

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Vol. XXIII.—No. 29.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, April 30, 1890.

Whole No. 1173.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.

Now is the time to buy Furniture.

I have received my Spring Stock of Bedroom Sets and Parlor Suits. Also a large general stock of Furniture. Having had extensive alterations made I am now in a position to show my stock to advantage and shall be happy to show Furniture and Carpets to all who may need them. Also—Over 200 new Pado Window Shades.

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, April 13, 1890.

Law and Collection Office.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister & Attorney at Law.

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEDDIE

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

J. D. PUNNEY.

Barrister & Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

Office: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1890.

O. J. McCULLY, M.A., M.D.

Mem. Bot. Col. Surg., London.

SPECIAL AT.

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Water and Main Streets, Moncton.

Charles J. Thomson,

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY in the World.

Barrister, Prior & Estates.

Notary Public, &c.

Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Dr. H. A. FISH,

Newcastle, N. B.

March 25, 1890.

Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence,

McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.

Office on stairs in SUTHERLAND & CROGHAN'S building. Read over Waverley Hotel.

Newcastle, March 2, 1890.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY - Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-equipments throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout salmon pools with eight miles. Excellent all water bathing. Cost Sample Rooms for on arrival.

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

Richibucto Drug Store,

W. A. MacLaren, - Proprietor.

Dealer in

Patent Medicine.

Toilet Articles.

Smokers' Goods, etc.

Prices Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Richibucto, Feb. 11, 1890.

HAY.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Parties in need of really good hay for horses & cattle can be supplied by

W. J. MILLER, Butcher.

Terms reasonable.

Newcastle, April 8, 90.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Messrs. Adams & Pincus

respectfully notify the people of Newcastle and the surrounding country that they have opened a

New Merchant Tailoring

ESTABLISHMENT

in Messrs. out land & Cragan building, Newcastle, where they are prepared to make up

STYLISH

AND

WELL FITTING

CLOTHING

at moderate charges. Call and examine our Samples.

ADAMS & PINCO.

Newcastle, Oct. 29, 1889.

Waltham Watches.

A COMPLETE STOCK JUST RECEIVED.

PRICES LOW.

All Watches fully guaranteed.

H. WILLISTON & CO.

Watchmakers & Jewelers.

Newcastle, Feb. 17, 1890.

ESTEY'S

Iron & Quinine Tonic

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine with vegetable tonic, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Anemia, Chills and Feverishness, &c.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron Medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscular system.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has my trade mark and signature. Take no other.

Prepared only by E. M. Estey, Moncton, N. B.

C. P. CURTIS & CO.

General Commission Merchants

176 Atlantic Avenue,

Boston, Mass.

Consignments solicited of

Hay, Potatoes, Eggs,

Poultry of all kinds, (alive or dressed.)

Also—Spence Gun. We have all kinds of Firearms. Take no other.

Prepared only by E. M. Estey, Moncton, N. B.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUT NAILS AND

CUT SPIKES.

TACKS, BRADS,

FINISHING NAILS

SHOE NAILS,

HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory

GEORGE STREET ST. JOHN, N. B.

Apr 10 1892

SOMETHING NEW

AND VERY VERY NICE

BLENDED CAYLON TEA

I have just received a few packages of the above Tea. If once used you will have no other.

ALSO 20 CHESTS

Choice English Breakfast Tea.

James Brown,

The Cheap Cash Store,

Newcastle, Dec. 18th, 1889.

BRICK FOR SALE.

70,000 Good Hard Brick, for delivery by either rail or water.

Apply to

CHAS. VYE, JR.,

South Nelson Road,

Northumberland.

March 25, 1890.

Selected Literature.

LOVE IN A BARREL.

I.

A long row of some dozen or so great stone mills, with roofs tall and steep, or hipped and gabled, and with walls white and half-dressed upon a sunny stretch of dusty road, they stood upon the steep bluff shore of a river. Upon the road there are two or three high, upon the river front they are four, five or even six. In some seasons' shops, brigs and barges are lashed to the river floor with barrels of flour or cornmeal, the shouts of the stevedores and the creaking of blocks and tackles echoing from every wall to every wall. On the decks lounge a few idle sailors in baggy breeches and petticoats, club noses down their backs, and cock hats, or Monterey caps upon their heads, and upon the road in front of the mill doors stand clustered the queer old vehicles of the day, farmers' carts, cowpots, carts, Conestoga wagons dragged by teams of eight, ten or twelve mules, and which travel sometimes even so far as Pittsburg.

