

The St. Andrews Standard.

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No 7

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 13, 1870.

Vol 37

Poetry.

RICH AND POOR.

A SEASONABLE DITTY.

The following beautiful poem was written by the lamented and gifted Thomas D'Arcy McGee, we select it for the people's benefit as for his sentiment.

The rich man sat by his fire,
Before him stood the wine,
He had all heart could desire,
Save love of laws divine;
A daily growth of wealth,
And the world's good word through all,
Wife, and children, and health,
And clients in his hall.

The rich man walk'd about
His large luxurious room,
His steps fell soft as the snow without,
On the web of a Bunsen's loom;
Without, the bright snows had
Made lustres of all his trees,
And the garden gods look'd cold and sad
In their snowy draperies.

The rich man look'd about
Under the leaves of
And struggling up the gully road,
He saw a poor man go by;
He paused and look'd on the gate,
To husband his scanty breath,
Then heedy down on the threshold sat
The counterfeits of death.

The rich man turn'd his head
And close his curtains drew,
And by his warm hearth, gleaming red,
The wine flung his last dew;
Without, on the cold, cold stars,
The poor man's head reclined,
A snow-pit over him blown,
A body without a mind!

The rich man sleep'd that night
Was warm, dreamy, and deep,
Till near the dawn, when a spectre white
He saw, and heard it weep;
He rose, and stepping forth,
Rebeld a sight of woe—
His brother, Ah! on the earth—
Slain, and laid in the snow.

The snow received the head
Rejected by the brother;
'Twas of colder cause he lay there dead
Than the cold of the winter weather!
His blue lips gaped apart,
And the snow that lap'd his frame,
Lay through life on the rich man's heart
After that night of shame.

LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO.

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Every agency is visited three times a year by Mr. Lehwass, the traveller for the firm, who its difficult sight at different places in his route. This gentleman is stopping for a few days in this city.

Thus it will be seen that the business is carried on in a very systematic manner, and that nothing is left undone to make the public thoroughly acquainted with the many excellences of these really magnificent spectacles.—[Montreal Transcript.]

George F. Stickney, Sole Agent for Saint Andrews.

A Western farmer being obliged to sell a flock of Oxen to pay his hired man, told him that he could not keep him any longer. Why did you man, I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money. But what shall I do with the farmer, when my cows and oxen are all gone? Why, you can then work for me, and get them back.

"How is it you never go with any bad boys or get into any bad scrapes?" asked one little fellow of his playmate.

"Oh, that's 'cause I don't say 'no' easy."

We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a great deal more than a bag of money. We have no doubt saying 'no' easy has ruined many a child and man, and woman, too—saying 'no' as if you did not quite mean it.

When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do doubtful things say 'no' as if you meant 'no' and nothing but 'no'.

[From the London Civilian.]

Man-Hunters.

It has been the custom with philosophical writers to draw comparison between the social life of various ages in the history of man as the surest test of the progress of civilization. They point to the gradual growth of the gentler and domestic virtues, and the slow decline of those rude and lawless passions which are the invariable characteristics of a barbarous epoch. Woman has been selected by many profound minds as a test and key to the civilization of the various races of mankind. As her position has been one of honor or degradation, so have the philosophers measured the precise status of ancient tribes, of whom all other traces have been wholly disappeared. Indeed the position of woman has always attracted the attention of the thoughtful historian, and even those writers who regard the history of man as a mere collection of battles and sieges find time to bestow some attention upon this now all powerful member of the human family.

They have told us that in a rude state of society she was a mere vessel of her lord and master; that he bought her, sold her, divorced her or wedded her at his will. Chaffering for a wife with a covetous old father has formed a picture in many a book of travel, and has afforded a fund of thought for many a philosopher. The savages of New South Wales still affect to steal their wives, the Chinese still buy them, and in Turkey woman is still regarded as an appendage of the household—a chattel, a mere doll. She is worth so many sequins; or, if she be white and not a slave, she may be divorced at will. All this, of course, indicates the rudest civilization. In countries where the woman has been thus treated she has not even dreamed of the great things which were in store for her, nor of the possible eminence her sex might yet be destined to achieve. In Western Europe her position has been one of continual and rapid improvement. Ages have passed since she was a mere purchased toy of her lord, and although in the phraseology of the law, she is still better than a chattel, she has yet contrived so to change the face of society that we scarcely recognise in the dashing and clever 'girl of the period' the lineal descendant of those prim grandmothers who shed such lustre on the homes of England in the staid era of the Georges. Courtship had ceased to be the prosaic, demure business it once was, in the times when a girl might do with propriety as a regularly instilled into her mind as the Church Catechism. We have now no charming fireside pictures of the shy and lovely girl and the dashing and fearless lover. The whole practice of courtship has changed. The woman courts the man is hunted. We sigh as we look over a collection of old engravings illustrative of the domestic life and virtues of our great grandmothers. There is, of course, the harsh, scornful, and witty, perhaps, as it is now in its fossil state of preservation in old engravings. There are the old looks of grey and roundness, and, of course, the modest lover singing from the same page. Woman in those days was still in a state of vassalage; she had not developed into the being of a superior order who now assumes the reins of government in civilized society, and dictates her will to the world. *Nous avons change tout cela*. Woman is now a power. She rules with a rod of iron.

Interesting Tale.

A WATER-CURE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLAN.

They all went down to the shore, and stepped into the boat, all the summer boarders at Mrs. Beal's farm, ten of them, five ladies, and five gentlemen. But there were eleven of the party; for it would never do to overlook Prince Charles.

Prince Charles was one of those Newfoundland dogs who are worth their weight in gold, a great strong, shaggy knowing creature, a splendid swimmer, and as handsome as a picture. His master wouldn't have taken any money for him. His master was Mr. Charles Blandon, the gentleman who, with his two hands on the side of the boat, over which he has been leaning, looks round to listen while Miss Bertie Nelson strikes the light guitar. Just behind Bertie stands Mark Tracy who shuts his teeth hard, and thinks that Charles Blandon need not have taken such pains to place himself by the young lady's elbow, and that his looking over to see the color of the water is a mere pretence. John Shore stands just behind Charles, and Nettie Lane, Jane Clement and Fred James sit in the stern, Fred with the tiller. No matter about the other three, Prince Charles lies in the bottom of the boat.

