Board of Works

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

VOL. XXV.—No. 42. — Newcastle, Wednesday, July 27, 1892. — WHOLE No. 1290

Charles J. Thomson,

Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia
Barrister Proctor for Estates.

Agent for the Manufactur Acciden Life Insurance Company.

Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

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

Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,

SPECIA 7,

IN DISEASES OF E AR & THROAT

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street Moncton.

oncton, Nov. 12, 1886.

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 KILBUR' TEL)

BATHURST - - N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities Some of the best trout and almon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Read Sample Rooms or Commercial men.

TERMS, $1.50 per day. with Sample Rooms $5.

Olifton House.

Princes and 143 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. BIEDERMANN.

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 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

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 exam my stock of SOLID LEATHER Boot 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.

$900 SALARY and commission Agents, Men and Women, Teachers and Clergymen to introduce a NEW AND POPULAR Standard Book,

Testimony of 19 Centuries to Jesus of Nazareth.

The most remarkable religious book, written by 300 eminent scholars, Non-sectarian. Every Christian wants it. Exclusive territory given. Apply to

The Henry Bill Publishing Company;
NORWICH, CONN

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.

CHATHAM CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH WORKS.

The Subscriber has on hand Top Buggies, Concord and Driving Wagons, of different kinds, Truck wagons, Carts, &c., &c. of his own Manufacture. Stock and Workmanship guaranteed, all of which he offers at reasonable prices and on easy terms.

ALSO DEALER IN

Farming Implements

of which he has in stock a very large assortment of different makes of Machines consisting of Buckeye Mowers, 3 kinds; Brantford Mowers; Toron to Mowers; Brantford, Patterson and Massy Binders; Six different kinds of Horse Rakes; Three different kinds of Threshing Machines, Cultivators, Ploughs, Harrows etc. and all other kinds of machinery used in agricultural pursuits. These are all sold on the usual three payment system or a discount for cash.

ALEX. ROBINSON.

Chatham, June 20, 1892.

CARD

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

NO! NO! NO!

DEAR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

I wish to bring before your minds and to Public Notice the fact that I am still doing Business in the

Park Hair Dressing Rooms

opposite our beautiful Park, a position I have occupied for the last thirteen years of the nineteen that I have been a Citizen of this town, prospered with its prosperity and suffered in its reverses. Now I would ask for a continuance of the very liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, and shall do my utmost to merit the same. I also wish to state that my Son HORACE is associated with me in the business from this time forth, and we intend to add another chair and operator as soon as business demands it.

Canada is Ours, Help us to keep it.
Don't forget the old place—D. Hogan's building occupied by the Drs. Sproul,

and by the Kethros.

No work done on Sundays.

J. G. KETHRO.

Newcastle. May 9th. 1892.

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 20 1890.

Tailoring Establishment.

OUR SPRING STOCK

is now complete in all its departments;

English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Wotods in Blue and Black

Fancy Pantings,

in great variety

SPRING OVER OATINGS

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.

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, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

☞ Sold in Newcastle by E. Lee Street H. H. Johnston and all responsible druggists everywhere.

Bolonies, Pressed Ham,

AND FRANKFURT SAUSAGE.

Ask for our
WHOLESALE PRICES.

JOHN HOPKINS,
186 Union St. St. John, N. B.

St. John, July 4, 1892.

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

IT PAYS

To be cautious in the choice of medicines. Many are injured by trying experiments with compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, the principal recommendation of which would seem to be their "cheapness" Being made up of worthless, though not always harmless, ingredients, they may well be "cheap;" but, in the end, they are dear. The most reliable medicines are costly, and can be retailed at moderate prices only when the manufacturing chemist handles the raw materials in large quantities. It is economy, therefore,

To Use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the valuable components of which are imported, wholesale, by the J. C. Ayer Co. from the regions where these articles are richest in medicinal properties.

"It is a wonder to me that any other than Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a show in the market. If people consulted their own interest, they would never use any other; for it is not only the best, but, on account of its concentrated strength and purity, it is the most economical."—James F. Duffy, Druggist, Washington st., Providence, R. I.

