

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. XXI.—No. 43.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 8, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 1083.

## CALL AT B. FAIREY'S

and see his new Stock of

DADOO SHADES with Fancy FRINGE,

ELEGANT DESIGNS AND COLORS,

Prices complete, \$1.20 and \$1.60 each.

NEW CAMP CHAIRS.

2 doz., New Camp Chairs, New Whatnots, Sideboards, etc.

### B. FAIREY,

Newcastle.

Newcastle, August 3, '88.

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.

CANADA HOUSE.  
Chatham, New Brunswick.  
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travel still 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 Strangers on the spot.  
Oct. 12, 1885.

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

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,  
Barrister & Attorney at Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.  
RICHBUCKTON, N. B.  
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.  
May 4, 1885.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.  
Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M.D.,  
SPECIALIST,  
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,  
Office: Cor. Church and Main Sts., Moncton.  
Moncton, Nov. 12, '86.

Dr. DESMOND,  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.  
Office and residence UNION HOTEL, Newcastle, N. B.  
Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

TUNING and REPAIRING.  
J. O. Biedermann, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER.  
Repairing a Specialty.  
Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which due notice will be given.  
Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.  
J. O. BIEDERMANN,  
St. John, May 6, 1887.

KEARY HOUSE  
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL).  
BATHURST, N. B.  
THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.  
This Hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Library 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.

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, '88.

Clifton House,  
Princess and 143 Gorman Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
A. H. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.  
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt at terms and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.  
April, 30 '88.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.  
The subscribers return thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also: H. Foster & Son's Halls and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Taps, Laces, &c. English & French as well as home-made Taps to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.  
J. J. CHRISTIE & Co.

## ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM!

Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.  
Warranted to contain 50 per cent. of the purest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. The most

Painstaking, Digestible and Efficacious Preparation of Cod Liver Oil on the market. Children will take it and ask for more.

Endorsed by Physicians and prescribed by them.  
**WHAT THEY SAY.**  
"I have no hesitation in stating that it is the most perfect Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil ever prepared to state that no other preparation of the kind has met with equal acceptance at the hands of my patients."  
PREPARED ONLY BY  
**E. M. ESTEY, - Pharmacist.**  
Sold by drug stores everywhere; Price, 50c per bottle.  
MONCTON, N. B.  
For sale by E. Lee Store, Newcastle, N. B.

### CHEAP CASH STORE.

Thos. Clark & Co.  
would respectfully call the attention of the Public to the large Stock of

Spring and Summer Goods,  
now in Store, with more to arrive. This Stock consists of a nice assortment of Prints, Ginghams, Shirtings, Cottons, &c., slanted Madras and Summer Dress Fabrics, splendid value in Calicoes. Something new and sobby in Jerseys, all sizes. Ladies' and Gents' Fine Underwear. Hand and Soft Hats, Boots and Shoes, Ribbons, Ready-made Clothing, Gloves, Ties and Collars, Trunks and Valises, and lots of miscellaneous articles.  
Prices down to Rock bottom.  
Thos. Clark & Co.  
Newcastle, May 8, '88.

ESTEY'S BLOOD TONIC  
and what you do not desire to lose. You are nervous and at night roll and toss on your bed and cannot sleep. This is all caused by your system being run down and requiring something to brace it up, and make you feel all right again. Take ESTEY'S BLOOD TONIC. It will do this for you.

ESTEY'S IRON and QUININE Tonic.  
After using it for a short time you will find

QUININE Tonic.  
Your appetite improved, your spirits become more cheerful, and you feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your body is being braced and renovated.

ESTEY'S IRON and QUININE Tonic  
is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure and get the Genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles \$2.50.  
Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Moncton, N. B.

### TAILORING.

In consideration of the hard times I am prepared from this date to Trim and make Suits for the sum of  
**\$10.00.**  
This is considerable a reduction from usual prices. Other work I may be favored with will be done at proportionately low rates.  
Residence over the Store of Mr. Donald Morrison.  
**T. WINTER,**  
Tailor.  
Newcastle, April 23, 1888.

