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EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

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SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 6, 1869.

Vol 36

Poetry.

From the Waverley Magazine.

Autumn.

The summer now has passed away,
Upborne on rosy pinions light,
With blushing beauty's sweet array,
With soft south winds and sunshine bright.

The mead has lost its vivid green;
The flower its leaves of lovely hue;
We only trace where they have been—
Those flowers that chained our wistful view.

The trees have doffed their mantle gay,
The woods no more with songs rejoice,
No more we hear the tuneful lay
Of blackbird's rich melodious voice.

Yet, child of the departing year,
I hail thy advent with delight—
Thou, autumn, unto me most dear
For golden day and silvery night.

The corn in yonder distant field—
How gracefully it waves its head,
The reaper saw the sickle wield,
And stores the granary for winter's bread.

Most changeable seasons! ye are rest,
Ye tell that this is not your roll;
Life's winter, say, oh, may the soul
Awake to spring-time of the best!

Correspondence.

DEAR STANDARD.—Various circumstances ever which I had no control, have prevented my sending you my promised communication, and my reference to recent occurrences will be a little behind the times. An ecclesiastical gathering having led me to Woodstock, I had an opportunity of seeing the lovely scenery of the upper St. John. However beautiful our far-famed river may be below the capital, it is much more so as we proceed further up. As the boats were not running, I had to stage it, and, if not as comfortable a way of travelling, was better calculated to afford me a view of the country through which I passed. We were very agreeably. One was an American lady from Minnesota, who was born in the province of New Brunswick, and to whom N. Brunswick was one of the worst of places. Another was a gentleman from Ontario, who had travelled from Halifax to California, and from Virginia to the borders of the Hudson Bay Territories, and who seemed to take especial pleasure in directing the attention of the loquacious American to the beautiful scenes through which we passed. The mouth of the Kennebec was particularly admired, and all admitted that a lovelier place it would be difficult to find. The rich intervals, surrounded by finely cultivated hillsides, and facing the fine settlements of Kingsclear and Long's Creek, were sufficient to refute the silly statement, that "this country is not fit to live in." The roads were in excellent condition, and the bridges—numerous and expensive—were very fine; indeed, my Ontario friend assured me, that a finer road he had never travelled; that it was a credit to the country. Signs of thrift and industry were visible along the whole route, and the moral character of the people was clearly indicated by the churches and temperance halls in course of erection every few miles.

The shades of evening were falling thickly around, as we entered the lovely little city of Woodstock, which we found all astir with a Bazaar that was being held upon the grounds of the hon. C. Connell. Although a large number had left for St. Stephen's, yet a great crowd was still remaining. The grounds were beautifully illuminated, the tables were laden with a rich variety of plain and fancy articles, while the wants of the interior were amply provided for. The scene presented was a very lively one. Some were selling, some buying, some sitting in a shady nook, some promenading; some were listening to the Band as it discoursed sweet music, and all seemed pleased and happy. Everything passed off well, and financially was quite a success.

Of Woodstock itself it is not necessary for me to write. Pleasantly situated on the bank of the river, and surrounded by country rich in agricultural, mineral, and lumbering resources, with water communication with the interior, and with two outlets—by river and by railway—to the ocean, it ought to become an important place. Were its numerous advantages but fully appreciated, its population would soon be trebled what it is, and become the Lynn or Lowell of the Province. Patriotism, self-interest, and a hundred other reasons unite in urging upon the moneyed men of our country, the propriety, nay, rather, the necessity of combining their efforts to develop the resources of the country—to arrest the outward flow of emigration—to induce the stranger to seek a home here; and to make our people rich and prosperous. May we not

hope that the day is not far distant, when, in addition the neighing of the iron horse, and the whistle of the steamer, the sound of the money bell will summon to remunerative employment in the wondrous classes, and proclaim the enterprise of the moneyed men of this beautiful place.

