

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. G. ANSLOW.
VOL. XXIX.—No. 15.

Our Country with its United Interests.
Newcastle, Wednesday, January 15, 1896.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
WHOLE NO. 1471.

PROFESSIONAL.
Law & Collection Office.
C. J. Thomson,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
Commissioner Newcastle Civil Court.
Newcastle, N. B.

Thomas W. Butler.
Solicitor & Notary Public.
Fire, Life, & Accidental Insurance Agent.
Office over T. Russell's Store, facing the Public Square,
Newcastle, N. B.

J. DeVeber Neales,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
Newcastle, N. B.
OFFICE IN CHURCHMAN'S BUILDING.

O. J. MacGILLIVRAY, M.A., M.D.
M.B. (Ed.) (Ed. Hon.), LONDON.
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR, & THROAT.
Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Streets
Newcastle, Nov. 1, 1894.

MUSICAL TUITION.
Miss Edith Troy.
Graduate of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music, is now prepared to take pupils in
Piano, Forte, Pipe Organ, and
Vocal Culture.
Terms on Application.
Newcastle, June 9th, 1895.

HOTELS.
Elliott House.
The Subscriber having purchased and newly fitted up the house formerly known as the "Milton House," opposite the Maritime Hotel, Newcastle, is prepared to accommodate permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates.
SAMPLER ROOMS ATTACHED, 2000 STAIRS DOWN.
WALTER F. ELLIOTT.
Newcastle, Jan. 21, 1895.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, N. B.
GEO. McWEESEY, Proprietor.

CANADA HOUSE
CHAPEL, NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Clifton House.
"Success and 43 Gorman Street,
ST. JOHN N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Healed by Steam treatment. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone connection with all parts of the city.
April 6th, 1895.

EFFECT OF CO-OPERATION.
An Offer of Momentous Interest.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY
WITH THE UNION ADVOCATE
FOR \$1.75.

Our readers will be pleased to know that we have made special arrangements by which the Union Advocate and the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal together, may be had for \$1.75.
The Family Herald is the greatest weekly family newspaper in the world, and has been wonderfully successful. So greatly has it grown that its publishers have had to enlarge to sixteen pages, and even now it is hard to get all the good things in. No family can afford to do without the Family Herald, for not only does it amuse and instruct but it is a valuable aid to the thrifty housekeeper. The young folks are enraptured with the pages given them. It contains matter to interest every member of the family.
This year every subscriber will be given a premium a lovely picture called "Little Queenie," an artistic gem which every one will want, but which can be got only through the Family Herald.
Every subscriber, at no cost to himself, has his life insured for \$250 against death by railway accidents.
You can get the Family Herald with its premium and free insurance, and the Union Advocate for \$1.75. This is an offer so generous that everybody should accept it.
Sample copies may be sent at the ADVOCATE office or they will be forwarded upon application to the Family Herald Publishing Co., Montreal.

JOE PRINTING.
Plain and in Colors in
FIRST CLASS STYLE at the
ADVOCATE OFFICE.

It's all in the Making.



Poorly Made Clothes always look cheap, while those well made have an elegant appearance. The clothes we make are put together thoroughly. No shop work is tolerated. Try us, and see if we do not answer this declaration. A good line of Foreign and Canadian Tweeds, Sittings, etc., kept on hand, as well as Meltons, Beavers, and Canadian and Irish Frocks.

Sash and Door Factory.
The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle, Glazed and unglazed Sashes, Windows, Doors and Door Frames, Mouldings, Planing and Matching, etc.
H. C. NIVEN.
Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1895.

Tuning and Repairing.
J. O. Biederman, Pianoforte and Organ Tuner.
Regular visits made to the northern Counties or of which notice will be given.
Orders for Tuning etc. can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.
St. John, May 6th, 1894.

Intercolonial Rly.
On and after Monday the 9th September, 1895, the train of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—
Will leave Newcastle.
Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted).
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John.
Accommodation for Pictou and St. John.
Accommodation for Pictou and St. John.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Moncton, N. B., September 6th, 1895.

A NEW BOOK,
BY
Michael Whelan
Now ready, a book of
Poems and Songs.
The book contains one hundred pages, and sold at the extremely low figure of 35 cents per volume, or \$3 per dozen copies. It is to be forwarded by mail 1 cent for each copy must be added to the price to prepay postage.
Address orders to the publisher,
W. G. ANSLOW,
Newcastle, N. B.
Or to the author,
M. WHELAN, Dryden P. O.,
Northumberland Co., N. B.