English Sausage Shop  
and MEAT STORE.  
We are now putting up our Pressed Beef and Tongues. Wholesale and Retail.  
ASK FOR OUR TRADE MARK.  
JOHN JOPKINS,  
186 Union St., St. John  
April 5, '88.

DEEP Tea  
We are now putting up our Pressed Beef and Tongues. Wholesale and Retail.  
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186 Union St., St. John  
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## Selected Literature.

MY ENEMY.

"What are you doing here, sir? The voice was a woman's, but the intonation was almost masculine in its abruptness. I turned about upon my camp stool and gazed at the speaker, forgetting to reply in my surprise and admiration."

Scarcely more than twenty, the girl who stood before me was taller than the average height of women, and in its close fitting riding-habit of dark green, her figure seemed well adapted to the face which looked down upon me would have been strikingly beautiful, but for the cold repellent expression of pride and severity which seemed habitual to it. The delicate brows were drawn together in a frown of impatience, and the eyes of a luminous gray, met mine with a gleam of something like menace in their clear depths. Her dark-brown hair, with a golden glimmer in its ripples, rendered yet more remarkable the extreme, but not unhealthily pale, of her complexion.

On the whole, I decided, as I continued to gaze at her in silence, a face full of power and command, but not attractive.

After a moment she repeated her question, with an added touch of sharpness in her tone.

"I asked you what you were doing here?"

"Why," I responded coolly, for I was a little irritated by her manner, "I am sketching, as you may observe. Have you any objections?"

"I have," she said, with decision. "I allow no trespassers on my property."

"Your property?" I exclaimed. "You are Miss Bastrop, then?"

She bent her head with a slight affirmative gesture.

I looked at her with a new interest, strongly tinged with repugnance. Though I had never met this woman before, her name was only too familiar to me. To Leonie Bastrop and her father I owed the hateful wrong which had stripped me of my wealth, station and the wife's regard, and embittered my whole life with unmerited misfortune. Yes, I had, indeed, good cause to abhor the name of Bastrop.

"Your property?" I repeated, with cold resentment. "There may be those who might deny your title to it."

"What do you mean?" she retorted, with an angry spot rising in her pale cheek. "Who are you?"

"If justice were done," I responded, calmly, "the rightful owner of this land, from which you order me to depart, as if I were a wandering vagrant."

"Waldo Hastings?" she exclaimed, advancing a step toward me, in evident agitation.

I bowed coldly.

"I perceive," said I, sarcastically, "that you recognize my right involuntarily. I had not expected so prompt a concession of it from you."

"I concede nothing," she replied, angrily; "I shall not discuss this or any other question with you. You are an intruder here, and I command you to go at once!"

"Of all these acres, which were once mine," I said bitterly, "you have left me nothing. You have made me an outcast from the home of my childhood and a trespasser upon my own patrimony. And now you deny me the simple privilege of revisiting, as an alien, the scenes which I loved when their ownership was unquestioned. Truly this is a hard measure!"

"If you had asked permission—" she began, somewhat hesitatingly.

"No, madam," I interrupted; "to have asked permission to enter these grounds would have been to admit your right, which I shall never do while I live."

"How dare you speak to me so?" she exclaimed, her anger flashing forth again. "I command you to leave this place at once, or—"

"Or what?" I will have you expelled by force," she answered, haughtily.

"There I should indeed, recognize your father's daughter," I retorted, contemptuously. "Force should naturally follow fraud."

She drew in her breath quickly. My taunt had goaded her proud spirit beyond all bounds.

"Carter, come here!" She beckoned to one of the keepers who had been loitering at a little distance. "Show this person out of the gate. If he resists compel him to go."

"Take care," I said, in a suppressed voice, "I am a gentleman. If this indignity is put upon me, I will not answer for the consequence."

The man hesitated, and looked doubtfully at his mistress.

"Do what I have told you?" she exclaimed, stamping her small foot upon the ground.

The man approached and laid his hand heavily upon my shoulder. In another instant he was sprawling among the brambles of a dry ditch near at hand, where I had thrown him. Then, with out a word to his mistress, who stood mute and motionless, with a colorless

face, I quietly collected my painting materials, and lifting my hat to her with studied politeness, walked leisurely away.

