1889

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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

VOL. XXII.—No. 47. Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 4, 1889. WHOLE No. 1139.

1889. FALL ARRIVALS 1889.

8 CASES, 2 BALES.

oOo

My Fall Goods, part of my Fall Importation are now ready for inspection.

Grey and White Cottons, Flannels all colors,
Grey and White Blankets, Camp Blanketing,
White and Unbleached Swansdowns, Colored do.,
Turkey Red Cottons, Jeans, Lining Cottons,
Dress Goods Wool Shawls, Ladies Vests,
Ladies Jackets, and made up Ulsters,
Collars and Cuffs, Ribbons, Laces,
New Fall Hats, Corsets,
Mens Underwear, Homespuns, Tweeds,
Cardigans, Guernseys, Top Shirts,
Smallwares.
Making a complete assortment in nearly every Department.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Newcastle, September 2nd, 1889.

P. S. All Goods will be marked in Plain Figures from this date, no Second Price, same price to everyone man, women, or child.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

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 the Dominion.
Office:-NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Chatham, - - - N. B.
OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

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

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

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World;
Barrister, Proctor for Estates,
Notary Public, &c.
Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.
OFFICE.
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B

Dr. R. Nicholson,
Office and Residence,
McCULLAM ST., - NEWCASTLE.
Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.
OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.
Newcastle March 12, 1889.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.
March 25, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL,)
BATHURST, - - - N. B.
THOS. F. KEARY, - Proprietor
This Hote 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.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a firstclass Hotel and travelers will 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.

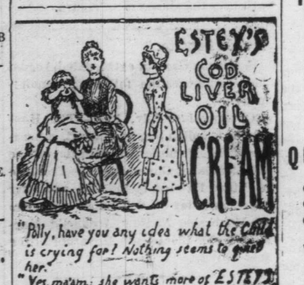
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
for Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises.
Oct. 12 1885.

Clifton House,
Princess and 143 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 6, 1885.

LAMP GOODS
On hand a large stock of
LAMPS of all Kinds,
BURNERS, CHIMNEYS,
Shades, Globes, Wicks, etc
AT LOWEST PRICES.
J. R. CAMERON,
68 Prince Wm. Street.
St. John Feb. 22, 1886.

GEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
NEWCASTLE, - - - N. B.
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.
Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
The Subribers 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 material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHRISTIE, & CO.



For sale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N.B.

The Favorite
Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx and Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.
"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrillton, Ark.
"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.
"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.
"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1: six bottles, $5.

BRISTOL'S
PILLS
THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY
For all Affections of the
LIVER & KIDNEYS

THIS YEAR'S
MYRTLE
CUT AND PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
In Bronze on
Each PLUG and PACKAGE.

STEY'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 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 of 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.

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.

BACKBONE AND GRIT.

(New York Herald.)

'The stage has gone, sir, but there's a widow lives here, and she's got a boy, and he'll drive you over. He's a nice little fellow, and Deacon Ball lets him have his team for a trifle and we like to get him a job when we can.'

It was a hot day in July. Away up among the hills that make the lower slope of the Monadnock mountain, a friend lay very ill. In order to reach his temporary home, one must take an early train to the nearest station, and trust to the lumbering old coach that made a daily trip to K———. The train was late; the stage, after waiting some little time, was gone. The landlord of the little white hotel appeared in his shirt sleeves, and, leaning his elbows on the balcony rail, dropped down on the hot and thirsty traveller what comfort could be extracted from the opening sentence of my sketch.

'Would he not come in and have some dinner?' 'Yes.' 'Would he send for the deacon's team?' 'Yes.' 'And the boy?' 'Yes.'

And the dinner was eaten and the team came round—an open buggy and an old white horse, and just as we were seated, the door of the little brown house across the way opened, and out rushed the 'widow's boy.'

In his mouth was the last morsel of his dinner; he had evidently learned how to 'eat and run.' His feet were clad in last winter's much worn boots, which refused to stay within the limits of his narrow, faded trowsers. As his legs flew forward, his arms flew backward in an ineffectual attempt to get himself inside a jacket much too short in the sleeves.

'There he is,' said the hostler; that's the Widow Beeke's boy. I told him I'd hold the horse while he went to get a bite.'

The horse did not look as though he needed to be held, but the hostler got his dime, and the boy approached in time to relieve my mind as to whether he would conquer the jacket or the jacked would conquer him and turn him wrong side out.