This is a company of city folks who are spending a few weeks in a plain country place, and enjoying themselves much more than if they were at some styled hotel where all their time would be spent in dressing and dancing. The five young ladies are devoted and inseparable friends, and all belonged to the last but one graduating class of the Normal School. Not one is over eighteen. Three of the young men, Charles Blandon, John Shore and Mark Tracy, are college students on a vacation. Fred James is older, a patriarch of nearly thirty.

Now while they go skimming over the pond with laugh and song, and just, let us go back a few days to explain.

Bertie Nelson, being as much a belle as a girl just out of school can be, has had rather more than a fair share of attention from the young men, a fact which did not in the least displease her. How could it? It was only when she noticed that Charles Blandon and Mark Tracy were less friendly with each other on her account that she felt disturbed. She was a sweet and truly amiable girl, and liked to see everybody friends; and it must be owned that she wanted them to think very well of her. However, that was no harm.

My dear, says Mattie Lane, who was the eldest of the girls, there can be no doubt but both Mark and Charles are in love with you. Bertie blushed crimson. I should think you'd be ashamed to talk such nonsense! I exclaimed in vexation. I am only seventeen years old, and little at that, and I don't mean to think of a bean till I am twenty.

Possibly, replied Mattie, with great coolness, letting down her back hair as she stood before the dressing table, and shaking it out with both hands. You are not obliged to think of a bean; but you can't help it if a bean thinks of you.

The company had all been on a tramp in the woods that afternoon, and the girls were now brushing up to be ready for tea. The doors between their chambers were open and they ran to and fro, as girls will, exchanging confidences, borrowing hair-pins, helping arrange each other's hair, admiring each other's dresses, and laughing and joking.

Such a lovely dress, said Bertie, smiling at the tunic of a green-striped organdie. It just sets off your fair hair and fresh complexion. Now I am so sorrow and horrid that I always look worse in the last dress than in the one before.

Presently they were all ready, and went rustling down stairs in a pretty, flower-hued procession, a light perfume hovering about them, their faces bright with smiles. Bertie and Mattie Lane brought up the rear, their arms around each other's waists. Bertie's cheeks were very red, for she had not forgotten the conversation about beans; but before tea was done she had quite got over that non-sense, and was chatting away as gayly as ever. Then in the evening they all went down and walked on the shore of the pond near the house.

It so happened that Bertie and Charles Blandon got by themselves, and stood, with the moon shining in their faces, talking quite seriously. Charles was a generous young fellow of twenty, and he told his companion what he meant to make of himself, and how determined he was to be a great man.

I am going to be a doctor, and I mean to be a first class one, he said proudly. As soon as I graduate, I shall commence my studies

Then I am going to Paris for lectures. What are you going to do then? asked Bertie, much interested.

I shall put up a sign, and get married! Charles laughed as he brought out these last two words with a jerk, but he also blushed so deeply that Bertie could see the color by the moonlight.

She hardly knew what to say, and was beginning to feel a little embarrassed, when a step sounded near them, and a shadow fell across their path.

Do I interrupt? asked Mark Tracy's voice, in a not very pleasant tone.

O no! answered Bertie, hastily, Charles answering not at all. It is time we should go into the house. Where are the girls?

They had all gone in Mark said. Come then I said Bertie; but after a few steps found that only one of the young men followed her. Charles remained standing on the shore, with his back to them.

Isn't you coming? Bertie called out to him, sorry now that their friendly talk had been interrupted.

No! he answered quite shortly. I didn't mean to offend you, Mark said, in a tone that showed he was himself annoyed. But, really, he is too touchy.

Bertie glanced back, and saw Charles still standing where they had left him. Perhaps he isn't vexed, she answered, gently.

Mark glanced down at her pretty face. Yes, he is! His dislike for me breaks out at the least provocation.

Why? Bertie exclaimed. What can he dislike you for?

Mark hesitated. He didn't want to reply. He dislikes me because I like you! for he suspected that Bertie would not be displeased with Charles for that. He knew but too well that Charles was the favorite, and he felt a little temptation to say something which would injure him—not very much, but enough to make this girl think a little less of him.

Without meaning to, Bertie helped him along. She really liked Charles Blandon very much, and wished to know all she could about him. Besides, she had begun unconsciously to take pleasure in having him spoken of.

I hope that you and he haven't quarrelled about anything, he said, presently.

I'm in for it now, thought Mark, and went on without giving himself time to think. It is nothing very great; but since you ask, I will tell you. It is a little affair that happened at college.

You see, some of the fellows play cards, and sometimes they play for money. Well, one night Charles played an unfair trick and won, and I laughed him up for it. I thought it was made all up; but I don't believe he has ever forgiven me. Perhaps I oughtn't to have told; but I know you won't mention it.

O no! answered Bertie, firmly. Charles Blandon, whom she had begun to make a hero of, a gambler and a cheat. For that was the plain English of it. She didn't want to hear any more. She didn't want to hear anything just now. To her this was a dreadful shock. She had been very strictly brought up, and had none of those easy ways by which many girls excuse almost any sin in a man. She knew that she was a good girl and she didn't want to be on friendly terms with a dishonest young man. And yet, it was hard, for really Charles was very pleasant, and glad that since Mattie was playing and singing, she was not obliged to talk, but could sit by a window, and make believe, listen, in truth, she could not for her life tell what Mattie was singing. After full half an hour she saw Charles Blandon strolling slowly up toward the house.

Let's go to bed, she said hastily to Jane Clement. I am tired and sleepy. I don't want to speak to him again to night, she thought as she hurried up stairs just as Charles' graceful form appeared in the door. Then the next day was the sail.

There hadn't been much chance for any one to talk at breakfast time; and while they were on their way to the boat Bertie kept close to Mattie and Jane, one on either side of her. It was only when they reached the shore that she was obliged to speak to Charles. He stood there ready to hand the girls on board, and there was no escape for her.

I am sorry I spoke so rudely to you last night, he said in a very low voice, as he handed her over the rocks among which the boat was drawn up. Will you forgive me?

O, it's no matter, Bertie replied, without looking at him, knowing that he was looking very earnestly at her, knowing also that Mark Tracy was watching them from the boat.

What's the power of having that great clumsy dog with us? Mark asked sharply, as Prince Charles came trotting over the rocks. He's as heavy as a man.

I'll pay his passage, Charles Blandon answered flushing angrily. He's going anyway. Oh yes! the girls all said in chorus, the Newfoundland being a favorite with them.

