

merchant there.

away over the sea!"

at the lace to earn coarse bread so far

"A lace-maker!" he said to himself.

All that night, and for days and nights

"A peasant girl! If I had but known

afterward, the thought of his bride's

humble extraction tortured him; the

sting to his pride would not be removed. Unconsciously to himself his annoy-

nce affected his temper; he became in

ritable, fretful, impatient, sometimes to

the very verge of impoliteness even; above all, he conceived an absurd but violent dislike to the bridal veil.

"I detest the sight of it!" he cried,on

vening, in a moment of self-forgetful-

ss, and when he and Adele were alone

" If, indeed, you love me, never work at it in my presence, Adele; and if I dared

sk one special favor of you, it should

He paused suddenly-she was listen

She folded her work and let her fair

ands fall on it in her lap; one could se

hat those little hands were trembling.

She was greatly surprised at his man

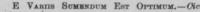
er and request and also vaguely hurt.

hat to be married in!"

into years.

bride

a blow



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## VOL. XLVI.

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Happiness. <sup>(1)</sup>See! there she is; down there, down there That's Happiness," cries Hope; "for see! What crowds rush on, her smiles to share, From kings to men of low degree." Cries Hope-" Beyond a doubt 'tis she. nick! for we've no time to spare; She's waiting for us there, down there, Down there, down there!

"See! there she is; down there, down there Beneath the spreading boughs reclined-And love that's always true and kind. How happy they such dreams who find ! But quick! tor we've no time to spare; She's waiting for us there, down there, Down there, down there!

' See! there she is; down there, down there Mid country scenes so bright and calm-Children and corn sheaves everywhere;

Andreen and corn sheaves everywhere; Rough courtships, too, but where's th harm? How happy he who owns a farm! But quick! for we've no time to spare; She's waiting for us there, down there, Down there, down there!

see! there she is; down there, down the Her Ecce Signum-L. S. D. What pride in yonder millionaire! Who wins so much respect as he : How happy must a banker be ! But qu

ick! for we've no time to spare, She's waiting for us there, down there Down there, down there!

"See! there she is; down there, down there She marches to the drum and fife, And hears the cannon's voice declare The fame that waits on mortal strife.

How happy is a soldier's life! But quick! for we've no time to spare; She's waiting for us there, down there, Down there, down there! "See! there she is; down there, down there

Where jolly tars the anchor weigh. Smooth is the sea, the wind blows fair. With rainbow tints the heavens are gay. How happy in that ship are they! But quick! for we've no time to spare She's waiting for us there, down there,

Down there, down there! "See! there she is; down there, down ther Where clouds receive the setting sun. "Ah!" said the tired man, "I swear With useless journeys I'll have done. Indeed, I'm now too old to run.

But, children, you who've time to spar For you she's waiting there, down there Down th ere, down there!" -Berange

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

A pretty, dark-eyed girl began to work it, whose lover was over the sea. She was a French girl, and came of a family she scarce knew how or why. Indeed she had wondered often, lately, at a subof lace-makers

"I'll work my own bridal veil in my the le and unpleasant change in Louis. Could it be possible that she was about leisure time," she said. "So, when Walter comes to marry me, I shall be a to discover its cause ? gay bride."

"You ask a singular favor," she said, But she never finished the veil. Wal-But she never finished the veil. Wal-ter came too soon. She married her English lover—as poor as herself—and The hot, impulsive temper answered with forced quietness. went with him to London; and the half-finished veil went along, carefully folded "It is for that very reason that I away at the bottom of a trunk, and for hate it?

ness life. Unwilling to enter upon this She had quarreled with Louis; that course in Paris, where his noble relatives would not scruple to oppose him, he had chance for reconciliation came, Elise was tioning. chosen London as the scene of his future efforts, and embarked in business as a three days, and Adele, overwhelmed by but her health is bad, and she failed to have it finished in time. So then I made

