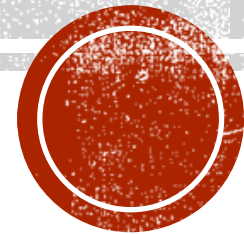


**NEW BRUNSWICK HISTORICAL  
NEWSPAPERS PROJECT**



# WHY NEWSPAPERS?



September - October 1972  
Reels 2713 - 2718



# NEWSPAPERS: SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

- Students of all levels
- Academics and researchers
- General public

# WORLD EVENTS

## SHOT BY AN ASSASSIN

### An Attempt to Kill Labori Dreyfus Counsel

RENNES, Aug. 14.—Two men ambushed Maitre Labourie, counsel for Dreyfus, and one shot was fired, hitting Labourie in the back. M. Labourie fell in the roadway. He is still alive.

Only two or three laborers going to work saw the crime committed. The spot was well chosen as the murderers could not be seen by M. Labourie until they rushed out upon their victim, the entrance to the lane being hidden by bushes. Moreover they were afforded an easy means of escape by passing back through the lane which led to the country.

# POLITICS

*Pancuremata, Feb. 20, 1869*

## OUR PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAIT.



"The most incomprehensible man in the House."—*Nouveau Monde*.

"Let any man go to the Commons at Ottawa, and stand boldly forth for the rights of the Maritime Provinces and of St. John as persistently as I have done, and, depend upon it, he will be proclaimed a 'bore.'"

# GENEALOGY

Watchman, July 8, 1833

## DIED,

On Wednesday evening last after a protracted and distressing illness, which she bore with the greatest patience and resignation, Mrs. Phœbe, relict of the late Mr. Robert Turney, in the 50th year of her age. Her remains were interred on Friday last.

At St. Patrick, on the 22d ultimo, in his 80th year, Mr. Walter M'Farlane, one of the first settlers of Charlotte County. Mr. M'Farlane was a native of Scotland, and served His Majesty in the 74th Regt. in America during the Rebellion; at the close of which, in 1783, he came to Digdiguash, where he has resided ever since, and has brought up a family consisting of nine sons and daughters, most of whom is settled in his neighborhood. He always supported the character of an honest man, and a good neighbor.—*St. Andrew's Courant.*

On the 13th April, at Stirling, Scotland, in the 71st year of her age, Mrs Susannah Campbell, widow of Colin Campbell, Esquire, late of His Majesty's Customs, St. John, N. Bruns., sincerely and deservedly regretted by a numerous circle of relations, connexions and friends.—*Ib,*

# SPORTS

Ring News  
Wrestling  
Athletics

# SPORT

Hockey News  
Bowling  
Etc., Etc.

## BOARD OF REVIEW EXPELLED LONDON HORSEWOMAN

Expulsion due to Ringing of Horse  
During Past Season--Other Acts  
of Discipline

New York, Dec. 8.—Several interesting turf cases were tried by the Board of Review, National Trotting Association, yesterday, at the Murray Hill Hotel, and the decisions rendered showed that no mercy was shown to wrongdoers even if they

## WATKINS AND MEYER AFTER BOSTON NATIONAL FRANCHISE

Only Hitch over Grounds Prevents the  
Deal Going Through---Acceptable  
Price has been Named

Indianapolis, Dec. 8.—A syndicate of Indianapolis and Chicago capitalists, headed by W. H. Watkins and Sol Meyer, chief owners of the Indianapolis American Association Club, are about to close an option for the Bos-

## HORSES BOUGHT AT "OLD GLORY" SALE ARRIVED SAFELY

Minor Injuries Suffered en Route--  
Horses will be Worked out after  
Short Rest

The car containing the seven horses purchased by Messrs. J. E. Sullivan, Roy W. Smith and Wm. A. Clark at the "Old Glory" Sale in New York, arrived here by the late train Saturday night, the quarantine regula-

Daily Mail, Dec. 11, 1911

# ECONOMICS

WELSH BROTHERS,  
GROCERS AND PROVISION MERCHANTS,  
21 Charlotte Street, Saint John, N. B.

