

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

W. C. ANSLOW

VOL. XXVI.—No. 18.

Newcastle, Wednesday, February 8, 1893.

WHOLE No. 1318

**Charles J. Thomson**  
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia  
Barrister, & Solicitor for Estates.  
Agent for the Manufacturers Accident & Life Insurance Company.  
Notary Public, &c.  
OFFICE  
Kings House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

**O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.**  
Mans. SUT. OOL. SENG. LONDON.  
SPECIALIST.  
DISEASES OF EYE EAR THROAT  
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street  
Newcastle, Nov. 1st, 1892.

**Dr. R. Nicholson,**  
Office and Residence,  
McGILLIAM ST.,  
NEWCASTLE.  
Jan. 22, 1893.

**Dr. H. A. FISH,**  
Newcastle, N. B.  
INC. 23, 1.

**W. A. Wilson, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
DERBY, N. B.  
Derby Nov. 15, 1890.

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Anticancer and Commission  
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W. MASSON.  
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**GEO. H. MCKEE,**  
Five Years a sufferer, Cured of  
Dyspepsia and the after-  
effects of Diphtheria

**Croder's Botanic  
Dyspepsia Syrup.**  
Dyspepsia, New Brunswick, Aug. 24, 1892.  
The Croder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup, I have used for  
five years. It has cured me of Dyspepsia, and  
the after-effects of Diphtheria. I have used  
many other remedies, but none have done me  
any good. I have used Croder's Botanic  
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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 one best known and approved—  
is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, the com-  
pound, concentrated extract of Her-  
mans sarsaparilla, and other powerful  
alteratives.

**SAVED**  
Several hundred dollars' expense by using  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly  
urge all who are troubled with leucorrhoea  
or rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure  
it will do them permanent good, as it has  
done me.—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West  
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

**By Taking**  
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 laid up of  
Scrofula, and treatment being of no avail.  
At length I was recommended to  
use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and  
was cured."—E. C. Cullen,  
St. Louis, Mo.

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## Selected Literature.

DON'S FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

Bonnie was in the garden gathering  
violets as Don drove by with pretty Miss  
Millard. He bowed to her, and Bonnie  
nodded and smiled.  
Miss Millard said, "This I believe is  
your house? Is the young lady your  
sister?"  
Don was always glad to tell strangers  
that Bonnie was his sister, but only his  
stepfather's daughter. He didn't trouble  
himself to find out why he was glad; he  
only knew that Bonnie was a dear little  
one. He said:  
"Bonnie is fond of flowers. Her green-  
house is the prettiest place I know of,  
for everything grows and blossoms for  
her."

And Miss Millard said she would like  
to see the greenhouse, as she also cul-  
tivated flowers, and Don promised to  
take her on, and that was how it hap-  
pened that they surprised Bonnie one  
day.  
It was never any use to ask Bonnie  
things; she was so good-natured. Don  
watched the two girls there among the  
flowers. Miss Millard was like a butter-  
fly. Her hair was so golden, her cheeks  
were so pink, and her eyes were so blue,  
and her manner so airy, as she fluttered  
here and there. And Bonnie's hair was  
smooth and dark, and her eyes soft and  
brown, and her manner quiet.  
"She is like the little brown birds she  
loves to feed," Don thought.  
Miss Millard admired and praised  
everything, and Bonnie gave her some  
flowers and after that they met some-  
times and Miss Millard and every-  
thing that was pleasant about the quiet girl  
Don thought was a nice sensible  
girl. Miss Millard was, and fell more  
deeply in love than ever.

Every summer brought a new love to  
Don. Last summer it was a dashing  
brunette, but his fancy for her died  
when she went away from the "Moun-  
tain Hotel," and now Miss Millard ruled  
in her stead.  
"I'm in earnest now, Bonnie; a man  
always has a new little love affair before  
he gets to the grand passion."  
Bonnie smiled. She didn't remind  
him that he had said almost the same  
thing about the brunettes, only last  
summer.

"Yes, I'm going to ask Bonnie to  
marry me. You'd like to see me settled,  
Bonnie?"  
"I want to see you happy," Bonnie  
said.  
"I know that before you said it,  
Bonnie. Now, with you it is different.  
You were never in love, were you,  
Bonnie?"  
"Why, Don, you know I never had  
a lover. With whom should I be in  
love?"  
And Bonnie went and brought the  
best she had, and then she went up to  
Don's mother and read her to sleep.

"There's nobody like Bonnie," Don's  
mother used to say. "She is a jewel,"  
and then she would look at Don's uncle  
and sigh.

The summer passed on growing  
lovelier every day, and Don was as  
happy as the days were long. Then came  
a little cloud. Why should Uncle Jasper  
always look for Bonnie and  
linger over the flowers with her? What  
made him sit by while Bonnie sang or  
read to his mother? Uncle Jasper was  
really growing stupid. Couldn't he  
see that Bonnie didn't like him? But  
as time passed on, Don didn't feel so  
sure about Bonnie not caring for him.  
Several times he found her in the  
parlor with his uncle, when he came in  
from a delightful evening with his  
beautiful blonde.

What did it mean? He determined  
to ask Bonnie. So one sunny morning,  
when she was gathering roses in the  
front garden, he went out to help her.  
Suddenly she dropped the armful of  
flowers she had gathered.  
"Look, Don, oh do look down the  
road! They are running away!" she  
cried, and Don ran to the gate, and  
there, tearing along the road, came Miss  
Millard's ponies.  
Bonnie saw him clinging to the bits;  
she saw other men hurry up, and then  
she saw Don lying in the dusty road.  
The carriage had passed over him. The  
ponies were quiet now; Miss Millard  
was standing with the rest around Don,  
her pretty face as white as the snowy  
plumes that dropped from her hat.

