

The St. Andrews Standard.

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VOL. XLVI.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 5, 1879.

NO. 45.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

[A lovely afternoon in October. A party of young people carrying paper bags, strolls and baskets, strolling over 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 shading 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 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 toward the grape arbor).—When we two were young, I thought your beauty much more dazzling than the sun.

Mrs. Ogden (slowly).—That was a great many years ago.

Mr. Maurice. —We'll say fifteen.

Mrs. Ogden (knowing it to be nineteen).—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 flattery.

Mr. Maurice. —Could not lose what I never possessed. I am lovelier flatterer.

Time must have been fallen in love with you when you entered upon the summer of your life—I don't wonder at it—and the old greybeard ever after, as he made his yearly rounds, ever 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 suspect (glancing at her plump hand) that you now wear six and a half instead of six. The first plump I ever gave you—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 button-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 immediately I was introduced, and allowed me to feed you with strawberries and cream the rest of the evening) wouldn't meet at the present moment by a foot or so. Time has smitten me with both hands.

Mrs. Ogden. —This 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 not a day more. And you are entirely mistaken about the crow's feet, and I see no "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 vines.)

Mr. Maurice (suddenly, after a few moments' thought).—Ah! Melicent, what happy, happy days those were when you and I were young and I two-and-twenty 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 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-lilies, and came near being drowned.

Mr. Maurice. —And I said: In what more beautiful place 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 looked like a fright for weeks. And can you recall the terrible thunderstorm that overtook us as we were wandering 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—kissed you.

Mrs. Ogden (blushing rosy red).—And the day we went for wild flowers, and gathered such a quantity, and, stopping to rest on the porch of the Widow Marshall's cottage when half way home, forgot them, and left them all there, and mamma, who was waiting with pitchers

and vases and things to fill, scolded us for nearly an hour? Dear mamma! she always liked you, and never forgot you.

Mr. Maurice (with emphasis).—In which respect her daughter did not resemble her.

Mrs. Ogden (ignoring the interruption).—And the day I stole the jar of peaches 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 thief—and brought all the household about me? And Aunt

Mrs. Ogden. —You were true to me! Mr. Maurice. —You were true to me! dear Aunt Mrs. —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 that?

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 appearances, 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 with Jack Hall!

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

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

Mrs. Ogden. —I never flirted with him. He got into the habit of strolling over to our house from the hotel, and spending an hour or two every day or evening, and we played cards, and jested, and laughed together—and that's all.

Mr. Maurice. —And Will Brown?

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 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 well as he did. He used to give me lessons in elocution, and taught me many beautiful poems. One, I remember, if I remember aright:

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

He was very patient and kind with me, though I'm afraid I was a very provoking pupil.

Mr. Maurice. —Humph! extremely "kind." And Peter Atkins, Esquire?

Mrs. Ogden. —Oh, bless his dear old heart! He took me out yachting three or four times—with a party, of course—and sent me a love of a bracelet on Valentine's day. But the idea of flirting with him! [Laughing merrily.] Fancy one flirting with one's grandfather!

Mr. Maurice. —And none of these men made love to you?

Mrs. Ogden. —Oh, dear! yes, all of them.

Mr. Maurice. —And you?

Mrs. Ogden. —If 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, dark-eyed, Spanish-complexioned, fellow, with an Italian voice. He sang divinely, and you know I always adore music (what a pity you don't sing! you look so bartoney), and he was here, and you was in Japan; and one lovely moonlit summer eve Fred sang that loveliest of love songs, "Ah te o cara," from Puri-tani, you know, in a heavenly manner. I was completely carried away by it, and when I came back to earth again I found myself engaged. I had promised myself for a song.

Mr. Maurice (meaningly).—He was very wealthy, was he not?

Mrs. Ogden (demurely).—Yes; but he lost a great deal of money.

Mr. Maurice. —After you married him?

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 my duty to begin to love him.

Mr. Maurice. —Having totally forgotten me, to whom you had promised to remain true?

Mrs. Ogden. —You had not written

for three months. You were angry about some one of the "brothers" or the "grandfathers"—I forgot, which; and papa, 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 eternity to a young girl. And you know we were not positively engaged to each other. You had never asked papa, 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 else.

Mr. Maurice. —No water-lilies?

Mrs. Ogden. —Nor water-lilies.

Mr. Maurice. —Never was caught in a thunder-storm with a "brother" or a "grandfather"?

Mrs. Ogden. —Never.

Mr. Maurice. —In short, you only married another?

Mrs. Ogden (not noticing the last remark).—And you can't it be possible that you are still a bachelor? I could scarcely believe our hostess—how strange that we should meet here, after being separated for such a long, long time—when she told me so. Are you quite sure you have left no almondy-eyed wife in Japan?

Mr. Maurice. —Quite sure. I don't like almondy eyes. I like well-opened, large, wine-brown eyes that glow in the night. Melicent, for your sake I have remained a bachelor. Your image alone has reigned in my heart. You see how much more constant a man can be than a pretty woman.

Mrs. Ogden (with much animation).—Sydney, Miss Ralston's a nice girl—a few years past her teens, but very girlish—and she's awfully 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 this 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 with her evenings. She practices—oh, heavens, how she practices!—when you're away, the two songs you like so well—"Drink to me only with thine eyes," and "Believe me, if all those endearing charms," she hears pretty. You needn't shrug your shoulders, she is. True, the light of her eyes is somewhat faded, and the gold of her hair is not so golden as it might be, and her upper lip is a little too long.

Mr. Maurice. —I never admired fair hair 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 sure away from you. Never! I'd stake my life on that.

Mr. Maurice (absently).—What fools we men are!

Mrs. Ogden. —Have you just discovered it?

