The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

VOL. XXIII.—No. 51. — Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 1, 1890. — WHOLE No. 1195.

Board of Works

a Bottle.

50 cents

WILD CHERRY,

and

TOLU

FOR COUGHS

COLDS

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MONCTON HOSIERY.

Just received, a full line of WOOL HOSE from Moncton, for Ladies Misses and Boy's wear, Colors—in Black, Browns and Greys. For Boys', Extra HEAVY RIBBED and Double Heel and Toe.

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Newcastle, September 16, 1890.

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May 4, 1885.

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M. D.,

Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,

SPECIAL ST,

ISEASES 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; Agent for the Commercial and Collecting Agency;

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.

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.

July 23 90.

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 fishing upon pools within eight miles. Excellent salmon bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

RATES $1.50 per day with Sample Rooms $1.75.

Richibucto Drug Store,

W. MacLaren, - Proprietor.

Dealer in

Drugs,

Patent Medicine,

Toilet Articles,

Smokers' Goods, etc

Prices Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Richibucto, Feb. 11, 1889.

Clifton House,

Princess and 143 Germain Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. E. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

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CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick,

Wm. JOHNSTON, Prorprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and traveller still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat and Railway 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, 1890.

Spring & Summer MILLINERY.

I have now in stock a beautiful line of

MILLINERY

n all the latest Styles and Shades, also Old Ladies' and Widows' Caps, Ladies' Jerseys and Dress Trimmings, Ladies' and Children's Collars and Cuffs, Infants' Robes, and a Variety Fancy Articles.

Trimmed Millinery

always on Hand, and Orders promptly attended to.

Mrs. J. Demers,

Newcastle, June 9, 1890.

Fruit and Groceries.

The Subscriber keeps constantly on hand a full supply of

Family Groceries,
Canned Goods,
Choice Cigars
and Tobacco,
Fruits in season,
Confectionery,
Stationery, etc.,

which he will sell at a small advance on cost. During the summer season he will keep constantly on hand

Ice Cream,
Temperate Drinks,
Cakes, Crackers, etc.,

Pic Nics and Private Parties supplied with Ice Creams, Fruits, Canned Goods at reasonable rates.

Store on the corner opposite the Post Office.

THOS. RUSSELL.

Newcastle, July 7, '90.

Dental Notice.

Dr. Cates, DENTIST,

will visit Newcastle on Sept. 16th and will remain a fortnight to practise dentistry and make arrangements for other engagements, &c.

Patients requiring to have work done will please make early appointments.

Office opposite Post Office.

WORDS OF LIFE.

NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

A Volume of Sermons, by the REV. A. J. MOWATT, of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Fredericton, N. B., containing 360 pages, and bound in brown English cloth, with handsome embossed titles on back and front; printed on fine toned book paper with frontispiece portrait of the author.

The book is a large 16 mo., and makes a handsome volume for Parlor or Library. The book was published to be sold only by subscription, and the edition is therefore limited. Those who wish the work, will kindly send their names at once. The price, $2.00 for the volume, to be forwarded and the book will be returned by mail postpaid.

HERMAN H. PITTS,

"Reporter" Pub. Office,

Fredericton, N. B.

Liberal Terms to Agents.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP

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1600 TONS, (CAPT. F. C. MILLER),

Leaves ST. JOHN for NEW YORK

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EVERY FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.,

(Eastern Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40 East River, foot Pike Street, New York, every Tuesday at 5p. m.,

for Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points South and West of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces. Cheapest Fares and Lowest Rates.

Shippers and importers can save TIME AND MONEY by ordering all goods to be forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 63 Broadway New York.

or FRANK ROWAN, Agent, 228 Prince William street, St. John.

THE New York, Maine & New Brunswick S. S. COMPANY.

S. S. "WINTHROP,"

H. H. HOMER, Commander,

WILL sail from PIER 18, East River, New York, every SATURDAY, at 5 p. m., for Bar Harbor, Eastport and St. John.

Returning, will sail from St. John, TUESDAY at 3.00 p. m., local. For further information apply to

TROOP & SON, Agents,

E. D. McLEOD, General Freight and Passenger Agent,

Or at the office in the Company's Warehouse, on the New York Pier North End.

Public Notice.

A Meeting of the Liberal Association of Newcastle, will be held at the Liberal Hall, Newcastle, on

FRIDAY EVENING

of each week until further notice.

All Liberals are requested to attend.

E. P. Williston, Secretary.

P. Hennessy, President.

Newcastle, 15th March, 1890.

