WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, November 14, 1888.

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Vol. XX11.--No. 5.

prs. "The New Turkish Curtains" only \$2.75 per pair

B. FAIREY'S.

New Furniture.

Handsome Parlor Suites in Crimson and Old Gold Plush Hair Cloth Suites from \$38.00. Fancy do. do. from \$39.00. Bedroom Sets, New Styles at \$23.00. B. FAIREY,

November 13, 1888.

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CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Moe: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE, ATTORNEY & BARRISTER Oct. 12, 1885. AT LAW. NOTARY PUBLIC. CONVEYANCER, &c.

. . N. B. OFFICE-Old Bank Montreal.

J D. PHINNEY. Barrister & Attorney at Law NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., RICHIBUCTO. N. B E-COURT HOUSE SQUARE

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M. D., Memb. BOY. COL. SURG., LONDON. SPECIALIST,

DISEASES OF EVE, EAR & THROAT, Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton Moneton, Nov. 12, 86.

Dr. DESMOND PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

ice and residence UNION HOTEL, New e, N. B. weastle, June 4th, 1888. GEO. STABLES,

nctioneer & Commission Merchan TEWCASTLE, . . . N. B. ods of all kinds hamiled on Commission compt returns made.
Il attend to Auctions in Town and Country atisfactory manner. Newcastle, Ang. 11, '85.

TUNING and REPAIRING J. O. Biedermann, PIANOFORTE and OR

Repairing a Specialty. misr visits made to the Northern Counties, of the due notice will be given. Inders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the vocate Ouice, Newcastla.

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

TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75. Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

Clifton House. Princess and 143 Germain Street. ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Heated by steam throughout. Prompt 4 ention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April, 20 '85.

LEATHER & NHOE FINDINGS Three Months Free designs and received at lowest rates for each. Also S. R. Fost S. Sails and Tacks of all sizes, and k & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English s, as well as home made Tops to order, of less material. Wholesale and Retail.

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Chatham, New Brunswick, Wm. JOHNS TON, Proprietor

considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a inst-class Hotel and trave-legs still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regafis location and confort. It i trusted 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 t merit the same in the future.

D SAMPLE ROOMS mach novel and amusing information concerning the history, the animal and plant life, etc., of a wonderful land. GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

Notice To Storekeepers Gene ally.

Our Fall stock of Pure Wool Knitting YARNS .

re now ready for delivery

If you have not already f.aced your orders
rite for samples and prices. GOLDEN GROVE WOOLEN MILLS, St. John, N. B. WILLIS, MOTT & CO. St. John, Aug. 27, 1888.

Stoves for Sale.

For sale at a bargain, a large BASE BURNER for Soft Coal, Style

OHIO," sitable for a Hall or large Dining Room.

Model Parlor Stove

in good order.
For particulars apply at the "Advocate Oct. 10, 1887.

> For Sale. The proprietor offers for sale the Drug Store,

ed in Richibucto, Kent County, N. I Stock and Fixings emplete, including Soda Fountain. Goo

hapee for one who understands the business, as it is the only registered Drug Store in town Apply to

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Consignments Solicited of Hay, Potatoes, Consignments Solicited of Hay, Potatoes, and all kinds of Farm Produce, also all kinds of Fish in their Seasons, (Fresh and Salt).

Correspondence promptly answered and Price lists furnished. Prompt returns. Charges moderate. Charges moderate.
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THE

Canada's Leading Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

THE EMPIRE, since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but in order to place the WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have deter-

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto

St. Nicholas for '89.

An All-Aronad-the-World Year.

This world-renoused magrzine "for young people and their elders" is to have a great program for the new volume begianing with November 1888. The editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, calls it "an all-around-the-world year." Of course the bulk of the contents, as heretofore, will relate to American subjects; but young America is always glad to learn what goes on in the world cutside, and these stories and descriptive papers are not of the dry geographical order, and they will le strikingly illustrated. We have spece here for only a few prominent amouncements.

America.

"Little Saint Elizabet'," by Mrs. Burnett, author of "Little Lord rauntleroy"; "The Routine of the Republic, how the Government is carried on"; "College Athletics"; "Anteur Photography"; "Boys and the National Guard"; "The Girls Crusade"; Indian Stories, School Stories, etc. "The Bells of St. Anne," a serial abour Canada. South American stories—"A Railroad in the Clouds"; "Indians of the Amazon," by Mrs. Frank I's Stockton, etc.

