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NO. 6.

Absent.
And I am from these, and the weary miles
Come as a barrier 'twixt these arms and thee;
Thy love-lit eyes, the sunshine of thy smiles,
I cannot see.
That deep outpouring of the soul's fond wish,
When lip meets lip in long ecstatic kiss,
And thoughts, untongued, speak in the cheek's
deep flush,
Forbidden bliss;
That melting moment's calm, when passion's
spell,
Expiring, breathes a softly-murmured sigh,
And the head sinks, to hide what else would
well.
From half-closed eyes
All this, and more, that tongue could never
tell,
Comes as a memory chilled by absence'
frown,
And the fierce throbs of love's most passionate
swell
Is chastened down,
Is chastened to that purer, calmer light,
Whose power nor Time, nor Distance can
erect,
For thy pure virtue and thy beauty's might
O'er both prevail.
Like some lone star on mirrored lake's calm
breast,
Thy image shines in purity and peace,
And in the stillness of a soul at rest
All passions cease.
—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

AT HIS MERCY.

Between the two men with whom this story is almost exclusively concerned there had long been a clearly marked difference of opinion on nearly every vital question on which they had ever discussed together—including even that which involves the moral distinctions between justifiable homicide and downright murder. Yet they had never evinced any disposition to avoid the society of each other, and when they met, which had been rather frequently of late, they chatted together pleasantly enough on all different topics, and seemed content to maintain a studied reticence whenever a question was inadvertently raised upon which their views were pretty certain to be totally at variance. The elder of the two men was called Otto Inklemann. His father had been a somewhat noted sausage maker in the Prussian town of Halle, where Otto had been employed as a boy in helping to vend the products of the paternal skill at a certain pork-shop not far from the venerable university which forms the chief feature of the quiet old town by the Saale. Otto's education had been, however, by no means so much neglected as might be inferred from his humble position in life.

At the age of eighteen Otto Inklemann, growing tired of a life so distasteful to him, forsook his father's roof, and joined a troop of strolling players that he encountered in a small town not many miles from the Hartz mountains. These enterprising wanderers proved equally ready to present scenes from Schiller and from Kotzebue, or to exhibit their suppleness and muscular power in the performance of those gymnastic feats which are usually associated with the sawdust of the country circus.

Even as a child, Otto had evinced a singular liking for walking on the tops of gates, and for running along the summit of a very high wall, which formed one side of his father's garden. As time went on, this passion for climbing to dangerous heights became so strong as to lead him on one occasion to accompany a daring workman in his ascent to repair the weather-cock of a neighboring church. It was not at all surprising, then, that the youth should accept with avidity an offer made by one of the itinerant companies to teach him the art of walking upon the tight-rope. So assiduously and fearlessly, indeed, did Otto Inklemann pursue his new vocation that five years had hardly elapsed ere his astonishing nerve and skill had secured for him engagements in every capital in Europe. It was after a second very lucrative tour of this kind that he made the acquaintance, at Lyons, of Walter Knight, the other individual referred to by me at the outset. The men again met at Paris, soon after, whither Otto had gone to fulfill a somewhat lengthy engagement; and it was toward the close of his stay in that city that he became the husband of his early love, Gretchen, a fair-haired German girl, with a complexion in which ivory-white and the pink of the blushing rose were pleasingly blended.

Walter Knight, the descendant of a family which had figured prominently during the wars of the Roses, was at this time engaged as an assistant scene-painter at a small theatre which used to stand in a narrow street not far from the Luxembourg. He saw Otto Inklemann frequently at a neighboring cafe, to which the rope-walker daily went when he sat down to his daintily-arranged dinner; from which he made it a rule never to rise till the large gilded clock which faced him had marked the lapse

of an hour and a half. To this meal, as well as to dinner, Otto several times invited the young painter, for the former was glad to have some one near him, besides his wife, who could speak to him in his native language, the only one in which he was able to express himself with clearness. Otto had a strong dislike to any one who attached the slightest importance to patrician lineage, and this was one of the subjects which the two friends mutually agreed to avoid. But Gretchen was as yet unconscious of this feeling on the part of her husband, and she would sometimes, as she knew hardly anything of the English and their history, encourage Walter Knight to speak of the country in which he was born, and he was thus insensibly led on one occasion to touch briefly upon the part which his family, in times long since gone by, had played on more than one well-fought field. The sneer, however, which this recital brought to the thin, pale lips of Otto Inklemann soon reminded Walter Knight that the subject which he had introduced was a distasteful one to his host.

Upon a certain afternoon, when the young scene-painter had been maintaining a lively conversation with Gretchen, the light-blue eyes of Otto Inklemann were suddenly raised from the plate in which he had been rather gloomily contemplating for some minutes his untasted strawberries, and asked abruptly:

"Do you find scene-painting a profitable occupation?"

Walter Knight turned from Gretchen to the speaker, and looked at him with a studied expression of surprise on his face, not unmixed, however, with a shade of annoyance. Unless a man is remarkably successful in the career he has chosen, he rarely likes to be questioned as to the income yielded by his efforts. Some such feeling as this prompted the Englishman to reply, after a forced laugh:

"Why do you ask that, Inklemann, are you dissatisfied with the pecuniary results of following your own calling, and do you wish to begin the study of my profession at the close of your Paris engagement?"

