

The Union Advocate.

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Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 18, 1886.

W. C. ANSLOW,
Vol. XIX.—No. 14.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 990.

REDUCED IN PRICE. BABY CARRIAGES.

No. 5, 1 Rattan Baby Carriage \$9.50, former price \$12.00.
40, 1 do. do. do. 12.50 former price \$16.00.
50, 1 do. do. do. 21.00 former price \$28.00.

REDUCED IN PRICE.
CHILDREN'S HOSE, very cheap.
LADIES' HOSE, very cheap.
LADIES' SILK, TAFFETA, and THREAD GLOVES very cheap.
A few short ends of Fancy Muslins for 10 cts. per yard.
B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Newcastle, Aug. 13, 1886.
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Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
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CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.
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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
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OFFICE Old Bank Montreal.
JOHN McALISTER,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.,
May 7, 1885.

WILLIAM MURRAY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.
OFFICE:—MURRAY'S BUILDING,
WATER STREET,
May 1, 1882.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHMOND, N. B.
OFFICE:—CORNER HOWER SQUARE,
May 5, 1884.

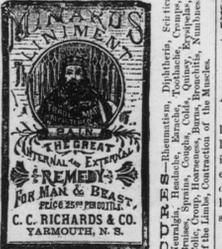
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I am paying the highest prices in cash for the following Raw Furs—Otter, Beaver, Bear, Mink, Martin, Lynx, Fox, Rat.
JAMES BROWN,
Newcastle, December 20, '85.

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All kinds of Lumber, including HARDWOODS of every description always on hand.
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—AND—
DIMENSIONED LUMBER
OUR SPECIALTY.
Parties requiring lumber of any kind will do well to write for prices, terms, etc.
Address all correspondence to
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RICHMOND, N. B.
April 27, '85.

BUY
Windsor's Delicious
RASPBERRY & STRAWBERRY
JAM!
In cups of each one dozen. Quart and Half Gallon.
GLASS JARS.
Guaranteed equal if not superior to any in the market.
Write for Quotations.
JOHN WINDSOR,
P.O. Box 10, St. John, N. B., Oct. 20, 1884.

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Infalible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Disinfectant, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrophulous Diseases peculiar to Females, Salt Rheum, Excess and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach and Heart Burn. Purely Vegetable.
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OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.
OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a.m. 1 to 6 p.m., 7 to 10 p.m.
Feb. 1885.

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NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory
GEORGE'S STREET, St. John, N. B.
April 10, 1882, 2-lyr

GEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission, and prompt returns made.
The makers are located near a siding of the Intercolonial Railway. All orders attended to promptly. Brick delivered f.o.b. cars, or at wharf.
Address all orders to
H. S. FLETT, Superintendent
500 St. Andrew Street, N. B., Oct. 20, '85.

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS.
The subscriber announces that he is now carrying on the business of
BRICK MANUFACTURING
on an extensive scale, and has now on hand about
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which will be disposed of at low rates.
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GROCERIES
—AND—
DRY GOODS.
700 Half-Chests TEA, COFFEES, SPICES.
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300 Boxes TOBACCO, CORNED MEATS, PICKLES, CONFECTIONERY.
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1000 Pieces PRINTS, Calicoes, Dry Goods.
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Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first-class Hotel and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.
The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the Point.
Oct. 12, 1885.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,
GEO. McSWEENEY, GEO. D. FUCHS,
PROPRIETOR, MANAGER

Clifton House,
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Housed by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 20 '85.

SKINNER'S Carpet Wazerooms,
55 KING STREET.
New Carpets, New Oldies, New Linoleums
Just Received for Fall Trade:
6 bales New Brussels Carpets;
2 " " Tapestry do.
4 Bolls English Oilcloth, New Designs;
4 " " Linoleum, at \$1.50 per yard;
4 " " 4 yds wide do. " 1.10
4 " " 4 yds wide do. " .75
#2 This above is the first installment of my FALL STOCK, and as it contains some very novel designs, intending purchasers would do well to examine them.
A. O. SKINNER,
St. John, Oct. 5, 1885.

