WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION,

knowledged by many prominent physicians to be
he most Reliable Preparation ever introduced
for the RELIEF and CURE of all

NG COMPLAINTS.

well known remedy is offered to the public, sanc-
by the experience of over forty years; and when
d to in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy

s, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza,
hooping Cough, Hoarseness, Pains or
Soreness in the Chest and Side,
Bleeding at the Lungs,
Liver Complaint, &c.

unequalled success that has attended the applica-
this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

sted many physicians of high standing to employ
eir practice, some of whom advise us of the fact
eir own signatures. We have space only for the
of a few of these:—

. HATCH, M.D.	A. A. GIBBS, M.D.
DYDEN, M.D.	W. H. WEBB, M.D.
A. RUST, M.D.	W. B. LYNCH, M.D.
ILLOWS, M.D.	A. SKILLMAN, M.D.
AN PLUMMER, M.D.	H. D. MARVIN, M.D.
BARROWS, M.D.	WM. A. SHAW, M.D.
FORD KNAPP, M.D.	A. H. MACDANIEL, M.D.
OUR THACHER, M.D.	S. H. FISHEY, M.D.

Such testimony

CANNOT BE DISCREDITED.

the mass of evidence in our possession we select
owing:—

From L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Minerve, Montreal. "Having experienced the
ratifying results from the use of *Dr. Wistar's*
of Wild Cherry, I am induced to express the
onfidence which I have in its efficacy. For nine
s I was most cruelly afflicted with a severe and
ate cough, accompanied with acute pain in the
which did not leave me, summer or winter. The
ome increased alarmingly, and so reduced was I
could walk but a few steps without resting to
r from the pain and fatigue which so slight an
on occasioned. At this juncture I commenced
the Balsam, from which I found *immediate relief*,
ter having used four bottles I was completely
d to health. I have used the Balsam in my fam-
d administered it to my children, with the happiest
. I am sure that each Canadians as use the Bal-
am but speak in its favor. It is a preparation
has only to be tried to be acknowledged as the
par excellence."

A CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

St. Hyacinthe, C.E., Aug. 21, 1856.

. SETH W. FOWLE & SON.

Gentlemen:—Several months since a little daughter
e, ten years of age, was taken with *Whooping*
in a very aggravated form, and nothing we could
her seemed in any way to relieve her suffering.
length decided to try a bottle of *Dr. Wistar's*
of Wild Cherry. In three hours after she had
enced using it, she was greatly relieved, and in less
three days was entirely cured, and is now well. I
since recommended the Balsam to many of my
ors, who have used it, and in no case have I
it fail of effecting a speedy cure.
are at liberty to make any use of the above you
proper. If it shall induce anybody to use your
I shall be glad, for I have great confidence in it.

Yours, P. QUITTE,
Proprietor of the *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe.*

ergymen, Lawyers, Singers,

those whose occupation requires an unusual exer-
the vocal organs, will find this the ONLY REMEDY
will effectually and instantaneously relieve their
ties. This Remedy, unlike most others, is eq-
y

PLEASANT TO TASTE.

all quantity allowed to pass over the irritated
once removes the difficulty.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS.

member, they imitate in *name* only, without pos-
the virtues. Buy none unless signed "I. BUTTS"
wrapper.

TAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

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And is for sale by all Druggists.

GRACE'S SALVE

Salve is a vegetable preparation, discovered in
h century, by Dr. WM. GRACE, surgeon in King
army. Through its agency he cured thousands
t serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill
eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded
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Cures in a very short time

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RAINS, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, RING-
TORM, CHAPPED HANDS, BOILS,
FROZEN LIMBS, FELONS, CHIL-
BLAINS, PILES, CORNS, &c

ACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE

mpt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces
ost angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as
magic, thus affording relief and a complete cure.

ONLY 25 CENTS A BOX.

