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W. C. ANSLAW

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Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

WHOLE No. 1132.

ROOM PAPER.

Balance of Stock of Room Paper at Cost Price, commencing at 4c per roll, at B. Faurey's, Newcastle.

BABY'S CARRIAGES.

A few Baby Carriages at cost price to clear, at B. Faurey's, Newcastle.

Newcastle, July 12, 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.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1889.

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

Member, ROY. COL. MED. ASSN., LONDON.

SPECIALIST IN

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Streets.

Moncton, Nov. 13, 88.

Charles J. Thomson,

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Barriester, Proprietor for Estates.

Notary Public, &c.

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

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence,

McGILL ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson,

OFFICE on stairs in SUTHERLAND and 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 re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Every convenience with the Hotel. Bathing facilities. Some of the best trout fishing in the world. Excellent water-lubbing. Good Sample Rooms for trial meals.

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

BOLOGNAS

Soused Tripe,

VERY CHOICE.

JOHN HOPKIN

186 Union Street, St. Jo

May 23, 1889.

The Teacher Selected Literature.

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. He had been called by his father 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 mine. I have brought these in 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 Amiable Safe Company. I am going to hire a little safe for you, and you will keep your bonds in that safe. When you want to cut off the coupons, you will go down to the Amiable, 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 borrowed 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 I married mother, and I shall have to put out to a strange gal.' Edith said that she did not want to be put out to any Amiable Safe Company, or any Waverley Bank; 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 take her bonds to the Amiable. She was taken through the gates, she was introduced to the attentive waiter, 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 Amiable. 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 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 she 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 waiters, and was gone. Edith put the other box into her safe, and, as she reached her room, she found that the change was completed without a thought from either party.

It was not till Antony Blake was well in Pittsburgh 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 Amiable, took out what she supposed to be her box, and found in it Antony's Cattle-rings & Opellous 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, then, 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 Cattle-rings & Opellous, 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 box. She put back the box into her safe, and as she did so she could escape the eye of the warders, all of whom, she thought, looked on her with suspicion, as if she were a detected thief. She rushed to her little cousin and told him what had happened. 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 when he had 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 shadow which increased and increased as she thought of it, till it at last became a giant. Afraid, 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 Evelyn.

Now, this cousin Evelyn 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 Evelyn 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, Evelyn had hidden them, and she 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 Evelyn's and Fergus' read aloud and printed in all the Sunday newspapers. She cried over it, she wrote a note to Evelyn 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 be sure that whoever had the power to light her box had letters in it, she would be sure 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 whom 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 1,000,000 people. 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 of putting it into the market. But it was clear to him, as it had been in Tamworth, that the destruction 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 down 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 it 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 bookstall 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 turtles-doves and doves of peace. 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 assessment 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 was 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 Amiable 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. 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 as 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 saving his wind 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, filth and blood, and within him a thousand demons were coursing through his veins, in the shape

of rum. A doctor had been summoned and soon 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 through 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 boyhood mind is filled with this one idea, that when he gets to be a man, he will be just such a man as his father in every way, this is the principle object and purpose of his youthful dream. 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 unthinkingly.

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 arises before you vote for no man who advocates and is in favor of the license system, and aids in rendering the infamous traffic respectable 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 intermission 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.

Correspondence.

OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 8.—At least 100,000 acres of land in the Ottawa Valley are now being planted in wheat. For six months it has raised 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 of Benedict. But there is a cloud near the morning sun. The bride is Mr. Addie C. Chisholm, ex-President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

For Ontario and wife of D. B. Chisholm late of Hamilton, Ont., who left the country five years ago, a defaulter or embezzler. A few weeks ago Mrs. Chisholm obtained a divorce in Chicago on the ground of desertion, and being restored "to all the rights of an unmarried woman" bestowed her hand on Mr. Foster. Mrs. Foster is much esteemed in Ottawa where she is well known, and owing to the strict ideas as to divorce held by most Canadians and owing to the state of the law she stands a good chance of being

SOCIALLY OUTRAGED.

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 passed 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.

TERMS OF THE ATLANTIC SERVICE.

The exact nature of the negotiations between the government and the Andersons of London for a fast fleet of steamships between Canada and England, is a secret that has been well kept. It leaks out, however, that the Andersons guarantee a speed of sixteen knots so as to make the trip in six days. The three European ports of call will be Plymouth and London in England and Cherbourg in France. The date designated as the time for sending over the first steamer is July 1, 1890, a twelve month lease.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN RESIDENCES.

The electric lighting of dwellings on the meter system is being introduced in Ottawa and those in the suburbs who are without gas mains are especially pleased at the idea. By the meter each subscriber only pays for just what he uses and can turn the light on or off as early as he likes. In some of the residences of the lumber kings a sufficient number of lights have been put in to make the house ablaze from cellar to garret. The incandescent Edison light is the one used, and there is no danger from the use of gas, independent both of coal oil and gas, to illumine one's house in every nook and cranny by the turn of a button is certainly not the least wonder of modern wonders. The wires are being put in a number of houses in course of erection. It will not cost much if any more than gas.

FIERY FRENCH UTTERANCES.

Sir Adolphe Caron, when asked, said his attention had not been officially drawn to the recent speech of Col. Amyot, M. P., an officer of militia, who at Quebec the other day said no one knew how soon the volunteers of the French Canadian regiments would have to be called on to defend their national rights and dignity. He was talking of the anti-Jewish agitation in Ontario. Sir Adolphe does not believe that the rights and liberties of the French Canadian are menaced, and therefore require no defence. All the same when the French Canadians talk of building up a separate nationality, describing it as a "sacred cause" they violate, in spirit, the compact of confederation.

PERSONAL, OFFICIAL AND NEWS NOTES.

The government has secured the conviction of a Montreal man for delivering letters in opposition.

Application for the extradition of Martin Burke, under arrest at Winnipeg for complicity in Dr. Cronin's murder, has been received by the department of justice.

It is proposed to appoint a departmental secretary and an Inspector General in connection with the Militia Department.

Mr. Justice Strong of the Supreme Court here having declined to be Principal of the new Law School, Toronto, Mr. W. A. Reeves, Q. C., has been appointed.

The trial of the petition against the return of Mr. Waldie, M. P. for Halifax, has been fixed for Sept. 2.

Mr. Grant Powell, Under Secretary of State, Henry Hartney, Accountant of the House of Commons, and W. R. Wright of the Militia Department, have all been superannuated.

A Minute of Council has been passed pledging the government to subsidize 14 miles of the Niagara Central Railway, which will take the road into Hamilton.

P. D. Barwick has been appointed P. O. Inspector at Toronto, and Inspector Sweetman promoted to be Chief Inspector at Ottawa in place of Mr. Dewe, superannuated.

Between 300 and 400 have been registered at the Government Printing Bureau forming the permanent staff.

The "Hansard" of last session is in the hands of the binder and will be out, properly indexed, in a few weeks.

The fiscal year having closed the government will now "take stock."

About 500,000 letters were "franked" that is sent out free, from Ottawa during the year just closed.