SHIP STORES IN BOND.  
Choice FAMILY GROCERIES.

500 cases Preserved Fruits, &c.

40,000

REAL HAVANA CIGARS  
FOR SALE LOW.

WELSH BROTHERS.

*Quip*, May 9, 1874



# CULTURE

*Polymorphian, April 29, 1897*

## POLYMORPHIANISMS.

The year of Jubilee has come,  
Victoria reigns supreme ;  
For sixty years have nearly gone,  
And she remains a Queen.

—POLLY M.

∴  
The North End Club will put four or five floats  
in the parade.

∴  
Don't forget to exercise your franchise in naming  
the new park.

∴  
A company of Highlanders will parade with the  
polymorphians.

∴  
"Britannia" is well under way and will make a  
pleasing feature.

∴  
The West End Club will likely put on a band of  
Algerine pirates.

∴  
The North End bonnet-hop has been declared off  
for the present.

∴  
The Algerines will have a grand concert and  
tug-of-war in the City Hall, Carleton, next Thurs-  
day evening.

∴  
The soldiers who are to represent St. John in  
London left for Quebec Tuesday afternoon, where  
they will undergo a ten days' drill.

# LITERATURE

*The Penny Dip, May 4, 1878*

## MEANING OF WORDS.

We know the meaning of most words  
By sound as well as sight;  
They mean, although they have no mien,  
So mind and write them right.

For thus—in “eccentricity,”  
One sees good many c’s,  
Also, in “hubbububberous,”  
The b’s are thick as bees.

There are no i’s in English “eyes,”  
But e’s there are in “ease,”  
A does want ye to make it “aye,”  
There’s but one p in peas.

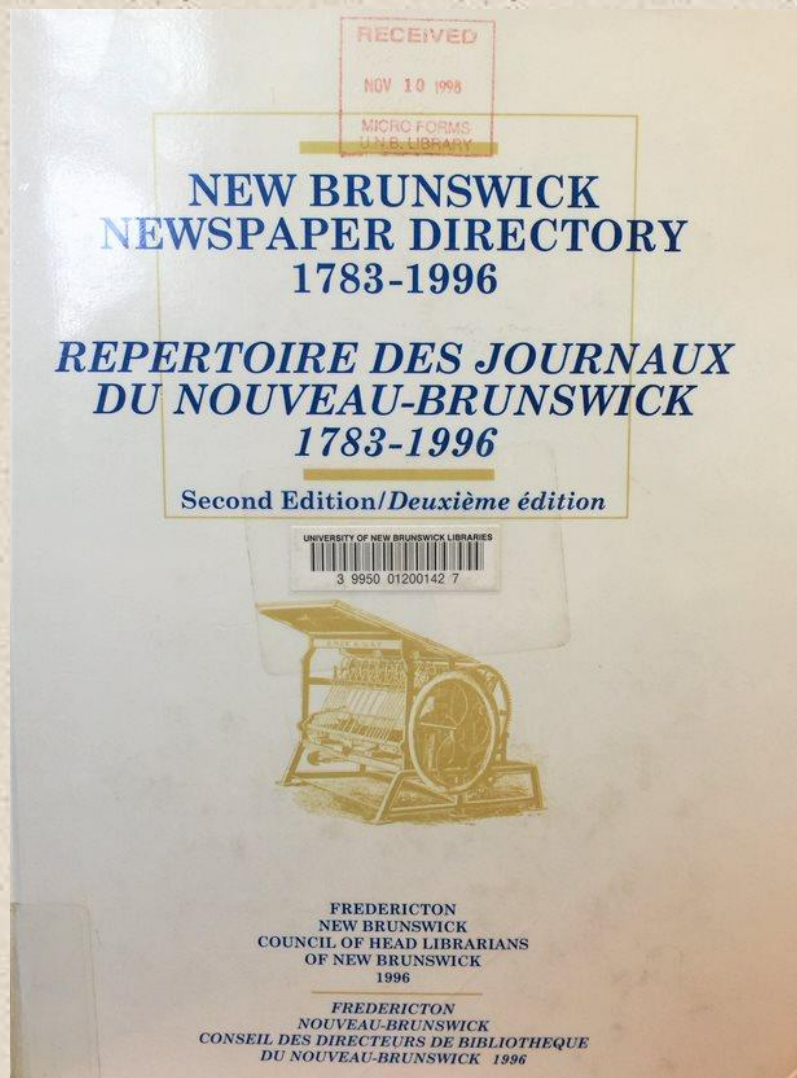
Some judges judge the English tongue  
But kill it with a breath;  
With wind and words they sentence some  
Fine sentences to death.



