

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

W.C. ANSLAW

Vol. XXVI.—No. 8.

Newcastle, Wednesday, November 30, 1892.

Whole No. 1308

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Office and Residence,  
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**A FORTUNE**  
Inherited by few, is pure blood, free  
from hereditary taint. Catarrh, con-  
sumption, rheumatism, Scrofula,  
and many other maladies born in the  
blood, can be effectually eradicated  
only by the use of powerful alteratives.  
The standard specific for this purpose  
—the only best known and approved—  
is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, the com-  
pound, concentrated extract of Hon-  
duras sarsaparilla, and other powerful  
alteratives.

"I consider that I have been  
**SAVED**  
several hundred dollars' expense by using  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly  
urge all who are troubled with lameness or  
rheumatism to give it a trial. I am sure  
it will do them permanent good, as it has  
done me."—*Mr. Joseph Wood, West  
Platfield, N.Y.*

Dr. J. W. Shilade, of Smithville, Tenn.,  
says: "I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the  
best blood medicine on earth, and know of  
many wonderful cures effected by its use."  
"For many years I was held up by  
Scrofula, and treatment by many doctors.  
At length I was recommended to give  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial, and after taking  
three bottles was completely cured."—*Dr. C. L. Smith,  
Lanes, Essex, Eng.*

**Selected Literature.**  
THE PUZZLE.  
Pugh came into my room holding  
something wrapped in a piece of brown  
paper.

"Tress, I have brought you something  
on which you may exercise your ingenu-  
ity." He began with exasperating  
deliberation to untie the string which  
bound his parcel; he is one of those  
persons who would not cut a knot to  
save his life. The process occupied  
him the better part of a quarter of an  
hour. Then he held out the contents  
of the paper.

"What do you think of that?" he  
asked. I thought nothing of it, and  
I told him so. "I was prepared for  
that confession," I have noticed, Tress,  
that you generally do think nothing of  
an article which really deserves the at-  
tention of a truly thoughtful mind.  
Possibly, as you think so little of it, you  
will be able to solve the puzzle."

I took what he held out to me. It  
was an oblong box, perhaps seven  
inches long by three inches round.

"Where's the puzzle?" I asked.

"If you will examine the lid of the  
box you will see."

I turned it over and over; it was  
difficult to see which was the lid. Then  
I perceived that on one side were printed  
these words:

"Puzzle: To open the box."

The words were so faintly printed  
that it was not surprising that I had  
not noticed them at first. Pugh ex-  
plained.

"I observed that box on a tray out-  
side a second hand furniture shop. It  
struck my eye. I took it up. I exam-  
ined it. I inquired of the proprietor  
of the shop in what the puzzle lay.  
He replied that it was more than  
he could tell me. He himself had made  
several attempts to open the box, and  
all of them had failed. I purchased it,  
I took it home. I have tried, and I  
have failed. I am aware, Tress, of how  
you prize yourself upon your ingenuity.  
I cannot doubt that, if you try you will  
not fail."

While Pugh was protesting, I was ex-  
amining the box. It was at least  
weighed certainly under two  
pounds. I struck it with my knuckle  
it sounded hollow. There was no hinge,  
nothing of any kind to show that it  
was not open, or for the matter  
of that, that it ever could be open-  
ed. The more I examined the  
thing, the more it whetted my curi-  
osity. That it could be opened, and in  
some ingenious manner, I made no  
doubt, but how?

The box was not a new one. At a  
rough guess I should say that it had  
been a box for a good half century.  
There were certain signs of age about  
it which could not be escaped. I gave  
it a smart tap with my hammer, as Pugh  
had done. Then there certainly was a  
sudden sound. To my ear it sounded  
like the swishing of glass. "I wonder  
if there is anything fragile inside your  
precious puzzle, Pugh, and if so, are  
you shivering it by degrees?"

"What is that noise?"

I lay in bed in that curious condition  
which is between sleep and waking.  
When, at last, I knew that I was awake,  
I asked myself what it was that had  
woken me. Suddenly I became conscious  
that something was making itself  
felt in the silence of the night. For  
some moments I lay and listened. Then  
I sat up in bed.

"What is that noise?"

