

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY
BY A FEW MINUTES.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY.
STOPS THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN.
AND RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.

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Poetry.
THE RAINBOW.
"Bless God for rain," the good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear;
That we have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here."
The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,
As though a prayer came from its heart,
For rain to come, and lo! it came.
The Indian corn with silken plumes,
And flowers with tiny pitchers filled,
Stand up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.
Sweet fields are dressed in gold and green,
The brooklet swells its song again,
An angel's snowy wing is seen,
In every cloud that brings us rain.
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests tread,
'Twas written by the Hand on high!
It is the Autograph of God!

Miscellany.
SNAGSBY.
A STORY FOR YOUNG CLERKS.
When the widow Templeton obtained a situation for her son George in the office of Messrs. Longhurst, Latimer and Co., she thought herself peculiarly favored, and felt very sure that her boy would be successful. As for George himself, he was confident of rising to be a partner, and saw (in imagination) his own name in the firm. (George was fourteen years old. His mother had done all she could to prepare him for a situation in a respectable office; he could write a good hand, was quick at accounts, an intelligent, civil, obliging boy, willing to learn and willing to work, and perfectly trustworthy, so everybody thought.)
The firm of Longhurst, Latimer & Co. was an old established concern; the sort of place in which it is difficult to obtain a situation without first-rate recommendations. But Mr. Latimer attended the same chapel as George's mother, and he was a kind-hearted man and took a fancy to her boy; and so it came to pass that when George was old enough he offered to take him into his employment, and to give him one pound four shillings per month.
One pound four shillings per month was a great sum, so George thought, and so thought George's mother. Six shillings per week—well, high a shilling a day—surely this was a very fortunate to begin with. And then the duties were not heavy. George had to go at nine in the morning, and he left at six in the evening, and he had one hour in the middle of the day for his dinner-time; and what he had to do at the office was to sit on a high stool, and look through a little trap in a wainscoted partition, and answer people who made inquiries, sometimes having to write messages, sometimes to address envelopes, and always to keep charge of the postage stamps. For this purpose a quantity of postage stamps was given into his care, and he had to keep account how many were used. All this was very easy. "Anybody," as Snagsby said, "could do it. And so they might."

