

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW,

VOL. XX.—No. 13.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 12, 1887.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1001.

## NEW FURNITURE.

All Hard Wood Bed Room Sets from \$23.00.  
The Best Bed Room Sets in the county \$25.00.  
Bed Room Sets at all prices.  
Parlor Sets from \$45.00.  
Side Boards, Chairs, Tables, Wash Stands, etc.  
5 O'clock Tea Tables.  
Bed Lounges, Lounges, Sofas.  
Spring Mattresses, Wire Mattresses.  
Excelsior, Flock Mattresses, Pillows.

### SPECIAL.

I have a few BED COMFORTABLES and WHITE BLANKETS which I will sell very cheap. Also HORSE BLANKETS at very low prices. Camp Blanketing, 2 yds wide, extra value. Saeque cloth at a great reduction to clear.

Jan. 8, 1887.

**L. W. and Collection Office**  
—OF—  
**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.

**PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,**  
OF LONDON.  
ESTABLISHED 1792.  
LOSSES PAID over \$15,000,000.  
INSURANCES EFFECTED AT REASONABLE RATES.  
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

**W. A. PARK, - Agent -**  
Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886.

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

OFFICE Old Bank Montreal.

**JOHN MCALISTER,**  
Barrister & Attorney at Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.,  
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.  
May 7, 1886.

**WILLIAM MURRAY,**  
Barrister & Attorney at Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.  
OFFICE: MURRAY'S BUILDING,  
WATKIN STREET.  
May 1, 1882.

**J. D. PHINNEY,**  
Barrister & Attorney at Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,  
RICHMOND, N. B.  
OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.  
May 5, 1884.

**GEO. 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 in a satisfactory manner.  
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

**F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.  
OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a.m., 2 to 6 p.m., 7 to 10 p.m.  
Feb. 1885.

**DR. McDONALD,**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE  
Corner Duke and St. John Street,  
Opposite Canada House.  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
Chatham June 8, 1881.

**DR. T. W. POMROY,**  
S. S. YVES SAINT ST.,  
NEW YORK CITY, U. S.  
Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter.  
Aug. 24, 1883.

**JOHN HOPKINS,**  
DEALER IN  
ALL KINDS OF  
MEATS AND VEGETABLES  
IN SEASON.  
Our Market Meat, 5lb Cans, 60c.  
Small Cans, 35c.  
186 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.  
Oct. 27, 1886.

**O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.**  
MEMB. ROT. COL. SURG., LONDON.  
SPECIALIST,  
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.  
Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton.  
Moncton, Nov. 12, '86.

**CANADA HOUSE.**  
Chatham, New Brunswick,  
WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers will 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 Offices. 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 Stalling on this premises.  
Oct. 12, 1885.

**HOTEL BRUNSWICK,**  
MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,  
GEO. McSWENY, GEO. D. FUCHS  
PROPRIETORS. MANAGERS

**Clifton House,**  
Princess and 143 Gorman Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**A. H. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,**  
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.  
April 29, '85.

**CARD OF THANKS.**  
The Subscriber wishes to return his sincere thanks to the travelling public and others for their patronage during the past ten years. He now wishes to announce that he has sold out the business and good will of the Wilbur House to Mr. T. P. Keary, and trusts that the patronage formerly given to him will be continued to his successor.  
J. H. WILBUR.  
Bathurst, Sept. 25th, 1886.

**KEARY HOUSE**  
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)  
BATHURST, N. B.  
THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and repaired 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.

**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**  
which will be disposed of at low rates. The makers are located near a siding of the Intercolonial Railway. All orders attended to promptly. Brick delivered f. o. b. cars, or at wharf.  
Address all orders to  
H. R. FLETCHER, Superintendent  
GEO. A. FLETCHER, Proprietor.  
Miramichi, N. B., Oct. 20, '85.

**FLOUR. FLOUR.**  
JUST RECEIVED:  
TWO CARLOADS OF  
"BALMY" AND "JEWEL"  
both full roller patents and among the very best brands for family use. For sale at a very slight advance on cost. The cheapest in town. Try it.