It was like the tick, tick, of some  
large and unusually clear-toned clock.  
It might have been a clock, had it not  
been so early in the morning. I gave  
half-dreaded look to a sort of self-  
screed, such as might have been  
uttered by some small creature in an  
extremity of anguish. I got out of bed;  
it was ridiculous to think of sleep dur-  
ing the continuation of that uneasy  
screed. I struck a light. The sound  
seemed to come from the neighborhood  
of my dressing table. I went to the  
dressing table, the lighted match in my  
hand, and, as I did so, my eyes fell on  
Pugh's mysterious box. That same  
instant there issued from the bowels of  
the box a most uncomfortable screech  
such as I had never before heard. It  
took me so completely by surprise that  
I let the match fall from my hand in  
the floor. The room was in darkness.  
I stood—I will not say trembling—  
listening, considering their volume to the  
voice I had never heard. All at once  
they ceased. Then came the tick, tick,  
tick again. I struck another match and  
lit the gas.

Pugh had left his puzzle box behind  
him. We had done all we could to-  
gether to solve the puzzle. He had left  
it behind to see what I could do with it  
alone. So much had I endeavored to  
attend to that I had even brought it into  
my bedroom in order that I might, be-  
fore retiring to rest, make a final at-  
tempt at the solution of the mystery.—  
Now what possessed the thing?

As I stood, and looked, and listened,  
one thing began to be clear to me, that  
some sort of machinery had been set in  
motion inside the box. How it had been  
set in motion was another matter. But  
the box had been subject to so much  
handling, to such prying and such  
hammering, that it was not strange if,  
after all, Pugh or I had unconsciously  
hit upon the spring which set the whole  
thing going. Possibly the mechanism  
had got so rusty that it had refused to  
act at once. It had hung fire, and only  
after some hours' hard something or other  
set the imprisoned active power free.

But what about the screeching? Could

there be some living creature concealed  
within the box? Was I listening to  
the cries of some small animal in agony?  
Momentary reflection suggested that the  
explanation of the one thing was the  
explanation of the other. But—there  
was the mystery. The same rust which  
had prevented the mechanism from act-  
ing at once was causing the screeching  
now. The uneasy sounds were caused  
by nothing more nor less than the want  
of a drop or two of oil. Such an expla-  
nation would not have satisfied Pugh; it  
satisfied me.

Picking up the box, I placed it to my  
ear.

"I wonder how long this little per-  
formance is going to continue. And  
what is going to happen when it is good  
enough to cease? I hope—an uncomfort-  
able thought occurred to me—I hope  
Pugh hasn't picked up some pleasant  
little novelty in the way of an infernal  
machine. It would be a first rate  
joke if he had and I had been endeavoring  
to solve the puzzle of how to set it  
going."

I don't mind owning that as this re-  
flection crossed my mind I replaced  
Pugh's puzzle on the dressing-table.—  
The idea did not commend itself to me  
at all. The box evidently contained  
some curious mechanism. It might be  
more curious than comfortable. Pos-  
sibly some agreeable little device in  
clockwork. The tick, tick, suggested  
clockwork which had been planned to  
go a certain time, and then—then, for  
all I knew, ignite an explosive, and blow  
up. It would be a charming solution to  
the puzzle if it were to explode while I  
stood there, in my night-shirt, looking  
on. It is true that the box weighed  
very little. Probably, as I have said,  
the whole affair would not have turned  
the scale at a couple of ounces. But  
then its very lightness might have been  
part of the ingenious inventor's little  
game. There are explosives which one  
can make a very satisfactory amount of  
work with considerably less than a  
couple of ounces.

While I was hesitating—I own it—  
whether I had not better immerse  
Pugh's puzzle in a can of water, or  
throw it out of the window, or call down  
to his apartment, both the tick, tick,  
tick, and the screeching ceased, and all  
within the box was still. If it was going  
to explode, it was now or never. In-  
stinctively I moved in the direction of  
the door.

I waited with a certain sense of  
anxiety. I waited in vain. Nothing hap-  
pened, not even a renewal of the sound.  
"I wish Pugh had kept his precious  
puzzle at home. This sort of thing tries  
one's nerves."

