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VOL. XXI.—NO. 51. — Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 3, 1888. — WHOLE NO. 1091.

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Braided Sets,
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Crotchet Buttons,
New Style Girdles,
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Newcastle.

September 14, 1888.

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OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, 1885.

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

Dr. DESMOND,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office and residence UNION HOTEL, Newcastle, N. B.
Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

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.

TUNING and REPAIRING.
J. C. Biedermann, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER,
Repairing a Specialty.
Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which due notice will be given.
Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.
J. C. BIEDERMANN.
St. John, May 6. 1887.

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.
Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

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, 29 '85.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS
The Subscribers 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.

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.

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.

Notice
To Storekeepers Generally.
Our Fall stock of
Pure Wool Knitting
YARNS
are now ready for delivery.
If you have not already placed your orders write for samples and prices.
GOLDEN GROVE WOOLEN MILLS,
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WILLIS, MOTT & CO.
St. John, Aug. 27, 1888.

Stoves for Sale.
For sale at a bargain, a large
BASE BURNER,
for Soft Coal, Style
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suitable for a Hall or large Dining Room. Last use only two seasons. Also a
Model Parlor Stove,
in good order.
For particulars apply at the "Advocate" Office.
Oct. 10, 1887.

For Sale.
The proprietor offers for sale the
Drug Store,
situated in Richibucto, Kent County, N. B.
Stock and Fixings
complete, including Soda Fountain. Good chance for one who understands the business, as it is the only registered Drug Store in town.
Apply to
R. L. BOTSFORD,
Richibucto, N. B
2nd July ,1888.

NEW GOODS
For SUMMER and FALL.
Just received at the
CHEAP
CASH STORE.
New Prints, Plushes, Fancy Velveteens and Lace Curtains, extraordinarily Cheap, Fancy Flannels and Wool Shawls.
Meltons, Meltons.
New Dress Goods, Embroideries, Kid and Silk Gloves, also Blankets, Yarns, Homespun, Plain and Checked Winceys, Ladies Scotch Wool Undervests, a large assortment of Men's Top Shirts, Shirts and Drawers, Boots and Shoes, Crockery and
Staple Groceries.
A few pieces of Mantle and Ulster Cloths.
Thos. Clark & Co.
Newcastle, Aug. 14, '88.

The Favorite
Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.
"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this
Cough Medicine
to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrilton, Ark.
"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.
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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."
Is an old proverb and if followed out through life much time, money and suffering may be prevented. A Cough or Cold neglected often ends in Consumption, which might have been cured in a few days had the proper remedy been used. Don't delay, delays are dangerous. Secure at once a bottle of
ESTEY'S
Cod Liver Oil Cream.
It will cure a cough or cold quicker than anything else you can use.
Dr. R. L. Botsford, Richibucto, N. B., writes as follows: "I have prescribed and sold over eleven dozen of Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream. I have had better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind that I ever used."
Ask your druggist for ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM. Take no other.
Price, 50c. 6 bottles, $2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

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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 take
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.

New Spring and Summer
MILLINERY.
I have on hand a large and well assorted Stock to which I would call attention of my customers and the public generally. My Stock comprises—
Ladies' and Children's Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets in all the new and leading shapes.
Shot and Changeable Silks, Satins, Gauzes, Ribbons, Feathers, and Flowers; Crape and Mourning Flowers, Fancy Frilling and Veiling Chenile Trimming in black and colors, Handkerchiefs in Silk and Linen, Children's Collars, Bibs, Old Lady's Dress Caps, Lace Flouncings and Hamburgs, and a variety of other articles.
All orders promptly attended to.
MRS. J. DEMERS.
Newcastle, April 16, 1888.

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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.

THE TWO FLAGS.

(From W. H. H. Murray's Forthcoming Book, Descriptive of a Trip Through Canada, Called 'Daylight Land.')

'That you may understand, ladies and gentlemen,' began the Professor, as with a graceful bow he acknowledged the generous reception we gave him, 'that you may understand the location and natural surroundings of this little episode of American-Canadian life, which I am to render, I will briefly describe them to you.