"No," answered the other, quietly, "my performance on the high rope is now bringing me in one thousand francs each time I appear, and I don't think there is any other way open to me of getting so large an income with so little risk."

"So little risk!" echoed Walter Knight, raising his eyebrows. "Oh, yes; now I catch the spirit of your grim humor. There is merely the risk of falling from a height considerable greater than that of this house, and in such a way meeting with certain death."

"I was alluding to the very remote chance I ever have of losing a single thaler of what I once earn. It would not be so were I to invest my savings in business, you know," explained the German, somewhat coldly.

"But, Otto, we have enough—oh, surely enough—without your continuing to endanger your life," pleaded Gretchen, with a slight shiver and an anxious glance at their guest.

"When we first spoke of marriage, Gretchen, you told me that it was my courage, my daring, made you love me, and now you speak of the performances which have made me famous and yielded me plenty of money, with a shuddering dislike," said Otto, in a cold, hard voice, which brought a startled expression into her deep blue eyes.

"Yes, at first, dear Otto; but now that I am your wife I could wish that you were anything rather than what you are," she answered, earnestly.

"That is a pity," he said, sneeringly, "for you will have to be content with my way of life for the next few years, anyhow. I like it. To me there is no risk in it, I can walk upon a rope at any height with just as much safety as I can step across the floor of this room. But I have a proposal to make to you, my friend," he added, turning to Walter Knight, "and one which I think may be made very advantageous to you. I have been getting five hundred francs extra a night during the past week for this new exploit of mine with the wheelbarrow, but the man I wheel over the rope has fallen suddenly ill, so I was told this morning, and it would take me a considerable time to discover any one with nerve enough to take his place. Now, until the person I speak of recovers—I went up with him to the weather-cock of a church when I was a boy—I am willing to divide the extra sum which I am to get, with you, if you will agree to stand in a narrow street not far from the Luxembourg, during the performances of the next twenty days. You would have nothing to fear in my hands."

"Oh, no! do not consent to that, Herr Knight," said Gretchen, quickly. "You would turn giddy, and—and I don't at all approve of Otto's new feat, for you might—"

observing the strange look of expectancy which was visible in her husband's face.

"Well, go on. He might, what?" asked Otto Inklemann, in a low, steady voice.

"Why, if I turned giddy I should cause the loss of your life as well as my own. That is what your wife means, I presume," broke in Walter Knight. "But I don't think that would be at all likely, if I had determination enough to look upward constantly."

"You have active courage enough, I am certain," said the rope-walker, after a few moments' silence, during which he fixed his eyes searchingly on the face of his friend. "But have you passive courage? Can you resign yourself with implicit confidence into my hands, and regard yourself as a being who has no right to have any opinion whatever about the possibility of falling, save that which I may choose to convey to you? For our undertaking you must regard yourself as a mere helpless mass, without the power of voluntary movement, and dependent upon me in every respect. Make up your mind to be all this, and I can answer for it that you will be as safe as you are at the present moment."

"I have no doubt that I could submit my eyes as a precautionary measure, and then—"

"Yes, you might shut them at the starting point; but I don't think you could keep them shut," interrupted Otto Inklemann.

"I have never felt any nervousness, even when standing at the edge of a precipice," remarked the painter.

"Then I am quite willing to wheel you across the rope and back. But remember," said Otto slowly and clearly, "that if you become, contrary to my expectation, frightened, and try to balance yourself, by leaning either to one side or the other, I shall be obliged, for my own sake, to drop the handles of the wheelbarrow and abandon you to your fate."

"Oh, Otto, that would be too horrible!" exclaimed Gretchen, covering her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out some shocking vision.

"Would it, my little wife?" said the rope-walker, dryly, as he rose and took a box of cigarettes from a side table— "he did not smoke himself—and offered them to his guest. Gretchen got up from her chair also at this hint, and left the two men alone.

"It is agreed, then, that you are to trust yourself to me this evening," interrupted Otto, after a short silence.

"Yes," replied Walter Knight, who had been looking abstractedly at the time piece. "I am willing to take the risk upon the terms of remuneration you have mentioned. The fact is, I have pressing need of two thousand francs, and must have them ere the close of next week."

"Very well, then, we must have a rehearsal this afternoon with a net suspended a few yards below you; but, of course, you understand that there will be no need when we appear before the public to-night," said Otto.

"Perfectly. I take the risk in consideration with the gain," answered the other.

They parted a few minutes later, with more cordial expressions of good feeling on the part of Otto than the painter had ever before received from his friend. Otto soon after went out and walked rapidly toward the building where he now nightly performed. He overtook Walter Knight, who had stopped to speak to one of the actors at the theater, but when Otto had turned into another street, and nearly reached the bottom of it, he turned and retraced his steps; he had forgotten to bring with him a pair of velvet shoes which he wore during his dangerous performance. When within a few yards of his own door, he saw the figure of a man upon the steps in the act of pulling the bell. It was that of Walter Knight. The German touched him on the shoulder and said in a thin, strained voice, "Returned again so soon, my dear friend! Why, how did you know that I should turn back for my shoes?"

"I didn't know it," replied Walter, simply.

"I believe you," said Otto, quickly suppressing the outbreak of a bitter laugh into which he had been betrayed, and changing it to a cough.

"I came back for my umbrella, which I left here," explained the painter.

"I rather think you hadn't one; we shall see."

They entered the house, but their search for the missing article was in vain.

