1888

Board of Works

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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

VOL. XXI.—NO. 04. — Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, July 18, 1888. — WHOLE NO. 1080.

INTERESTING.

I am sending out regular ½ yearly accounts and shall be much obliged for an early settlement of the same.

B. FAIREY,

Newcastle, July 13th, 1888.

P. S. Accounts over 12 months' standing will be handed to a lawyer for collection unless paid within 10 days.

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.
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.

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

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

Dr. DESMOND,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office and residence UNION HOTEL, Newcastle, N. B.
Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

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.

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 $1.75.
Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

CEO. 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.

Clifton House,
Princess and 143 Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. McPETERS, PROPRIETOR,
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April, 20 '85.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
The Subscribers return thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had and at lowest rates for cash. Also S. R. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tops, as well as home-made Tops to order, of the best meterial. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHRISTIE & Co

CANADA HOUSE.
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor
Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.
The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises.
Oct. 12, 1885.

F. CLEMENTSON & CO.
OUR STOCK OF
CROCKERY,
CHINA,
and GLASS,
LAMPS and LAMP GOODS,
is now complete for the coming spring. We invite
COUNTRY TRADE
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.

MILLINERY.
The Subscriber will continue the
Millinery Business
in all its branches at the Old Stand, in Campbellton, where all work entrusted to her, will be performed promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Give me a Call.
Mrs. Robt. Watt.
Campbellton, Feb. 14, '88.

Stoves for Sale.
For sale at a bargain, a large
BASE BURNER,
for Soft Coal, Style
"OHIO,"
suitable for a Hall or large Dining Room. Little use only two seasons. Also a
Model Parlor Stove,
in good order.
For particulars apply at the "Advocate" Office.
Oct. 10, 1887.

SHEEP DIP!
☞ FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS. ☜
Hardwicke Guerin & Co's
GLYCERINE DIP
for smearing Sheep and Lambs.
It is non poisonous and does not discolor the wool—deadly to all parasites infesting the skins of sheep and other animals.
It is put up in 5 lb. Tins and is recommended as a first class article.
JARDINE & Co.
April, 1888. — St. JOHN, N. B.

E. C. COLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR
—AND—
Gentlemen's Outfitter,
Palmer Block, Moncton, N. B.
Our traveller, Mr. C. S. COLE, will visit the different towns on the North Shore, about the 15th of May, with an entirely new range of samples, including some special lines for Summer wear. We employ two first class cutters, one a graduate of Mitchell's Celebrated Cutting School, New York. Customers can depend upon the latest styles and perfect fits.
Moncton, May 2, 1888.

Gillespie & Sadler.
Auctioneers Commission Merchants, Ship Brokers & Warehousemen!
Merchandise Stored at Small Cost, and Insurance effected on same.
Consignments Solicited and Returns made promptly.
Thos. F. Gillespie, Jno. Sadler.
WATER STREET, Chatham, Miramichi, N. B.
May 22, 1888. — 2m.

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.

DOWN
with the High Price of Stoves.
To any person in Newcastle wanting a first class Cooking Stove or Range, I will send any one of the undermentioned Stoves per Steamer Nelson, freight prepaid at the following low prices. Remember all my Stoves have an entirely new device for cleaning the oven.

No. 8 STAR, Stove complete,		$17.00
No. 2 NIAGARA,	" "	14.00
No. 3 NIAGARA,	" "	17.00
No. 2 WATERLOO,	" "	18.00
No. 3 WATERLOO,	" "	20.00
Granger Cook with 2 ovens,	"	25.00
Welcome Cook Range, (warranted),		35.00
Good News Range,	" "	35.00
No 8 Jewel Cook Stove,	"	15.00

The following is a list of Tin and Iron-ware given with each stove.
2 Pots, 1 Tea Kettle, 1 Tin Boiler, 2 Pot Covers, 2 Bake Pans, 1 Soup Ladle, 1 Fish Skimmer, 1 Water Dipper, 1 Wash Basin, 3 Pie Plates, 1 Tin Pint, 1 Dust Pan, 1 Frying Pan, 1 joint Stove Pipe, 2 Pancake Fryers.
In addition to my Stove department, I have a heavy stock of House and Kitchen Hardware, and parties visiting Chatham are kindly invited to call and inspect whether they wish to buy or not.
W. J. WOODS.
Office and Warerooms, Cunard Street, Chatham, N. B.
May 12, 1888. — 3m.

