

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

PARIS RUEBENUE EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

(\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE)

Vol 32

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9, 1864.

No. 46

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY


RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY
STOPS THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES.
RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Proves its superiority to all other medicines at once.
It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Proves its superiority to all other medicines at once.
It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc.

FEVER ANTIQUE
Proves its superiority to all other medicines at once.
It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing cases of fever, ague, etc.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Proves its superiority to all other medicines at once.
It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc.

HOW IT CURES
The secondary indications of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF are to cure the patient of the disease or rapidly to remove the pain; this it accomplishes rapidly and reliably.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM CURED
Twenty years of a hopeless ailment.
I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism, which rendered me almost helpless.

SIGNS OF RHEUMATISM
Headache, Pain in the Limbs, Stiffness of the Joints, Swelling of the Glands, etc.

SOLDIERS
Every soldier should carry with him a supply of Radway's Ready Relief.

RHEUMATISM PREVENTED IN THE MAIN DEPT.
Eighty Maine regiment, Sergt. C. P. Led, writes that Radway's Ready Relief saved the regiment from death.

COTTON BATTINGS
Batts, Candle Wick, Warps, White and Blue Cotton Warps, Ladies and Childrens' Foots, Sketon Skirts.

WANTED
A BOY from 14 to 16 years of age, who can read and write, to work at the Printing business. Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE.

Poetry.

DO RIGHT.

Awake, O soul, thy hours are fleeting,
This life is rapidly completing,
Time with its wings is passing,
Soon comes the night;
The tribulation, too, will come,
According to thy deeds, thy doom—
Do right, do right.

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,
And tempests burst around thy head,
Though life its greenest foliage shed,
In sorrow's night;
And though thy holy hopes and fears,
Life's burdened path the gathering years—
Do right, do right.

Pain not in all the weary strife,
Though every day with toil be rife,
Work is the element of life—
Action is light;
For man is made to toil and strive,
And only those who labor live—
Do right, do right.

Life is not all a fleeting dream,
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam,
A bubble on the passing stream,
Soon lost to sight;
For there's a work for every hour,
In every passing word and power—
Do right, do right.

Oh, life is full of solemn thought,
And noble deeds—if nobly wrought,
With fearful consequences fraught,
And there is might—
If gathered in each passing hour,
That gives the soul its earthly power—
Do right, do right.

Miscellany.

MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

THE STORY OF A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

He fell into his father's hands, and ended with this line—
"Believe me, dearest Nerva, ever thine."
—Old Song.

I am a bachelor, twenty-eight years old, and in possession of a snug little sum in the three per cents, besides a tolerable professional income for so young a man. My name is Sidney Curling, and my friends call me Sid.

The above candid and modest assertion is not made with any intention of advertising for a wife, as I consider that sort of a thing as absurd as being measured for a walking stick; and I may as well inform the whole tribe of man-eating magpies, faded belles and dashing coquettes that I am emphatically not a marrying man.

"Disappointed!" I hear the fair reader exclaim, suggestively. Yes, I am a disappointed man. How I fell into the web of Don Cupid, and how I unfortunately—perhaps fortunately—fell out of it, is the purpose of this veracious chronicle to relate.

Now, I pride myself on my suppers at my chambers in the Temple, and my exysters are rather famous among bachelors. I can tell you, and used to be more so about three years ago before so many fellows of my set got married and done for. At one of those suppers, about that period, my old college chum, Fred Masters, promised to introduce me to the finest woman in London.

We had both received cards for Lady Devine's ball, which was to come off on the following Tuesday, and there the introduction was to take place. I was in a fever of expectation, and anxiously looked forward to my meeting with the belle of the season. The eventful day, big with fate, at length arrived; and after making the most elaborate toilettes, I drove up to Lady Devine's in a handsome cab.

I soon tumbled across Fred, amidst the crowd, and, when the quadrille was over, he introduced to us a lovely, fair and as faultless a figure as ever nature had bestowed upon a human being.