"Ah, well," said Walter, as they once more reached the street, "I must have left it on one of the tables at the cafe."

Otto smiled, and then he asked, with something of eagerness in his manner: "You will not fail me at the last moment to-night? It would go to disappoint a large audience in carnival

time, you know. That kind of thing is apt to make one unpopular, and might cause a row. You must come, now."

Walter laughed as he said: "I am too much in want of the money to miss the chance of earning such a sum lightly."

Again they parted, to meet in an hour's time for the rehearsal. No sooner had Walter passed through the preliminary ordeal than he hastened to his lodgings and wrote a lengthy letter to his sister at Pimlico. An excerpt from his epistle will sufficiently indicate the nature of its contents:

"So with this money I can pay off the liability that poor Charles has contracted, and prevent the arrest that he dreads so much. With the balance I shall return next month to London, and marry my faithful Sally. But do not say a word about all this to her. I will do that myself when the proper time comes."

Having placed a postage stamp upon this letter, he put it into the breast pocket of his coat, intending to drop his missive into a *boite aux lettres*, which was let into the wall of a house close to his own residence, not long after he descended to the hall door and had just opened it when he saw Gretchen standing without. She was pale, and her eyelids had that redness which tells of many tears. It seemed to Walter that she had been waiting irresolutely at the door.

"Herr Knight," she said, in a hurried voice, speaking as she always did to him in her native language. "I have come to advise you, to implore you, not to trust yourself on that fearful rope. I cannot tell you all my reasons for dreading some fatal result. But believe me when I say that your life—"

"There is not the slightest risk if he does what is right," said a voice.

She turned with a half-suppressed scream, and saw that her husband was almost at her side. He had crossed over unperceived from an archway nearly opposite, where he had been hidden from view while his wife had been waiting.

"Inklemann," rejoined Walter, who now began to experience an undefined dread, "You think that I don't love my wife sufficiently for that, do you?" demanded Otto, in a deep voice, that had something tragic in its notes. "You shall soon be undeceived then."

"I think nothing of the kind," replied Walter quickly.

"Immaterial. You shall die all the same within the next few minutes."

"Are you mad?" cried Walter, on whose forehead a profuse perspiration had suddenly broken out.

"Yes, I think I am," said Otto bitterly, "but that is not to the purpose. To be brief, my wife, has been false to me. Your return to my home to-day, when you unexpectedly encountered me, her anxiety for your safety, these and fifty other things that I have noticed—all prove my suspicions were correct."

"What frenzy is this which has seized you?"

"Remember that you are completely at my mercy and make a clean breast of it, before you lie a mass of broken bones on those empty iron chairs beneath us. It will be regarded as a pure accident by the audience, and I shall be avenged. I have suspected you both for sometime past, but 'till to-day did I feel quite certain. As I look down upon you sitting there, I can almost see the letter which I am sure she gave you at your door. It was peeping from the breast pocket of your coat, as I was putting you into the barrow. Now, tell me how long this has been going on, or I will drop the handles I hold, and send you headlong below." This last sentence was hissed through Otto's clenched teeth.

"Inklemann," said the painter in that thick broken voice, which proceeds from a throat parched by feverish emotion, "you are the victim of a delusion, the offspring of a wildly jealous nature. Your wife, even if she were her when she was Franlien Schultz would never have made any impression on my heart. I am, in fact, engaged to a woman whom I love dearer than all the world beside, and this very letter you speak of, which I forgot to post on my way hither, would prove what I say, if you could see it."

"Then let me see it," said Otto, doubtfully.

"I cannot; it would be death, you know, were I to move," replied Walter Knight.

"All false; a mere trick to gain time."

"Wheel me to the other side, and then I solemnly promise to show you the letter. As to the umbrella, ask at the cafe if I did not find it there an hour ago."

The applause had gradually subsided, but the strains of a large military band beneath, still rendered their voices audible to none but themselves.

"No, you would then escape me; but stop, I can balance you with one hand, resting a leg of the barrow on the rope. With the other hand I can take the letter from you, and read sufficient of it for my purpose, if you can hand it to me steadily over your left shoulder. Beware of too sudden a movement, either to one side or the other, if you would not lose your life sooner than I intend."

The letter was handed open to Otto Inklemann, amid the fresh outbursts of applause from the audience, who supposed that this new and difficult feat had been duly practiced for their delectation.

"Now you can murder me," said Walter Knight, "if you choose; but my last words will be, I'm quite innocent of the charge you have made against me."

"I am satisfied that you at least are not to blame. Perhaps I have been altogether mistaken," said Otto Inklemann, doubtfully; and then he wheeled his burden in safety to the other side of the house.

But Walter did not again trust his life to the rope-walker, and the painter had therefore to wait two years longer ere he wedded the woman of his choice.

Another White Rat.
Mr. John G. A. Orr exhibited at the Charlotte, (N. C.) Observer office, recently, a pure white rat with pink eyes. It was not a mouse, but a real rat, and was found in a house on his premises near the city, in which he had a quantity of corn stored. It is quite an infant yet, having just been taken from the nest in which it was born, and in which were found, also, six other young rats, but all of the regular grey color except the one of which we speak particularly. One of the parties who were present at the discovery of the nest, says he saw the old mammy rat run away, and avers that she, too, was perfectly white, but, however, this may be, it is quite certain that this bantling is as white as it can be, and that all the others of the litter, of which it was a part, are grey.