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Proprietors.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

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T EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
One of the Original WEED
Sewing Machines.

ese celebrated Machines are now on sale at
subscriber's, where the public are invited to
ine and test for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,
16. Agent.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
KING STREET,
Saint Stephen, N.B
JAMES NEILL, Proprietor

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic [$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 33 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, AUG. 17, 1870. Vol 38

Poetry

THE RIVERS OF MAINE.

The following poem on the beautiful rivers and lakes of Maine must have been suggested by Mr. Demill's song to the maid of Passamaquoddy:

Oh, the lovely rivers and lakes of Maine!
I am charm'd with their names, as my song will
explain.
Aboriginal muses inspire my strain,
While I sing the bright rivers and lakes of Maine,
From Cupsuptac to Cheputnecticook,
From Sagadahock to Pohenegamook—
'ganook, 'ganook,
Pohenegamook,
From Sagadahock to Pohenegamook.

For light serenading, the "Blue Moselle,"
"Bonnie Doon," and "Sweet Avon" may do very
well;
But the rivers of Maine, in their wild solitudes,
Bring a thunderous sound from the depth of the
woods;
The Aroostook and Chimmenticook,
The Chimpasaog and Chirquassabamtook—
'bamtook, 'bamtook,
Chimpassabamtook,
Chimpassoc and Chinquassabamtook.

And Maine has the eagle lakes, Cheappawgan,
And the little Sepic and the little Scapan,
The spreading Sebago, the Cangomgomoc,
The Millionet and Motesunoc,
Caribou and the fair Apimojenegamook,
Oquassac and bare Wetokenebacook,
'acook, 'acook
Wetokenebacook.

And there are the Pokeshine and Pat'quongomis,
And there is the pretty Coscomogonosis,
Romantic Umbagog and Pemadumook,
The Pemadumook and the old Chesuncook,
Sepois and Moosetuck; and take care not to miss
The Umbazookskus or the Systadobsis—
'dobsis, 'dobsis,
The Systadobsis,
The Umbazookskus or the Systadobsis.

Oh! give me the rivers and lakes of Maine,
In her mountains and forests or fields of grain,
In the depth of the shade or the blaze of the sun,
The lakes of Scoodic and the Bassomegun,
And the clear old Wambasios and the clear
Aqueduc,
The Cosboscontic and Millenkikuk—
'kikuk, 'kikuk,
The Millenkikuk,
The Cosboscontic and Millenkikuk!

GEO. B. WALLIS.

Interesting Tale.

THE ROBBER'S LAMP.

BY WM. C. STODDART.

Got to go over on foot! exclaimed the contractor.

Not a chance of anything else, replied the agent. But then, it's only five miles, and you'll have better quarters there than here, in this vile shanty. The money will be safer, too—let alone that the men won't go to work again, unless they're paid in the morning.

Is the road safe? I don't like the idea of lugging so much money. I could defend myself, or even but fifteen hundred dollars in small bills is a big package to run with.

Send your valise over in advance.

Where to?

My man.

Is he trustworthy?

Honest as the day; and he need'nt know there's any thing in it but dirty linen. He can start now; and you can wait till after supper, if you will.

And so saying, the agent of the railroad company stepped to the door of the shanty, and shouted for Patrick; and shortly, that individual came—as bright, lively, honest-looking a son of the Green Isle as ever helped build a Western railroad.

Patrick?

Yis, yer honor.

Take this gentleman's valise over to the village, and leave it with the superintendent. Tell him the owner'll be after it this evening.

An' is that all, yer honor?

That's all—only be quick about it, and you'll earn an extra dollar.

I'm jist the bye for that, onyhow. Sure, it's a small bit of a valise.

And, so saying, Patrick picked up the object of his contemplation and trudged away, with an utter absence of curiosity as to the nature of what he was carrying.