On my return I found the celestial city in holiday attire, in honor of his Excellency the Governor General. I was not in time to witness the reception of the distinguished party, but understand that it was highly creditable to all concerned, and well calculated to make a favorable impression. The departure was a very quiet affair, and had it not been for the firing of the salute, and the presence of the Governor's carriage at the wharf, no one would have known that the great Sir John was going on board the "David Weston." On the way down I had an opportunity of seeing the two Governors and their ladies, and was much pleased with their appearance and manners. Plainly attired, and affable, and courteous in their demeanour, they presented a striking contrast to the pomposity of a Dr. Shoddy or a Mrs. McMinn. As an illustration of this we give the following little incident which occurred on the way down.

A gentleman came on board at Maugerville accompanied by two little girls. In getting on board, the dress of one of the children became somewhat disarranged, which the father, with that nonchalance which childish fixings for which we fathers are proverbial, did not appear to notice. The ladies did however, and Mrs. Wilmet took the matter in hand, smoothed down the little one's ruffles, and sent her on her way rejoicing.

In common with all Her Majesty's loyal subjects we have been much pleased with the visit of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur. Every where along his line of travel he was greeted with hearty cheers from delighted crowds. Although personally popular, his reply to every address seemed to intimate that his strongest claim to popularity was his being "the son of his mother." As I stood upon the wharf at Sheffield with the teachers and students of the Academy and a number of other persons, and joined in the rousing cheer as he passed, to which he gracefully responded, I felt proud that I was a Briton, and thankful that the grand old flag was waving over me. Republicans may smile at my enthusiasm, and aristocrats may call me silly, but I am sure that all that has been said in favor of transferring our allegiance to a foreign power, I want no other ruler, I wish no other flag. If I had a ruler, I would have no other flag. If I had a ruler, I would have no other flag. If I had a ruler, I would have no other flag.

Harvesting is about completed, as the weather has been unusually fine. The Hay crop is excellent, Buckwheat rather light, Potatoes good and other crops about an average. The river is very low, wells are drying up, and pasture is being injured by the long drought, especially on the highlands.

The Academy is in a flourishing condition, the attendance larger than ever it was before. This season, and fresh students from abroad coming almost every week. With kind regards,

Yours truly,

GENTLEMANLY NOSE-PULLING.—One of the most comical sights which the last month has displayed to the gaudy fraternity of Easy Chairs is an incident which occurred in the cars near Weston, and which has become notorious by much repetition in the newspapers amidst general laughter. A gentleman returning to his country residence at the usual hour takes his place in the car, and, expecting a friend, mentally reserves for him the seat next his own. Another gentleman proceeding in the same direction, with bags, children's waggons, and other impediments, gets into the car and offers to take the unoccupied seat. Gentleman 1 remarks that he is keeping it for a friend. Gentleman No. 2, undisturbedly weary with many burdens, says that he will, then, occupy it until the friend arrives. Thereupon, whether Gentleman No. 1 doubts that Gentleman No. 2 will retire at the proper time, or is offended that his evident wish to keep the seat unoccupied is not respected, No. 1 finds the bags and waggons of No. 2 very disagreeable, and apparently expresses that opinion by little shoves and exclamations, if not by actual kicks at the unconscious cause of offence. The wheels and tongues of the waggons doubtless outride upon domain of Gentleman No. 1, and the bags bulge beyond reason and he is by no means in a frame of mind to tolerate even the appearance of imposition.

Presently the friend appears, and Gentleman No. 2, true to his word, rises and is about to withdraw. But just as he does so he may be said to give Gentleman No. 1 a receipt in full by observing that if he is a gentleman he has never had the pleasure of seeing one before. In reply to which observation Gentleman No. 1, as he afterwards stated in court, returned the nose of Gentleman No. 2, "moderately and quietly." In fact there was no rough and unmanly twinking, but a tranquil and gentlemanly turning of that member, this little turn was the argument ad hominem. It was to remove all doubt from the mind of Gentleman No. 2, and to certify to

him that Gentleman No. 1 was a gentleman. Now one good turn deserves another, and Gentleman No. 1 was therefore summoned by Gentleman No. 2 to explain himself in court. But the moderate and quiet explanation, which we have already mentioned, awful Justice was not satisfied, and decreed a moderate and quiet two months in the common jail, from which Gentleman No. 1 recoiled and appealed in vain to a higher tribunal.—EASY CHAIR, Harper's Magazine for October.

