



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

ANEMIA, PALENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COUGHS, HOARSENESS, PALPITATIONS, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

COMPLAINTS.

It is the only medicine offered to the public, which is so simple, so safe, and so effective, as to cure all the above complaints, and to give the system a new lease of life.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

ESTABLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SEMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, DEC. 21, 1870.

For the Standard.
What is a School Master? Why can't you tell?

A quizzical old man
Armed with a rattan;
Wears a huge wig,
And grunts about,
Strives to look big,
With spectacles on snout,
And most important point;
Who teaches little boys to read and spell.

So the poet describes the British Schoolmaster of the past generation. If the likeness is a correct one, and of general application, then the teachers of the present generation in Britain must have been very similar to those of New Brunswick as described by "Progress." But such are now to be found in Britain. The teaching intelligence of the nineteenth century taught the British people, that the intellectual capacity of their schoolmasters was of the highest importance to them, that the intellectual culture of their lawyers, ministers and statesmen.

They have learned that the moral power and influence of the instructors of their children, is or ought to be, second only to that of the mothers of them, and they have therefore endeavored to employ as teachers men of the best capacity only. Look now at the list of world renowned names of men of giant intellect who have filled, or do now fill the former, despoiled situation of Dominie.

The names of Arnold, Wood, Gurney, Phillips, Bryce, are as much honored, as though they had sat in the Woolsack and signed the laws, or ruled at the Horse Guards and ordered thousands on to death and glory.

Let us, then, that the first schoolmaster has not at yet appeared, but in the course of events we may have many of them ere the century closes. This improvement has not been confined to the higher grades of schools. For it has been asserted by a most competent judge, that there is scarcely a parish in Britain from John O. Grimes to Leeds, in the schools of which an education equivalent to a university education in New Brunswick cannot be obtained. How has this great change been accomplished? Simply by paying good salaries, instead of miserable pittance a starvation allowance, as the reward of the fit-spirited labors of the schoolmaster. Many a parish teacher, who once lived as a hermit in a remote spot, and was paid a few shillings a week, has now become a man of letters, and his salary is paid him by the parish.

After an existence of a Quarter of a Century, the Home Journal will enter its Twenty-sixth Year with its size increased by the addition of eight columns, making it a quarter larger than it is at present. It will be printed in a new type, on superior, heavy laid paper, and will be otherwise so improved, that in every respect it will be a new journal. New departments will be added, and fresh writers engaged, and so pains will be spared to make it not only the leading Organ of cultivated American Society, but the

HANDICRAFT PAPER IN AMERICA.

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The conductors of the Home Journal are proud to refer their patrons to the past as a guarantee of the future. The success which has crowned their efforts encourages them to hope for a much larger circle of readers and subscribers than ever before.

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A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

The events which form the subject of the following sketch occurred during a storm of the coldest character of Canada. We were occupied in tracing the progress of a winter expedition, which had been sent to explore a route through the woods, which had been reported to be a source of great difficulty, and which they only could describe.

It would be difficult to convey to the reader who has not lived in the woods, the luxury of these evenings around the campfire.

After a day of weary toiling, we all turned in for the night. That is, we laid ourselves in our blankets, and laid up with our feet towards the fire.

The stories told upon the evening I have in my mind, had a few about wolves, some of which were very curious. One, perhaps, of our imagination, having been excited by these tales, I had a terrible nightmare.

It was a dream of a terrible nature. I knew they were going to me; I could hear their hoofs growing more and more distinct. There is a point of agony at which all dreams must have an end. I awoke with a terrible start, and then I awoke in a cold sweat, and I lay there in a sense of terror for which I could not account.

In the end of the cheerless blaze which I had seen, I fell asleep, all was now cold and dark. The fire had sunk to a heap of red embers. I could not distinguish one of my sleeping companions. Good! I think I can still remember? There again, is the long low wailing howl, which I heard so distinctly in my dream.

I lit up a candle and then, What is that sound? a rustling among the branches? Is some of the party stirring? No! All are silent as the grave. I am the only one awake in the camp. Once again! Surely I am mistaken. I thought the fire was nearer to me, just in front; and so it is. What, then, can be those two glimmering lights a few yards off? (Not they are moving!) I awake the next moment an American named Silas Wool. The man starts for his feet, rubs his eyes. What is it? Look there, Silas. He looks, and as quick as lightning seizes a burning log, and hurls it with all his force and unerring aim. The glimmering lights disappear with a rustle of the brushwood—a sharp, short bark close at hand, and then in a minute or two, the long low wail, in the distance is heard.

Silas then stirred and raked the burning embers, and throwing on an immense heap of dry brush in a second the Egyptian darkness is dispelled by a bright flame which leaps up six feet into the air, and brings the sleeping fires and the nearest trees into full relief.

Silas, what does it all mean? I asked.

It means, replied the American, speaking with his usual deliberate drawl—"wolves!"

Wolves! I recoiled. Then these two glimmering lights that I took for glowworms were—

A wolf's eyes, squire; and I guess his friends won't far off, awaiting kindred anxious to hear tell of their scout, Hark! if it is the damned things ain't a growl and lamenting over their disappointment, as sure as my name's Silas Wool.