A LARGE STOCK OF  
**Xmas Groceries,**  
—CONSISTING OF—  
Raisins, Currants, Candied Fruits, Spices, and the usual large assortment to be found in a well kept grocery store.  
All at low prices.  
**JNO. ROBINSON, JR.**  
FERRY CORNER.  
Newcastle, Dec. 14, '86.

## The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

### Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say I have never believed it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

**Dyspepsia Cured.**  
It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. Today my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and stillifies the mind. I feel without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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**JNO. ROBINSON, JR.**  
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Newcastle, Dec. 14, '86.

## Selected Literature.

MRS. MULLEN'S ECONOMY.

"I declare, Elizabeth, our grocery bill this month is outrageous; perfectly exorbitant," Mr. Mullen said, as he sat back from the table and looked over the bill his wife had just handed him.

"It seems to be all right, however," said Mrs. Mullen quietly. "I looked over the bill carefully; there is nothing charged to us we have not had."

"Then I must say that we have had an awful sight of groceries for a family no larger than ours. I don't see how you can possibly make away with so much; here is enough sugar charged in this month's bill to have done my mother, with her large family, half a year; we shall be confirmed dyspeptics, and in the poor house besides, before we are forty years old, if you don't stop making so much rich cake, and so many pies and puddings. And I don't see why you will persist in trading at Millard's; he's the highest priced man in town, and I've told you time and again."

"I trade there because I get better articles, and you always want the best of everything."

"No, I don't want the best of everything; it's you that wants the best of everything. You are not willing to cook unless you have the very finest of food—although there's not half the nutriment in it—and other things accordingly; and then you cook such quantities, there was as much steak left yesterday as was eaten and who cares for warmed over steak?"

"But we were expecting company yesterday, you remember, and I prepared dinner accordingly," said Mrs. Mullen.

"Of yes, of course, there's always some good reason for its costing us more to live than any one else in town," Mr. Mullen said angrily, as he snatched his hat and started out of doors.

Mr. Mullen was not an unkind husband, nor was he at all inclined to be niggardly. He was fond of good living, and not only appreciated his wife's excellent cookery, but knew that she was very saving and economical. But business had been very dull the past week and when business was dull Mr. Mullen was apt to feel depressed in spirit; and when he felt depressed in spirit, he was very apt to be unreasonable, and inclined to blame somebody for his lack of prosperity. He didn't dare to find fault with his partner in business, and it wasn't advisable to scold the clerk, without reason; so whom should he scold if not his wife?

This was not the first time that Mrs. Mullen had received a stinging rebuke for her alleged extravagance. Of course she knew her husband didn't mean a word he said, but that didn't prevent it from stinging. Two or three times she had wept bitterly over his unkind words, once or twice she had talked back with considerable vim, to-day she did neither; only after her husband had gone out, she shut her lips together firmly, and went to work.

Mr. Mullen came home to his dinner in excellent spirits. Things had gone well at the store, and dyspepsia and the poor house, were alike forgotten. He chatted pleasantly as he ate rather sparingly of the codfish and potatoes, reserving his appetite for the apple dumplings and delicious sauce that was sure to supplement a fish dinner.

"Now for the dumplings," he said, as he pushed away his plate, and used his napkin with a boyish flourish quite charming.

"I didn't make any to-day; I thought they didn't agree with you, and I would not make them just for myself," his wife said kindly.

Mr. Mullen looked disappointed, but spoke cheerfully. "Ah! yes, it's better for us to do without them, I perceive, if only one knew where to leave off; and having found a suitable place to leave off—the first half of a very plain molasses cookie—Mr. Mullen went down town with an unsatisfied stomach, and a great fear tugging at his heart strings that the good seed sown in the morning had taken deeper root than was desirable.

As Mr. Mullen came home to the evening meal, he saw some luscious strawberries temptingly displayed in the store windows. He would have bought some but supposed his wife had already done so. He was very fond of strawberries, and had often paid an extravagant price for them,—the season was so short when one could enjoy such luxuries.

