

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

ADWAYS READY RELIEF
THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY.
STOPS THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES.
RAPIDLY CURES THE PATEHY.

ADWAYS READY RELIEF
It is applied to the part affected. It is applied to the part affected. It is applied to the part affected.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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No. 40

Poetry.

A LITTLE BAILLERY.
BY ORTHOPH C. KERR.
Kiss me, Dolly, dearest one;
Lay your head upon my shoulder;
Will you go and be a nun,
When your lover's hand is colder?
Will his mangled last remain
Win from you a tear of pity?
Oh, that other things than trains
Took us to a neighboring city!
Wildly gazed she in his face,
Crying, as she clung about me,
"Robbie, in the name of grace,
Go away you shan't without me!"
Why, I thought you only meant
Just a business trip to make it;
Yet you seem on death intent;
Have you stole my heart to break it?
Wherefore speak of death at all,
And you coming back tomorrow?
Let me some physician call—
What has crazed you, joy or sorrow?
"Dolly, darling—low I spoke—
Don't you know by rail I'm going?
Every train there's something broke,
By the daily papers' showing.
Be assured as can be
That some accident will happen;
Likely the first bridge you see
Will give way and let us slip in.
Or, a train of freight will strike,
Or another train run into;
Count on death, with death-sin to
Well you know 't would be like so."
Sally drooped her pretty head,
Like a lily rudely shaken;
"If for me you care a red,
Stay at home and save your bacon!"

Miscellany.

THE THINKING CAP.
"There is no time lost in sharpening the scythe," is an old maxim among mowers, and the same principle applies to every department of activity. The tourist who would take an intelligent view of the scenes through which he is to pass, first sits down and studies up the geography of the country, and also the historical associations with the different localities. The farmer who would do his work to the best advantage must first think well over it, even if it is only laying out the beds of a garden. There is nothing but what we can do better by thinking over it.

A great mathematician said if his life depended on working a problem in two minutes, he would spend one of the minutes in thinking what was the best manner in which to do it. Knowledge is the great power in the world which works such marvels. It was thinking over it that brought to perfection the wonderful steam-engine, whose might exceeds all that is fabled of the giants of classic history. Your thoughtless "hit or miss" sort of people would never have hit on such an invention. Boys think—think hard—over whatever comes in your way that is worth a second thought. No one can tell who you will strike out the next great invention. There will be a great many in the next twenty years. But if you never come out inventors whom the world delighteth to honor, you can certainly be superior workers in your respective callings. You can command respect for your thoroughness in business. You can get a name for a reliable sound judgment on matters in which you are engaged, because you thoroughly understand all the principles and are familiar with their application. This can only be the case after patient study and continued observation. There is no fact that bears on the point that you can rightly call of no importance. The most trifling facts have led to the most important results. There is nothing seemingly more fragile and useless than a spider's web; yet one suggested to an observing mind the idea of the suspension bridge.

Be sure to put on your "thinking-cap" as soon as you wake in the morning, and do not put it off till sleep seals up your eyelids for the night.—Country Gentleman.
"I live in Julia's eyes," said an exquisite in Colman's hearing. "I believe it!" said Geo. "For she had a sty in them when I saw her last." A hard hit.

Water impregnated with iron is said to have stopped the cattle plague in Poland.

GOD CHOSE TO SEND JESUS.

