



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

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## Poetry.

From London Public Opinion.  
**PIDGEON POST.**

Plume thee, mine angel dove,  
Plume thee for flight;  
Swift to the home we love  
All things on earth above,  
Hither! ere night.

One like thee I find  
Nearby white wing,  
He thou knowst well will find,  
Fly, then! outstrip the wind;  
Fly, gentle thing.

Dread not the stormy sea;  
Sweep through the cloud;  
Rock not if mount or lee;  
Sweep not to tower or tree,  
Nor minister proud.

Fly, through the winter wild,  
Thou, sweet, art come,  
To tell him of all safe-ty—  
Wife, mother, sister, child—  
In freedom's home.

Go! gracious in the sight  
Of Heaven above;  
Good spirits guard thy flight;  
Fond hearts pray, day and night,  
For thee sweet dove!

**MOTHER'S PET.**

BY MARY WATERBURY.

Blue eyes and golden curls, short in stature,  
Bright in form and gentle in manner! Just the  
one or the pet of the household; just the one  
mother to "pet" and spoil him she did, from the  
time when he said his "Now I lay me" "God  
bless, papa, God bless mamma, &c." until he was  
old enough to wear a frock coat, and that equally  
graceful ornament, vulgarly called a stove pipe.  
Standing in his long, white night gown he could  
repeat, with due solemnity of manner, his hymn—  
"I want to be an angel, and then, if mamma did  
not say 'good-night, pet,' and say it with the  
most melodious intonations, he would evince an  
extremely unangelic temper.

"Say, 'good-night, pet,' say it pleasant," and  
pleasant it must be, before the white forehead  
would lose its folds and the red-mouth smile so-  
berly.

"I wish you would say 'good-night, pet,'"  
would suggest, but mother would frown at her,  
and hug and kiss the exacting little fellow till he  
was fully content. The curling of his hair was  
the trying ordeal of the day, and Lou offered daily  
a sacrifice of time and temper upon this golden  
altar.

How snarly his hair! I wish you'd cut it off,  
says Lou, giving an impatient twitch to the yellow  
threads.

O-o-o-o-o! you hurt, Willie! would snarl,  
dodging the descending comb.

Don't hurt the child, Lou. Why are you not  
more careful? mother would say, and straight-  
way take the job herself, previously fortifying the  
sufferer with a piece of jelly cake or a lump of  
loaf-sugar.

Years slipped away, years are in the habit of  
doing, and "Mother's Pet" arrived at the dignity  
of round abouts, or round abouts, for a plurality  
of that article of apparel was incompatible with  
the family funds, which were always at ebb tide.  
Willie must go to school; he must have a liberal  
education and a profession. How? When? What?  
Where? These were the questions daily con-  
sidered and discussed by father and mother and  
Lou; but as they did not get beyond the insur-  
mountable "how," in their planning, Willie's edu-  
cational prospects were unflattering, particu-  
larly as he seemed quite indifferent, and employed  
his time in worsted embroidery and reading of  
stories on the hay mow or the parlor sofa.

When will that boy wake up? Lou often asked, impatiently. He is just like a girl!

Which must be very bad.

Well it is, mother. I believe in boys being boys,  
and girls being girls.

We would feel more troubled about Willie than  
we do now, pleads his mother, if he were like some  
boys, all the time in the street.

But he needsn't make worsted roses, and dogs,  
and neck ties, if he isn't in the street. He could  
read something useful, and study. He will never  
know anything, and the anxious sister almost grew  
gray with her worrying, for it was not quite time  
for age to powder her hair.

A few more beads were slipped off from "Time's  
string," and Lou left home to teach, full of high  
resolve, that father and mother should lack for no  
good thing, and Willie should be sent to school,  
where he would be "made to learn."

Lou toiled early and late, and wore the clothes  
of "carefulness," and sent all surplus salary home.

Then Willie went to school—to the Academy,  
where his principal occupations were to "assist in  
the marketing, go to the post-office, help 'swarm'  
the bees, guess at Latin and do as he inclined  
generally. If bills were promptly paid, the soul  
of the principal was at ease with regard to the  
pupils progress. Under such instruction it was  
not strange that Lou was disappointed upon her  
return home, to find that "little Latin and less  
Greek" had become incorporated with her brother's  
mentality.

What shall we do mother? she asked, des-  
pairing.

Mother did not look as easy and hopeful as of  
yore. A shade of anxiety crept over quiet face  
as she said:

We can hope. Willie is young; he will see the  
importance of an education as he grows older.

When it is too late, answered Lou.

It was the second evening after her return, and  
Willie had absented himself immediately after tea.  
As the evening drew to a close and the hour  
for retiring came, Lou noticed her mother's anx-  
ious and restless, and her father's look of dis-  
pleasure. At last the father retired and, as soon  
as he had closed the door, the mother said:

Put on your things, Lou, and come with me to  
find Willie.

Find Willie! Lou exclaimed. He is a large  
boy to be lost. Nearly sixteen.

Keep quiet. Your father will hear you, and he  
has no patience with him.

They threw water-pots over their heads and  
stole out into the dark, damp night.

Where can we go? What can we do? Lou  
asked, with some impatience.

We can go where we can see the hotel, he may  
be there, or in the billiard saloon, or perhaps,  
somewhere about the street, O, Lou! I couldn't  
say this to any one but you. I couldn't even say  
it to myself, once. To think my dear, gentle, lit-  
tle boy should be wandering about the streets at  
night!

