The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 35 — Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, June 11, 1890, — WHOLE NO. 1179.

Board of Works

James Fish.

Baby Carriages.

A very Large stock Just Received.

Baby Carriages from $5.00 up.

Doll's Carriages, Wagons for Boy's &c.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Newcastle, June 6, 1890.

Law and Collection Office.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister & Attorney at Law

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts the Dominion.

Office:-NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J D. PHINNEY.

Barrister & Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RICHIBUCTO. N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1885.

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

Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,

SPECIAL ST,

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Sts Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 12 86.

Charles J. Thomson,

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World;

Barrister, Proctor for Estates

Notary Public, &c.

Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence,

McCULLAM ST., - NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.

OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.

Newcastle March 12, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL,)

BATHURST, - - - N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, - Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel Yachting Facilities Some of the best trout salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

TERMS $1.50 per day with Sample Rooms $1.75.

Richibucto Drug Store,

W. A. MacLaren, - Proprietor.

Dealer in

Drugs,

Patent Medicine,

Toilet Articles,

Smokers' Goods, etc

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

Richbucto, Feb. 11, 1889.

BRICK FOR SALE.

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

Apply to

CHAS. VYE, Jr.

South Nelson Road,

Northumberland.

March 25, 1890.

250

BOY'S SUITS.

Special Sale of Boy's Suits at a reduction of 15 per cent.

Call and see them.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Newcastle, June 6, 1890.

Clifton House,

Princess and 143 Germain Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April 6, 1885.

CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick,

Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on this house to make it a first-class Hotel and travelers still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.

The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

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

Chatham, Jan. 1, 1890.

LAMP GOODS

On hand a large stock

LAMPS of all Kinds,

BURNERS, CHIMNEYS,

Shades, Globes, Wicks, etc.

AT LOWEST PRICES.

J. R. CAMERON,

63 Prince Wm. Street.

St. John Feb. 22, 1886

Miramichi Steam Brick Works.

The Subscriber wishes to call attention to the

BRICK MANUFACTURED

by them which are of large size, 18 to solid foot and perfect in shape and hard.

All orders attended to promptly.

Telephone Exchange, No 4, Nelson.

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

G. A. & H. S. FLETT.

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

DENTISTRY.

E. E Swasey, Surgeon Dentist, will have an office at the Waverley Hotel Newcastle, on the third week in every Month and at the Power Hotel, Bathurst, of the fourth week in every month, where he will do work relating to Dentistry by the most approved methods.

Teeth extracted without pain by a new method.

A lady assistant always present

E E SWASEY,

Newcastle, Dec. 17, 889.

Dental Notice.

Dr. Cates, DENTIST.

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

Newcastle, April 18th, 1890.

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES AROUND THE EYE AYE MORE

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

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H HALLETT & CO., BOX 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Just Received.

A Lot of Choice Teas

IN

BLACK

of superior Qualities, also Fine Oolong and Green Teas in Extra Quality, in caddies or bulk.

WM. MASSON.

Newcastle, May 27, 1890.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

N.Y.

The management respectfully announce that on

FRIDAY, APRIL 25TH,

and every FRIDAY following, the new iron steamship "VALENCIA," (1609 tons) Capt. F. C. Miller, will leave Company's Wharf (rear of Custom House) St. John, N. B., at (12) midnight, for New York, landing at

Eastport, Portland, and Cottage City.

Returning Steamer will leave New York Tuesdays at 5 p. m.; Cottage City 8 a. m. Wednesdays; Rockland 2 a. m. Thursdays; and Eastport at 5 p. m., due in St John Thursday evenings.

This beautiful steamer was selected realizing that for sea going qualities, superb accommodations and freight capacity, there is not an equal along the coast; was built under special contracts with every convenience and appliance for the safety and comfort of the travelling public and shippers, and we invite the most thorough inspection as to appointments and condition.

