The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

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J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
TA LAW.
OTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER &c.
8th, - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

Charles J. Thomson,

Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia
Barrister, Proctor for Estates.

Agent for the Manufactures Accident & Insurance Company.

Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

J. D. PHINNEY.
Barrister & Attorney at Law.
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
RICHIBUCTO. N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, 1885.

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.,
Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,
SPECIALIST,
N DISEASES OF EYE EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street Moncton.
Oncton, Nov. 1st, 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,
DEY, - - - N. B.
Derby Nov. 15, 1890.

KEARY HOUSE
Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL)
BATHURST - - - N. B.
THOS. F. K, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for Commercial men.

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

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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 still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It it 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.

GOD SAMPLE MS
or Commercial Travellers, and Stabling on the premises
Chatham Jan. 1.

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

Solid Leather.

Call and examine my stock of SOLID LEATHER Boots and Shoes. No shoddy or paper stock will be kept by me. For sale at a small advance on cost. Also Overshoes.
E. O'DONNELL.
Newcastle, Oct. 3rd 89.

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.

The Subscriber begs to announce to his patrons that he has removed his tailoring establishment into the commodious store and premises lately occupied by Mr. B. Fairey, where he will keep on hand a stock of the

BEST CLOTHS

in the market, which will be made up in the Latest and Most Fashionable Style. Perfect Satisfaction given with regard to fit and make up. I also keep a stock a

NEW AND WELL SELECTED

Stock of Gents' Furnishings which will be sold at very low prices. Inspection invited. No trouble to show

GOODS

at any time

J. R. MCDONALD.
Newcastle, July 16, 1891.

IF You would Preserve Your Sight use D. HARRIS SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES,
To be had of
Messrs. H. Wetherson & Co.
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLERS
Sept. 7 NEWCASTLE N. B. 6m

COFFEE.

OUR OWN
Special Blend

COFFEE is Better than ever. We pay special attention to this line.

JARDINE & Co.
St. John

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Prompt returns made on consignments of merchandize. Auctions attended to in town and country.
Newcastle, Oct 1 1890.

GEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
NEWCASTLE, - - N. B

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.
Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle Aug. 11, '85

W. MORAN,
LOCKSMITH & BELLHANGER

Jobbing in Brass or Iron done in a workmanlike manner. Scales repaired and readjusted. Wire Screen Shutters made to order. Scissors and Pocket Cutlery sharpened.

Electric Bells and Speaking Tubes fitted up at reasonable prices.

CUNARD STREET—1d Auslow corner
Chatham, July 23, 1891.

I CURE FITS!

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

$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

OR. NERVE BEANS.

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that relieve and cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by overwork, or the errors and excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. They do not like other preparations advertised for Lost Manhood, etc., interfere with digestion; but impart new life, strength and energy in a quick and harmless manner peculiar to themselves.

Sold by all druggists at $1.00 a package, or six for $5.00, or sent by Mail on receipt of price. Address, The James Medicine Co., Canadian Agency, St. John, N. B.

Write for pamphlet. Sold in Newcastle by H. H. JOHNSON, Fountain Head Drug Store

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 P. 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

BAIRD'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND

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

CAUTION

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

FOR SALE.

A TWO HORSE POWER BAXTER ENGINE AND BOILER, in use in the Advocate Office up to three weeks ago. Having put in a six horse power boiler, and Four horse engine, have no further use for it. Will be sold low.
W C. ANSLOW
Newcastle, June 1, 1891.

Farmers.

Having made arrangements for handling the celebrated FERTILIZER manufactured by the Provincial Chemical FERTILIZER Co. I am now booking orders for spring delivery for their

Imperial Superphosphate
Special Potato Phosphate
And Bone Meal.

The FERTILIZERS will be ordered shortly, and all orders should be sent in at once.
P. HENNESSY.
Send for catalogue and convince yourself of their value.
Newcastle, Jan. 27. 4m.

PORK SAUSAGES.

John Hopkins.
86 Union Street St. John,
Sept. 8 1891.

Selected Literature.

FARMER JOHN.

Old John Sanborn—'Farmer John' his neighbors called him—was a very energetic and successful farmer in the great wooded belt of Central Wisconsin.

