The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

VOL. XXV.—No. 13. — Newcastle, Wednesday, January, 6 1892. — WHOLE NO. 1261

FOR
CHRISTMAS and NEW YEARS.

Individual Chairs.

I have received and now ready for inspection a beautiful assortment of

FANCY CHAIRS

n all the newest styles and colorings.
RATTAN CHAIRS, in Pink, Pale Green, Silver Grey, Bronzed, Oak, and Pearl White.
Platform Rockers in Tapestry, Velvet-Pile and Plush, in beautiful designs and colorings.
QUEEN ANNE and EASTLAKE CHAIRS with Plush and Tapestry Coverings, Wood in English oak, Antique and Century.
Also Gentlemen's Easy and Smoking Chairs.
Fancy Tables, Folding Card Tables &c.
Any of the above would make a handsome and useful Christmas or New Year's Gift, or Wedding present.
Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to step in to my store and look at hese goods. I shall be pleased to show them to any one who will favour me with a call.

B. FAIREY, PUBLIC WHARF,
NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle, Nav. 19, 1891.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRASTER TA LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER &c.
hath m, - - - N. B.
OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.,
Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON.
SPECIALTY
N DISEASES OF EYE EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street Moncton.
oncton, Nov. 1st, 1886.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World; Agent for the Commercial and Collecting Agency;
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. H. A. FISH,
NeWcastle, N. B.
D. 23, 1891.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DEBBY, - - - N. B.
Derby Nov. 15, 1890.

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick
Prompt returns made on consignments of merchandize. Auctions attended to in town and country.
Newcastle, Oct. 1, 1890.

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.

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 and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for Commercial men.
TERMS, $1.50 per day, with Sample Rooms $.5

Clifton House.
Princes and 143 Germain 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.

TUNING and REPAIRING.
J. O. Biderman, 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. O. BIEDERMANN.
St. John, May 6 1891.

J. D. PHINNEY.
Barrister & Attorney at Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
RICHIBUCTO. N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, 1885.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
Considerable outlay has been made on this 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.

S. R. Foster & Son,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WIRE NAILS,
WIRE BRADS.
Steel and Iron cut NAILS,
And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.
ST. JOHN N. B.

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.

Coat Makers.
THREE Good Coat Makers Wanted at once. Highest Wages Paid.
J. R. McDONALD
Newcastle, April 13,

TAILORING.
The Subscriber begs to announce to his patrons that he has removed his tailoring establishment into the commodious store and premises lately occupied by Mr. B. Fairey, where he will keep on hand a stock of the
BEST CLOTHS
in the market, which will be made up in the Latest and Most Fashionable Style. Perfect Satisfaction given with regard to fit and make up. I also keep in stock a
NEW AND WELL SELECTED
Stock of Gents' Furnishings which will be sold at very low prices. Inspection invited. No trouble to show
GOODS
at any time
J. R. MCDONALD.
Newcastle, July 16, 1891.

IF You would Preserve Your Sight use
D. HARRIS
SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES,
To be had of
Messrs. H. Willston & Co.
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLERS
Sept. 7 NEWCASTLE, N. B.

COFFEE.
OUR OWN
Special Blend
COFFEE is Better than ever. We pay special attention to this line.
JARDINE & Co.
St. John

THE GREATEST HOUSEHOLD REMEDY
DR. KENDRICK'S
WHITE LINIMENT
For all forms of pain this Liniment is unequalled, as well as for all
Swellings, Lameness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Mumps, Headache, Stiff Joints, &c.
FOR MAN AND BEAST.
EMOLLIENT AND COUNTER IRRITANT
AT ALL DEALERS PRICE 25 CENTS
H. PAXTON GAIRD, PROPRIETOR,
WOODSTOCK, N.B.

W. MORAN,
LOCKSMITH & BELLHANGER
Jobbing in Brass or Iron done in a workmanlike manner. Scales repaired and readjusted. Wire Screen Shutters made to order Scissors and Pocket Cutlery sharpened.
Electric Bells and Speaking Tubes fitted up at reasonable prices.
CUNARD STREET—Old Anslow corner
Chatham, July 28, 1891.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason why you should not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and POST-OFFICE.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

$900 SALARY and commission to Agents, Men and Women, Teachers and Clergymen to introduce a NEW AND POPULAR Standard Book,
Testimony of 19 Centuries to Jesus of Nazareth.
The most remarkable religious book, written by 300 eminent scholars, Non-sectarian. Every Christian wants it. Exclusive territory given. Apply to
The Henry Bill Publishing Company;
NORWICH, CONN.