The merits of our officers and crew we leave with those who have had occasion to observe what expert management and polite treatment will produce.

Realizing that the public will fully appreciate a first class and practical service, we leave the verdict in your hands.

This direct connection with New York enables merchants and traders to obviate the rehshipments, delays and extra expense now attending the movements of freight and passengers, and being a position to purchase in a much larger market, or to forward product to sections heretofore out of reach.

Goods shipped to and from all principal points in the South, West, East and West Indies, Central and South America, on through bills of lading, as all connections are established. Also through tickets sold to all principal points and baggage checked through.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

1ST CLASS.

St. John to New York, including berth in state room ..... $ 9.00

Excursion Ticket, including berth in state room 16.00

INTERMEDIATE.

St. John to New York, including berth in state room 7.50

Excursion Tickets, including berth in state room 14.00

Meals 75c. and 50c., or passage meal tickets at reduced rates.

Additional steamers will be placed on the route in connection with above, leaving New York Saturdays at 5 p. m., as soon as the arrangements can be completed.

N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 63 Broadway, N. Y. City.

FRANK ROWAN, Local Agent, St. John.

P. S.—The Company has fitted up a nice reception room, and they extend a cordial invitation to people throughout the Eastern country to make this their headquarters for their mail, their business appointments or the meeting of their friends.

Public Notice.

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

FRIDAY EVENING

of each week until further notice.

All Liberals are requested to attend.

E. P. Williston, Secretary

P. Hennessy, President.

Newcastle, 15th March, 1890.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co.

Merchant Tailors,

Amherst, N. S.

Our representative visits the different towns on the North Shore every two months; and inspection of our samples is respectfully solicited.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co.

Amherst, March 20, 1890.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

—oOo—

Messrs. Adams & Pinco

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

New Merchant Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT

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

STYLISH

AND

WELL FITTING CLOTHING

at moderate charges. Call and examine our Samples.

ADAMS & PINCO.

Newcastle, Oct. 29, 1889.

PUBLIC SAFETY DEMANDS

That only honest and reliable medicines should be placed upon the market. It cannot, therefore, be stated too emphatically, nor repeated too often, that all who are in need of a genuine Blood-purifier should be sure and ask for

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. Your life, or that of some one near and dear to you, may depend on the use of this well-approved remedy in preference to any other preparation of similar name. It is compounded of Honduras sarsaparilla (the variety most rich in curative properties), stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, and the iodides. The process of manufacture is original, skilful, scrupulously clean, and such as to secure the very best medicinal qualities of each ingredient. This medicine is not boiled nor heated, and is, therefore, not a decoction; but it is a compound extract, obtained by a method exclusively our own, of the best and most powerful alteratives, tonics, and diuretics known to pharmacy. For the last forty years, Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

has been the standard blood-purifier of the world—no other approaching it in popular confidence or universal demand. Its formula is approved by the leading physicians and druggists. Being pure and highly concentrated, it is the most economical of any possible blood medicine. Every purchaser of Sarsaparilla should insist upon having this preparation and see that each bottle bears the well-known name of

J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Lowell, Mass.

In every quarter of the globe Ayer's Sarsaparilla is proved to be the best remedy for all diseases of the blood. Lowell druggists unite in testifying to the superior excellence of this medicine and to its great popularity in the city of its manufacture.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

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

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

ESTEY'S

Iron & Quinine Tonic

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

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

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

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

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

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

☞ The genuine has my trade mark and signature. Take no other.

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

BRISTOL'S

Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier

— OF THE —

BLOOD AND HUMORS

TO BUILDERS AND JOINERS.

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

WM. MASSON.

Newcastle, May 27, 1890.

A Farm for Sale.

The Farm known as the Peabody Farm, the upper part of which is Situated on the North Side of the Miramichi River, nine miles above Red Bank, is offered for Sale. Price moderate and Terms Easy. For further particulars apply to

JOHN O'SHEA.

