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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DEC. 1, 1875.

Vol 42

Poetry

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbour bar, wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master has passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer, no other hand
As it answered mine when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

The red sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in the days of yore;
We will clasp them, he'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore.

JERRY THE MISER.

It was a cobbler's shop, breaking the row of
small private houses in a shabby suburban
street. How it came there nobody knew; what
is more, nobody cared.

Near the door, on this particular afternoon,
were two females, the one elderly, the other
graceful and young; both in deepest mourning.
Fronting them were two London street Arabs,
as ragged as they were mischievous; before the
shop stood the oldest being, imaginable, a
little old man about four feet high, and with a
not over-clear face, iron-grey hair on which
rested a worn skin cap, shaggy brows, rather
low legs, and a dirty leather apron. In irate
tones he was addressing the boy.

"On with you, you young rascals! If you
come playing your hopscotch and Sally come-
ups before my window again, I'll flay you."
Before the muscular fists the boys fled, hur-
ling back derision. "Well done, Jerry—old
Jerry, the miser!"

The cobbler, for he hardly merited the more
emphatic title of shoemaker, paid no heed, but
glancing up from his bent brows at the two
women, asked, "And what may you want?"

"We—we see," began the younger, look-
ing timidly towards the square card in the window.
"You have apartments to let?"

"No, I've rooms—rooms! I don't know noth-
ing about apartments; I ain't up to them, nor
the rooms ain't neither. Do you want to see
'em?"

"We did wish."
"All right; come along!" and the little man
swung on his heel.

The two women, hesitating looked at one
another.

"We had better see them mother," said the
younger, with a wan smile of encouragement.
"His bark may be worse than his bite, and all
the other places are so dear."

Following the cobbler through the shop, he
led them upstairs to the rooms. There were
two communicating by a door with each other;
they were poorly furnished, but clean. As the
women looked at them the cobbler stared at
them silently.

"Well, he asked, 'what do you think of them?'
They will do very well, said the widow, 'I'll
only—the price!'

"Six shillings a week, in advance."
"Do you think it too much?"
"On the contrary it is cheap."

"You know a lot of 'the world' to say that."
How do you know I shan't clap on another
shilling?"

"I don't let I should not fancy you would."
"About reference," began the widow.
"Don't want any, you say in advance; and, as
when ever you leave the house it must be
through the shop, you can't take the furniture
without my knowledge. That settled."

"If you please, here is the first week's rent."
The cobbler took it, counted out a receipt, and
nodded, and left his lodgers to themselves.
Seated again on the bench, meditatively, he
scratched his grizzled chin and contemplated
the six coins in his heavy palm.

"Two lots a week to-day," he remarked.
"Happy, you miser, how could you do so?"
The cobbler's lodgers proved very quiet.
They did not interfere with his handiwork, and
he, apparently, did not interfere with them.
His rent was paid to the day.

They rarely spoke, save exchanging the
ordinary morning and evening salutations when

the daughter went through the shop. The
mother, never left the house. But Jerry,
like most cobbler, was a man of observation,
and he made such comments as the following:
"She's a beauty, she is; but awful white and
red. It's my opinion, it's hard times with
them up stairs, and all that sort of thing."
Then when the girl went out earlier and
came home later, even with a sadder, more
depressed expression, "I'll tell you what it is,
Jerry! she's seeking work and doesn't get it."
One evening a few weeks after Mrs. Weston
and her daughter rented the cobbler's apart-
ments, the latter entered the shop later than
usual.

The primer lamp was flaring dimly, and
Jerry, a loat on his knees, was hard at work.
After the customary salutation, the girl was
passing on, when the cobbler's voice arrested
her.

"Say, your mother's ill, ain't she?" he asked,
nursing his knee with both arms.

"Yes, Mr. Crayshaw, I am sorry to say she
has been for some while ailing. She—she—
and the young voice trembled with fear—
"very weak."

"You must give her lots to eat, and
pounded Jerry, staring out of the window. "The
best thing for weak people is a nice, roast fowl
and a bottle of wine. Why don't you give
them to her?"

"I wish I was able, or even to provide her
less expensive dainties; but—but—and the
tears fell fast—I cannot!"

"Ah, that's the fault, you see, of having no
money. Good evening."

He resumed his work, and the girl scarcely
cheered by this little episode, went, with a
heavy heart, up stairs.

Mrs. Weston was so ill she was lying on her
bed. The candle was in her room, and in the
parlor grate burned a few sparks of fire, over
which was a saucepan. On the table was a
teacup, and a portion of a previous day's loaf.
It was such a depressing welcome home after
the weary, weary day, that with difficulty the
poor girl could control her emotion.

