

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

VOL. XXII.—No. 40.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, July 17, 1889

WHOLE No. 1132.

## ROOM PAPER.

at B. Faurey's, Newcastle.

## BABY'S CARRIAGES.

at B. Faurey's, Newcastle.

Law and Collection Office  
**M. ADAMS,**  
Barrister & Attorney at Law,  
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.  
Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

## CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick.  
Mr. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

## GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

for Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the Oct. 12, 1885.

## Clifton House,

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

## A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,

Housed by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

## LAMP GOODS

On hand a large stock of LAMP GLASS, CHIMNEYS, PLUMBERS, GLOBES, WICKS, etc.

## J. R. CAMERON,

68 Prince W. Street, St. John, Feb. 22, 1886.

## GEO. STABLES,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant, NEWCASTLE, N. B.

## LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.

The Subscriber returns thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had in any of the kind.

## Property to Lease.

The premises recently occupied in Newcastle by Mr. Frank Morrison, comprising Residence, Barn and Garden. For particulars apply to

## Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence, McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE

## Dr. W. A. Ferguson,

Office at the Sutherland and Craggan's Hotel, Residence Waverley Hotel, Newcastle March 12, 1889.

## Dr. H. A. FISH,

Newcastle, N. B. March 25, 1889.

## KEARLY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL), BATHURST, N. B.

## THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Every convenience with the Hotel. Bathing facilities. Some of the best trout fishing pools within eight miles. Excellent water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for special rates.

## BOLOGNAS

Soused Tripe, VERY CHOICE.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

## BOLOGNAS

Soused Tripe, VERY CHOICE.

JOHN HOPKIN 186 Union Street, St. J.

## The Teacher Selected Literature.

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved. Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoughton, Mass.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from a nervous prostration. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Plinkham, South Molton, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. E. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

## Nervous Prostration.

With lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 89 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—J. W. Moffitt, Killbuck, Ohio.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 70 years old, No. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks suffering from nervous prostration, I was cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price: six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

## THIS YEAR'S MYRTLE

CUT AND PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO FINER THAN EVER.

## T & B

In Bronze on Each PLUG and PACKAGE.

## BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier OF THE BLOOD AND HUMORS.

## ESTEY'S YOUR BLOOD

waste toning up. You have no appetite, you feel languid, you are nervous, you are low spirited, you are nervous, you are low spirited, you are nervous, you are low spirited.

## IRON

IRON IRON IRON

## ESTEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC

is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles \$2.50.

## QUININE

After using it for a short time you will find your appetite improved, your spirits more cheerful, and you feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your body is being braced and renovated.

## TONIC

ESTEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC

is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles \$2.50.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as a superior to any prescription known to me.

H. A. ANCHER, M. D., 211 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CHESTER COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

## A SAFE DEPOSIT.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

This is not one of those stories which torment the reader by refusing to tell him all that the writer knows.

Once for all, let the reader understand that the bonds and the letters which Antony Blake found in his box, belonged to a very nice girl whose name was Edith Lane. How it happened that they were all in this box shall now be briefly told.

It was some six months before Antony Blake found them that Edith Lane's father called her into his room. He then explained to her that she was so old that she must learn to take care of her own affairs. "I do not mean," said he, "to turn over to you now the whole of your mother's property, but I do mean to turn over to you so much that you shall not have to come running to me when you want to buy a shoe-string and a paper of pins. I have placed in this envelope a number of bonds; I am going to show you how to cut off the coupons from these bonds. You will have to do this twice a year; you will then have to carry these coupons to the Waverley Bank, where I have opened an account for you. When you want money, you will write a check on the Waverley Bank, and you will go for the money yourself or send for it. You can do as you please about keeping an account of these things. If I were you I would keep a little cash book, but I shall ask no questions. If you come to me at any time for money, I shall then ask questions. But it is a great deal better that you should learn to take care of your own affairs before I die."

Edith was distressed and pained to hear her father talk of dying. She said as much; but he said that she knew nothing about business, and she had a great deal to learn. He told her that his precise object was to teach her to draw a check and to keep a bank account, and to teach her something of her interest in the community, not to say her duties to the community. He had begun with \$30,000 or \$40,000 of her fortune, which he had put into these bonds.

Edith was frightened, and said she did not know where she should keep her bonds, and she was afraid they might be stolen.

