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No. 31.

**MEDICAL ASSISTANCE**  
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY  
FOR ALL THE GREAT AFFLICTIONS OF MANKIND  
It is the most powerful and most certain remedy ever discovered for the relief of all the great affections of mankind, such as Cholera, Typhoid, Dysentery, Cholera, and all the affections of the bowels and stomach, and all the affections of the head, throat, and chest, and all the affections of the nervous system, and all the affections of the skin, and all the affections of the eyes, and all the affections of the ears, and all the affections of the nose, and all the affections of the mouth, and all the affections of the throat, and all the affections of the chest, and all the affections of the lungs, and all the affections of the heart, and all the affections of the blood, and all the affections of the system, and all the affections of the body, and all the affections of the soul.

**ADWAYS READY RELIEF**  
THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY  
FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES  
IT RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.  
**ADWAYS READY RELIEF**  
Takes its name from the fact that it is ready to relieve the sufferer of PAIN, no matter from what cause a may originate, and where it may be seated. It is the Head, Face, or Throat; It is the Back, Spine, or Shoulder; It is the Arms, Breast, or Side; It is the Joints, Limbs, or Feet; It is the Nerves, or any other part of the body, its application to the art or parts where the pain exists will afford immediate relief.

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## Poetry.

**MAIDEN TO THE SEA.**  
Wilt thou, wilt thou tell me,  
Gentle Sea?  
Come, thy waves are soft to-day,  
Whispering to me,  
Wilt thou, gentle Sea?  
Ah, I know you know it well,  
Has he told you not to tell?  
Say, sweet Sea,  
Don't pretend to be asleep,  
Tell me, I'll the secret keep,  
Loves he me?  
Does he love as I love him?  
Nay, tis not a foolish whim,  
I do not tease me so.  
What dost thou do not understand,  
Come again to where I stand,  
Whisper soft and low,  
Whisper up the silver sand,  
But do not whisper "No,"  
That I could not bear sweet Sea,  
That I could not bear;  
So, tell me what he says to thee,  
And if he thinks me fair,  
Here, I know, he loves to walk;  
Tell me, does he never talk,  
Never name my name?  
Or does he say he loves me more,  
Than man e'er loved a maid before,  
Loves me by night and day,  
And that he'll never love me still,  
Though things go well or things go ill,  
Together or away?  
Is't not—'tis so, sweet Sea?  
Loves, loves me, a willing wave,  
A little harmless, winking wave,  
To whisper "Yes" to me.

## Miscellany.

### BROKEN VOWS.

This was how they parted. It was a summer's evening, and they stood in a vine-covered porch, tall and many, holding her slight drooping figure in his arms. A strong clasp, it was too, that encircled her waist with a press so true, "You are all mine," he said; "I will never forget me! You are my own promised wife!"

All yours, I will never forget you, she answered. I may be gone, years, sweet one! Will you wait for me? I will wait.

And, with a passionate embrace, he left her standing, white and still, in the pale moonlight, his hair, singing step carrying him out to a new life, new scenes, the battle with the world, her fondling thought bearing her back to the old monotony, unbroken by the sunshine that had illumined—the light of his love's presence.

She was very fair and pretty, and sixteen summers only had pruned their kisses on her lips, when she stood in the porch on that moonlight evening. Her simple dress of cheap cotton print could not hide her graceful figure, and the soft curls shaded a sweet, childish face; but the small hands were scarred with work; the roughness of poverty was stamped on all her surroundings.

They had been neighbors, these lovers, from the time when they were rocked in their baby cradles; and they had grown up side by side, knowing no pleasure that was not shared between them. She was the only child of a widowed mother, the village school-stress; he, the son of a higher origin, the parent of village schoolmaster afforded.

But the munificence of his, in the obscure country town, had at last wearied the ambitious boy, and he had wrung from his father a reluctant consent to try his fortune in that world outside of his quiet home, of which he had heard much—seen nothing.

