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THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY

ADWY'S READY RELIEF

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY

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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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IN VARIOUS FORMS EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1865.

No 24

## Poetry.

### BE NOT OVER NICE.

Young folks, if you do not wish to be,  
For remnant of your years  
The thing that Frank used to call  
A "half a pair of shears,"  
Pray let me whisper in your ear  
A word of good advice—  
Don't think to find perfection here  
And be not over nice.

Take warning by my cousin Jack  
Nay in his footsteps tread,  
Oh, how I've teased and talked to him,  
And tried to make him wed;  
But he is so particular,  
So shy of all the fair,  
In spite of all my care,  
One is in height mountain oak,  
A second like a tub;  
A third has got a mammoth foot;  
Another's nose is nub;  
One cannot brew, or bake, or sweep;  
Another cannot play;  
Another's always in the mud;  
Another quite too gay.

## Miscellany.

### THE GRANTVILLE MURDER.

He knew that Mr. Swinton thought more of little Emmy than he did of anything else, and so he killed her. He always was a passionate man, but nobody ever thought he would do such a thing as that. He must have heard Mr. Swinton and Betty coming along the city, and that made him get out of the window. They heard the poor little thing scream, and when they looked down the door open, Willie had just got to the ground.

A horrible affair, indeed, Aunt Polly said, and doubly horrible for poor Mary Lynch. Yes, indeed; I'm afraid it'll be the death of her. Her whole soul was swept up in William O'Connor and that child; and it's hard to say which she loved best. She won't believe he killed the little girl, or she says she don't. But I think she must believe it, unless they're got incredibly enough to believe black is white.

But what have I got to do with the affair, Aunt Polly? Why did the poor afflicted girl come to me? Well, I was just as much astonished as you was when I saw her run in this way, and throw herself on her knees. But she tells me that she saw you when you first got up, and somebody told her who you was, and how lucky you were to be in looking all sorts of good nature from getting the punishment they deserved, whether it was the gallows or the penitentiary. No man had more friends, you know, among the thieves and rascals, in this part of the State, than you used to have.

You flatter me, Aunt Polly. No not a bit. You know all about this kind of cattle. You make a first-rate thief yourself, if you was to try; I haven't the least doubt of it. So you see, Mary, heard them talking about you, and she run right here to beg you to do something for Willie. But I'm afraid his case is beyond your doctor's.

I'm afraid it is indeed. When is he to be tried? Right away—the first of next week. And he's in a very bad fix, because lawyer Trower was to manage his case, and he's sick—so sick that he won't be able to be here at all. There's nobody else to do anything for him but little Johnnie Warner, and he's a mere syphon, especially in the "speaking" line. I wish you could do something for Willie—not clear him altogether, I don't mean, but save him from being hung, if possible. When he dies, Mary will die with him. That's an interesting fact.

It is a hopeless undertaking, I'm afraid. If the facts are as you state them, I don't see how it is possible to save his life. The people must be greatly incensed against him. However, you may tell Mary that I will go and see him to-morrow morning, and if I can do anything for him, I will.

Though the people of Grantville hardly talked of anything but this murder for several months, I soon found that their appetite for it and its attending horrors was by no means satisfied. Listening quietly in the bar-room, I heard the affair discussed in all its bearings. O'Connor had been a great favorite with everybody, but the atrocious crime so circumstantially brought home to him, had aroused popular indignation to such a pitch, that it was abundantly evident that he had no mercy to expect from a Grantville jury. They were more likely to hang him with their own hands than to acquit him.

That same evening, before I retired to rest, I had an interview with Mary Lynch. She was daughter of an Irishman, but born in this country. Her father, Patrick Lynch, during his previous residence at Grantville, had been a sort of general manager and confidential agent for Mr. Swinton. The poor girl was still in a pitiable state of agitation, and could hardly speak intelligibly. Her forlorn condition moved me deeply; and her beauty and manifest ingenuities increased the impression which recollections of former days less than the circumstances of the present had made upon me; and I resolved to make every effort I could in O'Connor's behalf, though I had not the least idea that my exertions would avail anything. I was satisfied that he had committed the deed, but I hoped that it might be susceptible of proof establishing a sudden proxysm of ungovernable rage, the child had come in his way and been killed; but without deliberation or malice on his part.

The next morning I visited the accused, as his counsel. I had previously seen "little Johnnie Warner," but I soon found that he had not deeply characterized him as "syphon," since he merely acted as a conduit for the transmission of other people's ideas, without ever originating any of his own. He was both syphon and cipher.

When I had been left alone with O'Connor, I took him by the hand, and said, with all the solemnity I could assume. Willie O'Connor, when I first knew you, you were a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, and as innocent, apparently, as a babe in its mother's arms. It is therefore with a heavy heart that I meet you again, in this wretched place, accused of the most horrible of crimes, in its most aggravated form. Mary Lynch—

Up to that moment, the prisoner had gazed in my face with a serious but unmoved countenance, but when I mentioned Mary's name, his features writhed with agony as he strove to control the big tears which gathered in his eyes in spite of all efforts, and rolled down upon his cheeks.

