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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 5, 1879.

NO. 45.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

[A lovely afternoon in October. A party of young people carrying paper bags, satchels and baskets, strolling up a pleasant country road. Leaning over the garden gate of the picturesque and many-gabled house they have just left, looking after them. the gentleman shad-ing his eyes from the sun with his right

ing his eyes from the sun with his right hand—Mrs. Melicent Ogden, widow, and Mr. Sidney Maurice, old bachelor.]

Mr Maurice (turning to his companion, still shading his eyes).—One would imagine, judging from those happy youths and maidens, that the violets were here instead of the golden-rod, and that the roses were conjudent. and that the roses were coming, and not the snow-flakes. They go as merrily to gather autumn leaves as they went to seek for May's sweet blossoms. Life's spring makes all seasons its own.

Mrs. Ogden (laughingly) .- True. But that is no reason you should protect your sight any longer. You have turned your back upon the sun.

Mr. Maurice (dropping his hand and walking beside her, as she saunters to-ward the grape arbor).—When we two were young, I thought your beauty much more dazzling than the sun.

Mrs. Ogden (slowly) .- That was great many years ago.
Mr. Maurice.—We'll say fifteen.

Mrs. Ogden (knowing it to be nine

teen).—At least sixteen.

Mr. Maurice.—Is it possible? Looking at you, I can scarcely believe it to be

half that number.

Mrs. Ogden.—You have not lost your

talent for flattering.

Mr. Maurice.—I could not lose what I Mrs. Ogden—I never firted with the possessed. I abhor flattery.

Time must have been fallen in love with the got into the habit of strolling over to our house from the hotel, and spending our house from the hotel, and spending. the old greybeard ever after, as he made his yearly rounds, only gazed upon you smilingly, and passed on. No hand of his has been laid upon your dark tresses. He has never touched your broad smooth brow. Your wine-brown eyes have the same sparkle and your pretty mouth the same smile as of old. Only your form is more matronly, and your chin not quite so round, and I should suspeet (glancing at her plump hand) that you now wear six and a half instead of six. The first philopena I ever gave you — Mr. Maurice—And Percy Germain? I let you catch, me, by-the-bye-was a pair of gloves. As for me, the foot-prints of the crow are plainly visible around my eyes, my hair and my mustache are turning gray, and the buttons and but-ton-holes of the brown coat in which you first beheld me (it was at the elder Miss Sargent's sixteenth birthday party, and you threw Bob Taylor over imme diately I was introduced, and allowed me to feed you with strawberries and cream the rest of the evening) wouldn't He was very patient and kind with me

Mrs. Ogden.-'Tis false! He has only touched you with one finger. You look your age, I will confess — nine-and-thirty (she knows he is forty-one), but four tire silver threads among the gold." So, Mr. Maurice, you get no sympathy from me on that score.

(They reach the arbor, and seat themselves upon a rustic bench shaded with

Mr. Maurice (suddenly, after a few moments' thought). — Ah! Melicent, what happy, happy days those were when you seventeen and I two-andtwenty were so wildly in love with each other. That is, when I was wildly in love with you, and you thought you were very much in love with me. Do you remember the morning in early April when the blue-bird flew in at the open window, and, perching above your picture, sang its few sweet notes over and over again? And you declared it was an enchanted prince, like the one in the fairy tale, who had flown thither for

Mr. Maurice.—And I said: In what more beautiful shape could death come to us? The smiling sky above, the smiling waters beneath, and the fragrant flowers around us.

Mrs. Ogden.—You were always awfully poetical But in spite of the poetry, I caught a severe cold, and loöked like a fright for week. And can you recall the terrible thunderstorm that overtook us as we were sauntering through the woods one August day, and the fearful clap that shattered the maple tree beneath which we sought shelter?

Mr. Maurice.—Can I recall it? Can I ever forget it, you mean. For that same clap which you call fearful, but which I thought heaven sent, threw you into my arms, and—I—kinsed you.

Mrs. Ogden.—After I married him. You seem to be well informed on the subject. [With a little sigh.] He was a very good husband, and never scolded me during all the ten years of married life.

Mr. Maurice.—And you loved him?

Mrs. Ogden.—Certainly. As soon as we were engaged I considered it may the duty to begin to love him.

Mrs. Ogden.—Having totally forgottem, and left them all there, and mamma, who was waiting with pitchers

Mrs. Ogden.—You had not written "Mrs. Ogd

and vases and things to fill, scolded us for three months: You were angry for nearly an hour? Dear mamma! she always liked you, and never forgot you.

