

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

ST. ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9, 1864.

(\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.)

Vol 32

SAINT ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9, 1864.

No. 46

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY.



RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY. STOPS THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES. RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Proves its superiority to all other medicines at once. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing pain in a few minutes. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing pain in a few minutes. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing pain in a few minutes.

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Poetry.

DO RIGHT.

Away, O soul, thy hours are fleeting,
This life is rapidly completing,
Time with its wings is passing,
Soon comes the night;
The tribulation, too, will come,
According to thy deeds, thy doom—
Do right, do right.

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,
And tempests beat around thy head;
Though life its greenest foliage shed,
In sorrow's night;
And though thy holy hopes and fears,
Life's burdened path the gathering years—
Do right, do right.

Paint not in all the weary strife,
Though every day with toil be rife,
Work is the element of life—
"Action is light."
For man is made to toil and strive,
And only those who labor live—
Do right, do right.

Life is but all a fleeting dream,
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam,
A bubble on the passing stream,
Soon lost to sight;
For there's no work for every hour,
In every passing word and power—
Do right, do right.

Oh, life is full of solemn thought,
And noble deeds—if nobly wrought,
With fearful consequences fraught,
And there is might—
If gathered in each passing hour,
That gives the soul its earthly power—
Do right, do right.

Miscellaneous.

MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

THE STORY OF A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

Heaven into his father, and ended with this line
"Believe me, dearest Nerva, ever thine."
—Old Song.

I am a bachelor, twenty-eight years old,
and in possession of a snug little sum in the
three per cents, besides a tolerable professional
income for so young a man. My name
is Sidney Curling, and my friend call me
Sid.

The above candid and modest
assertion is not made with any intention
of advertising for a wife, as I consider that
sort of a thing as absurd as being measured
for a walking stick; and I may as well in-
form the whole tribe of man-eating mam-
mar, faded belles and dashing coquettes that
I am emphatically not a marrying man.

"Disappointed!" I hear the fair reader ex-
claim, suggestively. Yes, I am a disap-
pointed man. How I fell into the web of
Don Cupid, and how I unfortunately per-
haps fortunately—fell out of it, it is the pur-
pose of this veracious chronicle to relate.

Now, I pride myself on my supper at my
chamber in the Temple, and my system is
rather famous among bachelors. I can tell
you, and used to be more so about three
years ago, before so many fellows of my set
got married and done for. At one of those
suppers, about that period, my old college
chum, Fred Masters, promised to introduce
me to the finest woman in London. We had
both received cards for Lady Devine's ball,
and there the introduction was to take
place. I was in a fever of expectation, and
anxiously looked forward to my meeting
with the belle of the season. The eventful
day, big with fate, at length arrived; and
after making the most elaborate of toilettes,
I drove up to Lady Devine's in a handsome
cab. I soon tumbled across Fred, amidst
the crowd, and, when the quadrille was over,
I was introduced to my lovely, fair and as
featureless a figure as ever nature had bestow-
ed upon a human being.

She was really a very charming and ele-
gant girl, and rejoiced in the aristocratic
name of Peodorova—generally, however,
called Peodor—de Horne. She smiled at
my mentioned name—such a smile! It
displayed a set of teeth which I would defy
any dentist of London or Paris to match, or
any mother of pearl to surpass. We chatted
pleasantly of the weather (of course) and
various other equally delightful and interest-
ing topics; and, after claiming her hand for
the next disengaged waltz, I resigned her to the
care of her chambermaid and aunt, Lady de
Horne.

The hours flew by on rosy wings, and at
length I found myself lying on my lonely
couch in Brick Court, making minute calcu-
lations as to the cost of married life, till I

fell asleep to dream of the incomparable Pe-
doro de Horne.

I met her at several balls and parties dur-
ing the season, and though I am an exqui-
sitely sensitive fellow, and even now horri-
bly nervous in the presence of chlorine and
bright eyes, I managed to pay her a great
deal of, I believe, very acceptable attention.
In fact, I had so conducted myself toward
her, that my former boon companions had
contemptuously nicknamed me "The pilgrim
of Love," and Jack Mallin had the coolness
to say, in his peculiarly vulgar and offensive
manner, that I was a "gone coon." By the
way, that Jack Mallin is rather a low fellow.

