

STORE,
(Water Street.)
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The St. Andrews' Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

Æ VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

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No 22

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 16, 1872.

Vol 39

BANK OF
British North America,
Head Office—London, England.
CAPITAL.
One Million Pounds Sterling,
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Open in ST. ANDREWS
Every Day from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.
JAS. S. CARNEGY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.
For the Standard.
An Evening by the River.

The wind and wave have died together—
Together had linger'd then pass'd away;
Spoke farewell in the sultry weather,
Over the streamlet over the heather,
The dying wind and the dying day.
Far away in the summer leaven
Flashed a stream in the perfumed air;
I saw thy face, and a smile from Heaven
Seemed for a moment to linger there.
Never again, ah! never—never,
Shall we wait and watch where of old we stood,
The low good light of the hill and the river
The faint lights fade, and the worn stars
Quiver—
Twin grown one in this solitude.

Interesting Gals.
Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.

CHAPTER I.
I say, Fred, why don't you make up to that
pretty widow? They say she has fifteen hundred
pounds a year.
Which do you suppose she would be likely to
bestow upon a poor fellow like me, who has not a
shilling.
Why, man, that's the very reason I am advising
it. If you had shillings of your own, you would
have no occasion to look out for those of other
people; and as she has plenty, she need not care
to get more. It is all plain sailing. She is a nice
little body, and if I were not booked already, I
would have a try myself.
The young man addressed as Fred, could not
help laughing at this bold assertion on the part of
his good-humored friend, who was a little, fat,
bald-headed man, with small, twinkling gray eyes,
full of fun, but not exactly such as were calcu-
lated to inspire or express the tender passion, par-
ticularly as the lady in question was of rather a
sentimental turn of mind, very pretty, and not
thirty years of age. She had married at sixteen
a man more than old enough to be her father, and
she had not lived unhappily, although it could
hardly be expected she should feel for him the ar-
dent affection of which her nature was capable.
However, he was very well contented, and at his
death left her in possession of an income amount-
ing to fifteen hundred pounds a year, unfettered
by any restriction whatever.
She had been a widow about two years, and had
already had half a score of offers, at least; for a
well-endowed widow is one of the most attractive
objects in creation to the lords thereof—that is,
to such of them as are unprovided with helpmates.
But the lady was not to be easily won, and among
the many candidates for her favor, two titled sni-
fers had been rejected—the one because he was a
spendthrift, the other as being too much addicted
to brandy and water.
I really think you might stand a chance, Fred,
continued the little fat man, whose name was Ma-
son. You are just the sort of fellow such a woman
would take a fancy to; and I don't think you have
much objection, independent of the cash.
Objection! Why, Mason, she's an angel.
Ala! ha! ha! an angel! Come, that's a little
too strong; but she's a woman, which is more to
the purpose. Now, I'll tell you what, Fred; I'll
give you a lift somehow or other, and if you don't
make the best of it, that will be your own fault.
The young man smiled and shook his head. He
had no faith in the hope held out to him; and
much as he admired the charming person alluded
to, it seemed to him madness to suppose that a wo-
man, still young, with an ample share of beauty

and a handsome fortune, would bestow her hand
upon a poor banker's clerk, with a salary of eighty
pounds a year.
The idea is preposterous! What a presumptu-
ous fool she would think me, he said to himself,
as he walked off home.
And yet Mason's words had left an impression
on his mind that all his reasoning could not quite
efface, and he found his thoughts continually run-
ning upon the pretty young widow, until he really
was in love, and began to think that more unlikeli-
hood had happened in the world than such an
alliance.
Frederick Bayfield was the son of a clergyman
who held a considerable living in Westmoreland.
He was a good man, and highly respected, but he
died in the prime of life, leaving his widow un-
provided for, and his son, who was graduating at
Cambridge, without the means of completing his
term at college and with no prospect before him
but to obtain employment either as a tutor, or a
clerk.
Mrs. Bayfield obtained a pension as a clergy-
man's widow, and Frederick got an engagement
as third master in a school near London; but he
did not like the occupation, and determined to give
it up as soon as he could find anything else to do.
He tried writing poetry, but though pleasant was
not profitable. Then he advertised for a post as
private secretary, but received no answers; and
at last, by the merest chance in the world, he hap-
pened to make acquaintance with Mr. Mason, the
chief cashier in Redgold's banking-house, and
through the influence of that gentleman was ad-
mitted into the establishment as a junior clerk.
He was now about twenty-six, in person tall
and well formed, with handsome features, and a
deep, clear, melodious voice, which, neither in
man nor woman, is a charm irresistible. It was
on these qualifications Mr. Mason had founded his
little romance; and finding that Bayfield was
nothing loth to enact the hero, he resolved to do
all in his power to bring it to a happy issue, for he
really liked the young man, and was anxious to
promote his interests.