Selected Literature.

THIS WAS HIS REVENGE.

"You will introduce me—won't you, Alister?"
"I don't know so much about that. I hardly think it safe—when a plain fellow like myself is pretty confident that he is in a fair way to win the heart of the dearest, loveliest little woman in the world, I don't think he would be wise to throw in her path a handsome lady-killer like your self, Charlie."
"Boah. There is not much danger of cutting you out if she knows what a good fellow you are. Are you engaged?"
"Not exactly—I could not see any way of keeping her in the luxury she has been accustomed to all her life. I'll introduce you, Charlie. I'll risk it, because when you have made Ella's acquaintance you will resign yourself to music and talk, instead of wasting your substance on cards at the Junior night after night. I'll sacrifice myself to serve you, old chap, and trust to your honor not to be too fascinating to my lady love. Knowing her will do you a lot of good. It has me. So will go to Hill street this evening; it's one of Mrs. L'Estrange's 'At Home' nights."

"Thanks, Alister. I shall be so delighted. Miss L'Estrange is a great beauty, isn't she? I heard so at the club the other day. What is she, blonde or brunette? I hate blondes—they are generally insipid—big black eyes sparkling like diamonds; dusky cheeks with a dash of damask roses; ruby lips, and five feet three—just Venus de Medicis's height. There you are, with my beautiful, lovely right before you." Charlie Vane rattled according to his habit, and glancing up with a laugh, he is rather amazed at the shadow that has unmistakably fallen on Alister Grant's face.
"Ella is your beau-ideal, then," is the reply, in a low voice. "You have described her so exactly that one would fancy you had seen her! But I really have never thought much of her beauty—I only know that she is everything to me—and that it would break my heart if she went out of my life!"
"So you are hard hit indeed, my boy—when you talk of breaking your heart, hearts are tough things now-a-days, but let us hope the fair Ella appreciates your liking properly, and would not so much as look at another man!"
"Let us hope it," is the grave response, and Charlie Vane, unaccustomed to much show of feeling in the London world, stares at his friend for a moment.
"Then he shrugs his shoulders, and rattles away at another topic, while the color that had left Alister's face slowly creeps back."
But somehow as the two men dash along to Hill street, Charlie feels a curious perturbation, and a new-born shyness, and a good deal of his ordinary careless *déjà vu* hearing is absent, when he is introduced to Miss L'Estrange, a dark girl with big black eyes, and damask roses on her dusky cheeks, and a pair of sweet fresh lips that look like twin cherries. She is dressed in a long trailing white silk dress, with a rope of pearls round her throat, and the same pure jewels gleaming in her glossy hair, and she receives Charlie Vane—one of the crack regiments, and a habitué of all the swell houses—with a smile that fairly takes away his breath.
Still he is disappointed for he expected to meet the beauty he expected—though a sweet, lovable girl.
"Alister need not be afraid—I shan't lose my head or my heart to her," he thinks, as he walks into his rooms that night; then he drops into a lounge and a reverie, with a cigar in his mouth—and through the clouds of smoke two large black eyes look at him, and two ruby lips tempt him by their sweetness and freshness.
"How do you like Vane, Ella?" Alister asks of the girl he is half engaged to.
"How do I like him? Oh! so—so—you see he is your great chum, so of course I must like him!"
"Don't you like him for himself, darling? He is awfully handsome and agreeable and sings like a canary!"
"Yes," Ella answers, slowly; "still—I'll tell you, he has been told that he is irresistible and knows it too well, and that's why I don't fancy him—I can't bear conceited men!"
Alister flushes with pleasure, while he reproaches himself for his unloyalty to friendship, and to appease his conscience goes on affably:
"The women have spoiled him to a certain extent, perhaps; but he is the best fellow going. I want your mother to be kind to him well and to ask him here often. He is pretty well off and I want him to sober down. He is passionately fond of music and if you'll take compassion and sing with him I am sure you will wear him from those eternal club evenings, which are the devil!"
"Alister," cries Ella, pretending to be shocked, "you must be anxious about Captain Vane's welfare when you take to bad French, like that!"
"Miles pardons, dear, but you will do yourself best, won't you?" he answers, persuaded that she does not admit his friend and that no danger can possibly accrue from duets and continual companionship.