But the climax happened towards the close
of the season. Lady Horne was to give a
grand ball, which was to be one of the great-
est successes of the season. I was invited,
and felt that my fate was to be decided that
evening; and it was with a palpitating heart
that I entered the brilliant saloon. Every-
thing went as I could wish. Peodor was
admitted even by the most envious, to be
the belle of the ball. Indeed, she never
looked more charming.

I had the honor of her hand for the first
quadrille, and it seemed evident that the
marked decision I paid her was not un-
requited. I had danced rather a fatiguing gal-
lop with a Miss Howard, a pretty but insipid
friend of Peodor's, and having resigned her,
I hastened after a vain search for Peodor,
from the ball room through an ante chamber
into the conservatory. This conservatory
was a spacious glass building, containing
some choice exotics. As its existence was
known to comparatively few of the guests, I
did not fear interruption. It had been point-
ed out to me on a previous visit, by Sir
John de Horne, an enthusiastic admirer
of flowers, and who had built the place
himself.

I walked about near some tropical plants
meditating upon my first course of action,
when suddenly the fall of one of the flower-
pots made me start violently. I hastily
turned to see the cause of the accident, and
what a sight met my astonished gaze! Be-
hind an orange tree, strapped to a chair, and
with her hands bound and her mouth gagged
was Peodor! I could hardly believe my
eyes.

A ruffian in the form of a gentleman, was
coolly stripping her of her jewels, when he
caught sight of me, and with an oath, at-
tempted to rush past me; but I happened to
be a pretty fair boxer, and I stepped
aside sufficiently to give play to my arm,
and then delivered a blow straight from the
shoulder, which caught him full on the side
of the head, and felled him as if he had been
shot.

Perfectly certain that he would not move,
I hastily liberated Miss de Horne who looked
her thanks, and, at hurried request, hasten-
ed into the ball room, to acquaint her
uncle of the matter, while I attended to the
perpetrator of the outrage.

You see, Peodor was—or rather "is"—a
strong-minded person. She had too much
sense to faint.

The thief rose suddenly, and, looking fur-
tively round, made a sudden dash at me;
but I closed with him, and though he was
the taller man of the two, I managed to hold
my own with him till Sir John de Horne,
followed by half a dozen gentlemen and two
footmen, came rushing into the conservatory.
The footmen courageously seized the thief,
struggled till one of the men, a sturdy fellow
administered three or four blows, which ren-
dered him powerless, or rather prudent.

Sir John, who was elderly and very irasci-
ble, immediately burst forth—
"You horrible scoundrel! You detestable
ruffian! You utterly thieving fellow! I never
heard of such audacity in my life. In my
own house—on such an occasion—
You daring ruffian!"

The old gentleman's reprobation was abrup-
tly terminated by the arrival of a policeman.
The struggling thief was handcuffed, and
walked off to Bow street.

It appeared afterward that he was a noto-
rious member of the swell mob, and that he
had picked the pocket of one of Lady de
Horne's guests in the streets, a day or two
previous to the ball. Among the plunder was
the card of invitation, which he had pre-
sented, and thus obtained admittance. This
was the more easy, as, of course, neither La-
dy or Sir John de Horne knew half the peo-
ple whose names were down on their visit-
ing list.

After securing several smelling bottles,
cambric handkerchiefs, fans, lockets, etc., he
had left the ball-room to carry on his depreda-
tions in the other part of the house; and, hav-
ing discovered the conservatory, and de-
posited his plunder there as a place of
safety, was "hauling forth" to fresh
spoil and pastures new, when he met
Peodor at the door, who had retired there
to escape the heat of the ball room—I will
not say in search of me as I had been of her.
He had been introduced to her in the early

part of the evening, by Sir John, who per-
ceiving him shunning by himself, conceived
him to be some guests not on intimate terms
with the family, and thought he would do a
great act of politeness by securing him so
charming a partner as his niece. The rascal
certainly had a prepossessing appearance,
being tall and well formed, with bushy white
hair and beard. According, when Peodor
met him, with the greatest self-possession he
offered her his arm, and led her to the most
remote part of the conservatory; then, and
denying unkindling his arm, he actually garroled
and gagged her in her uncle's own house.

