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W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, July 10, 1889

WHOLE No. 1131.

A Great Clearance Sale of Dry Goods.

COMMENCING JULY 2nd, 1889.

I wish to make a large
REDUCTION
—IN MY—
Summer Stock of Dry Goods,
and to any one wanting CHEAP GOODS, I invite their careful attention to the following lists:—
This is a bona fide sale; no humbug, but the greatest bargains ever offered in this town.

DRESS GOODS.

Fancy Figures at 10c., former price 12c.
do. do. at 16c., " " 20c.
Plain Twills at 11c., " " 14c.
All Wool French Beiges at 15c., former price 20c.
do. do. at 20c., " " 25c.
Plain Colors, Jersey Cloth at 20c., " " 25c.
Black Cashmeres at 25c., " " 30c.
Prints, 5c. to 13c., former prices at 7 to 17c.
Seersuckers, 6c. Gingham, 8c., 10c. and 12c.
Men's Tweeds from 38c. Boy's Tweeds from 35c.
Also Boy's Suits reduced in price.
Ladies Underwear very cheap.
Carpet, Oil Cloth, etc., at a great reduction.
Every article reduced in price.

at B. Faurey's,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, June 28, 1889.

Law and Collection Office

M. ADAMS,

Barriester & Attorney at Law.

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of Dominion.

Office:—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barriester & Attorney at Law.

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1888.

O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.

Member, BOT. COL. SURG., LONDON.

SPECIALIST IN,

DISORDERS OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Streets, Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

Charles J. Thomson,

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York, The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World.

Barriester, Proctor for Estates.

Notary Public, &c.

Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches conducted with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence,

100 COLMAN ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.

OFFICE at stairs in SUTHERLAND & CROAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.

Newcastle March 12, 1889.

Dr. H. A. FISH,

Newcastle, N. B.

March 25, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Every comfort with the Hotel. Excellent water-bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

Ask For Ayer's Selected Literature.

A SAFE DEPOSIT.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER I.

Antony Blake left the office of Rumrill & Co. a good deal disappointed.

He was himself a shrewd and intelligent fellow; he had secured the patents on his new invention, and was ready to proceed with the manufacture. He had copied the papers, the drawings, his model machine, to Rumrill & Co., and they had had them in consideration. They had offered him \$800 for the whole thing if he would turn it all over to them. He had proposed one and another scheme by which he should go into business as a partner with them; these had been referred by the managing partner to the Mr. Jenkins behind the scenes, who was a imaginary person created for the purpose of saying no when the managing partner was ashamed to. Practically all these schemes had been refused and Antony was now to take the \$800 or nothing.

This was not his first experience in such business. He knew by this time that the people who bring things before the public, be they inventions, be they books, or be they plays, generally expect to be well paid for doing so; and he knew that the system of co-operation, which people are hoping for and praying for, was by no means yet established. With some bitterness of feeling, it must be confessed, though he was a good-natured fellow enough, he walked down the street of Tamworth, considering whether he would take the \$800 and be done with it, or whether he would go to Pittsburgh and see if there were better chances there.

Antony Blake did not believe in debt, and he knew how to live on a very little money; but for all that, he had very little money in store, and he certainly did not have the \$10,000 which would be necessary for him if he were to equip a little machine shop of his own and make his own automatic car complex.

