

# The Mirror Advocate

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW,  
VOL. XIII.—No. 3.

Our Country, with its United Interests.  
Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, November 12, 1879.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS,  
WHOLE No. 627.

**WAVERLY HOTEL,**  
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, 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's. Proprietor.  
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1878.

**UNITED STATES HOTEL,**  
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI,  
NEW BRUNSWICK.  
THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, has recently been fitted up in first class style, in close proximity to the C. & N. B. 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. 8, 1877.

**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. 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, 1873.

**ROYAL HOTEL,**  
KING SQUARE.  
I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the "CONTINENTAL," and thoroughly renovated the same, making it the "ROYAL" always had the reputation of being one of the best Hotels in the Province.  
Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and superior accommodations. Blackhall's Livery Stable attached.  
THOS. F. RAYMOND,  
St. John, July 9, 1877.

**VICTORIA HOTEL,**  
RIVER DU LOUP.  
JOSEPH A. FOUNTAIN, PROPRIETOR.  
THIS HOUSE is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Railway Station, and is well adapted to meet the requirements of travellers, as another public or private house, or apartment, or a place of business, situated in an elevated position, affords a splendid view of the St. Lawrence and distant country.  
October 24, 1877.

**MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS.**  
WATER ST., CHATHAM.  
WILLIAM LAWLER,  
Importer of Marble & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TABLES, HEADSTONES, TABLETOPS, &c.  
A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.  
GRANITE MONUMENTS ON HAND.  
CAPS AND SILLERS for windows supplied at short notice. GRANITE WORK in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.  
January 24, 1878.

**S. N. KNOWLES,**  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.  
66 KING STREET,  
(South Side) SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
CANVAS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.  
SAMPLE TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.  
May 5, 1879.

**RUBBER BELTING.**  
EXTRA Stretched and Patent Smooth L. Surface Belting. Stock—Various widths in 3, 4, 5 and 6 Pies.  
**LEATHER BELTING.**  
"Boyer's" (Corduroy) Patent Stretched and Riveted Tanned Leather Belting (double and single).  
SAWS: SAWMILL "Denton's" Mill, Circular, Rotary, Cross Cut, Hand and Jig saws, WASH NE OILS, Lard, Olive, Seal, Whale, and other oils. Lard, Olive, Seal, Whale, and other oils. Lard, Olive, Seal, Whale, and other oils.  
ESTY, ALLWOOD & CO.,  
(Successors to Z. G. Gable).  
Prince Wm. St., St. John, N.B. 21-22

**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 to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also, S. B. Fisher & Son's 2 1/2 and 3 Tacks of all sizes, and Chase & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Taps and all home made Taps to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.  
J. J. CHURCHILL,  
No. 65 King St., St. John, N. B.  
April 29, 1879.

**A BARGAIN.**  
FOR SALE, about 70 lbs. Small Pica English manufacture, with handle, 25 extra quads, 10 lbs extra quads and leaders; in excellent order having been very little used. Is offered at 20 Cents per lb. CASH. Apply at once to  
W. & J. ANSLAW,  
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI,  
Aug. 19.

**Law and Collection Offices**  
ADAMS & LAWLOR,  
Barristers and Attorneys at Law,  
Solicitors 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.

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

**WILLIAM A. PARK,**  
Barrister & Attorney at Law,  
SOLICITOR,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.  
OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.  
Castle Street, - - - NEWCASTLE.  
May 1, 1877.

**L. J. TWEEDIE,**  
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER  
AT LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.,  
CHATHAM, - - - - N. B.  
OFFICE—Snowball's Building  
May 12, 1877.

**JOHN McALISTER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, & c.,  
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.  
May 5, 1879.

**A. H. JOHNSON,**  
BARRISTER AT LAW,  
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,  
&c., &c.,  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
July 10, 1877.

**WILLET & QUICLEY,**  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,  
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.,  
Princes St., JOHN'S BUILDING, (up stairs).  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
John Willet,  
Solicitor for Massachusetts.

**DR. H. A. FISH**  
Has commenced Practice in NEWCASTLE, and can be consulted at his Office.  
Residence of James Fish, Esq.  
OFFICE HOURS—10 to 12,  
2 " 5,  
7 " 10.  
June 16, 1879.

