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

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L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC
CONVEYANCER &c.
Chatham, - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

Charles J. Thomson,
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia.
Barrister, Proctor for Estates.
Agent for the Manufacturers Accident & Insurance Company.
Notary Public, &c
OFFICE:
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, '85

O. J. MacDULLY, M. A. M. D.,
Memb. R. C. SURG., LONDON;
SPECIALIST,
IN DISEASES OF EYE EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street
Moncton.
Moncton, Nov. 1st, 1888.

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

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.
Dec 23, 1891.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY, - - - N. B.
Derby Nov. 15, 1890.

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 $5.

Clifton House.
Princes and 43 Germain Street.
ST. JOHN N. B.
A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 6th, 1889.

TUNING and REPAIRING.
J. O. Biederman, 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. O. BIEDERMAN.
St. John, May 6 1891.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
Considerable outlay has been made on this 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 and Train 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
Chatham Jan. 1.

S. R. Foster & Son,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WIRE NAILS,
WIRE BRADS
Steel and Iron cut NAILS,
And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.
ST. JOHN N. B.

Solid Leather.
Call and examine my stock of SOLID LEATHER Boots and Shoes. No shoddy or paper stock will be kept by me. For sale at a small advance on cost. Also Overshoes.
E. O'DONNELL.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co.
Merchant Tailors,
Amherst, N. S.
Our representative visits the different towns on the North Shore every two months; and inspection of our samples is respectfully solicited.
Dunlap, Cooke & Co.
Amherst, March 30 1890

TAILORING.
The Subscriber begs to announce to his patrons that he has removed his tailoring establishment into the commodious shop and premises lately occupied by Dr. B. Fairey, where he will keep on hand a stock of the
BEST CLOTHS
in the market, which will be made up in the Latest and Most Fashionable Style. Perfect Satisfaction given with regard to fit and make up. Also keep a stock of
NEW AND WELL SELECTED
Line of Gents' Furnishing Goods which will be sold at very low prices. Inspection invited. No trouble to show
GOODS
at any time.
J. R. McDONALD.
Newcastle, July 16, 1891.

Tailoring Establishment.
OUR SPRING STOCK
is now complete in all its departments;
English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Worsteds in Blue and Black.
Fancy Pantings,
in great variety.
SPRING OVER COATINGS
in several Fancy Colors; all of which we make up to order in Good Style and at Reasonable Prices.
Call and examine. Parties Furnishing their own Goods can have them made up at short notice. Cutting done also at all times.
SIMON McLEOD.
Newcastle, April 16th, 1892.

L. A. GORDON,
Commission Merchant,
MONTREAL.
Eggs, Oysters Oil, Fish, Potatoes and General Produce handled to Best Advantage.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
Montreal, April 15, 1892.

COFFEE.
OUR OWN
Special Blend
COFFEE is Better than ever. We pay special attention to this line.
JARDINE & Co.
St. John

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick.
Prompt returns made on consignments of merchandize. Auctions attended to in town and country.
Newcastle, Oct 1 1890.

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

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.
A recent discovery by an old physician. successfully used monthly by thousands of LADIES. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute; or inclose $1 and 4 three cents Canada postage stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address Pond Lily Company No. 3 Fisher Block, 351 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
For Sale in Newcastle by E. Lee Street, H. H. Johnston and all responsible druggists everywhere.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post-Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Stands at the head of all blood medicines. This position it has secured by its intrinsic merit, sustained by the opinion of leading physicians, and by the certificates of thousands who have successfully tested its remedial worth. No other medicine so effectually
CURES
Scrofula, boils, pimples, rheumatism, catarrh, and all other blood diseases.
"There can be no question as to the superiority of Ayer's Sarsaparilla over all other blood purifiers. If this was not the case, the demand for it, instead of increasing yearly, would have ceased long ago, like so many other blood medicines I could name." —F. A. Nickerson, Druggist, 75 Chelsea st., Charlestown, Mass.
"Two years ago I was troubled with scrofulous humors. It was all over my body, and neither the doctors nor the medicine did me any good. At last I took four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was completely cured. I can conscientiously recommend it as a splendid blood purifier." J. S. Pratt, Upper Keswick, New Brunswick.
"My daughter was afflicted with a severe case of
SCROFULA
Our physician recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as one of the best blood purifiers within his knowledge. We gave this medicine, and a permanent cure was the result." —Mrs. C. Adams, Brewster, Neb.
"When a boy I was troubled with a blood disease which manifested itself in sores on my legs. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended by members of my family, and was persuaded to try it. Some bottles of this medicine effected a complete cure of the complaint." —J. C. Kimball, Lowell, Mass.
"I am cured of Scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla." —John C. Berry, Deerfield, Mass.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.
Children cheerfully, will cure you

