



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
CONSUMPTION,

Recommended by many prominent physicians to be
the most reliable preparation ever introduced for
the cure of all

IG COMPLAINTS.

Known remedy is offered to the public, and
the experience of over forty years, and when
in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy

Cold, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza,
Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Palms or
tremors in the Chest and Side,
Bleeding at the Lungs,
Liver Complaint, &c.

Equal success has been attended the application
of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

At many physicians of high standing to employ
this medicine, some of whom have used it for
many years. We have space only for a
few of them.

HATCH, M.D. A. J. FARR, M.D.
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RUST, M.D. W. B. LYTCH, M.D.
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Such testimony
CANNOT BE DISCREDITED.

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,
Montreal. "Having experienced the
benefits of this medicine in the case of my
son, I am induced to express the
opinion that it is a most reliable
remedy for all pulmonary complaints,
and is well adapted for use in all
cases of the kind. I have used it
in many cases, and it has never
failed to effect a cure. It is a
most valuable medicine, and I
recommend it to all who are
suffering from pulmonary complaints."

CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.
By H. W. FOWLE & SON,
15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

These whooping coughs are a most
common of the vocal organs, will find this the only
remedy that will effectually and instantaneously relieve their
affliction. This remedy, unlike most others, is
entirely safe.

PLEASANT TO TASTE.
Small quantity allowed to pass over the irritated
at once removes the difficulty.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND
IMITATIONS.
member, they imitate to some extent, without
possessing the virtues. Buy none unless signed "H. W. FOWLE & SON."

STAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY
IS PREPARED BY
H. W. FOWLE & SON,
15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

And is for sale by all Druggists.

GRACE'S SALVE
his Salve is a vegetable preparation discovered in
17th century by Dr. Wm. Grace, surgeon to King
Charles II. It is a most reliable remedy for all
kinds of skin diseases, and is well adapted for use
in all cases of the kind. It is a most valuable
medicine, and I recommend it to all who are
suffering from skin diseases."

RACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE
Cure in a very short time
TURNS, SCALDS, WOUNDS, BURNS,
SPRAINS, RHEUMATISM, SALT RHEUM, RING-
WORM, CHAPPED HANDS, SORES,
FROST-BITE, FLEAS, CHIL-
BLAINS, PILES, CURBS, &c.

RACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE
prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces
a most angry, swelling, and inflammation. It is
well adapted for use in all cases of the kind. It is a
most valuable medicine, and I recommend it to all
who are suffering from skin diseases."

ONLY 25 CENTS A BOX.
H. W. FOWLE & SON, BOSTON,
Proprietors.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

Sewing Machines.
HAT EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
One of the Original WHEEL
Sewing Machines.

These celebrated Machines are now on sale at
J. H. Stoop's, where the public are invited to
examine and test for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,
Agent.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
KING STREET,
Saint Stephen, N.B.

JAMES NEILL, Proprietor.

The St. Andrews Standard.

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EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CICERO

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No 26

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 29, 1870.

Vol 37



ELECTION.

Charlotte, to-wit

ALEX. T. PAUL, Esquire, High Sheriff of the
County of Charlotte, having this day re-
ceived Her Majesty's Writ for the Election of
a Member of the House of Commons for the
County of Charlotte, and in obedience to the
said Writ, he has caused the following Public
Notice to be printed and given to the public:

Thursday, 30th instant,

at 11 of the clock A. M., for the purpose of the
said Election; of which all persons will take notice
and govern themselves accordingly.

And in case a Poll shall be then and there de-
clared, I do hereby further proclaim and give
Public Notice, that Polling shall be opened on

Tuesday, 5th JULY next,

at 8 of the clock A. M., and will continue open
until 4 of the clock P. M., of the same day at the
following places, to-wit:

1—For the Parish of St. David, at the head of
Oak Bay.

2—For the Parish of St. Stephen, at Salt Wa-
ter, near the head of Tide Waters.

3—For the Parish of St. James, at or near the
School House in Milltown.

