



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. H. H. Hetherington

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A FATAL CARD.

How It Killed the Religious Department of the London Times.

When the Thunderer decided to devote one or more of its columns daily to an ecclesiastical department all England sat up and admired. The man chosen to conduct the column was a rather elderly and occasionally convivial younger son who for years had contributed church news to the paper, but had never dreamed that he should attain the extreme honor of actually becoming one of the editors of the Thunderer, that world shaking power. The promotion went to his head, made him dizzy. He saw himself a power on the land, one who perhaps would make or unmake ecclesiastical dignitaries.

On the morning of the announcement of the new venture the new incumbent came into town on his usual train from Surbiton, his head swimming with delight. At the foot of Ludgate Hill he met an old friend, whom he forthwith led into the Green Dragon bar.

"Arthur," said he, "we really must celebrate. What do you suppose has happened? Oh, you'd never dream it! Look! What do you say to that, old boy?"

"That" was a newly engraved card on which appeared this announcement: MR. CECIL APPLEYBY BOTSFORD-HETHERINGTON, The Thunderer.

"My word, old chap, it's the most delightful news I've heard in an age!" cried his friend. "Let's have just one more. Here's to you!"

Before he reached Temple Bar the ecclesiastical editor had met five other friends. To the fifth he observed: "D'ye know, Ned, with that card I could call on the archbishop of Canterbury. Yes, he'd see me immediately. Won't he? I card this. Indicates position 'I extraordinary responsibility' 'a dignity'."

Halfway to the office of the Thunderer Mr. Botsford-Hetherington hailed a hansom.

"Have you," he inquired, with much gravity—"have you a fast and well appointed cab? Yes? Very well, then. You may drive me to Lambeth palace."

At the palace a footman took one of the new cards and conducted the owner of it to a pleasant reception room, where he snuggled in a vast chair and instantly went to sleep.

The archbishop of Canterbury happened to be very busy with his chaplain, but at the sight of the card he felt sure that something of importance was at hand and sent his chaplain to inquire. That tall, slender, dark, ascetic gentleman strode slowly to the reception room and after a slight but decorous struggle succeeded in waking the caller.

"His grace," said the chaplain, "begs to know how he can serve the Thunderer?"

"Tell his grace," responded Mr. Botsford-Hetherington, "that I'm awfully busy thinking and I'm sorry I can't be able to see him till tomorrow. Very sorry."

Fortwith he relapsed into slumber. Two sturdy men deposited him in his fast and well appointed cab and ordered the driver to deliver him at the office of the Thunderer. There the ecclesiastical editor and the ecclesiastical department simultaneously vanished.

Truth Versus Politeness.

Ethel was going to take supper with a little friend.

"Now, dear," said her mother, "when you are leaving you must bid Marian's mamma good night and tell her you have had a very pleasant time."

When the little girl returned her mother asked if she had done as she told her.

"Not 'zactly, mamma," was the reply. "Marian took the biggest piece of the apple and spilled lemonade on my new dress, so I couldn't say what you told me, but I told her mother good night and said I guessed Marian had had a very pleasant time."—Judge.

Called Him In Writing.

A tourist in an out of the way region of England put up one night at an amiable old lady's cottage, the village inn being full. Now the tourist was very deaf, which fact he took pains to impress upon the old lady, together with instructions to wake him at a particular hour in the morning. On waking a good deal later than the time appointed he found that the amiable old lady, with commendable regard for propriety, had slipped under his door a slip of paper on which was written:

"Sir, it is half past 8!"

Her Husband's Business.

"Now, madam," said the gas man with the gray curl in the middle of his forehead after he had asked her twenty questions more or less apropos of her application for the privilege of paying for gas, "what is your husband's business? What is he doing now?"

"I can't be sure, of course," the woman replied, "but I have my suspicions. I had to divorce him before he died."

A Stinging Retort.