order, "Stick it up to Miscellaneous;" and to his dismay, George by-and-by ascertained that the number of letters actually sent out was less than the number of stamps consumed. He told Snagsby, and that young gentleman laughed and made fun of him, finally setting his book right for him; that, making the account of letters and stamps correspond. George was very unhappy about it, scarcely knowing whether he was doing right or wrong; but he had a shrewd suspicion that Snagsby was not altogether honest.
But then Snagsby was so kind and so great a man. And how could he venture to say anything to him or about him? Snagsby was not to be resisted, except by a strong effort, and that effort George did not make. His mother noticed the alteration in him, and tried to find out the cause, but she could not. She saw that he had less care for chapel, less care about his school friends, less care for herself, than he had before he went out into the world, and she spoke to him seriously and prayed for him.
And now Snagsby began to take George out with him. At first George declined. He could not go without letting his mother know, which seemed to Snagsby a highly absurd thing; but it was easy to let his mother know that a friend at the office had asked him home, and to obtain her leave to go. Well, they did not go home to Snagsby's, but up the river to Kew, and back by rail at ten o'clock. No harm in that. George told his mother all about it, and she was pleased that he had found a friend. And Snagsby came home to see George, and made himself very agreeable, and played on the flute from the Union Tune, book some plaintive music that George's father used to play, and that set the widow's tears a-flowing. Snagsby (so the widow said) was a very nice young man.
But George was not happy. The postage stamp book had been made up several times. George had borrowed a few shillings from Snagsby, and to pay it back had—well, well, Snagsby made the book all right, and George was miserable.
The theatre was a place which George had never been to in his life, and when Snagsby described its attractions he felt a strong desire to see a play. What harm could there be in that? That was what Snagsby wanted to know; and as George was not prepared with an answer, a note was posted to Mrs. Templeton, stating that—well, well, Snagsby wrote what George was to say, and George copied it, and put his name to it, and his mother thought he had gone with his friend to hear a lecture on the human eye.
George saw the play. The play was—I have not the least idea what it was, and I don't believe George had, for he kept thinking of the lie he had written, and of the postage stamp book locked up in the office-desk. He was very miserable; he could not laugh when the audience laughed, nor weep when they wept. He sat there confused, stunned, and wondered what he should do, and what would become of him.
The very next day George was promoted to be petty cash-keeper, and from his petty cash, Snagsby drew largely. The misery which George had felt grew less as time wore on. He grew older and less sensitive. He went often to the play, and laughed and enjoyed himself with Snagsby. Where did the money come from? Well, well, the petty cash expenditure was rather heavy; but nobody said anything about it.
His wages were increased to fifteen shillings a week. He began to assume a new position. He thought himself almost a man, and under Snagsby's instructions began to smoke, and made himself very ill in the effort to acquire that useless practice. He was not careful, now, as to where he spent his evenings. If he was in by ten o'clock, no questions were asked; and so he did as he pleased, or as Snagsby pleased, and never seemed to notice his mother's anxiety or to reflect on his own danger.
But one day he and Snagsby had a quarrel. That young gentleman made an extravagant demand on the petty cash, and because his wishes were not complied with, flew into a passion, and said many hard and bitter things. This made George unhappy and frightened, and when he went home he had almost made up his mind to tell his mother what he had done. But his mother had been attacked by sudden illness, and could not be disturbed. Watching beside her, George thought over the folly and wickedness of his conduct. He remembered the old lessons of truthfulness and honesty which she had impressed upon him, and kneeling beside her bed he wept and prayed for pardon.
By the next morning Mrs. Templeton had in some degree recovered; but George had made up his mind to go and tell the whole truth to Mr. Latimer. On reaching the office, he found that Mr. Latimer was there, and had just inquired for him; and with a trembling frame and beating heart he went up to his master's private room.
Mr. Latimer was carefully reading a letter when George went in, but he noticed to him to sit down, and said nothing to him for several

minutes. On looking up, he nodded familiarly, and asked how was George; and how was George's mother? George could scarcely reply that his mother was ill in body, and he sick at heart; that if Mr. Latimer would allow him to do so, he wanted to say something of importance; but Mr. Latimer interrupted him by saying:—
"My dear George, I mean to make you a present—five and twenty pounds; eh? what do you say to that?"
"Indeed, indeed, sir," said George, "I do not deserve this; indeed, indeed!"
"Indeed, indeed," said the old gentleman, "deserving or undeserving, the five and twenty pounds are yours. This, I think, will make things straight."
He handed over one pound nine and a written paper, containing an exact list of every penny that George had taken. The whole sum amounted to twenty-three pounds eleven shillings.
George nearly fainted; he fell on his knees before Mr. Latimer and begged forgiveness.
"Frankly and freely I forgive you. Do not fear that your folly and your crime shall be heavily punished—I overlook both. Snagsby has led you into most of the mischief, and acting as he might have expected he would have done, he has betrayed you to screen himself. What has become of him I don't know; I shall not inquire. He has gone off with more than double the amount which you have taken; but I wish the matter to be kept secret, and I am resolved to give you another opportunity of being what you ought to be. No one shall know—not even your mother—what has taken place. You are welcome to what you have taken; you shall remain in my employment; but beware of evil company; beware of forgetting your God. There, go!"
And so, refusing to hear any more about it, Mr. Latimer dismissed George from his room. George never forgot that interview. He turned over a new leaf; he began to lead a new life; he had, I think and hope, a new heart. And though the pill work was harder than the downward course at first, he persevered and was happy.
What became of Snagsby I do not know. Some time since, however, I understood he was arrested on suspicion of forgery, but of this I am not quite sure. — [English Paper.]

