1889

The Union Advocate.

Board of Works

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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

VOL. XXII.—No. 50. Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 25, 1889. WHOLE No. 1142.

FLANNELS! FLANNELS!

EXTRA GOOD VALUE.

—oOo—

26 inches wide Grey Union Flannels, 12½ cents.
26 " " " Fine Twilled. 21 cents.
26 " " " all wool, Plain or Twilled 21 cents.
27 " " " " " 23 cents.
27 " " " " " 26 cents.
Also better qualities at 28 to 40 cents.
23 inches all wool white Saxony, 23 cents.
25 " do. " 26 cents.
26 " do. " 29 cents.
27 " do. " 34 cents.
These white Flannels are without exception the best valne ever shown.
Scarlet Flannels from 17 cents to 50 cents.
Navy Blue Flannels, all wool, from 28 cents.
Opera Twilled Flannels, in Pink, Cream, Sky, Garnet, 33 cents.
Cotton Flannels, from 8 cents, the very best value.

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

P. S. All goods marked in plain figures and one price only. Samples sent to any address.

Law and Collection Office
—OF—
M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.
☞ CLAIMS collected in all parts the Dominion.
Office:-NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Chatham, - - - N. B.
OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

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,
SPECIAL ST,
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Streets. Moncton.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World;
Barrister, Proctor for Estates,
Notary Public, &c.
Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.
OFFICE.
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B

Dr. R. Nicholson,
Office and Residence,
McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE.
Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.
OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.
Newcastle March 12, 1880.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.
March 28, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)
BATHURST, - - - N. B.
THOS. F. KEARY, - Proprietor.
This Hote 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 $1.75.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.
The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the pastt and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

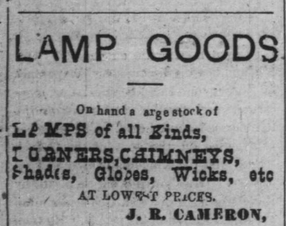
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
for Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises.
Oct. 12 1335.

Clifton House,
Princess and 143 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 6, 1885.

LAMP GOODS
On hand a large stock of
LAMPS of all Kinds,
CORNERS, CHIMNEYS,
Shades, Globes, Wicks, etc
AT LOWEST PRICES.
J. R. CAMERON,
63 Prince Wm. Street.
St. John Feb. 22, 1886.

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.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
The Subribers return thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had and at lowest rates for cash. Also B. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tops, as well as home-made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHRISTIE, & CO.



For sale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N.B.

BRISTOL'S
PILLS
THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY
For all Affections of the
LIVER & KIDNEYS

"I Heartily Recommend Puttner's Emulsion To all who are suffering from affections of the throat and Lungsand I am certain that for wasting Diseases nothing superior to it can be obtained."
"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Diseases for the last five years. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try Puttner's Emulsion. I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated, my cough diminished, my appetite improved I added several pounds to my weight in a short time and began to recover strength. This process continued until life which had been a misery to me became once more a pleasure. Since then, Puttner's Emulsion has been my only medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the Lungs and Throat, and I am certain that for any form of Wasting Diseases nothing superior can be obtained."
ROBT. R. J. EMMERSON.
Sackville, N. B., Aug. 18, '89.
BROWN BRO. & CO.
Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

The University of
Mount Allison College,
SACKVILLE, N. B.
James E. Inch, LL. D., President.
THE University of Mount Allison College, with its associate Institutions, the Ladies' College and the Mount Allison Academy, constitutes one of the most extensive, complete and thorough educational establishments in the Dominion of Canada. Students may enter either as regular Matriculants or as Specials who wish to follow chosen lines of study. Women are admitted to College Courses and Degrees on the same conditions as Students of the other sex. The domestic and social arrangements are pleasant, and the expenses moderate.
The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 29th of August and the 2nd term on the 2nd of January, 1890.
For further particulars address the President for a Calender.
Sackville, Aug. 1st, 1889. 3m.