It was on the third day after the conversation
with which this chapter commences, that Mrs. Il-
ford came into the bank to draw three hundred
pounds, and when Mr. Mason had handed her the
notes over the counter he said:
You are not going to walk through the streets
with all that money about you, are you?
Oh, no, she replied. I am going to my aunt's
at Sydenham, and shall take a cab to the station
at London Bridge.
You'll excuse me, Mrs. Ilford, but I really do
not think it is safe for you to go to the London
Bridge Station with three hundred pounds in
your pocket. There's always a gang of pickpock-
ets at these railway stations. You had better let
me go with you, and see you safe into the train.
I don't apprehend the least danger, Mr. Mason,
still, if you have time, and will be so kind, it will
perhaps be safer.
It will be much safer, depend upon it, to have
somebody with you. Ladies are go apt to get
flurried if there happens to be any bustle on the
platform. Oh, bother! now I think of it. I
can't go myself for I shall be wanted; but Mr.
Bayfield will be happy to go, I am sure. Here,
Bayfield, I wish you would see Mrs. Ilford to the
station, and see that she does not lose her pocket
book while she is getting into the train. She has
a large sum of money about her, and is very like-
ly to get robbed of it unless there's somebody with
her to keep a look out.
Bayfield had come forward, his fine eyes beam-
ing with pleasure, and taking his hat, he said he
would procure a cab.
No occasion whatever, said the lady, as she
looked at her intended escort. We may as well
walk to the stand—it is not far.
The young man bowed, and followed her out at
the door, when he offered his arm, which she ac-
cepted, and they walked away together, to the
great delight of Mason, who saw them through the
window, and thoroughly enjoyed the success of his
manœuvre.

CHAPTER II.
How long shall we have to wait for the next
train to Sydenham?
Twenty minutes, Sir. There's one just started.
Twenty minutes! echoed the lady, who was
leaning on the arm of the inquirer; and one only
just gone. How unfortunate that we were not in
time for it.
I cannot say I think so, was the earnest reply;
and as it was received without any manifest signs
of disapprobation, our hero ventured a little further
saying that it was impossible for him to regret a
circumstance that had procured him so much
pleasure.
Ah, I see you know how to flatter. However
I will give you credit for sincerity as far as this—
it must certainly be pleasanter to walk about here
than to be confined to that desk. Don't you get
dreadfully tired of it, Mr. Bayfield?
I do, indeed; but it is useless to quarrel with
our destiny. Fortune does not favor all.

Very true; nor does she always select the most
worthy object to shower her favors upon. Do
you ever go to the Crystal Palace, Mr. Bayfield?
Not very often. They give but few holidays at
our house.
But the gardens are delightful in the evening at
this time of the year, said the lady. You cannot
think how much I enjoy going in sometimes after
an early tea, when I am staying with my aunt.—
We have season tickets on purpose.
Frederick Bayfield was no excoomb, yet he
could hardly misunderstand the purport of this
communication, and his heart beat fast, al-
though he did not intimate either by word or
look the happy thoughts that were passing in
his mind, and the conversation turned on gen-
eral subjects till the train was ready to start,
when the young man handed his fair charge
into one of the carriages, and then he remem-
bered for the first time the object of his attend-
ance, which both he and the lady had so en-
tirely forgotten that the pocket-book with the
three hundred pounds in it might have been
on the alert; but fortunately it was all right,
and Frederick went back with a clear con-
science, elate with new born hopes of happiness
and prosperity.
Well, how did you get on? Mason asked,
in an undertone. I think I managed that toler-
ably well, didn't I?
Yes, admirably. I will tell you all about
it by-and-by.
The opportunity, however, did not occur till
after business hours, when the two friends
went together to dine at a chophouse close by,
and then Bayfield related all that had passed,
including Mrs. Ilford's voluntary statement
that she was in the habit of walking in the
gardens of the Crystal Palace almost every
evening.
Did she tell you that? By Jove! your
fortune is as good as made. You will go down
to Sydenham to-morrow, of course?
Don't you think that will be too soon? I
didn't look as if I thought she meant it.
Well, what then? She did mean it, and
will be disappointed if you don't go; and
what's more, will be vexed with herself for
having given the hint, which might damage
your cause materially.