Mary Lynch, I continued, has begged me to undertake your defence, and I have promised her that I would do it. But in order that I may act intelligently, I must know the whole truth; and for your own sake and Mary's, for the sake of your poor heart-broken mother—for truth's sake—for God's sake I conjure you to tell me everything, exactly as it happened.

It is very hard to bear, said the young man, resolutely choking down the sob which he could not wholly repress, and speaking in a mournful tone. I have spent here in Grantville every day of my life, and the people know me as well as they know their own shadows. No one accuses me of ever having harmed a living creature, since the hour of my birth or of having done anything unbecomingly of the good name I have always borne. And yet they are willing to believe that in one instant, without any sufficient motive, I belied the uniform tenor of my whole previous life, and became a brute beast—a tiger; or rather a fiend in human shape.

It is very hard to bear, and his lip quivered, his voice failed him, and he sank into a seat, and covered his face with his hands, while his broad bosom heaved convulsively with the anguish he vainly strove to conceal. I was struck with what he said, but with the manner and the matter. The Latin poet's maxim which warns us against believing that any human being ever reaches a high degree of criminality at a single bound—"Nemo repente turpissimus fuit"—&c, occurred to me, that Willie O'Connor might possibly be innocent, after all.

Then, said I, you solemnly assure me that you are not guilty of this crime? God in Heaven knows, he exclaimed, looking up into my face. I loved that child as if she had been my own flesh and blood, and I would have taken my own life sooner than have harmed a hair of her head!

He certainly was killed by somebody, and who was there to do it, if you did not? Her own uncle! said O'Connor, in a deep, hoarse voice, and with a lowering brow.

Great Heaven! do you accuse Swinton of killing the child he loved so dearly? George Swinton loves nothing on earth but money, and for it he would sell his soul to perdition every hour of the day. I have said this to nobody but Mr. Trower, but he is too all to defend me, and if you undertake to do so, it is right that you should know what I think about this terrible affair.

Alas! you may find implicating Mr. Swinton in the matter.

None, whatever; I suppose nobody will believe that there is any truth in my assertions. That is the reason why I have not opened my mouth on the subject, except to Mr. Trower.

It would be a hard task, I am afraid, to convince a jury that Swinton was the author

of the deed; but if you can satisfy me that such is the fact, I will charge it home to him, proof or no proof.

No more artful, cunning, secret-working man lives, than George Swinton, and no one really knows anything about him, except those who have been brought in to close contact with him. But I will tell you all about the matter, and you can then draw your own conclusions.

When I first went to live with him, I had a very favorable opinion of him; but I soon found that his character would not stand the test of intimate acquaintance. I was brought into very close companionship with him, and he could not conceal from me the many moral delinquencies which he succeeded in hiding from the world in general.

His last surviving brother died. This brother was a very wealthy man, and I knew that after his death little Emma alone stood between George Swinton and a large estate. But still it had never entered my head to suspect that the child could be in any danger from her uncle, inordinate as I knew his thirst for money to be. He professed to be extravagantly fond of her, and his consumptive poverty deceived me for a time, as it did every one else.

One day, I was engaged in varnishing the frame of a looking-glass, in one of the rooms above stairs. In the position which the glass then occupied, I could see all the way across the adjoining chamber, across the entry, and little Emma's nursery, which was the opposite side of it, and the door of which was open.

While I was quietly at work I heard Mr. Swinton stealing along the passage on tiptoe. I knew his steps at once, and presently I saw him. The moment he became visible, I stepped aside, taking a position where he could not see me, though all his movements were reflected to my right by the glass.

I saw him stop at the door of the nursery, and look round in every direction. Having satisfied himself, apparently, that there was no one to see or hear him, he took a small paper packet from his vest pocket, stepped nimbly into the nursery, and emptied contents from it into a bowl, which I knew contained little Emma's breakfast; for I had seen Mary Lynch place it there a moment before, and then go to the child's bed-room. Swinton stirred the contents of the bowl for an instant, and then departed as stealthily as he came.

But a short time before I heard a vagrant cat mewling in the adjoining room. I went in search of her, and finding her perched upon the window sill, I took her into the nursery, and set her down by the bowl of milk-porridge. She licked up every drop of it, and I then wiped the bowl clean. Just as I was finishing this operation, Mary came in with little Emma. Saying nothing about Mr. Swinton's visit, I told her what the cat had done, and carried it off with me, saying that I meant to take it to its life. There was no necessity to do that, however, for it died in a few minutes, with spasms which I had little doubt were caused by strychnine.

I said nothing to any one of what happened. In fact I was at a loss how to act. I determined, however, to watch Swinton very closely, and the more so because I was by this time well assured that he felt me to be in his way, and I believed he would not scruple to make use of strychnine or anything else to get me away.

I was already aware that Swinton had made advances to Mary, ostensibly with a view to matrimony, though of the genuineness of his professions I felt doubtful. And all the time too the hypocrite was pretending to me, in making things ready for my own union with her, which was a project that I had never dreamed of.

At last, the black-hearted wretch showed the clove foot so plainly, that Mary was forced to appeal to me. He still professed honorable intentions, however, and cautiously refrained from committing himself, though his real meaning was abundantly obvious. With some difficulty, I induced the peace-loving girl to tell me everything, and with my blood above "fever heat" I fought my interview with Swinton.

