The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

VOL. XXVI.—No. 32. — Newcastle, Wednesday, May 17, 1893. — WHOLE No. 1332

Charles J. Thomson

Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia

Barrister, Pacter for Estates

Agent for the Manufactures Accident & Life Insurance Company.

Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE

Over Mr. Thos Russell's Store, Hays' Building, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

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

Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON.

SPECIALIST.

DISEASES OF EYE EAR THROAT

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 1st, 1886.

Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence,

McCULLAM ST., - NEWCASTLE

Jan. 22 1889.

Dr. H. A. FISH,

Newcastle, N B.

Dec 23, 1891.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

DERBY, - - - N. B.

Derby Nov. 15, 1890.

J. R. LAWLOR,

Auctioneer and Commission merchant,

Newcastle, New Brunswick

Prompt returns made on consignmen merchandize. Auct ons attended to in town and country

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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 it 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.

Commercial Travellers, and Stabling on the premises

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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.

IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL

through life by the rough stages of coughs, colds and consumption, be careless of yourself during the damp, cold weather and DON'T use

Allen's Lung Balsam

for that nasty cough of yours. But if you'd like to live to a green old age in health, and consequently in happiness, use

Allen's Lung Balsam

as a preventive and cure of all Throat and Lung diseases.

— PRICES —

25c, 50c & $1.00 Per Bottle.

Waverley Hotel.

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

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

John McKeen.

Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

The DerbY HousE

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

(Formerly Mitchell House.)

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

Sample Room Free.

TERMS $1.25 per day.

I. P. Leighton.

Newcastle, March 22, 1893.

Properties for Sale

—AT—

DALHOUSIE.

The lot of land 50x200 feet, and comparatively new dwelling house thereon situated on William St., conveniently situated near Post Office and railway station, and commanding a fine view of the Restigouche River. Also a small lot of land, with good barn thereon in rear of Windsor's tinsmith shop.

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

Dalhousie, March 24, 1893.

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.

SHORTHAND.

Miss Annie Nicholson is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction in the above. Terms will be made known on application

JOHN MORRISON & CO.,

Lumber Dealers,

Elm Tree, Petit Rocher, Gloucester, N. B.

Manufacturers of Cedar Shingles, Box Shooks, Dimension Lumber in hard and soft woods, Spool Wood, etc.

JOHN MORRISON & Co.

Elm Tree, Petit Rocher, Nov. 19, 1892.

TAILORING.

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

Carrying on the Tailoring

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

LINE OF SAMPLES

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

GOOD STYLE

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

J. R. McDONALD.

Newcastle Sept. 1862.

To the WORLD'S FAIR

A Business Offer From a Business Firm. Your Business to look into it.

We know that our Remedy is the best for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation. Hundreds agree with us.

FREE.

That you may appreciate its value, we make the following VALUABLE OFFER:

BUY GRODER'S SYRUP

(PLEASANT TO TAKE)

Take it faithfully until Cured, and then write us a statement of your case.

We offer a FREE TEN DAYS TRIP to the WORLD'S FAIR to the individual who shall, before the First day of August, 1893, show the greatest improvement, or most remarkable cure from the use of this remedy. These cures must be bona-fide, sworn to before a Justice of the Peace, and each testimonial accompanied by the photograph of the individual sending it, and the signature of the dealer of whom the remedy was purchased.

A Committee of three well-known Druggists will act as Judges at the close of the Competition. Send Testimonials to

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.

ST. JOHN. N. B.

MILLINERY.

I have just opened a beautiful line of Ladies and Children's

SPRING MILLINERY

with all the newest trimmings. Also an assortment of plain and spot pongee silk, surah silk and jet, suitable for dress trimmings. Ladies silk and muslin Neckties, Aprons and Handkerchiefs. Children's Collars, Infant's Cloaks, Bonnets, Bibs, etc.

Trimmed Millinery always on hand

Latest Novelties and Lowest prices.