This argument being exactly in accordance
with Bayfield's own inclinations, he made up
his mind to act upon it, and at six o'clock on
the following evening was strolling leisurely
round the basin of the great fountain of the
Crystal Palace, looking anxiously for the
direction for the pretty pink bonnet that had
been such a prominent object in his dreams
the night before.
At length it appeared; but its brightness
was considerably diminished by the proximity
of a man's hat—an object he had by no means
calculated upon in his blissful visions of the
evening, and he was, of course, disgusted.—
Nor was his dissatisfaction lessened on a near-
er approach by the discovery that the wearer
of the said hat was a baronet of good estate,
who looked at Redgold's. He was evidently
endeavouring to make himself agreeable to the
charming widow; and to judge from the
sparkling of her eye, and a brilliant colour
that suffused her cheek, showed he was not
unsuccessful.
Poor Bayfield! It was a bitter pill for him
to swallow, for not only were his golden
dreams all melted away into empty air, like
the dissolving views at the Polytechnic, but he
had begun to fear he had placed himself in a
very ridiculous position. The thought was
intolerable—far worse, indeed, than the disap-
pointment, and he was brimful of angry, re-
sentful feelings.
What did she mean by it? Had she lured
him there by her deceitful wiles only to see
how far his presumptions would lead him, and
laugh at his folly? Yes; the fact was plain
and he would have made a hasty retreat if he
could have done so unobserved; but Mrs.
Ilford had already seen him and was ap-
proaching with a smile of recognition, so that
he had no alternative but to meet the party
which consisted of the widow herself, Sir
Francis Lowe, her escort, and an elderly lady,
who, he concluded, was the aunt she had men-
tioned. He tried to look unconcerned, but
felt it was a failure; and any one who had
observed the arch and somewhat mischievous
expression of Mrs. Ilford's face, might have
supposed she was quite cognizant of his watch-
ful jealousy and rather enjoyed the same.
As he drew near he lifted his hat, and was
about to pass on, when his steps were arrested
by these words, spoken in the most bewitch-
ing tones—
How do you do, Mr. Bayfield? I am glad
you have taken my advice. The garden's
look beautiful in the evening, do they not?
Surprised and delighted at this allusion to
their yesterday's conversation, his answer was
not remarkably coherent, but his voice,
though a little tremulous, sounded very musi-
cal, and he looked exceedingly handsome; so
the lady smiled, and turning to her elderly
companion said—
Aunt, this is a gentleman I told you of,
that was so kind as to see me to the train yes-
terday, and to take care that I should not
lose my money.
The last words were accompanied by a shy

glance at her negligent squire, who coloured,
and looked rather foolish.
Yes, my dear, said the old lady. I remem-
ber you told me so; and I am sure I'm very
much obliged to you, sir, for it was my money
my niece was in charge of, and I should have
been very sorry to lose it.
Frederick, who was conscious that he was
not much entitled to much gratitude, blushed
and stammered a few words, to the effect that
he was glad to have been of any use. On
which the widow favoured him with another
merry glance from her bright eyes that covered
him with confusion.
All this time Sir Francis Lowe, whose
countenance was never impressing, stood
apart, surveying our hero with savage scorn,
devoutly wishing he was at the Pole regions,
or any other uncomfortable regions, so that he
was out of the way; for he could not help
feeling at a disadvantage in point of person
appearance, having a red nose and pimply face,
the effects, it was rumored, of intemperate
habits.
He was tall, but by no means graceful, being
high shouldered, and altogether an ungainly
figure; but then he was rich, and moreover
his name was coupled with a title, consequent-
ly he was no insignificant rival in poor Bay-
field's eyes—for we all know that wealth and
high rank are powerful pleasers in the Court
Cupid, and often gain the day when, without
their aid, the claimant would assuredly be
nonsuited.
[concluded in our next.]