Presently they were off, and in spite of the little cloud over the two young men, there was apparently a gay and happy party. They sang choruses, Bertie sang to her guitar, and

they enjoyed the day, and the scene. It was very beautiful, clear and bright, with a slight breeze from the west, and the loveliest sparkle in the water. Fishes jumped and sank again, looking like jewels as the sun shone on them, and bird-songs and perfumes came off from the shore.

If only Mark hadn't told me that! I should be happy, thought Bertie.

If I hadn't snatched her up so last night, she would talk to me to day, thought Charles, leaning over the boat-side, close behind Bertie.

What does he want to stick so close to her for? thought Mark Tracy having hard work to keep a pleasant face on him.

They went across the pond to a beautiful wood's point where they got out, and took a two miles' walk through the woods to a wonderful cascade which they had made this expedition to see. This cascade was in the depth of the woods, where a brook after wandering slowly, mile after mile, gathering smaller streams here and there, came suddenly to a mossy ledge between two tall trees, and made a leap into the basin below.

Exclamations of delight broke from all the party as they came out in front of this waterfall. Green branches far aloft hung their leafy tent to keep out the sun beams, all but a few golden drops that would sift through, flowers embroidered the soil all around, and were sprinkled with happy by the falling waters, and all sorts of vines and shrubs grew luxuriantly under the trees.

The company spent an hour in this charming retreat, then unwillingly started to return, lading themselves with flowers, cones, and branches of young acorns. Mattie, who sketched very nicely, made a little drawing of the fall, and put Bertie into it.

Arrived at the point again, there was their boat all right, and Prince Charles mounted guard over the luncheon basket.

Good fellow! said his master, patting him on the head. He is always faithful if he is only a quadruped.

As he spoke he happened to glance at Mark, who colored, and looked uneasy. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and perhaps he would not if Charles suspected him.

I'm famished! Mattie exclaimed. Do give the basket here as quick as you can. Bustle round girls, and get the cloth spread. Now there!

But in spite of Mattie's gravity and good nature, and in spite of the efforts of others, there was a stiffness over the party. Without knowing what was the trouble, they all saw that there was a coldness between Mark and Charles, and that it had increased since the morning. So they hurried through their luncheon quickly, and started for home.

Beautiful as it had been before, it was still more so now. The sun was setting, and three bright reflections on the water every ripple crested with crimson flame, the breeze had freshened, and their boat flew before it like a bird.

Better sit down Mark, Fred James said.—The wind is gusty and you may upset us. Mark turned angrily to answer, mortified at being spoken to reprovingly, when at a puff of air the sail struck him, before they knew what had happened, he was overboard.

Out, Prince! Catch him! cried Charles Blandon, hastily pulling his coat off, all thought of civility gone.

Bertie caught his arm. Don't jump overboard! she prayed her face as pale as death. Let Prince get him. Don't I beg of you!

No! Charles! Fred James put in. I throw this rope. There he comes!

Charles held himself in readiness, determined to go after his friend if Prince should prove unsuccessful.

The girls hushed their cries, and, clinging together, leaned to watch. The young men took in the sail, put the about the boat, and used their oars.

Mea-time, Mark had gone over so suddenly that he was perfectly paralyzed, and could not have swum a stroke, even if he had not been encumbered with his clothes. He felt the water close over him, gasped shivered and sank. Was it a moment or a year?

It was time enough for him to recollect that he had told of Charles Blandon, poor, generous Charles, who had always been a true friend to him; and not only that, but to recollect every wrong thing he had done in his whole life. It was terrible. Then the darkness gave to light, he saw the sunshine and the sky as he rose to the surface, but without hope. He felt powerless to struggle, and had sense enough to know that he should soon sink again.

O Lord, have mercy on me! he gasped, as the fresh air struck in his face.

A short rang in his ears, something near him splashed the water, and breathed heavily something fastened in his coat collar and drew him up as he was sinking again, and he felt Prince Charles' shaggy mane against his face. He was pulled aloft, strong arms grasped him, lifted him, clasped him, and Charles Blandon, bursting into tears of joy, bent and kissed him on the cheek.

Dear old boy, if you had gone when my last word to you was a cross one, I should never have got over it.

Photographers, Engravers, Printers, Stationers, and all other trades, are invited to send their names to the Editor, who will be glad to insert them in the Standard, and to give them the best of the press.

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To husband his scanty breath,
Then he turned down on the threshold safe
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The rich man turned his head
And close his curtains drew,
And by his warm hearth, gleaming red,
The wine flowed long hours fast;
Without, on the cold, cold stones,
The poor man's head reclined,
A snow-drift over him blown,
A body without a mind!

The rich man's sleep that night
Was vision, dreamy, and deep,
Till near the dawn, when a spectre white
He saw, and heard it weep;
He rose, and stepping forth,
Beheld a sight of woe—
His brother, Able on the earth
Shame, and laid in the snow!

The stone received the head
Rejected by the brother;
'Twas of colder case he lay there dead
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It has been the custom with philosophical writers to draw comparison between the social life of various ages in the history of man as the surest test of the progress of civilization. They point to the gradual growth of the gentler and domestic virtues, and the slow decline of those rude and lawless passions which are the invariable characteristics of a barbarous epoch. Woman has been selected by many profound minds as a test and key to the civilization of the various races of mankind. As her position has been one of honor or degradation, so have the philosophers measured the precise social status of ancient tribes, of whom all other traces have most wholly disappeared. And indeed the position of woman has always arrested the attention of the thoughtful historian, and even those writers who regard the history of man as a mere collection of battles and sieges find time to bestow some attention upon this most powerful member of the human family.

They have told us that in a rude state of society she was a mere vessel of her lord and master; that he bought her, sold her, divorced her or wedded her at his will. Chaffering for a wife with a covetous old father has formed a picture in many a book of travel, and has afforded a fund of thought for many a philosopher. The savages of New South Wales still affect to steal their wives, the Chinese still buy them, and in Turkey woman is still regarded as an appendage of the household—a chattel, a mere doll. She is worth so many sequins, if she be wife and not a slave, she may be divorced at will. All this, of course, indicates the rudest civilization. In countries where woman has been thus treated she has not even dreamed of the great things which were in store for her, nor of the possible eminence her sex might yet be destined to achieve.