Europe. Life in Norway, by H. H. Boyesen; "Holland and the Dutch," by Mrs. Mary Mepes Dodge; "The Queen's Navy," by Licut. F. H. Smith, R. N.; "The Winchester School"; "English Raitway Trains"; "Ferdinand de Lesseps"; German, Italian (art) and Russian papers, etc., etc. HOUSE Asia.

JOHNS 10N, Proprietor

erable outlay has been made on the make it a first class Hotel and trave lets

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countries.

"The White Pasha," by Noak Brooks, a sketch of Henry M. Stanley; "How an American Family Lived in Egypt"; "Sailor-Boy Dromios," a story of the siege of Alexandria. Australia-

The Arctic Regions and the

"How We made the Farthest North," by Gen. A. W. Greely, of the Greely Expedition; "A Dash with Dogs for Life or Death," by Lieut. Schwatka; "A Modern Middy"; "A Submarine Romble," etc., etc. Subscripfion price, \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. Subscripfions are received by booksellers and newsdealers everywhere, or by the publishers. Remit by P. O. money-order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. The new volume begins with November. December is the great Christmas Number.

THE CENTURY Co. 33 East 17th St. N. Y. "This grince of juveniles knuts together the children of the Anglo-Saxon world."—CHRIS-TIAN LEADER, ENGLAND.

"The Great Monthly Magazine of the World,"

CENTURY MAGAZINE IN 1889.

WHY has it such an enormous circulation? Experts estimate that between two and three millions of people read

BECAUSE THE CENTURY is above everything a leader. It led the development of wood-engraving in America and it has fostered American authors. It is alive to the issues of to-day. What it prints set people to thinking and talking.

BECAUSE whatever other periodicals may come into the family, the great reading world has found out that "no bousehold can keep abreast of the times without THE CENTURY." "Its success is explained by its contents." BECAUSE the greatest writers of the world like to

have their work read by the greatest number, and therefore to such a magazine as THE CENTURY the best naturally comes. It was for THE CENTURY that Gen. Grant first wrote his reminiscences of important battles. BECAUSE it is publishing the

Lincoln, by his private secretaries. Of this it has been said, "The young man who is not reading it robs himself of that which he will one day hunger for." The coming year presents the most important part of this great history, which may be begun at any time.

BECAUSE it is printing those on "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kennan, which are attracting universal attention and are being reprinted in hundreds of foreign newspapers, but are not allowed to enter Russia. The "Chicago Tritune" says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests all thoughtful people in Edrope and America and Asia." They are "as judicial as the opinion of a Supreme Court tribunal,—as thrilling as the most sensational drama."

BECAUSE during 1889 THE CENTURY is to have a series of engravings of the greatest pictures of the old Italian masters, made by Timothy Cole, the leading wood-engraver of the world, Potatoes, Toresse, I, who has spent four years in Italy on this work; a series of "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," by George W. Cable; occasional richly illustrated papers describing the scenes of the current International Sunday-school lessons; interesting illustrated papers on Ireland, and a series of humorous and pathetic Irish-American stories; a striking illustration novelette, "The Romance of Dollard," by a new writer, and other novelettes to be announced later; supplemental war papers, untechnical and descriptive of special incidents; "Pictures of the Far West," by Mary Hallock Foote, etc., etc. We have not space here to announce all the new features. Let us send you (free) our "Catalogue of Special Publications," with original illustrations, containing full prospectus, special offer of back numbers to beginning of

## Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Aver's Pills are highly and university." "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa. "For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them

Effective Remedy for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."

— Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

— Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—

L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure,"—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"Lhave weed A are's Pills, and the stoppage of the saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn. Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel

Ayer's Pills, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, Eruptions. Rheumatism, Gout or Deficient Nutrition.

is Cod Liver Oil, but the difficulty is that the majority of people cannot take the plain Oil. After n any months of careful and patient labor the proprietor of Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream has succeeded in producing the most perfect and palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil now on the market, and in placing it before the public confidently believes that it is all that he claims for it. Sold by druggiets everywhere. Price 50c. per bottle, 6 bottles \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B. For sale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N. B.

THIS YEAR'S CUT AND PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO FINER THAN EVER.

See

In Bronze on Each PLUG and PACKAGE.

ESTEY'S YOUR BLOOD wants toning up. Y n have no appetite, and what you doeat distre ses you. You are low spirited and languid. You are nervous, and at nights rell and toss on your bed and cannot steep. This is all caused by your system being run down and requiring something to brace it up, and make you would be willing to die then. What is huge we would be willing to die then. What is huge we IRON IRON

your space noting something to brace it up, and make you feel all right again. To se-cure this you should take IRON ESTEY'S

Iron and Quinine Tonic. OUININE

your body is being brac-

ed and renovated.

for Infants and Children.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MUITAY Street

# Selected Eiterature.

SCOTLAND. WRITTEN IN THE ABBEY OF HOLYROOD. Thy towers, Oh, Scotland, and thy walls, amparts and palaces of thine, Thy cloisters and thine ancient halls,

Where like the wind's voice in the pine The holy chant, mouned through the shade, Or laughed, the banquet manifold— Dim churches, where our mothers prayed. Towers, where our fathers fought of old !