50 Years.
For over 50 years Cough Medicines have been coming to and dying out, but this time SHARP'S
Balsam of Horehound
Never left the front rank for Cough, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COLDS AND COLDS.
All Druggists and most Grocers sell it.
25 Cents a Bottle.
ARMSTRONG & CO., Proprietors.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

WINTER FOOT GEAR FOR
Men, Boys, Ladies, Misses and Children.
The "Westgate" Overstocking for Ladies, Something New.
Lace, Button and Buckle Overshoes.
Cardigan Overshoes, Lined and Unlined Rubbers.
Men's and Ladies' felt leather faced Boots and Slippers.
Felt Sole shoes and Slippers for house wear.
Men's hand made Long Boots
A Specialty.
The Best Assorted Stock of Boots and Shoes in Newcastle.
Jno Ferguson,
Salter Brick Store.
Newcastle, 29th Nov. 1895.



CURED BY TAKING
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During this time I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my eruptions were as free from eruptions as ever they were. My business, which had been almost entirely stopped, was resumed, and I was able to go about without gloves. I am now as well as ever. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont."

The Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.
RECENT DISCOVERIES
Have demonstrated that all the organs of the body are under the control of the nervous system. In cases of disease, the nervous system is deranged, and the organs which it controls are affected. The result is a general derangement of the system, and the patient is afflicted with various ailments. The cure is to be found in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which acts upon the nervous system, and restores it to its normal state.

Free Sample
and full particulars, which we will send by return mail in plain sealed envelope.
An old physician, 35 years continued practice treating diseases of women, has charged the cure, and can be consulted by letter or in person. Address our main office, THE COOK COMPANY, Room 3—No. 263 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Cook's Cotton Root Compound is sold by all responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion of Canada and United States for One Dollar per box.

RIP-AN-S
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.
ONE GIVES RELIEF.
Know What You Chew
Is free from injurious coloring. The more you use of it the better you like it.
THE COOK COMPANY, 263 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Selected Literature.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

By MARGARET BLOUNT.

Breakfast was just over in the pleasant cottage to which Dr. Theodore Allen had brought his bride in the gorgeous Autumn days.
The winter had passed most pleasantly, and Helen had pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to remain during the coming summer that her husband (who had recently inherited a fortune so large that he had been able to give up the practice of his profession) promised to purchase the house and grounds and settle them upon her, for her own exclusive use, in case she ever repented of her bargain, grew tired of him, and wished to enjoy a separate home, he said, laughingly, as he placed the legal documents relating to the matter in her hands.

Helen Allen glanced over the signed and sealed paper very proudly, and looked around the beautifully furnished room and out through the French window at the well kept grounds with their delicious smell of new mown grass in her eyes.
"Houses, grounds, furniture, and all here," she said, "I value this house only because it is here. I wonder if you will ever bid me go!"

"Theodore! Pray—pray don't say such things, even in jest; I cannot bear," said his wife, dropping the papers and looking at him. "You know that I value this house only because it is here. I wonder if you will ever bid me go!"
She kissed it, and he felt a tear drop beside the kiss. And you know, or ought to know, that I should feel more to interest in it, that I could not so easily give it up without you to brighten it."

"I know love. I was only joking; but I was wrong," he answered, throwing his arm around her waist and leaning his head upon her shoulder. "But, oh, child, you can never know how glad I am to be able to offer this to you, and to feel that it is only the first step toward giving you independent in case I should die. Nay, love, let me speak of that once. It brings tears to my eyes, thank God!"

"You understand that in such case the bulk of my fortune which I have inherited lapses to my cousin John," he continued after a pause. "But this house I buy from the savings of my income, and each year if we live quietly like this, a handsome sum may be saved and settled upon you, if I—"

"Oh, we will live as you wish, Theodore, in every way, but speak no more of that!" said his wife, imploringly.
"Very well. But may I not say how grateful I am to the fortune for enabling me to marry you? During the three months that you thought me so cold and changed, I was trying to give you up. I thought I must remain a poor, overworked city doctor, and I vowed that I would never share that poverty with you. Never drag you into it, to sadden your bright and happy heart."
"But George was only a poor artist then, dear, and I shared his poverty and was happy."
"He was your brother, Helen, and with him you could endure it. But, thank Heaven! the blessed fortune came in the midst of my despair, and it is mine for life, and we are happy, are we not, dear?"
"Happy! repeated Helen, impulsively, as she thought that she was cold and changed, I was trying to give you up. I thought I must remain a poor, overworked city doctor, and I vowed that I would never share that poverty with you. Never drag you into it, to sadden your bright and happy heart."