But as it happened, he was a person well esteemed in the whole community of Tamworth, as he deserved to be. He should like to know, however, how much of this esteem he owed to one queer circumstance. While he had to start in life with absolutely no property, it happened that he did hold, as trustee for his mother, some bonds, which he considered worthless, in the second issue of the Cattanagus & Opelousas railroad. These bonds had long since been taken off all lists known to brokers, and it was long since any coupons had been paid. Still, the Cattanagus & Opelousas existed, and there were sanguine people, among whom his mother was one, who supposed that some time payment would be resumed. Antony, being her trustee, had to keep these bonds somewhere, and he had been notified by legal advisers that he must keep them in one of the security vaults which are now established in all the considerable cities. He had hired a modest safe at the Amicable of Tamworth, and at the Amicable he had the facilities of a charming reading room, where are all the new magazines, where you can wash your hands if you need, you can make an appointment with a friend, you can write a note on the Amicable's paper. These facilities are thrown open to you because you have hired, perhaps for only \$10 a year, a safe in that bank. Antony had found that there was by far the best place for his bonds in that city. In that city he had what he called his "Stranger's Rest," well developed; you can get in and pay 10 cents an hour for all the comforts of a clubroom, and then go out again. But Antony found that, in the long run, \$10 a year was cheaper for him than the Stranger's Rest at 10 cents an hour; and what I should like to know is whether his standing in that community had not materially risen since the old days and widows and railroad trustees and other such persons who had their safes there, found that he was one of the habitués of the reading room of the Amicable. He suspected himself that it gave him these advantages, and he was careful not to presume on them. He took care not to sit there writing letters in times when a business man would be at his counting room; he only looked in there at the hours when the most prominent of the dons were there; he took care not to appear to regard it as the only losing place which he had. In proportion as he was cautious in these regards, the dons began to respect him as one of themselves; that is to say, as a person who did not have to work very hard for his money, and who had, in the chamber adjacent, the secrets by which a quarterly revenue comes to the initiated, without much cracking of their finger-nails or grinning of their hands.

On this particular morning, Antony was obliged to break his rule. It was just the hour when he should not ordinarily have gone to the Amicable. It was seldom, indeed, that he had any occasion to look at his mother's bonds in his safe, for they were as worthless one month as they were another. But to preserve the respectabilities of the place, it had been his habit to have his safe opened for him once a quarter, about the 1st of May, August and the corresponding quarters, which he observed to be "coupon quarters" for some very distinguished dons.

He would retire into one of the little bells provided for the occasion, open his box, and then carry it back that it might be deposited in his safe again. The last time that he had done this, Antony had placed two \$50 bills in his little tin box, to guard himself from spending them. He knew that he should have money enough for his current expenses beside, and he had not cared to make a permanent investment of this sum. But if he were to go to Pittsburgh, he must have these two fifties in his pocket, and he walked down to the Amicable, gave the number of his safe, and his box was given to him.

It is possible that there are one or two of the humble readers of this little story who are not acquainted with the careful machinery of a security safe company, and as the story hinges on that machinery, it may be well to explain it. You see you are to have the double combination, patent, absolute security, that is given to the largest corporation in the world—say the Bank of England—and at the same time you, who are as poor as Antony Blake was, are to have your own little separate cell in which your own property is kept, and nobody else in the world may interfere with it. All this is arranged by a very ingenious system of policemen, attentive clerks, door-keepers, gilt pickets of iron, iron floors below and above, so that fire cannot burn your securities, nor water drown them, nor thieves break in, nor rust corrupt them. The most honorable and virtuous wardens are selected by the most ingenious and highly approved competitive examinations. You present yourself at the gate, and you are personally known to the warden, who speaks to you cordially and opens the gate to you, as he would not do if you were one of those unknown loafers who have no safe in the security vault. You pass through this prison gate joyfully, for you know it is no prison to you; you tell him that the day is fine, or that it is rainy, as it may happen, and pass on to your come to your gate and another warden. You tell him that it is fine, or that it is rainy, as before; he also calls you by name, and says that you are looking well, and you enter a second passage. This passage is provided with little ostentatious or columnar precisely like those under or near the city of Rome, except that these are much smaller, and that these catcombs have now no doors, but in the security vaults each catcomb has a little iron door, and these doors are numbered—You remember, by mnemonic processes known to yourself, what is the number of yours; the number of Antony's was 4927. You meet in this passage a smiling gentlemanly friend who also calls you by name, expresses his hope that you are well, and tells you what the weather is. You also tell him. These are not pass-words, but they are the civilities of the occasion. You then mention to him, in a whisper if you please, the number of your box. He affects to remember—does he?—perhaps, and with his key adjusts the lock of your catcomb. But, please to observe, he cannot open the catcomb because he has not your key. Your key has been given to you long since, when you hired your catcomb. You then open the catcomb with your key which you cannot do till he has first turned his key in the lock. In the catcomb you find a long, narrow tin box, unless you should be a very great don; in that case you have a large catcomb and you have a large tin box. But Antony was a very little don, so the reader knows, and he had therefore a box long enough for any coupon bond, but not large enough to contain many.

