

DICAL ASSISTANCE  
GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



WAYS READY RELIEF

GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY  
FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN  
IN A FEW MINUTES

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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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## Poetry.

### WHAT IS WEALTH?

Wealth is something more than gold,  
More than luxury and ease;  
It is the power to do good,  
To help the poor and needy;  
It is the power to give,  
To share our blessings;  
It is the power to live,  
To enjoy the fruits of life;  
It is the power to love,  
To cherish those we love;  
It is the power to hope,  
To believe in a better future;  
It is the power to dream,  
To envision a world of peace;  
It is the power to act,  
To make a difference;  
It is the power to be,  
To live with purpose and meaning.

## Miscellany.

### TWO KINDS OF PLEASURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

He's a mean, niggardly fellow, and you  
can't make anything else of it, said James  
Black, addressing half a dozen companions,  
and speaking very emphatically.  
So he is, echoed another.  
Ay, a regular skinflint, added a third.  
I wouldn't ask such a fellow to go any  
where, chimed in a fourth. I wouldn't have  
him at my rate.  
It's a pity that such a good-hearted fellow  
should be so mean, resumed Black. I suppose  
he would be on hand for any kind of fun.  
These were young men, ranging from  
twenty to thirty years of age, all fond of what  
they denominated life. They lived in a large  
suburban village, where sport was plenty and  
the means of carrying it on abundant. They  
were none of them really bad youths, but  
they lived fast.  
What's all this? asked a young man, who  
came up just as the last remark was made,  
and whose name was London Merritt.  
We were talking about Tom Thornley, replied  
James Black.  
And what about him?  
What do you find mean in Tom Thornley?  
Why—everything. Here he is right  
among us just in the prime of youth, money  
enough, and yet he won't pay a cent toward  
any of our fun. Only this morning I went  
to him and asked him to subscribe towards  
our club, and what do you suppose he said?  
He just told me very coolly he couldn't afford  
it. Now what do you think of that?  
Well, I don't know. I've swined Merritt. I  
think he could afford it if he wished.  
Of course he could. Afford? Why, he  
not only has a salary of a clear thousand a  
year, but I know that he has ten thousand  
at interest, besides the splendid house his  
father left him. He's a mean chap, any way.  
How much did you ask him to put down?  
I didn't name any sum, but told him I  
had put down fifty dollars for the year, and  
most of the others had done the same. But  
he couldn't afford it! Bah! he's a miser—  
a regular young skinflint! Why, I supposed  
as soon as he got back from college, he'd  
make a glorious companion for us. I meant  
he should go to our races, join our boat club  
put up a whiffing at poker once in a while,  
and make himself happy generally. But,  
now look at him. There he is, at home  
every evening, and afraid to come out lest he  
should lose a cent.  
Who's that, James? asked a voice close at  
hand.  
The party turned and saw Thomas Thornley,  
himself, who had just come round the  
corner of the building before which they  
stood. He was a young man, not over five-  
and-twenty, and wearing the appearance of a  
true and intelligent man.  
What is it? Who is it that has thus merited  
your disapproval?  
All hands were silent for a few moments,  
but Black saw that his companions expected  
him to speak, and he did so.  
I'll tell you, Tom, he said. We were  
talking about you. I want say a thing be-  
hind a man's back that I wouldn't say to his  
face. I was saying that I was disappointed in  
you.  
Ah, how so? asked Thornley, with a  
smile.  
Why, in not joining with us in our  
sports, and bearing your share of the tax.  
But mind, we aren't anxious for you to do  
so, if you don't wish to.  
And I suppose it is my wish not to do so  
that you condemn?  
Yes, I thought, for a chap who had so  
much money as you have, it looked rather  
small to be hoarding it away like an old  
miser.  
But, my dear friend, you forget that every  
man naturally follows that which he thinks  
for his lower depths. If you find  
yields him the most pleasure. If you find  
the most pleasure in spending your time and  
money in boating, horse racing, card playing,  
and in wine suppers, I shall not bow-fault  
with you, though I sincerely believe you could  
spend time and money to better advantage.  
That's your opinion.  
It is.  
Well, then, mind. After sticking to bu-  
siness all day, I think we have some rights  
to a bit of recreation for the evening. And  
once in a while, of a pleasant day, we'll trot  
a horse, or sail a boat, and burn nobody.  
And you do so, do you not?  
Of course we do.  
Then why find fault with me?  
Because you keep from us that companion-  
ship we have a right to expect. If you were

a regular Jack, we shouldn't care; but you're  
too good a fellow to sneak away from us in  
this fashion. You love fun as well as any of  
us only—I speak plainly—  
Certainly; go on.  
Your too miserly to pay for it; and that  
don't look well for one who has so much  
money as you have.

For some moments Thornley was silent.  
A single instant there appeared a flush upon  
his cheek, but a meaning smile soon took  
his place.  
Bore, he said at length, you do not under-  
stand me. But come with me to my home,  
and I will explain. Come, I cannot offer  
you wine, but you shall have some as nice  
fruit as this section can afford; and if I do  
not satisfy you that I am right, I will give  
you a hundred dollars for your club. Come  
I will not detain you long.