A TRUE STORY.
Some little time ago, after the conclusion of one of Mr. Brownlow North's addresses in Edinburgh, Scotland, a young man came into the room where he was receiving persons anxious for private conversation, and said to him: "I have heard you preach three times, sir; and I neither care for you nor your preaching, unless you can tell me why God permitted sin."
"I will do that with pleasure," was the immediate reply; "because He chose it."
The young man, apparently taken by surprise, stood speechless; and Mr. North again repeated, "Because He chose it; and," added he, "if you continue to question and cavil at God's dealings, and, vainly puffed up by your carnal mind, strive to be wise above what is written, I will tell you something more that God will do—He will some day put you into hell-fire. It is vain for you to strive with your Maker—you cannot resist him; and neither your opinions of his dealings, nor your blasphemous expression of them, will in the least lessen the pain of your everlasting damnation, which, I again tell you, will most certainly be your portion, if you go on in your present spirit. There were such questions as you in St. Paul's time and how did the Apostle answer them? 'Nay, but, O man! who art thou that resistest against God?'"
The young man here interrupted Mr. North, and said, "Is there such a text as that in the Bible?"
"Yes, there is," was the reply, "in the ninth chapter of Romans; and I recommend you to go home and read that chapter, and after you have read it, and see there how God claims for himself the right to do whatever he chooses, without permitting the thing formed to say to him that formed it. Why hast thou made me thus? remember that besides permitting sin, there is another thing God has chosen to do—God chose to send Jesus! Of his own free will and sovereign grace, God gave his only begotten Son to die for sinners, in their stead, in their place; so that, though they are sinners, and have done things worthy of death, not of them shall ever be cast into hell for their sins who will accept Jesus as his only Saviour, and believe him, and rest in his Word. I have no time to say more to you now; others are waiting to see me. Go home; attend to what I have told you, and may God the Holy Spirit, bless it, for Jesus Christ's sake."
This conversation took place on Sunday evening. On the following Friday, Mr. North was sitting in a friend's drawing-room (the Rev. Mr. Stuart's), when the servant announced that a young man wanted to speak to him. On being shown up stairs he said:—
"Do you remember me?"
"No."
"Do you not remember the young man, who, on Sunday night, asked you to tell him, 'Why did God permit sin?'"
"Yes, perfectly."
"Well, sir, I am that young man, and you said that God permitted sin because he chose; and you told me to go home and read the ninth chapter of the Romans; and also that God chose to send Jesus to die for such sinners as I am; and I did, sir, what you told me; and afterwards I fell down at God's feet, and asked him to forgive my sins, because Jesus died for me, and to give me his Holy Spirit to put all wicked thoughts out of my head, and he did; and now I am happy, O! so happy, sir! and though the devil still comes sometimes to tempt me with my old thoughts, and to ask me what reason I have to thank God for forgiven me, I have always managed to get him away by telling him that I do not want to judge things by my own reason, but by God's word; and that the only reason why I know I am forgiven is that, for Christ's sake, God chose to pardon me."

The changed expression of the young man's countenance was quite sufficient to account for Mr. North's not knowing him again. It was radiant with joy and peace.
Dear reader, the first lesson a poor sinner has to learn is "to trust in the Lord with all his heart, and not to his own understanding;" but for what he does not understand, and for what he does not explain. This is faith; and such faith honors God, and saves the soul.—This is receiving the kingdom of God as a little child, who always believes that things must be right, if father says them, and father does them; and let us ever remember that it is written (and the Scripture cannot be broken), that unless "we receive the kingdom of God as a little child, we shall in no wise enter therein."—English Paper.

The following is the value of the estimated crops in the United States for 1865, and the preceding three years:—

1862.	\$706,887,495
1863.	955,761,322
1864.	1,140,415,435
1865.	1,504,543,690

The "Christian Visitor" is informed that persons have left Northumberland county 2000 within a few weeks.

Use of Emery.

This substance is found in shapeless granular masses, at the base of mountains in several of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. The chief supply is obtained from the Island of Naxos, at Emiria, whence its name. A considerable quantity, however, is procured from the neighborhood of Smyrna, the East Indies, and in some mines in Saxony. In Jersey small quantities of it are occasionally found. Emery is a greyish black, or brown opaque mineral, with a glistening lustre and uneven fracture, and is distinguished by its extreme hardness, inferior only to that of the diamond. In order to prepare emery for use, it is first crushed under heavy iron stampers then ground in steel mills, and mixed with water; the coarser particles having been allowed to subside, the water is poured off with the finer portions; these after a time sink, and are collected for use. Sometimes the emery is burned or calcined for the purpose of enabling it to be reduced to powder with less labor.—The use of emery depends upon its extreme hardness, which enables it, when in a state of fine powder, to be used by lapidaries for grinding and polishing precious stones; by cutlers, in finishing steel instruments; opticians, for polishing lenses, etc. Sprinkling over paper or stout calico, which has been previously covered with a layer of glue, it forms emery paper or cloth; this is much employed in cleaning instruments and articles of domestic use. It has recently been converted into superior polishing wheels by combining it with india-rubber mixture and vulcanized.

USEFUL SCIENTIFIC DODGES.