Items of Interest.
King Humbert I. of Italy, is thirty-three.
Germany, Turkey and Brazil will probably not take part in the Paris exposition.
That was a very enterprising newspaper that tried to secure the report on the pistols.
Mary E. Booth, daughter of Junius Brutus Booth, has gone on the stage in Philadelphia.
The principal articles exported from the United States to Europe are grain, pork, lard, savings bank presidents' meat, butter, heiressees, weather predictions and horses.

GLOOM.
"The darkest day in all the year?"
The rest will then be lighter.
The saddest day?—then banish fear:
To-morrow will be brighter."

Two hundred and twenty street lamps at Providence, R. I., which extend over a distance of nine miles, are now lighted and extinguished by electricity, in less than fifteen seconds by one man.
The expenses of Stanley's great African journeys, just concluded, have been about \$115,000, borne equally by the New York Herald and London Telegraph—more than any previous African expedition, private or governmental, and giving more complete and important results than any other.
The American people are the greatest readers in the world. They read any thing almost, and everything. Africa just now is a popular subject, and man books treating of it are issued. All of them describe one of the sea-coast tribes who use buttons for money. This peculiarity makes such a deep impression on the minds of many readers, that when they go to church Sundays they thoughtlessly put buttons in the collection box instead of cash.

A singular death from starvation took place at Rockville, Conn., recently. About a year ago a Scotchman named Montgomery, overseer in a gin-hat factory, who had been in poor health for some time, applied to the Hartford hospital for treatment, and it was found that the passage leading from the stomach to the abdomen was growing up. A tube was introduced for the purpose of opening a passage, and the experiment was for a time successful, but the effect was not permanent, and for some months he took no food except liquid through this tube. He gradually wasted away, but was at his place in the mill five days before he died.

"The Golden Hand."
The Brussels police are much elated at the capture of a female pickpocket who is reputed to be the ablest operator of that line, and is known by the sobriquet of "The Golden Hand." This artist at her husband's own consent, and has taken a European reputation. Berlin, Vienna, London and Paris have in turn been the scene of her exploits; indeed the lady boasts that she has made two tours of the world. In Paris they have spent eleven years, but though her operations were conducted with such marvelous skill and cunning that no robbery could ever be brought home to them, however, the fatal day came last month. Detective who was shadowing Madam T'Servanx saw her approach a lady in the northern railroad, who was buying her ticket. The "Golden Hand" followed the passenger, and just as she was entering the railroad carriage, she appeared intent on doing the same. This caused a little embarrassment, which ended by Madame T'Servanx gracefully giving way, and presently leaving the station. "Have you your purse?" asked the detective. "Gracious, it's got and full of money, too," was the answer. "The Golden Hand" was arrested a few minutes later, and her husband congratulated the officer in most flattering terms.

Andrew Johnson and the Dog.
A Greenville neighbor of Andrew Johnson owned a dog which was favorite of the ex-President's. The dog before he died he stroked the snout upon the head, saying, "Prince, you and I are getting old; we are not long for this world." This was Sunday Monday night he died, a short distance from Greenville, and Wednesday a train brought his remains home. "Prince was at the depot, and the car containing Johnson's remains ran over the fatal dog, crushing on his life. This recollection vividly what the ex-President had during the first two years of his Greenville life after his return from the Presidency he was as restless as a caged lion, walking about the streets with employment, and apparently despondent, and miserably with the long days hang upon his hands, and no way to take of the time congenial with his tastes.

Various small advertisements and notices on the left margin, including mentions of 'ALL', 'ANSCRIPT', 'COAL', 'FARM', 'HEAL MYSELF', 'DARK-BY', 'LINIMENT', 'BEAST', and 'WOOD'.

In appear but a look of lease of his for any cons briskly down down, burie to the right an absent Suddenly he and jumped setting a fat home with "wurst," which lodged and hurrying by rid things! middle of t "good morn down to se parted com slipper a nu once forgot began to thi fat woman t boy who ha of ice to tak down on the who was so tion that he the back—n impressive full or d's a unworthy of dive to esca mourned o swore he-w on the fir falling bro red hair a cuttle from head, and l as the autl pitched into and taking i the genteel going by ge string from his nose, q woman put with her fee for a weel Table.

An Ind A Manito pondent o Post writes section and the employ pany. He the trade d When the s small th in their pile g sugar. The yard are the Failing to those machi of one artic of another, like this: side tea or a bit of medicine th one side of pemmice blankets at when the t take the pe blankets ar one side This ver satia Indian of t died appro berves: ' We will m between the blankets, b fill further and marten against the and my gu when both the ball an will take th one side only illum on Indian balances an deliberation by the old ader decid ward way; f and is a v have can sly be ma ne-man.

