Board of Work

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

VOL. XXIII.—No. 41. Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, July 23, 1890. WHOLE NO. 1185

THE LARGEST IMPORTATION YET.

Nearly two Car Loads OF FURNITURE.

During the past few days, I have received and now ready for Inspection the largest and best selection of Furniture ever shown on the North Shore.

The goods are direct from the very best Manufacturer of Upper Canada, and for style, price and workmanship they cannot be equalled. Among this large and varied assortment is the following:—

19 Bed Room Sets from $20.00 to $60.00, Walnut with White Marble Tops from $42.50 to $55.00.

7 New Designs in Parlor Suits in the New Damask with Plush Trimmings from $42.50 to $75.00.

Also Lounges, Sofas, What Nots, Centre Tables, Ramie Chairs, Matrasses, Pillows, Extension Tables, &c., &c.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Newcastle, July 5, 1890.

Law and Collection Office.

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 Street Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 12 '88.

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 & CREAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.

Newcastle March 12, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL,)

BATHURST, - - - N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, - 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 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.

Richibucto Drug Store,

W. MacLaren, - Proprietor.

Dealer in

Drugs,

Patent Medicine,

Toilet Articles,

Smokers' Goods, etc.

Prices Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Richbuc Feb. 11, 1889.

BRICK FOR SALE.

70,000 Good Hard Brick, for delivery by either rail or water.

Apply to

CHAS. VYE, Jr.

South Nelson Road,

Northumberland.

March 25, 1890

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.

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 past 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.

Chatham, Jan. 1, 1890.

Teacher Wanted.

A first or second class female teacher is wanted for District No. 7, town of Newcastle. Apply to

J. R. LAWLOR,

Secy. to Trustees.

Newcastle, July 7, 1890.

PLASTERING.

John Leslie, Newcastle, is prepared to do all kinds of plastering, whitewashing, etc. Orders left with Mr. George Stables will be promptly attended to.

JOHN LESLIE.

Newcastle, June 17, 1890.

Miramichi Steam Brick Works.

The Subscriber wishes to call attention to the

BRICK MANUFACTURED

By them which are of large size, 18 to the solid foot and perfect in shape and hardness. All orders attended to promptly.

Telephone Exchange, No 4, Nelson.

Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, or can be got at the store of Mr. Wm. Masson, Newcastle.

G. A. & H. S. FLETT.

Nelson, Miramichi, N. B., Feb. 20, 1888.

Dental Notice.

Dr. Cates, DENTIST.

To my patients and patrons in and about Newcastle I would say that I have given up the rooms over Mr. Kethro's, formerly occupied by me as a dental office, but will on my return to town resume business in rooms more suitable for my work. The notice will be given in this paper.

Newcastle, April 18th, 1890.

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES AROUND? ANSWERED TO THE EYE AS NEVER BEFORE

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $8 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

PAINTING, Paperhanging, &c.

M. C. Conroy takes the liberty of informing the public that he is prepared to do Painting, Paperhanging, Glazing, Staining, Hardwood Finishing, Calsomining &c.; old painted Furniture repainted as good as new. Orders may be left at M. Bannon's Store, or Box 53 P. O. Boarding House near station.

Newcastle, June 3, 1890. 3mp'd.

Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo will leave Newcastle every Tuesday afternoon for Douglastown, and will stand in Chatham every Wednesday as usual. Thursday mornings commencing June 19th he will take the early train for Blackville, where he will stand Thursday until 6 o'clock, and then travel as far as Schofield's Thursday evening, where he will remain until Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, returning to Newcastle same day.

James Conway, Groom.

Newcastle, June 9, 1890.

N.Y.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP COMPNY.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP

VALENCIA,

1600 TONS, (CAPT. F. C. MILLER),

Leaves ST. JOHN for NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass.

EVERY FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.,

(Eastern Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 49 East River, Clinton, Street, New York, every Tuesday at 5p. m.,

for Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points South and West of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces. Cheapest Fares and Lowest Rates.

Shippers and importers can save TIME AND MONEY by ordering all goods to be forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York.

or FRANK ROWAN, Agent, 228 Prince William street, St. John.