Don't mother, Lou said, feeling her mother's  
hand tremble on her arm, and noting the quiver  
of her voice. Don't worry about him; he will  
come out all right.

There! didn't you hear him? That was his  
voice, and the mother peered eagerly through the  
darkness, and held her breath to listen. But they  
heard nothing more than the shivering sigh of the  
poplars that bordered the walk and an occasional  
shout of coarse laughter or song from the bar-  
room.

Don't stay here any longer, Lou said, shaking  
with the excitement and cold. He will be home,  
soon. Boys will be boys, mother, and we can't  
help it. So she urged her mother into the house,  
and they sat down by the fire to get warm. They  
were silent for a while, then the mother said:

You remember, Lou, when Willie was small how  
he used to stay in the house and read and sew.

You thought he would never be like other boys;  
but I would give all I possess to have my gentle  
little boy again. I saw his basket of worsted the  
other day, with a pen-cushion partly worked and  
the needle left in it, just as he used it last, the day  
before he went to school.

Can't you and father control him, asked Lou,  
absolutely.

Your father can't punish him, any more, and I  
can do nothing but try to persuade him to do right,  
excepting to pray for him. I can do that.

I'll see what I can do, said Lou, with great  
determination, and after she went to bed all sorts  
of plans flitted through her brain, by which she was  
to win her brother from love of street associates  
and late hours.

The next morning Willie appeared at the table  
with heavy eyes and an unamiable expression.

What made you stay out so late, Willie? began  
Lou. Her tone was pleasant enough, but there was  
a rigidly, virtuous expression on her face,  
which the young man did not like.

Because I wanted to, he replied.

Is that your candid opinion? he asked, looking  
coolly across the table, and holding a mouthful  
of buckwheat cakes half way between his  
mouth and his plate.

Yes, and I do think it a shame for you to worry  
father and mother so, and waste your time, and  
wear your best coat every day, and Lou finished  
her sentence with a truly feminine period—a burst  
of tears, for she had taken cold, and had a head-  
ache, and was nervous, and anxious, and disap-  
pointed.

I hope you feel better, Willie said, rising from his  
unfinished breakfast, with a flushed, indignant  
face. If you have sent me to school, and if you  
did buy that coat, you have no right to talk to me  
in that way.

O, Willie! pleaded his mother. Do eat your  
breakfast. These cakes are so nice. Sit down  
and I'll bake you a nice, warm one. Lou means  
what she says for your good.

I'll do it to please you, the boy said, hesitating-  
ly, but I do wish Lou would attend to her own  
affairs.

Lou did not "attend to her own affairs" and  
consequently, the brother and sister were very  
unhappy together, and introduced discord into  
their home.

The sister returned to her teaching. It was not  
as easy as before. Her duties were greater and  
anxiety about home filled her leisure moments.  
But she worked on, month after month, growing  
weaker and more nervous, until she was unable to  
teach. Then she went home, entirely disheartened.

Will had grown taller, was more manly and  
considerate. Of his own accord, he brought home  
his books from school, and began to study, system-  
atically, by himself.

Why do you leave school? Lou asked, one day.  
There is no need of stopping now. I have some  
money left yet and then I shall be able to teach  
again soon.

You will never send me to school again, was  
the decided reply, as he bent over his books.

But I want you to go to college, Will. You  
remember that night when we thought mother  
was dying, how she wanted me to promise that I  
would see that you had an education. Ever since  
that night it has seemed as if I could not give it  
up.

I am getting an education, was the second la-  
conic answer.

But how can you go to College, Will? You  
must keep right on in school and get ready.

"Fretting will never do it," Will said, shutting  
his book and turning around so that he could see  
his sister, as she lay on the sofa. The fact is, he  
continued, "I have always been a baby and al-  
ways will be, if I let you and mother pet me and  
babble me. At any rate, I am going to take care of  
myself from this time on, and, maybe, I'll take care  
of you, if you are good, he added with a merry  
twinkle in his blue eyes.

My dear boy! said the mother, with a happy  
smile. I do wish he could go through college. He  
would make a splendid man.

So Lou exclaimed with a sigh, and straight-  
way fell to forming all sorts of intricate plans for  
sending her brother to college. This kept her in a  
state of anxiety and depression, for

"Hearts are broken, heads are turned,  
Big game is in the air."

Willie, mean while, did the first thing that came  
in his way, took a district school for the winter,  
for small pay and "boarding round."

That's never do, said Square Neck. A boy of  
his sort would be kicked out the first day.

The other two thought it very likely. But, said  
Mr. Camp, the wages is a consideration.

He wouldn't want more'n a dollar to pay a woman.  
This decided the matter, and Will entered upon  
his duties.

I don't know how to, said Bob Bicker, the "big  
boy" of the school, but somehow he didn't raise  
the fight in me like some men teachers do. He's  
so cool a fellow can't get mad.

The prospect of the school was not large, but  
quite a nice little sum found its way into Lou's  
work-box.

There followed a few weeks of nothing to do  
and idleness' usual accompaniment, depression  
and discontent. Will, however, at length re-  
ceived a letter from Mr. Faby, the editor of a  
country paper, offering him a place in his office.

Learn to be a printer! said Lou, with some dis-  
dain.

Learn to be an editor, Lou, amended his mother.

I want him to, said his father, grimly.

Willie's hopeful eyes darkened a little. It had  
seemed a grand thing to him, this opening into the  
broad world, but Lou and his father had taken all  
its brightness away, and he sadly realized that,  
after all, he was to be only a "printer's devil."