When I thought that I perceived that  
nothing seemed likely to happen I re-  
turned to the neighborhood of the table.  
I looked at the box askance. I took  
it up gingerly. Something might go off  
at any moment for all I knew. It would  
be too much of a joke if Pugh's precious  
puzzle exploded in my hand. I shook  
it doubtfully; nothing rattled. I held  
it to my ear; there was no sound. What  
had taken place? Had the clockwork  
run down, and was the machine ar-  
ranged with some diabolical ingenuity  
that a certain interval was required  
after the clockwork had run down, be-  
fore an explosion could occur? Or had  
I caused the mechanism to again hang  
fire?

"After making all that commotion the  
thing might at least come open." I bang-  
ed the box viciously against the corner  
of the table. I felt that I would  
burst it open. I gave it a sharp rap  
that nothing should occur. One  
does not care to be disturbed from one's  
sound slumber in the small hours of the  
morning for a trifle.

"I've a mind to get a hammer,  
and try, as they say in the cookery books,  
another way."

Unfortunately I had promised Pugh to  
obtain from using force. I might  
have shivered the box open with my  
hammer, and then explained that it had  
fallen, or got too tight, or sat upon,  
or something, and so got thattered, only  
I was afraid that Pugh would not be-  
lieve me. The man is himself such an  
untruthful man that he is in a chronic  
state of suspicion about the truthfulness  
of others.

"Well, if you're not going to blow  
up, or open, or something, I'll say good-  
night."

I gave the box a final rap with my  
knuckles and a final shake, replaced it  
on the table, put out the gas, and re-  
turned to bed.

I was just sinking again into slumber  
when that box began again. It was  
true that Pugh had purchased the  
puzzle, but it was evident that the whole  
enjoyment of his purchase was destined  
to be mine. It was useless to think of  
sleep while that performance was going  
on. I sat up in bed once more.

It strikes me that the puzzle con-  
sists in finding out how it is possible  
to go to sleep with Pugh's purchase in  
your bedroom. This is far better than  
the old-fashioned prescription of cats on  
the tiles."

It struck me the noise was distinctly  
louder than before; this applied both  
to the tick, tick, and the screeching.

"Possibly," I told myself, as I re-

lighted the gas, "the explosion is to  
come off this time."  
(Conclusion next week.)

**DON'T CARE A RAP.**  
BUT THE OLD SPIRIT WORKED IN BOTH  
OF THEM.

"Are you going to take much interest  
in politics this year?"

"No I don't think I shall."

"That's my case. I don't care a rap  
who's elected."

"Neither do I. I don't think I shall  
even take the trouble to vote."

"Oh, I shan't vote. What difference  
does it make? They're both good men."

"First class. I'll be satisfied with  
either of them."

"Still I. Perhaps, if I have a choice  
it is—"

"Harrison eh?"

"No; I was going to say Cleveland."

"Um—no I rather lean the other way."

"Oh, as I said, I don't much care—  
Still Cleveland's a pretty good man."

"There's no comparison. Cleveland  
is the man for me."

"I'll back Harrison every time."

"You'll get left if you do."

"Who'll get left?"

"You will, and so'll Harrison. He  
won't be in it."

"Oh, he won't be! Just you wait and  
see, you can't beat him."

"Can't we? Just you wait and see;  
you can't beat him."

"Can't we! Just you wait till No-  
vember. He won't know what's at work  
him. Grover's as good as inaugurated."

"As near as he ever will be; he can't  
carry New York."

"Neither can Harrison?"

"I'll bet you money he can."

"I'll bet you."

"Grover'll carry it by 50,000."

"Bah, you don't know what you're  
talking about."

"You make me tired!"

"You talk like a fool!"

"Who's a fool?"

"You are!"

"Take that back, you infernal idiot!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"Then take that!"

"Ouch! Take that!"

"Thus!"

"Whack!!!"

And when the patrol wagon arrived on  
the scene of action, the officer in charge  
found two men who "took no interest in  
politics" in each other's embrace.

**Temperance.**  
NEWCASTLE W. C. T. U.

A meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held  
in the Mission Hall every Tuesday after-  
noon, commencing at 3 o'clock. Visi-  
tors from other Unions or any who are  
interested in the Temperance cause are  
cordially invited.