The happy weeks and months grew brain fever. nto years. Adele was now seventeen; At this ju At this juncture a summons came to it was agreed and promised that, when spring-time came she should be Riviere's mediate presence there. Strange changes "A young girl?" had taken place. Two of the three lives ride. "We must finish the bridal veil," ried Elise, eagerly. "I tell you, Mon-ieur Louis, no lady of your proud touse ever wore a lace more exquisite that had stood between him and the title had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had extra the suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had extra the suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and the supplied with heat had been suddenly swept away; and the third, a frail and the supplied with heat had been suddenly swept away; and the had been suddenly swep cried Elise, eagerly. "I tell you, Mon-sieur Louis, no lady of your proud house ever wore a lace more exquisite when I look at my beautiful child in her

The news bewildered him. His heart way over the sea!" Louis turned quickly at these words, it sank again. Adele! Had he not lost a look of displeased surprise in his dark eyes. Adele? "I care not for rank or wealth unless she shares them!" cried his heart.

"1 will go and implore her pardon." "What peasant girl, madame?" he "What peasant give, questioned, unensily. "Myself!" she answered, happily, not marking the look or the tone. "What was I but a poor little lace-maker when all well again had she ever heard them; but she never did. When her long and but she never at last, and my generous young lover married me, the father of Adele?". He answered nothing, and Elise went wasting sickness was over at last, and she began, slowly and feebly, to take hold on life, she found herself an orphan nerrily chattering on ; but Adele noted his suddenly downcast air and gloomy in very truth! Walter had followed eyes, though she was far from suspect-Elise to a better world. ng the cause of either. His haughty family pride had received

Nor even then had she drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs; her father's af-fairs had been terribly involved; when all was settled, she was penniless.

Poor Adele! Truly might it be said that her sorrows "came not single spies, but in battalions;" father, mother, lover, ome, all gone! What had life left to offer her but patience and pain?

ew weeks later he did write, informin her fully of his strangely altered for tunes, and imploring her to pardon and accept once more as her true lover the Marquis de la Riviere.

And the letter never reached her. Th ouse to which it came was empty and deserted, the lately happy home was broken up, and the little English girl, for whom a husband and title and fortune were waiting in sunny France, was earn ing in great surprise. "Well ?" she said. "It should be—" "Wear any other veil in the world but ing a sorrowful living as a lace-maker Such are some of the strange reverse of real life, more wonderful than any fic

> So the marquis waited for an answ n vain. Then pride arose up in arms. 'She scorns me," he thought. " She, a boor peasant's child! I am punished for ny folly."

But after many months his letter to Adele was returned to him, crosse and recrossed with strange addresses. It was a messenger of hope to him She had not slighted, she had not scorned im; perhaps she had not ceased to love Before another day and night had passed, the marquis was on his journey to Lon-

Need I tell of his welcome there? will live and die single for her sake!"

"I borrowed it of a lace-maker," Miss Hale said, in reply to his anxious ques-tioning. "I had ordered one like it; the awful calamity, was prostrated with brain fever. her lend me this. She was quite un-willing, too," she added, pouting; "just through the streets of our cities and because it was her mother's work. Such towns, side by side with lighting gas and water mains, and when our mills and 'A young girl?' factories and workshops, our parlors and

"Oh, no; very thin, and worn, and kitchens, will be supplied with heat

'good old times' when they knew no Yes, he had work for her - work better.' marriage robes, and think of the poor little peasant girl of long ago, who toiled the heir of the dying nobleman. Statistics show that the number of private letters annually sent through the broken heart, of restoring love and hap-piness to both their lives!

Miss Hale never received her veilthe marquis claimed it.

In its stead he sent her a complete set of laces that made her-in that regard, at least-the envy of society; and Louis

married Adele. Pale and thin, and somewhat careworn still, was the bride of the marquis on her wedding day; but to his eyes—the eyes of faithful love—it was still the etest face in the whole world that 743 square miles. smiled and wept beneath Elise's bridal veil

Professor Langley, of the Allegheny And he kissed the old lace and blessed it, because through it he had found firer again. Observatory, to illustrate the almost in-credible amount of energy involved in a

"I love it now!" said he. "I prize it gentle summer shower, cites the follow next to yourself, dearest. It shall be kept as a treasure always." twenty square miles, on which the an-

as a treasure always." And so it was. Many a fair and high-born bride wore "the bridal veil of Riviere" in the years to come. It and its story passed through many genera-tions of proud and happy wearers. But her immediately upon his arrival in Paris, but that he felt so blissfully sure thather father would make all woll at the fering had attained to joy."