# BACKGROUND TO THE PROJECT



Collaboration with the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick (PANB) and the Council of Archives of New Brunswick (CANB) with the goal is to update the New Brunswick Newspaper Directory (content hosted online by PANB starting in 1997), which was originally published as a book by UNB librarian, Helen Craig, in 1989.



## Provincial Archives of New Brunswick

[Search](#) | [Exhibits and Education Tools](#) | [Research Tools](#) | [About PANB](#)

### New Brunswick Newspaper Directory

[Foreword](#) [Preface](#) [Introduction](#) [Notes](#) [Illustrations](#) [Search](#)

This directory contains **697** newspaper listings.

View newspaper

Or click a link below to view an index:

- [View index by Place](#)
- [View index by Publisher](#)
- [View index by Chronological Order](#)

Documents available:

-  [Publishing History](#)

This \*PDF file shows the publishing history of the newspapers arranged by place.

A film reel is positioned on the left side of the image. A magnifying glass is held over a section of newspaper text, which is visible in the background. The newspaper text includes names like 'D. BRADLEY', dates like 'St John N B, Jan 10th 1888', and a heading 'Rising Star Division. No 303.' The main title 'NEWSPAPERS.LIB.UNB.CA' is overlaid in large white letters across the center of the image.

# NEWSPAPERS.LIB.UNB.CA

- **Over 1,050** New Brunswick newspaper titles indexed (plus titles from outside New Brunswick that include New Brunswick content, e.g. *Quoddy Tides*, *Wesleyan*); 350 new titles as well as titles from previous Directory included
- Ranging from the first newspaper 1783 *Royal St. John's Gazette and Nova Scotia Intelligencer* to the recent online *Fredericton Independent*
- Approximately **90 digitized**, searchable titles, continually growing list
- Linking to free (and pay wall) online newspapers: **Canadiana (CRKN)**, **Google News Archive**, *The Manatee* . . .



- UNB has the largest New Brunswick newspaper collection.
- UNB has been digitally preserving newspapers since 2010 from print and microfilm.

# INFORMATION GATHERING ON TITLES

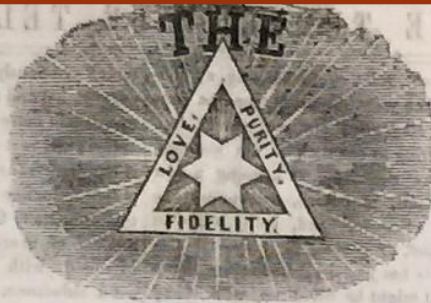
- Title (exact)
- Location
- Dates published
- Editor(s)
- Publisher(s)
- Frequency of publication
- Subject matter, brief description
- Subtitle, motto
- Publication history/ connections/ title history
- Language



MG H 193, series 12, sub-series 6,  
Ralph Costello fonds,  
UNB Archives & Special Collections



# TEMPERANCE



# TELEGRAPH,

## AND ORGAN OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

FAMILY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, LITERATURE, MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published every THURSDAY MORNING, by CHRISTOPHER SMILER

No. 6, North Side King Street.—TERMS—Seven Shillings and Sixpence per annum, in all cases PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

New Series—Volume I—No. 3.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1851.

