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7 Visiting EHOLD JOURNAL ODE YEAT, AND MY "THE OLD OAKEN BUCK

OUSEIROLD JOURNAL one ve irrel and Cylinder Revolver. To as a premium of the control of the Ourse, September 5th, 1878. Many thanks: I have used it to test is across an open space 10 feet, and through likile terror to carry a tail. Three GEO. P. BLISS. L one year, and we feel confident O THIS

REET, NEW YORK ntreal Canada. a day, AR AGAIN. _#3

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VOL. XLVI.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 2, 1879.

NO. 14.

The Baby Boys. Two little baby boys I own ; The elder scarcely walks alone; His sunny hair and large brown eyes His earnest look of sweet surprise, His funny ways and joyous shout, I could not tell you all about. If I should try a year.

He creeps so fast to catch his toys, And then he sets up such a nois His horse and dog and book and bell, He throws them all about pell-mell. Oh, Mother Goose! if you could see This little boy, so full of glee, Your sides would ache, I fear.

In hammock low, among the trees, ocked back and forth by passing l The bab's wings and cort of passing process. The bab's wings and coos to see

The gentle rustle of the tree,

The lights and shade, the leaves that fall

The sunshine brooding over all—

'Tis Indian summer here.

Way overhead, in the blue sky, The downy clouds not bersy approach.
A'ullaby fair nature sings,
And through the air its music rings;
All things a peaceful tenor keep;
My little one falls fast asleep,

the restoling near.

Two baby boys ! a God of love Sends as a gift from heaven above; And like the shifting rainbow bright Tinging the drifting clouds with light Their souls so fine and sweet, shine out And make my pathway clear.

THE CARD-TABLE.

-Boston Transcript,

STORY THAT TELLS ITS OWN MORAL Lydia Dearborn sat alone in her little sitting-room, and her countenance was sad and desponding. She was not over s x-and twenty, and though her face was pale and wan, yet she was beautiful. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, for it was winter, and the lamp upon the center-table was lighted, for it was evening. She sat thus, trying to read, when the door was opened and a stranger en-tered. She started up with fear at thus seeing a strange man enter her apart ment unbidder.

"Lydia," said the stranger, "don't

The young woman started at the sound of the voice, and the blood rushed to her brow and temples. She took a step forward and gazed more sharply the intruder's face. " James ?" she murmured, interroga-

"Yes, my sister," he replied. "Didn't

you know me?" Instead of answering in words, Lydia rushed forward, sank upon her brother's

bosom, and wept for joy. "And you didn't know me?" said her brother, with a smile, after he had taken

"Why, no, James," she replied. "Five years have altered you wonderfully. But then that beard all over your

face makes a good deal of differen said James. "Two years ago, while my ship lay at Canton, I had my beard all shaved off, and when I came aboard some of my own man did not know me at first.'

"Then I wish you'd shave it off now." said his sister, "for you look more like a bear than you do like James Bar

The brother laughed and then the conversation ran for awhile upon various topics suggested by the return of the loved one. James Barrows was now thirty-two years of age, and had been absent for five years, during which time he had command of a fine ship. "By the way," said the brother, at

the end of half an hour, "I stopped in you say you wished your husband had never known me. Did you ever say never known me.

such a thing as that?"
Lydia's eyes filled with tears in a moment, and a deep sob broke from her lips. Her brother was startled. He lips. Her brother was startled. He moved to her side, and put his arm

about her neck.
"What is it, my sister?" he asked,

nxiously.
"Alas, James, I will tell you," she
eplied. "But first let me assure you that I did not mean exactly what I said to Kate. You remember about five years ago, when you used to tell me such stories about the gambling scenes, that Ambrose asked you to teach him to play 'picquet,' as you called it. You taught him the game, and for one or two evenings you went with him to some social card parties."

"Yes, yes I remember all that,"

told this to me. Oh, I know his im-

"I am afraid so," she replied. "And if he does—oh! I dare not think of it! He has a good deal of money with him. Inch next time. Come! I'll deal for Before you came I was weeping over my you this time."
fears. I have never let him know how much I knew concerning his course, for I feared 'twould only make him more excited. Alas! I know not what to do. I do not think he has yet lost much, but know he will never leave the fascinat ing habit until he is ruined, upless something can be done to move him."