**THE CURSE AND CURE.**  
JOE F. HESS.

There is no evil in our land to day so  
gigantic as the strong drink curse.  
Many other evils prevail, but no one  
can rival it in extent of debauchery and  
crime. By the prison records it is  
clearly evident that nine-tenths of all  
other evils are directly or indirectly due  
to this, one prolific source. Do away  
with the drink traffic and many of our  
worst dreads evils will exist no more.  
Murders, robberies, assaults, forgeries,  
rapes, and many other like evils are the  
children of Satan and his agent, Drink.

Men who drink are easily led into  
gambling. They get exhausted, and the  
Temperance says: "Hold on! Hold on!  
to your employer's money." Murder may  
result from an empty pot or a glass or  
two too much. It is the best  
brain power in the land, destroys the  
power of labor of half a million of  
drunkards. The waste to Canada is  
enormous in the loss alone of honest  
labor. They add the vast expense to  
the country of feeding and clothing the  
drunken criminals and families pauper-  
ized through the influence of drink.  
Still today, with all these facts staring  
people in the face, men continue to  
believe the liquor traffic is the financial  
salvation of our land! None so blind as  
those who will not see.

Can these horrors be removed? Does  
no remedy exist? I answer, Yes, yes!  
God is not dead, or blind, and surely  
will not always see His children afflicted  
with this great curse.

How can the blight be removed? By  
prayer, prayer, prayer, sympathy, love,  
persuasion; but much can now be ef-  
fectually done at the ballot box. Prayer  
alone is not powerful enough. It is not  
each one who cries to God sincerely and  
in faith.

An emigrant with a large family was  
on a western bound train en route for a  
home in the West. A pick-pocket stole  
all his money. A kind-hearted man on  
board, learning the facts, raised a collec-  
tion to help the poor people on their  
way. Nearly all on the train gave  
liberally. In the parlor car sat a portly,  
well-to-do man reading a religious paper.  
The collector thought he was good for a  
ten dollar bill and told him the story,  
holding by the hand two of the emi-  
grant's tender children. "Poor things,"  
said the long-faced man. "It's a sad  
story but it may not be true. It is my  
best to give promiscuously. It encour-  
ages idleness. I offer a prayer to the  
Lord for their help. The Lord's prayer  
and offered up a silent prayer! Prayers  
without other aids will do little for the  
poor or for the removal of the liquor  
curse.

We must needs roll away the stone of  
temptation from the pathway of those  
who may easily fall in consequence.

One thing every elector can now do is  
to sign the Advanced Prohibitionists  
pledge not to vote for any political can-  
didate who will not stand for prohibition  
if elected. Organize clubs during the  
next two years—the sooner the safer—  
all over the Dominion along the line of  
work, and when a large part of the  
country has been thus organized, call a  
national convention in one of our large  
cities and then organize a prohibition  
party. Select your candidates and then  
support them to a man, and storm the  
walls of our Provincial Legislatures and  
Dominion Parliament, and soon the  
grand prohibition banner will float over  
the homes of Canada. The terrible stone  
can thus be rolled away and children  
will rise up and call you blessed. Let  
us quit for the time of talking "tariff  
and taxation" and let it be "the Boys  
and Girls of the home must be protect-  
ed." Agitation means Education and  
Organization, and organization means  
victory for God and humanity.

**Johnstone's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Wild Cherry 50 cts. a bottle.**

**By Taking**  
about a dozen bottles, was restored to  
perfect health—weighing 200 pounds—and an  
over-believer in the medicinal Ayer's Sarsa-  
parilla. "James Foley, Mining Boss, Brock-  
ton, Mass. Co. (Lancet), Victoria, B.C."

"My niece, Sarah A. Loomis, was for years  
afflicted with scrofulous humor in the blood.  
About 18 months ago she began to use  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three  
bottles was completely cured."—*Dr. C. L. Smith,  
Lanes, Essex, Eng.*

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per bottle.  
Cures others, will cure you.

