

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

ET VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[12s. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No. 35]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1860.

Vol 27

THE WOMAN IN GREY.

The barren plateau, on which the allied armies were encamped before Sebastopol, was naturally suggestive of many superstitious fancies among the troops. The outlying sentry, with his eye at the uppermost degree of attention, to detect some crouching spy, eventually saw imaginary forms around him, and the darkness became peopled with the denizens of another world. Many stories of ghostly manifestations were current, very few of them possessing any other foundation than the imaginary fancy of the credulous soldier; but there are one or two authentic stories of ghosts, one of which I will tell here, as I heard it from the lips of an officer of an Irish Regiment, who was conversant with all the details.

A soldier on being relieved from guard one winter's night, swore stoutly that he had been haunted during the whole period of duty, by a woman in gray, who made signals to him, which he, good Catholic as he was, declined to follow. He was laughed at; but when the sentry on duty the next night told the same story the most incredulous began to believe. When a week had passed away and each night the same occurrence happened the regiment was so infected with alarm that the captain of the day had to interfere. For this purpose he summoned to his councils one Patrick Leary, a Color Sergeant, who was popularly supposed to fear neither man nor devil. The captain let the non-commissioned a revolver, bidding him fire if he found it absolutely necessary, but to do his best to capture the woman alive. Mr. Pat took his heavy dragoon of rum and went on sentry-go much to the relief of the men warned for that night's duty.

It was a dark misty night when Pat commenced his duty, and it was enough to make any one feel uncomfortable. The gale, however, so long as the effect of the rum lasted, whistled the 'Night on which Leary was stretched,' sotto voce, stamped his feet to restore the chilled circulation. Some how or another though, he began to grow very lonely, and almost wished the ghost would come, only to bear him company.

His wishes were soon fulfilled, for hearing a slight sound, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, he saw a dusky form gibbering at him in the distance. Pat began scrapping and bowing in reply, and the woman apparently encouraged by this drew nearer. Pat laid his firelock on the ground as if to encourage the other but placed his hand carefully on his revolver. There was nothing like being prepared, but if it were a woman—the thought fairly turned the honest sergeant's mind. Ere long the figure approached so near that Pat was enabled to challenge—

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the stranger, in a musical, though foreign voice.

"Advance friend, and give the counter-signal," said the sergeant mechanically.

Just as the figure approached, the moon broke out from behind a cloud, and enabled him to see the woman's features.

The most astonishing thing was the immense great beard the figure wore. Pat as a traveler was accustomed to strange sights, but this surpassed all. In a second though the truth flashed upon him, and he made ready for action.

"Come here my darling, Pat said, artfully but the woman did not seem inclined to obey. The moonlight had evidently destroyed the stranger's calculations. She fell back a step or two, and then turned to fly. But it was too late; Pat was after her with a tiger's bound, and imbedded by her petticoats, she stumbled and nearly fell. In a second however, she recovered, and turned on the sergeant with a most uncomfortable yatsghan.

"Tear and 'ouns," the sergeant shouted, the woman's devil.

"I can stand, nails, but these are too sharp. A howl mocking laugh burst from the stranger's lips, as he tried to get between Pat and his musket. But the sergeant was on his guard; pretending to fly, he managed to bear down in the grasp of the woman, and caught at her capote. The next moment the yatsghan had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, but he did not relax his hold.

He grappled with the stranger, but meeting with an unexpected resistance, he drew his revolver. The stranger clutched at it with frantic energy, and a terrible struggle ensued, which terminated by the pistol suddenly exploding; and the stranger fell to the ground with a groan, while Pat weakened by the loss of blood, followed his example. The quarter-guard, aroused by the shout soon hurried up to the spot, and both were borne into the camp.

The stranger was placed in a hut, and a surgeon fetched, and it was evident that he was a fine-looking old man.

He was, however, declared to be in a dangerous state, for the ball had passed through his lungs. His condition was kindly explained to him, and he told his story readily enough.

His name was Constantine, and he was by birth a Pole. Having been engaged in the revolution in 1831, he was saved from the death that fell to the lot of his comrades to endure a worse fate. He and his family were transferred to Russia, and he was forced to perform the most degrading duties in the secret police.

For twenty-three years he had endured the humiliation for the sake of his wife and child, but the little reckoned what was in store for him. When the war with allies became imminent, he was ordered with his family to Sebastopol, for he was a perfect French and German scholar; and when the campaign compelled to risk his life nightly by going out to spy the progress the enemy made.