All work done promptly and in first class style

JENNIE E. WRIGHT.

next Messrs. H. Williston & Co., Jewelers

Newcastle, April 18, 1893.

MILLINERY.

I have opened as usual an elegant line of Ladies' and Children's

NEW SPRING MILLINERY

with all the latest novelties in trimmings. Also dress trimmings in Surah Silk, Lace, Jet &c. Ladies' Whitewear, Corsets, Lace Mitts and Gloves, Infants' Robes, Cloaks, Hats, Bibs, &c., and a variety of articles too numerous to mention.

I have also on hand a lovely lot of Trimmed MILLINERY, ranging from one dollar upwards which cannot fail to please.

All orders executed in first class style.

MRS. J. DEMERS.

Newcastle, April 10, 1893.

DR. OATES, DENTIST,

will occupy his dental office, over Mr. Thomas Russell's store, in the Hays' building

From the 24th to the 30th or 31st of each Month.

until further notice. Hoping to meet his patients as formerly, for whom Satisfactory Dental work will be done in all branches.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interests of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are in vogue, their blight, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ar

Castoria.

"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.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Selected Literature.

MY DILEMMA.

It was the 5th day of November—'Guy Fawkes' Day in the old almanac that hung above the mantel in maternal grand-mother's long disused room upstairs. In this northern home to which we had recently removed, falling heirs to it through that very ancestress' will, the dwellers regarded November rather as a winter than an autumn month, and today the wind howled and the rain pattered with a persistence marvelous to hear.

And, as it happened, I was all alone in the house. Father had gone to take his russet apples that I myself had helped to harvest and pack in the barrels—and was not expected home until tomorrow night at the earliest. Jack, my brother, was in Montreal fitting up the law office which was henceforth to be his abode. Jean, our hard featured, cross-grained old servant, had gone home with the 'rheumatics,' as she termed it, to be treated by a certain ancient Indian herb doctor, and just at duskfall Peter, our useful man, had thrust his shock head unceremoniously into the door.

'I say, Miss Ruth,' he had said 'there's plenty of wood, and everything's all snug for the night and I'm going over to Stephensons'. They are in trouble there.'

'Trouble, Peter? What kind of trouble? Is the old man sick?'

But in answer to my query Peter only uttered an indistinct remark and went out, slamming the door behind him.

I stood in front of the fire looking down at the glowing embers and pondering within myself. The Stephensons, who lived in an old gray-stone house on the other side of the precipitous glen, had always been a riddle to me. The family was small, consisting of only a crabbed old man, his portentously silent wife and two tall, ungainly sons; and what on earth they did with all the big, echoing rooms or how they contrived to live, perched like eaglets on the side of the rock, I could not form the least idea.

'City boarders,' Peter had once grunted out in answer to my persistent interrogations.

But if they kept city boarders, why did they not leave these dreary mountain fastnesses when the leaves fell and the dismal autumn fogs gathered above the cliffs? Altogether, there was a certain atmosphere of mystery about these 'Stephensons' that aroused all the Eve-like intincts in my nature.

While I stood thinking, a soft tap sounded at the door. I opened it at once, never once remembering that I was alone in the house.

'Ye never oughter do that Miss Ruth,' said the well-known accents of Mrs. Gludge, Farmer Gludge's buxom wife.

'Do what, Mrs. Gludge?'

'Open the door after dark, when you're alone in the house?'

'I just met Peter goin' to Stephenson's

'Oh!' said I. 'But we don't have tramps here.

'I'm not certain o' that,' said the farmer's wife. 'Your folks hain't lived here as long as I have. We're just nigh enough to the Canada to have queer characters prowlin' about when ye least expect 'em. And then, there's Stephenson's!' I cried eagerly. 'Who is Stephenson, any way? Can you tell me, Mrs. Gludge.

'Well, I declare!' said Mrs. Gludge 'Is it possible, now, that they hain't told you?'

'They have told me nothing.'

