

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW,

VOL. XV.—No. 15.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, February 1, 1882.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE No. 743.

WAVERLY HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

This House has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD
OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,
Late of Waverly House, St. John, N. B.
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

This Hotel is very pleasantly situated, and has recently been fitted up in first class style, to be close proximity to the C. & N. Railway Station, and the wants of travellers will be attended to promptly.

Meals prepared at any hour. Oysters served up in every style at short notice.

JOHN FAY, PROPRIETOR.
Newcastle, Oct. 8, 1878.

CANADA HOUSE,
CHATHAM, N. B.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this 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 the wharves, and 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 Stabling on the Premises.
May 18th, 1878.

NORTHERN HOUSE,
CAMPELTON, N. B.

The Subscriber is prepared to accommodate the travelling public on most liberal terms, and no pains will be spared to make them comfortable.

The commanding view which this House affords of the splendid Reservoir and adjacent mountains, renders it one of the most attractive Hotels in the North.

GOOD SALT WATER BATHING can be had in the vicinity at any time.

R. DAWSON,
Proprietor.

Campbellton, January 3, 1882.

ROYAL HOTEL,
45 King Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS SPLENDID HOTEL, the finest in the Maritime Provinces, is now open for the reception of Guests, who will find here a comfortable and well-ventilated room, and a full supply of the best quality of goods to suit the taste of all.

The Proprietor, who has been so long connected with the Hotel business in St. John, has omitted nothing which his experience suggests for the comfort of his Guests.

The Hotel contains BATHS and all other conveniences.

THOS. F. RAYMOND,
St. John May 11, 1881.

BOARDERS WANTED

Having fitted up and refurnished the building in New Brunswick, owned by C. B. McKean, we are prepared to accommodate a number of boarders on reasonable terms.

JOHN & WM. McKEN,
Newcastle, N. B., June 14th, 1881.

SAMUEL THOMSON,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy,
NOTARY PUBLIC & C.

Loans Negotiated, Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches, executed with accuracy and dispatch.

OFFICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND CASTLE STREET.
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
July 17, 1878.

Law and Collection Offices

ADAMS & LAWOR,
Barristers and Attorneys at Law,
Law Solicitors in Bankruptcy
Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.,
Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.
OFFICES COLLECTED in all parts of the Dominion.

OFFICES:
NEWCASTLE AND BATHURST.
M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWOR.
July 18th, 1878.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CHATHAM, N. B.

Always in Stock, Flour of various grades, Cornmeal, Oats, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Cigars, and a variety of goods, which will be sold low at wholesale.

CONSIGNMENTS received and disposed of promptly.

AUCTIONS attended to throughout the County.

Richibucto, April 7, 1881.

A. H. JOHNSON,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public,
&c., &c.,
CHATHAM, N. B.
July 10, 1877.

R. B. ADAMS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, &c.,
OFFICE OF STAIRS, NOOKMAN'S BUILDING,
Water Street, Chatham.
July 21-1877.

JOHN McALISTER,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CAMPELTON, N. B.
May 5, 1879.

J. J. FORREST,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Collecting promptly attended to.
OFFICE—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.
April 27, 1881.

SEELY & McMILLAN,
BARRISTERS, &c.,
7 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
IN DESMOND'S BUILDING,
LOWER WATER STREET,
CHATHAM, June 22, 1881.

R. McLEARN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Graduate of University Medical College, New York.
OFFICE—That recently occupied by Dr. McDonald.
Newcastle, July 12, 1880.

DR. H. A. FISH,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office—Residence of James Fish, Esq.
Hours 10 to 12, 1 to 4, & 6 to 9.
Newcastle, March 1, 1881.

H. LUNAN, B. A., M. D.,
GRADUATE OF UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.
Succesor to Dr. Balcorn.
OFFICE AT MR. ROBERT SINCLAIR'S RESIDENCE,
CAMPELTON, N. B.
October 15, 1881.

