

# The Union Advertiser.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W.C. ANSLOW

Vol. XXVI.—No. 22.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, Wednesday, March 8, 1893.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WHOLE No. 1322

Charles J. Thomson  
Solicitor for Bank Notes &c.  
Barister, Peter for Estate.  
Agent for the Manufacturers Accident &  
Life Insurance Company.  
Notary Public, St.  
OFFICE  
10, Horse, Newcastle, Maitland, N. B.

O. J. MacGully, M. A. M. D.  
SPECIALIST.  
DISEASES OF EYE EAR THROAT  
Office: 10, Waterland and Main Street  
Newcastle.  
Jan. 22, 1893.

Dr. R. Nicholson.  
Office and Residence,  
McGILLIM ST.,  
Jan. 22, 1893.

Dr. H. A. FISH,  
Newcastle, N. B.  
Jan. 22, 1893.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon,  
DERBY, N. B.  
Derby Nov. 15, 1890.

J. R. Lawlor,  
Auctioneer and Commission  
merchant,  
Newcastle, New Brunswick  
Prompt returns made on consignments—  
merchandise. Act on attended to in town  
and country

Clifton House.  
Princes and 43, Gains Street,  
ST. JOHN N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.  
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt at-  
tention and moderate charges. Telephone  
communication with all parts of the city.  
April 6th, 1893.

CANADA HOUSE  
Chatham, New Brunswick.  
Wm. Johnston, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on this  
house to make it a first-class hotel and travel-  
lers still find it a desirable temporary residence  
with its location and comfort. It is situated  
within two minutes walk of the main  
landing and the Post Office.  
The proprietor returns thanks to the public  
for the encouragement given him in the past  
and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to  
maintain the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS.  
Commercial Travellers, and Staying on the  
premises.  
Chatham Jan. 1.

S. R. Foster & Son,  
MANUFACTURERS OF

WIRE NAILS,  
WIRE BRADS  
Steel and  
Iron cut NAILS,  
And SPICES, 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,  
y Gals,  
etc.

FOR SALE AT REASONABLE RATES  
W. MASSON.  
Newcastle July 22, 1892.

DR. CATES, DENTIST,  
will occupy his dental office, over Thomas  
Russell's store,  
From the 24th to the 30th or  
31st of each Month.  
Until further notice. Hoping to meet his  
patients as formerly, for whom Satisfactory  
Dental work will be done in all respects.



REV. J. T. CARR, PITTSBURGH, ME.  
Two BOTTLES  
LIVER and  
KIDNEYS.  
Groder's  
Syrup  
Cured  
Him.  
FOOD WOULD  
SOUR IN 30  
MINUTES  
EATING IT.

JOHN MORRISON & CO.  
Lumber Dealers,  
Elm Tree, Pett's Reach, Glou-  
cester, N. B.  
Manufacturers of Cedar Shingles, Box Sheds,  
Dimension Lumber in hand and soft woods,  
Sawed Wood, etc.

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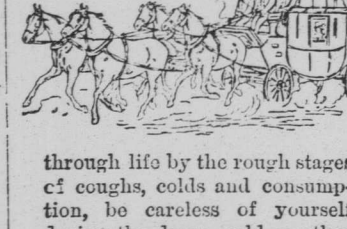
TAILORING.  
I wish to remind my patrons and the public  
generally that I am still  
Carrying on the Tailoring  
in the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and  
Creighton's Store, Threave Lane  
LINE OF SAMPLES  
to select from. Parties furnishing their own  
goods can have them made up in  
GOOD STYLE  
and cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Satis-  
faction has been given in the past and I can  
guarantee the same in the future.  
J. R. McDONALD,  
Newcastle Sept. 1892.

The Derby House.  
(Formerly Mitchell House.)  
The Subscriber has opened the house form-  
erly known as the Mitchell House, and is pre-  
pared to accommodate Regular and Transient  
Boarders at reasonable rates. The property is  
well situated on the premises.  
Good Stabling on the premises.  
P. Leighton.  
Newcastle Feb. 12, 1892.

TUNING and REPAIRING  
J. O. B. BELL, PIANO ORGANS, and  
ORGAN TUNING.  
Repairing a Specialty.  
Regular visits made to the Northern Counties  
of which the notice will be given.  
Orders for Tuning etc. can be sent to the  
Advocate Office, Newcastle.  
J. O. B. BELL, MANN.  
St. John May 6, 1891.

BEANS  
SERVE BEANS are a new ad-  
vance that cure the worst cases of  
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and  
Painful Stomach. They are  
made of the finest quality of  
beans, and are served in a  
palatable and nourishing  
manner. They are sold in  
cans, and are everywhere  
sold. They are a most  
valuable food, and are  
especially recommended for  
the sick and debilitated.  
J. O. B. BELL, MANN.  
St. John May 6, 1891.

IF YOU WANT  
TO TRAVEL



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

Allen's Lung Balsam  
as a preventive and cure of all  
Throat and Lung diseases.  
—PRICES—  
25c, 50c & \$1.00 Per Bottle.

## IT PAYS

To be cautious in the choice of medi-  
cines. Many are injured by trying ex-  
periments with compounds reporting  
to be blood-purifiers, the principal  
recommendation of which would seem  
to be their "cheapness." Being made  
up of worthless, though not always  
harmless, ingredients, they may well  
be "cheap," but, in the end, they are  
dear. The most reliable medicines are  
costly, and can be obtained at moderate  
prices only when the manufacturing  
chemist handles the raw materials in  
large quantities. It is economy, there-  
fore,

To Use  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the valuable compound  
of Ayer & Co. from the regions where there  
are no rich medicinal properties.  
It is a wonder to me that any other  
than Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a chance in  
the market. It is not only the best, but it is  
concentrated strength and is a most  
economical. James F. Fisher, Druggist,  
Washington, D. C. writes: "I have used  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a long time, and  
it is the best medicine I have ever used."  
Dr. A. L. Abbott, Druggist, Liberty,  
N. Y. writes: "Leading physicians in this  
city prescribe

Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen  
years, and have the highest regard for its  
value. Although the formula is known to the  
trade, there can be no successful imitation  
of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Without having the  
enormous facilities of the J. C. Ayer Co., it  
is impossible for other manufacturers to  
gather such valuable ingredients, at the low  
cost of Ayer's.