The heavy timber of nearly two hundred acres had melted before his brawny arm, and months at a time the ring of his heavy axe had accompanied the sun from its rising to its going down. Great farm buildings had risen slowly by the rude sheds which were first called home, and droves of sheep and cattle fed where the one cow and unbroken sheep first found pasture.

Farmer John had fairly met all the discouragements usual in pioneer life, and, aided only by his equally energetic wife, had honestly acquired a competence. That he was an honorable neighbor and a fair dealer none could deny, but, somehow, as the years passed and the farm was improved, there had grown up towards him on the part of his neighbors a feeling of distrust and aversion.

As a rule, they called him honest but 'close.' Some of them thought him selfish. 'The almighty dollar's all he's after,' was the often repeated remark of uncharitable neighbors, who, less thrifty and industrious than he, found it hard to feed their large families, much less accumulate stock buildings and machinery as Farmer John had done.

The fact was, when John Sanborn came into the new country times were exceedingly hard, and it required strict economy to make the few dollars he had brought with him from the east provide for his wants until he raised his first crop. A poor harvest and a still poorer market in the second year caused Farmer John to pinch almost to the verge of nakedness and starvation. A habit of closeness was thus formed which time did not diminish, and which grew in the eyes of his neighbors into a fault of the most exaggerated dimensions.

One little grave had been made during these troubled years, and another trouble, which we shall presently mention, had contributed to leave the old man as we find him—overworked, morose and selfish.

On this particular morning he seemed rather more surly and gloomy than usual. It was just as the spring work was beginning, and the never ending round of toil was swelling into even greater proportion than usual. On every hand, look where he would, there was something to be done, and to his business eye there was no more chance for a resting spell than there had been thirty years before.

'Something must be wrong, yes, something must be wrong,' he repeated to himself, as he walked up the wide lane leading to the old barn.

Something was wrong. Like a good many men who are anxious to do well, and have little to do with, Farmer John had saved and worked till he thought of nothing but saving and working. Ambitious as he was, he dreaded to see any of the boys start out in life unless he started well, and above all he could not bear the thought of one of them marrying into a family not well supplied with money or land. So when the oldest boy, Will, had reached his twenty-second year, and began to call occasionally on the Widow Baldwin's bright little Helen, it surprised no one to hear that his father bade him to stop going there or to leave the farm.

Will was deeply attached to the old place and had worked faithfully every day since he was big enough to pile brush. So one morning, when the old man found the breakfast a little late and Will's mother trying to hide the tears when she called him, he was not prepared to hear that he had gone—gone no one knew where.

Although in his heart the father felt as badly as anyone, he was still inexorable and declared that no boy of his should marry a beggar!—no, not if he never saw him again. So Will went away, and the autumn and winter came and went, and the spring's work was upon them, with all the extra labor Will's absence entailed.

Thus things stood when we find the old man talking to himself along the path to the great red barn. The boys had gone over to the hill pasture to repair the wall before turning in the stock, which, impatient to go, was still fed at the barn.

Farmer John had come up in the middle of the forenoon to look after things and carry back a jug of fresh water, and while there he stopped at the barn to feed out a little before going to the house. He had thrown some stalks over to the sheep and cows, shoved a bright bit of hay to the new bossy, and now, after giving old Kit all the oats she needed, found himself with a large forkfull left.

Just what to do with it did not seem to come to him at once, so mechanically leaning his fork upon the pile he sat down upon it. Yes, sat down to think, and the way he did it, and that he did it at all, showed he began thinking before he sat down.

That Farmer John should stop work and above all in the middle of a bright forenoon, was something quite out of the usual way of proceeding. Farmer John did not think much, and what thinking he did was generally done upon his feet; but whether this particular morning found him in a more troubled state than common, or the great pile of soft hay proved too much of a temptation for his tired legs, here we find him.

'Well well,' he exclaimed, as he removed the worn straw hat and rested the sunburned arms on his knees, 'there's no use talking! I've had almost all I can stand of this. It's nigh on to thirty years since we rolled up the old log stable that used to stand here, and sakes alive! we thought then I couldn't stand much more.'