And so the weeks go on, and Ella begins to grow curiously tolerant of Charlie's civility and curiously nervous as the evening hours came on. Of course she welcomed him simply because his voice blends so deliciously with hers, and he has the power to make even her grim old father smile over his gay sallies. Somehow, the evenings he is away at some grand ball or reception—for Charlie is wonderfully in request—seem dull and flat and stale, and altogether unprofitable—but the evenings in Hill street when the first notes of "M'Parr" or "Salve Dimora" break on her ear are just a snatch of her ideas of paradise.
Besides this, there is the sweetest, subtlest feeling, that in spite of the professional beauties, and the attraction of cards at the club, Charlie never fails coming to Mrs. L'Estrange's "At Home" when he is invited.
He himself wonders how his evenings have passed before he made his first bow in Hill street; and curses himself for a blind fool not to have seen how lovely Ella really was, and how irresistible. It is hard; hard to find this out, when she of course loves Alister Grant, and is really pledged to him.
These were the thoughts that rack his soul, and bring an unwonted shadow over his handsome innocent face, that seemed as if sunshine was habitual to it in the first days, and as Ella marks the shadow, she grows pale, and her heart sinks, and a life, which she has up to now looked at in glorious hues, seems a horrible and awful mistake.
Unsuspecting—putting implicit and blind faith in both mistress and friend—Alister smiles on the two delighted to see the reformation in the man whom he likes almost as a brother, and satisfied that he has a hold on Ella's heart that ought not to be shaken.
"Ella, darling; my uncle died yesterday, and I am a good many thousands richer, so I shall speak to your father in a day or two, and then you will let the world know how happy I am! You won't hold back now, love, but be my own wife soon—won't you?"
Ella's face is bent over a piece of elaborate work, and Alister does not see the scared look that starts into her eyes, but he sees the little white hand tremble, and sure that it is from sheer excess of joy at the news—he seizes it, and presses his lips passionately to it.
And she does not dare to drag it away—though these kisses seem to burn and sear her flesh.
"Tell me, dearest, that I need not wait long. Oh! my darling! if you know how I love you—how impatiently I have looked forward to the time when I could really ask you to marry me—you would answer! You would put these dear arms round my neck and whisper that you are too glad!"
But Ella does not dream of being demonstrative—no, she shrinks back a little and bows her head, with its coronet of blue-black tresses, still lower, so that her lover may not read in it her want of love, her utter falsity.
She murmurs in a tremulous voice at last, "I will answer you to-morrow."
But Alister, never doubting her fealty, is quite content.
Mr. L'Estrange gives a cordial consent to Alister's suit when he has fully explained to the paternal ears his change of fortune. Alister Grant comes of a good old Scotch family, and to Richard L'Estrange—a self-made man, whose antecedents are shabby, such a marriage would well fulfill his aspirations for his daughter. So with a heart brimful ofapture, Alister hastens on the morrow to find Ella, and he is blessed words that are to make him the happiest of men for ever and ever.
With a white face and compressed lips, Mr. L'Estrange meets him at the door and draws him into the library.
Alister, amazed, stares at him aghast; then a pallor sweeps over his own face, and staggering a little, he leans up against the wall.
"Ella! what of her? is she ill?"
"Worse."
"Not—dead?" and the young voice rings out with a supreme agony, that touches the old man to the soul.
"No, no, really not dead—that is, not dead—but dead to you, my boy. She has gone off—eloped with that handsome, good-for-nothing scoundrel, Vane. Come, Grant, bear it like a man. Although she is my child, I must say she is not worthy of such love as you're!"
As Mr. L'Estrange's words clearly forced the truth on Alister's mind, he grasped the nearest chair for support. No sound escapes his white lips. Yes, plainly enough the other man sees that his daughter's falsity has dealt a fearful blow—that it has crushed not only hope but life out of the heart which only a few moments since was so joyous and confident of success.
"It is a bitter blow, but it won't kill me," Alister mutters, presently; "I have something still to live for!"
"That's right, my boy; that's the way to take it," Mr. L'Estrange says heartily, as he grasps the poor young fellow's hand.
"Revenge! I'll live for that! Yes, Ella, with your latest breath you shall remember me!" Alister murmurs bitterly, as he strides away from the house which had once held such happiness for him.
Only once he met his faithless love by

