R'S BALSAM
OF
CHERRY

GREAT REMEDY FOR

SUMPTION,

d by many prominent physicians to be
liable Preparation ever introduced
RELIEF and CURE of all

COMPLAINTS.

n remedy is offered to the public, com-
perience of over forty years; and when
ason, seldom fails to effect a speedy

, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza,
Cough, Hoarseness, Pains or
in the Chest and Side,
ending at the Lungs,
Liver Complaint, &c.

d success that has attended the application
dicine in all cases of

IONARY COMPLAINTS

ny physicians of high standing to employ
ice, some of which advise us of the fact
signatures. We have space only for the
of these:—

. M.D. A. A. Gross, M.D.
H.D. W. H. Wede, M.D.
. M.D. W. B. Lyons, M.D.
M.D. A. Shillman, M.D.
ONES, M.D. R. D. Martin, M.D.
WS, M.D. Wm. A. Shaw, M.D.
MARY, M.D. A. H. Macinnis, M.D.
CKER, M.D. S. H. Finney, M.D.

Such testimony

OT BE DISCREDITED.

s of evidence in our possession we subject

m L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

Montreal "Having experienced the
results from the use of Dr. Wistar's
d Cherry, I am induced to express the
which I have in its efficacy. For nine
past I was severely afflicted with a severe and
h, accompanied with acute pain in the
not leave me, summer or winter. The
rased alarmingly, and so reduced was I
alk but a few steps without resting to
the pain and fatigue which so slight an
tioned. At this juncture I commenced
um, from which I found immediate relief
ing used four bottles I was completely
lth. I have used the Balsam in my fam-
ntered it to my children, with the happiest
sure that such Cannot fail to use the Bal-
speak in its favor. It is a preparation
y to be tried to be acknowledged as the
cellence."

2. FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

St. Hyacinthe, C.E., Aug. 31, 1866

W. Fowle & Son,
Several months since a little daughter
ears of age, was taken with Whooping
y aggravated form, and nothing we could
ished in any way to relieve her suffering,
decided to try a bottle of Dr. Wistar's
d Cherry. In three hours after she had
ing it, she was greatly relieved, and in long
s was entirely cured, and is now well.
commended the Balsam to many of my
have used it, and in no case have I
f effecting a speedy cure.
be ty to make any use of the above you
if it shall induce anybody to use your
be glad, for I have great confidence in it.
Yours, F. QUITTE,
istor of the Courrier de St. Hyacinthe.

men, Lawyers, Singers,

hose occupation requires an unusual exer-
al organs, will find this the Cure Running
ctually and instantaneously relieves that
his Remedy, unlike most others, is en-

ASANT TO TASTE,

antly alleged to pass over the tasteless
emoves the difficulty.

E OF COUNTERFEITS AND
IMITATIONS.

they imitate in some only without pos-
tion. Buy none unless signed "I. Butts"
er.

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ERMONT STREET, BOSTON,
and is for sale by all Druggists.

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ury, by Dr. Wm. Grace, surgeon in King
Through its agency he cured thousands
es in pain and wounds that baffled the skill
st physicians of his day, and was regarded
blic benefactor.

'S CELEBRATED SALVE

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RNS, SCALDS, WOUNDS, BRUISES,
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CHAPPED HANDS, BOILS,
EN LIMBS, FELONS, CHIL-
LAINS, PILES, CORNS, &c

'S CELEBRATED SALVE

action, removes pain at once, and reduces
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thus affording relief and a complete cure.

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Proprietors.

by Druggists and Dealers generally?

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Sewing Machines.

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

JAME STOOP,
Agent.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
KING STREET,
nt 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 57 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, DEC. 21, 1870. Vol 7

For the Standard.

What is a School Master? Why cant you tell?

A quizzical old man
Armed with a rattan;
Wears a huge wig,
And struts about,
Strives to look big,
With spectacles on snout,
And most important pout;
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 past generation in Britain must have been very similar to those of New Brunswick as depicted by "Progress." But few such are now to be found in Britain. The dawning intelligence of the nineteenth century taught the British people, that the intellectual capacity of their schoolmasters was of far more practical importance to them, than the mental calibre of their lawyers, ministers or doctors

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 endeavoured 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 formerly despised situation of Dominie. The names of Arnold, Wood, Gunn, Pillans, Bryce, are as much honoured, as though they had sat in the Woolsack and split shadows, or ruled at the Horse Guards and ordered thousands on to death and butchery.

'Tis true, that the first titled schoolmaster has not as 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 Groats to Landsend, 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 & starvation allowances, as the reward of the life sapping labours of the schoolmaster. Many a Parish teacher then, can now boast as large an income as the Bishops of New Brunswick, and with clearly earn their pay! The majority of the supporters of these schools are not more independent than the same class in New Brunswick. If we desire the same change in this Province, why not try the means which have been so successfully employed in Britain. Poverty is no excuse D.

