

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

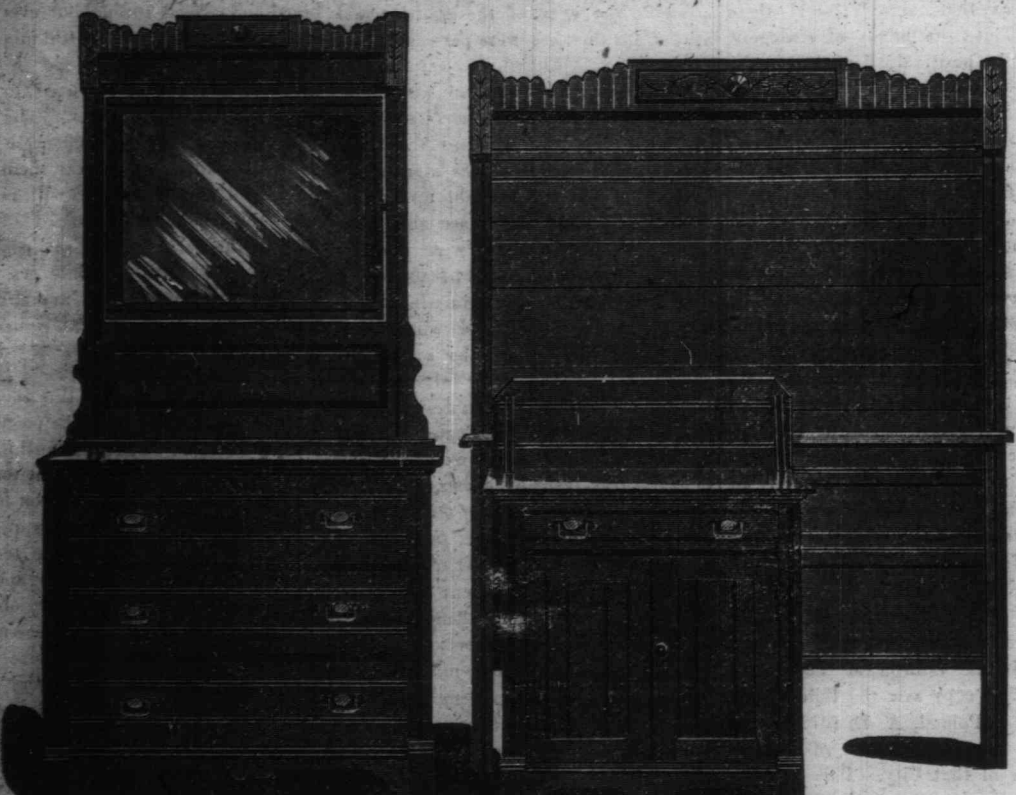
Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXII.—No. 53.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 16, 1889.

WHOLE No. 1145



WHAT do YOU THINK of that BED ROOM SETT!
PRICE ONLY \$23.50 CASH.

Comprising Bedstead, Bureau, Commode, Table, 2 Chairs, 1 Rocker. All hardwood and beautifully furnished. To be had only at

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, October 11, 1889.

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. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OKVAYANOR, &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, 1885.

G. J. MacGILLIVRAY, M.A., M.D.,
M.D., B.S., D.C., M.B., LOND.
RESIDENT, S.S.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.
OFFICE: Cor. Waterland and Main Streets.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co. of New York, The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World.
Barrister, Prosecutor for Estates,
Notary Public, &c.
Chalmers, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.
March 25, 1889.

Dr. R. Nicholson,
Office and Residence,
McGILLIVRAY ST., NEWCASTLE.
Jan. 2, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson,
OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CHURCHILL'S building, Residence Water Street.
Newcastle, March 12, 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. Lavatory connects with the Hotel. Bathing facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon ponds within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

TERMS: \$1.00 per day, with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick.
Wm. Johnston, Proprietor.
Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travel here still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing and Telegraph and Post Office. The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers and Strolling on the part.
Oct. 12, 1885.

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.
April 6, 1885.

LAMP GOODS
On hand a large stock of
LAMP GLASS, of all kinds,
CORNERS, CHIMNEYS,
Shades, Globes, Wicks, etc.
AT LOWEST PRICES.
J. R. CAMERON,
68 Prince W. Street.
St. John Feb. 22, 1886.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
The Subscriber returns thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would very thankfully keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also, R. Foxe & Son's, Wall and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Trees, Laces, &c. English force, as well as home-made Taps to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHRISTIE, & CO.

ESTLEY'S CO'S LIVER OIL CREAM
"Bills, have you any idea what the child is crying for? Nothing seems to give him any relief."
"Yes, mother, the want more of ESTLEY'S Cod Liver Oil Cream. The Medicine that does the work."
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PREPARED BY
E. M. ESTLEY, PROPRIETOR
MONCTON, N. B.