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
Salter Brick Store,
40 BAGS FRESH
TIMOTHY
—AND—
CLOVER
SEED.
Wholesale and Retail.
JNO. FERGUSON.
Newcastle, May 1, 1888.

Tenders Wanted.
Sealed Tenders for the grading of
Newcastle Driving Park,
will be received up to
Tuesday, 17th July,
by the undersigned. Plans, &c., may be seen at the office of H. M. Balcom, C. E., Chatham, from 7 to 10 p. m. daily.
R. LEE STREET, Secretary.
Newcastle, 21th June, 1888.

SOUTH WEST BOOM Co.
Sale of Prize Logs.
There will be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, the 13th day of JULY, inst., at 3 o'clock, p. m., in front of the Engine House, in Newcastle, all the unmarked or Prize Logs rafted at the South West Boom, during the present season.
TERMS CASH.
ALLAN RITCHIE, President.
Newcastle, 3rd July, 1888.

Executor's Notice.
All persons having any legal claims against the Estate of the late M. M. Sargeant, of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested to the undersigned within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment.
CHARLES SARGEANT, Administrator.
Newcastle, July 3rd, 1888. — 3w.

DENTAL NOTICE.
TO PATRONS IN NEWCASTLE and VICINITY.
Dr. Cates will visit Chatham professionally on or about June 23rd for a few weeks, in the meantime intending patients requiring their work done immediately please make early appointments in order to avoid disappointment.
Newcastle, June 11th, 1888.

For Sale.
The proprietor offers for sale the
Drug Store,
situated in Richibucto, Kent County, N. B.
Stock and Fixings
complete, including Soda Fountain. Good chance for one who understands the business, as it is the only registered Drug Store in town.
Apply to
R. L. BOTSFORD,
Richibucto, N. B
July 2nd, 1888.

Estey's
Cod Liver Oil Cream
WITH THE
HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA.
Contains 50 per cent. of the purest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. The most perfect Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil on the market
PLEASANT! SAFE!! SURE!!!
—CURES—
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Lungs.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
Price 50c. Six Bottles, $2.50
—PREPARED ONLY BY—
E. M. ESTEY,
MANUFACTURING PHARMACIST,
MONCTON, N. B.
For sale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N. B

CHEAP CASH STORE.
Thos. Clark, & Co.
would respectfully call the attention of the Public to the large Stock of
Spring and Summer Goods,
now in Store, with more to arrive. This Stock consists of a nice assortment of Prints, Ginghams, Shirtings, Cottonades, Stained Muslins and Summer Dress Fabrics, splendid value in Cashmeres. Something new and nobby in Jerseys expected shortly. A large assortment of Hose, all sizes. Ladies' and Gents' Fine Underwear. Hard and Soft Hats, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Ready made Clothing, Gloves, Ties and Collars, Trunks and Valises, and lots of miscellaneous articles.
Prices down to Rock bottom.
Thos. Clark & Co.
Newcastle, May 8, '88.

ESTEY'S
ESTEY'S
ESTEY'S
ESTEY'S
IRON
IRON
IRON
IRON
A
AND
D
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 o 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.

TAILORING.
In consideration of the hard times I am prepared from this date to Trim and make Suits for the sum of
$10.00.
This is considerable of a reduction from usual prices. Other work I may be favored with will be done at proportionately low rates.
Residence over the Store of Mr. Donald Morrison.
T. WINTER, Tailor.
Newcastle, April 25, 1888.

English Sausage Shop
and MEAT STORE.
We are now putting up our Pressed Beef and Tongue. Wholesale and Retail.
☞ ASK FOR CUPS. ☜
JOHN TOPKINS,
April 5, '88. — 186 Union St., St. John

Labrador Herring.
IN STORE:
40 Bbls. No. 1.
Moncton, N. B. — A. J. BABANG & CO.