Western Europe her position has been one of continual and rapid improvement. Ages have passed since she was a mere purchased toy of her lord, and although in the phraseology of the law, she is still better than a chattel, she has yet contrived so to change the face of society that we are now recognized in the dashing and clever "girl of the period" the lineal descendant of those prim grandmothers who shied at lustre on the homes of England in the stupid era of the Georges. Courtship has ceased to be the prudish, demure business it once was, in the times when what a girl might do with propriety was as regularly instilled into her mind as the Church Catechism. We have now no more of those pictures of the shy and lovely girl and the dashing and fearless lover. The whole practice of courtship has changed. The woman courts the man in a courtly way. We wish as we look over a collection of old engravings illustrative of the domestic life and virtues of our great grandmothers, there is, of course, the harpist, as a witty thing, perhaps, as it is now in its fossil state of preservation in old mansions. There are the old looks of glances and roundels, and of course, the modest lover singing from the same page. Woman in those days was still in a state of vassalage; she had not developed into the being of a superior order who now assumes the reins of government in civilized society.

Interesting Tale.

A WATER-CURE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLAN.

They all went down to the shore, and stepped into the boat, all the summer boarders at Mrs. Beal's farm, ten of them, five ladies, and five gentlemen. But there were eleven of the party; for it would never do to overlook Prince Charles.

Prince Charles was one of those Newfoundland dogs who are worth their weight in gold, a great strong, shaggy, knowing creature, a splendid swimmer, and as handsome as a picture. His master wouldn't have taken any money for him. His master was Mr. Charles Blandon, the gentleman who, with his two hands on the side of the boat, over which he has been leaning, looks round to listen while Miss Bertie Nelson strikes the light guitar.

Just behind Bertie stands Mark Tracy who shuts his teeth hard, and thinks that Charles Blandon need not have taken such pains to place himself by the young lady's elbow, and that his looking over to see the color of the water is a mere pretence. John Shore stands just behind Charles; and Nettie Lane, Jane Clement and Fred James sit in the stern, Fred with the tiller. No matter about the other three, Prince Charles lies in the bottom of the boat.

This is a company of city folks who are spending a few weeks in a plain country place, and enjoying themselves much more than if they were at some styled hotel where all their time would be spent in dressing and dancing. The five young ladies are devoted and inseparable friends, and all belonged to the last but one graduating class of the Normal school. Not one is over eighteen. Three of the young men, Charles Blandon, John Shore and Mark Tracy, are college students on a vacation. Fred James is older, a patriarch of nearly thirty.

Now while they go skimming over the pond with laugh and song, and just, let us go back a few days to explain.

Bertie Nelson, being as much a belle as a girl just out of school can be, has had rather more than a fair share of attention from the young men, a fact which did not in the least displease her. How could it? It was only when she noticed that Charles Blandon and Mark Tracy were less friendly with each other on her account that she felt disturbed. She was a sweet and truly amiable girl, and liked to see everybody friends; and it must be owned that she wanted them to think very well of her. However, that was no harm.

My dear, says Mattie Lane, who was the eldest of the girls, there can be no doubt but that Mark and Charles are in love with you.

Bertie blushed crimson. I should think you'd be ashamed to talk such nonsense! she exclaimed in vexation. I am only seventeen years old, and little at that, and I don't mean to think of a beau till I am twenty.

Possibly, replied Mattie, with great coolness, letting down her back hair as she stood before the dressing table, and shaking it out with both hands. You are not obliged to think of a beau; but you can't help it if a beau thinks of you.

The company had all been on a tramp in the woods that afternoon, and the girls were now brushing up to be ready for tea. They ran to and fro, as girls will, exchanging confidences, borrowing hair pins, helping arrange each other's hair, admiring each other's dresses and trinkets, laughing and joking.

Such a lovely dress, and so becoming! sighed Jane Clement, as Bertie smoothed out the tunic of a green-striped organdie. It just sets off your fair hair and fresh complexion. Now I am so sorrowful and horrid that I always look worse in the last dress than in the one before.

Presently they were all ready, and went rustling down stairs in a pretty, flower-budded procession, a light perfume hovering about them, their face bright with smiles. Bertie and Mattie Lane brought up the rear, their arms around each other's waists. Bertie's cheeks were very red, for she had not forgotten the conversation about beaux; but before tea was done she had quite got over that non-sense, and was chatting away as gayly as ever. Then in the evening they all went down and walked on the shore of the pond near the house.

It so happened that Bertie and Charles Blandon got by themselves, and stood, with the moon shining in their faces, talking quite seriously. Charles was a generous young fellow, what he meant to say of himself, and how determined he was to be a great man.

I am going to be a doctor, and I mean to be a first class one, he said proudly. As soon as I graduate, I shall commence my studies.

Then I am going to Paris for lectures. What are you going to do then? asked Bertie, much interested.

I shall put up a sign, and get married! Charles laughed as he brought out these last two words with a jerk, but he also blushed so deeply that Bertie could see the color by the moonlight.

She hardly knew what to say, and was beginning to feel a little embarrassed, when a step-sounded near them, and a shadow fell across their path.

Do I interrupt? asked Mark Tracy's voice, in a not very pleasant tone.

O no! answered Bertie, hastily, Charles answering not at all. It is time we should go into the house. Where are the girls?

They had all gone in Mark said.

Come then I said Bertie; but after a few steps found that only one of the young men followed her. Charles remained standing on the shore, with his back to them.

Are you coming? Bertie called out to him, sorry now that their friendly talk had been interrupted.

No! he answered quite shortly.

I didn't mean to offend him, Mark said, in a tone that showed he was himself annoyed. But, really, he is too touchy.

Bertie glanced back, and saw Charles still standing where they had left him. Perhaps he isn't vexed, she answered, gently.

Mark glanced down at her pretty face. Yes, he is. His dislike for me breaks out at the least provocation.

Why? Bertie exclaimed. What can he dislike you for?

Mark hesitated. He didn't want to reply. "He dislikes me because I like you," for he suspected that Bertie would not be displeased with Charles for that. He knew but too well that Charles was the favorite, and he felt a little temptation to say something which would injure him—not very much, but enough to make this girl think a little less of him.

Without meaning to, Bertie helped him along. She really liked Charles Blandon very much, and wished to know all she could about him. Besides, she had begun unconsciously to take pleasure in having him speak of.

I hope that you and he haven't quarrelled about anything, she said, presently.

I'm in it now, thought Mark, and went on without giving himself time to think. It's nothing very great; but since you ask, I will tell you. It is a little affair that happened at college.

You see, some of the fellows play cards, and sometimes they play for money. Well, one night Charles played an unfair trick by which I had him up for it. I thought it was made all up; but I don't believe he has ever forgiven me. Perhaps I shouldn't have told; but I know you won't mention it.

O no! answered Bertie, faintly.

