

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW,

VOL. XV.—No. 17.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, February 15, 1882.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS,

WHOLE No. 745.

**WAVERLY HOTEL,**  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
This House has lately been refurnished, and very possible arrangements made to ensure the comfort of travellers.  
**LIVERY STABLES,** WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.  
**ALEX. STEWART,**  
Late of Waverly House, St. John. Proprietor.  
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1873.

**UNITED STATES HOTEL,**  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
This Hotel is very pleasantly situated, has recently been fitted up in first class style, is in close proximity to the C. Railway Station, and the wants of travellers will be attended to promptly.  
Meals prepared at any hour. Oysters served up in every style at short notice.  
**JOHN FAY, PROPRIETOR.**  
Newcastle, Oct. 5, 1877.

**CANADA HOUSE,**  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
**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 the steamboat landing. 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 Stabling on the Premises.  
May 12th, 1878. 14 ly

**NORTHERN HOUSE,**  
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.  
The Subscriber is prepared to accommodate the travelling public on most liberal terms, and no pains will be spared to make them comfortable.  
The commanding view which this House affords of the splendid Bay of Fundy, and the adjacent mountains, renders it one of the most attractive Hotels in the North.  
GOOD SALT WATER BATHING can be had in the vicinity at any time.  
**R. DAWSON, PROPRIETOR.**  
Campbellton, January 3, 1882.

**ROYAL HOTEL,**  
45 KING STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
THIS SPLENDID HOTEL, the finest in the Maritime Provinces, is now open for the reception of Guests, who will find here an excellent table (well served), and agreeable and comfortable accommodations. The building has been thoroughly refitted, repainted and decorated, and furnished throughout with new and elegant furniture.  
The Proprietor, who has been so long connected with the Hotel business in St. John, has omitted nothing which his experience suggests for the comfort of his Guests.  
The Hotel contains BATHS and all other conveniences.  
**THOS. F. RAYMOND.**  
St. John May 11, 1881. 18

**BOARDERS WANTED**  
Having fitted up and refurnished the building in Newcastle, owned by C. E. McKen, we are prepared to accommodate a number of boarders on reasonable terms.  
**JOHN & WM. MCKEN.**  
Newcastle, N. B., June 14th, 1881. 1 yr

**SAMUEL THOMSON,**  
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,  
Solicitor in Bankruptcy,  
NOTARY PUBLIC & CO.  
LOANS Negotiated, Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches, executed with accuracy and despatch.  
OFFICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND CASTLE STREET.  
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.  
July 17, 1878.

**Law and Collection Offices**  
—  
**ADAMS & LAWLOR,**  
Barristers and Attorneys at Law, 8 Editors in Bankruptcy  
Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.  
Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.  
CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.  
OFFICES: NEWCASTLE AND BATHURST.  
M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWLOR.  
July 18th, 1878.

**L. J. TWEDDIE,**  
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER  
AT LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.,  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
OFFICE—Old Bank of Montreal.  
May 12, 1874. 13

**A. J. JOHNSON,**  
BARRISTER AT LAW,  
Solicitor, Notary Public,  
&c., &c.,  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
July 10, 1877.

**R. B. ADAMS,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Notary Public, &c.  
OFFICE UP STAIRS, NOOKMAN'S BUILDING,  
Water Street, Chatham.  
July 1st-1878.

**JOHN McALISTER,**  
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.,  
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.  
May 5, 1878. 7

**DESBRISAY & DESBRISAY,**  
Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries,  
Conveyancers, etc.  
FFIC IS—  
ST. PATRICK STREET, BATHURST, N. B.  
Theophilus Desbrisay, Q. C. T. Swayne Desbrisay.

**J. J. FORREST,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.  
Collecting promptly attended to.  
OFFICE—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.  
April 27, 1881. 1 yr

**SEELY & McMILLAN,**  
BARRISTERS, &c.,  
77 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,  
St. John, N. B.  
GEO. B. SEELY. T. H. McMILLAN.  
m19-1y

**DR. McDONALD,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE  
IN DESMOND'S BUILDING,  
LOWER WATER STREET,  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
Chatham, June 22, 1881.

**R. McLEARN, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Graduate of University Medical College, New York.  
OFFICE—That recently occupied by Dr. McDonald.  
Newcastle, July 12, 1880.