love's sake and for love alone, was chosen from all other women to be Madame la

Presence of mind has lately prove aluable in several interesting cases Henry Kuhn, at the bottom of a Duouque (Ia.) well, drove his pickaxe into the side and stood under it when he saw the earth-laden bucket falling, thus saving himself from being crushed. John Carey, when lightning struck the New Haven mill, of which he was fore an, knocked down three of the panic stricken operators, who were madly rushing toward the narrow exit, and s prevented a dangerous jam on a stair way. Mrs. Denkin, of Long Prairie, Minn., was threatened with an ax by her crazy son. She said, "Well, if-you want to cut my head off, let's go to the chopping-block." He nodded, and they passed out to the woodpile, It was out to the woodpile, It was dark, and addressing him with. "Now. I'll put my head on the block," she drew the white kerchief from her neck and

TIMELY TOPICS.

Hope. Men speak and dream with keen deligh Dr. W. H. Wahl, a writer on scientific Of some sure coming better day; topics, says: "I look forward to the time, and I believe it is not far distant, To gain the happy golden height All madly press the crowded way when we shall have 'heating gas' laid The world grows old and young by turns But human hope unchanging burns Hope leads the infant forth to life

And gayly ; lumes the boyish head; Her spell lures youth'to manly strife, Nor leaves the veteran's dying bed; And when life's o'er e'en from the tomb Hope springs to shed her brightest bloo

of the All is not vain illus Mere fancy, sprung from error's brain,

loo well proclaims the life we know; A higher life shall man attain And what those inward voi

Shall ne'er the hopeful soul betray. -Schiller

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A stick in time saves nine boys out

The man who opens a bundle exer

The yearly herring cure of Scotla

of Cincinnati.

A knowledge of how to swim life. oots do not make good life-preserve

battle are believed to be invariably su cessful, or rather they used to be, f Cetywayo is understood to have brok the charm by removing the chair la pring from the spot in which it h ood for many years.

avs to the mother \$70 monthly. services \$70 monthly. This gigant girl, when traveling, is put in the ba gage car, as she cannot pass through t door of the passenger cars. Drowned Themselves.

Marquise de la Riviere Presence of Mind.

threw it down and slipped away. The lunatic struck the kerchief a heavy but don. Need I tell of his welcome there? harmless blow. Julia Clarke, a San When did wealth and tile fail to find a Francisco factory girl, was caught in a And then she understood him. This daughter of England had been slow to suspect or comprehend the pride of the French aristocrat, but she would not marry the man who thought he *slooped* to take her. She folded up the veil, and gently but firmly said: And after three months' search he had failed to find her. He bad money, influ-ence, deepest heart interest to aid his search, and yet, in spite of all, he failed. "She is dead" he thought with an "She is dead," he thought, with an-guish. "I have come too late-it is in intimation of disaster Patrick McCarthy, the grave that I shall find my darling. If it be so, and I prove it so indeed, I seized a heavy plank and thrust the end solution of the second and the secon suspected by any one; many a gay belle and brilliant beauty had spread her. The drum was revolving with terrific speed, and the friction produced streams

or 38,781,600 tons. This amount of water in the form of ice would form thirteen pyramids as large as the great pyramid The poor lace-maker, whose mother was a peasant girl, but who, for true

ing case: Manhattan Island

of Egypt, and put in freight cars would form a train reaching more than around the world. This illustrates the incredible power of the sun and the immense value it would be to mankind i it could be harnessed and controlled as a motive force, as steam has been

In Belaravia Richard A. Procto shows that while it is theoretically possible to construct a chess-playing maton, it is practically impossible, be cause the machine would necessarily b so enormous and complicated. would scarcely be room on the earth for it, and it could not be operated. Th number of different combinations that can be formed on a chess-board is ap proximately represented as 100,000,000, 000,000,000,000,000,000,000, and if vorkman could make and drill 1,200 holes an hour, it would, to drill the equisite number of holes in a meta plate for one automatic chess-board, re

quire all the present inhabitants of the earth 100,000,000,000,000,000 years Therefore, Mr. Proctor thinks there wil never be a chess automaton that can play a game, unless there is "Life in Other Worlds Than Ours.

