

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

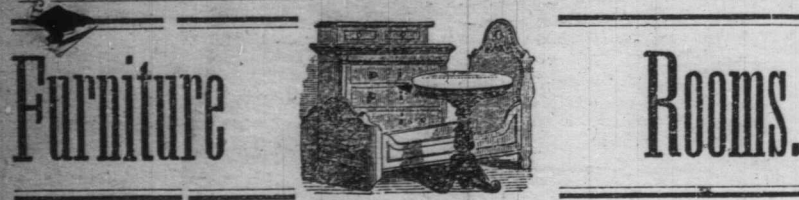
Vol. XXI.—No. 20.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, February 29, 1888.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Whole No. 1060.



have received a large part of my Spring Stock of Furniture, and solicited inspection.

New Parlor Suits, New Bed Room Sets, Iron Bedsteads, Wood Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables all kinds.

Every article required for Kitchen, Dining Room, Parlor and Bed Room

At the Store of

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, Feb. 18, 1888.

Law and Collection Office

M. ADAMS,

Barriester & 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.

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.

Thompson, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MACCULLY, M. A., M. D.,

MEMBER, ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,

APPROPRIATE,

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,

Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

TUNING and REPAIRING.

J. O. BIEDERMANN, PIANOFORTE and ORGANS.

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. Yachting facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon ponds 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. 2, '88.

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 Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

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

St. John, N. B., 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, R. B. Foster & Son's Boots, Trunks, Leather, etc. English Tops, as well as home-made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

J. J. CHRISTIE & Co.

THIS PAPER may be found on the streets of New York, New York, and in all the principal cities of the United States.

HOW IS YOUR COUGH?

WORSER!

THEN LET US RECOMMEND A BOTTLE OF

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream.

Thousands can testify to the wonderful effects of this preparation in Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Incurable Asthma and Wasting Disease.

The disagreeable taste and smell of the Oil is completely disguised and rendered so palatable that we have yet to learn of one case where the stomach refused to retain it. Warranted to contain 50 per cent. of finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Physicians endorse it, and prescribe it daily in their practice—having discarded all others.

Ask your Druggist for ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM. Price 50c; 6 bottles \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Manufacturing Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

Sold in Newcastle by

E. LEE STREET, Druggist.

Feb. 1st, 1888.

'87 THE FALL '87

OPENING.

The necessities

OF MAN

Woman and Boy supplied.

Boots and Shoes in such a variety as to leave

NOTHING

to be desired.

Ready made Clothing suitable

TO THE FALL

and Winter.

HATS AND CAPS NOW

IN OUR

PRICES

so low as to be raised only with a Derrick.

A general line of FALL DRY

GOODS to arrive shortly.

D. MORRISON,

Newcastle.

Newcastle, Sept. 26, 1887.

ESTEY'S YOUR

IRON

QUININE

TONIC.

After using it for a short time you will find

Your appetite improved,

your spirits become

more cheerful, and you

feel and know that every

fiber 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.

Cheap Groceries for Christmas.

The Subscriber wishes to inform his Customers and the Public generally that he keeps on hand a full supply of

General Groceries,

Provisions.

Flour, Rye Meal, Pork, Hams, Sausages, Butter, etc., etc.

Spices, Tobacco, etc., etc.

50 Quaintals Dry Codfish.

All Goods in stock will be sold at a very Small Advance on Cost. Give me a call—Store next the Newcastle and Curling Risk.

CHARLES LACY,

Newcastle, Dec. 12, '87.

English Sausage Shop

and MEAT STORE.

Our Meats.

Wholesale and Retail. It has stood the test of many years.

JOHN HOPKINS,

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

Nov. 30, 1887.

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. ARNOLD, M. D., 211 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

Selected Literature.

SYBIL'S SECOND COUSINS, AND WHAT THEY DID FOR HER.

CHAPTER I.

In a pretty room sat, one May afternoon, a girl as fresh and spring-like as the day itself.

Music unheeded, one rounded arm rested on the piano, harmonies enough evolved from her own thoughts, judging by the song notes that broke from her smiling lips as she turned the pictured pages of a journal on her knee.

But little enough attention she gave to these. Now and again, with a quick breath of impatience, she watched the door, and when it opened, admitting a lady double her own age, gracefully beautiful as she herself was winsomely fair, up sprang our maiden and welcomed the house mistress with an impetuous hug, and—

'Ah, cousin, what a while you have been!' No—interpreting a glance piano-ward—I could not practice, because I can think of nothing sensible till you have heard the news!

'In your own interests, then, tell me quickly,' said Cousin Mary, keeping her girl-friend's hand in her own as both sat down. Now, begin.

'Well, you know whom I mean by Mrs. Stafford?

'Yes, your mother's cousin, your other nearest relative.'