The temporary station at which the "construction train" had hailed the contractor—a gentleman named Perkins—was at the end of the new Air-line Railroad to——; and, as the laborers thereon had not been paid over promptly, they had now for some days been on a strike, abandoning the works, and congregating idly at a hamlet, a few miles distant, thereby compelling their delinquent employers to come to terms. Mr Perkins had brought a good share of the "terms" with him for immediate distribution; and, after a plain but hearty supper with the agent, he was about to start on his tramp, when it was discovered that a good sized Western thunder-storm was just about to burst, and the walk was postponed until the sky should clear. In a few minutes more, the rain was 'coming down in torrents, and kept it up for an hour or so, at the end of which time the contractor paddled away over the muddy road, congratulating himself that the valise in Patrick's care was water proof.

He's had a rougher time than I will, anyhow; and now, if I ain't robbed and murdered before I get there, I shall do well enough, in spite of the mud. And, so muttering to himself, the worthy gentleman splashed forward.

Our present business, however, is not with his employer, but with Patrick himself.

The parting injunction to make haste had not seemed to make a very deep impression on the careless son of Erin; and he trudged easily along, with an occasional shrewd glance at the somewhat threatening sky, growling to himself:

Faith, an' I'll be there before he will, av it don't rain, an' mebbe I will av it does. Och, but it's a wake one to be givin' a dollar for carryin' the loike o' this!

A little more than half-way across the open prairie between the railway terminus and the village was a tolerably dense grove, and it was after sunset when Patrick plunged into its shadows. Nor had he gone far, before, as the gloom rapidly deepened, the premonitory flashes of lightning and the deep smothered roars of the thunder gave token that the storm was upon him.

Now, an' I cud ownly git to the owld log house, it would kape me dhry. Howly Moses, what a big flash was that!

And, so saying, Patrick broke into a very respectable trot, which quickly brought him out into a little weed-grown clearing. In the centre of this there was a small log house, the deserted homestead of some discontented squatter who had moved far westward. It consisted of but two rooms, front and back, and all vestiges of doors or window shutters had long since disappeared; but it promised some sort of imperfect shelter from the rain.

Patrick was but just in time, for hardly had he stumbled over the grassy threshold before the first big drops began to patter, and these were quickly followed by such penetrating torrents as compelled him to select his standing place under as good a corner of the leaky roof as he could find.

Bless me sowl, but this is a wet rain, onyhow! I'd not loike to be found drowned wid another mon's portmanty about me clothes. Whisht, now, Pathrick, my jewel—what's that?

And as he spoke, Patrick once more advanced toward the doorway. It was now all but pitch dark, and he could hear the half-muffled voices of men whose profane utterance seemed to try and direct one another toward the shelter.

Here it is, Bob. I wonder if there's anybody in it.

Not to-night, there won't be. Go right in; we're comin'.

Patrick was no fool, and he had heard something in the tones rather than in the words—though these were mingled with horrid profanity—which conveyed to his mind the impression that the newcomers were men with whom he did not care to scrape an acquaintance; neither did he like to go out into the storm—and so he glided back into the little "lean to" that formed the other part of the house, and curled himself up against the logs.

In a moment more he perceived that three men had taken possession of his late quarters; and he lay as still as a mouse, while they continued a discussion which had evidently been interrupted by the storm.

He won't try to get over to night, I reckon.

Yes he will; he's got to.

But the storm?

He'll wait till that's over.

Maybe he's started.

If he has, he will turn back. We're safe enough to bag him, an' it's a little the best little the best lay we ever had.

Pretty good pot that's a fact. Do you know how he's got it?

In a valise, Jim says.

Well, we we can take it as well in that as in anything else, as the man said about his whiskey.

But what will we do with him?

Dead men tell no tales.

That's the safest, I guess; and they'll lay it to some of the strikers.

Most likely. Have you got the dark lantern ready?

Not much oil in it.

Let's fill it then. I went to get some and got into the boss's private office, and I just found one little can hid away in his desk. Not another thing worth bringing away. Here it is; let fill up, and take a look round.