Temples, the steel kept for the Lord; trongbolds, whose cross was as a sword; Love's haunts, where old harp music rings, Though song and singer both be dead-Sin-coloured, crime-stained meson; Now dim with how much mystery Were once with splendour garlanded!

love the woodway winding down To the grim, vaulted gates, where frown The mouldering turrets, and, half seen, The manor, mailed with ivy green ; love the flight of startled birds Their black batallions, lurk like words, Hid in a songless singer's breast.

leve the old kirk, breeding o'er The still tombs as a quiet dove, Covers the dear fruits of her love; The citadel, moss-crusted hoar, Thats clings along the mountain side Where the steep waters hurtle down, Its wings entspread above the town, Like an eagle in its pitch of pride.

The post, like a bird of flight, Through all swift times of day at night, Dim. haunted ruins, mossy springs And where proud palaces lie low, Their granite fereheads in the dust, He knows, the great dead, being so, Sing the best sons of hope and trust

Oh, Scotland, guard thy ruins well Thou hast no worthier thing to guard, Nor any other tale to tell this thy fame, thy glory dwell; Chough vultures take thy heart in fee These stones thou still hast left to thee-Oh, Scotland, guard thy ruins well !

-Charles Vance Thompson JENNIE'S MISSION.

BY ELLA WHERLER.

'Ob, this dull round of small duties how tired I am of them all, how I wish

ome grand mission in life would come to me !' Jennie Orson, the pretty little schoolas she mused in the above manner, and gazed out over gray fields, whose dreary plowed furrows were thrusting their

ragged faces up through the rapidly disppearing snow-drifts. him away down the swelling stream. earance of the fields struck her eye. It was the last day of March, and all

The children came running under the window where Jennie stood, playing at off together toward the brook that rip-step. oled by the school house a few rods distint. Jennie watched them absently. ward the crying child, the waves rush-

heroic and noble, she said to herself, 'I she slowly forced her way against the self. would be willing to die then. What is huge waves.

ed, your spirits become ful years. She had always lived in this more difficult. bousted no church edifice-and her only coat. "Catalogue of Special Publications," with original illustrations, containing full prospectus, special offer of back numbers to beginning of the Siberian papers, etc. The November number, which begins the new volume is for sale everywhere after Nov. 1st. The Century costs 35 cents a number; \$4.00 a year. Address The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York.

It was an exciting scene, a wild motion the city, fifty ment of suspense. Jennie's face was miles distant, where the family supplies white as chiselled marble; her long black were purchased, and from a few books hair had fallen from its fastenings and newspapers. Now she was very tired of it all—tired of her dull past, her long black over the billows like a dark mantle; her eyes were large with fear, mantle; her eyes were large with fear, true lover, Jack Kellogg, who was building the house where she was to reign mistress, annoyed her to day. How poor her burden in John's outstretched arms. Tod was saved!

> the little school-room dreaming her dis- almost inanimate child. contented dreams, you see. that it was time to call in her scholars, just as she was about to grasp the shore, She had no bell-for this was in the and bore her down the stream like a ciety of myself. early days of Wisconsin history, before light piece of drift-wood. the railroads had spread their great iron spider webs all over the State, and Jen-of her past life arose before her; that nie's school was conducted on a very pri- life, which only an hour before seemed with which she inflicted punishment on now how precious and bright and beauti-

loudly on the window. Then she sat rash wish, that she might be given one worth much; the very heathan knew down and waited for her pupils to come heroicact to perform—and then die. The better than that and said that what was trooping in — not with the regulation and act had been granted her almost instantorder which governs school-rooms in ly, and she had performed it heroically. these days, but helter skelter, hurry But now must she carry out the remainscurry, laughing, pushing each other, der of her thought and die! Oh, death and playing 'tag' to their benches. | was so dark, so cold: the unknown

ful high! said Tommy Smith, as he plunged into his seat. And Jennie did not correct him for the improper use of the half-completed house. Life with him

and running into it,' she answered absently, as she took her place at her desk,

Then she ran her eye over the room to see that no pupils were missing. 'Where is Tod Brown?' she asked .-

Tod was the smallest child in the confirmed the assertion. school, a little boy scarcely five years old, But Jack Kellogg would not listen to who was placed in her charge, not so much any of them. his mother's way. She was burdened dare you tell me such a thing; she is too stiff for Try to plough, no field to

I do not see him here!

ing pebbles in the water. I told him to work over her. But they all lent a school was called.'

