The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

VOL. XXVII.—No. 48. — Newcastle, Wednesday, September 5, 1894. — WHOLE No. 1400

Law & Collectors Office.

Charles J. Thomson.

Barrister & Notary Public,

Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia

Proctor for Estates.

Offices Newcastle and Bathurst, N. B.

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.,

Kemb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,

SPECIALIST.

DISEASES OF EYE EAR & THROAT

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 1st 1893.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

DERBY, - - - N. B.

Derby Nov 5, 1892.

J. R. LAWLOR,

Auctioneer and Commission merchant

Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Prompt returns made on consignments of merchandize. Auctions attended to in town and country

---

REDUCED PRICES.

I have on hand a lot of Boots and Shoes, including long boots and other goods, all of which I will sell at reduced prices to clear.

Wm. Masson.

Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

Waverley Hotel.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known. McKeen house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required.

R. R. Gremley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.

John McKeen.

Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick,

Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

CONVENIENT of Access

Good Sample rooms for Commercial travellers.

Clifton House.

Princes and 143 Gemain Street.

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.

The DerbY HousE,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

(Formerly Mitchell House.)

This Hotel has been refitted and newly furnished. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests.

Sample Room Free.

TERMS $1.25 per day.

I. P. Leighton.

Newcastle March 22, 1893.

MONEY FOR YOU

The D&L Emulsion.

If taken in time it will cure most severe cases of Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, or chronic irritation of Throat or Lungs.

THUS YOU SAVE a heavy doctor's bill, loss of wages, much discomfort.

Properties for Sale

—AT—

DALHOUSIE.

The lot of land 50x200 feet, and comparatively new dwelling house thereon situated on William St., conveniently situated near Post Office and railway station, and commanding a fine view of the Restigouche River.

For terms and particulars apply to the owner, Mrs. Isabella Chisholm, or to Wm. Montgomery, Esq., Collector of Customs.

Dalhousie March 24, 1893.

P. A. Holohan, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Newcastle, N. B.

Office—that recently occupied by Dr. Smith. After hours will be found at the Commercial Hotel

Newcastle, May 8, 1894.

Fashionable Tailoring Establishment.

"Where did you get that

FINE SUIT OF CLOTHES?"

"At McLeod's."

Our spring stock is now in, all lines New, and the Best in the Market.

We are ready to make up in first class style and at Moderate Prices.

A few Choice Lines for Ladies' Coats and Suits—which we make up in the Latest Styles.

Come and see our Latest Fashions and get our prices and be satisfied.

—Next door to—

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Carter's Block.

SIMON MCLEOD.

Newcastle, March 9, 1894.

TAILORING

I wish to remind my patrons and the public generally that I am still

Carrying on the Tailoring

at the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and Creaghan's Store. I have a fine

LINE OF SAMPLES

to select from. Parties furnishing their own goods can have them made up in

GOOD STYLE

and Cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Satisfaction has been given in the past and I can guarantee the same in the future.

J. R. McDONALD.

Newcastle Sept. 1862.

Intercolonial Rl'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday the 25th June., 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Will leave Newcastle,

Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted)	2.55
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John	10.35
Accommodation for Indiantown	15.00
Accommodation for Campbellton	14.45
Through express for Quebec, Montreal	22.25

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,

Railway Office, General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., 20th June, 1894.

Sash and Door Factory.

The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle,

Window Sashes and Frames,

Glazed or Unglazed,

Doors and Door Frames, Mouldings

of all descriptions. Flooring planed and matched. All work performed at reasonable rates. Persons building or renovating their premises should call and see what I having stock.

H. C. Niven.

Newcastle, June 25, 1894.

BARGAINS.

As I am about to make a complete change in my business, I am offering my well assorted stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, ETC,

at cost to clear them out. My intention is to confine my business in future to

Boots and Shoes.

and purchasers can get bargains.

My present stock of boots and shoes, I am offering at great reductions to clear them out before the new stock comes in.

Also on hand $500 worth of single and double driving and working harness, and fifty horse collars, all of which I offer at cost.

E. HICKEY.

Newcastle, July 2, 1894.

NEW GOODS.

Just opened

First shipment of

Ladies Jackets for Fall.

Colours—Black and Brown.

Good Fitting, Nicely Made and Trimmed.

HOSIERY.

A large assortment of

FALL HOSIERY AND LEGGING,

both wool and worsted

all sizes and at bottom prices. Summer goods still being sold at greatly reduced prices.

THOS. A. CLARKE.