THIS YEAR'S
MYRTLE
CUT AND PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
In Bronze on
Each PLUG and PACKAGE.

STEY'S
ESTEY'S
ESTEY'S
ESTEY'S
IRON
IRON
IRON
IRON
A
A N D
D
QUININE
QUININE
QUININE
QUININE
TONIC,
TONIC.
TONIC.
TONIC.

YOUR BLOOD wants toning up. You have no appetite and what you do eat distresses you. You are low spirited and languid. You are nervous, and at nights roll and tossson your bed and cannot sleep. This is all caused by your system being run down and requiring something to brace it up, and make you feel all right again. To secure this you should take

ESTEY'S
Iron and Quinine Tonic,
After using for a short time you will find
Your appetite improved, your spirits become more cheerful, and you feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your body is being braced and renovated.
ESTEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC
Is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles $2.50.
Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Moncton, N. B.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Selected Literature.

BUTTONS.

"Where's Buttons, Mary?" said little Alice Smith, the cash girl in a Fourteenth street dry goods store to her friend, Mary Simmons.

Mary blushed and looked guilty, although she hastily disclaimed any knowledge of the person alluded to.

"How should I know where he is? I don't even know his name. I can't imagine why you girls are always teasing me about him." And Mary petulantly went on with her work of rearranging the disordered showcase and with feminine tact displaying the newest goods in the most conspicuous places.

But, despite her disclaimer, pretty Mary was thinking more about "Buttons" than she was willing to confess. In fancy she could see his broad shoulders and the half bashful, half conscious smile on his face as he appeared before her counter on the previous week. He certainly was a strong young man. She could tell that by his brown, muscular hand. And besides there was such an honest look in his eyes. She recalled his hesitation, too, when he asked for the buttons, from which the girls had nicknamed him, and Mary argued from his ingenuousness and his respectful manner that he must be entirely different from the young men whom she encountered on her way home at night and whose bold glances of admiration always made her blush.

A hundred times a day Mary found herself looking down the long store toward the door, expecting and even hoping, although she did not confess the hope to herself—that he would come again. Twice he had been there already, and, to tell the truth, he had bought enough buttons to keep him in those useful articles for five years. What he could want with so many buttons was more than Mary could divine.

In anticipation of his coming Mary arranged and rearranged the buttons in the case. There was an almost endless variety of buttons. China shirt buttons, bone coat buttons, wooden buttons covered with cloth; glass buttons, iris tinted, reflecting the gaslight in gleaming rays. But not one of these shone so brightly as the eyes which had met hers over the counter for one brief moment and then had been hidden by the long lashes which dropped over them.

The chances of his coming back seemed very small indeed to Mary when she remembered that he had bought two cards of shirt buttons and enough trousers buttons to start a small store.

"I wonder if he is going to sew them on himself?" said Mary to herself, a smile indenting two dimples in her cheeks. "If he does, he will have buttons all over him."

In fancy Mary could see him sitting in his shirt sleeves with a slender needle between his clumsy thumb and forefinger, trying to fasten a button on his shirt. She could see it all. The compressed lip, the slip of the needle as it stole under his thumb nail, the muttered imprecation; and she laughed at her thoughts in such a merry way that the floor walker censured her, and she resumed her work with a conscious blush.

But the memory of "Buttons" gradually faded from Mary's mind as the weeks went by. He did not put in an appearance again, and as the girls stopped their chaffing there was nothing left for the interest to feed upon. Then came the anti-poverty fair, in which a great many of the girls were interested. Their sympathetic hearts were attracted by the golden hopes of a possible era when all want, all misery, all poverty would be done away by the new theories which were so rife in this city. What comforts, new dresses, unlimited ice cream and peanuts were contained in those magic words "anti-poverty!"

And so, urged on by her desire to help the community at large, and perhaps hoping just a little that she was going to be benefited personally by the movement, Mary entered into the fair with all the zeal of a zealot.