Wax Bend (proudly)—I am going in a necktie which I am assured cannot be told from real pearls. Brass Ring (sarcastically)—Aw, they're stringing you.

As a Caution.

Weeks—The true American always saves the under dog in the fight. Wise—Yes, and then gives him a swift kick for being chump enough to get into it.

In infants levity is a prettiness, in grown a shameful defect, but in old age a monstrous folly.

AVERTED A DUEL.

The Soft Answer That Was Returned to the Challenge.

Mrs. Minnie Walter Myers, in her "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast," gives an account of one of the last challenges to a duel which occurred in Louisiana. The affair was between M. Marigny, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Louisiana, and a Mr. Humble, a sturdy ex-blacksmith of Georgia, who had become a man of political consequence.

Mr. Marigny took offense at some remarks of the Georgian and sent him a challenge. The big ex-blacksmith was nonplused.

"I know nothing about this dueling business," he said. "I will not fight him."

"You must," said his friend. "No gentleman can refuse."

"I am not a gentleman," replied the honest son of Georgia. "I am only a blacksmith."

"But you will be ruined if you do not fight," urged his friends. "You will have the choice of weapons, and you can choose so as to give yourself an equal chance with your adversary."

The giant asked time in which to consider the question and ended by accepting. He sent the following reply to M. Marigny:

"I accept, and in the exercise of my privilege I stipulate that the duel shall take place in Lake Pontchartrain, in six feet of water, sledge hammers to be used as weapons."

M. Marigny was about five feet eight inches in height, and his adversary was seven feet. The conceit of the Georgian so pleased M. Marigny, who could appreciate a joke as well as perpetrate one, that he declared himself satisfied, and the duel did not take place.

STREET LIGHTS.

How Throughfares Were Illuminated in the Seventeenth Century.

Lighting the streets of a large city in olden times was a far different thing from the illumination of our thoroughfares now. In 1661 the streets of London were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns by every householder fronting the main road from nightfall to 9 o'clock, the hour of going to bed.

In the last year of King Charles II.'s reign one Edward Henning obtained the right to light the streets with lanterns placed over every tenth door from 6 o'clock on moonless evenings until midnight between October and April.

During the reign of Queen Anne in July, 1780, Mr. Michael Coke introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an act was passed which enjoined every householder to furnish a light before his door from 6 to 11 o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh night of each moon and the third after it reached its full.

In a few years a company was formed to light the street from 6 o'clock till midnight, each householder who paid poor rates being required to contribute for this purpose 6 shillings a year.

Gaslight, at its introduction in the beginning of the last century, presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of foreign ambassadors that they were vain enough to imagine that the brilliant lamps were a part of a general illumination to celebrate their arrival.

Light and Pain.

"Light is good for toothache," said the doctor. "Darkness is bad for it. If you are a toothache sufferer, haven't you often noticed how the pain in your jaw increases when late at night you turn off the lamp and try to sleep? Light, you see, is good for the toothache. There are a number of diseases it is good for—asthma, cold in the head, earache. These diseases in the dark all grow worse."

"Darkness is good for a sick headache and for neuralgia and for nausea. Haven't you noticed it? Light and darkness—they are remedies recognized at last, and today we prescribe them the same as we do quinine or aux."

Ignorance of Our Customs.

"What caused the litch in the progress of the courtship of Miss Coynerox by the duke?" asks one interested party.

"He got the idea that her father didn't have any money," explained the other.

"But couldn't he look the matter up?"

"He thought he had. The trouble was he looked at the tax duplicate just after the old man had finished swearing off his assessment."

One Way.

Child—Suppose I called you a mean old pig. What would happen? Governess—I should tell your father, and he would punish you. Child—And if I only thought it. Governess—No harm so long as you don't say it. Child—Then I only think it.

Consoling Her.

"Why do you wear that ridiculous hat?" he growled.

"Do you really think it ridiculous?" she replied graciously. "How lovely of you! I was afraid it wasn't quite the style."