As the young man spoke, he turned back  
towards the point whence he had come, and  
the others followed him. The walk was not  
long, for at a short distance from the dusty  
street they came to a cottage-like mansion,  
before which spread a wide park, with neatly  
gravelled foot and carriage paths, along the  
borders of which grew all sorts of flowers  
and evergreens. Thomas led the way up to  
the verandah, and under the shade of the  
trellised walk he stopped and pointed to some  
marble statues that had been recently set up  
near an artificial fountain.

How do you like those, he asked.  
Splendid, answered several.  
I take a great deal of pleasure in having  
them there; and though they cost me quite  
a sum, yet I do not regret it.

Next he led them into the house, and con-  
ducted them to a room which he informed  
them was his own place of resort. The  
apartment was spacious and airy, and the  
ceiling high and richly frescoed. Around  
the walls were hung several splendid paint-  
ings, together with quite a number of very  
richly framed engravings. At the angles of  
the wall were niches in which stood statues  
and elegant vases and busts. One side of  
the apartment was wholly occupied by a  
library, within which were over a thousand  
volumes of good, substantial works. On a  
wide table were drawing, painting and  
writing materials, while in a recess, con-  
structed on purpose, stood a beautiful horse organ.

Thomas was upon the point of speaking,  
when one of the doors was opened, and a fe-  
male entered. She started back on seeing  
such a party, and would have instantly with-  
drawn had not the host called her back.

Here, Susan, he said, "some of my friends  
have come to see our little game—my wife,  
gentlemen.

The young lady turned back into the room  
and with a sweet smile welcomed her hus-  
band's guests. Susan was a lovely, beautiful  
woman, and seemed just the companion for  
a man with such tastes as young Thornley  
displayed.

Can we have some fruit? the host asked,  
after his wife had returned the company.  
I think I can find some, replied the wife,  
and thus speaking, she left the room.

Now, boys, said Thomas, you see here  
some of my sources of pleasure. I suppose  
the articles in this room have cost me not  
less than five thousand dollars. It is quite a  
sum, but I had the money to spare, and I  
laid it out after my own taste. You see  
that painting there over the mantle. I  
bought it of a gentleman who attended the  
sale of an estate at Seville, and this he ob-  
tained there. Did you ever see such exqui-  
site touches?

All admired the picture, and while they  
were looking at it, the others, the young  
women, returned, accompanied by a  
servant bearing trays of fruit. There were  
peaches, pears, grapes, and some beautiful  
plumbers. The repast was luscious; and  
when it was finished, Thornley arose and asked  
his friends to follow him into the garden.

Here they found about an acre of ground  
laid out into an orchard, vineyard and tillage,  
and looking neat and tidy. Here and there  
were little trellised arbors, within which  
were mossy seats, while flowers and grapes  
hung overhead.

Here, said Thornley, after they had walked  
through the garden, I spend some of my leisure  
time, and I assure you I find much pleasure  
in the cultivation of my fruit. My wife at-  
tends to the flowers, while I see to the trees  
and grapes and when the night comes we repair to  
our library, when reading and music give us  
pleasure and profit. Then again, I some-  
times have leisure hours from my business  
when the weather will permit us to work  
in our garden. We then write, and draw,  
and paint. But come let us go in once more  
and you shall examine my library.

And now, said Thornley, after his friends  
were ready to retire, you have seen my  
sources of pleasure. Keep industrious, men  
with fair fortune may have the same, though  
many may not go quite so far as I have gone.

but I only speak in general terms. If I  
could find pleasure in the sports you have  
tried to urge upon me, you may be assured  
I should not only join in them, but I should  
also cheerfully pay my share of the ex-  
penses. But such things have no real plea-  
sure for me—not generally. Once in a  
while I love to sail, and I love social gather-  
ings; but my fullest joy is here with my  
wife, my books, my music, my pictures, and  
my garden. My home is open to you when-  
ever you may wish to join me in my kind of  
pleasure, and you may be sure you ever be-  
kindly received. And one other thing I will  
tell you. I have subscribed a thousand dol-  
lars to the new Athenaeum in the city, and  
when any of you may wish to visit there  
and see the splendid specimens of art there  
collected, I will give you a pass.

The party had reached the verandah on  
their way, but they hesitated, as though some-  
thing should be said. At length James Black  
spoke:

As I commenced the discussion which has  
led to this, I want to say, I ought to speak  
what I think to be the truth now. Tom,  
you are right. Your pleasure is surely bet-  
ter than ours, for it has more to "wear to it,"  
and—and—well, I may as well tell the truth  
—it's got more sense to it. I'll never had  
fault with you again; but one thing I will  
do—I shall accept your invitation to spend  
an occasional evening here.