Mr "Fay," v the Loulav followin A lady w the trea is from a "This is \$50,000, mbling, April 1, 187 The next bote bene "Well, y have the re." Still amo on this pe says: "How ex ally muc hful, de these chle sion of sional b ves the t consigne, destructi it is sugg ny matri because t best man

The New York Post-Office.
We copy the following extracts from an interesting article in the *Scientific American*, giving a description of the large amount of labor performed in the New York Post Office, from which some idea may be formed of the onerous duties of Postmasters in small offices, for which in the Dominion they receive very low salaries:

Enough letters, circulars, and postal cards annually pass through the post office in this city to extend, if placed end to end, from one side of the Atlantic to the other; or, in round numbers, they aggregate over 240,000,000 per year. To this must be added over 100,000,000 newspapers which in the same period are dispatched, and then a roughly approximated idea of the enormous mass of mail matter which is handled in the lower floors of the new Post office building will be obtained. It is curious to remark that the aggregate of letters is more than half of the total number dispatched in all France, and over four times as many as are forwarded in Russia, while a notion of how extensively news and information is disseminated in this country may be obtained by comparing the above total of newspapers transmitted from New York alone, with that representing the aggregate number sent in all Germany (1,200,000), or even with the same in all Great Britain, which is only about fifty per cent in excess.

After the letters are stamped they are separated into bundles for States and large cities, and sent to be further distributed on board the railway postal cars on the different routes, or in many cases they are made up into packages for direct delivery to their different destinations. The clerks also become exceedingly expert in weighing letters by merely holding them in their hands for an instant in distributing them, and on their individual estimate they toss the missive aside as underpaid. It is afterward weighed and delivered in the city with the amount due stamped upon it.

The post office is subject to constant inconvenience by the mailing of so-called unmailable matter. No doubt hundreds of people are mathematizing the mails for losing their Christmas gifts, when the articles are probably soundly entombed in the dead letter office, whether they have been sent after a temporary sojourn in the office where dispatched. There is quite a museum in the New York office of this material, and it is a most heterogeneous collection. Here are bottles of hair tonic, packages of flour, dainty fancy work made evidently by fair hands, but ruthlessly consigned to this limbo because not properly prepared, justling in bundles of shoe blacking. Some dainties in tin boxes, for a packet of female hair loosely rolled in newspaper occupies a corner. No one tries to forward these things. They go to Washington, and, Christmas gift or not, unsympathizing buyers bid them in set-potential auctions. Another class of individuals try to evade the revenue laws by making the Post Office an accessory, but they always fail. Whenever a bulky letter comes from Europe the owner is requested to appear at the office, when a custom house official politely insists on seeing the packet opened, and, if the contents are dutiable, requires payment before delivery.

A FOWL MONSTROSITY.—An interesting instance of a strange malformation in the head of a fowl has been exhibited alive at the New York Aquarium, and as Professor Fr. Stengel of Columbia College vouches for its authenticity, it may be presumed to be a genuine specimen. The illustration will convey an excellent conception of the peculiarities of the fowl in question, which is said to have a monkey's face. It will be noticed that the ordinary beak of a bird is absent, and that the nose and lips of an animal are fully developed.

Constantinople a Free City.
The Turkish capital should become what nature seems to have designed it, the commercial mart, not of Turkey nor of Russia, but of the world. Constantinople under Turkish rule became the centre of a vast system of plunder and conquest. The city was enriched by the spoils of Europe and Asia. A large multitude gathered there. But its legitimate commerce has never been large. The race which has held this golden key of the world's commerce has never been able to open the storehouse. They were like barterians in possession of a complicated machine. The Sultans have simply wrung their wealth from the plundered peasantry, and fixed generation after generation in their rich palaces on the Bosphorus. No building, no work of art, no machine or invention, so far as we are aware, has ever been discovered or constructed in Constantinople by a Turk. The Greek has done all. The race has lapsed in the rich sunlight of that delicious climate, and has enjoyed all the luxuries and beauties of the Golden Horn for more than four centuries, has seen the current of the world's history flow by, and has never contributed a single blessing or benefit to mankind. As a free city, it might, like Venice of old, or Hamburg in later times, be the centre of a world's commerce. The Greek has an aptitude for trade, and no doubt, the merchants of all countries would gather there. The burdens that have hitherto rested on all professions and industry in the Turkish Empire would then be removed, and we might see a new centre of civilization where Slav barbarism has reigned so long. But this will not be till the Empire of the race of Osman has come to its end, and the

must be yet in a future, not remote, but not immediate.
Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie, has given two gold medals to a girls' school at Ottawa, as prizes for courses in domestic economy and plain sewing.

The entrance to the STANDARD office is from the side door on the wharf.

The St. Andrews Standard.

Saint Andrews, February 6, 1878.

SOUTH AFRICA DIAMOND FIELDS.
In last week's *Standard* we mentioned the return of our townsman Mr. Lamb from Kimberley, South Africa, where he was employed at the diamond mines; we since had the pleasure of obtaining a description of the country, and information, which is but an outline of his graphic and interesting description. He is not favorably impressed with that part of the country through which he passed, the greater portion being an arid desert without a shrub.

The first known diamonds in Africa in 1867, when it was discovered by a Dutch settler in the hands of a child, he offered to buy it but the mother of the child gave it to him, it was afterwards examined and found to be a genuine diamond weighing 21 carats, and was sold to the Governor of the Cape for \$5000. Afterwards several diamonds were found, which led to the commencement of diamond digging in 1872 in the district of the Vaal river.

The town of Kimberley, which is built round a small hill called Colesberg Kopie, is but a village, with four thousand. The top of the eminence has been cut off and a mine sunk about 200 feet deep. The drift or stuff is raised on aerial tramways in boxes, which contain upwards of a bushel. The mine is divided into a number of "claims," and is not owned by one company; the area of these claims is nearly 9 acres, but the pit including the slope of the reef will cover 12 acres; the pit or mine is shaped like an immense bowl, and is divided into upwards of 400 claims.