His mother's quick eyes noticed the shadow on  
his face, and said:

I think it will be a good thing for you, Will.  
Benjamin Franklin was a printer.

But, interposed Lou, discontentedly. All  
printers are not Benjamin Franklins. No, you  
see, mother, if this is not the end of Will's  
having a liberal education, and she turned  
over on the sofa and cried a wailing.

Will said nothing, but as there was a dis-  
heartened look on his face that went straight  
to his mother's heart, and as he left the room  
she followed him out.

Don't mind Lou, she said. She is sick and  
nervous. She is really anxious for you to go  
to the highest college, and so on; but if you  
do the best you can all the time, it will be all  
right in the end.

Still Willie did not trust himself to speak,  
but kiss his mother good night and went up  
to his little room. He lighted his lamp and  
looked around on his few possessions. It was  
the room he had slept in ever since he was old  
enough to sleep alone, and little by little, he  
had collected quite a store of books and pic-  
tures. All the past came rushing in one great  
wave upon the shores of the present. He felt  
that he came to one of the turning points in  
his life when a mistake might be fatal, and  
where none but himself could decide. Should he  
undertake this trade of printing or dally  
along with teaching and transient work, hop-  
ing to go to college. If he did the former

the time would soon come when he could help  
his father and mother, and Lou; if he did the  
latter he would be a burden to them, and might  
fail of his object after all, settling down into a  
miserable, shiftless, lack of all trades, and  
good at none. He sat with his head leaning  
on his folded arms, thinking, planning, hoping,  
doubting, until the oil in his lamp burnt out  
and he was left in darkness. The striking of  
the hall clock aroused him. The twelve sharp  
strokes had hardly died away when he heard  
a faint tapping at his door. Opening it he  
saw Lou's pale face.

O, Willie, she said shivering, and drawing  
her wrapper close about her. I can't go to  
sleep. I saw your light, and was afraid you  
were sitting up. Aren't you going to bed?

Yes, Willie said, drawing her into the room  
and making her sit down. I've been think-  
ing the whole thing over—about an education  
and a profession, or learning a trade.

But, interrupted his sister, you should not  
decide hastily. There is plenty of time.

That is the rub! There isn't plenty of time  
I ought to be earning enough now to support  
myself and do something besides. This living  
from hand to mouth isn't what—I was going  
to say, what it's cracked up to be.

Why didn't you? asked Lou, diverted a  
moment.

Because you are my guest, and you don't  
like slang, Willie answered, with the air of  
one who talks merely for the sake of talking,  
and whose thoughts run in a track counter to  
his tongue.

Well! What are you going to do? Lou  
asked, hesitatingly and after a long pause.

Will looked straight at the wall and an-  
swered briefly:

Be a printer's devil.

He expected an indignant protest from his  
sister—argument, entreaty, but he did not get  
a word of remonstrance. Looking toward  
her, in surprise, he saw that she saw that her  
eyes were as clear and pleasant as though he  
had simply informed her that he was going  
to church.

What do you think of it? he asked.

Just this, answered Lou. You must decide  
for yourself, for you must live your own life.  
Whatever you do, you cannot succeed if you  
depend upon others. I have been thinking it  
all over, Lou, and I think where we have fail-  
ed, has been in advising you so much, and try-  
ing to keep you in leading strings. About  
your education, the time may come when you  
can go on with it. I am sure I hope so.

I am glad you feel like that, Lou, Willie  
said, much relieved. You are right. I must  
be more independent and stick to it, or, as  
Lincoln says, "find what I can do and then  
keep pecking away at it."

I don't want to discourage you, Will, Lou  
said, as she lingered in going out, but Mr. Faby  
is such a disagreeable man; I don't b like  
you can get along with him. Then Plankville  
is such a large village; there will be so many  
will boys.

Lou! Will said, almost sharply, am I a  
baby?

No but I wish you were, Lou answered,  
uncertain whether to laugh or cry at her own  
absurd idea.

Well, I don't! I want to be a man, and do  
a man's work. But as you'd better go to bed,  
You'll be nervous, as you tell about, to-mor-  
row. Good-night, with unusual cordi-  
ness, the curly head bent down for a brotherly  
kiss.

Willie wouldn't let about me, thought  
Will.

Poor boy! thought Lou, I wish I could have  
all his troubles, and give him a pleasant easy  
life.

Poor child! sighed the mother, as she crept  
quietly to her pillow, "may God keep him from  
as well!"

Guarded by that prayer, Will Drayton,  
left his home and began life for himself.

The office of the "Plankville Post" was in  
the third story of a dingy, brick building and  
consisted of two rooms, where presses, large  
and small, forms, type, copy, exchange, bills,  
cards, devil, journeyman and editor, were  
engaged in hopeless confusion, and covered  
with dust and printers' ink.

Promising! was Will's mental comment, as  
he looked about him, waiting for something to  
do.

Here, young man—Drayton, or whatever  
your confounded name is, you may roll, and  
Mr. Faby showed the then incumbent of the  
place, unceremoniously aside.

Will gave his employer one cool glance, as  
he took his post.

I know his trouble, he decided. Red neck!  
Encouraging! Glad mother and Lou don't  
know it.

From this faint glimpse it can be seen that  
Will did not figure upon a bed of roses—indeed  
dropping the figure he lay upon a corner,  
with a bed-quilt rolled up for a pillow and he  
did not have sumptuously every day, his prin-  
cipal food being crackers and cheese, except-  
ing on the Sabbath, when he indulged in a  
good dinner.