"That," said her father, "is the second thing that you are to be taught. You will not keep these bonds; I do not keep them. I have brought these this morning from my own safe to give them to you. I have ordered the carriage, and I am now going to take you down to what is known as the Amicable Safe Company. I am going to hire a little safe there in your name, and you will keep your bonds in that safe. When you want to cut off the coupons, you will go down to the Amicable, you will have the safe opened, and you will cut off what you need."

This frightened Edith more than ever. She almost cried; but in her distress she referred to an old joke of the family handed down from the "Georgia Sketches." "It is the story of a young man whose father was urging him to marry, and said to him: 'Where would you be if I had not married?' The young fellow replied, between his sobs: 'Yes, Dad, but you married mother, and I shall have to be put out to a strange gal.'" Edith said that she did not want to be put out to any Amicable Safe Company, or any Waverley Bank; and she wanted her father to take care of her money, and to give her what she wanted to spend.

But he was perfectly firm; the carriage came to the door and Edith had to go up to her father and see and give up to go down for her first lesson. What she was taught the reader already knows. She was introduced to the attentive warder, and she had assigned to her one of the smallest safes, exactly such a safe as Antony Blake had, and, as it happened, the number was next to his, No. 4938. The reader now has a partial notion of what mistakes had occurred.

In point of fact, about a month before Antony Blake had met this disappointment, it had been so ordered by those minor powers who, under orders, oversee this world, that he and Edith Lane went nearly at the same time to the Amicable. Antony had gone simply to show himself, that he might keep up the reputation which he had acquired as a don among dons. Edith had gone on her second visit to cut off some coupons, which she had done successfully, and which she had carried to deposit at her bank. But it so happened that when she brought back her little box to place it in her safe, Antony Blake was already in that corridor of the columbarium, and was opening his safe to put his box away. The lock made some little obstacle, and he had laid his box on the floor that he might have both hands in handling the key. Edith had to wait a moment for his operations to be finished, and, as it happened, she laid her box on the floor, as she stood by him, being, in fact, if the reader is curious, putting on her gloves at the same moment. Antony touched his hat to her, stooped, picked up the

box, and put it into his own safe, without any thought that he had made a transfer. He passed out of the door, saluted the warders, and was gone. Edith put the other box into her safe, and, as the reader sees, the change was completed without a thought from either party.

It was not till Antony Blake was well in Putnam's dealing with the various ones of Tubal Cain who make that city one of the richest and loveliest in the world, that Edith one day ordered the carriage, drove down to the Amicable, took out what she supposed to be her box, and found in it Antony's Cattaraugus and Opelousas bonds, and his hundred dollars.

Of course, Edith knew she had made a mistake, and she instantly supposed, as she usually did, that everything which was wrong was her own fault. This, however, was the first result of her father's training her to business—that she had lost all her own property, and had stolen some other property of vastly more value. For the girl knew nothing of the worthlessness of the Cattaraugus and Opelousas, and it was easy for her to see that, whereas she had left in her box only \$30,000 or \$40,000 worth of bonds, she had under her hands \$250,000 worth of the second issue of that unfortunate road. She did not do what Antony did, however. She took the whole parcel, \$100 and all, and put it back in her little attaché. She put back the box into her safe, and as she did so she could see the eyes of the warders, all of whom, she thought, looked on her with suspicion, as if she were a detected thief and a bad girl.

Her only thought was to tell her father all that had happened, and to confess that she was a fool. Of course this would have been the true thing for her to do; but there was unfortunately a delay. Her father was in Chicago for two days, and set on all that time to inspire her with other counsels. Now, although she might have done his bidding, he would have made Edith Lane do anything wrong, it was easily in his power to make her do something very foolish. For, as Henry Kingsley well says, when the devil cannot achieve his purposes by sending a knave, he does the same by a much wiser process, and sends a fool. For, the more she brooded over the matter, the more the poor girl persuaded herself that she had better not, at first, speak to her father. Beside the feeling that she was a fool, and had made a horrible mistake, there was a little side which increased and increased as she thought of it, till it at last became a giant Afrite, destroying all her peace. It was the recollection that she had put in her box the six letters which had been intrusted to her by her cousin Evelyne.