'Below the Black Canon, the savage sublimity of which cannot perhaps be equalled on the continent, the Freer curves to the right, and sends its deep, strong, down-rushing current with a sullen roar against the base of a mountain. And he who stands in the curve below Yale, and looks up at that wide reach of water from where it rushes out of the gloomy pass, from between walls of rocks which lift six thousand feet above it, sees as grand a spectacle, and as sublime a vision of river and mountain as he may find on the continent. Opposite this curve, on which you will imagine yourself standing, stretches a plain of acres in extent, lying enclosed in the curve of the great stream, under the rounded banks of which, when the water is lowest in summer, stretches a bar of brown sand. From that bar a crowd of Americans who had broken through the vast mountains from California, in 1868, took in a few days more than a million of dollars of granulated gold. From this fact it received the name of American Bar, a name which it retains to this day. On the plain above the bar, directly in front of the monstrous mouth of the Black Canon, were camped more than six hundred of our fellow-countrymen.

'It is doubtful, ladies and gentlemen, if a rougher, braver, more reckless crowd were ever seen in British Columbia.—They represented the frontiers of our country; that frontier which stands for exploration, mad ventures, audacious enterprises, personal courage, coarse bravado, manhood recked, recklessness of life and generous impulses. In it, every State and Territory in the Union had its spokesman. The dialect, the personal characteristics, the humor, and even the profanity of each section was represented by its true type. Many were old forty-niners, men who had crossed the plains on foot, rifle in hand, when the East went wild at the news that gold could be had for the digging beyond the Nevadas. Youth and age and middle life were there. Ex-army men, Blue and Gray, Red and Yank worked as partners, and starved, feasted, or gambled together as luck smiled or frowned. Some signed their name with that sign which stands with equal facility for piety or ignorance. And others in the hush of evening sang the songs of their Alma Mater to the listening pines and silent stars. Many were ignorant of any grammar, and others might have served as Queen's Messengers, not only in European but in Asiatic courts. Many were scarred with wounds received in battle or private fights. All were armed, and ate and slept with a pistol at their hips. And while all gambled or bet heavily when in money or liquor, nevertheless, drunkenness was exceptional and fights uncommon. A crude but effectively administered justice guarded property and life. Thieving was unknown at American Bar. 'It doesn't pay,' said light-fingered Dick to his partner who had learned a useful trade under the direction of his native State: 'It doesn't pay in a community so damned ignorant that the court has only one classification for crimes and inflicts but one penalty.'—Still it cannot be said that this crowd of gold-seekers were precisely the kind of men one would select for church-membership, and certainly more reckless dare-deviltry was camped that summer at American Bar, than could be easily grouped in any other spot on the face of the earth. You now have the knowledge of the location and characteristics of the occurence, and I will proceed to render you the story of—

THE TWO FLAGS.

'Let these two flags go on like twin
Stars in equal courses moving.'

'It was the fourth of July. The sun stood equi-distant between the monstrous cliffs that made the walls of the Black Canon, pouring its rays straight downward upon the foam-whitened surface of the racing water. On the plain in the elbow of the river stood the camp, and on the bush cabins and old, soiled tents the rays fell brightly and hot; all the hotter they seemed to the revelers on the sand, because above and around them, as they looked through the heated air, they could see the cold gleam of glaciers and the glint of ice against the blue sky. The camp was in holiday mood; not a man was at work at the Bar. To have lifted pick or pan would have started Judge Lynch that day. The camp had struck luck at the Bar and its mood was exuberant. Some were pitching quoits, using small bags of gold dust for their quoits, each caster risking the bag that he cast; others were engaged in pistol practice, the bulls-eye being a gold eagle at fifty yards. The bullet that hit won the eagle. Some were whirling knives at bank notes. In every tent there was poker, played with a recklessness that would frighten a railroad magnate. Two men were pronouncing an oration on Liberty at either end of the camp, while a scholarly-looking man, considerably exhilarated with something stronger than the inspiration of the poet, was vainly endeavoring to pronounce the measures of a patriotic ode he had composed to a throng of uproarious auditors.