A new remedy for dyspepsia has been greater value than pepsin. It is found in the milky juice of the papaw tree (Carica papaya), which grows in tropical America, in India, and on many of the islands of the tropics. In India the tree is cultivated for its fruit, which is eaten both green and ripe by the natives, though it is said the birds will not touch

post is, at the average, in England, 34 for each inhabitant; in Italy, 21; in Germany,17; in Holland,16; in Belgium, 14; in France and Denmark, 12; in Turkey, 5. As to the number of postoffices. there are in Switzerland one to 9 square miles; in England, one to 13 square ten.-Albany Journal. miles; in Holland. one to 17; in Belg an undo influence on it. one to 33; in Germany, one to 43; in France, one to 62; in Italy, one to 63; in reaches 3,000,000 barrels Austria, one to 70; in Spain, one to 132; in Russia, one to 384; in Turkey, one to

A rich uncle's heir, who waited lon was finally worth his wait in gold.—Ne York Herald.

Why is a correspondent like a ga dener? Because he spends much of h time in righting lettuce.

The first railroad at Palestine has bee contracted for between Jaffa and Jer salem, forty miles. The contractor reported to be G. F. D. Lovel, a reside

A huge overhanging rock on the bar of Sunday creek, Ohio, recently tumble over, forcing the water into a lev field. When the water receded it le

numerous large catfish on dry lan One of the catfish measured over thi teen feet and weighed 375 pounds. Learn how to swim. The art me ome day be the means of saving yo ife. A knowledge of how to swim w

give one more self-possession on water than will a perfect knowledge Greek and Latin. Latin verbs and Greek

-Modern Argo. Close to Abergeldie, the Prince Wales' Scotch seat, is what is known it the Cradle Bridge, over the Dee, which at that point is too rapid for ferryboat A person is seated in a sort of cradle a tached to a pole and swung across. 7 Prince of Wales and even the prince cross in the cradle and save many mile The Zulus have a matted chair which they ascribe supernatural powe Warriors who sit in it before going

A Russian peasant girl, ten years of weiging 418 pounds, is now on exhibi-tion. She is accompanied by h mother, and is engaged by a manag who are to the mother for the girls of the girls.

the time being quite forgotten. It may have been forgotten in earnest during twelve years, for aught I know -certainly it lay that long unnoticed. A lovely little ten-year-old girl was the fairy that broke its long sleep at last. She had dark eyes, like the little peasant of twelve years ago, but/Walter s golden hair.

mamma?'

The pretty dark-eyed matron langhed and shook her head, and half-signed, as the delicate fabric to her lips. Then she told her child the history of its out to him a little, trembling hand,

making. "But it shall not lie hidden so long from the light again," she said, tenderly. "I will finish it, and when the time comes for my little Adele to be a bride, the milling a little, trembing hand, which he took mechanically—" and so I will grant you the favor you covet, my friend. Your bride shall not wear my darling mother's bridal veil "—here he kissed the hand, and she drew it quickly she will have a veil to be proud of," Again the little taper fingers toiled merrily and busily over the delicate lince, and fairy-like ferns and masses of grace-ful flowers grew steadily under them. Adele watched the progress of the work with keenest interest.

with keenest interest. "Mamma, teach me to work it," she said one day. "My fingers are much "Mamma, teach said one day. "My fingers are much finer and tinier than yours." After that she would bring her little work-basket to her mother's side and work at a veil for her doll. The facility with which she learned the graceful art so expert was sate that Elise did not fear to let her take part in the creation of the bridal veil itself, but they worked at it now and then as the fancy seized them.

now and then as the fancy seized them. Louis Riviere was from France, like Adele's mother-that had been a bond loved her mother's country for her mother's sake, though she herself was proud of being called English, and she also loved the young Frenchman. Louis came of noble blood, and was well-to-do. He had some money-not enough to live upon in idle luxury, but plenty to secure him a fair start in busk.