CASH
PAID FOR WOOL!
We will pay the
HIGHEST CASH
Price for five or more tons of wool of good quality. Address
Willis, Mott & Co.
etors "Golden Grove Woollen Mills."
John, N. B., Jan. 30, 1888.

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.

MY NEIGHBOR FOUND.

One bright Sunday in May the congregation were pouring out of the various churches in the little city of N——, and comments on the sermon, and bits of conversation were wafted by on the breeze. One attractive looking group of three were quite animated. They were evidently father, mother and daughter, and the older lady remarked:

'I wonder who those strangers were in the pew behind us?'

'They were queer looking people—not a bit of style. Did you notice the bonnet?'

'I heard them sing; they had good voices.'

'They must be strangers here; I wonder if they are coming to our church.'

'I wish they wouldn't take that pew. What a pity Mrs. Darrow left; she did have such sweet gowns and bonnets.—They were to pretty to look at coming out of church.

'I am afraid you forgot the sermon looking at the gown.'

'No, papa; I do think we have the best sermons anywhere. Dr. Hall makes you listen, and then, don't you know, my thoughts keep elevated, if there is something sweet and lovely to look at when I come away.'

'Well, dear, we had a good sermon this morning. That is a wonderful thought,—who is my neighbor?'

'Can it be the woman behind us with the dowdy bonnet, papa?'

'May be so, Louise. Suppose you find out.'

'I'm afraid the poor things won't get any neighboring in this church.'

'Doesn't Dr. Hall go to see them?'

'Why, yes, I suppose so, but Mrs. Hall cannot, you know; her health is so delicate, and who is there in the church that hunts up strangers?'

'Why don't you mamma?'

'I, dear; I have no gift that way—I don't know what to say to strangers?'

'Why mamma, you always know what to say. If I were older, I should love to make people feel they were welcome.'

Meantime the strangers under discussion were walking to their home in a quiet little street.

Presently the young girl said:

'What a pretty girl sat in front of us; I hope she goes to the same school with me—and what a beautiful church—and I liked the sermon ever so much. I am sure we shall be happy here.'

'I hope you will make your mother think so, too, Nelly,' said her father.

'Oh! mamma, you must think so,' said Nelly earnestly.

'I will try,' said her mother, smiling. 'I have you and papa, and am going to make a great deal of you. I will begin now by giving you a good dinner.'

Their home was the lowest storey of a plain, white house, furnished stiffly, and without regard to harmony of coloring; but the dinner which the mother quickly and deftly served was nicely cooked and enjoyable, and all three talked hopefully of their new life just begun.

Mr. Jaynes had come to the city to take a clerkship that was quite an advance in salary over what he had received in his village home. His wife, an energetic, capable woman, had played the melodeon and led the singing in the little church where they belonged. She was also teacher of the infant Sunday school, and the president of the Temperance society, and by her neighborliness and warm-heartedness had made hosts of friends, and her daughter was frank and impulsive like herself.

So it happened that in school, when she met the pretty neighbor of the pew, she said, eagerly: 'I told mamma I hoped you would be in my class, for I saw you in church and liked you.'

Louise felt an impulse, or rather an admonition from within to say a pleasant word; but by her side was her dearest friend, Gertrude Noble, whose faultless dress and graceful manners were her admiration, and Gertrude looked very coldly on this too impulsive country girl.—So Louise only smiled and said:

'We have so many strangers in our church, one hardly knows you are new comers there,' and then walked away with Gertrude to join a group of girls who laughed and talked together all recess. Nelly felt the chilling effect of the reply, but she was not easily daunted, and smiled upon and addressed her class mates with a freedom new to them, except in their set.

When she went home she told her mother that the teachers were lovely, so kind, and explained so clearly, and the girls were beautiful, but not very easy to get acquainted with. 'But I don't mind, said Nelly, bravely. 'They are nice to look at, and pretty soon we shall know each other better.'

In her beautiful home Louise told her mother about the new scholar.

'She is real countrified in dress and language, and you ought to see how she puts herself forward, just as if she had known us for years. We are going to teach her a lesson and show her city ways.'