FALSE STEPS.—It is in provincial towns that you find the most liberal friends laid upon the single blunder, the one false step. Everybody we suppose, when it has pleased God to condemn to live in such places, looks upon his fate as more or less hard. Or, at all events, most of the conceited people who live in the country are given to fancy that they have missed their mark because they have never emerged from the obscurity of local success into the daylight of metropolitan fame. They never doubt their capacity to achieve the very loftiest distinctions in the arena where competition is most active, and where their rivals would be the ablest men in the kingdom. A person with a local reputation as a doctor, or a preacher, or even a mayor, will tell a visitor with mournful plainness that the one mistake in his career has been that he did not in early life seek his fortune in the great centre. Compliments on his eminent position, on his merited popularity, on the confidence with which he is regarded by his esteemed townsmen, only serve to make his regrets poignant, as well as more profusely expressed, that his merits had not a worthier field. If he had only done this or that which he had not done, perhaps he might have deserved the compliments which you are so kind as to pay him. The local doctor is quite sure that if he had only been plucky enough to face the temporary difficulties which the London beginner has to encounter, he would by this time have been driving about Belgrave in a carriage and pair, and pocketing thousands of guineas per annum. He can always name the exact date at which he should have made the decisive move, and can point out with precision the reasons which prevented him from taking at its flood the tide in his affairs which would have led on to fortune. The popular person of a provincial town generally repines with equal bitterness, because he was such a fool in his younger days as not to see a spiritual call to the great Babylon where cabinet ministers are supposed to listen to sermons, and to select favorite pastors to fill up bishoprics. If he had only turned to the right instead of the left, he might by this time have been Prime of all England. The false step, as he thinks it, has cost him the firm to which his powers entitle him, and left him stranded among the shallows of provincial glory and a too moderate income.

Item, seeing I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match here, do not fail to send me per next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualification and form following: as for portion I demand none; let her be of an honest family, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, of middle stature and well proportioned; her face agreeable, temper mild, character blameless, health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the changes of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second, through lack of the first, soon after she comes to land, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great dangers of the sea. If she arrives well conditioned as above said, with present letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter by marrying the bearer at fifteen days' sight. In witness whereof, I subscribe, &c.
The London correspondent read over, and reread the odd articles which von the future spouse on the same footing with the letter he was to send to his friend; and after admiring the prudent exactness of the West Indian and his laconic style, he enumerated the qualifications which he insisted on, and endeavored to serve him to his mind.
After many inquiries, he thought he had found a lady fit for his purpose in a young person of respectable family, but with no fortune, good humored, and politely educated, well shaped, and more than tolerably handsome. He made the proposal to her as his friend had received, and she, having no substance but from a faithful old aunt who gave her a great deal of meanness, accepted it.
A ship bound for Jamaica was then fitted out at Bristol; the lady went on board the same, together with the bulk of goods being well provided with all necessaries, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and indorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus:—
"Item, a maid, twenty-one years of age, of the quality, shape, and condition as per order, as it appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce."
The documents which were considered necessary to so very exact a business man as a future husband, were an abstract from the parish register, a certificate of her character signed by the curate, an attestation of her neighbors, setting forth that she had, for the space of three years, lived with an old aunt who was intemperately pious, and that she had not, during all that time, given her aunt the least occasion of complaint; and, lastly, the goodness of her constitution was certified after consultation, by four eminent physicians.
Before the lady's departure the London agent sent several letters of advice by other ships to his friend, whereby he informed him that per such a ship he had consigned to him a young woman of such an age, character, constitution, &c.—in a word, such a one as he desired to marry.
The letters of advice, and bills, and the American lady, came safe to the port, and our American, who happened to be one of the foremost on the pier at the lady's landing, was charmed to see a handsome person, who having heard him called by his name, said to him:—
"Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you, and as you know that it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made, I beg you will please to pay it."
She then gave him his correspondent's letter, on the back of which was written "The bearer of this is the spouse you ordered me to send you."
"Ha, madam!" said the West Indian, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I swear this shall not be the first. I shall reckon myself to be the most fortunate of all men if you will allow me to discharge it."
"Yes, sir," replied she, "and the more willingly since I am apprized of your character. We had several persons of reputation on board who knew you very well, and who, during my passage, answered the questions I asked relating to you in so satisfactory a manner, that they raised in me a sincere esteem for you."
The first interview was, in a few days afterwards, followed by the stipulations, which were very magnificent. The new married couple were perfectly contented with their union, made by a "Bill of Exchange," and it was the most fortunate one that had happened in that ill-fated and many a year.

