

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Vol. XIX.—No. 14.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 18, 1886.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 990.

REDUCED IN PRICE.

BABY CARRIAGES.

No. 5, 1 Rattan Baby Carriage \$8.50, former price \$12.00.
40, 1 do. do. do. 12.50 former price \$16.00.
50, 1 do. do. do. 21.00 former price \$28.00.

REDUCED IN PRICE.

CHILDREN'S HOSE, very cheap.
LADIES' HOSE, very cheap.
LADIES' SILK, TAFFETA, and THREAD GLOVES very cheap.
A few short ends of Fancy Muslins for 10 cts. per yard.
B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Newcastle, Aug. 13, 1886.
P.S. Furniture positively sold for cash only, to every one. To purchasers of \$50.00 and upwards 2 mos. on apd. notes.

Law and Collection Office

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.

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, 1885.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE: MURRAY'S BUILDING, WATER STREET.

May 1, 1882.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RICHBURTON, N. B.

OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 5, 1884.

RAW FURS.

I am paying the highest prices in cash for the following Raw Furs—Otter, Beaver, Bear, Mink, Martin, Lynx, Fox, Rat.

JAMES BROWN,

Newcastle, December 28, '85.

Leather & Shoe Findings.

THE Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also, S. R. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clarke & Son's Boots, Ties, Lace, &c. English Tops, as well as home-made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

No. 65 King St., St. John, N. B.

M'INN'S MILLS,

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY,

KENT COUNTY, N. B.

All kinds of Lumber, including HARDWOODS of every description always on hand.

SAWN CEDAR SHINGLES

—AND—

DIMENSIONED LUMBER

OUR SPECIALTY.

Parties requiring lumber of any kind will do well to write for prices, terms, etc.

Address all correspondence to

GEORGE McMINN,

Richibucto, N. B.

April 27, '86.

BUY

Windsor's Delicious

RASPBERRY & STRAWBERRY

JAM

In cases each one dozen Pint, Quart and Half Gallon.

GLASS JARS.

Guaranteed equal if not superior to any in the market.

Write for Quotations.

JOHN WINDSOR.

P.O. Box 10, N. B., Oct. 20, 1884.

THIS PAPER

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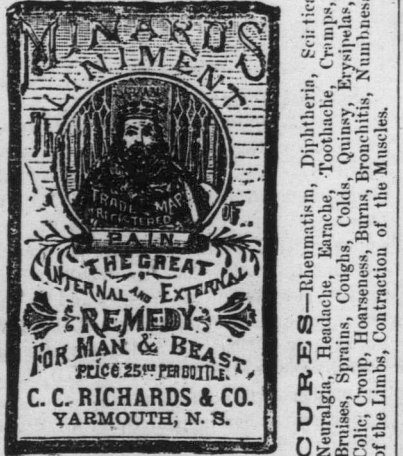
at Geo. P. Howells & Co's

Newspaper Advertising Bureau (30 Broad Street) and at

all the principal

booksellers in

NEW YORK.



It is an invaluable Hair Restorer, and cleanses the Scalp of all Dandruff.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

YARMOUTH, N. S., May 15, 1886.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Having used your Mink's Liniment for several years in my stable, I attest to its being the best thing for horse flesh I know of. In the family we have used it successfully for nearly every purpose that a liniment is adapted for. It is recommended to me by the late Dr. J. L. Webster. Personally I find it the best remedy of neuralgia pain that I have ever met.

R. TITUS.

Proprietor of Yarmouth Veterinary Stable.

MINK'S LINIMENT is for sale everywhere.

PRICE 25 cents.

DR. C. WEST'S

FOR THE

LIVER

BLOOD

STOMACH

AND

KIDNEYS

DANDELION

Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrophulous Diseases, Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Excess and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach and Heart Burn. Purely Vegetable.

JOHN C. WEST & CO., Toronto Ont.

For sale by G. C. ALLEN, Newcastle, and G. E. FROST, Campbellton.

Aug. 24, 1885.

29-lyd.

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 Telephone 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 Stabling on the premises.

Oct. 12, 1885.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,

GEO. McSWENY, GEO. D. FUCHS,

PROPRIETORS.

Clifton House,

4 Princess and 143 Gormain Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,

Housed by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April 20 '85.

SKINNER'S

Carpet Waresrooms,

55 KING STREET.

New Carpets, New Oldies, New Linoleums

Just Received for Fall Trade:

6 bales New Brussels Carpets;

4 Bolls English Oilcloth, New Designs;

Best Linoleum, at \$1.50 per yard;

4 yds wide do. 1.10

4 yds wide do. .75

2 1/2 yds wide do. .50

2 1/2 yds wide do. .40

2 1/2 yds wide do. .30

2 1/2 yds wide do. .20

2 1/2 yds wide do. .10

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Selected Literature.

THIS WAS HIS REVENGE.

