspapers recently received indicates that these renewed persistent demands have not been without effect.

The British Government is now putting feelers in their various organs, showing their disposition in the matter. From these it appears that they are willing to submit the claims to arbitration or to a board of international commissioners. Our Government will accept no arrangement of this sort, but will insist on a prompt and full payment of these claims. This is our ultimatum, as contained in the instructions under which Mr. Adams is now acting."

If it is really the fact that the United States Government have put forth an "ultimatum" of this monstrous character, we should see in it a sufficient explanation of the despatch of British troops to the Colonies. Perhaps, also, this will account for the remarkable insolence recently exhibited by the American Press when treating of the Colonies, as well as for the Sinnott Annexation scheme, and the Annexation sentiments of enemies within our borders. We shall know soon whether the American Government proposes to stake its existence on securing the payment from England of American losses by Southern privateers, and whether in case of difficulty between the two countries there is a probability of our foes being assisted by any number of our own people. [Telegraph.]

ITEMS.

—The St. Stephen Courier says that Messrs Chipman & Bolton, of St. Stephen, despatched a message over the cable nearly a month ago. On receiving information of the loss of the "Shooting Star" they took that method of ordering a cargo of salt to supply the place of the lost one, and paid \$100 in gold for the privilege of transmitting a message 100 letters long.

A very interesting examination is now going on before Justice Rose and Eells relative to the loss of the "Shooting Star," a charge of casting the vessel away having been made against the Captain by the Insurers on the information of some of the crew. W. Wedderburn, Esq., appears for the plaintiff, and J. W.

Chandler, J. G. Stevant, and T. B. Abbott, Esqs., for the defendant. [St. Croix Courier.]

—The death—in Carleton last evening—is announced of Robert Stackhouse, Esq., of the well known firm of McLachlan & Stackhouse.

Mr. Stackhouse was one of the best draughtsmen in particular line of this business this country has produced, and the vessels which his firm built have added much to the fame of New Brunswick. His partner, Mr. McLachlan, is now absent in England. Mr. S. has been ailing for some time. He leaves a wife and family. His remains are to be interred on Monday. The Masonic Fraternity are to participate in the funeral exercises. [Globe.]

—A PUZZLE.—A person with a basket of apples said, if he told them out 5 at a time, two would remain; 6 at a time, four would remain; 7 at a time five would remain; 11 at a time, eight would remain. What number of apples were in the basket. [Ibid.]

—Still they come! Mrs. J. B. Wolverton, Northampton, has presented us with a specimen of the largest onions we have ever seen raised in this County. Twelve of them weighed 8 lbs. 2 oz., or about 10½ oz. apiece. They are top or tree onions. [Ibid.]

—We regret to notice that Mr. Peter McLachlan, Jr., a brother of the Chief Commissioner of Public Works, died on Saturday of typhoid fever, at Hopewell. [Telegraph.]

—Mr. John H. Reid has resigned the Presidency of the York County Agricultural Society which he has held for several years.

—Gen. Doyle arrived from Halifax at a late hour on Saturday night or on Sunday morning in the steamer Empress. He was met on the wharf by Lieut. Col. Utty, Capt. Moody, and Major B. L. Peters, A. D. C. His Excellency is stopping at the Waverly. [Globe.]

We are informed by Mr. Wedderburn, the prisoner's counsel, that His Excellency the Administrator of the Government has upon petition, decided to release Thomas Baines from the Penitentiary, and that the order to that effect will probably be executed to-day. [Ibid.]

—The Surveyor General and Chief Commissioner of Public Works have come to the city to meet the Administrator of the Government. Other members of the Government are expected to-day. [Journal.]

—Between six and seven o'clock on Saturday morning a fire broke out in a house on the corner of Prince's and Charlotte Streets occupied by Mr. C. H. Rustin. It broke out in the kitchen, but in what way it originated is uncertain. There was not much damage done. [Ibid.]

The Hon. A. T. Galt, ex-Minister of Finance, has been and appointed a Delegate to England; also the Hon. Mr. Howland.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.

A Toronto special dispatch says dispatches are coming from all Parts of the Provinces demanding that no mercy shall be shown to the convicted Fenians. It is doubtful if the Crown can find evidence strong enough to convict Rev. Mr. Laidlaw. The threats made by the New York Fenians to avenge the deaths of those convicted are doing great injury to the prisoners. Petitions are being circulated and sent to the Governor General to forward to have the sentences commuted to imprisonment. David Winkler, Patrick Norton and Daniel Drummond have been arraigned.

