E FOR

.84 00

E TIME.

Publications

ark Place.

-

nen

luxuriant abundant, nust use ON. This ile always ow freely om falling ires gray-iruff and he Hair a curling ing it in n. Beau-

n. Beau-is the sure

lairon.

TTLEBORD,Y

RGAN CO ost Successful! S have a standard RKETS WORLD!

as the FINEST 0,000

INVALIDO



full of the sweet music of the birds. And as they stood thus, Miss Dinah glanced back again through that long vista of thirty years and told her story of her girlish love; simple, but not Miss Dinah's Rash Vow. "Beautiful, miss," said Teresa, hav ing thrown open the shutter and looked out and up, now looking in again, with ever so pleasant a smile on her round without its tragedy and pain. homely face, now almost handsome in the cheery sunshine that streamed in. some he was and how dearly I loved him. A noble fellow, Teress! What a the encery summine that streamed in. "Not a cloud; no rain to-day miss; and he will come for sure." "Do you think so?" returned Miss Dinah, smiling brightly also, and rising from her bed to run across the floor and peep over Teresa's broad shoulder. We were engaged, of course; but what "Yes; a very pretty morning;" after a with him as much as ever, and he was minute's inspection and a pause to listen to the birds and inhale the fresh breeze. no more sure of me than he had been before. But I loved him, Teresa-he to the birds and inhale the fresh breeze. "Dress me, Teresa." No longer young was Miss Dinah Prynne-quite fifty, and perhaps even more; but wonderfully active, with eyes as pretty and bright as in her girlhood, printl ators that I pever want to think the second to him, teresa-he had no idea how much-and I was the most selfab being in the world. While I firted with whom I pleased, I did not as pretty and bright as in her girlhood, printl ators that I pever want to think the second to him, teresa-he had no idea how much-and I was the most selfab being in the world. While I firted with whom I pleased, I did not as pretty and bright as in her girlhood, as pretty and bright and familties clear as they had ever been. With springing of. There was a Spaniard came to step and quick motion, she flitted about Wildbrook, where we lived-a dark, making her toilet, humming slight, elegant fellow, with deep, dreamy eyes-Ignacio Maidero, his name. He to herself, stopping now and then to soold old Teresa, who hobbled after her admired me, and I could have had him -that sort of scolding which is, under if I had wished; but, of course, I had certain circumstances, an expression of especial good-humor, such as possessed Miss Dinah this morning. Miss Dinah this morning. "And you think it will not rain," she said for the tenth time. "This time of the said for the said for the tenth year thunderstorms come up very sud- ard asked me to go with him. I s aid-She spo denly, remember." ke as if I don't know what made me do it, for it deniy, remember." Bhe spoke as if Teresa were some important officer on the staff of the clerk of the weather, and had better be careful about her predic-tions. "Tut! September thunderstorms are Graham.' Now, I was as jealous of Miss

"I was nineteen then; it's very like; everybody thought so," interrupted Miss Prynne. "He called at the house twice a day Prynne, "Nobody could tell it for you now," "Do you think so ?" said Miss Dinah,

"Do you think so?" said Miss Dinah, disappointed. "It will be a shock to him when he sees me. They say old sweethearts always think of the face that was, and never of what time must have done. It is so, too. I can't call him up except as he was then—I've tried hundreds of times, but can't—and be was a fine young man, Teresa-beautiful young man, with great large blue eyes, and a straight nose, and white teeth, and chestnut hair, and a tail and graceful furure. hold at the transformation of the straight nose and the graceful furure. The straight nose and the straight nose and the teeth, and chestnut hair, and a tail and

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

VOL. XLVI.

Don't Stop My Paper.

Don't stop my paper, printer, Don't strike my name off yet ;

You know the times are strin

Is what I mean to do, And scrape the dimes together, Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it; I find it doesn't pay To do without a paper, However others may. I hate to ask my neighbors To give me theirs on loan; They don't just say, but mean it, "Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we'd miss it. You can't tell how we'd miss it, If it, by any fate, Should happen not to reach us, Or come a little late; Then all is in a hubbub,

And things go all awry, Ard printer, if you're marrie You know the reason why.

I cannot do without it,

Or feel, and be acc

A fogy simple

It is no use to try, For other people take it, And, printer, so must I.