'Suddenly at the mountain end of the central street, a throng of men appeared, bearing on their shoulders a flag-staff with the halyards all rigged. At their head marched 'Hoosier Jack,' who was 'loaded with lead' at Shiloh, carrying a staff from which waved a yard of bunting with its thirteen stars all faded and the glorious stripes sadly bleached, frayed at the edges, if the truth must be told, and 'damnably out of repairs,' as Bangor Harry asserted; but symbolic still of liberty to man, and of the great country which stands for that liberty the world over. Ahead of it marched the band, composed of a little snare drum, two fifes, and five fiddles, playing Yankee Doodle with a celerity of movement, and an earnestness of expression which more than compensated for the artistic deficiencies of the performance.

'But, oh! the cheers and the yells that greeted that little cheap flag as it came down the street! The emptying of tents, the rushing of the gamblers, the pell-mell that ensued! In the rear of those bearing the flag-staff the procession was formed, and twice through the camp the cheap, faded banner was carried, and then in the centre the flag-pole was set, the bunting knotted to the halyards, and up went the Stars and Stripes, while every head was uncovered and the eyes of many grew dim as they gazed. And as the flag went up and the breeze shook it out and the sunshine brightened the faded stars and bleached stripes, a cheer, hoarse and strong, stormed upward like the roar of a tempest, startling the goats on the crag and the fish-hawks at the mouth of the Canon, and 'Bangor Harry,' climbed to the top of some cracker-boxes with his six-shooter for his baton, constituted himself leader of the music of the occasion, and in his clear, tenor voice, resonant as a bugler's call at sunrise, began,—

'We'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again;
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
The Union forever,
Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor and up with the star.

Chorus:—We'll rally round the flag,' etc.

'Whether it was the exhilaration of the occasion, the swing and sweep of the verse, or the thrill of pride that the symbol above their heads was theirs once more, or the magical memories of the old days before the war, we cannot say, but we simply record the fact that when the singer had reached the chorus, and the great crowd of rough, bronzed, strong men took up the refrain, 'Arkansas Reb' and 'Mississippi Pete,' who had 'bored the old flag' in twenty battles, joined as vigorously in as if they had been born under the slope of Bunker Hill.

'The song closed in a roar of sound which might not be designated by Thomas or Zerrahn as music, but which fully answered the demands of the occasion, and at a word from 'Bangor Harry' every revolver left its owner's hip, and six hundred polished muzzles gleamed in the sun. Six volleys followed the signal of the leader with a precision which demonstrated that they were more practical in the use of the 'iron' than in the chromatic scale.

'You fellows,' said 'Bangor Harry,' as he crawled carefully down from the top of his cracker-boxes—'You fellows ain't much at singing, but you have all got the classical touch on the trigger.'

It was in fact an exuberant and exciting crowd, a crowd which the least touch would have exploded for fun, patriotism and deviltry. And it was at this unfortunate juncture—unfortunate for him—that out of his bush shanty crawled 'Bloody Edwards,' a big, aggressive, red-faced London cockney, who had come through the mountains with the crowd from no imaginable reason save sheer accident, and still remained with them because of tolerance on their part and excessive indolence on his; for there certainly was nothing in common between this lofty-acting, boastful cockney from London and the free and easy, reckless men among whom he was staying.

'A more boastful, swaggering braggart never breathed. The most offensive Briton was in him typed most offensively. His favorite superlative was 'bloody!' It answered even the purpose of his loyalty, which was so excessive as to tax language to express.

'At the very moment when the vast crowd was fairly boiling over with excitement and ready for any mischief, came 'Bloody Edwards' upon the scene, swaggering offensively and waving a small, red, British flag in his hand.—Planting himself in the centre of the street in front of the six hundred exhilarated Americans, he waved the little banner flauntingly over his head, and howled—

'Urah for the Flag of Hold Hingland!'

