POOR COPY

The Union Advocate.

"Best of Works"

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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

VOL. XXVI.—No. 14. — Newcastle, Wednesday, January 11, 1893. — WHOLE No. 1314

Charles J. Thomson

Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia

Barrister Proctor for Estates,

Agent for the Manufactures Accident & Life Insurance Company.

Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE

Engine House, 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. 12, 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.

KEARY HOUSE

Formerly WILBUR'HOTEL

BATHURST - - N. B.

THOS. F.RY KEA. Proprietor.

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

TERMS, $1.50 per day. with Sample Rooms $5.

Clifton House.

Princess and Germain Streets.

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.

CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick,

Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

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

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

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS.

Commercial Travellers, and Stabling on the premises.

Chatham Jan. 1.

S. R. Foster & Son,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WIRE NAILS,

WIRE BRADS

Steel and Iron cut **NAILS,**

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

ST. JOHN N. B.

HARDWARE,

GROCERIES,

etc.

On hand Picks, Shovels, Spades, 3 and 4 pronged Forks and a general assortment of

SHELF HARDWARE,

Boots and Shoes,

Groceries,

etc.

FOR SALE AT REASONABLE RATES.

W. MASSON.

Newcastle July 22 1892.

J. R. LAWLOR,

Auctioneer and Commission merchant,

Newcastle, New Brunswick

Prompt returns made on consignments. Teaming, &c., attended to in town.

1893.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is acknowledged as standing first among illustrated weekly periodicals in America. It occupies a place between that of the hurried daily paper and that of the less timely monthly magazine. It includes both literature and news, and presents with equal force and felicity the real events of current history and the imaginative themes of fiction. On account of its very complete series of illustrations of the World's Fair, it will not only be the best guide to the great Exposition, but also its best souvenir. Every public event of general interest will be fully illustrated in its pages. Its contributions being from the best writers and artists in this country, it will continue to excel in literature, news and illustrations, all other publications of its class.

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The Volumes of the WEEKLY begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current on the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume,) for $7 00 per volume.

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1893.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1893 will continue to maintain the unrivalled standard of excellence which has characterized it from the beginning. Among the notable features of the year there will be new novels by A. Conan DOYLE, CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, and WILLIAM BLACK. Short stories will be contributed by the most popular writers of the day, including MARY E. WILKINS, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, MARGARET DELAND, BRANDER MATTHEWS, and many others. The illustrated descriptive papers will embrace articles by JULIAN RALPH on new Southern and Western subjects; by THEODORE CHILD on India; by POULTNEY BIGELOW on Russia and Germany; by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS on a London Season; by Colonel T. A. DODGE on Eastern Riders; etc. EDWIN A. ABBEY'S illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies will be continued. Literary articles will be contributed by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, BRANDER MATTHEWS and others.

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Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Job Printing, plain and in colors in first class style at this Establishment.

JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Neuralgic of the Heart! Chronic Dyspepsia! Awful Constipation! Rheumatism!

CURED BY GRODER'S SYRUP

SAINT JOHN, N.B., October 11, 1892.

TO THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.

Gentlemen: I, John A. Kimball, of the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, shoemaker, do solemnly declare that:

I cannot speak in too high praise of the wonders that Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup has worked in my case. It THE is an act of justice as well as duty for me to tell the public through you just what your remedy has done for me. I am 45 years of age. My life during the past 23 years has NEVER BEEN FREE FROM SUFFERING UNTIL NOW. Since I began to take GRODER'S Syrup; KIND CHRONIC NEURALGIA of the heart of 20 YEARS STANDING has entirely disappeared. My distress from SEVERE CONSTIPATION has been an unending torture for the past ten years, but your remedy is fast restoring healthy action of the stomach and bowels. Rheumatism THAT has ceased to trouble me. I am no longer a gloomy, melancholy dyspeptic. There is NO ACHE or pain in any part of my body. My food digests readily and causes me no distress whatever. Your medicine is the first of the hundreds I have tried that has given me any relief. I am ready to answer any inquiry concerning this CURES statement, for I firmly believe in Groder's Syrup and desire other sufferers to obtain help as I have. *It will cure them as it has cured me.*

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the "Act respecting extra-judicial oaths."