It stands at the head of all similar prepara-  
tions. Mark A. Jones, 20 years a Druggist,  
at Concord, N. H., writes: "I have used  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a long time, and  
it is the best medicine I have ever used."  
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city prescribe

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c per bottle, \$1.00  
per six bottles, \$5.00 per dozen.

Notice of Sale.

To the Honorable Baron, Clerk of the Peace for  
the County of York, in the County of York, in  
the Province of New Brunswick, I, the undersigned,  
James F. Fisher, Druggist, Washington, D. C., do  
hereby certify that I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla  
for a long time, and it is the best medicine I  
have ever used. I have used it for a long time,  
and it is the best medicine I have ever used.  
James F. Fisher, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

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James F. Fisher, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

## Selected Literature.

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

In a cheerless apartment on the sixth  
floor of a New York tenement one cold  
November night, sat a young woman,  
whose face bore evident marks of  
intelligence and refinement.

Two small rooms comprised the nar-  
row domain to which she gave the name  
of home. Their cheerlessness was in-  
creased by the absence of everything  
except the most necessary furniture, and  
by the wailing wind, which found en-  
trance at a hundred crevices, sending its  
currents across the wretched grate.

The young woman, cringing close to  
the dying fire of a small stove, was lost  
in sad reflections, from which she roused  
herself at intervals to glance at a little  
clock, wherein by an instant, all the  
excesses of her mother's anxiety and  
distress. Her husband, Robert Des-  
mond, the second son of an English  
gentleman, had fallen in love with  
Victoria St. Clair, the pretty and intel-  
ligent American governess of his young  
sister, and married her in opposition  
to the wishes of his family. The Eng-  
lish aristocracy looked with much dis-  
favor on marriages of this kind.

Soon after their marriage the regu-  
lar in which he was a lieutenant was  
ordered to India. The young man re-  
sented his commission, and untrained  
as he was in his business or profession,  
without a penny and with a young wife  
to support. His father, a proud, but  
generous man, had disinherited him, but  
after his son's arrival in India, if properly  
invested, to maintain him in comfort  
for life, saying that his further inter-  
ference between them must cease.

This money was accepted. The young  
couple went to Paris, where he soon  
found that the most luxurious life of  
that gay city. Though a man of gener-  
ous impulses, and a loyal and affectionate  
husband, Robert had an unfortunate  
passion for gambling. His little capital  
was soon lost at a card table. By the  
sale of his wife's jewels and some money  
she had prudently saved, they were able  
to accumulate little more than enough  
for their passage to New York.

After many weeks spent in futile  
efforts to obtain work, the little family,  
which had been increased by the birth  
of a daughter, drifted from moderately  
comfortable lodgings to this cheerless  
tenement house. Their little capital,  
gradually diminishing, was now gone.

For several weeks it had been Robert's  
regular passion to leave his poor wife  
at nightfall, without telling her where  
he went, or at what hour he would  
return, and reappear in the early morn-  
ing. He evaded her questions or only  
answered her in monosyllables.

Night after night she was kept awake  
by anxious fears and suspicions. If she  
could but know his destination, com-  
prehend his work, but not being able to  
do so, she was left to her own imagi-  
nation, which pictured the most fright-  
ful misadventures to those to whose  
welfare she was already accustomed. It  
was plain that her husband's work was  
laborious, for although he never re-  
turned, he came home every morning com-  
pletely exhausted. He grew daily more tacit-  
urn, careworn and morose. Can it be  
wondered that Victoria suffered all the  
torment and anguish that such a condi-  
tion of affairs can bring to a sensitive  
woman?

The child, turning usually in its little  
crib, began to cry. Victoria took a tin  
cup from the stove and gave its contents  
to the baby. It was the last morsel  
of food she had. What grief wrung  
mother's heart as she tried to soothe and  
comfort the little one, uncertain that she  
would be able to procure sufficient food  
to keep it alive.

Toward morning Robert returned,  
evidently very tired, and was surprised  
to find his wife still awake. Throwing  
himself on the poor cot near the wall he  
slept on fast asleep. For some moments  
Victoria gazed at him, through her tear-  
stained eyes, mentally asking if this was the man  
who had charmed her girlish fancy and won  
her young heart with promises of a  
bright future?

At length, from sheer exhaustion, she  
sank on the dilapidated lounge near the  
baby's crib, and her weary eyes soon  
closed. For three hours she slept  
soundly. Awakening unrefreshed she  
was conscious of a sickening feeling of  
faintness, the cause of which she knew  
too well, and then came the dull misery  
of remembering that there was no  
money to buy provisions for breakfast.

It had been Robert's custom to give  
her a little money every week, which  
she had accepted in silence, neither  
asking for it nor questioning its source;  
but the last supply had been spent the  
day before, and it was too soon to ex-  
pect another. She had tried to seek out  
their scanty income by sewing for a  
clothing manufacturer, but even this  
laborious and wretchedly paid em-  
ployment had almost failed her, as it  
was a dull season, and the little work  
she had on hand could not be finished  
for several days.