He then bound her to a chair, hoping to re-
lieve her of her jewelry, and makes his exit
before her absence should be discovered. But
he had reckoned, as we have seen, with-
out his host, and my opportune arrival had
changed the face of affairs. Of course, I was
the lion of the evening, and my name in con-
junction with that of Peodor, was on the
lips of every one for the rest of the season.

I felt that I loved her, and that she re-
turned my love, and yet I could not screw
my courage to the attacking place, and pro-
pose to her in propria persona.

No! I determined to write to her, and ex-
plain my sentiments towards her, as I
thought a refusal—not that I expected one
for a moment—would be less painful to both
parties, if given by letter instead of by word
of mouth. Yet I am such a procrastinating
fellow, that though I had fully made up my
mind to adopt the above course, I put off
writing the letter till one day I met Fred
Masters, and he informed me that Peodor
was about to leave town for the North, and
that settled the point. I was hardly in a fit
state to write a letter, for I had just
pleaded in an important but somewhat pain-
ful case, and my nerves were unstrung after
the excitement, especially as the jury had
not returned their verdict when I left, my
junior being still in court to hear it.

Every day I was to be lost. I bid Fred
adieu, turned to my chambers, instead of re-
turning to the court, took down a quire of
paper and sat down. An unfinished letter
to my father, who is on her majesty's com-
mission of the peace, and resides in rural
dignity, at Sutton-cum-Piggessville in Cam-
berland, lay on the table. I put that by, my
idea intending to finish it when I had written
the all important epistle to the lady of my
love.

I had begun and torn up some twenty
notes before I decided that one was worthy
to be sent; but last I managed to be con-
tented, and had nearly finished it, when the
door opened, and my junior came rushing in,
and announced that the jury, in spite of all
my sequences, inspired by my love for her,
had returned an adverse verdict. This to-
tally unexpected news so disturbed my equi-
nimity that I felt to nervous almost to hold
my pen, and certainly ought not to have gone
on with my letters. However, I motioned
him to a seat, sat down, completed them,
tremblingly folded them up, directed and
sealed them, and begging them to excuse me
for a moment, seized my hat, hurried off the
post-office, determined to post them myself,
to insure their safety.

I went back, and after a very wearisome
(to me) consultation, went to the theatre,
in order to prevent myself from pondering
too much on the "possibility of rejection."
The subject of the drama was "The required
affection," which did not move matters.

Then next day passed. No signal. I was a
fever of anticipation. On the following
morning I received two letters subscribed
"Sidney Curling Esq, 11, Temple," and I
feverishly tore open the envelope of the
first, and read as follows:

"My Dear Sidney—Your father has begged
me to say that he is terribly grieved to find
that you have evidently become a victim to
the diabolical vice of intoxication. He re-
ceived a letter from you yesterday, part of
which must have been written when you
were in a dreadful state. Oh, Sidney, there
must be some mistake. Write to me my
dear boy and explain it. Your father re-
fuses to write to you, and declared at first he
would not see you; but if you will just run
down, all may yet be well. Good bye, my
boy. Do come."

Your affectionate mother,
—MARY ANNE CURLING.

My eyes almost started out of my head as
I read the words. They seemed imprinted
on my brain in letters of flame.

I looked at the supercription of the other
envelope. It was in a mud-line hand. Im-
pudently I tore it open, and two letters drop-
ped out. The first was as follows:

"Sir—You have grossly insulted my
niece Miss de Horne, and unless you send
my return, an ample apology, you must be
prepared to take the consequences of your
act. Either you are a mean, contemptible
scoundrel, or you are a wit. Miss de Horne
distinctly objects to have any further com-
munication with a person of either character,
and I have only to add that my servants have

orders to thrust you into the street should
you make your appearance at my door. I
enclose your note, which my niece has begged
me to return to you. I am, sir, your obedi-
ent servant,
—SIDNEY CURLING, Esq.