She was really a very charming and elegant girl, and rejoiced in the aristocratic name of Feodorova—generally, however, called Feodora—de Horne. She smiled at my mentioning my name—such a smile! displaying a set of teeth which would defy any dentist of London or Paris to match, or any mother of pearl to surpass. We chatted pleasantly of the weather (of course) and various other equally delightful and interesting topics; and, after claiming her hand for the next disengaged waltz, I resigned her to the care of her chambermaid and aunt, Lady de Horne.

part of the evening, by Sir John, who perceiving him standing by himself, conceived him to be some guests not on intimate terms with the family, and thought he would do a great act of politeness by securing him so charming a partner as his niece. The rascal certainly had a prepossessing appearance, being tall and well formed, with bushy whiskers and beard. According, when Feodora met him, with the greatest self-possession he offered her his arm, and led her to the most remote part of the conservatory; then, and deny unliking his arm, he actually garroted and gagged her in her uncle's own house.

He then bound her to a chair, hoping to relieve her of her jewelry, and make his exit before her absence should be discovered. But he had reckoned, as we have seen, without his host, and my opportune arrival had changed the face of affairs. Of course, I was the lion of the evening, and my name in conjunction with that of Feodora, was on the lips of every one for the rest of the season.

I felt that I loved her, and that she returned my love, and yet I could not screw my courage to the attacking place, and propose to her in propria persona.

No! I determined to write to her, and explain my sentiments towards her, as I thought a refusal—not that I expected one for a moment—would be less painful to both parties, if given by letter instead of by word of mouth. Yet I am such a procrastinating fellow, that though I had fully made up my mind to adopt the above course, I put off writing the letter till one day I met Fred Masters, and he informed me that Feodora was about to leave town for the North, and that settled the point. I was hardly in a fit state to write a love letter, for I had just pleaded in the court, but somewhat painful case, and my nerves were unstrung after the excitement, especially as the jury had not returned their verdict when I left, my junior being still in court to hear it.

However, so time was to be lost, I bid Fred adieu, turned to my chambers, instead of returning to the court, took down a quire of paper and sat down. An unfinished letter to my father, who is on her majesty's commission of the peace, and resides in rural dignity, at Sutton-cum-Piggessville in Cumberland, lay on the table. I put that by my side intending to finish it when I had written the all important epistle to the lady of my love.

I had begun and torn up some twenty notes before I decided that one was worthy to be sent; but as I managed to be contented, and had nearly finished it, when the door opened, and my junior came rushing in, and announced that the jury, in spite of all my sequences, inspired by my love for her, had returned an adverse verdict. This totally unexpected news so disturbed my equanimity that I felt to nervous almost to hold a pen, and certainly ought not to have gone on with my letters. However, I motioned him to a seat, sat down, completed them, tremblingly folded them up, directed and sealed them, and begging them to excuse me for a moment, seized my hat, hurried off the post-office, determined to post them myself, to insure their safety.

I went back, and after a very wearisome (to me) consultation, went to the theatre in order to prevent myself from pondering too much on the possibility of rejection. The subject of the drama was "The required affection," which did not need matters. Then next day passed. No signal. I was a fever of anticipation. On the following morning I received two letters subscribed "Sidney Curling Esq. 11th Temple," and I feverishly tore open the envelope of the first, and read as follows:

"My Dear Sidney—Your father has begged me to say that he is terribly grieved to find that you have evidently become a victim to the disgraceful vice of intoxication. He received a letter from you yesterday, part of which must have been written when you were in a dreadful state. Oh, Sidney, there must be some mistake. Write to me my dear boy and explain it. Your father, refuses to write to you and declared at first he would not see you; but if you will just run down, all may yet be well. Good bye, my boy. Do come."

Your affectionate mother,
—MARY ANNE CURLING.

My eyes almost started out of my head as I read the words. They seemed imprinted on my brain in letters of flame.

I looked at the supercription of the other envelope; it was in a masculine hand. Impetuously I tore it open, and two letters dropped out. The first was as follows:

"Sir—You have grossly insulted my niece Miss de Horne, and unless you send by return, an ample apology, you must be prepared to take the consequences of your act. Either you are a mean, contemptible scoundrel, or you are a sot. Miss de Horne distinctly objects to any further communication with a person of either character, and I have only to add that my servants have

orders to thrust you into the street should you make your appearance at my door. I enclose your note, which my niece has begged me to return to you. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
—JOHN DE HORNE

"I was dumfounded! With a trembling hand I picked up this precious letter, and to my intense amazement read:—
"My dear Miss de Horne—You cannot but have perceived that your charges of mind and person have affected me with a passion which I feel that time cannot destroy and which will cease only with my being. I love you passionately—madly; indeed, I am sure that did you know how solely I am yours you would pity me, and allow me to pay my address to you, even if you have no great affection for me. I have chosen to write to you in preference to Sir John, as a rejection from your own pen would be less painful to me than one through him. If words could express the extent of my love and admiration I should fill volumes; but alas! language is too weak to express my adoration—writing it is more than love. In return, then for this devotion to your interest, which I am sure you have already perceived, I have only to add that, consistently with the love I have such good reason to know that you have me, I wish you to lend me a couple of hundred pounds for a month or two. The loan shall (believe me) be punctually returned as my want of it is only momentary. Meanwhile believe me yours, affectionately.