Perhaps it was dreadful, but he found it  
convenient to write his weekly home letter  
immediately after this meal, and indirectly af-  
ter the dinner.

side to the ripe steak or roast, and the soft  
just like mother's," and this comforted the  
mother's heart and Lou's, for they thought the  
"Pet" was even better off than if he were at  
home.

Between himself and his employer there  
was no trouble, for from the first Will "kept  
cool," and treated Mr. Faby politely. The  
blustering editor had grown so used to rec-  
iprocity that when Will met his rudeness by a  
quiet, gentlemanly demeanor, he was comple-  
tely unarméd, and soon gave on trying to quar-  
rel and fight alone. When Will had been in  
the printing office a year, he was called home  
by the illness of his father.

Though Mr. Drayton was a stern man, and  
had been a severe disciplinarian, he loved his  
children devotedly, and was warmly loved by  
them. Will, in particular, had become a  
man, better understood his father, and realized  
that even where he had been most severe, he  
had been actuated by a sense of paternal ob-  
ligation.

Now the old man was drifting away from  
them—beyond their misapprehensions, their  
love, their care. The sea had been rough,  
but the harbor, smiling beneath an unsettling  
sun, was very near.

Do you know me, father? Will asked, stoop-  
ing over that rigid face. There was a faint  
moving of the lips which shaped, rather than  
syllabled the words, "your mother and sister  
—care—for—them."

Before the assurance could be given, the  
dull eyes were glazed, and the dull ears closed  
forever.

The trust was sacred, and, though the bur-  
den was heavy for young shoulders, Will never  
thought of regretting that it must be borne.—  
His mother mourned that he must be so bur-  
dened, and Lou fretted herself into a slow  
fever, because she must be dependent where  
she was so anxious to help, but Will went  
quietly on with his arrangements. The first  
of October was reached, and in a few weeks we  
find Will at the head of the family.

Plain sewing would help, Lou suggested,  
one day.

Yes, answered Will, with a little ache in his  
heart to think it must be true, and opening  
his consumptive wallet for the fourth time, to  
find only a fifty-cent bill.

Family expenses were heavy, his wages  
were low, and confinement to the close air of  
the office with much night work, was wearing  
upon his health. Nervous headaches were  
frequent, when mother and Lou were in des-  
pair because they could not keep him in the  
house and nurse him.

No thank you, said Will, as Lou entreated  
him to stay home, just this afternoon.

But you are sick, Will. You really are,  
persisted Lou.

Never was sick in my life, not since the  
chicken-pox and the measles.

But you are, and you'll die, just because  
you won't take care of yourself, and then you'll  
will be a curse to mother and me?

This was a new view of the case. It sobered  
Will, but he answered cheerily. More  
need of my working now, then, and hurried  
away.

All day the thought "how can I earn more  
money?" was lodged in his brain, like a night  
mare, and at night his head looked as if it had  
been the work of a lunatic.

This is pretty good, said Mr. Faby, with an  
ouch.

Good night, said Will, going out.

It was raining dismally. The streets were  
dull and deserted, but just over the foot bridge  
a bright light glimmered from the billiard sal-  
oon.

That is it, Will exclaimed, and hurriedly  
entered the warm room.

At first he stalked cautiously, but as his  
excitement increased, he lost all judgment,  
and lost and won larger sums than he ever  
possessed. His overwrought nerves began  
to give away—his head trembled.

Give a glass, Drayton. It'll steady your  
hand.

Hardly realizing what he was doing, Will  
seized the glass and drank its contents eager-  
ly. The effect was magical. He seemed  
like another person. His play was success-  
ful.

Guess I'll take another, he said, and another  
was drunk.

I'm afraid I've taken too much. Think I'll  
go home.

Poor boy! sighed Mrs. Drayton, the next  
morning. I do wish you needn't work so late  
nights, it's killing you, and she bustled about  
to get hot water to put at his cold feet, and  
if it bathed his head that throbbled as if it  
went by a trip hammer.

Mother and Lou never knew what made  
him sick that day, but they never saw him in  
such a condition again.

Mr. Faby grew more and more afflicted by  
evil omens, and was not loth to resign his edi-  
torial charge, as it seemed to interfere with  
his spending all of his time with his two ex-  
pansive, and when some gentleman proposed  
Will Drayton's name, he heartily commended  
him.

A downright smart chap, no mistake, as  
cool and pleasant as a nut juice.  
This was the highest praise Mr. Faby could  
bestow. [Conclusion on Fourth Page.]







speaking of the new members thus alludes to the new member from St. Stephens:

**JOSEPH DONALD, Esq.**, is the new representative for Charlotte. Mr. Donald is a man of 50 years of age or thereabouts. He is a spare, nervous, vigorous man, speaks fluently and fervently. Those who know him best say his honesty is never doubted. He is identified with the people, and will no doubt make an excellent representative.

The Portland Press says: "F. A. Birtaux, the St. John, N. B. druggist, who borrowed large sums of money last week and cleared out was arrested in Boston on Tuesday by deputy sheriff Adams of this city. The sheriff is reported that some trunks belonging to Birtaux had been forwarded from this city on Monday to Boston and so he went up to the hotel and when Birtaux called for the trunks on Tuesday morning arrested him. It seems Birtaux left the St. John boat at Eastport and came to Portland by rail. The claims against him will probably be satisfactorily adjusted."