He was of age, a man of fine intellectual promise, unpolished but well-studied learning, full of hope, ambition, and courage, when he pressed his farewell kiss upon the lips of the maiden whose heart he had won. His father, a quiet, studious man, had mustered an immense fund of book-learning; and this, gifted and refined, he had imparted to his only son. A brother of his mother, a lawyer in full practice, had consented to take the young man to his office on trial, and if there was any stuff in him, teach him the law; and so leaving his father's lonely home, his sweet heart's breaking heart, Coleman Lee turned his back on L— to win a name and a position in the world.

Four years rolled away. The meek widow whose needle had known but little rest for many weary years, lay at last in the little churchyard; the old schoolmaster, who had not his son, had taken into his lonely house the widow's child; and Coleman Lee was

still far away from his village home. His letters to the fair-haired girl whose heart he had won, were at first long and frequent; then they grew shorter, and came at long intervals, and at last ceased altogether, and she had learned the bitter lesson of neglect. To his father he wrote frequently, and she knew that he was rising in his profession; he was admitted into the best society the city afforded; was becoming known, and earned a competent support; but no word of return to his father, or his old home, ever crept into his letters that were read with such sad hearts at L—

From the time when Helen Montgomery had turned from the vine-wreathed porch to enter her poor home, she had made a new resolution, which, through hard striving, she had kept. She had felt that her education and manners were far below the standard which he would seek in his wife, outside of L—, and she had taken her mind to reach the ideal image she had created for a model. For six months, her life had no change from the monotony of household drudgery, and siding her mother in the weary routine of sewing; then she was orphaned, and the old schoolmaster opened his home for her. He had known of his son's engagement, and he easily persuaded the gentle girl to come to him in his lonely cottage. From the day when her foot first passed the threshold of her new home, a new life opened for Helen. Relieved from household work, only called upon to superintend the labor of the tidy servant, she gave her whole heart to study. The old schoolmaster, who had saved a modest income, and given up his school to a younger pedant, was only too glad to pour from his fountain of learning a stream into this young, eager mind. As the conviction of Coleman's faithlessness gained ground in Helen's mind, she grew more engrossed in her new studies; more eager to stifle the sorrow of her heart in the expanding intellect and cultivation of her mind. So the four years crept away.

It was summer again; and in the schoolmaster's little cottage there are again changes. A gentleman from New York, a man of refinement and taste, has come for a few days fishing to L—, and has persuaded the old gentleman to give him Coleman's room for a short stay. The day lengthened into weeks, the long summer drew to a close; but the visitor lingered. Then sorrow came; a lingering fever seized the feeble frame of the schoolmaster, and he sank to rise in the arms of the girl who had been his promised wife.

Four years, and young girl stood in the parlour of the little cottage, listening to another pleading for a place in her heart, the right to comfort her in sorrow. In the room above lay her only protector. This was the massive he brought to the doubly bereaved girl, orphaned for the second time.

"Dear Helen—I am writing to ask a recollection of the childish engagement which has, doubtless, become ink-blot on your lung now. We were mere children when we parted, and doubtless you have ere this met with some one who will make your life happier than I can. For your young devotion to my father, I beg you will accept my heartfelt thanks; and under all circumstances believe me, Ever your friend,

**COLEMAN LEE.**  
Two hours later, the answer was sent: "Your father was buried this morning, and I shall be married to-morrow, and sail for Europe with my husband in a week."  
**MRS. MONTGOMERY.**

This was how they met. Mrs. Edward Curtis, leader of fashion, fair-skinned and empty-headed, was to give a great party. Everybody was invited, and she was obliged to introduce to the world of fashion a widow of her nephew, whose wealth and beauty were both subjects of contempt and surmise. The parlors were filled with Coleman Lee, one of Mrs. Curtis' favorite "cards," came in.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Lee, said the gay hostess, flitting up to the grave lawyer, I must introduce you to my niece. This is her first party since she left off her mourning. There she is now under the canopy chandelier, chatting with Henry. Is she not lovely?" Coleman looked. He saw a tall, graceful, formed lady, dressed in clouds of soft, white lace, with diamonds sparkling on her throat and arms, her fair hair, drooping from a jeweled comb, with rich glossy curls, her snowy complexion tinted with a faint pinkish glow on the cheeks; her large soft eyes of the darkest blue; the regular features—all gave a woman that was indeed lovely.