BARDS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND
Purely Vegetable
Established over 50 years
NATURE'S REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Croup,
WHOOPING COUGH,
CONGESTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
IRRITATION OF THE THROAT,
AND
ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
CURED AS IF BY MAGIC.
Unprecedented Success proves its reliability
AT ALL DEALERS AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
H. PAXTON BAIRD, PROPRIETOR
WOODSTOCK, N.B.

CAUTION
EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy!
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZED LETTERS.
NONE OTHER GENUINE

MILLINERY.
If you want something nice in a
Spring Hat or Bonnet
now is the time to leave your order, at the Corner Store, where you will find a beautiful assortment of
SPRING MILLINERY
in Ladies' and Children's Straw Hats, with the necessary trimmings in Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Laces, Chiffons, Crape and Velvet, also Feathers, Flowers, Steel & Jet ornaments, and fancy trimming Pins. Infant's Muslin Caps & Tam O'Shanters. Veilings & Handkerchiefs.
TRIMMED HATS always on hand. All orders will receive careful and prompt attention.
JENNIE E. WRIGHT.
McKeen Building.
Newcastle March 29, 1892.

Farmers.
Having made arrangements for handling the celebrated FERTILIZER manufactured by the Provincial Chemical FERTILIZER Co. I am now booking orders for spring delivery for their
Imperial Superphosphate
Special Potato Phosphate
And Bone Meal.
The FERTILIZERS will be ordered shortly, and all orders should be sent in at once.
P. HENNESSY.
Send for catalogue and convince yourself of their value.
Newcastle, Jan. 27. 4m.

Selected Literature.

TIP.

My wife dislikes dogs, and so, although I had always owned dogs as a boy and young man, it was five years after we were married before we had a dog. That dog was a fox terrier rejoicing in the name of Tip. Our Irish handmaid made our little boy laugh by saying that Tip was short for Tipperary. At first my wife objected to keeping the dog, and now as I look back on my rise and fall as the owner of a fox terrier I regret that she did not have her way.

Tip came to us from a friend, a member of my congregation, who went to make a short stay in Europe. The dog had cost him $40 and yet he thought so much of him that he could not bear the idea of selling the animal, but tearfully handed him over to us enjoining us to love and cherish him. He did not tell us that Tip had any objectionable traits, but elaborated on his smartness, and affectionate disposition. He was a very pretty dog of the larger kind of fox terriers, not far removed from the bull, I fancy. He had a black nose, a brown ear and a black spot the size of a dollar between his shoulders. Then of course his tail was dreadfully abbreviated. It was impossible not to love him with all his cunning tricks, and soon Mrs. Robinson—that is my wife—thought as much of him as I did. He was such a wonderful dog. At the table he would sit on his haunches and beg, and if that did not attract attention he would jump up into a vacant chair and repeat the performance. He trotted after our little boy and obeyed his slightest word in a way that won our admiration. Then he at last concluded that he would sleep in no other room but ours. At first he had insisted on sleeping on a bear rug in our modest parlor, but once the bear skin happened to be away so he came upstairs, jumped on a pillow by the side of our bed and there we found him in the morning. Every night after that he slept on the chair at the head of our bed. I was surprised to find my wife getting out an old baby quilt and keeping it in the closet so as to have it always ready to make Tip a comfortable bed. And when I was away she said she had as much confidence in Tip as in all the burglar alarms and policemen that were ever invented. What wonder that you should grow to love a dog that eats with you at the table and that is so mindful of the proprieties as never to drop a morsel of food upon the carpet, a dog that thinks so much of you that he even insists on sleeping on a chair at the head of your bed? By and by my wife and I came to think a great deal of our dog.

'You would really think Mr. and Mrs. Robinson thought as much of their dog as they do of their own flesh and blood,' was the extreme way in which one of the neighbors put it.