**SMALL POX**—The people in the neighborhood of the building about to be turned into an hospital for Small Pox patients still continue excited, and the movement is protested against by many. On Saturday night one new case of the disease was reported, and we believe here were four others discovered this morning. Several of the patients will be removed to the hospital this afternoon, if possible. One death has taken place—a child of Mrs. Macdonald having died yesterday. This is the third death in Mrs. Macdonald's family, her husband having been one of the first victims.—Globe.

The Halifax Reporter says that the St. John Branch of the bank of Montreal, made a bid upon the Yarmouth Banks lately. Mr. Richardson, of the St. John Branch, appeared in person (so a letter from Yarmouth informs) and demanded specie for \$90,000 from the Yarmouth and Exchange Bank. His information was, "The Yarmouth Loan was aroused and most completely foiled this attempt to cash Yarmouth credit." The specie was returning.

We understand that the transaction referred to was a perfectly legitimate one, and such a case of constant occurrence among banking institutions which take care of other's money. The Reporter does Mr. Richardson great injustice in its attempt to make out a case against a gentleman who, in his business transactions with our people, has secured the respect and confidence of all.—Daily News.

**LONG VOYAGE**—Schr. "Irish" arrived at St. John from Philadelphia, having occupied 10 days in making the voyage to St. John. She met with a disaster soon after leaving this port and was obliged to put into Holmes Hole for repairs.

An entire block of buildings was destroyed by fire at St. Thomas last week. Hon. Lewis Paet is summoned to the rate in place of the Hon. A. J. Duchesne.

The United States schooner A. H. Woon, and A. J. Franklin have been seized by the Dominion Government for violation of the law.

The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway management deny the Globe's statement that it is freight business has suffered through and through irregularities.

**FROZEN UP**—The steamer "Linda," and several other vessels are frozen up at Yarmouth.

The Municipality of York County is to vote on the 28th inst., to pronounce upon the advisability of giving a bonus to the River du Pigeon.

Miss Dorcas Hall died at Berwick, King's, N. S., last week having attained the age of one hundred and three years.

In St. Martin, on last Wednesday, Mr. Myri Kistad was thrown to the ground in the height of sixteen feet, by the giving of a staging, and broke the spine of his back. He died on Friday, leaving a wife and three children.—Tel.

The "Emperor" had a rough passage in crossing the bay on Saturday, but succeeded in reaching Annapolis at 2 p. m. the river being frozen in. She returned to St. John about 10 o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

**DIED.**

Pagan Place, St. John, on the 20th inst. a lingering illness, Rev. Wm. Donald, aged 63 years, a native of Banffshire, land, and late minister of St. Andrews reformed, of this city.

**Ship News.**

**PORT OF ST. ANDREWS**

**ARRIVED.**

18, schr. Lomora M. Clark, St. John, ball R. Ross  
1, Adia J. Walsh, do do  
Pointier, Hinds, do do  
alline Wave, Starkey, do do  
ew Dominion, McCann, do do  
Alma, Jackson, Boston, Hides, R. Ross  
Express, Dickson, St. John, Flour, &c., J. R. Bradford and others  
Matilda, Stinson, Eastport, Flour, J. W. Street.

**CLEARED.**

20, schr. Franklin, Coats, Boston, 2280 sleepers, R. Ross  
Matilda, Stinson, Eastport, laths, J.W. Street  
Pointier, Hinds, Wiscasset, 1400 sleepers, R. Ross  
Monora M. Clark, Boston, 2535 sleepers, C. R. Goodnow  
ston, Feb. 16th, schr. Belle, for St. Andrews, N. B.

The people of Liverpool, N. S. have held a public meeting to consider the propriety of forming a company to build a line of Railway from that town to Annapolis.

Yarmouth harbor still remains frozen over, and to all present appearance, seems likely to continue so for some time. There are nine or ten vessels lying frozen in at the turn in the channel, waiting for the breaking up of the ice to enable them to reach the wharves, and perhaps an equal number ready to sail for the West Indies and elsewhere. The Steamer Linda has been lying a little above the Narrows for about a week, and also schooner from Cape Breton laden with coal.

**Notice.**

I HEREBY FORBID all persons trusting any one on my account, without my written order, as I will not be answerable.  
S. T. GOVE.  
St. Andrews, Feb. 15, 1871. 31

**Lost.**  
A NOTE OF HAND drawn by Moran & Baldwin in favor of the Subscriber, for Sixty Nine dollars, payable 7th March next. Any one returning the same to the subscriber will be rewarded. Payment has been topped.  
DAVID SUTHERLAND.  
St. Andrews, Feb. 15, 1871.

**Public Notice**

I hereby give notice, that an application will be made at the ensuing session of the Legislature at Fredericton for an Act to incorporate "The Saint Andrews Hotel Company," with such provisions as are usually contained in Acts of that character, and also provision to enable the Justice of the Peace for the County of Charlotte, to sell or lease to such Company, such part of the Eastern Commons so called, as a site for an Hotel, and upon such terms as the said Justice shall deem advisable.  
Dated Feb. 6, 1871.

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**

Charlotte County, ss.

To the Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, or any Constable within the said County Greeting:

Whereas William Whitlock and Donald W. Clark, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Charles Gilliland, of the Parish of Saint Andrews in the County of Charlotte, deceased, have this day filed in my Accounts with the said Estate, and have prayed that the creditors and next of kin of the deceased, and all parties interested in the said Estate, may appear and attend the passing and allowance of the said Account.