**HERBERT T. DAWSON, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
OFFICE—In Mr. John Dalton's House;  
RESIDENCE,  
At Mr. Wm. Greenley's, opposite Office.  
Newcastle, March 26, 1879.

**DR. McDONALD,**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.  
OFFICE:  
At Mrs. HALEY'S, next door to the Post Office, Newcastle.  
RESIDENCE:  
At MR. THOMAS MALTBY'S,  
Newcastle, March 26, 1879.

**H. V. WILLISTON, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
OFFICE  
That formerly occupied by Dr. Balcom,  
BATHURST, N. B.  
RESIDENCE AT MRS. NAPIER'S, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.  
Sept. 9, 1879.

**WANTED.**  
A SHOP and OFFICE BOY—one willing to make himself generally useful.  
Apply to  
DR. FREEMAN,  
Newcastle, 97.

**PETER LOGGIE,**  
Wood 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.

**A. D. SHIRREFF,**  
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Life, Fire & Marine Insurance  
AND  
GENERAL AGENT,  
Chatham, N. B.  
August 29, 1878.

**Carriage Repairing.**  
The Subscriber has erected a shop on the premises owned by Dr. S. B. Beaton, and is prepared to attend to the Making and Repairing of  
**CARRIAGES, HEAVY FARM AND LUMBER WAGGONS, &c.**  
Prompt attention given to all orders. Good Work guaranteed.  
ANGUS McLEAN,  
Newcastle, July 23, 1878.

**Lamps, Oils, &c.**  
CHANDLERS,  
BRACKET,  
TABLE and HAND LAMPS,  
Chimneys, Wicks, &c.,  
AMERICAN & CANADIAN OILS.  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.  
J. R. CAMERON,  
"KENNIS & GARDNER BLOCK,"  
Prince William Street,  
St. John, May 7, 1878.

**DENTISTRY.**  
**Dr. Freeman,**  
will attend to DENTISTRY in its various Branches, as his other engagements will permit.  
Having procured every appliance and the most recent improvements, Dr. F. guarantees all his operations and gives special attention to the insertion of  
**ARTIFICIAL TEETH,**  
Either on Rubber or a new and improved Base called Celluloid.  
Being a resident in the County his patients will find no difficulty in having every requisite made good.  
Newcastle, April 18, 1878.

**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.

**DAVIDSON'S SYRINGES.**  
Hydroperic syringes,  
Metal syringes,  
Nipple Syringes,  
Throat Atomizers,  
Nursing Bottles,  
India Rubber Tubing,  
Perfume Atomizers.  
For sale by  
T. B. BARKER & SONS,  
35 and 37 King Street,  
Newcastle, 22nd April, 1878.

**A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.**  
NEWCASTLE, 22nd April, 1878.  
THEIR ponderous tongues reiterate monotonously—  
Time! time! time!  
Time! time! time!  
Time! time! time!  
Till the ending of the hour ends the chime.  
Thus each swinging Titan knells,  
As his music peals and swells  
From the tower wherein he dwells,  
His full moon's melody of "Time."  
Whose cadences fantastically rhyme  
To the rolling and tolling of the bells!  
EDWARD S. GOULD.

**PATENTS**  
obtained for new inventions, or for improvements in old ones. Caveats, Trade Marks and all patent business promptly attended to.  
INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN REFERRED TO may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being engaged in the U. S. Patent Office, and especially in the U. S. Patent Office, and especially to our clients in every State of the Union and in Canada. For special references, terms, advice, &c., Address  
C. A. SNOW & CO.,  
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**VEGETINE.**  
Will cure Rheumatism.  
MR. ALBERT CROOKER, the well-known druggist and apothecary, of Springfield, Mass., always advises every one troubled with Rheumatism to try VEGETINE.  
Read His Statement:  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Oct. 12, 1876.  
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—  
Dear Sir—Fifteen years ago last fall I was taken sick with rheumatism, was unable to move until the next April. From that time until three years ago I suffered every day with rheumatism. Sometimes these would be weeks at a time that I could not do one step; these attacks were quite often. I suffered everything that a man could. Over three years ago last spring I commenced taking VEGETINE, following the directions which were given me. I had taken seven bottles; I had had no rheumatism since that time. I always advise every one that is troubled with rheumatism to try VEGETINE, and not suffer for years as I have done. This statement is gratuitous as far as Mr. Stevens is concerned.  
Yours, etc.,  
ALBERT CROOKER.  
Firm of A. Crooker & Co., Druggists and Apothecaries.