Here he paused, and while the cool breeze through the great door fanned the wrinkled face, his mind seemed away back—back 'nigh on to thirty years.'

'Poor Mary!' and as he continued, a tender light came into the hard gray eyes. 'I can see her now as she stood that night after they were all gone. How good she was! how hopefully she talked! You'll soon have the roof on, John,' she said, 'and then you can take it easier. Shan't we be glad when 'tis all over with!' Yes, yes, we thought then that sometime it would be all over with; but that time never seems to come, never to come!'

The sunlight on the floor moved farther along. Little Bright had lain down for his mid day nap, and the gray head was bowed, and no fresh water found its way back over the hill to the boys.

Thus an hour passed. Then old Kit, who had stopped chewing, and with drowsy eyes was living over colthood days, was suddenly brought back to the present by the old man hurriedly getting to his feet.

'Beats all! beats all what I have been thinking about all these years!' he burst out. 'We've had enough and ter spare for the last fifteen of them, and here I am working them all to death and myself, too—for—well, for nobody knows what, I will stop it, yes, I declare I will! Mary is too old to work this way, and I oughter seen it before. I will turn over a new leaf, see if I don't!—half a dozen of them. Wilson can have that forty if he wants it, and if I only dared to, I would clear down ter Widder Baldwin's and tell them I am ashamed of myself, blamed if I wouldn't!'

Here he stopped a moment for breath then went on: 'Perhaps tain't jist the thing ter go poking down there without being asked, after all that has been said; but then I'll go, yes I will. They can't more than tell me to leave.'

Here the old man hurried out of the door and casting a side glance at the sun, at once set out for the kitchen door.

'No mistake,' he repeated, as he walked along. 'I was a little too hard on the boy. Will worked hard and was good to me, always was. I took a poor girl when I started and I've never seen a rich one I would trade for,' and on he went up the cool back steps into the kitchen.

'Mary?'

'Yes, John,' came from the cellarway, whence Mrs. Sanborn was bringing a large pan of potatoes, a half dozen turnips and a cabbage.

'What do you want, John?' she asked, placing the future dinner on the table and resting her hands on the sides of the pan.

'Oh, nothing.' Only wanted to know where ye was, kinder;' and then, seeing the worn look on the once handsome face added:

'Aint yer pretty tired, Mary?'

'Well, no, not more than usual, but somehow, John, I'm always tired nowadays.'

'Well, Mary, ye look tired, that is sartin, but I——' Here the old man found it hard to proceed, for visions of the Mary in the past and the Mary now, of the little Will and the Will of to-day came too vividly before his troubled gaze.

Mrs Sanborn noticing this hastened to ask if anything was wrong.

'Oh, no, do'no's there is. Thought I'd stop and rest a bit. Somehow I don't seem to stand as much this spring as common. But as I was going to say, I'm—I'm goin to turn over a new leaf, Mary, and—Will—Will didn't do so very bad, after all. You know I—I—'

Here the old man choked up again, and seeing the great tears starting to Mary's faded eyes, caught up the big dipper, and saying something about a cool drink at the spring hurried out. When he got to the spring he didn't drink at all, but leaving the dipper on the stones, passed out of the big gate into the road. Here he stopped looked up and down the way, went on a little, then stopped again

'Wonder if I had better. Can't hear from Will if I don't that is sartin.' Then after a moment's pause, 'Yes I'll go—go now! If it's put off, twon't be done, that's all. I can tell them just how it is. Mother is dying to see Will, and—well, yes, and I am, too, for that matter. I will tell them it was I made the rumpus. They will know where Will is, and I will know, too, before this road sees my boots again, see it I do not!'

With this he gave the old hat a vigorous jam to gain courage, and started off with long strides toward the clump of maples that hid the widow's cottage.

'Good morning, Wilson' he called to a passing neighbor. 'I would like ter speak to ye jest a moment.'

With a puzzled look the driver stopped and gazed earnestly at the old man.

'Well, Wilson, how about that forty acres—want it yet?'

'Want it? I supposed you knew I wanted it badly enough. But what is the use? I can't pay all down, and you can, so of course you will get it.'