But Tip was not always angelic. He had one fault. He would fight. He preferred fighting to eating. Never was a game cock half so pugnacious. He never saw another dog that he did not offer a battle, and the bigger the other dog the more he wanted to fight. It was not long before all the dogs on our suburban street were cowed. When they saw Tip coming their tails would drop despondently and they would run. But around the corner in the butcher shop was one dog that was worthy of his steel. That was an England brindle bull, five times as large as Tip. Time and time again they met in desperate conflict. Tip was never whipped, although he was never the victor. Those were drawn battles. After them he would come limping home, bloody, dirty, torn and wretched. He would come to the back door and then plaintively endure the necessary washing and scrubbing in the laundry. After these dreadful battles it would take me half an hour to make him presentable and then he would spend a week recuperating. These fights troubled me greatly. But I could not stop them. Even when Tip went walking with me he would fight in spite of all I could do.

Things went from bad to worse, for after a time Tip succeeded in chewing up one of the forefeet of the butcher's bull dog and the animal had to be killed. Then Tip felt himself to be an unquestioned champion. He was more arrogant and more belligerent than ever, though when in the house he was a pattern of quietness, affection and the domestic virtues. Then it so happened that there moved into our neighborhood a gentleman who liked hunting and who kept several very valuable Irish setters. My wife wrote me of his coming when I was away on ministerial business. Then came the news that Tip had fought one of the setters and so badly hurt it that it had to be killed. The owner was exceedingly angry and threatened to arrest me for harboring a vicious dog.

'Vicious,' my wife wrote, 'the dearest, most loving dog in the world—only he will fight.

Then Tip made an attack on another of the Irish setters and the policeman on the beat called and told my wife that the owner of the setters would kill Tip on sight and that she had better lock him up. We had no place where she could coop him and in desperation she sent him to a dog fancier to board at the rate of a dollar a week. When I came home this was the state of affairs. It was a question of having no neighbors or of having Tip, and as we could not afford to be at enmity with every one around us we sorrowfully resolved to dispose of Tip. My wife thought there would be no difficulty in selling a dog that cost $40, but we found he could not be sold because I did not have his pedigree. Buying and selling are such different things at the best. Meanwhile I had to pay his board, which was an expensive luxury, as I am not a rich man—few ministers are. Then it was that a newspaper friend suggested that I send Trip to the captain of one of the fire companies. This fireman liked blooded dogs and would give Tip a home where it would be convenient for me to run in of an and see him. That was the way in which Trip went to live with the firemen.

He distinguished himself the first day by getting under the corn crib and killing seventeen rats. Capt. Kelly told me that was a great record. Then Trip killed a poisoned rat and nearly died. The firemen nursed him back to life and strength, and he became much attached to them and to his new home. I called to see him during his convalescence and was greatly moved by the way in which the poor dog wagged his stump of a tail. After that I did not see Tip for six weeks, vacation taking me from the city. When I returned I dropped in at the 'Four's' and found Capt. Kelly jubilant over Tip.

'He is a wonder,' said he. 'I believe he can lick anything on four feet double his size.'

When he called Tip to me I saw by his scars and scratches that he had evidently had a fight very recently.

'He has been fighting again?' I asked.

'You bet, and he just ate the other dog up.'

I felt a thrill of delight that Tip had been the victor. That was a balm to smooth one's feelings, harrowed by his battered appearance.

'It was a big white bull,' Capt. Kelly proceeded, 'and the fight was back here in the box stall. It was tough, but Tip chewed up one of the bull's feet and that kinder knocked him out.'

Then I told how Tip had vanquished the butcher's dog by the same stratagem.

After that whenever I called at the 'Four's' I heard of Tip's exploits. I did not like it that the firemen should make a professional fighter of him and mildly protested. But what was I to do? The dog had virtually passed out of my hands and Capt. Kelly was taking most excellent care of him. I had not absolutely given Tip away, but I had told the captain that he could have him for two years at least. Then I began to find that the firemen regarded me as quite a sporting character. The mere ownership of a dog like Tip was to them proof conclusive of my delight in 'sport.' I always dress in black, and while I do not like the idea of a clerical cast of features or garb, yet I am conscious that my appearance betrays my profession. Yet I did not object to these rough men seeing that I was a man like themselves, a lover of animals and interested in common things.

It so happened soon after this that I led the noonday prayer meeting of the Y. M. C. A. As there was a ministerial convention in town many of the visiting brethren were in attendance. Going to church from the meeting I passed the 'Four's.' Capt. Kelley was sitting outside and he greeted me warmly.

'Come back at 2 o'clock,' he said. 'We are tearing up the floor in one of the stalls and I am going to let Tip kill the rats there.'

I do not know what wicked impulse made me go back, but I did want to see how Tip killed rats. My pride and my interest in my blooded dog forced me on. 'Sh-h-h,' said one of the firemen who seemed to be on guard, 'come back here.