Dr. A. L. Almond, Druggist, Liberty, Va., writes: "Leading physicians in this city prescribe

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its healing qualities."

"Although the formula is known to the trade, there can be no successful imitation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Without having the enormous facilities of the J. C. Ayer Co., it is impossible for other parties to put together such valuable ingredients, at the low cost of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

It stands at the head of all similar preparations."—Mark A. Jones, 50 years a druggist, 60 Cambridge st., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP

Safe Pleasant Effectual

MILLINERY.

you will find something nice in

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

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.

CAUTION

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy!

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZED LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

SAFE — EASY TO TAKE — BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED

VEGETABLE PILLS — INFALLIBLE — PROMPT

MIRFIELD DRAUGHTSMAN.

The Thoroughbred Shire Stallion,

"MIRFIELD DRAUGHTSMAN,"

Six years old, imported by the New Brunswick Government, will start for service on Monday the 9th May.

The colts from him which have been dropped up to this time are splendid specimens. He is considered the best working stallion that has been in this county, and being perfectly healthy and sound in every way is the best horse to breed from. Particulars made known by the groom.

Terms for season—with foal $6.00, no if foal half price.

May 10, 1892

Selected Literature.

AT THE DOOR OF THE PEW.

(Concluded.)

'Do you call the way you met me today considerate?'

'I had nothing whatever to do with it. I neither made your boot nor the register. On the contrary, I have often told you I disapproved of the heels you wear. They are dangerous. Perhaps you may believe me after this experience. What else have I done?'

Why you know very well that even my friends are not congenial to you. Mary was everything to me at the time of my engagement, staying with me through it all as she did. And how do you speak of her?'

'I wish that you would not speak of our engagement as if it were a surgical operation. Do you mean to say that I was inconsiderate then?'

'No o.'

'But the question now is, what has gone wrong in our married life.'

'Everything. You have never understood me. We are not suited.'

'I do not mean to claim I have always understood you, nor that I understand you now, but you know that I have loved you as tenderly as ever man loved woman.'

'You don't seem to see that that is just the point. I do not believe that men can love women understandingly.—There is too much marriage and giving in marriage. The world would be better if there were none at all—if—'

'I thought I forbade your reading the 'Kreutzer Sonata.'

'It was a criticism of it. You know I have never read what you told me not to.'

She had drawn her gloves from her hands and was clasping and unclasping them nervously as she talked. Her husband looked down at them.

'Where is your wedding-ring?' he asked suddenly.

'I have taken it off. Why not when it had become a mere badge of bondage?'

Mr. Ingraham started to his feet.

'And you can say this to me? You can say this deliberately to the man who has been your husband, whom you loved (for I know that you have loved me,) and who has loved you with every thought of his heart. Commend me to a woman for brutality.'

He turned away and began pacing the aisle with hasty steps, which gradually grew slower and at last he sat down again by his wife's side. When he spoke it was evident that he was controlling himself with an effort.

'There must be a clear understanding between us. That you have some reason other than the insufficient one you have given, I know. Now, what is it? I have never known you to tell an untruth. Look me in the eyes, Isabel, and be as true with me as I have been with you.'

The light had been failing rapidly and the church was now almost dark.—The husband and wife saw each other's faces dimly.

During his appeal Mrs. Ingraham sat with her lips parted, her breath coming quickly. Her whole attitude suggested relenting, but at his last words she drew herself together, and her lips were set rigidly when she spoke.

'We are not suited,' she repeated coldly.

'Am I to understand, finally, that is the only reason; that this is all you have to say to me?'

She could feel rather than see his eyes fastened upon her, and her own fell as she answered:

'That is my only reason.'

'Then there is nothing further for me to do or say. It it be any comfort for you to know it, though you have gone through the misery of finding yourself mistaken in your husband I assure you the pain is no less keen to find yourself mistaken in your wife That knowledge is but a few minutes old to me. You have had a longer experience and can be calmer. Our being together now can only be pain to both, but I can go no further than the next room as yet.'