North Esk, May 30th, 1890. 4w.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Selected Literature.

THE TWO WISHES.

What thinks the little maiden
With the golden hair?
Why is Gerty sitting silent
Half-way up the farm-house stair?

The restless tongue is quiet:
eyes of clearest gray
Tell us that little Gertrude
In thought is far away.

"What is sister Gerty thinking?"
Cries Brother Frank, as he
Runs up the gravelled pathway,
"Come tell your thoughts to me."

The eyes light up with gladness,
And clears away the brow;
"I'm six years old to-day Frank,
And I have thought just now,

How long, dear Frank, I have to wait
Till I'm big like sister May.
Oh! if I were a woman now,
How happy I would be!"

The mother passing through the hall
Heard what the child did say;
"Ah little one," she sadly said,
"The years will fly away.

'Tis but a little while, till you
Shall be a child no more,—
May you be kept by God through life,
And through its troubles borne."

Aye mother, you have said aright,
May God your prayer hear;
And may your youngest darling
Walk uprightly in his fear!

The years have flown full quickly,
And many changes brought:
Changes so unexpected—
Changes by all unsought.

Let us leave the dusty highway
On this sultry August day;
Let us seek the cooling shelter
Of the farm-house, if we may.

Where are the familiar faces
That were here twelve years ago?
Have they known the pain of parting,
Or been visited by woe?

Time has wrought full many changes
On the farmer and his wife,—
His strong frame is growing feeble;
Her black hair is turning white.

But the mother's prayers are answered:
God has kept her treasures right;
He has guided their young footsteps
In the path of life and light.

One is now a happy matron;
Children cluster round her knee;
But her place in the old homestead
Evermore shall vacant be.

Some have gone to lands far distant,
And in foreign countries dwell,
While but one remains to brighten
The old home we loved so well.

But the youngest—where is Gerty?
Surely she is somewhere near
In the garden, with her brother,
Or upon the oaken stair.

Little curly headed Gertrude
Is a child no more; but she
Now a woman—"big like sister"—
From the old home's far away.

Yes, the youngest fledged full early;
All her playing days are over;
Yet she finds herself oft dreaming,
Dreaming of home and mother,

Dreaming of all the loved ones
Who filled the home with mirth—
The loved, who ne'er shall gather more
Around the family hearth!

And we do not wonder, sister,
That you often sadly say,
"Oh, if I were a child again,
How happy I would be!"

RAY.

WAITING TO SERVE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Rodney Shipton was a southern boy, and, like many a northern lad, was ambitious. Like many a northern lad, too, his parents were poor and unable to do for their son as they could have wished. But they sent him to school until he was 14 years old, and then, at Rod's earnest request, they sent him to a school of telegraphy for a year, where Rodney learned to send and receive messages over the wonderful and mysterious wires.

For Rod was by no means content with the humdrum life on the twenty acre lot in Mississippi which his father called the farm. It was well enough, he always said to himself and his chums, for 'old folks' who were satisfied to raise corn and tobacco, and know nothing of the great world around them, save what they read in the weekly paper. But that wouldn't suit Rod Shipton—'not much it wouldn't.'

No, Rodney was anxious to start bright and early into the thick of the fight—into the front ranks of those who are taking part in life's great battles.

But Rodney Shipton some discovered that even those who are willing to do brave and arduous work are not the ones always selected for the most important duties. He had to learn, as so many of us will have to, that, as a great poet once wrote:

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

He found very speedily that the great telegraph companies and newspapers were not in need of inexperienced lads of fifteen to place in charge of their offices in large cities and other centres of life and activity.

First, he applied for a position in Washington, and did not so much as get answer to his application. Then he tried New York, and the manager of the concern wrote back and kindly told the lad that he had better try 'nearer home.'