He drew out his box, thanked the courteous attendant, passed ward No. 2 again, who asked him if all was right, and then, in the passage between Nos. 1 and 2, he selected a little room like that in which you eat oysters in restaurants of some cities, when it is supposed that you are ashamed to eat oysters and wish to have a separate cell assigned for the purpose. You go into this cell, which you find lighted. There is a little table for you, and a pen and ink and blotting paper and a pair of large scissors. These scissors are there that you may cut off the coupons from your bonds.

Observe with admiration that both the requirements which have been referred to are fulfilled. You are here, as lonely as Robinson Crusoe was before Friday came. All your wealth is in your hands; you can do with it what you choose. A minute before this wealth was in a safe which nobody expected you could open, and in a minute hence it will be in this safe again.

On this occasion Antony Blake found some difficulty in opening his box. His key seemed to be out of order; but, being an ingenious person, it happened that he had a little skeleton key with him, and with this he threw open the lock of the box. He saw in a moment that it was not his box. The securities in it were those of the C. E. & W. C. B. & Q. B. C. & D., securities, many of them, absolutely gilt edged in the market of the moment. There were one or two United States bonds, and, in short, if a good fury had touched his mother's bonds, and changed them into bonds of the very best she could have done better for him than had been done here.

Antony Blake was amazed and dazed. He lifted the bonds out one after another to see by what process of evolution the Cattanagus & Opelousas had been

thus changed, and with a vague feeling that he should find his two \$50 notes at the bottom. The \$50 notes were not there, but there was a little parcel of five or six manuscript notes tied up with a white ribbon. Antony had no disposition to get at other people's secrets, but he did want to know how these things came into his box, and he looked at their addresses, as he could do without opening them. Three were to Evelyn Hadden. Three were to Fergus McIntire. Antony had never heard of either of these people. The letters were numbered, and the date of each was written on the envelope. Antony observed that the last two were written, on the same day, May 23. "It is a romance, I think," said he, and he thought so because of the ribbon. But clearly the most curious thing in the romance was that the letters were in his box.

CHAPTER II.

If young Blake had gone at once to the head-centre of the wonderful combination of wardens, guardians, clerks and assistants who made up the hierarchy of the Amicable, this story would never have been written, and the reader would at this moment be seeking another occupation than that he had in hand. "Before a story can be told," says Mr. Antony Trollope, "there must be a story to tell." All that follows on these pages sprang from Mr. Blake's aversion to take the head-centre into his confidence, or, indeed, any other of the guardians in the hierarchy.

In the first place he knew none of them personally, though, as has been seen, they all knew him professionally. That is to say, it was the professional business of each of them to know Antony Blake by sight, and to see that he always had the box in No. 4927 when he wanted it, and that no one else ever had it—and also that he never had any other box than his own. But all of them had been imported from New York to carry on the Amicable, which was a new enterprise in Tamworth, so that he had not made their acquaintance, other than officially.

In the second place, as occurred to him now for the first time, he should have gone to the head-centre before if he meant to go at all. He should have gone when his little key did not open the bond box. He should not have picked the lock of a box—which as he now knew was not his—with his little skeleton key. In the third place, he was not sure whether he should best advance the ends of justice by going to the head-centre. He could say that his hundred dollars was not in his box. But here were securities of 300 or 400 times as much worth—and, as he well knew, there was not anyone outside an idiot asylum who would steal the Cattanagus & Opelousas bonds. It might be that the head-centre and some of the others were engaged in a common fraud, of which he had in his hands a little clue. In a rough way these considerations passed through his mind, and determined him—wisely or not—to make no complaint to the head-centre till he had taken the advice of a lawyer friend.

Meanwhile his first business was to go to Pittsburgh, and to get the \$100 which he needed for his journey. There was no money in the box, and of course Antony could not have taken it, if it had been, seeing it was not his. "Greenbacks," says an eminent legal authority, "are the currency of thieves." But even had Antony been a thief, he had no opportunity to steal.