Whole Number 375.

### LITERATURE.

#### The Flight of Time.

BY ALEXANDER SMART.

Why flies the time so fast?  
Days, months and years glide by  
And each looks shorter than the last,  
And swifter seems to fly!  
Our viewless wings still rushing on,  
To join the flight of ages gone,  
Their silent course they ply.

It seemed, when we were young,  
Time lingered on the way,  
For hope, like any syren, sung  
The live-long summer day—  
Oh! sweetly sung of promised bliss,  
Too bright for such a world as this—  
Too beautiful to stay.

And then the winter night—  
So lively and so long—  
When round the fireside, blazing bright,  
Went merriment and song,  
Long were the hours, for we were then  
Impatient to be happy men,  
And join the busy throng.

Hope's reliance in the heart,  
In youth supremely blest,  
Can transitory joys impart,  
The brightest and the best,  
The ills of life come all too soon;  
And why should clouds obscure the noon  
That warms the youthful breast?

When Life's young dream is o'er,  
And Fancy's fires decay,  
And Hope's illusions charm no more,

would readily pronounce his daughter. Between the countenances of the two was a very striking resemblance. There was the same delicacy of feature; their foreheads were alike finely formed and expansive; the deep, earnest eyes were the same, and a smile, equally kind, though sad, played constantly around their lips. He was, apparently, in the last stages of consumption; his face and hands were marble white, save where the deep hectic burned in his cheek, and his breathings were short and difficult.

The light had not faded away in the west, but the father suddenly raised his head from the pillow and leaned forward toward his daughter, as if the darkness was shutting her out from his gaze; but the mist melted away, and he sank back again, while a look of the bitterest agony passed over his features.

Aroused by the slight sound, from her deep reverie, the child turned from the window and stood beside the couch. "Are you very sick to-night, father?" she asked, as she leaned toward him, and endeavored to press her lips to his cold, damp brow. But he put her back gently, and averted his face.

"I am not suffering severely now," he replied, "but tell me, Amy, what you have been thinking of for the last half hour?"

The child blushed, but quickly replied, "I was thinking how very near we are to heaven! See," and she pointed to the open window, "over the farthest hill, through the bright clouds which rest to show some of our earthly

and what I do say to you, Amy, you must try to forget; let it never distress you! I have forgiven her the injury she has done us; for the mercy which blots out my crimes, must be as great as that which pardons hers, and you must forgive her too. She was a beautiful woman, but heaven, that I might love you, and that you might never recel her memory, has not given you the least resemblance to your mother.

"A few months of happiness followed my marriage, and then I began to fear that she had deceived me—that it was my wealth more than myself which she had loved, and that I could give her no pleasure unless I carried her back to the gay scenes from which I had drawn her. My fears were not idle, for she soon laid aside the semblance of contentment, and then came cold looks, tears, entreaties and reproaches; and when she saw that I would not yield to her request, for to gratify her wishes would have been ruin to us both, she told me, in her anger and disappointment, that she had never loved me, but that her affections had been given to another before we had ever met, and that it was his poverty alone which had prevented her from becoming his wife. I was wretched, my child, for your mother had been very dear to me; how wretched, heaven grant you may never know, and my misery drove me into folly and crime. My father died in less than two years after my marriage; the sight of my wretchedness, I was convinced, had shortened his life; but he looked on your little face, and blessed you, my Amy