**CAUTION**  
EACH PLUG OF THE  
**Myrtle Navy!**  
IS MARKED  
**T. & B.**  
BY BRONZED LETTERS  
NONE OTHER GENUINE

**SHARP'S**  
BALSAM  
OF  
TAR AND ANISEED.  
FOR  
CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH,  
COUGHS AND COLDS.  
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.  
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.  
ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

**SAFE**  
THE GREAT  
BLOOD  
PURIFIER  
RELIABLE  
PLEASANT  
BRISTOL'S  
SARSAPARILLA  
CURES ALL  
Taints of the Blood.  
CERTAIN

**COOK'S Cotton Root**  
COMPOUND  
A recent discovery by an  
old physician successfully  
used by thousands of  
ladies. It is the only  
perfectly safe and reliable  
cure discovered. Beware  
of cheap imitations. Ask for Cook's Cotton  
Root Compound, take no substitute; or in  
close 25 and 4 three-cent Canada postage  
stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed,  
return mail. Full sized bottles in plain  
envelopes, to ladies only 2 stamps. Address  
Fennell & Co., 131 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Sole sold in Newcastle by E. L. Street,  
H. H. Johnston and all responsible druggists  
everywhere.

**TAILORING.**  
I wish to remind my patrons and the public  
generally that I am still  
Carrying on the Tailoring  
in the old standover Messrs. Sutherland and  
Greenglass's Store. I have a fine  
LINE OF SAMPLES  
to select from. Parties furnishing their own  
goods can have them made up in  
Cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Sat-  
isfaction has been given in the past and I can  
guarantee the same in the future.  
J. R. McDONALD.  
Newcastle, Sept. 29, 1892.

**Commission Merchant**  
**MONTREAL**  
Eggs, Oysters, Oil, Fish, Potatoes,  
and General Produce  
handed to Best Advantage

**CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.**  
Montreal, April 15, 1892.

**Wedgwood, Wedgwood**  
JUST RECEIVED  
—AT THE—  
Newcastle Drug Store

**Royal Crown,**  
Derby,  
Royal Worcester,  
Belmont, Dysart.

**Fine English China,**  
Terra Otta.

**Parian and Japanese Ware.**  
IN Pitchers, Butter dishes, Candlesticks,  
Sugar Bowls, Tea Pots, &c. &c.  
Also the usual large stock of  
Chamber Hair,  
Cloth, Tooth, and Nail  
Brushes, Perfumery  
and all the latest  
Drugs, Patent Medicines &c. Physicians' Pre-  
scriptions Carefully Prepared.  
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE  
111 St. Street  
Newcastle, August 1892

**JOHNSTONE'S**  
**BEEF**  
**WINE**  
**50 cts. & \$1.00**  
**A Bottle,**  
—AT—  
**MEDICAL HALL.**  
Newcastle.

**THIS PAPER**  
may be found on  
Newcastle, N. B.  
NEW YORK

**THE GREEK PIKE** was 24 inches long.  
**THE MEDIEVAL LANCE** was 18 feet.  
**THE SWISS PIKE** was 18 feet long.  
**THE ROMAN JAVELIN** was six feet long.  
The petrary was a medieval catapult.  
Petrar was used from 1410 to 1600.  
The standard Roman sword was 22  
inches.  
The helmet of Richard I. weighs 20  
pounds.  
The rabbi say Cain killed Abel with  
club.  
David slew Goliath with a sling stone.  
B.C. 1063.  
German helmets were ornamented with  
cow-horns.  
The cross-bow came into use in the  
tenth century.  
The first armor used was of skins and  
padded hides.  
The pulley-drawn cross-bow had a  
range of forty rods.  
Projecting engines were first invented  
by the Greeks.  
Mixed chain and plate armour was  
used from 1300 to 1410.  
Gastars Adolphus abolished all armor  
but a light cuirass.  
The French infantry were armed with  
the pike until 1640.  
The battles of Crecy, Poitiers and  
Agincourt were won by the archers.—  
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**ANCIENT MONSTERS.**  
One of the latest discoveries of remains  
of the strange huge creatures that inhabit-  
ed the earth when the polar seas were  
warm, its land mud, its trees mammoth  
trees, its reptiles birds and its birds un-  
usually reptiles, is the great skeleton of  
the monstrous whale heard found pre-  
served by paleocretic ice. "This is about  
to be put in condition by the Smith-  
sonian Institute for exhibition at the  
World's Fair. The creature larger than  
any other known animal moved its vast

**JOHNSTONE'S Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Wild Cherry 50 cts. a bottle.**











Keep the different kinds of stock in a separate inclosure. Feed regularly, and provide an adequate supply of fresh water.

