

ADWAY'S READY RELIEF
has its superiority to all other medicines at once.
ITS FIRST INDICATION
relieves the sufferer of PAIN, no matter from
what cause it may originate, or where it may be seated.
If in the Head, Face, or Throat;
If in the Back, Spine, or Shoulder;
If in the Arms, Breast, or Side;
If in the Joints, Limbs, or Muscles;
If in the Nerves, Teeth, or Ears;
or any other part of the body, its application to the
or parts where the pain exists will afford immediate
relief.
IF SEIZED WITH PAIN
In the Stomach, Bowels, or Kidneys;
In the Bladder, Spine, or Liver;
In the Teeth, Ears, or Throat;
In the Brain or Nervous System;
or any other part of the body, its application to the
or parts where the pain exists will afford immediate
relief.

ADWAY'S READY RELIEF
will be applied to the part or parts affected. It is
invaluable in all cases of PAIN, and is especially
valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and
all other forms of Pain. It is a true and reliable
remedy, and its application to the part or parts
where the pain exists will afford immediate relief.

FEVER AND AGUE.
Chills and Fever, will be cured by a single dose of
Adway's Ready Relief. Let the patient take a
teaspoonful of Adway's Ready Relief, and in
a few minutes the fever will be broken, and the
patient will be comfortable.

ADWAY'S READY RELIEF
should be taken internally.
It will stop the pain, and the patient will be
comfortable.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

ET VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

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Vol 32

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30. 1864.

No. 43

St. John "Telegraph."

Prospectus for 1865.

After over two years of uninterrupted success, the Proprietor of the St. John TELEGRAPH is enabled to state that, during the coming year, his Paper will be conducted with more vigor than ever. Neither ability, money, or enterprise, will be spared to make the TELEGRAPH worthy of the people of the Province, and deserving of the very extensive patronage it has received from all classes of society and all parties in politics.

Within the past six months a DAILY has been added to our other editions; and we have great pleasure in stating that it has been well received in all quarters, and has become an institution of the country. We continue to forward the TRI-WEEKLY to all who choose to order them, and have made arrangements to forward Subscribers by mail, papers published on any one, two, or three days of the Week, that they may choose to name.

Between the DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY Editions over twelve thousand copies of the TELEGRAPH are issued every Week from our Printing Establishment, and our circulation is constantly on the increase.

The popularity which our journal has enjoyed, we are convinced, is due in a large measure to its non-party and independent course on political questions. We can assure all of our present patrons, and all who are inclined to become Subscribers for the coming year, that this course shall not be departed from in the future. The acts of our politicians shall be carefully scanned, as usual their merits receiving the proper meed of praise, and their faults being held up to public censure as they deserve.

The TELEGRAPH for 65 will be well supplied with Correspondence and other contributions from all parts of British America, and especially from all important points in the Lower Provinces; and the Editor will be assisted by gentlemen of talent and sound judgement in its management.

The WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

Published at the very low price of
One Dollar a Year,
Gives its Subscribers the largest and best collection of

Foreign and Local News

To be obtained in any paper in the Lower Provinces—together with Editorials on all the leading questions of the day; complete and correct Country Market Reports; details of CITY NEWS; Correspondence from the Country Districts; and all other news matter in which the people of the Country Districts are interested. Particular attention is paid to the matter in this Country Edition, and the tastes and wants of its Subscribers are most carefully consulted. As we publish in our Daily Edition some forty or forty-five columns of reading matter every week, it can be readily understood that we are thus allowed a wide margin for a choice of matter for the WEEKLY. Although the lessons of our WEEKLY have given such general satisfaction that all our old friends are renewing their Subscriptions, we can confidently promise that the WEEKLY for '65 will be a great improvement on the past.

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Daily Telegraph - \$5.00 per annum
Tri-Weekly do - \$2.50 " "
Weekly do - \$1.00 " "

Payable invariably in advance.

CLUBS.

For a Club of Ten Weeklies we send the originator an extra copy. For a Club of TWENTY, we send TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

For a Club of FORTY or upwards we give the DAILY TELEGRAPH. Or we furnish any Magazine, Illustrated Paper or other Periodical, the subscription price of which does not exceed the money value of the Premiums as indicated above.

Persons who prefer to retain the money they pay, (\$1 out of \$11; \$2.50 out of \$20; or \$5 out of \$41) are at liberty to do so. Our object in offering these extraordinary inducements is to obtain a universal circulation for the WEEKLY. Nothing but extraordinary patronage can justify such low prices and large Premiums.

Acute gentlemen, young or old, are requested to communicate immediately with us with a view to arranging for the continuance of old Clubs and obtaining new ones. Address:
JOHN LIVINGSTONE,
Editor and Proprietor,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov. 16, 1864.