Upon the further side of the road from the mills is the mill race, brimming with the speeding waters that in the night time fill the silence with the howling of their hurrying swirl. Here and there side streams shoot under the bridges and lift floor-gates and set the logs, groaning wheels turning and the rule machinery and great millstones to jarring and turning in answer.

Such, one hundred years ago, were the famous old Brandywine flour mills, which ground more meal during the Revolution and for the old West India trade than was ground at any other place in the country.

II.

It was the evening of the 12th of September in the year 1777. The yellow sunlight streamed in through the window, and the room was full of the good smell of supper. The blue china cups and saucers and plates and dishes, pewter spoons and the iron knives and two-pronged forks, polished till they shone like silver, caught the light, and winked and sparkled and twinkled back again at the broad yellow patches of light on the floor.

Friend Sparks and his family sat at supper, but though the meal of it was good, the knives and forks and spoons clattered in a listless fashion, and the family ate and drank without much heart in the matter.

"I don't know," said Friend Joseph, laying down his knife and fork and looking around at his daughters, and more especially at his wife, Mattie Dixon, "I don't know what it is that sets you girls agog over a laced hat and epaulets and a blue coat and brass buttons. Here was Gen. Washington and his army not more than a month in town, and now because they have gone and taken away with him his snip-jack sides-decamp and captains and majors, all the women in Wilmington and Brandywine are in the vapors."

Now, men are not quick at seeing things, but the women knew very well what Mattie Dixon's eyes were red. Indeed, a gloom had fallen upon them all ever since a young farmer had ridden down from Chaddy's Ford that morning, bringing the news of a great battle that had been fought up the Brandywine. Later in the day, two farmers' wagons had passed through the village, bringing each a load of wounded men lying in the straw.

But Friend Joseph Sparks did not notice Mattie's red eyes.

"I don't," said he presently, separating the what in his emphasis, "I do not see what it is about a shedder of blood that turns a woman's head. I, for one, should be sorry to see a daughter or a niece of mine tied to see an ungentlemanly, scoundrel son of a man as one of those young men who make bloodshed a trade, and think that a blue coat and brass buttons excuse murder. Now, there was a battle fought yesterday, and I continued, leaning back in his chair and folding his hands, and no doubt many likely young men killed or maimed for life. There was that Philip Van Cliff who came here so often when—"

The worthy friend was suddenly interrupted in his monologue by Mattie Dixon rising so precipitately as to knock her chair over backwards with a loud clatter upon the floor, and then hurrying from the room without a word, feeling in her pocket for her handkerchief as she went.

Friend Sparks stared after her with open eyes.

A momentary pause followed as the door banged behind the girl.

"How could thou talk so, Joseph?" said the good mother presently. "Didn't thou see that it was as much as she could do to contain her spirits? Then she, too, pushed her chair and followed her niece."

"Botheration!" said Friend Sparks, and then he also pushed back his chair with a loud scrape upon the floor, and taking his pipe from the mantle-shelf, filled it with tobacco and lit it with coal, chose very carefully from the embers on the hearth.

His three daughters, Rebecca, Mary Jane and Susan, said nothing, but as he went out of the door in a swirling cloud of tobacco smoke they exchanged very meaning glances.

Friend Joseph Sparks was one night well known in the milling circles of his day; a wealthy man as times went, a keen bargainer, but as honest as the palm of your hand. He was the owner of three of the largest of the Brandywine mills, and sat in the gallery, as it was called, in Friend's meeting; for, like all of the Brandywine millers, he was a Quaker.

He was a man perhaps too keen and caustic in his speech, but with a good sound heart buried in the prickly skin. He alone of all those Quaker millers dared to grind flour during the dark days of Valley Forge. Now he leaned over the front gate of the garden feeling very uncomfortable at the thought of having made Mattie cry, looked absently up at the mill and puffing curls wreaths of smoke into the breathless air.

The sun had set, and the glimmering gray of twilight had fallen. A cart came slowly moving down the white stretch of road, a farm cart from up in the country. A board was laid across it and on the board sat two men, one a farmer, the other an officer in the Continental army. Friend Sparks watched them with a sort of dull curiosity. So many of the broken army had passed by ones and twos through the village that day that the sharp edge of interest was worn off.

But as the cart came up to him it stopped. "Do you know any one living here by name Joseph Sparks?" said the officer.