'Well, it's likely they didn't want to scare you or make you nervous,' said Mrs. Gludge. 'But all the same, I think you ought to know.'

'Mrs. Gludge,' I cried, seizing her arm, what is it? Do tell me!'

'It's a private home,' said Mrs. Gludge, lowering her voice to a whisper, as though the raindrops and the rustling fir boughs could overhear.

'A what? I gasped.

'For people of feeble mind,' explained the woman, and lunies' tapping her forehead as she spoke.

I stared at her.

'Then,' cried I, that's what Peter meant when he said that—that—'

'One of the poor creatures has somehow given 'em the slip,' said Mrs. Gludge; 'an English gentleman from Montreal, as has only been here a few days. Nobody knows just how it happened, but happen it did. My man has gone over with a lantern to help hunt for him, and so has Peter.'

'He might have told me!' I exclaimed indignantly.

'Anyway, I don't think he ought to have left you here alone,' said Mrs. Gludge, severely.

'But you have come to stay with me, Mrs. Gludge?

'Bless your heart, Miss Ruth, no! I'm on the way to carry a letter to Mr. Romney's up the road.—A very important letter, with 'in haste' writ on it.' In addition to her duties as a farmer's wife, and mother of a large family of little children, Mrs. Gludge helped her husband in the care of the obscure little country postoffice a mile down the road. And—by the way, I'd nearly forgot it—I've brought a letter for you, to. Thats what brought me here.

'For me, Mrs. Gludge?'

Instinctively I put out my hand to grasp that treasure, while the woman fumbled first in one and then in another of her pockets.

'It's very strange,' said she. 'I made sure I had it. I did have it when I started away from home but now I remember. Just at the foot of Gibbs' cliff I took out my handkerchief to tie around my neck, the wind came so keen around the rocks, and I must a-pulled it out with that, and everything too pitch dark to see. Oh, Miss Ruth, I am so sorry! Please don't report me; there's a good young lady, or I shall lose my place!'

I swallowed down a great lump of disappointment and tried to laugh.

'Report you, Mrs. Gludge!' said I. 'Certainly not. It wasn't your fault. If you hadn't kindly thought of me and started to bring it to me on your way to Romney's you would never have lost it.'

'And quite true, said Mrs. Gludge, ruefully; but, all the same, I wish I hadn't been so dreadfully thoughtless. I'll send the boys out to search for it——'

'Oh never mind the letter,' I interrupted, 'I dare say it's only from Jack. Tomorrow will do well enough for that. But, Mrs. Gludge, you will come back and stay with me till Peter gets back? Jean is away, you know, and——'

'Yes, my dear, I'll do that,' assented the woman, evidently relieved to be let off so easily on the score of the letter. 'And it won't be long first. 'It's only a short half mile to Romney's if the wind didn't blow so like all possessed to night.'

With a good-humored nod she disappeared into the rain and darkness, and I ran back to pile fresh logs on the waning fire. Bank burglars, extradited wanderers, a lunatic at large, with all these possibilities whirling in my brain, it is not strange that I lighted a second lamp in order effectually to banish all lurking shadows in the angles of the room, and started nervously when a sudden blast of wind shook the window shutters as if with some imperious hand.

'I'll go to the garret and bring down some butternuts,' thought I. 'and then I'll get some cider from the cellar. It will be fun to crack the butternuts and watch the shells blaze in the fire! and Mrs. Gludge will like a drink of cider when she comes back all wet and chilled.

Cheered by this happy thought, I caught up a lamp and flew to the garret of the roomy house where my father had bestowed all the treasures of the nutty autumn woods. Somehow Priscilla, the cat, had got locked into the garret, and I had to release her from durance vile, and replace a box or two, which she had knocked off from the window-sill, before I came down, driving her catship before me, with the lamp in one hand and an apronful of butternuts in the other. Through the open keeping-room door a ray of ruddy light streamed into the Cimmerian darkness of the hall. I stopped abruptly. Surely I had closed that door when I came out, remembering a certain trick it had of slamming to and fro in windy weather like this. And at the same time a curious consciousness of some human presence near by crept over me like an unseen magnetic current.