Thus far Patrick had listened with breathless interest, while his mind teemed with horrid visions of robbery and murder. As we have said, he was by no means lacking in sharpness, and the reference to the valise had not been by any means reassuring.

Howly Mother! how did they iver know I was coming over wid the portmanty? I like to know that. Begorrah, I'd better have turned back before iver I come! An' what's a dollar to pay for bein' murdhered?

Pat's thoughts were troubling the very soul within him, when he heard what was said about the lantern, and it needed no one to tell him that his only chance of safety from discovery was in retreat. There was some little noise and loud talking in the other room, not to speak of the rain on the roof, and Patrick had no difficulty escaping unheard.

Once clear of the house he made a clean run of it for a couple of hundred yards, stumbling over logs, tearing through briers, but sticking faithfully to the valise.

Meantime the three robbers had probably been filling the lamp of their dark lantern; and just as Patrick reached the edge of the woods in the cover of whose darkness he knew he would be safe, he turned, and strained his eyes in the direction of the log house. As he did so a faint gleam of light came out through the chinks and crannies.

Striking a match, muttered Patrick. Bad luck to that same for sindin' me out into the wet!—Howly Mother what's that?

While Patrick had been speaking, the light had gained somewhat in strength, as if the match was blazing higher; but, as he uttered his concluding exclamation, there came a sudden blinding flash equal to many lightnings, and then a dull and stunning sound, as of some mighty explosion, followed by the crashing sound of heavy bodies falling among the tree tops near him, breaking their way through the branches.

Patrick waited for no more, but found the road as quickly as possible, and made double quick time for the village regardless of the rain. When less than half an hour afterward the breathless Irishman with his precious burden dripping with water, opened the door of the superintendent's office in the village, he heard that gentleman remark:

What did you say, Jordan?

Why replied the boss, with an anxious tone, some fool has broken my desk open and stolen a can of the nitro-glycerine and I'm afraid mischief will come of it.

Divil a fear, interrupted Patrick; sorra mischief was done by that same, ownly we'll have to search the woods with dogs to find enough of 'em for a dacint wake, or Oi'm mistaken.

The explanation which followed left little room for doubt, and as Patrick had surmised, there was very little occasion for a "wake."

The conductor got in all right, the men were paid, the roads were built, and the moral of my story is: "If you steal nitro glycerine don't fill lamps if you mean to light them yourself.

Shaking the Table Cloth.

Mercy on us! Carrie, where did all these pieces of bread and cheese, of cake and sandwiches, dried beef and pie, come from? Enough to make some hungry child a meal.

Carrie looked out of the window. It was her father who had spoken. He was standing on the icy pavement before the door, regarding her curiously.

"O!" said she, "it is where I shook out the table-cloth."

"Where you shook out the table-cloth, my daughter!"

Carrie's mother was a very careful woman; but she had been sick a day or two; and the work had been done by Carrie.

Her father was all ready for a walk; his over coat buttoned to the chin, his fur cap drawn down over his ears, and an umbrella in his hand; but he turned and came back into the house, and sat down. Carrie knew that a lecture was coming. Now, like most little girls, and some larger ones, she was not fond of lectures; but in the present case it could not be helped, and she knew she deserved it; so she submitted with the best possible grace.

"My daughter, if you want to grow up to be a careful, prudent woman; and do honor to your mother's training, you must be careful how you shake your table cloth. Many a man, despite his hard toil, and labor, has been kept a poor man for life just because his wife did not know how to shake her table-cloth.

"If you want to have something to help the poor and needy, the aged and infirm, and such as are not able to take care of themselves; whom the Savior said we should always have with us; and whensoever we would we might do them good; be careful how you shake your table-cloth.

"If you want to have money, to help send bibles and missionaries to the heathen; who will never hear the gospel sound, unless good people send it to them; if you want to have money to educate some heathen child; and fit him to bear the blessed gospel to his country-men; be careful how you shake your table-cloth.