Too Warm.

"And have you clothes for all cold mates?"

"Yes; except the one my husband mentions when he gets the bill."

If a man asks a candid opinion of a friend and gets it, it makes him mad.—Athol Globe.

A DREADFUL WEAPON.

The Slashing Sharks' Teeth Club of the Polynesians.

Clubs were the weapons of primitive and savage man. Ancient spears from Mexico are heavy, still, and along the side for the insertion of blades of bostidian—that is, volcanic glass. The Sioux club is a piece of wood, curving and widening away from the grip and terminating in a spheroidal head, which in modern times carries a long spike, while the blades of several butcher knives are commonly inserted along the margin. The national museum of the United States possesses a great variety of these shocking weapons, designed, the frontiersmen say, to "knock down the white man and then to brain him and cut him into mince meat." The Kingsmill Islanders and other Polynesians make dreadful slashing weapons by securing rows of sharks' teeth along a haft of wood.

These weapons vary from a few inches to sixteen feet in length, and it has been said that in all the range of weapons devised by mankind there is nothing more blood curdling to behold. They show how the sword may have been evolved from the club even by tribes unacquainted with the use of metals. African weapons, again, are exceedingly complicated owing to the acquaintance of the natives with iron. The standard club is converted into a sort of tomahawk by the addition of blades or into a primitive spear by the addition of a sharp spud. The plain clubs in the African area are used chiefly for throwing.

The small knobbed clubs, or "kerries," such as are found among the Kaffirs and other African tribes, are generally used as missiles. Whereas the club proper was soon brought to perfection among savage tribes and was long ago abandoned as a weapon of civilized warfare, the missile—typified by the thrown clubs or "kerries"—is still being improved upon in boomerangs, bows and arrows, crossbows and firearms.

BEETHOVEN AND BUSINESS.

Selling His Music Was Distasteful to the Great Composer.

An extremely interesting article which has appeared in a German musical and theatrical paper under the above heading contains the following statement, says a London exchange: Beethoven never bargained in the ordinary way. His fees for a composition were demanded briefly and in a decided manner, and he always pointed out when mentioning a price that he meant guineas and not sovereigns, or, rather, their equivalent in Austrian coin. In 1801 he wrote to a music firm at Leipzig: "Now the unpalatable business part is done with. I wish things could be managed differently in this world. There should be only one music publisher to whom the artist might take his work, knowing that he might ask a fee according to his requirements. As it is, he has to be partly a tradesman. Good heavens, how different and unpalatable this is!" But this pious wish was never fulfilled, and Beethoven had to remain "half a tradesman" to the end.

As a suggestion of how dedications are occasionally made, the following letter, which Beethoven wrote to the same publisher in 1802 from Vienna, is interesting:

"The lady in question can have a sonata, and I will do my best to carry out her aesthetic ideas. The price is 5 guineas (ducats), and for this she may retain the sonata for a year as her private property, but not for publication. At the end of the year the sonata becomes my property—that is to say, I have the right to publish it, and if she thinks it an honor she may ask to have the work dedicated to her."

This, from the business point of view of the lady in question is surely a tempting offer. At least, so the art patroness of today would think if she had a chance of suggesting to a Beethoven the "aesthetic idea" for a sonata, to retain such a treasure in her own hands for a twelvemonth and thereafter have it dedicated to her—and all for 5 guineas!

The Proper Word.

Reckoning from the standpoint of the lexicographer, Ruth, aged seven, committed an unpardonable assault on the king's English, but the seventy-five other persons living in that apartment house would swear that she chose the proper word. Ruth's comment concerned the vocal gymnastics of a lady who was learning to sing.

"She is having her voice difficulted," said Ruth, and every one of the seventy-five nerve racked neighbors echoed, "She is."

Three Signs.