It is well known that ink is a precipitate of iron mixed up and kept in suspension in gum and water. As the water evaporates the ink thickens, and, moreover, becomes mouldy owing to a small proportion of organic matter. Plessy has got rid of these inconveniences by making a new kind of ink with pyrogallol and the coloring water derived from Brazil-woods and other sorts of wood used in dyeing. This ink flows well and never looks yellow on paper.

Dr. Werner, physician to the factory of M. M. Dollfus, at Mulhausen, treats wounds and sores of every kind with a liniment thus composed:—Strasburg turpentine, 1,000 grams; bicarbonate of soda, 25 grammes; distilled water, 10 litres. Digest for six days in water bath at a temperature not exceeding 70 deg. Cent., and filter. This is a sort of turpentine soap, which is most soluble in water than in turpentine itself. Most wounds are cured in one third of the time required by other applications. In some cases the wound heals with extraordinary rapidity, but in all its appearance is healthy, and very little suppuration takes place—a very important circumstance since it prevents the danger arising from purulent infection.

Radishes may be grown in a very few days by the following method:—Let some good radish seed soak in water for twenty four hours, then put them in a bag and expose it to the sun. In the course of the day germination will commence. They must be sown in a well manured hot bed, and watered from time to time with lukewarm water. By this treatment the radishes will in a very short time acquire a sufficient bulk and be good to eat. If it is required to get good radishes in winter during the severe cold, an old cask should be sawn in two and one half of it filled with good earth. The radish seed, beginning to shoot as before, must be then sown in, the other half of the barrel put on the top of the full one, and the whole apparatus carried into the cellar. For watering, lukewarm water should be used as before. In the course of five or six days the radishes will be fit to eat.

BELIEVING BUT NOT UNDERSTANDING.
"I will not believe anything but what I understand," said a self-confident young man in a hotel one day.
"Nor will I," said another.
"Neither will I," chimed in a third.
"Gentlemen," said one well known to me who was on a journey, and who sat close by me, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"
"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.
"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass, do you believe that?"
"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.
"I also saw pigs eating grass; do you believe that?"
"Of course," said the three.
"And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass, do you believe that?"
"Of course," they were again replied.
"Well, but the grass which they had eaten formerly, had, by digestion, turned to feathers on the back of the geese, to bristles on the backs of the swine, to wool on the backs of sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that, gentlemen?"
"Certainly," they replied.

Yes, you believe it.

"Yes, you believe it," but do you understand it?
The were confounded and silent, and evidently much ashamed, as they well might be.
TO CLEANSE JARS.—There is frequently some trouble in cleaning the inside of jars that have had sweat-sweats or other articles put in them for keeping, and that, when empty, are wanted for other uses. This can be done in a few minutes without scraping or soaking, by filling the jar with hot water (it need not be scalding hot) and then stirring in a teaspoonful or more of pearlash. Whatever of the former contents has remained sticking upon the sides and bottom of the jar, will immediately be seen to disengage itself and float loose through the water. Then empty the jar at once, and if any of the former odor remains about it, fill it again with warm water and let it stand for a few hours, or till the next day; then empty it again, and rinse it with cold water. Wash phials in the same manner. Also the inside of kettles, or anything which you wish to purify or clean from grease expeditiously and completely. If you cannot conveniently obtain pearlash, the same purpose may be answered nearly as well by filling the vessel with strong ley, poured off from wood-ashes. For kegs, buckets, crocks, or other large vessels, ley may be left always used.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTIONS TURNED TO GOOD ACCOUNT.—The Portsmouth Journal says: We were this week informed of a most singular fortune arising from a desire to possess an old piece of furniture in accordance with the rage of the day. A lady now residing at Cape Elizabeth, in the vicinity of Portland, two or three years since purchased at auction in Portsmouth an old mahogany chair with a laurel-wood cushion seat, tacked round with brass nails. The price was fifty cents. After taking it home, she undertook the repair of the cushion, and opening discovered some papers with the whole value of which the public have not been made acquainted. It is said that an important will of one of the Earl of Derby's family was here brought to light, which sent a large estate to different heirs to those who have inherited it. Information it is said was sent to England, and a special messenger was sent out who gave the lady a large reward. How much is not known, but as she was enabled to invest \$50,000 in Government stocks last year, it is thought that she made a profitable business of her chair speculation. The name of the lady is Mrs. Mayberry.

