

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

Vol. XXI.—No. 19.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1059.

Furniture Rooms.

I have received a large part of my Spring Stock of Furniture, and solicit inspection.

New Parlor Suits, New Bed Room Sets, Iron Bedsteads, Wood Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables all kinds.

Every article required for Kitchen, Dining Room, Parlor and Bed Room.

At the Store of

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, Feb. 18, 1888.

Law and Collection Office

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

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.
Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEDDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, N. B.
OFFICE: Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHMOND, N. B.
OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
May 4, 1883.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE: at house formerly occupied by
O. Thompson.
Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MacGILL, M. A., M. D.,
D.M.S., COL. SURG., LONDON.
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Office: Old Church and Main St., Moncton.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

TUNING AND REPAIRING.
J. O. BIEDERMANN, PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN TUNER.
Repairing a Specialty.
Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which due notice will be given.
Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.
J. O. BIEDERMANN.
St. John, May 6, 1887.

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. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.
TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.
Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

GEORGE STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.
Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle, Arg. 11, '88.

Clifton House,
Princes and 143 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
Bathurst, 20 '88.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
The subscribers return 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 and at lowest rates for cash. Also R. R. Foot & Son's Boots, Trunks, Luggage, etc. English Toys, as well as home-made Toys to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHRISTIE & Co.

THIS PAPER may be found on the 10th of each month, at the office of the Advocate, 100 St. John Street, New York.

HOW IS YOUR COUGH? WORSE!

THEN LET US RECOMMEND A BOTTLE OF

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream.

Thousands can testify to the wonderful effects of this preparation in Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Impaired Nutrition and Wasting Disease.

The disagreeable taste and smell of the Oil is completely disguised and rendered so palatable that we have yet to learn of one case where the stomach refused to retain it. Warranted to contain 50 per cent. of pure, Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Physicians endorse it, and prescribe it daily in their practice—having discarded all others.

Ask your Druggist for ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM. Price 50c; 6 bottles \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Manufacturing Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

Sold in Newcastle by
F. E. LEE STREET,
DRUGGIST.

Feb 1st, 1888.

'87 THE FALL '87

OF MAN

Woman and Boy supplied.

Boots and Shoes in such a variety as to leave

NOTHING

to be desired.

Ready made Clothing suitable

TO THE FALL

HATS AND CAPS NOW

IN OUR

STORE, at

as low as to be raised only with a Derrick.

A general line of FALL DRY

GOODS to arrive shortly.

D. MORRISON,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, Sept. 26, 1887.

ESTEY'S YOUR

BLOOD wants

toning up, but

what you don't

know, you are

not getting it.

You are not

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Selected Literature.

ONLY A LITTLE LONGER.

Tis but a little longer we shall toil for daily bread,

And to find a resting place for our weary aching head;

Sure we'll reach the land of plenty where we'll hunger nevermore

And a resting place in glory, on that grand, eternal shore.

Tis but a little longer we shall struggle to be just,

Though we have the strength that's promised if we in the Saviour trust;

Yet we find the foe is mighty, and will surely gain the day

If we do but have the armour on, and always watch and pray.

Tis but a little longer we shall groan to be redeemed;

Though we've waited but a little while, yet long the time has seemed,

For we know that when He shall appear we then like him shall be

Then, we shall in his presence dwell, and all his glory see.

Tis but a little longer we shall hear the groans of earth,

From the suffering sons and daughters of innumerable woe;

For the glorious day is dawning that shall end all earthly woes

When the King shall come in glory, and triumph o'er his foes.

Tis but a little longer, for the land's almost in view,

Soon our conflicts will be over and our journey will be through;

Then let us not be weary as the battle wages hot

But whatever are our trials be contented with our lot.

Tis but a little longer we shall part with friends we love,

Soon, if faithful, we shall meet them in that City far above;

If Jesus dwells within our hearts why should we mourning go?

Submit, let us kiss the rod, however hard the blow.

Tis but a little longer we must bear the daily cross;

Tis the burning fiery trials that take away the dross;

Let us then the no less murmure at the hardness of the way,

For it leads us up to glory, to a bright and endless day.

Tis but a little longer we'll be sorely tempted here;

The world, the flesh, the devil, we'll soon no longer fear;

Beyond the reach of Satan and his wicked arts we'll be

In God's eternal kingdom, then forever safe and free.

PAYING THE DEBTS.

John Ramsey was working on his farm,

His loose dress displaying to advantage

His tall, muscular figure, and a broad

straw hat shaded a handsome face.

The hands that guided the plow were strong,

but white and more delicate than such

persons usually are.

Daisy Hale sat watching him. Her

dress was plain, but made with fineness

and ruffles. Her short, golden hair was

curled into a fringe over her forehead,

and gathered in long curls into a comb

behind, above which was a very jaunty

hat, covered with puffs of white muslin

and bow of blue ribbon.

Presently the farmer drew near her,

stopping his horse while he leaned in

indolently against the plow.