Once more the long low growl, inexpressibly sad and fearful, was heard at a greater distance. Now that I knew what it implied, it made the blood curdle in my veins.

coolly; the cowardly critters darstn't come nigh a fire like that. Besides, I reckon the fellow I scared so with that 'ere burning chip has told 'em it's no go by this time. They're as cunning as humans, is them critters. Ay, be off, and a good riddance to 'em, ye howling varmints! he added, as the low wail was once more heard dying away in the distance.

Notwithstanding the assurance that the wolves were retreating, I took great pleasure in seeing the fire blazing up brightly, for I knew that in that consisted our protection. I suppose we have had a narrow escape? I said to my companion, who, besides myself, was the only one awake in the camp.

I reckon I've been a narrower, then, replied he. Why that 'ere skunk's scent darstn't have give warning to the rest of the pack as long as a single red ember remained. The critters is dreadful scared of fire.

Well, I rejoined, I am not at all sorry I awoke when I did. But as we're the only two awake, suppose you tell me this narrow escape you allude to—that is, if you don't feel sleepy.

Me squire? I ain't sleepy, not a morsel! I couldn't sleep a wink if I tried. I feel too kinder lassy like to have cotched that damned skunk's scent ch a lick; and the Yankee feller, quite tickled at the recollection, I guess he had it right sick between the eyes.

I knowed he felt it by the bark he gave. Well, squire, it'll give me considerable satisfaction to narrate to you my adventure with the tarnt critters. I guess, squire, it be a matter of ten year since that Ezraon Nathan had a 'ruffin' away down to Stockville, in Vermont, where I was reared.

What is a ruffin? I asked.

Well, I guess 's a buildin' bee, rejoined the Yankee.

And pay, what's a buildin' bee? I inquired, for I was as wise as I was before.

You see, squire, when you wants to get any thing done right away in a hurry all to once, whether it's a flax head, or apple-paring, or corn husk, or the neighbors all round come and help you, that's a bee; and a buildin' bee, or a ruffin, is when they want to get up the first of a new barn.

Oh, that's a buildin' bee, show I understand.

Well, I guess it axery pretty big barn that Ezraon Nathan was axin' to raise, and so we had a considerable sight of boys and a regular 'ruffin'; and when it came to drawn down the night, the deacon he says to me: 'Silas, says he, I don't kinder like leavin' this here barn unpreserved during the dark watches of the night. The heart of man is desperate ly wicked, and there's some oafers in the village, and here's a do to boards and shingles lying about; and so, Silas, what if you take to stop here all night.'

Deacon, says I, 'tain't worth my while to stop for that; but if you like to make it four, I don't mind it I do.

Silas Wool, says the deacon, ain't you unreasonable? How can I rub my family to that extent?

You see the deacon was a remarkable pious man, and whenever he told the men spiritism, or shivers, or flannels, or other notions out of his store, for about three times their vally, and stopped it out to his wages, he always talked about his duty to his family. Well, we clarified and clarified for a considerable spell, and at last we concluded to strike a bargain for two dollars and a pint of rum. The boys was a pretty well amost cleared off, when Dave Shumyer come to me and says: 'Silas, says he, be it true you're axin' to stop here all night!'

I reckon I ain't axin' to do nothing else, I says.

Take a fool's advice, says Dave, and do nothing of the sort.

What for? says I.

'Cause, says he, there's several refused; and the deacon knowed you be a kinder desperate chap or he wouldn't have axed you.

Why man alive, says I, what's the danger to come from?

Well, Squire, I wain't goin' to let Dave squire me, 'cause I knowed he was axin' on a galathea Rind Perkins, that I were a keepin' company with and would have been considerably rejoiced to leave it tell how I had lucked 'em, as I hadn't had a tell of no wolves in the woods, I just thought he said that by way of baiter.

Well, I made myself comfortable in the barn. It was all handied up on three sides, and partly on the fourth only there was a gap left for the door, big enough to let in a wayward wind of boy. It wasn't cold, but a fine night in the Indian summer. So I kept a stalling up an' down, taking a look out now and then, to see if there was anybody lurking about with an eye to the boards and the shingles, but there wasn't a soul stirrin' but my self. Every now and again, I'd mix myself a little grog, till the rum was all gone, and then I began to feel most exasperated sleepy; so I thought I'd just lie down awhile on a big pile of shavings there was in one corner of the barn. Well, squire, I dropped off, as you may suppose, I guess it were along of what Dave Shumyer said I got to dreamin' about wolves, till at last, blame me if I didn't dream there was one in the barn huntin' about. Just like a dog, sniffin' here and there, till at last he came to the pile of shavings where I was.

Well, squire, I can't call to mind how I woke exactly, but the first thing I remember I was sittin' right up on the pile of shavings, and I begun to look out as well as I could in the dark, there was anything in the barn or not. It was about a minute before I did see clearly that at last I hear a slight rustle, and I thought I saw somethin' move. 'Twas I, then, that Dave Shumyer, or some of the boys, come back a fiddlehead me. They shan't have it to say over me. So I sings out: 'What you Dave? There wasn't no answer, but I heard a rustle, and I began to look out as well as I could in the dark, there was anything in the barn or not. It was about a minute before I did see clearly that at last I hear a slight rustle, and I thought I saw somethin' move. 'Twas I, then, that Dave Shumyer, or some of the boys, come back a fiddlehead me. They shan't have it to say over me. So I sings out: 'What you Dave? 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