

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY,
STOPS THE MOST EXCRUCIATING PAIN
IN A FEW MINUTES.

AND
RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Proves its superiority to all other Medicines at once.
ITS FIRM INVOICATION

Is to relieve the sufferer of PAIN, no matter from
what cause 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 Sides ;
If in the Joints, Limbs, or Muscles ;
If in the Nerves, Teeth, or Lary ;

Or in any other part of the body, its application to the
part or parts where the pain exists will afford immediate
relief.

IF SEIZED WITH PAIN
 In the Stomach, Bowels, or Kidneys ;
 In the Bladder, Spine, or Liver ;
 In the Teeth, Ears, or Throat ;
 In the Brain or Nervous System ;

One teaspoonful of **ROADWAY'S READY RELIEF**
 to a wineglass of water will, in a few minutes, re-
 store the patient to ease and comfort.

If Lame, Cripple, or Bed-ridden ;
 If Palsied, Stiff, or Burned ;
 If Bruised, Wounded, or Cut ;
 If Strained, Injured, or Disabled ;
 If Sun Stroke, or seized with Fits .

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
should be applied to the part or parts affected. It instantly relieves the patient from pain, and quickly cures, soothes, and strengthens the disabled parts. In all cases of Bites of Rats, Dogs, Scorpions, Stings of Poisonous Insects, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF to the wounds will prevent inflammation, and mortification.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Persons exposed to the Malaria of Ague, or if seized with Chills and Fever, will find a positive Antidote and Cure in **Rowley's Ready Relief**. Let two tea-spoonful of the Ready Relief, in a wine-glass of water, be taken on getting out of bed in the morning, and however exposed to malaria you will escape.

WHEN SEIZED WITH
CHOLERA, or Diarrhoea, or Flux;
Dysentery, Cramps, and Spasms;
Vilious Cholice, Gastric
Scarlet, Typhoid, or other Fevers;
Influenza, Coughs, or Colds;
Inflammation of the Stomach or Bowels;
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
SHOULD BE TAKEN INSTANTLY.

HOW IT CURES.
The secondary indication of RAYWAY'S READY RELIEF is to cure the patient of the disease or malady that occasions the pain; this it accomplishes rapidly and radically. So swift is the patient transformed from pain, misery, weakness, and decrepitude, to the delight, enjoyment of health and strength, that patients frequently ascribe 'tis talismanic power to the supernatural influence of enchantment.

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, NEURALGIA, COLIC, BRUISES, CHOLERA, INFLUENZA, SCURVY, SCALD, QUINCY, LAMPIRRIA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, STIFF JOINTS, ENLARGED TENDONS, HEAD ACHE, (Weak or Nervous), ASTHMA, or HARD BREATHING.

It is truly marvelous how quick RADWAY'S READY RELIEF cures the sufferers of these maladies. The afflicted, no matter how long-tricken Rheumatism has not wait long before the relief takes place, but in a few minutes derives ease and comfort.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM CURED.
Twenty Years of Sleepless Nights.
 Wm. Sydney Myers, Esq., of Havana, Cuba, the correspondent of the London Times, suffered with Acute and Chronic Rheumatism for twenty-five years, and for twenty years he had not enjoyed one whole night's calm rest. He applied RADWAY'S READY RELIEF—it immediately gave him relief and secured him the first calm and undisturbed sleep during the twenty years. The continued use of the READY RELIEF cured him.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE

- THERE IS NO OCCASION FOR SICKNESS.
When you first feel pain, then take a teaspoonful of the READY RELIEF in water; or apply it to the parts where you feel the discomfort.

ALL MALIGNANT DISEASES
... give warning of their presence, and if met promptly before they become severely anchored within the system, will be readily eradicated.

SIGNS OF SICKNESS.
 headache, Pains in the Limbs—in the Stomach, Bow-
 els, and Kidneys—Cold Chills, and Hot Flushes, Cost-
 ive Tongue, Burning Eain, Nausea, Shivering, Dullness,
 Loss of Appetite, Restlessness, Giddiness, &c., &c., a
 remedial symptoms of Malignant Diseases. One
 dose of the READY RELIEF is sufficient to break up
 and expel diseased action, and restore the patient to
 health.