He was leaving her without even a farewell. She sat silent, watching him wretchedly. He was walking about in the gloom collecting cushions from various pews and piling them into one. He took off his coat and laid it with them.

'I think you can sleep there comfortably,' he said, briefly. There is a coat if you grow cold.'

Before she could answer his figure was swallowed up in darkness. Then she heard a door shut and knew that she was alone with the cold comfort of these coals of fire he had heaped upon her. The first thing Isabel Ingraham did was to cry bitterly. She laid her head down on her husband's coat and sobbed miserably for an hour. By that time she was as thoroughly unnerved as wretchedness and physical weakness could make her. Then it was that she sat up, shivering and trembling, to think matters over calmly—to decide if there were any points where she might have been to blame.

(And here I would like to state for whom it may interest, that to stay within reach, and yet leave a woman alone, in tears, and a trifle chilly, is a move worthy of Solomon.)

A little later, Mr. Ingraham, sitting in the sacristy, heard a small, subdued voice calling him. He rose and opened the door to find his wife standing before it. There was the sound of recent tears in her voice.

'Jack,' she said, 'I have come to tell you—'

He walked toward her, and as he did so Mrs. Ingraham drew back with a little cry of alarm.

'Is it you?' she faltered.

He was draped in a black garment which fell from his shoulders to his feet, At her cry he threw it off.

'I forgot, he said. I found the thing in the *Sacristran* and put it on for warmth.

And Mrs. Ingraham neither corrected his pronunciation nor told him that the 'thing' was a cassock.

'Will you get your coat?' she said, in the same subdued voice. I will sit here and wait for you. I want to tell you everything.'

Instantly on his return she began speaking with nervous rapidity.

'I have been thinking it all over and over, and I see how wicked I have been. I lied to you. I did have a real reason for leaving you, and you had a right to know it. I should have made up my mind to forgive it, but I was so wretched.

'You must remember that I am still so, said Mr. Ingraham, and that I do not know for what I am being forgiven.

I am a great coward, said Mrs. Ingraham, piteously.

Her husband bent quickly toward her, but then, as he quickly drew back again, she had to struggle on unaided.

It was at Mrs. Dodge's domino party. After you left the fancy seized me to follow and surprise you. I found an old domino, and you know what happened—that awful half-hour on the stair!'

Mr. Ingraham attempted to speak, but once fairly started, she rushed on:

'Don't interrupt me; let me finish now. I recognized you at once. It was like an awful dream. I can remember each little detail—every word you said. I could even see the careful stitches I had put in the rosettes on your shoulder. I felt that they were mocking me. And through it all I was foolish enough to be most cruelly hurt by your not recognizing me when—when you kissed me.'

Her theory of forgiveness seemed about to vanish again in the sense of her wrongs. Her voice rose excitedly.

'When I told you the next morning that it was I you had been with, why did you try to deceive me further? I caught your look of horror. I saw you control it before you said, My dear child, did you suppose I would not know your foot among a million? Such a shameless effort to play on my vanity! How could you? Of course I pretended that I believed you—I was to proud not to. And the awful part of it all was its being so ridiculous. To be jealous of one's self!

Again and again I grew hysterical as I thought of it, and if I could laugh I knew what the rest of the world would do. I struggled on for days, and then I could stand it no longer. When I left you I vowed that you should never know why—that no one would ever know. And now I have told you everything.'

His voice came to her through the darkness wonderingly.

And do you mean that believing all this, you called me?'

'Yes.'

'And that you are saint enough to be willing to come back to me?'

'There is no sacrifice or saintliness in it. I shall make a penance of telling no more falsehoods.'

His hand sought gropingly for hers and closed over it.

'Isabel, do you know where I spent the evening of that accursed domino party?'

You know I do. How can you?

'In the library playing whist with old Dodge. No; do you let me finish now. An accident happened to Joe Mitchell's domino, and I lent him mine. It was Joe whom you sat on the stair with. He thought you were—well no matter who.