Mrs. Richards laughed and then said gently, 'Remember to look out for your neighbor.'

'City neighbors are different from country ones,' said Louise, saucily. 'I am glad I have learned how to behave and how to dress becomingly. It is dreadful to be countrified.'

'That will do, Louise,' said her mother. 'You know I am on the committee to visit strangers in the church. I shall take you with me to see these people."

'I am afraid,' retorted Louise, 'if you don't call any more than you did last year, I don't believe we shall get there for months.'

And Louise did predict correctly. Vacation had come and gone, and people came back to their home after Summer outings.

'I really dread to go to church this first Sunday,' said Mrs. Richards. 'My conscience troubles me about the Jaynes family. I want you to be more cordial to your school mate, Louise, and introduce me to her mother.'

But the Jaynes family were not in church, and next day Louise reported that Nelly was not in school.

'I met a sad case the other day,' he said, in the course of conversation. 'And by the way, Mrs. Richards, it comes under your jurisdiction.'

'Such a pretty girl, Louise,' said the doctor turning to her. 'You must call on her at once, and take your friends there. Tell Gertrude Noble that I appoint you with her a committee to call on this young girl, and to report to me next week.'

'O, now I am sure Gertrude will go,' said Louise joyfully.

'It is a sad case,' said the doctor. 'Some one told me that Mrs. Jaynes was very ill and I at once went to see her. I had never heard of them before. She opened her heart to me. She said that during her four month's stay in the city no one had been to see her, and she felt that there was no place for her in the church. Her husband and daughter were away most of the day. The tears ran down her cheeks as she said, 'I cannot listen to the sermon, I feel as if I were turning to stone—all the people about me seem so cold and hard. Then I look at Nelly and my heart seems ready to break. There is a pretty young girl in front of us, and I study her dress and appearance and think I will do all I can for Nelly as far as dress and education go to make her pleasing to these girls. I am growing cold and worldly. I know my husband and daughter have greater advantages here, and I try to think that I will be a willing sacrifice, but I am afraid I am losing my faith in Christ.'

Dr. Hall's voice faltered as he spoke, and the tears were in Mrs. Richard's eyes, while Louise exclaimed impulsively:

'I shall go at once, Gertrude or no Gertrude!'

'And I will go with you,' said her mother. 'You can take Gertrude and go again. We will show her that we are really neighbors. But it makes my heart ache to think how many more there are who need this neighboring and may never get it.'

When Nelly opened the door for her callers that sunny afternoon her sad face brightened, but the quiet dignity that sorrow gives brought a fresh impulse of warmth to Louise's greeting, and Mrs. Richard's earnest sympathy as she spoke of the illness of her mother won the young girl's heart at once.

Mrs. Jaynes at first refused to see her caller, but finally consented to please her daughter, and though she felt after the call that better days might be in store for her, she felt, too, that never again could the hopefulness and ready faith that were hers before this dreary experience come back to her.

But the need she had felt she realized deeply that others might feel, and Doctor Hall had a very efficient helper when in the course of the following year she was put on the committee that were to find out and visit strangers in the church.

Temperance.

MRS. MURPHY'S REASONING.

Mrs. Murphy, in Canada, urging her husband to sign a petition for the Scott Act, which shuts up the dram-shops, was asked by him if she would sign a petition to stop her cup of tea. She replied:

'Was it a cup o' tay turned Biddy Malone out o' doors in the dead of winter because her man lift ivery cint he arned, and that ye know, at the tavern? Was it the cup o' tay blacked Sandy McCullough's wife's two eyes, and let the little gossoons, siven av 'em, run about in rags, without enough to ate, an' no schoolin'—while the poor woman slaved at the wash-tub to git 'em a bit o' bread? Was it the cup o' tay did that, say? Was it the cup o' tay sint Maggie Smith to the police, an' got her thirty days in jail? Is it the cup o' tay turns the wife and children into the sthrate, and smashes the furniture, and quarrels wid the neighbors—and fetches the police? Is it the cup o' tay drives the family from house to house, gettin' wus, and into a maner neighborhood every time, an' puts a man in the gutter, an' rolls him in the mud, an' sets the byes a jeerin'—and riddens his nose an' blears his eyes, an' loosens his tung, and puts a hole in his coat, and knocks off his hat, and sinds him home shtaggerin' wid his sinses where he can't get at 'em?