**DR. H. A. FISE,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office Residence of James Fish, Esq.  
Hours 12 to 1, 4 to 6, & 9.  
Newcastle, March 1, 1881.

**H. LUNAM, B. A., M. D.,**  
GRADUATE OF UNIVERSITY OF M'ILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.  
Successor to Dr. Balcorn.  
OFFICE AT MR. ROBERT SINCLAIR'S RESIDENCE,  
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.  
October 15, 1881. 10-1y

**C. H. THOMAS & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF  
GENTS' NECK WEAR.  
Custom Shirt Makers and  
Mens' Furnishers.  
Keep always on hand a large assortment of  
White Dress Shirts and  
Fancy Regatta Shirts,  
With or without Collars attached, Collars, Cuffs, Braces, Scarfs, Bows, Ties, Collar and Cuff Studs, Shirt Studs.  
Underclothing, &c.,  
and everything pertaining to the Furnishing Trade. Also a full line of  
Celluloid Collars and Cuffs.  
No one should be without them. They are water proof, durable, and durable.  
SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER IN THE LATEST STYLES. NO MISFITS.  
C. H. THOMAS & CO.,  
mar20-1y Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

**WIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS,**  
WATER ST., CHATHAM.  
**WILLIAM LAWLER,**  
IMPORTER OF MARBLE & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS.  
HEADSTONES, TABLE TOPS, &c.  
A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.  
GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order. CARPS and SILLIS for windows supplied at short notice. Passengers Work in all the branches attended to, and satisfaction given.  
January 24, 1878.

**Leather & Shoe Findings.**  
THE Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods, such as English Tops as well as home made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail. J. J. CHRISTIE & CO.,  
No. 65 King St., St. John, N. B.  
April 29, 1879. 20

**J. W. Forster,**  
A STONE & COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
RICHMOND, N. B.  
Always in stock, Flour of various grades, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Cigars, and a variety of goods, which will be sold low at wholesale.  
CONSIGNMENTS received and disposed of promptly.  
AUCTIONS attended to throughout the County.  
Richm. 40, April 7, 1881. 13-1y

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

**PETER LOGGIE,**  
Peter Moulding & Planing  
MILL,  
Near the Ferry Landing,  
CHATHAM.  
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF  
FINISHING  
for House or Ship Work, manufactured to order.  
Venetian Blinds, Doors and Sashes, Pine and Walnut Mouldings, Jig Sawing and Planing, a Specialty.  
Estimates and Specifications furnished on application.  
Orders attended to with despatch.  
**P. LOGGIE.**

**FOSTER, JONES & CO.,**  
Flour and Commission Merchants, Millers and Shippers Agents,  
**ROBISON'S BLOCK,**  
MONCTON, N. B.  
Orders taken for direct shipments of flour from Mills in our local lots, or drafts made direct on consignees. Flour a Specialty.  
Importers of Flour, Meal, Pork, Sides and Provisions, Paints, Oil, Glass, Nails and General Hardware, Groceries, Crockeryware, &c.  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.  
Samples of all kinds of goods sent on application. Every description of country produce taken in exchange.  
Aug. 3, 1880. 1 yr.

**A. O. SKINNER'S**  
CARPET WAREHOUSE,  
BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS;  
WOOL and DUTCH CARPETS;  
UNION and HEMP CARPETS;  
OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS;  
MATS and HEARTH RUGS;  
MATTINGS OF ALL KINDS;  
LACE CURTAINS and CORNICES;  
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.  
Orders from the Country promptly attended to.  
68 King Street, St. John.  
may28

**WILLIAM WYSE,**  
GENERAL DEALER,  
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,  
CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.  
Merchandise and Produce received on Commission.  
Liberal Advances made on Consignments.  
NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE.  
AUCTION SALES, and all Business in connection with the same, attended to promptly.  
July 15, 1879. 16

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**  
'81. Winter Arrangement. '82.  
ON and after Monday, the 21st November, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:  
WILL LEAVE NEWCASTLE.  
Express for Quebec, 2.55 a.m.  
Accommodation for Moncton, connecting at Moncton with Express for St. John.  
Express for St. John, 10.25 a.m.  
Accommodation for Campbellton, 5.30 p.m.  
Express for Halifax and St. John, 1.02 a.m.  
The express train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on day mornings, and the express train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday mornings.  
D. POTTINGER, Chief Supt.  
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 16th November, 1881.

