

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Vol. XIX.—No. 35.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, June 16, 1886.

WHOLE No. 971.

DRY GOODS SALE

AT
B. FAIREY'S.

ALL GOODS at LOWEST PRICES!

Dress Goods from 6 1/2 c. per yard.
Grey Cotton, 3 c.
36 in. do. 4 1/2 c.
36 in. White Cotton, 7 c.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

June 5, 1886.

M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Chatham, N. B.

JOHN McALISTER,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Conveyancer, &c.,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

WILLIAM MURRAY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHMOND, N. B.

RAW FURS.
I am paying the highest prices in cash for the following Raw Furs—Otter, Beaver, Bear, Mink, Marten, Lynx, Fox, Badger.

M'INN'S MILLS,
KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY,
KENT COUNTY, N. B.

SAWN CEDAR SHINGLES
AND
DIMENSIONED LUMBER
OUR SPECIALTY.

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS.
The subscriber announces that he is now carrying on the business of
BRICK MANUFACTURING
on an extensive scale, and has now on hand about
150,000 BRICK

GROceries
AND
DRY GOODS.

Windsor's Delicious RASPBERRY & STRAWBERRY JAM!

JOHN WINDSOR,
Petit Rocher, N. B., Oct. 20, 1884.

THIS PAPER can be found on all the streets of Newcastle, N. B., and is published weekly.



It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the Scalp of all Dandruff.
VALUABLE INFORMATION.
FARMINGTON, N. S., May 15, 1886.
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

DR. T. W. POMROY,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
NEW YORK CITY, U. S.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUT NAILS AND
CUT SPIKES,
TACKS, BRADS,
FINISHING NAILS,
SHOE NAILS,
HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

Canada House
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises.
Oct. 12, 1885.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,
GEO. McSWEENEY, GEO. D. FUCHS,
PROPRIETOR, MANAGER

Clifton House,
4 Princess and 143 Gorman Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,

ROOFING.
Just received two samples of the celebrated
"Sparham Fire Proof Roofing Cement,"
ESTABLISHED 1870.

Fire Proof and Water Tight
Shingle, Gravel, Asbestos, Tin and Iron Roofs.

FIRE PROOF PAINT
It is unequalled, it is the only roof that will stand the test of our severe climate.

JOHN J. MILLER,
Sole Agent,
Millerton, N. B., May 10.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warehouses,
55 KING STREET,
New Carpets, New Oldcloths, New Linoleums

Just Received for Fall Trade:
6 Bales New Brussels Carpets;
6 " " Tapestry do.
4 Bolls English Oldcloth, New Designs;
4 " " Best Linoleum, at \$3.30 per yard;
4 " " 4 yds. wide do. " 1.10 " "
4 " " 4 yds. wide do. " 1.75 " "
The above is the first installment of my FALL STOCK, and as it contains some very novel designs, intending purchasers would do well to examine them.
A. Q. SKINNER,
St. John, Oct. 5, 1885.

Selected Literature.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

A goodly store of gold,
To well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world hath done
Since myrtes grew and roses blew
And morning brought the sun.
But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge in truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth!
For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played an unwise part,
And built upon the sand.

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with pure things.
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside the coffee chest, and own
'Tis built upon the sand.

'Tis good to speak in friendly guise
And soothe wherer'er we can!
Fair speech should bind the human mind
And love link man to man.
But stop not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside the coffee chest, and own
'Tis built upon the sand.

They were words to me of fearful significance.
The yacht, I knew must soon
break up, and nothing could save
the crew.

I quickly followed my relative into
the back drawing-room, where Maggie
was with her mother. We gazed out
to the night-out and across the sea. At
the same moment, out there on the
terrible sea, a blue-light sprang up,
revealing the yacht, and even its people
on board, she was leaning well to one
side, her masts gone and the spray
dashing over her.

"Come," cried Maggie, "there is no
time to lose. We can guide the boat
to the cave. Come, cousin!"

I felt dazed, thunderstruck. Was I
to take an active part in a forlorn hope?
Was Maggie—how beautiful and daring
she looked now—to assume the role of a
modern Grace Darling? So it appeared.

"We cannot come nearer," she cried;
"lower your boat and follow our light
closely. Take the tiller, now," she
continued, addressing me, "and steer for
the light you see on the cliff. Keep her
well up, though, or all will be lost!"

"We waited—and that with difficulty
—for a few moments, till we saw by
starlight that the yacht's boat was
lowered, then away we went.

The light on the cliff moved slowly
down the hill. I kept the boat's
head a point or two above it, and on she
slashed.

The rocks looked black and high as
we neared them, the waves breaking in
terrible turmoil beneath. Suddenly the
light was lowered over the cliff down to
the very water's edge.

"Steady, now," cried my brave cousin,
and the next moment we were round the
point, and into smooth water, with the
yacht's boat beside us. The place was
partly cave, partly nois.