He was in the seventh heaven, poor fellow. I, being his confidant, knew what had happened the moment you spoke to me. I posted off to blast Joe's hopes, and tell him to hold his tongue—that you thought it was I, and there was no reason for you ever knowing the truth. You are too good an actress, Isabel, I was positive you believed in my recognizing you from the first, and thought the whole affair a joke. I knew it would make you wretched to discover that it was Joe you had been with.'

'Wretched! I dont care a jot. I should kiss Joe now if he were here. Oh, why didn't you tell me?

'Why not? Why didn't you tell me? Perhaps it is just as well that we each have something to forgive.'

The moon had risen and now shone in at the high, round window facing them. They sat in the light while all the rest of the church was in darkness. Jack Ingraham looked down at his wife's left hand and touched her finger where the wedding-ring had been.

'Where is it? he asked.'

She did not answer.

'You have not destroyed it?'

She colored and hesitated, then drew a ribbon from her bosom. Tied to it, glittering and shining in the moonlight, hung her wedding-ring. Her husband took it from her.

'And at the very moment when you scornfully told me you would not wear my ring on your finger you were wearing it on your heart. Oh, Isabel, how shall I ever believe in you again?'

'Couldn't you by marrying me over again? she asked. 'I should like to begin at the beginning once more.

'I am afraid it would be contrary to rubrics of which you are so tenacious. Yet why not, when here is the time, and the place, and the loved ones all together. We will have a formal church wedding to ourselves, and give the marriage fee to the sexton who locked the door. Give me your hand.'

He took her right hand in his.

'I, John, take the, Isabel.'

He was not quite perfect in his lines. His wife had to correct him hastily to prevent him vowing obedience to her. In her own part there was no need of prompting. He slipped the ring on her finger.

'With this ring I thee wed.'

Then he stooped and kissed the circle in place. As he raised his head their eyes met.

'It was the ring I kissed,' said Mr. Ingraham, significantly, answering the thought in both minds. Apparently his wife did not hear him. He looked down at her smiling. There is still something which I cannot bring myself to forgive, he said. Through it all I am fool enough to be most cruelly hurt by your not even recognizing that it was not I when I did not kiss you.'

Isabel gave him a quick glance and then looked down.

When she spoke it was with a shy hesitation which carried him back to the days of their courtship.

'But I am quite sure that it is you now, dear, said Mrs. Ingraham, softly.'

* * * * * *

When the old sexton came bringing a letter to Mrs. Ingraham's aunt, the next morning, he found that lady and her husband sitting at breakfast. He told them that he had accidentally locked up a lady and gentleman in the church over night, and when he opened the door in the morning the lady had given him this note to deliver.

He omitted mentioning the note which the gentleman had given him and which he was even then fingering lovingly in his pocket.

Mrs. Ingraham's aunt adjusted her eyeglasses and opened the letter.

'Good gracious!' she exclaimed, as she glanced over it. I was never so thankful for anything.'

When the sexton had gone she handed the letter over the coffee-urn to her husband, with a remark which showed that though Mrs. Ingraham might have been discreet, her relatives were not lacking in penetration.

'Read that,' she said. 'I regard it as a special mercy. I am very glad that you made me write to him about her my dear. I did think that Isabel had inherited her mother's unforgiving temper.'

Her husband spread out the paper before him. It was only two lines of writing, and he read them aloud:

'Dear, disloyal Aunt: Jack came down for me last night and we have gone on a wedding trip. Won't you wish us joy?

Ever gratefully yours,
ISABEL.'

The elderly married man laughed as he helped himself to another flannel cake.

'You don't know women until you know them all,' he said placidly,—'and then you don't.'

Temperance.

NEWCASTLE W. C. T. U.

A meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held in the Mission Hall every Tuesday afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock. Visitors from other Unions or any who are interested in the Temperance cause are cordially invited. tf.

THE MOTHER'S SORROW.

Oh, Arthur, my boy, don't go out to-night,
Stay home with your dear, loving mother;
You know you have perils, when out of my sight
Remember your father and brother!
They did not intend—
But they drank to the end,
And they perished, you know and so soon!
Oh, Arthur, stop now—
Be strong in your vow,
Don't go to the horrible saloon.