Death stared him in the face either way; if he refused, the sentence passed upon him at Warsaw still remained in force, while if obeyed, he was in hourly risk of detection. Why not desert you ask? but the Russian police were Machiavellis. His daughter Eudoxia a lovely girl of three and twenty was taken into the Governor's house, ostensibly to protect her from the horrors of the siege; but Constantine was given fully to understand that her life depended on his fidelity. The poor father was sorely distracted; his hatred of the Russians was counterbalanced by his love for his daughter, the only treasure he possessed in the world, for his wife had succumbed under the privations and exposure of a winter's journey across the steppe.

Need I say that the father triumphed over the man? Constantine was a nightly visitor to our lines, and by the cleverness with which he played the character of a French or English linesman, long escaped detection.

At length, a dreadful ordeal was offered him; he was told that if he could only induce an English soldier to desert, from whom some valuable information could be obtained his sentence would be reversed, and he would be free to go where he pleased with his daughter. Maddened by the thought of freedom Constantine attired himself in feminine garb, hoping thus to attract some sentinel from his post. He would then wound him, though not dangerously, and drag him into the Russian lines. In fact he must catch a Briton alive; but unfortunately, in Sergeant Leary, he caught a Tartar.

Such was the story he told, and which aroused considerable interest among the leaders. It reached the ears of Lord Raglan himself, who visited the prisoner, and bade him be of good cheer; no harm should befall him. But Constantine shook his head sadly; of what value was life to him now when he was separated from his Eudoxia?—I need not say that every kindness was shown the poor fellow, and the doctors vied with each other in their attention to him. But there was little chance of saving him; the wretched conical ball was apparently imbedded in his backbone and there was no prospect of moving it.

Pardon, reader, such a common place story but the end is not yet.

Two days later, Sergeant Leary, who had bound up his flesh wound, and laughed at it, was at work in the front parallel. He was sitting in the trench, smoking a very dirty short pipe and growling inwardly, when the wound gave him a twitch. It was a lovely night, and double caution had to be exercised, for the Russians were all alive, and seemed shooting for a wager at the trenches.

Pat philosophically took off his shako, and placed it on top of the earth-work. In five minutes he took it down again, and there were three Minnie balls clean through it.

"Whirrah!" said Pat as he comically surveyed the damage, "here's a patent ventilator."

"Lucky, for you, Sergeant Leary," a young ensign remarked that your head wasn't in it."

"Arrah, your honor, and do you suppose that those dirty bullets would go through my head? It's all very easy with a regulation shako, for we know what that is made of; but an Irishman's head is formed of strong materials."

A suppressed laugh ran along the trenches but Pat was not at all put out.

Boys, he remarked with solemn pathos, since the unlucky day that I landed in this filthy country, not a night has passed that I haven't put at least a pint of bad spirits in me, and this is the result of it. It wants a pretty decent head to stand the rakew's get up here, for I would take the roof off a house; so I think my head is safe against a ball sent by the Russian powder. Biffoh! what's their game now I wonder?"

The men jumped up involuntarily for the firing from the Russian guns had grown tremendous. Forgetting all caution, they sprang on the breast work, naturally supposing that the enemy meditated a sortie. They were in perfect safety, however; all the bullets were

at present directed at a single figure, which was crossing the open space at frantic speed. Our men cheered heartily, the stranger passed on, utterly reckless of the shower of lead, and some two or three fellows, Leary at their head, rushed out to rescue him. Great was the Sergeant's surprise, though when he recognized in the stranger, the Woman in Grey. But there was no time for enquiry. The Russians had opened all their batteries, as if disgusted at not bringing down their victim, and for an hour the very earth shook with the vibration. Suddenly the fire died away, as we did not condescend to reply to it; the moon retired behind a cloud in disgust, and there was silence for the rest of the night.

In the meanwhile, Sergeant Leary had convinced himself that this Mr. Jones was not that Mr. Jones; the stranger, instead of wielding a yataghan, employed a far more dangerous weapon in a pair of the most lovely eyes ever seen. Then, in a most seductive voice, (Leary swore afterwards that he understood every word but don't believe him,) she asked after her father's welfare. She spoke in French, and, at any rate, the officer of the watch comprehended her, and sent a party with her at once to head-quarters. Lord Raglan no sooner heard of the horsemanship she displayed in order to join her father, than he gave direction that she should be treated with all possible kindness; and have free access to the prisoner. Her presence was better than all the doctor's stuff to Constantine; he rapidly recovered, but Eudoxia's duties were not over then. By some stupid mistake, Leary managed to run his renowned head against a Minnie ball, which sadly injured his personal appearance and for some reason or another Eudoxia insisted on nursing him. It may be that his repeated visits to her father had touched her heart, but what do I know?