TRADE WITH THE SOUTH.—Says the Boston Journal—"The permission to re-open trade with the Southern ports granted by the proclamation of May 1st, has been largely responded to by Northern merchants. Since that date no less than forty-eight vessels have cleared from New York for the South, while many more are loading for the same destination. Passengers are going along with the freight. Mechanics and industrial persons of every calling are preparing to try their fortunes in the interior as far as they can penetrate with safety. The demand for carpenters and other mechanics is said to be good. With the re-establishment of telegraph and railroad facilities which are now fast being restored, our intercourse with the South will soon be as extensive and peaceful as ever."

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.—A lady, who had something of a rheumatic spouse, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She, therefore, engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward, to carry "Phalaris" to the wash-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement, he woke up at eleven o'clock and found himself on his elbow. He looked around until his eye rested on a man sitting on a stove and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Phalaris.

"In a medical college," answered the cigar smoker.

"What doing there?"

"Going to be cut up."

"Cut up! how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while drunk, and we have bought your carcass," anyhow, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you are not dead it's no fault of the doctors; and they will cut you up, dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—now immediately," was the resolute answer.

"Well—look o'here can't you let us have something to drink before you begin?"

To shake off trouble, you must set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat, and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and administer unto them; seek out the disconsolate, and console them; bind up the wounds of the afflicted, and in so doing you yourself shall be filled with the oil of joy.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, "does your schoolmaster ever give you a reward of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder, "he gives me a licking every day, and says I merit two."

THE STOLEN DOG.—A gentleman had a good shepherd dog which could do almost anything but talk. If every boy and girl were as faithful to perform every duty, the world would be a great gainer. One day a drover bought a flock of sheep of Coly's master, and bade Coly go along and help the man to drive them. It was thirty miles to the man's house, and he was requested when he got there to feed the dog, and bid him go to home. It would have taken a great many smart men and boys to have kept the flock in as good order in that long march as that one faithful driver. The man was so pleased with his skill, that he made up his mind to keep the dog. He was to leave the country soon, so he shut him up and tried to win his heart from his old master. But his advances met with no response. He ate the nice food given him like a sensible dog, but he watched his chances of escape as keenly as if he had been a prisoner of war at Richmond. But for days he was unsuccessful.

At last, however, a chance occurred, and he was not slow to improve it.

"That fellow won't steal me," he reasoned, "and I shouldn't wonder if he meant to steal all these sheep, too. I'll just gather them up and take them home to my master."

So to work he went, and managed to find, or make, an opening out into the highway, and thus marched them all off in the dead of night like any other fugitive. What was the surprise of his old master to see him come home with his flock, after so long an absence! He was certainly too honest a dog to enter into partnership with a thief. [Merry's Museum.]

Granley Berkeley, the English snob and humorist, tells us the following story of Lady Haggerstone's scheme to charm the Regent. Her ladyship had at her residence a miniature farm-yard, and those pretty little Alderney cattle. When the Prince and his friends had arrived she came forward from a side-wicket as a milk-maid, for the purpose of making a syllabub for the Prince. She had a silver pail in one hand, and an ornamental stool in the other. Lady Haggerstone tripped along with ribbons flying from her dainty little milking hat, hung on one side of her graceful head, and the smallest little apron tied below her laced stomacher, till she came opposite his Royal Highness, to whom she dropped a really graceful courtesy. Then passing lightly over the beautiful plaited straw, her tucked up gown showing her neat ankle as well as her colored stockings, she placed her stool and pail convenient for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the crooked looking of the Alderneys, she was attempting to commence her rustic labors, but not having selected the right sex, the offended animal did not seem to fancy the performance, for the first kicked out, then trotted away, nearly upsetting stool, pail, and Lady Haggerstone, who, covered with confusion, made a hasty retreat for her little dairy, whence she did not appear again.

Snobs on Women.—Dey may rail against woman as much as dey like, dey can't set me up against dem. I had always in my

life found dem fast in love—fast in quarrel—fast in de dance—de fast in de ice cream saloon—and de fast, best, and last in de sick room. What should we do but to let dem be? Let us be born as little, as ugly, and as helpless as you please, and a woman's arms are open to receive us. She it am who gibs us our fast dose of castor ole, and puts close upon our helpless naked limbs, and cubbers up our feet and toes in long flannel petticoats; and it am she who, as we grows up, fills our dinner-baskets with apples as we start to skool, and flocks us when we tears our trousers.

TRAINING DOGS.—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Gov. Anderson of Ohio related a Texan practice in training dogs with sheep: "A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb; grows among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the sheep; and the dog will bring the flock to the fold, regularly at 7 o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour."

A querulous wife, who was desirous of visiting the cemetery, said to her husband, "You have taken me to the cemetery." "No dear," said he; "what is a pleasure I have had only in anticipation."

The famous Mr. Amner, going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a pair of stairs window, and cried, "There goes Mr. Amner, that makes so many bulls." He hearing them, looked up, saying, "You rascals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here I'd kick you down stairs."

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