Declared and declared at the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, this 11th day of October, A.D. 1892.

JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Before me, J. E. BARNES,
A Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

At all Druggists. $1 per Bottle.

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Plain and Fancy Work

The Young Women's Guild of St. Andrew having recommenced their meetings, are prepared to take orders in plain sewing, fancy work knitting etc.

Any orders left at Miss Harley's or with the Secretary will be promptly attended to.

M. L. DAVIDSON,
Secretary

Newcastle, Nov. 26, 1892.

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, Nov. 30, 1892.

Why you take Cold and Cough.

Generally caused by exposure to cold, wet feet, sitting in a draught, coming from hot and crowded places, in thin dress, or wearing damp clothes, stockings, or any other cause tending to check suddenly the perspiration. The result produces inflammation of the lining membrane of the lungs or throat, and this causes phlegm or matter, which nature tries to throw off by expectoration. In many cases she is unable to do so without assistance, and this is

Why you use Allen's Lung Balsam.

Three Size Bottles, 25c., 50c., $1.00

A FORTUNE

Inherited by few, is pure blood, free from hereditary taint. Catarrh, consumption, rheumatism, **Scrofula,** and many other maladies born in the blood, can be effectually eradicated only by the use of powerful alteratives. The standard specific for this purpose—the one best known and approved—is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla,** the compound, concentrated extract of Honduras sarsaparilla, and other powerful alteratives.

"I consider that I have been

SAVED

several hundred dollars' expense by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly urge all who are troubled with lameness or rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure it will do them permanent good, as it has done me."—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Dr. J. W. Shields, of Smithville, Tenn., says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine on earth, and know of many wonderful cures effected by its use."

"For many years I was laid up with SCROFULA, no treatment being of any benefit. At length I was recommended to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial. I did so, and

By Taking

about a dozen bottles, was restored to perfect health—weighing 230 pounds—and am now a believer in the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—James Petsy, Mine Boss, Breckenridge Coal Co. (Limited), Victoria, Ky.

"My niece, Sarah A. Losee, was for years afflicted with scrofulous humor in the blood. About 18 months ago she began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles was completely cured."—E. Caffall, M.D., Losee, Utah.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

CAUTION

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy!

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZED LETTERS

NONE OTHER GENUINE

The DerbY HouseE.

(Formerly Mitchell House.)

The Subscriber has opened the house formerly known as the Mitchell house, and is prepared to accommodate Regular and Transient Boarders, at reasonable rates.

Good stabling on the premises.

P. Leighton.

Newcastle, Dec. 12, 1892.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED.

FOR

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Notice of Sale.

To Lioacadie Doiron, relict of the late Albert Doiron, of the Town of Campbellton in County of Retigouche and Province of New Brunswick, and all others whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the sixteenth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty six, and made between Albert Dorion (since deceased) and Lioacadie Dorion his wife in her own right Mortgagors of the first part, and the undersigned Alexander E. Alexander of the Town of Campbellton County and Province aforesaid, Merchant, Mortgagee of the second part, duly recorded as number 4279 in Book K. on pages 673, 674, 675, and 676 in the Records for Restigouche County at Dalhousie in the said County, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, the ELEVENTH DAY OF MARCH NEXT, at two o'clock in the afternoon in front of the Post Office in the said Town of Campbellton, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—all the following described lot piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Town of Campbellton in the county of Restigouche, and bounded as follows:—On the West by Queen's Street, and fronting and extending along the same one hundred feet, on the Northward by lot number forty five and extending along same one hundred and sixty five feet, on the Eastward by the rear line of lot number thirty six, and extending the full breadth of the same one hundred feet, and on the Southward by lot number forty-seven and extending along the same one hundred and sixty five feet, known and distinguished as lot number forty-six in the said Town of Campbellton and conveyed to the said Lioacadie Dorion by Rebecca Cantly, wife of John Cantly, of Campbellton aforesaid, by Deed bearing Date the Seventeenth day of May, A. D. 1884, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any manner appertaining. Dated the second day of December, A. D. 1892.