All I can say is, that I nursed Sergeant Leary's youngest girl the other day, when I went in for an ounce of tobacco at a shop not a hundred miles from Leicester Square, and was requested to wait and see Father Constantine, who has very comfortable engagements as interpreter at one of our police courts.

With him I smoked a refreshing pipe, and he confirmed all the details of the story I lay before the reader.

British Columbia.

The white population of British Columbia amounts to about 5,000 men, with scarcely any women or children. The Emigration Report states that the people in the towns are well conducted; divine service is regularly performed by resident clergymen, and there is an almost entire absence of crime. The export of gold is estimated at about 14,000,000 a month, exclusive of that in the hands of the miners. An export duty is in contemplation. The gold searching is principally carried on by 'sluicing,' which is effected by means of ditches, constructed with great skill, and sometimes of great length, one of them being five miles long, through a very difficult country. A "free miner" has to take out annually a 20s. license from the Gold Commissioner of the district; a claim must be registered at a charge of 4s. a year. The free miners in a district may procure the establishment of an elective Mining Board, to make bye-laws concerning mining matters. The Gold Commissioner is a magistrate with power to try all mining disputes, but subject to an appeal in cases of importance. The Governor reports that the land on the banks of the Fraser river which rises in successive terraces, evidently the former bed of the river, is highly auriferous, and seventy-one ounces of gold dust have been taken out of a claim, by three men in twenty-four hours; gold has been discovered as far as the Fraser river has been prospected, which is 600 miles from its mouth; and on the Quesnel river, a tributary, 40l. a day is said to have been made to the hand. Roads are being opened by theappers and miners, and the expense of transport has been reduced from 37 cents per lb. to ten. The great drawback is the absence of an agricultural class; but every encouragement is given to settlers, and they are allowed to occupy unsurveyed land (100 acres), with a future right of purchase at an upset price of 10s. an acre (preserving the precious minerals). Aliens who have been bona fide residents for three years may be naturalized.—Times.

Lifeboat Services.

It appears that during the terrific gales of the few months that have passed of the present year, the lifeboats in connexion with the Royal National Lifeboat Institution have been instrumental in rescuing 115 of our fellow creatures from a watery grave. Nearly all the services of the life boats took place during stormy weather and heavy seas, and frequently in the dark hour of the night, yet not a single accident happened either to the crews or the boats.

SCOTCH SONG.

November came so chill and cruel,
And frost and snow on the hill,
And Boreas w' his blasts so loud,
Was threaten'g our shields to kill;
When my gudewife who loves no strife,
Gat up and plainly did declare:
Go to the draught, John, and buy
The Pectoral o' Dochter Ayer.

Now this is so, as weel ye know,
So aff I did as I was bid,
And bought the Pectoral that day,
Our health increased, our coughing ceased,
No frowns the gudewife's brow did wear;
So every time we brew the malt
We drink the health o' Dochter Ayer.

Lang be his life an' free from strife,
May bairnies' bairnes climb his knee,
And ne'er may they to their last day
For gowd or silver wanting be;
May he ne'er lack a trusty friend—
O' blessings may our Father send!
To him the eldest brother's share.

The Lesson of Man's Troubles.

If whenever a man has trouble, he will put a moral consideration under it, his trouble will be almost done. Troubles that have a moral consideration under them, are like sick babes cradled in the arms of their mothers. They are sick; but oh, how sweet a place they have to be sick in! Whereas, troubles that have not a moral consideration under them are like sick babes all alone on a bare floor, crying to themselves. Men may make themselves as miserable as they choose over their trouble, by refusing to look at it in the light of Divine providence, they may render it comparatively easy to bear, by the reflection that God sends it upon them for their good.

Griefs and troubles wrongly used are more destructive to us morally and eternally, than almost any other thing. The apostle says, "The sorrow of the world worketh death." On the other hand, troubles nobly borne advance us.

They are not the most happy who have the least trouble; they are the most happy who know best how to convert trouble into prosperity.