chance, eighteen months after her marriage—and at the sight of him she turned almost dead—and he never dreamed of pursuing her. He was not a man to wage war with women.
But one day he came across Charlie Vane, who was about to pass with a hasty bow, when Alister cried in stern voice:
"Stop!"
Now Charlie was a brave man. He had never lost his nerve when the bullets flew within an inch of his head in Afghanistan; and Egypt; yet now he felt a quiver, as with a hesitating gesture he held out his hand.
"Will you take it, Grant?" he faltered.
But Alister struck it away.
"No! I would as soon slap that of a murderer, I believe, for such you have been to me. I trusted you—trusted you with all my heart and soul—and you show me with a blow more deadly than an enemy's weapon could deal. That would be dealt and finished, but the wound you have given is still open—festering—fatal—and this will remain until it is dealt back—ays, and doubly paid for. The time will yet come when Mrs. Vane will think of me with a different feeling than pity. To her latest breath she will remember Alister Grant."
"God knows we struggled against it, both she and I!"
But Alister, not heeding his words, turned on his heel.
"Months rolled by, and it was three years since the day when Ella had left home with Charlie, and in all this time a sort of dread spoiled their lives.
Charlie could not banish from his memory Alister's words and manner when they last met. He felt perfectly sure in some way he would make them keenly feel the wrong they had done him.
Why in all this time Alister had made no sign and remained inactive, they could not assign a reason. Was it that he was waiting a surer or more perfect revenge to gain? Or was it that the good and noble character of the man they had injured had proved firm against the whispering of the evil spirit? They could not tell.
And Alister Grant himself scarcely knew why he lived on and did not seek the revenge for which he had vowed to live. Was it that the love—betrayed, cast aside—had not yet been cast out of him? How could he slay the man without hurting the woman? These thoughts would come to Alister, and, starting up, he tried to throw off the better mood, and murmured, as if to excuse tardiness of action—
"No, no. It is not so. I am not such a weak, pitiful fool, God knows. I am only waiting for a surer—more perfect revenge!"
That he lived at all was a marvel to all who knew him. Not only had his life been spared, but health and strength had seemed to sink under the blow until only the shadow of his former self remained. A pity that he was not of the same nature as many men in these days; but he was thoroughly Scotch to the backbone, with a Scot's best points—earnest, tenacious, incapable of change. His honest face, with the light blue eyes of the North, had lost its former expression entirely, and the crisp, light brown curls, almost flaxen in fairness, were thickly sprinkled with silver threads, Ella seemed to feel each of his life. He could see her now as plainly as four years back, and somehow time, softening her cruelty brought back more vividly the sweet old days when she let him think he was dear to her—aye, dearer to her than all the world. Frazier grew the bonds that bound him to life, and at last he felt nothing, realized nothing, but to see her again once more, to speak to her one little word, to clasp in pardon and in peace the hand that had thrilled him when it lay in his own, with a happiness akin to heaven.
It was a wild night in autumn, and the wind swept wildly over the streets of the metropolis, shrieking and moaning and sighing. But above these dismal sounds broke a cry that struck fear around—a cry of fire.
A hotel in one of the most crowded West End thoroughfares was in flames, while its inmates were still wrapped in sleep. The street was soon blocked by engines, and vigorously enough the men did their hazardous work. A shower of water was cast on the building, but the vivid tongues of flame were only subdued for a moment, to burst out again with a renewed power of defiance, until all hope of saving the building was abandoned. Wildly men and women and children were dragged out. Then above the shrieking wail came a cry that went to every heart—
"My boy—oh God! my boy!" and a woman, young and lovely, with disheveled hair hanging like a black veil over her shoulder, rushed up the steps of the burning hotel.
Hands went out to bring her back, and her husband, who, in the terror and excitement of the scene, had a strange child in his arms, rushed forward to save his little work, to clasp in pardon and in peace the hand that had thrilled him when it lay in his own, with a happiness akin to heaven.
"It is too late!" a thousand voices seemed to shout in his ears.
But according to the ladder—cheered on by the crowd below—was a man who, reckless of life, was glad to sacrifice it, if by such sacrifice he could bring joy and comfort to that wretched woman's heart. The clouds of smoke curled forth from

