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John Reed's Thoughts.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH

berring-frogs chirp and cry; It's chill when the sun is down, and the sod is you. not yetdry;

I don't know why I see, as I lean on the fence, how wearily

trudges Dan,
With the feel of the spring in his bones, like a weak and elderly man;
I've had it a many a time, but we must work

But day after day to toil, and ever from sun to mother.

Though up to the season's front and nothing' Is ending at twelve like a clock, and begin-

ning again at one.

The frogs make a sorrowful noise, and yet it's the time they mate;

something comes with 'the a lightness or else a weight; 's something comes with the spring, and it seems to me it's fate;

It's the hankering after a life that you never have learned to know; It's the discontent with life that is always thus

It's the wondering what we are and where we are going to go. My life is lucky enough, I fancy, to most men

eyes,
For the more a family grows, the oftener some

And sister Jane and myself, we have to claim and yield; She rules in the house at will, and I in the barn

So, nigh upon thirty years!—as if writt signed and sealed.

I couldn't change if I would; I've lost the how One day my time will be up, and Jane be the

For single women are tough and live down the She kept me so to herself, she was always the

stronger hand, And my lot showed well enough, when looked around in the land;

But I'm tired and sore at heart, and I don't quite understand. I wonder how it had been if I'd taken w

The plague, they say, of a wife, the care of a If Edith Pleasant in now were near Edith Reed!

Suppose that a son well grown were there is the place of Dan.

work began? I should feel no older, sure, and certainly A daughter, besides, in the house; nay, let

here be two or three! We never can overdo the luck that can

I've thought, when a neighbor's wife or his

can hardly say; ridges of clay.

And share and share in a life From property held by deed, and the riches that oft take wing,

I'm drying up like a brook when the have been cleared around; You're sure it must always run, you are used

to the sight and sound. But it shrinks till there's only left a stony rut

There's nothing to do but to take the days they come and go,
And not to worry with thoughts that nobody

likes to show,

For people so seldom talk of the things they want to know.

There's times when the way is plain, and everything nearly right,

And then of a sudden you stand like a man

with a clouded sight; sh seems often a beast in the falling night.

And Dan is hurrying on; with his plow-teams up the lane; I'll go to the village store; I'd rather not talk

you know. Do you remember, when we she loves you. Why don't you try to wire little girls, how you used to hate win her back?"

You do not? That is like you, so generous and just! Let me tell you. I have pays little or no attention.

before she'd trust you with the very best goods that came in, you were so sure and thrifty with them. You liked to cut out your way then from beginning to end; and you never failed in what you underand you never intied in what you under took. But she never gave you the old dresses, that were to be re-made, to rip up and look over, they vexed you so. She brought them all to me. I would rather have them than the whole cloth; sharply at me then, and I remember I was afraid of the responsibility when I handled it. I liked to take the old I handled it. I liked to take the old things and feel my way to the good that might be got out of them by the good that was left in them. And you and Miss Cumnor said it was witcheraft—the pretty suits I could get out of old goods. I liked to do it, Roxie; it was my genius, you know. And it isn't so hard for me to make out now, dear, though you think my life has been so badly cut up.

"He will never change except as the weathercock does. He's weak; it's ingrained." And you said that for your-self you'd not be such a fool as to see him again.

Pres umptuous to fidge him so? No, dear Roxie; that was your light and you saw it clearly. You were not wrong because I was led by a different way. But I could not help seeing that you were losing your tenderness for him. badly cut up.

You never fairly understood the difference between us. How could you? For you always spoke your mind out plain, and I never could tell you much in words, I was so cowardly and so afraid of making you impatient. I wanted to tell you long ago how it was about Robert and me, but I couldn't. knew all the time how disgusted you nust be with me, and yet I couldn't speak, not even that night when you warned ne. But now you have come back and are so kind, and sit there crying for me,

want to tell you how it was.
You know I had scarcely ever spoken to Robert while he was waiting on you, or spoken to you about him. But I acticed him a great deal. I had a great sympathy with you both in your happiless. Evenings when we came from th shop and he joined you, I used to drop behind and watch you as you walked ilong. I was proud of you; I thought you were so well-matched, both so tall and handsome and full of life. Robert talked the most, but it was you who led him, and settled plans and opinions be-

And when the cloud came that I didn't understand at first, and I saw your face getting more stern and moody every day, I was as much pained and troubled, Roxie, as if I had been your mother. I was most sorry for you at first, but little by little, as I gathered the truth, I became even more sorry for him. You said you would not marry an unsteady were right and firm to do it, and you went your way strong and safe afterward. But he! he had not only lost you, but he was in danger of losing all. I could I could not help being most sorry for him. I never questioned but that you were right, but I could not get over the pity. I feel so didge in the breast—I think it must be the spring.