I, too, must keep me posted, And know what is going on

Then take it kindly, printer,

If pay be somewhat slow For cash is not so plenty,

But I must have my paper,

And do without my te

So, printer. don't you stop it,

Unices you wan my frown, F r h re's the year's subscript

Aud credit it right down ;

And send the paper promptly

And regulary on,

And let it bring us weekly

Cost what it may to me, I'd ratuer do k my st. ar,

And wants not few, you know

And money hard to get ; But tug a little harder

I can't afford to drop it :

blue eyes, and a setting in the setting in the setting is the least bit like him. And he is not a bit altered, Teresa," and she is not a bit altered, Teresa," and she is not a bit altered, Teresa," and she is not a bit altered, Teresa, " and she is not a bit altered, Teresa," and she is not a bit altered, Teresa, " and she is not a bit altered, Teresa, " and she was, in fact, smiling again through the water drops. "You'll see each other now, and it'll all be made up—and who how and it'll all be made up—and who feel when he sees you," said Teresa, who Was Job's comforter, sometimes. Miss Dinah looked pained, and sighed

again. "I almost wish I was not to see him again, and sometimes I believe I shall not, shall not, Perhaps he will not come, after all. You know I-I made such a 'oolish vow," and she looked a little frightened.

"You often promised to tell me about it, miss," replied her argient hand-naiden who felt a profound curiosity in all that concerned this great meeting that was to be to day. "I will—I'll do so now, and hear shat you think. It will frighten you, I dare say; but you must remember it was mine only a girl's folly, and God knows I've it !"

They stood now in the shade of the great cherry tree at the end of the old arden-thin little Miss Dinah, with er great bonnet on, and stout old leresa-homely figures; but the picture

was a pretty one. Bright was the Sep-tember sunshine, and the fragrant air

"Well, I've told you often how hand-

ard Clifford. She moved her head with a strange helplessness, striving for something, they could not tell what. Then she said: for a week, and sent me messages by the score; but I was resolute. The eighth

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM .- Cic.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

rews

"I can't see-I am blind. I shall never see you again, Richard. The lightning has done it ;" and from those sightless eyes came two or three great tears that rolled down on his hand and hers, locked together in greeting, after so long.

stimulants, and very soon she was quite herself, in all things but one; but that

He remained; but the great differ went begging. A doctor came and ex-amined—" No use—sight quite gone— smitten and effaced by that fiery shaft." Poor Miss Dinah cried. Her vow. Was hows ! Stranger things have happened, and you are not a bit too old." "But if I perceive those terrible changes in him that you speak of, Teresa," said. Miss Dinab, half in fun, it a judgment? Richard Clifford lingered there many

weeks, and she became more resigned. One day they went quietly to the village church and were married.

even if he should want me." "Love never sees nothing but what it chooses," replied Teress, oracularly. "But look, woman !" cried her mis-tress suddenly, "there's a cloud over the sun; I tell you it will rain to-day." "What if it does, I say? He'll come all the sume and you'll see her inter But there was a disenchantment for im, although he thas denied it, which poor thing never knew. Perhaps that was some compensation for her great loss. To her mind Richard Clifall the same, and you'll see him just as you've been counting on for the last three months. You said he never broke ford was not as to others-gray-headed, wrinkled and bowed ; but the proud and

"That's no merit, Teresa; I kept mine for a week, and see what came o before Yes, clouds had blown up, as they do

sometimes on a warm September day; but, as we know, rain does Lot always

follow. It was now time for old Teresa t think about dinner; and a great feast, of course, it was to be. "We must do our best, miss, to-day.

"Old men! are fond of good eatin's." "Old men! What do you mean, woman?" cried Miss Prynne, indignantiv: but she laughed.

half in earnest, "I can never want him, even if he should want me."

his word."

Wonderful preparations they made-not flattering to Mr. Richard Olifford's appetite; you would have thought they were providing for an "Eating Tom," or some other gastronomic celebrity; chick-ens and ducks, a ham, every imaginable vegetable, six different desserts—enough for three or four of the largest-sized giants.

