

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY
 It is the most powerful and most reliable of all remedies for all diseases of the human system. It is the only remedy that can be taken in any form, and at any time, without the least danger to the patient. It is the only remedy that can be taken in any form, and at any time, without the least danger to the patient.

ADWAYS READY RELIEF
THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY
 FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES.
 IT CURES THE PATIENT.
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Poetry.
MAIDEN TO THE SEA.
 With thee, with thee I'll go,
 Come, my waves are soft to-day,
 Tired with all their wicked play,
 With thee, 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 be sure to keep,
 Loves he me?
 Does he love as I love him?
 Nay, his love is a foolish whim—
 I do not care for him.
 What! do not understand,
 Come again to where I stand,
 Whisper soft and low;
 Whisper to the silver sand,
 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 has loved a maid before.
 Loves me by night and day,
 And that he'll never leave me still,
 Though things go well or things go ill,
 Together or away?
 Is't not so, sweet sea?
 Come, tell me on a tiny wave,
 A little harmless, willing 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, her tall and manly, holding her slight drooping figure in his arms. A strong clasp it was too, that encircled her waist with a press so true, that she said, "you are all mine." Her hand was on his shoulder, and his hand was on her waist, and they were so close, that she could feel his heart beating under her hand, and he could feel her heart beating under his hand. They were so close, that she could feel his heart beating under her hand, and he could feel her heart beating under his hand. They were so close, that she could feel his heart beating under her hand, and he could feel her heart beating under his hand.

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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 home.

From the time when Helen Montgomery had turned from the vine-covered 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, after he had lived in the great world outside of home, and she had asked 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 were again changes. A gentleman from New York, a man of refinement and taste, had come for a few days fishing to the lake, and had persuaded the old gentleman to give him Coleman's room for a short stay. The days 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 over-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 revelation from the childish engagement which has, doubtless, become irrevocable to you long ago. 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 long devotion to my father, I beg you will accept my heartfelt thanks, and under all circumstances believe me, Ever your friend, COLEMAN LEE."

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 ears 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 breathe 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 a recluse ever 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 loves 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 readiness for his eyes; for him she unfolded the cultivated intellect, till he was bewildered 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 to punish, as the same progressed, she began to find mine of unsuspicious strength 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 moor at porch eight years before.

She was sitting alone in the parlour 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 crept the keys with a few rich chords, and began to sing. Her voice filled the large room, as she poured out the full, clear notes, till slowly ascending, she sang the strain into a German song, in the minor key, a wail of forsaken love, infinitely touching as the song it, with tender expression and pathos. She heard the door open, a step across the room, and knew that Coleman Lee stood before her; but she sang on till the song was finished, then turned to face him. Without one word to break the abrupt silence, 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 out 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 if she asked. Yes—but. See, she said, raising the soft curls from her temple, and placed her finger on her forehead, years later you wounded her heart more sorely 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-covered 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.
 A Mr. SIMMONS, 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 doubtingly, 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 side, 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 ears 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 eyes, and accordingly returned the fixed gaze of his eyes with all the resolution he could command. He then slowly stooped down, so as to bring the dead wildcat by one of its legs, began a slow and deliberate 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 wildcat 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 way with a lighter step and lighter heart for home. Arriving at his place of 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. Blent if I don't emigrate to Kamtschatka, to dig gold. Money's scarcer than wit, I 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 widder's. 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 ever hurt 'em—no body; and yet I haven't got a roof to lay my head into. My old landlady rated me—why? I couldn't pay, and I left. "Casey, why—say it better to dwell in the corner of a house, for there with a braving 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 tired waiting.

Only a Laborer.
 "The case ran off the track to-day," Miss J. said to me, not long since, "my nephew, 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 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. "Only a laborer," 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 paltry 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 upon nothing, nor heeding 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 sign, with a wooden leg. It is curious to see the animal hobbling about, but it is a striking condition. Mr. Sandys, the Judge of Bingham, while out shooting in the jungle, was almost torn to pieces by a tiger. The Prince Consort memorial bill is to be a combination of the "Great Campaign" at Venice and the Clock Tower at Westminster. A number of parents in Newcastle have registered their children in the name of "Lincoln," 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 numerous rascals upon the turf were under it instead.

CARD.
 MRS. NAGEE has just received a second lot of new and fashionable Millinery. Bonnets, Caps, &c. The Empress and other new styles of Bonnet shapes, Ladies' Hats in all the new shapes, Black, Marble, &c. 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 milliners, and has executed a new-moulded pattern. All her work is executed under her own personal supervision, satisfaction is guaranteed. Country orders carefully executed. Having a new lot of beautiful patterned silks, she is prepared to stamp patterns on all materials (dresses, Mantles, &c.) any quantity. Orders respectfully solicited. See 127 Adelaide.