THE MITTEN. Seventeen years ago, there was a fair girl, so pure, so lovely, so refined that she still rises to my mind as almost akin to angels. She was wooed, and ultimately won by a handsome young man of considerable wealth. He sported a fine team, delighted in hunting, and kept a pack of hounds. He never played cards, drank wine, nor used tobacco. He had no occupation, no calling, no trade. He lived on his money, the interest of which alone would have supported a family handsomely. I never saw the fair bride till a few days ago. Seventeen years had passed away, and with them her beauty and her youth her husband's fortune and his life, during the latter part of which they lived in log cabin on the banks of the Ohio, near the Blennerhassett's Island—a whole family in one single room, subsisting on water, fat bacon, and corn bread. The husband had no business capacity. He was a gentleman of education, of refinement of noble impulses; but when his money was gone he could get no employment, simply because he did not know how to do anything. For a while, he flourished about—first trying one thing, then another—failure was written on one thing after another.

He, however, finally obtained a situation; the labor was great, the compensation was small—it was that of starvation. In his heroic efforts to discharge his duties acceptably, he overworked himself and died, leaving his widow and six girls in utter destitution. In seventeen years, the sweet and joyous and beautiful girl had become a broken hearted, care-worn, poverty-stricken widow, with a household of children.
Young woman! if a rich young man asks you to marry him, and has no occupation, or trade, or calling, by which he could make a living; if he were thrown on his own resources, you may give him your respect, but give him the mitten.

A Yankee View of Luxuries.—Some people cannot bear luxuries. A letter from California says—Vegetables are being raised fresh for the table every week in the year, but they either lack the sparkling flavor of their kind in the East, or we have become tired of them. We were to-day much amused by a Rhode Islander's criticism on this fact. Being asked at the dinner table, if he would have green peas, he replied, "Well, I guess not; I've eaten peas so long that they have no more taste to 'em than a tow-string." Swamp rot is a country as this, where a man has to eat luxuries the whole year round! The fact is

RAISING CALVES.

A correspondent of the Gormantown Telegraph thus describes his method for raising calves:
"A calf I am going to raise I never let suck without than after sucking. I have had calves drink alone before they are twelve hours old; and after the second day have but little trouble with them, as they drink freely if in good health. Besides the great advantage of this is, that when they are turned with the cows they never trouble them, neither have I to muzzle them to prevent their sucking, as they know nothing about it. For the first two weeks I give them milk drawn from the mother; after that the end comes, then I send a little bran or ground oats and corn cake meal, etc. This mixture I have about milk warm, feeding them three times a day, making fresh each time, as they do not relish stale food. They will soon eat a little hay; clover is best. If there is grass I let them out for a short time, and in six weeks they may be left to run, and then stop gradually slacked off. I consider March the best time to start, and by the following winter they have a good beginning."

ANECDOTE OF THACKERAY.

The author of "Benjamin Disraeli, a Biography," is a Mr. Abraham Hayward, who, it appears from the London paper, had a fondness for high society, a distinguished member of which he considered himself; and one day being asked to dine with a certain Duke and finding that Thackeray was also invited, he proposed that they should share a cab there together. On their way, Mr. Hayward was very grand in his discourse, and was kind enough to instruct his friend as to the manner in which he ought to conduct himself in the distinguished company which he was about to join. Thackeray bore it all very patiently, and apparently listened attentively; but he had his revenge. When they had arrived at their destination, and were standing in the hall, surrounded by a crowd of solemn livery servants, Thackeray walked gravely up to Hayward, and in an audible voice, offered to toss up for his share of the fare! You can imagine Mr. Hayward's dismay at what he considered such a dreadful vulgarity.

GOOD FOR ONE POINT.—It is said that in a dockyard in England a ship of many thousands and tons was once built, and a large multitude assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the spectators, but he turned indignantly toward them, saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the waves. "So many great and noble causes stand motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacle that hinders its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with incalculable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread."

The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brander barometer. As the coach was about starting, before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "kiss me not do it."
"By heavens, I will!" replied the barometer. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn," said she, "there may do it; but there must not make a practice of it."
—Dr. Dow has requested us to announce that he will contest the County at the coming election.—Farmer.
When a wife hugs her husband, it is always because she wants to get around him.

Every young man is eagerly asking the best way of getting on in life. The Bible gives a very short answer to the question:—"Walk in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous." A great many books of advice and direction have been written, but here is the gift of all:—"Walk in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous."

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life, and he replied:—"I am the first actor, and I play the whole year round!"

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