



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A California Vinegar...
enjoy good health, let
as Bitters as a medicine,
use of alcoholic stimulants

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A California Vinegar...
can take these Bitters
rections, and remain long
if their bones are not de-
ral poison or other means
wasted beyond repair.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A California Vinegar...
or Indigestion, Headache,
sufferers, Coughs, Tightness
izzines, Sour Eructations of
had Tastes in the Mouth, Bil-
litation of the Heart, Inflam-
lungs, Pain in the region of
nd a hundred other painful
the off-ings of Dyspepsia.
prove a better guarantee of
a lengthy advertisement.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A California Vinegar...
King's Evil, White Swell-
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
ous Inflammations, Indolent
Mercerian Affections, Old
as of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
rese, as in all other constitu-
WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
air great curative powers in
ase and intractable cases.
namatory and Chronic
Gout, Rheumatism, Remittent
nt Fevers, Diseases of the
Kidneys, and Bladder, these
equal. Such Diseases are
led Blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A California Vinegar...
le Complaints, in young or
single, at the dawn of man-
of life, these Tonic Bitters
decided an influence that is
soon perceptible.
In all cases of jaundice, renal
liver is not doing the work,
sible treatment is to promote
of the bile and favor its re-
purpose use VINEGAR B-

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A California Vinegar...
he Vitiated Blood when-
is afflicted with such ter-
impies, Eruptions, or Sores;
a you find it obstructed and
e veins; cleanse it when it is
ings will tell you when. Keep
e, and the health of the system

The St. Andrews Standard.

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LIFE.
Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides,
Into the silent hollow of the past;
What is there that abides,
To make the next age better for the last?
Life seems a jest of fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving—
A long account of nothings, paid with loss,
Where we, poor puppets jerked by unseen
wires,
After one little hour of strut and rave
With all pastboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell mell together in the grave.
Ah! there is something here,
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer—
Something that leaps life's narrow bars,
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dullness, with the beams of stars
And glorify our clay,
With light from fountains, older than the
day.

A BUFFALO HUNT.
It was a calm, beautiful morning in the
month of October, that my friend, Bob
Morton, and myself mounted our horses
and rode up the north bank of the South
Platte on a pleasant hunt after buffaloes.
You will understand that the Platte River
at St. Vrain's makes a great bend—the
river above the fort running almost due
north, and turning almost due east at the
foot. We thought we would ride up the
river a few miles, and then striking north-
west into the broad open prairie, where
we should be most likely to find our game,
return by a short cut across the prairie to
the fort; though it made little difference to
us whether we returned to-night or to-
morrow, as we were accustomed to camp-
ing out.

We rode up the river until almost noon,
seeing many deer and wolves—for one
could hardly ride through this tall grass a
mile without seeing them—yet, as we were
not looking after this kind of game, we
paid no attention to them until nearly
noon, when feeling somewhat tired and
hungry, Bob, who was an excellent shot,
killed a fine buck; and, dismounting, we
made a most delicious meal on the young
tender venison.

Mounting, after dinner, we struck north-
west across the broad prairie, where, with
the exception of the tall grass, there was
not a tree or shrub on all that vast ex-
panse, except along the river bank.
It was about four o'clock in the after-
noon, just as we were beginning to get dis-
couraged, and we were thinking of turn-
ing our horses' heads towards home, when
we discovered the object of our search.
There were two buffaloes quietly feeding
on a little rise of the prairie—the first
rise we had discovered since leaving the
river. We were now many miles from
where we had left the river at noon, but
hoped we were not far from the foot by a
direct route across the prairie, though we
did not know how far, neither of us having
been out there before.

"Hurrah, Fred!" exclaimed Bob, put-
ting spurs to his horse and getting excited.
"Now for a me sport, and buffaloes' ton-
gue for supper;" and away we went at a
reckless, breakneck speed.
Our game was a long distance off when
first discovered, and had disappeared over
the rise in the prairie, and was out of sight.
We agreed to separate as soon as we
reached the top of the ridge, and each take
our game, and charge down upon them,
and capture both if possible. As we came
dashing up to the top of the hill they dis-
covered us, and immediately took to flight.
Buffaloes can run very fast, notwithstand-
ing their weight; they seem to gather
momentum as they proceed, and are not
easily run down. We made our choice
immediately, and gave pursuit.
My horse was fleet, but the tall grass
tangled his feet, and I had a long, hard
chase before I came up with my game. I
paid no attention to Bob; his game had
taken a different direction from mine, and
we were soon widely separated.
After a hard chase, I came near enough,
I thought, to venture a shot,—perhaps, if
I did not kill him, I could cripple him, and