She was assigned to take charge of a stand containing articles of vertu and bric-a-brac, and in addition to these was an assortment of sleeve buttons, a most beautiful array, made of gold, pearl, onyx, and some inlaid with precious stones.

Every night after the store closed Mary hastened, sometimes very tired and footsore from standing all day, to Madison Square garden. There were prettier girls than Mary behind some of the counters, but none with a more demure and winning manner, none with a more sunshiny smile or brighter eyes, and so the table over which she presided had no lack of customers.

One night when the band was playing and the bunting shining in the gaslight Mary looked up and found "Buttons" confronting her. As their eyes met he stammered:

"Oh, excuse me, miss. I didn't know it was you. I just called around to see if—it"—

"If what?" said Mary, kindly, anxious, to relieve his embarrassment.

The young man fingered his cane uneasily, and carefully averted his gaze from Mary, for he could feel that she anticipated his want. Then he mustered up courage and blurted out:

"If you had any buttons!"

Before she could reply he added hastily:

"The fact is that those shirt buttons I bought of you down at the store had such small eyes that I could not get the thread through them. It may be that the thread was too coarse. But, confound it all," he continued, his embarrassment melting away before her assuring and sympathetic smile, "I've had to pin my shirt collar together ever since I came to the city. Besides that, you can imagine what a job it is for me to pin one of these stiffly starched collars around my neck!"

"But I thought gentlemen were in the habit of wearing collar buttons," said Mary, with a reassuring glance.

"So they do here in the city. But when I left Otsego county my mother made me half a dozen new shirts in the old fashioned way, and perhaps I—I—I"

Here he colored up again, and Mary came to the rescue with:

"Of course, you like to wear the shirts because your mother made them. I'll tell you how you can fix it. Bring the shirts down to the store to-morrow and I'll get a poor woman to fix the button holes in the shirt so that you can use collar buttons."

He stammered out his thanks and, bewildered by the glamour of the bright eyes which beamed so kindly upon him, he bought a $3 red velvet album, for which he had no use and which suggested each time he looked at it as it lay in his bedroom the dainty hands which had wrapped it so deftly in the paper parcel, the string and the paper of which he had hidden away in his valise.

Mary was not aware of it, but that night when she boarded a Madison avenue car to go home, a tall, swarthy young man, with a bundle under his arm, stood by the driver on the front platform. When she alighted at Grand street she was unaware that behind her, dodging along in the shadows, came the young man and the bundle.

How her heart would have fluttered had she known that when she lit the night lamp in her chamber its gleam was watched by a pair of dark eyes in the street below, and that only when a puff of breath from her rosy lips put out the shimmering flame did lingering footsteps die away upon the pavement in the direction of the Bowery.

But the next night found "Buttons" at the fair. This time he brought the shirts with him, and was even bold enough to ask Mary to go to supper with him. But he had not courage enough to ask if he could accompany her home.

Did Mary send the shirts to the poor woman whom she had spoken of? Oh, no; as tired as she was on arriving at home she sat up until 1.30 making button holes in "Buttons'" shirts. And while she was snipping with her scissors, and her needle was flying in and out, her lover was pacing back and forth on the opposite side of the street, his heart on fire with the delirium of love.

Those were pleasant days for Mary. Her eyes took on a new luster, her cheek assumed a more roseate hue. The elixir of love had animated her with new life. All day she hummed under her breath:

Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain;
Just a little happiness,
Just a little pain.

At last one night just before the fair closed, "Buttons" mustered up enough courage to ask if he could accompany her home. His excuse was that the night was wet and she had no umbrella, and she consented, so shyly, oh, so shyly, and suggested that as the fair closed early they should walk. As they went down the Bowery with its brilliant shop windows and the sidewalks shining in the light it was necessary to walk close together because the crowd was so great and the umbrella was small.

