The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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

VOL. XX.—No. 35. Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, June 15, 1887. WHOLE No. 1023.

COMMON SENSE.

OPPOSITION THE LIFE of TRADE,

FAIREYS Can't be Killed with Puff.

I am really too busy selling

DRY GOODS AND FURNITURE,

to waste time writing out long Advertisements. Just call in and get Prices.

B. FAIREY,
Hays' Building,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, June 10, 1887.

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 of the Dominion.
OMce:-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 5, 1884.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co'y.,
OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.
LOSSES PAID over $75,000,000.
RISKS EFFECTED AT REASONABLE RATES.
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.
W. A. PARK, - Agent.
Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886. 1yr.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. C. Thompson.
Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M. D.,
Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,
SPECIALTIES,
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

DR. T. W. POMROY,
29 STUYVESANT ST.,
NEW YORK CITY, U. S.
Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter.
Aug. 24, 1883.

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.

TUNING and REPAIRING.
J. C. Biedermann, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER,
Repairing a Specialty.
Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which due notice will be given.
Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.
J. C. BIEDERMANN.
St. John, May 6. 1887.

TUNING.
A. W. SMYTHE, Professor of Music, Organist of St. Luke's Methodist Church, Chatham, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for Vocal and Instrumental Training.
—ALSO—
PIANOFORTE & ORGAN TUNING
punctually attended to. Post Office Address Chatham, N. B.
A. W. SMYTHE.
Chatham, Sept. 28, 1886.

SOUSED TRIPE
in 50 lb. Kegs.
CHOICE ARTICLE.
English Sausage Shop
and Meat Store.
JOHN HOPKINS,
186 UNION STREET, St. JOHN.
April. 27, 1887.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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.
Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,
GEO. McSWEENY, PROPRIETOR. GEO. D. FUCH, MANAGER.

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 will 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.
Oct. 12, 1885.

Clifton House,
Princess and 113 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 20, '85.

F. CLEMENTSON & CO.
OUR STOCK OF
CROCKERY,
CHINA,
and GLASS,
LAMPS and LAMP GOODS,
is now complete for the coming spring. We invite
COUNTRY TRADERS
visiting St. John to call and see our unusually varied stock, which we are offering at lowest possible prices.
CRATES
suitable for country stores always in stock.
F. CLEMENTSON & Co.
DOCK STREET, St. John.
St. John N. B., April 27, '87. 1yr.

SPRING AND SUMMER
MILLINERY.
The subscriber thanks the public for past patronage and calls their attention to her
NEW AND WELL SELECTED
STOCK OF MILLINERY,
consisting of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hats and Bonnets, in black, white and colored Straws, Chips and Tapes. Also all the newest shades of Gauzes, Ribbons, Satins and Pon Pons, New Flowers, Feathers, Aigrettes and Ornaments, Lace Flouncing in difficult shades, Jubilee Lace in black, white, fawn, brown and cream; Web Embroidery, India Muslin, Hamburg Edging and Insertion, Children's Lace and Embroidered Collars, Ladies' Collars and Cuffs in white and colored, Fancy Ties, Frilling, Linen and Silk Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Mantle Ornaments, Bustles, Old Ladies' Dress Caps, and a large stock of Trimmed Hats now on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
MRS. S. DEMERS.
Newcastle, May 2, 1887.

REMOVAL.
MR. J. A. E. MORRELL has removed his
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
to the commodious rooms in the new Stables building opposite the public square.
More Light!
More Room!
Improved Facilities!
The Rooms are handsomely fitted up with every appliance for doing first-class work.
Photographs taken by the Instantaneous Process.
Give us a call and we will let you see yourself as others see you.
Newcastle, May 17, 1887.

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS.
If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.
For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.
For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to
Regulate
my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia. —G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.
Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.
I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.
Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with indigestion, and distressing pains in
The Bowels.
By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured. —Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.
I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.
My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored. —Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.
Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENT
CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cracks, Scratches and Cuts.
Best Stable Remedy in the World!
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria and all kindred afflictions.
LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 Cents.
Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
of which there are several on the market.
The genuine only prepared by and bearing the name of
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.
TESTIMONIAL.
GENTS,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for some years and believe it the best medicine in the market, as it does all it is recommended to do. Yours truly,
DANIEL T. KIERSTEAD.
Canaan Forks, N. B.