"Is that you, Clara? asked the widow's feeble
voice. "What is she doing now?"

"Yes, mother, I am here. I am here. I am here."
"Come to me, my child!"

Clara pressed her white hands to her bosom,
made an effort and passed into the bedroom.
But her mother's first words beat down all her
noblest efforts, heroic self-repression.

"Clara, dear, you had better come today!"
The girl dropped to a chair, and burying her
face in the coverlet, burst into a paroxysm of
weeping.

"No, mother," she sobbed, hysterically. "It's
the same old, old story; I can get nothing.
What shall we do? I feel heart broken."

"Clara, Clara, my child, ejaculated the moth-
er, fondly embracing her, 'do not give way.
What, indeed, will become of us then? My
brave, brave girl do not weep thus!'

"Pray let me mother; I shall be better after
this."

She apparently was right, for at the end of a
few moments she looked up calmer and her
tears ceased.

"There," she smiled, "I am better now. It is
good to give way at times, you know. At last,
can't help it, and our lot is so hard; but we
shall get used to it."

"I said! It breaks my heart to contemplate
it, when I think of you, Clara. What a
different future did I and your father intend
for you. But who could imagine such a villain
as John Burge ever existed?"

"Ah, my dear, let me look around at this
place, and remember the pleasant home that
once was ours. Now we are alone, with not a
single friend in the world."

"Not one. Oh, yes, mother believe me, one,
said the girl, quickly. "He—Gilbert—will be
true—trust me he will."

"Why then, Clara, has he not written?"
"I do not know, I cannot tell," exclaimed the
daughter, piteously; "but, oh, pray, pray, mother,
do not take that hope from me. Let me
believe in Gilbert. It is my only support in
this bitter misery."

The widow touched with a pleading counte-
nance, was about to reply, when, interrupting
herself she said, "Clara, I fear some one in the
parlor. See who it is, my dear."

The girl obeyed, and started at the world
scene she beheld.

Seated before the grate, on a three-legged
stool, was the cobbler, yet in the leather
apron and cap. On his knees was a pair of
bellows, which he was working with consummate
skill, evidently a master of the art, sending the
coals into bright flames, that threw flashes of
lucid color over a quaint figure and the room.

Upon hearing Clara, he turned almost with
a start.

"How do you expect to boil a saucepan with
such a fire as this," he growled. "Never was
hatter as mad as you, I'm certain. Now look
at that; ain't that a picture?"

Clara did look, and saw that not only were
the coals increased, but that they were not
from their own store.

"It is quite cheering," she managed to say;
"but—I fear, Mr. Crayshaw, you have been
robbing yourself."

"Robbing myself?—me?—not a bit. I'm a
miser. Didn't you hear the boys call me so—
Jerry the miser? he snarled. 'I'd rob any-
body sooner than myself."

"I am a miser, and I am proud of it. Some-
times I am called painters and poets. I'm called
cobbler and miser."

"Really," said Clara, a little amused, a little
frightened, looking at the glowing coals; "I
should have sincerely thought so. That shows
your ignorance," responded Jerry. "Can't you
see my speculation, it's cheaper to keep one
good fire than two small ones? So I'm going
to sit by yours. Also clabbing two persons tea
together is cheaper than taking it alone. It
makes only one for the pot necessary. You
perceive, now, I am a miser. I want to take
my tea here."

Clara looked at the table; upon it was a new
loaf, fresh butter, eggs, and a neat package of
tea.

"Oh, Mr. Crayshaw—she began.
"Are you going to refuse? he snapped.
"Mayn't I have tea?"

"How could I refuse?" she began, when he
interrupted her.

"Then don't lose time. See to the kettle.
I'll boil the eggs."

Similar behavior from some people might
have given offence, but there was such a quaint,
old way about Jerry that robbed it of that
power. He was so old, and snapped and
started as if really his suggestion was the
result of deep rooted meanness. Instead of the
contrary, Mrs. Weston did make some demur,
but Jerry shut her up at once.

"I see. She's frightened at your taking tea
with such a fascinating fellow as I am," he
said. "Leave the door ajar, then the old lady
can take a squint at us now and then, and join
the talk. I'm a wild young sprig, I confess."

Clara could not refrain from bursting into a
merry peal of laughter. Jerry's gray eyes
twinkled with delight under his shaggy brows
as he looked up at her.

Well, the two bustled about the cobbler's
certainly the brightest until they were fi-
nally seated at a very comfortable tea.