SOLDIERS.
Every soldier should carry with him a supply of
adway's Ready Relief. It supplies the place of all
other medicines; and as a beverage, a teaspoonful of
the Relief, to a wine-glass of water, is a nicer, pleasant-
stimulant than brandy, whisky, or bitters.

Eighth Maine regiment, Serg't C. P. Lord, writes that "Edw'y's Ready Relief" saved the regiment from death while quartered at Tybee Island, S. C., when working in the swamps, erecting fortifications. Every man died with Typhoid and other Fevers, Fever and ague, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Rheumatism, was cured by the use of the Ready Relief.

CAUTION.

In all cases ask for Radway's Ready Relief. Take
other. See that the signature of Radway & Co.
on the outside label of each bottle. Every agent is
supplied with a new and fresh stock. Price 26 cents
per bottle. Sold by Druggists, Merchants and country
store-keepers.

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

Sold by Odell & Turner.

COTTON BATTING.

Batts. Batts.

Candle Wick. Candle Wick.

Warps. Warps. Warps.
White and Blue Cotton Warp
Ladies and Childrens Boots,
Cotton Skirts.

received and for sale at the
BION HOUSE.

WANTED.

read and write, to work at the Printing Press. Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE.

1941

Original issues in

1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the study. It discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It also provides a brief overview of the methodology used in the study.

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most always did; it was a good thing, there, along by that means until she was able to be machine stood at the window of her comfort. DOWN ON A MAN!—A wild man has been

"Mother," said a little child, "that's awful, and please—"

Who spoke in accents soft and mild,
Whose mood was thoughtful, never wild:
"Win it the Way to Heaven?"

"Rough and thorny is the way,"

Answered that gentle mother,
 "But you can get there if you pray
 To God, your Father, night and day,
 To purge your heart, take it away,
 And give you back another."

would give me something for mother, and I've
 asked at every house in the street, and every-
 where they said just the same, that they had
 nothing to-day."

"Where do you live,—is it far?" Mrs. Lane
 asked.

sent her to Lane, she concluded.

Mrs. Lane, helpless, pretty little, th-
 scarcely knew what to say. Her eyes be-
 with tumultuous throbs of pity—her heart be-
 full of tears; in all her sunny life she had nev-
 er been brought in contact with actual, gaud-

THE STONES OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—
 The marble stones which composed Solomon's
 Temple were said to be forty cubits long,
 twelve thick, and eight high. Supposing a
 cubit to be eight or nine inches, which is the lowest

A WOMAN ON WATERFALLS.—Mrs. L.
 Maria Child writes a letter to the "Independ-
 ent," in the course of which she uses the fol-
 lowing language in regard to the latest fashions
 in hair:

"But, mother, there are angels there; and they'll not give me entrance; I am not pure, they will not care to have a binger enter there, Without contrite repentance."

"Hush, hush, my dear," said the old woman, "be quiet, or you will wake the child. Go down my child on bended knee, Ho did for all of us, for thee! Go to him, for it is but he."

Mrs. Lansdowne's young face was full of pity, as she hurriedly packed a basket with bread and tea and sugar, and a glass of jelly for the sick mother. Then she ran up stairs and tied on her pretty summer hat, and down again while the hungry girl was just finishing

The woman sighed a deep unconscious sigh of hopelessness.

"Yes, ma'am, I could; but you know that's an impossible if. I never can get a machine. I'll be only too thankful if I can get well enough to go out by the day. If I can't I don't know

raise one of these, and also a little boy who could raise 38 pounds 12 ounces. Suppose one man to require a square yard to stand upon, it would require 2 acres, 3 roods, 11 perches, and 12 yards for them to stand upon while raising it, besides a place for the little

when I looked from my window and saw a bevy of damsels sailing by, with hen-cocks in their skirts, and upon their heads a rimless pan of straw with a feather in it—utterly useless for defence against wind or sun.

To make this unde-orfing head-gear still more

The boy was young, but yet he wept.
Repented, was forgiven;
And then he laid him down and slept,
But no more o'ld his eyes or wept;

He dwells with God in Heaven.

"Oh, yes! That's the way our trouble began. Father died, and mother wasn't used to hard work, and she had to work so hard to keep baby and me."