'Well, I don't know about that, Wilson. It would square out your sixty, and make an even hundred. Yer ought ter have it, and can for all me. I've got two hundred now—and it is going ter kill me and all the rest of them ter run that. And about the money—ef ye ain't got nuff why I have, and jest as soon let ye have two or three hundred for a year or so as well as not. I'm in something of a hurry, Wilson, but mind, I mean what I say. Good morning.'

'Good morning' repeated the astonished Wilson, as with open mouth he looked after the retreating figure of the farmer.

'What under the sun has got into him—can it really be the old man? he thought to himself. Yes, there was no mistaking those home made suspenders—both fastened to one overworked button.

Though neighbor Wilson was completely thunderstruck, and rode with his head twisted round, looking after the object of his astonishment till he was nearly thrown from his wagon by a bad stump, he was still the happiest man in all the Badger State. Then he turned and drove furiously back home to astonish his family with the glad news.

All this time the cause of his past misery and present happiness was making good time toward the dreaded interview. He had not intended to stop again but a cheery 'Good morning, Mr. Sanborn,' from the yard of a poor renter near the maples, broke the current of his thoughts just as he was preparing himself to meet the worst.

'That you, Martha? Well good morning. I am in a hurry, but glad ye spoke after all. How would ye like going up and helping Mrs. Sanborn for a couple of weeks or such a matter, perhaps long er? That is if yer mother can spare ye. I'll do what is right by ye—two dollars a week if that will do. It is too much for Mary to feed and run us all. Go right up and help her to get dinner, ef ye can and I'll pay yer from this mornin'

The girl was as much astonished as neighbor Wilson had been. She had helped them once before in 'threshing time' and got only a dollar for a week's hard work. Compared with this, the present offer was dazzling. So before her employer was many rods away she was off with a light heart, to help at the great white house.

Naturally a bashful man, Farmer John as he opened the gate almost wished himself at work again in the pasture. But his mind was made up, and brushing the hayseed from his overalls, he readjusted the old hat, rolled down his sleeves and started.

The neat appearance of the walk and other evidences of thrift which abounded were not lost on the visitor. He knocked on the door and Mrs. Baldwin met him with a puzzled look on her face, but gave him a kindly 'good morning,' and when he entered Helen herself offered him the great armchair.

The pale face and troubled eyes of the girl were kind enough, but something in them sent a pang of pity into the old man's softening heart. He had always said it was only the money Will might get that made her partial to him, but during the day he thought there might be something else, and now he knew there was.

Pretty fair weather for the time of year, he at length said, after an awkward silence, in which the measured tick of the old clock seemed to gain in volume at every swing.

He would not have said even this had he known what the weather was, for a strong spring shower had been gathering, and was about to break upon the cottage. A moment later it did break, and what to do or say next the old man did not know.

When he came in they were about to spread the table for dinner, and after some delay country manners demanded that they should proceed. Farmer John watched them closely, hoping a third plate would not be laid on the snowy cloth. But it was placed there, and when the dinner was ready, Mrs. Baldwin, with a pleasant smile, asked him to sit up and eat with them.

In vain the old man declared he was not hungry—that he had just eaten a very late breakfast—and that he hadn't a very good appetite anyway. The rain kept pouring down, and in spite of himself Farmer John found himself seated at the table with Helen and her mother.

As soon as they were seated Mrs. Baldwin glanced quietly at her neighbor, and then proceeded to ask a plain, old-fashioned blessing. Farmer John had asked blessings—but that was before the new barn was built—for somehow during the hurry and worry of the time, blessings were often left out, and finally dropped altogether. To be sure they were renewed the spring little Ben's sleeping place was changed from the warm room off the kitchen to the narrow bed in the old orchard, but only for a year or so, and now it was never done.

Perhaps the old man's conscience was disturbed by the omission—we cannot say as to that—but somewhere in his crusty heart there was a lingering respect for those who did not omit it, that gave them a warm corner where warm corners were exceedingly scarce. Nor can we say whether it was this or the desire to say something in the right place that caused him at the close of the blessing to astonish his hostess with a very hearty amen.