Peculiarities of signs are a source of never ending delight to some people. One man reached his office grinning the other morning because on his way downtown he had seen three signs that read as follows: "Teddy Bears Retained," "Baby Carriages Retired" and "Umbrellas Recovered."

Defined.

"John," she said, looking up from the paper, "what is a political boom-crang?"

"Why, I'd define it," he answered, "as a roorback on the return trip."

His Idea of Luck.

Blotbe—Blotbe is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met. Blotbe—Then I suppose he is lucky in love. Blotbe—I suppose so. At any rate, he has never been married.—Philadelphia Record.



"Black Knight" Stove Polish

does away with all the dirty work of keeping stoves clean. No mixing—no hard rubbing. "Black Knight" is always ready to use—shines quick as a wink—and puts on a bright, black polish that delights every woman's heart. Equally good for Stoves, Pipes, Grates and Ironwork.

If you can't get "Black Knight" in your neighborhood, send name of dealer and 10c for full size can.

The F. F. BALLEE CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONT. 10A

Bought Out.
A. Ramsay.

The undersigned has bought out the entire stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions from A. Ramsay. I will sell at a reasonable rate, and will be glad to get a fair share of patronage from the people. For the remaining part of this month, all goods purchased amounting to over \$1.00 ten per cent. off for cash.

Dated December 8th, 1908.

WM. RAMSAY, REDBANK.
No. 11-1W.

OUR NEW TERM BEGINS
MONDAY, JAN. 4th.

We thank the public for the liberal patronage enjoyed throughout 1908. Arrangements have already been made which guarantee large classes for 1909.

Send for catalogue containing Terms, Courses of Study, etc.

S. Kerr
Principal

NO YOUNG MAN—
OR YOUNG WOMAN

should decide to attend a BUSINESS COLLEGE without first sending for a catalogue of the

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

ONE CENT is all that it will cost you for a Post Card to write for one

Enter any time

Address,

W. J. OSBORNE,
Fredericton, N. B.

Llanvair Hotel

R. D. CHAMBERLAIN,
Proprietor.
Jacquet River, N. B.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK

George McSweeney, Prop.
Moncton, N. B.

HOTEL MIRAMICHI

Opened January 1905.
Most Luxurious and Up-To-Date Hotel in Northern New Brunswick.
JAS. P. WHELAN, Proprietor.
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Features of
HOTEL MIRAMICHI

Telephone Connection in each Room
Artistically Furnished Rooms with Private Baths
Building is of Brick with Adequate Protection
Situation—The Heart of the Sportsman Paradise
Best Fishing Privileges on the North Shore
Provided
Imported Chefs
Fine Sample Rooms
Livery Stable in Connection
Rates \$2.00 and 250

Picture Frames.

All kinds of Picture Framing Done at Right Prices.

ROOM MOULDING FOR SALE

H. K. W. MALTBY,
No. 38—tf. NEWCASTLE, N. B.



JUST ARRIVED

All the latest shades of GREYS BROWNS and FAWNS, in Tweeds and Worsteds, which we will make up in the latest style.

OVERCOATING

all the latest goods, call and examine our goods before placing your order.

FIT GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.

P. RUSSELL,

Fish Building, Pleasant Street, Merchant Tailor.

OUR BEST OFFER

The Union Advocate
—AND—
The Family Herald and Weekly Star
Of Montreal,
\$1.50
For the two.

The UNION ADVOCATE will supply you each week with a complete budget of local news, reliable market reports, and everything of interest in this local territory.

The FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR of Montreal is the acknowledged best Family and Farm paper on the continent. No home can afford to be without it. To farmers it is simply invaluable. It interests one and all and is beyond question the best dollar's worth to be had.

The combination of the UNION ADVOCATE and the FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR provided you with the greatest amount of wholesome family reading and valuable information, and at the above price every home in this territory should take advantage of the offer.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Address your orders to

EDITOR UNION ADVOCATE.

Box 359,

Newcastle, N. B.