I went back and found a crowd of firemen and others around the stall. In it Tip and a brindle bull were fighting desperately. There was a fascination about the struggle, as now one dog and now another gained the advantage. And at last Tip began to push the other dog and then its owner rushed in and saved it from slaughter.

'A pretty fight, wasn't it, parson?' said Capt. Kelley when he saw me.

I upbraided him for allowing such bloody battles and told him I could not permit it.

'But Tip licked him,' he urged, and all I could say brought no other reply. As long as my dog was the victor what objection could I have to his fighting was his argument.

Now it so happened that we have two sensational papers in the city, and what was my horror in the morning to find the fight written up at length, for it seemed that the brindle bull was a noted fighter. A list of well known gamblers and sporting men present was given. Then the writers added that I was the proud owner of the victor; that I was present at the fight and watched its progress with delight. There were other cruel and slanderous statements and I was referred to in big type in the headlines. Not only that, but after the dog fight one of the papers printed the account of the Y. M. C. A. meeting which I had led, Heaven knows that I did not attend that fight by design and that it shocked me, Capt. Kelly can testify how I rebuked him. But from that hour my usefulness in my church ceased. My deacons heard my explanation and said they thoroughly understood the matter and sympathized with me yet I realized that I no longer stood where I stood before I owned Tip. I had fallen. There was a suspicion in men's hearts, as there had been a belief in the hearts of the firemen that I was a 'sporting character.' I had to give up my church, and now, though I am in a presbytery a thousand miles away, I am haunted by the fear that the story of my fighting dog may follow and blast me ever here. If so, my wife and I resolved to flee the country and go to the mission fields in China or Siam.—*Washington Star.*

THE BEST MOSQUITO REMEDY.

Mr. C. H. Russel, Bridgeport, Conn., has recently communicated to the following interesting fact: A very high tide recently broke away the dike and flooded the salt meadows of Stratford, Conn. The receding tide left two lakes nearly side by side of the same size. In one lake the tide left a dozen or more small fishes, while the other one was fishless.

A recent examination showed that while the fishless lake contained tens of thousands of mosquito larvae, that containing the fishes had in it no larvae.

An English gentleman living on the Rivieta, according to a correspondent of Nature, having been troubled by mosquitoes, discovered that they bred in the large tanks kept for the purpose of storing fresh water, which is rather a rare commodity at this Mediterranean resort. He put a pair of carp in each tank and succeeded in this way in extirpating the insect pest.

The utilization of fish in this way is an old suggestion, and a very practical one under some circumstances. Many people suffer from the mosquito plague when the insect breeds in a circumscribed and easily accessible place, and where it could be destroyed by some such method as that used by the level-headed Englishman.—'Insect Life'

A PAYING SYSTEM.

'Won $50 in the pool-room yesterday,' remarked Mr. Spendfast, but I had to give a third of it to the tout who gave me the tip.' 'Do you always pay your tipsters as well as that?' asked Mr. Steadyboy. 'Sure. 'Look here. I've got a system and if you'll promise to play it steadily for six months I'll warrant you'll come out $500 winner. I've tried it myself and I know. 'What do you want for it?' 'Your regular rates—one-third,' 'Sure it's good?' 'I know six men who are playing it and making money. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll give me your word to play my system and nothing else for six months I'll agree to make up what you lose by it.' 'Done; give me your system.' 'I get a third.' 'Of course.' 'Well, it is just this: Keep your money in your pocket.' This conversation took place six months ago. Yesterday Mr. Spendfast walked into Mr. Steadyboy's office and laid $500 on the table. What is that for?' asked Steadyboy. 'That is your third.' 'Third of what?' 'Third of my winnings. Remember that system of beating the races you gave me six months ago? Well I have played it. I picked my horses every day as usual, but kept my money in my pocket. I find that I would have lost just $1,500 on them in this time if I had bet. So I have made that on your tip, and here is your third. I am much obliged.'—*Buffalo Express.*

ONE GIRL'S WORK.

'From Harper's Young People.'

A few years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday-school. She was told that the classes were full, there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed the little girl began to save pennies—her family was poor—for the purpose of enlarging the church in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however, so that when the pastor of the church was called to her bedside a few months later, to comfort her in her severe illness, he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of six and a half years.

The little sufferer died, and a week after there were found in her battered red pocket book, which had been her savings bank, fifty seven pennies, and a scrap of paper that told, in childish print, the story of her ambition, and the purpose of her self-denial.