Matrimonial.
A MERCHANT in Jamaica, originally from London, having amassed a fortune in that island, concluded with himself that he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and knowing none that would suit his fancy, he resolved to write to a worthy correspondent in London. He knew no other style than that which he used in his trade; therefore, treating affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend, in a letter, several commissions and reserving this for the last, he went on thus:—

One of the most remarkable cases of sustenance of life for a lengthened period, without food, has just come under our notice, the truth of which is verified by William Bellwell, Esq., of this city, the facts of which we herewith give for the benefit of our readers.
On the 20th of July, a person working in the saw mill of James Hunt, Esq., (brother of Chas. Hunt, Esq., of this city), near the Five Stakes, went to Fingal to visit some of his friends. While there, he went to the lake to bathe, being at the time alone, and as he considered, in perfect health. Immediately on coming out of the water, he felt a dizziness in his head, and before he had time to dress himself, fell prostrate on the beach, a few feet from the edge of the lake. From that period until Saturday, the 5th August, unconscious days, he remained in a fit of stupor, unable either to assist himself or crawl from the spot. And here he lay, during that long weary time, on the burning sand and in the scorching rays of a midsummer sun, without food, or the slightest power of dragging himself to a place of succor, although a farm-house was situated at no great distance off. His position was at length providentially discovered by a person from an adjoining farm, who fortunately happened to be engaged looking after some sheep. About this time, the poor fellow whose sufferings must have been fearful, recognized the man at some distance, and endeavored by every means in his power to attract his attention by lifting up his hand, the only signal he was capable of making, being entirely powerless to give the slightest sound in the way of a shout. His efforts were at last successful, as the farmer, who at first expressed an opinion that the sufferer was some drunken Indian who had wandered on the beach and lain down, went to his rescue, and was shocked at the sight that met his eyes. There lay the unfortunate man, in the most dreadful agony, shrivelled almost to a skeleton; his arms and legs rigid in thickness to those of a child of a few months old, his eyes sunken, his features emaciated and hardly recognizable as those of a human being, while a great portion of his body was dreadfully burnt and scorched by the rays of the sun beating down upon him during that lengthened period. The altered appearance of the poor fellow was indeed painful to look upon. Seventeen days before he was a healthy, robust being; now he looks like a dried up mummy. He was at once taken to the residence of his friend, and every means is being taken to restore him, if possible, to health. It is doubtful, however, if he can recover, although up to the latest accounts he was progressing favorably. The fact of his being kept alive so long is attributed to the moisture around the spot on which he lay, and at the same time being able to quench his thirst occasionally from the cool waters of the lake, which rippled at his feet. The case is a most singular one, and another instance of the prolongation of life under peculiar circumstances. We have been unable to obtain the name of the sufferer.

—No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered with bugles.
—Of all the mean and contemptible men—or persons valuing themselves upon this world, be that speaks through life on tip-toe, his ear at the keyhole of everybody's business except his own, is the most to be detested.
—Ma, has any one got lace in her mouth?
—No; why? — "Because Captain Broomeright told her, and said: 'he was going to take honey from her lips; and she said: 'W-d, make haste!'"