SIDNEY CURLING.

Here, then, was the solution of my mother's note and Sir John's anger. I was so disturbed by the news brought by my junior that I must have sat down and put the wrong conclusions to the letters in my hurry, and I had no time to read them over as it was already nearly past time. Being so constantly in the habit of writing three or four letters at a time, it never occurred to me to read over the one to my father before concluding it, as I perfectly remember the point at which I had left off on the previous day.

If the affair had not been so serious, I should have been extremely inclined to laugh heartily at the ludicrous mistake I had made; but, by Jove, it was no laughing matter for me.

I did all I could under the circumstances. I telegraphed to Sutton-cum-Piggessville and got back my letter by return. I found that my surmise was correct, and that, after acquainting my father with the satisfactory conclusion of some legal business I had been conducting for him, I had burst forth into a string of complimentary adjectives, and wound up declaring my inviolable and unalterable devotion. With many misgivings, I wrote an ample apology to Miss de Horne enclosing both letters, and explaining the circumstances. On the following morning I received a note from Sir John, informing me that Miss de Horne accepted my apology, but had begged him to decline, in her name the honor of my name and hand, at the same time retracting the expressions in his former note.

I threw the letters into the fire, the only thing I have since heard of Miss Feodora de Horne is contained in the following announcement cut from the Morning Post:

"On the 14th instant, at St. George's Hanover Square, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford assisted by the Rev. George Well Parson, the Hon. AUGUSTA WOOTTON, only son to the Right Hon. Lord Mervin to FEODORA EMELIA, only daughter to the late Sir Walter de Horne, Baronet of Weverbridge.

An amusing scene occurred one day last week in a store not far from Summer street. Two gentlemen (?) passing a trimming store, changed to see in the window a pair of ladies garters, which were made from patent leather and thinking to have a little sport stepped into the store, but the lady in attendance completely turned the table on them.

Act 1st—Scene 1st.
Enter two gentlemen.
First gentleman—what is the price of those dog collars?
Lady—Twenty-five cents a pair.
Second gentleman—Good gracious! do you always sell them by the pair?
Lady—Yes sir. When we sell them to puppies.

Tableau—Green curtain.—(Boston Post.)
HIS TALE FIRST—An Irish sergeant, being on a march at the head of the company, saw a dog running towards him with open mouth to make a snap. The sergeant having fixed his bayonet, ran it down the dog's throat and killed him. The owner coming up demanded of the "Son of Mars" why he could not as well have struck him with the butt end of a musket. "Arrah," says Pat, "and surely I would, if he had only run at me with his tail first."

The correspondent of the Montreal Gazette gives the following sketch of the delegate, at the Conference:—
THE NEW BRUNSWICKERS.

The speaking of the New Brunswick seven was left mainly to Mr. Secretary Tilley, the leader of that Government, Mr. Johnson, Attorney General, Mr. John H. Gray, Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Fisher. The Secretary was not a frequent speaker. He seldom rose except when financial questions were under discussion, and then he delivered himself like a master of the subject. Without having the extraordinary facility of statement which on such subjects distinguishes Mr. Galt, he was always clear, cogent and to the point. The unparadiseable sin in Mr. Tilley's mind, would seem to be "surplusage." There was not in all he said a sentence thrown away, or a syllable over much. He possessed above most of his colleagues that essential knowledge for a good party leader, the knowledge of where and when to stop.

Any ordinary man can open an argument; most men can keep where his matter ends; and when that is out he never attempts to prolong discussion for the mere sake of an argumentative triumph. And the condensation of his style was not a bad index to tenacity of his character. To carry his point was his all in all, and it is but just to him to be generally successful.

