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Poetry.

IN AUTUMN.

Put on your beautiful garments,
O falling earth, and rest!
The goal is won and the toil is done,
And now you may do your best,
Your robe of purple and scarlet,
Your tassels and plumes of gold,
The misty sheen of your veil of green,
And your mantle's crimson fold.

O earth, so glad and so fruitful?
O nature, so brave and true!
I would that we were as wise as ye.
In the work we have to do!
We labor and waste,—we sow not,
Or scatter our seed in vain—
For the story field must be wrought to yield
Its treasure of golden grain.

Put on your beautiful garments,
O falling earth, and rest!
Faint heart of mine! to that call divine
Be all thy powers addressed;
Sowing beside all waters,
Faithful in that which is least,
Constant and still, do the Master's will
Till the time of toil has ceased.

Then the peace that shall come and the
gladness!
The service that shall be rest!
And the plainest word that words can
do!
And the Master's "Come, ye best!"
O earth! in your sweet fruition
Rejoice and be glad! but this,
The joy of a soul that has reached its goal,
Is a deeper bliss.

LETTER FROM ROME.

ROME, Oct. 12, 1874.
Editor Standard:—As I promised to write
to you, you will see by this that I am in the
great City of Rome, the city of the Caesars and
Popes. We have been travelling on the Conti-
nental since early in September. Arrived in
Paris and visited all the sights to be seen, the
laine fields of the late war, together with the
reminiscent of the Commune; it must have
been something dreadful, noble palaces in
ruins. Still the people have built up a great
deal of new buildings, to fill the
the city of more beautiful. From Paris we
went on to Switzerland, through the great tun-
nel under the Alps—eight miles long. The
scenery is very grand, many picturesque little
mountain villages here and there, the moun-
tain sides covered with vineyards and orchards.
From there on to Turin, where the King of Italy
was staying. Society was very gay; spent a
week here, and saw all that was to be seen,
many works of art. Thence on to Milan, where
we visited the great picture galleries full of
works by the great masters; we also visited the
great Cathedral, built entirely of white marble,
polished. It is one of the grandest churches in
the world, it has on its outside seven thousand
statues, great and small, and five hundred in
the inside; it has jewels shown to the public,
worth three million of francs. From Milan to
Florence is the city, rich in works of art, fine
buildings and beautifully situated. We pro-
ceeded on to delightful Venice, so often spoken
of by many of our great writers. Venice is full
of grand old marble Palaces, built on piles,
which speak of the splendor of past days; many
were the seat of a once noble family now passed
away. Here we have the grand Palace of the
great Doge's of Venice, full of paintings and
frescoes by the old masters, pictures of value,
and original sculptures by Venetian artists.
There still stands the house of Shylock, the Jew
in Shakespeare's play, and the house of the fair
Desdemona; all are pointed out to travellers.
Venice has no roads, they go all by Gondola's;
it is very pleasant to travel about by these and
listen to the Gondoliers sing.

Well, from here we go on to the eternal City
of Rome, full of its historic ruins and noble
churches, of which there are 368, and a perfect
army of Priests. The Pope has sent himself
up in the Vatican since 1870. All the grand
services have been discontinued since the Ita-
lian army has occupied Rome. We have been
here for over a week and have visited many of
the noble old piles of ruins of which there are
hundreds, showing Rome's once greatness. The
Italian Government are doing a great deal of
good here, draining the city and other improve-
ments. The scenery is very beautiful through-
out, and at the foot of the Apennine Moun-
tains large tracts full of vineyards and corn-
fields. We leave here to-morrow and go to
Naples, where we will remain for a week or so,
thence back to Rome, and on to Pisa, Geneva,
and home to London, via Marseilles and Paris.
With all that we can do to beautify a coun-
try, and in all my wanderings, I have not seen
a place I like better than dear old St. Andrews
in spring and summer; we have there as fine
scenery as man would wish. The Italian Lakes

are not to be compared, in my idea, in beauty
to yours. Poor old St. Andrews, how I wish
that fate bid me no longer roam, and let me
once more visit my dear old home, its friendly
people, friends of my youth, those whom I
know so well. But the time has not yet come
for me to fully settle down.

Mrs. James, I am glad to say, is enjoying the
best of health, and never mentions St. Andrews
but with a wish to return to that dear old spot.
I close this hurriedly written letter with the
compliments of Mrs. James and myself to our
many friends in St. Andrews.

Yours very truly,
JOHN W. JAMES.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

It was in the outskirts of a Canadian city in
a detached building that I was going to pass
the night. The house was surrounded by a sort
of garden, and to the rear there was a large
field through which might be reached the more
distant suburbs of the city. I had passed a
very pleasant evening with my entertainer and
his family, and had retired to my room at about
midnight. It was summer, and the night was
dark enough to prevent the ground being seen
with any clearness. Taking a book I lay down
on my bed and turned over the leaves; while
doing so I became conscious of voices in the
garden. I listened and became more satisfied
of the presence of some persons in the vicinity
of the house. I put out my light and went to
the window and soon became positive of two
men speaking in hushed whispers beneath my
window, which was in the second story. Lis-
tening more attentively I could distinguish
some of the words, and gathered from them
that an attack was meditated on the house,
and murder was intended as a punishment on
my friend for his interference in certain politi-
cal agitations which were at the time causing
considerable uneasiness in the community.