4—For the Parish of St. John, at or near the
School House in Milltown.

5—For the Parish of St. Patrick, at Digne-
guish Mills.

6—For the Parish of St. George, at the Lower
End of the Falls.

7—For the Parish of St. Andrew, at the Upper
End of the Falls.

8—For the Parish of St. John, at the School
House near the Episcopal Church.

9—For the Parish of St. James, at or near the
School House in Milltown.

10—For the Parish of St. John, at or near the
School House in Milltown.

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School House in Milltown.

Poetry.

Speak Evil of no Man.

Nay, speak no ill, a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus a kinder plan;
For if but little good is known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give us the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it please a human pride,
To prove humanity so base?
No, let us reach a nobler mood,
A nobler sentiment of man;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill but lenient be,
To others feelings as our own;
If you're the first to fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip can tell how brief its span;
Then oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

Miscellany.

The True Gentlefolk of Ireland.

A gentleman who has been on a walking
tour around Ireland says:—"The first remarks
I have to make concern the peasantry, the
class of whom I saw more than any other in
Ireland. Their country and politeness were
something surprising. As a pedestrian travel-
ler with an imperfect map, and finding few
mile-stones and no direction posts, I was obli-
ged to make constant inquiries with refer-
ence to the route to take. But these were invari-
ably answered with cheerful readiness, and
only in two or three instances arising proba-
bly from ill health or some local disturbing
cause, did I ever receive what may be termed
a short reply. The peasant or farmer would
often put himself to some inconvenience to
answer one's question. If riding, he would
bring his horse to a stand still, or driving
would stop the vehicle. A man would allow
his time to go on regardless of the trouble of
overtaking them, and he would be surprised at
receiving an apology for delaying him. A boy go-
ing down hill with a donkey cart would stop
and with difficulty bring the animal to a
standstill, and answering a question—
When you entered a peasant's cottage or hut,
the soul of its possessor in a short time raised
one above the insignificance of his dwelling.
In dialect, also, the peasant is simple, and
easily understood, and speaking seems scarce-
ly to exist as a price-able habit. I regret to
say that, as regards courtesy and politeness, the
peasant class seemed superior to many of
those in the ranks above them. Frequently,
on leaving a hotel in the morning did I regret
that in Ireland nature must have made some
mistake, and give all the land and property to
men and women, but left the gentlemen and
gentlewomen poor and old."

Good Nature

Good nature is a gem that shines brightly
wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness
of misfortune and warms the heart that is
cold and cold. In social life who has not seen
and felt its influence? Don't let small mat-
ters ruffle you. Nobody gains anything by
being cross or crabbed. If a friend has in-
jured you, if the world goes hard, if you want
employment and can't get your house dues,
or fire has consumed or water swallowed up
the fruits of many years' hard toil, or your
faults magnified, or enemies have traduced or
friends deceived, never mind; don't abuse the
world for its creatures, keep good nature and
our word for it, and all things will come right.
The soft south wind, the genial sun, are not
more effectual in clothing the earth with ver-
dure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good
nature in adorning the hearts of men and wo-
men with blossoms of kindness, happiness
and affection—those flowers the fragrance of
which ascends to Heaven.

Lawyers who believe in the doctrine of pri-
vate vengeance, and who eloquently uphold it
in their addresses to the jury, must look out
for themselves. We mentioned lately the case
of an attorney horse-whipped by an exasperated
witness in Cincinnati; and here we have
another case of a lady insulted on the witness-
stand at Indianapolis. A lawyer named Ste-
venson having flippantly examined a Mrs.
Elder, the indignant woman sought him while
he was eating dinner in his room, and stabbed
him. If gentlemen of the bar drive witnesses
by excessive badgering into a state of Extem-
poraneous Insanity, it would be no more than

prudent for the aforesaid bar gentlemen to
wear shirts of mail under their shirts of cloth.
Because, do you see, you can never tell what
these maniacs may do, when they have thrown
themselves upon their well established legal
privileges, and have set up as maniacs with
the ease and promptness which characterize
modern insanity.—N. Y. paper.