"Indeed," continued Mrs. Curtis only once again, "she is a beauty. Died of exaltation, let me introduce you."  
Mrs. Curtis, then, me to introduce one of my dearest friends, Mr. Coleman Lee, Mrs. Curtis.

A tiny, white-gloved hand rested a moment on the lawyer's spotless kid gloves, and so they met. No vision of the vine-covered porch crossed his mind, as he looked upon the radiant woman before him; but in her ear rang the parting words, as her eyes swept his grave features and tall face.

There was the usual amount of dancing, music, small talk, and flirting, and the gay assemblage broke up, in the "wee sma' hours."  
Aunt Martha, and Helen drew her hostess down on the sofa. Don't yawn, one minute before we go to bed. Who is Coleman Lee?

One of the most distinguished lawyers. Married. No. Now don't breath it Nell, if I tell you. He had a disappointment. When? Oh, ever so long ago. He was one of Laura Holman's most devoted admirers. You did not know her; she married old Walcombe, and went to Paris. She flirted with everybody; but we all thought Coleman Lee had won her. Certainly she encouraged him, but some how she had heard a story about some country girl he was engaged to when he came from the country; but when his uncle died, and left him wealthy, of course, he gave up all his old connections. Laura, however, heard something, and refused him. He has been grave reserved and almost recalcitrant since. Only a week after she sent him off, his uncle died, and he heard of the death of his father. Three such blows in one week were enough to make any one solemn for a while; but he has surely had time to recover in four years.

Yes, one would think so, and the beauty sauntered up stairs to bed.  
So, this is the secret of my rejection, she murmured, as she nestled down in the soft pillow; he loves another, and that other rejected him. Perhaps he may meet a like fate again.

It was no easy task for Helen Curtis to win the man whose love was hers in the past years. It was difficult to meet him, for he was absorbed in his professional duties, and he cared but little for society, and the first few interviews were hard to gain. Then she met him everywhere; and it was not long before she knew that, as of old, her smile was the sunshine of his life. With pitiless resolution she drew him to her side. Every art that dress could give her wonderful beauty she called into play; all the finish of manners her travels had bestowed, she kept in successful play for his eyes; for him she cultivated the intellect, till he was transfixed by her varied information and brilliant conversation; her rich voice poured forth its choicest songs for him; and, day by day, she folded round his heart new garlands of love and admiration, but while at first her aim was but to punish, as the same progressed, she began to find mine of unsuspicious warmth and cultivation. Every interview strengthened her conviction that this man, with expanded mind and heart contracted by the blow of disappointed love, was not the boy of whom she had hidden her farewell on the mountain porch eight years before.

She was sitting alone in the parlor one evening, letting her fingers stray over the ivory keys of the grand piano, bringing out little snatches of the melody rippling variations, or brilliant preludes, as only practiced fingers can produce them in idle moments. Suddenly she swept the keys with a few rich chords, and began to sing. Her voice filled the large rooms, as she poured out the full, clear notes, till slowly ascending, she sank the strain into a German song, in the minor key, a wail of forsaken love, infinitely touching as she sang it, with tender expression and pathos.

She heard the door open, a step across the room, and knew that Coleman Lee stood beside her; but she sang on till the song was finished, then turned to face him.  
"Without one word to break the abruptness, he told her of his love, ending down to catch the expression of the face drooping to avoid his eye. One part of the tale she had not hoped to hear. Humble in his great love he told her of the village-girl who had won his boyish passion—of the first who had sprung the mad love of early manhood, she bared his heart to her, and she read both the sin and sorrow, had purified and ennobled him and as she listened, the dream of revenge, which had filled her heart, was swept aside by his eloquence.