**HAVE A GRINDSTONE.**

A good grindstone that runs true is a necessity on every farm. Place it under shelter, and wear it out as soon as possible by keeping all edged tools, usually sharpened with it, in a good workmanlike condition.

When mowing, or reaping, the knives often become dull and it is time to turn out, if you have a piece of coarse whetstone in the machine box they are soon made quite sharp or at least the cutting edge roughened up as well as sharpened. A sharp file answers a similar purpose, but if carried in the machine box should be wrapped in cloth to prevent gam-

ing, or useless wear against other iron tools. Teach the boys to keep all edged tools in good condition, and never allow the hired man to go to the field with a dull axe, hoe, scythe, or other edged tool and insist upon the tools being ground at a uniform level. Remember that sharp tools mean less time and arduous labor for man or beast.

**JUST ARRIVED**  
**One Gay Fat Canoe**  
**HERRING**  
 I Have in store and to arrive a

big stock of the leading Brands of  
**ONTARIO & Manitoba Flours.**  
 150 barrels Ogilvie Hungarian  
 150 " Bada,  
 300 " Jersey Lily,  
 150 " Anchor,  
 150 " Golden Sheaf,  
 150 " Oregon,  
 100 " Jewel Queen

100 barrels Rolled and Standard  
Oatmeal, Molasses in puncheons  
and barrels, 200 barrels Home  
Light Oil 150 bags Salt.  
Armour's Pork and Plate Beef,  
100 barrels of Granulated and  
Brown Sugars. 40 choice fall  
made Cheese.

Whole sale and Retail  
With a full assortment of  
**FAMILY GROCERIES**  
sold at very lowest figures  
—AT—

**P. HENNESSY'S**  
Newcastle, Oct. 24, 1892.

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**BOOTS & SHOES.**

**Cheap For Cash!**

**\* Wholesale and Retail:**  
**— IN STOCK —**

An extensive and varied line of the N ewes  
and most fashionable Boots, Shoes, Rub-  
bers, &c., suitable for the season, and  
large consignments of Staple goods  
arriving daily, purchased at  
jobbing prices, will be  
sold Wholesale and  
in lots to suit  
merchants  
at rates as low

as can be had in Can-  
ada. Doing a strictly  
**Cash Business.**  
I am able to sell at bottom figures and for  
below credit prices.  
Thanking the public for their past patronage  
and soliciting a continuance of their custom,  
I invite one and all to call and examine the  
great attractions at the  
**CHEAP CASH SEEDSTORE, Newmarket**

Newcastle, Oct. 3rd, 1892.

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**NEW**

**GOODS.**

Shredded Cocomnut, 1's and 1's  
Hogarth's Bickles,  
Hogarth's Bickles,

Rogarth's Marmalade,  
 Montserrat Lime Juice,  
 Royal Blacklead,  
 Bicarb. Soda,  
 Washing Soda.

**JARDINE & CO.**

Prince Wm. Street, St. John

**The "Union Advocate"**

Is published every WEDNESDAY Morning  
time to be despatched by the earliest try  
The paper was established in 1867, and is  
looked upon as the best advertising medium  
in the Northern Section of NEW BRUNSWICK.

**TERMS.**

Strictly in advance, per year, \$1  
At end of year, 3 cents  
Single Copies

**RATE OF ADVERTISING.**

Transient advertising will be charged at the rate of ten cents per newspaper line for first insertion, each succeeding insertion at rate of 5 cents per line; or \$1.00 per inch for first insertion, and 30 cents for each continuation, insertion.

Professional and Business Cards inserted at

Foreman's and business cards inserted in  
the year at the rate of \$3.00 per inch.  
Special rates to business men who may wish  
to enter into yearly contracts.  
Orders for printing and blanks attended  
to expeditiously.  
**W. C. ANSLOW**

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