I was dumfounded! With a trembling
hand I picked up this precious letter, and to
my infinite amazement read—
"My dear Miss De Horne—You cannot
but have perceived that your charge of mind
and person have affected me with a passion
which I feel that time cannot destroy and
which will cease only with my being. I love
you passionately—madly; indeed, I am sure
that did you know how solely I am yours
you would pity me, and allow me to pay my
address to you, even if you have no great af-
fection for me. I have chosen to write to
you in preference to Sir John, as a rejection
from your own pen would be less painful to
me than one through him. If words could
express the extent of my love and admiration
I should fill volumes; but alas! language is
too weak to express my adoration—writing
it is more than love. In return, then, for
this devotion to your interest, which I am sure
you have already perceived, I have only to
add that, consistently with the love I have
such good reason to know that you have me,
I wish you to lend me a couple of hundred
pounds for a month or two. The loan shall
(believe me) be punctually returned as my
want of it is only momentary. Meanwhile
believe me yours, affectionately.

SIDNEY CURLING.

Here, then, was the solution of my moth-
er's note and Sir John's anger. I was so
disturbed by the news brought by my junior
that I must have sat down and put the wrong
conclusions to the letters in my hurry, and
I had no time to read them over as it was
already nearly post time. Being so constant-
ly in the habit of writing three or four letters
at a time, it never occurred to me to read over
the one to my father before concluding it, as I
perfectly remember the point at which I
had left off on the previous day.

If the affair had not been so serious, I
should have been extremely inclined to laugh
heartily at the ludicrous mistake I had made;
but, by Jove, it was no laughing matter for
me.

I did all I could under the circumstances.
I telegraphed to Sutton-cum-Piggessville and
got back my letter by return. I found that
my surmise was correct, and that, after ac-
quainting my father with the satisfactory
conclusion of some legal business I had been
conducting for him, I had burst forth into a
string of complimentary adjectives, and
wound up declaring my inviolable and un-
terrible devotion. With many misgivings,
I wrote an ample apology to Miss de Horne,
enclosing both letters, and explaining the
circumstances. On the following morning I
received a note from Sir John, informing me
that Miss de Horne accepted my apology,
but had begged him to decline, in her name
the honor of my name and hand, at the same
time retracting the expressions in his former
note.

I threw the letters into the fire, the only
thing I have since heard about Miss Peodor
de Horne is contained in the following an-
nouncement cut from the Morning Post:

"On the 14th instant, at St. George's
Hanover Square, by the Right Rev. the Bis-
hop of Oxford assisted by the Rev. Cringe-
well Parson, the Hon. AUGUSTUS WOOTTON,
only son to the Right. Hon. Lord Mervin to
PEACOROWA EMELIA, only daughter to the
late Sir Walter de Horne, Baronet of Waver-

An amusing scene occurred one day last
week in a store not far from Summer street.
Two gentlemen (?) passing a trimming store,
chanced to see in the window a pair of ladies
garters, which were made from patent leather
and thinking to have a little sport, stepped
into the store, but the lady in attendance
completely turned the table on them.

Act 1st—Scene 1st.
Enter two gentlemen.
First gentleman—What is the price of
those dog collars in the window my dear
Lady—twenty-five cents a pair.
Second gentleman—Good gracious! do
you always sell them by the pair?
Lady—Yes sir. When we sell them to
puppies.

Tableau—Green curtain.—(Kenton Post.)
His TALE FIRST—An Irish sergeant, bring-
ing a maver at the head of the company, saw
a dog running towards him with open mouth
as if to snap. The sergeant having fixed
his bayonet, ran it down the dog's throat and
killed him. The owner coming up demand-
ed of the "Son of Mars" why he could not
as well have struck him with the butt-end of
his musket. "Arrah," says Pat, "and surely
I would, if he had only run at me with his
tail first."

The correspondent of the Montreal Gazette
gives the following sketch of the delegate,
at the Conference:

THE NEW BRUNSWICKERS.