Fashionable Screws.
Fine ladies not unfrequently play at philan-
thropy. Such times as they can spare from dress
and amusement they give to framing plans of re-
lief for the poor. These are always planned that
give their inventors a prominent position, that im-
pale society in its holiday clothes, and that de-
pend for success on other people's pockets.—
Sometimes it is a concert, where you have to buy
a ticket at an exorbitant price to hear indifferent
music badly rendered by second-rate professionals;
or it may be an amateur affair, when the enter-
tainment is yet more dreary, and you have to ap-
plaud with greater vehemence to cover the lack
of interest and intrinsic merit; or it may be am-
ateur theatricals, when you pay a week's living to
see Lady Callipge in tights and Miss Auricomus
with her back hair down. But you have to do it.
Your fine lady friends count on your support; and
hold you to your sacrifice by the honour of your
knighthood and as the confession of your service.
If you are rich and a parvenu it is all very
well. You do not miss your guineas, and you are
content to pay handsomely for a front seat among
the upper ten; and to be able to discuss my Lady
Callipge and Miss Auricomus among your own
set with the air of a man who knows his world
is a privilege worth a handsome outlay.
If you are one of themselves, you pay of course
for the honour of your order, though you think it a
lore all the same; but, if you are only one of the
hangers on, one of the semi-detached fringe, the
impecunious appearances that float about the
great world, mere gilt and not gold, and very
thin gilt too, you know then what the force of the
fashionable screw is when it is put on you, and
you will be submitted to be squeezed if you would
still be received. There is, of course, the honour
of the thing. Well, the honour counts for some-
thing, certainly; but your spare guineas have
their own eloquence too; and when you have to
live up to the mark of the people whose thousands
would cover your capital in an alarming manner.
You would not mind so much, perhaps, if you
could still any amusement out of your expendi-
ture. But, save from that barren honour of asso-
ciation, the philanthropic pleasures which fine
ladies get up among themselves are mostly of the
deadest, dullest kind, Concerts, private theatricals,
raffles, bazaars, fetes chaumettes—what a sense
of weariness steals over us as we jot down the list!
—[The Saturday Review.]

THE IDEAL OF EARTHLY FELICITY.
Ethel (who disapproves of a minimum of jam
to a maximum of bread): "I dare say the
Queen and her courtiers eat a whole pot of
jam every day, Harry!"—[Punch.]
HOW TO ECONOMISE COAL.—The most
practical suggestion yet made towards econ-
omy of coal seem to be the use of solid bot-
tom-in ordinary fire grates. It is asserted,
and indeed proved, that in any fireplace no
excessively small plates of iron placed upon
the grate will halve the consumption of coal,
reduce the smoke, and leave a cheerful, free
burning fire. Quite sufficient air enters
through the bars, no potting is necessary, and
the fire never goes out till the coal is consum-
ed. There is no ash and no dust, every par-
ticle of fuel being consumed. Any house-
holder can try this experiment, and reduce his
coal bills says 30 per cent, at the cost of a shil-
ling.—[Spectator.]

Never Tempt a Man.
The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a
boy, resided with his father Governor Trum-
bull, at his residence in Lebanon, Connecticut,
in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The
government of this tribe was hereditary in the
family of the celebrated Ucas. Among the
heirs to the chieftainship was an Indian named
Zachary, who, though a brave man and an
excellent hunter, was so drunk in and worth-
less an Indian as could well be found. By
the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found
himself entitled to the royal power. In this
moment, the better genius of Zachary assumed
his way, and he reflected seriously:
How can such a drunken wretch as I am
aspire to be chief of this noble tribe? What
will my people say? How shall the shades
of my glorious ancestors look down indignant
upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the
great Ucas? Ah—I will drink no more!
And he solemnly resolved that henceforth
he would drink nothing stronger than water;
and he kept his resolution.
Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe.
It was usual for the governor to attend at the
annual election in Hartford, and it was cus-
tomary for the Mohegan chief also to attend,
and on his way to stop and dine with the gov-
ernor.
John the governor's son, was but a boy,
and on one of these occasions, at the festive
board, occurred a scene which we will give in
Trumbull's own words:
One day the mischievous thought struck me
to try the sincerity of the old man's temper-
ance. The family were seated at dinner, and
there was excellent home brewed ale on the
table. I thought I would try the old chief.
"Zachary, this beer is very fine. Will you
not taste it?"
The old man, drawing his knife, and leaning
forward with a stern intensity of expression
and his fringed eyes, sparkling with angry in-
dignation, were fixed upon me.
John, he said, you don't know what you
are doing. You are serving the devil, boy!
If I should taste your beer, I should never
stop till I got to rum, and I should become
again the same drunken, contemptible wretch
you father remembers me to have been—
John, never again while you live tempt a man
to break a good resolution!
Socrates, never uttered a more valuable
precept. Democritus could not have given
it with more solemn eloquence. I was thun-
derstruck. My parents were deeply affected.
They looked at me, and they turned their gaze
upon the venerable chieftain with awe and re-
spect. They afterwards frequently reminded
me of the scene, and charged me never to for-
get it. He lies buried in the royal burial
place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of
the Yantic, in Norwich, of lands now owned
by my friend, Calvin Giddard. I visited the
grave of the old chief, and above his
mouldering remains, I repeated to myself the
inestimable lesson.