Interesting Gals.

MARY MOORE.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life I had loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins.

My first recollections are of a boy in red frock and morocco shoes rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue eyed baby, not quite a year old. The boy was myself—Harry Church; that blessed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the little school-house, drawing my little chair up to the door, that Mary might ride home. Many a beating I gained on such occasions, for my boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name. How sweetly she looked at me. How gaily rang out her merry laugh. No one but Mary could bring her merry heart as soon to her lips. I followed that laugh from the days of my childhood, till I grew an awkward, blushing boy; I followed it through the noon of manhood, and now when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and children climb upon my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong and that even in gray hairs I am following that music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of life came upon my heart. I was sent to school and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are tough things after all.

I left college in the full blush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender strapping fellow, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful mental attainments, and never thought she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a cockcomb I know, but as youth's good looks have fled I trust I can be believed when I say that self conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at that time, and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to India. In my hurried exit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school some distance and was not expected home until the following day.

I uttered a sigh to the memory of my little eyed playmate, and called myself a man again. In two or three years, I thought as I shall return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why, then, I may perhaps marry her. And thus I settled the future of a young lady I had not seen for years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me, never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer. But now I know that, had Mary Moore met me at that time, she would have despised me. Perhaps, in the scanty, affected student she might have found plenty of sport, but as for loving me, I should, perhaps, have found myself mistaken.

India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had corrected the evil in my nature, had made me a better man.

When, at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself, and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I packed up many a token from the land of romance and gold for the many friends I hoped to meet. The gift that I selected for Mary Moore was with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name engraved inside—that was all; and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger. To eyes of others it was but a small trifle, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But not to me. How much was embodied there! All these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

Tall, bearded, sun bronzed, I knelt at the door of my father's house. The light in the windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped that sister Lizzie might come to the door, and I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking carelessly on. But no, a servant answered my summons.

They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one who asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this ran through my mind as I heard the sounds from the parlor and saw the half-suppressed smile on the servant's face. I hesitated a moment before making myself known or asking for any of the family, and while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me.

From behind the servant peered out a small head, a tiny, delicate form followed, a sweet childish face, with blue eyes, so like those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started with a feeling of pain.

What is your name my pretty? I asked the child, while the wondering servant held the door.

Mary Moore.

And what else? I said quickly.

She lifted her head to shade her eyes; I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood days, many and many a time, and answered in a sweet bird like voice.

Mary Moore Chester.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all my dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last and won her away from me. This was the child—his child and Mary's.

I hid my body and mind, beneath the blow, and hiding my face in my hands, I leaped against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amused, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor and called out my sister to see who it was that conducted himself so strangely.

I took a light step and a pleasant voice saying:

Did you wish to see my father, sir?

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the little sister I loved so well. I looked at her for a moment, and then stilling the tempest of my heart by a mighty effort I opened my arms and said:

Lizzie, don't you know me?

Harry! Oh! my brother—Harry! she cried, and threw her arms upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all. There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang toward me and welcomed me with heartfelt tears.

Oh! strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to a wayward traveller. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and although another had secured life's choicest blessings, many a joy remained for me in the dear sanctuary of home.

The were four other inmates of the room who had risen upon my sudden appearance. One was the blue eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's oldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurried when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand with a cordial pressure.

Welcome home, my boy! he said, with the loud, cheerful tone I remembered so well. You have changed so that I never would have known you; but no matter about that—your heart is in the right place, I know.

How can you say he is changed? said my mother, gently. To be sure he looks older when he went away, but his eyes and smiles are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart which changes him. He is my boy still!

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy still, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in infancy, but I kept down the beating heart and tremor of my lip, and answered, quietly as I looked into his full, handsome face.