The story of that little red pocket-book and its contents, and of the unfaltering faith of its little owner, got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men labored and women sang and children saved to aid in its fulfilment. These fifty-seven pennies became the nucleus of a fund that in six years grew to $250,000, and to-day this heroine's picture, life size hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building at which 1400 students attend, and connected with which there are a church capable of seating 3000, a hospital for children named for the Good Samaritan, and a Sunday-school room large enough to accommodate all the girls and boys who have yet asked to enter it. A fairy story? It reads like one, but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May Wiatt, and the splended institutions described are located in Philadelphia.

Temperance.

GIRLS BE SENSIBLE.

Many girls are making a fatal mistake by thinking they are getting a man by linking themselves to any kind of a fellow. Nothing can justify a girl for marrying a drunkard. In order to be sure that your husband will never be a drunkard, make him promise before you marry him that he will never indulge in intoxicating drinks. Single blessedness is far better than double cursedness. You cannot expect a man who has lost self respect to respect you, however much he may love you.

We heard of a young English lady who came to New York to marry a young man to whom she was affianced in England. He had come to this country two years previously to be engaged in business. She had known him as a sober young man. During the time she was preparing her wedding outfit he came to see her one evening just drunk enough to be foolish. She was greatly shocked and pained. He admitted that occasionally he drank to excess. She immediately stopped preparation and told him that she could not marry him. He protested vehemently, and made great promises; but she declared positively that she would not dare to trust her future happiness to a man who had formed such a habit. 'I came' she said, 'three thousand miles to marry the man I loved; but rather than marry a drunkard, I will return.' And so she did, and proved herself strong and wise.

A thousand times better, dissolve the tenderest ties than to be linked to that body of Death called Drunkard. Do you believe it, girls? Go and ask the drunkard's wife what she thinks. Do not vacillate, hesitate, or yield when a drunkard offers you his hand, but

Learn to say a decided 'No!'
Which may spare you an untold woe

Do not have faith in a drunkard's word, for he is unreliable. Too many have already done so whose throbbing heart only ceased their hopeless aching in the chilling silence of the sepulchre.

Let every young woman take a firm stand on the side of total abstinence, and it will do more to prevent intemperance than any present human means can accomplish. You cannot afford to be indifferent. It has to do with your temporal and eternal welfare. Then be up and doing all you can for the promotion of the Temperance cause.—*Rev. Jonathan Edwards.*

Dominion Parliament.

OTTAWA, April 19.—After routine in the house today, Sir John Thompson said: Mr. Speaker, I think that probably the first duty which the house owes to its own history and to the country on reassembling after the vacation, is to notice the great loss which the house has sustained, and which Canada sustained by the death of the member for East York. If it devolved upon me today, if it devolved upon anybody, indeed, to state the great public service, the estimable character and the worth of the late member for East York, I would greatly prefer that that duty should have fallen to some of those among whom he served in public life when he was at his prime, because when it was my good fortune and my honor to enter this parliament the hon. gentleman had ceased to take that active part in public affairs in which for many years he occupied so commanding a position and did himself so much honor and the country so much useful zealous services. Fortunately, however, for me the history of the country supplies what is deficient in this regard. The achievements of the late member, his zeal in the public service, the great position which he attained, not only officially in this country in connection with its public affairs but in the estimation of the people of Canada, are all parts of the record of this country now. I can only say, on behalf of the gentlemen who are co-operating with me in this parliament, that I am expressing their sentiments when I state that the services which I have mentioned and the qualities to which I have referred evoked from us the greatest esteem. Those of us who were in the house when he was active in political struggles, and those of us who had not then entered public affairs in Canada, feel as deeply as I am sure hon. gentlemen opposite feel that a great tribute of respect is due to the memory of the gentleman who devoted his great abilities, great zeal and great talents disinterestedly to the service of Canada. We feel therefore that it would be incumbent upon the house out of respect not only as I have said for its own history, but out of respect for the public feeling in Canada, that instead of transacting the business which is on the order paper today, we should ask an adjournment should take place until Thursday next, in order that as many members of the house as feel able to do so may be present at the funeral obsequies, which I understand are to take place in Toronto to-morrow. With these observations, Mr. Speaker, which I am sure but very feebly expresses the sentiments of the house, but which are very cordially given not only upon my part, but upon the part of those of whom I am the humble mouth piece, I beg to move that when this house adjourns to-day it do stand adjourned until Thursday next in consequence of the lamented death of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, late member of the Queen's privy council of Canada, and out of respect to his memory.