"You will introduce me—won't you, Alister?"

"I don't know so much about that. I hardly think it safe—when a plain fellow like myself is pretty confident that he is in a fair way to win the heart of the dearest, loveliest little woman in the world, I don't think he would be wise to throw in his path a handsome lady-killer like your self, Charlie."

"Bosh. There is not much danger of cutting you out if she knows what a good fellow you are. Are you engaged?"

"Not exactly—I couldn't ask Ella to be my wife until I could see some way of keeping her in the luxury she has been accustomed to all her life. I'll introduce you, Charlie. I'll risk it, because when you have made Ella's acquaintance you will resign yourself to music and talk, instead of wasting your substance on cards at the Junior night after night. I'll sacrifice myself to serve you, old chap, and trust to your honor not to be too fascinating to my lady love. Knowing her will do you a lot of good. It has me. So will go to Hill street this evening; it's one of Mrs. L'Estrange's 'At Home' nights."

"Thanks, Alister. I shall be so delighted. Miss L'Estrange is a great beauty, isn't she? I heard so at the club the other day. What is she, blonde or brunette? I hate blondes—they are generally insipid—big black eyes sparkling like diamonds; dusky cheeks with a dash of damask roses; ruby lips, and five feet three—just Venus de Medicis height. There you are, with my beautiful of loveliness right before you." Charlie Vane rattles according to his habit, and glancing up with a laugh, he is rather amazed at the shadow that has unmistakably fallen on Alister Grant's face.

"Ella is your beau-idol, then," is the reply, in a low voice. "You have described her so exactly that one would fancy you had seen her! But I really have never thought much of her beauty. I only know that she is everything to me—and that it would break my heart if she went out of my life."

"So! you are hard hit indeed, my boy—when you talk of breaking your heart, hearts are tough things now-a-days, but let us hope the fair Ella appreciates your liking properly, and would not so much as look at another man!"

"Let us hope it," is the grave response, and Charlie Vane, unaccustomed to much show of feeling in the London world, stares at his friend for a moment.

Then he shrugs his shoulders, and rattles away at some other topic, while the color that had left Alister's face slowly creeps back.

But somehow the two men dash along to Hill street, Charlie feels a curious perturbation, and a new-born shyness, and a good deal of his ordinary careless demeanor bearing is absent, when he is introduced to Miss L'Estrange, a dark girl with big black eyes, and damask roses on her dusky cheeks, and a pair of sweet fresh lips that look like twin cherries. She is dressed in a long trailing white silk dress, with a rope of pearls round her throat, and the same pure jewels gleaming in her glossy hair, and she receives Charlie Vane—one of the crack regiments, and a habit of all the swell houses—a smile that fairly takes away his breath.

Still he is disappointed for Miss L'Estrange is not the beauty he expected—though a sweet, lovable girl.

"Alister need not be afraid—I shan't lose my head or my heart to her," he thinks, as he walks into his rooms that night; then he drops into a lounge and a reverie, with a cigar in his mouth—and through the clouds of smoke two large black eyes look at him, and two ruby lips tempt him by their sweetness and freshness.

"How do you like her, Ella?" Alister asks of the girl he is half engaged to.

"How do I like her! Oh! so—so—so you see he is your great chum, so of course I must like him!"

"Don't you like her for herself, darling? He is awfully handsome and agreeable and sings like a Capouli."

"Yes," Ella answers, slowly; "still—I'll tell you, he has been told that he is irretrievable and knows it too well, and that's why I don't fancy him—I can't bear concealed men!"

Alister flushes with pleasure, while he reproaches himself for his unloyalty to friendship, and, to appease his conscience goes on affably:

"The women have spoiled him to a certain extent, perhaps; but he is the best fellow going. I want your mother to be kind to him and to ask him here often. He is pretty well off and has been leading rather a fast life and I want him to sober down. He is passionately fond of music and if you'll take compassion and sing with him I am sure you will win him from those eternal club evenings, which are the devil!"

"Alister!" cries Ella, pretending to be shocked, "you must be anxious about Captain Vane's welfare when you take to bad French, like that!"

"Miles pardons, dear, but you will do yourself, won't you?" he answers, persuaded that she does not admit his friend and that no danger can possibly accrue from duets and continual companionship.

And so the weeks go on, and Ella begins to grow curiously tolerant of Charlie's enigmatic and curiously nervous as the evening hours came on. Of course she welcomed him simply because his voice blends so deliciously with hers, and he has the power to make even her grim old father smile over his gay sallies. Somehow, the evenings he is away at some grand ball or reception—for Charlie is wonderfully in request—seem dull and flat and stale, and altogether unprofitable—but the evenings in Hill street when the first notes of "M'Appari" or "Salve Dimora" break on her ear are just a snatch of her ideas of paradise.

Besides this, there is the sweetest, subtlest feeling, that in spite of the professional beauties, and the attraction of cards at the club, Charlie never fails coming to Mrs. L'Estrange's "At Home" when he is invited.