During the meal, Mrs. Weston thought it
right to inform their new friend something
of their history.

In her husband's lifetime they had been
well to do. At his death they could have
lived comfortably, had not a Mr. John Burge
suddenly brought heavy claims on
the dead man's property.

"I never quite understood what it was, I
only know he must have been paid," said
the widow dolorously. "But we haven't
some papers we ought to have had to prove it."
So he took from his every penny and
left as you now see."

"A confounded villain," exclaimed Jerry,
cracking his egg with the bowl of his spoon,
as if it had been Mr. John Burge's bald
head he had got under it.

"Then all our friends deserted us?"
"Except one, broke in Clara with height-
ened color, which was not unnoticed by the
cobbler."

"But one as yet," added the widow. "He
is a gentleman, Mr. Crayshaw, who—who was
once a very great friend of my
father's. He was in Australia at the
time of our trouble, and though we wrote
to tell him, we have not heard a syllable
since. You know the world, Mr. Cray-
shaw."

"I do ma'am," answered Jerry, emphatically;
"and I know it's a sight better than
people would try to make it."

"Ah!" cried Clara gratefully, her face
radiant as involuntarily she extended her
hand. "You think he may be true?"

"He'd be the greatest villain under the
sun if he were not my dear, said the old
man cheerfully; adding to himself, "Poor
child, poor child, she then has to learn that
lovers' vows are easier broken than shoe-
strings, and thought about as little."

After all this, still protesting that it was
cheaper for him, as a miser, to supply Mrs.
Weston's fire, than to burn one of his own,
he frequently passed his evenings with
them. He also procured Clara some shoe
tending to do, which, though hard and diffi-
cult work, was something.

At the end of the week he was grimac-
ing at a boy through the blinds in the win-
dow, when Clara came to pay the rent.

"Take it away," he said; "let it stand
near the fire."

"Oh, we could not think of that," began
the girl. "We were going to ask you if
you would not mind a portion of it being
left for next—"

"Take it away," reiterated Jerry, getting
into a fury, if won't touch a farthing. I
like being a creditor, for I can charge in-
terest."

This kindness after all you have done,
robbed Clara, her tears falling.

"Go away," roared Jerry, "I ain't going to
have a scene here, they'll be taking me up
for assault and battery next. Be off; and
I'll be up to tea in five minutes."

"Blas your generous heart, which no as-
sumed roughness can hide," exclaimed
Clara gratefully, as she hurried from the
shop.

Sitting down Jerry bent his head on the
cushion, and bright tears trickled from his
eyes into the bowl in his lap.

"Poor things, poor things," he murmured,
"she's got to learn that vows are broken
easier than shoe strings, and—"

He was interrupted, by the shop door
opening. Looking up, he found before him
a tall, well dressed man with a bronzed
face, and thick beard and moustache. Jerry
started.

"Pardon my intruding," said the stranger,
"but can you give me the address of Mrs.
Weston and her daughter?—I heard they
were living somewhere in this street."

"No," said Jerry. "What do you want
with 'em?"

"They are friends of mine. I should
think, have friends in this neighborhood?"

"In the land I came from, friend, the
rank is not the guinea's stamp. But I'll
seek elsewhere."

"Stay a moment; I'll enquire."
Jerry, carefully closing the door after
him, sat down on the stairs and enjoyed a
mute chuckle, fearfully apoplectic in
character. On the landing he repeated it,
with much movement of the legs. Then he
entered into the chair placed ready
for him by the fire, rubbing his knees, his
face one beaming smile, he cried: "Does
anyone believe in man? I don't. Does
anyone believe in Australian gold diggers?
I don't. Does any one believe in lovers
keeping their vows? Lor' bless you, I
don't, not a syllable. Then turning to the
astonished woman, he proceeded: 'Look
here; I'll give you a riddle. Suppose a
certain Australian should come to Eng-
land; suppose he should come to me; sup-
posing he should come into this room, how
would a certain party behave? would she
laugh? Would she faint?'

"Oh mother, Jerry, Clara, starting up; I
know what he means. It is Gilbert."

"My dear widow," interrupted the widow
rostraining her.

"Yes, she's right," exclaimed Jerry, with a
cap. "It's Gilbert."

Flying to the door, almost precipitating
himself over the balustrade he shouted:
"You Australian, come here. You nug-
get of fidelity, come here!"

There was a bang of a door, a firm, rapid
tread on the stairs, and the bearded
stranger shot by Jerry into the room.

"Clara, my poor Clara, he cried.
"Gilbert? she ejaculated, rushing into
his arms."