He was sun-burned and freckled, large-mouthed and red-haired—a homely, plain, wretched little Yankee; and yet, as we rode through the summer bloom and fragrance of the shaded road, winding up a long hill in the glow of the afternoon sun, I learned such a lesson as I would not soon forget.

He did not look much like a preacher as he sat stooping forward a little, whisking the flies off the deacon's horse, but his sermon was one which I wished might have been heard by all the boys in the land. As it was, I had to spur him on now and then by questions to get him to tell all about himself.

'My father died, you see, and left my mother the little brown house opposite the tavern. You saw it, didn't you, sir—the one with the lilacs under the window. Father was sick for a long time, and when he could not work he had to raise money on the house. Deacon Ball let him have it, a little at a time, and when father was gone mother found the money owed was almost $300. At first she thought she would have to give up the house, but the deacon said, 'Let it wait awhile,' and he turned and patted me on the head: 'when Johney gets big enough to earn something I will expect him to pay it.' I was only 9 then and I am 13 now; I remember mother cried and said: 'Yes, deacon, Johney is my only hope now;' and I wondered and wondered what work I could do. I really felt as if I ought to begin at once but I could not think of anything to do.'

'Well, what did you do?' I asked, quickly, for I was afraid he would stop, and I wanted to hear the rest.

'Well, at first I did very funny things for a boy. Mother used to knit socks to sell, and she sewed the rags to make rag carpets, and I helped.'

'How? What could you do?'

'Well, the people who would like a carpet could not always get the time to make. So I went to the farmers' houses and took home their rags, old coats, and everything they had, and out in the woodshed I ripped and cut them up. Then mother sewed them, and sometimes I sewed some, too; and then I rolled them into balls and took them to the owners all ready to be woven into rugs.'

'But did they pay you for your work?'

'Oh, yes, we got so much per pound; and I felt quite like a young merchant when I weighed them with our own steelyards. But that was only one way; we've two or three old apple trees in the back yard by the wall, and we dried the apples and sold them. Then some of the farmers who had a good many apples sent them to us to dry, and we paid them so many pounds all dry, and had the rest to sell.'

'But you surely could not do much in ways like these?'

'No, not much, but something; and we had the knitting.'

'Did you knit?'

'Not at first, but after awhile mother began to have rheumatism in her hands, and the joints became swollen and the fingers twisted, and it hurt her to move them. Then I learned to knit; before that I wound the yarn for her. I had to learn to sew a little, too, for mother didn't like to see the holes without patches.'

And he looked half smilingly at the specimens on his knees.

'But you did not mend those?' said I.

'Yes, sir; but I was in a hurry, and mother said it was not done as it had ought to be. They had just been washed and I couldn't wait for them to dry.'

'Who washed them?'

'I did, and ironed them too. I can wash and iron almost as good as mother can. She don't mean to let me, but how is she going to help it? She can hardly use her hands at all, and some days she can hardly leave her chair, so I had to learn to make the beds and to scrub the floor and wash the dishes, and I can do almost as well as a girl.'

'Is it possible? I shall have to take supper with you on my way back to the city and test your skill.'

Johnny blushed and I added:

'It is a pity, my boy, that you haven't a sister.'

'I had one,' he said, gently, 'but she died; and if she had lived I shouldn't have wished her to lift and bring wood and water and scrub, as poor mother always did. Sometimes I wish I could have sprung all the way from a baby to a man. It's such slow work growing up; and it was while mother was waiting for us to grow up that she worked so hard.'

'But my dear boy, you cannot expect to be son and daughter and mother all in one. You cannot do the work for a whole family.'

'Yes I can; it isn't much, and I'm going to do it and the work my father left undone. I'm going to pay that mortgage, if I live.'

'Heaven grant you may,' I said, fervently, under my breath; 'for not many mothers have such a son.'

'Mother don't know I mean to do it, and she is very anxious I should go to school, and I mean to sometime, but I know just where the boys in my class are studying, and I get the lesson at home. Mother reads them to me out of the book, while I am washing the dishes or doing her work, and we have great fun. I try to remember and repeat it, and if we come to anything we can't make out, we take it over to the teacher in the evening—she is very kind—and she tells me.'

'Very kind! Who wouldn't be kind to such a boy? How do you expect to save if you spend your time indoors?