The clock in a neighboring street had  
just struck nine when, in answer  
to a knock at the door, a letter was  
handed her addressed to "Robert Des-

mond, Esq." It bore the London post-  
mark and the family coat of arms.  
Recognizing the handwriting of Robert's  
father, she placed the letter on the table  
where her husband could find it when he  
awoke, then busied herself for a time  
about the poor apartment, trying to  
make it seem a trifle less cheerless, be-  
fore turning again to her sewing.

After a short interval she was again  
summoned to the door, where she found  
a man in a dark coat, with white shirt,  
dry face and unkempt hair was in-  
quiring.

"Does Robert Desmond live here?" he  
asked abruptly.

"Well, give him this, and don't forget  
it, for it's important," and the rough  
visitor quickly disappeared down the  
rickety stairs.

Victoria's curiosity was aroused.  
Wondering she unfolded the soiled  
envelope and read these words: "To  
night, at 11 o'clock." Laying the note  
beside the letter, she quickly resumed  
her work without disturbing Robert,  
who still slept soundly.

Her suspicions of his associates were  
confirmed. What repulsive companions  
must have been the man who brought  
the note was one of them. Toward  
evening Robert awoke. He took a  
look at his pocket, where he found  
Victoria's key fastened to his watch.  
Victoria lay fast asleep. After they  
had broken their fast she allowed to the  
note, which Robert said he had read.  
When she ventured to speak of the  
letter from London he said: "I shall  
not open it. I have enough trouble  
and anxiety now, and do not intend  
to be further harassed by a sermon.  
That night he went away earlier than  
usual.

Victoria, again left alone, reflected  
still more on his mysterious companions.  
She longed to follow him, but could  
not leave her child, and even if she  
could what good would come of playing  
the spy? She felt, desired and dreaded  
it all at once. The fear that it would  
bring disgrace and sorrow increased.

She took up the letter from the card  
and looked up at the envelope with  
some curiosity. Why not open it?  
No! Robert had broken all family ties  
for her; there could be no good news  
or loving message in the letter for either  
of them or for their child. She replaced  
it on the table without breaking the seal.

Victoria retired early that night, for  
prolonged anxiety and hard, uncom-  
fortable work had completely exhausted  
her. She awoke at daybreak to find  
that her husband had not returned.  
Terrorful fears crowded upon her mind,  
and a deeper dread oppressed her when  
at 10 o'clock he entered the room. His  
hand bagged, his clothes torn and  
spattered with mud, and a look of dis-  
pair on his once handsome face. He did  
not greet Victoria or the child, but  
sat on the cot and closed his eyes.

Taught to expect anxiety Victoria  
asked no questions, feeling it would  
only distress him. After a few  
heavily for an hour, Robert opened his  
eyes and said: "Victoria, do not admit  
anyone who may come to inquire for  
me. I am not going out to night and I  
will try to sleep again."

At noon she went to make her pur-  
chases at the store she had been com-  
mitted the night before. One of the  
robbers had been killed and another  
wounded in the arm. The police had  
only killed him. After sleeping  
heavily for an hour, Robert opened his  
eyes and said: "Victoria, do not admit  
anyone who may come to inquire for  
me. I am not going out to night and I  
will try to sleep again."

Robert was still sleeping when she  
entered their lodgings. The police had  
not yet arrested him, but how long  
would it be before their home might  
be invaded by officers of the law? Seat-  
ing herself by the window she con-  
tinued to read the details of the burglary,  
her eyes suffused with tears, her heart  
beating painfully, her head in a whirl.  
The words seemed to dance up and  
down the page as she read that one of  
the robbers had been wounded in the  
left arm. It was Robert's left arm that  
was lacerated. A description of the  
criminal followed, in which Victoria was  
sorely recognized her husband. The  
police were said to be on the trail, and  
it was predicted that within twenty-four  
hours all the burglars would be in  
custody.

A knock at the door made the poor  
woman tremble so violently that she  
could not respond; she pressed her hand  
to her heart; her limbs almost refused  
to support her. The knocking was  
repeated. Nervous herself to the effort  
and opening the door, she encountered a  
middle-aged man of gentlemanly appear-  
ance. Victoria felt sure he was a  
detective.

"Mr. Desmond at home?" he asked.  
"He is not," answered Victoria,  
coldly.  
"Can you tell me when or where I  
will find him?"  
"I cannot," replied the wife. "Will  
you not leave my message with me?"  
"I regret," said the visitor politely,  
"that I cannot do so. My business is of  
a private nature. I will call again."

He turned away. Victoria listened  
breathlessly until he reached the foot of  
the stairs, then she turned frantically to  
the crib and clasped her baby close to  
her breast. "Better, for better or for  
ill, now and be beyond all the crime  
and suffering and punishment of the  
world." Then she thought of awakening  
and warning Robert, but his entire  
appearance was becoming repulsive.  
"And yet to tell you," Robert said, "that  
I was a yester cleaner would have  
humiliated and distressed me even more  
than did the mental occupation itself.  
This suffering has taught me many  
things, and I value it now that I see my  
way to make a suitable business connec-  
tion. Although father has forgiven me  
and is generous I shall not have him  
support us. With the money we have  
now we can establish some business, and  
I will have a neat and comfortable home."

"Can you forgive me for doubting  
you?" said Victoria, looking up into his  
face, "for being so wanting in faith as to  
suppose you were a—"

"Not another word," he cried, lifting  
his baby on his lap and drawing his wife  
close in a fervent embrace.—Home and  
Country.

"Is Mr. Desmond at home now?" he  
anxiously inquired.

"He is not," replied Victoria.  
"You are his wife, are you not?"  
"I am."