SECULAR EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND.
—In a speech reported in the "Otago Times,"
we see that our townsmen, Mr. Macandrew, M.
P. for that thriving province, addressing
his constituents at Port Chalmers on the 6th
May last, spoke as follows, on the subject of
Secular Education:—
"We hear a good deal about secular educa-
tion. I should like to know what that means.
Does it mean the exclusion from our public
schools of all references to the Great Creator,
the God in whom we live, and move, and have
our being? Does it mean the exclusion of all
reference to a future state, and of all refer-
ence to a word beyond the grave? If this is
what it meant, then, I say, perish all secular
education! (Great applause.) Gentlemen, I
believe it means the exclusion from our public
schools of that ancient venerable and true
book—the bible—the book which translated
into our mother tongue has been the bulwark
of civil and religious liberty, and the founda-
tion stone of modern civilization. Upon its
pages also has the glory of the British Empire
and the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race so
much depended. (Renewed applause.) Yet
we are asked to deny to our children the right
of using that book as a lesson-book. We may
allow our children to read the history of the
Carthaginians, the Romans, the Greeks, and
others, but about the Jews—the most interest-
ing race upon the face of the earth—or about
the early history of Christianity, they must read
nothing; there is no objection to their reading
the works of Demosthenes, of Virgil, and of
Shakespeare, but by no means must we admit
the writings of Moses, and David, of Solomon,
of Jeremiah, and of Paul, and of the great
divine teacher, Jesus Christ. I really have no
difficulty in thinking about it. Am I to be
told that my children are to be taught in the
common schools to read all about the metho-
dical living and true God? Where do you
find submer poetry, or anything but the
stern ethics and morals than in the Bible?
And yet these things are to be kept from us!
Really it almost makes one exclaim—Oh, judg-
ment! thou art fed to British beasts; and
men have lost their reason! (Great applause.)

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ries.

D WARE

ly found in such an es-
by attention to business
to merit a share of public
the "Travellers Accident"
of Hartford, and is ready
accident.
ER YARD, from which
for building and other
transact business as an
W. B. MORRIS.
1872.

& CAPS

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rd, Dolly Varden, Duke
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a perfect fit and durability,
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Half Chests good Congo

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FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
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Machines are now on sale a
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themselves.

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IAL NOTICE.

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VARIETIES.

EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITION IN SKYE.—In connection with a case of suicide at Skye, in the "Inverness Courier," says:—A strange superstition has manifested itself—

SAD STATE OF THE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE.—The Empress Charlotte of Mexico is now lying in delirious agony, during which she sometimes is heard to whisper the words, "Mother," "Victor," "Paris," "Max."

INTIMATION.

By order of the Court of Session in Scotland, North Britain:

AVIN MALTMAN, a native of Fifeshire, Scotland, born in 1792, emigrated in early life to the West Indies—

GIN & BRANDIES.

50 Hhds } Best Pale Geneva.
30 qr. casks }
20 Kegs }
500 Cases }
20 Hhds }
30 qr. casks } "Martell" & "Hennessy"
400 Cases } best Cognac Brandy.
30 do pints }

GROCERY GOODS.

Dried Currants, Dried Apples, Citron, Bottled Salt, Oatmeal. Received and for sale.

TEA.