But it continued to cloud up. Poor Miss Dinah peeped out and upward every five minutes; but the weather was hopeless—at half-past one the sky was dark, with a faint flashing and rumbling

They made her sit up, Teresa propping her back with her own stout knee. "Are you hurt, Dinah?" asked Rich-

The late Michael Sullivant, the great Western farmer, could ride seven miles from border to border on his own land in Ohio, which he inherited. In 1872 he cultivated more than 18,000 acres of corn on his Illinois estate.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Fossilized remains of what is reported as a gigantic pre-historic man have been found 200 feet beneath the earth's surface, in a cave recently opened in a mine near Eureka, Nev. The lower limbs,

They took her in, and gave her som head and neck are said to be clearly defined and natural. Dr. Wyeth, a practical scientist, has

was never to be any more-never. He remained; but the great dim invented a preventive against the bane-ful habit of snoring. It is a cap so con-structed as to keep the jaw from falling while asleep, and thus rendering snoring impossible. But the trouble in intro-ducing this valuable invention will be

to find a person who snores.

Lexington, and secured a position as drug clerk in a store on Market street. He is not visionary or superstitious, but a practical business young fellow. All day Tuesday he said that he felt oppressed as if by some vague, impending evil—By what novelists would designate as a presentiment. On Tuesday night he went to bed at his usual hour, but his sleep was disturbed by a dream, in which he plainly saw his brother en gaged in a quarrel with another young man of Lexington, whom he recognized as Arthur Murrill. After several moments of angry gestures and apparently-impassioned words, young Murrill drew a pistol and shot Strickland in the head. He fell across a table, knocking off, as he did so, a bottle of wine, upon the label of which Mr. Charles Strickland affirms that he saw distinctly the word "champagne." Almost simultaneously with the crash produced by his brother's

NO. 9. ITEMS OF INTEREST.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Missouri has 1,200 convicts in Lexstate penitentiary.

Delaware, Virginia, Nevada and Cs\_ fornia use the whipping-post. The Princess Louise, following is mother's example, pays a bounty of fi dollars apiece for triplets born in t

Dominion.

An exchange mentions a horse ats meat. Well, we think it al time ; they have been running for sta long enough.

Careful housewife (lifting a shoe fr the soup-tureen)---" La 1 who'd in thought baby's shoe would turn up the soup 1 But I knew it wasn't lost. never lose anything !" An advertiser in the Chicago pap says: "Never go where you are r wanted! If a man wants you to co to his place of business he will inv you through an advertisement. It wrong to intrude on privacy."

rst. The Boston Transcript says : Sta there are men occupying high positic in business and society in this city, r knowing how to read. This remark suggested by seeing the number of telligent-looking men utterly unable decipher the mystic legend, "Plefter shut the door."

"I tell you what, sir, there's luc "I tell you what, sir, there's luck ith odd numbers," he said. "Why, the was old Jeremy Puckett lived to k." ninety-nine, and Miry Arnold died a hundred and five, and 'Squire Billy Now Crackersly departed this life aged hundred and 'leven. Suppose, not that he'd a-died when he was just ev. a-hundred and ten ; why, sir, I'll be gracious he wouldn't have lived mo

or sixty years."	1
THE WINE GLASS,	rh
Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath reduces of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine! They that go to seek mixed wine! Look not thou upon the wine .	iei ily iei ini ini og er
WHEN IT IS RED,	FA
when it giveth its	n
color in the OUP; when it	ste de
moveth itself	r
aright.	1
the last	
it biteth like a	1
serpent, and stingeth like an adder.	0
Shattuc's Office Boy.	in

General Shattuc, of the A. and G.

splendid lover of her youth-the bril-liant apparition she had looked on for the last, last time thirty long years Repenting at the Last, Last September a young man, Charles P. Strickland, came to Louisville from

There is a suit in progress which, if finally lost by the Western Union Tele-graph company, will cost it \$100,000 a year in future and millions for the past. "I am so changed, Richard." "Not to me," he said. year in future and minime for the past. It is all about a patent gutta-percha cable insulator. The company are mak-ing a strong fight in self-defense, and the suit, like the gutta-percha, may stratch out indefinitely until something gives way.

## Another exchange says: "Mr. Leoni-

das Grover, of Newton, Ky., is probably the only person on record who has had the honor of being killed by a red-hot meteoric stone. It crashed through the roof of his house, crushed him to an unshapely mass as he lay in bed, and gra buried itself five feet in the earth.". A fifty lie will travel farther than truth, even if the truth has an annual pass over

every road in the country.

