

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, Wednesday, January 8, 1896.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1470.

W. G. ANSLO.  
VOL. XXIX.—No. 14.

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

**Thomas W. Butler.**  
Attorney & Notary Public.  
Fire, Life, & Accidental Insurance Agent.  
Solicitor and Conveyancer. Promptly attended to.  
Office over T. Russell's Store, facing the Public Square,  
Newcastle, N. B.

**O. J. MacQUILL, M. A. M. D.**  
SPECIALIST.  
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.  
Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Streets,  
Moncton, Nov. 12, 1895.

**J. R. LAWLOR,**  
Attorney and Commissioner  
merchant  
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

**MUSICAL TUITION.**  
**Miss Edith Troy,**  
Graduate of Mount Allison University of Music, is now prepared to take pupils in PIANO, FORTÉ, PIANO ORGAN, and VOCAL CULTURE.  
Terms on application.  
Newcastle, Jan. 6th, 1896.

**HOTELS.**  
**Elliott House.**  
100 Suburban living purchased and newly fitted up the house formerly known as the Elliott House, opposite the Marine Hall, Newcastle, is prepared to accommodate permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates.  
SAMPLERS PROVIDED, GOOD STABLES, PREMISES.  
WALTER J. ELLIOTT.  
Newcastle, Jan. 2nd, 1896.

**HOTEL BRUNSWICK,**  
MONCTON, N. B.  
GEO. McSWINEY, Proprietor.  
**CANADA HOUSE**  
Chester, New Brunswick.  
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.  
CONVENIENT of Access.  
Good Sample rooms for Commercial travellers.

**Olifon House.**  
Fleance and 143 Gennie Street.  
ST. JOHN N. B.  
**A. N. Peters, Prop'r.**

Housed by Steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. All parts of the city. Aest. 6th 1896.

**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 its columns, and even now it is hard to get all the good things in it. No family can afford to do without the Family Herald, for not only does it amuse and instruct but it repays its subscription price many times over. All the successful farmers, breeders and daymen endorse it because they find it is a valuable aid to their household. The young folks are delighted with the pages given them. It contains matter to interest every member of the family.  
This year every subscriber will be given as 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 name for \$500 added to his name by railway authorities.  
You can get the Family Herald with its premium and free insurance, and the Union Advocate for \$1.75. This is an offer to poster that everybody should accept it.  
Sample copies may be sent at the Advocate Office; or they will be forwarded from the Union to the Family Herald Publishing Co., Montreal.

**JOE PRINTING.**  
Plain and in Color 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 a elegant appearance. The clothes we make are put together thoroughly. No stop-work work is tolerated. Try us, and see if we do not answer this description. A good line of Foreign and Canadian Tweeds, Suitings, etc., kept on hand, also Meltons, Beavers, and Canadian and Irish Trimmings.

**Fit Guaranteed.**  
**L. R. McNEILL,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR.  
Newcastle, Jan. 2nd, 1896.

**Sash and Door Factory.**  
The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle, Window sashes and frames, Glazed and Unglazed, DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, Mouldings, Planing and Matching, etc.  
Newcastle, Jan. 2nd, 1896.

**Tuning and Repairing.**  
J. O. Biedermann, Piano-forte and Organ Tuner.  
**REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.**  
Regular visits made to the northern Counties of which due notice will be given.  
Orders for Tuning etc. can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.  
J. O. BIEDERMANN.  
St. John, May 6th, 1894.

**Intercolonial Rly.**  
On and after Monday the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:  
**Will leave Newcastle.**  
Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted). 4.05  
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John. 10.45  
Accommodation for Pictou. 10.45  
Accommodation for Campbellton. 12.45  
Through express for Quebec, Montreal and Pictou. 2.45  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.  
Moncton, N. B., September 6th, 1895.

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

**50 Years.**  
For over 50 years Cough Medicines have been coming in and dying out, but during all this time  
**SHARP'S**  
Balsam of Horehound  
Never left the front rank for Cough Croup, Whooping Cough, Coughs 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.**  
Buckskin, Oil tan and Green hide Pumps and Mocassins.  
Men's and Ladies' felt leather foxed and plain felt 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.



**No Other Medicine SO THOROUGH AS**  
**AYER'S**  
Sarsaparilla  
Statement of a Well Known Doctor  
"No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried it all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Dr. J. C. Mansfield, Portland, Me.

**The Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla**  
Admitted as the World's Fair, Ayer's Pills for Liver and Bowels.



**SINGING OF THE WONDERFUL NERVE FOOD**  
The Great South American Nerve Food.  
This remedy is prepared by one of the most eminent specialists of the age, who has absolutely proven that two-thirds of all diseases are caused by deranged nerve centers. The loss of the brain, which supply the different organs of the body with nerve force. As all vessels in physiology know, that in each heart, lungs, liver, and in fact all internal organs, are controlled by the nerve centers. If the nerve centers are deranged, it will be understood how the derangement will be reflected throughout the entire system. Nerve Food, Nervous Disease, Indigestion, Headache, Lung Troubles, Scrofula, etc. SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE FOOD, directly on the nerve centers, and for this reason gives relief in one day, and speedily effects a cure.

**E. LEE STREET,**  
Wholesale and Retail  
Agent for Newcastle.  
**Notice of Sale.**

To Benjamin Siddle, formerly of Douglass, and Mary Ann Siddle, his wife, and all others claiming by, through, or under them, notice is hereby given that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the County House, Newcastle, in the said County of Northumberland, on Thursday, the 10th day of March next, at twelve o'clock noon.