"I came from B— Brothers," he con-  
tinued, naming one of the largest banking  
houses in the city. "Quite a sum of  
money has been deposited in our London  
branch to your husband's credit, and we  
would like to have him call at the office.  
This is our address," handing her a card.  
"Please request your husband to come  
during banking hours and as soon as pos-  
sible."

The stranger bowed and retired.  
Victoria hardly knew whether she was  
waking or dreaming. The Earl must  
have been asleep, she thought; but it was  
too late—too late now. She passionately  
cried.

Snatching the letter from the mantle  
she broke the seal and read as follows:  
"Through my banker, I send you £1,000.  
More will follow if I should be impos-  
sible for you to make suitable business con-  
nections with the first instalment. I  
thought you unworthy of trust after you  
had brought misfortune and disgrace upon  
wife and child by indulging your  
passion for gambling. But I have the  
feeling of a father and have not yet  
lost all respect for you. I have heard of your energy  
and self-denial, your honesty and pride.  
Work is no disgrace, not even the kind that  
you do."

"Too late," sobbed Victoria; "this  
help is of no use now." Then the  
thought came to her, "Robert will not  
have means to escape." He had not yet  
been home. Perhaps he had left the  
city and was wandering about lonely,  
hungry, cold, without shelter or money,  
and with \$5,000 at his disposal if he  
but knew it. The contrast with their  
actual poverty made the sum seem  
greater.

Once more a visitor's summons in-  
terrupted Victoria's thoughts. She opened  
the door mechanically, but retreated when  
she saw before her the man who had left  
her so many anxious letters for Robert a  
few days before.

"Is Bob in?" he inquired.

"No," answered Victoria. "He has gone  
away. What do you want?"

"How is his hand?"

"It is better, I think."

"Oh, well, then he's all ready for  
work again, isn't he? We are short of  
help now, and the boss told me to  
come around and ask how he was."

Grasping the man by the arm she said  
excitedly, almost fiercely, "Who is the  
boss? What is he? Who sent you?"  
"Why, the boss of the sweeping gang! Bob  
and me works in the Street Cleaning  
Department. Didn't you know that?"  
"Come in and sit down," Victoria  
continued, eagerly. "Tell me how all  
this happened to my husband."  
"We got one of them new fangled sweep-  
ing machines which is drawn by horses.  
Last night one of the horses stumbled,  
became frightened and jumped in among  
the men who were sweeping and shoveling  
the horse. He himself attempted to  
bring out of the big basket, full of  
trunk and chicken, crumpled paper,  
and all the other good things that New  
England is famous for in general, and  
Australia is famous for in particular."  
When the cart came to the door,  
there was great shouting and laughing  
among the young folks, who had come in  
a body to see Cousin St. harness up—  
Jim had been found in the cider yard,  
with his head in the tub of cider, clear  
that had been put on one side for the  
family drinking; and, of course, there was  
no more cider in that tub.

"Alfiah, when he found what he had  
done watched him carefully; but Jim  
stood as solemn as a tub of water, and  
Alfiah was almost convinced that Uncle  
Ray was right."  
"Surely," thought he, "a tub of cider  
ought to affect even a horse, if there  
were any alcohol in it at all. I know they  
have some brands, for I have seen 'em.  
Books do I know?"

Jim proceeded with his bad trick-  
le enough for a mile or two, much more  
briskly than usual, then he began to  
show up very perceptibly, slower and  
slower. All Cousin St.'s persuasions  
were useless. In vain he flattered him  
and cracked his whip; it had no  
effect on him. In vain Uncle Ray  
shorted "Get up!" in stern tones, but  
hasten he would not, and suddenly he  
stopped altogether.

"Well, I never!" said Cousin St. "Jim  
oughtn't to be in this way."

all her fears, anxieties and wretched  
speculations. Robert in turn explained  
his reluctance to inform her of his con-  
dition, hoping it would be but tem-  
porary, and that work more suited to his  
birth and education would soon offer;  
but day after day passed and no chance  
for a better position presented itself.  
His clothes grew shabby and his entire  
appearance was becoming repulsive.  
"And yet to tell you," Robert said, "that  
I was a yester cleaner would have  
humiliated and distressed me even more  
than did the mental occupation itself.  
This suffering has taught me many  
things, and I value it now that I see my  
way to make a suitable business connec-  
tion. Although father has forgiven me  
and is generous I shall not have him  
support us. With the money we have  
now we can establish some business, and  
I will have a neat and comfortable home."

"Can you forgive me for doubting  
you?" said Victoria, looking up into his  
face, "for being so wanting in faith as to  
suppose you were a—"

"Not another word," he cried, lifting  
his baby on his lap and drawing his wife  
close in a fervent embrace.—Home and  
Country.

"Is Mr. Desmond at home now?" he  
anxiously inquired.

"He is not," replied Victoria.  
"You are his wife, are you not?"  
"I am."

"I came from B— Brothers," he con-  
tinued, naming one of the largest banking  
houses in the city. "Quite a sum of  
money has been deposited in our London  
branch to your husband's credit, and we  
would like to have him call at the office.  
This is our address," handing her a card.  
"Please request your husband to come  
during banking hours and as soon as pos-  
sible."

The stranger bowed and retired.  
Victoria hardly knew whether she was  
waking or dreaming. The Earl must  
have been asleep, she thought; but it was  
too late—too late now. She passionately  
cried.

Snatching the letter from the mantle  
she broke the seal and read as follows:  
"Through my banker, I send you £1,000.  
More will follow if I should be impos-  
sible for you to make suitable business con-  
nections with the first instalment. I  
thought you unworthy of trust after you  
had brought misfortune and disgrace upon  
wife and child by indulging your  
passion for gambling. But I have the  
feeling of a father and have not yet  
lost all respect for you. I have heard of your energy  
and self-denial, your honesty and pride.  
Work is no disgrace, not even the kind that  
you do."