"'Tis true enough, Lydia," returned the captain, "I did teach Ambrose to play—though God knows I never mean to teach him to gamble—and I will cure him now if I can. Do you think he is at

"I think he would have been at home before this time if he had not fallen in with some of his evil associates," said

"Then, my dear sister, you rest here while I go and find him," said James. "I'll save him if I can:" "But you'll come back soon," said his

James stopped, and thought for a moment. "I don't know," he said. "But don't you be worried. No harm shall befall Ambrose to-night."

It was just nine o'clock as Ambrose Deurborn entered a gambling house His business had kept him later than usual, and having made a good sum in trade that day, he had determined to stake the amount upon the altar of for-tune. His wife was right in her fears. The card table had gained a fascinating power over him, and he had lost some heavy sums; but on the previous evening he had been cursed with a turn on winning lack, and had won back very nearly as much as he had lost, and he was now on his way to continue his luck He meant only to play an hour or so and then go home. He went up to the sideboard and took a glass a wine, and as he turned he met a stranger, who had apparently come for the same purpose "Good eyening," said the stranger

in a pleasant tone, as he poured out tumbler full of water from the pitcher and drank it. Ambrose returned the salutation. "I came in to take a few minutes recreation at cards," said the "but I find no friends here. "So did I." answered Ambrose, "and my friends are missing."

"Then suppose we take a hand of two, just to pass away the time until others come," said the stranger.

"With pleasure," said Dearborn. Accordingly the two sat down, and The cards were dealt, and for a while the playing was on a small scale and the luck about even. By-and-by-Ambrose began to win, and he went on until he had won more than twenty pounds. He would have felt somewhat ashamed had not his antagonist maintained such good humor and smiled so kindly when

But anon the luck changed. Ambro lost all he had won, and soon lost over twenty pounds besides. He had just ten sovereigns more in his pocket, and this he took out. A new hand was dealt -he was the non-dealer, and therefore considered to have an advantage over his opponent—he held four jacks. 'Twas the best hand by far that had been out during the game, it being the first "quatorze" he had seen during the evening. He bet a sovereign. His antagonist covered it and went anothe

"I have an excellent hand," said the stranger, with a light laugh. "I have held better ones, but this is good. I

shall bet high on it." Ambrose did not speak. He was ex cited. He was afraid his antagonist would mistrust how good his hand was and stop betting. But the betting went on until Ambrose had placed his last coin on the table.

"Shall I go higher?" asked the

"As you please," said Ambrose "Then I must say another fifty," re-lied the stranger. "By the trump of plied the stranger. "By the trump of trumps! you shall have a chance to win this time."

Ambrose hesitated a moment, and then he placed his hand in his bosom "Yes, yes a remember all that," then he placed his hand in his bosom and drew forth a package of bank-notes.

"Well," continued Lydia, "the spirit of gaming is now fastening itself upon him. I can see it plainly, though he tries to laugh away my fears. I know it. of four years' labor and conomy, for his so for I have been told he need to the new years' labor and conomy, for his house and the new years' labor and the placed his hand in his bosom and drew forth a package of bank-notes. is so, for I have been told by one who is my friend, and who told me out of shop. He drew out a fifty-pound note pure friendship for Ambrose. But I and covered his antagonist's last stake. have not yet dared to let him know how sure my information is, for he would be drew another fifty and "went that" over.

angry did he know that any one had told this to me. Oh, I know his im- "went a hundred more." Ambrose covpetuous nature, and I fear he will be ered the hundred, but he dared bet no lost ere he is aware of it. Evil com-higher, and he called for his companered the hundred, but he dared bet no panions are leading him astray, and yet ion's hand. The stranger smiled as he is went to light my cigar."

Showed it—four queens!

he thinks them friends."

"And do you think he is gone to the card table to-night?" inquired her folded his cards and placed them on the pack.