"I am Joseph Sparks," answered the miller, opening his gate and coming out.

"Who has been there in the cart, friend?" looking into the cart.

"A friend of yours," said the officer, "who was hurt yesterday in the last battle."

As he spoke the figure raised itself from the straw where it lay, and turning toward the miller a face white as death, the head and jaws bound around with a bloody cloth, and a pair of eyes dull and languid.

The good Quaker hardly recognized in the pale, wax-begone figure the gray young Major Van Cliff who had visited at his house so frequently during the last month.

He stood staring, agape, holding his pipe idly in his hand. "Is there much hurt?" said he, at last.

"I don't know," said the young man faintly.

"Can't you lodge him somewhere till he gets some doctoring?" asked the officer.

"I don't see how he could," said Friend Sparks; "they would know that John Binney would never go to Chester with a barrel of flour. If the boys were only home (by the boys he meant the two sons, Rueben and John), they might do it."

In the pause that followed, Mattie suddenly rose and went to her uncle and knelt beside his chair. "Uncle," said she in a low voice.

"What is it, Mattie?"

"One day when aunt and I were away from home I put on the clothes that Rueben wore when he was a boy."

She bowed her head and a long pause of silence followed. The old clock in the corner said sharply, "tick, tick." At last Friend Sparks broke the silence and he spoke in a voice more gentle than his usual harsh tone. "Then mayst put them on again, Mattie," said he.

(Conclusion next week.)

Leggings on the legs, and the blaz of coats shining from under the clock hanging loosely across their shoulders. Three or four officers sat upon a bench between two of the maple trees and the white smoke from a fire roasting lazily up through the half-baked branches.

The British had come.

Without waiting an instant, Mattie slipped on a petticoat over her nightgown, and in her bare feet ran down stairs and burst into her uncle's room.

"Uncle," she said, "the British have come!"

Joseph Sparks sat up in bed as though moved by a spring.

"Oh! cried the girl wringing her hands the soldiers will find him and kill him! or send him to the hulks."

"Botheration!" said Friend Sparks, "thou thinks of nothing but the young man. Go and get dressed. Thou's a spectacle."

"If he was only a barrel of flour," said Friend Joseph, as the family sat at a melancholy breakfast that morning, "I'd get him away easy as goose grease." And then again they all sat silent in thought.

"Uncle," said Mattie, suddenly, "does thee remember the double barrels that thee had made to send comrade to Jamaica in the Nancy schooner before the war? Could a man get into one of them?"

"Perhaps so," said the miller, "if—"

He stopped suddenly and pushed back his chair. "Why, thou's lit it, girl!" he cried.

"We might have him up and send him off—oh, mother? Why, one of those West Indian double barrels would be the very thing."

"We might send him to sister Jane in Chester, said Rebecca Sparks, looking at her husband.

"No, no; that would never do," said the miller. No man could be crammed in a barrel five or six hours. Remember too, that he's wounded. I tell thee what we can do. We can send him to cousin Jane Penny; that's only four miles. We might say that we were sending a barrel to Chester, and they would never know that it topped on the way—'sack?' said he suddenly. "Here we are in a rut; Wh's to take the barrel?"

It was a point that they had not thought of.

"Can't John Binney take him?" said Rebecca. John Binney was the mill foreman.

"I don't see how he could," said Friend Sparks; "they would know that John Binney would never go to Chester with a barrel of flour. If the boys were only home (by the boys he meant the two sons, Rueben and John), they might do it."

In the pause that followed, Mattie suddenly rose and went to her uncle and knelt beside his chair. "Uncle," said she in a low voice.

"What is it, Mattie?"

"One day when aunt and I were away from home I put on the clothes that Rueben wore when he was a boy."

She bowed her head and a long pause of silence followed. The old clock in the corner said sharply, "tick, tick." At last Friend Sparks broke the silence and he spoke in a voice more gentle than his usual harsh tone. "Then mayst put them on again, Mattie," said he.

(Conclusion next week.)

Dominion Parliament.

FREDERICTON, April 18, continued.

Mr. Lablache moved and Hetherington seconded, that the following stand in place of section six of the bill.