'For an instant the crowd never moved; each man stood silently in his tracks, and then with a roar came the rush. It struck 'Bloody Edwards' like a land slide, and swept him, as if he were a bit of debris, to the bank of the river. Then out of the roar lanced a voice, 'Naturalize him! naturalize him! Make a Yankee out of the cockney!' and six hundred voices took up the cry—for the humor of the idea pleased them—'Aye, aye!—Naturalize him; he shall take the oath of allegiance. Make him swear by the Stars and Stripes!'

But the cockney refused to become a Yankee; refused point blank, and garnished his refusal by expletives known only to the slums of London.

'Damn the cockney,' exclaimed 'Cambridge Jack,' 'the fool acts as if there was a choice in the matter;' and then he screamed, 'Dip him! Dip him! Cool him down in the Fraser! He shall swear by the Stars and Stripes, or drown!' And the crowd took up the words of 'Cambridge Jack,'—for the cockney had no friends; he had not acted to make any, and surely no flag up to this time had ever had a less manly representative than the banner of England had found in the person of this boasting, swaggering, indolent cockney, 'Bloody Edwards.' And so the crowd took up the cry of 'Cambridge Jack,' prompted thereto by the sense of humor and the dislike of the cockney, and yelled—'Into the Fraser with him! Cool him down! Teach him manners! He shall swear by the Stars and Stripes, or drown!' And then the crowd gave one surge, and upward the cockney was swung, and down to the river they rushed him, and, into the depth of the cold, icy river, that river that never was warm and never will warm until the elements melt, they plunged him.

'But underneath and within the punk of his cockneyism, untouched by the rot of the surface, was a sound streak of old, English oak. For, as the big, red face came out of the ice-cold tide, he blew like a porpoise and yelled again,—

'Urrah for the flag of Hold Hingland!'

'Down with him! Down with him again!' yelled the crowd to Blarney Pat' and 'Confederate Dick' who had him in hand. And downward they plunged him; down into the coldness of death, that glacial cold in that river of glaciers which chills and whitens quick and sure for the grave. Downward they sent him and again, as he came to the surface, he feebly sputtered,—

'Urrah—for—the—flag—of—Hold—Hing—land!'

'By this time it was evident that 'Bloody Edwards' was sober, sober as a man who from birthday had never touched ale, and that it was not the reckless bravado born of liquor, but the bull-dog grit which made Poictiers, Cressy and Waterloo what they stand for, which held him to the line whose ghastly white men dread, so stiffly—the indomitable English grit that was in him.

'And this it was which won on the crowd and even on the two men who had twice plunged him into that death-cold current, that current which never yet gave back to light of day a body that once touched its bottom. For 'Confederate Dick,' as he looked into the big red English face that now lay drooping weakly on the bull-like neck, exclaimed in sheer disgust,—

'Damn the English fool, he won't give in!' Then up spoke 'Bangor Harry' as he thrust himself to the front of the surging crowd.

'Boys, the darned fool is one of the same blood with us if he is beefy built; for his grit proves it. The red flag he'd die for owned the continent before the Stars and Stripes split it and the two own the continent still betwixt them, and shall own it forever, by Heaven! Three cheers for the red flag of England, the old mother-land of us all.' And suddenly out of the throats of six hundred men who had swarmed over the border searching for gold, above whose head floated the little, cheap fifteen by twenty bunting with its stars bleached and its stripes faded, there burst as hearty a cheer for the cross of St. George as ever English gunners sent from bloody English decks when through the smoke they saw their foeman's flag come floating down.

'Then out of the water they lifted the cockney, they rolled him and rubbed him, and twenty flasks were tossed through the air to the men who had him in hand. Then they took the flag,—'Cambridge Jack' was the man,—and bent it to the halyards, side by side with the Stars and Stripes, and they hoisted the two with loud cheers.

'Devil take the rag!' said 'Blarney Pat,' as he pulled lustily away at the halyards. 'Devil take the rag, but the b'y that won Waterloo was born nigh Killarney!'