'Is it a cup o' tay makes a fool of a man, Paddy Murphy, that his bist friends can't respect him? And a brute of a man, Paddy Murphy, so that his wife trembles, an' his children run away, an' hide when they hear him comin'?—Is it the cup o' tay makes a beast o' a man so that there is less sense, or raisin' or self-respect in him than there is in a pig, Paddy Murphy?

'Whin ye show me that a cup o' tay will do all such things as these, Paddy, I'll sine a Scott Act agin it; in the meantime I sine agin whiskey, an' beer, an' wine, or anything else that has the pison in it that makes a man or woman only fit for a lunatic asylum, or a jail, or anywhere, except home or hevin.'

THE EVILS OF THE TRAFFIC.

POVERTY AND HUNGER.

(From the Clarion.)

There is no traffic on the face of the habitable globe that brings as much curse, desolation, poverty and woe, as the traffic in human souls. All traffic brings a certain amount of harm into action; but in many cases the harm does not counteract, by a large majority, the amount of good that it has done. But a vastly different statement can be made in regard to the rum traffic. If the evil was only confined to the persons who sold or who drank liquor, perhaps public sympathy would not take the interest in the battle that it does; but the innocent suffer alike with the guilty, and the rumsellers care not who beareth the woe.

Let us look through the slums of any large city and behold the innocent suffering their unjust shame. There's a figure lying beneath the shade of a church porch, and the wild wind and chilling air are keeping side by side, as they wrap in relentless fury their victim cold and still. A little later and we learn the story from the little ones, who tell us all they know of "Joe"; the same sad story fills their tongues (as we have heard before;) his father drank; his mother died; and Joe then lost his home. Again, behold yon beings gazing into the brilliant lighted windows of a foul and filthy den; with scanty clothing to shield them from the winter wind, piercing and chilling them to the very marrow, hatless and shoeless they wander on and on. Through blinding drifts, through mud and slush, past well-built homes, by happy faces, wanderers and outcasts from the earth; waiting with grim joy till death shall choose them here. These are the innocent victims of the rum traffic; these are those who were deserving of a better fate, but having their lot cast with inebriates they share the inebriate's woe. Such is the view before our eyes as we walk our crowded streets. Not a pen picture; no futile imagination of the brain; no ideas drawn forth for the purpose of wild enthusiasm; but a true, and just account for the purpose of the truth. The heart grows sick and the head faint, as before our eyes the long procession of ill-fed, half-clothed, starving, famishing victims of the rum traffic pass, and an earnest prayer ascends to the heavenly throne; 'Thy Kingdom come, O God!'

But follow on a while, our work is only half accomplished; we enter into the deep recesses of the so-called homes—damp, dreary, old and worn; upon each wall stands out in prominent array the very sight we see,—POVERTY! POVERTY!! *poverty!!!* We shudder as we take a hasty view of things therein, and there we now behold the counterpart of such, this city life in the street. Behold yon mother crouching o'er the fire; and it too seems to be afraid to shine. Cold blow the winds through the old and dilapidated place, and the mother shivers as the piercing wind strikes her, while ever and anon a tear rolls down that sunken face; no food to eat, nor friend to give a cheer or help to bear her burden o'er the road. Oh, the human heart *must* yield beneath such sights as these! Again, (the room is much the same) and in a dark and dreary corner we approach a bed; the faint cough and long, thin hands remind us we are gazing on the dying. We ask. This the reply: You see me here, good fortune never shed her light on me; I know not where my parents be; but soon they'll enter here drunken, cursing, and fighting; no fire you see; no food you see; and I am nearly starved: all that they get is spent in rum, and I must want for meat. Listen to yon mother as she pleads with her only son. Hunger and poverty seated side by side hold their full sway. The boy declares he must go out and steal some food; but the mother brings forth her Christian training, and implores the child to stay. The *cause* of this? The father drinks his wages up in rum, and the Christian mother and her son are suffering unjustly.