'Oh, I don't do girl's work all day; no indeed! I worked out our taxes on the road. It wasn't much, but I helped the men build a stone wall by the river; and the deacon lets me do a great deal of work for him, and when I get a chance to take anybody from the hotel to ride, he lets me have his team for almost nothing, and I pay him whatever I make. And I work on a farm with the men in summer; and I have a cow of my own and sell milk at the tavern; and we have some hens, too, and sell the eggs. And in the fall I cut and pile the winter's wood in the sheds for the people who haven't any boys—and there's a good many people round here who have not any boys,' he added, brushing a fly from the old horse with the tip of the whip.

After this we fell into silence, and rode through the sweet New England roads, with Monadnock rising before us, even nearer and more majestic. It impressed me with a sense of its rugged strength—one of the hills, 'rocked ribbed and ancient as the sun;' but I glanced from the mountain to the little red-headed morsel of humanity at my side with a sort of recognition of their kinship. Somehow they seemed to belong together. I felt as if the same sturdy stuff was in both of them. It was only a fancy, but it was confirmed the next day for when I came back to town after seeing my invalid friend I called on Deacon Ball. I found him whitehaired and kindly-faced. He kept the village store and owned a pretty house, and was evidently very well to do. Naturally we talked of Johnny, and the deacon said to me with tears in his old watery blue eyes:

'Why, bless your heart, sir, you don't think I'm going to take his money, do you? The only son of his mother, and she a widow and tied into double bow knots with rheumatics, besides. True enough, I let his father have the money, and my wife she says, says she to me. 'Well, deacon, my dear, we've not got a child and shall be just as well off a hundred years from now if the widow never pays a cent;' but 'cordin' to my calculations it's better to let the boy think he's payin.' She says I might as well try to keep a barrel of vinegar from workin' as to keep that boy from workin.' It's the mother in him and it's got to work. We think a good deal of the widow, 'Mandy and me. I did before I ever saw 'Mandy but for all that we hold the mortgage, and Johnny wants to work it out. 'Mandy and me, we are going to let him work.'

I turned away, for I was going to supper at Johnny's house; but before I went I asked the deacon how much Johnny had already paid.

'Well, I don't know; Mandy knows—I pass it to her, she keeps the books. Drop in before you go to the train and I'll show it to you.

I dropped in and the deacon showed me the account. It was the book of the savings bank of a neighboring town, and on its pages were credits of all the little sums the boy had earned or paid; and I saw they were standing in the Widow Beebe's name. I grasped the deacon's hand. He was looking away over the housetops to where Monadnock was smiling under the good night kiss of the sun.

'Goodbye, sir, goodbye,' he said, returning my squeeze with interest. 'Much obliged I am sure, Mandy and me, too; but don't be worried about Johnny. When we see it we know the real stuff it takes to make a real man—and Johnny has got it; Johnny is like that mountain over there—chock full of grit and lots of backbone.'

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balances and weights that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise.

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.

A LONG-WINDED ORATOR.

MR. DE COSMOS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA SPEAKS FOR TWENTY-SIX HOURS

Long speeches are common. In the Georgia Legislature, when the question of expelling the negro members was up, Aaron Alpeoria Bradley spoke four days. The Tichborne trial brought Dr. Keneale y to the front with a speech running through 140 days. But these speakers did not talk continuously. Adjournments for dinner and over night and for Sunday made their work easy. The longest speech on record, says the Chicago *Times*, is probably the one made by Mr. DeCosmos, a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, some time ago. A bill was pending which, if passed, would deprive many settlers of their lands, and the temper of the majority made it certain that it would pass. The Legislature was within a day and a half of the hour of its final adjournment, and the vote was about to be taken. At this juncture DeCosmos rose to address the body. It was 10 o'clock in the morning, and the members thought that he would finish in an hour or two. The clock struch 11, 12 and 1, but the speaker kept right on. How long would he speak? The members in a spirit of fun omitted to adjourn for dinner, but DeCosmos spoke on without a break. At six o'clock he was still on the floor. He was forced by the Speaker to stick to the question, and was not allowed to pause except to take a drink of water. The majority decided to continue the session through the night, slipping out in small parties to eat and sleep. Still, without faltering, the orator poured forth his torrent of words. This was the situation at midnight, and also when the morning sun flooded the hall with the light of the day. As the hour hand of the clock pointed to twelve the limit prescribed by law for the session had arrived, and the Legislature stood adjourned sine die. At the last stroke of 12 the brave DeCosmos stopped in the middle of the sentence and fell fainting in his seat. He had spoken, standing on his feet, twenty-six hours. His eyes were bleared and red and his parched lips were cracked and running blood. He was nearly dead, but he had prevented the bill from becoming a law and had saved the settlers their homes.