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that figure I was startled—weak as you may think me. But I am now sure it was only our next door neighbor, Mrs. Graves, on her way to the village. She is, I fancy, rather curious about us; and she came across our grounds as a short-cut, and somewhat too near to be agreeable to us. I'll draw down the blinds, Helen, and you shall give me some music by the way of finish to our happy evening. I must retire early, for I have a journey to the city before me to-morrow.

"To the city! Oh, must you go? Then let me go, too. I am so lonely here by myself, all day."

"I have legal business to-morrow, dear, and I must go by the first train," replied her husband. "And I cannot spare one moment to attend to you. Remain here, quietly at home, this once, Helen—I ask it as a favor," he said, earnestly, that she at once gave way.

"And you have known all day that you were to go, and never told me, Helen!"

"I did not like to grieve you, I would not tell you now, if I could help it," was his reply. And, indeed he spoke the truth then.

"As Helen Allen sat alone over her late breakfast next morning a slip of paper on the carpet under the table caught her eye. A few words were written on it in an elegant feminine hand. It was evidently a portion of a letter addressed to her husband."

"I will not disturb your happiness with my deep misery. I will write no letter after this, since you say that you dread that your wife may guess your guilty secret. But, if my burden grows utterly unendurable, I shall—I must summon you. For you alone can comfort me. Theodore. Therefore, if you see me hidden in the shrubbery at dusk, any evening, come to me by the earliest train of the next day—for you may know that the use of such comfort is very rare."

Your
EVELYN.

31 Gerrain Street, New York.
"His Evelyn!" said the jealous wife, with a long shuddering sigh. "And I saw her late evening—he has gone to her to-day! A guilty secret binds them together, which he dreads I may discover. Discover it I will!" she cried, white with the sneer of a proud heart humiliated and crushed into the very dust. "She dared to come here—to my home!—I will speak my heart words with my neighbor's husband there in her!"

At dusk on that same evening, Helen Allen alighted from a cab which drew up at the lower end of Gerrain Street.

Dismissing the vehicle, she drew her veil over her face and passed nervously along the street till she saw "No 31" emblazoned above the well lighted door of one house on the left hand side.

She crossed the street, and ascending the steps, knocked loudly at the door.

After a long pause it was partially opened. The pale, frightened face of a beautiful young woman peered timidly out at Helen.

"Some mistake, I presume, madam," she said, her voice fairly trembling with the fright. "Perhaps I can direct you to the person you wish to see."

"But Helen by a skillful dash swept in beside her, and at once closed the door. "You came to my house last night," she said sternly. "You summoned me to dine to-day. You have done this. This morning I found a part of your letter to me, written only one month after my marriage. What is this 'guilty secret' that you keep from me? I will never leave this house till I know it!"

"It may be best," said the woman, who had now grown quite composed. "I was only kept from you out of kindness, believe me."

"You will soon acknowledge it," said the woman, lowering her tone to a whisper, as she opened the door of a small and exactly furnished parlor and motioned Helen in.

The light from the hall lamp showed the plain, unpapered walls, the six cane-seated chairs, the faded chintz-covered sofa, the round table of stained deal without a cover, the curtainless windows, the uncarpeted floor.

"I showed, too, the woman's pale lovely face, her charming figure, and her eyes, which were full of tears, and she said, 'I am so lonely here by myself, all day.'"

"I was married one month after you were to the man whom I loved," the woman whispered sadly. "We had a beautiful home. But in a few short months it was gone. Drink and gambling—that tells the story briefly. Things went from bad to worse. They have ended here, like this. She waved her hand, pointing to the shabby room, and to her own attire. "And—in forger, she added, coloring deeply. "Then my husband felt his disgrace and wickedness in all, and he fled. I feared that he had committed suicide, and when I could bear no more suspense, I called you to my aid. This day he found my poor repenting husband. He has, by paying a large sum of money, arranged the forgery. No one will prosecute; and by that angel's aid, I was told a silly story about these premises a short time ago. At first sight of

believe in a better, told a life for my husband. If it comes to be by the way of the god man whom you dated to do!"

"But who are you and who is your husband?" asked Helen, utterly overcome by this testimony of the doctor's goodness.

"We should have come to you next week, before sailing, and tell you all, replied the woman opening the folding door that opened the parlor from an equally shabby bed room. But a good fire blazed in the grate, and covering before it in an easy chair, Helen saw her brother George, looking pale and weak, as if he was just recovering from a severe illness.