the window he had reached, and the cries and cheers of the crowd below were hushed as he disappeared from view. Darker—denser grew the smoke, but presently in its clouds came the welcome form, and clasped closely in his arms—a little child. One more step and he had gained the ladder. And then a loud, triumphant cheer goes up once more from the spectators below.
As he comes down, another volume of flame appears to rush after him, as if determined to envelop him. But he is beyond their reach.
Arms stretch eagerly up to take the child, but the brave heart that has saved it clasps it close, and, staggering on, he reaches the woman, who, kneeling in her white robes on the pavement, gazes at him with straining eyes.
The fire casts a vivid glare around, and then, in that moment of supreme despair and anguish, she has recognized the face against which the golden head of her darling lies.
"Thank God—and you!" she murmurs, and casting her boy to her breast, she stoops and presses a kiss on the hand that has brought her treasure to her.
And that woman's kiss makes Alister Grant infinitely more giddy than his previous ascent amidst the forked tongues of flame that leapt around him and brought him face to face with death.
"Ella! I give him to you! Bless—forgive! Remember—you'll remember me—Ella!" and, catching at her dress, she presses his lips to it, and sinks at the feet of the woman he had loved so well.
It is of no avail to minister to him, for the frail thread has broken, the spoiled life has ended, and Alister Grant's weary soul is resting.
Resting quietly—peacefully—maybe—for the great desire of his heart has been granted him. He has seen her—felt her lips on his hand—and willingly he yielded up his spirit, since his latest breath had been for her and near her.
The aim for which he had lingered had been accomplished—a revenge—but a revenge so noble and so perfect. Prophetic were his words, "She shall remember me to her latest hour!"

AN OUTSPOKEN CANADIAN PREACHER.
The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, who is at present in Edinburgh on a visit, preached in New Greyfriars Church on Sunday evening, Mr. Macdonnell, who is very well-known preacher in his own country, was about ten years ago the subject of a "heresy hunt" regarding his views on the question of eternal punishment, which had the effect of increasing his former popularity. Preaching from the text, "Ye are the salt of the earth," (St. Matthew, ch. 13th verse), Mr. Macdonnell in the course of his sermon, urged his hearers to "season" their speech so as to combine suavity with pungency, and to avoid insipidity. That did not mean the introduction into their talk of what were called religious topics—ministers and churches might be amongst the most irreligious of subjects—but it meant talking about the common things that God gave them to see, and do, and enjoy, in a religious spirit—in a Golly, not a Godless spirit. That did not entail absence of wholesome fun, between which and frivolity there was a wide gulf. Frivolity was a curse, but they might thank God for the bubbling up of merry laughter and the play of genial humor. Further, he said, apart from the influence of Christ, society tended to become corrupt. Did wealth, he asked, prevent moral decay? No; it sometimes hastened it. Did education or culture prevent it? An educated villain was only the more clever villain; a refined rake was only the more dangerous and detestable. May God, he added, bring a curse upon the machinations of some very refined and highly polished, well-mannered, well-bred, well-brought up devil—Scottman.

Temperance.
IT IS DREADFUL
"I have sometimes thought that I should do if Fred took to drinking," said a notable housekeeper to a friend. "It is so dreadful. What if it should come into my dish!"
At the same time she was mixing in liquor with Fred's dining dishes. And one day, when he missed the old wine flavour in the pudding sauce on the table, he petulantly tipped his chair back and refused to eat any of the food. The dreadful shadow came ultimately and the friend spoke of above, thought that the hand of the mother that stirred the wine into the son's food had mixed the fatal glass for him. She helped form his taste for liquor.
Two-thirds of the crimes which come before the courts of law of this country are occasioned chiefly by temperance.
—Lord Chief Justice Baron Kelly, of England.

Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout this country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impregnable as combustion without oxygen.
Rev. Howard Malcolm said of the people of Siam, as they were in 1888: "The Siamese are Buddhists and are amiable, temperate and inquisitive." A disastrous change has come over the moral condition of the Burmese and Siamese since, caused by the floods of intoxicating poison poured upon them from Christian lands, and the present King of Burmah is notorious for temperance. Who is responsible for this?—G. T. Stewart.
The Hon. W. A. Harris, of Georgia, in writing of the effect of prohibitory laws, says:—"Language is inadequate to tell you the blessings it has brought us—Nothing could prevail on our people to agree to the repeal of the law. Our criminal docket is fast disappearing."
There can be no doubt that of all the proximate sources of crime, the use of intoxicating liquors is the most prolific and the most deadly. Of other causes it may be said that they slay thousands;—Report of Prison Association of New York.
"Boycotting" is a late invention; and men are doubtful about the range and use of this new social and industrial missile. But there is one experiment which is perfectly safe and legitimate. Let every man, woman and child "boycott" the saloon. Do not wait for the orders of a "Master Workman." Begin at once.
Temperance women in the prohibition village of Marshalltown, Ia., watched the drug store sales of liquors for a month, and ascertained that the six druggists sold 112 gallons of whiskey, 2,197 bottles of brandy, 81 gallons of alcohol, 6 gallons of brandy, 8 gallons of gin, 1 barrel of ale and 5 gallons of wine. It wasn't a very sickly month either.—N. Y. Sun.
I should say from my experience that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country. A very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by it.—Dr. F. M. Gill.

ROCK OF AGES.
AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY AS TO THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE HYMN.
The London *Figaro* says:—It is so well known (in America) that everything which is good emanates from the United States, that we are heartily ashamed once more to own up to an unflattering piracy on the part of an Englishman. The poem printed in the universally-loved hymn "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." We in England have for more than a century been under the impression that the hymn was the work of John Wesley's famous antagonist, the Rev. Augustus Montagu Toplady, that it first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for March, 1776, under the title of "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holy Believer in the World," and it was translated into very excellent Latin by Mr. Gladstone a quarter of a century ago. But it appears from the Boston *Musical Herald* that we have for 110 years labored under a delusion. The hymn was really written by an American about six years since. The circumstances are so extraordinary that they may be quoted here:—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," is the opening poem in "Songs of Sunshine and Shadow," by Maud Moore. Mrs. Ella Maude (Smith) Moore is the wife of J. E. Moore, a lawyer, of Thomaston, Me. "Rock of Ages" first appeared anonymously in an August, Me. paper, the *Maine Standard*, we think. Four years afterwards it was printed in a Western paper, over the signature of a gentleman. Two years later this came to the notice of Mrs. Moore. The editor of the August paper immediately entered into correspondence with the Westerner, who claimed to have written it at a certain time, as the August editor could date its publication four years earlier, the Western man retired from the field. Mrs. Moore's thoughts flew so naturally and gratefully that the tender, loving stanzas find a warm welcome in our hearts.
Let us, therefore, render all due honour to the lawyer's wife, of Thomaston, Me. That lady, it will be noticed, sent the work to the *Maine Standard*, whose editor probably knew no more of "Rock of Ages" than he did of Sanskrit. A gentleman (name unknown) imposed this poem upon a Western paper, the editor of which had also apparently never heard of it. On behalf of England an apology must therefore, be tendered to the lady of Maine, whose poem (written only six years ago) was so unceremoniously printed by Toplady, who, possibly in order to spite the lady in question, most ungenerously died as far back as 1778. Perhaps if Congress has any more money to spare it might usefully be spent in the purchase of a few hymn books to be distributed