Mr. Laurier said. Mr Speaker, twelve months have not yet elapsed since death removed from among us the great man who had been for more than a quarter of a century the leader of the conservative party and most prominent figure in the national life of Canada. His demise was mourned over by the whole country, friends and foes upon that occasion forgetting the differences of opinion which had divided them, only to remember those greater qualities which commanded universal admiration. This day we have to implore the loss of one who was for so many years the chief opponent of the late Sir John Macdonald, and who was in many ways as richly, although differently, endowed from himself, and who was undoubtedly in the estimation of all, I believe, the strongest character whom Canada has seen for many a day. On this occasion again I am glad to know, indeed I knew it before the minister of justice spoke, that all parties, friends and foes alike, would unite in common and very sincere grief, although upon the occasion grief cannot assume the same intensity of expression which it assumed on the other occasion. There are various obvious reasons for that; it was Sir John Macdonald's good luck that he was struck standing at his post, that he died in harness, that he was removed under the very gaze of the public eye from the field of active strife to eternal rest; whereas it was Mr. Mackenzie's misfortune that he survived for many years his own self. For many years he had been prostrated by illness, and though his heart continued as warm and his mind as active as ever, his physical frame was shattered. He was condemned to silence, his services were lost to the country, and the public had long been reconciled to the painful idea of his death. There can be no doubt whatever that to one of so strong and energetic a nature those years of inactivity and of prostration, must have been years of intense suffering and that death whenever it might come was looked upon as relief.

At last, in the very hour of Easter day, of that day which is the faith of Christians is the symbol of victory over death, his long imprisoned soul was released from its shackles, and he now lives forever. Already the Canadian people appreciate the magnitude of the loss they have suffered, and indeed Mr. Mckenzie was a unique man in his day. Living in an age which was not particularly distinguished for staunch adherence to principles, he never wavered from what he thought to be right as God gave him to see the right. Living in an age which was not particularly distinguished for staunch adherence to principles, he never wavered from what he thought to be right as God gave him to see the right. Living in an age when success was very often held to be the principal condition, success was never with him a primary nor even a secondary condition. He strove for the right as he saw the right, and indeed it is a matter of history that when he was in office he could have conciliated public opinion and perhaps continued to enjoy power if he had consented to deviate ever so little from those principles of political economy which he alone held to be true; but on this occasion his stern character again asserted itself; he risked everything and he lost all, and he did it cheerfully. Such examples are rarely met, if ever, in our day, and to find any parallel you have to go back to the days of Puritan England, when men fought and bled for principle, holding any kind of compromise in scorn. Such were the principal qualities which distinguished I believe, above all others, Mr. Mckenzie's career. Indeed his strong qualities as a public man are well known. There was, however, another aspect of his character but little known to the public and perhaps misconceived, that was well known to those who had the privilege of his friendship. He was supposed to be stern, cold and ungracious, but the very reverse was the truth. He was richly endowed with that quaint humor peculiar to his own race, little to be suspected under a somewhat reticent exterior, but to which the unrestraint of intimate life acted as a stimulant, and which then broke forth into copious and rich fancy. To those who had the privilege of his hospitality he was one of the most agreeable of men, and with that he had a kind heart, a most kind heart indeed, which always responded generously when he was properly appealed to.

In many ways Mr. Mackenzie was an exceptional man. I may say, and I am sure that in this all will agree with me, that he united many qualities seldom found together, and which combined made him one of the truest and strongest characters to be met with in Canadian history. I agree to the motion.

Mr. Mills paid a brief but touching reference to his older leader, after which the motion was carried and the house adjourned at 3.35 p. m.

After adjournment of the house today conservatives and liberals met separately and appointed representatives to attend Mr. Mackenzie's funeral tomorrow. The Nova Scotia conservatives will be represented by Mill and Gillies, New Brunswick by McAlister and Wood, P. E. Island by McLean and MacDonald. Messrs. Davies, Bowers and Borden respectively, the liberal contingent from the maritime provinces. Both parties sent gracefully worded messages of condolence to Mrs. Mackenzie.

Ottawa university has organized a law faculty: Sir John Thompson has been elected dean.

A large deputation from Quebec interviewed the goverment today and asked that the bounty on beet root sugar, which expires in July next year, be extended five years.

(Continued on inside page.)

Johnstone's Emulson of Cod Liver Oil and Wild Cherry, 50 cts. a bottle.