The cobbler, after another caper, dis-
creetly retired to his shop, and left his
superhuman excitement by a charge at the
boys in the street.

Richard Fernside a rich Australian cat-
tle owner, proved indeed a nugget of fideli-
ty. There was a grand wedding, to which
Jerry was asked, but he answered he was
far too wise a man to make himself un-
comfortable. Instead, he sent the bride a
gold bracelet as his wedding gift, a present
affectionately treasured by Clara.

Years after the young wife, in her home
at the antipodes, received the following
characteristic letter:

"My Dear: While writing this, I'm
going off. When you get it I shall have
left. So this is to say good-bye. Bless
you. I am a kindless old man, and, you
know, a miser; but I am not going to give
my money to you. What would £1,000 be
to your Australian digger? A drop in the
ocean. Besides, you can do without it—
No it goes to the hospital for children, to
which I have long been an unknown sub-
scriber. Good-bye. Bless you—bless you
all."

Your old friend,
JERRY, COBBLER AND MISER.

That letter too, was treasured, and in the
heart of the bright, cheerful home, in
the wealthy land, Jerry, the miser, was
over and held in cheerful memory.

Here's Comfort.—An enthusiastic lo-
cust masticator says that, "like the body
of the ant, whence, as is well known, an
acid is excreted, the acid is extracted; the
of the grasshopper contains an acid of
really excellent stomachic qualities—
Masked and triturated he is a sovereign
remedy for gout, diabetes, and consump-
tion, spread in plaster he relieves the wor-
st forms of pleuro-pneumonia; dried, and
used as snuff, he obliterates catarrh and

gures sick headache. The medical use
of the grasshopper are excelled only by
those of the eucalyptus and camomile,
while as a food he's delicious as ambrosia,
and nutritious as penicillin. It is a good
thing for us, after all, this plague of grass-
hoppers."

The Congregationalist prints a long list
of opinions from ministers and laymen as to
what is the proper length for a sermon.
The average sentiment seems to indicate
25 or 30 minutes.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 1875.

ODELL & TURNER

Have received per Steamship "Clara",
Partha, &c. their

FALL STOCK,

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SHAWLS,

Dress Materials,

IN NEW PLAINS,

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Department will be com-
plete in all orders in cloth-
ing, and in all the latest
VERMOREL, FLETCHER, and
WTS, TWILED RUGS, HATS, CAPS, &c.

Telegraphic News.

London, Nov. 29.
The Times, in its leading article, states that the other great powers were not notified of the Suez Canal shares was made, because there was no time for notification, and also because the powers had no right to protest in such a case.

It is reported that Montenegro is getting a force of 11,000 men ready, with a view to an encounter, which is expected around Geranska and Gotschko.

A news special from Alexandria says the Abyssinians have surprised and killed a body of twelve hundred Egyptians, including seventeen officers.

The British iron turret ship *Agamemnon* of the Channel fleet, collided, yesterday, with the *Holten*, from Pensacola for London. The *Holten* was badly damaged, her bows being smashed. The man-of-war was seriously injured. Both vessels put into Portsmouth.

Boston, Nov. 29.
Charles O'Connor, one of the leading New York lawyers, died today.

The Boston Rubber Shoe Company's works were burned at Malden, Mass., today. Loss, \$400,000. Gold 114 1/4 @ 114 3/4.

Ottawa, Nov. 29.
The price of provisions in Manitoba has increased enormously on account of the sudden stoppage of navigation, preventing the arrival of provisions.

A Methodist Episcopal clergyman, named Clark, at Arden, Ont., a few days ago, while attacked by insanity, kicked his father to death.

The Minister of Finance arrived at Kingston on Saturday.

The hon. Wm. McDougall obtained one shilling damages in the libel suit against the *Globe*.

The mail for the Magdalen Islands has been lying at Pictou for some time. It has been decided not to send the contract mail steamer again this winter; the mail bags will be forwarded from Pictou to Halifax by train, and they will be taken by the *Verdun* to the Magdalen Islands.

The Premier of England on the Colonial Empire.

At the banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London, a couple of weeks ago, the Premier of England, and nearly all the Administration, many lords and members of Parliament were present, as well as representatives of foreign powers, but not one representative from that colonial empire which suggested to Mr. Bismarck the grand speech, from which we take the following extract:

My Lord, I do not think that our colonial empire is one which should occasion any other feelings than those of pride and congratulation. Seven years ago the members of the present Administration carried the law which established the Dominion in North America—not the least important feat in our generation. Seven years have passed and demonstrated the depth, the wisdom, and the success of that undertaking. The same spirit animates her Majesty's Minister at the present moment. There is every prospect that another confederation of colonies and states, which will add power to our empire and confer immense advantages on the world in general, will be established in South Africa. These are the acts of a Government which has confidence in the colonial empire of Great Britain, and which does not believe—as some have believed—that it is an exhaustive incumbrance on our resources and political life, but which feels, on the contrary, that it ought to be, and can be, a source of wealth, power, and glory. The Premier was heartily cheered during his speech.