The servants occupied bed-rooms in the base-
ment, but it was possible to effect an entrance
into the house by the gallery on the first flat.
This plan was discussed by the two men, but
one of them was obviously acquainted with one
of the servants, and he made known his pres-
ence by gently rapping against the window
panes.

"Who is that?" asked one of the girls.
"It's me, Susan; open the door."
"What do you want?"
"Open the door and I will tell you."
After some further conversation I could hear
the door opened, and my bedroom being above
the kitchen, although one flat intervened, I
could hear pretty distinctly what was said by
the conspirators. The servants had left their
bedroom, and were sitting in the kitchen.

"In the first place," began one of the men,
"we want some supper."
This was procured, and the rattle of knives
and forks alone disturbed the silence until Sus-
an asked,
"Now that you are in, what do you want?"
"You will not wait long to see that, Bill,
have you got your knife ready?"
"My God!" cried out Susan, "are you going
to commit murder?"
"You keep quiet or I'll soon make you," said
one of the villains.

But Susan was now really terrified and at-
tempted to reach the door. The men were too
quick and the two servants were soon gagged
and bound. They, however, continued to
struggle, till the one who was called Bill, put a
stop to that by drawing his knife across her
throat, and afterwards treating the other unfor-
tunate girl in the same manner. I distinctly
heard the dripping of the blood on the kitchen
floor. The ruffians had evidently made sure
work, for in a short time not the slightest move-
ment was discernible.

The reader may imagine the agony which I
was then enduring, but this agony was intensi-
fied to an almost inconceivable height when I
found myself incapable of motion; although
not tied or bound, I was incapable of moving a
single limb or of uttering a word. I had
been reduced to almost a state of syncope my
hearing powers were greatly increased. Not a
movement or a breathing of the two men down
stairs escaped me, and I soon became aware of
their creeping slowly up stairs. They passed my
room door, one remarking that I was a
stranger. The murderers entered the bedroom
where Mr. — and his wife were sleeping; they
took handkerchiefs steeped in chloroform
and soon their victims were in a state of insensibility. An artery was opened in each, and
death by bleeding slowly but surely followed.
A son and a daughter were then visited and
met with the same fate, and the murderers
then took their departure; long after which I
could hear the dripping of blood from the four
corpses in the different bedrooms. The dawn
of day began now to break the sky, and I could

distinguish articles in the room. I found that
I had regained the use of my limbs, but I was
still suffering from the agony of mind; the
dripping of blood continued, and as I listened,
to it more intently, I thought it came from the
window. I looked around me,—I was lying on
my bed, my lamp still burning at my side, and
my book fallen from my hand. It was but a
dream of terror, whose illusion of the whis-
pering had been caused by the wind in the trees,
and of the dropping of the blood by the patter-
ing of the rain against the window panes.

FORTUNE knocks at every man's door some-
time in his life, if he will but open and receive
it. Many stand idly waiting for luck to touch
their craft, and not even beckon to it. They
expect some great event to transpire, whereby
they will be made heirs of great wealth and
fame. They scorn the humble and lowly path
of the honest laborer. They seek it through
recklessness and half planned speculations
without exertion on their part. They do not
deserve it. No wonder so many who aspire to
success and fame fail. They do not put forth
the right kind of metal. Every man can ac-
quire a competency; he has only to put on
courage and energy and "work while the day
light lasts," and his labors will certainly be
crowned with success. The great secret of all
success is "MUCK."

An Irishman recently stopped at a hotel in
Des Moines, Iowa, where pretty high bills were
charged. In the morning the landlord made
out the amount of damages and presented it to
Pat. After he glanced over it the latter looked
the landlord in the face and exclaimed: "Ye
put me in mind of a snipe." "Why?" asked
the landlord. "Because ye're very high all
bill."

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morton. I have
run in a moment to inquire if a bit of news
I have heard be true. It is too incredible
for me to believe, for with all your practical
ideas of life, I cannot think you would
carry your peculiar notions to such a length
as this?"

"Pray what have I been doing now, Mrs.
Ellis?" said Mrs. Morton, as she quietly
arose and offered her visitor a chair. Your
words and looks are ominous. Have I
committed such a breach of propriety that
Madam Grindy has found it necessary to
hurl her thunder of excommunication
against me? Come, silence my suspense
quickly, and with a pleasant smile the
lady awaited her visitor's revelation.

"Why, I am told that you actually ap-
prenticed Belle, to a publisher in order that
she may become a compositor. Every one
was talking about it last evening at Mrs.
Wilson's party, and although it a great
pity that so beautiful a girl should be with-
drawn from the society she is so well fitted to adorn,
and immure within the walls of dingy,
old publishing house, simply because her
mother chooses to sacrifice her child to that
Moloch of her's—work." As for me, I can-
not think you are so blind to your only
daughter's interests."

"Yes, it is true," said Mrs. Morton, glance-
ing up a moment from her work, for her
fingers were ever busy, with something.