SKINNER'S
Carpet Warehouse,
59 KING STREET.
My Spring Stock is now complete in every Department, and customers can rely on getting the best assortment ever offered in this market.
125 Designs BRUSSELS;
100 " TAPESTRY;
50 " WOOL CARPET;
25 " LINOLEUM.
CURTAINS AND POLES IN ENDLESS VARIETY
All Direct from the Manufacturers.
A. O. SKINNER.
St. John, April 26, 1886.

ESTEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC
ESTEY'S
ESTEY'S
ESTEY'S
IRON
IRON
IRON
AND
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 toss on 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 it 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.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in the world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once.
H. HALLETT & Co, Portland, Maine.
Dec. 15.—

Selected Literature.

A WIFE'S LESSON.

"George, we really must have new carpets this year. Look at Lizzie Moore's. Do you want your house to look worse than our neighbor's? Certainly you can afford the expense as well as Tom can."

"For that matter, my dear, I think I can afford it better than Tom can; for he is in debt, and I am not."

"There! What did I tell you? I knew you could afford it. And now we'll have the carpets. Don't be mean. Don't, for mercy's sake, let our rooms be a fright to everybody any longer."

"Lydia, our rooms are, at this moment, far better, in every way—better furnished, more tastefully and better carpeted, and far more inviting, than were the rooms of our parents, which you and I, in our childhood, thought so grand. Carpets they had none. And, further, those carpets are not worn to look badly at all. Not a worn is to be seen. In fact, they are as good and as serviceable as they were when first put down."

"Oh, all the color is faded from them. One thing you can depend upon; those things will come up, and—they won't go down again!" and the feminine foot came down with a stamp, and the feminine lips were shut with an emphatic tightness.

"Lydia, have you any idea what good Brussels carpets will cost?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. If we can't have 'em, we can go without carpets. I can stand it if you can."

"Lydia,"—still calm and kindly, but with a mighty struggle for self-control; "you know Brussels carpeting is not a yard wide. Between thirty and forty pounds will be the expense. You know that I do not squander money; I have no expensive habits beyond the absolute necessaries of life. Every shilling I can save will be put in the bank, there to remain and accumulate until a need not to be otherwise met shall demand its withdrawal. Really and truly, the money I would save is for my loved ones; that is the one thought that influences me when I look to the regulation of my expense. So, my dear wife, it is not I alone who must pay for all the luxuries of our home; it comes from the bank account of the family. Don't say any more now, please think of it—sleep upon it." And, thus speaking, he rose and left the room—and left the house.

The speakers were George and Lydia Darwell, husband and wife. The former was thirty years of age, holding a responsible position in one of the best and oldest city banks; the latter was two years his junior, and one of the very best and most skilful of housekeepers.

They had been married seven years; and had three children—three bright-eyed, happy, healthful, laughter-loving children, the light and joy of the home.

There had been another occupant of the room and a listener—Lydia's aunt—George's aunt—and everybody's aunt who knew her. She was a widow, sister of Lydia's mother, her snowy tresses and deepening furrows indicating a near approach to the late evening of life.

"Lydia, I am going to tell you a story that I have never yet told—something that only your mother and myself ever knew. And it seems to me as though Providence had directed that I should hear this conversation between you and George in order that I might tell you the story. Will you hear it?"

"Of course I'll hear it, aunty. I'm glad to hear anything you have to tell always."

Ordinarily Aunt Susan talked while her busy fingers plied the knitting needles; but now she laid her knitting aside and folded her hands in her lap, as she spoke:—

"My dear child, oh! how well I remember the scene, a conversation between my father and mother, almost exactly like that you and George have just held. With a difference in language, the spirit and meaning of the two conversations are the same. It was in the autumn instead of the spring, and my mother set her heart upon a pony carriage, and a new set of silver mounted harness. One of our neighbors, not so well off as father was, had got one, and from that moment mother was dissatisfied with her old wagonette that had served us ever since I could remember, and which was just as good then as it ever was. At any rate, it was just as good for service.

