1889

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW — Our Country with its United Interests. — EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXII.—NO. 37. Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, June 26, 1889 WHOLE NO. 1129.

NEW DEPARTMENT.

Ladies White Cotton Underclothing.

Received this day 2 Cases of Ladies Cotton Underclothing, direct from the Manufactory.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Assortment ever shown.

In Sets of 3 or 4 pieces, or any garment sold seperately.
Sets of 3 pieces from $2.25.
Ladies Skirts from 65 cts. each.
Ladies Drawers from 40 cts.
Ladies Chemises from 40 cts.
Ladies Night Dresses, from 75 cts. each.
Ladies Toilet Jackets from $1.25.
Ladies Corset Covers, from 35 cts each.

All sizes, beautifully trimmed and well made. Orders from the country promptly filled. Send bust measure.

This department in charge of MISS TRAER.

B. Fairey,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, June 1, 1889.

Law and Collection Office
—OF—
M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.
CLAIMS collected in all parts the Dominion.
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L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Chatham, - - - N. B.
OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J D. PHINNEY.
Barrister & Attorney at Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHIBUCTO. N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, 1885.

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M. D.,
Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,
SPECIAL ST,
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Sts. Moncton.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World;
Barrister, Proctor for Estates,
Notary Public, &c.
Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.
OFFICE.
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B

Dr. R. Nicholson,
Office and Residence,
McCULLAM ST., - NEWCASTLE
Jan. 22, 1889. 3m

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.
OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.
Newcastle March 12, 1889.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.
March 25, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL,)
BATHURST, - - - N. B.
THOS. F. KEARY, - Proprietor
This Hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.
TERMS $1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms $1.75.

Coffins and Caskets.
The Subscriber keeps constantly on hand an assortment of all sizes Coffins and Caskets.
S. LAUGHLAN,
Black Point,
Restigouche.
Oct. 31, 1888.

Job Printing, plain and in colors in first class style at this Establishment.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers still 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 premises.
Oct. 12 1885.

Clifton House,
Princess and 143 Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 6, 1885.

LAMP GOODS
On hand a large stock of
LAMPS of all Kinds,
BURNERS, CHIMNEYS,
Shades, Globes, Wicks, etc
AT LOWEST PRICES.
J. R. CAMERON,
68 Prince Wm. Street.
St. John, Feb. 22, 1886.

GEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
NEWCASTLE, - - - N. B.
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.
Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
The Subribers return thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had and at lowest rates for cash. Also S. R. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tops, as well as home-made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHRISTIE, & CO.

150,000 GOOD BRICK
FOR SALE.
The subscriber has now ready for delivery the above quantity of Brick, for sale low. Can be delivered on Cars or Vessels. P. O. address South Nelson Road, Northumberland
Chas. Vye, Jr.
Nelson, Sept. 4, 1888.

For sale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N. B.

FRESH FRUIT
—IN SEASON—
Always to be procured from
GEO STABLES.
—ALSO—
Ice Cream,
Beer and
Temperate Drinks.
The usual stock of
GROCERIES.
GEO. STABLES.
Newcastle, June 3rd, 1889.

BOLOGNAS.
50 lbs. Cases, very low.
Soused Tripe,
VERY CHOICE.
JOHN HOPKINS,
186 Union Street, St. John.
May 20, 1889.

C. E. COLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR
—AND—
Gentlemen's Outfitter,
Palmer Block, Moncton, N. B.
Our Mr. C. S. Cole will visit the several towns on the North Shore during March and April, with an elegant range of Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings.
Moncton, March 13, 1889.

Notice.
FOR SALE.
A good fishing stand at Little Pockshaw, Gloucester Co., for all kinds of fish: Salmon, Lobster, Codfish, Mackerel, etc. Consists of
Ten Acres
of land well fenced all round with cedar posts and board fence; two large and commodious fish buildings on same; a nice brook through the place, and a good public road leading to good quarries. In the centre of Parish of New Bandon.
Apply at once.
William Hanley.
Pockshaw, N. B., April 4th, 1889.

