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SOAP MAKING

ID BEAST!

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 5, 1879.

A Farmhouse Dirge.

"I thought you would come this morning ma'am. Yes, Edith at last has gone;

ways with her
In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and

All I have kept are the flowers there, the last

"Thank you for thinking of her so much Kind thought is the truest friend. I wish you had seen how pleased she was with

with all we tried;
But she liked to look at them all the same, so

alike, I used to say;
Both were so smooth, and soft, and round, and
both have faded away.

nave different lives and ways.

Sorrow and death bring men more close; 'il.

joy that puts us apart;

"T.s a comfort to think, though we're severed, so, we're all of us one at heart.

"I have bo you really cs

'Sho never wished to be smart and rich, as so many in these days do, Nor cared to go in on market-days to state at

the gay and new; She liked to remain at home, and pluck the white violets down in the wood. She said to her sisters before she died: "Tis so

easy to be good.'
She must have found it so, I think, and that

was the reason why
God deemed it needless to leave her here, so
took her up to the sky.

"The vicar says that he knows she is there. and surely she ought to be; But though I repeat the words, 'tis hard to be lieve what one does not see.

churchyard clar.

Yes, I know it's wrong to keep lingering there,

and wicked and work to fret;
And that's why I'm hard at work again, for it

"The young ones don't seem to take to work as their mothers and fathers did. We never were asked if we liked or no, but had

There's Bessie won't swill the dairy now, nor Richard call home the cows, And all of them cry: 'How can you, mother?' when I carry the wash to the sows

her on dirty jobs!

sight of things improves,
But sickness, and age, and bereavement seem | will turn out nicely.' to work in the same old grooves.

Fine they may grow, and that, but death as

lief take the moth as the grub. When their dear ones die, I suspect they'll wish they'd a floor of their own to scrub. - Austin Dobson, Contemporary Review.

A TREASURY ROMANCE

Kittie Rayne sat in the veranda and whistled "Within a Mile of Edinboro" Town," while John Fenwick sat in the parlor and scowled flereely at the portrait of that young lady hanging over the mantel. But scowling didn't seem to have any effect on the portrait, and his anger seemed to have about as much on the original.

had been a lover's quarrel.

The truth of the matter was, there They had been engaged for six That was a long time for Kittie to keep her flirting propensities in check. But she had done it, and congratulated herself on the victory she had gained. Why is it that just as soon as we think we have ourselves under control, something comes along to tempt us, and in a good many cases we find that we are not masters of ourselves ring. A sudden collapse of the bank in which their money had been deposited in which their money had been deposited.

about him which seemed to dare her. her mother, who was little better than an She knew John wouldn't like it, that invalid. What she earned was enough

In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and can't get her to speak or stir.

"Yes, I'm at work; 'sis time I was. I should the show here we have the show here."

"No, I am not jealous," he replied.

"But I don't like to see you so thoughtless. Would you like to have

have begun before;
But this is the room where she lay so still, ere they carried her past the door.

I thought I newer could let her go where it geems so lonely of nights;
But now I am scrubbing and dusting down, and setting the place to rights.

All have kept are the flowers there the last then.

By-and-by he touched on the set of the last then. "Oh, I shouldn't care the least in the world," she laughed back. "It's real fun, John. Try it and see."

That was all the satisfaction he got then. By-and-by he touched on the all I have kept are the flowers there, the last that stood by her bed.

I suppose I must fhrow them away. She looked much fairer when she was dead.

Subject again, and they came near having a lovers' quarrel. But John, who had a horror of lovers' quarrels, had the "I am sure there must be some robatic properties." I am sure there must be some robatic properties. good sense to stop before they got to angry words. But now the quarrel had come in dead earnest. For half an hour there had been a tempest raging in the I wish you had seen how pleased she was the peaches you used to send;
She tired of them, too, ere the end; so she did parlor. Kittie took up her position on the veranda and whistled to show how the veranda and whistled to show how little she cared, and he scowled. To we set them down by her side.