"Your mother and I were then girls, of twelve and fourteen; and we were present when mamma gave her final order, for an order it amounted to; just as a want expressed by you, and adhered to, is an order to your loving husband. Father tried all he knew to persuade her away from the idea. He gave exactly for his wish that George gave you; and I could see that he had to struggle hard to keep the tears from coming. But mother would not give in.

"Lydia, you know father was the first one called from our family circle. Our neighbors had supposed him not only forehanded, but really wealthy; and he ought to have saved more than he did. He was not a careless man; he was by nature thrifty and stirring, and had he had help he might have saved a goodly sum. As it was, he left the farm free from mortgage, and there was ready money enough to pay every debt, but not much more. After every bill was paid, we could command about one hundred pounds in cash—no more.

"The farm was one of the best, but small, and our buildings in good repair. The place was well stocked, and the farming implements were all good.

"There were three of us—one mother, and we two girls. I was then just coming twenty, and your mother was eighteen. I will not tell you how we managed. At the end of a year we had run behind hand. It was very evident that the farm would not support us in the style in which we had been used to live.

"Mother had no thought of reducing expenses, by curtailing her society enjoyments, and bidding farewell to the behests of fashion. Your mother and I made old dresses over into new ones, but we had not the heart to suggest such a thing to mother.

"I remember well I had started one day to take from our little strong box twenty pounds for the purpose of paying a bill which was overdue. Mother asked me how much would be left if I took that away. I told her a little over ten pounds.

"Oh, not for the world would she let me take that money. Her dressmaker was coming on the morrow, and she must purchase trimmings and so on for her new dress. And even then I did not attempt to thwart her; your mother and I saved eggs and made extra butter, and finally paid the bill in that way. But other bills were growing. However, let them go, and let me come to the incident I wish to give you.

"One stormy, disagreeable dap Nab and I—so we use to call your mamma in those days—were ransacking papa's old desk, and by-and-by we came across a small book, we had never before noticed. I found it, and upon opening it, this is what I read at the head of the first page, written in papa's fullest, roundest hand: 'Sums of money that I might have saved for my loved ones if only I could have had help.'

"Lydia, when I had looked at the end of that account, and had added it up, I was thunder-struck. At first I could not believe it; the amount was over six hundred pounds! But, mind you, mamma did not come in for all of it. No, no, Nab and I were down for our share. I had never dreamed what the grand parties had cost which we used to give, which always fretted papa so much.

"But I won't dwell upon it. You can imagine whether my sister and I shed any tears or not, as we looked over that book and thought what might have been. But it was too late. We gave the little book one last look; then kissed it; and then gave it to the flames; for we would not have mamma see it for the world. And we never told her of its existence.

"Lydia, I thought of that when I heard you reading aloud to your husband that poem in which occur these lines—

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

"Not long after that I was married, and within a year from that time the farm was sold and mother came to live with me. That is all, my dear. Don't say anything now. Take my story to bed with you, and sleep over it."

Lydia's only response was an affectionate kiss, after which she went quietly about her work.

On the morning of the following day after George had eaten his breakfast and had to take his parting kiss before going to the bank, Lydia threw her arms around his neck, and softly whispered:

"George, I have slept and dreamed, and a new light was dawning upon me. We shall not want new carpets this year, nor shall I require very much in the way of dress. So, darling, you may make your banking account as big as you please."

"Lydia!"

"Hush! I mean what I say. I shall be happier so. I'll tell you all about it some time. There! One more kiss! No, good-bye!"

And George went to his daily task as happy as happy could be; and all day long he thought how he could best make his wife understand how truly and devotedly he loved her.

And so, too, Lydia.

And from that time she helped her husband to provide for the future; and when she knew that their savings in the bank were growing into thousands, she felt more than ever inclined to be prudent and economical.

Never mean; never stingy; but never more an expenditure of her husband's hard-earned money without a return of substantial good and benefit.