"But I see nothing in this to create such
a profound sensation. Belle is not lost to
society; she will have many hours for re-
creation, and will thus be enabled to meet
any responsible demand society may make
upon her."

"No doubt she will. It is possible Mrs.
Morton, you do not know that you are ef-
fectually banishing your daughter from so-
ciety. For, of course, much as I deplore
such a state of affairs, 'our set' could never
recognize a humble type setter as one of
themselves. This is all wrong, I admit,
but public opinion regulates these matters
and one must drift with the current you
know. Belle has just graduated with the
highest honors, and with her lovely man-
ners, and fresh young face, might command
the most eligible match in the city. It is
absolutely cruel to sacrifice the sweet girl
in this way."

Well, Mrs. Ellis take up the gauntlet
society has thrown down, and I shall fear-
lessly perform what I conceive to be my
duty, though I am never again recognized
by one of those with whom I am accus-
tomed to associate. Out upon these aris-
tocratic notions about work imported from
lands where despotism grinds with its iron
heel the laborer and his offspring. What
business have Canadians harboring such
ideas? It is my aim to make of Belle an
independent, self-reliant woman. As to
marriage, I am not all concerned about
that. The man who would scorn her hand
because that hand is able to earn its fair
possessor's support, I would scorn to re-
ceive into my family. It is my desire that
she may grow up a noble, useful woman,

fitted to reign a very queen in the hearts of
husband and children, should heaven be-
stow such priceless gifts upon her. At the
same time, I want her character to be sym-
metrical that should she never meet
one who appreciates her, she may cheer-
fully fill up this great void in her life by
devoting herself to some noble pursuit. I
think parents commit a grave error by not
practically educating their daughters as
well as their sons. In it, and not in legis-
lation, may be found the solution to the
vexed question which is now agitating our
sex all over the land, and breaking out in
discontented murmurings everywhere.

"Oh, it is all very well for people to work
whose necessities require it," said Mrs. El-
lis, "but Belle is your only child and will
inherit your large fortune. What need
has she to work?"

"Because she will be happier if she is
usefully employed. Besides the wheel of
fortune is a revolving one, and though to-
day we may be rolling in luxury, to-morrow
may find us crushed beneath the Juggen-
nant of misfortune. Listen while I briefly
relate the story of my early womanhood.
I would I might write as with a pen of fire
upon the brain of every mother in the
land! Oh, I cannot tell you what an inter-
est I feel in the young girls growing up
around me. My heart yearns to urge them
to make a specialty of whatever the ineffi-
cations prompt them most to do, and then
concentrate every effort upon that one pur-
suit until they excel in it. But to my story:
I was the daughter of wealthy parents,
the youngest of several years, and of
course a great pet. Of an extremely dis-
tinguished organization, my kind and indulgent
mother shielded me from every hardship,
and I grew into womanhood a novice in
the art of housekeeping. From a child I
was passionately fond of reading and at
school excelled in all my studies. Pleased
with the progress I had made and proud of
my attainments parents and teachers urged
me forward, stimulating my ambition with
words of encouragement until at the im-
mature age of 18 I graduated, the most
brilliant girl in Madam B.—'s celebrated
school and carrying off amid the plaudits
of friends and acquaintances, the honors
of my class. But, alas! I was superficial
in many things, for while it had been easy
for me to commit my lessons I had been
equally easy to forget them. Keenly did I
feel this defect, and in order to perfect my-
self, I wished, after leaving school to
teach, but so bitterly did my parents op-
pose this that I yielded to their wishes,
and returned home. I plunged into a
round of gaiety and amusement, and from
this whirl of excitement I was dragged,
the bride of one whom my friends did not look
upon with favor. The young man was an
employee in a wholesale house in the city
of N. He was poor, but possessed of a
well-cultivated mind. Unfortunately, how-
ever, he had no chosen trade or avocation.
Idleness had made me a dreamy visionary
being, and there was a charm about begin-
ning life in poverty. It would be so delight-
ful to toil with and for him I loved so fond-
ly, and in practical home. I was
in my mind all very beautiful in theory,
and in practice also, where there are four
strong hands to perform the labor; but close
application to the desk, and breathing the
unwholesome city air, had seriously impair-
ed my husband's health.

We married at a time when neither was
strong enough to battle with the stern re-
alities of life. Dependence upon the sal-
ary of a clerk or book-keeper in a large city
is very precarious for a family. It was a
year of unprecedented hard times, necessi-
tating great economy in business. Hun-
dreds lost their situations, and my husband
searched for employment. For every vacan-
cy there was a score of applicants and you
invariably received the answer—"Persons
of experience wanted." Oh! I can never
forget that weary tramp, tramp up and
down the streets jostled by a crowd as cold
and heartless as the very stones under one's
feet. I envied even the servant girls; but
alas! the mysteries of the cuisine were as
Greek to me, and I dared not apply for so
menial a situation as theirs. My poor hus-
band was in wretched health; and almost
franzed at the thought of the misery and
degradation he had brought upon me. For
his sake I hid my aching heart behind a
smiling face. One night after he had re-
tired, in buttoning up his coat, a vis-
it dropped from his pocket. Picking it up, I
found it labelled 'Laudatum,' and then I
knew that he was beset with the terrible
temptation to take his own life. Flung
the vile drug into the street, I sunk on my
knees, and "O my God! lead him not into
temptation, but deliver him from evil," was
the prayer that went up from my agonized
heart. How desolate I felt! In the midst
of a great city; friendless, wear-night pen-
siveness, and worst of all, haunted with the
breadful fear that my husband would com-
mit suicide. From the time we were sep-
arated in the morning until we met again at