The method of obtaining the diamonds is described as follows: When the "blue," as it is called, is brought to the surface, it is carted away to the ground of its owner (all diamond diggers having a special ground), and left to crumble or decompose; should there be a good rain fall the stuff quickly decomposes; but if there is no rain it has to be watered, which costs a large sum. It is afterwards placed in a trough which moves round, and is separated by stationary rakes; the stones fall to the bottom. The mud is then examined and carted off. The stones are washed several times and examined, when the diamonds are found. The larger ones which are of greater value, are usually packed up while putting the earth into the buckets.

There are other mines in Griqua Land West which was taken possession of by the English in 1811—they are Old Beers, Bantam and De Forts Pass, in which the labor work is principally done by Kaffirs, but the New Earth, Kopie or Kimberley mine, is reported to be the richest spot on the globe. We could fill several columns with Mr. Lamb's vivid descriptions, but must content ourselves with this short notice, thanking him for kindly furnishing us with his interesting account of the mines and country.

The Temperance Reform has taken strong hold at St. Stephen, and indeed is progressing so rapidly that almost every one is wearing a "blue ribbon" the insignia of the order; the Ladies have also lent their powerful aid to the movement and formed what is called a "Ladies Aid Society." Mr. D. B. McKenzie the Boston Temperance lecturer, has given an impetus to the cause by his labours; he appears to be very earnest in the work, and forms not only adult clubs, but youths clubs. At the late people are joining, the liquor sellers business in St. Stephen will be used up and it will be hard for a person to get a "wee drap" as the Scotch have it. While the movement continues a moral one, it will succeed, but once it is used as a political wedge, it will meet the fate of its predecessors—defections and ultimate discomfiture. It is to be hoped, the cause will be so conducted as to ensure its stability, and that by its fruits it will be known; the occasional falling away of some members, exhibits the weakness of human nature, and is one of the numerous proofs that "offences will come." A strict adherence to the pledge, is respected by every well balanced mind, but hypocrisy is detestable. Where there is principle, it will be carried out in practice.

The *Canada School Journal* is an excellent educational paper published in Toronto, monthly at \$1 per annum. It has an editorial committee consisting of some of the leading educationists of the Dominion, and Provincial contributors among whom are Superintendents and Inspectors. From a cursory glance at the contents, we believe it will be an aid to teachers, and also useful to Trustees and others who take an interest in education. The information it contains is worth ten times the price.

Correspondents should remember that we do not publish letters without having the name of the writers. This will account for some correspondence not being published; besides we do not publish all we receive for several reasons.

The Globe.—A change in the proprietorship of the *St. John Globe* is announced in its issue of the 1st. Our genial and clever friend, Mr. ARMSTRONG, has retired, and Mr. Robert Robertson and Mr. RO'Brien have become partners. An acquaintance with Mr. Armstrong, with whom we have been on the most intimate terms for many years, causes a pang of regret to us on his leaving the field of journalism; a polished writer with no ordinary descriptive powers, he advocated measures with a force of argument, energy of expression and elegance of composition not surpassed by any of his brother journalists; he also had an advantage over many of them, as he could set type, make up, and print. We sincerely wish him prosperity in any undertaking he may engage in. Mr. T. N. Robertson has some acquaintance with newspaperdom, as well as being an excellent accountant. Mr. O'Brien has been associated with the *Globe* for several years, and we invariably found him at his post, writing, composing or reporting. He is to continue in charge of the editorial department. The firm now is "Ellis, Robertson & Co."

The enthusiastic Reform movement continues to increase. On Monday afternoon Mr. D. B. McKenzie accompanied by a large party from St. Stephen and Colias, went some distance from this town by the Band in a large sleigh drawn by four horses, and several double and single sleighs, and persons on foot, and escorted into town. In the evening the Methodist church was literally crowded. Mr. McKenzie was introduced by Dr. H. Gove, and addressed the audience at some length followed by Messrs. Main, Chipman, Vroom, and Rev. Mr. Dunton of St. Stephen in short, stirring addresses. A number signed the pledge and formed the "Blue Ribbon" on Tuesday forenoon the ladies were met by Mr. McKenzie in the same building and a Ladies Aid Society formed. In the afternoon, the children met at the Club Room, and were addressed by Mr. McKenzie and formed a Youth's Temperance Society. In the evening several houses were brilliantly illuminated, and a large torchlight procession proceeded by the band marched through the streets. At half past 7 o'clock another mass meeting was held in the Methodist Church and was addressed by Mr. McKenzie in energetic terms. Several signed the pledge, and a subscription was opened, and a considerable sum subscribed. An offer we learn was made to Mr. McKenzie, that should the "New Hotel" be finished for an "Inebriate Asylum," one of the owners would give his share gratuitously, the same gentleman subscribed liberally to the fund.

Fredericton News.
The curlers returned from Pietou on Friday night last, bringing with them the best record of any club taking part in the tournament. Out of eight games played they were victor one in 3 except one which was lost by one point, and in one case were tie. They were hospitably entertained by their Pietou friends, and on their return home were treated to an oyster supper by Mr. Barnham of the "Queen."—Fredericton is proud of her "knights of the besom."