"I see strawberries are in the market," Mr. Mullen said, as he took his seat by the table, and dashed out the dried-apple sauce.

"Yes, but they are so very high," said the economical Mrs. Mullen. "It would seem—"

"Lizzie, what ails this bread?" interrupted Mr. Mullen holding up a piece for inspection.

"Nothing; only I have been trying a different grade of flour! It is rather dark, but it is light and sweet."

"And very nutritious, I dare say!" Mr. Mullen remembered his own words and resolved to stand by them. "But it looks a little odd; your bread was always so nice and white."

The next morning Mr. Mullen found fault with the butter.

"Why, isn't that butter good?" his

wife asked, in indignant surprise. The man said it was perfectly splendid, and so cheap—only twenty cents a pound. I got it at the new store just started at First street."

Mr. Mullen ate the rest of his bread bare, and in silence. His heart filled with grief, no doubt, at having learned that this fair earth contained "so foul a blot" as a man who would lie about butter. The dinner was very good that day but there was hardly enough of it. Mrs. Mullen didn't want anything left over, and of course, couldn't tell exactly how much would be eaten.

The food for supper was well cooked, but not rich nor dainty enough to be at all objectionable.

The next morning Mr. Mullen arose with a terrible giveness at his stomach. He told his wife he wasn't feeling well, and would like some soft boiled eggs for his breakfast. He liked boiled eggs and usually ate three or four.

His wife always got her eggs at Anderson's, and could rely upon their being fresh, but his contentment failed as he sat down to the table and saw the eggs (there were only two) by his plate. Somehow, they didn't look natural.

"Where did you get these eggs?" he asked, eyeing them suspiciously.

"I got them at Dean's; and just think I only paid ten cents a dozen, and I've been paying Anderson twelve cents all summer. Why they're neither of them good," she added in a tone of deep regret, as she saw her husband start for the kitchen door, with a terrible grimace on his face, and the eggs in a saucer.

"Shall I cook you some more?" she kindly asked on his return.

"No thank you," was the stiff reply.

Mr. Mullen nibbled a cracker, and drank his coffee, which Mrs. Mullen had not the heart to economize on; then he sat back from the table and looked at his wife.

"Elizabeth," he said in a tone so calm, that it startled her, "you have been sufficiently tried as an economist, you are a success. I have no fear for the future, should misfortune overtake us, I feel assured that you could readily obtain a position as the matron of some 'Home,' or you could support the family by keeping a genteel boarding-house."

"But (pathetically) I should not long remain a burden upon your hands; I should soon die—die of starvation—do not think I could possibly survive beyond the third day. And now (cheerfully) I propose that we celebrate our victory by having, this day noon, a regal feast, consisting of such dishes as your judgment and good taste shall dictate. And here, take this; there may be some little luxury which your own appetite craves, that you cannot procure at those places, and giving his wife a hearty kiss, he was gone.

It is needless to say that the feast was prepared, and that ample justice was done to it by Mr. Mullen and his friend whom he brought to dinner.

**Temperance.**

**WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.**

"For God and home and native land," The temperance banner was unfurled; And now the Christian women band To bear that standard round the world.

Exquisite no noble never won The banded strength of valiant men; Sublimed warfare 'neath the sun Inspiring human tongue and pen.

More knightly far than famed crusades That aimed to shield Messiah's grave, This mission has celestial aids, And breathes the life Messiah gave.

While selfish kings for power contend And war with words with carnage strewn, These Mary's angels like defend Our race against the worst of foes.

To slay with Heaven's resistless sword The monster serpent of the still, That over all the earth has poured Its venom, flesh and soul to kill.

All holies say that earth has known Are dwarfed before this mighty strife; It springs from the supernatural throne, And brings the love and life.

**THE BRUTAL TRAFFIC.**

If you sow whiskey, you reap drunkards.

Temperance, industry and tranquillity, are nature's best physicians.

How can alcohol be called a good creature of God, when God has not made it? All moderate drinkers are not drunkards.

