EDICAL ASSISTANCE.
REAT AMERICAN REMEDY

DWAY'S READY RELIEF.

E GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY.
ON'S THE MOST EXCRUCIATING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES, AND RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.

DWAY'S READY RELIEF
its superiority to all other Medicines at once ITS FIRST INDICATION
lieve the sufferer of PAIN, no matter from iso 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;
r other part of the body, its application to the parts where the pain exists will afford immedi-

IF SEIZED WITH PAIN
In the Stomach, Bowels, or Kidneys;
In the Bladder, Spleen, or Liver;
In the Teeth, Ears, or Throat;
In the Brain or Nervous System;
easpoonful of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF neglass of water will, in a few minutes, re- e patient from ease and comfort.
If Lame, Crippled, or Bed-ridden;
If Bruised, Scalded, or Burned;
If Bleeding, Wounded, or Cut;
If Stunned, Injured, or Disabled;
If Sun-struck, or seized with Fits;
If Weak in the Spine or Back;

ADWAY'S READY RELIEF
e applied to the part or parts afflicted. It in relieves the patient from pain, and quickly oothes, and strengthens the disabled parts. In of Bites of Rabid Dogs, Reptiles, Stings of Poi- insects, the application of RADWAY'S READY to the wound will prevent inflammation and ation.

FEVER AND AGUE.
s exposed to the Malaria of Ague, or if seized ills and Fever, will find a positive Antidote and Radway's Ready Relief. Let the transcendent teady Relief, in a wine-glass of water, be taken ing out of bed in the morning, and however on- o malaria you will escape.

WHEN SEIZED WITH
CHOLERA, or Diarrhœa, or Flux;
Dysentery, Cramps, and Spasms;
Bilious Cholic, or Gastritis;
Scarlet, Typhoid, or other Fevers;
Influenza, Coughs, or Colds;
Inflammation of the Stomach or Bowels;
DWAY'S READY RELIEF
SHOULD BE TAKEN INTERNALLY.
e will stop the pain; its continued use will, in ours, cure the patient.

HOW IT CURES.
econdary indication of RADWAY'S READY RE- to cure the patient of the disease or malady that s the pain; this it accomplishes rapidly and y. So swift is the patient transformed from lery, weakness, and decrepitude, to the delight yment of health and strength, that patients fre ascribe its talismanic power to the supernatu- ence of enchantment.

UMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, NEURALGIA, ACHE, CROUP, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, NZY, DIPTHERIA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHI- TIS, JOINTS, ENLARGED TENDONS, WRYNECK, (Stiff or Nervous,) ASTHMA, or HARD BREATHING.
ruly marvellous how quick RADWAY'S READY cures the sufferers of these maladies. The rippled, and pain-racked Rheumatic has not days before a change takes place, but in a few s derives ease and comfort.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM CURED.
wenty Years of Sleepless Nights.
Sydney Myers, Esq., of Havana, Cuba, the cor- tent of the London Times, suffered with Acute ronic Rheumatism for twenty five years, and for years he had not enjoyed one whole night's calm He applied RADWAY'S READY RELIEF—it im- ediately gave him ease and secured him the first eet disturbed sleep during the twenty years. The ed use of the READY RELIEF cured him.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.
HERE IS NO OCCASION FOR SICKNESS.
n you first feel pain, then take a teaspoonful READY RELIEF in water; or apply it to the where you feel the discomfort.

ALL MALIGNANT DISEASES
re warning of their presence, and if not re- ove re they become securely fastened with the , will be readily expelled.

SIGNS OF SICKNESS.
che, Pains in the Limbs—in the Stomach, Bow- d Kidneys—Cold Chills and Hot Flashes, Co- gue, Burning Skin, Nausea, Shivering, Dullness, Appetite, Restlessness, Giddiness, &c., &c., a e nitory symptoms of Malignant Diseases. One f the READY RELIEF is sufficient to break up rpel diseased action, and restore the patient to

SOLDIERS.
ry soldier should carry with him a supply of y's Ready Relief. It supplies the place of all medicines; and as a beverage, a teaspoonful of lief, to a wine-glass of water, is a nicer, pleas- ant than brandy, whisky, or bitters.
NESS PREVENTED IN THE 6TH MAINE REGT.
th Maine regiment, Sergt C. P. Lord, writes that y's Ready Relief saved the regiment from death quartered at Tybee Island, S. C., when working swamps, erecting fortifications. Every man with Typhoid and other Fevers, Fever and Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Rheumatism, was cured use of the Ready Relief.

