

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXIII.—No. 49.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 17, 1890.

WHOLE No. 1193.

## MONCTON HOSIERY

Just received, a full line of **WOOL HOSE** from Moncton, for Ladies Misses and Boys' wear. Colors—in Black, Browns and Greys. For Boys, Extra HEAVY RIBBED and Double Heel and Toe.

**BOYS FELT HATS** and Caps, **NEW SHAPES.**

**BOYS SUITS,** VERY CHEAP.

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**M. ADAMS.**

Barriester & Attorney at Law  
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CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.  
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**J. D. PHINNEY.**

Barriester & Attorney at Law  
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**RICHIBUCTO, N. B.**

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE,  
May 4, 1889.

**O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M.D.**

Mem. BOT. COL. BERG, LONDON.  
SPECIALIST IN  
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Wyndham and Main Sts.  
Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

**Charles J. Thomson,**

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World.

Barriester, Practitioner for Estates,  
Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE.  
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

**Dr. R. Nicholson.**

Office and Residence,  
McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

**Dr. W. A. Ferguson.**

OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN'S building. Reside near Waverley Hotel.

Newcastle, March 12, 1889.

**Dr. H. A. FISH,**

Newcastle, N. B.

July 23, 1890.

**KEARY HOUSE**

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)  
BATHURST, N. B.

**THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.**

The 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 salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent all water fishing. Good Sample Rooms for our use at all times.

TELEPHONE \$1.50 per day with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

**Richibucto Drug Store,**

W. MacLaren, Proprietor.

Dealer in  
Drugs,  
Patent Medicine.

Toilet Articles.

Smokers' Goods, etc.

Prices Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Richibucto, Feb. 11, 1889.



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THE REGULAR LINE.

**THE IRON STEAMSHIP VALENCIA,**

1600 TONS, (Capt. F. C. MILLER),

Leaves ST. JOHN for NEW YORK

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**EVERY FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.**  
(Eastern Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

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Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points South and West of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces. Shippers' orders and Letters by the New York Steamship Company.

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63 Broadway New York.

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225 Prince William street, St. John.

**THE New York, Maine & New Brunswick S. S. COMPANY.**

**S. S. "WINTHROP,"**

H. H. HOMER, Commander,

Will sail from Pier 18, East River, New York, every SATURDAY, at 5 p. m.

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**TROOP & SON,**  
P. D. McLEOD, Agents,  
General Freight and Passenger Agent,  
Or at the office in the Company's Warehouse, on the New York Pier North End.

It is an invaluable remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—either *Iron Medicines* do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Languor, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has my trade mark and signature. Beware of cheap imitations.

Prepared only by E. M. Eley, Moncton, N. B.

**Dunlap, Cooke & Co.**

Morchant Tailors,  
Amherst, N. S.

Our representative visits the different towns on the North Shore every two months; and inspection of our samples is respectfully solicited.

**Dunlap, Cooke & Co.**

Amherst, March 20, 1890.

**BRICK FOR SALE.**

70,000 Good Hard Brick, for delivery by rail or water.

Apply to  
**CHAS. VYE, JR.,**  
South Nelson Road,  
Northumberland.

March 25, 1890

**Brandram Bros. & Co.**

**WHITE LEADS,**

—AND—  
**COLORED PAINTS,**

**25 TONS**

**Now in Store at Lowest Prices.**

**W. H. Thorne & Co.,**

Market square,  
St. John, N. B.

**oneless Ham,**

**BOLOGNAS,**

**PRESSED TONGUE,**

**Cooked Pressed Ham.**

Prime Suet.  
**JOHN HOPKINS.**

186 Union St., St. John, N. B.

**CASTORIA**

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
H. A. ARDEN, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Croup, Constipation, Rhot Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Itch Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

## The Voice

Is easily injured—the slightest irritation of the throat or larynx at once affecting its tone, flexibility, or power. All efforts to sing or speak in public, under such conditions, become not only painful but dangerous, and should be strictly avoided until every symptom is removed. To effect a speedy cure no other medicine is equal to

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The best of remedies, this preparation rapidly soothes irritation, strengthens the delicate organs of speech, and restores the voice to its tone and power. No singer or public speaker should be without it. Lydia Thompson, the famous actress, certifies: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been of very great service to me. It improves and strengthens the voice, and is always effective for the cure of colds and coughs."

"Upon several occasions I have suffered from colds, causing loss of voice, and utter loss of voice. In my profession of an actress, any such ailment is a serious matter, but each attack, I have been relieved by a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy, with ordinary care, has worked such a cure."

that I have suffered very little inconvenience. I have also used it in my family, with excellent results, in coughs, colds, &c.—Win. H. Quarterly, Minnola, Australia.