Mr. Chandler and Mr. Fisher, both lawyers and politicians of long standing, gave their attention chiefly to the legal and constitutional questions. Their age, experience and abilities were of the highest value to the Conference during these deliberations. It was pleasant to see especially in the person of Mr. Chandler, the devoted member of the Conference (except Sir Etienne)—that year had not been able to attend the Conference of his blood, or to convert his former aversion into skepticism of popular intelligence or popular capacity. The youngest member present could not have contended with greater zeal for the privileges of the people than this veteran of Provincial politics, who has been so often held up to us as the beau ideal of an old Tory.

Mr. Gray, also of the New Brunswick bar, more than any of the eastern members, gave the listner, at the first tones of his voice, the idea of an oration. Of a fine manly prepossession, with a voice of great flexibility and compass, and an ample flow of language, his whole manner was an expression of a finished public speaker. If he has a fault it is in a certain rich redundancy of expression which might well mislead the casual observer into the conclusion that his argumentation was less close and logical than it really is. This, however, would be an error and an injustice. There is nothing whatever inconsequential or inconsecutive in Mr. Gray's most discursive flights. His paucity of shining words is never to be compared to—
"Soul's place armor on the peasant boy,
Remembering that not arming him."

The same mind that supplies the armor, supplies the strong and sinewy substance to sustain it. Nor is it at all incongruous, that in this case, splendour of diction, and soundness of judgement should be found going together. In short, for a bank partner negotiation, his Province could not have a better representative than Mr. Tilley, or an Appellate Court than Mr. Chandler, or Mr. Fisher, for a popular or Parliamentary audience they certainly could have found no more impressive spokesmen than Mr. Gray, Mr. Johnson, the Attorney General of the Province, his great dash and vigor, and would be apt to prove a difficult opponent at Nisi Prius.

FIRE SPRINKLING COURSE.—The Annapolis (Maine) Star says that village has been the scene of annual excitement of late owing to the number and boldness of the bears in the vicinity, about fifty-four having been seen within an area of about a mile from the public square during one week. The number actually killed during the time averaged about one each day. Very many have been pursued by men and boys with every conceivable kind of weapon, from a pitchfork to a six barrel rifle. Thirty-four of the victims were seen in one day near the town.

Mr. Twitwell, an experienced hunter, was terribly lacerated in a recent encounter with a wounded bear weighing about 500 pounds.

FOREST LEAKS are excellent for building and mending. Provide a large supply under cover, for use as wanted.

MILKMAKERS—Continue to gather supplies of milk until sufficient is collected to absorb all liquids from the stable, yards, pens and sinks. Gather leaves for bedding and composting. Throw all refuse scraps up and other waste matter, into the manure cellar or heap.

Ice Houses should be built near the dairy.

Original issues in Poor Condition Best copy available

BOSTON WHOLESALE HOUSES.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

Wholesale houses in Boston, including various types of goods and services.

TRY Goddard & Co's GOOD TEA.

Small Farm to Let, and Land for Sale, adjoining the Town of St. Andrews.

TO BE SOLD, A Bargain, if applied for immediately.

A NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.

THE HAMMONTON TRACT OF LAND IN NEW JERSEY.

LIVERY STABLE, FRANK ALGAR.

NEW GOODS, THE SUBSCRIBER Has just Received.

STEAMERS "CAVENDISH" and "ARABIA" VIA BOSTON.

Remember our motto will be SMALL PROFITS TO MEET THE TIMES.

BRITISH HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

VICTORIA HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

TEA, RAISINS, TOBACCO, &C.

20 HALF chests Souchong Tea.

5 Boxes and half Boxes Raisins.

5 Kegs Tobacco.

ATKINSON HOUSE, Between the Steamboat Landing and Rail way Station.

The Subscriber returns thanks for the patronage extended to him.

ALBION HOUSE, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.

Dress Goods, in Fares, Printed Cashmeres, Challies, Alpaccas, Lama Cloths and Plain Bareges.

Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Sheetsing, JOHN S. MAGEE.

BRADFORD & CO., Eastport, Maine.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL, CUSTOM WORK EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Peace and Plenty!

In anticipation of the War coming to an end this Year and consequent fall of Cotton, whether RICHMOND FALLS OR NOT.

I will from this date, for Cash, sell - COTTON AT COST PRICES - and continue the sale for three weeks - so if you want to save money, call at the ALBION HOUSE.

W. R. JAMES, High Hill Farm, St. Andrews, May 3, 1864.

ASSESSOR'S NOTICE, NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Assessor of Rates and Taxes for the Parish of St. Andrews.

ANTHRACITE COAL, 20 Tons Red Ash Egg Coal.

