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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 25, 1878.

NO. 52.

We Meet on Christmas-Day,

The amber sky is glowing.

The leafless brandynes sway.

The dying breezes whisper,

'A year has passed away.'

Farewell to sapphire splendor

Of summer-tinted skies,

And scented winds' low whispers,

And brading flowers' replies.

I hear the joy bells ringing—
So near, so far away—
This happy message bringing,
"We meet on Christmas-day."
And though the world be cheerless,
And though the skies be gray,
For me the air is golden
As any summer's day.

Beneath the bronzing branch Our last farewell was said, With golden sunlight glancing
Through leaves of golden red;
Around us all the wonders
Of nature allow decay;
But loud as crashing thunders
Our welcome rings to-day.

Although the year is dying,
To me its death is life,
And end of weary sighing,
And peace to weary strife;
While every rules is thrilling
And bounding to the sway
Of passion, madly ringing,
"We meet on Christmae-Jay.

I know sweet eyes will brighten,
And swiftest blushes burn,
And cusky isshes darken
O'er looks for which I yearn.
Of all glad hearts the gladdest "My love and I who love her Will meet on Christmas-day.

RISKING HIS LIFE

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

"It is cold enough to freeze the hear out of a miser and make the white bear out or a miser and mass the winter over dance for joy," grumbled Tom Orton, as he leeked out of the window upon the snow-cumbered streets. "How I wish I could be at home to-night and take one of you and the babies, Jenny. And I would only for "—

He thought of how much poverty was packing them, and would not sadden the hearts of those he loved by mentioning it.

"Only for what, Tom?" asked his w fe from the bed, where, ill herself, she was taking care of their two sick chil-"Only that they'll be wanting me,

he replied. "You know it is Christma

he replied. "You know it is Christmane e.e., and we've gotten up an extra entert dimment."
"Yes, Tom; and a sorry day for us, n w that I am siek, and the children wanting medicine and"—she would have said "food," but could not bear to his lead.

"so much depends upon you."

"I know," he replied, hastily brushing the moisture from his eyes and a riving to conceal his anxiety; "but J am well and strong, Jenny, and the winter is nearly over, and you'll be well

" But if anything should happy you?" she questioned, with a heavy sigh. "Don't think there is much danger,

he said, repressing a sob as he thought of how desperate would be their situa-tion—of the rent due, the scanty store of provisions, the little of fuel remaining, the more than month of hard winter yet before them, the needs of a family that a poor man learns by the most bit-

"But there is, dear Tom. No one is ever safe living the life you do. There are ad many chances for accident." "Don't fear, I'll take care of myself

won't run any extra risk; and as I have nothing to do in the latter part,

have nothing to do in the latter part, will be home early."

He stepped to the bedside; drew the covers more closely about his wife and children, kiesed them, put more coal in the stove, attended to everything possible for their comfort, and prepared to face the cold and go to his nightly employment. Yet an uncommon spell seemed to chain him. He lingered, fidgeted, glanced uneasily at the clock. "Isn't it time you were off, Tom?" questioned his wife. "You know it is quite late."

"Isn't it time yon were off, Tom?" questioned his wife. "You know it is quite late."

"Yes, Jemy, but somehow I don't feel like leaving you alone."

"Oh, I am used to staying alone."

"Oh, I am used to staying alone."

"Yes, yes."

An active, sober man was he, and a skilled performer. He had been trained to the profession from childhood—knew no other, and under ordinary circumstances could essily "keep his head bove water." But the "tenting performer and every place of amusement suffered in consequence. To these things were added sickness, and brave-hearted [as he was he could not suppress a shiver of nxiety as the future stared him in the ace.

"En the suffered was hat as soon as the trembling steeds had been taken charge of by others he was disappeared.

"Who could he have been?" questioned the lady, with still ghastly face and bloodless lips.

"Can't say," answered a policeman, constituting himself spokesman; "but he was a brave fellow, indeed," was the response, "and I weuld give very much to know his name and where he is to be found."

So would the policeman, that something of the glory might attach to himself. But the lady departed homeward without obtaining the desired information, and the sensitiveness of Tom Orton caused him to lose the one opportunity of his life to have risen above iron-handed poverty.

de passed along the narrow street, handed poverty.

"My God!" exclaimed a man, who, bolder than the rest, sprang forward, grappled and would have drawn him away. "You will be killed! instantly

Tom Orton shook him off just as the horses reached him, watched his oppor-tunity, seized upon the harness as they

tunity, seized upon the harness as they were sweeping past, sprang lightly upon the back of the nearest, grasped the reins, and turning to the affrighted woman and screaming children, shouted:

"Keep quiet. I will save you."