A lock of President Washi .gton's hair has just been presented to Lodge No. 4, F. and A. M., of Richmond-the lodge in which the great Virginian was in-itiated, passed and raised. Only one other lock of his hair is known to exist. This, it is said, is ewned and kept in a golden urn by the grand lodge of Massachusetts.—*Exchange*. There is still another lock of Washington's hair, exhibited among the curiosities in the building known as "Washington's Headquarters," at Newburgh, on the " Washington's Hude

Sit down in any position, relaxing all the muscles of the body, and let the head drop forward upon the breast as low as it will fall without forcing it. Sit quietly this way for a few minutes, free-ing all the will power of the body, and a restful, drowsy feeling will ensue, which will, if not disturbed, lead to refreshing of the manufacture of the body and a "Kes, sir." whimpéred Louie.

ge's Food just what they sngth. In cans, 35c. and on label. AD THIS! r of \$100 per month in numission to sell our i We mean what we and new ... Marshall, Mich. e will insert a seven-line list of 337 papers, or ten

a 70 to 100 papers each, or mbined, being more than Canada. Send ten cen ting Bureau, 10 Spr



move BLOTCHES IPLEXION AS NO EQUAL 5 cents. New York. "Tut! September thunderstorms are wetting, I do suppose. A little thing like that wouldn't kerp him back," re-plied Teresa with scorn. Miss Dinah ate her breakfast in fever-ish impatience, which she strove to hide. Afterward she put on her sun-bonnet and mittens, and went into the garden, attended by old Teresa, with watering-pot, and trowel, and rake and other tools, and together they worked among the floware. Miss Dinah, as she proand mittens, and went into the garden, attended by old Teress, with watering-pot, and trowel, and rake and other tools, and together they worked among the flowers. Miss Dinab, as she pro-gressed, snapped off contributions for a was all. I thought ne would morning, appearance as usual next morning, which was the day of the picnic, and the mathematic in fact, I depended on -a generous one, very nearly as take me there; in fact, I depended on him to get there, having, as I have said,

large a cabbage. "He always liked flowers, Teress," she said, smelling this horticultural marvel when it was completed. "He never failed to leave me a bunch every morning. Sometimes I let them wither, to vex him," and she langhed at the large a cabbage. memory of her beautiful girlhood's

caprices. "It was a pity to worry him, miss,"

"It was a pity to worry him, miss," said Teress, with honest reproval. "Pooh I The more I did the fonder he was of me. There was nothing I wouldn't do to pain him, sometimes. That was thirty years ago," and, with a little sigh, she glanced backward, as one may in a minute, through that long vista. "Thirty years I" said Teress. "And you ain't seen him since; and changed as you, miss. I mind your pictur' up-stairs".—" then ? said I. He said 'yes.' I looked at him a minute—he was smiling; yon an't tell what I suffered—rage, mori-fication, jealousy. 'You took Rose Graham ? I gasped. He said as before, ''Is the injured ?" he asked, stooping ''Is abe injured ?" he asked, stoopi

ning flercer, and after awhile down splashed the big, round drops which always precede a summer storm.

At five minutes of two Miss Dinah stood on the balcony looking down the road. The rain was terrific; the flashing and roaring overhead, as she re-marked to old Teresa, busy within giving the last touches to the table, youd anything in her experience." be

"Ain't you afraid, miss, to stand there ?"

se. I must see him as h gets out of the carriage. Have an umbrella ready.'

In her excitement I doubt if sh ought of the uproar about her. Suddenly she cried, with her hand to her

heart, and her face pale as death : "Here he comes !'

It was quite true. The buggy was rattling up the avenue; but nothing could be seen of its occupants on account of the apron which had been stretched from top to dashboard. The horse was dripping.

And now it wheeled and drew up a the door. Pocr Miss Dinah stood with outstretched hands and dilated eyes, white, trembling-thirty long years-her love, her darling-so long lost-now to see him again !