You have changed, too, Frank but I think for the better.

Oh! yes. Thank you for the compliment, he answered with a hearty laugh. My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day.

His wife. Could I hear the name and keep silent still?

And have you seen my little girl? he added lifting the little infant in his arms, and kissing her crimsoned cheek, I tell you Harry, there is not such another in the world. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother used to? Hello? he cried with a suddenness that made me start violently, I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I believe she and you used to be playmates together in your younger days. Yes Harry, and she slapped me on the back, for the sake of old times, and because you were not with us at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once; but mind old fellow you are never to repeat the

ceremony. Come, here she is, and I, for one want to see how you manage that ferocious mustache of yours in the operation.

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, toward me. A gleam of light and hope almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought:—

Not Mary?

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in room, but nothing was said; even Frank in general so observing, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of window.

Mary—Mary Moore, I said, in a low eager tone, have you no welcome for me—no welcome to give the wanderer?

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and said hurriedly:—

I am glad to see you here, Harry.

Simple words, and yet how blessed they made me! I would not have yielded her up for an emperor's crown at that moment. There was the happy family group, and the dear home fire-side, with sweet Mary Moore. The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night, were fallen beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet I had so often prayed for, was there beside me. I never knew the meaning of happiness until that moment.

Many years have passed since that happy night and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning gray. I am now an old man, and can look back to a happy, and I hope, well spent life. And yet sweet as it has been I would not recall a day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has slight furrow upon it, is the same Mary of other days. To me she can never grow old or change. The heart that held her infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Not even then, for the love still lies above.

AN OLD SOUTHERN MANSON.—The Marshall House held in high repute on the islands as "an old family mansion," looked as if it could not possibly get to be much older.

If its clayboards had been slips of pasteboard they could hardly have been more warped and loose, or had more the air of being ready to blow away on the first energetic gust.

The high square board pillars which supported, or made believe support, the roof of its veranda, presented an aspect as unsubstantial as if they were selections from the scenery of a fourth class theatre.

From the flooring of the veranda divers boards had departed, rendering up their mouldering corpses to the bare mother earth beneath them, and leaving gaps in which an unwary adult might break a leg, or through which an unwashed baby might vanish.

The whole high, straggling, warped, crissed edifice was strewn with dim and blackened yellow, in memory of the antiquated fact that it had once been painted of that color, and in proof of the other fact that it had been painted but once.

It had no underpinning or foundation wall the corners and the intersections of the beams were upheld by short, square brick columns, sadly betrayed of their mortar; and underneath stretched a desert of rolling earth, where pigs wallowed and hens scratched when not disturbed by gamesome picknickers.

One the whole it seemed as if the house belonged to the defunct Marshalls of the burying-ground, rather than to the small minority of the family which still drew the breath of life. It also appeared as if the said ghosts might have carried it off bodily, had they chosen to come out of their graves for such an unprofitable purpose. By manifest destiny it would soon be theirs, and they were wise in their "unhappy inactivity."

Within, things were not more solid or sumptuous. There was wide, bare, resplending hall, with no decoration beyond a cracked and creaking staircase. There was a great, sunny, scantily furnished parlor, and a great, sunny, scantily furnished dining room. There were bedrooms without carpets of which the curtains of which were yellow as with malaria; and the mirrors spotted as if with cutaneous disorders, while the furniture was so old that it could not sleep of nights, but lay awake shrieking over its age and rheumatism. There was a long rear wing, nominally the quarters of the negroes, but also occupied by a multitude of rats, and by a spiritual family of inexplicable noises. Every room whether in patrician or plebeian region, was as full of windows as a hot-house, and as full of draughts as a hothouse.—J. W. DEFOREST, in Harper's Magazine for August.

The use of nitro glycerine has been prohibited by law in Sweden, where the article first made its appearance.