It was curious, but neither had eyes for the dazzling scene along the route. "Buttons" beguiled the way with the story of his life. He told her—and she listened carefully fearful that she might lose a word—how he had come to the city from Otsego county and was fortunate enough to secure a job as a blacksmith in a railroad car shop. His name was Tom Murphy. He had a good trade, and one of these days he intended to get married if he found a girl who was willing to take a homely fellow like him. Here Mary archly said:

"Why, I don't think you're homely."

Tom gave her hand a squeeze, just a little one, and then they walked in silence for awhile and at last arrived in front of her father's house.

"I can't ask you to go in," she said, in a deprecating manner, "because it's too late. But can't you come around some other night?"

Could he! Could the stars shine! Could a duck swim! Well, he should rather guess he could! But there was a little matter he wanted to mention. Here he became strangely silent, and held her hand while the rain fell with a slow drip on the umbrella.

"What is it? she said, palpitating like a frightened rabbit."

A big lump came up in Tom's throat and a mist swam before his eyes. He turned pale as he placed his hand beneath her chin and raised her drooping head so that he could look into her eyes.

"I was wondering," he continued, in an unsteady voice, "if you would be willing to give up selling buttons and devote your whole time to sewing buttons on my clothing!"

"Oh, Tom!" she said, struggling to get away. But he held her fast and for an instant the Irish frieze overcoat and the waterproof were pressed close together by a sturdy blacksmith's arm. A gust of wind came around the corner and carried the answer away, but it must have been favorable to his wishes, for Tom astonished the Italian chestnut vender on the corner by buying out his whole stock and otherwise acting like a good natured lunatic.—New York Evening *Sun*.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem in the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

Temperance.

THE HAVOC OF DRINK.

Father Burke in an address before the New Jersey Catholic Total Abstinence Union, narrated the following, illustrative of the awful havoc made by strong drink:—

"I was on a mission some years ago, in a manufacturing town in England. I was preaching there every evening and a man came to me one evening after a sermon on this very subject of drunkenness. He came in—a fine man—a strapping, healthy, intellectual-looking man. But the eye was almost burned in his head, and was glassy. The hair was steel grey, though the man was comparatively young. He was dressed shabbily, with scarcely a shoe to his feet though it was a wet night. He came in to me excitedly after the sermon, but the excitement had something in it. He told me his history.

"'I don't know,' he said, 'that there is any hope for me; but still, as I was listening to the sermon, I must speak to you. If I don't speak to some one this heart will break to-night.'

"Twenty years before, he had amassed in trade £20,000. He had married an Irish girl—one of his own race and creed, young, beautiful and accomplished. He had two sons and a daughter. He told me that for a certain time everything went on well. At last, he said, 'I had the misfortune to begin to drink; neglected my business, and then my business began to neglect me.

"'The wife saw the poverty coming, and began to fret and lose her health. At last when we were paupers, she sickened and died. I sat by her bedside. I was drunk when she was dying.

"'The sons—what became of them?'

"'Well,' he said they are mere children. The eldest of them is not more than eighteen, and they are both transported as robbers to Australia. I sent the girl to school, where she was well educated. She came home to me when she was sixteen years of age, a beautiful woman. She was the one consolation I had, but I was drunk all the time. Do you ask about that girl?' he said, 'what became of her?' and as if he was shot, down he went with his head on the floor. God of heaven! God of heaven! she is on the street to-night—a prostitute!' The moment he said that word he run out. I went after him. 'Oh no, no!' there is no mercy in heaven for me. I left my child on the street! He went away cursing God to meet a drunkard's death.

"He had sent a broken-hearted mother to the grave; he sent his two sons to perdition; he sent his only daughter to a living hell, and then he died blaspheming God."—*National Temperance Adv.*

WHICH WILL YOU TAKE?

Entering the office of a well-known merchant, I lifted my eyes and found myself confronted with the brightest and most thrilling temperance lecture I ever steered myself against in the whole course of my life. It was an inscription marked with a pen on the back of a postal card nailed to the desk. The inscription read as follows:

WHICH?
WIFE OR WHISKEY?
THE BABIES OR THE BOTTLE?
HOME OR HELL?