**PROPERTIES FOR SALE.**  
THE following Properties belonging to the Estate of the late William Masson, of Newcastle, are offered for Sale:  
**THE LOT AND HOUSE** thereon on the corner of Castle and Henry Street, near the Ferry.  
**THE WATER LOT**, with buildings thereon, on Castle Street, adjoining the Ferry Slip.  
**THE LOT**, with House, Barn and Out-buildings thereon, situated on Henry Street, now occupied by Mr. John G. Kethro.  
Ten desirable and pleasantly situated BUILDING LOTS situated between the residence of A. A. Davidson, Esq., and T. W. Crocker, Esq., in rear of the Railway Buildings, consisting of between six and seven acres, in a good state of cultivation.  
The above properties are offered for sale on liberal terms. Apply to  
**WILLIAM MASSON,** Executor of the Estate.  
NEWCASTLE, August 10, 1880.

**MILL SUPPLIES.**  
Rubber Belting, 3, 4, 5 and 6 Piles, HOYT'S CELEBRATED LEATHER BELTING, Single and Double.  
**DINSTEON AND SONS' MILL SAWS,** Lubricating Oils, Steam Fittings, Lacing Leather, Rubber and Steam Packing of all kinds.  
**ESTEE, ALLWOOD & CO.,** Prince William Street.  
St. John, June 23, 1881. 1y6.

**GOLD.**  
Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money, will find that they are not far from it. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STEVEN & CO., Portland/Maine. Dec. 21-1y7.

## Selected Literature.

**Daniel Gray.**

DR. J. G. HOLLAND'S BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray.

In the great company of the forgiven I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better; For my young eyes oft read for him the Word.

And saw how meekly from the crystal letter He drank the blood of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted On ready words his freight of gratitude.

Nor was he called among the gifted, In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases, Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;

And I suppose that in his prayers and graces, I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his face, his motions, His homely habit, and his silver hair,—

And hear the language of his true devotion, Rising behind the straight back kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—"Help us, oh Lord, to pray and not to faint!"

And how the "conquering and to conquer" sounded, The latter aspiration of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him, He never kissed his children—so they say.

And faint scenes of rarest flowers would move him, Less than a horse shoe picked up in the way.

He had a heavy hatred of oppression, And righteous words for sin of every kind;

And the transgressor and transgression Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty, And naught but weakness in a fond career,

And pined men whose views of christian duty Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him: And I am told that when his Charley died,

Nor nature's need nor gentle word could win him, From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury the dead, He found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in his hair.

And on his breast a rosebud gathered early, And guessed, but did not know who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling, Strictly attendant on the means of grace, Instant in prayer, and fearful of falling, Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man and yet a dreamer, He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way

His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Redeemer, Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit Until in death his patient eye grew dim,

And his Redeemer called him to inherit The heaven of wealth long earned up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,

In the great company of the forgiven I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

**RESCUED FROM DEATH.**

On a hurrying through the darkness; Its great headlight gleaming with a fierce, angry glow, rushes the massive engine to whose guidance at this moment are intrusted precious human lives. God pity them! They know not that ere the morrow's sun their souls will be before their Maker, their bodies lying cold and still.

There is a crash and a roar, a fearful sound of hissing steam and grinding splintering wood and metal; then means and anguish cry ring out upon the night air. Only a misplaced switch, just a small thing caused by one man's carelessness, and all these mortals hurried to their death.

The dawn breaks—there are helpers enough; but their aid is only needed to draw the blackened, inert masses from beneath the crushing beams. Many a strong man shudders at the sight, and, turning away, covers his face with his hands an instant before he resumes his self imposed task.

Are there none saved? Only one out of all the number who but yesterday were in the full vigor of life, and that one a little child who in the shock was flung clear of the cruel flames which with eager avidity completed the work of destruction before assistance arrived.

A hoarse cry arises when she is found. A stalwart man holds in his arms the tiny unconscious figure.

"Is she dead?" ask all, as they crowd around.

"No, only stunned."

The white eyelids tremble and then open.

"Papa!" calls a sweet child voice.