Of course Mrs. Baldwin and her daughter were puzzled as to the object of the man's visit. Mrs. Baldwin thought possibly it was some matter of business, but his evident embarrassment about introducing it was inexplicable.

Helen, who never thought of John Sanborn except in connection with Will Sanborn, feared his visit boded no good for the absent boy.

But they had not long to wait.

'I do' know but I might jest as soon tell ye what I come for first as last. 'Tain't no pleasant job I know, but I felt as though I didn't do just right toward ye in the matter about Will, and I want to tell ye that I am ashamed of myself. ---I—I was too hasty altogether'

This was not exactly what he meant to say, but it was all he could say, and it had to do.

Mrs. Baldwin, greatly astonished, managed to say that there was nothing for him to be ashamed of. They always believed he did what he thought would be for the best and had no reason to think he had done otherwise in the matter. Helen was too much overcome to speak, but when the old farmer extended his hand and asked her to overlook the past and he would do better by Will, the dark eyes filled and the girlish form shook with emotion.

Farmer John had winked back a good many tears in his day, but this proved a little more of that kind of work than even he could manage, and one after another the great tears rolled down his face.

Mrs. Baldwin was about to make some further remark, when a step on the front stoop attracted their attention, and in a moment more Will Sanborn stood before the astonished trio. Helen sprang toward him the first, but Farmer John was a close second, and grasping him warmly by the hand extended a most hearty welcome.

An hour later the sun broke through the clouds, and shortly after two men could be seen dodging the puddles along the road leading by one of the best farms in Central Wisconsin. One of the men was a little bowed, with one hand resting on his back just where two wide knit suspenders met. The other a little taller, upright and strongly built, was trying to keep up with him. Which was the happier of the two it would have been hard to tell.

It is just four years to day since then and Will, with a strong hired man, is in the same back field, mending the old pasture wall. The other boys are away at school, and as we are passing so near the old farm house, let us peep into the open door of the long front room.

The two elder ladies by the window we have seen before. And the restful peace on the face of them tells that the time when 'it will be all over with,' has really come.

A young woman with dark earnest eyes is flitting back and forth to the kitchen helping the girl with the dinner, while every step is taken lightly, as off and on furtive glances are cast toward the well worn lounge in the corner. For don't you see a chubby 2-year-old, with a pair of gold-bowed spectacles in his dimpled fist, has fallen asleep on grandpa's arm, and grandpa is sleeping too?

We did not intend to say anything about the baby's name and will not. But you can always tell when the thin locks are pulled a little too hard by the way the old man says — 'Johnny!'—*Youth's Comp.*

Temperance.

THE AMERICAN SALOON.

BY H. L. WAYLAND, D. D.

We have among us a class of men who are above the law, who violate the law with impunity; who, if necessary, unmake the law; though it is true, as a general thing they find it quite as easy to allow the law to remain unrepealed on the statute-book, but simply to set it at naught.

This class includes a very large range of persons—the distiller, who lives in a palace, who is clothed in purple and fine linen, who on occasion dispenses an almost royal hospitality, who perhaps has a pew in the broad aisle, and whose contributions would be greatly missed; who is a patron of the fine arts, who has a gallery, admission to which is a prized privilege; whose patronage is sought by artists; who often subscribes large amounts to public objects; the brewer, who, in England, stands a good chance of becoming a peer of the realm, as already several of the fraternity have done, as Lords Burton, Hindlip and Ardilaun; and, along with these, Patrick O'Donohue whose stock in trade is a barrel of whiskey, or, more properly, a gallon of whisky extended to a barrel (for the gallon resembles the widow's cruse of oil in being susceptible of indefinite multiplication): and the keeper of the lager beer saloon, where politics are manufactured for the Teutonic voters who make up the ward. To these I might add the allies and salooms of these men the politicians, who are sustained by their money and by their votes, and who in turn give them such laws and such officials as they demand of the owners of real estate, who derive from them a rent such as no other kind of business could afford to pay; the wretched victims who are enslaved body, soul, and will, and who yield up at demand wages, home, wife, children, life, immortality; and the larger class of respectables who from indolence, from cowardice or from interest, allow all these things to exist. The distiller, the brewer, the retailer, and all those who are swayed by them, through the potent influences of ambition, avarice, appetite, and apathy all these I venture to class under the one name. The Saloon. And I affirm that the Saloon is the great law-breaker of our time.