TAKE NOTICE.
—ooo—
Just received and on hand, a fresh supply of the following goods such as
Herbine Bitters,
Burdock Blood Bitters,
Beef Wine and Iron,
Quinine Wine and Iron,
Quinine Wine,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Hoff's Malt Extract,
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,
arner's Safe Cure,
Hoffman's Headache Powders.
Also a full line of DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c., &c.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared at the Newcastle Drug Store.
E. Lee Street.
Proprietor.
P. S.—A supply of Drive Whist Cards on hand. E. L. S.
Newcastle, March 25, 1889.

TIMOTHY
AND CLOVER SEED
—AT THE—
Salter Brick Store.
30 Bags Fresh Timothy and Clover Seed.
Wholesale and Retail.
Jno. Ferguson.
Newcastle, April 16th, 1889.

Property to Lease.
The premises recently occupied in Newcastle by Mr. Frank Morrison, comprising Residence, Barn and Garden. For particulars apply to
M. Adams,
Barrister.
Newcastle, May 13, 1889.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Best of All
Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.
"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint."—Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.
"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy
For Home Use.
I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults."—Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.
"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever."—Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THIS YEAR'S
MYRTLE
CUT AND PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
In Bronze on
Each PLUG and PACKAGE.

BRISTOL'S
Sarsaparilla.
The Great Purifier
—OF THE—
BLOOD AND HUMORS

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QUININE
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TONIC,
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TONIC.

YOUR BLOOD want toning up. You have no appetite, and what you do eat distresses you. You are low spirited and languid. You are nervous, and at nights roll and toss on your bed and cannot sleep. This is all caused by your system being run down and requiring something to brace it up, and make you feel all right again. To secure this you should tak

ESTEY'S
Iron and Quinine Tonic.
After using it for a short time you will find
Your appetite improved, your spirits become more cheerful, and you feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your body is being braced and renovated.
ESTEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC
Is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles $2.50.
Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Moncton, N. B.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Selected Literature.

CHANGED—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

In one of the old-fashioned places of resort called 'tea gardens,' on the outskirts of the good old town of Norwich, two young men, looking like respectable mechanics in their best, were sitting one Summer's evening, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty eight. They had strolled thither to spend an hour together; the last, it might be, for many years.

The scene around was very rural, and bordered on the picturesque. Before them flowed the sluggish river Yare, spanned by a railway bridge, crude in structure, but sufficiently strong to serve its purpose, and quite in harmony with the view beyond it, a stretch of meadow and water, with Crown Point, once called Whitlingham in the distance.

The tea gardens need little description. Tea could be had there if desired, but the majority of visitors preferred something stronger, for the sale of which the place was duly or unduly, as many may think, licensed. On a table before the young men was a quart pot, containing beer, and two glasses; one full and the other nearly empty.

Come Jack, said one before whom the empty glass was standing, you don't drink.

I am not so much a hand at it, Harry, replied the other. It seems to me that I could get along better without it. I've given it up off and on, and whenever I save my money I save my health.

Nonsense! rejoined Harry, laughing. I've never seen you the worse for drink in my life; and I am sure if it hasn't done you any good, it hasn't done you any harm.

If it doesn't do any good, said Tom, thoughtfully, why should we waste our money upon it?

Well, old fellow, returned Harry, we won't argue about it to-night, as we are about to part, and it may be years before we meet again. Have a drop extra in honor of the occasion. No, was the firm reply, drinking will not honor our parting. And look here, Harry, we served our apprenticeship together, and have been good mates in and out the shop, and it has given me pain to see you are getting a *strong liking* for this sort of thing.

Oh! I'm right enough, said Harry, carelessly. I know when to pull up as well as any man. Drink up. No?—Then I will, for it would be a pity to spoil good beer.

He filled his glass, and was about to raise it to his lips, when Tom laid a hand upon his arm.

Stop a moment, he said. Your glass and mine are full; this pewter pot is empty. Now will you do something to please me?

Yes, if I can, replied Harry, with a dubious glance at him.

Let this be the last glass before we part.