At last, much discouraged, Rod did try nearer home. It went much against the grain for him to think that a telegraph operator should be compelled to remain in such a rusty old state as Mississippi. But he braced up and one spring morning he started out on a tramp of more than thirty miles to Jackson. Most of the way he trudged along the railroad track, though he did not mind that. Rod Shipton was used to long tramps and his father had not so many dollars that he could afford to give up two of them for railroad fare.

The lad's shoes were pretty dusty when, early on the second morning he presented himself to the superintendent of telegraph of the Jackson and Richmond railway and asked for a 'job.'

'Well, my son,' said the superintendent, 'you're not very old and you've had no experience, but if you are in dead earnest and want to show us what kind of stuff you're made of I'll offer you a job. We've got an office up at Snowflake City, seventy miles from here, and we find it pretty hard to keep any one there. It's a lonely sort of a spot; on one side of the track is a swamp and on the other side a scrubby forest, with a sawmill and a store. You'll have very few neighbors, and those that are there are about as rough as they make 'em. There's very little work and, consequently, very little pay. Now, then if you'll go down and try your hand as operator at Snowflake City, I'll engage you at a salary of twenty dollars a month. What do you say?'

Well, it wasn't a very bright picture which the superintendent presented to our young friend, and so Rodney Shipton thought. He stammered somewhat as he replied:

'You see; sir, I thought some of a job in the city; and then, sir the pay—its awful small; father pays that for a hired man when he wants one on the farm, but—but—yes, sir, I guess I'll take the job in Snowflake City.

'Look here, my lad,' said the superintendent, laying his hand with much kindly feeling upon Rod's shoulder. 'I know just how you feel about it. I was a boy myself once, just about your size, and with just as much of a desire to do something big as you have. But I started in clear at the bottom, yes, lower than you will have to do, and I stuck to it, and think I did my duty. You do the same, and we expect no more of the best paid men on the road.'

And the very next day Rodney Shipton, instead of tramping back to his father's farm, took the train to Snowflake City.

The friendly words of the official who was now his chief had encouraged him greatly, and he resolved to 'stick it out' at Snowflake no matter what might happen, until his ability should be recognized by his employers.

If the picture of Snowflake City which Superintendent Stebbins had outlined, was a dark one, the reality was still most uninteresting. Nature had done as little as possible, it seemed; the inhabitants were even more uncouth than their surroundings. The men were of the roughest and most ignorant type while such women and children as graced—or disgraced—the settlement were nearly akin to the men in their tastes and habits. Not that there were a great many of these people, for within a very wide radius of Snowflake station there were not more than a hundred human beings, who were about evenly divided between blacks and whites.

As for Rod, he made his head-quarters at the cabin, which was known as 'the Station.' At first he tried boarding at 'the store,' which was also a hotel and saloon, but he finally came to the conclusion that he had better 'keep house' in the little cabin which now became for him kitchen, parlor, bedroom and office all rolled into one.

It was truly a lonesome spot, and through the long early summer days and the weird nights when the breezes sighed and sobbed over the dismal swamp, Rod often got homesick for the old farm. He did not have much work; hardly enough to keep him from growing weary; but, remembering the superintendent's word Rod did his work promptly and well and not a single reprimand came to him over the wire from the train despatcher.

Rod saw few people, for passenger trains stopped very seldom at Snowflake, and the boy did not encourage visits from the rough and—generally—half drunken men from the sawmill.

Three months passed away that were long and dreary ones to Rodney Shipton and one August day the lad awoke to find himself important.

Yellow fever had broken out at Snowflake City! The state medical officer had been down from Jackson and pronounced four cases of serious sickness as yellow fever of the most pronounced kind. Forthwith a doctor and nurse were dispatched from the capital to Snowflake and the district was laid under quarantine. No one dared leave the fever district now until the pest should be driven away, and, for all the communication the wretched people could have with the outside world they might as well have been living on a desert island in the midst of the Pacific ocean. Stay, there was the telegraph! Touched by the deft and willing fingers of the young operator, the throbbing wires carried all over the country the tale of misery which Snowflake City now told.