Mr. Maurice. —We forgive everything to the women we love, and we love to be witching, careless, faithless flirts, when there are many true hearts.

Mrs. Ogden. —And long upper lips to be had for the asking. Why do you do it?

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 foolishness.

Mr. Maurice (rising).—He stands before you, and his foolishness consists in the fact that in spite of your faithfulness he loves you still. Will you marry him?

Mrs. Ogden (also rising and looking anxiously toward the west, where the clouds are darkening).—If I should fear 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 summer day, sixteen years ago.

(She leans toward him. He holds 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 inflict it upon me, for, remember, innocent as you are, you will have to share it with me. And remember, also, there will be no more spring flowers, no more summer blossoms for us, nothing but autumn leaves.

He. —My darling, I thank God for them. For in the sunshine of your love the autumn leaves will keep their gold and crimson beauty while life itself shall last. —Harper's Bazar.

Jennie Juna 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 Herald.

Twenty-five million dollars a mile is the cost of the construction of an extension of the district railway of London, which is to be undertaken at once.

"After 1880, what?" asks an exchange; "1881, perhaps," says another exchange.

Visit to a Pin Factory.

A writer in the New York Evening Post thus describes the mysteries of pin-making: The pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. A small machine about the height and size of a lady's sewing machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

This wire descends and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it and bites it off by inches incessantly, 140 bites to a minute. Just as it seizes each bite a little hammer with a concave face hits the end of the wire three taps and "upsets" it to a head, while it grips it in a countersunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under its nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers and springs are made to play "like lightning." Thus the pins are pointed and dropped in a little shower into a box.

Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make 500 pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

Another automaton sorts half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes all at once and unerringly, when a 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 paper, from which they are to be picked by finger fingers in bundles and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances. Thus you have its genesis.

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

Two 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 sympathizing friend. "So they are, nice enough, but there's too many on 'em an' they're too attractive," said the disgruntled patriarch. "Them three daughters of mine were enough in all conscience, but now my niece is up here from Boston, and it seems as if the old sorcery had got into 'em. I don't object to young folks 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, bless me if Andromache (that's my niece from Boston) didn't leave young Start spooning her on the front stairs. She says that's Newport style. Cuss sich nonsense! I couldn't get up stairs to go to bed without climbin' over 'em, so I thought I'd go out to the barn and sleep on the hay, but darn my picture if I didn't fall over Milly and some young snooter 'nother settin' in the barn door. This thing's got to stop before cold weather, for I can't afford wood and karysene for any such nonsense when it's too cold for out-door sparkin'!" —Fond du Lac Reporter.

A Yankee a Russian Admiral.

How a Meredith boy became a Russian admiral makes an entertaining romance. The son of Rev. Simons Finley Williams, a celebrated Massachusetts clergyman, called to Meredith in 1790, ran away from a Laconia employer because the latter thrashed him for spending his evenings with the girls. He took also \$300 belonging to his chashtiser, who pursued him to Portland, thence there two days after the youngster had shipped on a Russian bark. The vessel was attacked by pirates, but the boy of seventeen, with the assistance of two sailors, mounted an old swivel, filled it with iron scraps and sank two boat loads of buccaners, thus saving his ship. For this, the Czar trained young Williams up in the royal navy, of which he became the head; his title being Count Zincherschoff. He subsequently visited this country and paid the Lacombs much \$300 and interest, all in gold, saying he should return to Russia an honest man. —Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

TIMELY TOPICS.

"A meteoric sword is a novelty," says the Boston Herald. "General Ord, of Texas, sent a piece of this celestial iron 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 finished. On it is an inscription in Spanish setting forth that the sword is made from iron fallen from the skies of Mexico, and is presented to G. Trevino, Mexican General of Division, by his friend General Ord, U. S. A."

An exchange says: It is an interesting sight to see the great logs of poplar wood go through the powerful machine at the Connecticut river pulp mill at Holyoke, Mass. The wood, as it is brought to the mill, is about the size of cordwood used for fuel, and in this shape the machine takes it and gnaws it up very fine. So rapidly does this process go on that the machine eats about 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 reduced by the action of chemicals. It is used for the manufacture of news and book paper.

The canary is jealous and imitative. A bird fancier in Phoenixville, Australia, taking advantage of these characteristics, by a simple method makes him a musical artist. 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 a musical clock, so that the bird may learn the tunes. The canary thinks that his image in the mirror sings the melody, and he tries to imitate him, which he succeeds in doing. The bird fancier has already taught the plumed artist to sing several entire pieces. He thinks he can train a hundred canaries to sing in chorus by the same process.

A dispatch from Tokio, Japan, to the New York Herald, describing the movements of Nordenskjöld, 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 multiplying under a wise and beneficent system of protection. On one promontory alone were seen as many as two hundred 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 only at the time when the hair is in the best order. No young or females are allowed to be killed, and otherwise stringent regulations are enforced for the preservation of a valuable species. The result is that their numbers are now augmenting, and they display no fear or anxiety on the approach of men.

Minding His Own Business.

There was a herdsman driving a hundred head of sheep or more down Mineral Springs avenue. They went along as sheep always do—first a steady little plod, then a clumsy canter like a wooden rocking-horse, and now altogether in a rambling wad of animated wool. There was a good-natured man with an umbrella in his hand standing near the fence and waiting for the disorganized herd to approach. He thought he had better lend a hand, and so he rushed in 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 recess. In one minute urchins and lambskins were hopelessly mixed and intermingled. There was first a sheep and then a boy, next a girl and then a lamb, while the man, the over-officious and supersensible chap, who had turned the flock away from the turnpike was left alone between the swaying and surging flock and the schoolhouse. Him an aged and petulant male member of the flock marked for immediate and condign punishment, and upon him this horned and woolly Nestor of the flock charged furiously. The man shut his eyes and opened his umbrella, but of no avail, for through the umbrella covering the creature crashed like a circus rider through the paped hoop. In wild dismay the man took to his heels, and then old Nestor sent him sprawling in advance of his flock, and before he could regain his feet the flock fell back into single file and each sheep went scampering over him. It was ten minutes before the last sheep had gone over him, and then he arose, shook the bits of broken watch-crystal out of his pocket, picked up the rim of his hat, and hobbled away, remarking: "After all, I kinder reckon the best business a man ever stuck to his own business and nobody else's."