ESTLEY'S CO'S LIVER OIL CREAM
After using for a short time you will find
Your appetite improved,
your spirits become
more cheerful, and you
feel and know that every
fiber and tissue of your
body is being braced
and renovated.

ESTLEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC
Is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles \$2.50.
Prepared only by R. M. ESTLEY, Moncton, N. B.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as a superior to any prescription known to man."
—H. A. ANSON, M.D.,
111 So. Ontario St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For sale by E. Leo Street, Newcastle, N. B.

Selected Literature.

THE LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

The day had been lonely and dreary, And my spirit partook of its gloom, And restless, and sad, and unquiet, I wandered from room to room.

For the mist in the early dawning Had risen, and heavily lay Like a shroud on the face of the pallid sun And darkened each straggling ray.

And the clouds grew darker and darker, Till the sound of the falling rain Came haggardly from the walling wind Or the sigh of a soul in pain.

And vainly I watched and waited, As the hours dragged wearily by, Not a rift in the somber darkness, That hung like a pall over the sky.

Till just as the day bled the evening, Ere he sank on her bosom to rest, A flood of such wonderful light Illumined and delighted the west.

That, breathless I gazed at its beauty, As broader and brighter it grew, And it seemed like the gateway of heaven, With the glory of God shining through.

And the beautiful vision thrilled me As I gazed, for I seemed to see How God in that scene was revealing His way and his dealings with me.

For over my heart came rushing Their meaning all glorified— The words of the beautiful promise, Of the "light at the eventide."

And peace such as speech all knoweth, Just flooded my tired heart then, Till it seemed that I never could number Or repress at my life again.

What though the mist and the shadows, And I've struggled through storm and through tempest, Each sorrowful step of my way!

I shall rest at the nightfall, and o'er me, From the gates by an angel wing wide, Will burst with a glory eternal The "light at the eventide."

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

The theory of a special providence will account for one little matter connected with my personal history that nothing else will. It is nothing of a story, but only a simple fact; but as it had quite an important bearing on my life it is something I am not likely to forget. It was during my first year, as cashier of a bank. It was a memorable year in one respect, for I had gained the consent of the one dear girl on earth to make me the happiest of men.

So, with a good position, good health, correct habits, the confidence and good-will of my fellow-men, and the love of the sweetest and dearest of girls, I ought to have been happy and I was. There was only one obstacle to the perfect consummation of my happiness, and that was the fact I was poor, and must of necessity wait a year before I could ask Nell to share my lot with me. But Nell understood this and was content to wait.

In fact, it didn't occur to either of us that we had any alternative but to wait; so we were philosophical over the matter—and happy. One evening, as I sat in my room cutting the pages of a magazine I was going to take to Nell, I heard a quick rap at my door, and opening it I admitted my old friend Bob Bowen.

Bob was an energetic, dashing, enterprising young fellow, with a good reputation in every way, and remarkable clear-headedness on business matters; so, when he remarked in his brusque, off-hand way, "Tom, I've got a good thing for you, why, I picked up my ears at once, prepared to accept the fact that he really had."

"Now, Tom," said he, drawing his chair up close to me, "I'll be brief, for we have no time to lose. A friend of mine has the option of buying a farm, on which a valuable vein of coal has been discovered, for the pitiful sum of \$5,000. His option runs out to-night at 12 o'clock. He has a purchaser ready to take his land off his hands to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock for the snug little sum of \$30,000. You see the party thinks he already owns the land. Now my friend has been delayed in getting his money. He won't get it until to-morrow morning—too late to do him any good. So you see he has got to use \$5,000 to-night. But what is it to me?" said I. "I haven't got any little \$5,000 to help him with."

"Of course not," said Bob; "but here my boy, my friend offers to divide with me, what he makes in this transaction if I will help him out, for he has like the due to be lender at the eleventh hour. Now, I want to help him, and if you will help me in a way that you can't divide with you, and before breakfast to-morrow morning you will have the snug sum of \$6,250, which may have the effect of hurrying forward a certain happy day—ah!" he nudged me playfully in the ribs.

"Very well," said I, "conceding that it would be a very agreeable little sum to possess, I am as much in the dark as ever as to the help I can render—"

"But, Tom," interrupted Bob, "let me impress one fact upon your mind. The money is wanted only until to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock precisely. This is just as simple as to occur as the sun is to rise. I want the man who is to pay the money, I saw the money; now, Tom, you know I am your friend, and wouldn't do anything that is not perfectly straight and honorable. Tom, you can have the \$5,000 without doing any one any harm or perpetrating any wrong."