1816. Twenty-Sixth Year. 1871.

THE

HOME JOURNAL

Enlarged.

"The Best Literary and Society Paper in America"

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NEW DEPARTMENTS!

NEW ATTRACTIONS!

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 with new type, on superior, heavy laid paper, and will be otherwise changed, and in every respect greatly improved. New departments will be added, and fresh writers engaged, and no pains will be spared to make it not only the leading Organ of cultivated American Society, but the

HANDSOMEST PAPER IN AMEICA.

The leading feature of the new volume will be Editorials on topics of fresh interest; Brilliant Romances and Portraitures of American Life; Editorial Reviews of new events in the world of Belles Lettres, Painting, Sculpture, Science, Music and the Drama; Original Essays; Ample Excerpts from the best European writers; Spicy Letters from Correspondents in all the great Capitals of the World; Copious Extracts from New Books; and racy accounts of sayings, happenings and doings in the Beau Monde, embracing the very freshest gossip of interest in Fashions, Fashionable Notabilities, Balls, Weddings, Parties, Engagements, etc., etc., in this country and in Europe—the whole completely mirroring the wit and wisdom, the humor and pathos, the news and sparkling gossip of the times.

The conductors of the Home Journal are proud to refer their patrons to the past as a guaranty of the future. The success which has crowned their efforts encourages them to hope for a much larger circle of readers and friends 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 sojourn of three months with a surveying party in one of the wildest districts of Canada. We were occupied in tracing the course of a hither un-explor d river, which unfolded to us a succession of scenic effects, such as would have delighted an artist and poet, and which they only could describe

It would be difficult to convey to the reader who has not bivouacked out in the woods, the luxury of those evenings around the camp-fire

After a deal of story telling, we all turned in for the night—that is, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and I flashed up with our feet towards the fire

The stories told upon the evening I have in my mind, had all been about wolves, some of which rapacious creatures were said to be then in our neighbourhood. Owing, perhaps, to my imagination having been excited by these tales, I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed that wolves were pursuing me; I knew they were gaining on me: I could hear their howls 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 found myself bathed in a cold sweat, and a prey to a sense of terror for which I could not account. Instead of the cheerful blaze which I had seen ere 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 Heavens! can I still slumbering? There again, is the long low wailing howl which I heard so distinctly in my dream.

I sit up erect and listen. What is that sound? a rustling among the brushwood—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? Now they are moving! I awake the nearest sleeper—an American named Silas Wood. The man starts to his feet, rub his eyes. What is it? Look there, Silas. He looks, and as quick as lightning seizes a burning fagot, and hurls it with all his force and unerring aim. The gleaming 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 figures and the nearest trees into full relief

Silas, what does it all mean? I asked.

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

Wolves! I reechoed. Then these two gleaming lights that I took for glowworms were——

A wolf's eyes, squire; and I guess his friends warn't far off, awaitin' kind r anxious to hear tell of their scent. Hark! if the darned things ain't a groanin' and lamentin' over their disappointment, as sure as my name's Silas Wood.

Once more the long low howl, 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.

I shall never forget a wolf's howl, I exclaimed; I heard that accursed sound in my dreams plainly as I hear it now. But are we not in danger? and I began mechanically to pile up more wood on the blazing fire.

No fears now, squire, replied the Yankee coolly; the cowardly critters darsn't come anigh a fire like that. Besides, I reckon the feller 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 ye, 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 skulkin' scout darsn't have give warning to the rest of the pack as long as a single red ember remained. The critters is dreadful afeard 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 happy like to have cotched that darned sneakin' scout sich a lick; and the Yankee laughed, quite tickled at the recollection. I guess he had it right slick atween the eyes I knowed he felt it by the bark he gave. Well, squire, it'll give me con-iderable satisfaction to narrate to you my adventure with the darnal critters. I guess, squire, it be a matter of ten year scons that Eenjon Nathan lived a rais-in' away down to Stockville, in Varmont, where I was reared.

What is a raisin? I asked.

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

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

You see, squire, when you wants to get any thing done up right away in a hurry all to once like, whether it's flax beatin', or apple-parin, or corn hu k n', and the neighbors all round come and help work, that's a bee; and a buildin' bee, or a raisin, is when they want to set up the frame of a house or a barn.

Oh, that's a building bee; now I understand.