night I lived in a state of absolute torture.
At length, despairing of finding anything
in the city to do, we turned our faces east-
ward, feeling that our slender stock of
money would last longer, than in town.
After many weeks of painful anxiety, my
husband found a situation in a small village,
with just salary enough to keep the wolf
from the door. How I longed to do some-
thing to better our condition; but, alas!
what could I do? I might have had a fine
music class in the village, but while I play-
ed and sang very well, I was not proficient
enough in music to teach it successfully.
Oh, how I wished I had given the time to
it! I had spent on French and Latin. Many
an hour of hard study had I given to these
branches, and of what practical advantage
had they been to me? I never met any
French people with whom I could converse,
and had never been able to secure a class
in either language, while all the while my
knowledge was becoming rusty by non-use.
It is painful to recall to this period of my
life; I was so unhappy. I expected every
day to be the last my husband would be
able to attend to business. Finally, driven
to desperation by our misfortunes, I resolved
to do something in the attempt. Attached
to the house we occupied was a large lot
for gardening purposes, and I made up my
mind that out of that bit of earth I would
dig out fortunes, or at least a living. With
my own hand I made horticultural and flor-
iculture a study and busied up her knowl-
edge of chemistry, and I was hard work and
small profits the first year; but having
once put my hand to the plow, I never turn-
ed back. Our table was abundantly supplied
with fresh vegetables and fruits, and
what was better, my step had grown elastic,
my eye bright, and my cheeks rosy with
health. My husband, too, found
a spare moment from his business con-
sultings, and in doing so found himself grow-
ing strong and well again. Oh, how hap-
py we were? Surely that is a delightful
labor unknown to ease? How proud I felt
when I received the returns from my first
shipment of vegetables to the nearest mar-
ket. I counted it over, and every cent be-
came to possess a value, that I had never as-
signed to money in the old days when it
had lavished it so freely on me. Then I
would have thought nothing of spending
such a paltry sum upon the trimmings of
a single dress, now every penny was
hoarded with miserly care, for we had re-
solved upon a home of our own. Well, to
be brief, each year I attempted something
more—first a poultry yard, then the cul-
ture of bees and so on—until, before we
were hardly aware of it, our home was paid
for, and we were in easy circumstances.

I had carefully concealed every trace of
our adversity from my parents. I think I
would have died rather than go home—a
beggar. Now that the dawn of prosperity
had set in, I wrote, asking them to come
and see the little silk-haired girl that like
a sunbeam danced through our home.
They came. Father, accustomed to his
broad acres, was astonished at the product
of my small plot of ground. He declared
I was the best farmer he knew of and should
have greater scope for my powers. He
bought a fine large tract of land adjoining
our grounds, that happened to be for sale
just then and made me a deed for it. This
is the origin of the country-seat you visit
last summer and admired so much.
Belle is a fine horticulturist and an accom-
plished housekeeper. Should she ever be
thrown upon her own resources in the coun-
try, she could make a living, and I wish
her to be equally as independent in town.
We came to town to superintend her educa-
tion. She thinks her forte is journalism,
and desires, in addition to this, to become a
practical printer. And now can you wonder,
Mrs. Ellis after my experience, that I
am trying to have her avoid the errors that
well nigh made my young life a failure?

"No indeed, Mrs. Morton, and I honor
you for it. I have been greatly benefited
by the narration of your early troubles,
and I think you will see the result of it in
the future training of my daughters."

Private information received in the city
yesterday from our sister city across the
bay represents an uncertain feeling regard-
ing the stability of one or two large houses
in the lumber trade. This trade has been
notoriously overdone, just as our Nova Scot-
ia shipbuilders are overdoing the produc-
tion of new vessels, and the operators are
beginning in the former case to feel the
pressure. Some day, and not far distant,
either our shipbuilders will feel the shoe-
pinch as they have felt it in yea's gone by,
though for the last four or five years they
have been enjoying money. A wise man
foresees the evil, but the simple pass on, &c.
—Halifax Colonist.

There is a prospect of suffering and de-
stitution in Metapopolis, owing to the failure
of the crops.

and other Worms, such
as so many thousands, are
swept and removed. No syn-
dicate, no voracious, anthro-
poid system from worms
is.

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BURNING OF SCHOOL HOUSES.