Newcastle, Aug. 28th, 1894.

CLOCKS.

A new Stock and Great Values.

An Eight Day Clock

Strikes the Hours and Half Hours on a Cathedral Gong

ONLY $5.50.

Cabinets Only $7.00

CALL AND INSPECT.

H. Williston & Co.

Newcastle June 18, 1894.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK

Royal Art Union

LIMITED,

Of the Province of NEW BRUNSWICK.

CAPITAL STOCK $150,000.

Incorporated to Promote Art.

This Company will distribute among its subscribers, on the

15TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, '94,

3432 Works of Art, aggregating in value $65,115. Every subscriber has an equal chance.

The Grand Prize is a Group of Works of Art valued at $18,750. Subscription tickets for sale at the New Brunswick Royal Art Union Gallery in St. John, N. B. Price $1.00 each. In addition to the monthly chance of winning a valuable prize, the holder of 12 consecutive monthly subscription tickets, will receive an original Work of Art, by such artists as Thos. Moran, N. A.; Wm. H. Shelton and others.

Send money for subscriptions by registered letter, money order, bank cheque or draft to

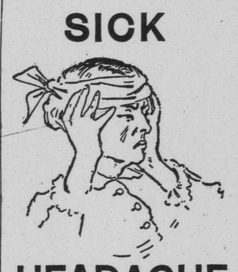
THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, Ltd.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Circulars and full information mailed free or can be had on application at the galleries of the Co. 60 & 62 Prince William St., St. John.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

SICK



HEADACHE

Is dependent on nervous debility, caused by deranged nerve centres at the base of the brain. The GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC will give immediate relief and speedily effect a radical cure. This remedy is a truly wondrous **Nerve Food** and health builder. It is delicious to the taste.

FRIENDSWOOD, Indiana, June 8th, 1893.

For a number of years I have suffered intensely with nervous and sick headache; had hot flashes, was sleepless and became despondent. Some of my friends spoke so highly of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE that I was induced to buy a bottle—that purchase led to a few others, and now I sleep soundly, feel buoyant, strong and vigorous. I would not be back in the condition I was in when I began taking this medicine for any sum you could name.

MRS. ISABELLA S. GRAHAM.

E. LEE STREET,

Wholesale and Retail Agent for Newcastle.

WANTED.—LOCAL AND TRAVELLING SALESMEN to handle our hardy CANADIAN-GROWN NURSERY STOCK. We guarantee satisfaction to representatives and customers. Largest growers of high-grade stock. Over 700 acres under cultivation. No substitution in orders. Exclusive territory and liberal terms to whole or part time agents. Write us.

STONE & WELLINGTON,

J. W. BEALL, *Manager.* Montreal, Que.

June, 1894. 3m.

WANTED. Energetic men to sell our choice and complete line of Nursery stock and seed potatoes. Highest salary and commission paid weekly, paying and permanent position guaranteed and success assured to good men. Special inducements to beginners, experience not necessary. Exclusive territory and your own choice of same given. Do not delay. Apply to

ALLEN NURSERY CO.

Growers and Propagators, Rochester, N. Y.

August 7, 4m.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The Church wardens and vestry of S. Andrew's Church, Newcastle,

Offer for sale

the building and premises now occupied by the Rector, Rev. Mr. Sweet, also

CLEBE LANDS

owned by said corporation situated in Parish of Northesk, also

Glebe Lands

situated at Bartibogue.

For further particulars apply to the Rector, or to the vestry clerk.

E. Lee Street,

Newcastle, N. B., Vestry Clerk.

July 24, 1894.

For Sciatic & Neuralgic Pains

TRY ONE APPLICATION OF THE "D.&L." MENTHOL PLASTER

IT WILL DISPEL THE PAIN LIKE MAGIC.

ROOFING.

The undersigned is prepared (after several years experience in the Western States) to lay roofing of tin and felt, making a specialty of the *Three Ply Medal Brand Felt Roofing*, which is in universal use.

Ex-Gov. Hoadly, of Ohio, says:—The 75 squares put on building at 2nd and Walnut Sts., has given perfect satisfaction for durability, *and is all it is represented to be.*

FRANK MASSON.

Newcastle July 24, 1894.

Selected Literature.

A COUSIN IN NEED.

On a dreary autumn day, more than one hundred years ago, a heavy traveling carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Pottsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the traveling; but leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocketbook. Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all token of rank had been avoided.

A dreary November evening was closing in; and, though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky gave warning that a 'weeping darkness' was at hand.