thus stop him somewhat in his mad career.
I brought my rifle to my shoulder quickly;
but as I fired, my horse stumbled slightly,
his feet having become tangled in the grass
and I missed my aim, but struck the
beast in the shoulder instead of the heart;
and the ball being large, made a terrible
wound from which the blood flew in a
stream.

This maddened him; and turning quick-
ly, he charged with a terrible half snort,
and half rear down upon me. My horse
was taken by surprise, and frightened;
and in springing partly to one side, as if
to turn suddenly and fly away from the
mad creature, his feet caught in the tangled
grass, and he fell, throwing me many feet
over his head.

The fall did not hurt me, and I was on
my feet in an instant; but before I could
reach my horse he was up and bounding
away over the prairie, leaving me to my
fate.
I had no time to think whether I fancied
the situation or not, for the mad bull was
upon me almost; and with a look of des-
pair after my flying horse, I ran. I knew
not whether, but with an instinct of self-
preservation; all this happened in an in-
stant. I had hoped the maddened crea-
ture would pursue my horse; but not so—
the buffalo knows well who is his worst
enemy. I was fleet on foot, for I had run
for my life many times; but the tall grass
impeded my progress, and I knew I could
hold out but a few moments.

I saw not the slightest chance for my
life. Here I was, upon this ocean of
prairie; Bob was, I knew not where, nor
had I time to look; the grass tangling my
feet, and taking away my strength, and a
wounded buffalo within a few yards of me,
and gaining upon me at every bound.

I thought of my revolver, and that I
would sell my life as dearly as possible. I
always carried it in my belt; and perhaps
I could throw it over my shoulder and
shoot the bull in the eye. I had no hope
of the ball doing him any hurt if it hit him
anywhere else; for you must know that
these animals always have a thick mass of
hair on their forehead, that is so matted
together with sand and dirt, that no ball
from a rifle will penetrate it. I knew if a
ball from my revolver struck his forehead,
it would have no more effect than the wind
blowing against it.

I put my hand to my belt; but my re-
volver was gone, the scabbard was empty.
It had probably fallen out when I was
thrown from my horse.

It was with a feeling somewhat of des-
pair that I found it gone. It seemed as if
there was nothing but death before me;
for how could I escape from one so
ceaselessly with a wounded buffalo
—wounded, as I knew, in no vital part,
but sufficiently to madden him?

I could hear more plainly his half grunt
and half snort close upon my heels—and
could feel his breath upon my back—in
another instant he would be upon me—
would pierce me with his short, stumpy
horns—would grind me to the earth with
his monster head, and trample me beneath
his feet. I indeed felt that my time had
come—that no earthly power could save
me; and instinctively I breathed a prayer
to Heaven.

At that instant my feet became entangl-
ed, and I fell; the maddened creature had
just touched me as I went down, and was
under such terrible headway that he pass-
ed directly over me without touching me.
As his tail brushed over my face I grasp-
ed it, and was dragged to my feet, as the
buffalo stopping suddenly, attempted to
turn upon me. But I had a new lease of
my life. I held on to his tail with a death-
grasp, and was dragged round and round.
You may smile, dear reader, but the tail
hold was my best hold now, and my only
hope of life; and I held on with a grim
determination, while the bull wheeled
rapidly round and round, roared, snuff-
ed, snorted, and pawed the ground in his ter-
rible rage, but could not shake me off.

But what should I do now? I knew I

could not hold on to him long, as my
strength was nearly exhausted, having
run so far before I fell. I had nothing to
kill him with—not even a pen knife.

His wound was bleeding profusely, and
my hope was that he might become ex-
hausted first; but he seemed far from that
now, while I seemed very near to it. I
knew my strength could hold out but
little longer; and to let go was certain
death. The bull would suddenly take a
leap, and run and bellow with all his
might, dragging me with velocity—then
he would stop, and with a terrific snort
attempt to turn on me, and it was more
than I could do with my failing strength
to keep out of his way, and several times
his horns rent my clothing.