Charles Blandon, whom she had begun to make a hero of, a gambler and a cheat. For that was the plain English of it. She didn't want to hear any more. She didn't want to hear anything just now. To her this was a dreadful shock. She had been very strictly brought up, and had none of those easy ways by which some girls excuse almost any sin in a man. She knew that she was a good girl, and she didn't want to be on friendly terms with a dishonest young man. And yet, it was hard; for really Charles was very pleasant.

She was glad when they got into the house, and glad that since Mattie was playing and singing, she was not obliged to talk, but could sit by a window, and make believe listen, though in truth, she could not for her life tell what Mattie was singing. After half an hour she saw Charles Blandon strolling slowly up toward the house.

Let's go to bed, she said hastily to Jane Clement. I am tired and sleepy.

I don't want to speak to him again to night, she thought as she hurried up stairs just as Charles' graceful form appeared in the door. Then the next day was the sail.

There hadn't been much chance for any one to talk at breakfast time; and while they were on their way to the boat Bertie kept close to Mattie and Jane, one on either side of her. It was only when they reached the shore that she was obliged to speak to Charles. He stood there ready to hand the girls on board, and there was no escape for her.

I am sorry I spoke so rudely to you last night, he said in a very low voice, as he handed her over the rocks among which the boat was drawn up. Will you forgive me?

O, it's no matter, Bertie replied, without looking at him, knowing that he was looking very earnestly at her, knowing also that Mark Tracy was watching them from the boat.

What's the sense of having that great clumsy dog with us? Mark asked sharply, as Prince Charles came trotting over the rocks. He's as heavy as a man.

I'll pay his passage, Charles Brandon answered flushing angrily. He's going anyway.

O yes! the girls all said in chorus, the Newfoundland being a favourite with them.

Presently they were off, and in spite of the little cloud over the two young men, there was apparently a gay and happy party. They sang choruses, Bertie sang to her guitar, and

they enjoyed the day and the scene. It was very beautiful, clear and bright, with a slight breeze from the west, and the loveliest sparkle in the water. Fishes jumped and mink again, looking like jewels as the sun shone on them, and bird-songs and perfumes came off from the shore.

If only Mark hadn't told me that! I should be happy, thought Bertie.

If I hadn't snatched her up so last night, she would talk to me to day, thought Charles, leaning over the boards, close behind Bertie.

What does he want to stick so close to her for? thought Mark Tracy having hard work to keep a pleasant face on him.

They went across the pond to a beautiful wood point where they got out, and took a few miles' walk through the woods to a wonderful cascade which they had made this expedition to see. This cascade was in the depth of the woods, where a brook after wandering slowly, mile after mile, gathering smaller streams here and there, came suddenly to a mossy ledge between two tall trees, and made a leap into the basin below.

Exclamations of delight broke from all the party as they came out in front of this waterfall. Green branches far aloft hung their leafy tent to keep out the sun beams, all but a few golden drops that would sift through, flowers embroidered the soil all around, and were sprinkled with spray by the falling waters, and all sorts of vines and shrubs grew luxuriantly under the trees.

The company spent an hour in this charming retreat, then unwillingly started to return, lading themselves with flowers, pine cones, and branches of young acornus. Mattie, who sketched very nicely, made a little drawing of the fall, and put Bertie into it.

Arrived at the point again, there was their boat all right, and Prince Charles mounted guard over the luncheon basket.

Good fellow! said his master, patting him on the head. He is always faithful if he is only a quadruped.

As he spoke he happened to glance at Mark, who colored, and looked uneasy. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and perhaps he would tell if Charles suspected him.

I'm famished! Mattie exclaimed. Do give the basket here as quick as you can. Bustle round girls, and get the cloth spread. Now there.

But in spite of Mattie's gaiety and good nature, and in spite of the efforts of others, there was a stiffness over the party. Without knowing what was the trouble, they all saw that there was a coldness between Mark and Charles, and that it had increased since the morning. So they hurried through their luncheon quickly, and started for home.

Beautiful as it had been at starting, it was still more so now. The sun was setting, and threw bright reflections on the water every ripple crested with crimson flame, the breeze had freshened, and their boat flew before it like a bird.

Better sit down Mark, Fred James said. The wind is gusty and you may upset us.

Mark turned angrily to answer, mortified at being spoken to reproachfully, when at a puff of air the sail struck him, before they knew what had happened, he was overboard.

Out, Prince! Catch him! cried Charles Blandon, hastily pulling his coat off, all thought of civility gone.

Bertie caught his arm. Don't jump overboard! she prayed her face as pale as death. Let Prince get him. Don't I beg of you?

No Charles! Fred James put in. I throw this rope. There he comes!

Charles held himself in readiness, determined to go after his friend if Prince should prove unsuccessful.

The girls hushed their cries, and, clinging together, leaned to watch. The young men took in the sail, put the about the boat, and used their oars.

Meantime, Mark had gone over so suddenly that he was perfectly paralyzed, and could not have swum a stroke, even if he had not been encumbered with his clothes. He felt the water close over him, gasped shiver and sank. Was it a moment or a year?

There was time enough for him to recollect the lie he had told of Charles Blandon, poor, generous Charles, who had always been a true friend to him; and not only that, but to recollect every wrong thing he had done in his whole life. It was terrible. Then the darkness gave to light, he saw the sunshine and the sky as he rose to the surface, but without hope. He felt powerless to struggle, and had sense enough to know that he should soon sink again.

O Lord, have mercy on me! he gasped, as the fresh air struck in his face.

A shout rang in his ears, something near him splashed the water, and breathed heavily something fastened in his coat collar and drew him up as he was sinking again, and he felt Prince Charles' shaggy mane against his face. He was pulled aloft, strong arms grasped him, lifted him, clapped him, and Charles Blandon, bursting into tears of joy, bent and kissed him on the cheek.

Dear old boy, if you had gone when my last word to you was a cross one, I should never have got over it.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

London, Feb. 12.
The champion game of billiards between John Roberts and W. Cook for a gold cup and \$400 was won by Cook. The game was 1200 points, the spot stroke barrel. The Prince of Wales and many of the nobility were present.

Paris, Feb. 12.
Thirty five prisoners were arrested yesterday on suspicion of complicity in a plot against the State and the life of the Emperor. In all cases arms were found on the prisoners.

Ottawa, Feb. 12.
Bishop Tache, of Red River, is still here. He has been present in the sitting of the Council in order to be consulted on Red River affairs. He expects to leave for Port George on Wednesday next.