Public Notice.

A Meeting of the Liberal Association of Newcastle, will be held at the Liberal Hall, Newcastle, on

FRIDAY EVENING

of each week until farther notice.

All Liberals are requested to attend.

E. P. Williston, Secretary.

P. Hennessy, President.

Newcastle, 15th March, 1890.

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.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Messrs. Adams & Pineo

respectfully notify the people of Newcastle and the surrounding country that they have opened a

New Merchant Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT

in Messrs. Outland & Creghan building, Newcastle, where they are prepared to make up

STYLISH AND WELL FITTING CLOTHING

at moderate charges. Call and examine our Samples.

ADAMS & PINEO.

Newcastle, Oct. 29, 1889.

Brandram Bros. & Co.

WHITE LEADS, --AND— COLORED PAINTS,

25 TONS

Now in Store at Lowest Prices.

W. H. Thorne & Co.,

Market square.

St. John, N. B.

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; persist until a cure is effected. As a general rule, improvement follows shortly after beginning the use of this medicine. With many people, the effect is immediately noticeable; but some constitutions are less susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Perseverance in using this remedy is sure of its reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.

"For years I suffered from scrofula and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—C. N. Frink, Decorah, Iowa.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

ESTEY'S.

Iron & Quinine Tonic

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine with vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teath, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron Medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food relieves Heartburn and Belching, and, strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine have my trade mark and signature. Take no other.

Prepared only by E. M. Estey, Moncton, N. B.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier

OF THE

BLOOD AND HUMORS

TO BUILDERS AND JOINERS.

Having Received a lot of Byam's Patent Common Sense Sash Balance and Automatic Centre Rail Sash Lock, I wish to call the attention of Builders, Joiners, and others to the above patents as being simple, useful durable and cheap as compared with the old style of Cords and Weights, call and see model.

WM. MASSON.

Newcastle, May 27, 1890.

Boneless Ham,

BOLOGNAS,

PRESSED TONGUE,

Cooked Pressed Ham.

Prime Suet.

JOHN HOPKINS.

186 Union St., St. John, 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.

### A SMART LASSIE.

It is many generations ago since the miller, who managed the mill which was attached to the Abbey of Sweetheart, in the parish of New Abbey, Kirkcudbrightshire, had gone forth one Sabbath morning, accompanied by his family, to attend divine worship at a neighboring church, leaving as the sole occupants of the mill a buxom servant lass, named Janet, and his youngest child, a little boy, who was too young to be taken along with the others. Jenny was a strong, intelligent and quick-witted girl, whom the worthy miller had brought up from infancy, and who regarded him with the most intense affection on account of his many, and unvarying kindnesses.

Janet, after a time, became busily engaged in preparation, of a culinary nature, for the return of the church-going party, when she was surprised, and by no means disagreeably so, by the entrance of a visitor, in the person of a quondam sweetheart of hers, named Rerrick Lochdee. This "Rerrick" was a disgraceful idle and wicked scamp, who had, through his misdeeds, been forbidden by the honest miller ever to set foot within his door, but his very wrong-doings, combined with the fact that every one seemed to despise him, simply created in the ingenuous bosom of Jenny an honest feeling of solicitude, not unmixed with sympathy, for one who was really an irreclaimable blackguard. Jenny appeared to be and really was delighted to see Rerrick, and, telling him so, soon placed a good dinner before him, and whilst he was eating, endeavored to divert him with the latest gossip of the neighborhood. As he was discussing his ample meal, he, as if by accident, let fall his knife, and then turned to Janet saying to her in rather a jocular manner, 'Pick up that, my lass!'

The good natured girl stooped down to do so, but, when in the act of rising, the treacherous ruffian grasped her firmly by the throat with one hand, thus stifling any cries which she might have endeavored to give utterance to, whilst with the other he drew a dagger, which he had concealed under his coat, and placing its sharp point immediately over her heart, said, with a terrible imprecation:

'Now, girl, where is your master's money? Tell me, and quickly too, or I shall have your life! Take your choice!'