much your father has loved you; do you not believe he was mad when he contemplated the act?—with which I would have smothered you! But my arm was struck down suddenly, and the stranger who had been our travelling companion held me in his powerful grasp. We struggled violently, but in the end he mastered me. I was stretched on the floor, and before I could regain my feet he had thrown my pistol from the window, and taken you—who had risen up in your bed during our scuffle, and, instinctively, perhaps, had extended your hands toward him—had taken you in his arms, and carried you from the room, bolting the door after him. What followed is lost to me. When I next awoke to consciousness, I was here in this room with you, and him who had saved both our lives. Years had passed, but that man who had taken such a strange interest in us, was with us still. He had kept our home from passing into the hands of strangers; he had brought us here, had watched over you with the care and affection of a father, and me with the solicitude of the fondest brother, and through the years which have since followed, during which, though my reason has not failed me, though life has been continually wasting, his care of us has never diminished; he has—

A step was heard in the adjoining apartment, and the dying man spoke more quickly and in a lower tone. "This man, who has been such a friend to us, Amy, I need not tell you is Mr. Morton. To his sole care I am now about to

him take a wife, but after he had run over in his mind the list of his female acquaintances, he thought that none of them were fit to take charge of little Amy Rivers, whose interest he seemed to think, should be consulted before that of any one else, and then he began to wonder that, if her father died and he should become her guardian, he could ever find a young man good enough to become her husband; he certainly did not know one at present whom he would be willing to give her to, and this conviction deepened as the months passed away, and Amy was becoming less a child. And finally Mr. Charles Morton began to consult his mirror, and wonder how old he should look in a few years more, when he was forty and Amy was seventeen—and he congratulated himself (Mr. Morton was not a vain man, however,) on possessing a person which was not likely to exhibit early the marks of age. He had a fine head of hair, and it was of a hue that longest retains its color; his skin was fair and florid, his teeth sound and white, and he was rather inclined to corpulency, though not too much so for a man on the turn of thirty-five. On the whole he was a fine-looking man, and with the care he took of himself, and the calm life he led,—for, possessing an independence already, he cared more about enjoying what he already had, than of acquiring more,—he was likely to remain a fine looking man for a score of years to come.

struggled on together, unsubdued and unsubdu

ing.  
Four years had passed since the death of Mr. Rivers, and Amy was now seventeen. The young lady was even more beautiful than the child had been, but her beauty was almost painful to look on, it seemed so ethereal; and many a sad thought did her delicate and fragile form, her colorless cheek and brilliant eye, suggest to her anxious friend; and although the time had arrived when it had been the wish of Mr. Rivers that his daughter should give her hand to his friend,—the time which Mr. Morton had looked forward to with so much impatience, friendship triumphed over love; and instead of exacting the fulfillment of her promise, which he sometimes feared she was little anxious should be immediately required of her, he still exhibited toward her the feelings of a parent rather than a lover, and strove to interest and amuse her thoughts so well as to draw them to himself.

"The child is lonely, most likely," said Mrs. James, who made it a point to refer on all possible occasions to the disparity of years between her brother and Amy,—*"the child is lonely, with no companions but such old people as we are, Charles;—that is what makes her look so pale and sickly;"* and her remark suggested what Mr. Morton considered a lucky thought.

"I am going to invite a young lady to spend the coming winter with us, Amy," he said—*"She is my cousin, and her name is Mrs. James*



# CHALLENGES: DIFFERENTIATION OF TITLES

Many newspaper titles go through many iterations, and these must all be indexed separately