This state of things could not continue,
I was growing weaker, and felt my hold
relaxing. I was jerked hither and thither,
my arms nearly pulled from their sockets—
worried almost to death, and about to lose
my hold—when, as the mad creature pass-
ed an instant, the sharp crack of a rifle
rang out upon the air, and the huge crea-
ture gave one plunge, and fell upon his
side in the death-struggle.

I was safe, but it came not a moment
too soon. I, too, fell to the ground, more
dead than alive. The sequel is soon told.
It was Bob who had saved me. He had
been more fortunate than I, and after a
hard chase, had killed his game, and then
looked for me. The first thing he saw was
my horse without a rider, and then he dis-
covered me in the distance clinging to the
bull's tail for dear life; and putting spurs
to his horse, he came to my assistance. It
was some time before he could venture to
shoot, for fear of hitting me; but he final-
ly succeeded in planting a ball directly in
the animal's breast.

After resting, capturing my horse, and
securing my revolver, which I easily found
where I fell from the horse, we sat down
to smoke and relate our adventures.

The Balance of Trade.

There has been much muddying of the
waters concerning the exact import of the
phrase, "the balance of trade." We think
that the whole difficulty in the proper
understanding of this phrase grows out of
the presumed necessity of applying a cast
iron rule of interpretations to every country
that has commercial intercourse with the
rest of the world. There is however, a
vast difference between debtor nations and
creditor nations.

The United States is a debtor nation. It
owes large sums to other countries for
money borrowed for various national,
State, municipal, corporation and other
purposes. If, now, in addition to owing
the debts abroad, it should annually ex-
port less than it imports, undoubtedly it
would be increasing those debts, and if this
course were continued long enough the
country would be bankrupted. It is be-
cause we have of late been exporting much
more merchandise than we have imported,
and thus decreased our debts abroad—and
our gold shipments, that we say the bal-
ance of trade is in our favor, and so it is,
for we are paying our debts. Great
Britain is a creditor nation. Other nations
owe it large sums of money for all sorts
of loans and investments. Much of this
indebtedness was created generations ago,
and some of it of recent creation. In all
cases the loans and investment were made
from British savings, accumulated by
means of her w-admiral industrial policy.
If, then, Great Britain should in any one
year or in any series of years export less
of her manufactured goods than she im-
ports of the raw or manufactured products
of other countries, it does not follow, be-
cause the balance of trade is nominally
against her, that she is thereby growing
poorer. Not at all. In the very excess
of her imports over her exports may lie
her prosperity, for this excess may re-
present the profits she is receiving upon
her investments in foreign countries. Of
course the more of her manufactured goods
Great Britain can export, the more her
commercial prosperity is enhanced; but if
her imports also increase the meaning is
that her profits are increasing. The above
is not the only explanation of the balance
of trade problem that might be advanced,
but it is the principal one, and for all
practical purposes it is sufficient.—Bulle-
tin of I. & S. Assoc.

ST. PATRICK CENTRAL AGRICUL- TURAL SOCIETY.

The following is a list of premiums
awarded at the Fair:—

HORSES.
1st, J. Kerr; 2d, Mathew McCollough;
3d, Henry McFarlane.

NEAT CATTLE.

Milch Cows.—1st, John Holt; 2d, Jas.
Linton; 3d, John Taggart.

Pair Oxen.—1st, John Taggart; 2d,
Judson Hanson; 3d, John Carmichael.

3 yr. old Steers.—1st, Jeremiah Hanson;
2d, John Holt; 3d, Judson Hanson.

Bull Best.—1st, Fletcher Turner; 2d,
Thos. Irwin.

Mares and Foal.—1st, James McMillan;
2d, John W. Stevenson; 3d, James Mc-
Collough.

3 yr. old Colt.—1st, James McCollough;
2d, John Carmichael; 3d, Charles Boyd.

2 year old Colt.—1st, Henry McFarlane;
2d, Vernon Turner; 3d, Hiram Hanson.

1 yr. old Colt.—1st, James McMillan;
2d, Jas. Crawley; 3d, Vernon Turner.

2 yr. old Bull.—1st, John Carmichael;
2d, John Kerr.