Here was a terrible position for even the most stout-hearted to be placed in, but in this instance it was an innocent girl who was thus threatened. With the tears streaming copiously from her eyes, she, in agonizing accents, implored him to forego his dreadful threats and designs. But to no purpose. His threats were renewed, and his cry was 'Your master's money or your life!'

Seeing his determined demeanour, and wearied by her struggles, the wretched girl at length called out:

'Let me up, Rerrick; what is to be, will be, but I must leave this place and go with you if you take the miller's money, for I can look no more upon this as a home; but do not grasp me so cruelly, you choke me, and bethink you that in a very short time, and time now presses, the family will have returned!'

Somewhat softened by these entreaties, the ruffian slightly removed the pressure of his fingers from her throat and ultimately believing in the sincerity of her utterances, let go his hold.

Janet then desired him, if he wished to secure his booty to follow her to her master's bedroom, in which he kept his money concealed. Arriving in this room she pointed out to him a strong iron-bound box which she assured him, contained the miller's money, and said, 'Here, wrench it open, and, in the meantime, I will hasten to my room, and get ready what few things I have, so that I may go along with you.'

He granted this request, but urged the necessity for haste, upon her. She took him at his word, and immediately withdrew from the scene of his burglarious operations.

Rerrick was not long in forcing the chest open, and becoming intent on the abstraction of its contents, heeded her not, but she, the brave heroine, returning, crept cautiously and quietly along the passage in which the door, opening into the room in which was the spoil, was situated, and suddenly springing to the door seized the key, and turning it suddenly, imprisoned her visitor in her master's chamber!

Succeeding in this, she ran to the door of the mill, and seeing her master's little boy, who had been left at home, shrieked to him to fly to the church for his father, and that quickly, as she might be murdered if he did not hasten home! The poor little fellow, instinctively observing that there must be something dreadfully wrong, hurried along as fast as his tender limbs could carry him, in the direction by which his father must return; and then our heroine, sitting down on the doorstep, endeavored to calm herself.

Suddenly her ears were pierced by a shrill scream from a whistle, which had been blown by the malefactor, from the grated window of the room in which he had been so ingeniously made a prisoner. She heard him shout to someone outside, telling him to catch the child and kill the girl. At first Jenny thought this was but a ruse on her prisoner's part, but presently, to her increased alarm, she saw just as the child had reached a little brook which flowed between the hollow made by two hillocks, another ruffian who sprang up and seized the child, in compliance with Rerrick's order, and ran quickly towards the mill. Now was the moment of danger, but quickly collecting herself, into the mill retreated Jenny, the door of which she firmly secured, and then took her station in an upper portion of the building. She had scarcely accomplished this, when the robber, with the child in his clutches, approached the barricaded door, and, after ineffectual efforts to force an entrance, hurled the most awful threats and curses at her, at the same time threatening to kill the child.

'Cut the brat's throat,' roared the ruffian from within, 'that will bring her to her senses!'

To all that was said and threatened Jenny had but one answer: 'I put my trust in God! Never shall ye set foot within these walls, whilst I have life to prevent ye!'

The ruffian who was on the outside, laid his young prisoner down on the sward and then searching about for combustibles, with which to set the door on fire, suddenly espied the only possible entrance to the mill! This was an extensive opening in the wall, communicating with the ponderous wheel and its attendant machinery. Now this was a point which had been left utterly unprotected, because the simple minded and honest occupier of the mill never dreamt that any one would ever endeavor to seek an entrance by such a dangerous inlet but the ruffian determined to make instant and effectual use of his discovery, by, now that he was out of the girl's sight, creeping in.

In the meanwhile a thousand thoughts agitated Janet's mind, when suddenly a heaven-inspired one struck her. 'To-day is the Sabbath, and on it the mill has never worked. Supposed I were to set it a-going, the neighbors, and most probably the miller, would be bound to observe this most unusual sight, and curiosity, if naught else, may make them hasten here to enquire into the cause. The thought has been given me by God, and I will act upon it!'