'But this was not all, for a strange thing happened, strange enough at any time, but doubly so happening at that very moment. For scarcely had the cheering died than along the river's farther bank there came a circling wind marking its progress with dust, dead leaves, and withered grasses which, at its touch, sprang upward into air. Across the rushing river, across the Bar, it ran its circling course, jumped the dry bank and rushed across the bend, and in its career struck full and fair the staff from which the kindred banners waved, out of their fastenings tore them, and, twined together, blent as one, sent them soaring upward through the sunshine toward the blue sky, and the white summits of the Canon, eight thousand feet above the throng of swarthy, scarred, and startled faces gazing at them.

Thus in silence stood the camp. Not a sound was heard save the rush of water as it whirled around the Bar or fretted along the shifting edges of the golden beach below. Spellbound and marveling at such strange hap, their jests all checked, their rude talk silenced, they stood at gaze, their eyes fixed on the flags as they went up and onward, lifted higher and higher into the blue. Still upward and onward they soared, and not until they were to the eye but a fleck of color; not until that fleak of color had touched the level of the icy peaks and the summit line of snow; not until the winds which pour forever over them had caught the flags and they were about to disappear, borne on by winds which flow forever round the world, was that solemn silence broken. But as the blended flags, now but a speck of color, were about to fade forever from their gazing eyes, the voice of 'Bangor Harry' rose strong and clear, with the genuine Yankee nasal struck clean through the words:—

'I'll be darned if God Almighty hasn't joined them two flags together!'

Temperance.

MAMIE.

'Mamma, I'm so hungry!'

And little Mamie's pale, pinched face was lifted pitifully to her mother's. And the mother knew by her own gnawing hunger how the little one was suffering, for she herself had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. She rose, went to the wooden cupboard in the corner of the room, took a single cold potato from the shelf, and, paring it, put it into Mamie's hand. 'That is every morsel there is in the house, child; take it, and run over to the tavern, and see if you cannot get your father home. He will come for you, sometimes, you know.'

Mamie hurried away, for she had often been to the old fashioned English country tavern and seen the landlord's wife frying the eggs and bacon, in the spider, over the fire, in the wide fireplace, and she thought how she would dip her potatoe into the fat after the woman had taken out the bacon.

As she went in, she caught sight of her father in a drunken slumber; but her earnest appeal that he should come home only half roused him from his stupor.—So the little one waited for the meal to be served, and then went slyly to the spider, and dipped her potatoe in the hot gravy.

'Get out, you young wench!' the proprietor's wife said, coming to the fire, and pushing the child rudely aside. 'Go and dip yer tater in yer own gravy.'

The father roused then. 'What's all this?' he said. He had been a gentleman. Little seven-year-old Mamie could remember when they lived in a home where there were brussels carpets and lace curtains. But step by step the drink had brought them down to the one room which had neither carpet nor curtains.

'What's all this?' he repeated angrily, as he saw his little one's lips quiver.

'I told the youngster to go home and dip her tater in her own gravy.'

The drunkard straightened himself up. A look came into his eyes that they had never worn since the day, three years before, when the house and furniture had been sold to pay the rumseller.

'Come, Mamie,' he said, catching the tiny young thing in his arms, and holding her close. 'We will dip our taters in our own gravy.'

He was almost sober now. Going out of the door, he met a comrade face to face.

'Hi, Michael! ve're jist the one I'm a-wantin' to see. Here's the dollar I got from ye the day I was dead broke.'

'Thank you kindly, Pat,' he said, as he would have said it years before, had he met his companion in a London drawing room. 'We'll surprise the mother,' he added, gleefully, to the child.

The mother — poor woman! — was kneeling by her bedside, with the tears raining down her face. It was the first time she had prayed since, long ago, she had lipsed her baby prayer beside her mother's knee. But she wailed out, 'O God! give my husband back to me!—Give him back to me, and I will love you and serve you forever.' And even while she knelt the door opened, and Mamie flew to her arms.

'O, mamma! here is papa, and we've got some bread and butter and bacon and potatoes, and he's never, never going to drink any more.'

And the husband of her youth, the man to whom she had clung though all other friends had been lost to her, knelt beside her, and whispered, 'It is true, Mary; so help me God!' And the almighty help was given, and friends gathered about him, and business prospered with him; and one day he led his wife and daughter back to their old home, and installed them there.