O. H. THOMAS & CO.,
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF
GENTS' NECK WEAR,
Custom Shirt Makers and
Mens' Furnishers,
Keep always on hand a large assortment of
White Dress Shirts and
Fancy Regatta Shirts,
With or without Collars attached, Collars, Cuffs, Braces, Scarfs, Bow Ties, Collar and Cuff Studs, Shirt Studs.

UNDERCLOTHING, &c.,
and everything pertaining to the Furnishing Trade. Also a full line of
Collared Collars and Cuffs.

No one should be without them. They are water proof, respiration proof, and durable.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER IN THE LATEST STYLES. NO MISFITS.

C. H. THOMAS & CO.,
mar-30-ly Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS.
WATER ST. - CHATHAM.

WILLIAM LAWOR,
IMPORTER OF MARBLE & MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS,
TABLES, HEADSTONES, MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, &c.
A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.
GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order; CAPS and SILLS for windows supplied at short notice. FURNITURE Work in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.
January 24, 1878.

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 at all times, and Clarke & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tops as well as home made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail. J. J. CHRISTIE & CO.,
No. 66 King St., St. John, N. B.
April 29, 1879.

J. W. Foster,
A TIONEER & COMMISSION MERCHANT,
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

Always in Stock, Flour of various grades, Cornmeal, Oats, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Cigars, and a variety of goods, which will be sold low at wholesale.

CONSIGNMENTS received and disposed of promptly.

AUCTIONS attended to throughout the County.

Richibucto, April 7, 1881.

\$5 to \$200 worth \$5 free. Address STRYKER & CO., Portland, Maine.

Vegetable Golden Elixir.
Kennedy's Discovery.
Rough on Rats.

For sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
St. John, Jan. 16. 35 & 37 King Street.

Job Printing, plain and in colors, in first class style at this establishment.

PETER LOGGIE,
Wood Moulding & Planing
MILL,
Near the Ferry Landing,
CHATHAM.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
FINISHING
for House or Ship Work, manufactured to order.

Venetian Blinds, Doors and Sashes.
Pine and Walnut Mouldings.
Jig Sawing and Planing, a Specialty.

Estimates and Specifications furnished on application.

Orders attended to with dispatch.

P. LOGGIE.

FOSTER, JONES & CO.
Flour and Commission Merchants, Millers and Shippers Agents.

ROBISON'S BLOCK,
MONCTON, N. B.

Orders taken for direct shipments of flour from Mills in our load lots, and drafts made direct on consignees. Flour a specialty.

Importers of Flour, Meal, Pork, Seeds and Retail Dealers in Flour, Meal, Pork, Seeds and General Hardware, Groceries, Crockery, &c.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
Samples of all kinds of goods sent on application. Every description of country produce taken in exchange.
Aug. 3, 1880.

A. O. SKINNER'S
CARPET WAREHOUSE.

BRUSSELS AND TAPESTRY CARPETS;
WOOL AND DUTCH CARPETS;
UNION AND HEMP CARPETS;
OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS;
MATS AND HEARTH RUGS;
MATTINGS OF ALL KINDS;
LACE CURTAINS AND COININGS;
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

68 King Street, St. John,
may 25

WILLIAM WYSE,
GENERAL DEALER,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Merchandise and Produce received on Commission.
Liberal Advances made on Consignments.
NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE.

AUCTION SALES, and all Business in connection with the same, attended to promptly.
July 10, 1879.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'81. Winter Arrangement. '82.

ON and after Monday, the 21st November, the train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE NEWCASTLE.

Express for Quebec, 2.55 a. m.
Express for Moncton, 10.25 a. m.
Express for St. John, 6.30 p. m.
Express for Halifax and St. John, 1.02 a. m.

The express train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the express train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Supt.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
15th November, 1881.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

THE following Properties belonging to the Estate of the late William Masson, of Newcastle, are offered for sale:

THE LOT AND HOUSE
situated on the corner of Castle and Henry Streets, near the Ferry.