The rain grew heavier and heavier—at least so it should have seemed to a foot traveler who was ploughing his way through its mire; and so, doubtless, it did seem to the carriage horses who at last floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian, whom they had overtaken, kept easily by the side of the coach, though at a respectful distance—certainly after the first bucketful of mud that it splashed over him.

The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up his portfolio and returned the pocket-book to its place in the breast lining of his coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window and judge from the mud and darkness how far it might be to Berlin.

For the first time he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though reasonably more than travel stained he trudged on as though his limbs were strong as his heart light. Through the drizzle and darkness all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good-tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveler's attention and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

Hello! young man, whither are you bound this stormy-looking night?'

'That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world; my wish is to reach Berlin but if I find a resting place before I get there—to that I am bound—for I am weary.

'I should think you must have a two hour's walk before you,' was the unsatisfactory reply that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said:

'If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome to do so, Herr What's your name?'

My name is Heinrich Meyer,' replied the young man; 'one of those who wisely never refuse the small benefit because the larger one is not to be obtained. He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to him.

From inside the window the next question put to Heinrich was:

'What are you going to Berlin for?'

'To hunt for some cousins,' was the answer.

'And pray who may they be? asked the unknown.

Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation.'

The questioner—who should have been an American colonel!—looked amused and astonished as he suggested:

'Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin, or what could have put this idea into your head?'

'Why?' replied Heinrich, 'I must just become a clergyman without the slightest chance of getting any thing to do in my own neighborhood, I have no relative to help me, and not quite money enough to keep me in necessaries.'

'But,' says the Prussian, 'what on earth has this got to do with cousins in Berlin?'

'Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow students have got good appointments, and whenever I ask them to let me know how it was, 'A cousin gave it to me,' or 'I got it through the interests of a cousin who lives in Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the county, I must go without their help, or else hunt for them in Berlin.'

This was all said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing; but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper and began to write upon it. When he had finished he turned round to Heinrich, saying that he observed that he had been smoking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but he had forgotten to bring tinder with him Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?

'Certainly, with great pleasure,' was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tinder box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been said that the evening was damp—it was so damp that there seemed little prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

'Well, if your cousins are no more easily to be got at than your light, I pity you young sir!, was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavours.

'Nil desperandum' is my motto,' answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered, the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich jumped on the carriage step, and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. 'Hurrah, sir! puff away.'

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth and addressed Heinrich as follows:

'I have been thinking over what you have been telling me; and, perhaps, in a humble way, I might be able to assist you and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events when you get to Berlin take this note—handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing—to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat a friend of mine, and who will, I think, be glad to oblige me. But mind; do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he wisl keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he gets about doing you a kindness may perhaps, seem strange to you. And now,' he continued, 'as the road is improved I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career.'

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and before he had time to make any acknowledgements, he found himself alone again. The young man was not a little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed at the slip of paper he could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:

"Dear Marshal:—If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend F.

"Let me know the result of your interview with him."

'Time will prove this as it does all things,' thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other the road seemed less weatisome, and he felt less tired and footsore since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than it had been for many a day; and on its wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him; and he found some little difficulty in making his way to the gasthus to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor having once been in Berlin, was considered in his part of the world an oracle on all matters connected with town life.

The inn was, however, found at last; and after a frugal supper and a good night's rest our friend arose, ready to hope and believe everything from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkows's, he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those persons of whom he made the inquiry, as if they would say, 'What business can you have with Marshal Grumbkow?

The house was, however, at last reached: and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant requested him, in a most respectful manner, to follow him to the Marshal's presence. Arrived there he was received most courteously, and the Marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects, requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been last residing: the school in which he had been educated: at what time he had been living in Berlin, and so forth. But still no allusion to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the Marshal dismissed him, desiring that he should call again that day fortnight.

Heinrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's birthday and, like a loyal subject our friend went to have a reverend stare at his majesty, whom he had never seen. At one point of the review the king stopped almost oppcsite to Heinrich, and then was suggested to him, as the reader probably suspects, that, after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who had hailed him in the muddy road? Impossible! How should a king be travelling at that time of day? At any rate it vexed him to think he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust tinder at his nose and cried to him, 'puff away!'

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the Marshal arrived. His reception was most favorable. The Marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was sitting, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth one by one, if he knew whose handwriting the various superscriptions were?

Heinrich answered that to the best of his belief one was that of Herr Mudell, his former school-teacher, another that of Dr. Von Hummer, principal of such a college, and so on.

