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NEWCASTLE, N. B., NOVEMBER 1, 1911

ANNUAL SESSION S. OF T.

(Continued)

and Ald. H. H. Stuart, Newcastle—was adopted section by section and as a whole. It read as follows:

Your committee on the state of the order, beg leave to report that they find in the papers put into their hands at this annual session of the grand division, very much to encourage them.

1. Notwithstanding the usual leakage through withdrawals and suspensions, we are gratified to note that our present membership is 2,948, an increase of 363 over last year.

2. We are also pleased to note that the financial condition of the grand division is so good, there being a balance on hand of \$282.65.

3. Our energetic G. W. P. has been in labors abundant throughout the year, visiting many divisions and by constant correspondence keeping in touch with all parts of the work.

4. Our newly appointed grand scribe has also done a lot of effective work for the order and for the cause of temperance and social reform and has proved a worthy successor of the noble and faithful men who have filled this most important office in the past.

5. We note with great satisfaction the good work done by our grand patron, and would urge upon the membership the importance of young people's work.

6. Some of our district divisions have done excellent work holding successful public meetings and encouraging local divisions. We congratulate our workers in the districts of St. John and Kent and Northumberland on the recent local option victories in the parishes of Lancaster and Richibucto.

7. We realize how much our work could be strengthened and extended by the employment of a lecturer and organizer, and would recommend the Grand Division to authorize the propagation committee to take the matter into consideration at once and appoint such officer, if finances permit.

8. In many places in this province serious complaints are being made as to the method in which our liquor laws are being enforced. In too many cases where fines should be imposed according to law, a loose system of periodical charges and fines amounting to a license fee is in vogue. Your committee feels that both in license and local option districts there should be strict enforcement of the law, and we recommend that prompt action be taken to place the responsibility for negligence upon the guilty parties and enforce compliance with the law. To this end we recommend the immediate appointment of a commission by this Grand Division, to consist of five members in St. John and corresponding members in the main centres of population throughout the province whose object shall be to thoroughly investigate all violations of our liquor laws, ascertain who are the guilty parties and make representations accordingly.

9. Now that three-fourths of the population of the province of N. B. is under local option and the goal of provincial prohibition is already in sight, your committee feels that a strong determined effort should be made to secure complete final triumph. And we recommend that this Grand Division call upon the executive of the N. B. Temperance Federation to convene a representative gathering of all temperance orders and societies for the purpose of adopting a policy which shall receive the support of all the workers with a view to obtaining a provincial prohibitory law.

The following residents of St. John

were appointed the central committee, as laid down by section 8: J. R. Woodburn, Alfred Barley, E. S. Hennigar, Joshua Stark, and Rev. W. R. Robinson.

The appointment of corresponding members of the commission was directed to be made through the central commission.

It was decided, in case an organizer, was put in the field, to discontinue special grants to district divisions for propagation purposes.

After passing usual votes of thanks, the Grand Division adjourned.

PUBLIC MEETING

About 100 people attended the public meeting in the evening. An efficient choir provided, excellent music, the organist being Mrs. A. B. Leard, and the soloists Mrs. L. R. Hetherington, Rev. C. Flemington and H. M. Gough. The addresses were vigorous and timely, the speakers being, James Falconer, Principal L. R. Hetherington, E. S. Hennigar, Rev. W. J. Kirby, Col. A. J. Armstrong, Rev. C. Flemington, F. G. Moore, Mayor Pedolin, Rev. W. R. Robinson, Rev. R. H. Stavert and Alderman Stuart.

Dr. Pedolin expressed himself as heartily in sympathy with the temperance movement. Liquor was loose in Newcastle the last six or eight months, in spite of all he could do as mayor to prevent it. He would like to see the Scott Act amended so as to make it perfectly workable.

Rev. W. R. Robinson said that the C. T. Act was capable of putting down the liquor traffic if properly enforced. He would like to be a citizen of Newcastle for six weeks. If the Newcastle men arose in their manhood, they could suppress the illegal sale of liquor in a very short time. The new Temperance Commission would help enforce the Act.

ORGANIZER SELECTED

After the public meeting the Propagation Committee met at Mr. H. Ingram's, and offered the position of Grand Organizer to Rev. R. H. Stavert the work to begin about December 1st. Mr. Stavert asked for time to consider.

MINISTERS IN BY

Premier R. L. Borden in Halifax, Hon. J. D. Hazen, St. John, and all the other ministers for whom seats have been found were elected by acclamation on the 27 ult. St. John Socialists had a candidate ready, but his nomination was rejected because of slight irregularities in his nomination papers.