All that lot or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Newcastle, known as lot number twenty-two and bounded as follows: On the north by land owned and occupied by Joseph Siddle, on the east by a road leading to land owned by the estate of the late John Siddle, deceased, on the west by land owned by the estate of the late John Siddle, deceased, being the same piece of land sold by the said John Siddle, by indenture bearing date the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1880, and by reference to the said indenture will more fully appear. The above sale will be made under the authority of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1880, and made between the said Benjamin Siddle and wife, of the one part, and the said John Siddle, of the other part, and the said John Siddle, merchant, of the second part, details having been made in the payment of the money secured by said indenture of mortgage.

Dated this 16th day of December, A. D. 1895.  
E. P. WILLIAMS, DANIEL C. SULLIVAN, Solicitors of Mortgage, Newcastle.

**RIPANS**  
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.



**Know What You Chew**  
Is free from injurious coloring. The more you use of it the better you like it.  
THE SEC. E. TUCKER & SONS CO., LTD. BARRINGTON, N.B.

## Selected Literature.

HER FATHER'S SECRET.

I. Emily Vane sat at the drawing room window which overlooked the sea and the Cleveland Hills, but she saw neither sea nor cliffs. She and her father, with the servants, had been some five weeks at Saltburn, in a large house which Vane had bought for the summer. Henry Vane owned a good sized manor in Belgrave, where he had lived for the past eight years during the London season, and an estate near Nottingham, amid picturesque scenery, where he generally resided when not in London. Each summer, however, he rented his house at Saltburn; for not only Emily, but himself, too, was charmed with the quiet, beautiful Yorkshire watering place. From all of which it will be at once surmised that Henry Vane was a man of wealth.

Emily Vane saw neither sea nor hills. Her thoughts were wholly occupied by two letters in front of her. Both had come that morning, and both were proposals for her hand. The first of them was from the Earl of Seacroft, who for some time had been paying Miss Vane noticeable attentions, and who, both as regarded personal qualities and position, was indeed no bad match for any English maiden. He was yet young and fairly wealthy, and for some months—in fact, since Emily had "come out"—had been a victim of her beauty and charms. She admitted to herself that Lord Seacroft's proposal was not to be lightly set aside. The other letter was from Mr. Hubert Wells. Emily had met him about six months ago, at a country house, since which time he had been her devoted admirer. She frankly confessed to herself that she liked him, that she liked his society, and that she knew that he loved her. But Hubert Wells was not rich, and had no particular position. He had only about £400 a year, which his father, long since dead, had left him to live upon.

In her perplexity she picked up the letters, and went to see her father in his study. Emily Vane's mother had died at her birth; her father was her closest confidant. As Emily entered, he rose and kissed her lovingly, then, smoothing her hair, said quietly:

"Which of the two is it to be, love?" The beautiful girl gazed at him with eyes half dimmed with tears, as he answered, blushing:

"Whichever my papa likes! He always chooses for the best." "Well, my dear, suppose I should say Lord Seacroft? I have always wished such a husband for you—titled, yet noble in nature's best way." "Yes, papa."

"Yet I like this Mr. Wells. Emily's heart beat a little quicker. "He cannot give you what the Earl of Seacroft can, and what I have often pictured to you; and yet—and yet—is his father's son!"

The girl gazed half in fear and astonishment, for her father was as pale as death, and shook visibly.

"Sit down, my love," replied Mr. Vane. "It has only come as I felt certain it would. He cannot give you what the Earl of Seacroft can, and what I have often pictured to you; and yet—and yet—is his father's son!"

"The master of Olton sat in a chair with his face away from the light, watching intently that dear, sweet face of his daughter, upon which the full sunlight shone.

"Thirty-five years ago a convict ship was sailing from England for Botany Bay, under the command of a brave captain and crew. There were no fewer than forty convicts on board—desperate fellows, of every description; thieves, highwaymen, murderers, all kinds of villains. Among them was one whose case had excited much interest at home since his arrival at Botany Bay, and on his escape and later, when a dying tramp confessed that it was his gun shot that memorable night which killed the keeper.

"Joseph Turnell was wealthy and had married a dear girl in Victoria, who had borne him a daughter ere she died. Need I go on, Emily? You have guessed it all! He had fled to England, and took the name of Henry Vane, owing to having had some estates left to him, as he told his friends; in reality, to throw any chance of old acquaintance off of him. There was no fear now of any discovery or disagreeable thing happening. I felt nervous the first year or two; but now the only two who know all this are you and I, for even the good old captain is dead. So you see, I was imprisoned unjustly, after all, but it has turned out a good thing for me in the end. And now you have wealth and beauty, I wanted for my own ambition to see you a lady, by title and position, and the Earl of Seacroft could give you a Countess, nor you a more desirable husband."

She sat pale and agitated, yet smiling now, for was not her dear father free from that awful, even if unintentional crime, which had made her feel so sick as he told her the story.

So you think I must choose Lord Seacroft? she asked.

"Nay," replied Mr. Vane, "I have scarcely done yet. Hear the rest and choose for yourself. As you know now, my freedom, my wealth, my fair name—and I have tried never to forget him and his wife. Emily, to captain name, was Hubert Wells, and this Mr. Hubert Wells is his son! I found all out easily by my agents. I have never repaid the father—never can; nor the mother, either, for what they did. My own, dearest, for me.

some miles away, when he first got knowledge of a projected marriage in which the captain, crew and jailers were all to be murdered, and the successful engineering convicts were then to steer for some unknown point in Africa and land there.