**VEGETINE**  
Has Entirely Cured Me.  
BOSTON, Oct. 1870.  
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—  
Dear Sir—My daughter, after having a severe attack of Whooping Cough, was left in a feeble state of health. Being advised by a friend she tried the VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles was fully restored to health. I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the VEGETINE for this complaint, and am happy to say it has entirely cured me. I have recommended it to others with the same good results. It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood. It pleases to take and I can cheerfully recommend it.  
JAMES MOISE, 34 Athens street.

**Rheumatism is a Disease of the Blood.**  
The blood in this disease, is found to contain an excess of fibrin. VEGETINE acts by converting the blood from this diseased condition to healthy circulation. VEGETINE regulates the bowels which is very important in the cure of it. One bottle of VEGETINE will give relief, but to effect a permanent cure it must be taken regularly, and may take several bottles, especially in cases of long standing. VEGETINE is sold by all druggists, and by your vendor with the same as that of thousands before you, who say, "I never found so much relief as from the use of VEGETINE." It is composed exclusively of Barks, Roots and Herbs.  
"VEGETINE," says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Harsh and irritating remedies, which in other cases had failed, I visited the laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is composed of the most valuable herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce a strong tonic effect."  
"VEGETINE," says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Harsh and irritating remedies, which in other cases had failed, I visited the laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is composed of the most valuable herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce a strong tonic effect."  
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**Nothing Equal To It.**  
SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.  
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—  
Dear Sir—I have been troubled with Sciatica, Canker and Liver Complaint for three years; nothing ever did me any good until I came to the use of the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the VEGETINE. I can say there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can't say I recommend it to everybody.  
Yours truly,  
MRS. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,  
No. Lagrange street, South Salem, Mass.

**VEGETINE**  
is sold by all Druggists and Wholesale & Retail by  
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.  
Vegetine is sold by All Druggists and Wholesale & Retail by  
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.  
John, N. B. Oct. 8-14

**Selected Literature.**  
Church Bells.  
SUPPLEMENTARY TO FOR'S "BELLS."  
(An attempt to complete the Poem which has left incomplete.)  
Hear the holy Sabbath bells—  
Christian bells!  
What a world of consolation in their utterance dwells!  
They commemorate the Day  
When the stone was rolled away  
From the sepulchre; where lay  
The Lord of Glory—slain for sin! His wound  
There burst the bonds of Death,  
With Omnipotence's breath,  
And majestically rose  
Triumphant over His foes,  
To the right hand of God—Three in One—  
Where He maketh intercession  
For our manifold transgression,  
Evermore!  
Now the bells are loudly calling, bidding every one repair  
To the sanctuary, where  
We may offer praise and prayer;  
Their reverberating echoes, through the circumambient air,  
Are rolling, rolling, rolling,  
They are calling, calling, calling,  
In tones that are consoling  
And in tones that are appalling—  
To believers, con-olation;  
To the scorner, condemnation,  
Evermore!  
Still the bells are tolling, tolling,  
And their echoing notes are rolling,  
Over vale and plain and mountain,  
Calling all men to the Foundation,  
Whence life and joy and peace are flowing evermore.  
Evermore!  
Now their tones grow louder, deeper.  
They might wake the dullest sleeper  
On this peaceful Sabbath morning  
With their word of solemn warning—  
"Time! time! time!"  
Their ponderous tongues reiterate monotonously—  
Time! time! time!  
Time! time! time!  
Time! time! time!  
Till the ending of the hour ends the chime.

fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.  
He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtersgate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.  
Wholesome food, stout clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for, after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.  
But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the very poorest. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no home, no mother and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.  
Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his blighted and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own ideas was a fresh confirmation of it.  
But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a crusty old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, and he, being the latter grew up to manhood he gave him a great deal of anxiety. For George preferred the society of women and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.  
One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's face. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.  
George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay his expenses, if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.  
George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded all his advice and entreaties. He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly-increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a power which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.  
In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great pain in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed a woman universally to be.  
But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes that exception said to be contingent on every role, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.  
"Very well, ma'am," said Mark, suspiciously, to himself, "we shall see whether you confess to having been out to-day."  
So he went over to George's, played a rubber or two with his favorite, and tried every way to induce a confession to the drive in the rain; but the young wife would make no allusion to it. This was on Monday. On Thursday, at the same hour, the carriage came again, and George's wife went away in it. The next week she went out on three different days, and twice the weather being fine, he noticed that she wore her very best satin dress, the rich blue brocade that had been one of her wedding suits.  
The affair was beginning to look very black to Mark, for he had satisfied himself that George had been told nothing whatever of these clandestine excursions. On the next Monday he had a carriage waiting, and when the driver went out again he directed his lady to keep her veil in sight. In this way he followed her beyond the aristocratic precincts of the city, to a little house set back in a garden quite in the suburbs. A very handsome foreign-looking man met her at the door, and led her with many smiles into the house.  
Mark sent his carriage home, and in spite of the cold, patiently waited. After an interval of two hours Mrs. Downes' carriage returned, the same gentleman put her carefully into it, and she must have driven at once home, for when Mark passed the house she was sitting in her plain morning dress at the window, nursing his namesake. She ran to the door and begged him to come in, but Mark was full of his discovery, and answered, gruffly: "Ask George to come to see me after dinner; I have something to tell him."  
George heard what his godfather had to say, with a face half angry and half incredulous. "It must have been my wife's sister," he said.  
Mark laughed scornfully at such a delicate and moreover, stoutly asserted that it was Mrs. Downes, and not Mrs. Downes' sister. "Come on Thursday," and see for yourself, George."  
"If I do, godfather, it will not be because I suspect my wife, but because I am sure to prove you wrong."  
Still George thought it singular that he could not by the most ardent questioning get from his wife any allusion to these mysterious visits. At length he said to Emma, "I will call on Thursday afternoon, and we will go out to Aldborough Woods, and get the holy and majestic for Christmas. What do you say?"  
"I can't go Thursday, George, dear; I have so much to do."  
"What have you to do?"  
"More than I can tell you. Is it not near Christmas, and does not that imply all sorts of housekeeping duties? But I will go with you Friday, dear."  
George was a little cross at the refusal, and answered, gloomily, "No; he had lost the wish to go now." Then both were silent, and the evening was not a pleasant one. All the next day he told himself that he would not go and watch his wife Thursday; yet when the day came he was sitting with his godfather at the window. At the usual hour the carriage arrived, and Mrs. Downes, with her hair as elaborately dressed as if she was going to a state dinner at the bishop's palace, ran down the steps, and was soon driven rapidly away.  
"Well, godfather," he said, pleasantly, "that is Emma, certainly, and she is very remarkably dressed; but, for all that, I am sure she has some good reason for what she is doing. I believe I will wait until she tells me."  
"Don't be such a fool, George; go and question your servants."  
After a little reflection, George crossed to his own house and rang the bell. The housemaid seemed astonished at his appearance, and when he asked where her mistress was, said she had not seen her since she had taken her orders for dinner. Then George went up to the nursery.  
"Where is your mistress, Ann?"  
"Is she not in the parlour, Sir?"  
"You know she is not. Where did she go in the carriage?"  
"Indeed, sir, it is my business to mind the children; the mistress knows her own affairs, without the likes of me meddling in them."  
He turned round impatiently, went back to Mark Ripon, and got an accurate description of the house to which he had traced Mrs. George; and in half an hour the half-curious and half-angry husband stopped at the pretty cottage. All was quiet about it, there was no appearance of company, it looked almost deserted in its wintry garb.  
An exceedingly lovely woman, though evidently in frail and failing health, opened the door for him, saying, in an inquiring voice: "You want the signor, sir?"  
"No, I want to see Mrs. Downes; she is here, I believe?"  
"Ah, yes; she is here. If you will please to go up one stair. I am so weak and tired always."  
She pointed to the stairs, and George went thoughtfully up them. Half way there was a little landing and a door, and here he heard a strange musical voice, and then his wife's merry laugh to his observation. It