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 29, 1890.

BRICK FOR SALE.

70,000 Good Hard Brick, for delivery by rail or water.

Apply to

CHAS VYE, Jr.

South Nelson Road,

Northumberland.

March 25, 1890

SPORTSMEN!

We wish to draw your attention to our Superior Quality of

HAZARD POWDERS.

The SEA SHOOTING is now fully recognized as a splendid TRAP POWDER and not expensive.

Hazard's Powders are used by leading sportsmen of the United States.

We keep in stock: "Sea Shooting," "Duck Shooting," "Electric" and Common.

W. H. Thorne & Co.

Market Square,

St. John, N. B.

BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skilful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consoler of the afflicted.'"—Jaime Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo.

"A short time ago, I was taken with a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies ordinarily used in such cases failed to give me relief. Almost in despair of ever finding anything to cure me, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. I had not finished one bottle before the disease left me, and my throat and lungs were as sound as ever."—Geo. B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5

ESTEY'S.

Iron & Quinine Tonic

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine with vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron Medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food relieves Heartburn and Belching, and, strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has my trade mark and signature. Take no other.

Prepared only by E. M. Estey, Moncton, N. B.

BRISTOL'S

PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the

LIVER & KIDNEYS

TO BUILDERS AND JOINERS.

Having Received a lot of Byam's Patent Common Sense Sash Balance and Automatic Centre Rail Sash Lock, I wish to call the attention of Builders, Joiners, and others to the above patents as being simple, useful durable and cheap as compared with the old style of Cords and Weights, call and see model.

WM. MASSON.

Newcastle, May 27, 1890.

Boneless Ham,

BOLOGNAS,

PRESSED TONGUE,

Cooked Pressed Ham.

Prime Suet.

JOHN HOPKINS.

186 Union St., St. John, 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.

Temperance.

A BLOODY MONSTER.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

HIS MASTER HAND PORTRAYS THE EVILS OF DRINK IN LURID COLORS—"IT IS MY SON'S COAT; AN EVIL BEAST HATH DEVOURED HIM."

BROOKLYN, July 27.—Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day was devoted to the curse of intemperance. With the hand of a master he drew in vivid colors the appalling tragedies which this remorseless demon has perpetrated. His text was Gen. xxxvii, 33: "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him."

Joseph's brethren dipped their brother's coat in goat's blood, and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, cheating him with the idea that a ferocious animal had slain him, and thus hiding their infamous behavior. But there is no deception about that which we hold up to your observation to-day. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindostan jungle hath tracked this land, and with bloody maw hath strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations, and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." There has in all ages and climes been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah, as it disgusted with the prevalence of water in his time, took to strong drink. By this vice Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Four hundred millions of our race are opium eaters. India, Turkey and China have groaned with the desolation, and by it have been quenched such lights as Halley and De Quincey. One hundred millions are the victims of the betel nut, which has specially blasted the East Indies. Three hundred millions chew bashish, and Persia, Brazil and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murowa, the Mexicans the agave, the people at Guarapo an intoxicating quality taken from sugar cane, while a great multitude that no man can number are the disciples of alcohol. To it they bow. Under it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn. Could the muster roll of this great army be called, and they could come up from the dead, what eye could endure the reeking, festering putrefaction and beastliness! What heart could endure the groan of agony!

THE DEMON OF DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness. Does it not jingle the burglar's key! Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch! Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick room, and the minister with his tongue thick into the pulpit! Did not an exquisite poet from the very top of his fame fall a gibbering sot into the gutter on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar, and did he not die of delirium tremens almost unattended in a hospital! Tamerlane asked for 160,000 skulls with which to build a pyramid to his own honor. He got the skulls and built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up it would make a vaster pyramid.

Who will gird himself for the journey and try with me to scale this mountain of the dead, going up miles high on human carcasses to find still other peaks far above, mountain white with the bleached bones of drunkards!

SACRIFICE OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe store is closed; severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window shutters of the grog shops! Our laws shall confer particular honor upon the rum traffickers. All other trades must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trading in clothing and hosiery and hardware and lumber and coal take off their hats to the rumseller, elected to particular honor. It is unsafe for any other class of men to be allowed license for Sunday work. But swing out your signs, oh ye traffickers in the peace of families and in the souls of immortal men! Let the corks fly, and the beer foam, and the rum go tearing down the half consumed throat of the inebriate. God does not see! Does he? Judgment will never come! Will it?