"Too late," sobbed Victoria; "this  
help is of no use now." Then the  
thought came to her, "Robert will not  
have means to escape." He had not yet  
been home. Perhaps he had left the  
city and was wandering about lonely,  
hungry, cold, without shelter or money,  
and with \$5,000 at his disposal if he  
but knew it. The contrast with their  
actual poverty made the sum seem  
greater.

Once more a visitor's summons in-  
terrupted Victoria's thoughts. She opened  
the door mechanically, but retreated when  
she saw before her the man who had left  
her so many anxious letters for Robert a  
few days before.

"Is Bob in?" he inquired.

"No," answered Victoria. "He has gone  
away. What do you want?"

"How is his hand?"

"It is better, I think."

"Oh, well, then he's all ready for  
work again, isn't he? We are short of  
help now, and the boss told me to  
come around and ask how he was."

Grasping the man by the arm she said  
excitedly, almost fiercely, "Who is the  
boss? What is he? Who sent you?"  
"Why, the boss of the sweeping gang! Bob  
and me works in the Street Cleaning  
Department. Didn't you know that?"  
"Come in and sit down," Victoria  
continued, eagerly. "Tell me how all  
this happened to my husband."  
"We got one of them new fangled sweep-  
ing machines which is drawn by horses.  
Last night one of the horses stumbled,  
became frightened and jumped in among  
the men who were sweeping and shoveling  
the horse. He himself attempted to  
bring out of the big basket, full of  
trunk and chicken, crumpled paper,  
and all the other good things that New  
England is famous for in general, and  
Australia is famous for in particular."  
When the cart came to the door,  
there was great shouting and laughing  
among the young folks, who had come in  
a body to see Cousin St. harness up—  
Jim had been found in the cider yard,  
with his head in the tub of cider, clear  
that had been put on one side for the  
family drinking; and, of course, there was  
no more cider in that tub.

"Alfiah, when he found what he had  
done watched him carefully; but Jim  
stood as solemn as a tub of water, and  
Alfiah was almost convinced that Uncle  
Ray was right."  
"Surely," thought he, "a tub of cider  
ought to affect even a horse, if there  
were any alcohol in it at all. I know they  
have some brands, for I have seen 'em.  
Books do I know?"

Jim proceeded with his bad trick-  
le enough for a mile or two, much more  
briskly than usual, then he began to  
show up very perceptibly, slower and  
slower. All Cousin St.'s persuasions  
were useless. In vain he flattered him  
and cracked his whip; it had no  
effect on him. In vain Uncle Ray  
shorted "Get up!" in stern tones, but  
hasten he would not, and suddenly he  
stopped altogether.</







the greatest agricultural depression existed in Great Britain, the head cheese of the people. In ringing tones Mr. Foster declared that the farmer was oppressed by the tax gatherers and showed that the material for his house and for his own product, that his coat, his food, the nails, the butter, the cheese and the eggs were taxed, but he does pay a tax on his sugar which his buyers think cheaper than if there was no S. T. P. Where, asked Mr. Foster, and where cheering, is the country in which the farmer loses so much of what he wants so plentiful and so cheap? Dealing with the opposition charge that the people were fed at thirty-six millions, he asserted that the people were suffering the figures and concealing the fact that of the thirty-six millions, ten millions are raised on liquor and tobacco, and that all told twenty-one millions of the thirty-six are not taxes on the consumer.

to 30 o'clock Mr. Foster turned his attention to the discussion of the opposition that England had conceived in the Canada in the George Brown reciprocity treaty the right to discriminate against British produce, reading from the instructions of George Brown, from the draft of the treaty itself and from the speeches of George Brown and Lord Dufferin's official utterances, to show that the opposition had no foundation therein on which to rest their policy, no more than that the treaty of 1854, according to the views of Mr. Foster, entitled to extend the treaty of 1854, also, in this case the words of the treaty itself.

A few minutes later the finance minister, dealing with Mr. Davies' charge that his version of what took place at the Washington conference was contradicted by the late Mr. Blaine's, pointed out that the charge was unfounded, and in ringing tones declared that he stood by his full statement as made last year. (Cheers.) Mr. Forster closed with a humorous yet searching expose of the ineffectualness of the argument of the opponents of the tariff, and then, without prearrangement, pitting the alliance of Messrs. Chandon, Davies, Mills, Patterson, etc., in the present debate, one against the other, and appealed to their

MARCH 1, 2 a. m.—The vote was taken at 2.30 a. m., and resulted as follows: Yeas, 72; nays, 126.

Government majority 54. Messrs. O'Brien and McCarthy voted with the government.

After the vote on Cartwright's amendment, the house this morning was at once into committee of ways and means when Dalton McCarthy's motion to put binder twine on the free list was rejected 78 to 40, and the house then rose.

After the time this afternoon Mr. McCarthy's motion to suspend the civil service supervision bill was carried on enormous tax on the country, but did not press his resolution to that effect to a vote.

Mr. Johnston, M. P. for South | Newcastle, March 1, 1896.

This evening the edginess of Mr. Galbreath and Mr. Morley were turned in High street in the presence of a cheering crowd of thousands.



STREET OF FIES

SHE ENJOYS

## A Liberal Offer.

AL For 61-75.