Their bloom and the flush upon her cheek were alike, I used to say:

Buth were so smooth, and soft, and round, and both have faded away. "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town."

At length he went out to her.

"I want to some understanding in the matter," he said. "I'll tell you what you must do. Either stop flirting with Davenport, or"—

"Or break eff our engagement that it?" she said. "At length he went out to her.

"I want to some understanding in the matter," he said. "I'll tell you what you must do. Either stop flirting with Davenport, or"—

"Or break eff our engagement that it?" she said.

"Precisely," he answered, gravely.

"I have borne it as long as I can. If you really care for him, of course it is much better for us to understand the

eye. "You insist! I'd have you to understand, John Fenwick, that neither you nor any other man can order me to act according to your sovereign will and pleasure. I shall do just as I please,

"Very well," he answered, sternly. "You understand the consequences, then.

"I do," she sail, scernfully. "You lieve what one does not see.

They did not want me to go to the grave, but I could not bave kept away,

And whatever I do I can only see a coffin and herself to be dictated to, and will come and go at your royal will. Good-morning, sir.

And then she went in and shut the door in his face. Kittie, from behind the curtain, saw him go away without

or must not do!" she cried. "I'll show happiest part of it. him!"

By-and-by better thoughts came to said, reluctant to acknowledge it even Edith would drudge, for always death the hearth of the helpfulest robs;

But he needn't have made birds would not live in confinement; to herself. "But he needn't have made birds would not live in confinement; a fool of himself by being jealous of me. and this idea is so far correct that, alhearth of the helpfulest robs;
But she was so pretty I could not bear to set
He ought to have known that I didn't "I don't know how it'll be with them when sorrow and loss are theirs,

For it isn't likely that they'll e cape their pack of worrits and cares.

They say it's an age of progress, this, and a little and be good, and everything of the saturation of

oreath of air had stirred the drooping leaves outside the open window.

Catharine Rayne stood at her desk in the treasury building at Washington, and went through her work in a methoughts on it this sluggish afternoon, when everything seemed ready to swoon for want of a fresh breath of coolness

little of John Fenwick. She knew that best about those things, of course. This he was getting to be a prominent man at the West. But that was about all. It had always seemed to her that they would meet again somewhere. Loving me flirting with Miss Powell or Miss

> known her in the treasury department she had carried that look of patient sormance in Miss Rayne's past life," de-clared Susie Vernon. "I wish I knew

what it was." "She isn't looking at all well lately," said Susie to her neighbor, this drowsy day. "She is overworking herself

There was a sound of voices at the door, and one of the treasury officers came in with some gentlemen. Visitors were so with some gentlemen. Visitors were so change cars at the Junction," he said, common that no one gave them but a as he looked at his watch. "When you

work went on as usual, Catharine did not look up. But she became aware, by some subtle influence, all at once, that some one was watching her. She looked up then, and stations? Now, Henry, although there gave a little cry that was almost a sob.

"Kittie!" It was John Fenwick's voice that spoke. It was his hand that was outstretched in welcome. "Haven't you a word of welcome for a fellow?" he said, looking down into

matter. If you don't care for him, I have a right to insist"—

"I am glad to see you, John," she "You insist!" she cried, with flashing said, and then burst into a sudden fit of "You now come from the office every"

weeping.
"I have not forgotten in all these years," he said, gravely. "Do you care for me, Kittie?"

"I never cared for any one else," she said. "I was wicked. I saw it a!!

wear it again, kittle? I have had a lonely life. If you would only wear it !"
She held up her hand. He slipped the yellow circlet on her finger, and then and there before many wondering eyes he kissed her. The weariness seemed to have suddenly gone out of her face and life.

he curtain, saw him go away without noce looking back.

"To dare to tell me what I must do life, and that this was the best and life, and that this was the best and

Rearing Hummingbirds.