Almost every week we have to record the destruction of some School House by fire. Last week the School House in St. Mary's was among the number, although a sufficient cause is assigned, and the St. Croix Courier reports the burning of a fine new School House at Beaver Harbour, which it says is the second instance of the kind that has happened in the County within the last two or three weeks. In almost every instance the fires have been placed to the account of incendiarism, but in no case does it appear that the perpetrators of these outrages upon the public have been discovered, nor is it apparent that any well devised system has been inaugurated to carry out the investigation as might possibly lead to the apprehension of some of the parties guilty of these abominable acts. When it is considered how frequently within the last year or two the destruction of School Houses has taken place by fire, which cannot be accounted for in any other way than the act of an incendiary, one is almost ready to imagine that instead of their originating from local dissatisfaction or personal hatred or malice on account of somebody or something, that a combination of some sort has been formed through means of which every public School House that it is possible to reach is destined to disappear. Of course we do not suppose that such is the case, or that any person would lend themselves to work out such wickedness, but it is nevertheless a fact that within the time mentioned above more School Houses have been burned than in any five years preceding.—Farmer.

SERIOUS DAMAGE TO PROPERTY.—Intelligence received at Boston from Kingston, Jamaica, states that there has been enormous damage all over the island by the hurricanes of Oct. 31st, and 1st and 2d November. They swept the parishes of St. Thomas, East Kingston, St. David's, St. Anne, Manchester, Clarendon, Portland and Trelawny. The sugar canes were beat down, the river rose six feet higher than ever known, the coffee and pimento crops were seriously injured, and the weather even afterwards caused general alarm. Enormous landslides have also occurred. The roads and river courses are blocked by huge trees. Iron bridges are bent, and cattle and horses have been swept out to sea.

STEAMER SNAPPED IN TWO.—Strict inquiry will, it is to be hoped, be made by the Board of Trade into the loss of the paddle-wheel steamer Mary, which was built on the Clyde this year, and which suddenly snapped in two amidships when in the Bay of Biscay on Wednesday week, and instantly foundered, the sea at the time not being particularly high. Happily by the arrival of the brig Egyptian at Falmouth it is found that the catastrophe was not so terribly fatal as had been apprehended. Out of 19 on board the Mary, 17 escaped in the two boats and an extemporised raft; three died of exhaustion in the boat, and 14 are known to be safe—viz., seven at Falmouth and seven at Gibraltar; and it would seem by what the men at Falmouth state that the captain Mr. Modzod, is of latter number. He was previously reported drowned. The two men first arrived gave a terrible account of their sufferings. The boat although unsinkable, was full of water, and could not be emptied. The men being engineers had on very light clothing, and they were utterly without provisions and water. The survivors last landed were picked of the raft by the brigantine Zophera, off Liverpool for Baltimore, and thence transferred to the Egyptian. All the crews participating in the rescue behaved most kindly to the survivors.—Liverpool Mercury.

THE END OF A VULGAR JEST.—A strange incident is reported from Lyons. On Oct. 6 two young people were married in that town. Within a few hours of the ceremony they became insensible, and have remained so ever since. The Lyonsese doctors have exhausted their science in this case, and the luckless pair, though alive yet, are evidently sinking from mere starvation. There can be no question but that some narcotic of the most violent class has been given them, probably as a joke. A young man, apprenticed to a chemist, has been arrested on suspicion. But it is believed that several of the marriage guests has bore part in the affair, which was meant as a vulgar jest only.

The Harriet Lane, a once well known United States steam revenue cutter, transformed into a trim sailing vessel, is taking cotton at Galveston for Providence R. I. She appeared in Galveston harbor in the fall of 1862, after the city had been abandoned by the Confederates. On the first January, 1863, the rebel General Magruder retook Galveston, after a fierce and bloody fight, and captured the Union garrison, the Harriet Lane and other vessels. Her first lieutenant received his death wound in a hand-to-hand encounter with a Confederate officer, and was recognized in his dying moments by his father, a Confederate staff officer, who had not seen or heard of him for many months. One of the crew armed with a cutlass, rushed at one of the boarders, a Texas ranger, who lowered his shot gun, and, as each was about to strike, they recognized each other as brothers long separated. The leaders in the fight are dead, and the vessel on whose deck they struggled so fiercely now returns to Galveston after eleven years absence, on a peaceful commercial mission.

A German paper mentions a case which

is going on at Moscow which causes a great sensation throughout Russia. The Abbess Mitrofanina is charged with forgeries to the amount of £80,000. Before taking the veil she mixed in the first society in the capital. By means partly of imperial munificence and contributions from all quarters, and partly of forged bills, she established factories, dairies, &c., several of which are in full activity.

The Standard

SAINT ANDREWS, NOV. 18, 1874.

OUR SCHOOLS.—During the past week, the Trustees of Schools have placed in the Female Department of the Advanced School, of which Miss Mary Dixon is teacher, new regulation desks and seats. We are pleased to notice, that they have also had some thirty elm trees planted on William and Carleton Streets at the sides of the school building, and the play grounds have been graded and gravelled. The building has an air of comfort and neatness, highly commendable to the Trustees, and shows the wisdom of the ratepayers in selecting the proper men for that office.

The Trustees of School District No. 6, at Chateaufort, in this Parish, have purchased ground and contracted for the erection of a School House 36x26. Messrs. W. P. & J. Craig, of Woodstock, are the contractors; they brought the material with them and commenced raising the frame on Monday last. It is to be ready for plastering in about three weeks, and probably the school may be opened after the Christmas holidays, should a competent teacher be engaged.