New York, Feb. 12.
Gold, 120 3/4.

London, Feb. 13.
The weather yesterday was intensely cold throughout Europe.

A split in the Liberal ranks in Parliament on the Irish land question is expected. Rumors are afloat that Queen Victoria desires to marry a certain Baron German. Daily who has been visiting the Marquis of Salisbury, the reports are generally discredited.

The health of John Bright is improving. It is hoped that in a few weeks he will be able to take his seat in Parliament.

Diarelli is also recovering. The Angarian troubles in Ireland continue.

New York, Feb. 14.
The "Monitor" left Portland for Annapolis. The Monitor will leave to day.

Ottawa, Feb. 15.
The Dominion Parliament was opened yesterday the 15th inst., the Prince present.

Speech promises measures respecting law of elections and franchises, Court of Appeal, Banking Currency, also census.

Red River troubles are spoken of hopefully and a measure on subject of the future government promised.

Allusion is made to prospect for emigration and to His Excellency's tour through the Provinces.

Measures relating to coasting trade and merchant shipping promised.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HEPATOPHYTES is the only preparation known which gives prompt and permanent relief in Disease of the Lungs and Bronchial tubes. It restores the secretions to their healthy condition, allays inflammation of the mucous membrane, and is the most certain remedy for Debilitating Maladies. Full directions accompany each bottle.

From our Fredericton Correspondent.

Fredericton, Feb. 12, 1870.

Dear Standard:
The real winter in Fredericton, but there is no unusual thing; and the Legislature has met—and that is not an unusual thing; but some incidents connected with this are out of the ordinary routine heretofore observed on that annual eventful day, to wit, of the year.

"Beauty and fashion" of Fredericton—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, as appeared on the occasion in very good humor, and delivered the speech from the Throne with quite as much grace and originality as the Emperor, as ever exhibited by him in any of his public appearances.

The impression of the occasion is that the Emperor has on many occasions addressed to his fellow countrymen, as elected by law, who is not proud of so worthy a son of New Brunswick, and who has not an honest manly pride, that the office of Lieutenant Governor is so fully filled at this period in the history of New Brunswick. There was a very large attendance of Ladies in the Council Chamber, and also the British Soldier was not there as on former occasions, many remarked and very justly so, that the strong lady's son of New Brunswick, who now so fully foster his martial spirit, graced the occasion quite as well as the British officers who were usually seen on the left of the Throne on former openings of Parliament.

A New Brunswick Governor and New Brunswick Soldiers at the opening of Parliament, are strong indices that the Country is fast learning self-reliance, and the exercise of Self-Government, without any very noxious aid from the Mother Country; and this is right.

G. Botsford's removal is not yet recognized by the Legislative Council, and the committee of Privileges of that body, are busy limiting up precedents, all of which will be digested, and next week submitted in a report, which, from the men composing the committee, will no doubt be very able, and contain abundant material from which everyone will be able to form an intelligent opinion of the questions at issue.

No far as is known, the Legislative Council is likely to retain Botsford as their clerk, claiming that although he is appointed by patent from the Crown, he is only removable for cause, of which the Legislative Council are to be the judges; that if the Government have any complaint or cause for the removal, they should be communicated to the Council for their determination; that Botsford being their servant, and having the custody of their records, is only responsible to them, and that it would be contrary to good government and the independence of the Council, were it admitted by them that their clerk should be so under the direct control of the Executive, that the Governor has refused to accept of the Council, because they are the Journals of the Council, because they are not signed by this as clerk. There is an evident determination to have the matter fought out; neither the Council nor the Government being disposed to yield.

As yet little is done in the Assembly, and all parties evidently waiting the result of the Botsford matter.

To day Council passed the address in reply to speech, and on Monday the Governor will receive the Address which will be presented by the whole Council, unless some change in the order be made by the Council, which is not unlikely.

I observed all the Representatives from Charlotte and New Brunswick in the House of Assembly and Legislative Council. I saw Mr. McAllister, Mr. McAllister, Mr. McAllister, and from the energetic manner in which he criticized the absence from the House of any reference to the "Education and Factory Industries," he is evidently determined to make an active part in the Council; and as existing times are looked for, his impetuous manner will have good opportunity of exhibiting itself. Mr. McAllister has not as yet shown any active move as leader of the Opposition. Mr. Fry looks very well. Mr. Stevenson has for two days been very busy in the House, being engaged in the Court Room while the case of "Key against Thomson" is being argued on the merits for a new trial. The Hon. Mr. McAllister in charge very much occupied with CAREERS of the Government, and in carrying out its purposes.

Although much is foretold in the Speech, there is considerable speculation as to whether it will all assume a reality on the Statute Book, and the fact that the paragraph by some "accident" dropped out of the Speech, and the fact that Mr. Botsford was at first, by the Government, intended to hand the copies of the Speech to the President of the Council and the Speaker of the House, and that the Governor's private Secretary did this, are matters which tend to the shadowy side of the question.

Yours, &c., &c., CYRIL.

[By Telegraph to the Standard.]

Fredericton Feb. 15.—Eve's Address presented by whole House. The Council Address not yet presented. Council Privileges Committee with report, tomorrow, submitting privilege.

Queen's printer ordered not to print Council's Journals.

It is not known what course the Government intend to pursue. Little done to day.

Prov. Secretary refuses to pay Legislative Council.

with much care, and the literary Department is always entertaining and instructive. It deserves a large patronage in the Dominion. Published by A. M. Stewart New York, price \$3 and 20 cents postage.

"We see by the 'Standard' that there is great excitement in the usually very quiet town of St. Andrews, over the proposed amending up the portion of the line from the junction with Western Extension, and the consequent diverting of the trade to its pushing rival, St. Stephen. That portion of the line has been long in want of repair, and many seem to think the object to repair it was intended. Nevertheless, to its disadvantage, anything which would excite the inhabitants to such a degree, surely a deliberate attempt to kill it is sufficient cause."—[Fredericton Standard.]