It was long thought that hummingand this idea is so far correct that, although easily tamed, they will not live care for the goose of a Davenport; but long in captivity if fed only on sirup. a little and be good, and everything net, so as to allow insects to enter, they rill turn out nicely."

may be preserved for a considerable time in health and beauty. Their nests Kittie's plan was good enough, but it failed to work. When she got ready to take John back into her good graces he had gone away, and she didn't know larger than the half of a walnut shell; where. The days slipped by, and Kittie and they are often beautifully desorated hoped he would come back or write, but her hope was a vain one. He had eviently taken her at her word, and henceforth they were to be strangers to each other.

"And I was the only one to blame a cottes sill. The nests of other species." her.
"And I was the only one to blame," soft as silk. The nests of other species sobbed Kittie. "It was all my doing, are hammook-shaped, and are suspended to creepers; the Pichineha humming-bird has been known to attach its nest

There isn't a day in the year but what To-morrow's a week; syo, just as the sun right into her window shone;

Went with the night, the vicar says, where endeth never the day;

Bat she's left a darkness behind her here I wish she had taken away.

She is no longer with us, but we seem to be always with her

In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and

There isn't a day in the year but what the mother day; to keep them comfortably, and she was thankful for that.

She had grown to be a grave and thoughtful woman. The years had come and gone; she was thirty now, with sillower threads beginning to show in her brown hair, and little lines of care about her mother's. The husband had fully persuaded her that her health was failing, and that fier mother to keep them comfortably, and she was the would institute a course of daily lectures—but she kept on flirting.

John did care, and by and by he spoke to her about it.

"You aren't jealous, I hope?" she said. "I'd never have thought that of you, John Fenwick; never!"

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"You aren't jealous, I hope?" she said. "I'd never have thought that of you, John Fenwick; never!"

"You aren't jealous, I hope?" she said. "I'd never have thought that of you, John Fenwick; never!" sbout her mouth.

In all these years she had heard but better than usual, but husbands know sat down in the waiting-room she said :
"Now, Henry, the last time I went

to lose and in the bitterest way loss can ever come to us. Ever since they had away"—

"Just wait—I want to see if that's "Just wait—I want to see if that's our train," interrupted the husband as he rose up. Going out, he was absent seven minutes. When he returned she

was ready to say: "I wanted to say to you that the

neighbors"—
"Did I give you the check for your trunk?" he suddenly inquired.
She found it in her pocket, restored

day. "She is overworking nersell."
She'll be down completely if she isn't it, and began again:
"Of course I have confidence in you,

"You remember that you must not

passing glance as they entered, then reach there you will hear men yelling change cars for this and that place, but you sit right still."

stations? Now, Henry, although there will be no one in the house but you, I have "Did you forget that lunch-basket?" he excitedly asked, as he looked around

and under the seat. She had it on her lap all the time. As

evening at six, and, of course, I shall expect"—
"That's our train!" he exclaimed as

he leaped up and grabbed for the "Dear me; but I wanted to say to

afterward."

"See here," he said, gently, and she looked up and saw the ring she had given him back years ago. "Will you wear it again, Kittie? I have had a said:

"Bear me, but I wanted to say to you"— she replied as she followed him out. He rushed down the depot and put her aboard the coach as fast as possible, but while arranging the seat she said: "Now, Henry, I am going away for six weeks, but I want to say that"— "There goes the bell—I'll be left—

let me kiss you—good-bye, dear!" and he was out of sight in an instant. A man across the aisle, who seemed to know how matters stood, looked at his watch and then called out: "It lacks just twenty-two minutes of train time!

The wife rose up and walked to the her bandboxes a kick and mutter:
"I'll pay him for this—I'll return

anexpectadly !"-Detroit Free Press.