The Man who never expected to own a House.

One reason why working men never acquire
property, or become possessors of a home, or
have a few dollars even laid up in a savings
bank against sickness or dull times, is the
fact that they will never acquire the
"habit of saving."

In saving, "Where there's a will there's a
way." This maxim is illustrated by a case
within the personal knowledge of the writer.
In 1850, when the subject of homes for the
industrial classes was being agitated, the writer
was interested in inducing poor men to obtain
homes for themselves. Being a man in chronic
with many men in his employ, he constantly
presented and pressed the subject upon their
attention. Four of his men now own and live
in their own houses, who commenced saving
by one, two and three dollars per week.

One man to whom he applied, used this ar-
gument against even making a trial:—"Me to
ever own a home! Why, I am a man of
forty years of age, have worked from my boy-
hood up, and between the landlord and my
family I have never seen ten dollars in my
hands that I could call my own over a Satur-
day. Me own a house! That's a practical
joke!"

The man was a type of a large class for
whom this is written: faithful, industrious,
contented to make Saturday night meet; had
reared a family of four children, (all workers)
and had never seen ten dollars that he could
call his own over the week, and this simply
because he had never made the effort in ear-
nest to save a dollar. Wages then (1850)
were two dollars per day, about equal to three
dollars per day now (1870).

His employer, who understood men, and
why they could not save, nothing daunted by
his workman's want of faith, insisted that he
should make the trial. He told him that one
dollar would purchase the land, and three
hundred dollars would build the house; that
when the land was paid for, which could be
done by simply saving two dollars per week
for one year, he could get credit upon the
building, pay for it in three years, and be his
own landlord ever after. Reluctantly and
faithfully he allowed his employer to keep
back two dollars per week. At the end of
two weeks he came to his employer with a
smiling face and said: "Save our three dol-
lars per week. I have concluded to pinch,
and the old woman and the children are crazy
at the thought of owning a house. They are
on the pinch, too, and have saved three dol-
lars this week. Take this three dollars—the
first they have ever saved in their lives—and
add it to the fund. I am bound to have a
home!"

They have now ten dollars ahead in the
world, with the bright and cheering prospect
of a home to live and die in, and this from
making a commencement to save two dollars
a week.

The result of these savings was a nice
cheerful home at Mount Vernon, twelve miles
from New York city, where my hero lived
for many years in comfort and happiness.
Proud of his cottage—endowed to his family
—where his daughters are married and where
his widow still resides, with a homestead now
worth, by improvements and the rise of prop-
erty, two thousand dollars.

The moral of this true story is easy. Make
a commencement now. Put by seven fifty
cents or a dollar a week, commence to pinch,
as all must who would become independent of
circumstances. If you cannot buy a home-
stead, save to start some little mechanical
business for yourself, or what is far better,
save two hundred dollars in two years, then
locate your home on the soil, and commence
to pinch for two years and you will have a
home where the unwelcome landlord's agent
comes not—where damp basements, sky par-
lors, foggy bedrooms, small pox neighbor-
hood, corner gin mills, filthy walls, chloride
of lime alleys, bad neighbors, and blasphem-
ous oaths will never reach your ears and
shorten your lives. Commence to save.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—As many are
suffering with rheumatism, I thought I could
do nothing better for your readers than to give
them a receipt that I know is good. In the
spring and summer of 1866, my wife was so
afflicted with it that she could not use her
right arm, and was unable to raise herself up
in bed. We tried many liniments, receipts,
and medicines, but to no avail. Doctors said
nothing could be done, only to give it time
and let it wear itself away. One day an old Ger-
man Veterinary Surgeon told me to take equal
parts of the best oil of juniper and spirits of
turpentine and apply to the parts affected. I
did so, and in a few weeks the rheumatism
had entirely disappeared and my wife was

well. A few weeks after, while at a picnic,
she caught cold and was soon as low as ever.
Again did we try to apply everything we
could get, galvanic batteries and all. We got
the above receipt filled at Joliet; but both
were of poor quality—quite yellow, and did no
good. We then got some in Chicago, both
the oil and spirits being as pure as clear water,
and in a few days she was again well and re-
mained so far over two years. I would like
much to have such of your readers as may
use this, give the result to the public; but al-
ways be sure to use the best quality of the oil
and spirits, when trying it—the yellow being
utterly worthless.—[Waverly Magazine.]