A HOG AS A LIFE PRESERVER.

The yarns of sea captains are not always trustworthy, but this story is vouched for, and furthermore, we know the captain.

This skipper, whose name is Christopher Crosby, then a young man, was running a small schooner between Boston and St. John, N. B. An uncle of young Capt. Crosby was running at the same time one of the large side-wheel passenger boats plying between Portland and St. John.

Most of our readers are no doubt aware that it is customary during a fog to blow a tin horn on board of sailing vessels in order to prevent collisions; and the sailors as they say, take turns in playing on the mouth-organ.

One morning in the early part of spring, the season of the greatest amount of fog along our north Atlantic coast, Capt. Crosby's vessel was running on the southward course from St. John, about in the track of his uncle's steamer, which had left Portland that morning, and was liable to come along at any moment. During the night one of the sailors laid the "mouth organ" down on the rail of the schooner, and it rolled overboard. When the Captain came on deck in the morning he found his vessel in a dense fog, and no horn on board. For a moment he was puzzled, not knowing what to do. Recovering himself, he sent one of the men pounding on the anchor with a piece of iron, for, under the circumstances, it was choosing between a positive noise and a possible death.

Pounding on the anchor made a noise much better than none, but it could be heard only a short distance and was not at all satisfactory.

It so happened that among the vessel's stores the captain had a live pig which he allowed to run around on deck.

Presently the men on the schooner heard in the distance, beating against the water, the wheels of a steamer, which seemed to be running directly for their little vessel. They all screamed at the top of their voices, for in five minutes they expected to be struggling in the water.

Suddenly it occured to the captain that the shrill squeal of a pig could be heard a long distance, and quick as though he set one of his men pinching the pig's tail with a pair of nippers. The pig, in response to each pinch, belched forth a most bloodcurdling shriek, which travelled far out into the fog.

The steamboat came nearer and nearer very slowly. Its captain, faintly discerning the outlines of the schooner through the fog, and thinking it was his nephew's vessel, shouted in a deep guttural voice, "Chris, is that you?" "Yes," replied Capt. Crosby. "Well, I am glad of that," growled the uncle, "for I thought I was running ashore and right into a hog-yard."

THE DUTY TO BE A LADY.

It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady; good breeding is good sense; bad manners in woman is immorality: awkwardness may be ineradicable; bashfulness is constitutional; ignorance is etiquette, and is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind, but self-possession, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state prison offence, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners: it is a bitter shame that they need it; women are the empires of society; it is they to whom all mooted points should be referred; to be a lady is more than to be a prince; a lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect; to a lady prince and peasant alike bow; do not be restrained; do not have impulses that need restraint; do not wish to dance with the prince unsought, feel differently; be such that you confer your honor; carry yourself so loftily that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke; the natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—*Gail Hamilton in the Dorcas.*

NOT A REMARKABLE LOSS AFTER ALL.

This is the way an exchange discourses on the man who stops the paper: After you get angry and stop your paper just poke your finger in water, pull it out and look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you are missed. A man who thinks a paper cannot survive without his weak support ought to go off and stay a day. When he comes back half his friends will not know he has gone, and the other half will not care a cent, and the world at large didn't keep any account of his movements. You will find what you cannot endorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to get mad and burn your Bibles the hundreds of presses will go on printing them, and when you stop your paper and call the editor names, the paper will still be published, and what is more, you'll read it—on the sly.

NEWSPAPERS.

No newspaper ever published pleased everybody, and every sensible taker of a paper, in passing judgment upon it decides the matter upon the whole appearances of the publication from week to week, not condemning it because he finds something printed therein that displeases him, or considering it infallible because it expresses from week to week, his exact views. Otherwise the only successful newspaper would be the one which was neutral upon all subjects, or one which never expressed any views on a point of interest, confining itself to mere items of news. These two classes of papers were never known to exist in an intelligent community, after being conducted upon that principle for any length of time, for a community is judged by the outside world by the newspapers which it supports.—Ex.

Temperance.

A DRINK SHOP'S RECORD.