Tod is only a child,' Jennie said reprov. figure of the young girl. ingly. 'But go and bring him now:

Tommy came back in a brief space of time white and frightened. 'Tod is standin' on a stone and crying, and the water's all around him,' he

The whole school arose en masse, and Jeunie at the bead of a small army led on to the rescue of Tod. Yes, there he stood on a stone which a little time before had been on the shore;

said. 'I couldn't get near him at all.'

but now, alas, was in the midst of the rapidly swelling stream, beyond the reach of any of that little group. 'Mamma! mamma!' he called in piteous tones, 'come and take Tod. Tod

is 'fraid. Come mamma, come !' Jennie looked over her little flock of oupils who crowded about her. Not one of them was large enough to wade out mistress, leaned her chin upon her hand school who might have safely attempted and rescue Tod. The only boy in her this had remained at home that day to

assist his father. The water was rising higher every noment. What was to be done was to be done quickly, or the angry waves would seize poor little Tod and sweep

'John !' cried Jennie, speaking to the rinter long the snow had been heaped in largest boy in the flock, 'you stand here niniature mountain ranges by the road. on the bank, while I wade out to Tod. ide, and on the fields and meadows. I shall want you to take him out of my During the last week warm weather had arms as soon as I bave him safe. Some set in, making rapid inroads upon snow of the larger girls must hold fast to your coat so that you do not fall into the

Then Jennie plunged bravely into the Round the House.' Then they flocked cold water, sinking almost at the first

Her mind was not upon her duties that ing up higher over his feet every mo The little flock on the shore huddled together like frightened lambs, watching their teacher with wide, distended eyes

Slowly, slowly, she made her way to-

life worth if we must plod on forever Another effort, another plunge, and she like this? I am no more than an ant, or had him in her arms. Then she tried to a spider, or a squirrel with the life I live ! make her way back to the shore, but the How gladly would I give up the mono- waters were growing more furious every tony of years of this routine for one hour moment, as if angered at the loss of their all external circumstances. of sacrifice, heroism, and then welcome prey. They almost swept her from her How she hated her homely life as she and her little burden screamed and strug- think well of him.

more cheerful, and you dull country place, ever since she was a 'Just another step, teacher, and I'll TONIC.

The man who too often lends a hand going would be to court instant death.—

The man who too often lends a hand going would be to court instant death.—

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The man who too often lends a hand going would be to court instant death.—

The man who too often lends a hand going would be to court ins cation in this same little school-house, attended divine service there—as the place bing girls held fast to the skirts of his

ed of it all—tired of her dull past, her mantle; her eyes were large with fear, like lag; of livender in a drawer, to were bearing down, down to lives of misduller present, and her doubtless dull fu- her mouth drawn with pain, and her ture. Even the thought of her fond slender form swayed as if her strength was well nigh exhausted.

reand act and die, than to live on to old A wild shout of joy and triumph rose

the palms of unruly boys, and rapped ful it became! She remembered her was so dark, so cold; the unknown laced, another plain; but every man has

'awful,' which proved in this case to be more appropriate than teacher or pupil dreary monotonous waste, shone upon her like the departing shores of some lost paradise. Oh, to see his dear eyes smiling Try' soon drags the wagon out of the

youth, love, how precious they all were! away from the hounds when they almost and by another tap of her ruler, indicated that the afternoon session was now in am so cold. Oh, God! save me—pity—turned flowers into honey. The squirrel forgive,' she cried, and then sank away said, 'Try,' and he went to the top of the

her at first, and the old village doctor young lark said, 'Try,' and he found.

with two smaller than he, besides a babe alive, and will look up and smile in my wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for face before the day passes.' 'I left him down by the creek,' au- They shook their heads, and thought swered Tommy Smith, 'playin' throw- the poor boy had gone mad, and he set

helping hand, and every restorative 'You should have brought him along. known to them was applied to the pallid It was hours before they saw any signs Dare to say 'No,' when you're tempted to and hurry, for your lesson in arithmetic of returning life. Then she drew a deep drink, quivering sigh, opened her eyes and Pause for a moment, my bra smiled even as Jack had said she would,

> 'Is this heaven?' she asked in a whis-Think of the mother who bore you in pain, Think of the tears that will fall like rain; per. 'I thought I died!'