THE STAR ALMANAC,

To be issued shortly, the finest Almanac ever published, entitled 'THE STAR ALMANAC', consisting of 400 pages of information of the most absorbing interest, together with 6 colored maps, constituting one of the most valuable works of the kind ever published in any part of the world. A compendium of statistics

pages of most interesting reading matter, and has no rival'.  
THE UNION ADVOCATE, published every Wednesday, and the two publications mentioned above will be sent to any subscriber in Canada for \$1.75.  
Send \$1.75 to this Office and we will send you all three of these publications for one year. Address  
THE UNION ADVOCATE  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

---

## New Advertisements.

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## Assessors Notice.

The Valuation Lists when completed will be exhibited at the Post Office in Newcastle and at the Residence of the assessors for the Middle and Lower Districts.

C. E. FISH,  
THOS. TROY,  
James P. SELLIS, } J. S. SELLIS

Newcastle, March 6th, 1893.

---

**REMOVED.**

---

The subscriber has removed her

**MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT**

from the corner store to the store fronting the square next that of Messrs. H. Williston & Co., and has on hand a large assortment of

**Millinery and Trimmings etc.**

to which the attention of customers and the public is called.

**SPRING GOODS**

Newcastle, March 1, 1893.

Just Received

50 Quintals of Medium Size  
Snow White

**COD FISH.**

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

**Jno. Ferguson.**

Newcastle, 28th Feb., 1893.

All lists containing over 100 correct words  
 will receive a valuable special prize. Send  
 postal card to the prize winners in formal  
 competitions.  
 Address,  
 THE AGRICULTURIST PUBL. CO.,  
 Peterborough, Canada.

---

1893.  
**HARPER'S WEEKLY.**  
 ILLUSTRATED.

---

HARPER'S WEEKLY is acknowledged as  
 standing first among illustrated weekly  
 periodicals in America. It occupies a place be-  
 tween that of the hurried daily paper and that  
 of the less timely monthly magazine. It  
 includes both literature and news, and presents

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 ahead, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of charge. The freight does not extend to the steel one dollar per volume, or for 87 cents per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Subscriptions are accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

**J. D. CRI**  
NEWCASTLE  
Just landed per Steamer Nest  
**91 CASES A**  
**EARLIEST -- SPRING**  
Consisting of: Latest Spring Prints, Satin  
floor oil cloth, window hangings, goods  
Spring Novelties.

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cords and Chatham—Although "Winter  
reflects the bloom of nature. Our  
with the latest products of the  
Paris, and New York—where ex-  
inventive conceit feels the flicker pe-

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Orders filled  
**PROMPTLY.**  
John Hopkins,  
St. John, N. B.  
136 Union St

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**Boorders Wanted.**

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Apply to  
MRS. W. I. PIPES,  
Newcastle, Feb. 29, 1866. —3supl.

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will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, on any express, free of expense provided the freight does not exceed one dollar and one-half cents for \$7.00 per volume.

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For further particulars, apply, made by Post-office Money Order or Dr. ft., to avoid chance of loss.

**NEWSPAPERS ARE: to copy this advertisement maintain the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.**

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York;

1893,  
Harper's Magazine

be contributed by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,  
MR. JAMES T. FIELDS, WILLIAM DEAN  
HOWELLS, BRADSHAW MATTHEWS and others.

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HARPER'S MONTHLY	1 00
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and CHATHAM.  
Importers direct from Great Britain,  
**AND BALES**  
**OF--IMPORTATIONS**  
of all Styles and Patterns, in Dress Goods,  
Silks, Carpets, Rugs, 1 to 4 yds. wide,  
General Household goods and dawning  
plies to our warehouses at Newcastle  
lingers in the lap of Spring" are teen-  
counters and shelves are teeming  
great centres of trade--London,  
cuts prices, styles are located and  
use of fashion.

---

**YATISI CORSET**  
TRADE MARK  
IT IS EASY

**For Sale.**

The House on the Queen's Highway at present occupied by Mr. William Sutherland, adjoining the property of the late Joseph H. Lusk will be offered at Auction on the 12th day of April it will be a good well of water on the premises. There is a good well of water on the property. For particulars apply to  
JAS. P. A. WILLISTON.

Newcastle, Feb. 13th, 1893.

---

**SHORT HAND.**

---

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

Shredded Coconut,  $\frac{1}{2}$ 's and  $\frac{1}{4}$ 's ;  
Hogarth's Pickles,  
Hogarth's Marmalade,  
Montserrat Line Juice,  
Royal Blacklead.  
Bicarb. Soda  
Washing Soda.

Maritime Provinces.

**HAS TWELVE PAGES**  
of the Brightest and most  
Interesting Reading.

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Unsurpassed in its News ser-  
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Only **ONE DOLLAR** a year

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THE

**DAILY SUN**

It is the Only Eight-Page Daily  
published in the Maritime Provinces.

Canada or United States for One Dollar.

[illegible]

**Feather-bone Corsets.**

Is simply quilts put into corsets. There is nothing in the world so elastic or tough as quilts. Feather-bone Corsets are therefore tougher and more elastic than any other corset. Wear them, and you will be convinced that this is so.

arrived at the Newcastle Railway station without extra charge.  
**J. MORRIS**  
 Newcastle, Dec. 5 1892.  
**A year of delight for all young people.**  


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**WIDE AWAKE**  
 in 1893 will present over 12  
 ages of Entertainment  
 Instruction Beautifully Ill  
 trated.  
**FOUR GREAT SERIAL STORIES.**  
**Gust Y'ra Eyck.** by WILLIAM O. Pucke and her People by TH  
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 ca. to-By.

D. LROOHP COMPANY PUBLISHERS, Boston

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Customs,  
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**BLANKS,**  
of every description

W. C. Anslow

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the right edge, and the binding material is partially visible along the right margin.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a prominent horizontal crease near the top center. A small, dark, irregular mark is visible near the bottom center. The right edge of the page is bound into a dark, textured cover.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the right edge, and the binding of the book is partially visible on the far right.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the right edge, and the binding of the book is partially visible on the far right.