Fears are entertained that the prisoners may escape. There are in this city over five hundred unemployed Irish Americans. The Fenian prisoners at Cornwall are to be indicted on Monday, for high treason and tried the following Wednesday.

President Johnson has interposed offices of Government in behalf of convicted Fenians in Canada, and has expressed hope that Her Majesty's Government will exercise toward them mercy and forgiveness. Gold 146½.

TAXATION IN THE UNITED STATES.—The manner in which taxation bears on the Railways in the United States is thus stated:—"The axle of an engine are first taxed in the form of pig iron; then as bar iron; then, again, when wrought into the form of an axle as a forging; then when fitted to the wheels, six per cent, more as a manufacture; and again the fifth time, when affixed to the engine another six per cent, as a part of the completed machine, the tax itself each case being reckoned as a part of the increased value on the next successive assessment. Then, a tax of 2½ per cent, is imposed upon the gross earnings of that machine, and again 5 per cent, more on the net earnings or dividend, and finally to complete the enumeration, the engine is again assessed as a part of the corporate valuation on which the Company pays taxes to the commonwealth." That is assuredly reducing the system of taxation to a science.

REMOVALS.—It is stated that His Excellency the Governor General received, on Thursday last, important despatches from the Colonial Office in regard to the reinforcements sent to Canada, and on the progress of the negotiations relative to Confederation. A meeting of the Canadian Executive was expected to take place yesterday to arrange about the departure of the delegates to London. As already mentioned, they will probably leave on the 7th November. It is further stated that Lord Monck is not to leave at the same time as the Ministers. [Montreal Herald.]

SAD ACCIDENT.—A youth named Samuel Clayton, while out gunning in the woods on Wednesday, in stepping over a log or by some unlucky accident, received the whole contents of the fowling piece in his bowels. He managed in his wounded condition, sustaining a portion of his intestines in his hands, to walk or crawl a distance of three quarters of a mile, when medical aid was obtained, but without success. We learn from Dr. Dow

that he died a few hours after the accident—Frod. Paper.

ARRIVAL EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Linley, late of the 22nd Regiment, who has recently become interested in the "Cable House," here, arrived one day last week from Fredericton, with his steel of racing horses, including, "Aerolite," "Woodstock," "Little Stranger" and "Speculation." [Car. Seminel.]

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

Oct. 26, Schr. Emma, Lord, Calais Lime & fish, Goodnow.
Jane, Clark Boston, sundries, master.
Harry, Hunt, Boston, ballast master.
30, Bq. Mary' Bideout, Murdoch, New York, ballast. J. McAdam.
Albert, Cogswell, Boston, ballast, master.

CLEARED.

Oct. 24, Schr. Lousia, Clark, St. John, Flour & Corn, J. McAdam.
Maria Jane, Maloney, 950 cedar poles, Boston, R. Ross.
Investigator, Holt, St. John, 1200 bushels turnips, J. Mowat.
25, Olive Matilda, Kilpatrick, 1400 sleepers, 184 M shingles, A. Watson.
Charlie, Highland, Boston, 2004 sleepers, 50 cords bark, R. Ross.
27, Jane, Clarke, St. George, ballast.
30, Julia, Clinch, Adams, New York, deals & lumber C. F. Clinch.

LETTERS.

REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE, St. Andrews, Oct. 30, 1866.

Anderson Mr.	Louis Wm
Bowen Mrs. Sarah	Loring Maggie
Burns Mrs. Annie	Lowry George
Cropley John	Leomonston Mrs. Louisa
Dow Abigail	Lithian Daniel
Emerson William	Murphy Bridget
Gillis Mary Ann	McVicker Miss Sarah
Harley John T.	McElroy Jennie
Houghton A. D.	McKenzie Charles J.
Johnson James	McKenzie Charles J.
Jones James	McKenzie Charles J.
Kennedy James	McKenzie Charles J.
Kerrin Joseph	McKenzie Charles J.
Kimball John A.	McKenzie Charles J.
Lidgeway Joseph	McKenzie Charles J.
Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised."	

G. F. CAMPBELL, P. M.
P. O., St. Andrews, Oct. 30, 1866.—21.

P. CASSIDY,

Harbor Master,

FOR THE HARBORS OF

Lepreux and New River.