Coleman, she said, as he paused, do you remember when you and Helen were meeting one October day, years ago, how she fell and cut her forehead, and how you kissed the wound to soothe her robe, and bound it up with your handkerchief?  
Yes, only gazed at her in amazement. Do you remember? she asked.  
Yes—but—  
See, she said, raising the soft curls from her temple, and placed her finger on the scar, years later you wounded her heart more severely than the hard stone had wounded her face.

Oh, Helen! can you forgive me?  
Ah! she sighed smiling on him, only your kiss can heal the heart wound, as in those childish days your touch brought comfort. Gently he wrapped her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers. Again as in the vine-wreathed porch, eight years before, he held her to his heart, and heard her answer to his pleadings with sweet words of promise; and the broken vows were renewed, the old sorrow forgiven and forgotten.

**Extraordinary Fight with a Panther Cat.**  
A MAN SIX FEET, armed with a double-barreled shot-gun one of the barrels being useless, not dreaming for an instant of meeting such formidable game, was sauntering leisurely along the Autumn woods, depending upon a brace of hounds to arouse any game that might be in reach. Suddenly the deep bay of one of the dogs broke the silence of the forest, and soon was joined by the answering voice of the other. Mr. Simmons quickened his steps in the direction of the hounds, expecting to find a coon, possum, or squirrel, the object of his dogs' alarm. As he came in sight and glanced upward he observed at a height of forty feet from the ground, lying along a limb of a oak tree, an animal which he first supposed was a domestic cat. He stood doubtfully, watching its movements for a short period, and then concluded at all events to try the effect of a load of shot in its body. Simultaneously with the report of the gun, which reverberated far and wide through the woods, down tumbled the game, which no sooner had it struck the ground than both hounds attacked it with great courage. The charge of shot had lodged in its sides, and its fall had also broken its back, yet its natural strength and ferocity were so great that in a moment or two both dogs quitted the contest, and came cowardly and crouching to their master's feet.

Mr. Simmons, while the fight was raging, had been reloading his gun, and when ready fired another charge into the animal's body, which proved a death-shot. He now went forward and was surprised to behold the size and character of the animal that lay dead at his feet. As he was reloading, and while his dogs were taking a fresh courage and smelling around their once powerful enemy he was startled by a crash in the leaves and dry brush in front of him, and looking up beheld at a distance of about thirty feet, another animal, which he at once thought to be the mate of the female he killed. It was crouching, as if ready to make a spring, while its tail was lashing the ground behind, its hair erect on its back, and its eyes flashing with rage. The situation of Mr. S. was very critical. He knew his dogs were worthless against such a foe, and he felt certain that a charge from his gun, instead of relieving him of his enemy, would aggravate its wrath and render the contest one of still greater desperation and danger. Excepting the putting on a cap, his gun was loaded. As he lifted up the butt of the piece to do this, the animal made a huge bound, and alighted within a few feet of where he stood. The dogs had fled. At this moment Mr. S. remembered the popular belief that the only way to conquer a panther was to look it full in the eye, and accordingly returned the fixed gaze of his enemy with all the resolution he could command. He then slowly stooped down, as if to pick up the dead wild-cat by one of its legs, began to advance and liberate retreat, not quitting for an instant his gaze and depending solely upon his feet to guide him to an open field which lay at a short distance. The male wild cat followed inch by inch, maintaining, however, a respectful distance, and as it seemed, by the superior look of Mr. S. The skirt of the wood was reached, the animal pursued no farther, and the hunter took his gay with a business step and lighter heart for home.

Arriving at his place at destination, the hunter took the dimensions of "his game," and found that it measured in the body two and a half feet long, was twenty inches in width, black and white spotted, ears, grayish hair and long heavy limbs, the feet of which were armed with long claws, as sharp and as pointed as a dagger, and poisonous as the fangs of the rattlesnake.