A Minister's Rebuke.

Rev. Robert Collyer, who has recently come 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 the Lord's Prayer in subdued tones, a 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 they would remain to the end, unless their business is imperative. I was told that before leaving the West that I should find finer manners in New York than in Chicago, but I have found it otherwise. I have been here but two Sundays, 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?"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Paris has 41,000 tobacconists shops. A capital way to make tea—T. Stanley, the African explorer, is once more in the wilds of Africa.

An Illinois apple tree, denuded by caterpillars, has clad its limbs in new leaves.

The railroads are bringing in great quantities of game—especially euchre.—Harford Times.

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

Seven brothers by the name of Sipe, all members of the Cosarville cornet band, York county, Pa., present an instance in music which no family can equal.

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

Denmark proposes to start an Arctic expedition from Greenland. An attempt will be made to approach the North Pole gradually, by means of a 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 cheapest and best medium.—Springfield Republican.

To say of a ship, "She walks the water like a thing of life," sounds well in poetry, but in reality there are few things of life that have gained much reputation by walking the water.—Pittsburg.

"D. Boone called A Bar on Tree in the year 1769," is the inscription on an old beech that stands near Jonesboro, Tenn.; the centennial anniversary of the founding of which place was recently celebrated.

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 \$13,530,000.

"I have searched for truth and nowhere could I find it, not even in myself; 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 Suffolk, Conn., pauper, is considered to be 114 years old. Once he was a slave, his last owner being Ebenezer Davenport, of New York. Cato served four years in the navy and during the war of 1812.

The reward offered by the American Humane Association for a cattle cart that will enable railway companies to transport stock without cruelty, should stimulate inventors. The reward for an invention that will meet all the requirements is \$5,000. As cattle are now transported, one great cause of complaint is lack of water. Under existing arrangements the animals suffer, and to a degree that sometimes lessens their value. The huddling of numbers together is an evil, as in addition to the cramped quarters which do not permit free movement, unruly or vicious animals sometimes wound and even kill others. The jolting of the cars also causes sore, which impair the value of the cattle. It is not likely that the reward offered will accomplish what the keenest-witted railway men and stock inspectors have failed to discover, but it may possibly be the means of suggesting methods that will at least mitigate evils complained of. The man who can devise means by which cattle can be transported great distances without suffering as they do now, or without the loss now experienced, can make a handsome fortune. But to do that he must not require much more room than is occupied by a cattle car, nor must he increase the weight very much.

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[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 shading 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 coming, and not the snow-flakes. They go so 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 toward the grape arbor).—When we were young, I thought your beauty much more dazzling than the sun.

Mrs. Ogden (slowly).—That was a great many years ago.

Mr. Maurice (We'll say fifteen.

Mrs. Ogden (knowing it to be nineteen).—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 flattery.

Mr. Maurice.—I could not lose what I never possessed. I abhor flattery. Time must have been fallen in love with you when you entered upon the summer of your life—I don't wonder at it—and 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 suspect (glancing at her plump hand) that you now wear six and a half instead of six. The first philopœna I ever gave you—I let you catch me, by-the-by—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 button-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 immediately I was introduced, and allowed me to feed you with strawberries and cream the rest of the evening) wouldn't meet at the present moment by a foot or so. Time has smitten me with both hands.

Mrs. Ogden.—This 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 not a day more. And you are entirely mistaken about the crow's feet, and I see no "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 vines.)

Mr. Maurice (suddenly, after a few moments' thought).—Ah! Melicent, what happy, happy days those were when you were seventeen and I two-and-twenty 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 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-lilies, and came near being drowned.

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 looked 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 kissed you.

Mrs. Ogden (blushing rosy red).—And the day we went for wild flowers, and gathered such a quantity, and, stopping to rest on the porch of the Widow Marshall's cottage when half way home, forgot them, and left them all there, and mamma, who was waiting with pitchers

and vases and things to fill, scolded us for nearly an hour? Dear mamma! she always liked you, and never forgot you.

Mr. Maurice (with emphasis).—In which respect her daughter did not resemble her.

Mrs. Ogden (ignoring the interruption).—And the day I stole the jar of peaches 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 thief—and brought all the household about me? And Aunt Mira held up her hands in horror—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 that?

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 appearances, 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 with Jack Hall!

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

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

Mrs. Ogden.—I never flirted with him. He got into the habit of strolling over to our house from the hotel, and spending an hour or two every day or evening, and we played cards, and jested, and laughed together—and that's all.

Mr. Maurice.—And Will Brown?

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 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 well as he did. He used to give me lessons in elocution, and taught me many beautiful poems. One commenced, if I remember aright:

"First love with the earth remain
When long years have gone by
As trail rose blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die."

He was very patient and kind with me, though I'm afraid I was a very provoking pupil.

Mr. Maurice.—Humph! extremely "kind." And Peter Atkins, Esquire?

Mrs. Ogden.—Oh, bless his dear old heart! He took me out yachting three or four times—with a party, of course—and sent me a love of a bracelet on Valentine's day. But the idea of flirting with him! [Laughing merrily.] Fancy one flirting with one's grandfather!

