

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

W. C. ANSLY.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 46.

Newcastle, Wednesday, August 21, 1895.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No 1450

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.
Collecting and Conveyancing Promptly attended to.
Office over T. Russell's Store, facing the Public Square,
Newcastle, N. B.

C. J. MacGILLIVRAY, M. A. M. D.
Memb. Med. Soc. Lond., Lond.
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF THE EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Street
Moncton, Nov. 12, 1884.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY N. B.
Duty Nov. 15, 1892

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auditor and Commission
Merchant
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Trump returns made on assignments of N. B. Handicaps. Actions attended to in town & country.

MUSICAL TUITION.

Miss Edith Troy.
Graduate of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music, is now prepared to take pupils in
PIANO, VOICE, PIPE ORGAN, and
FOUR CULTURE.
Terms on Application.
Newcastle, June 9th, 1893.

HOTELS.

Waverley Hotel.

The Suburban has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known Waverley Hotel, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Simple rooms if required.
N. B. Greville's terms will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.

John McKeen.
Newcastle, March 20, 1893.

Elliott House.

The Suburban having purchased and newly fitted up the house formerly known as the Elliott House, opposite the Masonic Hall, Newcastle, is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Simple rooms if required.
N. B. Greville's terms will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.

SALE OF FURNITURE, AND STABLES OR PREMISES
WALTER J. ELLIOTT.
Newcastle, Jan. 21, 1895.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, N. B.
GEO. McWENNEY, PROPRIETOR.

CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick.
WM. JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR.
CONVENIENT & Access
Good Sample rooms for Commercial Travellers.

Clifton House.

Princes and 143 General Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.

Handled by Steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 6th 1893.

WANTED.

IMMEDIATELY. Energetic man to sell. No experience necessary. Special advantages offered. Write for particulars.
BROOKS BROTHERS CO., TORONTO, ONT.
Paid Capital \$100,000.00.
May 22, 1895. Sm. p.d.

Ladies Tailoring.

Ladies and Misses coats, waists, and dresses made to order, also cutting and fitting at short notice.
Rocks Maple Scale Cutting System taught.
Mrs. S. McLeod.
Newcastle, April 22nd, 1895.

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

REDUCED PRICES.

I have on hand a lot of Boots and Shoes, including long boots and other goods, all of which I will sell at reduced prices to clear.

Wm. Masson.

Newcastle, March 28, 1894.

Sash and Door Factory.

The subscriber is prepared to supply from his sash factory in Newcastle, Window sashes and frames, Glazed and Unglazed, DOORS AND SHUTTERS, Mouldings, Planing and Matching, etc.
H. C. Niven.
Newcastle, June 2, 1895.

Tuning and Repairing.

J. O. Biedermann, Pianoforte 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.

TIME TABLE.

—OF THE—
M. S. N. COY.

Str. Miramichi,

Captain DEGRACE.

will leave Chatham every morning (Sunday excepted) on and after MONDAY, MAY 20th, 1895, at 7 a. m. for Newcastle, will leave Newcastle for points down river at 7:45 a. m. making the usual calls, going to Edmundston on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Bay du Vin on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Str. Nelson.

Captain BULLOCK.

will leave Chatham at Leave Newcastle at
8.00 a. m. 10.15 a. m.
12.00 p. m. 12.15 p. m.
2.00 p. m. 3.15 p. m.
5.00 p. m. 5.30 p. m.
7.00 p. m. 7.45 p. m.

SOLAR TIME.

Making the usual calls at Douglastown, Beauséjour and Nelson. The str. Nelson will carry passengers at one fare on the 5 p. m. trip from Newcastle, and the 7.00 p. m. trip from Chatham, good for day of issue only.

W. T. Connors, Manager.

Chatham, N. B.

MILLINERY.

Ladies wishing to have a nice Hat or Bonnet should call and see our new

Spring and Summer Millinery.

We have the latest Hats and Bonnets, also Flowers, Feathers, Jets, Ribbons, Laces, Tulle and Velvets.

Children's Hats, Caps and Trimmings, Infants' Bonnets, Ladies' Hosiery, Underwear and Chemise, and all the latest fashions.

Trimmed Millinery always on hand.

Jennie E. Wright.
Opposite Public Square,
Newcastle, April 20th

Mrs. J. Demers.

A Complete Stock of Summer

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

All the latest novelties in Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Jets, Feathers, etc.

Selling cheaply and extra cheap. Infants' clothes, Infant's Headwear in every variety and price, from 25c up to \$1.00.

Black Silk in all the new shades, Black Silk Satins, Crapes, Ladies' Summer Vests, Underwear, Corsets, Belts, Bath Robes, white and colored Hamburgs, Handkerchiefs, Veilings, etc.