When the war closed, fifteen years ago, and the nation had its dead sons and widowed wives, and mothers and children it had enormous debts. It had cost the United States Government, the states, and cities and towns of the North no less than $6,165,237,000 to complete the war. It had cost the South not less than $2,000,000,000, making a total expense to the country of $8,165,237,000.

It is a sad and terrible record. But let it be remembered that every year since the war closed, the people of our country have paid alone for alcoholic drinks more than $600,000,000. Or, in 15 years, the sum of $9,000,000,000. In this we count, not the vast and far-reaching and enormous sums of money expended and lost through degradation and crime, which the poor and the rich have expended through the accursed drink, but simply the drink bill of the nation.

The reader may add to this the cost of crime, poverty, idiocy, loss of productive labor, etc. But the drink bill alone of these fifteen years would have paid every dollar of the cost of the war, and left remaining on hand for good uses $834,763,000. This is a commonly known fact. It is enough to startle our nation, and make the Christian people rend with wonder. What have we for these wasted resources of our fair land? What remuneration comes to us for the expenditure of money for the seething, liquid fire? Ask our homes of disgrace, poverty and ignorance! Ask our homes of sorrow, of shame, of bereavement, of broken vows, and utter helplessness? Ask our city prisons, our jails, our penitentiaries, and our insane asylums, all filled with victims of strong drink? Ask the courtroom, the poor fellow pinioned on the gallows and dropping into eternity? Ask these what we have to show for our drink bill.

During four years of civil war, it was estimated that 1,000,000 lives were lost, but in these fifteen years which have passed since they fell, this war of intemperance has murdered not less than seven or eight times that number of our fellow beings.—*Religious Telescope.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC PROTEST.

Right Rev. John Ireland, Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Paul, Minn., in a recent lecture on intemperance, said: "The need of the hour is a grand tidal-wave of total abstinence sweeping over the land. The strongest protest possible must be made against intemperance. Total abstinence is the protest. Will it be made with sufficient force to save the people? This is the vital question for the future of America, and, I might add, for the future of religion. What is to be done? Anything, O God, but nothing! I speak to those who by position, influence, talent, or office, ought to take an interest in the people. In the name of humanity, of country, of religion, by all the most sacred ties that bind us to our fellow-men, for the love of Him who died for souls, I beseech you, declare war against intemperance! Arrest its onward march! If total abstinence does not appear to you the remedy, adopt some other. If you differ from me in the means you propose, I will not complain. But I will complain in the bitterness of my soul if you stand by, arms folded, while this dreaded torrent is sweeping over the land, carrying with it ruin and misery. * * * All classes, high and low, offer holocausts upon the altar of intemperance. The brightest mind and the noblest heart are numbered among the victims. Human wretches whose fortune it has dissipated, whose intellect it has stilled, are strewn over the land as thick as autumnal leaves in the forest. Alcohol directly inflames the passions; it is oil poured on the burning fire. It fills the mouth with blasphemy, and arms the hand for murder. It turns man into an animal; it makes him the demon incarnate. One week's perusal of the daily papers fills the mind with horror at the shocking accidents, the suicides, the ruin of innocence, and the crime of all kinds caused by intemperance.

THE MODERATE DRINKER'S INFLUENCE.

The Portland (Me) *Herald* tells of a young man of remarkable talent and promise who entered into business for himself with a capital of $10,000, but soon went down through dissipation. He was offered $5000 a year, to clerk it for a wholesale house on condition of keeping sober, but he could not; his wife had to leave him, and in a few days he died of rum in the hospital. The *Herald* asks the young men, "Will you heed the warning?" No, they will not. As long as some men drink and do not become sots, loafers and paupers, many brave, gallant, splendid young men of talent and promise will dare to follow their drinking example, and will go down the dark Niagara of the rum pool and into the darkness of the drunkard's awful hereafter.

FACTS.

If you sow whiskey, you reap drunkards.

Temperance, industry and tranquillity are nature's best physicians.

How can alcohol be called a good creature of God, when God has not made it?

All things that are food for man are produced by life and growth; alcohol is a product of death and decay.