Baron Edmond Rothschild and Count de Turenne of France, two gentlemen representing \$500,000,000 of property, have arrived in San Francisco. They travel, dress and lodge very plainly; are exceedingly inquisitive; and as they are to spend a month at present in the State, every one is endeavoring to learn what financial enterprise they have in contemplation.

The Russian Minister of Education states that there were in 1873, 22,635 primary schools, with 933,000 scholars in that empire, of whom 748,866 were boys, and only 185,034 girls; by adding the Sunday schools, the numbers were increased to 22,768 schools, with 945,487 pupils. The total population of the Empire being 75,000,000, it appears that there is only an average of one school for 3,294 inhabitants, and an average of one pupil for 79 inhabitants.

OTTAWA ITEMS.—The report of the Postmaster General for the year ending 30th June, the printing of which has been delayed to this time, shows great improvements had been effected in the efficiency of the service since the previous report. Various reforms initiated by the present Government are referred to, with data showing how successful their working has been; also, improved postal relations with the United States.

Alfred Clements, of Toronto, has been arrested for complicity in the Davis abortion case.

Mr. Devlin (liberal) was elected for Montreal Centre by a canon on the 28th ult.

A Toronto despatch, to the *News* says that Hon. Wm. McDougall's libel suit against the *Globe* began yesterday. It is based on an article in the *Globe* in which

McDougall was charged with fraud and corruption in the attempted purchase of some mining land at Silver Lake. The *Globe* has undertaken to prove the statement was according to the fact, and was not a libel. Hon. Mr. Mackenzie has already been examined in the matter.

The Cook Excursion Company of England have made arrangements on a colossal scale for English travellers. They have chartered seven steamers to bring the excursionists to America, and have made arrangements to leave them a certain time at the Centennial, after which they will divide into two routes, one to proceed through the country to San Francisco and the other to New Orleans.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, DEC. 1, 1873.

Publisher's Notice.

Persons indebted to the STANDARD OFFICE for the paper, advertising, &c., will please pay our collector, and those at a distance can remit by mail. Many owe us for a year and upwards, and we trust that they will liquidate their accounts without delay.

Winter has at last really set in. On Monday forenoon it rained and snowed, and towards the afternoon, the wind veered round to the North West, blowing a gale, and in the evening the thermometer fell to 0 and grew colder during the night. On Tuesday it was intensely cold, the mercury was down to 11 below 0, which is two degrees colder than any day last winter. Owing to the heavy gales and the vapor on the water, the steamer *Belle Brown* was detained at Eastport.

WEATHER REPORT.—Dr. Gove, director at the Meteorological Station, at this port, furnished us with the following data with reference to the intense cold yesterday: Corrected thermometer at 8 A.M. indicated 11° below 0. Last winter the lowest was 9° 05 below 0.

The Rev. W. Richardson will preach in Greenock Church on Sabbath next, morning and evening.

OFF TO CALIFORNIA.—We regret to say that our young men are still leaving this County for the Pacific Slope, the inducements held out to them are so strong that they go at short notice. Last week Messrs. James Robinson and Sergeant Maloney left here for New York to meet the steamer which was to leave on Monday for Aspinwall and thence across the Isthmus for California.

St. Andrews is well represented in San Francisco; already some of her smartest sons are residents of that city; many of them for several years, and others for the past few months, and all, we are a positive to state, are doing well. Our young friend FRED STEVENSON has been appointed to a good position on board one of the "Oriental and Occidental Steamers," which ply to China. Mr. Stevenson's office is one of honor and trust, and we congratulate his relatives on his appointment, believing that he will fill it with satisfaction to his employers and credit to himself. He sailed in the *Belgia* on the 16th November. Our correspondents in California, write in terms of praise of its climate and soil; and that they are all employed at remunerative wages. While we regret their absence from our County, we rejoice in their success.

The storm of Monday and Tuesday, detained the steamers and rail cars. The excursionists which left here on Monday to be present at the opening of the Fort Fairfield Branch were detained at McAdam Junction, and would proceed to Woodstock by the N. B. & C. Railway, instead of via Fredericton. We hope the drifts did not prevent them, or the excursionists from Fredericton or St. John, from reaching Fort Fairfield in time for the opening.