Nor was it false premonition. As I stretched my neck to peep curiously into the room I saw seated before the fire a youngish gentleman, pale, black-haired and, as I thought, rather unsettled of aspect. And a decidedly wet and mud bespattered gentleman he was, his raiment steaming in the glorious blaze and crackle of the pine logs, as he sat there holding out his hands to the genial warmth.

How had he gained an entrance? Had I carelessly neglected to bolt the big door after Mrs Gludge's departure? Yes. I must have done so—and that was proof of how utterly unfit I was to be left by myself. For a second I stood there quailing and quaking, my heart thumping like a trip-hammer and a cool sweat breaking out upon my forehead before I decided what to do.

I had never seen a bank burglar, to be sure, but I was pretty certain this black-haired gentleman could not belong to that race. And I did not think he acted like any other scoundrel who was fleeing from the rigors of the law. He must be the English gentleman gone wrong in the head, who had 'escaped' from the Stephensons'.

I was alone in the house with a maniac. And at the idea my heart beat more violently than ever and the cold drops grew colder on my brow.

With a sudden instinct I decided that there was nothing for it but flight. The worst feature of the case was that I could not get out of the house (be it remembered that Peter had taken away the key of the back kitchen door in his pocket) without passing directly through the room where the escaped lunatic sat backing before the fire.

This, however, must be faced; there was no remedy for it and with one blind rush I precipitated myself through the room, tumbling over the cat and scattering a shower of butternuts as I went and darted headlong through the door, with an involuntary shriek that might have rent the ceiling if ceilings were rent in that way, except in the pages of romance.

Directly into the arms of—Jack, my own brother Jack, who was coming in from the van with a light valise in one hand and a dripping carriage robe in the other.

'Hellow!' bawled Jack, staggering under the blow of my very unexpected appearance. 'Why—what the—I declare if it isn't Ruthie!'

'Oh Jack, oh Jack!' I screamed, clutching at him like the drowning man at the proverbial straw.

'Where are all the folks? What has become of the stable keys? What have you done with Carleton?' he demanded.

But I paid no heed to interrogatories.

'Come, Jack,' I cried, 'come quickly. The escaped lunatic; he's right here in the keeping room! Oh, Jack, I do hope you've got your revolver.'

'What!' roared Jack, 'an escaped lunatic; he's right here in the keeping room! Oh, Jack, I do hope you've got your revolver.'

'What!' roared Jack, 'an escaped lunatic? Where the deuce has he come from? Has he hurt Carleton?'

He made a spring toward the keeping room, in whose door stood the tall, pale man, straining his eyes out into the night.

'Where is he?' shouted Jack.

'Where's who?' said the escaped lunatic, in a pleasant, slightly drawling voice 'I wasn't a he! It was a she! And she cleared the floor in a single bound, and—oh, I'm sure I beg a thousand pardons,' as he caught sight of me. 'But please what is the matter?'

In a second my mental vision became clear as crystal. I saw it all, and I envied Priscilla, the cat, because I could not vanish under the china cupboard as she did, and be gone. I could only blush and hang my head, and stammer out incoherent apologies amid the laughter of Jack and the polite apologies of the friend whom he had unexpectedly brought from Montreal with him. and whose coming had been announced, as it seemed, by the very letter Mrs. Gludge had lost.

That's all. There's no sequel to my story. In real life I have found that stories seldom do have sequels. I had had a dreadful fright, and they all laughed at me at first, and made excuses for me and petted me afterward and said, 'Poor little Ruth.'

Father declared that he would never risk such a thing again, and discharged Peter on the spot — but Peter came back to his work the next day, just as usual, and he is here still. Mr. Carleton was very nice and apologetic for coming in without knocking to dry himself while Jack was leading the horse to the barn, but he has not yet fallen in love with me, as an orthodox hero ought to do.