I feel so didge in the breast—I think it must be the spring. and hopeful should be let go into bad ways. My heart ached to think of it.

For all the sorrowful feeling I carried in my heart for him, I never thought it would fall to me to do anything for him. You know he hoped you would relent, and he used to haunt our way with that haggard face he wore in the first days after you parted from him. You would never turn your head to give him one lo . You were right, and yet it used to turn me faint almost with pity and regret to see you pass him so.

One night you took to going home through the by-streets so that you need not see him again, and you would not let me arithmet.

let me go with you. That night Robert came up and spoke to me. He said he felt I would be sorry for him. His talk was all about you, Roxie. He seemed to find comfort in praising you. He thought there was never such a strong, beautiful woman in the world as you, never another that he could so love and lean upon. At first I felt so strange with him I could only not the blow that made me fall. "MAKING OUT."

felt so strange with him I could only listen to him and answer him a little, enough to show I cared. But when he began to say that you had taken the wrong way with him, that you had taken away the spring of his energy in trying I a way the spring of his energy in trying to overcome his fault, that he had not been for the rocker of the him. While there's one poor heart like mine to foliow him with prayers, I can't to foliow him with prayers, I can't to foliow him with prayers, I can't to him with prayers, I can't to him and answer him a little, enough to show I cared. But when he day not had taken the wrong way with him, that you had taken the wrong way with him, that you had taken away the spring of his energy in trying to overcome his fault, that he had not been for the rocker of the chair. I fell upon it. It was that to him on wick for use as lamps!

I know how it is was with him—it sobered him to see me fall; and in one they told him I was coming to my senses and calling for him he fled away out of forget him—can you?

Now you are crying more than before.

Do not take it so hard, Roxie. It seems to hard at the blow that made me fall. I was not the blow that made me fall. I was not the blow that made me fall. I was not the blow that made me fall. I was called "Mother Carey's chickens" by sailors, but I have never learned why they got that name, nor who Mother Carey was. I have heard, though, that in the Faroe islands these birds become very fat, and men string them on wick for use as lamps!

I know how it is was with him—it sobered him to see me fall; and in one mother than the fell was full of remorse. When they don't you with he was full of remorse. When they don't you with he was full of remorse. When they don't you with the was full of remorse. When they don't you with the solored him to see me fall; and in one mother than the fell was full not became an execution until I myself became an execution that it had not berek my falling. It would not have hurt me fall who Mother Carey was. I have

your patchwork? You hated it so flercely I never quite dared tell you how much I liked it for fear of provoking I was so sorry for him; I went on talksod is one stated in the latter of provoking in was so sorry for min, I would repeat.

I was so sorry for min, I was in my, I was in my self an apron out of her old calico dress. The salvation as I seemed to yourself if you couldn't have new cloth to make it of. But I did not wish for new cloth at all. I really liked the other best because it was old and soft, and I had grown familiar with it, seeing it on mother.

tears. From looking surprised he began to be moved and sobred. He said he did not know any human being cared so much for his salvation as I seemed to. He said I put new courage into him, and that he meant to try again. When I thought it all over at home that night I wondered that I should have said so much to him. But it made me happy to much to him. But it made me happy to And don't you remember when we were apprenticed to Miss Cumnor, the dressmaker, how it was? It wasn't long pain and hardness between you would pain and hardness between you would be ended, and things would be as I thought God meant them to be.