ALEXANDER E. ALEXANDER,
Mortgagee.

MURRAY & McLATCHY,
Solrs.

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.

Oct, 3, 1892.

Selected Literature.

SOME FOLK'S LUCK.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

Author of 'Helen's Babies.'

'Ther's no accoutin' for some folks' luck I tell ye,' said the farmer to the quiet looking young man with whom he had scraped acquaintance on an almost empty train of a Western railway.—'Thanksgivin's nigh at hand, but hang me if I can see anything to be thankful for.'

The young man suggested that the farmer seemed to be enjoying a degree of health, for which some rich men would willingly give all their money, but the farmer replied:

'Send 'em right out here, stranger, if you think there's any way to make the trade. I'd really enjoy a spell of sickness, just for the chance of takin' a little rest, 'specially if I was rich enough to pay the doctor. I'd be willin to be sick abed the rest of my life if my wife could stop slavin' and my gal could get the schoolin' she's fit for, and the infernal mortgage was off the farm, an—but what in thunder's the use of talkin'? I would not say nothin' if I'd done half as well as some I know. There's one man, who don't live so very far from me, that used to be so poor that I couldn't afford to swap debts with him, but they struck coal on his place one day, an' now he rides round in a buggy—yes, sir, a buggy with red wheels an' a blue body. It's just as I said—there's no accoutin' for the luck of some folks.'

'You don't know how soon your own time may come said the young man, with a kindly glance at the doleful yet honest face beside him. The farmer coughed out a dry laugh and replied:

'No; neither does any one else but the Lord; an' I reckon he's a thinkin' that my lucky day'll be the one when I die, I wouldn't care if there was nobody but me under the harrow that never stops draggin', but for women folks—a wife and a gal, why ——'

There was moisture in his eyes as they turned toward the car window, and their owner remarked in a voice which suddenly became very cheerful:

'That's a field of corn wuthownin.'

'Yours?' asked the young man, with a show of special interest.

'Not much,' was the reply in complaining tone. 'Neighbor of mine; his land as rich as pie crust; mine lies too high except the part that lies too low. Well, we'll be at my station in a minute, an' I expect you'll be glad to get rid of me. I didn't mean to unload my troubles on you, but the fact is I hardly ever meet anybody except when I'm workin' too hard to talk. Besides, you looked so solemn like that I kind o' thought that mebbe the world wasn't treatin' you as well as it might. Seem to have been mistaken though; you hain't given a single kick with your mouth. I might have knowed, if I'd looked a little more careful, that you're one of the fellers that's pretty well fixed—eh?'

The young man looked dubious: then he replied. 'Yes, some people would say so but I'm in the general fix—I haven't been able to get what I most wanted and needed, so you see that you were quite right in your surmise. We're both in the same boat.'

'I wan't to know,' exclaimed the farmer, looking curiously at the young man, who was well dressed and had a general air of prosperity. 'Well, I hope the Lord will give it to ye, if ye ought to have it.'

'He won't though,' was the reply, given with a degree of energy which startled the farmer, 'for the very good reason that he's given it to another man.

'That so?' The farmer's eye became shrewd and searching for an instant then he ejaculated: 'Umph, if signs ain't failed since I was young, twas a gal—but,' he hastened to add apologetically, 'tain't any of my bizness, an' I oughtn't to have said it. I'm blamed sorry for you, all the same; I had a knockdown of that sort when I was about your age, an' it like to have killed me, though 'twas all for the best as it turned out afterward, for there never was a gal that could hold a candle to my Sophy, that I got afterwards. Well, the engineer's slowin' up an I've got some things in the baggage car that I've got to look out for.'