"It was a desperate scheme, and with the mutiny he was thoroughly in union, but not with the murder. He was not yet as black as that, and this had to dissuade his fierce companions from it, but in vain. As they persisted in their plans, he felt that all he could do was to keep quiet until the time for action came; but the captain and his wife had been really kind to him, and he determined that they should not die.

On Sept. 8 the attack was made. He stood near the captain's cabin to protect its unsuspecting inmates. When the mutineers, having seized the watch on deck and killed them, came rushing down, he ordered them back from that cabin. They refused to go, and a fight ensued. The captain became roused, the alarm was given, and, after a desperate resistance, the rebels were overpowered and put in irons. The captain begged of the guards to set the convict who had saved his life at liberty, but they declined, pretending that, in reality, he was as bad as the rest, so he was closely guarded.

It was on touching at Perth that the captain's opportunity came. Having secured the cooperation of his mates, he entertained the whole of the guards at dinner one evening and made them hopelessly drunk. In the meantime one of his party contrived to secure possession of their keys, and in a very few moments the convicts' irons were unlocked, and he was free. The captain himself came and shook hands with him ere he sent him off in the boat which was waiting for him.

"I know," said he, "that what I have done for you is risky, and may cost me something if my part is discovered; but you saved my life, and I will take this risk to save you from penal servitude. All I have to say to you is get away from the coast, after you have landed, as soon as possible; change your name and appearance as much as you can; get into some honest business, and, though it is not likely, if ever I do hear of you again, let it be in such a way that will do you credit, and repay me for giving you your freedom to-night."

The tears stood in the convict's eyes as he thanked his benefactor and groped his hand.

"Sir, I shall take your advice. My little bit of good was almost gone by the brutal treatment I have suffered—for I don't think I killed that samekeeper; but even if I did it was purely accidental. You have proved to me that all the kindness and gratitude are not yet gone out of the world, and I hope to be able to show you how I appreciate it."

"Within a few minutes more the boat had landed him on the mainland. He watched it return to the ship, and then departed.

III. "It was six years after this, that, with money made in sheep farming, Joseph Turnell, the former convict, turned up at Billarist just as the first rush of the gold fever occurred. It was Turnell who bought the great tract of land which was afterwards discovered to be almost wholly gold-bearing, and sold it, after getting some thousands out of it for a very large sum. But nobly in England or Australia, when Joseph Turnell's name was mentioned, ever thought for a moment that he was the escaped convict about whom such a stir had been made at home, but on his escape and later, when a dying tramp confessed that it was his gun shot that memorable night which killed the keeper.

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darling can, if she chooses—and I half suspect it will be agreeable—sacrifice with me our ambitious hopes and repay the son for his father's sake!"

He stopped and looked at her. Emily Vane's eyes wandered thoughtfully out in a long gaze over the sunset sea; then she turned with a calm smile and whispered:

"Yes, dearest papa, and she will."

"God bless you both," said he. "The captain, though far away, will be as delighted as I am."—THE BITE.

## Temperance.

THE SALOON.

The saloon cuts down youth in its vigor, maimed in its strength, and age in its weakness; it breaks the father's heart, bereaves the mother, extinguishes natural affections, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, and blasts parental hopes and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave; it produces weakness, it weakens strength; it weakens health; it weakens life; it makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, feeble—and all of them paupers and beggars; it feeds rheumatism, nervous gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption; it covers the land with idleness, misery, and crime; it fills our jails, supplies our almshouses, and demands our asylums; it engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riot; it crowds our penitentiaries and furnishes victims to our scaffolds; it is the lifeblood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary; it countenances the thief, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer; it violates obligations, reverences fraud, honors infamy; it defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and shatters innocence; it seduces the father to butcher his helpmates, seduces the husband to massacre his wife and the child to grind the paternal axe; it buries up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven; it suborns witnesses, perjury, defames the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine; it degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and discards the patriot; it brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its fruitful desolation, and, unsatisfied with its havoc, it kills peace, rules morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and vices out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin; it does all that more—murders the soul; it is the enemy of all virtues, and father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy.

## General Intelligence.

GRAND RESULTS FROM HOOD'S.

"My wife has been running down in health for a number of years, and she could never get any medicine to help her until she began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. She has used this medicine with grand results. She has been troubled with liver complaint and had doctored with several physicians, but did not receive any benefit. She has also used several kinds of medicines all to no effect. After she had taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that tired feeling with which she has been afflicted has entirely left her, her appetite has improved, and she has been cured of headache. Our baby has been sickly ever since it was born, we have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has made her strong."—Alonso Brown, Wheelwright, New York, N. B.

**LORD DUNRAVEN AND HIS CHARGES.**

AN EX-COMMODORE'S TALK ABOUT THEM.

The New York Herald prints an interview with a former commodore of the New York Yacht Club, in which he says regarding the investigation of Dunraven's charges:

"This investigation will be productive of good in more ways than one. It will teach the yachtsmen of foreign nations that our honor as sportsmen is not to be lightly impugned."

"How do you think the investigation of Lord Dunraven's charges will terminate?"

"It can only terminate in one way. Such an accusation as he has made simply shows an impossibility, and you may depend that the investigation will clear everybody connected with the 'Defender.' It will also place Lord Dunraven in a very bad light before the world. Even now nine-tenths of the English press have deprecated his action, and when the investigation is over."

"At present the New York Yacht Club seems divided into two bodies with widely divergent views. The question upon which they differ is the proper manner in which to treat Lord Dunraven after the investigation is over."

"The old and more Conservative members are in favor of allowing the reputation of the charges to suffice as a punishment. The younger element is in favor of more radical measures and many of them go so far as to say Lord Dunraven should be dropped from the club."