"I hope he isn't hurt. I am quite my-  
self. This is too bad!" she was saying,  
while Bonnie helped the men to carry  
Don to the house.

Miss Millard came next day to see  
him. She kissed him prettily before  
they all, and wept in the distressed  
manner in a lovely little handkerchief.  
Don was quite overcome. Bonnie gave  
him some bad medicine, and declared he  
must be quiet.

At last, one day, Miss Millard met  
the doctor as he was leaving the house,  
and he told her that Don's leg would have to  
be amputated.

"Oh, you don't mean it!" she cried.  
"It can't be true. Such a dancer as  
he is!"  
The doctor looked at her from under  
his heavy brows. "Maybe it's the best  
luck in the world," he said.  
Bonnie was in the hall. "Is this that  
I hear true," Miss Millard asked. "Is  
Don to lose his leg?"  
"Yes," Bonnie answered.  
"A one-legged man! There is some-  
thing so ridiculous—so ludicrous in the  
idea. I declare it oughtn't to be allowed."  
"It must be done," Bonnie said.  
"Do you think he would expect me to  
keep my engagement with him? Because  
I certainly cannot; you see how  
impossible it is!"  
Bonnie looked at her much as the  
doctor had done. "If you feel that  
way, I think Don is fortunate; but he  
loves you. Weak as you are, his love  
makes you all that is good. Won't you  
think better of this? Remember Don  
was trying to serve you! Maybe he  
saved your life," Bonnie pleaded tears  
in her eyes.

"I dare say he would have done as  
much for anyone else. I do thank him,  
but I can't marry a man with only one  
leg. Just think of the offers I've refused!  
No, I really can't. I shall go home to-  
morrow and I'll write to him. You  
can give him the letter when he is  
able to bear it, I hope it won't go hard  
with him."

Bonnie went upstairs and left her  
standing in the hall. And the days went  
on. Don bore up bravely under his  
trial. He hadn't learned of Miss Mil-  
lard's desertion. He was very happy  
with his mother and Bonnie taking  
care of him.

One day his mother told him that  
Uncle Jasper had gone for a drive with  
his blonde Jasper. "It is about settled  
between them, Don, and I am glad.  
Bonnie deserves the best husband in the  
world, and Jasper is devoted to her,"  
she went on. And Don closed his eyes  
tight about it. Yes, it was a very good  
thing for Bonnie. Uncle Jasper was a  
very rich man as well as a very good  
one. Of course it was a very good  
thing for Bonnie, but it would be dread-  
ful to lose her out of the house! When  
she came in, flushed and bright from her  
drive, Don felt less glad and happy, he  
hardly knew why. Bonnie noticed it,  
and decided to give him Miss Millard's  
letter. She went out while he read it.

"It's all over, Bonnie," he said, when  
she came back.  
"I know it," Bonnie said. "It's hard  
now, Don, things always are at first, but  
one can bear them with less pain after  
awhile."  
"Do you know that, Bonnie, or have  
you only heard it?" he asked.  
"I know it," she said quietly, and  
he hardly followed her along the pretty  
drive. He was wondering how it could  
be that Bonnie had learned anything  
about her. To be sure she had let  
her father, but she had told him often  
that the peace and beauty of her father's  
death had taken away the sting of part-  
ing.

When his mother came to sit with  
him, and Bonnie was among the flowers,  
Don asked if his uncle was really engaged  
to Bonnie.  
"It is the hardest thing to understand,  
Don. Why, she has refused him and he  
is going away!"  
Don wondered more than ever now.  
"Bonnie," he said, one day, "Tell me  
why you refused Uncle Jasper?"  
"How do you know I refused him?"  
she asked.  
"Mother told me. He is the kind of  
man most women would fancy."  
"I'm not 'most women,' Don, and I  
don't love him."  
What kind of a man could you love,  
Bonnie? A one-legged man?

Don was smiling, but there were tears  
in his eyes. Bonnie was very white,  
Don reached out, and took her hand.  
"I've learned two things, Bonnie, since  
I've been lying here. First, I learned  
that I love you, and then, ah, you hide  
your face from me; but you can't de-  
ceive me. You see that picture of mine  
on the mantle? Mother put it there  
when you sent Miss Millard's away—  
well, last night I saw a young lady kiss  
that picture. She thought I was asleep.  
Now, I want her to kiss me, for I love  
her, Bonnie. All the fancies that I have  
mistaken for love were nothing but  
the little rippling on the surface of the  
stream. My heart has always belonged  
to you, Bonnie. Now tell me, if you  
really love me!"  
And Bonnie told him, and a whole  
cloud of his shining eyes and blushing  
face he wondered how any other face had  
ever seemed lovely to him.

**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.

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was trying to serve you! Maybe he  
saved your life," Bonnie pleaded tears  
in her eyes.

"I dare say he would have done as  
much for anyone else. I do thank him,  
but I can't marry a man with only one  
leg. Just think of the offers I've refused!  
No, I really can't. I shall go home to-  
morrow and I'll write to him. You  
can give him the letter when he is  
able to bear it, I hope it won't go hard  
with him."

Bonnie went upstairs and left her  
standing in the hall. And the days went  
on. Don bore up bravely under his  
trial. He hadn't learned of Miss Mil-  
lard's desertion. He was very happy  
with his mother and Bonnie taking  
care of him.

One day his mother told him that  
Unc