'I'll follow you as far as the platform,' said the young man. 'The brakeman says they will take water for the engine here, and I shall be glad to stretch my legs, for I've been on the train a long time.'

'Glad you're not gettin' off just to look at the scenery,' the farmer said as he stepped upon the platform; for there is nothin' here but a station. There wouldn't have been that if there wasn't a crossin' here at which the law makes all trains stop. Ther's nothin to look at that a blind man would lose.'

'What!' exclaimed the young man, with an emphasis which makes the farmer jump. 'Just look in that wagon—on the seat. There's something that any man who is a man would travel a thousand miles to look at—and make the whole trip on foot, too.'

'Sho!' ejaculated the farmer, looking surprised and also pleased. 'Well, I al ways did believe that there never was a woman made, exceptin her mother, who could hold a candle to Fia.'

'Fire?' echoed the young man.

'Fia,' the farmer corrected. Named after her mother, but couldn't call both of 'em Sophy, so we did the next best.' Then he hurried forward to look after his freight, while the young man walked to and fro and thought of the girl whom he had failed to win and for whose sake the world had suddenly become a gloomy place for him. Girls always did get the wrong husbands, he told himself bitterly; even that girl in the wagon, who would turn the head of a statue, would probably marry some thick headed farmer and live to wish she had never been born. But how did such a beauty develope in such an out of the way place?

He continued to wonder, while the farmer brought his freight, bit by bit, from the other end of the station. Suddenly the engine blew a shrill blast of the whistle to siguify 'all aboard.' The horses started in affright; the girl reached for the reins, but missed them; the young man sprang to the horses' heads and checked them, but meanwhile the train rolled away.

'Well, I vow!' exclaimed the farmer, hurrying up. 'See what ye've done, Fia, by not haven' hold of the reins.'

'I'm so sorry,' murmured the girl, with an apologetic look at the young man, who quickly replied:

It's of no consequence, so far as I'm concerned.'

'No consequence! Why, young man, ther ain't another train for better'n twelve hours.'

The youth's face expressed annoyance, seeing which the girl, who had been looking shyly at him, flushed and looked distressed — as the victim thought she should, though he said:

'Never mind. I'll lounge around and make some use of my time. I suppose I can persuade the station agent to sell me something to eat.'

'You won't do anything of the sort,' said the farmer, who had found his wits. You come right home with us; we're to blame for what's happened. Thank goodness, trouble and poverty don't keep me from having plenty in the house to eat, an,' though I say it as shouldn't, my wife can cook a meal fit for a king to sit down to—eh, Fia? I'll drive you back in plenty of time for the next train. Glad to have your company, too, though I'm all fired sorry that me an mine have put you to trouble.'

'They haven't,' the young man made haste to reply, as he got into the wagon. 'I might have had sense enough to know that the engineer would have blown his whistle; I should have stood at the horses heads in time, then there would not have been any trouble for any of us.'

'It's very kind of you to say so,' said the girl softly without looking at the man beside her.

Short though the ride was the young man succeeded in engaging the girl in conversation, though he saw no sign of the country girl's traditional interest in a stranger.

The stranger made the best of everything and soon nade the family at ease with him, particularly as he paid special attention to the farmer's wife, whom he found an intelligent woman in spite of some disadvantages of which she did not seem ashamed. Then he was dragged out to look at the farm while supper was being prepared.

'Remember what I said about some folks' luck!' asked the farmer, as he and his guest looked over a long stretch of boggy land disfigured with huge stumps. 'That soil is rich enough, goodness knows, but it needs to be drained before it can be planted, first the stumps must be got out, an' that would cost as much as the ground's worth. That ain't the worst of it, either. Almost all the timber on that land was black walnut twasn't good for anythin' out here; I had hard work sellin' it as cordwood, when I cleared the land, but a few years afterward I found 'twould have been worth big money if I'd kept it a little longer, for the whole country was full of men from the East, all lookin' for walnut timber.'

'I should say so,' replied the visitor, with more show of interest than he had exhibited in anything else on the place. 'That much standing walnut would be a fortune to you now; I'm in the business, so I know.'