"If you want to have means to do good in any of the many ways that are always at hand; if you want to have something to lay by for a sick or rainy day; if you want to have money to buy books and magazines, that you may be able to store your mind with useful knowledge; be careful how you shake your table cloth.

"In short, if you want, when you come to be a woman, and begin life for yourself, to have things comfortable around you, and be independent, and enjoy a competence, you must be careful how you shake your table-cloth."

Carrie kissed her father, and thanking him, promised she would try and profit by his instructions.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH GERMAN CONFEDERATIONS. At this juncture any information respecting the German people and their system of government has an unusual interest. Germany has two grand sub-divisions, known as the North and South German Confederations. The North German Confederation embraces Prussia, Saxony, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Saxe-Weimar, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Oldenburg, Brunswick, Saxe Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Anhalt, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, Waldeck, Reuss (elder and younger line), Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe-Detmold, Lubec, Hamburg, Bremen, and the upper province of Hesse-Darmstadt, with a total population in 1861 of 29,318,722, of which aggregate Prussia is credited with 23,580,701. The area of the Confederation embraces 159,910 square miles. The general government is divided into two houses of legislation—the Federal Council, whose members are appointed by the government of each State, and the Federal Parliament, elected by universal suffrage. In the council the different States are entitled to a number of votes proportioned to their population, Prussia having seventeen, Saxony four, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Brunswick two each, and the remaining States one each—a total of forth-three votes. The King of Prussia is permanent President, delegating his authority to a Federal Chancellor.

The following States constitute the South German Confederation viz: Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, Lichtenstein, and Hesse-Darmstadt, excepting its upper province, which is a member of the Northern Confederation. The States comprise a population of 8,524,460. Although less devoted to Prussia than the Northern States, they are no less hostile to France, and in the event of a future peace favorable to Prussian interests, there is little doubt but that they will unite with the Northern States and thus realize the hopes of the advocates of Germany unity.

Travelling I reached Chicago said a friend. Several small boys accosted me—"want a divorce, mister?" "Here you are, divorce in fifteen minutes."

The Female Printer's Devil.

Boswell, in a characteristic manner, relates an anecdote of Dr. Johnson, which indicates that women were employed in English printing offices a century ago, and that one of them at least was peculiarly sensible. Relating the conversation that took place at an entertainment given by Mrs. Garrick, he says: "Talking of a very respectable author, he [Johnson] told us a curious circumstance in his life, which was, that he had married a printer's devil. Reynolds 'A printer's devil, sir!—Why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with black face and in rags.' Johnson, 'Yes, sir! but I suppose he had her face washed, and put clean clothes on her.' Then, looking very serious and very earnest, 'and she did not disgrace him. The woman had a bottom of good sense.' The word 'bottom' thus introduced was so ludicrous when contrasted with his gravity, that most of us could not forbear tittering and laughing, though I recollect that the Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steadiness, while Miss Hannah More slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee with her. His pride could not bear that any expression of hi should excite ridicule, when he did not intend it; he therefore resolved to assume and exercise despotic power, glanced sternly around and called out in a strong tone, 'where's the merriment?' Then collecting himself, and looking awful, to make us feel how he could impose restraint, and, as it were, searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, I say she was 'fundamentally sensible; as if he had said, near him now, and laugh if you dare! We all sat composed as at a funeral."

The Camel's Hump.

Modern research has determined a curious circumstance in an organic contrivance in the camel and leech, unlike as they are in structure, functions and habits, which has reference to supplying them with food from a storehouse in their own bodies, till supplies are attainable from other sources.

The hump is an immense collection of fat, stored in reticulated cells, piled up one upon an other, which is concentrated food. When fodder cannot be had, as frequently occurs on their long caravan travels in the desert, a peculiar set of absorbent vessels draw upon the magazine—the hump—carrying the fat into the circulation until food from without puts a stop to the drat on their back. The hump is very sensibly diminished at times—even being almost completely leveled, but that which was thus borrowed to sustain life temporarily, is immediately replaced when the stomach is set in motion again its accustomed manner.