Now, this cousin Evelyne had a horrible love passage with Fergus McIntire. I have no right to call it disgraceful, though I am very glad that none of my readers were ever so compromised. It was a very bad business, and Evelyne had been pulled out of it only with great tact and difficulty. All the compromising letters had been brought together, and should have been burned up. Instead of burning them, Evelyne had hidden them, and had begged her to take care of them, and at her second visit to the safe, Edith had put these letters with her bonds. The reader knows what had become of them. Now, this was the only secret which her poor Edith had ever had from her father. She did not want to have these letters brought to light by any investigation which might be made. The poor child instantly fancied the discovery of her box opened by a judge, and these letters of Evelyne's and Fergus' read aloud and printed in all the Sunday newspapers. She cried over it, she wrote a note to Evelyne which she destroyed, she wrote another note which she destroyed also, and finally said to herself, that she had rather lose all her own property, which was in the safe, than have any revelation made as to what was in the box. If she could only get to light by any investigation which would burn these hateful letters, she seemed to her that she should be perfectly happy.

In all this, of course, Edith Lane was quite wrong, but as the reader will see, she was in a false position, which she had stumbled into, really from no fault of her own.

Poor Antony Blake is the person who deserves the most consideration and sympathy from the reader. Antony Blake spent two or three days in Pittsburgh. He was most hospitably received by old friends who he had known at the Polytechnic Institute. He saw all the marvels of gas distribution, of glass making, of iron founding, and by Mr. Westinghouse's kindness, he was taken through the wonderful machine works from which the exquisite apparatus is produced which preserve every year the lives of a large number of our kindred.

In this world, he saw some of the Tubal Cains whom he had gone to see, he showed to them the plans of his machine, which were very cordially commended; he had one and another suggestion made to him as to the ways for putting it upon the market. But it was clear to him, as it had been to him in Tamworth, that the de-stination of the poor is their poverty, and that he was in no way to get any decent return for the very exquisite contrivance which everybody admitted he had in hand, unless he himself could invest

\$10,000 or \$15,000 in the complicated machinery which was necessary for producing it.

CHAPTER IV.

Edith Lane resolved once and again, after her father's return, that she would tell him that she had lost her bonds. But all day he was at his office, and each time, when he returned, she hated to tell him, and so put it off till morning. Each morning he was in haste for his breakfast, and the poor girl put it off again. After the second of these failures she had no more to say. As she came some in the afternoon from an early archery party, she found a note from her father saying that he was called to New York. This was followed by a telegram from New York saying that he was called to London. And so poor Edith was left to her own newly acquired skill in managing her own business, for the next six weeks.

What soon became very clear was that she must have money. Indeed, this is something which generally becomes clear to most people in modern society. Edith first made the mistake, which so many other people make, of thinking that she will do any good to say aloud, "I must have some money." She said this to the looking-glass twice as she dressed herself. But no money came from that. As to housekeeping and wages there was no trouble. The housekeeper had been supplied. But for herself Edith knew there would be trouble very soon.

She at once put herself on short allowance. She did not go into a shop. She passed the most attractive bookstalls, saying: "Lead us not into temptation." She went on foot if she could not ride in her own carriage, by which I mean she never took the people's carriage—the street car. She was even mean enough to put a nickel into the contribution box at church, sitting in the very pew where the deacon was always sure of a \$5 bill. But then Edith made an account of this, and solemnly pledged herself, for every nickel she laid on the altar, to place a \$10 bill when—she had it. Dear child, she knew the difference between little turtle-doves and good large ones. These economies she kept up steadily. But economies do not create money. And it seemed as if never were the unexpected expenses so terrible. There came a bill for annual coats at the cemetery which her father had forgotten. Edith promptly paid that. Then came her annual subscription at the Sheltering Arms, her subscription at the Ladies' Relief and the Sewing Women's Fund. The same afternoon came a man from Oklahoma free school. Every young lady of her acquaintance had subscribed \$10. Dr. Witherspoon had recommended it, and Edith knew she should be expected to subscribe. Endless appeals were made, indeed, from one and another similar charity, and, as a climax, the 1st of July came and all her quarterly bills. The footing was terrible. And she, with so little in her pocket, and if there was any virtue in arithmetic, not \$40 in the Waverley Bank.

Edith, on the 2nd of July did what you or I would have done. She ordered her coupe and bade William take her to the Amicable again. It was just possible that the things might have changed themselves back again.