A new hand was dealt, and this time Ambrose won twenty pounds. He be-began to revive. Next he wen fifty pounds more. He went and got another glass of wine, and then returned in better spirits. But at the next hand he lost one hundred. His spirits sank again. But he was now resolved to play carefully and win back what he had lost, and then stop! There is no need of following the

game step by step. The man who held those cards was not a professed gambler, nor did he now gamble at all for his own amusement. But he had been among gamblers much, and he could handle cards as he pleased. And more still, he could handle a nervous, excitable man as he pleased. He kept Ambrose in good humor—let him have ocasional flashes of luck-and finally, just as the clock struck eleven, Ambros Dearborn staggered up from the table penniless! All-all was gone! His four hundred pounds—the sam which was to have cleared him from debt—the sum which he had seen steadily growing

for the last four years-was now swept away. The young tradesman staggered from the house-he tried to borrow first; to borrow something to commence again to win back something, but no one would lend. He made his way to the street, and without noting his way he staggered on. By and by he came to a narrow alley which led down to the water side, and he turned down upon the wharf and sat down on an old spar. He had been there but a few mon when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, and by the moonlight he could see the dark face of the man who had ruined him.

"Why do you sit here in the cold?" asked the stranger.
"Leave me!" cried Ambrose, bitter-

ly. "Oh, I would never see you more from this time !" "But perhaps I may help you," re-plied the other. "You are young enough

"Learn !" exclaimed Ambrose. "Oh. great heavens! and have I not learned this night what never—never"—
The young man burst into tears, and

were deep and painful. "Come, come," said the stranger stand up and trust me, and I may yet

help you.' There was something so kind in the nice that Ambr he arose to his feet.

"Ambrose Dearborn," said the strange man, "I have this evening taken from you more than four hundred pounds, nd I do not think you can afford to los it. Here we are, alone and before God. Now promise me, upon your honor as a man, that you will never stake any amount at hazard again—that never again will you play at any game of chance for the value of anything—and I will restore to you every penny I have won from you to night!

Ambrose for a moment stood like man in a dream. Then he caught his ompanion by the arm.
"You do not trifle?" he said in

"Give me the promise and see " re

plied the stranger.

Ambrose clasped his hands, and turn ing his eyes toward heaven, he made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made to him; and when he had done, his eyes sank to the earth, and he burst into tears. The stranger took a roll from his pocket, and handed

"Here," said he, "here is the ful sum—every penny—just as I took it from you. And now let us walk up into the town again. My way is toward street."

"So is mine," whispered Ambrose, as he clutched the money.
"Ah—then we'll walk together,' said

the stranger. Ambrose, energetically. "Who are you,

"Never mind now," replied the stranger. "I shall see you again, and then I will explain. But let us be on

our way, for it is cold here,' On the way the stranger kept up a rattle of conversation that Ambrose "I would invite you in," said Am-

brose, "but"—
*Never mind," said the stranger. "Just let me step into the passage, for

Of course Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened his door the stranger followed him in. He walked through the passage, and as he opened the door of the sitting-room his companion was at his back.

Lydia sat at her table, and her face was pale; but she had not been crying, for the words her brother had spoken to her before he went out had inspired her with a strange hope. She arose to her feet, and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the passage, he was not a little startled to hear the said individual speak somewhat jocularly as follows:

"Well, sister, you see I've brought him; and we are both of us all right, I can assure you."

For a moment Ambrose was wonder struck, but the truth quickly flashed upon him.

" Jim-Jim Barrows!" he gasped, "Captain Barrows, at your service, sir," he replied. "Ha, ha, ha!—you didn't know me. He's just found me out, Lydia."

Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not. He struggled a moment with the feelings that rushed up in his bosom, and then sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry, and started forward.

"Don't be afraid, gasped Ambrose. I'm safe—safe. But I can't help this. Tell her, Jim—tell her all. Tell her all now, for she has a right to know." The stout captain drew his sister upon

his knee, and then related to her all that had happened since he left her. "Ah, Ambrose," he concluded, "the moment I saw you take the last ten sovereigns from your pocket, I knew gaming would soon ruin you, and when I saw you draw forth the package of notes, High, double fences shut out curior I only knew that I should take them every one from you, and that any experienced card player could have done the you the se ond lesson. I hope it may work well."