As Mamie went gaily skipping from room to room, her father said: 'My little daughter is very happy.'

Clasping her arms around his neck, and laying her rosy face close to his, she whispered: 'Yes, papa; I dip my taters in my own gravy now.'—*Sunday School Times.*

WHAT UNMAKES THE MAN.

BY REV. J. M. VAN BUREN.

Boys, did you ever see a drunken man? It is seldom one is seen on the street in the day time. It is now, as it was in the times when the Bible was written. It says: "They that get drunk are drunk in the night.' It is a curious sight to see a drunken man. If he can walk, he steps carefully; and every step he takes he steadies himself up. It is difficult for him to keep his balance. If he loses this he falls immediately. His legs are weak, they totter and can hardly support him. His head topples as if he had a load in his hat; his arms have lost their strength. but if he can get by a fence he holds on to it.

In the cities, where he can find nothing to hold on to, he usually falls down. Thousands are picked up in Brooklyn and New York by the police every year. They are called gutter drunkards, because when they fall they usually land in the gutter; this is caused by the slope of the sidewalk in that direction. They stagger that way, and when they come to the curbstone they pitch over it. Sometimes they fall on their faces and are terribly bruised. These are the poor men. If a man is rich, has money, they who sell the liquor order a carriage and he is taken home, instead of being taken by the police to the lock up. But what a sad sight when he is brought in!

Intoxicating liquors make some men crazy and violent, and when they get home they abuse the family. This is kept secret to avoid disgrace; and as these things happen in the night, other people often know nothing of them. A man who lives near me was sent to jail for such conduct. Some turn their wives and children out of doors in the night. One I know did this twice. He is a fine man when sober. Intoxicating liquor is a poison; it makes some men jovial and frolicsome, others angry and violent; they curse and swear and fight. A man near me killed another: he is now in state prison for life. This awful business is carried on almost entirely in the night. At midnight it is generally at its full head.

There are all sorts of things to draw young men into these places; games, and bets on games; company and fun; and the fact that they can go there, and be there, without its being known, all serve to draw young men in. Remember, boys, this night work is bad work. As you value your character, your respectability, your health, your success in life, keep away from such places; have nothing to do with these poisonous drinks. Do you want to know where the prisoners in our state prisons came from? By far the greater portion got their character, and were led into the crimes they have committed, by the schooling they had in such places. Here you see what unmakes the man.—*Temperance Banner.*

A WARNING TO RUMSULLERS.

While riding on the train one day this winter, the following conversation took place between myself and two other men:

One said that rumselling is the best business to make money at. If a man was to set up a brewery ten miles in the woods he would get customers. But is it that their posterity are always in beggary. I made answer that the curse of God always goes with the rum traffic. The other man said that he knew a man to sell liquor until it was ankle deep on the floor, and he had all the land in the neighborhood, and when he died the property went like the wind, and now his children and grand children are this day in beggary. And I know of others the same way.

I hope that the rumsellers will give up selling the vile stuff and go into some other business worthy of a name. J. M.

JOE AND TOM.

'Come in, Joe, and let's us take a drink.'

'Thank you, Thomas; can't afford it.'

'Well, but I'll pay for it.'

'Oh I'm not thinking of the money.'

'What then?'

'Loss of health and energy; for I tell you what it is, Thomas, I find it up-hill business to work steadily on under liquor. It does well for half an hour, and then I get lazy and moody, and want more and become reckless. I can't afford it.'

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 17.—The freshet in the rivers in Eastern North Carolina is subsiding slowly. Great damage has resulted on the lowland farms along the Roanoke, Notteleg, Blackwater and other rivers, the cotton and corn crop being submerged and destroyed, and live stock, barns, lumber, bridges, fences, etc., swept away. The rise in the Roanoke is thirty-seven feet higher than ever known before, and the river overflows the whole country three miles from its bank. Many dwellings were swept away and many plantations are utterly ruined. It is estimated that the loss in the district named will reach $1,000,000.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.