1 year old Bull.—1st, Thos. Orr; 2d,
Jas. Linton; 3d, John Irwin.

Bull Calif.—1st, John Kerr; 2d, Hugh
Monahan.

2 year old Milch Cow.—1st, Jas. Crawley;
2d, John Taggart; 3d, William Thompson.

Heifer 2 year old.—1st, Patrick Mc-
Laughlin; 2d, Thos. Orr; 3d, Henry Mc-
Farlane.

Heifer 1 yr. old.—1st, Patrick McLaughlin;
2d, Thos. Irwin; 3d, Eph. Bailey.

Spring Calf.—1st, John Taggart; 2d, H.
Monahan; 3d, Wm. Thompson.

Jersey Cow.—1st, Joseph Linton; 2d,
James Linton; 3d, James Bell.

Jersey Heifer 1 yr. old.—1st, John
Taggart; 2d, James Linton.

Jersey Bull Calf.—Jas. Bell; 2d, Thos.
Irwin.

Heifer.—Thos. Irwin; Hiram Hanson;
Patrick McLaughlin.

Best Jersey Bull with pedigree.—1st,
James McMillan.

SHEEP.

Best Ram.—1st, James Linton; 2d, Jas.
McMillan; 3d, Eph. Bailey.

Ram Lamb.—1st, John Taggart; 2d,
Joseph Linton; 3d, Jas. Linton.

Pair Ewes.—1st, Patrick McLaughlin;
2d, Hugh Monahan; 3d, Vernon Turner.

Ewe Lamb.—1st, Thos. Irwin; 2d, Chas.
Boyd; 3d, F. Turner.

SWINE.

Boar.—1st, Jas. McMillan; 2d, Henry
McFarlane; 3d, Hiram Hanson.

Brood Sow.—1st, Chas. Boyd; 2d, Thos.
Irwin.

ROOTS, &c.

Early Rose Potatoes.—1st, Wm. Thomp-
son; 2d, John Holt; 3d, Jas. McMillan.

Moss Rose.—1st, Thos. Orr; 2d, James
Crawley; 3d, John Taggart.

Markies.—1st, John Taggart; 2d, Chas.
Boyd; 3d, Thos. Orr.

Jackson Whites.—1st, John Taggart;
2d, Thos. Orr; 3d, Jas. McMillan.

Prolifics.—1st, John Taggart; 2d, Thos.
Orr; 3d, Jas. Linton.

Snowflakes.—1st, Wm. Thompson.

Cape Briton.—1st, John Taggart; 2d,
M. McCollough; 3d, Patrick McLaughlin.

Early Blues.—1st, John Taggart; 2d,
Hugh Monahan; 3d, Jas. Linton.

Scotch Drums.—1st, Jas. McMillan; 2d,
Thos. Orr; 3d, Hugh Monahan.

Mangold Wurtzel.—1st, John Kerr; 2d,
Jas. Linton; 3d, John Taggart.

Turnips.—1st, John Holt; 2d, Jas. Mc-
Millan; John Kerr.

Carrots.—1st, John Kerr; 2d, James
Linton; 3d, John Taggart.

Beets.—1st, John Holt; 2d, John Tag-
gart; 3d, John Kerr.

Parshipns.—1st, John Kerr; 2d, James
Linton.

6 head Cabbage.—1st, John Kerr; 2d,
Eph. Bailey; 3d, Thos. Orr.

Pumpkins (3).—1st, Jas. Linton; 2d,
F. Turner; 3d, Hiram Hanson.

SAMPLE APPLES. 1st, Thos. Orr; 2d,

Wm. Thompson; 3d, P. McLaughlin.
Crab Apples.—1st, John Kerr; 2d, Jos.
Linton; 3d, Wm. Thompson.

GRAIN.

Bushel Wheat.—1st, Joseph Linton; 2d,
Thos. Orr; 3d, Thos. Irwin.

Barley.—1st, John Kerr; 2d, Hiram
Hanson.

White Oats.—1st, Thos. Orr; 2d,
James Linton; 3d, John Taggart.

Black Oats.—1st, Thos. Orr; 2d, John
Kerr; 3d, James McMillan.

Buckwheat.—1st, Thos. Orr; 2d, Jas.
Linton; 3d, Hugh Monahan.