**A Lover's Soliloquy.**  
I wish I knew where to get a cent. I do. Blot if I don't emigrate to Kymitchka, to get gold. Money's scarcer than wit, can't live by either—at least I can't. Sold the last old shirt, and pawned my boots for three cents, and went home as rich as a lord.  
Told my landlady I had a hundred thousand dollars, and wanted the best room in the house. Insulted me by saying the attic was much too good for me.  
I'm an injured individual. Society persecutes me. I don't do society any harm, as I know on; I don't rob widder's houses, I don't know widders. I don't put the bottle to my neighbor's lips. I ain't got no

neighbors, and the fact is, I don't own any bottle. Couldn't fill 'em if I did.  
I'm an innocent man. Nobody can look me in the face and say I've hurt 'em—no body; and yet I haven't got a roof to lay my head into. My old landlady raved—why? I couldn't pay, and I left. "Case why—ain't it better to dwell in the corner of a house for than with a brawling woman in a wide house? But I ain't got a house-rop, and if I had a corner wouldn't be safe, would it?"  
I'm a desperate man. I'd go to work if it wasn't for my excessive benevolence. I'm afraid of taking the bread out of somebody's mouth. Besides, wisdom is the principal thing; don't the book say so? What's money to wisdom? Ain't I studying character? If a man kicks me because I can't pay for my lickers, ain't I getting understanding?—ain't it a lesson to human nature?—I'm told the world owes me a living. When is it going to pay, I wonder? I'm fired waiting.

**Only a Laborer.**  
"The cars ran off the track to-day," Miss J. said to me, not long since, "myself, I indeed! Was any one injured?" I asked.  
Yes, one man killed; but he was only a laborer."  
"Only a laborer! Was he not an honest man?"  
I believe so. Indeed, I heard that he was highly respected by his friends and employers."  
"Had he a family?"  
"Yes, a wife and two children. But why do you ask? He was only a laborer."  
"Only a laborer! Was he any the worse for that?"  
"Pshaw, you are gloomy, and I will look for better company," said she, and flinging back her bright curls, that had fallen over her face, she glided from the room. "I believe so," I pondered, when she was gone. Yet he was a fellow-creature with hopes and fears like ourselves. He had an honest, generous soul, and won golden opinions from all who knew him. Yet he was "only a laborer," and was despised by those who had their coffers full of gilded gold. "Only a laborer," and yet his death had made one happy home desolate. A young widow sits with clasped hands and stony eyes, gazing out upon nothing, nor hearing that it is growing cold within, while little ones, with pattering feet, run often to the window to look for one who never will come. "Only a laborer!" Did the angels who bear weary souls home, while they carried him away, pause outside the gates of heaven and say, "We cannot take him in, for he was only a laborer?"

**ITEMS.**  
At Cooper's Argus, a tailor has a pig with a wooden leg. It is curious to see the animal hobbling about, but it is a striking condition.  
Mr. Sandy, the Judge of Blagadore, while out shooting in the jungle, was almost torn to pieces by a tiger.  
The Prince Consort memorial bell is to be a combination of the "Great Campanile" at Venice and the Clock Tower at Westminster.  
A number of parents in Newcastle have registered their children in the name of "Lionel," as a tribute to the memory of the late President of the United States.  
"Though lost to sight to memory dead," the maiden said to her lover, when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.  
Roses and Thorns—Milton, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of roses," replied Milton, "but I dare say you are right for I feel the thorns daily."  
What a blessed change for society it would be if all the "immense respect" upon the turf were under it instead.

**CARD.**  
MRS. NAGEE has just received a second lot of new and fashionable Millinery by C. G. & Co., 101 Broadway, New York. Bonnet, Caps, etc. The Empress and all the new styles of Bonnet, Ladies' Hats, etc. and is prepared to receive all orders in the Millinery line, and in order to keep her patrons posted in the latest and most fashionable styles of Bonnets and Millinery, which are so different from any heretofore worn, she has procured patterns from one of the first London dress-makers, and executed a new-made pattern. All her stock is executed under her own personal supervision, satisfaction is guaranteed. Orders from Country customers, promptly filled.  
Having a new lot of beautiful pattern Wraps, she is prepared to stamp patterns on all materials, dresses, Mantles, etc. Any assistance needed. Orders respectfully solicited, and will be promptly filled.

**WANTED.**  
A BOY from 14 to 16 years of age, who can read and write, to work at the Printing business. Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE.

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