There were the six letters tied up with the white ribbon. Antony did look at their addresses, as has been said. But at the moment his only wish was that his despised Cattanagus & Opelousas bonds had been in his hands. He remembered, as he had often remembered before, the pathetic grief of Robinson Crusoe when the great current of the Orinoco was sweeping him to sea in his canoe. Then poor Robinson looked at his retreating island, the island which he had always called a prison, and wished that he might return to it, because it was home. So poor Antony, who had always despised the Cattanagus & Opelousas, now wished that he had them in his hands. In point of fact, he put back the box into the cell from which he had taken it, and went at once to his lawyer cousin. In Antony did not like to tell his queer story to a stranger. He, therefore, borrowed \$100 from the lawyer cousin's clerk, and went that night on the train to Pittsburgh.

(To be continued.)

Temperance.

AMHERST, N. S., June 8, 1889.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch."—Mark xiii, 34.

To every man his work. I desire to direct your attention to the last clause of the 34th verse—to every man his work. Some think that the amount of work is according to their own desire, but I tell you it's a mistake. I believe that every man's work has been planned out by the Great Creator. Christians, I address you particularly. Every Christian should be a temperance worker; to make a long story short, we want PROHIBITION. We want courageous men, men that are not afraid of public opinion, men that will stand up on the Lord's side and show

their colors. We want men that will vote for Prohibition, that will preach Prohibition, that will live Prohibition for your sakes. Christian brothers, would you stand up in the presence of your Redeemer, who died on the cross to save you, after voting in favor of the liquor traffic which is sending your brother to perdition? Ponder a moment! The Judgment day is coming! So you see how it is—To every man his work.

THE CORN QUESTION.

Senator Vest of Missouri was addressing an audience in opposition to prohibition, and he asked the following question: "What will you do with your corn, if prohibition is adopted?" An old farmer in the audience rose and said, "Do you want that question answered, Mr. Vest?" "I do," replied the Senator. "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll raise more hogs and less hell."

HORACE GREELY ON THE LICENSE SYSTEM.

Horace Greely, the founder of the New York Tribune, writing editorially of the license system, said:

"No practical enforcement of the license system will ever sensibly mitigate the evils of intemperance. But let the law inflexibly forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages, and every youth is thereby warned from the cradle that those beverages are harmful and dangerous, and that by drinking them he encourages the violation of the law. It would command the respect of its antagonists."

To wreck a train is a crime, but to wreck a human soul is a privilege that the state sells.—California Voice.

In the Sanborn Conference the prohibition of intoxicating liquors and firearms was one of the articles agreed upon.

Baron Liebig, the German chemist, says that "as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight quarts of the best and most nutritious beer that is made."

Run in the United States makes more than 12,000 funerals of inebriates every day, and its citizens pay for the coffins and grave-diggers, for the board, washing and clothes of men who stagger out from the rum saloons to fight or shoot or debauch society and are imprisoned.

To use leisure for carousing, to fix the blood with alcohol, to dwarf and waste men's substance in the close and fetid air of a bar-room, is not recreation; it is physical damnation, it is the strong way in which the Chicago Times puts it.

A STEEL-POINTED SHOT FROM THE CANON.—Canon Wilberforce says that he has no personal prejudice against those who are engaged in the liquor traffic, but he is utterly tired of seeing this brilliant world turned into a jail or a hell in order that the brewers may become millionaires and peers.

A good and bright old lady in Pennsylvania, very charitably-minded, was asked by a temperance advocate how her pastor stood on the temperance question. With a world of meaning in her voice, and an inimitable twinkle in her eye, she announced—"Well, he is not excited about it!"

An economical housewife says: Two drinks of whiskey mean a pound and a half of beefsteak; two beers, a dinner of mutton chops; a cocktail, an egg plant or head of cauliflower. "What'll you take Charlie?" stands for a nice oyster stew for the whole family Sunday morning. "Set 'em up again," means sugar in the house for a month. This is a bit of practical domestic economy furnished by a workman for the benefit of his fellows.

We have a great horror of arsenic and fifty other things; the fact is that all these other things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol.—Dr. James Edmunds.

Correspondence.