OPENING OF FALL MILLINERY

AT THE ALBION HOUSE.

Mrs. MAGEE respectfully informs the Ladies of Saint Andrews, that she will make a display of Fancy Goods and Millinery in Show Room next door to Albion House, on Friday afternoon, doors open at 3 o'clock.

NEW FRUIT.

40 BOXES & Half Boxes Layer Raisins, just received.

Oct. 24. J. W. STREET.

CAUTION.

I hereby forbid THOMAS HEALY of St. Andrews, Butcher, from paying to any person any or any part of the Eight several Notes drawn by him in my favor, for \$100 each, and due respectively on 1st August 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868 and 1869, said Notes being out of my possession wrongfully, and any value paid for same, and all other persons are forbidden to buy or negotiate said Notes, any of them.

M. FAULS, J.
St. Andrews, Oct. 20, 1866.

JOHN S. MAGEE

In desirous of calling the attention of the public to a large and varied stock of Goods ready for steamers "United Kingdom," "Nawa" and "Napoli" consisting in part of

FRENCH MERINOS,

COBURGS,

BLANKETS,

COTTONS, in white & unbleached, very cheap.

Braces, Sontags, Clouds, Garibaldi's.

Maria Stewart Hoods and Opera Mantles.

COTTON FLANNELS,

OSNABURGS.

Prints, Red, white, blue & grey twilled Flannels.

Plain Flannels in all colors.

We can confidently recommend our Flannels as good, and will sell cheap.

A large and varied stock of

BOOTS and SHOES,

in childrens, youths, Boys, Mens, Misses and Ladies—of warranted manufacture.

Would call special attention to his white Warps, which are made from the very best Southern cotton, and warranted, sound, well made and good.

Also the St. John Warps, Parks' make, prepared for the Loom.

If you want good value for your money, come to the ALBION HOUSE.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

Havana Cigars.

17 M Havana Cigars.

Imported and for sale by

TODD, CLEWLEY & CO.

June 1866. St. Stephen, N. B.

New Brunswick & C.

FALL ARRANG.

will leave St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday.

Returning will leave for St. Andrews every Tuesday, Thursday, at 9 a.m., and

An Express Train will leave for the Boston Station every Monday and

Station every Monday and in time for the Boston

Leaves St. Andrews every on arrival of Boat from

A special Train will leave Monday afternoon on an

John.

Agent St. John—J. D. Se

Woodstock—C. W. H

St. Andrews, Oct. 1, 18

WARPS!

From the New Brunswick

pared for the Loom—qua

Also a Lot of those

from the

ROYAL RIVER MANUFACTURE

No. 8.

Just received at the Albion

for sale at lowest market

GREY, BLUE

Just received

BLUE, GREY, SCARLET

at the Albion House, for

cheap, to make room for

WORTH and UNBLEACHED

offering superior articles

ed Cottons, at low rates.

Skeletons

Grey Skeleton Skirts,

House for One Dollar.

Selling off!

At Britis

Thirty D

THE Subscribers now

and well assorted stock

consists in part of

Broad Cloths, blue

Casement, Tweeds, C

Homespun, French De

Poplins, Coburgs, Bara

Lustres, Alpaca in grey

Prints, white and blue

Ozengurs, Cambrics, S

Paisley, Barage and

Umbrellas, Corsets, H

Hoisery in Cotton, W

Shirts Collars, N

Handkerchiefs in Cotton

Woolen and Cotton Un

and Damask Table C

Carpetings, Blankets,

blue and fancy checks,

Also a large assortment

ing, Boots and Shoes.

The whole to be sold

subscribers are deterre

Goods business in St.

St. Andrews, Sept. 5

2,000 C

ALBION

Just received from

John, and will be sold

lowest rates, by the Su

for yourselves, before p

St. Andrews, Aug. 21

Sugar &

is died a few hours after the accident — Paper.

TRIAL EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Linley, of the 22nd Regiment, who has recently no interest in the "Cable House," here, on one day last week from Frederick, his steel of riding horses, including, "olite," "Woodstock," "Little Stranger," "Speculation."—[Car. Seminel.