Ah me, my poor boy! he heeds not my plea!
Like a slave in his chains he is going—
He's bound by the spell of the tempter, I see
The terrible habit is growing;
Like his father led on—
Like his brother, he's gone!
He is lost to my love, and so soon!

And he's lost to my prayers,
By the drink wizard's snares
In the den of the whiskey saloon.

Oh! will he not turn? Must I yield him to fate?
Is he lost to all reason and feeling?
Will conscience awake? I fear me too late!
In the spell of the wizard he's reeling.
The tempter's work done—
Alas, my poor son!
My only joy blighted so soon;
God pity my pain,
My only hope slain
By the wolf of the whiskey saloon.

Alone—all alone—in my anguish to-night!
No, never alone—there are others—
Yes, millons, who know, as I know, the sad blight
To the hopes of good wives and of mothers.
With uplifted eyes—
With tears and with sighs—
With sighs that have perished too soon;
My sorrow they share,
They utter my prayer:
God close every whiskey saloon.

Fond mothers and wives and fond sisters bereft,
Who mingled sad tears, with your bread,
To Heaven we'll look—one refuge is left,
God lives, and he reigns overhead!
In each desolate room—
In your sorrowful gloom—
In your night without starlight or moon,
This boon we may pray,
God's mercy some day—
To close the last whiskey saloon.

K. B. C. in Lancaster Argus.

THE FIRST TEMPERANCE EDUCATION STATUTE BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

(Continued.)

'The bill will pass without any difficulty,' everybody said, commenting on the enthusiasm with which the idea of compulsory temperance education was there received but, back in the convolutions of my brain, experience whispered to memory, 'such bills do not pass for the asking.' 'This kind goeth not forth but by prayer,' and the self-abnegating labor of which fasting is only a type.

During the following days the bill was framed, and its essential points explained to the Parliament Committee on Education; the whole topic was more fully and generally discussed before a public church audience, and a talk given by request to the students of Dalhousie College on 'The Student's Duty to the Moral Reforms of His Times.'

Then I started for Prince Edward Island, a Province divided from the mainland by an arm of the sea which in winter is so filled with ice driven by ocean currents, as to be almost impassable in the coldest season of the year, and doubly difficult when, after the opening of spring, the polar ice moves down through the channel in large masses, as it was doing when I attempted to cross.

A steamboat made of strong, tough steel after the Norwegian pattern of ice steamers, which cut their way by crushing the ice from above, makes the passage more endurable than in former times when crossing was done only in open boats, on runners, that served as sleds on the ice and as boats when the ice gave place to the open sea. Wrapped in warm furs that kept out the cold, there was a fascination in watching from the deck the ice through which we were plowing, as it came up from under the ship like huge, white leviathans shaking the water from their sides. Even when we were entirely blocked or moving at a snail's pace, the study of the ice was full of interest. 'Why are some of those huge masses of ice such a clear, almost blue white, and others so jagged, representing every fantastic shape?' I asked the ship's purser who was also watching the situation. 'The blue-white, madam, is polar ice from the far North, the ragged shapes were frozen as the wind lashed the water upon rocky coasts,' he replied. These silent witnesses of the awful, still cold, and the terrible storms of the sunless North, twice held us in their relentless clutch for more than an hour at a time, as the good steamer Stanley, charged back and forth upon them like a huge battering ram.

'Have you ever been unable to get through on time? I asked the purser. 'Yes, sometimes the ice has held us four or five days at a time, and we have been obliged to float with the mass before we could break through. This whole sketch of ice, as far as we can see is a floating mass, and it is taking us now out of the way,' he replied. I want to reach Charlottetown to-night at eight o'clock, I said, mentally thinking of the waiting audience there, and of the children of a hundred thousand people in that Province to be taught to abhor strong drink; hoping and mentally praying, that the four days set apart for Prince Edward Island might not be spent on the Stanley, held in the grip of floating, arctic ice. If we can get through this pack in an hour more, and I think we can, we are not likely to be held by another to-night, and if so, we shall reach Charlottetown not much after eight, the purser replied; it was almost nine p. m. when I was rapidly driven from the Stanley to the largest church in Charlottetown, to find a waiting audience of one thousand five hundred people.