In the columns of the great daily papers of the north were printed Rodney Shipton's despatches, wherein folks learned how the poor, wretched ignorant people of the forest and swamp were dead and dying, how the four cases speedily increased to fourteen and then to forty. Rodney's messages calling for aid, brought nourishing food and healthy clothing to those who were fortunate enough to recover; Rodney's messages brought medicines for the sick and even caskets for the dead. And many coffins were needed in the stricken district—for fully half the people died and through it all Rod stuck to his post. The folks of the settlement moved away as far as they could within the quarantine boundary, but Rod stayed right on at the little telegraph cabin on the edge of the swamp and close to the huts and hovels of the sawmill people.

He knew that the people and the doctor could not do without the telegraph, he knew that no one would come from outside if he should desert his post, and he knew quite well that there was not a soul in Snowflake City, beside himself, who could operate the telegraph. So with a brave heart, he did his duty. Rod did not complain now that his work was light dear, no! He could hardly give information enough with his little clicking hammer. The eyes of the whole country were upon Snowflake City. The people were sorry enough for the unfortunates shut up by themselves, but they wanted to keep the dread plague at Snowflake.

No trains stopped now. Most of them went flying past, and even on the hottest days the passengers would shut down all the windows, as if they feared to breathe the air in passing. Even the local freight only slowed as she went on her way and the train men carelessly dumped the barrels and boxes of clothing and provisions on the little platform for Rod to gather up as best he might.

So the days and weeks dragged slowly along and one morning the papers had these words at the foot of their usual dispatch from Snowflake City:

'The only telegraph operator in the place has the fever and is fast failing.'

Then for days there was no news at all over the wires from the unfortunate village, and the stricken people had to shout the news and their need to the train men as they passed through the station.

But Rod did not die; he was one of the very few who recovered from the fever, and shortly after he was stricken down the first frost came to gladden and cheer the people of the south, who feared for the spread of the terrible infection.

Yes, Rod recovered, and went, after a while, back to the old farm, to rest and gain strength. And while there he received letters and presents innumerable, congratulating him upon his plucky behavior at Snowflake. Among them was the official thanks of the governor of the state. But the letter which Rod prizes most of all is one from Superintendent Stebbins and this is what it says:

MY DEAD SHIPTON,—You did your duty nobly. Accept my thanks and the thanks of our directors. When you are quite well again we shall like to have you take a position as assistant to the chief train despatcher at Jackson. The salary is $75 a month.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY STEBBINS.

To-day Rodney Shipton is manager of one of the largest offices of the very largest telegraph company in the world. I stepped in to see him the other day, and on the wall, over his desk, I saw these words in a neat frame:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

W. H. S. ATKINSON in *Yankee Blade.*

AN OPEN LETTER FROM HENRY M. STANLEY.

[By the Commercial Cable to the Herald.]

LONDON, MAY 16, 1890.—The following was mailed last night to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and I have been shown the original signed copy:

NOTICE TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC:

I beg distinctly to state that the only publishers in America who have any authority to publish anything whatever of mine are Messrs. Scribner's Sons and Messrs. Harper Brothers. My new and shortly forthcoming work, "In Darkest Africa," is exclusively in the hands of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and I cannot too emphatically condemn the conduct of a firm calling itself the Historical Publishing Company, who, in the name of truth and justice, put forth an advertisement headed, 'Look out! Do not be deceived!' which is made up of the most barefaced falsehoods.

The work which they announce as "Heroes of the Dark Continent," I repudiate entirely. They say it contains all my forthcoming work and a great deal more. I emphatically deny this statement.

I have simply to say once for all that these people can lay no possibility publish anything of mine but what they dishonestly appropriated from my previous works; and being an American citizen and therefore holding my copyright there I shall in due time take proper measures to protect myself against such unprincipled robbery.