Mrs. Lane asked no more questions, just then. She was thinking more seriously than

When their five dollar dinner was over, that afternoon John Lane went 'gaily into the sitting room with his wife. He had a pleasant surprise for her, and he laid it in her lap, in the shape of a check for two hundred dollars.

skill was necessary to square and dress the immense stone, so that when they were brought together they fitted so exactly that they had the appearance of being one solid stone!

THE BOSTON LUMBER MARKET.—A Bostonian

—And how about the new carpet?—
Pretty little Mrs. Lane spoke cooingly, with her hands clasped on her husband's arm.
He looked down at her a moment before he answered. She had been his wife for five years, but her face was as sunny and as girlish as she had ever been.
—There, humming-bird!— he said, lightly, "that's for your export. Business has provided this year, and what is it good for but to make home bright and white again."
—She turned her face and you tied her lips silently to the kind and kind feeling on her lips.
—There, humming-bird!— he said, lightly, "that's for your export. Business has provided this year, and what is it good for but to make home bright and white again."
—She turned her face and you tied her lips silently to the kind and kind feeling on her lips.

as when he first wooed her. His blue eyes
shined warmly like a tear in all those years,
except the lazy, luxurious tears so unhappily fit-
tled weep over the ideal woes of story-book
lovers. Her monthly rose in the French
crescent was not unkind than her cheeks—a
glow where long hair and sorrow were tenants.
Had she been living all this time for herself?
She questioned, with a sudden pang of terror
and self-reproach; whether ever in her life she
had done one really unselfish act—whether, if
the great harvest day were come, she would

or. Perhaps doubt was disappointed—the
expressed his pleasure so quietly. He had
anticipated her gay laugh of merry exulta-
tion, her delighted chat about colors and pat-
terns. Her new mood surprised him. He sat
down beside her gravely, and waited for

assurance of free trade. They will be stimu-
lated by the effort, moreover, by highly retri-
butive piece—or prices must rise high
during the winter in spite of all the inducements
to forwarding supplies, as the season
of the year is unfavorable for shipments.

NOTICE.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, at the Market

marlet-giranium was not brigate, or redder than her lips—and the pet came; chirping above the blossom was no gray or merrier than the little birdlike woman who waited for John Lurie's answer. He smiled as he looked at her, and lowered back her soft, brown hair over one side to show to the Master. She had given of her abundance now and then, of course, when charitable subscriptions had presented it; but she had thought it a bore and a burden, not a privilege. Of her own accord, what good had she ever done?

with an unconscious tenderness.

"Yes, about the carper, Annie. If I thought we needed it, I would get, of course. But we are drawing-room so little. The carper that is in it now is almost as bright as it was the day we placed it, and you know how pretty we both

what man, woman, or child was there to rise up and call her blessed?"

"Here we are, ma'am," said the child, breaking the silence.

It was a two-story, wooden house before which they had stopped. They went up stairs,

was all through, she said, hasteningly—
"John, we are very happy, aren't we?"
"Yes, dear."
"And we owe something don't we, to those who are less so? Think, John, if I had lost you—a she, such a poor one as me! And if I

to quality. Sort pine is in demand, and selling (Boston survey) at \$74 to \$75 for Nos 18 and 25; \$65 for 3's; \$45 for 4's; and \$35 for 5's. Sort lumber, including laths, clap-board-and shingles, is in good demand at very full and steadily advancing.

Richard Milton Andrews, Requirer, to-wit: Division No. 6 in the Block letter N, in Part D: Townships of the Town of St. Andrews, with the building and erections thereof, also the Town lot next adjacent to same, according to plan attached thereto, thereon. Also Town lot No 6 in Block letter A, Mercur's Division of the Town said, aforesaid.

"The girlish young wife pouted her dainty lip—

"Well, John, but its been down five years, and it's only so nice because I've taken such nice care of it. If I'd been careless and let it

and the little girl opened a door.