1



# GRIST! GRIST! GRIST!

French Fort Grist Mill is now running day and night, and we are prepared to **GRIND ALL GRISTS** promptly. As soon as there is travelling on the river there will be a good road up the core to the mill. Mr. Peter Swanson is in charge as miller. C. E. FISKE. Newcastle, Dec. 1892.

## Tailoring Establishment.

When did you get that Splendid Suit of CLOTHES? — at **McLEOD'S** — our Fall and Winter Stock is now complete. Plain and Fancy Overcoats, Worsteds, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Plain and Fancy Trousers —

We make them up in Good Style and at Reasonable Prices.

## Ladies' Cloaks Out and Made.

**MAGIC SCALE** —

## CUTTING LADIES' GARMENTS

or Sale, all Instructions.

**Simon McLeod.**

Newcastle, Dec. 13th, 1892.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

The following Properties belonging to the estate of the late William Massey of Newcastle are offered for sale: —

## THE LOT AND HOUSE

hereon, on the corner of Castle and Henry St., near the Ferry.

## THE WATER LOT,

and buildings thereon, on Castle St., adjacent to the Ferry Slip.

## THE LOT

with house, Barn, and Out-buildings thereon situated on Henry St., now occupied by Mr. S. Carruthers.

## BUILDING LOTS,

at the residence of A. A. Davidson, Esq., and Mr. T. W. Crocker.

## A LOT OF LAND,

near the Railway Buildings consisting of between six and seven acres, in a good state of cultivation.

The above properties are offered for sale, apply to **WILLIAM MASSEY.**

## Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Published weekly. Price 10 cents per copy. Single copies 5 cents.

## PATENTS

For information and free Handbook write to the Editor, Scientific American, 415 Broadway, New York City.

## 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 pleurisy or pneumonia, 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

# MILLINERY.

## Lovely New Millinery

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Ladies' Misses and Children's Hats and Bonnets with all the latest Millinery novelties. Also Ladies' Corsets, Ladies' and Children's work, Tailor-made, Children's Cloth, Infant's Cloaks, Handkerchiefs, Purse, and Trimming and a variety of other Fancy Articles.

Also NOVELTIES in FEATHER BOAS. All orders will receive my very best attention.

MRS. J. DEMERS.

Newcastle, Oct. 17th, 1892.

## UNDERTAKING

The Subscribers is now prepared to attend all orders on undertakings.

## Coffins and Caskets

"All kinds" and will supply Burial Rooms and all the furnishings necessary.

## BEARSE SUPPLIED

when required.

GEO BROWN.

## FARM FOR SALE

All these two lots of land situated on the southern side of the Northwest Miramichi River, in the parish of Southwest, about two miles above the C. E. R. Bridge, and known as the **JOHN HOGAN FARM**. About fifty acres are under cultivation and the rest of the lot is well wooded. There are two good barns on the premises and valuable fishing privileges on the river-front.

## Also To Let

The two houses on the easterly side of Henry Street in Newcastle, formerly owned by the late John Hogan.

For terms and particulars apply to **AGLAW & DAVIDSON**

Newcastle, April 20th, 1892.

## CUTLERY, WARE, ETC.

The Subscriber would call public attention to his large and varied stock of necessary articles for the household, a portion of which is enumerated here. In addition to any usual stock.

## STOVES, FURNACES & TINWARE.

I have the following: —

## CUTLERY, ETC.

Table and Pocket Cutlery, Carvers and Steels, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Scissors, Butcher Knives, Bread Knives, Coffee Grinders, Nut Crackers, Can Opener, Tea Kettles, Potato Peelers, Egg Beaters, Lemon Squeezer, Jelly Moulds, Strainers, Bread and Mixing Trays, Scales, Cold Handles and other odd items. Wire Bread Trainers, Tea and Coffee Pot stands etc. Brooms, Brushes, Feather Dusters, Candles, Tacks, Hammer, Cattle Cards and Curry Combs, School and other books, Oil Stoves, and a lot of other goods. Also, a large stock of Tinware, including Stoves, Furnaces, and Tinware.

## WOODEN WARE.

In Spoons, round and oblong, Chopping Trays, Butter Pails, Ladles and Prints, Rolling Pins, and a lot of other goods.

## BOOTS & SHOES.

For men, boys, and girls, in all styles and materials.

## Cheep For Cash!

Wholesale and Retail!

## —IN STOCK—

An extensive and varied line of the New and most fashionable Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, etc., suitable for the season, and large quantities of cheap goods.

## Cash Business.

I am so to sell at bottom figures and far below cost prices.

## John McKeen.

Newcastle, Oct. 30th, 1892.

## Wedgwood, Wedgwood

JUST RECEIVED

## AT THE —

## Newcastle Drug Store

Royal Crown, Derby, Royal Worcester, Bolton, Ysart, Fine English China, Terra Cotta.

## Farman and Japanese Ware.

Also the usual large stock of Stoves, Chambers, Hair, Cloth, Tooth, and Nail Brushes, Perfumery, and all Toilet Articles.

Patent Medicine & Ph. ydies Prepared and Sold by

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

E. Lee Street

# METEOROLOGICAL

Reported for the Dominion Government by J. F. CONNORS.

## FEBRUARY.

DATE	Hour of observation	Barometer	Thermometer	Wind	Direction	Force	Clouds	Remarks
Jan. 10	8 a.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	29.9	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 11	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 12	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 13	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 14	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 15	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 16	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 17	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 18	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 19	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 20	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 21	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 22	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 23	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 24	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 25	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 26	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 27	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 28	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 29	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 30	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				
Jan. 31	8 a.m.	30.1	41.5	1.6				
	9 p.m.	30.0	41.5	1.6				

The maximum and minimum column were the highest and lowest temperature in the 24 hours.