The saying is true that a touch of pity makes the whole world akin; and sobs and exclamations break forth as the listeners think that the wee voice will never again find a response from a father in this world.

As the time passed, much of the excitement, caused by this accident died

out of the small village in whose near vicinity it occurred. No clue to the little waif's friends or parentage had been discovered, and after months of fruitless advertising she was adopted by the sturdy mechanic within whose arms she first opened her eyes upon that dreadful day.

There was another in whose home she would have been welcome. The minister of the parish, a reverend old man, would have been very glad to take to his lonely home the tiny girl, whose pure spiritual face had caused him to suggest for her the name of "Lily," but honest Mark Elwyn, heartily seconded by his good wife, answered him in these words:

"As it was my hand that found her, and as God hasn't sent us any little ones, it is for me to keep her."

No one could tell which among the cold forms that followed with solemn faces to the village cemetery was once the "Papa" the little voice cried for so unceasingly. The devouring element had done its work well; no clow of clothing or element had been left to distinguish one from another.

So little Lily was established at the forge; she was happy in her rude home; for all had a kind word for the fairy-like child with her yellow hair and dark eyes.

Thus the days glided by until Lily was a girl of about thirteen; then each day with her school books would she spend her way to the rectory. When Dr. Dean first proposed to Mark his plan of giving to his adopted daughter a fine education, Mark shook his head.

"Neither wife nor I had much book learning," he said; but, after much arguing, at last he gave his consent.

Once started Lily proved an apt scholar; with all the enthusiasm of her nature she sat herself to climb to the summit of that hill to which there is no royal road.

Those were happy hours spent in the rectory library, with the venerable gray-haired man, whose words opened before her mind such vistas of knowledge; then after study came play time in the kitchen, listening to old Martha, the rectory housekeeper, who loved to unfold for her small listener all her store of quaint, fairy folk lore.

Three years passed and Lily was sixteen; and with her tall, slender form, her sensitive, delicately cut face with its gleaming, golden curls and the dark eyes whose dusk contrasted so strangely with the pale hue of her hair, there were few who had not noticed and commented upon the beauty of Mark Elwyn's Lily.

One who had watched her from childhood thought to himself that the fairest object in all the world was that sweet, pure face. It was Robert Aldridge, the young curate, who for a few years had acted as assistant to his aged uncle, Dr. Dean. A frequent visitor at the Rectory, he had often met Lily as she came to and fro each day; and now as she grew from child hood into girlhood, his admiration for her lovely face deepened into a man's strong passion.

To Lily, Robert, (as she called him) was a dear kind brother—no more. There was only one whose glance had power to call the rich blood to her cheek, and that was the young heir of Milroy Park, the largest estate in the neighborhood. Unobtrusive Mark never suspected why Mr. Hector's horse so often needed his horse's attention to, nor why scarcely a fine morning passed that the young man did not look into the cheery smoky for a friendly chat.

Hector Milroy, the only child of his father and mother, was like many another in his position—no better, and no worse.

Handsome, with plenty of money, there was no need of his exerting himself; to take life easy, and extract from it all the enjoyment he could, was his creed and one that he followed with an application worthy of a noble cause. So when his eyes not how beautiful Lily was—far lovelier than any of the wealthy daughters of titled families to whom his mother had introduced him—he determined that this was one of the "good the gods offer," and made up his mind to avail himself of it.

In guileless Lily's eyes the handsome youth who met her at the Rectory gate, and so courteously carried her little satchel of books for her to her modest home, was all that was noble and good. So it was that to the girl came slowly that delicious dream which makes the earth like an ideal of Paradise.

There was only one to whose eyes, rendered keen by love, all was evident. Robert Aldridge gauged Hector Milroy's character at its true value; and his heart sank as he saw beneath the ardor of her handsome lover's eyes. He knew that what she took for pure regard was only a man's fancy for a pretty face. Still what could he do? If he spoke to her against Hector, he feared to make her hate him; for he knew that her gentle nature could arouse itself to passionate defense of one she cared for; then, too should he tell her of his own love, his hopes would only be rendered more futile, for she would suspect him of interested motives.

Then came an occurrence to which the gaily-loving villagers all looked with great interest—it was the twenty-first birthday of the heir of Milroy Park. A fete was to celebrate the event, and all, far and near were invited.