DR. JANES' NERVE BEANS.
NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that relieve and cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by overwork, or the errors and excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. They do not like other preparations advertised for Lost Manhood, etc., interfere with digestion; but impart new life, strength and energy in a quick and harmless manner peculiar to themselves.
Sold by all druggists at $1.00 a package, or six for $5.00, or sent by Mail on receipt of price. Address, The James Medicine Co., Canadian Agency, St. John, N. B.
Write for pamphlet. Sold in Newcastle by H. H. JOHNSTONE, Fountain Head Drug Store

$300 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any trustworthy intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Hundred Dollars a month in their own localities. Any person engaged in this business or employment will do as well as I can for that amount of money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I prove but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $300 a year each. It is NEW and ALL ABOUT IT. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

FOR SALE.
A TWO HORSE POWER BAXTER ENGINE and BOILER, in use in the Advocate Office up to three weeks ago. Having put in a six horse power boiler, and Four horse engine, have no further use for it. Will be sold low.
W. C. ANSLOW
Newcastle, June 1, 1891.

Labrador Herring.
I have this day received a car load of No 1 Labrador Herring which are offered for sale.
JAMES O. FISH.
Newcastle, Nov. 3, 1891.

Solid Leather.
Call and examine my stock of SOLID LEATHER Boots and Shoes. No shoddy or paper stock will be kept by me. For sale at a small advance on cost. Also Overshoes.
E. O'DONNELL.
Newcastle, Oct. 3rd, 1891.

MR. B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
Begs to announce to his patrons in Newcastle and the vicinity that he has arranged to be at that town every
WEDNESDAY,
where he may be seen at the Upper Flat of the store of Messrs. Sutherland & Creaghan, for the purpose of making measurements and taking orders for Gentlemen's Garments of all kinds and at the most reasonable prices.
Newcastle, Jan. 13 1890

GUNSMITHING.
The Subscriber is prepared to repair
GUNS, LOCKS, KEYS, &C.
Saws Retoothed and Sharpened.
Skates Sharpened.
Light Repairs of any kind in Iron and Steel.
JOHN BUCKLEY.
Newcastle Nov 25th, 1891. 1m.

Selected Literature.

JONES, THE WHIM-DRIVER.

It is a well-known fact, the papers say, that there are about a dozen broken-down baronets knocking about the colonies and picking up a romantic livelihood in the bush. I cannot answer for a dozen baronets, but I did once know some one of the kind who lived in a hut on Belville Station, New South Wales. They called him Jones, but his distinguished real name was nosecret. He had talked very frankly about himself in the township once, when the township whiskey nearly killed him, but he was equally candid with my friend Leeson, the Belville overseer, when the latter stopped for tea at the hut, where four months together Jones touched nothing stronger. Leeson was a good friend to Jones—who must be Jones to us, and nothing more.

Jones drove one of the Belville whims. He spent most of the day under a great wooden drum, round which coiled a mighty rope with its two ends down two deep shafts, and a full bucket always coming up and an empty one going down. The buckets filled a tank, which fed the sheep troughs; and what Jones did was to drive a horse round and round to turn the drum; to crack a whip sometimes, and smoke continually, and talk to the horse—his only companion—in forcible terms. It was not an intellectual employment. In times of plenty in the baddocks, when the rains had filled the tanks and freshened up the salt-bush, the whim was not wanted and other work was found for Jones. But these were rare periods, for Jones was in Belville during one of the longest and most obstinate droughts of late years. And I remember finding him conscientiously at work on a Sunday afternoon, when most men would have been 'camping' in the hut, the first time I set eyes on him.

I was spending the week end at Belville with my friend, who wanted to see Jones on some matter connected with the whim, and I was very curious to see him myself. I accompanied Leeson in the buggy and we found our broken-down swell serving his employers very zealously, as I say, and softly swearing at their horse. We drew up in the checkered shade of the beams and uprights supporting the drum and tied the reins to the brake and when Leeson had said what he had come to say we all three walked over to the hut, where the whim driver made tea for us. I watched him in the strong sunlight outside, and I watched him in the hut as he bent low to blow the embers of his fire his own face glowing at every puff. He had an unsteady, humorous eye, and he was good-looking certainly, though the hair on his face was very disorderly. He had a singularly quiet way of speaking, and he made me such civilities as a well-bred Englishman makes on ushering one into his house. There was something very incongruous in his air of gentlemanly hospitality when one considered his position and looked at his Crimean shirt and dirty moleskins; but my friend had begun the incongruity by introducing us. I found it hard not to eye the man with unmannerly curiousity.