One thing more. I think that the whole language of our households is heathen, on the subject of death. I think that the language of the pulpit on this subject is heathen. I think that the language of Christian men about dying is calculated to make one think that there is no God but fate, and that death is a great calamity, instead of being the most blessed consummation of human life.

So on the subject of troubles in this life, there is a heathen philosophy and spirit. I think we bring up our children on a heathen principle in regard to troubles. We teach them that the better way to deal with troubles is to dodge them; whereas, the Christian way is to put on the whole armor of God, and be able to stand in the day of evil, and having done all, to stand.

We do not teach our children that to suffer is nobler than any other experience of life. We do not teach our children that they are not to aim to avoid suffering so much as to maintain their manhood. Character and nobility of nature are the things which we ought to inspire our children with an ambition to obtain; and we ought to teach them that in obtaining these things they should count sufferings as matters of indifference.—We ought to inspire them with this feeling:—Truth, justice, purity, piety—these are the things which I mean to live; and, if, in prosecuting my journey through this world I am beset with storms on every hand, I am willing to bear them. We ought not to bring up our children in such a way that they will put their trust in material things; but in such a way that they will make it the great object of their life to gain a rich inheritance in the life which is to come.

We should say to them,—Endure hardness, as good soldiers! So we should bring them from the heathen ground of seeking the pleasures of this life, upon the Christian ground of taking up the cross and following Christ.—Brecher.

Charitable and Religious Institutions of London.

The metropolitan charities comprise—12 general medical hospitals; 50 medical charities for special purposes; 35 general dispensaries; 12 Societies and Institutions for the preservation of life and public morals; 18 societies for restraining the fallen, and staying the progress of crime; 12 societies for the relief of general destitution and distress; 32 societies in connection with the Committee of the Reformatory and Refuge Unions; 12 societies for relief of specific destitution; 14 societies for aiding the resources of the industrious (exclusive of loan funds and savings banks); 11 societies for the deaf and dumb and the blind; 103 colleges, hospitals and institutions or almshouses

for the aged; 16 charitable pension societies; 74 charitable and provident societies, chiefly for specified classes; 31 asylums for orphans and other necessitous children; 10 educational foundations; 4 charitable mechanical foundations; 40 school societies, religious books, church aiding, and Christian visiting societies; 33 bible and missionary societies. Total—526. (This includes parent societies only, and is quite exclusive of the numerous auxiliaries, &c.) These charities annually disburse in aid of their respective objects the extraordinary sum of £1,764,733; of which upwards of £1,000,000 is raised annually by voluntary contributions; the remainder from funded property, sale of publications, &c.

Curious Calculation.

If London were surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate, and a west gate, and each of the four gates were of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely four abreast and a peremptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under twenty-four hours; by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced no less a distance than seventy-five miles from the respective gates, all the people being close file, four deep.—Advertiser.

A NEW RIFLE WEAPON.—A Springfield correspondent of the Hartford Times thus describes a new weapon just completed at the Springfield armory. It was finished by that department, approved by the Secretary of War, and built at the armory under the superintendence of the master armorer, Erskine S. Allen, then acting-superintendent. It is a breech-loading piece of the following dimensions:—Length of barrel, 4 feet; stock, 19 inches; diameter of barrel at breech, 2 3/4 inches; at muzzle, 1 1/2 inches. It carries a Minie ball weighing 1/2 pound, 19-100ths of an inch in diameter. It is loaded with 384 grains of powder. The barrel is of cast steel, with five grooves or ridges of ratchet form. The lock frame is different from that of other breech-loading pieces. It is hung on a pivot, and, when closed, presents a smooth surface, all the machinery being inside. The lock is suspended on a pivot rod as a rest and to prevent the recoil from hurting the shoulder. The wt. of the gun is 85 lbs. It is intended wholly for wall service, in picking off officers, and for other such purposes. It is now being experimented with by the Board of Ordnance at Washington.

[We cut the above description of a new swivel gun from an exchange. It is manifest that the dimensions of the bore are not correctly given, as a shot weighing half a pound and less than the fifth of an inch in diameter would be altogether too long.—Eds. Sci. Am. American.

A BUSINESS QUAKER.—The Quakers are in the main, as every one knows, a thrifty, kindhearted, and undoubtedly honest people; but with some of them, as among the "world's honest people," love of filthy lucre will predominate. In one of their farming communities lived friend Benjamin and his son. It was their custom to buy up cattle to fatten for sale. One day Benjamin, Jr., had selected a choice portion of stock from a passing drove, and was about to buy, when Benjamin Sr., came along.