Mr. Maurice.—And none of these men made love to you?

Mrs. Ogden.—Oh, dear! yes, all of them.

Mr. Maurice.—And you?

Mrs. Ogden.—If 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 Sydney.

Mrs. Ogden.—Fred was a fine-looking, dark-eyed, Spanish-complexioned, fellow, with an Italian voice. He sang divinely, and you know I always adore music (what a pity you don't sing! you look so baritone), and he was here, and you was in Japan, and one lovely moonlit summer eve Fred sang that loveliest of love songs, "Ah te o cara," from Puritani, you know, in a heavenly manner. I was completely carried away by it, and when I came back to earth again I found myself engaged. I had promised myself for a song.

Mr. Maurice (meaningly).—He was very wealthy, was he not?

Mrs. Ogden (demurely).—Yes; but he lost a great deal of money.

Mr. Maurice.—After you married him?

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 my duty to begin to love him.

Mr. Maurice.—Having totally forgotten me, to whom you had promised to remain true?

Mrs. Ogden.—You had not written for three months. You were angry about some one of the "brothers" or the "grandfather"—I, forget which; and papa, 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 eternity to a young girl. And you know we were not positively engaged to each other. You had never asked papa, 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 else.

Mr. Maurice.—Nor water-lilies?

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 married another?

Mrs. Ogden (not noticing the last remark).—And you can't be possible that you are still a bachelor? I could scarcely believe our hostess—how strange that we should meet here, after being separated for such a long, long time—when she told me so. Are you 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. Melicent, for your sake I have remained a bachelor. Your image alone has reigned in my heart. You see how much more constant a man can be than a pretty woman.

Mrs. Ogden (with much animation).—Sydney, Miss Ballston's a nice girl—a few years past her teens, but very girlish—and she's awfully 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 this 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, the two songs you like so well—"Drink to me only with thine eyes," and "Believe me, if all these tendering charms," she is pretty. You needn't to shrug your shoulders; she is, true, the bluest of eyes is somewhat faded, and the gold of her hair is not so golden as it might be, and her upper lip is a little too long.

Mr. Maurice.—I never admired fair hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. Ogden.—She would be constant. I know she would. I never saw any made 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 are!

Mrs. Ogden.—Have you just discovered it?

Mr. Maurice.—We forgive everything to the women we love, and we love bewitching, careless, faithless flirts, when there are many true hearts.

Mrs. Ogden.—And long upper lips to be had for the asking. Why do you do it?

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

Mrs. Ogden.—It depends upon what the fool and the manner of his foolishness.

Mr. Maurice (rising).—He stands before you, and his foolishness consists in the fact that in spite of your faithfulness he loves you still. Will you marry him?

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 summer 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 inflict it upon me, for, remember, innocent as you are, you will have to share it with me. And remember, also, there will be no more spring flowers, no more summer blossoms for us, nothing but autumn leaves.

He.—My darling, I thank God for them. For in the sunshine of your love the autumn leaves will keep their gold and crimson beauty while life itself shall last.—*Harper'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 post-hole opening in the sidewalk, you couldn't have hired her to go to another.—*Norristown Herald.*

Twenty-five million dollars a mile is the cost of the construction of an extension of the district railway of London, which is to be undertaken at once.

"After 1880, what?" asks an exchange; "1881, perhaps," says another exchange.

Visit to a Pin Factory.

A writer in the New York Evening Post thus describes the mysteries of pin-making: The pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. A small machine about the height and size of a lady's sewing machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of the machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

This wire descends and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it and bites it off by inches incessantly, 140 bites to a minute. Just as it seizes each bite a little hammer with a concave face hits the end of the wire three taps and "upsets" it to a head, while it grips it in a countersunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under its nose.

By the external pressure of a stationary hoop these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers and springs are made to play "like lightning." Thus the pins are pointed and dropped in a little shower into a box.

Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automations. Forty machines on this floor make 560 pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

Another automation sorts half a dozen lengths in its many different boxes all at once and unerringly, when a 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 position 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 paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances. Thus you have its genesis.

"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 sympathizing friend. "So they are, nice enough, but there's too many on 'em and they're too attractive," said the disconsolate patriarch. "Them three daughters of mine were enough in all conscience, but now my niece is up here from Boston, and it seems as if the old scotch had got into 'em. I don't object to young folks 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, I saw me if 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 get up stairs to go to bed with-out climbin' over 'em, so I thought I'd go out to the barn and sleep on the hay, but dern my picture! If I didn't fall over Milly and some young sneezer 'nuther settin' in the barn door. This thing's got to stop before cold weather, for I can't afford wood and karysene for any such nonsense when it's too cold for out-door sparkin'!"—*Frank du Lac Reporter.*

A Yankee a Russian Admiral.

How a Meredith boy became a Russian admiral makes an entertaining romance. The son of Rev. Simons Finley Williams, a celebrated Massachusetts clergyman, called to Meredith in 1790, ran away from a Laconia employer because the latter thrashed him for spending his evenings with the girls. He took about \$300 belonging to his chaster, who pursued him to Portland, chasing there two days after the youngster had shipped on a Russian bark. The vessel was attacked by pirates, but the boy of seventeen, with the assistance of two sailors, mounted an old swivel, filled it with iron scraps and sank two boat-loads of buccaners, thus saving his ship.

For this, the Czar trained young Williams up in the royal navy, of which he became the head; his title being Count Zincherichoff. He subsequently visited this country and paid the Laconia man his \$300 and interest, all in gold, saying he should return to Russia an honest man.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

"A meteorite sword is a novelty," says the Rome Sentinel. "General Ord, of Texas, sent a piece of this celestial iron 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 finished. On it is an inscription in Spanish setting forth that the sword is made from iron fallen from the skies of Mexico, and is presented to G. Trevino, Mexican General of Division, by his friend General Ord, U. S. A."