113 half chests Congou, 50 Oolong. In bond or duty paid, at lowest rates.

TO LET.

The House and land owned by the late MARTIN GRANT, at Bay Side. There are about thirty acres of wood land and fifty under cultivation.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Tuesday, 10th day of September, 1872. PRESENT: H'S EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31 Vict., cap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Out-Port of Peterboro', heretofore under the survey of the Port of Port Hope, be, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry for all the purposes of the said Act.

NOTICE.

I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting my wife Ellen on my account, as she has left my bed and board without just provocation.

FOR CHEAP DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY,

Best Rouillon

AND GLOVES.

JOHN S. MAGEE'S,

Albin House, St. Andrews.

MADAM JUNCTION EATING HOUSE, S. W. DAVIS, PROPRIETOR.

Dana's Patent Sheep Marks.

THESE MARKS ARE THE CHEAPEST—the most lasting, the least troublesome, and the most complete ever invented. They are used and recommended by many of the best breeders in the United States and Canada, such as G. B. Loring Salem, Mass., President New England Wool Growers Society; John S. Ross, Herington, Ill.; Professor M. Miles of the State Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich.; Hon. George Brown, of Toronto, Ont.; John Snell, of Edmonton, Ont.

REMOVAL.

W. H. WILLIAMSON, ever grateful for the kind support and patronage he has hitherto received, to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his establishment to the store formerly occupied by Miss Irwin, corner of Water and Edward streets; where he will keep as usual.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Groceries, Paints, Glass, Putty, and all the other extras commonly found in a Druggist's Shop.

Great Bargains

AT THE ALBION HOUSE.

I offer a lot of BOOTS which are slightly shag-worn, at the following tremendous reduction in prices: Misses SINGLE CONGRESS BOOTS—5 pairs No. 1, price \$1.25, reduced to 50 cents.

RAY & KILDEA,

Respectfully intimate to their friends and the public generally, that they have entered into Co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the above business at the old stand; where by promptness, attention, and a hope to give satisfaction, they solicit a continuance of the patronage enjoyed by Mr. Stevenson, who has retired from business.

GEO. STEWART, JR.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL Chemist and Druggist, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, DYE WOODS AND STUFFS, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, Toilet Requisites, Perfumery, &c., &c., 24 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

MILLINERY AND Fancy Goods.

MRS. E. O'NEILL respectfully intimates to the ladies of St. Andrews and vicinity that she has opened a MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT in Mess. Sault's building, where she has a Stock of FANCY GOODS, of the latest styles, and will be happy to execute all orders in her line with neatness and despatch.

Co-partnership.

The Subscribers have this day entered into Professional Co-partnership, under the style and firm of Street & Stevenson.

SUGAR & MOLASSES.

Ex "Rapid" from Barbados via St. John: 20 Hhds Muscovado Molasses, 8 " Choice do Sugar.

Alcohol and Old Rye.

Just received via Portland, 5 Pouchons } A. L. COHOL, 15 Hhds } 95 O. P., 10 Hhds Old Rye Whisky, 25 pc. U. P. Goodwin & Worts' Distillery, Toronto.

NEW IMPORTATION.

Ex "Choice" from London, and "Kate Up Lam" from Liverpool. 20 Cases "Beidges & Son's" best Stout Porter, 30 cases "Guinness" Dublin Porter, quarts and pints.

JOHN MCCOULL, GENERAL AGENT.

Commission Merchant, AND AUCTIONEER, St. George, N. B.

REFERENCES: Hon. B. H. Stevenson, Sur. General, W. Whitlock, Esq., St. Andrews; Jas. A. Moran, and Abm. Young, Esqs., St. George; Chas. F. Church, Esq., St. John; J. Murdoch, and David Mann, Esqs., St. Stephen.

RAISINS.

100 Boxes Layer Raisins, 25 Bbls. Dried Apples, very nice. For sale.

GRANULATED SUGAR.

35 Bbls. Boston Granulated Sugar. In Bond or Duty paid.

Vacuum Pan Sugar.

53 Bbls. Demerara Vacuum Pan Sugar. choice quality, just received and for sale at lowest market rates, in Bond or Duty paid.

TODD, CLEWLEY & CO., St. Stephen.

The Standard.

16 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY A. W. South.