'You went out clear to the very threshold of death,' Jack answered, as he clasped her in his arms, 'but love was strong enough to bring you back.'

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way. Eugage in ro business incor

with the strictest morality. He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything, The highest exercise of charity is charity towards the uncharitable.

One angry word sometimes raises storm that time itself cannot allay. England as property. Nature teaches us to love our friends,

but religion our enemies. Against stupidity the gods themselves but no one of his judgment.

Whatever is once notorious, even for ish; God Almighty made them to match

other people's virtues, the virtues of oth- them when the necessity should come, ers into vices.

Would you hear a sweet and pleasant his lines more firmly, and pulled st

made the clothes.

Your appetite improv- tooked back over her nineteen unevent- gled with terror, making her task tenfold Nature has given women so much side was the solid wall of the m power that the law has very wisely given height, upon the other a fearful pre

> stand on. When alone, guard your thoughts; in effort to check the speed of the flying the family, guard your temper; in com- stage, but, alas, it was of no use.

ginning and the possibility of it. sweeten every object around them. If we did but know how little some

Character is like bells which ring ou age in this dreamy fashion. It was a from the excited band on shore, and they sweet music, and which when touched accidentally even resound with sweet ing in St. James' Hall, said that the de-

> Just then a great wave swept down Be careful to be just what you would

> > character rather than being one.

Children Cry for

WHOLE No. 1097

Honesty that is only policy is not

Religion is like the fashion. One man wears his doublet slashed, another Oh, teacher, the creek is getting aw- seemed so terrible; she was so young, laced, another plain; but every man has his reli We differ about the trimming.

CAN'T AND TRY.

'Can't do it' sticks in the mud; but fondly, once more to hear his voice; life, rut. The fox said, 'Try,' and he got beech-tree. The snow drop said, 'Try, Two miles below the school-house they and bloomed in the cold snows of winte found her tossed on shore with a mass of driftwood. Quite dead they pronounced threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The that his new wings took him over hedge and ditches, and up where his father was singing. The old ox said, 'Try,' and to learn his primer, as to keep him out of 'She is not dead,' he cried. 'How hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay

## Temperance.

SAY 'NO.'

into his loving face bent anxiously above Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean too

Think of the heart, and how cruel the blow Think of her love, and at once answer ' No. Think of the hopes that are crowned in the Think of the danger to body and soul, Think of sad lives once as pure as the snew; Look at them now, and at once answer 'No. Think of a manhood with rum tainted breath,

Think of its end, and the terrible death, Think of the homes that now shadowed wir

'No.'

Think of the long graves, both unwept and Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own, Think of proud forms, now forever laid low, That might still be here had they learned to say 'No.'
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,

Think of all this as life's journey you go, And when you're assailed by the temptor, say HE COULD NOT REACH THE

BRAKE.

Driving to ruin both body and soul,

There is an old story of a California stage driver who dreamed of a journey down the mountain side under perilous being disagreeable, is sure to be coveted. conditions. In his dream he started Stay not until you are told of oppor-tunities to do good; enquire after them. 'I'm not denying the women are fool-sh; God Almighty made them to match dashing along on the full galop, but the We easily convert our own vices into driver, confident of his power to check still cracked his whip and urged them Society, like silk, must be viewed in ouward The stage was now going at a all situations, or its colors will deceive fearful rate, and the passengers became affrighted; but the driver only grasped 'If I could do some one great act, and sobbing out their fear and terror, as echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly your- upon them. At length he could no longer disregard the danger from the head-Don't judge a man by the clothes he long speed at which he was driving, and he reached forward to place his foot upon the brake, when he found it was beyond The happiness of every one depends lines would be to give up all control over more on his own mind than upon any or his frightened horses, and he made another and more determined effort to reach Conceit is a good thing after all. It is the brake, but the brake was still beyond feet—they dashed above her shoulders, well for every man that somebody should his reach. Just below there was a sudden turn in the narrow road. Upon one

> We are haunted by an ideal life, and Who has not known men who were it is because we have within us the be- on the down grade of intemperance? ery and disgrace, but you could not reach the brake ?-who saw wealth, honor, enjoy the great things that they possess love, happiness, being left behind them there would not be much envy in the not reach the brake.

energies together for one last frenzied

struction of the liquor traffic and the in-Diogenes being asked what advantage vestment of its capital in legitimate Suddenly she saw by the noon mark upon Jennie, lifted her from her feet, he had derived from being a philosopher, branches of industry would give work to woman in England at the present.

have declared against license.

Pitcher's Castoria.