"You mean," said I coolly, for I was beginning to get at the drift of the scheme, "that I could steal the money from the bank."

"Nonsense, Tom," interrupted Bob; "you insult me by supposing that I could hint at such a suggestion. Listen to my plan now. You know very well, Tom, that, if you should say to the board of directors to-morrow morning, my friend here wants to borrow \$5,000, and I can't wait until the bank opens to-morrow morning. I want it and must have it to-night. You can sign a note with me for the amount; we will go to the bank and get the money, leaving the note in the place of it. In the morning before the bank opens the note will be taken up; nothing done that has not been straight, businesslike, and honorable; but you will be richer by \$6,250. Now, if you can find any moral flaw in this simple little matter of business you have sharper perceptive powers than I have."

Bob's reasoning began to look plausible. It was quite true, and he said, that the board of directors would willingly loan him \$5,000; but, after all, this business was a little irregular, and I didn't feel quite right about it.

"Time is passing," said Bob, glancing at his watch, "and if you can't favor me in this little matter of business I must try elsewhere. I am going to have the money to-night sure, and if you won't help me there are others who will. Why, Tom," said he, earnestly, "how can you hesitate due moment? You have positive assurance that everything is all right. I only ask you to do tonight what you wouldn't hesitate a moment in doing to-morrow. Then think of your duty to yourself—to Nell—"

"Say no more," said I; "you shall have the money."

Bob and I hurried to the bank, and after going through the form of drawing up and signing the necessary note, I went to the vault to get the money. A queer, nameless feeling crept over me as I approached the door and seized the handle to work the combination. I gave the handles the usual preliminary turns, and then started to work the combination. To my great surprise—to my horror, I may say—I found that the combination was completely obliterated from my mind. I couldn't remember a turn or a figure. I was as utterly helpless as I had never seen a combination-lock in my life.

I shut my eyes and rubbed my forehead. It was no use. The combination wouldn't come. It was something that had never occurred before, the combination being always so ready in my mind that I worked it almost mechanically. But to-night it was no go. Some influence had so upset my mind that the combination was entirely wiped out of it.

"Hurry up, Tom," said Bob, "and let's get through with this business."

"But I can't," said I, helplessly; "I have actually forgotten the combination."

Just this: By your forgetting the combination we were prevented from being duped to the tune of \$5,000. My friend was an innocent tool in the hands of the most adroit set of sharpers it was ever my fortune to encounter. It was the most cleverly concocted scheme the mind of mortal man ever conceived, and plausible enough to deceive better and sharper men than either you or I. So I say, Tom, you are under the care of special providence, and you must be singled out for some great work in life."

Bob's theory began to make some impression on my mind, but something happened afterwards that clinched my belief. I called on Nell that night, for—would you believe it?—I hadn't seen the dear girl for forty-eight hours, and it seems as many years—when after we had given testimony to the stability of our joint and separate affections, which didn't take more than forty minutes, Nell remarked in the most artless manner:

"Tom, I had such a funny thing come into my head last night that I must tell you of it. It was about 8:30 and I couldn't for the life of me keep my mind from running on the vault in your bank, and don't you think I got to imagining that I could work the combination. Why, the figures came into my mind so distinctly that I jotted them down on a piece of paper, and here they are. Of course they don't amount to anything; but I thought I would show them to you."

I glanced at the figures she had noted down and almost gasped as I recognized the exact combination. What had gone out of my mind had gone straight into hers, where it was in safe-keeping. I made Nell occupy the same chair with me, and then I told her the whole story.

"You are indeed my guardian angel," said I, "for you have guarded in a mysterious manner not only my position, but my honor, which, next to you, I value above life itself."

Then I kissed her fifty or sixty times, and we took a walk under the elms in the stars.

THE PRIEST AND THE SURGEON.
The Paris correspondent of the Graphic tells the following anecdote:—Dupuytren was a famous surgeon, but brusque and unpolished. One day, as he entered his house, he found installed in the ante-room an old priest, who had long been awaiting his return. "What do you want of me?" growled Dupuytren.

"I wish you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woollen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. Dupuytren looked at it. "You'll have to die with that," he coolly remarked. "I thank you, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat, and am much obliged to you for warning me, as I can prepare myself, as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much. The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this priest, who received his death sentence unmoved, with amazement, and said, "Come to-morrow at 8 o'clock, to the Hotel Dieu and ask for me." The priest was prompt. The surgeon propped him in a special room, and in a month's time the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of a sack 30 francs in small change. "It is all I have to offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot from B— in order to save this." The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the 30 francs, saying, "It is for your poor, and the priest went away. Some years later the celebrated doctor, feeling death to be near, bethought him of the good priest and wrote to him. He came, and Dupuytren received from him the "last consolations" and died in his arms.