We talked on what are called indifferent subjects. I was conscious of putting a restraint on the conversation. As we drove away, I observed:—

'It's drink that he came to the ground on; I see it in his eyes.'

'Drink, among other things,' said Leeson, carving arabesques with the whipcord on the horses' flanks. 'He was pretty rapid all round, I fancy, and a terror on the turf.'

'He drinks still, I gather—knocks down a cheque pretty regularly.'

'No, I can't say he goes to the township very often, though when he does his cheque goes too, as you say. No, racing's the passion that sticks tightest. He lost every penny at Waverley last Christmas; he'll lose every cent at our meeting next month.'

'And a great deal better than drinking it all,' I remarked. 'Has he entirely broken with his people? Don's they know where he is?'

'They do know, but have no idea what he is doing, I should say. Very likely they don't care much, either. He is a younger son; he played the fool awfully in the old country—went bang to the dogs. If he went home a reformed character, well and good; but they won't fret if he doesn't; they have washed their hands of him. That's his opinion. He is a very simple-hearted fellow at the bottom; he has told me everything. Yet they write to him now and then, his people. And there's some one who writes oftener—some one who was very fond of him, I gather, but he hasn't actually told me this. There is some romance, but I don't know it. I dare say he treated her pretty badly, and sees no way of putting it right, as things stand. I know he isn't over fond of himself, poor devil! But it's no use guessing at the story.'

'Dear me!' said I, very thoughtfully; for the very little I had heard was certainly suggestive and made one very inquisitive. 'He's the most interesting character I've ever come across. I should like to see him again.'

'Oh, you will, next month,' laughed Leeson, 'at Belville races!'

And I did.

II.

Belville Township is on Belville 'run,' and its inhabitants are not less ardent than other colonists in the matter of horse racing. They number some 200 souls—not many more or less. Yet behold the Belville Amateur Turf Club, a flourishing and most respectable institution. The Belville Plate, the Belville Amateur Turf Club Cup, the Belville Handicap steeplechase. Ladies' Bracelet, and Members' Race, are events which anybody would be proud to win, and sensibly enriched by that token; and, in point of fact, I rode my own Fidgetty Dick in more than one of these, not wholly without triumph, at that meeting whereat I next encountered the romantic Jones.

I was Leeson's guest, as before—as many times before and since—for my own station was 40 miles further back. The course was four miles from the home station and close to the township through which runs the stock and coach route. We sent on our racers (for Leeson was riding, too) rather early in the morning, and ourselves followed in the buggy a little later. The township was crowded. In the postoffice verandah we descried Jones, in clean Moleskins. He was alone there.

'He's drawn a check for the last farthing,' Leeson told me, when he saw him. 'We'll stop at the postoffice, too; the mail came in this morning. I hope our friend is sober still!'

Jones was indeed very sober. He was also pale. As we drove up he came round to the off side and handed Leeson a letter; and Leeson exclaimed, 'Good God!'

I started at the men, who were staring at one another and beginning to smile. Then Leeson turned to me and said, tapping Jones' letter;—

'This is from a Sydney lawyer; this fellow's father and brother have died within a few weeks of each other, and he's—'

Leeson said what; and I confess I regarded ragged-bearded Mr. Jones with newborn awe. Perhaps it was vulgar in me but one doesn't meet a titled, landed, Crimean-shirted gentleman every day in the bush. There may be a dozen bankrupt baronets there, but a dozen would scarcely leaven five colonies of ordinary bush men.

'We ought to have a drink on it!' observed the landed, titled gentleman, taking back his legal communication. I noticed—we noticed, as I discovered later—that he had another letter between his fingers, a letter directed—we are both positive—by a woman's hand.

'Yes, yes,' said my friend, 'we will of course. But—but the down coach passes through at 2 o'clock. You'll go by her, won't you? I don't suppose you have left any valuables in the hut, but I'll send them on if you have, or may I keep them in memory of—?'

He did not say Jones, and I shall never forget the rakish, reckless toss of the head he incurred from the man whose name was no more Jones than mine was.

'Go!' he cried, with noble scorn. To-day, my good sir, I'm going to the races!'