"Down with it, my boy, or I shall miss my train," he was saying cheerfully.

Both turned as the doors flew open, and gazed in silent astonishment at the two women.

Helen sank humbly at her husband's feet.

"I never forgive me! I can never forgive myself!" she said, blushing into tears.

But the good doctor, scarcely waiting to hear Mrs. George's explanation, raised his wife with a fondly pardoning kiss, and the happy quartette shared a delightful bedroom fire. —The Hearst-Story.

NO COURTSHIP IN JERUSALEM.
Match-making in Palestine is robbed of its sentimental features.

Of courtship as it is known in America or England there is none whatever in Jerusalem, writes Edwin S. Wallace in November Ladies' Home Journal. A young Mohammedan never sees the face of the girl who is to become his wife until after marriage. His mother and sisters may see her and report their impressions, but it is as rare where the union is by them considered a desirable one they are likely to accredit her with charms she does not possess. Among Jews and Christians there is a greater latitude in this respect, though the young people are never permitted to see each other without the presence of a third party. In every case the services of an intermediary are necessary. Brides at fourteen or fifteen are common, and at twelve or thirteen a little remark. I have known of one bride ten years of age. She was a Moslem.

Eating Before Sleeping.
The old tradition that to eat anything just before going to bed was sure to produce indigestion and render sleep impossible is now happily exploded. It is not good, it is a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food will render one restless, but something of a light, palatable snack before going to bed is one of the best aids to quietude and rest in bed. The process of digestion goes on as well with as much regularity as when one is taking violent exercise to aid it, and so something in the stomach is a very desirable condition for the night's rest. Some physicians have declared, indeed, that a good deal of the prevalent insomnia is the result of an unquenchable craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly frightened by the opinion that they must not eat before going to bed, or that they have, like many nervous women, been keeping themselves in a state of semi-starvation. Nothing is more agreeable on retiring for the night than to take a bowl of hot broth, like oatmeal or cream soup. It is a positive aid to nervous people, and induces peaceful slumbers. This is especially the case on cold winter nights, when the stomach craves warmth as much as any other part of the body. Even a glass of hot milk is grateful to the palate on such occasions, and a light well-cooked gruel is better, and in our climate, during the cold months of winter should be the retiring food of every woman who feels, as many do, the need of food at night.

Growing Old.
"It isn't being old that's hard to bear," said a sage person to me lately. "It's the growing old, the fading, the misery of fleshing up, or shrinking down into elderliness that's so stinging. I shouldn't mind being 60, but I hate to be 45."

It is odd, too, how we women try to deceive ourselves. "Oh, gray hair is no sign of age," says one. "I'm sure I've had gray hairs since I was 16." Another wails when, in spite of herself, she has to take to wearing glasses.

"Oh, I've been so foolish! I simply ruined my eyes reading in bed." But when a person's hair turns, the eyes fall and the teeth get faulty and unreliable, it is age.

Of course if there are no grown children to betray one the pretence of youth can be kept up a little longer; but even the ladies who were married at 16 and had three children before they were 20 have to abandon the struggle in the presence of marvellous sons and daughters. I have known would-be youthful women break down and weep the first time they were called grandmothers.

Yes, indeed it is hard to be graceful while growing old.

The Gospel of Jesus.
The Gospel as Jesus of Nazareth spoke on the shores of Gennesareth, in the streets of Nain, by the wayside in Samaria, has been at last unearthed, according to an article in the New York World. It is by all odds the most remarkable manuscript find of the centuries. In point of interest to the scientific and religious world it surpasses the finding of the Rosetta Stone. Two women with a kodak were the instruments by which this wonderful product

of the early Christian years has been brought to light of the nineteenth century. For the first time the Christian world has presented to it the story of the Nazarene as He spoke it, in His very words, written in the language of Palestine, when the Saviour walked and talked in the land of His birth. This manuscript copy of the Four Gospels in the original Syriac, the oldest record of the doings and sayings of Jesus Christ, was found in the monastery of St. Catharine, on Mount Sinai, by Mrs. Catharine Lewis and Mrs. James Y. Gibson, of Cambridge, England.—Philadelphia Press.

A Poem.
Prof. Zauner, the famous Orientalist, one day received the copy of an inscription which a friend and admirer of his declared he had found in a mediaeval tomb. The sender asked him to decipher the mysterious extract, promising to forward the valuable MS. as soon as he got it from its owner, a relative of his. The inscription ran as follows: "Oy era wach rooseph gairim door."