Notice therefore is thereupon hereby given to all the Creditors and next of kin, of the said deceased, and to all persons interested in the said Estate, and to all parties interested in the said Estate, to appear at a Court of Probate, to be held at the Registrar of Probates Office, in St. Andrews, on Friday, the Third day of March next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowance of the Account of the said Executors.

Given under my hand and seal of the said County, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1871.  
S. H. WHITLOCK, GEO. D. STREET,  
Registrar of Probates, Judge of Probates,  
Charlotte County.

**BRUNSWICK HOUSE,**

(Sign of the Plough and Anchor).

KING STREET, ST. ANDREWS,  
(Opposite Record Office)

THE Subscriber has fitted up the above house for the accommodation of permanent and transient Boarders.

By keeping a good table, paying strict attention to the comfort of his guests, and moderate charges, he hopes to secure a share of public patronage.

Good STABLES on the premises.

EDWARD DEWOLFE.

**Government House, Ottawa,**

Wednesday, 18th day of Dec., 1870.

**PRESENT:**

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under and in virtue of the 8th Section of the Act 31st, Vic. Chapter, intitled "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to Order, and it is hereby Ordered, that on and after the first day of January next, the Village of Lambton, in the County of Lambton and Province of Ontario shall be, and the same is hereby declared to be an Out Port of Entry, under the Survey of the Port of Wallaceburg.

And it is further ordered that the Out Port of Baby Point, under the survey of the said Port of Wallaceburg, shall from and after the last mentioned date be, and the same is hereby abolished.

WM. H. LEE,  
Clerk Privy Council, Canada.

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**

**HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.**

The following was adopted as one of the Standing Rules of the House in the Session of 1862:—"That no Bill of a private nature shall be received by the House after the fourteenth day from the opening of the Session, both inclusive; and that the Clerk of this House do, on one month previous to the opening of the Legislature cause fifty copies of this Rule to be sent to each of the Clerks of the Peace in the several Counties, for distribution, and cause the same to be inserted in the Royal Gazette, and two Newspapers in each County where Newspapers are published."

CHAS. P. WETMORE, CLERK.

**Flour, Corn, Meal & Pork.**

By "General Meade" from New York via Eastport:

110 BLS. Flour, (assorted brands.)  
50 BLS. Corn Meal,  
125 Bags Corn,  
7 BLS. heavy Mass and Clear Pork.  
J. W. STREET.  
Jan. 11.

20 HDS choice Retailing Molasses.  
J. W. STREET

**THE QUEBEC & NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY COMPANY, AND THE NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY COMPANY, (From Fredericton and Woodstock to Riviere Du Loup)**

TOTAL AUTHORIZED SHARE CAPITAL \$3,500,000. Divided into 35,000 Shares of \$100 each. In addition to the Share Capital, power is reserved to borrow to the extent of \$15,000 per mile in Mortgage Debentures bearing six per cent. interest.

**PROSPECTUS.**

THESE COMPANIES are formed for the purpose of constructing, under charters granted by the Dominion of Canada and the Province of New Brunswick, an important commercial line of Railway from Fredericton and Woodstock to Riviere du Loup, so as to form a continuous line from Western Canada and the St. Lawrence to the City of St. John, New Brunswick.

It will be a continuation of the present system of Railways in New Brunswick, connecting with the European and North American, and Fredericton Railways, and the New Brunswick and Canada, and Woodstock Railways, the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways at Riviere du Loup. (See Map.)

The distance to effect the connection between Woodstock and Riviere du Loup is about 189 miles, the total distance to Fredericton being about 232 miles; or, together with a branch to Woodstock, 240 miles.

Surveys have been made of the route, and estimates prepared, from which it has been ascertained that the cost of construction will not exceed \$25,000 per mile.

The Legislature of New Brunswick and Quebec have granted in aid of the undertaking the munificent donation of 2,400,000 acres of Crown Lands, to be given to the Company as the Railway is proceeded with, from the Counties through which it runs.

This aid is expected to be supplemented by subscriptions of stock from the Counties along the route, as well as from the City of St. John.

The commercial advantages of this undertaking are as follows:—

I. It is the shortest and cheapest route for freight from Western Canada to the Atlantic at Saint John where there is an open harbor all the year round.

II. It is the most direct route to Quebec for passengers to and from Europe, either by way of St. John, or by Annapolis and Halifax.

III. The distance from Quebec to St. John via this route is shorter than by any other route; being per intercolonial Railway, 673 per Western Extension, 606 per Sherbrooke line, 445, and by this Railway, 420 miles.

IV. It will connect with Quebec the terminus of the North Shore Railway, the Canada Central, and ultimately the Pacific Railway, making Saint John the winter port of the shortest Pacific line on the continent.

V. The maritime provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia depend principally for flour and other articles of consumption upon Western Canada, and nearly all this traffic will come over this railway, because in addition to the shortness of the route, it will obviate the necessity of forwarding the goods through the United States, and also extra handling, transshipment and insurance. There will be a return traffic in West India produce, European and other imported goods, &c.

VI. The local traffic will be remunerative, the proposed line passing through a comparatively well settled and prosperous district, especially fitted with abundant water power, with plentiful timber and other raw materials for manufactures, and with undeveloped agricultural resources capable of sustaining a very large population.