Provincial Industries.
Another new industry has sprung up in King's County, where Messrs. E. Roach & Co. have established a

GLUE MANUFACTORY, which is in operation. The glue is reported to be of excellent quality, and is sold at rates so low as to ensure a ready sale. We trust its proprietors will meet with that encouragement which their enterprise and public spirit entitle them to. It is a wise policy to encourage domestic industry, where the articles are as good and sold as low or perhaps lower than those imported. It keeps the circulating medium in the country, gives employment and develops the resources of the Province.

BOOT AND SHOE FACTORIES are another industry which deserves more general encouragement; they also give employment to the people of the country and use its products, and from the large quantities manufactured, should be equal to the demand.

A PAPER MANUFACTORY has also during the present season, been put in operation near St. John, and furnishes a very good quality of printing and other papers. There are various other factories in operation, all of which should be supported in preference to imported articles of a like description. By adopting this policy the country is enriched, while the other impoverishes it. Besides it is injurious to the interests of a country or town to send to a foreign state or out of the place for articles which can be manufactured or executed, even should they be a trifle dearer, which indeed is not the fact. Let all true lovers of their country encourage domestic manufactures, they will then make the Province richer, while by adopting the other course, they will aid in making it poorer.

TEA MEETING.—Extensive preparations have been made to render the Tea Meeting in Gore's Hall, to-morrow evening, attractive, pleasant, and may we not add profitable. The ladies of the Presbyterian Church always get up first rate entertainments, there will be an abundance of good things, and with dialogue, vocal and instrumental music, a pleasant evening may be passed.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY.—About three o'clock on Friday morning last, the premises of Wm. Whitlock, Esq., were entered by thieves. They failed in boring holes at the office window, to wrench the bolt off, and afterwards effected an entrance to the store by removing the window over the door; after rummaging the store they passed into the house, and regaling themselves upon sweet meats, opened the doors, and went up stairs to where the inmates were sleeping. Mr. Polleys, the book keeper, whose room door was partly open, heard the robbers moving noiselessly to each door, and heard them say, "he's fast asleep," when opposite Mr. Whitlock's bed room. He rose cautiously, opened a drawer where his revolver was, and moved towards the door, when he saw the light of a match for a second below, and ran down the stairs, but the villains had heard him, and made their exit by the back door. He ran to the street but could not hear or see anyone. A more daring and barefaced attempt at robbery was never made in St. Andrews. The premises are situated on Water Street, in one of the most public parts of the town; the robbers must have been daring fellows to run such a risk. Had they not made their exit so rapidly, it is probable that one of them at least would have "littered the dust."

The store of J. R. Bradford, Esq., was entered a few nights before by cutting the sash of the back window, and the till rifled of small change. In both cases the robbers left burnt matches from the windows to the doors. The same papers we learn have been operating in the town of St. George.

THE WEATHER still continues very mild, no snow and little frost. A light rain fell last night, and the air this morning was more like early in September than the latter end of November.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for November, is a very interesting number; among the articles is a sketch of Capt. Thos. G. Anderson, who was born at Sorel, in Nov. 1779. In 1783 when the Continental Army was reduced, his father, Capt. S. Anderson was placed on half pay. The family afterwards removed to Cornwall, U. C., where the father received a grant of 1,200 acres. The sketch given of the present Capt. Anderson, now in his 95th year, is so full of adventure, that we intend publishing it. A portrait of the old gentleman is given as a frontispiece. Published by J. Dougall & Son, Montreal. Price \$1.50 a year.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ADVANCE, Mr. D. G. Smith's new paper, published in Chatham, Miramichi, has been received. It looks well, is of large size, and commences with a good share of advertisements. It claims to be independent in politics, and will approve or condemn according to the judgment of its editor. The articles are creditable to its editor, who has had some valuable experience. The Advance has our our best wishes, and we believe it will be a success.

The second number of the St. Lawrence Advance fully sustains the opinion that it will prove a good newspaper.

Mysterious Tragedy at Sea.