"Wife and I do not care to go, child," said Mark to Lily; "but young folks enjoy parties and the like, so you may go, and I'll come for you in the evening."

Hector's admiration for Lily had not entirely escaped notice, and something concerning it reached Lady Milroy's ears. So during the fete she kept her eyes wide open, and before long became convinced that Rumor had warned her truly, and that if decided steps were not taken, her son might be drawn into a mes-alliance.

The lawn was dotted with gay groups; but avoiding the throng, Hector led Lily to a summer arbor by a tiny brook which wound its glimmering stream through the park. The sun glinted through the rose vine roof and fell upon the girl's head, till her golden hair seemed like a halo around her perfect face. Unable to resist the witchery of the moment Hector took the little white hand in his, and suddenly drawing Lily to him pressed a kiss upon her lips.

With a quick, proud flush she sprang from him.

"Sir! Mr. Milroy! you have no right to do this!"

Only more fascinated by her coyness, Hector drew nearer to whose she stood, saying softly in the tones he knew so well to make most effective:

"Have I not a right when I love you?"

Spell bound Lily stood. Then she was right! the Apollo of her dreams did love her, and it had not been vanity which had whispered to her heart the sweet truth. Again he spoke, putting his arm around her unresisting waist. "Yes little one, I have loved you ever since—"

Just then through the vine-shaded door stepped a haughty, stately figure. It was Lady Milroy. What followed; what scornful words of command to her son (who stood with angrily flushed face, but quailing eyes); what insolent, proud sentences to herself, Lily could never remember accurately, but the sight of the man's cowardly bearing whom she had thought so noble, left its indelible impression on memory. Not one word did he speak in her defense.

After Lady Milroy had finished, the girl whom she had called "low and intriguing for a rich husband," with a proudly erect head, looked the worldly woman full in the face.

"Madam, more words are unnecessary. Were your son to woo me upon his bended knees, I would never consent to marry him now." A look of intense scorn, before which Hector Milroy shrank, filled her eyes as she emphasized "now."

On the lawn were still grouped the croquet players; but quietly unnoticed, Lily left the gay scene.

As the days passed she seldom saw Hector, and she would have been glad if his face had never passed before her vision again, so entirely had his cowardly behaviour killed her love for him.

Three years more went by, and during one of them Mark Elwyn had been killed by an accident. His faithful wife did not long survive his loss; and with mournful tears Lily grieved in the empty home she had ever known. Then at Dr. Dean's earnest solicitation she went to the Rectory to "be a staff to his declining years," so he worded it.

There to her, after a time, came wonderful intelligence. While traveling, during his vacation, in America, Robert Aldridge had heard of a large fortune awaiting an heir. The coincidence of the date of the disappearance—which no one could account for—of the last heir with his infant daughter, and the date of the railroad disaster from which Lily had been saved, struck him. On enquiring further he was shown a picture of the missing gentleman, and recognized it as a fac simile of one which Lily always wore in a locket around her neck.

Convinced that the inheritance belonged to Lily, he returned to England to obtain more proof if possible.

During the months he was gone Lily had grown to acknowledge to herself how much she had missed the young curate's dark earnest face; and she could not help but confess that it was with more than sisterly affection she regarded him, though Robert had never shown by word or deed that he loved her.

It was afternoon. Robert Aldridge walked slowly up the road to the rectory, anxious to tell to Lily the strange story of the fortune which perhaps waited her, yet fearing it would make still more impassable the gulf between them, for he imagined she still cared for Hector Milroy.

As he entered the gate the sun was setting in a blaze of glory. Lingering lights were tingling with a delicate glow the nodding, white lily buds, and falling caressingly over the dainty, girlish form, she stood—her back to

him—gathering a spray of the red rose vine which covered the old porch with its clinging, fragrant branches. Unable to control himself, without pausing to think, Robert sprang forward and encircling her with his arms, drew her to his heart, uttering in glad tones his words of greeting, "My darling! how happy I am to see you again!" She turned her face suddenly and looked at him wonderingly. His arms dropped. What had he done? Why had he so rudely dispelled the calm, friendly feeling which heretofore had existed between them! but as Lily had looked into his face, she read its expression rightly. She waited a moment; then with a soft, fitting blush she laid her little, soft hand in his, when Robert knew that she was forgiven, and that Lily loved him at last.