An exchange says: It is an interesting sight to see the great logs of poplar wood go through the powerful machine at the Connecticut river pulp mill at Holyoke, Mass. The wood, as it is brought to the mill, is about the size of cordwood used for fuel, and in this shape the machine takes it and gnaws it up very fine. So rapidly does this process go on that the machine eats about 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 reduced by the action of chemicals. It is used for the manufacture of news and book paper.

The canary is jealous and imitative. A bird fancier in Phoenixville, Australia, taking advantage of these characteristics, by a simple method makes him a musical artist. 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 a musical clock, so that the bird may learn the tunes. The canary thinks that his image in the mirror sings the melody; and he tries to imitate him, which he succeeds in doing. The bird fancier has already taught the plumed artist to sing several entire pieces. He thinks he can train a hundred canaries to sing in chorus by the same process.

A dispatch from Tokio, Japan, to the New York Herald, describing the movements of Nordenskiöld, 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 multiplying under a wise and beneficent system of protection. On one promontory alone were seen as many as two hundred 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 only at the time when the hair is in the best order. No young or females are allowed to be killed, and otherwise stringent regulations are enforced for the preservation of a valuable species. The result is that their numbers are now augmenting, and they display no fear or anxiety on the approach of men.

Minding His Own Business.

There was a herdman driving a hundred head of sheep or more down Mineral Springs avenue. They went along as sheep always do—first a steady little plod, then a clumsy canter like a wooden rocking-horse, and now altogether in a mammoth wad of animated wool.

There was a good-natured man with an umbrella in his hand standing near the fence and waiting for the disorganized herd to approach. He thought he had better lend a hand, and so he rushed in 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 recess. In one minute urchins and lambskins were hopelessly mixed and intermingled. There was first a sheep and then a boy, next a girl and then a lamb, while the man, the over-zealous and superserviceable chap, who had turned the flock away from the turnpike was left alone between the swaying and surging flock and the school house. Him an aged and petulant male member of the flock marked for immediate and con- dign punishment, and upon him this horned and woolly Nestor of the flock charged furiously. The man shut his eyes and opened his umbrella, but of no avail, for through the umbrella covering the creature crashed like a circus rider through the paped hoop. In wild dismay the man took to his heels, and then old Nestor sent him sprawling in advance of his flock, and before he could regain his feet the flock fell back into single file and each sheep went scampering over him. It was ten minutes before the last sheep had gone over him, and then he arose, shook the bits of broken watch-crystal out of his pocket, picked up the rim of his hat, and hobbled away, remarking: "After all, I kinder reckon the best business a man ever stuck to his own business and nobody else's."

Iowa sloughs are drying up, and hence thousands of muskrats are dying.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Paris has 41,000 tobacco shops. A capital way to make tea—T. Stanley, the Africoid explorer, is once more in the wilds of Africa.

An Illinois apple tree, denuded by caterpillars, has clack its limbs in new leaves.

The railroads are bringing in great quantities of game—especially quail.—*Harford Times.*

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

Seven brothers by the name of Sipe, all members of the Casarville cornet band, York county, Pa., present an instance in music which no family can equal.

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

Denmark proposes to start an Arctic expedition from Greenland. An attempt will be made to approach the North Pole gradually, by means of a 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 cheapest and best medium.—*Springfield Republican.*

To say of a ship, "She walks the water like a thing of life," sounds well in poetry, but in reality there are few things of life that have gained much reputation by walking the water.—*Picayune.*

"D. Boone called A Bar on Tree in the year 1700," is the inscription on an old beech that stands near Jonesboro, Tenn., the centennial anniversary of the founding of which place was recently celebrated.

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 3,223,000 and cost \$13,630,000.

"I have searched for truth and nowhere could I find it, not even in myself; 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 Suffolk, Conn., pauper, is considered to be 114 years old. Once he was a slave, his last owner being Ebenezer Davenport, of New York. Cato served four years in the navy and during the war of 1812.

The reward offered by the American Humane Association for a cattle car that will enable railway companies to transport stock without cruelty, should stimulate inventors. The reward for an invention that will meet all the requirements is \$5,000. As cattle are now transported, one great cause of complaint is lack of water. Under existing arrangements the animals suffer, and to a degree that sometimes lessens their value. The huddling of numbers together is an evil, as in addition to the cramped quarters which do not permit free movement, unruly or vicious animals sometimes wound and even kill others. The jolting of the cars also causes sores, which impair the value of the cattle. It is not likely that the reward offered will accomplish what the keenest-witted railway men and stock importers have failed to discover, but it may possibly be the means of suggesting methods that will at least mitigate evils complained of. The man who can devise means by which cattle can be transported great distances without suffering as they do now, or without the loss now experienced, can make a handsome fortune. But to do that he must not require much more room than is occupied by a cattle car, nor must he increase the weight very much.

A Minister's Rebuke.

Rev. Robert Collyer, who has recently come 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 the Lord's Prayer in subdued tones, a 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 their business is imperative. I was told that before leaving the West that I should find finer manners in New York than in Chicago, but I have found it otherwise. I have been here but two Sundays, 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?"

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-Presbyterian Re-

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Court.

'the County of Charlotte s, on Tuesday the 11th twelve o'clock, noon, lace all officers of the law ned to be at this Court, give their attentions. ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte, 1879.

DIED.
On the 4th inst., at Chamcook, Mr. W. Wren, aged 73.

MARRIED.
On the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Har- rison, Miss Annie McLaughlan to Mr. Walter Gilley.