And then she understood him. This

'You did not know, when first you

"You did not know, when first you "You did not know, when first you "You did not know, when first you "You did not know, when first you sought me for a bride, that mamma was a lace-worker in France; if you had, ethaps you would not have loved me. Since you have learned this fact you have regretted our engagement. You need not speak; I have seen a change in you-I faol that in is no harm I feel that it is so! But there is no harm

away—"but that is because I shall not be your bride."

No need to dwell upon what followed. His prayers, his protestations-humble at first, then angry—his tears, that had no power in them to sap the strength of

Her parents questioned her in vain. It was Adele's bridal veil!

nets, to secure the splendid prize of a of fire and smoke. But the engineer's titled husband.

Hale; she was the fairest and the wealthiest of them all, and her golden still a few feet from the bottom. hair was not unlike Adele's.

more than the others—the memory of an

olden love. her vanity made sure that he was in her toils. She arranged charades, tableaux, reward offered for the missing boy, gave no power in them to sap the strength of the transformation of the

One, upon which Miss Hale had quite set her heart, was that of a bridal-need he made known the fact of his discovery

bridal veil.

Foremost among the many, Rosalind and the end of the board soon checked thrust was exactly at the right point

this that had attracted him toward her An Incident of the Charley Ross Case.

The Charley Ross mystery is brought blden love. She never suspected that, however; from Philadelphia. A certain John The tableux were suggestive enough. any time during the past three years he could have produced the boy, if armed ing after him struck like a knell of hope to her young, passionate heart, she flew to the window and watched him out of sight. "Go! go!" she cried, dashing away the tears that blinded her. "Go from my eyes, hateful tears, and let me see my how for the last time! My love! my "But, no; he only bowed as he led came to that vicinity a year or more after her from the platform; and then one of the abduction. He has kept the boy at the buttons of his coat caught in her school well-cared for, and he could be produced in a few hours if Mr. Ross or It has been said that "trifles make up. the authorities would give the needed as-

the sum of human happiness," sistance. The story is so improbable It seemed so now. As the marquis that it receives little consideration, and "He despised you, my daring manima -you! No, no, I will never pardon him!" or that he is demented -Detroit Post.

of Henry III. there was a Versificator Regis, to whom an annual stipend was first paid of one hundred shillings. Up to the time of Elizabeth, it is not in our power to give a list of the Poets Laure-ate, but from that time to the present there have been sixteen, as follows: Ed-gether while in a state of unsound mind mund Spenser, died 1598-9; Samuel Daniel, died 1619; Ben Jonson, died

The Treat Wheel.
Daniel, died 1619; Ben Jonson, died 1637; Sir William Davenant, died 1668; John Dryden, deposed at the revolution, 1668; Thomas Shadwell, died 1692;
Nahum Tate, died 1715; Nicholas Rove, died 1718; Rev. Laurence Ensden, died 1730; Colley Cibber, died 1757; William Whitchead, died 1785; Rev. Dr. Thomas Warton, died 1790; Henry James Pye, died 1813; Dr. Robert Southey, died March 21, 1843; William Wordsworth, died April 23, 1850; Alfred Tennyson, Chorn 1809), installed 1850.
A flock of 117 stalwart ostriches roam over the sands of New Mexico, the birds being the offsprings of a number of the

being the offsprings of a number of the long-legged creatures imported a few that kind in Texas.—Belton (Tex years ago.

 is cultivated for its fruit, which is eaten both green and ripe by the natives, though it is said the birds will not touch it. Tough beef that has been vrapped in the leaves of this tree will become in a very short time quite tender, and it it stated that Brazilian butchers have taken advantage of the knowledge of this fact to make their toughest beef salable. If the accounts of those who professed to investigate the subject be true, the solution of the juice has more powerful solvent an appear, it is more active, and is operates in a shorter time.
The Poets Laureate.
The Poets Laureate.
The Detroit Free Press replies as follows to the inquiry about the English Poetry," says that in the reign of Henry III. there was a Versificator Regis, to whom an annual stipped was first paid of one hundred shillings. Up A lover and his sweetheart recent browned themselves in a mill-pond ne

The Tread Wheel.

Journal.

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