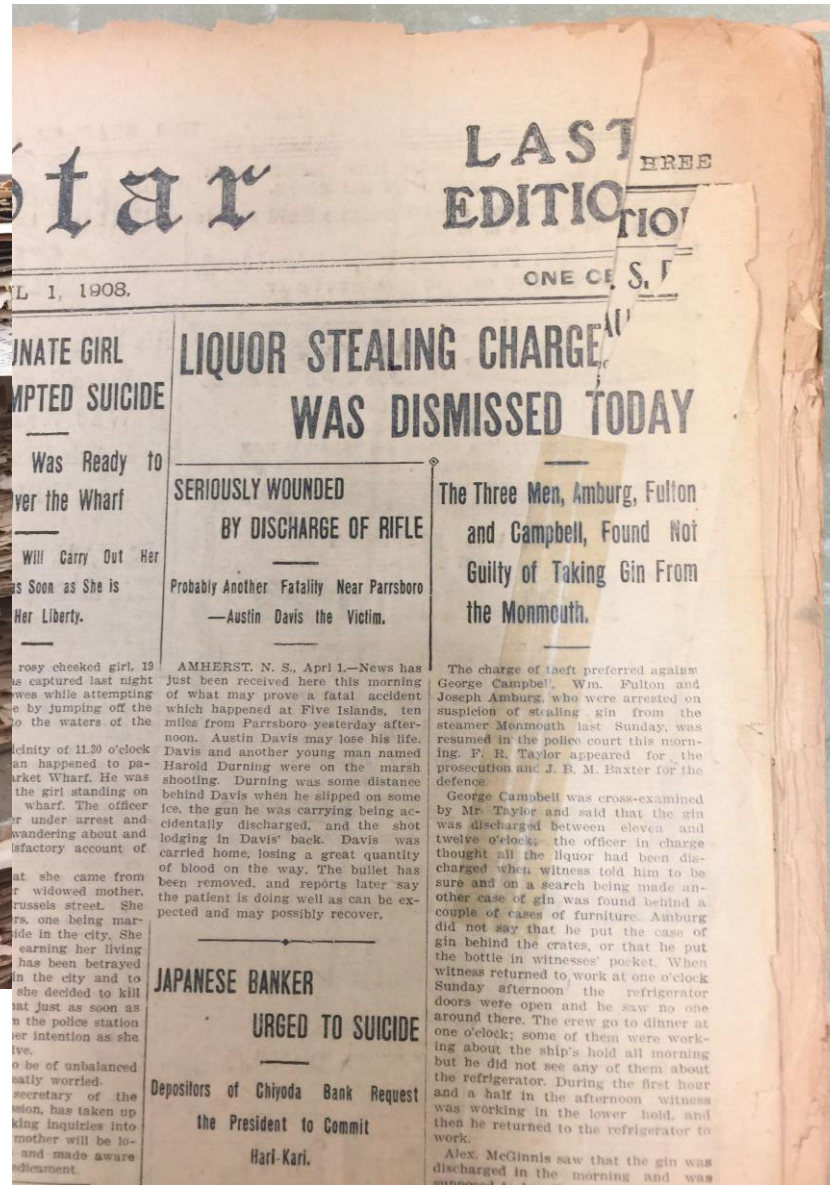
## Broad Title History:

(This includes all related titles and supplements and the publication dates of each)

- The New-Brunswick Standard and St. Andrews Commercial Gazette Sep 10, 1833 - Sep 18, 1834
- St. Andrews Standard, New-Brunswick (1834) Sep 25, 1834 - Dec 30, 1837
- The Standard, New Brunswick (Saint Andrews, New Brunswick: 1838) Jan 6, 1838 - Apr 4, 1840
- The Standard or Frontier Gazette (Saint Andrews, New Brunswick: 1840) Apr 17, 1840 - Feb 19, 1845
- The Standard or Frontier Agricultural and Commercial Gazette (Saint Andrews, New Brunswick: 1845) Feb 26, 1845 - Jun 28, 1848
- The Standard (Saint Andrews, New Brunswick: 1848) Jul 1, 1848 - Jul 8, 1848
- The Standard or Railway and Commercial Record (Saint Andrews, New Brunswick, 1848) Jul 12, 1848 - Sep 3, 1856
- St. Andrews Standard (1856) Sep 10, 1856 - Jul 21, 1880



# CHALLENGES: MATERIAL CONDITIONS



# IS IT A NEWSPAPER?

What makes a newspaper:

- Current content
- Advertisements
- General interest topics
- Can included editorials and features
- Regular publication at shorter intervals
- Uses newsprint paper



# FORMATS:

Print, microfilm, digital





# HOLDINGS DATA COLLECTED FROM INSTITUTIONS IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND BEYOND

- Libraries
- Archives
- Museums
- Publishers

THE New-Brunswick Courier, Published every Saturday, at the Office of the Proprietor, No. 10, South Street, in the City of New Brunswick, N. B. Price, per Annum, in Advance, \$10.00. Single Copies, 25 Cents.