Agreed, said Harry; and now old fellow, here's luck to you and your jolly good—

Stop; one thing more, said Tom. We will pledge each other in a different fashion. We will throw the beer into the river and bind ourselves never to touch a drop more until we meet again.

No, said Harry. I'm dead set against any sort of pledge, and I've said so many a time. I won't deceive you, but I'll not drink so much as I've been doing lately. Come that's something.

Not enough, replied Tom, shaking his head. I feel sure of that. I've seen so much of the evil of drink, that I am determined not to have any more of it.

But you've been drinking with me today.

True, and I was weak in doing so. I feel I *am* weak, and to keep clear of the mischief-maker, I must shun it altogether.

Well do as you like, said Harry, raising his glass to his lips. Good fortune to you in the big city you are going to. Of course you will write and let me know how you are going on.

Of course I will, said Tom; and you will write to me and tell me everything.

All about my darling, said Harry, laughing.

Make it part of your letter, said Tom, rising; and now we will stroll home. I have some things to pack, and I am off by the first train in the morning.

Touch glasses, said Harry; good luck to you I say again.

Tom touched his glass, and as his friend tossed off the beer with great gusto, he threw the contents of his glass into the river.

A cruel waste, said Harry, as they sauntered on by way of the house, passing through the bar, where two farm laborers were drinking. Have a glass of wine—*that* won't hurt you.

No, said Tom, hurrying on, I've done with everything intoxicating for good and all.

His friend stopped by the bar, and put down twopence on the counter.

Gin short, miss, he said to the barmaid.

He was served quickly, and as Tom, missing his friend, looked back, he saw the small glass raised hurriedly and emptied in a moment.

God help him, poor fellow, he said, miserably, and forgive me for being so weak as to come here with him.

That night the two friends parted, Harry Brown to remain at work in the township where he was apprenticed, and Tom Daly to make preparations for the life before him.

And what led to this parting? Simply the desire of Tom Daly to get away from the 'bad school' of the builder's shop where he had toiled as an apprentice and worked for nine years.

They were a hard-drinking body of men, who ridiculed all aspiration to a sober life, and Tom, feeling his weakness, resolved to fly from the dangers that beset him. He made a great effort to induce his friend to accompany him, but Harry declined.

I am in a comfortable shop, he said, and among good fellows. Why should I throw away the substance and grasp at the shadow? I'm sorry to part with you, but I'm not a man who cares to run risks, so here I stick.

Tom Daly went to London, and in the course of a week or two got work at a large builder's. There he found all sorts of men—too many like those whom he had left behind. But there was not the same close associations, for they lived apart, and he was allowed to act up to his temperance 'crochet' without any more than an occasional bit of 'chaff.'

This he bore philosophically, and toiled as a happy, contented, well-to-do young fellow. At the end of a fortnight he wrote to his friend Harry, and in a week received a short reply. In that letter nothing was said about drink, which, in Tom's eyes was a bad sign.

He wrote again ten days later but received no reply—the first letter he received from Harry Brown from the old place was the last.

One Saturday afternoon ten years later, a healthy, well bearded man, having the appearance of a well-to-do mechanic, in his 'best' clothes, sauntered into a butcher's shop in a by-street in the West End of London.

He wanted a leg of mutton for Sunday's dinner, and he was very particular about the sort of a leg he had. For, said he, it's my wife I'm thinking of—she is getting strong again, and the doctor says she may have a piece of meat.

How's the baby, Mr. Daly? asked the butcher, with the air of a man speaking to an old acquaintance.

Hearty and well, was the answer, just such a merry little joker as the other two were at his age.

That's a comfort, remarked the butcher; you are getting a nice little family about you. But they cost a lot to keep.

But I never found they make so much difference, said Tom Daly, our previous acquaintance, of course. You see we are careful people.

And don't do *this*, said the butcher, jerking his hand towards his mouth; that's the way the money goes. There's the joint for you.

Tom assented, and after it was weighed he paid for it. I'll take it home, he said; it isn't far to walk with it. No, thank you, I don't want it wrapped up—there's nothing to hide nor be ashamed of.