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 2.—The government has taken an important step in reducing by one dollar the export duty on logs and offering complete reciprocity in both logs and lumber to the Americans. The export duty on logs was increased last fall from two dollars per thousand feet to three dollars, and it is now put back to the old figure, two dollars. The Great Press will cry "back down" but the fact is that in both instances the government have simply complied with the wishes of the lumbermen. When a big timber limits sale was announced last year by the Ontario government the lumbermen headed by the immaculate Charlton, M. P. for North Norfolk, sought to frighten the Ontario government into certain agreements about the dues and falling in that, they demanded from the Dominion government additional protection in the shape of an increase in the duty on logs exported. This it was calculated would lessen the American competition at the Ontario. The Dominion government, wishing to do justice to an important interest and believing the united lumbermen knew what was best for them granted their request and put on an additional dollar export duty.

The lumbermen discovered that this increased the Americans and were threatened with retaliation from Washington. Fearing an increase of the American import duty these same lumbermen, Mr. Charlton among them, came down to Ottawa in a body and asked the government to undo what had been done at their own request, and even to abolish the whole of the export duty. All the government has now done is to take the word of the lumbermen that the increased duty might embarrass this important industry and have wisely taken off the extra dollar duty. Evidently the lumbermen, including Messrs. Charlton and Edwards made a mistake, but not the government.

The offer of reciprocity, to abolish both our import and export duty on logs and lumber if the Americans admit Canadian lumber free of their present 32 duty is in line with the Conservative policy of reciprocity in natural products and very advantageous to Canada.

THE EXTRADITION OF CRIMINALS.

In the Weldon Extradition Bill retroactive, is a question that the courts will be asked probably to decide. That is was the intention of Parliament to make it apply only to the future beyond doubt, but then Parliament does not always say what it means in very clear language, and the ambiguity of the clause in the Act makes it uncertain. If the Act is endorsed by the Imperial authorities then it will be brought into operation, as it can at any time be suspended, by proclamation of the Governor in Council. If the Act is held to be retroactive the many lawless henchmen who fled from the States will quake.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

Sir Adolphus Caron, Minister of Militia, attended the closing of the Military College at Kingston, when the Governor-General's gold medal and prize for the best graduate was won by Sgt. Major H. S. Rogers, of Peterborough, Ont., Sgt. C. E. Murray, of Halifax, N. S., winning the silver medal. The Imperial authorities have offered commissions in the British army to the following graduates:—H. S. Rogers, G. H. M. Baker, C. E. Murray and W. A. Hamilton.

A REASONABLE STORY.

A well known member of the Ontario syndicate who has been holidaying in Boston told me a story he heard there which is quite in order to repeat now that so many ecclesiastical bodies are convened. A leading clergyman of that city not long since preached a powerful sermon in New York State which affected many of the congregation. But one solid man, an impetuous sinner, probably a printer, appeared quite unconcerned by the warning that he must be born again. After service a friend rebuked him for his stubbornness reminding him that he must be born again or be lost. "You forget," he replied, "where I was raised. A man who was born in Boston don't have to be born again."

OFFICIAL NOTES.

The following appointments are announced:—F. W. Bebbington of the School of Practical Science, Toronto, to be third assistant Dominion analyst at Ottawa. James Watson of Andover, N. B., laboratory clerk at Ottawa; F. A. Martens to be Revising Officer for Kings County, N. S.

THE PREMIER'S VACATION.

After six months of incessant toil Sir John Macdonald has gone to enjoy a well earned vacation at Riviere du Loup. The Premier's visit is somewhat remarkable. From January 31 to May he attended regularly to his heavy—very heavy—duties as leader of the House of Commons, and since the House rose he held cabinet councils almost daily, sitting sometimes for seven hours at a stretch; at the same time receiving deputations, conducting his enormous correspondence, attending as chairman of the Railway Committee, acting as Minister of Railways, and supervising all the actions of the Executive. His salary, \$3,000 a year, is a fair one as things go in this country, but many men do less responsible work and receive \$25,000 a year. If the fitness of things was observed the Premier of this Dominion, whoever he may be, should receive the \$50,000 paid to the Governor-General, and His Excellency would be well paid at \$8,000. But then the last State ball given at Rideau Hall alone cost \$4,000 so that Ottawa would have to do without her big ball. But even so the farmer would still gather as many bunches to the acre and the old-brindle cow would give just as much milk. By all means change the salaries.

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS.

A Provincial cabinet minister who was here the other day called my attention to the fact that nearly all the Provincial parliaments will expire together next year, consequently we will soon have general elections following each other like days in the week.

We are now entering on the 23rd year of Confederation.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.