"Mr. Hastings, they are taking Ahmed!—help! help!"

I started forward with an exclamation of anger and alarm. Ahmed was a valuable Arabian, a gift from my poor father and a sole relic of my happier days. Through every misfortune I had clung to him, and he had grown as dear to me as a tried and trusty friend—ay, a friend who had remained faithful when all others fell away with my falling fortunes.

I loved the beautiful creature, and a pang of actual misery smote me as I reflected that he, too, might be taken from me in the persecution which had robbed me of all else.

I whistled, and the noble animal answering with a neigh, shook off the detaining hands and trotted up to me. Placing my hand upon his neck, I turned and faced Miss Bastrop and the lawyer defiantly.

"He is mine," I said, in a trembling voice. "He is more than my property; he is my friend and companion. I cannot, I will not surrender him. Give me a little time and I will pay you whatever price you exact, but I will sooner kill him with my own hand than yield him up to you."

"The horse is included in the judgment," began the lawyer, but Miss Bastrop restrained him with a touch of her gloved hand.

"Keep your horse," she said; and again I heard that strangely softened tone vibrating in her voice. "We shall not dispute your right to him, Mr. Hastings."

I bowed and turned away. Bidding my servant secure my canvases and painting materials, and taking the small cabinet containing the family papers, under my own arm, I called to my horse and went out of the gate, leaving the remainder of my possessions at the mercy of the sheriff and his men.

I found temporary lodgings in the village, where I installed myself until I could decide what to do. My position was gloomy enough. My means were exhausted, and an unknown artist, without friends or connections, I but poorly served for the bitter struggle for existence. Still I managed by dint of hard work, to support myself and the old servant, who persisted in remaining with me, though I could pay him but a mere pittance.

I contrived, too, to keep my horse and my sole pleasure in those unhappy days was the long rides I took among the hills. More than once, during these expeditions, I met Miss Bastrop, either on horseback or in her carriage. On these occasions no signs of recognition passed between us, though several times, when I came upon her suddenly, I saw her cheeks grow pale and her lips compress themselves. Cold and hard as she might be, it was evident that she could not face the man she had so cruelly wronged without agitation.

On my part, I was at a loss to understand my own feelings toward her. Surely if my eyes had been justifiable, I should have hated her. Yet I did not hate her. In the course of time my first resentment died away. I even found excuses for the wrong she had done me.

Day after day found me loitering along the road where I knew she would pass, merely to obtain a hasty glimpse of her face. Awakening, at length, to the folly of my actions, I resolved to break loose from the fatal fascination which had grown upon me unawares. If I was not already in love with this enemy of my house, I was dangerously near it. Every instinct of my manhood revolted against my stupendous folly. Cost what it would, I determined to tear myself away from her neighborhood, and, in the struggle and hardship of life in the great city, cure myself of my madness.

In a melancholy mood I mounted Ahmed for a last ride among the hills, the day before that set for my departure. In spite of my better judgment, I took the road which led past her dwelling. I could not deny myself one final look upon that beautiful face which to me had always been, and but henceforth be, the symbol of misfortune, sorrow and despair.

Snow had fallen during the previous night, but the afternoon was clear and cold, and the sky, visible through the ice-fingered branches overhead, shone with a keen, dazzling azure. The road wound along the side of the mountain, with a high bluff on one side and the precipitous slope of the hill on the other. Midway between the village and the Bastrop mansion it dipped downward at a steep incline, and taking a sharp turn, almost at right angles, crossed a narrow bridge spanning a deep gorge. The stout wooden railing which had formerly defended this portion of the road had fallen to decay, and the vehicles descending the hill were compelled to go slowly to avoid plunging over the brink in to the gulf below. To-day, coated as it was with a smooth surface of frozen snow, it was more than usually dangerous, and several times, surefooted as he was, my horse slipped, and would have fallen but for a prompt pull at the bridle.