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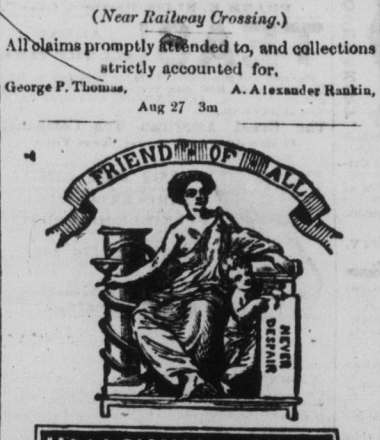
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\$300 MONTH guaranteed, 12 Dollars a day home made by the industry. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can get right. Those who also see the busi- ness will stand up their addresses at once and use for them- selves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. They are at work are trying up large sums of money. Address TRU & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW BRUNSWICK & CANADA RAILROAD.
1879 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1879
On and after Wednesday, October 1st, Trains will run as follows:
Trains North.
Express Trains leave St. Stephen daily at 9 45 a. m., and St. Andrews every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY at 8 15 a. m. for Woodstock and Houlton.
Trains South.
Leave Woodstock daily at 8 35 a. m. and Houlton daily at 8 40 a. m., for St. Stephen and for St. Andrews every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.
Connections.
These Trains make close connection at McAdam Junction with Trains West for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and East for Fred- ericton and St. John. At Woodstock with the N.B. Ry., for Port Fairfield, Caribou, Grand Falls and Edmundston, and at St. Stephen and St. Andrews with the Inter- national Steamship Co's. Boats, which leave every Tuesday, and Friday for East- port and St. John, and every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

HENRY OSBURN, Manager.
St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 30th. 1879.

THOMAS & RANKIN, Attorneys-at-Law,
Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, Office: O'REGAN'S BLOCK,
MONCTON, N. B.
(Near Railway Crossing.)
All claims promptly attended to, and collections strictly accounted for.
George P. Thomas, Aug 27 3m A. Alexander Rankin.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.
These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incident to Females of all ages; and as a GENUINE FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
In Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World.
For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, CURE SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, Gout, Rheumatism, And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines through- out the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines are reg- istered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the Ameri- can Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street London, they are spurious. sept 12.

MANHOOD.
We have recently published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY of the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Impediments to Marriage, etc. resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author in this admirable Essay clearly demonstrates, from thirty years successful practice, that alarming consequences may be rad- ically cured, without the dangerous use of inter- nal medicine, or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, cer- tain and effectual, by means of which every suf- ferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and rapidly.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man in the land.

Address
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41 ANN ST., New York.
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All Orders Promptly Attended to, and satisfaction in every case guaranteed.

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Parties wanting POSTERS such as 'Auction Sales' 'Terms for Sale' 'Show Bills', call at this office

E. S. POLLEYS,
SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE WILLIAM WHITLOCK, ESQ.,
Would respectfully inform the Inhabitants of Saint Andrews and vicinity, that he purposes continuing the business at the
Old Stand, Church Block, Water Street,
Near the Post Office.
Having made large additions to the varied stock heretofore kept, he trusts by attention to the wants of the community, to merit a share of patronage.

IN STOCK.
Fresh supplies of SUGAR, English, Crush- ed, Granulated, Scotch Refined, &c.
A very choice article of MOLASSES,
TEA,
Oolong, and English Breakfast.
COFFEE,
Pure and Fresh Ground Java,
Macaroni, Tapioca, Sago, Spices, Staroh.

SOAPS. Potash, Soda, Saleratus, Dried Fruits, Fine Navy Soap, Crackers, Biscuit, TOBACCO, Navy, Black Jack, and Smoking, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DRUGS, GLASS & PUTTY, Painters Supplies, WOOD WARE, Tub- Pails, Brooms, Brushes, Builders Shovel and Carriage HARDWARE, Iron, Steel

Spikes, Nails, Zinc, Lead, Tinware,
CORDAGE, Lines and Twines, Pitch, TAR, RESIN Oakum. Best brands AMERICAN KEROSINE OILS. —Just received—an assortment of Chairs, BEDSTEADS, Matts. All of which will be sold at the LOWEST Market rates. my 1 md

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Our Departments are assorted for the seasons' trade by
RECENT IMPORTATIONS
FROM
BRITISH AND AMERICAN MARKETS.
NEW DRESS GOODS, BLK & COL'D CASHMERES,
Cloths, Cottonades, Prints,
CAMBRICS, COTTONS, HOSIERY,
CORSETS,
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MILLINERY TRIMMINGS,
In Silks and Satins,
FRILLINGS,
HATS and CAPS,
COTTON WARPS,
OIL CLOTHS,
UMBRELLAS,
SUN SHADES, &c
Wholesale and Retail.
O'DELL & TURNER.
St. Andrews, N. B. 1879. r pd

MUSICAL!
G. H. STICKNEY,
WILL RECEIVE
PUPILS for INSTRUCTION
ON THE
PIANOFORTE.
St. Andrews, May 21st, 1879.—tf.

AGENTS, READ THIS.
We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commis- sion to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address: **HEERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.**

\$1500 TO \$5000 A YEAR, or \$3 to \$10 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 30 cts. to 2.00 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and entirely honorable. Read- ers, if you want to know all about the best paying business being offered the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and price terms free! send five worth 5, also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address **GEORGE STINE & CO., Port- land, Maine.**

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Office, - - - St. Andrews, N. B.
(St. George, on Saturdays)

E. CAMERON, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon,
AND ACCOUCHEUR.
Dr. CAMERON may be consulted profes- sionally at his office, at Woodlands Cove Grand Manan, June 16, 1879.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, FOR SALE.
MRS. RICHARDSON, intending to remove from St. Andrews, offers at pri- vate sale, her household furniture, consisting of PARLOR SETTS, DINING ROOM SETTS, BED ROOM SETTS, and Kitchen utensils. The furniture is comparatively new and in good repair, and may be seen at her residence St. Andrews, Oct. 13, 1879.