WHAT A BABY CAN DO.
"Mothers will be interested in the following list of things a baby can do," says the author of "How to be Happy, Though Married," in his new book, "The Five Talents of Woman," just published by the Scribners. Doubtless every mother could add many items to it. "A baby can beat any alarm clock ever invented waking a family up in the morning."

"Give it a chance, and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant girl in the country."

"It can fall down offener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring."

"It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken hair."

"It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that ever was executed."

"It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning and without varying its tune."

"It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is away at business and cry persistently at night when he is particularly sleepy."

"It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in the world, but you can never make its mother believe it, and you had better not try."

"It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents together."

"It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made; make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breast than they knew they had; and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together."

SHE CAUGHT HIM.
A certain lady suspected her husband was in the habit of kissing the cook, a pretty German girl, by the by, and resolved to detect him in the act. After watching four days, she heard him come in one evening and gently pass through into the kitchen. Now, Katie was dark. Burning with jealousy, the wife took some matches in her hand and, hastily placing her shawl over her head, as Katie often did, she entered the kitchen by the back door, and was almost immediately seized and embraced and kissed in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy, the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithful spouse. Tearing herself from his embrace, she struck a match and stood face to face with Katie's beau, one of the factory boys. Her husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the first month they were married as she has for the past week.

A CURIOUS COMBAT.
A traveller in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was musing one morning with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace, pursuing him a host of small black ants. Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his back and bite and kill the tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Basking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overthrow, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk, and hundreds of ants positioned upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

CURIOSITIES OF LAW.
Judge—Stand up.
Prisoner—I claim the right under the law to remain seated, y'r honor.
How so?
The law says no man can be made to criminate himself, and if I stand up I'll criminate myself.
That point is well taken, and you may remain seated. You are accused of stealing a pair of breeches of this man in the presence of others, to throw away their powers of self-control, and wreck their bad passions upon innocent members of society, especially upon helpless men and women and children. A million of heart broken wives and bruised and terrified children appeal to the manhood of today to save them in the only possible way by prohibiting the deadly traffic which turns their homes into prisons, and their natural protectors into brutal and fiendish tyrants.

WHAT THE LIQUOR BUSINESS IS.
It is a business which every merchant and business man hates.
It is a business which is the standing dread of every mother.
It is a business which is the constant fear of every father.
It is a business which makes ninety per cent of the business of the criminal courts.
It is a business which makes nine per cent of the pauperism for which the tax payer has to pay.
It is a business which keeps employed an army of policemen in the cities.
It is a business which puts out the fire on the hearth, and condemns wives to hunger and rage.
It is a business which fosters vice for profit, and educates in wickedness for gain.
Drunkness sows the seed of other vices. It is the dictionary of vice, for it includes every vice.
Drunkness means pestilence, theft, arson, forgery, murder—for it tends to all these crimes.—Ez.

The chief danger of the conflict with the drink power lies in timidity. Once overcome fear, and open the attack vigorously, and the enemy is easily conquered.

Temperance.
THE RIGHT TO PROHIBIT.
J. F. B. TINKLE, B.A.
Nothing is better known than that the liquor traffic, although the constant subject of legislation and of police supervision, is the cause of most of the crime and misery of our country.

For fifty years evidence has been accumulating upon this point, the highest judicial, religious, and social authorities being in substantial agreement with the Times newspaper, which said, "There is not a vice, or disease, or disorder, or calamity of any kind that has not its frequent rise in the public-house; the public-house degrades, ruins, and brutalizes a large fraction of the people."

During the same time completely decisive evidence has been furnished by the highest medical authorities that alcoholic beverages are not only unnecessary, but injurious.

Now that alcohol is convicted as the cause of nine-tenths of our national crimes and miseries, and that the mark of necessity is torn from it by the hands of scientific authority, it is time that the people grappled with the monster in a general and effective way. They have the right and power to do this by adopting a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcohol for drinking purposes.

It is natural and the inalienable right of every free people to make and execute laws which are proved necessary for the self-preservation and well-being of society. Thus, if there is no other way of preventing the appalling loss of more than 1,000 lives a week, the majority of the people has an unquestionable right to turn out and keep out the destroying agent.

Absolute liberty is only possible in a desert. When people come together in society, it is with the understanding that each surrenders a measure of personal liberty (or the right to do what he likes) for the social advantages of protection, convenience, and commercial or other opportunity. The man who knowingly follows a mode of life hostile to the interests of society, is disloyal and dishonest, and if the law is too weak to reduce him to order, it should be strengthened until it is in fact what it always is in theory, the instrument by which society protects its interests against the selfishness and folly of individuals.

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Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.