CAUTION.
ll cases ask for Radway's Ready Relief. Take er. See that the signature of Radway & Co. he outside label of each bottle. Every agent is ed with a new and fresh stock. Price 25 cents ottle. Sold by Druggists, Merchants and country keepers.

RADWAY & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

Sold by Odell & Turner.

OTTON BATTING
Batts. Batts.
lle Wick. Candle Wick.
Warps Warps. Warps.
hite and Blue Cotton Warps
adies and Childrens Boots,
n Skirts.
eceived and for sale at the
ON HOUSE.

WANTED.
Y from 14 to 16 years of age, who can read and write, to work at the Printing a. Apply at the Standard office.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic. [$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Vol 32 SAINT ANDREWS, N.B., WEDNESDAY, FEB 15 1865. No 7

THE

MORNING NEWS FOR 1865!

THE Publishers of the Morning News being determined to greatly extend the already large circulation of their paper, and to make it as acceptable to the public in price as it has hitherto been in interest, have decided to supply

The Weekly Edition for ONE DOLLAR

A YEAR, to single Subscribers,

as well as to Clubs.

Desirous also of compensating the getter-up of Clubs in some degree for their trouble, they have determined to offer premiums in accordance with the following terms:—

To any person sending us a Club of TEN subscribers, with $10, we shall give an extra copy of the paper to himself.

To any person sending us a club of FIFTEEN subscribers with $15, we shall supply a copy of the Tri-Weekly News for one year.

To any person sending us a club of TWENTY subscribers, with $20, we shall send the Tri-Weekly News and the "Canadian Farmer" a first class agricultural paper, for one year from first January.

To any person sending us a Club of FIFTY subscribers, with $50, we shall send the "Illustrated London News" for one year, or a copy of Worcester's large Dictionary, splendidly bound.

To the person sending us the LARGEST Club (not less than 100 subscribers with $100) we shall give a premium of $15.

[Persons who prefer the "Colonial Farmer" newspaper of this Province to the "Canadian Farmer" can have it instead.]

To any person sending us ONE DOLLAR we shall send the WEEKLY NEWS for ONE YEAR.

The Publishers of the News in offering these inducements, desire to say that were it not for their very large and still increasing advertising patronage, (being unsurpassed by any journal in the maritime Provinces,) and their large subscription list, they could not possibly place the price of their weekly paper at so low a figure. They would also have it understood that the

WEEKLY NEWS

is not now excelled

either in cheapness, or in the quantity of matter which it contains by any journal in the Maritime Provinces.

During the year 1865 the News will be kept fully up to the mark in point of excellence. It will contain articles on the leading topics of the day, papers on different subjects from leading writers in the Province, correspondence from various sections of the Colonies, a carefully prepared digest of news from all parts of the world, choice original and selected literary matter, a correct list of the St. John prices current, and intelligence of every kind that can be regarded as useful, interesting or instructive.

THE

Tri-Weekly News

is furnished at the low price of $2 50 per annum payable in advance.

The publishers respectfully solicit for the News the assistance of any one desirous of circulating a newspaper whose news is progressive, whose aim is to preserve the rights of the people intact and their liberties inviolate, and whose desire is to furnish correct and reliable information on all questions.

☞ Communications on all subjects to be addressed to the "Editor of the News."

☞ Specimen copies of either TRI-WEEKLY or WEEKLY Edition sent on application.

WILLIS, DAVIS & SMITH,
Publishers.

St. John, N. B.
Dec 8, 1864.

Just Received,

20 BARRELS Fresh baked Pilot Bread,

25 Dozen Mineral Waters, consisting of Aerated Soda Water, Lemonade, Gingerade, Concentrated Champagne Cider, and Sarsaparilla, cooling and refreshing beverages. A constant supply will be kept up during the warm weather.

July . JAMES BOYD.

TEA, CRUSHED SUGAR, GENEVA &c.,

To arrive by the "Eleanor," from London via St. John.

40 CHESTS } London Congou Tea.
30 Hfds do }
20 Bbls Refi Crushed } Sugar.
5 do Granulated }
35 Hhds Best pale Geneva.
40 Bbls London Porter and Pale Ale, &c.,

J. W. STREET & SON.

St. Andrews, Sept. 28 1864.

Miscellany.

THE AMBITIOUS BRIGAND.

A STORY OF NAPLES.