An occurrence of a singularly tragic character was reported at Greenock, on Saturday (says the Glasgow Herald), by Captain Kidd, of the ship Alabama, which arrived at the Tail of the Bank from Pensacola with a cargo of timber. On the 20th September, and while off the island of Cuba, Havana bearing south by east, distant about 35 miles, the attention of the captain was directed to a small open boat which was observed drifting about, apparently with no one on board. A small sprit sail was set upon the craft, and an awning was spread fore and aft, but the sail was seen to be loose, and flapping about. The ship was at once steered towards the boat, and, on closely approaching it the body of a man was seen lying across the beams. Captain Kidd at once ordered the ship to be hauled on the wind, and the second officer (Mr. Proctor) and a boat's crew had one of the Alabama's boats launched, and picked up the little craft. On going alongside, the occupant was found to be quite dead, and the body was becoming rapidly decomposed. A considerable quantity of water, deeply dyed with blood, was observed in the bottom of the boat, and on the seats and sides clots of blood and quantities of human hair were found adhering. The boat was brought alongside the Alabama, and on the body of the deceased being examined it was found that he had been stabbed on the left side, below the breast, the wound being about four inches long. Several severe injuries were also observed on the head, and they had evidently been inflicted by some hard blunt substance. The body was stretched at full length in the boat, and underneath the head were placed several pieces of carpet, which appeared to have been originally used in the boat for sitting upon. On the person of the deceased was found six dollars in Havana paper currency, but no document or papers were found which could lead to his identification. Inside the boat were found two sheath knives stained all over with blood, two pairs of shoes, a hand lantern with one of the glass sides broken, a walking-stick made of iron tree wood, but minus the head, a sponge, &c. Deceased, who was a handsome and powerfully built man, aged about 30 years, was dressed in a dungaree jumper and canvas pants. From the appearance of the body it was conjectured that the unfortunate man had not been dead more than 48 hours. The boat was about 16 feet keel, and on the stern was painted "F.—Bosita—1063." From the rig outfit, and general appearance of the craft, it is believed to have belonged to a licensed boatman of Havana. Of course to account for its presence in mid-ocean, and how its solitary occupant met his death, is impossible, but taking into account the circumstance of two blood-stained knives being found on board, together with two pairs of shoes, &c., the supposition is that two persons at least must have originally occupied the craft when it left the shore. Both sides of the boat had been partially washed with the sponge, but a quantity of human hair clotted with blood was found sticking to other portions of it, and evidences other than the appearance of the body of the deceased favour the supposition that a struggle between two persons had taken place on board. Captain Kidd is of opinion that the man found dead may have been a native Spanish boatman, and that, having been hired by a passenger who wished to be conveyed to some point on the island of Cuba, the two had quarrelled during the passage—the boatman having perhaps attempted to rob the passenger—when a struggle ensued. The hair of the man found on the boat was intact, and the colour of that found adhering to the sides of the boat was different from his. It is therefore surmised that during the fight a portion of the hair of the second man may have been torn out, and that eventually he had been overcome and thrown overboard, but not before he had inflicted fatal injuries upon the man found in the boat. Finding himself so severely wounded, deceased ap-

pears to have tied a handkerchief round his body over the wound, in order, if possible, to staunch the blood which flowed; but finding himself becoming exhausted, he had collected the bits of carpet, and placing them under his head had lain down to die. Both knives were lying apart from their sheaths. One of the weapons was a long sharp-edged stiletto, while the other was a knife commonly used by seafaring men, and appeared to be of English manufacture. The body of deceased, after being carefully examined, was weighted with iron and consigned to the deep, but Captain Kidd brought the boat and the various articles found on board to Greenock.

A SIMPLE PLAN OF VENTILATION.—The following simple method for ventilating ordinary sleeping and dwelling rooms is recommended by Mr. Hinton in his "Physiology for Practical Use": A piece of wood, three inches high and exactly as long as the breadth of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draft in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draft, will enter and leave the room.

A new potato, known as the white queen (reine blanche) is being cultivated in France. In good soil, from ten to fifteen tubercles are formed, many of which attain or exceed the weight of 22 pound. The flavor is said to be good. Planted in February or March, it becomes ripe in July.

EFFECT OF AMMONIA FUMES ON FLOWERS.—Professor Gabba has been examining the effects of ammonia on the color of flowers. It is well known that the smoke of tobacco will, when applied in sufficient quantity, change the tint of flowers; but Professor Gabba experiments by pouring a little ammonia liquor into a saucer and inverting a funnel over it. Placing the flowers in the tube of the latter, he finds that blue, violet, and purple colored blossoms become of a fine green; carmine and crimson become black; white, yellow; while parti-colored flowers such as red and white are changed to green and yellow. If the flowers are immersed in water, the natural color will return in a few hours. Professor Gabba also found that asters acquire a pleasing odor when submitted to the fumes of ammonia.

THE MOST EMINENT AMERICAN.—The most eminent living American is William Cullen Bryant, of New York city, poet, author, editor, and publisher. Born in 1794, in Massachusetts, he is now in the 81st year of his age, still active and vigorous both in body and mind. His first volume poems was published in 1808, in his fourteenth year, and from that time to the present, a period of 66 years, he has been a constant contributor to the literature of the world. For the past 48 years he has been editor and proprietor of the New York Evening Post newspaper. On the recent occasion of his 80th birthday, November 4, 1874, he was waited upon by a number of our most prominent citizens, and heartily congratulated for his continued health and long and useful life. He spoke, in reply, of the remarkable changes that had taken place in the political affairs of the world during his lifetime. What marvelous discoveries have been made, too, in the world of Science during the same period!

MURDER NEAR FORT KENT.—In August last, says the North Star, a young man by the name of Bolier, belonging in Canada, came from Winn, where he had been at work. He had with him three hundred dollars, and was going home to his parents. He went to Fort Kent on his way home, and crossed the St. John river, intending to go by the way of Little Falls. One Silber Ouillet, also a Canadian, crossed the river with him, and the two arrived in Canada. Young Bolier's father not hearing from his son, came through in search of him, which resulted in finding his body two miles above Little Falls, on the Province side, with his head badly broken in with a club, and his money gone. A good many, in passing a bridge where he was found, had seen the blood on the bridge, but nothing was thought of it, as no one was known to be missing, but as soon as it was known that the young man was missing, search was made and the body found. It is supposed that Ouillet knew that Bolier had money, killed him, and dragged him into the woods.