I am aware that several other publishers are announcing spurious works purporting to be mine. I therefore think it high time that all my good friends in America should be put on their guard, and bear in mind that my authorized work will be called "In Darkest Africa," in two volumes, and will be published only by Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

The Earle Publishing House, St. John, N. B., are sole Agents for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. H. W Phillips, Point Escuminac, Agent for Northumberland County.

WHAT IS A MODEL WIFE?

A model wife is the woman in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust.

She is the woman who looks after his household, and makes her hospitality a delight to him and not a burden.

Who has learned that a soft answer will turn away wrath.

Who keeps her sweetest smiles and most loving words for her husband.

Who is his confidant in sorrow or in joy, and who does not feel the necessity of explaining her private affairs to the neighborhood.

Who respects the rights of husband and children, and in turn has due regard paid to her.

Who knows that the strongest argument is her womanliness and so she cultivates it.

Who is sympathetic in joy or in grief, and finds work for her hands to do.

Who makes friends and keeps them.

Who is not made bitter by trouble, but who strengthens and sweetens under it.

Who tries to conceal the faults of her husband rather than blazon them forth to an uninterested public.

The woman whose life book was love written on every page.

Who makes a home for a man—a home in a house and in a heart. A home that he is sure of, a home that is full of love presided over by one whose price is above rubies.

She is the model wife—Ladies' Home Journal.

Temperance.

WHY IS PROHIBITION NEEDED?

"Why is Prohibition needed?
Blasted hopes will tell you why,
Lives now wrecked, and prisons crowded,
Stifled moan and widow's cry;
Children crouching in their garrets,
Shivering outcast's bitter sigh,
To tell you as no words could utter
Prohibition's reason why.

There has been enough of scheming,
Mild reproaches and reproof;
Too much parleying with evil,
While our valor kept aloof.
Every man must wake to conflict,
Crush the evil—that's the plan:
Fight—for truth will always conquer,
Prohibition's in the van!

Land of stars and stripes, we greet you!
First in noble work thou art;
Here on the same field we meet you,
Brethren brave in flesh and heart;
Scotia! freedom is before thee,—
Truth must conquer man to man;
There's deliverance coming o'er thee,
Prohibition's in the van!

God of hosts, lead on this army,
Let our brethren heed the cry;
Arm with all Thy gracious succor
Those who fight for liberty;
Thou who Scotia's past has honored,
Look in mercy, aid and bless;
Strong in Thine strength we'll conquer
Drink and all it's bitterness."

THE CHILDREN'S WORST ENEMY.

A while ago I was addressing a Ragged School in the north of England, and, among other questions, I asked how many of the Children were abstainers. In a moment every hand was raised. In order to test the intelligence of their abstinence I said, "Can any of you tell me why you abstain?" A forest of outstretched hands was the report. Selecting the smallest girl in the front row I said, "Tell me why you abstain?" Blushing crimson at being selected from the rest, she answered with tremulous voice, "Because drink is the children's worst enemy." An archbishop could not have given a better one. It is a terrible truth, and that little voice will follow me to the grave. There is scarcely a child in sorrow in the land but in some shape or another strong drink is the cause of that sorrow. Strong drink a good creature of God? As well say that a revolver or a bayonet, or a cannon-ball is a good creature of God. It is produced from the good creatures of God by the skill of man but is more God's creation than dynamite or a park of artillery. It is the great agent for the children's destruction, and its history is written in tears and blood.—*Charles Garret.*

An English journal puts the liquor problem in this form: "Twenty-five snakes running through the streets—that's free whiskey. Twenty-five snakes gathered into a box in which twenty-five holes are made by authority of the court—that is low license. Ten of the holes are closed and the snakes get out through the other fifteen—that is high license. Drive all the snakes over to the next village—that is local option. Kill all the snakes—that is prohibition."

FOUNTAIN HEAD DRUG STORE has removed to Store lately occupied by

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.