You know that from that time Robert of whole cloth, and nobody could do it fell into the habit of joining me every better than you. You said you could see hight. He did take a real carnest start toward a better life. I could feel sure of it, and presently I wanted to see it. I

"He will never change except as the

you were losing your tenderness for him, and I was so troubled about it that I begged Robert to write to you or try to is his step I hear! Oh, Robert! Robert!

He said he would wait a little longer; did not believe you could trust him

I vet. Every day I grew more uneasy, and urged it again. And at last he said plainly that he had given it up-about you - that he knew you could never trust him nor have patience with him. I could not deny it any more. When I thought of your face as you last spoke of him I knew it was true. And even waile I was sorrowfully thinking about it he began to say other things. He said there was no one in the world from whom he could hope for love, and trust, and patience, unless it was from me. He asked me if I did not know, it. And when I looked into my own heart and thought it all over, I did know it. I could no more deny it than I could the other.

You thought me weak and foolish to accept his love, Roxie. You did not know how full of love and fear my heart was. The more glad I was that I could love him, the less blind I was to all the dangers that hung over us both. I was not so rash as to think that my weak hand alone could avert them. There was only this, Roxie; it was the only human hand that was nerved to try. I knew in my heart that I did right. I knew you had ceased to feel pain in regard to Robert. it pained you to push him off, but you I knew it was not jealousy that led you to give me that warning when you heard we were engaged. I would live to be a drunkard's wife, you said. I knew it might be true, but it did not true, Roxie, if all were to be done over again I think I could not act differently I only want you to feel that my mar rying him was not—as you thought then—just a blind surrender to what I

knew was foolish and wrong.

I was better than you? Oh, no; my way was open when yours was barred; that was all. You needed to marry a strong, perfect man like Adam Mayhew. You could work freely with him. But if I had married such an one, so great and self-sustained, I should not have lived freely with him. There's a strange cowardice in me, Roxie. I never dared use my life much except where I felt a

very great need for it. Robert needed it. The first time that he fell after ou marriage I was as wretched as you could have foretold. But I had been sick and he was out of work. Lhastened to get better, and then he got better also. The next year we got on much better than I hoped till that last night.

Poor Robert! If only he had not taken it so hard!—if only he had not gone away! If I could only once have talked it over with him and comforted him!

He did not strike me so hard: it was

forget him—can you?

Now you are crying more than before.

Now you are crying more than before.

Do not take it so hard, Roxie. It seems harder to you than to me, because we are so unlike. I'm used to making out,

had money sent me from some unknown person. Miss Cumnor does not encourage me to think that it comes from Robert. me to think that it comes from Robert. She thinks it is sent by some charitable person. She hopes he may never come back, and does not want me to think of

him. But I know he sent the money.
You think so, too? Oh, Roxie—then he is doing well somewhere, and think-ing of me! If I might only see him. You think I could only be a helpless, discouraging burden to him, now that I may never walk again. And it is hard to think that if he should come back he would still find me lying here. I wouldn't mind it at all if it were not for his sake. And yet if he would only come back I know I could be something to him still. He would find I could be happy lying here—and Roxie oh, Roxie! -I never had before—never before—such love, and courage, and faith in, my heart for him as I have now!
You say you think he will come back.

I know he will some time; but it seems hard to wait. When I think of his sorrow and all his temptations, and think I might talk to him and comfort him, it seems hard to wait. It is a whole year, Think, if you had been separated from your husband a whole year, while you had been ill and both of you had been in sorrow!

You think he will come back soon? Roxie, you know something about him! He has been to South America on one of your husband's vessels. He has been doing well. It was he who sen me the money. Oh, Roxie, tell him I want to see him. Tell him I must se

nday Afternoon

Words of Wisdom

The great man is he who does not his child's heart. Love, faith, patience—the three essen-

tials to a happy life. Love is lowliness; on the wedding-ring

The little value Providence sets on

riches is seen by the persons on whom'they are generally bestowed. Some men are as covetous as if they were to live forever; and others are as profuse as if they were to die the next

He who does no good, gets none. He

that others will not care for him? As he lives to himself, so he will die to himself, and nobody will miss him, or be sorry It is easy in the world to live after the

pleasure and sorrow; and happy is it if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate

Mother Carey's Chickens.