'Who, with the suspicion of a curl about the corners of her lips "forget all about me for years, while you"—stealing two arms about Mary Rimmington's waist—were teaching and taking all the trouble of me. Now she writes that she has breathing time in a busy life, to remember the coming generation, meaning me! Dr. Stafford has a practice in London. They live in some fine square—She wants me to go and stay two whole months, and can you imagine anything more dreadful!

'Indeed, Sybil, I can. You will have to go.'

'Mary!' in protesting astonishment.

'But why not?'

'Because I should want dresses, hats, boots and quantities of things. Now, ought pounds to be spent on me, when papa has to teach the boys, because we have not enough to send them to school? Mistress Mary, you can't say "Yes."'

'I must though, if your mother does.'

'Oh, but, coaxingly, "you know if any one goes out it should be mother. Do persuade her to let me stop at home."'

'Why, no; it would be more pleasure to her to know you were having a holiday, child.'

Alas! Sybil's persuasive smiles began to flicker. The forecast of a shower came over her beseeching eyes. She laid her head on her friend's shoulder with a pathetic—

'But I don't wish to go!'

'That was her weightiest argument, but Mary Rimmington steeled herself to common sense, and compounded with her favorite.'

'We will talk to your mother, then, and if we are to have no music, we had best go directly.'

'Very well, ruefully, "but you will remember I would rather stop at home," this with her face still hidden. "And she will do what you advise. She says you are her right hand. She has often wondered what she would have done if papa's cousin, Mary Rimmington, had married like her cousin, Mrs. Stafford. It is lucky you didn't, Mary. But, lifting her face to the grave, beautiful one above, "but very odd! I should have thought you sure to marry."'

Now embarrassment flitted from Sybil's cheeks to her friend's, that deepened painfully. Her composure strangely shaken, Mary Rimmington moved away to the window, and there stood silently till the girl stole up, and speaking low, as fearing she had stirred memories and of sacred, said:

'No! I have vexed you, Mary darling! Do forgive me, I won't speak unthinkingly again. No one could want you more than we, I'm glad enough no one stole you away, and with a comforting care, "you are not sorry, Mary?"'

Sometimes a secret starts to the fore and demands to be spoken of, its owner longing, past denial, for a scrap of comprehending sympathy.

Mary Rimmington drew the slim form close, and told what she had never trusted to her older confidante.

'I think I am not sorry now, Sybil—But once—ah! how I wished it had been different!'

'Some one loved you?' whispered Sybil.

'I—thought so!'

'But why, oh, Mary, are you not to gether?'

'Partly, answered a voice full of tears, "because I was proud; partly because he would not fully trust me."

'The wicked, wicked!'

'Hush! I hardly know what weakness made me tell this, but we will not talk of it again. Now little one, back to your mother!'

Midway on the path which joined Mary Rimmington's dwelling to that of her cousin, the poor rector of a poor par-

ish, one of 'the boys' came tearing along, calling them to hurry.

'Wilfred Arkwright was there. He was going out to India. He'd come to say good bye, and they were waiting for tea.'

At these tidings Sybil turned now red, now pale; inclined first to put on speed and race her brother home, next to go sedately, watching wistfully if any one else were coming forth to meet them.

But Mrs. Foster alone waited under the veranda. Wilfred he heard speaking to her father in his study, and wondered much what he could be talking of up stairs; she smoothed her ruffled hair and tried to leave away that last rush of rosiest which made her look as if she had been cricketing with the boys.

Unusually subdued, she descended, more charming than ever in her womanly aspect, to Wilfred Arkwright, her father's former pupil.

From the first day he had come to the rectory, and found her a bonny little maid of 6, to the hour when he left seven years later, Miss Sybil had been his child love, imperious, undisciplined; and every visit he had paid there, since migrating to an engineering office four miles off, had chained him faster to his early queen.

But, save widening prospects, and reputation for ability and uprightness, Mr. Wilfred had little wealth at present, and this hard fact fencing with sundry obtrusive desires, made him shy and down-hearted, even though he came to tell of the great rise which had befallen him, that of being recommended as assistant for large works in Madras undertaken by men of celebrity.

Somehow the table, often noisily gay, tonight was gloomy. To cheer it, said the rector—

'You may find us all marvellously prosperous when you return, Arkwright, in four years. My chance may be rebuilt, and Phil may have got the scholarship he is going to try for.'

Phil, however, had all a boy's delightful faculty for mal-apropos utterances.

'Ah, I may not get the scholarship,' said he; 'then the only thing to be done will be for me to go into a stuffy bank, and Sybil to make the family's fortune by marrying a rich man. That's what you'll find, Wil, when you come home.'

'Perhaps, put in Steenie, "he'll never get home. He may be drowned coming. Oh, I say, Sybil, don't take the tea cake away. I want some!'