Mr. Maurice (with emphasis).—In pape, who didn't like you as well as mamma did said you weren't coming semble her.

Mrs. Ogden (ignoring the interruption).

-And the day I stole the jar of peacher from the storeroom, when we contemplated a lunch among the hens and chickens in the barn, and it exploded ere it reached its destination—having been quietly fermenting for a year or so for the express purpose of, at the proper-time, stopping a thick—and, brought all, the household about me? And Aunt, Mira lield up her hands in florror—poor dear Aunt Mira!—and made us go into the dining-room and take lunch, as she said, "like Christians?"

Mr. Maurice—And the day I started for Japan, and you promised to remain true to me forever? Do you remember

Mrs. Ogden (leaning forward to look down the garden path)—Indistinctly.
Mr. Maurice (impulsively)—Melicent

why weren't you true to me?

Mrs. Ogden—I was; though appe ances, I confess, were against me.

Mr. Maurice—You were true to me!

Why, I hadn't been gone three months

when I heard of your flirting desperately

Mrs. Ogden—Poor Jack! He was so entertaining, and he used to say such funny things. I nearly died a-laughing at them many a time. But as to flirting with him—you accused me of it in your with him—you accused he of the hydrosecond letter, and I was so indignant that I did not answer it—

Mr. Maurice (sarcastically)—Ah! it was indignation, then, that kept you

and we played cards, and jested, and laughed together—and that's all.

Mr. Maurice—And Will Brown Mrs. Ogden.—Poor dear Will! His mrs. Ogden.—Poor dear Will: His brains were all in his feet. What a capital dancer he was! No one could keep step with me as he did. And it's so refreshing to find a partner who won't tread on your train, or jerk you awkwardly about, or stop before the dance is helf through. I did dance with him

peat poetry—especially love poetry—as well as he did. He used to give me les sons in elocution, and taught me many beautiful poems. One commenced, if I remember aright:

" First love with the earth remain When long years have go as by,
As trail rose blossoms still retain
Their tragrance when they die."

meet at the present moment by a foot or though I'm afraid I was a very provok-Time has smitten me with both ing pupil.

Mr. Maurice. — Humph! extremely

"kind." And Peter Atkins, Esquire? Mrs. Ogden.-Oh, bless his dear old He took me out yaching three or four times—with a party, of course—and sent me a love of a bracelet on Valennot a day more. And you are entirely sent me a love of a bracelet on Valen-mistaken about the crow's feet, and I time's day. But the idea of flirting with him! | Laughing merrily. | Fancy or flirting with one's grandfather!

Mr.Maurice.—And none of these men

made love to you? Mrs. Ogden.-Oh, dear! yes all of

Mr. Manrice -And von?

Mrs. Ogden.-I? I regarded them as brothers, with the exception of Mr. Atkins. I thought of him, as I said before, as of a grandfather.

Mr. Maurice. – But Mr. Ogden, whose

wife you became—you must have regarded him as something more than a brother or-a grandfather?

Mrs. Ogden.—Well, yes, Sydney—I should say Mr. Maurice— Mr. Maurice.-I am quite satisfied

with Sidney.

Mrs. Ogden.-Fred was a fine-looking, was an enchanted prince, like the one in the fairy tale, who had flown thither for love or you? And you made kisses at it, and called it such pretty pet names that. I actually grew jealous of the bird?

Mrs. Ogden. — Yes, I remember it well. And the day we went for water-like growed. So bartoney), and he was here; and you was in Japan; and one lovely moonlike growed. well. And the day we went for water-liles, and came near being drowned.

Mr. Maurice.—And I said: In what of love songs, "Ah te o cara," from Pumore beautiful shape could death come ritani, you know, in a heavenly manner. with me. And remember, also, there to us? The smiling sky above, the I was completely carried away by it, and will be no more spring flowers, no more will be no more spring flowers, no more will be no more spring flowers, no more will be no more spring flowers, no more

Mr. Maurice.—Having totally forgot- which is to be undertaken at once.

about some one of the "brothers" or the "grandisther".—I, forget, which; and paps, who didn't like you as well as mamma did, said you weren't coming back for five years. Five years! why, that length of time seems an eterative to a young girl. And you know we were not positively engaged to each other. You had never asked paps, and he was on Fred's side anyhow. And yet, now that we are old people, I will confess that I was very fond of you. I never went to gather spring flowers with any, one class.

Mr. Maurice.—Nor water-filies.

A writen in the New York Evening Post thus describes the mysteries of pinmaking: The pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have closest approaches that mechanics have into a weapon. The material was found very brittle, but all difficulties have been overcome and a blade has been from the long shaft at the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our went to gather spring flowers with any, one class.