Old ladies' Dress Caps, Stamped and Fancy Linen goods, Ladies' Wrappers and Fancy Waists. TRIMMED MILLINERY always on hand and warranted to give satisfaction.

MRS. J. DEMERS.
Newcastle, May 20, 1895.

Seasonable Goods.

I have received and offer for sale at lowest prices Heavy White Enamel!

Preserving Kettles.

Light Steel Agate Preserving Kettles, Wash Tubs, Butter Tubs, Jugs, Wooden Butters, Bowls, Butter Prints and moulds.

Steel cut nails and shoe nails, all sizes. Moving machine oil, Harness oil, Axle Grease. Just received another lot of those splendid Wringers and Washers which I am selling so cheap.

J. H. PHINNEY.

Newcastle, July 27, 1895.

A NEW BOOK.

—BY—
Michael Whelan.

Now in press to be issued about the first of August, a book of

Poems and Songs.

The book will contain about a hundred pages, and will be sold at the extremely low figure of 35 cents per volume, or \$3. per dozen copies. It will be forwarded by mail on order for each copy must be added to the price to prepay postage.

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

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

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Sluggish Liver and all Stomach Troubles.

Are Purely Vegetable, elegantly Sugar-Coated, and do not grip or sicken.

BRISTOL'S PILLS
Act gently but promptly and thoroughly. "The safest family medicine." All Druggists keep.

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Selected Literature.

THAT ONE TIMBER.

I was in Hyde Park one afternoon, comfortably ensconced in a shady nook, from which I could watch the stream of early appointed equipages constantly passing.

A man to whose outstretched hands two little children—a boy and a girl—were clinging, passed me and finding an unoccupied shelter under the trees, threw himself at full length upon the ground, and encouraged the little ones to gambol on the soft grass.

He was, judging from his bright eyes and fresh pink and white complexion, about 33 or 35 years of age. A heavy mustache covered his lip, and his hair—had he thrown off his hat—was thick and wavy.

It and the mustache were now white, and it was speculation as to the cause of this phenomenon that so distracted my attention from the scene around me.

Barton is a newspaper writer and knows everybody; consequently, I was not surprised that he nodded familiarly to the man who had so attracted my attention, and called out to him in his cheery way:

"Hollo, Derry! Taking a day out?"

"The man bowed in reply, and I seized Barton by the arm, pulled him down on the seat beside me, lowered my voice, and propounded this inquiry with an eagerness that betrayed my intense curiosity:

"That man—Derry—how did his hair become white?"

"Turned in a few minutes from fright," replied Barton coolly. "Not an uncommon thing. Derry though, had a remarkable experience. Wait till I light my cigar and I'll tell you all about it."

It was during a great railroad squabble in France some years ago. Lionel Derry was a minor clerk in the main office of the great Wisons company, but sharp, shrewd, attentive to his duties, and well thought of by his superiors.

When the Parry company began to build a road, and attempted to cross the Seine on property belonging to the Wisons people, Derry was sent up with others, to "hold the fort" until the matter could be settled by the courts.

The Wisons company's bridge was only a temporary trestle work, but plans had been prepared for a substantial cantilever, and it would be put in place as soon as the trouble about the right of way was settled.

The engine in charge of the bridge work was an elderly, red-headed man named Pierre Lamoureux, intensely devoted to his profession and a great inventor.

Among the labor saving machines he had devised was an improved pile driver which utilized the water of the river as a motive power and could be managed by one man.

One day it was moved up close beside the bridge to do some piling, and the engineer, pointing to the beams and crosspieces above their heads said:

"That's the weakest part of the bridge. Ten minutes work will displace a timber up there that will cause the whole affair to collapse the minute a train attempts to pass over it. I've been afraid of this Parry fellows would notice the matter and do our company irreparable damage."

"You don't mean to say," began Derry.

"Yes, I do," interrupted the engineer, with positive emphasis. "They are a bad lot, and Guio, the head man, would sacrifice a hundred innocent lives to give his company an advantage."

Lionel Derry had no reason to like Guio. Derry thought he was paying altogether too much attention to pretty Aimee Etiole, who, strangely enough, was the only daughter of the chairman of the Wisons road.

Mlle. Etiole was staying at the big hotel with her aunt, and Derry, being known by the latter, had been introduced to the young lady. He fell in love with her on the spot of the moment.

One night when there was no moon and the stars were obscured by clouds, Derry left the hotel as usual after supper, and it was 9 o'clock when he returned.

Derry halted alongside the pile driver. Presently he heard the sound of voices, and two men walked toward the machine and seated themselves on a loose piece of timber.

They were Guio and one of his gang, and the first words they uttered caused the listener's flesh to creep with terror and a hot wave of indignation to surge through his bosom.