In vain we tried to dissuade him. We told him to take that day's coach—they ran but twice weekly—and shake the sand of Riverina from his boots for ever; or, better still, leave that decayed pair behind and return to civilization decently shod by our Belville storekeeper. But we spoke to deaf ears—we spoke to an old sportsman. Leave them in the middle of the races? Not he. He had backed Fidgetty Dick already (on his merits) and Leeson's horse too (for Leeson's sake, I suppose); besides, he was going for ever, of course, and he was not going without saying good bye to the hut and to his friends. But we were not to think of that yet; we were only to drink to it, and he was Jones to us still, if we pleased. He thrust the lawyer's documents carelessly in his pocket, and we saw him fold his other letter small and stow it in a leather pouch at the back of his belt. We accompanied him to the Royal Hotel, the least disreputable shanty in Belville.

'It's my last chance for a bit of real sport,' he said, gaily, grinning at us with his restless eyes; 'I'm going to make the most of it. Ascot'll be dull fun, sir, after this. To-day I'm Jones, the whim-driver, out on the bust; to-morrow—,

We drowned to morrow. And we were not the last people who drank at the whimdriver's expense that day, nor the only ones who heard of that startling news from Sydney and the old country, Jones 'shouted for the whole township, I should say, on the course; and the township very soon knew who Jones had become for he never could keep any secret, save one.

We had our own interests to absorb us. We hadn't been looking forward for months to making the most of an aristocrat in very plain clothes; that was sprung upon us, rather; but we had been looking foiward to riding our own home-bred horses in the various events ordained by the Belville Amateur Turf Club, and riding to win. We were keen sportsmen We rode and lost and won, and backed ourselves, and paid up or received, as the case was. We were not continually mindful of our friend the whimdriver. He was making his presence felt, but not disgracefully at all. When I won the ladies' bracelet on Fidgetty Dick he fell upon my neck nearly, as he had a right to do altogether, for we had started at considerable odds. He was excited, certainly, but nothing more. After the last race, however, we could see him nowhere and my friend and I, as we drove home, made sadly sure that the excited stage had passed, and our noble whim-driver on the broad of his back under some blue bush or verandah.

We were wrong. We had to travel some distance along the stock route after leaving the township before hitting the track that led to the home station. And long before we reached that turning we espied a man among the low trees sitting on a stump, with his head between his hands. It was the whiteness of his moleskins that attracted our notice and we felt sure that it was the whim-driver. We bumbed over the salt bush and our wheels left eccentric curves among the trees; but we were quite right, it was Jones. However, when he spoke to us he was entirely sober.

'What are you doing here, man?' cried Leeson, as we pulled up.

'Thinking,' said Jones, very quietly and distinctly.

'What's the matter?' my friend asked.

'Nothing. I've been winning money—like a man's luck when he don't requite it.'

'Then what is there to think about here? Leeson persisted, greatly puzzled; and I was puzzled, too, by the wildness of the man's eye and the complete sobriety of his tones.

'What?' repeated Jones, with quiet emphasis. 'Have you forgotten the news I told you this morning—this change in my affairs? I'm thinking about that, I'm trying to realise it, I'm trying to believe it, I'm trying to get a sight of all it means, and I can't. I go back to my old world. I can't for the life of me realize what it will mean or make up my mind to it that I shall be better off there than here buried in the bush. Yet I wish I'd made a start this afternoon, as you advised me to. I've had other chances to go; this is the last one, and I wish I'd seized it right away. It's three days till the next coach passes. I was a fool not to clear to-day.'

'Jump up,' exclaimed Leeson, promptly.

'It can't be helped now, and I'm glad myself not to have seen the last of you yet. Jump up and I will give you a lift to the station and a bed there.

'No; I'm going to the hut.'

'You're not—you're coming with us.'

'No,' said the whim-driver firmly. 'I am going back to my hut. I will have two more nights there, and two more days I will drive the whim for you. I never expected this, as you know; and I have a sort of affection for the whole concern, I find, now I am going to leave it. Two more days there will do me good. They will help me to realize things a little, and to pull myself together. No I am not going to the station: I am going straight to my hut. But of course I'll come that way round on Saturday, and say good-bye; and you will look me up when you take a trip home. We will fraternise then.

He was a difficult man to dissuade, as I had seen. Leeson gave it up. We drove back to the road, leaving a fresh set of curves among the trees, and bumping horribly over the salt bush.

'Is it far to his hut from here?' I asked.'

'Eight miles across the country.'

'Is he safe not to go and get bushed?' The sun will be down in two hours.'

'My good fellow,' said Leeson, 'he has travelled it blind drunk before this!'