Our thanks are tendered to Henry Osburn, Esq., manager N. B. & C. Railway for his kind invitation to be present on the occasion. Owing to circumstances over which we have no control, we were compelled to forego that pleasure.

THE REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, of Canada, for the year 1874, has been received. It is a voluminous document of 438 pages and contains a large amount of statistical information with reference to the postal service. Very many improvements have been effected within the past twelve months. Among other data we notice that the number of Post Offices in the Dominion on the 1st June was 4,076; there were 38,687 miles of post route; and the number annually travelled by mail was 13,929,180; letters and postal cards delivered, 39,358,500; newspapers 29,000,000. Registered letters 1,562,000; free letters 1,512,200; parcels 102,800.

The deficit is comparatively small considering the large expenditure and shows that the Postal Department will ere long be self sustaining. The Revenue for the year was \$1,476,207.76; the expenditure \$1,695,480.44; the number of money orders is not given but the amount was \$6,812,329.66. The names of the contractors for conveyance of the mails, money order offices and other information is also furnished.

TAT FORGERIES Committed on the Bank of British North America, it is probable will be unveiled by the prisoner Haddock, who is writing a statement of the nefarious transaction as far as he knows. Haddock is awaiting his sentence, in St. John Jail. It is to be hoped he will refund the money, which he obtained from the Bank at St. Stephen and St. John, so dishonestly.

We are pleased to learn, that Mr. CROCKETT, head master of the Training School, is fast recovering from his late severe attack of illness, but it will be some time before he can resume his duties. Meanwhile Dr. Rand, chief superintendent, devotes some hours each day to the School, and the assistants Mr. Creed and Miss Gregor, have charge. The pupils look forward anxiously for Mr. Crockett's presence among them.

The trains on the N. B. & C. Railway have arrived regularly every evening notwithstanding the snow drifts up the line. The mails also are received regularly and although a little late, the Postmaster keeps the office open for delivery.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S GEM is the title of a paper, published by JOHN A. CLARK, at Wadsworth, Medina Co. Ohio. It is as its title indicates intended for children, and is filled with instructive and entertaining articles, and is illustrated with wood engravings, and supplies a place in juvenile literature. The price is only 30 cents a year.

No. 2. Semi-Annual Circular issued according to Regulation 53 of the Board of Education by Dr. Rand, Chief Superintendent of Education. We will refer to the Circular again as it contains interesting information on several matters connected with the schools.

We regret to notice that the mania for murders, in various parts of the Dominion, is not lessening, the newspaper's chronicle these barbarous acts each week.

From telegraphic reports we learn that RUS is not pleased with reported purchase of so many shares in the Suez Canal by the British Government.

TEMPERANCE AT WOODSTOCK.—Woodstock's last temperance society has died, and the ministers have arranged for monthly meetings in their churches for the promotion of total abstinence. At their meetings there will be addresses and music, and pledges instead of contribution boxes will be passed around.

Convict Work in England.

The work done by convicts in England in the year 1874 was of the gross value of about £240,000. Not that any such sum as that was received in cash, for the bulk of the work is done for the Government. Public works were thus executed at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Portland; at the latter the operation of the year included the novel one of removing bodily a range of wooden huts and fixing them on a new stone foundation, and this was ably done. Clothes are made by convicts for the police, hammocks for the Royal Navy, mail bags for the Post-office. Some very good map-copying was done at Brixton Prison last year by the War-office. The chaplain of Pentonville Prison suggests that there should be assigned to convicts what he calls the unsavoury occupation of diverting sewage from our rivers and utilizing it for manure. Training criminals to habits of industry, and teaching them a trade by which they may earn an honest living when discharged, may obviously do much towards their reformation. The same may also be said of evening schools and of libraries in prisons. It may surprise many to learn, from this year's report of the chaplain of Dartmoor Prison, that ninety-five of the prisoners have, since their confinement there, studied and made considerable progress in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Latin languages. The chaplain of Portland Prison states that some of the educated prisoners are among the most difficult to deal with, for their superiority in some respects to the general class leads them to resent the application to themselves of some of the prison rules; and it has been found to check the tendency to a morose, sullen, and insubordinate spirit if a little ambition to revive former studies can be created, or if a man can be induced to employ himself, after the labours of the day are over, in enlarging his knowledge by the pursuit of some particular subject. But if there is thus a small aristocracy in the goal, there is unfortunately in the low deep a lower still. The "residuum" comprises some persons in whom the ability to learn even the rudiments of education seems wanting and gone, and persons to whom crime has become their normal state, and who are almost if not quite, incorrigible.