'Quite right,' answered the Marshal, 'and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to three different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark.'

As he said these words the Marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had; but the young man's countenance was unabashed: he evidently feared no evil report.

'I feel bound,' continued the Marshal, 'to tell you that all they say about you is most favorable, and I feel equally bound to believe and act upon their opinions, I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house.'

The Marshal descended a private staircase leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous; the conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of imagination became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. At last, as he found himself following Grumbkow even into the palace, he could not refrain from exclaiming, 'Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake!'

No answer was vouchsafed, as the Marshal continued to lead him through the various galleries and apartments, until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the Marshal's knock was answered by a short 'come in.'

As the door opened one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud, and his king, were one and the same person. The poor cousin seeker, confused, knelt before Frederick William, and began faltering out contrite apologies.

'Rise, young man,' said the king, 'you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant to be everywhere recognized.'

After reassuring Heinrich the king told him that he was preparing to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. 'But first,' he said, 'I must hear you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me, but mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire.

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach before the king. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about his sermon as soon as he should be furnished with the text. For the remainder of the day he never stirred out; every step on the stairs was to his ear that of the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless evening and night passed and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? There was only two days before Sunday. He must go and consult the Marshal but the latter could give him no further information: all he could do was to promise that if the king sent the text through him it should be forwarded with the utmost possible dispatch.

That day and the next passed and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the chapel royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to be possessed of no mean powers of oratory, and could even extemporize in case of emergency, he would certainly have run away from Berlin and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was he abided the course of events and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived, but no text.

Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat set apart for the preacher of the day.

The service commenced, but no text! The prayers were ended, and whilst the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but his being an utter stranger. The pulpit steps were gained and the thought dashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk. But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, 'His majesty sends you the text.'

After having recited the preliminary prayer, the preacher opened the paper and lo! it was blank; not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet and after a short pause held it up before the congregation, saying: His majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world.' I shall therefore take the Creation for the subject of my discourse this morning.'

In accordance with this decision the preacher went through the whole of the firstchapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear and his fluency of language remarkable. His audience accustomed to the King's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher extricated himself from the difficulty than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy, receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the province if he did not know that such vagaries were common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the king's room when his majesty jumped up and thrust a roll of paper into the young man's hand, exclaiming, Hurrah, sir, puff away! Take this light for the light you gave me!'

Throwing himself back in a chair he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make, or what to do but just as he got as far as 'Your Majesty—,' the king interrupted him saying:

'Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of the paper. You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you.'

It is hardly necessary to add that the roll of paper contained a good appointment to the University of Berlin and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.—X.

THE FORTRESS AT GIBRALTAR.

Up above, where the signal station is, and where no one, not even an officer in uniform, not engaged on the works, is allowed to go are the real fortifications. What looks like a rock is a monster gun painted grey, or a tree hides the mouth of another. And in this forbidden territory are great cannon, which are worked from the lowest ramparts. These are the present triumphs of Gibraltar. Before they came, the clouds which shut out the sight of the Rock as well as the rest of the world from its summit rendered the great pieces of artillery there as useless in bad weather as they are harmless in times of peace. The very elements threatened to war against the English, and a shower of rain or a veering wind might have altered the fortunes of a battle. But a clever man named Watkins has invented a position finder, by means of which those on the lowest ramparts, well out of the clouds can aim the great guns on the summit at a vessel unseen by the gunners lost in the mist above, and by electricity fire a shot from a half-mile above them so that it will strike an object many miles off at sea. It will be a very strange sensation to the captain of such a vessel when he finds her bombarded by shells that belch forth from a drifting cloud. The rock is undermined and tunnelled throughout, and food and provisions are stored away in it to last a siege of seven years. Telephones and telegraphs, signal stations for flagging, searchlights, and other such devilish inventions, have been planted on every point, and only the Governor himself knows what other modern improvements have been introduced into the bowels of this mountain or distributed behind bits of landscape gardening on its surface. It will never be attacked, for the reason that the American people are the only people clever enough to invent a way of taking it, and they are far too clever to attempt an impossible thing. —Davis's 'Rulers of the Mediterranean.'

Temperance.

LINCOLN'S TEMPERANCE.

As the new Canadian liquor interest organ has recently published the statement that Abraham Lincoln one of the grandest of all the United States presidents, was once a liquor dealer, and intimates that he was not at all averse to a good glass himself, the *Home Guard* takes the more pleasure in republishing the following incident from the *Chicago Interior*.