Growth of English Cities.

It is estimated by the Registrar General of England, that by the middle of the present year London will have a population of 3,170,754. At the beginning of the century the population was under a million. Bristol has increased from 137,000, in 1851 to 168,000 now. Birmingham has 361,000 inhabitants, an increase of 61,000 in eighteen years. Liverpool has increased by nearly double that number, and has 509,000 inhabitants. Manchester has not increased nearly so much, but still it has the respectable number of 371,000 inhabitants; and if this we add the population of Salford, 120,000, we found that the joint boroughs are not far behind the capital of the Mersey. Sheffield has nearly a quarter of a million of inhabitants, having increased more than 100,000 in eighteen years. Bradford has 138,000, Leeds 253,000, Hull 127,000, an increase of nearly fifty per cent, upon the the population of 1851. Newcastle on-Tyne has increased by nearly that proportion, viz. from 88,000 to 130,000.

DANGEROUS PETS—A Snake Charmer Fatally Bitten. A man named Roberts, residing near Boston Corners, New York, on the line of the Harlem Railroad, caught a very large rattle snake with his hands a few days ago, and took it to the Station, where he exhibited it to the people of the neighborhood, by picking it up and handling it in such a way as to make the reptile show its teeth, &c., on payment of ten conts by each spectator. During one of these exhibitions the snake bit one of Robert's fingers, and again, when picking it up, it stuck its fangs into his hand and hung so fast that he took his cane and knocked it off and killed it. He died from the effects of the bite the following day. It is said he had been bitten by these reptiles on several previous occasions without experiencing any ill effects therefrom.

TO CURE CORNS.—Nothing harder than the finger nail ought ever to be allowed to touch a corn, which can be always cured, or kept from causing inconvenience by simply bathing the part in warm water for half an hour for several nights in succession; often a single night's bathing will accomplish the object of softening the parts adjacent to the actual corn, and it can be picked out with the finger nail, and the shoe can be instantly worn without discomfort, which an hour before gave pain; it may return in a week, or a month, or a year, but the same treatment will avail.—Paring them causes them to spread and to take deeper root. Another plan is to take two or three thicknesses of buckskin, cut a hole in the centre and bind it on the toe in such a way as to make the corn fill up the hole, this relieves the corn from pressure, and in a few days, especially in warm weather, the kernel will almost drop out of itself.

NO "YES" IN THE "NO."—"When my mother says no, there's no yes in it." Here is a sermon in a nut shell. Multitudes of parents say "no;" but, after a good deal of teasing and debate, it finally becomes, "yes." Love and kindness are the essential elements, in the successful management of children; but firmness, decision, inflexibility, and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

The Easton Express tells the story of a young man of that place, and a young lady of Bucks county—both natives of the Emerald Isle—who have been trying to get married for a long time, but could not, owing to the hard times, and that a few days ago the difficulties were removed by the young lady receiving information of the death of a rich relative in Ireland, bequeathing her $50,000, and that the long deferred nuptials are to take place next Sunday.

Jim Smith was a noted auctioneer. One day he was selling farm stock. Among the articles to be sold was a heifer, very attractive in her appearance, and consequently "Jim" dwelt quite extensively on her many excellencies, winding up his eloquent flourish that she was as "gentle as a dove." Thereon a long, slab sided country man, whose legs were some twelve inches longer than his pants, approached the heifer and commenced handling her teats. Bossy not relishing such familiarity lifted her hoof and laid "Greeny" sprawling some ten feet off. There, said Jim, that shows one of her best traits; she'll never allow a strange calf to come near her! "Greeny" meanwhile picking himself up, exclaimed: No wonder, "when her own calf has been bleating around her all day!"

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