Our contemporary is correct in his conclusion, and notwithstanding the power behind the throne, the people of St. Andrews will not allow any arbitrary exercise of power. They believe that had this line been kept open, it would have been a great benefit to the country. It is not a matter of a few weeks, while the line is closed, but a matter of a few years, while the line is closed, and the trade is diverted to St. Stephen. Why other portions of the line were attended to, and this end neglected, is understood, even the rails little used on the extension from the terminus at the point to the market wharf, were taken up and sold, and were used for replacing one of branches, instead of the main line to the junction. That the Committee of Bondholders have not the necessary funds at their disposal to purchase new rails, may be true, as the earnings of the road after paying salaries, were to be deposited in the Bank of New Brunswick, subject to the order of the Court of Chancery. But why were not the new rails sent out by the Bondholders laid on this road, instead of being sent out by the Court of Chancery? The rails from the terminus to the junction, every one knows were lighter than those above that section, and were intended for and laid upon longitudinal sleepers, which were afterwards abandoned and cross ties applied, but sides have been in use for several years; indeed without them the upper sections could not have been built; the large quantities of heavy freight, and the frequent running over of the ponderous engine "Thunder," sent out from England was enough to wear out the heavy rails during the building of the line. A. McAllister, Stevenson, Hibbard and Fry will give a good account of their stewardship, which is satisfactory to their constituents, will ensure their re-election. We have heard of "a move" on the political checker board to bring out a man in a remote section of the County for the purpose of holding the balance of power in a locality which aspires to be the victor in the County. It will not work, we are happy to learn; the people will not act and think for themselves, and will not be "dragged out" by their would be dictators.

Execution of Monroe.—On Tuesday morning, at 6 o'clock, John A. Monroe, was hanged in St. John, for the murder of Margaret Vail and her child. He made a confession acknowledging that he strangled the child and then shot Miss Vail. The details are too revolting to notice further.

A new stump drawing, plunging machine, has been invented in England, which has been so successfully worked over the Tattershall in Lincolnshire, on some waste land owned by Lord Fortescue. A full description is given in the "Scientific American" of the 12th inst., as well as many other interesting articles. We can heartily commend this publication to all readers, mechanics, and all those who are fond of scientific information.

Wood's Household Magazine for February has been received, and contains a large amount of good articles, and is one of the best household journals in the country. Price 5¢ U. S. per annum.

ITEMS.
—The liquor bill of this Dominion amounts to \$18,000,000 per annum—\$5 per head for every man, woman, and child in the country; \$8,100,000 is imported.

—The Albion Mine in Nova Scotia, produced 86,520 tons of coal last year.

—The New Hotel at Eastport will be opened in the spring under the management of Eliza Tait, who has leased for a term of years.

—The inhabitants of St. Francis and Madawaska Parishes in Victoria county have agreed to give right of way to the Woodstock and Riviere du Loup Railway.

A man who got drunk, at an election, said it was owing to his efforts to put down "party spirit."

Women are more liberal than men. Many a husband grudges his wife a dress, but few wives are averse to giving their husbands a dressing.

Married.
On the 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. R. E. Smith, Rector of St. George, Owen Jones, of Wellington, New Zealand, to Florence, second daughter of Z. Chipman, Esq., of St. Stephen.

At New San Diego, California, on the 18th December, Mrs. Lucy Young, relict of the late John A. Young, formerly of St. Andrews, At Ramsgate, England, suddenly on the 1st Feb., Robert Barr, of New York City, in the 53rd year of his age. Mr. Barr, formerly resident in St. Andrews where he leaves many friends.

Mr. Barr came here from Scotland in 1831 and was in his father's firm's employ, who carried on a large mercantile business. He

turned to respect, should be continued, while steps are being taken to remove the misapprehensions which exist, and to reconcile the people to the change. His Lordship believes that a short delay in the completion of the contract, however in itself inconvenient, may be more than compensated by ensuring that the surrender is finally effected with the full consent and agreement of both parties interested.

The approaching election promises to be one of interest. We notice that the "School-diac Times" mentions that a combination of some of our most talented and efficient politicians is formed who intend offering at our next election. Will the people of the South-eastern and Eastern sections of the County please make a note of this "move," and govern themselves accordingly. We have heard on the eve of an election a cry of virtuous indignation in one section against creating "reactional feelings and arousing the worst passions of the electors" when it turned out afterwards that the dominating spirit and unwavering desire to control the whole County existed in that section! Mr. Joseph Donald's utterances have proved correct, and he now warns the constituency of the "unholy alliance," which is being formed and also states that he will be a Candidate at the next election. This we believe, that if he is elected, he will be an honest legislator, a fearless advocate of the people's rights, and a thorn in the side of those who act as their own, and not their constituents' representative. We do not pretend to write up Mr. Donald's claims, as he has done so himself on several occasions. Our object is to do justice to him as one of the people, and one who, who received a large support from them at the last election, without the powerful aid of money and influence.

In addition to the present numbers, it is rumored that there will be three new Richmonds in the fall. No doubt Messrs. McAllister, Stevenson, Hibbard and Fry will give a good account of their stewardship, which is satisfactory to their constituents, will ensure their re-election. We have heard of "a move" on the political checker board to bring out a man in a remote section of the County for the purpose of holding the balance of power in a locality which aspires to be the victor in the County. It will not work, we are happy to learn; the people will not act and think for themselves, and will not be "dragged out" by their would be dictators.

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MEDICAL ASSISTANCE
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY
GIVES THE MOST EXCELLENT RELIEF
IN A FEW MINUTES.

RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Proves its superiority to all other Remedies at once.

ITS FIRST INDICATION

Is to relieve the patient of PAIN, no matter from

what cause it may originate, or where it may be seated.

It is the Best, Speedy, or Quick Relief

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G. F. STICKNEY.

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

Has received a further supply of

Watches, Jewellery, and Electroplated Goods.

Brilliant Metal, Paper Machine, Wedge and

Patent Wires, Tea Trays,

CUTLERY and HARDWARE,

General Fancy and House Furnishing Goods

SHOES and FISHING TACKLE.

Stationery,

Brushes, Combs, Perfumery and Fancy Soaps.

Edge and Joiners Tools, Saws, Files, &c.

Molasses.

20 H HDS choice Retailing Molasses.

J. W. STREET

French White Wine Vinegar.

50 Q Cads White Wine Vinegar.

Jan 17. J. W. STREET

Albion House

Ladies' Choice Handkerchiefs, 10 cents per doz.

New Manteau Coats, 2 sizes.

New Corsets, New Trimmings.

New Gowns, New Hats, New Shoes.

Skeletons, Goggles, Unbleached

Cottons, very cheap.

Men's Linen Dusters, Men's silk Lingerie Dusters.

New Hats, New Shoes, New Ties, New Collars.

Inspection invited. JOHN S. MAGEE.

LAZARUS & MORRIS,

PRACTICAL OPTICIANS & Oculists.

LONDON & HARFORD.