"You say that if the crosspiece is loosened, the whole bridge will collapse the minute a train attempts to cross?" asked Guio's companion.

"Yes," answered the Parry official; "and we can do it without fear of detection. Now your turn. The up express is due at 9:47, and if it goes down into the Seine it will knock the Wisons company's claim over completely."

But Derry sprang forward quickly and interrupted him.

"No, you don't villain!" he cried, and seized the man's shoulder. "I overheard your vile plan, and you don't—"

"Don't!" was the quick retort. And wheeling suddenly the man dealt Lionel a blow full in the face that knocked him flat.

Attracted by the struggle, Guio came forward, and bending down, peered into the young clerk's face.

"What shall I do with him?" asked the accomplice. "Pitch him into the river?"

Guio, stepping to the pile driver, picked up a long piece of rope that had been left lying on the ground.

With this, assisted by the other rascal, he bound Derry hand and foot, and, throwing himself at full length upon the ground, he carried him to the end of the bridge, bound him fast to one of the rails in such a way that his chest lay directly across it.

"I forgot the goods," said Guio, when the job was completed to his satisfaction.

"The local from the other road backs across to the junction to be made up to the south through train. As soon as it goes over looses the beam, and the express will do the rest."

The two were talking in a low tone of voice when Lionel heard the rumble of the goods train.

On came the train, and, made frantic with desperation, the poor fellow squirmed and struggled with superhuman strength. His efforts loosened the rope, and he was able to drag himself down so that his neck instead of his head rested on the rail.

The train seemed almost upon him. He drew a long breath, and, concentrating all his strength into his legs, pulled vigorously. There was a whirl of wheels, a sudden thud, a scream of terror, the rope about his neck parted, the heavy wheels of the goods truck just grazed his cheek, and he rolled down the embankment to the train hundred feet.

Struggling to his feet, he tore the gag from his mouth and shouted to a guard, who was swinging his lamp up out of one of the cars:

"Stop! For Heaven's sake, stop! Danger!"

The guard heard the latter word, drew his lantern as a signal to the driver to stop, and sprang to the brakes.

In a moment the train came to a standstill, and the guard leaped from it.

"What is it?" he demanded. "Why, that pile driver's running—A-h-h!"

As he uttered the exclamation he staggered back, and pointed to the battered, inanimate mass of humanity up which the great hammer was falling.

Guio and his rascally accomplice had met with a more horrible death than they had planned for Derry. It was the lever of the pile driver upon which the rope about the latter's neck had caught, and when he pulled to release himself the lever was thrown back and the pile driver was set in motion.

Lionel managed to stop the machine and tell of his adventure. Then he was overcome, and fell to the ground fainting.

The men carried him to the hotel, and there it was found that a male and female mustache had suddenly become white.

A brain fever followed, during which Aimee Etiole was the poor fellow's nurse, for her father, the manager of the Wisons road, was a passenger upon the train that Guio had so coolly planned to destroy, and gratitude over her parent's escape, made the girl wondrously tender to the man who had nearly lost his life that her father might be spared.

TEMPERANCE.

RUMSELLERS AS ROBBERS AND RULERS.

By JOSEPH COOK.

Wm. Pitt in Parliament said: "I have no fear for England, she will stand till the day of judgment." Edmund Burke answered, "What I fear is the day of no judgment."

Lord Beaconsfield defined bad government as a "clique made up of blunderers and plunderers." If we allow plunderers to rule, we simply prove ourselves to be blunderers.

The people are fools to tolerate a traffic that is a leech on every honest trader. The fatal question is: Shall we tolerate a class who are at once robbers and rulers? The liquor traffic robs the mind of balance, the body of health, the home of its support, State of citizens and treasure, heaven of souls. It returns nothing to the State; it has the duty of paying over a certain amount but it fleeces the public of that amount to cast into the public treasury to obtain license.

It has been proved that although we receive \$100,000,000 nevertheless \$15 a head is added to our burdens and a \$1.60 a day received. My friend, Carroll D. Wright, says the loss to the nation is fifteen or twenty times the income.

The governor of South Carolina affirms that we dare not abolish a traffic that brings in such a revenue. We dare not have a parallel large enough even to intelligently guessed at. There may be stars whose light requires thousands instead of hundreds of years to cross the space separating them from us.

We thus see that only a few points on the near shore of the starry universe lies within reach of our measurements; here and there a jutting headland, while behind stretches the vast expanse over which the hundreds of millions of stars known to exist are crowded.—G. P. S. R. in the Chautauque.

Cromwell's Statue.
What needs our Cromwell stone or bronze to say His who the light that lit on England's way? The sundown of her time-compelling power, The noontide of her most imperial day?