A teetotaller's arguments are sure to be sound, for he is sure to make use of nothing that will not hold water.

The whiskey sellers of Canada are adopting dynamite as a weapon of warfare against the temperance advocates. The difference between Canada whiskey and dynamite, as an agent of death, is not much.

Dominion Parliament.

OTTAWA, June 7.—Saturdays will be taken by the government as government day for the rest of the session. Sir John said if the opposition continued to be as good as they had been, prorogation may be expected on the 18th. By their smiles the opposition indicated they would do their level best to aid such a desirable object. Bills reconstructing the public department will be proceeded with, as also the amendment to the franchise bill. In reply to Mr. Mills, Sir John said that after the session was over, the cabinet would consider the question whether Sir Charles Tupper could better serve his country by remaining in the cabinet or by resuming the office of high commissioner.

After recess Sir Richard Cartwright objected to the subsidy to Prince Edward Island, as a continuance of the policy which made provinces subservient to the federal government and taught to look to Ottawa, instead of being economical in the management of local affairs. Sir Charles Tupper said the subsidy was given on grounds not applicable to other provinces. Prince Edward Island had received no compensation for expenditures for railways on the main line. Mr. Davies objected to the subsidy on the ground that it was not large enough. Sir Charles Tupper suggested that the resolution could be withdrawn. Mr. Welsh said it was only a measure of what was due to the Island and suggested that if Canada would cut the painter and let the island go he would be happy.

On the motion to go into supply, Mr. Amyot spoke about Canada's commercial relations with France, and regretted the lack of success in past efforts. He complimented Sir Charles Tupper on his energy and activity. Chapleau's aid was worth looking after. It was not surprising that it took a longer time to interest France in Canada. He stated that the first ship of the regular subsidized line had started from Havre and would be here in a few days. Cartwright said the efforts had been great, the effects small. Sir Charles said it was found that the best plan was first to obtain better relations with Spain before trying France, and also to establish steamship communication before endeavoring to open up negotiations.

It is more than likely that Mr. Chapleau will not accept the lieut.-governorship of Quebec.

GOSSIP FROM THE GALLERY.

Thursday being a statuatory holiday there will be no sitting of parliament. The press gallery propose utilizing the holiday by an excursion down the Ottawa river. This was a good business day in the house, the prospect of early adjournment spurring the members to an indulgence of activity. A dozen government bills were swept through committee and off the notice paper. The senate also had an industrial gathering and put through a score of bills. The C. P. R. promoted a bill for a railway between Caughnawaga and Dundee, via Valleyfield. The Grand Trunk opposed and the latter secured a victory, the bill being thrown out by 39 to 49, the committee thinking the Grand Trunk having a charter covering practically the same ground, and having shown bona fides by doing considerable work, should not be interfered with. The government steamer Newfield having repaired the cable in Bird Island and Anticosti the government are now receiving usual marine reports.

OTTAWA, June 8.—After routine Mr. Jamieson introduced his resolution respecting the prohibition of liquors. He and Mr. Fisher who seconded the resolution, made strong speeches in favor of prohibition. Mr. Girouard spoke against trying to legislate men into sobriety and adduced illustrations from ancient and modern history to show that alcoholic drinks were the cause of evil, while milder beverages were not productive of evil results. He moved an amendment that ale, porter, cider, claret and other light wines be exempt from the operation of the Scott Act. Some of Mr. Girouard's remarks aroused Mr. Freeman, with the result that he delivered a powerful temperance speech.

Mr. Cargill gave an amusing account of his experience in connection with the Scott Act in a style of dry humor which took with the house.

AFTER RECESS.

a number of private bills were passed, occupying so much time that it was ten o'clock before Mr. Cargill began again. He concluded by moving in amendment to Mr. Girouard's amendment that the Scott Act be repealed.

A question of order still further delayed the discussion.

Mr. Patterson of Essex took the floor against the Scott Act and Mr. McDonald of Huron supported the Scott Act and prohibition. A question of order was again brought up, and after Mr. Speaker had given his decision.

Hon. Mr. Foster spoke strongly agains