I don't know how it happened; but at take me there; in fact, I depended on him to get there, having, as I have said, no engagement with Ignacio, as I pre-tended. But Richard did not come; consequently I was obliged to remain at home, and you may fancy, perhaps, the miserable day I spent. But on the fol-lowing day Richard appeared—it was Thursday—and expressed his surprise at my absence. 'You were there, then ?' said I. He said 'yes.' I looked at him a minute—he was smiling: you do not the port. Thursday—and expressed his surprise at my absence. 'You were there, then ?' said I. He said 'yes.' I looked at him a minute—he was smiling: you do not the port. Thursday—and expressed his surprise at my absence. 'You were there, then ?' said I. He said 'yes.' I looked at him a minute—he was smiling: you here a said a saw ber mistress lying on the porch. She ran out, with a dreadful cry of 'God ha' mercy !'' and lifted the pros-trate woman. An old contiemen had by the time

eleven o'clock. Not admitting to him-self that be believed the facts had really courred as he saw them in his dream, he was nevertheless so much troubled in spirit that he could sleep no more that night. At six o'clock next morning he received a telegram from Lexington. With unsteady hand he tore the envelope and read, strangely enough, that his brother had been shot through the head

by some one unknown, at half-past eleven o'- But we won't do it. We have never yet told a lie, and we don't intend to commence at this day merely for the sake of an item.-Louisville Courier Journal.

## Human Nature in a Load of Wood.

There is a better, more truthful portraval of human nature in a load of wo . s., in the way it is loaded, than in half the "plays" we see, and for fear that some one will not read the signs aright, an unerring guide is given. When the outside of the load is straight, body oak, and the inside crooked basswood and elm, you may know the man who loaded it is an honest, confiding soul who wouldn't cheat his own mother, if the old lady watched him too closely.

Then there is the load of solid oak; oak Then there is the load of sound car; can clear through —except about sixty onbio feet of daylight which the ingenious owner has incorporated by a fanciful arrangement of the less ethereal element of his load. The business of this man's life is to sell three quarters for four, and he most alrays anoned. The arr

sleep. If the sleepless fit comes on in the night, one can simply sit up in the position described. Stiffness of any part of the body must be avoided, and it Stiffness of any s well to bend the body forward after

One League's Good Work.

Chicago has a citizens' league which is doing a promising work in saving young men and boys from dissipation. It was formed three years ago, on the discovery that a quarter of the arrests in the city and of the commitments at the house of correction were of minors, twenty years old and under. The league ated, and found that 30,000 boys invest

investigated, and found that 30,000 boys and girls patronized the city's drinking places, 1,000 of which were largely sup-ported by their patronage. Public opinion sustained the suppression of this glaring evil, and the saloon keepers who encouraged it were visited with the penalties of the law. One of these keep-ers had to pay \$100 and costs for getting two boys of seven and eleven so drunk two boys of seven and eleven so drunk that they rolled in the gutter. Chil-dren of Christian families were system-atically lured into drinking-dens and encouraged to cultivate a taste for iquor. A widowed mother, who visited the saloon where her boy was being

Then there is the load of solid oak; oak dear through—except about sixty oution feet of daylight which the ingenious owner has incorporated by a fauciful arrangement of the less ethereal element of his load. The business of this man's life is to sell three quarters for four, and he most always succeeds. The arrangement of this load indicates rock-bottom integrity on the part of the owner. There are many other kinds of loads, and the owner never fails to hold the mirror up to his own nature when he piles it on; but we skip them all er-cept one; a scarce-variety it is and prob-aby always will be. It is composed of good, honest wood, and there is just as much of it as the owner claims. This indicates an entire lack of knowledge of the wood business on the part of the owner, but such dense ignorance is seli-dom exhibited here. —*Rochester*(*Minn.*) *Record.* 

"Yes, sir," whimpered Louie. "Well, why don't you have it so ?"

"I don't know, sir. "Now listen to me. I'll give you other trial, and if you don't come up lying down, rather than to keep it straight or thrown back upon the pillow. One Leagne's Good Work

down his yest and chucked his on a stump into the expectoroon. Another morning came and all with lovely; the thermometer stood high, a so did Louie. After a while some c<sub>H</sub> discovered that the thermometer h een tampered with, and Louie

Said the general : "Do you kn anybody fooling with this machine "No, sir, I don t know of anybo stammered Louis.

"You have always been truthful: r don't go back on your record. Did y

"Yes, sir," whispered the fright

"Aha, you did ! Well; tell us how "Why, you see, sir, you said I was have it up to seventy degrees or I shou git. And when I seen you comin' th ornin', I knew the fire was hot, b I didn't know the blamed thing we where you wanted it; so I just lift match and set it under it, and whoops

Poor Condition Original issues in Best copy available