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LETTERS

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erson Mr. Louis Wu.
ren Mrs. Sarah Lowry George.
en Mrs. Sarah Lemoult Mrs. Louisa.
play John Latham Daniel.
y Abigail Murphy Bright.
eroh William McVicker Mrs. Sarah.
is Mary Ann Melroy Jennie.
ley John T. McVicker Jennie.
gton A. D. McKee Jennie.
ason James Ryan James.
es Luke Ross William.
medy James Reynolds Capt. Wm.
rin's Joseph Smith David H.
ball John A. Sweeney Benjamin.
eguest Joseph Tibbo Miss Matilda.
Persons calling for any of the above will please "Advertised."

G. F. CAMPBELL, P. M.
P. O., St. Andrews, Oct. 30, 1866.—2.

P. CASSIDY,

Harbor Master,

FOR THE HARBORS OF

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Mrs. Magee respectfully informs the Ladies of St. Andrews, that she will make a display of my goods and millinery in New River next week on Friday afternoon, doors open at 3 o'clock.

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St. Andrews, Oct. 20, 1866.

M. PAULS.

JOHN S. MAGEE

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FRENCH MERINOS,

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COTTONS, in white & unbleached, very cheap.

Braces, Sontags, Clouds, Garibaldi's.

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Havana Cigars,

17 M Havana Cigars.

Imported and for sale by

TODD, CLEWLEY & CO.,

St. Stephen, N. B.

June 1866.

New Brunswick & Canada Railway

FALL ARRANGEMENT, 1866.

Trains

will leave St. Andrews Station for Woodstock Station every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 10 a.m. Returning will leave Woodstock Station for St. Andrews every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 a.m. until further notice.

An Express Train will leave Woodstock Station every Monday and Thursday, at 3 a.m. in time for the Boston Boat same day—and leaves St. Andrews every Tuesday and Friday, on arrival of Boat from Boston.

A special Train will leave St. Andrews every Monday afternoon on arrival of Boat from St. John.

Agent St. John—J. D. SEELY, Water St. Woodstock—G. W. VANWART. HENRY OSBURN, St. Andrews, Oct. 1, 1866. MANAGER.

WHITE WARPS!

From the New Brunswick Cotton Mills, prepared for the Loom—quality warranted. Also a Lot of those superior White Warps from the ROYAL RIVER MANUFACTURING CO.'S MILLS, No. 8, 9, 10.

Just received at the Albion House, and offered for sale at lowest market rates. JOHN S. MAGEE.

GREY, BLUE and YELLOW.

Just received. Two Bales of

BLUE, GREY, SCARLET, YELLOW FLANNELS,

at the Albion House, good value will be sold cheap, to make room for further importation.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

WHITE and UNBLEACHED COTTONS. I am now offering superior articles in White and Unbleached Cottons, at low rates.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

Albion House.

Skeleton Skirts.

Grey Skeleton Skirts, 20 springs, at the Albion House for One Dollar.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

Selling Off! Selling Off!

At British House.

Thirty Days Sale!

THE Subscribers now offer for sale their large and well assorted stock of Dry Goods. The stock consists in part of the following—viz:—

Broad Cloths, black and colored Doeskins, Casemeres, Tweeds, Cloakings, Russel Cord, Homespuns, French Delaines, Merinos, Tweeds, Poplins, Coburgs, Barathies, Alexander Cloths, Lustras, Alpacaes in black and colored and figured, Prints, white and grey Cottons, Stripes, Tickings, Osnaburgs, Cambrics, Selvages, Towellings, &c. Paisley, Barge and Woolen Shawls, Parasols, Umbrellas, Corsets, Hoop Skirts and Shirts, Hosiery in Cotton, Vollen and Silk, Gloves, Shirt Collars, Neck Ties, Braces, Pocket Handkerchiefs in Cotton Linen and Silk, Merino, Woolen and Cotton Undershirts and pants, Cloth and Damask Table Covers, Scotch and Hemp Carpetings, Blankets, flannels in grey, scarlet, blue and fancy checks, Cotton Warps. Also a large assortment of Ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

The whole to be sold without reserve as the subscribers are determined to close their Dry Goods business in St. Andrews.

St. Andrews, Sept. 5, 1866.

D. BRADLEY & SON.

2,000 Gallons

ALBERTINE OIL,

Just received from the manufactory at Saint John, and will be sold wholesale or retail at the lowest rates, by the Subscriber. Please enquire for yourselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN BALSON, Kennedy's Arcade, Water St. St. Andrews, Aug. 29, 1866.

Sugar & Molasses.