The owner of the imposing title Thalassidroma Pelagica" is only six inches long, and is the smallest of webfooted birds. Above, its feathers are black, sleek and glossy, with glints of blue; but underneath they are dark brown. Its wings are long, and it flies very swiftly, seldom flapping.

Sometimes it seems to hang in the air with wings outspread, while it runs along the surface of the waves; and from this habit it was named "Petrel" (which means "Little Peter"), after St. Peter. who walked on the water.

When a storm is brewing, although no other sign can be seen by man, the petrels flock together and give loud, shrill cries, as if to warn shipmen of coming danger. For this reason sailors call them "Stormy Petrels." But men of science say that the reason why petrels gather before a storm is that they can catch very easily the sea-animals on which they feed. Some observers add that when rain falls the petrels catch the drops, and that this is how they quench their thirst.

These birds are named also swallows," because their flying is like that of the common swallow.

The health of the King of Italy causes considerable anxiety to his family. The doctors have advised him to abstain from

TIMELY TOPICS.

Szegedin, Hungary's submerged etty, was a strange place. Its clay soil is as flat as a board; immense cornfields, alternating with fields of maize and pas-ture land, stretch forth further than the eye can reach. The villages thereabout are far apart, but thickly populated, and nine-tenths of the population are farmers—until 1848 serfs, but since then freeholders, possessing large estates. The wealthiest among them, however, continues to live and dress like peasants. Joseph Bagi, "the Nabob of the Alfold," who has a yearly revenue of half a million gulden, wears, for all that, an old eepskin coat and white linen trousers. The national complaints in that prosperous district are the stone, brought on by drinking the fiery Hungarian wines, and a sort of tetanus, occasioned by eating immoderate quantities of pork.

Peter Snell, a Milwaukee (Wis.) seanan, has met a fearful death from hydrophobia in carrying out his belief that a dog's saliva has curative power. Snell had a scratch on his nose and let his pet dog lick it. The wound healed, seeming to confirm the theory. But in a short time the dog died and soon after Snell was seized with pains, his throat swelling so that he could not swallow. The symptoms grew worse until death brought relief, but such was Snell's will power that even in his spasms he controlled himself without being held.

The Northern Tribune, a Michigan paper, tells a story of a brave little hero. An Indian had been left in charge of a house belonging to Captain Bennett, of Mackinac; but one night the Indian and his wife went a-visiting, leaving locked in the house three children, the oldest a boy of eight. The house took fire in the night, and the boy, not being able to open the doors, and the windows being securely fastened, was only able to escape by taking an axe and breaking a window. He then took out the younger children. They remained about the house till morning, wrapping their feet He who increases the endearments of life increases at the same time the terrors of death.

Up in blankets to keep from freezing. They waited till noon the next day, and then, their parents not having come, the little fellow put the two smaller ones on a hand-sled, and hauled them to their grandfather's, four miles distant.

The Nihilists employ governesses to compromise the daughters of the highest official in the Imperial service. A Russian general named Samoyoff, stationed at Kharkoff, recently engaged a gover-ness for the education of his daughter. who cares not for others, will soon find that others will not care for him. As he ist, and brought up her pupil in her brother's political opinions. The brother was arrested during the student's riots at Kharkoff; and the general shortly afterward received an anonymous letter statworld's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Women with square hands and small there were compromising papers in her desk, and that the authorities would be informed of this if the general did not endeavor to obtain the immediate liberation. What Anacharsis said of the vine, may aptly enough be said of prosperity. She bears the three grapes of drunkenness, finding that the papers referred to were what is better—thoroughly dome really there, set the student at liberty.

> ron, the rim of the wheel is covered with rubber, and they can move over tolerably rough roads and up quite steep grades, making from eight to ten miles or more in an hour. There are many places in this country where a doctor could advantageously keep this vehicle instead of a horse especially in view of the bard horse, especially in view of the hard times and the competition among the disciples of Æsculapius. Marwood, the celebrated English exe-

cutioner, is described as "a gentleman of medium height, with a ruddy face, puckered in humorous wrinkles, and with bright eyes, shining with a merry light," while his voice is "sweet and low-almost gentle as a woman's." He was asked by a Sheffield journalist what induced him to adopt such a mode of gaining his liveli-hood, and he replied: "Oh, when I heard the old gentleman, Calcraft, was breaking down, and I saw the accounts of his bungling work, I thought if I could carry out the sentence of the law more mercifully it would be a service to the public. I always had a love of anatomy, and even when a boy was greatly interested in executions, but it is a most singular fact that I never saw an execudied by my hand; but I cannot tell you the exact number, as I do not now keep a record.