Peas.—1st, John Irwin; 2d, James Lin-
ton; 3d, Hiram Hanson.

Beans.—1st, James Linton; 2d, Thos.
Orr; John Taggart.

CLOTHS.

Samples not less than 10 yds Cotton and
Wool Satinets.—1st, Henry McFarlane;
2d, James Bell; 3d, Hiram Hanson.

Twilled.—1st, John Irwin; 2d, Thos.
Orr; 3d, Joseph Linton.

Plain.—1st, Henry McFarlane; 2d, Jas.
McCollough; 3d, James McMillan.

Pair Blankets all wool, John Taggart.

" " cotton and wool.—1st,
John Kerr; 2d, Vernon Turner; 3d, Eph.
Bailey.

Woolen Socks.—1st, James McCulloch; 2d,
Wm. Thompson; 3d, John Taggart.

Drawn Mitts.—1st, W. McKibbin; 2d, Jos.
Linton; 3d, John Cathcart.

Double Dittos.—Thos. Orr; 2d John Kerr;
3d John Irwin.

Single Dittos.—1st, John Kerr; 2d, James
McCollough; 3d, Eph. Bailey.

Gloves.—1st, James McCollough; 2d, Thos.
Orr.

Stocking yarn grey.—1st, John Kerr; 2d,
John Taggart; 3d, Henry McFarlane.

White Dittos.—1st, John Kerr; 2d, Joseph
Linton; 3d, Eph. Bailey.

Knit Drawers.—1st, John Taggart; 2d, H.
McFarlane; 3d, Joseph Linton.

Domestic Hearth Rug.—1st, James Bell; 2d,
Joseph Linton; 3d, Henry McFarlane.

Patchwork Quilt.—1st, Hiram Hanson; 2d,
John Irwin; 3d, Henry McFarlane.

Knit Shawl.—1st, Joseph Linton; 2d, Thos.
Irwin.

Honey in comb.—1st, John Irwin; 2d, Wm.
Thompson; 3d, Thos. Irwin.

Jar Pickles.—1st, Joseph Linton; 2d, Eph.
Bailey; 3d, John Taggart.

POUL.

Young Turkeys (6).—1st, Thos. Irwin; 2d,
Thos. Orr; 3d, Hugh Monahan.

Geese (6).—1st, John Taggart; 2d, Joseph
Linton; 3d, John Carmichael.

Brahmas.—1st, Eph. Bailey; 2d, Jas. Linton;
3d, John Taggart.

Spanish (6).—1st, Mathew McCollough.

2 year old steers.—1st, John Kerr; 2d, H.
Hanson.

Steers, 1 yr.—1st, Wm. Thompson; 2d, Thos.
Orr.

**Annual Ploughing Match of the Char-
lotte County Agl. Society.**

The annual ploughing match of the Charlotte
County Agricultural Society was held at the
Alma House Farm, St. Andrews, on Tuesday
last, the 9th inst. Ten ploughs, well horsed
and manned, were on the field. At eleven
o'clock, a. m., the signal to start was given,
when the work commenced, and continued
without interruption until the conclusion. At
two o'clock the judges, Messrs. Chas. McQuaid,
Wm. Burton and Robert Peacock, examined
the work, and reported that considering the
state of the ground, consequent from the long
continued drouth, the work, though creditable,
did not make as good an appearance as it otherwise
would have done. Under the circum-
stances, they considered some of the work
done by the boys equally as good as that done
by the men. They awarded prizes as follows:—

1st Class—Ploughmen above 25 years.—

Owner of Plough. Ploughman. 1st prize \$4

John McFarlan. Self. 1st prize \$4

Robt. Stevenson. C. Chapman, 2nd " 3

Robt. Robinson. John Dolby, 3rd " 2

Thomas Hill. Self. Special prize 2

2nd Class—Ploughmen under 25 years.—

James McClure. J. McClure 1st prize, 4

Ben. Johnson. Herb Johnson, 2nd " 3

Joseph Mears. Chas. Mears, 3rd " 2

Boys—Ploughing—Special Prizes.

John McFarlan, Jr. \$2

Dugald Rollins, 2

A Gilman, 2

Mr. Finley, the Keeper of the Alma House,
provided a substantial dinner, at which the
Officers of the Society, the Committee, plough-
men and others were present, and did ample
justice.