With the leg of mutton in his hand he left the shop, and immediately came face to face with a wretched-looking man, smoking a short pipe and carrying a small bundle in his hand.

He saw too many like this man every day that he might have passed him by but for the quick motion by which he seemed to be trying to hide the bundle.

Then Tom looked at him more closely, and there was something in his face that seemed to be familiar to him. In the eyes of the man there were decided signs of recognition.

Another look and Tom Daly knew who it was, and the shock he felt deprived him for a moment of speech.

Harry Brown, he said, after a struggle.

Yes, I'm Harry, was the somewhat sullen reply. What then? You have passed me two or three times lately and been too proud to speak.

I give you my word, Harry, said Tom, with deep emotion, that I did not know you.

Well, said Harry, I *am* changed a bit; but I am not one of your lucky workman. I don't get into regular jobs, or, at least, I don't stop in them long.

When did you come to town? asked Tom, ignoring the subject of good or bad luck for the time.

Five years ago, said Harry Brown. The old shop broke up. The gaffer died, and his son—you remember he used to work with us—went all to pieces. In the old town things were slack, so I came up here to try my luck, and a precious rough time I have had of it.

Are you married?

Harry nodded.

Any children?

Two, and a wife who is always grumbling, although I do as well as I can. I've been spending nearly all my wages on her, and—and—here he looked at his bundle with a rueful eye—I've done my best for to-morrow's dinner; but I've only had a day and a half a week.

You don't look as if you worked in the old line, said Tom.

I don't, replied the other. The fact is—I'm—I'm—*down*.

It would be impossible to describe in words the amount of woe begone pathos there was in the last word 'down.' In it was wrapped the story of ten years.

Harry, said Tom, kindly, it isn't for me to talk to you except as man to man, and I think I may do that. There is only one thing that has brought you—only one thing *could* have brought you to this.

The head of the wretched man began to droop, but Tom Daly was not going to let him sink in shame. Taking his arm in the familiar way of their younger and happier days, he said:

Come home and have a talk with me. I won't say a word about what drink has done with you, but I will show you what I have done without it. I'm not rich, Harry, and I'm not a man of mark, but I'm foreman and I've got a comfortable home. Come with me and learn how its done, and maybe you may see your way to try and do something like it.

Too late, muttered the other.

No, it isn't, answered Tom. You have started late, but you are not an old man, and may yet, if you will, travel far on the road with sobriety and its attendant joys.

He had no reproach for his old friend—nor did he plume himself upon his own good conduct. No! He simply took home the victim of drink, and showed him the happy home sobriety had built up.

The story of his old friend he would not hear just then.

You shall tell me it, he said, in the happier days to come. Take my advice. Cast off the shackles of your foe at once. Do not hesitate or tamper with the destructive power of drink. Have done with it. Be a *man*. Rise above the dull existence of your past. Do not live for the brewer and the distiller, but for your wife and family.

Tom's voice prevailed. The contemplation of his old friend's happy home stirred Harry Brown's heart to its inmost depth.

With God's help, he said, I will be a *man*. And out of that meeting there arose the opening of a better life.

A little pecuniary aid and an old working suit from Tom set Harry up again, and bound by the beneficial shackles of the pledge, he went to work in the shop where Tom was foreman.

Resolutely he toiled on, fighting with his enemy. Comforted by prayer, and helped now and then by Tom, he slowly emerged from the state of degradation to which the insidious power of drink had dragged him down.

Frugal of habit, sober and contented he lives, and has nothing in this world to sigh for.

And not only is he happy in himself, and his immediate surroundings, but he has made Tom happier than ever by showing him that the sober life is not only beneficial to them that practice it, but by its example will bring joy to others.—E. H. B., in *British Workman*.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Safe bind, safe find.

Honor is better than wealth.

The biggest calf makes not the sweetest veal.

Never haggle about the basket if you get the fruit.

He that saveth his dinner will have the more supper.

There is winter enough for the snipe and woodcock too.

Correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend,' and there are none more punctiliously given.

True genius lurketh under cover, while arrogance stalks abroad in the full light of day.

The wisest fish long escapes the most dangerous hooks and is finally caught with a bent-up pin.