She at once did so. For her it was but an insant's labor to set the machinery in motion. At this very moment the ruffian, who was endeavoring to find an entrance, had succeeded in creeping into the opening in the wall, and got, as he thought, safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-wheel; but his dismay was indescribable when he began to feel himself whirled about by its rotation. His cries were most appalling, his shrieks were truly frightful, and his curses most horrible. Jenny hearing his yell hurried to the spot, and, seeing him caught like a reptile, as he was, in this trap, left him to his fate, as she well knew he would be more frightened than hurt if he kept within his rotary prison. Meanwhile the wheel made revolution after revolution in a steady, monotonous manner, carrying with it its unlooked for appendage, from the mouth of which curses continued to issue, until, feeling, sense, and perception failed, and he saw and heard no more.

A loud knocking at the mill door now attracted the girl's attention, who, proceeding there, found that there were her master and his family, accompanied by several of his neighbors, whom the unaccustomed appearance of the mill-sails in full swing on a Sunday had attracted, so they had hastened home from church to ascertain the cause. Jenny, in a few words, soon told all, and the machinery having been stopped, the almost inanimate villain was dragged forth from his prison in the great wheel, whilst the other ruffian who had been imprisoned in the room was brought out and firmly secured. Both were then sent off to the royal burgh of Kirkcudbright, and in due time came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long before Jenny became a bride. The happy man was a miller's son, who had long borne for her an unrequited passion. They lived thenceforth happily for many years, and died at a good age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life the brave-hearted Jenny would shudder as she told of her danger and deliverance.

### A SINGULAR TRADITION.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men all of whom were fair-complexioned; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash.

One obeyed, and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, became muddy, and when he bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap in till the water became black with mud, and he came out his own color.

Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and, having felt the weight chose the heaviest; the copper colored chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest.

When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engines of the mind—the means of mutual improvement—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

### HOW THE AIR BRAKE WORKS.

(*Chicago Journal.*)

Said a railroad man to me to-day: 'I'll bet not one in a hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train. When the air brake was first invented the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the car was to be stopped, and the pressure was exerted to force the brakes up against the wheels. But at the present day the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is turned into the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as long as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop the train the air is let out, and then the springs apply the brakes and stop the train. The last method has great advantages over the old way on the score of safety.

'Whenever an accident happens to a train one of the first effects it is apt to have is to rupture the air pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars; and that of itself stops the train instantly. It is very important for everybody to understand this matter, because a child five years old can stop a train in thirty seconds from any car in the train if he simply understands how. You will see, if you look for it, that there is a sort of rope projecting from the toilet room of every car. That connects with the air pipes under the train. If you catch hold of it and give it a little jerk it will stop the train before it has gone a hundred yards.'

### A GUN FENCE.

It is common to hear about "a solid wall of bayonets" in war time, but at the barracks is a veritable wall of them now. When the late war was declared off the Union government found itself in possession of a vast number of muskets, useless because there was nobody to be shot with them. They were stored up for awhile in various arsenals, until radical improvements made them utterly worthless. And when an old gun gets worthless it is the most intensely worthless thing extant. So these guns that cost millions were not worth paying rent for storing. At this place a fence was built with them. The gun barrels, with bayonets fixed, were stood up four inches apart for a quarter of a mile, and then secured by bars of iron, forged from old guns, with holes pierced to admit the old muskets. It is the most formidable fence I ever saw. The bayonets, which in many instances have given death wounds, are rusted now until they could not be removed from the barrels. The posts of this unique old fence are of old cannon.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Indignant physician—Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him. Druggist—Vat vas der matter mit you? Last week I send your odder patient der righd berscription, and dot killed him. How can somepody please sooch a man?

## Temperance.

### THE BAR.

MRS. N. F. STOUGHTON.

Why call it a bar? Say, whence is derived
This name for a *depot* of spirits of evil?
Was the name by some sly friend of virtue contrived,
Or, like the thing named, did it come from the devil?

Be this as it may, 'tis a capital name,
Short, easily said, and of meaning most pregnant;
And I rather suspect from the devil it came;
For e'en to his friends he is slyly malignant.