A ride the next day to meet the Summerside audience followed, and then the return to Charlottetown for the hearing before parliament which the daily papers describe before as the Unprecedented event of a woman before the Bar of the House, addressing both branches of Parliament, seated with the members of the legisiative council, all listening to this American woman. Halls, galleries and all possible standing places were packed, so great was the interest in the measure, and next came the presentation of the bill to the committee on education and to other individual M. Ps. Then vainly wishing I could stay longer and help the measure over hard places, I returned to Halifax.

On arriving, I understood why the undefinable feeling that I must reach there as soon as possible, had haunted me for the last two days. The Nova Scotia C. T. E. bill had passed in fact the first and second readings, but referred to the Committee on Education, had been there badly mutilated, shorn of its penalty, of its specification, of a given amount of temperance matter in text books, etc. Every engagement that would take me twenty-four hours from Halifax was cancelled, including the promise to be present at the semi-annual Massachusetts W. C. T. U. convention. Days of intense activity followed in finding and meeting objections, correcting misapprehensions, and disapproving the erroneous statements that led to the dismemberment of the bill; this work was organized and every point carefully covered.

For hearty co-operation in this, the cause of temperance in Nova Scotia owes a debt of gratitude to the local W. C. T. U., to many a friendly M. P., to the supervisor of public schools in Halifax, to the champions of the bill in both Houses, and many others, not forgetting the horse, carriage and coachman of 'mine host' which were ever, during those days, at the service of whoever must drive to any point for an important interview.

In addition to this, a large audience in Wolfville, an educational centre in the land of 'Evangeline,' not only listened with interest to my story of the pending question in Halifax, but deputized a committee to carry the wishes of that representative audience of 1,000 people immediately to Halifax for the restoration of the bill to its original form and for its passage.

At three p. m. April 12 we, the W. C. T. U's and other friends of the measure, gathered in the gallery of the lower House of Commons, had the great joy, after listening to a debate of nearly two hours on the question, of seeing the bill pass seventeen votes for, to eleven against, with all the desired features restored.

Two days later it passed the upper House unanimously, and a telegram is just received from its champion in the lower House to the effect that the governor-general has signed the bill which is now the law of Nova Scotia.

Thus was enacted the first compulsory temperance education statute by act of Parliament in the British Empire.

As I write, the news comes from Prince Edward Island that the parliament of that province has also passed a temperance education law.

It is but just to add that for several years there has been some temperance education in the schools of the various provinces of Canada, on the recommendation of the minister of education or superintendents of public instruction; but in many cases this has been made largely inoperative for lack of the prescription of a series of well graded text-books adapted to the capacities of all classes of pupils.

The new statute of Nova Scotia makes it the duty of the council of education to prescribe 'text books on this topic that shall be as well graded to the capacities of all pupils as other 'text-books are; and further makes the use of these books compulsory by pupils able to read, with penalties applying to the various school officers who shall fail to enforce them and the other provisions of the act.

In closing, I would add my appreciation of the kindness and beautiful hospitality received during this trip at the hands of our Canadian cousins.

Dorothea Dix, to whose heroic labors Halifax owes its well equipped insane asylum, was often cited as a precedent for my mission.

Seldom has it been my fortune to meet more intelligent and thoughtful audiences. Many of the courtesies were no doubt extended because I came from the republic; as when it was insisted that I should speak from the oval carpeted platforms in the parliament houses called thrones where they said 'no woman but Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's daughter, had ever stood before.'

In the beautiful council chamber of House of Lords, in Halifax, at the right of this throne is a life size portrait of George the Third, and on the left one of Catherine, the Queen consort, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and sent by King George to his subjects in Nova Scotia in appreciation of their loyalty. In that presence, the past seemed to touch the present, and the blended shadows of both to forecast that future upon which we are entering when 'the battle flag shall be furled in the federation of the world,' and the truth shall make us free.

Hyde Park, Mass. MARY H. HUNT.
—Union Signal.

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