Where did you get that, and what did you nail it up there for? I asked the merchant.

"I wrote that myself and nailed it up there," was his reply, "and I will tell you the story of that card. Some time ago I found myself falling into the drinking habit. I would run out once in a while with a visiting customer or at the invitation of a travelling man, or on every slight occasion that offered. I soon found that my business faculties were becoming dulled, that my stomach was continually out of sorts, my appetite failing, and a constant craving for alcoholic stimulants becoming dominant I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead. One day I sat down at this desk and half unconsciously wrote the inscription on that card. On looking at it upon its completion, its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it up there and read it over a hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober, and I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see how startling is its alliteration. Now, I have no literary proclivities and I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings every time I look at it. The first is a voice from the altar, the second from the cradle, and the third and last from——."

Here my friend's earnestness deepened into a solemn shaking of the head, and with that he resumed his work.

I don't think I violate his confidence by repeating the story of that card. In fact, if it should lead to the writing of similar cards to adorn other desks I think he will be immeasurably gratified.
—Saturday Evening *Call*.

GIN TRAFFIC.

By prohibiting the many and licensing the few, the state is guilty of fostering monopoly.

But making it criminal for the many to sell and licensing the few, the state sanctions and legalizes crime.

In depriving the citizen of his personal liberty, in protection of the States, in a multitude of cases infinitely less warrantable, and upholding license as necessary to the preservation of the personal liberty of the citizen, the State is guilty of arrant hypocrisy.

In granting license only upon the payment of a fee vastly larger than the tax imposed upon dealers personally in other commodities, and justifying it upon the ground that the licenses ought to pay it in order, in some measure, to make good the damage it inflicts upon civil society, the State is guilty of bribe taking and compounding crime.

The license exists. It exists not simply by the toleration, but by the express will of the State. The State is, therefore, directly responsible for it. The State is a *particeps criminis* with its license.

But, who constitute the State? Its citizens. Every citizen, therefore, who does not raise his voice and cast his vote and exert his influence against it cannot exonerate himself from his share in the guilt.

HON. CHARLES S. WOLFE.

PRACTICAL PROHIBITIONIST.

If report be true Father Cordeau, the French parish priest now officiating in the region round about the Joggins, Cumberland County, has a practical way of dealing with the liquor question. Finding that habitual drinking was a weakness too prevalent in the neighborhood, especially among the Acadian workingmen, and that the houses where liquor was sold were for the most part kept by members of his flock, he took occasion to denounce the traffic from his pulpit. He ended his discourse by commanding the liquor sellers to close up their business within a certain specified time. As a result of this peremptory order it is said that liquor can only be had in one house in the large and populous parish. This establishment is kept by a man of another faith.

HIGH LICENSE.

The *Christian Standard*, of Philadelphia says: "High license defeated prohibition in Pennsylvania; but, under the decision of our Supreme Court, how about 'high license' now? If you help the devil to win this last battle, don't waste your time in useless sighs. Fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, children, widows and orphans, can do that for you. This is the way 'high license' and every other wrong pays in the end." The defeat of prohibition in Pennsylvania was a victory for high license, and a victory for high license is a victory for the devil every time. Some honest people may not see this now, but it will not require more than ten years of high license rule to demonstrate it so plainly they cannot but help see.

JAIL NEWS.

Here is a significant paragraph from the *Democrat*, published at Tyler, Texas: "Kansas has 100,000 more people than Texas. Kansas has one penitentiary with 999 prisoners. This is the result of prohibition. Texas has 100,000 less people than Kansas and has the liquor traffic. Texas has two large penitentiaries with 3,000 convicts. The spring court will send about 500 more."

The receipts of the New York saloons are said to aggregate the enormous sum of thirty millions of dollars a year.

Correspondence.

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, Sept. 17.