A serious fire occurred here on Friday night resulting in the destruction of Messrs. Hatt & Son's store and dwelling on Queen street. A great deal of the stock was lost, but the furniture was saved though much damaged. Insurance on house, stock and furniture, \$9,000.

The Parlor Concert given by the "Ladies Christian Union was repeated with a varied programme, to a full house, on Saturday evening. Some of our new and rising vocalists took part in the entertainment, which by the way was very successful, realizing at the price of ten cents admission upwards of \$100.

Mr. Hammond, the lessee of the Skating Rink is making arrangements to have the Band present on Saturday afternoons. This is a popular move and will render this favorite resort still more attractive.

The dramatic members of the Reform Club are rehearsing "Ten nights in a bar-room" with a view of presenting it before the public shortly.

Valentines have already made their appearance in stationer's windows.

See Campbell's Reports.
The *Temperance* is the organ of Canadian prohibitionists, and leading temperance journal in the Dominion, urges the present organizations to stick to their Divisions and Lodges. It says "There is a disposition often when a new thing comes round, to think it all sufficient, and go to throw off the old. We have a word of warning to our Lodges and Divisions in this respect. Do not give up your meetings and organizations because of the Reform Clubs, your mission is quite distinctive and useful. The Reform Clubs are only allies, you are still requisite. In the first place Reform Clubs are no more than the old total abstinence societies with the added feature of club rooms."

St. Petersburg, Feb. 2.
Russia has accepted Austria's proposal of a conference for settling the European question resulting from the war. The place at which the conference will meet has not been determined upon. It will probably be in one of the smaller States.

The basis of the Russian peace conditions has been signed. A despatch from Vienna says: "What has hitherto passed between England, Austria and Russia is only preliminary to a discussion in what way the interests of Europe in the Eastern question are to be taken into consideration, and in what manner the powers are to exert their legitimate influence on the settlement of the land question. Russia, it is true, has declared her readiness to discuss matters, but beyond this, all is mere conjecture."—Adrianople, Jan. 31.

The peace preliminaries and armistice were signed to-day. Constantinople, Feb. 2.
There is great satisfaction here that a settlement of the peace preliminaries. The following are the conditions of the protocol:
First—the cession of Bulgaria into a principality;
Second—a war indemnity, or territory in compensation;
Third—the independence of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each;
Fourth—reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina;
Fifth—an ulterior understanding between the Sultan and the Czar regarding the Danubian provinces;
Sixth—the evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Ezerovitz.

Ottawa, Feb. 4.—The Rev. G. N. Higginson, Minister of the Anglican Church, New Edinburgh, who has just returned from New York, where he had accompanied two of Lord Dufferin's children, who are on their way to England; was not present at the service in his church, but the Bishop of Ontario was present instead. At the close of the service, His Lordship said he had been under the painful necessity of accepting Higginson's resignation. Higginson is charged with seducing a daughter of a prominent city merchant. The affair causes much scandal.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February is a very strong and brilliant Number. Two celebrated English novelists William Black, and Thomas Hardy, contributed the early chapters of their new novels. Black's story, "Melod of Dure," is laid in Scotland, and at the head of the first chapter is a bold illustration by Pettie. Hardy's novel "The Return of the Native," introduces us to Egdon Heath, a fuzzy, brier wilderness in Wessex, and is also illustrated.

A thrilling ghost story, entitled "Panish-Ed Enough"—adapted from an old French tale by Mrs. R. B. Latimer—is effectively illustrated by Abbey.

The opening article of the Number is a picturesque description, by William H. Riding of life and scenery "Along our Jersey Shore," with twenty-four beautiful and characteristic illustrations.

The pre-eminence of Harper's Magazine in the treatment of art subjects is fully sustained in this Number. There is an admirably written paper by Helen S. Conant on J. M. W. Turner, with a score of engravings from that artist's most remarkable paintings, including "The Slave Ship," from which no engraving has ever previously been made, but which the owner (Miss Alice Hooper, of Boston) has graciously permitted to be copied for this article.

As is usual in Harper's, there is a considerable proportion of space given to subjects of general literary and historical interest. The Editorial Departments—literary, historical, scientific, and humorous—are well sustained.

great cost. It is his custom, every afternoon, to take a long ride upon the top of an omnibus, and in this position, commanding a view of the busy life of Paris, he jots down his fast coming ideas, and when he reaches home puts them into shape.

INSOLVENCY ACT.—Respecting amendments to the Insolvency Law, discussed by the Dominion Board of Trade at Ottawa. Mr. Wm. J. Paterson, Secretary, has communicated with the members of the Board to ascertain their views upon the following resolution, adopted at the last annual meeting:—"That the Insolvent Act of 1875 and Amendments are framed for the management of the estates of traders after they become Insolvents, and to prevent any creditors from obtaining a preference over the general creditors of the Insolvent; that such an Act is necessary, and should not be repealed, and further, that the subject of insolvency be referred to a committee to report thereon at the next meeting of the Board."

Assessors Notice.
THE undersigned having been appointed Assessors of Rates and Taxes for the Parish of St. Andrews, hereby give Notice thereof, and request all persons liable to be rated, to bring in to the Assessors within thirty days after publication of this notice, true statements of their property and income liable to be assessed. And further the Valuation List will be posted at the small building between the stores of Caplin, Green and Balcon, on King Street, in pursuance of the provisions of the Assessment Act of 1875. Dated 6th day of February, 1878.
C. O'NEIL, Assessors
J. D. GRIMMER, Rates.