For three days the professor puzzled his brains without making any sense of it. Then his little son, a four-year-old boy, came into his father's study and asked the strange writing upon the desk. After looking at it for a while he asked his father since when he had taken to writing backwards.

"What do you mean?" said the astonished professor.

"Why," replied the lad, "if you read this from right to left it runs thus: 'Good morning, professor, how are you?'"

A LIST OF TRUISMS.

The National publishes the following undeniable truths:—

Drunkennes never causes a victory to be gained, it causes one to be lost; it never prevented shipwrecks, it often caused one.

Liquor leads thousands of persons to poverty, not a single one to wealth.

It has destroyed thousands of healths and has not restored a single one.

It has shortened thousands of lives, and has not lengthened a single one.

It has lost forever thousands of immortal souls, and never saved one.

A woman never became more virtuous by beginning to drink; how many have become less?

Never did a son become kinder to his parents through the use of alcoholic drink; how many have become less so, how many have become their shame and sorrow!

General Intelligence.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DISPUTE.

LONDON, Jan. 8.—The Westminster Gazette says:—A movement is on foot to put into effect the suggestion alleged to have been made by Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, that the difference between Great Britain and the United States be settled by a Commission composed of an equal number of Judges of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice and the United States Supreme Court. Already a private meeting, composed of Englishmen and Americans, has been held to consider what further action should be taken. The disclosures made in the Chronicle from its Washington despatches concerning the Venezuelan dispute have encouraged the leaders in this movement to publish the proposals, which amount to the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration.

The editorials of the leading papers this morning are unanimous in lauding the generosity and prudence of President Kruger, asserting him that England appreciates him at full value. All papers praise Colonial Secretary Chamberlain for his share of the peace. The Daily News and Daily Chronicle in an emphatic demand for a thorough sifting of the British South Africa Company's liability for the trouble and admonish the government not to shirk their obligations to Transvaal and England to discover the real authors of the apparent gross conspiracy against the South African republic. Lectures to Emperor Germany toward England are generally recommended. The marked cessation of hostilities of the press of Germany toward England is generally ascribed to the British government's preparations for war, which are highly commended on all sides.

TERRIBLE RHEUMATIC PAINS.

LOSE THEIR SWAY AFTER USING SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE.

The pain and suffering caused by rheumatism is unendurable in language. The bent back, the crippled limbs, the intense neuralgia pains that are caused by this trouble almost drive the victims to despair. The blessing comes to those who have learned of South American Rheumatic Cure, which is simply marvellous in its effects, curing desperate cases in from one to three days. About some things there is no certainty, but of the certain cure that comes from South American Rheumatic Cure there is no doubt. —Sold by E. Lee Store.

WILL THERE BE WAR.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—The Central News Agency has just received the statement that Lord Salisbury has notified the German government that Great Britain will maintain the rights in Transvaal secured to her under the convention of 1884 at all costs.

The generosity shown by President Kruger is admitted everywhere. At the

chance here it is a matter of opinion as to what form it should take. Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of Cape Colony, has presented to it the story of the Nazarene as He spoke it, in His very words, written in the language of Palestine, when the Saviour walked and talked in the land of His birth. This manuscript copy of the Four Gospels in the original Syriac, the oldest record of the doings and sayings of Jesus Christ, was found in the monastery of St. Catharine, on Mount Sinai, by Mrs. Catharine Lewis and Mrs. James Y. Gibson, of Cambridge, England.—Philadelphia Press.

A despatch from Cape Town says Dr. Jameson and followers by Boers have been released and handed over to Sir Hercules Robinson.

A Pretoria despatch says it is reported there that Transvaal government have demanded the banishment from the country of Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson and the payment of a large indemnity by the South Africa Company. Nothing is known of this report in official quarters and it is not believed.

PROPPED UP BY PILLOWS FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE WITH HEART DISEASE, YET CURED BY DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART.
Do not our largest sympathies go out to those who suffer from heart disease? It comes so suddenly, and its symptoms are usually so distressing that the direct agony is experienced by the patient. The case of Mr. L. W. Law, of Toronto, is a case of this kind, who was unable to move in bed for eighteen months owing to smothering spells and palpitation, it is by no means exceptional. Who would have thought the case could be cured, and yet one bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure cured the heart trouble in this case. It gives such speedy relief, that even where the symptoms are less dangerous, it ought at once to be taken as a means of driving the disease out from the system.—Sold by E. Lee Store.