But Sybil, relenting, slipped a piece from her own plate to her brother's—Somehow, she was not hungry. And she died out of her cheeks as she sat very quiet, the evening through. Wilfred watched her, but never spoke to her alone. And presently—just of all—he bade her good night, good-bye. He was off next day for six weeks' work in his new employer's office before he left England. And while all found plenty of words with which to wish him good luck, he could not so much as say a single syllable, but stole away to bed with the last touch of his clasping hand lingering on hers, and for some unknown reason, cried herself to sleep on that memorable ending of a memorable day.

CHAPTER II.

Nolens volens, Sybil was soon exiled to London, a domestic companion having decided "that she must go forth and see the world. So, amid lamentations from the boys, she was duly launched on her visit, and for a week left, in the comparative grandeur of No. 10 Lansdowne square, as homelike a young soul as ever exchanged rustic freedom for urban fetters. Her native courtesy to her entertainers bade her recall her cheerfulness, and with the second week this became easier.

One morning brought a letter from home, telling that papa was more hopeful of Phil's passing; that he had had an unexpected fee; and Wilfred had written that he was doing well at Liverpool; and Sybil's spirits suddenly grew buoyant—Dr. Stafford, who had taken vastly to his young guest, was amazed to see how pretty she looked that day; his wife delighted in her new born vivacity, and being a clever woman, set about calculating how she might establish her charge for life, and so relieve the Suffolk rectory of one member.

Fate favoured her. The afternoon, to Sybil's joy, was not wasted on drives and calls, but spent in the Square garden. There Mrs. Stafford chattered to her semi-caged companion. Joyfully Sybil expatiated on her mother's goodness; the boys' best points; her father's talents; lastly, Cousin Mary's perfections.

'Which I shall be jealous of,' laughed Mrs. Stafford. 'I have heard of this lady long ago, and we never met. She should come and see you here, Sybil. Tell her now next you write.'

No message could have pleased the girl better. In high delight she hovered, butterfly fashion, near her companion, found four daisies, a wee bit of lilac and spray of crinkled elm leaves, and made thereof an imitation Upworth bouquet, and presently tripped across to No. 10, with Mrs. Stafford's shawl upon her arm, so gaily that she forgot to be duly wary of the London roadway.

Round a corner whirled a car, at perilously fast speed. Sybil heard shouts felt the horse's breath on her shoulder,

gave a tremendous spring, and alighted, palpitating, marvellously pretty, in the outraged arms of a gentleman unknown.

'Child, what an escape!' cried Mrs. Stafford, hurrying after her; then, in the same breath, Major Nugent, I'm delighted! You are coming to call on us! Let me introduce Miss Foster. You must thank my husband's friend, Sybil, for sparing you, perhaps, a dreadful fall.'

'I do so hope I did not hurt his toes,' said Sybil, penitently; 'but I jumped on them!'

'Not the least,' cried the major, a pleasant, sun-burnt man of 40. 'It was an agreeable experience, I assure you! And Sybil, doing her best to show her gratitude, must have heightened the effect of her experience, for Robert Nugent followed up his singular introduction by many visits to No. 10.

From the same county as the Staffords, he might have more in common with them after 15 years' absence from England than with newer friends. That was the ostensible reason for his accepting all invitations and paying constant calls; but his boots soon found out that the untutored attractions of her guest was his magnet, and greatly she rejoiced therat.

Major Nugent, resigning the service in which he was distinguished to take up an estate lately inherited, would be a party coveted by scores, and a proud chaperone said he when one day the officer told her his hopes, and begged her influence for him with Miss Foster.

But on Sybil all this came as an unutterable shock. In frightened silence she listened while Mrs. Stafford pointed out the immense advantage of the match, the brilliant position for herself—the immediate benefit to her family—Robert Nugent was liberal as rich—her secured happiness. Dr. Stafford had a higher opinion of no one than of the major; and Sybil must like him.

'Yes, very softly, but—'

'And she had no other engagement?'

'Oh, no! with a vivid flush.

'Then take a fortnight to think of it and write home.'

'No, please—no! with a gasp.

'Well, then, decide for yourself, dear girl. The major will wait patiently for this answer.'

So Sybil had to ponder this proposal alone, every visible force opposed to the conclusion she passionately yearned for.

Robert Nugent behaved admirably, never persecuting her with attention, though all his money could command was at her feet, his praises constantly sounded in her hearing. As a friend she could have liked him so! As her husband—

But Wilfred had said nothing; perhaps thought of her only as his sister. Could she think of him by and by just as—

Phil? In wretched bewilderment Sybil turned herself unconsciously, till an antedated letter arrived. Another letter from home—and one Phil had failed for the scholarship. His father was down-hearted. The crops were failing on the glebe. Oh, and Wilfred was to set sail in the Ajax that very day. Sybil was well out of the way of these worries.

Well, indeed! and they pressed upon her worst of all. 'Oh, do something to help them! home! But some one else was doing that. Even while she read her missive, Major Nugent was telling Dr. Stafford that on his property a living of £800 a year