The nomination of Lincoln for President of the United States was quietly received at his home in Springfield, Ill. When the committee from Chicago arrived to apprise Mr. Lincoln of his nomination, his two boys Willie and 'Tad' were perched on the fence before the house. 'Tad' stood erect, welcomed the committee by shouting 'Hooray.' Charles Carleton Coffin describes the reception of the committee:

'Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you in the other room, gentlemen. You will be thirsty after your long journey. You will find something refreshing in the library.'

In the library were several hundred volumes ranged upon shelves, two globes, one terrestial, the other celestial, a plain table, a pitcher of cold water and glasses, but no wines nor liquors.

"You did not find any great spread of liquors, I take it," remarked a citizen of Springfield the next morning.

"No," I replied.

"Thereby hangs a little story: When we knew you were on your way, a number of us called on Mr. Lincoln and said that in all probability some of the members of the committee would need some refreshments, wines or liquors. 'I haven't any in the house,' he said. 'We will furnish them.' 'Gentlemen, I cannot allow you to do what I will not do myself,' was the reply.

'But that was not the end of it. Some of our good Democratic citizens, feeling that Springfield had been highly honored by the nomination, sent over some baskets of champagne, but Mr. Lincoln sent them back, thanking them for their intended kindness."

General Intelligence.

THE CHILDREN SAVED.

DR. WEEKS' LITTLE ONES PICKED UP BY THE BARQUE LAURA SIXTY MILES OFF ROSE BLANCHE.

NORTH SYDNEY, C. B., August 22.—There is great rejoicing here to-day over the arrival of the barque Laura, Captain Kehoe, from Harbor Grace, Nfld., with the missing children who left Rose Blanche last Friday night in a dense fog and a heavy east-north-east wind. The Laura, having been driven out of her course by a contrary wind, was coming back, when at Dusk on Monday night Captain Kehoe noticed a black speck some 5 miles distant which proved later to be the missing boat.

On coming nearer Capt. Kehoe seeing no signals and noticing no person on board decided not to bother further with it. But later they took the boat in tow only to release it a few minutes after. When the boy, aroused from his place of slumber, a little cuddie, caught the attention of the vessel and immediate steps were taken to recover the boat and take the well nigh exhausted children on board.

The captain, who then took his bearings, says he was sixty miles S. S. W. of Rose Blanche, with the wind breezing up and increasing to a perfect gale, the ship being placed under close reefed sails. Capt. Kehoe says his finding the missing children at the time was nothing less than miraculous, as no boat could have lived in the raging sea a few hours later.

The children had no water since Saturday and the little bread on board the skiff was saturated with salt water. The boy, aged 16, was much weaker than his sister, aged 14, the former fainting after the excitement of seeing friendly faces which temporarily buoyed him up, had passed off. The children are being well looked after by friends and interested parties here.

FOREST FIRES IN ONTARIO.

TORONTO, Aug. 27.—Bush fires are raging in many parts of Ontario. Between St. Catherines and the Falls, all along the railroad, the country is ablaze Between Stratford and Point Edwaad everything in the shape of shrub, brush and grass is the prey of the flames. Reports from Blackwell, Perth, Thedford and Lucan, tell the same story. Bush, swamp and field are burning and nothing but heavy rain can prevent a serious catastrophe. Along the Midland and Omemee appears to be the fire centre and much damage is reported. Similar reports come from Bruce, Grey, Peel and Dufferin. There is no wind and the smoke masses and hangs over the country like a pall. A report from Mitchell says: 'The country is in an awful condition for want of water. Fires are raging in all directions, and we are without butter, milk or water.'

KINGSTON, Ont., Aug. 27.—Disastrous brush fires are raging in the township of South Crosby, County of Leeds. Two weeks ago a man started a fire on the shore of Indian Lake for the purpose of clearing land which was thickly wooded. The fire spread over hundreds of miles of country and is rushing towards the township of Bedford. Many farms in the districts of Opinic and Benson lakes have been completely destroyed. If rain does not come soon it cannot be calculated when the fire will end.

PARIS, August 28—A despatch from St. Louis, Capital of the French possessions in Senegambia, to the Journal des Debats, says that the Touaregs recently surprised the French and after three days' fighting pursued them to Timbuctoo where another fight took place, resulting as before in favor of the Touaregs. The French sortied from Timbuctoo, but were overwhelmed by numbers and forced to retire. In the latter fight three companies of the French soldiers were completely cut to pieces.