netted George; he knocked sharply, and before an answer could be given opened the door and went into the room.  
"Oh, George, how provoking! What made you come, dear?"  
His wife was sitting in all her bridal finery on a little elevated platform, and Signor Sarti was putting the last touches to a very lovely portrait of her.  
"I meant it for your Christmas gift, George, and you have peeped beforehand. Is not that too bad?"  
"Indeed it is, Emma." But Emma was almost satisfied with his peeping, so proudly and lovingly did he take her home.  
"How did you find me out, George?"  
"Oh, you are easy to find out, Emma. Of course I knew if you went out in a carriage, that you got the carriage at Morrell's. But how do you come to know this Frenchman?"  
"You think all foreigners are Frenchmen, George. He is an Italian, and so is his beautiful wife. He came from London to paint my lord bishop and the cathedral, and the signora was so much better here that he resolved to spend the winter in Yorkshire, and try and make enough to take her home to Italy in the spring. My lord asked me to have my picture done, and papa paid for it in order to surprise you. I think, George, dear, you had better not let papa know you have spoiled his surprise."  
George felt more and more sorry and humiliated as he looked in the pretty, frank face, and thought how cheerfully, after all, she had taken the forestalling of her Christmas secret. I will do as you say, Emma. Has the signor plenty of work?"  
"It is painting many of the principal ladies in the city. The bishop thinks very highly of him. Indeed, I have seen his lordship there at nearly all my visits."  
George let the subject drop now as quickly as possible to Emma; but he talked a good deal about it—and in no very good temper—to his godfather. For once Mark had no excuse for his suspicious. He was quite awed by the fact that he had dared to think wrong of interviews which the bishop had arranged and honored with his presence. He had lost faith in his own penetration regarding the sex, and George and Emma were quiet at some pains to convince him that good and true women are the rule, and not the exception.  
And though I cannot describe exactly how it came about, I know that the next Christmas Mark was the gayest old bachelor in Ripon, and opened the festival ball at George's house with Signor Sarti's handsome sister—the very same lady whom the bishop himself, very soon afterwards, made Mrs. Mark Ripon.—Harper's Weekly.

**Proverbs of Truth.**  
Always put your saddle on the right horse.  
An honest man's word is as good as his bond.  
An unlawful oath is better broken than kept.  
A man may hold his tongue at the wrong time.  
An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.  
An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of book learning.  
Borrowed clothes never fit.  
Better go round than fall in a ditch.  
Better go alone than in bad company.  
Be slow to promise but quick to perform.  
Bet or get to bed supperless than to get up in debt.  
Cut your coat according to your cloth.  
Charity begins at home, but does not end there.  
Diligence commands success.  
Doubt is the worst kind of poverty.  
Dependence is a poor trade to follow.  
Deeds are fruit, words are but leaves.  
Do unto others as you would have them do to you.  
Every couple is not a pair.  
Everything is good in its season.  
Everybody's business is nobody's business.  
False friends are worse than open enemies.  
Fortune knocks once at least at every man's door.  
Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters.  
Great barkers are no biters.  
Great gain and little pain makes a man weary.  
Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself.  
Home is a home be it ever so homely.  
Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper.  
Have your cloak made before it begins to rain.  
Idle folks have the least leisure.  
Live not to eat, but eat to live.  
Let not your tongue cut your throat.  
Lies are not to be believed when they speak the truth.  
Never split wood against the grain.  
Never make a mountain out of a mole hill.  
None are so deaf as those that will not hear.

One is not so soon healed as hurt. One eye witness is better than ten hearsay. One bad example spoils many good precedents. One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after. Patience and time run through the longest day. Quick at meat quick at work. Reckless youth makes rueful age. Strike while the iron is hot. Short reckonings makes long friends. Temperance is the best physic.