A Great Patrimony Wasted.

Another great English house has fallen with
a crash, through the misconduct of a degenerate
son, and another lordly name has been ad-
ded to the list of aristocratic bankrupts. Lord
Courtenay, the eldest son of the Earl of Devon,
and the representative of one of the most
illustrious families in England, has brought
ruin upon himself and his ancient house. His
ancestors were of the same stock as the Greek
emperors of olden time. Allied also with the
house of Capet, they were regarded as rela-
tives by the old court of France, and up to
1793 important domestic events in the French
royal family were communicated to them offi-
cially. The estate had been greatly impaired
by a predecessor, the Vicount Courtenay, who
among other extravagances built a theatre on
his grounds in Devonshire, two hundred miles
from London, and hired the very best artists to
travel from London to perform there. His
prodigality threw the estate into great con-
fusion and embarrassment, to relieve which the
present Earl of Devon, on succeeding to the
patrimony about twenty years ago, obtained
office under government, and lived in the quiet-
est and most economical manner with the view
of saving the old inheritance in England, at
least, in fact for his son. Part of an estate
owned in Ireland was sold and mortgages on
the English property cleared off with the pro-
ceeds. The Earl's self-denying exertions, how-
ever, have been poorly rewarded. Unrestrained
by the knowledge that only by great suc-
cesses on the part of his parents had the fam-
ily fortunes been resurrected, Lord Courtenay
plunged into the most reckless extravagance.
Again and again has he been righted; every
possible effort has been made; his return to
Parliament was secured at great cost, in the
hope that his mind would be turned from the
excitement of the betting ring to that of the
political arena, but all in vain. A gambler
has no heart. Lord Devon, now advanced in
years, sees all his fond hopes frustrated, all
his self-denial wasted; the seat which it cost
so much to secure compulsorily resigned, and
the only son for whom he sacrificed and striv-
ing, a bankrupt.

Is the World Round.

It seems that the stubborn Englishman, Mr.
John Hampden, of the village of Saindon,
who believed that the earth is not a globe but
a plane, and, with dauntless breast, threw out
a challenge, offering to bet £500 in favor of
his views, is no myth. His wager was accept-
ed by a Mr. Wallace, who agreed to "prove
the convexity or curvature of the surface of a
canal river or lake." So a portion of the "old
B. of Ford canal," six miles in length, a straight
line, was selected for the proof. Referees
were appointed, and in case of disagreement
the editor of the "Field" was to make the final
decision. A signal was placed at each end of
the six miles and one in the centre—each sig-
nal being the same height above water. From
either end the central seemed five feet higher
than that at the other end, proving as Mr.
Wallace's referee argued, the convexity of the
surface. Hampden's referee admitted the
facts, but denied the inference. Mr. Hamp-
den writes fervently to the "Field," saying:—
"At your peril, Sir, touch it, and I will serve
you both (the editor and Mr. Wallace) with a
suit on the following day for con-piring to
obtain money on false and fraudulent pretences."

The editor of the "Field" appends the fol-
lowing note to Mr. Hampden's epistle:—
"In under taking the disagreeable task of
settling this matter between two persons who
were perfect strangers to us, we did so in the
belief that we were doing with gentlemen
who were actuated by honorable feelings. The
above letter in addition to others still more
abusive, plainly shows that we were mistaken as
far as Mr. Hampden is concerned; and he has
only himself to blame if we decline any
further controversy with him, either privately
or through the columns of this paper. We
have simply done what we engaged to do, and
as a part of our contract we have paid over
the £1,000 to Mr. Wallace."