One day (what matter about the year?) a plainly dressed man, apparently a foreigner, entered the city of Naples on foot. He proceeded to the poor quarter of the town, where he hired an old untenanted house, that all the people round believed to be haunted.—He paid half a year's rent in advance, took possession, bought a few necessary articles of furniture, laid in a heavy stock of provisions, and shut himself up in complete seclusion. All the gossips of course, wondered who he was, where he came from, what he intended to do, and so on; but as they did not like to venture an enquiry of the only person who could give them the desired information, they had nothing left for it but random guesses and mysterious speculations.

Days and weeks passed, and nothing was seen of the strange tenant, neither coming out or going in, not yet at any of the windows, all of which remained closed, save an upper one that from its situation, nobody could see into. Then some of the neighbors said the man was no man, but a mere apparition; others, that he had gone in as flesh and blood, but had since been spirited away by the demons of the place.

At last the police went to investigate the mystery. Their demand for admittance was answered by the man himself—a tall, dark personage, with deep blue eyes and penetrating look, who, in the most polite manner, invited them in showed them all over his poorly-furnished house, and treated them to the best he had. He told them he was a Spaniard by birth, a student from choice, and a recluse from whim, and a soothsayer by nature.

They bade predict his own fate, and then arrested and took him before a magistrate. As the latter could not find anything against him and let him off with a fine and a few days imprisonment. As he was being taken away, he cried on, in the hearing of many, Let him who has condemned me without cause beware of the judgment that will soon be passed upon him in another world!

Ten days after the fortune-teller's release, the magistrate died, and no one could tell the reason why. There were those who remembered the prediction of the former, and noised the fact about; and then certain persons, who believed in such things, came to see him.

One night a lady came to see him disguised in male attire.

I want to speak with Senor Valencio, she said.

I am he, replied the fortune-teller.

He knew her as the Countess Civanti—for he was not what he seemed, and had met her under very different circumstances—but he kept this to himself and treated her as if she were a gentleman. When alone with him in his poorly-furnished study, the lady said, Senor Valencio, you are reported to know the future—to know of things and events before they happen—can you tell why I am here?

It is, of course, impossible for me to tell all things, he replied; only what is given me to know for a purpose. I will venture to say, however, in your case, that you seek to be informed how long the Count Civanti will live.

The lady started, and her cheeks grew pale.

Are all our secrets thoughts, then, known? she exclaimed.

Yes, returned Valencio, solemnly; all are known—but all are not known to mortals, else would some wicked hands be stayed, some murderous deed remain undone.

Who are you? demanded the other, turning full upon him, though the dim light of the apartment did not permit her very distinct view of his features. Methinks she said, coming up close and almost thrusting her face into his, we have met before.

Where? demanded Valencio, sternly.

I do not know where.

Stand off, then, and do not strive to remember too much!

Ha! that voice! I know the tone of command! You are, then no other than Rondinelli, chief of brigands, whom I first met among the wild hills overshadowing Lake Celano!

Well, is the remembrance pleasant to you ladyship? inquired the brigand, coolly.

My ladyship?

Bah! why seem to be astonished? Do you suppose I know less of the Countess Civanti than she of Rondinelli?

So then, rejoined the countess, biting her lips, It seems that both have secrets here!

And should both work for each other's interest! said the chief of brigands. What can I do to serve the fair Countess Civanti?

I suppose we can trust each other?

I suppose we shall if we separate alive? replied the bandit.

Do you guess what I want? asked the countess.

I think I do—the death of your husband, for one thing.

And what else?

The death of the Duchess Ducarrar!

You do indeed know more of me than I thought, said the countess, gazing upon him with an expression of wonder. For what purpose are you here?

Your pardon, fair countess, but that is my secret. May I ask what brought you to me?

Well, I heard the story, through the gossip of the servants, of a strange man coming to this old house and shutting himself up in complete seclusion—of his subsequent arrest, imprisonment, and prediction concerning the magistrate, and since that, of some other death-predictions that have come to pass—and I felt a strong desire to consult him, thinking it not improbable that where it might be to his interest to predict a death, a death would be sure to follow.

In other words, said the bandit, you believed me to be a professional murderer?

Something of that kind I confess.

And now?

I trust I have no reason to change my opinion!

Your are plain and straightforward, at all events. I don't object to that, however.—Well, now that we understand each other, what do you require of me?

You have already named what I most desire.

The death of the count and the duchess?

Yes! and if you will undertake to rid me of these, you have only to name your price.

And what of the Duke Ducarrar?

Oh, he must not be harmed!

I understand, said the brigand, with a peculiar look; the Countess Civanti would wed the Duke Ducarrar?

O, man, seek not to know everything! exclaimed the lady, in a slightly irritated tone. Come, will you undertake what I want done?