Well, I guess it were pretty big barn that Deacon Nathan was agoin' to raise, and so we had a considerable sight of boys and a regular spree; and when it came to draw towards night, the deacon he says to me: "Silas," says he, I don't kinder feel easy leavin' this here barn unprotected during the dark watches of the night. The heart of man is desperately wicked and there's some loafers in the village, and there's no end to boards and shingles lying about; and so, Silas, what'll you take to stop here all night.

Deacon, says, what'll you give?

Well, you see the deacon was everlastin' close where money was concerned; so he puts on a long face, and screwed his lips together, and he says very slow: Would a dollar, Silas, be about——

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

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

You see the deacon was a remarkable pious man, and whenever he sold the men sperrits, or shoes, or flannel, or other notions out of his store, for about three times their vallys, and stopped it out of their wages, he always talked about his duty to his family. Well, we chaffered and chaffered 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 out, when Dave Shmyser comes to me and says: Silas, says he, be it true you're agoin' to stop here all night!

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

Take a fool's advice, says Dave, and do nothin' of the sort

What for? says I.

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

Why man alive, says I, whats the danger to come from?

Why, says Dave, ain't you aheerd there's been wolves seen in the neighborhood. Didn't the deacon tell you as how he lost two sheep only the night afore last? You darsn't make a fire, cause of the shavings; and the barn ain't boarded up.

Dave, says I, don't you think to pull the wool over my eyes that fashun, and then have it to say you circumvented Silas Wood. I reckon I can read you as easy as a book. You would like to earn them two dollars yourself. Well, now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Two's company: if you like to stop with me, and help me to drink the deacon's rum, you're welcome; and I don't care if I share the brass into the bargain.

Says Dave: I wouldn't stop a night in this here barn as it is not for a five hundred dollar bill. Remember, Silas, I've warned you as a friend; and away he went.

Well Squire, I wan't goin' to let Dave scare me, 'cause I knowed he was sweet on a gal called Rind Parkins, that I were a keepin' company with and would have been considerable rejoiced to have it tell how I had funked; and as I hadn't heerd tell of no wolves in them parts, I jest thought he said that by way of banter.

Well, I made myself comfortable in the barn. It was all boarded up on three sides, and partly on the fourth; only there was a gap left for the door, big enough to let in a waggon load of hay. It wasn't cold, bein' a fine night in the Indian summer. So I kept a strolling up an down, taking a look out now and then, to see if there was anybody lurkin' about with an eye to the boards and the shingles, but there wasn't a soul stirrin' but myself. Every now and again, I'd mix myself a little grog, till the rum was all gone, and then I began to feel most everlastin' sleepy; so I thought I'd jest 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 Shmyser 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, jest 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, trying to make out as well as I could in the dark if there was anything in the barn or not. It was about a minute before I could see clearly; but at last I near a slight paste, and I thought I saw sum thin' move. This is I, that's Dave Shmyser, or some of the boys, come back to frighten me. They shan't have it to crow over me. So I sings out: Is that you Dave? There was no answer, but I heard a rustling and a patter jest like a dog's paws, and I could see the critter, whatever it was, crawlin' toward the gap in the boards Then it stopped and kinder turned its head, and I catched sight of two twinklin' lights, and thinked, it's a stray dog; when a critter give a spring out of the barn and set up a howl. Squire, I shouldn't na' been scared with one wolf, but that howl was answered from the woods, may be a quarter of a mile off, by another, which I knowed could only have come from a pack of not less than fifty hungry devils." Well Squire I was awful scared, and that's a fact; but I guess if I'd a lost my presence of mind, it would ha' been all up with me in about five minutes I knowed I hadn't amoment to lose 'cause I heard the howl comin' nearer and nearer; and the yelp yelp of sumnel wolf outside calling them to their prey! My first idea was to set fire to the shavings. I felt with my flint and steel; but the spunk wouldn't light, and not one the shavings would catch. The howls kept coming nigher and nigher Then I began to think I was gone. There was an axe in the barn, but what could I do agin fifty wolves? and in the dark, where they couldn't see my eyes to daunt them.

I clenched it however, and determined to sell my life dearly, when all at once I jest when I'd given up all hope, I felt something touch agin my head—it was a rope as had been made fast to one of the rafters. I guess, squire if that 'ere rope had been a foot shorter, I'd not a been here now tellin' this story! The way I went up that rope, hand over hand, was a caution. And I had barely swung myself on to the rafter and begun lashing myself to the beam with the rope, when—squire, it makes my blood run cold only to tell of it, the barn was alive with wolves, yelping, leaping, and fallin' over each other. I could hear them routin' among the shavings; and in a minute they had spread over the bare floor. Then they began to nuzzle in the earth and scratch up the mould with their paws.