And it did work well. Captain Ba rows remained with his sister a month. and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again, and this time he found Lydia as happy as a princess.

It seems to be assumed that a man subject to hallucinations on one point is necessarily untrustworthy as a witness, and that his evidence on all other subjects must therefore be discredited. There is a well-known story, illustrative of the contrary proposition, told of Burke, who, in collecting information for a speech that he was about to detion, was referred to an ex-official, then the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Burke had an interview with the lunatic, who proved to be a man of excellent information, and fully competent to advise on the subject on which he consulted

nim. On leaving the asylum Burke expressed his indignation to the keeper of he asylum, and intimated his intention of bringing the matter before parlia Before you do that, sir," replied the keeper, "go back and ask him what he had for breakfast this morn-Burke did as how is requested when the lunatic at once burst into in dignant invectives against the authori ties, and replied, "Hobnails, sir; is it not disgraceful? Hobnails; nothing else." Burke was satisfied; but he did not reject the man's testimony on the

Rome Sentinel Brevities.

A healthy Indian is a well red man. On everybody's tongue-The roof of

A dollar in your hand is worth two in other man's pocket.

Made in vein-blood.—Ottawa Rep Maiden vain—The young lady who af feets much finery. Sin-sin-nati is the wickedest city in

the Union.—Eric Herald. And Sioux City is a paradise for lawyers. "This is the weigh I long have sought," said the former lean lady she turned the scales at 180

The Wheeling Leader is resp informed that we have discovered a man brella stand on a rainy day." He is the economical merchant who sits in his store waiting for customers. He hires no help and never advertises. He is the most perfect personification of solitary loneliness to be conceived, vacant imbrella stands not excepted.

How to draw a tooth without pain Draw it on paper with a pencil,

TIMELY TOPICS.

The deepest mine in the world now and silver mine in Australia, which is 3,280 feet deep. The next is the Viviers coal mine in Belgium, 2,847 feet. It was sunk to the depth of 3,586 feet, but no coal having been found, the working is at the former level. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk colliery in Lancashire, 2,824 feet, and the Rosebridge, in the same country, 2,458.
The deepest mine in the United States is the Yellow Jacket, of the Comstock lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface at the mouth of the main shaft, and 2,933 feet below the Gould & Curry croppings. The Savage stands second on the list, and the Imperial the third, both being nearly as deep as the Yellow Jacket.

Marriage brokers are quite importan business men in Genoa. They have pocketbooks filled with the names of the arriageable girls of the different classes with notes of their figures, personal at-tractions, fortunes, etc. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connec tions, and when they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent, on the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally set-tled by the parents or relations, who led by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when everything is arganged, and a often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is few days previous to the ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his "How long can I live?" intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or sppear ance, he may break off the match on condition of defraying the brokers and any other expenses incurred.

Harlem, N. Y., has a mysterious re use in Jacob Monroe, a man of sixty, who lives, locked up with his wife, in his house on the corner of 124th street. eyes from seeing the ample ground about the house, and never are the barred shutters opened to admit a ray same. Having taught you your first of sunshine to the mansion itself. There lesson in picquet, I resolved on giving are no servants in the house, and the are no servants in the house, and the only persons who have entered are the plumbers, carpenters and other work men who make needed repairs. Mr Monroe always stands by their side till the work is done, and then sees them of from the premises. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe rarely go out together, but when they do they never walk side by sideone is always some distance ahead of the other. The neighbors gossip about the couple a good deal; but all they really now is that Monroe was a sailor boy in his wouth named Jacobs. He inherited fortune from his own father, and changed his name to Monroe to get \$100,000 more that an old friend of his

father left. His barricaded castle is magnificently furnished. his property, which is said to be worth \$500,000. The old man, whose name is Law, was a jeweler for many years, bu for the last fifteen or twenty years he has lived an absolutely solitary life in a large house in Lower Dominick street Since his death a large number of per sons have come forward as relatives, and doubtless there are many in America who are related to this re and might like to send in their claims at found to contain some old and eurion found to contain some old and curious books, a few jars of whisky, many wine bottles (some empty), a great quantity of tea leaves, which he appears to have carefully preserved in basins after he had extracted all the essence from them. In the room where he slept, and where he probably contracted the bronchitis that caused his death, it was wonderful how a human being could exist. What how a human being could exist. What served for a bed stood in one corner, and with the exception of a very narrow passage round about it the floor was cov bish, which in places reached a height of three or four feet.