NOTICE. ALL Persons having any claims against the Estate of the late JOHN BROWN, deceased, are requested to present the same to the undersigned, at his Office, in the City of New Brunswick, N. B., on or before the 15th day of October, 1854.

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# PROJECT STATUS

- Currently the most accurate index of New Brunswick newspapers.
- Digitization is concurrent and ongoing.
- The centralization of holdings information will better serve patrons and staff researching New Brunswick history and help determine a path for preservation and digitization of New Brunswick Newspapers.



# FUN FINDS:

## Unexpected objects



FASCINATING POWERS OF THE SNAKE.  
We have heard many curious stories about the powers of the snake to fascinate birds, but we never recollect to have seen anything like the following:

**The Telegraph**  
OR,  
**SONS OF TEMPERANCE ORGAN.**  
LOVE, PURITY, AND FIDELITY.  
NO. XI  
W. R. M. BURTIS, Esq. Ed.  
VOL. VI.  
Saint John, N. B. THURSDAY, April 19, 1849.  
G. SMILER, Publisher.

**The Telegraph**  
under the patronage of  
**ALL THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES**  
IN NEW BRUNSWICK.  
ALSO,  
OF THE ORDER OF THE  
**SONS OF TEMPERANCE.**  
The paper is published in Bragg's Lane, South-side of King Street, at John Street, TUESDAY 21 noon, by CHRISTOPHER SMILER.  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
FIVE DOLLARS per ANNUM IN ADVANCE.  
Not paid for, within three months of commencement of each year, or at the end of the year.  
CORRESPONDENTS:  
Articles to be sent to the Editor, and not paid for, unless accompanied by the name and place of abode intended for convenience, and to avoid misunderstandings, &c.  
**ADVERTISEMENTS AND JOB PRINTING**  
of every description will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

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  - MR. BARNETT LINGLET, Indian Town.
  - ALEXANDER FOWLER, Esq., Hampton.
  - MORNING FOWLER, Esq., Sussex Vale.
  - GEORGE N. ARNOLD, Esq., St. John's.
  - W. A. STOCKTON, Esq., St. John's.
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  - MR. W. WILMOT, Esq., Moncton.
  - MR. W. PURDY, Westfield.
  - MR. JAMES CALHOOD, Hammond River.
  - MR. THOS. F. ALLISON, Esq., Sackville.
  - MR. ROBERT POLLY, Oak Bay, St. Stephen's.
  - MR. GEORGE YOUNG, St. Stephen's.
  - MR. EDWARD WOOD, Bay Verte, do.
  - MR. JAMES BRADFORD, St. Andrews.
  - MR. JAMES CALHOODS, Hopewell.
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  - MR. JAMES R. LOVETT, Esq., Annapolis, N. S.
  - MR. T. R. PATILLO, Liverpool, N. S.
  - MR. B. S. HODGSON, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**SELECT TALE.**  
**THE DARK LADY.**  
BY MRS. E. C. HALL.  
People find it easy enough to laugh at "spirit stories" in broad daylight, when the sunbeams dance upon the grass, and the deepest forest glades are spotted and chequered only by the tender shadows of the leafy trees; when the ragg'd scathe, that looks so mysterious and so stern in the gloaming night, seems suited for a lady's loom; when the rustling waterfall sparkles in the diamond showers, and the hum of bee and songs of life and happiness, thoughts may laugh at ghosts then, if they like, but as for me, I never could merge a smile at the records of these shadowy visions. I have large faith in things supernatural, and I lack such evidences as are supplied by palpable proofs as few of the many marvels by which we are surrounded, that I would rather object to them altogether as unnecessary, than abide the issue entirely as they suggest.  
My grandmother was a native of the canton of Bern, and at the advanced age of ninety, her memory of "the long ago" was as active as it could have been; she looked as if she had just stepped out of a piece of tapestry belonging to a past age, but with warm sympathies for the present. Her English, when she became excited, was very curious—a mingling of French, certainly not English, but English, literature of German done in English, literature—so that her observations were, at times, remarkable for their strength. "The mountains," she would say, "in her country, went high, high up, until they could look into heaven, and hear God comprehend the real beauty of England; but spoke with contempt of our island—calling our mountains 'inequalities,'—nothing more—hold- ing our agriculture 'cheap,' saying that the land filled itself, leaving man no thing to do. She would sing the most amusing patois songs, and tell stories from morning till night, more especially spirit-stories; but the old lady would not tell a tale of that character a second time to an unbeliever; such things, she would say, "are not for make-laugh." One in particular, I remember, always excited great interest in her young listeners from its mingling with the real and the romantic; but it can never be told as the told it; there was so much of the picturesque about the old lady—so much to admire in the curious carving of her ebony cane in the beauty of her point lace, the size and weight of her long ugly earrings, the singularity of her old silk gown, the singularity of her buckled shoes—her dark-brown wrinkled face, every wrinkle an expression—her broad thoughtful brow, beneath which glittered her bright blue eyes—bright even her eyelashes were white.