Ex "Loyalist" from Barbados via St. John.

17 Hhds. } Choice

5 do } Barbados Sugar.

18 Hhds. do } do Molasses.

June 27, 1866. J. W. STREET.

SEWING MACHINES.

WHAT EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE.

One of the Original WHEEL SEWING MACHINES.

These celebrated Machines are now on sale at the Subscriber's, where the public are invited to examine and test for themselves.

JAMES STODD, Agent.

Market Square, June 1866.

SUGAR and MOLASSES.

Ex "B. Young" and "Emma" from Remedios.

86 H Hhds. choice Centrifugal Sugar,

50 } Bright Muscovado do

30 } do do

30 Tierces } Bright Muscovado Molasses.

35 Hhds. } do do

For sale in BOND or duty paid at lowest market rates.

TODD, CLEWLEY & CO.

St. Stephen, N. B.

June 1866.

SHERIFF'S SALES

Sheriff's Sales to take place at the Court House, St. Andrews.

N. B. & C. Railway, do April 20

To be sold at Public Auction at the Court House, in St. Andrews, in the County of Charlotte, at 12 o'clock, noon, on WEDNESDAY, the eighth day of June, 1864:—

ALL the right, title, interest, claim and demand, whatsoever, of the NEW BRUNSWICK AND CANADA RAILWAY AND LAND COMPANY, LIMITED, of, and to all the following lands, described as follows:—

First, all that certain tract of land, (excepting so much of the same, as lies and is situated in the County of York.)

Beginning at a birch tree standing on the western side of the railway and in the northerly angle of block number six, granted to the Saint Andrews and Quebec Railroad Company, in the parish of Saint James, thence running by the magnet south two degrees west ten chains to a northern line of block number six, granted to the Saint Andrews and Quebec Railroad Company; thence along the same south seventy-three degrees west, thirteen chains to a cedar tree; thence north seventeen degrees west fifteen chains and twenty-nine links to a post and thence south eighty-eight degrees east eight chains to the place of beginning. Containing eighteen acres more or less.

The said two tracts containing together Thirty Thousand Acres more or less, subject nevertheless to the following lots of land situated on the east and west sides of the above mentioned road from Oak Point Bay to Woodstock, viz. Lot number fourteen surveyed for Joseph Dixon, lot number seven granted to George Mingo, lot number eight granted to Peter J. Corko, lot number nine granted to Jonathan Godfrey, lot number ten granted to George Boyd, lot number eleven granted to David Manser, lot number twelve granted to Robert Shaw, lot number thirteen granted to David Lusk, lot number fourteen surveyed for Robert Mullock, lot number fifteen surveyed for Sidney Mitchell, lot number sixteen surveyed for Alexander Grant, lot number seventeen surveyed for Solomon Simpson, lot number eighteen granted to John McCoubrey, lot number five granted to William Magford, lot number four granted to George J. Thomson, lot number three granted to Hugh Boyd, lot number two granted to Samuel Elliott, lot number one granted to William Muford, lot number twenty-four surveyed for Geo. Eales, lot number twenty-five surveyed for John Mitchell, lot number twenty-six surveyed for James Clark, lot number twenty-seven granted to John Nicholson, and lot number twenty-eight granted to Thomas Molton.

A plan of the lands may be seen at the office of James G. Stevens, M. P. P., Saint Stephen, at the Crown Lands Office, Fredericton, and at my Office.

The same having been seized under, and taken by virtue of the following executions, issued out of the Supreme Court of this Province, to wit:—first at the suit of the Hon. John J. Robinson, endorsed to levy \$3229 12 7—second, at the suit of Francis H. Johnson, endorsed to levy \$331 30, and third at the suit of the President, Directors, and Company of the Saint Stephens Bank, in the County of Charlotte, endorsed to levy \$2910 3 5, altogether \$12,232 12 6, with interest, together with Sheriff's fees and incidental expenses.

Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, Dec. 1, 1863.

The sale of the above properties is postponed by order of Judge Wilton, until the first Tuesday in November next, or until otherwise ordered.

THOS. JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, June 6, 1864.

The above sale is further postponed, until the 20th of January 1865, by order of the Supreme Court.

THOS. JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, Oct. 31, 1864.

The above sale is further postponed until the 20th of April, 1865, by order of the Supreme Court in Equity.

THOS. JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Per ALEX. T. PAUL, Under Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, Jan. 19, 1865.