VII. The lands granted by New Brunswick will immediately produce by sales, leases, and timber licenses a revenue to the Companies apart from the traffic of the Railway.

VIII. It is estimated that the increased value of these lands will redeem the debentures, leave the Railway unencumbered in the hands of the shareholders, and at \$2.50 per acre pay for the cost of the Railway.

IX. It is intended to import laborers to work upon the Railway, to whom will be given free grants of land upon condition of settlement.

X. It is also the intention of the Company to import and induce settlers in every possible way, by sales of lands at low rates and long credits, thus realizing profits from the lands as well as Railway.

XI. The traffic, estimated from existing data and returns from other Railways under similar circumstances, is as follows:—  
Local Passenger Traffic \$149,000 per ann.  
Through Passenger Traffic 86,400 do  
Mails and Sundries 20,000 do  
Through Freight from Canada 144,000 do  
Return Freight to Canada 100,000 do  
Traffic in Lumber 100,000 do  
In Farm Produce 60,000 do  
Supplies from St. John, S. Stephen, &c. 80,000 do  
Total Receipts \$789,400 do

XII. The working expenses are estimated at 60 per cent. of the above sum or \$473,640, thus leaving \$315,760 net earnings. \$216,000 per annum will be required to pay the interest of the Debentures, being a balance of \$100,000 to the shareholders. An addition of only \$44,000 to this amount, to be derived from Land and Timber Revenues, would give the shareholders a dividend of 6 per cent. The average net earnings on all the Canadian Railways being about \$2,000 per mile, there is no exaggeration in the above account.

XIII. Every Shareholder being a proprietor and partner in the undertaking, has a right and interest in the land, to the extent of his shares, and cannot suffer loss. The necessary share capital being \$10,000 per mile, and the grant of land 10,000 acres per mile, every dollar paid in is represented by an acre of land.

ALEX. GIBSON,  
President N. B. Railway Co.  
H. G. C. KEITHUM,  
Director Quebec and N. B. Railway Co.

Statement showing the Earnings of Principal Railways in Canada, Maine, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for 1869-70:

Name of Railway.	Length of miles.	Gross Earnings worked, per mile.	Net Earnings worked, per mile.
Great Western of Canada.	334	\$11,779	\$6,418
Grand Trunk of Canada.	1,350	5,180	1,665
Northern Railway of Canada.	95	7,064	1,778
St. N. B. Railway of Maine.	45	2,882	1,219

Boston and Maine	146	12,810	3,778
Maine Central	110	5,324	1,637
Portland, Saco and Portsmouth.	51	11,275	2,442
Atlantic and St. Lawrence.	150	7,270	1,324
E. & N. A. Railway	108	1,700	524
St. John and Shediac.	108	1,700	524
Nova Scotia Government Railway.	145	1,938	no acct.
New Brunswick and Canada Railway.	119	880	"
Total Mileage.		2,683	
Gross Earnings.		\$16,580,117	
Net Earnings.		\$5,147,340	
Average per mile Gross Earnings.		\$6,180	
" " Net " "		\$2,120	
Quebec and N. B. Railway estimated Gross Earnings.		\$3,290	
" " Net " "		\$1,316	
Feb 8			

## ADDITIONAL WINTER GOODS!

8 Bales and Cases.  
Per Steamship "Siberia."

Also—A large assortment of  
**RANGE ARTICLES**  
SUITABLE FOR

## Christmas and New Year's Presents,

Personally selected from Eugene Remmel's celebrated establishment in London.  
1 Cask Table and Pocket Cutlery, from Sheffield.

**O'DELL & TURNER.**  
St. Andrews, Dec. 21, 1870. MANCHESTER HOUSE.



**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA.**  
Tenders for Iron Bridge (Superstructures).

The Commissioners for the construction of the Intercolonial Railway are prepared to receive Tenders for TWENTY ONE SPANS OF IRON BRIDGE SUBSTITUTED FOR, of one hundred feet for each span, and also for sixteen spans of two hundred feet for each span.

Interested specifications showing the tests which each span will be required to bear; information as to the location of the different bridges; and forms of tender to be obtained at the offices of the Commissioners or at those of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, Canada; or at the Banking House of Messrs. Morton, Rose & Co., Bartholomew Lane, E. C., London, England.

Parties tendering must submit their own plans of the mode in which they propose to construct the Bridges, and must state the price of each span f. o. b., at the place of shipment; and also the price of each span completed in place.

Tenders for additional spans of one hundred feet, and for spans of eighty feet, also be received at the same time. Specifications are being prepared and can be had within a few days on application at the places above named.

Tenders marked "Tenders for Bridges" and addressed to the Commissioners, at Ottawa, will be received up to 6 o'clock, p.m., of THURSDAY, the 6th day of April, 1871.

The Commissioners will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. WALSH,  
ED. B. CHANDLER,  
C. J. BRYDGES,  
A. W. MCLELLAN,  
Commissioners

Intercolonial Railway.  
Commissioners' Office,  
Ottawa, 19th January, 1871. Feb 6

**PASSAMAQUODDY HOUSE.**

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to announce to her friends and the public generally that she has rented the house recently occupied by Col. Boyd, which she has fitted up with new furniture, and is prepared to receive transient and permanent boarders, and trusts by attention and efforts to give satisfaction, to receive a share of patronage. The ladies are well supplied, good cooks and obliging waiters engaged.

The house is centrally situated, its proximity to the public offices, Railway and Steamboat Landing, render it convenient for visitors.  
A good stable and hostler are also the premises.  
St. Andrews, June 15, 1870. E. MCLEOD.