& If it appears to the judge on the trial of any election petition wherein the notice provided by section 32 of said chapter 5, has been given, that corrupt practices have prevailed in connection with any election to such an extent that in his opinion the return of any respondent was due to such corrupt practices, he shall in case (a) where any defeated candidate who shall not be proved to have committed any corrupt practices, declare the returning officer's return of such election, so far as it respects any one or more of the respondents who have or have committed any corrupt practices, void and change the same to that extent to a return of an equal number of such defeated candidates; and if the number shall be so decided void, the judge shall change the said return to a return of such defeated candidate or candidates, and he shall in case (b) corrupt practices shall be proved to have been committed by one or more of the respondents, declare the election and return of such respondent or respondents void, and if it appears to the judge (2) that corrupt practices have prevailed in connection with any election, but not in his opinion to such an extent that the election of the respondent or respondents was due to such corrupt practices, he shall declare such election and return thereof void, so far as they relate to any of the respondents who shall be proved guilty of corrupt practices, and he shall in case (3) corrupt practices have been committed by any one of the defeated candidates confirming the election and the return of the respondent or respondents. The expression "defeated candidate" in this section shall not mean or extend to or include a candidate who has run on the sole ticket, or in the same interest as or in connection with a respondent or respondents and the term "candidate," when used herein in connection with the committing of corrupt practices shall extend to and include his agent or agents or other person or persons who, with his knowledge and consent, worked for his election or returns.

Dr. Stockton, with the hon. gentleman explain the provisions of the amendment.

Lablache said it would be better understood as being dismissed after being received by the chairman.

Dr. Alward—Explain.

Mr. Hanington—Do you know what it means? I would like to ask if the government are ashamed of it that it has been sent back to be read.

Mr. Murray said he would like to have a copy of the amendment.

Mr. Blair said he thought after the expression of opinion of the hon. member for Westmorland, (Powell) last evening, that it would be well to put into an amendment the suggestion given, for he was not as adverse to receiving suggestions from the opposition as the opposition side of the house.

Mr. Hanington—Do I understand the attorney general to say he drafted that amendment? I simply want to know, so that I may be enabled to understand it somewhat better. Or am I to understand that the hon. member for Westmorland (Lablache) has moved it as a tool of the government or a tool of the opposition?

Mr. Pugsley—It is hard for you to know what you mean and hard for you to get out of that line.

Hanington—Yes; you are a sneak.

Mr. Blair, said he thought such language should be taken down.

Hanington—Take it down.

Mr. Blair said he thought the hon. gentleman should try and remove the fault he was apparently possessed of, and thought he (Hanington) was deserving of the sympathy of the house. If there was any forcible or expert answer to the question it was not given, save by hurling at howl across the floor of the house that the attorney general was a sneak and then when asked if he will admit the words the valiant gentleman resumed his seat.

Hanington—Take down the words.

Mr. Blair—Said he hoped the hon. gentleman (Hanington) would be able to control himself as he should, in view of the fact that he aspired to be the leader of a government—and yet he had exhibited all the weakness of a child. It was immaterial who was the draughtsman of the amendment. If the amendment was one which commended itself to the consideration of the committee, then it should be dealt with irrespective of who drafted it, and he hoped that after a few remarks from the hon. gentleman, opposite some light would be thrown on the subject. The provisions of the amendment were divisible into ten clauses. If under the first head the judge finds it proved that corrupt practices have prevailed to an extent sufficient to prove that the election of the sitting candidate was due to corrupt practices, then he has the right to make an order setting his return aside and return the defeated candidate. Always, of course subject to appeal. Such a principle was an equitable one. Where it is shown that corrupt practices had prevailed in an election and that it had been owing to those corrupt practices that his return was due, then the judge might, if the defeated candidate had not been proved guilty, give him the seat. If corrupt practices had contributed to the return of A, and B on the other hand, who is an opposing candidate and has not been guilty of corruption, has run a pure election, the judge would say to A your election is no good and you are unelected and B is elected. Who would have been elected had it not been for the corrupt acts of A?

Mr. Phinney—Then the judge elects him?

Mr. Blair—No; it is the result of the votes obtained corruptly being then given to B and which he would have had had there been no corruption.

Dr. Alward—What about the popular will?

Mr. Blair then proceeded to illustrate the method in which the result he had outlined worked itself out.

Dr. Alward—Supposing there is only one man. Then the election will stand.

Mr. Blair said he would now move that the chairman leave the chair and progress reported with leave to sit again.

Hanington said that before the motion was taken he would make a few remarks as to what had been said on the other side of the house. The intelligence of the amendment had been insulted by the amendment, and in his estimation it was ten times worse than the original clause 6. Insult had been offered to the house. The hon. member who had moved the amendment had been evaded by the speaker general, who had returned