'That so? Well, it just proves what I said. I wasn't a bigger fool than anybody else around here; they all turned their walnut trees into cordwood and were glad to get rid of them at that, for 'taint much to burn.'

The young man's eyes brightened, and he said 'you could get ——'

'My wife's wavin' her apron—that means dinner interrupted the farmer, But excuse me, you was sayin' ——

H'm—I wonder what I was about to say? Never mind.'

The meal sustained the reputation which the farmer had given his wife as cook, but the young man told himself that he would cheerfully have dined on sawdust and water for the pleasure of sitting opposite Fia. There was nothing wonderful in the table talk, but the girl took part in all of it as naturally as if it were the family custom to expect her opinion about everything as it was.

After dinner the farmer went to the barn to look to his live stock, but it was the mother, not the daughter, who remained in the sitting room to entertain the visitor. It was evident that the family kept no servants and the thought of Fia washing dishes and clearing away the debris of the table affected the visitor's mind so strongly that occasionally he found himself absent minded. She had been brought up to it, of course; probably it would be her duty the remainder of her days, even if she would marry some hopeful young farmer; still the young man could not help recalling the farmer's remark about some folks' luck.' What business was it of his, though, and why should he worry about it, so long as the girl seemed entirely contented, as she did? Had she worn a sullen face and a heavy lip he would not have blamed her, but 'where ignorance is bliss,' etc. 'Twas strange though; in the room to which he had been shown, and which any man with sisters would recognize at once as a girl's own, he had seen a few books—a very few, from which no young woman could fail to learn much which is more interesting than housework in a farm house.

The young man's wonderings were ended when the farmer returned from the barn, for a sense of responsibility for his guest's detention made the older man do his best to make the evening pass pleasantly, and as, like many another man of a calling which makes steady demand upon the hands yet leaves a great deal of leisure, he knew thoroughly whatever he knew at all. Finally the farmer said:

'I reckon you've been shook up enough on the train today to be willing to go to bed early. We country folks have to go to bed with the chickens almost, for we have to get up 'bout as early.'

The women excused themselves and the young man wished he dared apologize to the girl for depriving her of her room. As the host lighted him upstairs a business struggle was going on in the young man's mind. It ended by his saying abruptly, as the farmer turned to leave the room.

'By the way, you said it would cost as much to clear and drain that low land as the ground itself would be worth. I chance to know something about such things and I want to make you an offer. I'll clear and drain it at my own expense for you and take half the land as my pay. How does that strike you?'

'What?' drawled the farmer, opening his eyes very wide. 'Why—what do you mean?'

'I mean, my friend, what you said this afternoon on the train. There's no accounting for some folks' luck.' I mean that there's money enough in that bit of ground to do everything you were wishing for this afternoon—to take the mortgage from your farm and give you and your wife a chance to rest and to give your daughter a chance.'

The farmer dropped heavily into a chair, studied his guest's face closely a moment, and replied:

'I'd like to take you at your word, young man, but I never was poor enough to let any man cheat himself, an' I'm not going to do it now. I know what that ground would be worth—for market truck, for instance, if it was close to a large city, but do you know all it would be good for here?—nothin' but to plant corn on.'

The guest hesitated a moment. The farmer, still looking closely at the face before him, saw that the youth was not telling all that was in his mind. As he stared, he was aroused by his daughter's voice saying:

'Father?'

'Here I am,' he replied. There was a step in the hallway, and Fia appeared before the open door as she continued:

'You mustn't talk a visitor to death. Remember how early you must both be up to catch the train.'

'It isn't your father's fault, Miss Fia,' said the guest quickly, as the girl entered, rested a hand on the farmer's shoulder and smoothed his shock of grayish brown hair. Unconscious though she was, she made a picture which, quickened the young man's pulse and then made him set his lips firmly as he continued: I'm trying to drive a bargain with your father, and I'm going to stick to it until he agrees. I give you my word of honor, though, that I shan't try to get the better of him in any way.'