He himself wonders how his evenings have passed before he made his first bow in Hill street; and curses himself for a blind fool not to have seen how lovely Ella really was, and how irresistible. It is hard; hard to find out, when she of course loves Alister Grant, and is really pledged to him.

These were the thoughts that rack his soul, and bring an unwanted shadow over his handsome innocent face, that seemed as if sunshine was habitual to it in the first days, and as Ella marks the shadow, she grows pale, and her heart sinks, and in life, which she has up to now looked at in glowing hues, seems a horrible and awful mistake.

Unsuspecting—putting implicit and blind faith in his mistress's affection—Alister smiles on the two, delighted to see the reformation in the man whom he likes almost as a brother, and satisfied that he has a hold on Ella's heart that ought to be unloosened.

"Ella, darling! My uncle died yesterday, and I am a good many thousands richer, so I shall speak to your father in a day or two, and then you will let the world know how happy I am! You noble heart back now, love, but by my own wife soon—won't you?"

Ella's face is bent over a piece of elaborate work, and Alister does not see the scared look that starts into her eyes, but he sees the little white hand tremble, and sure that it is from sheer excess of joy at the news—he seizes it, and presses his lips passionately to it.

And she does not dare to drag it away—though these kisses seem to burn and near her flesh.

"Tell me, dearest, that I need not wait long. Oh! my darling! If you know how I love you—how impatiently I have looked forward to the time when I could really ask you to marry me—you would answer! You would put these dear arms round my neck and whisper that you are too glad!"

But Ella does not dream of being demonstrative—nay, she shrinks back a little and bows her head, with its coronet of blue-black tresses, still lower, so that her lover may not read in it her want of love, her utter falsity.

She murmurs in a tremulous voice at last, "I will answer you to-morrow."

But Alister, never doubting her fealty, is quite content.

Mr. L'Estrange gives a cordial consent to Alister's suit when he has fully explained to the paternal ears his change of fortune. Alister Grant comes of a good old Scotch family, and to Richard L'Estrange—a self-made man, whose antecedents are shabby, such a marriage would well fulfill his aspirations for his daughter. So with a heart brimful of rapture, Alister hastens on the morrow to find Ella, and hears the blessed words that are to make him the happiest of men for ever and ever.

With a white face and compressed lips, Mr. L'Estrange meets him at the door and draws him into the library.

Alister, amazed, stares at him aghast; then a pallor sweeps over his own face, and, staggering a little, he leans up against the wall.

"Ella! what of her? Is she ill?"

"Worse."

"Not—dead?" and the young voice rings out with a supreme agony, that touches the old man to the soul.

"No, no, really not dead—that is, not dead—but dead to you, my boy. She has gone off—clipped with that handsome, good-for-nothing scoundrel, Vane. Come, Grant, bear it like a man. Although she is my child, I must say she is not worthy of such love as you're."

As Mr. L'Estrange's words clearly forced the truth on Alister's mind, he grasped the nearest chair for support. No sound escapes his white lips. Yes, plainly enough the other man sees that his daughter's falsity has dealt a fearful blow—that it has crushed not only hope but life out of the heart which only a few moments since was so joyous and confident of success.

"It is a bitter blow, but it won't kill me," Alister mutters, presently; "I have something still to live for!"

"That's right, my boy; that's the way to take it," Mr. L'Estrange says heartily, as he grasps the poor young fellow by the hand.

"Revenge! I'll live for that! Yes, Ella, with your latest breath you shall remember me!" Alister murmurs bitterly, as he strides away from the house, which had once held such happiness for him.

Only once he met his faithless love by

chance, eighteen months after her marriage—and at the sight of him she turned almost fled—and he never dreamed of pursuing her. He was not a man to wage war with women.

But one day he came across Charlie Vane, who was about to pass with a hasty bow, when Alister cried in stern voice: "Stop!"

Now Charlie was a brave man. He had never lost his nerve when the bullets flew within an inch of his head in Afghanistan and Egypt; yet now he felt a quiver, as with a hesitating gesture he held out his hand.

"Will you take it, Grant?" he faltered.

But Alister struck it away.

"No. I would as soon clasp that of a murderer, I believe, for such you have been to me. I trusted you—trusted you with all my heart and soul—and you show me with a blow more deadly than an enemy's weapon could deal. That would be dealt and finished, but the wound you have given is still open—festering—fatal—and thus it will remain until it is dealt back—aye, and doubly paid for. The time will yet come when Mrs. Vane will think of me with a different feeling than pity. To her latest breath she will remember Alister Grant."

So the words he struggled against it, "God knows and I!"

But Alister, not heeding his words, turned on his heel.

"Months rolled by, and it was three years since the day when Ella had left home with Charlie, and in all this time a sort of dread spoiled their lives."

Charlie could not banish from his memory