THE STANDARD, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY A. W. PAITH.

COTTON BATTINGS, Batts, Candles, Warps, Ladies and Childrens Foots.

WANTED, A BOY from 11 to 15 years of age, who can read and write, and work at the Printing business.

TO BE SOLD, A Bargain, if applied for immediately.

Small Farm to Let, and Land for Sale, adjoining the Town of St. Andrews.

TO BE SOLD, A Bargain, if applied for immediately.

A NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.

THE HAMMONTON TRACT OF LAND IN NEW JERSEY.

LIVERY STABLE, FRANK ALGAR.

NEW GOODS, THE SUBSCRIBER Has just Received.

STEAMERS "CAVENDISH" and "ARABIA" VIA BOSTON.

Remember our motto will be SMALL PROFITS TO MEET THE TIMES.

BRITISH HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

VICTORIA HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

TEA, RAISINS, TOBACCO, &C.

20 HALF chests Souchong Tea.

5 Boxes and half Boxes Raisins.

5 Kegs Tobacco.

ATKINSON HOUSE, Between the Steamboat Landing and Rail way Station.

The Subscriber returns thanks for the patronage extended to him.

ALBION HOUSE, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.

Dress Goods, in Fares, Printed Cashmeres, Challies, Alpaccas, Lama Cloths and Plain Bareges.

Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Sheetsing, JOHN S. MAGEE.

BRADFORD & CO., Eastport, Maine.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL, CUSTOM WORK EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Peace and Plenty!

In anticipation of the War coming to an end this Year and consequent fall of Cotton, whether RICHMOND FALLS OR NOT.

I will from this date, for Cash, sell - COTTON AT COST PRICES - and continue the sale for three weeks - so if you want to save money, call at the ALBION HOUSE.

W. R. JAMES, High Hill Farm, St. Andrews, May 3, 1864.

ASSESSOR'S NOTICE, NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Assessor of Rates and Taxes for the Parish of St. Andrews.

ANTHRACITE COAL, 20 Tons Red Ash Egg Coal.

THE STANDARD, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY A. W. PAITH.

COTTON BATTINGS, Batts, Candles, Warps, Ladies and Childrens Foots.

WANTED, A BOY from 11 to 15 years of age, who can read and write, and work at the Printing business.

H. R. STEVENSON: Attorney at Law and Solicitor.

Office - Stevenson's building, opposite Post Office.

DR. PARKER, 1124 removed to the Cottage in Queen street.

A NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.

THE HAMMONTON TRACT OF LAND IN NEW JERSEY.

LIVERY STABLE, FRANK ALGAR.

NEW GOODS, THE SUBSCRIBER Has just Received.

STEAMERS "CAVENDISH" and "ARABIA" VIA BOSTON.

Remember our motto will be SMALL PROFITS TO MEET THE TIMES.

BRITISH HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

VICTORIA HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

TEA, RAISINS, TOBACCO, &C.

20 HALF chests Souchong Tea.

5 Boxes and half Boxes Raisins.

5 Kegs Tobacco.

ATKINSON HOUSE, Between the Steamboat Landing and Rail way Station.

The Subscriber returns thanks for the patronage extended to him.

ALBION HOUSE, Water Street, Saint Andrews, N. B.

Dress Goods, in Fares, Printed Cashmeres, Challies, Alpaccas, Lama Cloths and Plain Bareges.

Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Sheetsing, JOHN S. MAGEE.

BRADFORD & CO., Eastport, Maine.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL, CUSTOM WORK EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Peace and Plenty!

In anticipation of the War coming to an end this Year and consequent fall of Cotton, whether RICHMOND FALLS OR NOT.

I will from this date, for Cash, sell - COTTON AT COST PRICES - and continue the sale for three weeks - so if you want to save money, call at the ALBION HOUSE.

W. R. JAMES, High Hill Farm, St. Andrews, May 3, 1864.

ASSESSOR'S NOTICE, NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Assessor of Rates and Taxes for the Parish of St. Andrews.

ANTHRACITE COAL, 20 Tons Red Ash Egg Coal.

THE STANDARD, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY A. W. PAITH.

COTTON BATTINGS, Batts, Candles, Warps, Ladies and Childrens Foots.

WANTED, A BOY from 11 to 15 years of age, who can read and write, and work at the Printing business.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY.

RRR

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY.

RRR

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY.

RRR

RRR