"It is safe to say that no action will be taken by the club without having the reputation of the charges to suffice as a punishment. The younger element is in favor of more radical measures and many of them go so far as to say Lord Dunraven should be dropped from the club."

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"Give it to Law," said he. "He's the best hand in the shop."

"Well, I told my wife at supper time, and she said—"

"Why, Laurie, he used to call you the worst. You've lost your bad name, haven't you?"

"That's a fact, wife," said I. "And it's all I've lost in the last sixteen months either. I had poverty and wretchedness, and I lost them. I had an old ragged coat and a shock of hair, and some water-proof boots that let the wet out at the toes as fast as they took it in at the heel. I've lost them. I had a red face, a trembling hand, and a pair of shaly legs that gave me an awkward tumble now and then. I had a habit of cursing and swearing, and I've got rid of that. I had an aching head some times, and a heavy heart, and, worse than all the rest, a guilty conscience. Thank God, I've lost them all!"

"Then I told my wife what she had lost."

"You've had an old ragged coat, Mary," said I, "and you had trouble and sorrow and a poor, wretched home, and plenty of heartaches, for you had a miserable drunkard for a husband. Mary, thank the Lord for all you and I have lost since I signed the temperance pledge!"

"Rim's Horn."

## TURKISH TROOPS DECIMATED.

AMERICAN DEMANDS ON TURKEY.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—The Daily News will tomorrow print a despatch from the Constantinople correspondent saying that the Turkish soldiers who are invading Zetoun are suffering terribly from the cold. On an average fifty deaths from exposure occur daily among the troops. The condition of the army everywhere, except that portion of it stationed in Constantinople, is deplorable. The men have not received any pay for many months. Their clothing is tattered and their food is poor and inadequate. Sixty thousand troops serving in Syria are being decimated by disease. Numbers of reserves are daily deserting, taking their arms and ammunition with them. This means that these deserters will take to brigandage in the near future. All the Christian dwellings in Asia Minor have resigned owing to the fact that they have not been paid.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—A Washington special to the Herald says: The publication of cable despatches indicating that the United States demands from Turkey a larger indemnity for losses sustained by American citizens in the troubles in Asia Minor has reached Constantinople, and has revived the interest felt here in the situation in the East. It is stated on high authority that full and complete reparation for damages suffered by American citizens, with a guarantee for their future protection, will be insisted upon by the United States. This is the important diplomatic question which now confronts the administration and Venezuela has been relegated to the background. The importance of this matter will be appreciated when it is known that the United States is said to have already demanded from the Great Powers with a view to securing their determination to obtain proper reparation for the injuries received by her citizens in the Turkish Empire. The administration arrived at this determination only after mature deliberation. The full indemnity which will immediately be demanded will probably amount to nearly half a million dollars.

## KIDNEY TROUBLE.

THE BANE OF MILLIONS OF LIVES, CAN BE CURED.

The diseases that we so dread do not come upon us at one stroke. They are a matter of growth. The sad news is that of Bright's disease, diabetes, and kindred complaints. It is known that in the system of thousands exist the seeds that in a short time will develop into these dread maladies. Disease of the kidneys in its incipient form never stands still. The warning is worth heeding that efforts should be promptly taken to eradicate the slightest symptoms of kidney disease. A sure and safe remedy for every chronic, incipient or in some of the distressing phases so well known, it proves an effective, and what is pleasing to know, a ready and quick Cure.—Sold by E. Lee Street.

## DON'T WANT TO BE BOMBARDED.

James G. Patterson, who is well known for his scientific accomplishments, was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-day and gave his opinion about the prospect of a war with England.

"I do not think," he said, "that the American people are prepared to enter into an expensive war and all the suffering it might entail for the sake of the sentiment involved in it. We should proceed without having the master and mist of England with diplomacy, and must be remembered that England is a fighting nation and keeps an immense navy for that purpose. We are not prepared for a war. Why, England could send fifteen large warships over here and bombard this city fifteen miles away. We would either have to submit to a bombardment or pay whatever contribution might be levied upon the city. The cost of it all to us would equal a sum that could purchase a hundred several times over. It would be better to buy up the disputed territory, if England would sell it rather than enter into an expensive war. Of course England is always belligerent and tyrannizing over some weaker nation. In this case, however, I do not see how the Monroe doctrine has exactly been violated because the dispute of that territory has been going on for fifty years."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

## THE PAIN LEFT QUICKLY.

RHEUMATISM OF SEVEN YEARS' STANDING CURED IN A FEW DAYS.

I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, at a time, unable to turn myself. I have been treated by many physicians in this part of the country, none of whom benefited me. I had no faith in rheumatic cures advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, Owen Sound. At the time I was suffering agonizing pain, but inside of twelve hours after I took the first dose the pain left me. I continued until I took three bottles, and I consider myself completely cured. (Signed.) J. D. McLellan, Leith P. O., Ont.—Sold by E. Lee Street.

## WORK OF A SINGLE DAY.

SOME STARTLING FACTS CONCERNING THE ACTION OF THE HEART.

Do people recognize the immense work transacted by the heart in a single day? It pumps out of the lungs about 100,000 pounds of blood, and it pumps out of the heart about 100,000 pounds of blood. And yet, knowing, or through ignorance, nine out of ten people abuse this hardest worked organ of the body. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that heart failure and its attendant diseases are among the most prevalent diseases of the day. Happily a remedy is found in Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which gives relief instantly.



# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. G. ANSLD.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 14.

PROFESSIONAL.

Law & Collection Office.