In the spring of 1888, at Portsmouth, Va., I was prostrated by a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia. My physicians exhausted their remedies, and for one year I was not able to even articulate a word. By the advice of Dr. Shaw I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and to my surprise and great joy, in less than one month I could converse easily, in a natural tone of voice. I continued to improve and have become since a well man. I have often recommended the Pectoral, and have never known it to fail."—George M. Lawrence, Valparaiso, Ind.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,**

PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

## ESTEY'S Iron & Quinine Tonic

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine, cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Neuritis.

It is an invaluable remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—either *Iron Medicines* do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

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THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

## Selected Literature.

GORDON'S GRAVE.

Shoulder to shoulder, we'll find him together,  
Fled when our hero is sleeping alone!  
Far from his land of the mountain and heather,  
Left on the sand, for his pillow a stone;  
Bleeding for a life, not a soul to protect him—  
How our ears ring with his spirit's cry!  
Was it like England he loved to neglect him?  
Fighting for life, yet daring to die!

Sound the alarm! We will know where they laid him,  
Search till we find the red spot where he fell,  
Death to the coward who basely betrayed him!  
Lay the country he loved—but too well he loved—  
Did he die? Like a soldier, God bless him!

Sent out by England, her honor to save,  
Let not our cry in his death-sleep distress him,  
Ours be the glory to stand at his grave!

Hark to the shout on the wings of the morning,  
Borne from the uttermost ends of the world!  
Help comes from children, who, cowardice scoring,  
Rush to our aid with their banners unfurled.  
"Lift up your head, my discomfited nation!  
England has need of the strength of her sons,  
Let us all fall in to discover our brother,  
Let us all stand, as of old, to our guns!"

Is there a page in our insular story  
Fitter of heart or of vigor than this?  
England, downhearted, re-opens to her glory,  
Cheered by her children—refreshed by their kiss:  
False though the foe be, and foul though the weather,  
Love is the beacon of hope on the land!  
On to the grave of our hero together,  
Shoulder to shoulder, and sword within hand!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

**POOR MISS BROWN.**

(Continued.)

A large schoolroom decorated with holly and ivy, with colored paper flowers and rings, and bright with gaslight and crumpled with people. There were many girls with "fringes" dipping into their eyes or curled elaborately over their foreheads; careworn-looking mothers carrying babies; solid-looking men who seemed to wonder what they had been brought here for, and sheepish-looking lads huddled together in the corners.

At one end was a platform with a piano and a few chairs, and with a screen drawn across it.

Maj. Giffard, who was sitting with Mrs. Lowry in the front row of spectators, watched the screen with a curious feeling at his heart.

What would any of his club friends say if they were to see him? he wondered. He had had several invitations to dinner for that night, but he had declined them all. He had a previous engagement, he had said; and the men had chaffed him a little as to where he spent his evenings now. An hour ago he might, had they been present, have seen him handling steaming mugs of tea, cutting bread and butter, and joking and laughing with the poor people.

Cosby felt as if this were to be his last happy evening. The morning's post had brought him a peremptory note from Mrs. Skiffington.

Mrs. Skiffington has returned home unexpectedly, and is really coming to stay with me. You must come and meet her; she wrote: "It is absolutely necessary. There is such a thing as common courtesy. Of course no one can force you to marry her against your will, but at least you must come and see her and arrange matters. I cannot make further excuses for you."

And in a postscript was:  
"My Dear Cosby: What are you doing with yourself in London? No one seems to know where you spend your time."

If Mrs. Skiffington could only have glanced in at this gathering, she would have seen her fastidious nephew looking more animated and sager than she had ever seen him at her entertainments.

Mrs. Norman was at the piano playing some 'normal' old airs; presently she struck a few triumphant chords as the screen was thrown back and the conjurer appeared.

Maj. Giffard had thought he knew just how Alison would look on every occasion, but he had never seen her as she looked now.

The people, led by their vicar, clapped loud and long. She did not seem at all disturbed as she stepped forward to the front of the platform, smiling and bowing to her audience. She wore a long gown of some black silky stuff, with gold flowers all over it. It was a little open in front, showing her white throat; the sleeves fell back from her lovely arms. With her bright hair and shining eyes and her slim, girlish figure, she made a fair picture; and Cosby Giffard's heart was full of love as he sat and applauded with the rest. Now he knew what would bless and sweeten all his life. If he could only win this girl's love, then, indeed, his life would be worth living; not—but he would not think of that—not yet. He would do all that was humanly possible to win her.

This was what Maj. Giffard was thinking while the conjurer, behind her table, performed marvels, and her audience was spell-bound. He never took his eyes off her. Once she looked at him and smiled a tender little smile, and then she turned away again; but that seemed enough for the major.

"Are you not tired?"  
The conjuring was over, and now that

the musical part of the entertainment was to commence, Maj. Giffard was in the little room behind the platform talking to Miss Brown. The vicar and Mrs. Lowry had been there, too, offering their congratulations; but Mrs. Lowry was at the piano now, playing some gay dance music, and the vicar had gone back to keep order among his flock.