**Scenes From Real Life.**  
SCENE I.—A elder mill, with several small boys near it with long straws. The elder is nothing but apple juice.  
SCENE II.—A farmer's kitchen; an evening in winter, and a cheerful family group, with pleasant surroundings. Here are apples and nuts, and a pitcher of sparkling cider. "The elder has been kept sweet, you know, and preserved from fermentation." It foams at the top of the glass, and a small serpent lurks below. The father looks not perceive it, else he might withhold it from that, manly looking boy who drinks it so eagerly.  
SCENE III.—A first class drug store; a youth at the counter, tossing off a glass of soda water, with something to flavor it and give it an agreeable taste. Serpent here a little larger.  
SCENE IV.—A moat at a race looking place, called by various names, where larger beer is the beverage chiefly sold. This place does not resemble in the least those dens, where that vile "blacky is sold!" This is eminently respectable; all the fellows come here, you know. Lager does not intoxicate; best thing for the health, etc. Serpent still invisible.  
SCENE V.—Late at night in coil; a lot of "jolly good fellows" taking supper; wine flowing freely. If excessive be necessary they offer the following: "Where is the use of moping this life? We are not leaving a good time; we will sober down by-and-by, after we have seen our wild oats. There is a certain old-fashioned book, that is evidently not studied here, which contains the following precept: 'Look not upon upon the wind when it is red, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like aserpent, and stingeth like an adder.'  
SCENE VI.—The pleasant home of a talented young lawyer. An important case has come, entrusted to him, and he finds it necessary to write and study far into the night. Occasionally he stops his work to partake of the contents of a bottle which stands conveniently near. A plausible excuse is presented, which decides no one but himself. He finds it necessary now and then to take a small quantity of pure liquor, sufficient to act as a mental tonic; he needs this stimulus to arouse his brain to more vigorous action; he uses the finest and the best, and is able to say at any time, "This far, and no further." The serpent's fangs are securely fastened, and the poison is slowly working.  
SCENE VII.—A middle-aged man, with marks of the serpent's fangs in his countenance, accustomed to spend his evenings in the bar-room of a hotel where he often takes something to cool his fevered blood, or, if chilly, to send warmth through his veins.  
SCENE VIII.—One of those "vile dens." A bear-eyed man drinks glass after glass of a fearful mixture, and still the raging thirst is not quenched. The serpent's coils are tightening about him, and he is powerless to extricate himself.  
SCENE IX.—The home of a drunkard; the wife and children waiting in hopeless misery for death to end the sufferings of him who is torn with the agonies of delirium tremens. Death comes, but this is not the end. Another human soul has been wrecked on the shore of the great eternal future.  
"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."—E. E. BONNEY.—Our Union.

**A SLEEPY HORSE THAT BEAT THE FIELD.**—At the Dominion fair, says the Waverly Republican, a sleepy, poor, homely horse called Lotbar was entered in every race. He began by taking the 3 1/2 race, then 3 minute, 2:45, 2:40, and won two heats of the 2:35 race, when a protest was entered that he had a better record than the race he was trotting in. His driver looked the soft impeachment, and challenged proof. The judges called him up to the stand and swore him. About this time he had got his wharf up, and swore he would show them a trick worth looking at. In the third heat he let the sleepy horse out and beat the whole field easily, cutting each others out of the chance of second, third and fourth money. The swearing of the army in Flanders was nothing compared to those horsemen who were loped. The sir got so hot that Lotbar and his driver got in on the night with several thousand dollars in the pockets of the greasies who played with him. During the selling of pools the owner bought the field \$2 again \$5, and in the end scooped the whole business. The query is "Who is Lotbar, and where did he come from?" Nobody knows further than the owner said he came from Canada. At all events he is the swiftest of the swiftest horsemen in the State, and did it so handsomely that they did not discover it until he had got their money and was gone.

fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.  
He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtersgate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.  
Wholesome food, stout clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for, after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.  
But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the very poorest. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no home, no mother and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.  
Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his blighted and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own ideas was a fresh confirmation of it.  
But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a crusty old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, and he, being the latter grew up to manhood he gave him a great deal of anxiety. For George preferred the society of women and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.  
One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's face. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.  
George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay his expenses, if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's bank, and preferred a home." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.  
George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded all his advice and entreaties. He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly-increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a power which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.  
In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great pain in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed a woman universally to be.  
But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes that exception said to be contingent on every role, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.  
"Very well, ma'am," said Mark, suspiciously, to himself, "we shall see whether you confess to having been out to-day."  
So he went over to George's, played a rubber or two with his favorite, and tried every way to induce a confession to the drive in the rain; but the young wife would make no allusion to it. This was on Monday. On Thursday, at the same hour, the carriage came again, and George's wife went away in it. The next week she went out on three different days, and twice the weather being fine, he noticed that she wore her very best satin dress, the rich blue brocade that had been one of her wedding suits.  
The affair was beginning to look very black to Mark, for he had satisfied himself that George had been told nothing whatever