I will give you the means to accomplish the work yourself, said the outlaw. I have a colorless poison, that is slow and sure. It needs but a few drops in a cup of water or wine. It produces no pain, no suffering of any kind, and its effects are not apparent for two or three days. Then the patients begins to complain of weakness and lassitude, goes into a rapid decline, and dies in less than a month. The poison cannot be detected in the system, and there is not a physician that knows its antidote.

The very thing! cried the countess; give me that poison, and I will accomplish the rest.

The countess and the brigand finally agreed upon terms. He sold her the poison at a fabulous price, but would not dispose of the antidote for any consideration whatever. He told her, however, that should she discover any friend of hers suffering from the effects of this poison, to come to him at once, and he would arrange with her to save the party.

For several weeks longer Rondinelli remained in that old house, never going out himself, and now and then receiving a visitor. There was some talk of arresting him again; but there was an opposing influence in high quarters, and it was not done. It would not have been done, had the police even attempted it—for the fortune teller, he was supposed to be, was not isolated and alone, as even his nearest neighbors believed. He had known the house before he went to it and why it was supposed to be haunted. It was connected with a distant point by a subterranean passage, and he had been in communication with his band from the very first.—There was no time that he could not brought a thousand desperate men to his assistance; but he had chosen rather to be arrested at first, thinking that it might favor his design, which it did.

And this design of Rondinelli, the bandit, whose name was a terror throughout Italy was a singular one, to say the least. He had come to Naples to be ennobled—to gain a title that should give him a right to an honored seat among the proudest of the land. And how was this to be accomplished?—Strange as it may seem, by means of the wonderful poison he possessed. He understood Neapolitan intrigue. He knew there were many among the nobility who wished wives, husbands, and rivals dead that they might change their own condition; and he relied upon eventually disposing of his subtle poison to these parties, who in using it, would see the effects—see death certainly result, in spite of all the medical skill of Naples; but in no case, for no consideration, would he dispose of the antidote; and by retaining this, he would leave himself the only master of life.

Suppose, he reasoned, that some one after having used my poison, should see its effects upon himself, or some dear friend—suppose, again, that self or friend should be among the highest nobility, touching even royalty—would not a title—ay, even a dukedom—be given in exchange for life?

The result proved that Rondinelli did not miscalculate in many particulars. His general scheme prospered. The ambitious and unprincipled Countess Civanti, in carrying out her own wicked design, assisted his materially. She poisoned her husband and the duchess, and saw them both die, and thus became familiar with all the workings of the deadly drug. The bandit knew she intended to marry the Duke Ducarrar. Now was his time. By means of one of his secret agents, who had obtained the position of butler in the duke's household, he had several drops of the poison put into his grace's wine. A few days served to display the symptoms which the countess now so well understood, and in terrible rage and alarm she hastened to the robber chief.

The Ducarrar is dying of your cursed poison! she cried, in a wild lofty tone, with flashing eyes.

Yes, coolly replied the brigand chief, it respects no rank, sex, nor age.

You knew this then? almost screamed the countess. Now, save him, villian, or I will have you torn limb from limb!

Softly, my fair murderess! returned the bandit, fastening his deep blue eyes upon hers with an expression that made her quail; remember who you are that speaks—who I am that you address? You should rather humbly sue for my aid than attempt to command it through threats. If you were to have me torn limb from limb, the duke would die without making you his wife; and if I were to say you poisoned your husband and the duchess, you can imagine what a fearful doom would be yours. But putting all this aside, it is you that are in my power. You cannot stir hence except by my permission. I can touch this wire you see here, within reach of my hand and in less than an hour, a thousand desperate men would be gathering to my aid some of them coming from your own household, some from the duke's and others again from the royal palace. Now I see by your pale cheek and wondering looks you begin to comprehend with whom you are dealing, and now we will endeavor to converse in reason. You remember I told that if you saw a friend suffering from this deadly poison to come to me, and we would arrange to save him. I will the duke; but I must have my price—no less than a full pardon, and a title of nobility not below that of a count. The duke has great influence at court, and I am certain he can procure what I demand to save his life.

It may be believed that the haughty countess was amazed at the audacity of this chief of robbers; but she was already within his toils and was obliged to work out his design to save herself and lover.

The result was the fulfilling of the ambitious scheme of Rondinelli. He received a full pardon for past offences, and, to the surprise of every one not in the secret, was created a peer of the realm. The old nobles would have shunned him but they feared for their lives; and so outwardly they courted his society, while at heart they detested him. He purchased himself a place, furnished it gorgeously, and for a few months lived in regal style, at the end of which time he was found assassinated.