BAD WATER.—A distinguished medical authority warns the drinkers of water of wells near dwellings to beware of the typhoid poison sure to be found sooner or later in these reservoirs, if any of the house drainage can percolate to them. Whole-some, untainted water is always free from all color and odor. To test it thoroughly, place in a few grains of lump sugar, and expose it, stoppered, to sunlight, in a window. If, even after an exposure of eight or ten days, the water becomes turbid, be sure that it has been contaminated by sewage of some kind. If it remains perfectly clear, it is pure and safe.

LEPINE.—A rumor from Fort Garry, is that the rescue of Lepine will be attempted, and that a strong guard from the garrison will be placed over the jail. What a pity it is that his commander Riel, is not under lock and key with him. Of the two he is the greater criminal.

The American Cattle which arrived in Liverpool last week by the steamer Euro-pean were offered for sale at the Stanley Cattle Market, Old Swan, and realized from £17 to £23 each. The cattle are large and bony, and weighed from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds each. Though not sufficiently good for the best butchers' meat, they would yield large profits to the grazier. The Liverpool butchers are anxious to encourage the trade, and it is contemplated to run a steamer to Galway, which would be saving on a voyage from four to five days. From 5,000 to 6,000 are daily offered for sale in the Chicago market, and they are weighed in one scale fifty at a time.—Canadian News.

NEW MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—CAMP BELLO.—Joseph W. Alden, Jas. B. Alden, and James P. Keenan, of Cambridge, Mass., and Benj. Dickenson and John Donovan, of Boston, Mass., have filed in the office of the Provincial Secretary, of this Province, a Memorandum of Association for the incorporation of a Company, for the purpose of improving the land and resources of the Island of Campo Bello, and the manufacture of all kinds of lumber thereon, with such other things as are incident to the attainment of these objects, with a capital of one million of dollars, to be divided into one thousand shares of one thousand dollars each; and that the operations of the Company shall be carried on in the said Island of Campo Bello.

[The Association have purchased all the ungranted land from the heirs of the late Admiral Owen, and we understand that Mr. Dickenson will reside on the island.—[Ed. STANDARD.]

It is announced that it is the intention of the Lords of the Admiralty to reward all the blue jackets employed during the late Ashantee war with 30 days' pay, being the same mode of compensation as that adopted toward their brethren in the sister service. Payment cannot be made for some time, owing to the way the men are scattered all over the world.

BALLOON'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.—The December number of Balloon's charming magazine is issued, and contains a large variety of stories and poems. There are Christmas tales and verses, rich enough of interesting incidents, a thrilling sea yarn, a wild adventure, and some of the best domestic tales that ever appeared in print. But here is a table of contents, so judge for yourself: "A Christmas Greeting," "The Mistletoe," "Winter Birds," "Fashion," "Newfoundland Dog," "A Brilliant Announcement for 1875," "Mr. Blink's Christmas Presents—(Humorous Pictures)." Published by Thomas & Talbot, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, at \$1.60 per year, including postage and premium.

SMALL POX AT THE NORTH.—The St. Lawrence Advance says that a man named Hache, whose brother recently fell a victim to small pox in Montreal, died at Pokemouche, Gloucester County, on Saturday week. On learning of his brother's death, he had proceeded to Montreal, and brought home two trunks containing the clothing and other property of the deceased. On his way home he was taken sick, and soon after his arrival died. Later information confirms the report that Hache's death was caused by small pox, and his widow is now ill with the disease.

WRECK OF THE DELTA.—Advice received at New York, state that the details of the loss of the steamship Delta, from London, show that her engines were out of order when she sailed from port; that she met rough weather, and on the 5th inst., struck on a sand bank near Cape Chat, remaining till the night of the 6th, when a heavy gale drove her further into the sand staving her bows and filling her engine room with water. On the 7th inst. her passengers were with some difficulty landed safely, and after driving 100 miles reached a railway station and arrived at Montreal on the 13th. The wreck was caused by the light of a large being mistaken for Cape Chat light. Tags have been sent to save the freight and baggage.

IMMIGRANTS.—One hundred and twenty immigrants arrived at the sheds, Toronto, on the 11th inst., of whom 30 were children sent by Miss Rye, 10 Russian Menonites, and the balance English and Irish farm laborers.

STRONG GUARD OVER LEPINE.—A rumor having been circulated that the rescue of Lepine will be attempted, a strong guard from the garrison will be placed over the jail.

T. H. Rand, Esq., Chief Superintendent of Schools, is visiting the Schools in the northern section of the Province.

Telegraphic News.
OTTAWA, Nov. 16. Dr. Tupper arrived here to-day. He intends visiting Toronto this week. Ingersoll police station was burned yesterday morning, and an intoxicated man named Amour, was burned to death. Hudson, a bookkeeper for Dale & Co., Montreal, has absconded with \$4000 of the firm's money. The express robbers have not yet been captured.

LONDON, Nov. 16. The Times sides with Gladstone in his controversy with Archbishop Manning, saying that the important point as to what is lawful, can, according to the Archbishop, only be decided by the Pope. New York Nov. 16. Gold 110 1/2 @ 111 1/2.

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