At his Office, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B. TERMS \$2 50 per Annum—If paid in advance \$3 If not paid till the end of a year.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted according to written orders or continued till forbid, if no written directions. First insertion of twelve lines and under, 80 cts. Each repetition of do 20 cts.

North British and Mercantile Insurance company,

OF EDINBURGH & LONDON. ESTABLISHED IN 1809. FIRE & LIFE CAPITAL = £2,000,000 STERLING (WITH LARGE ACCUMULATIONS.)

G. F. STICKNEY,

WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER. Has received a further supply of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Chains, Rings, Brooches, Lockets, Studs, Solitaires, Keys, &c.

JET AND RUBBER GOODS.

CUTLERY, HARDWARE, EDGETOOLS TOYS, FANCY SOAP AND PERFUMERY, Together with a general assortment of House Furnishing & Fancy Goods WEDDING RINGS made to order.

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

MAY 14, 1872. Per the "Oronoto" from Liverpool, "Liscombe" from Clyde, and "Choice" from London.

Wines.

4 Hhds } Fine old Whiskey, 17 qr. casks } 40 Cases "Guinness" Dublin Porter, 12 Bbls Ginger Ale and Champagne Cider, 10 Boxes T. D. Pipes, 5 qr. casks } fine old Dublin [B] Whiskey, 28 Cases } 35 Bbls "McEwan's" Pale Ale, 25 do "Bass's" do do, 10 cases old Tom Gin, quarts, Paints & Oil

LOUR, CORN, PORK, &c.

OCTOBER 23d, 1871. Landing ex "Mary Ellen," from New York. 230 Bbls extra State Ohio and fancy Flour 16 1/2 bbls Family 2 Tons "Sugar cured" Hams, 20 lbs heavy Merg Pork, 5 " clear, 200 Bushels Corn, &c.

Canada Ale.

6 Hhds } Canada Beer Ale, 6 qr. casks } Nov. 2, 1871. J. W. STREET.

MOLASSES.

Ex Schr. "Emma" from Cienfuegos direct. 211 Hhds. } BRIGHT CIENFUEGOS MOLASSES, 19 Tons } 2 Tons "Sugar cured" Hams, The above is a very choice Cargo and will be sold at lowest market rates, in Bond or Duty paid.

GIN, WINE, TEA, &c.

Ex "Choice" from London. 40 Hhds } Best Pale Geneva, 30 qr. casks } Congou Tea, 200 Cases } 30 Chests } London Brown Stout & Pale Ale, 10 Bbls Refined Crushed Sugar, 5 do London Brown Stout & Pale Ale, 20 qr. casks } Pale Sherry, 73 Hhds } 31 Tons "Brandram Bros" Best White Lead, 4 Hhds } do Boiled and Raw, 4 qr. casks } Linseed Oil, J. W. STREET.

STREET & STEVENSON,

Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors &c. OFFICES—WATER STREET, ST. ANDREWS

You pay your Money

and takes your choice

AMERICAN WARPS

ST. JOHN WARPS

OF WARRANTED QUALITY AND FULL LENGTH,

JOHN S. MAGEE'S,

Water Street, St. Andrews, Oct. 2, 1872.

COUNTY COURT.

THE County Court of the County of Charlotte will be held at St. Andrews, on TUESDAY, the 23d day of October, instant.

HATS & CAPS

IN LARGE VARIETY. Comprising—the Oxford, Dolly Varden, Duke Alexis and many other styles to numerous to mention. Also—the Monarch Shakspeare Paper Collar, unrivalled for its perfect fit and durability, together with a full line of Gen's. Furnishing Goods.

CONGOU TEA.

Ex "Tejen" from London. 60 Chests & Half Chests good Congou Tea. J. W. STREET

SEWING MACHINES.

WHAT EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE. One of the original Weed Sewing Machines. These celebrated Machines are now on sale to the Subscriber, where the public are invited to examine and test for themselves.

JAMES STODD, Agent.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

LADY VARDENS in a variety of STYLES LOVELY PARASOLS, at the Albion House, J. S. Magee.

BLACK TEA.

Ex Schr. "Painter" from New York. 182 Hhds } SCUCHONG TEA, 31 Chests } For Sale in bond or duty paid at lowest rates.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

King Street, Saint Stephen N. B. J. NEILL, Proprietor.