As for the wicked and ambitious countess, she succeeded in her design and became the Duchess Ducarrar: but she and her new lord soon after quarreled and separated. He subsequently died of poison, supposed to have been administered through her agency. She was arrested on suspicion but stabbed herself to the heart, and died the miserable death of the suicide.

So one after another, ultimately perished our workers of iniquity and yet Naples remained no less of intrigue and crime.

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A GOOD NEWSPAPER.—The Californian Mercury has the following:

"Our San Juan namesake—an excellent paper—is parent to the following truthful paragraph: 'We receive at this office thirteen daily newspapers, and from sixty to eighty weeklies, all of which we make it a point to read. From this mass and labyrinth of matter we carefully select such articles, items, gems and tit-bits, as comprise the miscellany of our columns. Each editor acts upon this principle; hence, each individual paper is an epitome of the whole; and in proportion to the extent of the editor's judgment contains the quintessence of the whole. It requires more talent to make a good selection than it does to write a good leader; hence, we imagine that the popularity of a paper depends to a great extent on its selections. That editor is a fool who imagines he can write better on all subjects than any of his contemporaries. We all have our specialities—some peculiar gift—in which we may excel many others. It is the art of combining these gifts, and culling their choicest gems, that makes the readable, eagerly-sought for splendid journal.' Such is our idea of what a good paper should be; but, bless us, how few of us 'fill the bill'."

Communication.

To the Editor of the Standard.

SIR,—I have read over the Resolutions adopted at a conference of Delegates in view of a Federal Union under the Crown of Great Britain, and also in view, of doing justice to the several Provinces, as a whole, but there is no intimation of a design to do justice to every section of each Province according to its internal natural resources of wealth and local position, which ought to be gravely considered by the General Government, as well as to do justice to each Province as a whole.

You may enquire, how is the importance of local positions to be known to the General Government but by the Representatives of the several Provinces, chosen by the popular vote of each Province?

My reply would be—by impartial geography, maps and surveys, made out by men who are above price! aye, by men who have no local interests to serve!

British North America is a vast country, possessing immense wealth, and by some wise arrangement, would ere long become a populous country too. But if the future destinies of this vast, unsurpassed territory, are to be committed to the avarice of a few cities, now densely populated, will, by the decennial census, or population scheme, legislate that vast unpeopled territory into perpetual oblivion, and instead of planting towns in the wilderness, will turn the channels of trade into populous cities. It is proposed to invest the legislatures of each Province with power to deal with sections as they may see fit, and no appeal from their decision—as may be seen by reference to Resolutions 19 to 26.

I repeat, as in a former note, away with petty local legislatures, and give us a General Government above and beyond the control of local interests; give us a Union of the Colonies, chained together by Intercolonial Railway and a right of appeal to some impartial tribunal, for local justice. Give us a high minded limited monarchy to rule the destinies of the Colonies rather be subject to an unblushing legislature—see E & N A Railroad, some 100 miles having been built to the city of St. John with a pledge to extend it to the American frontier, the nearest possible route, and now through the influence of the great populous cities, St. John and Fredericton, the pledge is abandoned, and the country are modestly told of the great benefit that will accrue to the City of St. John, by extending the road 88 miles up the valley of St. John and to shake hands with St. Stephen 50 miles above St. Andrews and thus turn the current of trade into St. John and St. Stephen, and leave 50 miles of coast to perish in the cold, mainly to avoid one of the best harbours in the world, viz., L'Etang. I would like to hear my old friend James Brown's and Mr Stevens's views upon this subject.

Feb. 10. Yours, V.

"AXE GRINDING" is a term borrowed from one of the most charming stories told by Benjamin Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "No, my pretty little fellow," says he with the axe, "only turn that handle and you'll see something pretty." The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it until the axe is ground. Straight way he turns with tentorian voice and fierce gesture on the boy: "You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing—Get you gone, sirrah, this instant!" "And after this," adds Franklin, "when anybody flattered me I always thought he had an axe to grind."

WRITTEN UNDER PRESSURE.—Newspaper people are proverbially temperate as well as virtuous. We believe, however, one of the craft did get "slightly tight" a few days ago, and the following is a specimen of his broadsheet, as it appeared next day: "Yesterday morning, at 4, P. M., a small man, named Jones, or Brown, or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide—Verdict of the jury, that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death—He leaves a child and six small wives to lament his untimely loss."

A bachelor correspondent of the Boston Transcript is anxious to know whether, on losing one of his wives, Brigham Young can be considered a widower, and if so, to what extent.

He would be a widower in the 65th degree, that's all.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available