"And you really liked it?" Miss Brown said.

"Liked it?" The major would not trust himself just then to say what he thought. "Where did you learn all those wonderful things?"

"Well, I learned them for my poor people. I believe in amusing them; they have so little brightness in their lives."

"I do not think they will forget this evening, I know I never shall."

Miss Brown was busy looking over some music, and her face was very bright as she listened.

"Mrs. Lowry is coming to the end of her piece, and it is your turn now," she told Maj. Giffard.

He had a fine tenor voice, and was considered by his friends to be rather particular as to where he sang. Mrs. Skiffington, for instance, who, when in town, was great at musical entertainments, would have thought herself highly favored in getting her nephew to give her two songs. But for these poor people he sang several, and they clapped and cheered him far more than they had applauded the conjuring. The conjuring was a thing they could not quite understand. They were dimly conscious that they were being made fools of, and this thought detracted somewhat from their enjoyment; but singing such as Maj. Giffard's went home to all their hearts, and the expression in Alison Brown's eyes and on her face grew deep and tender as she listened. She knew that these passionate love songs were sung for her, but that for her they never would have been sung at all.

The entertainment was over, the audience had dispersed, and the performers were on their way back to the vicarage for supper. In front were Mr. and Mrs. Lowry and Mrs. Norman, Miss Brown and Maj. Giffard bringing up the rear.

This hour was always the noisiest part of the night in the thoroughfares through which they had to pass. The narrow pavements were crowded; round the public house doors some lads were indulging in rough horseplay. Alison, the strong, the independent, shrank a little before the conjuring. He took her hand and drew it within his arm, and there he held it for a moment.

"Miss Brown," said he—and there was almost a tremor in his voice—"would it be possible that you could ever learn to care a little for me? I love you so much that my life is worth nothing to me without you! If you could only love me a little!" Alison's face was turned from him; he could not see its expression; but she did not take her hand from his arm.

"You have taught me so much! I do not remember my mother, and I never knew how good a woman could be until I knew you."

"But you do not know me yet," she objected; "it is only six weeks since I first saw you."

"Only six weeks; but I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and when I met you that afternoon at the vicarage, I knew then that it was my fate! Ah, Alison, won't you give me one word of hope? I will wait as long as you like; for your sake I will do anything, if only you will hold out a little hope to me! Alison, look round at me!"

And she looked round at him. Her eyes were shining. Cosby had been afraid, distrustful of himself, but he could not doubt that look.

"Is it possible," he cried, "that you can love me?"

"I think," said softly, with a lovely blush on her cheeks, "that I could."

It was about ten minutes' walk from the schoolhouse to the vicarage, but Cosby and Alison did not go straight home that evening; as during their walk Maj. Giffard told her all the story of Miss Brown, of his difficulties and perplexities. Alison listened thoughtfully and now and then asking a question.

"Do you think," she said once, "that if you had never met me, you would have agreed to marry Miss Brown?"

"Never!" said Cosby. "You are the one woman in all the world I could ever have cared for!"

"My darling, that is why I am telling you everything; I love thought is so hard to give it all up as since I have known you. For myself I have enough, but I should like to have it to give to you. I should like to see you mistress of Snaveham. It is a lovely old house."

"It is very hard on you," she said.

"Alison, if you marry me, you will have to be poor!"

"I do not mind being poor; money is not everything. But poor Miss Brown—what is she like? Have you seen her?"

"No I have never seen her. She is very rich and very old, I believe."

"Young or old?"

"Young, I think; but, upon my word, I know very little about her. I was to

have met her in the autumn, but she went abroad. Now my aunt, Mrs. Skiffington, wants me to go down and meet her next week."

"And you will go?" Alison said eagerly.

"Yes, I shall go; and I shall tell her that I am engaged to the dearest, sweetest girl in all the world!"

"Poor Miss Brown!" repeated Alison, with a sigh. "Cosby—it was delightful to Maj. Giffard to hear how she recommended his name—will you promise me one thing?"

"Twenty things if you like!"

"You will go down to Hertfordshire and try to like Miss Brown?"

"Alison!"

"Listen! She may be very nice—how can you tell—and you don't know what it is to be poor; perhaps some day you might begin to think of all the money you had lost—of all you had given up!"

"If you did not mind being poor, I should not care," he told her.

Alison shook her head.

"This is what you are to do. You are to go down to Mrs. Skiffington's and see Miss Brown. You are not to tell her you are engaged to me, because I will never be engaged to you until you have seen her. I think Cosby, poor thing, even though she may be strong-minded and horrid! You are to stay there a few days, and then—it seemed to Cosby that there was a little tremor in Alison's voice—you will tell me if you have changed your mind. I shall not be angry with you—I shall not blame you in the least. Your uncle wished it—and you say he was always good to you—and she is very rich."

"Oh, Alison my love, don't talk to