"Father, I am about to buy these cattle. What dost thee think of them?"

"What dost he ask?"

"So much?"

"I guess thee'll get them for less!"

"Offer him \$800 and wait till morning if he don't trade."

Filial Ben assented—made an offer in vain—went home with the old gentleman—slept—and next morning, after caring for the stock, mounted his horse to try again to buy the cattle. But on his way he met Benjamin, senior, returning home with the whole herd in question. Benjamin, senior, was wealthy as well as smart; he had taken an early start and bought the lot.

"Thee will let me have my portion, will thee not?" asked Filial Ben.

"No, senny, of course not; I've bought the whole; wanny 'em all!"

"What! Isn't that a hard task to play the son? and I trusted to thee?"

"Ah, Henry, said pater familias, reprovingly, thee must be sharp and wide awake; trust nobody, Benjamin; watch thy father."

Quite likely for young Benjamin the nomination was needless thence forward.

Philadelphia Press.

Literary fame is more easily caught than kept.—If you do nothing, you are forgotten; and if you write and fail, your former success is thrown in your teeth.

ST. ANDREW'S HOUSE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased and fitted the large and commodious corner of WATER and FREDERICK Streets, AS A HOTEL, and trusts by attention and efforts to please, to receive a share of patronage.

Just Received, 76 BARRELS Extra Family FLOUR, 50 Bags Yellow Corn Meal, 4 Doz Half Boxes Sardines.

KEROSENE OIL.

FOR sale at the Union Store. This splendid coal oil, gives a more brilliant light than any other, and is cheaper.

Goods in Store

- 10 Bbls Clear and Extra Mess Pork, 60 Bags Liverpool Salt, 80 do superfine and extra flour, 12 do double extra do, 10 Boxes sardines, 3 do W. L. Coffee 1 lb papers, 2 do Tobacco, 2 Chests London Congou, 24 do souchong, 1 Box Oolong, 4 Bags Black Pepper, 3 Hds. Boiled and Raw Oil, 5 Cwt London White Paint, 12 Casks Whiting, 15 Boxes Window Glass Assorted, 2 do Woodstock Pipes, 3 do T. D's Candles, Soap, Starch &c.

In Bond.

- 12 Hds. "Marcell & Co." best Pale & 4 Qr Casks "Best Brandy" Vin. 1857, 7 Hds. "Best Pale Geneva, 6 Pipes "Old Sherry, 3 Qr. Casks best Old Port Wine, 1 Hhd. "Old Sherry, 2 Qr Casks "Best Malt Whiskey, &c. &c. St. Andrews, March 28, 1850.

MOLASSES.

35 Hds, bright Moscovado Molasses. May 28 1850. J. W. STREET & SON.

TIMES FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.

A Capital, 250,000 Sterling. THE Directors of this Company are men of the first standing—and many of them of great wealth. It has agencies in Great Britain, and Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, Prussia, Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

BLACK SMITH WORK.

THE Subscriber respectfully intimates to his friends and the public generally that he has commenced business in the Blacksmith line, in the shop, at the head of E. & J. Wilson's Wharf, where he will attend to all orders in his line, such as Ship, Mill, and Agricultural work, together with Horse-shoeing and general jobbing, and hopes attention to receive a share of patronage.

House for sale.

WHAT commodious House and Premises, at present occupied by Wellington Hatch, Esq. corner of King and Parr Streets. Possession given 1st May next. For terms, &c., apply at the Strand Office.

CARD.

DR. GOVE respectfully informs his friends and the community, that he has removed to his residence near the Court House.

Lumber, Lumber, Lumber.

DIMENSION Timber, Scantling, Stud, ding, Planks, Boards, Laths, &c. &c. stocked here the extensive by D. Bradley, Water Street, near the extension by the Railway.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

AYER'S Cathartic Pills are a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of constipation, biliousness, and other disorders of the bowels. They are composed of pure and mild ingredients, and their action is gentle and soothing.

As a Family Physic.

Your Pills are the source of all that is good in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of a severe case of constipation, and I have never since had any return of the complaint.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved most effectual for the relief of all cases of that organ.

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cholera, &c.

Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best remedies for these disorders. Their action is gentle and soothing, and they are perfectly safe in all cases.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

DR. AYER'S Pills are a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of dyspepsia and impurity of the blood. They are composed of pure and mild ingredients, and their action is gentle and soothing.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, &c.