NEWS OF T. DIVISION

Fifty evening, October 27th Rev. R. H. Stavert, G. W. P., held a public temperance meeting in the River Hall, a large audience attending. Mr. McPayden of the Bank of N. S., sang a solo. At close of the meeting the Division was organized with a large membership, officers were elected and installed:

W. P. R. W. Archibald; W. A. Miss Katie McNair; R. S. James Harvey; A. R. S. Miss Emma Black; F. S. James Currie; Treas., Miss Margaret Ward; Cond., Harold McNair; A. C. Miss M. E. Harvey; Chas., Miss Lena McNair; I. S. Edgar Black; O. S. Wilfred McLean; S. Y. P. W. Mrs. T. A. Clarke; Organist, Miss Charlotte Clarke.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE

The fall change of the I. O. R. Time table went into effect on October 29th. The regular trains will depart as follows:

Going South—Maritime express 8:20; local express, 11:05. Going north—Maritime express 14:10; local express, 14:45.

MARRIED

At the Methodist parsonage Millerton, Oct. 25th, by Rev. H. Harrison, William F. McLean of Boom Road, to Lorna Hetherington of Seville, Northumberland.

THE STANDING ALIBI OF H. STANLEIGH STORME

(By Wm. Hamilton Osborne.)

(Continued)

upon the floor and his face towards the wall.

"It's better not," he said again, half shivering as he spoke. "Why not? Because warmth and food and raiment are far ahead of cold and rags and hunger. I've made my bed. It's a soft one—too comfortable, perhaps, from one point of view; and I prefer to lie upon it—except," he added, and a cloud rested upon his face, "except when I think of—Helen."

He rected one shoulder against the fireplace and nervously stroked a short Van Dyke beard.

"When I think of—Helen," he repeated. Then he laughed gently, but with a trace of bitterness—it was a laugh that did not ring altogether true. "When do I not think of her?"

He frowned and tugged at his moustache. "This—this cannot go on as it is. I must tell her—something. I've got to tell her. Not everything, but part of it—enough to make her understand somehow, before I—before it goes too far. I must tell her—something."

He stood reflectively before the fire, with his head bent and his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

He was trying to find some way out of his difficulty, whatever it might have been. He was disappointed.

"By Jove," exclaimed, "it looks like No. Thoroughfare, after all."

He did not hear the girl descend the stairs and step lightly into the room. She stood at the threshold for a moment and glanced at him with a smile upon her face.

"Stanleigh," she finally exclaimed. The man turned like a shot.

"Helen," he returned, "it is you." She was looking at his face.

"Stanleigh!" she exclaimed once more.

He slightly shook his head. "Would you mind," he began, "would you mind calling me by my first name?"

She laughed. "Your first name," she returned, "your first name, Mr. Storme? And so I not?"

He handed her a card. "Read it," he requested.

She did so, aloud. "H. Stanleigh Storme" was what it said.

She looked up at him inquiringly. "My first name?" he went on, "is Henry, I—I like it better."

She glanced at him in a puzzled way. "But—Stanleigh is so much better," she insisted with a protesting blush, "I like it so much better."

He smiled indulgently. "I know," he returned, "but there is a reason in my suggestion. Does it signify, after all?"

She made a slight grimace. "No," Henry, it does not," she said with a laugh.

He bowed gravely. "Thanks," he replied, "some time I will explain."

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "these robberies—they still go on. I read all this stuff through this morning. But isn't it awful? And they say that there is a lot that never got into the papers at all—the police are afraid of popular opinion and are trying to suppress the news."

The man looked at her. He seemed either deaf to her remarks or bored by them.

He had unconsciously returned to the fire of thought that had been interrupted. She glanced at his face and started.

"What—what's the matter?" she inquired, gently laying her hand upon his arm.

He started in his turn. "Helen," he replied, looking her full in the face, "there—there is something that I've got to tell you. I—I must tell you."

She looked up into his eyes. What she read there to her was well worth reading.

"You—you love me!" she murmured, lowering her glance.

He stretched forth his arms and then withdrew them. "Yes," he replied in a tense, strained voice, "I love you. You know it, don't you?"

She nodded, "I'll with downcast eyes," she said, "I'll with downcast eyes."

"Helen," he said, "I'll with downcast eyes, I'll with downcast eyes, I'll with downcast eyes."

"I'll with downcast eyes," he said, "I'll with downcast eyes, I'll with downcast eyes."

"I'll with downcast eyes," he said, "I'll with downcast eyes, I'll with downcast eyes."

"I'll with downcast eyes," he said, "I'll with downcast eyes, I'll with downcast eyes."