DIPHTHERIA!
Johnson's Anodyne Linctus will positively prevent the terribles disease, and will positively cure it when taken. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY.
We have recently published a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the natural and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc. resulting from excesses. 25¢ Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps. The celebrated author in this admirable Essay clearly demonstrates, from thirty years successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured, without the dangerous use of internal medicine, or the application of the knife, pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man in the land. Address: THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO. 21 Ann St., New York. P.O. Box, 1586.

RE-OPENED!
ST. JOHN, N. B.
ALL the Standard English and American Publications, Magazines, Periodicals and Lit. Papers. Foolscap, Letter, Note, Account, Blotting; Tissue Papers. FANCY AND INITIAL NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES. NEW BRUNSWICK SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS. Blank Memoranda and Pocket Books. Fancy Goods—consist of Opera Glasses, Fans, Pens, Quills, Ladies' Traveling Satchels, Games, Toys, Base Balls and Hats, Stereoscopes, Paint Boxes, &c., &c., &c. Sunday School Union Depository. Sunday Schools supplied with Bibles as per Sun Day School regulations at the very lowest price that can be imported for.

HENRY R. SMITH
No. 26 CHARLOTTE STREET.

E. CAMERON, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, AND ACCOUCHEUR.
Dr. CAMERON may be consulted professionally at his office, at Woodards Cove Grand Manan. Grand Manan, Nov. 16, 1877.

ORDWAY, BLODGETT & HIGDEN.
Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS, American Woollens, and Cottons. 52 & 54 SUMNER, 128 & 130 ARCHBUT STREETS BOSTON
John A. O'Connell, Isaac Blythe, William H. Higden, Geo. D. Ordway.

NOTICE is hereby given that the next meeting of the Board of the St. Andrews and St. John Railway Company will be made to discuss its next session. Company to be called the St. Andrews and St. John Railway Company. With the usual powers of constructing a line of Rail Town of St. Andrews with a branch of the Province, at reaching the Railway of the St. John Railway Company.

NEW GROCERY
OPENED IN
Formerly occupied by A CHOICE ASS Fan GROCERY PROVISIONS such as are to be found in all of which PRICES TO SUIT COUNTRY PRODUCE SMALL PROFITS AND IS OUR GIVE US A P.M.C.I. December, 12.

DR. J. E. CALAIS.
TEETH EXTRACTED, AND SET IN
Dr. Grant will visit draws every three months. N. O.

To be sold at Public the fifth day of June Dwelling House of a Head Island, in the Parish of St. John, for the late Simon J. Frazer, deceased, in every of the personal estate that purpose, pursuant from the Judge of Probate. The lands and premises: A lot of Land in said Island, called "Sheep Point lot, containing more or less, and bounded by the sea, and by the Hector McLean and also a lot of land at W. W. about one acre, with two smoke houses. Terms at sale. Dated at Grand Manan, S. G. GRIFFITH, Executor for Admors.

Cow for Sale.
A good COW, Jersey excellent condition, or sale, if applied to Nov. 14.

DICTIO
Revised per One Case from 15 cent BASE Dick & Snyder's Dear Young America Base Ball Material. C. E. O. H. AUCTIONEER. CITEO. SEPT.

A RAILROAD HORROR.

A Train of Cars Filled with People Plunged into the Water as a Bridge—Many Killed and Wounded. The recent terrible railroad accident in Connecticut...

Brain Stimulant.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels weak-to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power...

Willig \$10,000 to a Horse.

Miss Marilla Richer, who is figuring to be made a notary public of this district, is a New Hampshire lady. She wears on her bosom a large round pin...

DANGER.—It is a dangerous thing to neglect a cough or cold...

It is a dangerous thing to neglect a cough or cold, or any difficulty of the throat or lungs. Lose not a moment in getting a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment...

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE IS DR. TOLMAN'S CELEBRATED VENERIAN LINIMENT.

The greatest discovery of the age is Dr. Tolman's celebrated Venereal Liniment. 30 years before the public and warranted to cure Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and all venereal diseases...

WANTED! ALL MEN.

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Patents and Inventions.

Patents and Inventions. Agents for the purpose of procuring reliable men for the purpose of procuring reliable men...

Dangers of the Telephone.

A young man from Syracuse brought a couple of telephones and a coil of wire rope to Rome last week, and in the evening he went around to a house where a girl lives...

A Dog's Age.

If you want to buy a dog the following piece of information may prove of service. The way to tell the age of a dog approximately is to examine the upper front teeth...

THE SHADOW OF FATE.

A rider was threading his way over a road which lay along the hills at the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the region known as the Piedmont of Virginia...

THE MARKET.

Table with market prices for various commodities including wheat, corn, and other goods.

WILSON'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

WILSON'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME. A valuable remedy for various ailments, particularly those related to the respiratory system and general weakness.

PHOSPHO-NUTRINE.

PHOSPHO-NUTRINE. The best vitalizing tonic, relieving mental and physical prostration, nervousness, debility, and general weakness.

THE TWO.

THE TWO. My sister and I, not born nor bred, scarcely women, ourselves alone in a city...

Queer Matches.

The newspapers are collecting precedents for the action of the aged Mr. Lord in marrying Mrs. Hicks in New York. The Philadelphia Bulletin cites the case of a physician in Worcester...

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