We beached our boats, and here we
remained all night, and were rescued next
morning by a fisherman's yawl.

The yacht's people were the captain,
his wife and one boy—all Norwegian
Bristers by name.

What need to tell of the gratitude of
those whom Maggie's heroism had saved
from a watery grave.

But it came to pass that when a few
months afterward a beautiful new yacht
came round to the ford to take those
shipwrecked mariners away Cousin
Maggie went with them on a cruise. It
came to pass also that when I paid my
next visit to R., in the following
summer I found living at my relative's
house a Major Brister. Mrs. Brister
was my Cousin Maggie, and Major
Brister was my Cousin Maggie's father.

"DON'T KILL THE BIRDS."
To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle,
Dear Sir,—As a friend and lover of our
little birds, I would ask you to find space
in your paper for the enclosed extract
from the letter of an English lady to her
friend, cut from an English paper, on the
subject of killing these little creatures to
be worn in bonnets and hats and suggest-
ing other decorations.

I might here remark that it speaks well
for the gentle nature, and good taste of our
Quebec ladies that very few of them are
displaying the "little feathered corpses"
in their bonnets and hats.
J. H. C.
Quebec, 28th May, 1886.

pleading the cause of the poor little birds
that are killed to be worn in bonnets and
hats? I am delighted; or, rather, I should
be so if I thought it would have much
effect. Has it ever occurred to you that,
in buying a bonnet, a woman may reveal
much of the best of her night, and even
the character of her patriotism; for in-
stance, in the matter of small dead birds,
The gentle nature recoils from the idea, while
the coarser-fibered deck themselves with the
little feathered corpses as joyfully as the
North American house larks scold on his
girlie. And as for patriotism, may we
not show it by choosing straws that hail
from Coventry? Madame Isabel told me
last week that the workers in Bucking-
hamshire make the finest straws quite
beautifully and successfully, when pro-
vided with the good designs she sends
them to copy. Her bonnets are wholly
guiltless of birds. Flowers only, and the
feathers of the ostrich, are their adornment.

I admired one with clusters of lilac so natural
that one involuntarily imagined the
remembrance of the real lilac. A
quite delicious one was wreathed round
the face with garlands of forget-me-nots
velled in bronze tulle and trimmed with
tea-roses. The coral bonnets agreeably
surprised me. I had heard of them, and
expected them to be unpleasantly hard;
but, though they are composed of real
coral from the Bahamas, the processes it
undergoes render it quite as pliable as the
new wire laces which are so popular. It
is not red as you might fancy, but a pale
straw colour. In baking it is expected to
be very successful. I hope it may, for,
next to our own country, we ought to en-
courage our colonies.

Ever dear loving cousin,
MADGE.

THE ROYAL "ABSOLUTELY
PURE," AND WHY.

All baking powders made from cream
of tartar, except the Royal, contain im-
purities to a very serious extent, caused
by the foreign substances, chiefly tartaric
lime, always present in the cream of
tartar. In baking it is expected to be
very successful. I hope it may, for,
next to our own country, we ought to en-
courage our colonies.

ALCOHOL A POISON.—We put a drop
of alcohol into a man's eye. It poisons it.
We try it upon the lining of a living
stomach. Again it poisons it. We study
after death, the stomachs of drinking
men, and find alcohol produces in regular
stages redness, intense congestion, morbid
secretions, deeper hurt, destruction of
parts, utter ruin. We study its influence
upon the health and strength of sailors
and soldiers, and find it helps to freeze
them in arctic regions, and exhaust them
in the tropics. We watch two regiments
on a long march in India, one with the
other without grog, and are driven to the
conclusion that even moderate quantities
of alcohol weaken the muscles and break
the endurance. We visit the training
grounds of oarsmen, pedestrians, and
prize-fighters, and learn everywhere the
same lesson—alcohol is a poison to
muscle and brain.

FISHERY MATTERS.
GLOUCESTER-MACKEREL MEN WILL NOT
RISK A VOYAGE—THE BOTTLE BILL
MORE RETALIATORY THAN THAT OF
FAYE.

ONE of the large fish packers on the
strait of Canso lately said: "The talk
which Americans make about getting
their mackerel outside the three mile
limit is all nonsense. They do not catch
their fish where they claim. I never
knew of but one fare that was taken out-
side the limit. I know that Collector
Babson of Gloucester asked the fishermen
from that port to swear that they made
their catch outside the line, and have
known it for some years. Fishermen
have told me repeatedly that he always
asked them to make affidavits to this effect.
In this way the government of the
United States has been deceived, and
statements have been recklessly made
that the inshore fisheries were of no
value, whereas they are of the greatest
value. This season will settle the ques-
tion pretty effectually, if the Americans
do not steal our fish and keep outside the
limit, they will return empty handed.—
At all events, their catch will be nowhere
near as large as formerly, and this alone
will prove an effectual answer to their
talk. We want the American trade and
we must have it, but the Yankees must
not think they can come down here and
usurp our fisheries and give us nothing
as compensation, and when we send our
fish to their market meet us with an enor-
mous protective duty. The statement
that the privileges of our ports are worth
nothing is foolish in the extreme, for the
fishermen know they must have bait and
cannot get along without it. They can-
not get it except in our ports, and what
are they going to do? Senator Fry has
taken a very foolish stand on this fishery
question, and in his endeavor to get the
voice of the Maine fishermen he has drag-
ged his country into trouble. In his heart
he knows he is wrong and that his posi-
tion is untenable. The effect of keeping
the Americans out will be to the injury
of our people who depend on the Ameri-
can fishermen for their ready cash; but
we can help that; we must maintain our
rights as a matter of principle. Now, to
show you that the American fishermen
fish with the limit, let me ask why it is
they cut their seines down from a shon-
sand meshes, the deep sea size, to 800
meshes, the inshore size, as they often
do. Why, right on this wharf here some
after nine has been out doing, showing
that the Americans fish ashore. They can't
bait here, nor salt, nor barrel, and can-
not land their fish to ship them to the
States, and they must sit at home,
and when they get a fare return with it.
This will take three weeks' time. Rather
a bad prospect for the Yankees, don't you
think so? Their position is a suicidal one
and if they still keep it, it is only a ques-
tion of time when we shall have a mono-
poly of the business, and Americans will
have to pay their government a tax for
the privilege of eating fish. Now, what
we want is free trade with the States,
and we propose to use this matter as a
club to bring the American people to
their senses. We want a free market for
our fish, and that we must and will have,
or else the Americans will be driven out
of the business. In that case we shall
have things our own way. When the
last treaty was made it should have been
for all time, instead of 12 years. I be-
lieve that it would be the best thing to
make a treaty for all time, giving the
Americans the use of our fishing grounds,
keeping in return the privilege of a free
market. To show you the meanness of the
United States, we consented to allow
their fishermen the use of our fishing
grounds from the 1st of July last to the
end of the season, without compensation,
but instead of making any concession to
us on that day, they imposed the duty on
our fish and insisted on the payment. I
paid \$4,430 on my fish, supposing that
in consequence of our concession, the
American government would pay it back;
but they have not, and there is not the
slightest prospect of it ever being done.
That is what I call meanness. The Ameri-
cans want the earth. If the government
did what is right, it would send me a
check for my money. The American
government will have to appoint a com-
missioner to look into this matter, and it
had better do it gracefully, rather than
be forced into it. There is no dodging
our right. In reference to the three mile
limit, the Americans decided in the
Alabama claims matter that the territory
inside a straight line, drawn from point
to point, must be regarded as domestic
water. They decided that the Ches-
apeake bay, inside the points at its mouth,
although 10 or 12 miles wide, must be
considered domestic water. Now we
claim that, although Chedabucto bay may
be 10 or 12 miles across, an American
vessel fishing in it is liable to seizure, as
according to the Americans' own precedents,
it is of the domestic waters of Canada.
Now the Yankees claim that the three
mile limit must follow the shore inden-
tations. They forget their ruling in the
Alabama matter. The Halifax people
do not want a treaty with the United
States, as it would be against their in-
terests. What they want is what we now
have, so they can get our fish cheap and
send them to Cuba, via New York, in
bond, so they may obtain the advantage
of the treaty between the United States
and Cuba. Let Faye and his crew keep
on. By and by the American market
will run short of fish, and then we will
ship our product and make the Ameri-
cans pay for their fun. There are acres
and acres of fish in Chedabucto bay work-
ing north, but they are all within the
three mile limit, and are therefore not
for Americans. If American fishermen
take their chances to get them, they must
expect to be seized. For my part, I hope
the cutter will get about a dozen Yankees
and condemn them."

TEMPERANCE.
ALCOHOL.
Alcohol, the foe of free men
Blinks us fast in slavish chains,
Grin, relentless as a demon,
All his captives he retains.
Alcohol gives want and sorrow,
Shatters nerve and maddens brain,
Drives to crime, and on the morrow
Tortures with remorse and pain.
Alcohol will curse forever
Every captive soul on his:
For the drunkard here, new by his grace
Eaters where the Saviour is.
Save us from intoxication,
Save us, Jesus, by thy grace
Make us free, with thy salvation,
Let us see Thy blessed face.

THE LITERATURE OF INTemperance.
A subtle source of danger arises from

the effects of the literature of intemperance.
Poetry has long ministered to this
dread vice. From the Bacchic odes of the
Grecian Anacreon, and the graceful wine
songs of the Roman Horatius, down to
our own age, when Moore and Byron
have lent their mighty powers to throw
new enchantments around the foaming
tankard or the ivy-wreathed cup, and
make more attractive the slavery of sensu-
ality, poetry has battled for wine. And
even prose is far from being pure. To
literary men drunkenness seems but a venial
sin, and while many of them have fallen,
like the common herd of drunkards, from
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