A retired soldier in Chicago, who had both legs shot away, was robbed last week by his wife. She took \$700 of his money and his uniform, and disappeared, but she was overhauled. She had concealed irreplaceable

his dislike for her maimed lord, and had demanded a division of the effects; this he refused and she then decided to appropriate all.

Miscellany.

MARRIED FLIRTATIONS; Or, Turning the Tables.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The last dying cadence of a deliciously dreamy waltz, across whose weird notes, the soul of Beethoven had poured out its magic sadness, were floating over the perfumed crowd that filled the ball-room of the fashionable Washington hotel; there was a stir and murmur of separating couples, and the ill suppressed yawns of weary "wall-flowers" that follow in the wake of every brilliant waltz. Kate Elwyn stood in the recess of the window playing coquettishly with the faded jessamines and tube roses of her bouquet, while her blue lovely eyes wandered anxiously from one place to another, evidently in quest of some familiar countenance which they could not discover.

There were few more beautiful faces than her own, even in that festive crowd, where half the belles in the Union had brought their diamonds and bright eyes to dazzle the grave politicians and lawmakers of the land. Rather beneath the medium size, with fragile delicacy of a fairy, her complexion had the transparent waxen bloom that you look for in children, while her heavy bands of golden hair lay over her somewhat low forehead in rippling waves of amber. Very dark blue eyes, translucent as a sapphire of the first water, and a little crimson mouth, curved like Cupid's bow, gave additional frequency to her face, and altogether she was as perfect a specimen of the radiant blonde as one often sees, out of a picture gallery, of a novel.

Suddenly her cheeks blossomed into roses and her whole countenance brightened as a tall and rather elegant looking gentleman languidly sauntered towards her.

"Charles, I thought you were never coming!"

"I've only been down in the supper room for a few minutes, my dear—sorry you've missed me. Anything I can do for you now?"

"Yes—do get my shawl and fan, and I'll go up stairs. It's after one, and I'm completely tired out."

"So didn't my dear, said Mr. Elwyn, breaking a moss rose-bud from his wife's bouquet, and fastening it jauntily into the button-hole of his coat. I am engaged for three waltzes and a quadrille still. Miss Raymond would never forgive me for deserting her."

Kate's lip curled haughtily, and a deeper shade of crimson stole into her cheek.

"Jemima, oh! laughed her husband patting her bright hair lightly. Now, Kate, that's a little too silly of you. Don't you know that at a place like this, a man is expected to make himself generally agreeable to the ladies? Pray, my dear, don't become so absurd and ridiculous as to—"

"And so interrupted Mrs. Elwyn, bitterly, your wife's wishes and convenience are secondary to Miss Raymond's will."

The green eyed monster certainly has invaded your peace, my love! said Mr. Elwyn. Upon my word I have always given you credit for a little more common sense."

Charles, said Kate, quietly, and without heeding the careless sarcasm of his tone, I am weary of this round of senseless gossamer—I am sick of the tumult and vanities of Washington. Will you take me home?"

"Why, Kate! after all your anxiety to pass a winter in this great center of social and political life? You have been teasing me ever since we were married to indulge you with a season in Washington."

"I know it, Charles, she meekly answered, trying to repress the tears that were brimming in her eyes; but I have at last learned the folly of seeking real pleasure anywhere but in the precincts of one's own home. My taste for gossamer is entirely satisfied, and you can't imagine how homesick I feel—how anxious to see the dear little ones once again."

"Next week perhaps, my love—or the week after, if you positively insist upon it."

"O, Charles! why not go to-morrow?"

"Impossible, Kate. I am positively engaged for every day this week for drives and excursions in the neighborhood of the city."

"Engaged?" repeated Kate, opening her blue eyes. I know nothing of this arrangement."

She's jealous, as I live! he muttered—Jealous of Aurora Raymond and the pretty widow. Well, let her put it out at her leisure—it will never do to encourage this sort of thing."

If he could but have seen her, a few moments afterward (just when he was whirling through the waltz with Miss Raymond's mid-night curls floating over his shoulder)—sitting in the silence of her own dimly-lighted room, the golden hair all unclosed from hair-pin and jeweled comb, and the blue eyes looking like morning-glories drowned in rain. Well, perhaps it would have done him good, perhaps not. It is not always best to let a man know the full extent of his power over that miserable little captive wife—it is astonishing how much the sex delight in tormenting its victim. There is one blessed avenue of relief always open to womankind, however, a good cry! No wonder that Kate Elwyn felt better when she had wiped away the shower of tears, and brushed back the lovely rippling tresses from her fevered forehead.