His hand won back the sea for England's power; His footfall bade the Moor change from the white of this egg into a goblet; It is almost as transparent as water. The liquid is a viscous, glue-like substance, largely composed of albumen. It is made up of substantially the same chemical ingredients which constitute a large part of the brain and the nervous system, and of many of the other tissues of the body. Forty per cent of the matter in the corpuscles of the blood is albumen. Having shown you how the egg looks, I now take up what I bought for good alcohol of a reputable chemist of your town.

If you will fasten your attention on the single fact that alcohol hardens this albuminous substance with which I place it in contact, you will have in that one strategic circumstance an explanation of the ravages upon the blood, nerves and brain. The white of an egg will not harden immediately upon exposure to the air. (Here the speaker poured a few drops of the alcohol into a glass with an egg.)

This is your moderate drinker I am stirring up. (Stirs again and adds more alcohol.) Here is your tippler. The coagulation of the brain and nervous system goes on. (Stirs continually and the egg turns white and thickens.) I am stirring up a hard drinker now. The infinitely subtle laws of chemistry take their course. Here is a man (stirs and lifts up spoonful of white and hard egg) whose brain is so lathery that he kicks his wife to death. I am stirring in this goblet now the brain of a hardened sot. (Still stirs.)

Here is a man with delirium tremens. Whenever alcohol touches this albuminous substance it hardens it, and does so by absorbing and fixing the water it contains. The moderate drinker who thinks it does no harm is mistaken.

Scars in the flesh do not wash out, but in spite of the change all the particles of the body are accurately reproduced without alteration. It is as true of scars on the brain and nervous system as of those on any less important part of the body that they will not wash out or grow out. These scars may be made by either physical or mental habits which afterwards become involuntary, and may be transmitted in some mysterious way to posterity.

You say you breathe off the alcohol, that it goes out through the pores of the skin, in the perspiration. But when you breathe off the fumes you do not breathe off the scars.

I show you here on a blackboard the blood corpuscles in natural state, and when shrunken and shrivelled by alcohol. (Photographs of blood corpuscles taken under a 175 objective microscope and laid around the platform.)

The brain seems to have a peculiar affinity for alcohol. A celebrated physician of Edinburgh once saw a man's head cut open by a cart. He was a drunkard, and five minutes later the doctor could burn a liquid taken from his brain. Church members have in it a peculiar little blood from his veins to ignite the alcohol contained in them, but I resisted out of respect to the man's relatives.

I had rather be the lowest drunkard than the rumrunner, who gives him liquor in his cup, and rather than man than the church member who gives him license. No! Let us put beneath our feet the habit that is creating havoc in the Anglo-Saxon race.

We are a nation of 65,000,000, governed by 15,000,000 voters; 3,000,000 do not go to the polls. I favor a poll-tax which may be remitted if you vote. Church members have in it a peculiar little blood from his veins to ignite the alcohol contained in them, but I resisted out of respect to the man's relatives.

As there are 5,000,000 in this country who are voters among church members, Neal Dow is justified in saying that when Christians say Go, and vote Go, the liquor traffic will go; and until Christians do this, they are guilty of what John Woolley calls in terribly invidious language. "A co-partnership of piety and piracy."—Christian Advance.

General Intelligence.

BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS AT SUNDAY OFFICERS Elected.

The New Brunswick Dental Society met in annual session at Sussex on Tuesday. There were about twenty members present from various parts of the province. The meeting was called to order at ten o'clock by the president, Dr. L. Somers, of Moncton. After the reading of the minutes and the routine business of the reports of the president and secretary were received.

Among other items of expenditure it was decided to grant a beneficiary to a young student in Moncton to assist him through college.

A clinic on concolor-analogs fillings was then given by Dr. Magee, of St. John. The doctor's remarks were eagerly listened to and his illustrations closely watched.

Dr. A. F. McAvenny gave a clinic on Rig's disease which created a lot of interest.

Dr. H. C. Wetmore, of St. John, read a well-prepared paper on Pulp Vitalization.

The paper by Dr. Murray, of Moncton, caused quite a breeze. The paper was on quick dentistry, and the Moncton dentist hit out from the stand, striking hard at those who advertise by any other means than a card. Dr. J. D. Maher, of St. John, considered some of Dr. Murray's remarks a reflection on himself and he twitted the Moncton man with using his position as examiner as a means of advertising. Quite a lively discussion lasted for some time. It was decided to hold the next meeting at St. John.

The election of officers then took place and the following were chosen: Dr. G. J. Sproule, Chatham, president; H. W. P. Bonnell, St. John, secretary-treasurer. The Council met after the regular session and appointed Dr. H. C. Wetmore one of the examiners for the ensuing year.—Sun 6th.

PRESENTATION TO MAJOR