We never saw the awful curse before, as it now is seen by us, and then there dawns upon us with all its terrors the mighty evils of the rum traffic; then, like some mighty monster reaching far and wide, it sees here bowed before it mentors of our land. Yet all do not fall down and worship it, nor give it honor great. There are some hearts both stout and brave, knowing in whom they have believed, and feeling assured that the victory is their's when the day dawns and the shadows flee away. W.

A SLOW POISON.

If anybody ever doubted that beer is a poison, let him consider well the condition of a thorough-going-beer-drinker, and, if he is not himself under the influence of the deceiver so that he can not judge anything correctly—he will come to the conclusion, that, if beer is a slow poison, it is *mighty sure*, and it makes pretty thorough work of it.

And it poisons the soul as well as the body. It brutalizes the feelings; it destroys good desires, self-respect, common decency, tenderness and kindness, and fills the mind full of stupidity and grossness. The victim is unlovely in life and offensive in death. No swift poison could have made such a leap of desolation—and beer did it all.

Does it help matters in the least to call it a *slow poison?* Why, in view of all this, should intelligent human beings drink at all? 'Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.

SHORT TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

An enterprising grocery firm of Kirkswell, Mo., makes the following offer:

'Any man who drinks two drams of whiskey per day for a year and pays 10 cents a drink for it, can have at our store 30 sacks of flour, 220 pounds of granulated sugar and 72 pounds of good green coffee for the same money, and get $2.50 premium for making the change in his expenditure.'

A CHAT WITH JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[Exchange.]

It is very easy for any one conversing with James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, to believe him when he says that he at one time was very much taken up with the stage, and that this fact has given their peculiar character to most of his writings. He is a very interesting talker, and his conversation is continually illustrated by significant gestures and unconscious mimicry. A talk with him on the subject of poetry, however, would lead one to believe that a poet is more made than born, for he claims that his ambition lies in the direction of serious verse, and that he writes dialect because the public seems to demand it. 'The first verse I ever remember writing,' he said recently, 'was a four-line valentine. I was just big enough to reach the top of a table, and I was painting a comic sketch on a piece of paper. Below the sketch I wrote four comic lines, my first, I believe. I don't remember them, and I don't want your funny man to reproduce them for me. When I became older I was much interested in stage representations, and began to compose verses for character recitations. It occurred to me then that the great fault with dialect speeches and verses was a lack of harmony between the thought and the character who was represented as doing the talking. In many of the dialect poems which you read you find they don't touch you; there is something lacking, and you can't tell what it is. The trouble is the character who is made to use a certain dialect is made to express thoughts which in reality are entirely foreign to such a character. The dialect and character must harmonize. This is what I have tried to accomplish, and it was my interest in the stage that led me to think about the matter. Sol Smith Russell has been reciting some of my pieces lately, especially the one beginning, 'Nothing to say.' I would rather here him recite my poems than any one I know of. He is one of the best representatives of the modern realistic style of acting on the stage, the style which Joe Jefferson really brought into favor. Denman Thompson is another great actor in the same line. Till Denman Thompson took up the part, the stage Yankee was for years a sort of impossible creature, in garments that no human being ever wore, or ever will, a sort of Uncle Sam, with the traditional hat, a stewed-tomato colored vest, and pantaloons too short for him, anchored to his boots by means of straps. Denman Thompson went and saw a Yankee, and then, as Shakspeare advises, he held a mirror up to nature. He draws crowded houses, night after night. Most of the people who go to see him don't understand the inimitable little touches, and they fail to applaud in the right place; but they feel the effect of the entire representation, and they say, 'It's right.'

The funniest thing in town, says the Lewistown, Me., *Journal*, is the mishap of a gentleman whose wife runs the store bill. He has been in the habit of having his cigar bill charged up as potatoes, and, the other day his wife took her pencil and began to reckon. She finally found that they had been whooping it up at a regular starch factory rate in potatoes. Why, they had eaten over ten carloads of potatoes this winter and the past year and she just didn't believe that the account was right. The grocer and the smoker are just now between the upper and nether mill stones, and it is hard to tell who will be pulverised the finest at the close.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.