I do not know but that God is determined to let drunkenness triumph, and the husbands and sons of thousands of our best families be destroyed by this vice, in order that our people, amazed and indignant, may rise up and demand the extermination of this municipal crime. There is a way of driving down the hoops of a barrel so tight that they break. We have in this country at various times tried to regulate this evil by a tax on whiskey. You might as well try to regulate the Asiatic cholera or the smallpox by taxation. The men who distil liquors are for the most part unscrupulous, and the higher the tax the more inducement to illicit distillation.

CONTRASTING SKETCHES.

Oh! the folly of trying to restrain an evil by government tariff! If every gallon of whiskey made, if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

I sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal. Gratulation and sympathy and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second. Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughters' jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens, Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out! out! What are you doing here?"

Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell.

TWO MEN.

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said: "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world opens before him and cries, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Man the second lies in the station house. The doctor has been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police, and carried in drunk and foul and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first! Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood. Rum—accursed rum!

This foul thing gives one swing to its scythe and our best merchants fall. Their stores are sold and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe, and some of our best physicians fall into sufferings that their wisest prescriptions cannot cure. Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long resounding crash of ruin and shame. Some of your own households have already been shaken. Perhaps you can hardly admit it, but where was your son last night? Where was he Friday night? Where was he Thursday night? Wednesday night? Tuesday night? Monday night? Nay, have not some of you in your own bodies felt the power of this habit? You think that you could stop? Are you sure you could? Go on a little further, and I am sure you cannot. I think if some of you should try to break away you would find a chain on the right wrist and one on the left. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound round and round. Then it begins to tighten and strangle and crush until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and the eyes start from their sockets, and the mangled wretch cries, "O God! O God! help! help!" But it is too late, and not even the fires of woe can melt the chain when once it is fully fastened.

WHO WILL HUNT HIM DOWN?

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, Who will hunt him down and how shall we shoot him? I answer first, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you administer it, even as medicine. If you find that they have a natural love for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some horrid stuff, and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them as faithfully as you do the Bible that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard hath fallen into a ditch take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage and swollen, and say: "Look, my son. Rum did that!" Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street brandishing his fist, blaspheming God, a howling, defying, shouting, reeling, raving and foaming maniac, say to your son, "Look, that man was once a child like you." As you go by the grog shop let them know that that is the place where men are slain, and their wives made paupers, and their children slaves. Hold out to your children all warnings, all rewards, all counsels, lest in after days they break your heart and curse your gray hairs. A man laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles, and said: I am more liberal than you. I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of the sons have died drunkards and the fourth is imbecile through intemperate habits.

VOTE RIGHT.

Again, we will battle this evil by voting only for sober men. How many men are there who can rise above the feelings of partisanship and demand that our officials shall be sober men?

I maintain that the question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability, and that however eminent a man's services may be if he have habits of intoxication he is unfit for any office in the gift of a Christian people. Our laws will be no better than the men who make them. Spend a few days at Harrisburg or Albany or Washington and you will find out why upon these subjects it is impossible to get righteous enactments.

Again, we will war upon this evil by organized societies. The friends of the rum traffic have banded together; annually issue their circulars; raise fabulous sums of money to advance their interests; and by grips, pass words, signs and stratagems set at defiance public morals. Let us confront them with organizations just as secret, and, if need be, with grips and pass words and signs maintain our position. There is no need that our philanthropic societies tell all their plans. I am in favor of all lawful strategy in the carrying on of this conflict. I wish to God we could lay under the wine casks a train which, once ignited, would shake the earth with the explosion of this monstrous iniquity!

Again, we will try the power of the pledge. There are thousands of men who have been saved by putting their names to such a document. I know it is laughed at, but there are some men who, having once promised a thing, do it. "Some have broken the pledge." Yes: they were liars. But all men are not liars. I do not say that it is the duty of all persons to make such signature, but I do say that it would be the salvations of many of you. The glorious work of Theobald Matthew can never be estimated. At his hand four millions of people took the pledge, and multitudes in Ireland, England, Scotland and America have kept it till this day. The pledge signed to thousands has been the proclamation of emancipation.

INEBRIATE ASYLUMS.

Again, we expect great things from inebriate asylums. They have already done a glorious work. I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated, namely, as an awful disease, self inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man sermons won't cure him; temperance lectures will not eradicate it; religious tracts will not remove it; the Gospel of Christ will not arrest it. Once under the power of this awful thirst the man is bound to go on; and if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition he would wade through the fires of hell to get it. A young man in prison had such a strong thirst for intoxicating liquors that he cut off his hand at the wrist, called for a bowl of brandy in order to stop the bleeding, thrust his wrist into the bowl, and then drank the contents.