Have appointed

G. F. STICKNEY, of St. Andrews, N. B.

Sole Agent for the sale of

CLARENCE PERFECTED

SPECTACLES.

Which have been extensively used in the New

England States, the past eight years, and for

which they enjoy the undiminished advantage

over those of ordinary use, the proof of which

may be seen in their country increasing business

during a residence in Hartford of 8 years.

1st. That from the perfect construction of the

lenses, they assist and preserve the sight, rendering

frequent changes unnecessary.

2d. That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness

of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort

not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3d. That the material from which the Lenses

are ground is manufactured specially for optical

purposes, and is pure hard and brilliant, and not

liable to become scratched.

4th. That the frames in which they are set

whether gold, silver or steel, are of the finest quality

and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

They are the only spectacles that

PRESERVE AS WELL AS ASSIST THE

SIGHT.

And are cheapest, because the BEST, always lasting

many years without change being necessary.

5th. The Firm will visit St. Andrews, at

the Store of their Agent, every four months, for

the purpose of fitting those having deficient sight

when any spectacles sold by their Agent during the

interval will be exchanged free of charge if not

properly fitted.

WE EMPLOY NO PEDDLARS.

1869. ALBION HOUSE 1869.

ST. ANDREWS.

Public attention is directed to our cheap Factory

Cottons and Flannels, a few of which

are now on hand.

Nice smooth unbleached Cotton at 9 cents.

Fine yard wide do do 10

Extra do do do 12

Heavy sheeting 30 inch 14

Fine white sheeting 12

Superior do do do 12

Flannel Union 24, Check do 26

Red Flannel 30 per yd. Red do 35

Blue do 25 Blue do 30

White do 25 to 45 cents.

The balance of our Fabrics will be sold at cost—

BACON, SALT, &c.

The Subscriber has in store, and offers for sale

at reasonable prices—

6,000 LBS. BACON,

2000 lbs. Leaf Lard,

500 Hams, smoked and dried

1000 Lbs. P O R K,

500 Sacks Liverpool Salt,

2000 Bushels OATS,

100 do seed barley,

50 do Harvey Grass Seed,

12 do Vetches,

200 do POTATOES,

600 lbs. Nutmeg Clover Seed,

500 " Turnip seed,

6 Bbls. P. R. Island Onions,

HENRY O'NEIL.

St. Andrews, 25, 18-9-2

Refined Petroleum.

20 BLS. No. 1 Kerosine Oil.

J. W. STREET

THE NEW

DOMINION MONTHLY

(64 Pages) Edited by a handsome Cover.

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature,

Sketches, Anecdotes, & Novel Cottage House,

table, the steamboat, and the

It is the intention of the editors to render this

Magazine so interesting that it will be read

throughout by old and young, and to render it un-

objectionable to any reader.

TERMS.—One dollar per annum in advance, or

a club of nine for eight dollars.

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MAGAZINE.

DEMOCRAT'S Monthly Magazine, universally

acknowledged the Model Paper, Magazine

of America devoted to Original Stories, Poems,

Sketches, Anecdotes, & Novel Cottage House,

held Masters, Gems of Thought, Personal and

Literary Gossip (including a special department

on Fashions), Instructions on Health, Gymnastic

Exercises, Music, Amusements, etc.,

all by the best authors, and profusely and art-

fully illustrated with costly Engravings (full

size), useful and reliable Patterns, Embroidering

Jewelry, and a constant succession of artistic novel

ties, with other useful and entertaining literature.

No person of refinement, economical housewife

or lady of taste, can afford to do without the Model

Monthly. Single copies, 30 cents; club numbers

at 50 cents; 10 copies, either mailed free,

Yeggs, \$3; with a valuable premium; two copies

\$5 00; three copies, \$7 50; five copies, \$12; and

splendid premiums for clubs at \$3 each, with the

first premium to each subscriber. Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST

No. 538 Broadway, New-York.

Demorest's Monthly and Young America, to-

gether, \$4 with the premiums for each.

Offer the following Stock of Goods for sale on

3000 CHESTNUT Superior Souchong TEA,

2500 lbs. Choice Orange Molasses,

2500 lbs. Choice Muscovado Molasses,

2500 lbs. Choice Sugar,

2500 lbs. Choice Coffee,

2500 lbs. Choice Tea,

2500 lbs. Choice Flour,

2500 lbs. Choice Rice,

2500 lbs. Choice Beans,

2500 lbs. Choice Corn,

2500 lbs. Choice Potatoes,

2500 lbs. Choice Apples,

2500 lbs. Choice Oranges,

2500 lbs. Choice Lemons,

2500 lbs. Choice Peaches,

2500 lbs. Choice Plums,

2500 lbs. Choice Cherries,

2500 lbs. Choice Strawberries,

2500 lbs. Choice Raspberries,

2500 lbs. Choice Blackberries,

Sewing Machines.

WHAT EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE!

One of the Original WOOD

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 STOOPE,

Agent.

Jan 16.

MERCHANDIZE

The undersigned offers for sale the fol-

lowing Merchandize remaining

in Store—

2 Hds. Best Cognac Brand

1 Qr. Casks Vintage '62, '63 and 1 '66,

20 Qr. Casks Scotch & Irish Malt

2 Hds. Whiskey,

20 Qr. Casks Best pale Geneva,

211 Cases Hennessy & V. G. Co. Pale and

coloured Brandy,

300 Red and Green cases Geneva,

20 Casks Scotch Whiskey, qts & pints,

25 Casks Old Tom

30 Chests Best Congo Tea,

40 Hds. Oolong

10 Hds. Refined Crushed Sugar,

20 Hds. & Tcs. new Cienfuegos Molasses,

40 Bbls. London Porter & Pale Ale

6 Bbls. Cognac Brandy vintage 1860 &

1862

6 Cases Champagne and Sparkling Hock

4 Hds. & qrs. best bottled and raw

Lined Oil, dec. 30 1868

J. W. STREET.

Bourbon Whiskey.

Ex "Harriet" from Boston.

1 Hhd. fine Old Bourbon proof Whiskey.

2 Puncheons do do 40 O. P.

JAMES W. STREET.

June 12th, 1869

ALBION HOUSE.

Is now receiving his new stock of

FALL AND WINTER, STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS,

which were selected in the cheapest markets,

with a view of suiting the requirements of

this section of the Province. Many of them

are the production and manufacture of the

New Dominion—long may it live—and for

cheapness, excellence, and durability excel