The genuine escaped lunatic was captured near Stephenson's and taken to Montreal, under the impression that he was the governor general going to take possession of his vice regency. And just half an hour after we had settled to the cracking of butternuts and drinking sweet cider that night, a merry group, sepulchral knocking sounded at the door and Mrs. Gludge's voice was heard proclaiming:

'If you please, miss, I've come to keep you company?'

CURRENT STYLES.

How to Make a Bonnet—New Shapes in Hats—A Handsome Mourning Costume.

This bonnet is made on a frame which is bent up front and back and is covered with black net, folded in the centre. Over this are put flounces of black Chantilly lace about six inches wide. A piece of lace about two yards long is joined together and gathered to the frame, forming a box pleat back and front, above the point. It is edged at the top with jet passementerie, wax beads and spangles about an inch in width. The front is trimmed with a butterfly bow made of wired lace and edged with the passemeterie. The bow is made of four parts; two must be about five and a half inches long and two inches wide at one end and half an inch at the other. The other two are of equal width and are four inches long. From this bow rises an aigrette of pink feathers. The tie strings are of pink

A MODEL FOR THE AMATEUR MILLINER.

velvet ribbon an inch wide, arranged in dainty loops and ends behind, from which the strings proceed. Now go and buy your frame and trimming.

The distinguishing point of fashionable large hats is the low crown, while there are scarcely two with brims of the same identical character, the fancy of the milliner leading the capriciousness that the block may have failed to incorporate in the shape. As a rule the brim is narrow at the back, widening out and flaring at the front; but there are models with the brim medium wide, cleft and turned up the back; and the plain flaring brim is varied by voluted brims, brims curled up at the sides and at the front or otherwise departing from severe or simple lines. Many plateau hats are seen and they may be regarded as distinctively of the current millinery. They are shaped to the will of the milliner, and, when fashioned to order, to suit the features of the wearer.

Mourning wear is hardly compatible with the present pronounced effects to cut and fit. Yet those who wish to protect themselves for at least a little time from the world by a garb of black which shall set the seal of sorrow upon them for even the careless to see have no wish to make themselves conspicuous by ignoring popular taste. For such, a very simple and unaffected mourning costume may be made according to the taste of today much modified, and yet, not, therefore, strange looking. Consider the example pictured.

FOR A PERIOD OF GRIEVING.

Use for it black Indian cassimere, a goods soft and beautiful and inconspicuously suitable for combination with crepe. Let the skirt be simply made, trained slightly in the back, reaching the floor all around, and finished with a quilling of silk. This quilling can turn under the hem of the dress, and is thus binding and finish as well. The bodice can be a half length jacket, open down the front with wide revers of crepe turned back all the way down the front. The jacket opens over a loose vest front of silk, caught at the waist by a couple of ornaments of jet. The sleeves of the jacket are leg-o-mutton, made with enough fulness at the shoulder and elbow to conform to the present mode. Such a gown is in no way aggressively 'in mourning' indeed the crepe revers may be dispensed with if desired. The simplicity of cut, the soberness of outline, and the uniformity of color will suffice to make the dress one that can neither offend yourself, nor convey any but the desired impression to your friends. For the rest of the world, your only wish is to escape their notice entirely.

ESTELLE.

TWO SARCASTIC GIRLS.

I was amused at the conversation between two girls at Ilion the other evening. It ran something like this, and shows that femininity is the same the world over:

'My, Carrie, what a lovely hat you have.'

'Do you think so?' (With a pleased smile). 'Why, I think it is just horrid. I've told mamma every time that I put it on that I would never wear it again.'

'Why, I think it is the most becoming thing you ever wore.'

'Do you? Now I think that veil you have got is the most bewitching thing I ever saw. If I had your style—'

'Now, how mean you are,' blushingly; 'I know you are making fun of me.'

'Indeed I am not,' indignantly. 'Oh where did you get that lovely pin? I think it is the prettiest thing I have ever seen.'