At last one of them scented me, and told the others with a yelp Then of all the yells I ever heard!—squire, I mist swooned away and if I hadn't lashed myself to the rafter, I'd ha' fell right down among 'em. Oh such yell I never heard afore, and I hope I'll never hear agin! Though I knowed they couldn't get at me, it was dreadful to be there alone in the dead of night, with a pack of hungry wolves lickin' their 'slaveria' jaws, and thirsin' for my blood. They ran round and round the barn, and leaped on to each other's backs, and sprang into the air; but it was no use; and at last I began to get kinder easy, and looked down on the howling varmints, and banter ed them. Squire, you'd ha' thought they understood a feller. Every time I blustered and shook my fist at them, they yelled and jumped louder than ever.

For all this, I warn't sorry when it began to grown a little lighter; and about an hour before dawn they begin to see it was no use; so they gave me one long, loud farewell howl afore they went. But squire, the most curious part of the story has got to come. Some time afore they went, it had growed so light, I could see 'em quite plain; and an ugly set of devils they was, and no mistake. Well, I notice d one wolf separate himself from the pack, and trying to slink away. He had his tail atween his legs, just like a dog when he's beaten, and had a cowed look, as if he were ashamed and afeared like. All at oncet, he made a spring out of the barn, but the rest of the pack was after him like lightnin.

Squire, concluded the Yankee, laying his hand impressively on my sleeve, you may believe it or not, jest as you please; but beyond some hide and bones, they didn't leave a piece of that 'ere wolf as big as my hand. He was the scout as give the signal to the others, and they devoured him out of hunger and revenge, 'cause they couldn't get me!

Rules for Business Men.

Take advantage of modern facilities and accomplish as much in a single day as required weeks, months, or years formerly.

Use the means within your reach; there is something for every body to do; and a place for every one who is willing to work.

Don't depend upon your own lungs alone; use the lungs of the Press.

Don't depend along upon your own hands, or the labor of other men's hands; use steam power if possible.

Make it known by printers ink, that you are prepared to do buisness.

Confess ignorance in regard to subjects on which you are uninformed; listen and learn.

Be silent when a fool talks; he will cease the sooner you cannot gain by his converse.

Be ashamed of nothing but your own errors.

Calculate the probabilities of the future; increase and multiply the means of information.

To compete successfully with a neighbour, participate in the facilities afforded to go ahead.

The door to wealth, respectability, influence, and honor, is thrown wide open to all.

Establish yourself on the broad and sound basis of integrity; conduct your business with intelligence and judgment.

Trifle not with serious matters, and be not serious about trifles.

Wisdom and virtue make the poor rich and the rich honorable.

There is no deep or hidden mystery to be studied or practised to carry on business successfully. On the contrary, all that any honest, legitimate concern, demanded by the public wants, requires, is fair judgment, close industry, unwavering integrity, superior workmanship, fair prices, and to do better by the customers, if possible, than others in the same business can do by theirs,—and give it publicity.

Let the business of others alone, and attend to your own.

Don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to the best advatage, and study to make leisure hours useful.

The Late Earl of Aberdeen—Mysterious Advertisements Explained.

Two years ago the following advertisement appeared in every paper in the country:

"Dod—I am well, but in affliction, and I long for you, that we may comfort one another. There is a letter to 'Dod' at the Post Office, New York

MA."

It was continued nearly six months, exciting universal curiosity and comment. It was followed by a second, as follows:

"Mocklick—I have been seriously ill; getting better, but very weak. Come if you possibly can immediately, for you are more needed than you can think.

(Signed) MA."

These advertisments, it is now ascertained, were inserted in order, if possible, to find the Earl of Aberdeen, a young man who left his wealth, titles and honors in 1866, when but twenty five years of age, to follow the sea as a common sailor. The Earl of Aberdeen is one of the oldest Scotch titles originating in seventeenth century. The first Earl was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. The father of this young man was at the head of the famous Aberdeen Ministry during the Crimean war. He was invested with the right to a seat in the House of Lords under the title of Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen, by royal decree, in 1814. The estate is estimated to yield an income of £40,000 sterling per annum.

The young Earl came to this country and shipped as a common sailor on trading vessels on the Atlantic coast. February 6th, 1867, he was made a mate by certificate from the American Shipmaster's Association under the name of George Henry Osborne. On the 27th of November, 1868, he was granted a master's certificate, and was in command of the schooner Water, of Richmond, Me. In January, 1870, he shipped as mate on the three-masted schooner Hebra, bound from Boston to Melbourne, Australia, and thence to China. On the sixth day out he was washed overboard and drowned. During the first two years of his absence he remained in correspondence with his relatives, but kept his employment a secret. A little more than two years ago his next younger brother and heir presumptive died. He had then ceased writing home. This fact explains the "Dod" advertisement, that being his pet name. As it and the subsequent advertisement failed to find him, the

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Best copy available