The Danville negro who looked down the muzzle of a pistol to see why it did not explode, died before he found out.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



RADWAYS READY RELIEF

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY

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Bacon, Salt, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS IN STOCK, AND OFFERS FOR SALE

6000 LBS. OF A CON.

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G. F. STICKNEY.

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

Has received a further supply of

Watches.

Jewellery, and Electroplated Goods.

Britannia Metal, Paper Maché, Wedge-wood and

Porcelain Ware, Tea Trays,

CUTLERY and HARDWARE.

General Fancy and House Furnishing Goods

Shooting and Fishing Tackle.

Stationery,

Brushes, Combs, Perfumery and Fancy Soaps.

Edge and Joiners Tools, Saws, Files, &c.

Molasses.

20 Hbls choice Retailing Molasses.

J. W. STREET

French White Wine Vinegar.

50 Qr Cask White Wine Vinegar.

J. W. STREET

Notice

ALL Persons having any demands against the

Estate of Ellen Davis, late of the Town of

Saint Andrews, deceased, are requested to

present the same duly attested within three months

from this date, and all those indebted

to the said Estate, to make immediate payment

to

THOMAS POWERS, Executors

PATRICK BRITT, 3m

St. Andrews, Dec. 30, 1868.

At Albion House,

Tables, Chandeliers, 40 cents per doz.

New State Card, two sizes,

New Buttons, New Trimmings,

New Corsets, New

Unbleached

GOODES. Cottons

very cheap

New Linen Dusters, Men's silk Lustré Dusters,

New Hats, New Boots, New Ties, New Collars.

Inspection invited. JOHN S. MAGEE.

LAZARUS & MORRIS,

PRACTICAL OPTICIANS & OCULISTS,

LONDON & HARTFORD.

Have appointed

G. F. STICKNEY, of ST. ANDREWS, N. B.,

Sole Agent for the sale of their

CELEBRATED PERFECTED

SPECTACLES.

Which have been extensively used in the

New England States, the past eight years, and

for which they claim the undenied advantages

over those in ordinary use, the proof of which

may be seen in their constantly increasing

business during a residence in this place of 8 years.

1st. That from the perfect construction of

the lenses, they assist and preserve the sight,

rendering frequent changes unnecessary.

2d. That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness

of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort

not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3d. That the material from which the Lenses

are ground is manufactured specially for optic

purposes, and is pure hard and brilliant, and not

liable to become scratched.

4th. That the frames in which they are set

whether gold, silver or steel, are of the finest qua-

lity and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every

respect.

They are the only spectacles that

PRESERVE AS WELL AS ASSIST THE

SIGHT.

And are cheapest, because the BEST, always last-

ing many years without change being necessary.

5th. One of the Firm will visit St. Andrews, at

the Store of their Agent, every four months, for

the purpose of fitting those having difficult sights

when any spectacles sold by their Agent during

the interval will be exchanged free of charge if

not properly fitted.

WE EMPLOY NO PEDDLARS.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



RADIWAYS READY RELIEF

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY

FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAINS

OF A FEW HOURS' PATIENCE

RADIWAYS READY RELIEF

Proves its superiority to all other Remedies at once

THE FIRST INDICATION

To relieve the sufferer of PAIN, is a matter of

importance to every individual, and it is only by the

use of this Remedy, that the sufferer can be

relieved of his or her suffering, and the

cause of the pain removed, and the

patient restored to his or her

normal state of health, and the

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BACON, SALT, & CO.

The Subscriber has in store, and offers for sale

at 10¢ a barrel prices

6000 LBS. OF A CON.

2000 lbs. Leaf Lard,

4000 Hams, smoked and dried

1000 lbs. P. O. R. K.

5000 Sacks Liverpool SALT,

2500 Bushels OATS,

100 do Seed Potatoes,

12 do Vetches,

200 do Potatoes,

4000 lbs. N. H. Island Seed,

200 " Turnip seed,

6 Bbls. P. F. Island Oatmeal,

St. Andrews, 25, 18 9

Western Insurance Co.

Limited of England.

Capital £1,000,000 sterling.

Losses promptly adjusted and paid, without

reference to England.