C. J. Thomson,  
BARRISTER AT LAW,  
Commissioner Newcastle Civil  
Court.  
Newcastle, N. B.

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

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.  
(M.B. COL. SURG., LONDON.)  
SPECIALIST.  
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT  
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Streets  
Newcastle, Nov. 12, 1884.

J. R. LAWLOR,  
Auctioneer and Commission  
merchant.  
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Prompt returns made on consignments of  
Merchandise. Auctions attended to in town  
and country.

MUSICAL TUITION.

Miss Edith Fry,  
Graduate of Mount Allison  
University of Music, is now  
preparing to take pupils in  
Piano, Forte, Pipe Organ, and  
Vocal Culture.  
Newcastle, June 9th, 1885.

HOTELS.

Elliott House.

For Subscribers having purchased and newly  
filled up the lower portion known as the  
"Elliott House," opposite the Masonic Hall,  
Newcastle, is prepared to accommodate per-  
manent and transient boarders at reasonable  
rates.  
S. J. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.  
Newcastle, Jan. 21, 1885.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,  
MONCTON, N. B.  
Geo. McSweeney, - Proprietor.

CANADA HOUSE  
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.  
Wm. Johnston, Proprietor.

CONVENIENT & ACCESS.  
Good Sample rooms for Com-  
mercial travellers.

Clifton House.  
"Access and 143 Gorman Street."  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.  
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt at-  
tention and modern comforts. Telephone  
connection with all parts of the city.  
April 6th 1885.

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  
it to sixteen pages, and even now it is hard  
to get all the good things in. No family can  
do without the Family Herald, for  
not only does it amuse and instruct but it  
represents its subscription price many times over.  
All the successful farmers, breeders and  
daymen endorse it because they find in it  
valuable and instruction that is precious to them,  
and which they can get nowhere else. Home-  
wives find it a valuable aid to their housekeep-  
ing. 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 \$500 against death by rail-  
way 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 gener-  
ous that everybody should accept it!

Sample copy may be sent at the ADVOCATE  
office or they will be forwarded upon applica-  
tion 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 appear-  
ance. The clothes we make are put together  
thoroughly. No shop work is tolerated.  
Try us, and see if we do not answer this de-  
scription. A good line of Foreign and Cana-  
dian Trunks, Suitings, etc., kept on hand, also  
Melrose, Beavers, and Canadian and Irish  
Frisers.

FIT GUARANTEED.  
L. B. MURDO,  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Sash and Door Factory.  
The subscriber is prepared to supply from  
his steam factory in Newcastle,  
Window sashes and frames, Glazed  
and Unglazed,  
DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MOLDINGS,  
Planing and Matching, etc.  
Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1885.

H. C. NIVEN.

Tuning and Repairing.  
J. O. Biedermann, Piano-forte and Organ  
Tuner.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.  
Regular visits made to the northern counties  
of which due notice will be given.  
Orders for Tuning etc. can be sent to the  
Advocate Office, Newcastle.  
J. O. BIEDERMANN,~  
St. John, May 6th, 1884.

Intercolonial Rly.

On and after Monday the 9th September,  
1885, the trains of this Railway will run daily  
(Sunday excepted) as follows—  
Express for St. John, Halifax  
and Pictou, (Monday excepted),  
4.05  
Accommodation for Moncton and St.  
John 15.45  
Accommodation for Indian Head  
through express for Quebec, Montreal  
12.15  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
D. POTTINGER,  
Railway Office,  
Moncton, N. B., September 6th, 1885.

A NEW BOOK,  
BY  
Michael Whelan

Newly, 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.  
If to be forwarded by mail 2 cents for each  
copy must be added to the price to prepay  
postage.

Address orders to the publisher,  
W. C. ANSLD,  
Newcastle, N. B.

Or to the author,  
M. WHELAN, Brynmore P. O.,  
Northumberland Co., N. B.

50 Years.

For over 50 years Cough  
Medicines have been  
coming in and dy-  
ing out, but dur-  
ing all this  
time

SHARP'S

Balsam of Horehound

Newly left the front Bank for Curing  
CROUP, WHOOPING  
COUGH, COUGHS  
AND COLOES.

All Druggists and most Groceries sell it.  
35 Cents a Bottle.  
ARMSTRONG & CO.,  
Proprietors,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

WINTER  
FOOT GEAR FOR

Men, Boys, Ladies, Misses and Children.

The "Westgate" Overlooking for Ladies,  
Something New.

Lace, Button and Buckle  
Overshoes.

Cardigan Overshoes, Lined  
and Unlined Rubbers.

Buckskin, Oil tan and Green hide Pumps and  
Moccasins.

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, 26th Nov. 1885.



No Other Medicine  
SO THOROUGH AS  
AYER'S  
Sarsaparilla

Statement of a Well Known Doctor

"No other blood medicine that I have  
ever used, and I have tried it in a great  
many cases, has so much effect on the  
system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."  
Dr. F. H. Merrill, Augusta, Me.



SINGING OF THE WONDROUS  
NERVE FOOD

This remedy is prepared by one of the most  
renowned specialists of the age, who has  
absolutely proven that two-thirds of all dis-  
eases are caused by deranged nerve centre  
of the brain, which supply the  
different organs of the body with nerve force.  
To all varied in physique, know that the in-  
terior of the body is a vast system of internal  
organs, each, heart, lungs, liver, and in fact all internal  
organs, are connected with the nerve centre  
within or at the base of the brain by number-  
less small nerves or branches, each of which  
the nerve centre sends out a certain portion  
of its power to each of these small nerves to the dif-  
ferent organs of the body, which they supply with  
nerve force, and thus produce every variety  
of nervous disease, Indigestion, Heart Disease,  
Lungs Troubles, Scrophulous, etc. NERVE  
NERVE acts directly on the nerve  
centres, and thus gives relief in  
one day, and speedily cures.

