

The Union Advocate.

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W. C. ANSLOW

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Our Country with its United Interests.

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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,

Barriester & Attorney at Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

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CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

Office—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDE,

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OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barriester & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1888.

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.,

Head, ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON.

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, New-

castle, N. B., New Year 4th, 1888.

TUNING and REPAIRING.

J. O. Biedermann, PIANOFORTE and OR-

GAN 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 re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities. Some of the best food 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, N. B., 1887.

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 a satisfactory manner.

Newcastle, Aug. 11, '88.

Clifton House,

Princes and 143 Gormain Street.

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A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt at- tention and moderate charges. Telephone com- munication with all parts of the city.

April, 20 '88.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.

The Subscribers return thanks to their nu- merous customers for past favours and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full stock of the best quality of Goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also R. B. For- ster & Son's Halls and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Ties, Laces, &c. English & French, as well as home-made Ties to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

J. J. CHRISTIE & Co.

ESTES' COD LIVER OIL CREAM

Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

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

Palatable, 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 best, most perfect Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil I ever saw."

Another says: "I have prescribed it extensively during the past 3 years, and am pre- pared to state that no other preparation of the kind has met with equal acceptance at the hands of my patients."

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E. M. ESTES, 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., Shaded Mullins and Summer Dress Fabrics, splendid value in Cashmere. Something new and nobby in Jewellery, including a large assortment of Rings, all sizes. Ladies' and Gents' Fine Underwear. Hard and Soft Hats, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Trunks and Valises, and lots of miscellaneous articles.

Prices down to Rock bottom.

Thos. Clark & Co.

Newcastle, May 8, '88.

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BLOOD wants

toning up. You have no appetite, and what you do eat does not digest.

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.

To receive this you should take

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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 abrupt asperity.

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 dose fitting riding-habit of dark green, her figure seemed well nigh flawless. 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 paleness 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."

"Wallo 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 is 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 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.

The cottage where I was stopping, formerly the dwelling of my father's gardener, was, with acres surrounding it, the last remnant of the once extensive Hastings estate. Even this, it now appeared, was to be wrested from me. My servant handed me a letter from my lawyer which informed me that again judgment had been entered against me, and that in a few days at most, I should be dispossessed. Well, let it go with the rest—the long agony would be over at last. I should have no more to lose, my enemy no more to gain.

The bitter persecution which had robbed me, piece by piece, of my ancestral domain, had begun by old Lionel Bastrop, proprietor of the adjoining estate, during my father's lifetime. Bastrop's claim, which was as unjust as it was absurd, was founded upon an obscure grant, made some two centuries before. There had never been the vaguest doubt of the Hastings title, until, searching for evidence, an important link was found to be missing. It was an old deed, and was known to have been kept in a casket among the family papers; but it could not now be found, and Bastrop, a hard, grasping, avaricious old man, had pressed his advantage to the utmost.

Worn out and heartbroken, my poor father died, followed six months later by his enemy, whose inveterate persecution had shortened his life and ruined his fortunes.

But he left a worthy representative in his only daughter. Old Bastrop had been an iron foe, but compared with her, he had been generosity itself. She seemed inspired by an implacable determination to accomplish my utter destruction, pursuing me with a malevolence as untiring as it was relentless. Every attempt at compromise was met with a harsh denial. Her enmity to me was all the more remarkable since she had never met until to-day; my defence having been carried on by my lawyer during my sojourn in Italy. His letter concluded with the significant sentence:

"As the case stands, I see no hope for you. If the missing deed could be found at this juncture, not only would you recover all your losses, but, what with costs and damages entailed by a reversal of the decisions, Miss Bastrop would be reduced to comparative poverty."

I saw nothing of my beautiful enemy for some days. But one morning, a week after my first encounter with her, my old servant came hastily into the room where I was at work, with the information that the sheriff and his men were at the gate.

Arising and stepping to the door, I was confronted by that official, with a peremptory demand for possession of the place in the name of the owner, Miss Leonie Bastrop.

Some mad impulse of resistance entered my mind for a moment, but looking over the official's shoulder, I saw Miss Bastrop herself, seated upon her horse, calmly surveying the scene, and it died away in a feeling of cold, hopeless resentment. Bidding the man to do his duty, I walked over to where she was. She flushed slightly, and then turned very pale, as she saw me coming, but remained motionless, with compressed lips.

"You have come to witness the final act in the drama," I said, with a bitter smile. "This humble roof was the last shelter in the world I could call my own. To-day you drive me forth, homeless, friendless and penniless. Are you satisfied with your work?"

A withered, crafty looking personage, whom I took to be her lawyer, interposed at this point.

"All quite legal and regular," he said. "Due notice to quit was given. Ah, yes, all quite regular."

I turned my back upon him without reply, and gazed at the sheriff's men, who were busily removing my few shabby bits of furniture from the cottage, with rage and despair tugging at my heart.

Some faint emotion of shame seemed to touch the woman who had brought ruin upon me, for she suddenly leaned forward, and said in a low, unsteady voice:

"Mr. Hastings, I may not be as hard as I seem. Acknowledge that I am the rightful owner of this place, and there shall be no further question of your removal."

Something peculiar in her voice affected me, in spite of the dark thoughts at work within me. I turned and looked at her in surprise.

"I do not"—she hesitated and turned paler—"It is not my wish to be unjust to you. It is a matter of principle."

"You really seek to admit that the monstrous wrong which you and your father have done me and mine is right and proper?" I asked with a quiet scorn.

"No, Miss Bastrop, not if life itself were at stake."

She drew herself up, and her mouth set in a hard, stern line.

"It must go on to the end, then," she replied coldly. "I am my father's daughter. Any terms but those I offer would wrong his memory. I know my duty, and will do it all hazards."

At this moment there was a violent commotion in the stables, and one of the

sheriff's men appeared, leading a horse by the halter, while my servant tagged at the animal's mane, uttering cries for help.

"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