Saw Through the Meat.

Madam C--, dressmaker, has a grea deal of trouble with her sewing-girls, The other day one of them came to he

able to work much longer; I think I am getting blind." "Why, how is that?" You seem to

get along pretty well with your work."
"Yes; but I can no longer see any
meat on my plate at dinner." Madam C- understood; and the next day the young ladies were served with very large but very thin pieces of

"What happiness!" exclaimed our miss. "My sight has come back; I can now see better than ever."

"How is that, mademoiselle?" "Why, at this moment I can see the plate through the meat."

A Soldier's Death. Private Fisher had remained through all his trials stout, fresh and hearty, in teresting in appearance and so gentleall loved him. Supported on his crutches he had walked up and down his ward for the first time since he was wounded, and seemed almost restored. That same night he turned over and ut-

tered ar exclamation of pain.

Following the nurse to his bed, and turning down the covering, a small jet of blood spurted up. The sharp edge of the splintered bone must have severed an artery. I instantly put my finger on the little orifice and awaited the surgeon. He soon came—took a long look and shook his head. The explanation was easy; the artery was imbedded in the fleshy part of the thigh and could not be taken up. No earthly power

not be taken up. No earthly power could save him. There was no object in detaining Dr. — He required his time and his strength; and long I sat by the boy, unconscious himself that any serious trouble was apprehended. The hardest trial of my duty was laid upon me; the necessity of telling a man in the prime of life and fullness of strength that there

was no hope for him. It was done at last, and the verdict

"Only as long as I keep my finger upon this artery." A pause ensued. God alone knew what thoughts hurried through that heart and brain, called so unexpectedly from all earthly hopes and ties. He broke the silence at last "You can let go"-

But I could not. Not if my own life had trembled in the balance. Hot tears rushed to my eyes, a surging sound to my ears, and a deathly coldness to my lips. The pang of obeying him was spared me, and for the first and last time during the trials that surrounded me for four years, I fainted away,

A Lawsuit Extraordinary While Mr. Seward was a member of

1845, the postmaster of Syracuse refused to deliver a newspaper to a Miss Felton, to whom it was addressed, without the payment of letter postage, the sender having placed upon it the initial letter of his name. Miss Felton thereupon sued the postmaster in trover for the value of the paper, and the case was tried before a justice of the peace, who held the postal instructions illegal, and consequently gave six cents damages and costs of \$2.89 for plaintiff. The case was carried by the postmaster to the court of common pleas, which affirmed the judgment, with additional costs of \$22.95. From there it was carried to court of the State, which added \$37.65 to the judgment before rendered, and the postmaster then appealed the case to the court of appeals, where the judgment was affirmed, with the additional sum of \$75.64, making \$136.19 in all. Not satisfied with this measure of justice in the State courts, the postmaster went with the case to the supreme court of the United States, where it was elaborately argued by Mr. Seward, and decided by a very labored opinion of the court, affirming the finding of the other courts and rendering judgment accordingly, but with what costs the record does not show. The case as decided by the court of appeals in New York is reported in 1st Comstock. in New York is reported in 1st Comstock, 537, and as decided by the supreme court of the United States in the 12th Howard, 284, in which volume it of pies nine pages. - Bangor (Me.) Whig.

Words of Wisdom

It is a fool who praises himself, and a nadman who speaks ill of himself.

A charitable truth, an uncharitable truth, and an unwise managing of truth or love, are all to be avoided by him who would go with a right foot in the You know that it is a right heart that

in the end makes a safe head; and the ancients used to say that the punish-Men in honoring greatness by erect ing to it monuments, do not pay great-ness a debt in full of all demands, so

much as acknowledge their continuing obligation to it. Fame is not won on downy plumes nor under canopies. The man who consumes his days without obtaining it, leaves such marks of himself on earth

s smoke in air or foam on water. Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower