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W. C. ANSLOW,

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XXI.—No. 15.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 25, 1888.

WHOLE No. 1055.

STOCKTAKING REMNANTS.

Cheap sale of Remnants of Dress Goods.

Prints, Cloths, Tweeds, Winceys, Linings, Check Muslins, Cashmeres, Flannels, Carpets, Towellings.

ALSO

Odd Lots of Hosiery, Gloves, Wool Goods. Job Lot of Children's Plush Hats and Caps, 15 cents each.

Call and get some Bargains for Cash.

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Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
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AT LAW.
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CONVEYANCER, &c.
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J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHMOND, N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, 1885.

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

O. J. MacGILLIVRAY, M.A., M.D.,
SPECIALIST,
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

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Repairing a Specialty.
Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which the notice will be given.
Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.
St. John, May 6, 1887.

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(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL).
BATHURST, N. B.
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This Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout & 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.
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NEWCASTLE, N. B.
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Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country a satisfactory manner.
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Princess and 143 German Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

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April, 20 '85.

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J. J. CHRISTIE & Co.

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"MY PATIENTS"

Have always been benefited by ITS USE.

Moncton, Dec. 6, 1887.
E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.
DEAR SIR,—For the past two or three years I have prescribed your Cod Liver Oil Cream in my practice, and have much pleasure in stating that my Patients have always been benefited by its use. I consider it the best and most palatable preparation of this kind. Children will readily take it when refusing other Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.
Yours very truly,
L. N. DUBOIS, M. D.
Ask your Druggist for ESTEY'S Cod Liver Oil Cream. Take no other. Price 50c. per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.
Sold in Newcastle by
E. L. STREET,
Druggist.
Dec. 17, 1887.

'87 THE FALL '87

OPENING.

The necessities
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
and Winter.
HATS AND CAPS NOW
IN OUR
STORE, at
PRICES
so low as to be raised only with a Derrick.
A general line of FALL DRY
GOODS to arrive shortly.
D. MORRISON,
Newcastle, Sept. 26, 1887.

ESTEY'S YOUR
BLOOD wants
toning up. You
and what you do not
eat. You are low
spirited and languid.
You are nervous,
and at night roll
and toss on your bed
and cannot sleep. This
is all caused by
your system being run
down and requiring
something to
"raise it up," and make
you feel all right again.
To secure this you should take
ESTEY'S
IRON
AND
QUININE
TONIC.
After using it 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.

ESTEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC
Is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure
and get the genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles
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Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Moncton,
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GOLDEN GROVE WOOLLEN MILLS.
Manufacturers of
Tweeds, Homespuns, Blankets,
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Carding, Spinning and Weaving done
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Fleeces Wool bought for Cash or taken in
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Street, 2nd door East from Charlotte, St. John,
N. B.
ALEXANDER WILLIS,
T. PARFLOU MOTT.
St. John, Oct. 24, 1887.

Chas. R. ESTEY.
Pharmacist and Chemist.
Medical Hall - Campbellton.

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CHAS. ESTEY.
Campbellton, Sept. 25, 1886.

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for Infants and Children.
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211 No. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Selected Literature.

ONE OF THE LORDS' POOR.

Deacon Thomas and his good wife sat alone by the wide, open fireplace, in the 'best room' of the old gray farmhouse, which had sheltered three generations of the Thomas family, and was good enough, the deacon often declared, for three generations more.

Ah, that was it. That was one reason why the worthy couple used the 'best room' as common, to the envious wonder of all the neighbors, though to be sure, good Deacon Thomas thought more of health and comfort than of fading her parlor carpet.

What disturbed them most was the fact that no children had blessed their union of over forty years, and the household must pass into other hands when they were gone with it.

'Not that 'twill make much odds to us when we're dead,' said the old man, with a sigh, 'but I'd like to know that it was kinder in the family. What d'ye say to taking a child, Betsey, one of the Lord's poor, to kinder be a son to us, and have the old farm when we are gone?'

'If we could be sure we'd find the right kind, Abram. Some of 'em is ungrateful, I've heard, and—'

The sentence was interrupted by a timid knock at the front door.

'Who can it be at this time of the night? ejaculated the good woman, as she hastily opened it.

There, in the rain and cold of the spring thaw, stood a thin, old boy, who seemed not more than ten years, although his pinched face had an older look.

'What do you want, my boy?' asked the deacon kindly.

'Nothing, please, sir, only to get warm. I saw the light—I've been travelling all day. I was cold and hungry, and—'

'Hungry, I shouldn't wonder. Bless my soul, you shan't starve that long, and the clatter of dishes in the kitchen told of Aunt Betsey's hospitable haste, while her more cautious husband went on with his questions, looking kindly at the lad, who shivered as he stretched his thin hands to the cheerful warmth.

'A-h! Where'd you come from?'

'From Brownville. I've been working in the factory there.'

'What's your name?'

'Frank Neddoo.'

'How old are you?'

'Thirteen.'

'Humph, thought you were about ten!'

'I'm little, but I was thirteen last August.'

'U'm! Where's your home?'

'I ain't got no home. Seems if there war'n't no room for me anywhere, and the thin lips quivered as he gazed into the glowing bed of coals under the great force, and bravely winked back the tears that filled his good solemn eyes.

'No room! Abram, we have room, and nobody to fill it. Perhaps the good Lord sent him to us,' whispered Aunt Betsey, as she paused a moment by her husband's chair. Then she added aloud, 'Come, now, and eat a bite. Here, there's nothing so warming as good ginger tea. Eat all you want, my Abram! Don't it do you good to see him? Poor thing!'

But Deacon Thomas was in a brown study, from which he did not arouse himself until the boy returned to the fireside.

'A-hem!' he began deliberately, eyeing him keenly over his glasses. 'How would you like to live here, Frank?'

'Here! with you?' asked the boy, with incredulous eyes.

'Yes, here. Want a boy to look after the cattle, and the hens, and—us, eh, wife?'

There's lots of let that homespun to make him a suit,' said Aunt Betsey, softly, mentally taking his measure and talking to herself.

'I do—I'd like to stay,' breathed the boy, as if such a fortune were not for him.

'Stay it is, then. I see wife has already settled it. You shall have a home here as long—as long as you deserve it. Now you'd better go to bed and rest.

Aunt Betsey's nimble fingers soon furnished him a warm suit of clothes, and it was really wonderful what a change good victuals and plenty of them made in his pinched, old-looking face. He grew rosy and plump, a merry look brightened his solemn eyes, but they were always filled with a loving glance for Aunt Betsey and Uncle Abram, as he learned to call the worthy couple, who grew to love him as a son.

'The Lord heard us, Aunt Betsey would say solemnly, whenever the subject was mentioned. 'He knew we war'n't fit to choose for ourselves, and he sent us a blessing in his own way. And you wouldn't think it was the same boy now, would you?'

A year passed, and the deacon was called to a distant State by the illness of a brother.

Aunt Betsey was in despair.

'Not that I don't want you to go, Abram,' she said earnestly, 'but I most know something'll happen. I dreamt of snakes last night. They was big ones twisted around the cat, and you looking out of the car windows.'

'Pho, wife! I thought you had more

sense, Betsey. Dreams never mean nothing,' said the deacon with more impatience than he often showed. 'So I dream last night—I dreamt I was dead.'

'There?'

'Well, you are a fool—ish woman, Betsey. You're nervous, I suppose. I won't be gone more than a week, and there's Frank to do the chores you know.'

'Yes, yes.' But it was evident enough that Aunt Betsey's comfort went with him.

The next day it began to rain—a dismal, chilly down-pour, as spring rains are apt to be. The brown earth appeared in patches on the hillsides, the river overflowed its fetters, then the weather gradually changed, until the rain soaked earth glittered with frozen ice drops.

'It'll be nice skating if it freezes hard enough,' said Frank, who had been to the bank to test the ice for the twentieth time, and he looked longingly at the pair of bright new skates.

'Don't try it till you're sure 'tis safe,' cautioned Aunt Betsey. 'It appears as if it really wasn't done raining yet. We may have another wet spell. Do the chores as nice as you can, for, if nothing happens, your Uncle Abram will come in the midnight train.'

The boy did his work with a light heart, and made everything neat and tidy for the deacon's inspection. Then he lay down upon his bed with his clothes on, to be ready to welcome him when he came, and was soon asleep.

Aunt Betsey, too, slept soundly, in spite of her anxiety.

Suddenly Frank started up. His room was filled with a flickering light, and the little window towards the river glowed strangely. Just then the great clock down stairs struck eleven-heavy, measured strokes. He sprang from the bed and hastened to the window; then he recoiled, with a low cry of horror.

The railroad bridge was on fire, and Deacon Thomas was to come on the midnight train.

There was not time to go to the lower bridge, two miles further down the river, and in a moment his plan was made. He stole softly down stairs, snatched his skates from the nail behind the kitchen stove, and crept out at the back door.

He didn't awaken Aunt Betsey. Maybe she would not know until all was safe. Her room was on the other side of the house, away from the fire.

Swiftly he ran along the road to the village, a quarter of a mile away.

The villagers were gathered upon the shore in excited groups. The women were weeping silently, and the men talking in eager low tones.

'It can't be done. The ice ain't much thicker than window glass, and the under ice is worse than none at all; it is so rotten and full of air-holes. God help them, for we can't! The train is almost due now. Deacon Thomas is on board, too, they say.'

'And so is my son.' It was Squire Davis, the richest man in the village, that spoke. 'And you men to let them die before your eyes! There must be some way. I'll give a thousand dollars to the one that stops that train. God! are you all cowards? There they come now!'

'Not cowards, squire, but it's certain death to cross that ice, and we can't go around by the lower bridge,' answered a voice firmly, as the red glowing headlights of the coming train rounded a curve two miles away.

'They won't see the fire in season to stop the train after they pass the last curve,' growled the squire, as he sank down upon his knees and covered his face.

'See! See!'

'He can't do it!'

'Yes, he will, it is a boy!'

Squire Davis staggered to his feet and looked eagerly towards the river, directed by many pointing fingers.

A slender form was darting from the shore, across the thin ice, that bent under his flying feet. A brave boyish face looked resolutely forward in the light of the burning bridge.

'It's the deacon's boy! Only that one cry, and the crowd waited with bated breath, and the squire uttered a silent prayer for his success.

The rumbling of the train could be heard above the crackling of the flames on the further shore. Once his skates broke through the thin ice; he stumbled, nearly fell, recovered himself, and then sped on with redoubled speed; and the groan on the shore was succeeded by a faint cheer, hushed almost before begun.

He reached the opposite shore in safety, snatched off his skates, climbed the slippery bank, and ran along the track towards the bend, swinging his cap above his head.

Would they heed his signal?

There was a short, sharp whistle of danger, a confusion of voices, a hurried eagerness to 'down the brakes,' and the puffing engine moved slower and slower, and at last stopped within a few feet of the burning bridge.

The passengers rushed out excitedly, and shuddered at their narrow escape. And there was no happier one among them all than Deacon Thomas, who stood proudly by Frank's side as he modestly told his story.

'It would have been awful,' he con-

cluded, with a glance at the groups of passengers, and a shuddering look at the river, fifty feet below, 'but I didn't think of any one but you, Uncle Abram. I felt as if I must stop the train and save you.'

The train went back to the station it had just left, and the passengers were taken to the village by the teams which came to them by the lower bridge.

When Frank and the deacon reached the house, Aunt Betsey was still sleeping, and knew nothing of the death which had threatened her husband, and had been averted by the brave, prompt action of the boy to whom they had given the only real home-love he had ever known.

'And now, wife, I don't suppose it will ever be him down to Squire Davis and give him legal right to our name, and to inherit this old homestead when we are done with it.'

'Oh, Uncle Abram!' began Frank, 'Not a word, my boy. We shall always bless the cold, rainy night that brought you to our door. You shall be our son, and—' and if you could call us father and mother—'

He finished the sentence, it is true, but the words were not audible, for Frank's arms were around his neck, and Aunt Betsey's arms were around them both.

Deacon Thomas and his wife are old now, very old, but they have a safe haven of rest in the spreading love of their son; the friendless lad who came to their door, only one among the many unhappy souls of the 'Lord's poor.'

'And the deacon takes no truer pleasure than in talking of his boy, and telling this story to the little ones that cluster about his knee, and give him the name of 'Grandpa.'—The American.

The Union Advocate.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1888.

NORTHUMBERLAND MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 17.

Councillor Adams in closing his remarks in reference to the bills presented in connection with the Scott Act, said he would like to hear the opinion of the Sec. Treas. as to whether they were bound to pay the bills or not.

Secretary-Treasurer Thomson said there was an Act passed by the local Legislature in 1886 by which the Council was empowered to appoint an inspector to see that the Scott Act was duly enforced. The Council had power also under the Act to fix the Inspector's salary.

Last Session of Council Mr. Vye was appointed Inspector under the Act and his salary fixed. He entered upon his duties on 1st May, the time named by Council, and continued to perform them until July last, when, on an application made in behalf of John Jardine, Judge Palmer granted an injunction restraining Mr. Vye from further acting as Inspector, the ground of the application being that the act under which he was appointed was ultra vires. Mr. Vye was paid the salary agreed upon up to the time when he ceased, by reason of the injunction, to act as Inspector, but it seemed that he considered he had not been discharged by the Council and was, therefore, entitled to payment for full time. The question now was, whether or not the Council was bound to pay him. That in his Mr. Thomson's opinion, would depend on the final decision as to whether the act under which he was appointed was ultra vires, then the Council would not be bound in law to pay the Inspector. It followed, therefore, that it was a question whether it was prudent for the Council to pay any part of the salary pending the decision of the matter under the injunction. As the professional adviser of the Council he could not advise the Council to pay the Inspector.

With regard to the claims presented against the Council for expenses incurred in certain suits, he read an extract from the Dominion Act providing that the Governor in Council might order that any fines, penalties or forfeitures payable to the Council were to be paid instead of going to the Receiver-general of Canada, to be paid to the Treasurer of any County, Municipality or district to assist in the enforcement of such Act. This, he said, applied to the Scott Act, as well as some others, and by an Order in Council of 29th Sept., 1886, authority was given for the handing over of Scott Act fines to local treasurers. The County was, therefore, authorized to receive and dispose of these fines and certain amounts had been so received. It was for the Council, therefore, to decide whether it would devote these moneys to payment of Mr. Vye, whose appointment, it must be remembered, was under a local and not under the Dominion Act. In like manner the Council must decide whether it would

spend the money in paying expenses of the prosecutions referred to.

In reply to Coun. Adams the Secretary-Treasurer said he had some funds in his hands derived from Scott Act fines and expected more—in all between \$200 and \$300.

Coun. Adams asked if the Council had not power to discharge Mr. Vye? He observed that the law provided that an Inspector could only be discharged for cause. Was the cessation of active duty on his part, in consequence of the injunction, a sufficient cause to justify his discharge?

The Secretary-Treasurer said he did not think it was. It seemed clear to him that if the act under which the Inspector was appointed was declared to be ultra vires, then he must be considered as still engaged. That, however, could not be decided until the ultra vires question was determined.

Coun. Adams—As he cannot perform the duties of his office, cannot we discharge him?

Coun. Watt—Supposing Mr. Vye had been put in jail, would not that be cause for his discharge?

Sec. Treas.—If he were put in jail through his own act it would be cause; if by an act beyond his control, it would not.

Coun. Morrison—If we were to discharge him now, would not that make us responsible to date for salary?

Sec. Treas.—Not necessarily. He would be bound to show that he had performed service. The power to appoint generally carries with it the power to discharge.

Coun. Toner—Suppose the court sustains the Act in say three years' time, are we to be held bound to pay three years' salary to the Inspector?

Sec. Treas.—No, he would have to show he performed services for his salary. The Council has power to disburse him when it likes.

Coun. Adams—Have we power to discharge him before the end of his first year? And if we wish to discharge him by 1st May next when his year would be up, are we bound to give him notice beforehand?

Sec. Treas.—I think you can discharge him now.

Coun. Cameron—Was the Inspector paid at the rate agreed upon, up to the time the injunction was served?

Sec. Treas.—Yes.

Coun. Cameron asked if that would not be an intimation to him that the Council did not intend to pay him further and that his services were at an end. If it were his case he would so interpret it.

Councillor Adams moved—Whereas the Inspector under the Scott Act has been prevented from performing his duties since last July—and whereas he is yet unable to perform the same, and as he contends he was not dismissed—Therefore resolved that he be hereby discharged from being Scott Act Inspector, and that the Secretary-Treasurer be instructed to notify him of the same.

Coun. Ryan seconded the resolution.

Coun. Cameron said if Mr. Vye claimed to be still under pay and that he had not been dismissed, he might go on, for years, claiming to be in the same position unless some resolution as this was passed by the Council. He, therefore, approved of it.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Coun. Adams presented petition of Lemuel Drysdale for relief from \$4.40 road taxes and costs which he was obliged by a constable to pay in No. 3 district, Tabusintac, in which he did not live or own property, such tax being collected from him after he had paid road tax of \$1.20 in district No. 2—both districts being in the Parish of Alnwick.

Referred to Committee on petitions.

On motion of Coun. Underhill, an Inspector Vye was heard at the bar of the Council in reference to his position and claims. He said he was glad the Council had discharged him. He had done his best while acting as Inspector and wished to notify the Council that he claimed payment of the salary agreed upon up to date of his discharge. In July last he was offered \$41.66 a month if he would undertake to enforce the Scott Act for the Women's Temperance Union but he declined on the ground that he was under engagement with the Municipal Council. He had been kept from engaging in his ordinary avocations by reason of his engagement and his credit was also impaired, even one of the Banks refusing to do business with him because he had caused his employees to be summoned in a case he was prosecuting. He had been engaged in answering communications in connection with his duties under the Act and although he had not as much money as the County of Northumberland he would put a writ on the Warden, unless he was paid to-morrow.

Coun. Watt said he was very prompt with his writ than he was in prosecuting liquor dealers.

Mr. Vye—That is not true. Adjourned until 10 a. m. Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18.
Council called to order at 10. Warden in the chair. Minutes of yesterday's proceedings read and on motion approved.

Coun. Adams presented petition of Joseph McKnight for release from over-

taxation, he having been over assessed.—Referred to committee on petitions.

Coun. Morrison brought up the matter of Archibald Wright from poll tax and tax on income amounting to \$2.47; Therefore Resolved That this sum be refunded to Mr. Wright and applied towards paying his taxes. Carried.

Coun. Toner, as Chairman of Committee on Petitions of last year, presented a petition of R. R. Call of last year which came under the head of unfinished business. The resolution of last year left it to the committee to take such action as they may think fit (vide last year's report) and he would that the matter be referred to the committee on petitions for this year.

Coun. Adams as Chairman of committee on petitions for this session objected, as this committee had considerable work to do, and moved in amendment that a special committee of three be appointed to take up unfinished business in regard to petitions. Amendment carried.