The warders knew her and told her it was a pleasant morning, as it was. But it seemed to Edith that they looked on her with an inquiring air, as if they wondered that she dared to come. Still she braced herself to her duty. She gave the mytic number, and she produced her key, at which the bolt flew back at the right moment, just as it does in the "Forty Thieves." She carried the tin box out to the very same cell she had occupied before. She opened the box—and there was nothing there. Then she waited a little—poor child, this was to deceive the warders—then she locked the box and carried it back. She dared not look them in the face as they bade her good-day, but she felt in every bone that they disapproved of her, and even scorned her. Sadly and doubtfully she bade William take her home—and he did so.

(To be continued.)

## Temperance.

The following is the testimony and experience of one of many Fathers who have suffered from the licensed Rum Traffic.

"I tell you, sir, if I could recall my last vote I should cast it for 'God and Home and Native Land.' I see now as I never saw before the evil of the licensed dram-shop. 'But why this change?' 'You see I have a boy, and had another, he is now born. Oh that one of them had never been born. The night after the recent election, (when I voted against temperance reform and legislation in favor of the license system), my oldest boy came home, and was with his coming. Never before had I known that he touched liquor. We put him to bed, where he slept off its stupefying effects. Would to God he had died before he reached the age of majority! He promised faithfully on the next morning that he would never again touch the poison. A week passed, I thought he was simply sewing his wild oats and began to congratulate myself upon having seen him in time to stop his course, when, upon returning home one evening, I found the household in great sorrow. My wife led me to the room of our boy. There upon the bed he lay, covered with mud, dirt and blood, and within him a thousand demons were coursing through his veins, in the shape

## of rum.

A doctor had been summoned and now arrived. He dressed the wounds, and went his way. All night wife and I watched with our boy. All night his cries could be heard throughout the house. All night he ceased not to play cards, curse and blaspheme God in his delirium. All that night and until far into the day we prayed God to spare our boy. But no, on the morning he must be summoned to a higher court, to deal with the just and righteous judge. He passed away with curses on his lips into an unknown world, and I pray God to forgive me for having with my vote allowed such places to exist that will send manhood and youth in all their strength and vigor to an endless hell.

Oh that I could recall my vote in favor of the license system. Oh that I might have stayed the hand that gave my boy to drink! Oh that I could have stayed the judgment of death, but all is over. The past will be past still, and we will meet with our God where all will receive a just recompense. But now I want to say to every father in the land, 'don't vote for the license system.' 'don't vote for the license system.' For the remainder of my life I will guard and protect my one remaining boy, and I will do all in my power to guard and protect my neighbor's boys by helping to rid our land from the accursed traffic in intoxicating liquors. I am now for 'God and Home and Native Land.' And night and morning while I live I will pray God to bless every temperance society and every association of the Women's Christian Temperance Union."

Fathers of Northumberland pause and ponder over the nature and extent of your influence over your son, you know how the boy reverts his father, as he reverts no other man, and looks up to him as the true model of a man. He sets up his father's business while only a lad. When perhaps only four or five years old, he is a merchant, a mechanic, a farmer or a grocer or whatever else his father may chance to be. And his boyish mind is filled with this one idea, that when he gets to be a man, he will just such a man as his father in every way, this is the principle which he holds and purpose of his youthful dreams and aspirations. Fathers of Northumberland, as you love your boys and girls, and hope for their comfort and solace in your old age, be very careful of the example you set them, don't set before them the example and habit of drinking intoxicating liquors, to excite, as it surely will, their emulation, for you know how boys imitate their fathers in every way.

If you keep in your sideboards, wine or any other intoxicating liquors, banish them at once and forever, you can never regret having done so, for you may thoughtlessly plant the seeds of ruin in your little children. And in old age may reap in tears what you sowed unwittingly.

There is not a father or mother in Northumberland who although they may take a glass of wine or other intoxicating liquors themselves, but would like to see their boys and girls total abstainers. Your boys and girls are not safe; guard and protect them, and help to guard and protect your neighbors' boys from this terrible evil.

One of the Boston rum-sellers testified that "he wanted a license law to protect him in his business—to make it more respectable to sell and increase his traffic."