Sheriff's Sale.
To be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House at St. Andrews, in the County of Charlotte, on SATURDAY, the SIXTH day of DECEM- BER next, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon, and 5 o'clock in the afternoon:
ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, both in law and equity, of ROBERT OWEN, of, in to, or out of All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the Parish of Saint Stephen, in the County of Charlotte aforesaid, and known and distinguished as one half of Lot number Five, and bounded as follows:—On the North by the Road leading to Saint Andrews, on the South by a new street made in St. Stephen aforesaid, on the East by a street laid out in St. Stephen, and on the West by land owned and occupied by John McMillan; being land conveyed by Wil- liam Wilson and Mary Ellen his wife, to Wm. Owen, by deed dated 13th November, A D 1848, and registered March 10, 1849; together with all the buildings, houses, erections, and improve- ments to the said lands belonging, and all the privileges thereto appertaining.
The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an Execution of Fieri Facias issued out of the County Court of the County of Charlotte, at the suit of Jacob Eastman against the said Robert Owen, endorsed to levy seventy dollars and ninety cents (\$70.90), and interest on \$69.70 since 13th May, A D 1879, besides Sheriff's fees, costs of levying, and all other in- cidental expenses.

ALEX. T. PAUL,
Sheriff of Charlotte.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, 2nd Sept., 1879. } rm 36

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company,
OF EDINBURGH & LONDON,
ESTABLISHED IN 1809.
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PRESIDENT:
His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, K. T.
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The Subscriber having been appointed Legal Agent for New Brunswick for the above Com- pany, is now prepared to effect insurances on reasonable terms.
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General Agent;
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Office: Railway Depot.
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(ESTABLISHED IN 1823.)
The Leading BAPTIST Newspaper, will be delivered by mail, postage prepaid, new subscribers.
From Oct. 1, 1879, to Jan. 1, 1880, For 80 Cents.
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CREMATING DR. LE MOYNE.

The Eccentric Physician's Body Burned in His Own Furnace at Washington, Pa.

The burning of the body of the modern postle of cremation, Dr. Julius Le Moyne, was done in the furnace on Gal-
was Hill at Washington, Pa. The event
reached very little excitement, as it had
been anticipated, and since the several
remains in the place, the novelty has
been lost. The Le Moyne family, some
of whom are reported to be greatly op-
posed to cremation as the most ortho-
dox, made every effort to have the cere-
mony performed without any display, in
which they to a large extent succeeded.
There was one departure from the usual
custom of these scenes. In this instance
was preceded with religious services,
these were held in the Le Moyne home-
stead, and were conducted by the Rev.
George P. Hays, D. D., President of
Washington and Jefferson college, who
delivered an address on the occasion of
the cremation of Baron de Palm. The
family, the relatives and some friends
sembled at the house at about nine
o'clock, where the services were held.
The Rev. D. S. Brownson of the Presby-
terian church, of Washington, assisted
Dr. Hays. The religious services were
brief and simple, consisting of the read-
ing of some Scriptural selections, and
offering up of a prayer by Dr. Hays.
Their conclusion the remains were re-
moved to the hearth in readiness. The
family and their friends entered the
carrages and were driven to the crematory.
The clergyman also accompanied the re-
mains to the crematory. Upon arriving
it was found that about one hundred
curiosity seekers had assembled.
The body had been placed on the
scaffold, Dr. Hays, standing on the
steps of the building, said: "We have
brought our deceased friend to the
ce of his choice and here we leave
him." After announcing that the re-
laxation requested all persons to return to
town, the doctor pronounced a benediction,
and the door was closed, shut-
ting out all but the relatives and those
played to do the work.
Four special policemen had been em-
ployed to guard the place from intru-
sion. They were not specially needed,
however, as the people went away and
med to care nothing about the affair.
The body was removed from the coffin
the pall-bearers and placed upon the
scaffold, and at 10:30 the door of the
cort was taken down, the body was
rushed quickly in, and the mouth was
shut closed. Instantly dense volumes
black smoke rolled out of the chimney,
and the odor of burning flesh was
distinctly noticeable to the score or
more of persons on the outside. It was
apparent that the furnace was not
hot enough, the heat being many de-
grees below what it had been in the De-
le Moyne and Pitman cremations. The fire-
man kept stirring the fire, however. The
sizzling of the cooking flesh could be
heard in the building, although there
was no perceptible odor. Outside,
however, the smell was strong, and the
black smoke from the chimney indicat-
ed that the work was being imperfec-
tly done. At about twelve o'clock
the body was still sizzling, and the pro-
cess of cremation was slowly going on.
Look through the peep-hole of the re-
tort revealed nothing. However, the
retort saturated with alum-water which
developed the body was standing up,
and concealed the body from view. At
one o'clock the heat had perceptibly
increased, but still the work was slow.
Two o'clock the surface indications
were that the work was going on prop-
erly. Each half hour careful observa-
tions were made, and at 4:40 p. m., six
hours after the body had been put into
the furnace, the last vestige of the frame
had crumbled and fallen through the
crib to the retort. The furnace
then sealed up for several days to
cool off. In the De Palm cremation the
process occupied only two hours, and
the Pitman case it was less. A curi-
ous fact in connection with the case is
that the post-mortem examination of
the body developed the fact that Dr.
Loyne's brain weighed only forty-
three ounces, six ounces less than
the average man, and one less than
a woman's.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Mid-Gloves.