E. LEE STREET,  
Wholesale and Retail  
Agent for Newcastle.

Notice of Sale.

TWO Benjamin Sikes, formerly of Douglastown,  
in the County of Antigonish, N. S., and  
his wife, Ann Sikes, his wife, and others  
whom it may concern:

"I hereby give notice that there will be sold at Public  
Auction in front of the House of Assembly,  
Newcastle, in the said County of Northumberland, on  
Tuesday, the 16th day of March next, at  
twelve o'clock noon,  
All that lot or parcel of land situate in the Parish  
of Newcastle, known as lot number twenty-two  
and bounded as follows: On the north by land  
owned and occupied by Jonathan Sikes, on the  
south by land owned and occupied by Jonathan Sikes,  
on the east by a road leading to land owned by the  
estate of the late John Sikes, deceased, on the  
west by land owned by the estate of the late John  
Sikes, deceased, being the same portion of  
mortgage bearing date the twentieth day of  
September, A. D. 1868, and made between  
said Benjamin Sikes and wife, of the first part,  
and Daniel C. Sullivan, of Douglastown, a licensed  
merchant, of the second part, default having been  
made in the payment of the money secured by  
said mortgage of mortgage.

Terms cash.  
Witnessed this sixteenth day of December, A. D.  
1885.  
E. F. WILLIAMS, DANIEL C. SULLIVAN,  
Selectors of Mortgage.

RIP-ANS

The modern stand-  
ard Family Medi-  
cine: Cures the  
common every-day  
ills of humanity.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

TRADE MARK

Know What You Chew

Is free from injurious coloring.

The more you use of it the  
better you like it.

THE GEO. E. TUCKER & SONS CO., LTD.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, Wednesday, January 8, 1886.

Selected Literature.

HER FATHER'S SECRET.

Emily Vane sat at the drawing room  
window, where she looked out the sea and  
the Cleveland Hills, but she saw neither  
sea nor cliffs. She and her father, with  
the servants, had been now some five  
weeks at Saltburn, in a large house which  
Mr. Vane had rented for the summer.  
Henry Vane owned a good sized mansion  
in Balgownie, where he had lived for the  
past eight years during the London season,  
and an estate near Nottingham, amid  
picturesque scenery, where he generally  
resided when not in London. Each sum-  
mer, however, he rented his house at  
Saltburn; for not only Emily, but him-  
self, too, was charmed with the quiet,  
beautiful Yorkshire watering place.  
From all of which it will be at once sur-  
mised that Henry Vane was a man of wealth.

Emily Vane saw neither sea nor hills.  
Her thoughts were wholly occupied by  
two letters in front of her. Both had  
come that morning, and both were  
proposals for her hand. The first of  
them was from the Earl of Seacroft, who  
for some time had been paying Miss Vane  
noticeable attentions, and who, both as  
regarded personal qualities and position,  
was indeed no bad match for any English  
woman. He was yet young and fairly  
wealthy, and for some months—in fact,  
since Emily had "come out"—had been a  
victim of her beauty and charms. She  
admitted to herself that Lord Seacroft's  
proposal was not to be lightly set aside.

The other letter was from Mr. Hubert  
Wells. Emily had not him about six  
months ago, at a country house, he rose  
and came to her—she had been a victim  
of her beauty and charms. She admitted  
to herself that Lord Seacroft's  
proposal was not to be lightly set aside.

In her perplexity, she picked up the  
letters, and went to her father in his  
study. Emily Vane's mother had died  
at her birth; her father was her closest  
confidant. As Emily entered, he rose  
and kissed her lovingly, then, smoothing  
her hair, said quietly:

"Which of the two is it to be, love?"  
The beautiful girl gazed at him with  
eyes half dimmed with tears, as she  
answered, blushing:

"Whichever my papa likes! He  
always chooses for me."

"Well, my dear, suppose I should say  
Lord Seacroft? I have always wished  
such a husband for you—titled, yet noble  
in name's best way."

"Yes, papa."

"Yet I like this Mr. Wells."

Emily's heart beat a shade quicker.

"He cannot give you what the Earl of  
Seacroft can, and what I have so often  
pictured to you; yet—and yet—he is  
his father's son!"

The girl gazed half in awe and astonish-  
ment, for her father was pale as death,  
and shook visibly.

"Sit down, my love," replied Mr.  
Vane. "It has only come to me that I  
certainly don't want it. God has  
brought it out in His time. I must  
tell you now. Don't be afraid, Emily."

It is the secret of my life which I've  
hidden thirty-five years; now you must  
share it. I feel I should not be doing  
right if I let you choose to-day without  
telling you of it. When you have heard  
my story you must choose for yourself,  
and be assured your choice whichever it  
will, please me. As for what you will  
hear, it will remain your secret and mine.

I shall keep it as before, and I must beg  
of you to do the same all your life, even  
from your husband."

It was thirty-five years ago a convict ship  
was sailing from England for Botany  
Bay, under the command of a brave  
captain and crew. There were no fewer  
than forty convicts on board—desperate  
fellows, of every description; thieves,  
highwaymen, man-slayers, all kinds of  
villains. Among them was one whose  
case had excited much interest at home  
since many people believed him innocent  
—morally, at any rate—of the crime he  
was said to have committed. Among a  
gang of poachers one night he, their  
superior in rank, had had the misfortune  
to shoot one of the keepers who had  
watched for them and attacked them.