A CROP OF MORTGAGES.

The mortgages on the farms in Ohio, it is said, amount to more than $700,000,000, and are gradually increasing, and this, too, in an old, well-developed, rich farming country.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

In other words, every acre of land in the State is mortgaged to the extent of more than $30.

The market, sixty millions, we are told, is so valuable that if it were opened to our farmers they would all get rich. That is what Mr. Wiman tells us in the intervals of his labors for annexation. That is what Professor Smith tells us while he is advocating annexation. That is what the Toronto *Globe* tells us while it is shrieking that it "can't a-bear" annexation. That is what Mr. Butterworth told us before he became absorbed in the Harrison campaign, and Mr. Butterworth is a citizen of Ohio and ought to know. "I would," he cries, as Paul cried when he lifted up his hands before King Agrippa—"I would that you Canadians were not only almost, but altogether as we in Ohio are—except these mortgages." Perhaps he omits the last clause on the ground that misery loves company. We could hardly hope that under commercial union the Ontario farmer would be better off than the Ohio farmer. If the market of sixty millions is such a mine of wealth, why do not the Ohio farmers clear the incumbrances from their land?

A little while ago we had it on unimpeachable authority that the farmers in Mr. Blake's Kansas paradise were richly decorated with mortgages. Kansas was referred to by the late leader of the Republican party, as that section of the United States in which the greatest progress had been made; it had risen, he said, from the twenty-fourth place as a corn producer to the fourth place, and he might add, were he to resume the subject now, that it stands very high as a mortgage producer. Now, we have the authority of a Cleveland journal for saying that Ohio's best crop is also the mortgage. If we suppose these mortgages to bear interest at the rate of six per cent., we find the farmers of Ohio paying a tribute to the money lenders to the amount of $42,000,000 annually, or from $12 to $15 for each man, woman and child of the agricultural population of the State.

Mr. Wiman will tell us that the Ohio farmer can send 'broilers' to New York and get two dollars and a half for them. Why don't they sell some broilers and pay off their mortgages? The Ohio farmer pays no duty on the barley, or the horses, or the cattle, or the butter he sends to the big cities. Why then does he not sell some of these things and pay his debts? Ohio is practically as near to New York as Ontario is. Its soil is fertile; its climate milder than that of this province. It really seems that the enormous advantages of commercial union and of access to the markets of sixty millions, which Ohio enjoys, have not done for that state the things which the commercial annexationists say it would do for Canada.—Hamilton, Ont., *Spectator.*

THE GREAT BRIDGE.

A great deal has been heard about the splendid East River bridge which connects New York with Brooklyn; but that great achievement is altogether thrown into the shade by the new Forth Bridge, which the president of the Iron and Steel Institution called the last wonder of the world. Not only will it be the longest bridge in the world—the entire length of the viaduct is nearly two miles—but it will be by far the most remarkable example of the application of the cantilever principle. So solid is its construction, and so perfect the material used, that Mr. Clark the distinguished American bridge builder gives it as his opinion that no wind, no gale, and no tornado could upset it. Not so very long ago the builder of a bridge nearly two miles long, 452 feet high from the foundations, and with spans of 1,701 feet, would have been impossible; and the uniformity of quality of steel, as made by the Siemens-Martin process, which have rendered the undertaking feasible. The Forth Bridge will be the latest and greatest triumph of engineering skill, and Sir John Fowler and Benjamin Baker have good cause to be proud of their achievement.

The Chinese servant wished to draw a distinction between the servant and the friend. He had a Christmas present for his mistress, but he did not propose that it should be tendered in any impolite way. It was dinner time, and they had gone into the dining room. The Chinaman was not there. They called him, but there was no sign. Just then the door bell rang and one of the family had to go to the door. When the door was opened there stood the Chinaman with a package, which he handed with a polite bow. "For misses; a melly Christmas!" Then he disappeared, and before they could quite understand the affair he had gone through the garden and was in the dining room ready to wait on the table.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Temperance.

IT DON'T PAY.

It don't pay to hang one citizen because another citizen sells him liquor.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another citizen sells him liquor.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the lunatic asylum because another citizen sold him liquor.

It don't pay to have fifty workmen ragged, to have one saloon keeper dressed in broadcloth, and flush with money.