"Now then—"

Again he stretched forth his arms—and again withdrew them. "To me," he replied, "nothing, unless—it can to you."

She shook her head and laughed gaily. "It cannot to me—of that I am sure."

She seated herself. He took a chair at her side.

"What is this—something that you have to tell me, then?" she asked. "Is there—another girl? Somebody else, perhaps?"

Even as she said it she smiled again.

"No," returned he, nothing of the kind.

She picked up the paper. "You—you haven't been doing wrong, have you?" she asked again. Robbed jewelry stores or anything of that kind?"

She waved the sheet carelessly before him. He took it, rose to his feet and, without a word of explanation, dropped it gently in the fire.

It blazed up and made the room suddenly light. He watched the flame turn up and die away, and then he turned to her.

AN AMBIGUOUS EXPLANATION.

"Little girl," the caller resumed, and his face grew pale, "did you ever think—can you realize—just what it means to starve and freeze, to wander about the streets of a great city with no place to lay your head? To go without food for days, to shiver with the cold for weeks together? To seek for honest work day after day, without cleanliness and conscience, a tramp and a vagabond upon the face of the earth? Do you know what that means?"

She shook her head.

"Why do you ask?" she demanded. "Because," he replied, with a ring of bitterness in his voice, "I know; I have realized it—I have been through it. It's a part, a gruesome part of my life's history."

She started up and looked at him in doubt.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You—H. Stanleigh Storme?"

He nodded.

"Yes—I," he replied, "of whom, when people see me on the street they say: 'There goes Storme—the man without a care, who only lives for life and pleasure. I have starved and frozen—well-nigh to death.'"

She gave a wild, inarticulate cry and hurried to his side. He noted her expression and was glad.

"But he kept out his hand."

"Not yet—not yet," he exclaimed. "I have but begun—wait until I finish."

"I know," he went on, "that all this does not signify. I know that I today, instead of living in luxury as I almost do, I wear in rags, that it would not affect, by one jot or tittle, your feelings towards me, knowing me as you do."

She sank back into her chair with a sigh of relief. She knew now that she was understood.

He went on.

And it may come hard for me to form it. I must shield your name from mine. The world knows nothing of me, except as individuals. Do people know that I have called here with any frequency?"

She shook her head.

"It is better so," he went on, "for for you. It is best that there be no formal engagement, nothing settled between us. The time may come when you may prefer that it has been so. It is best that people do not link your name with mine just yet, until we see how things turn out."

"I—I am asking a good deal of you, little girl, but I have much more to ask. I want you to understand that I am good—that I am trying to do just the right thing. You may hear of me as people hear of a man about town—a man who has money to spend, and who spends it."

"Or you trust me? Can you believe and realize I am not of anything in the least degree unworthy reaches your eyes that it is untrue?"

He laughed a bitter laugh.

"I suppose millions of men have said all this before, and thought they meant it. But I do mean it. There are some things I am forced to do."

"I must be at the club at certain times—I must be here, there, everywhere. Often I cannot explain why, but so it is."

"One more thing," he interposed, "I have about to speak; you see, I am about to speak. This is the last thing I am forced to do."

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S STORY.

FROM the lighthouse at Lobster Cove Head, Dorset Bay, Newfoundland, Mrs. W. Young sends her experience of Zam-Buk.

She says: "I suffered with eczema for seven years and to my great delight Zam-Buk has cured me. The disease started on my breast, and spread until it extended over my back. The itching and burning—especially when the affected parts were warm—was terrible; and yet when the eruption was scratched or rubbed, it turned to bad sores and caused great pain. I went to a doctor and tried various prescriptions, but seemed to get no benefit, so tried another doctor. Again I got no relief, so tried a third doctor, and then a fourth."

"Seven years is a long time to suffer, and I had got used to the thought that I never would be cured, when I saw a report in the Family Herald, telling how beneficial Zam-Buk was in cases of skin disease."

"I bought some Zam-Buk, and from the use of the very first box I saw it was going to do me good. I persevered with it, and the improvement was really wonderful."

"It eased the irritation, stopped the pain, and the sores began to dry up and disappear. In short, I found Zam-Buk all that was claimed for it and within a very short time it worked a complete cure in my case."

"Since that time I have recommended it for several other cases, and in each it has proved its wonderful merit."

What Zam-Buk Cures.

Zam-Buk cures Eczema, Ulcers, Blood Poison, Piles, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands, Stain on the Face, Itch, Scalding, Children's Scabies, Cuts, Bruises, Scalds and Burns. It dries up and cures all the above and is free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Beware of worthless substitutes.

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