What shall I do? she murmured to herself, deluging her handkerchief in rose-water, and trying vainly to cool her burning eyes; what ought I to do? Oh I wish I had never come away from home—it is a judgement on me, for leaving my dear little babes in the care of cold hirelings!

I was so happy before I ever thought of this hollow, deceitful whirlpool of fashion! She burst into fresh floods of tears as she remembered her husband's last words.

It was cruel of him to speak in that cold, sneering way to me, she sobbed.

Have I lost all the spell he used to tell me I possessed? If he only knew how these things hurt me, I am sure he would act in a different manner."

She shrank involuntarily back, as if some rude hand struck her, as Miss Raymond's clear, metallic laugh suddenly floated up, audibly through the closed door of her room. And then she set her compressed lips together, and a new look came into the liquid depths of her wet blue eyes.

The gilded hand of the carved Parian clock on the mantle traveled nearly twice round the circle of enameled figures before Kate Elwyn lifted her gaze from the bunches of velvet roses in the carpet. What was she pondering on?

Sitting up, she Kate? Why I thought you were tired to death! said Mr. Elwyn, as he entered the room, and his wife laid down her book and welcomed him with a careless smile.

"Yes, I've been so much interested in that delightful book, exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically. I do wish I knew whether Sir Guy had that property or not!"

She has got over her sulks amazingly quick, was the husband's internal comment, as he kicked off his boots and lazily unsnatched his lavender silk neck-tie.

Oh, thank you, Mr. Elwyn, I've had such a charming ride!"

And Aurora Raymond sprang lightly from the carriage step, one tiny gloved hand resting on Mr. Elwyn's arm the other holding up the folds of her violet velvet mantle. He touched his hat gallantly, as she tripped up the hotel steps, all smiles and dimples.

As I wonder if Kate would like a turn round Jackson Square before dinner, he said to himself, consulting his gold watch. I'll run up and see—poor little thing!"

He sprang up the stairs, two at a time, and burst into his wife's room.

Put on your bonnet, puss, and we'll have a ride, he exclaimed. Hallo! she isn't here—what the mischief does this mean?"

No, she was not there—neither was her blue velvet with the white ostrich plume, nor the magnificent Cashmere shawl that had been sent over from India for her wedding present just five years ago—and Mr. Elwyn came slowly down stairs again, feeling very much inclined to get into a passion.

Do you know where my wife is? he asked Mrs. Atworth, a lady who spent one-half her time at the hotel windows and the other half in catechizing the servants, and who consequently knew all that was to be known, concerning people's out-gings and in-comings, generally.

She's out riding in Colonel Warrington's barouche—been gone ever since morning, rattling the gossiping matron, with great propriety.

Our riding! Elwyn's brow contracted. Strange—very strange, he muttered, to drive out in that sort of way without so much as saying a word to me! I always fancied that Warrington a puppy, and I'm sure of it now!"

He went down and dismissed his equipage, and then returned to the drawing-room, as restless as the wandering Jew. After one or two moody turns across the long apartment, he sat glumly down in the window-recess. Even Aurora Raymond's prettiest heaving chatter could not interest him now. Would Kate never come! he thought

as he looked for the fortieth time at his watch. She came at last, just in time to run up stairs for a hurried dinner toilet—came smiling and lovely, with her hair blown about by the fresh wind, and her eyes sparkling radiantly. Elwyn—dog in the manger that he was—could have knocked Colonel Warrington down for the involuntary gaze of admiration with which he looked after his faithful companion.

Presently Mrs. Kate re-appeared, in a magnificent dress of lustrous silver green silk, lighted up by the flash of emeralds at her throat and wrists, and frosted green mosses drooping from her hair.

Why have you put on that odious green dress? asked Elwyn, catching at some slight pretext as an escape-valve for his ill humor. You know how much I dislike green."

Oh, well, said Kate, nonchalantly, you are so fidgety, Charles. What difference can it possibly make to you whether I wear green or yellow? It is entirely a by gone fashion for husbands and wives to study one another's whims, a la Darby and Joan. We dress entirely to please the public, the gay world, you know. And I put on this silk to gratify Mr. Garnett—he admires green so much!"

Charles Elwyn stared at his wife in speechless astonishment. What did it mean? She had always been the humblest slave to his slightest wish or caprice—and now she smilingly set him at defiance! What evil spirit possessed her?

She never came near him all the evening—never sought his approval by the little shy glances of appeal or the questioning looks that had been so inexpressively dear to him. No—she chatted away, bewitchingly self-reliant, the centre of an admiring group until Mr. Elwyn was ready to rush out of the room in a transport of exasperation.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your treasure of a wife, sir, said Colonel Warrington. I have always known she was a beauty, but I never before appreciated her claims to be called a wit."