Life consists in the alternative process of learning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.

Conviction is in itself a power. The man who is sure of what he says gives assurance to those who hear him.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within it.

Sympathy for the poor is all right as far as it goes, but sympathy don't count like greenbacks when it comes to clothing the unfortunates and filling their larders.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Temperance.

THE INFAMOUS LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY REV. G. W. F. GRAFF.

If a Christian has the right and the power to hate any sinful work on this planet, let him exercise these abilities to their fullest extent upon the infamous legalized liquor traffic of the present day. If any one has a doubt concerning the fact that the devil possesses the art of invention let him take another look at this business, his greatest achievement, and have his doubt set at rest forever. Satan has established in this world many potent agencies for the spread of sin, wretchedness and destruction; but none so effective as this one. It will eternally be the crowning glory and infamy of the devil that he invented the rum business and secured the co-operation of mortals to carry it on for him. It will be fitly celebrated in hell for ages to come as the greatest instrumentality ever devised for populating the kingdom of his Satanic Majesty. Itself and its votaries deserve no sympathy from us. It is the duty of every man who makes any pretensions whatever toward being a Christian to arise and, with all his energy, work by day and by night for its overthrow. And it is no less the duty of the government to determine to dethrone and destroy it. It has sinned with and without the law, and it ought to perish by the law. I want to say to professedly Christian men that the legalized liquor traffic is the strongest opponent confronting Christianity in this age. In the language of another, it is "the great neutralizing force of the missionary enterprise of the Christian Church. The same nation which sends to the heathen the gospel sends also the evils of the liquor traffic." The sailing bark leaves her port with a half dozen of missionaries to the heathen on board, and twenty thousand gallons of rum to dilute their labors, for fear that they may be too efficient. It is bad enough when, having missionaries and Bibles in one end of the vessel, you put home manufactured idols for the heathen in the other end, but infinitely worse to load with rum in the middle. Then the devils laugh in fiendish glee and hold high carnival to commemorate the event. Archdeacon Jeffries, after thirty years of observation in India, said: "For one really converted to Christianity, as the fruit of missionary labor, the drinking practices of the English people have made a thousand drunkards. In some parts of Hindostan, when they see a drunken man reeling along the streets, they say, "See, there goes a Christian." In Persia, the Mohammedans, on seeing one of their number drunk, would say, "That man has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus." We who are Christian men by our silence sanction this, and yet we pray for the spread of the gospel in the dark places of the earth, and that the kingdoms of the earth may become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let us stop praying and sending the missionary to the heathen, or stop the liquor traffic. If these things are true and this ruin is the legitimate work of the legalized liquor traffic, then in this the government is the foe and not the friend of the Church. Christian men, shall this any longer continue?"

You must bring the power of law to bear upon the men engaged in this infamous traffic to restrain and stop them. What care they for the Church, or the religion, or the home, or the fortune, or the future of their fellows? Shall they be protected by law in such a ruinous business? Do you say that we must use moral suasion? You might as well try to extinguish a volcano with snowflakes as to try to subdue the traffic by moral suasion, while it is in the hands of these men. Give them law; they are always talking about law; give them law. Not high license law, but prohibitory law, strong enough to seize their accursed business, tear it up from its foundation and fling it into the bottomless pit from which it emanated and where it naturally belongs!

WINE OR WATER.

A lady once asked a minister to take wine with her. When he declined on the ground that he was a total abstainer, she said: Does not the Bible tell us, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thankegiving?" You are refusing a good creature of God. The minister, pointing to the wine she held in her hand, said: "Pray, madam, who made that wine?" She answered: "I suppose it was made by man." And pray, said he, who made this water? "God," she replied. Then, said the minister, have you not made a mistake in charging me with refusing a good creature of God when I refuse that which man made, and accept that which God made? The lady instantly saw that she was in the wrong, and frankly acknowledged her error.

As members of the Band of Hope we thankfully accept God's precious gift of water, and we reject the poisonous productions of man, the wine, which is a mocker, and strong drink, which is raging.—*Temperance Banner.*