It was proved without much difficulty that the child saved from the railroad disaster was really the heiress of the fortune which for eighteen years had been awaiting its owner. Her father Mr. Munro, a wealthy widower, had been known to be traveling in England; but suddenly all communications from him ceased, and no clue to his whereabouts could be found. It created a great sensation when the story became known, and Hector Milroy knelt his brows with useless rage and chagrin, as he listened to Dr. Dean's trembling voice as he read the beautiful marriage service which united the two who were so well suited to each other.

Outside this building there was an immense crowd, who received the Salvation Army with groans, yells, and several volleys of stones. David-son, still almost unconscious, was lifted from his horse and carried or dragged into the Hall. The band and the carriages containing General and Mrs. Booth, and other prominent members of the Salvation Army, were driven to a side door, which unfortunately was not open. To wait till the hallkeeper could open it was impossible, for stones and mud were flying in all directions. The carriage consequently had to be driven round the building to reach the door through which Davidson had passed, and amidst a scene of considerable excitement, hasty scramble had to be made to reach the friendly shelter of the interior. Blood was flowing from the heads of several of the bandmen, and the faces and the dresses of almost all of them were covered with mud. For Davidson, who was now lying unconscious in one of the ante-rooms, medical assistance was summoned, and on the arrival of a medical man he discovered that the man was suffering from concussion of the brain, and from shock to the system. As his head and face were covered with mud, it was impossible to tell whether he had received any other injuries except that at the back of his head. His upper lip was cut open whilst in a procession the previous day. He deterred by what had happened in the streets, the Salvation Army commenced the proceedings of the "Hulme Convention."

A large crowd of roughs waited outside Albert Hall in expectation that General Booth and his staff would leave for the barracks at the close of the meeting; but they wisely decided to remain within the hall for tea, and in readiness for the evening meeting. Lieutenant Davidson, after having been seen by a doctor, was removed to the public hospital, where he remained. While the stone throwing was at its worst the police marked two men, and have since arrested them as ringleaders in the disturbance. The evening meeting was a great success. The members of the "Army" generally seemed to rejoice in their tribulation, and to take it as a sign they had been "stirring up the devil."

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AND THE SACRAMENT.—Dr. Norman Kerr, F. L. S., formerly of Glasgow, delivered an interesting lecture on "Wines—Scriptural and Ecclesiastical," to the members of the Church Homiletical Society, which is connected with St. Paul's Cathedral. In the course of his remarks he said that experience in the treatment of habitual drunkards had taught him that it was not safe for the reformed dipsomaniac to taste intoxicating wine under any circumstances. In necessity unfornished wine had been recognized as a lawful element of communion at almost every period in the history of the Christian church, and so now by the established Church the decision in the celebrated Fonthill case recognized in the Church of Scotland the use of unfornished wine in respect to the sacrament. Dr. Richardson, F. R. S., who presided, said that he hoped the example set by the Established Church of Scotland would be more generally followed by other religious bodies. A physician's room was often a confessional, and hardly a month passed without his being consulted on this question, persons feeling to take the Communion because of the fermented wine which was used. He urged the general use of unfornished wine by the clergy, because it was harmless.

**Old Rye's Speech.**

I was made to be eaten, And not to be drunk.

To be threshed in a barn, Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing When put through the mill— As a blight and a curse When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves And your children are fed, But if I drink

I will starve them instead, In bread I'm a servant, The eater shall rule, In drink I am master, The drinker a fool, Then remember the warning; My strength I'll employ, If eaten, to strengthen, If drunk, to destroy.

It is said that among the Chinese, the larvae of insects are used medically to give strength to feeble children. Caterpillars &c. are taken to give tone to the system, while the larvae of the rhinoceros, the bones of tigers, the jaws of tigers, and the wings of bats all have a place in the Chinese Pharmacopoeia. A simple remedy consisting of well-known ingredients is nothing more than a placebo, and their doctors even to the cure of the same mist. It is different with us outside barbarians in this respect, where the clearest preparation, of pleasant taste, composed of well-known and well-tried remedies, such as is embodied in "Robinson's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil" with "Lacto-Phosphoric of Lime" is not only sought after by the patient but is recommended and largely prescribed by the most intelligent physicians.