'Well, I will tell you. Charlie gave it to me—but you must never, never tell. I told mamma that Ella B—gave it to me, for she doesn't believe in my having a fellow, you know.'

'How mean! I think your Charlie is the sweetest fellow I ever saw with the exception of my Fred. You know that Charlie squints! and—'

'Squints! Who squints?'

'Why Charlie does, and—'

'Well, if he does squint he hasn't got red hair. If my fellow had hair as red as your Fred has, I—'

'Well,' indignantly, 'if he has got red hair he don't have to carry a telescope or a compass or a field glass or a sextant to find out where he is at. Charlie went down by the electric light works at Little Falls the other night. He heard the engine in the works pulling away. Being near sighted he couldn't see where he was. He was found there standing patiently in the morning, and a Central switchman noticed him and asked him what he was doing there. Waiting for the train to go by, he said, pointing to the electric light works.'

'Oh, you mean thing! You just made that up out of whole cloth. Anyway, your Fred is accused of setting fire to the buildings destroyed in Little Falls. I heard that he laid down in the hay at the Rockton barn and his hair set fire—'

As there was a strong prospect of a fight right at this point the observer got away from the scene as quickly as possible.—*Little Falls Budget.*

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

An editor sat in his office chair, his shoes were patched, and his clothes threadbare and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt old Morpheus slowly around him crept and before he knew it he soundly slept; and sleeping dreamt that he was dead, and from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and not even a cowhide tolled for the peaceful rest of his cowhide sole. And as he wandered amid the shades that smoke and scorch in lower hades, he suddenly observed an iron door that creakingly hung on a hinge ajar, but the entrance was closed by a red hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out waiting for travellers thereabout, and thus to the passing editor spoke; 'Come in my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though in life they'll find when they're dead its not too late. I will show you the place where I melt them thin with red hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; the hot grindstone to grind their nose, and red hot rings to wear on their toes, and if they mention they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red hot wire, and then dear sir, you'll see them squirm while I turn them over to cool and burn.' With these last words the editor woke and thought it all a practical joke, but at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream, and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin of the fate of those who save their tin and never pay the printer.—*Ex.*

CANADA PREFERRED TO ENGLAND.

E. B. Bigga, in his Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald, says:—when Lord Beaconsfield died, in 1881, certain English Conservative politicians approached Sir John with a suggestion that he should come over to England and enter the field there with a view to succeeding the great English statesman, pointing out the higher honors he would obtain, and expressing the conviction that by his natural gifts he would win the position of leader of the Conservative party and of the nation. Sir John declined and when they asked why, he is said to have replied to this effect: That here he was engaged in the developement of a nation; there he would be struggling to hold together the fabric of an old one. Here he was building up a new Empire—the forces were here forming for the life of a nation and there was more glory in having a guiding hand in that than striving to preserve from ossification the frame of an old nation.

THE PROFESSOR'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

'Gentlemen, do you not use your faculties of observation?' said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell 'When I was a student,' he continued, 'I used my sense of taste,' and with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot and then put his finger in his mouth. 'Taste it, gentlemen, taste it,' said the professor, 'and exercise your perceptive facutlties.' The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers. 'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' said the professor, 'I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation, for had you looked more closely at what I was doing you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot.—New York Medical Record.

Temperance.

NEWCASTLE W. C. T. U.

A meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held in the Mission Hall every Tuesday afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock. Visitors from other Unions or any who are interested in the Temperance cause are cordially invited. tf

The drinking habits of the world cost something. The *Gambrinus*, the organ of the Austrian brewers and hop growers every year publishes a comparison of the annual production of beer all over the civilized globe. The total quantity of beer brewed in 1890 was 1,956,000,000 hectolitres, or 92,834,000,000 gallons, whereas in 1889 it was only 1,786,000,000. Great Britain and Ireland held the pre eminence with 576,000,000, the German Empire followed next with 523,000,000 hectolitres.

Fresh Flower and Garden Seeds at Medical Hall.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.