And save them he did. Before a block had been traversed the horses were made to realize that he was their master, and a sharp curb cutting deeply into their mouths brought them to a stand-still.

stand-still.

The crowd cheered lustily. The police assisted the woman and children out, and carried them into a neighboring store, and as soon as the former had in a measure recovered her senses, she asked for her preserver, that she might thank and reward him. But he was not to be found. All that could be learned was that as soon as the trembling steeds had been taken charge of by others he had disappeared.

"Who could be have been?"

with tears.

"Tom, dear Tom," said Jenny, as well as she could for her pitiful sobbings, "what will become of us—of the children? We shall all starve and die together."
"Not while we have hands," replied

Not while we have hands," replied his associates, and every heart was touched and every arm nerved to do the utmost toward relief.

They all looked around anxiously for the physician—had supposed he had so companied them. But he was not to be seen, and their grambling became loud

and deep,
"I can bear anything," said Tom

"I can bear anything," said Tom,
"but for you, Jenny, and the children,"
and he entirely broke down.
"And I could curse that doctor for an
unfeeling wretch," blurted out one of
the most passionate. "But it is ever
thus. We give our lives freely to please
the public, and when anything happens
they care nothing for us."

Tom Orton groaned heavily. The
sound awoke his little girl. She raised
us in hed strained her ever clanned

sound awoke his little girl. She raised up in bed, strained her eyes, clapped her tiny hands, and shouted in true childish glee and wonder:

"Mamma! Papa! See—an angel!'
All eyes were turned in the direction she pointed, and in the doorway stood a beautiful woman, leaning upon the arm of the physician!

Yes, an angel had come to them. Tom Orton had risked his life to save that of the daughter of Doctor Armitage and his grandchildren, and the merest chance had given them the knowledge who it was.

But never was an equestrian feat better rewarded, and never a more charitable angel appeared upon earth, even upon the day when alike from hill-top and valley is proclaimed: "Peace upon earth and good will to men."

Since 1848 they were thirty-seve tempts against the lives of rulers and

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 25, 1878.

Minorph more presentation conce-passed and the state of the control of all control of the c

ment the wounded member soon healed, but with the upper and lower lids fast-ened to the sight of the eye. To remedy this difficulty Dr. Van Duyn separated the unduly joined membranes with a knife, thereby necessarily removing a part of the conjunctive of the eye. In the anticipation of this loss the doctor had a rabbit in readiness under the influence of ether, and at this stage of the operation took a piece of the conjunctive from one of the insensible animal's eyes and immediately placed it upon that of the injured man, where it speedily adhered and now has become a part of the human eye. ily adhered and not of the human eye.

· A French fashion letter in 1790 mentions two hundred styles of bonnets,

neglected then, no matter what their lot at other seasons. The out-door poor of every parish are virited with the baskets of every parish are virited with the baskets of every parish are virited with the baskets of the self-virity, arbitrarily termed a "tea and treat," at which all poor people may come and sit down who will, is spread in Wesleyan chapels and like places. The Wesleyans do not adorn their places of worthip with flowers and evergreens, but they spread these tables for the poor with most liberal hend. Whatever meats are left ovar, after all have eaten who will, as given in baskets to those who gak for the matter of religion—enough that you are hungry; it is the Christmas day; est and be filled. So, seven hundred people at a Christmas dinner—for such if was—at the Wesleyan chapel near my home in Cardiff last Christmas, . In the mining town of Merthyr Tyfdil they give a Christmas dinner to the poor, which is perhaps the best patronized in Wafes. For seventeen years past, the restor of Morthyr tells me, they have never dineafewer than two thousand people at their Christmas table.

A Cartieus Surgical Operation.

The was of the will in the head of the sight of the eye. In the anticipation of this loss the doctor had a rabbit in readiness under the influence of ether, and at this stage of the operation took a piece of the conjunctive from one of the insensible animal's eyes and immediately placed it upon that of the injured man, wheret is peed.

There are no less than 16 and the conjunctive from one of the insensible animal's eyes and immediately placed it upon that of the injured man, wheret is speed.

packs of fox-hounds in Great Britain, 141 of which are maintained in England and Wales, aggregating 13,200 dogs. The largest pack is the Duke of Beaufort's, comprising 156 hounds,

me discovery or the application. Almost always more than one claimant appears, and frequently several make good their claims to the honor of having and independently

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