**NOTICE.**

ALL Persons who have any claims against the Estate of the Reverend SAMUEL THOMSON, late of St. George, in the County of Charlotte, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested. And all persons indebted to the said Estate, are hereby required to make immediate payment to me.

ANNIE J. THOMSON,  
Administratrix de bonis non, &c.  
St. George, Nov. 12, 1870. 3m

**BLACK TEA.**

Ex Schr. "Pointer" from New York.  
182 Hs Chests } SOUCHONG TEA.  
31 Chests }  
For Sale in bond or duty paid at lowest rates.  
T. D. CLEWLEY & CO.  
St. Stephen.

**Government House, Ottawa,**

20th day of September, 1870.

**PRESENT:**

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs and under and in virtue of the authority given by the 8th Section of the Act 31st Vic. Chap. 9, intitled "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to make the following regulations:

Point Le Preau in the County of Charlotte, Province of New Brunswick, shall be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs to be attached to the Port of St. John, and known as the Sub-Port of "Le Preau" comprising "Point Le Preau on the East and the head forming the West side of Seely Cove as the Western boundary.

WM. H. LEE,  
Clerk Privy Council, Canada.

Oct. 1281

## Christmas and New Year GIFTS.

AT  
G. F. STEPHEN'S

**GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.**

Chains, Rings, Brooches and Pins, Sets of Rich Fine Gold and other styles of Jewellery.

**Silver and Plated Goods.**

Paper Machin, Wedgwood, Parian, Terra Cotta and China Wares. Genuine Jean Marie Farina Cologne and other standard Perfumery. Brushes, Combs, Fancy Toilet Soaps, China Tea Sets and a general assortment of Toys. Rogers and Sons Table and Pocket Cutlery.

Agent for Lazarus & Morris Perfected Spectacles, St. Andrews, Dec. 21, 1870. 21

## Government Railways!

**Winter Arrangement, 1870.**

ON and after MONDAY, the 5th December next, Trains will run as follows:—

**GOING EAST.**

No. 2 Will leave St. John at 9 A. M., and arrive at Shediac at 3.30 p. m.  
No. 4 Will leave St. John at 7 A. M., and arrive at Petford at 12 noon.  
No. 6 Will leave St. John at 4.45 P. M., and arrive at Sussex at 8 p. m.

**GOING WEST.**

No. 1 Will leave Sussex at 6.30 A. M., and arrive at St. John at 10 A. M.  
No. 3 Will leave Shediac at 9.15 A. M., and arrive at St. John at 3.45 P. M.  
No. 5 Will leave Petford at 1 p. m., and arrive at St. John at 6.30 p. m.  
No. 7 Will leave Shediac at 1.15 A. M., and arrive at Petford Junction at 9.40 A. M.

Nos. 2 and 3 will carry freight only between Petford Junction and Stations East.

Nos. 4 and 5 will be exclusively for Freight and are not intended to accommodate passing cars.

Nos. 1, 6, 7 and 8 are Mixed Trains.

Freight for Stations east of Sussex, must be delivered at St. John Station before 3 p. m., on the day preceding that upon which it is to be forwarded, and for Stations west before 8 p. m. daily. Freight to be forwarded from Sussex, must be delivered at that Station at least one hour, and from Stations other than St. John, at least half an hour before the advertised departure of any Freight train.

LEWIS GARVILL,  
General Superintendent.

Railway Office, St. John, N. B., } dec 7  
Nov. 24 1870.

## CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1871.

AUTHORIZED discount on AMERICAN WINE VOICES until further notice: 10 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,  
Commissioner of Customs.

**OIL, FLOUR, RAISINS, &c.**

18 Casks Kerosene Oil,  
30 Bbls. Flour, choice brand,  
200 Quarter boxes Layer Raisins,  
1 Cask Mixed Pickles,  
2 Cases Macaroni.

Per Rail Law,  
June 29—3m C. E. O. HATHAWAY.

## Wool Carding

AT  
**Steam Grist Mill,**

EASTPORT, ME.

Parties sending Wool to this Mill can have their work done the same day the wool is received, and in the best manner.

From its location it has facilities over all other mills in the neighborhood, as boats can land at the door of the mill. We have two new Cards from the manufactory of N. A. Lombard & Co. of Worcester, Mass., and are able to card from 300 to 400 pounds per day.

STEAM GRIST MILL CO.

## Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of Abraham J. Wetmore, Esquire, late of Saint George, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, within three months from the date of this notice, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated at Saint George, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1870.

DOUGLAS WETMORE,  
Administrator.

## NOTICE.

ALL Persons who have any claims against the Estate of ROBERT THOMSON, Esquire, M.D., late of Saint George, in the County of Charlotte, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to me.

ANNIE J. THOMSON,  
Sole Executrix.

St. George, Nov. 12, 1870 3m

## NOTICE.

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of Wm. Simpson, late of the Parish of St. Andrews, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within three months from this date; and all those indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to me.

SARAH SIMPSON, Executrix,  
St. Andrews, Sep. 14, 1870.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all kinds of work with prompt dispatch, and at the lowest rates. We have a large stock of all kinds of work, and are prepared to execute all orders in the most satisfactory manner. We have a large stock of all kinds of work, and are prepared to execute all orders in the most satisfactory manner. We have a large stock of all kinds of work, and are prepared to execute all orders in the most satisfactory manner.