Fathers and mothers of Northumberland remember this testimony of the Boston rum-seller who wanted license system. And also remember the testimony of the man who suffered and lost his boy by the license system. And whenever this question comes before you vote for no man who advocates and is in favor of the license system, and aids in enforcing the infamous traffic, and respects by giving it the sanction of the law.

"Don't vote for the license system." A FATHER.

Chatham, N. B.

## INJURIOUS.

In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomach, cough, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had interference of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months time one half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

Talking of sunshine, it seems that the Hon. George E. Foster concluded to some out of the gloom of lonely, boarding-house bachelorhood into the brightness of Benedict. But there is a cloud near the morning sun. The bride is Mrs. Addie C. Chisholm, ex-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

## Correspondence.

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 8.—At least six months to write in sunshine. For six months weeks it has rained nearly every day and several times a day. The crops on the high lands have come out of it with nodding plumes and waving gladness, but those on low lands look ashamed to hold up their heads.

Talking of sunshine, it seems that the Hon. George E. Foster concluded to some out of the gloom of lonely, boarding-house bachelorhood into the brightness of Benedict. But there is a cloud near the morning sun. The bride is Mrs. Addie C. Chisholm, ex-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 8.—At least six months to write in sunshine. For six months weeks it has rained nearly every day and several times a day. The crops on the high lands have come out of it with nodding plumes and waving gladness, but those on low lands look ashamed to hold up their heads.

Talking of sunshine, it seems that the Hon. George E. Foster concluded to some out of the gloom of lonely, boarding-house bachelorhood into the brightness of Benedict. But there is a cloud near the morning sun. The bride is Mrs. Addie C. Chisholm, ex-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 8.—At least six months to write in sunshine. For six months weeks it has rained nearly every day and several times a day. The crops on the high lands have come out of it with nodding plumes and waving gladness, but those on low lands look ashamed to hold up their heads.

Talking of sunshine, it seems that the Hon. George E. Foster concluded to some out of the gloom of lonely, boarding-house bachelorhood into the brightness of Benedict. But there is a cloud near the morning sun. The bride is Mrs. Addie C. Chisholm, ex-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 8.—At least six months to write in sunshine. For six months weeks it has rained nearly every day and several times a day. The crops on the high lands have come out of it with nodding plumes and waving gladness, but those on low lands look ashamed to hold up their heads.

Talking of sunshine, it seems that the Hon. George E. Foster concluded to some out of the gloom of lonely, boarding-house bachelorhood into the brightness of Benedict. But there is a cloud near the morning sun. The bride is Mrs. Addie C. Chisholm, ex-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 8.—At least six months to write in sunshine. For six months weeks it has rained nearly every day and several times a day. The crops on the high lands have come out of it with nodding plumes and waving gladness, but those on low lands look ashamed to hold up their heads.

Talking of sunshine, it seems that the Hon. George E. Foster concluded to some out of the gloom of lonely, boarding-house bachelorhood into the brightness of Benedict. But there is a cloud near the morning sun. The bride is Mrs. Addie C. Chisholm, ex-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 8.—At least six months to write in sunshine. For six months weeks it has rained nearly every day and several times a day. The crops on the high lands have come out of it with nodding plumes and waving gladness, but those on low lands look ashamed to hold up their heads.

Talking of sunshine, it seems that the Hon. George E. Foster concluded to some out of the gloom of lonely, boarding-house bachelorhood into the brightness of Benedict. But there is a cloud near the morning sun. The bride is Mrs. Addie C. Chisholm, ex-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

Board of Work

SOCIALLY ENTRANCED

at the Capital, even though she be the wife of a Cabinet minister. It has been decided that a divorce granted for desertion is no good in Ontario and therefore the bride of Mr. Foster remains, in the eye of the law here, the wife of Mr. Chisholm, and as Mrs. Foster has no legal status. This decision is that of no less a tribunal than the Court of Appeals for Ontario.

The matter is a decided social sensation, and everybody asks, "Will she be invited to Rideau Hall?"

Ottawa will soon receive another bride, Dr. Bourne, Clerk of the House of Commons, having married Miss Cameron, of Toronto, at Regina.

A MILITIA DECISION.

An Order-in-Council has been adopted declaring that no deputy minister shall hold an office of command in the militia. Col. Tilton, commander of the Governor General's Foot Guards, who is Deputy Minister of Fisheries, is forced to retire.