England has a trouble on hand in Zululand, to which the Afghan business is a trifle. The almost total annihilation of a regiment of British soldiers finds a parallel only in the Custer massacre of 1876. The region in question comprises the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, the colony of Natal, of the Orange Free State, of Bassantoland, and of Caffraria proper, a district on the southeast coast which still belongs to the Caffres, but which is very much under British control. North of Natal is Zululand and north of that Delagoa bay, a Portuguese colony or settlement. This entire region is perhaps as large as England, France, Italy and Germany put together. The Portuguese were the first to settle in this part of the world; then came the Dutch, then the French, bird has been known to attach its nest then came the Dutch, then the French, to a straw-rope hanging in a shed; their only by tolerance of the wind was languid with warmth, and seemed to make the day more depressing in its influence on the brain and body than it would have been if no body than i Amazon, Mr. Wallace had a nest of young hummingbirds brought to him, which he tried to feed on sirup, supposing that they would be fed on honey by governor and the Dutch, but the Dutch soldiers, from their parents. To his surprise, however, they not only would not swallow in 1806, on the 19th of January, after a tell liquid, but nearly choked themselves in their efforts to eject it. He then caught some very small flies and selves in their efforts to eject it. He then caught some very small flies and dropped one into the wide-open mouth of the poor little orphan hummingbird; it closed instantly with a satisfied gulp, and opened again for more. The little creatures, he found, demanded fifteen or twenty flies each in succession before they were satisfied; and the process of feeding and fly-catching together required so much time that he was reluctantly compelled to abandon them to their fate, —Chambers' Journal. after all. I don't know why it is, I am sure. Kittie didn't either. But just about the time she began to plume herself on her conquest Carl Davenport came along, and straightway up popped the old penchant for firting. It seemed to her that she couldn't help flirting with Davenport. He was handsome and jolly, and there was something

B. F. Jones, the newly-elected United States Senator from Louisiana, will be the third Israelite who has occupied a seat in the forum. The others were David Yulee, of Florids, and Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana.

Mrs. Margaret McEllier, a native of Ireland, died at Montreal recently, aged one hundred and eight years and ten months. She leaves two daughters, aged seventy-eight and eighty-three years respectively, four grandchildren, twenty-three great-grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, aged ten

In Mercurius' astrological almanac for 1878, under the head of "January," was this prophecy: "Victor Emanuel's nativity is affected. Let him beware." He died in that month, Under "December" it said: "Saturn's transits are evil for the Princess Alice of Hes esse. Her Illness or death in the family." Her two children died in that month. The book was printed in the year before.

In ordinary weather in Paris the services of 2,500 publicly-paid street sweepers are employed, with 2,000 auxiliary hands at dalf wages. In very bad weather 7,000 sweepers, be spectors and chiefs, are ready at a ment's notice to ply their brooms in all the streets of the city. They begin at three in the morning and end at four in the afternoon. Sometimes, however they work for twenty hours.

United States Senator E. H. Rollins of New Hampshire, has purchased Fort George island, in Florida. The island She had it on her lap all the time. As soon as she had assured him of its safe breadth of one mile, and contains all breadth of one mile, and contains all most five thousand acres, with a fine beach along the Atlantic side extending four miles. The purchase includes the Fort George hotel, with another smaller one, beside all other buildings except those on two or three small plantatio of minor importance. Most of the island has been devoted to sugar and cotton growing, and about three years ago several large groves of orange ago several large groves of orange trees were planted which are remarkably

At Lucerne, Switzerland, a man named Rennel has just been sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was the lover of a girl named Marguerite Voglia, and they were engaged to be married. After a time he transferred his affections to another person, and determined to get rid of his first love. He arranged for a meeting in a solitary spot far off i a wood, and when Marguerite arrived she could see nothing but a large hole door, but Henry was clear of the depot, recently dug in the ground. Suddenly sions, would exhibit his faith in the real shadell she could do was to give one of Rennel sprang from behind a tree, dealt these cases were getting too numer iron, and threw his victim into the grave which he had prepared, heaped earth upon the body, covered the place earth upon the body, covered the place with branches of trees and went his way. The girl, however, was only stunned by the blow, and in a few hours regained consciousness, to find herself buried alive. Working with the energy of alive. despair she managed to force the earth away from her head and then shricked for help. Luckily a passer by heard the cry and carried her to the hospital at Lucerne, where she died the same day from the effects of the wound and

Why the Father Surrendered.