THE WATER LOT
with buildings thereon, on Castle Street, adjoining the Ferry Slip.

THE LOT
with House, Barn and Out-buildings thereon, situated on Henry Street, now occupied by Mr. John G. Kelbro.

Ten desirable and pleasantly situated
BUILDING LOTS
situated between the residence of A. A. Davidson, Esq., and T. W. Crocker, Esq.

A LOT OF LAND
in rear of the Railway Buildings, consisting of between six and seven acres, in a good state of cultivation.

The above properties are offered for sale on liberal terms. Apply to
WILLIAM MASSON,
Executor of the Estate.
Newcastle, August 10, 1880.

MILL SUPPLIES.

Rubber Belting, 3, 4, 5 and 6 Piles,
HOYT'S CELEBRATED LEATHER BELTING,
Single and Double.

DISSTON AND SONS' MILL SAWS,
Lubricating Oils, Steam Fittings, Lacing Leather, Rubber and Steam Packing of all kinds.

ESTES, ALLWOOD & CO.,
Prince William Street,
St. John, June 22, 1881.

GOLD.
Great changes to make money. Those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address
BIRNBOURNE & CO., Portland, Maine. Dec. 21-1877.

Selected Literature.

MISS PEVERILL'S PRIDE.

"I never heard of such impudence," said Agnes Peverill, throwing down the letter which she held, and half crying in her vexation.

"How dare he write such things to me? What business has he to love me? He never would have dared write like this if—papa were alive and we had not lost our money."

"You may thank yourself for this," said Grandma Peverill, looking over her spectacles with an air of concern. "You have amused yourself considerably with Harold Helper, to my certain knowledge. When one dances, one must pay the piper."

"I don't understand you, grandma. I certainly never gave him a shadow of encouragement. I have guessed for some time that he—did not dislike me, you know; but I never dreamed that he would dare say as much. Papa's clerk! Why, I've seen him swooping out the office, and his fingers as ink as Caddy Jellyby's."

"Men are audacious creatures," observed grandma; "but if you know that he didn't exactly hate you, you oughtn't to have accepted him as an escort when you were learning to ride."

"When your papa brought him home to dine, you needn't have made yourself so attractive, need you? You might have had a headache in your own room, or an invitation out. You needn't have talked pretty nonsense with him by the hour, while your father and I took our after-dinner nap, need you?"

"One can't help flirting a little, you know, grandma."

"What, with one's father's clerk? And no doubt one can't help working him slippers and braiding watch chains either."

"Why, of course, one gives birthday and Christmas gifts to all one's acquaintances, even to old Biddy, the parrot. One doesn't expect them to presume on that however."

"And so you think that Mr. Helper is presuming when he offers you his heart's love and all his worldly prospects? Why so?"

"I think he is presuming, because the Peverills are not of his order, grandmamma. They came over in the Mayflower; they are descended from Lord Peverill; they have graduated at colleges, have enjoyed elegant accomplishments ever since the flood, and have never soiled their hands with the grime of labor; while Mr. Helper's ancestors were illiterate mechanics, who murdered the king's English. Why, his own father was a stone-cutter. I've heard papa say so."

"And supposing that yours had been a mechanic, what objection would you have urged?"

"Why, it's not a respectable case, grandmamma—a Peverill's stone-cutter!"

"But supposing you were not a Peverill?"

"My imagination is not bold enough for such a flight. You see, I have all the prejudices of my class. I would choose unhappiness sooner than marry beneath me."

"Then I am to understand that you consider yourself superior to Harold Helper. It is some years since he figured as your father's ink-fingered clerk, remember. Since then he has written a book, he has invented a machine, he has lectured to scientists. Wherein does your superiority consist? What have you been doing in the mean time?"

"I have been rubbing papa's gouty toe, and accepting the attention of Miles Bond."