All things that are food for man are produced by life and growth; alcohol is a product of death and decay.

A teetotaler's arguments are sure to be sound, for he is sure to make use of nothing that will hold water.

The whiskey sellers of Canada are adopting dynamite as a weapon of warfare against the temperance advocates.

The difference between Canada whiskey and dynamite, as an agent of death, is not much.

**PROHIBITION.**

"I have fought under the flag of that grand 'party of moral ideas' in all its glorious battles, as my great-grandfather fought under Washington through the Revolution, and as my great-grandfather fought King Philip for the salvation of infant New England. But not the scolding Indian, nor the oppressive Briton, nor the pro-slavery rebellion, nor all of them combined, were so dangerous a foe to

America and mankind as is the rum colossus of to-day. New England was saved, independence was secured, the Union was saved. The next war is to save America as a whole from the Gordon ruin. And now I am in for that campaign with seven generations of fighting blood boiling-hot in me. This is the logical result of all my antecedents, hereditary and personal. I was born an Abolitionist and Prohibitionist, and mean to make my 'calling and election sure' for both."

—Geo. L. Taylor.

**TO WINE-DRINKING FATHERS.**

It is from eight to sixteen that boys begin to break away from parental control, and the restraint of the fireside. It is then that they seem to feel that they know more than those who bore them; it is then that they begin to assert the liberty of the street, and taste its delusions, its vices, and its crimes. Said an English jurist of great distinction: "A large majority of all the criminals who are brought before me have been made what they are by being allowed to be away from home evenings between the ages of eight and sixteen." What a testimony is this, dear mothers and sisters! Surely one of the most practical studies in this temperance work is how to keep the young away from temptation, and pleasantly and profitably occupy the evenings. Guard your own door. There is one sort of a drinking house that is not so enamoured can touch, and that is a private house with a decent, and in its cupboard. Good friends, guard your own doors with teetotalism! A foolish rich man, who died lately, disinherited his drunken son. In that same will he bequeathed his "wine-cellar" to certain heirs. That father most insanely tempted his own son to drink; and then on his dying bed gave the boy a last kick into open disgrace! The most effectual of all home protection is to guard our own home. From such temperance homes will come the power to close up the public drinking dens.—Ogley.

**CHARACTER IN WRITING.**

HOW IT MAY BE JUDGED FROM ONE'S P'S AND Q'S.

Writing which has a tendency to ascend toward the end of the lines denotes always ambition, prosperity and success, says Mr. Hern-Allen, the chirographist, while writing which, on the contrary, has a tendency to descend betrays melancholy, ill health and taciturnity. If a writing which descends thus is disjointed and interspersed with meaningless ornament, it is a sign of a tending toward madness. Flourishes are always bad, denoting vanity, conceit and self assertion, while peculiarly formed letters denote invariably and obviously—eccentricity.

More can be told by the observation of single letters, especially capitals, than anything else. Thus a capital A denotes great sense of beauty, and strong will is shown in the strong larring. When the bar is a loop there is the same sense of beauty, but less will. The script capital A shows simplicity and clearness of ideas. A looped shows tenderness and generosity, while the Greek D or D indicates eccentricity and imagination.

An F with a flying top betrays imagination and indifference, whilst a curly one shows cultivation and a sensitive mind. A curly H shows poetry and art, and a curly I gives grace and sense and beauty; but the straight, like Bro. Haltes and Oscar Wilde's gives a higher and more precise nature to the artistic instinct and increases the poetic faculty.

Disproportionate loops betray self-assertion; look out for them in letters like P and L and Y. Letters stopping short at their finals show economy; long or extended finals with spaces between the words indicate generosity, if not extravagance. Forward curves denote egotism.

Stops are also most distinctive. Heavy and black, they betray sensuality; long, they denote vivacity and originality.—An i dotted with fleck indicates recklessness. Absence of stops shows want of caution and an unsuspicious nature.