Mrs. Ogden—Nor water-filies.

A writen in the New York Evening

Post thus describes the mysteries of pinmaking: The pin machine is one of the closest that mysteries of pinmaking: The pin machine is one of the closest that mechanics have closest approaches that mechanics have of the human that length of time seems an eterative of the human and steel mixed to Colonel Benton, of Texas, sent a piece of this celestation and steel mixed to Colonel Benton, at the Springfield Armory, to be made into a weapon. The material was found very brittle, but all difficulties have been overcome and a blade has been from the blook side a light belt descends from the long shafe. On it is an inscription in Spanish setting forth that the sword is a novelty,"

Stanley, the Africa.—Stanley, the Africa explorer, is of Texas, sent a piece of this celestation of Texas, sent a piece of this celestation of Texas, sent a piece

Mrs. Ogden-Nor water-lilies.
Mr. Maurice.-Never was caught in a thunder-storm with a "brother" or "grandfather?" Mrs. Ogden.—Never. Mr. Maurice.-In short, you only

rarried another? Mrs. Ogden (not noticing the last remark)—And you—can it be possible that you are still a bachelor? I could

mained a bachelor. Your image alone has reigned in my heart. You see how much more constant a man can be than are pointed and dropped in a little pretty woman.

Mrs. Ogden (with much animation).
-Sydney, Miss Rallston's a nice girl—a few years past her teens, but very girlish—and she's awfulsy fond of you. She knows all your favorite dishes. I can only remember you have a fancy for poached eggs and peaches. She ordered your breakfast before you came down his morning, to save you the trouble, she said, and you fairly beamed when the waiter brought it to you. She reads Macaulay morning to talk him with you evenings. She practices—oh, heavens, how she practices!—when you're away, step with me as he did. And it's so refereshing to find a partner who wen't tread on your train, or jerk you awk-wardly about, or stop before the dance is half through. I did dance with him a great deal one winter, but that's all.

Mr. Maurice—And Percy Germain?

Mrs. Ogden—Poor dear Percy! I never heard anybody, not even you, repeat poetry—especially love poetry—as bais and blue.—I, never admired fair

Mr. Maurice.—I, never admired fair unir and blue eyes. Mrs. Ogden.—She would be constant. I know she would. I never saw any male body paying her the slightest attention. I mean I never saw her coquetting with any one. She never could be

sung away from you. Never! I'd stake my life on that. Mr. Maurice (absently).—What fools we men arel

Msr. Ogden.-Have you just discovered it? Mr. Maurice.-We forgivee verything

to the women we love, and we love be-witching, careless, faithless flirts, when Mrs. Ogden. And long upper lips to be had for the asking. Why do you do

Mr. Maurice.—Because we are fools, I suppose. Melicent, have you any charity for a fool?

Mrs. Ogden.—It depends upon what "fool," and the manner of his foolish-

Mr. Maurice (rising).-He stands be-

fore you, and his foolishness consists in the fact that in spite of your faithless-ness he loves you still. Will you marry Mrs. Ogden (also rising and looking

anxiously toward the west, where the clouds are darkening).—If it were not too late in the season, I should fear we were threatened with a thunder-storm.

Mr. Maurice (extending his arms).If you are at all frightened, Melicent come to your old refuge. I am as ready to receive and kiss you as on that sum mer day, sixteen years ago.

(She bends toward him. He folds her

in his arms and kisses her.)
She (looking smilingly up in his face). Sydney, to become your wife will be a fearful punishment. Pause before you infliet it upon me, for, remember, inno-cent as you are, you will have to share it with me. And remember, also, there summer blossoms for us, nothing but He .- My darling, I thank God for

gone into a coal-hole opening in the loads sidewalk, you couldn't have hired her to go to another. Norristown Heral L.

Twenty-five million dollars a mile is the cost of the construction of an extension of the district railway of London.

writer in the New York E

small rollers.

This wire descends and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it and bites it off by inches incessantly, 140 wood go through the powerful machine bites to a minute. Just as it seizes each this the end of the wire three taps and the connecticut river pulp mill at the connectic Mrs. Ogden (not noticing the last remark)—And you—can it be possible that you are still a bachelor? I could scarcely believe our hostess—how then lays the pin sideways in a little growth at the machine takes it and gnaws it cause his mother put a larger mustard up very fine. So rapidly does this process go on that the machine eats about strange that we should meet here, after being separated for such a long long that slowly revolves just under its nose; and this makes between three and four the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is about the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, is that of a youth who complained behavior and the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, and the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, and the size of the worst case of selfishness on record to the finit, and the size of the finit the finite of the finite the being separated for such a long, long that slowly revolves just under its nose, and this makes between three and four time!—when she told me so. Are you quite sure you have left no almond-eyed wife in Japan?