The shot had killed the keeper, but there  
was some doubt as to whose gun it had  
come from, and when the convict in  
question was arrested and charged keepers  
swore that he had fired the shot. For  
himself, he knew not whether this was  
so; several of his fellow poachers said he  
was innocent, and that the real culprit  
had escaped. His sentence, however,  
was that of penal servitude at Botany  
Bay for life—probably the doubt alone  
saved him from being hanged.

He re-embodied at his jailers, at his foot,  
at his confinement, and felt ready for  
any dark deed. The chance soon came.  
The vessel was off the Cape of Good Hope,  
some miles away, when he first got know-  
ledge of a projected mutiny in which the  
captain, crew and jailers were all to be  
murdered, and the successful mutineers  
convicts were then to steer for some un-  
known point in Africa and land there.

"It was a desperate scheme, and with  
the mutiny he was thoroughly in union,  
but not with the murder. He was not  
yet as black as that, and tried hard to  
dissuade his three companions from it,  
but in vain. As they persisted in their  
plans, he felt that all he could do was to  
keep quiet until the time for action came;  
but the captain and his wife had been  
really kind to him, and he determined  
that they should not die."

On Sept. 8 the attack was made. He  
stood near the captain's cabin to protect  
its unsuspecting inmates. When the  
mutineers, having seized the watch and  
the keys, came rushing down, he ordered  
them back from the cabin. They refused  
to go, and a fight ensued. The captain  
became enraged, and after a desperate  
resistance, the rebels were overpowered  
and put to flight. The captain begged of  
the guards to set the convict who had  
saved his life at liberty, but they declined,  
pretending that, in reality, he was  
as bad as the rest, so he was closely  
guarded.

It was on touching at Perth that the  
captain's opportunity came. Having  
secured the co-operation of his men, he  
detained the whole of the guards at  
dinner one evening and made them  
hopelessly drunk. In the meantime one  
of his party contrived to secure posses-  
sion of their keys, and in a very few  
moments the convict's irons were unloosed  
and he was free. The captain himself  
came and shook hands with him; he  
sent him off in the boat which was wait-  
ing for him.

"I know," said he, "that what I have  
done for you is risky, and may cost me  
something if my plan is discovered; but  
you saved my life, and I will take this  
risk to save you from penal servitude.  
All I have to say to you is get away from  
the coast, after you have landed, as soon  
as possible, change your name and ap-  
pearance as much as you can; go into  
some honest business, and though it is  
not likely, if ever I do hear of you again,  
let it be in such a way that will do you  
credit, and repay me for giving you your  
freedom to-night."

The tears stood in the convict's eyes as  
he thanked his benefactor and grasped  
his hand.

"Sir, I shall take your advice. My  
little bit of good was almost gone by the  
brutal treatment I have suffered—no  
doubt I killed that same keeper; but  
even if I did it was purely accidental.  
I have proved to me that all the kind-  
ness and gratitude are not yet gone out  
of the world, and I hope to be able to  
show you how I appreciate it."

"Within a few minutes more the boat  
had landed him on the mainland. He  
watched it return to the ship, and then  
departed.

It was six years after this that, with  
money made in sheep farming, Joseph  
Turnell, the former convict, turned up  
at Ballarat just as the first rush of the  
gold fever occurred. It was Turnell  
who bought the great tract of land which  
was afterwards discovered to be almost  
wholly gold under the surface, and sold  
it for a very large sum. But nobody in  
England or Australia, who Joseph  
Turnell's name was mentioned, even  
thought for a moment that he was the  
escaped convict about whom such a story  
had been made at home, but on his  
escape and later, when a dying tramp  
confessed that it was his gun shot that  
memorable night which killed the keeper.

Joseph Turnell was wealthy and had  
married a dear girl in Victoria, who had  
borne him a daughter as she died.  
Need I go on, Emily? You have guess-  
ed it all! He came to England and  
took the name of Henry Vane, owing  
to having had some estates left to him, as  
he told his friends; in reality, to throw  
any chance of old acquaintances off the  
track. There is no fear now of any  
discovery or disagreeable thing happen-  
ing. I felt nervous the first year or two,  
but now the only two who know all this  
are you and I, for even the good old  
captain is dead. So you see, I was im-  
pulsively unjustly, after all, but it has  
turned out a good thing for me in the  
end. And now you have wealth and  
beauty, I wanted for my own ambition  
to see you a lady, by title and position,  
and the Earl of Seacroft could have no  
doubt Countess, nor you a more desirable  
housewife."

She sat pale and agitated, yet smiling  
now, for was not her dear father free  
from that awful, even if unintentional  
crime, which had made her feel so sick  
as he told her the story?

So you think I must choose Lord  
Seacroft? she asked.

"No," replied Mr. Vane, "I have  
sincerely done yet. Hear the rest and  
choose for yourself. As you know now,  
all I have to do to that good captain—  
my freedom, my wealth, my fair name—  
and I have tried never to forget him and  
his wife. Emily, that captain's name was  
Hubert Wells, and this Mr. Hubert  
Wells is his son. I found out early  
by my agents, I have never repaid the  
father—never can; nor the mother, either,  
for what they did. My own, dearest,

darling, can, if she chooses—and I half  
suspect it will be agreeable—sacrifice  
with me our ambitious hopes and repay  
the son for his father's sake?"

He stopped and looked at her. Emily  
Vane's eyes wandered thoughtfully out  
in a long gaze over the sunset sea; then  
she turned with a calm smile and whis-  
pered:

"Yes, dearest papa, and she will!"