**THE BIGGEST DIAMOND**

EVER TAKEN FROM THE FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Great crowds collect every evening at Ely place, Holborn, to see the process of polishing what is deemed the champion diamond of the world. Within eight, through the large plate glass window the artist sits at his bench before the little upright wooden stand on which, fastened with the composition used for the purpose, stands the half polished diamond, one part described as being rough and dull as rock salt, the other flaming with internal fire. The artist works on the stone with a curious looking polisher, an instrument described as resembling a thickish bit of ordinary firewood, with one end cut wedge-wise and covered with composition and keeps scrubbing and scrubbing with a gentle firmness. It is stated that the diamond, which is from South Africa, when full cut, number a third karats more than the Koh-i-noor, which will have to hide its diminished head in the presence of a luminary bigger than a billiard ball. The jewel is valued at half a million. The very chips that are cut off in the polishing fetch small fortunes. The King of Portugal gave \$40,000 for one of them. It is proposed to purchase this magnificent gem by a national subscription as a jubilee present to the Queen, to which the admirers of England and the English will be permitted to subscribe.

**A NAUGHTY PRINCE.**

The duchess of Edinburgh was met on her arrival at Malta by the Duke, and three days later they gave a concert at their house at San Antonio. The Duke was down for a solo on his beloved fiddle and when His Royal Highness stood up to perform he was greeted, of course, with a storm of applause. He proceeded in the usual manner to thrum the instrument late tune, but the first touch told him that the strings had been changed—that a string was where the G ought to be, and vice versa. The Duke looked angry, called for another violin, and when he had tuned it vigorously, resined his bow. He then dashed bravely at the piece, but, alas! nothing but the most awful screeches resulted from his elbow jerking.

The audience were respectfully patient for a bar or two, then a sort of suppressed snigger ran round the room, and the Duke stopped and examined his tools once more. A glance at his bow caused him to scrutinize the resin box, the contents of which proved to be cobbler's wax. After this there was nothing for the royal fiddler but to explain, with the best grace he could, that the fates were against him, and resume his seat, which he did, while muffled laughter from Prince George gave a pretty clear clue to the author of the mischief.—London Society.

**THE UNION ADVOCATE.**

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 12, 1887.

**LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.**

The Liberal-Conservative Convention for the selection of a candidate to represent the interests of that party in this county met in the Masonic Hall, Chatham, last Wednesday morning, December from every parish but two were in attendance. The two parishes not represented were Ludlow and Blissfield. The convention was representative in every way of the Liberal-Conservatives in the county. Much time and care had been taken to have the party organized and to get its expression of opinion as to the most available man to nominate. There had been a certain breaking up of party lines in this county. Our present representative who had been elected in the Liberal Conservative interests had seen fit to use his influence against Sir John's government and to throw his great political weight into the opposition ranks. Members of the party in the county were surprised at the course events had taken and it was therefore necessary that the prominent men of the Liberal-Conservative faith should meet together in convention to deliberate upon the situation and to determine what was to be done in the best interests of the party. The convention has met and pronounced its opinion; it has selected

M. ADAMS, Esq., as the standard-bearer of Liberal-Conservative principles. It has declared that above the consideration of personal friendships and a brilliant political career stands devotion to the party in whose faith they have grown up and to that government whose policies they have for years considered were for the best interests of the country. The ADVOCATE ever since its establishment has been Liberal-Conservative. We have always been solicitous for the success of that party in the county. We therefore waited with anxiety to hear the decision of the prominent members of the party to be expressed in this convention. By its decision we have felt it just we should abide, as it would be determined by the judgment and intelligence of our political co-workers. Our efforts in this campaign will therefore, as heretofore, be directed towards the triumph of Liberal-Conservative principles, and for the election of the candidate chosen by the Convention.

The Convention was called to order at 10.30, and Mr. John Galloway appointed Chairman and W. C. Anslow, Secretary. The Chairman announced the purpose of the meeting and after some preliminary remarks called the roll of delegates. The following gentlemen answered to their names:—

Blackville.—Edward Hays, Patrick Gillis, John McCallum, Wm. Jones, Patrick Murphy.