There were had, as much enjoyment in hunting; do she had a castle with a draw tower; servants and gaiter and gorgeous dresses; a guitar and such an uncle—and there was not such another broad European. For many a time she never laughed, the room; she never laughed, in time the laugh came not place, sighs and tears. No great deal to answer for. when they came to visit way, and she was not invited any one to the castle. Monsieur was the most by shutting her lips he and bowed such a good training, that she fortified against all her dear Granby, and she would not be a creature to be his continuous—Yes, my dear, each creature according to its nature—all men are tyrants, and I confess that I do not think the creation of the Swiss, whose mountain inheritance is nearly coeval with the tyrannical disposition. It was not intended to blame him for that; I did not intend to blame him for that; I did not, because I had grown used when Amelie and I always stood up when entered the room, and never sat down until we were desired. He never showed a loving word or a kind look upon either of us. We never spoke except when we were spoken to. "But when you and Amelie were alone, dear Granby?" "Oh, why, then we did chatter, I suppose; though then it was in moderation for Monsieur's influence chilled us even when he was not present, and often she would say, 'It is so hard trying to love him, for he will not let me!' There is no such beauty now in the world as Amelie's. I cannot see her as she used to stand before the richly carved glass in the grave oak-panelled dressing-room her luxuriant hair combed back from her full covering the back of her head; her cap covered the back of her head; her bosom by a modest ruffe; her black velvet gorget and bracelets, showing off to perfection the early transparency of her skin. She was the loveliest of all creatures, and as good as she was lovely; it seems but as yesterday that we were together—but as yesterday—we were together—but as yesterday! And yet I lived to see her an old woman so they called her, but she never seemed old to me! My own dear Amelie! Ninety years had not dried up the source of poor Granby's tears, nor chilled of poor Granby's heart, and she never spoke of Amelie without emotion. Monsieur was proud of his niece, because she was proud of himself; she added to his conquest she contributed to his enjoyments had grown necessary; she was the sunbeam of his house."  
"Not the one sunbeam, surely, ny!" one of us would exclaim, "I was nothing where Amelie's shadow!" The

# FUN FINDS:

Previously unknown issues





# FUN FINDS:

“The only Paper in the World, as far as we know, Printed by a Man with one arm”





TIME IS OF  
THE ESSENCE

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Newsprint  
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