"God bless you both," said he. "The  
captain, though far away, will be as de-  
lighted as I am."—T. B. B.

Temperance.

THE SALOON.

The saloon came down youth in its  
vigour, manhood in its strength, and age in  
its weakness; it breaks the father's heart,  
bereaves the mother, extinguishes natural  
affections, erases conjugal love, blots out  
filial attachments, and blasts parental  
hopes and brings down mourning age in  
sorrow to the grave; it produces weak-  
ness of strength; sickness not health;  
death not life; it makes wives, widows;  
children, orphans; fathers, friends—and all  
of them paupers and beggars; it feeds  
rheumatism, nausea, gout, welcomes epi-  
demics, invites cholera, imports pesti-  
lence, and embraces consumption; it  
covers the land with idleness, misery,  
and crime, it fills our jails, supplies our  
almshouses, and demands our asylums;  
it engenders controversies, fosters quar-  
rels, and cherishes riot; it crowds our  
penitentiaries and furnishes victims to  
our gallows; it is the lifeblood of the gam-  
bler, the element of the burglar, the prop  
of the highwayman, and the support of  
the midnight incendiary; it con-  
tinues the state of the law, and the thief,  
and extends the blasphemy; it violates  
obligations, reverences father, honors in-  
famy; it defames benevolence, hate love,  
scouts virtue, and slanders innocence; it  
incites the father to butcher his helpless  
offspring, helps the husband to massacre  
his wife and the child to grind the par-  
ent; it burns up our consciences, consumes  
women, detests life, curses God, and de-  
spises heaven; it turns witnesses, nurses  
perjury, defies the jury box, and stains  
the judicial ermine; it degrades the citizen,  
debases the legislator, dishonours the statesman, and disgraces the  
patriot; it brings shame, not honor;  
terror, not safety; despair, not hope;  
misery, not happiness; and with the  
malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys  
its fruitful desolation, and, unsatisfied  
with its havoc, it kills peace, ruins moral-  
ity, takes the life of the nation, and  
wipes out all national pride, then enters  
the world and laughs at its ruin; it does  
all crimes, the mother of all abominations,  
the devil's best friend and God's  
worst enemy.

THE POTATO CURE.

According to the Buffalo "Courier" the  
Dr. Keeley cure is eclipsed by the "potato  
cure," and states that are now  
discovering the power of a more compelling  
drunkards to take the Keeley cure, and  
wipes out all national pride, then enters  
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Wells is his son. I found out early  
by my agents, I have never repaid the  
father—never can; nor the mother, either,  
for what they did. My own, dearest,

darling, can, if she chooses—and I half  
suspect it will be agreeable—sacrifice  
with me our ambitious hopes and repay  
the son for his father's sake?"

He stopped and looked at her. Emily  
Vane's eyes wandered thoughtfully out  
in a long gaze over the sunset sea; then  
she turned with a calm smile and whis-  
pered:

"Yes, dearest papa, and she will!"

"God bless you both," said he. "The  
captain, though far away, will be as de-  
lighted as I am."—T. B. B.

Temperance.

THE SALOON.

The saloon came down youth in its  
vigour, manhood in its strength, and age in  
its weakness; it breaks the father's heart,  
bereaves the mother, extinguishes natural  
affections, erases conjugal love, blots out  
filial attachments, and blasts parental  
hopes and brings down mourning age in  
sorrow to the grave; it produces weak-  
ness of strength; sickness not health;  
death not life; it makes wives, widows;  
children, orphans; fathers, friends—and all  
of them paupers and beggars; it feeds  
rheumatism, nausea, gout, welcomes epi-  
demics, invites cholera, imports pesti-  
lence, and embraces consumption; it  
covers the land with idleness, misery,  
and crime, it fills our jails, supplies our  
almshouses, and demands our asylums;  
it engenders controversies, fosters quar-  
rels, and cherishes riot; it crowds our  
penitentiaries and furnishes victims to  
our gallows; it is the lifeblood of the gam-  
bler, the element of the burglar, the prop  
of the highwayman, and the support of  
the midnight incendiary; it con-  
tinues the state of the law, and the thief,  
and extends the blasphemy; it violates  
obligations, reverences father, honors in-  
famy; it defames benevolence, hate love,  
scouts virtue, and slanders innocence; it  
incites the father to butcher his helpless  
offspring, helps the husband to massacre  
his wife and the child to grind the par-  
ent; it burns up our consciences, consumes  
women, detests life, curses God, and de-  
spises heaven; it turns witnesses, nurses  
perjury, defies the jury box, and stains  
the judicial ermine; it degrades the citizen,  
debases the legislator, dishonours the statesman, and disgraces the  
patriot; it brings shame, not honor;  
terror, not safety; despair, not hope;  
misery, not happiness; and with the  
malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys  
its fruitful desolation, and, unsatisfied  
with its havoc, it kills peace, ruins moral-  
ity, takes the life of the nation, and  
wipes out all national pride, then enters  
the world and laughs at its ruin; it does  
all crimes, the mother of all abominations,  
the devil's best friend and God's  
worst enemy.

"It was six years after this that, with  
money made in sheep farming, Joseph  
Turnell, the former convict, turned up  
at Ballarat just as the first rush of the  
gold fever occurred. It was Turnell  
who bought the great tract of land which  
was afterwards discovered to be almost  
wholly gold under the surface, and sold  
it for a very large sum. But nobody in  
England or Australia, who Joseph  
Turnell's name was mentioned, even  
thought for a moment