"You mean that I shall probably marry Miles Bond some fine day, if nothing happens?"

"Marry Miles Bond?" repeated grandmamma, as if she had said that she was going to marry the Khan of Tartary.

"You seem to be astonished, grandmamma."

"Yes—a little. He's a born aristocrat."

"Exactly—there's a pair of us. I shall be entitled to consideration in the beau monde as his wife, don't you see?" For it must be confessed that since Mr. Peverill's death and insolvency the beau monde had looked coldly upon his pretty daughter, in spite of the Peverill coat of arms and the luxuriance of the family.

"Then you do not care a fig for Mr. Helper?" asked grandmamma.

"It is necessary for me to deny the soft impeachment, when I have almost made up my mind to accept another."

"When I was a girl—" began the old lady.

"You loved brocade and brocade as well as your granddaughter?"

"But I did not sell myself for them. And so you are really engaged to Miles Bond, and there's no help for it?"

"Well, not really engaged; I won't give my word—at least not quite yet. You see, grandmamma, one hesitates to rivet the chain, as they say in novels. And then Miles says he will wait; he won't hurry me; he'd rather wait a century in sweet suspense, he calls it, than to be refused at once. But I suppose it will all end one way."

"And what will you answer to Harold Helper?"

"Heaven only knows. It will not do to tell a man who offers one his heart that he ought to have known better."

"Nor that you will not marry him because his father was a stone-cutter?"

Mr. Helper accepted his refusal however, with a good grace. He assured her that his happiness would always be dearer to him than his own.

"That's the letter of a gentleman," said grandma. "If his father was forty times a stone-cutter."

"Papa!" said Miss Agnes, tearing into fragments; but, curiously enough, gathered them together as soon as Mrs. Peverill's back was turned, as if they were sweet to her in scattered rose leaves. Perhaps she was thinking of the days when Mr. Helper was her father's clerk, and had taught her chess of winter evenings—days when she was not so worldly-minded, and more romantic, and didn't guess the worth of position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the spring mornings when they pushed through the woods for wild flowers and ferns, when he made a quaint album for her of pressed sea-weeds—she had hid it away somewhere near.

"It would never do," she said, half aloud, answering some unspoken thought. "It should always be hanging for family and money. One must give up something; it may as well be love as anything. Oh, if my father had only been a stone-cutter, too!"

Grandma Peverill met Mr. Helper in the street later. "I hope you don't mean to desert us," said she, "because that foolish child of an Agnes doesn't know when her bread is well buttered. Remember, it's a woman's privilege to change her mind. If you neglect us—"

"You shut your life from happier chances," as the poet says. Nobody knows what my happen."

"But I hear that Miss Peverill has encouraged Mr. Bond," said Harold, helplessly.

"And you're going to stand aloof and let that little Miles Bond walk over you? Now let me tell you that I mean to make you and Miles executor of my will; so I'd like to keep on friendly terms with you—don't you see?"

"Thank you; but ain't we friends, near or apart?"

"This said that absence conquers love," she laughed; "and haven't you heard of the virtues that reside in propriety? If Agnes sees Miles every day, and you once in six weeks, which do you think she will be most likely to love best?"

"It is not likely that she will ever love me, whatever happens."

"Who said she would never love you? Aren't you worth forty Miles Bonds?"

"Certainly not in Miss Peverill's regard."

"Prithee, what do you know of her regard, Sir Painsheer?"

"Very little, to be sure."

"He either fears his fate too much, Or his desires are small, That dreads not put it to the touch, To gain or lose it all."

"Haven't I put my fate to the touch, Mrs. Peverill, and haven't I found that my desires are miserably small?"

"Dear me! I see that you don't know that women blow twenty ways of a morning. Who knows but what she is crying her pretty eyes out this minute, and wishing with all her silly heart that she had it to do over again?"

"Miles knows," laughed Harold.