The Postmaster General's order for a return of the newspapers carried through the mails caused some newspaper correspondents to state that it was the intention to repeal the law giving free carriage to newspapers. This is not the case. The return is asked for merely for the purpose of statistics.

THE CENTRAL CANADA FAIR.

There is no concealing the fact that outside of the live stock the various departments of the Ottawa Fair were not at all well filled. The attendance was pretty good and will enable the directors to balance the sheet but nothing more. A tight squeeze, but then this was only the second year and experience is needed to run a big fair. The weather was on its very best behavior. Not a drop of rain during the entire week. The biggest day was Thursday when 21,000 people attended.

MANITOBA'S TASK.

I was talking with Attorney General Martin of Manitoba on Friday as to the situation in that Province. The last *Gazette* was printed in English only and this, said Mr. Martin shews the determination of the government to abolish the dual language system in official printing. Next session will also see legislation looking to the abolition of separate schools. Mr. Martin is the biggest man in the Greenway ministry and as a Regina editor put it once he takes hold he never lets go except to spit on his hands. Of course Manitoba may pass legislation but the Ottawa government may intervene with its veto and another struggle between Winnipeg and Ottawa begin.

THE YEAR'S FINANCES.

The financial results of the last fiscal year ending June 30 are now known. The revenue as compared with the year previous was as follows:

Service	1888-9	1887-8
Customs	$23,727,256	$22,105,926
Excise	6,848,534	6,071,487
Miscellaneous	$7,590,138	$7,731,050
Totals	$38,175,928	$35,908,463

The increases, therefore, are: Customs $1,621,330; Excise $787,048.—There is a decrease in Miscellaneous, which includes Post office and Railways, of $140,000. The Post office revenue fell off $145,000 during the year.

The year's expenditure was $36,712,804 leaving a surplus of $1,463,124. The estimates voted by Parliament have been exceeded in expenditure $137,000, but the expenditure was $5,000 less than the previous year. The surplus counted on by Mr. Foster in his last Budget speech was $1,900,000.

SIR JOHN'S GRATITUDE.

The Premier has written a letter to Mr. Adamson of Port Hope, complimenting him upon the skill with which he managed his horses during the torchlight procession at the unveiling of the Williams monument. Mr. Adamson drove the fireworks wagon and when the fireworks prematurely exploded the runaway chariot of fire took the fender of the Premier's cab. As he now tells Mr. Adamson the occurrence might easily have terminated fatally for Sir John Macdonald.

THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

It has been ascertained that under no circumstances will Hon. Edward Blake resume lead of the Opposition during the life of the present Parliament at all events. Mr. Laurier has therefore definitely accepted the full responsibility of leader ship. Should he succeed he will be Premier, but should he fail the Opposition in the next Parliament will be led by Sir Richard Cartwright.

Mr. Laurier begins a forensic tour of Ontario in a few weeks, because the politicians realize that the complexion of the next Parliament depends on this Province.

NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Sir John Thompson told a knights of labor deputation that the Combines Act was no danger to the labor unions.

The August revenue is in excess of the expenditure two million three hundred thousand dollars.

The net public debt of Canada on August 31 was $236,627,000.

The Northwest Assembly is called to meet Oct. 16.

Chief Justice Sir Wm. Ritchie is appointed Deputy Governor during Lord Stanley's absence. His Excellency left Quebec yesterday en route to British Columbia. Sir James Grant will be on hand in case of sickness, and Fred Villiers, artist of the London, Eng., *Graphic* will draw pictures by the way.

Chief Justice Armour, who held Assize here last week, is strongly in favor of a divorce court for Canada, taking away the cases from Parliament. He would give such a court jurisdiction to grant decrees for sundry causes such as drunkenness and cruelty.

The unseating of the Liberal member for Haldimand, Mr. Colter makes two vacancies in the Commons, Richilean, Que., is the other.

Col. O'Brien and Mr. John Charlton will speak in Ottawa at a Fifth of Nov. demonstration.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.