Seven and a half cords of wood in a day, and this makes between three and four tons of pulp. After coming from the machine the pulp is put into vats and they are carried under two series of reduced by the action of chamical. quite sure you have left no almond-eyed wife in Japan?

Mr. Maurice.—Quite sure. I don't like almond eyes. I like well-opened, large, wine-brown eyes that glow in the light. Milicent, for your sake I have remained a brokelor. Your image along came, levers and strings are made to tive. A bird foncier in the pulp is put into vats and reduced by the action of chemicals. It is used for the manufacture of news and book paper.

They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of the points of the pins, and by a series of the points of the pins, and by a series of the points of the pins, and by a series of the points of the pins, and by a series of the points of the pins, and by a series of the points of the pins, and by a series of the points of the pins, and by a series of the points of the pins, and by a series of the pulp is put into vats and reduced by the action of chemicals. It is used for the manufacture of news and book paper. points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers and springs are made to play "like lightning." Thus the pins Australia, taking advantage of these

shower into a box.

Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little au-tomatons. Forty machines on this floor make 560 pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent

detected.

Another automaton assorts half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes all at once and unerringly, when careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pin by the head in an inclined platform through as many "slots" as there are pins in a row on the papers These slots converge into the exact space, spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper, A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the

"Tall and slender, pale and thin, Pretty, little, useful pin."

Too Many Girls. "Them girls'll be the death of me," sighed Mr. Plug this morning, as he came up the street. "Why, I thought they were very nice girls," said a sympa-thizing friend. "So they are, nice enough, but there's too many on 'em an' they're too attractive," said the discon-solate patriarch. "Them three daughters of mine were enough in all con-science, but now my niece is up here

out-door sparkin'."-Fond du Lac Re-

ran away from a Laconia employer be-charged furiously. The man shut his cause the latter thrashed him for spend-eyes and opened his umbrella, but of no

"After 1880, what?" asks an exchange; an honest man.—Springfield (Mass.) 1881, perhaps," says another exchange. Republican.

TIMELY TOPICS.

characteristics, by a simple method makes him a musical artiste. He puts the canary in a house where there is no other bird of any kind. He hangs the bird before a mirror; behind it there is things of life that have gained much make 560 pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest leregularity of form being detected.

Another automaton assorts half a function of the succeeds in doing. The bird old beech that stands near Jonesboro, function by walking the water.—

Picayune.

"D. Boone cilled A Bar on Tree in the year 1760," is the inscription on an old beech that stands near Jonesboro, function by walking the water.—

"D. Boone cilled A Bar on Tree in the year 1760," is the inscription on an old beech that stands near Jonesboro, function by walking the water. melody: and he tries to imitate min, which he succeeds in doing. The bird old beech that stands near Jonesboro, fancier has already taught the plumed Tenn., the centennial anniversary of the founding of which place was recently

to sing in chorus by the same process.

A dispatch from Tokio, Japan, to the New York Herald, describing the movements of Nordenskjold, the Arctic explorer, in search of a northwest passage, speaks of Behring's Island and the sea bear farm established there. The most important industry of the island is the export of the skins of the sea bear, which animal some years ago bid fair to become extinct, but is now thriving and paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human tory alone were seen as many as two hundred thousand of the animals, whose tory alone were seen as many as two hundred thousand of the animals, whose huidred thousand of the animals, whose fur is in such great request in American and European cities. From thirty to fifty thousand are slaughtered on Behring's and Copper islands annually, but ing's and Copper islands annually, but only at the time when the hair is in the stringent regulations are enforced for the preservation of a valuable species. The result is that their numbers are now sugmenting, and they display no fear or anxiety on the approach of men.

Minding His Own Business.

Milly and some young snoozer 'nuther settin' in the barn door. This thing's got to stop before cold weather, for I can't afford wood and karrysene for any such nonsense when it's too cold for while the man, the over-officious and superserviceable chap, who had turned the flock away from the turnpike wa A Yankee a Russian Admiral.

How a Mcredith boy became a Rusing flock and the school house. Him an sian admiral makes an entertaining romance. The son of Rev. Simons Finley flock marked for immediate and con-Williams, a celebrated Massachusetts clergyman called to Meredith in 1790, horned and woolly Nestor of the flock

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Stanley, the African explorer, is once more in the wilds of Africa.