"You look deliciously cool under this

great tree," he said. "And—hem!—very

much dressed for nine o'clock in the

morning."

"In a five-penny calico!" she said

temperately. "When are you coming in?"

"Only because I thought it was your wish."

"It would break my heart to go away. I love my home."

And John taking the little figure into a close embrace, wondered if any city could produce a sweeter, daintier little lady than the one he held in his arms.

MISSED HIS RECKONING.

(From the *Norwalk Gazette*.)

"Uncle Truman Dickerson lives at Cranberry Plains. He is a good old man, and during the 84 years of life he has shown due regard for Sunday and all its observances. Last Saturday week he was in town as usual doing chores and laying in a stock of the necessities for the coming week. Among other things he ordered a quantity of dog meat at Mitchell's market, and said he would call for it on Saturday. But he did not come."

Early Sunday afternoon an old gentleman drove into town. He was seen to hitch his horse and then look at the closed stores and deserted streets in surprise. He walked slowly round to Mitchell's and seemed puzzled to find it closed.

"Hello!" said he, "shut up again! Now what on earth ails those Mitchell's?"

Uncle Truman, for it was he, was turning away in disgust when he noticed a gentleman passing by. According him, Mr. Dickerson remarked: "Pears as though things were awful quiet here to-day, ain't they?"

"Well, no, not unusually so," said the gentleman, "we are generally quiet here on Sunday." "Hey!"

exclaimed Uncle Truman. "I say we are usually quiet here on Sundays," repeated the gentleman. "W-w-why, it ain't Sunday," stammered Uncle Truman. "Why, yes it is," said the gentleman. Uncle Truman saw it in an instant. With a convulsive gasp he said: "May the Lord forgive me! Here I've ploughed my lot, husked my corn and come to town to trade, and all on the Lord's day. Well, well, well!"

With a face down so that his shoes almost trod on his chin, Uncle Truman exhibited his horse and drove mournfully home.

As he passed out of sight up Mill Hill, he was heard to say: "Truman Dickerson, for the first time in 80 years I'm ashamed of ye! Glang!"

"The divinity student's broke out again," said the young man that boards on South Division street. "We were sitting at dinner to-day and Miss Stages she up and says one of her pupils will never set the river on fire. The divinity student looked up and said, 'I see that you, like other good people are in error occasionally.' 'What do you mean?' said Miss Stages, getting red in the face. 'I mean,' said the divinity student, 'that when you talk about setting the river on fire, you are using an old saying that's got off the track. It used to be 'he'll never set the Thames on fire,' and people when they said it had in mind the river Thames; on the contrary it means a miller's sieve, called a tumbler, which was used in the old wind and water mill days. The tumbler had a wooden frame. If the man that worked it was energetic in his work he sometimes set the tumbler on fire from friction. Hence it was said of a dull, slow person that he would never set the river on fire, and the saying has been corrupted to its present form.—*Buffalo Courier*.

OUR DAUGHTERS.

A writer in the *Charleston (S. C.) Dispatch* ventures a few answers to the question:—What Shall I Teach My Daughters? of which the following are very much to the point:

Teach her that 100 cents make \$1.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort, as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperance or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is unbecomingly, as well as injurious to health.

Teach her that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher without a cent is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

The duty of women to themselves and their families was thus expressed by Mrs. Maria Upham Drake, in one of her recent lectures in Boston:

"We women must be the conservative element in life, the brakes upon the wheel. We must curb the mania for wealth by curbing our desires in our homes. Let us be willing to live in plain houses, eat plain food and wear plain clothes. Let us show our fathers and husbands and brothers this content, and bring life back to its old Puritan simplicity again. Let us remember that life does not consist in the things we possess."

MENDELSSOHN'S MOODING.

A pretty story is told of Mendelssohn, the founder of the family whose name has a sound of music in it. He was a hunchback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected him because he was misshapen. He went to bid her good-bye, and while he was making a last supreme effort at persuasion, she did not lift her eyes from the sewing. "Do you really

thing marriages are made in heaven?" she asked. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and something especially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven that he or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was also said—'Alas, she will have a dreadful lump on her back!'"

"Oh, God," I said then, "a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful!"

"Dear Lord, give me the lump, and let the maid be well-favored and agreeable!" The girl could not resist such wooing as that, and threw her arms around his neck.

TEMPERANCE.

DAYY.

A boy signed the temperance pledge. His mother said, "bring the brandy; I want some for these pears."

Davy obeyed. But as he went the thought came to him, "Can I, a temperance boy, carry a brandy jug?"

Hurrying back to the kitchen, he said, "Mamma, I can't carry that brandy jug—I've signed the pledge; but I'll stir the batter while you go!"

Without a word the mother gave into his little hands the spoon and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange, choking sensation in her throat; but she walked up those steps with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down the dear little fellow was beating away at the dough. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and began to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing, mamma?"