'Well,' said the farmer, I'll have to ask Fia's advice; she and her mother an' me are equal partners in everything I've got.'

'Quite rightly, too,' was the reply. 'Please let me say to her what I have told you—and something more. I've offered to clear and drain your father's low land at my own expense and take half of the ground for my pay. The rest of the story is this: Your father tells me that all the timber on that land was black walnut. Well, I am in the lumber business—fine lumber—and I want to say to both of you that the stumps on that land are worth more money now than the trees themselves would have brought a few years ago. The prettiest curls, spots and mottlings of black walnut are found in the stump. Why I know of a single big stump that sawed into $500 worth of veneer—facing for fine furniture, you know. I can't say how many of those on your father's place will turn out as well, but I'll contract to divide fairly on the whole output, besides leaving the land in good condition.'

'Father!' the girl exclaimed, with both arms drawing the tousled head to her breast, while her eyes filled. The young man had occasionally seen his sisters cry but never so becomingly. Better still, Fia didn't seem to be conscious that a stranger was looking at her. She was thinking only of her father, as she continued: Do you hear, father? Do you know what it means. No more trouble or care for you or mother? I always told you your time would come. Don't you remember?'

'Yes, gal—yes, an' I never believed it, though the blessed way you said it did lots to keep my toe to the mark when I felt like breakin' down.'

'I don't ask for a final answer to night,' said the young man, but I beg that you'll keep the matter to yourself until you come to a decision. You see I may possibly find some more chances of the same sort in the neighborhood, and I wouldn't like to have prices run up on me beyond reason. Besides, 'you don't know a thing about me—not even my name. Here's my business card, and'—here the young man took a pencil from his pocket and penciled several lines on the card 'here are some references—I wish you'd write to them all. One is as good a banker as there is in the United States, another is a farmer with whom I made a similar trade—he can tell you how I keep my word, another is the pastor of the church which I attend with my father's family. Ministers seldom know much about business, yet I especially request, that you write this one.'

'Money in stumps!' remarked the farmer, in a far away voice, as he mechanically took the card.

'Yes, so much money,' the young man replied, as he took a slip of paper from his pocketbook and wrote some thing on it with a pocket pen. 'that I wish you'd take this check for a thousand dollars in proof of good faith and as an advance payment on the bargain, if you conclude to make it.'

The farmer quickly came to himself and his eyes brightened as he took the check, exclaiming:

'A thousand dollars! Look at it Fia,' Nothin' like it was ever seen on that farm before. Excuse me, me, Mr. — stranger, but I've got to show this to Sophy, 'fore I die of astonishment.'

(Continued next week)

They were talking of the vanity of women, and one of the few ladies present undertook a defence. 'Of course,' she said, 'I admit that women are vain, and men are not. Why,' she added, with a glance around, 'the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar.' And then she smiled—for every man present had put his hand up behind his neck!

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.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as intemperance.—Lord Bacon.

I wish some of our great statesmen would walk through our great towns, and would go from house to house with some of the devoted clergymen who know the condition of the people. I wish they would come and hear the biographies of intense misery which are to be found under the humblest roofs; and when they have learned these things and found that they are to be traced up to one black fountain—intoxicating drink—I believe they would lay aside their political questions and conflicts, and take in hand that which touches the very root of the life and morals of the people——What are we about? How is it that the men who profess to be statesmen can waste their time and the time of the Legislature before they take this subject in hand.

It is in short intoxication that fills our gaols. It is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums. It is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England.

It is evident that, so far from being a conservator of health, alcohol is an active and powerful cause of disease, interfering at it does with respiration, the circulation and the nutrition; nor is any other result possible.

It is the moral ruin which it works in the soul which gives it the denomination of giant wickedness. If all who are intemperate drank to insensibility, and on awakening could arise from the debauch with intellect and heart uninjured, it would strip the crime of its most appaling evils.

Johnstone's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Wild Cherry 50 cts. a bottle.