An Illinois apple tree, denuded by caterpillars, has clad its limbs in ne

An Indianapolis man is going to leave \$50,000 in his will for the reform of

Seven brothers by the name of Sipe,

all members of the Casarville cornet band, York county, Pa., present an in-stance in music which no family can equal. The worst case of selfishness on record

expedition from Greenland. An attempt will be made to approach the North Pole gradually, by series of stations. The multiplicity of advertising dodges

is becoming irksome to advertisers, and they are settling down to the conviction that newspapers are after all the cheap-est and best medium.—Springfield Republican

The cost of the English elementary schools last year was \$19,577,250. They instructed 3,154,973 children. The

French elementary schools during the same time instructed 3,823,000 and cost \$13,630,000. "I have searched for truth and nowhere could I find it, not even in my-self; therefore I die." This singular note was found on the body of a Russian

nobleman who recently committed suicide with a pistol. The venerable Cato Oakley (colored), a Suffield, (Conn.) pauper, is consider

The reward offered by the American best order. No young or females are Humane Association for a cattle car allowed to be killed, and otherwise that will enable railway companies to transport stock without erue ty, should stimulate inventors. The reward for an ments is \$5,000. As cattle are now transported, one great cause of com-plaint is lack of water. Under existing arrangements the animals suffer, and to a degree that sometimes lessens their science, but now my niece is up here from Boston, and it seems as if the old

There was a herdsman driving a hun-value, The huddling of numbers toscratch had got into 'em. I don't object dred head of sheep or more down Min-to young folks havin' a good time, and cral Springs avenue. They went along der head of sheep or more down Mingris havin' a good time, and girls havin' beaux and all that, but when it comes to havin' sparkin' going on all over the place, it's too bad, "said Mr. Plug. "Last night Sue had a feller courtin' her at the front gate, and Julia had her chap in the parlor, and when I got ready to go to bed, b.ess me if Andromache (that's my niece from Boston) didn't have young Start spooning Andromache (that's my niece from Boston) didn't have young Start spooning her on the front stairs. She says that's Newport style. Cuss sich nonsense! I couldn't git up stairs to go to bed without climbin' over them, so I thought I'd go out to the barn and steep on the hay, but dern my pictur' if I didn't fall over Milly and some young snoozer 'nuther cast. In one minute preplied and some fortune. But to discover, but it may possibly be the means of suggesting front of the flock and waved his umbrella as a scepter of authority. The result of this generalship was that the sheep rushed pell-mell into a school-yard just as the scholars, like a flock of human sheep, were pouring out for a re-Milly and some young snoozer 'nuther. cess. In one minute urchins and lamb- some fortune. But to do that he must occupied by a cattle car, nor must he

A Minister's Rebuke.

Rev. Robert Collyer, who has recently some from Chicago to the Church of the Messiah, in New York, is expressing with frankness, his opinion of certain liberties taken in the New York churches. After his sermon one evening, and while the choir was singing He.—My darling, I thank God for them. For in the sunshine of your love them. For in the sunshine of your love the autumn leaves will keep their gold and crimson beauty while life itself shall last.—Harpen's Bazar.

Jennie June knows a woman who has not failed to go to every opening in New York for twenty, years." Jennie must be mistaken. If the woman had gone into a coal-hole opening in the sidewalk, you couldn't have hired her to go to another.—Norristown Herall.

For this, the Czar trained young Wilpursued him to Portland, reaching there two days after the youngster had shipped on a Russian bark. The vessei and then old Nestor sent him sprawling in advance of his flock, and before he seventeen, with the assistance of two is sallors, mounted an old swivel, filled it with iron scraps and sank two boat loads of buccaneers, thus saving his ser ship.

For this, the Czar trained young Williams up in the royal navy, of which he became the head, his title being is count Zincherschoff. He subsequently is isted this country and paid the Lactoria man his \$300 and interest, all in gold, saying he should return to Russia an honest man. Springfield (Mass.)

In the creature crashed like a circus number of persons left the church, to the great annoyance of the large congregation assembled. At the close of the singing Mr. Collyer said: "May I ask those who have been so kind as to remain through the service to say to any they may know, who have just left the church, that if they come again I wish the became the head, his title being index of the car trained young Williams up in the royal navy, of which he became the head, his title being is identified away, remarking: "After all, I should find finer manners in New York than in Chicago, but I have been more annoyed in this way than during two years in Chicago. I don't like it and I. Journays, yet I have been more annoyed in this way than during two years in Chicago. I don't like it, and I won't stand it. You will tell them, won't you?"

Original issues in

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