The Subscriber has been appointed Agent of the

above Company, and is prepared to take Risks

against Fire on all kinds of property, and

against the loss of the cargo, and

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G. F. STICKNEY.

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

Has received further supply of

Watches.

Jewellery, and Electroplated Goods.

Britannia Metal, Paper Machine, Wedge wood and

Paris Wares, Tea Trays,

CUTLERY and HARDWARE.

General Fancy and House Furnishing Goods

Shooting and Fishing Tackle.

Stationery,

Brushes, Combs, Perfumery and Fancy Soaps.

Edge and Joiners Tools, Saws, Files, &c.

Molasses.

20 Hbls choice Retailing Molasses.

J. W. STREET

French White Wine Vinegar.

50 Qr Casks White Wine Vinegar.

Jan 17. J. W. STREET

Notice

ALL Persons having claims against the

Estate of Ellen Davis, late of the Town of

St. Andrews, deceased, are requested to

present the same duly attested within three months

from this date, and all those indebted

to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment

to

THOMAS POWERS, Executors

PATRICK BRUTE, 3m

St. Andrews, Dec. 30, 1863.

At Albion House,

Ladies' Cambie Handkerchiefs, 40 cents per doz.

New Maine Cord, two sizes,

New Buttons, New Trimmings,

New Corsets, New Dresses, Unbleached

Skeletons, G O O S S. Cottons

very cheap.

New's Linen Dusters, Men's silk luster Dusters,

New Hats, New Boots, New Ties, New Collars.

Inspection invited. JOHN S. MAGEE.

LAZARUS & MORRIS,

PRACTICAL OPTICIANS & OPTICISTS,

LONDON & HARTFORD.

Have appointed

G. F. STICKNEY, of ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

Sole Agent for the sale of their

CELEBRATED PERFECTED

SPECTACLES.

Which have been extensively used in the New

England States, the past eight years, and for

which they claim the undoubted advantage

over those in ordinary use, the proof of which

may be seen in their constantly increasing busi-

ness during a residence in this land of 8 years.

1st. That from the perfect construction of the

lenses, they assist and preserve the sight, render-

ing frequent changes unnecessary.

2d. That they confer a brilliancy and distinct-

ness of vision, with an amount of ease and com-

fort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3d. That the material from which the Lenses

are ground is manufactured specially for optic

purposes, and is pure hard and brilliant and

valuable to become scratched.

4th. That the frames in which they are set

whether gold, silver or steel, are of the finest qua-

lity and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every

respect.

They are the only spectacles that

PRESERVE AS WELL AS ASSIST THE

SIGHT.

And are cheapest, because the BEST, always last-

ing many years without change being necessary.

50-00 of the Firm will visit St. Andrews, at

the Store of their Agent, every four months, for

the purpose of fitting those having difficult sights

when any spectacles sold by their Agent during

the interval will be exchanged free of charge if

not properly fitted.

57-WE EMPLOY NO PEDDLARS.

1869. ALBION HOUSE 1869.

ST. ANDREWS.

Public attention is directed to our cheap Factory

Cottons and Flannels, a few of which

still remain on hand.

Nice small umbrellas of Cotton at 9 cents.

Fine yard wide do do do 12

Extra do do do 12

Heavy sheeting 36 inch 14

Fine white sheeting 19

Superior do do 12

Plain Flannel Union 24, Check do 25

Plain Flannel 30, Plaid do 35

Red Flannel 30 per yd. Red & white 35

Blue do 25 to 35 cents.

The balance of our Firm will be sold at cost—

come early to secure bargains.

Mens Arctic Gaiters, Womens Rubbers 60 cts.

Mens Winter Caps, a variety of good styles from

40 cents to 100 each.

Mens Linen Drawers 50 cents per pair.

Mens Under shirts 50 each.

Girdles for Ladies and children very cheap.

Very excellent Boots for Boys, tap soles, uppers

Spanish hick, water proof.

Arnica Ointment, Warm Lotions,