But what is its meaning? Why call it a bar?
Because *prima facie*, it bars from the liquor;
But that's not its full honest meaning, by far;
Just jingle the money, the rum follows quicker!

I'll tell what it means—'tis a bar to all good,
And a constant promoter of everything evil;
'Tis a bar to all virtue—that's well understood,
A bar to the right and a fort for the devil.

Tis a bar to all industry, prudence and wealth
A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety;
A bar to clear thought, and a bar to sound health,
A bar to good conscience, to prayer, and to piety.

A bar to the sending of children to school,
To clothing, and giving them good education,
A bar to the observance of every good rule,
A bar to the welfare of family and nation.

A bar to the hallowed enjoyment of home,
A bar to the holiest earthly fruition;
A bar that forbids its frequenters to come
To the goal and rewards of a virtuous ambition.

A bar to integrity, honor, and fame;
To friendship and peace and connubial love,
To the purest delights that on earth we may claim;
A bar to salvation and Heaven above!

—*Wapping, Conn.*

### BEVERAGE OF LIFE.

On a certain occasion, one Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, "with better liquor than is usually furnished." When the people assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor?" "There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his long bony finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure cold water. But in the glade and grassy dell, where the deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, away down in the deepest valley, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high up in the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the stormclouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and out on the wild, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roar in chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it—the beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew drops, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice gems, till they seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon, spotting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright curtains softly around the wintry world, and waving the many colored iris, the seraph's zone of the air, whose warp is in the rain drops of the earth, and whose woof is the sunbeams of heaven, all checkered over with the celestial flowers of the mystic hand of refraction—that blessed life—water. No poison bubbles in its drink; its form brings no madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving children weep not burning tears in its depths! Speak out, my friends; would you exchange it for the demons's drink, alcohol?" A shout like the roar of the tempest answered "*No.*"

### "ONLY A MODERATE DRINKER."

I never hear the words without their recalling to my mind a tragic event that took place in Pennsylvania several years ago.

Dr. F. was a physician in a small inland city, a man of intellect and culture, enjoying the confidence of the community, and having only one blemish upon his otherwise good reputation—he would indulge occasionally in a social glass, and he was often spoken of as a "moderate drinker," one who was in no danger of ever becoming a drunkard. As a physician he was sought for far and near, and had a successful and lucrative practice. Residing in the same city was a family by the name of O. The youngest of the family group were two lovely twin girls at this time about nine months old. One morning they seemed to be slightly ill, and the mother, anxious for her darlings, sent for Dr. F. He came in speedily, and although she noticed the unsteady hand and flushed face, yet no one thought of fear or shadow of the terrible result crossed her mind. The doctor prepared some medicine for the children, and after giving directions, departed, evidently scarcely aware where he was or what he was doing. Meantime the mother mixed the medicine and gave each little girl a dose. A few moments passed, and a strange sound from the crib where they lay caused her to turn and look at them, when—oh, horror!—one of them was in the throes of a terrible convulsion, and before aid could be rendered the child's face turned to a livid hue, and death released it from its suffering. The mother turned to the other only to see the same scene enacted, and in fifteen minutes both were dead, poisoned by the hand of that physician whose brain was clouded and mind rendered useless by the whiskey he had taken. Here were two lives lost, a happy home shrouded in sorrow too deep for words to express, and his own life to be forever haunted by the terrible deed, and yet, possibly, he was in no danger of becoming a drunkard.

These facts are strictly true—a member of the family resides in Des Moines at the present time. The fate of Dr. F. I do not know. The father and mother, weighed down with grief, refused to prosecute, as nothing could restore their lost, darlings to them, and they left them in the hands of the Lord, and he went forth from his home a wanderer, to bear about with him forever the thought that he was a murderer, although only "a moderate drinker."—*Iowa Messenger.*

The difference between the man who drinks and the man who does not is seen the plainest in a case of a wound. It has been proved over and over again in the hospitals in the case of cuts, that there is from twenty five to forty days' difference in the healing in favor of the cold-water patient. In eight cases out of ten, where a beer-drinker is cut or shot, he has a tussel with erysipelas or gangrene.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.