The very existence of a saloon is the violation of the unwritten law of every community; the law that no one shall infringe on the rights of his neighbor. The very existence of the saloon robs all surrounding property of half its value; the vicinity of the saloon exposes to ruin the young along with their parents. The law does not allow a road, however useful and necessary, to be carried through without adequate compensation to the owner. And yet the saloon has no scruples in robbing me in a single day of half the value of my property. No one is allowed to put a bolt factory or a bone-boiling establishment or a manufactory of nitro-glycerine in the midst of a crowded city; but the saloon unhesitatingly plants itself wherever it will.

It is a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of all constitutions and all laws. The welfare of the community is the supreme law; and this law is perpetually violated by the saloon.

In the city of Philadelphia a Methodist church—all honor to the valiant followers of John Wesley and of John Wesley's Master!—proceeded against a beer garden in the neighborhood, and forced the proprietor to respect the laws which forbade sales on Sunday and sales to children. This action in a short time compelled the closing of the garden; and the man by this act silently acknowledged that his infamous business could live only by violating the law; that obedience to the laws, lax and imperfect as the laws confessedly are, would be fateful to his business. Out of this action of the Methodist Church grew the Law and Order Society, which has been a great blessing to Philadelphia.—*Homilist.*

READ THIS YE TOPERS!

WHAT THE REV. DR. PETERS FOUND BY ANALYZING BEER, WINES, AND LIQUORS.

(New York Herald.)

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, of the Bloomingdale church, at the Boulevard and Sixty-eighth street, gave an interesting lecture on 'Samples from Sample Rooms' last night.

Mr. Peters began by saying that in December he visited a dozen of the best kept liquor stores in the neighborhood and bought pint samples of their beer, gin, whiskey, brandy, port wine, sherry &c. These he had taken to expert chemists for careful analysis.

'In the sample of pure Holland gin' said he, 'we found neutral spirits, rotten corn, juniper berries, turpentine and vitrol. We dropped the white of an egg and an oyster, both easily digestible articles, into this compound and saw them shrivel up into hard stringy masses. This shows how nicely a drop of gin aids digestion.

'In the samples of fine old hand made Kentucky whiskey,' he continued, 'we found neutral spirits, glycerine, sulphate of zinc, chromic acid, creosote, unslacked lime and fusel oil. Now, fifteen drachms of fusel oil, evaporated in a box, will make the toughest cat you can put in that box insensible in less than an hour.

POISON IN ALL.

But the port wine, said Mr. Peters that rich, fruity drink which solid respectability is proud to take after dinner—that was the worst of all. What do you think we found in the best sample that I could buy? Well there was neutral acid, glycerine, licorice, zinc, mercury, antimony, salts of tartar and ether, muriatic acid and alum.

I have statistics to show that one hundred times more imported wine is sold than can be made from all the grapes in Oporto. It is the same with all other wines. Madeira produces 30,000 barrels of wine per year and America alone drinks 50,000 barrels of Madeira wine in that time.

In the best lager beer he could find, Mr. Peters said, there were discovered pepper, ginger, vinegar, capsicum, cream of tartar, acetic, nitric, citric, tartaric, sulphuric and prussic acids; nitric, phuric and acetic ether; spirits of nitre, the oils of vitrol, turpentine and caraway seed, cloves, japonic extract, bitter almonds, orris root, grains of paradise, Spanish juice, black berries, dried cherries, orange peel, coriander seed, white oak bark, tannic acid, fennel seed, cardamon seed, wormwood, benas, alum, sulphates of iron and copper, liquorice, opium, gentian, quassia, cocculus indicus, tobacco, litharge, logwood, marble dust, eggs, hartshorn, nutgall, potash, and soda.

'One ounce of whiskey' continued the speaker, 'is a good big drink. There are 128 of these in a gallon. Now, at ten cents a drink brings in $12.80 for what costs the saloon keeper $1.70.