The above sale is further postponed until the 20th of July, 1865, by order of the Supreme Court in Equity.

ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, Oct. 17, 1865.

The above sale is further postponed until the 20th of October, 1865, or until the further order of the Court. By order of the Supreme Court in Equity.

ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, July 17, 1865.

The above sale is further postponed until the 20th January, 1866, or until the further order of the Court. By order of the Supreme Court in Equity.

ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, Oct. 19, 1865.

The above sale is further postponed until the 20th of January, 1866, or until the further order of the Court. By order of the Supreme Court in Equity.

ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, Jan. 16, 1866.

The above sale is further postponed until the 20th July next or until the further order of the Court. By order of the Supreme Court in Equity.

ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, April 18, 1866.

The above sale is further postponed until the eighth day of November next.

ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, July 16, 1866.

NOTICE.

The Subscriber will attend at his Office, to all Magisterial business that may come before him; Hours from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

THOS. B. WILSON, J. P.

St. Andrews, July 23.

ed to the place of beginning. Containing twenty nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-two acres more or less, distinguished as Block number nine.

The second Tract being situated in said Parish of St. James, in the County of Charlotte, and beginning at the northwesterly angle of Lot number three west of the south branch of Canoe river, surveyed for Robert Pinkerton; thence running by the magnet south two degrees west ten chains to a northern line of block number six, granted to the Saint Andrews and Quebec Railroad Company; thence along the same south seventy-three degrees west, thirteen chains to a cedar tree; thence north seventeen degrees west fifteen chains and twenty-nine links to a post and thence south eighty-eight degrees east eight chains to the place of beginning. Containing eighteen acres more or less.

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Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, July 16, 1866.

ALBION HOUSE,

Water St. Cor King,

St. Andrews,

1866.

Arrival of Spring Goods.

Direct importation from English, French and American Markets, per Steamers ST. PATRICK, VENEZIA, ANNETTE and OTTAWA, and Ship NEW LAMPELLO.

JOHN S. MAGEE begs to call public attention to his stock of NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS, which embraces a large and well selected variety.

DRESS GOODS—in all the new styles, Prints—White Sheetings, Fancy Regattas, Grey Cottons, Stripe Shirtings, Tickings, CORDERS in Bk. & Coloured, Satinets, Black Brads, Tweeds, Cloakings, and Valises.

READY MADE CLOTHING: Coats, Vests and Pants, Merino under Vests and Pants, Merino and Cotton Socks, Braces and Handkerchiefs, Neckties, Collars, in paper and linen.

Large variety of Ladies Hosiery and Gloves in Thread, silk spun and cotton.

Ladies and Gents Fresh Kid Gloves, the best make, blk. and colored.

Childrens, Ladies and Gents, White Kid Gloves, Trunks, Carpet Bags, and Valises.

A large lot of Nice Straw Hats, to which particular attention is directed, prices from 35 cents to \$1 the very newest shapes.

Gents Hats and Caps—in straw, cloth and felt, Ladies and Childrens Boots and Shoes, warranted best quality of their kind.

All of which will be sold at lowest remunerative profits for cash. No second prices.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

New Goods.

AT THE

British House,

Just received per British Steamer via Boston.

3-4 4-4 8-4 and 9-4 Table Linens.

Grey and White Sheetings and Shirtings, 100-Doz. Ladies and Gents. Hk. &c.

Fancy Ties, Braces, Collars, Prints, Red ticks, Osnaburgs, rashes, Diapers, Towellings, Linens, Tweeds, Satinets, Corals, hocks, Mohairs, Gingham, Delaines, Alpacaes, Coburgs, Flannels, Linen Thread, Clark's Cotton Thread, Shirt Brads, Fancy Brads, Laces, Netts.

With a splendid assortment of

Ready Made CLOTHING.

The above is the first instalment of our Spring Goods, the balance is expected by first Steamers, which together with the Stock on hand, will be offered at high prices as will insure quick sales.

D. BRADLEY & SONS.

CHAMPAGNE.

15 Baskets "Cordon Royal" Champagne, aug. 1.

J. W. STREET.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY BANK.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby Given, that in pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed on the eighth day of June, 1865, (28th Victoria Chap. 44), intitled "An Act relating to the Charlotte County Bank." The President and Directors of the said Bank intend to close the concern and business of the Bank, all persons

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available