Ruby gloves are the novelty brought
into vogue by the introduction of
colors in street costumes. These are
dark shades deeper than wine or garnet
colors, and not the glaring red tints that
would shock fastidious tastes. They
look especially well with black costumes,
but will be worn with almost any cos-
tume that is trimmed with broche cash-
mere of Oriental colors and design.
New gray gloves are blue tinted, and
also of damask and red plum shades; all
shades of slate are shown, from pale blue-
gray to the darkest, and there are new
shades known as invisible brown that
are really gray. Seal brown is perfectly
represented, and there are many light
brown shades with much yellow in
them; and these are made still lighter
until they approach the stylish old gold
tints. Of the later there are most varied
shades, box after box being filled
with them. Bronze and olive gloves
are largely imported, and there is real
sea green, which is the green of the
ocean when tinged with blue. Medium
and dark shades of gloves are more
fashionably worn than they have been for
many seasons. Black gloves have come to
be considered quite dressy when worn with
toilettes of medium colors, though not
with black dresses. Wood colors are
admired in all the light shades of
ash, oak, maple and box. The greatest
demand is for plain simple stitched and
bound gloves with wrists long enough
to be fastened by three or four buttons.
Those with six buttons are reserved for
more dressy wear, as when used with
close coat sleeves they rumple the cuffs
in being buttoned, and are really con-
cealed. Black gloves fastened by eight
buttons are, however, especially stylish
to wear with light suits, and sometimes
for dress occasions. Pure white gloves
are seldom sold except for weddings;
cream-white and pinkish-white are used
instead. Mauve, lavender and lilac
gloves are being revived for evening use,
while for visiting and carriage toilettes
the salmon and beige shades will still re-
main in favor. The stylish plain glove
of dressed kid, fastened by three buttons,
costs \$1.50, and by four buttons, \$2.20.
The number of buttons increases to
twelve, and the price to \$5 a pair.
Misses' kid gloves are shown in the new
colors, fastened by from two to six but-
tons; they cost from \$1 to \$2.50. Un-
dressed kid gloves are more popular than
they have ever been, and for many occasions
are equally as fashionable as the
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with from two to six buttons, and cost
from \$1 to \$2. Ladies in mourning pre-
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others. For winter use, and riding or
driving, the castor gloves are shown in
white and in colors. Two qualities of
these gloves are imported, and when
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Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE LADIES!

Celluloid Insoles.

Medicated.

Protect the Sole of the foot from wet and cold perfectly.

Being fastened to the shoe in thickness may be worn in a really fitting and perfect comfort.

Try them once and you will never be without them. Will save you many times their cost in Doctor's bills.

Send by mail on receipt of price (30 cents per pair, four pairs \$1.00).

A lady agent wanted to introduce these goods in this territory. Commission liberally paid.

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but will be worn with almost any cos-
tume that is trimmed with broche cash-
mere of Oriental colors and design.
New gray gloves are blue tinted, and
also of damask and red plum shades; all
shades of slate are shown, from pale blue-
gray to the darkest, and there are new
shades known as invisible brown that
are really gray. Seal brown is perfectly
represented, and there are many light
brown shades with much yellow in
them; and these are made still lighter
until they approach the stylish old gold
tints. Of the later there are most varied
shades, box after box being filled
with them. Bronze and olive gloves
are largely imported, and there is real
sea green, which is the green of the
ocean when tinged with blue. Medium
and dark shades of gloves are more
fashionably worn than they have been for
many seasons. Black gloves have come to
be considered quite dressy when worn with
toilettes of medium colors, though not
with black dresses. Wood colors are
admired in all the light shades of
ash, oak, maple and box. The greatest
demand is for plain simple stitched and
bound gloves with wrists long enough
to be fastened by three or four buttons.
Those with six buttons are reserved for
more dressy wear, as when used with
close coat sleeves they rumple the cuffs
in being buttoned, and are really con-
cealed. Black gloves fastened by eight
buttons are, however, especially stylish
to wear with light suits, and sometimes
for dress occasions. Pure white gloves
are seldom sold except for weddings;
cream-white and pinkish-white are used
instead. Mauve, lavender and lilac
gloves are being revived for evening use,
while for visiting and carriage toilettes
the salmon and beige shades will still re-
main in favor. The stylish plain glove
of dressed kid, fastened by three buttons,
costs \$1.50, and by four buttons, \$2.20.
The number of buttons increases to
twelve, and the price to \$5 a pair.
Misses' kid gloves are shown in the new
colors, fastened by from two to six but-
tons; they cost from \$1 to \$2.50. Un-
dressed kid gloves are more popular than
they have ever been, and for many occasions
are equally as fashionable as the
more expensive dressed kid. Those with
light drap and pretty shades are pre-
ferred to wear with costumes of any color,
while very dark colors, especially brown,
are chosen for service. They are shown
with from two to six buttons, and cost
from \$1 to \$2. Ladies in mourning pre-
fer the undressed black kid gloves to all
others. For winter use, and riding or
driving, the castor gloves are shown in
white and in colors. Two qualities of
these gloves are imported, and when
fastened by two, three or four buttons,
they cost from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a pair—
Harper's Bazar.

FOR THE LADIES!

Celluloid Insoles.

Medicated.

Protect the Sole of the foot from wet and cold perfectly.

Being fastened to the shoe in thickness may be worn in a really fitting and perfect comfort.

Try them once and you will never be without them. Will save you many times their cost in Doctor's bills.

Send by mail on receipt of price (30 cents per pair, four pairs \$1.00).

A lady agent wanted to introduce these goods in this territory. Commission liberally paid.

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FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Mid-Gloves.

Ruby gloves are the novelty brought
into vogue by the introduction of
colors in street costumes. These are
dark shades deeper than wine or garnet
colors, and not the glaring red tints that
would shock fastidious tastes. They
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