'On foot?'

'He never brings my horses to the township. He goes on the spree more conscientiously that any man we ever had. But I am glad he has not gone on the spree to-night.'

And when we reached the road we saw the last of the white moleskins in the same spot, but now at the end of a long red land painted by the setting sun in its last moments. The fading sun was without a flaw; there was no wind; the locusts were already chirping their liliputian chorus; it was a very still, a very innocent evening.

III

I remember the dust storm only too well, the morning following that demure, sweet evening. I had gone just too far on my homeward journey to make it worth while turning back—I mean when the infernal thing began. Before long I might have been going forward or back, I should not have known which it was—you could not see three yards ahead—you could only stand still to be choked by the tremendous whirlwind of dark yellow sand.

I stood very still indeed (having dismounted), with my face to the faces of my two horses; I was leading Fidgetty Dick, you understand, who had no fidgets now, but only trembled. The vision was as completely hindered as a very bad November fog in London, and the prevailing tint was similar; but these dust storms are a far more palpable horror. They assault the throat, they batter the skin, they blind the eyes, they fill the ears. Fortunately, when they are so very violent they seldom last long. This one lifted, as a fog, while I could still see and hear and draw a labored breath through the sand that had accumulated in my throat and lungs. And it lifted all at once; in half an hour I saw a vague, yellow sun; before noon the sky was blue.

I noticed an odd thing as I remounted. I had halted out of reach of shelter in the middle of a sandy plain. Yet there was no track, not the mark of a single hoof, to show how I had come there. It was as though the storm had been a snowstorm and the snow yellow.

I did not get home that day. I spent the night at an intervening station. I did not get home at all just then. For a horseman arrived at this station before daybreak next morning with a line for me from Leeson. I read it by candle light, and I have it before me as I am writing now:—

DEAR G——, Jones has not been heard of since we saw him last night. He never reached the hut. We are organizing a search party. Can you join? I thought you would like to know anyhow. It is too awful—especially now!

J. L.

I was at Belville Station again that forenoon. No one was at the homestead: I found my way to the hut by the whim, and fell in with some of the party; but nothing had been heard of the whim-driver. He had not returned to the township. He had never reached his hut. Only too clearly, he was lost in the bush.

He was not found on the first day of the search, though all hands were seeking him, and there were many volunteers from the township. We were able to take a fairly straight line from the spot where we had left him to the whim, and work from this line on the zig-zag principle. But the line was eight miles long and we never came upon a single track, save our own; for the same dust storm that had obliterated my horses' track on that plain miles away had wiped out Jones' footmarks here. Even the deep cuts our buggy wheels had made off the track, were faintly visible in one or two places only, under the trees.

'He is dead,' said Leeson, in the evening. 'He had not a waterbag; he was nowhere near water, except he got back to the township, or on to his hut, or struck across to the station. He never got anywhere that we know of; he is lying dead at this moment, under these very stars—dead from thirst? We shall find him to-morrow.'

My friend shuddered. I did not remind him of the question I had put him when we were leaving Jones sitting on the stump whether he was quite certain not to get 'bushed,' or lost. But I was thinking of it; and Leeson divined my thought.

'How was I to dream of such a thing?' he asked, almost fiercely, 'when he has been over the ground time after time, and sometimes, as I told you, blind drunk? Besides he would not come with us, you know he would'nt. God forgive me for not forcing him, but how could I? If I had dreampt of such a thing, I would have done so. We shall find him to-morrow dead under some blue-bush. He is dead now! Now! My God?'

But we did not find him on the second day. Towards evening on the third day Leeson, within sight of whom I was riding, uttered a 'cooee' which made my heart thump. I saw him half tumble from his horse as I dug spurs into mine and galloped towards him; and I found him trembling all over and very sick, for at his feet lay our whim-driver, under a blue-bush, just as he had figured him—and stone dead!

The letter from the Sydney lawyers was at his side, pinned to the ground by his knife, and we found when we took it up, that he had picked through the paper in large capitals the words:

'MY LAST CHANCE.'

The charred ashes of another letter were also there, with several burnt vestas. But at that story, as my friend had said, it was no use guessing.

E. W. HORNUNG.

OIL BATHS EOR LEAD PENCILS.

A discovery has been made by railroad clerks in Pittsburg regarding the saving of lead pencils. This will be a great boon to those who are continually using expletives and borrowing pocketknives on account of the frailty of good, soft lead in a pencil.