A mosquito bar affords good protection

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NO. 21.

A mosquito is always ready

Chinese "rice paper" is not

rice, but from wood pith. There is a material difference between

silk dress and a calico gown.

The taking of the United States cer next year will cost about \$4,000,000.

Just as we go to press we have no r port of an attempt to shoot a Norrislown Herald. Although petroleum has been known

exist in Japan for 1,200 years, it was utilized until 1875. Seventy steamers run between Ne Orleans and foreign European ports; no

one to South America. A respirator for the use of men employ ed in white-lead works has been for diminish the number and the severity

cases of lead-poisoning. The plaster of mud which is supp to alleviate the pain occasioned by a hor net sting will shortly decorate the cheel

of the small boy .- Meriden Recorder. Mary Keegan contemptuously hurle Mary Reegan contemptuously nurse the statue of a red man through the window of a store in New York, an was arrested. The treatment of the In dians in this country is a national dis

One of the frequent salutations of th day is, "How does the world use you? We have discovered that, in the majorit of cases, the answer to that depends er tirely upon how you have used the work

-Bradford Era.

The wife of a celebrated physician one day casting her eyes out of the win dow, observed her husband in the funers procession of one of his patients, at whi she exclaimed: "I do wish my husbar would keep away from such procession it appears so much like a tailor carryin home his work."

Woman's Hand.

The female thumb is said to be an in portant index of the female charact Women with large thumbs are held phrenologists, physiognomists, etc., to more than ordinarily intelligent—wh are called "sensible women," while w men with small thumbs are regarded

romantic. According to certain authors, who pro fess to have been observers, a woman hand is more indicative of a woman character than her face, as the latter is a certain extent under the control of temporary emotions, or of the will, where the former is a fact which exists for any one who understands it to profit by. Cor sequently a few hints about the proper reading of a woman's hand may be ver useful to certain of our readers, esp

Women with very large thumbs ha a "temper" of their own, and general Some of the country doctors in England are employing bicycles or tricycles instead of horses, as a means of locomotion. The bicycles used by them are of iron, the rim of the wheel is covered with rubber, and they can move over tolerably a married man he will have to be a go boy, or else there will be the very

to pay.

Again, if a young man finds that h lady-love has a large palm, with con shaped fingers and a large thumb, l him thank his stars, for in that case s is susceptible to tenderness, readiflattered, easily talked into or talked o of anything, and can be a readi managed partner. But if she is a wom with a square hand, well proportione with a square hand, well proportione and only a tolerably developed thum why then she is either one of tw distinct classes of women—she is eith a practical female who will "stand i nonsense," or she is a "designing i male." She is a woman who cannot male." She is a woman who cannot duped, or a woman who will dupe hi

Strange Cure for Rheumatism.

We suppose that every possible "cur or rheumatism had been suggested of for rheumatism had been suggested ethis, but a German paper announces this discovery of a new one. A woman ne Prague suffered so severely from gout the arm that she could not obtain rest the arm that she could not obtain rest sleep, and the limb in which the discr had settled was rendered entirely usele Her husband, having heard of a countr man who had been completely cured rheumatism after being accidenta stung by a bee, persuaded her to try t disagreeable remedy, which, as he poir ed out, could hardly prove so painful the disease. She consented, and allow ed out, could hardly prove so painful
the disease. She consented, and allow
three bees to be placed on her arm, a
to sting her in several places. Surpr
ing results ensued; the patient soon aft
ward fell into a long and deep sleep, t
first real sleep she had enjoyed for a
months, after which the acute pain d
appeared; and when the swelling p
duced by the stings subsided, the arm
covered the power of motion, and from mosquitoes, but a crowbar don't covered the power of motion, and protect a cornfield worth a cent. gout has not since reappeared.