MA. JOHN D. CHIPMAN left by boat on Monday morning en route for New Orleans, where he intends establishing himself in business in company with Mr. Will. Dewolfe. He will reside in New Orleans during the winter months and in Quebec in the summer. Mr. Chipman is a great favorite here, and all his friends and acquaintances will rejoice in hearing of his success.—*St. Croix Courier*.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.—Mr. Gustavus Schumacher has invented a self-registering thermometer that bids fair to supersede all others. It is shaped somewhat like an artist's easel. The back is iron, the arms—or sides—hard rubber. The bottom or shelf, of the easel, is the scale on which degrees are marked. Between the sides runs a long needle, or pointer, the point of which runs along the scale of degrees. The principle on which the thermometer works is the expansive and contracting power of the iron and rubber. The cold contracts the rubber and pushes the needle against a small piece of iron, which in turn is pushed along the scale to the lowest degree of temperature where it remains. If the temperature rises the needle pushes another piece of iron along the scale, in the opposite direction so as to register the lowest and highest. By this arrangement the thermometer, when left out all night registers the lowest and highest temperature reached, and also the temperature at the time when looked at.

These thermometers are very neat and pretty, and are manufactured solely by Schlotterbeck & Co.

ENFORCED ECONOMY.—The fund for defraying the expenses of the customs service which is derived from special appropriations by Congress and fines, forfeitures, and moieties, is discovered to be short more than half a million of dollars as compared with the previous year. Therefore the Secretary of the Treasury is compelled to apply the axe of economy, by reducing the force to correspond with the means to pay it.

The accident ought to be considered most fortunate in connection with the proposed reforms. It will demonstrate that the revenue from imports can be collected at far less cost than heretofore, and thus open the door for practical retrenchment in other directions. When rigid inquiry is once introduced by compulsion into the details of the service, which have hitherto only been treated in bulk, abuses will discover themselves.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A SENSATIONAL STORY.—The Boston Herald publishes a sensational account of "Another Enoch Arden." The Old Story with Variations.—A Wife and Ten Children Deserted.—Husband found after an absence of Seventeen Years.—He is rich, and has another Wife.—Strange Denouncement.—A Lively Picture of a Cape Cod Justice." It purports to be the history of Prince M. Kenney, an Irish Protestant, who married Kate Manning, an Irish girl and a Catholic; they lived in St. John for some years and until a family grew up around them, and 17 years ago Kenney deserted his wife and was not heard of until quite recently, when his wife found him at Harwich, Cape Cod, a rich man, with another wife and family. The *Herald* says he returned to St. John with his first wife and lived again with her for some time; then disappeared as mysteriously as before, was followed and arrested, by the aid of detectives, taken before a Cape Cod Justice, and let off on the ground that the first marriage in Ireland, 43 years ago, between a Protestant and a Catholic was illegal. The first wife returned to St. John. This is the substance of the *Herald* story, a column in length. What basis of truth, if any, there is in it, we know not.

MR. OTTO WEEKS, a lawyer of Windsor, has been appointed Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, in the place of Mr. Daniel McDonald, of Antigonish, resigned. He will seek election in Guysboro County, a vacancy having been created for him by the appointment of Mr. Wythe, M. P. P., to the office of Game Commissioner, from which Mr. Peter S. Hamilton has been dismissed. The Opposition papers say he is nobody, while the *Chronicle* hints that he is "a lion."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The Halifax *Chronicle* says:—"About seven o'clock on Saturday night a truckman named John Quislan, who lives in the valley under Queen street bridge, was driving home in his cart, and when about to turn into Smith street from Queen street, he drove over an embankment near the bridge, where there was a fence, falling a distance of about ten feet. The horse and cart fell on top of him. Several persons who were attracted to the spot pulled him out from under his horse, when it was found that his neck was broken and he was quite dead. He was a married man, and had two grown-up daughters and several young children. Coroner Jennings will hold an inquest."

TRIPLETS.—A late issue of the *South Boston Inquirer* says a lady of that place was confined with triplets—two boys and a girl.—It doing well. The lady referred to, a correspondent informs us, is Gertrude, wife of Cochran Fletcher, and daughter of Capt. James Lennerton, formerly of Windsor.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Mr. Richard Howley, who has been acting Financial Secretary of Newfoundland for several years, died on Monday last, in the 71st year of his age. Ship "Rising Sun," from Quebec for Bristol, timber laden, arrived at St. John's, 23d instant, waterlogged, with sails and some of her yards gone.