It don't pay to have ten smart, active, intelligent boys transformed into thieves, to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor.

It don't pay to have fifty working men and their families live on bone soup and half rations, in order that one saloon-keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

It don't pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, and turned into a hell of discord and misery, in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a large fortune.

It don't pay to give one man, for $15 a quarter, a license to sell liquor, and then spend $5,000 in trying another man for buying that liquor, and committing murder under its influences.—*Christian Secretary.*

Is your boy dear to you? If so, then how much license will you charge me to sell liquor to make him a fiend incarnate, and lower him to the level of a hog?

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

GOD AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Since government is the ordinance of God, it is morally bound to conform to the laws of the Creator. Its only safety is in obedience.

The first law of the Creator is, that land is to be used for the support of population, of a moral, intelligent and healthy population. The State, as God's minister, is to enforce this law.

When we look about us we see a large portion of land, God's land, devoted to the production of an article that causes more poverty and more crime than anything else. Such a use of land is plainly unlawful. It is a violation of the condition on which land is bestowed upon men. The government, the Creator's agent, is bound to see to it that the terms of the grant are complied with by the occupants of the land. The plain duty of government is to extirpate the traffic in intoxicating beverages. This can not be done by high license or local option that treats the traffic as a matter that is indifferent in its nature. It can only be done by prohibition officers, national, state, county and municipal, to enforce the law. This traffic should be prohibited by the government, not simply because it is immoral, nor because it is injurious, not because it is politically corrupting. These are all good reasons for suppressing it. The reason we urge is different. The distiller, brewer and saloon keeper use land, God's land, not to benefit people, but to impoverish and debase them. Such a use of land is unlawful. The easiest way to prevent it is to prohibit the traffic. The farmers who raise grain for the distillers and brewers, are also guilty of misusing their land. As the grain is bought in the open market, the only way to prevent this misuse of agricultural land is to forbid the trade.—*Extracted from "The Bible and Land," soon to be published by the Rev. James B. Converse, Morristown, Tenn.*

RUMSELLERS GROW RICH BY IMPOVERISHING THEIR CUSTOMERS.

No man engages in the liquor business save from the love of gain. He wants money, and must have it, no matter who suffers from it, and when he has once obtained it he seems to take a special delight in flaunting the tokens of his success in the faces of his victims. Thus the rumseller's wife may have a piano in her parlor to entertain her friends, and on winter days she usually wears a sealskin sacque to protect her from the cold; while the wives of her husband's customers, impoverished by the traffic which pays for those luxuries, have to stand at the washtub, making music on the scrubbing-board, and when cold weather comes, they and their unfortunate children shiver, half clad in the wintry blast.

Every luxury enjoyed by the rumseller and his family comes out of those who patronize his bar, hence, while he takes his comfort napping in his easy-chair, or riding in his top buggy, drawn by a clipped horse with a gold mounted harness, his customers make music with their wood-saws, or trudge along on foot, with bare toes sticking out of their worn-out boots and shoes. Of the two, however, other things being equal, the poor wretch in rags is often the better man, with more brains and better abilities than the vampire who is fattening upon his life's blood. It does not require much of a man to make a rumseller, and every lazy bummer who thinks that the world owes him a living, which he is bound to get, though he may have only a small amount of wit or ability, usually has enough to start a dram-shop or tend a bar. Intelligence and principle are not among the requirements needed in the rum business.—*Ex.*

MONEY SPENT FOR DRINK.

If all the money spent in a single year in the United States for drink was used for buying flour, it would buy five barrels of flour for every man, woman and child in the country. And suppose it was loaded on waggons, with ten barrels on each waggon, and allow each team twenty-four feet, it would form a procession ninety thousand miles long or extending nearly four miles around the globe. For every dollar it costs the American people for food, they pay two and a half dollars for intoxicating drinks. They drink up every year the worth of all the horses, mules, cattle, sheep and hogs there are in the country. There are some sixty-three thousand churches in the United States, and eighty-three thousand ministers; but there are in the same country two hundred and fifty thousand grog-shops, and five hundred thousand whiskey sellers. There is thirty times as much money spent in drinking places as is given to all churches and benevolent purposes. There is no doubt that our Dominion has lost as much through drink in the last five years as would more than pay all the expenses of building the entire Pacific Railway.—*Ex.*

Despair and happiness are so closely linked that each is riven by the wealth of the other.

The simple faith of a little child is the world's truest homage.