All agreed with Black, and when they  
turned away from Thornley's home they  
were wiser than before. They had learned  
what they had not previously understood,  
and that was that there is another kind  
of real pleasure besides that which they fol-  
lowed. Argument might never have convinced  
them; but a good look at his domestic  
arrangements, opened their eyes. Never  
again did they ask Thomas Thornley to ac-  
company them upon any of their scrapes, but  
they often visited him, and they were not  
long in finding that an evening spent beneath  
his roof, with music and sensible conversa-  
tion, and a simple collection of fruits and nuts  
was better by far than a wine supper, with  
its boisterousness and its consequent  
depression and head ache of the morning fol-  
lowing.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR PRES-  
SERVING.—Perhaps at the present season  
a few general hints on preserving, for the  
use of a young housewife, may not be un-  
acceptable. Several of the directions may ap-  
pear needless; but there may be some inex-  
perienced persons to whom they may be bene-  
ficial.

1. Let everything need for the purpose be  
clean and dry, especially bottles.

2. Never place a preserving-pan on the  
fire, as this will render the preserves liable  
to burn to, as it is called; that is to say, to  
adhere closely to the metal, and then to burn  
the lower bar of the kitchen range.

3. After the sugar is added to them, stir  
the preserves gently at first, and more quick-  
ly towards the end, without quitting them  
until they are done; this precaution will  
prevent their being spoiled.

4. All preserves should be perfectly clear  
from the scum as it rises.

5. Fruit which is to be preserved in syrup  
must first be blanched or boiled gently, until  
it is sufficiently softened to absorb the sugar,  
and a thin syrup must be poured on it at first  
or it will shrivel instead of remaining plump  
and become clear. Thus if its weight of  
sugar is to be allowed, and boiled to a syrup  
with a pint of water to the pound, only half  
the weight must be taken at first, and this  
must be boiled with the water more than  
fifteen or twenty minutes at the commence-  
ment of the process. A part of the remain-  
ing sugar must be added every time the syrup  
is raised, unless it should be otherwise di-  
rected in the receipt.

6. To preserve both the true flavor and  
the color of fruit in jams and jellies, boil them  
rapidly until they are well reduced, before  
the sugar is added, and quickly afterwards,  
but do not allow them to become so much  
thickened that the sugar will not dissolve in  
them easily, and throw up its scum. In  
some seasons the juice is so much richer  
than in others that this effect takes place  
almost before one is aware of it; but the  
most which adheres to the skimmer, when it  
is held up, will show the state it has reach-  
ed.

7. Never use tin, iron, or pewter spoons  
or liners for preserves, as they will con-  
vert the color of red fruit into a dingy pur-  
ple, and impart, beside, a very unpleasant  
flavor.

8. When cheap jams or jellies are requir-  
ed, make them at once with loaf sugar, but  
use that which is well refined, and always for  
preserves in general, only use a false economy  
to purchase an inferior kind, as the inferior  
great waste from it in the quantity of scum  
which it throws up.

9. Pans of copper or bell-metal are the

proper utensils for preserving fruit. When  
used, they must be scoured bright with sand.  
Tinned pans turn and destroy the color of  
the fruit that is put into them. A stephen  
made of iron, coated with earthenware, is  
very nice for preserving.

Mortality.—Most men are, in a dead, to  
moral principles but that they feel a sponta-  
neous glow of admiration for the man who  
does right because it is right, no matter if  
he does make less money by it. Some few  
men say he is a fool or a lunatic not to  
make the most of his advantage, right or  
wrong; but the heart of man is loyal to res-  
titude. We look, and admire and praise.  
We cannot help it. He who is a selfish,  
covetous age, when all men are fighting and  
scrambling for money, stands up, strong in  
his integrity, and modestly does the thing—  
not that is legal, not that is as others do, or  
as many preach, but does the thing which is  
right—such a man is worthy of all imitation.  
The heavenly minded are few in the world.  
Are not the righteous few likewise? A  
more character, that is genuine is seen as  
rarely as Diogenes' men, when hunted for  
with a lantern at noonday.

A lawyer somewhat disgusted at seeing a  
couple of Irishmen looking at a six sided  
building which he occupied, lifted up the  
window, put his head out, and addressed them  
thus:—"What do you stand there for, like  
a pair of blockheads, gazing at my office?"  
Do you take it for a church?" "Faix, answ-  
ered one of them, "I was thinkin' so, till the  
devil piped him out of the windy."

A RESUME OF THE.—While inspecting a  
farm in a papered district, an enterprising  
gentleman could not help noticing the  
scum, dwelling upon one of the labor-  
ers there, and said, "My man, do you not  
sweat at that work?" "Why, no, master,"  
was the reply, "mine shilling a week and  
sweating wages."

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CLEMENTSON, has on hand and for sale  
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reasonable terms.  
An inspection solicited.  
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5 BRL Crushed Sugar, low price  
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MORE NEW GOODS.  
JUST RECEIVED and now open for sale  
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of  
Hats, Bonnets, and Ribbons,  
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SHAWLS, MANTILLAS,  
AND FANCY DRESS GOODS.  
Grey and White Cottons, new and  
Shirtings, Stripes, and Regatta  
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Crashes, Towel-  
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Boots and Shoes,  
Balances of Summer Stock daily  
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