THE NEW YORK TIMES has the following on the American System of Bank Reserves, which may be of service to capitalists in the Province. It says:—

"Our Controller of the Currency having had his 'attention called' to an article in the *Economist*, of London, on the San Francisco panic, sends to that journal a long explanation of the American law of bank reserves. The Controller's interpretation of the law is well known in this country; it is that the banks are at all times justified in drawing on their reserves to pay demands of depositors on note-holders, but not for discounting. This is precisely what the *Economist* regards as an error, holding that in times of impenitent panic the banks should be allowed to lend freely, and that this is one of the purposes for which reserves ought to be kept. Experience in this country tends to support this view. The soundness of a bank depends not so much on the reserve it keeps in times of panic, but on the way it lends its money, the kind of business it helps, and the manner in which it uses its reserve. As a protection to depositors, the law requiring a reserve and prohibiting discounts when they are most needed is worthless. Publicity as to the condition of the banks and constant central redemption of their notes would be a far better protection to all creditors of the banks than the present arbitrary law affords."

THE SHORE LINE.—The Union learns that the President of the Bangor & Calais Shore Line Railroad, Hon. J. C. Talbot, has received a proposition from a Boston Company, of which H. Blanchard is President, to take stock and bonds sufficient to build and equip in first rate order and at the earliest moment, the road from Bangor to Calais. The proposition is based upon the condition that the towns shall raise the sum of \$800,000, which is equivalent to ten per cent. of the valuation of the towns on the line, and also on condition of a three feet gauge road, which is the standard gauge of the State of New York, and a part of a continuous gauge road from Quana, N. B., to Albany, N. Y., thence through Vermont and New Hampshire to Bangor.

A request has been made for a meeting of the Directors of the Shore Line to consider this proposition.—*Calais Times*.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—The receipts of flour and grain at Portland over the Grand Trunk railway for the week ending Nov. 20th; were 22,213 barrels of flour, 2,900 bushels of wheat, 29,200 bushels of corn, 15,240 bushels of oats, 2,000 bushels of barley, 2,030 bushels of peas.

POSTAL ACT.—The report of the Postmaster General is completed. The repeal of the law increasing postage on third class mail is strongly recommended, and it is the hope of Postmaster General that legislation will be secured before the holidays, so that the old rates may go into effect January 1st.

The Boston Aldermen have abolished the dangerous nuisance of swinging signs.

A BOUGH DISARMED.—A rough looking customer, who bought a ticket at Moncton for St. John got on board the night train at the former place, bound for Halifax. On being asked for his ticket he showed the one he had, and was informed by the conductor that it was not the one required. He then became insolent to the conductor, who threatened to put him off the train. The rough put his hand into his breast pocket, drew a revolver and threatened to "drill a hole through" the official. The weapon was quickly taken from the rough, and he was then put off the train.—*Chronicle*.

A YOUNG CONVICT.—One of the youngest convicts that ever was sent to the Penitentiary arrived there last night, Mrs. Richardson, who was sent there recently from King's County, having given birth to a daughter.

The steamer *Proctor* from England via Newfoundland, arrived at Halifax, on the 28th ult.

VESSELS WRECKED.—Reports from Antichat state that the brig, *Cannobrot* of Halifax, was wrecked on the 26th ult., in a snow storm on the south side of Cape August. All hands were saved. She was insured, and was coal laden from Glace Bay for Halifax.

The barque *Clara*, from Charlottetown, bound to Europe, was wrecked on Park's Reef, Cape Canso, on Sunday, 21st. She is a total wreck. All hands saved.

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At St. George, on the 25th Nov., by the Rev. John Wallace, B. A., N. J. Brown, Esq., of Hodgdon, Arctostook, Me., to Esther, daughter of Mr. David Clary, of St. George, N. B.

DIED.

At Cromwell, Conn., U. S. on the 10th November, of rheumatism, Jas. A. Whoolock, Esq., of Bridgewater, N. S.

CAUTION.

All persons are forbidden receiving or regaining a Note of Demand for \$40, payable to be drawn by me in favor of John D. Wynn, as such note was signed by me. St. Andrews, Nov. 6, 1873. John Bellingham.

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To John Stowen Patrick, in the Co and assign, and a copy.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Parish of St. John's, in the County of St. John, has been divided into two parts. There is a default having been made in the Parish of St. John's, in the County of St. John, on the 1st of December next, at the lands and premises belonging to the said Parish, and the said Parish is now a more or less, Lake, being lot 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514