"I'm emptying out the brandy. We'll not have any more in our mince pies!"

"Oh, mamma! I'm so glad! Then I can eat them too, can't I, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and mamma will never make anything again that her dear boy cannot eat."

"Oh, I'm so glad we're going to have temperance pies!"

Davy fairly danced up and down the kitchen as the brandy gurgled in the sink. "Don't you think Davy is a real good temperance boy?" Then follow his example. Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing.

PROHIBITION AND PRAYER.

The following from one of Hon. Ansley Gray's lectures brings the question home to professing Christians who are withholding their support from Prohibition Amendments:

"I respect the opinions of all men, but I cannot understand how a man can pray: 'Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name' and then go to the ballot box and vote to deprecate that name. I cannot understand how one can pray: 'Thy Kingdom come' and then go to the ballot-box and vote for Satan's kingdom to come. I cannot understand how one can pray: 'Give us this day our daily bread' and then cast a vote to take bread from the mouth of the white-faced woman and the thin-lipped child. I cannot understand how one can pray: 'Lead us not into temptation'—and then cast a vote that thrusts temptation in a brother's way. Nor how at the altar one can pray for the drunkard, and above him insult humanity, above an insulted God!"

BE CIRCUMSPECT.

An old Chinese proverb says, "Do not stop in a cucumber field to tie the shoe." The meaning is very plain. Some one will be likely to fancy that you are stealing fruit. Always remember the injunction, "Abstain from all the appearance of evil. Do not stop under the saloon porch to rest yourself, however shady the trees may be, or however inviting the chairs. Some one may fancy you are a common lounge there, and so your good name be tarnished. Don't go to a liquor saloon to get a glass of lemonade, however refreshing it may seem to you. Rather buy your lemonade and prepare the cooling beverage at home, where others may share it with you, probably at no greater expense than your single glass would cost you. Somebody seeing you drinking at the bar, will be sure to tell the story and will not be particular to state that you were drinking only lemonade. Then, too, if you are careless about the appearance of evil, you will soon grow equally careless about the evil itself."

To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of a strong drink become a sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fire his eye; looses his tongue, inflames his passion; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass. But when does the sin begin? At the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth, seventh or eighth? Is not every step from the

natural state of the system toward the state of stupid intoxication, an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwarmed tempter of the soul.—John Bright.

"The Truth About Monte Carlo."

"The movement for the suppression of gaming-tables in Monaco has been in progress for the last two years. A very hostile pamphlet, entitled 'The Truth About Monte Carlo,' handles the subject without gloves. It shows that what neither Italy, nor France, nor Germany will tolerate the Prince of Monaco encourages and makes use of as a source of revenue."

The late M. Blanc, whose lean managerial and financial eyes saw as a glance what could be made of Monte Carlo, carried on the two greatest gambling establishments at the same time. After the Franco-German war, however, M. Blanc had to limit his enterprise to Monte Carlo, and here he surprised all that had previously accomplished at Hamburg and Baden Baden. Then he died. Soon after his widow did what she could to carry on the same, and the proprietorship of the Monte Carlo gaming-house was then divided into five shares, of which one went to the Prince of Monaco, the head of the firm; a second to the Princess Radziwill, daughter of the late M. Blanc, in association with her husband, the Prince; a third to M. Edmond Blanc; a fourth to the Princess Bonaparte, another daughter of M. Blanc and wife of Prince Roland Bonaparte; the fifth to the two sons of the late M. Blanc, who receive but a small share of the profits, and are treated by the princely and other members of this family of gamblers with lofty contempt.

The proprietors of the gambling-house keep it going through the seduction of its splendor, and by the romantic beauty of its surroundings; but there are said to receive powerful aid from three classes of supporters—journalists, loose women and priests.

When M. Blanc, seeing that gambling had more or less of the point of being suppressed in all parts of Europe, he thought himself obliged to make a desperate State with its impetuous sovereign, he offered the Prince of Monaco for the privilege of opening a gaming establishment an annual payment of 400,000 francs.

The proposition was accepted. But after a few years the Prince wished for more money, and suggested that instead of receiving a fixed sum yearly he should have a share in the profits from the tables; and, as the Prince desired a law to the proprietors of the gambling-house, he is said to have drawn from it a regular income of 1,300,000 francs. Thanks to this increase in his revenue, he was able to raise the number of his army from five to eighty men. His military outfit, however, seems to have compelled him to curtail his gambling on the civil department, and a few years ago he cut down the salaries of all his Ministers. Their Excellencies complained to the director of the gambling-house, and the establishment from which the State of Monaco draws its wealth agreed to pay the difference.

Monte Carlo is surrounded by everything that is at the same time attractive and demoralizing. But no effort is spared to give the place a look of respectability. Priests and members of orders expelled from France and Italy have been encouraged to settle in the Principality of Monaco. A cathedral was built at Monaco with money of which a large portion was supplied from the gaming-tables.