DR. AYER'S Pills are a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of constipation, costiveness, suppression, rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, dropsy, paralysis, &c.

CRAMP & PAIN KILLER.

THE world is astonished at the wonderful cure performed by the CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER, prepared by CURTIS & PERKINS. Its equal has never been known for removing pain in all cases for the cure of Spinal Complaints, Cramp of the Limbs and Stomach, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Chills and Fever Burns, Sore Throat, and Gravel, it is decidedly the best remedy in the world.

Notice.

THE Subscriber announces to the Inhabitants of St. Andrews and the County generally that they have commenced business as FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

GENERAL PROVISION DEALERS.

Hoping by strict attention to business, and low prices to receive a share of public patronage. Some formerly occupied by D. Bradley, Water Street, near the extension by the Railway.

B. R. STEVENSON, Attorney at Law and Solicitor.

AMOS P. TAPLEY, DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

FOR SALE.

A light RIDING WAGON, in good order. Apply to G. E. O. HATFIELD.

TO LET.

THAT superior stand for business situated on the South Side of the Market Square within ten feet from the Railway, and now occupied by Mr. George McCulloch.

AMOS P. TAPLEY.

MILK REMOVED TO 84 Milk Street, (opposite Pearl Street) where he will keep a full assortment of BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

ESTES' THICK BOOTS.

ESTES' THICK BOOTS, fully warranted, double and Top Soles: 14 to 17 inch legs. FRENCH'S wide and Full Custom-made Cal Kid and Grain Boots.

Boston and Saint John Steamers!

FIRST TRIP THIS SEASON! 'Eastern City' & 'Admiral'

STEAMER 'EASTERN CITY' will leave Boston for St. John, returning on Thursday morning, 22d, March, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

DR. PARKER.

Has removed his residence, to Mr. Williamson's house, at the corner of Queen & Edward streets, near the Bank.

HOUSE TO LET.

THE House Barn &c. in Queen Street, with a large garden attached—present occupied by Mr. Wm. McLean.

100 CORDS Hemlock Bark.

are wanted by the subscriber—payable in Wagon and Sleighs. ESTENTFORD.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe Lung Affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

Pilots, Pilots, Pilots.

NOTICE is hereby given to Merchants, Ship Masters, and all interested, that the Pilot Boat 'TORMENTOR' will cruise on the regular Pilot ground from this date, under the Regulations. Dated 23d March, 1850.

Public Notice.

IS hereby Given, that the following Non Resident Property, in the Parish of Fennyfield, has been assessed as under for the year 1850.

LONDON PAINT & OIL.

8 Hds Brandra Bros, best double Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil, 1 Ton best White Paint &c.

BOSTON WHOLESALE HOUSES.

AGRICULTURAL GOODS, SEEDS, TREES, &c. PARKER, WHITE & COMPANY, Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, 40 South Street, Boston.

Agents.

St. Andrews—Mr. I. Snodgrass, saddler, Bocabee—Mr. R. Purvis, St. George's—F. Hibbard, Esq., Frederick—Mr. G. Hal, merchant.

Map of Charlotte County.

THE undersigned are engaged in a survey of the entire county of Charlotte and the publication of a detailed map of the same as practicable.

SASH, BLIND & DOOR FACTORY.

THE Proprietors of the Milltown Sash, Blind and Door Factory, tender their thanks to the inhabitants of St. Andrews, and the public generally for the liberal patronage with which they have been favored.

Whiskey, Paint, Oil, &c.

To arrive per the 'Conquest' from Liverpool & Abilth from Glasgow: 4 PUNS, Best Scotch & Irish Whiskies, ALSO.

SEEDS—SEEDS.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a variety of GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS, of the best quality and of pure quality.

The Standard.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY A. W. SMITH.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Inserted according to written orders or continued till forbid, if in written directions.

Merchants, Clerks, Bookkeepers.

THE new book, 'HOW TO WRITE', by W. H. B. WHITE, is now published by the author, at the Strand Office, No. 10, Strand, London.

ST. JOHN STONE WORKS.

South side King Square, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE Proprietor of the above Establishment.

gives notice to the Public, that he has entered into Partnership with his brother under the firm of J. & R. MILLIGAN.

STONE AND MARBLE.

and are prepared to supply at the shortest notice Monuments, Headstones, Tombs, Vaults and Tablets, Mantel Pieces and Table Tops, &c. &c.

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SEEDS—SEEDS.

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