The minus sign thus — at the left hand denotes below zero, its absence denotes above.

## Miscellaneous.

People with delicate stomachs find Ayer's Sarsaparilla agreeable to the taste, and, therefore, prefer it to a blood-purifier to any other. This is one reason for its great popularity as a spring and family medicine. Safe, certain, and palatable.

"That will do for the present," as the young man remarked as he paid for a box of them, easily for his sweetheart's birthday gift.

## Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Grace was never expected to help. She was an only child, and therefore treated tenderly. She had her lessons, her piano practice, and her story books. These filled her time pretty full. But one day she went into the kitchen and found Susan sitting by a great pile of pots and pans and platters. The poor 'help' looked completely discouraged.

"Why, Susan, what's the matter?" said Grace. The tears came into the girl's eyes, but she did not utter a word. She sat there, looking down at her hands, and thinking.

"It must be awfully dull," she said, "to wash dishes, and cook, and wash dishes again; and wash and iron, and wash and iron over again, in that old, hot, steamy kitchen. And I know Susan would like to get out, and have a walk on the beach. And the beach is so near. Strange I never thought of a way."

This was at the very last end of the old year. That was one reason why Susan felt so discouraged. The old year was going, and the new year was coming, but there was no change for her. That's what she felt.

On New Year's Day there was no more to do than ever. There was a turkey dinner, and such a pile of dishes afterwards. Susan's face was long.

"I'll shorten it," thought Grace, smiling. In truth it was an easy matter, only Grace had never thought how to do it before.

She put on a gingham apron that covered her pretty dress from throat to hem, and went into the kitchen.

"I'm going to wipe the dishes for you," she said to Susan. "I'll get them done as quick as we can, and then you can go to the beach with me. It's plenty warm enough for a walk. Papa says he never saw such a mild New Year's."

Susan stood still a moment from surprise. Then she began washing dishes with a heartiness that she had not felt for a month. The holidays had seemed hateful to her because they only brought more work. On Christmas she was heard to say that she wished she could go behind the pantry door and eat a crust of bread.

That heap of dishes was soon reduced. Grace wiped and put away with great rapidity. And in the sunny afternoon the little daughter of the house and the servant went to the beach together. The servant was not a bit behind the daughter in appreciation and intelligence. What a walk that was! On, and on, and on they went.

Mr. Hugh Caldwell, Clydeville, Ont., writes: — My daughter was troubled with female weakness, and for more than a year was under the care of doctors and taking medicine without getting relief. I then got Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for her as they have completely cured her. All dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

He (truly) My love has no end, she truly — "Hail! Hail! Well, I want to make a little mighty quick. Let it be with me and go on further."

Hail! Hair Restorer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair, and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

You should not feel angry with the young lady who is always engaged when you ask her to dance. She may prefer waiting to Grace's rooming.

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# Months Corner.

## HOW GRACE BEGAN THE NEW YEAR.

She lived alone with father and mother and Susan, the hired 'help.' It was rather stupid for her sometimes. The nearest house was half a mile away, and for that reason she could not be very lonely. The sea always has something to say to those who love it. It smiles and it frowns; it murmurs and it shrieks. It is never monotonous, like dull, level winter fields and frozen country roads.

People have an idea that the sea is only pleasant in the summer. That is a great mistake. There were often days in winter mild enough for Grace to go to the beach. She had many a frolic with the winds and waves on the smooth shingle. How lovely the sea colors are in winter no one knows who has not seen them. And the sunsets are too beautiful for description. Susan, the 'help,' often looked wistfully toward the sea. She too, was fascinated by the great blue world, with its villages of ships. But she only saw it from the kitchen window. There was always so much to do. There were hired men who helped the father. They got up long before dawn, and went to the beach with cart and oxen and loads of seaweed. When they came back, how hungry they were! When breakfast was over, there was dinner to get, and more dishes to wash. Indeed, there was always something waiting for Susan's patient hands.

Grace was never expected to help. She was an only child, and therefore treated tenderly. She had her lessons, her piano practice, and her story books. These filled her time pretty full. But one day she went into the kitchen and found Susan sitting by a great pile of pots and pans and platters. The poor 'help' looked completely discouraged.

"Why, Susan, what's the matter?" said Grace. The tears came into the girl's eyes, but she did not utter a word. She sat there, looking down at her hands, and thinking.

"It must be awfully dull," she said, "to wash dishes, and cook, and wash dishes again; and wash and iron, and wash and iron over again, in that old, hot, steamy kitchen. And I know Susan would like to get out, and have a walk on the beach. And the beach is so near. Strange I never thought of a way."

This was at the very last end of the old year. That was one reason why Susan felt so discouraged. The old year was going, and the new year was coming, but there was no change for her. That's what she felt.

On New Year's Day there was no more to do than ever. There was a turkey dinner, and such a pile of dishes afterwards. Susan's face was long.

"I'll shorten it," thought Grace, smiling. In truth it was an easy matter, only Grace had never thought how to do it before.

She put on a gingham apron that covered her pretty dress from throat to hem, and went into the kitchen.

"I'm going to wipe the dishes for you," she said to Susan. "I'll get them done as quick as we can, and then you can go to the beach with me. It's plenty warm enough for a walk. Papa says he never saw such a mild New Year's."

Susan stood still a moment from surprise. Then she began washing dishes with a heartiness that she had not felt for a month. The holidays had seemed hateful to her because they only brought more work. On Christmas she was heard to say that she wished she could go behind the pantry door and eat a crust of bread.

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