The white of an egg has proved of late the
most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or
eight applications of this substance soothe
pain and effectually excludes the burned part
from the air. This simple remedy seems pre-
ferable to collodion or even cotton. Extra

ordinary stories are told of the healing prop-
erties of a new oil which is easily made from
hen's eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard,
and the yolks are then removed, crushed and
placed over a fire, where they are carefully
stirred until the whole substance is just on the
point of catching fire, when the oil separates
and may be poured off. One yolk will yield
nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is general
use among the colonists of South Russia as a
means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

What becomes of the Money?

(From the New York Sun.)

What is done with the vast sums of money
not only appropriated to the Navy Depart-
ment but expended by it without appropri-
ation and in defiance of law? What becomes
of it? There are 719 vessels in the British
navy; there are only 203 vessels in our navy.
In ours are only 8,500 men; in the British
63,000 men. Yet the estimates sent into
Congress for our Navy Department this year
amount to \$28,205,671, while for the British
navy last year estimate was only \$49,983,900.
Why is it that the navy of the United States
costs from three to four times as much per
man enlisted as that of Great Britain?

It costs the American taxpayers \$151.10
per ton to maintain the ever sickly tonnage of
their navy; the British navy costs only
\$76.66 per ton. It costs us \$500 per man per
annum to keep our navy afloat, to keep in re-
pair, to keep up its standard; it costs only \$20
per man to keep the British navy afloat. The
estimate for last year for new machinery and
repairs for the British navy, which is three
and a half times larger than ours was only \$3-
740,080, while the estimate for ours this year
is \$5,975,000! This item for each man afloat
costs the British but \$60 per man! If we
had in our navy Department the honesty,
economy, and system which the British have
the whole cost of keeping our little navy afloat,
as shown by the comparative expenditures in
the two countries would be just \$480,000, in-
stead of \$5,975,000.

Again we ask, what is done with the money
of the people which Congress with weak con-
science pours in such volumes in the navy De-
partment in answer to estimates? An Ad-
miralty for one year of the British Ad-
miralty such as chronically curses the taxpay-
ers of this country in their Navy Department,
would find a Ministry out of the office not only
but into abiding social ruin and infamy in history.
Nor, under our looser and weaker forms
can Gen. Grant escape the penalty of the ob-
stinate and determined maladministration of
one of the great Departments of the Govern-
ment.

Never whip your horse for becoming fright-
ened at any object by the roadside; for if he
sees a stump, a log, or a heap of tan bark
in the road, and while he is eyeing it care-
fully and about to pass it you strike him with
the whip, it is the log, or the stump, or the
tan bark that is hurting him, in his way of
reasoning, and the next time he will set more
frightened. Give him time to examine and
submit of these objects, and use the war bribe
to assist you in bringing him carefully to these
objects of fear.

A NEW STYLE OF PROPOSING.—A young
lawyer gained a suit for a pretty but not over-
wealthy lady client. He sent her a bill for
\$1000. The next day the lady called on him
and inquired if he was in earnest in proposing
to her.

Propose to you, madame! I didn't propose
to you; replied the astonished attorney.

Well you asked for my fortune, and I
thought you would have grace to take me with
it, was the calm reply.

The recent analysis by Prof. Atfield of
England, of unbolthead wheat flour, both before
and after cooking, confirms its superiority over
the bolted flour in point of nourishment and
health, the bran containing important ingredi-
ents not found in the starchy portion, and
entering into the composition of flesh and bone.

Some grocers show their grit by sifting
their sugar.

DEATH TO BUGS.—A correspondent sends
the following recipe which he has successfully
used for years. It is certainly used with try-
ing: "Bugs on squash and cucumber vines—
How to destroy them.—Dissolve a table-
spoonful of saltpetre in a pint of water, put
one pint of this around each hill, shaping the
earth so that it will not spread much, and the
thing is done. Use more saltpetre if you can
afford it—it is good for vegetable life, and
killing insects. The bugs burrow the earth
at night, and fail to rise in the morning. It
is also good to kill the grub in peach trees—
only use twice