I had ridden onward some distance when the faint sound of sleigh-bells

caught my ear, and drawing up at the side of the road, I waited for their approach. The sound seemed to advance with unaccountable rapidity. And now mingled with their musical chime was the confused trampling of hoofs, as of horses driven at a reckless speed.

In another moment the sleigh appeared in sight, coming on at a furious rate. The driver was not in her seat, and the loose reins lashed the maddened horses, which were evidently running away, to a still wilder pace. The light vehicle swung from side to side, every instant threatening to throw its single occupant, in whom I recognized Leonie Bastrop, to certain destruction. Deadly pale, and with rigid features, she crouched upon the cushions, grasping the sides of the sleigh with desperate hands.

The sleigh swept by in a cloud of snow. In that instant our eyes met, and in the dark depths of her own I saw an eloquent look of despairing appeal.

Conscious only of one terrible thought, that she was in deadly peril, I wrenched my horse around with a single movement, and set off in pursuit. For speed and bottom the horses attached to the sleigh were no match for my Ahmed; but, crazed by terror, they flew onward with the speed of the wind, and for the first half-mile the rocking, bounding sleigh kept a clear hundred yards ahead of me.

Suddenly I remembered the turn in the road not very far distant. If I could not check them before reaching that spot, in their ungovernable fury the horses would surely dash themselves, with the sleigh and its occupant, over the cliff to a horrible death.

I uttered a suppressed cry, and drove my spurs into Ahmed's flanks. He snorted violently, but sprang forward like a deer. And now began the dreadful race for life with death at the goal. Again and again I plunged my spurs into my horse's sides, until the blood mingled with the foam upon his glossy coat. Onward, with the steady beat of the mighty engine, the noble animal bore me, decreasing the distance until I could have touched the flying sleigh with my riding-whip. The wind sang in my ears, and objects along the road whirled into one indistinguishable line of white.

We were now at the brow of the incline, with the fatal turn but a hundred yards below, and down it horse and rider, pursuer and pursued were madly flinging blinding showers of snow into the air like foam before the brows of a laboring vessel.

Suddenly Leonie turned about and looked at me over the back of the sleigh. With a sorrowful gesture she waved me back. She had resigned herself to die, but she did not wish me to throw my own life away in the vain effort to save her.

For reply I rose in my stirrups and struck Ahmed a violent blow with my riding-whip. With one mighty bound he reared up opposite the sleigh. As he reared about, by his side I threw the reins upon Ahmed's neck, and stretching out my arms, seized Leonie about the waist. For an instant our two lives hung in the balance, then I lifted her upon the saddle before me. With a final leap or two Ahmed halted upon the verge of the precipice, over which the sleigh and its team fell and were dashed to pieces upon the rocks below.

A deadly fascination seized upon me, my breathing ceased, my temples throbbled, and a thousand noises boomed in my ears. Reeling to and fro, I dropped from my saddle, with the blood bubbling from my lips. In the tremendous effort I had made a vessel had broken in my chest. I remember lying on the snow at Ahmed's feet, my head supported by Leonie's lap. I remember hearing her speak my name in accents of deep sorrow, while her warm tears wet my forehead; then all was darkness and silence. As from a long, dreary dream, I woke at length to consciousness, after many days of deadly peril. A life, a beautiful face—thinner and whiter, and oh! how much softer and gentler than I remembered it to have been—was bending over mine. When my sight cleared I saw that she had fallen upon her knees by the bed, with her bright head bowed in thanks-giving.

"He lives! Thank God! Thank God!"

Many days passed before I was able to sit up, and during that time I saw that a wonderful change had taken place in the woman for whose dear life I had freely offered mine. The old, hard, haughty spirit had gone for ever, and in its place had come a sweet humility, inexpressibly touching.

One morning, after a long silence between us, she suddenly arose, and standing before me with clasped hands and bowed head, said:

"I have never tried to thank you for what you have done for me, for it seemed as if I could find no word in which to express the lifelong debt I owe, and shall always owe you. But when to such deep, humble gratitude as mine is added burning shame and bitter sorrow for a great wrong done, a noble nature, how can I hope you will understand what I feel? How can I—how dare I ask for pardon?"

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