"Mother," she said, "my lady has come home with me to see you—a kind lady, who has given me my breakfast, and brought you your

Mrs. Lane stood a moment on the threshold

She paused, as if for some encouragement but received none. John Lane was beginning to get a glimpse of a new phase in his little wife's character, and he meant she should bring

A GOOD JOKE. A good story is told of a Boston man who recently visited this city—

Happening here on the evening of the first dance place meeting he strolled into the court room where he thought he saw one of the girls

also that certain other piece or parcel of land in the Parish of St. Andrews aforesaid, being the North West half part or moiety of the Bernagott farms so called, commencing at a cedar post placed in the middle of the boundary between the corner of the Thomas Berry and the south-eastern corner said farms, at a distance of seven rods, in a south

get spoiled, you'd have bought me another without grumbling; you know you would. It's too bad, if I've got to see things round forever, just because I'm careful of them. Don't you get tired of seeing the same things always, John?"

of the room and took in such a picture as her young, happy life she had never seen before. The apartment was almost bare of furniture—no carpet was on the floor—there was only the bed, three chairs, and a table. But every thing was as neat as hands could make it.

out her own mind unasked. "She began to fear that she could not resist him." She went on timidly enough, but very earnestly:—

"A part of two hundred dollars, John, would buy that woman he frets after; and would make her comfortable, and she would soon be able to help me."

ten-hundred-dollar note, rather a quiet amount—a few hours there, filling one of the offices. He said (in relation to the incident afterward) he thought it was a queer country house; here if the cause of temperance was represented by such men. . . . But it might be that the North-western Union, at least, is the only place yet live-of-a-note-and-at-little-in-the-east-union-

"Not easily, so long as they are the same, fresh and bright as ever. I am not tired of you, yet!"

She laughed, and her pink cheeks flushed a little.

"But I am not a carpet. Ours is only a rug; and against the wall at the foot of the bed, hung a framed photograph—the portrait of a man with kind, honest eyes, and features of which the child Ellen's were almost a copy."

"I have come," Mrs. Lane said, with a sweet grace which had made her a welcome to all who came to her.

"Well again, for her to die is 'only the result of weakness and exposure. Then the rest of it would buy her a sewing-machine, and she could get along nicely with that. She wouldn't need any more help."

Sill Mr. Lane was silent, and she drew a

was insistent, then took her uncertainty by the light some more, and perhaps the officer in question is another man entirely. "But," said he, "after meeting, to make the thing sure, I again asked him to drink, and by thunder he did drink!"—*Jansville (Wis.) Gazette.*

"So Mrs. Mayne is the serpent in our Eden? Well, Annie, give me till night to think about it," he bent toward her for his goodnight.

After he had gone, she went into the drawing-room and took a survey of her possessions. The carpet was that soft, many-shaded, moss-like green, on which everything looks so well. She confessed to herself that it had a more refined air than Mrs. Mayne's large-furred Wilton. Yet there was something good and substantial about it, too. Her own, laid on the "drawing-room" carpet, really looks very nice now, and "couldn't see it." This was his reply:

"Indeed, sir, yer mighty frae air! Pat it is, and being in the Parish of St. George, in the County aforesaid, and described as follows:—beginning at a Birch and spruce tree marked

ton, which held your gaze, like the eye of the
 omniscient mariner, from the moment you entered
 the room. But then, he thought, she needn't
 buy a breast, gaudy thing; and a Wilton
 was really so much more elegant, so much more in
 keeping with her rosewood and brocade.—
 true in her expression, and when she turned
 to place the baby more comfortably, a slight
 glow of mother-love illumined her features till
 they were better than pretty. Mrs. Lane
 was now long in learning her history.
 She had to use all her days to self-depend-
 ence, and she was so happy. But this woman
 make me so happy. But this woman, that
 poor widow and those little children, would
 your name every day in their prayers, and
 they would be made comfortable for life.—
 May I, John?
 John Lane bent down and kissed the eager,
 earnest face of the man who was so indolent
 and so much his neighbor, and in some
 way from P. M. in the forenoon till A. M. in
 the afternoon, sir. Ye can call on me clerks,
 sir. I ye mind that?"

Then she began dusting some of her books and ornaments. While she stood there she heard the bell ring, and a short parley at the door—a child's voice apparently asking for food, and the cook's answer that she was there was nothing to spare.

[illegible]

The child turned, an eager light coming into her face for a moment, and then going out. Mrs. Lane was acting on impulse. She unfolded her arms, and the child came into her arms. She had folded her arms where her husband was at work—he had fallen from the fourth story of a house, and been brought home to her dead. She had sold almost all her furniture, and got behind her—she had been so lonely. She had held her so tenderly. Anne Lane knew that her husband was not displeased. She carried out all her pains. By August Mrs. Stanton was well again, and the sewing society was well again. "Well, then," replied John, "drive on, boys."

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