"Come and see who knows best. An old woman's advice isn't to be sneezed at. I refused my first lover because I thought he'd come back and leave me into it, but he never did. Served me right, too."

And Harold did as he was told. He made himself intimate at the Peverill's as of old. He was there in season and out of season. He bore with the caprices of Agnes and the condescensions of his rival. He was often left to the tender mercies of Grandma Peverill while Agnes and Miles made the garden or the river shore with their songs. He came and went like a shadow. When Agnes chose to listen, he let loose his enthusiasm; when she gave him the cold shoulder, he accepted it without a murmur—as if one should be grateful for any gift of hers—and fell back upon the old lady's unflinching kindness. One day, however, even Grandma Peverill failed him. She walked suddenly from a dose, and asked, "Is it really love?" glancing after the two, plying each other with roses in the garden.

"It looks like it," gasped Harold.

"Time will prove—time, that unlocks all secrets and discloses all impostures. Miles is of the earth, earthy. He loves fine society and grandfathers and coats of arms. It is a crime in his eyes to be born without a silver spoon in one's month."

But what is love made for, if it is not the same Through joy and through sorrow, Through glory and shame?"

Then she fell into a doze again. The shadows draped themselves about her; a star came and blazed to look in to the window; and a late bird lifted on a spray near by, and made a sudden gush of music through the place; the murmur of laughing voices came faintly toward them on the breeze. But Harold listened alone, for Grandma Peverill was already far away.

A few weeks later Miles Bond and Mr. Helper were engaged looking over the private papers of the late Mrs. Peverill, as her executors. That modest portion of her fortune which her son's speculations had left intact she had bequeathed to Agnes. Presently Miles had raised his eyes from the paper he had been inspecting. "A rascally piece of business," he growled, between his teeth. Should he quietly light his cigar with the paper, bury its contents in oblivion, and marry Agnes, and go on his way rejoicing? No; perish the thought! A Bond, of the Bonds of Bondholder, who could trace their lineage to the Conqueror! A thousand times no! He made a desperate resolve, and passed the sheet to Harold. It was merely a letter from the late Mrs. Peverill, setting forth a certain family matter, which she had deemed it wise that they should know, not as executors, but as lovers.

"Of course this will not affect your interest," said Harold, filing the paper away, quite at his ease.

"It might not," asserted Miles. "If I were not a Bond, with family credit to sustain."

"And yet," said the other, "Shakespeare tells us that

"Love is not love, which alters When it alteration finds."

"Shakespeare be hanged!" quoth the quondam lover.

The following week, when Mr. Helper dropped in to pay his respects to Agnes, he found her watering her bed of mignonettes and pansies.

"Oh," she said, presently, and half shyly, "the oddest thing has happened! I must tell somebody! How dear grandmamma would laugh if she were here, and it served me right! I received a note yesterday (you could hardly call it a billet-doux, though it was from Miles), and what do you think? He says in it—there, turn your eyes away, don't look at me so while I tell you—he begs me to release him from an engagement which, upon close examination of his heart—under the microscope, I suppose, he finds himself unable to fulfill! Now you must know that there's never was an engagement at all between us; he just teased my soul out of me to marry him, and I promised. Only think of it! A Peverill, a descendant of one Rupert Peverill, who figured in the Crusades, flitted by Miles Bond! It might be that grandmamma's jointure disappointed the poor youth. Motto: Never apologet as your executor the man whom you wish to marry your heir."

"You don't seem to take the affair much to heart," said Harold.

"Because my heart wasn't much concerned in it."

"What under heaven were you thinking of, then?"

"I was thinking whether or no you—had changed your mind, sir; whether you would ever again dare—"

"I dare do all that death become a lover," asserted Harold, inclining to the level of her lips. "Will you reconsider the question I asked you a year ago, darling?"

And Agnes reconsidered.

spray near by, and made a sudden gush of music through the place; the murmur of laughing voices came faintly toward them on the breeze. But Harold listened alone, for Grandma Peverill was already far away.