The speaking of the New Brunswick seven
was left mainly to Mr. Secretary Tilley,
the leader of that Government, Mr. Johnson,
Attorney General, Mr. John H. Gray, Mr.
Chandler, and Mr. Fisher. The Secretary
was not a frequent speaker. He seldom rose
except when financial questions were under
discussion, and then he delivered himself
like a master of the subject. Without hav-
ing the extraordinary facility of statement
which on such subjects distinguishes Mr.
Galt, he was always clear, cogent and to
the point. The unpardonable sin in Mr.
Tilley's mind, would seem to be surplussage.
There was not in all he said a sentence
thrown away, or a syllable over much. He
possessed above most of his colleagues that
essential knowledge for a good party leader,
the knowledge of where and when to stop.

Any ordinary man can open an argument;
most men can keep one up, but Mr. Tilley
always knows where his matter ends, and
when that is out he never attempts to pro-
long discussion for the mere sake of an ar-
gumentative triumph. And the condensation
of his style was not a bad index to tenacity
of his character. To carry his point was his
all in all, and it is but justice to him to
say he generally succeeded.

Mr. Chandler and Mr. Fisher, both law-
yers and politicians of long standing, gave
their attention chiefly to the legal and con-
stitutional questions. Their age, experience
and abilities were of the highest value to the
Conference during these deliberations. It
was pleasant to see especially in the person
of Mr. Chandler, the devoted member of the
Conference (except Sir John) that year
had not been able to attend the generous ar-
rival of his blood, or to convert his former
zeal into skepticism of popular intelligence
or popular capacity. The youngest member
present could not have contended with great-
er zeal for the privileges of the people than
this veteran of Provincial politics, who has
been so often held up to us as the beau ideal
of an old Tory.

Mr. Gray, also of the New Brunswick bar,
more than any of the eastern members, gave
the listener, at the first tones of his voice,
the idea of an oration. Of a fine manly pre-
sence, with a voice of great flexibility and
compass, and an ample flow of language, his
whole manner was that of a finished public
speaker. If he has a fault it is in a certain
rich redundancy of expression which might
well mislead the casual observer into the
conclusion that his argumentation was less
close and logical than it really is. This,
however, would be an error and an injustice.
There is nothing whatever inconsequential or
inconsequence even in Mr. Gray's most dis-
cursive flights. His panoply of shining
words is never to be compared to—

"Saul's plate armor on the peasant boy,
Remembering that not arming him."
The same mind that supplies the armor, sup-
plies the strong and sincere substance to es-
tain it. Nor is it at all inconsistent, that, as
in this case, splendour of diction, and solid-
ness of judgement should be found going
apart together. In short, for a bank pal-
negotiations, his Province could not have
a better representative than Mr. Tilley, or an
Appellate Court than Mr. Chandler or Mr.
Fisher, for a popular or Parliamentary au-
dience they certainly could have found no
more impressive spokesmen than Mr. Gray,
Mr. Johnson, the Attorney General of this
Province, has great dash and vigor, and
would be apt to prove a difficult opponent at
Nisi Prius.

First Shooting Country.—The Annapolis
(Maine) Star says that village has been
the scene of an unusual excitement of late owing
to the numbers and boldness of the bears in the
vicinity, about sixty-four having been
seen within an area of about a mile from the
public square during one week. The num-
ber actually killed during the time averaged
about one each day. Very many have been
pursued by men and boys with every con-
ceivable kind of weapon, from a pitchfork to
a six barrel fowling piece. Thirty-four of the
specimens were seen in one day near the town.
Mr. Twitwell, an experienced hunter, was
terribly lacerated in a recent encounter with
a wounded bear weighing about 500 pounds.

FOREST LEAKS are excellent for building
and masonry. Provide a large supply under
cover, for use as wanted.

MALWARES—Continue to gather supplies
of muck until sufficient is collected to absorb
all liquids from the stable, yard, and house
and sinks. Collect leaves for bedding and
composting. Throw all refuse trimmings and
other refuse of the stable, yard, and house
and other waste matter into the manure col-
lar or heap.

Ice Houses should be built near the dairy.

COTTON BATTINGS.

Batts.

Candle Wick. Candle Wicks.

Warps. Warps. Warps.

White and Blue Cotton Warps.

Ladies and Childrens Foots.

Sketon Skirts.

Just received and for sale at the

ALBION HOUSE.

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.

Original issues in Poor Condition

Best copy available