Causerie, in the Boston Transcript, has the following good story: A dis-tinguished Bostonian, whom his native city and State have delighted to honor, bethought him lately to buy a new ve hiele. A bargain offered in the shape of a buggy, which a friend was ready to dispose of at a fair price. It was "second-hand," to be sure, but it was a good buggy, had been made "'pon honor," had seen but little service, and bore upon its panels the initials of the original owner, "B. C." The trade was made, and the buyer plumed himself not a little and the buyer pitmed nimsel not a little on having got a good thing at a low price. But there was one member of his family who was not altogether pleased. The son, a dapper young man, wanted a little more "style," and would have preferred a new vehicle of fashionable build. He said so much about it that his father at length lost all partience, and told him seriously that he was tired of his talk and would hear no more about it. "But, father," said the young man, "don't you think we had better have that 'B. C. painted out?" "I tell you," said his father, "that I will not hear another word from you about it." "All right, sir," said the son, dutifully; "you know best, of course; but I thought that perhaps people might think that was when it was made," The father surrendered. on having got a good thing at a low

NO. 10.

A dealer in extracts-The dentist. Absolute secrecy is the confidence existing between a deaf man and a dumb

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Captain Boyton is the only man who thoroughly appreciates a life

"Man wants but little here below," but he climbs ofttimes to a great height

to get it .- Lukens ... Toads and frogs were originally intro-duced into the Sandwich islands to sexterminate cockroaches.

A costly piano requires almost as much care as a child.—Norristewn Herald. But not as much ipecae not soapsuds. - New York News.

There are thirty-five public hosthree permanent posts in the city for medical service during the night. The murderer who was sentence

ninety-nine years' imprisonment in Kentucky, the other day, vows he will never serve out his time—he'll die first. "In the still air the music lies unheard; In the rough marble beauty hides uns In the vexed heir rebellion is upstirred;

In the smooth marble boys see spring A correspondent of the London Times writes from Asia Minor: "I met hundreds of pack animals on the road, and more than half of them were loaded with tin canisters full of petroleum oil from —as was marked on them—New York."

The census returns of Germany show that out of 1,667,104 industrial estab-lishments, only 43,513 were in the hands of persons employing more than five workmen, leaving 1,623,591 industries in the hands of individual workmen or

very small capitalists. A certain San Francisco family, who had been East on a short visit to th friends, returned rather unexpectedly, and found that the woman whom they had left in charge of the house had be married, and a very grand wedding party was going on in the drawingroom. Flowers, wine and supper were filling the house with their aroma, and a general "high life below stairs" was in progress. Mutual astonishment, sudden disappearance of the guesta confused explanation from the brida pair, indignant mistress, and no servants to get breakfast next mornic

What's One Bullet to a Ba ketful?

An incident occurred in the battle of Franklin which I have never seen in Pranklin which I have here better print. That sanguinary battle was a its height, and now and then there was soldier who would not face the musi and, holding to the idea that "distance lends enchantment" on all such occasions, would exhibit his faith in the ide toward the close of the battle, and Co B--, of our brigade, was sent back t the rear to intercept those seeking for safety and return them to their I spective posts of duty.

Col. B— said he hailed one fello who was making tracks for some place. safety with all the energy of de "Halt! I say, and return to The flying son of Mars took no noti

mand. "Halt! I say, and go back to yo The soldier paid no attention to

and yelled out:
"If you don't turn and go

our command I will shoot you, sir!"
Without pausing in his flight to dier yelled back at him;
"Shoot and be hanged! What's oullet to a basketful?" - let him go, and after Col. Battle told the incident as a good jol

The great danger of using slips paper to aid the memory in pub speaking is illustrated in the case of speaking is illustrated in the of Scotch minister who had a conting the heads of his disc

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