Elwyn glared up at the polite colonel, who was evidently surprised at the ungracious reception of his little compliment.

Just what I might have expected, he muttered to himself, plucking fiercely at his mustache. What the deuce did I bring her here for, if I didn't want every fool in society to fall down and worship her!"

Would you like, a drive after dinner, Kate? he asked next evening, after about three days spent in this very edifying manner.

I couldn't possibly this evening, dear, she said, adjusting the wreaths of ivy that depended from her shining hair. We've arranged such a nice moonlight party to ride out to the Navy Yard."

Well, what's to prevent me from driving you there? asked Mr. Elwyn, anxiously.

Our party is all made up, said Kate, coolly. I've promised to go in Mr. Garnett's carriage. He is so delightfully agreeable, and I like him so much."

The dickens you do! growled Elwyn, his face elongating and growing dark.

But I'll tell you what you might do, if you please, suggested Kate, innocently. Miss Raymond would like to go, I've no doubt, or Mrs. Everett, and there can be no possible objection to an extra carriage in the party, so that—"

Hang Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everett! ejaculated the irate husband.

With all my heart, my dear, said Kate. Only, you see, it's quite impossible for me to break my promise to Mr. Garnett."

Mr. Elwyn's temper was by no means improved when he stood on the hotel steps and watched the merry party drive off, their gay voices and jubilant laughter echoing through the serene moonlight, like a mockery of his own gloomy reflections. He had never felt so utterly lonely and forlorn in the whole course of his life.

Dear me, what a beautiful evening for a ride, sighed Aurora Raymond, looking sweetly up from her volume of poems, as Mr. Elwyn re-entered the drawing-room looking not unlike a man who has just had a molar extracted.

But he didn't take the hint, acting, as Miss Raymond afterwards indignantly remarked, "more like a bear than a man," and sitting morosely down to the perusal of the newspapers. Alas, for the midnight curls and oriental eyes—their spell was broken!"

How long the slow creeping hours seemed before Kate came back! Long ere the sound of carriage wheels grated on the pavement before the door, he went up to his own room, and tried, hopelessly enough, to amuse himself with books and letter-writing. All his efforts were unavailing; between him and every occupation to which he turned crept one gloomy thought—a sore pang—to think that Kate was happy without him.

society—that she never missed his absent voice and smile. I wonder if I'm jealous! he muttered to himself, still plucking fiercely at the dark mustache. It's not an agreeable sensation, at all events! I wonder if Kate felt so whenever I flirted with Aurora and the widow!"

That was quite a new consideration! Would the time ever come when Kate's heart would be estranged from him?—estranged by his own idle and absurd conduct?—when the loving, sensitive nature would cease to respond to his touch? The very fancy was agony!

He was wrapped in those gloomy meditations, when the door opened, and his bright-haired little wife tripped in, looking very much like a magnified sunbeam! She stopped suddenly when she saw his leaden bowed down upon his hands.

Charles—does your head ache? No! Then what is the matter? My heart aches, Kate, he said, sadly; it aches to think that my wife has ceased to love me!

She came to his side and threw her arms about his neck with caressing affection. Charles, what do you mean? I mean, Kate, that when you desert me for the society of others, and cease to pay any regard to my wishes, I can come to but one conclusion.

And that? Is that you love me no longer? Charles, said Kate, smiling archly up into his face, does it grieve you to have me prefer the society of others to your own?

It breaks my heart, Kate! he said passionately. Then, dearest, let us make a bargain.—Let us allow Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everett to console themselves with Colonel Warrington and Mr. Garnett, while we are happy with one another. Shall it be so?

Kate! you have been acting a part! Of course I have. Did you suppose for a single moment that I was in earnest?

The loving kisses she showered upon his brow dispelled every lurking shadow from the husband's heart, and he felt how inexpressibly dear his young wife was to him.

In the next day's train Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn left Washington, mutually convinced that they had had quite enough of the capital. There were two unmistakably good effects consequent on the adjourn, however. Kate was satisfied to remain quietly at home for the rest of her life, and Charles was completely cured of every latent tendency to flirt!

—There are some men who gain popularity by always expressing in a hearty manner more than they feel. They are delighted to see you; they rejoice to hear that your health is improving; and you not caring to inquire how much substance there is behind these phrases, and not disinclined to imagine that your health is a matter of importance which people might naturally take interest in, enjoy this hearty but somewhat inflated welcome.

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Agent for St. Andrews.

St. Andrews, Nov. 25, 1864.