Every one who has much rapid writing to perform prefers a soft pencil, but nothing has come to public light so far by which the lead can to any extent be preserved. The P., C., C. and St. L. Clerks have brought about a new era in the pencil business.

The idea to preserve a soft pencil is to take a gross of the useful article and place them in a jar of linseed oil. Allow them to remain in soak until the oil thoroughly permeates every particle of the wood and lead.

This has the effect of softening the mineral, at the same time making it tough and durable. It has been found very useful and saving, an ordinary pen it being used twice as long under the new treatment.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Temperance.

DONT'S FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't forget to send the amount due when you order your paper discontinued.

Don't forget to send your old as well as your new address when you change your paper.

Don't keep the publisher waiting a year or even longer for your subscription but pay promptly.

'Don't forget that it is just as great a sin to defraud a paper out of its just dues as it is to cheat the butcher or baker.

Don't let it escape your memory that the new postal laws make it a larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

Don't think because you are good for the amount, that we ought not to be in a hurry to get it; but remember so long as it is in your pocket it does us no good.

Don't forget, dear reader, that those who defraud a paper out of what is due will have to settle the bill in the next world in a place where no paper can be published on account of the calorific state of the atmosphere.

Don't get excited and stop your paper if you see something in it that does not agree with your ideas, but remember that there is a chance, and a large one too, of your being wrong, and the article may call forth words of praise from nine-tenths of the subscribers.

ALCOHOL.

You have heard of the Philosopher's stone, a wonderful stone which folks in years gone by were always trying to discover. They thought it would turn into gold everything that touched it. How very silly, wasn't it? another silly idea some had—they thought there was a certain liquid, which if they drank would make them live forever. They called it 'Elixir of Life.' Some men spent their whole life trying to find it out—of course they did not succeed. Why? Because it was all rubbish—no such thing. One day an Arabian philosopher who was trying to discover 'the Elixir of Life' distilled a liquid which made those who drank it do some very silly things, so he said that it was an evil spirit—or, in his own language, Al Ghoul, which means evil spirit. Know what it really was? Yes—alcohol. Alcohol being a corruption of the words Al Ghoul. He was quite right, alcohol is an evil spirit? Let us see—

I. What it is.

(1) It is a mocker.—That is, it professes to be something which it is not. It tells you it is good; but it really is bad.

Illustration.—It professes to be a food, but in reality it is a narcotic. Food strengthens, narcotics weaken.

(2) It is a deceiver.—Many use strong drinks because they think them good and beneficial. They become slaves to drink. But it works their ruin and their death.

II. What it does.

Solomon says that it bites like a serpent and stings like an adder.

(1) It fascinates.—A serpent lies hiding in the grass or in a hole. There is nothing old or heroic about it. Then, when it has got its victims near enough, it fascinates them, so that they cannot escape, thus it is with drink—it hides under a pleasant form or taste, and then fascinates its victims so that they cannot escape.

(2) It destroys.—A serpent bites and an adder stings when they have got their victims in their power, so destroying them. So with alcohol: it strikes a man, poisoning his blood, destroying his intellect, often destroying him altogether.

III. What are we to do?

We must take Solomon's advice when he tells us not to look on the wine when it is red, which means the juice of the grape when fermented. If we do not wish to be fools we must not be deceived by alcohol, which is certainly an evil spirit and 'he who is deceived is not wise.'

TO CURE OBESITY,

In a French journal is announced the discovery of a means as simple as it is strange for curing obesity. This discovery is attributed to a medical officer in the army. Thanks to him an army officer who was threatened with retirement from the army, as he was so heavy that it required two men to lift him to the saddle, became thin in a few weeks. He was so thin that he had to take means to recover in a measure what he had lost. It was to his doctor he was indebted for becoming a general.

The means consisted simply in never eating more than one dish at each meal, no matter what that dish may be. A person may consume as much as the stomach can bear and satisfy the appetite without the last reserve. Nevertheless, nothing but one dish should be taken No condiments, no soups, no supplementary deserts should be allowed. This system was also recommended by the author to a lady with similar results. The lady suffered no inconvenience whatever from this diet.

It is said that both the officer and the lady found by their experience that the partaking of only one dish, whether it be meat, fish or vegetables, brought on a sense of satisfaction much sooner than if a variety of dishes had been taken.—*Sanitary Tempest, M. D.*

THE FINEST LINE OF PERFUMES EVER BROUGHT TO MIRAMICHI, MEDICAL HALL, NEWCASTLE.