Stand not when the thirst is on him between a man and his cups. Clear the track for him. Away with the children; he would tread their life out. Away with the wife; he would dash her to death. Away with the cross; he would run it down. Away with the Bible; he would tear it up for the winds. Away with heaven; he considers is worthless as a straw. "Give me the drink! Give it to me! Though the hands of blood pass up the bowl and the soul trembles over the pit—the drink! give it to me! Though it be pale with tears; though the froth of everlasting anguish float on the foam—give it to me! I drink to my wife's woe, to my children's rags, to my eternal banishment from God and hope and heaven? Give it to me! the drink?"

Again, we will contend against these evils by trying to persuade the respectable classes of society to the banishment of alcoholic beverages. You who move in elegant and refined associations; you who drink the best liquors; you who never drink until you lose your balance, let us look each other in the face on this subject. You have under God in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine closets of the beverage and then come out and give us your hand, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. Do that and I will promise three things: First. That you will find unspeakable happiness in having done your duty; second, you will probably save somebody—perhaps your own child; third, you will not in your last hour regret that you made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

DON'T MAKE DRINKING RESPECTABLE.

As long as you make drinking respectable drinking customs will prevail, and the plowshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on turning up this whole continent from end to end with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards graves.

Oh! how this rum fiend would like to go and hang up a skeleton in your beautiful house, so that when you opened the front door to go in you would see it in the hall; and when you sat at your table you will see it hanging from the wall; and when you opened your bedroom you would find it stretched upon your pillow: and, waking at night, you would feel its cold hand passing over your face and pinching at your heart.

There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan, the English orator, and shattered the golden scepter with which he swayed parliaments and courts? What foul spirit turned the sweet rhythmn of Robert Burns into a tuneless babble? What brought down the majestic form of one who awed the American senate with his eloquence, and after a while carried him home dead drunk? What was it that swamped the noble spirit of one of the heroes of the last war, until, in a drunken fit, he reeled from the deck of a western steamer and was drowned? There was one whose voice we all loved to hear. He was one of the most classic orators of the century. People wondered why a man of so pure a heart and so excellent a life should have such a sad countenance always. They knew not that his wife was a sot.

I call upon those who are guilty of these indulgences to quit the path of death. Oh, what a change it would make in your home! Do you see how everything there is being desolated? Would you not like to bring back joy to your wife's heart, and have your children come out to meet you with as much confidence as once they showed? Would you not like to rekindle the home lights that long ago were extinguished? It is not too late to change. It may not entirely obliterate from your soul the memory of wasted years and a ruined reputation, nor smoothed from your anxious brow the wrinkles which trouble has plowed. It cannot call back unkind words uttered or rough deeds done: for perhaps in those awful moments you struck her! It may not take from your memory the bitter thoughts connected with some little grave. But it is not too late to save yourself and secure for God and your family the remainder of your last going life.

LET YOUR BETTER NATURE SPEAK.

But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot down right, and say to your companions and friends," I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life, nor will I countenance the habit in others!" Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but day and night stands wide open to let in the angonized procession of doomed men.

Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? For God's sake get out of that business! If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day?

Do you think that because human government may license you that therefore God licenses you. I am surprised to hear you men say that they respect the "original package" decision by which the supreme court of the United States allows rum to be taken into states like Kansas, which have decided against the sale of inoxicants. I have no respect for a wrong decision. I care not who makes it. The three judges of the supreme court who gave a minority report against that decision were right and the chief justice was wrong. The right of a state to defend itself against the rum traffic will yet be demonstrated, the supreme court notwithstanding. Higher than the judicial bench at Washington is the throne of the Lord God Almighty. No enactment, national, state or municipal, can give you the right to carry on a business whose one effect is destruction.

GOD'S AWFUL LIST.

God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you poured out. You keep a list, but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy, bourbon, cognac, Heidsieck, sour mash or beer, God calls it strong drink. Whether you sell it in low oyster cellar or behind the polished counter of a first class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them," and point to their unquenchable thirst and say, "You kindled it," and rattle their chain and say, "You forged it." Then their united groans will smite your ear, and with the hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and the dimes they will push you off the verge of great precipices, while rolling up from beneath and breaking among the crags of death will thunder, "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.